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THE BEAVER

THE STUDENTS' UNION NEWSLETTER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS
5TH OCTOBER, 1993 ISSUE 384

PROTEST EDITION!
WITH ADDED
BLANK SPACES

**The Beaver:
Now reduced
to 16 pages**

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

Thanks for articles, photos, reviews and features we could not use:

Pam K, Ali, Joanna A, Trooper, Ben O, Dennis R, Tom G, Nick F, Martin L, Erik M, Gregor C, Mark E, Gavin D, Scott W, Annika B, Ann A, D.S, Adrian M, Phoebe A, Jonathon O & others.

Until further notice space in The Beaver is limited by order of the LSESU .

This is unconstitutional.

Does anyone care? It seems not.

Bye Kev..... Bye Beaver?

GIVE MY LOVE TO KEVIN

Wedding Present

Union Jack

It was as tedious as a tedium pilaff garnished with freshly cut sprigs of tedium. However, to make up for this improvement, we were subjected to a commensurate increase in the level of utter stupidity demonstrated by those speaking (for those who enjoy pointless jargon, economists and lawyers spring immediately to mind, this inversely proportionate relationship between tedium and idiocy is known as Jack's first law and is the primary axiom of political analysis at the LSE).

Anyway to describe the meeting: as has become the rule the first thing we were treated to was a report from Ron Voce, chair of the constitution and steering committee. Ron's speeches will always have a special place in Jack's heart; the way in which they always contain at least one example of a superbly mangled word or phrase is truly heart-warming especially to one who has never considered himself a master of the Bards' tongue. This week we were treated to the "prioriation" of a motion about Virginia Bottomley (the National Health Service or free speech - but more of that anon). Jack supposes that Ron meant prioritisation but one can never tell with a man who has spent so long at the LSE that he might reasonably be supposed to have lost at least some of his marbles.

After Ron's virtuoso performance James Brown announced the Hustings for Honorary President. Four candidatures were proposed; two were worthy (Quaddus Ali, Alia Isetbegovic), one was topical (Virginia Bottomley) and one was two (Zig and Zag). The speeches were all unremarkable. After the hustings Mr Brown, who, incidentally, looked as if he could really do with some beta blockers, announced the candidates for the other posts coming up for election. Most of these appeared to be Kate Hampton quite shamelessly standing as an 'Independent Green'. In Jack's book this is something not even somebody with the requisite beliefs (i.e. any) should do as it achieves nothing apart from display nauseating political ambition. Kate should watch out as she is in danger of becoming the next Martin Lewis.

Officers' reports were relatively dull and ridiculously long-winded. All appeared worthy; Leo's discourse on the "Strategy and tactics of urban civil disobedience in London 1993" was particularly noteworthy and should Leo wish to do a war studies course at King's next year Jack is sure there will be a place for him. Jack is also glad to know that Hans Gutbrod is setting up a mens' society although being in no position to comment on Hans' manhood he can't really do a great deal with the information. However did we really need to know? There is only one hour available and most people only come in order to pelt Martin so please guys; cut the crap.

We eventually moved on to the first (and as it turned out only) motion of the day. It dealt with Virginia Bottomley's visit and was proposed by Nicholas Deardon, a very earnest man with no discernable politics (thus probably a right-winger trying to get elected as an independent). Anyway this Deardon chap wanted to talk about free speech and how even Conservative ministers ought to have the right to speak. Unfortunately Louise Ashon wanted to talk about the NHS and the collapse thereof, this she succeeded in doing despite the best efforts of the chair. While Jack could understand Louise's desire to talk about Tory health policy he admits to being bemused by the Tories' need to do so; nothing like shooting yourselves in the foot lads. Incidentally if Jack were a Socialist Worker he'd be a mite worried that Ms Ashon might have a foot in the other camp, how else could she know what Mrs Bottomley was going to say without hearing it.

Anyway the gist of the left's argument was that what our fair alumnus was saying was so bad that she deserved to be shouted down. This is an interesting theses on which Jack would love to comment further but unfortunately at this point Louise was howled down. You can draw your own conclusions. Oh, the motion was passed by the way.

Lesbian, Gay, & Bisexual Officer Rejected

Union supports motion, but not by enough to pass. By the Beaver Staff.

Editor's Note: We apologize that this article wasn't printed last week due to lack of space.

At the UGM on the 14th October, a constitutional amendment to create the post of a Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual (LGB) Officer on the Student Union Executive Committee failed to get the necessary two-thirds majority, and thus was rejected. This was despite receiving a simple majority in the UGM of 70 votes to 50 in favour of the idea.

The proposer of the motion, Miles Lanham, argued that the homophobic prejudice inherent in the LSE against these groups was reflected in the opposition to the motion. An LGB officer was needed to deal with the specific problems individuals face.

Opposing the motion, Martin Lewis argued that far from being homophobic, he was against the proposal on the grounds that it was 'constitutionally flawed.' An alternative proposal, backed by Lewis and ex-sabbatical Peter Harris,



In a tense moment at the UGM, the votes are counted and are found to fall ten short of a necessary two-thirds majority. Photo by Pam Keenan

to radically alter the make-up of the Executive to accommodate greater representation for all such minorities, had already been rejected at Tuesday's Constitutional and Steering Committee, on the grounds that 'it would be in conflict with the provisions of the Constitution.'

The subsequent debate provoked much emotion, with tension heightened by Dean Taylor's intervention. Taylor claimed that if such a motion was passed, it could lead to other 'repressed' minorities asking for representation, possibly including a 'ginger-haired officer' or an officer for 'promis-

cusous one night stands.' His speech was condemned by a tearful Carolyn Wilson, who apparently had encountered harassment over her sexuality during the summer 'from people like him [Dean].'

Simon Reid initially declared the motion fallen after the first vote, but after a request for a count, several people reportedly changed sides and the final margin was much tighter, with the proposers falling just a few votes short of the required majority.

Commenting on the debate, a disappointed Lanham said, "It would be interesting to see their

[Lewis and Taylor] reactions if their children were gay. The LSE is where gay politics started in 1970. We've made changes everywhere but here. The struggle goes on."

Union General Secretary Teshar Fitzpatrick, who seconded the motion, spoke out against those who opposed her. "There is a large group of straight white males at the LSE who don't understand oppression because they have never experienced it. We need to give the struggle against gay discrimination institutional form in order to fight it more effectively."

Ashworth: Home Students Are On Their Way Out

—Tony Thirulinganathan—

A few months ago, almost every LSE student was anxious to know what the Court of Governors would decide to do with respect to the introduction of top-up fees. They were all aware that the LSE was in a position to adopt the scheme. In light of the funding cuts the School has had to face in recent times, the final decision turned out to be a surprise. In fact, the scheme was not even discussed at the meeting. Sadly, this does not eliminate the possibility that the scheme would be considered and adopted in the future.

The Director of the School, Dr John Ashworth, was identified as a proponent of the top-up fee scheme. However, when I met him recently he stressed that the top-up fee scheme is a second or third alternative as far as he was concerned. The timing of the decision to

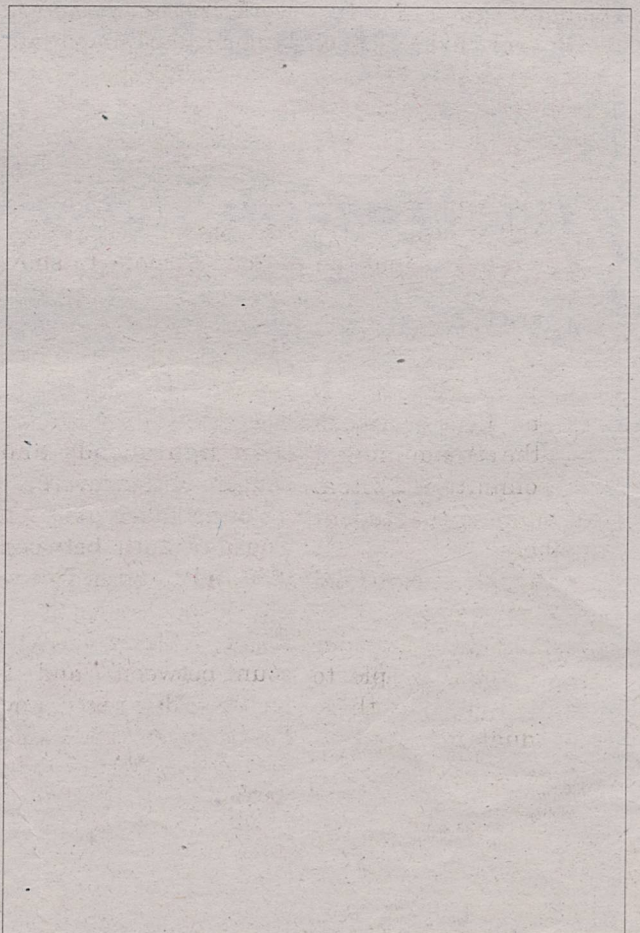
consider the scheme preceded that of the London Economics report. It had its origins when the Higher Education Funding Council announced a cut in the LSE's funds. On being questioned about the effect of the higher fees on needy students, the Director was of the opinion that the School's scholarship schemes would be able to offset this to 'some extent.'

The Court of Governors will hold a meeting in December to debate what measures should be taken to ameliorate the School's financial position. According to Dr Ashworth, there are only two alternatives for the School: to let the standards decline in the LSE or to replace home students with overseas students.

Currently the overseas students to home students ratio is 3:2. The proportion of home students seems set to de-

cline. In fact, the trend in the decline of the number of home students suggests that the last British student will

graduate in the early years of the next century.



No Headline, No Space, No Money & No Beaver

F.S.O.Elerion replies to last week's Beaver on funding and why the SU is interfering with editorial decisions

— Sarita Khajuria —

In this week's edition of The Beaver, the more discerning readers may be surprised to note a number of blank spaces. This is not a repercussion from last week's Tequila party, nor is it due to an insufficient number of articles being submitted. It is in fact, a conscious, deliberately taken decision.

The announcement of the Student Union annual budget revealed a decrease of 11.76% in the Beaver's allocation compared to last year. The objection arises, not so much from the cutback, but from the disparity between it and the 2.85% overall decrease in the Union budget. Not only was this deemed to be unjust to The Beaver, but to be unrealistic if a full paper was to be published.

Ideally the paper should serve an important function as a way of disseminating informa-

tion, ranging from news through to 'what's on.' It should also act as an intermediary between students and the authorities, by reflecting opinions through contributed articles and responses. It's important to voice student beliefs in a medium other than the elitism of the SU. It certainly has a wider audience than the average UGM with a readership of around four thousand.

