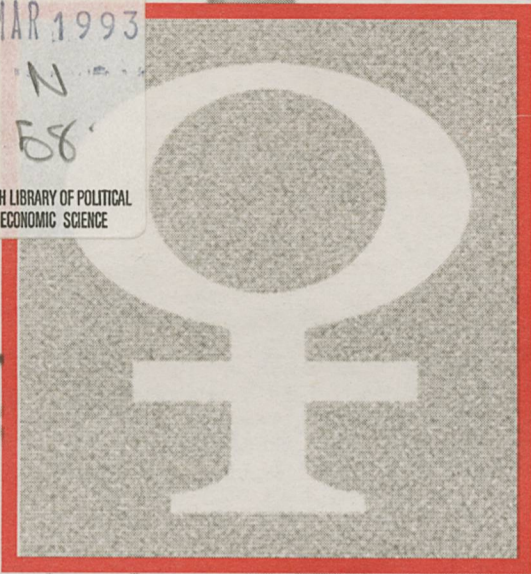


The Beaver

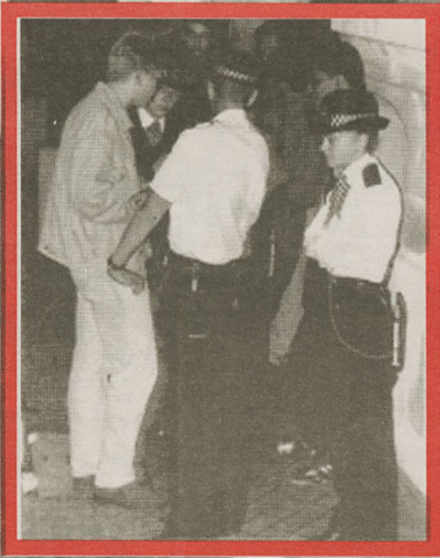
THE STUDENTS' UNION NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

17 MAR 1993
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58
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& ECONOMIC SCIENCE



Woman's Week Why We Would Like To Have Covered It.

- NEWS
- OPINIONS
- CAMPUS
- MUSIC
- DSG FEATURE
- ART
- CLASSIFIEDS
- SPORT



Excuse Me But Have You Seen A Group Of Pissed Rugby Players?

LSE 3 Scapegoats * Jack * Thatcher *
 Nicie & Smashey * M Halls Bracelet Gets Smelted Down
 *Guns of Brighton * Brilliant Pebbles * Malcolm X *
 Bobby Moore * Harry

[DSG] IT'S ALL OVER NOW

...THE ROLLING STONES

Union Jack

The "Kangaroo Court" had a full session this Thursday, and nearly everyone was there. Lord Justice Ray "Denning" Yates Q.C., assisted by Recorder Gerard "Pickles" Harris presided over the hearing with the consummate professionalism that one would expect from the Justice System (not!). Per curiam: I am not suggesting that they handled the meeting badly, I am suggesting that the legal system may not be too good. I'm glad that's clear, anyway. Ray was merely lacking a wig and gown, but in a few months time when he has his degree, and if we were to borrow John and Ron's surplus hair, we could no doubt sort this out for the next such occasion. The members of the jury were also all present, around 300 of them, although all suggestions that they knew any of the evidence beforehand, and were therefore biased will be strenuously refuted. Jack is sure from his position in the back row that all the cries of "Hang them" or "Bollocks they're innocent" made were not at all influencing the court's ability to make reasoned judgements under the pressure of the fierce debate (rubbish - ed.).

There was some pre-trial litigation, not terribly relevant to the proceedings. "Shorty" told us the results of the election, as if no-one knew anyway. After all we do all read the paper don't we? (No Jack, they don't all read the Beaver - Ed.). Sorry about that! Jon said that from now on our decisions could be beamed live all over the world with our new satellite dish, but Jack is sure that what he actually meant was that we now had the opportunity to watch England lose to teams like San Marino at football, and to the Americans at really macho sports like Tiddly Winks. Johnny and Faz were strangely absent from the hearing, but Jack will not reveal where they were. He'd like to hide behind the excuse of journalistic integrity, but no-one would believe him so he won't try that one. In fact he won't try any excuse at all since he's a liar anyway. (Jack is a "he" by the way, just in case you were wondering.)

There were three trials during the session. Actually this is being written while there is a decent session going on in the Three Tuns. Never mind though, he'll be there soon. Anyway, the first case was about some cynical attempt by the LSE authorities to undermine our court's sovereignty, and hold their own hearing of our very own "LSE 3". However something went wrong here. Sure enough the defence had turned up with both of their lawyers, these being Leandro and Andy, who was taking the bold step of representing himself, but the prosecution had left Adam in a gutter somewhere and Simon was therefore left to carry the prosecution all by himself. Not surprisingly he lost the argument somewhat convincingly, although there was much dissent amongst the jury. One interesting point that came out under cross-examination though was that Martin Lewis stated that all of the Tories were stupid. Jack allowed himself considerable amusement over this, since this is of course the man who holds the nickname of Martin Stupid, and therefore may get an award for what has to be the most hypocritical statement of the year so far. He could almost have been convicted for contempt of court for that line. Furthermore Hans accused the Socialist Workers of hiding behind the innocent, but he was defeated when all were subsequently found to be innocent. Some other Tory told the defence that he was "out to get them". Yeah, right. Very just!!!!!! Somebody else spoke of "natural justice", but wasn't that what we were dispensing here anyway? So, judgement is awarded to the defence.

On to the next case, with no tea-break. This one was about the cleaners in Inter-collegiate Halls. Jack wonders if the court really has jurisdiction over such matters, but we had a trial anyway. Some interesting first time speakers here, but then the side was let down by the aging George Binette of the Admin Office who proceeded to change the subject yet again as he normally does and waffle on about Bus Drivers and even Dock Workers in Dundee. Most members of the jury were either asleep or laughing (or calling him a d***head - ed.). He nearly gave the whole game away there, but Micky saved the day for them.

The last case, when everybody was willing to pack up and go home for the day, concerned that beastly creation of the legislature, the Child Support Act. Only two counsel in this case, but they were of excellent quality though. For the prosecution we had our Lady-in-waiting, Teshler Fitzpatrick, versus Phoebe Ashworth, a leading prosecutor in one of the previous cases. Open and shut case this, unfortunately. Result - Teshler wins.

That was it actually, and that's it from Jack for this term. He hopes that you've enjoyed it, and wants to wish everybody the best for their exams. And remember if the exam stress gets to you a little bit, go and talk to the rugby team who have all the right ideas for a relaxing evening out, not. Good-bye!!!!!!

"Third World First"

Kate Hampton describes the societies' campaign

A couple of weeks ago, Michael Meacher MP was invited by the Third World First Society to speak about the implications of Third World Debt both in North and South. As Shadow Minister for Development and Cooperation, Michael Meacher has played a leading role in the launching of the Europe-wide "Debt-Boomerang-Campaign" that seeks to raise awareness not only of how debt is crippling the Third World, but also of the ways in which it is affecting the prosperity of the so-called developed world.

Based on the research of Susan George from the Transnational Institute (an organisation based in Amsterdam seeking solutions to the problems of Third World poverty), the campaign target the public, governments and inter-governmental organisations, such as the EC, the UN, the IMF and the World Bank. In

her book "The Debt Boomerang", Susan George investigates six effects that Third World debt has on the North. The first is environmental degradation - the link between poverty and ecological destruction is well known. The second is the narcotics trade - many deeply indebted countries are dependent on drug dollars. The third is taxes - commercial banks receive considerable tax concessions from Northern governments at the expense of the taxpayer (£2.5 billion in the UK). The fourth is recession - poor nations can't afford to import; hence lost jobs and markets for the North. The fifth is immigration - poverty and violence mean that often people's lives aren't worth living at home, and unfortunately their reception here is usually far from hospitable, so the only real solution is development. The sixth is conflict and war - economic, social and political in-

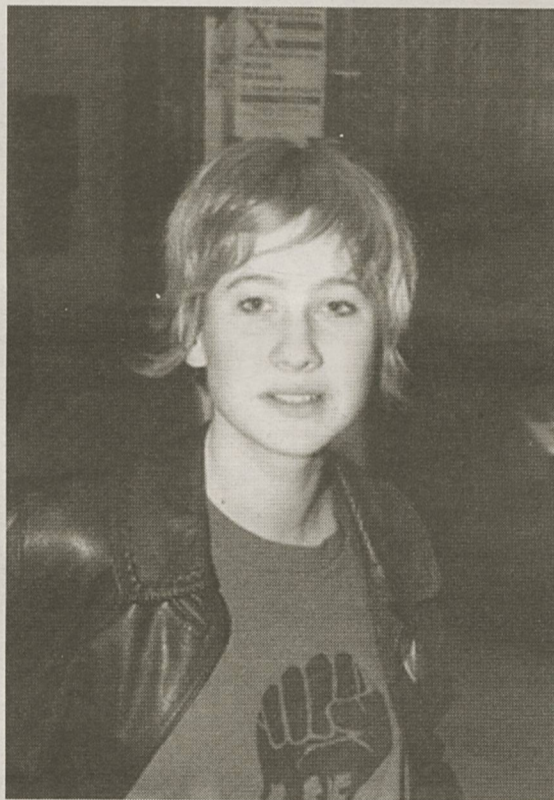
stability are never likely to create a climate for peace. All those reasons should sell the idea of debt-cancellation and debt-reduction to even the most selfish among us - it is in our interest (not to mention that of the Third World) to alleviate the burden of debt, currently perpetuating worldwide suffering and despair.

