

THE BEAVER

THE STUDENTS' UNION NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

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ISSUE 388



FREEDOM OF SPEECH? : LSE'S SPOILT FOR CHOICE

- * News
- * Opinions
- * Politics
- * Campus
- * What's On
- * Music
- * Arts
- * Classifieds
- * Sport

Jack, Labour Club, Baker Speaks, Thefts & Phones, Politicking, Busy Beaver, Newman & Baddiel Competition, London Film Festival, RBH, Anthrax, Whitney & Half Man Half Biscuit Live, Prog Rock Party, Club Noise, Super Heroes, Women in Sport, Match Reports & Harry

KENNEDY

Wedding Present

Union Jack

Jack trooped dutifully into the UGM with no great feeling of enthusiasm and no little feeling of hangover. His sense of foreboding only increased by Simon's announcing that we were not to be treated to a report from the constitution and steering committee. We sped cynically on regardless, hitting officers' reports at the hitherto unknown time of five past one.

Unfortunately Teshler, Lola et. al. were not in the mood to accept this new found fashion for brevity and proceeded to witter on in their traditional, long winded manner. Teshler informed us that we figured in the Queen's speech; wow, fame at last. During the ensuing uproar, while Jack was wondering whether he merited a personal mention courtesy of Her Majesty, Teshler informed us that those people laughing 'wouldn't be next year.' Scary.

Leandro 'resign' Moura informed us of the success of our anti-racist week. We had raised the vast sum of £74 through a strategy of high quality, low quantity events. Now, without being picky, Jack would like to recommend a similar strategy to Leo. No offence mate but your reports do tend in the direction of low quality, high quantity.

After Justin we were treated to yet another Kate Hampton performance. Now Jack and *la belle* Hampton have had their differences in the past but Jack feels he must take this opportunity to say enough's enough boys; by drowning her out you are depriving the UGM of a rare opportunity for amusement and Jack of an equally rare source of copy.

After the reports we discussed the imminent deportation of an LSE student, something which Jack feels he can't really joke about but doesn't really want to ignore. With that dealt with, he'll carry on. What followed all this seriousness was pitiful even by the low standards of the UGM, not one, not two but three unsuccessful attempts at prioritising motions. We were given the chance to discuss VAT on books, Students' Union reform and the NHS, in the end discussing all but one of these. Had the tiny brains pushing their motions desisted we would probably have discussed them all.

Almost inevitably we began with the first motion on the order paper. A motion which, strangely enough, we had already thrown out this very motion [on squatting] once already. Yes, you recall, that was the occasion when Richarduh...yeah... Horton honoured us with his thoughts. Well Leo obviously felt that we had not given the matter sufficient consideration and that the squatters deserved another chance. Apparently squatters are a very diverse collection of people who really don't deserve to be criminalised. As per last time James 'sylph-like' Atkinson disagreed. Also as per last time the motion fell. What was the point?

Anyway the swift falling of this motion meant we were able to move on to the NHS. Apparently unless we picket some hospital or other we are all going to turn into Germans and die of AIDs. Not a happy scenario. This is because, and Jack jests not, the German blood transfusion service bought sub-standard plasma containing the HIV virus due to its capitalistic bent. Obviously our [red] Ken had forgotten that the British blood transfusion service did the very same thing a few years ago.

VAT on books, interesting or what? We discussed it anyway, well, not to have granted Sarah Owen her heart's desire really would have been cruel. It was her third attempt after all.

Finally Jack has a question. What was ex-sabbatical Peter 'interesting' Harris doing taking all those photos of the balcony? Is he assembling his own rogues' gallery? Are the subjects of his photos the objects of his desire? Or, more sinisterly, is he assembling evidence for a mass disciplinary of all paper plane throwers? All answers gratefully received. And while Jack's in an inquisitory frame of mind, he can't but ask has Adrian 'friend of the people' May emigrated?

Tequila Sunrise For Deaville

Sarita Kharjuria

For the interest of anyone following the 'chequered' path of the Tequila events, there has been a new, and perhaps confusing, development. The 'new' angle is that Justin Deaville, Entertainments Sabbatical, has decided to adopt the running of the Tequila activities with new guidelines laid down by the School. Following the recent allegations and complaints regarding the mismanagement of the last Tequila Party, Deaville argues that it would be for the greater benefit of students, and prevent their exploitation, if the events were internally organized with lower ticket prices and better efficiency. He denies

any personal profit motive, stating that Entertainments are well within their budget. The 'confusing' element arises from the choice of advertising, i.e. to choose suspiciously similar logo/posters as the previous events have used. The rights to the logo do actually belong to the SU, but students should not be deceived, or perhaps confused, into believing that the Tequila events will be of the like organized by Nick Lambert and his predecessors. With another external Tequila event being organized for the same week, there may well be a sense of bewilderment pervading the School as to which is which; but under new and tighter advertising controls, such a

complicated situation may not arise. But, as was stated earlier, the purpose of holding the event within the School is for the benefit of the students.

Tickets will be cheaper, and the event will be localized to the Three Tuns. However certain stipulations have been made to try and avoid historic problems such as alcohol abuse, and the very much more unacceptable behaviour of rape. This means that despite the name of the event, Tequila will not be subsidised, and it is unlikely for there to be a bar extension. Lagers and bitters will however be reduced in price, and the event will begin earlier.

The argument for this is that Tequila is not a

substance that a majority of the students are familiar in drinking regularly; and therefore when the situation arises where it is cheap and plentiful, it is perhaps not surprising that many end up vomiting in the toilets etc. or suffering any other adverse effects. Between Justin Deaville, Jim Fagan, manager of the Tuns, and the School, a compromise has been made. "There's no reason why the students can't have a great party without losing control of the situation." Lambert was not around for comment, and Tequila may have a whole new meaning by the end of this term. It remains to be seen whether Deaville will be successful.

Love's Labour Lost - Why ?

Steve Roy

The LSE's Schapiro society last week brought two speakers together to try and establish why Labour lost the 1992 election, and more particularly, if the media was responsible for them so doing.

Arguing that Labour could still have won the election in spite of the media, Julie Hall, former press secretary to Neil Kinnock during the campaign, said that tabloid newspapers do exert a subliminal influence over voters, not just during the actual campaign, but through the 'continual drip...dripping of poison' from Conservative Central Office.

Praising the Conservative's long term campaign, which ran from November 1991 right up to election day, Ms. Hall highlighted the media's concentration on issues where the Conservatives are traditionally strong, namely taxation and law and order. Labour were forced to fight in their own half of the field, answering the Conservative's accusations, rather than setting their own agenda.

Ms. Hall stated that Neil Kinnock would have made a 'great Prime Minister', despite his lack of ministerial experience. She had no regrets about the Presidential style of campaign that Labour mounted, and argued that Labour campaigned very effectively on issues such as health and industry.

Richard Hefferman, co-author of a book on "De-

feat from the Jaws of Victory", the story of the 1992 campaign, put the case that the root cause of Labour's defeat stemmed back to 1985, as the party's leadership exerted much more dominance to the detriment of the grass-roots membership. Hefferman cited amusing Fleet Street stories to illustrate the bias the Tory press exerted, including a report from the Sun's psychic that if Atilla the Hun had been alive, he would have voted Labour, whilst Florence Nightingale would have been a Tory.

Hefferman was reminded, when he heard how professional the Labour campaign was thought to have been, of a line from Oscar Wilde: "The play was a great success, but the audience was a failure." Labour's biggest mistake was to allow the Tories to set the agenda. In every previous election this had happened, Labour had lost (79/83/87/92), whereas when Labour put a positive programme forward, as in 1945/64/74, Labour had won. Hefferman deserves great credit for not deliberately plugging his book.

Both speakers were agreed that the real losers of the 1992 election were the British citizens, for they had been denied adequate access to the real issues, partly by the media, and partly by the political spin-doctors, who, rightly or wrongly, seem set to play an ever increasing part in the British electoral system.



Julie Hall, speaking at the LSE.

Photo: Kaliq Nasir

News in Brief

All students will be required to pay an annual flat rate charge towards the cost of their courses, according to a scheme outlined last week by the National Commission of Education.

Under the proposals, each student would pay approximately 20% of the average cost of their university courses, about £500. This is significant because it is thought to be close to the government's own ideas for higher education funding.

According to the report, the present system of student support is unfair, with high income families receiving 10 times as much as low income ones in higher education subsidies. With maintenance grants frozen for three years, "the system is no longer working even for the restricted group at which it is targeted".

The proposed purchase of County Hall by a Japanese hotel group hit more problems last week

when it emerged that the new owners wanted to turn 60% of the building into a "children's education complex", widely thought to mean a video arcade.

Following the LSE's unsuccessful bid for County Hall last year, which was rejected partly because the hotel chain bid considerably more for the building, this latest row raises fresh doubts about the future of one of London's most prominent buildings.

Any prospect of the LSE renewing its interest in County Hall should the Japanese deal collapse seem remote. A spokesperson for the school said last week that should the Government come begging, they might be interested, but otherwise it was very unlikely.

The arcade scheme is in breach of the planning agreement with Lambeth Council, which is said only to have agreed to the sale on the condition that the building was to be used as a luxury hotel.

Baker Escapes With No Egg On Face

Phil Gomm

When Kenneth Baker spoke last Monday in the New Theatre, as a guest of the LSE Conservatives, he opened his address by thanking the Socialist Workers Party for so successfully advertising the visit. This was a comment on the SWP 'Wanted' posters that had been previously circulated, calling the former Secretary of State for Education in Mrs Thatcher's Government a thief, thug, vandal and racist. The poster stopped short of labeling Baker a murderer, but only just.

He recognised his political opponents in the audience, calling them "the last few enemies at the gate." The emphasis of his talk was a defence of Thatcherism. Privatisation was described not as "a marginal activity, but something central" to the Prime Minister's strategy. The failure to privatise British Rail was considered by the Speaker a "mistake." Baker also emphasised the 4% annual growth of the economy that occurred for 4 continuous years during the mid '80s. He spoke too of the Tories' aim of getting one in three school leavers to stay on in higher education by the end of the decade, as opposed to the one in thirteen which was the figure inherited from the previous Labour administration. Jeers from the crowd suggesting that the only reason people stayed on was because of the lack of jobs, was met with a comment of "loud voices, but short memories" from Baker.

Following the 25 minute speech Baker agreed to answer questions from the floor, and looked less at ease having departed from the

Something For Mr Neil....

Beaver Staff

Following the allegations of plagiarism ranged against the Politicking column last week, it seems that The Beaver is an important source of information to the Nationals. Last week's Sunday Times carried an article in the Atticus column highlighting Virginia Bottomley's 2nd place in the SU Honorary President elections. There seems little doubt that Andrew Neil 'lifted' the story from The Beaver which had reported the result 2 weeks earlier!

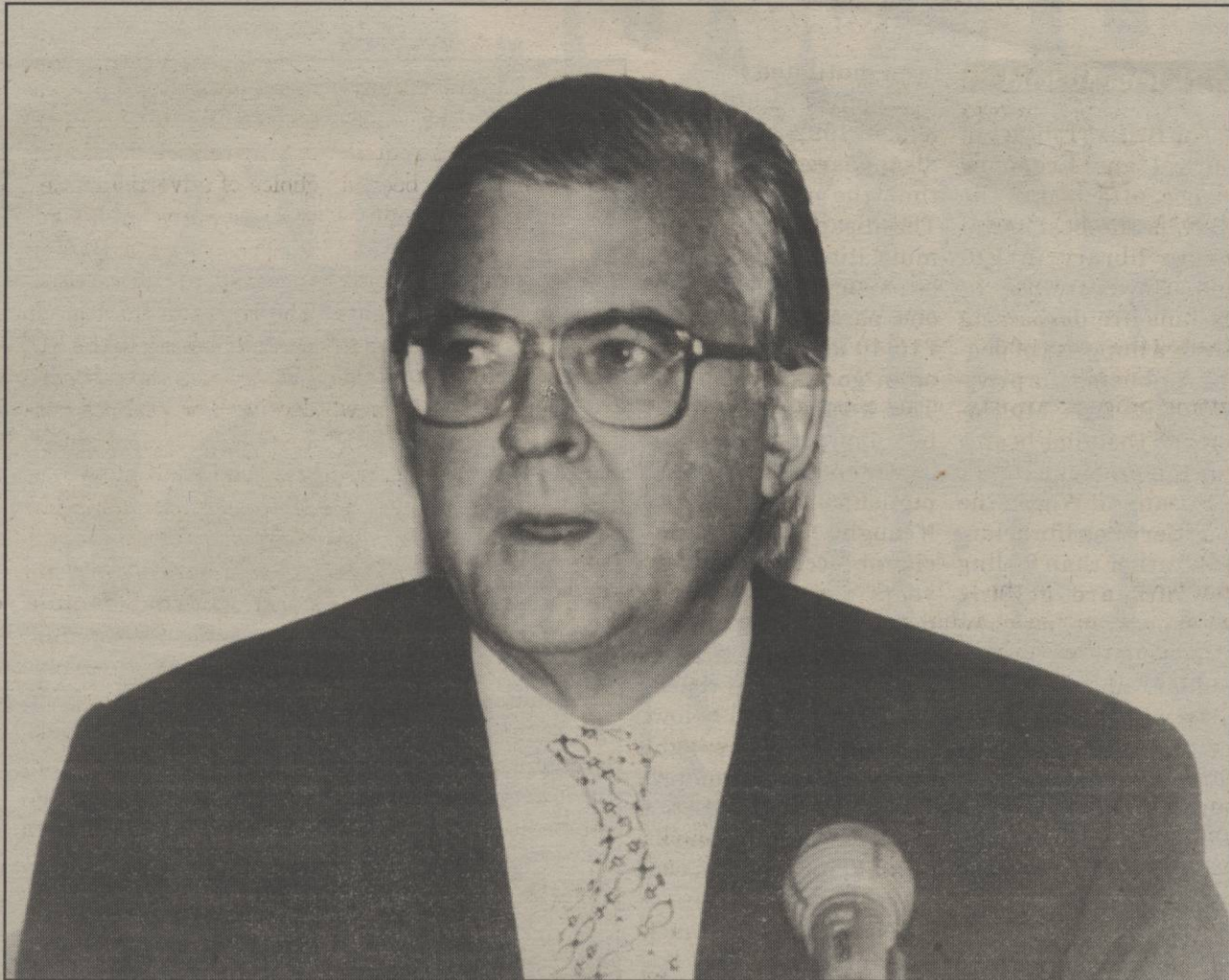
script. A comment by Baker in reply to a query on roads policy, was derided as "not having answered the question": the MP had to then sheepishly ask "What was the question?" Another comment, about the Government's complicity in the Matrix Churchill arms to Iran affair, elicited a vague answer that in this case "it wasn't corruption [as alleged by the questioner] in the sense that the word is normally used." At this point there was a chant of "let's see you squirm."

