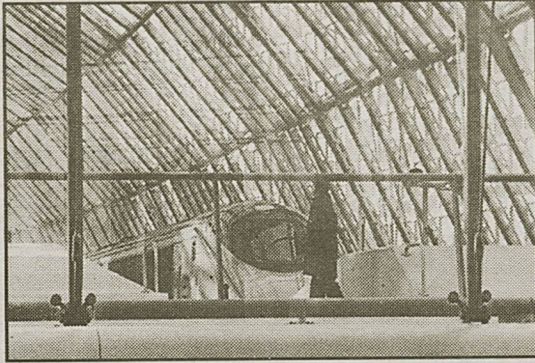


# The Beaver

Issue 410

November 21, 1994

**Closer to Europe?  
LSE to Paris in  
3 hours is now  
possible by  
Eurostar and  
the Chunnel**



**It is week 4 in Fantasy  
BeaverBall™  
See where your team are  
compared to the rest  
Beaver Ball™ is back  
on page 15**



## Foundation rocked

**Phil Gomm**

The School's fund-raising arm, the LSE Foundation, is set to lose two more of its top staff.

Neil Plevy – Assistant Director of the Foundation – and Simon Pennington are both of to pursue their careers at other higher education establishments. They will leave at Christmas.

The departures come just months after the acrimonious departure of the Foundation's ex-head Howard Raingold

Plevy, who is set to become Development Director of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, denies he is leaving for anything other than career reasons: "Subject to all the ups and downs that any job has, I've enjoyed my time here."

Pennington – currently a Fund-raising Executive with the Foundation – has been recruited by University College London as Corporate Development Manager. He is one of five fund-rai-

ers being recruited by UCL to help form a new systematic development program.

UCL's Rachel Hall said: "We are setting up a long term, ongoing program of fund-raising to generate new sources of income." She added: "The fund-raising world is a close-knit community, but is expanding rapidly."

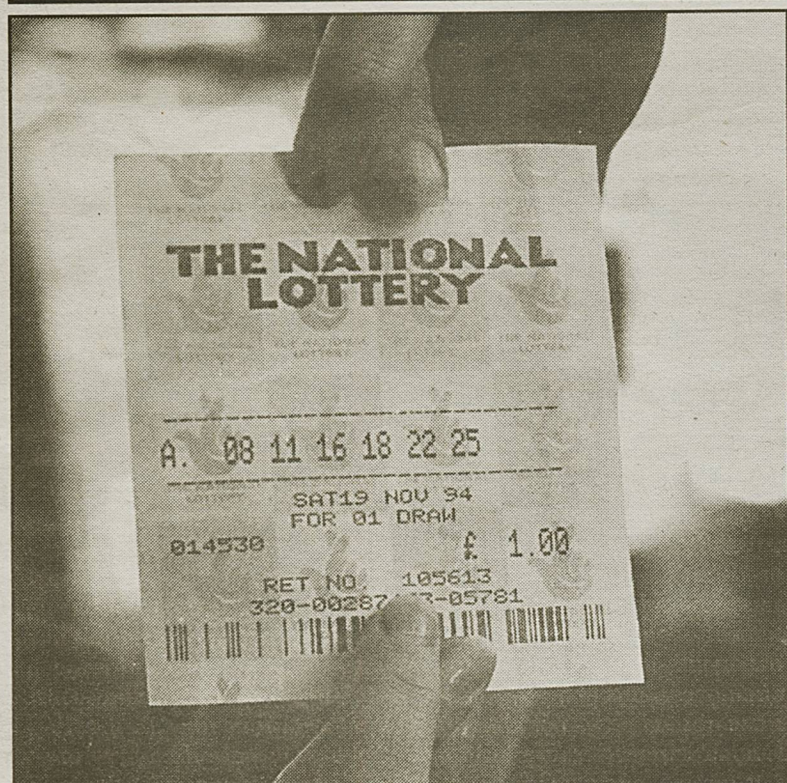
Sir John Morgan, the Foundation's current boss, claims the LSE has become a victim of its own success.

"It is a great tribute to the LSE Foundation that the people who have got experience here are very attractive commodities. But obviously it's tough for us that they are going at the same time and we will have to fill the gaps."

Morgan anticipates the replacement for Plevy will be an internal appointment: "The great need for that job is to know the working of the School – what I would like to see happen is someone who has experience in the School administration."



Neil Plevy, the latest person to resign from the LSE Foundation – the School's fund-raising arm  
Photo: Press Office



£1 down the drain?

Photo: Hania Midura

## Lottery scam

### Hundreds conned in government fiddle

**Steve Roy**

LSE students have become the latest victims of the new national disease sweeping the country; the National Lottery.

Over 1000 students from the School, as well as countless academics and ancillary staff, have bought tickets in the past 7 days.

Experts have likened the Lottery disease to a hallucinogenic drug; once infected, sufferers believe that they can turn £1 into £5million, simply by choosing six numbers.

Most students were unaware

that they had more chance of being run over by a car three times in the same day, than they had of winning the jackpot.

This harsh reality left many feeling as if they had been taken for a ride by the tidal wave of propaganda.

One undergraduate, Chris Cooper, had invested in a ticket in an effort to raise funds for a forthcoming legal action. He is currently being sued for allegedly knocking someone over in a recent foam disco, held in the Quad.

Claims that many charities would benefit as a result of the

Lottery were dismissed by the Institute of Charity Fund-raising Managers. They estimate that as a direct result of the Lottery, charities could lose between £190 million and £270million a year.

The chairman of the National Lottery Charities Board, David Sieff, admitted last week that it would be late in 1995 before charities would begin to benefit from the Lottery anyway.

Even if the millions participating in the Lottery lose out, there is at least one winner; the government is expected to make at least £40 million a year from taxing the proceeds of ticket sales.

# Passion at Passfield

## Emotions run high as Hall goes to the polls

Lincoln Schlei

The climax of this year's Passfield Hall committee elections was a gala announcement ceremony last Sunday. But the campaigning was marred by personal defamations.

Around 150 of the Hall's 200 residents voted for 11 new officers. The final count saw Stu 'Dor-

set' Brittenden become President.

Edd Bannell, the new Social Secretary, added: "There is a whole new spirit of openness where people are much more interested in what the committee is doing, and the elected committee is much more interested in serving them."

"Half the Brazilian rain forest went up last week", exclaimed

Bannell, referring to the enormous amount of campaigning material.

Law student Bannell reflects: "This year it was really clean cut and a good healthy competition."

Some disagree. Sarah Clifford said: "A girl and two boys told one candidate, who they didn't know previously, 'we want to help you.' So they took over his poster

campaign basically just to spite others." They created 200-400 hand-written posters, some of which used the terms 'political hack', 'wanker' and 'homosexual'.

"It's horrible and pathetic putting homophobic posters up like that, making the lives of people who are not 'out' a misery. Making them feel that there are people in this hall who if they did come 'out',

would be openly against them."

Ex-President John Davies asserted: "I hope the committee this year doesn't have to face the huge vandalism problem".

Noting that two of those responsible for the defamation also destroyed the hall vending machine. "Many students have demanded the expulsion of those involved."

# Copy wrong

Dan Madden

A number of complaints have arisen about the current state of the British Library of Political and Economic Science. Some postgraduate masters students have voiced their dissatisfaction with the library security system and the organisation as a whole.

Marc Hochstein, a masters student in urban and regional studies, lodged complaints with the Head Librarian and the Director of the School.

Students' biggest complaint is the price of photocopying in the library. The Library charges six pence per copy, whilst the Students' Union Print shop charges four pence per copy and the machines at University of

London Union charge two and a half pence.

Concern was also raised about the policy of no bags in the Library. Many students feel that it is unnecessary to check in their bags in the cloakroom as the Library has magnetic strips in the books. However it transpires that not all books are tagged yet.

Many students feel that they deserve improved services as they have paid almost £7,000 to come and study at the LSE.

Problems have also risen over the lack of seating in the Course Collection. The Library did agree the seating was a problem and that they were working on a solution. The issues were raised at the meeting of the Dean's Committee for MSc students and they are awaiting a reply from the Library.



The calm exterior of Passfield Hall belies the emotive passions which reside inside

Photo: Hania Midura

# Looking ahead: tomorrow's LSE?

Baljit Mahal

You entered the LSE. You sat and ate in Houghton Street, at one of the outside tables despite the thunder storm that raged above.

The only thing that distracted you from your coffee was the constant stream of friends that passed by.

This is a picture of the proposed LSE of the future.

A meeting of the Site Development Committee, heard a presentation from the architects 'MacCormac Jamieson Prichard', at their offices last week.

A comprehensive proposal has been drafted that would irrevocably transform the LSE, so that it would be almost unrecognisable by the current generation of

students.

The LSE was founded in 1895 by the Webbs - also founders of the Fabian Society. They used donations from wealthy philanthropists (as well as the government) to create an institute that would study social problems on the model of the l'Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques in Paris.

