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The Beaver

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

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Viv Mackay
Helen Jamieson

County Hall: School back in the frame?

The future of County Hall is still in doubt, two years after LSE lost a bid for the empty building to a Japanese millionaire. Reports suggest that the new owner, Mr Shirayama, is exploring passing the property on to Hong Kong developers - but these stories are denied.

Selling County Hall - the former Greater London Council headquarters across the Thames from the Houses of Parliament - proved difficult, after it was left vacant in 1986. Its 1200 rooms and 12 miles of corridors provide too much unusable and expensive space.

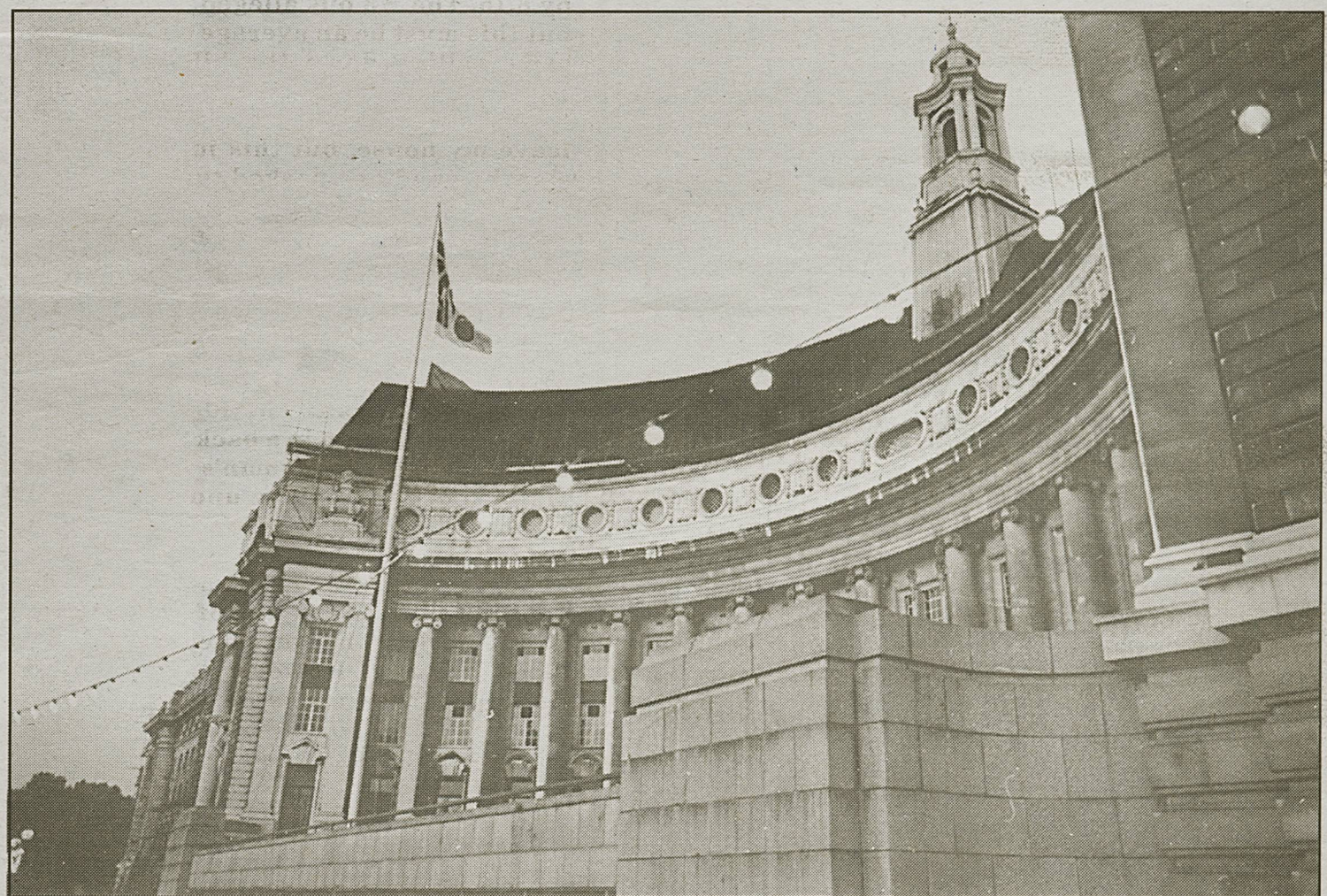
When County Hall was put up for sale in 1992 LSE had to lobby hard for the right to put in a bid and were given only ten days to produce one. At the time Cabinet Ministers Michael Portillo and Michael Howard were noted as supporters of the Japanese bid.

The Japanese offer of £60 million was for only one building in the complex. The LSE bid which would have been nearer £100 million was for all four buildings on the site. It seems the sale to the Japanese was agreed by Cabinet a few days after the September 1992 ERM disaster. An unnamed Minister was quoted in *The Guardian* saying: "Ministers panicked."

The deal gave Mr Shirayama a sweetener as the agreed £60 million price was not due until eighteen months later. The London Residuary Body - the organisation left over after the GLC demise - received the cash. No accountable body has seen the contract, and neither verified if the money is now paid, nor whether it has been dispersed to the London Boroughs. The Audit Commission is considering if matters should be taken further.

1992 saw several debates in the Commons in which MPs expressed their concern at the lack of public accountability in the handling of the deal. Furthermore it is now clear that the Foreign Office had qualms about the deal before it was completed and even suggested that the ceremonial signing should be low profile.

An LSE spokesman indicated that the School would have needed to spend considerably less than Mr Shirayama to refurbish the building to college needs, instead of a plush 500 bedroom hotel. A university is an institution which welcomes a lot of public space, an important factor when large numbers of students are moving be-



County Hall. Could the LSE make a new bid for this site if Japanese decide to sell?

Photo: Mark Baltavic

tween lectures.

Nomura International, the finance company advising Mr Shirayama, also predicted difficulties in raising the cash for conversion to a hotel. Because of the age and design of the building, one source suggested the cost per bedroom of the conversion could be £500,000.

An LSE insider suggested that the School would be unwilling to propose another bid for County Hall unless invited to do so by the Government.

After losing the bid the School pursued other expansion plans, including securing St Clements in the Aldwych and attempting to purchase the Royalty Theatre in order to house the growing population at the LSE.

The School has doubled in size since 1960.

Ministers and wine for Tories

The banking firm Hambros' decision to sponsor the LSE Conservatives to the tune of £1000 this year enlivened the group's introductory meeting, held recently.

The financial assistance enabled Alex Ellis, the new Tory Chair, to splash out on 60 bottles of wine, as well as the odd packet of Twiglets. *The Beaver* was surprised to discover the presence of several well known Labour Club Exec. members, including Nick Kirby and Baljit Mahal. Ellis' strict insistence that they "lay off the booze" was largely ignored, and 57 of the 60 bottles were apparently consumed by the 50 students who attended.

The meeting attracted two well known MPs, Peter Brooke, the former Northern Ireland Secretary, and Steven Norris, the Transport Minister. Mr Norris amused some of those attending with his quick wit and anecdotes about his time as a law student, whilst Mr Brooke took time out to speak with the large American presence at the gathering.

The meeting attracted media interest as it brought together Adam Morris and Paul Birrell, who had a highly publicised falling out in the Summer Term. No fireworks though - Birrell left early with an associate.

Union Jack

With apologies to the gospel according to John, chapter one verse one, Jack would like to start with the following comment this week. In the beginning was the word and the word was Jack and the word was with Jack. It seems already the guessing hats are out as to who is Jack. Why guess, you'll never get it and so in reverent tones we shall now conduct the service.

Dearly beloved we were gathered there on Thursday to see the joining together of the old UGM to the new UGM but people were not prepared to accept our wedding invitations.

Jack surveyed the church from several angles, from the nave and the choir and even took a look from the pulpit but there was something odd. The ushers had not placed everyone in the right seats. Members of the Right family were sat all over the place with Great Uncle Bernardo placed with the riff raff in the balcony. Even so, all was not well with the Left Family either. Always highly split between the deadly cousins Mr R.C. Party and Miss SWIZZ the Left's looked like most of them had turned down their invitations through UCAS and had gone elsewhere. However the friends of the families, the Mr and Mrs L. Democrats and Mr and Mrs N.E.W. Labour had turned up in their droves as had the black sheep of the family, Mr and Mrs B.A.L. Canoid and their siblings.

Almost 15 minutes went by before the father of the bride Martin Lewis was ready to declare the bride arrived and so the election of the Vicar and Best Man was run.

The Vicar is often not very religious and has had the tongue of a viper. Good examples in the past have been Simon Reid, with bad ones, being Ray Yates and Razia Sharraf. But after tedious rounds of counts and recounts the father of the bride declared that "Fat Bastard" Atkinson had the dubious honour of marrying his daughter to the UGM wilst last years Vicar "Hairdo" Goodman became Best Man.

The ceremony started soon after, with the Vicar forgetting his lines and the Best man forgetting his too. The ceremony was short but sweet with no hymns sung but plenty of orders of service were thrown. When the Vicar asked if anyone knew of any just reason or impediment why the Business Motion 1 on the Criminal Justice Bill should not be passed after an oh so eloquent speech by a man who thinks he looks like a Birmingham cab driver, but we couldn't possibly comment, an aged hack who should now better, Ron Voce stood up and lumbered to the stage to chance his arm with the crowd.

"It was something I always wanted to do" he said afterwards, take on a losing cause and try and win it... the CJB is shite but really so was the motion any "hack" with any sense can ignore a mandate as vague as this one. These youngsters will have to do better."

Having seen Voce retire to his favourite haunts of the Balcony, Tuns and the Beaver office, though not necessarily in that order, to lick his wounds, the ceremony continued with Yuan Potts getting the partisan crowd to agree to "free the weed", but what relevance that had to the Service Jack was not sure. Neither was Jack sure what the father of the bride was up to when he started singing the great Manfred Mann/Dylan classic "Mighty Quinn" at the end of the Service. Usually we get Trumpet Voluntary by Purcell when we shuffle out of the Service for the reception in the Tuns!

Jack was slightly disappointed that the first wedding was not up to much. He felt that a divorce could soon be on the cards if things don't improve. There's no point in having a Wedding if there is no Service and if people don't accept the invitations to come along at 1pm on a Thursday in the Old Theatre then Jack's pitiful attempts to fulfil his quota and hide his persona will fail and leave another single parent unemployed and on benefit which dear old Michael Howard wouldn't like and neither would the CSA.

Place to stay?

Kamal Siddiqi

The LSE accomodation crisis shows few signs of abating this week. This year 3,463 students applied for 1,234 places in LSE accomodation.

According to Accommodation Officer Paul Trivett, there are about 600 students currently on the waiting list. "Out of these, about 245 are actively looking for accomodation while the rest are maybe not that interested," he added. Some students are still 'enjoying' LSE hospitality by sleeping on the gymnasium floor in the Old Building.

For the accomodation office, September 27 is regarded as D-Day — that is the day when things start to get busy. No-shows vacancies are filled through the waiting list. Some students also drop out during the year, but this is rare.

Replying to criticism by some students that written enquiries and faxes about accomodation went unacknowledged by his office, Trivett denied this and said the problem was due to the volume of mail, replies were sometimes delayed. "I would advise people to phone so that they get instant replies."

As to the chances for those

on the waiting list, he said that about a dozen would be accommodated at the most.

The service run by the Welfare & Housing Office last year dealt with over 5,000 requests for help with problems associated with housing, employment and many other issues. According to Sue Garrett, the Housing Advisor, exact figures of how many students were placed through this service are unavailable.

"We do not get any feedback from those who get accomodation through us," she said. The office maintains files for single and multiple accomodation, students with children, advance and short lets, agency lists and a sharers-wanted file.

It is visited by 40 to 60 students daily. Advertisements are placed in the press after which landlords send in the details of the property available for rent. It is this information which is shared with the students at no charge.