The extent to which this ideal has been achieved does fluctuate, but over the last year, a huge amount of time and energy was invested to improve the quality and produce a more efficient paper. This term a new editorship has been created for advertising, but the money earned may now have to go towards production as opposed to much needed investment.

The Beaver currently operates from a single room equipped with six computers, a desk, a tel-

ephone and a filing cabinet. This in conjunction with the removal of ability to use the S501 computer room means that the office is usually hopelessly overcrowded, making efficient organization difficult at the best of times. The Beaver is a newspaper operated by students volunteering their time and commitment; the number interested in contributing is still increasing which means that, at present, the editors are having to omit articles simply because there is insufficient space, and no money to expand the paper.

The general level of frustration was such that a vote was taken to stage a protest of some kind. It was decided that the withdrawal of the paper for a week was 'hardly a high profile protest' and instead to give some indication of what could potentially happen if the current 24 page issue was to continue.

The response from the Student Union Sabbaticals has, in some ways been equally frustrated. Lola Elerian, the Finance and Services Officer has said that the budget allocated was one that was reached and agreed upon over the summer after discussions held between herself and Kevin Green. The cut in the Student Union budget, like the increased number of contributions to the paper, was unforeseen by anyone. But, she argues, the entire Student Union is chronically underfunded and that "everyone has to try and minimize expenses and stay within a certain budget." Apparently the whole student support fund has been either cut or frozen, with the Hardship Fund suffering the greatest setback of almost 50%.

The lack of support is not peculiar to The Beaver, but also the Welfare Service. The LSE Union is one of the very few that

provide such a service but "because it is non-financial the School doesn't see a profitable return from it." Lola argues that they all have an essential role but it's "a point of prioritising certain things." The Nursery, Child Care and the Woman's Right to Choose Fund have all suffered under this year's budget.

The Sabbaticals in general gave their vocal support to the paper and feel that it has improved by "leaps and bounds under Kevin's editorship", and that it has even greater potential. But as to the question of funding, the Student Union Officers are operating in similarly cramped and ill-equipped conditions. In the last week they have been suffering temperatures below the Health and Safety Standards because they cannot afford the heating.

Finally, it was felt that the newspaper should be limited to the original 16

page edition plan, and that excess articles should be kept for when the enthusiasm began to wane; that the paper should involve itself in competitive journalism. However, the general feeling within the Beaver Office is that it is a student newspaper and it provides a valuable opportunity for work experience. This week once again, they are over subscribed with articles, and are faced with the decision to either have to cut out contributions, or "publish and be damned."

Whatever the outcome, the problem of funding is one that derives from more than just the Student Union. The Beaver is just one of the organizations that is going to suffer unless it is given the attention it desperately needs.

See Beaver reply to this article on page 6. We would like to have put it here but we have no space.

LSESU Election Time Arrives Again

— Beaver Staff —

Twenty eight School, Union and University of London posts will be filled in the first elections of the year, to be held this week.

The majority of the positions are on School committees, but students will also be able to vote for the Union's honorary President and Vice-President, the Postgraduate and Mature Student Officer on the Executive and the LSE's representatives on the University of London General Union Council.

Of over sixty School committees only 10 have directly elected student representatives, though sabbaticals and students representing departments sit on others. Student representation on these committees was won in the late sixties following the LSE's famous protests, and these are the first elections since the streamlining of the committee system last summer cut student numbers.

Although the School posts may not seem of great importance, James Brown urges people to vote. "It's down to these individuals to bring committee issues out to a wider audience; otherwise they get buried in the system and students

get little say."

"Those elected need to attend all the meetings and do their research. It can seem a little intimidating being confronted by academics and experts with years of committee experience, but they have the backing of the Union."

These are the first elections this year's freshers will have encountered, and those with ambitions in the Lent elections for sabbatical and Executive posts will be standing to gain experience of campaigning and committee work. These elections will be particularly important given the recent changes to the system.

"We're not certain if student representation has actually been cut," says Brown. "But we need a good turnout to show our belief in the idea of student participation. The Presidential posts are just as important. They do have a role other than figureheads and causers of controversy."

Voting takes place on Tuesday 26th between 9:30 and 2, and on Thursday 28th October from 9:30 to 7. There will be a count between 7 and 11 on Thursday night, and Returning Officer James Brown aims to have the results posted around the school by Friday morning.

Honorary President Alia Izetbegovic Betrayed by Brutal Apathy Quaddas Ali Victim of a Racist Attack Zig and Zag It's "Crunch" Time for LSESU Virginia Bottomley Defend Freedom of Speech	Postgraduate & Mature Students Officer (Exec) Chris Parry, Conservative Students Garan Goodman Independent Left	Careers Advisory Service Committee Michael Wood Liberal Democrat Adam Morris Conservative Students Steve John Independent-Student Issues First	Inter-Halls Committee Lovedip Dhaliwal Independent-Student Issues First Yuan Potts Liberal Democrat Kate Hampton Independent Green Tim Payton LSE Labour Club Parag Shah Conservative Students
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Growth of Greenpeace: New Society a Success

— Michael Goulding
& Guy Maidment —

Exploding onto the corridors of the LSE, like a pressure-group-shaped explosion, LSE Greenpeace has arrived. In only its first few weeks of existence, it already has 270 members and hopes to attract more via events in the School. It does not appear to be merely a trend, and the sheer volume of interest would seem to suggest high student awareness of the world's problems. LSE Greenpeace's founding chair Vini Ghatate, sees the school as an ideal place "mainly because of its internationalism...they [the students] could then start practising what they have learnt here in their home countries."

Greenpeace's belief in direct action has led to its members risking life and limb with the now legendary Rainbow Warrior ship, sailing into the path of harpoons, through nuclear test zones and throwing itself into the path of chemical dumping ships. When questioned about the role a member would take, Ghatate cited the "snowball effect" of growing individual support



fuelling action presumably by its very existence. But, as one student commented, "like everything else in this place, it's just another excuse for a party and after all, it looks good on your CV."

The activities planned by the society focus mainly on their Eco-Awareness week, which will take place at the beginning of the Lent term. The climax of a week of speeches, films and merchandise sales will be the LSE Greenpeace Ball. It will be during this week that the findings from the Green Audit Report will be published, outlining the state of the School from an environmental point of view. That "many

of the members...strongly believe that LSE is not an environmentally friendly institution," is the firm opinion of the founding chair, and as another student commented, "changing the School could be the first big step in changing the way a lot of people think".

Previous events staged on behalf of Greenpeace have been held at venues such as The Hippodrome and Camden Palace, where profits were donated to this and other charities such as Amnesty International. The decision to use the cash in such a way was made, not by the organizers, but by all the LSE Halls, whose parties they prin-

cipally were, thus removing any question that the residents were unknowing contributors to the cause. The mechanics of this has been disputed by some new Hall members, who felt the decision was 'steamrollered' through.

Although Ghatate is very busy as both the chairman of the society and Student President at Passfield Hall, he sees that his roles are 'complimentary' in that he can organize events like the Afro-Brazilian Party, "generating money for a good cause and at the same time giving the residents of the LSE Halls a good time."

LSE Re-examines Security in Wake of Bottomley Speech

— Paul Birrell —

Security after the Virginia Bottomley fiasco is under review with the L.S.E. looking to the Union to sort out its own members. But hard-line measures have been rejected. Controversy struck when Mrs. Bottomley was forced from the stage two weeks ago, as protesters stormed the podium. Iain Crawford, the LSE's Public Relations officer, revealed the School's thoughts in an interview with the Beaver.

An inquiry has decided that trouble was 'fundamentally' caused by outsiders, and that LSE students are not to blame. Yet it is worried that the LSE gets a reputation for

its 'revolting students', through the public perception of the event.

"No other university has the range of prominent figures coming to speak ... as this one..." said Mr. Crawford "... in any year we have half the Cabinet coming to speak." And he suggested that if the students continued like this, then the range of speakers could dry up, and that would be "... students' own problem."

Ideas under review include making public lectures for ticket holders only, and bringing in security guards - but both are a "... last resort." However, Mr. Crawford said "... we will take whatever steps necessary..." to prevent this occurring.

The School "...did not want to bring the police in..." for fear of making it look too severe. "We did not want to see policemen ... throwing nurses off the stage."

Mr. Crawford warned such protesters that if they continued "... the sport is over..." as speakers would no longer come, and soon there would be nothing to protest about. But he did not believe that they would go that far.

The School did not mind the protests outside, or even some heckling, but these protests went too far. But students at the LSE are not held responsible, as "... it would have gone ahead anyway." The School would oppose banning

protesters or political groups. But troublemakers risk being ejected if things go too far.

Mr. Crawford described Mrs. Bottomley as 'calm' after the event and her press office as 'very helpful' in the School's efforts to disassociate its students from the trouble. The speech did not go ahead purely because Mrs. Bottomley had other appointments, and further delay would have made her late.

The outcome is unlikely to be a crackdown by the School. Mr. Crawford, himself an ex-student of the LSE was hardly even flustered. He said he had seen all of this before and that "... nothing new ever happens." The School will soon reveal all.

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The Beaver Bites Back Again

— Ron Voce —

This is not an editorial. I am writing this as a reply to Lola Elerions statements in her interview with Beaver staff which form the basis of the article on page 3. I will probably go off on a tangent but I do care passionately about this paper more so than my degree or being a sabbatical. You all should realise that curbing the freedom of the press is a means of censorship. So where to start?

How about "it is felt that the Beaver should be limited to its original 16 pages...." Oops mistake. If the LSESU is telling the Beaver to print only 16 pages it is breaking the LSESU Constitution by interfering with an editorial decision.

What about articles should be kept until next week or in a store. Impractical and very silly. This week alone we have over 20 articles we could not print. Most of them relevant to this week only. The Beaver, especially Arts and Music rely on freebies and mail shots

for articles and therefore reviews of plays, films, and concerts have to go in when they are due to open. News is relevant for that week only.

Also, the quality over quantity debate is very silly as well. Already we have recognised some excellent journalists, but so to has London Student. If we lose these students because their efforts cannot be published The Beaver suffers and London Student gets the credit.

Also for many years The Beaver has been called a clique. For the first time in many years we are fighting off people who want to write and produce. Peter Harris said that all students should be encouraged to write for the paper not just the collective and I agree, but if we have not the space to publish what do we do.

