

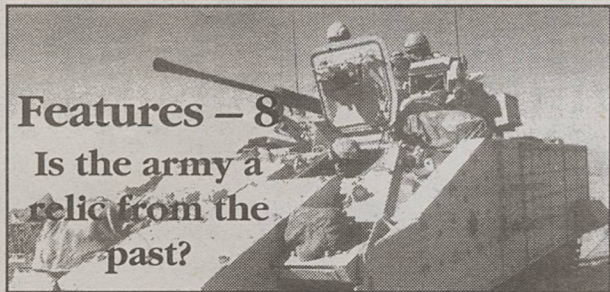
# The BEAVER

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

Issue 433

January 16, 1996

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Seven is heaven!



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## Top civil servant to be Director

Academics welcome appointment but students voice anger over salary hike

**James Brown**  
News Editor

**S**ir John Bourn, a senior civil servant with strong connections with the LSE, has been offered the job of Director of the School with effect from next September. The decision to appoint him was taken at a meeting of the Court of Governors at the end of last term.

Sir John (61) is currently Comptroller and Auditor General - Whitehall's chief investigator into fraud and waste - and has had a distinguished career in public service.

He started work for the Air Ministry whilst still studying for a PhD at the School, and has held positions in the Ministry of Defence, Northern Ireland Office and the Treasury.

After graduating from the LSE with a first class degree in economics and a PhD, Sir John has maintained his links with the School, particularly with the Government department where he has examined and taught on a part-time basis. He was made a Visiting Professor in 1983 and a governor in 1990.

Reacting to the news outgoing Director, Dr John Ashworth, expressed relief that a decision had been reached. "The past few months of uncertainty have been very dis-

tracting... and I wish my successor all the best".

Professor Simon Roberts, Vice-Chairman of the Academic Board, welcomed Sir John's appointment warmly. "He is tough, has important experience in the outside world and should represent our interests superbly in Whitehall and beyond".

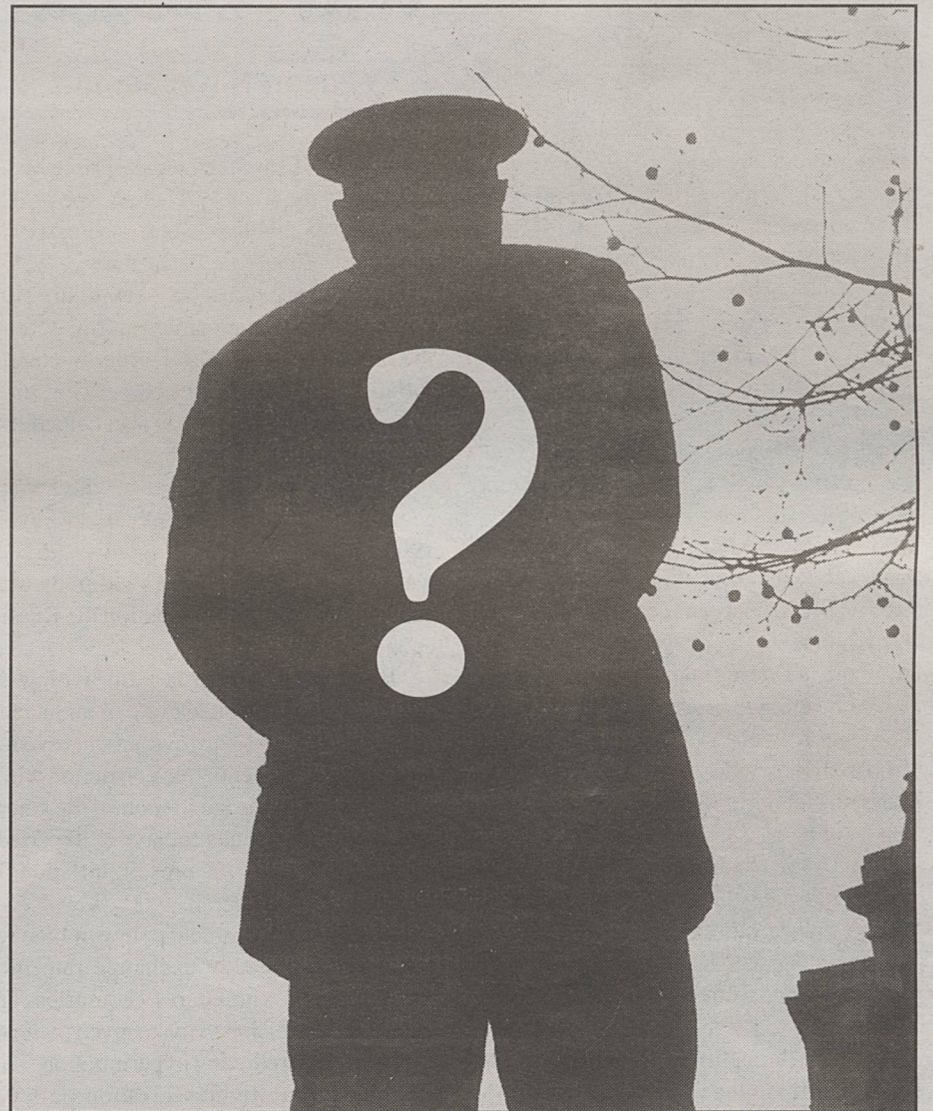
Kate Hampton, LSESU General Secretary, was less enthusiastic. "There is a need for the selection process to be more transparent. There was a general feeling at the meeting of the Court of Governors that it was too secretive."

She was also critical of the inflation of the Director's salary which makes the position the third-best paid academic head in the UK.

"It was inappropriate for the governors to agree to almost double the salary to £125,000 at the same meeting as they doubled home postgraduate fees and when the government is proposing more cuts." Hampton plans to submit a motion to the UGM detailing her objections in the near future.

The School must now wait for Sir John to respond to the offer, which he can only do after the relevant procedures for a departing officer of the House of Commons are completed.

**Director attacks Government** Page 3



A faceless mandarin? For security reasons no picture is currently available of Sir John Bourn  
Photo: Guillaume Spinner

## LSE student scoops lottery

**Chris Cooper**

**W**hile this month's £42 million National Lottery double roll-over jackpot was the source for much misery and dented dreams for most LSE students, for one lucky individual at the School it changed his life for ever.

First year Geography student Dave Hurley, a resident of Rosebery Hall, was having a quiet night in at his Ilford home when Cher pressed the button and his dreams came true as he scooped £104,746 for five numbers and the bonus ball.

He would have won a share of the jackpot but number thirteen certainly proved unlucky for him, the only one he

failed to choose.

He put his success down to the familiar method of selection of his families' birthdays and ages. He himself was born on the second of March (2 and 3), while his little sister Liz is four years old. 42 and 44 are his mother and father's ages respectively, but unfortunately the Hurley family live at number 24, not number 13.

"If only we lived there I'd be a multi-millionaire now. Perhaps I'll buy it now!" he joked.

But will the money change him? He plans to withdraw from college this year and go on a long holiday. He expects to return to LSE next year, but not at Rosebery Hall he laughed, "With this sort of money I can probably afford a room at High Holborn now!"

## Students on Standing Committee

**Peter Udeshi**

**S**tudent membership of the Standing Committee was finally approved at the meeting of the Court of Governors last term.

Kate Hampton and Darrell Hare will represent students on the most important committee in the School from January 15. Students have been campaigning for representation on the Committee since the 1960s.

The General Secretary of the Students' Union is automatically elected to the Standing Committee. Another student governor is elected by the student members of the Court of Governors in a secret ballot.

An earlier proposal that the student who polls the highest number of votes in the elections for the student governor places

should serve on the committee was rejected.

The advantage of the present arrangement is that it reduces the risk of a "single issue" candidate gaining a place, whilst retaining the directly-elected element.

However, student members are not to act as "mandated delegates" and are directly accountable to the Court for the management of the School. Student members can also be excluded when a "reserved item" is to be discussed.

The Standing Committee initially refused to allow students to join their number, but were forced to reconsider by the Court in the first such move for nearly twenty years.

The committee also recommended that the termly Joint Meetings between itself and the student governors be stopped.



Regular readers will know Jack to be reasonably restrained in criticism. This thin veneer of self-imposed niceness is about to vanish. No longer can Jack stomach the blatant hypocrisy and utter stupidity that is touted for policy and 'debate' in the Union. This week, Jack is going to hit out.

Johnathan Bennett was, to the eternal shame of the LSEU, re-elected as Chair. Jack supposes that if LSE students wish to spend an hour watching a free display of humour of a standard that would have Bruce Forsyth's audience baying for their money back, then they chose well (again). None of this would get under Jack's skin were it not for the fact that Mr Bennett takes himself so seriously. He had even ironed nice creases into his trousers, so keen was he to make a good impression.

But it doesn't work. Jack can remember with fondness the three terms that Simon Reid was Chair. He managed to combine savage wit with brilliant timing AND (perhaps the most important bit) HE KNEW THE CONSTITUTION INSIDE OUT. A good laugh was had by all, not through design but because it was light relief from some serious business, so sadly lacking at the moment. People found moments of comedy all the funnier when they were unexpected (Mr Bennet's hilarious appearance leads Jack to expect nothing else) and when they were genuinely amusing: by far the funniest moments in last week's proceedings were the heckles from the floor.

And very good some of them were too. Particularly well served was Adam Morris, who trod dangerously by lecturing at Dennis Russell. Not only did he suffer from the delusion of being a serious politician by calling the UGM a 'house' (heckle: "you're not there yet, Adam.....nor will you ever be...") but he walked into the shadow of his past by suggesting that The Caribbean was a nice place to deport someone to (heckle: "you should know..."). For less enlightened readers, a scan through the tabloids of Spring 1994 will fill in the rest of the story of Mr Morris's private life.

Also slipping-up (on the K-Y Jelly?) was Nick Dearden. He was, to quote Dennis Russell, the mover of a motion. Quite a long, painful one at that, with the pompous title of "Re-Democratising the UGM". The first Union Notes read "1. The LSE Union General Meeting (UGM)". Wow. Jack could tell this was going to be hot stuff. Mr Dearden's Big Idea was to establish yet another undemocratic, non-elected committee, called a Working Party to disguise its undemocratic nature, to look into the UGM.

Jack was quite surprised that mandatory bursting into tears and liberal threats to resign if people didn't get their way was not included in the proposal. At least it would have made Mr Dearden's behaviour seem normal.

All in all, Jack was not impressed. Kate Hampton, in a desperate effort to do something to justify her enormous sabbatical salary, decided to attack the enormous salary of the incoming Director of the School. Pound for pound, Jack knows who will represent the better value.

## Student loan setback for Government

Nick Sutton  
News Editor

The government suffered yet another setback to its plans for the privatisation of student loans last month when the banks refused to join their proposed scheme.

Education Minister, Eric Forth, told MPs deliberating the Bill that the new loan scheme would be postponed. Implementation will now take place in October 1997, a year later than originally planned, and after the last date for a General Election.

Forced into the climbdown following the announcement by a number of banks including the Abbey National and Royal Bank of Scotland that they were uninterested in joining the scheme, officials at the Department for Education were said to be

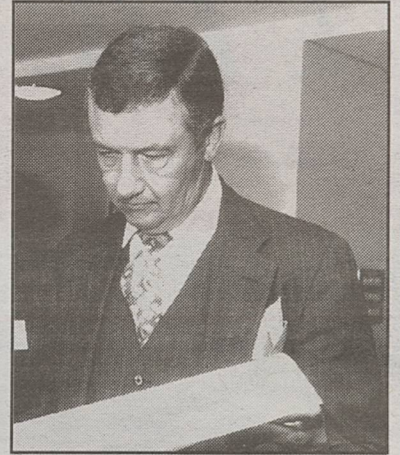
"disappointed" by the delay.

As well as being embarrassing, the postponement also upsets the Government's finances - the £100 million expected savings due will now not be available - leaving a large hole in an already depleted higher education budget.

Although the Bill is due to begin its next Commons stage this week, new doubts have been raised about the government's entire higher education funding programme.

The Committee of University Chairmen last week wrote to the Prime Minister warning that unless the government took action, the only choice available would be between the gradual degradation of higher education or a system based on parental and student contributions.

The same unpalatable choice will be



Education Minister Eric Forth MP

faced by a meeting next month of the Committee of University Vice-Chancellors and Principals called to discuss higher education funding.

## Russian Deputy PM warns against Commies

Jason H Kassemoff

The Russian Deputy Prime Minister, Anatoly Chubais, spoke at the School last week as a guest of the Centre for Economic Performance.

Mr Chubais has been a key figure at the heart of forcing economic reforms through the Russian Parliament. During his tenure, inflation has fallen from 18 per cent to 3.4 per cent per month. He has also helped Russia to privatise and stabilise.

1995 was a crucial year for the Russian economy according to Chubais. In January 1995 inflation was rising rapidly and there was only one billion dollars left in the Russian central bank: in his opinion the Russian economy was collapsing.

By the end of February oil trading had been fully liberalised leading to an increase in oil exports, a rise in government revenues and the ending of endemic corruption within the industry. In the same month, the central bank forced all banks to have a 20 per cent minimum reserve. As a result, inflation fell to 11 per cent in March.

The main government policy in June was to maintain a steady exchange rate for 3 month periods with up to 49 countries. This was a brave decision to make given that most experts were predicting hyperinflation. They also decided to tighten taxation policy to increase government revenue. Their policies showed some success by the end of 1995; inflation had fallen to 3.4 per cent and there was 12 billion dollars in central bank reserves. This success was built upon by establishing western-style budgets and finan-

cial forecasts.

The political implications are simple, according to Mr Chubais. Normal people don't care about currency reserves or GDP growth when they are hit directly by inflation. The monthly inflation figures are at the front of people's minds.

Mr Chubais said that the economic situation in Russia was "still extremely complicated". The low standard of living was still a huge problem. In Russia, the average monthly income is just 150 dollars. Incredibly in Georgia it is just 7 dollars and there are still regions with high unemployment. The restructuring of the economy was only just beginning.

This year's Presidential election will be the final political solution to Russia's economic situation. The electorate will have to decide once and for all whether to "go backwards or forwards". There is a chance that the Communist leader Zyuganov may become President but Mr Chubais predicted that if a pro-democracy candidate, such as Mr Yeltsin, won the election then Russia will be "one of the fastest growing economies in the world".

He warned that if the Communists won the Presidency and carried out their stated intentions, this could end in disaster: "the price will be blood, and a lot of blood".

Russia's next aim should be to lower the interest rate, which stands at 10% per month. Mr Chubais said that in economic terms Russia is ready to grow. In political terms, the situation is far less certain. Depending on the choice of the electorate Russia can either grow massively or collapse: "Inflation will be the biggest election issue".

## Library stays open later

Graeme Trayner

Opening hours at the British Library of Political and Political Science (BLPES) have been extended further this term.

Following the recent Sunday opening of the BLPES, which has enabled up to 1,000 students to make use of the facilities at the School, the Library will now also stay open later on most weekdays.

The Library will close at 11.00 pm Monday to Thursday, and 8.00 pm on Friday, instead of the former closing time of 9.20 pm.

