



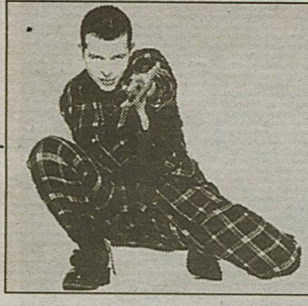
the Beaver

The Newspaper of the London School of Economics Students' Union

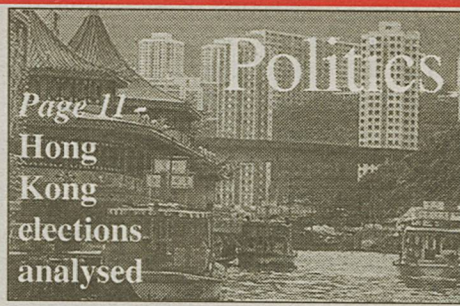
Issue 427

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October 31, 1995



Exclusive Beaver interviews with top DJ Paul Oakenfold, *Page 15* and Pete Cunah of D:Ream, *Page 16*



And the winners are . . .

Narius Aga and Dhara Ransinghe

Over 900 students voted in the Michaelmas term Students' Union elections last Wednesday and Thursday.

A number of posts, ranging from Honorary President to student representatives on the Academic Board were put up for elections. The Court of Governors, being the most coveted saw 18 candidates fight a hotly contested battle for the five seats.

Hectic campaigning was witnessed over the past week with LSE students being bombarded with posters and leaflets from various candidates.

This reached its peak on the days of voting with prospective voters being approached by the candidates in Houghton Street as well as in the LSE Halls of Residence where candidates followed the ballot box on Wednesday evening.

A nail-biting atmosphere prevailed in Room A42, where counting took place late into Thursday night. "It's tougher this year than the last", said Raj Jethwa, an outgoing Court of Governors representative. On the other hand, candidates displayed a feeling of mutual camaraderie.

Joy and sheer relief were evident on the faces of the winning candidates when the results for the Court of Governors were announced.

"I'm absolutely elated", said Ali Imam, who came first with 210 first preference votes. "I just want to thank my supporters and all those who voted for



Sam Parham, Darrell Hare and Ali Imam - newly elected student representatives to the Court of Governors

Photo: Ana Shorter

me". Darrell Hare, who came second, expressed his delight by saying "I'm hitting the Tuns in five seconds." Others elected to the Court were Sam Parham, Nick Sutton and Gul Mukhey.

LSE students gave their own verdict to the

OJ Simpson trial by electing "OJ Simpson (guilty)" as the Honorary President of the Union.

They further expressed their affection for the ex-Take That member, Robbie Williams by electing him as the Honorary

Vice President. Commiserations to the other candidates - unfortunately voters failed to be won over by the delightful poetry on the leaflets of Eric "the king" Cantona.

Full results on page 3

NUS campaign begins on student hardship

Toby Childs

The National Union of Students (NUS) launched its student hardship campaign last week to increase public awareness of the financial difficulties facing students with the continuing reduction in grant levels.

At the centre of the campaign is a National demonstration planned for November and CASH (Coalition Against Student Hardship) which seeks to draw sympathetic public support.

The main demands are the restora-

tion of student grants to 1979 levels with full entitlement to social security benefits, the obtaining of "rights" to decent living and representation, and the scrapping of the Student Loan Company.

Despite its slick media-based launch it is understood the campaign does not carry the full support of the NUS Executive who are doubtful of its chances of success. In particular, the return to 1979 grant levels, at an estimated cost of £10bn - or 5p on basic income tax, is extremely unlikely given the current lack of government cash and the political opposition to increased taxes held by both the Conservative and Labour parties.

There is a realisation amongst the Executive that the traditional hostility to change has been counter-productive, indeed, it is credited by many to alienating the NUS from the policy consultation process.

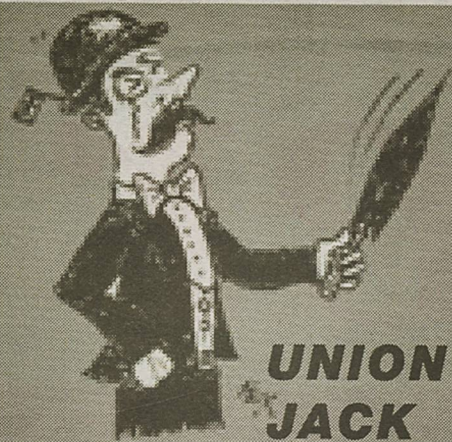
Although the Executive has recently adopted a reforming position, the Conference has been unyielding in its determination to achieve these goals and annually mandate their leaders to obtain them.

Thanks to a new realism, partly injected by the 'New Solutions' grouping of Conference delegates, a more constructive approach has been adopted and alternative forms of funding are being examined.

Not all the NUS sacred cows will be slain - the Executive remains firmly committed to the principle of free education at point of access, and although publically funded maintenance is an ideal, alternatives which improve a student's lot must be embraced. It is expected that the Executive will be able to win support with this package at next year's Conference, when they will then be free to officially pursue their goals.

Kate Hampton, General Secretary of

Continued on page 2



At last week's UGM we were told that nothing stands between the Chair of the Union and his nicotine. His craving caused him to be late for the UGM, but he might as well have not bothered turning up at all.

Fun though Mr Bennet is, his knowledge of Union procedure is still almost non-existent.

At least the arrival of the Big Cheese spared us from a minute-taker who "has problems with his handwriting". The bloke concerned has been the subject of Jack's attention before as the under-developed missile in the Right's armoury. Jack would like to correct two facts: his name is Peter Doralt (not Dorat), and he is of course Austrian, not German. How silly of Jack not to spot that.

Getting back to important issues, that hurried blast of nicotine failed to wake the Chair enough to save the Union from a farce of gigantic proportions. Not that he is the only one to blame. Kate Hampton, General Secretary of the Union, should share responsibility for the recent stupidity. She is not quite the "vacuous bint" some have suggested. But to have power and not wield it (and to occupy a position of respect and not have any in the student body) is bound to lead to a crisis.

Claire Lawrie, *la grande dame* of finance, is no better: she is presumably still recovering from her close encounter with *Houghton Street Harry*. And we also have Baljit Mahal, the Communications Officer. It is a sad day when someone in his position needs to use a computer grammar checker (fat load of good it does him - he is still unreadable). Perhaps as well as a megaphone he should persuade the Union to invest in a spell checker as he even managed to spell "Court of Governors" wrongly on his election material. Jack hopes he gets elected and continues the tradition, started by Martin Lewis, of showing the Governors just how far LSE standards have slipped.

And so, it is hardly a surprise that we ended up voting to send British tanks into Quebec. This bizarre suggestion emerged as a result of an 'Emergency Motion' sending a message in support of a unified Quebec. Obviously, the 'emergency' sent the Chair into a panic, resulting in his small amount of constitutional knowledge dissolving into nothing. The parallels with Canada are striking. Jack by this time agreed with the speaker who spoke of "growing intolerance".

"This is not a fucking motion" cried someone, to no avail. Jack saw the point: there were no union notes or believes, just a union resolves to send a letter. And, of course, some tanks. It appears there is very little standing between the Union and insanity.

Jack was most gratified to see the other 'emergency' motion, concerning the ongoing rent dispute at High Holborn, fall. Garth 'Vader', by coincidence a Canadian, has been stirring agitation on behalf of SWSS (Socialist Workers' Student Society), pronounced "swizz". That, in Jack's opinion, says all that needs to be said about this farcical campaign.

Tories split on Europe

Chris McAleely

Former Conservative MP, Sir Anthony Meyer, criticised Michael Portillo's "grotesque performance" at the party conference in a speech to a crowded gathering of the European Society last Tuesday.

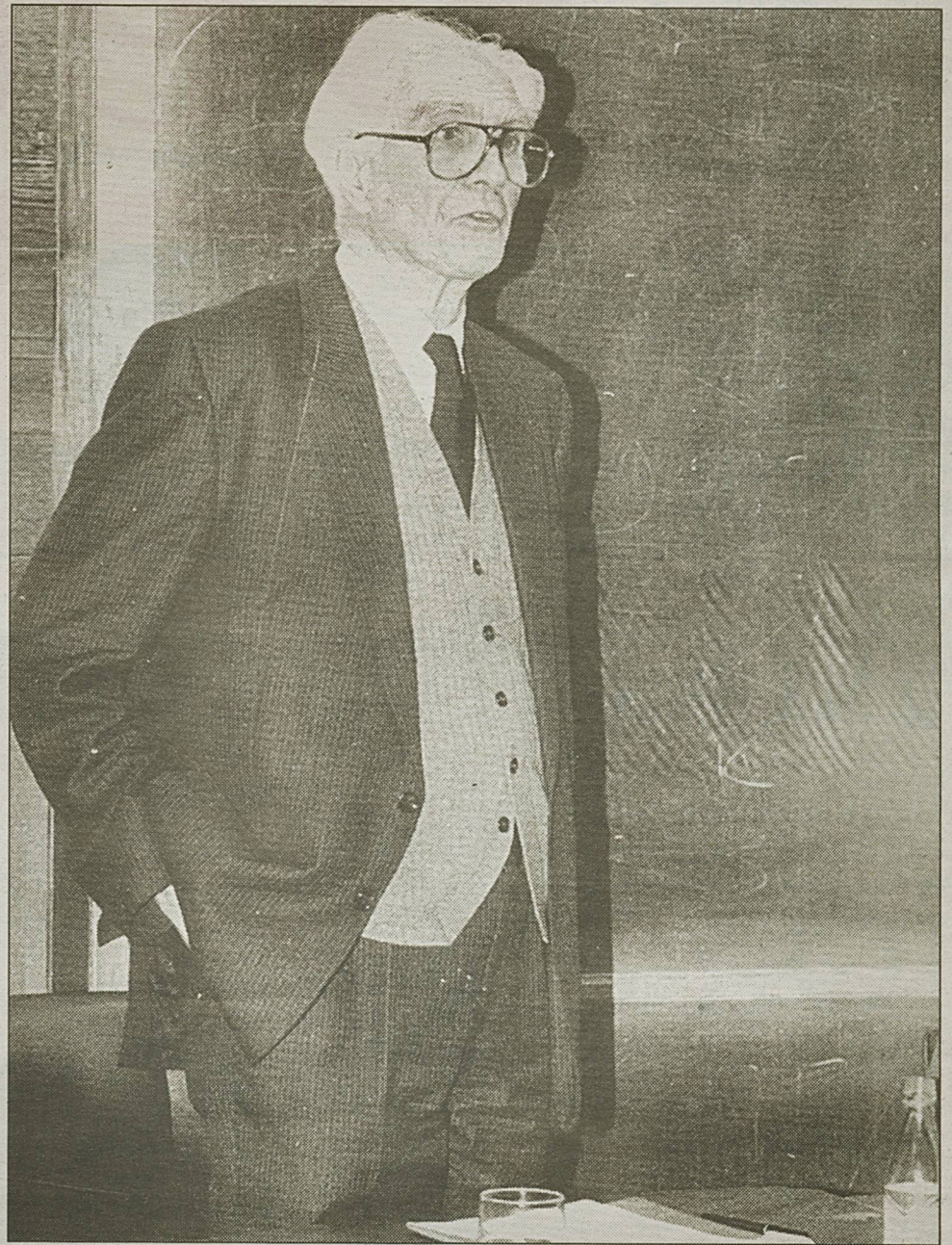
The Defence Secretary's jingoistic attack on Brussels had made it impossible for the party to remain silent on the European debate, according to Meyer. Europe would remain a divisive issue for the Conservatives. There was, he believed, the possibility of a pro-Europe rebellion in backlash to Portillo's Euro-Sceptic ranting.

Sir Anthony, famous for challenging Margaret Thatcher for the Tory Party leadership in 1989, was speaking on the theme 'The UK, At The Heart of Europe?' His answer to this was a resounding no.

Referring to Malcolm Rifkind's Chatham House lecture in September, Sir Anthony said that it had marked a major change in approach. The doctrine that Britain must be at the heart of Europe had been openly dropped, after years of pretence. Essentially this means acceptance of second rate status within the Union.

The party conference was, he said, "designed to send the party faithful into a state of high excitement, rather like they'd been on ecstasy." Mr Portillo's speech had achieved this, but at a significant cost to Britain's negotiating position on defence issues. Sir Anthony underlined that the end of the Cold War had not changed the fact that no nation can stand alone.

He explained his opposition to a referendum on Europe - the problem would be that the public does not have to cope with the consequences of its decision. If ministers decided to pull out of Europe, they would have to provide a viable alternative policy.



Sir Anthony Meyer, Thatcher challenger, in the Vera Anstey room

Photo: G. Spinner

However, he conceded that other nations managed to use referenda successfully.

Sir Anthony concluded by pointing out that the European Union provides a scape-

goat for any awkward decisions, that would have to be taken anyway. Not that Mr Portillo would dream of using the EU in such a manner.

Beaver denied award glory

Aarti Chanrai and Shaista Ahmed

Eager *Beaver* readers will be saddened by the news that the paper failed to pick up any of the Guardian/NUS Media Awards. The last time the paper received the attention it deserves was in 1992, when *The Beaver* was shortlisted.

The University of East Anglia picked up both Student Newspaper of the Year and Student Magazine of the Year. Niall Hampton, Editor of *Concrete*, the winning newspaper, said he thought it was their "crude tabloid layout, organisation and the flair and fun of our headlines. It's our mixture of styles, news and features" that helped them win.

When asked about the paper's plans for the future he said "We'll try and match it for next year."

Other winners include Ben Stewart of *Cry Wolf* (Wolverhampton University) for Journalist of the Year; Student Photographer of the Year was picked up by Andrew Baker from *The Smoke* (University of Westminster) and Student Broadcaster of the Year went to *NTU News* (University of Nottingham Trent).

However, with its dynamic editorial team and writers *The Beaver* hopes next year to be on line to scoop a host of awards!

Hardship campaign

Continued from page 1

LSE Students' Union welcomed the campaign stating that the appalling conditions in which many students were subjected must be highlighted. She hoped for success but shared some of the limited expectation of the NUS. In particular she hopes to see the end of the Loans Company which has been an expensive, inefficient and secretive disaster.

Hampton pointed out that although the debate on grants affects a decreasing minority of LSE students, it is of more consequence than many imagine - the outcome will directly shape the character of the School, where the demise of the domestic undergraduate could be accelerated. Hampton will be striving to include post-graduate and overseas students in the NUS campaign and counter the 'Anglo-centric' emphasis.

She accepts this will be a challenge, especially as it is so hard to motivate domestic students as the mere handful at the recent High Holborn protest indicates.

The campaign promises to draw student poverty into the limelight but with strong pressure from the Conservative backbenches for the Government to cut taxes, the protests are likely to fall on unsympathetic ears.

Foundation fundraising success

Davina Standhope

The LSE Foundation has recently enjoyed rare fundraising success. As reported recently in *The Beaver*, students have helped to raise nearly £900,000 in a telephone fundraising campaign. This effort has been followed by significant donations as a result of specific pledges.

The largest donation was a pledge of £316,000 to help fund the Directorship of the Asia Centre, with another large corporate donation to the same likely to be given soon. This was followed closely by a £300,000 donation from the Ove Arup Foundation and a £99,000 gift from the Baring Foundation for the *City Policy, Architecture and Engineering Programme*.

