

The Beaver

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"Racial attacks are not about being streetwise it's about blatant discrimination"

Race row: School and SU respond

Fiona Maharg-Bravo

Following the racially motivated attacks of LSE students at Rosebery and Silver Walk halls of residence, the pressure is on both the Students' Union and LSE administration to find ways of improving student safety.

A working party for security has been set up this week and includes academic, non academic and SU representatives.

SU Welfare Officer, Vini Ghatate, says the first priority will be to examine the chance of instituting a minibus scheme from LSE to the halls.

"We not only plan to deal with hall security, but also all other aspects of security, such as thefts and access to buildings," said Ghatate.

Ghatate has also contacted the Equal Opportunities Officer at the University of London Union to see how other colleges are dealing with similar problems.

SU representatives visited Silver Walk on Wednesday night and held informal discussions with the warden, the Silver Walk Social Committee and other students. A more formal meeting with Silver Walk residents and a local police officer will be held next Tuesday at 8 o'clock.

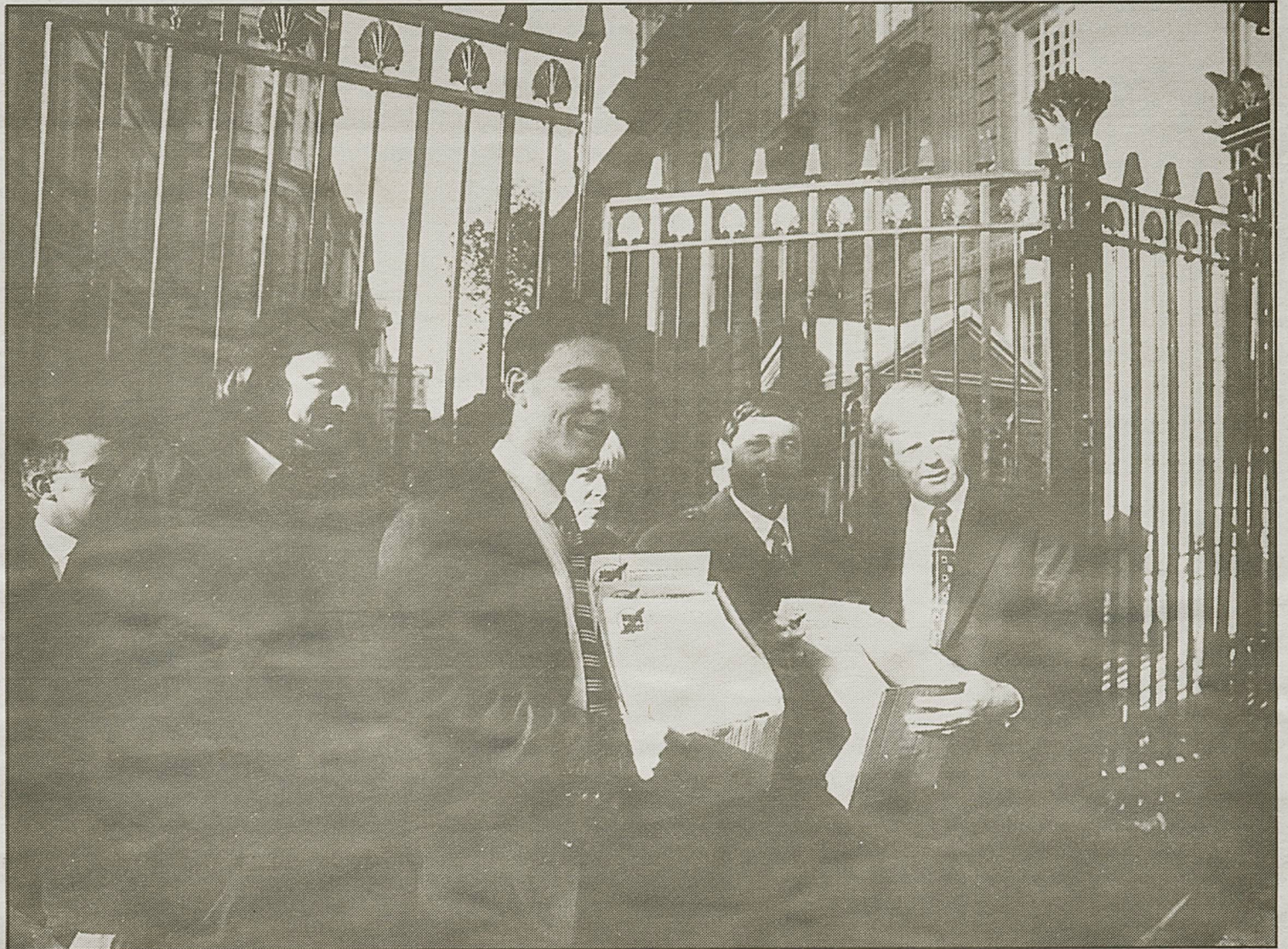
Yet some feel that the impact of these incidents has raised the issue of safety while essentially ignoring the racial dimension of the attacks.

Professor Lord Desai, of the Economics department, said: "We have gone away from the issue of racial attacks to the problem of insecurity in general. The incidence of racial attacks is not random, they are motivated and are not like theft or pick-pocketing. One has to be especially aware of the different dimension of the problem."

Controversy also surrounds comments made by the Director which were published in *The Beaver* last week. He said overseas students needed time to become more "street-wise" in London.

Jim Murphy, President of the National Union of Students, said: "I find it difficult to understand the Director of LSE legitimising racial attacks on the grounds that students are not 'street-wise'. Racial attacks are not about being street-wise it's about blatant discrimination and virulent hatred for one human being by another." Ghatate added: "If you are just making a phone call, or waiting for a bus and are attacked for being of a different race, what can you do?"

The American college of one of the victims has been made aware of the attack and is likely to raise the matter at a forum



National Union of Students' President Jim Murphy with, amongst others, David Blunkett, Shadow Education Secretary, outside Downing Street last week. They were handing in a petition on higher education underfunding to the Prime Minister, John Major, prior to this week's national demonstration. See stories on pages 3 and 5.

Photo: Steve Hau

of other US institutions who send students here. It seems they will apply joint pressure to make sure urgent action is taken.

Because over 100 nationalities are represented within the LSE, Lord Desai felt it necessary to be especially sensitive to the question of racial discrimination. "We all have not done very much about racial awareness. I think there is a much greater degree of discrimination at LSE and we need to do something about it," he said.

Other reports confirm that within LSE there have been racial incidents where both victims and perpetrators have been School students.

Measures that have been suggested by Desai include establishing an affiliation with the ARA (Anti Racist Alliance) and putting pressure on the local authorities to be more active in the way of patrolling problem areas.

Militant Moslems?

Davina Standhope

Jewish students in fear of their safety had to be evacuated and escorted from King's College and the School of Oriental and African Studies (SOAS) after meetings were held by an extreme Islamic group.

Last week saw Hizb ut Tahrir proclaim anti-semitism in which direct death threats were made to Jewish Students. The meetings titled 'Israel - The Apartheid State' denounced the holocaust as a "fairy tale" and support was given to the perpetrator of the recent Tel Aviv bomb attack which left many dead.

Paul Solomon, the campaigns organiser for the Union of Jewish Students,

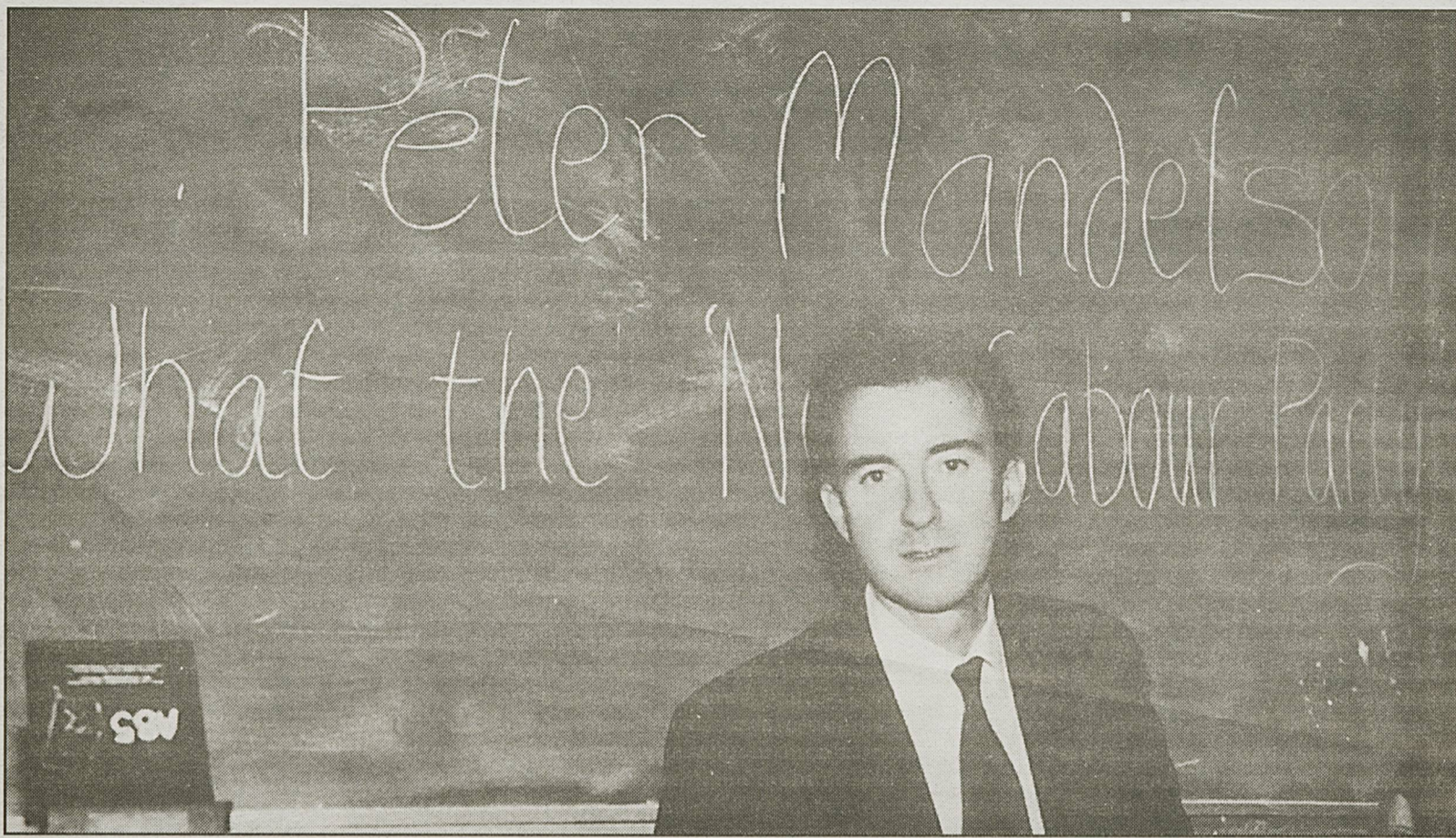
said his organisation is "calling for firm action to be taken against this extremist organisation."

This group has tried to set up a society at LSE under the name Culture Society, and claimed to have names of twenty students.

Evidence showed that none of these were LSE students because they were registered for courses including medicine, chemistry and engineering, none of which LSE offers.

The latest incident occurred last Thursday at the LSE elections where Hizb ut Tahrir distributed leaflets. Martin Lewis, the General Secretary, said: "when we asked them to leave they became abusive and threatened to come back."

Tory MPs "fat and arrogant"



Peter Mandelson, Labour MP for Hartlepool, chalking up another point at the LSE last week.

Photo: Hania Midura

Antonio Sosa-Pascual

Tory MPs are "fat and arrogant with power". That is the view of Peter Mandelson, Labour MP for Hartlepool, and former director of Labour Party communications.

Mandelson, who was rumoured to have been in charge

of Tony Blair's leadership election campaign, outlined his view that the Tories have had their chance. According to the MP, next time it is Labour's turn.

Mandelson's talk focused on the challenges that Labour faces at the next election. He argued that the Tories have deceived people, and left them in "anger and disgust". It is Labour's job

to gain those votes.

According to Mr Mandelson "people's expectations have been dashed" by unfulfilled promises made by the Tory Party. He argued that people want the support of their government and their communities.

The alternative offered is Labour, whose job must be to find a way to make the public

and the private sectors work in conjunction.

Keeping unity within the Labour party is the other main challenge according to Mandelson. Surprisingly, his justification for this was that "it was important because the Tories had it ... that was why people voted for the Conservative Party."

It seemed as if Mr Mandelson thought that unity was important because it gained votes, and not because it was intrinsically valuable. Mr Mandelson also noted that "Tony Blair is about uniting the Labour Party."

In the question and answer session Mr Mandelson was asked if he thought that Labour was going to deceive British voters like Bill Clinton has done in the United States. Wearing cufflinks with Clinton's name imprinted and, ironically, talking about Clinton's "soap opera politics", Mr Mandelson said that Clinton's main flaw has been his incapability to "take decisions".

A member of the audience questioned Labour's new strategy of recruiting people from outside the labour class ranks. Mr Mandelson answered: "There is nothing more useless than being incapable of getting the middle class votes. If we cannot (get their votes) we might as well be a debating society."

Responding to a recent article that Labour's deputy Chief Whip, Don Dixon, "had threaten to quit rather than accept arch-moderniser Peter Mandelson", Mr Mandelson replied that Dixon was not unhappy that Mandelson had been chosen for the Whip committee.

Dixon was mad because he was not consulted when the appointments of the committee he chairs were made.

TSB Chairman backs London

Nick Sutton

Sir Nicholas Goodison, Chairman of TSB, last week outlined a positive programme to ensure London's continued supremacy as a financial centre.

Speaking to alumni, staff and students on Tuesday, Goodison, a former Chairman of the London Stock Exchange, outlined the City's achievements whilst also making clear his views about the challenges likely to face it in the future.

The City's success is apparent, as Goodison said it is "unquestionably the leading financial centre in Europe", the supreme market for Eurobonds, accounts for 27% of the global foreign exchange market, and is "clearly seen by the world's leading financial institutions as the natural centre from which to carry out a large part of their trade."

However, these accomplishments cannot be taken for granted. Goodison outlined a number of factors - as part of his positive programme to ensure London's continued success - one of the most important being training. As he said, to guarantee 'employability for life', it is necessary to constantly refine and improve our human resources so

that we have the most skilled management, with a positive attitude to risk, willing to provide the best possible services to the customer.

There must also, Goodison argues, be a continuation of many of the government's economic policies to create a framework in which enterprise can succeed. He praised the government's competitive personal and corporate tax rates and their promotion of international free trade, but called for an independent Bank of England with full responsibility for monetary policy.

"We should surely be positive about Europe" according to Goodison who believes that Britain needs to show greater commitment to the development of the European Union and be more positive about the creation of a single currency.

Goodison also called for constant refinement and improvement of the City's technological systems and pressed the government to improve London's infrastructure and produce a regulatory system ensuring the highest ethical standards.

As Goodison himself made clear, "it would be very easy to lose the race in today's competitive conditions" and without the adoption of his recommendations, the City may well find itself overtaken by other financial centres.

Inclement House

Toby Childs

Students trekking from Temple Station each day will pass the dusty and dirty hulk of Clement House. The School's joy at buying the building for £4 million has now been diluted; the refurbishment project is now six months late.

Originally scheduled for completion in September 1995, the Site Development and Services Office now forecast an opening in the summer of 1996, a postponement of "six months". Work has been put on hold whilst the School examine more ambitious proposals of which they were previously unaware.

The new plan will cost an additional £3 million, money which the School does not have but the LSE Foundation has offered to raise. During the delay the fundraising body has tried to come up with specific pledges from major potential sponsors.

The Assistant Director of the Foundation, Mr Neil Plevy, is confident that the "substantial sum" will have been committed when the Finance Committee meet to decide. The donors require time for their internal processes. This, Plevy concedes, may mean a further delay is experienced before the total is finally received. Plevy believes there is a "realistic prospect of success" as negotiations continue in the run-up to the Committee meeting on 10 November.

If the Foundation requires more time to raise the money then the Committee may impose a further delay, but a firm decision is expected.

Michael Arthur, of Site Development and Services, said the original plan was based on a "tight schedule" and was "too rushed". The delay has been beneficial, he believes, providing more time for consideration of the possible options.

Both gentlemen declined to predict the outcome of the Committee's discussion, stressing it is out of their control. Mr Plevy believes the Foundation will be able to present a cogent case for the modernised plan and full funding will be available.

The School's charitable efforts have become the subject of debate in the national press after an article in *The Times* referred to the relaunching of "fund-raising operations after failing to meet an initial target of £10 million in five years."

Dr. Ashworth, director of the LSE, dismissed this in a letter to the paper, stating no such target existed so there could be no "failure", yet, "fund-raising efforts in the past have invariably met their targets."

The LSE Foundation is directing the Second Century Campaign and hopes to raise £40m over 5-6 years. There has been some confusion relating to the organization in the past. It is believed an initial campaign,

termed the Centenary Appeal, was renamed after a relatively quiet life. In contrast the Second Century Campaign has adopted a higher profile.

A Foundation spokeswoman reported that a fund-raising campaign was always intended to coincide with the School's Centenary. Before the launch of the Second Century Campaign there "wasn't a name," she stated.

Last year the Director of the Foundation, Howard Raingold, resigned after policy disagreements and his efforts failed to rain gold upon the School.

The Second Century Campaign does seem to be a revitalised and renewed version of the original campaign, Mr Plevy stated that £4.2m had been raised by 1.1.93, a strong indication that the new effort took off from the old. The merging and blurring of the old and new schemes is in accordance with *The Times* article.

In a glossy brochure the Foundation offers a named office for £25000, a medium sized lecture room for £125000, and a mere £3m will secure the naming of the House. In addition the Foundation aims to provide £12m for academic posts, £7.5m for student support and £10m for site development.

The money is needed as student numbers are set to rise by 7%, to over 5000 by 1997.

Tumim releases all

Chief Inspector of Prisons speaks about his vision for the future

Lincoln Schlei

Within hours of delivering the 13th annual report on conditions in British prisons to the Home Secretary, Her Majesty's Inspector of Prisons Judge Stephen Tumim discussed its contents at LSE, his alma mater.