The additional hours of operation are

being funded by savings made in staff time by closing the Library service points early. The service points now close at 20.00, after which time loans from both the Main and Course Collections are not possible.

However students will still have access to the Library's facilities via the automated turnstiles, apart from the Course Collection which also now shuts at 20.00.

The decision to extend the Library's opening hours was prompted by a 1993 library users' survey.

BLPES staff will be monitoring the use of the library during the extra hours and continuation of the later closing time will depend on the level of demand.

## High Holborn elections

Narius Aga

The first elections for the High Holborn Committee were held at the end of last term.

Voting was preceded by hectic campaigning, which started almost two weeks before the day of voting and had reached a feverish pitch by the end.

The enthusiasm of the candidates knew no bounds and quite a few residents expressed their disgust at being constantly hassled, not only by the bombardment of leaflets and posters but by being personally approached as well.

This could well account for the low percentage of people voting, estimated to be about 35% of the total residents. Others were quite in the spirit of things though and a spirited crowd witnessed the hustings. Counting took place immediately after the voting and the following candidates were declared elected:

<b>President</b>	Gotz Mohindra
<b>Vice President</b>	Kamy Naficy
<b>Treasurer</b>	Ben Thorpe
<b>Secretary</b>	Dan Lam
<b>Social Secretaries</b>	Alex McGowan Surya Pathmanathan
<b>Overseas Officer</b>	Haya Haj-Hassan
<b>Women's Officer</b>	Maria Abreu

## Mick Jagger becomes Honorary Fellow

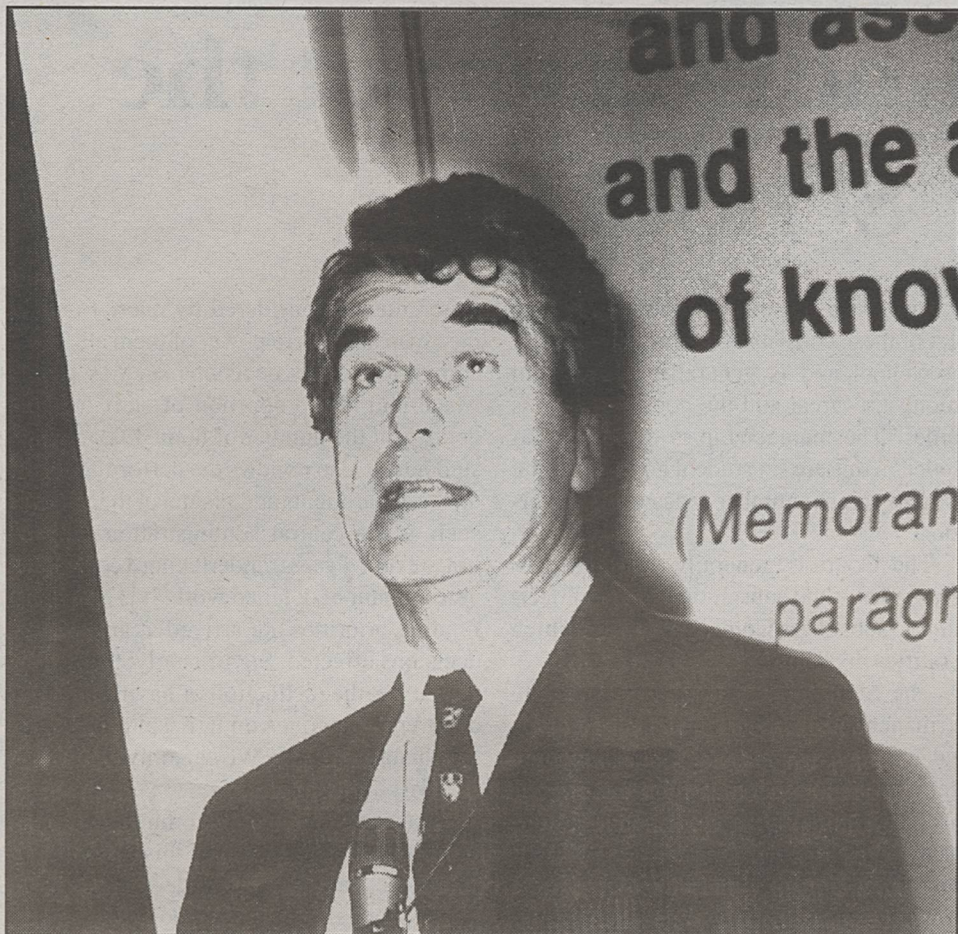
Dhara Ranasinghe

The LSE continued to pay homage to former student and rock star, Mick Jagger, last term when the Court of Governors elected him an Honorary Fellow.

Mick Jagger was elected Honorary President of LSE Students' Union last year, and some Governors expressed doubts about his suitability for becoming an Honorary Fellow. One Governor negatively compared Jagger's musical career to other artists such as The Beatles.

The Court of Governors also made the following Honorary Fellows: the next Director of the School, Sir John Bourn (currently Comptroller and Auditor General), Professor William Cornish (Professor of Law, Cambridge University), Baron Peston (an ex-student and now a life peer) and Mr Eiji Toyoda (Toyota Motor Corporation).

# Ashworth – determined to leave with a bang



Dr John Ashworth, Director of the School

Photo: Karl Fulton

## Beaver Staff

Those students still in Britain late last month may have been shocked to see the headline "Why I am quitting as head of the LSE" in an *Independent* article by the current Director, Dr Ashworth.

Just two weeks after the Court of Governors decided to offer the post of Director to Sir John Bourn with effect from September 1996, Dr Ashworth's article seemed to announce his intention to quit after six years as head of the School.

In a stinging attack on government Higher Education policy, Dr Ashworth accused the Tories of putting the future of the British university system at risk. "The crisis", he said, "has been a long time coming... what we see now is a demoralised system of declining quality with restricted access".

In a frank admission of the difficulties he has faced as Director, he recalls his suggestion of "top-up fees" for the LSE: "the idea attracted only nine votes out of a possible 700 or so in the academic community and caused a breach between us that has never really healed".

Dr Ashworth expressed indignation at the system which allowed "a Bangladeshi

from a poor family to subsidise a Belgian from a rich one". This is not, he suggests, a

## Why I am quitting as head of the LSE

How the *Independent* ran the story last month

system that is "equitable or fair".

The School has, he suggests, taken steps to ensure that the LSE remains "one of the world's leading universities". They include increasing research income and depending on fundraising.

However, Dr Ashworth feels that the only option in the face of government funding cutbacks is to charge British and EU students a proportion of their education costs. The first results of this policy can be seen with the doubling of LSE home postgraduate fees from next year.

He also urges the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principles to show that they "are not willing to preside over the degradation of institutions that were once the best in the world" at their next meeting in February. As for his future actions to combat the problem, Dr Ashworth suggested that "come September, it will cease to be mine".

## Break-ins continue at School

Narius Aga

The wave of recent thefts in the LSE continued over the winter break, Omer Soomro, the Students' Union Education and Welfare sabbatical's office being the latest target.

Soomro walked in to his office on December 18 to find it broken into and ransacked from top to bottom. Besides a computer, the thieves made away with an estimated three hundred pounds collected for the Terrence Higgins Trust Charity on World AIDS Day and some personal possessions including a watch and stereo.

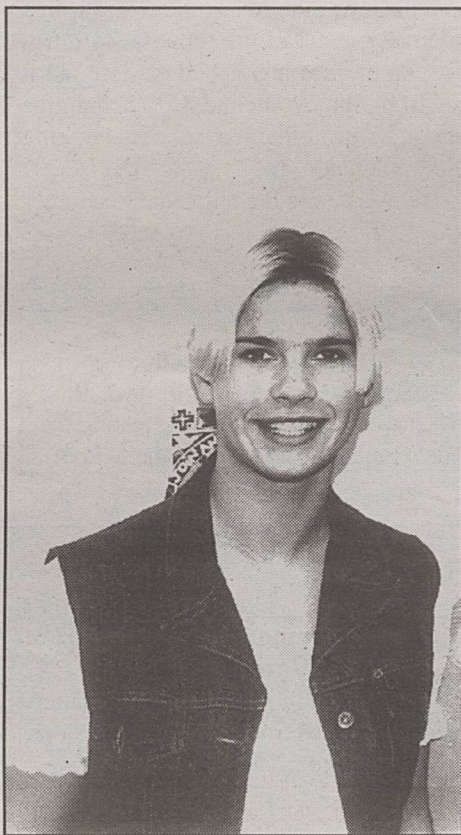
"It's exasperating!", said an agitated Omar when asked for his reaction. "Something should be done to improve the school's security."

\* Bernard Taffs, the House Manager, and member of School staff in charge of security, was quick to point out recently introduced measures to beef up the school's security.

"Considering the limited resources we have, I think the staff are doing a great job", he said. "We have 5 men in charge of security for 7,000 people and I feel we do work to the best of our ability. Crime does take place, but considering the school's Central London location, it is not a particularly high ratio."

A major factor according to Taffs are the numerous number of entry and exit points into the School. "Any person can enter the school, and does!"

Among the recently introduced measures are more security cameras and the introduction of panic alarms. Mr Taffs was also critical of student apathy: "We constantly strive to improve, but students should play their due role as well by being more vigilant and reporting anything suspicious to the porters".



Claire Lawrie - success with Students' Union money  
Photo: Scott Wayne

## Lawrie's unexpected financial success

James Brown  
News Editor

Claire Lawrie, Finance Officer of the LSE Student's Union was able to announce unexpected financial successes last week.

She has found £2,000 of unspent budgets from the past five years to transfer to the Hardship Fund. In addition, Lawrie has been diversifying the Union's investment portfolio and as part of this has placed money in the Woolwich Building Society.

This was particularly fortunate as the Woolwich announced last week that it was turning itself into a bank. This will mean that the Union will benefit from any resulting financial payout or share allocations.

Although uncertain about the exact amount this will yield, Lawrie hopes it

will be "well into the thousands of pounds".

The money will again go to the Hardship Fund, as Lawrie places great emphasis on the provision of welfare services. "This year, I have increased spending on welfare by a greater proportion than the increase in the block grant from the School. I hope my successors will increase this amount further in future years".

The £2,000 has been found from "bills we had budgeted for not being as high as we thought" and will not affect reserves.

The third financial bonus accrued from a successful Alternative Prospectus. Although budgeted to make a £3,500 surplus, this figure has been exceeded. Lawrie cites reduced printing costs, increased advertising revenue (£2,500 this year) and the sale of the finished product to the School for £4,000.

## LSE night porter dies

Beaver Staff

The *Beaver* is saddened to report the death of one of the School porters, John Bryson, who passed away suddenly last Wednesday, January 10.

Mr Bryson was a member of the night staff and had served at the LSE for a number of years, making many friends in the School. Aged about fifty, Mr Bryson is thought to have died following a massive heart attack.

Described as a "diamond guy" and a "good bloke" by fellow portering staff, Mr Bryson will be sorely missed by his family, friends and the LSE.

## News in Brief

### Women's Officer Quits

Teresa Delaney, Students' Union Women's Officer, has resigned her post for personal reasons.

A by-election for the position is expected to be held along with the other Students' Union elections in the eighth week of term.

### Weekend Catering

For the remainder of the academic year, the Brunch Bowl will be open on Saturdays and Sundays during term-time and the Easter vacation.

A full brunch service, beverages, sandwiches, salads and hot snacks are available from 11.00 am to 4.00 pm.

### New *Beaver* News Editor

Third year Social Policy student, James Brown was elected as News Editor of *The Beaver* last week following the resignation of Helena McLeod.

Many thanks to Helena for her hard work over the past year!

Anyone with news stories in or around LSE should contact the Editors Nick Sutton or James Brown via *The Beaver* office (extension 6705, or room C023 - opposite the Underground).

Also, any potential writers for all sections (news, arts, politics, features), photographers or layout experts who want to be involved in the paper should attend the *Beaver* collective meeting in C023 on Mondays at 6.00 pm.



**Union Editorial**

Last term ended with a great success: we now have representation on the Standing Committee, the executive arm of the Court of Governors and perhaps the most powerful committee in the School de facto. The representatives will be the General Secretary, Kate Hampton, and one student governor Darrel Hare, elected last term. The first meeting of the Standing Committee that we will attend is on Monday 15 January. While its deliberations are confidential, it does mean that the student body will have a voice at a very high level, and we will be able to monitor the activities of committees that report to the Standing Committee, such as the Finance Committee of the School, on which we have no representation yet.

This term, the General Secretary will be submitting a report to the Academic Board regarding the academic life of LSE students. It will cover everything from the induction process to support services and teaching quality. This is the result of an ongoing dialogue with the School on the subject of academic affairs, initiated by the Union report released last year. Your final opportunity to input into this report will be at the meeting of the Academic Affairs Committee meeting on the 24 January.

The School has launched a consultation process for its Strategic Plan, a document to be submitted to the Higher Education Funding Council for England, which the Union will seek to affect in two ways. First, on particular areas of LSE life via representatives on School Committees and secondly, via a more generalised response to the issues that have been raised. The Strategic Plan covers areas such as the mix of home/EU versus overseas students, and undergrad versus postgrad, the issues of research and facilities, the estates strategy and so on.

Those are the two major projects we are working on at the moment, so if you wish for any further information or you would like to take part, please contact Kate Hampton in E205, ext 7147.

The Executive Committee would like to thank Teresa Delaney for all her hard work as Women's officer. Her contribution has been valuable and much appreciated. While we regret her resignation, we would like to take this opportunity to express our support and understanding.

Teresa Delaney's resignation from the post of Women's officer obviously creates a vacancy on the Executive Committee. In accordance with the constitution, the Executive Committee will therefore co-opt someone to replace her as soon as possible to fill the vacancy until the elections at the end of the term.

**Baljit Mahal  
Communications Officer**

It was said, rather famously, by the Director of LSE last year - "I may propose, but my colleagues in a Byzantine collection of committees dispose". Perhaps, this was an implied reference to the rejection of his infamous proposal to introduce top-up fees. Whether or not it was, an important point was being made. It is not too difficult to see that in comparison to the Students' Union the School has an even more complex structure of committees. Some might argue that this inevitably means needless bureaucracy, but this is not necessarily the case. The LSE is a social science institution. This has meant that a high level of democracy has been demanded by staff and students alike, and the structure shown below has developed to address this need. Commenting on the structure shown below there are some things to note about the different committees within the School. Four committees are the primary centres of decision-making power within the School. These are in order - Court of Governors, Standing Committee, Academic Board and Academic

Planning and Resources Committee. The first of these consists of the legal trustees of the School and is generally drawn from amongst a 'great and the good' of famous names. The membership is over 100. Included in this are six student governors, and a slightly higher number of academic governors.

The Court is generally considered to refer most of the substantive detail of decisions to subsidiary Committees, from which it ratifies decisions.

The Standing Committee is the main permanent governing body of the School, and acts like an Executive body. For example, it was the Standing Committee which made the formal response earlier in the year to the idea of moving to the current site of St. Bartholomews Hospital.