The recent drive for legacy promises has received its first success; a cheque for £63,000 has arrived at the desk of Legacy Fundraising Officer, Dorothy Johnson. Other legacy promises total £1.1 million.

The Karl Popper Memorial Fund has also attracted a large gift, which will help to finance School scholarships. In total, the LSE Foundation has helped to raise £5.2 million in the past year.

Election results

The following results had been declared by the time *The Beaver* went to press last Thursday:

Honorary President

OJ Simpson ('Guilty')

Honorary Vice-President

Robbie Williams (I'd Shag Him)

Court of Governors

Ali Imam (Independent)
Darrell Hare (Independent)
Sam Parham (LSE Labour Club)
Nick Sutton (LSE Liberal Democrat)
Gul Mukhey

Student Support & Liason Committee

Katie Fisher (LSE Labour Club)

Postgraduate Officer

Francesca Malerée (LSE Labour Club)

Mature Students' Officer

Julie King (LSE Labour Club)

Finance Committee

Ed Saper (LSE Labour Club)



Dean Poleworth helps count the votes
Photo: G. Spinner

Constitution and Steering Committee

Darrell Hare (Independent)

Those students elected to the following School committees will be announced by October 30:

External Communications Committee
LSE Foundation Committee
Site Development Committee
Inter Halls Committee
Academic Board

Former Director returns to School



Dr I G Patel, former Director of the School, speaking last week
Photo: G. Spinner

Dev Cropper

Value matters, as much as reason in the social sciences, according to the School's ninth Director, Dr I G Patel.

Dr Patel returned to the School last Thursday to give the second Director's Lecture, part of a series commemorating the LSE's Centenary.

Taking as his theme, *Equity in a Global Society*, Dr Patel spoke on the need for social, ethnic and economic equality between nations and individuals. He returned constantly to the ways in which the academics of the School – which he directed from 1984 to 1991 – can promote equity through their teaching.

Talking of the need for an "explicit exploration of ethical issues" in political eco-

nomics, he suggested that certain core values which have transcended human history must be taken as fundamental. Not always the case among academics – one UN report valued American lives as worth fifteen times as much as Indians.

Not many at the LSE would disagree with Dr Patel on these issues – but some of his other proposals might provoke panic in certain departments. All of the School's courses, he argues, should include studies of major literary, religious and ethical works.

Fundamentally, however, Dr Patel discussed the possibilities of achieving equity throughout the world despite the inbuilt bias against such a goal in many international organisations. The LSE has a contribution to make towards this goal both through teaching and research – but only if it embodies "ethical social science . . . rather than sterile disciplines."

Academic Board bars sabbatical from meeting

Peter Udeshi

Sabbatical Officers of the Students' Union (SU) were barred from a meeting of the Academic Board last Wednesday.

A vote was held to allow the sabbaticals to stay, but the motion was defeated by a single vote.

The meeting was set to discuss a paper submitted by the Students' Union last year on the quality of the teaching at the School.

Omer Soomro, SU Education and Welfare Officer said, "we were not aware that we would be excluded from negotiations

when the vote was taken last year."

The Education and Welfare Officer will report back for the next session scheduled for January 31. He said, "we will respond with our report to show that we are keen to cooperate with the Academic Board. Obviously the Students' Union is not very pleased with the outcome of the vote. The majority of the members on the board abstained from voting. We hope in future, to express greater concern to any such matters that might arise, by voting as far as we can, as equal members. Exclusion defeats the purpose of being members."

News in Brief

Mooting competition

Leading law firm, Lovell White Durrant, *The Observer* and the English Speaking Union are co-sponsoring a moot competition. Last year the competition attracted teams from 64 Higher Education institutions.

For further information, contact Richard Chambers on 0171 493 3328.

Travel bursaries

Applications are invited for the Abessy Emmanuel Educational Trust Israel Travel Grants.

Bursaries of up to £500 are available for students interested in undertaking a personal project in Israel.

Full details from John Levy on 0171 435 6803

UCL cocktails - LSE ban

David Whippe

In a wide-ranging measure by University College (UCL), all University of London students other than their own have been banned from the Cocktail night, held every Thursday.

The four week moratorium, already in effect, is the result of an incident, just under a fortnight ago, believed to be a stabbing.

Nick Fletcher, LSE Students' Union Entertainments Officer, stated that he could understand the action taken by UCL, and that under similar circumstances he would behave exactly the same way.

He added, however, that he could not see the problem being the result of actions taken by an LSE student, based upon the absence of trouble at the School this year.

Rent strike saga

Narius Aga

Residents in High Holborn voted in favour of a rent strike at a meeting on October 22, as the ongoing saga continues at the hall.

Despite an impassioned speech by the warden, Dr Kuska, presenting the opposing viewpoint, a motion was passed with an overwhelming majority of students in favour of holding back their rents until their demands were met.

"It appears to me that a majority of us feel hard done by", said Jean Thepaut, chair of the meeting later.

"We firmly believe that by acting together, we can negotiate some kind of a rebate, for what the administration calls teething troubles".

As another agitated resident pointed out, "the general feeling is that we're just being taken for granted".

Not all agreed however. The opposition felt that the 60 or so residents attending the meeting hardly represented a majority among the 450-odd total and many who had made up their minds to pay anyway merely stayed away.

The organisers of the meeting were quick to point out that the meeting was open to all and by staying away, residents had lost their chance to make their views heard.

According to the reception staff at High Holborn, more than half the students in the hall paid their rents before the extended deadline expired on October 25. The fate of those who did not remains to be seen.

Meanwhile, a picket supporting the strike has been organised for October 30.

The Beaver

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Societies

History Society

Visit to the National Portrait Gallery
"Sex and Family In The Elizabethan Age"
Tuesday 31 October
Meet 12.15pm at SU Reception, East Building

European Society

Charles Gray
Vice President, Committee of the Regions
Towards a Europe of the Regions?
Tuesday 31 October
1.00 pm, C120

Francophone Society

Film Nights: Luc Besson Season
Tuesday 31 October
Subway and The Big Blue
Wednesday 1 November
Nikita and Leon
New theatre - 6.00 pm start
MEMBERS FREE!

Fabian Society

Meeting
Wednesday 1 November
1.00 pm, Vera Anstey Room

European Society

David Martin MEP,
Vice-President European Parliament
Building a democratic Europe
Thursday 2 November
1.00 pm, C120

Christian Union

Jesus on.... "Back to Basics"
Speaker: Nick Proctor
Thursday 2nd November
6.00pm A86

Liberal Democrats

Weekly Meetings
Thursdays, S78, 12.15pm

AIESEC

AIESEC's New Social Way of Education for
Responsibility
Eccentric Millionaire: Marcus Orlovsky, Silly Systems
Thursday 2 November
6.00pm New Theatre

Games Society

Weekly Meetings
Thursdays 5.00 to 9.30 pm, E198

Italian Society

Italian Lessons from Friday, 3 November in S75
12.00-1.00 Beginners, 1.00-2.00 Intermediate

European Society

Sir Roy Denman, Former EC Ambassador to the US
Fortress Europe?
Monday 6 November
5.00 pm C120

Ecumenica

Christian Action against Torture
a speaker from the campaign group.
All are welcome. Informal discussion
Monday, 6 November
5.30pm K51

Scandinavian Society

Film Night: My Life as a Dog
Mitt Liv Som (en) Hund
Monday, 6 November
7.00pm, New Theatre
50p entrance

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is in the LSE
Three Tun's bar
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Students £4.00 only
Others £6.00

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Paul Tonkinson
Ivor Dembina
Eugene Cheese
+ guests

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- The chance of "fast track" promotion?
- Intellectual stimulation, variety and learning opportunity?
- A personal part in shaping a dynamic and growing firm?

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The Senior Common Room
LSE Houghton Street
on Monday 6 November at 6.00pm**

or contact Lauren Crystal, Mitchell Madison Group,
Lincoln House, 296-302 High Holborn, London WC1V 7JH,
Telephone 0171-896 1205

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Out with a bang?

Chaplaincy

A Service For Remembering On Thursday 2nd November
All Souls Day, Vera Anstey Room

The Chaplaincy offers the opportunity in this service to remember those who have died, especially past members of the School. You are invited to bring photos of your loved ones, to offer in this service. If you are unable to be present please inform the Chaplain of those you wish to be remembered. Further details from Liz Waller or Fr Stephen Weaver, K51.

Finally ... the most awaited party of
the term ...

**SUPER
BRAZILIAN
PARTY**
at **Iceni**

with **BANDA NOISE**

(from last year's successful Carnival)

Thursday 2 November 9.00 pm
members £6, non-members £7

Rugby

**LSE Men's Rugby Club require qualified
and nonqualified people to referee the
men's 2nd XV. Please see Liz Petyt, in
AU Office**

How can you be responsible for a multi-million pound business in four years?

Find out more by attending:

**Procter & Gamble
Corporate Recruitment Event**
at the Russell Hotel, Russell Square
London WC1B on **Tuesday 31 October**
at **7.30 pm**

For second and final year students.

Procter & Gamble
The fast track to responsibility

Women in Management

Gustav Tuck Lecture Theatre, UCL

Tuesday, 31 October 1.00 - 2.00 pm

Informal discussion with female managers on the
challenges and personal rewards in their own careers.

Beaver blasted by biting barracking

Dear Beaver,

As the former editor-in-chief of an American college newspaper, I am appalled by the Beaver's lack of journalistic credibility. Not only doesn't the newspaper accurately represent student sentiment, but the homophobic views promoted by the publication act to polarize the student body. College newspapers should play a crucial role in dispersing unbiased information and credibly presenting students' views to the administration. The newspaper is published by the students of LSE, and it is our responsibility to ensure the accuracy and credibility of its contents.

Following is a short list of suggestions on how the editors of the Beaver could improve the journalistic credibility of the newspaper.

1) The authors of all articles appearing in the newspaper, with the possible exception of editorials, should be clearly identified. Someone, or some group, must be held ac-

countable for every piece appearing in the Beaver. Since the authors of Union Jack and Houghton Street Harry print their work anonymously, the views presented in these pieces must reflect the opinions of the editors and publishers of the Beaver. I am fairly certain that most LSE students (the publishers of the Beaver) do not endorse the hate-mongering and stereotyping perpetuated by the authors of these opinions. These editorials fail to reflect student sentiment, therefore they have a deleterious impact on the newspaper's credibility. Either place them on the opinions page and clearly identify the authors or don't print them at all.

2) Eliminate the use of gratuitous obscenities. It is possible to clearly convey an opinion without using such common language. The English language is replete with beautiful words and phrases.

3) Refrain from using the newspaper for gossip and personals. The article about the Wonderbra didn't belong in the campus section, and definitely should not have been

accompanied by the ludicrous list of LSE women who, according to the author, don't need a Wonderbra. Eight of the ten women listed have some affiliation with the Students' Union or the Beaver. Don't print articles for your own personal edification.

4) Learn to treat students with respect. You incessantly complain about student apathy, yet people who come to the office with questions are given surly, sarcastic responses. When I went to retrieve the letter I submitted for last week's Beaver (which wasn't printed), I was told that it was probably thrown out because "the newspaper doesn't retain letters that aren't worthy of publication." Houghton Street Harry and Union Jack (among many other articles) aren't worthy of publication. My letter, which addressed legitimate student concerns, definitely was worthy of publication. Do you really seek student input?

5) Buy some books on layout. I know that LSE does not offer any journalism courses and most people who join the Bea-

ver have no experience in desktop publishing, but you can only use ignorance as an excuse for so long. Improvement comes through self-reliance. Using Quark XPress and obtaining more computers will not solve the underlying problems, lest you forget that competent humans must operate the machines.

6) If you want to write serious articles about important subjects, do your homework. The article about the significance of tutors was simple, narrow-minded, poorly researched, and lacking any of the qualities inherent in a good news article. Shortcuts should be avoided at all costs when addressing important issues.

Remember that constructive criticism is helpful. Using your pages to promote divisiveness will not improve diversity in the Beaver and certainly will not enhance school community.

Sincerely,
David Levine Candidate MSc PWE

Homophobic Harry?

Dear Beaver

When I am attempting to learn about the thriving sports life at the LSE, why am I confronted every week with a tirade of sexist and homophobic abuse. I am writing this with particular reference to HSH (24 October). As usual (perhaps because it is constitutionally required), the article is run through with statements such as "I'm not homophobic" followed by a barrage of backward ideas proving the opposite.

Cottaging exists because many gays are too intimidated to live an openly sexual life. Most gay people would not dare to hold hands or kiss in public. What a surprise, I hear you cry. How can this be at such a free and open institution as the LSE? After all, they are only labelled "persistent buggers" and physically threatened in the SU newspaper.

To assert that the LSE as some sort of paternalistic institution encouraged lesbians and gays to come out is absurd. Lesbians and gays met here to fight against ideas that are still propagated in *The Beaver* today. There are no self-defining lesbians or gays on the Exec this year; nor are there any on a single Hall Committee that I am aware of.

To end with a word of reassurance for HSH - he need not fear anything being shoved up his arse as his head has been there far too long. Get a fucking life!

Yours
N Dearden

PS Your opening article "Troubles at High Holborn" sounds like a conspiracy-theory editorial in *The Telegraph*. Is the author a Liberal Democrat by any chance?

View from the balcony

Dear Beaver

I have a grave accusation to make on behalf of the Balcony Boys. Kate Hampton is neglecting her fundamental principles. Last year, we had to listen to all her crap about recycling. If she's so bothered about paper recycling, why does she not collect all the paper from the UGMs and return it back to us for reuse the next week? This would save us from having to nick News and Views when the porters aren't looking, and would end the artificial boosting of Beaver circulation figures.

Balcony Boys

Unfortunately due to constraints on space *The Beaver* does not have the room to print all the letters it received next week. Apologies to all affected. Deadline for letters remains Thursday 10 am.

Dear Beaver

Seeing as the Women's football team is quite good, words which don't usually apply to the men's teams, why aren't they in Fantasy Beaverball?

Yours
Jo Brand (Too fat to do any sport myself, obviously)

Free Speech debate continues

Dear Beaver

On last week's letter page Wystan Mayes said pretty much exactly what Voltaire had said already two and a half centuries before him. Although moderately funny that was neither terribly original nor new.

I'm glad the "profound debate" I was trying to provoke with my article in Beaver 426 on the issue of free speech has finally commenced to take public form. This is good. What's not so good is that when Denis, Wystan and I could be organising a debate with Hizb-ut-Tahrir at this very moment - the one thing thing all three of us agree to be necessary - all effort seem to be devoted to debate on debate.

1) In last week's *Beaver* Denis argues that "it is real material circumstances that give rise to ... ideas", he writes that therefore ideas and opinions cannot cause inequality. Reducing historical materialism to such a simple one-way relationship - material circumstances create ideas, ideas do not create material circumstances - is "claiming the application of this theory to be easier than the solution of a straightforward equation of degree one" as Friedrich Engels put it himself. In an letter to Joseph Bech on the 21 September 1890 Engels states that "humans

create history"; they create history under very specific preconditions among which the economic preconditions are the most decisive, however, not the only ones: political preconditions as well as even the most random "ghost-like" ideas in people's heads play a role. In other words, Engels acknowledged a two-way relationship between superstructure and base, although not a symmetric one. Hence, yes - opinions/ideas reflect material circumstances and no, the source of undemocratic opinions/ideas cannot be "@" by banning them, but: persistent resistance against fundamentally undemocratic views that can be expressed with a majority vote following profound debate, can decrease the scope of such ideas and possibly prevent certain developments actually affecting material circumstances. If the ultimate goal in social equality one must not fall back behind the formal equality before the law. Ideas promoting this can potentially cause inequality.