Indeed, the South is now 61% more indebted than in 1982 (for sub-Saharan Africa, the figure is 113%) and, excluding the Newly Industrialized Countries of Hong Kong, South Korea, Singapore and Taiwan, the developing world now sends \$25 billion more to the North than vice versa! Although the debt crisis has been officially declared as 'over' by the World Bank as far as the banks in the North are concerned, it is far from 'over' for the populations of the indebted South. This campaign aims to promote an alternative ap-

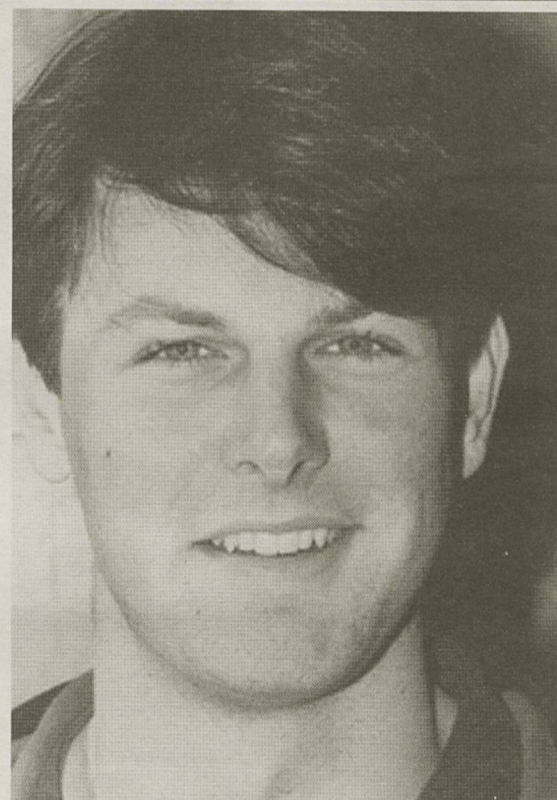
proach to debt to expose a discredited development model and prevent its continuation, and to establish new development priorities such as increased emphasis on education, health and environmental protection. This cannot be achieved while the South is bled dry.

If you are interested in this campaign, please contact the Third World First Society via our pigeonhole (outside the Top Floor of the Cafe). Next term will be hectic to say the least, as exams loom in, but we will organise a meeting for all those interested in getting involved - particularly for next year. The petitioning and sale of books, shirts, etc, started in our "Debt Boomerang Week" will continue next term at some point - so keep your eyes open for posters. Also, look out for motions in the UGM.

It's The All-New Sabbatical Show



Teshler Fitzpatrick: General Secretary: Photo T. Moos



Justin Deaville: Entertainments: Photo T. Moos



Leo Moura: Welfare and Equal Opps: Photo T. Moos.



Lola Elerian: Finance & Services: Photo T. Moos

SCAPEGOATS

Following the Peter Lilley incident last month, the School has now decided to take action against three students, Steve Kinkee, Andy Baly and Mubin Haq. In letters to the 3, advising them of disciplinary proceedings, the School accused them of bringing the School into disrepute. Charges also being considered were incitement to verbal and physical violence and unauthorised access in the Senior Dining Room. The ac-

said that he "had been told by a higher authority to press charges as far as he could".

The next hearing will be in six weeks time on the 28th April. The Three see this as an intolerable delay during which time they will have to put up with the pressure of not knowing their fate. But Ian Crawford, the School Press Officer, said that the delay was not only to "clarify the charges" but was also at the request of

whom had already done so.

There has been some debate as to who was responsible for actually instigating the proceedings. It has emerged that not only did members of the student body and academics who were present demand action, but that Peter Lilley himself also contacted the School asking what investigation was going to take place. In addition, the School are legally

at this stage may leave them vulnerable to pressure or intimidation.

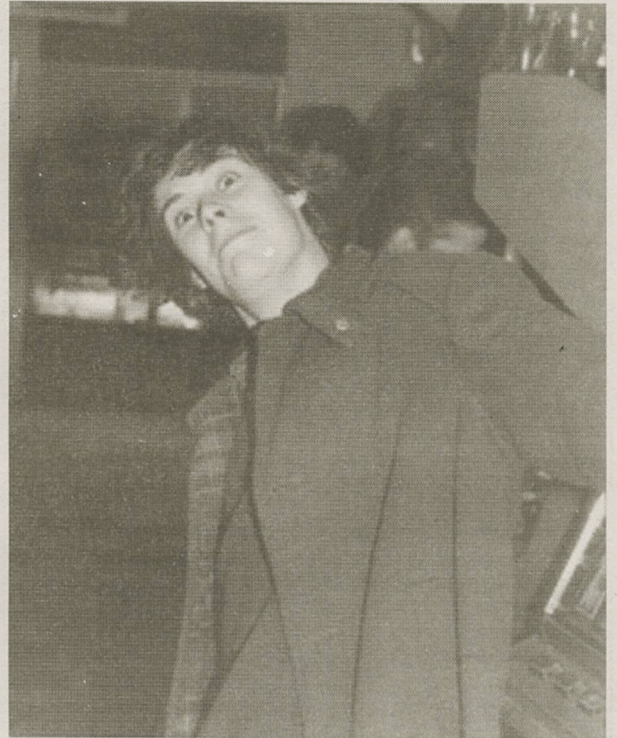
Another concern of the students is that they feel "singled out" for retribution and scapegoated for the whole affair. But Crawford insisted that the majority of people present had not been recognised as LSE students, several seemed to have been outsiders or from other colleges, and if any should be identified "then similar in-

LSE

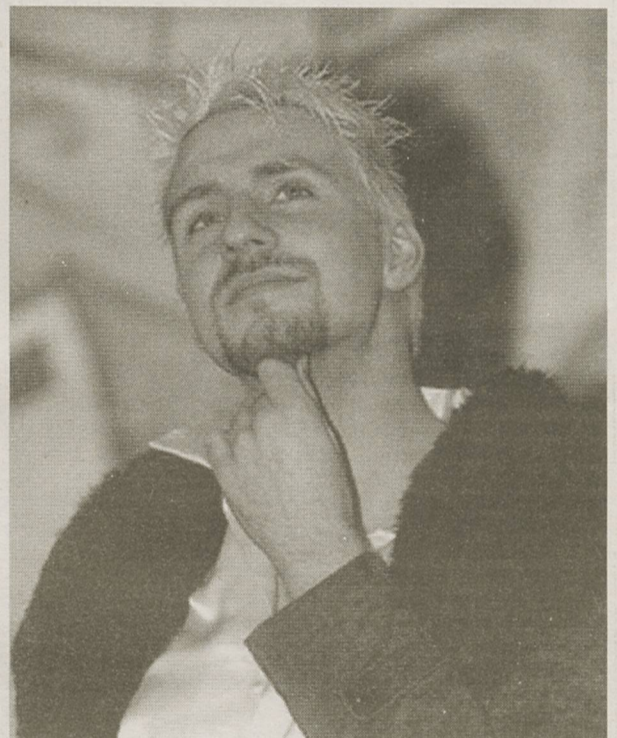


LSE 1: Mubin Haq: Who me? Photo: T. Moos

3



LSE 2: Andy Baly, Is he unbalanced? Photo: Paul Nugent



LSE 3: Steve Kinkee contemplates the crime: Photo: Steve East

tion being taken against the students should be according to the regulations laid out in the School Calendar.

Last Wednesday the Three were required to be present at what they thought was to be the actual hearing, however it transpired that the meeting was only to outline procedure. Speaking to the Beaver, the Three said that they agreed that they should not have been in the SDR and had even offered to accept a verbal warning, but the School Prosecutor, Michael Coops, had not accepted this; indeed it has been

the Three to allow them time "to arrange legal representation."

During the last week around 900 signatures have been collected on a petition urging the School to stop "the unjust victimisation of these students." Flyers have also been handed out which explain the students' "grievances". The Three received an additional boost to their battle when last Thursday's UGM passed a resolution urging the Union to support the students in their fight as well as mandating the Sabbaticals to sign the petition - two of

obliged to ensure Freedom of Speech for invited guest speakers under a 1986 statute. In light of this, the Department of Education contacted the School and requested a report of the incident. Similarly the School was obliged to supply the Department with a copy of their Free Speech Code Of Practice.

One of the student's main complaints has been their denied access to any of the witness statements which they regard as a fundamental breach of their rights. However, concern has been shown that revealing the names of witnesses

investigative procedures would be instigated against them too." The dilemma for the School now is that if the Three are found guilty of the allegations then they run the risk of making martyrs out of them; the flip side is that the School is under a moral as well as legal responsibility to protect the rights of the individual and ensure that future visitors aren't discouraged from attending through fear of undue harassment.

**Beaver
Staff**

THE PEOPLE V MRS THATCHER

Was Mrs Thatcher an enemy of the people or, as her defence counsel, Kenneth Minogue, suggested just "someone who suffers the prejudice of the people for being a woman in power"? This was the issue under debate in the New Theatre last Monday when a packed house came to decide the fate of our former Prime Minister.

The prosecution case was put with fervour and vigour by Brendan O'Leary and it seemed that he was speaking very much from conviction and not just playing the Devil's advocate. He out-

lined the case against, concentrating on such things as taxation levels and trade unions, while he concluded that she must have been "doubly spited" over her demise to leave the country under the control of John Major.

