

THE BEAVER

THE STUDENT'S UNION NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS
31ST JANUARY, 1994 ISSUE 394

.....
Jack, David Starkey Debates, Sabbatical Survey, PLO Talk, Tony Blair, PC Virus, Tim Boswell, Library Refurbished ?, Politicking, The Green Myth ?, Walkabout, Rag, What's On, Wayne's World 2 Review and Competition, Rusty Bullet Hole, Handy Household Tips, Treasure Hunt, Famous Last Words, Hockey, Footie and Harry
.....



Front Cover Credits: Photo: Scott Wayne: Layout and Design: Ron Voce: Inspiration: There isn't any.... I haven't been inspired by anyone this week, just disappointed.

Grey Day

Madness

Union Jack

Garrengate

New chair in shock resignation threat | |

In times past it has occurred to Jack that he might, one day, witness a UGM that was so infantile that it defied description. That he feels able to discuss this week's UGM proves conclusively that this will never happen. This week's farce could not have been more ridiculous.

Responsibility for the cock-up must lie primarily with Garren, the chair, but the constitution and steering committee, its chair Nick Kirby, the balcony and even Simon Reid, must take their share of the blame. Nick appeared to give insufficient, contradictory advice to the chair while his committee seemed, in the main, to be remarkable only for their absence. The Balcony, of course, did their best to wreck the proceedings; deluging Garren with paper and bad advice. Surprisingly they were aided in their wrecking by none other than Simon Reid, the best chair in Jack's memory. Simon took it upon himself to come to the stage and, to cheers from the UGM, point out where Garren was going wrong. Jack cannot imagine a move more likely to deprive Garren of any respect he might have left.

Anyway, to move on. We began the meeting with the meeting with the motion held over from two weeks ago, or at least Jack thinks we did. As the confusion engendered by Garren's chairing meant that Jack didn't really fully understand what was going on throughout the meeting - something which you, dear reader, ought to bear this in mind when reading this column.

This first motion, don't ask Jack what it was about, fell amid much acrimony. This enabled us to, in Garren's words, 'travel forward to now'. As usual we started with officers' reports: the Leaderene informed us of NUS conference and the peculiar format necessary for motions submitted thereto. Helpfully she had provided an example. Unfortunately it wasn't helpful because, as Teshar put it, 'its not a good example as its wrong.' Great.

Lola advertised 'ethnic jewellery' and Leo the 'Good sex guide' - Jack loves to see sabbaticals conforming to type. The fat dude was blunt and funky - whatever that means.

The first of this week's motions (as opposed to last week's which we had voted on earlier) concerned ULU. As motions go this was about average, boring but worthy. The only remarkable feature of its passage was the way in which its proposer, Ralph Wilde, nobbled the chair. In itself this isn't uncommon, ignoring amendments might be passable (if unconstitutional) but really lads, when the chair doesn't even give us a chance to vote against the motion, its going a bit too far.

The next motion informed us that 'Patten is a hypocrite'. Wow, exciting or what. Well, at least it moved Peter Harris to call Patten a 'twit', harsh words Peter, harsh words. However, unexpectedly, this did not cause a furore amongst our resident love children. Their representative, Atkinson - and incidentally its hard to imagine him being anyone's love child - was so bored by the whole procedure that he forgot what he was saying. 'Shit what was I saying. Nah, fuck off,' quoth the Fatman. Exactly.

The next motion was entitled 'Fifteen Glorious years', it charged the Exec with singing the (British) National Anthem in celebration of fifteen years of Tory rule. Mayhem ensued. Impassioned speeches by Atkinson and Louise Ashon raised the temperature to a point where even a competent chair would have lost control. Garren had no chance, at one point he tried to resign, but, true to form he failed even in this. By the time the vote came Garren had about as much chance of conducting it successfully as Terry Dicks MP has of saying anything rational (ie not a lot - you'd know if you had seen him on telly over the weekend)

Anyway, after the requisite cock-up, the motion passed. Jack eagerly awaits Teshar's letter to Baroness Thatcher and the Exec's rendition of the National Anthem. However, when all is said and done, one question remains: will Garren last out the week or will we have a new chair? Only time will tell - but Jack thinks not.

LSE Debates



Dr David Starkey making a point during the debate. He was taking time out from his recent hectic media schedule, including an appearance on the BBC Question Time. He is also starring every week on BBC2's The Moral Maze.

Photo: Pam Keenan

Paul Birrell

Last Wednesday Dr David Starkey and Daily Telegraph correspondent Lynette Burrows clashed over the issue of an equal age of consent for homosexuals. In an exchange of words, personal morality and social norms came under scrutiny as the hour-long debate progressed.

The LSE Debating Society proposed that the homosexual age of consent should be lowered to 16.

At a packed meeting, Ralph Wilde opened the debate with a condemnation of the United Kingdom as the country with the highest age of homosexual consent in Europe at 21. Both the BMA and the Institute of Psychiatrists supported 16 as the consensual age.

David Savage, for the opposition, stated that all buggery is illegal, but homosexual men were granted a concession after the age of 21. Such a concession was preferential treatment before the law, he said. "There will be a homophobic backlash

if we have a homosexual age of consent of 16", whereas 18 as a homosexual age of consent was a "realistic and pragmatic option".

Starkey then moved the motion again with a comment about "The right to equality before the law"; he held that the debate was essentially a split in the Tory party. Sir Nicholas Fairburn, who Starkey described as "a drunken philanderer" was leading the opposition in parliament, with a belief that the age of homosexual consent should be increased to 99, as any sexual act which used "the sewage drains of the body" was evidently perverse.

A report stated that 73% of those questioned supported an equal age of homosexual consent, yet only 16% supported 16 as the age in question, said Dr Starkey. This was a demonstration of the fickleness of the public to the issue. "Paedophilia is a nonsense, Aids is irrelevant", commented Dr Starkey, condemning the former as a heterosexual problem, and the

latter as a disease which we know little about, and of no concern to the debate.

Homosexuality is not normal, he stated, but neither is any form of social behaviour. And he apologized for supporting a group, namely homosexuals, who, unlike heterosexuals, were not responsible for divorce, children born out of wedlock, and other social norms.

Burrows, opposing, retorted that a similar Gallup poll stated that 74% opposed an equal age of consent, and 70% strongly felt that homosexual behaviour is wrong. She continued that the Human Resources Centre found that a gay lifestyle reduced life expectancy from 75 to 42. "I doubt whether even heroin has such a catastrophic effect." Further a homosexual lifestyle was unacceptable to the majority of the population, and promoting such was "asking for people to take very decisive action in the opposite direction."

The motion was carried with only four objections and seven abstentions.

PLO Man Speaks

Helena Mcleod

Mr Afif Safieh, head of the PLO Delegation to the UK, spoke to a full audience at the "Friends of Palestine" meeting last Thursday. He spoke comprehensively on his life and how it reflected the trauma that Israel has yet to emerge from.

Born in 1950 he moved to university in Belgium in 1966 and became officially non-existent by the new census taken after the '67 war, leaving him unable to re-enter his birth land. It was a quarter of a century before he could return. He told of how his family had been

"torn apart by Israeli successive expansion" and of how his family of four are now flung across three continents. He reflected, "Gaza is hell and it could be paradise", the tourist potential could absorb unemployment. A new port and airport, and an improved water supply could stimulate this and the agro-industry.

He illustrated how precarious the peace policy is, with "constant confiscation of land" by the Israelis, who are meant soon to be withdrawing, and accelerating settlement building. He suggested the ideological Israeli settlers were the "most dangerous" threat to the

peace process as they are armed and set to cause tension by either brutalising Palestinian inhabitants or sacrificing themselves to beatings to claim victimisation.

Mr Safieh called the PLO's proposals "unreasonably reasonable." He spoke passionately and questions were in a similar vein. One pro-Israeli member of the audience accused Mr Safieh of using rhetoric and not sticking to facts amid boos from the audience. The guest speaker listened attentively and although obviously impassioned showed how two sides must control emotions to achieve a viable settlement.

Our Survey Said...

Ben Oliver
and Vicky Hubert

Only four percent of LSE students can correctly name all four Student Union sabbaticals, according to a survey conducted by the Beaver.

In a damning mid-year report, Teshar Fitzpatrick emerged as the best known union officer, with fourteen percent of those questioned naming her as General Secretary. Entertainments officer Justin Deaville scored eleven percent, while Leandro Moura and Lola Elerian went unrecognized by 93%.

By contrast, LSE Director Dr John Ashworth was named by 59% of those surveyed.

The poll is sure to fuel the debate on student apathy, with some students surprised to hear that the union had sabbatical officers. The current officers' performance must also be called into question, with only ten percent claiming to have had any form of contact with a sabbatical.

Despite the officers' lack of public profile, only 21% of those

questioned said that the number of sabbaticals should be reduced. The proposal that the editorship of the Beaver be made a sabbatical post received also received strong support. 59% said they supported making the editor a full-time paid officer, many commenting that this would improve the quality of the paper. Current editor Ron Voce expressed surprise at the size of this figure given the limited debate on what could soon become a contentious issue.

General satisfaction was expressed about the way Union facilities are run. 81% said they used provisions such as the Three Tuns and the Cafe, and only 13% thought the current level of school funding was too high.

Students also delivered their verdict on the demonstrations following the grant cuts. 60% said they disapproved of student activism, many citing the inconvenience caused by the occupation and the demonstration in Houghton Street on 9th December. Several foreign students voiced discontent with the fact that a minority of ac-

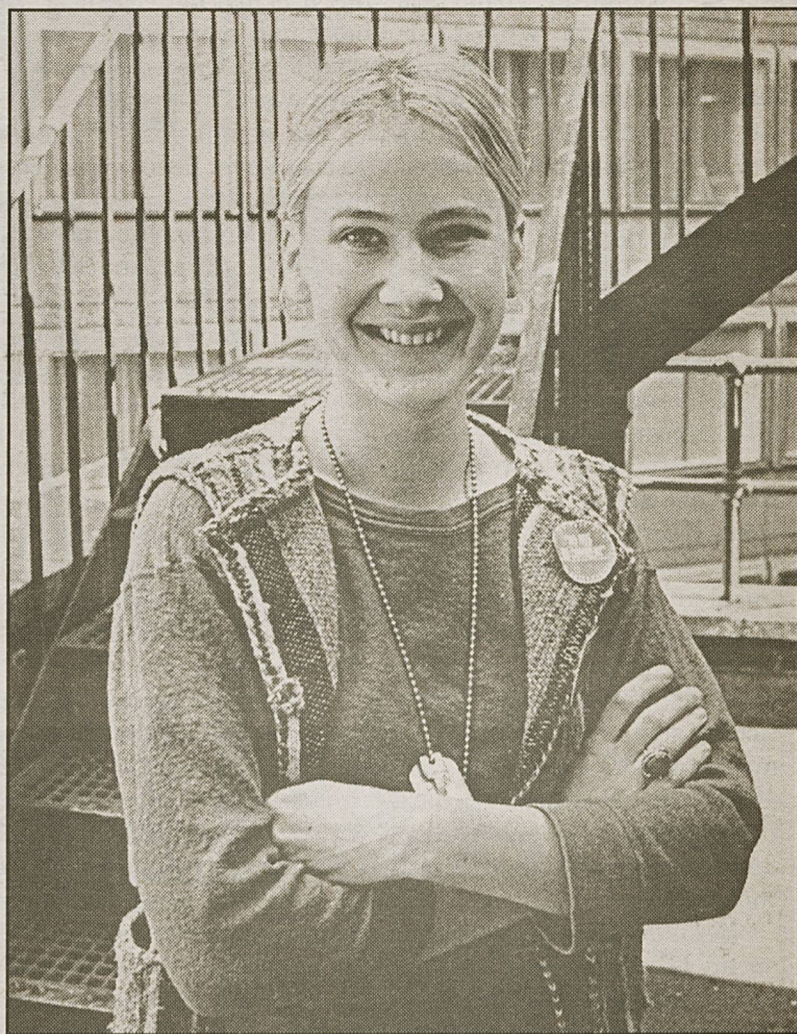
tivists were disrupting school life over issues of relevance only to a minority of British students.

Teshar Fitzpatrick, commenting on the survey, bemoaned the lack of a Union press and publicity officer. "We need someone to mount an awareness-raising campaign. Perhaps we could paste silhouettes of sabbaticals around the School, asking students if they can identify them." She continued: "On the question of occupation, these actions shouldn't affect students who just want to study."

Lola Elerian, the Finance and Services sabbatical who, along with Leandro Moura, came last in the survey, described the result as "worrying".

"This survey represents fewer people than voted for me. I think we should be reaching a wider audience. Many students don't even know where the offices are. I didn't until my second year."

The survey was carried out last Monday morning in Houghton Street and 110 people were questioned.



Apparently only 14% of students know that this woman is called Teshar Fitzpatrick and that she is the current General Secretary.