The Academic Board which consists of academic staff has had substantial influence on the direction of policy within LSE, and has vetoed proposals made elsewhere. For example, it was the Academic Board which effectively opposed the proposal to introduce top-up fees mentioned earlier, and it was from the Academic Board that the School's new direction in non-smoking policy emerged.

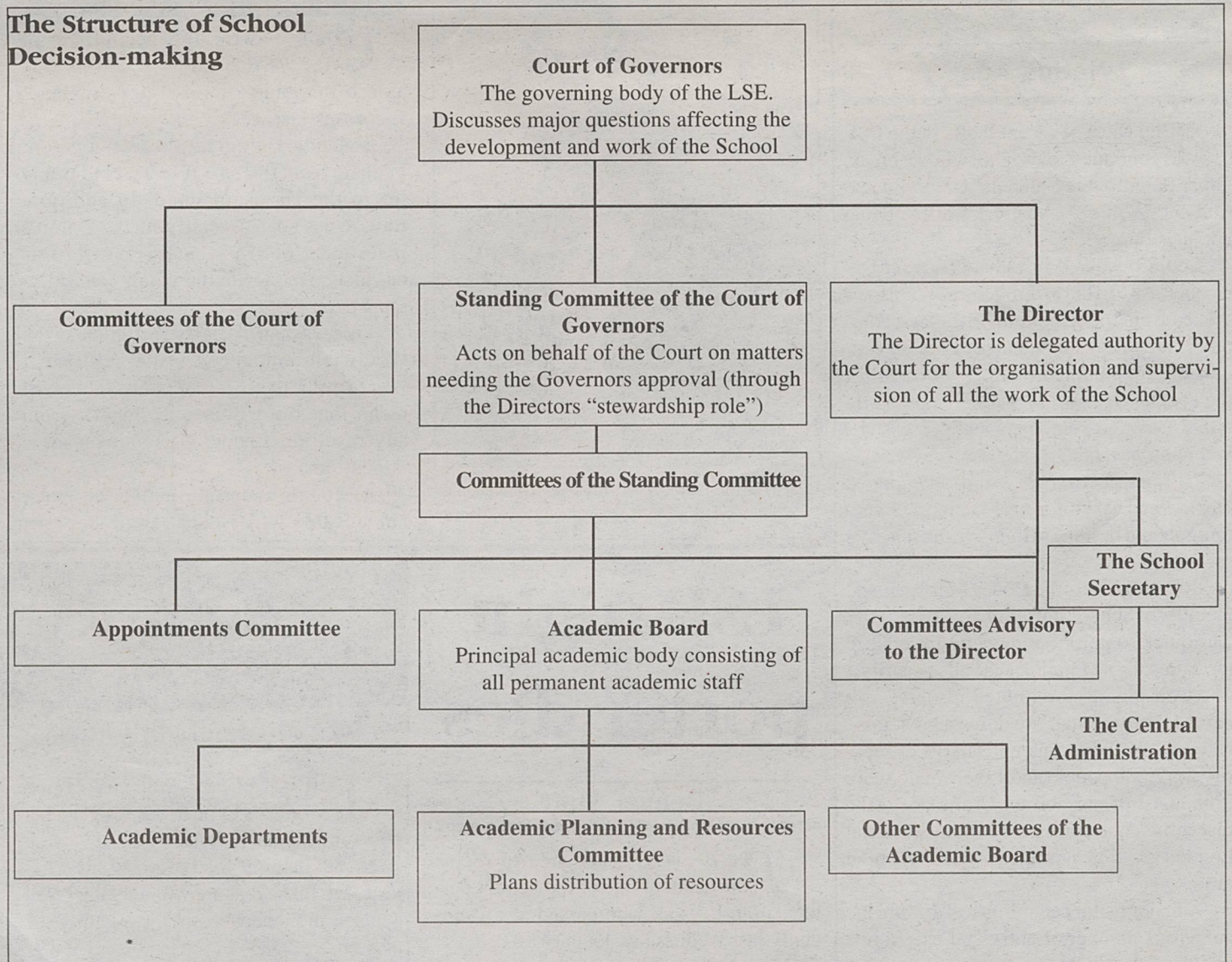
The Academic Planning and Resources

Committee is considered by many to hold the greatest de facto power of them all. This committee makes decisions such as those concerning the proportion of staff to students, and the number of home to overseas students. It also reviews the performance of all the departments and sectors of the School such as the central administration and library every 4 years, undertaking a considerable amount of detailed work. It is here that funding priorities are arrived at and major decisions effected. Significantly, this committee has the distinction of having no student representatives on it, despite pressure for change to occur. We can only hope that this will happen.

The number of School committees totals at 57. Many would say that this is far more than necessary when considering the relatively small size of the School. There may be pressure for further rationalisation in the future.

Finally, the role of the Director within this structure is not straight-forward. Although, the Director is technically a repository of authority in decision-making within the School, he or she would always be ill advised to ignore the views of students and staff within LSE in making any decision.

**The Structure of School  
Decision-making**



**Notice of  
Meetings**

**Constitution & Steering**  
Monday, 5pm  
E195

**Finance Committee**  
Tuesday, 3pm  
E206

**Executive Committee**  
Wednesday, 1pm  
E195

**Campaigns Committee**  
Wednesday, 2pm  
E195

**Union General Meeting (UGM)**  
Thursday, 1pm  
Old Theatre

**Academic Affairs Committee**  
Weds. 24th January, 2-3pm  
C120

**Union Council**  
Thurs. 15 February, 3-4pm  
C120

# The End of an Era

Letters lamenting the loss of a legend

Dear Beaver

There seems no point in living now. The sun won't be rising on a Tuesday morning now, as Houghton Street Harry is gone for good. There may be a new incumbent, but I doubt he'll be anywhere near as good as Mr Cooper, who is surely the wittiest columnist the Beaver has ever had. Throughout my college life I have tired of people hiding behind their race, and not speaking their minds, yet Harry was different. He dared to speak what everyone else was thinking, and his sense of humour is surely unparalleled at this level. Oh yes, I will miss him.

Yours with a tinge of sadness

Dave Egerton

Dear Beaver

When I applied through UCAS to join the LSE, I classified myself as a mature student. O how wrong I was, and how right Houghton Street Harry was to point my mistaken assumption to me.

I was a mature student but in name, but not in character. Now I have seen the shining new light in the rosy dawn of a glorious horizon thanks to Houghton Street Harry.

Never before have I had a male idol, but now I can truly say that Mr Harry has become my hero.

Thank you for saving my integrity, Harry!

Yours indebtedly,

M. A. Turestudent

Dear Beaver

I am writing to you as an-ex Socialist Worker. I was brought up as a builder in Canada, an occupation I entered into at the age of seven. Ever since then I have been a committed and fervent Socialist Worker, for no reason other than it annoys people.

But now, I have seen the futility of my ways and found my place in the True Revolution of Houghton Street Harry! This man has, excuse the pun, revolutionised my life and I am not worthy to even grovel at his feet.

I may, in the past, have levelled criticism at this illustrious god's column, but I shall forever more try to follow in his footsteps.

Yours socially,

Drepin Cogiby

Dear Beaver

I hope this letter gets to you in time, as I am sending it from another galaxy.

Here at the Zorblex Cirkok Academy for Inter-galactic Knitting, we subscribe to the Beaver on a regular basis for the sole and only, yes sole and only, reason of reading the Houghton Street Harry column.

Nothing comes near it in giving us an accurate, unbiased and unblinkered view of the human race and its daily goings-on. Reading this column has provided us with the opportunity for tremendous savings in

our reasearch department, as we no longer have to amass and collate data on your planet. Instead, we assimilate the data in Houghton Street Harry and process it to suit our needs.

We cannot thank you enough, Harry (whoever you really are), and when we invade the Earth as we intend to in ZQ1294, we will be fully conversant in all your ways and habits.

Your faithful followers,

The Zorblex Cirkok Academy for Inter-galactic Knitting

Dear Beaver

Please publish my letter in this week's Beaver, as I would like to express my admiration of Houghton Street Harry.

My name is Ogobitre Masulihop and I am the Great Chief of the Wookoo-Chookoo tribe. Until last year, our tribe faced extinction as all our male members suffered from a crippling – nay, fatal – disease produced as a result of their inferiority complex.

Houghton Street Harry, however, has inspired us with a new confidence we could not possibly have found without his aid. By denigrating every other race and ethnic group on the planet, but leaving our tribe unblemished, Houghton Street Harry has shown us how much other nations have to learn from us. For if the great Houghton Street Harry, whose ability to offend every type of ethnic group is renowned at the LSE, has nothing to say about us, we must be some tribe and a half.

Thank you Harry – we are eternally grateful ... please come and visit some time.

Yours rainforestially,

Great Chief Ogobitre Masulihop

Dear Beaver

It is with great sadness that we mourn the loss of that institution of LSE life, Chris Cooper as Houghton Street Harry. To tear from us something that has become as much a part of LSE as the bricks and mortar of which it is made is difficult to bear. But, nevertheless we shall learn to cope.

*The Beaver* has always, and will always somehow survive, and fill this almost impossible vacuum. We can only wish Mr Cooper, the success in future years that he deserves as his readership has meant at LSE.

Yours with great bitterness,

Baljit Mahal.

## \* \* \* Star Letter \* \* \*

Dear Beaver

My name is Gunthrief Ronnevik. I am the President of the Nobel End Institute for Peace. It has come to our attention that there was until recently amongst your editorial staff a man who deserves our greatest accolade. We have been told that there is one amongst you who, far more than anyone else on the planet, has worked ceaselessly to bring peace and harmony to the nations of this planet.

This man, for man he truly is, has devoted himself with unlimited commitment to using his powers within *The Beaver* to promote equality among the various nations represented at the glorious London School of Economics.

Never before in the history of man/womankind has such a human being done so much for so many, to coin a phrase.

We at the Nobel End Institute for Peace feel that he deserves to receive our highest award as but a humble acknowledgement of his great deeds.

I would therefore take great pleasure in awarding the Peace Prize of the Nobel End Institute for Peace to Chris Cooper.

Yours

Gunthrief Ronnevik

Dear Beaver

I hear with a laden heart that Houghton Street Harry has decided to leave your newspaper.

I would like to express my deepest distress at this development. As an ex-Playboy Playpal, I have in the past three years been besieged by suitors and admirers from all parts of the globe and all walks of life. However, I have reserved myself all this time for the one man whose body and mind I have always desired – Houghton Street Harry.

Please do not let this man get away and leave my heart lacerated in the gutter of life – tell me where I can find him so I may pour forth my heart unto him!

Yours despairingly,

Ethelreda Guttermanskeipf-Smythe

Letters deadline:  
Wednesday at 6.00 pm  
The editorial team  
reserves the right to  
make up letters when  
we have none.

All the year round service at the ...

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Open 10 - 5 Monday - Friday

Make your New Year's  
Resolution to write for  
*The Beaver*

Come to the Collective meeting at  
6.00 pm on Monday in room C023

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**... SOCIETIES ...****Jewish Society**

*So you enjoyed the Chanukah party?*  
Well, the Jewish Society is back... with great events planned for this term  
*and*  
*a*  
FREE bagel lunch  
Every Tuesday  
1.00pm, H216  
with  
*Clive Lawton*  
from  
Jewish Continuity  
Tuesday, January 16  
1.00 pm, H126

**European Society**

*"The Future of the Court of Justice."*  
Francis G. Jacobs  
Advocate General  
European Court of Justice.  
Friday, January 19  
1.00 pm, C120

**Italian Society**

*Italian Lessons*  
Every Friday  
11-12.00 pm, Intermed.  
12-1.00 pm, Beginners  
Rm A220

**Catholic Society**

*"Why did the Protestants protest?"*  
Tuesday, January 15  
5.30 pm,  
The Chaplaincy

**Hayek Society**

*"The New Barbarians And the End of the Nation State"*  
Dr. Ian Angell  
Wednesday, January 17  
1.00-2.00 pm, Vera Anstey Room

**Ecumenica Society**

*"Priest"*  
a controversial film, exploring issues of sexuality, faith & reconciliation.  
Discussion after, with soup & bread provided.  
All welcome.

Monday, January 22  
5.30-7.00 pm, K51

Weekly Meetings on  
Mondays 5.30 pm in  
K51.

**Debating Society**

*"This house believes that Achievement goes hand in hand with arrogance."*  
Wednesday, January 17  
1.00-2.00 pm, A85

**Amnesty Society**

We urgently need volunteers to run our fab letter-writing stall on Thursdays.

Please leave your name etc in our pigeonhole if interested.

**The European Society**

*"Defence and Security in the new Europe"*  
Dr Richard Lutter of Winston House  
and Simon Nuttal, former European Commission  
Wednesday, January 17  
1.00pm, C120

*"Enlargement: The Central European Perspective"*  
Professor Otto Pick  
Institute for International Relations (Prague)  
Tuesday, January 23  
1.00pm, S421

**OFFERS...OFFERS..OFFERS...****"YOUNG PUB ENTREPRENEUR"**

Win £3000, guaranteed work experience & an interview for a 1-year industrial placement or assistant house manager position.

*Design your own pub....*  
Students in teams of up to 5 should put together a proposal for a new pub concept, considering all aspects of running a new pub.

Further information is available from the Whitbread Education department on 01582 396663.

Closing Date 30 April 1996.

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*If your idea of fun is trekking across the deserts of China, or if heaven is living amongst the hill tribes of New Guinea, you have a story to tell.*  
Win the Heineken £25'000 travel bursary!

Any UK resident aged 18-35 can enter.  
Plans need not be charitable, but must stand out and impress.

Call 0171 231 5432.  
Closing date for entries  
26 April 1996

**The LSE Conservative Association**

*proudly presents*

**The Rt Hon.  
Malcolm Rifkind MP**

**Secretary of State for Foreign and  
Commonwealth Affairs**

on  
Tuesday, 23 January  
at 1.00 pm  
*in the Royalty Theatre*

**Introduced by Lord Desai**

Students and Staff welcome  
No bags, coats or banners  
ID will be required

# On Tory troubles

## Simon Retallack interviews the Rt. Hon. Stephen Dorrell MP, Secretary of State for Health

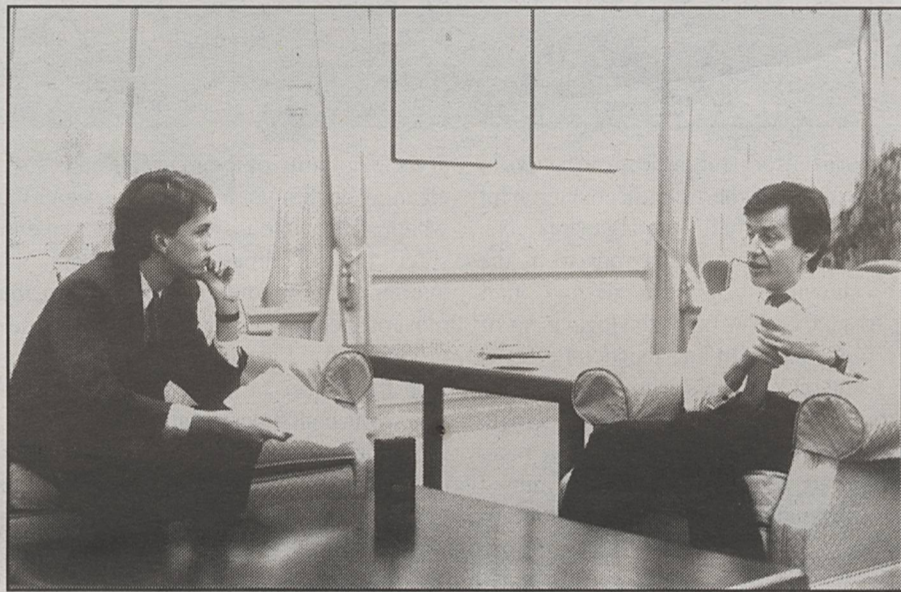
### Simon Retallack

Stepping into the Secretary of State's office in the Department of Health on a cold and dark evening late in November, the sound of Cuban demonstrators could clearly be heard from the windows overlooking Whitehall. President Clinton had just arrived in Downing Street. Stephen Dorrell has only recently arrived at the department of Health himself, taking over last summer from Virginia Bottomley with some relish after a stint at National Heritage. A genuine, friendly looking man in his early forties, Dorrell is one of the more left-wing, intellectual members of the cabinet. He is allegedly seen by John Major as his natural successor. He could even be seen as a Tory version of Tony Blair. There certainly doesn't appear to be much between them, with the possible exception of the issue of constitutional reform.