The financial argument Lola says, we have enough funds to publish for this year. Well that is about correct. But as no one in The Beaver office actually knows what money is in our account, it is difficult to judge. By

my basic maths, 20 issues of 16 pages = £6,200 for printing, plus 20 negatives at £5.25 each per issue = £2,100 and finally courier costs = 20 deliveries at £8 = £160. This is a minimum total of £8,460. This is not the £7,500, Lola says we need to produce. This says to me the LSESU do not wish to fully fund a paper, letting it live or die by advertising. If so maybe it's time to delete Sect.13: The Beaver, from the LSESU Constitution.

Drastic, well maybe not. For the last two years the Beaver has been under attack from the LSESU We are all aware of Teshar Fitzpatrick's dislike of The Beaver over the years, the DSG tried to cut our budget last year, but died a death and members of the Women's group also tried but failed. What makes the sabbaticals think that this year is going to be any different. Sabbaticals and Exec members (but not all) come and go but The Beaver is the continuity of the whole LSESU because the work

force overlap which is more than the Sabbaticals do. In one year and out the next, they do not look long term, to leave a legacy. The issue is to have an easy year. What can be cut that most people don't care aboutThe Beaver.

Well this might backfire. Yet again this week we "sold" out, so next week we will be back with, if possible 24 pages, and to hell with it. We will continue sending copy to our printers till the LSESU tell us we have run out of money. We will continue to publish weekly with a team of volunteers who unlike sabbaticals, do not get paid, and we will try and publish every thing.

At the moment we are without an Executive Editor a Finance Editor, I want to resign and so do other editors, but if this means the paper falls apart we will not. We third years have to "hand over the torch" to the first and second years but we all still have to be involved otherwise the paper will die. Do not let it!

Dear Beaver,
Could you publish two corrections to last weeks paper: a) As far as I'm aware (as confirmed by Ron Voce), I'm a member of the collective, but have been missed out of the list this term. b) The pg.15

article "Charity, Home or Away" was not written by me. I don't even agree with large portions of it, and would certainly appreciate this fact made clear to your readership. Yours in frustration,
Carolyn Wilson

Dear Beaver,

Well, I thought I'd been soft, given them an easy ride, but then an upset, slightly hysterical and obviously success starved Spurs fan writes to The Beaver with a letter about as accurate as a Terry Venables receipt.

"We are one of England's elite" writes Micky Khurana (Beaver no. 383), surely taking the piss. If that's the case then (a) Why aren't you in Europe? (b) Why haven't you won the league in over thirty years? and (c) Why aren't you providing a current England Player? It seems a very modest way of being elite.

O.K. So some great players have played for Spurs, but they're not going to get hernias picking up their trophy collection, are they? As for Nayim gracing the pitch, only for artistic impression in the diving category, but not football. "Name another club outside of Italy that can claim such a gallery of stars" Alright, how about Marseille, Barcelona, Real Madrid, Benfica, Man Utd, Liverpool, Rangers and so on, it's just too easy.

Tottenham have fickle supporters. Fact. The reason 21,000 turned up for the cup tie versus Burnley is only because so many made the journey from Lancashire. Incidentally, isn't that the game where Gordon Durie taught Ossie some new English words, such as "fuck off"?

Micky ends his little whinge by claiming Spurs are still the aristocrats of English football. Sorry, never have been, never will be. Ossie's dream must be in the fantasy football league.

Tottenham are a club that needs to be closed down. They are currently facing three charges from the Football Association over illegal payments to players and managers, to youth team players and illegal breaking of contracts. Not the way for aristocrats to behave. I end by pondering, whether after the Sugar Venables affair, Spurs wouldn't have been better off with a certain Robert Maxwell in charge, as he wanted to be. At least he'd have been more honest than the present lot!

Name withheld due to election rules

Dear Beaver,
I write with reference to the article "Shut Down the B.N.P." (October 11th, Pg. 3). There are two long quotes attributed to me: In fact, what you printed bears no relation with what I actually said! When I was approached by a member of your staff, I assumed that I was giving information for a news story, which I did and will continue to do gladly. He took notes. In the process, my words were altered quite significantly, at the end result being only remotely connected to what I actually said.

Please take more care when quoting me in future. Short-hand or recording strike me as better ideas than notes! Please do not hesitate to approach me for any relevant/useful I may be able to provide.

Thanks and keep up the good work. Love,
Leandro. (Equal Opportunities & Welfare Officer)

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by 6.00pm
of the
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preceding
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Handed in to
the Beaver
Office in
E197.**

Fascist Scum or Scapegoats?

Sarah Clifford
& Claire Lawrie.

The police; far from being the perpetrators of last Saturday's violent confrontation in Welling, evoked in the name of an Anti B.N.P. demonstration; were the scapegoats of minority anarchistic anger fuelled by the absence of B.N.P. representation.

Police have been blamed for the eruption by those like the Socialist Workers Party, for their implementation of blockades cornering Plumstead Cemetery. However, their decision was communicated five days prior to the march to ensure adequate provisions were in order. Such measures were decided, not to undermine the

cause and demonstrate allegiance to the B.N.P., but to ensure public safety. Many media hungry protesters and hardcore extremists persisted by making unrealistic attempts to violate the prescribed route. It was clear that these people far from demonstrating on behalf of the sympathetic supporters of racial equality were there "to torch the B.N.P. scum" and maximize mayhem, as police had already allowed a representative sample to walk past the building as a token gesture, before the trouble started.

Banner sticks, bottles, and smoke bombs were directed at the police by balaclavared yobs anxious to conceal their identity. A Stanley knife and a tyre-lever were seized at

the start of the violence, and thugs were so intent on creating upheaval that they kicked down a wall in order to obtain ammunition. Fleeing victims, many with head injuries and blood stained clothing raced from the scene, leaving a total of 19 police and 56 protesters needing medical attention.

When the trouble erupted the sheer volume of panic stricken protesters endeavouring to climb over a fence to obtain police protection, caused it to buckle under the strain, as even militant anti-police protesters joined the exodus.

However, the shameful consequence of the Anti B.N.P. demonstration cannot be solely attributed to the anarchistic element who are inher-

ent in such situations. The appalling organisation intensified the chaos as protesters were not directed by stewards as to escape exits and were forced to use fatally constructed fences and walls to reach safety. If it had not been for the 3,000 police officers struggling to retain some semblance of order last Saturday's clash would have proved fatal.

This is only a selection of opinions received on the march. The General Secretary asked us to put an article in, but as the person who had written it, already had many articles in this issue we decided due to lack of space to print only these.

Dominique De-Light
& Louise Ashton

Saturday's march against the fascists was supposed to be a peaceful affair and the organizers had emphasized this in the run up to the demonstration. The march was in response to the 200% increase of racist attacks since the opening of the BNP headquarters in the area. Families of the victims and holocaust survivors led the march. The march route past the BNP headquarters had been agreed with the police in June.

Yet less than a week before the march was to take place, the route was diverted and a half mile

exclusion zone placed around the BNP headquarters. Naturally protesters were angry that they had been refused their democratic right to protest against what was seen as the cause of the rise in racist attacks. A sit-down protest was agreed and the families of victims and the holocaust survivors asked the police if the march could go past the headquarters.

The police, however, refused and instead sent in snatch squads to arrest protesters who were sitting down. The police had already hemmed off the area meaning that the demonstrators had nowhere to go to. As the

police moved forward this resulted in a wall collapsing from protesters being crushed up against it, endangering all that stood nearby. The chief steward, Julie Waterson, went to negotiate with the police and was met by a policeman repeatedly striking her around the head with a baton, resulting in hospital treatment.

The media reported the 'cowardly protesters' because people had covered up their faces in 'IRA' style. Yet nothing was mentioned about the police who from the outset were dressed in riot gear with covered faces. Over 70 people were injured on the march, of

which only three were policemen, so who was being more violent?

The confusion and disorganization that surrounded the march due to police blockades and diversions, put all the 30-40,000 protesters in danger. People wandered off as the confusion ensued. The coaches left as time passed and consequently small groups of demonstrators were left wandering the streets unaware of the fascists crawling around the area waiting to pick them off. The police caused this situation by their provocative behaviour and violent tactics. We lay the blame for the riot firmly at their feet.

Write On II

Beaver Staff

"... a de facto world government is being created. ... the World Bank, the IMF, the GATT... it is an attack on democracy" - Noam Chomsky.

On October 30 and 31 (i.e. this weekend), LSE Third World First is holding a national student conference entitled "The Poverty Brokers" in an effort to raise awareness about the issues surrounding the debt crisis in the South. The social strife, environmental devastation and economic chaos experienced in many nations across the globe often appears of little concern to the population of the North... that means you and me. Even if we do care, there usually seems to be nothing we can do. The forthcoming conference, which will bring together about 500 students from all over the UK, is an opportunity to hear the opinions of academics, politicians, development campaigners and activists from Zimbabwe to the Philippines. Having learnt invaluable information about development issues, you may at last find out what you can do to commence the eradication of global injustice.

This week Third World First will be running a stall in Houghton St (or the Quad, depending on the weather) where you can find out more about the conference, and development issues in general, and buy your tickets. Also available will be an update on the Nestle boycott campaign. On Thursday at 6pm in S601 there will be a video introducing you to the questions that will be raised at the conference.

Tickets to the conference are £6.50 for LSE students and £5 for members of Third World First. That includes free entry to the events planned for Saturday night in collaboration with the Union.

Green Audit Update:

Please hassle Jim (bar manager) about recycling cans in the Tuns... it is getting there.

All suggestions must be received by November 1 in my pigeonhole at SU reception regarding greening the library.

Environmental Nightmares: of particularly scary proportions.

It was announced last week that ozone is at its lowest recorded level ever over the Antarctic.

The Ukrainian parliament is reconsidering its moratorium on the construction of new nuclear power stations and is no longer going to shut down Chernobyl due to an energy crisis.

Russia has been dumping radioactive waste off the coast of Japan, but may stop if the G7 gets its act together to help them sort it out. Will the West sort itself out though?

International Resource Centre:

The International Resource Centre is now open on the top floor of the Cafe thanks to Louise Grogan (Overseas officer). It's a good place to find out about green campaigns, human rights, development issues, volunteer work and society activities. There is also an impressive array of publications from across the globe.