Photo: Beaver Staff

Blair Speaks, Birrell Quizzes

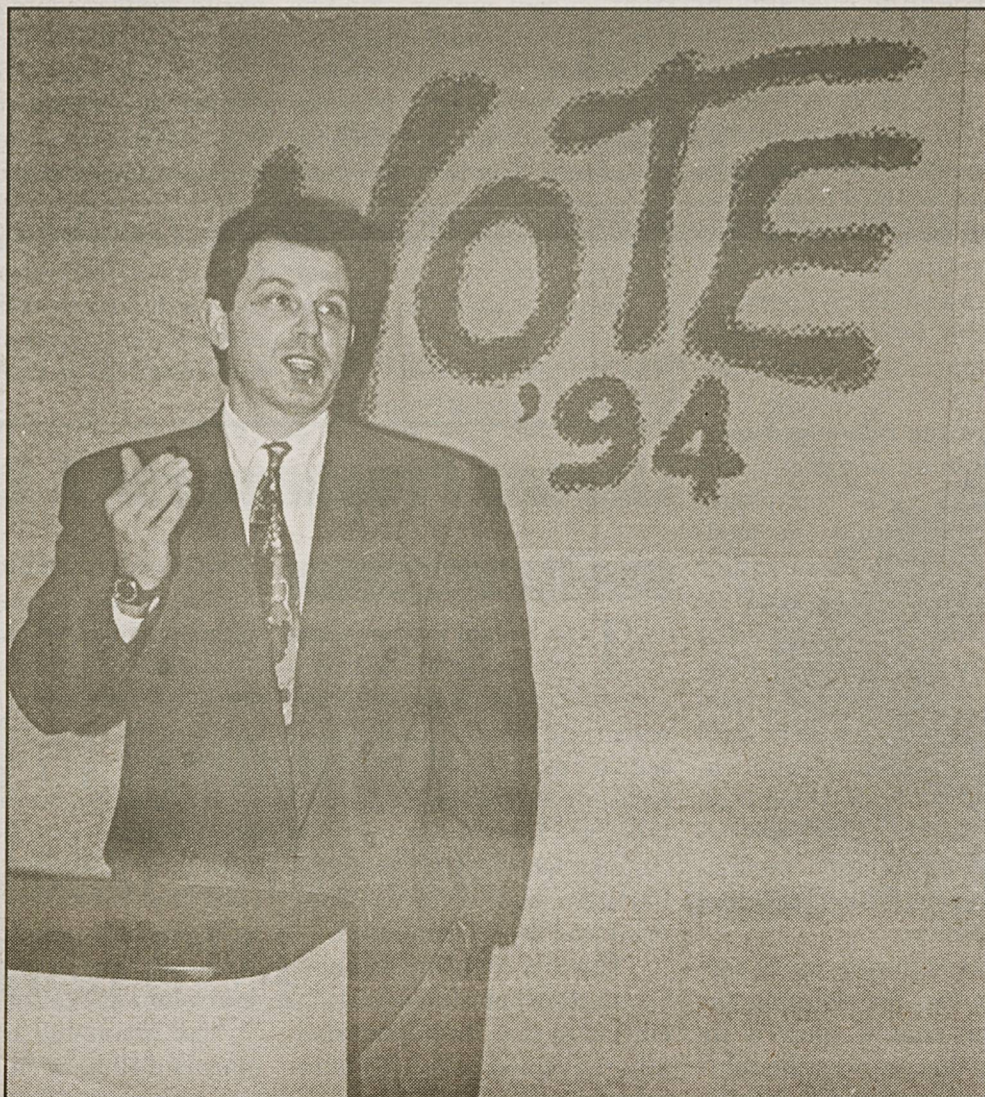
Nick Jones reports on the Shadow Home Secretary visit last Tuesday, and Phil Gomm looks into an allegation made against him by Paul Birrell

Last Tuesday saw the shadow Home Secretary Tony Blair speak to a packed New Theatre. After a brief speech from Judith Church, a senior official of the MSF, "the trade union of professionals", Mr Blair took the stand. After an opening sequence, which one student described as being straight out of the Ben Elton book of left wing gags, he calmed down to discuss the state of British society.

In a speech lasting 15 minutes, he ranted and raved and ranted again his way through the topics of homelessness, Education, the economy and the NHS amongst other social issues. He outlined what he called his "three part plan", which confusingly had apparently four parts to it, consisting of investment in training and education, partnership between the public and private sector, rebuilding of the public services and reconstruction of the democracy.

This said, he sat down to a resounding round of applause and a well earned drink of Highland Spring. Then proceedings continued to questions from the floor. The audience drilled Blair with questions concerning inertia in the Labour Party, the right to silence, and taxation. He seemed to answer those that he wanted to with panache and those he didn't want to by moving on to the next one swiftly.

Mr Blair also had to face a contender for obscure question of the nineties - "what do you think of the Union?", and Paul Birrell's barely audible and apparently totally unsubstantiated claim about Blair's private activities. After the audience was treated to what sounded suspiciously like another Dennis Russell soliloquy, Mr Blair wound up the meeting with a few closing comments and a wry smile towards Ms Church.



Tony Blair speaking in the New Theatre.

Shadow Home Secretary Tony Blair, came under pressure at a Stalk organised by the LSE Labour club last week. While taking questions from the floor, he was quizzed over the Government's Back to Basics campaign. In particular he was asked about his attitude to MPs alleged indiscretions - which have recently taken their toll of Tim Yeo,

Alan Duncan etc. - in light of rumour surrounding his own conduct. It was inferred by a member of the audience that his line on morality was ambiguous when considered against a suggestion made about Mr Blair's private life and a caution he allegedly received from the police.

The Labour MP seemed disbelieving at the insinuations and retorted that "there are many allegations which can be made about me, but that is not one of them!" He considered the questioner, Paul Birrell, fit for the role of a Sun journalist.

However Birrell, a member of the LSE Conservative Student Association, afterwards insisted that his source was reliable. He revealed that the information had originated from a Parliamentary Under Secretary, although he declined to name the MP.

Birrell said he asked the question because "MPs who are seen to take a high moral stance must be prepared to allow their own personal lives to be scrutinized by the public."

In response Francisca Malaree, Chair of the meeting, commented: "Paul Birrell's question was completely irrelevant to the debate; an attempt to score cheap points when it is his party's members who have shown their hypocrisy over Back to Basics while screwing up the country as well as screwing around."

Photo: Scott Wayne

PC Viruses Are No Sick Joke

Michael Goulding

A computer virus is a program which attaches itself to other programs, often reducing them to inane rubbish - and it's a growing problem in the school's computer system. It is not thought that the virus was maliciously introduced but, "by the same token, could have been largely avoided", according to Computer Services' Lee Batten.

The main problem is that, although as yet machines have stopped working when infected, there are newer and better viruses that can enable the user to get on the machine. Once infected, any disk used is then taken out and placed into (thereby infecting) another machine, and so on. One particular strain lets you use the machine 400 times; on the 401st time it wipes all data from the memory - an absolute disaster for someone writing their thesis.

Benjamin Green, a student on an IT course who had his computer project disk rendered completely useless, losing 50%

of his overall credits, commented: "whoever is responsible, it is just not cricket. I was most unhappy when I discovered I had wasted two week's hard work."

All is not lost, however. There have been significant breakthroughs by the Department on one particular virus that gets on the otherwise inaccessible hard disk and spreads from there. "Hopefully the time taken to disinfect a machine will be cut drastically from the four hours or so it takes now" said Mr Batten, who explained that the only real way to be rid of the virus totally is to completely shutdown the machine. The incredible demand for terminals means that this is just not possible.

Students are asked to read the screen of a machine carefully before use, and to not use a machine that shows any indication of being infected. Any such incidents should be reported to the computer Operations Support group in S100 immediately. Users should also log out fully after using a machine, and not to use any soft-



IBM computers in the School Library, many of which have been infected with viruses, causing damage to students files.

Photo: Pam Keenan

ware left on the machine that does not originate from the school. Anybody suspecting a problem with a diskette should take it to the department for inspection. Also, the regular backing up of work to disk is a good idea, keeping the disk write-protected.

There have been reports of the persecution of a student by a character calling himself the Masked Invader. Apparently he is able to break into personal E-Mail files and has been sending Osman Khan, a first year student, various, somewhat sinister, messages; some

of them from Mr Khan's own file to himself. The theme seems to be of warning of the dangers of "desire". However, this has been attributed to a somewhat clever hoaxer, who offers to help people unfamiliar with the Vax system and takes advantage of their ignorance.

Student Media Set To Lobby Parliament

Sanchita Banerjee and Ron Voce

Last Thursday afternoon, NUS gave a briefing to members of the student media at ULU about the lobby of Parliament on 9th February. The meeting, which proved informative and useful for the small number in attendance, broke down in disarray and ill feeling when the NUS officers in charge felt it was unwise to discuss a pro-active campaign strategy with a "media virus", because the University of London Union had rejected it.

After the NUS Press Officer Louise Clarke's opening comments, Alicia Chater, NUS Executive Officer, briefed those present on how they should lobby their MP. She commented that your MP has to realise that students' education "doesn't end at the door of your academic department" and that "student media is a good way of improving your CV." Ben Elger and Ian Moss, also of the NUS executive, briefed us on where we should meet on February 9th and although they wanted to encourage attendance, they stated that only 200 people would be allowed in the lobby at any one time.

Nigel Jackson, NUS Parliamentary Officer, explained that the second reading of the Education bill had been "panned"

in the Lords and that the Government had not "expected the Lords to reject it." Two Conservative peers, Lord Renfrew and Perry, have tabled an amendment to the controversial clause 20, allowing the Secretary of State for Education to decide what is core and what is non-core union activities. Another four Conservative peers have tabled an amendment to clause 21, on codes of practice. Jackson stated that Patten was given a hostile reception during a meeting with Conservative peers and the civil servant responsible for redrafting the bill is apparently finding it difficult.

Before the meeting degenerated into an argument over the "media virus" campaign, Clarke stated that the feedback from the Department for Education was very positive, as they were "amazed" at the successful organisation of the lobbies so far. Clarke hoped that we could have a successful lobby of Parliament and encouraged those in attendance, from as far away as Nottingham and Lancaster Universities, to return with support on 9th February.

Clarke summed up by saying that "we are winning the argument that if sport is included in the core, why shouldn't media, societies, rag, clubs, student representation etc.."

Higher Education Minister Speaks To The Beaver

Phil Gomm and Steve Roy

Speaking exclusively to the News Editors last Tuesday, the Higher Education Minister, Tim Boswell, said he would consider changes to the Bill to reform student unions if it would mean getting the Bill through the Lords.

Clarifying the core areas that student unions would be entitled to use public money for as welfare, internal representation, catering and sport (these options are still in the consultative stage), he added that there was nothing to stop individual institutions from directing money to the 'non-core' areas.

Denying that the reforms were a direct attempt to stifle the political activities of the National Union of Students, he

stated that students should have freedom of association and a choice whether to affiliate or not.

When questioned as to how far his department wanted the replacement of grants with loans to go, Boswell replied that anything beyond a 50/50 split would need to go before Parliament. He maintained that the total package was now worth 4% more than last year and this would accommodate the imposition of VAT on fuel.

The Minister categorically denied that the amount of funding per student was now insufficient to match the increasing student numbers and the ever higher demand for resources. However, individual institutions were at liberty to exercise their academic autonomy and charge whatever fees the market would stand.

He admitted that there was "some criticism, some debate" about the current Education Bill and some changes may be considered "to get it through".

On the subject of the homosexual age of consent, Boswell admitted that he favoured a reduction to 18, citing the 1950s Wolfenden Report which linked this to the age of majority. But he readily acknowledged this stance was open to some criticism.

Ending the interview the Minister declined to comment on individuals who have recently fallen from grace. He stated that the morality of "Back to Basics" was not only a sexual matter but went wider, though some amount of "personal morality is involved, it cannot be denied".

Library Prepares For A £10 Million Touch Up

Toby Childs

The School is discussing proposals for a major refurbishment of the Library, which will take it into the next century as an advanced centre for study and research. Formal talks are under way with architects Sir Norman Foster and Partners, and an initial blueprint has been formulated.

The Site and Development Committee hope to upgrade facilities to suit its internationally renowned collection of resources.

Modern technology will be

fully incorporated into the new design, so as to create a "dynamic learning environment." All desks are intended to have access to information networks, enabling the use of all types of computer.

It is also hoped that the Library will be open 24 hours a day, have catering facilities, glass lifts and controllable temperature and humidity features to ensure a "comfortable study environment."

The estimated cost of the plan is £10m, with the work being completed in two stages. This will involve the extension

of the Library into the currently unused fourth floor and also the construction of a glass lightwell. This new central area will form the main congregating area, allowing "tranquil" study areas to develop radially.

The proposals are subject to a feasibility study, which itself may be in the region of £100,000. Funding is hoped to come from donations and major contributions. Discussions continue on the use of St Clement's House and the construction of the High Holborn residence, already a couple of weeks behind schedule.

