



Library safety questioned Surveyors warn of increasing risk of ceilings 'collapsing without warning.'

By Adrian May

The ceilings in the Lionel Robbins building are in imminent danger of collapsing without warning, according to a letter from Consulting Engineers R T James & Partners. They state that there is "an increasing risk of a [ceiling] bay or bay collapsing without warning" and "it is impossible to predict" when this might happen.

Geoff Wilson, School Buildings officer, described the ceilings in the Lionel Robbins Building as being in three parts. "On the top is the floor finish, or the carpet in this case, then there is the structural section in the middle, which is a combination of reinforced concrete and steel reinforcing bars, and then on the underside of that one has the ceiling finish which is plaster. It is only this latter

section that is at risk of collapsing."

Wilson explained that when the building was originally constructed in 1915 builders did not have the advantage of vibrating techniques which removed air from concrete. "The voids created by the air have let the dampness get in and attack the reinforcing structure, and led to rust forming. This disturbance in the worst case could mean that the lowest part of the slab, which is mainly the plaster finish, could fall to the ground," Wilson suggested.

"We had all the ceiling bays ... examined after the first instance of ceiling collapse in the mid eighties," said Wilson. "The engineers were able to visually determine the condition of the bays, and were they were seen to need repair the lower part of the slab was

hacked away and replaced. The slab was still safe, and there was no question of an overall structural collapse."

Wilson was stressed that the report arose from the "cyclical inspections that were instituted after the first collapse," and these have revealed, "a very, slow deterioration in some bays." He pointed out that these inspections have only resulted in two bays in the basement needing temporary props.

He added that "over the next few months we will be getting the engineers to take an expert look at all these bays, to advise us of their condition," and that "limited propping may have to be put in place, but I hope and expect that large scale repairs will not be necessary." This survey will cost £27,000, whilst the total cost of full repairs could be in the region of £400,000.

At present, the School is not planning to do any more repairs than are deemed necessary by the engineers, but Wilson ensured that if full repairs were prudent, the School would go ahead with them, even though it has no budget provision for this. It is expected that essential repairs will not take place until the summer at the earliest, and may be further deferred if the School succeeds in its bid for County Hall.

Asked about the risk to students working in the Library, Wilson responded that, "the risk is so small that it is not quantifiable." However this would appear to contradict the view of the engineers who say that "delaying the repairs increases the risk," and that ceiling collapse has "happened once, and without further attention will happen again."



Consulting engineers have determined that the library's ceilings are in danger of collapsing. The ceilings' plaster finish is the biggest problem.

Photo: Steve East

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First year exams to count towards degree

By Beaver Staff

At a Special Meeting of the Academic Board, last Monday, the proposal to include first year exam results towards the final degree, was considered.

The discussions of the Working Party on Teaching is based on the assumption that the School should occupy "a specialist, high quality niche in the higher education systems that is developing".

The Working Party claimed that the "problem with not counting the first year towards the classification of the degree is that on arrival to the School,

students soon learn that their goal for the first year is to pass rather than do well in the examinations". They add that "such an attitude introduces a bad approach towards learning and studying." They therefore recommend that the first year exam year results should count towards the final degree. Other proposals include the move to more specialised degrees. An 'interactionist' degree, for example, would enable students to take a range of social sciences over the three years of the degree. The current timetabling system also creates problems during the first three

weeks of the first year. The proposal is to prepare the timetable prior to the start of term and options be chosen around a fixed timetable. This way lectures can begin in the first week. With regard to the structure of teaching, the working party believes that "some small group teaching and should not be abandoned" and that "the best combination of lecture classes and tutorials will vary from subject to subject." In addition, the planned expansion of student numbers is to be concentrated in the postgraduate area. The Working Party on Research have proposed the establishment of a

Research Institute which would aim to provide researchers with support staff. Many graduate students and academics would benefit and funding by the University Funding Council will be more stringently allocated.

The Working Party on Finance predicts a 40% drop in research income and a drop of between 40% and 60% in teaching income from the UFC. In considering how to cope with this, full-cost fees have been considered, amounting to £6075 per student to continue to "teach in the style which we are accustomed to." Other sugges-

tions include increasing numbers of students and the possibility of top-up fees. Proposals from the working party on organisation include devolving responsibilities from central administration to departments. A crucial proposal is the setting up of an academic Planning and Resources Committee which would be responsible for medium-term planning of the School, and which would assume some responsibility from the Academic Board.

The response from General Secretary Michiel van Hulst to first year exams counting towards the de-

gree is "Students should have a proper chance to acquaint themselves with University in the first year." Should there be a need to count results, he proposes that students should let the two best courses, for instance, count towards their results. He feels that the first year should be focused on how to learn. With respect to the structure of courses, he suggests that lectures are often considered less useful by students, particularly in the first year. "Perhaps by concentrating the learning on classes, students will have more incentive to get actively involved."

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The School tries to make a profit out of getting County Hall, in *News* see page 2

The long-awaited Busy Beaver is back, so you'd better watch yours! in *Campus* see page 5

The literary battle lines are drawn over Cyprus. The Beaver mediates, in *Features* see page 6

Comedy, painting, opera, theatre, and, for once, no film reviews, in *Arts* see pages 8,9

Ron Voce gets yet another page (almost) to himself, but is it any better than the first? in *Music* see page 10

Harry mourns the loss of rugby skills at the LSE, against Cardiff, in *Sports* see page 12

Commentary

Union Jack

Did you hear about the one about the conference on student apathy? - No one turned up. Jack had much the same feeling last Thursday. As if it wasn't bad enough that Ron Voce tried to chair the meeting with Neil Andrews, none of the favourite performers had bothered to turn up, and even those who did weren't trying very hard.

Michiel van Hulsten was first up - never a good start - and he even admitted "how really sad I am". Fiona Macdonald tried an old favourite (complaining about SWSS posters), but even that failed to raise a laugh. Ron tried to be authoritative, but failed; "If you do that, it becomes...er...um...". Jack quaked in his boots. In desperation, Ron even offered "If anyone wants to interrupt me, they can", but got no offers. The most fascinating moment came when Dave Jones, looking as ever like a public health warning, informed us that the anniversary of Bloody Sunday was this year being held on... Saturday.

Peter Harris managed to stimulate some interest by apparently starting his speech half way through - but Ron insisted he stick to the old format of beginning, middle and end. Good ol' Bernardo Duggan tried to raise a note of interest by asking MVH if he could refute allegations that he was in fact very boring. The answer came back resoundingly: "No." Case proven.

This continued with the motions. "Now we have business motion one." Oops, no-one wants to speak on it. Ah well, on to business motion two. Oops, it seemed that no-one wanted to speak on this one. Perhaps they'd read the motions this time round, thus disqualifying them from participating. Just when Ron looked like he was on the verge of suicide, "Suspend standing orders!" came the cry. "Saved my day" remarked Ron, thankful to Fiona for giving him relief. They suspended them (the orders), and up she went to speak. Ron declared "This is a very important item...to Fiona." Obviously.

A speech was taken from Sinisa Vacic, amidst disappointed cries from the balcony of "Give us Mubin Haq back!" and "We want Mubin!". This was bad enough, but it was definitely when Steve Peake (and his coat) came up to speak that Neil had had enough. He got his pack, he got his pen and off he went into the wild blue yonder (i.e., the Tuns). Seeing this, Steve Peake noted "I don't have to speak, you know" and got the only unanimous ovation of his political career. Meeting closed.

Joining Neil in the Tuns, Jack felt moved to speculate on why the the UGM is such a fiasco these days. Admittedly, the present UGM minutes don't help. Reading like a text book on advanced calculus, they lucidly inform us that "SO 6,ii,a,6, FALLS!" and warn that "no one opposed the chairs ruling under SO 6,ii,a,point 2." A clever ploy; now, nobody can tell what they are talking about any more; for all we know, they say a motion was passed to smear custard over our heads and pretend we're all seagulls. On the other hand, this might be no bad thing...

Committee recognises student poverty

By Tom Aubrey

The Evidence presented to the House of Commons select Committee last Wednesday clearly indicated that student hardship is on the increase

The report, commissioned by the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals of the Universities of the United Kingdom, cited the main reasons for student poverty as being the withdrawal of Income Support and Housing Benefit.

Financial support for students has risen more slowly than the cost of living. Higher housing costs coupled with the lack of vacation employment and part-time work, due to the recession, have made debt a normality of student life.

Over 70% of the student population have an overdraft after their second year on top of the Student Loan, 10% of these with debt of over £1000.

Also highlighted was the failure of parents to make adequate contributions which, along with other factors, has caused the whole system of student funding to be questioned.

At the moment the student in the London area in his/her final year has access to £3325, providing that the student receives a full grant and a Student Loan. The Access Fund which was set up to alleviate the shortfall due students' inability to claim Housing Benefit is inadequately funded by £40 million.

On average a grant from the Fund is between £150-£200 and can only be obtained on production of

evidence of severe student hardship. The majority of applications to the Fund are from students living in the private sector due to high rents and the removal of Housing Benefit.

The report calculated that a student living in London in the private sector would need £4900 to live on the bare essentials. The reason this figure is so high is that many students are forced to sign 52 week tenancies and the grant was designed to cover only 38 weeks.

This also brings to light the significant shift in the student body from the traditional 18 year old school leaver to the independent/mature student, who in the majority are financially independent for 52 weeks a year.

The report's conclusions were that although drop-out rates had not increased, most students were staying on with considerable financial difficulties. It suggested that if the Government is to continue its expansion of Higher Education there is an urgent need to rectify the inadequacies of the present financial support system.

Sir Gordon Higginson from Southampton University, who presented the report to the Select Committee, said, "Some of our students are having a desperate time. At the moment, thanks to the efforts of our Student Union officers and of our staff, most are getting by; but the distress and uncertainty for some is to great. We need a better system and a better safety net."

Student Union to withdraw from Housing Association

By Pernilla Malmfalt

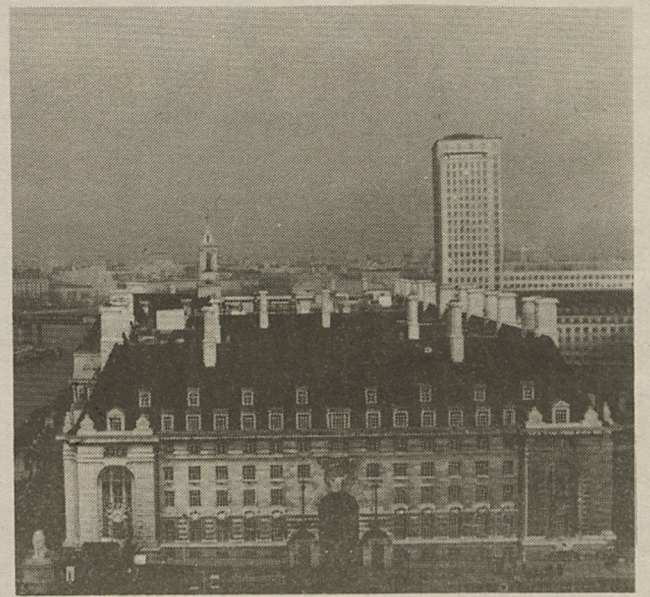
The student house in Mile End, owned by the LSE Housing Association, is facing difficulties in filling up the bedspaces.