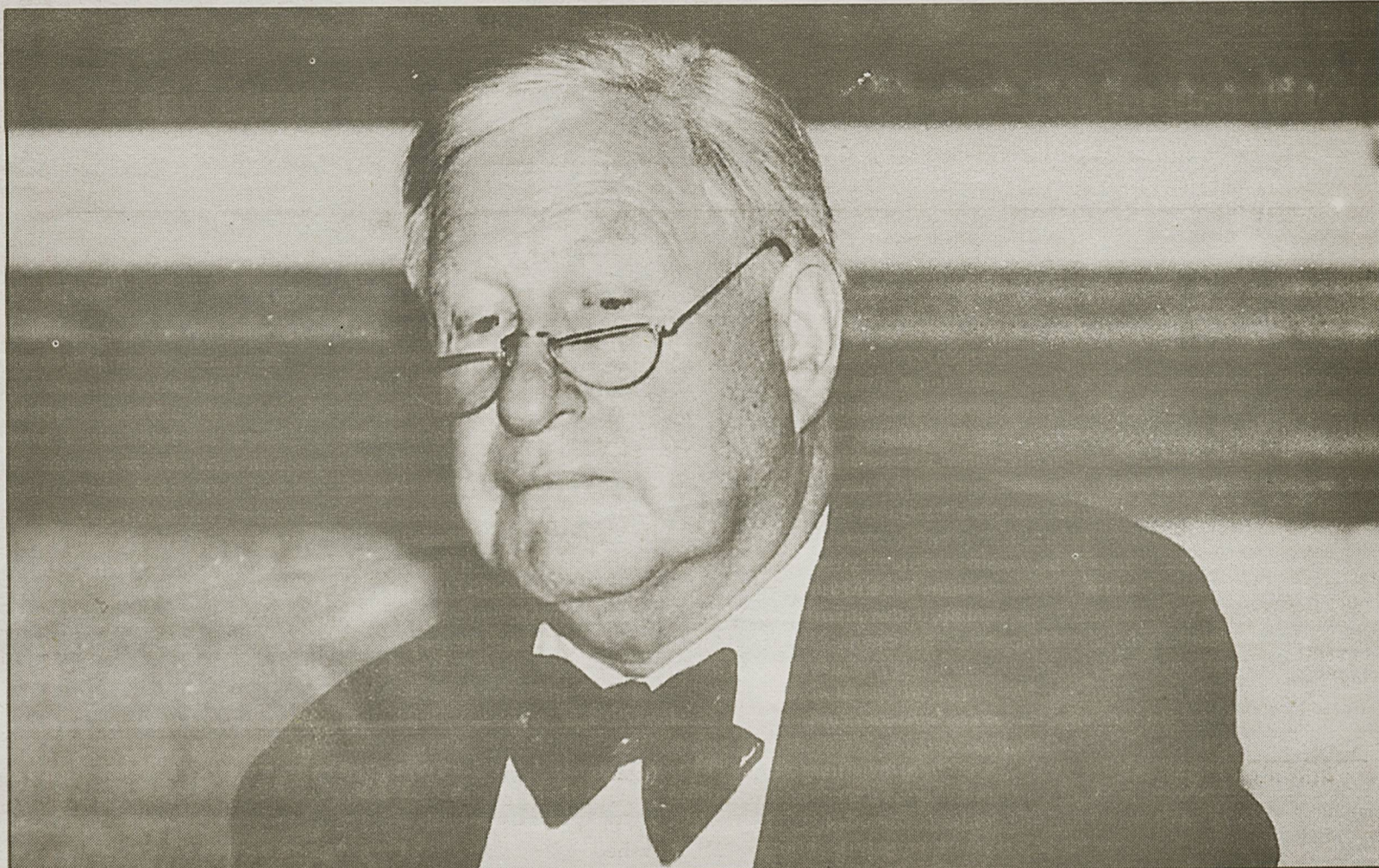
He was speaking at a joint LSE Foundation and LSE Lawyers Group presentation last week. Amongst those there were the Honourable Judge Butler and Professor of Law, Michael Zander - a member of the recent Runciman Royal Commission on Criminal Justice.

Judge Tumim explained that at no place in the language of law is it prescribed that it is the purpose of prisons to punish. Rather it is the court that punishes with the deprivation of liberty. The purpose of prisons, he related, as expressed in law, is to help prisoners to lead worthwhile and useful lives both in prison and after their release.

Most prisoners he has encountered, he asserts, have failed in school, or school has failed them.

Besides a programme of education in the three Rs, he recommends the industrial prison model, a system through which outside companies provide workshops where prisoners might work for full salary, thus retaining their worth and advancing their skills.

Judge Tumim explained that prisoners need to be assisted in



Judge Tumim in reflective mood addressing a joint meeting of the LSE Foundation and LSE Lawyers Group last week.

Photo: Anastasia Shorter

the evolution of their morals, so as to appreciate the feelings of their victims.

Most prisoners lack the basic skills which are initially developed in the home. Judge Tumim used as an example the extreme

ignorance of proper personal hygiene and cleanliness amongst British prisoners.

Judge Tumim makes regular inspections of British prisons and visits others world-wide. He also relies on two sets of 25 inspectors

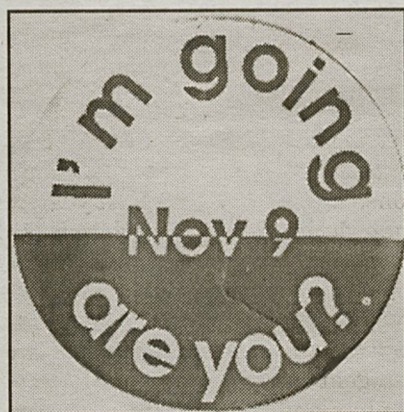
that assist him. Seemingly genuinely concerned, Judge Tumim often referred to specific interactions he has experienced with prisoners on his inspections.

Judge Tumim also recommended that those held on re-

mand should be separated from the general prison population and should be held in what he calls a "Bail Hostel."

A copy of his report is available from Her Majesty's Stationery Office, price £9.80.

March stickers come unstuck



The offending sticker printed by King's College Students' Union

Laure Beaufigl

While students at LSE have remained blissfully unaware of next week's National Student Hardship Campaign march (see story on page 5), those attending King's College could be forgiven for thinking the event has been hijacked by the Labour party.

King's College Students' Union, which is run by a Labour President, has produced publicity stickers which closely resemble Labour party logo badges.

Sources at King's claim that the stickers were printed in the same run as the normal Labour

party badges. The funding for this came from their SU.

Most NUS executive members are Labour party activists, and this combined with the latest incident, has convinced many non-Labour students that the whole event has been taken over for purely party political ends.

A spokeswoman for the LSE Labour Club insisted such an unfortunate event would not be repeated here.

She told *The Beaver*: "This is very unwelcome for the Labour Club. However, we would urge all students of whatever political persuasion to attend the demo this Wednesday."

LSE too popular?

The Beaver highlights the problems of overstretching academic resources

Issam Hamid

LSE teaching staff have hit out at the alarming increase in student-teacher class ratios.

Student numbers have increased from 4377 last year to 4709 this, but seemingly without adequate extra teachers to match.

Dr Rodriguez-Salgado, of the International History Department, is one of the teachers affected. She said: "I would just like class numbers to be reduced as I thought it was school policy to keep to a maximum of 13 students for proper interaction between students and teachers, and I am upset at the way class numbers have escalated."

Other departments are suffering; Economics Development classes now average around 20 students per class, with the number in Elementary Statistical Theory exceeding 23 in certain cases.

Congested classes, taught by an increasingly overburdened staff, are simply not conducive to maintaining the high academic standards which the LSE claims it seeks to uphold.

Nicola Hobday

A dramatic increase in Graduate admission applications has put great pressure on the department, stretching the staff almost to breaking point.

Dr George Gaskell, who raised the issue on the Graduate School Committee, puts the increase in applications down to the reputation of the LSE, and the time involved in processing applications from foreign students. It is probable that the new programme of graduate degrees starting this year is also a cause of the problems.

The suggestions put forward to change the system range from asking for a deposit from students when accepting a place (as in American Universities) to accepting references in French and German.

The problems encountered as a result of the workload meant that some applicants did not receive their offers as quickly as other universities, making the LSE less competitive when students are faced with a choice. It has also been suggested by a source that the computers did not work as well

as they could have done.

Professor Robert Farr, chairman of the Graduate School Committee, admitted that the admissions department did well to meet their target this year (for the second year in a row) but said that this does not excuse things not being done well. Farr hoped that procedures for next year would be more efficient.

As a result of the volume of work Dr Manthorpe from the Graduate admissions office was unavailable for comment. However, applications have increased by 30% in the last eight years. Because there is no national system for Graduate admissions these applications take more time. Miss R Nixon of the Undergraduate department claimed that the phones are always engaged in the Graduate department and that their job is an unenviable one.

There are no plans to change the system as yet according to Professor Farr. Additional resources have now been granted in the shape of more staff at times of peak activity. It is hoped that this will make the system more efficient for next year.

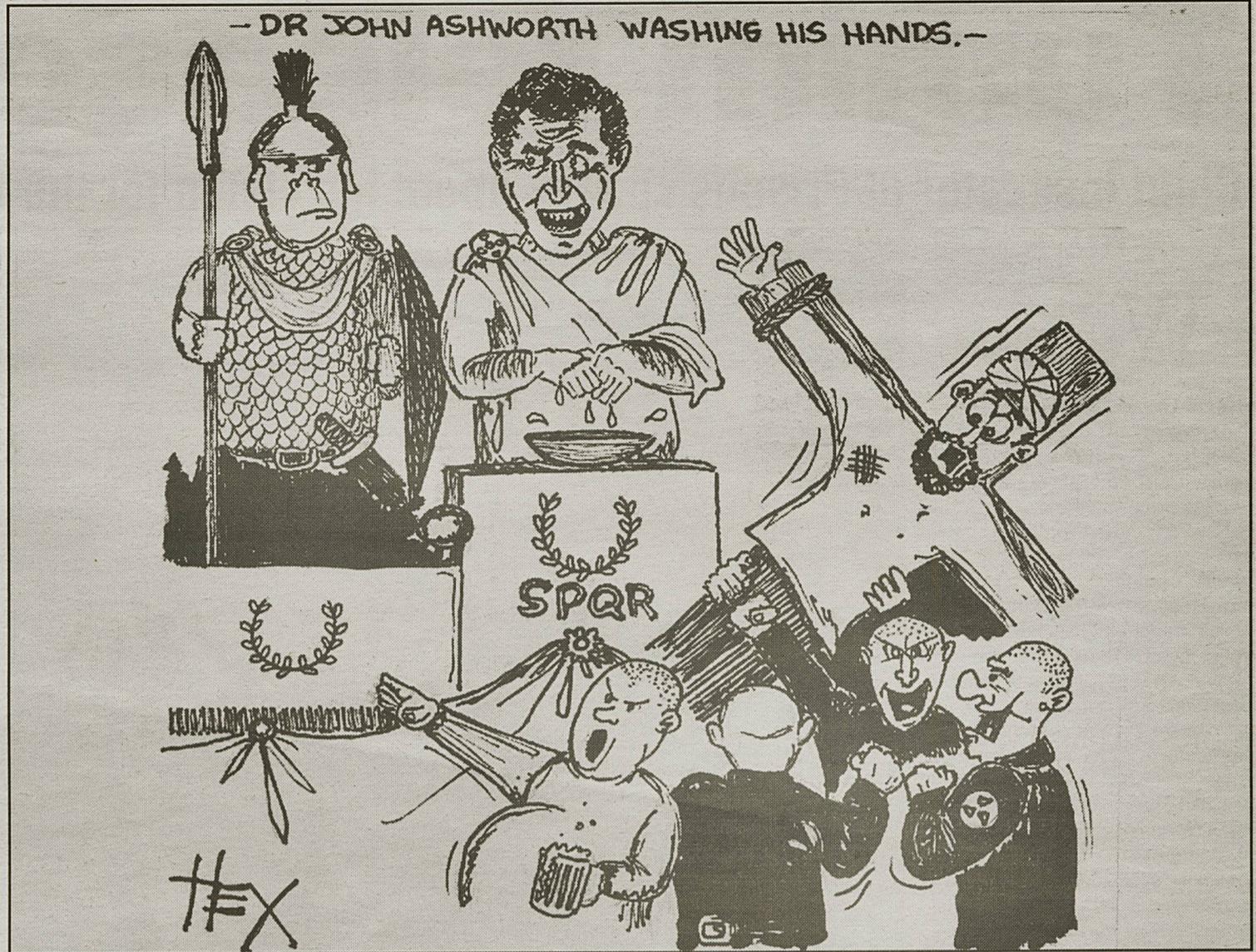
Union Jack

Oh, yes. These UGMs are just getting worse, I tell you, WORSE! The standard of debate before was so good, really excellent. Debating real issues, about student poverty, government policies and moral degradation. Real informed debate on serious subjects, not just those lager louts on the balcony. They really do not know, not REALLY know, what it is all about. How many of them have realised how important, and I mean REALLY important, student politics is? We are talking about the welfare of students here, and we, the students, must rise up and make sure that it is US, the students, who are setting the agenda. We need real committees, working parties and discussion groups, so that what we, the students need, is communicated to the School.

Take this week for example, what we have is people who are obviously not understanding the issues before them. Charging those who commit crimes is SO significant. We, the students, must prevent those who are abusing our sovereign policy-making body, our forum for debate and discussion and our important meeting, from ever doing so again. Like all good Marxist pluralist social democrat, I am absolutely steadfast in my position that we should have private security guards on the doors, we should search every man, woman and child entering that meeting and ensure there is no misbehaviour. What we must do is to increase the standard of debate, the intellectual rigour that LSE students must undertake to represent our concerns effectively. If that means charging people fifty pence to sit in the balcony then so be it, I stand by that decision as a representative of the student body of the LSE as a whole. Of course, when it comes to voting, now that IS a different matter. I reserve the right to vote in which ever way I please. What it depends on, above all, is the way in which these terms are defined. I can vote as an individual, and if, as an individual, I choose to be influenced by those who are sitting around me and make the informed choice to change my view then that is perfectly valid.

What we need is a real working ad-hoc committee group to look into the structure of the UGMs, and the Sabbatical reports. Why should the General Secretary be allowed to make a report, and be given the opportunity to 'sing' about football. Football is on the periphery of real life. What lies at the core, the very core, of everybody's existence on this planet is the way in which we, as a Students' Union, conduct our political activity. What we should have is fifty minutes report from the Exec officers, from those who are elected to perform a vital role for the student body as a whole. The crucial issue is that the welfare of students is so fundamental, even when it becomes clear that we must give reports even in the week before any elections anybody may be standing in, for whatever that society may be, be it Labour Club or Indian Society.

The UGMs, of course we still get decent motions sometimes. We must advise *The Beaver* collective to allocate one page in every second issue of *The Beaver* to the important work any ad-hoc committees of ours will be able to do, towards achieving the ultimate parity of students' interests which we, the students, must fight for. There is a saying that lectures lecture and students study and never the twain shall meet. This is fair and correct, we should be discussing real issues relating to real student concerns, and not the blatant racial stereotyping of the kind described in 'Motion Schmotion'. That is not acceptable to the Students' Union, and must NEVER be tolerated. Whoever proposed it must be censured, this is a serious concern. Right, here we are then. Aldwych to Birmingham, that's eighty-four pounds please.



"Students take a little while before they become streetwise, and understand how to conduct themselves in a large, metropolitan area."

Dr John Ashworth, Director of the LSE

"Pay as you throw" KO'd

Teresa Delaney

Uproar ensued at the UGM on Thursday due to a proposal by the Finance and Services Committee to charge those who want to sit in the balcony during Union meetings. Following a rumbustious speech by James Atkinson, the Chair, against the idea, the motion was overwhelmingly voted down.

The reason for the proposal was the damage caused at the previous week's meeting. The projection screen behind the Old Theatre stage was ripped, causing between £600-£1000 worth of dam-

age, which the Students' Union will have to pay. The Finance and Services Committee had put forward this idea in order to try to cover some of the cost.

No-one within the Union wishes to ban paper throwing in the UGMs, as without doubt such a move would both lessen the entertainment aspect and rid the meetings of the atmosphere for which they are famous.

The danger of throwing heavy objects, be they rolled up magazines or water bombs, was highlighted in the UGM, when one of those present near the stage was hit in the eye by a missile. The unfortunate student had to go to

casualty for treatment.

When questioned, James Atkinson said the blame was not with the concept of paper ammunition itself, but the "unmitigated level of sad people" on the balcony. From now on, those who sit upstairs during UGMs may find themselves 'frisked' as they enter.

This is to prevent people bringing in large numbers of magazines, as it is these, rolled up and thrown whole, which are believed to be the cause of the problem.

An SU spokesman said: "it is acceptable to throw paper aeroplanes and small pieces of paper."