IF YOU'VE SURVIVED CHRISTMAS YOU PROBABLY NEED A HOLIDAY.

	from £0/w	from £rtn
Amsterdam	49	79
Auckland	400	705
Athens	85	156
Bangkok	210	420
Cairo	145	230
Delhi	294	437
Hong Kong	268	518
Los Angeles	137	257
Madrid	59	84

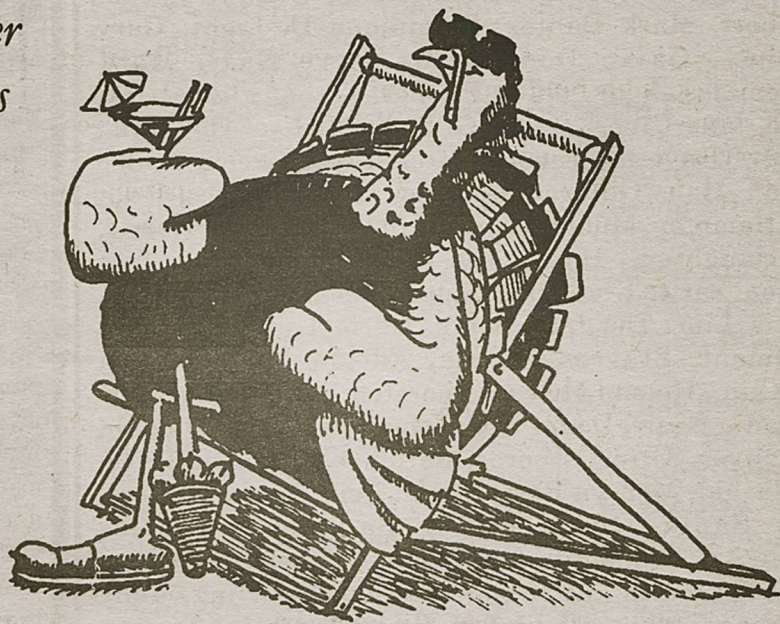
	from £0/w	from £rtn
Mexico City	179	359
Nairobi	239	405
New York	113	198
Paris	42	66
Rio	289	479
Rome	85	168
Singapore	216	432
Sydney	308	628
Toronto	119	229

London-New York-Sydney-Bangkok-Delhi-London from £697.

At STA Travel we're all seasoned travellers, so wherever you're bound, we're bound to have been. We offer the best deals on fares with the flexibility to change your mind as you go - after all we operate from over 100 offices worldwide. And we have special deals for students.

**London School of Economics
East Building, (next to the cafe)
Internal Extension 6724**

ABTA IATA



STA

WHEREVER YOU'RE BOUND, WE'RE BOUND TO HAVE BEEN.

STA TRAVEL

The Beaver

I went home to Devon on Monday evening to go to the dentist. Pretty irrelevant I suppose, but on my return train journey on Tuesday afternoon I noticed several things that to many people they'd wish they could ignore or not want to see.

I saw a couple of people I knew begging on the streets of Tiverton, because they had no other means of support. I saw a huge lake on the Somerset levels that is not on the Ordnance Survey Maps. It has been there since the heavy rainfall before Christmas and shows no sign of disappearing. I saw the new Eurostar train that the residents of Islington wish to put in a tunnel, to a train buff (not a train spotter) its a beautiful thing and should be on show above ground so all can see it.

So what's all this about.....

Well if you've noticed the fact that the front and back page are slightly colourless this week, you may be wondering why? It's a slight problem of a "small" deficit in our budget that has to be rectified. By losing the colour we can afford to print, we think you deserve it.

But having come away from yet another factionalised meeting up at ULU on trying to save student media, I don't see Patten as such a big threat any more, but our publishers, the LSESU.

A committee has been set up about the Beaver, and I'm being told to watch it by those on it, because things are afoot. Ex Editors, who I have contacted for our 400th edition, from many years ago, ask what has happened to the surpluses the Beaver has generated in the past. I fear the LSESU has swallowed our surpluses and now it intends to swallow us.

Beaver Staff

Executive Editor	Ron Voce
Advertising Editor	Annika Bosanquet
Arts Editors	Navin Reddy Geoff Robertson
Campus Editors	Avinash Shown-Keen Marie Darvill
Classifieds Editor	Paul Birrel
Music Editor	Rob Hick
News Editors	Phil Gomm Steve Roy
Photographic Editors	Pam Keenan Scott Wayne
Politics Editor	Tom Randell
Sports Editors	Ian Staples
What's On Editor	Nick Fletcher

Staff: Selman Ahmad, Joanna Arong, Caroline Barnes, Emma Bearcroft, Graham Bell, George Binette, Paul Birrell, Nigel Boyce, James T. Brown, Chris Burchfield, Toby Childs, Matt Claxton, Adam Cleary, Rachel Cuthbert, Mark Dantos, Dominique De-Light, Gary Delaney, Gavin Dodsworth, Steve East, Mark Economides, John Fenton-Fischer, Teshar Fitzpatrick, Sarah Jane Gibbs, Gavin Gilham, Michael Goulding, Andrew Graveson, Tom Greatrex, Kevin Green, Louise Grogan, Hans Gutbrod, Courtney Hagen Melissa Hall, Kate Hampton, Mubin Haq, Gerard Harris, Peter Harris, Tim Haughton, Hassan Ali Imam, Nick Jones, Tom Kenyon, Sarita Khajuria, Angus Kinnear, Martin Lewis, Dennis Lim, The Lion Roars, Chris Longridge, Guy Maidment, Stavros Makris, Adrian May, Jessica McCallin, Helena Mcleod, Thorsten Moos, Adam Morris, Kalik Nasir, David Nicholson, Emmanuel Ohajah, Ben Oliver, Sorrel Osbourne, Sarah Owen, David Price, Zaf Rashid, Mervyn Rees, Simon Reid, Wayne Rogers, John Santa-Cruz, Trooper Saunders, Charles Seville, Ashish Shah, James Shields, Daniel Silverstone, Matthew Smith, Rita Solanke, Jon Spurling, Tony Thirulinganathan, Philip Tod, Jimmy Trees, Ian Turner, Scott Wayne, Dave Whetham, David Whippe, Ralph Wilde, L. A. Wildethorpe, Faz Zahir.

Printed by;
Eastway Offset,
3-13 Hepscott Road,
London E9

Negatives by;
Gargoyle Graphics
9 Hoxton Square
London N1

Tomlin's Bluff Was Being Called In Headbutting Incident Claims Witness

Dear Beaver,

What a load of shite. The guy who was headbutted by the security guard (give him a medal) utterly deserved it. I was an onlooker of the situation, at roughly five paces, and at no time was he not attempting to get in. And if a guy called you a wanker, are you in the right to say "the only wanker here is you, because you can't string two

words together" ? Also, he must have had a quick head to headbutt him twice; I saw him bend forward and come back, leaving a small cut just over Tomlin's eye. Tomlin then retreated swiftly, his bluff having been called.

All the time Tomlin was saying that he was "only there to wind the guard up", and kept making abusive comments and gestures.

Do not blame the school for the acts of one provoked so much; beyond the patience, I am sure, of Mr Tomlin. I do not condone the guard's assault, but we cannot complain, when we have all commented that security is far too lax, when the guards are trying to do their job, of stopping people WITHOUT their I.D's getting into the building.

Michael Goulding.

The Conservatives "Double Whammy" Returns To Deal Fatal Knockout Blow ?

Dear Beaver

At the last general election the Conservatives campaigned on the back of their claim that the Tories were the party of low taxation, and they had "no plans to increase the scope of V.A.T.". In the Commons two weeks ago, John Major replied to a question from the Labour leader that, "in any given circumstance, the rate of taxation under any Conservative government would be lower than under any Labour government."

Official Treasury figures released last week now confirm that John Major, aided by the Tory press, has consistently, deliberately and unashamedly misled both the electorate and Parliament. The facts are that for fifteen consecutive financial years the percentage of income taken in taxation has been higher than any year under a Labour government. What compounds the situation is that the burden of this taxation is being shifted onto those in society who are least able to

afford it, through the type of regressive taxation best signified by the extension of V.A.T. onto domestic fuel.

The failure of the Conservative government to either explain or apologise for going back on a promise made to the electorate in 1992 that was repeatedly and firmly stated is indicative of the shameless arrogance of an administration that is clearly past its useful life.

Yours

**Tom Greatrex
L.S.E. Labour Club.**

Hidden Compliments; But Still No Excuse For Factual Inaccuracies Over Capital City

Dear Beaver,

My letter concerns an article 'Plan-it Earth' by Laure Beauflis in last weeks issue. The article was an informative one, yet the writer does not seem to know the facts well enough. Before writing such a documented and analytical article I wish the facts had been double checked. The

Pakistani capital is not Karachi but Islamabad. The Beaver is so widely read and influences peoples perceptions a great deal. It is wrong to misinform them. I'm surprised that during the proof reading no one spotted such an evident mistake. If one doesn't know a countries capital what does one know? I hope such mistakes

and such carelessness will not arise in the future.

**Sincerely yours
Khadija Hasimi**

Dear Beaver,

I wasn't aware that Pakistan had changed their capital from Islamabad to Karachi. Thank you for keeping us up to date.

Naureen A. Mangi.

Sport's Editor Accused of Bad Taste and Poor Criticism

Dear Beaver

It is a shame that on the week that Sir Matt Busby, the peerless Mancunian football icon died, the Beaver should unintentionally pay tribute with a tasteless gag about the Manchester air crash. As a Mancunian born and bred near the airport on Coronation Street, Whippets, Bread 'n' Dripping and, of course, the Red Devils, (not necessarily in that order) I take offence at what was a sick joke even before the added poignancy of Sir Matt's death. As Kelvin McKenzie found to his cost after The Sun's offensive portrayal of Liverpool fans at Hillsborough- offend us northerners at your peril.

Ralph Wilde

PS On the subject of football, congratulations to Arne, the man with the new magic boots, for his goal scoring triumph the other week.

Dear Beaver,

Re: "Down Amongst The Dead Men - The decline of Liverpool Football Club" - the author suggests that Ronnie Moran is to blame because he "...allowed ... Jimmy Carter to fall by the wayside". What a sad retard he is (the author, that is, not Ronnie). Perhaps if Ronnie Moran had ensured that Jimmy Carter had been allowed to fall in front of a bus then Liverpool and the nation as a whole would have been spared Jimmy's footballing ineptitudes. However, Jimmy survives (in the Arsenal reserves, for fuck's sake), another "rags to riches" story of a player leaving an insignificant second-rate SE London outfit and going on to glory elsewhere.

Cheers,

Jimmy Carter's mum.

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

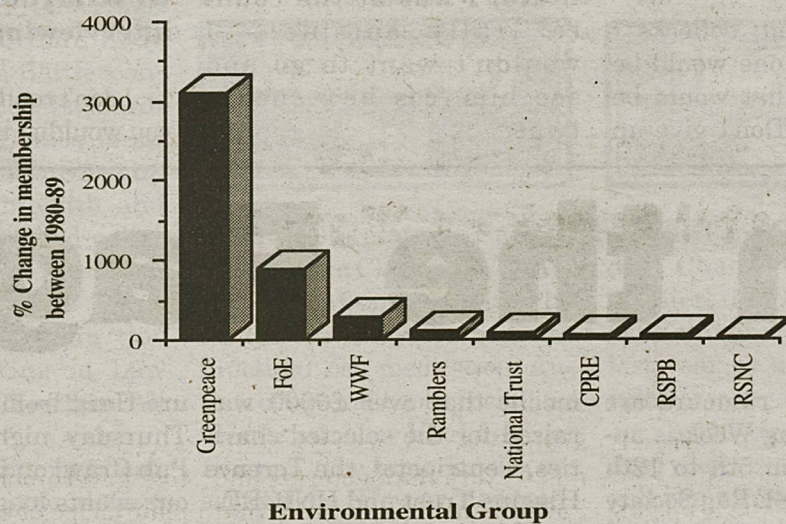
The Green Myth?

Nigel Boyce

The late 1980's saw a meteoric rise in the membership of environmental groups, with the membership of Greenpeace rising over 3000% and that of Friends of the Earth 900% between 1980 and 1989. Furthermore, there was much reason for celebration by the environmental lobby in the UK as the Green Party won 2.25 million votes in the 1989 European election. Polls conducted round that period suggested that the Green party registered more support than the SDP and the Democrats combined. This was heralded as the a new dawn for the environmental movement as the time and effort they had invested in trying to increase public awareness of environmental issues had finally come to fruition. Commentators indicated that environmental protection was now a permanent political issue. However despite much of the hysteria, the 1990's has seen a sharp decline the membership of environmental groups and the prominence of environmental issues on the political agenda. The

environmental lobby find themselves in much the same position as they were in the early 1980's, i.e. seeking media exposures and trying to make politicians listen to what they have to say. What went wrong?