Bottomley Bite Back

Nic Jones

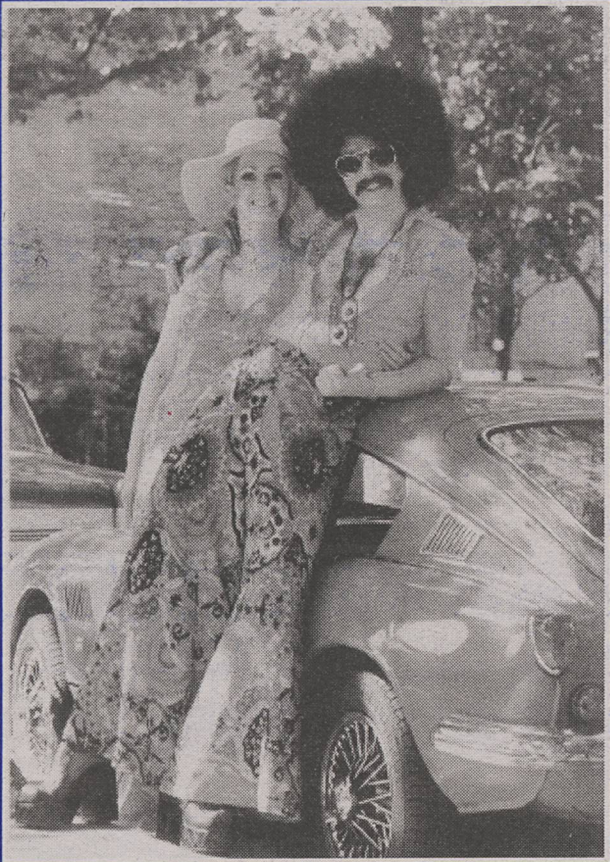
Without a doubt, the ever self-congratulatory Socialist Worker crew will view the ousting of Virginia Bottomley from the stage in the Old Theatre last week as great victory for themselves. One can be sure that, as ever, they will have told the tale to comrades in great detail, frequently interspersing the narrative with the words 'fascist scum' and 'bollocks'. What they would not appear to realize is the harm that their actions may have caused the rest of the student body of the LSE.

How many educa-

tional establishments in the country can succeed in bringing in a member of the cabinet to speak? And how likely is it that another will come to the LSE in the near future after Thursday's show? The fact of the matter is that whether the Socialist Worker Party like it or not, these are the people of power in the UK and it would seem logical to listen to what they have to say, whether we approve or not. However, it cannot be envisaged that the students of LSE will get another chance to do so in the near future, thanks to a small minority acting like they were just out

of a Rotterdam jail cell. In the end, it appeared that their protest had very little to do with politics and a lot to do with who could create the most 'cunning' verbal abuse (I believe the words 'slut' and 'whore' were imaginatively hol-lered).

Many people, whether or not they agreed with Mrs. Bottomley's policies, were very disappointed with what happened that night. Perhaps in future the members of the SWP can attempt to suppress their egos a little and show a bit of consideration for the rest of the student body.

WHAT'S ON * WHAT'S ON**The Definitive Weekly Guide For LSE Students Covering All LSE & London Specials****Halloween Spectacular !**

The LSE SU presents Mike Fab Gere & The Permissive Society at their fabtabulous Halloween soiree. See these wonderful trousers gyrating to the groovy tunes of Troggs, (Sir) Jimi Hendrix, Moody Blues, Nancy Sinatra, Nat King Cole, Ruby Zoom, Silverfish, St Etienne, Napalm Death, Take That and Lu-Lu, Johnny Mathis, and many many more of your all time favourites. (Shit are we pushed for space this issue or what?) Up the revolution kids, see you on Saturday, don't forget your tank top (by the way if any body knows of an indie kid by the name of Nancy can you get in touch with our sports editor please.)

Time Out / Royal National Theatre Rep Scheme

The student Rep Scheme is a joint initiative by Time Out and the Royal National Theatre. As a rep you would be responsible for our image and promotion around your college.

We are looking for responsible and committed student volunteers to join the scheme, promoting both organisations to your fellow students

and monitoring their response to us. The scheme offers you the chance to learn about both organisations in London.

If you are interested in finding out more write to Jo Tomlin at Time Out, marking you envelope "Rep Scheme" enclosing a short letter telling us about yourself and why you are interested.

Time Out is published every Wednesday priced £1.40.

The Complete Guide to the next 8 Days in London.

News, Reviews, Features, plus all the regulars: Around Town, Art, Books, Children, Clubs, Comedy, Dance, Film, Gay, Music: Rock, Music: Places, Music: Classical, Politics, Sport, Theatre, Classifieds.

**Monday
25th**

As term finally recovers from all the excesses of Freshers week, just when you thought it was time to get down to some work (finally), the societies start to keep into gear. You thought you would probably never see any return on those £2 membership fees you gave at Freshers Fair, well you probably won't. But whatever...

The Labour Club has a meeting from 1-2pm, the venue has yet to be confirmed, see notice boards for details.

The India society holds their meeting from 5-7pm, in A85.

The Liberal-Democrats hold their AGM from 1-2pm, in X069.

The Anti-Nazi League hold a meeting in the Underground, they will be holding in-

ternal elections, discussing details for their budget, and also any future activities. 1-2pm.

Finally, the German society meeting is at 5pm, in A155.

The LSE Chaplaincy introduce Gail Simmons discussing "Living With Change" in K51 at 1pm.

Also this week, there are a series of Modern Dance classes for those interested. Today the genre is African/Creative. 6-7pm in A85.

**Tuesday
26th**

LSE Demos: Paul Boateng. The Labour MP will be giving a talk about "Life as a Backbencher", at 7pm. Venue is to be confirmed.

The LSE Club

present a careers evening in the Senior Dining Room. Have a chat to former LSE students about an entire range of job options, over a free glass of wine (or six if you can steal them). Not only a good source of contacts and career opportunities it is also a cracking way of actually finding out where the Senior Dining Room is. Free entry from 6-8pm.

There is an Anti-Racism Open Committee to discuss the format of Anti-Racism week. Any individuals or societies who want to get involved are welcome. The meeting takes place in the Underground at 6pm.

Back to those societies; The Liberal-Democrats have another meeting 1-2pm in S75

The Womens Group will be meeting from 1-2pm in the Womens Room, top floor of the Cafe.

The Music society meet 6pm in the Shaw Library. The European society meet 6pm in A42.

Fancy learning Italian? The Italian society will be holding free lessons every week from today (and Thursday) also. A42 from 1-2pm.

The second of this weeks Modern Dance classes (Latin American) will take place in the Quad from 6-7pm.

**Wednesday
27th**

The New Italian society (what happened to the old one) present the Italian Masquerade 2 party at the Vogue Discotheque (Wardour Street). Tickets are £4 for members and £5 otherwise. The party kicks off at

Time Out's Top Tips

Four ways to stay in stitches of a side spilling thursday night out : Thursday 28th October

Alan Parker & Chris'n'George at Palms ULU (University of London Union), Malet St, WC1 (071 580 9551). Goodge St tube. 7pm-midnight £2 adv

Ian Cognito, Richard Morton Penrhyn Rd. bar, Kingston University Guild of Students, Kingston (081 549 9961). Kingston BR. 7pm; £5.

WHAT'S ON * WHAT'S ON

Pull Out Guide 4 - For Michelmas Term 1993 - October 25th to October 31st

10pm till 3-30am.

The Mauritian society are having an evening ice-skating. Prices including free skate hire are £3 for members and £4.50 otherwise (£6.50 normally) Meet at Queensway ice rink (Queensway tube surprisingly) at 7.30pm.

The Rag society are holding their weekly Film Night. See "Forever Young" and "Lorenzo's Oil" on the big screen in the Old Theatre. Prices are £1 for members and £2 otherwise.

Rosebery hold their weekly pub quiz with the prize being... A bottle of vodka... again. Entry is only a pound, Rosebery Hall around 8pm.

The Fabian society hold their weekly meeting. 12pm in Hackers bar.

The third Modern Dance class (Jazz) is from 3-4pm in A85.

Thursday 28th

LSE Demos; David Willetts and Jeremy Corbyn will be discussing "Is Party Politics Dead?" 5pm., venue to be confirmed.

As part of their "Drink Your Way Around The World" promotion, the Rosebery drinkers have found their way to Spain. Therefore, there is a sangria promotion in their bar.

The Mediterranean society holds its meeting from 1-2pm in the Vera Anstey room.

The Friends of Palestine hold their meeting at 6pm. Venue to be confirmed.

The final Modern Dance class of the week in Funky Jazz will be held in A86 from 6pm until 7.30pm. (and if you

still can't strut your stuff you may as well give up)

Friday 29th

The Time Tunnel disco returns!! Free admission in the Underground where you can show off all those newly learned Modern Dancing steps, whether they will be suited to the likes of Sister Sledge or the Jam is debatable, but it's free so who cares.

If you fancy something a little more exclusive, the Halloween Extravaganza takes place at the Tower Thisle Hotel, opposite the Tower of London. Entrance is only £5 and that includes a free drink. Dress to spook, (Queens Park Rangers T-shirts are optional)

Saturday 30th

The return of Mike Fab-Gere (and the Permissive society)!! The LSE's Halloween Party takes place in the Quad and Tuns, with sponsorship from Sol beer and Durex, there should be some interesting give-aways. Prices are £3.50 (or £2.50 with VIP discount card), doors open at 7.30 with a bar extension till 12pm.

Sunday

Did you know that these pages are open to all societies and individuals who wish to promote any events that in any way relate to the LSE. Drop Nick Fletcher a line at the Beaver Office, Room E197, or shove it in one of the Beaver collection boxes. I doubt whether I will use it but you can put it in anyway 'cos it's free and saves alot more paper and useless posters in totally stupid places.

Time Out

MAGAZINE

This week Julie Emery dons her thermals and tramps around the pick of London's markets.

Aaah, autumn. Leaves crunching underfoot; chestnuts roasting on an open fire; all the shops filled with warm clothes in disgusting 'autumnal' shades with daft names like 'mulberry' and 'ochre'; the central heating breaking down and being able to see your breath as you sit watching the telly... What is it about autumn that makes people wax lyrical and overdose on adjectives? If you ask me (which you didn't, but I'm going to tell you anyway), far and away the best autumnal pursuit is visiting markets. OK, it's something you can do all year round, but it always seems much more fun in autumn. For a start, there are far less tourists around, so you can actually get to stalls and have a proper browse without being elbowed out of the way by a bargain-seeking German, Japanese or American person. Secondly, it's more fun - after wrapping yourself up in layers of mulberry and ochre-coloured garments and traipsing around in search of the ultimate lava lamp until your nose turns blue, it's somehow more satisfying when you find the bargain you've been looking for.

One of the best markets in London is **Greenwich Market**. Open on Saturday and Sundays, you can find anything from Sindy dolls with one leg, records, clothes (new and second-hand), to furniture, books and tasteful 'craft' bits and bobs. You know the sort of thing: cat-shaped environmentally-friendly toilet roll holders and candlesticks made out of recycled sticky-backed plastic. When hunger pangs strike, there are some excellent places to eat: the pie shop in Greenwich South Street and the Thai foodstall in the market are two of the best.