The proposed plans begin by detailing considerable changes to

the Old Building which would have a new central corridor running along its length, something that should have existed were it not for the way the LSE expanded.

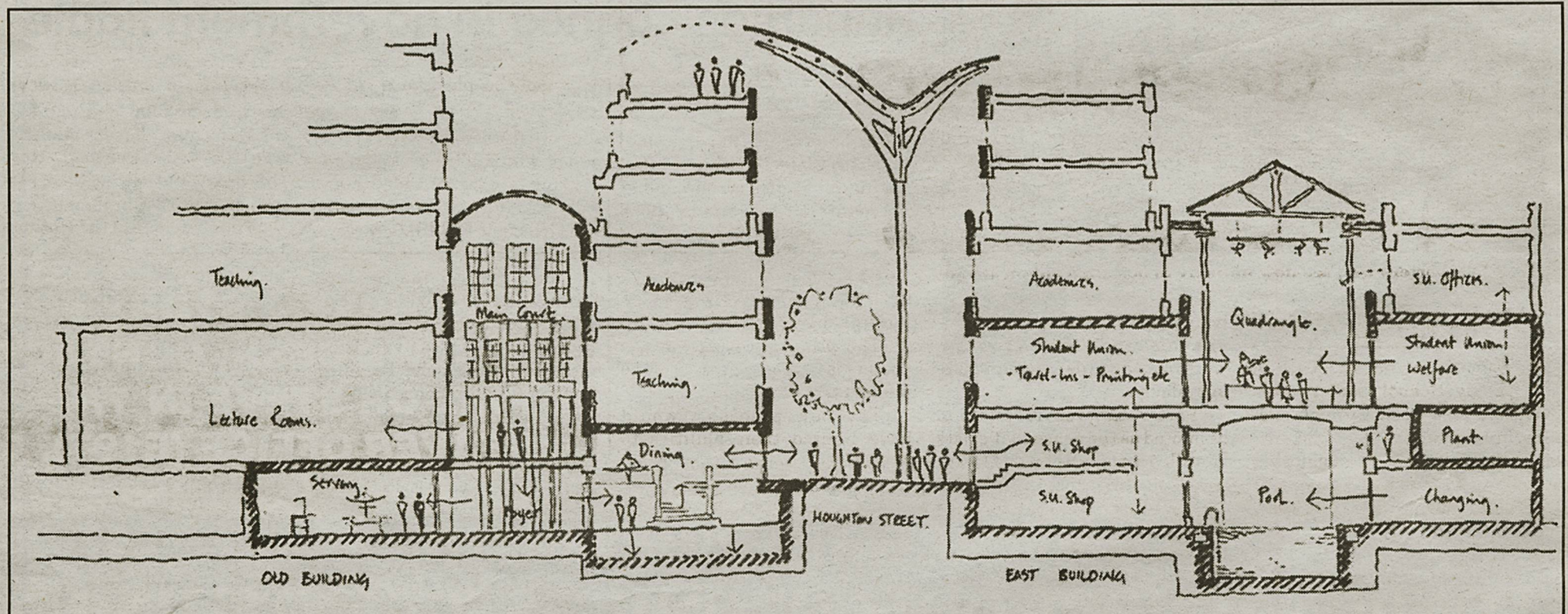
The Brunchbowl, Pizza Burger, and Beaver's Retreat would all move to the ground floor. The School would introduce its own cafe.

Overflow seating would exist

in Houghton Street, over which would be a glazed roof structure, supported by seven giant pillars. The Quad would become the AU swimming pool.

It is expected that fundraising from the Foundation would raise sufficient sums.

The next stage is for the School to give a formal response to the proposals in the next couple of weeks.



A sectional view of a new proposed development of LSE, which would include a covering for Houghton Street

# Men now welcome

Antonio Sosa-Pascual

A historic meeting of the LSE Women's Group on Tuesday voted in favour of allowing male members into their inner sanctum.

The decision came after a fifteen minute discussion where the relevance of having men in the society was discussed. The most salient point raised was that men's opinion was important, because women's issues sometimes involved men.

Those against allowing male members were placated somewhat by the decision not to give men voting rights. A man's attendance can be banned if a female member thinks she will be uncomfortable with his presence.

The Women's Group also expressed concern about the provision of child-day care facilities for students who are parents at LSE. According to some members a half-term child care programme, organised and funded in part by Westminster Council, was stopped because of lack of funds.

Members present considered that it was critically important to provide student parents with a day care centre for their offspring, whilst parents attended their courses.

Even though alternative options were suggested, such as the



The historic debate in full swing

Photo: Mia Gilje

use of volunteers to run day-care programmes, the general consensus was that this would be unfeasible. This is because Westminster Council require the presence of certified staff in day care facilities with more than five children. The Women's Group will

look for further alternatives and try to lobby the LSE administration for more funding.

The agenda for forthcoming activities in the Women's Group was also announced at last week's meeting. The Group will be launching a concerted bid to

tackle sexist policies, including ones that discriminate against sexual orientation.

An outside speaker will address the Group on Tuesday on the subject of "date rape". The Group also announced they will be supporting the release of

women put in jail for murdering their husbands.

Any suggestions for activities in Women's Week in March will be warmly welcomed; meetings are held on Tuesdays at 1pm in the Women's room, situated at the top of the stairs in the Cafe.

## Porters postpone potential picket



Some LSE porters who are now unlikely to be called out on strike

Photo: Scott Wayne

Nicola Hobday

Potential industrial action by School porters was averted last week through successful diplomacy.

The porters were considering striking over new management decisions. Worries that these new policies would affect the service the porters provide spurred the threat of industrial action.

It seems that the situation

has now been resolved. The management and the porters are working towards an amicable agreement.

Porter staff were reluctant to be quoted as the peace that exists is still fragile, although the future looks brighter.

Were any strikes to have gone ahead they would have taken place in January and started on the Sunday night so as to cause the maximum disruption on the

Monday morning.

The primary concern of the porters is that of the safety of the students.

The new proposals would have limited their abilities to provide the service they pride themselves upon.

They aim to be there whenever a student needs them, and for whatever problem. Hopefully this will remain the case if the present goodwill continues.

## NEWS DESK EDITORIAL

It seems a shame that the Director of the School, Dr John Ashworth, is prone to the same exaggeration and misrepresentation he accuses *The Beaver* of.

In a letter to the Editor - printed in last week's edition - Dr Ashworth suggests his comments on the recent racial attacks involving LSE students were taken out of context during an "hour long interview."

In fact the Director spoke to three reporters for just over twenty minutes only, on a range of topics. The whole meeting was taped and the only reason we printed his comments was because they were in context.

The racial issue is perhaps the most important story we have run for some time, and consequently the views of the School's Head - whatever they may be - are keenly followed by the student body.

The news team endeavours to report as accurately and fully as possible the stories which come to their attention.

In recent weeks we have received other letters taking issue with what has been in the paper.

Perhaps the reason for this spate of correspondence is not so much factual inaccuracies, but rather more down to the fact that the news team is getting closer to the truth than some may like.

Some people accuse *The Beaver* of being amateurish. However when we attempt to report news in a professional and thorough manner, exception is taken.

*The Beaver* has a responsibility to inform students of anything that may affect them - whether that involves the activities of the School, the Students' Union or students themselves.

This may offend those making the news, but it will not deter us.

**IF YOU HAVE A STORY FOR THE NEWS DESK, CONTACT PHIL OR STEVE IN THE BEAVER OFFICE (E197). TELEPHONE (071) 955 6705, OR COME TO THE MEETING (MONDAYS, 6 PM, S78)**

## Union Jack

So there we have it, at last, the return of the good old-fashioned UGM. The leftmost seats in the bottom of the Old Theatre were full, Alexander Vivian Wank Ellis has inherited the role of Tory idiot, and there was even a fight in the Balcony. Jack now sees where the power in the LSESU really lies. For weeks Martin "It's very simple" Lewis and his assortment of social misfits known as the Exec. have been trying to think up ways of promoting the UGM and getting more than a handful of people to turn up at 1pm on Thursdays. All it took was for the revered Chair, James Atkinson, to complain the previous week that what he wanted from a UGM was lots of communists and fascists debating contentious issues, and we are almost back to the good old days. Well, we didn't exactly get communists and fascists, but Nick Dearden and Gary Fuckwit were adequately entertaining. Atkinson, though, should take heed of the notices outside beseeching students not to eat, drink or smoke in the Old Theatre. If he had not have been stupid enough to have a cup of coffee whilst on the stage, then somebody would not have launched a missile at him hard enough for his coffee to be knocked out of his hand, his stylish shirt would not have been ruined and we could have started earlier.

Jack can understand that it is important for the Sabbatical Officers to get up on stage every week and announce what it is that they have been doing over the past seven days, be that sleeping in their office, running astall, writing letters to Ms. Crotch or "been extremely busy, have done a 70 hour week, been to three meetings this morning, seen the Director, just been on Newsroom South-East, just been told to pull out of an election at NUS Regional Conference." What Jack can not understand is why is it that Baljit Mahal feels he has to stand up, shout a bit and wave his arms about a lot just to tell us that his cab is parked in Hansworth because it has had a service this week?