After making a curious reference to the 'Greeks' demonstrating outside, Stephen Dorrell spent the first ten minutes of the interview talking about Health, (the details of which can be found in the previous issue of the Beaver). We then moved on to broader political matters of some concern at the present time; chief among them - the forthcoming general election. Although he refused to accept that the Conservatives were going to do badly, when asked whether he at least recognised that his party was very unpopular he said, "Of course." The reason he gave for this was that "the recession went on rather longer than we anticipated and we have had to take action to curtail public borrowing both by cutting our spending plans and raising taxes." In other words the electorate are unhappy about being deceived over taxation. But he believes that his party's fortunes will recover over the next 12 months as "the benefits of both reducing the tax burden and of developing growth feed through into people's pay packets." But this is based on the rather optimistic assumption that the electorate will accept the bribe. Later on in the interview he seemed to suggest that they wouldn't. In response to a question about the budget he said, "if we're being accused of cynically manipulating the nation's economy to our electoral advantage, all I can say is that we

haven't been conspicuously successful at it."

So if tax cuts and the benefits of a stable economy don't work, will everything depend on the formidable black arts of the propaganda machine at Conservative Central Office? Would Stephen Dorrell be happy to engage in a personal attack on Tony Blair for example? "No," he told me, "I don't seek to engage in a personal battle with anybody." Politicians, he said, who strayed from the path of ventilating true differences between the parties "very often get tripped up." He had better warn his colleague Brian Mawhinney of that fact then. Dorrell seemed



willing to admit that their record was not without blemish. He told me, "We have taken a series of decisions over the past 17 years where the result is less than perfect." But, and this is important, during an election he said, "whenever you present an argument you present its best face. There is no point", he continued, "in pretending that an electoral battle will be conducted at the level of a Socratic dialogue...It's an argument of ideas that will be conducted at different levels." And on past form, motivated too by the desperation with their present dire position in the polls, it isn't impossible to foresee what some of those levels will be.

The Tories are hoping to expose Labour on the issue of Europe. They are going to accuse them of selling out to Brussels. But this is hardly an issue around which the

Tories themselves are united. So I wonder how comfortable Stephen Dorrell would be with that tactic, since he is happy to confirm that he is a pro-European. How could he even be at ease being in the same cabinet as Michael Portillo? Earlier on in the interview he admitted that "Collective responsibility has its moments." Could this be because it forces him to resist the urge to criticise his euro-sceptic colleague? "I have never attacked Michael", he replied, "nor would I attack Michael." However, he added "What I do say, is that those who argue the case for patriotism and for nationalism should do it

clearly on the grounds of the strength of the nation and the benefits that come from being part of a united one-nation. We should not seek to distinguish ourselves on the grounds of what I describe as 'flag-waving nationalism.'" That didn't sound like an endorsement of Portillo and his supporters to me. Nor did his answer to my question about whether he was happy with the tone of Portillo's speech to the party conference: "He writes his speeches, I write mine!"

What of Stephen Dorrell's philosophy for the best possible future for Britain? The answer, he told me, lies in "the kind of rigorous, sound money, sound fiscal policy, pro-market stance this government has taken." He recognises that the competitive environment of the world has changed dramatically over the past few years, with the growth of the

Asian Tigers, the collapse of the Iron Curtain and the accompanying emergence into a single international market place. And he sees no problems for Britain competing in this new market with an on-going commitment to free-trade and continued economic growth; the classic economic orthodoxy of modern times. But eminent thinkers are now questioning how Britain can possibly compete with countries, such as China or India, where many more people can be employed at a fraction of the cost that would be incurred in Britain and where there is nothing like the sort of social or environmental protection that exists here. It is argued that the effects of competing in such an unrestrained free-market can already be seen all over the Western world, with huge levels of unemployment and crime, the destruction of communities, longer hours and growing instability for those in work. In the United States, the Republican Congress is already revoking half a century's environmental and social legislation, all in the name of that sacred god, competitiveness. The price to pay is therefore a massive erosion in as much as a third of the population's standard of living, especially if we go the whole hog and imitate the Asian countries authoritarian style of government as well. Stephen Dorrell though, like most other politicians in this country, refuses to accept that the workings of the global free market causes problems. The trouble is that it doesn't cause problems for the big multi-national companies which tend to support right-wing governments in particular throughout the world. In fact they are making huge financial profits. So there is almost certainly a conflict of interest here. In any case, Stephen Dorrell seemed to suggest that even if there are problems, there is simply no alternative. He told me, "We're far too far down this escalator to go back up to the top now."

Meanwhile, with all that is being lost, it should come as no surprise when people refuse to vote for his party. Its replacement in power however will merely come up against the same problems. New solutions need to be found. Stephen Dorrell seems a well-intentioned person, but he needs to develop more courage, foresight and creative thinking, otherwise it won't only be Cuban demonstrators who will be shouting outside his window in the future, in the

## NatWest Competition Winners

At the New Students' Fair this year there was a prize draw for all students who opened a new account at NatWest Bank. The following people have won the following prizes, which range from a £100 to a t-shirt:

1st prize	S. Concannon
2nd prize	N. Edwards
3rd prize	A. Chawdhry
4th prize	W T Kwang
5th prize	S R Wagheta
6th prize	S U Hulen
7th prize	A. Mesinoglu
8th prize	C. Baharuddin
9th prize	C. N. Sello
10th prize	H. Roque
11th prize	P. Deprez
12th prize	C. Tavelis
13th prize	B. Sorgard

Please, could the mentioned people see Claire Lawrie, SU Treasurer, as soon as possible in room E206.

# In whose name are they killing?

David Bakstein elaborates on the competitiveness of today's armed forces

**B**anned from the LSE's Freshers' Fair at the beginning of the year, the UK's Royal Armed Forces are currently running an advertising campaign in order to recruit new members. Primarily, the sort of people they are looking for are either mechanics or prospective officers. In the case of the latter, their target groups are mainly male graduates. Under the British system of a professional army these recruitment measures might seem commensurate with market laws, but looking at other countries with a compulsory military service system, similar tendencies are perceived. In Germany, the Bundeswehr (Federal Armed Forces), ever since their foundation in the 1950s, satisfy approximately half of their demand by recruiting "innocent" civilians for a period of 10 months. Here too, a similar campaign aiming at prospective non-commissioned officers took place.

Generally, the popularity of military service compared to civilian service is declining in Germany, partly due to the continuous debate about whether it is legally justified and tolerable to make soldiers potential murderers. In other countries, such as France, where civilian service takes about twice as long as its military counterpart, or Austria, where administratively it proves to be a truly impossible task to escape from, the situation is different. The question thus arises about the actual implications of signing up and people's overall expectations.

#### **You're in the army now!**

A career in the armed forces requires

choosing between different rank options. These include teams, non-commissioned officers or commissioned officers. Running



around in a uniform might seem attractive at first, but most of the time disenchantment soon follows, especially among team ranks. Reality is quite often different from the myths shown in bright adverts and other propaganda, both as far as the legal basis of the job is concerned and its social effects. The team ranks of an army represent its backbone and are subject to the leadership and the mercy of their superiors. Still, many superiors are reluctant to show the mutual respect normally expected. An attitude of

snubbing the roster is quite normal and shows a common decadence. Furthermore, the most important responsibility teams face

at the beginning of their careers consists of cleaning up. For young recruits it seems that whether the war is won or lost depends solely on the tidiness of their rooms and quarters. The income is very modest, but most of the time it is in proportion to one's productivity. Non-commissioned officers face the pincer movement between pressures from both superiors and inferiors. Commissioned officers can expect great honours (ever been to St. Paul's Cathedral or Trafalgar Square?). This strongly hierarchical sys-

tem, out of date in today's business world, poses great problems, especially to recruits who will have to toe the line and do whatever they are told to. But it offers great opportunities to prospective leaders.

#### **Stand up and fight!**

Brinkmanship is another aspect of being a soldier. Many people choosing a career in the military are not aware of the consequences that might ensue. An example is NATO's IFOR mission currently taking place in Bosnia and Croatia. The deployment was on a compulsory basis for career soldiers, and part of the troops stationed there, though voluntarily, even consist of people still in the process of completing their military service. Financial incentives, like danger bonuses, overshadow the present perils. Also, soldiers are expected to obey all orders even if they have to shoot at other human beings. A task not undertaken by many armies for a long period of time.

#### **Be the best?**

Despite all the negative features of military life there are some positive aspects as well. Military service looks good on a CV and one can expect educational benefits like internships, apprenticeships and a driver's licence, which will be helpful in life outside the uniform. Prospective officers in some countries can even expect to receive higher education at military academies. But, the army is neither a place where creativity and individuality are being fostered, neither fairness nor justice prevail. Prejudice still sometimes rears its ugly head in practice.

## McCrabtree's wee white Christmas

James Crabtree reports on a chilly Christmas in bonnie aulde Scotland, wherever that is

**C**ast your minds back to 1995. Yes, you remember, that bit in the middle of the last Beaver: "*Christmas and what it means to people around the world*". Yes, you remember; you didn't read it, right? Well, in it was a small list of Scottish stereotypes masquerading as an article by the amusingly pseudonamed James McCrabtree. Oh, how we giggled. But Christmas could never be like that, right? Well, if you are sitting carefully, this is what really happened.

My humble abode is a farm, some 20 miles north of Aberdeen. Aberdeen, Scotland that is. The triumphant return of the prodigal son (me) occurred about a week prior to Christmas. It was snowing. Bah, humbug. Christmas really lost its sparkle from the day you realised that your chimney had been blocked up for fifty years, and, ... Mum, how

could Santa ...? So, bereft of festive cheer, I set about the serious business of sleep. Christmas drew closer. The temperature dropped steadily. It kept snowing. Snore, snore, snore.

In the icy wilds of the north, there is a sure fire way of telling how bad the weather is. Come Christmas Eve, we had about 9 inches of snow, and were well and truly blocked in. This was of little interest to the BBC. The key news was that there was the outside chance of snow flurries in Kent, and that Whitby had been blocked in by a whole 2 inches. Shock horror! Nonetheless, the arrival of a jovial fat man with a red motif was eagerly awaited in the midst of the storm.

Christmas morning. Yes! Lets open the stocking. Right, turn on the light. The light does not work. Nothing works. No power. Bugger. It's 15 below outside.

Merry Christmas. In this way presents were exchanged by candlelight, to a background of earnest discussion about how exactly one cooks a turkey without the use of a cooker. Finally the answer was found: you can't. Improvisation was called for; Christmas Dinner consisted of turkey (casserole), (boiled) potatoes, and (steamed) nut roast for the vegetarian faction. The wonder of gas camping stoves, eh? You never know when they will come in handy. Somewhat inevitably, the power returned minutes after dinner was finished; the electricity board obviously understood the danger of civil unrest if electricity was unavailable in time for 'Noel's Christmas Presents'.

So Christmas came, and went. We were still isolated. However, understand that we had a contingency plan. Some time ago, dearest father purchased a snow plough,

for just such a situation. The problem was, he conveniently left it in an exposed corner of the field meaning that it was submerged in 6 feet of snow. See, we understand irony in Scotland too. When the council ordained to clear our road, they revealed a previously unrecognised sense of humour. Sure, the road outside the house was unobstructed; yet when we took the car out we discovered (and got stuck in) a huge drift some 50 yards down the road. Trust me, we laughed and laughed as we dug for 2 hours to get it out.

Anything else? Well, it hardly bears mentioning, but the water froze, the pipes burst, Grandma's plane was cancelled, I nearly crashed the car (twice), England lost humiliatingly at Cricket and we were force-fed turkey casserole for a week. Well, you gotta laugh, doncha? Only another 340ish days to go.



# Banking on Bank

Christopher Thomas and Narius Aga on the LSE's latest luxury residence

Imagine waking up one morning, opening your curtains to reveal the Thames and walking through one of the leading Art Galleries in the world to catch a boat to the LSE. Today you could only do this in your dreams, yet such a scenario could become true if all goes according to schedule. For its part, the LSE has nearly completed a new hall of residence in Southwark, which should be ready for students from September.

After lighting off South Bank University for the old headquarters of the National Grid, the school finally managed to acquire the building in 1994. Ambitious plans were drawn up to convert it into one of the finest halls in the country.

The inside is certainly a revelation for those used to other residences. By filling in the original H-pattern, the developers have managed to create room for 619 students. Half of them will have ensuite bathrooms while the others will share one between two. A downstairs restaurant will provide meals for the public and for students (at cheaper prices). Unfortunately this means that between 20 and 40 students will be sharing each of the sparsely equipped kitchens.

There is plenty of space in the building for other facilities such as a TV room, laundry room, bar and, most intriguingly, a large basement area so far known simply as the "A3 unit". According to David Segal, Assistant Secretary, this room and the 8th floor conference room could become additional sources of income for the hall.

However, living in a redevelopment area has its downsides. The lack of decent public transport and the noise from nearby builders will inconvenience students in the



Luxury Halls of Residence

Photo: Joy Wangdi

first few years. Similarly, there are few shops in the vicinity. Southwark station, which opens with the Jubilee line extension in 1998, will be eagerly awaited, as will the opening of the Tate Gallery of Modern Art in the derelict power station opposite.

"A concerted attempt is being made to avoid the mistakes we made in High Holborn Hall," said David Segal. Six lifts, catering facilities and an attempt to provide more comfortable seating in the public rooms are some of the areas in which an improvement is already evident.