A survey of some other student halls revealed a similar situation. Laura Agrittine of the International Students Hostel said: "we have a waiting list of 270 people. I cannot say how many we will be able to place

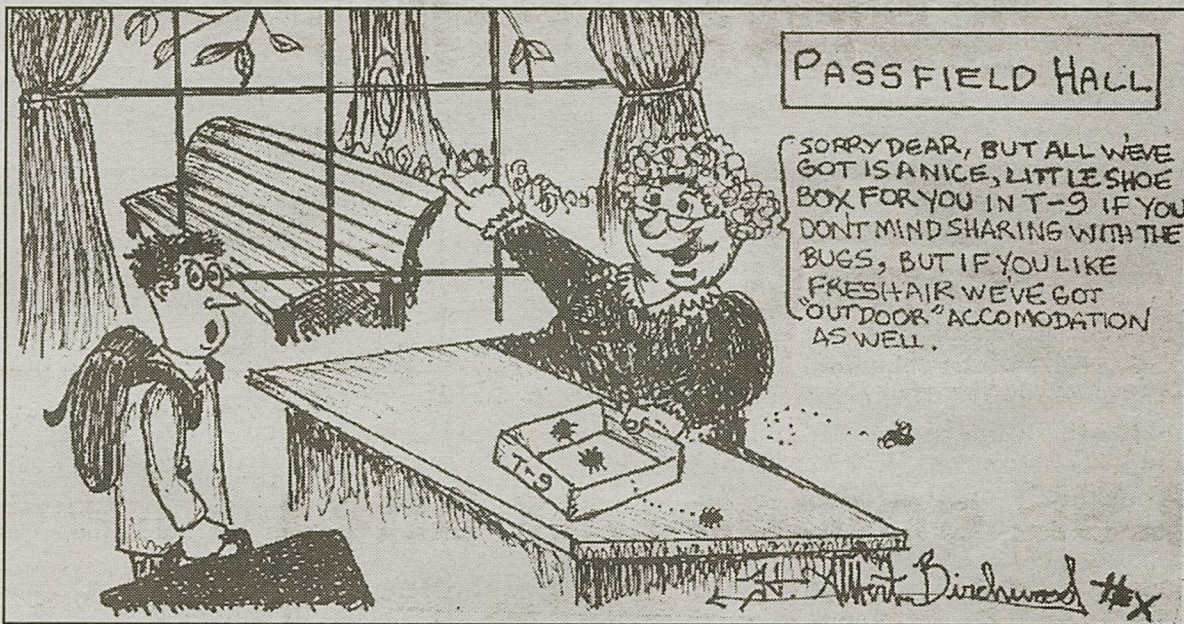
during the year."

Sachi, a Japanese student residing at Butlers Wharf, said he had filled up the accomodation form that the LSE had sent him along with the conditional offer of admission in April this year. But for Shakil Ahmad, a Pakistani doing his MSc, the LSE did not send him an accomodation form along with his acceptance letter. "I don't know why we were punished — we got late admissions and no offer of accomodation," he lamented.

Things are changing however: by September 1995, there will be accomodation available at High Holborn for 450.

A refurbishment in the pipeline (not yet confirmed) will make available a further 620 places at Bankside within two years. But some halls will be closed — meaning a loss of about 205 places.

This signals a net increase of 800 places. For students this year, there is good news from the ULU's accomodation office. While the office deals with the private accomodation, it also has three large housing estates. There are still some places at one of these estates north-west of London.



Muslims muscle in at LSE

Teresa Delaney
Nicola Hobday
Olivier Catray

Following appeals from the LSE Islamic Society, the fundamentalist extremist group Hizb-ut-Tahrir was repeatedly ejected from the Freshers Fair and Houghton Street.

None of the members of this group were students at the LSE, according to the Student Union General Secretary Martin Lewis, and had no right to be there.

Hizb-ut-Tahrir is an organisation so extreme that its be-

liefs contradict almost every principle stated in the LSE and National Union of Students' constitutions.

The group has recently allied itself with the British National Party, a UK fascist party, in denying the Holocaust.

As well as anti-semitism, the group is anti-democratic, anti-feminist and homophobic. They have been banned in almost every Middle Eastern country for their terrorist activities. One outraged student commented: "In a student body as diverse as ours it is vital that such groups should not be allowed a foothold."

Nationally the NUS is taking steps to ban Hizb-ut-Tahrir activity on all campuses. The vast majority of Muslims throughout the country vehemently oppose Hizb-ut-Tahrir's policies.

In fact Kalim Siddiqi, self-appointed leader of the Muslim Parliament has said: "Importing (anti-semitism) in this way into Islam is totally unacceptable."

Last year the then General Secretary of the LSESU, Teshar Fitzpatrick, banned Hizb-ut-Tahrir completely from the Student Union to enable all students "to live and study without fear of intimidation."

Shoplifters will face tough penalties

Rob Cheetham
Dan Madden

Rumours that students will not be prosecuted for stealing from the Houghton Street shop have been discounted by Students' Union officials.

The reopening of the shop on 3 October saw an enthusiastic rush of shoppers, browsers... and thieves. But LSESU General Secretary Martin Lewis stressed: "We are treating shoplifters as shoplifters."

He explained the confusion was due to a motion passed

last year by the Administration and Staffing Committee in favour of a purely internal disciplinary procedure.

This is no longer Union policy. The decision to sanction prosecution of shoplifters was taken at an Executive Committee meeting on 3 October. It was felt to be important that the School have the option to prosecute, depending on the individual circumstances of each case.

Kate Slay, store manager, was unable to comment on security problems posed by the new layout. However, with increased store size, more ex-

its, and a reduced number of tills there is clearly a greater opportunity for theft during busy periods.

Solutions currently under review include the use of security tagging and store detectives. Both are viable options and a decision has yet to be reached.

The shop is essentially a service for the Students' Union, explained Ola Budzinska, Finance and Services sabbatical, as it provides funds for welfare services via an administration fee: "Students who steal from the shop are actually stealing from their fellow students."

Senate House shelved

Toby Childs

The disintegration of London University lurched forward this week reviving talk of the complete independence of some institutions. The LSE is to restrict access to Senate House Library - the sole shared facility - raising question marks about the central library's future.

The changes are driven by the continued squeeze on public spending creating an austere atmosphere in which limited finances must be carefully managed.

Under a previous arrangement The British Library of Political and Economic Science automatically paid fees, in the region of £60-£90 per person, directly to Senate House. Now an applicant must prove his need to use Senate House and only if accepted will membership fees be paid.

Around 1100 tickets, the annual average under the old system, are reserved with priority going to research students and members of staff. The remaining tickets will be allocated between departments in a quota system. BLPES officials believe the policy of paying for all applicants was not justified by the actual use

The losers are under-gradu-

ates who are not only deprived of Senate House but face greater competition for books within the college's own library. Deputizing head librarian Claire Jenkins argues that the library's chief purpose must be to cater for undergraduates, hence all savings will go into the Course Collection.

She admits there are shortcomings in such subjects as Government, History and Philosophy, so these departments will have a larger allocation of tickets. Investment in the Course Collection is set to surpass last year's £110 000.

Mrs Jenkins points out that these restrictive measures are not connected to the ambitious BLPES re-development, the millennium project. The provision of adequate books remains their foremost concern, she maintained.

Senate House's own future looks increasingly insecure despite its renowned collections. LSE's move draws it in line with other colleges who have adopted a similarly stringent approach. Senate House departed with its science collection some years ago, giving it to UCL. It remains to be seen if the continuing squeeze will force the eventual closure of the library.



The new split level Student Union shop - an attractive opportunity for thieves

Photo: Mark Baltovic

LSE comes out ahead for Staff with taste for media

Beaver Staff

The LSE is at the top of the pile as far as its media profile goes.

According to a report in *The Observer*, David Starkey of the History Department and Fred Halliday from International Relations rank number one and two respectively in its survey of 'Teledons'.

Starkey - who features on the BBC's 'The Moral Maze' programme - is immune to criticism that the soundbite nature of TV and radio discredits the academic world.

He says: "To get attention

for serious ideas you have to wrap them in tinsel. "LSE Press Officer Iain Crawford explained how he gets his 'team' noticed: "It's a deeply competitive game - whenever an issue comes up I E-mail news editors with the relevant experts' contact details."

The School's position as a honey pot for the media is reflected in figures published by the External Communications Committee.

In the year up to 27 September, there were 723 expert opinions by LSE academics in the serious press and on radio and TV. Overall media items related to LSE totalled 3145.

New Men at the helm of Constitution and Steering

Shaibal Dutta and Nick Sutton were elected as joint chairs of the Student Union Constitution and Steering Committee last Monday. Shaibal, a member of the LSE Labour club will be chair for this term.

Sutton will serve for the Lent and Summer terms. The new committee secretary is Tom Smith.

Blast off for LSE Enterprise

Tony Thirulinganathan

The latest initiative by the School to boost its financial reserves would come as a surprise to many at LSE.

Enterprise LSE (ELSE) was set up with the objective of utilising the School's research and professional strengths to generate additional finance for LSE. The company is chaired by Keith Mackrell, a former director of Shell and ex LSE student.

In selecting and implementing viable projects ELSE also looks at the "academic benefits" that stem from the project. ELSE's flagship project does not fail to meet this criterion.

In May, LSE joined forces with IDEA, the international market think-tank, and launched an information service for financial traders in Latin American and Asia/Pacific markets, "IDEA-LSE Emerging Markets Today". In addition to these, ELSE arranges consultancies and organises conferences. After its recent success in organising a

conference for the industry, ELSE will be organising yet another one soon. ELSE claims to have made good progress in marketing the Operational Research Department's decision modelling software.

Since its inception in February, ELSE has made positive contributions to the School. Or has it? An academic who declined to be named revealed last week that ELSE had made a loss of around £6,000 in the first six months of trading. But ELSE's Crispin Lyden-Cowan and Adam Austerfield maintained that ELSE was in profit "at this very moment."

High start up costs and inertia almost always overshadow the growth and potential of a new company. It is important to look at the long-run and what the company could achieve in the next few years.

Students who are interested in helping out ELSE in its activities should contact Crispin Lyden-Cowan at Enterprise LSE. ELSE is currently situated in H105.

Testing time awaits

Philip Gomm looks back to see what's ahead for this year's Freshers and others

As undergraduates outside the London School of Economics celebrated the end of their exams this summer, what to do during the months ahead was all most of those drinking in Houghton Street had to think about.

Yet this image of light-hearted revelry belied a more disturbing truth. For many of those present, the final term had been an ordeal culminating in examinations that could make or break futures, labelling people as successes or abject failure.

University examinations can be a frightening experience. A philosophy student was required to obtain beta-blockers from the doctor to slow his heart rate down. Others were made physically sick and forced either to miss exams or sit them in the medical room, where a kindly nurse dispensed equal measures of reassurance and biscuits.

Such tales come on top of the usual accounts of exhaustion, nightmares and tears. The empty desks in the examinations' hall testified to those who, on the day, were unable to face their ordeal. Occurrences of ME (also known as Post Viral Syndrome or 'Yuppie Flu'), though notoriously difficult to diagnose - and still to be fully accepted by the medical profession - were noted.

A girl in the law department went to see her tutor complaining of migraines. Perhaps only half jokingly he allegedly told her to go away and smoke some dope. One student, an hour prior to his exam, dramatically collapsed at breakfast. He was carried off to the health centre where he received a sick note, exempting him from the sittings. It emerged only later how the



For some students examinations are not as straightforward as stepping on an escalator.

Photo: Library

previous evening he had consulted a colleague for 'advice' on the best way to postpone his judgement day.

Dr Fender of the LSE Health Service admitted that "business increases" in May and June, though she also notes that people no longer feel so reluctant to complain of psychological rather than physical symptoms. At the most extreme, her team has had to deal with "three or four cases where students have threatened to inflict physical harm upon themselves."

Dr Fender praised fellow students who often helped friends through their plight. Also critical is the part played by personal tutors, many of whom she regarded as "being pro-active in their support of tutees, adopting a pastoral function."

Should people have any sympathy for these students? After all the majority still come from well-to-do middle class backgrounds where exam pres-

ures cannot be regarded as on a par to coping with unemployment, feeding a family and making ends meet.

There are those students who are determined to spend the first six months of each academic year missing lectures, declining to attend classes, failing to hand in work or preferring the delights of the bar to those of Plato and Machiavelli.

When the severity of the situation finally dawns after the Easter vacation, the anxiety it brings can rightly be regarded as self-induced. That some manage to fall into the same trap year after year must appear particularly incomprehensible to the casual observer.

Even for those who did what was required of them over the previous two terms, and more beside, a conscientious approach may not be enough to avoid the tension. It is not unknown for even the most studious to develop stomach ulcers long before June; or end

up with arm and wrist strain from overdoing the practice essays.

In certain circumstances, candidates with medical difficulties are allocated a small and relatively relaxed room in which to provide their answers. Extra time is allowed for some - up to ten minutes in the hour - to compensate for their maladies.

While this policy is obviously necessary for students afflicted with such handicaps as dyslexia, there is resentment amongst the student body at large towards those who they regard as benefiting from afflictions brought on by themselves. According to LSE's David Ashton 75 students (out of an undergraduate population of roughly 2500) this year used these 'sheltered workshop' facilities. There were no figures available for the amount of people who either officially deferred examinations or just failed to turn up.