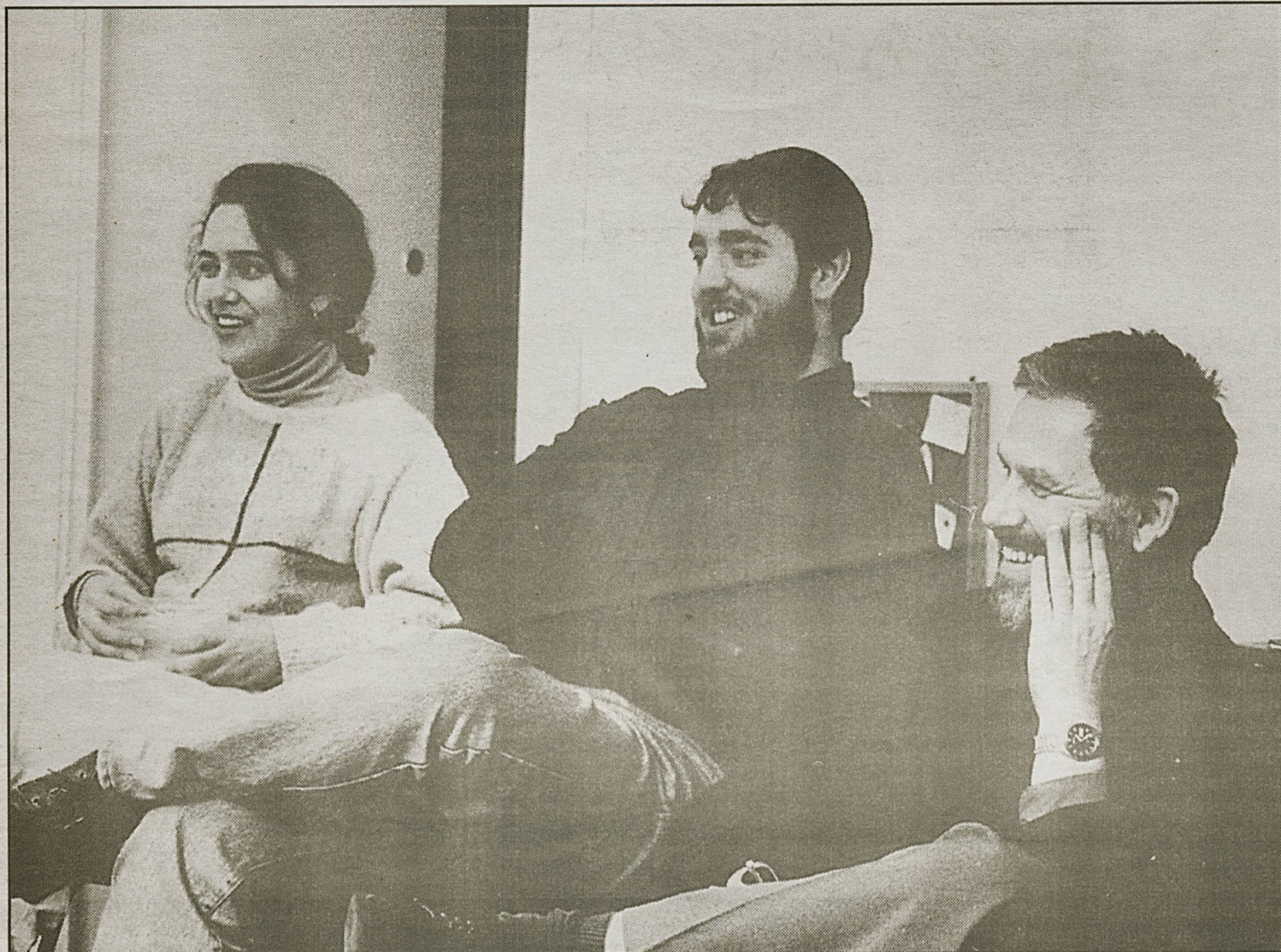


Dumping ground for paper - the UGM

Photo: Anastasia Shorter

Catholic woe

Talk goes ahead as monk thinks better of turning up.



Monkeying around. Three members of the LSE Catholic Society wait in vain for a monk to show up.

Photo: Steve Hau

Lincoln Schlei

I am a compulsive talker and none of my friends or family will believe that I spent a week in silence with six other LSE students trying to follow the way of St Ignatius. It was a wonderfully freeing experience and not at all constraining as I had imagined it to be. I would recommend it to anyone."

So said Anna Edwards, chairperson of ECUMENIA, who spent a week in silence on a retreat in Birmingham at a Jesuit training college. It was organized by Liz Waller, Church of England Reverend for the LSE Chaplaincy.

The lecture given on 'The Life of a Monk', organised by the Catholic society last Wednesday, got off to a slow start when the guest speaker Benedictine Abbot Mark of Portsmouth, Rhode Island,

USA failed to turn up.

Undeterred, the enthusiastic gathering of fourteen, led by Catholic Society President Julian Tan, set about the task of unveiling the mysteries of ecumenical life, including the Carthusian, Benedictine, Franciscan, Jesuit, Carmelite, and Taize orders.

The daily Benedictine routine of awakening at 5 am for Matins, followed by Lauds at 6.45 am, Mass at 8.00 am, Mid day prayer at 1 pm, Vespers at 6.30 pm, Compline at 9 pm and work in between, may seem daunting to some.

Indeed, one of the chief changes in recent Monastic times has been the age limit of acceptance being raised to 21, a move made due to increased acceptance that fewer and fewer people are suited to monastic life.

As Father Ulick Loring said: "A lot of

people aren't suited to living in a Monastery all their lives. The pressures of living with other men in close quarters can be a strain."

Father Loring, resident Catholic priest at the LSE ministry explains that "a lot of people are attracted to monastic life as an alternative to present-day life. They have a kind of yearning for spiritual certainty within a community as opposed to leading atomised lives."

"I spent quite a lot of time in a Carthusian Monastery," said Zygmunt Rackowicz, former Catholic Society President (1992-1993), as he talked about his visits to the strict order celebrated for their Gregorian chant. "It's an amazing feeling going to a chapel and listening to voices singing in unison in a dark chapel where it's freezing cold. You feel you've become detached from society."

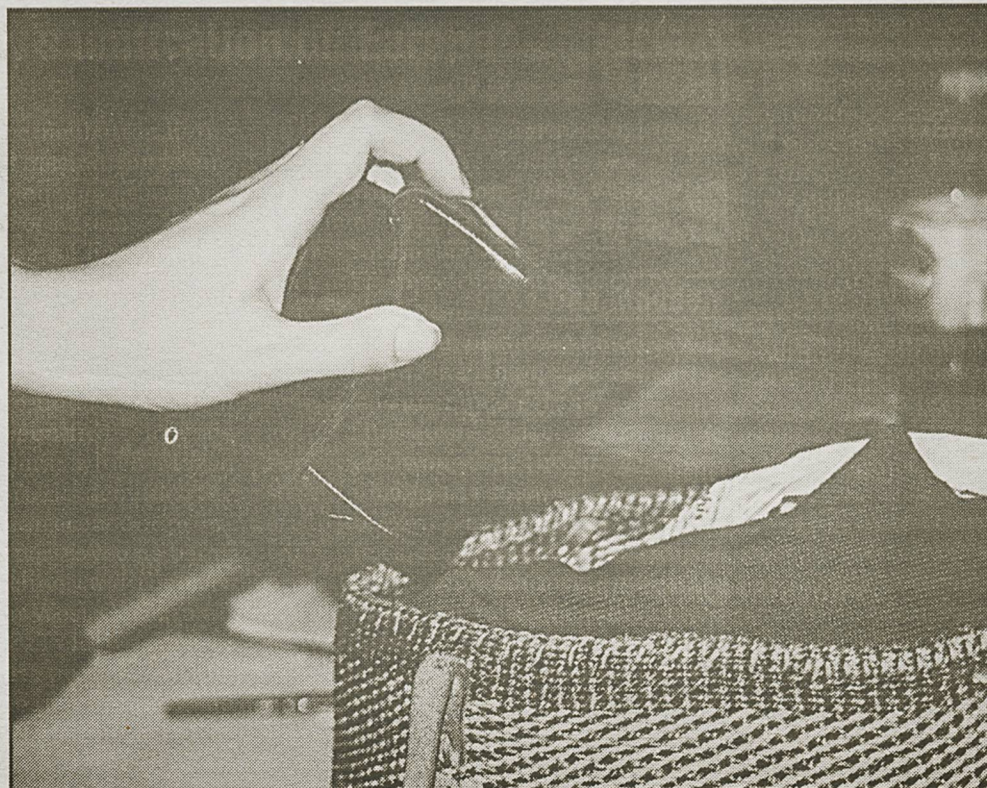
Blatant thefts

Dan Madden

More students have had their belongings stolen in a new crime wave, this time in a computing class. The students bags were stolen whilst the students were actually in the room. A member of the IT department commented that at the start of term "thieves are aware of inexperienced students and prey upon them."

A member of staff has also had her bag stolen. The incidents have raised questions about School security as many students now feel unsafe even in the relative safety of a class room.

The idea of an ID entry card to be carried by students has not been accepted at LSE although other universities, such as King's operate the system with little difficulty.



A moment's loss of concentration, and your wallet could be nicked.

Photo: Pam Keenan

March over hardship

Nick Fletcher urges students to attend NUS demonstration

Wednesday, 9 November marks the date of the National Union of Students (NUS) national demonstration on student hardship, backed fully by the LSE Students' Union (LSESU).

It is planned to be the biggest day of action by NUS this year, with students coming from as far as Leeds, Manchester, Scotland and Ireland.

The march will begin at Battersea Park at 11.00 am, make its way through Knightsbridge and end in a rally at Hyde Park around 3.00 pm.

The timing of this event was chosen specifically to focus on the budget and the Chancellor's Autumn Statement. Indeed, since the introduction of the Government's student loan scheme in 1990 the publicly provided maintenance grant has been frozen at all levels.

This, combined with the withdrawal of all social security benefits, has made hardship the number one cause for concern amongst students. Undergraduates are on average £700 a year worse off than they were in 1990 (postgraduates have lost even more) and debts of £4000 after a three year course are not uncommon.

With the political system constantly failing students, this national demonstration is vital in showing solidarity, creating awareness, and pushing the issue back on the political agenda.

As the event is taking place in Central London, it is easy for LSE students to attend. However in the past, demonstrations of this kind have been largely ignored by the student body. It is hoped this year a high profile campaign will be launched by the Student Union to encourage more to attend.

The demonstration itself will be huge; Jim Murphy, the NUS President: "It will be one of the biggest demonstrations of the 1980's and 90's with hopefully a minimum of 20,000 marchers. I can only hope that the weather holds out."

The march has the full backing of NUS, which should ensure a safe and well attended event. Recent marches through London have been marred by violence. The President of NUS is confident there will be little trouble and said, "I think it's a very unfortunate and counter-productive way to go about any demonstration. The aim of the march is to defeat the Government and their education policy and not the police in a pitch battle on the streets of London. My message to those who are looking for trouble is simply don't turn up".

Also, NUS have tried to guarantee there will be at least one steward to every 20 marchers.

The issue of student hardship affects every student, be they undergraduate, post-graduate, home or overseas. So if you want to help a little, attend. It will make a difference.

(And as if you needed further encouragement, there is a free party at ULU on the evening of the march).

Oprah mania hits the LSE

Arthur Smith is a comic with credits that read like a list of the best in British comedy including "An Evening With Gary Lineker". The Guardian called him the "all time number one compere" and next week he comes to the LSE— if he can find it?

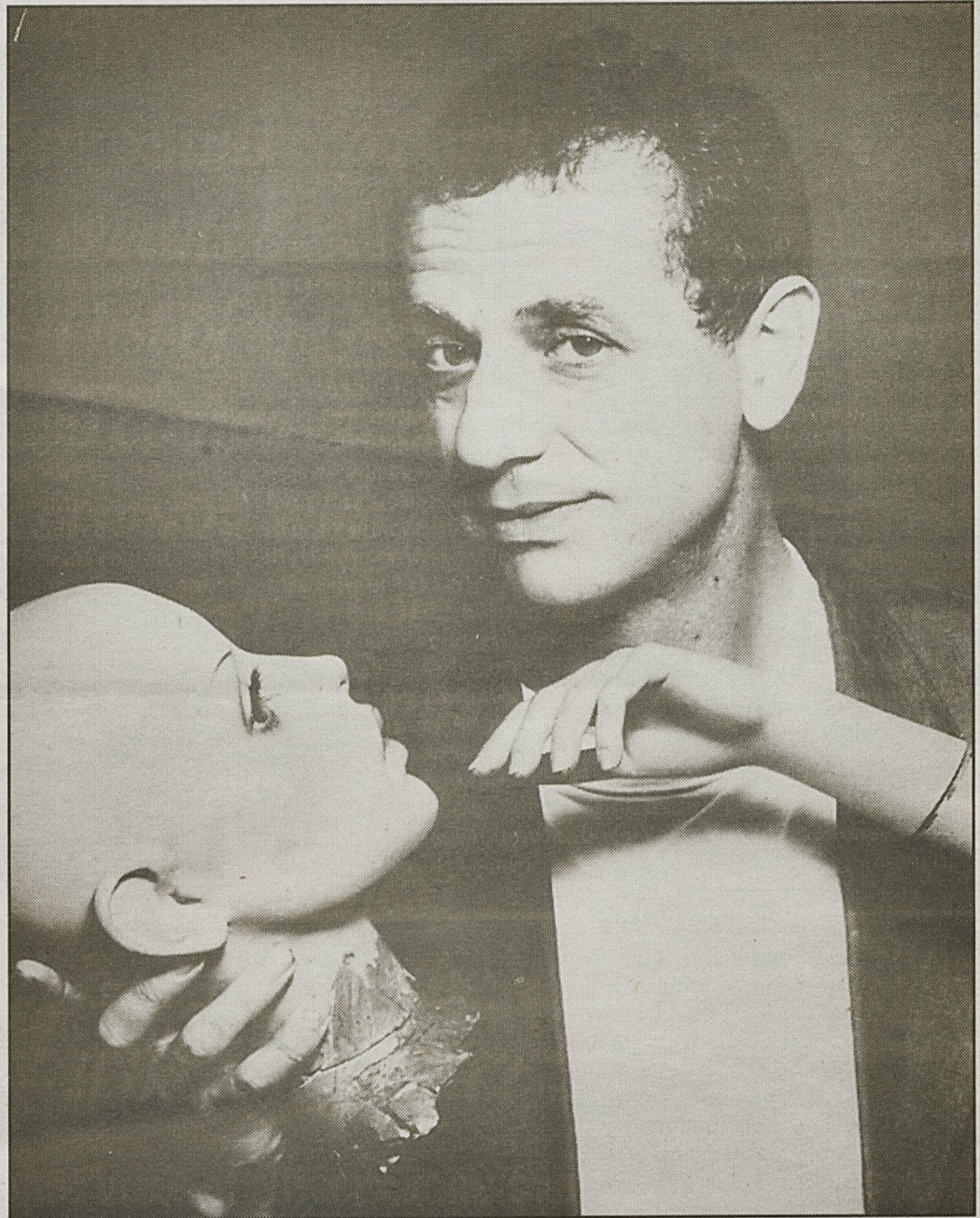


Photo: BBC

Have you been to L.S.E. before ?

Er...yes it's the one near all the museums isn't it!

No, that's Imperial !

Ahhh. Oh well it's all much the same at student gigs.

What do you mean ?

Oh slightly smelly students that are suitably pissed and incoherent. They don't pay to get in to the show and anyway the headline act is usually "free bar". Anyhow students are rather arrogant or at least I was in my day. Just because you're reading about Liechtenstein or something you think you know everything!

Are you the new Oprah Winfrey ?

That's rather like asking Robert Maxwell if he was a decent chap! No, I'm not Oprah. For a start she's black, female and worth 80 million dollars!

She deals with emotional issues like "wife killed brother" whereas my show's more of a student forum for moral and political issues. The show at L.S.E. is going to be a bit differ-

ent..., er in fact it should be a bit of a laugh really.

How did you get started ?

I was in a review at East Anglia university. We went to Edinburgh and kept getting better. Then I started stand-up and the next thing I suddenly found myself making a living from it and here I am!

Stand-up is a great way for students to get started. It'll probably be awful but you don't need money, just some guts to stand up and talk.

Anyhow students are rather arrogant or at least I was in my day. Just because you're reading about Liechtenstein or something you think you know everything !

Why can't anyone call you in the morning ?

Well..... mornings don't exist really - well not for me anyway! I suppose if they do they are for washing and stuff, nothing very inspiring!

What is all this about you and dustbins ?

Oh I used to be a dustbin man. It gave me a bit of street cred. I was a road sweeper as well, a real Mr Council Worker but I wasn't very good at it! I mean it helps if you don't throw away bags of chickens by mistake! It is all much easier now though with those big black bags.

I've emptied some famous bins in my time. Glenda Jackson was my favourite. She gave us all some booze once.

The show is on Christmas, so what do you think of the festive season ?

Christmas.....mmmm Christmas well it has to be endured really. Oh sorry I don't have a soundbite for this one. I guess Christmas is 'a lovely time for all the family'.

Janet Street Porter said you were "a thoroughly irritating man, neither young, attractive or witty" What do you think?

Well, you're better off asking her. I always felt that comment was a better reflection on her than on me. I've had a couple of run-in's with her but then there's a long queue of people in that situation.

BBC Radio 5 Live are recording "Arthur Smith on the floor" on Thursday 10th November between 8.05pm and 9.00pm in the Quad.

Free tickets will be available from the Student Union Reception or Gary Delaney from Monday 7th November.

Arthur Smith was interviewed on November 2nd by Pam Keenan

What, at six in the morning ?

Yes, well it was about midday really I guess. Er, no it was early actually but she was great and it's a bit tough to suggest she was getting pissed first thing in the morning!

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Marakon Associates



**Martin
Lewis**
**General
Secretary**

1. A Student Security Working Party has been set up in response to the recent racially orientated attacks on Students. The Director will Chair and it will be made up of representatives of the School and the Students' Union.

2. National Demo On Student Hardship. Grant cuts, loss of income support, cheap price travel for students, all are issues of hardship. Please come and show support for the belief that Students should not have to Suffer to Study Assemble in Houghton Street at 10:15pm, Wednesday 9th November. See Vini Ghatate (Equal Opps' Officer) for details.

3. Senate House Library: My report on new access criteria was passed by the Union Council and I will be opening discussions with the School. The scheme involves 300s tickets allocated to the generality of students, with a ballot occurring if they are over subscribed. If you have any questions or want more information, come and see me.

4. Academic Affairs: This weeks UGM mandated me to set up an Academic Affairs committee, any students interested in being on that committee please leave your name for me in the Students' Union reception.

The Students' Union

I was asked the question today, what is the Students Union, is it just student politics? Here's the answer. The SU is:

1. A Provider Of Cheap Services: The Three Tuns bar The Underground bar, The Cafe, The Print Room, The Students Union Shop and the SU Reception are all owned, run and managed by the Students' Union. The cheap stalls and the hairdresser in the Quad are also SU arranged.

2. A Facilitator Of Student Life: Therefore we have a Welfare advice centre housing advice centre and a counsellor all manned by professional staff, not students. We also have funds which we distribute/ a £30,000 hardship fund a disabled students fund the womens' right to choose fund, and the Childcare fund, to help students who are in difficulties.

The Students' Union also provides good Entertainments, bands, comedy and most of stuff that normally goes on.

There's administrative assistance and finance for all Students' Union Societies including sports societies through the Athletics Unions.

The Students' Union also provides the finance for this Students' Newspaper, *The Beaver*, to run.

3. The Students Union Is the Primary Representative Forum for All Students'.

The committees, management, campaigning, politics is the other side of the Students' Union. Probably most important for many students is that through the Students' Union, you are legitimately represented on almost all of the School committees, (they were elected this week), so that students get to play their part in the decision making processes of the School. The Students' Union is yours and you have every right to effect its decisions.

So when you buy something from the shop, or go to the drama societies plays or even play for the Rugby team, remember all of these are a part of your Students' Union.

As students you have the right to choose to be apathetic, I hope you don't but as General Secretary; it is my job to make sure that you are at least aware of what the Students' Union does for you and to ensure that it is an effective organisation. That's the prime reason that I write this column each week. If you have any problems, questions, suggestions, or you want to know how to get involved then do not hesitate to come and see me, my office number is E205, my phone number is 071 955 7147 (internal 7147). Thank you and have a good week.