Unfortunately, those studying in London

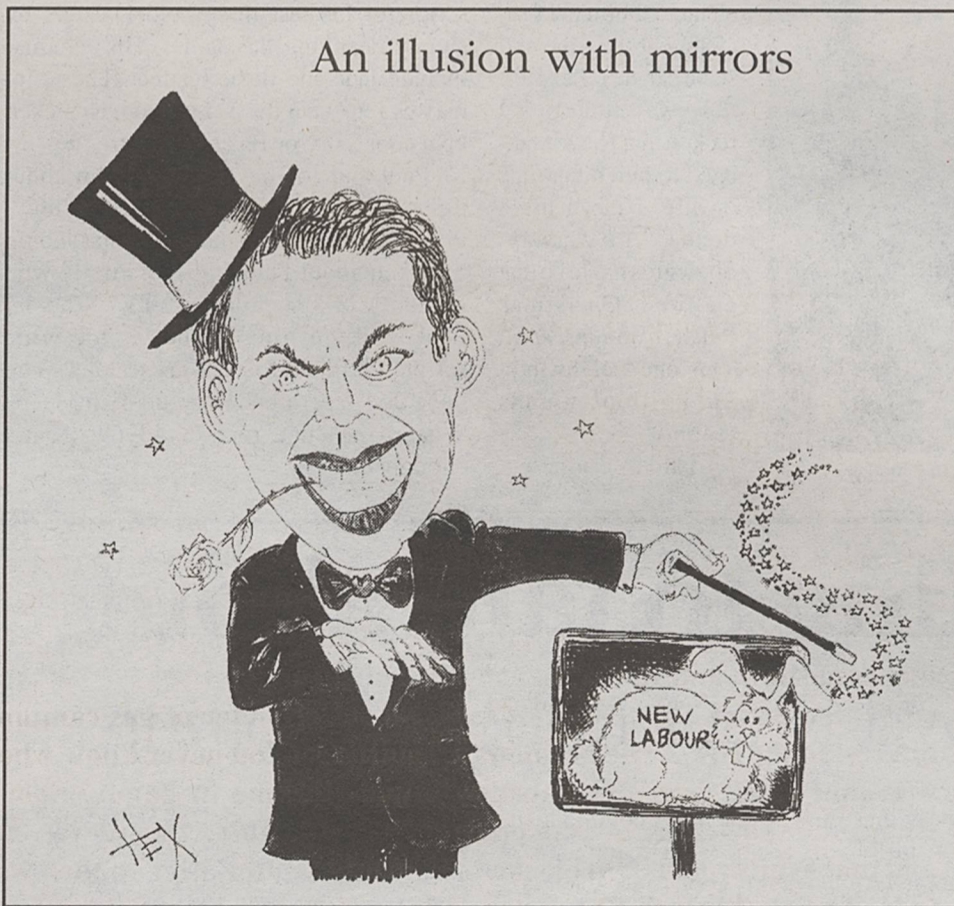
over the summer vacation will not be able to enjoy these facilities. Under the development requirements stipulated by Southwark council, the building has to be used as an hotel during the Summer months. It will be interesting to see whether the convenience of High Holborn or the space and facilities of Bankside are more popular with students next year. "I think High Holborn will still be more popular, at least for continuing students" said Paul Trivett, the LSE Accommodation Officer. "The situation might change next year, when they actually start visiting Bankside and find it's worth the extra distance."

## Amnesty Case

Prisoner of Conscience Myriam Guadalupe Galvez Vargas, a student and thirty year old Mother of two, is serving a twenty year prison term in Peru for "crimes of terrorism". She was charged in April 1993 and sentenced by a higher court a year later. The basis for the charges was a claim by the police that she had attended a university course with an alleged member of the *Partido Comunista del Peru* (*Sendero luminoso*) - the communist party of Peru - and that a notepad belonging to her had been found, which they alleged contained handwritten notes about "low intensity warfare".

Myriam Guadalupe Galvez has claimed that the notepad did not belong to her and has consistently denounced political violence. On May 26 1994 a prosecutor attached to the Supreme Court of Justice claimed that there was no evidence to prove that Myriam Guadalupe Galvez had links to the PCP. In spite of this, on November 8 1994 the Supreme Court of Justice confirmed her sentence. Her lawyer has filed a petition before the Supreme Court of Justice asking it to review this decision.

Myriam Guadalupe Galvez is being held in the Chorrillos high security prison for women in the capital, Lima.



Please write a letter asking for the immediate and unconditional release of Myriam Guadalupe Galvez Vargas to:

President Alberto Fujimori  
Palacio del Gobierno  
Plaza de Armas  
Lima 1  
Peru

And:

His Excellency J Eduardo Ponce-Vivanco  
Embassy of Peru  
52 Sloane Street  
London SW1X 9SP

Letters should be brief, factual and always polite.

## Indefinite Article

I hate sales. The other day I went to Covent Garden just to make sure that I wasn't missing anything. Instead to my dismay, I found how much I really needed everything. Everything in Oasis, (except for the poncy flowery dresses), everything in Karen Millen and everything everywhere else. I sat in the fitting rooms and went over the five items I was allowed to take in and the shop assistant tutted. She was helpful though. Eager to sell, she ran up and down the stairs and brought out different sizes and colours. She also said how good everything looked on my outsized body and how very 'me' they all were. She then tutted some more and grumped back to her clothes horse when I handed her back an armful of angora jumpers - the white fluff from one cardigan sticking to the red jumper's sleeves. That combination looked quite good - kind of Jackson Pollack like but I had to admit to her that I had to think about it because I couldn't choose between them all.

I sometimes wonder about the Bag-Ladies. As I walked back from Covent Garden down Holborn, (indecision meant I had bought nothing - good news for my bank overdraft(s)), I saw about three women, sitting on the edges of steps surrounded by hundreds of bags. No men, just women. (Maybe its a hormonal thing). Every single bag they sat amongst, was brand named. And empty. Selfridges, Harrods, Whistles all stuffed with more bags. A psychological study would no doubt point to the sense of possession; more means better but due to circumstance, these women have little. So instead they have filled up expensive looking carriers perhaps to give them reassurance. Or perhaps, its a comment on shoppers like me who during the year can't afford anything in the expensive shops, so take advantage in the sale time. Ferreting, grabbing and then buying and then we feel forlorn because it didn't really fit that well and the colour wasn't really quite right. But we buy it anyway; even just a pair of gloves because even a DKNY carrier gives more pleasure than a C&A bag containing a really 'timeless and hardwearing shirt' (mum). Everyone looks on the tube when someone holds a Harrods bag - they probably sneer and tut but if the choice is to put your packed lunch in a Warehouse bag or an "Everything's-a-Pound" bag, I'd put my cheque book on the former every time. I even have a friend that collects bags. She used to have hundreds of them all stuck to her wall - any type at all - but now she just has the 'good ones'.

In parts of Fiji, so I'm told by an anthropologist, people buy televisions but have no electricity. They also build garages when they have no cars. And they even buy Western food cans with no food in them. And these parts of Fiji are supposed to be untouched by the hand of Marx's capitalism, alienation from goods and fetishism. Danny Miller (current aesthetic expert) explains our fetish with possession because what we buy becomes an extension of ourselves. We 'identify' with something within the object which we buy. (Sort of). But how come then I buy disgusting things in the sales? Does that mean I relate to disgustingness too? I'd like to think not.

So I've given up buying such trivia because I'm sure that I can buy it all the year round in Marks & Spencers. (Timeless, hardwearing, not too expensive, middle-of-the-road, sitting-on-the-fence, middle-class and oh god, I'm becoming old). So instead, I'm going to buy only sensory things; things to tickle and stimulate my sensory zones. Art, music, food. But, indecision arrests me again. Should I go for Chinese or Indian, Somalian or Turkish...? AB

# Sick Seven sublime

Our illustrious Editor is stalking Brad Pitt ... again

This film leaves you with the feeling that your guts have been pulled out through your belly button – completely empty inside and a bit sick. Don't let this put you off. It is a brilliant film that explores the ironies and contradictions of contemporary America in a gruesome but completely gripping way.

It tells the story of a psychotic killer, chillingly played by Kevin Spacey, who despairs of humanity seeing the seven deadly sins committed on every street corner every day and being accepted by everybody. The best performance is given by Morgan Freeman as the weary detective whose character echoes that of the killer because he despairs at the crime and moral decay in the city in which he works. Brad Pitt plays the idealistic young detective who still sees that he can do some good in the world. Ironically he is drawn into the killer's plot so that the final murder is left up to him.

The film is like a Greek tragedy in that Pitt is drawn to his own destiny by his personality, being incapable to detach himself from his emotions. It is a cathartic experience, making good use of the bloody and gruesome opportunities that the seven deadly sins throw up.

The plot is gripping and absorbing. The film is well shot although dimly lit, somehow the patchy lighting make the murder scenes seem even more disturbing. The film is quite long but the pace is quick and the action is fast moving. And what's more you have the gorgeous Brad Pitt to drool over. Everything about this film is brilliant. I would be very surprised if I saw a better film this year.

■Directed by David Fincher.

■Showing at Barbican Cinema, MGM Chelsea, MGM Tottenham Ct Rd, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Leicester Sq, Odeon Swiss Cott, Whiteleys and local cinemas.

☆☆☆☆☆



Brad Pitt managing to dazzle editors and audiences alike in Seven

Photo: Library

# Showgirls go down

Alexis Derby suggests that if you have some free time don't go and see Showgirls



Gershon and Berkley looking suitably sleazy

Photo: Library

There comes a point in every reviewer's life when he gets to review a film that is utterly terrible. Sadly there is little chance of him ever realising at the time and so he can never exploit it. However this time I reckon that I have managed to pull a fast-one on life. I mean it's a dead give-away. Showgirls has to be that all-time Christmas lunch, trimming *et al*. This one weighs in at 26 million pounds (\$40m).

Paul Verhoeven,

ex-maths Professor, ex-childrens' TV director, ex-Dutch cult film maker, is now Hollywood's finest erotic-thriller (read porn-Ed) director.

Joe Eszterhas is a great environmentalist; he has managed to recycle the same script for his last three blockbusters by simply changing the names. His 'credits' include Jade and Basic Instinct. The script may be lousy but the pay is good, he picked up a cool \$3m for Basic Instinct.

Paul and Joe have made a film about topless dancers in LA, it's called Showgirls. There are many questions that should be asked about Paul and Joe. Firstly who let Paul work on childrens' TV? Who let Paul work on films? Who let Joe write scripts? Who let Joe sell his scripts? Who buys Joe's scripts? How do fish sleep? What's the cube root of 4096? (That's enough-Ed).

Anyway enough of that, here's what the real critics thought:

"Slavering saddos will be the only audience to get anything approaching real gratification" thought *Premiere*

"I laughed, I cried, I fell asleep, and that was only the trailer" pontificated *The Beaver*

"About as genuinely arousing as intricately-choreographed livestock" mused *Empire*

"Tacky Sex. Dodgy plot. Corny dialogue. Deadly boring" generously advertised *The Independent*

"Kill your Pickingsese for a ticket" suggested *The Beaver*

Thankfully there is one gratifying thought, if these guys can get paid for the rubbish they churn out, perhaps we all have a chance.

■Directed by Paul Verhoeven

■On General Release from 12th January

☆

# Something to talk about

## Stephen Lloyd is out Roberts-spotting

Oscar-winning Callie Khouri, who brought us *Thelma and Louise* has made the big screen once again with *Something To Talk About*. It follows a dominated housewife (Julia Roberts), dominated by her husband (Dennis Quaid), dominated by her father and dominated by the family business, who finds out that her husband has been cheating on her: Hell hath no fury. The quiet affluent town in which they live in is upset by their break up, even more so when Roberts publicly announces in a town meeting who is sleeping with who: heads roll and marriages crumble. This is interwoven with trouble on the ranch they own and their little daughter who is somewhat bewildered by

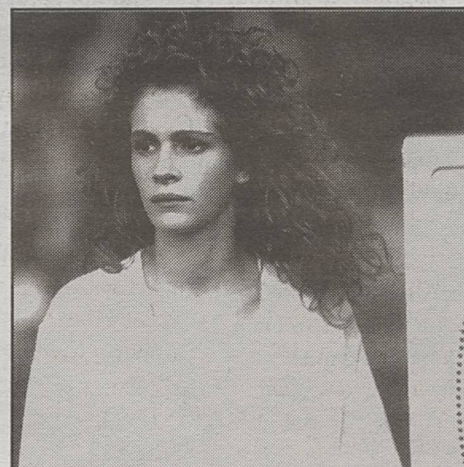
the goings-on. The results are comic and the Quaid-Roberts relationship is romantic at points. Although it is good to see the return of Dennis Quaid (after several years in a drug-induced haze) as well as performances by Robert Duvall and Gena Rowlands, the film is passing over tired and well-worn ground.

Sadly the direction is loose at many points and so the film has a few scenes that are entertaining rather than being consistently so.

■Directed by Lasse Hallstrom

■Showing at MGM Fulham Rd, MGM Trocadero, Whiteleys, Warner West End.

☆☆☆



Julia Roberts gets tough, well sort of.

The films reviewed on this page are to be released during the next week. The Arts Editors claim no responsibility for the fact that *Showgirls* was quite so bad and is now being used as the industry standard for the bottom end of all-known scales.

☆☆☆☆☆ Excellent  
 ☆☆☆☆☆ Very Good  
 ☆☆☆☆☆ Good  
 ☆☆☆☆☆ OK  
 ☆☆☆☆☆ Showgirls

Next week we are chased by the mob in *Fair Game* with Cindy Crawford, get mushy with Harrison Ford and Julia Ormond in *Sabrina* and become involved in a crime thriller in *The Underneath*.

# Beaver Golden Oldies

## No 1: Psycho

No introduction needed, surely. *Psycho* is revered as one of the best, if not *the* best, of Hitchcock's films and is loved by even the most Philistine of cinema-goers. From the very moment we catch a glimpse of the Bates Motel we know that all is not as it seems. And when Anthony Perkins utters the now immortal line "Mother's not feeling herself today" we know that mothers going to give us more than the customary clip round the ear.

The pace is set thus when the heroine is brutally killed off after only 20 minutes in what is the slasher movie's finest moment to date, eat your heart out *Jagged Edge*, Ba-

sic *Instinct et al.* From there onwards we are led a merry emotional dance as we are ferried between Norman Bates, his alter ego and anyone else who happens upon the Bates Motel.

It's hard enough getting to grips with Bates' schizoid personality but the Freudian conclusion to the film as he contemplates in his cell leaves one grasping for further explanation. However, the film is saved by the chilling finale as momentarily a skull flashes onto the screen, but what does it mean? (All answers on a postcard please)

Taking a bath has never seemed so popular.

Emma Justice



# Andorran paradise lost

## James MacAonghus ponders the latest LSE drama



*Andorra* is a powerful tale of destroyed identities, hypocrisy and fear. Andri, played by Nik Morandi, is the illegitimate son of an Andorran teacher who grows up in the belief that he is a Jewish orphan rescued from across the frontier. Against a backdrop of Andorran bigotry and insecurity, Andri is forced to submit to the pre-conceived ideas of how a Jew is supposed to behave and eventually dies for his assumed, but false, identity.

