

# The BEAVER

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

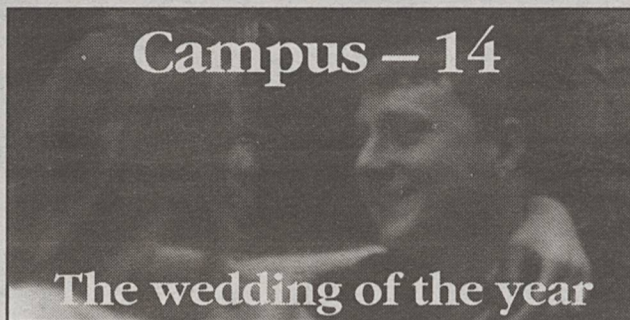
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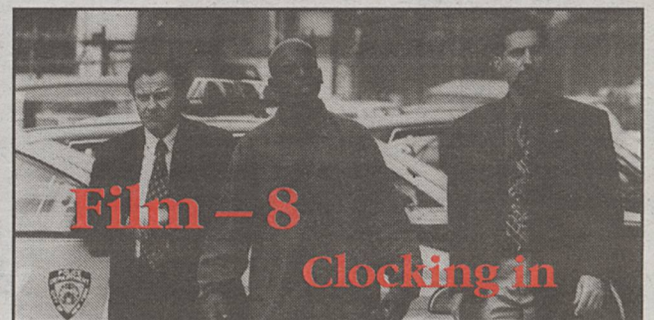


**Features - 7**  
Working on a  
Greek island:  
Sun, Sand and  
Sex?



**Campus - 14**

The wedding of the year



**Film - 8**

Clocking in

## Eddie fits the pieces together

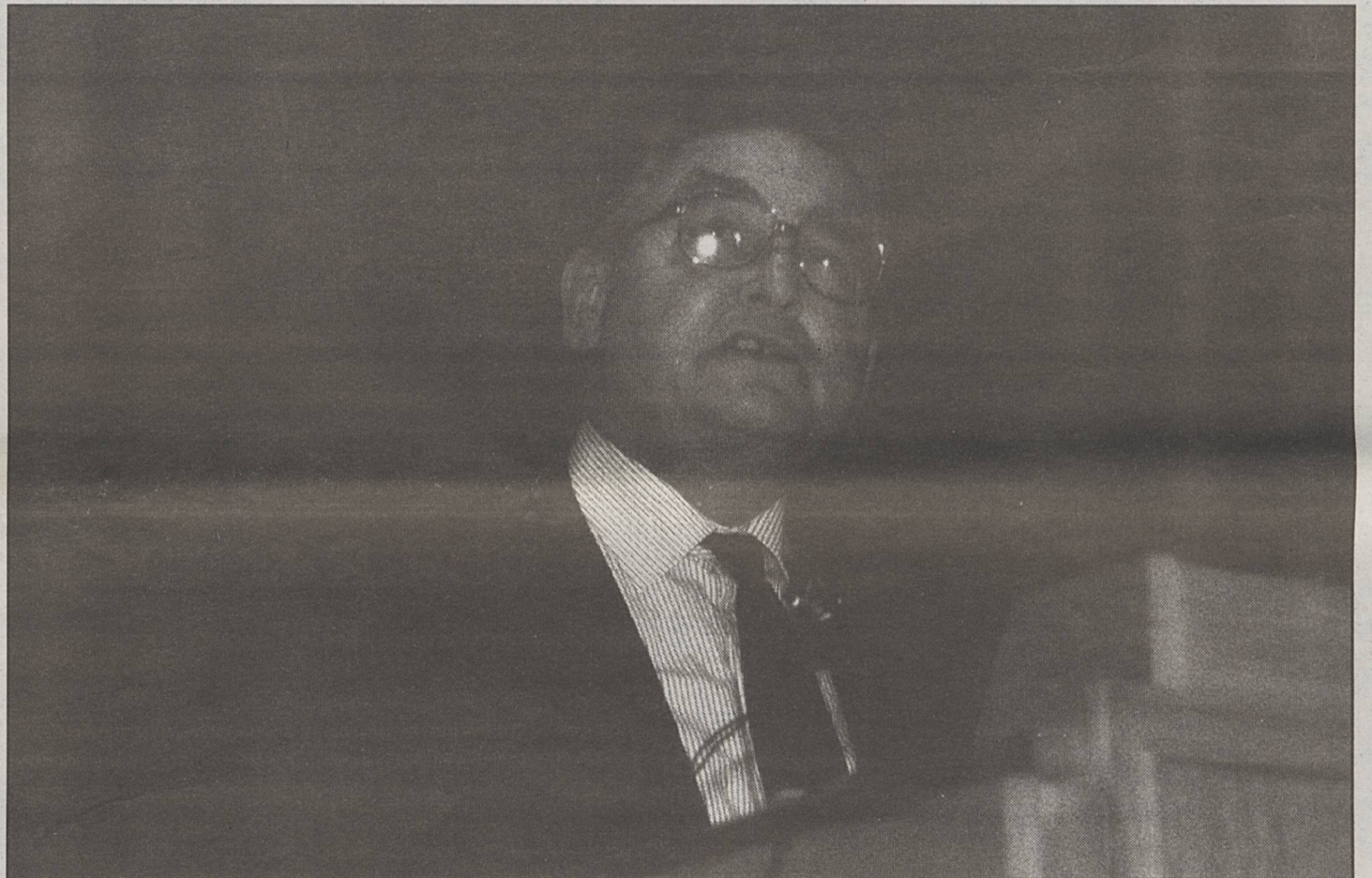
Dhara Ranasinghe

**E**ddie George, Governor of the Bank of England, came to the LSE to deliver the Bank's final lecture on 'How The Pieces Fit Together'. Or, as Mr George phrased it, 'how the pieces are put back together again'.

In his lecture, Eddie George spelt out the main priorities of the Bank: to maintain the integrity of the pound and the stability of the financial system in relation to the world economy. Monetary and price stability were stressed as underlying goals of the Bank, with the aim of achieving economic targets, influencing interest rates and the development of the world economy.

In reply to questions, Mr George stated clearly that the much-reported disagreements between himself and the Chancellor of the Exchequer were not a matter for discussion. In relation to Europe, the Governor did believe that the 'Euro' could act as a viable competitor to the dollar and that while the Banks' relationship with a European Central Bank would be a political decision, it was an issue which need not be carried away by 'political aspirations'.

Lastly, Mr George declined to agree with one student's view that the Governor's pay should be linked to the progress of interest rates as in the case of New Zealand.



Eddie George: looking for divine inspiration

Photo: Mateo Paniker

## £300 'registration fee' for students

James Brown  
News Editor

**T**he Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals (CVCP) have proposed a £300 registration fee for all new students to counter government higher education funding cutbacks. The proposals, discussed at last Friday's CVCP meeting, are a direct challenge to government wishes and represent the first salvo in what many expect to be a bitter battle over higher education funding.

The cutbacks in funding to universities have amounted to nearly 30% in the last six years and further cutbacks of up to 10% are expected by the end of the decade. Against this background, student numbers have increased dramatically, and although there have been considerable efficiency gains, the scope for any more is extremely limited.

In a statement before last Friday's meeting, Diana Warwick, Chief Executive of the CVCP, claimed that "universities have, with increasing difficulty, maintained the quality of their services" despite the cuts. The prime concern of the CVCP is to maintain this quality: "what is the point of delivering second class tuition to students?" she argued.

The papers for last Friday's meeting rule out the possibility, mentioned in last week's *Beaver*, of a cut in student numbers. This, it is argued, would "automatically reduce income" and go against CVCP policy of increasing access to higher education.

The two options put before the committee were to withdraw staff from a range of outside work or to charge a one-off registration fee to first year students.

The first option, if approved, could mean withdrawal from the government's quality assessment programme and a reduction in the contact with professional

bodies.

The second is likely to prove far more controversial both with students and staff of universities and in the wider political scene. The proposals, given the unlikely event of an increase in funding in the next budget, will take effect in the 1997/98 academic year.

The clear hope of the CVCP is that pressure will be put upon the government and opposition parties by parents whose children receive a bill for the registration fee with their acceptance letters. The potential impact of this will, the CVCP hope, be magnified in the run-up to the next general election.

The political aspect to the proposal becomes even more significant when the potential benefits to universities of the registration fees are examined. The LSE, for example, would expect to gain an extra £180 000 each year, assuming all students are willing to pay the fee.

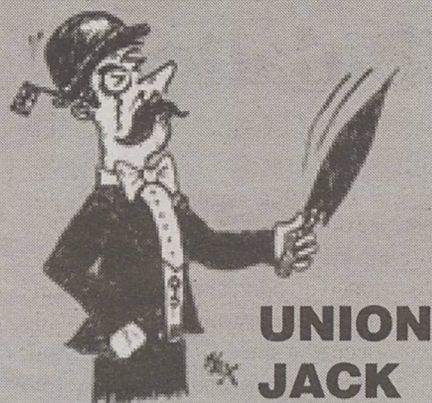
After allowances for scholarships and

administration costs, the figure looks very small alongside the LSE's total budget of £61 million. This is reflected in the benefit to the whole university sector - approximately £50 million - against the £500 million cuts imposed by the government.

However, by acting in this way the CVCP is hoping to pressure the government to meet its long term objective; revising student loans into a contingent scheme that would allow students to live free from hardship and link repayments clearly to their graduate incomes.

It is likely that the National Union of Students will support contingent loans linked to National Insurance payments at their Easter conference and the CVCP stresses the need to work closely with students, staff and parents to ensure the success of their campaign.

*The Beaver* went to press before the CVCP meeting but will bring full coverage of the outcome next week.



## UNION JACK

Jack is happy to report a UGM of national significance which has provoked important political players to respond and passed the name of the LSE UGM into recent political history.

Jonathan 'God' Bennett will now receive a free pint of beer every fortnight, paid for from the entertainments budget, thanks to the magnanimous Nick 'the brick' Fletcher (Ents officer). If that isn't enough to plaster the front pages of every newspaper in the land (let alone JB), the UGM will now award another pint to the best speaker at each UGM! This week it went to old Nick himself, for his generosity more than his oral virtuosity (although Jack wouldn't know about that).

It could be you! Already Anthea Turnoff has contacted Jack to give this prize bonanza her blessing. "This wonderful venture will provide so much incentive to those lovely students," she gushed, then, emotion welling in her voice, added, "I give it my support."

Jack's bell was soon ringing again with spin doctors from Conservative Party central office desperate to manipulate his column. Their head press officer, a charming LSE graduate named Alex Aiken, called to congratulate his minions, Alexander 'fat bastard' Ellis and Samantha 'who knows what she Means for their success in this week's UGM. They won no beer, just passed a motion mandating the General Secretary to "write to Tony Blair condemning his 'Do as I say, Not as I do' policy and to write to Harriet Harman demanding her resignation".

Mr Aiken proudly announced himself to Jack as "someone who spoke long and often at UGMs" and went on to state Conservative party orthodoxy on the Harman question. "We don't condemn the right of parents such as Harriet Harman and Tony Blair to make a decision in their child's best interests", he said. "What we find abhorrent", he went on (oh yes) "is that their party's policy is to deny these rights to other parents".

As well as this standard issue press statement, Mr Aiken organised this special message for the LSE: "It appears that they (Harman and Blair) have now been condemned in the forum of the LSE UGM. Perhaps the LSE Labour club could ask Harriet Harman to attend the next UGM to explain her decision." He had nothing to say on the beer question. Sorry.

And where were the Labour Club? Uncle Tom Cobble and all were cowed to say the least. There were some passionately defensive speeches proclaiming loyalty to the party, despite disagreeing with its leaders, and condemnation of the Tory's 17 year old "fucking education policy". There were shouts of this is a "socialist motion" which fell on smugly deaf right-wing ears.

Mind you, the other education motion passed at the UGM opposing entrance fees suggests that no-one is that chuffed with Aiken and Ellis's party (the natural party of ignorance) either.

Tory hypocrisy aside, Jack does think it is sick that Labour politicians who have presided over the creation of slum comprehensives in local and national government should dictate to the rest of us about our children's schooling. After all, what is wrong with selection in education? We all selected the LSE. Should we all send ourselves to University College Scarborough as a matter of principle?

# Bookshop bins 15,000 books



Professor George Jones with students searching for disposed rarities

Photo: Oliver Lewis

## Oliver Lewis Business Manager

To students' and staff's amazement, *The Economist Bookshop* last Tuesday and Wednesday discarded thousands of old books in a skip outside their shop. The bookshop Manager, Jonathan Peters, said that Dillons had bought a batch of 30,000 books that a city library was holding in storage. The books were sorted by Dillons staff and 15,000 were deemed saleable. Those which are not to be sold will be

recycled, and those rejected even for recycling were thrown into the skip.

Professor George Jones of the Government Department, who was looking through the books on Wednesday evening, said that Dillons' action was "an absolute disgrace". He collected several rare books including some early and eighteenth and nineteenth century volumes. "This is an utter waste," he said and added, "you think of universities in other countries that would be crying out for these sort of books. I've been to universities in China, where as a result of the cultural revolution their libraries were de-

stroyed."

When questioned about the possibility of transporting the books overseas, the Dillons manager claimed that it "wasn't appropriate", and it is "not a kind thing to donate things that are so dated". He stated that he did "not know of any charity donations by Dillons" in the past.

Contrary to academic and student opinion, he stated that what was thrown away was "essentially rubbish" and that "to manage resources effectively is knowing when things just have to go, and the vast bulk is best as resources for paper recycling."

## Shop stores stolen

Narius Aga

The wave of thefts in the school continues unabated. The latest incident was reported by the SU Shop from where approximately £400 worth of goods were stolen on the afternoon of 29 January.

The goods were stolen from the store-room adjoining the shop which was unlocked at the time. The thieves appeared to be outsiders, according to one of the porters, who actually observed them in the act but took on face value their explanation that they were employees of the shop and clearing out rubbish.

When contacted for details, a senior member of the shop staff expressed her concern but explained that operational procedure required frequent access to the store-room, rendering it impossible to keep the door locked. "Security measures have been reinforced recently", she said, "but ultimately nothing can be foolproof". Staff have been instructed to be more vigilant in future. Meanwhile, the LSE security staff have once again requested students to remain alert and report any suspicious or extraordinary behaviour to either the Porters' Lodge or on phone to the emergency extension '666'.

## Squash club feel the squeeze

Sruti Patel

The largest club in the Athletics Union is currently finding difficulties in obtaining funds to go to competitions. The Squash Club was allocated a budget of £1200 from the Athletics Union this year, but this money, along with around £800 from subscriptions has been put towards paying for the recently rebuilt courts on campus. Previously, the club had managed to finance their travel expenses from extra subscription money, but this it has not been possible this year.

Ranjeev Bhatia, Chairman of the Squash Club, claims that it is simply that the club lacks funds to play at away games. The club has even discontinued providing refreshments for away teams playing at LSE. Two teams are due to play in next months knockout tournament in Swansea, held by the British University Sports Association. Money has finally been found for travel expenses, but the same problem arises if they make it through to the finals.

Liz Petyt of the AU said that they were looking into the matter, and money may be found. She denied complaints that the Football and Rugby clubs get a disproportionate share of the money.