2) In my article I defined a fundamentally undemocratic opinion as one that classifies equality between humans as unnatural. Denis concluded from this that I consider a democratic view one that classifies equality between humans as natural. Wrong

conclusion: To say equality between humans is unnatural, is to say that the natural inequality between humans (that no-one ever doubted by the way!) can justify social as well as formal inequality in society. The correct conclusion then is that a fundamentally democratic opinion demands formal (and eventually social) equality between humans in society despite their natural inequality.

3) I was surprised to read that Denis defines certain rights to be 'natural'. In Tom Paine's words "Natural rights are those which appertain to man in right of his existence" (Oi! What about woman?). Sorry, but the concept of natural rights is crap. Rights are not born rights that simply have to unfold, rights have to be gained - historically by fighting.

I believe people can think and judge for themselves; it is for this reason that I trust us with the judgement of the undemocratic nature of opinions after we have been exposed to it. A majority rejecting a fundamentally undemocratic view unitedly after debate is the most powerful assertion of democracy in my eyes.

Yours sincerely
Katrin Bennhold

Dear Martin

1) Neither Kate or I actually said what you wrote in your "illuminating" article on last week's Union page. Perhaps if you had been paying attention more thoroughly at the Exec meeting, rather than writing a letter, you might have been more able to pen an accurate transcript.

2) My opinion on Hizb-ut-Tahrir is this (you might have found out last week had you not interrupted every time someone tried to speak). Firstly, my job is not to defend the free speech of non-LSE students at the UGM, be they extremist or moderate in their views. This argument on free speech is pointless until Hizb-ut-Tahrir members are also LSE students. What I am worried about are reports from other universities of Islamic women being spat at and abused because they were in college bars, or not wearing the hajb, or associating with non-Muslim men. I am worried about Muslim students in other colleges being intimidated in their own prayer-rooms. And yes, I do want to protect LSE students, perhaps you, as Overseas Officer ought to be a little concerned too.

3) You obviously don't enjoy your job as an Exec officer and long to remain in your beloved tree in Wales, I suggest you stay there permanently, and not just when you've got mandates to miss.

Yours
Teresa Delaney

Union Editorial

Election of 'New Labour' allowed by Constitution and Steering Committee

In the previous week's meeting held on Mondays at 5pm (Room E195) the C & S Committee decided that Nick Kirby would be allowed to stand in opposition to the 'Labour Club' candidate. The reasoning underlying this ruling was that the Constitution does not prohibit the use of slogans as candidate descriptions, and as such the C & S Committee had no power to appeal the decision of the Returning Officer, Damian Thwaites on this matter and overrule him.

Present were four of the six current members of the Committee including the Chair and law student Ali Mirage.

This ruling has significant implications and may be interpreted in different ways. On the one hand, all candidates in future elections have the power to exercise their democratic right to describe their candidacy in words which match their beliefs. On the other, independents may be unintentionally mistaken for party political candidates. However, the worst thing this Union could have is a situation where candidates have their hands tied behind their backs by regulation after absurd regulation – which restricts not only the ability of candidates to express what their beliefs are, but also the ability of the LSE student electorate to see the visible efforts of candidates working towards their respective goals.

In any election some candidates will put in more effort than others towards being elected. This is, by anyone's standards, a measure of the commitment and dedication of a student towards the post she or he is striving to obtain. Any regulation, based on any pretext, which restricts this flexibility of candidates to campaign on their merits, experience and ideas is a bad thing. To be condemned as fundamentally undemocratic in nature, and a bad thing for this Union. Democracy is about a plurality of ideas and a number of candidates standing for election for each post on the basis of their respective personal merits and experience they wish to bring to the post they are standing for. This Union does not want to be a place where this spirit of democracy – so much a part of our long tradition, is run over roughshod by restrictive and inhibitive regulations. To this end let us endeavour and allow no obstacle to bar our way that we through perseverance cannot remove.

Democractic Union

Baljit Mahal
Communications
Officer

Democracy is about decisions being made in an open and accountable forum. Within the LSE there exists a flagship of democratic decision-making that is a boast to Students' Unions across Britain and the rest of the world. This is the Union General Meeting, held every Thursday at 1pm in the Old Theatre. Anyone that might happen to pry into the LSE Students' Union Constitution and Codes of Practice, will find that the structure they see is mirrored by that in a time far removed from the present, but an ideal to many across the world over a span of many centuries.

This is the structure where a general assembly of all individuals acts as the sovereign (or supreme) decision-making body, where tasks are then delegated to a Council, and in turn delegated to an Executive which acts on a day-to-day basis. The structure that we describe is that of Ancient Athens in the 5th to 3rd centuries BC.

Our Students' Union is a symbol that illustrates that the successes of the past can be improved upon and lived again in the present. But there is one vital issue that no student at LSE can afford to ignore. If each stu-

dent at LSE is a citizen of a student body, which takes a political form weekly in the LSE, then surely each student has a duty incumbent upon them to participate in that forum, if not to speak then at least to listen and to vote.

We cannot act when we are ignorant of the basis of the decisions about which we act. Knowledge and understanding are a vital precondition for action. In a single forum the LSE has the means to achieve its objects, where all may freely raise the issues that concern them, hold officers accountable, and debate and vote on the issues of the day. This is not a chore to which we must reluctantly devote our time, it is a luxury which we will never experience again in our lives after we have left.

Many never cease to wonder at the personalities that return to LSE each year, becoming as much a part of the institution as the bricks and mortar of which it is made. Surely, if anything, these returning figures are an accurate measure of the vibrance and vitality of our student environment, and surely the UGMs and Union as a whole the *raison d'être* of the return of many a student.

If there is anything that we can leave as a legacy to the students of the future than it is a structure which does not impede students from participating, but actively encourages and motivates them – one which is free from bureaucratic regulations and ceilings on their freedoms to participate.

Announcements

Protests against Nuclear Testing
on

Tuesday 31st October 1995

in front of the
French Embassy.

The Executive is meeting at 7pm in Houghton Street

See Kate Hampton or Katrin Benhold

Every fortnight
Thursday

Jazz night in Underground in conjunction with Jazz

Society
and LSE SU Ents.

A live band & DJ every 14 days.

Plus, remember if you've signed up for the Jazz Society to get your membership card from Ed (President) to claim your discounts from the major Jazz Clubs in London.

See Nick Fletcher for more details.

Par for the course

The LSE Students' Union has attempted to address the issue of course departmental representatives and their absolute lack of support at the LSE each year for the past 3 years. To no avail have such efforts been made. Time is ripe for change and the School must realise that to the extent that they ignore the views and concerns of students about the way that they are taught the more the long term standing of the LSE is affected in the future. A senior member of the Students' Union has stated that in his four years of studying at LSE in the International History department he was "never informed of who my departmental representative actually was".

One departmental representative, Nicola Hobday said "I didn't even know anyone on my course", and described her frustration at the lack of facilities and support for the termly departmental meetings.

Reform is long overdue and the entire structure needs to be overhauled with a systematic and comprehensive system replacing it. However, decisions which could result in this happening can only occur at the highest level within the school, and all consultation so far has led to unresponsive reactions. This is despite the recent 'Report on Departmental Representatives' by Baljit Mahal as Welfare Officer (1994) and the Higher Education Quality Assessment Council Report (1994) on LSE which specifically cited the poor level of consultation with students on their study and learning experiences. This was followed by an extensive response from the then General Secretary, Martin Lewis, which included a comprehensive set of proposals on the issue of departmental representatives.

Alas, this has met with a stilted response and no action from the School. The most significant issues that need attention were listed. Student representatives need to be elected within a democratic process where they can articulate the basis of their candidacy, and the merits of their proposals. Training is essential to ensure that representatives are informed about their function and how best to accomplish it, but also to obtain vital skills necessary to successfully work within their remit. Finally, facilities and resources are fundamental for officers to accomplish the tasks with which they are faced.

Already, one significant inroad has been made towards achieving this long term goal. This is the success in obtaining members on the Academic Board and Standing Committee of the School. These are two of the three most significant committees within the School. However, the Union still seeks representation on the Academic Planning and Resources Committee. The recent Academic Board meeting held on Wednesday, 25th October revealed the essential absurdity of the School's view of students. When the most significant decisions had to be made the student representatives on the Committee had to leave, only to return after these decisions had been made in their absence. This displays utter contempt for the principle of students acting as representatives for the student body as a whole, and should be addressed immediately.

Students are not irrelevant to the decision-making process but form the very basis of its existence in the first place.

Elections for all

Ali Imam
Societies Officer

Last week saw the Michaelmas term elections. It was interesting to see that a number of candidates filled in nominations. This is evident of the fact that students have started taking interest in Union politics. Some students may complain that students running for society elections are running high profile campaigns and become irritating for students not members of the particular society. However, in my opinion, this shows that students generally

are becoming more involved in societies. And this is part of my job - to increase participation and cooperation among individuals groups, societies, etc.

As for those who run in a society or Union election and refrain from campaigning to them I would say that if they could not bother to canvass in the first place, then how would one expect them to perform their job once they are elected. With such a diverse student body, with more nationalities than the World Bank, then society participation – particularly from overseas students is the measure of what makes the LSE the great academic institution that it is.

Notice of Union Meetings

Constitution and Steering Committee Monday 5.00 pm, Room E195

Executive Committee Wednesday 1.00 pm, See SU Reception for Room

Campaigns Committee Wednesday 2.00 pm, See SU Reception for Room

Union General Meeting Thursday 1.00 pm, Old Theatre

Finance Committee Thursday 3.00 pm, Room E206



The LSESU Executive, from right to left Baljit Mahal, Katrin Bennhold, Claire Lawrie, Kate Hampton, Christine Wright, Martin Benedek, Katie Fisher, Omer Soomro, Teresa Delaney, Nick Fletcher
Photo: Stephan Sireau

Far from a dog's life

James MacAonghus sings the praises of the LSE's unsung hero

We have all recently witnessed the elections for Honorary President. The likes of Eric Cantona and OJ Simpson have been proposed – candidates who have little connection with LSE. And in the midst of all this, there is an unsung hero who has never received the recognition he so richly deserves.

Oscar. For some of you, Oscar is a friend and companion – to some of you he is an unknown entity, so let me start from the very beginning, which is a very good place to start.

Oscar is a Golden Retriever who is about two years and three months old. What that equates to in human terms is anyone's guess, but the non-existent London Institute of Fabricated Statistics agrees that Oscar's age is equivalent to that of the average LSE student (19.24). He will be seen frequenting the Quad on most days – for Oscar is the mascot for Haircutz, the Quad's resident hair-cutting multinational.

Oscar's connections with LSE date back before recorded history. He has been coming here since he was eight weeks old (CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT ?!) and has remained faithful to this School throughout his career. Oscar's roots stem back to a litter of ten puppies. His owner, Martin, chose him on the sound scientific principles that he wasn't crying too loud and that he looked cute enough (aaaahhh).

This cuteness was largely due to a different coloured patch that Oscar sported on the top of his head – and here Oscar sets an example for us in his fight for Human Rights. He did not let this facial 'disfigure-

ment' prevent him from leading a full life. On the contrary, he fought against the prejudices of those who

spurned him because his skin was a different colour, he stood bravely for the moral principles that everyone is equal regardless of physical appearance.

Oscar lives in the affluent West

End of London, and his fortunate financial position has enabled him to dedicate himself to his chosen vocation of social work. Oscar has for a long time provided us students with a shoulder to cry on, comforting advice, a therapeutic ear and more drool than we would know what to do with (I mean, is he

crimination on the basis of skin colour. And he was recently seen helping Omer Soomro in the field of Safe Sex Awareness, by testing the strength and puncturability of a packet of leading-brand condoms.

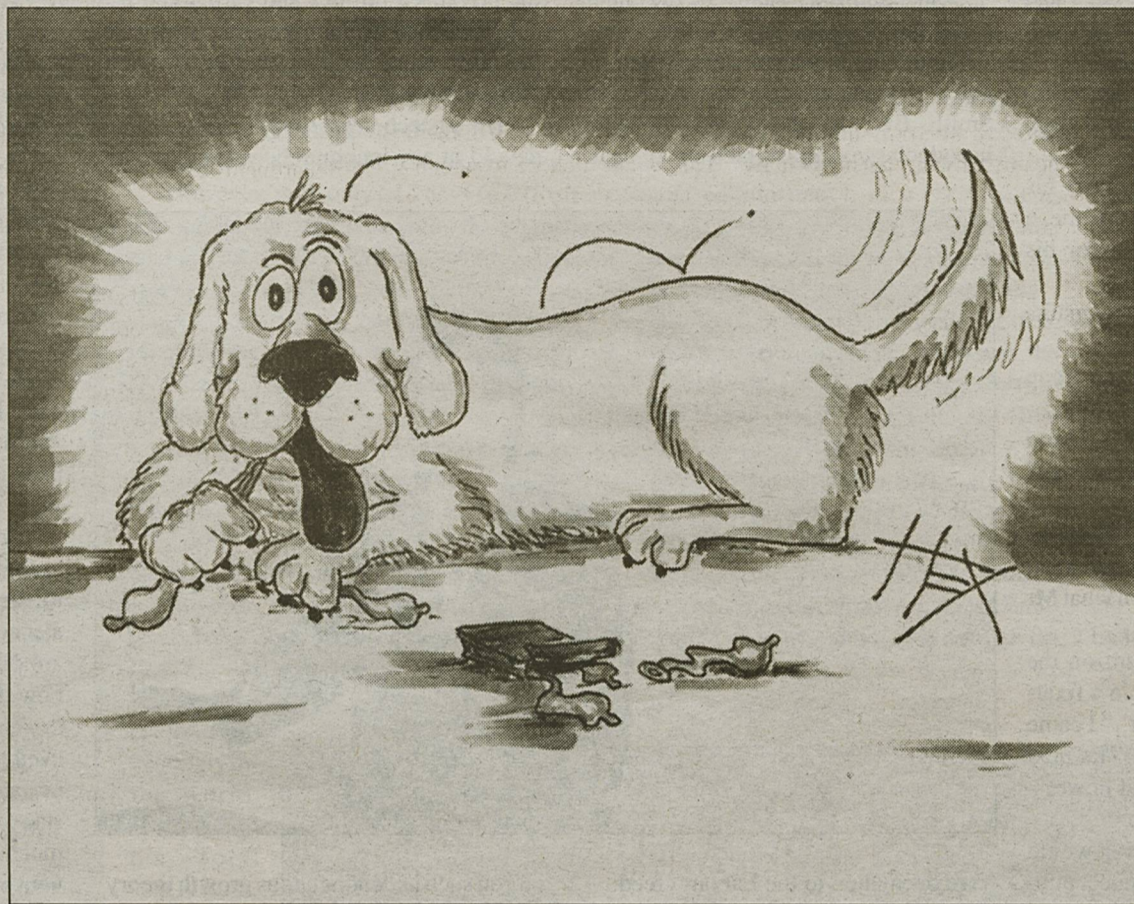
Economic recession has taken its toll, however, and Oscar may now be forced to earn his keep. He is likely to assume the job of Advertising Executive for Haircutz, and his pay will be profit-related.