One woman, herself a long time Conservative supporter, requested that Baker go back to his colleagues with a message that single mothers should not be stigmatised. He acknowledged that the ills of society could not be blamed on them, and continued to advocate the recently instigated child support agency, insisting that "Fatherhood is for life." Not surprisingly, the retort came back, "Tell that to Cecil Parkinson."

Only at the last, while elucidating about Thatcher's removal from power, did Baker let slip about the publication of his memoirs saying that the answer could be found within its pages. Baker had allegedly been paid £45,000 by the Sunday Times for the serialisation of his book, a few weeks before the Thatcher account.

At the close of the meeting, a solitary egg was thrown, breaking on the wall above the head of the departing MP. But by this stage, most people were on their way out of the theatre, and the solitary photographer from the national press had at this point given up any hope of seeing another "Bottomley."

The Sunday Times included a quote from John Ashworth claiming that Bottomley had made a big impact on LSE students, but on whose authority this statement was made is questionable. Residents of Passfield may not be aware that the latest issue of Passnotes contains an item about witty things women should say to builders who make "smutty" remarks. An almost identical article appeared in an edition of the well-respected Sun newspaper last week, surely a remarkable coincidence.



Kenneth Baker, former member of Margaret Thatcher's cabinet, addressing a meeting of the LSE Conservative Club last Monday in the New Theatre. He took the opportunity not only to justify the former Thatcher Government, but also to plug his new book of memoirs.

Photo: Scott Wayne

No Split In Labour Club: Officials Deny Rumours

Paul Birrell

For those of you who saw last week's 'Politicking', you may have read about apparent splits in the Labour Club. These splits, it was inferred, threatened the creation of a new centre-left group, much along the lines of the short-lived, and now non-existent, Democratic Socialist Group. However there now seems to be little threat of a break up.

The split appears to be little more than a small group of freshers desperate for power, but without any real idea as to how to go about it. In fact so ineffective is the split that nothing has been mentioned of it at any of the meetings. Francisca Malaree, chair of the LSE Labour Club, said "I wish I knew about this... if they have any criticisms I wish they would bring them up at the meetings. Of course it worries me, but I think that it is a problem greatly exaggerated." Indeed, she stated that "the only real divide in the Labour Club is over football."

As far as a new splinter group goes, Francisca said that there was little

point to it; "there is no national structure for these groups, while people always know what we stand for." She thought that was one the reason why the Labour Club has been so successful - almost tripling their membership this year over last. It was this, as well as a great deal of "potential support in the student body who are sympathetic to left wing

ideas", which she claimed allowed so high a level of success in the recent student elections. Considering that only two years ago there was no Labour Club, this has been quite a success. Francisca feels secure in her position as chair for quite a while longer, although she "wouldn't say it was fun running the Labour Club - we get stick from the right and the left, because

the left hates us more than the Tories do." Nonetheless, the small number of 'Labour-rebels', of whom Nick Dearden, their self-styled leader, is one of the most vociferous, will continue their discontent but with little real threat of actually doing anything - the Beaver has heard he wouldn't even stand for their executive at their AGM. The story looks set to run.



Francisca Malaree, Chair of the LSE Labour Club, all smiles despite rumours of split.

Photo Steve East

BLPES Shrinks As Book Thefts Grow

Helena Mcleod

The British Library of Political and Economic Science, attached to the L.S.E, is the best social science library in Europe. However, the librarians are despairing at how a minority of people are abusing the privilege of its use. Mutilation and theft has been a growing problem.

Susannah Wight, the User Services librarian, said "rather than feeling students are getting worse every year we decided something had to be done." So a working party, which she is chairing, has been set up. The main problem is mutilation, scribbling on and highlighting books and also removal of pages by tearing and razor-blading.

The working party is carrying out a detailed survey of the scale of the problem and recommending action to be taken. In the year 1992/3 photocopies were requested of 1131 books, 382 serials and 326 off-prints because of missing pages. Of 1260 books from the Course Collection checked, 54% had been mutilated, on a single trolley load of 85 books returned 75% had

been mutilated.

Theft is also a problem: in 1992/3 395 books disappeared, 100 more than the previous year. The disappearance and mutilation of serials are of particular concern as one part costs between £10-40 and serials have often gone out of print. The working party will be submitting a report in January recommending punishment for students if caught. An extreme incident occurred a few years ago when a student was caught throwing books from an upstairs window of the library to a friend below, the culprit was caught when a confused motorcyclist reported that a book had landed on his head. The student was let off with a £50 fine.

Now there is no such lenient treatment. Although effective CCTV is too expensive routine checks are carried out on the lockers, and if any books are found hidden, the occupant will be evicted and banned from the library until the keys are returned. It is recommended that if people are caught smuggling out unauthorised books a note shall be sent to them and their department and the offence re-



The Library, scene of increasing thefts.

Photo: Beaver Staff

corded in their file. The offender will be required to pay the price of the book. Worse offences may meet with suspension from the library and fines of up to £200.

The Union shop have agreed to freeze re-ordering of 'touch knives', razor blades on pens, after

a request from the working party as they believe they could be used to extract pages. Susannah Wight realises the majority of students are not to blame and she appeals for them to freely give any suggestions about possible ways of tackling the problem of mutila-

tion and theft and the running of the library.

Theft is becoming a bigger problem in the school generally. There have been several incidents of bags being stolen from the Student Union cafe and the Brunch Bowl, and there have also been bike

thefts. Harry Edwards, the Facilities Manager, said the School is very concerned. Although the police have been informed there is little they can do apart from put up posters warning people to keep their possessions with them at all times.

Put Me Through To Passfield

Alan Davies

Passfield Hall will have telephones in each of its 165 rooms from January. The cost of the scheme, approved at a recent Inter-Halls Committee meeting, is reported to be around £20000. Residents will now be able to dial within the LSE, and receive incoming calls, from the comfort of their own rooms, a luxury which at present no other Hall is afforded.

The idea was first proposed by ex President of Passfield Vini Ghatate, whose exploits have been widely reported in this newspaper in recent times, back in November 1991. The proposal also means that there will be 5 incoming lines to reception, rather than 2 as at present. Anyone who has tried ringing Passfield will understand the frustration felt by many at the length of time it takes

to get through. Whether receptionists will be able to cope with the increased facilities is another matter.

Vini optimistically expects the 165 telephones to be installed in 'a week or two' in the Christmas vacation, ready for next term. The new Hall Committee are also exploring the possibility of getting some new payphones. At present there are just three public phones inside the building, serving almost two hundred students.

The arrival of the new telephones will coincide with the purchase of several IBM computers, which are to be put in all the main Halls of Residence in the near future. The new equipment represents something of a triumph for Ghatate, who has campaigned on this issue vigorously. Commenting on his success, he said "I am very excited and happy." Admitting no

regrets on his recent departures both from Passfield politics and Greenpeace, Vini said he was now getting down to some serious work and his mother was a lot happier with him.

The cost of the scheme works out at over £100 a phone, and many students from other Halls are asking, "If Passfield can have a phone in each room, why can't we?" Vini wanted to pay tribute to the work of Phil Gomm, Nick Kirby, and Ludwig Kanzler, the men who helped get the scheme off the ground.

The Beaver has in past weeks attempted to get a photograph of Vini Ghatate to let the whole of LSE know what he looks like. Unfortunately on numerous occasions he has proved elusive. If this continues to be the case, we will be writing to his mother, to personally ask for a photograph from his childhood.

ATTENTION

If you have a story for the News Desk, contact Phil or Steve in the Beaver Office (E197).

Remember, if it's in the Sunday Times, it was probably in the Beaver first!

Greenpeace Plugged Again

Beaver Staff

LSE's largest society Greenpeace has nearly finished its own LSE Greenpeace Green Audit. When it is published, it is hoped that the LSESU and the School's own administration will sit up and take notice.

Of course that is in the perfect world which most of us know we do not live in. With the LSESU's Finance and Services Officer, Lola Elerian, spending more time on finances than the environmental side of her job, and the school's environmental hotline usually answered by an answering machine, members of Greenpeace and the student body have the impression that the whole school is environmentally unfriendly.

The Library and the print room are the main bugbears for Greenpeace. The cost of recycled paper is one that they feel should be subsidised. Students are not going to appreci-

ate having to spend more money just to copy pages from books. There is also the case that most paper in photocopiers is free, whereas recycled paper costs money.

The large membership should show the Students Union that there is an issue here that transcends politics and as such Molly Pinkus, co-founder, states that "LSE Greenpeace is not an associate (political) society that is going to stand candidates in elections. It is an associate society, because it is a fundraising society."

Pinkus also states that with the society organised into 5 sub committees, the organisation is more streamlined and better suited to raising awareness of green issues at the LSE. "Global issues are important, and we will campaign on those, but we must concentrate on the LSE and promote the forthcoming Eco-Week commencing on January 24th, next year."

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MAC
IN THE
BOX

The Beaver

So 30 years ago today (Monday hopefully), our parents, or even some of you, may remember where you were when, ex alumni, John Fitzgerald Kennedy was shot in Dallas. Some of us younger people can remember where we were when Neil Armstrong made that "giant leap for mankind", others when the Berlin Wall came down and the resignation of Mrs Thatcher. Each of us has memories of incidents of history for whatever reasons occurred to us at the momentous time.

In the future how many of us will remember where we were when the Queens speech of 1993 was read. Apart from its shortness it was supposed to signal the end of the Students Unions as we know it but, as it turned out, I don't think anyone will remember anything about it, and that is very worrying for not only current students, but those who come after.

"My Government will introduce legislation.....to reform Students Unions." All that build up for a miserly 9 words. Now we are still as much in the dark as we were before the speech.

In last year's sabbatical elections, in fact come to think of it for the year before that, the term "Government White Paper" has been bandied around by all and sundry without any real idea what the Government has in mind only supposition. The Beaver would like to protect its right and those of Students Unions, to survive, but until we know what is actually being proposed, we are not, at the moment, going to pontificate on those 9 words.

**The Beaver
Collective Meeting
Weekly at 6.00pm
in C116**

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Returning Officer's Final Say on May Affair Punch Lines

Dear Sir,

At the risk of prolonging a near exhausted debate, I have to agree with Bernardo Duggan (Beaver, 8th November) that Adrian May's actions were the "most displeasing" I have ever seen in LSESU elections.

My opinion is formed not because May is a "Christian", nor because his excuses were "pathetic"; the reason for my dis-

pleasure, and the reason why I disqualified May, was the fact that his actions were a direct breach of the election rules, which all candidates agree to abide by.

Just like Andrew Patterson in last weeks 'Beaver', I have no difficulty in accepting May's explanation, but to allow unchecked such flagrant abuse of the rules, both written (no campaigning in the Old

Building foyer) and unwritten (one member, one vote), would only have served to encourage such behaviour in the future.

I can only hope the lengthy discourse as this subject has signified my intentions to run elections fairly and free of any "utterly incompetent cheats".