Camden is perhaps London's most well-known - and it's certainly the busiest - market. Although the prices often reflect its popularity, there are still bargains to be had. To cover all of Camden market would take a whole day, so it's probably best to be selective: the Electric Ballroom is good for second-hand clothes, the Camden Lock bit is best for jewellery and Chalk Farm Market is best for furniture and bric-a-brac.

Portobello is the place to go for sparkly lurex tops and flares. In fact it's the place to go for any '70s items of clothing, as well as books, jewellery, accessories and fruit and veg. The area near Goldbourne Road is where you'll find the fleamarket.

Flower freaks should head to **Columbia Road** in the East End on Sunday morning. The city's prettiest market, Columbia Road is a blaze of colour with its huge selection of flowers and plants. Prices are very low, especially around noon when the stallholders try to offload their stock.

Down the road are **Brick Lane** and **Petticoat Lane** markets. Brick Lane is best for junk and second-hand goods of every sort, and prices are unbelievably low. It's a good place to search for cheap furniture and household stuff. Cheap food stalls abound, as do bargain curry-houses: it's a great place to spend a Sunday morning. Petticoat Lane these days is nowhere near as interesting as it used to be, although it's still good for cheap leather jackets and clothes. There are also Dutch auctions held here: the price starts high and the first person whose nerve goes walks home with the goods.

So, next weekend, if you're feeling autumnal, put on your warmest clothes and go and check out a market or two. And keep an eye out for me: I'll be the one clad in mulberry velvet, balancing a one-armed shop dummy under one arm and eating a bag of roasted chestnuts.

Around Town: Part Quatre

Time Out Comedy Nights starring Jenny Eclair, Ian McPherson, Richard Morton, compered by Kevin Day. Jongleurs Comedy Club, Middle Yard, Camden, NW1 (071 924 2766). Camden Town tube. Doors 7.30pm, show starts 8.30pm; £4 concessions.

Hugo Greenhaugh, Simon Fanshawe Goldmith's College Student Union, Lewisham Way, SE14 (081 692 1406). New Cross, New Cross Gate tube/BR. 8pm; £5.

At The Bar

For the last fortnight, *The Beaver* has had two fifth year work experience students from Thomas Tallis Secondary School in the office seeing what it is like to be involved in journalism, even in our limited environment. Nancy Hodgson and Douglas Slater, talk to Campus Editor Ron Voce, about their time in E197, LSE, the Bar and their future.

I won't ask what you're drinking, as we all know you are under age, so we'll forget that question because it's obviously a soft drink isn't it?

N - ...Erm, yes.

D - Not that anyone would believe you at *The Beaver* Party last night, hey Nancy? Although personally a mineral water goes down nicely.

So Douglas and Nancy, how have you found your 2 weeks work experience at *The Beaver*.

N - Well you're right in saying in that it's been an "experience", but I don't know about the work though!!

D - So what did you expect? We're working with a bunch of students for goodness sake!

What do you think about University life?

D - Hmmmm. A doss? No, seriously, it seems absolutely unbelievable. You go from a pupil-teacher relationship at school, when you are living with your parents, to absolute freedom.

N - Yes! Dougie has a point there, I could imagine it being a large step for some people I know.

Do you think you will stay on in education and go to University after these 2 weeks?

N - I was planning too anyway, but it has inspired me further.

D - Yes, definitely. Everybody I've spoken to here on this subject says that A-levels are the hardest years of your education.

Do you really want a career in journalism or was this just a good skive?

N - Yes, actually that's how we ended up in *The Beaver*. We were interested in journalism so we searched for a placement in that field of work, and voila here we are!

D - The lucky old Beaver office got us for two whole weeks. I am looking at journalism as a possible future career, but I'm "keeping my options open" as they say. At the moment I am quite content to stay away from the world of work for as long as possible. Most students can probably relate to this.

Do you really like *The Beaver*, be honest?

D - I agreed with Ron when he commented that people seemed to just flick through *The Beaver* without actually reading it. Being guilty of this crime myself I had a good read one evening and was very impressed. As a sports fan I enjoyed the sports section, although the Editor is a Millwall fan.

N - Very good. However, I feel a lot of people have criticisms of the paper, pointing out mistakes etc, more than they contribute to it?

Do you realise this hasn't been "work experience" more an experience of a work environment?

N - Actually it was supposed to be an experience of a working environment, but I would personally agree that for this work placement "work" is not quite the right word. I think I'll rename this particular placement "university experience".

D - Quite.

So next week is half term for you, will you be glad to be back to school in another weeks time?

D - Obviously it's nice to catch up with people who you don't see outside of school. However, what students who took GCSE's in their earlier years do not realise, is that they actually involve hard work nowadays.

N - What a nice polite thing to say, now I'm going to do a "Nancy" interpretation of what I think Douglas is trying to say. NO WE BL**DY DON'T WANT TO GO BACK, WOULD YOU?

So Douglas, football's you're thing isn't it?

D - Well, you could say that. But I don't want to bore you all with the fact that CHARLTON ATHLETIC ARE TOP OF THE LEAGUE!

N - Football, bollocks more like.

Nancy, you're the music fan aren't you?

N - Indeed, the Levellers were great thanks Ron!

D - I was under the impression that he asked if you liked MUSIC.

N&D - Finally, goodbye and thank you to everybody at *The Beaver* Newspaper, especially Kevin who organised for the placement to go ahead.

Well, thanks for your help this last fortnight.

Good Luck in your GCSE's and the future. Keep in touch and goodbye!

Row, Row, Row, Y'Boat

—Michael Goulding— much to eat" came the reply. That old gag.

The last time I went on a boat party it was on the Marchioness. For those of you who are unaware it went down (two weeks later) with most of the passengers. And so it was with some apprehension that I joined the queue for the Butlers Wharf boat party on Thursday 14 - not helped by the fact that I had paid four quid for a Post-it note with "Bunny" scrawled across it.

The crowd moved on. It was not made clear to the party-goers until actually on board that there was kept on each floor one of those now almost extinct creatures, Drinkperson. Slowchugus, known by their more common name slow bastard barman. Everyone instinctively crowded round it's keep, the bar, jostling and eager to get an unobstructed view of this much loathed creature at work in it's natural environment. Some of them were so enthralled that they stayed in the growing queue for fifteen minutes.

I proceeded to the toilet, mingling all the way. Whilst relieving myself I noted the all too familiar sound of someone throwing up. The boat had not yet even passed Tower Bridge, and so I expressed concern through the door. "I've had too

And so went the night. People were friendly (pissed) and the music was good (who cares?). The drinks, reputedly subsidized, were at normal pub prices.

The highlight of the night was the stop at Embankment for all those wishing to get off early, to walk home presumably (for an hour) as all the tubes were finished. I once again found myself in the toilet, when a lurch of the boat as it struck side (don't panic! don't panic!) answered the burning question - not just on my mind, I might add - by propelling my head snugly through the porthole I had just been peering through. Extricating myself without too much loss of dignity, I went back to the party suddenly able to talk to people with great authority on the weather.

And then it was all over; all of the people who only a few hours before had been my best friend drifted home to their rooms; the party mood kind of fizzled out with myself and another party-goer devouring a dozen or so packs of crisps, all the while the smoke from the condom being savagely thrashed next door threatening to set off the fire alarm. Can't wait 'til the next one.

Apology

In last weeks Campus article "Charity: Home or Away, Carolyn Wilson was credited with writing the article, which was a mistake. The article was written by someone from MSI, and the production assistant used the only name mentioned in the article as the author. *The Beaver* would like to apologise for any distress this caused to Ms. Wilson.

Crime and Punishment in the U.K.

—Adam Cleary—

Essentially, the current debate about crime is about enforcement. What is the best method of enforcing the law? When asking this question we must look at the two aims of enforcement, to punish the criminal and to prevent re-offending. Punishment is necessary as a message to

the criminal himself, and to other criminals. Punishment is a signal of the measure of society's disapproval, and it is just that punishment should fit the crime committed. Society disapproves more strongly of murder than dropping litter, and punishment should be accordingly severe.

There are too many cases in this country of

criminals committing what would once have been considered terrible crimes, such as assault, burglary, even murder, and not being punished severely enough. In the fog of moral relativity we now live in, it has become fashionable to blame crime on 'society,' the 'state,' and many other factors, and this, it seems, is sufficient rea-

son to let other criminals commit crimes over and over again. If caught they over again. If caught they parole?

If we consider the second aim of enforcement, the prevention of re-offending, we can see that the policy of light punishment has not led to falls in re-offending rates. Criminals are encouraged by the lack of effective punishment for

the crimes they commit. Realising after the first offence that they will not be sanctioned strongly for breaking the law, they have carte blanche to re-offend, all the time reassured by a formidable army of social workers, Labour and Liberal Democrat politicians, and of course judges, that they have no responsibility for their own ac-

tions, that it is not their fault, and that if in doubt, they should blame 'society' or the 'Tory government' every time they assault someone or steal something. Only tough action against criminals in the form of harsh punishment for those who commit crimes from the first offence will bring down the self-perpetuating increase in UK crime.

Politicking....

—Beaver Staff—

Be prepared for an annual May Day which only last year was declared to be on its deathbed. Now it seems that what was Gillian Shepherd's big idea to ingratiate herself with the Tory right has fallen as flat as her career. An unholy combination of the CBI and English Morris dancers have led to the idea being quietly dropped; the former arguing that the new 'Trafalgar Day' in October would interfere with pre-Christmas production and the latter maintaining it would mean an end to the tradition and heritage the Tories say they protect. Thus an idea with the only benefit being to raise applause at the annual autumn rally, will be forgotten as other 'worthwhile' reforms, like the curbing of the NUS, replace, it as conference treats.

Mrs. Shepherd's colleague Virginia Bottomley, was recently denied the opportunity of showing the L.S.E. students that she can neither speak publicly or answer questions without a barrage of statistics. The Daily Telegraph and L.B.C. reported the protesters as being 'healthworkers'. Politicking can reveal that al-

though there were some U.C.H. nurses present, including the UNISON shop steward who is an active SWP member, the woman who took the stage and gave press interviews was, as much a healthworker as James Atkinson is slim. This is why her uniform was not quite right and she refused to say which hospital she worked at. She also neglected to mention her involvement in the R.C.P. front 'Public Sector Fightback Campaign'.

Eggs and hospitals are just two of the problems facing 'Ginny', the other is reported friction in the marital home between herself and back-bench Tory MP. for Eltham, Peter Bottomley. Mr. Bottomley who when asked by a journalist whether he could be described as 'a moderate drinker' replied 'No, call me a heavy drinker - except when I'm driving', is as far to the left of the Tory Party as one could be, debates with his Cabinet member spouse are said to be 'intense'.