In tune with the general aim of our beloved academic institution, Oscar has not neglected his studies. As well as being an avid follower of W.B. Yeats and William Golding, Oscar has picked up useful, practical skills. He can sit, drop, roll-over and (wait for it ...) speak on demand. The latter in particular is worth the trek to the Quad.

All this activity has, sadly, detracted from Oscar's involvement in the field of reproductive self-multiplication and he has issued a serious plea for those of you who may have a suitable mate. She must have four legs, be a member of the canine race and preferably have been bred by an Arab sheik of pure blood (the mate must have pure blood, not the sheik).

So remember, in the midst of media hype about OJ and the rest of the jet-set, those who genuinely strive for our welfare, those who will always be there for us to lend support.

Remember Oscar.



Tangles with tutors and the timetables office: the trials and tribulations of changing course

Juliet Horsely

Many of you will undoubtedly be reaching that stage, this being the fourth week of term, known simply as sheer panic. As the pleasurable (and some not so pleasurable) effects of fresher's week fade inexorably into the sunset the harsh reality that 'it's time to do some work now' begins to raise its irritable head.

For some of you choosing, the right course was not a painfully difficult process. This is made blatantly obvious in certain cases when questions are answered (sometimes embarrassingly well) with that tone of voice which screams "I did this at A-level". However, spare a thought for those whose decision was rather less than clear cut and who probably read that fabulous tome, 'the Natwest Student Guide', more than a few times before scientifically drawing up tables of advantages and disadvantages,

writing endless lists and finally stumbling upon the merits of "coin tossing" and "asking one's parents".

Such people among you may now be having second thoughts about the course, whose idea you'd grown to love merely because it had taken so long to decide, and the good news is – it's not too late to change.

In some cases it may be more than a sheer distaste for your course; you may, as I did, experience a type of gut reaction that you simply feel more at home in a particular department. Don't be afraid to admit you made a mistake in your choice of course and above all make sure not to spend valuable time worrying about 'should I, shouldn't I change' – in the majority of situations you'll just know. Mistakes are not easily admitted but people's priorities and ideas change, not only during a gap year, but in the vast desert of time between summer exams and the start of the university term.

This is not to advocate rash decisions – such an important change requires a great deal of reflection and thought. If you're still uncertain as to whether or not

the logistical, bureaucratic nightmare that goes with changing course - get through that and you'll make a go of your new course.

to change, you'll soon know how important it is to you when you're faced with the logistical and bu-

reaucratic nightmare that goes hand in hand with changing course – get through that and you'll be determined to make a go of your new course.

Your next problem is that of how to tell your parents. In most cases parents will realise that much deliberation has gone into your decision (especially if they unexpectedly found themselves becoming a part of that decision-making process) and will respect your choice. However for those of you whose parents have it firmly in their minds (and whose life's quest it has been to instill it in yours) the idea that the apple of their eye might not now have that nice office in Lincoln's Inn with the British Racing Green Lotus parked conveniently nearby, might seem a little hard to take.

The answer, without meaning to sound too harsh, is tough. To them a degree may just be the name of a subject they tell all their friends that you're doing but to you it's an every day practical reality and one

which requires at least a flicker of interest if it's to be remotely bearable.

My best advice is, don't let it become a problem. Rash decisions can be regretted, but if you're certain you want to change, don't be put off with the idea of having to get more signatures than make up a Greenpeace petition (well, three anyway).

When you don't dread going to lectures and being asked seemingly unanswerable questions life seems a whole lot easier. If you like your course and department you'll feel more inclined to do that "work thing" and even get annoyed that your LSE and NUS cards have the name of your old course on them. For those of you who have experienced no such qualms as to the validity of your course choice and whose most pressing concern is 'which is the G – building?', console yourselves in that you are the lucky ones and get yourself one of those colour-coded maps from re-

For Britain's soul

New Labour stakes its claim of leadership

Beaver Staff

Once again Bambi (or is it Stalin?) has wrongfooted his critics and the media. Only a few days ago political commentators were predicting a week of violence and bloodshed.

By Friday they returned to their laptops to say how wonderful the conference had been and wasn't Tony Blair great.

I have to say Tony Blair carried off his speech with enormous panache and left me, a non-partisan, with enormous respect for his oratory skills.

Maybe Britain has a visionary amongst its political elite or is it just an illusion?

His speech outlined a utopia built upon education, technology and virtual reality, immediately drawing comparisons with Harold Wilson's famous "white heat of technology" speech in the sixties.

Wilson's vision then propelled Labour to victory but he subsequently did little but keep his party united – it remains to be seen what Mr Blair's legacy will be.

Along with the customary assault on the Tories, Blair challenged the nation, in a fixating address, not to vote 'new Labour'. "I came into politics to change the country. The next election is not a struggle for political power – it is a battle for the soul of our nation."

He went on to pledge that Labour would combine with British Telecom to connect public buildings such as schools, hospitals and libraries to the information superhighway; provide a "publicly owned railway system"; toughen penalties for violent crime (which party doesn't?) and sign the European Social

chapter.

Mr Blair's speech was significant in that it re-established his authority which had apparently been undermined by a summer of internal strife.

It also showed just how far the Labour party has travelled in so short a time. Although the reform movement was initiated by Kinnock and continued by John Smith, Blair has been instrumental in introducing concepts which until recently

Gordon Brown especially made an impressive speech promising that a Labour government would not "build the new Jerusalem on a mountain of debt".

He also pledged to levy a windfall tax on the privatised utilities and earmarked it to "abolish youth unemployment". Brown also promised to cut VAT on fuel (a tax cutting Labour party???)

His speech was robust, coherent and devoid of any incomprehensible economic

was littered with jokes (supplied by comedian Roy Hudd) and he called for the Tories to prepare for opposition hailing the imminent arrival of "One-nation Labour" in office.

The extent of Labour's relentless march on to the political centre ground was illustrated by the frosty reception given to Arthur Scargill, NUM leader and once the conference darling.

Resolutions reducing the union block vote from 70% to 50%, the retention of Trident and the promise of a referendum on proportional representation were passed. The leadership and NEC were also backed over their rejection of the left wing candidate Liz Davies.

So ended the most successful conference in recent times. In fact most people couldn't remember the last time that a Labour leader didn't lose a single conference vote.

The current appeal of the Labour party can be put down to the Blair effect and Tory misdemeanours as opposed to policy substance. A recent Gallup poll showed voters are MORE ignorant of Labour's policies now than a year ago.

This is not a healthy position for a party, even though it is ahead in the polls. Sooner or later the electorate will demand substance – after all presentation can only do so much. I cannot believe the electorate will vote blindly or that the Labour party can be content with the lack of depth in its policies.

But isn't it a sorry state of affairs when a political party is afraid of disclosing policy, simply because the opposition will profit from misconstruing details?



have been alien to the Labour creed.

Although it was inevitable that most of the attention would be focused on Blair, conference provided other Labour heavyweights the opportunity to stake their claim for the heart of 'new Labour'.

jargon such as "endogenous growth theory" – a phrase for which he suffered much ridicule.

John Prescott also had a good conference – his tub thumping style having always been popular with delegates. His speech

On the march again

Black America rallies to Farrakhan's call

Sandeep Shah

A few memorable weeks ago, the masses of black men in the United States of America converged on the Capitol in Washington DC. They came in buses, they came in cars, they came by train, they came by plane. Washington became the centre of the mounting racial tensions in America, especially since the highly overrated OJ Simpson trial. It seemed that almost every news source in the world was covering what was deemed to be one of the most important black events since the time of Martin Luther King. They came, they marched, they spoke, and they left, and not a word since then.

The self-proclaimed "Million-Man March" was organized and propagandized by Louis Farrakhan, the leader of the Nation of Islam. For those unfamiliar with the Nation of Islam and its rather outspoken leader, recall if you can Malcolm X. He used to be a great propo-

nent and supporter of the Nation of Islam. However, he grew disenchanted with its ideologies and goals and left the organization to preach his own beliefs.

Farrakhan proposed numerous goals for the march. He wanted to bring all the black men together in a show of solidarity. He believed it time to show all the whites in America that blacks were here and want something more than they have been receiving. He still believes that the American government owes reparations from the time of slavery 130 years ago and the civil rights inequalities of over thirty years ago. He did not want compromise. He did not want debate. He did not want open-mindedness, at least not on his part. He wanted a victory – undisputed and unrestricted.

Farrakhan's ideology is one that is not often heard from the black community or organisations such as the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People (NAACP). Martin Luther King

preached desegregation and unification, where blacks and whites could walk hand in hand with eyes being the only barrier to brotherhood. Farrakhan preaches something very opposite. He wants a total separation from the rest of America. He wants the United States government to set aside an area of land where all the blacks in America can go to live – an absolute segregation. The man is so paranoid about race relations that he has stated he is actually going to sue officials who miscounted the size of the march.

Farrakhan's ideas are very disturbing and seem to go against what most people believe are the goals of race relations. What is even more disturbing is the blind following he receives. Many follow him and cheer for him without knowing all that he stands for. Many follow him because he is strong, powerful, and black – a Muslim Jesse Jackson with a lot more clout. Many do not realize what an absolute bigot and racist the man is, a man who thinks Hitler was a great leader (he has actually said that). Farrakhan is an

anti-semitic, homophobic, racist man whose ideas should be receiving mass condemnation. Instead he is followed.

The era of the "I am a victim" argument is gone in America, yet people like Farrakhan endanger every ounce of progress that has been made in race relations. He keeps portraying blacks as victims that should be separated from the rest of the population, a view which adds fuel to the fire of white supremacists who believe the same thing. Farrakhan is pushing the issue too far and will, very soon, receive a massive backlash. This will not only come from the white community but from all sectors of society. People have had enough, and they will show their anger by pursuing government policy goals that go against everything Farrakhan and his followers ask for. Farrakhan will not get his own separate nation, but he will further alienate everyone to a point that all the goals of the black community lie crushed under the wave of the inevitable backlash. Then where will those million men be?

Parliamentary
Passion

In Monday evening's debate in the House of Commons, Sir C Johnson Smith of the Tory Party stated that the United Kingdom was experiencing a loss of national sovereignty because the "Federal Defence System is on the cards." Why? Why such pessimism about the Royal Army, Navy, and Air Force? The issue basically rests on the Royal Air Force (RAF) and the impending deal between the United States of America and the United Kingdom over the lease of American F-16s and the halt, or at least massive reduction, of production of the English Tornado.

However, as heated and polarizing a debate as one would expect this to be, it was difficult to find anyone on either side of the divided House who was in favour of leasing the F-16s. The primary contention of the Tories rested along two primary lines - 1) Britain needs to have the abilities within itself to be the cornerstone of the European NATO allies, and 2) Britain needs to build up an army so as to not find itself depending upon others. Mr Mans stated that we must be a team player in Europe and NATO in order to expect the reciprocal help received in the past. On point two, there was some agreement between the two sides with Mr B Jones of Labour stating that we cannot allow ourselves to become merely a parts manufacturer and Mr Hargreaves (Tory) added that "a nation that spends so much more on social security than on national security is a country going downward."

The primary Labour argument was a plea about the loss of jobs in the military area. Mr B Jones (Labour) argued about the loss of jobs in his constituent Wales, and Mr Martlew addressed the issue of a disproportionate cut in the ranks versus officers: "a lot of chiefs but very few Indians."

The lease of American F-16s will threaten the stability and integrity of the British Armed Forces. Saving a few pounds now will lead to severe uncertainty, insecurity, and instability in the future. The reason for all this is the weakness derived from a dependence upon others. If Britain wishes to maintain its national integrity, it must manufacture and own its own aircraft. The cold war may be over, but as the Balkans show, unrest still lies in wait.

The issue of the armed forces as a job market is irrelevant and highly suspect. The military must be composed of people who truly believe in the importance of defence and national integrity and not simply those looking for a few pounds. In the manufacturing industry, a good point is raised, however not for the reasons of unemployment. The war manufacturing industry must be kept alive because of the necessity for intranational independence during times of war. Additionally, Britain is capable of manufacturing its own defence equipment and has no right to blame others such as America for not wanting to buy its machines of war.

Some may distort this argument into being one preaching isolationism. This could not be further from the truth. World trade is essential. However, when it comes to war and the machines of war, a country must be able to independently produce its own arms. War is composed of individuals and individual countries making a moral decision to enter conflicts and hoping that the scales of justice, upon coming to rest, show the moral good outweighing the evils of killing. Each country must make this decision and supply itself both materially and emotionally for conflict.

In the balance

On Hong Kong's uncertain future

Peter Udeshi

On September 17, a vastly expanded electorate went to the polls to elect the first truly democratic "Legislative Council" in the British Crown Colony's 154 year history.

However, with only 615 days of British rule remaining, this exercise in democracy is destined to be a one-off affair. Two weeks ago the Chinese Foreign Minister, speaking in Britain, confirmed Beijing's intention to dissolve the chamber, when the "Motherland" regains territorial sovereignty on July 1 1997.

China denounced the elections as fraudulent and illegal. A Chinese Foreign Minister spokesperson is reported to have said "We don't think this election truly reflects the will of the Hong Kong people."

The eleventh hour attempt at democracy is the baby of the Right Honourable Chris Patten, who became the Governor of the eighth largest trading economy in the world after losing his Tory seat in Bath in 1992.

Patten's reforms include lowering the voting age to eighteen, thereby widening the franchise by 100,000, and creating nine new functional constituencies. He is the first professional politician, succeeding a long line of diplomats who had expert knowledge of China before taking office. It is likely that Patten has been spoon fed by the Cabinet. His populist policies have antagonised Beijing, threatening to "derail the through-train" to 1997.

Emily Lau Wai Hing, a former LSE student, won a seat as an independent candidate. The former outspoken journalist is described by "Asiaweek" as "a fierce China critic".

The island of Hong Kong, and later the Kowloon Peninsula and Stonecutters' Island were granted to Britain in perpetuity, but the "New Territories" were acquired in 1898 on a ninety-nine year lease, which is due to expire.

In 1982, hot on the heels of the Falklands Victory, Margaret Thatcher suggested a continuation of the so-called "three-legged stool" (the partnership between China, Hong Kong and Britain), beyond 1997. This was flatly rejected. In 1984, the Sino-British Joint Agreement was concluded.

After the handover, it was agreed Hong Kong will adopt the status of "Special Administration Region" (SAR) within the People's Republic of China, based on the principle of "One country, two systems". The "Basic Law" will be the future constitution of the SAR.

Previous Governorships were described as "lame-ducks". Bernice Lee in a Seminar at the LSE last Wednesday, described the colonial administration as a "benevolent, authoritarian step-parent". It was the events of June 1989 which made Britain look on Hong Kong a little more sympathetically.

Therefore, with an agreement in place, bound by international law, what was the purpose of Patten's de-stabilising, confrontational style? What is the extent of Britain's vested interest in Hong Kong?