Yours,
T. James Brown
LSESU Returning
Officer

Dear Beaver,

Could someone who is close to Dr. Perlman please ask him to readmit jokes into his lectures? We started brilliantly with references to haircuts, the opera, shoes, and even Rembrandts - yes, the mirror overfloweth. Now alas we are subjected to a dry and humourless explanation of supply-side econ. Dr. Perlman will have noticed dwindling attendance so we appeal to you to chuck in a few chuckles.

Back row Econ B

A Comment On Last Week's Racism Feature

Dear Beaver,

In last week's Beaver Hasan Ali Imam wrote an article in which he put forward what he called a 'practical' solution to fighting racism. One of the proposals he had in mind was disussing and debating with Nazis such as members of the BNP. He says that we must listen to what they have to say and respond to their racist filth with reasoned and logical argument. Hasan then gives us two examples of how to reply to Nazi arguments, one of which is about the repatriation of all ethnic minorities in Britain. His reply to the question of expelling black people from this country is to talk about Malthus and

Dr Allen Hammond from the World Resource Institute.

What a load of liberal drivel. How does Hasan expect young black people facing racist abuse to communicate with these Nazis? Most fascists have never heard of Malthus or Dr Hammond!!! But even if they had heard of them, they're not going to stand around listening to your reasoned arguments about why Nazi ideology is wrong. Instead they're going to violently assault you. This is exactly what happened to Quddus Ali, a young Bengali man who is now lying in a coma, after being stabbed repeatedly by a group of racists. Sadly Quddus Ali did not have

the time to counter their views on repatriation with 'reasoned' argument. Neither did Rolan Adams, Ruhullah Aramesh, Stephen Lawrence, or Rohit Duggal, who were all murdered by racists.

It is quite clear in the minds of many people that Nazis cannot be reasoned with. That is why our Students Union and NUS support the policy of No Platform for Fascists. Because whenever these people air their views there is an increase in racist attacks leading to the murders of black people and those who oppose them.

The practical way in fighting racism is not by talking with Nazis but by

fighting them wherever they try and spread their filth. This is how we stopped them in the 1970s and is how we will stop them again. Further we must not just oppose the Nazis but also fight the racism inherent within Tory government policies, such as the Asylum Bill.

Unlike Hasan who is going back to Bangladesh, millions of black people have no other home than the one they have in this country. Like them I am here to stay and here to fight. This is the only practical solution to racism and not the liberal, religious one offered by Hasan.

Mubin Haq
SWSS

"Send them all back!" One Fat Tory Deserve Each Other

Dear Beaver,

For the first time in three years at the LSE I feel compelled to write to the Beaver. The reason for my outrage is One Fat Tory. After the interesting talk given by Keneth Baker I noticed OFT leave the New Theatre. Although I held my breath I could not help hearing him refer to Mr Baker's rather lame excuses concerning a Zairean political refugee that the High Court had rescued from from certain political persecution having been on his way to deportation courtesy of la Baker. What was OFT's response to the whole affair? "Send 'em all back. That's what I say.

I find it profoundly offensive that such at-

titudes exist within a supposedly enlightened community such as the LSE but I am not naive enough to think that they don't exist. I am more pissed off that I have to witness OFT and friends being bigoted. As an Asian from London I am very disturbed to find the most cosmopolitan and multi-racial society in the country scarred by outsiders who fear the harmony that existed, albeit tenuously, in London between black and white, Jew and Gentile. It's time a few home truths were stated: Like it or leave, or more honestly, like it or we'll send you back to Cheltenham minus your front teeth.

Yours,
Selman Ansari

Don't Knock the LSE Parties, They Are OK!

Dear Beaver,

"M"'s Comments on the LSE party scene are unfortunate to say the least. Any SU has a problem organizing events at a London college because of wide-ranging and competitive commercial alternatives, yet both students like the Hellfire and Butlers Wharf groups and the hard-working Justin Deaville try their damnest to come up with ents that can (and do) work.

Respect is due to those people for their commitment beyond the call of duty that invariably gets scant thanks and the kind of spineless (and, *quelle surprise*, anonymous) comments made by "M."

Nobody is stopping you from putting yourself on the line and organizing an event. Until you have some constructive contribu-

tions to make, give it a rest.

Ralph Wilde
President,
Butlers Wharf

Letters to the
Editor must
arrive by
6.00pm of the
Wednesday
preceding
publication.
They can be
posted in the
new Beaver
Post Boxes,
E-mailed, or
handed in to
LSESU
reception or the
Beaver Office in
E197.

Monarchy vs Republic: Is There a Choice?

Adam Morris

I, like many millions of people across the country, was disgusted by the infringement of personal freedom perpetrated by the Mirror Newspapers. The Royals are not treated with the respect accorded to any other Citizen of the United Kingdom, however they are criticized for being anything less than perfect. Over the last ten years there has been a 'dehumanization' of the members of the House of Windsor. I see them as Family with it's problems like any other, to expect them to live a perfect life because of their role in State would be to strip them of their humanity. I prefer that the problems experienced in their private life would remain in their private life, something I'm sure they agree in, however a view not held by the press.

With each incident, whether it be the photographs of Princess Di, or the alleged tapes

of Prince Charles, I ask myself whether Britain should continue as a Monarchy. I approach this question in a purely pragmatic fashion, for me there is no quasi-religious reverence for the Royals, and I come to the conclusion that we should remain a constitutional Monarchy. I hold this opinion for three basic reasons.

Firstly, the Royal Family are immensely popular worldwide, for this reason they draw numerous tourists into the country. I am not saying that they solely support the British tourist industry, however, they undoubtable provide a key reason for a foreigner to choose to visit Britain above any other European country. As Tourism is Britain's largest invisible export, we are talking about jeopardizing a considerable income of foreign currency in abandoning the Monarchy. Normally I am not in favour of government subsidy to

a particular industry, however, because we gain so much capital for a relatively low investment and because of the other reasons in this article, I am willing to endorse the State supporting the Royal Family.

Secondly, I do believe that the Queen does an excellent job. I also believe that Prince Charles will continue in the same vein on his succession. The Queen acts as head of State, the Church of England, the armed forces etc..., in this capacity she has shown to be impartial, but concerned in her role.

My final defence of the Monarchy is that I do not think that the nation can be served either economically, or constitutionally better than the present situation. A Presidency has it's own problems and pressures as we can see in France at the moment. If we allocate a minor role to that person who fills the position as Head of State,

such as Germany does to it's President, we shall wind a vacuum of duties now being filled by the Royal Family. One example of these duties are the several diplomatic foreign visits undertaken by the Royal Family each year...Who would conduct these duties? To sum up this argument I am bound to ask...Why fix it if it ain't broke?

Therefore to conclude, at the present time we are best served by a Monarchy, it is possible to argue in purely pragmatic terms, as I have above, that change is neither necessary, desirable or inevitable. I have not appealed to conservatism in the sense of the continuation of Institutions, or an undoubted reverence for the Monarchy, I leave those arguments to others. And so until the day it becomes obvious to me or the electorate that we should become a Republic God Save The Queen.

POLITICKING...

Somebody is missing from Chelsea now that we are not in an election year. Yes, it is that lifetime Chelsea fan and boy from Brixton, John Major. POLITICKING hears that he is no longer so keen to be there on Saturday afternoons as he was in early 1992. David Mellor, however, is still to be found at Stamford Bridge enjoying the hospitality of Master Bate the Chelsea chairman. He, too, claims some sort of lifetime allegiance to the team but not everybody has forgotten how he made similar claims about Fulham in the early eighties when they were looking healthier than now. The key to his change of preference? Something to do with changes of boundary in his Putney constituency. However, he is probably more suited to Chelsea; massively overrated, performing badly and about to be relegated.

Legislation concerning the changes in Sunday trading may provide some interesting situations during the forthcoming months. Much of the Cabinet is said to favour complete deregulation of trading hours, although there are the religious right such as John Gummer who managed object to almost everything on theological grounds. POLITICKING draws your attention to most interesting clash of interests where one man manages to agree with all three proposals, Tim Sainsbury. As a Cabinet member he is likely to support complete deregulation, as a member of the board of J. Sainsbury plc. he is likely to support partial deregulation as a good Christian man he is likely to support tightening up the Sunday laws. Poor Tim will no doubt be spending much time with deciding which option will be most valuable to him in the long term, in this world and the next.

John Major's reshuffling plans are to be aided by the retirement of three key figures in the next 18 months. It seems that provided he can continue to hold on to his job by default Major is planning a reshuffle for spring 1995 in preparation for a 1996 general election. Those three men to retire are Douglas Hurd, Peter Brooke and Lord Wakeham, who still c an alarming number of Cabinet committees for an unelected politician. One expected not last that long is William Waldegrave, not exactly a Major fan and provider of interesting evidence to the Scott inquiry into arms to Iraq, who has POLITICKING learns taken to p his wife from work at regular intervals to assure her he still has a job.

The Thatcher book to buy is worth 25, the Thatcher book with a signature from herself worth considerably less, but POLITICKING has been told of a copy of the tome that has about £600 at auction. Was this at some Home Counties Tory local party? No, it was the somewhat surprising location of Labour soft-left weekly TRIBUNE and a fundraising bash book was signed not by the author, but by (amongst others) Michael Foot. Regular readers this column will recall that Foot was the recipient of some uncharacteristic praise Mrs Thatcher, along the lines of "If I did not think it would offend him I would say he was a gentleman". At said bash Foot replied on the title page, "If I thought it were true I say she was a lady."

College POLITICKING. Not all of the L.S.E. Tories are proud of their political affiliations. One of their member, Chris Parry, seems to enjoy the U.G.M. as much as the rest of them, but when in conversation about his politics he has some interesting comments. Originally he said he only voted Conservative in the general election because otherwise there would not be a United Kingdom for Labour to govern. He soon changed his position saying he was only a member of the Tory group to infiltrate it, a few days later he said yes he was a Tory, but a middle of the road Hesletine type Tory. When waving a poster saying 'We love you Ginny', he says he was being sarcastic. It seems that the Tory skill for recruiting vulnerable and confused young people is alive and kicking.

Political Dictionary

Knee-jerk: reactions not approved of.

Leader of the World: When it isn't enough to describe the President of USA as the leader of the 'most powerful nation

of the World'.

Leak: Selective and anonymous conducting of information to news media. Not to be confused with urination.

Limiting Government: Cutting social (but not

military) programs.

Loony Left: Old phrase, popular with Tories, used to label strong opponents as beyond reason.

Low income: Poor

Low-intensity conflict:

"Low-intensity" except for the people being bombed, staffed, kidnapped, tortured etc.

Loyal: Dependably obedient.

Lying to the UGM: See last year's Gen Sec.

NAFTA's Not Naff: As the US Says Yes

Trooper Saunders

The success of the North American Free Trade Agreement sends a powerful message: the United States is moving forward, willing to compete and able to succeed in the global economy. NAFTA's success reaffirms America's commitment to and leadership in the global economy.

Opponents of NAFTA said the treaty would send American jobs to Mexico

producing a "great sucking sound" as greedy American business exploits cheap Mexican labor. Over zealous NAFTA supporters made equally exaggerated claims. In truth NAFTA will bring about mild economic gains. The greatest benefit is political. NAFTA shows that America can get its house in order. The great economic gains will come when American leadership strengthens APEC and helps conclude the

Uruguay Round of the GATT.

The Asian Pacific Economic Cooperation group links the economies of North America and Asia. By the year 2000 APEC will be larger than the G-7 and will dominate US trade. The Uruguay Round of the GATT, intended to liberalize world trade, must be completed by December 15. Successful completion of GATT will open world markets to world produc-

ers. The bottom line is that greater access to world markets means more sales for American business and more jobs for American workers.

NAFTA's success gives America the "moral" authority to lead the world towards greater economic cooperation. To those hoping to turn back to an age of isolation and protection, NAFTA sends a clear message, free trade is here to stay.

Busy Beaver

Hello folks, BB here again. Well, what a week! Looks like the library's been popular recently, but BB has been doing his homework too. My motto in life is one of freedom of information and the public's right to be embarrassed, so any gossip will be gratefully received. Just drop me a line. Friday night saw BB in a bit of a state, having consumed half a lager top (and following in the footsteps of our "Bubbly" 1st team captain - but let's face it, BIRDS LOVE IT and "two out of three ain't bad"...). Indeed, Kings was the place to be, but unfortunately Mr Bog Roll and ex-Ents Sabbatical Brownie went for an alternative liaison with the police, following a playful fight on the Strand. In fact, LSE students were highly popular with the boys in blue that night, with Big Bill and a certain Tuns barmaid being asked what exactly they were doing standing on the Aldwych at two in the morning (with their skirts round their necks and their knickers round their ankles.....allegedly). And who was the dirty slapper from Strand who was seen with Andy Pandy, our very own football club captain? Moving on, Monday night saw the annual Tory piss-up, in celebration of the safe arrival and departure of Kenny Baker. Not a rumpus affair, you might think, and you'd be right. However, as the evening progressed, so did the Fascist alcohol consumption: quote of the evening must go to Big Boy Fatkinson with "I used to be a Liberal" but now I just eat all the pies....BB noted that the ever-present Tory hack Madame Norris left early that night, probably for an intimate dinner date with an ex-MP.....more on this will follow pending information. BB hates to discuss ex-students, particularly of the wan-kar variety, but I felt I had to express my deepest sympathies (from the bottom of my arse!) to the Peeved Peake whose disc jockey career came tumbling down when he was told he was not good enough even for a Rosebery party. What a fucking shame! BB is all gossiped out apart from to say that when the sacks get full, empty them ('cos they love it!) - and remember to tell me about it!!!! PS George - keep emptying them in Sheba!