Virginia and Gillian at least do not have to face election to the Cabinet as their shadow Labour spokesmen do. This bizarre annual ritual is complicated by positive discrimination known as 'the assisted places scheme', meaning four

votes have to go to women. The record of Labour's top Parliamentary females is little short of woeful; with Ann Taylor's continual failure to capitalise on the spectacular own goals of John Patten over education stirring the placid John Smith into a stinging rebuke at a recent Shadow Cabinet meeting. Beckett, Clwyd and Harman have done very little of note in the last year, with only Mo Mowlam in the non-job of shadowing Waldegrave performing well. In this year's ballot expect to see the women fall in votes but maintain a post, with only Mowlam increasing her vote. Her popularity is not universal in the Parliamentary party, one male M.P. apparently sneeringly refers to Mowlam as 'Super Mo, isn't she lovely?'.

John Macgregor, saddled with the unenviable task of introducing the deeply unpopular and completely unworkable rail privatisation scheme, is set to be flummoxed by the Lords' amendment allowing British Rail to bid for its own assets. His job of trying to persuade the Commons to reject this amendment are slim, particularly when leader of the Tory group who threatened a rebellion in the first vote, Keith Speed (Ashford), put it up as a

condition for his support in the original division. Sense may well prevail and the whole stupid scheme be abandoned. MacGregor meanwhile was upset at being passed over for the job of Chancellor when Lamont was belatedly fired in favour of Ken Thug. He is now letting it be known in government circles that if Major wants somebody to carry on doing the dirty work without the prospect of promotion he should look elsewhere College Politicking. It appears that the far left are enjoying a relationship as healthy as the Cabinet at present. The R.C.P. and their bizarre claim to be committed to fight racism whilst opposing any march or action against the B.N.P. were hostile to those running a stall in Houghton Street selling tickets for the coaches to the now-infamous Anti-Nazi march. As one would expect an argument ensued, insults were traded, and one of the three L.S.E. R.C.P. members showed his prowess for political debate by landing a punch on the face of an S.W.P. member manning the stall. With Communists like that, who needs Nazis?

Political Dictionary

Caring: Encourages people to make favourable assumptions that commit you to absolutely nothing.

Casualties: If British or American, sorrow. If "enemy" troops, elation. If "enemy" civilians, silence or excuses.

Chemical Dependency: Drug abuse among the upper classes.

Class Warfare: Aggravated class conflict. Roundly condemned by many a politician who actually supports it, as long as it's waged from the top down.

Cold War: Obsolete.

Collateral Damage: Wartime civilian deaths and injuries caused by the U.S. military and its allies.

Complex Issue: Don't expect to make sense out of what I'm saying. Or, constituents probably wouldn't understand if I explained it to them so I won't bother.

Consumer Confidence: Consumer's willingness to go deeper into debt.

Crime: Currently a hot-button word. Push it often. Concentrate on violent actions by individual criminals and not cold-blooded decisions by corporate managers.

Crisis Of Confidence: An ominous upsurge of perceptiveness among the general public.

Democracy: Commonly a system where each adult has a vote, and the wealthy have more powerful ways to determine government policies.

Device: Tidy euphemism for a U.S. nuclear bomb.

Disadvantaged: Euphemism for oppressed and discriminated against.

Rusty Bullet Hole

RBH is unavailable this week, having found out that the Duke of Connaught on High Holborn sells Bass and Tennent's Pilsner for 99p a pint all day. RBH wishes to live up to the popular misconception that students just piss their grant cheque up against the wall, and can't be fucked with doing anything useful like writing two bastard pages for this newspaper, week in, week out. Cheers, mate!

P.S. Also, thanks to those people who turned up to the Music Quiz last Tuesday, your presence was much appreciated. Those of you who were too fucking tight to pay 60p for the chance to ultimately win a holiday in New York - you don't deserve anything, you cunts.

Triple Bill Disappoints

—Geoff Robertson—

Last Friday saw a triple bill (okay, four if you include the extra support act I missed) play to the Brixton academy under an anti-fascist banner. The most this seemed to stretch to was a strong plea and a poem by Fishbone frontman Angelo Moore, and the fact that most of the band members were of minority extraction. Angelo also requested everyone's presence at the anti-BNP march the next day. Apart from this, the evening was generally left as one of "musical entertainment". This label would be misleading because what followed was mostly shambolic

and generally poor.

The Goats released their superb debut album last year, and if you saw them at this year's Reading festival (or heard the Radio 1 session as I did), you'll be familiar with their excellently reputed live show. However, due maybe to the lack of people who had turned up by 7.15, or just an off night, they never peaked above merely good renditions of the workouts we saw on the album.

This mediocre start, however, didn't prepare me for the simple barrage of noise that Bad Brains churned out. I know that when HR left as vocalist they had a huge hole to fill (which ex-Faith No More vocal-

ist Chuck Moseley didn't manage), but after hearing the live "Youth are Getting Restless" album, I expected better. Bad Brains seemed to have no new ideas, and worse still produced only average versions of classics such as "Sacred Love" and "The Youth are Getting Restless" itself. Not a good beginning to the evening. Never mind, we thought, Fishbone will knock our socks off.

This, though, turned out to be our biggest mistake of the evening. Fishbone have always been reknowned for their supreme live act, but after this night, I had no idea why. They seemed determined to destroy every song with needless

noise and "ad-lib" musical interludes at the drop of a hat. Their latest album, "Give a Monkey a Brain and He'll Swear He's the Centre of the Universe", features two superb tracks in "Swim" (from the "Last Action Hero" soundtrack) and "Black Flowers". But tonight, Fishbone managed to ruin even these minor classics with turgid noise. During the final part of "Swim", the keyboardist decided to 'surf' his keyboard, which, as you'd expect, didn't help the song much. During the encores this became the first gig I have ever walked out of. A case of "nice sentiments, pity about the show" methinks.

Hats Off to Hatfield at Astoria 2

—Beaver Staff—

"Gee, it's cold in here..we better warm it up with some good ol' Rock'n'Roll" announces Juliana as she steps up to the mike, but what we're treated to is infinitely better than that, in fact, probably the second best gig I've ever seen. "The Juliana Hatfield Three"'s quirky, fairly simple, melodic brand of rock/pop was on show here in all it's finery, and all it's glory. Fortunately this didn't require a heaving mass of bodies ruining all the nuances, because 95% of the audience were stood spellbound anyway.

Showing no signs of the dresses they occasionally wear on stage, except for the drummers ponytails at the side of his head, the other two members of the band helped produce superb renditions of most of the "Become What You Are" album. Opening up with "Addicted", the band effortlessly stormed through "My Sister", "Supermodel", "For The Birds" and so on. Finding time also to play my favourite at the minute, "Feelin' Massachusetts", you couldn't fault a brilliant

performance. Looking around me, everyone else seemed to be in a similar state of awe at what they were enjoying. The atmosphere was one of the most relaxed I have ever witnessed at a concert, lending itself perfectly to "JH3"'s laid back style. The excellent, intelligent and at times very poignant lyrics were brought through brilliantly and seemed to bring the whole evening together as an one of entertainment and stimulation at all levels, not just a few pleasant tunes to hum along to.

JH3's stage presence is also good, although Juliana playing the encores with a towel around her hair and telling everyone at 10 o'clock that they could catch "Madder Rose" in concert if they left then was a little bizarre. So taken was I with tonight's show, that I bought my first T-shirt at a concert in about a year, and am contemplating going to see them again in November when they are back over to support "Teenage Fanclub". All in all, a brilliant evening that is going to be very difficult to top all year - see them if you can.

Tamburlaine the Great

Fazile Zahir
& Ali Nikpay

Tamburlaine the Great is an exceedingly painful martial play. Its' hero is a power crazed warrior who initially knows only the joy of death and destruction. He storms across the Ottoman Empire (caging the Sultan en route) till finally, he takes Egypt. When his wife dies, after fifteen years of peace, his rage is unleashed again. His wrath is ferocious and when he dies he is planning an attack on the Chinese Empire.

The sets used are remarkable, reflecting both the stark beauty of Middle Eastern cities and the moods of the hero. In one of the first scenes, Tamburlaine stands before the city gates and a curtain of gold tumbles down behind him making the stage shine exultantly. In the scene im-

mediately following his wife's death, the stage comes alive with flame and barbarism. Tamburlaine's sense of outrage and anger is very powerfully conveyed.

Anthony Sher rips into the part of Tamburlaine, but it is hard to have full confidence in him in the first act. This may have something to do with his costume (he looks like an extra from Mad Max) but is probably more to do with the swaggering way in which he portrays the character. He fails to express a man for whom thousands would willingly have died. In the second half, however, the play is much improved and Sher captures Tamburlaine's inherent sense of a man of destiny. He is developed into a far more substantial and noble figure who is willing to pit himself against the gods.

The supporting charac-

ters of Mycetes, the Persian Emperor, and Bajazeth, the Turkish Sultan are both well cast and well played. We particularly enjoyed the simpering Mycetes and the ingenious use of stilts and tusked costumes worn by Bajazeth. Tamburlaine's wife Xenocrates is more of a problem. He falls in love with her at first sight and immediately violates her. Within the course of a scene she is madly in love and has renounced her destiny as Empress of Persia. Xenocrates is a fictional character added by Marlowe and she does not make a very interesting sideline. This begs the question - why did the playwright include her?

The only other distraction we noticed was the stage 'set' pieces and music. The music was of an incongruous Afro-Caribbean flavour for a play set in the Middle East and some of the

dances/ military movements seemed inspired by musicals.

In conclusion, it is a fine play, very much a piece of 'proper theatre'. The staging is enthralling and the language both vicious and soaring;

"I will with engines, never exercised,

Conquer, sack and utterly consume

Your cities and your golden palaces

And with flames that beat against the clouds,

Incense the heavens, and make the stars to melt,

And till by vision or by speech I hear,

Immortal Jove say, cease my Tamburlaine,

I will persist a terror to the world."

We recommend that anyone with an interest in the Middle East, ancient history or megalomania go and see it.



Flawless 'Machinal'

Sonia Kalsi

On 9th October Sophie Treadwell's "Machinal" was shown for the first time at the Royal National Theatre in London. This was particularly significant because not only was it the first time the play had been performed in Britain for fifty years, it was also the first time the director, Stephen Daldry, would have seen the whole thing played in one continuous piece himself. For although being advertised as a preview, this performance was in fact the final dress rehearsal.