The Democratic Party, Beijing's most vocal opponent, won 19 out of 25 seats it contested, out of a total of 60 seats to be contested. With alliances with like-minded legislators, the anti-China votes in the Chamber could rise to 29 - not nearly enough for a majority.

"Patten is being rapidly marginalised as the Chinese and British Governments work together to reduce the damage his reforms have done."

A Preparatory Committee will be appointed by China in January 1996 to work out handover details. Among their tasks will be the selection of the post of Chief Executives of the future SAR.

Hong Kong's current Chief Secretary, Anson Chan Fang An Sang, is a forerunner for this post. When asked whether Hong Kong would be better off without Patten's electoral reforms she replied; "They are clearly what the community wants and they serve for us as a credible legislature that underpins the rule of law. I see no reason a legislature elected openly and in accordance with the people's wishes should not be able to straddle 1997".

Faced with the threat of an appointed Provisional Legislature being imposed in 1997, certain legislators are desperately trying to implement further reforms. These include, a revamping of the Final Court of Appeal, and a Bill of Rights to force the CCP

to make its activities public.

Governor Patten has indicated that he would not hesitate to use his veto power to kill legislation he deemed not in Hong Kong's interest.

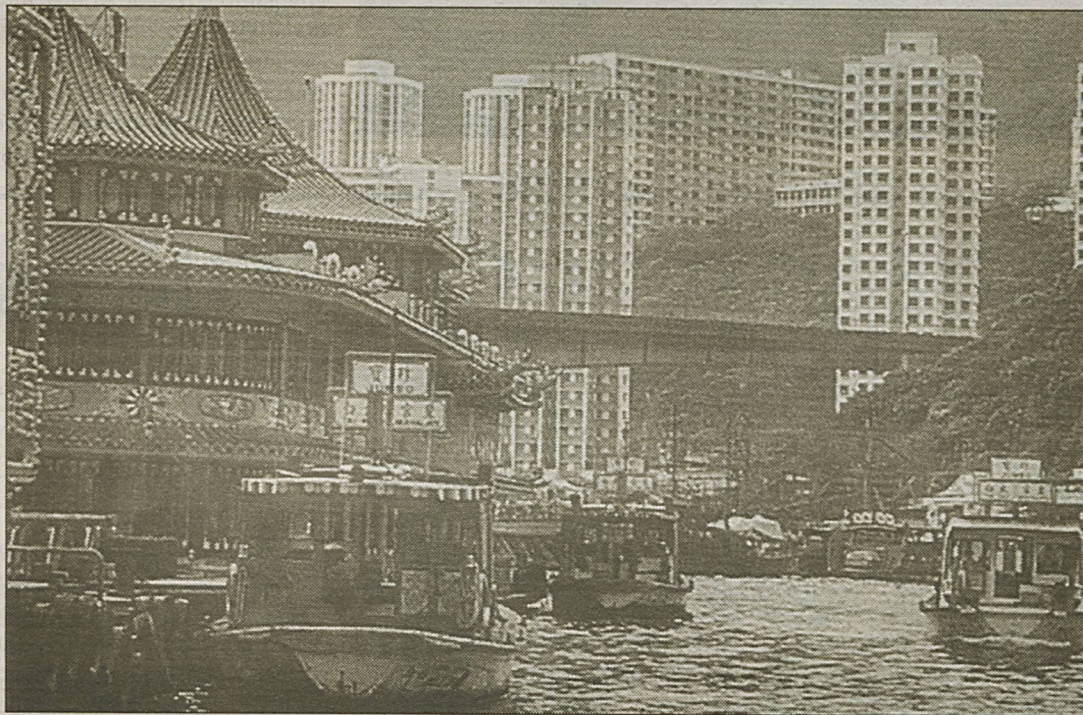
He expressed his hope that China will respect the freedom and trust of Hong Kong's people: "I hope that the future sovereign power will

show that it does so by starting to talk to members of [the] council ... who are better placed than most to help others understand the key to Hong Kong's success"

Patten will find it increasingly difficult to control LEGCO, as legislators will make use of the clout they now enjoy thanks to their electoral mandate and the absence of old appointed "rubber-stamp" legislators. He is considering setting up a special liaison committee between LEGCO and the Executive Council.

The latest political chip is Patten's proposal to give three million British passports to Hong Kong residents. Unlike Hong Kong, the Portugese enclave of Macau, which lies across the Pearl River Estuary, granted 140,000 residents full European Union passports. It is extremely unlikely Parliament will endorse such a move.

The transition to Chinese rule is expected to be bumpy. But perhaps Britain, in relinquishing its last major colony, can redeem mistakes made in surrendering previous colonies - or maybe not....



Not worth dying for

A flaming redhead means business.

Stephen Lloyd reviews

To Die For

Director: Gus Van Sant
MGM Baker St, Odeon Kensington

Hollywood films have always had many problems with satire – the main one is that they just can't do it. They spend too much time working out what irony has to do with metals and it's downhill from then on. *To Die For* lacked the reality and believability of satire; rather than getting a dig at the media-obsessed culture that we live in, it ended up telling a fairy tale-like horror story. A film that was made to ridicule typical American films and the 'biz' ended up ironically as a typical American film. Sure it was funny, at points, but so are my flatmates and I wouldn't make a film about them.

Another problem with *To Die For* is its inconsistency. It seems that Gus Van Sant was going through some strange mid-career directional crisis which meant that the direction ranged from Oliver Stone to Richard Attenborough. Don't get me wrong, although the plot was as shallow as a particularly empty paddling pool on a hot day, some individual

scenes were well crafted and the acting was reasonably good. Joaquin Phoenix was very convincing as a mellow teenager with earrings in all the wrong places, which is funny because he not like that at all in real life.

The film is based on a book by Joyce Maynard which, looking at the plot, must have been more like a pamphlet – Suzanne Stone (Nicole Kidman) is a young girl in a small town in New Hampshire, unamusingly called No Hope. However she has a goal, a goal to get onto TV. Once married to Larry Maretto (Matt Dillon) she embarks on her journey – nothing will get in her way. She drives her way into a job on local cable as a weather girl. But when her husband poses a threat to her career, she arranges for a group of kids whom she has been making a documentary about, one of whom is Jimmy (Joaquin Phoenix), to do the dirty deed and stop him interfering once and for all. Nevertheless she is acquitted of murder – the kids are not quite so lucky because the evidence is circumstantial – she shoots to fame and ends up basking in the media limelight.

Thankfully, here in Britain we can calmly sit back and relax in the knowledge that pretty but mentally-challenged red-haired weather girls would never shoot to fame just because of their looks. For starters, Ulrika Johnson and Sally Meen have blonde hair.



Nicole Kidman

Rank

Trading places

Asim Shivji on an action film with a twist

UNDER SIEGE 2

Director: Geoff Murphy
Warner West End, MGM Trocadero

Under Siege 2 is of the new generation of action films, where criminals are net-smart computer junkies. Not only do they know their Browning 9mm from their LAW 94, they also know the difference between a 25-pin serial and a parallel port. One moment they are blowing holes in people's heads the size of golf balls and the next they are talking about getting on line.

Even Steven Seagal now carries a Colt 45 in one hand and a fax-modem in the other. With world domination and redemption at the touch of a mouse button, we are able to flatter ourselves into thinking that in Seagal's position, we too could save the world from nuclear fallout using our word-processing skills.

The great thing about the *Under Siege* films is that they don't take themselves too seriously. The one liners are witty but not excessively so and the characters have been given a new depth that coupled with the general air of light heartedness make them believable.

The film follows Casey Ryback, an ex-Navy Seal and cook who now runs his own restaurant. In fact Ryback is a talented man; not only can he whip up a soufflé, but also annihilate small armies and land himself in

global crises that only he is able to solve. He is one of those people, along with Hercule Poirot, *The Terminator*, and Lex Luther, who if you saw getting onto your train, you would miss it and wait for the next one.

On his brother's death, Casey decides it is time to patch up things with his only remaining family (his niece) by taking her on a train journey through the Rockies up to LA. Unfortunately, (fortunately for the plot) the train is hijacked by Travis Dane, the ex-head engineer (he is sacked 'cos he's a nutter) on a CIA satellite that contains the most accurate and powerful beam laser in space. Along with his team of gun-toting computer wizards Dane gains control of the satellite from his HQ aboard the train and threatens to destroy Washington unless he is given \$1 billion. In the desolate Rockies the train is completely isolated from the outside world and so the fate of millions of people lies in Casey's hands alone.

Although the plot is entirely implausible at every stage, the film is entertaining and the characters have a surprising depth with an impressive effect. The one thing I couldn't figure out is why Dane, who is kitted out with the finest computer equipment which is only useful for stealing satellites and other such Herculean tasks, should bother to hack into the defence network for a measly \$1bn: if you need cash, mate, just sell all that bloody useless hardware that you're carting around.

The ascent of man

Emma Justice reviews an exhibition on African Art

Africa: The Art of a Continent is the Royal Academy's contribution to the Africa '95 festival which aims to celebrate (you guessed it) African culture. A worthy project, you may think, and it could have been the perfect opportunity to educate the average punter in such things but I just felt it was another long and boring trapeze around lots of dusty old display cases.

I went with expectations of seeing big, bold and colourful examples of contemporary African art but got old anthropological artefacts instead. I'm not saying its not interesting to see a million year old hand axe (even though it did just look like a piece of rock from my back garden) but I'm questioning whether this can be labelled art as most of the exhibits were of more historical/ ethnographic interest. This is not just a bigoted western viewpoint (honest) and art certainly does exist beyond Monet and Picasso but the Royal Academy have done nothing to try and expel this idea.

The exhibition is set up as a journey around Africa both in time and space and this encourages you to look at the major civilisation's work as antiquities rather than as pieces of art in their own right. They could have made much better use of different media to create interactive displays and they even acknowledge this by pointing out that some pieces don't look as effective in Western museums. Surely it wouldn't have been too difficult to include video footage of the way many of the pieces

are used in tribal rituals and dances. It also seems quite absurd that they have literally taken huge chunks of original rock painting from Africa and re-assembled it over here – Are they going to stick the rocks back?

That's not to say it was all crap because there were some fantastic exhibits, particularly the gold jewellery from Egypt and some of textiles. However, many other things were repetitive. For example the number of sculptured masks seemed to me quite excessive and bad as it may sound once you'd seen one you'd seen them all! The most interesting things were the decorative head-rests which were used to keep outrageous hairstyles in place at night – perhaps not a bad idea considering the way some people's hair looks at any time of day!!

Anyway, the most questionable thing about the whole exhibition was who it was really benefiting in financial terms. They were selling African goods in the Academy's shop at hugely inflated prices and when I inquired as to whether the profits were going back to any of the represented African countries they were unsurprisingly evasive. No doubt I've put you all off going now but for those interested in African cultural heritage this exhibition is informative, on the other hand for those interested in African art I would recommend waiting until December 10 when an alternative exhibition will be running at the Barbican.



Graham Turner and Nichola McAuliffe

Hobson's Choice

Director: Frank Hauser
Lyric Theatre

Hobson's Choice is a typical play you would study at GCSE (which unfortunately I did) so those not wishing to be reminded of their invariably crap English lit classes should not bother going. However, if you are more

Maggie Mae

Emma Justice on the marriage market

literary minded then this play is actually very good. Set in 1880s Salford (ie somewhere North of the Watford gap), it is a humorous comment on Victorian society and includes some great characters. Hobson, the arrogant and tyrannical father; Maggie, the assertive but tender-hearted daughter; and Willy Mossop, the talented but down-right stupid shoemaker.

Basically the plot is quite simple and revolves around Hobson's three daughters scheming, not only to get married but to get their own back at Hobson at the same time. Maggie is at the centre of the action as she is thought of as being past her matrimonial sell-by-date and this requires urgent rectification. She sets her eyes on the afore-mentioned Willy Mossop and literally orders him to marry her. In normal circumstances this would result in scaring off the male species for good but in this case Willy obliges (what a sucker!). His fiancée is reduced to a whimpering wreck by Maggie who is not prepared to let a girl with a name like Ada Figgins get her man. By the end of the play dear Willy has been transformed from a poor uneducated shop hand to a confident and respectable man with his own business – miracles will never cease.

The play picks to shreds the snobbish class system of the 1880s and illustrates how lowly beginnings are nothing to be

sneered at. It criticises the pride of Maggie's sisters and the pig-headedness of Hobson but most importantly, regulars of The Tuns should note that drunken revelry is shown to result in acute alcoholism and untimely death!

This production is very good, perhaps because it has been given West End treatment and so boasts big sets, costumes and of course above average acting. Leo McKern of Rumpole of the Bailey fame fitted the part of Hobson perfectly. The best scene was where Maggie and Willy are both apprehensive of doing the deed on their wedding night which in itself was amusing but also made me think that this is probably what most people still feel like when it comes down to getting their bits out! One downside was the long scene changes – the curtain would come down and some tinkly music played to hide the frantic moving about of furniture backstage. However, on reflection I'm not sure what they could have done to fill in the gaps as I don't think a comic turn or a male stripper would have gone with the rest of the play.

Without boring you any more I will finish by giving this play a tentative thumbs up because whilst not breaking any new ground it is a good production of an old classic and if nothing else makes you laugh the Northern accents will!

The man within

Amit Desai on the power of psychological manipulation

The Master Builder

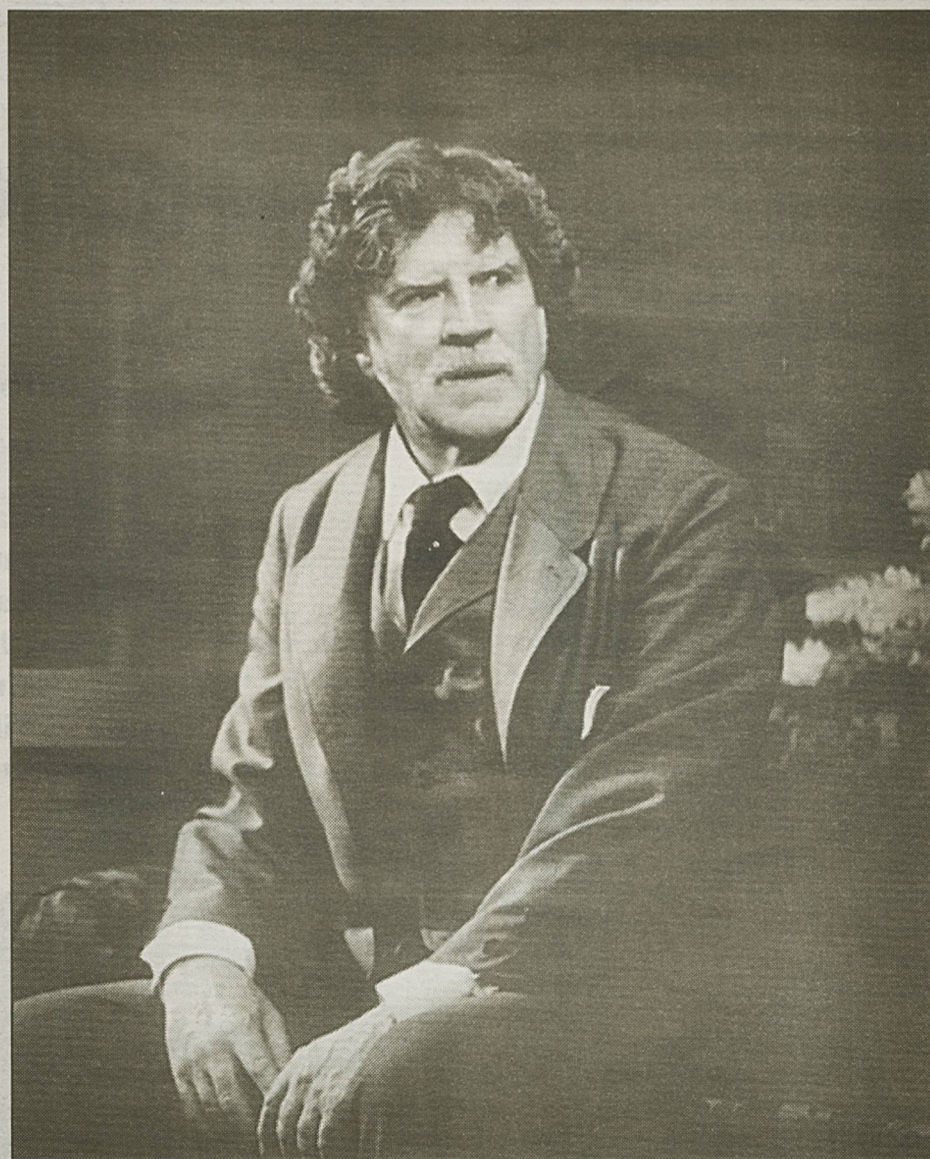
Director: Peter Hall
The Theatre Royal

The action of this play is set over two days and concerns itself principally with the thoughts and torments of Halvard Solness (Alan Bates), a philandering Master Builder. This play is exceedingly complex, with many different concepts being dealt with all at once. It refers frequently to Scandinavian mythology as well as the emerging philosophy of Frederick Nietzsche in Germany.