## New Greek Prime Minister is alumnus

Yianni Hadoulis

Costas Simitis, former National Economy Minister with the PASOK government in Greece during the mid-Eighties, has become the new Prime Minister of Greece following the resignation of Andreas Papandreu due to ill-health.

Mr Simitis, who visited the LSE last year, was appointed after elections within the Party on 18 January. He attended the LSE from 1961 to 1963 while following a postgraduate degree in Economics. The LSE can thus add one more Prime Minister to its previous total of 23.

## Newsdesk

If you have any stories (preferably true ones) about LSE or LSE people, phone 0171 955 6705

# Yugoslav war crimes: the trials and tribulations

Chris MacAleely

Payam Akhavan, legal advisor to the international war crimes tribunal for the former Yugoslavia, spoke on the theme of 'International law, morality and justice' in a talk to the Grimshaw Club and the Baha'i Society on Friday 26th. He called the tribunal a unique experiment, established by a unanimous decision of the UN Security Council.

Mr Akhavan recognised that the tribunal could be seen as merely symbolic, as "noth-

ing but a fig leaf to cover the failure of the world community to prevent genocide". Yet he maintained that the sceptics were wrong. The indictment of over fifty leaders from all sides of the warring factions has had considerable impact. He gave the examples of Radovan Karadic and Ratko Mladic, political and military leaders of the Bosnian Serbs, being unable to attend the Dayton peace talks for fear of arrest. Having seen the devastation the war has caused at first hand, Mr Akhavan said "no words could describe the horror of the crimes perpetrated by these people".

Those who believe the tribunal's quest for justice may destabilise the fragile peace have, he stated, "a naive and anachronistic view". The failure to pursue criminals guilty of such terrible acts is threatening to peace in the long term. Effective punishment will act as a deterrent to others, since it is individuals and not nations that commit crimes. The Tribunal, by emphasising this, can assist inter-ethnic reconciliation and help victims to find out the truth.

Mr Akhavan criticised the political cowardice and the lack of vision, of those who think in terms of feasibility and ignore the

moral issues. However, he admitted that the Tribunal was utterly powerless without the support of governments. Nonetheless, the overall tone of his speech was optimistic for the future.

Questioned on why Yugoslavia was different to all the other examples of genocide that have occurred since 1945, he was frank in saying that it was probably because the victims are European. However, he believes that a promising precedent has been established, and the world community will find it harder to ignore such atrocities again, wherever they may occur.

## NatWest bails out conference debt

Dhara Ranasinghe

As reported in *The Beaver* recently the Students Union owed £100 for NUS Conference fees from last year. The debt occurred as a result of an underpayment. The problem now appears to be resolved thanks to the generosity of NatWest Bank.

The LSESU Treasurer Claire Lawrie expressed her belief that a financial issue should not prevent delegates from being sent to the women's and annual conferences and that the LSESU's representation should not be sacrificed over a question of money. Lawrie stated this was something she "was morally not prepared to do".

The resolution of the issue by NatWest Bank is a mark of the good relations between the Bank and the SU, which Lawrie hoped would be maintained in the future.

## The Italian Job

Sylvia Santaro

On Friday 26 January Professor Romano Prodi, an alumnus of LSE and leader of the Italian centre-left parliamentary coalition, gave a speech in the Old Theatre about the latest developments in the European Union and the role of Italy within it.

Professor Prodi, chairman of IRI (the Italian Institute for Industrial Reconstruction), has come to have an important political role only lately, when the centre and left-wing parties designated him as the head of their coalition. The coalition is to oppose the right-wing coalition headed by Mr Berlusconi at the next election.

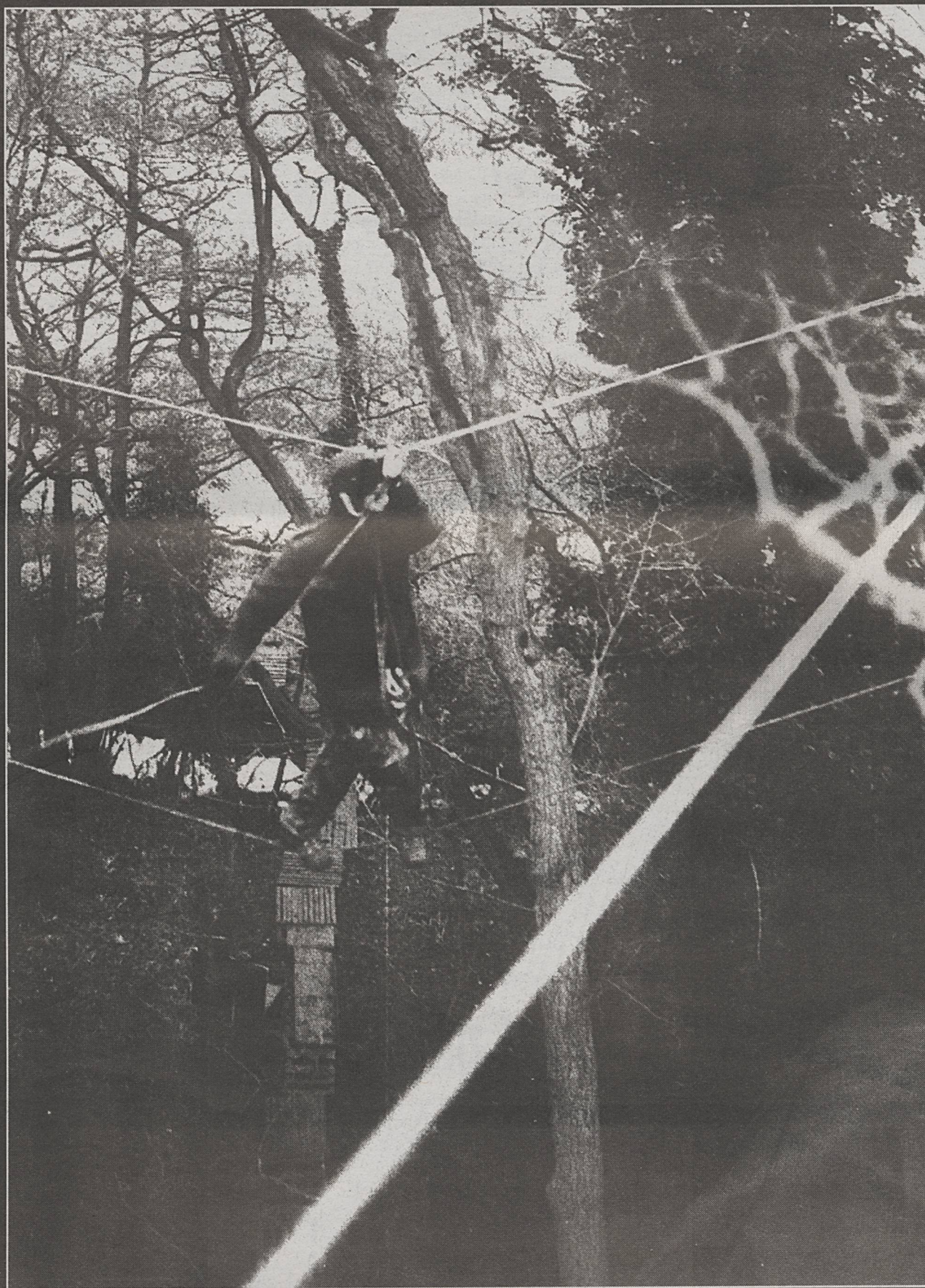
After remembering with a hint of nostalgia his time at the LSE ("even the clock in the Old Theatre is the same"), Prodi proceeded with his lecture, remarkably avoiding any mention of the turbulent Italian political situation.

He emphasised the need for further political integration in the EU and he said monetary union, cannot, on its own, provide the basis for a united Europe. Political integration is necessary in order to consolidate the position of the EU as an international power.

European states can solve the problem of their insignificance in the international setting by uniting and pursuing a single foreign policy. A common foreign policy should therefore be a prime objective if the EU is to be at any time an influential world power.

## Newbury bypass runs through Café

Martin McPlook



As media attention focuses off the battle against the Newbury Bypass, the Students' Union Café will feature an exhibition of pictures on the road protest, taken by LSE student Stéphane Sireau.

Although the battle as such started on January 9, when mobile chainsaw crews escorted by some four hundred security personnel moved in to begin the construction work, the protesters have been occupying the site of the planned bypass since August.

The bypass in question would destroy some nine miles of Britain's countryside, including at least a dozen archeological sites and a civil war battlefield. The cost has been estimated at £150 million. Further controversy has arisen after allegations of violence by security guards against the protesters.

The exhibition of over twenty pictures, taken by Stéphane Sireau during a four-day stay in the tree houses with the road protesters, is part of SU Environmental Officer Katrin Bennhold and Treasurer Claire Lawrie's project to hold art exhibitions on the mezzanine of The Café.

## Keep LSE fee-free

Opinion piece by Dan Crowe,  
on behalf of LSE Labour  
Club

On enrolling at LSE, imagine being charged a £300 "crisis-levy". You cannot register without it, and after all £300 isn't excessive. Compared to owing £5,000 to the Student Loans Company it might strike you as being value for money! This could be the situation facing many prospective students in just eight months time. The 1996/97 academic year may well mark the end of the principle of higher education being free at point of entry. Once top-up fees are introduced they will not be here just to stay, but will be raised again and again and levied by more and more institutions. Struggling to maintain standards universities will be forced to open this Pandora's Box, with disastrous consequences.

Top-up fees mean the end of Higher Education as we know it, and signals the arrival of an "Ivy League" of the elite universities. As top-up fees goes up, there will be a corresponding rise in student hardship, drop-out levels and debt. Only those with wealthy parents would be able to afford £1,000 per year for a three year course. Those from less well-off backgrounds wouldn't even bother applying, and those taking out a loan, with repayments over five years at an APR of 16.9% would end up

forking out £5,960! After years of savage government cuts in higher education funding, students are to bale them out! We are to pay for the funding crisis they have created, and then they have the audacity to advise the universities against imposing top-up fees!

So what is to be done? At the moment NUS seem to be doing very little. Some will call for a campaign of non-payment. This obviously won't work, because if you don't pay you won't have a place at the university, and if initially set at £300 most students will pay. The point is opposition is needed now. Action against top-up fees must involve all students from all universities in a massive campaign of resistance. We must try and get university teachers and unions on our side, and can draw inspiration from the successful campaign against the poll tax. We cannot afford to let these proposals go through, and owe it to future students to prevent their opposition.

Regardless of the recent decision of the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals, top-up fees will remain on the agenda. Some institutions will decide to go it alone, and LSE under its new overpaid Director might well be one of them. We must send a clear message to the LSE bureaucracy that top-up fees will not be tolerated. If we fail we are letting down not just ourselves but the next generation of applicants to higher education. Time is running out, but through co-operation, solidarity and persistence we still have a chance to stop them. **THE FIGHT BACK STARTS NOW!**

## Notice of Meetings

Constitution and Steering Committee  
Monday, 5.00 pm, E195

Finance Committee, Tuesday 3.00 pm E206

Executive Committee, Wednesday, 1.00 pm, E195

Campaigns Committee, Wednesday, 2.00 pm, E195

Union General Meeting (UGM), Thursday, 1.00 pm, Old Theatre

Union Council, Thursday 15 February, 3.00 - 4.00 pm, C120

All students welcome to meetings listed

**SU Print Shop Open**  
**Every Saturday**  
**10.30 - 4.30 pm**

**Open during term-time and**  
**throughout the exam period.**

**Photocopies 4p per sheet and Fax**  
**service available. Enquiries see SU**  
**Treasurer Claire Lawrie, E206.**

## The Union Page - Why do students need it?

The Union Page is a forum for Union Officers and students to inform, debate and discuss serious issues of relevance to students. Students and Officers have a medium that can allow them to know what their Officers are or are not, should or should not be doing. To the extent that it succeeds in doing this it has achieved its purpose. In the past it has discussed many issues, ranging from how to improve UGMs to explaining how the School makes the decisions that fundamentally affect students. It has also offered information on elections, meetings and services. It is a vital communications medium for the Union.

Baljit Mahal  
Communications Officer

## "Through the eyes of a first year Undergraduate"

Opinion piece by Dan Lam

As a newcomer to the university scene, I was feeling lost at the start of the year. However, the welcoming of Undergraduates in the Old Theatre, the LSE SU Handbook, Freshers Fair and the Freshers Week Ents, proved to be a great help to the start of my university life – and the credit must go to the Students' Union in organising these events.

As the year progresses I get the chance to meet a few officers of the Students' Union. They are very friendly and helpful. Moreover, the SU Reception proves to be an excellent resource when I get lost in the maze of LSE buildings.

However, there are a few areas which the Union might like to look into. Firstly, some officers may not be under the spotlight as often as the four sabbaticals and a few of the Executive officers. Therefore, it is difficult, especially for the first year undergraduates,

to get to know the officers and to utilise the services offered by the Union. I think if the Union can put a room aside for the part-time officers to base their work from they would be more accessible and easier to locate and find. Moreover, it may be useful to have a list of phone numbers of the officers posted in front of the SU Reception so students can be reached by officers who need help.

Secondly, the UGM is, as far as I am aware, the only regular mechanism in which students can voice their opinion. Moreover, the issues discussed are mostly political or are about the Union's general policies. Some students might well like to bring up much more "trivial", but relevant, issues about how to improve Union and School services, which may be shared by a good number of students. It might be useful to suggest that the Union set up a liaison committee so that diverse opinions can be heard and considered by the Union on a regular basis.

I hope that my article can reflect some of the opinion of the average LSE student.

*Anyone who is interested in displaying photography in the middle floor of The Café should see SU Treasurer Claire Lawrie, E206, ext 7471. Presently there is an exhibition by Stéphane Sireau. Please go and have a look.*

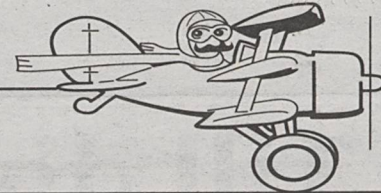
### Societies Constitution Meeting

has been held. A draft has been discussed, please look out for next open meeting.

### The Official LSE SU Rag Ball

is coming...

**Saturday 24  
February**



**The Beaver**

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**NOTICES**

**Jewish Society**  
Special Meeting & Rabbi Boleach on relationships (L'Chaim Society, Oxford)  
*Free Bagel Lunch!*  
Tuesday, February 6  
1.00 pm, A47

**Management Society**  
"People make the difference"  
Mr. John Stevens  
Institute of Personnel & Development  
Tuesday, February 6  
6.00- 7.00 pm,  
Vera Anstey Room

**Latin American Society**  
Spanish Classes  
Beginners 1- 2.00pm  
Interm 2- 3.00pm  
Wednesdays Y001  
Basic 4- 5.00pm  
Interm 5- 6.00pm  
Thursdays Y014

**ST. PHILIPS HEALTH SERVICE**  
*Thinking about giving up smoking?*  
A group for members of staff will be starting on 29 February for 6 consecutive Thursdays, 12.30- 2.00pm.  
If you would like to join or receive further information, please contact Ms Roberts at St Philips health centre on Ext 7016. Groups for students will be held in the summer term- if interested please contact the Health Centre.