LSESU Michaelmas term elections 1994

The official list of elected candidates as certified by the LSESU Returning Officer is as follows:

Honorary President Michael 'Mick' Jagger A Man of Wealth & Taste	Library Cttee. Sirichada Thongton LSE Labour Club Sarah Owen Student Issues First	Inter-Halls Cttee. Bridget Fitzpatrick LSE Labour Club
Hon. Vice-President John Smith (in memoriam) LSE Labour Club	Site Development Cttee. Sam Goold LSE Labour Club Henrik Rammer Independent	Accommodation Cttee. Alison Renouf LSE Labour Club Caroline Hooton Liberal Democrat
Postgrad & Mature Students Officer Chris Parry Independent Students	Safety Cttee. Peter Woodcock LSE Labour Club Yuan Potts Liberal Democrat Barry Jones Conservative	Ext. Communications Cttee. Ron Voce Independent Florian Hoffman LSE Labour Club
Court of Governors Omer Soomro Independent Raj Jethwa LSE Labour Club Clare Lawrie Student Issues First Chris Parry Independent Ron Voce Independent	Careers Advisory Cttee: Oliver Stevens Independent Henrik Rammer Independent Christine Wright Independent Sarah Davis Liberal Democrat Karen Lie Student Issues First Peter Woodcock LSE Labour Club John McKendrick Conservative Mickey Khurana LSE Labour Club Gareth Loggenberg Conservative	Catering Services Cttee: James Atkinson Who Ate All The Pies ? Suchada Maktara Liberal Democrat Salinee Srivardhana Liberal Democrat Hector Birchwood Conservative
ULU General Union Council Martin Lewis Independent Teresa Delaney LSE Labour Club Ola Budzinska Independent Tomas Grace LSE Labour Club James Atkinson Conservative Pam Keenan Students Issues First		LSE Health Service Cttee. Jonathan Bennett LSE Labour Club Teresa Delaney LSE Labour Club Michael Bartek Conservative Tony Armstrong Liberal Democrat

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Solutions
for Business

Drinks & Buffet

Jobs, lies and pisstakes

Getting to grips with the job market

Dave Whippe

The time of year is once again upon us where every third year feels the prospect of the real world looming, and promptly shits their pants in the worry over their futures and their less than brilliant prospects of employment. In an effort to make up for two and a half years of drinking their intelligence into oblivion and getting a crap degree, the incentive to lie on your CV is huge. Thus, in the very act of job seeking they destroy any semblance of a good employee, such as truthfulness, and the need not to deceive their employers.

Reading the CV of a friend recently was like reading the life history of someone with the same name as the friend, yet a completely different personality. This was because it was full of line after line of collective untruths and staggering exaggerations. It's hard to know where to begin with such a catalogue of complete garbage, yet the suggestion of this person that a Saturday job at McDonald's was "character building," and "enabled one to retain a sense of humour under pressure" was a minor classic. Although I cannot personally vouch for the validity of these claims, I was enlightened by a certain Yanzen Wu, who in the funniest event of last year, lost £7000 on the stock exchange, and is still toiling behind the burger making machine at McRon's in an effort to pay off the huge debt of his highly illegal seven student loans.

Another of the little gems I came across, which is bound to convince prospective employers, is rating passing your driving test as one of the premier achievements of your life. It's probable that some people might find this impressive, yet highly unlikely that any employer is going to be convinced to give you a job on the basis of your clutch control and expertise in reverse parking.

Summer jobs are another way of attempting to bag your way to success, yet there is a considerable qualitative difference between getting a proper summer job (entailing working usefully all summer), and working for three weeks during July in an attempt to fit your employment around sunbathing and getting pissed.

The most hypocritical section of the average CV, though, is the personal history resume, in which you sum up just what a multi-talented star you are in less than 100 words. False descriptions abound, and I discovered that substituting the word "inquisitive" for the word "pissed" as in "I am a generally inquisitive person" is perhaps not the best way of achieving employment, and is bound to result in discovery at some stage in the future when you are incoherent during your interview.

Personal details aside, though, the section which calls for the greatest im-

agination and dedication to falsehood is the one where it is necessary to describe why you think you may be suited to the job you have applied for. The fact is that no one is actually interested by the prospect of sitting in an office eight hours a day doing the same thing, but we're all quite appealed to the idea of earning twenty five grand a year and pissing it away at the weekend on alcohol and bad attempts at pulling in your new suit.

It's hard to gauge who the responsibility should lie upon for the state of affairs, which enforces students to feel compelled to lie so heinously. The only losers here must be the employers, who end up with untruthful dysfunctionals filling their posts at every level to senior management. Students aren't to blame, as they're just desperate to get out of college as soon as possible, so that leaves the government. What a bunch of bastards.



As Lord Tebbit once said, if you want a job, "Get on your bike!" Photo: Steve East

Busy Beaver

Hello, mon fruity creme de cassis. You really have been a bunch of boring c**ts this week, and BB expects an immediate improvement or else you'll be sent to your bedrooms and locked in until you change your ways. You could follow in the steps of the Pieman Pooper, who has now finished his training with Barbara Woodhouse and is a fully operational lap dog; or you could take a trip down to the Long Island Iced Tea Bar in Covent Garden. This is certainly the best place to get completely pissed for a minuscule £2.90, and then bop the night away to the latest "Stars on 45" mega mix. In particular, you will get to rub shoulders with loads of other grooving office types, and their crap dancing will make you feel like Janet Jackson on drugs. Yes, this is certainly a place to lose your inhibitions and I draw on the example of James Biggcock, who last Monday attempted an Alabama Slammer with Miss Manchomp on one of those dark dodgy sofas. Indeed, the Basement is a famous venue for exhibitions by LSE stars - BB vaguely remembers that happy night when Pooper himself almost left the foursome that is the Passfield virgins.....

Speaking of Passfield, things are a bit topsy turvy at the moment due to the escape of four people from Chocaholics Anonymous. Led by Scouse "Cheesey Wotsits" Gardiner (who'd had a Virgin Colada that night), they battered an old vending machine and scooped the entire contents. Grass of the month must go to "Seven Foot" (and I'm not talking about his manhood), who was the only person to resist their bribes of Milky Ways and Mars Bars. Luckily for the lads, though, good old Morris had been visited by Harvey Wallbanger again and consequently let them off with a Walnut Whip and a fine of ten Margheuritas; while luckily for Seven Foot, Andreas Popov decided not to beat the living shit out of him, despite being barred from Passfield for good (which all things considered is no bad thing).

Chocolate apart, BB has come to the conclusion that romance is well and truly dead at LSE - there's about as much action as on Pooper's scalp (i.e. not very much). You know you've hit bad times when Il Vocé is the only person worthy of gossip, and even that's not sordid enough.

The latest on the hot Beaver romance is that Vocé has been a bit of a smoothie and persuaded his loved one to iron his shirts for him. Perhaps she could also take the Shiny Grey suit to the cleaners for him and get rid of that pinstripe job at the same time - after all, birds love doing that sort of thing, don't they? (Please note at this point that BB is not a sexist pig - if it's funny or sordid then it goes in...)

Well, it's at this point on a Tuesday evening that BB winds up with a Banana Daiquiri or two before retiring to his penthouse suite.

You lot, on the other hand, can stay in your bedrooms until you get that urge of euphoria that makes you want to shout "Mine's a Classic Champagne Cocktail" (a good bet for getting horrendously drunk), or if you're a member of the first team footballers "Mine's a Tequila Sunrise Top" (with eleven straws if Jimmy's buying.....).

LSE top ten: clothes

- | | | |
|-----|------------------------|---|
| 1. | Paul Birrell | Savoury leather trousers |
| 2. | Chris Cooper | "Kermit" top |
| 3. | Ron Voce | Black cable jumper with deluxe ventilation |
| 4. | Simon Gardiner | "Curtains" shirt |
| 5. | Claire Laurie | Tin man jacket |
| 6. | Jim Fagan | Dodgy baseball cap |
| 7. | Gary Delaney | The "pyjama" outfit |
| 8. | Bernardo Duggan | A vast array of cardigans |
| 9. | Chris Parry | "Twee" jackets |
| 10. | Martin Lewis | The leather waistcoat |

The Beaver

For starters, it is nice to know some people actually decipher my hieroglyphics that are my editorials. But, I think the guy who wrote in this week lost the plot a bit. My editorial was not about getting more people to come down to the Tuns or to go to Ents, though another letter seems to suggest that would not be a bad idea.

No, my whole editorial was about legitimacy. LSE Ents whether good or indifferent are the only means for Gary Delaney to justify his £7-8,000 budget and his almost £12,500 salary (minus tax and national insurance).

My point was that all elected persons in the student union, or in the country, need to have legitimacy and a means to be called to account. My point, as I have been pushing for many months, is Beaver legitimacy and accountability and how to improve the long term future of the paper, after (yes, I will go soon!) I leave the LSE. Whatever some people out there may think my actions are not personally selfish, but are for the long term benefit of, hopefully, the LSESU and this paper. Both of whom I have given over much of my time whilst at the LSE with no regrets, a few unsolicited congratulations on a job well done and just a few pints in the Tuns.

I may never achieve the things I really wanted from the LSE. A 2:1 was beyond me, as was, after three attempts, a sabbatical position. But the thing I never expected was becoming Beaver Editor and now I would like to put in on the right track for the future as it seems that, for all the talk of most of the Sabbaticals and the Executive, the year is flying by and there is nothing concrete on paper. There soon will be and then the debate and the amendments will start. I'm going to ask for as much as I can, but I shall be prepared to compromise, let's hope others do not see this as just a personal thing, but something that will benefit the LSESU.

Talking of benefits. I noticed a motion that I proposed and passed at a UGM three years ago, when boredom and tedium was the order of the day, was coming up for policy lapse. At the time it seemed a joke, but to coin a oft used phrase, that joke isn't funny any more.

In the UGM on Thursday, one of the Union officers suffered a direct hit on the eye. Not only could it have blinded them but it was bloody silly thing to do. Yes paper has always been thrown at the UGM, but not as bad as recently. Each fresh year seems to take it upon themselves to outdo the year before. How long before someone really gets hurt. Do you want that on your consciences. I already have that Union officer's eye injury on mine, and I feel very guilty. How would you feel? When that motion lapses this week, let the paper throwing lapse too.

Let's make it so

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Musical politics

Dear Beaver,

Many students may have been surprised to have seen the name of Nick Kirby on the electoral list for Court of Governors as an independent candidate. So were the LSE Labour Club, who Nick Kirby represents on the LSESU Executive as finance officer.

Having failed to secure the club nomination for Court of Governors, it appears that he decided to change his political allegiance overnight.

Fair enough, but Nick Kirby should surely now resign his position in the LSESU Executive committee, as to remain is a betrayal of all those who voted for him believing he supported the aims of Labour. I somehow doubt he will have the honour or integrity to do this.

Nick Kirby has subsequently

been voted off the Executive committee of the LSE Labour Club. A warning to other parties: there is now a particularly expedient, desperate hack looking for a party to give him a chance of being elected.

As chair of the LSE Labour Club, I feel we will be an ever stronger party without the treacherous machinations of Mr Kirby. This is a man, who, in John Smith's words believes that principles are a chain of High street shops. He bears an uncanny similarity to that other Tory, Dr Death, except that he does not have the political charisma of a wet haddock, let alone David Owen.

Yours sincerely,
Frances Malaree
Chairperson
LSE Labour Club

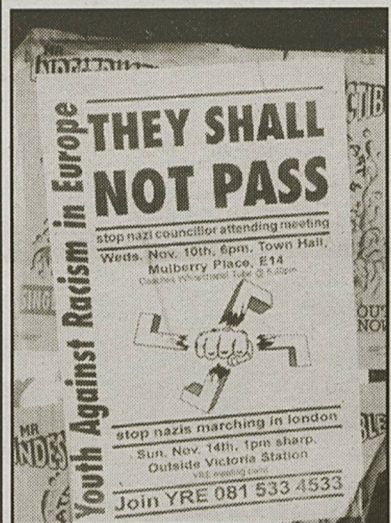
Thank you Thank you Thank you

Dear Beaver,

At the risk of sounding like one of Martin Lewis' more gushing catalogues of insincerity, I would appreciate the opportunity through *The Beaver*, to thank people who assisted me with last weeks' elections. Particularly Bernado Duggan and all those who helped to count votes and sit at the polling station on my behalf. I would also like to thank all candidates and agents for the good-natured way in which the whole process was sorted out.

Tom Greatrex
LSESU Returning Officer
P.S. Re: Club Noize. If Luton Town are so bloody amazing, how come Fulham (and even I admit that we are pretty awful) knocked them out of the Coca-Cola Cup?

Student speaks out about personal safety fears in light of recent racist attacks



Dear Beaver,

I am extremely disturbed by the attacks on LSE overseas students by Nazis outside Rosebery Avenue and Silverwalk residences. As an overseas student, I am shocked by the general apathy that followed after it.

Most people that I talked to do not even know it happened. Most people do not even realise that the ugly face of Nazism and Fascism are slowly but steadily creeping into the LSE. They are threatening us. The Nazis, the BNP activists, the extreme right and the racists are threatening our lives. You can be the next. The Nazis will make a good example of what will happen to non-whites out of you. You may not even live to regret it!

As an overseas student that is non-white, I feel angry and frightened by the attacks. My idea of

an education in Britain is to develop my intellectual capacity to the fullest, as well as to enjoy my stay in Britain. Now all these seem threatened. I might not be able to take a stroll down the Thames anymore because of the fear of being attacked. I might have to think twice about going to call a friend at a public phone at night for fear of my personal safety. I do not believe that I am the only one with such fears. But what can we do about it? Do we wait for the Nazis to strike us at our weakest moment? Do we wait pessimistically for our eventual fate?

No. We must act fast to state our solidarity in our firm and uncompromising stand against Nazism. Give the Anti-Nazi League your support. Sign your name this Thursday in the ANL's petition against Nazism. Make a stand. For if you don't, you might never be able to stand on both your legs again. The Nazis will make sure you understand their stand. Nazis are nasty.

I am aware of the rising tide of Nazism across the European continent. In France, Germany, Italy and the rest of the European continent, Nazi parties have increased their votes by leaps and bounds. They said that the Holocaust did not happen, with so much evidence to testify against their statement. That is the same as the Japanese militarists, who said that the Nanking massacre 'never happened'. What can we

say about these extremists? My view is that they must be made to understand that they do not have any support.

My country and my people went to war with the Japanese militarists when she went to war with Fascism and Nazism to safeguard democracy and liberty. That was Britain's finest hour. It still is. Now the Nazis are trying to turn Britain's finest hour into her worst nightmare. I urge all of you out there, whites and non-whites, to safeguard our finest hour, our common heritage (no thanks to the Nazis) and our rights and dignity as human beings.

Let me end this letter by urging all of you to send a clear and precise message to the BNP and all it's allies by signing the petition of the ANL this Thursday.

Never Again!
Yours sincerely,
Devin

Views and opinions expressed in these pages are not those of this newspaper but of the named individual. Therefore letters are not edited (except for spelling) and in order to be published, a letter must contain your name.

Presentation skills Workshop for Women Students

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

Come to one or both skills workshops:

Tuesday, November 22, 1994
Friday, November 25, 1994

10.00-12.00
Room C119

Rose Rachman
Adviser to Women Students

Liz Waller
Chaplain

LSE Student apathy strikes back

Dear Beaver,
This week's Beaver sees the editorial moaning yet again about the apathy of LSE students when it comes to union-organised events - this time the event in question was Redwood in the Underground, and the attendance 'a couple of people'.

I find it hard to see why the Union hackocracy can't see why a whole Time Out, full every week of entertainments of every kind in every area of London is more of a pull than a cheap beer and dodgy-band gig at college. We spend all of our working week here - is it any surprise that students wish to go out somewhere else at the weekend? Strange as it may seem to you student-life obsessives, some of us like to go to places frequented by people other than students, and cheap beer is not that much of a pull.

If we were living in Aberystwyth, or Guildford, such low attendance would be surprising, but in a city like London, I'm afraid most of us have much better things to do than come into college in the evening.

Yours
Alexi Cawson

Let the story-teller begin

Dear Beaver,
My story started some two weeks ago, Saturday, October 15, as I made my way into the Clare Market Building I was accosted by an Ents representative and made to pay for the privilege of drinking in the Tuns. Something strange was going on and my suspicions were further aroused by the peculiar feeling of entering that mini corridor that forms an airlock between reality and what was the Twilight zone. Faced by a mass of empty seats and tables, an atmosphere free from clouds of nicotine and other more potent smoke, I was dumbstruck. I made my way across the near empty room bought a drink from one of the six or so bar staff and sat with my friends (I use the plural with poetic license). I had walked all the way from the set of Cell Block H (Rosebery) to this! We talked, drank a few cheap bevies and made our way to one of the West End clubs, the routine similar to every Saturday since I began studying at the Tuns (I mean LSE), only with fewer onlookers.

Time passes....
Last Saturday I arrived in Houghton Street in high spirits at quarter to eight. Fully expecting to meet some guys have a drink and move on to one of London's (slightly) more prestigious establishments, for an evening of, well lets be realistic, an evening of disgraceful drunken revelry. Curiously all is still, I peer through the windows to the Mecca of alcoholics, the Twilight one feeling creeping over my body once again. To my horror the Tuns is empty, indeed closed! On a Saturday night! One light in the entrance glows dimly and I enter like the sacrificial calf. Following the route dictated by the locked doors in alternate directions I find



myself in the Underground. Here, as I know, the Chuckle club is about to begin it's weekly offering. Gary Delaney appears and I am duly informed that the Tuns is closed due to the lack of custom on a Saturday night. What a bunch of sad fucks the LSE lot must be think I. But I am assured by Mr. Delaney (I refer to him thus, not to show respect, rather to avoid too closely associating myself with this founder member of the great unwashed) that they aren't all at home studying over accountancy textbooks, or wanking, or some combination thereof, merely they just don't want to come all the way here from a Hall or rented flat on an evening when beer stops at 11pm.

I acknowledge that students are well spread (ooer) across London but surely the Tuns' central location makes it the ideal place for friends from all over the city to congregate before a night out. In my experience clubs charge about a tenner admission and then £2.50 upwards for a drink (and not just central ones), why not then meet in the Tuns and have a few (or not so few) before moving? Despite recent Beaver reports the Tuns is, in my experience, still one of the friendliest bars in London and probably the

only one where you can occasionally talk to people of the opposite (or indeed the same) sex without it necessarily being assumed that all you want is a bit of leg over.