Busy Beaver

Do you have any gossip you would like to share with the rest of LSE? If so, BB would like to hear from you. Simply post your tittle-tattle to the following address: Busy Beaver, C/O The Campus Editors via the Beaver Collection boxes or drop us a line via the vax. So simple, even Martin Stupid could do it.....

Live And In Pieces

Following the success of the recent BBC 2 Series **Newman and Baddiel in Pieces**, Rob Newman and David Baddiel are going out on tour and selling out like they were the new Take That.

The live show is more than just a live stand-up show; the **Live and in Pieces Tour** combines stand-up with sketches specially written and directed for the live stage, needing a touring crew of 15 to handle the equipment and stage-management.

The tour follows up their successful last tour with a new type of performance made famous by such American comics as Robin Williams and Eddie Murphy, that is, performing in the round.

There is also an at-

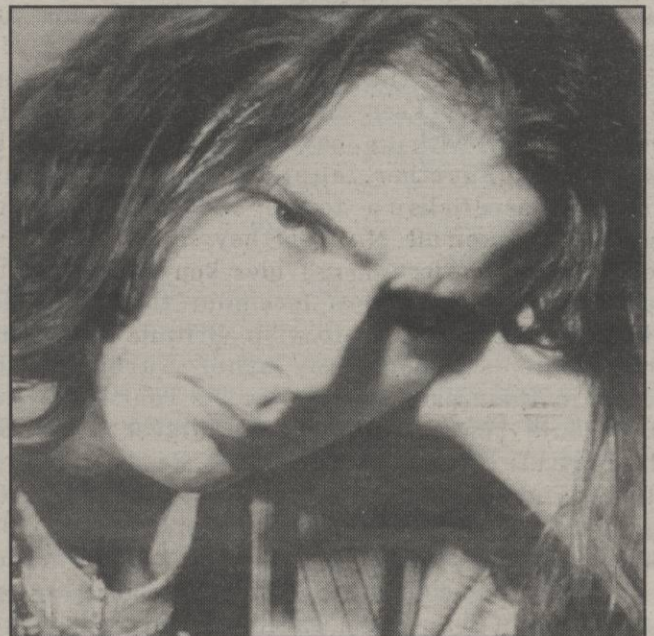
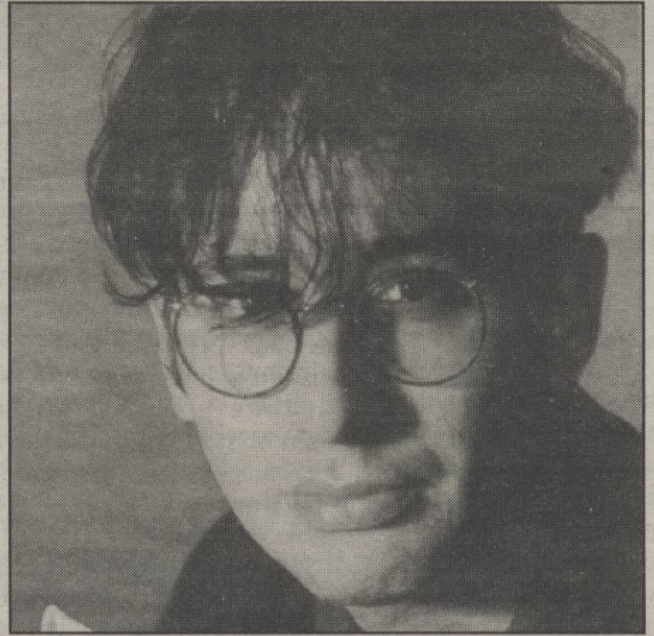
tempt at a world record for a video release which will happen at the last gig of the tour at Wembley on December 10th. A gig which you can go and see at reduced cost courtesy of The Beaver and "Newman and Baddiel", by taking a copy of this week's paper to the Virgin Megastore, Oxford Street. There they will relieve you of only £12.50 for a ticket, a saving of £5..... As you do!

To celebrate the attempt at the video world record, The Beaver has three limited edition copies of this video to be released by Vision Video Ltd on the 17th December, valued at £14.99 to give away. All you have to do is answer the questions below and put them in the Beaver postboxes or the Beaver office E197.

Newman & Baddiel Competition

1. Who were the other double act on the Mary Whitehouse Experience?
2. Name the two Professors in the sketch "History Today"?
3. Where is the last show of the Live and in Pieces tour?

Answers on paper to The Beaver through the usual channels



Living By Numbers

Ron Voce

"Get someone who knows about maths," she said over the phone. "It'll be easier for them to review it."

Well, as no mathematicians were forthcoming at the collective (that says something about the collective), and as I said we would review it, here goes a review on *Dead Reckoning - Calculating without Instruments* by Ronald W. Doerfler.

In days of old when nights were bold and GCSE's hadn't been invented, I had the pleasure of sitting the first O level maths exam which provided the candidates with a standard calculator along with the usual Logarithm tables. Eight years later, my best friend took the GCSE and calculators are commonplace in exams. Doerfler argues that the best calculator is that mass of synapses in between you ears, the human brain.

I have to admit that not having finished either of the two maths papers all those years ago (1981) and managing to wangle a grade C I

thought I was the next Einstein. The first triple A level maths class soon had me diving for the refuge of the slaughterhouse and the long and winding road to LSE. This book, therefore, is for those people who just want to improve their calculation skills without the use of the calculator, not just the super calculators of Maths, Stats and Computer degrees.

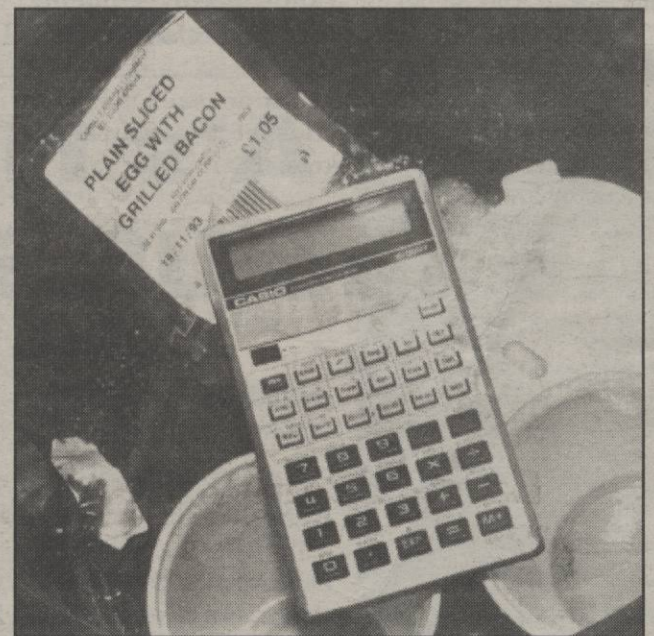
Doerfler starts off with basics - addition and subtraction of large numbers and the shortcuts involved. Soon multiplication and divisions are being knocked off with ease. These are not just the simple sums of $2+2=4$, but multiple-digit calculations made simple by a well-ordered path of stages, almost like a computer program.

As the book progresses onto roots of numbers, the calculations become more complex and some of the notations are a little difficult to follow if you haven't some knowledge of mathematical notation. Logarithms and trigonometric functions end the book and these are definitely for the hard nosed maths

buffs, but do not despair.

Think of it this way. Buy this book put it on your coffee table and see your friends despair as they think you've obviously read it, understand it and are actually more intelligent than they at first thought. Well, you're intelligent enough to buy

it to make your friends feel small. On the other hand it is a good book if you fancy improving your calculating skills without using your middle digit for punching a keyboard. From one without maths skills to another who has, thanks.



The best place for the calculator? Photo: Pam Keenan

The Beaver would like to say that in last week's article by David Whippe, Raj Jethwa says he was misquoted and in fact never said the quote attributed to him.

WHAT'S ON * WHAT'S ON

The Definitive Weekly Guide For LSE Students Covering All LSE & London Specials
Guide 8 - For Micheltmas Term 1993 - November 22nd - November 28th

Monday 22nd

1pm. A85. Chaplaincy Lecture. Mr. Andreas Whittam-Smith, Editor, The Independent. "The Media and the Individual".

The only place to watch regular Monday night football is in the Underground. Whether you are still drowning your sorrows over the state of British soccer or are still celebrating England going out, the regular drinks promotion will make it all the easier. See posters for exactly who is playing, bound to be 7.30pm, though.

Tuesday 23rd

"Sex, Spirituality, and AIDS" The Revd Dr. Bernard Lynch SMA. Priest, Psychotherapist & author. Channel 4 Documentaries: "AIDS: A Priest's Testament", "A Priest on Trial" (book published 1993), "Soul Survivor". Chair; Rev Liz Waller. 6pm. in the Graham Wallis Room as part of the "Individual and the Community" series of public lectures.

The European Society welcomes all to come to "EC Market, Access For Developing Countries", a lecture by Sheila Page of the Overseas Development Institute. 5pm in the Vera Anstey Room.

LSE Demos present Geoff Mulgan. He will be discussing "Reconnecting Tax" at 5pm. See posters for venue.

The next Jazz Society jam session will be held today in the Underground. I could say that glass jars are optional but that would be way too funny.

Wednesday 24th

2-4pm. A44. AIESEC hold their A.G.M. and annual elections.

Now who says the LSE doesn't give you choice and plans ahead? What are you going to do tonight...

1... Japan Night 1993!! Taking place in A85 tonight will be an evening full of er... Japanese things. Well, there will be loads of Japanese food and an all-participating quiz (whatever that means?) but at least you can win a prize! Tickets go on sale shortly.

2... Dress the decade and dance the night away to hits from the past at the Recycled Dance Night at L'Equipe Anglaise. So ransack your wardrobe for clothes you thought you'd never wear again and pogo, twist, jive and stomp (wot no shag??) your way through the years till 3.30 in the morning. All proceeds from the evening go to environmental pressure group Friends of the Earth. Tickets: £8 in advance, £10 on the door. Phone

071 566 1606 for details/tickets.

3... To commemorate the 50th anniversary of their independence, the Lebanese Society invites you to its Lebanese Evening. From 7.30pm in The Cafe and Quad, prices are £6 for members and £8 otherwise.

4... The Italian Society present Tutti Frutti. An evening at Turnmills club dancing the night away to '60s and '70s hits, reggae and soul, latin rhythms and whatever else The Face says is 'cool' this week. Party from 9 till 3; members £4, non-members a fiver.

5... The Rag Society hold their usual Film Night with proceeds going to the Rag charities. The films have yet to be confirmed, but usual prices apply. Ever get the feeling attendances are going to be low

Thursday 25th

The Fabian Society present Frank Field MP speaking in favour of a Lib-Lab pact. All are welcome.

The Schapiro Club will be asking "Do the British People have too many Rights?" To discover the answer be in the New Theatre at 5.30pm.

From the team that brought you Gary's Pants and The Pisshead Olympics (amongst other infamous events)...

7.30pm in the Underground... (Prog) Rock Party. "GET THE HORN-COME TO THE PARTY"... Cheap drink, orb, cheap drink, flashing lights (and things), cheap drinks, Led Zep, cheap drink, silly hair, cheap drink. Bring anything you desperately want the DJ to play (except scrabble).

"There won't be a dry seat in the house"-Mine.

N.B. The drinks are not expensive. A quid in, tickets on the door or from the table in the Tuns. See the one with long hair sitting next to the one with no hair (you know the ones).

Friday 26th

Mini-Rag Day... Don't know much about this one only that it's going to be a Jurassic sized event. Bound to be absailing though.

Guess what disco is on in the Underground tonight? Remember the one playing all those "great" tunes from decades past? The ones you heard last week? The Time Tunnel, still free, still in the Underground, still drink promos. But, wait for it... A midnight bar extension, worth waiting for or what?

Saturday 27th

This Saturday marks the return of the Passfield Party. Usual subsidy, usual entry rules, usual prices, usual late extension, usual drunkenness, usual Hall party.