**Debating Society**  
**Debating Workshop**  
  
Tuesday, February 6  
1.00- 2.00 pm, C119

**The Big BreakFast**  
Islamic Society, Pakistan Society, Malaysia Club & Other - Iftari & a talk.  
*Tickets £1 from respective society members or LSE prayer room. All welcome.*  
Wednesday, February 7  
A86

**Francophone Society**  
**Francophone Buffet & Disco with the Mauritian Society**  
Wednesday, February 7  
7.30 pm, Underground

**Francophone Society**  
**"Unity within a Francophone Canada"**  
Mr. Serge April  
Deputy High Commissioner, Canada  
Tuesday, February 6  
5.00 pm, C120

**European Society**  
**"The Case for a Social Europe"**  
Michael Walsh  
Trade Union Congress  
Wednesday, February 7  
5.00 pm, A 550

**Francophone Society**  
**Mr. Janhanger Deputy High Commissioner, Mauritius**  
Thursday, February 8  
5.30 pm, Vera Anstey Room

**Student Computing Questionnaire**  
  
To help plan the development of the most appropriate IT facilities & services to meet the needs of students, IT services is organising a survey of computer use with a questionnaire. We are interested in information on those students with their own computer, modem or printer. Copies available from Students' Help Desk, SU Reception or Library.

**Debating Society**  
**"This House Has Lost Faith In Religion"**  
  
*Public Debate*  
  
Wednesday, February 7  
1.00- 2.00 pm, C120

THE NEWLY-FORMED  
**German Language and Cultural Society**  
First meeting... and then A Film! - For details see posters.  
Wednesday, February 7  
*New members welcome*

**"Switzerland & the Challenge of European Integration."**  
Mr. Jacques de Watteville  
Economic Counsellor, Swiss Embassy  
Friday, February 9  
5.00 pm, Graham Walass Room

LSE Conservative Association presents  
**The Rt. Hon Peter Lilley MP Secretary of State for Social Security**  
Questions will be led by Dr. David Starkey  
All Students & Staff Welcome  
*LSE ID cards will be needed: no ISIC or library cards will be acceptable. Strictly no bags, banners, coats, food or drink. Please use the library lockers.*  
**TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6**  
**1.00 PM, ROYALTY THEATRE**

**Please Read: A notice From An LSE Student**  
  
"On Tuesday 30 January at about 1.30 pm, someone went through my belongings in the mens changing room above the squash courts in the East building. The money doesn't matter, but if you are that person, please return the watch which has my initials engraved on the back. It has great sentimental value to me. You can take it to the Porters' Lodge anonymously. Thank you."

**STUDENT UNION SHOP**  
  
**JOB VACANCIES**  
  
HOURS: 10- 1 EVERY TUESDAY  
HOURS: 1- 5 EVERY TUESDAY  
SHOP EXPERIENCE ESSENTIAL  
MUST BE A STUDENT AT LSE  
IF INTERESTED PLEASE CALL INTO THE SHOP & ASK TO SPEAK TO ALISON.  
  
**VALENTINE'S DAY: 14TH FEBRUARY**  
CARDS ON SALE IN THE SU SHOP  
PRICES START FROM 90P  
**HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY!**

**BEAVER VALENTINE'S DAY NOTICE**  
  
*Send a Valentine's Day notice to your loved ones in the Tuesday 13 edition of the Beaver for free!!!*  
*Bring them into the Beaver Office by Thursday 8th 4.00 pm.*  
*15 words maximum.*  
*No later entries will be accepted.*

# Till divorce do us part

Mara Myres examines the decline in the family structure

"The promise, made when I am in love and because I am in love, to be true to the beloved as long as I live, commits me to being true even if I cease to be in love", wrote CS Lewis of the marriage contract. In this age in which divorce is just another commodity we can buy at our heart's desire, Lewis would no doubt be turning in his grave if he saw how many couples were ignoring his wise words. The path to divorce for three of the Windsor siblings is deeply symbolic of the state of the nation at large; the divorce rate has increased nearly sevenfold since the early 1960s. So why are so many couples turning to divorce? Are we all becoming more self-centred and short-termist, unable to make the sacrifices and commitment required to make a long term marriage work?

No, of course not; people's attitudes do not change overnight. Surely our capacities for altruism could not simply vanish. So what, then, is at the heart of the increase in divorce? I would suggest that it is a set of social trends, three of which stand out, which are so fundamental and interlinked, that the government's Family Law Bill currently being thrashed out in Parliament will do precious little to change the current sad situation.

The first of these trends is the empowerment of women; in jobs, in financial security, in public life, and in the family. With education this century came greater ambition among women to pursue careers, more confidence in their abilities, and a willingness to seek equal treatment in the workplace and in the home. But while this trend is good in itself, its impact on the divorce rate has been less so. If a marriage deteriorates, more women, with financial security of their own, are now free to leave. They are no longer tied, as wives in previous centuries might have been, to unhappy marriages out of fear of impoverishment. Yet the assumption that a successful career and a long lasting marriage are incompatible for women has often been proved wrong. For example, Cherie Booth, wife of Tony Blair, and Elizabeth Dole, wife of US Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole, have both combined prodigious careers with successful marriages. Many more such marriages could be encouraged if the government provided the wherewithal

to do it, for example moves to discourage ridiculously long hours at work, and comprehensive child care schemes. So what other factors could explain the ever increasing divorce rate?

The decline of religious ties in the West is often blamed for the transience of many marriages. Increasingly, individuals make their own rules concerning their private lives, instead of accepting Church doctrine from God or from his representatives. Marriage in the Christian tradition, as Lewis points out, requires complete commitment. Furthermore, religion (not necessarily of the Christian variety) provides a whole additional set of reasons to stay together – God's will, the afterlife, and the Golden rule (to do unto others as you would have them do unto you). Indeed, where religion plays a central part in the state, divorce is, to all intents and purposes, illegal – for example in The Phil-

ippines, and until the referendum last year, in Ireland too. Yet some secular marriages succeed and some religious marriages fail, so what is the third factor at work?

Divorce is closely linked to social variables such as unemployment and education. Economist Steve Nickell of Oxford University has noted a striking correlation between the existence of single mothers and unemployment among young men. Women, he argues, do not want their children to have unemployed, unskilled fathers and therefore they divorce or do not marry at all, preferring to raise their children alone. But even for those fortunate enough to find a job, marriage is often not easy. The '90s workplace seems to exclusively value success, long hours, and hard work, at the expense of workers' spouses and families. Britain currently has the longest working hours in Europe, a characteristic that must

seriously undermine family life.

The future of the divorce rate looks pessimistic for two reasons. First, public figures who should be setting examples to the rest of the nation – politicians, the Monarchy, and entertainment personalities – are

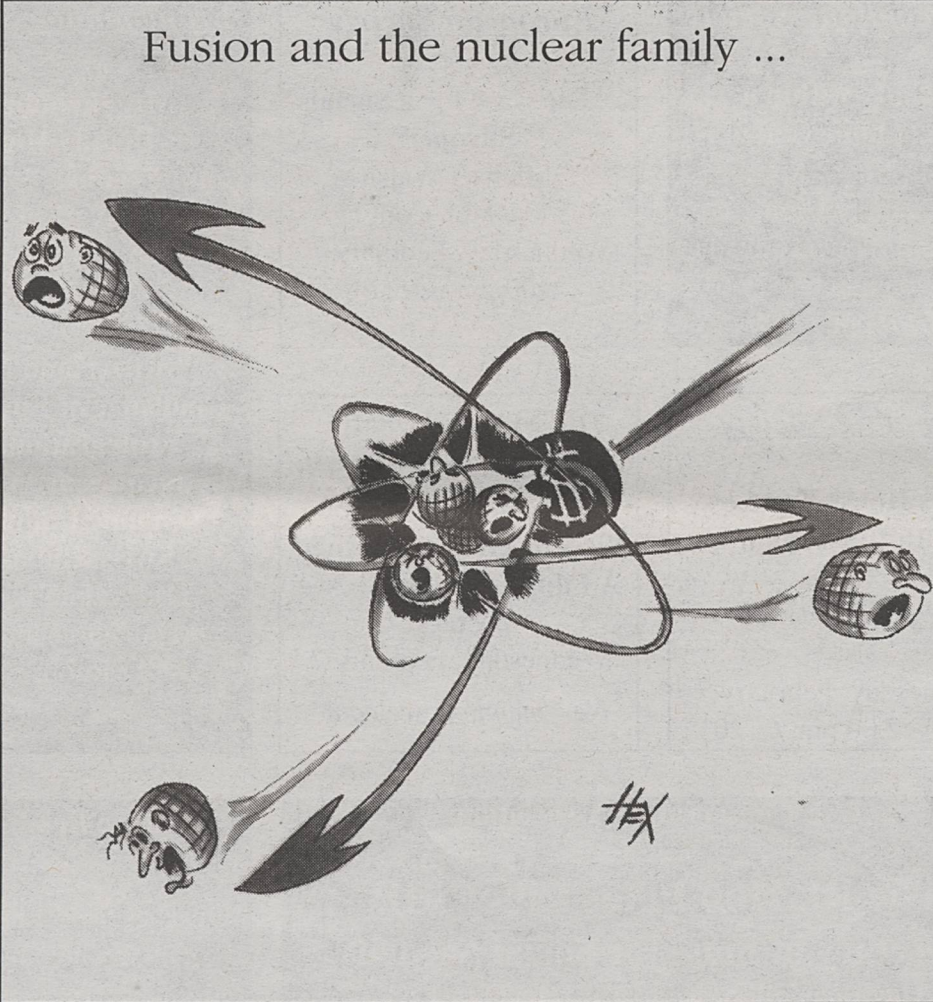
**Are we all becoming more self-centred and short-termist, unable to make the sacrifices and commitment required to make a long term marriage work?**

the first to resort to divorce. Lisa and Jacko, Will and Julia, Richard and Cindy, and Charles and Diana, are some of the many couples going their separate ways. How can the man or woman in the street justifiably be told to work at their marriages when many of their role models blatantly shun this task? A few exceptions to this trend provide excellent examples to the rest of us, notably John and Norma Major and Tony Blair and Cherie Booth.

The second reason for pessimism is the self-perpetuating nature of divorce. Children of broken homes grow up to believe divorce is the norm, and may be more likely to succumb to it themselves. (By contrast though, some may find their parents' hostility merely stiffens their resolve to make their own marriages work). Furthermore, the divorce rate is highest among divorcees, potentially leading to a lifetime of repeated divorce.

Marriage breakdown is so intimately tied to other social problems that Lord Mackay's Family Law Bill can only scratch the surface of what is a gargantuan task. If it truly wants to break the back of divorce, the Conservative party should heed the advice of Cardinal Basil Hume, that piecemeal tinkering with the divorce laws is no substitute for what we really need, a thorough overhaul of our entire attitude to marriage.

## Fusion and the nuclear family ...



## The fast track to Allah

Tanveer Hussain explains why his stomach is rumbling

If some of you have of late noticed certain rumblings around 4.30pm onwards in the middle of lectures or classes with people suddenly popping some food in their mouth then don't worry. There is no epidemic but simply the fact that for Muslims all around the world the holy month of Ramadan started a couple of weeks ago.

It is surprising how few people are aware of the reasons behind why Muslims around the world are voluntarily abstaining from food and drink (amongst other things). The reasons are many and complex, and unfortunately most people simply believe that "we are starving ourselves" so let me attempt to clarify matters.

Firstly, Muslims fast from about an hour before sunrise to just after sunset. During this period Muslims are not allowed to eat, drink, smoke and have sex (not too hard a

task there). At all other times ie between sunset and sunrise, it is permissible to do the aforementioned activities.

Secondly, fasting is compulsory for all Muslims, male and female above the age of puberty although for many the transition is not noticeable since children fast for fun when they are younger, yes, for fun! Some people have commented on the seeming cruelty of it all but it has to be remembered that only physically able people should fast which exempts pregnant women, the sick, children, women at that time of month and so on.

Moreover, this is supposed to be a time of intense spiritual activity, the purpose of fasting is not to starve ourselves but to remind us of the need for God in our lives. Abstention from material things is a way of achieving this objective.

Thirdly, since the Islamic calendar is lunar we find that each year Ramadan starts a little earlier and at present the period of fasting is quite short, roughly 6am until 5pm but this still entails waking up early to have a meal so if you witness any bleary eyed individuals, now you know! The awkward hours also means that many, myself included, have had to rely on our culinary skills to survive – long live baked beans and toast!

In addition, this is a time when Muslim families and communities all over the world are brought closer together with many family gatherings and parties.

Finally, there is light at the end of the rumbling tunnel that passes off as my stomach, there is a festival at the end of Ramadan called Eid-ul-Adha which is ample reward for this month of hardship. Two long days of paarrtying!! (I can't wait!!)

**Travel writers wanted for the Features page.**

If you want to write about a summer destination then come and meet Simon at the Collective meeting on Monday at 6.00pm in the Beaver office (C023)

# Following the herd down to Greece

Nicola Hobday  
Executive Editor

There are bound to be at least a few of us who have spent their summer on one of the hundreds of Greek islands. These resorts attract millions of holiday makers of all nationalities each year. However, these trips are only ever a holiday, a time to relax on the beach, party all night, discover another culture(?) and inevitably come home and return to your normal existence. How would any of us feel if we were told that we had to go to one of the Greek islands to find a job? Is the prospect a bit daunting? In fact it is really not that hard and there are many young people who come from all over the world to work with the holiday makers. Working somewhere in the Greek islands surrounded by sun, sea, sand and people wanting to have a good time may sound idyllic but in reality is their life one long holiday?

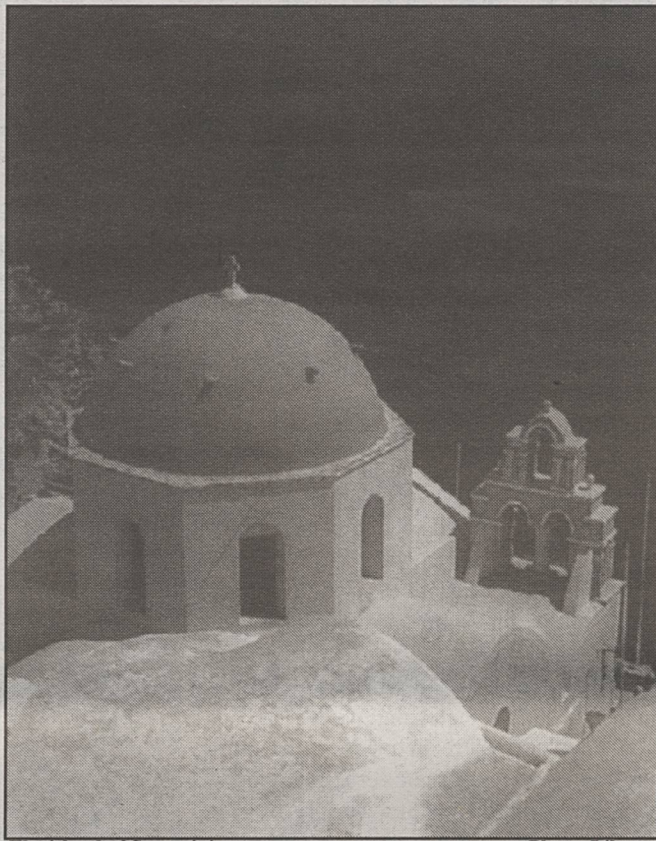
Siobahn decided to leave her job as a manager of an optician's in London to go and work in the Greek islands. After having completed a music degree and moved into management, by the age of twenty-four she decided that she was, "too young to be serious," and needed a break. She first went to Crete where she worked for two months. She had a job in a German bar where her fluent German obviously came in handy.

try. Our image of the lifestyle in the Greek islands is sun, sea, sand and sex. Siobahn revealed that perhaps 'sordid' might be a more appropriate 's' word as she was once offered ninety thousand drachma for sex by a middle aged Greek man. Her employment came to an end on Crete when her boss was trying to persuade her to work topless behind the bar. She refused telling him (in Greek) "I am not a slut!" In response he struck her round the face. "I packed my bags and left there and then at four o'clock in the morning." She moved on to the island of Santorini where she found a job in a hotel. She is now very happy and seems to have found a mini paradise; she cleans the rooms from ten till two and is usually in the hotel pool by three. However, the pay is not much, she earns about £4 to £5 per day plus board, so she has enough to eat but not a lot more. Although she says she will go back to her job in London this experience has made her realise that she never wants to live permanently in England.