Market Forces, a new LSE theatrical company, staged a production that exceeded my expectations. From the outset, a black and white checkerboard stage representing conflict and hypocrisy (well it didn't actually but it looked good - *Ed.*) set a precedent for a strong flow of symbolism in the play. Perhaps most unsettling was the fact that the innkeeper, the carpenter and the

teacher are characters not as unfamiliar in everyday society as we would like. Perhaps the only flaw in the production was in the interpretation of certain characters and scenes. The witness-stand scenes did seem to adopt an obviously second-place role, shunned to one side of the stage and almost rushed over, but apart from this the direction by Asim Shivji and Daniel Crowe was tight.

Karen Shefler, as Andri's girlfriend and sister, produced the most admirable performance out of a strong cast that managed to combine humour and tragedy remarkably well. Since you can't go back in time to see it now, I hope you saw it the first time.

■Directed by Daniel Crowe and Asim Shivji

■You missed it folks. Better luck next time  
-Ed

# Art and Power

Arts is invaded by the indestructible Campus editor, Dave Whippe

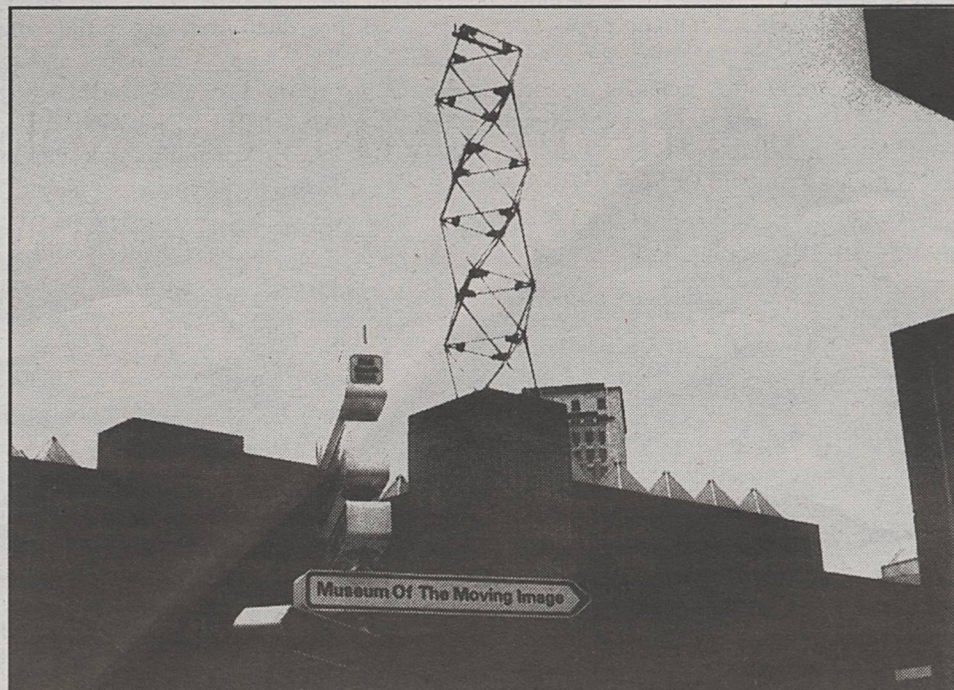
In purely artistic terms, the Art and Power exhibition at the Hayward has been criticised in many reviews, however, this sort of approach is too limited and misses the point. The exhibition has to be considered from the context of the 1930s, and requires a historical, as well as an aesthetic appraisal. The 30s saw an almost unparalleled period of political upheaval concerning the Great Powers of the world and the advent of doctrines which had previously only existed in theory. This exhibition can tell us as much about the methods of the rulers of new dictatorships, as it can about the survival of art and artists under these ruthless regimes.

If art is your main interest, then the section of the exhibition devoted to Spain is the most interesting, with contributions from Miro and Dali superbly illustrating the psychological split of the country during the Civil War. Like the other parts of the exhibition, it shows the transition of artistic

styles from the more libertarian rulers, to the less tolerant dictatorships that existed under the Fascists and Communists. Under these systems of rule, the art starts to converge into a predictable formula relying on monumentalism and heroism rather than imagination. Although they did not appreciate the independence and freedom of thought expressed through art, they realised the power and influence of it. As Zhdanov of the Soviet Cultural Commission put it "Artists are the engineers of the human soul".

It's hard to sum up the exhibition as a whole, due to the huge amount of material there which overwhelms the senses, the only drawback being the Hayward itself, which I found to be awkwardly lit, and, to be blunt, rather ugly. However, any student of art, and even history would be a fool to miss it.

■Hayward Gallery, South Bank. Until 21 January. Admission £5, concessions £3.50



The beauty of the Hayward Gallery

# In Memoriam ...

## Mr Rogers says a final farewell to *The Beaver* and his mind

**T**he day? It's a cold day. The wind is whistling through the walls and through my mind. Ah, how I long for the summer breeze. Mmm, the sun gently beating on my naked chest with a cold lager based sun barrier. The trees gently vibrate against the backdrop of a cornfield horizon. The sound of bees making honey is only slightly overshadowed by the incessant hum of fornicating crickets and the mix of the two reverberates through my ears and solidifies in my soul. My dreams carry me beyond my vision and dumps me unceremoniously in the foreground of my past. Here I am caught between the eternal conflict of years gone by. As always I am nervously negotiating my way through the minefield that is no-man's land. To the east are my achievements accompanied by a vague essence of something I can't quite put my finger on. Westward bound is a rapidly expanding fortress manned by the consequences of my drunken efforts to communicate. There's none so dumb as those who cannot speak. Suddenly I awake. Disturbed from my slumber once again by the booming crash of reality, I sit bolt upright and smile.

It's a cold day. The wind whistles under the door and through my conscious being. Ah how I long for the days of old and the days to come. The feeling of falling asleep in the back of your parents' car at night returns once again. The blissful ignorance of possible doom is accompanied by the

utmost security. As always happens, it doesn't last.

I find myself starving in a locked room with no key. On my window ledge stands a solitary deer. In my grasp is a rifle with a single shot. If I move, I'll scare the deer and surely die. If I shoot from here I will undoubtedly miss due to being a wank shot. It's a hard decision to make and if I take too long the deer will be gone. I shoot, I miss and I die.

Inevitably I arrive at the pearly gates trying to justify my existence in ten seconds, the penalty for failing is eternal anguish in the fiery pits of hell. I babble like a gibbon throughout the entire duration and am given one last chance to justify my otherwise unjustifiable existence. For the meantime the use of my eyes is restricted until such a time as I deserve to see. Staggering wildly into the street I chance upon an old lady, recognising her age purely from the outrageous stench of lavender and cat food. She recognises my dilemma with uncanny simplicity: "There's none so blind as those who cannot see". I don't like her. She asked me for directions to the police station. Realising her inability to report me I punched her in the neck and took her money. This did not impress the Lord. I had one last chance, I had to take it. The smell of Tenant's Super wafts through my nostrils. "Spare 50p for a cup of tea guv'nor?". I did not have any money, so I proceeded to explain this to him by urinating in his beer. With no chance of getting pissed the vagrant placed his remaining



Mmm ... that cloud looks comfy

pound on a horse entitled "Rogers Delight". The horse romped home with odds of 500,000-1 and lo, I could see again.

Now was the beginning of my new life, a life in which justice, honour and selflessness would prevail. No more hitting babies, no more stealing dogs and no more free-lance sniping for the Serbian government. The question now speeding round my head was how to achieve this noble task. A booming voice from above told me the answer is in each and every one of us and I am the one to seek it out. Two years and two days later I was no nearer the answer. I had dissected over 100 women and could not find what I was looking for.

Another two months passed and a goblin knocked at my door covered from head to

toe in blood. I quickly ushered him in and lay him on the table. This was it. This was the moment we had all been waiting for. Without even the vaguest thought for my personal safety I thrust my hand deep into his chest wound and retrieved an audio cassette. With his dying breath he faintly gasped "Listen to it. It explains everything", then fell limp. Tossing the lifeless husk aside I meandered over to my cassette player that was precariously balanced on an egg and tentively placed the tape inside. After what seemed like three months of white noise a condescending voice of thousands said "Oi Rogers, you did this pathetic attempt to fill a page last year when nobody had the manners to hand their articles in and that one was better". Alas it was true.

## Waste Of Space man

Tom Stone discovers that Levi haven't delivered the goods

**L**evi's singles, they're great aren't they? They sound so good when you hear them on TV, but after you've heard the single 3000 times on the radio, they somehow start to lose their appeal. But "Spaceman", which is the new single by Babylon Zoo, didn't just sound good on the commercial. It was, I think you'll agree, downright spine tinglingly, nerve shatteringly, groin crunchingly brilliant. So this placed me under the delusion, and I think you'll forgive me for it, that this Levi's single was going to be different. This time I wasn't just going to enjoy the single the first time I heard it, this time it would take pride of place in my music collection, I would dance to it in clubs, listen to it on cold nights in, and it would fill my life with joy and juices.

With trembling hands, although maybe that was just the five pints and death defying cycle through wind and rain from The Tuns to Hackney (but anyway ...), I slipped the CD into that little black draw thing, what-

ever the fuck it's called. YES! The familiar awe inspiring sound from that ad filled the flat. YES! YES! I was going to be dancing for the rest of my life. YES! YES! YES! YEEEEAAAAAHHHRRRRGGGGGHHHH! BASTARDS! How could they do this to me? My Life had no meaning anymore.

What was surely the most promising song of the year had been viciously, ridiculously and unbelievably slowed down and bugged up, to reveal that all that lay beneath the "Spaceman" was a boring, average guitar rock drone of four Americans who think they're being profound by writing lyrics like "...television takes control". I fucking wish it did, that's all I can say, then maybe we'd have a single that resembled the song on the ad for longer than 30 seconds, instead of the disappointment of the decade.

Somebody, somewhere PLEASE do a decent remix. I know that I for one will now buy Wranglers for the rest of my life.

## Two Weeks up one arse

James Crabtree delves deep into the realms of Asterix and James Bond

**S**pectre, as a name, starts a train of thought. To me it says "Ah, Mr Bond, we have been expecting you", to a background of old white haired gentlemen with white long haired cats, summarily bent on world domination/destruction. It means bimbos in bikinis with ridiculous names. It demands car chases, wacky intentions, getting the girl, killing the baddies and topping it all off with a helping of sardonic quips and thinly disguised double entendres. Rarely, if ever, does it connect with what this album have to offer.

'The Missing Two Weeks' is the pet project of Nick Raphael, the brains behind London's Manasseh sound system. What it does offer is a startlingly diverse range of influences; Dub, trip-hop, jazz, reggae, ambient, and house are all shaken (not stirred) into an eclectic range which spans ambitious musical ranges with cool assurance. The songs read like Asterix book titles (Spec-

tre Overseas, Spectre in the dance), and are at their strongest when relaxed, mellow and trippy. There is nothing more irritating than submerging yourself to the ethereal-trance of 'covert dub' or 'the missing two weeks', only to be awakened by the sub-Shabba ragga-man vocals which plague certain songs. Imagine Portishead's "Dummy" infiltrated by Pato Banton and Rankin Roger: yes, that bad. Such mood shattering remains the price of experimentation.

Yet, the problem with this diversity is that it tends to be synonymous with gratuitous doodling and self indulgence. Not that there is anything wrong with exploring your own back passage, mind, but it can be taken too far. Apparently our sources tells us that, to gain future inspiration, Spectre have constructed a 20 foot high navel at which they intend to gaze longingly for extended periods. "Money penny, you'd better find 007, before this gets out of hand".

# How to make friends and influence people

Raj Paranandi dips into the melting pot that is the LSE and finds it dry

How are friendships made? Go on, ask yourself, it's not really that difficult a question. Not for most people anyway; choosing your mates is generally quite an easy process, a question of spending time with people whose company you enjoy, whose opinions you care for. True friendship is about vomiting all over your mates' rooms, embarrassing them immensely in front of people they fancy (Ben Tallis and the Passfield boys provide a fine case study of this), and doing generally ridiculous things when pissed that you can discuss and laugh about over a fine Mr C's shish kebab in ten years time.

But is that always true at the LSE? Are these the criteria that people genuinely employ? The student population here has an unerring tendency to splinter into a large number of exclusive groups, each with its own bizarre characteristics and entry requirements. Some such groups are formed on a national or racial basis, which is to an extent understandable, as people try to spend time with people who speak the same language or share the same culture. However, such segmentation is undoubtedly in opposition to the multicultural image that the LSE likes to promote.

Scandinavian students, for example, form an elite sect, content in their ability to appreciate the finer things in life, such as the opera and ballet, and equally content in the knowledge that only they can differentiate Sol

various pissed up lads, as well as jokes about Heidi, Anchor butter, bacon and saunas that really make no sense.

But even they cannot compete with the Asian Students' clique, which has several strict entry pre-requisites. Firstly, members must never talk to non-Asians. Secondly, they must own the CD to Pure Swing IV, and know the lyrics to Mr Boombastic backwards, forwards and sideways. Thirdly, they should stand for election to some inane society post, such as deputy chief arselicker in the North Yemen society, and block off the whole of Houghton Street whilst promoting their campaign. Finally, and most importantly, they should own a mobile phone which rings repeatedly during lectures. Cult status can also be achieved if they further annoy the fuck out of everyone by letting it ring during classes, or even better during exams.

Meanwhile, certain cliques are formed on a largely political basis; Socialists, for example, rant on about student hardship whilst persistently boring everyone to tears. Much the same path is followed by Socialist Workers such as Garth, who first develop anorexia in order to win some kind of sympathy vote. At least Tories enjoy themselves – they too irritate all and sundry, but compensate by gaining pleasure in the molestation of various rodents/young children/Tory MPs.

In the final analysis, though, there's only really one group that's worth belonging to – a hidden and discrete bunch of which very little is known. More secretive than the Masons, more elite than the LSE 2nds and more fortunate than Luck McLuck from Lucksville, these people are unique in having access to the fourth and fifth floors of the library (for which you need a key). Up there, a hidden Utopia exists, free from the cares of the world, where the sun shines, flowers bloom and birds chirp away happily. Beautiful girls in waist length skirts queue merrily for offprints, ready to seduce anybody that intellectually "arouses" them enough. Cheerleaders lie provocatively over the photocopiers, happy to massage the weary bodies of bearded academics as they pursue their intellectual interests. Nectar-like juices flow from gold lined taps, and happiness trees grow in the corner of the course collection. This is a better world, a more complete world, a world where librarians look like Cindy Crawford not Michael Crawford, and where all animals, scumbags and Villa fans are banned.

And, best of all, none of Chris Cooper's birds will ever come close to getting past the front door ... it really is paradise.

Stop Press ... Raj is now considering leaving the LSE because of the issues raised in this article ... see Quote Unquote number nine.



from cat's urine. Their main party piece is to get excessively drunk and take the piss out of everyone in Swedish, which soon leads to collective chants of "Hurdy Gurdy" from

## Quote....Unquote

They said it in 1995, or did they? Here are ten quotes, but only six of them are true. Can you guess which ones? Answers at the bottom of the page.