Sunday 28th

There are rumours of something actually happening this Sunday!! Although unconfirmed according to official sources, the LSE Pakistan Soc. invites you all to its Winter Ball at the Hilton-Kensington no less. Featuring a top band and national DJs, the event is black tie or traditional dress. 8 'til late, see posters for more details.

If you have an event to publicise on these pages, drop Nick Fletcher a line at the Beaver office, Room E197, or shove it in one of the Beaver collection offices.

Time Out

MAGAZINE

This week Julie Emery comes over all festive, says "ho, ho, ho" a lot and comes up with some ideas for Christmas shopping

Christmas comes but once a year, thank God. But even those of us who can't stand Christmas can't escape it: I've been known to spend the entire festive season in far-off Muslim countries just to get away from the enforced jollity of it all. But all that happened was I ended up having about ten pretend Christmases because my family and friends insisted on seeing me before I went, for that dreaded age-old Christmas tradition: swopping presents. This year I've decided to give in gracefully and at least try and do some shopping early: one year I bought all my presents in Waterloo Station on Christmas Eve. So, armed with the free Time Out Christmas Shopping Guide (such a cheap plug), let's take a look at some of the grooviest, if not cheapest, presents around.

The Museum Store in Covent Garden is a great place for presents. Filled with gifts from museum shops around the world, stock includes Wizard of Oz T-shirts, mugs festooned with the mugs of the Carry On team, and reproduction books with titles such as "How To Use The Telephone, by a Journalist" and "Bugs and Their Edible Uses".

American Retro in Old Compton Street and Authentics in Monmouth Street are both full of designer bits and pieces, some of them more useful than others. A chrome tissue box for £15.99 from Authentics must surely be the present for the person who has everything, whereas Tin Tin freaks will love their slippers, even if they do cost £29.99. American Retro is good for jewellery and stocking fillers, such as '50s postcard books for £2.90.

Head south to Clapham to Zeitgeist, a shop crammed with weird and wonderful gifts, jewellery and furniture from around the world. Their duck and whale bath plugs (£5 each) make a brilliant present for people who spend hours in the bath. Like me.

Records and CDs always make good pressies: one of Time Out's fave albums of the year is Bjork's "Debut". Me, I'd recommend Paul Weller's "Wild Wood", "Come On Feel The Lemonheads" by, um, The Lemonheads, and "Burger Habit" by Sensation. However, buying Bjork records for your grandad is not recommended: how about "Rave Dance Compilation Number 299"? Or, if you really can't stand someone, like your spotty younger cousin, but them the 2 Unlimited album.

Weird and wonderful present ideas include a voucher for a go on a Wynchglide (whatever that is) at the London Gliding Club for £9 or an Aerotow for £23. Mysteries and Equinox, both in Covent Garden, both supply birth charts and astrological profiles: perfect for Russell Grant wannabes.

Or you could just be a dead boring bastard and buy socks.

Time Out

5 Live Bands on the Cheap

My Life Story Kingston 7pm
ULU, Malet Street, WC1. Saturday 27 November

Thursday 25 November

Goats Don't Shave East Slope Bar, University of Sussex Falmer, Brighton 7pm
Windeyer Cafe Bar, 46 Cleveland Street, W1. Saturday 27 November

Friday 26 November

Funking Barstewards City University SU Northampton Square, EC1 8pm
Kingston University Penrhyn Road Bar, Thursday 25 November

Epics and Odysseys in L.A.

Dennis Lim

My first experience with the London Film Festival is turning out to be far from pleasant. I'd already been queuing in the bloody cold for close to an hour for tickets to Robert Altman's much-hyped (and completely sold out) new film "Short Cuts" and a man from the Odeon West End is smugly complimenting those of us 'at this end of the queue' for our optimism. It wasn't a complete waste of time though, I console myself, at least I got to see Robert Altman up close as he was hurriedly whisked past us into the cinema. But miraculously, mere minutes before the screening begins, the queue starts to move - apparently some people have decided that they have better things to do on a Saturday night than watch a Robert Altman film. Apparently some people are dead thick.

Robert Altman is very much back in vogue - and about time too. Last year's "The Player" was a much-deserved kick up Hollywood's arse - a witty, stylish pisstake, which got away with it. Now comes "Short Cuts", an epic which draws inspiration from several Raymond Carver short stories and which many are rightly calling Altman's most ambitious work to date. It looks at a few days in the lives of a seemingly arbitrary group of peo-



ple whose lives - wittingly and unwittingly - intersect and overlap. The closest comparison I can think of isn't a terribly flattering one - Lawrence Kasdan's "Grand Canyon", but rest assured that "Short Cuts", although far more ambitious, also works far better.

Short stories don't often transfer well to the big screen and sticking some of them together did seem like a potentially disastrous idea, but in "Short Cuts", Altman and co-writer Frank Barhydt have come up with more than a mere adaptation. For starters, they've done a whole lot more than stick together some short stories. Altman has woven an intricate web linking - directly or indirectly - characters

from separate stories and transplanted them all in (where else?) present-day Los Angeles.

There are so many characters (over twenty) that it's almost a third into the film before all the relationships are clearly defined. A couple whose young son lies in a coma after being hit by a car. Their neighbours - incompatible mother and daughter musicians. Their pool-cleaner and his wife - a housewife and mother-cum-phone sex operator. The pool-cleaner's buddy (a crazy make-up artist) and his wife, whose mother was driving the car which hit the boy. The boy's guilt-ridden grandfather. The baker who has made the boy's birthday cake. A rotten, moronic, unintentionally hilarious po-

liceman. His girlfriend, her kid and her ex - a psychotic pilot. The policeman's kids. His dog. His long-suffering wife. Her sister, a painter. Her husband, a doctor, who happens to be treating the boy.

That isn't all - but, as you can see, it would be infinitely easier to describe this using a family-tree-type diagram and it would be impossible to go on without making even more multiple cross-references.

The film's greatest shortcoming will only be apparent to those familiar with the Carver short stories which form the foundation for "Short Cuts". Raymond Carver was an exceptional writer - some of the stories Altman chose for this film were among his best and most resonant

and Carver purists may well be furious at the shoddy treatment given to some of them. Some are altered beyond recognition ("They're Not Your Husband" retains its two key characters but very little else), others reduced to flimsy, moderately interesting sidepieces ("Neighbors" in such diluted form really doesn't merit inclusion). The pathos and depth so evident in Carver's deceptively simple style are conspicuously absent in portions of the film. But it is difficult to see even the most puritan of Carver fans unhappy with Altman's relatively faithful adaptation of "So Much Water So Close To Home" (about three men who find a corpse on a fishing trip) and, best of the lot, "A Small, Good Thing" (which ingeniously borrows a character from another Carver story).

Ironically, what you may also come to realize if you have read the Carver originals is Robert Altman's genius. The stories are spliced together in sickeningly clever fashion. Most of the characters are identifiably Carver's (Altman only creates two new ones), but Altman has added as many dimensions to Carver's creations as he's taken away from them and he leaves his stamp indelibly on the proceedings - throwing in some subtle satire and a dark, offbeat humour.

In Jennifer Jason Leigh, Tim Robbins and Andie McDowell, Altman is fortunate to have three of Hollywood's most consistent performers. Leigh is

marvellous as the phone sex operator who, while cleaning up baby puke, instructs men to tie rubber bands round their dicks and then snap them. Robbins, who appears to have a monopoly on the best 'arsehole roles' (see "Bob Roberts", "The Player", "Bull Durham"), is a policeman this time around - sort of like Harvey Keitel's "Bad Lieutenant" - only a lot funnier and minus all the laborious shooting-up. And McDowell's already-impressive repertoire is given yet another boost by her portrayal of the anxious, tormented, grief-stricken mother.

The casting is inspired - astonishingly, everyone is impeccable. There is a bottomless reservoir of talent at work here - Jack Lemmon, Lily Tomlin, Tom Waits, Fred Ward, Bruce Davison, Anne Archer. It's especially heartening to see Tomlin (almost always goofy and gawky) and Archer (too often consigned to the anonymous supporting role of leading-man's-wife) being cast against type. As is quite important in a project so multifarious and of such staggering magnitude, no one outshines anyone else.

The L.A. in "Short Cuts" is plagued with a medfly epidemic and the opening scene sees the city being sprayed with insecticide. From the outset, Altman embeds in the film a foreboding sense of disaster, which is, in a way, confirmed near the end - in the almost surreal earthquake sequence.

At the end of it all, when you take a step back and view "Short Cuts" as a whole, you will somehow feel small and insignificant in the face of such a huge, holistic experience - a classic example of the whole being far greater than the sum of its parts. "Short Cuts" is about people, it's about chance - more accurately, it's about how chance affects people and leaves them helpless in the grand scheme of things. Most films have trouble sustaining interest over 90 minutes; "Short Cuts" is 184 minutes long, but seemed like less than half that, and from the rapturous applause at its close, it's safe to say that I was not alone in wishing that it could have gone on all night.

It's a Shame About Ray

Deborah Goldemberg

Satyajit Ray is India's greatest film director. He died in April 1992, after receiving an honorary American Academy Award for his life's work and an Akira Kurosawa Award in Japan.

The Stranger, his last film, was made in 1991, when he was 70 years old and very ill. So often acclaimed for his highly skilled classical humanist style, in this film, probably due to the proximity of his death, he expresses his view of the world and humanity in a most touching way. He deals with themes such as trust and the crucial influence of the 'capitalist way of life' on human relationships, with a surprising lack of bitterness

and an inspiring amount of hope.

From the very first scene the viewer is presented with a completely different experience. The budget of the film was noticeably low, something which strikes the viewer who is used to the modern film industry kind of film. But the genius of the director manages to twist this fact from being a disadvantage to being a crucial factor in the success of the film. Through simplifying the surface action of the film and concentrating on the reactions of the characters, music and environment the spectator is soon immersed in the mood and general theme of the film.

We are presented with a typical middle-class Indian family. The wife,

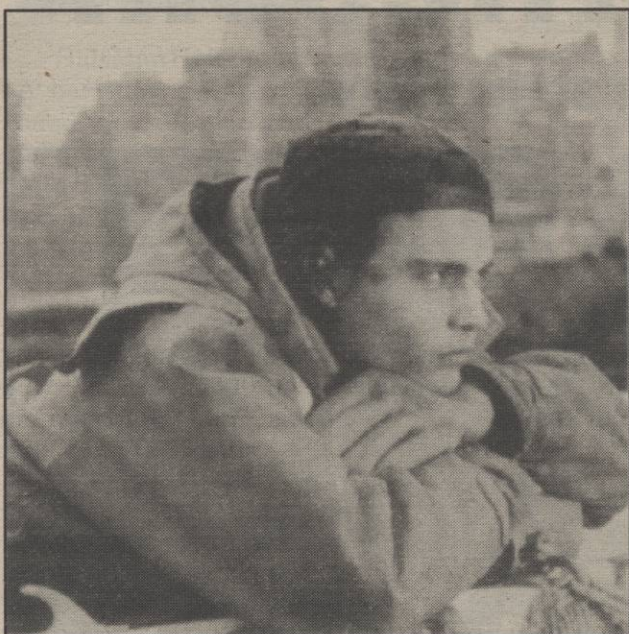
named Anita, has just received a letter from her maternal uncle, Manomohan Mitra, whom she has never met but who is a legend in her family. The young man who, 35 years ago at the age of 23 with all prospects of a successful career, left home to travel around the world. 'Wanderlust', as he explains with a word learnt in Germany, one of the many countries he has lived in. Other than Europe, and more importantly, he has spent much time living with primitive tribes in India, North and South America, making him an anthropologist with the soul of a savage.

The character of Manomohan is larger than life. The actor Utpac Dutt remarkably demon-

strates what this man of intellect with the heart of a savage has to say about the world and civilisation in a strikingly humble manner. To match him, actress Mamata Shankar has one of the most expressive faces I have seen in a long time, and through her simple and sincere character Anita places the concepts introduced by Manomohan into the perspective of a woman.

The acting, the subtlety and simplicity with which the themes are dealt, and the genius of the technical direction of the film make it an experience. All the colours and magic build up throughout the film and make it a lesson to some directors. Playing now at the Renoir cinema.

I Wish They All Could Be Arizona



Jonny Depp contemplates Flying Fish

Photo:LFF

Moving Bodies!

Ron Voce

Newton's First Law of Motion states that bodies react when a force is enacted on them whether at rest or in motion.

With the film festival drawing to a close I've been attending more of the proper afternoon public screenings, rather than the morning press screenings. "Bodies, Rest & Motion" was being shown at the Odeon West End and at last a film got more of a reaction than just a critical nod from us supposed know-it-alls.

This film is set in Enfield, Texas, population 91,426. This is pretty irrelevant, but then like most of the facts of this film they are all pretty irrelevant. The four characters are just hanging around Enfield waiting for something to happen and boy when it happens, small town America has never looked so boringly like small town worldsville. This film is about taking chances, not taking chances, staying where you are, rather than moving because it's safe where you are. It's about risk.