Emanuel is Swedish and he works on the Greek island of Ios. In comparison to most of the other foreign workers in the islands he holds a higher position of authority. He is second in charge of "Francesco's" which is a popular pension on the island. He mans the bar, maintains the up-keep of the rooms and handles a lot of the book work. His job means that he has to be around seven days a week and nearly twenty four hours a day so he gets little time off. This year is his tenth working in Ios. He said he started off working in a club getting people to come in. He claims

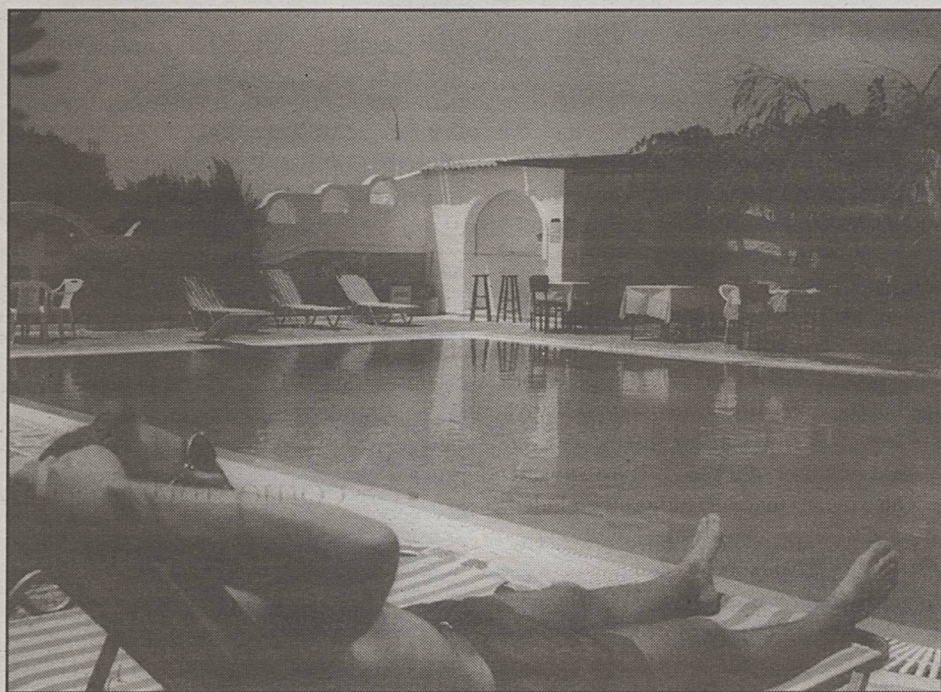
four months without having to work".

Many will look at the case of Emanuel and be critical. Where's the job security? Where's the career structure? Where's the pension plan? Perhaps this says something about the structure of our lives today. So much emphasis is placed on studying for and then obtaining a career that anything that is seen to deviate a person from that path is seen as a waste of time and frivolous. However, there are many opportunities open to 'fritter' a year or a few months away in places like the Greek islands. It can be pretty



The island of Santorini

Photo: Library



Siobahn's paradise

Photo: Nicola Hobday

The work was far from easy. "I had to work every night all night, it was really hard work." She also disliked the amount of rowdy English people who came to the island just to drink and fight, often finding it very embarrassing to come from the same coun-

try that he just got drunk every night and passed out but somehow he kept his job and has been working in Ios every year since. When asked if the pay is good he just smiles, "working here for eight months every year means that I can live and travel for the other

hard work, often for little pay and long hours, and it is not quite as CV embellishing as working in a merchant bank for the summer. However, it can be a good experience to discover another lifestyle, meet a lot of people and have a lot of fun. On the overtly touristy islands like Ios there are plenty of facilities for the workers with discounts,

**"Who needs a girlfriend when you work on a Greek island?"**

organised nights out and sporting competitions, and there tends to be a good atmosphere among all the fellow employees. So it seems that, all in all, a working holiday in the Greek islands is 'a good thing' although one must be prepared for hard work and a fair amount of unpleasantness. It is definitely not one long holiday. It seems also the case that the stereotypical sex-filled lifestyle of a worker on a resort is a true one. There are plenty of girls and boys who are out for a good time, and it is of course the worker's job to provide it. This seems to provide a better deal for the male workers than the female workers who find they often get unwanted attention; one female worker was followed home and attacked in her apartment. For the men, however, the idea of an unlimited supply of sex seems appealing, if somewhat detrimental to existing relationships, but then as Emanuel said, "who needs a girlfriend when you work on a Greek island?"

## Indefinite Article

I have a friend. She was raped quite recently. Well, it wasn't exactly recently - three months past now - and she wasn't exactly raped; it was little more than unprotected forced intercourse and a struggle with a lot of washing afterwards. Apparently it had come about after she refused to have unprotected sex over her fear of becoming pregnant and contracting HIV.

Everyone took it very seriously, she said. She reported it to the police which as an afterthought she thought perhaps she shouldn't have done, because it took much longer to forget about it. On the other hand, she had a feeling that he had done this to someone else before and judging by his minimal respect for women in general, she felt sure that he was capable of doing it again.

It took a long time to accept that it was rape. Rape is when you are dragged from a streetcorner and taken into a dark alley and then forced to have sex with a stranger at knifepoint. No, we told her, rape is unconsented penetration. She said that although she knew that he had done something wrong, which is why she reported it, she maintained that it was probably her fault. I never quite understood why, but I think she thought that she hadn't struggled hard enough or something like that.

Just after reporting it, I noticed that she drank a lot and stopped speaking to men. But she said that she was fine; she was strong and he didn't get the 'her' deep inside her. Only she wasn't strong enough. I knew that she felt guilty for telling tales on him to an institution he'd always played around with and jeered at. She felt that she had let herself down by letting it happen in the first place and then being upset about it and boring everyone with her increasing emotional outbursts. We kept standing by her, saying that she had done the Right Thing and picked up the pieces when she cried for hours and took the phone out of the socket when she tried to call him to ask him why he'd done it. But I expect he probably really believes that he didn't rape her; he forgot she had feelings and objections too; that it wasn't only him that had needs.

She's a lot better now. All the statements and evidence were collected together and sent off to the Crown Prosecution Service for assessment. Of course, it didn't make it to court because there wasn't enough evidence. But I don't think that she wanted that anyway. When I asked her whether she thought that it was all worth it, she hesitated. The police had been fantastic, she had learnt who her friends were and it had made her sit back and take a hard look at herself. But the frustrating thing was that she would never get a response from the one person who she felt should have benefited. She thought that he'd been laughing at her all the way through and he was probably laughing now. The only thing that kept her going was that a friend of his made it plain that they couldn't speak to one another because of police proceedings, so at least she knew that he was taking it seriously. And the other was that he admitted to police that he had a 'problem with women'; he didn't know how to treat them right.

So it's all over. He's moved house and she'll never hear from him again. She's still building and realised the 'real her' in her has been forced to harden up as a result of the rape and taking legal proceedings. Maybe in six months time she'll be able to take men seriously again. And maybe now he'll be able to take another woman's feelings seriously. But maybe it's all been for nothing. Maybe. You can never tell.

# Clockers

James Bryden clocks in with Spike



The men in *Clockers* give us a lesson in looking hard

Photo: David Lee

There is no denying Spike Lee's importance in opening doors for a generation of African-American film makers, but Lee's capacity for pro-black campaigning on a grand scale has often seemed more developed than his aesthetic abilities. Even in his best work, his tendency has been to shout first and ask questions later, and to do that here would have destroyed a very good idea, and a potentially excellent film. Fortunately, Spike Lee has turned down the hysterics and turned out his most mature and cohesive film yet. *Clockers* is as thoroughly compelling as any drama 1995 or 1996 has seen. Newcomer Mekhi Phifer stars as Ronald "Strike" Dunham, a 20-year-old drug dealer, or "clocker", working in the Brooklyn projects for neighbourhood drug king Rodney Little (Delroy Lindo). One evening, Rodney points out to Strike another dealer who has been stealing from him, who is then found brutally murdered. The next day, there is a confession in the case: Strike's brother Victor, a hard-working family man who has never been in trouble in his life, claims self-defence. This doesn't wash with homicide detective Rocco Klein (Harvey Keitel), who becomes convinced that Victor is taking the fall for Strike. Determined to make Strike break, Rocco begins leaning on him, using all his "mean cop" facial impressions in the process. Keitel does a sterling impression of... well... erm... of Harvey Keitel really... but you have to give the man credit - he's very good at what he does.

*Clockers* adopts a documentary style, from its opening scenes featuring autopsy photos of murdered young blacks (Advisory: steer clear of the popcorn for this bit) to a conversation between Strike's colleagues about their preferred rap artists. The use of lighting and texture, particularly in the grainy, over-exposed look of the film's powerful flashbacks, creates both a sense of the surreal and the hyper-real. This is a world where every day is a nightmare, but it is only in retrospect and at a distance that the nature of the nightmare makes itself evident. Lee

indulges his tendency to keep his camera in almost perpetual motion, but in *Clockers* this makes sense, keeping the film moving at a fast pace and maintaining the nervousness of the viewer.

This is a film about Strike's world, and Rocco's experience of that world's numbing violence through his work as a cop. Strike is a character without any real emotional contacts, estranged from his family and hanging with "friends" who might just as soon kill him (and do at one stage happily attempt to kick his guts out). His only interest, besides staying alive, is the train set which teases him with an image of a way out.

That is the level on which *Clockers* is most profoundly disturbing, as a bleak vision of a place where no one is innocent for long, and getting out seems cruelly impossible. The perpetuation of a culture of violence is vividly portrayed as an unbroken chain. Rodney teaches Strike, and Strike in turn teaches a 12-year-old neighbourhood boy in the ways of weighing and cutting crack (always a handy skill in the hood). Victor, the one man who tries to live an honest life, is ridiculed for it, and those who manage not to get killed are eaten away from the inside (Strike suffers from a stomach ulcer, and crack addicts drift through the neighbourhood like the undead). Only Rodney, a thoroughly amoral being who experiences no remorse at thriving off the suffering of others, seems untouched; he is the fattened chief in a society of cannibals. *Clockers* is brutal and pessimistic, the conclusion gives only a token expression of hope, and as such it will probably turn off many viewers. If however you think yourself capable of withstanding violence, drugs and Spike Lee's usual ample use of the phrase "mother fucker" then rush to a cinema near you now.

**Director:** Spike Lee  
**Released:** February 2 (Nationwide)  
Showing at: MGM Trocadero, Empire  
☆☆☆☆

## DRAMA SOCIETY TRIPS

*Woman in Black*  
Thursday 15th Feb  
£10 (Members: £8.50)

*Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*  
Thursday 23rd Feb  
£10 (Members: £8.50)

Contact David Merchant through the Students' Union or on 0171 580 6338 Flat F32

☆☆☆☆☆ Cool  
☆☆☆☆ Hip  
☆☆☆ Trendy-ish  
☆☆ Not so chill  
☆ Erm...

# Les Misérables

Gulshan Verma is not depressed

No, not the film of the long running musical but a story 'inspired' by the famous book by Victor Hugo. Directed by French filmmaker Claude Lelouch, also responsible for the double Oscar winning *A Man and A Woman*. The film is about the life of Henri Fortin (Jean-Paul Belmondo) during the first half of the twentieth century. Henri's life changes forever when he meets and befriends the wealthy intellectual Ziman family who are fleeing French and Nazi persecution of the Jews. The Zimans read *Les Misérables* to the illiterate Henri as he smuggles them across France and Henri comes to see himself as a real life extension of Hugo's protagonist, Jean Valjean.

This film is absolutely stunning with breath-taking scenery as it switches seamlessly between Nazi occupied and revolutionary France. The acting is superb and led by a top notch performance by Jean-Paul Belmondo, his best since his appearance in *Breathless*. You know a line is important when they mention it more than once in a film (see *Usual Suspects*) and in this film it's the fact that Mr Zimmer explains "there are

only two or three stories in the world and we must all live them over and over". Indeed with the cast playing double roles in the two different time periods, we do see this happening over and over again.

Some interesting points arise, for example, Lelouch's emphasis not so much on the Nazis but the eagerness with which the French adopted Hitler's views. Much of the persecution comes from the French and after the war there were witchhunts for the collaborators. The characters are not simply ciphers playing either hero, villain or victim but a rich mixture of all three. Even the French collaborators have their own personal acts of triumphs. The only problem I had with this film is that it is just so long. At a posterior-numbing three hours, it is not the kind of the film you go to because you have some spare time. The film also remains true to its Hollywood influence because it has an ending that seems to be a trifle forced but even so it's still a damn fine movie.

**Director:** Claude Lelouch  
**Released:** February 2 (Nationwide)

☆☆☆



Alessandra Martines, Salome, Michel Boujenah & Jean-Paul Belmondo take a ride

Photo: Library

# Rendez-Vous in Paris

Anit Roy-Choudhury on l'amour in France

This film is a mildly amusing trio of disparate stories about life, and especially l'amour in the heart of Paris. The stories are linked, not so much by the contents as by the fine locations in the different quarters of Paris. Indeed a less than enthusiastic viewer would be forgiven for believing that the film was made by the Paris Tourist Board.

The first and best of the stories centres around Esther (the talented and rather tasty Clara Bellar) and her relationship with boyfriend Horace. Is he two-timing her? A series of frankly outrageous, but still fun, coincidences leads our Esther to the truth.

The second tale is frankly a predictable and tedious pile of poop, concerning a two-timing woman and one of her amours, (who has possibly the worst haircut in Europe). I would advise a quick kip during this one 'cos it drags on a bit.

The final yarn is a mild improvement and concerns a painter who begins lusting after a stranger in the street whilst he is supposed to be looking after a Swedish tourist. He dumps the Swede, and then gets dumped on by the married stranger.

What is left unexplained is why he would leave the mildly fine tourist girl to chase after the trogg-like and deathly boring

stranger. What is also left unexplained is how in France it is apparently acceptable to harass total strangers in the street, begging them for some lusty amour.

**Director:** Eric Rohmer  
**Released:** February 9 (Nationwide)

☆☆



Eric Rohmer - Director

Photo: Library



# Beaver Golden Oldies

## Nº 4: Mr Smith goes to Washington (1939)

Director: Frank Capra

There are always a few things that you can be sure of when you see a Frank Capra film, one is that it will be emotionally draining, another is that you will leave thinking that life's a bitch but feeling surprisingly good.