- 1) "I'm really selective about who I get off with" – Wayne Rogers  
Yes, obviously Wayne
- 2) "It's a good job I'm a jaffa, because I'd hate to see what our kids would look like" – Alex Lowen on his 'little' problem
- 3) "You're in the lion's den and I'm the tiger" – Howard Wilkinson baffles comedian Mark Thomas with his witty heckling
- 4) "I'm not gay. I can just sleep more comfortably with men" – Peter Simes
- 5) "Sally's got inner qualities" – Howard again, but he can no longer get it "inner"
- 6) "Her eyes may be right next to each other, and she's not old enough to drink, but she's still better than Mad Jane" – Scouse Gardiner
- 7) "I'd pay a million pounds to shag her" – I wonder if Matt Miller has paid up yet
- 8) "I really fancy Sally, but I don't want Howard to beat me up" – Mike Tattersall. It's going to happen though Mike
- 9) "I'm thinking of leaving LSE, there are a lot of people I don't like around here" – Raj Paranandi. The feeling is mutual Raj
- 10) "No chance MacAonghus, you virgin sore cock" – Emma Justice e-mails her reply

1. true 2. false 3. true 4. false 5. true 6. false 7. true 8. true 9. true 10. false

## Liz Lambasts Lads

Liz Chong ponders upon the Christmas departure of much loved LSE lotharios

One fondly remembers those misty days of yore: the initial entry into The Tuns, the engrossing initiation ceremony and of course, the bright amber, scarlet and lime tones of that fateful night you remember so vividly, the Traffic Light Disco. The relative absence of women that evening, of course, was no deterrent as you wandered around in a blurred haze covered by extremely macho and blatantly green shirts.

One smiles as one stares at those brilliant Pulp Fiction and Reservoir Dogs posters decorating the mouldy and peeling walls of your filthy, grotty, intercollegiate rooms. The great care and consideration taken in choosing those posters comes to mind (as does the fact that you've never seen either). Ah, that very first poster sale in the Quad. Memories are just so very precious, you mouth to yourself as you comb your hair back so slickly (with Brylcreem, naturally). Like Michael Douglas in um, that film, um Wall Street. Yeah, yeah, you're a bloody friggin' genius. Heh heh, oops sorry mum. I promised that I would not use foul words, I'm being a good boy, honest.

Ah, your first lecture. Wardrobe having already been screened pre-departure for London, you are all toggled out in your very best. You arrive on time (the first and last occasion ever) with backpack, and settle down comfortably. And wait! Your brand new LSE file, diary, pens and paper: all purchased from the very Mecca of discount shopping, the Union Shop.

Ooh, and the first time ever (hope no-one tells mummy or daddy) you went to Equinox, heavens, such a naughty place, and just stayed up all night bopping to that brilliant music.

And the shame, the shame, the shame, of your first rejection. But then again, you really thought her chest was talking to you, ie before she knocked you out with an uppercut.

But now you're a big boy, independent. Yes, you've been away from Mummy and Daddy for 2 months (not to forget Frankie, your favourite teddy). Deep down inside you feel absolutely rotten that you've neglected him so, but as Winnie the Pooh said, all little boys grow up.

But now, you're a very wicked boy. You smoke (well, passively anyway) and drink (even though you fall off your chair after the second shot of tequila, half of which you spilt down your front). The lesser evils, but evils nevertheless.

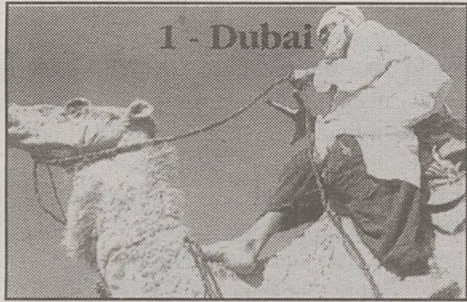
You chuckle to yourself as you pick up your suitcase to go home: Yippee! As usual, you check your reflection in the mirror. Brilliant colour with a marvellous colour co-ordination: the requisite LSE scarf with sharp black, yellow and mauve tones complements the blood-red LSE sweatshirt, and the grass-green LSE track suit bottoms. One may allow oneself, occasionally, congratulations, you ponder seriously, bursting with pride.

One considers one's credentials: fashion god, babe magnet, intellectual genius and overall cool guy. Home towns are now recovering after the hallowed presence of the LSE deities that were unleashed this Christmas.

# Dear Diary: yuletide revelations

The secret diarist this week has decided to set you a competition. Below are extracts from LSE individuals' Christmas diary from December 25. All you have to do is deduce who the diary belongs to, where they spent Christmas day and what they did. Guess whose diary it is and you will be awarded a prize.

- 1st prize - Date with Nick Deardon or a tenner
- 2nd prize - Unemotional and detached sex with Garth Mullins
- 3rd prize - The secret of Alexander Ellis youthful looks or a fiver

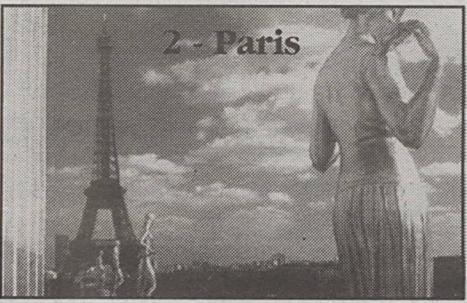


5 am Woke up still dressed only in black leather gloves, mirror shades and toy gun in hand. The Bond theme tune blasted from the alarm clock. I rolled into the bathroom, looked into the mirror, "The names Hole - Arsehole".

7am 'Christ on a bike!', even Muslim birds fancy me. I've just had to beat off 300 of them climbing up to my window.

11am Shit! Disaster has struck. I just gave my mother my present, she opened it and found..black silk lingerie. I must have mixed the presents up. I hope Hobday won't be to upset with the Hormone Replacement Therapy Course - I'll never pull now.

Midnight End of the day, and I still haven't pulled. That's 23 years 2 months and 15 days. Can't be long now!



7am Just off the phone to Anthony, he called at 1am and we like just chatted all night! I hope though that Tom Smith wasn't trying to call - he is so gorgeous. Actually Anthony has bought me this like really cool present. It's really funny actually - a brains for bimbos kit. This signifies that he knows I'm like mature enough to be self confident about myself and accept that I am revered for my intelligence and not for being an empty headed brainless bint. Actually it is full of like really interesting things - I never even knew that you could change a lightbulb!

10.03am My parents are just so poor! Why is it that no one understands that I am just an ordinary working class person. This year I stifled the tears at our family's poverty so as not to make them feel guilty at their financial position. I only got a holiday home in France and a second hand ferrari.

## 3 - Osnabruck

8am I love Christmas. It is the one time

of the year that I get to wear that uniform all day. I just laid on my bed clutching a youthful image of Goebbels. Now there was a man who was good for the environment - removing all sorts of pollution.

12pm What a vunderful morning. I have just finished glueing the picture of Goebbels to my vibrator. In and out all morning. My Fuhrer...sorry Father complemented me on my happy nature, he put it down to the Michael Jackson CD he bought me. If only he knew.

1pm Actually Baljit looks a bit like Michael Jackson...but hey he's Ali's guy.

## 4 - Southend

7am God I wish the Tuns was open. This is the only day in the last year that I haven't been in. Perhaps if I ring Jim he will open it up....if only for a few minutes.

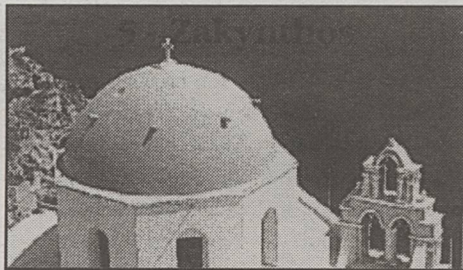
9am Today I got some ACE toys. I got some boxing gloves with a punch bag! I have had to go back to bed with a sore eye. But just wait I'll have that cocky eleven year old twat next door yet. I went out with all the other kids to play with the toys but I got pelted with snowballs 'cos I couldn't pick any snow up wearing my gloves. Those eight year old twins started kicking my ribs in and my Mum came out and made me come in.

12am I lost a fiver with little Jimmy (six) after I bet 'im that I could build a bigger snowman than he could.

I wrote a poem today to my secret love

'Coops, Coops you are super doops'  
When I see you I come in scoops  
That one cuddle in your bed that night  
has set my untouched passion alight.  
Meet me for new year outside King's  
and you and I can compare rings'

6pm Is the tuns open on Boxing day?



3am Mummy and Daddy are paying for this small excursion. Mummy still in tears after finding local savages in the vicinity. Daddy shot them! The police came and I had to spend half of my Christmas money bribing them - they went away happy.

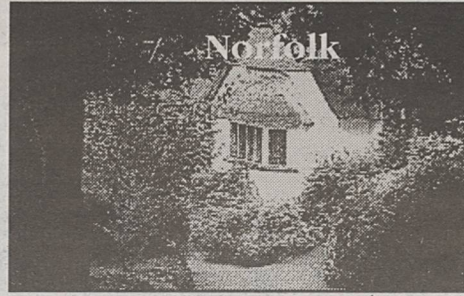
Actually the real reason we are here is because Daddy has found a specialist consultant in reducing headsizes. I hope that this treatment works ... I so much want to live a normal life. I'll never get a job if I have to keep that cave painting on my travelpass.

## 6 - Wembley

6.23 am I may be here in Wembley but my heart is in Osnabruck and my mind is in ancient Athens. As I am writing this I am wondering whether it is too early to call a few students and start the crucial second

phase of my election campaign.

My parents have bought me some wonderful presents; a megaphone, a banner (I should be able to give the other ones back to the Union now). In fact my parents have given me everything that I lost at the LSE last year ... except for the Gen Sec's job.



11.12 am I have just finished reading the most fantastic book that my parents have bought me 'Political Glamour for aspiring young Liberal Democrats'

3pm Actually Diary - I had a bit of an embarrassing experience this morning when I popped out for an hour and my parents called the police. I only went round to Howard Raingold's house to see if his offer to stay in Notting Hill Gate is still open. I mean I would only have to share his bed at the weekends.

7pm My M.P. friend just called to wish me a happy Christmas. He said we should go cottaging - he is so thoughtful ... I love the countryside.

## 8 - Maidstone

8am Woke up bright and early hoping for my presents. Mum told me I was a wanker, so I twatted her. That'll learn her. The bitch forgot to cook Christmas dinner so I went to Benjy's for a lard and pie ciabatta, but it took ages 'cos' I couldn't pronounce it properly.

10am Checked my Christmas Cards. Not one from Esther, Imogen or Emma. Sniff. That bender Simesy has sent us one with cute bears on it. Jesus! You shag someone once and they don't stop following you about.

1pm Went over to my gran's for another ten grand inheritance. I'll still tell my mates I'm skint though.

2pm Played football out in the garden in the snow. I scored some beauties. They don't call me Goals for nothing. The ball went over Old Mrs Curtis's next door. She wouldn't give it back so my brother twatted the old slut. He's mental he is.

3pm Noel Edmonds finished so me and my brother had a wrestling match. I was the Ultimate Warrior and he was Hulk Hogan. Got him in a good headlock but then he hit me with a lead pipe. Bastard.

Midnight. Watched the free fifteen minutes of the Adult Channel. Shot my bolt early doors in the hope that it would still be on by the time I recovered. Not quick enough but there was soft stuff on SAT 1 so that had to do.

## 9 - Montreal

6am Woke up with a steaming hangover

after a night on the Guinness with my comrades. Nice drink, full of lovely calories. Looked in the mirror, life ain't so bad. I think I may have lost a few more clumps of hair, and still no eyebrows, but no problems apart from that.

9am Went outside to build a snowman. Sun came out. Had to go back inside.

11am Everyone else got their presents. My little brother Matt was happy. He got a calculator to help him when he forgets to add up the prices. I don't believe in presents. They are a product of the capitalist bourgeoisie and besides, all I ever get are Iron Maiden tank tops and Jodie Kidd's cast-offs.

1pm Christmas Dinner. Plump turkey, golden potatoes and lashings of green vegetables. Mmmmm.

1.01pm Fuck me, I'm stuffed. That first pea really killed me

3pm Christmas film is Mary Poppins. Took offence at blatant discrimination. Dick van Dyke indeed. Organised a sit-in at the TV headquarters in protest. No-one else showed, although Nick Deardon said he was fetching some friends (at least I think that's what he said). I blame *The Beaver* for the poor turn-out.

## 10 - Rugby (via Berlin)

7am Awoke this morning after dreaming that Katie Fisher had sent me a couple of her mates as a present, only to find that for the 20th year running I have been bought a video of the Maltese Falcon and a packet of maltesers. Do my sad family not understand that my heart is not in Malta but in the bars of Berlin. Yes I could sit in a city where they have never heard of Jo Brand, Thelma from Scooby Doo or Sue Pollard. I could wow them with my sophistication and get a shag every night.

3pm Diary - I am just so upset. I went to the local for a Christmas drink and thought I would try out my Berlin sophistication. Every fella in the bar knocked me back with a variety of excuses. Ranging from, "I'm not shagging Bernard Manning's sister!" to "Fuck off! I would rather shag Kenneth Clarke's wife".

9pm Diary I'm over it all now. I have just sat and drank a bottle of vodka and am heading down to the club where I hear a coachload of Scottish men have just arrived.

## ENTRY FORM

ANSWERS:

- Diary 1 - .....
- Diary 2 - .....
- Diary 3 - .....
- Diary 4 - .....
- Diary 5 - .....
- Diary 6 - .....
- Diary 7 - .....
- Diary 8 - .....
- Diary 9 - .....
- Diary 10 - .....

# Busy Beaver Backlog Bonanza

Just when you thought it was safe to get a blow job in the library ... the guru of gossip returns

**B**onjour mon petits fruit de la mer d'amour. It's been a long while since BB last graced these hallowed pages, and much gossip has probably slipped away over the past term. Never fear though, because the time has come to expose the misdeeds of the Michaelmas term. No stone has been left unturned, but at the same time some of these couplings are so abhorrent that we have a moral obligation to protect readers from finding out the true facts. This, together with the stringent libel laws of this country, means that the names have been left out to protect the innocent. All you have to do is, using your knowledge and imagination, fill in the big holes (which is what many of these evil people have already done) to win one of these fabulous prizes:

1st prize: the right to bathe Pron Bose for one year.

2nd prize: a selection of Teresa Delaney's used underwear.

3rd prize: Free membership of the Ali Imam fan club (benefits include club nights at Iceni, free hair grease and an 'Ali' face mask (already squashed)).

The term began with the ending of last year's golden couple, as football hero \_\_\_\_\_ gave \_\_\_\_\_ the red card after many bookable offences, and both went their separate ways - \_\_\_\_\_ allegedly having Haagen-Dazs smeared over him by \_\_\_\_\_, while \_\_\_\_\_ and some virgin from \_\_\_\_\_ tried to fill the massive hole (in her life). More of this to come later. Indeed, Rosebery saw the end of another relationship, with the parting of \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_.