Speaking for her, Minogue painted a picture of a defunct and bureaucratic country, in the grip of the Unions and blighted by government intervention, which Thatcher inherited when she came to power in 1979. He ventured that she was a Joan of Arc type of figure, but unfortunately

this idea was greeted with a suggestion from the audience that "she should be burnt at the stake then". He argued that she was not "hostile to manufacturing industry", rather that there was no point in making something just for the sake of it, if it can't be sold.

When it came to cross examination time Sheila Lawlor, who had taken on the role of Mrs Thatcher, seemed to be distinctly ill at ease when questioned by O'Leary; the real Mrs T was unlikely to have tolerated the line of questioning that was pursued. She gained some

brief respite after the Judge commented that "I make the rules" in response to O'Leary who had informed the defendant that "you do not make statements of fact from the dock, just answer the questions". This was definitely not the "Iron Lady" in action; for a start where was the hand bag? The crisis deepened for Mrs T when she attempted to defend the rises in VAT saying that "it was only luxury items that were targeted, such as yachts".

Minogue tried to rescue the situation by extolling the benefits of maintaining low

inflation and asking his client "what had happened to the national debt during the 80s?" to which the prompt reply was "I paid it off". By this stage, however, things were looking bleak for Mrs Thatcher especially following the prosecutions summing up which was rounded off with an anecdote about Mrs Thatcher's funeral; upon realising that her coffin is being carried by 8 men, she raises the lid of the box and asserts that "only 4 bearers are required to maintain the standard of dying". In their closing statement the defence could only reit-

erate that "she was not an enemy of the people, but unmistakably their friend".

The humiliation was almost complete when in response to a question about the community charge from a member of the jury, she obviously referred to it as the "poll tax". The proceedings were completed by a none too impartial summing up by the judge. It was then up to the people to decideguilty or not. By a two thirds majority they decided the former. And her punishment? Banishment to Germany!!

By Beaver Staff

The Beaver

It is sad that the 'LSE three' has ever become an issue at this university. The affectionate phrase however somewhat detracts from the seriousness of the fact that three students are currently facing a disciplinary hearing.

Leaving aside their possible innocence, the schools handling of the episode is nothing less than diabolical. The three stand accused of bringing the school into disrepute for their involvement in the Peter Lilley fiasco a few weeks prior.

The visit by Peter Lilley was always likely to aggravate sections of the student community, and the school should have known this. The consequences of such a poorly marshalled event have resulted in a witch-hunt, in which the school prosecutor has admitted being told by a higher authority to press charges as far as he could.

The academics questioned with reference to the incident have not identified any particular students involved in the assault: so why have these three been singled out? The students involved are being subjected to an indefensible Public Relations campaign by the School authorities, obviously eager to make sacrifices at a time when they are involved in pressing the government for a review of funding.

The delay of the hearing until April, the refusal of the students to access to statements of witnesses, and the blatant singling out of Mubin, Steve and Andy has created a ridiculous amount of hype for a trivial occurrence. I believe that we shouldn't let these individuals be victimized and should support efforts to neutralise this politically exaggerated situation which the School, for whatever reason, has created.

Weekly Beaver Meeting
Top Floor of the SU cafe
Every Monday 6.00pm.
All Welcome

Executive Editor	Kevin Green
Managing Editors	Melissa Hall Ian Turner
News Editor	Hans Gutbrod
Campus Editor	Ron Voce
Features Editor	Paul Bou Habib
Food & Drink Editor	Steve Thomas
Arts Editors	Navin Reddy Geoff Robertson
Music Editor	Rob Hick
Sports Editor	Neil Andrews
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Ah, Ludwig.

Dear Beaver

As an outsider who has never been to Silver Walk it is difficult for me to judge how bad the situation there really is. Nevertheless, the School has made mistakes concerning the residence and even the Assistant Secretary does not deny this. It is reassuring to hear about the School's endeavour to resolve some of the problems at Silver Walk.

Yet, the School has to accept the blame for having made those mistakes in the first place. Students were not involved in planning the residence, and the Inter-Halls Committee was never involved in decisions concerning Silver Walk, although "strategic" considerations are explicitly part of its remit. Silver Walk was planned for students to live there and one would think that it is the students more than anyone else who know what makes up a decent dwelling.

I cannot help but suspect that the School wanted to save themselves the trouble of involving more parties than they perceived to be vital to the planning exercise. The trouble the School has now, however, shows that such narrow-minded thoughts do not pay off.

I therefore appreciate that the School seeks student involvement this time when details for a new student residence in High Holborn (why hasn't the Beaver reported it yet?) are being worked out. I write "details", because the fundamental decision to proceed with plans for self-catering flats has been made by the School alone. We have warned the School that 400 self-catering accommodation places in High Holborn might well take away the already weak demand for flats at Silver Walk - a hall of residence

might be more appropriate, also for various other reasons. But the School refuses to discuss such objections. So, I can only hope that they will not be taught another lesson when it is too late for change.

Ludwig Kanzler
Inter-Halls Committee
member for Passfield

"Non-smokers die, every day"

Dear Sir,

Thanks to the library for bravely defending the right of smokers last week (see the response posted above the suggestions box near the security checkpoint). Far be it from the library staff to risk the administration's displeasure by breaking with its carefully considered policy, a compromise reached three years ago after extensive consultation. Never mind, of course, that things change. The US Environmental Protection Agency (but what do Americans know anyways?) classified second-hand smoke as a "Group A carcinogen, as dangerous as...arsenic and radon" (See International Herald Tribune, Feb 5). According to the library, those who don't appreciate walking through a roomful of smelly toxins to reach, say, the main elevators or the water fountain, can go elsewhere (except the Brunch Bowl, Beaver's Retreat or the Three Tuns).

Personally, I am glad to do my bit for addicts who stand by their "right" to not only look cool (get real) but also inflict their noxious habit on others. Let's move the books outside.

Yours,
Tony Maxwell
MSc (Acc and Fin)

Giving Roy a Bottle

Dear Beaver,

Do you remember my 'I'm an Evil Tory Bigot' anagram of Virginia Bottomley published last term? Well, I've got a couple more for you:

I'm Giving Roy a Bottle (presumably one not containing medicine!) and Glib Minority Vote (What the Tories will get come the next General Election hopefully).

This just goes to show that the woman does have her uses - Saviour of our NHS Virginia Bottomley is not, but she keeps occupied boring, petty wordsmiths with her name!

Yours sincerely,
John Galbourn

ED: - I do hope that you've been doing other things since last term, but thanks anyway.

Safe for Men?

Dear Sir,

I am writing with reference to the safe transport scheme. It is obvious that such a scheme is needed for women, however there is also a very obvious case for extending such a scheme to include men.

Assault and rape are very serious issues for women, but so they are for men. Assaults take place very commonly against males. Also racist attacks, these take no account of the victims gender.

There are difficulties when conceiving such a scheme to help men, namely that men could not share the minibuses taking women home, and a minibus for just men would be unworkable. However, a similar scheme as that for

the subsidized taxis could be extended to cover men, and I am sure would receive the support of many students.

Is anybody else interested in this safe transport issue?
Yours sincerely,
N. Kieran.

ED:- Point taken, but I'd just like to add that I have used the Women's safe transport scheme frequently as have many male students, and why would there be difficulties in conceiving such a scheme for men only if it were necessary. You could try talking to Peter Harris, and giving him any useful suggestions. (E295)

Praise Indeed

Dear Kevin

I just thought I would write and tell you how much I enjoy reading the Beaver. I think it is really good and even though I don't know half the things that go on, I can say that the Beaver provides me with most of the things that I need to know.

But can I just say that in the issue 375, Mr F. Christopher Hadley has obviously no taste if he thinks that the Beaver is "not entertaining or educating". What a sad loser! I was also very impressed with the crossword where I found '16 Across: Take ___ and Party' - at last some recognition! But I do have to say that it wasn't 'piss easy' and I can only do a few. But that's life!

Anyway, thanks Beaver, and Kevin, I think you're great!

Love, Alev Zahiri

ED:- Love you too Alev!xxx

POST HASTE

Letters to the Editor must be delivered, preferably on disk, either by hand or internal post, to E197 no later than 4pm

Thursdays .

A Very Large Fall From Grace

A prominent QC's son who attends the LSE and used to drive a Daimler and carry hundreds of pounds in his wallet, has been forced to beg outside Holborn underground station to pay off his overdraft.

During his undergraduate days at Lancaster University, William Hooper, listed in Who's Who as the only son of a famous QC, received a staggering £400 a week hand out's from his top lawyer father. An insider from Lancaster University described how William "Loadsamoney" Hooper's one time champagne life-style centred around steamy parties, illicit nookie in the back seat of his posh Daimler Double Six, and showing off how rich he was.

William enjoyed the high life, he just loved impressing the girls with his looks and his lolly. I recall a particular party where he whipped out a huge wad of cash, laid two crisp fifty pound notes on the table and demanded to buy

the television. When the host agreed Will just grabbed a beer bottle and flung it across the room through the TV screen. When the smoke cleared, we found him laughing away with his hands all over this leggy red head. Can you imagine?

However, when Hooper began a post graduate course at the LSE this year his famous father slashed the snooty son's allowance to £100 a week and forced him to find and pay for his own accommodation. Speaking from outside Holborn Underground hard up X fumed; "My father has cut my allowance because, after two years in America and three years in Lancaster, he is tired of funding my education. I think he wants me to find a job."