One of the reasons highlighted for this apparent decline is the actual basis upon which the me-



teoric growth in environmental awareness occurred was a not a permanent one. Given the relative prosperity of the 1980's, it could be argued that this growth was, in fact, due more to the growth in "NIMBYism" and personal profit rather than a general concern for environmental degradation. This is indicated by the rapid increase in the number of local action groups to discourage development in and to protect local areas. Also the noted is the decline of green consumerism associated with the less prosperous 1990's.

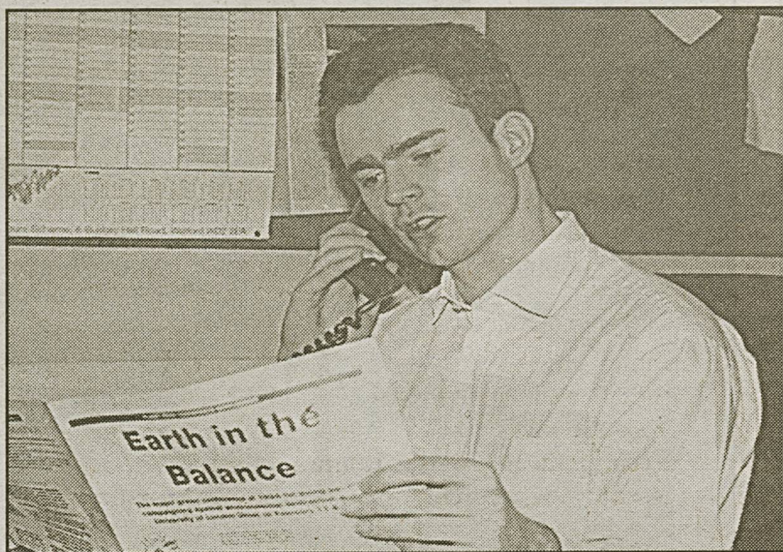
Secondly, many of the larger and more well known environmental groups, such as Greenpeace and FoE, have adopted a less radical stance and therefore are not considered as news worthy by the media who are looking for ever more sensational stories. This change in approach by environmental groups arose from the need to be involved in the consultative process and is not necessarily of their own making. Radical groups have had little success in influencing public policy as the government has actively sought to exclude them from the policy process.

Finally, much lip service has been given to environmental issues by the major political parties who were surprised by the number of votes gained by the green party. Despite much of the rhetoric, politicians have done little to promote environmental protection. In fact it could be argued that they have been more of a hindrance in that they have taken the initiative away from environmental groups without achieving anything.

Earth In The Balance

A Conference For Young People Who Care About The Environment

Last week, LSE's Greenpeace attempted to increase environmental awareness among LSE students with the concept of Eco-week. It is part of a general drive by green groups to promote the discussion of green issues among young people. A major green conference, EARTH IN THE BALANCE, is being organised for young people at the University of London Union on the 12th and 13th of February. Bill Eyres, one of the organiser sees the need for such a conference. He argues that "the main political parties seem to have forgotten about green issues... at the same time the green movement has become divided and former supporters disillusioned." With the decline of the Green Party as a political player, there has been a lack of coherence within the green movement.



Bill Eyres, the organiser of the conference Photo: Scott Wayne
The conference, jointly organised by Earth Forum and Planet News aims to bring together the disparate elements of the green movement, to develop a set of ideals and ideas for young people. Influential speakers include Sarah Parkin, Former co-ordinator of the Green Party, Simon Hughes

MP, Chris Smith MP and David Gee, former director of Friends of the Earth.

Tickets for the conference, priced at £5.00 to students and can be obtained from

Earth Forum, 27 Grove Terrace, London NW5 1PL
Telephone inquiries - 071 485 7873

POLITICKING

The enquiry into apparent racism in the Liberal Democrats in Tower Hamlets has yet to reach its conclusions, but there is already some pressure being put on to the enquiry team from the Lib-Dem MP. for Southwark and Bermondsey, Simon Hughes. Mr. Hughes has already said that if certain members of the party are not expelled, then he will be resigning from the party. His interest in this course of action are the obvious concerns about ensuring he holds on to his Parliamentary seat in an area where the allegations of racism are likely to do considerable harm. But he has added the most interesting qualification "as well as other senior party figures". POLITICKING has received information that the aforementioned two senior party figures could be Charles Kennedy, the President of the Liberals, and their former leader Sir David Steel. Both of them are so far refusing to comment on these reports. However, POLITICKING can not help but speculate that if they do go ahead then the Liberals will lose a sizeable chunk of their Parliamentary representation, and the possibility is that these figures will become members of the still in existence (but only just) old Liberal Party. How long before a Liberal/Liberal Democrat alliance?

Michael Hesletine still looks a little haggard following his heart attack in the summer, but POLITICKING notices with interest that he is nevertheless beginning to smile in the same way as he was in the autumn of 1990 when She was betrayed by "treachery and bile". With a leadership challenge to John Major looking increasingly likely this year, Hesletine is being seen as the elder statesman and compromise candidate who could come in to placate those Tories who are upset about the possibility of Ken Clarke becoming Prime Minister. POLITICKING can reveal that the reason that Hesletine turned down the job of Party Chairman to replace the hapless Norman Fowler just after the heart attack was not, as reported at the time, because he was not physically up to the job but because he is still hanging on to hopes of the better job.

Mrs. Bottomley has taken a conscious decision to keep out of the public eye after the less than helpful publicity she has received. She has therefore been getting on with the normal business of her job as Secretary of State for Health. In between pursuing the stupid internal market ideas, closing London's hospitals and proving herself completely unable to answer a question in Parliament, she has recently opened the new headquarters of the NHS in Leeds, the ugly and completely pointless Quarry House. Apart from spending a reported £16000 on a handmade oriental rug, the most interesting thing about the place is the speech given by Bottomley when opening it. So impressed was she that in her speech she pronounced that the arrival of the relocated civil servants would do for Leeds what the Olympics did for Manchester. Sure to be a stunning success then.

The apparent tension in the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Bottomley is further emphasised by the activities of her husband, who was active in the campaign against the closure of the Brook Hospital in his Eltham constituency in the late 1980s, even giving a donation of about £40 to the campaign. Now that the rationalisation in the health service threatens the hospital and it is Mrs. Bottomley who is about to do the deed, Mr. Bottomley's involvement in the campaign has been toned down.

POLITICKING hears that a notice has gone up in the House of Commons gym advertising for fitness and self defence courses, asking for those who are most in need to add their names to the list. Is the addition of the name of one John Major genuine or not?

College POLITICKING. An interesting indication of the principled stand taken by the Liberal Democrats. Waiting around for the arrogance of John Patten last week, Chair of the group Ian Roberts was asked whether he was going inside or joining the counter-rally, he responded that he was going to do neither one nor the other but hang around and do something in the middle.

WALKABOUT.....

This week we met Mark Boden, a first year Government student, in the Pizzaburger. In our opinion, this bloke is a star!

Why did you come to LSE?

Well, it's the reputation of the place for my subject, Government- mainly my teachers told me that it's a very good place because of the library - that's the major reason why I come here. I worked out that I wouldn't get into Oxford or Cambridge, so I applied here instead.

What do you think about the LSE and has it matched up to your expectations?

The one gripe I've got with LSE is that it's overcrowded. Some of the teachers are not too friendly either. They don't seem to have too much time for students. They seem to be more interested in writing books or going on TV. The place is so badly organised - classes that have been cancelled don't actually appear on the board until a week later - by then it's too late. They don't notify us whatsoever. They get on our backs about work not being handed in but when they don't turn up or they don't mark work, there's no apology whatsoever. That sums up the teaching here really.

Where do you most like to eat at LSE?

Nowhere on campus! It's too overcrowded. I normally eat in McDonalds or if I can I try to eat here - in the Pizzaburger, where it's normally quieter. In the Brunch Bowl it's just madness - I can never get a seat.

Do you go in the Tuns much?

No, I don't.

Why not?

I don't particularly drink that often, when I do I get sick a lot, so I don't bother.

Do you have an allergy to alcohol?

No more than other people, but I drink more than other people - when I start drinking I don't stop.

What do you think about Einstein's theory of relativity?

I don't think much of it 'cos I don't understand it. That's why I'm here, 'cos I don't understand Einstein's theory of relativity - if I did I'd be in Oxford or Cambridge.

If you had to choose a place to sit at LSE (that's if you could find a space!), where would it be?

It would be here - in the Pizzaburger, 'cos it's quiet.

What if you weren't eating?

Probably be the library - it's quiet there as well!

What's your favourite word or phrase?

I haven't really got one - not really, no. I suppose my favourite word or phrase would be 'bollocks'.

Why bollocks?

'Cos I say it a lot. Things piss me off quite frequently, so that's why I say it.

Who would you say is your father figure?

I'd have to say Tony Benn, Labour MP.

Why?

'Cos he's a Socialist and he's one of the few in the Labour Party who's still around.

Did you go to the EGM at the end of last term?

Yeah, I did actually - I was one of the few unrepresented students. Lots of people said, especially in the Beaver, that 150 students is unrepresentative. What I'd just like to say to the people who say that is why don't they turn up to it, then it might be more representative.

Do you go to the UGMs?

Yeah.

What do you think of the people who throw paper over the balcony?

I just think they're wankers. Basically, if they haven't got nothing better to do then what are they doing there? If they want to throw paper and stuff then they should go to the nursery and do it there, where it's more suited to them. I just think they're complete and utter tossers really, and I'd like them to know that. (I think you've just told us! - Eds). I gets on my fucking nerves! (and Nick Kirby's head! - Ed)

Who is the maddest person at LSE?

That shithead who appeared on Question Time yesterday - Starkey.

What do you think french kissing entails?

Not much, 'cos I don't normally do it!

How do you rate the women at LSE?

I don't know! I wouldn't know - same as anywhere else, I suppose - more intelligent though.

What's your motto in life?

Bollocks! Well, bollocks I say - the other one would be don't give up, that would be the other one. (Don't give up

your bollocks! - Ed). Just don't give up and then bollocks - if it fails!

Why do fools fall in love?

'Cos they've got nothing else better to do!

Were you at the John Pat-ten speech?

No, I was at the counter rally outside - I wouldn't want to go and see him 'cos he's such a twat.

Do you read the Beaver?

Yes, I do - every week. I avidly read it.

What about the Campus page?

Um - I read all of it - apart from the Sports page - I read the Guardian for that.

What do you think about us interviewing you?

I don't really care, 'cos if I did you wouldn't have this on tape.

On the Rag..

Yes! The rumours are true, Rag Week is approaching. From 5th to 12th February the LSE Rag Society will be organizing a fun-packed week of events, and it's all for charity!

For those of you not in the know, Rag weeks are traditional at British Universities. Charities receive thousands of pounds every year from almost all universities.

Last years Rag Week was a great success. Sold out events

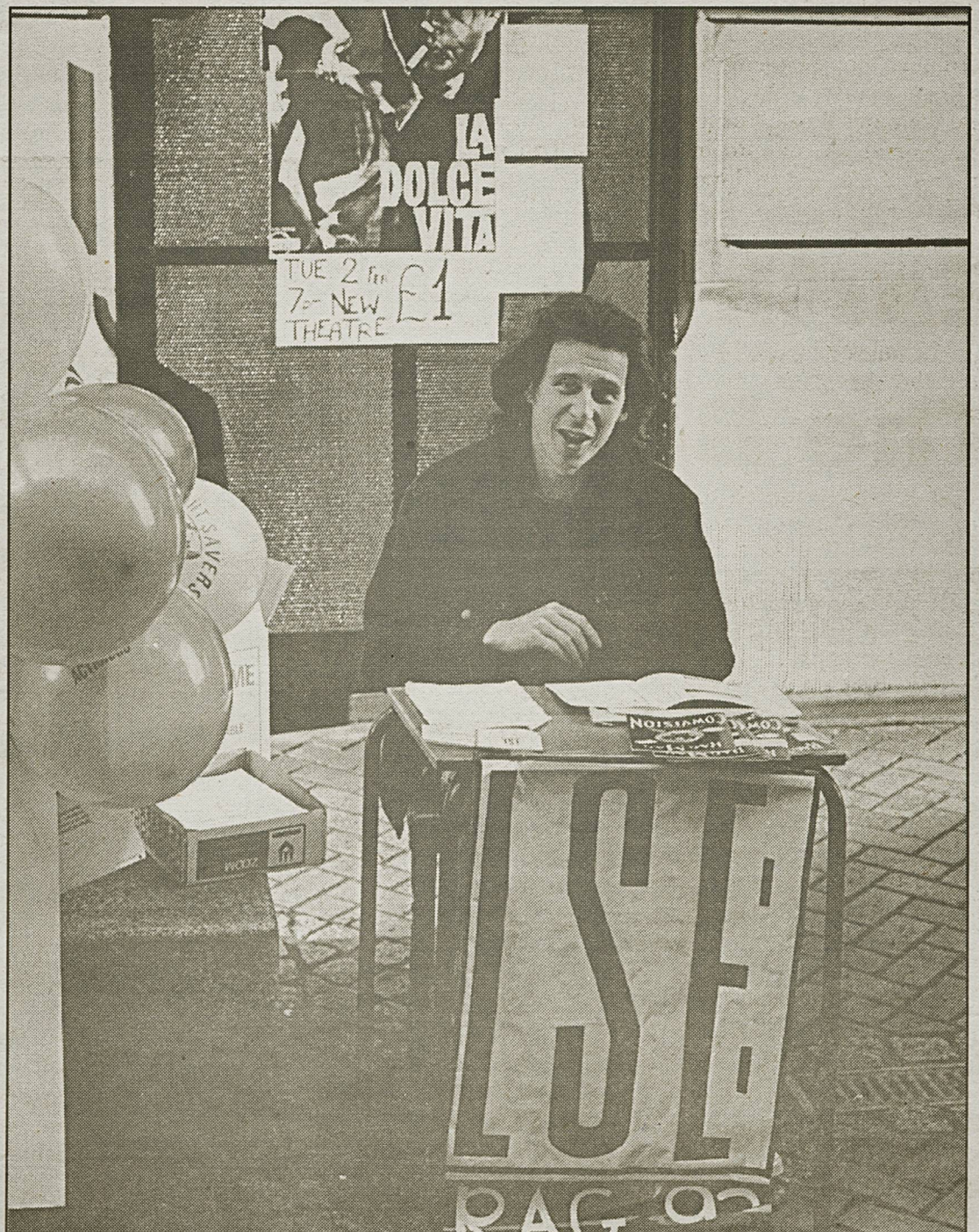
meant that over £6000 was raised for the selected charities, Centripetal, the Terence Higgins Trust and UNICEF.