This was a far more 'amicable' separation, involving water and food fights, and stray frying pans knocking out anyone who came into the crossfire. Once again both found solace in the company of others. \_\_\_\_\_ becoming 'a bit of rough' for BT heiress \_\_\_\_\_, and \_\_\_\_\_, having been demoted from Thirds to Fourths, pulling \_\_\_\_\_, who chose her over \_\_\_\_\_.

Indeed, it seems like the only couple still surviving at RH are \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_, who keep their love going strong with too many romantic dinners and blow jobs in the library. The curse of Rosebery struck a third time when American man-eater \_\_\_\_\_ split from her Butlers lover, popular fresher \_\_\_\_\_. This was the catalyst for her plans to go through the entire hall, including the savage rape of \_\_\_\_\_ at Limelight.

But this display pales into insignificance when compared to \_\_\_\_\_ who has been going through Passfield like \_\_\_\_\_'s cock goes through small square holes in the East Building toilets. Her 'conquests' include \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_ and, last but not thin, reformed paedophile \_\_\_\_\_. She has yet to

pull \_\_\_\_\_, but so has anyone else except a woman with crabs, her own window and an in-depth knowledge of the Dutch/English exchange rate.

Love has also been blossoming in the political circles. One man with a 'finance fetish' is \_\_\_\_\_, who is currently seeing \_\_\_\_\_, but also had a brief dalliance with \_\_\_\_\_. Indeed, juices were not all they shared. They have a common link, having both spent the night with \_\_\_\_\_, though neither shagged him, because he is still a virgin. This is certainly unlikely behaviour from

witnessed by \_\_\_\_\_ and the most unaptly named \_\_\_\_\_. It all went tragically wrong, just like his hair, and maybe it was her who tried to burn him alive as he slept/wanked in his bed. Other suspects include \_\_\_\_\_. Meanwhile, \_\_\_\_\_ has obviously been having problems with his bird, as it has turned him into a pathetic sex-case. As \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ were sharing intimate moments during the BUSA conference, little did they know he was staring intently at them, holding back his duvet with his free hand to get a better view.



\_\_\_\_\_, as she now regards herself as a one woman woman, having declared her undying love for \_\_\_\_\_.

Meanwhile, Exec officer \_\_\_\_\_ managed to get \_\_\_\_\_ into her 'women's room', thus giving a new meaning to the 'Blind Date' that Carr-Saunders offered that night. As well as this, exec members \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ have been enjoying each others' manliness with sordid sex games involving styling mousse, an olive branch and a life-size rubber model of former sab \_\_\_\_\_, complete with double orifice entry. It's true you know.

Now the Rugby team are usually cause for hot gossip, and this year is no exception. However, \_\_\_\_\_ has been relatively quiet, as he has a bird in Bristol, who is always mringing. Those of you old enough to remember last year's rag blind date will note that \_\_\_\_\_ is also from Bristol, and has nice Bristols. It must be coincidence though, or she would have borrowed one of his caps by now. His little follower \_\_\_\_\_, who crawls over broken glass to wank over his shadow, has not been quite as successful, snogging \_\_\_\_\_, who is mad. Incredibly, this has not been the end of the Rugby/Hockey couplings, as

This beast is clearly dangerous.

Now The Tuns has never been a great place to meet people, but it is obviously different on the other side of the bar as \_\_\_\_\_ finally regained some of his lost ability (not yet in footballing) with \_\_\_\_\_. What the future holds remains to be seen, but everyone is hoping for a reunion, just so it would stop his puppy-dog slavering and tears of week ten. More sinister goings-on are taking place in the back room, when on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays the only sound is of \_\_\_\_\_ riding his family. But this year The Tuns, which usually brings so much pain and misery to those who frequent it, has brought a ray of sunshine into the punters' lives. The lady in question is \_\_\_\_\_, who has had hundreds falling at her feet but has yet to succumb, because she has the hots for fellow barstaff member \_\_\_\_\_, not to be confused with another one, \_\_\_\_\_, who has absolutely no chance.

Maybe some of the Tuns loving has been seeping through the stained carpet, because there is a budding romance down below here at Beaver Towers. The apple here is new Beaver Babe \_\_\_\_\_, who has attracted the eye of the fresh-faced \_\_\_\_\_, who has been using his knowledge of production to woo her

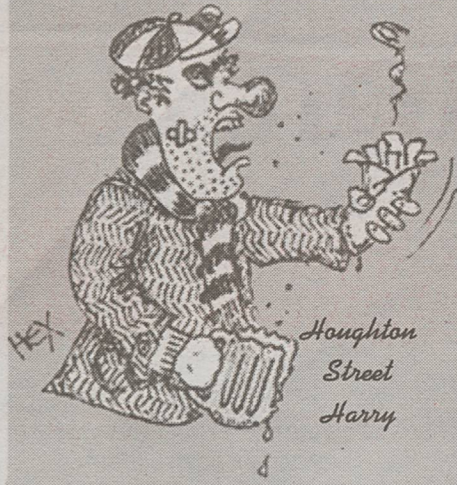
with e-mails. The only thing he'll be producing is frustrated semen as she cold-heartedly brushed him aside, and then told of his pestering, resulting in confrontation at the *Beaver* dinner where, emotionally destroyed, he took out his anger on the mocking throng by dumping \_\_\_\_\_ on the floor. He may have won the battle etc etc. Unfortunately her flat-mate \_\_\_\_\_ was having problems of a different kind. Little did she know that \_\_\_\_\_ had had bad

experiences with Welsh girls, dating back from being told he could not kiss properly by \_\_\_\_\_, his first ever pull, to being dumped by his minger at the University of Swansea. With this track record he declined, and so she sought comfort with another First team footballer \_\_\_\_\_. A harmless coffee invitation it may have started out as, but this groovy cat certainly didn't need to shake his beans that night.

And so we return to where it all started. \_\_\_\_\_ was still doing the rounds. Having got away from the obsessed \_\_\_\_\_ for long enough, and having turned down \_\_\_\_\_, as all women surely should do, she proved that \_\_\_\_\_ had not only lost it, but he never actually had it in the first place, and then moved on to making sweet music with \_\_\_\_\_. On the other hand, \_\_\_\_\_ finally scored the quality goal that he had been trying for, in the shape of \_\_\_\_\_, yet it still did not curb the homosexual instincts of himself and his former flat-mate \_\_\_\_\_. Not only did they spend one wild night together, but had other male partners too. BB has already mentioned the silver-haired one's voyage into the world of the Ginger ring, while, after dancing the night away in Kings, \_\_\_\_\_ had to fight off prominent homosexual \_\_\_\_\_, after kindly offering his bed to this man, who it turns out makes a habit of this kind of thing.

The Guilty Parties (may appear more than once):

Femi Adewale, Denis Aghaizu, James Barraclough, Imogen Bathurst, Pron Bose, Ola Budjinska, Chris Cooper, Nick Deardon, Theresa Delaney, Paul Drew, Eirian Evans, Danny Fielding, Scouse Gardiner, Vini Ghatate, Iain Haxton, Darrell Hare, Paul Harmon, Nick Hindle, Nicola Hobday, Ali Imam, Sally Jones, Emma Justice, Markus Kern, Danny Knight, Claire Lawrie, Karen Lie, Alex Lowen, James MacAonghus, Baljit Mahal, Brendan McGraw, Matt Miller, Tracey Nash, Sorrel Osbourne, Raj Paranandi, Wayne Rogers, Pete Simes, Tom Smith, Nick Stanojevic, Steve Stubble, Ben Tallis, Mike Tattersall, Dave Whippe, Howard Wilkinson, Clare Wilson, International Hall, The Whole Of LSE, Anna-Marie, Chloe, Eron, Evie, Esther, Joy, Tamara



Well, a new Harry is here, far slimmer and much better looking than the previous incumbent, and by common consensus significantly better in bed as well (although admittedly I haven't encountered anything like the same number of wannabe blond twenty stone vikings as the old resident.). I'm a good Midlands boy, and let's face it, you just can't beat the night life in Dudley, particularly when you're regularly being accosted and offered illicit sexual favours by several of Quasimodo's uglier daughters. However, no matter how drunk you are, it's worth following the example set by The News of The World's stop journalist and icon to society Mazher Mahmood- when confronted by assorted fat slappers that trip over their breasts when they awake in the morning, he simply pays his fifty quid, makes his excuses and leaves.

Generally, New Year's Eve followed a predictably familiar pattern, as I watched my mates attempt to molest various police horses, before eventually settling for old nags of the human variety.

But Harry also took the opportunity to sample much fine cuisine over the holiday, and that (of course) meant plenty of trips to curry houses. And why is it that people are transformed into such mobile gonads as soon as they enter the Taj Mahal/Star of India/Eastern Promise? Initially, they dance to the in-house music, accompanying their movements with witty cries of "Yo DJ, swing that bangra" or "Kabaddi me up". Soon you hear the venom in their voices, though, as they accuse the waiters of having carnal knowledge of their lamb biryani. And following the inevitably piss-poor attempt at a Bengali accent comes the equally inevitable challenge to the waiter- "Go on mate, do your best, make it the hottest curry you've ever done". At this point, as the waiter runs off to fetch the eight chicken gooners that were ordered by Paul Merson and his mates, he can be forgiven a wry smile- the dickheads that have abused him all night are about to be paid back in full, as revenge lies a hand in the shape of fiery green chillies. And, in the kitchen, the chef is pissing himself laughing at the thought of imbeciles who will soon find themselves clamped to a toilet seat, coating the basin with liquid excrement.

The staff here are no amateurs; each and every one is a graduate of the Royal School of Diarocah, which specialises in the mechanics of anal retention and posterior control (surely many a Tory could learn something at this institution). The smiling waiters, friendly Farouq and lovely Lal, should be re-named as vicious Vikram and killer Kumar, because they are mean militias who will ensure your discomfort for the following two days.

But before that comes the attempt by our loveable lager louts to save face in front of their mates, perspiring heavily as they struggle through food far hotter than any Asian would ever eat. The only solution is to mask their discomfort by drinking yet more alcohol. By closing time our inebriated friends have lost the plot- in the morning they'll remember nothing, aware only of an arse like the flag of Japan. So, after shaking the waiters hand, they'll leave, chomping on an after eight mint and humming the theme tune to Ghandi, ready to face the same punishment next Friday.

Altogether now, "One-nil to the curry house...".

# Lost Banjo in Paris

## Will Ludford find la route au goal?

Well, it's that biennial time again, as the AU boys and Alison make the cross-channel trip to that land of onions, garlic, stone-cold presidents and smelly no-teethed urchins quaffing gallons of cheap piss. That's right, the pride of LSE, Britain's indomitable lions, are marching onwards into battle onto the shit-covered pavements of gay Paris to take on those scum from LSE's sister university ENSAE. Like LSE, the blokes are fat and ugly, and the birds are minging, but that probably just comes from France in general.

Last year's home games saw an embarrassing defeat for the footballers, but a resounding victory for squash and a rare triumph for the rugby 'warriors'. This year the globe-trotting triumvirate will be joined by basketball in an attempt to put one over the Gallic race, just as we did at Agincourt, Waterloo, Trafalgar. It's A Knockout and numerous Eurovision Song Contests. Unfortunately the odds are stacked against LSE, having to play the games on Friday afternoon, just after an arduous overnight ferry and a more arduous Tuns drinking session the night before. Nevertheless, all sides are confident of victory. Rugby club captain Femi Adewale believes his side can continue their recent good form, saying: "I have the biggest penis in the world. I

should be a Gladiator. I am perfection, although I have to pretend I'm Chris Cooper on my CV. Sometimes I wish I was him."

On the other hand, football captain Alex "library blow job" Lowen is more apprehen-

pete. The squash and basketball teams are extremely confident that victory will ensue. Squash skipper Ranjeev Bhatia predicts "a whitewash, or I'll stand on a chair in the Tuns and consume the leftovers of Howard

Wilkinson's hernia operation". Meanwhile, basketball spokesman David Ferrin was in fighting mood: "We're going to kick those Froggy scumbags all the way back to Houghton Street. They'll be wishing that the Nazis were there instead."

So, the cream of the AU are going to need to brush up on their French phrases. The following may help:

*Je m'appelle Alex. Je suis un jaffa et je voudrais un blow-job dans la bibliothèque.*

*Je suis desolé pour m'équipe de rugby. Le bail, c'est combien?*

*Je m'appelle Femi Adewale et j'adore les petits garçons. Est-ce qu'il y a un bar pour les homosexuels pres d'ici.*

*Je m'appelle Alison, je voudrais shagger tout le monde.*

Meanwhile, Nic Jones will be hoping to get through customs with-

out enduring a full-body search for his stash, while Rikos Leong-Son will be looking forward to the internal sifting of the rubber glove. Will the mighty tigers be victorious in the lions den? Somehow I doubt it, but we're going to kick them to shit and torch the joint, and that's a promise.



The Sports Editors sample Paris by night

Photo: Coop's & Trev's holiday album

## The Rim Boys stick it in for LSE..... but Moshe Merdler still shoots before he should

**Yianni Hadoulis & David Ferrin**

There are those of you (we hope) who have wondered why there hasn't been an article on basketball in the *Beaver's* sports section so far. Well, your waiting is at an end. It's about time that LSE got a weekly report on how its basketball teams are faring in the BUSA and ULU leagues. Well, actually, the following article only mentions the Second Team, but we'd like to believe that our initiative will soon evoke a similar article concerning the First Team.

The Second Team came close to extinction, and was saved by the commitment of its members. Still lacking a coach, we were tossed in the ULU league after only a few training sessions. Our first match against the Imperial Seconds was

the scene of some very dismal basketball, but, nevertheless, the first half whistle brought LSE ahead by 21 points, 37 to 16. Thoroughly disappointed with our performance, we went back in after halftime, and, thanks to some impressive scoring by Chris Anayiotos and David Ferrin, ended the game 63 points up, 100 to 37. The final stats had Chris and David both topping the chart with 19 points apiece, with Damir Hadziosmanovic (whew!) at their heels with 14. Christian Wurst scored 12, Nick "The Greek" Latham had 10, Andreas Christoyannis, Teague McKnight and Ilias Skammelos each notched 6, while Moshe Merdler and Joe "The Bear" Schwirtz had 4 points.

The second game against University College Hospital was a tad tougher, and, mainly due to UCH's demonic playmaker, we soon found ourselves trailing by 12 points. Then David "El Matador" Ferrin awoke. Playing great defense, he quickly loaded up the oppo-

site side with offensive fouls, which made our work much easier. On the other side of the court, Andreas Christoyannis suddenly "went on fire", and nothing which UCH did could stop him. LSE rallied back to win the game by 10 points, 69 to 59. This time, Latham was the top scorer with 17 points, including five amazing three-pointers. Andreas Christoyannis was next with 14, followed by Chris Anayiotos, who had 9, Joe Schwirtz with 8, Ilias with 6, David with 5, while Felix Hagen and Damir both had 4 points. Special mention goes to Yianni Hadoulis, who has managed to score zilch during both games, an impressive record indeed. Well done, Yianni, keep up the good work. And so, with two victories under our belts and a bit more confidence, we march onwards to glory. May this battle continue until just two LSE teams are left to face each other in the ULU final... (okay, okay, a bit of wishful thinking never harmed anybody!).