Solness is a man who is passionately fearful of the young and their threat to his position as the Master Builder. He had displaced the former Master Builder and is now in fear of being replaced himself by the old Master Builder's son Ragnar Brovik (Richard Willis). To avoid this situation he refuses repeatedly to endorse Ragnar's work thus blocking his attempts to start a career. This is linked to Nietzsche's philosophy of ruthless self-preservation and also to that of the *Superman*. Solness believes, or comes to believe during the course of the play under the influence of Hilde Wangel (Victoria Hamilton), that he is some sort of superman, a man who can build great structures, which personify his own greatness.

As if that wasn't enough to contend with, we are introduced to elements of Scandinavian mythology, in particular those loveable creatures called trolls. In Scandinavia, however, trolls are supernatural beings which can inhabit people and give them explosive and often uncontrollable powers. Solness is convinced by Hilde – a young girl whom he allegedly met ten years ago although he doesn't seem to remember it too well (and who I think may be a troll herself) – that he too has a troll inside him. Add to this, a fire which killed his new-born twin children and psychologically damaged both him and his wife, and Hilde's preoccupation with towers and castles in the air, and the result is that you are thoroughly confused. But the confusion is not a negative confusion at all but a rather satisfying one. The whole play has so many strands and complexities that while it is rather difficult to write about, it is a joy to watch since the audience's interest is held throughout and the complex nature of the piece becomes part of its appeal.

Peter Hall's direction of this play is absolutely superb and he is helped by an excellent cast, in particular by Alan Bates and Victoria Hamilton. They deal with this complex story in exactly the right way and there is enormous chemistry between Bates's Solness and Hamilton's Hilde. There is not



Alan Bates

much in the way of light relief but the Doctor (John Normington) and Mrs Solness (Gemma Jones) provide the occasional witicism. This is definitely not a play to see if you want a bit of cheering up – you'll probably head for the nearest bridge after

seeing it if that was your intention – but this is one play worth spending your money to see – its psychological depth will knock you out and the last five minutes is guaranteed to send a shudder down your back. Oh, and the theatre's quite nice too...

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Here it is: the Paul Oakenfold interview

Tom Stone is the privileged man who chews the cud with the king of the clubs

Paul Oakenfold is one of the most inventive and sought-after DJs of the moment. He pioneered Acid House with his highly successful night "Spectrum" at Heaven. From then on he has always been at the forefront of the dance scene, going his own way and doing his own thing, taking no notice of what anyone else says, but relying on his own judgement. His club night "98bpm" was a radical slow down from the fall out of Acid House.

During the House and Garage explosion of the past few years Oakenfold has played his fair share of clubs and has established himself as one of the scene's best; "I'm in a very privileged position..." he said, "these days I only play where I want to." However when he plays today it's not your average House, he's moving on once again. His new sound is "Goa", a unique mix of house, trance and ambient influenced by the sounds and vibe of the 'hippy' state of Goa in India. "Goa's the new Ibiza" according to Oakenfold; "it's the next big thing", and it certainly is a refreshing change from the run-of-the-mill sounds of the House scene today. "House is stagnating" were his words. Telephone interviews are not always the easiest things to do, it can be quite disconcerting when you can't see facial expressions or any body language. However, I can safely say that talking to Paul Oakenfold was one of the easiest interviews I have ever done. He came across as being very open and genuine, and despite the fact that I caught

up with him right at the end of a long day of interviews, he still seemed to have a lot of time; "students support me, so I support them," his distinctive London accent came down the line. He didn't have to do an interview for *The Beaver*, Oakenfold is hot property, he only does what he wants to, this month he's interviewed in *Mixmag*, so what did he think of what they had to say, is he really as great as they said? "I haven't got a clue what they said," he admitted, "I never read my press, what's the point, they build you up just to knock you down. The media's shit, society today is far too media orientated. The media tells people what to do, what to think, how to dress: it's fucked up. Take supermodels for example. The media says these people are beautiful and everyone goes along with it, why should these people get all this media attention? It makes people paranoid about how they look, and all these supermodels get ideas that they're something special. Take Naomi Campbell for example; she wants

to write a book, be in a film, make a record! I mean she just hasn't got the talent, you need talent to do that kind of thing. Slow down, you can't do all the stuff, you're a pretty girl, that's why you're famous but that's where it ends."

Another thing that Paul blamed partly on the media was the drugs culture that has become so inextricably associated with the club scene. "People think that you have to take drugs to be part of the

London going to be like in twenty years time? It's so stressful now, I've been to other cities, and I don't think that there's anywhere quite as stressful as London." So, will Paul still be here in twenty years? "I don't even want to be here in ten. I don't even think I'll still be in the business in ten years. Who knows what I'll be doing in that amount of time? What's the point of even thinking about today and tomorrow. London's so bad now, I'm

suppose that all his concern for the future, bordering on 'rockstar saves the rainforests' territory, should've already indicated to me what his answer to that question would be.

"London's just too stressful; it's difficult to live here for more than a few years, I live here because I have to for my work. If I didn't have to, I wouldn't be here." Maybe if Paul's work was limited to DJing he wouldn't have to be in

London, but these days he is just as much in demand for remixing work, as well as finding time to run his new record label "Perfecto". DJs are in high demand at the moment, if a tape has got the right DJ's name on it, it will sell on that point alone. So, doesn't Paul think that it's wrong that DJs should get more credit than the actual artists who performed the original songs? "No, that's a load of bollocks, it's the DJ that does all the work and makes it into a hit, why shouldn't they get the credit. I mean, you can take a Rolling Stones song for example, remix it and the remix will sell more than the original." Alright, I suppose I should have known he'd say that, it is his job after all! DJing doesn't necessarily make him in touch with the club scene though, he admitted that he never goes our clubbing himself, since he's DJing nearly every weekend, "it's just too much



scene, you don't, it's not about drugs it's about the music". He agreed that part of the problem is the fact that clubs stay open so late, that it's hard to last the night without drugs. "The main problem is the people though, that's why I don't like playing London, people don't join in, they don't dance, they don't talk to you. Up North it's different, people know what its about up there, and it's not so heavily drugs orientated, I much prefer playing somewhere I won't. I'm lucky enough to be able to do that." Although Paul knows how successful he is, he has the air of someone who couldn't believe it, rather than bragging, he was constantly saying how lucky he was.

The clubs, it turned out, aren't the only thing that Paul Oakenfold dislikes about London; "I hate London, it's so difficult to get anywhere, why can't we have cheap tubes and buses that run on time? But it's all fucked up, it's not going to change, of course it's not. It's gone too far. What's

worried, I see my brother's son and I wonder what kind of a world he's going to be living in, nobody's thinking about the future anymore. Especially not today's government. The Tories haven't got a fucking clue. They're just in it for short term gain. John Major hasn't got a clue, especially about the youth, they need advice from someone who knows what they're talking about." Here Paul Oakenfold (31) paused, clearly contemplating whether he was still qualified to talk about 'youth' he decided he was as he continued "...well I'm not that old. We've got all these fourteen year olds into speed and coke, I didn't even know what drugs were when I was that age. Everything's changing so quickly, it's getting out of control." By this point Paul's verbal ramblings were indicating that these were either subjects that were particularly close to his heart, or he himself was in an unusual state of mind! So if things are so bad at the moment, then how would Paul Oakenfold vote in the next election? I

hassle." What about a club in Goa? Surely if it's going to be the new Ibiza, he's do well to cash in? Paul paused here, unsure, if only for a couple of seconds, before stating emphatically "No, I wouldn't want to be the one to do that".

So, it looks like we will just have to wait and see what Paul Oakenfold - DJ, remixer, record company boss, lover of music and Chelsea supporter - becomes in the next few years. He doesn't seem to have too many definite plans, but then that's what being in touch with the scene is all about; moving with the times, changing when there seems to be need for change, and not getting stuck in a rut just for the sake of making a bit of extra money. Oakenfold's formula of experimentation and going against the trends has worked well for him so far, at the moment he seems to have everything going for him. Apart from the fact that he won't be playing in London for the foreseeable future ... and I'm pissed off about that.

D:REAM on, Pete

Jeannette S Platou talks to the well known wagon burner

If you were anywhere near a club last year then you're bound to know the lyrics of **Things Can Only Get Better** off by heart. The song brought D:REAM to No. 1 in January 1994 but their rise to fame didn't stop there. The platinum-selling debut album **D:REAM Vol I** contained at least four more chart busting successes and the sell-out UK tour brought them acclaim as one of the most potent live acts to emerge for years. Pete Cunnah is the man behind the success of D:REAM and I went along to interview him on the night before the opening of his new three week tour of Britain to find out if things really can get any better.

Pete Cunnah is a lot shorter than I expected and he wasn't wearing a check suit. Disappointed? Well, yes, just a little, but I quickly recovered once he broke the ice by joking that he'd love to be as tall as the posters his PR agency is promoting. You've probably seen him sexily staring at you from the display windows of Tower Records in Piccadilly Circus. You might also have seen him on *The Big City* or *Blue Peter* last week or even read about him in *NME* or *The Times* - you see, the media love Pete. Only problem is that Pete no longer loves the media since he feels he's being portrayed as a happy-go-lucky sex symbol with whom he himself does not identify.

Pete therefore finds himself at something of a crossroads where the media is concerned, for he realises only too well how much teen appeal can help the dwindling sales of his new album **D:REAM World**. "I personally feel I've made a better album and it is actually selling ten times better than

D:REAM Vol I did on its first release ... it's all to do with perceptions, but if we're doing too much teen press then it's wrong for me."

You see, Pete Cunnah wants his music to be taken seriously. That is quite a difficult task when you have the Take That audience to thank for pushing **D:REAM** from clubland to mainstream chart success.

"We had lots of club hits in 1992 and 1993, but the album wasn't selling since clubbers don't buy albums, so I needed to do something as a publicity stunt. Take That asked us to go on tour with them, we didn't ask them, and I thought it was a great opportunity ... The thing is that I've now got an amazing house and all this money going around because I had a No 1, but I'm not entirely convinced that the decision I made was the right one... We did too much pop promotion in the UK so that the perception of what I feel my music is wrong ... I'm a twenty-nine year old man, I shouldn't be marketed to fourteen year old girls."

D:REAM's new single **Party Up The World** is proof of Pete's desire to change his image and touch upon more controversial themes than "boring old love songs". The song with the dubious title is a personal protest against the Criminal Justice Act. Pete was fined under the act last Spring for making music with regular beats in his home at 3am. "It's the ultimate big brother act. It's against raves, it's against people's right to party... I'd never have been fined if I'd been making classical music."

The title may not sound like the most obvious solution to, for example, the loss of a suspect's right to remain silent, but some-



body has decided to take the song seriously because Labour is considering using **Party Up The World** as their party tune.

When asked whether he would like to be linked with the Labour party Pete replies: "If there is a major party with which I could be linked then it would be Labour because I feel this country has had too much Conservatism for too long, but I would love to see the Green party get their act together sufficiently for them to successfully address some of the environmental issues." You really can't get more politically correct than that, now can you.

The whole interview has up until this point been tinted with Pete's frustration and current lack of motivation, but he lights up when I mention that the critiques generally

agree that **D:REAM** is better live than recorded. "There's a moment that happens on stage when your idea is thrown back at you and amplified with the voice of a thousand or more people singing it fresh. That feeling is so incredible and in that sense we don't get bored of the songs ... Its also a great way of promoting the band since it seems to change a lot of people's minds about what our music really is."

And what is his music? "Comments on life. I express emotions and ideas which people feel and can associate with ... I'm not a happy-go lucky guy... and the only reason I write upbeat music is because it cheers me up. It's that Woody Allen thing isn't it? I'm shit and life's horrible but I make people laugh and that's what makes it all worthwhile."

The lordz are back

David Milne And Austin Fido End Up In Columbia

How do two first year hacks end up in the bar at the Columbia Hotel? Well, it's all the result of a rather complicated equation involving the Camden Palace, H.M. Customs, a U.S. hard rock band and the baby-faced one from *Menswear* - oh yes, and a shitload of lager.

You may remember the Lordz of Brooklyn as the group that took quite a panning from this paper (and the *NME*) for secondrate posturing and expert interracial abuse - we can now happily reveal (having met the ladz and stolen their beer - we owe them one) that it's all lies. At least, it is mostly.

The offending lyric in question "put up the gooks and we'll drop the bomb" actually reads "put up your dooks and we'll drop the bomb". Mr Kaves (a wonderful man) was rather upset by this incredibly damaging mistake and was toying with the idea of legal action against the *NME* (hopefully not the *Beaver*). An instant reaction from the *NME* came in the magnificent (but rather chubby) form of Johnny Cigarettes: "Well I'm just here for the free booze..." he stammered "...but I guess we'll have to say sorry".

World exclusive ladyz and gentlemen. How do we do it. Fourteen bottles of beer

and a huge taxi fare later we hit the foyer of the Columbia Hotel. The Lordz's very own Scottie Edge (not to be confused with a certain Irish bassist) is instantly picked up by the free-loading groupies whose taxi we just paid for. Mr.Edge (wonderful man) looks more like a gardener than a rapper (flat cap and V-neck jumper being his authentic streetwear) but he does have a thing or two to say about those reviews: "We'd never say anything like that - we've got too many fans in Japan (so that's where they all are)." And as for those 'pseudogangster' criticisms, Mr.Kaves (really nice bloke) responds by saying "We're not out to incite violence, we try to make music to have fun to."