Many students now seem to support courses measured by ongoing grading and frequent examinations. Though the LSE is moving towards a policy of compulsory testing (with no option for the deferral of papers) at the completion of each of the three undergraduate years - which then all count towards final degree classification - it seems unlikely to relax its 25% limit on non-examined material contributing towards the total mark.

But while the Committee of Vice Chancellors and Principals has no official policy on course assessments - leaving decisions up to individual establishments and even departments - they have observed "a trend towards modularisation across British universities, with continual assessments and regular examinations featuring more prominently. It is anticipated that by the end of the decade the majority of institutions will have gone along this route."

The National Union of Students also urges an end to 'finals'. "We favour a semester and module based system," said a spokesperson. As far as student stress is concerned "our current aim is to back up the welfare officers of member unions and push for greater funding to provide adequate student counselling services. Back in May the NUS supported an awareness day on campuses in conjunction with 'Action for ME.'"

For new LSE students exam worries may still seem a long way off, but it is worth quoting a girl who made this comment having just finished her second year: "I've been finished for twenty minutes now and already I'm scared about next year."

Duggan leaves Tories

Nick Sutton

The LSE Conservative Association (LSECA) was hit by a 'bombshell' last week with the resignation of Bernardo Duggan, the former Secretary and longest-serving member of the Association.

The resignation of Duggan, active in the Association for almost the entire eight years of his LSE career, has heightened fears about the future prospects of the already weakened LSE Conservatives.

Duggan's resignation comes after a period of rising discontent within LSECA following the election of Paul Birrel to Chairman in March; the subsequent News of the World story relating to Adam Morris; allegations of corrupt electoral practices, fiercely denied, which still continue to haunt the new Chairman of the Association, Alex Ellis; and the return of Birrel to LSE this year.

Duggan commented "there is no point in continuing to be

a member of an Association which is in freefall and incompetently run."

Ellis paid tribute to Duggan's service to the LSE Tories but acknowledged there were "a certain amount of personality clashes and problems over the Morris issue." Despite regretting Duggan's departure, Ellis remained buoyant about the LSECA's prospects, citing a rise in membership, a promising line up of speakers, and a healthy bank balance.

Hughes Defends Lib Dem Drug Policy

Richard Hearnden
Jonathan Bennett

Simon Hughes - Liberal Democrat MP for Southwark and Bermondsey - told the LSE that his party was "more like you than Labour."

Speaking last Thursday Hughes cited the Liberal Democrats' willingness to discuss topical issues which affected students - such as 'the legalisation of cannabis' de-

bate.

On this subject he said Labour was "behind the times" and the Tories were constantly in "defence of the status quo."

But when questioned about his preferred size of Rizla Hughes refused to be drawn.

Hughes later attended the Union General Meeting, where he witnessed student democracy in action. This included a Union vote in favour of decriminalising 'the weed'.



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The Beaver

Firstly, it is with great pleasure that I welcome Mark Baltovic onto the Collective. He is the first "fresher" to make it this year. As a photographer he has had several photos placed in this issue and went out of his way to make it to New Malden for the trials as well. Let's hope his enthusiasm is catching as we want your commitment and support.

Secondly, you don't really notice it at first until you walk into the Tuns that a lot of people have left and many of the new students are still finding their feet. I presumed at the start of the year that the Beaver would continue "selling" its 2000 copies per week but I was wrong. When I first started here at the start of the 90's It took me 5 weeks to find my first Beaver, so if you're a first year reading this tell your friends if you're a second year tell them. We don't spend our free time doing this for ourselves you know without your feedback through letters, how can we know where we are going wrong.....

.....and finally. Last weeks UGM was a bit of a farce. For the first time in my memory it struggled to get quorate. Do students really not care about the Students Union and debates outside. I even got up and opposed a motion that I actually supported just to try and liven it up. However with the Right and Left seemingly impotent this year it looks as if debate is not going to be on the agenda. No debate and built in majorities leads to complacency which the current British Government is suffering from. Where's the LSE's own "Tony Blair" coming to start the debate..the new debate...for new students..for the new Student's Union for the new year. Come in soon or our time may be up. UGM, Thursday at 1pm in the Old Theatre. Get the message-right!

T.T.F.N

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Damp delays

Dear Beaver Editor,

Having just read your article entitled 'S.U. shop stays shut.' I feel it important to outline the exact situation. There was, in fact no disagreement between the Students' Union and the School authorities, although we would of course have liked to have started the building work earlier. The project could never have been undertaken without assistance and support from the School's side, particularly Mr. Wilson and Mr. Arthur. The delay caused by the discovery that the shop ceiling was made by compacted straw and canvas and the fire officers' insistence that this be removed, could not have been anticipated before the work started. That this work and three weeks of un-

planned work on dealing with damp, was fitted into an already tight schedule is a credit to all those involved.

I would also like to congratulate the shop staff (Kate, Helen, Rob, Adrian, Elizabeth and Alison) for their very hard work over the Summer and for their extra effort on the weekend before opening, to get the doors open on time - and Richard Mudditt for design and management of the project.

Thanks also to the womens' group and the Athletics Union for the use of their space over the Summer and to apologise for the delay in returning these facilities for their use.

Martin Lewis
General Secretary
LSESU

It's a small small World

Dear Beaver,

Just a short note to say thank-you to all those who attended the first Global Village Meeting. It was excellent to see so many of you there and we appreciate your commitment to the festival.

For those of you who do not know about the Global Village Society we are coordinating a week long multi cultural event to mark the LSE's 100th anniversary (with assistance from the UN 50 campaign), with

events from all over the world representing the globalism of our school.

With over 130 different nationalities present at the School we hope to involve as many of you as we can. Hopefully this will be the largest event the LSE has ever seen.

If you are interested in getting involved, or want more information, the Society has arranged an informal party in the Underground on Wednesday 12th

Read and you shall learn

Dear Beaver,

I dropped 50p in your coffee machine, located on the ground floor of St. Clements Building, on 11th September 1994. I tried in vain to get either coffee or my money. I had a similar experience in the past. On that occasion I lost a £1 coin. Could you please assist me in getting my money back.

Thank you for your co-operation.

Yours faithfully,
Nduka Ikeyi

As Mr. Ikeyi is clearly short sighted, I shall summarise the sign taped to the aforementioned drinks machine: Should you have any problems operating any drinks machine, you should contact Catering services on ext. 7222. For Mr. Ikeyi's benefit you can usually reclaim any money retained by the machines, from Catering accounts in room A504.

October (with wine and food), we hope to see you there.

On behalf of the Global Village Society,
Jo Dufort, Silvia Santoro, Mia Gilje, Omar Soomri, Nick Fletcher.

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

Rwanda Prize Crossword

“Anyone who has seen the highly distressing and harrowing scenes of death, disease and destruction that are blighting Rwanda can not have been anything but moved and deeply affected.....but don't despair....we all can't do eve-

rything but we all can do something.”

Gill Scott Heron

Gill Scott Heron hosts a charity event for Rwanda at the Brixton Academy on October 15. Apart from himself there is Jamiroquai, Osibisa, Mother

Earth and Fundamental.

If you are one of the first three people who complete the crossword below correctly, and hand it into to the Beaver office before next Friday at 6.00pm you will win a pair of free tickets to the event.

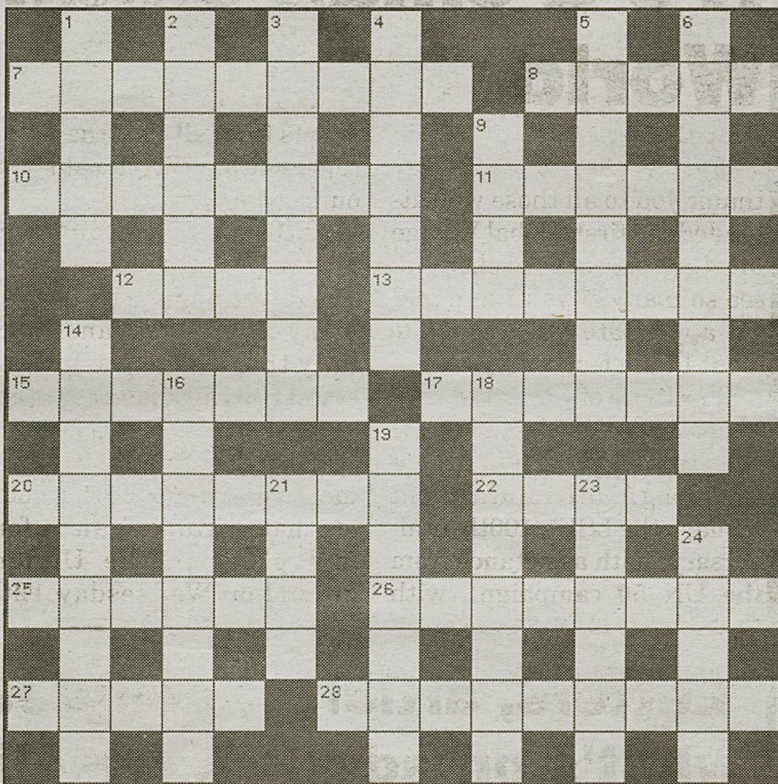
Clues - Across

- 7. Publicise a product (9)
- 8. A custom for a monk (5)
- 10. Find your way (8)
- 11. Seedy sort of appearance (6)
- 12. Ruffian was an Indian assassin (4)
- 13. Wood eating insects (8)
- 15. Far from well-behaved (7)
- 17. Common British bird (7)
- 20. Breakfast food (8)
- 22. Call it by any name, it's still the same, they say (4)
- 25. Given a degree (6)
- 26. Financially ruined (8)
- 27. Pakistani river (5)
- 28. Street lights (9)

- 5. Soldier of King Charles I (8)
- 6. Summer sporting event (9)
- 9. Old Russian ruler (4)
- 14. Working hard (9)
- 16. The biggest football competition of them all (5,3)
- 18. Root vegetables (8)

- 19. Language spoken in Belgrade (7)
- 21. Extinct bird (4)
- 23. Feeling of sadness (6)
- 24. Picks out (5)

Compiled by Cullen for using Chambers English Dictionary



Clues - Down

- 1. Just what the doctor ordered! (5)
- 2. Object of desire and superstition (6)
- 3. Less familiar (8)
- 4. Rockface climbs (7)

“The Best of the Young Ones” Competition video winners

After much deliberation and even allowing for the fact that we left the competition open for another week, we can still maintain our proud tradition that apathy rules at the LSE. The Beaver had 10 free video's to give away for the correct winners to the competition in Beaver 402 and as perusal we only received 8

winners, so to all you out their that decided against entering you missed out on a free video. Maybe you'll enter the crossword competition above. We don't get these free things for nothing, I've got a draw full of things that we've been given as prizes. So if you see another competition in the Beaver enter the thing, you'll probably win

The Winners

The following people have won a “Best of the Young Ones Video from the BBC. Your names and addresses have been forwarded to the BBC and your videos will be despatched shortly.

Congratulations Barbara Bellefeuille, Mark Hopkins, Louise Worsley, Nick Fletcher, Baljit Mahal, Gary Delaney, N.P Flywheel, et al.....

The Beaver

Requires for the 1994 - 1995 editions

New writers, as well as those who wrote last year.

Elections for Sports Editors, Music Editors Literary Editors and Letters Editors are to be held on Monday in S78 N.B. Only collective members can vote.

Also suggestions, new ideas and a desire to take part. The Beaver is voluntary and needs your commitment
**If interested, come to the weekly Collective meetings in S78, Mondays at 6.00pm
 All Welcome!**

To advertise anything at all in The Beaver i.e. events, talks, jobs etc. please contact Scott Wayne on 0374 862616 or 071 955 6705 internal ext 6705 in E197

The 13.5 Column

**Union General Meeting Report.
Martin Lewis, General Secretary.**

"Welcome back everyone, I hope you've had a good summer and you're ready to face the new year. To improve accountability I intend to make a report to the Beaver using the Students' Unions Constitutional space, as well as to the UGM. Before that a quick plea, LSE students' Union is famous for its UGM's which are held every Thursday at 1 o'clock in the Old Theatre, you have a democratic right to attend, so please use it.

Now for my announcements.