From the minute you see Nick (Tim Roth) being his sleazy self with his neighbour and ex-girlfriend Carol, whilst his current girlfriend Bridget Fonda is driving home from work you think you're seeing Roth playing a young Keitel, all mean moody and still in the black suit. Nick and Carol had been moving from San Antonio to Seattle, fell out in Enfield and stayed here three years ago. Nick is now living with Beth (Fonda) Carol's best friend. Nick also wants

to move again to Butte, Montana..... "the town of the future".

Carol is upset as she is happy here and doesn't want to leave, but she has a yearning still for Nick. Beth too is not keen as she wants to make the decision for herself. But as Nick has been sacked from his job selling TV's he has presented her with a fait accompli. He presents her with a TV as a present and then runs.

He runs to find his parents who hasn't seen for years and to make peace with them. Carol is left to tell Beth of his departure, whilst holding in her own feelings. Beth turns to the fourth character in the film, Sid the painter, played by Eric Stoltz, who is painting the house for the new tenants. He provides her with support, a shoulder to cry on and someone to love. Sid is Beth's catalyst to move, fearing that his wish to say in Enfield for the rest of his life will mean she will to.

Nick returns from his parents realising that he wants something, but what he is not sure. Returning to find Beth gone and Sid and Carol discussing whether he should go after her Nick makes a momentous decision as does Sid and Carol.

As the force was applied the bodies moved. Those at rest moved, those moving, moved more. The film didn't end, it just faded into the desert, symbolising the way those in the small towns all over the world just fade into the woodwork. I think Michael Steinberg is trying to say get a life or life will get you.

Harold Larwood

Dreams are strange things, especially when you're a fish counter in New York harbour. Alex, played by "heart throb" Johnny Depp, has this recurring one of an Inuit trying to get a fish home to his wife and son in their igloo. A disaster happens, the Inuit is hypnotised by his lead dog of his sled, falls miraculously onto the sled and the dogs take him home, where he recovers, in more ways than one.

Emir Kusturica, a Sarajevo born Bosnian Muslim, must have been having big dreams when he assembled the cast for this film. Flying them to the vast nether regions of the Arizona desert, then expecting them to fly in a rickety contraption loosely looking like a micro-lite. It is no wonder production was delayed, due to soaring insurance costs, but when you have a cast of stars you must expect this.

Apart from Depp, veteran comic actor Jerry Lewis is excellent as his uncle/guardian Leo. Leo is the owner of a Cadillac franchise waiting to go to Cadillac heaven, burdened down with the responsibility for Alex's parents' death 6 years previously and wanting Alex to be his best man to a 23 year old Polish woman. I'm sure Canel+ must have wanted Lewis for this film because of his popularity in France, but he doesn't let the part down even at the end.

Faye Dunaway plays a scarlet woman in the true sense of the word, rambling on about Papua New Guinea and how young men having sex with an older woman is an honour. Depp meets her when trying to sell her a car. He fails, but is smitten, moves to her farm and starts to help her build a flying machine, ultimately successful. But are Alex's feelings lust or love and what are Dunaway's reasons

for her actions?

Her actions are mainly to antagonise her step-daughter Grace, who would like some of the male attention herself, but instead plays Hava Naglia on the Accordion and seems determined to commit suicide, or let someone else do it. Her hatred for Dunaway is taken out on Depp's attempts to build the flying machine and Depp realises that through coming close to death he has feelings for Grace.

If these three characters have your mouth watering to watch this film you've still one of the main characters left to the end. Paul, Leo's other salesman, pretends to be an Italian from New York, because all the best actors are. A budding lothario, he initially plays for Dunaway so blatantly it's almost like they're improvising, but his two best parts are jumping up on stage during the showing of "Raging Bull" and starts quoting direct from

the script. Also at a talent contest he re-enacts the wheat field scene from Hitchcock's "North by North West", with false wheat stalks and a tape playing in the background. Later this scene returns to haunt him.

I'd like to tell you what the film is about, but I'm not sure. Life, relationships, dreams..... oh I don't know. What I know is that this film is funny, witty, serious and thought-provoking, to use just a few adjectives. The final scene with Lewis and Depp fishing in the Arctic, talking in the Inuit language is hysterical. Talking about eyes moving around the fishes head and laying flat on the bottom of the ocean. You had to be there.....

I don't know why but this is a good film. Understatement perhaps, but I'm not a critic. This has been shown as part of the Film Festival. I don't know when it's going to be released, but go.



Hopkins Out-Foxes the King of the Stiff Upper Lip

Dennis Lim

Film-making In Five Easy Steps (if you happen to be Ismail Merchant and James Ivory):

Step One: Pick a book, preferably an E.M. Forster one. Or if there aren't any left, pick any well-known, critically-acclaimed novel. If it's won the Booker Prize, so much the better.

Step Two: Hand it over to Ruth Praver Jhabvala, who will, without fail, knock out a screenplay which remains true to the book - no crowd-pleasing happy endings here, that's for sure.

Step Three: Rope in some first-class actors - Anthony Hopkins and Emma Thompson make it a lot easier by always seeming only too willing to render their services.

Step Four: Shoot on location in the scenic English countryside, paying

close attention to lavish period detail - make it all as aesthetically appealing as you can.

Step Five: Wait for the Oscars ceremony.

It's incredibly tempting to slag Merchant-Ivory off, because they always do the same thing - over and over again. What makes it really annoying is that you can't because they're so bloody good at what they do, you can't help but be impressed.

Kazuo Ishiguro's Booker recipient "The Remains Of The Day" is admittedly a little less pliable than the E.M. Forster novels - so Jhabvala's screenplay is this time all the more laudable. At the heart of it, the story being told here is extremely simple - but the same can hardly be said about the layered emotions which lie beneath the surface. The

book is an involved and penetrating study of human behaviour and emotion, and thanks partly to Jhabvala and largely to Hopkins, so is the film.

Hopkins plays Stevens - the stoic, stolid, inscrutable butler of Darlington Hall. Thompson is Miss Kenton, the housekeeper he employs and finds himself falling in love with. James Fox is Lord Darlington, their Nazi employer.

It's the 50s - Lord Darlington is dead and Darlington Hall has a new owner, a rich American (Christopher Reeve). Stevens decides it's time to tie up some loose ends and takes a motoring holiday to meet up with Miss Kenton. The bulk of the film is taken up with flashbacks to the 30s - episodes both painful and amusing (but always subtly so).

Stevens keeps the proverbial stiff upper lip

throughout - immutably composed, unquestioningly devoted and incapable of emotion. Hopkins brings this man to life (if that is at all an appropriate word here) with devastatingly apparent skill. If you ask me, he's in line for another Oscar; Thompson probably not (it isn't quite that kind of role), but again she effortlessly proves how few peers she has.

Needless to say, the book is better - but then, I doubt if the film-makers even entertained any notions of bettering it. It's probably an unwritten Merchant-Ivory rule that they do no more than lovingly, faithfully recount a story. Their approach is safe and certainly formulaic, but bearing in mind that this is a formula which has produced some of the most compulsively watchable films in recent years, should we even mind at all?

Rusty Bullet Hole

What fun the sporting events of Wednesday night were. Bloody marvellous. Great TV next summer, I don't think. We'll be stuffed at Cricket too, no doubt.

RBH at least had the solace of being half Irish, no bad thing in today's football world. England's football team is hardly fit to be referred to as such - more a mob of assorted cabbages (oh, and a turnip too, of course) with nothing else better to do than run around a bloody field to the general dissatisfaction of the nation as a whole. You will understand that RBH is being very restrained here, we simply haven't the space for a stream of bile concerning the inabilities of Taylor & Co.

At least we won't have any World Cup Records to suffer. The England/New Order effort of 1990 is the only good one, in fact probably the only good sporting record ever. Generally our sportsmen and women are able to prove that it's not just their sport they're shite at. Likewise, I'm sure, pop musicians playing sport is as traumatic, if not worse.

Sport and pop music evidently do not mix. For instance, did you know that Clydebank of the Scottish First Division are sponsored by Wet Wet Wet? Poor fuckers. How degrading for anyone, let alone Glaswegians! As if Crystal Palace with "Virgin" on their shirts wasn't bad enough, Clydebank have seen fit to come up with worse. Why not go the whole hog and get sponsored by "Big Girl's Blouses"?

If RBH had a football team, it would be sponsored by "Nails" - I'm sure the Nails Marketing Board would only be too happy to stump up the cash.

Pop stars' forays into sport are even more laughable. Cliff Richard and his bloody tennis. Simon Le Bon and his yachting. Bruce Dickinson? Fencing. That's not a bloody sport. Use real swords and I'll watch it.

The aforementioned Wet Wet Wet are a bit sporty, by all accounts. They recently played in a Celebrity 5-a-side tournament at Highbury - "The Home Of Football", as the Gunners would have us believe. (You have to humour them, there's no point in arguing.) Fuck knows how they did, and I'd imagine you couldn't give a toss either.

What about all those lucky fans? Not only did they get a day's football entertainment, but a Wet Wet Wet concert was thrown into the bargain as well. What a fun day out. Still, probably better than your average Saturday afternoon on the North Bank.

Mind you, RBH would pay big money to see Tony Adams' right boot connecting with Marti Pellow's crotch, leaving the Scotsman to wear his bollocks as ear-rings. Pony-tailed twat.

There is one bizarre connection between sport and music. Look at the England team and then look at the Top 40. It's exactly the fucking same: people with talent rarely get into either.

It's probably just as well England didn't qualify for USA '94. At least the pain is over. Surely it's better for all concerned - can you imagine the national fucking embarrassment our players and supporters would have been across the Pond?

Be grateful for small mercies.

Why I Love My

"It doesn't leave as much newsprint on my arse as **London Student**.
Keep up the good work!"

Mr. D. Bryson
Cockermouth

Op Beaver

In All Fairness...

Anthrax go to (Kentish) Town at the Forum

James Shield

Let's be honest, Anthrax haven't had a good run recently. Twice their studios have burnt down midway through recording albums, resulting in the loss of equipment and master tapes. Their singer then walks off in a less-than-amicable split, due to the age old excuse of "musical differences", only to go and form some Spandex pop band directed at men in make up or boring old farts who still think that the rock industry today revolves around Boston and Deep Purple. Unfortunately they can only replace him with John Bush, described by one bar stool bodger next to me pre-gig as a "fat old git who dresses up in silly bondage costumes in some half decent metal band". To cap it all they end up having to book the Forum, a venue that a few years ago they would have filled for a rehearsal. I don't know, perhaps they're victims of the death of the mainstream thrash movement of which only Metallica have managed to overcome.

Anyway onto the music. Clawfinger managed to draw quite a few people off the bar and into the hall, probably due to their quite extensive coverage on MTV recently. However whether or not they'll make the big jump into actually becoming a headlining band themselves is debatable. Whilst they are undoubtedly proficient at what they do, their music falls into the "neither-here-nor-there" category.

Let's face it, if you're not playing pseudo-funk



Anthrax: Daft beards and woolly Benny hats in abundance (take note, Clawfinger).

rock, or you're not from Seattle, these days you're doomed to failure. I suggest that they should grow a daft beard and wear a woolly Benny hat, and then they might make it. I'm sorry to say but this is yet another example of a half decent band who are not going to survive because they're simply not fashionable, or the "in thing".

This is also Anthrax's main problem - they are not fashionable anymore. However for those who are able to see beyond the latest copy of Vogue, they still undoubtedly have a lot to offer. Fat old git he may be, but in John Bush they have found themselves a vocalist who has added an extra dimension to their music. Whilst he may not be the greatest of frontmen to watch, he's

confident enough to command the stage, and his vocals are certainly more suited to Anthrax's style than Joey Belladonna's. Tonight Anthrax were stripped down to the bare essentials. Even without the stage sets of previous tours though they can still do the business, and all credit to them for that. That surely is the mark of a PROPER BAND, one who can sit back and let their music do the talking. Playing a mixture of old and new numbers they still manage to retain that all important element of fun which is sadly lacking in today's music scene. Fave old songs like "Keep it in the Family", and that age-old classic "N.F.L." deliver strong and important messages, and Scott Ian did manage to offer us his thoughts on racial

tensions in the world today, but they do it without getting on a soapbox. Tonight was Anthrax at their very best, on top form, everyone giving 110% - and yes, it was a game of two halves. Finishing with "Bring The Noise" was certainly an inspired move, which left the crowd screaming for more, it was one of those gigs that should never stop. Whilst their pulling power may have dropped, Anthrax proved tonight the value of good honest music. They can all play, they're a tight band, they've stuck to their guns, and should be applauded for doing so. Like Chelsea, give them the credit they deserve. (Oooh, don't be so harsh, they're not that crap - Ed.) In short, Anthrax were brilliant.