The Housing Association was originally set up in 1989, with the aim of providing accommodation for students at an affordable price. During a meeting between the Student Union and the Housing Association last Monday, the issues at stake on the future of this joint associa-

tion were investigated.

The meeting concluded that there is no future for the Housing Association, unless changes are made. General Secretary of the Students' Union, Michiel van Hulsten, suggested the withdrawal of the Student Union body from the Housing Association, primarily for financial reasons.

He claims that "the SU has to stop pouring money down the drain, and the Housing Association has obviously not served its original purpose, that of



With the Director's plan, LSE may get County Hall for free and make a profit on the sale of the current Houghton Street location.

Photo: Barry Pourghadiri

New moves to acquire County Hall for LSE

By Madeline Gwyon

In a revealing meeting on Thursday 16th January, Director John Ashworth outlined the School's latest plans for the acquisition of County Hall. It was announced that the LSE intends both to acquire County Hall at no cost, and to keep the proceeds of the sale of Houghton Street.

Arguments presented to substantiate this plan revealed the School's aim of trying to convince the London Residuary Body that the "economic price" of County Hall stands at zero cost.

This theory has arisen because, since the abolition of the GLC, the substantial building complex has remained unsold. Furthermore, if the School is able to keep the proceeds from the sale of the present Houghton Street site, then all necessary repairs and alterations to County Hall could be affordably undertaken.

Ashworth stated that proceeds from the sale could raise anything between £80 and £120 mil-

lion depending upon the buoyancy of the property market.

MP's and alumni present questioned Ashworth on the issue of where the money would come from for the repairs to County Hall in the immediate term, between the acquisition of the new property and the sale of Houghton Street. It appears that the School is hoping for financial assistance in this area from the government.

Repairs and improvements necessary to County Hall have been estimated at £40 million. It is hoped that, once these have been financed, the remaining proceeds from the Houghton Street sale will be able to be kept by the School in some sort of trust fund for future use.

All those present acknowledged that the plan was extremely ambitious but were also optimistic that some headway might be made before the General Election. The School has recognised that, if nothing has been achieved by then, the County Hall site will almost certainly be lost.

providing student accommodation."

However, it was agreed that a final effort to save the Housing Association should be made, and the proposal is now to be taken to the School Board who will make the final decision.

The members of the Housing Association who attended the meeting were unanimous in supporting the full takeover by the School. Should the School, having agreed to take on full control of the house,

decide to sell it the Student Union will be given any profit which rightly belongs to them for their past contributions.

Van Hulsten feels strongly about the responsibility the School has for the house and feels that it should be their "moral obligation to accept the Union's offer" Although it has been argued that the rent is a limiting factor in not finding tenants, it has already been reduced to the lowest possible rate where by it will break even.



Because the narrow corridors of the newly acquired St. Philip's Hospital would make access difficult for LSE's disabled students, it may be used for teaching rather than the Students' Union. Photo: Steve East

St Philip's disabled access criticised

By Pernilla Malmfalt

St. Philip's Hospital which was purchased by LSE last year, came into the School's possession on January 1st. The rooms in the building have been allocated to various departments in the School as well as the Student Union.

General Secretary Michiel van Hulst put forward proposals, in November, to move a large part of the Student Union to the new site, including an extra branch of the SU Shop. However, now that

the building has become available, the number of accesses for the disabled has proven to be insufficient and the idea of extending the Union services, such as the Shop and Cafe, has to be dispensed with.

The site is not practical for extensive passing of students, with its corridors and staircases. The cost of establishing an efficient and safe system, for disabled students, are simply too high to reach.

Van Hulst is now suggesting swapping the SU's allocation of rooms for

teaching rooms in other locations around LSE. Hence, the St. Philip's building would be used for teaching and the Student Union could still expand its facilities elsewhere in the School, for example in the East Building.

The SU are expecting a share of 1100 square feet in the St. Philip's building and are considering bidding for further space which could also be swapped for teaching rooms. Other areas in which the SU would like to expand include the print-room.

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ULU TRAVEL



Obituary

A former Beaver editor who was a rising star in the Financial Times has died, aged 28, from an aneurism of the brain. James McCallum was joint editor with Richard Baker in 1983.

Iain Crawford, School Press Officer, said, "James was very quiet and unassuming, but enormously popular with his colleagues on the Beaver Collective and a highly 'professional' editor.

"He somehow managed to ensure that the Beaver always appeared on time, and it is a tribute to him that under his skilful guidance the paper was nominated for the prestigious Guardian/NUS student newspaper award."

A memorial service is being held on the 4th of February.

The Beaver Classifieds

For any student or society interested in placing a free classified advert, please drop the copy in to E197.

This service is also available to non-Union members. For prices, contact James Brown, The Beaver office, 405-7686, ext. 2870.

Elsie's Ents

"To be or not to be, that is the question," and what a bloody good question it is too, 'cos no one actually knows what the answer is. There have been many suggestions over the years since Wilhelm Geoffrey Shakespeare first sat down by his Nibfilled Macintosh Mark 1 and typed in that immortal phrase. Recent suggestions have been inconclusive, but new evidence has suggested that he was trying to decide whether to vote for our esteemed Senior Treasurer in the Sabbatical elections or not.

This is not the only controversy that has befallen our poor Wilhelm's writings, it has been said that he might not have been the person who wrote those rapid royalty gaining writings —er, writings. Recent evidence suggests that he actually stole the original disc and using a complicated algorhythmic pattern made the computer distort them into their present well accepted format.

I discovered this series of algorithms, by sheer chance. I used my 'Acme automatic algorithms reversing machine,' and converted the texts back into their original format.

Juliet: "Romeo, Romeo wherefore art thou Romeo, deny thy father and thy name..."

Romeo: "Shut ye gob ye horse's arse, I be here trying to fix the puncture in Dobbins foot, after that I'm off down the abattoir to decapitate a few chickens."

...and...

Shylock: "I want my pound of flesh!"

Antonio: "Of course Sir, beef, gefilte fish or how about a beautiful portion of chopped liver, normally six denariis, but to you, as you're such a nice boy, I'll let you have two pounds for eleven dens."

One of Wilhelm's most famous speeches, 'Queen Mab' was originally meant to be 'Spleen Rab' the olde English recipe for the correct way to cook a rabbit's innards.

Having spent many hours studying this documentation, it seems clear that the actual writer of all of Shakespeare's play was the 16th century's leading butcher and the plays were actually a series of adverts for his products.

Some of you may be wondering what any of this has to do with this week's events. Nothing. So I, Elsie, have listed them all below for all you boring farts who want to gloat to your friends about what glorious things you're not going to turn up to next week.

MON 27th. The Left Society meeting, 1pm in S53 (General shit stirring at LSE - Dominique De-Light) (Generally shit - Elsie)

Pub quiz 8pm. the tuns. (Neil 'the sex machine' Andrews hosts and may show you his musical equipment if you ask him nicely)

TUE 28th. 7pm New Theatre, Jungle Fever, Spike Lee on Interracial relationships.

Jewish Society. UJS National campaign organizer Simon Pollack speaks on "Anti Zionism=Anti semitism" 1pm Vera Anstey. (Free Bagels and spreads)

WED 29th. "This House Believes In Equal Status For Homosexuals" 1pm in the Vera Anstey Room (Debating Society)

Amnesty meeting, Anti-slavery speaker in S50, bugger knows when 'cos they didn't tell me.

THUR 30th. Eddie Izzard (Time Out Cabaret award winning comedian and very fair chap) 8pm Old Theatre: Students £2.50

Doreen Massey will lecture on Space, Place and Gender at 5:30 pm in the Old Theatre.

FRI 31st. Put your best Bay-city rollers gear on for a free 70's disco in the UNDERGROUND from 8pm.

The Rock climbing club trip leaves for the Peak district, returning on Sunday the 3rd. There are thirteen spaces left.

Relativity Speaking

Eduardo Jauregui investigates time, the LSE student, and Darth Vader.

Time always was a weird old thing. The past is gone, the future is hidden from us, and the present has no extension to speak of—it's a miracle anything ever gets done around here. Then to top it all off, Einstein comes along and decides that time doesn't exist at all, outraging the Swiss and throwing our already chaotic universe into further disarray. (Good thing Gary Larson came along to save all the calendar-making companies with his "Far Side"). It's all well and good for physicists, I suppose; they're having their heyday toying with all sorts of bizarre multi-dimensional universe theories, playing subatomic marbles with quarks and neutrinos, writing best-sellers, and winning Nobel Prizes.

But for us BSc-Econers (pronounced 'Buskee-Connors'), life is tough in a relative universe. As social scientists, we're pretty good when it comes to making sense of statistical gibberish, and perhaps even better than most at dissecting the behaviour of that erratic homo sapiens, but if forced to deal with nuts-and-bolts sciences like physics and chemistry we're more than a little clueless.

Not that we particularly care, for the most part. I'm perfectly happy to be held together and tossed about this miserably small planet by forces totally beyond my understanding. It's this mucking about with time that gets me though. I'm certain that, before Einstein and company decided to thoughtlessly murder and bury our venerable Father Time, clocks didn't used to play the kinds of tricks they do today. What kind of a chaos have we been plunged into by Albert's rash actions, where alarm clocks speed up as soon as they ring and where lecture hall dials decelerate progressively to reach Heinz-Ketchup-pouring-speed during the last five minutes of every hour? I suggest we all write to our elected representatives asking for a return to a saner, less paradoxical, Newtonian Theory. Here's a chance for the LSE student body to achieve something truly revolutionary!

Have you tried to read any account of Al's Theory of Relativity of Time? It's too confusing to work, I'm sure: lots of stuff about trains and bullets and ar-

rows. Basically he seemed to be saying that a subject's perspective of time depended on his speed relative to everything else (or vice-versa?). Somehow this meant that, had Han Solo actually put the Millennium Falcon at near to light-speed in order to reach the Death Star before the credits appeared, while he would have aged only a few hours, Darth Vader and the Empire would have been dead and long forgotten by the time he'd arrived. This would have been realistic, but not very Hollywood of course, since it would have also signified curtains for Princess Leia and the Good Guys, perhaps Yoda, certainly George Lucas, all the Sequels, and millions of

"Chris." Chris is your basic second-year International Relations man: diplomatic passport-holder, smart dresser, and Tequila Society member --ready to take on the world. Yesterday he failed to turn in his Russian translation, which, added to a couple of first-term unborn essays in 'International This and that' and 'Something or other In the Third World' bring him to a grand total of 6000 words 'in the red.' Two further essay dates leer at him from the calendar before the coming weekend. Chris is up the creek.

He now lies in his post-dinner sprawl, motionless on a springy old sofa, blankly absorbing the glare and blare of his rented

a choice, when in fact at any one moment the opportunity cost of forgoing such bliss would be overwhelming (this opportunity cost is, according to the theory, constantly growing due to the inexorable nearing of essay dates).