James Stewart plays a naive boy-scout leader (Mr Smith) and local hero (because he put out a forest fire). He is sent to the senate by a puppet governor, controlled by a local media magnate because they think that he will not make waves, but find themselves mistaken. Smith as a model American citizen feels an obligation to do the best for his state, although he does not understand the workings of the senate. When he unintentionally digs up dirt on his local governor and a fellow senator who are

being paid to vote on a bill, the battle begins; press versus the American dream-citizen. Smith fights back in a speech in the senate that lasts 23 hours but to no avail, the usual Capra prevails; society fighting those it is meant to be working for.

Nevertheless it has that feel-good quality that films like *The American President* try to achieve, but Capra is the master. It may not have the greatest title you could hope for but the dialogue is the greatest and Capra's direction, though depressed, retains his sense of hope.

*Mr Smith* surprisingly only collected Best Writing at the Oscars (it was up against *Gone with the Wind*) but still stands as Capra's greatest and one of the best films of the war era.

SAS

Price £9.99 available from Virgin Megastore



James Stewart: Lucky guy

Photo: Columbia Tristar

## The Story of Marie

Boris Michalik hears some old time music hall

The new production *Marie; The Story of Marie Lloyd* seems to have all the ingredients normally needed to make a show successful in the West End. It is based on the life of a successful singer which normally means innovation can be avoided and they can play songs everyone knows anyway ie Buddy/Fame. The more or less "scandalous lifestyles" of the central characters also guarantees public attention, collapsing drunk on stage or having lots of different affairs seem to underline this cliché of what makes a show interesting. However *Marie* turned out to be quite different. It is a monologue, every now and then interrupted by some songs she used to perform at the time she is talking about.

Born in 1870 Marie Lloyd made her first appearance at 17 in a London Music Hall and eventually she becomes "The Queen of the Music Hall". However, it is not the music that makes this show worth a visit. The tunes are more or less forgotten the moment you hear them and the lyrics are basically silly. What makes *Marie* remarkable is the

performance of Elizabeth Mansfield. She starts as the cynical, frustrated performer who isn't actually sure whether her songs cheer up herself or the audience. From the nervous young girl thrilled by the glitter of "show business" she begins a journey which takes the audience to different moments of her career. She had to get her repertoire approved by a court as it was accused of being "lewd and indecent", and she had a rather sad experience of the USA when she was invited to Broadway but ended up in prison. Throughout this we see her constant attempt to satisfy her audiences, haunted by the fear that they might not want her anymore.

If you expect a large scale star musical you will be disappointed. If you enjoy the psychological thrills a "chamber-musical" has to offer *Marie* is definitely worth seeing. However you should make sure that it is Elizabeth Mansfield performing before you go otherwise the whole thing could easily become disasterously boring.

**Venue:** Fortune Theatre  
Every Sunday at 3.30 pm

## Two Trains Running

Amit Desai on a refreshing racial drama

*Two Trains Running* by renowned black American playwright August Wilson may not have the most exciting of names but trust me, it has absolutely nothing to do with anoraks or thermos flasks, (just thought I'd tell you avid serial number collectors out there before you got too excited).

It concerns a few days in the life of the regulars of a Pittsburgh diner that, well, just ain't jumping like it used to. Set at the end of the 1960s when both Martin Luther King and Malcolm X were already dead, it tells the tale of hopeless dreams like getting rich-quick but also of the difficulties of coping in a rapidly changing world. Death is a major preoccupation, with a rich undertaker as one of the main characters and no less than two funerals during the course of the play (suck on that *Four Weddings*). I know all this doesn't sound like one big barrel of fun but all the problems sort themselves out eventually - two of the characters fall in love, the diner's owner, Memphis (played superbly by George Harris), gets a good price for his land from the council, and all in all it ends

with an unmistakable up-beat tone.

The skill Wilson shows in creating his characters is spectacular and shows remarkable insight into their way of thinking and the mood of the time. He also adds subtle flourishes of comedy often aimed at his own characters. If I do have a gripe, it's with the acting. While most of the cast give fine performances - notably Ray Shell, and Jenny Jules (who can do more with one facial expression than Hamlet could with five soliloquies) - sometimes the actors (and I'm thinking of Al Matthews here, who plays Holloway) try too hard to be like their characters in that they exaggerate certain mannerisms and just come out looking wooden.

It's good to see a play written by, directed by and starring black actors which is not obsessed with racism, but rather, while of course acknowledging it, concentrates on other aspects of the black American experience. I know this is the corniest thing ever but, don't miss this one!

**Venue:** Tricycle Theatre  
February 24

## Les Enfants du Paradis

Graeme Trayner sees a classic at the Barbican

This play is about love, passion, theatre and anger and the 1944 film is now regarded as one of the great cinema classics. Set in Orleanist Paris, it follows Garance, a beautiful woman who is pursued by four men. The dilemmas and crises this creates are followed over a twenty year span.

The film and play definitely share one thing in common, length. The film is nearly 5 hours long, the BBC had to show it over two nights at Christmas, and the play lasts for a serious four hours. Long films and plays are fine as long as the length is justified, but *Les Enfants du Paradis* could easily have been cut down. The pace is often very slow with scenes dragging on. The beginning of Act One dragged on incessantly. At times looking at the audience's body language it was fairly obvious the pace was slow.

The script, an English adaptation by Simon Callow, lets the play down. Many lines sound hackneyed and clichéd, also a lot of the romantic lines are simply not that romantic. In the film the

dialogue oozes love and passion, perhaps English is just an ugly language.

However, the film generally translates well onto stage, especially the play's tense and dramatic finale. Some scenes just do not work: the opening of the play and film is meant to be a crowded market: on stage it looks empty. Some of the best scenes in the film are set in the music-hall theatre, when you see the angry mob chucking a variety of rotten fruit at the singers and actors, which Callow recreates using a faint recording to provide the noise of the mob.

Nevertheless, the acting is of the usual high RSC standards. Rupert Graves's French accent as Baptiste the mime artist, stands out. Helen McCrory is also particularly good as Garance, the woman with four suitors.

*Les Enfants du Paradis* is well worth seeing at the Barbican, though if you want to see the real classic get the video out.

**Venue:** Barbican Theatre  
March 2



Elizabeth Mansfield as Marie

Photo: Library

# This Long Piggy went to the Astoria

James Crabtree hams it up in an exclusive interview with The Longpigs

The London Astoria, unbeknownst to many, is not actually a venue. In reality, it is where ex-stasi members who yearn for the good old days of underground tunnel networks come for a holiday. At 6.40pm, the only obstacle between myself and a potentially splendid interview with 'up and coming' (ie sold no records, but might do soon) band The Longpigs, is a backstage corridor system so wit-bendingly complex that even the staff appear to be utterly lost. It has been my only obstacle for the last seventeen minutes. I'm late. Marvellous.

Event wise, tonight is the culmination of a nationwide tour. For the past two weeks, the Longpigs have been dutifully supporting the one woman minority show of Skunk Anansie. I pass Skin, Skunk's lead screamer, on the stairs. Clearly, she is a wild sexual fantasy for the politically correct; black, female, lesbian, skinhead, tattoos, god knows what... However, she still manages to pull off a convincing blend of simultaneous resemblance between Sigourney Weaver in Alien 3, and the alien in, um, Alien 3. I run away.

The Longpigs are much more friendly looking. Four northern lads, whose music treads the pant-wetting line between Suede and Radiohead, sit nonchalantly in a post-soundcheck/pre-gig haze of cigarettes and Pepsi Cans. Yes, Pepsi Cans: Rock and Roll debauchery lives on. And their lead singer goes by the rather unfortunate moniker of Crispin. They all have the requisite leather trousers, short fashionable hair, and Crispin sits resplendent in a ridiculous white furry top. Cool. Well, here goes nothing...

"Yeah, we've been fucking winning them over", he contends upon being asked how the gigs have been going. He continues "it's



Anyone got any Pepsi?

Photo: Michael Allott

been a challenge. Everyone we've been out with before, we've been the weirdy-heavy ones and they've been the indie-poofy ones. But on this tour..." Yeah, fair point. Fey, indie pop with quiffs is not what Skunk Anansie have a reputation for.

Earlier on, I listen to the band sound checking the new single, 'Far'. This, Crispin tells me, is "a nursery rhyme about dropping Es, going to an S&M Club and falling in love with a woman with a whip". Yet, more than that, it shows a more diverse angle to the band. Crispin agrees. "Yeah. The new album goes everywhere; up and down, left and right, round and round. We didn't sit down to make one of those records which is 'I know what mood I'm in, I'll go and listen to that'. It's got loads of different stuff." Diverse, then? "Oh yeah; like, there's one song to dance to, one to sleep to, one to shag to, one to do the washing up to..." Do the

washing up? Yeah, which one? "Um ... 'Far', probably", comes the reply. Crispin; ecstasy, S&M, love, women with whips, AND doing the dishes? Must have been a good night? "well, now you come to mention it..."

We move on. My notebook is simply bursting with worthy, artistic questions about thematic songs, lyrical subtlety, world domination, post modern iconism, britpop and so on and so forth. So what do we talk about? Obviously, we talk about drugs. "We're supposed to be writing songs about love, but not in the flowers, chocolates and kisses way people expect. We want to know if Love, nowadays, is the same thing that Cole Porter wrote about, or whether it's better for being chemically induced?" Crispin looks at the band; "I reckon it is". Rich, the guitarist, disagrees. "It's just different drugs, right, 'cause Cole Porter probably took loads of

cocaine, and now you've got Es". These things could kill you, you know.

I ask about the whole Leah Betts thing, and the ensuing media circus. "I really like drugs" explains Crispin. "Obviously, to an extreme they'll mess you up, but Ecstasy is a really great drug." "It's like 'don't mention the war!'", continues Richard. "Everyone knows what goes on, but no-one mentions it. It just takes one person. I mean, more people die from eating peanuts than taking Ecstasy". Hm. Sorted, then. "People nowadays need an escape. Going out on Saturday night, listening to fucking loud drums, and dancing; that's a good escape. I suppose, we write about that, but we write about other things. The album's full of comfort songs, songs with vulnerability. We want to be pretty wide, interesting..."

Yet, is this what people are really interested in now? To what extent are the Longpigs, who look perfectly suited for such a label, simply going to be bundled as another Britpop band, and forgotten? "We like it. It's a good scene, and it needs to be celebrated. But, it's like, what the fuck have Pulp and Oasis got in common" demands Crispin, to nods from the rest of the band. "It needs to move on; you can't classify every single band under the same banner", and Dee (the drummer) adds "I reckon people should read the NME like they read the Sun. Problem is, some people still believe the Sun".

Such are the trials and tribulations of an up & coming bands. Later Crispin tells me that the Longpigs don't want to be the next Oasis, which, frankly, I don't believe. Stardom is always the aim, n'est-ce pas? Anyway, I thank every man, his dog, and his tour manager, and leave to enjoy the show. Which, incidentally, is pretty goddamn excellent. Expect the Longpigs to be hamming it up and makin' bacon round your way, soon.

## Ruthless Richard's Rap Review Corner

Richard Stanley casts his expert eye over the latest Hip-Hop releases

**Artist:** Luniz

**Single:** I Got 5 on it

It is immediately apparent that this rap duo are not signed to bring you intelligent lyrics on current world issues. They discuss what they know and love women, alcohol, gambling, and their specialist subject, drugs. So sit your ass down, roll that shit, light that shit, smoke it. Yuckmouth and Numbskull (I assume these are not on their birth certificates) come straight out of Oakland, where the funk grows on trees, and people converse in rap. I originally expected the style to be more fluid and over-produced, but the brothers weave and intertwine the bouncing beats with crazy mad natural skills. The "Clean bay ballas vocal" remix features some big players from the rap industry but they fail to lose the annoying R'n'B singers that are all too familiar in this style of hip-hop. Some hard-core rap fans will deem this too commercial, although Tim Westwood

who is very selective about who gets air time on his Radio One rap shows, has been giving this group radio play even before their debut album "Operation Stackola" was released in the States and dominated Billboard's number one spot (Westwood failed to play Coolio's "Gangsta's Paradise" because of its commercial appeal). Despite this success the Luni seem a little reluctant to share their good fortune with lyrics like, "Hoochies get hit but they know they got a bitch in them/roll a joint that's longer than your extension/'cos I'll be damned if you get high off me for free/hell no, you'd better bring your own spliff, chief. 'The "Weedless" mix is a big fat blow job to MTV. Basically MTV do not believe in freedom of expression and sadly, in order to get the video played, Virgin's Noo Trybe record label have conformed to MTV's wishes and provided an edited version of the original which involves the removal of all the naughty words like weed, joint, mauwee-wauwee, indo, chronic, puff, blow, hash, THC, ceis, cannabis, blunt, marijuana, pot, grass, home-grown, and bud. FUCK MTV and FUCK BLPES. If the

library fucks me around again, Ima come down there with my "luniz" homeboys and we'll shank all the staff to death. Consider yourselves dissed, you punk mother-fuckers.

**Artist:** New Kingdom

**Single:** Mexico or Bust

Dilemma number one: This advanced copy of New Kingdom's 12" single "Mexico or bust", due out on February 26, fails to include a recommended playing speed. After much contemplation I settle for 45 rpm, which provides the rapper with a delivery that could be mistaken for Ad Rock from the Beastie Boys on helium. Musically it is quite industrial and experimental compared to the standard format of hip-hop of simple percussion and rolling bass lines. Rap however has always placed great emphasis on production. A group will generally encounter a success-

ful career if it is backed by an influential and technically efficient producer (I doubt Snoop Dogg would have shifted a single unit unless he was discovered and produced by Dr Dre, an original member of... A.). It is in this department in which the record fails to deliver, the overall sound is original but sadly cluttered and monotonous.

Dilemma number two: has Gee Street recorded the same track consecutively? On it has been given the remix treatment, and a closer inspection reveals a more promising interpretation of the original track. The remix and instrumentals show a jazzy side to the duo, the bass is positively bangin', definitely something to bop your head to. Can the group improve further? According to the record company this single "inspires you to a weekend of narcotics and paranoia which you don't regret on Monday morning". Four lines of coke, half a gram of speed, and a severely roached record sleeve later, I know this shit is going to sell, and Christine Whithead is a sex goddess.

Singles \* \* \* Singles \* \* \* Singles \* \* \* Singles \* \* \*

# Peaceniks In Our Time?

## Iain Haxton spots the links with Pearl Jam



"Maybe if I stick my fingers down my throat I'll sound better..."

Photo: Steve Gullick

**Artist:** The Peaceniks

**Single:** Break The Chain

This lot seem to be obsessed with what they are not. The Peaceniks are a reasonable indie/grunge/rock band. They are not, as the press release suggests, about to make "an indelible mark on the subconscious of the intelligent world".

They are from Essex, and not from Seattle, despite what their singer might wish: "Woooh, yeah, I gotta set my soul free /

living is a ball and chain, yeah." he growls emphatically, singing with passion, operatics and an American accent.

They do have a talented drummer, but this does *not* mean, in any way, that they "embrace the essential components of techno and broaden rock's horizons by acknowledging their techno influences." Such a claim is not even an outrageously blatant attempt at credibility, it is just a downright lie. This is grunge-lite, and about four years too late at that. Never mind.