1. The S.U. Cafe, now serves chips and Kosher sandwiches. We'll be looking for further ways to increase the market to which the Cafe caters over coming months.
2. There will be 2 coin operated pay phones in the Students' Union, and I am in the middle of negotiating for further Students' Union managed coin operated phones to be placed around the School.
3. The New shop is open, congratulations to the staff who worked hard to get it running on time. With the unfortunate spate of shoplifting, the Students' Union Executive has voted that shoplifters will be prosecuted.
4. The S.U. sabbaticals will now be holding weekly surgeries in each hall to allow increased accountability. Look out for details.
5. I have made an official complaint to the School about the lunch time overcrowding, now that it has reached the extent, whereby it has become difficult for students to traverse down the steps from the brunch bowl to the ground floor at lunch time, in under 20 minutes.
6. The Education Act on Students' Unions has been passed, and the first part needed to be enacted by 21st. September 1994. I went through negotiations with the School and we have a preliminary code set up, if you are interested, then come and see me.
7. For those students interested in the Introduction to Information technology course, I have received complaints from third year students that a new rule disbarring them from taking the course has been instigated. I have written letters of complaints to the School, as students legitimately expected to be able to take the course this year, and thus they haven't taken it in previous years. If there are any other students out there interested in taking this third year course then come and see me.
8. The Students' Union handbook is out and available from the Students Union reception.
9. With Phil Tod, I am investigating the exact set up of LSE students use of Senate house library, what the criteria for access are and whether these are too stringent, please see me for details.
10. If any student has agenda items for the meeting of the Standing committee of the Court of Governors and the Student Governors then come and see me.
11. Next weeks executive meeting is at 3:00 pm. See me for details of the location.

My job has a wide ranging remit, so if any of you have any problems, questions or queries that I may be able to help with, or ideas that you think may need implementation, please come and see me. My office is E205 and my phone number is 071 955 7147 (internal ext 7147). Thanks."

Under the LSESU Constitution Section 13.5, the Beaver is obliged to offer no more than 1/32 part of any single issue to a member of the Executive Committee to publicise the LSESU. Any such piece will be marked accordingly and the Beaver does not accept any responsibility for the contents.

Our man in Copenhagen

**Frank
Rogers
Owen
goes Danish
not Dutch**

Just over a month ago I arrived in "Wonderful Copenhagen..." the home to Hamlet (sorry Helsingor actually), the little Mermaid and the Viennese Pastry. Frank Rogers Owen, the most feted political columnist LSE has ever known has now set up his stall and laid down his hat here too.

Stop! Hold your horses! Undskyld! Run that by me once more could you, you're probably saying. Read on.

New to the LSE or in the past preferring to share your breakfast of milky tea and brioche with the International Herald Tribune you may be ignorant of your colleges very own "Beautiful Beaver". If the latter, then put down your brioche, wipe those buttery fingers on a napkin and listen to what I have to say. If the former then stop sobbing those homesick tears and start learning.

In line with the globalisation of Capital markets (Grants paid in Ecu's), Academe (Erasmus Student Exchange Programme) and communications (The Danish Post Office) Frank is proud to bring you the first in a series of insight guides to the politics of Europe. We all need to be "Good Europeans" what with the Maastricht Treaty and all that. What better place to start our tour of Europe than Denmark where the people are as "Euro and as goody goody as they come.

On stepping from the proudly liveried British Airways flight at Copenhagen airport I immediately sensed that Frank would have his hands full clearing the Augean Sta-

bles of Danish politics. The past weeks of poking around the Folketing (the Danish Parliament) and drinking Aquavit late into the night with the seedier elements of Copenhagen lowlife have convinced me my intuitive sense was right in every way but one.

The glitterati of Denmark, in Copenhagen you can bump in to Prince Frederick in the check-out queue at the supermarket, the movers and shakers, the chattering classes in Shakespeare's "rotten state" are everything you suspect. They are at it each and every night. Only here, in contrast to back home in Britain, no one seems to mind.

Big busty blondes in bars (I left my thesaurus at home) approach England's finest, yours truly, without waiting for an introduction. They use whatever talents they have to initiate a conversation. These daring dames polishing up their diction are no different from the politicians in the Folketing winning friends and influence over a bottle of subsidised Scotch. In Denmark the political merry-go-round is as colourful as anywhere else.

The exception in Denmark, or more probably the difference from Britain is that here the political back slapping, which they do very well (Very high alcohol consumption per capita), is confined to working hours. The party leaders and opposing party politicians wives who wake up next to each other leave their personal lives behind when they catch the bus or ride their bike, to work.

Denmark's conservative politicians favour proper sex education and a free distribution of pornography on practical and libertarian grounds. In Denmark a peoples politician is entitled to a private life. Here politics is more to do with effective policy than grand standing and ideological correctness. For both these reasons the political system is run on the healthy premise that a politician is judged on his effectiveness as a politician, back slapping included,

and a policy is debated on its merits, not under the threat of publication of damaging photos and rumours. After all not all journalists have the scruples of your very own Frank.

The "in your face" Danish style of politics is, along with the peculiar honesty, another interesting facet of public life here. Two free beers were on offer to all students at Copenhagen University the night before the 21 September General Election. Certainly this is something that could affect the voting intentions of those less principled than Frank. Curiously enough however, two weeks after the election I am still ignorant as to the name of the Party paying for the beer, and am not entitled to vote anyway.

Last week a Copenhagen journalist originally from Aarhus, Denmark's second city, expressed to me her support for Jacob Haugaards who, also from Aarhus, had just won a seat in the national Parliament on behalf of the newly formed "Workshy" Party. Does it matter that opinion formers such as her would vote for a comedian advocating as a main policy that all new cycle paths should be designed to give users a following wind? In my opinion it does matter. It matters because it shows us that Danes are right to see their politics for what they are: real people trying to do a job of work, occasionally interrupted by moments of comedy, not supermen and super-women seeking glory for their nation and immune to all temptations of the flesh.

The Danes are, and as a seasoned observer of Mankind working on your behalf I reserve the right to stereotype and pigeonhole, a people happy with the comforts of home. The Danes are most happy with the Swedes and Germans cold and embittered out in the snow, them and their friends warm and cosy indoors, some beers and some tasty snacks on the table, and maybe a BBC drama repeated on cable TV.

Why can't we British be the same.

Part-time clerical staff

Students required as part-time clerical staff for approximately 10 hours per week commencing 10/10/94. Must have excellent organisational skills, be reliable and honest, and be able to work on own initiative. Position includes some use of database therefore suitable applicants must be competent with computers. Starting salary will be £4.75/hour.

For more information contact Andrew Harvey
c/o LSE Foundation on 071 955 6768.

The view from the street about life

Hasan Ali Imam finds out how the homeless are helping themselves

This is the story of Pete. "The Big Issue! The Big Issue!", he cried. A tall girl pressed a pound coin into his hand. "Thanks Pete, keep the change". Pete has lived in Oxford Street for too long, along the street, doorways, alleys and heating ducts. First homeless more than ten years ago, Pete worked his way back to employment and housing. But 2 yrs. ago he lost his job as a Post Office clerk. He faced the nightmare of losing the temporary tenancy flat he worked for, and being separated from his wife Eileen and 4 yr. old son Peter. A friend of his suggested that he signs up to sell the 'Big Issue'. By working long hours, selling up to 80 copies 6 days a week, Pete earns enough to keep his family together. "That's what has saved me."

This is the story of David Ferguson. He left Glasgow when he was 17 and looked for work in London. "...I kept trying to find a job washing dishes, anything - but having no address made it impossible." Twice he was beaten up by passers-by on the Strand. He saw two old men die from hypothermia. "And vicious fights break out over a can of beer or a threadbare blanket. I began to believe that I really wasn't worth a damn, that this was all my life was going to be." After selling the 'Big Issue', David was sent on a ten week journalism course. He began writing humorous pieces and theatre reviews for Capital Lights, the section of the magazine written by vendors. He now has a flat in Southwark, a National Union of Journalist's card, a briefcase and a Filofax.

The Big Issue was born in New York. Nearly 5 yrs. ago, Gordon Roddick, chairman of the Body Shop, was walking in Manhattan when he was approached by a tall black man who was selling a paper Street News. "He was proud that now when he asked people for money he could look them straight in the eye and not feel ashamed". 6 months later in Britain, Roddick discussed with John Bird, who worked in printing and publishing, about the New York paper. They decided to set up a British paper. The Body Shop put up £30,000 and John Bird hired a deputy editor, 2 designers and a team of part time writers and volun-



The "Big Issue" can offer the homeless a way back

Photo: : Beaver Staff

teers. On September 10, 1991, The Big Issue was launched from St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square. For many people the Big Issue has restored the pride they had once lost. From pathetic street beggars to PROFESSIONAL SALESMEN. The magazine has sprouted two offshoots: an Accommodation Bureau, sponsored by the Department of the Environment, and a Job Club. The Club, jointly run by Robert Winter, gives help with CVs and preparation for interviews and provides references for vendors. Since the Accommodation Bureau was set up, says housing worker Dot Revington, they have found permanent homes for some 30 vendors. Many others have been given temporary placements or bed-and breakfast accommodation.

For the 3 yrs. that I have been at the LSE, there has not been one political group that has given a positive remedy to homeless people in the context of student responsibility, except the LSE Liberal Democrats which has quite recently made a box for collecting clothes for the homeless. It is all well and good for the rest of us to criticise the Government, whilst we are being fed 3 times a day, and sleeping in warm beds. The remedy is given in the front cover of the Big Issue magazine, "helping the homeless to help themselves". The

LSE has a potential market of 5000 people. I encourage the Beaver readers to buy the Big Issue (from badged vendors only!) and the LSE Liberal Democrats should advertise this on their collection box. We have the magic power (our wallets) to transform the lives of people like Pete and David from scroungers to salesmen. May I suggest a further improvement: at the moment the vendors only shout out "Big Issue" to attract buyers. I think an LSE group, like AIESEC or Management Society etc. should sponsor a training session for these salesmen in how to attract customers e.g. what effective sales pitch to have. Last year I was at Oxford Street and I came across a salesman using an effective sales pitch which has been ingrained in me,

"Buy the Big Issue fifty pence, If you don't, I get no tea [tea]."

The Union General Meeting



Every Thursday at 1 pm
in the Old Theatre

"A Guide to the UGM"
available from LSESU Reception

Jobs, Jobs, Jobs & more Jobs

Part-time temporary positions available on campus for outgoing, enthusiastic second and third year students with excellent communication and interpersonal skills. Must be able to work 2 evenings per week, Monday to Thursday, from 6pm until 10pm contacting alumni of the University on behalf of LSE.

Starting salary will be £5/hour

For more information contact Andrew Harvey c/o LSE Foundation
on 071 955 6768.

Johnny foreigner seeks Billy Britain....

Eduard Jauregui

Can I ask you a question? Yes I'm speaking to YOU, the one staring down into this mess of newsprint. Just bear with me, I know it's a useless and rhetorical little thing, but it's driving me up the wall:

Is anybody out there British? I have spent four days now at the London School of Economics (yes, I am a fresher I'm sorry to say), and I can't say I've met more than a couple of true full-blooded fish and chip loving Britons. Where are you?

Before arriving, I feared my warm 'hang-loose' southern Californian accent might become irreversibly polluted by the 'proper English' I expected would overwhelm me from the first day and for the next three years. Not a chance! I'd been told that London is the capital of the UK, but I find I know more British people in Madrid! One thing however, is certain: I'm going to learn my fair share of Italian French, Greek and Hebrew before I leave this veritable Babel's Tower.

Haven't you felt the same thing? Don't you find you're in the presence of at least ten nationalities every time you sit at a table in the Brunch Bowl? Sure, I know ten people can't possibly squeeze into one of those cute little plastic banana-yellow Brunch Bowl tables, but at LSE you don't exist if you own less than three passports and speak six languages. One should keep in mind the following relationship as a useful rule of 'thumb: 5 LSE students = 10 nationalities = 25 languages spoken. 'The Brunch Bowl Equation', as I have denominated it, varies according to 'The Brunch Bowl Law of Diminishing Natives' but to discuss this fascinating theory would be to go beyond the scope of this article.

A month ago I was quite proud of my own international background, which, after two or three days of ceaseless social events, I learned to strip down to the following "Well, I was born and raised in Oxford, but my parents both come from the Spanish Basque Country, so I have a British and Spanish citizenship. My accent? I lived in Los Angeles for seven years, though for the past three my home has been Madrid." This astounds people in the small Basque Towns where my parents were raised, or at least

those that actually believe such a wild tale. However, I cannot help feeling frustrated each time I confront the absolute passiveness with which this explanation is greeted around Houghton Street. LSE students, hardened by a constant exposure to all types of outrageous life-tales, can take ANY story without blinking. They, quite simply, are not impressed.