What struck me most about this phenomenon is the fact that Chris' non-behaviour, this lying about listlessly, during for instance the summer holidays, would have driven him half-mad with boredom. But it takes merely the knowledge that a huge workload is hanging over one's head, like some Damocles' sword, for a mind-numbingly boring occupation, such as watching re-runs of stock reports

or doodling stickmen on napkins, to be transformed into a thrilling pastime. And the sensations grow in intensity with a growing workload: if five due essays garnered Chris the exquisite pleasure of savoring a spoonful of double-Dutch ice cream,

seven essays might be comparable to his spending a night with Linda Evangelista, and TEN essays (poor sod) would signify ice cream, Linda, and sky-diving over the Grand Canyon at sunset all at once! After a minute of this, can we blame Chris if he decides to indulge in another? He knows that with every second he is coming closer to ruining his entire life-- but it feels so good! Let's admit it: sitting on the edge of a cliff can be about as intense an experience as they come.

We're all feeling a bit sorry for Chris now, so I think it's time to save him from himself (us writers have such power, it's scary). Our favorite I.R. man, at the brink of expulsion from LSE, is finally kicked into his room by his housemates and somehow manages to dredge up the strength to read 20 texts and scrawl out 150 pages of work in 36 nightmarish hours.

In the end only the human survival instinct can rip through the adrenaline-induced stupor that keeps a student on that exhilarating cliff-edge and that forces him into the work frenzy required.

Anyhow, that's the theory — not exactly Stephen Hawkins material, I'll admit, but what did you expect in *The Beaver*? I hope to have confused a few physicists at least.

"The pleasure derived from doing nothing is directly proportional to the amount of important work pending."

—Ed's 'Theory of Relativity of Time-Wasting'

moviegoers. Tinseltown appreciates a certain dose of realism, but it doesn't take too kindly to large-scale genocide, particularly where paying customers are concerned. So thankfully, at least in Star Wars and other sci-fi faves, relativity is ignored. What I still can't figure, though, is what the devil 'E=Mc²' has to do with any of this. The back of the cereal packet made no mention of it at all.

What's been concerning me even more than the Relativity of Time, however, is what we might term 'The Relativity of Time-Wasting.' I think I might write a best-selling nonfiction hardback based on my original theory explaining the phenomenon, especially if they give me a Nobel Prize or something. Look out for it: I'll probably title it "Macbeth" so that lots of confused little schoolkids and their mums are duped into buying it.

The theory goes as follows: "The pleasure derived from doing nothing is directly proportional to the amount of important work pending." I originally discovered this principle during my end-of-A-Levels crisis, and have since conducted plenty of highly rigorous tests (mostly on myself) to confirm and support it.

Consider a hypothetical student. We'll call him

television set. Chris considers his situation. Perched on one shoulder sits the winged and haloed 'rational' choice, offering salvation: 14 hours of concentrated nighttime work, munching on coffee beans and connected to his walkman. On his other shoulder, horned temptation offers doom: begging for threat letters from his tutor by going out with his mates instead of working, or by simply curling up in bed with a good Asimov. Though Chris could never bear the guilt involved in taking this latter course of action, it is more than likely that he will likewise fail to summon up the superhuman courage and iron willpower necessary to carry out the former. Instead, 9 out of 10 times he will take the 'default' path: doing absolutely nothing, nothing whatsoever. Why? Because, put in terms a BSc-Econer is sure to understand, maximum utility is gained by facing the choice itself. Passively lying on the sofa brings about in Chris a state of nervous arousal and pleasurable guilt unique in the world of subjective feeling. Every minute he remains in this manner is akin to another spoonful of Haagen-Dazs —irresistible. In addition, Chris naively believes, despite years of experience, that he will eventually make

Busy Beaver

The man with the poison pen is back.

Hello muck-munchers, Busy Beaver has finally made it home. Hope you all behaved yourselves over the holidays (if not, we probably have the pictures!).

Firstly, let's clear up the back-log of gossip from the end of last term. The Mighty Mets' storming of the Tuns on the last Friday evening of the term led to one rather embarrassing incident for an unfortunate student and his brother.

This student (who, incidentally, single-handedly kept Ladbroke's afloat last year and shall be referred to only as Gazzza) decided that he was

bored waiting around the Tuns whilst the friendly policemen carried out their murder investigation. So, he and his brother decided to re-enact 'The Great Escape' and somehow managed to sneak away from the Tuns. Busy Beaver is not making any wild accusations but the broken door to C018 might have had something to do with these two fugitives. But nobody gets past London's finest and they were promptly apprehended whilst trying to climb over a wall. They weren't released until 6am.

One minor detail which didn't exactly help Gazzza's situation is that his uncle is a lecturer at the LSE.

Busy Beaver hears that ol' Uncle Steve wasn't all that happy when he spotted his two nephews on television being bundled into the back of a police van. He is probably going to be even more miffed when they appear on 'Crimewatch UK' later this month.

No more will be said of the AU barrel where things seemed to have got quite jolly. To answer a couple of questions...yes; it was President Brownie stark bollock naked in Houghton Street, and yes, they did do 'the conga' through the Old Theatre during a lecture.

The controversy over whether the Beaver Office was actually inaugurated

during the Beaver party continues to rage. One half of the copulating couple claims that they did do the dirty deed on the floor of the office, the other half says that they merely took their clothes off. What is the truth? Did they or didn't they? And what is that strange looking stain under the desk?

McMuffin's latest victim/man is balcony boy J.P. Sources close to the Social Secretary have told Busy Beaver that McMuffin has been boasting about how she spent three days in bed with her new man and only got out to go to a New Year's Eve party.

Meanwhile Rip van

Winkle was spotted in a rather compromising position (I think they call it TDF) at the latest Carr-Saunders party. Due to professional and journalistic integrity, Busy Beaver will not reveal her name but a clue is that it is an anagram of 'anamda' (and she is Irish).

MC Strongbow's elephant-sized ego was dented when his advances were shunned by the Mad Queen Beaver. Though his subtle approach of, "Would you like to come back to my place for some sex?" probably didn't help the situation. Anyway, he's gone off to the Far East where the women haven't heard about

him...yet.

Is it a bird? Is it a plane? Is it a raving mad man trying to absail down Carr-Saunders? Yes. Come on Hans, are you going to give it another go?

The January Busy Beaver Award for Acts of Complete Disgustingness must go to the Tall Guy of the LSE's finest fifteen who drank a bucket of Campy's vomit last Saturday. What more can I say?

That's all for this week. Keep that gossip rolling in. Take care crap-crunchers.

B.B.

Pretentious language — a feast for the ear drum!

Tim Haughton reviews the Dominic Howles Quartet and E Vasconcelos in the Shaw Library

Jazz, yes a word that tends to evoke images of dingy, underground venues, full to the brim with copious amounts of smoke, located in sleazy areas of town. The other Wednesday night however, jazz was to be heard in the Shaw Library when the Dominic Howles Quartet entertained with their dulcet tones.

It was like having an evening of entertainment in the front room of an aristocratic mansion. The band consisting of piano, bass, drums, and saxophone clustered themselves around the rug in front of the fireplace in the Shaw library. They looked like

the usual collection of jazz musicians, who are terribly serious about their music, if not their fashion.

I settled down in one of those armchairs where many students have caught up on their lost sleep, complete with a glass of red wine to soothe those aching joints and waited with anticipation for the music to begin.

The first set was soothing, relaxing, and decidedly mellow. The band entertained with a fine collection of numbers, performed in a competent and impressive manner. Their improvisations were suitably exploratory in their choices of

notes, phrases and rhythms, embellishing the wonderful melodies of the jazz greats. It was all too much for my restive feet however, who launched themselves into a foot tapping frenzy!

The centre of attention for most of those in the Shaw Library that night however, was not the jazz but the artistic talent of E. Vasconcelos. The surroundings provided a fascinating backdrop to his sculpture and the perfect platform for all that wonderful pretentious language used to describe art. I love to go to art galleries and just listen to all those crit-

ics attempting to fit into one sentence all those words from 'Roget's Thesaurus'. I was not disappointed that night, indeed I overheard one conversation where a three syllable word would have been a poor show! The sculpture did merit this attention, it was suitably novel, expressive and containing a sort of...I must stop myself trying to mimic them.

The next installment of the evening's entertainment was a photography display by Vasconcelos. I must admit that at the beginning I was hoping that we could all get back to the jazz, but being a good lib-

eral chap, I decided to approach the photography with an open mind. The display he gave over the next twenty minutes was simply outstanding. The theme which ran through this side-show was "different perspectives on everyday things". It entailed reflection, close-ups and distortions. My favourite was a beautiful reflection of the Eiffel Tower, others preferred close-ups, while everyone gasped as the natural world photos were shown. His work was a distinctive breath of fresh air, a novel set of perspectives and a valuable addition to the world of art.

The jazz quartet seemed to be inspired by this display. Their second set contained far more novel, inventive and exploratory improvisations. The pianist performed particularly well, his improvisations displayed his range of technical ability to the full. The whole band were far more cohesive and inventive, providing one with a feast of entertainment for the ear drum!

The evening ended far too soon. It taught me one valuable lesson: however much one pre-judges an art form, true opinion can only come from exposing an open mind.

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at the Waldorf Hotel

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Cyprus: A Divided Nation

Vassos Vassiliou looks towards a new world order

Following the end of the Gulf Crisis and the collapse of Authoritarian Communism in Eastern Europe and the former Soviet Union, the term "new world order" has been attributed with great significance in the optimistic vocabulary of liberal journalism. One place on earth that has yet to experience a "new world" is Cyprus.

Invaded, forcefully divided, and still occupied since 1974. A third of the population have been turned into refugees, expelled from their ancestral homes and denied the right to return. Places of religious and historic significance have been looted and ransacked and wives, mothers and daughters have been raped by an invading army.

Yet Cyprus has, since independence in 1960, upheld those very international standards and norms so recently articulated by President Bush in his new vision of the world. In return for such faithful adherence, a small nation of just over half a million people was brutally emasculated by Turkish military barbarism. The result of this was social upheaval on a scale only comparable to the destruction of the fabric of European society during the Second World War.

Throughout this nightmare, the forces of western civilisation chose to condemn Turkish military aggression in lip-service form only. This is a far cry from the direct action taken

to counteract Iraqi expansionism. Within months of having fled his country and his people, the Emir of Kuwait was restored to power by the US and its allies. So much blood spilled over a country where ordinary people are denied the most elementary

form of political expression - the vote. All this was done in the name of restoring the status quo, or rather to restore the uninterrupted, free-flowing supply of cheap oil to the West.

Compare this state of affairs to the current situation in Cyprus where a legitimately elected, western style democratic government is denied the right to exercise full sovereignty over the whole of its territory. To describe the above anomaly as hypocritical

would be a waste of time in stating the obvious. Cyprus has unenviably been part of an exclusive club of nations that have been illegally invaded and occupied in recent history. Despite this, not one security council member has ever sought to impose any sustained

Cyprus began its ordeal, she has not. Turkey continues to violate human rights in Cyprus on a permanent basis. Turkey continues to occupy 40 per cent of Cypriot territory. Turkey demands rights over the properties of people who abandoned their

Cyprus is an island containing two countries. Both have democratically elected governments; one is primarily inhabited by Turkish Cypriots and the other by Greek Cypriots. In Cyprus' recent past she has been one country. In the past two hundred years she

"ready for peaceful talks". Should they "react strongly" they were to be subdued by an overwhelming display of force.