Oh, and conspiracy theorists take note: "peacenik" is actually an anagram for "Vedder's arse"

## More of the latest singles...

**Artist:** Placebo

**Single:** Come Home

Aaargh! What the hell's this? Mega City Four and Greenday revisited?! According to their press release PLACEBO are apparently "the most talked about unsigned band in Britain". Hmmm. What I'd like to know is who's doing the talking? Are they deaf? And what are they saying about this American-Swedish 3-piece and their second single, "Come Home"?

I'd like to constructively criticise the title track but it's hard going. The vocalist sings through his nose, and the whole band sound like they have trouble staying in time. The drummer likes his toms, alternating every other beat with a piece of metal which goes "tink". At first I thought it was a badly programmed drum-machine with a cheap cow-bell effect, but alas no. The less said about this song, the better.

The second track, "Drowning by Numbers" is actually OK. When pissed you could quite happily dance to it if you're into pogojumping. An upbeat funky start with a melodic baseline and minimalist guitar builds up to a Greenday-esque heavy bit. "Open your arms/Let me dive in/To...The/Big big blue" Fuck, it's the tink, tink, tink of that sodding cow-bell again! I just don't believe it! A classic example of how to ruin a potential attempt at mediocrity with excessive percussion. Chorus of alterslate "Dive in/Drown-in-hin" to fade.

Mr Moving swiftly onto the third track, the intriguingly titled "Oxygen Thief". Nope, not a song about plans to privatise the air, but 3.5 minutes of pretentious crap. No vocals. No music. Just what sounds like an android short-circuiting accompanied by a Sinclair 7.X Spectrum loading up Jet Set Willy.

"Come Home"? More like Go Home and put your instruments away lads. (And get rid of that fucking cowbell!) Still, at least there's hope - for me that is. Judging by this effort I could still make it as a rock star yet.

Daniel Crowe

**Artist:** Sparklehorse

**Single:** Someday I Will Treat You Good

Something of a curate's egg this lot. They are hyped and tipped by those 'in the know', have played at the NME Brat Awards, and seem destined for good things. They have a new album out, under the extremely unfortunate Tom Wait's induced name of 'Vivadixiesubmarinetransmissionlot'. Yet, only one question remains; 'aretheyany-bloodygoodorwhatthen'?

On the grounds of this single, diverse would seem a better word. 'Someday I will treat you good' is a tuneful fusion of, well, um, dunno really. I sounds *real American*. If it was a man, it would have a beard, a Stetson, speak in a southern drawl, and the chances of a glass of Jack Daniels being in the vicinity would be high. Yet, the other two tracks show a slower, more lilting side; 'In the dry' being especially reminiscent of a slow Pavement or Palace song. I guess the lead singer sings like Thom Yorke too, but then you can take this comparison thing too far.

Despite the fact no one has ever heard of Sparklehorse, they could hit a nerve and join in on the new crossover of transatlantic talent. Will they? Waitandseewhattime-maytell. OK? Dandy.

James Crabtree.

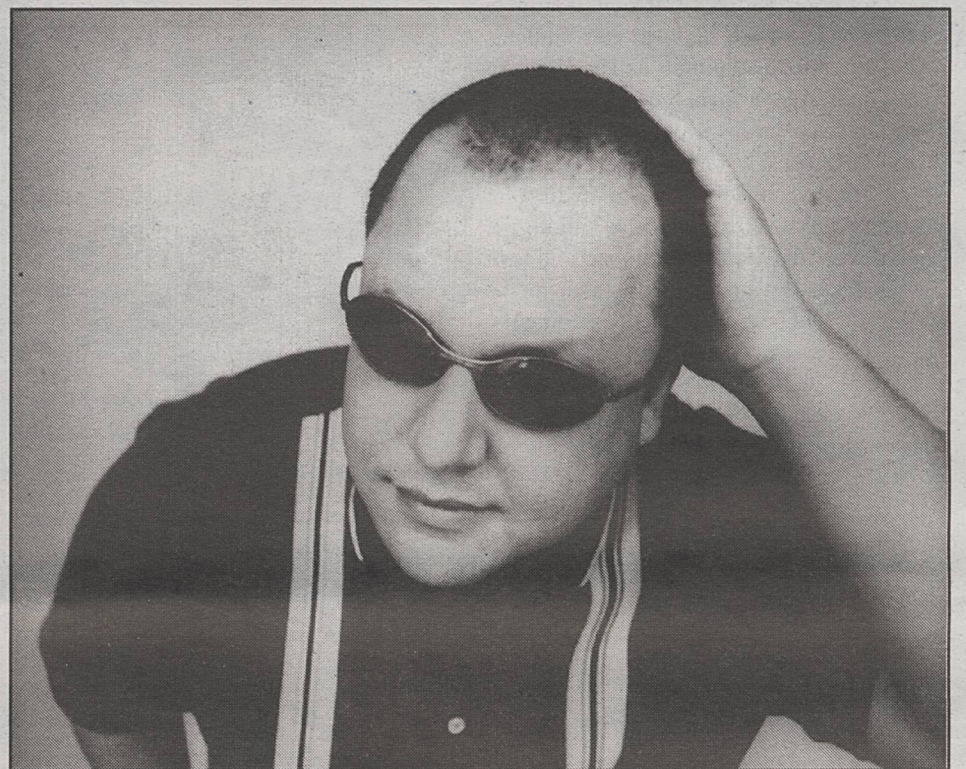
**Artist:** Radiohead

**Single:** Street Spirit (Fade Out)

Hurrah for the Brits! England slam back with this cheeky little number from the 'Head. It's the fifth (fifth!) single off their ace "the Bends" album. It's not very pop really, a track that was a soft moment of uncertain reflection and wonder on the album works less well in a single format. It's an unusual track to release - it's not very happy/ in yer face/ cool and hip/particularly indie, whatever.

This matters not, however, for they are Radiohead, and will therefore make shit bag loads of money. It also helps that this is ponderingly, gently, quietly lovely. The thing to do chaps, is arrange things so this is playing on your stereo whilst your girlfriend walks in. Cultivate a "sensitive" composure, look a bit upset and then watch her want to have sex with you.

Iain Haxton



Cuter than a regular pixie don't you think?

Photo: Epic

# Magic Pixie

**Artist:** Frank Black

**Album:** The Cult Of Ray

Frank Black, for those who don't know, was the lead singer in one of the best Indie bands of all time, *The Pixies*. All things must pass and so the band split. However, the various members continue to survive in the music industry in various guises, Frank Black being probably the most convincing of those survivors.

*The Cult Of Ray* is Frank's third album of his solo career and is a continuation of his display of talent. If you know the first two, it seems like an obvious progression, if you don't, well, it's essentially rock, with distinct elements of punk and pop. This is Frank's speciality, and his skill for crafting lyrics about a diversity of topics from Walkmans to Mexicans remains unabated. On this album you can expect such delights as songs about (In Frank's own words); "...geographic obsession, conspiratorial paranoia, genetic alterations... universal violence [and] monsters"! There are also a couple of instrumentals about which Frank

says; "I try singing on these, but sometimes it just sounds better if I shut up". I don't know about that, but it is a good way to show off Frank's lead-guitar talents, which are somehow strangely reminiscent of Ozric Tentacles.

Rumours that Frank was dropped from his previous label 4AD turn out to be untrue, apparently he left, and curiously has now settled with Epic. This luckily doesn't seem to have cramped his style though and this album seems to have a lot more punk elements in it than the previous two. That's not to say that it's without it's pure tunes, the type that are driven by grunge guitar, but have a tune so melodious that you just can't help cranking it up and singing your head off ... as the perfection of the chorus to "I Don't Want To Hurt You (Not Every Time)" fills the room, you'll know for sure in your heart that the spirit of *The Pixies* lives on in Frank Black. Long after the rest of the band's post-Pixies indie/grunge meanderings have fallen down the back of the stereo cabinet and been completely forgotten about; Frankus Blackus Maximus continues to distinguish himself from the rest of the crowd with some of the best tunes around.

Tom Stone

# Baljit bites back

Dear Beaver,

*The Beaver* has always and will always be an independent forum for students to inform, debate, discuss and entertain in the written medium. Hard work is required on the part of many in the enterprise. The product has recently reached a high level, with the view of *The Beaver* high amongst many students. A broad team ranging from the News Editors, James Brown and Susa Lee seeking to inform, the Campus Editor, Dave Whippe to raise a few chuckles, or the Executive Editor, Nicola Hobday and Managing Editor, James MacAonghus have the task of putting the entire thing together by a deadline and must be acknowledged for their hard work and dedication. All that contribute and help must be thanked.

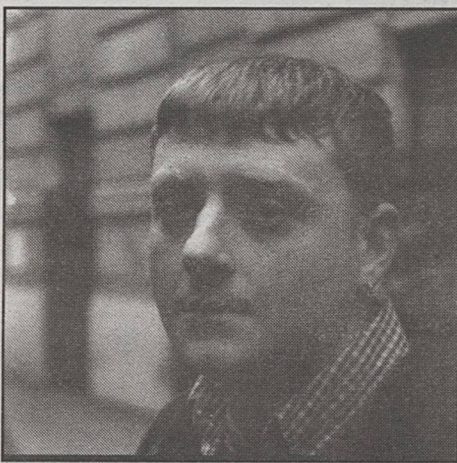
The Union Page should be seen as something that complements the rest of the paper. It is a forum which since the previous Executive meeting is open to the entire student body for contributions. It is quite simply a serious page, which seeks to give students an insight into the thoughts and concerns of those interested or involved with the Union – particularly Union officers. As Communications Officer, I have a constitutional duty to 'be responsible for liaising with other Officers and ensuring that the Union, the activities of the Union and the activities of Union societies are communicated to the whole student body'. I have been doing my job. I have a significant role through ensuring the production of material for the Union page and producing Union newsletters. Extensive articles have been produced by me

only when there is a vital subject to discuss, and I have become the only person willing to contribute in that week.

Criticism made on the letters page against a detailed article produced at the end of last term is cynical and absurd. Many students said they found it useful and informative. It detailed the efforts of Union Officers, a brief history of past achievements, and argued for extending student representation on School committees. No student has ever offered any criticism of it until now – nearly two months after it was written, and five weeks before an election. Draw your own conclusions.

If you would like to contribute to this page or respond to any of the articles printed in it, please speak to the Communications Officer in *Beaver* Collective meetings, held at 6 pm every Monday, in the *Beaver* room

Yours  
Baljit Mahal.



Tom Smith. J'accuse

# In defence of LSE girls

Dear Beaver,

It is to 'Beaver' that I address myself in fact. Regarding the Houghton Street Harry column and the letter signed 'one of the lads' in last week's issue both lamenting on the sorry state of the LSE and British women, may I attempt to give more enlightened point of view on the subject.

Firstly, I can purport to actually being a 'lad' due to the fact that I have pulled in my time and at the present have a bird in tow. This is obviously in stark contrast to the virginal 'one of the lads' whose pent up frustrations shine through clearly in his letter. As an associate of Harry (yes I know who he is), I can honestly assure you that the Virgin Mary had more sexual encounters than he. I therefore feel that the opinions of both are to be ignored.

There area number of very fine looking women at the LSE, both British and otherwise. Symptomatic of these is actually the Editor of *The Beaver* [flattery will get you everywhere -Ed] who is an English rose and someone Shakespeare had in mind when he penned his sonnets. Beauty is, of course, in the eye of the beholder but obviously the only thing Harry and 'one of the lads' has been holding recently is their 67own inadequately sized organs.

The idea that all American women are heaven sent and Pamela Anderson clones, as Harry seems to believe, only goes to illustrate that he is a shallower creature, easily influenced by Hollywood propaganda. The truth is that most American women are fat and spotty due to too many burgers, have the most annoying accents on earth, hold

grossly inflated opinions of themselves and are poor in bed (and I know because I've had many).

Could we please then in the future refrain from knocking LSE women and instead concentrate on knocking them up.

Yours  
A 'Real' Lad

.....  
• Letters deadline is 12.00 on •  
• Thursday •  
• The Editor reserves the right to •  
• edit all letters •  
.....

## Pushers pounded

Dear Beaver

A quick word about the letter mentioning shiny red jackets. It rejoices me to read that someone else is alarmed about the behaviour of certain students, or even former ones, who rather than making full use of the opportunity they are given to access higher education, prefer to waste their time, their money and, most importantly, a university place, all at the taxpayer's expense. This is the behaviour of selfish individuals, but let us hope that they are in the minority.

Yours  
Yannick

# The Global Festival is here

Dave Nicholson celebrates its arrival

This week sees the return of the world famous Global Festival. Following the success of last years week long celebrations, Global Festival '96 continues in this fine tradition. Bringing together over 5000 students from over 100 countries, the festival will take place on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday this week. With over twenty societies showcasing their cultural traditions and heritage, all students will be able to play a part and experience the cultural diversity that is the LSE. Free food and drink during the Festival no doubt help this cultural exchange, but there is so much more on offer...

The highlights...

The Brazilian Carnival (and a 1am Tuns extension!!)

Chinese fortune telling, palmistry & calligraphy

Kenyan coffee evening

Bhangra night

Jewish comedy (The Besht Tellers)

"Out of Africa" Film night

Poetry from the Literary Circle

Indian fashion show

A very special Francophone buffet

Conrad Lambert and a special one man show from Omid Djalili

Cultural displays from Bulgaria, Central Europe, Greece, Cyprus, Malaysia, Mauritius, Colombia and more

World renowned speakers from across the globe

**PLUS... FREE FOOD & DRINK from China, Brazil, Mauritius, India, Greece, Cyprus and from the Jewish and Islamic Society.**

**CHECK FLYERS, POSTERS AND THE DAILY BULLETIN BOARD IN HOUGHTON STREET.**



The Global Festival Committee

# Uncle Tom tells all ...

## The gregarious ginger gets to grips with your gripes

**T**om Smith, in an exciting new series, answers your problems. 'Dear Uncle Tom' will use the benefit of his vast experience with the fairer sex. The sheer volume of letters to Tom demanding his advice has meant that we have devoted this page to solving your problems.

Dear Uncle Tom

I am a randy third year student in the economics department, who feels he has to pull before my hair finally goes. Every Friday night I venture out to a place where I can ply my appalling trade. However, I have been very unsuccessful, even my ex-girlfriend refused to sleep with me. What I am really writing to ask you Tom, is could you please let me have some of your chat up lines that you are always so succesful with as my 'fox and farmer' lines (like my hair) are wearing thin, as I have tried them with everyone at LSE at least twice.

Yours pleadingly

Chris Pull-Pooper, Rosebery Hall

UNCLE TOM SAYS: *Chris, thank you for your letter - it moved me. I must say, before I offer you some new lines, that you are not alone in this plight. Many of my friends are going through the same problem. Three years at the LSE has left their chat up lines tired and useless. Might I suggest that you look for a new forum to display your skills. However, if this is not possible, why not try these lines that are not to far removed from your farmyard repertoire.*

'Do you like Chicken?'  
'Well suck my knob ... it's fowl'

Dear Uncle Tom,

Despite being a prominent figure within political and campus circles who gives out a jovial impression, deep inside I am in turmoil. My problem, Tom, is that I cannot be with the one I love. I've tried to put her out of my mind with casual foreign flings and two failed marriages, but still she is everywhere I go. Her curly locks, her mellow voice, I just cannot resist her. I know she feels the same way too, but all my friends take the piss out of me, yet regardless I still believe she is Wright for me. What do I do?