After Martin "It's very simple" Lewis had taken the opportunity to tell us, by not answering the question, that he was about to propose abolition of one of the Sabbatical Officers, it was time for the Constitutional Amendment about extending the Exec. to include a Gay, Lesbian and Bisexual Officer. Darling of the left, Nick Dearden, spoke proposing the change whilst his grandad looked on admiringly from the wings. Then it was the turn of Gary Fuckwit to prove that being American, at the LSE and brain dead are more than three coincidental factors. Vainly trying to do an impression of Paddy "My Eyes Don't Work" Ashdown by looking into the distance and talking rubbish, Gary gave an awful speech, but the amendment fell. During this debate, there was a fight on the balcony between the only person who can throw paper properly and somebody who can throw a glass of water but not a punch. Jack thinks they should get together.

Proposed by a boring Liberal without any hair, and seconded by one with too much hair, a motion on student loans was passed before proof was at last provided for what all Jack's friends and associates have alleged for some time, that Alex Ellis is a stupid wanker. His stupidity was illustrated by an appalling motion that was so badly drafted even Constitution & Steering complained, and his new "man of the people" style of saying fuck or fucking at every opportunity. His being a wanker? Just ask to borrow his 'Great Tory Conferences' video. His motion on introducing meat into the cafe was thrown out after an impassioned speech from 'the man with the hat who works there'. Martin "It's very simple" Lewis attempted to re-draft the motion there and then with a list of amendments longer than even one of Ron Voce's conversations. In the end he withdrew it all. Jack tends to agree with James Atkinson. "You fucking bastard, Lewis, do you realise what you've just put us through?"

## Turning Green

Tom Scanlon

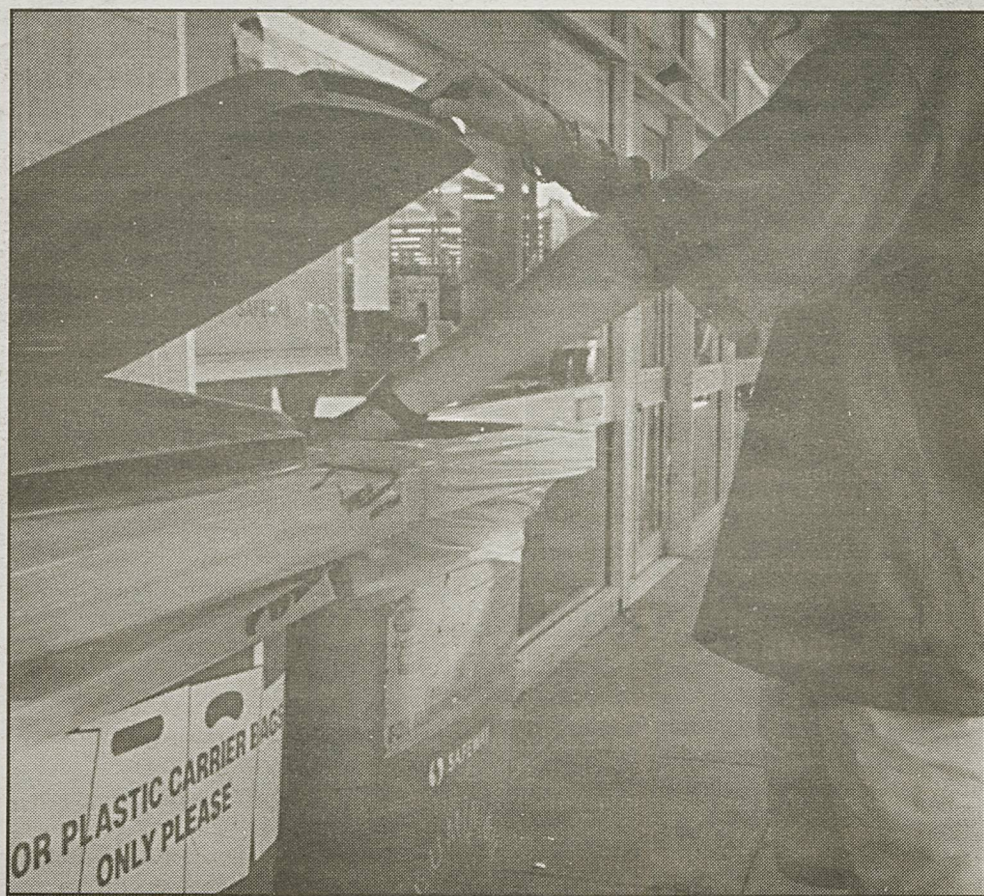
"When I first came to LSE, I was shocked how little people seemed to care about the environment. Back at my home university, I was used to carrying my refillable cup around the school's cafeterias. Here the general attitude seems to be 'throw away and don't worry about it'. LSE's environmental code is a relic from the 1950's. It's sad!"

Bettina, an ERASMUS student, is not the only one to feel set back in time when it comes to LSE's environmental record. Northern American and Continental students often come from universities where copying on recycled paper is commonplace, and disposable packages have been replaced by re-usable containers.

Many of them regret that there is no 'green option' at LSE: "There is not a single copy machine with recycled paper here. So, even though I'm aware of how much more chemicals and energy are being used to produce virgin paper, I can't help but use it when I need to do copies. It's the same with the cups. Except for the Brunch Bowl, where they have china, you have to use plastic cups if you want a drink," says Aristotle, a research student in the Government department.

However, he believes there are feasible alternatives to these environmentally harmful practices: "At my college in the States, we banned throwaway cups and gave every student a refillable cup with a lid. It worked fine, reduced our plastic waste dramatically, and saved the school £65,000 per year."

To bring LSE's environmental practices up-to-date is the aim of 'LSE GREEN ACTION!', a new society being set up this week. The group wants to create awareness of the School's environmental im-



Has environmentalism been binned at LSE?

Photo: Library

pact, and develop and promote alternatives to wasteful practices.

"There is a big gap between theory and practice when it comes to environmental matters here. Fortunately, the problem of natural resource depletion and the need for sustainable development are increasingly being discussed in classes.

However, day-to-day use of natural resource at LSE seems virtually unaffected by that," criticises Kate Hampton, one of the founders of Green Action.

"At the moment, LSE is the London School of Waste. We use more than 10,000 plastic cups and 200,000 sheets of virgin paper per week. Our computers are switched on all night. It's a terrible waste and I think we can find simple and effective solutions to stop that. Let's green LSE!"

Green Action! meets this Tuesday to set up environmental working groups. Additional information is available from Jorgo on (071) 388 3861, or Kate on (071) 490 1692.

LSESU  
ElectionsCareers  
Advisory  
Service  
Committee  
(2 places)

At the recent LSESU elections, there were nine nominees to sit on the Careers Advisory Service Committee. As there were 9 places and 9 candidates, there appeared to be no need for an election.

It now transpires that both I, and the General Secretary Martin Lewis, were misinformed. There are in fact only 2 directly elected places on this Committee, and not 9 as we were told. It is not acceptable for the School to have 9 people sitting on the Committee, so therefore it is necessary for some sort of re-election to take place.

At last weeks UGM I announced the reopening of nominations for this Committee, Nominations will be open until Wednesday November 23, at 5pm. Nomination forms will be available from LSESU Reception as usual. At the UGM on Thursday November 24, rather than be given a paper allocation, the candidates will be given the opportunity to give a short speech. The election, by Alternative Vote (show of hands), will take place at that UGM.

If you would like to stand for this Committee, please put yourself forward, and be sure to attend the Union General Meeting on Thursday November 24.

Tom Greatrex  
Returning OfficerKODAK FILM  
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AT THE LSESU SHOP£3.49 1 - 24 EXPOSURES  
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Multicultural &  
Baha'i SocietyWorld Music Concert  
7pm - Friday November 25  
The Cafe - £1Lebanese Society Party  
includingLebanese dinner  
8pm, November 24  
The Cafe

Frank Rogers Owen talks balls as ERASMUS student bites back!

# Our man in Copenhagen

Do politicians eat meatballs? To be more precise do Danish politicians eat "Jaka Hakkebøffer" meatballs?

I asked myself this question in a supermarket checkout queue yesterday. I was staring at my shopping, trying not to look English though still proud of the superiority of Sainsbury's and Waitrose, etc. The blot on the aesthetic sensibility of the Danish, the "Netto" supermarket really is an abomination. I dread its spread across Europe.

As my agile and original mind was considering the meatballs it also turned a part of its attention to another item of shopping in my basket: "Danish" bacon. When I thought about my likely purchasers of this "porky" product it dawned on me immediately that the people who buy bacon are very different to the people who buy meatballs.

Now of course you will say: "But Frank, you were buying both meatballs and bacon, surely you are a stupid English fool and I am the clever one!". No, not so fast, you smart young thing. Old Frank can still teach you a thing or two - and not just about manners!