The Turkish Cypriots rejected these amendments.

On Saturday 21st December 1963, some of Akri-

bent upon the extermination of the Turkish population."

When the United States Under Secretary of State, George W Ball, visited Cyprus in February 1964 he was appalled. He accused Archbishop Makarios of turning Cyprus into his "private abattoir" and concluded that the "Greek Cypriots just want to be left alone to kill Turkish Cypriots."

By the end of 1964, Makarios had achieved his immediate goal of destroying the Republic of Cyprus. Over 25,000 Turkish Cypriots were chased from their homes, often with only the clothes they stood up in. They were now forced to live as refugees. However, the Akritas Plan, by doing this, led to a further strengthening of Turkish Cypriot enclaves. By September 1964, Makarios had succeeded in separating the Turkish and Greek Cypriot populations and sowing fear and distrust throughout the Turkish Cypriots.

"Black December" was followed by another eleven years of terror for Turkish Cypriots. Finally, in 1974, an outside power acted under the conditions of the Treaty of Guarantee and ensured their rights as human beings. Despite the brutalities of the war of 1974, it must be remembered that the persecution the Turks had suffered showed that they were fighting for their survival as a race; The Greeks merely fought for the right to rid the island of Turks.

From 1960 onwards, the Turks only asked for equal rights and for the sanctity of Cyprus as an independent state rather than a Greek vassal. Instead, they were forced to make a plea for help from the Guarantor powers. Turkey responded. The establishment of the Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus was seen as the only way to guarantee Turkish Cypriot human rights.

Greek Cypriots may complain about the current situation but none of this does anything to hide the truth. They have only their greed, barbarism and violent xenophobia towards Turkish Cypriots to blame.

The Turkish Cyprus of today will not consider unification with majority rule because the Greek Cypriots have already demonstrated its implications. The Greek Cypriots have everything to gain from unification and the Turkish Cypriots everything to lose. For the Turkish Cypriots to accept the type of unification plans the Greeks propose would be paramount to voluntary genocide.

Faz Zahir on remembering "Black December," 1963



form of diplomatic, economic or military pressure upon Turkey to comply with numerous UN resolutions calling for her immediate withdrawal from Cyprus.

The recent Gulf Crisis has starkly illustrated how large powers can use the UN to selectively pick and choose those resolutions which will legitimise their will of force over smaller nations. If the

homes in the savagery of war. Turkey deprives people of the right to return to their homes. This is what it is like for the people of Cyprus to be living in a country under foreign occupation: in short, to be a refugee in one's own land. The prospect of hope, though, is not dead. Cypriots shall continue to work towards a new world order.

A world order in which native Greek and Turkish Cypriots can live together - free, united and unoccupied. Hope endures in us as students and individuals. By uniting our efforts, something can be achieved.

Every now and then, have the vision to lift your eyes from the textbooks. Cyprus has been living a long enduring tragedy for the past eighteen years. Imagine what an international precedent it would be to re-establish a united Cyprus free from foreign military occupation. It would give hope to those fighting for a united Ireland; hope for stateless Palestinians and also hope to other countries that have been brutally invaded and occupied.

has passed from Ottoman to British colonial status to independence as a republic in 1960. Between 1960 and 1974 the rights of Turkish Cypriots as guaranteed under the constitution were never implemented by the Greek majority and, increasingly, their ability to exist as a nationality came into question. "Black December" in 1963 is just one example in the way in which Turkish Cypriots were persecuted.

It was the realisation that unification of Cyprus with Greece was the long term goal of the Greek Cypriots that shattered the hopes of their Turkish Cypriot partners. Public statements by Greek Cypriots and even by the President of the Republic, Archbishop Makarios, betrayed their ultimate intentions.

"Until this small community forming part of the Turkish race which has been the terrible enemy of Hellenism is expelled, the duty of the heroes of Foka [Greek terrorist forces] can never be considered as terminated."

The Akritas plan was drawn up to establish the legal framework for Cyprus' absorption into the Greek state. According to this, the Republic's government was to adopt a series of amendments to the constitution which would appear "reasonable and just" but would actually deprive the Turkish Cypriots of their rights. Turkish Cypriots were to be mollified by being made to believe that the Makarios regime was always

"special constables" tried to stop and search a Turkish woman in Nicosia. As a group of Turks angrily protested, the constables shot her and her companion. They later shot into the playground of a Turkish boys school. A bloodbath followed in Nicosia. Two RAF officials described how a mother and her three young children were machine-gunned to death as they sheltered in the bathroom of their house.

These attacks, bent on intimidating the Turkish Cypriot community were extraordinarily savage. The Guardian reported on December 31st 1963,

"It is nonsense to claim, as the Greeks do, that all casualties were caused by fighting between armed men of both sides. On Christmas Eve, many Turkish people were brutally attacked and murdered in their suburban homes."

Similarly, the Daily Herald stated:

"In a village of shame today, I found grim evidence of hatred between Greek and Turk that has bedeviled this beautiful island...In a night of terror, 350 villages vanished. They were all Turks...From doorways men and women eyed me suspiciously. When I asked where are the Turks, the women averted their gaze, the men shuffled their feet and said 'We don't know. They just left.'"

Robert H Estabrook of the Washington Post, wrote of Archbishop Makarios,

"His government provoked the clashes and is

Cypriots were naive enough to believe that gunboat diplomacy had ended and that when large countries signed international treaties respecting the rights of smaller nations, they meant to abide by those decisions.

resolutions passed by the UN conflict with the dominant power, no action will be taken to prevent aggression or solve international disputes.

Cypriots were naive enough to believe that gunboat diplomacy had ended and that when large countries signed international treaties respecting the rights of smaller nations, they meant to abide by those decisions.

Kuwait has been liberated. Eighteen years after

For:

1992 is election year. Should it be the last without Proportional Representation?

Under the established system for electing MPs, each elector has only one vote; each constituency returns only one MP, and the winner takes all. The candidate who is first past the post with the most votes becomes the MP whether or not he or she has an overall majority of votes cast in the constituency.

The main criticism of the established electoral system is that it is not "fair" and is not properly representative. Parties do not secure seats in the commons in proportion to their votes in the country. We may have a system of 'one person, one vote', but we do not have a system of 'one person, one vote, one value', since some votes are more equal than others, depending on the party you chose to vote for and where you happen to live.

Every British government since the war has not enjoyed the support of 50% of the voters. For example, in February 1974, a Labour Government was formed on the basis of the votes of 37.2% of the voters. In 1983, the Conservative landslide of seats was based on just 42% of the vote. Although critics of PR argue that the current system fosters a strong government, in reality this has simply meant that 'minority governments' have been

able to push their policies through the Commons in a manner more authoritarian than democratic.

A small swing in votes under First Past The Post tends to produce a major change in party strength in the Commons. This tends to exaggerate a party's lead in a way that further prompts sharp shifts in policy, when there are only small shifts in votes and

Against:

The current voting system is a simple. The voter only needs to put an 'X' against the preferred candidate. It is also well understood and so facilitates an easy involvement in the democratic process.

One of the advantages of the current system is the compact single member

their support. A topical illustration of such a scenario is Israel, where two minor parties, who held a small percentage of seats, withdrew their support and caused the downfall of the government. It would be shameful to see a party elected with 45% of the vote brought down by a party with the support of three or four percent of the electorate.

The established system does discriminate against the third party securing seats in proportion to votes. However, it fosters strong, stable and accountable government, which would be under threat if PR was introduced. At a general election, the electorate is presented with a clear choice between the two main parties. Under PR, it would be less possible for the electorate to directly choose the

government, because the deals in the 'smoke-filled rooms' would not be known in advance. Accountability of government would be more difficult because various members of the coalition would distance themselves from the failures of the government whilst claiming the successes as their own.

The current system does provide for moderate government in the long-run, as the two parties must always strive to capture the middle ground, hence their policies must be attractive to this broad section of the electorate, who tend to be politically moderate.

James Brown

A Truly Representative Election?

still more limited changes in public opinion.

The current system is seen in its worst light when, for example, in the elections of 1929, 1951 and February 1974, the party with the largest number of MPs actually gained a smaller share of the overall vote than the runner-up. That is: the electoral winner was the governmental loser.

Given the increasing social heterogeneity in Britain, it would be more prudent to adopt a fairer and more consensual voting system which will more accurately reflect the wishes of the people.

Tim Haughton

constituencies. These facilitate close contact between MPs and the constituencies, and hence encourage the redress of individual grievances in a way which fosters support for the system. Under a system of PR, this would be at best diluted and at worst lost.

Under PR, every government since the war would have been a coalition given the same voting behaviour. The centre parties would have had a strength of influence far greater than their proportion of the vote would merit. They would have been able to insist on certain ministerial posts and forced through various measures as a price for

Post Haste

Letters due to E197, by hand or internal mail, by 4 p.m. Wednesday

Task Force too bureaucratic

Dear Beaver,

The solutions proposed by Michiel van Hulsten and the Task Force last week illustrate to what extent the problem which students face in fighting for what they need has been transformed into a bureaucratic exercise.

Concretely, van Hulsten's suggestions are basically proposals to take resources away from one area of students' life in the college into another. A video link or not a proper lecture, and increasing overseas students' fees is a disgusting attempt to pass the bill onto foreigners. This is extremely divisive as it sets the interest of home students against those of the overseas students. Clearly, van Hulsten is an extension of the management, and the whole scheme, including the Task Force itself, is a face-saving exercise for a management which is responsible for devaluing the

quality of education at the LSE.

More importantly, the presentation of the management as equal negotiators to students in the form of the Task Force is misleading. Firstly, management are active administrators of the cuts, not passive victims of government policy. Secondly, it avoids the important task facing us today: that of involving more students in fighting for what we need. As yet, the meek (the students) have not yet inherited the earth (well, County Hall for the executive). So, why wait for it to happen? One technical solution or the other will not make a bit of difference to the political problems facing us. We have to organise today.

Sinisa Vacic
Revolutionary Communist Party.

Underground comes above ground

Dear Beaver,

I would like to take this opportunity to tell everyone about the marvellous new bar we have called "The Underground". It has got very pretty paint on the walls and some nice new

glasses. The only problem I can envisage anyone having is a potential case for poor company during an evening out down there. Perhaps, in that case, you can enter the rag week Blind Date and find yourself someone agreeable to while away a pleasant evening with. The bar stools are really comfy and if Jim Fagan says it is smart, then it definitely must be. So, folks. Take a trip down there and enjoy a night of refined and sophisticated drinking. Or, you can retreat to the Underground for a right raving piss-up like most of you do all the time in the Tuns anyway. Good Cheer and Happy Underground drinking to you all.

Fiona MacDonald
Social and services Secretary.

Let us introduce ourselves

Dear Readers,

I would like to take this opportunity to tell everyone about the marvellous new newspaper we have called "The Beaver". It has got very pretty fonts on the pages and some nice new headlines. The only problem I can envisage anyone having is a potential case for poor vision during a

reading session, due to a lack of red lines (unless you are in the Underground or the Tuns, in which case you may see red lines anyway).