Good one ladz - and in case you can find a word to say against them, bear in mind the words of Mr.Pauly Two-Times (in the anti-violence, thoroughly nice guy vein): "If you want to mess with us, we can make your life hell." As we stagger out of the infamous Columbia hotel at 4.00am a thought enters the mind; if those guyz are so solid why the hell hadn't they been kicked out the hotel like those perennial rock'n'rollers, Oasis. Soft Brooklyn rappers are obviously no match for five Mancunian tossers.

Keep up with the Joneses

Faten Bizzari on Keziah Jones's latest release

Gather round fellow Beavers and be warned: "Million Miles From Home" is one of those singles, you know the type, that begins with one of those really funky solo beats. The kind that gets your head bopping up and down, in fact your entire body behaving like a rag doll being pulled by strings. "Yes" you think, "this is it! - funky beyond funky, groovy beyond groovy, move out my way cause here I come!". You feel like hopping around giving conga drum impressions to those you hear in the background and generally want to add a few tribal yelps matching the constant attack of vocal back-ups as you go.

Unfortunately this initial splurge of uncharted student energy soon ends. The music doesn't. In fact it keeps going. And going. And going. "I can't keep this up", you may think becoming somewhat self conscious and may even reach the nono level of asking "What is that Keziah bloke actually moaning about?" as you find yourself bouncing up and down on top of the bed: "In the trees I hear the breeze?" "We'll see what's cool today? Your afro's obsolete? Your skin is turning grey?" "Home, home, home, home, hoooooome" okay okay, home, yes thank you very much we

heard you the first time. Home - the place all our 'how-do-you-work-the-laundry-mum-where-are-you?' freshers are all longing to be! From a beginning that keeps you crying "more", this talented yet over intricate fuse of funk grooves, vocals and guitars leaves you begging "stop, please stop".

Yet every single these days has a mix or two, or even eight perhaps. Fortunately Keziah has only one. Its mystic quality redeems him somewhat but I can't quite find the right dance moves to fit. It begins with all these fading electronic birdie sounds reminiscent to Enigma's style, that dreaded word 'home' is passionately sung a few more times and then to an erratic beat you get these wicked little sounds flashing past in the foreground. What words might best be used to describe them? Hmm, let's say it sounds a bit like Darth Vader and Luke Skywalker have decided to play star wars on the track.

I think they call it jungle.

To our good fortune he decided to add an extra song on the CD and destroy any balance that may have made it worth buying. Contents of this title include the words '...My Ass' - most appropriately perhaps.

Wake up, it's a beautiful evening!

And smell The Boo Radleys and Coast Live!

Wayne Rogers

Imagine the scenario, twelve homeboys descending on a quiet and unsuspecting Reading town carrying a crate of beer under each arm and a Boo Radleys ticket in the top pocket. This was to be a weekend which I approached with a mixture of eager anticipation and cold fear. I retired four days later with a chunder stained T-shirt, a throbbing liver and a tired smile.

The Boo Radleys, I thought, would have been an ideal day out two years ago on the back of the legendary *Giant Steps* album, but nowadays the likes of *Wake Up Boo* and *Find The Answer Within* are hardly anything to give me the inspiration that I crave. Still, the

But it didn't. Not that I'm bitter or anything.

The magical moment arrived and I waltzed to the front of the queue feeling privileged and ashamed that I didn't have to queue for 200 yards in the freezing cold. Within two minutes of entry the first support *Coast* were alive and strutting their stuff. I'd heard plenty about *Coast* but I had never had the privilege of seeing them in action. The Boos would never let a shite band support them, I thought, right? Well no, they did. Having said that, *Coast* sounded like the Rolling Stones compared to what was to follow. The crowds at events like this are not exactly renowned for their enthusiasm for the first support and this was the most lethargic I think I've ever seen. Slightly unjustified I thought. True, the songs were pretty damn me-

second song. In retrospect I regret not staying for another pint. If *Coast* failed to wake us properly then *Electrafixion* induced a communal coma that was to last for years. I can't for the life of me think what the Scousers were thinking when they let these warm the stage for them. They made it about as warm as a public toilet seat in mid-January and you didn't even get the pleasant satisfaction of a much needed Forrest Gump. To say that taking a crap is more entertaining than *Electrafixion* may sound a little harsh and a bit of an exaggeration, but that is exactly what I decided to do. A bloody fine dump it was too. Nice clean break, clearly unlike the mess *Electrafixion* left behind.

Having rid myself of the impurities that had built up during the course of *Electrafixion*, once again I headed to the bar with perfect timing. *Electrafixion* had finally conceded and pissed off, maybe for ever.

So here it was, *The Boo Radleys* and the moment we had all been waiting for. With baited breath and a strenuous desire that they keep their new stuff to a minimum, I cheered along with everyone else as they took the stage partly because it was so tightly packed that if I hadn't my lungs would have been crushed and partly so that the bloody last song would be erased from my memory.

"Please God NO!!!!!" I cried Platoon style, the bastards were opening with *Wake Up Boo!* I said a quiet prayer. It wasn't enough to make me become a nun, but someone was listening because they stopped and reverted to an old favourite, *I Hang Suspended*, and some self indulgent cartoon surrounding. "Hey I like this one!" was the cry from all too many sad indie kids thinking that people actually cared if they had heard of them before February. No matter, the tune more than made up for it. I still had a small twinge of anxiety fearing this was to be a one off to keep the likes of me happy. Luckily this was to be completely unfounded as they rattled a superb blend of past and present churning out the ever brilliant *Barney And Me* and the even earlier *Stuck On Amber*. Strangely enough no shouts from the kids there. The masses were waiting, it had to happen, the song of the century must be played. Without it they are nothing, with it they are - *The Boo Radleys*. Then, it happened. *Lazarus* burst open with all the glory of a two inch boil on your chin and the relief felt by all was twice as great. This song made *Giant Steps*, it made the band and it made the concert. It doesn't matter if you are a *Lazarus* virgin or a



It's the Boo Radleys

Photo: Creation



And these cheeky chappies are Coast

Photo: Pat Pope

fact that it was only to cost me a mild dose of kidney failure and a week of talking like an asthmatic Barry White, persuaded me that maybe it would all be worthwhile. Somehow, our crowd grew in number. By a complete fluke of nature beaten only by the creation of life and the discovery of penicillin, three of my compatriots actually managed to pull. Besides the obvious reason why they shouldn't, their chat-up line made this even more improbable. Asking girls to go for a milkshake because "...it seems to work in Neighbours and Home And Away..." should never have been allowed to work once. Pairing up and slurring something about a double banana smoothie should also have killed any chance.

diocre but their poppy sounds were exactly what the *Boo Radleys* would have wanted. The Boys could certainly play their instruments and they were trying really hard to take the stage off with them, but when you're playing to hundreds of people thinking "Get on with it you bastards I didn't pay £8 to see you" and you play a set consisting entirely of album tracks you shouldn't be upset when confronted by a hall of corpses. They finished a couple of songs before their talent warranted, bowed their heads and left the stage.

Time for another beer I thought. Wrong. Two thousand other people had the same idea and by the time I returned to the hall *Electrafixion* were well into their

veteran of a thousand listenings, the goose bumps are just as big and the awe inspiring muted trumpet still sounds like gods arse on fire. I was anticipating *Lazarus* to play as an encore but thankfully it was played whilst people could still move. A wise decision. By the time *Wake Up Boo!* entered the ring the front nine rows were

coughing blood just to try and stay upright.

Finally, as all good things must, it came to an end. As I took the slow meander back to my beer all I could think was "Electrafixion were shite". When you consider the blistering expertise of the *Boo Radleys* that night, Ladies and Gentlemen, I think that says it all.

McAlmont and Butler

David Milne does

David McAlmont and Bernard Butler are a truly sublime combination. The soaring, angelic voice countered by Bernard's customary brilliance on guitar. "Yes" is probably a main contender for single of the year and "You Do" comes very close to matching it. Trying to describe all the subtle musical and production intricacies would be an exercise in futility yet the track's initial appeal is its simplicity. A love song first and foremost (as are tracks two and three), but one which strikes home a stark emotional message. If at the end of the CD you remain un-

moved by Butler's lyrics (written for Suede incidentally), so beautifully realised by McAlmont's vocals, then there truly is little hope. The final track seems prophetic in light of current developments between the two:

"If you should lose me... you'll lose a good thing". Despite this being an unashamedly glowing review, songs of genuine originality and vision are few and far between. This duo should be embraced for the main fact that they refute the stagnant Britpop institutions (Menswear, Sleeper) and write music genuinely affecting. Buy it...now.

Deserving of dosh? Don't think so

David Whippe

In an effort to expand teaching capacity, and give the LSE a more public face to the outside world, the administrative echelons have recently purchased some new buildings. There's the elegant 20 Kingsway, bought last year, the imposingly impressive Clement House, inspired by Peruzzi's Palazzo Massimo alle Colonne (which I'm sure we've all heard of), and the Royalty Theatre, influenced by what came out of my flatmate's arse when he had the runs. These acquisitions have been much heralded for their contribution to the college, though I, for one, having walked down Kingsway for my entire LSE career, experience certain nagging doubts over the latter.

It's not particularly the architecture of the Royalty which offends me, though there is no denying it looks like an old sack of donkeys' bollocks, but rather the unyielding army of beggars on its doorsteps, and the stultifying reek they exude. I've no doubt that the prospect of attending lectures, or entertaining visiting dignitaries and Heads of State is made no more appealing by the thought of the Krypton Challenge like entrance procedures involving 'games' such as clambering over urine impregnated cardboard boxes, and playing Twister with putrefying mounds of human faeces.

I don't particularly bear a grudge against tramps and their lifestyle, despite my knowledge that upon entering every LSE building I'm probably wading through their

Botulism ridden piss, other than the fact that they seem to be so indescribably stupid in their method of begging. I can categorically state, with a confident degree of certainty, that if my livelihood depended on getting money from strangers, I would not beg from a bunch of students. Apart from the Euro-Sloanes, who are never here anyway, the average student is undeniably further in debt than the average tramp. If you don't believe me, then compare the statistics. I don't know many students who, on a regular basis, can afford Tennents Super, a dog, or a baby. Thus, you'd at least expect a beggar to either pinpoint a more affluent target audience, or exercise some imagination when attempting to make me part with my hard earned

Firstly, the last thing on my mind is giving my cash to some slurring old duffer who mutters incomprehensibly in my general direction. No matter how buggered you are, it is not a Herculean task to construct a coherent sentence, preferably suffixed with the word "Please." However, if mediocrity is not your scene, opt for the enterprise culture and get a written sign. This is significantly better than a dog, as it shows that rather than share your scant resources with some filthy cur, you are actually literate. This sets you apart from the crowd, though it is not a good idea to write one for your mates. When I walk through Holborn station, and see four people with signs in identical handwriting, it puts me off, as it is left to me to discern which

of you has the power of syntax, and, as a result, the money stays in my pocket. No, the best way to make money is to invent a scam.

When I was just a mere innocent in my first year, I was accosted by a well-dressed French person, who asked in faltering English whether I could help him out with ninety pence for the tube fair home. I, of course, coughed up, happy in the knowledge that I had helped a distraught tourist in our big city, only to get back to Passfield and discover that the filthy foreign fucker had stung just about everyone else I knew with the same patter. This didn't bother me though as he had actually exercised his intelligence to extract money

from me, and for all I know, the scheming Frenchy could be pissing his ill gotten gains up the wall in Mayfair right at this very moment.

However, to avoid all this hassle, my advice to you would be to forget the tramps you don't know, and spread the wealth throughout the 'unfortunates' of LSE instead.



grant and parental contributions. So, out of the goodness of my heart, and in order to rectify this situation, I am going to offer some helpful hints to all of you who stand an outside chance of being wrapped in this article on some cold winters night.

Pointless politics

Nostalgia used to be an object of derision in my eyes, epitomising an emotion reserved for incontinent bed-ridden old farts, whose idea of conversation is limited by introductory phrases such as, "When I were a lad," and, "Pass the tripe son." However, it is a notion increasingly constant in my life at the present, unlinked with the accelerating passing of the years, but rather associated with the utter deterioration of LSE politics.

It would be quite simple to blame this loss on the continuing drive to tone down the character of the UGMs, but the problem is more complicated than that. It has nothing to do with those who lobby for the abolition of something as trivial as paper throwing. It is two-fold, concerning not only the graduation of key personalities, but also a general reduction in the level of imagination in the actual politics of our proud Union. The decline is not the preserve of any one area, but indicative of the entire political spectrum, from far left, to the fascist right, though admittedly, these are two very similar things. The motions have become tedious, and unworthy of attention, the only reason for attending now being to gain acclaim for the accuracy of your throws.

In the past, politics was the *raison d'être* of the UGM, with charismatic speakers holding sway, even though we all knew that

what we were being asked to consider would have absolutely no bearing upon the issue at stake. Look back with rose-tinted spectacles at the days of Dennis Russell and his sidekick Gregor Claude taking on the might, and the bulk, of James Atkinson in debates over national issues, which of course would be affected by a letter from the LSE union. The point is though, that despite the futility of these arguments, the whole thing seemed worthwhile, simply by virtue of the fact that a well balanced union provided good wholesome family entertainment.

Witness the situation as it stands at the present. Instead of taking our union forward, the present crop of aspiring politicians have harmed it irreparably, with tired old policies based upon fantasy. Last Thursday provided a fitting example of this assertion, with the call for a High Holborn rent strike accompanied by a speech asserting the value of revolution. Now, this is clearly a deluded notion, and would not have been tolerated in the good old days of yore. In fact, the response would have been a thorough pasting from the balcony, and utter humiliation for the rest of his LSE days. So, is there a solution? Quite simply, no, unless of course, you tossers start voting with your heads rather than your knobs. Then, of course you could keep an old man like me happy.

LSE Top Ten: Attention Seekers

1. **Kate Hampton** – fellating a banana on the Big Breakfast
2. **Barbara Serra** – *Blind Date* Beauty (She's lovely!!)
3. **Rob Northcott** – *News of the World* death candidate
4. **David Starkey** – Self-promoting and over-opinionated
5. **Darrell Hare** – Failed *Moviewatch* candidate
6. **Adam Morris** – Shagging the odd MP
7. **Scott Wayne** – *Byker Grove* reject (sad Southern wannabe)
8. **Matt Miller** – Sad *Coronation Street* duffer
9. **Ben Oliver** – Fat, lard-arse *London Student* editor
10. **Rob Northcott** – University Challenge

A victim's guide to London football

Ian Devine

Are you missing the butterflies in your stomach on your way there, the different aromas as you come ever closer, and the rush of excitement you feel as you finally enter the hallowed place. If you are then this is the guide for you. No this is not another Cosmopolitan 'good sex' guide, but rather what every football fan away from his home territory is probably desperately in need of, the LSE guide to London's Premiership football clubs (that's Soccer for our American 'friends').

Arsenal - Highbury

Boring Boring Arsenal, I'm sorry but you can buy as many £7.5 million has-beens as you like but the club just oozes boredom. Likened to the Bank of England, a visit there would probably be more exciting. Full houses are guaranteed every week but all Gooners have no idea what football is really about, having to watch years of box to box running and hoofs into row Z by their mule-like defence. Band wagon glory hunters the lot of them, although Arsenal can be proud of its having the ugliest team ever to walk the face of the Earth. What other club would dare to put John Jensen and David Platt in their merchandising catalogue?