Everyone says that dress rehearsals are supposed to go badly, but this performance was probably close to flawless. The main female role was played by Fiona Shaw and she brought great depth and feeling to her character. She plays a woman who is trapped in an uninspiring job and then trapped in a loveless marriage. It is the brief, but passionate affair she has which eventually prompts her to kill her husband.

Don't think I've revealed too much because the main interest in this play lies in the psychology behind this woman's actions. The suffocation and desperation she feels is conveyed through her rambling and disjointed thoughts. The heavy, pounding music does much to add to the atmosphere of tension and

confusion in her mind. Not only this, but the entire stage is used to add symbolic meaning to the play. One memorable scene is one in which Shaw's character is supposed to be sitting next to her husband on a sofa. However, this sofa is cut in half so she is sitting a distance away from him which effectively portrays how she feels distanced from him emotionally.

In fact "Machinal" raises several questions about the way society sees crimes committed by women. It is as though they go against all that is essentially feminine. Not only that, but the law dictates that to be accused of manslaughter and not murder, the crime must be committed in the heat of the moment. In most cases women need the time to equip themselves with weapons and plan whereas men may be able to act on their physical strength alone. In "Machinal" the woman is seen to break the law and also the supposed rules of how women should behave in society.

As a feminist, Sophie Treadwell concentrated on important themes concerning women in her plays and this is clearly evident in "Machinal". However, it is ironic that the play was written in 1928 and many would claim that looking at society today very little, if anything, has changed.

Director John Woo: Darling of the Lads

Guy Maidment

In the kingdom of the be-Nine Inch Nails T-shirted, the New Lad is king, or so the saying goes, so it probably helped the compere's ego when he berated the lack of female winners in the John Woo raffle. His complaint fell on fairly deaf ears amongst a predominantly male audience. In fact, you could smell the laddishness as soon as you walked into the cinema, and I spent a good deal of time wondering if I should have spent my money on Nick Cave instead. Queuing to meet the great man I was rather bemused by the people behind me lining up to have their plastic uzi signed. I was rather bemused that I had got into a queue to have my ticket stub signed but then, these are desperate times and Woo has that kind of effect on you, or at least his films do.

"WHO'S JOHN WOO?" barked the posters outside the cinema; this seemed to be the catchphrase for the entire event, as the man behind the counter sang this to me as he sold me the ticket, before confessing that, no, he hadn't seen any John Woo films either. Who exactly is

John Woo? Although it might seem that this current media darling has sprung out of nowhere, he has in fact been plugging away for years putting out film after film from his Hong Kong base to a small but devoted audience around the world. His films have been described as belonging to the "Heroic Violence" genre, but they are essentially Gangster movies with a unique spin on them, leaving their western counterparts gasping for air. His films are perhaps the most remarkably violent that I have ever seen in my life, short of snuff movies. Bullets fly, flesh tears, blood scatters in a series of set-pieces which outrank just about anyone else working in the same field. This has led to him being referred to as "God" by an over zealous press.

It's doubtful that he's god but there is a definite art to making a good 'guns out for the boys' film and John Woo certainly has his finger on the pulse. If Clint Eastwood added politics to the action movie and Scorsese intellectualism, then John Woo has brought a sense of irrational fervour into the equation. His characters are sketchy and stylised, often key plot ele-

ments are conveyed in the form of flashbacks, suggesting that the people who populate his films only exist within the violence they perpetuate. More than that, his characters (predominantly male, women are victims at best) actually enjoy the violence and seem to "find themselves" within it. This is what makes John Woo's films so special: the passionate melodramas being played out against this blood-red backdrop. For instance, two estranged brothers around whom "A Better Tomorrow" revolves, only regain each other's respect amid the chaotic, climatic battle. There is a definite sense of male bonding and brotherhood in John Woo's films that have led to claims of homo-eroticism, and looks traded by the lead characters (amid gunfights etc.) in "Bullet in the Head" are nothing short of lustful. His films also have a twisted, darkly humorous undercurrent to them demonstrated in "The Killer," where the killer and the cop face off whilst the killer's blind girlfriend - unaware that her two guests are pointing guns at each other's heads - brings tea; and the same film's finale which sees the now-blinded and dying killer

crawling towards his blind girlfriend for a last embrace only to have the two miss each other completely. Sick? I laughed anyway.

John Woo seemed a little stunned at the admiration bestowed upon him and in a rather cack-handed question and answer session came across as an affable enough bloke.

In a world lacking style, John Woo is one of the few contemporary film makers who has created his own world, one that is instantly recognisable as his. The only other notables that spring to mind here are Hal Hartley and David Lynch. This alone should be applauded.

His films may not be "great art" and John Woo will never make a "Wings of Desire," but action movies can be cool, and despite his 'lads' following you should definitely make a point to see at least one his films before you die.

Games People Play

The Lion Roars' rough guide to some of the best sporting films around

This Sporting Life (dir: Lindsay Anderson GB 1963)

Richard Harris stars as the tough miner who becomes a successful rugby player, but whose inner crudeness and violence keeps his contentment at bay. Probably the best sporting film ever made, it nevertheless leaves a sour taste in the mouth. Both Harris and his co-star, Rachel Roberts, both received an Oscar nomination but it's overall unattractiveness detracts from what is essentially a decent film.

Gregory's Girl (dir: Bill Forsyth GB 1980)

John Gordon Sinclair's portrayal of a goalkeeper whose love for striker Dee Hepburn is unrequited has gone down in popular culture as one of the finest pieces of acting of the early eighties. The film that accompanied the 'Postcard' music movement from Scotland, it motivated a thousand and one pubescent boys to return to school and join the football team in the hope of 'copping-off' with a Claire Grogan look-alike. Dee Hepburn subsequently destroyed her new-found cult status by taking a lead role in 'Crossroads' and a million couples lay on the grass and danced to the sky in a vain attempt to remain within the Earth's gravitational pull.

A Day at the Races (dir: Sam Wood US 1937)

Once upon a time the group Queen used to steal all their album titles from the films of the Marx Brothers. 'A Day at the Races' was one such victim. This shouldn't detract from the film, though. A Marx Brothers classic, it basically evolves around a sanatorium and a racehorse. Groucho plays a vet impersonating a psychiatrist all the while wooing the long-suffering Margaret Dumont in order to get his hands on her money and save the sanatorium. What's all this got to do with sport, you may ask? Well, the film climaxes at the races and the racehorse is an



"Gold (Gold!) always believe it's true, I'm indestructible and...erm.....er.....ah! Gold! (Gold!) always believe etc" integral part of the plot. I could delve further but the jokes will probably lose a lot in translation.

Escape to Victory (dir: John Huston US 1981)

Jossy's Giants meets Rambo. An absurd Boy's Own adventure which is saved by the fact that it has Michael Caine in the lead role and the actual match is a superb cliff-hanger. Caine lines up against some of the game's greats (Pele, Bobby Moore, Mike Smerbee, Russell Osman (?)) to play the Germans in a propaganda match. But the odds are stacked against the Allies: the Germans have bribed the ref, Sylvester Stallone is in goal and by half time they're losing 4-1. Agreeably old fashioned, this film will one day replace 'The Great Escape' on Christmas Day.

The Italian Job (dir: Peter Collinson GB 1969)

'Charlie, me, in the Top Ten, with my asthma'. Okay, so it's not strictly a sporting movie, but it does involve an international between Italy and England and all the stunt driving in the Minis was done by an Italian racing team. This film was the cult movie at Rosebery last year and featured heavily in the 'Treasure Hunt' during Rag Week. It is also one of my favourite films ever and features a cast that includes Michael Caine, Noel Coward, Benny Hill, Tony

Beckly and Irene Handl. The perennial Christmas favourite, it has been on telly more times than the news and features the line everybody remembers, altogether now: "Your only supposed to blow the bloody doors off!" A classic, in every sense of the word.

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (dir: Tony Richardson GB 1962)

Tom Courtney lands himself in borstal and soon becomes top dog thanks to his cross country running abilities. A bleak study of social life in '60s Nottingham (part of the 'It's Grim Up North' genre), it contains one of the best "fuck you" endings ever seen in a film, but I won't ruin it for you. Watch it yourself, and look out for a very young James Bolam and an even younger Inspector Morse.

The Natural (dir: Barry Levinson US 1984)

As most baseball films are a dire load of shite, it was a close call between this and 'Major League', starring Charlie Sheen. In the end, I chose this one because Ron preferred it. Halliwell's Film Guide describes it as a "curious attempt to modernize the King Arthur legend, with a baseball bat". Whatever, it still remains a decent enough film to pass the time away when nothing else is on.

Rocky (dir: John G. Avildsen US 1976)

"His whole life was a

million-to-one-shot!". Written by and starring Sylvester Stallone, 'Rocky' won an Oscar for best film, made Sly's career and spawned four crap sequels. Pleasantly old fashioned comedy-drama, it is more entertaining (and less pretentious) than Scorsese's 'Raging Bull'. Everyone's probably seen this picture, so I won't bother going in to detail except to say he loses.

Chariots of Fire (dir: Hugh Hudson GB 1981)

Not really worth the adulation it received, it is best remembered for the opening shot of the British Olympic team running across the sand to the accompaniment of Vangelis' soundtrack. Another Academy Award winner for Best Film, it was supposed to herald the second coming of the British Film Industry instead it proved to be its death knoll. What followed were classic period pieces in the vein of Kenneth Branagh and Merchant Ivory. Any attempt to make a halfway decent commercial film had to be funded by Channel Four and slowly but surely the British Film Industry died. Nevertheless, at least we beat the Americans in this one.

Rollerball (dir: Norman Jewison US 1975)

Arty, pretentious, snobbish, one-point parable but very, very, very violent film. The violence saves it.

The Hustler (dir: Robert Rossen US 1961)

Paul Newman's pool picture returned to haunt him 25 years later when he turned up with Tom Cruise in 'The Colour of Money' and scooped an Oscar for his troubles. Pool room con men have never looked better and this is a thousand times better than its sequel which is in turn a thousand times better than 'Billy the Kid and the Green Baize Vampire'. The love interest, provided by Piper Laurie, is made redundant by the game sequences, which are fairly atmospheric.

CLUB NOISE

No.4 Fulham

Fulham supporters are notorious for spending their lives looking back into the past. Those lucky enough to be watching in the Sixties remember fondly the superb team including then England captain Johnny Haynes. Those who were watching in the Seventies remember the Cup Final team of 1975 and the great teams of the following year including Bobby Moore, Alan Mullery, George Best and Rodney Marsh. Those who were watching in the early Eighties remember the 1982/3 season when a stylish side including a young Ray Houghton and local youth Paul Parker came within a point of reaching the old First Division. That season if Fulham and beaten Chelsea, rather than drawing with them twice, they would have gone up to the First Division and Chelsea would have been in the Third. Typically Fulham, so near yet so bloody far.