There is in fact a very good reason for all of these changes. To you, it may be simply the loss of a very pretty red line. To us, though, it is the saving of £40 per week (or £1,000 per year). In the long run, this will mean that other societies can have more money out of the Union, as we won't need as much.

Apart from that, the general lay-out of the pages is less aggressive, so it won't detract from the very interesting nature of your alcoholic beverage on a lunch time session. (Or an evening one come to think of it.)

We have tried to make it a classier Beaver for you (no sexual innuendoes, please). However, if you don't like the paper and you continue to complain loudly enough about it, we might still ignore you. If you really want to change it, why not join the Collective?

At least the changes have had some positive effect on counteracting student apathy. You've all been talking more about The Beaver in the past week than in the past year.

The Beaver Editor

The Beaver

Why oh why is it so very cold these days? This morning, walking to School, I was freezing my brass monkeys off, I can tell you. You'd think there'd be a law against it. Yet no-one in the entire student body has made any attempt to solve the problem, preferring to make excuses about not being responsible for the world's climatic situation.

I think I might propose to set up a Task Force to try and solve the problem, headed by the Director and Michiel van Hulsten. We could give the pair of them three years to try and find a solution to the climatic problems, after which we could resort to an occupation to bring our plight to the immediate attention of the Government.

If, in the interim, the "odd couple" are able to come to some solution, this will undoubtedly help our chances in the acquisition of County Hall, by showing that we are a responsible higher education institution that is able to solve its own students' welfare problems. If not, we could perhaps lobby Parliament for an increase in sunshine hours in line with the cumulative effects of inflation since 1979 (the year sunshine hours were frozen). That, by my reckoning, would give us an extra three hours of burning hot sunshine per day. This adds up to a serious possibility of a British suntan for all LSE students. Of course, if overseas students fees were to be increased as well, then our suntans could be increased still further.

If you have got this far through the column, you might think that I am simply taking the mickey. Well, you could very well be right. Then again, have you ever been cold walking to School in the mornings? (Translation, please.)

- | | |
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There will be an election for the post of Features Editor at Monday's collective meeting. Nominations to be handed to Madeline Gwyon by 5pm Monday.

Eddie Izzard

Bizzare, or what?

The one romantic evening Toby and I have shared was in a small cabaret club in Baltham in the muggy depths of August. Actually, Toby only came with me to the Banana Club to see Eddie Izzard because I got free tickets in the Agents hope that I would book this up-coming, but essentially unknown, comic during my year as Social Secretary. By the end of the evening I was in love. This was not because of the low lighting or because Toby bought me a drink and my favorite cigarettes; my love was and remains Eddie.

Now it's January. Since the fateful night in August, I have followed Eddie to Edinburgh and back and watched him progress from the cozy 50 seater club in Baltham to 5 SOLD OUT nights of his mental meanderings in The Bloomsbury Theatre in London. Now he's back and playing at the LSE this week. My heart thumps loudly under my thick West Country Woolen Sweater and so

should yours. Why? Read on...

Eddie Izzard for two years running has been nominated for The Perrier Award - given for excellence in comedy at the Edinburgh Festival and in 1991 he won the TIME OUT Cabaret Award. This prestigious and far from excessive recognition has not come a moment too soon as Eddie has been a starving comedian since age 7.

After all these years of perfecting his art, his informal and surreal brand of story telling is his hallmark. In his front room he leads the audience through a fantasy land filled with Swedish shipping disasters, shopping for toilet role and the JR Hartley version of The Bible.

You see his comedy is one of observation; the twisting of reality into hilarious hours of comedy. He works with the really topical-events of that day even-pleasing the fickle cabaret audience so they are faced with totally fresh,



Eddie Izzard in a very silly shirt.

almost completely ad-libbed material - not just something reheated in the microwave of formula comedy.

Eddie explains his unique brand of comedy as simply going into a lot of detail to get something right about something totally meaningless (sounds like he takes artistic advice from

SWSS). But it works and he's amazing. My respect for this artist stems not only from the uniqueness of his talent, but also his commitment to AIDS charities to which he donates his art personally - hence the discovery of Eddie by the general public at the Hysteria AIDS benefit (organised by an ex-LSE

social sec).

Eddie Izzard takes the piss where no man has pissed before. See him in the LSE Old Theatre before it's too late to find a loo.

Fiona MacDonald

Eddie Izzard performs Thursday, 30 January, 8pm, Old Theatre

At A Glance

Cabaret

Eddie Izzard

LSE Old Theatre,

Thursday, 30 Jan.

Exhibition

Andrea

Mantegna

the Royal Academy

of Arts

Opera

Così fan Tutte

Royal Opera House,

Covent Garden

Theatre

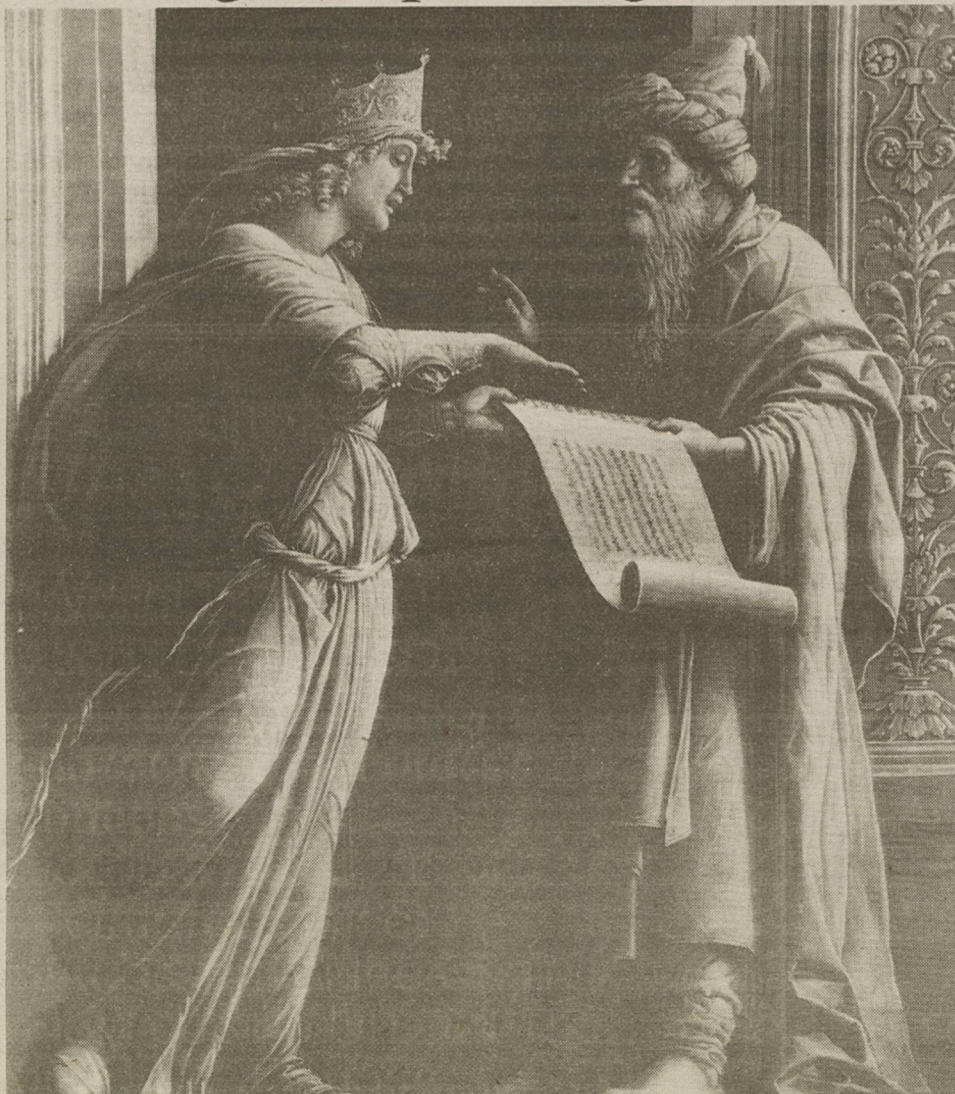
All My Sons

at the Young Vic

Tickets £4/£2.50 students from the S.U. Shop or S.U. Reception

Focusing on Perspective

Mantegna's paintings breathe life into the Royal Academy



A Sibyl and a Prophet, c. 1495, by Andrea Mantegna. On exhibit at the Royal Academy of Arts until 5 April.

Andrea Mantegna is widely renowned as one of the finest painters of the early Italian Renaissance. He brought a depth of realism and expression hitherto neglected in painting. This carefully presented exhibition at the Royal Academy has managed to bring together some of his finest works and to present them in a sensitive way to appeal to both the amateur and professional artistic connoisseur.

Mantegna is, in many ways, a unique artist. He was able to reflect the glories of classicism in a way his contemporaries were not able to achieve, in an era when the boundaries of academic study were expanding; the eloquence of the Latin language was constantly being explored and the view of Renaissance historians was that a period of perfection had ended with the fall of Rome.

Such is the environment that surrounded Mantegna and such an environment was very much reflected in his images. "The Triumphs of Caesar" is perhaps the most famous example of this. Vasari, the sixteenth century artist and writer, regarded these as the finest example of Mantegna's works and indeed, they provide striking viewing.

Nine canvases were painted of which eight are on display. They depict Caesar's triumphal procession through Rome accompanied by trumpeters, soldiers, elephants and all the other finery associated with such a military victory.

These paintings have suffered the worst wear and tear over the years and have therefore been considerably restored. Although this does not detract in any way from the beauty of the figures, it does mean that the colours are not as brilliant as in some of the other works on display.

For me, the most satisfying feeling is seeing these works in front of me that I had only previously read about or seen in books. The vividness of these paintings can only be properly appreciated when faced with the original. The souvenir postcards available from the museum shop therefore, cannot reproduce the scope of emotion, depth and colour that the originals provide.

When studying the Mantegna cartoons, it is clear that his work precedes that of da Vinci as the skeletal structures of the figures don't seem quite right. The cartoons in this exhibition do provide an interesting insight into the work of the

Mantegna factory. There are works produced by his apprentices that match his designs exactly. This is likely to surprise many who visit the museum as we take it for granted that each painting produced was an original and a masterpiece. Historical accounts of art factories are not sufficient to prepare one for the shock of seeing three or four "original" sketches that are all identical.

The refreshing change that is really noticeable in all of the paintings on display is that variety of landscape used. Previous artists had tended to neglect this field more to concentrate on the subject matter in hand. Mantegna managed both with a grace and ease that both surprises and pleases.

I think it is this, coupled with the emotion that he manages to portray in the faces of his subjects that make him one of the more remarkable artists of the Renaissance.

Madeline Gwyon

The Mantegna exhibition is open until the 5th April 1992 at the Royal Academy, Piccadilly. Admission is £3.40 for students.

Mozart's Women

Cosi Fan Tutte at Covent Garden

"No good opera plot can be sensible, for people do not sing when they are feeling sensible". This very much sums up Mozart's opera 'Cosi fan Tutte', which was performed at the Royal Opera House last Tuesday.