Travel: Arsenal, Piccadilly line

Stars: Dennis Bergkamp, Ian Wright, David Platt

Shite: Chris Kiwomya, Eddie McGoldrick, Steve Morrow

LSE Supporters: Jason and Simon - the organisers of the Football 'Appreciation' society. Quite.

Chelsea - Stamford Bridge

When visiting London there are certain places not to be missed. Buckingham Palace, the Tower of London and Stamford Bridge. Where Arsenal ooze boredom, Chelsea just ooze class. With their stadium just off the Kings Road and their supporters coming from the trendy West London set, you are looking at sophistication and style. Add to this the best young manager in the English game with a desire to play like Brazil, a former World Footballer of the

Year in Ruud Gullit and the loudest, wittiest, most loyal, not to mention friendly, supporters in the Premiership, you cannot fail to have anything less than a spiritual experience on a visit to the Bridge.

Travel: Fulham Broadway, District Line



Yet another sparse crowd at Selhurst Park

Photo: Library

Stars: Dimitri Kharine, Ruud Gullitt, Mark Hughes

Shite: All the rest (plus the above)

LSE Supporters: Me, James Shield (fat tosser)

Queens Park Rangers - Loftus Road

Just like an old Auntie, there's nothing you can dislike about QPR but you wouldn't want to go there every Saturday. Another team that likes to play an attractive, passing game, and they do it relatively well up to a point. Never likely to set the world alight, the compact ground is always conducive to a lively atmosphere.

Travel: White City, Central Line

Stars: Trevor Sinclair, Danny Dichio (rising faster than his hairline)

Shite: Simon Barker, Ian Holloway

LSE Supporters: Simon McKeown, Tom Smith

Tottenham Hotspur - White Hart Lane

ful volunteer for goalie Mrs Liz Cooper - the first ten minutes were, well, pretty bad (for a change). But, in all fairness, by the start of the second half, things began to improve and our forwards - Chloe, Claire, Mrs Sheba Gardiner/Yousuf (the toothless wonder), Carrie and Caroline - were able to work with the ball although we couldn't get it past QMW's goalie (who used to moonlight as Pat in Eastenders) (yeah, because you're all models aren't you - Campus Ed). So, although we lost 6-0, we had fun playing and even more fun in the showers afterwards. I must admit that LSE's hockey team is improving and before long we'll be a force to be reckoned with. Look for us in the Atlanta Olympics in 1996, or at least next Wednesday on the fields of New Malden.

Has always pretended to be the glamour club of the capital and the occasional cup success has given their supporters an inflated opinion of themselves. 'Spurs' changed the way football was played in the early Sixties, which is why they rightly lay claim to

the tag of pride of North London - playing Yoda to the Gooners Luke Skywalker. For all the money they spend, and the odd international superstar who leaves once they realise their mistake, Tottenham Hotspur (nice one Ian) is like the proverbial English rose - attractive to look at but a terrible tease who rarely delivers the goods. They also beat Chelsea in the FA Cup Final in 1967.

Travel: Seven Sisters, Victoria Line

Stars: Teddy Sheringham, Dazza Anderton, the whole bloody lot

Shite: Alright, I'll give you Justin Edinburgh

LSE Supporters: Goals Cooper, Danny Fielding, anyone who wears a skull cap in lectures

West Ham United - Upton Park

A team for all the connoisseurs out there, they play the game the way it should be played and continue to do so without superstars. This is a polite way

of saying they only attract pitifully small crowds made up of Mark Fowler barrow boys (Actually Ian, I think it is you who comes closest to resembling him) or wannabe Eastenders from Essex. However, if you like good football and want to experience a bit of East End culture and a relegation battle then this is the team for you.

Travel: Upton Park, District Line

Stars: None

Shite: Julian Dicks (and I'd tell him if I saw him)

LSE Supporter: Pron Bose purports to being their greatest supporter, but he obviously means in circumference. He is the archetypal wannabe Londoner from Essex.

Wimbledon - Selhurst Park

For those of you of a claustrophobic persuasion, this is the place for you. Not being noted for their attractive football either, the combination of a lack of atmosphere and a distinctly 'English' style of play makes the idea of a wet Wednesday watching this lot about as desirable as piles (which you are likely to get as the chances of their football bringing you to your feet are highly unlikely).

Travel: Selhurst station, Network South Central (Victoria)

Stars: Vinny Jones, football's answer to Attila the Hun

Shite: Where do you want me to start?

LSE Supporter: There are only about four thousand in the whole country, so the chance of finding any in one street are not favourable.

So there you have it. Of course, there are also a number of Endsleigh clubs dotted around the capital. I advise our American visitors to sample the legendary hospitality and culture of the New Den. By and large, however, you have to be quite sad to support a team from outside the Premiership, don't you Raj, and therefore, if you are a visitor to the metropolis hoping to take in a game during your stay, I'm sure one of the clubs I have cited will cater for your personal requirements.

Women's hockey win 10 - 0

Allison Bellows

Well, we didn't actually win (but we did get you to read this). It was actually a miracle that the LSE Womens hockey team made it to QMW after following our hornily-fearless captain Sheba's lousy directions. Once we did make it, things continued to be sketchy as we were taken to, as Carrie very humourously put it, "a dodgy house in the back streets of the East End of London, where I ply my trade" to change into our stylish uniforms. Once we did make it to the field, things didn't really improve. Despite a super-valiant effort by the defence - Joy (who thankfully played for us this time), Mrs Karen Lowen, Evi, Allison, Laura and Mrs Emma McGraw, and our wonder-

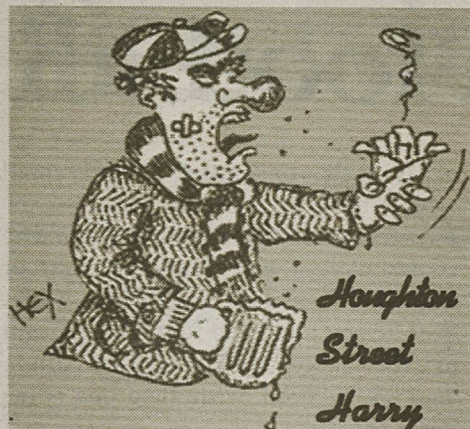
Tongue & Groove Records in association with NUS Ents/IRP Promotions and Vital Distribution, are offering 2 free days recording time in their state of the art recording studio in West London, to anyone ... yes anyone. You don't have to be a musician or in a band, you just have to answer the questions below and the time is yours to do with as you want. You can pass the opportunity on to your friends. If you wish, you will be provided with an engineer, all you have to do is bring you ideas.

2nd prize will be a night of board game action with the Tongue & Groovers @ their studio, hosted by Pete "Izit" Shrubshall.
20 runners-up will receive 5 Tongue and Groove vinyl items of their choice.
Each contestant will receive a new copy of T&G's "Twisted!" magazine

QUESTION 1: what board game rhymes with the word "blister" and improves with baby oil?

QUESTION 2: whose tongue would you like in your groove, and why?

Send entries to
NUS Ents Studio Competition, Tongue and Groove Records
17 Baron's Court Road, London, W14 9DP
don't forget to supply you name, address & college name



Living in halls is, on the whole, quite a bit nicer than living out. Cheap bars, Sky TV, laundry facilities, no need to travel – it's all very cosy. You can't complain, can you? Well, in theory not, but the poor, hard-done by residents of High Holborn are not happy bunnies at the moment. The list of tortures that they must suffer from the evil and barbaric Hall Administration is an endless tale of horrors and crimes against humanities. Showers that are not always hot, inefficient lifts, no computers, no external telephones in every room – I think Amnesty International should be called in to prevent such cruelty.

Never fear though, because the peasants are revolting. How long will it take for the big cheese to realise how unreasonable LSE is being to those poor individuals, huddled together in the cramped space with only the basic necessities such as a proper bar, big screen TV and an amusement arcade. Surely it's only fair that they should pay relatively the same rent as those students in the plush, swanky surroundings of Rosebery, Carr-Saunders, Passfield and Butlers Wharf? Ask any Passfield resident what they think of the lift service. Go to Rosebery and compare TV rooms and common rooms (if there was one). See how easy it is to get to LSE from Butlers Wharf, and check out their impressive bar. And these people are the lucky ones. Spare a thought for those who cannot get in halls and instead have to live in infested slums like Hackney and Palmers Green, and paying a comparable amount in rent and travel to anyone else, or those who must live at home and commute every day.

But what about the difficulties at High Holborn? When you look at the problems such as low grants and overcrowded classes, I don't think not having your own phone is really that big a deal, and if it is then become really cool and trendy and get a mobile. As for computers, the solution is simple. First of all (and this is the hard part), leave your room, and then walk the 500 yards to LSE. There you will find computers. Hundreds of them in fact. As for the lifts, just take the stairs – it's good for you. However, it seems that grievances will be settled very soon, because there is mountainous support for a rent strike. What a shock that is, that people would prefer to pay less rent than usual, and now that the UGM is on side, it must just be a matter of time. After all, remember when the UGM sent that angry letter to Bosnia and the warring factions have been chums ever since. What baffles me is that non-residents are prepared to support this ludicrous stance of the privileged few, who want to pay the same rent as everyone else for a hall that is twice as good and twice as close. There are many, many people on a waiting list who would die for a place in Holborn and I think it's about time Kuska chucked out all the dissenters and filled the place up with those actually grateful for what they've got. Then these dickheads could be even closer to LSE than before, in the doorway to the Royalty Theatre. They'd probably start organising a demo against the price of Tennents Super though.

BJ's drop goal not enough

LSE Rugby team lose again

Femi Adewale
and
James Verdier

Last Wednesday saw the first foray into enemy territory from LSE's Rugby heroes.

The victims of the unsightly invasion were the unfortunate QMW, based in the confusingly named Theydon Bois. What would this French enclave hold in store for the barmy army? Not much as it turned out. The pitch couldn't take a stud (rather like the LSE girls hockey team) and the referee was what you could call a 'c***'.

An abysmal start saw our brave boys go down eleven points in the opening ten minutes. The few chances we had in the early exchanges fell to Angus McHaggis who had left his kicking boots somewhere between Aberdeen and Edinburgh. Amid all this mediocrity, Pete "I am not allowed to pass" Maximus ran in a glorious try to give us our first points, and singled him out as being the greediest, fattest player on the face of the Earth.

Their full-back, he of the monstrous boot, took them further into the lead but a good supporting try from Brian Femi edged us even nearer. It was then that BJ decided to take the game by the scruff of the neck;

a superbly mis-kicked drop goal (ricocheting in off the post) kept us within a whisker. At this point we discovered the fifth columnist in the ranks, as the 'Oz' Horrigan gifted them an interception try. While this was going on we had Fernando Belgrano on the touchline offering words of wisdom, "watch dee no 5, heee's

sixteen men as opposed to fifteen. At 26-0 down their situation was desperate (like Tom Twat on a Friday night, the Dave Whippe of the rugby team) but this team is made of sterner stuff than the weak shandy they sup after matches. A brave comeback led by the Vidal Sassoon boys saw Tom's merry men gradually get into the match.

Scores from Nick "The hair", James "Rasta" and Lenny Kravitz ensured that sales of shampoo and conditioner will be strong for the remainder of the season. Despite going down 26-17, it was a match of commitment and spirit and it saw the Second XV get their first points of the season (and indeed ever). Congratulations are definitely in order.

When the dust had settled on the playing fields, the business in hand became more serious as the teams focussed on drinking QMW out of contention. This sorry

start laid the foundations of what was to follow – a night of unprecedented carnage which cleared The Tuns. The beer flowed at a suicidal rate and led to many poor performances in The Tuns (and probably later on as well). Chunder-covered warriors staggered around in a daze and desperately tried to score off the pitch. Strangely, the LSE minger community didn't swoon on mass for these handsome Gods, leaving a number of pissed fuckers to revert to what they do best and spank their monkeys (or should it be chimpanzees).



Will they ever win?

Photo: Library

leeefing."

A good poacher's try from BJ led to a titanic climax (something our girlfriends are not aware of). It was then left to Angus McHaggis to convert the try for a famous victory. Alas, the Scotsman had his jockstrap in his mouth and narrowly missed (the corner flag and evolution that is). At 24-23 we felt we deserved better.

And so to the courageous Second XV; an altercation between Tom Twat and the referee, who really was a 'c***' meant that for the entire match the LSE faced

Fifths in fine form in five goal friller

Ludford-Thomas finally ends three year goal drought

Johnny Parr

The Fifths have taken time to settle this season, but with Saturday's win the signs are that the class of '95 can amply fill last years promotion boots. Our campaign started with a thrilling draw against QMW. The installation of Chris "Clerical Error" Gaskell, down from the First's pitch, gave the defence a solid look – apart from the six goals conceded, but while they were showing early season frailties, the Bush bonanza was in full swing. Four goals from the gargantuan frontman, plus additional strikes from Nada and "Captain Marvel" meant a share of the spoils.

The following game against UMDS provided many lessons for the future – namely bring your railcard or mortgage your house. Rob Bush grabbed another two but a late goal gave them the points.

And so it was on to Saturday. With news of the class on display, Brian elevated the match against Royal Free to the top pitch in the hope that he might witness at least one LSE victory on it this season. Although it

was later noted that the opposition were shit we transpired to give them a three goal lead before half-time. Alan Stanbuli, obviously mindful of 'Teflon' Dan Coulcher's pedigree, paid homage to the Fifths legend with a fumble that the maestro himself would have found hard to achieve, and moments later found himself victim to a Hagi-like cross from the right.

But then came the half-time team talk. As with all great speeches in history, those present were lifted with a sense of awe and wonder, yet none can remember what was said. Within minutes the first blow had been struck. Captain Marvel, leading by example, dispatched the ball from fully 40 yards inside the foot of the post. Banjo-Thomas, having finally found his level, was soon in on the act with a brave header at the far post and Jillur, now brimming with confidence, tucked the ball past the keeper to level the scores.

A twinkle could now be seen in Brian's eye as he watched the Fifths make use of his carpet. The five man midfield controlled the pace of the game and behind them the defence, especially Pron (who only plays because he likes looking at other people in the

shower), looked solid, but then you would too if you weighed in at such a size. It was only a matter of time before more goals came and the football, as well as the kit, gave a look of AC Milan to the proceedings. Harry Secombe calmly sidefooted his second of the game as the Royal Free heads sagged, and, still within 25 minutes of the restart, the fifth goal finally killed them off. Raj "For England" Biswas crossed from the right leaving Jillur the simple task of back-heeling his volley into the top corner – audacious.

After this the game was a mere formality and the frustration of being outclassed took its toll on the opposition. Mr Yates, well on his way to a telegram, had still not left the centre circle and at times kept as much control on the game as he has on his hair-line – some 20 years previously. The dirty tactics prompted a threatened walkout from the midfield but with the clock ticking down, like the Liverpool of old, possession was kept until the final whistle. Back in the dressing room spirits were high, but as the sun set on a fine performance it was, I think, this quote that best summed up the mood, "Let's go upstairs and take the piss out of the opposition."