Despite having his income so drastically cut Hooper continued to blow hundreds of pounds here at the LSE clubbing and entertaining an extensive selection of beautiful girlfriends.

Six foot one inch fake blond Hooper was dealt a severe blow earlier this term when Lloyds bank slapped an overdraft limit on his account, a limit which he was not permitted to exceed. Not long afterwards his credit cards and cheque guarantee card were taken.

Now profligate Hooper, who once scoffed gourmet nosh and vintage wines, has been reduced to a diet of brown rice and out of date bread. On Saturday nights he can no longer be seen dancing at the Hilton or the Roof Garden, in fact these days he couldn't even flash enough cash to buy half a pint of orange in the Three Tuns. With the Daimler written-off his reputation as a Loadsamoney student is no more than an incredible memory. In conversation hard up Hooper appeared to be just a pale shadow of the young man who had regularly mixed with MP's and Establishment toffs at his father's exclusive London

residence. He confessed: "I am financially bugged! I have £2.10 left to last me until June. I was once a student playboy with a Daimler and a string of pretty girlfriends, but now I am just a thin and lonely crusty making do with the few coppers which I get from passers by..."

ED:- Oh dear William! Perhaps it's time you realised that most students live on much less than £100 per week, and don't have fathers who can continually bail them out from their juvenile games.

Maybe seeing how ridiculous your winging looks on paper will make you stop and sort out your life.

There are a great many students who really are hard up, and your complaints serve only to trivialise real poverty.

HOP IN TO BOOK YOUR EASTER BREAK

Glad Pask
Frohe Ostern
Happy Easter
Felices Pascues
Eythxiemeno Ttaexa



Caisc Shona Dhiut
Joyeuses Paques
Buona Pasqua
Mutlu Bayran
God Oaske

	from			from	
	o/w	rtn		o/w	rtn
Amsterdam	£45	£739	Mexico	£179	£359
Athens	£89	£168	New York	£99	£179
Bangkok	£220	£399	Paris	£45	£73
Jakarta	£299	£512	Rio	£288	£510
Kuala Lumpur	£276	£449	Singapore	£207	£389
Los Angeles	£138	£209	Sydney	£329	£599

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STA TRAVEL

ABTA
IATA

Nicie & Smashies End of Term Au Revoir Top Ten

1. Green, Green Grass of Home **Faz Zahir**
2. Fool's Gold **Anyone Sad Enough
To Run For Election**
3. It's Our Party & We'll
Die If We Want To **Guess Who!**
4. Is She Really Going
Out With Him **Marie Darvill &
Chris Longridge**
5. Wee Rule (He Likes
To Swing His Pants) **Gary Delaney**
6. Copperhead Road **Steve Kinkee**
7. That's Entertainment(Not) **Justin Deaville**
8. (And She Painted) Matchstick
Men & Matchstick
Cats & Dogs **Tesher Fitzpatrick**
9. Falling **Jonny Bradburn**
10. Bye Bye Bobby
(Bobby Gross bye) **LSESU Smokers
Players and Hacks**

Ssh! Quiet Postgrads at Work!

On Monday 1st March, Auriol Stevens, Editor of the Times Higher Education Supplement and wife of the Director of LSE, Dr John Ashworth, opened the new quiet room for postgraduates in A344. She made a short speech on opening the room, followed by an impromptu one from the Director.

A large buffet was provided for the over 50 guests invited. For many years, the postgraduate community of the LSE has had only the Postgraduate common room to use, but now there is a room where reading and study can take place without the worry of being disturbed.

The Postgraduate and Mature Students Officer of the Students' Union, Reza Mahmud, believes the room will be a benefit to the whole postgraduate community and shows just how much the school wants to help the student faculty by helping to provide more areas for quiet study, rather than just in the library.

Lost? Get on Yer Bike!

No, this isn't a another attack on Norman Tebbit, but a look at something that affects many a student at the LSE, cheap transport. Many of you, rather than use public transport, prefer to cycle into college and now thanks to Duracell™, a Cyclists Route Map is available for the first time to promote better and safer cycling in the Capital.

This map is the first of a series of nine that will cover the whole of Greater London. This first map covers the central area, roughly covered by Zone 1 and retails at just £3.75. The finished series will cover over 1000 miles of current routes, proposed routes and other relevant information for London's many cyclists. The first map is available now from the London Cycling Campaign and through most good bicycle and book shops.

Ein, Zwei, Drei Los!



Tally Ho! Tally Ho! Bombs away!

Photo: Steve East?

With the most boring Union meeting after the Budget, the Annual General Meeting, coming up this week, at the bottom of my in-tray was the remnants of an article that was placed there by a person or persons unknown. However in the light that Ray Yates, the UGM chair, decreed the other week that the new variety of "paper projectiles" was banned, I felt that this little item was worthy of inclusion. As I said, this has been lying around the Beaver Office for many weeks and some of the pages are missing, but here is what is left and to coin a useful phrase, "make" of it what you will!

Stage 1: Munitions

Weapons grade paper can be found in a variety of places, the FT, from the SU shop, a good cover, as it gives you that intelligent look. Before entering the Old Theatre, a handful of LSE Circulars can be acquired from the Porters Lodge. Finally check the red Beaver bins, for any leftover copies and with these in hand head towards the Old Theatre.

Stage 2: Taking Positions

On entering the Old Theatre with concealed munitions assume a front line balcony trench and check weaponry and targets below in the valley as they take up their usual positions.

Stage 3: Which Scud?

With the various munitions in tow, you will have to decide which you wish to use. Each of the three has its own

benefits, it is up to you which you prefer. One that gets no mention here is the actual order paper, as it does help if you know what is being discussed, so you know where to aim the missiles, sorry, projectiles.

First up is the cunningly camouflaged Financial Times. With its sandy complexion, it is more suited to desert warfare and comes into its own when the UGM discusses Iraq and the fallout from 'Desert Storm'. It does hold itself together in flight well, refusing to open up early, and this ensures it a very high "piss the target off" rating and usually even a reaction from Ray. Range is not so good, but it is unbeatable value for sheer size.

Second up is the LSESU's very own Beaver. Now reduced to a standard 12 pages, even though it is free, its value for money rating is very low. The poor quality paper means that it very seldom stays together which means very little reaction from Ray, and if it reaches the intended target, it will be a miracle. However this is no bad thing as this does mean it is likely to piss someone off, which in a roundabout way is a good thing.

Thirdly we have the school's own LSE Circular. Always cast as the evil villain, the LSE administration provide the LSESU with one of its most offensive weapons. The absolutely high quality paper ensures that it is "simply the best" for holding it self together, but the smallness in size means

that invariably the target is only irritated, rather than pissed off. This means it's "simply the worst" for Ray's reaction. However its plus side is that distance and accuracy are of ICBM standard, which means that, although simple, it is a highly effective weapon.

Finally we have the young upstart on the scene: the ready made weapon, bought from illegal arms dealers and what most of the fuss is about. Known by the acronym SDSBB (Super Death Star Bouncing Bomb), this weapon makes an Exocet look inaccurate. It seems held together by its own internal gravity field. Boy, does it piss the target off! Lets put it simply: "This can kill". The reaction from Ray Rating, is "What the F**k was that?" and its range is limited only by the strength of your arm. It looks likely to be banned soon, as the UN Security Council have added the SDSBB to its list of proscribed weapons of mass destruction, but until that day...

Stage 4: Make your Scuds

There then follows a brief guide to making the Scuds, but I'm sure that those involved know how to make them and those that don't are going to be taught by the Balcony Underground Movement (BUM for short).

Stage 5: Launch

Launching is best done with a lob motion as this gives maximum horizontal flight and also greater gravitational

acceleration.

Stage 6: Targets

These change from week to week and year to year, but some targets are legendary: Messrs Peake, Gross, Lewis and members of the now defunct DSG are useful. Any member of the Executive. Any of the loony left and the raving right.

New Technology

Each year a new model is launched onto the market and someone comes up with a cheaper alternative. The SDSBB is recyclable as the egos below now throw them back. Also, if the FT is not available, try a tabloid.

Disclaimer

One final point. The Beaver does not condone the use of these projectiles, but as it is Union Policy for at least 18 more months, then what the heck. If you don't like it, change it, I think it goes. Oh and neither do we accept responsibility for any maimings or deaths as a result of this article. In fact we're just not responsible, but then you all knew that any way. Have fun and bombs away!

Cliques Corner

Zoe, Zoe, Zoe, Zoe, Zoe,
Zoe, Zoe, Zoe, Zoe, Zoe,
Zoe, Zoe, Zoe, Zoe, Zoe &
Zoe.
Ha, Ha, Ha, Howzat
Malco!

MR. BLACK GOES TO WORK

Frank Black's imaginatively-titled album, "Frank Black"

The Pixies were the greatest band that ever graced the music world, with their blend of traditional Spanish music and a post-punk cutting guitar rock. I say were because, maybe unknown to some of you, Black Francis (now known as Frank Black), front man and main songwriter, announced that he had split the Pixies. Kim Deal (bassist and other songwriter) had committed herself to her other band, the Breeders, because Black Francis was interested in pursuing a solo career. The band responsible for classics such as "The Holiday Song", "Gigantic", "Gouge Away" and "Velouria"... I'd better stop before I get carried away (in a Tesco's trolley, Chris), were gone, never to return, and I wasn't happy about it. I therefore eagerly awaited the new solo album; to see if it was the right decision to kill the Pixies.