The next time you meet a group of strangers on the front steps of the Old Building, do your best to shock them with the most bizarre set of lies you can conjure up. Go on, say for instance that you were raised by wolves on a Nepalese plain, sold to a far eastern opium king at the age of seven by a barbarian horde, and rescued and adopted by a recent winner of the 'Price is Right' on a around-the-world tour. You will wait, in vain, for the slightest expression of surprise, until perhaps some Scandinavian looking chap asks you in fluent Nepali where exactly your cave was located. With any luck someone else will, after a half suppressed yawn, introduce you to Sunjanbee, raised by hyenas in Africa.

If you really ARE one of those rare British specimens, then you will find that you are an exception to this rule. Being from Southampton is mind-blowingly more unusual than being Bangladeshi around these parts.

Personally, I'm not going to



Lesson One in how to spot an English student. In the Tuns, pint glass, coke and ice.....usually!

Photo: Steve East

complain about the absence the English at LSE, it's not that I've got something personal against the good old British. But you won't get another chance to mix like this in your whole life. (If you don't, you'll be kicking yourself in the head for being such a moron in three years time). Know what I mean?.... Comprenez-vous qu'est-ce que je dit?

The LSE top 10: Blunders

1. **1994 Rag Week**
(Alicia had her mind on fatter things)
2. **Every year's Freshers Fair**
3. **Alexander Ellis behind the Tuns bar**
(He gives a bighead)
4. **Garan Goodman chairing the UGM**
5. **The Laurie-Voce-Gen Sex Menage-a-trois**
(Bizarre Lurve Triangle)
6. **Adam Morris for ever talking to Paul Birrell**
7. **Chris Coopers faulty bird magnet**
(He's just a lurve machine)
8. **Scouse's penalty that hit the corner flag**
(Way out, man)
9. **Jimmy Trees' Bill Beaumont jumper**
(It's a question of taste)
10. **Claire Laurie's 'tin man' outfit**
(She only wants a heart)

Next week: Top Ten Haircuts

What's on at LSE

At last What's On returns to the Beaver pages in a somewhat reduced format. However this won't last for long if you societies and organisers get your acts together and use the Beaver to promote your event. Out every Monday, the Beaver can reach 2000+ students so why not drop us a note of your event either in the beaver letter boxes on the bins, by letter in LSESU reception or the Beaver office in E197 or on E-mail under Beaver. If your not using all the facilities at the LSE for promotion how the hell do you expect to get people in to your event. We also advertise free events in London and special discounts for students do watch this space grow as its your column to tell the LSE what your up to.

So what is on next..... week..... I'm sure it's more than what I know about and that's not much.

On Monday 10 October at 1.00pm all the political societies have their meetings check the notice board for details. Also the LSE J-Soc meets at the same time in H216, go along just for the bagels!

Or Tuesday 11 October, the Malaysian-Singapore Society has organised a Riverboat disco leaving Charing Cross pier at 7.00pm. If interested contact Edwin on 071383 7592

Wednesday 12 October is a busy day. AIESEC have organised a recruitment fair in C119, the Global Village Society is holding an informal meeting in The Underground with wine and food at 7.30pm. and there is comedy in the Old Theatre featuring comedians from BBC's "The Real McCoy". Tickets for this star at £2.50 (with an Ent's card) and £3.50 without.

If you want to go out for a meal, but don't know where, try the Chicago Pizza Pie Factory in Mayfair. It may sound posh, but for groups of up to 6 students you can get 20% of a meal their until the 30 November. It must be a bargain

There's probably some other stuff on as well, like the Chuckle Club in the Underground on Saturday, but I've run out of space. Next week with more space and more events the What's on pages are back. So use them!

Whips, chains & lockers

Viv Mackay queues for men...or a day in life of LSE bureaucracy

Day one. My key objective is to obtain a locker! With this in mind I joined the overflowing queue in the main entrance of what is sometimes called the 'main building', and at other times, the 'Old Building', all you well entrenched students will know where I am talking about. First problem - to get an application form. Some people were brandishing pink paper, the sort of paper which immediately made one think, ah! application form. But where? A helpful arm, (I did not see the face of the person whose arm it was) pointed out the cubby hole which contained the application forms. A feeling of triumph held sway in my mind, I was about to meet bureaucracy head-on and achieve my objective.

Thus I sat down, on the floor, there being nowhere else and started to complete the form. It was then of course that I spotted the requirement for my student ID and the name of my tutor, both these pieces of data were as yet unrevealed. Panic struck, I could not obtain a locker before I registered; I could not register before I saw my tutor; I could not see my tutor until I knew who my tutor would be; I would not find this out until Thursday or Friday and there will be no lockers left! Others in the queue had already spotted this bureaucratic loop and had given up their position in the queue. Time for some initiative. I completed the form, striking a bold line through the demand

for my ID number and my tutors name, and stood confidently in the queue. As we passed into the second cubby-hole the queue split into two, one side was full and one empty. With little hesitation I strode confidently forward to the empty desk. This false confidence was to mask the obvious fact that I had knowingly bucked the system, deliberately trying to pass off my application form as completed. On the other side of the desk sat a woman and I gave her my form. She said "man", and looked at me. I thought perhaps that she wanted a Mr. or Ms. Man, so I explained that my surname was Mackay, and smiled. "Man", came the brief response and after she had

repeated this a third time and glanced at me as if to say who is this stupid student, I realized that the two queues were for women and men and that I had stood in the "man" queue. My confidence demolished, I almost decided to abandon the quest for a locker until I could provide the information required on the form, but instead retreated to consider the matter further over a cup of coffee. Fifteen minutes later I was back, this time in the right gender line. The moment of truth arrived, I poised ready to explain my special case, why I should have a locker before registration, but no-one looked at my form, I was simply and immediately allocated a locker. Back in the crowded main lobby I could have

shouted to all the other new students. Hey! You don't need to wait for your ID number before getting a locker. Instead I minded my own business, at least my objective had been achieved. Perhaps in this trivial tale LSE administration might learn that there are things they could do, which don't cost anything, but which would just simplify things for freshers. It should not be too difficult to allocate all lockers by post, enclose a location map and invite to the allocation desk only those students who were dissatisfied with their locker, could not find it or who had left asking for one till the last minute. A small change, but it would reduce the queue and anxiety just a bit.

The Latin American Society Column



The Annual General Meeting for the Latin American Society will be taking place on Wednesday 12 October on the top floor of the Student's Union Cafe at 1pm. Anyone interested in joining the committee, or taking over the society next year, should leave a note in the Society pigeon hole if they can not come to the meeting. The **Spanish and Portuguese class** teachers will also be there in order to assess how many groups they

will teach. **Dance classes** start on Tuesday 13 October, in the Quad, and will be free to the members of the society carrying their cards with them. For non-members, the next two weeks are your last chances to join. For **La Latina tickets** you will find us either in the Quad or outside Clare Market. Tickets are £4 for members and £6 for non-members, with cheap beers all night.

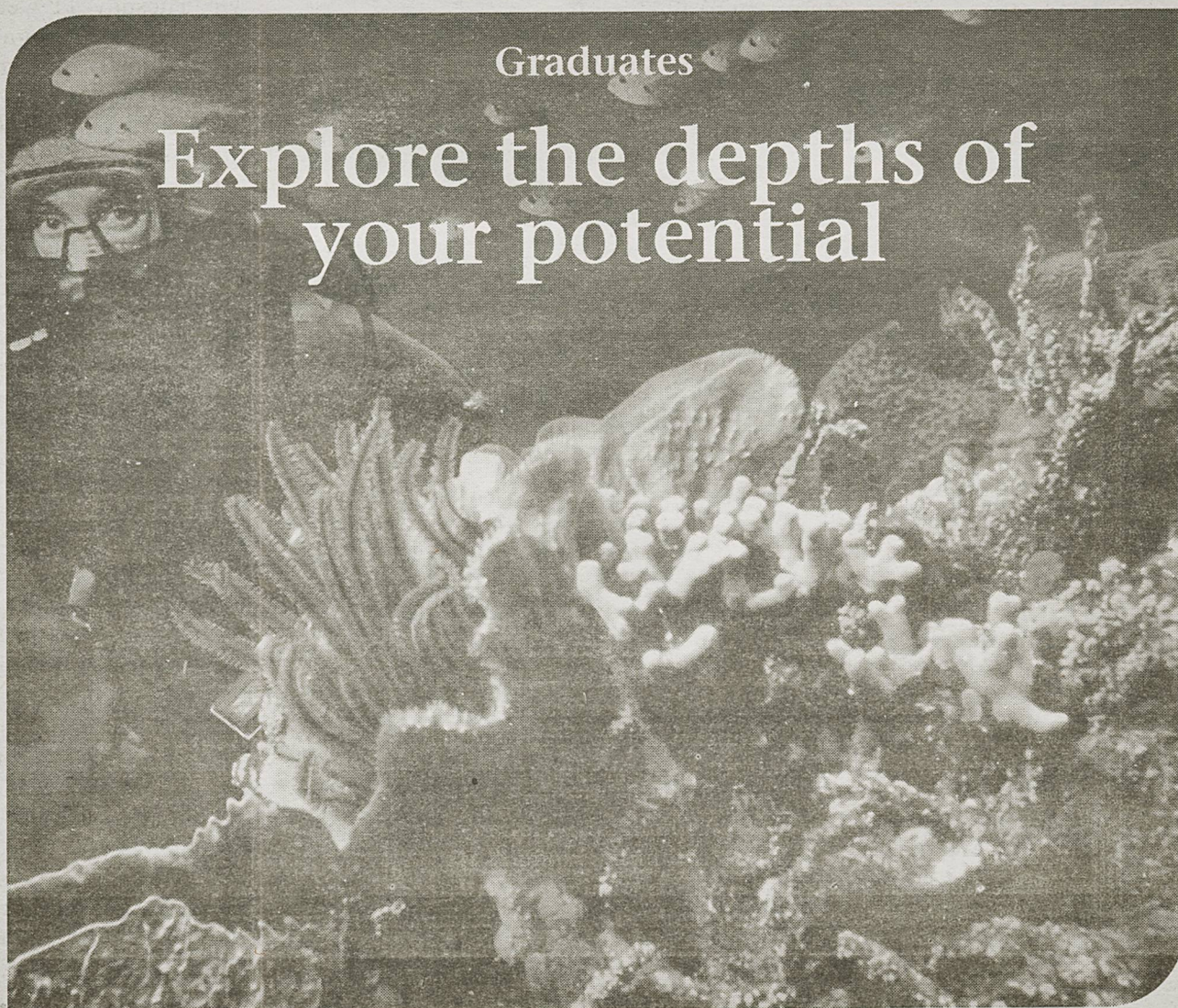
The Carmen Marcos concert at Bolivar Hall showed great

promise for the cultural year at this excellent location which just happens to be half a minute away from Carr Saunders. Carmen was born in Venezuela and began piano studies at the age of six. She subsequently moved to London where she graduated with the highest honours from the Purcell School of Music. She currently lives in the USA where she studies with a pupil of Maestro Claudio Arrau. Her program at the Bolivar Hall was somewhat shortened by a

hand injury she incurred with prevented her from finishing the recital. Most outstanding was her interpretation of Alberto Ginastera's first sonata, of whom we hope to present you some compositions at LSE in the next couple of terms. All events at Bolivar Hall are free, and for the next week, the Cuban Embassy are exhibiting works by some of their most renowned artists. For further information call 071388 5788.

Graduates

Explore the depths of your potential



Some organisations may look interesting on the surface, but after just a few months you can find yourself left high and dry.

Not so at Standard Life. Here, the deeper you go, the more you'll find; we give you the space to explore your talents in new and challenging waters, without letting you get out of your depth.

You want security and stability? So drop your anchor with Europe's largest mutual life assurance company with assets in excess of £37 billion. Our products range from traditional life assurance, savings, pensions and mortgage plans to unit trusts and pensions management.

As the growth of our business is powered by the development of our people, you will be given the individual training platform you need to fulfil your potential.

We go to great lengths to ensure that our graduates are exceptional, and you'll have to be of the highest calibre to succeed in our business. But if you want to make the perfect entry into the commercial world without throwing yourself in at the deep end, why not visit us at the Careers Fair on Wednesday 12 October. For more information and an application form, contact your careers office.