As a political scientist by training, if a hard drinking, cigar smoking, street-wise headline-pouting journalist by vocation, I can tell you that in the game of politics I call life, we deal in "averages". To the average bod like you on the street, that might be a difficult concept, especially if you're an economist and like to use terms such as "mean" and "aggregate" when you should use the terms such as "I don't know" and "so what if I'm guessing". Too sophisticated and experienced journeymen of life's byways and cul de sacs and "average" means: There's a valid point in my argument, DON'T FUCK WITH ME, listen well or you'll end up leaving LSE with nothing to show for it but a filofax full of addresses in south Kensington and fading memories of those drop-dead good looking Euro-Sloanes who only talked to you for three years so they could practice their accents.

As I've already mentioned, in the real world it's wise not to get hung up on detail,

## Kashmir: the forgotten nation

Abdul Basit

Kashmir is a disputed territory in the heart of south-central Asia occupying 85,000 square miles; a state which is larger than 87 other independent countries and has a population of 13 million of which 80% is Muslim. India in-

especially when it gets in the way of a good argument. I've no support for what I'm about to say, apart from Frank's good ol' sixth sense for feeling a story when he sees it and sniffing it out, but if it sounds plausible then it's good enough for me. Frank didn't get where he is now by becoming mixed up with the complicated business of finding out the truth, he's always left the tedious work of checking sources for less experienced journalists without his sixth sense.

My point is simple and based on a commonplace practice. At least I do it. I start living in a new house or flat, I go shopping and I buy certain long-lasting items of food I would normally never buy and I take these items home and deposit them in my cupboard. Many months later a few days before I move out of my now "old" house or flat I find these items of food. Often this food is the sort I would politely decline if offered at a friend's house. It is usually the sort that, if I saw it in another person's shopping basket, I would think them mad or at least profoundly

## ....do Danish politicians eat "Jaka Hakkebøffer" meatballs?

lacking in taste. Yet this is food I have bought, and since I am no spendthrift it must therefore be eaten.

To illustrate a recent example of this curious eating related disorder of mine, the night I moved out of my last London abode was also the night before I was to drive to Newcastle and back in a hire car, in a single day, returning my "stuff" home before I was "Copenhagen bound". Returning from the pub this particular night I discovered in my wine collection a bottle of "Safeways' Kosher wine" which I had

vaded the territory on October 27, 1947 and obtained fraudulent accession of the state from its autocratic ruler (Hari Singh) while at the same time promising the Kashmiri people as well as the United Nations that the future state of the territory would be determined by its people, i.e. by holding a fair and impartial plebiscite in accordance with the UN resolutions of August 13, 1948 and January 5, 1949.

The struggle for the independence of the state of Kashmir has gone on for over 46 years now, but no decisive step has been taken even with backing of the UN. The results of this UN impotence have been chaotic and devastating. The atrocities of Indian occupation forces since the recent uprising of 1990 resulted in the killing of thousands of people, houses being gutted, newspapers being banned, gang rape of hundreds of women, imposition of curfews, desecration of places of worship,

bought to widen my religious understanding (not being Jewish). Despite feeling a little groggy after a night on the town with Peter Preston (remind him, if you see him, that he owes me for the House of Commons note paper I let him borrow). I still polished off the bottle thinking it unlikely to leave unfinished business before I left the country. The effects in the morning were devastating. However, despite this I still feel I did the right thing drinking that bottle of wine.

I am willing to suffer for the meatballs I have just bought, just as much as I did for the Kosher wine. The pleasure that I will get from eating the meatballs, assuming, that is, that they are disgusting, is like the pleasure I have enjoyed from the Kosher wine. Something much longer lasting than anything you can hope for from a meal made up of merely tasty dishes. From that wine I obtained, as I hope to obtain from these meatballs, a sense of belonging and of having made a commitment to the place where I live.

Strange as it may seem, every time I open my food cupboard I see the meatballs and know that I have been living in Copenhagen for quite some time (by the time you read this I will have owned the meatballs for almost 14 days). Every time I search for the ingredients of some smorrebrod (open sandwich) or yesterday's Danish pastry to dunk in my strong Danish coffee I see the meatballs and I'm pleasantly transported into a friendly family home where everyone eats dinner around a big table, telling each other about how their day went, and being forced to eat food like meatballs. As it is, I live in a poky garret flat with a novelist from Greenland (the truth!). I also eat alone and talk to myself about the end of the world (well!).

The bacon, which I buy, hardly provokes a single thought in my head. I may briefly consider the merits of grilling as against frying but, in general, merely cook it and then eat it. I rub my tummy and think nothing more of it. This is until I rub my tummy and think nothing more of it. That is until I buy myself some meatballs.

Rather, as people suggest that, to avoid plunging itself into war Mankind needs Great Challenges, like landing on the moon, I suggest man or woman needs distraction, the indulgence of whim and petty, pointless projects to avoid the emptiness of a life of gluttony and consumption. "Bringing Home The Bacon" the individuals equivalent of the politicians "Pork Barrel Politics" is no kind of life for anyone with desires other than appetite.

The politician ought to know that politics is more than the choice between guns and butter. To impress on them this point, I shall be inviting the leaders of the six main Danish parties around to my house for dinner just before I leave Copenhagen. On the menu? - MEATBALLS

banning of relief efforts and medical aid, burning of Bangus Valley worth billions of dollars and last but not least the expulsion of all foreign journalists and human right activists. This is just a brief account of the ongoing genocide and brutal slaughter of the innocent Kashmiri people. The question that comes to my mind is 'Are not Kashmiris human beings like the Somalians and Haitians, or is this a conspiracy by the superpowers of the world? Why doesn't UN put trade restrictions on India like they enforced against Iraq for the violation of human rights?'. I know that the answer to these questions is being sought by all the people who believe in justice and international law, but the chances of resolving this issue in the near future with or without UN remain slim. However, the demand for justice within this rapidly changing world has never been greater.



**Martin Lewis**  
General Secretary

### UGM Mandates

#### Greening Higher Education

The issue of the Environment was raised at the Joint meeting of the Student Governors and the Standing Committee. After discussions it was agreed that the School would look into bringing recycling skips for paper and cans onto the School campus. It was also agreed that they would investigate how much an small Green audit of the School would cost. The Students' Unions Green audit is to be undertaken by Vini Ghatate (Equal Opportunities and Welfare Sabbatical)

### Sanctity of Thursday Lunchtimes

After discussions with the School we have provisional agreement that no Undergraduate lectures, classes or seminars will be held during UGM time and that only at a last resort will Postgraduate lectures, classes or seminars be held. If Postgraduates are in lectures classes or seminars, and there is a duplicate seminar at a different time, then wanting to attend the UGM will be a valid reason for changing classes.

### FIRST MEETING OF THE ACADEMIC AFFAIRS PANEL

To discuss all aspects of Undergraduate and Postgraduate Academics of the School. Tuesday November 22 at 2pm - E195

ALL WELCOME.

If you have any questions, problems or suggestions then come and see me, if I can't help you then I'll send you to someone who can.

Office No. E195,  
Telephone 071 955 7147  
(internal 7147)

Please attend the Union General Meetings' as it is your right!  
Every Thursday,  
1pm in the Old Theatre

# The Beaver

I have to admit, that I'm pretty disappointed this week! Why did we reject the idea of a Lesbian Gay and Bisexual officer for the Executive. Surely in these enlightened times we are not all still homophobic, or were there other reasons? No, I think not! But by the actions of rejecting the proposal for representation for a minority element you have confined that minority element to the sidelines. I agree that any "openly out" person can stand for a position, in the past we've been lucky that this has happened, but this hit an hope method misses the point. This post was to help those who are not "out" and need information. Surely as a liberal and educated student body we should agree that the dissemination of information is good for all concerned. Whether this motion comes up again or not we should, be a little bit ashamed of ourselves that we cannot pass out the hand of friendship from a majority to an often despised and isolated minority.

In a similar vein, there is a proposal on the same order paper concerning a Communications Officer for the Executive. We here at *The Beaver* are not to pleased about. Why? Well to be honest we are worried that in the vague terms of this proposal and one which Martin Lewis may be proposing later, the LSESU will create a position that, supposedly was to help *The Beaver*, will in fact hinder it! For instance, if there is a Communications Officer and still a Beaver Editor, with editorial independence, who will be responsible. It is obvious that the editor should still be responsible, but they will still not be accountable except through the Officer, so in fact editorial control would pass to the person accountable to a Union General Meeting.

Over the past months *The Beaver* has changed its work practices so it has become a lot easier, though still hard work for the editor and the volunteer staff, but how much long term commitment could a annual elected Union officer make?

Although I started the debate I would rather end it now! Unless a Beaver sabbatical editor is created there is no point in creating a sabbatical position for a Communications Officer, but one for the Executive is not a bad idea.

I would rather be an over worked, non-salaried editor who wants to do the job as editor and dish the dirt when necessary, than see someone ruin what, over the years, has become the second most important thing in my life (The first.... that would be telling!) because of the desire to change something for what they see is the best solution. If it ain't broke don't fix it does spring to mind!, but so too does tinkering around with what we have already.