Theatricaly, the plot is a disaster: Two sisters are getting married (no, not to each other). Their lovers are both dashing soldiers, who are totally convinced of their fiances' devotion and faithfulness. Whilst boasting about this at the local club, a wiser, older friend bets them that he could prove the ladies to be unfaithful.

The soldiers hatch what seems a ridiculous plan, feigning their own call-up, and then re-appearing disguised as rich Algerian princes, oozing charm out of every crevice, in an attempt to win the ladies' supposedly faithful hearts. Needless to say, they succeed (the small concession to excitement being they ensnare each others' lady, the thrill coming when they have to tell each other of their success).

When they realise they were wrong, they threaten to kill everyone

in sight, including themselves. However, their wise friend cheers them up by reminding them that all they have lost is the large sum of money they both promised him: The ladies are still theirs for the taking. All ends happily with a wedding and lots of sickly promises of eternal love etc. ad nauseam.....

Be honest, would you pay £20 for a small seat in the back row of the 'Gods' to see that? I did, and I will quite happily say that it was the best £20 I have ever spent. Honest. When you add music by Mozart, it suddenly seems relevant and purposeful. The fact that it was exquisitely performed had nothing to do with it; as an art-form, opera is perfection.

Cosi fan Tutte is not dramatic. Your emotions are not challenged in the slightest, as you sit back and have your senses caressed and soothed. Visually, the Royal Opera excelled themselves with a harem that descended from the roof, and steps descending into the floor, which served as the main door.

As I mentioned, the performances were excellent. The orchestra sounded suitably distant, never challenging the singers, and despite being sung in Italian, I managed to under-

stand every word. My limited vocabulary was significantly assisted by the provision of 'surtitles', discreetly projected onto a screen above the action. This satisfies those who feel that the understanding of the words is important, and those who think that opera in English is the same as baseball in Italian. (Loses something in the translation).

All this may explain the peculiar support opera now receives. Sponsors fall over themselves to have their name on the front cover of the programme. (I expect a great number of them fall over dead when they see the costs of this ego-boosting). In addition, some people are prepared to pay £100 for a seat for one performance. Even Frank Sinatra isn't that expensive.

So, opera cannot be dismissed as irrelevant, and as a medium it is serious. However, if you watched a lot of opera and took the plots too seriously, you could end up a gibbering wreck, as well as a great deal poorer.

James Brown

Family Business

'All My Sons' at the Young Vic.

Up until two years ago I thought Arthur Miller was dead. I associated him with the likes of Tennessee Williams and the 'lost generation' of Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Pound and others.

Largely this was just plain ignorance, but it was also a reaction to the plays that I had read at school. 'The Crucible', 'Death of a Salesman', 'View from the Bridge', 'After the Fall' - plays of such dramatic force and pure literary quality that I took for granted the author of such works had passed on, lost to the bottle, the ladies, and the riotous living like so many others. But no, he's still alive, still battering on the typer, still pursuing many of the themes that marked his other plays.

And even if his latest effort 'A Ride Down Mount Morgan' is perhaps not in the same bracket as his most well known works there is still a seam of earlier material that stands up strong and is always a pleasure and a challenge to experience. Certainly this is the case with 'All My Sons' now playing at the Young Vic (until Feb. 29th).

Miller tells the tale of Joe Keller, owner of a manufacturing firm during the Second World War, who knowingly permits the shipment of faulty airplane parts that lead to the death of 21 American pilots. When brought to trial Joe does a deal with the law, leaving his partner and next door neighbour to take the blame and serve the resulting prison sentence. The shamed family have to leave the neighbourhood and migrate to New York.

Also during the war, one of Joe's sons, Larry, a fighter pilot, was reported missing in action and three years later has still not returned.

Rather than accept her sons' death Kate Keller insists that he is still alive. His wardrobe is untouched, his shoes are regularly polished, and when we join the play (three years after the court case and the reporting of Larry's disappearance) Kate has asked one of the neighbours who studies astrology to find out if the day on which Larry was reported missing was a 'favourable' day, if the stars were good for her son.

While his son has not returned, and his partner lingers in jail, Joe Keller still presides over the family business which he now shares with his son Chris. Chris is in love with Annie, his brothers old girl, who requites the sentiment and has accepted Chris' invitation to come and visit him, implicitly acknowledging that she has come to

accept his unspoken but imminent proposal of marriage. Kate though could never countenance the marriage, as it would be indicative of Larry's death, that he's not coming back - something that Kate has never allowed anyone to suggest.

Moreover if she accepts that her son is dead she must face the fact that her husband was responsible for the death of 21 American pilots - pilots just like her son - after all they are all her sons.

It is in this web of pain, loss, deceit, self-justification and repressive familial bonds that Miller deals with issues of morality, the cost of success to the integrity of an individual and responsibility to a world larger than that which we normally inhabit.

Yet Miller doesn't preach or present issues as clear cut. As he reveals the past of the Kellers and deals with the issues mentioned above, he also creates characters that are human, humorous and attractive and vulnerable.

Joe Keller, superbly played by Ian Bannen, is a character we find ourselves drawn to. A big man of warmth, of grandfatherly re-assurance, of humour, of apparently simple ways, frequently remarking on his lack of education, he only ever reads the 'want ads' in the paper so that he "can keep abreast of his ignorance". He's what you might call "a good guy".

His wife Kate (Marjorie Yates) is the powerful maternal figure, who makes the finest grapejuice, who knows how things are, what is right and what is wrong.

The son Chris (Matthew Marsh) is another 'good guy'. Honoured in war, honest in nature, "worried about everything", he looks to the future, of happy days with Annie, kids and his own family home.

Thus the Kellers are O.K. We enjoy the banter between husband and wife, we feel for Kates' grief, Chris enlists our sympathy in his aspirations to lead his own life despite the pain it will bring to his mother. So why rake up the past, why not let it be? these people are good people - why turn the screw and bring back the pain?

But Miller is a moralist - our responsibility to man and womankind are great. Joes' plea that "there is nothing bigger than the family" isn't good enough.

there's a scene in the second act where Annes brother George comes down to from New York after visiting their father in prison. The first time in three years. He comes to tell her the

truth. That Joe Keller let *their* father take the rap for *his* crime. That she mustn't marry Chris.

George, a lawyer in New York, is a man of principles, he isn't smooth like Joe or Chris, he looks visibly uncomfortable. Wealth and success haven't given him the confidence of the Kellers. Yet he's fired up to tell the truth. A sense of injustice burns inside him. Slowly though he is almost taken over.

Kate scolds him for his ragged appearance. What's the matter, is his mother not feeding him? She gets him to sit down, to have some juice, that she made just for him. It used to be his favourite.

Joe informs him that when his father is released there's a place in the firm for him, and if George wants, Joe could fix him up in a big law firm right here and now.

Kate tells him he needs a girl, and that he could have married Lydie, but his head was too full of principles. He had to go off and fight fascism, and what was happening when he was fighting for his principles? Someone else was warming Lydie's bed. You gotta know where your priorities lie.

It is a horrible yet brilliant scene. The powerful anaesthetic of the powerful; forget about your principles, be practical. Take the good job the comfortable life.

Yet despite the self-protecting, destructive deceit of the Kellers there is still a sense of tragedy. The pain of the mother who can't face up to her sons' death, the father who "did it all" for his son. The son who doesn't want it all, yet loves his father. An echo of Hamlet: "...this time is out of joint, O cursed sprite that ever I was born to set it right..."

I could go on about the strength of the cast as a whole, the supreme quality of millers' dramatic technique, the intimacy of theatre, and how the sparse set adds to that intimacy. Suffice to say that if you've got a few bob spare and you fancy an evening that's by turns sad, humorous, stimulating, emotive, and above all pleasingly demanding, then Arthur Miller's 'All My Sons' is well worth considering.

(Alternatively you could give Katie the Sex Kitten a ring on 071-656 243)

Donal O'Hagan and Claire Taylor

The Underground

(previously C018)

The new Students' Union Bar

Open for Regular Hours as of Wednesday, 29 January
Monday - Friday
noon - 3pm, 5pm-11pm

Offers a premium range of lagers, spirits and non-alcoholic beverages:
Czechoslovakian Budweiser
Molsen Dry
Dos Equis
Miller Draft
Sol
DB Export
Stella Artois

Also serving coffee and a wide range of meat and vegetarian foods (baps, french sticks, sandwiches, snacks)

Look for a spectacular line-up of events and promotions:
Live Jazz, Comedy, acoustic music, video nights on the wide screen TV, amazing discos and light shows.

Come see the Union's latest addition.
It's definately not the Three Tuns

Ad Nauseum, Indeed!

Just when you thought it was safe to go back into the water. Your worst nightmare has returned. Ron Voce is alive.

Well Neil must be getting desperate. A whole page at Christmas and now this half page. At least Bobby Charlton can't slag me off this time so its time for us oldies to hit back. Yes I am old. Yes some things did pass me by, but what the f**k!

...

Last week I reviewed Public Enemy and Anthrax. When I returned home I ut it with the rest of the stubs. I counted them and found this had been my 150th gig. I know its a strange thing to do, but once I had an anorak and went train spotting! My first gig was in 1980 and now its 1992 so that about 1 a month. For all your suspicions of my rock/metal tendencies with my long hair and leather jacket I have always gone for diversity. I simply say, music is art and all art is subjective. So if I like something I go, for instance last Thursday I went to see Simply Red so read the review next week. Any way back to the plot.

...

Oh no! Here we go into the Twilight Zone! Cue the music.

Ne Ne Ne Na! Ne Ne Ne Na! Ne Ne Ne Na! Ne Ne Ne Na! Ne Ne Ne Na! Ne Ne Ne Na! etc... ..ad infinitum.

It's July 1977, I've just completed my first and only year at Tiverton Grammar School. No they didn't ex-

pel me, they just went Comprehensive. We were lucky at T.G.S., one of the music teachers knew someone in the rock music game. So we had put on gigs from such exalted names as the Glitter Band in 1974, Supertramp in 1975 and Rainbow in 1976.

These were usually exclusive for gorillas of the sixth form. Lesser mortals had very little chance of getting in. In the last year it was left as a bit of a surprise.

The school band finished their spot and on came those heroes of Geordie land Lindisfarne. Not so much "Down at Dingley Den" but down in dingy Devon. I believe it was a good gig with all the traditional frivolity of Lindisfarne's Christmas shows. Lindisfarne, I can recommend seeing, having seen them since at the Hammersmith Odeon and also at St James Park, Newcastle. However I digress.

Once the School went Comprehensive the calibre of bands went down hill. From major acts to possible one hit wonders. We had Black Roots a reggae band in 1978, some one so forgettable in 1979. In 1980, we hit a strange one. Graduate, a band from Bath had released a couple of songs. One, "Elvis should play Ska" went to number one in Spain! so they told us.



A teardrop explodes. Julian hates being reminded of his past, Ron.