STANDARD LIFE



Jewish Film Festival

Danny Silverstone previews highlights of the tenth annual festival



'Yiddle with his Fiddle' directed by Joseph Green

Photo: Jewish Film Festival



'The Last Klezmer', directed by Yale Strom

Photo: Jewish Film Festival

The tenth Jewish film festival runs from the 3rd to the 16th of October. On offer is an eclectic group of films which cover Judaism in all its diversity. Of particular interest should be rare showings of some Yiddish classics and some more

recent explorations of Arab-Israeli relations in "A Gulf between Us" and "Balagan". The two films I previewed were not entirely representative of the festival's quality but make an interesting contrast. "The Heritage" epitomises all of the worst qualities of romantic

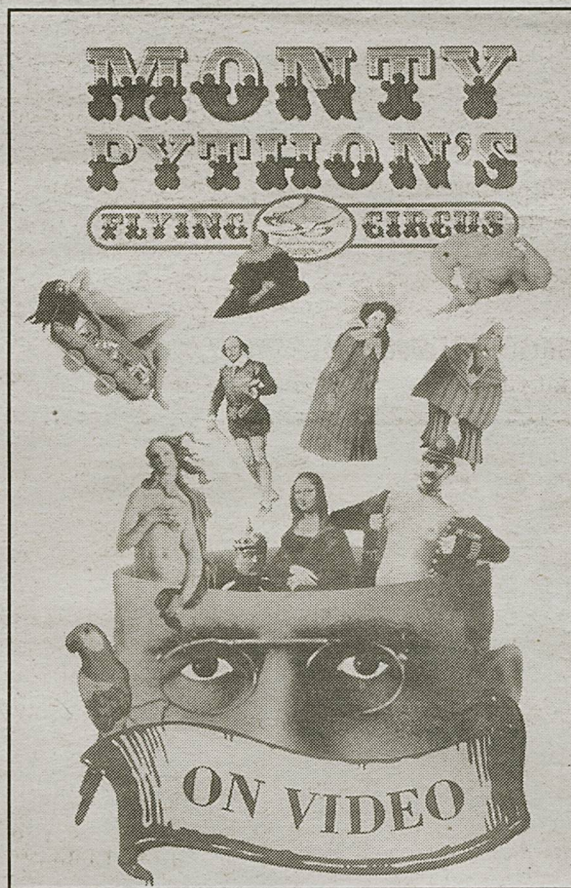
melodrama. The dual romance spans 500 years and alternates clumsily between the Spain of 1492 and 1992. It flounders due to the hilarious subtitles and predictable storyline reproduced in ridiculous period detail. "Choice and Destiny" is the opposite, a moving

documentary of two holocaust survivors who slowly reveal their miraculous life stories while being filmed at home involved in their daily routines. The ever-present camera doesn't hinder the participants but provides insight into the deep psychological scars hidden by

the deadpan dialogue. Yitshak, at eighty years old, is remarkable in his benign toleration of the tortures he suffered and in his fatalistic rationalisation of them. A fascinating film which is part of what should be an intriguing two weeks.

Parrot comes back from the dead

Harold Larwood MBE takes in some classic comedy videos



As John Cleese put it so eloquently in that classic and quintessential English accent, "...and now for something completely different". On 5th October 1969, the ultimate in alternative comedy leapt on to our screens in the shape of Monty Python's Flying Circus.

The show which spawned the films and the ensuing careers of actors, directors, and Round the World explorers was just another BBC comedy show in the vein of predecessors such as TW3 and following shows such as Not the Nine O'Clock

News and the Mary Whitehouse Experience, to name a few.

Monty Python tapped into the off-beat humour inherent in the end of the sixties and turned it into classic sketches such as the "Dead Parrot Sketch", "Upper-class Twit of the Year" and the transvestite's dream song in the "Lumberjack" sketch and yes we all did wonder if "his wife was a goer!" even if we weren't sure what it meant.

Monty Python was about sniggering school boys at Grammar school or Public

school. It was definitely a class thing, not for Secondary Modern boys. After all, the Pythons had all been to Oxbridge.

BMG Video have already brought the first series of this great British institution out on video to watch at your leisure. The whole episodes, that is, not just clips. They have now started releasing the second series and soon you can have the entire collection for yourself. If you've only heard about them, buy them and watch them and see where today's comedians obtained their inspiration.

Just right

Nicole Fuchs reviews 'Dancing in the Dark'

It is the year 2015. Nothing has really changed, still the same neighbour disputes, the small love affairs, the racism, the violence. But things are slightly more extremist, as if something was going to happen. A plague maybe, or an earthquake, something which wouldn't blow over.

"Dancing in the Dark" is a sparkling musical performed by witty and enthusiastic actors. The characters cover every social class, from the black squatter chased by the police to the well-off lesbian. Others include a virtual-reality addicted teenager and the inevitable cliched mother. They all exist unhappily in a Newham neighbourhood, actually set up on stage on two storeys, which gives endless possibilities for the musical. The themes evoked are topical and the way in which they are brought up is engaging. You may even start believing in the world the actors are building up from chaos. A world where people virtually live from recycling,

farming, mutual helping and of course dancing.

Communist bullshit? Misplaced idealism? The Lilian Baylis Theatre's cafe was buzzing with such statements at the end of the show.

It really depends on what you want in a play. If you want to enjoy a two hour break from this world, you are bound to have your money's worth. But if you want it to change your life you may be disappointed. "Dancing in the Dark", though dealing with important issues, is no political dynamite.

Oh come on, even though we are in the LSE, can't we forget for a while our counter-arguments, our "look at what communism gave the people", and just enjoy for an evening belief in something else than our cynicism?

"Dancing in the Dark" is only £3, a special discount price for LSE students with valid ID. It is currently playing at the Lilian Bayliss Theatre, near Rosebery Hall.

A truly royal affair

Dr David Starkey of BBC's 'Moral Maze' and LSE reviews "Princess in Love"

Princess Diana is step-grand daughter to Barbara Cartland. So it is only appropriate that Anna Pasternak's account of the supposed love affair between the Princess and James Hewitt should be written like the most over-blown romantic novel. The interiors are lavish; the menus lush; the men 'tall and debonair' and the women 'tall, blonde and whip-pet-thin'—except when they are James Hewitt's mother, who is cosy and countryfied. She is also the daughter of a dentist and has known hard times. Hewitt himself is the man in uniform, all muscles and shoulders and exuding power.

Real power, however, belongs to the Princess. And it is she, in a startling reversal of convention, who seduces him. She arranged the riding lessons which provided a cover for their acquaintance, and then, four months later, invited him to dinner at Kensington Palace. She intertwined fingers over coffee; leapt into his lap with the li-



The Princess of Wales at a happier moment

queurs and then 'stretched out her hand and slowly led James into her bedroom'. And it was Diana who ended the affair as well, five years later after Hewitt's return from the Gulf, where she had bombarded him with twice-daily letters and Turnbull and Asser shirts.

This is a book which aims to tell the truth. It does so—though not quite as intended. The Princess, supposedly a wild romantic, seduces Hewitt to

prove her attractiveness to men and dumps him when her confidence is restored. Hewitt, the man of simple honour, sells his mistress's secrets for 30 million pieces of silver and Pasternak, a product of St Paul's and Oxford, writes like sixth-former on heat. In the book the characters are forever feeling themselves rushing down the steep slopes of passion. But it is the reader's stomach that turns.

Alex Molloy offers a personal view

I'm not sure that the actual details of James Hewitt's appallingly-written book have provoked very strong reactions from most people (soft porn hunters are probably mildly disappointed). The most concrete revelation to come out of this episode for those of us that weren't privileged enough to already know is that Hewitt is and has a very large plonker, a part of his anatomy which according to our own Dr Starkey could be legally removed for its misdemeanours (The Sun transcribed this as "Cut his fucking bollocks off"). Despite this, I can't help admiring him in a guilty sort of way. Call me shallow but there aren't many young men who would actually be unhappy with a romantic history such as the Major's. The Princess is undoubtedly his most impressive conquest but she is only one of a line of generally very rich, very attractive and very married women, most of whom have recently been making some unneeded pocket money by commenting on Hewitt's sexual prowess. The only social exception was the female switchboard operator with whom he enjoyed steamy sex sessions to relieve the

monotonous rhythm of life on his German military base.

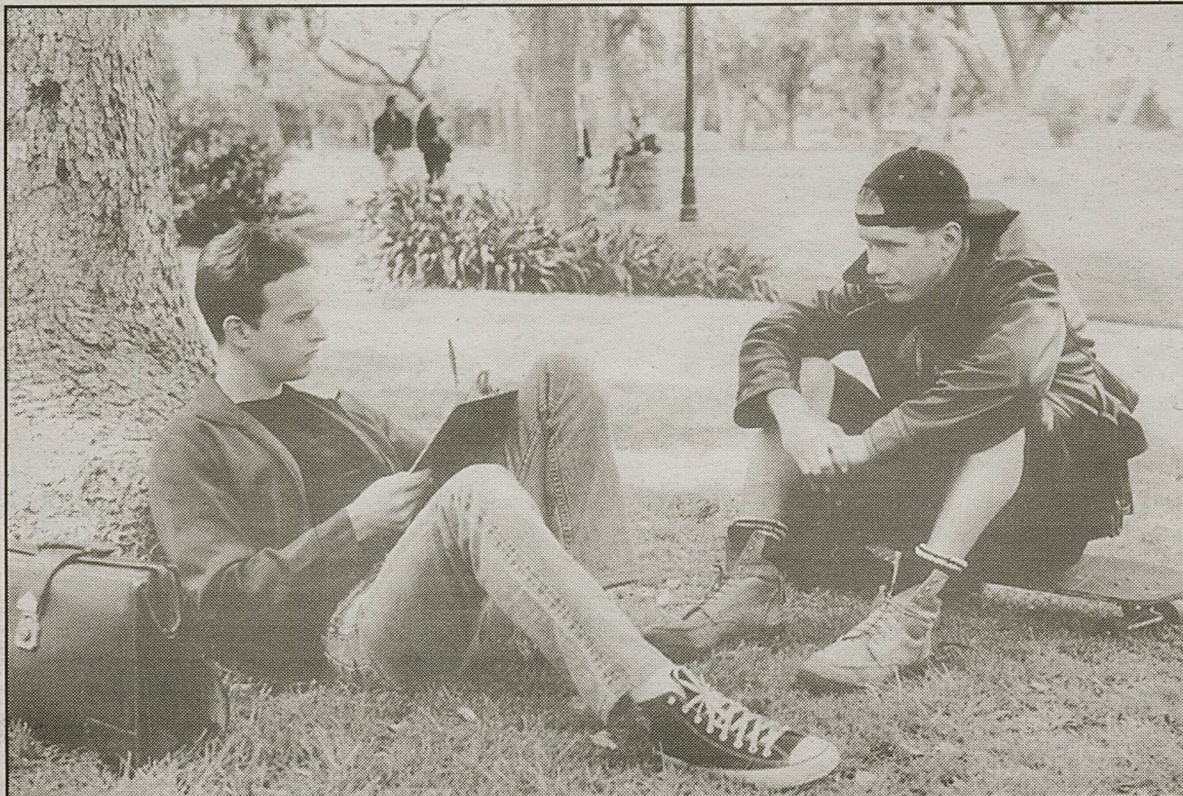
As for serious issues, the book simply confirms what we already know. Diana is emotionally unstable, a situation caused both by her own neurosis and having a cold bastard like Charles as a husband. The aristocracy has taken another knock on the head as they rat on each other, eager to grab a bit of money just like everybody else.

If I was Hewitt, I wouldn't be too worried about the threatened 'shunning' from high society events, something that amounts to little more than being expelled from public school (the latter's worse due to the bollocking from parents). The biggest real consequence for Hewitt will be that he will have to go and play polo somewhere else and make love to South American high society women, who are better-looking anyway.

The saddest thing to come out of the affair is the explosion of the mystery of being a princess. For any kid or impressionable adult who has read the book, the magical world of fairytales has been destroyed forever. I don't sympathise with Hewitt who has acted in bad taste, but I must admit to being a bit jealous (nothing to do with penis envy) and I think many young men feel similarly. Hewitt will come out of the affair with few problems apart from the dilemma of how to invest his £3m. His parents should be proud of him although I doubt he knows who they are.

Bizarre love triangle

"Threesome", a new twist on the traditional 'coming of age' movie



Eddy (Josh Charles), left and Stuart (Stephen Baldwin) hang out

Photo: Tri Star Pictures

Yes, it's yet another 'American teenagers come of age' movie, but this time it's a good one. "Threesome", a romantic comedy which miraculously is actually funny, was written and directed by Andrew Fleming, and features Lara Flynn Boyle (Donna to all the Twin Peaks fans out there) and Stephen Baldwin, latest member of the Baldwin acting dynasty.

Boyle plays Alex, a drama student who arrives at college to find a computer blunder has assigned her a room with two guys, sensitive, smart Eddy (Josh Charles) and macho party animal Stuart (Baldwin). As you might expect, a love triangle develops, as Stuart falls for Alex, and Alex for Eddy - but less predictably, Eddy for Stuart. Alex and Stuart's

attempts to entice the respective objects of their affections into bed provide the comedy, as none of the trio find their feelings returned.