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## Kirby Labour criticisms

Dear Beaver,

I would like to take issue over some of the remarks make by Nick Kirby in your November 14 edition.

I, too, am proud to be a member of the Labour Party and proud to have served the Labour Club in addition to being a member. However, as I understand it, the party line is relevant only to those people elected under the party banner to executive positions. Club members at UGM's are not subject to a "whip", and are therefore free to vote howsoever they wish. It follows, then, that there is no problem in members, senior or otherwise, voting against Kirby. Party leanings are not an issue, as the chair of the UGM is supposed to be neutral. If people thought Kirby inadequate for the job then they would not, and should not, vote for him, Labour Club member or otherwise. The fact that Atkinson is a Tory may deter people from voting for him, but is not the overriding issue.

Face it, Kirby - not enough people thought you up to the job. (Incidentally, I know "certain" people would love to see you on that stage, because it's not easy trying to hit you with paper balls when you're sat down.)

Kirby also makes the rather melodramatic reference to backstabbing. I find this hard to justify. Two and a bit years ago I, along with Francesca and a core of around 6 or 7 people, struggled to get the Labour Club going again, it having split some time before. One of the groups making our job more difficult than it should have been (I mean, who would have believed LSE without a Labour Club?) was the then popular DSG. I seem to recall that a particularly prominent member of the DSG was - surprise, surprise - Kirby. Now the DSG has split, and the Labour Club is going from strength to strength, Kirby wants a slice of the action. It could be suggested by some on this evidence that



Kirby is a politician of expedience, rather than one of conscience. People might also point to the reference to his time in the union as a "career" as particularly revealing. But of course, if people knew Kirby properly they wouldn't dream of making such allegations.

Yours sincerely  
**Kenneth Yau**  
Labour Club member and  
ex-Secretary

## Carry on and on. And on...

Dear Beaver,

Following last weeks' letter from Nick Kirby, I write as Chair of the LSE Labour Club in an attempt to set the record straight. It is regrettable that Nick seems to have chosen to make this issue one of personalities. I should like to point out that this is certainly not the case. Nick's claims that he was expelled from the Labour Club Executive Committee by a 'kangaroo court', and that as a result of Francesca Malaree actions he was excluded from this meeting are simply untrue.

There is no personal conspiracy by Francesca Malaree or by any member of the Labour Club. When Nick decided to stand against the Labour Club candidates, having been asked not to do so by the organisation he "is proud to be a member of", this raised a serious issue for us.

The Labour Club recognises the work Nick has done for us and



I am sad that this situation has developed. However, his actions in challenging his own party at an election were indefensible.

At our weekly meeting it was felt by all of us, not just Francesca, that this issue needed to be resolved. As Nick was not present at the meeting to give his side of the story, an executive meeting was called where Nick could

present his case. Nick was informed and advised to be present by at least 3 Labour Club members. After he failed to show, it was felt that Nick had no defence to make and he was therefore removed from the executive. Minutes of that meeting are available and show that this was indeed the case.

It saddens me that Nick has chosen to make this a personal issue. The same democratic forum that did not select him as our representative for the Court of Governors decided that his position on the Labour Club executive was untenable.

The LSE Labour Club operates as a forum in which the members make collective decisions. It is entirely a product of Nick's lack of respect for this principle that he finds himself in this position.

Tom Smith  
LSE Labour Club Chair

## And on. It's neverending.

Dear Beaver,

I greatly appreciated Nick Kirby finally expounding his reasons for standing as an independent for the Court of Governors. However I feel pressed to point out a number of inaccuracies in his 'account' of events.

Nick's actions appear to have been caused by the UGM chair elections at the start of term, yet at no point was I or other senior members of the club made aware of his feelings. Given this, is it any wonder the matter was never discussed. Furthermore if Nick stood as an independent to draw attention to this, why did he first seek the Labour Club nomination? May I suggest that it was to further his own Union career.

The Labour Club then decided to delegate this matter to the Executive, a meeting of which was given plenty of prior warning. Other students who sat on ULU General Union Council attended this meeting, so I have no idea why Nick failed to. This meeting decided to expel Nick from the Labour Club executive



for three reasons. Firstly he had failed to provide any reasons for his earlier actions. Secondly, he had actively campaigned against the Labour Club in the SU elections (hardly the most appropriate course for our Publicity Officer.) Thirdly, for consistently voting against Labour Club policy in SU executive meetings. This was a collective decision, not an individual one taken by Francesca Malaree.

On a wider point concerning the UGM chair, there is little

reason why Nick should feel aggrieved about this. Firstly, this is a nonpartisan position which is why the Labour Club does not stand official candidates for it. The politics of a particular Chair should not matter. Secondly, we attend UGMs as individual students, not as members of a party. The Labour Club never has whipped its members at UGMs and as long as I have anything to do with it, never will. Bearing both these arguments in mind, Nick has no reason to expect unanimous support from the Labour Club for his candidature.

Yours sincerely  
**Micky Khurana.**

All photographs used in the Letters pages this week are completely random, and chosen for no particular reason except to liven up two otherwise very dull pages

# Tree planting in the Middle East - or not

Dear Editor,

I feel the need to reply to Ross Slater's letter of Beaver issue 409, under the assumption that the "letters" page must be crowded by the angry opinions of my friends from the UJS and other egalitarian rabble, and that Mr Slater could do with some emphatic support, coming from an Israeli reader at that.

Ross, you have my full-hearted support, and three cheers to you! Ignore those voices in the street calling you an anti-Semite and advocator of terrorism. What do these bourgeois scum know anyway! By God, you are right - how did we not see it before?

I deplore, nay, I spit on those fascist NUS leaders, planting trees in Israel. This is a disgrace! Pro-Zionist arbophiliacs should be flogged in public. If not, we should expect things to deteriorate to the degree of NUS members having a pint in Ireland or plucking berries in the Falklands. Filth that is!

The same goes, of course, for



holidays. And though most states in the world recognise Israel as an egalitarian democracy, most of the LSE Labour Club does not, and good that it does, brother Ross (I hear Rabin is losing much sleep over this). I say: Iraq! That's where NUS members should go on vacation, to protest the Israeli killing of 300,000 Arabs in the Gulf war, or something like that.

It's always them, isn't it, comrade Ross, always them Israelis.

We know, the two of us, don't we, that it's them that are to blame for all that support for Mr Hitler, oh, and the Tsar, and now it's just history repeating itself, with these Israeli expansionists creating all that support for Hizb ut-Tahrir, isn't it.

We know, eh Rossie-boy, that the lovely fellows from Hizb ut Tahrir don't deny the Holocaust. Au contraire, mon ami, it must be their favourite part of World War II! I myself did not attend that

meeting - I felt a tad uncomfy with their pro-Semitic invitation to "fulfil the Prophet's call and kill all the Jews" (as advertised in their fliers a year ago). Charming.

As for the expansionist nature of Israel and all that wisdom you shared with us, taking care to avoid the "exaggeration and ignorance" you detest so much, well, I can't argue with that. I mean, what Israeli would dare argue with a local about "colonial settler rule ...carried out with brute force"? Why, you have so much more experience than I do in matters of imperialism and subjugation. I do advise, humbly, that you attend the fascinating lecture series "the Great Powers and the Middle East" given by Mr Windsor of the IR department (his CV clearly states that he is not a NUS member, and has never planted a tree anywhere, so he may be OK, but I'd check if I were you). He may be able to clear up the difference between "expropriation" and "purchase" (with

the ambiguities surrounding this issue), explain why Israel is giving away a third of its territory as Xmas presents to its loving neighbours in return for a bus-full of corpses, and why separating two nations at war is not apartheid but prudence. Perhaps he can also clear up any questions you may have concerning the fascinating aspects of Israeli masonry, and even share with you something most people in the Middle East (LSE Labour Club excluded) have figured out recently, namely, that Middle Eastern politics and history are never clear-cut, but are difficult and contentious subjects, in which the use of radicalism (dare I say, "exaggeration and ignorance") has only caused suffering, pain and death.

Finally, I am as surprised as you are about the fear of Jewish students attending the Hizb ut-Tahrir lecture. Why, are there more individuals like you loose in the streets, Mr Slater?

Ron Hassner  
International Relations

## The Beaver gets it right and gets the praise for it

Dear Beaver

Can I extend my appreciation to the entire Beaver news team, for some first class reporting and coverage last week. The articles on the anguish of the IT teacher, and the report of the Combat-18 threatening letter, were particularly outstanding.

Just one note of alarm; would it be possible to keep Phil Gomm off the front page. I think his sort are best kept to within the confines of local radio, don't you?

Yours sincerely  
Gary Hinton



Dear Beaver

I would like to congratulate *The Beaver* on a thoroughly well researched and investigative report on Ahmed Sheikh. The LSE is a microcosm of society, and *The Beaver* is our voice.