Something has got to be done, Hall bars are fine for a beer on a Tuesday night but for the weekend a larger, livelier, more central location is a must. So lets get our act together and get the Tuns open and FULL on a Saturday night.

Yours
Rupert Rogers
Rosebery Hall

And just when you thought it was all over...

Dear Beaver
As a completely unbiased student at LSE I would like to say what a consistently high standard of entertainments I have enjoyed since arriving here, whoever is responsible for this I would like to thank for doing a great job.
Yours sincerely,
Lady Jane Grey
(who?)

Foreign student housing questions plague Director

Dear Beaver,
The LSE Director's response (if you reported it accurately) to a racial attack on a student seems to typify the unquestioning, no-can-do attitude of our lords and masters.

Has it occurred to nobody that it might not make sense to house foreign students who are new to one of the world's biggest cities, and whose skin colour makes them stand out, near an area with the highest proportion of BNP supporters in the country?

If the Director is queasy about the cost of a minibus service, how about the preventative and cost-free action of ensuring that those students most vulnerable to racist attack are always housed in halls in safer areas (i.e. anywhere else)? Isn't this the very minimum of the School's responsibility for its students' welfare? What kind of civilised institution expects its students to accept the risk of being beaten up as "an inevitable fact"? Yes, John Ashworth, you do have to learn streetwisdom to survive in this town - but if you are paying LSE over seven thousand pounds a year for the privilege of coming here, you should not have to learn it the hardest way of all. And no matter how streetwise you get, it won't hide your skin colour or a thug's response to it.

Yours sincerely,
Gideon Lichfield

I.T. HELP DESK ADVISERS REQUIRED

IT Services is forming a Help Desk service to support taught students in their use of Information Technology at the School and is now recruiting post-graduate students as Help Desk Advisers.

Enthusiasm, good communication skills and an aptitude for solving problems are the most important qualities required.

The role involves staffing the Help Desk on a rota basis to offer advice and help on the basic use of the LSE network

and the most commonly used packages such as WordPerfect and electronic mail. This duties mainly consist of providing answers to simple or commonly asked questions and, for the more complicated enquiries, gathering the appropriate information so that they can be referred to members of IT Services.

Candidates are expected to have familiarity with the School's IT facilities and should have a good working knowledge of WordPerfect and Vax mail.

Training will be provided to include

support skills and to broaden your IT proficiency if necessary as the work could involve supporting software on Vax, DOS, Windows and Apple Macintosh.

Advisers will be expected to work a minimum of six hours per week, paid at the normal School's rates of pay for Occasional Research Assistants.

For more details, contact Mark Toole, the User Support Manager of IT Services, preferably by e-mail at "toole@lse.ac.uk".

THE LSESU CAFE

OPENING HOURS
ARE FROM
10AM TO 4PM
MONDAY
TO FRIDAY

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

Letters, articles, competition entries, what's on adverts, unsolicited articles and anything else for the Beaver can be left in the mailboxes on our distribution bins, LSESU reception, The Beaver office in E197 or on the Vax/ E-mail (Beaver).

To be considered for publication, prizes or insertion all the above items must arrive before 6pm on Wednesday.

For articles, especially unsolicited ones, The Beaver cannot guarantee publication.

To guarantee publication, you must see the respective editor by attending the weekly collective meeting.

If possible, could they be typed, laser printed or on IBM or Mac disks. Old-fashioned handwriting is OK too.

The really big picture

The 38th Annual London Film Festival gets into full swing this week Too many films, too little time? Dennis Lim, Jessica Chaffin and

A Confucian Confusion

Monday 7 November
13.30 and 18.30 at Odeon 1

Edward Yang's incisive social comedy looks at a cross-section of Taipei's youth - a disparate selection including suited business types, struggling artists and manic depressive philosophers. The film allows Yang to give us an astute dissection of a fascinating society - Taipei, a metropolis typical of that part of the world, has a very Western facade concealing deep-seated Eastern values. The satire is pleasantly subtle, which might explain the mixed reviews when it premiered at Cannes. This newly edited version, supposedly tighter, is evidence of yet another Eastern director in impressively fine form. (DL)

★★★★

S.F.W.

Tuesday 8 November
13.15 and 18.15 at Odeon 2

S.F.W. is short for So Fucking What? - the catchphrase on the lips of heartthrob Steven Dorff when he escapes from a bloody hostage ordeal which has been transmitted (unknown to him) to the whole of America. Glorified for his blasé attitude and heroic rescue of a female companion, he becomes the ultimate anti-hero. Unfortunately this post-modern Generation X movie is too ambiguous to live up to its interesting storyline. It is unclear if this is a lame satire or a reasonable spoof of one, sometimes making decent parodies of parodies and sometimes just being incredibly lame. However So Fucking What? has great potential as a catchphrase to be used by those far more inventive than Dorff. Be prepared to see it on school desks and hear it on the lips of every frustrated teenager. (DS)

★★★

Killing Zoe

Tuesday 8 November
15.45 and 20.45 at Odeon 2

Just what we needed - another Heist Gone Awry film. Roger Avary, sometime Tarantino collaborator, makes his directorial debut with this much-talked-about film which provides absolutely no surprises. Zed (Eric Stoltz), expert safe-cracker, arrives in Paris - childhood friend Eric (Jean-Hugues Anglade) has somehow convinced him that robbing a bank - not just any bank, but the national reserve - would be a really clever idea. Guess what, guys - IT'S NOT. But first, Zed has a night of passion with Zoe (Julie Delpy), whore by night, bank clerk by day, art student in spirit. The first half sags very badly, especially the interminable obligatory trippy drug sequence. The second half - the robbery - is excessively gory, completely mindless and, well, not bad entertainment actually. Anglade alone is superb as Eric, while the rest of the performances range from merely adequate (Stoltz) to utterly appalling (Gary Kemp). Watchable, but very inconsequential. (DL)

★★

The Playmaker

Wednesday 9 November
13.15 and 18.15 at Odeon 2

Pedestrian and tedious psycho-thriller. Jennifer Rubin plays Jamie, an actress very badly in need of an acting coach. Her friendly barman recommends Ross Talbert (Colin Firth). He turns out to be a total nutcase who plays some screwy mindgames with her - it's supposed to be chilling, but it's all quite laughable, really. The so-called twists manage to be both wildly implausible and hugely uninspired, and the actors could do with some coaching themselves.

To draw in the hordes, this will probably be billed as an erotic thriller. Except it's not in the least erotic. Or thrilling, for that matter. (DL)

★

Don't Get Me Started

Wednesday 9 November
14.00 and 18.30 at NFT 1

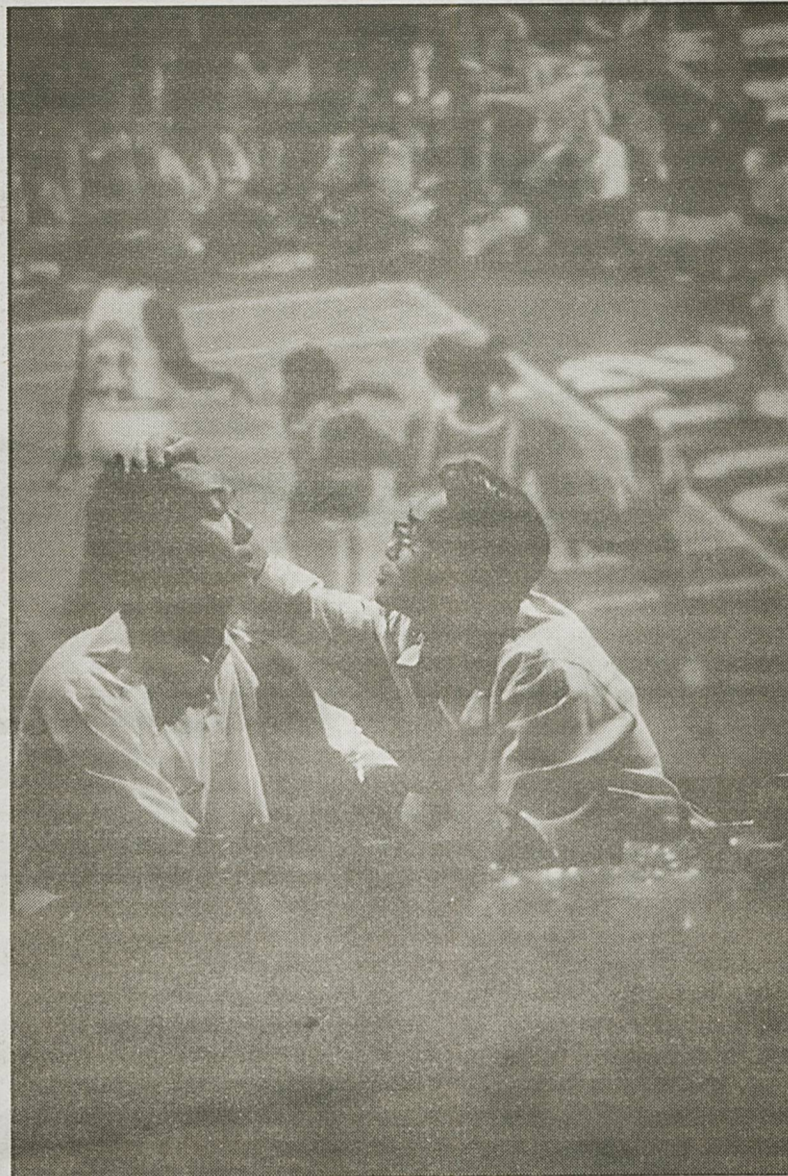
Jack Lane (Trevor Eve) has given up smoking for a year and, as you might expect, he's very jumpy. His family seems picture-perfect - wife Gill and unfortunately-named kids Cricket and Mo. But Jack is hiding - wait for it - A Dark Secret. Director Arthur Ellis keeps us in the dark for most of the film and by the time all is revealed, we're too comatose to care. This woe-ful British effort (yes, another one) is faintly engaging for the first fifteen minutes, then descends into a pile of directionless tosh and, despite some hopelessly confused attempts, shows little sign of recovery. (DL)

★

Eat Drink Man Woman

Wednesday 9 November 15.45
and 20.45 at Odeon 2

The cryptic title of this savoury Taiwanese comedy belies a basic philosophy of "feed the body well, and the soul will take care of itself". The story is of a widower master chef and his three grown daughters - none of whom are without problems. Director Ang Lee (The Wedding Banquet) weaves artfully between storylines, bringing the family together each Sunday for an obscenely elaborate meal. The fancy cooking serves as a metaphor for love. Inevitably, the three daughters resent the efforts of an otherwise unaffectionate father and the demands that these meals make on their time. The audience, on



Say aah.. Edward Yang's A Confucian Confusion

Photo: LFF

the other hand, is left wondering what it would take just to be able to rummage through the scraps. The film succeeds with its juxtaposition of everyday emotional tragedy and heart-warming comic relief, and the ending's unexpected twist gives a refreshing perspective. A must see, but be warned - the film's culinary sequences make the mouth water, and the stomach rumble. (JC)

★★★★

Martha And Ethel

Friday 11 November
14.15 and 18.45 at ICA

This film is about two nannies - Martha, who raised director Jyll Johnstone, and Ethel, who was the nanny of the producer, Barbara Ettinger. It is as much a study in the methods of child rearing as it is of the two women who gave up lives of their own to raise other people's children. The story is told through a series of old photographs, newsreels, and other biographical information. Perhaps the most intriguing aspect of the film is the series of interviews with members of both families. The interviews function as a therapy session for these adults, very much the children of these nannies, as they struggle to reconcile this arrangement with who they are today. The women's methods are clearly presented from the outset - Martha as the stolid German disciplinarian believed "severely and coldness are good preparations for life," and Ethel as a warm Southern black woman who prized kindness over efficiency. Unconditionally loving and admiring, Johnstone's montage of footage and interviews fuses into a touching and sincere portrait. (JC)

★★★★



Hey - it's my turn to drive.. Dennis Haysbert and Michael Harris in Suture

Photo: ICA

show rolls on

with a staggering 100 films at six venues around the capital. Daniel Silverstone help you decide.

Shallow Grave
Friday 11 November
15.45 and 20.45 at Odeon 2

Danny Boyle's very black comedy, stylish and bursting with promise, is by a long way the most impressive British film on offer. Alex (Ewan McGregor), David (Christopher Eccleston) and Juliet (Kerry Fox) are looking for a new flatmate. After an amusing and rather cruel selection process which involves weeding out some hapless social inadequates, they settle on the charming Hugo - who promptly dies on them the next morning leaving a suitcase filled with lots and lots of money. After days of soul-searching and conscience-quashing, they decide to keep the money and dispose of the corpse, stopping first at the hardware store (as one does) to pick up some tools to help them disfigure the body. You know, get rid of all distinguishing features - sledgehammer face, saw off hands, the usual. But the pressure builds, avarice rears its ugly head and mild-mannered accountant David is transformed into a remorseless monster. Gradually, the unattractive side in each of them surfaces as the film progresses to a genuinely funny and exciting climax. All-round fine acting and a sharp script make this a truly outstanding film; there's hope yet for the British film industry. (DL)

★★★★

Suture
playing with
Tropical Fish
Friday 11 November
16.30 and 21.00 at ICA

Another intriguing American independent production from first-time writer-directors Scott McGehee and David Siegel. Executive-produced by Steven Soderbergh, the Great American Hope of a few years ago, this has a fairly simple plot involving amnesia and mistaken identity. Clay (Dennis Haysbert) visits his long-lost virtual look-a-like brother, Vincent (Michael Harris), who is under investigation for the murder of their father. An accident leaves Clay with no recollection of who he is - everyone tells him he's Vincent, who has in fact disappeared. One very important variation, though - Clay and Vincent couldn't look more different; in fact, they're played by a black and a white actor respectively - a jarringly significant contradiction that lends the film a feel of delicious irony. Aided by arresting black-and-white photography and nice dry wit, this is certainly a leading contender for the most impressive and intelligent debut this year. (DL)

★★★★



Spider and Rose, showing on Wednesday at Odeon 1 Photo: LFF

Tropical Fish

After Robert Altman's masterful Short Cuts, you'd wonder why anyone would bother with more Carver adaptations. Fair enough, Altman *did* give the short story in question, Neighbors, no more than a cursory look. Perfectly adequate, but then it couldn't really expect to be anything more. (DL)

★★★

Heavenly Creatures
Saturday 12 November
20.45 at Odeon 2

Two teenage girls who develop an intense friendship commit an horrific murder. Tom Kalin's Swoon comes to mind, but Peter Jackson's film is opposite in approach and effect. Based on a sensational true story that sent tabloid sales through the roof in the 50s, this concentrates on the relationship between Pauline (Melanie Lynskey) and Juliet (Kate Winslet), two oddball schoolgirls who share a vivid imagination and a Mario Lanza fixation. They escape from the unpleasant reality of strict parents and medical afflictions (Pauline has rickets, Juliet TB, but they're not letting that cramp their style - "All the best people have chest and bone diseases," proclaims Juliet breezily), creating their own fantasy world, "better than heaven because there are no Christians". As their relationship grows increasingly passionate, they decide to get rid of anyone who stands in their way, referring to the planned execution as The Happy Event. This is full of pointedly funny moments - most memorably when Juliet shrieks in horror, "Orson Welles

- the most hideous man alive!" and contemptuously flings aside a photograph that the not-quite-with-it Pauline has placed on their shrine to movie idols of the day. Great performances, a wonderfully realised imaginary world and a camera which refuses to stay still make this a highly entertaining film. It has a dark undertone though. The shocking violence at the end, although fully anticipated, still seems so out of synch with what comes before that it almost negates the touching depiction of the friendship which Jackson has so carefully developed. But within the confines of a true story, there seems little alternative and this must be recognised as an exemplary effort. (DL)

★★★★

Natural Born Killers
Saturday 12 November
23.30 at Odeon 2

Oliver Stone's contentious take on violence. See separate review on page 15.

Loaded
Sunday 13 November
16.00 at Odeon 1

Anna Campion, sister of Jane, has made a film about a group of young English school-leavers, trying to capture the weariness and wariness which she believes characterise the Thatcher generation. Seven friends spend a weekend in a country house filming a so-bad-it's-classic Gothic horror video. With much underlying tension (sexual and otherwise), it only takes an evening of acid-dropping for the situation to spiral out of control. It's competently acted and well photographed - yet there's something unmistakably lacking. Loaded is an ambitious film - too ambitious for its own good at times, and Campion comes across as trying to say too much without actually saying anything. This is a film about young adults and, try as it might, it can't escape the contrivances we've justifiably come to expect of the genre. (DL)

★★

Dear Diary
Sunday 13 November
18.30 at Odeon 1

Nanni Moretti won the Director's Prize at Cannes for this rambling look at 18 months in his life - 18 months which include a chance encounter with Flashdance's Jennifer Beals, an eventful journey round some Italian islands and some unpleasant

entanglements with the medical profession. It's funny as hell in parts, but simply because of its structure - or rather, lack of it - it doesn't warrant continued attention. This is certainly one of the most unique films of the year - Moretti does exactly as he pleases throughout and the results are alternately hilarious and irritating. Words that spring to mind include 'charming' and 'whimsical' - and unfortunately also 'pretentious' and 'wank'. Still, it's definitely worth investigating, if only for that unforgettable scene in which Moretti torments a film critic who dared to rave about Henry: Portrait Of A Serial Killer by reading him excerpts of his reviews, subsequently reducing the horribly mortified chap to tears. I won't name names, but I can think of some people I'd like to try that on. (DL)

★★★

Surprise Film
Sunday 13 November
20.45 at Odeon 2

Festival director Sheila Whitaker's annual top-secret choice. Heavily tipped contenders this year are the new Tim Burton film about director Ed Wood (with Johnny Depp), and my personal tip, Woody Allen's latest and supposedly best in some time, Bullets Over Broadway. However, beware - in 1990 Sheila opted for Arachnophobia.

Beaver Film Ratings

★★★★★	Daniel Day-Lewis
★★★★	Harvey Keitel
★★★	Harrison Ford
★★	Michael Douglas
★	Mickey Rourke



Spot the eccentric director.... Nanni Moretti in Dear Diary

Photo: Artificial Eye

Queen of thieves

Indian film director Shekhar Kapur is at the centre of a huge debate sparked by his latest project, *Bandit Queen*. He talks to *The Beaver* Arts Editors about violence, Indian politics and the difficulty of dramatising the life of a modern-day legend.