Those, like me, who began watching regularly in the mid-eighties have very little to remember fondly except a great night at Anfield in 1986 losing 10 - 0. The downward spiral of fortunes on the field has seen a team that is now bottom of Division Two only because Barnet are even worse, no reserve team, hardly any youth structure and no money.

Yet recently the concentration has been off the field, attempting to save the club's historic ground Craven Cottage. On the banks of the Thames, next to Bishops Park and close to the fashionable Fulham Palace area, Fulham play on an attractive and lucrative site. Attempts to merge Fulham and Q.P.R. and build yuppie flats on Fulham's site by the property company owning both grounds were scuppered by public outcry and supporter action. That battle is still continuing, with the club needing to raise £8 million to buy back the ground. It is still supporters group, rather than the board, who are taking the lead.

Despite the somewhat depressing picture, the Pope, Ralph McTell, myself and all other Fulham supporters continue to follow a team that genuinely deserves the friendly tag. The current side is often regarded as the worst to ever the white shirts, but there are some decent players. Ex-England under 21 international Simon Morgan controls the defence with a style and commitment rarely displayed at this level. Exciting winger and maths graduate Julian Hails who could soon be off to Spurs (you read it here first), and a goalkeeper who is the heaviest player in the Football League yet remains remarkably agile. Last season we were at the top at the start and finished the season with a flourish including a skilful and stylish 4-0 demolition of Burnley. This season it appears that the finance-led decision to do without a reserve team has been more detrimental than hoped, but with a group of players capable of playing superb football (just not often enough) there is some hope for us yet.

As I dream of a new Paul Parker or Johnny Haynes inspiring the club to greater glories, I can reflect that at least Clydebank are doing well at the moment....

BEAVER STAFF

Houghton Street Harry

Why did Talbot Rothwell never write a 'Carry On' screenplay about a major sport? The nearest the 'Carry On' team got was the cricket match at the beginning of 'Carry On Follow That Camel'. Surely it couldn't have been too difficult for a comedy team that's become synonymous with the British way of life to have a stab at the modern way of life? After all, the double entendre could have been in its element. How many jokes can you think of concerning balls? Rugby is a prime target with the old adage of men playing with odd shaped balls. Think of the fun Barbara Windsor could've had with the game of golf ("I'm the one under pa"!).

Then again, we can say what we like about the 'Carry On' team because they're all dead (except the ones who appeared in 'Carry On Columbus').

One thing's for sure, dear old Virginia never appeared in a Carry On film or on a lily pad. Sid James did. He was nearly involved in a sporting type Carry On thing when he played the betting shop steward in 'Carry On At Your Convenience'. Thanks to Pea Wick the Third, he made a small fortune. He also died. As did Charles Hawltry, this week's cover star. Did you know that he died from gangrene of the feet? Such a death inspired The Sun to print the immortal headline "At Least He Died With His Boots On".

Now we have the second coming of Frankie Goes To Hollywood. 'Relax' and then 'Two Tribes' followed by those infamous t-shirts, probly. 'Frankie Says Relax', 'Frankie Says Titter Ye Not', 'Frankie Says Oooo No Missus'. But of course, Frankie doesn't say much nowadays because he's also dead. Sir Francis of Howerd. Dead. Is anyone apart from Jim Dale alive anymore? If so, did they appear in more than one film? My Aunt's friend Daniel was in 'Carry On Columbus'. He muttered the immortal line "Alright mate" to Keith Allen. But you didn't really want to know that, did you?

It's been brought to my attention that both Terry Scott and June Whitfield both appeared in several Carry On films but they went on to star in that inane piece of shite 'Terry and June' before Terry Scott almost died and June Whitfield became a director at Wimbledon Football Club. What is it with Carry On stars that it's become a clause in their contract that they die? It's the Curse of the Carry On film! Pop stars Peters & Lee never appeared in a Carry On film. Since they split up Lee has gone solo and Peters has gone into a lamp post. And he's dead.

Anyway, let's round off this protest issue of the Beaver with a quick parable - a duck in the hand is worth two foxes and clutch off a skoda any day. And if things carry on the way they are then in a few weeks we'll all be joining Sid, Kenneth, Hattie, Frankie, Charles, Peter Butterworth and Bernard Bresslaw. The Beaver will no longer exist. Cheers.

Finally, love to Douglas and Nancy, who are both wonderful people...Fifth formers of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your coursework. Thanks for a great two weeks, anyway. I hope you enjoyed it as much as we did.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

1st Round U.A.U.

LSE 1st XV 14 Strand Poly 1st XV 32

Well what can I say? At least the weather was possible to blame this defeat on the standard of refereeing, possible but not strictly true. The fact is we just didn't play up to our full potential. This year we have had a good intake of freshers to complement the backbone of 2nd and 3rd years. In fact saying that we didn't play up to our full potential is also a bit of a lie, in reality if the stumpy O' leg McNoleg Guide Dog XV had fielded a team we would have had a job beating them. We showed a modicum of skill and team play for roughly 10 minutes in the second half and if this had been continued for the rest of the match we would have well and truly stuffed them, unfortunately the fact is that for the rest of the match we were pretty toilet, and not just your standard Armitage Shanks toilet, we were

your top class Royal Doulton Dual flush Mahogany seated variety.

There were some flashes of class Barney McBarnets try was sheer festival rugby, but apart from that we showed a lack of will to win it's not that the players aren't there, this year has the potential to be one of our best, but first we will have to train more as a unit and cut down on some of the silly mistakes which hampered any real chance we had of playing smooth carnival rugby. This could be considered two valuable points conceded but also a learning experience as no one likes a smug Kings Student. Next week we play Goldsmiths who in past years have been somewhat akin to diarrhoea, wet, dribbly and not very consistent so hopefully we'll get a result.

Mad Dog Brownie

4 Strong Winds

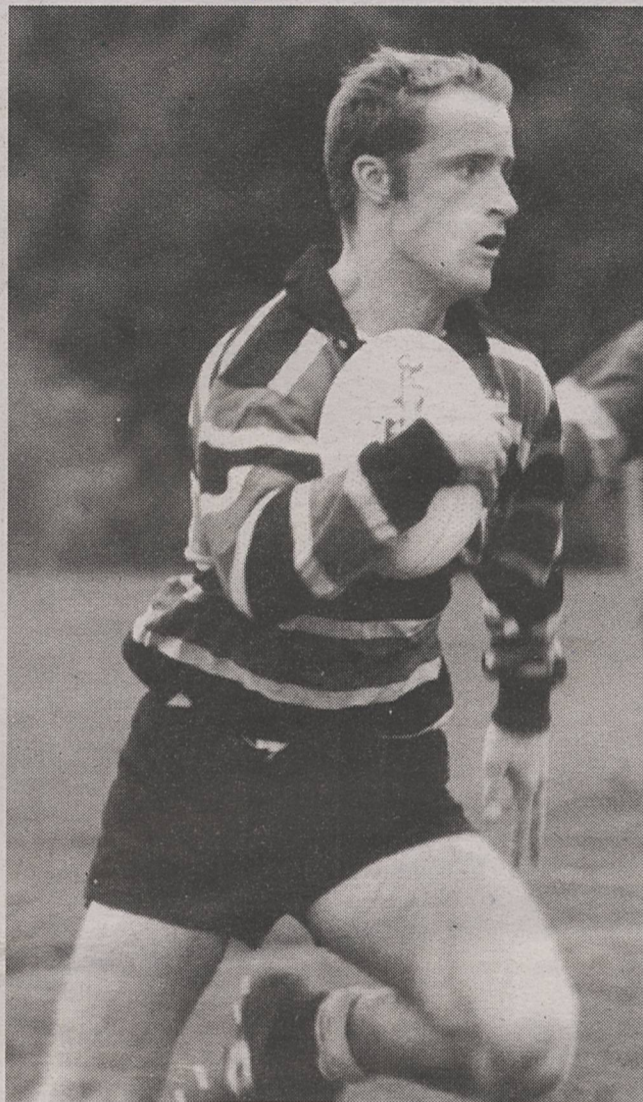
UAU Cup First Round
LSE 1st XI 4 Kings 4

LSE's footballing Magyars, the 1st XI, came from behind last Wednesday to take Strand Poly to a replay or whatever they do nowadays in the UAU Cup. Unlike their counterparts in the Rugby Squad, the 'never say die' spirit within Jimmy Trees' army appears to be particular strong. Four-nil down with twenty minutes to go, the comeback was spurned on by Angus Kinnear. Kinnear, who should have written this report, scored twice, finally laying to rest that appalling miss he made during a match at Rosebery where he managed to plant the ball on top of the neighbouring church roof from six yards out. LSE's other two goals came from Trees and Fry,

thus denying Kinnear the privilege of scoring his hat-trick and inflating his already quite ample ego.

He must have been well chuffed with his performance because he "inadvertently" forgot to hand in his match report for the second week running. Angus, if you're watching, third time lucky, mate. If your match report isn't in my tray by next Thursday afternoon, I'm going to crucify you to the walls of Rosebery....You've been warned, pal! Deliver the goods or another moose gets it.

The Lion Roars & Jimmy Trees.



Royal Doulton Dual flush mahogany seated variety. Wise words indeed. Photo: Joanna Arong

Sorted!

LSE 5ths 2 QMW 1

The Fifts got off to a winning start on Saturday with a hard fought but deserved victory against a strong QMW side. Struck by an unfortunate injury to Graham, a certain R.Whitehall was dealled into early action which saw a commanding LSE dominate, the attack being thwarted only by their pesky offside trap. The breakthrough did come, though when Sean sent Danny clean through to skip merrily round the keeper and open our account for the season. 1-0 at the half, then. The second half continued in much the same vein, Richard W. hitting the bar with a "wickedly curling, dipping free-kick" (his words, not mine), before Chetun made it 2-0 after a smart layoff from Bill. Chetun then rattled the bar again, and

forced a smart save from their keeper. QMW refused to roll over, but were reduced to long range efforts by a strong defensive performance from Richard, Peter, Ben & Richard P., the only worrying moment being a giftless flap by our keeper in the first five minutes. QMW got a lucky break in the last two minutes when Mr.Prothero decided to blast through his own net to the mild (!) anxiety of the rest of us, provoking a frantic final few minutes. We weathered it though, and, tired and weary we retired to the bar to bask in our glory. Challenging for honours this year? "Too early to say" we wisely agreed.

Geoff Robertson.