To clarify my position completely, torture is wrong regardless if it is a means to an end; it affects many people throughout the world. Racism too is a form of torture on society, and we must

do everything in our power to eradicate it.

An appalling statistic from a survey carried out by Amnesty International points out that 144 countries are involved in Human Rights violations, including the United States.

We should all work together to cultivate a growing awareness of this problem.

Yours sincerely  
Omer Soomro  
LSE Court of Governors

## Presentation skills Workshop for Women Students

Having difficulties in seminars?  
Need some help in presenting your material?

Come to one or both skills workshops:

Tuesday, November 22, 1994  
Friday, November 25, 1994  
10am-12pm Room C119

Rose Rachman                      Liz Waller  
Adviser to Women Students      Chaplain

**The Beaver collective meet in S78, Monday at 6pm All Welcome!**

**FOR SALE**  
HP Deskwriter  
1-year-old  
£100 ono  
Beaver Office  
E197 ext 6705

## Part Time Work in the Students' Union

In order to apply for part time work in the Union you must contact the service management. The following are contact names for each of the services:

<b>Three Tuns Club Bar</b>	
Jim Fagan	0171 955 7156
<b>Cafe</b>	
Hersh Baker	0171 955 7164
<b>Shop</b>	
Rob Richardson	0171 955 6708
<b>Reception</b>	
Jane Connolly	0171 955 7158
<b>Print Room</b>	
Justin Deville	0171 955 6738
<b>Welfare &amp; Housing Office</b>	
Sue Garrett	0171 955 7145
<b>General Enquiries</b>	
Gethin Roberts	0171 955 7470
<b>Entertainments</b>	
Gary Delaney	0171 955 7136

If you would like the Union to keep you informed of opportunities for part-time work then please complete the following form and return it to the General Manager via SU Reception, which is located in the foyer of the East Building.

Please keep me informed of part-time opportunities within the following Union services for this current academic year of 1994 - 95 (please tick as appropriate).

- |  |                                    |
|--|------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Three Tuns Club Bar   | <input type="checkbox"/> Cafe      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Shop  | <input type="checkbox"/> Reception |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Print Room  |                                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> General Clerical (at short notice)                                      |                                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Stewarding of Events (at short notice) & other Ents related activities. |                                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Any of the above  |                                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Welfare/Housing Reception (postgraduates only)                          |                                    |

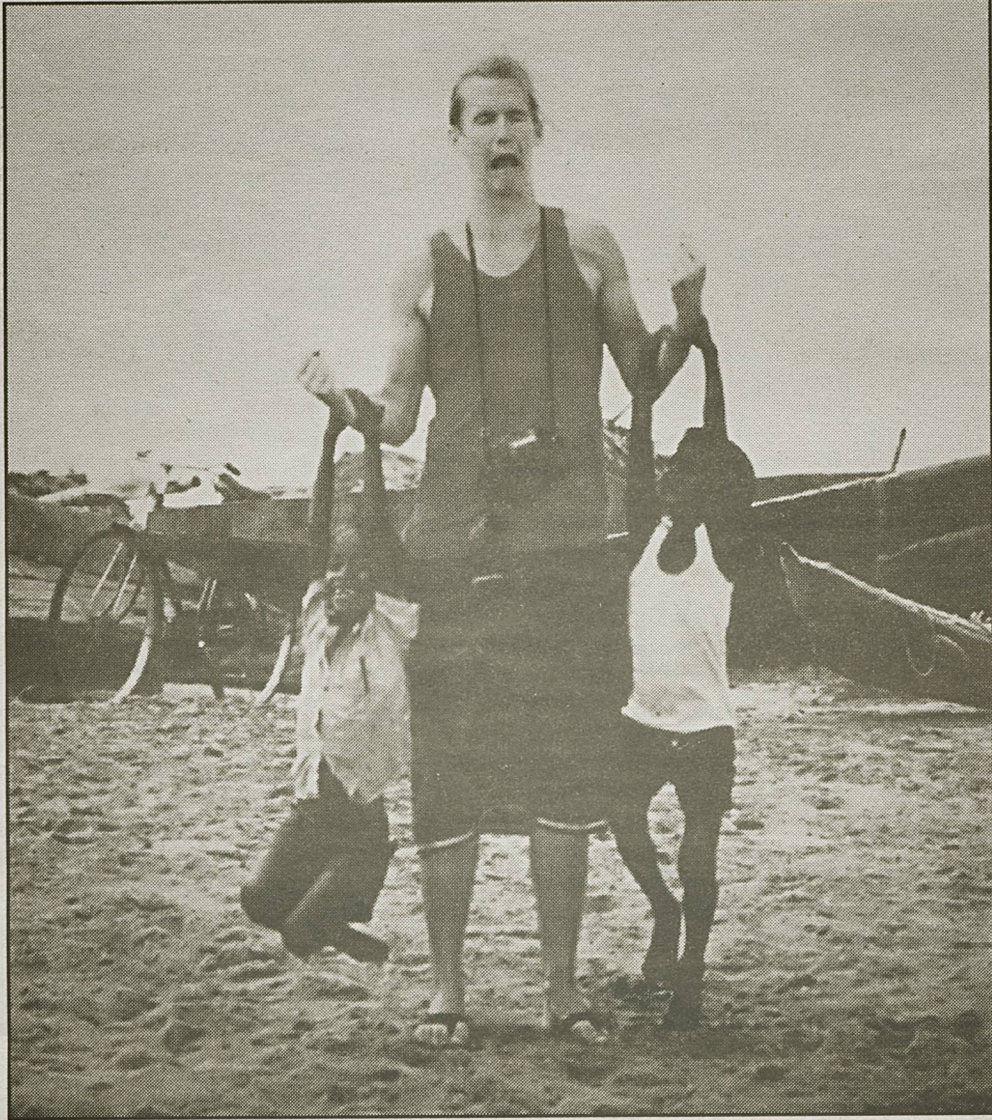
Name:  
Term time address:

Year of study:

Telephone:

# Consulting knows best

## Ex LSE student Jason Rance expands what graduates can expect in the bewildering world of management consulting



Students have widely varying ideas of what defines a management consultant – an “axeman”, a seller of short term solutions, or a purveyor of weird jargon. While I had some idea as to what “consultancy” in general entailed, it was still pretty hazy to me even when I started work just over a year ago. Subsequently some of my preconceptions have proven true, and some completely false.

Consultants advise businesses in a variety of ways. There is no such thing as a typical consultant, as the term covers a multitude of fields—IT, personnel, marketing, strategy, cost control, or executive compensation. The types of engagements on which a consultant embarks within these areas can vary from one-off fast burn projects to multi-year relationships in which the consultants may effectively be acting as the strategy wing of a company.

The consulting firms themselves take various forms, from small boutiques and pure strategy houses, to accounting offshoots, specialised independents, and multinational generalists. The people employed by these firms vary according to the disciplines required for the work.

In terms of what these people have in common, various, usually trans-Atlantic, clichés abound, which apply with varying degrees of accuracy. They do tend to be “driven, focused achievers”. Most have a 2:1 or a First, but this is by no means a hard rule. However, they are not all cut-throat egoists, or mobile-phone touting lager louts. They are demanding of others, but no more so than of themselves. People interested in consulting generally enjoy variety, not only in the challenges of work, but also in lifestyle. A consultant may be expected to work with people from different cultures and nationalities, or asked to relocate abroad at short notice.

Their degrees range from the Arts to the Sciences, although engineers and finance specialists are especially common due to their analytical background. My intake included social scientists, a chemist, a mathematician, and several engineers. In Strategy Consulting, graduates and undergraduates are still predominantly recruited from Oxbridge and London, although as demand grows, consultancies will have to draw from further afield.

The rewards that can be expected in return for often gruelling work are several. Aside from the financial compensation and the sometimes jet-set lifestyle, the major attractions are the breadth of experience and exposure. In my first year I have worked in the pharmaceuticals and drinks industries, based in the Midlands, Scotland, Paris and now Philippines. The work has encompassed financial, operational and strategic issues. I have built financial valuation models determining profitability of different products, performed marketing segmentation analysis, and have been involved in advising a client on how to improve its

management of assets from production to sale of goods.

Both my colleagues and the clients that I have worked with have been challenging and interesting. Admittedly, at first it can be quiet daunting to be surrounded by such a solid base of very intelligent and motivated people. However, you soon realise that you are spoilt, since you are constantly interacting with very responsive and capable people. Consultants themselves come from a variety of cultures and backgrounds, and tend to be refreshingly open to new ideas and discussion. On the client side, it is immensely rewarding to enter a company where the employees view you with natural suspicion and cynicism as a fresh-faced consultant, and to emerge months later as a trusted and respected member of successful client-consultant case team. In fact, the people have probably been the highlight of my experience to date.