Indian cinema, despite being more prolific than any other national film industry, has a justifiably regrettable reputation. It is perhaps unexpected then, or possibly prophetic, that the surprise hit of the Cannes Film Festival was *Bandit Queen*, the story of one of India's most notorious outlaws, Phoolan Devi. Director Shekhar Kapur, and leading actress Seema Biswas, were in town to coincide with its showing at the London Film Festival.

Kapur is relaxed and articulate as he discusses the problems he has faced back home. "There are two controversies about the film in India. One is the censors' controversy. They have effectively banned it, demanding 37 cuts." The film contains graphic scenes of gangrape, nudity and violence, enough to earn it an 18 certificate here. "The second controversy relates to the caste system. The real reason it is banned, which everyone knows but no-one states publicly, is that it confronts the caste system directly." He claims he didn't set out to make a political film, but found that he couldn't address the issues without politics. He adds, "Yet I didn't want to make a propaganda film. I had a responsibility to make a film that was balanced."

Phoolan Devi was released from prison recently. Kapur responds to the fact she has spoken against the film by pointing out that she has not seen it, and only knows about it from what others have told her. He could not consult her prior to making the film as she was still imprisoned. Devi meanwhile has started legal actions against Kapur.

"Everyone likes a bit of controversy - but now I'm not sure if I want the film to be released in India. The film was not about rape or sex or violence, it was about everything together. It's been segmented. What I was trying to do was make a film where everything was part of a whole - so that the rape merged with the violence, the violence merged with the non-violence, the non-violence merged with the politics, the politics with the rape."

However, when asked if he wishes he had toned the content of the film down, he says no. "I could have made a totally different film. I could have toned down the violence, but it's not



Shekhar Kapur and Seema Biswas

Photo: Hania Medura

just a question of cuts. I would have had to have approached it from a different way. There was another film about Phoolan Devi, about 10 years ago, with singing and dancing in it. No-

body objected to that."

Kapur denies that his film has broken new ground in Indian cinema. "There's always the films of Satyajit Ray, which were always thought-provoking

and analytical. But intellectualism sometimes means escaping responsibility. I didn't make that sort of film because when your house is on fire, you don't discuss the politics of the fire

brigade - you shout, you scream. That's the reason; our house is on fire. I wanted to make a film that created the pain of violence. It's very difficult because there's a grammar of cinema that audiences all over the world have got used to over the years. It essentially means there's an agreement between viewer and film-maker so nobody's uncomfortable. It's all newspaper violence, armchair violence. You can sit in front of the TV in your comfy chair and come away having seen a hell of a lot more violence than is in the film."

Kapur found it less difficult that he thought it would be to capture a woman's view of the world. "Though I had to drop my masculinity it was a culturally imposed masculinity. I came to realise that men and women aren't all that different underneath."

Crucially, the role of Devi had to be played by the right actress. "I was a little worried about Seema at first - although she is an actress, she comes from a very orthodox middle-class background and I was worried about her ability to free herself. Phoolan Devi is a very sensual woman, although you don't see that early in the film. And I suspect Seema didn't know how far I was going to push this, no-one knew but me."

Biswas admits she found this role very disturbing and still finds herself troubled by it even now. Kapur shot the harrowing rape scene in such a way - with numerous cuts and edits - that no-one else knew exactly what he was doing. "I kept getting physically sick. Seema must have felt it being in the role, but the rest of the crew didn't know. I kept trying to stop the shooting."

Kapur has no definite plans for the future. "Obviously, after a successful project like this you would like to do something big next. But I don't know. Maybe I'll never do another film, maybe I'll do a comedy or a Western film. Most Western films are about nothing. In a way, it's very decadent, but then decadence is a very high form of art," he smiles.

Surprisingly, he is a fully qualified accountant. He says "I could tell you lovely stories about how I got into film but it really just happened. I was restless, I couldn't see myself behind a desk in 20 years time. I wanted to reconcile the dichotomy of this is me and this is what I do. I wanted harmony."

Most Western films are about nothing. In a way, it's very decadent



Seema Biswas as Phoolan Devi. A film with a cast of thousands.

Photo: Mainline

November spawns a monster

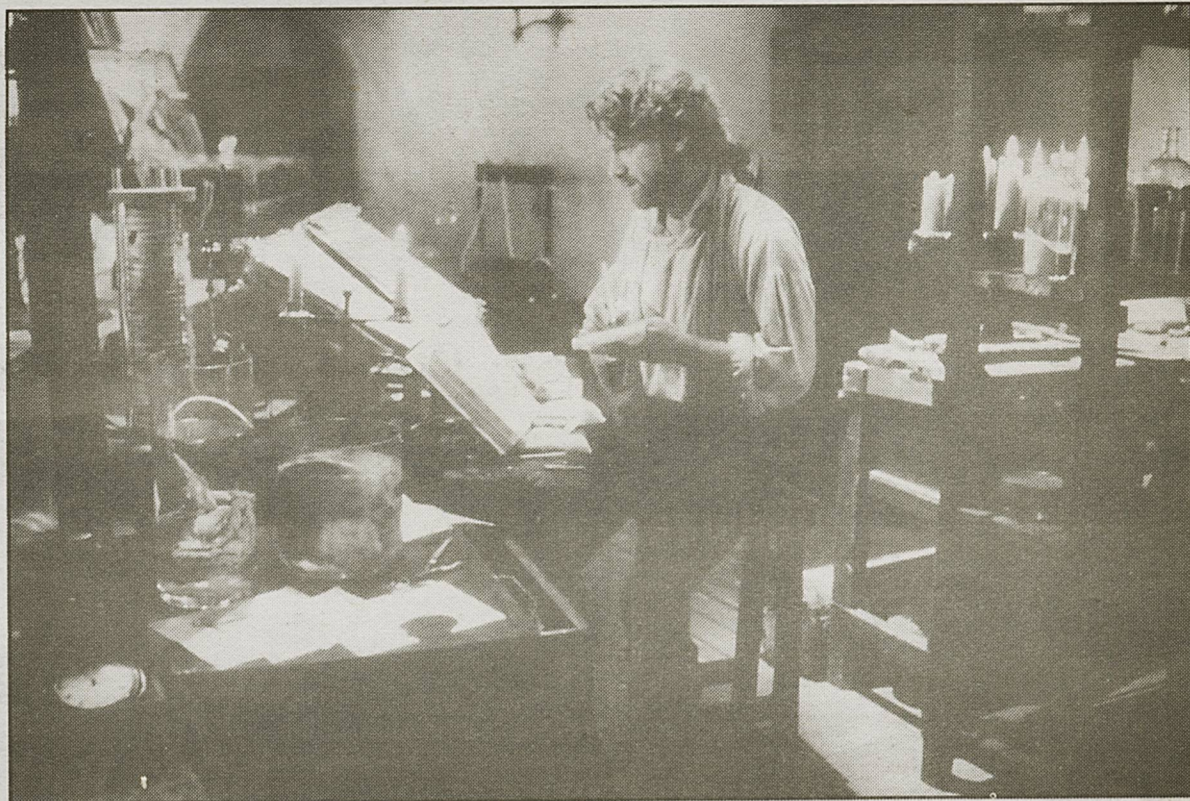
Alan Davies takes a look at what Mr Branagh has created

With all the hype surrounding the world premiere, *Frankenstein* would have to be a drop-dead knock-out slap-up film to live up to expectations. Unsurprisingly, it isn't. It labours under the cumbersome title of *Mary Shelley's Frankenstein* (so called, you suppose, to distinguish it from all the other books with the same title), which sets the tone for the whole film - leaden.

Kenneth Branagh directs and takes the film's leading role with his usual hubris. However, instead of casting his missus as love interest he chose Helena Bonham-Carter (why?) as Victor Frankenstein's surrogate sister and sweetheart. John Cleese's brief but commendable appearance as Professor Waldman is the acting highlight of the film, as Branagh overacts shamelessly

and substitutes taking his shirt off (luckily, nothing else) and shouting "El-iz-a-beth" loudly for character development. Bonham-Carter herself is typecast into the upper-class spirited gel part she has perfected after long practice. To be fair, the actors struggle with some pretty risible dialogue, and can only do so much with their underdrawn and sketchy roles.

As signalled in the unwieldy title, the plot adheres faithfully to the novel. *Frankenstein*, contrary to popular misconception, the scientist, not the monster, is a young and idealistic medical student who instead of drinking, carousing and wenching like any other normal doctor-to-be conducts dodgy late night extra-curricular experiments with odd bits of corpses. These eventually result in the creation of an aesthetically challenged Robert de



Take a couple of dismembered body parts, sew together, and place in cauldron... Photo: Columbia

Niro, looking for all the world like a walking patchwork quilt. Although left for dead, the hideous creature survives and through a series of improbable events turns up at our Victor's house and takes his revenge by picking off members of his immediate family in a fairly perfunctory manner.

Despite the continuing destruction of his nearest and dearest, Branagh fails to elicit any emotion from the audience, except possibly irritation. The most impressive part of the film is the panoramic view of the landscape surrounding Geneva, which is so breathtaking it seems unreal, but it only shows up the rest of the

film as mediocre. There are some visually stunning episodes - the birth of the monster is conveyed in a wonderfully kinetic manner, and the combustion alone is worth the ticket price, but these are mere moments in a very long two hours.

Francis Ford Coppola is listed as one of the producers, and the film invites comparison with *Bram Stoker's Dracula*, directed by him. There are parallels - for instance, both films have had every ounce of subtlety surgically removed, but *Dracula* wins by a head. If nothing else, it captures a dark and brooding Gothic style. In contrast, *Frankenstein* suffers from overlighting in virtually

every scene and consequently lacks any atmosphere whatsoever.

Ultimately *Frankenstein* fails to justify its own existence. It's meant to be a horror film, but it never shocks or scares us - it's far too predictable to raise an eyebrow. There's more drama, excitement, humour, and emotion in some thirty second trailers. The problem is not so much that it's bad but that it's unremarkable. If Branagh can't think of anything more interesting to do with thirty five million pounds, he ought to find a day job.

Mary Shelley's Frankenstein is on general release.

Naturally banned killers

Phil Gomm offers a personal view of Oliver Stone's latest controversial film

There's no doubt about it, *Natural Born Killers* is a violent film, very violent. But the trouble doesn't come from the graphic nature of the scenes or even the scale of the killing. It lies elsewhere.

My problem with Oliver Stone's latest production is the context of the murder and mayhem. It is cold-blooded violence done for the fun of it - for the kick. It doesn't come about because of a drug crazed high, a drunken escapade, a sense of doing right, a fear for one's own life, anything in fact which could be seen as offering an excuse. Scene after scene portrays how the central characters Mickey and Mallory - played respectively by Woody Harrelson, of *Cheers* fame, and Juliette Lewis - blaze their way across the US leaving death and destruction in their wake. The violence is rarely tempered and the cold calculation of their actions is always present.

None of this would matter much if the pair met a fitting end. But they don't. When I watched the film in a US cinema, the middle American audience were left neither with an impression of loathing for the *Natural Born Killers*, nor a sense of horror at what they had done. In-

stead, the movie-goers actually build up an amount of loyalty and recognition with the duo. People's disdain is reserved for the Robert Downey Jnr character - a journalist who will stop at nothing, literally, to get an exclusive interview with the couple.

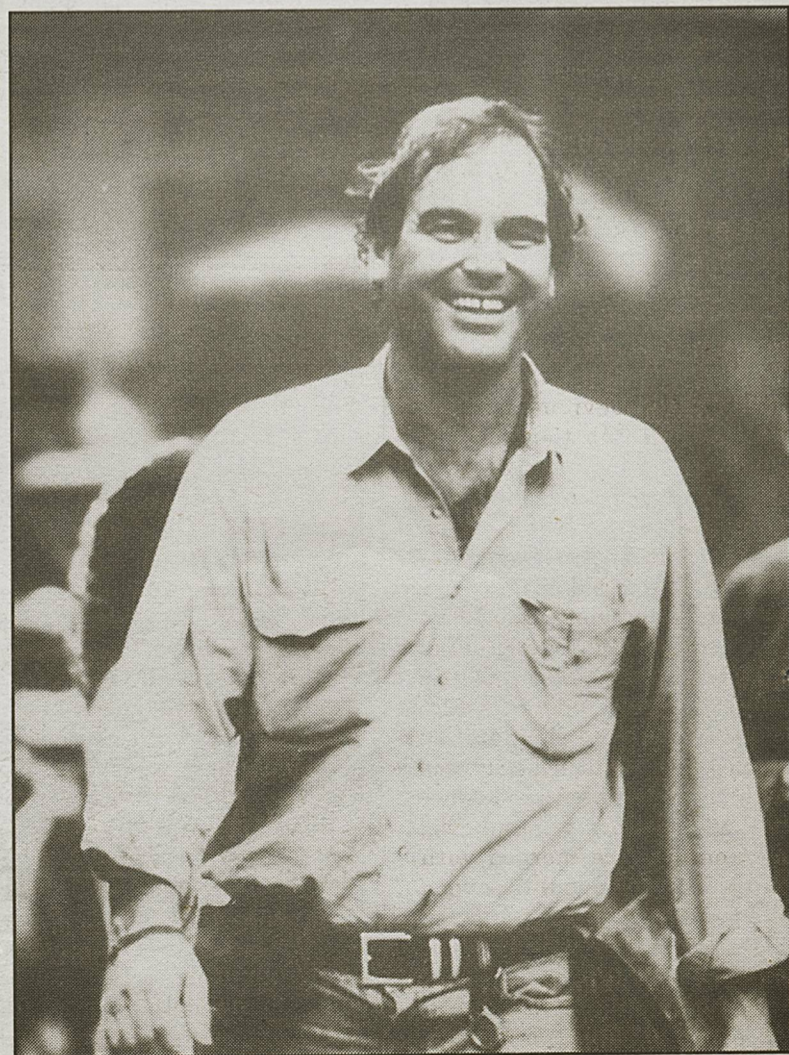
Stone has repeated time and time again how his only aim is to expose and undermine the media culture of the US. To point out how television and the press have sunk as low as the stories and people they themselves castigate. *NBK* is an attempt, he told *The Daily Telegraph*, "to depict the cultural and social landscape of the 1990s in America - bigger and distorted to make people think."

But he has failed: completely. The journalist is derided, but Mickey and Mallory are not. What sort of film-maker is it who can leave the public sympathising more with 'cool', premeditated serial killers than a screwed up hack? Only one who is ignorant enough to think he is without the same power and responsibilities as the rest of the media he so enthusiastically vilifies. Only one who is aware of the ten killings linked to his production, but still only asks us to "Judge the film by what it does to you."

I wanted to like this Stone film, just as I liked *Platoon*, *JFK* and *Salvador*. I was looking forward to seeing Tommy Lee Jones doing his thing. The acclaimed cinematography is both surreal and mesmeric. Yet neither Stone's previous track record nor the film's distractions can deflect from its worrying theme. It is telling that Quentin Tarantino - someone not usually noted for his ambivalence toward on-screen brutality - who wrote the script upon which *NBK* is based, had nothing further to do with the picture having seen the direction in which Stone was taking it.

So should the film be refused a certificate in this country? I would argue yes, without a doubt, ban it. Forget any liberal, middle class notions of freedom. The director had that freedom to make a movie that addressed real issues. He abused it. Now he should pay the penalty.

Natural Born Killers is showing at the London Film Festival on November 12 at 23.30 at Odeon 2. Its general release has been postponed, awaiting the decision of the British Board of Film Classification.



Stone on the set of a less controversial film Photo: Warner Bros

The psycho goes soft

Daniel Silverstone reviews Bret Easton Ellis' books

Bret Easton Ellis is the Tarantino of the literary world. As a maverick American he has pushed back the boundaries of good taste, updated the tired genre of teenage rebellion, and created two masterpieces. He is also guilty, as is Tarantino of repetition, glibness and in his last effort, extreme self-indulgence. These similarities can be expanded to a shared interest in exploring the superficial, and a love of American characters which fixate the British imagination. Tarantino offers us the lingo, the violence and dress sense of hired killers while Ellis portrays the promiscuity, drug use and moral bankruptcy of America's upper classes. Both artists are equally accessible and both always produce a trademark reaction; Tarantino an adrenaline fuelled life lust, and Ellis a despair driven disillusionment.

This disillusionment is extremely uncondusive to the recollection of any details, which make Ellis' books easy to enjoy, but hard to remember. This blurred quality is enhanced by their brevity and a deliberate but spasmodic use of the same characters. This can make his books sound like a criticism of one grossly dysfunctional family rather than a whole society.

This feeling of blandness is canonised in his unique ability to always keep his dialogue in an unemotional monotone, absolutely avoiding any authorial asides judgements or moral pronouncements. Thankfully his desolateness is matched by his unsurpassed grasp of contemporary consumerism. This splanetic combination, when harnessed to his droll sense of humour and an ability to reproduce the uncomfortable scene, produces great books.

The first of these, is *Less Than Zero*, written at the auda-



"Those Hollywood nights, those Hollywood hills....." Bob Seger

Photo: Ron Voce

acious age of twenty. Set way back in the prosperity of '85, it follows a group of super rich, super vacant teenagers on a desperate attempt to find salvation in a very decadent L.A. Unfortunately, though able to sample the full range of adult L.A. pleasures like cocaine, bisexuality, fast-cars and wild sex they can nowhere experience the more traditional diversions of intimacy, love and intellectual stimulation. If all this sounds too garish and cliché, it isn't. Beyond the kitsch tales of self-destruction and conspicuous consumption Ellis has created a book which is the epitome of youthful nihilism.

Rules of Attraction is not

really any worse than *Less than Zero*, but it is also not really any different. Superficially the location has changed to the East Coast, the educational establishment from school to college and the catchphrase from none, to "deal with it man". Other than that it is typical Ellis, and is entertaining but slight. Obviously it pales in comparison to Ellis' third book but for many his only one, the infamous *American Psycho*. This immensely popular book (it is still selling 2000 copies a week in the UK) is a unique mixture of brilliant satire and hard-core pornography. It contains Ellis' clearest statement of his thesis, that what we value as

signs of good character, (wealth, style, beauty, and health) have absolutely no relation to someone's moral worth. This contradiction is personified in Patric Batement, a man who possesses every material advantage yet delights in nonchalantly torturing to death vulnerable members of society. Mr Batement is a brilliant creation of modern obsessiveness manifested in the modern pursuit of serial killing. He is absolutely devoted to his suits, (Armani, Ralph Lauren) to his music (Genesis, Whitney Houston and Huey Lewis), to his food (nouvelle cuisine), to his body (weights, steroids, fake tan) to his sex (anal, threesomes) and to

murder (throat slitting, dismemberment and cannibalism). It is his last predilection that is explored in a blase manner that only serves to enhance its explicitness. These vicious descriptions are almost sickening and Ellis manipulates the reader even further by placing them in a sexual context. The redeeming brilliance of the book lies in Ellis' ability to reduce all this violence to another mundane facet of a fallen world. In a sustained satire reminiscent of *Bonfire of the Vanities* (but considerably less subtle) Ellis ridicules the cultural icon of the "Wall Street trader". They are as exposed as bland bigots who only stretch their intellects in securing reservations at the trendiest restaurants, scoring bad coke and fucking hardbodies. For all its hysterical parodies of dumb stockbrokers and even dumber models this book remains profoundly disturbing. The extensive authorial distance has meant that it is unclear whether Patric Batement was meant to be truly despicable, or a sort of anti-hero that he seems to have become.