After a brief set, a couple of them were trying to chat up my sister. It was then I found out that the band was splitting. These two Curt Smith and Roland Orzabal were going to form a new band. They didn't have a name yet. However we all now that story! Yes here was the start of Tears

4 Fears. God I feel so guilty!

The following year, they had this band down called the Cherry Boys. This was the time when anything that came out of Liverpool was great. Echo and the Bunny Men, Icicle Works, Teardrop Explodes et al. Unfortunately the Cherry

Boys were trying to do a Flock of Seagulls. No, they didn't run around stage flapping their arms and crapping on everyone's' head. They just tried to fuse a normal band line up, with a poxy second generation Juno 6 synthesizer. "I Ran and Wishing" it was not, but they must have had something.

After all that doyen of good taste John Peel believed "they were the band most likely to..." in 1981. Most likely to do diddly shit if you ask me. All they did was dive bomb like the Seagulls they were trying to impersonate. I mention them for no other reason than to mention the support band.

The band were the same one who played with Lindisfarne at the Grammar school back in 1977. Not a lot had changed, they had come a long way, but still all they wanted to be were the next Slade or Status Quo. Mike Read Played their Demo, they had worked with Glen Hughes of Deep Purple and with Dave Brock of Hawkwind. Although I could play both Piano, Guitar and trumpet pretty well and most others well enough (My what a great ego I've got), I realised these other people were better, (yes and modest to!) so I let them get on with it. I joined them as driver/roadie and they did well for a few years.

So when I finished my O levels, I found a job and left school. I was working with a band who in their own words, not John Peels, were going to be "the next big thing of 1982" and "1983" etc... This band were not going to be big, but it was fun trying it meant I could go and see a lot more bands and afford to ravel gosh what a great next ten years. I worked for the band for another 6 years until the usual thing happened again. The three M's have stopped many a band. For future reference the three M's are Marriage, Mortgage and Maternity.

...

Oh shit, he we go again back through the Twilight Zone, cue music!

Ne Ne Ne Na! Ne Ne Ne Na! Ne Ne Ne Na! Ne Ne Ne Na! Ne Ne Ne Na! Ne Ne Ne Na! etc... ..ad infinitum.

So here we are back in 1992, I have an essay to write and a concert to go to. If I get a chance and there's some space I will be able to bore you senseless with some more dreary monologues. So if you don't want more of "War and Peace" or "My part in Music's Downfall" Then give Neil some copy. Otherwise next week we'll discuss the early '80s.

Remember I will be asking questions later!
T.T.F.N

Down Where The Buffalo Roam

Buffalo Tom cause a stampede at ULU

How to know that you're at a "grunge" (yes I know its a crappy word to describe this sort of thing, but...) gig: a handy cut-out-and-keep guide, provided free with this weeks paper.

One: Look at the shirts being worn, both by the band, and also the crowd. Note the names. There will firstly be hordes of Nirvana ones. These are only worn by people who only got into Nirvana on the strength of their last album, the played to death 'Nevermind'. For these youngsters, and take note, they are all 18-ish, that album was their first contact with "grunge", or "sub-pop" or whatever term you wish to use; they liked it, once it became okay for them to be seen liking it, for the kind of "rock" it contains is nicely melodious. Thats right, melodious. It has tunes that you can sing along to, and for these young indie fellas that was something of a change in their perception of this "scene". See, they've

wanted to be into these bands, the Mudhoney's, the Dinosaur Jr's (insert your own examples, cos mine aren't very good. Also, take note: I don't really like Nevermind, but I don't really like any Nirvana; dont read personal preferences into this review), because their music is seen to be hard and loud, and they wanted to like it but were put off by the noise. Besides they were getting distracted by whatever the cool trendy current-hot thing was you were supposed to be into as dictated by the music papers (Blur, Carter, Thousand Yard Stare, Neds, etc). And then these papers suddenly turned on to Nirvana - along with the rest of the world - and they became the current hot thing, got listened to and adjusted to, got liked, and became trendy. Theirs were the shirts to buy and the back catalogue to scour. And as Buffalo Tom are all part of this 'scene' they get the benefit (?) at their gigs.

They're almost guaranteed a good reception from these new converts, too, as these people can't be seen not liking BT, cos then others might think they're only into Nirvana cos Nirvana are trendy. And we cant have that can we? I seem to have strayed a bit. Hang on..... Right, yes, so: there will be a) lots of Nirvana tops. Also, shirts by other "grungey"-type combos. Captain America are quite cool because firstly Kurt (the lead singer from Nirvana, stupid) has been seen wearing one, and secondly no-one's got any of their records. Another popular top is the BT one from their last tour, or even the one before that, worn by those who want to proclaim loudly "I liked these before you young whippersnappers were even born, and definitely before Nirvana made the whole bastard thing trendy, so sod off, cos its only the music I'm into, right?" Signed tops are optional, but show that

you're really into them, so much you met them. Gosh, how great can you get? [Note the irony here.

Second thing to be on the look-out for is: Long hair. Often greasy.

Number Three is the drinks. Has to be bitter or Brown. No la**r, no mixers, and quite categorically no cider and black.

Four) Stagediving. This is something done again by both band and crowd. No one has ever worked out why people should want to force themselves to the front of a huge sweating moshing throng, fight your way onstage, avoid both the bouncers trying to haul you off and the band members trying to kick you out the way, and then throw yourself back in, risking life, limb, and getting trampled on, back into all the hot sweaty greasy crusty pit of people you've just fought your way out of. Why? Its even developed into something of an art form. Theres the straight sort-of wimpy

fall into the crowd for beginners, the run-up-and-jump as-far-as-you-can (feet first or the more common head first) type, the fight your way up, head-bang a bit once you're there, and then jump style, the bounce around the stage a bit first variety, or for the real connoisseurs, there's the combination of any or all of these with the somersault(s) and twists as you leap off. I really do feel sorry for the poor people at the front who get landed on. It must hurt like hell to get a para-boot in the face. Anyway, I'm rambling again....

So, they're the four essential points to look out for. Spot all of these, and you're at some sort of "grunge"-type gig. Whether its good or bad depends on your taste of course, but there are some optional pointers to help you along the way if you're still not sure. The smashing of the equipment at the end of the set, for instance, or the fact

that the support act are always crap are two such examples. Then there's the cover of a song that some other similar style band wrote that you do cos they're your friends. The list is endless.

800 words without mentioning the actual gig in the headline is quite good dont you think? And there is a reason, not a very good one I'll admit, but a reason nonetheless. The fact is, you see, that I haven't actually attended the gig yet. Its on last Friday, and I'm writing this last Tuesday (21st). Though I am going, if Neil gets me in free, that is. But I can guarantee to you that had you been there, the above is a pretty good summation of what it would have been/will be/was, like. And if its not/wasn't, well, I'll just write another review. Probably.

Z.H.

Spinning On A Six Pence

England's greatest football stars give you their verdict on this week's 45s

Bobby Charlton's Single Of The Week

Teenage Fanclub: What You Do To Me (Creation)

Ah, this record takes me back to that golden era more commonly known as the 'Sixties. I thought this was the Beatles circa 1965 but then I looked on the cover and discovered that it was in fact a band called Teenage Fanclub. What a silly name. Nice song, though. None of this techno rubbish. Just guitars, drums and harmonious vocals. An original 'Sixties song for the 'Nineties!

Martin Chivers' Tip For The Top

Mega City Four: Stop (Big Life)

"Stop and listen/ You might hear something you're missing". Like a decent song maybe? I received several stickers along with this record and they're much more fun. If you've ever heard of Mega City Four then you'll know what this sounds like, which is quite strange because the B-side, 'The Desert Song', sounds exactly like the Housemartins. Coincidence or what?

Kevin Keegan's Bubble Gum Perm Selection.

My Jealous God: Easy (Fontana)

If you play this song at the wrong speed it sounds like the Inspiral Carpets. Played at the right speed it sounds just like Blur. If you play a video tape of my 1974 FA



Are the Manic Street Preachers in line for a knighthood?

Cup Final goal really slowly, it still looks great. Some things remain perfect, no matter what speed you play them at. My Jealous God have missed the Groovy Train by two years. There's no point in trying to resuscitating its corpse. It shuffled off this mortal coil years ago. By the way, if you play the bingo calls at the beginning of the record backwards you'll hear "I love Satan Greavesie".

Stuart Pearce's Punk Record Of The Week

Manic Street Preachers: You Love Us (Columbia)

I loved 'Love's Sweet Exile'. This is almost as good. Thrashing guitars, crash-

ing drums, smashing vocals and me for England captain. Playing with knives is one thing but playing with razors are an entirely different matter. These guys are 4 REAL. Sorry, I couldn't resist it. Top of the Pops beckons with the knowledge that we love them, isn't that right, Brian? Of course it is.

Vinny Jones' Piece Of Vinyl

Primal Scream: Dixie Narco EP (Creation)

Yea, right....erm.....yeah, well, he was running down the wing, right, and I thought to myself: "Go on, 'ave 'im, son." And then the ref....what?...oh...right. Primal Scream are one of

this country's top exponents of the Indie-Dance crossover and the tracks on this EP include 'Movin' On Up' and 'Screamadelica'. If you saw The Word with that Amanda bird, then you'll know what this sounds like. A translucent guitars with an Indie backbeat. Chronic. Know what I mean, Trevor. I could make a record if I wanted to. That'd be magic. Yeah, anyway as I was saying, I took his legs away, right, and that bastard ref comes running up to me...

Next Week: Nat Lofthouse airs his views on the rise and fall of Modern Romance.

Hole Lotta Love

Hole, Therapy and Daisy Chainsaw. An unholy trinity break new instruments at ULU

This three band gig was kicked off by the rapidly emerging Daisy Chainsaw, with a short, but sweet set. On stage they look a VERY strange outfit. The lead singer is short, fragile looking, and looks dirty, wearing a grey slip and splodges of grey make-up (What a turn on! - Ed.).

In between squeekily half-babbling the lyrics, she tries to knock the lead guitarist into the crowd. He resists this, despite looking like a sort of failed David Bowie impressionist trapped in the '70s! The Drummer and Bassist just ignore it, and go about their business looking bored. All in all, the set was fairly good, the highlight being the current single 'Love Your Money'. A good start to the proceedings.

Therapy are next and,

from the cheer they get as they come on, it is obvious that a good proportion of the crowd want to see them as much as Hole.

The Belfast trio disappointed no one, playing a storming set, encompassing most of their excellent 'Baby Teeth' debut album. They kick off with a brilliant version of 'Punishment Kiss', and play a couple of new songs (from an EP due for release early this year) along with "old" favourites like 'Meat Abstract' and a bruising 'Dancin' With Manson'.

They're a band with a great reputation at the moment and its very easy to see why based on this performance. They can all play well, but they still don't take themselves too seriously.

At the same time tough, they rip up a real storm on stage, one that the crowd can't ignore, and the pit doesn't stop moving for the whole set.

Hole took the stage to massive roars, although it was noticeable that Courtney was wearing more than she did for the band's Camden gig - those at that gig or masochistic enough to read Melody Maker know why.

They opened up with the familiar 'Doll Hearts', 'Pretty On The Inside' and 'Garbage Man', my personal favourite from the 'Pretty...' album, and then proceed to play four or five new songs, all of which sounded brilliant, before returning to the more popular material from the album. The main part of the gig passed

without much controversy, but during the encore, Courtney tries to knock two 'divers off the stage with her bottom, and ends up getting dragged down with them.