A worried Ginger

UNCLE TOM SAYS: *Don't listen to your friends, I am going out on a limb here but I think that they are probably jealous.*

Dear Uncle Tom

I am an editor of a student newspaper and I have a problem. I'm in love with a man who I see nearly everyday but he thinks that I am immature. We often have heated discussions in the newspaper office but how I yearn to get heated with him in the bedroom. It seems that we really have trouble communicating. Tell

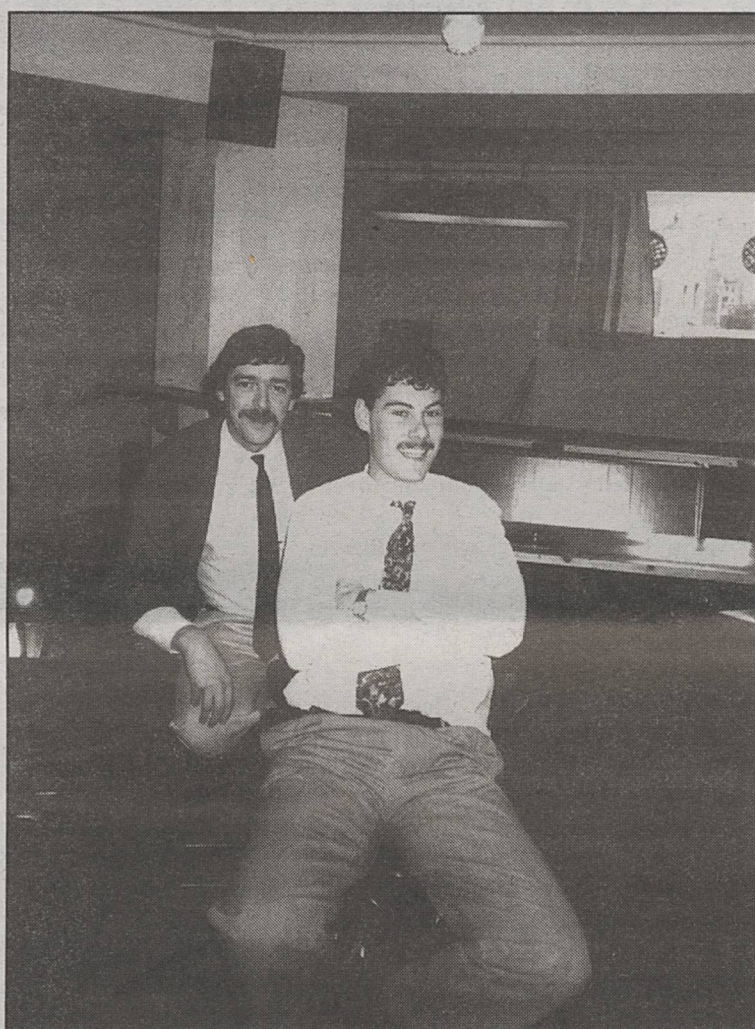
me, how do I make my feelings known?

Nicola Nobday

UNCLE TOM SAYS: *Forget him and turn your interests towards a more deserving Campus writer.*

Dear Uncle Tom

I am a young man with a normal appetite, while I give the impression that I have had a lot of birds - in reality I have not. There are two girls around college that I find particularly attractive. Both of these girls



Have you got a wig and a dodgy tash? Uncle Tom offers friendly advice

have slept with friends of mine. Tom, why is it that girls are prepared to talk to me yet not sleep with me? Over the last few weeks I have seriously begun to wonder if I am a homosexual. My ex-flat mate has tried teaching me about girls, yet why does it seem so easy for him and yet not for me?

David, North London

UNCLE TOM SAYS: *Without doubt you are a homosexual. Stop badgering girls and be honest with yourself about your sexual identity. Why not contact the Welfare and Equal Opportunities officer, Omer Soomro and discuss the best way forward.*

Dear Uncle Tom

I recently married but have begun to have doubts about my ability as a wife. The man I married is a very popular and handsome flame haired god. As a result he has slept with many beautiful, glamorous and sexually experienced women. I have not yet consummated our marriage. How can I properly satisfy my man when I cannot compete with these female legends he regularly pulls?

Kate Tampon, General Secretary LSESU

UNCLE TOM SAYS: *Kate, don't worry! Your husband will understand your insecurities and be an understanding lover. If you approach love-making nervously, you will inevitably let your man down. Come on love - just get on with it. Have you considered the possibility that you could be centred.*

Dear Uncle Tom

I am a BA History student and have become very worried about my academic future. Last year I was too nervous to sit any exams and so I have to complete all seven this year. To try and help myself relax, I have recently turned to the drug scene. I have taken E, speed, coke and even begun to smoke cigarettes. While I have been having a good time, my work has suffered terribly and my short term memory and moral values are declining. What makes it worse is that I live with a very well balanced and hardworking young man. Help!

Simon, Wapping

UNCLE TOM SAYS: *Simon, do you not read the news. Many young people have died or at least become very ill from this kind of activity. Revision should be left well alone. Take more drugs!*

Dear Uncle Tom

I am the treasurer of a students' union and as a result have responsibility for a lot of money. The problem is, that recently I have begun to become addicted to gambling. I cannot resist the urge to suddenly move large portions of the union reserves into risky capital ventures. So far I have got away with it as my ventures have been succesful. Surely inevitably one will fail. How can I stand up in the union and tell them that none of the 250 000 lottery tickets I bought were winners. Or that 'Contract Lucifer' fell at the third and I have lost £100 000 for the union.

Flares Lorry

UNCLE TOM SAYS: *Claire, please stop now. It would be bad enough if it was your money that you were gambling with.*

## Collective considered

David Charles Clark

**D**o you know what it's like to go along to *The Beaver's* weekly editorial meeting on Monday evenings? Ever wonder what it's like to drag your tentative self along on the off-chance that you might be inspired - or induced, or traduced, or whatever - into writing something for the thing afterwards? Do you harbour a few half-formed notions of penning a newspaper piece or two, of unleashing that creative spirit of yours to the greater glory of your own CV and the edification of the student body as a whole? Yes, but do you find instead that actually getting around to putting flesh on the bones of your intentions is like persuading an alcoholic to attend his or her first AA meeting? Well, while psyching oneself up for that precedent-setting first attendance may bear some scant resemblance to an AA session, the analogy passes breaking point once you get to the editorial meeting. You don't have to confess your former reluctance to attend, for a start. No one seems shamefaced about what they have to say, and anyway the air is thick with arrangements to retire to the pub afterwards.

Judging by the amount of editorial pleas oozing out of these pages every week urging students to go to the trouble of writing something - anything - you'd think that no one ever turns up for the meetings and that by going along yourself you could end up being *fêted* like a new recruit to a lost cause. But no, it isn't like that at all. The room is packed with a throng of media wannabees, and even better the lighting is arranged so that only the Editorial team and a few other attention-seekers near the front of the team's desks are bathed in the glare of public attention. It's easy to hide, in other words.

A lot of time is devoted to Student Union politics. To expect otherwise is unrealistic. This is the LSE, afterall. Like sand in the desert, the political aspirations of certain students get into everything that goes on here, and *The Beaver* is certainly no exception. In fact, there are probably more grains of aspiration in it than there were in Lawrence of Arabia's jam sandwiches, but even if politics is not your thing you can console yourself with the observation that politics - either with a Big P or a small one - is part and parcel of every human activity and you might as well expose yourself to a bit now in order to inoculate yourself against its worst effects later on. And indulge your gift for sarcasm at the same time. Almost everyone else does.

Seeing your stuff printed produces a narcissistic thrill. Getting ragged about it by your friends afterward is not the worst thing that can happen. You could end up on the Editorial team. You might even have to psyche yourself up for an AA meeting. But go on. Live a little. It'll do you good.

## Poetry corner

Claire, Claire, your hair bleached so fair,  
Your ridiculous clothes I'd like to tear,  
I'd like to shag you again and again  
If only you liked just men

# BELL-O!

## LSE SOCIETY DARLINGS WED

**'I had to promise to be a hulk of burning love'**

**TWO WEEKS AFTER THEIR TRADITIONAL UGM WEDDING, KATE AND TOM RENEW THEIR VOWS IN A ZANY HOUGHTON STREET SERVICE CONDUCTED BY A BEARDY HEATHEN**

**'I nearly wet myself laughing'**



Flashback just over two weeks ago to the fairytale wedding of Sabbatical princess Kate Hampton and ever-glamorous Labour bachelor Tom Smith, when 300 people cheered their inevitable union.

Just two weeks on, the couple have celebrated their bliss with a renewal of their wedding vows. Bell-o spoke to the delighted love-birds immediately after the service.

**Congratulations, tell us about your unconventional ceremony**

*Kate:* "It was in Houghton Street, which is like, so close to my heart. We renewed our vows with this weird ethnic tribal who sang Kabbadi. It was so overwhelming and moving."

**Whose idea was it?**

*Tom:* "Mine, though I originally wanted Kerry Henderson to do it. Unfortunately, we couldn't fit her in Houghton Street."

**What about the unconventional nature of the vows?**

*Kate:* "I had to include the infidelity clause because Tom's love was too deep, almost stifling. Besides, with his track-record, I'm not going near his diseased body."

*Tom:* "I've heard about pre-marital chastity, but I haven't even got a tongue sarnie yet."

**It's been said that you're the perfect couple. Can you stay modest?**

*Tom:* "I'm SO gorgeous".

*Kate:* "They say he's a fat ugly ginga, but I guess I've just been blinded by love."

**Tell us about the initial proposal**

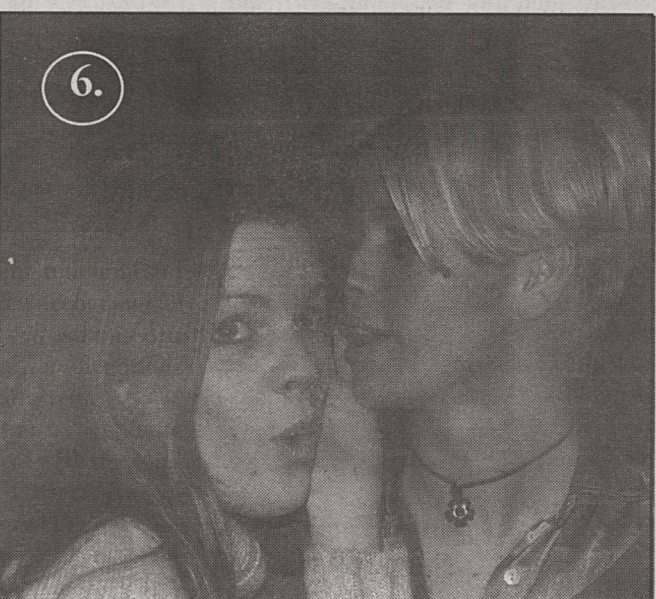
*Tom:* "Of course, I always knew she lusted after my chiselled frame. I just never knew she was interested in me as a person too."

*Kate:* "I was so surprised when Tom popped the question. It was like, just the most emotional thing ever, I nearly wet myself laughing."

**So, where do you go from here?**

*Tom:* "I'd just to sleep in the same bed as her actually."

*Kate:* "Ooh, there's Ali Imam over there, he's so fit."



**Photos by our own Erik Werneni**

1. The right Reverend Raj admires Kate's religious ring
2. Tom: "Of course I'll respect you in the morning."
3. Kate strokes her expectant man's voluptuous cheeks.
4. Claire: "Kate don't worry, oranges are not the only fruit."
5. Dave: "Give 'er one for me son!"
6. Kate: "Ooh! What's he just stuck up my behind?"  
Claire: "Let me fill you in ..."



# Fantasy BeaverBall™



- |   |   |  |   |
|---|---|--|---|
| 1. Gave Mick Paris Blow-Job<br>Matt "Garth" Miller 161              | 11= Lost Drew To Delaney<br>Rachel Alison's Mate 118                              | 23. I'll Think Of One<br>Hurry Up Then You Thick Shit 88                   | 34. Foxy Fit & Hairy Respectively<br>"Tidy" Emma & "Messy" Erien 51               |
| 2. Shit suit no (blow)-job<br>Dave "Badger" Whippe 156              | 13= I Pull Mingers<br>With My Eyes Closed 113<br>Marcus "Dirty Boxers/Birds" Kern | 24= Sad Bastard<br>Anonymous Tit 86  | 35. I Know Raj And He's A Virgin<br>Joanna "Slag" McSheffrey 49                   |
| 3. Banjo Bender<br>Tim "Goals" Ludford-Thomas 150                   | 13= Coconut Hardman<br>Raj "The Prince" Paranandi 113                             | 24= Running On Empty<br>Steven "Diesel" Errikson 86                        | 36. Sounds German = A Tit<br>Matthias "Durchfall" Menzel 48                       |
| 4. Looks Like Craig Johnston<br>Alison "Shags" Summerfield 144      | 15. Fat Hypocrite<br>Alex "Short Shit Shag" Lowen 102                             | 26. I Fancy Jones And Miller<br>Tanya "Fit" Abou Habib 78                  | 37. Little French Bender<br>Greg "Rim Boy" Beurain 40                             |
| 5. Farmer Cooper Snares Foxes<br>Chris "Magnet" Cooper 142          | 16. Rather Scouse Than Whippe<br>Nicola "Melons" Hobday 101                       | 27= Big Haired/Eyebrowed Fool<br>Rikos "Little John" Leong-Son 77          | 38. Tamara Is A Really Nice Girl<br>And Only 18 As Well<br>Ben "Tugger" Tallis 34 |
| 6. Cock-out Pervo Sex-beast<br>Pron "Dirty Deviant" Bose 141        | 17= Justice Has Been Done<br>Chris "Told You So" Cooper 100                       | 27= Mekon Tory<br>Alex "Sm" Ellis 77                                       | 39= Tragic Rudolf Nureyev<br>Steve "Vicar" Curtis 31                              |
| 7. Marcus Takes My Rejects<br>Danny "Yardage" Fielding 136          | 17= I love Patrick<br>Liz "I love Scouse as well" Petyt 100                       | 29= She Wasn't Randy For You<br>Howard "floppy" Wilkinson 70               | 39= Alone In The Theatre<br>James "Rejected" MacAonghus 31                        |
| 8. Tragic Kenny Everett<br>Steve "Victim" Curtis 130                | 19. Not As Fit As Chang<br>Nic "k" Jones 99                                       | 29= Tragic Freddie Mercury<br>Steve "Oxycute 'em" Curtis 70                | 41. No Chance With Oraib<br>Tanveer "Saddam" Hussein 10                           |
| 9. Ludford's Better Than You<br>Angus "Nut-boy" Kinnear 129         | 20. Dropped For Vollbracht<br>Ben "Kumbaya" Goodyear 91                           | 31. Chang Popped<br>Your Bird's Cherry<br>William "Ginger Virgin" Hague 66 | 42. Bald and BottomOf The League<br>Sam Parham 7                                  |
| 10. Hot Lesbo Action<br>Sorrell "Coops Can Cure You"<br>Osborne 124 | 21. "Louis is better" - Rikos<br>Kevin "Superman" Sharpe 90                       | 32. Small Cock Shit Shag<br>Mick "Bananaman" Tattersall 59                 |   |
| 11= Pinhead Sorecock<br>Scouse "Rhino" Gardiner 118                 | 22. Your Breath Smells Of Shit<br>Johnny "Blooooooarrgh" Parr 89                  | 33. The Missing Link<br>Alain "Apeman" Stambouli 56                        |   |

**LSE Sports Trivia**

Which footballer is shit at kissing, has pubic hair on his head and a small penis, and is after Clarissa (but has no chance)

Answers to : Danny Fielding Quiz,  
Beaver Office

## Hockey boys batter Strand Poly

Zaf loves Sheba but she loves Ludford

**Ramesh Kumaran**

**L**SE? London School of Existentialists? That pretty much sums up the attitude of any student here. After all, everyone knows we turned down Oxbridge, gave them the finger, and came here! So, isn't it great when we just completely dick on Kings, our wannabe LSE 'friends'. Okay, we've lost every single game this season, and Kings did only have nine players, but that's alright, that's okay, they'll be working for us one day.