On first listen it was hard to

appreciate the record because I was already expecting a half-baked Pixies album, whereas instead I found an altogether different incarnation. Black Francis has learnt how to sing, a radical change from the anguished screams of the Pixies. It is similar to what Chris Connelly did when leaving the Revolting Cocks. The music on this new record has a much poppier, mellower sound than the Pixies' screech. He's toned down the guitars, preferring a more acoustic sound, and he has introduced the use of keyboards and synthesizers (such as on the jazz-rock instrumental "Tossed"). The music now creeps inside you rather than hitting you full in the face.

Lyrical, however, he hasn't changed at all. His fixations with UFOs, imaginary cities and strange females are not new. What is new is that he has revealed some of his musical influences in two of the



"Frank Black displays that wonderful American fashion sense that we know and love"

tracks. The first single will be a cover of the Beach Boys' "Hang on to your Ego", which appeared on the "Pet Sounds" album under a different guise. The comparisons with Brian Wilson are there to be seen, them both being eccentric loners, although to different degrees. There is also an ode to the Ramones with the song "I heard Ramona sing", which tells how they helped him deal with his teen angst.

By only the second listen I love this album. He has produced a wonderful record. Rather than a rejuvenation such as that of Bob Mould or J. Mascis, Black Francis has died and gone to heaven and Frank Black has been born. Long may he live!

Flash.

SHINE ON

Antonia Mochan gets stoned with some Brilliant Pebbles

Sometimes things are much more worthwhile when you stumble upon them unexpectedly or reluctantly. That's what happened to me the other night. I had promised I would go along to the gig played by the daftly-named Neil Brown and the Brilliant Pebbles at the Dublin Castle, in Camden, but come 8:30 (and, I must admit, a few pints) I was less than keen. But, I'm a woman of my word, and so I made my way to Camden with a couple of other intrepid souls.

I felt the evening was really going downhill when the venue was to be found through a door marked "Toilets". However, the gig wasn't to be played in the urinals, but in a large, black-painted, very dimly-lit room at the back of the pub. There weren't many people there (when the band went off to get ready, attendance dropped by about a third), but those that were there were in for a real treat.

Neil Brown and the Brilliant Pebbles are a 6-piece band, consisting of 2 guitars, bass, keyboards, drums and sax. The music showed a mixture of influences. The first number, 'Julia's Vase', immediately put me in mind of the Irish band "An Emotional Fish" and I had the B-Ps marked down as a guitar band of that ilk, but in some of the later numbers, such as the current single 'I'll Be Here, She'll Be Gone' and 'City of Glass', there was a very strong R&B influence. All the original songs were very varied - there were slow bluesy numbers (Stranger in the House), fast and furious guitar

numbers (Vicious) and a brilliant 2-guitar solo that would have been quite at home on the Thelma and Louise soundtrack. There were 2 covers; the first was Neil Brown playing a solo version of the Who's Happy Jack, while the rest of the band got the beers in; the second was 'Let's Stick Together' which was almost better than the original and even moved two brave souls to take to the dance floor.

The word that leapt to mind throughout the set was 'Energy'. The band gave every number everything they had and were obviously having a great time. Especially in small interactive venues like this one, enthusiasm on the part of the band translates very easily to the audience. They were having fun, and so we did too.

As you may have gathered, I liked this band, though, like all music, it's a question of taste. The single has hardly been off my stereo since that night. It's difficult to say how well they'll get on in the big bad world, as there are so many bands out there going unnoticed (take the Brotherhood of Spam, for instance!), but if talent, diversity of sound and sheer fun had anything to do with it (which I sometimes doubt) there's a definite cult following in the offing.

Geoff Robertson.

NEW IS THE COLOUR...
(...rock music's the game)

The Marquee Club has a long tradition of hosting big names for "back to roots" type shows or for secret warm-ups for major tours. Tonight, however, Living Colour were simply plugging their new album, "Stain". (Perhaps it was a "secrete" gig then, ho ho ho - RH).

Playing without a support band, and keeping the crowd waiting for an hour and a half wasn't the best way of begin. But when they finally did arrive on stage, they played with a hunger you would expect from a band who hadn't toured Britain for nigh on two years.

Opening with "Middleman" from the "Vivid" debut album, the band raised a storm immediately. Unfortunately, this was doused by playing three new songs (which no-one knew) straight after. This set a pattern for the evening: old song, 2 or 3 new ones, old song, ...etc., that wasn't broken until the encores.

Apart from single "Leave it Alone" and "Bi" I couldn't tell you what the new stuff was, but it sounded generally "heavier" to me (although whether that was due to the live sound or not is debatable). From their superb

back catalogue though, the band played "Cult of Personality", best-of-the-night "Funny Vibe" and "Type". They also finished the main set with the superb "Open letter to a Landlord", and encoed "Time's up" with biggest hit "Love rears its ugly head".

What was extremely clear tonight was just how good a frontman Corey Glover has become and what a strong voice he has - lucky for us he turned down a full-time acting career (spot him in "Platoon"). The only really annoying part of the evening was the new bassist's long bass solo, followed by

a drum solo, followed by a (thankfully much shorter) guitar solo. What makes musicians think that we doubt their ability to play their instruments when we're standing in front of them is quite beyond me; but, I digress.

This was a very good performance, and certainly will entice me to buy "Stain" (it is now released), even if a few of my favourites ("Desperate People", "Which way to America", "New Jack Theme", etc.) weren't on the playlist.

GUNS OF BRIGHTON

There's some Brighton Rock at the Powerhaus

You could hear them from the moon tonight, (honest). The new Powerhaus PA and the Poppuns' new material saw to that. To coin a phrase, they were "kickin' man". (Oh dearie me. People just have not got a very good grasp of the English language these days. Look up the verb "coin" in the dictionary, please - RH). The set was full of new material

(apart from the opening "Because he wanted to") which they are to record later in March for their new album.

For those of you who don't know, the Poppuns are a five-piece based in Brighton (my home town!) playing pop songs about love and rejection, relying on guitar-driven melodies to steam it along. Although having (ap-

parently) shed ex-W***** P***** drummer Shaun they maintain their character and charm. Now, it has to be said that much of their charm emanates from Wendy, singer and sex bomb. I know that she couldn't be flattered by that description, but there is no denying the number of love-lorn indie-kids there vying for her attention, wishing

with every ugly cell in their bodies that she will at least look at them. However, the band themselves are far from sad; on the contrary!

There was new life in them tonight, the new material seemed infinitely better than that of their last album, "Snog". What was frayed in that collection has been tidied and focused in this one. There was also evi-

dence of a new direction: rap. You may well question what the fuck an indie rock outfit would know about rap. Maybe nothing, but the combination of the bassline from "Walk on the Wild Side", rapped lyrics (?) and fuck-off guitars (a la Teen Spirit) worked remarkably well. Definite hit material. (a la fucking Tribe Called Quest, no doubt - RH).

I would say "book them now before they get too big to book", but I guess no-one is going to listen to me. I'll probably be wrong anyway, but who said there was justice in this world?

Pinky.

Dead Socialist Group

Edited by Ron Voce

At 2.15pm last Monday, The Beaver came out with a story that the Democratic Socialist Group (DSG) was going to fold after its poor showing in the LSESU elections. To the Beaver hacks in the Three Tuns Club, there was a smug satisfaction as 5 minutes earlier, Bob Gross and Michael McGrath had confirmed our suspicions. The DSG was dead after just 3 short years. At times it seemed they were eternal but their sudden birth in January 1990 mirrored their quick death this year.

The DSG first hit the front page of The Beaver, issue 313, on 29 January 1990, with the headline "Gang of Six". It described how members of the LSE Labour Club and the Overseas Student Forum had decided to, in the words of Abby Innes, "stir things up a bit". The names may be unfamiliar, but Abby Innes, Paul Wickes, Chico Ferreira, Martin Raiser, Liz Van Ewijk, Michiel Van Hulten, Bernice Van Bronkhurst and Bob Gross were well known then.

The DSG changed LSESU politics as it marked the decline of the Labour Club and the Overseas Student Forum (OSF). OSF members Steve Peake and Sinisa Vacic tried to keep the momentum, but the DSG had "taken away many of the reasons" for the OSF's existence. The Labour Club was denounced as cliquy and authoritarian, putting national politics before real benefits for students. In reply the Labour Club Secretary, Grant Poulton stated that, "while another party at LSE is a good thing," he doubted whether the looseness of the DSG would make it more than "a group of anarchic individuals".

Five weeks after its birth, Paul Wickes stood for Senior Treasurer and, although ahead on first preference votes, Wickes lost on transfers. He was delighted with the result, claiming that "principles and ideas are important". With this initial burst of energy over, many felt the DSG would die, but they started the new academic year well.

At the end of September, 1990, it was going to be, to quote Union Jack™, 207 days before the sabbatical elections. Jack™ also described the DSG as "the freshest force in the Union..... if they survived the year". Jack™ had no idea what a prophesy this was.

Within one week, the DSG had hit the front page of the Beaver, by presenting a motion to the UGM, on the administrative inefficiency of the school. The School called this blackmail and the new Director John Ashworth, claimed that the mistakes had been "blown out of all proportions". The then General Secretary Rob Middleton congratulated the DSG for the motion saying, "it's sad that motions like this are so rare".