This year's will start at Carr-Saunders on Saturday 5th with a Karaoke night, and will end with the glamorous Rag Valentine Ball aboard H.M.S. President on Saturday 12th February.

Events in between include an auction in the Three Tuns on Tuesday night, Film night on Wednesday, a 24hr Treas-

ure Hunt from Wednesday to Thursday night and a 12hr Pub Crawl on Friday (we like our events long!).

Check out posters and the What's On page for more details of the events, and be there! Tickets, T-shirts and Rag Mags will all be on sale in Houghton Street. All money raised will go to Oxfam, Shelter and Adventure for Life, and as Smashey and Nicey keep reminding us" It's important to do a lot of work for chaaarity, mate!"



"Guess what I'm doing for Rag with my left hand, what are you going to do with yours?"

Photo: Thorsten Moos

WHAT'S ON * WHAT'S ON

The Weekly Guide For LSE Students Covering The LSE & London Specials
 Guide 4 - For Lent Term 1993 - January 31st - February 6th

Monday 31st

Okey, dokey; here we go again for another fun packed extravaganza of a week... To kick us off...

LSE Demos presents Hugh Dykes MP and Richard Body MP. 'Europe: The Battle Continues'. Chair: Bob Leonardi in S600, 1pm. (Demos is an independent thinktank set up to improve the breadth and quality of political and policy debate) All welcome.

Tony Blair MP will be attending the LSE again this afternoon. Speaking on 'Law and Order' in X229 at 1pm. All welcome.

Usual Monday night football in the Underground, from 7.30pm. It's the FA Cup and the Exec Eds fave side Bolton Wanderers do battle with boring Arsenal - Well they bored him at Millwall in the last round.

Tuesday 1st

'Calling All Women!' Open Meeting 1-2pm. in the Woman's Room to discuss International Woman's Week, Future of the Woman's Group/Room, Men's Society, Woman's Handbook, NUS Conference and any other issues. If you are unable to attend this meeting please contact Sarah or Sorrel via the SU reception.

Just a quick note now, well I felt it was about time... Inner Temple Careers Evening. Those who put their names on the list, meet in the LSE main reception, Houghton St. at 5.30pm (Smart Dress)

The Italian Society present 'Mediterraneo', a film dedicated to all those who are running away. (Academy Award Winner, 1992, Best Foreign Film). New Theatre 7pm, members £1, otherwise £1.50

The Drama Society are showing a video of Twelfth Night in the Underground this evening.

Wednesday 2nd

The Chaplaincy Society present Tom Chetwynd. Tom is a Christian Contemplative who for the last 20 years has also practised Zen meditation. Author of several books including 'Zen and the Kingdom of Heaven'. The topic for discussion will be 'How to Meditate'. 2.30pm in K51. (Check noticeboards in Chaplaincy for confirmation of this listing)

The regular Rag Film Night is showing two films by Robert De Niro, 'Goodfellas' and 'Mean Streets' 7pm in the Old Theatre, usual prices.

The European Society invites everybody to come to '1996 and the Future of the European Society' by Sir Ron Denman former EC representative to Washington. 1pm in the Vera Anstey Room, all welcome.

1pm. Shaw Library. The Segovia Trio, guitar ensemble, free.

6pm SCR (5th floor, Main Building) The LSE Lawyers and LSE Media Group will be discussing 'The Press and Privacy'. The panel will be The Rt Hon Lord Justice Mann (Chairman), Ross Benson, Max Clifford, Richard Hartley QC and Thomas Shields QC. Everyone welcome. A chance to meet alumni working in the Law and Media and discuss a very topi-

cal issue. This event is sponsored by McKenna & Co. in conjunction with the LSE Foundation. Canapes and cash bar too!!

Jazz Night. An evening of Jazz from the Martin Drew Quartet, in the Underground from 8pm. £3 (members £2).

Thursday 3rd

The Time Out/K Cider Student Challenge!! Totally free to enter, this 'highlight' of the Quiz circuit was won outright last year by a team from the LSE!! (Strange, but true!) Whoever wins tonight's heat, indeed whoever comes second too, will win a crate of K cider and loads of free Time Out goodies!! Plus the chance to progress further and win Eurorailing tickets. Whatever, as if that wasn't enough to sway you the quiz is being held in the Tuns so you have no excuse. Watch as the Beaver team soars to even higher heights and you could be 'lucky' and meet some of the strange sods who do this 'paper for you all every week. Okay, Time Out is that a good enough plug for you?? Besides huge bias, this has to be this week's highlight.

Friday 4th

Quelle Surprise Again. It's that funky Time Tunnel disco thing again. Don't blame me, I have to advertise it every week because all you lot go. Usual stuff, underground, free, promotions etc. etc

Saturday 5th

News reaches me of the 'grand' LSE Variety show tonight in the Old Theatre (7.30pm £5 Tickets on sale now). See posters for details but do we really need this? I mean isn't outside the Tuns on a Friday at half eleven enough variety?? Whatever, should be a laugh. Don't know who is appearing or what they will be doing... Kurt Klappholz in 15 man pyramid perhaps? Nice idea but I doubt it.

Sunday

Time Out

MAGAZINE

Taking The Stage

This week Julie Emery turns the plan, says 'luvvy'a lot, and saunters out to the theatre.

Going to the theatre is one of those things that I don't do very often. But when I do manage to see a play, I always come out wondering why I don't do it more. It can be an expensive night out, but there are some good deals to be had with a bit of ingenuity and an NUS card.

Last Friday I went to see 'She Stoops To Conquer' at the Queen's Theatre. It wasn't my choice (I mean, who would actually choose to go and see a play that had David Essex in it?), but I really enjoyed it, despite Essex's accent veering wildly from bumpkin to cockney in the same sentence. Starring Donald Sinden (and I defy you to watch him without getting constant mental pictures of his 'Spitting Image' puppet) and Miriam Margolyes, it's a lively eighteenth-century comedy with more misunderstandings and one-liners than your average sit-com. Stand-bys are available at £11 half an hour before the performance.

The National has a great selection of plays to choose from at the moment: in the Olivier 'The Absence of War' by David Hare and 'The Wind In The Willows'. Stand-bys are available for both at £7. 'Machinal', starring the award-winning Fiona Shaw, is in the Lyttleton, whereas 'Angels In America' (parts one and two) is on in the Cottesloe (standby £5.50).

'Stomp' at Sadler's Wells is currently getting rave reviews and shouldn't be missed. Presented by the Yes/No People, it's 105 minutes of seven performers banging out irresistible rhythms on boots, dustbins, dustbins and plastic bags, among other bizarre implements. Stomp finishes on February 5th, and a 'super standby' is available for students at £5, one hour before the performance.

Ways of finding out the best deals in town include ringing the Student Theatreline on 071 379 8900 after 2pm each day for recorded information on theatres offering student stand-bys for performances that evening. It's worth trekking out to the Theatre Royal Stratford East, where student tickets are all £2 and are bookable in advance. The show at the moment is 'Red Riding Hood - The Panto', which, according to Time Out, is 'a gag a minute'. All tickets on a Monday evening at the Royal Court are £5, where 'Penetrator', a play that plumbs the depths of the male psyche (apparently), is on. The Tricycle in Kilburn has a 'pay-what-you-can' policy on Monday evenings and Saturday matinées, and Battersea Arts Centre operates the same system on Tuesday evenings. You can also go to the SWET (Society of West End Theatres) ticket booth in Leicester Square, where you can get half-price tickets for selected West End performances, but be prepared to queue for a while.

So next time you want a night out, away from the telly or the union bar, get yourselves some cheap theatre tickets. Even if you spend the entire play thinking 'now what's he in on the telly?', you're bound to enjoy it. Even if David Essex is in it.

The Time Out K Student Challenge

will be at your college

on 3RD FEB 8pm

venue THE THREE TUNS BAR, LSE

free to enter

The two top teams will each receive a case of K cider, Time Out and Campus Travel prizes. Get through to the final and every member of your team could win a pair of Eurotrain Explorer tickets.

In association with
 

Boys Keep Schwinging

Ben Oliver

Forgive me, but I must be one of the few people on the planet who hasn't seen Wayne's World. It was hard to miss; there are now five million copies of the video in circulation. It took \$180 million at the box office. The album went to number one in the States, and then went platinum. Those of us who haven't seen it can probably recite the script by heart anyway; it has provided an entire vocabulary for the current generation of spotty, sexually frustrated adolescents.

A bet on a sequel would have been fairly safe. And it has arrived; from the fourth of February cinemas across the country will be packed with the same air guitar-playing, GNR T-shirt clad infants who went to see the

last Wayne's World, Garth clones whose main aim in life is to "get pubes".

But it's likely that there will be a few higher life-forms in there too, because Wayne's World 2 is, in places, both funny and intelligent. The two main characters, Wayne and Garth and their public-access cable TV programme started life on the excellent American comedy show "Saturday Night Live", along with the now deceased "Lothar of the Hill People", and "Middle-Aged Man", who had the power tounderstand mortgages.

But it was Wayne and Garth who were seized upon by film moguls, chiefly for the fact that they resemble the audi-

ence Hollywood wants to attract. Their latest escapade sees them living in a flat after moving out of home, running their regular TV show and struggling at the laundromat, where Garth shrinks his underwear to Action Man size but still goes home with Honey Hornee, played by the "babelicious" Kim Basinger. Wayne, searching for meaning in life when his unlikely girlfriend Cassandra (Tia Carrerra) becomes engrossed in her new album, is inspired in a dream involving the ghost of Jim Morrison and a naked Indian to put on a rock show in their home town of Aurora, Illinois. But will anyone turn up?

The rest of the film is fairly predictable and fairly good; the boys go to London to recruit fucked-up roadie Del Preston (LSE alumnus Ralph Brown), Wayne attempts to win Cassandra back from her grasping manager and Garth, after becoming "wise in the ways of the

The Princes Of Puerile Are Back For More RRRRRR - Rock 'n' Roll Fun..... Allegedly

woman" with Honey, finds true love with Olivia D'Abo. The plot is meagre but that's not the point; the film is a vehicle for stars Mike and Dana Carvey's particular brand of adolescent toilet humour which makes Wayne and Garth heroes to the teenagers they send up.

There are as many cameo appearances as there are gags. Aerosmith give the film its metal signature tunes; audiences are bound to realize just how like Wayne and Garth the band look, and draw the obvious conclusion. Drew Barrymore, child star of E.T., appears as record company recep-

tionist Bjerger Kjergen and manages to look surprisingly good considering the quantity of narcotics that have passed through her once nubile body.

Myers and Carvey, almost middle-aged men themselves, play their parts with a restrained professionalism. Off-screen they're slightly less credible; in fact they talk shite. Myers describes the film as being about "faith", which is rather like describing the Bible as slapstick comedy, while Dana Carvey says it tells kids that it's "okay to become adults", funny coming from a man who gets his jollies pretending to be fifteen.

Wayne's World 2. You'll slag it off but you'll probably go to see it, you'll probably laugh and there's an even chance you'll say "schwing" next time you discuss anyone even slightly attractive. Sphincters say what.