Given Hollywood's usual attitude to homosexuality, it's a pleasant change to see the subject handled reasonably well. In fact, the usual cringe-worthy issues of sexual identities and relationships in general are tackled without the audience having to squirm with embarrassment.

The film doesn't tackle any weighty issues, but it doesn't pretend to either, and taken on its own terms, it comes across as unpretentious and light-hearted. The soundtrack is excellent, and all members of the cast give decent performances. What more could you want from a cute Hollywood teen movie?

Beaver's Classic Albums

No 2:

Stone Roses - Stone Roses

What makes a classic album? Difficult one this, but not too difficult. Any album by a band that is over 5 years old and is still as relevant today has to be a classic. In 1994 we say Oasis in 1989 we said Stone Roses.

In 1989 I was sat in an Economics A level class on the third floor of East Devon Further Education College with Mr Hoskins, a lecturer I knew from the old Tiverton Grammar School, and a guy from Wales called Brian Martin sat next to me and was nervously flicking through a cassette cover inlay card, whilst Hoskins prattled away about the theory of the firm.

"It's a good album" he said. I nodded but I didn't know who the Stone Roses were. After the lecture he played me a blast of "She Bangs The Drum" and I was smitten by a classic pop tune, if ever there was one, which I had heard in passing on Radio One. If this was the single the album must excellent.

With the CD purchased I raced home toute de suite on my Suzuki GS550 and slapped in my machine. Then there was silence.....that awful deafening silence when for a minute I thought I had a duff copy... but John Leckie that darling producer fooled me by slowly fading in the opening track "I Wanna Be Adored" which meanders on its only lazy way with staccato guitar notes and loads of echo overlaid with Browns melancholic vocals.

"She Bangs The Drum" kicks in as the classy second track which you would have thought would have been better as the opening track but then the rest of the album would have had to better it and that would have been pretty difficult. The intro bass line, the snatch of hi-hat and then the guitars kick in. I say kick in not because its rock or metal but they do just that kick in. The format is simple, verse, chorus, verse chorus, middle eight chorus and fade out. Its brilliant and its so simple three, no four chords a generic pop song which in years to come song writers will use as a template.

I could go on and rave about every track on the album, but there's not much more space but for instance "Don't Stop" is the previous track in reverse with new words and it took me five plays to figure this out. I mean what were they on. Was it just an album filler or did they actually write it...they must be mad if they just wrote it. The snappy and brief "Elizabeth My Dear", all 59 seconds of it pays homage to English folk music but sums up a statement on life that a 3 or four minute pop epic could never do. "Made of Stone" is almost the best tune on the album (My opinion of course!) But the way it starts as if nothings going to happen much then it wakes up in the chorus into a wistful tune about unrequited love as "sometimes I fantasise that the streets are cold and lonely...." Oh how we men can relate to those words.

Yes definitely this is a lads album, no offence ladies but it is and it ends with the best tune on it. "I Am The Resurrection" which at 9 minutes is pure class. The God fixation is really well done and the tune is driven by the drums and guitar to a crescendo chorus a guitar break and another chorus before it settles down to a sort of ending..... and then a coda. Pete Townsend of the Who often, as he put it, "boogied off on his own" and this is what the Roses do and after four minutes they bring it to a finale which is pure delight.

Is this album a classic. To right it is. Lets hope the new one if/when it comes out does for me what this one did for so many.

They're not R.E.M

Luke Richardson delivers his verdict on the brother of Mike Mills' band 'Three Walls Down' and their debut LP.

Three walls down are a basic five piece band from Atlanta Georgia. They are Mike Callahan on guitar and vocals, Pat Duffy on bass (not the same one from Dallas and the man from Atlantis I hope), Marc English again on guitar and vocals, Bob Fernandez on drums and Mitch Mills on keyboards, guitars and vocals (ooh what a talented bloke).

Their debut album 'Building Our House' was produced by Mike Mills of REM fame, who is the brother of Mitch Mills the very one who happens to play keyboards in this band (how strange). The blatant fact is that big brother Mike has had a hand in the production of this album and the band themselves sound

painfully similar to earlier REM tracks. This might be totally coincidental, who can say, but REM in diluted form seems to sum this band up.

The fact that they are similar raises the question, is there room for another REM? Even in their watered down state, the band seem to be entering an area of the market which has already been well and truly cornered by their more successful predecessors. (It's going to be a tight fit boys).

The band's genre has been described as melodic rock. The songs themselves could be said to be a mix of pleasant background music and mundane mumbling. The kind of music you'd be hard pushed to annoy your neighbours with, probably

because they wouldn't even notice if you were playing it.

There is a rogue violinist who kind of wanders in, as if off the streets, on the second track of the album 'Steps'. This seems to be an attempt to boost the band's credibility with the folk fraternity out there. Even the random wanderings of this wibbling fiddler fails to create any real interest. The tracks begin to merge into one endless tune before the second song is over.

'Building Our House' I don't know, possibly 'Boring Our House' is closer to the mark.

Three Walls Down 'Building Our House' available now on Rust Records. Review copy courtesy of Revolution.

Tori sues Trudi for vague similarities

Silwat Haider is not impressed by elevator music

Two seconds into this debut album and you get the impression that Trudi Hide is doing a sad pastiche of Tori Amos, to elevator music. If you even bother to listen to all of it, which is not likely unless you've just had a lobotomy, you should be institutionalised. See the BIG problem with this album, now that we've already established that it isn't very good, is the fact that it doesn't even have any redeeming features. The name TRUDI HIDE takes into account two other guys, who strangely look a lot like Newman and Baddiel, and who write, play, and even hum along to the "melodies" along with her good self. Disappointingly none of them have fascinating fetishes, don't look like Twisted Sister or anything, and Trudi herself is portrayed as a bit of a Tori-style sex kitten in the inside cover. Very

boring, not even wank material. I suppose some sort of factual justification should be given to writing this off... well at times she tries to sound like Laura Branigan, or Karen Carpenter, in order to highlight a fairly mediocre voice...Hmmm. At least she's in tune I suppose - see there is ONE nice-ish thing to say at least... But it's not likely that you'd notice since all the songs are fairly indistinguishable, the tempo practically doesn't change between the tunes, slow and dull, and all the songs deal with some relationship or other gone wrong. How about the traumas of being a castrated cat or something?! Trust me, you'll be begging for something like that after one listen. Not only that but the lyrics (yes I bothered to listen out for them) are all basically cringy rhymes doused in vague imagery desperately

attempting to give all those identically failed relationships some significance: "the moon slipped out of Cancer, we lay there in the sand, she couldn't give an answer, why you had to leave this land. " But there's one interesting bit, one song "Down to the River" uses imagery from "Manon des Sources" a most excellent french film for philistines out there, but in comparison to the film's brilliance this song is ^%&^&*& since the "music" is exactly the same as in all the other songs, and I'm probably giving it way too much credibility by even mentioning "Manon..", Hey in fact someone sue them for possible plagiarism! Anyway the message, don't bother, there are too many bands with tinkly guitars and bad ballads, and it shouldn't be encouraged. Just step into a Hotel elevator instead...

CD Caption Competition

Due to the "graduation" of Rusty Bullet Hole, I am left without a name for my music column. If anyone out there thinks they have the creative flair necessary to mould the name "Wayne Neil Rogers" into anything remotely decent, please drop your suggestions into the Beaver office (E197) or into one of the Beaver letter boxes. If I find one I like, not only will you have the glory of seeing your idea in print but I'll throw in the new single by the Bewley Brothers as well. Please note that WaNkeR is not funny or original neither is Wayneker or any derivatives. I've had it since I was 5 and if anyone suggests anything vaguely similar I'll tan their rosy red arse. Also if anyone would like to do a classic album review then please feel free to do so and drop it in the music tray in the Beaver office.

"Being on stage is like wanking in front of people"

Dennis Lim receives first hand experience from Catatonia at the Marquee

"I think we're better than Oasis. I think half of the stuff Oasis do, I could just write in an afternoon - about three albums' worth of it." Mark, guitarist of Catatonia, is a little inebriated and only too keen to offer his opinions on our current favourite Northern scallywags. "It's just because I'm not from Manchester," he grumbles.

Catatonia are a four-piece from Wales, who in recent months have had the music hacks bandying around Stone Roses comparisons and gushing excitedly about Perfect Pop. This is the Catatonia story, as told by Mark: "I first met Cerys about a year ago. She was busking outside Debenhams in Cardiff and her voice just knocked me out, so I had to go over and ask her what she was into." Cerys takes over, "I said to him, 'Rolf Harris' and he said, 'Join my band'".

They met the other two, Paul (bass) and Daffyd (drums), shortly after, signed to a small indie label and since then, they've released three rapturously-received singles, the latest, "Whale", just out on the Rough Trade Singles Club series.

We're seated in a pub, shortly after Catatonia's half-hour set at the Marquee, supporting Adorable. "It wasn't our best performance," confesses Mark. They admit that they haven't exactly warmed to the whole live experience. "In the studio, we're in our element 'cause we can craft things to make them spot on. Live, it's a bit of a chore - so many things can go wrong."

It wasn't by any means a bad set - they just didn't do the excellent studio versions justice. They seem less assured than they ought to be - except Cerys, of course. She's got her shades on and she swigs her beer and chews her gum exuding movie-star cool. This woman deserves to be idolised.

So what makes Catatonia different? What prevents them from being lumped in with the distressingly large entourage of indie guitar bands, from ending up a pointless exercise in mediocrity? It's as simple as this - "We have good tunes." And a brilliant singer. And a guitarist reminiscent of John Squire.

They close the set with their trump card, first single "For Tinkerbelle". It alternates quite remarkably between lilting, gently-whispered loveliness

and irresistible anthemic rock monster, all the while displaying an unquestionable nous for melody. It is unlike anything else I've heard all year.

Catatonia have been getting a fair amount of good press. Mark proffers a theory on the build 'em up, knock 'em down policy adopted by the music press, the weekly inky in particular. "Inevitably all bands release their most accessible stuff to start with, but it's not necessarily their best. When they get round to doing what they really want to do, that's always when the backlash starts."

"BULLSHIT, that was!" Cerys erupts.

"I'm not sure that made sense actually," says Mark. He points at my Dictaphone.

"You'd better wipe that bit."

But they are glad about the press enthusiasm. Catatonia deserve to reach a wider audience than the NME-reading public and Cerys is well aware of that. "If it gets people who're not sad indie bastards - in other words, like, anybody normal - to come to our gigs, then that's brilliant. That's why we bother coming all the way to London."

They're not too fond of the capital, I take it.

Nods all round

And why is that, Mark?

"Well, because it's full of people in black jackets with orange lining."

Cerys makes a little more sense. "Audiences in London are just so afraid of themselves. Being on stage is like wanking in front of people - if they don't join in, you don't want to do it by yourself."

And if you ask them about their influences? Cerys launches into another diatribe. "FUCK influences! If you like music, that's what you're going to do and it doesn't really matter if you're influenced by what they play you in a lift."

"Remember Teenage Fanclub?" Mark asks as one might of someone long-deceased. "Somebody dug up their Big Star records and it was like, 'These are your influences - you nicked everything off them'"

Cerys again: "Basically, there's four of us with four strong ideas. Paul might be into fucking whatisname Scott.... Scott....," she looks around expectantly.

Mark ventures, "Scott Sellers?"

"What's his fucking name?" She demands.

I hazard a guess - Scott Walker?

"Yeah, that's right, Scott Walker. And Mark might be into, like, Doris fucking Day or something, but it doesn't matter - it all comes together in the end."

So when can we expect an album? "We're just kicking our heels now," says Mark, "trying to decide which songs are going to be on it." An album

which Mark has been quoted as saying will be better than The Stone Roses - now established as a universal yardstick for all debut albums. They are both deadly serious about this. For those unacquainted with the pure pop thrills of Catatonia, their self-confidence and total belief in their abilities come perilously close to outright arrogance - the thing is, more often than not, it appears

to be completely justified.

"Debut albums are always of a certain type," claims Cerys. "You never get a 'Pet Sounds' or anything like that - you haven't got a fucking album that you can put on and be fucking amazed and every single song on it, you go 'Fucking hell, where did that come from?' We want our album to be like that."