In terms of longer term opportunities, various avenues are open. I have the option to progress with the firm if asked to stay on, without necessarily taking an MBA. MBA sponsorship may also be an option. The steep learning curve that consultancy forces you to climb, also leaves you ideally placed to enter industry, or to start your own business. It does not tie you to any one functional area, such as finance or marketing, nor any one industry, although, you will definitely get enough close-up hands-on experience of an industry to make the transition if you so desire.

I have found my brief period as a management consultant both immensely rewarding, and in the main, highly enjoyable. The people and work are both challenging and stimulating, and the responsibility for a graduate is hard to beat.

**Jason Rance has worked with Marakon Associates, a Strategic Management Consultancy, with offices in Stamford, Conn., New York, Melbourne, and London, since graduating from LSE in 1993 with a BSc. Econ. For further information contact the LSE Career's Service in E388.**

# Girls FM, the sound of 1995

## Danny Silverstone investigates the motivation behind London's latest pirate station

The House scene used to be wild, underground and free. It used to be about baggy jeans, free parties and meeting new people. Then the raves became expensive clubs, the jeans became linen flares, and meeting people became impressing them. The unifying sound of acid-house diversified and house became the music of the top ten. Meanwhile, the police clamped down leaving the underground to those who have always been there like travellers, drug addicts and gangsters.

Part of this underground has always been pirate radio, supplying the music and information to eager ravers. Just like the rest of the rave scene it has mutated into two extremes; transitory disorganised stations and big corporate money makers like Kiss. However this summer a new pirate arrived, Girls FM. Typically they were playing house and garage, but unlike every other station they managed to produce a good signal and maintain the

same frequency. They were also on all week and featured professional jingles instead of dodgy adverts. Naturally, the question, were they another bland corporate muscling in or just some talented raggas arose?

The answer was neither. Girls FM is a genuine through back to the good all days of the summer of love. Coming from Brighton they are nucleus of friends who have incorporated the professionalism that has beset youth culture without accepting its greed. It is the love of music, not money, which fuels their obsession for achieving quality radio. Financed by donations, the DJ's and management are unpaid. However this lack of financial incentives does not discourage commitment, with all the broadcasts being continually monitored for sound quality and content. The watch word for survival is Security, which warrants total secrecy and loads of mundane restrictions. If the studio lacks the traditional party feel at least the management

can guarantee its continued existence. The management's belief that a 'House' community still exists has been vindicated by their success. The DJ staff now includes several record producers and record label owners. The depth of support for Girls FM being shown by their ability to secure interviews with the stars of house, such as Victor Simonelli and Marshall Jefferson.

Rather than revelling in their illegality the management see it as something that can not be ignored but can certainly be marginalised. The self-imposed ban on advertisements and political comments are all justified by the reluctance to attract unnecessary attention. Though the Department of Trade and Industry is dedicated to their closure, the relationship is not directly confrontational. Both parties have a job to do and as long as Girls FM sticks strictly to the music the hassle is limited to a frequent change of sites.

The management explained the motivations for founding Girls FM were

twofold. Firstly the satisfaction of doing something you enjoy and secondly the belief that house music still has the power to enthrall diverse sorts of people. They are determined for house to avoid the fate of disco. Thus they deliberately cater for the enthusiastic eighteen year old and the old school nut. Instead of rehashing the old tunes, the DJ's two hour shows are meant to be varied. Some play two hours of club anthems, while others mix the music with numerous shouts out to their 50 mile radius of listeners. The deep, deep house they specialise in is for those who have tired of driving round the M25 but are also uninspired by the commercial trash served up in west end clubs. According to the management's research their listeners are an eclectic bunch of professionals, students and ravers. It seems that at last house music has matured, to form a new community. The next chance to participate is at the Girls night out is on November 26.



# The street comes indoors



Detail of a customised punk leather jacket, 1980

Photo: V&A

## Helen Kerkentzes takes a look at the new fashion exhibition, Streetstyle, showing at the Victoria and Albert Museum

This being the first exhibition of its kind – Streetstyle is the first to chart the development of international street clothing – and I, finding myself for the first time in the oversized (or should I say over publicised) shoes of the “critic”, it seemed to me only natural not to know what to expect of anything or anyone that lay beyond the swinging doors of the V & A.

To my mind’s and heart’s content, for let me just say, that they were not in the tranquil state that some lectures lull them into, opening the doors to Streetstyle, revealed an incredibly innovative and unique portrayal of the history of street fashion.

The exhibition aims to explain the evolution of post-war fashion, placing the clothes in their cultural context, and to a certain extent, show the influences of streetstyle on the famous names

of high street fashion: Karl Lagerfeld of Chanel, Donna Karan, Yves Saint Laurent.

Clearly, fashion was, and still is, an important form of self-expression. People did not only strive to be unique, but were also very keen to be seen in the icons of their chosen tribe.

Reactions to society or ‘going against the norm or trend’ produced many movements, one of which were the Beatniks who came in the 1950’s as a reaction to the Doris Day image, and wore mostly black and simple clothes. A more recent example is the evolution of the ‘Eco Style’.

The media played a major role in the development of streetstyle. One need only look at the Headbangers of the 1970’s, or the Bikers of the 1950’s (inspired by a certain Marlon Brando) for proof. Anyway, Cowboys, Zooties, Teddy Boys, Goths, Cyberpunks are all fully dressed and waiting.

Music, photographs and accessories all help to unravel the complex factors influencing the development of street style, while the range of outfits is outstanding. It is evident that this assembly goes far beyond the usual marketplace of antique shops and auction houses. The Glastonbury festival is only one of the hunting grounds used.

The image I left with was that of a kaleidoscope. ‘How many styles am I wearing?’, I thought to myself. If you want to find out take a peek through the swinging doors.

**The exhibition *Streetstyle: from sidewalk to catwalk, 1940 to tomorrow* is on at the Victoria and Albert Museum until 19 February 1995. It is open from Tuesday to Sunday 10am – 5.30pm and on Monday from 12pm – 5.30pm. Concession tickets are £2.25.**

## Open all hours

### Nity Raj at the Chuckle Club

Did you hear the one about the 2 flies on a toilet seat? One got pissed off. Well, anyway, that’s my attempt at humour so perhaps it’s a good thing that I wasn’t one of the excellent acts at the Chuckle Club’s last 2 nights of open mikes.

Eugene Cheese, the Chuckle Club compere (who looks suspiciously like he’s Gary Delaney’s dad), warmed up both times with his now legendary version of Minnie the Moocher, cunningly disguised as a pile of old shit to provide a stark contrast to the class comedy on offer. Truthfully though, the song got people in a suitably silly mood and created a good atmosphere because the crowd actually joined in.

Following Mr Cheese on Tuesday, November 1, were 11 acts of exceptional talent considering many of them were performing in front of a live audience for the first time. Names to look out for include Nathan Miller, who had a nice line in (original) Jewish humour and a brilliant delivery and Alex Smith – one of our own students who, with a little more practice and some sharper material could do well. The excellent Tim Hope – my tip for the next big thing, quickly built up a rapport with the punters after the rather poor

“Liz Hurleys” died a death, (the only act to do so) and went on to have me and many others pissing ourselves aided only by his trusty ukulele.

Tuesday, November 8, brought forth more class acts including a nice try from another one of our own, whose act was sadly killed by the crappiest heckler who ever lived. “Bollocks” and “fuck off”, are rather sad attempts at audience contribution, but thankfully our small dicked heckler did not manage to marr any further performances including undoubtedly the best act of the night, Albert Owens, who even convinced me that American comedians can match home-grown stand up.

A brilliant performance, and a brilliant night at which the only disappointment was the lack of a large crowd. For a mere pound this was certainly good value – as I’m sure anyone who was there will agree – by the way if you were there perhaps you have some explanation as to the reason why the Liz Hurleys appeared to have a pair of false testicles stuffed under their dresses? Visual pun, perhaps but it was lost on me, answers on a postcard please or see me at the next Chuckle Club showcase of open mikes. I’m sure to be there.

## Own brand

### Comic Jo Brand came to London last week. Steve Roy went to see if TV stardom has changed her act

Two years ago, in Freshers Week, Jo Brand and Jeff Green came to the LSE. Hard to believe, but true. I think it was the only event organised by that year’s Ents sabbatical, Jon Bradburn.

On that balmy autumn evening in the Old Theatre, Green was quite funny, and entertained the 30 or so present reasonably well. Then Jo Brand came on. People on the balcony started chanting “fat bitch”, and she never really recovered. Her routine of 2 jokes, the first about her weight, and the second about her period, were lost in a sea of heckles, and she eventually was forced off stage 20 minutes early.

The world of comedy obviously turns in mysterious ways, as in Croydon last week I was among a sold out, 1500 seater, all ticket audience, to see the same Jo Brand. Jo Brand, the overweight, feminist comedian who in 2 years had risen from dodgy student venues like LSE to hosting her own comedy show on Channel Four, and appearing occasionally on “Have I Got

News for You?” Brand still mates with Jeff Green; he has the burdensome task of supporting her through this autumn tour.