Wayne's World 2 Competition

The Beaver is giving away three prizes from Wayne's World 2 for you in this simple to enter competition. Just read the article and answer the following questions. Write them on a piece of paper and hand them or post them to the Beaver Office in E197 by 6.00pm on Wednesday 2nd February.

1. Who describes Wayne's World 2 as a movie about faith?
2. Which LSE alumnus stars in Wayne's World 2?
3. Who plays Honey Hornee in Wayne's World 2?

First Prize: Wayne's World Video (The First Film).
Second Prize: A Figuerine of Wayne or Garth.
Third prize: A Wayne's World 2 T-Shirt.

Icing With Death

New drug culture rocks literature and exposes Yardie scene in Britain

Daniel Silverstone

Crack along with Aids have become the single syllable nightmares of American culture. During the late 80's Aids crossed the Atlantic and during the 90's British artists began to explore the subject in detail. Crack, though a consistent subject of media scares, has made no substantial impact on streets or in our culture. Yet in the last year all this has changed, crack has escaped from the British ghettos and is noticeable in the clubs and black markets of many provincial towns. It is also the subject of two recent books; "Iced" by Ray Shell and "Yardie" by Victor Headley.

Both books are terse, compelling and addictive. They both illuminate a sub-culture which is almost impenetrable to non-participants and both contain base details to cater for any voyeur. Here the similarities end, with "Iced" surpassing "Yardie" at every comparison.

Yardie is stereotypical gangster material. The men drive fast cars, wear expensive suits and casually rape and murder. Meanwhile the women look after the children, do the washing up and worry. Unfortunately this is the reality of this world, and it would be incongruous and deceitful to portray it differently. Yet Headley fails to describe other parts of

life which are equally "real". He omits the economics of drug dealing as well failing to account for the network needed to provide a constant supply of firearms and cocaine.

He also fails to detail how new customers are located or maintained, or how the dealers manage their particular side of this dangerous business. There is no mention of the effects of the drugs or any concern that most of the addicts are from the same community the characters are most keen to impress. The prose is poor and flimsy. "D", the main character is remorseless but he does have a "caring softer side" to his personality. Yet there is no

evidence of this beside some patting of children's heads, and it remains a complete mystery why two women are fighting to have his children.

To the same extent that Yardie enforces stereotypes and remains purely voyeuristic, Iced explodes them and transcends titillation. Iced gives a comprehensive account of both its characters and his subject. Nothing is hidden about crack, from the zenith of its highs to the nadir of its lows. Cornelius Jnr is not only a more realistic creation but also a more interesting one than "D". Ray Shell takes us through a myriad of emotions effortlessly. Throughout its 280 pages it is haunting, sensual,

depressing, exotic but always compelling. Though the descent into destruction is predictable, the author avoids moralising. Despite the destruction caused by crack the real enemy is seen as racism and the U.S government.

Crack and its attraction has to be understood. Yet due to its potency and dangers it remains inaccessible to the mainstream. Ray Shell enables us to understand, while also being entertaining. Yardie merely entertains and thus only glamorises what needs to be contained.

"YARDIE", BY VICTOR HEADLEY, IS PUBLISHED BY PAN AT £3.99. RAY SHELL'S "ICED" IS PUBLISHED BY FLAMINGO AT £5.99.

FLASHBACK: TWO OF LONDON'S LONGEST RUNNING SUCCESSES

Moe Better Blues

Sonia Kalsi

After a hard few days spent in the library in the pursuit of those all elusive degrees, I'm sure many a student feels the need to de-stress, unwind and relax in a generally exciting way. Well, what could be more exciting than watching five energetic actors racing around the stage at an amazing speed, while pelting out some of the best jazz tunes I've heard in a long time. Yes, the musical "Five Guys Named Moe" could be the answer to those weekend blues.

OK, it's true that intellectual stimulation may not be this musical's strongest point, but who wants to face political satire and the like during the weekend. The plot can in fact be summed up in just a few words: Nomax (played by Dig Wayne) has just split up from his girlfriend and then five guys all called Moe (Big Moe, Little Moe, Four Eyed Moe, No Moe and Eat Moe) appear to persuade him with the lyrics of their song to look at how he's been behaving and to apologize to his girlfriend.

A simple plot perhaps, but the complexity of the music and its obvious high standard more than makes up for it. Although I may be slightly biased being a dedicated jazz fan, I defy any member of the audience who claims they didn't tap their feet (or something) to the music. Many of Louis Jordan's greatest hits were featured such as "Early in the Morning" and "Is you

is or is you ain't my baby" which all proved to be extremely entertaining.

This was furthered by the easy humour and the fact that a great deal of audience participation takes place. At the end of Act One they sing a song called "Push Ka Pie Shee Pie" (and no, I don't know what it means) and the attendants hand out copies of the lyrics so that everyone can join in. It was certainly an experience to find myself singing "Push Ka Pie Shee Pie-eh eh, Oobu-Aayee Eyeyay Aba," and not even noticing that it made absolutely no sense whatsoever. It was during this song that various members of the audience sitting at the front (yes, all those people who had paid a fortune for their tickets and at this moment probably wished they hadn't) were made to form a chain and dance across the stage in a way which can only be described as embarrassing. Everyone sitting in the balcony certainly found it amusing!

"Five Guy's Named Moe" is not a particularly visual play. The dance routines are energetic and slick, but it's the music that makes you want to jump up and start dancing (and don't be surprised if some people do!) All in all, I can guarantee that you will come out of the Lyric Theatre with a warm glow and the feeling that you'll never get those stupid words "Push Ka Pie Shee Pie-eh eh...." out of your head.

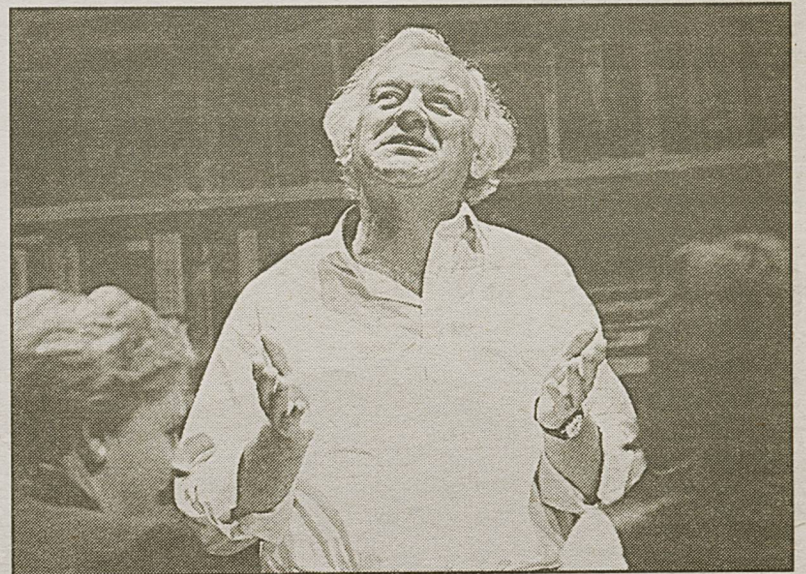
War-Thaw

Deborah Goldemberg

The monument of the Unknown Soldier, surrounded by a solemn mist and framed by the image of red poppies, is the first sight one has when entering the grand Olivier theatre.

David Hare is considered one of the best modern British playwrights, so one would not expect too many surprises from a production of a play called "Absence of War", one of Hare's trilogy being shown at the NT. Surprisingly enough this play is just as controversial as the theme it deals with...the politics of the Labour Party.

As I left the theatre I thought the text was indeed an admirable one: coherent, sarcastic and relevant to our time. However, I would not have been able to say so at the end of act one. At first it's a very stuffy piece of drama. The audience is stuffed with a series of very didactic dissertations about politics and morality and themes were dealt with as slogans, "Go to the theatre!", for example. The main character, the MP Gregor (played by John Thaw), was presented as a good man trapped by his greedy and ambitious secretaries, but quite honestly, his character did not develop, and the audience had to make a conscious effort to identify with him. The same happened to most characters; they stood for a stereotype and delivered the corresponding good slogans and "spicy lines". Throughout, the play sounded good, but it



did not touch you. One could not help feeling annoyed by the over-symbolic slides (sets) either.

After an uncertain start, the next act came as a big surprise. The play acquired a whole new dimension, as the characters were put in cross-fire situations and faced important political and personal dilemmas. The remarkably empty stage was suddenly filled with meaning and life, in remarkable scenes where the slides and sets were abandoned and the characters showed all the sides there were to them. There is a remarkable scene between the MP Gregor and his "own party enemy" Malcolm, in an empty garage, where all the frustration of a politician, a man trapped in an electoral obsessed system, are exposed...it was an outburst of truth and feelings. It very passionately exposes the decadence of the Labour party's dreams and the incompatibil-

ity of sticking to your dreams when all the evidence is against you.

At this point I understood the twist of genius which David Hare had presented the audience with. The stuffiness that the audience had to endure throughout act one is the same stuffiness that the people of Britain have to endure from politicians, and in the second act when those stuffy people leave aside the cliches, didactic explanations and the excess of sets is removed the audience breathes and enjoys the display of humanity of the characters...like Hare would hope the people of Britain could.

The question still remains whether an audience should be subject to a stuffy first act in order to make a point, but this is a polemical production of a polemical text. Go and decide for yourself...it is more exciting than a "conservative" production would have been!

Rusty Bullet Hole

As one would expect, RBH is a big fan of Paul Calf. Not content with being beery lard-eating slob, RBH and Mr. Calf share the same pet hate - students.

Students. Fucking students. What a bunch of wankers. A bit of a tar-brush job, you might say, but entirely justified as far as RBH is concerned. Why? I'll fucking tell you why.

If you were not a student, would you talk to them? No. I thought as much. One would have to search the nation, nay, the globe, to find such a collection of self-obsessed, opinionated shitbags. They think they fucking know it all. But of course - that's why they're still being fucking educated.

LSE is particularly bad. Short on "typical" students, but full of Overseas students (RBH couldn't care what creed or colour students are, but overseas students always have too much fucking money), Postgrads (really, really exciting, every one of them) and Geeks. You know, the students you see who look like Mummy's maiden name was the same as Daddy's. Mummy and Daddy have told them that the Three Tuns is out of bounds (except for a Pepsi, but only one mind you, or you'll never be able to sleep tonight) and so they invariably "hang out" in the Library, the Brunch Bowl or (God help us) the Cafe.

The Cafe? What a fucking waste of space. Not content with not serving meat (The Three Tuns serves Vegetable Pasties, so what's wrong with you bastards doing a nice Chilli Con Carne for a change), they also have the fucking nerve, nay, gall, to put an A-board in Houghton Street advertising "Cottage Pie". When I went to fucking school, Cottage Pie had meat in it. Lots of meat. Lots of products from animals who have died a miserable, slow and excruciatingly painful death at the hands of farmers (ooh, capitalist bastards) who couldn't give a flying fuck in either direction. Just so savage, blood-thirsty, brutal sods (read "sensible people") could have a bit of flesh with their tatties. Not only that (calm down, Rusty, calm down) but coffee is now 35p! Is nothing sacred? No doubt coffee-drinkers (as well as Tuns patrons) are having to fund this idealistic herbivorous cack.

Back to the point. Students. What has RBH got against them? Here is a list (much, much shorter than intended) explaining just what is objectionable about students.

1) RBH hates people who sit on floors, particularly on licensed premises. Chairs are for sitting on, floors are for walking on. If you can't find a seat, stand up. Let's face it, you've done sweet FA all day, so it's not that much of a chore. If you sit on the floor, you'll only get walked on and then carp on all day about the fascist who should really have levitated him/herself to the bar.

2) There is a concept, alien as it may seem to some of you, which has been ongoing around pool tables for many a year now. It is known as "Winner Stays On". Three words that mean exactly what they say, nothing more, nothing less. No, you can't play your fucking mate, he can join the fucking queue like everyone else. What gives certain students the impression that they have a God-given right to play pool before everyone else?

3) Attendance in the Tuns. It's pretty fucking piss-poor for some of you lot. Not only do you refuse to put in the hours, but come Friday (especially the end of Term), you expect to stroll in and get in everyone's fucking way. It's a bit bloody inconsiderate (a trait common in students), isn't it?

4) On a musical note (finally), some smart-arsed wanker thinks it's so ha ha ha bloody hilarious to put "Do They Know It's Christmas?" by Band Aid on the jukebox in the middle of fucking January. Well, you stupid twat, it isn't fucking Christmas, is it! Sixteen years in education and some students still don't know how to work a fucking calendar.

5) RBH thinks that any student who pisses in an already-overflowing urinal (you know who you are) should be made to drink the fucking contents. How crass can you get?

Right. That's your lot. Be grateful, it's all you're getting. Still, you'll fucking well whinge about it, won't you?

A Perfect World

After a piss-poor 1993, 1994 is destined to be a great year for popular music? Last year there were but a handful of singles and even fewer albums worth owning - this year, we're barely through January and already things are looking up.