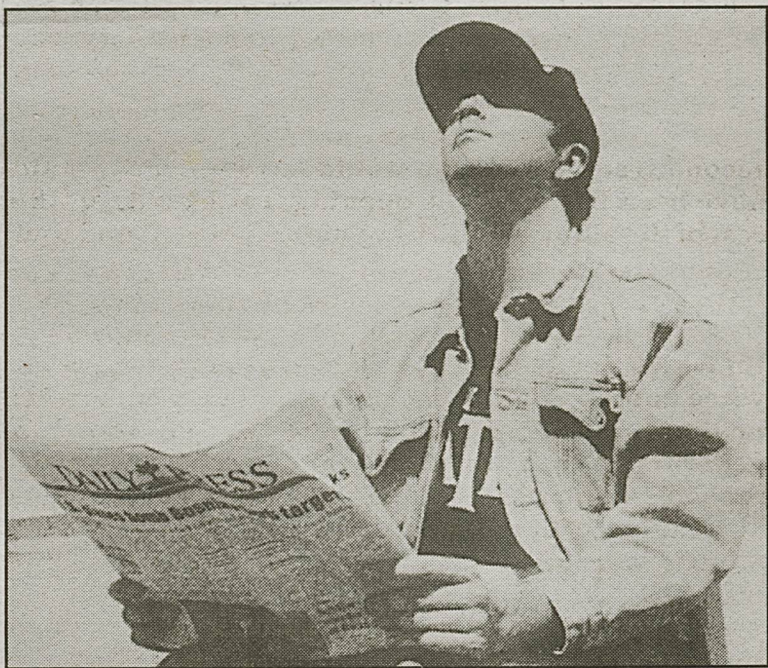
I, for one, wouldn't be in the least surprised if it was.

McNabbs Rocking Horse is a Crazy Horse

Ron Voce

The first ever piece I wrote for The Beaver was a review of Ian McNabb at the Camden Underworld in November 1991. Then he was just starting out as a soloist playing "These Are The Days" and "Great Dreams Of Heaven", with a band that consisted of the remnants of the second generation Icicle Works that played on "Permanent Damage", yet he still seemed to be searching for that sound. In the last three years I had virtually forgotten him, except for the odd radio play, but with Virgin 1215 playing the single "You Must Be Prepared To Dream" I was thrust once more into the McNabb zone.

Standing by the PA, something that a Motorhead gig many aeons ago taught me was a very silly idea, I stood to watch McNabb and his backing band, made up of the world renowned Crazy Horse and a keyboard player hiding at the back, come onto the stage. What else could they do but kick in with the first two tracks on the "Head Like A Rock Album", "Fire Inside My Soul" and "You Must Be Prepared To Dream" and what of the third song? "When It All Comes Down" was written by McNabb nearly 10 years ago, glorifying America, the open road, and life. This is a song that has been a stalwart of McNabb live and it did not seem out of place with this new band.



Ian McNabb spots a Crazy Horse out in the distance

Photo: Agency

In fact it took the sequencer less version of "Evangeline" with hints of "Gloria" and "Rock and Roll Music" to knock the crowd out of the shock that McNabb has found himself the perfect foils for his music. He may have felt that we were making him "work so hard", but we were dumfounded by class. We had come expecting something great and we got nirvana. "These Are The Days, Great Dreams of Heaven" let alone the killer version of "What She Did To My Mind" showed what a versatile band this is. With a feedback frenzy they stormed into "Child Inside My Father" and before we knew it they were gone, but they couldn't kid a kidder.

Ian stormed back on stage and replied to the inevitable calls for "Hollow Horse" that he

would play the "faves later." Frankly by this time I didn't care and neither did most of the crowd who wondered what else this class act could bring forth. "I Don't Want To Talk About It" was a shock, but proves my point about the class of this "backing band" which is a cruel phrase to use in these circumstances. "Understanding Jane" the "punk song I wrote in 1986" sounded like "Rocking in the Free World" a class comparison if ever there was but it was unmistakably McNabb.

In closing I would like to add that the next day I was deaf, but I didn't care I had seen heaven and it was on the fourth floor at Kings. Ian McNabb and Crazy Horse, "May You Always"

Houghton Street Harry

At this place there are many, many things that 'bug and annoy me' and a great proportion of them occur in lectures. I can handle the fact that the LSE allows more students into them than there are seats and I don't mind any more when there are only enough handouts for half the students and they're all put downstairs, for now there is something that pisses Harry off more. 9 o'clock lectures. Fuck off. It's all very well for you lucky blighters tucked up in your nice warm halls twenty minutes walk away but spare a thought for those living outside the throbbing heart of the metropolis. Take last Tuesday. In an effort to make the first IES class of the year at 9 a.m I rose at 7.45, indulged myself in coffee and some pop tarts and was at the bus stop by 8.15. The W3 bus allegedly goes every 6-7 mins but this must be an average as after 20 mins three came rolling down the hill. London Transport never fails to surprise me, especially the way they can manage to get a bus down the road just as I leave my house, but this just took the piss. One slow bus and one packed tube later Harry was at Holborn at 9.05. Five minutes later I reached the new theatre with inevitable results. No seats, no handouts and no fucking clue what the lecturer was going on about. Taking the only course of action possible I had a coffee in Wright's Bar and sent E-mails to America.

It's the whole principle of 9 o'clock lectures that gets my goat. The idea of university is to develop education in a background that enhances social skills, or in layman's terms to piss it up the wall. In order to allow undergraduates to enjoy themselves more it would seem fair to move MSc and Postgrad students to this ungodly hour for their structure of international beard growing seminar and elements of soap-dodging. They wouldn't object because they don't seem to require sleep anyway. However, seeing that the LSE undergraduate ranks on the same caste as the greasy haired porter with the thick glasses and Alexander Ellis as far as the powers that be are concerned, Harry has come up with a better solution.

To cut off rush-hour traffic that prevents me from my education I propose that LSE builds its own underground system. It may sound crazy but I've put a lot of rational thought into it (pass me another can of Tennent's Super Dave). The main station will be in Houghton Street, based in the Tuns Underground to cut sign-writing costs, and there would be other stops at New Malden, Butlers Wharf, Passfield, Carr-Saunders Rosebery, Dionysus, Mr C's and 32 Mountview Road, Crouch End (Harry's luxury apartment). Another method of saving money would be to employ the LSE porters as Underground staff as their legendary politeness and lunchtime drinking capacity puts them right up there with the cream of British Rail. The costs would still be astronomical though but funding would not be that hard. Firstly Gary Delaney could organise another great event to raise millions, such as a 'shit disco', where the Quad can be layered with three feet of horse manure (as opposed to the shit discos that we've suffered so far). Another option could be to introduce means-tested tuition fees for students so that all the Princes, Sheikhs and little rich kids can be screwed for all they've got. And believe me, the idea of LSE paying vast amounts of money for relatively pointless projects is not an infeasible one. After all, they gave £12000 to Martin Lewis.

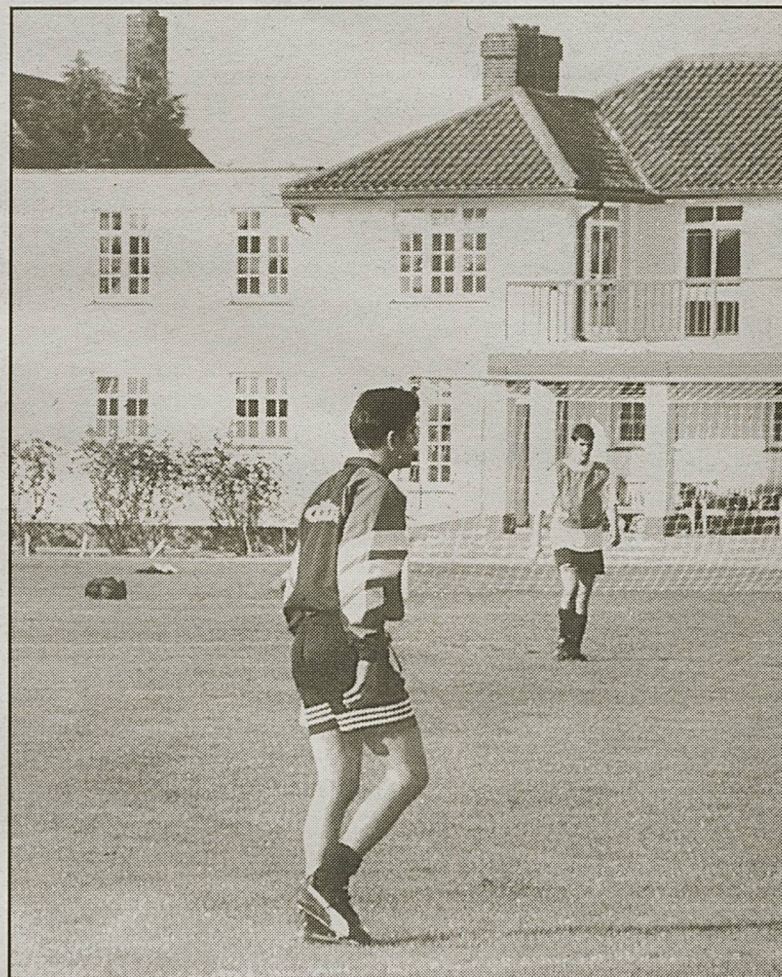
The trials of the Malden hopefuls

Beaver Staff

Last Wednesday and Saturday many a hopeful fresher made his way down to the LSE's New Malden sports field by bus, if they were lucky or by that dreaded slow train to Berrylands.

They came not to bury the likes of Graveson, Pederson and Staples but to venerate their memory by playing the wonderful glorious game we know as football. To meet the great Charlie Grunfelt and to play on his well prepared pitches. It is something that many people have died for. May the fabulous fifths, the fantastic fourths, the terrific thirds, the scintillating seconds and the fearsome firsts play well for the glory of the game and the drinks afterwards.

This has been a public information broadcast on behalf of the LSE Football club.



"Ok then let's play one a side...." Trials at New Malden a little tricky
Photo: Mark Baltovic

Club Noize no 13

United are back!

Alex Lowen

The glory years have finally returned again to the mighty Manchester United. Success in Europe, followed by two league championships and the double has evoked memories of the great 1960's side. In those days, Georgie Best was out with Miss World's, Bobby Charlton was pile-driving shots from 50 yards and Nobby Stiles was fucking ugly. Not much has changed really - Ryan Giggs has got Dani Behr, Cantona hammers referees and fat bastards like Neil Ruddock and Steve Bruce is the ugliest man in football (except, of course, for Peter Beardsley and Scouse Gardiner.)

When I first started supporting the reds in the early 1980's we were, to put it mildly, absolute shite. How do you think it feels, as a kid playing Subbuteo, having to pretend that it really was Jesper Olsen jinking around those 9 players before playing a one-two with Johnny Siveback and then crossing in the Adidas Tango for Garry Birtles to score a spectacular goal. Even Steven Spielberg would struggle to have an imagination that good.

During those desperate times there were no league titles in sight and our only con-

solation was reaching the odd FA Cup final (which is no big occasion unless you're a fat, pony-tailed Chelsea fan.) We've had so many Cup songs we could bring out a greatest hits album.

The highlight of my season was the 'take an easy 3 points off the perm-haired, flip-flop wearing scallies from Merseydive' ceremonies which took place annually at Anfield and the "theatre of dreams". I could wear my scarf to school proudly on Monday morning to take the piss out of those glory-hunting, yellow and red Crown Paint shirt wearing scumbags. The star of our 80's team was undoubtedly Mr Remi Moses. His bouffant was bigger than Dave Whippes' and it nearly came off the top of his, much sought after, Panini sticker.

Some things never change - the last time Man City were in Europe pirates attacked the ferry. Any team that boasts the support of Eddie Large, Curly Watts and Martin 'Gen Sec' Lewis must be fucking sad. As for Leeds Utd if only sheep-shagging was a recognised sport those Yorkshire vermin would be world beaters.

The 80's were the days when it cost £2 to get in the ground and hooliganism was still rife. Whatever is said about pre-match entertain-

ment, there is nothing more enjoyable than watching middle-aged rival fans throwing windmill-like punches at each other and then struggling with police as they get chucked out.

Nowadays, everyone sits down in their £250 a year Umbro seats, listening to Man United radio and drinking Man United coke. The atmosphere resembles a cross between a schoolboys international and a Take That concert with hundreds of little kids and middle-aged mums shouting "Ooh Giggys" and "Ain't Sharpey great." I don't mind all the part-time fans as long as they keep paying the players wages and adding to the £10 million profit by buying the 6th change of kit. The real fans do still exist and make supporting the club worthwhile. They'll be on the piss-up to Barcelona and at Old Trafford when we become wank again.

We have a right to be arrogant as long as we continue to have the best team in the world playing in the best stadium with the best fans and the greatest player ever seen - Monsieur Cantona. With youngsters like Scholes (the new Giggs), Butt (the new Giggs) and Neville (the new Giggs) the future looks rosy.

If only Paul Ince would grow his afro into a "Remi" all our dreams would be answered.