The BobbyGuard

Rachel Cuthbert

In the beginning there was Whitney. Then there was husband Bobby with daughter Bobbi Kristina, followed by brother Gary. It gives a whole new meaning to the 'family show'. Oh, and just for good measure we were treated to a duet with, yes Bobby (husband not daughter). The only reason every reporter who has reviewed the show has made similar comments, is because there are no other criticisms to be made. Ninety minutes of all the favourites, 'I Wanna Dance..', 'Saving All My Love', 'I Will Always Love You'. Not forgetting the gospel interlude, it was a Sunday after all. If I knew anything about pitch, tone or vocal range I would bore you with the details. Enough to say, this woman has an incredible voice. But I guess most people knew that already, hence the £24 ticket price. The only downpoint to an otherwise excellent concert was the support E.Y.C. (Express Yourself Clearly - I only wish they had). If you're feeling particularly masochistic, you may wish to tune into MTV to see their latest release.

CROSSWORD SOLUTIONS

Across: 1: Mick Jagger, 8: Eject, 9: Chance, 10: Anderson, 11: August, 12: Moss, 14: Losing, 21: EP, 24: Room To, 28: Homo, 31 & 25D: Change Of Heart, 32: Coltrane, 33: Casino, 34: Ennio, 35: I'll Be There.

Down: 1 & 3D: Michael Jackson, 2: Changes, 4: Grandma, 5 & 18A: Release Me, 6 & 18A: Tease Me, 7: Sting, 15: Over, 16: If, 17 & 13D: Go Beat, 19: FR, 20: Co, 23: Council 26: Man-Size, 27: One Love, 29: Acker, 30 & 22D: Plane Pour Moi.

The Bastard Sons of Dean Friedman Ride Again

Neil A.

HalfManHalfBiscuit. A band for all ages. A band that's been around for ages. Way back in the mid-Eighties they reached what some would consider the pinnacle of their career. At a time when singles used to sell by the bucket load, they hit Number One on the Indie Chart with the immortal 'Dickie Davis Eyes' and released the follow up to their debut album 'Back In The DHSS', inspiringly titled 'Back Again In The DHSS'. They then split

up and went their separate ways. Surely it was all over for a band who turned down a chance to appear live on 'The Tube' preferring to go and watch Tranmere Rovers at home. But the split was short-lived and it turned out to be a game of two halves. (Not another one! - Ed.)

With the release of their second album since reforming, HalfManHalf Biscuit are on the road again and the Mean Fiddler is a bastard venue to get to when it's a freezing cold Thursday night. Still, I hadn't anything better to do. It had been a

day worth forgetting and it started to deteriorate even further before it got better. Thrown out of the UGM with my best drinking buddy, the Tuns was shut, my name was inadvertently left off the guest list, I spent my last fiver on getting in, I couldn't afford to drink, I had an annoying twat standing next to me and it was fucking cold. Laugh? Ha fucking ha.

HalfManHalfBiscuit are an odd attraction. Renowned for their sharp wit but not so sharp musical ability, they're getting on in years and it shows. Streamlined to

just four members, you can forget all those comparisons to Take That, girls. Nigel, the lead singer, is a visual cross between Brookside's Jimmy Corkhill and the SU's own Chris Longridge, and he's the best looking of the bunch. Anyway, on they came, and no one seemed to notice. Unless you are familiar with the line-up, you could easily mistake them for the roadies. They started regardless.

The set was designed as a showcase for their new album, 'This Leaden Pall' but they still reeled out the old classics from

their previous three albums. As a result classics such as 'Outbreak Of Vitas Gerulaitas', 'Trumpton Riots', 'Let's Not' and 'Venus In Flares' joined the likes of 'M-6-Ster', 'Whit Week Malarkey' and 'Improv Workshop Mimeshow Gobshite', all taken from the album. You're probably thinking that I'm making this up as I go along but I kid you not, they're all genuine song titles. But the real gems on the new album easily shone through on the night, complete with their silly lyrics. '4AD 3D CD' comes at you with both

biscuit barrels blazing while 'Running Order Squabble Fest' had them chanting "Your going on after Crispy Ambulance". But they knew what the audience wanted and they weren't prepared to give it to them either. Not until the end, anyway.

Yep, we all wanted to shout "FUCKING HELL! IT'S FRED TITMUS". And we did. Off they went and I broke all land speed records trying to catch the last train home. Was it worth it? Of course it was. Now all I want for Christmas is a Dukla Prague away kit....

Handy Household Hints from Hip-Hop Heroes

No.1 NAUGHTY BY NATURE



Yo! Treach here. Comin' at ya on a household tip. Remember, kids, if you move a piece of furniture and it's made dimples in the carpet, simply place ice cubes on the dimples and let them melt. Hey, no messin', the dimples disappear! Chill!

Rage Against The Machine?

Beaver Staff

Meat Machine's new album is crap. It is excitingly called 'Slug', and this word accurately sums up the brilliance of their talent. I am not overly keen on industrial rock, but having been subjected to rather a lot of it, this is definitely the worst example that I have ever heard.

Meat Machine lack any originality. Meat obviously liked Ministry's last album so much they felt the need to reproduce it entirely in a far inferior form. Their music is comprised of cheesy early eighties style backing tracks, with cliched samples, the occasional guitar and a very distorted voice (which sounds rather like a Dalek).

The album contains the usual subject matter for this sort of cack: religion, car crashes, serial killers etc. (Yawn) adolescents, angst, guitars, a Ministry album, a Bontempi organ and a Dalek make a combination that is not worth the effort of listening to. Don't buy it, or you might encourage them to make another effort.



THE LEBANESE SOCIETY

INVITES YOU TO ITS:

LEBANESE EVENING

WEDNESDAY 24 NOVEMBER '93

- To commemorate the 50th anniversary of our independence -

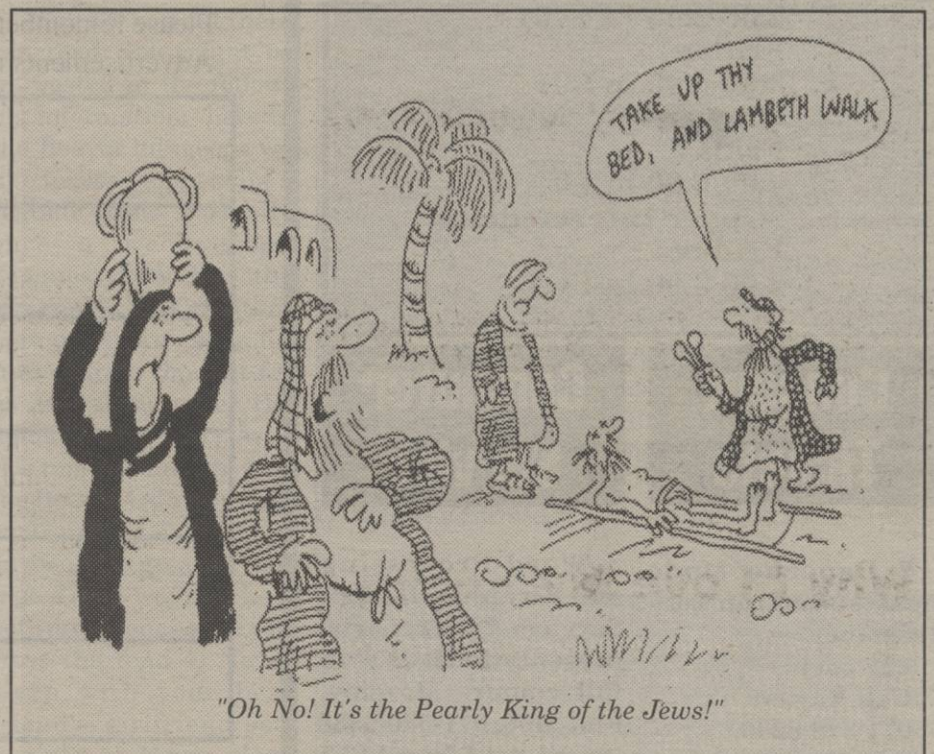
FOOD DRINK DANCE

The Cafe 7:30 pm

Members :£6

Non-members: £8

CHEAP ANTI-CHRISTIANITY JOKE



Fifths Get Over

Excited

LSE 5ths 2

UCL 5ths 2

Chetun Patel

The fifths have done it again. We may not have won but have notched up another point, another positive contribution to our double quest. This point was earned not by the Fifth's household names but rather left to the unsung heroes of the defence. As the forwards struggled with an infection picked up from a certain young lady, Geoff Robertson and his mates, including the elegance of Graham Bell, the tenacity of Richard P., the strength of Michael M., and the timeless running

of Johannes, gelled to produce their best performance of the season.

Geoff slid and dived acrobatically, performing one miracle after another as a standby keeper. They scored 2, yes, but surely Johannes' injury accounted for these blips which left even the flying Robertson helpless. As for the early part of the match, well Chetun managed, from a carefully directed corner by Bill, via the knees of one of the UCL defenders, to stroke a dribbled shot home. This was all too familiar to Annabel Jones, but Chetun was still pleased

to notch up his 10th goal of the season [and thus massage his ego even further, also all too familiar-out of place Arts Ed.]. This lead was soon doubled as Bill quickly took a free kick from which Azzi managed to let himself be sandwiched by the ball and goalkeeper. It was a penalty. Up came Sean. 2-0, the corner of the net bulging.

It was pulled back, but with a team full of strangers this is a result we will look back upon and say "that was the game where we picked up a point and saw the first glimpse of the season for

super-sub Maher". When he came on he illuminated the second half with his foraging running, reminding us of the strength of the Fifths squad. However the Fifths also learnt that a team cannot win when the goals they score are not equalled or surpassed by the opposition, exclusive of own goals. The message from the Fifths is Bravo, the message from Sean is that he smells the horses now from Kempton, Craig. Oh and by the way Craig, you played quite well but remember losing weight doesn't mean the end of the world.

Blunden's Wonders

Tear CX Asunder

LSE 2nd XI 4 Charing Cross 2nd XI 2

Ian Staples

With the promise of hatfulls of goals the 2nds surprisingly failed to deliver. Although there was a job to be done and they did it, the phrase springing to most spectators' lips was 'load of bollocks'. McMagic Staples did show why he keeps company with Ali Bongo at the Magic Circle when he roasted the luckless left back to cross for Ian Davies to open his ac-

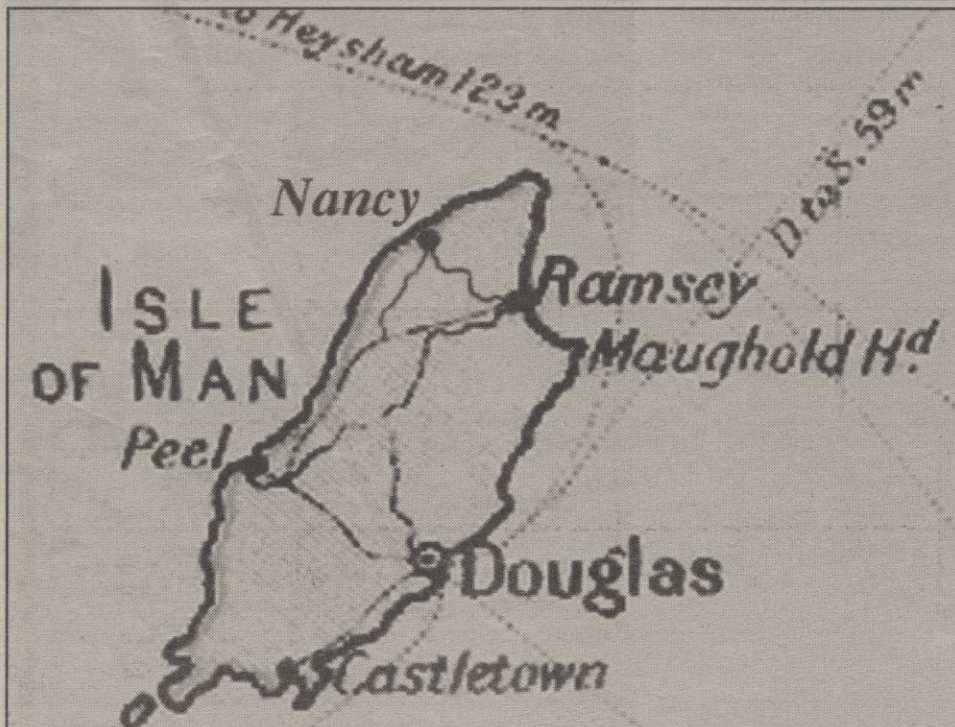
count. A.G. Raveson played his centre forward's role with some aplomb, but the general consensus was that on a heavy pitch with a pudding ball, conditions were more suited to passing water. To get the boring details out of the way, Davies added a second, Goebels scored and Nick 'Gaffer-Giggysy' Blundasaurus got a lucky deflection for his flukearama. More interesting Pedersen missed a

very large headed person's very large top hat full of chances. There were comparisons being made with said Dane and a certain equine animal resident on so many British beaches. Nevertheless, the talk of the town was Staples, who had his name changed to McMiss after a truly John Virgo of a trick shot. The goal gaped and so did 22 mouths as he heeled the ball wide of an unguarded net. When asked what

happened, he could only say "Nobody was more surprised than me. I'm usually a first class finisher, but even I'm fallible".