D:Ream's "Things Can Only Get Better" - a classic pop record in every sense - sits astride the top of the charts (even if it did first surface a year ago), and Junior Boy's Own have at long last released Underworld's "DubNoBassWithMyHeadMan", which even at this early stage is looking like a good bet for Album Of The Year, if the euphoric anticipation in the music industry/press was anything to go by.

Was this excitement justified? To answer this, you would need to have heard Underworld's three singles - "Rez", "Mmm... Skyscraper I Love You" and the recent "Spikee / Dog Man Go Woof". If you've heard them, you will know that the excitement was justified, if not - well, let's just say you should have.

"DubNoBass..." is a bastard good record. Why?

What criteria are there for a record to be "good"? Surely a good record is one that is innovative - you can't say "Erm, it sounds like..." (insert band of choice) - a record with a certain amount of individuality, which is different to anything before. "DubNoBass..." is such a record.

"DubNoBass..." is all set to become a landmark album - the yardstick by which all others are measured. It inherits this position from "Screamadelica" (which, perhaps, could be said to have graduated from "landmark" to "classic") and heralds a new dawn for dance music.

Whereas "Screamadelica" converted thousands of introverted indie kids into dance music disciples, "DubNoBass..." has the power to convert those people (particularly proponents of other dance music styles) who look down their nose at those interested in the ambient side of dance music, referring to it as "bleep" music or similar.

Underworld's debut album, "DubNoBassWithMyHeadMan".



Even though Underworld make music that is way ahead of its time, Karl Hyde has only recently discovered the wonders of Letraset

Unlike many other albums in its field, "DubNoBass..." has lyrics. Guitars. And melodies. It bridges the (until now) seemingly "un-bridgeable" gulf between, say, dance music which is suited to a club and dance music which is suited to sitting in your room with a big spliff. "DubNoBass..." will make you want to get up and dance around your room with the aforementioned joint in your mouth.

Who are these creators of such an idyllic scenario? Why did we not know about them before?

You may well know of them already. There's DJ Darren Emerson (a veteran of 7 years spinning, yet only 22), and thirty-somethings guitar/vocals/lyricist Karl Hyde and keyboard man Rick Smith. The latter two were in Freur, a dreadful synth-pop outfit whose "Doot Doot" was their lone "hit" (not quite, thank fuck). Darren meanwhile, is, alongside Andrew Weatherall, one of the most highly regarded DJs from these shores.

Despite the band's name, it's a marriage made in heaven. Darren's techno "suss" is perfectly offset by Karl's left-field

guitar meanderings and somewhat unconventional, offbeat lyrics - which are often jotted down randomly on a note pad, phrase or sentence at a time, and used wherever they "fit". The final product is astonishing.

Strangely, though, it is difficult to think of any track on the album being a collaboration between the band members. Odd indeed, but some tracks seem to have "Karl" daubed all over them, others are most definitely "Darren". However, the record sounds in no way like two different works - to a certain extent, though, two different characters. Schizophrenic would be too strong a word, "mood swings" might perhaps be more accurate.

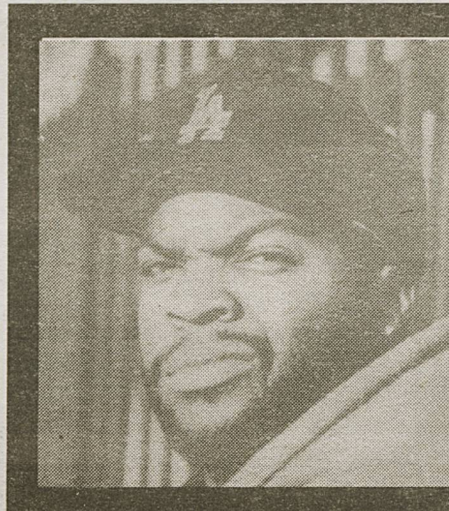
It is too difficult to even attempt to describe what Underworld sound like - they are too different. Dance music it is, "techno" it is - any further pigeonholing would be ill-advised and frankly inaccurate. If you want to know just what Underworld are all about, you'll have to buy "DubNoBass...". What do Underworld sound like?

Underworld, that's what.

Handy Household Hints From Hip-Hop Heroes

No. 3 (IQ?) ICE CUBE

"Yo muthafuckers! Sometimes ah get runners in ma hose (ladders in my tights to you Limey muthafuckers) and all ah have to do is tell one of ma bitches or a ho to give me some nail polish, and I put some on the runner, and it stops the muthafucker from runnin' anymore. Then I get ma best Uzi and go to the shop that sold me the muthafuckin' defective hose and blow all those muthafuckin' muthafuckers away!"



Cod Only Knows...

Jason Feddy's "Fish On The Moon" LP

Dennis Lim

Distressingly contrived sleeve, a song called "Watching The Walls" and a press release which has the suicidal foolhardiness to name-drop Chris de Burgh and Runrig. Need I go on?

Jason Feddy is the name which will evaporate from your memory within the next few minutes and "Fish On The Moon" is the album which will inevitably be consigned to bargain bins nationwide by the end of February.

Let me attempt to describe this: take one part Bob Dylan (or Joan Armatrading or Robbie Robertson or Joni Mitchell or... well, you get the picture), add 999 parts water. The press release calls Feddy's music potent - well, the concoction is certainly more potent than a bottle of sleeping pills and it's not long before you lapse into a coma. It's the sort of thing you'd like if you're the kind of sad tosser who thinks Eric Clapton's "Unplugged" is one of the great albums of our time.

Feddy has clearly cast himself in the sensitive singer-songwriter mould and his lyrics, although not exactly atrocious, are cliché-ridden, predictable and hugely transparent attempts at appearing moody and pensive. The music's what you would expect, really - boring, lifeless and unimaginative. It's not completely irredeemable though - for one thing, Feddy's voice doesn't cause as much consternation as most AOR, erm... artistes and if anything, adds to the soothingly soporific quality of the whole album. On the whole, it's nowhere near as bad as, say, the last Sting album - which simply means that it won't do as well.

Feddy's in a tough situation right now - too crap to be liked by anyone with a modicum of taste, but not quite crap enough to be embraced by the Simply Red-buying public. If Feddy wants mainstream success, he's got to ask himself a crucial question - is degenerating into Mick Hucknall too high a price to pay?

Brilliant Corners?

Neil Andrews

Tjinder Singh, Avtar Singh, Ben Ayres and their "Token Honky" David Chambers are no strangers to controversy. When NME were persecuting their erstwhile darling Morrissey as a racist, Cornershop managed to grab a bit of the limelight and fill a few column inches themselves. In a world before Apache Indian, the lads from Leicester became spokesmen for an Asian generation. Their stage antics, which included burning Moz posters and covering Smiths records, were a muso's wet dream and before you could say "Bhaji on the Beach" NME front covers were beckoning. Exploitation, on both parts, was a word that sprang to mind but Cornershop had more up top than most people gave them credit for. Instead of falling by the wayside, they delivered two cacophonies of feedback and sitars in the form of the "In The Days Of Ford Cortina" and "Lock, Stock & Double Barrel" EPs which appealed to those with wonky hearing but few others. Suspicious of the hype, I first saw Cornershop at last year's Phoenix Festival and discovered that I had wonky hearing. My then girlfriend was suitably unimpressed by the noise from the stage, preferring Jamiroquai's "Emergency On

Planet Earth" to Cornershop's "Summer Fun In A Beat Up Datsun", but there's no accounting for taste.

This month sees the release of the band's debut album "Hold On It Hurts" and a change in direction for Cornershop. Thanks largely to the addition of Wallis Healey to the ranks, the album is a more tuneful affair than their previous efforts and the politics that were so evident on "Elvis Sex Change" are auspicious by their absence, giving credence to the belief that maybe the anti-Moz outbursts of yesteryear were a calculated career move after all.

The opening track, "Jason Donovan/Tessa Sanderson", augurs well for the rest of the album and the opening line "I'm getting my head together/So I can stampon yours" proves that the lyricist who brought you odes about doing it with his sandals off hasn't lost his sense of humour. The current single, "Reader's Wives", supports this argument while "Kalluri's Radio" pinches the chord sequence from the Sex Pistols' "God Save The Queen" and puts it to good use but you get the feeling that the Singh boys dusted down their old Jesus & Mary Chain records before stepping into the studio.

Everything changes with "Change", a fine pop song that's up there with the best of them and proves that when they want to, Cornershop are capable of delivering a fine tune. "Inside Rani (Long Version)", on the other hand, is a bit of a come down and despite all the overdubs, it's nowhere near as good as "Inside Rani (Short Version)" which appears on the b-side of the current single, but you can't grumble with a song that opens with "Last Christmas I gave you my heart/This year I'm gonna tear yours apart".

Of the remaining tracks only "Born Disco; Died Heavy Metal" and "You Always Said My Language Would Get Me Into Trouble" live up to that early promise. "Where D'U Get Your Information" is a below par album filler and "Counteraction" gives you the feeling that they're now pissing about. "Tera Mera Pyar" isn't bad but seems out of place with the rest of the album.

Cornershop look set to be around for a few more months at least. All that stands between them and promotion to a superstore is that "difficult" second album. More of the same may see their shelf-life expire, but on the evidence of this album, there's a lot more noise to be made with the sitars and feedback. Hanif Kureishi take note.

To Boldly Go Where No Man Has Gone Before...

Navin Reddy

Wandsworth. Nice place? I don't think so, but then again someone must. Mine is an entirely subjective decision, of course, but then I was on my way to the only Arndale Centre in London. Memories of the concrete and plastic monstrosity that I'd see every day on the way to primary school when many millennia ago I was proud (?) to say that Manchester was my home came hurtling back. Up there with the finest piece of architectural garbage of our time - the one and only Elephant and Castle shopping centre - the Arndale centres are no doubt in part responsible for the artistic inadequacies of those who live, shop, and generally exist in sight of them.

The Wandsworth example was suitably drab, and as a result it was with much trepidation that I and my fellow clubbers veered round the corner onto Buckhold Road; if the building that housed the club looked this bad what was the club going to be like inside?

Such matters were to take on less importance as we pulled up in front of the club. After

having been treated to numerous wonderful anecdotes about their New Year's clubbing in Berlin by several of my friends - a stolen MiG fighter outside a club and an inordinate amount of dog shit (?) seemed to be the most vivid memories of the city - the disused army tanks sitting outside for no apparent reason promised much; **The Final Frontier** crew were obviously a little bit potty. Excellent.

The narrow flight of stairs leading up to the club from the guest's entrance is misleading. **Club UK** is quite frankly enormous.

A bonus you might say, more room to dance etc. The high ceilings would be perfect for a club where you don't overheat and end up wishing that you had a ceiling fan suspended to your bonnet so that your shirt's going to stay dry for the duration, and more places to sit when your legs refuse to do what they're supposed to, and so on.

But no. The place was packed to the bass-bins with hot, sweaty clubbers and by the looks of it they were all having a damn fine time. Not very surprising when you take into account the line-up of DJs that

were playing that night and those that will be doing so in weeks to come. The opening night had pulled a phenomenal group together: Cosmic Baby (Berlin's finest), Carl Cox (master of three decks, a founding father of the modern dance scene and still pretty influential), Dag (Another of Berlin's finest, master of trance) and "the one and only" Dr. Alex Paterson (the Orb, lover of little fluffy clouds). Coming soon to UK are sets by some of Europe's best: The hottest DJ of the moment - and about the only one from France worth mentioning - Laurent Garnier; Marc Spoon of Jam and Spoon; Frank de Wulf, master remixer; and Darren Emerson, flying high after the release of Underworld's "Dub No Bass With My Head Man".

UK is an excellent venue, lots of wonderful visual entertainment on the walls and suspended from the ceiling, several bars and what started off as a fairly good sound system, though by the end of the night it had taken a good beating from Dag's somewhat bass-heavy set.

The only gripe about the whole evening was the fucking

cloakroom. Words fail me when it comes to this part of the club. Well that's a lie, I could quite easily rant on forever, but I'm not going to because it'll only get edited out.

The cloakroom at **Maximus** on the other hand has never made me wish for a sub-machine gun with which to vent my feelings on the staff manning it. At Maximus they've remembered that a checking system of some sort and staff that are actually capable of utilising said system is an aid to speedy recovery of jackets/bags/ridiculous clubbing gear that defies description.

I was somewhat hindered at the first hurdle (the door) by someone (who shall remain nameless) either having forgotten to put my name down on the guest list or having given them an entirely fabricated name for a laugh. Ho ho.

All was not lost as the nice lady on the door eventually took pity on this sad hack and let us in for an evening of fun and frolics. **Blow Up** is a fairly new night, now about a month old, and is run by the old Love Ranch crew, as such expectations were high. Having heard "good things" from someone

who'd been the week before, we weren't disappointed. Whilst expecting something along the lines of Fierce Child, which was held the night before Blow Up, it was a bit of a surprise. An easy-going door policy meant that the club was a mixture of "ravers" and the style set. Though one might think these two sets of clubbers would not mix easily, this wasn't the case - the atmosphere was excellent and so was the music. In comparison to **The Final Frontier**, there was only one "name" DJ performing that night. Birmingham hasn't produced that many good DJs over the last six years but tonight we had the best of them playing - Lee Fisher.