The Lent term elections saw

the DSG do well, as Michiel Van Hulten and Bob Gross were elected to Court of Governors and NUS National Conference respectively. It was also the start for many prominent DSG members, e.g. Peter Harris, Ludwig Kanzler and Jamsheda Ahmad. Others elected included William Shephard, Jai Durai, Michael McGrath, Martin Raiser and Chico Ferreira.

For the rest of the 1990-91 the DSG campaigned on various issues, but mainly against top up fees for masters students. Bob Gross turned his attention to Postgraduates, and he published the "Code of Conduct", which has become a nationally recognized document eponymously titled "The Gross Report". DSG success continued with Jai Durai elected to the Executive. The DSG chair, Peter Harris, expressed his delight and Durai herself felt her success "was another step for a Union free of dogma."

"to stir things up a bit."

The allegations of vote rigging in the Labour Club helped the DSG to success on 28 February 1991. The Beaver headline summed it up, "DSG landslide". General Secretary, Senior Treasurer, Womens Officer, Overseas Officer, Post Grad Officer and 2 more on the Executive slate all fell to the DSG and so they became the dominant force in Union politics.

The mood from the DSG was high. Michiel Van Hulten achieved his life's wish, being elected General Secretary. He said: "This is the first time a team has been elected.....we're going to get so many things done". Senior Treasurer-elect Toby Johnson stated, "you're going to see the Union take off next year.....things are going to happen!" Michael McGrath, the DSG's agent said ".....from now on it's up to us!"

With a built in majority on the executive, the DSG started 1991-2 as the establishment. Lulled into a false sense of security by a complacent UGM and the fact that again in the Lent Term elections all the DSG candidates were elected. Such names as Antonia Mochan, Toby Johnson, Michiel Van Hulten Shabir Joguee, Afonso Souza, Peter Harris, Ludwig Kanzler, Bob Gross, Jaap Breugem, Gavin Blackburn and Peter Harrad were elected.

However, to one astute observer, the writing was on the wall. Jon Hull, a former sabbati-

cal, wrote to the Beaver condemning the DSG for stifling debate and lacking leadership and direction. It seemed that in the moment of triumph, the knives were beginning to surface. This had little effect on the DSG, as they were in control and concentrated on running things.

The rise of The Left Society as an opposition to the cosy status quo that the DSG offered, culminating in an Emergency General Meeting on the occupation of Connaught House. This was thwarted by a Bob Gross inspired DSG amendment, when the re was genuine student support for action. Instead they set up the Task Force and placed their faith in that. The other main achievements of the DSG for this year were the new LSESU Constitution, devised by Michiel Van Hulten, the Safe Transport Scheme and the joint School/LSESU Accommodation Office.

In the Sabbatical elections of March 1992, the DSG were swept from power as quickly as they had arrived. Thrown out by Umbrellas and Independents, they did hold on to one sabbatical post, the newly created Equal Opportunities and Welfare post, won by Peter Harris. Martin Lewis was the other winner onto the Executive.

From opposition this year they have tried to maintain the momentum, but high profile students such as Lewis, Peake and Gross have alienated many students who vote against the DSG on principle. The Union lacked direction this year and with old members such as Antonia Mochan refusing to join, saying that "this is not the DSG I joined", many felt the time had come. With many of its long time members leaving, and with little enthusiasm for the fight, the DSG died peacefully according to consensus.

It seems a long build up and a sudden quick death, but the rise took a year as did its death. There was only one year of adulthood. The DSG died on Monday 8 March 1993 aged 3 years 1 month and 13 days. Do not send wreaths or donations. History may be kind to her, the LSE was not.

At the start of the year, Neil Andrews wrote in the Beaver, that Peter Harris would be the last DSG sabbatical. The last DSG sabbatical now reminisces.

On Monday 8th March, after a mixed performance in the SU elections, the Democratic Socialist Group (DSG), one of the Union's most successful and controversial political organisations, voted to disband with immediate effect. The membership agreed that, with the decline in popularity of group politics in the Union, the DSG could no longer garner the same level of support that swept it to office in 1991.

For the last two years "Independent" candidates have dominated elections. The DSG was set up in 1990, when a group of independent overseas students running under the banner "Overseas Student Forum", and several defectors from the Labour Club decided that there was a need for a moderate centre left group within LSE politics. This view was fuelled by the extremity of the LSE Labour Club, the absence of a LSE Liberal Democrat organisation, and the electoral disorganisation of the Greens.

In 1991 the DSG won every position that it ran for, from General Secretary to Finance and Services Committee. A letter by Peter Harris, then chair of the group, written immediately after that electoral triumph, showed that the DSG feared electoral decline as inevitable after such a high point:

"...let me hammer out the possibility of political annihilation next Spring. With 8 Exec members we will be in a totally defensive position...All exec problems will be DSG problems, all anti-SU feeling will be anti-DSG feeling. The other parties will have nothing to lose..."

Consequently, although the DSG broke the mould of LSE politics, the main beneficiaries in 1992 were Independent candidates, such as Faz Zahir and Jon Spurling, and the Umbrella Group. Only Welfare Sabbatical Peter Harris and Rag Chair Martin Lewis were elected to this year's exec as DSG candidates.

Unlike the Umbrella Group, which lost all purpose after achieving electoral success, the DSG struggled on with its commitment to "put student issues first".

Last Thursday's election results were a bitter disappointment to DSG sabbatical candidates Bob Gross and Gavin Blackburn. Their unpopularity stems, perhaps, from the DSG's year-long campaigns that criticised many groups within the Union, including the Beaver and Ents sabbatical Jonny Bradburn.

In fairness to the DSG they also spearheaded more positive campaigns such as "Overcrowding and Underfunding" and the campaign to challenge the Director's vision of a privatised LSE.

Many of the original members of the DSG have been seen as tired old hacks and are leaving or "retiring" this year. Peter Harris said, "Before the election I made it clear to the Group that I have to retire now".

Whatever else is said about the DSG, they went out fighting until the end. They also had a profound effect on SU politics and their emphasis of student issues must be seen as the principle feature of the contemporary Union.



Every Loser Wins! Michiel Van Hulten elects himself General Secretary on 28th February 1991

In typical LSE style the death of any political party is exaggerated until they die by motion in the UGM. The DSG has definitely died and here is the motion to prove it!

Business Motion: Death of the DSG

Proposed: Neil Andrews
Seconded: Ron Voce

Union Notes:

1. The DSG have shuffled off this mortal coil.
2. i.e. they've snuffed it.
3. In their years of existence they did more for the Union than any political party.
4. Alright, they did more than the Umbrellas, but that's it.
5. Blame for their demise should be placed on the following Steve Peake (world's greatest DJ), Nick Kirby and Michiel van Hulten. Oh yes, and the Beaver.
6. Bob Gross may have got more votes if he wasn't so loud and obnoxious, not to mention arrogant, during the campaign.
7. Then again, so would I.
8. And Ron.
9. Sharks are often misunderstood.
10. Dannii is still better than Kylie.

Union Believes:

1. In Father Christmas.
2. That the only reason why this motion is on the order paper is because I have nothing to lose.
3. Neil Andrews has never had a motion passed.
4. Perhaps the DSG can form an alliance with Gary's Pants.
5. The DSG will live on in the hearts and minds of the Union. I don't think. (This means 'Not')
6. The DSG would have done much better if Antonia Mochan had rejoined.
7. Sharks are often misunderstood.

Union Resolves:

1. To shed a tear for the DSG.
2. To actively support the protection of sharks.
3. To mandate the General Secretary to actually do some work for a change.
4. To sing the Norseman song.
5. To mandate the Ents and Societies sabbatical, Jonny Bradburn, to write to both John Cleese and Michael Palin, demanding that they change the word "parrot" to "DSG" the next time that they perform the "Dead Parrot Sketch".

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YEARBOOK

The General Secretary of the Students' Union will be starting to compile a 'Yearbook' for graduating students over the course of the Easter holidays. This will be the first time that a 'Yearbook' has been published at LSE. All graduating students will be mailed a Yearbook form to fill in and send back if they wish to be included. The Yearbook is part of the continuing drive by Fazile Zahir to encourage a spirit of community among students at the LSE.

APOLOGY

With reference to allegations of Sexism within the Beaver, which we totally refute, we feel that we must apologise for not covering Women's Week at LSE. We reserved space for this issue, and were going to give it front page coverage. Unfortunately the people writing for Women's Week let us down at the last minute.

THE LAST OF THE PHILOSOPHERS



Unlike the 'Great age of the Watercolour' exhibition at the Royal Academy, this exhibition is quite good. It concentrates on the early years of Georges Roualt-an expressionist. Indeed it would center mainly in these years as his later works, although well executed, have none of the energy of the former.

Roualt underwent the customary loss of sanity early on in his career in 1903. As far as I can tell no other madness impinged on his art-which can be quite detrimental to an expressionist. Instead Roualt, under the financial protection of Vollard, embarked on illustration of books and even wrote some of the texts himself. This had the effect of stylizing his art and consequently losing him the effectiveness of his earlier style.