At the end of the day it was points in the bag and to win when playing badly is a quality attributed to champions. As the form team of LSE, bin your 5th team relics and clear your mantle pieces for lucky heather touched by the Blundasaurus.

Super Heroes of LSE - No.2 Isle of Man



More Super Hero fun next week

Conceived by Mad
Kenny's all-night drinker

This May Save Your Life....

If any of you out there can read, you might be interested in the following information:- here in the Beaver dungeons we like to sleep and eat on a regular basis - usually once a week when Seaquest DSV hits the screens but that's neither here nor there - so in future spare a thought for us and always obey the following rules: 1) Articles must be handed into the Beaver Office by 3pm on Thursday 2) If they're on disc, its a great advantage 3) All ways look in both directions before you cross the road 4) Never sleep with your best friend's girlfriend/pet/parents 5) Never sleep with your best friend.

CLUB NOISE

No.8 Chelsea

Chelsea F.C., the jewel in Britain's footballing crown. The glitterati amongst London's cognoscenti. When you talk football you inevitably talk Chelsea. The "Super Blues" are the only side who can truly lay claim to being "Pride Of London", so much so in fact in the 1950s Chelsea were on the verge of being renamed 'London F.C.'

Chelsea are the sort of side that make you proud to be associated with them. A club with a great history and a glittering future ahead of them. The all-conquering side of the late Sixties and early Seventies conjure up images of the swinging Sixties and the Kings Road. Indeed for all of those who can appreciate fine footballing pedigree, those who have worn the Chelsea's Number Nine shirt reads like a soccer hall of fame: Bobby Tambling, Jimmy Greaves, Peter Osgood, David Speedie, Kerry Dixon, and even I suppose "Judas" Durie (before he had his painful operation!). Chelsea have always courted controversy, from Peter "England's most gifted ever" Osgood's hell-raising antics, to Charlie Cooke's and Tommy Baldwin's infamous six hour drinking binge on the afternoon of the stunning European Cup Winners Cup victory over the then considered invincible mighty Real Madrid. We've had the hard men as well, Ron 'Chopper' Harris, and the vastly underrated Vinny Jones, and least not forget the Chelsea Headhunters.

Any independent football fan looking for something to do on a Saturday afternoon could do a lot worse than taking a trip down to the Fulham Road. As I've already mentioned, Chelsea are a team with a great future to look forward to. Stamford Bridge is shortly to be turned into Britain's showcase stadium, and with that footballing genius, Glenn Hoddle now at the helm, Chelsea are playing some of the finest football in the country at the moment. The team currently being assembled by God himself will finally shake of the tag of being London's sleeping giants, from that herculean pocket dynamo Denis Wise to England's "Great White Hope", Neil Shipperly, they shimmer like diamonds in the coal bunker that currently is English football.

Supporting Chelsea also brings you friends from all over our green and pleasant land. I am of course referring to the Blues Brothers - the Chelsea, Rangers, Linfield British alliance. And we shouldn't forget the wide range of celebrities that follow the Pride of London - John Major, David Mellor, Tony Banks, George Michael (You're not singing any more - NA), Eric Clapton, Jim Kerr, Seb Coe, Dennis Waterman and that bloke from Madness (Danny La Rue? - NA). Yes, Chelsea truly are the great show business side, oozing glamour, footballing wizardry and fanatical support. Chelsea, little gold nuggets to a man.

James Shields

If you'd like to submit a Club Noise on your favourite team, simply scribble down around 525 words on a sheet of A4 or on a disk and pop it into the Beaver Office. Please note that we will not publish any articles on clubs that have already been in the spot light. Cheers.

Houghton Street Harry

I too had a dream. I dreamt I was walking along the beach with the Lord and in the sky, scenes from my life flashed before our eyes. We walked together, leaving our footprints in the sand until we reached the end. During the last seconds of my life I turned around and looked behind me. There, before my eyes, were our footprints but I noticed that at certain stages of my life there were only one set of footprints. I also noticed that these stages coincided with the saddest and lowest times of my life. This troubled me, and I turned to the Lord and said "Lord, you said, that if I followed you, you would walk with me and look over me for the rest of my life. But I have noticed that when I was at my most vulnerable, when I was low and needed you most, you deserted me and left me to walk alone. Why?"

And he said, "My precious, precious child, I have always been there for you. I have looked after you and guided you. However, when I left you to walk alone it must have been because, at that time, I was appearing on Junior Kick Start" And with that, Harry woke up, rose from his bed, walked over to his window and looked out. He glanced up at the sky and remembered his dream. He despaired, opened his mouth and shouted: "Why the fuck did you give us Graham Taylor, then?"

"Because the Irish wouldn't have him" replied the Lord.

"Ah! So, they get Jack Charlton and we get a turnip"

"Be calm my child," said the Lord "all is not lost. Take the turnip to market and sell it to a passing stranger. That stranger we pay you in kind. He will give you some magic beans and you must accept his payment. When the transaction is complete, return home and plant the beans in your garden. By morning all your troubles will be solved"

Harry rushed down the local market with the nation's turnip, made the transaction and followed the Lord's instructions.

The next morning he leapt from his bed and opened the curtains. They before Harry stood the Zenith Data Systems Cup. Then the Lord spoke:

"The World Cup is a tin-pot trophy. If you re-instate the ZDS competition all your desires and wishes will be fulfilled and the world will look upon you in envy"

"Fucking hell," replied Harry "Next you'll be telling us to bring back the Watney Cup"

"Ah.....erm.....how about the Simod Cup?"

Then Harry remembered. He has a cousin, twice removed. And he's Irish. Therefore I'm off to the States.....as for England, I hate to say I told you so but I told you so. But enough about football, let's talk about Graham Taylor. Nah, I don't think so. Let's not give a man on Death Row life insurance. Or maybe we should because his adverts promote Faz Zahir.....

And with that Harry retired for the evening, setting his alarm clock for eight, which was pretty stupid because he slept alone. Amen. Praise be, Thora Hird.

Girls On Top?

Emma Tansley

Sport is traditionally the vanguard of men or so it would appear. The majority of professional sport is conducted by men, from snooker to golf. Certainly according to the TV coverage men get in on all of the action and women feature marginally. During the coverage of the Ryder Cup the only woman on the course was Fanny the caddy and the wives waited patiently and supportively while the men got on with the winning and losing. However most women like sport and can do sport. There is no reason why women should not get as much fun and fulfilment from sport as men. So what's stopping us.

The answer is quite a few prejudices and some practicalities. In general there is a view that sport makes women masculine or that women are physically or emotionally unsuited to sport. This may account for comments from The Guardian about the hairdos and handbags of the players in the National Womens Football League rather than about their sporting prowess.

The positive role mod-

els of sporting women are few. Sally Gunell is one of the exceptions although her much publicised gripe is that she gets paid a mere 30% of what Linford Christie earns. The fact that there aren't many role models is hardly surprising given that national newspapers devote less than six percentage of their sports coverage to women. The sports media is well and truly male dominated.

There is also an aura around sport that it is a male culture. It is associated with sexist attitudes something that rugby teams have no shame in propagating. But women play rugby. They might be certifiable but they do it. The only question is why should men have all the fun.

We've always been allowed to play sports like netball or hockey but what about FOOTBALL. It's a theory of mine that there is a grand conspiracy. Possibly the reason why football has been jealously guarded by men is precisely because it is such a good sport. Why else would men go on about the difficulty of explaining the offside rule. Personally I feel if Ian

Wright can understand it then anyone can. Quite simply they want to have all the fun themselves.

This is probably a bit harsh. The men I speak to about football seem genuinely pleased that I know what I'm talking about. For example they're pleased to hear that I know there's more to football than how gorgeous Ryan Giggs is. However this can make watching it that bit more exciting. Unfortunately not all football players are Ryan. Most footballers have great legs but there are plenty who are lacking in the beauty department as a glance at Peter Beardsley will tell you. More to the point my grand conspiracy theory is inaccurate as womens football is the fastest growing sport in the country. Its no wonder when the English (mens) football team can't even qualify for the world cup that women think they can do better.

As for me I am an avid player and watcher. Football is one of the greatest team sports going. I'll admit I look shit in a pair of shorts but I don't care because I have a wild time on the pitch. Fitness is

paramount but only if you're really serious. For me the enjoyment comes from the pace of the game and the tension created by trying to play your best. There's nothing better than making a superb tackle or scoring a goal.

So get of your arse and PLAY. Your only question should be how? In case you haven't noticed LSE has just started a womens football team, call Helen in Rosebery (Rm 751) on 071-278-3251 or see Harriet the sports administrator. If you don't you're the one who will be missing out. I have it on good authority that New Malden has the best pitches in London. If the team gets moving you could play there.

Alternatively if you live out towards the East you could come and play at my club. We have an astro turf pitch off the Homerton High Street. Our training takes place on Wednesday nights at 6:30pm. We also run a circuit training session on Mondays. Games are optional and beginners are welcome. So what's stopping you getting involved! You can get more information from me through the Beaver.

Full of Eastern Monosodium Glutamate

LSE 2nd XV 45
LSE 1st XV 5

East London Poly 5
East London Poly 32

A Grundy Production

Adire afternoon in the East End saw an interesting dichotomy of results. Barney - Benchos Mercedes led the pack in his own headless manner. His inspirational play went over the head of some of the pak whose play was similar to that expected of Pauline and Michelle Fowler. The backs' play was more akin to Tricky Dicky with the Silver Surfer showing the pace of Fat Pat. More aggression has been seen between Ian and Cindy than was shown by the lardy opposition. The battle of the soaps was won by our Dallas connections in the backs with sharp shooting from JR and Bobby in the centre releasing the pacey Cliff Barnes a.k.a. Jason Var-

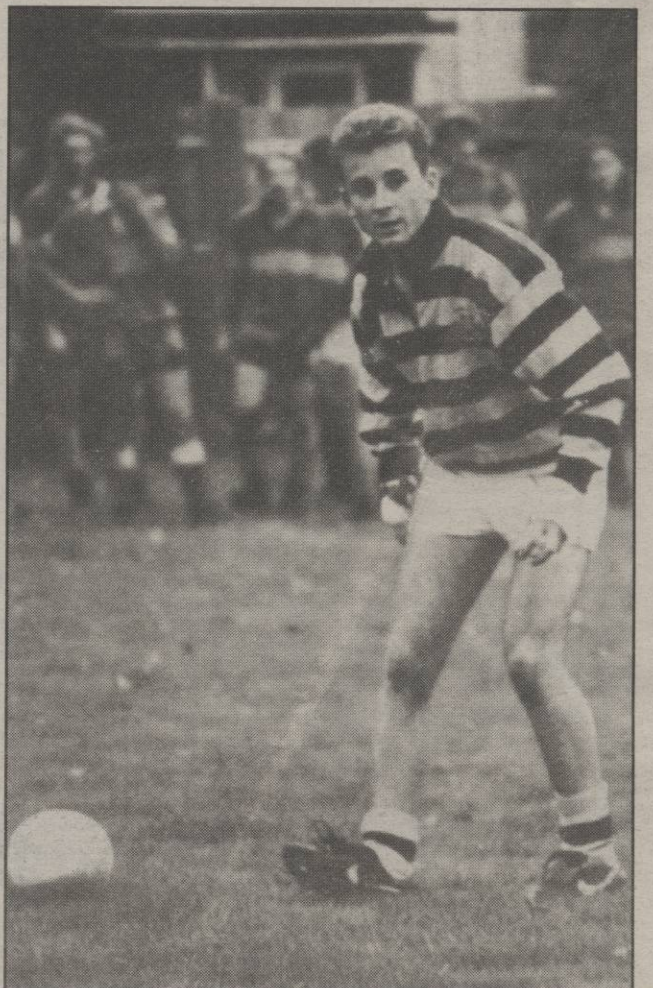
nish for many a devastating run. Co-stars were Ali Saffadin, J. McKee and Ken Matzumara.

The sad excuse for refereeing may have cost the 1st XV 2 points. Matt, er bleep bleep, who am I left the pitch after being taken out by the Mitchell brothers. He was sorely missed although his novice replacement tried his best.

A drunken Barry Bethal ref who never left the centre spot, only for a quick pint, cosy us dearly. Although, can we blame 32 points on a mountain of Trex?

Yet again a distinct lack of tackling let the side down. Greater things are expected in the Gutteridge Cup next week.

Congratulations to the 2nd XV on their first of many victories.



After too much Mad Dog 20/20, certain members of the Rugby team have trouble locating the opposition.

Photo: Joanne Arong