Two different nights: the first, hard house and trance, the second, hard house and some ...er... slightly softer house (I hate these definitions). Two different clubs: the first has 3 huge rooms, the second, has one room which is about the same size as the smallest one at UK.

Both are (currently) riding high, demonstrative of the success and explosion of interest that all forms of dance music are currently undergoing. Try one.

24 - HOUR TREASURE HUNT

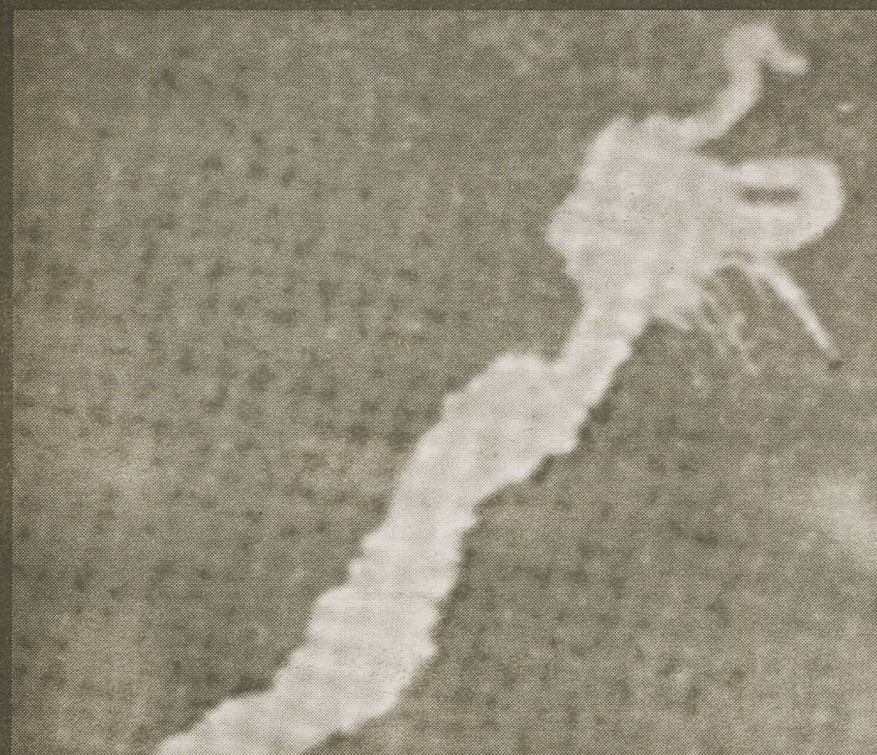
All proceeds to Rag charities

Wednesday 9th /
Thursday 10th Feb.

**Entry Forms available from *The Beaver* office
(E197) or SU Reception. £10 per team.**

**If you've done it before, then you'll know you want to do it again.
If you haven't, this might be your last chance...**

"You've Got To Be In It To Win It!"



Famous Last Words In History

By
N. P. Flywheel
BA

Number 4:
The Challenger Shuttle Crew

"Oh go on then, let the fucking woman drive"

**CONFIRMATION OF EXAMINATION ENTRY
FOR SESSION 1993/94**

for

**UNDERGRADUATE, GENERAL COURSE, DIPLOMA, EX-
CHANGE AND ERASMUS STUDENTS**

and

SELECTION OF PAPERS FOR SESSION 1994/95

for

ALL FIRST AND SECOND YEAR UNDERGRADUATES

You should go to the Timetables Office, Room H310, Connaught House, as soon as possible on or after Monday, 31st January to collect your individual form for the **CONFIRMATION OF EXAMINATION ENTRY AND SELECTION PAPERS FOR THE NEXT SESSION.**

The form must be **COMPLETED**, signed by your tutor and handed into the Timetables Office **NO LATER** than Thursday, 17th February.

CENTRAL ACCOMODATION OFFICE

The opening hours of the Central Accomodation Office have been extended. The new opening times will be effective from 17-1-94 and are as follows:-

Monday	10:30 - 16:30
Tuesday	10:30 - 16:30
Wednesday	10:30 - 13:30
Thursday	14:00 - 16:30
Friday	14:00 - 16:30

**THE NEW BEAVER
CLASSIFIEDS**

The Beaver Classified is specifically for students. Buying or selling? Do it through the Beaver for only 10p per word! All adverts must reach the Classified noticeboard (outside the Three Tuns) or the Beaver Office -E197- by lunch time on Wednesdays. Payments may be made by cheque or postal order and dropped into the Beaver post boxes or direct into the Beaver Office Please make cheques payable to The Beaver. Any advertisement not accompanied with payment will not be published.

Please remember to include a contact phone number in your advert. No personal ads. Advertisements must be posted by 6pm of the Wednesday preceeding publication.

HALF TERM PLAYGROUP

**14TH TO 18TH FEBRUARY
INCLUSIVE**

The Half Term Playgroup will run this term between Monday 14th of February to Friday 18th February inclusive.

There is no charge and the sessions are from 10 am - 1 pm and 2 pm - 5 pm. Parents are expected to look after their children during the lunch hour.

Places are open to children of LSE students and staff and must be between the ages of 5 and 11 years.

Please note that places are limited and student parents and those who need the group for the whole week will be given priority.

The group is held in the Womens' Room which is situated on the top floor of The Cafe in the East Building.

If you would like to register your children, please collect an application form from room E297 during opening hours (10.30 to 4pm each day except Wed).

**THIS FORM WILL NEED TO BE
HANDLED INTO THE STUDENT
UNION WELFARE AND
HOUSING OFFICE E297
DURING OUR OPENING HOURS,
BY 4PM, FRIDAY 4TH FEB.
RESULTS OF APPLICATIONS
WILL BE AVAILABLE ON
MONDAY 7TH FEB.**

Computer Wanted

Used laptop or notebook (at least) 286, 30MB HDD, 3.5" floppy, wanted. Not more than £250. Call Erik on 071 378 8233

Houghton Street Harry

If knowledge is power, I'm Geoff Capes. Let's face it, if knowledge really was power then they would never insult my intelligence with The World's Strongest Man. In terms of piles of crap it towers over the Old Man of Hoy. The past has seen our Geoffrey towing a Scania truck, holding a heavy weight for as long as possible, and lugging stones up and down like a blue-arsed fly. Why? You have to wonder the reasons behind going red in the face, popping your veins and generally heading for an early grave. I mean, look at Jean-Paul Sigmussen. World's Strongest Man one week, World's Deadest Man the next. How strong do you need to be to push up daisies? Did you see this year's pathetic offering of lavatory? It doesn't surprise me that our entrant was from Wales, but for fuck's sake he won. I watched with no interest at all as they carried a 2CV up and down, up and down. Have you ever felt the urge to pick up a small french car and see how far you can go? The entrants all came from the sophisticated ranks of Scandinavia, South Africa and of course, Wales. Dougie Donnelly tried vainly to get my interest above the luke-warm, but his Scottish charm simply poured cold porridge down my kilt. How could you ever respect anybody called Horst Badenhurst? (or his mum). They try and tell us that these men are the fittest ever. Sure, and my dad's the Pope. They grunt and groan for the best part of an hour and some tub of lard always gets badly injured. It's never a broken leg or a skull fracture, it's always a torn Lubius Maximus or some other tiny muscle I've never heard of. It should be called The World's Biggest Blanemange. I've never been convinced that the ability to chuck a breeze block over a very tall wall is a talent to win friends and influence people with. They show us cack like this and deny us Superstars, We Are The Champions and Kickstart. Do you ever see controversy like Jody Schetker and the squat-thrusts? I would have sided with him if it wasn't for the fact that he was trying to pull the wool over Brian Hooper's eyes. Crap pole-vaulter maybe, but when it came to dips even I wouldn't fancy my chances. Nevertheless, when you mention dips only one name should spring to mind, Brian Jacks. Jacksie as he was affectionately known as, was a demon dipper. I've never seen anything going up and down so quickly in all my earthly, and that's the truth, Ruth. Then there was Brian Budd. Canadian maybe, class, yes. Do you see the connection here? In order to be a Superstars champion you do generally have to be called Brian. So where is the next champion coming from? Easy, Brian Whitworth of course! I heard rumours of such events as 'Shortest way off the cricket square' and 'Most slices from one orange'. Let's face it, there can only be one winner. They say goalkeepers are different and my advice to you is never be sub at Berrylands. Big Bri is the salt of the salt of the earth. The latest event to be added is 'Who's the guv'nor in 'ere then'. Each contestant has to relentlessly repeat this phrase over at least 30 years until you batter anybody within a limited radius into submission. What's yellow and invisible? Anyway, before I get too side-tracked, I'm off to suntan oil my socks and practise my squat-thrusts. You never know, do you? In the future they may introduce Superstars for the terminally lazy, involving answering the phone, switching TV channels and doing the washing-up. If this is the case then Harry, England will be a very hot favourite.

Woodpeckers From Space

LSE Hockey 2nd XI 5 St Bart's 2nd XI 0

Robert Adams

The 2nd XI advanced to the quarter final of the London Cup with their usual, famous combination of gritty determination and sublime skill. LSE's day began on a high as a result of fielding an almost full strength side and contained in the same vein.

The first half began with the scrappy goals from the golden stick of Matt Stenpinsky. Obviously dissatisfied with his performance the dashing forward latched onto one of Paul Lodge's incisive crosses and left the Bart's 'keeper help-

less as his shot zipped into the far corner for a goal of rare quality. A 3-0 lead reflected the domination of LSE's midfield ably led by the midfield general, Richard Pierce.

LSE remained, despite their numerical inferiority, in a class of their own as the second half got under way. Vishu's strike, following up his own rebound, left the 'keeper grasping at thin air once again and increased the LSE lead to four. A fifth goal came within minutes as Simon Cowdrey called once more upon his snake-like reactions to unleash a venom-

ous strike which flew, via the shin of an unfortunate Bart's defender, into the back of the goal.

Bart's much vaunted attack began to function in the last few minutes of the game, but their feeble attacks were easily repelled by our resolute back three with Ali's forceful charges up field a revelation to all present, who had previously thought him incapable of motion.

At the final whistle the underdogs of LSE strode triumphantly from the pitch toward Brian's warm celebration, a 5-0 win a fitting reward for their display.

Jazzier Jazzed On From Large Height

LSE 2nd XI 4 RHB 3rd XI 1

Ian Staples

The cup is a wonderful thing, a certain magic that has crafted its spell into the heart and soul of football. Blundasaurus knows this only too well, and it was his wise words that set the tone of the day. Who else could lift a low morale by six simple words of wisdom: "They don't like it up 'em. Indeed they didn't. Gobel proved many of his critics wrong by displaying big match temperament to open LSE's account with a fine volley.

Holloway, then displayed their secret weapon, a six foot three moron who entered the "BBC Sporting Wanker of the Year" as hot favourite. He was nursing a sore knee from Bradford and sore ears from the rest of the LSE when he flicked on for their equaliser. Fat Frank, Jay the Jazzer, surely some connection. He will regret the day he messed with 'crazy' John Eclipides as he nearly lost the connection with his head.

At the turn they ate all the oranges (what a surprise), but after the kick off it was cakes for the 2nds. They moulded, blended and crafted in a fashion more akin to haute cuisine than football, although 'Saurus did once again mention it vital that they were not seen as 'a soft touch', he led by example,



"I can see my house from here...."

Photo: Steve East

hacking his way through the undergrowth of the midfield. It was Nelson that turned it our way. Ploughing through three defenders to crash home the decisive goal. The Third of the defenders went down with a mysterious anus injury, and all fingers were pointing at big Jay. As the game disintegrated, mam jokes, songs about virgins and isn't it a bloody long way home after being dicked on' seemed to be the order of the day. By the way I really have shagged his girlfriend, and she was crap.

Pederson then scored a suspiciously off-side looking goal before Paul 'Ronny Radford' Bradford shouldered in, from the best part on an inch, to open his credit book in the rent paying department.

4-1 was a fair result and Blundersaurus, articulate to the end, could only mutter 'superb lads'. We must also mention the ref, our ref. He's old, yes he's fair, no. As an ex LSE student he demonstrates loyalty over and above the call of duty, to the extent that he threatened to book one of their players for daring to say they were better than us. Definitely ungentlemanly conduct. Penalty, what penalty?

Que sera sera etc.. We are in the semi-finals and there is a definite danger of 'crazy' John becoming the 2nd team's Ossie. If you knew 'crazy' like we know 'crazy', oh what a guy. That's our crazy and he's our crazy etc. Start ironing the suits as the cup dream comes out of the mist and sharply into focus