Perhaps providence played its part by preventing Arif, our Bruce Grobbelaar, from playing. Chronic backache? More like Arif was put out by a certain member of the Rosebery reception desk. The point is that no Arif, no dope, so for once we all played with clear heads. A world of good this did for Alex 'oh look there's a blonde thing in a short skirt, let me ask her the time'. The poor guy hasn't scored all season, and also hasn't got a goal yet. But fair play, he's only our centre forward, albeit in the Ricky Otto mould. Nevertheless, hands up, for Alex did score a memorable hat-trick that even Matt 'oh look there's a blonde thing in a short skirt, don't I know her from somewhere?' Roberts would be proud of. The first was easy; Alex dribbled

round four players, before sweeping a reverse stick shot in the top left hand corner. The second was tricky; Alex, empty goal, goalkeeper on walkabout. The third? Well, if we were being strict it definitely wasn't his, but what the hell, eh?

The match in general followed a predictable pattern. LSE have the ball, LSE lose the ball for the duration of the match. The defence practised their stick skills at the back as usual, instead of hitting it straight out, the midfield strolled and strutted, and the forwards were left standing by themselves, crying for attention. Special attention must go to Leo here. He actually made friends with his marker, such was his lack of possession. But we still managed to dick on them. Following Alex's hat-trick in the first half, the other two goals were scored by yours truly and Zahid (P104 G1). Let's face it, Strand Poly's only contribution to London life is Tutu's, Eric the barman's favourite pulling joint (favourite in that it is the only place where he has continually failed yet has succeeded in not getting his butt whipped by the victim's boyfriend—infamous Hombre's incident goes unmentioned). Okay, I agree we're not exactly hot shit, but when apathy defeats discipline, the whole world should rejoice. As a reward for letting King's breathe the same air as their future employers, we let them pick up the bar tab as well.

All in all, a good dicking.

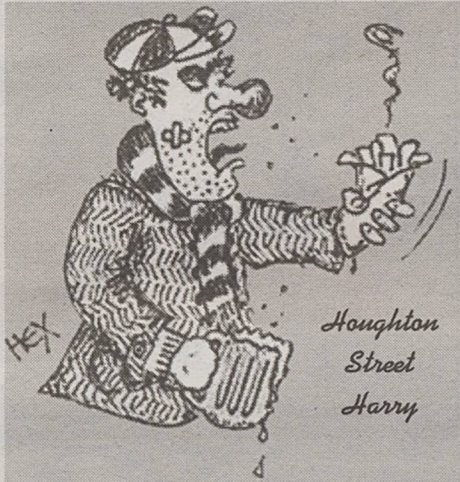
## The LSE Rim Boys put it in for Free

**B**ack from their victorious sojourn across the Channel, the Seconds were called to defend the honour of LSE once more, and prove that they can still pull — er, score — on home ground. Unfortunately, word got out that no girls would be involved in the post-game celebrations this time, and so Christian Wurst and Felix Hagen, those lovable Germans, decided to divert their energies elsewhere.

Things then weren't going to be easy as we were down to ten players (nine if you count Yianni). Wearing uniforms that made us look like complete tossers when compared to the Royal Free players, every one of us spent a minute in silence, contemplating how nice it would be if the AU Treasurer finally decided to order in some new kit for us (I hope you're reading this, Oliver). Then the calm was shattered by a furious LSE offensive which brought us safely ahead before the opposition could even say "these guys are good, I heard how they pulled in Paris". This time, it wasn't Chris, David or Nick which led the scoring with their youthful bravado. Unexpectedly, it was Joe 'Grandpa' Schwartz, who set aside his complaints of rheumatism and nicotine abuse to show us a few tricks of the trade from the good old days. Joe may be joining the ranks of the retired soon, but you couldn't tell that from the way he was bombarding Royal

Free's basket on Tuesday night. Who else could drag the ball away from a melée of flailing arms, smile self-assuringly towards the bench, and shoot for three? In the end, it was only the return of his uncontrollable flatulence which prevented him from breaking Nick's three-pointer record. Admittedly, it's quite hard to score three-pointers while leaking gas from the back-end, everyone knows that.

With Joe confined to the bench the others got a chance to score as well, and, when the dust (and methane gas) finally cleared, LSE were the clear victors by 85-48. The Old Man, thanks to his five three-pointers, led the scoring with 19 points, followed by Nick 'Katse stin pouts mou' Latham, who had 14. 'Mounopano' Ferrin was next with 12, Damir 'Huge-name'-ovic had 9. Chris Anayiotos ended up with 8. Moshe and Ilias both had 6, while 'Andy-Pandy' Christoyannis finished with 4. According to the score-sheet, Felix Hagen managed to score 7 points despite the fact that he wasn't even at the game, and this left Teague with nothing for his troubles (many thanks to Matthias, our score-keeper, for this particular cockup). As for Yianni, he probably decided that he had had enough scoring for now, and limited himself to shouting annoying and incomprehensible commands from the sideline (for a change, eh).



It seems obvious to me that women are essentially similar to examiners; tell them what they want to hear and you'll always score well... unfortunately I failed my A-Levels. There was inevitably a cross-roads in every lad's life when they forgot about their Panini sticker book, Jossie's giants and Johnny Briggs, and instead started focusing upon the lust filled nipper from down the road that looked so attractive at the time, but whose head now looks like it has been a venomous encounter with several thousand baseball bats.

And so a lifetime's addiction starts; full of despair, annoyance and profuse embarrassment at the legions of mingers that you try to deny to your mates. Think back gentlemen, and I'm sure that you'll be able to conjure up pictures of some pretty heinous beasts. Women that you should never have slept with without a diving license, a miner's hat and a plank strapped across your arse. Women that should have been rolled back into the sea, and could have sought full time employment vacating swimming pools of their water.

A friend of mine (yes, I know, likely story) has never lived down his past encounters with a gruesome Venezuelan freedom fighter who carried an X-rating along with the obligatory slimfast membership card. To be as ludicrously repulsive as she was, she must undoubtedly have been involved in a fire at some point in her life, and there's no doubt that the cosmetic surgeon emerged from theatre shaking his head and vomiting profusely.

But along the way, we all inevitably learn a few lessons from women. The most important of these is that females are completely immune to any compliments. If you say, "You look nice today", then a woman's perception of your words is "You looked shit yesterday". An ex-girlfriend of mine was obsessed with her weight - after exhaustive attempts to convince her of her beauty, I compromised by telling her that I preferred "chunky" women. This was my biggest ever mistake, as she verbally destroyed me before informing me that she "wasn't a fucking jumper". This I realised, although given a choice between the two I must admit that I'd rather have been "inside" a V-neck.

And that, in brief, is the problem - men just don't have any inkling of what motivates or inspires women. A man, in general, is driven by his hormones and his wallet. Give him a pizza, *Match of the Day*, and a few beers and he'll be all right. But imposing these values upon women is a useless exercise.

So there's no use in chundering after a night out, or discussing her sexual deficiencies in front of her mates when she's present, or smearing snot over her duvet, because there's no way that she'll understand - prepare for a bachelor's life my brother. And always, ALWAYS remember that women are the most blatant of all hypocrites. So if she's pissed, then she's only having fun, while it makes you immature and lairy. And if she chats up members of the opposite sex, then it's only for the sake of conversation, whilst this confers bastard status upon you.

So from now on, simply go with the flow, and resign yourself to the fact that there's no way that we'll ever understand women, and so there's really no point in even trying.

## Tip-top Tim tames Imperial crap once again

### Ludford -Thomas wonder strike brings glory to LSE

Wednesday afternoon saw a capacity crowd gather on the hallowed turf of Berrylands to witness a team whose reputation has grown rapidly as the season has continued. Renowned for their pure flowing football and clinical finishing, the LSE First XI has established itself as an academy of excellence where Premiership scouts come to find new stars. Those in attendance were not disappointed as the boffins of Imperial College were torn apart.

As the IC boys turned up, the look of fear was clear to see in their eyes and clear to smell in the toilets, having been trounced 4-1 and 5-0 already this season by the mighty LSE. Indeed, knowing that they would need a miracle to win, they decided to take the novel approach of cheating, fielding a side comprised of former students (including last year's ULU captain), clearly unable to gain employment (unlike LSE's goal ace Angus Kinnear, who has proved a shining example to all aspiring LSE students, showing that with a 2:2 in Economics the world is your oyster, or rather a nut counter in Selfridges food hall). IC's cunning plan was, however, foiled by LSE's ploy of having possibly the most biased referee since Chris Cooper refereed the Fifts. Mr Yates, having arrived late because he was waiting for his telegram from the Queen, came up

trumps early on in the match awarding a penalty, a decision which could only be described as 'generous', as Nigerian striker Fillipe Venini fell over the ball in the opposition penalty area. Unfortunately for LSE the penalty was taken by Marcus 'I think I'm betting on the wrong horse' Kern, whose effort went as hopelessly wide, just as it had done at Limelight the previous week.

Luckily these days, when the going gets tough, then Tim Ludford-Thomas starts scoring. A flowing move, engineered by the inspirational Danny Fielding at the back,

the immortal phrase "couldn't hit a cow's arse with a banjo", yet this year he has shown himself to have no peers in the University of London (except maybe for Anton and Dan). Now he regularly strikes prime rump of venison with his Stradivarius violin.

Fat Lowen might claim that Granditsch and Francois are better than him, but frankly they're not fit enough to lick the clinkers from his funky black ass. Any good captain would give him player of the year already, but we've got Rikos and so it'll probably go to Paul Cherry or the lad from Economics 3rds who ran like a bird.

The lead was the least that the LSE deserved, as their play was later described by independent observer Steve Curtis as "as close to total football as I have seen since Brazil in the 1970 World Cup".

All that was left in the game was for the LSE to hold on until the final whistle. As their American striker tried in vain to prove he was not a sore cock bell-end and Dr Dre showed good skill down the right flank, the best defence in the London

League stood as firm as a honeymooner's dick, with tall Svein Mikklesen pulling off a string of fine saves in goal.

So the LSE heroes go marching on, their comfortable League wins being mere warm-ups for their impending date with Cup glory.



Trev celebrates the goal with his pet rhino, 'Bowhead'

Photo: Scoop Gardiner

culminated in Ludford latching onto a Rikos Leong-Son through stud, to chip the keeper from what seemed like an impossible angle. What is there that hasn't been said about the black beauty? A product of the Saunders stud farm, his performances last year coined

## Lots of Joy for hockey girls....

### but not for Nick Stanojevic

Carry Brech

Here we are yet again, sitting in Mezzo revelling in our glory and psyching up for another celebratory evening. It's tough having to continually record our superb playing, but as we seem to be the only team at the LSE to win and still remain charming and beautiful as ever, I suppose I have to continue.

In the first two minutes Joy had set the precedent for the rest of the game and we continued on to stamp all over the Royal School of Pits. We assumed that they must have left their missing players still down the mines, although we are not convinced that any more players would have helped them, they were doomed from the first whistle.

We must first apologise to our defence for only allowing the ball into our half three times in the entire match, we only did it to give the opposition a glimmer of hope - far too charitable though. By half time our defence were so bored that we gave the opposition two of our players and that still didn't work. Quite frankly, we gracefully destroyed them nine times over and it will be a bloody long time before they have the guts to face any team again, especially not the mighty LSE women's hockey team.

Moving on, the second goal was made of stuff you could only dream about. Joy stormed

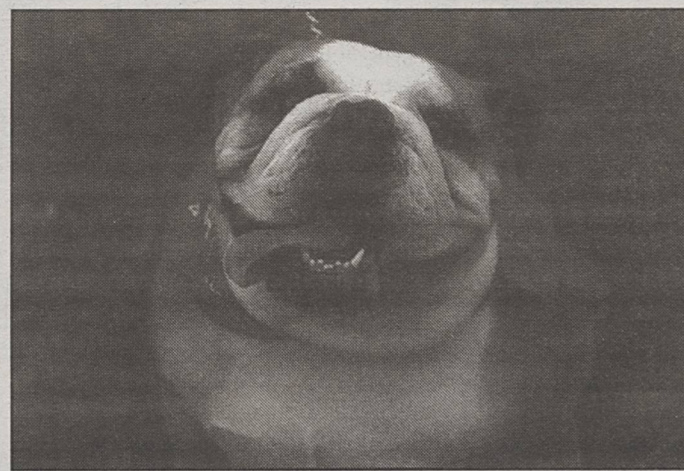
up the wing, dodging in and out of the shell shocked opposition and from an impossible angle unleashed a fierce reverse stick shot, virtually shattering the backboard.

It was now time for the rest of the forwards to take their turns at stardom. Chloe was first up, magnificently scoring the first of her three goals. Sheba then awoke out of her Denis-inspired daydream to realise that she was in front of an open goal with the ball. Thinking

redeem herself in the next half by scoring a further two goals.

With two players less we continued our complete domination of the game. Allison was still looking to score but it's going to be a long time yet, bad luck darling. In contrast, as there were no rugby pitches near by Carrie thought it would be a marvellous idea to concentrate on hockey for once, and funnily enough it actually worked. She scored for the first time since last October, although Emma did attempt to steal the glory by claiming the goal was hers, but in her unfounded celebrations ran head first into the goal posts.

The positive part of the match was wound up with our love stricken captain, Sheba Agaylady, proving there is more to her than charm and good looks. And so, with five minutes left and our first score of double figures in sight we left it to Joy to polish off our breathtaking performance - how stupid we were. Approaching the D, the defence scampers away in fear, leaving her an open goal. But what in God's name



You can draw your own conclusions

she should do it for Denis, she scored (however, she can only hope).

Emma decided that she was next, only she still hasn't mastered the art of scoring and she missed by a mile - yet again. Joy thought this looked like an entertaining past time and a sure fire way of pissing the rest of the team off, so she proceeded to perfect the art of screwing up. All in all she succeeded six times and her performance in this area was nearly as pitiful as the opposition's. Although she did just

happened Joy? Has our star player lost that golden touch? She has no excuse, she creamed the ball five yards wide of the goal and was reduced to curling up and rolling around on the ground in shame and embarrassment. Well, there we have it - our fifth consecutive game without losing. We are now fed up with the muppets that stupidly try unsuccessfully to beat us, so we're bugging off to Amsterdam in the hope that some team has the nerve to face us.