Roualt's early work was characterized by his social concern. He lived -for some reason- among the poor of Paris in the 1910's and 1920's. This led to his unfortunate decision to attempt to make social comment through his art. Artists make the best critique of their society in under and overstatement. Roualt did neither of these. He calculatedly set out to comment on the squalid conditions of society espe-

cially through the prostitutes of Paris. But unlike Toulouse Lautrec, he painted them as almost inhuman -a mixture of form and colour. Roualt also tried to show through his paintings of circus's and clowns, the pretensions and masks of society -an obvious metaphor. Roualt then was no great philosopher. His style was not set up for such a social conscience, indeed if Roualt was so concerned about these conditions then why was there no beauty in his art? Surely there was something worth saving? Maybe Roualt was an incredibly ugly man, because his art does not just depict ugliness, it is deliberately constructed, it comes from within. His self-portrait is ugly, his prostitutes are ugly, christ! even Jesus is ugly. Even so, in the most extreme forms of ugliness there is beauty, maybe it is more out of fascination and curiosity than desire but nonetheless it is there. In Roualt's art this does come across, but his style is confused, and it is not an individual ugliness it is a universal one. My point is that we all know poor people are mostly ugly, their homes are ugly and they lead brutish lives and it must have been worse at the turn of the century, especially in Paris. Therefore if social comment had to be made by an artist it

must surely have to center around either, depicting this ugliness in graphic form or attempting to show the more human side of the masses. It would seem Roualt fits into neither of these categories, but does create a new one. His depiction of universal ugliness is perhaps a social comment in itself, but not the one he set out to show. I have always believed that critics read too much into certain types of art, but never before had I realized its usefulness. If only Roualt had left it to people with the intelligence and hindsight to understand his art in its context, rather than him ironically pretending to be something he was not - a philosopher.

Nevertheless, the idiosyncracies in Roualt's thought does not detract from the power of his earlier style. His use of line to construct form, and his experiments in media -watercolour, ink, gouache, oil- on paper, create a distinctive expressionist style. His subject matter although not unique, was treated in an innovative manner -although not effective in its aims. What does come through his art is a sense of pain -both in Roualt's outlook and of his subject matter. I'm not sure whose pain is more intense, but then I don't really care. I am told that it is frustrating to be

poor and thick, especially when you are in France, but I am happily ignorant about it. Roualt's pain is perhaps harder to define. Maybe he was coming to terms with the recognition that by claiming to examine the destitute of Paris, and his inability to get this across in his art, he was setting himself up for a great fall. Maybe it was the pain of being as ugly as his subjects, or maybe like most artists it was the pain of being totally crap at personal relationships. More likely though, is that as in his depiction of ugliness, the pain is universal and Roualt's personal pain is his realization that it is only through circumstance -albeit in a paintbrush- that the roles are not reversed.

In general then Roualt was a great painter, most probably hideously deformed. A philosopher though, he was not. I mean Eric Cantona reads poetry and Lee Chapman read a book once, but do you think the Northerners will discuss it over their pie and chips at half-time? Likewise this exhibition's only drawback is the philosophical mumbblings of a half-crazed Frenchman.

[The Georges Roualt exhibition at the Royal Academy runs from March - June]

by Citizen Smith

I knew something was up as I walked Shaftesbury Avenue, as Louis Ashon of LSE SWSS was outside the cinema selling something. I've seen this all before, and the film X, at the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, the day it was released overthere, so why was I going to see it again.

Well for a start, I couldn't give a monkeys about his politics, I've seen all the various groups trying to make out his stance on one topic is similar to theirs and frankly that's OK. Because one thing Spike Lee has done yet again is make an excellent movie and stimulated debate as many of his previous movies have also done.

I don't care that

bits are inaccurate, that he went to jail and converted to Islam. That he made comments that if reversed, would have been perceived as white supremacist, because Malcolm X was one of history's best kept secrets. I knew nothing about him until I saw the movie and its a story that needed telling.

This movie finally seals Lee's position as one of Americas best Directors as I've only seen one other Film biography that comes close to this, rivetting you to your seat for over three hours, and that was David Leans classic "Lawrence of Arabia". I'm disgusted that this film barely got a look in for the Oscars. It is the best film you are going to see this year!

Ron Voce

Trigger Happy

South Kensington - the museum freak's Nirvana. In theory (mind you, only in theory) you could visit four museums in one blow: the V&A, the Science Museum, the Natural History Museum, and the Geology Museum. Disregarding the first (not exactly my favourite) and the last (that would be pushing it a bit wouldn't it?), a short intro to the Science and Nature museums follows.

But first, a serious question. Some Beaver readers (probably just decent people who thought they were reading the highly intellectual 'London Student') who recognised me as the man behind the ingenious pseudonym "Roy", asked me somewhat contemptuously, what actually made me believe anyone would go to any museum at all? To enjoy an educational and cultural experience.

Bullshit! I don't go to museums to learn, I go to museums to push buttons: those little thingamijigs that make the plastic dinosaur move, or make the model volcano erupt, or fill aquariums with water to prove that wood floats.

Take the Science Museum. Five floors of

great stuff. Aeroplanes, ships, locomotives, chemistry, medicine, industry. Fine. Me I'm on the first floor, in the children's hall, where you can do all those fun things with soap bubbles, play around with magnets, lasers, sound-waves, static electricity, and torture bananas with liquid nitrogen. You can see all the kids fooling around with transparent mirrors, and their parents, right behind them, jealous as hell, trying their hardest not to shove their kids aside and play themselves. Me, I ain't got no shame (pardon my french). "Piss off boy, take your hands off my experiment". "Nonono, you're doing this all wrong, go away, let me do this". Right, you giggle condescendingly, we are no little children, we don't fool around. Oh yeah? Who are you kidding?! OF COURSE you are little children. Of course you are jealous of all those toddlers that get to push all the buttons, while you have to read the boring explanations and look important.

So, once you decide to face your true self, here is what you do: totally disregard all the serious galleries in the Science Museum (stick to the children's gallery is what I say) and look for locomotives to

climb on, airplane simulators, special effects, big revolving machines that make impressive sounds, and an attractive miniature model of a battle cruiser. And, if you insist on learning something while you're at it, so be it.

The Natural History Museum was probably designed by the same genius who designed the East Building. The "you can only get to room X if you pass through rooms Y, Z and staircases 1, 2 and 3 in that order" fits. A (free) map might give you a (small) chance of actually ending up where you planned. As it is, the whole place is packed with excitement. The earth gallery is about space, planets, mountains, earthquakes, minerals etc. (the earthquake simulator is great fun). The life gallery deals with fish, reptiles, mammals, insects, and us, packed with stuffed animals, live animals (especially insects) or models (moving dinosaurs - dig it!). Lots of things to hear, see and climb on. The ecology exhibition is very recommended for special FX, so is the part about humans where you can put your senses through some heavy ordeals. There's an exhibition of meteorites, "The origins of the species", (learn about

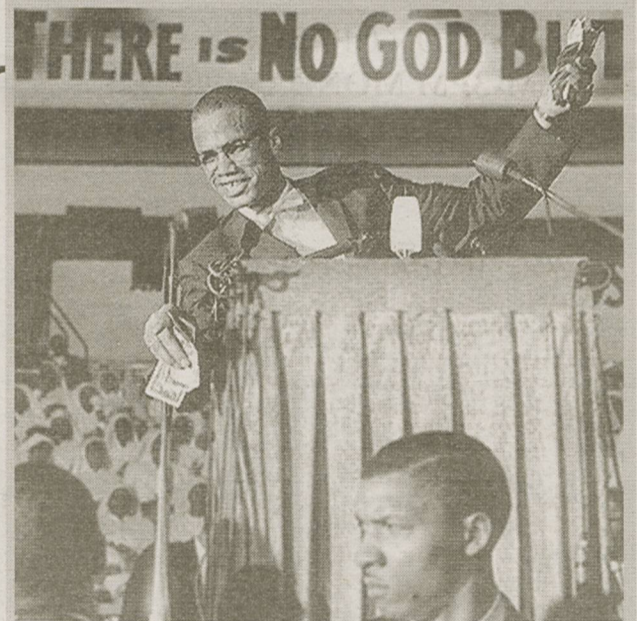
Darwin's theory of natural selection or just watch some cool videos) and the very excellent mammal gallery (life size elephants and one big blue whale). A warped version of "Wildlife preserved".

As is always, the museum is so immense, that just walking through it rapidly took me three hours (well, I did stop at the buttons). If you decide to be sensible and do only part of the museum, you would do best to enter it through Cromwell Rd. - to see the life galleries, or through Exhibition Rd. to see the earth galleries.

I know, I am pushing my luck a bit, this is only a humble suggestion: a year ticket is relatively cheap, it will get you into all four museums free 9"you will not be requested to make a donation at the V&A". And, trust me on this, there is more than VFM in those tickets. That is if you like pushing buttons.

Next issue I will be looking for my marbles in some of the smaller and forgotten museums of London.

by Rony Hassner



Guess Who?, Mr X.

LSE Drama Society

presents a
Drama Double Bill

'The Lesson'
by Ionesco

and

'Funeral Games'
by Joe Orton

Mon 15th, Tue 16th, Wed 17th
7.30pm in the
Old Theatre, #2.50

PETITIONS BEING CIRCULATED.....

- a) The "LSE Three" protecting the right of students to demonstrate, and condemning the victimisation of 3 students currently undergoing the School's unjust disciplinary system.
- b) Stop the Child Support Act.
- c) A letter to Virginia Bottomley asking the Govt NOT to introduce charges for contraception.
- d) Support for the 99 inter-collegiate-Hall cleaners sacked by the University of London.

ALL OF THESE ARE AVAILABLE TO BE SIGNED AT THE STUDENTS' UNION RECEPTION AND ELSEWHERE..... PLEASE SUPPORT IF YOU CAN.

mAsSaGe *WoRkShOp!*

continuing the Women's Week celebrations, to be held in the Women's Room on Wednesday 1.30-3pm. WOMEN ONLY.