After this gruesome tour de force, his latest book *The Informers* comes as a huge disappointment. It is a chronicle of different voices that fuse once again to prove, yes you guessed it, the moral bankruptcy of L.A. Though Ellis claims this is his most mature book I would argue that it is merely his most unoriginal. His characters have progressed age wise, but are still up to all their normal tricks. Valium has replaced cocaine, divorce, splitting up, and vampirism have superseded orgies. An unsatisfactory mixture of *Less than Zero* and *American Psycho*, *The Informers* retains the superficial elements of both. The violence is there but unlike *psycho* there are no clues to its origin. The decadence is replicated but it sounds too extreme to be realistic. All this gloom is mitigated by a great cover and some flashes of brilliance. Especially noticeable is the appearance of an amazingly innocent character whose corruption is recorded in a series of unanswered letters.

Unfortunately after this redundant book Ellis is in something of a dilemma. He can either meet the challenge of his critics and attempt to create complex stories and sophisticated characters: Or he can continue to scandalise which means he needs to find something as equally gruesome as serial killers to shock us with. For the sake of our serenity hope for the former, but knowing Ellis, the next book might be a shocker.

The Informers (£9.99)
Less Than Zero (£5.99)
The Rules of Attraction £6.99
American Psycho £7.99
 All published by Picador

The threat of the new Germany

Issam Hamid discusses effects of Germany's unification on Europe

William Heinemann Ltd.
£17.99 Hardback

Nine months before its fortieth anniversary in 1989, Erich Honecker, East Germany's seventy-six year old dictator, made the forecast that the Berlin wall would survive another fifty or hundred years. This was a miscalculation on a grandiose scale as, barely one year later, the East German state would merge with the West and cease to exist. However, it was not just the Communists who were guilty of this mistake but also the leaders of the West who failed to anticipate the speed, cost and consequences of German reunification.

David Marsh as the European Editor of the Financial Times, was in a unique position to observe the events lead-

ing up to the fall of the Berlin Wall. It is his analysis of Europe's struggle to absorb a United Germany, which makes his new book 'Germany And Europe - The Crisis Of Unity', an authoritative account of the political and economic problems plaguing Europe since the end of the cold war.

Marsh starts by explaining the reasons behind the dramatic changes that shook Europe, as political ideas collapsed along with states. The disintegration of the Communist Bloc and discrediting of Communism, left Eastern Europe without cohesion and direction. Yet, it was East Germany, long regarded as the most stable socialist state, which suffered the most. East Germany's reunification with West Germany was caused, above all, by the East Germans

intense desire for better living standards - a fascinating example of the primacy of economics in the affairs of nations.

The details of Franco-British hostility and their subsequent attempts to slow down German reintegration is very well documented. However, it is the incredible underestimation of the cost of reunification by the German leaders, which Marsh stresses most. He debunks the myth of German economic prowess, which is portrayed as being in steady decline, and the contrast between West German affluence and the relative poverty in the East. He argues that the policy mistakes by Germany and the European Union must be corrected, for without a strong Germany at its centre, Europe will become a strife ridden backwater, in a world where economic

strength will have migrated to the U.S. and the Pacific. As such, Marsh's conclusion is striking - France, Britain and the rest of Europe have most to fear, not from German strength, but its weakness.

However, surprisingly for a book tackling such a topic, it is fast paced and immensely readable. The quotes, liberally sprinkled throughout the book, seem to bring the major players to life. Mrs. Thatcher's hostility, President Mitterand's uncertainty and Chancellor Kohl's naive optimism are all conveyed to the reader. This book is necessary for all students of Politics and Economics, especially Economic History, as David Marsh has undoubtedly written an outstanding account of Europe's post cold war history.

SOCIETY REVIEW

THE LSE DEBATING SOCIETY Suggested List of Motions

"This House believes that Socialism is the philosophy of the world's gutless failures"
Wednesday Nov 9 at 1:00pm in A85

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

THE HISTORY SOCIETY

**"The House of Windsor:
A conspiracy against democracy?"**

by Dr. David Starky
Tuesday 8 Nov at 5:00pm in A142

JAZZ SOCIETY

JAM Session

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

Watch Out for Roy Ayers (21 Nov)

LSE LABOUR CLUB

Annual General Meeting

Monday, 7 Nov at 1:00pm in S075

THE PSYCHOLOGY SOCIETY

"Psychology behind bars"

by Linda Blud
Monday Nov 14 at 7:00pm in S318

Food and wine served

THE SCHAPIRO CLUB

LSE GREATS SERIES:

HAYEK THE LAST CRUSADE??

with
Richard Bellamy
Richard Cockett
Andrew Gamble
David Marsland

Thursday 10 Nov at 5:00pm
in the New Theatre (E171)

All Welcome

Any society wanting to advertise in The Beaver should leave a note in the What's On tray in the Beaver Office (E197) for Valerie Handal or Priyanka Senadhira before 1:00pm on Wednesday for the following week.

Public Lectures

Thursday 10 November

"Dangerous Women: Gender, the Body and Politics"
by Dr. Estella Weldon, Portman Clinic

5:30pm Old Theatre
Chair: Professor Fred Halliday

Tuesday 22 November

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

by Professor Poltavetz, Provost of Kiev Mohyla academy

5:30pm Old Theatre
Chair: Professor M. Leifer, Pro-Director

Thursday 24 November

"The Historical Logic of Transition: Russia at the Cross-roads"

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

5:30pm Old Theatre
Chair: Professor Ernest Gellner

DO YOU SEEK ATTENTION?

DO YOU EMBARRASS YOUR FRIENDS?

ARE YOU AMISERABLE SO-AND-SO, DEEP DOWN?
YOU DEFINITELY NEED CHEERING UP!!!!

There are two ways to do this, (Apart from "OOH NOMATRON!!!")

They both take place at 7-45 in the L.S.E. Underground Bar, Houghton St. WC2. They are both COMEDY SHOWS run by ageing, bald, fat, singing impresario EUGENE CHEESE.—

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ON TUESDAYS. ADMISSION ONLY £1-00.

Eugene presents about 12 NEW COMICACTS, They may be wonderful, they may be terrible, but a good time will be had by all. Why not give Eugene a ring if you think you are funny, and come and have a go? On 071 476 1672

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THIS WEEK-SATURDAY NOVEMBER 12th

One of THIS YEAR'S "TIME OUT", Comedy award winners—

PHILL JUPITUS

VERY FUNNY AMERICAN COMEDY MAGICIAN

JOHN LENEHAN

FROM TV'S STEVE WRIGHT SHOW—

NICK WILTY

+ Open Spots



What is the Rag charity appeal?

Rag is the tradition at many British universities of raising money for worthy causes. October 28th saw the first meeting of numerous "worthies" who will be organising this year's RAG CHARITY APPEAL at the LSE. Fund-raising for the charity appeal is often concentrated into a seven-day period of fun and mayhem, known as "Rag Week".

Events traditionally include:

The Rag Ball

The Rag Ball is the only event of its type at the LSE: Last year, the Ball was held on the Thames aboard HMS President. Not surprisingly, tickets sold out very quickly and the event raised about £1000.

The Treasure Hunt

Teams of ten people compete to collect money and a list of bizarre objects. In previous years, items that have found their way into Houghton Street

have included Michael Caine, Members of Parliament, Jimmy Trees and a variety of Christmas trees.

The Rag Charity Appeal also prints its own T-shirts and a Rag magazine (filled with jokes) as well as collecting on the streets on London. Whilst other events held in the near recent past include:

Blind Date - pick a porker to the delight of your friends

Endurance - like the Japanese show but sicker

A Sponsored Shag-A-Sabbatical! (Well maybe not...but!)

Gnoming?????

In 1993, events like these raised a record amount for charity - a "grand total" of £8000. Over £2000 was donated to UNICEF and £1500 to both the Terrence Higgins Trust and Centrepont (for the homeless).

The Rag Charity Appeal re-

lies entirely upon volunteers. Anyone who is interested in helping should come to a meeting on Thursday 10 Nov. at 5:00pm in room A86. We need to elect a new Chair as well as several other posts (Secretary, Treasurer, Vice-Chair, Hall Representatives), so whatever you enjoy doing there's bound to be a role for you,

If you can't make the meeting, phone Gary on (071) 955 7136 or send a message to ENTS on the e-mail.

The agenda for the AGM:

- 1 Set the dates for rag week
- 2 Choose our charities
- 3 Choose our events
- 4 Electing rag officials
- 5 Go for a beer

The lucky people elected get to have dinner cooked for them at ENTS Sab Gary's lovely new house in Mile End, but be warned, it will almost certainly be curry.



Redwood head for 'suck'cess

Skippy and Luke get their heads around Redwood's new album after going down to the gig

Well what can I say LSE music snobs. You've missed out and missed out big/bad/ massive/ heavy (whatever crap jargon you care to insert). We're the remnants of the long hair, heavy chord indie generation, we know what we like and where Redwood is concerned we like what we hear. The question still remains, where the hell were you last Wednesday (October 26) instead of in the Underground? A new, great and virtually unknown band (Called Redwood if you hadn't already guessed) were strumming and jamming through the assorted tracks of their head album. For over an hour they held the audience (whose numbers reached almost 15 at one stage) captivated in a state of sonic ecstasy.

Whilst we're on the subject of sonic ecstasy where the hell were the support band? L.S.E old boys Sonic Oscillating Love Prolapse were nowhere to be seen. They claimed that a series of drummers had, in a frenzy of love, sonically oscillated and eventually prolapsed (in other words pulled out). We were disappointed to be cruelly prevented from the pulsating, spasmodic gyrations which are always prompted by Jimbo Marshalski's screaming dischords; we were unable to induce multiple hernias from Dave "Racing Turkey" Hannah's jungle fever bass riffs and we sadly missed the awe inspiring, all enveloping hairy stench core stage presence of lead screamer Arnt "Killer" Zacher. There was no Punk pop extravaganza. No Tony doing his traditional exterminations and all that. Plus none of the other hallmarks of this extreme punk power toilet core/ scrap metal which we know and love as a Sonic Prolapse gig. All because there was no suitable drummer.

Whilst idly chatting with the Redwood lads prior to their appearance, the drummer (Chris Hughes) graciously and sadly belatedly offered his services to the aforementioned Sonic Prolapse which although was worthy of gentlemanly praise only added to our grief. If only Sonic had graced the hallowed boards of the Underground stage there would have been an infinitely higher attendance and may well have provided an atmosphere. But the show had to go on despite a few minor setbacks such as the bar being closed due to the takings totalling an incredible £7.85 in two hours!!!

All credit to the Redwood boys, who incidentally have been quoted by the renowned behavioral Scientist Dr S Barnet as being "a great bunch of lads, who got up and did their set and it was bloody good." The sound was superb, it's all too common for rock beat combos to have a sound balance which involves the

instruments too loud with the result being a wall of noise which blocks out all traces of the vocals. Redwood was not the case, Al Cowan's (lead singer) lungs are far to good for that and the lyrics were clear, coherent, relevant, in tune and they simply resonated through one's physical body to permeate around and about one's soul. (Okay the last bit was a tad pretentious but let's face it Redwood kicked ass)

Each song was distinct and different with no cover versions, a brief intro' explaining what it was about and where it was coming from. All of the band are excellent musicians whose talents combined to provide a fine and upstanding performance. The audience were charmed, thrilled and enticed onto the dance floor by a combination of cool tunes and good natured banter. Well, three plucky souls were up and moshing for the twilight of the set, I'll leave you to guess who two of them were. While Redwood did their funky thang, the audience were given the bonus of Sexy Steve's semi naked, expressive Woodstock style gyrations

involving break dance steps and a bizarre copulate with the floor manoeuvre. There was also the breath taking drama of our own two person crowd surfing routine.

Redwood showed they were true professionals by returning for an encore to round of a truly excellent performance. They also gave out copies of their humorous newsletter "Blurb" and invited everyone to join their 500 strong mailing list which gives out details of forthcoming events. They're playing at the Powerhaus, Islington at the end of November and we strongly recommend that you attend.

methinks!), Chris Hughes on drums and Robert Blackham carrying that lead guitar. Three members of the band, excluding Chris, started their career in Birmingham, playing at their local school and taking their name from the local rough area known as the Redwood Estate. The original three members, strangely, all ended up moving to Woking of all places, there meeting up with the drummer to form the band's present line-up.

The lyrics are written by Al, the frontman himself, who holds his tunes well and can force them home when needed. Music is written by Rob and has been compared in the past to Pearl Jam, although some tracks wander into the realms of those Black Country bumpkins "Ned's Atomic

Rumor has it that "The Way We Are" (Track 7), was dedicated to some wet wipe of a landlord, who refused to provide the band with lodgings because they had long hair. Never mind lads, that famous long haired hippie Joseph the biblical carpenter was turned away from every Inn, when his wife wanted to drop her sprog. Like Joseph these boys have ended up with a messiah of an album (I can't wait for the second cumming, if you'll excuse the pun).

The main thing about the album is that you can listen to it from start to finish, which seems to be a novelty these days. Its just good, honest, working class, get your hands dirty down pit, have a fight and eat lard type music.

The only controversy occurs on the album cover and what appears at first to be some plucky young female, giving a lucky young chap "head". Its only when you look closely at the femme fatale's hands, that you realize they do in fact belong to a man. (Ahem!). Allegedly this steaming headster is in fact a member of the band. I spent the whole night of the gig looking at the hands of the band members, in an attempt to uncover the dirt and ask the dubious lad in question; "Did you spit or swallow?"

Well all that's left to say is these lads will make it big (you heard it here first!) and all you LSE socialites who missed them? Once again you fucked up!!!

A great bunch of lads, who got up and did their set and it was bloody good

But there's more, not only did we get those goodies but also posters and a free C.D to review and listen to at our leisure.

Anyway, back to the album of the moment from Redwood, who are incidentally, Al Cowan on vocals and bass, Angus Cowan on rhythm guitar (a fraternal link

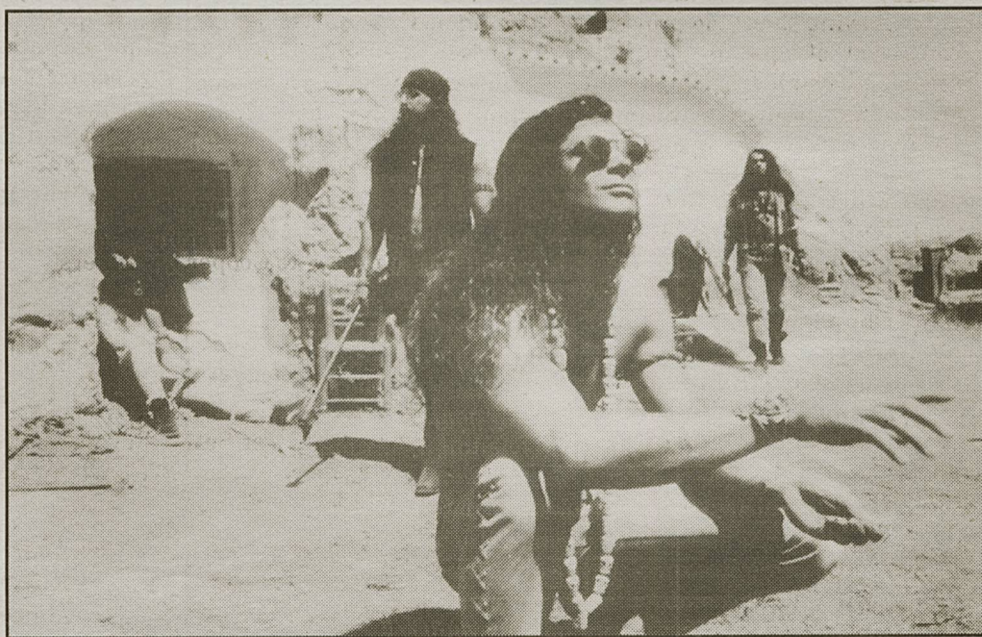
Dustbin" (quite a refreshing blast from the musical past).

Two tracks of particular note are "Please Don't Change", for its gorgeously mind numbing bassline and "The Sun" which is a lovely, yummy and kind of fluffy ballad, which gets you right there (where the sun don't shine).

FREE tickets to see Skin in another hot Beaver competition

Rumour has it Skin are called so because they don't have any. Find out for yourself at the Forum, Kentish Town on Friday 18th November.

The question you have to answer is what is the famous pub snack made from pig skin called? Answers on a postcard or a piece of paper to The Beaver office by 6pm on Friday 11th November.



Stranger in this town

Harold Larwood MBE

Most of this summer, I passed the junction of Ballspond Road and Southgate Road in N1, without paying much attention to it. Little did I know that in a few months I would be handed an album, by an LSE alumnus who had died at that junction in May 1993.

Peter Wickes studied at the LSE, completing his doctor of philosophy degree as well as being an active member of the LSE Students' Union, something I discovered from back issues of this paper. In the spare time that he

had, music was his means of relaxation. Peter Wickes produced two albums with the band Megapseudotrends and this solo album, "The Stranger", was the culmination of almost three years of recording at home on a 4 track tape recorder.

The eponymously titled track opens the album with a lilting tune which harks back to the debut album by Dire Straits. Yet Wickes's distinctive and slightly falsetto voice carry the tune exceedingly well. It is a shame that these recordings

were just demos, as many of the songs deserve better production than they can have here, which is a shame. The album continues in this vein for some 16 tracks and by the end you can understand why this album had to be produced.

This album may soon be on the jukebox in the Tuns and if you like what you here, it is available via The Beaver office. I think the album was worth it and Wickes himself says the same thing on the cover notes. Let's prove him right.