They then depart the stage before returning wearing Nirvana T-shirts (except Courtney, who sports a Mudhoney one) and after the final song, they completely decimate the stage!

Hole have now developed their stage show into a brilliant, vibrant set, and one I won't forget for a long time. How they'll proceed now is unpredictable, but it'll be fun finding out!

Geoff Robertson.

Hitchcock's Half Hour

PJ Harvey and Robyn Hitchcock get weird at ULU

With all the music rags predicting big things for P.J. Harvey and her band and Robyn Hitchcock finding himself somewhat trendy after being found out as a friend of R.E.M., this was a stars night out. I personally spotted the women from Lush (again), Damon from Blur, and talking to that 'fat bastard' bloke from Carter was modern Ireland's most notorious drunk (No! George Best is from Northern Ireland, isn't he?). There was chaos outside as there were two different ques of equal length, one for those on the guest list and one for those with tickets. There were also those who realised that the best way in was straight down the middle as they could easily alternate between ques in case they were in the wrong one.

By the time I got in P.J. was already on, though thankfully she had plenty of songs to go. The music is stark, bass heavy, slightly grungy rock; Nothing you wouldn't hear down at the George Robey though probably a little better, if that makes sense. What makes P.J. count are her songs. Her lyrics, written from a female perspective, are both intelligent and sometimes even witty and the vocals are loud and clear though not always very pretty, but in these times of 'Hole' and 'Babes in Toyland' there's no reason to expect anything else. She also has the endearing quality of being able to laugh at herself, shown by a sardonic 'oh no!' when a string broke in the middle of a guitar break. "Was anybody here at the venue?" she asked, embarrassed, after clanging her guitar into a cymbal. I wasn't but wished I was and it wasn't in the hope of seeing a comedy of errors of 'Spinal Tap' proportions. Hey, if Nirvana can do it...

Robyn Hitchcock was the main attraction of the night though and there were loads of approaching middle-age ex-student types sipping at their beers in the crowd. Just the type who might go to an R.E.M. concert in fact. This is not to say that he's of no interest to those of us who may still be hoping to avoid the rat race as he's definitely still creative and can hit the right note in the moving little pop ditty stakes when he wants to too. Examples of this are the current single 'So you think you're in love' and the rousing chorus of 'Birds in perspex'.

For true fans of Hitchcock though, I imagine that the appeal lies in the more quirky songs which are usually very lyrical. One was introduced as 'Giving birth to yourself carefully' and there was an acapella performance of one that has a chorus of 'Untreated personality disorders may seem whimsical in a child but are ugly in a fully grown adult'. A bit of a mouthful really.

It's all a bit too quirky really, what with all these lines that are too long for the rhythm of the music so all the words have to be said very quickly indeed and with almost every song being given a 'weird' alternative title. I mean the music is fine, it could be a lot more twee than it is, and there is certainly talent there. He wouldn't have been around for the 15 years or however long it's been if there wasn't. Maybe it was just that he went on too long, having done three encores (one featuring some guy from Squeeze as a guest). I had already been to the cloakroom and back by the time he went off for good. Like half the 'sell-out' crowd there, I had got in free so I didn't feel like I had to stick around to get my full money's worth or something.

If I had paid, it would have been worth it for P.J. Harvey and the first 45 minutes of Hitchcock but what will stick in my memory is that I stood about two whisky bottles length away from Shane McGowan. Boy, did he look ill.

Baby Lemonade

If You feel the urge to write something then let me know. This space is available for rent. Besides, do you really want to read another Ron Voce article? Views, blues and news to: The Music Editor, The Beaver, Room E197. Remember, no Smash Hits, no comment.

What do you call a pop star who's half-man, half-biscuit? Lionel Richtea. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. Ho-hum.

Houghton St. Harry

Having just returned from a jolly jaunt down in the depths of Hardy country, Harry feels as if he should be culturally fulfilled. We were certainly treated to some strange sub-culture pro-social behaviour routines from the Wessex-men, and the boys from Bangor, but I'm sorry to say it left me feeling rather uneasy and puzzled.

Following recent reports of naked rugby players at Carr Saunders bar, I was intrigued as to what might happen after the matches in this cosmopolitan arena at Southampton University Club House. However, my feelings soon turned to shock and horror, better even than Steven King's "World of Horror". (about 5 am Thursday morning, ITV).

Why is it, can anyone tell me, that grown men feel the need to attempt to assert their virility, and somehow satisfy latent sexual perversions by standing on tables and dropping their pants to the cheers and encouragement of their peers?

The Bangor Hockey Club versus Wessex Hockey Club all-in singing competition was silly and annoying, especially as the mature LSE ambassadors were caught in the cross-fire, but I could take that. The chants of "Wessex boys walk on water..." was ludicrous, but I could take that. The cries of "We'll get a job" were perhaps the only touch of humour, or irony of the evening, but I could just about take that.

What pushed me too far was the aforementioned pant dropping routine to a boat race. Has nobody addressed these people in the finer aspects of etiquette?

Mutterances were made in the curry house later along the lines of such classic cliches as, "Its a marathon, not a sprint", "One B and C, Soton Uni", and "They'll never pull like that". Unfortunately for Simon Collier you won't score by falling asleep into a plate of Madras either, but that's another story.

And so, it was with great courage that your roving eye, HSH, stayed the course, just to bring you the full story of LSE 3rd XI moral victory, in the UAU knock-out stage. Overcoming sausage and chips overkill, battling against the onslaughts of the beer barrels, fighting off subsidised taxis, just to deliver the best of the football action from last Wednesday.

It was a tense thriller, with the early form coming "Hatrick Patrick" Eyre, and Adam "No spinning it" Ryder pairing, although yours truly started to shine through with some classic centre-backs' goals. Unfortunately the day was marred when young Steve Hitch had a player sent-off (possibly for dropping his trousers).

This nearly led to the whole team being sent-off as we wrestled with table to drop this player into the goal, the landlord didn't agree with our tactics. So we soon left and went on to what the locals sadly use as an excuse for a club, with DJ Pieman featuring MC Cream Cake.

The continuing saga of the strange behaviour of the native Wessex-man continued here and has prompted me to contemplate hanging up my boots and concentrating on the rather more competitive simulation sporting games currently on offer. The current favourite amongst the Romilly Rovers is the four player inter-active formula-one simulation. A must for everyone out there, I understand that the Trocadero arcade has twelve of these machines linked together, not that I waste my grant in these places of course. It's a shame that my other half of HSH can't sample these delights, he was last seen still queuing at the Nat West till in Houghton Street.

Record Defeat



LSE 1st XV battle valiantly during their record defeat against Imperial, 86-9. Full report next week.

Photo: Steve East

Last gasp win for Keeble

Thirds fail to throw away title challenge

LSE 3RD XI 4
ROYAL VETS 3

The LSE Thirds failed in their bid to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory. A late Dave Keeble goal, his second of the match, saved the team's blushes and 100% record in 1992 after a comfortable 3-1 half-time lead had been thrown away.

The opposition were poor, and the LSE should not have made such a difficult job of securing their second consecutive win this term. The excuse that leaving the result in the balance until the final whistle was an attempt to entertain the spec-

tators seems unlikely, since the only onlookers were half a dozen sheep and a couple of horses.

After going down to an early goal against the run of play the LSE took the game by the scruff of the neck. An equalizer was headed in by the diminutive man-of-the-match, Dave Keeble.

This was followed by an event which has been almost as long-awaited as the Second Coming, Captain Marvel, Andy Cox, scored his first goal for the LSE! When his solid drive hit the back of the net his joy was matched only by the amazement of his team-mates.

Tossing the coin in the centre-circle at the beginning of the game is as far forward as Andy usually ventures.

Soon after this another LSE player lost his goal-scoring virginity, Dan O'Neil, the combative American midfielder, has had a shorter wait than his captain; this being only his second game of the season. his well-struck shot is hopefully portentous of many more goals.

At half-time the LSE was cruising on an easy victory. Taking pity on the outplayed opposition the Thirds switched to a revolutionary new system, 4-0-6. The strategy of all the midfielders playing as strikers was

surprising. It surprised LSE Captain Andy Cox, who could not recall telling his midfielders to abandon defensive responsibility. The Vets were also surprised; mainly by the freedom that their midfield now had.

The loss of control of the game by the LSE led to the Vets reducing the deficit, and then equalizing, with five minutes to go it looked like the LSE had thrown away at least one point, if not two as the Vets continued to pressure.

With the end of the game approaching, Dave Keeble secured the victory that the Thirds had almost squandered. The onlooking sheep appeared unmoved.

Simon Collier

Rowing

After a decade long hiatus, the LSE Rowing Club returned to the water this Fall as a team that put fear in the hearts of everyone who had the misfortune of sharing the Thames with us.

The ancient equipment was examined, revealing our boats had names from the LSE's radical days like "Mao Tse-tung" and "The Dictatorship of the Proletariat".

We taped over the holes in the boats, scraped off the moss, tightened bolts with Swiss army knives and our teeth, and lubricated slides and oarlocks with spit and oil. Since we didn't own oars, UCL felt sorry for us and gave us a set of aluminium ones - yes aluminium ones (Well fancy that - Ed).

Believing that regular practices are for those with nothing better to do, we put crews on the water only once or twice a week, never sending out the same line-up twice. We entered boats in four races, not ever practic-

ing before coming to the line.

In the prestigious "Head of the River" race we surprised everyone, especially ourselves, with a strong finish. But we were simply glad to finish the other two, and unfortunately poor Mao Tse went down in the fourth.

We enter the Winter dedicated to having fun with a sport that we've all taken too seriously for too long, and making sure the LSE is properly represented on the London sports scene. Nikita Krushchov (especially considering the current state of affairs in the "Commonwealth of Independent States") summed up our attitude when, in the glory days of Soviet Communism, banging his shoe on the table of the UN, he announced to the West, "We will bury you!".

We will celebrate with a party at the boathouse on Saturday 1st February. Comrades should check AU notice board for details.

Charles Ehrlich

Too Sexy

LSE 5th XI 7
St GEORGES 1

In the first half James Pearson mirrored that great dane Jan Molby and sprayed balls all over the park. His midfield 'partner' Bob Boris merely sprayed everything everywhere. There we must stop and look at goal of the day contender 'A'. Bob demonstrated his virility and potency by forcibly inserting the ball into the back of the net from forty yards out.

Runa Scarfstein emulated another colossus of world football, Michael Laudrup, his goal frenzy ending in a hat trick, all of which were hard, straight, and ended deep in the back of the mouth of the goal.

To be honest the oppo-

sition were a sad bunch of incompetents who couldn't score in a brothel (unlike Thomas who has scored in a brothel many times - Ed). Their attack kept coming but couldn't penetrate that vital area between the two uprights, that is until Dave Magnuson pulled out too late and a goal was conceded.

Marco Fats Basten's impotence in front of goal ended prematurely today. The net twice felt the full load of his shot. Alan, with only one limb at full strength (I wonder which one? - Ed) skillfully slotted in the last one.

The ref was spent, he blew, neither team had anything left to give and it all came to an end.

Thomas Jepson