THE CAFE

VACATION OPENING TIMES
10AM-3PM MONDAY-FRIDAYS
THROUGHOUT VACATION
BAGEL COUNTER AND HOT FOOD
12-2PM
071-955 7164/ 6704

EASTERN VISION FORUM

presents a talk by
Professor Michael Leifer
How much resilience is there in the states of South East Asia?
on Wednesday 17th March
1-2pm in the Vera Anstey Room
Light refreshments after the talk
ALL WELCOME

I would like to perfect my English through conversation on international subjects (Exchange with Italian or paying) -
Tel: Paulo 081-874 4130

DEBATING SOCIETY
This term's last debate (17 March)
"This House Believes the End is Nigh!"

HOT AIR BALLOONING!

Would you like to learn how to pilot a hot air balloon???? No experience necessary.....
Tuesday 16th March
5pm X329
with Max Steuer

YOUNG LABOUR GREEN NETWORK

A new organisation for young people - the network is organising an inaugural conference at Conway Hall on the 27th March to discuss how young people can campaign effectively against environmental destruction. Speakers include Gordon Brown MP (the Shadow Chancellor); Chris Smith MP (Labour's Environmental Protection spokesperson); Michael Meacher MP (Overseas Development spokesperson); David Gee (Ex-Director of Friends (Of The Earth); Paul Horsman (Of Greenpeace)
The network is planning to campaign on such issues as the Govt's damaging road developments, lack of cycle lanes, London bus deregulation, British Rail proposals. Instead it will promote an integrated transport policy.
More information from:
Bill Eyres 071-485 7873

CLASSIFIEDS MUST REACH THE BEAVER OFFICE BY NOON ON WEDNESDAYS. WE DO NOT GUARANTEE TO PRINT ANY WHICH ARRIVE LATER THAN THIS!

THE FABIAN SOCIETY.....
meets every Wednesday at 12 noon in the Cafe.
All welcome.
For further information, phone James Hull on 071-378 8226.

LSE Development Society presents a lecture on "The role of Science and Technology in Development" given by H.E. Dr. M. Macioti, Director General in the Science and Technology division at the European Commission (And a former Ambassador of the EC)
Date: Tuesday 16th March
Time: 6pm
Room: To be announced

LSE Drama Society
presents a Drama Double Bill
'The Lesson' by Ionesco and
'Funeral Games' by Joe Orton
Mon 15th, Tues 16th, Wed 17th
7.30pm in the Old Theatre
£2.50

17th March 7.30pm E199
Marxist Discussion Circle
"The Ideas Of Malcom X: a Challenge to Marxism?"
Amidst the Hollywood hype and myriad attempts to claim his mantle this meeting will look at the significance of Malcolm today in the struggle for black liberation.....

WANTED!

used stamps for charity (overseas missions)..... please leave them at the Chaplaincy.

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Monday to Friday 6-10 pm,
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Houghton Street Harry

Bad news always comes in threes and for our national sport, the third tragedy proved to be the most damaging. Last week we lost one of our great footballing institutions. A legend whose era began in the 'Fifties and continued into the 'Nineties only to be hacked down in his prime. No longer will the terraces echo to the cry of one of his rockets. Roy Race is dead. Long live the King. Long live 'Roy of the Rovers'.

At the end of the month, 'Roy of the Rovers', for years the bastion of football comics, ceases to exist as the pressures of the recession take their toll. Sales have fallen and attempts to save money have proved fruitless. Kids no longer want to read about their favourite football star when they can BE their favourite football star on their Nintendo and Sega consoles. But, as they say, he's had a good innings.

Roy Race first appeared in 'Tiger' comic way back in 1954, September 11th to be precise, as a young apprentice alongside life-long buddy Blackie Gray. Graduating through the ranks he became a first team regular, alongside Gray, then captain before finally becoming Player/Manager, taking over from Ben Griffiths. In 1976 he married Penny, his secretary at the Rovers who gave birth to twins shortly afterwards.

During the 'Eighties his life, both off and on the field was eventful to say the least. In 1981 he was shot by his cousin after a land fraud scheme and was on a life-support machine for weeks. Needless to say he made a miraculous recovery (thanks to a tape of cheering fans) to return to first team football only to have an argument with the directors and chairmen two years later which resulted in him leaving Melchester Rovers for the first time. He transferred to rivals Walford Rovers but was back again after a couple of months (Nothing to do with the complaints received, of course).

In 1986 he was 'recalled' to the England squad for the 1986 World Cup finals but during an exhibition match in some imaginary Middle East country, a revolution broke out which ended up with seven of the Rovers squad being shot.

In recent times, however, Roy has had to deal with his son, Rocky, running away from home, plus disillusionment with the game which resulted in him resigning as manager of the Rovers. Following this decision, the Rovers board appointed rival team Melcastor's Manager "Flash" Gordon, who promptly dropped Roy from the team and set about destroying the club. Last week's issue ended with Roy coming on as a sub and scoring the winner in a vital European Cup clash. Whether Roy can save the Rovers in what looks like being their final battle seems doubtful. One thing is for sure, he always provided us with good family entertainment.

The quality of the comic itself, on the other hand, has fallen in recent years. The stories have become unbelievable while the standard of artwork has fallen to abysmal levels with the crisp, clear cut detail of old missing from a majority of stories. But my main criticism rests with the content of the rest of the comic. The 'in-depth' analysis of the English game concentrates on the Premier League, failing to even mention the successes achieved by many First Division clubs this season. But you can't grumble over minor details like that. Like the DSG, the comic's only really going to be missed once it's actually gone.

The comic may be going but the legend will live on. Who knows, maybe some phantom benefactor will step in at the eleventh hour and save Melchester Rovers from a fate much worse than Aldershot's. With Roy Race condemned to the history books our nation of children will need to look elsewhere for their footballing idols, the only trouble is that 'Billy the Fish' is the best thing on offer. Long live the King.

End of an Era

Robert Frederick Chelsea Moore, born 12 April 1941, died 24 February, 1993.

Bobby Moore was a one-off: slow on the turn, average in the air, and prone to fatal mistakes, especially in the twilight years, but that was the blue-print for one of the greatest defenders of all time. Asked whether he thought England would win the World Cup, the then West Ham manager Ron Greenwood replied "Yes" and then pointed to the reason why.

Born in East London on the 12th April 1941, Moore was seventeen when West Ham picked him up as an apprentice. Four years later their judgement proved impeccable as he made his England debut at the age of twenty one against Peru in 1962. He went on to win another 107 caps, 90 as captain before retiring from international football. During that eleven year spell he only ever scored twice but England were rarely defeated all the same.

A man for the big occasions, positional sense and a severe tackle made him Player of the Tournament when he captained the World Cup winners, making two of Geoff Hurst's goals in the final, but his performances in the 1970 competition were arguably better. Against Brazil in Guadalajara, he was unbeatable. If you don't

believe me ask Pele. But the irony of Bobby Moore's footballing career was that although international success came easy, at club level, West Ham always struggled amongst the big boys.

Following his retirement from the international game, Moore left the club for whom he served so well to play for Fulham, alongside, Rodney Marsh, George Best and Alan Mullery, helping them to an FA Cup final in 1975 against his former club. After that he had a brief spell in the short-lived North America Soccer League, where he captained Team America against England in an exhibition match against England in 1976.

Unlike other players he was not tempted into management after he quit the game until Oxford City offered him the chance. This was followed by a brief spell at Southend Utd where his contributions are still in evidence to this day. But it was not too last.

A brief stint in journalism culminated in Moore becoming a regular commentator on radio and it was here that he ended his days, contributing to Capital Gold's coverage of the England V San Marino at Wembley, a week before his death from cancer.

A man respected by those who love the game, Moore



Wembley, 30 July, 1966: Bobby Moore's face says it all.

only ever had two blots on his copybook. The first was the ludicrous theft accusation in Chile before the 1970 World Cup Finals and the second being his appearance in the 1981 film, 'Escape To Victory' where Moore proved his acting abilities weren't up to

much.

There's a lot more that could be said about Bobby Moore, but that'll do.

The Lion Roars.

"See your bike, it's a girl's bike: it's for girls!"



"I must be f**king mad....I knew I should have taken up Darts." Photo: A. Camera

The "Mad LSEMTBers in Epping Forest" event will be the climax of unprecedented riding enthusiasm. Mountain-biking, beer-drinking and sufficient lubrication will be the order of the day as LSE students do it in the woods. Fat tyres will be tested, helmets will be worn and bikes will be mounted. And yes, that AU barrel "it's the taking part" spirit will be in evidence!

The forest is huge - about 6,000 acres. I have a 16 mile route worked out but we'll see how it goes. Precautions will be taken but punctures are not unknown, so the ride could take anything between 2 and 4 hours. There will be no prizes for coming first.

Epping can be reached by road (A11 then A120 from East London), canal tow-path (Lee Navigation) and the Central line. The most likely meeting place will be Epping tube station, but this is yet to be confirmed. By the time you read this there should be some posters up but if you are going to come you must phone to confirm for obvious reasons.

Free beer and copies of the 1993 exam papers if you get there early.

See you out there!

The mad ovine, Leo McTaff
tel. 081 558 4979

Rhyming Names of the rich & famous

Part one:

Marie Antoinette

&

Wet, Wet, Wet.

Next week: Max Boyce & James Joyce

Elton James has a girl's haircut

The LSE 4ths have reached the Cup final, apparently.