Blunden battered in bloody bus brawl

Rikos gives 'saurus' a right good kicking

LSE 3 KCL 0
UCL 3 LSE 3

It was a week of mixed fortunes for the all-conquering First team, which saw a comfortable victory over the local rivals and a hard-fought draw which ensured qualification into the next round of the UAU.

On Saturday the lads took on the might of Kings without the services of young full-back Steve Curtis, who chose to spend the afternoon getting deloused at the VD clinic instead. His infection-ridden shirt was reluctantly filled by Rikos Leong-Son, whose battling qualities were less in evidence on the pitch than on the team bus when he humiliated self-proclaimed First team hardman Nick Blunden by kicking the living shit out of him. Kings were reduced to ten men following an injury to their full-back, which Angus Kinnear will now describe:

"Well Chris, it sort of happened like this. He was 6ft 8 and 16 stones of pure, rippling muscle and he threatened to cave my head in, but I didn't flinch and jumped up, butting him square in the

chest, breaking several ribs, as opposed to pretty girls' hearts for a change. And that was the end of his season Chris."

Other accounts suggested that the injury was caused by Kinnear's carelessness and inexperience of tackling.

"No look, I did really hurt him. Anyway, my goal; what a peach! Words can't do it justice. Let's just say that Brian's been repairing the net all week." After that masterpiece came a header from Alun Howard, who latched on to Henrik's great cross and another shit goal from Grant Delea in front of his watching Dad, whose long raincoat made him look like a dirty old man (like father, like son). The crowd was swelled by five of Dimitri's friends. The noise that these Americans made was akin to a bumper night at the Nou Camp, despite the fact that they were only talking shit 'quietly' to each other.

And so onto Wednesday. Skipper Nick Churchbooked by Mollybos put wedding bells behind him as he PROPOSED that this year LSE would no longer be the BRIDESMAIDS but the BRIDES. He won't ask Kinnear to bring the kit again though as he failed to make it to the 'church' on time and is quite simply not the BEST MAN for the

job. LSE took an early lead through an apology of a goal from Angus but then the HONEYMOON period was over. You're probably all getting a little tired now of hearing about Thode blunders so we won't bore you with his open-goal miss from two yards but we'll let you watch it on Danny Baker's latest video "10001 Carsten Thode blunders." UCL hit three goals in as many seconds to leave the rest of the side contemplating JILTING the back-four at the ALTAR. It was left to 'goals' (shit) Delea to level with two strikes of questionable quality in front of his Dad, whose ability to run the line might put Dirk out of a job.

So now the Firsts join the Fourth in the next round of the UAU and are fearing no-one. The League title may be out of the question but the London Cup has their name written all over it. Dimitri summed up the mood in the first team camp as he mused, "Man, we're like caged animals; we're gonna haul our smokin' butts all the way to the Motpur Show and take that muthafucka of a trophy back to our Houghton Street 'hood for all the homeboys and girls to see - and that's the word bro."



Fantasy BeaverBall™

It's the end of week one in Fantasy BeaverBall™ and already the race for the title is hotting up. Everyone started equal but a big gap is already developing due to the contrasting fortunes of the sides. Those lucky enough to have picked 2nd and 4th team defenders must be laughing their socks off, and if you see miserable students crying into their pints, you'll figure that the 3rds and 5ths could well be the cause of it. At the other end of the pitch it's been raining goals for the 1sts and 4ths, while the 2nds and 3rds are showing the same prowess for scoring as Carsten Thode and Dave Whippe put together.

The honour of top points scoring player goes to Adrian Vetta with 12 points, closely followed by Kinnear with 10 and Delea with 9. Top defender, unsurprisingly, is Chris Cooper, whose bumper crop of six points is a slap in the face for those who mocked his valuation. At the other end of the ability chain, Fat Elton James shows that size isn't anything with an abysmal record of -7 points. So how does this translate into the performance of the teams:

Massage Minger Marie's Men	
Marie Darvill	41
The Balkan Snipers	
Andreja Popov	41
Shandy's Chunders	
Nick Charalambous	40
I Only Picked Cooper Because	
He Forced Me	
Clare Wilson	37
Macca's Magic	
Alex Mcleish	34
Jimmy Trees Is A Tight Yorkshireman	
Pay Up To Victorious Saunders	
Tim Payton	32
Cooper Shags Birds With Teeth Missing	
Simon Gardiner	30
I Pull Ugly 12 Year Olds	
Grant Delea	30
Assorted Football Players & Farmyard	
Animals FC	
Name Unknown	29
Sean's Sweaty Headband FC	
Sean Gologly	29
Windmill Rashers	
Rashad Manna	28
Howard's Biftas	
Howard Wilkinson	27
Julia's Jazzy Jism Jamboree	
Julia Mather	27
VFL-Alfter	
Dirk Pagenstert	25
Jozza	
Johannes Hertz	25

It's Goals Cooper (My second team)	
Chris Cooper	24
Messrs Kinnear & Cooper - Wankers	
James Trees	22
Los Teamos	
Carsten Thode	22
Warwickshires Treble Warmongers	
Elton James	22
Things Can Only Get Better Rovers	
Name Unknown	22
Andre's Old Washing	
Steve Roy	21
A Sort Of Beaver X1	
Ron Voce	21
Seriously Worse Than Grantham	
Paul Jacklin	20
Dave Bouffonts Abu Dhabi Army	
Dave Whippe	17
Gen Secs' Rosebery Old Boys	
And Some Cheap Players	
Martin Lewis	15
Cooper Loves Slappers X1	
Alex Lowen	15
The 2:2's	
Justin Deaville	13
Josh's Wycombe Wanderers	
Josh Charlesworth	9
Kettering Town FC	
Chris Tattersal	7
Beavers Best	
Lam Cham Kee	-2
Burnley Belvedere (B)	
Mike Tattersal	-2

So there you have it, joint leaders in the shape of Marie Darvill and Andreja Popov. Both were obviously overjoyed at their success, Darvill saying, "I'm so happy I think I'll go and get pissed and shag the Rugby team." Popov was more emotional, admitting "The only time I've ever felt as good as this was when I reached the front of the potato queue at my local grocers shop in Sarajevo." At the other end of the scale, Mike Tattersal is being consoled by relatives and close friends. Choking back tears, he cried, "I cannot understand how a team with the likes of Dave Whippe and Mburu Kierini is not scoring goals by the truckload."

It's early days yet, though as everyone knows it's a marathon, not a sprint. Darvill and Popov share the spoils for now but all will undoubtedly change come May. As for the Sports Editors, Kinnear was too lazy to get off his fat arse and enter, while Cooper's two sides are having contrasting fortunes. His B side may be in mid-table obscurity, but what of his A side "Simon Gardiner Goes With Ugly Birds At Kings And Can't Get It Up," you may ask? A grand total of 45 points would see him sitting pretty at the top of the table but, unlike the Campus Editors, we want to see people other than ourselves win the mystery prize. He's having it if he wins though!

Club Noize

Birmingham City footballers are a bit like LSE women, probably very nice people, but they're all basically shit. (and like LSE women, you've got no chance of 'playing' with Birmingham City footballers-Chris) While I noticed this about LSE women within my first week here, the realisation that City would always be crap took rather longer to make an impact upon me.

I fell in love with the club from the first minute; an inexorable, burning love that still persists and which will inevitably hold me captive for the rest of my pathetic life. The whole footballing experience enthralled me like nothing else ever had or ever will. The foul language, the fear of defeat, the undying chants of "Shit on the Villa", the pints of steaming piss flowing down the Spion Kop, the 6-4 home defeat to a Glenn Hoddle-inspired Swindon Town and the bilious press-conference rampages of Terry Cooper were all very special to me. They represent memories; great goals, defensive errors, wins and losses that I'll be able to discuss with mates in ten years time - memories that will never lose their significance or resonance.

This is what draws me to St Andrews as opposed to the SHITHOUSE across the city (Villa Park). Villa fans are rich bastard executives who sit in their boxes or seven year old boys who squeak like their bollocks have been chopped off every time that Dean "sheep-shagger" Saunders gets the ball. Real men don't support Villa; their core support of young boys make Villa Park a paedophiles' paradise which any self-respecting Brummie would be ashamed to set foot inside.

And so the Blue machine rolls on; from the spectre of bankruptcy only two years ago rises an unstoppable force that's got a one-way ticket for the premiership. A magnificent 25000 all-seater stadium, a chairman with £125 million in the bank who's willing to invest it in the team and a passionate Brummie support that's never waned, even during the low times, all indicate that things will improve. Last season's relegation was admittedly a crushing blow to the club; Barry Fry, the messiah, kept his promise to get us out of the first division; Alas he didn't specify which way. But Fat Bazza's army are finally showing signs of getting it right; beaten only once in thirteen (away at Blackburn) and climbing slowly up the table, there's no doubt in my mind that the Blues will coast to promotion this year.

From there it's only a matter of time before we regain our rightful place in the top flight; at last we've reached a situation where we don't have to sell our best players, and so the basis is there to build a truly great side. The fulcrum of the side is there; Ian Bennett, the best young keeper in Britain, Irish international defender Liam Daish, playmaking sensation Mark Ward and, of course, super Stevie Claridge, the best striker we've had for a long, long time. The real man to watch though is our Portuguese winger Jose Dominguez, who turned down Blackburn to join us from Benfica. He's as talented as Ryan Giggs and will, mark my words, become the greatest player that British football has ever seen. His recent piss-taking of Le Saux, Hendry and Warhurst was a veritable joy to watch.

And so the story ends with a mood of optimism sweeping the second city, as Barry's Blue Machine finally gets its act together. Altogether now, "Everybody shit on the Villa, 'cos they're a load of shiiiiite."

Raj Paranandi
P.S. Good result against Trabzonspor, Fletcher

Houghton Street Harry

Amazing as it is to believe, Harry's run out of things to moan about at the moment so, until I find something new that pisses me off, and seeing that it has been suggested in some quarters that the sports pages are somewhat lacking in sport, I've decided to wax lyrical about something very close to my heart - Sunday football. I'm not talking about Richard Keys and Andy Gray eulogising on Leicester vs Coventry or the Passfield/Saunders kickabouts down Regent's Park, but the savage ballet that makes up 99% of football played in this country.

Imagine this scenario; an early Saturday night in preparation for the big match, up at seven on Sunday morning and taking the field after a light breakfast to battle hard for the full 90 minutes. That sounds all very nice but the true disciple will regard this as sacrilegious, for his routine is slightly different.

It starts the night before with several pints of lager and a curry. This is necessary to give the stomach and bowels the right consistency for pre-match burps and farts (a source of much hilarity among the dressing room). From there it's on to a dodgy club due to FA regulations that state that at least two members of the starting line-up must have shagged the night before with embarrassing consequences, something along the lines of I couldn't get it up/she's my best mates' sister/she was only 14!

After that comes the street fight, essential for the hardest members of the team to brag about. It amazes me when what my eyes interpret as my mate pushing some little old bloke over translates next morning into "I took 20 of them out with one arm behind my back and still didn't spill any of my kebab."

And so to the morning of the game. The best cure for the mother of all hangers is, as everyone knows, a great British fry-up, full of lovely lard. It's always a good idea to eat something before the game because it hurts less when you chunder at half-time. The style in which one turns up is also very important. Most players will arrive in the same clothes that they wore the previous night, except with some additional decorations such as sick, chilli sauce or blood and one player will inevitably not show up, preferring the lure of the cells or the stomach pump. Invariably you will find yourself up against a team with a shit name. The Maidstone league is blessed with such gems as The Merry Men, Spotted Cow and Fiddling Monkey (I'd hate to see their mascot).

The weather also plays a part in the Sunday football experience as, just for one morning, God hands over to Ming The Merciless. Breezes become force nine gales and drizzle turns into monsoons as we anticipate the meteorite storms and acid rain. Even if it's sunny then the pitches are rock hard and covered in glaciers.

Straight from the kick-off, parks football is a delight to savour. The Premier League may have its superstars, skill and technique, but does it provide 22 man brawls, fights between players and spectators and piles of dog turd in the penalty area. I don't think so. While the pro's enjoy their Lucozade and slice of orange at half-time, fat old men chain-smoke for five minutes. There's no calls of 'knock it square', 'back door' or 'give and go.' Instead it's 'your wife cooks a good breakfast', 'ref you're a blind tosser' and 'what are you looking at?' It truly is a different sight, watching ugly, alcoholic criminals with no skill fouling anything that moves. Unless, of course, you watch Arsenal.

Drew makes save

Pigs fly at UCL as LSE 2nds cup run continues

LSE 2nds 1 UCL 2nds 0

The glory days are back again for the second team. A performance of the highest class and spirit has finally banished from memory the likes of Blundasaurus and the Mailman as a new band of heroes step up to take their place, looking adversity straight in the face and triumphing with consummate ease. The signs did not look too promising earlier in the day as we boarded the coach to Shenley minus both our postgraduate centre-backs and with only ten men to take the field. Shandy made the generous offer of Alun Howard before cruelly spurning our pleas and fobbing us off with his diseased full-back. It mattered not though as Cooper, his captaincy reaching Jesus-like proportions, miraculously healed the leper in time for kick-off.

As they turned up late, the referee took the opportunity to warm up with us and bombard shots on goal, trying to relive his glorious playing days. He seemed like a nice bloke but after the game he paraded around the bar in leather and rubber bondage gear, complete with holster. An ex-LSE student perhaps? This didn't bother me because I watched The Crying Game the night before and now I've seen everything, but others were more affected. Ludford-Thomas was shocked while Rainbow Nelson confessed to being "aroused."

The first half was a bit of a non-event really. While our new centre-back pairing of Dave Keane and Nic Jones took time to settle and they made in-roads but had only a disallowed effort to show for it. Steve Curtis had a shot cleared off the line, which made a change as for him clearances are usually made down the clinic, whilst Keane bravely pressed himself up front for the good of the team and was unlucky not to be rewarded when he blazed over the empty net from less than six yards.

Goalless at the turn, it was always going to take an extraordinary piece of

skill to break the deadlock, and with 15 minutes to go Cooper came up with the goods once again. A one-two with Stewart Fry and an elegant body-swerve made space for a cross of unnerving accuracy to the feet of Stevie Quick with just the keeper to beat. He couldn't miss and, despite his best efforts, he duly notched his first of the season. Their substitute went off to call the newspapers and TV stations but his toil was in vain as they were already there, sending out worldwide newflashes concerning the string of fine saves Paul Drew was pulling out of the bag.

As the game entered the closing minutes with LSE hanging on grimly for the points, it was no place for the faint-hearted. Perhaps that's why Rainbow Nelson limped off with a mysterious spi-

nal injury. A St John's ambulance man tended to the wounded soldier but tragically could find no sign of a backbone or heart. The ten brave men held on though and the first victory of the year was rightfully won. That's four points from four games in the UAU now and a win against IC next Wednesday could see a repeat of last years away day. Nic Jones is throbbing with anticipation at a chance to carry on his 'scoring' form of Reading and Paul Bradford is already planning his night of vagrancy. The double is looking more and more possible with each game and who knows what the UAU could hold in store. Incidentally, Steve Quick will be signing copies of his autobiography "Goal Machine" in Dillons on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock. Go early to avoid disappointment.



Another one of those footie photos

Photo: Joanna Arong

Fourths get five at UCL

Alex Mcleish

The inexorable success of the Fourths, largely undocumented in these hallowed pages (Blame your spoon-headed scouse captain, not us-Sports Editors), continued on Wednesday with a 5-0 mauling of UC 4ths. Although impressive in itself, this victory was rendered all the sweeter by the fact that the lacklustre, fat thirds had already fallen prey to our opponents 5-2.

In a vein attempt to bolster his flagging team, Alex "the fumble" Lowen had engaged in underhand pre-match manoeuvring with an attempt to entice star striker Andre Granditsch. He thought for half a second, then pronounced "I'd rather be a ball boy for the Fourths than King, President and Captain of the Thirds!" With such desperate tactics disposed of, the mighty Fourths arrived intact at UCL eager to continue their bewildering run of victories (7-0, 6-2, 2-0 etc). The glory boys of LSE football did not disappoint. The biggest hurdle they had to overcome was the sheer ugliness of UCL's centre-half, known as Quasimodo to his friends (Yeah, 'cos our Fourths centre-backs are the absolutely gorgeous pinheads Scouse and Ian). However this proved no problem for the 'no mercy' Fourths who were used to

such unsociable displays from certain Fifths goalkeepers. As the match got under way, the formidable Fourths went into battle mode. In what seemed the twinkling of an eye the fourths sheer talent, not to mention rugged good looks (you haven't got a clue have you?-Sports Eds), shone through the gloomy North London pitch as Thomas Grace floated one into the box for Adrian "the bullet" Vetta to delicately chip the keeper. Before long Sean Gollogly delivered to Andre in the box, who skilfully trapped the ball and nudged it to Vetta who drifted a peach onto Simon Virley for a glancing header into the bottom left corner-half-time 2-0. But were the murderous Fourths satisfied? NEVER! A rousing Agincourt-style "Once more into the breach" talk from skipper Scouse "ET" Gardiner and Sean whipped the mighty giant-killers into a goal frenzy. But first they had to withstand a concentrated effort from UCL, who came out on all (well both) cylinders. Nevertheless, the midfield of Thomas, Bill, Sean and Simon were so dominating that rumour had it they were taking lessons from Madame Whiplash and the back-four of Ed the nutter, Anil (dirty shit), Scouse (the martial) and Ian (ever wondered what happened to the Berlin Wall?) held firm. To be honest, UCL's shooting

was so bad it even made Alex "the cat" Mcleish (who really should be reminded of the backpass rule) look good.

And so the steamroller that is the Fourths played on as Simon Virley jinked down the right flank, whipped a cross over to "Quasi" who was cruelly dispossessed by Adrian who tucked in his second. Minutes later Vetta took on the whole defence and banged a low cross in for Granditsch to slide in for his first. Spectators remarked that they couldn't tell if it really was Granditsch or merely Le Tissier, further adding to the confusion in UCL's ranks. The goalfest was not over though as Andre "the goal is my life" made a cruel run on UC's defence, ducking and diving, bobbing and weaving, and finally caressing the ball in a loving embrace that curled into the roof of the net from 25+ yards. Several female observers fainted in admiration, but the Fourths took it in their stride. This win assured them of progress in the UAU, which they now bestride like a mighty colossus, but their sights are firmly set on the double, or treble if it exists. Watch out world, here we come! And by the way, if any of you morons didn't pick your maximum quota of Fourths players for Fantasy BeaverBall™, you may as well give up now.