The people of Croydon enjoyed Green’s warm-up act; his best joke was the answer to the perennial problem of how to get back at being dumped; he recommended telling your girlfriend that it wasn’t a red condom you were using, that was your penile warts. He dealt adequately with the occasional heckler, but one was left with the definite feeling that the real laughs were supposed to be coming after the interval.

Brand’s opening line was typically a reference to her size; she warned any hecklers to keep quiet, otherwise she would go to the back of the stage, take a long run up, and jump on them. Her routine did stray occasionally from cakes and Tampax; her one line of political comedy was the statement “John Major is a wanker”. This observation reduced the audience to hysterics, a sign of the times.

The impressive aspect of Brand’s performance was her handling of the vocal members of

the audience. However, the spontaneity of her responses to hecklers, the only real improvisation in the show, was ruined by poor acoustics in Croydon’s Fairfield’s Hall; often 90% of the audience were unable to hear what the hecklers were shouting.

Having seen one or two programmes from the Channel Four series “Jo Brand Through the Cakehole”, I was disappointed at the originality of her jokes in Croydon. The line about the cereal advert where the voice-over says there is the same amount of fibre in one bowl of All-Bran as there is in 9 slices of bread; to which Brand replies; “I’ll take the nine slices of bread, thanks” I personally had heard about 5 times before.

One final grumble; Brand had plenty of opportunity surely to take the piss out of Croydon, a town notorious for having no semblance of atmosphere or character whatsoever. The best comment she could manage was that the only green fields in Croydon were at the local cemetery. Basic humour, mildly amusing. A summary of the whole evening really.

# The Bard at the Barbican

The Barbican Centre presents Britain's first international Shakespeare Festival, *Everybody's Shakespeare*. Philip Lam reviews two of the foreign plays on offer



Photo: Barbican

The fact the whole performance of director Tadashi Suzuki's *The Tale of Lear* was in Japanese did not lessen my enjoyment of it.

However, the whole evening I thought I was actually watching a dance more than a play. The actors spoke, but it looked trance-like because their movements were controlled to such a degree that someone with no prior experience of watching Japanese theatre would find it disconcerting. The friend who I brought along said it was 'literally a slow-moving play'. It was not unlike watching people in a disco with the strobe lights on.

The director claims that his production is 'neither Asian nor European'. To me, it was like some Orwellian scene juxtaposed into medieval Japan. The stage was bare save for a chair (the throne) and there were figures

standing in doorways with lighting from behind, silhouettes somehow managing to dominate the scene and stay inconspicuous at the same time. Very stylish, very slick.

The fact it was a Japanese production was never lost on one for a moment. Disregarding the language, the actors come with full period Japanese costumes with katanas to boot. I seem to remember that in Kabuki theatre there are no female performers. You will forgive me if this is wrong, but it would explain why the three sisters were all male. Goneril was especially good, once practically sucking the life out of Edgar with a rather loud smacker. All said and done, it was difficult to find any one actor that truly stood out. Perhaps it because they were all good.

**R**omeo and Juliet was performed in association with the Cameri Theatre of Tel Aviv. It was a great performance, very energetic, with the actors clearly putting their all into the production and the director, Rina Yerushalmi, adding her unique twist to the play. The main thing that I couldn't quite come to grips with was that since it was performed in Hebrew, one had to look both at the performers and the surtitles, making it slightly distracting.

Before the play actually starts, the actors, garbed in black robes and masks (à la 'Phantom of the Opera') come up to the audience individually while they're still filing in. They recite this passage in Hebrew which I really wish I understood, but its significance is sadly lost on me, and probably on a vast majority of the audience. Meanwhile some of the actors start dancing on the stage to some slow music, preparing the audience for the surreal atmosphere which the play is going to take on.

And surreal it is. The stage is quite minimalistic. In fact, the stage is bare, except for an almost life-sized model of a horse, which the performers regularly lie on. The two lovers actually had their first love scene on the horse, somehow managing to stay on the thing and groping each other at the same time.

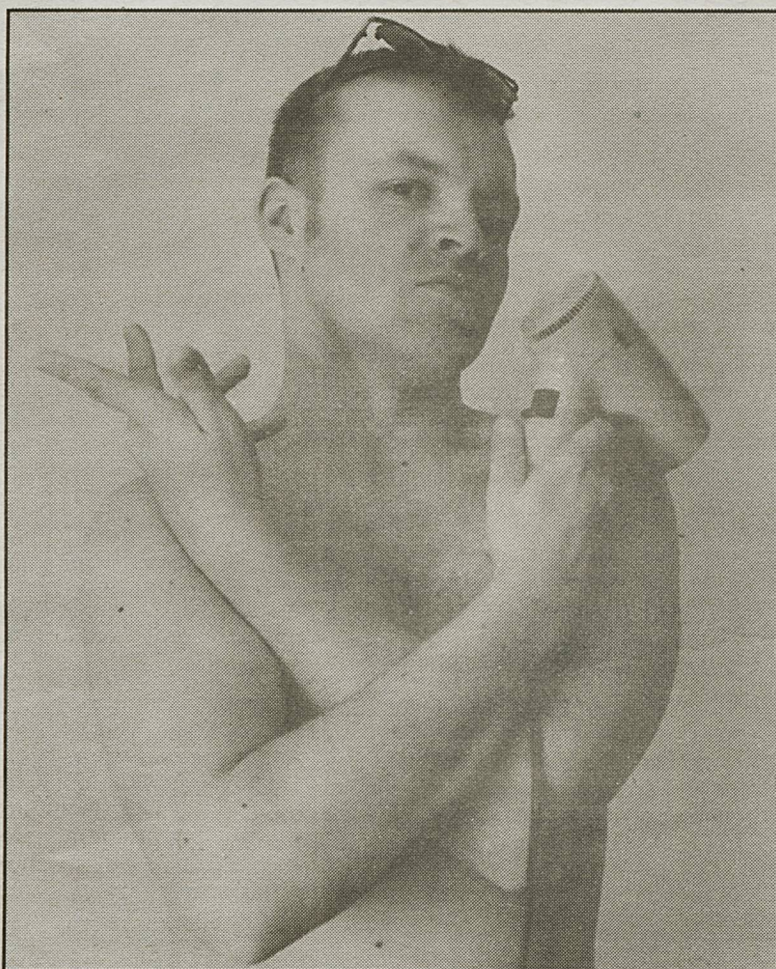
The pace is fast and there's never a dull moment. Parts which the director deemed slow were wisely removed (methinks the part where Romeo buys rat poison is one part) but the really different bit about this play (and



Photo: Barbican

the one I think quite enterprising) is that there are several Romeos and Juliets. This enables the momentum of the play to be maintained as various actors and actresses troop on and off stage because time isn't wasted moving around. Dare I suggest that the director thought this would portray her message of the universality of the play's theme?

Personally, I think such a method also has the not impractical use of giving each performer less lines to remember. However this was definitely a play I enjoyed. I certainly would have paid the full price to have watched it, although perhaps not for that bit when they started playing the Bee Gees 'How Deep Is Your Love' when Juliet died.



Graham and Jill enjoy an intimate moment

## They're no angels

Sheila Patel is confused by Graham Norton

Is this comedy or is this comedy? *Charlie's Angels go to Hell*, perhaps, proves to be a 'tragedy' rather than a comedy. Graham Norton uses his obsession with the three female detectives of the 1970's hit show to make him feel better about his unfortunate personal problems. Written and performed by Mr Norton himself, the *Charlie's Angels* merely appear in the background as he takes the lead, enticing the audience into his tragic private life. The three female detectives first appear in pictorial form and are then turned into caricatures. Jill is played by a hairdryer, Kelly, a crash helmet and Sabrina takes the form of a sensible poloneck jumper. This pathetic transformation of

these three sex symbols into everyday household objects represent the apathy one can feel towards this performance. The production becomes more like the Sooty show - yet even the three puppeteers from the children's programme provide more entertainment than Norton's mundane monologue.

**Karen Carpenter's Bar and Grill**, is the second show of this double bill production. The ideas, resulting from Norton's former career in the catering business, merely mock the poor girl's fate and mimic her character and her disastrous attempts at trying to run a bar and grill. By donning a red wig and putting forks through his hair Norton uses the trick of making himself

look pathetic to make the audience laugh.

In both of these performances Norton uses colloquial absurdity as a weapon of pure evilness, attacking other people. The impish prankster entices them into his web of maliciousness until they cannot escape from the laughter. But whether Mr Norton's can be classified as tragic or comic will depend upon personal taste and what they classify as humour. Perhaps, with careful observation, one can see that he is both.

*Charlie's Angels go to Hell* is on at the Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street, Tuesday to Saturday. Tickets are £7.50 with concessions.

# Not sleeping around

## Alan Davies on Sleep with Me, the latest romantic comedy

It must be said – the publicity for this film is grossly inaccurate and misleading.

The raunchy advertising shot featuring Meg Tilly sandwiched between Eric Stoltz and Craig Sheffer NEVER features in the film. If that wasn't bad enough, the posters feature a risible white blob screaming out SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCE BY QUENTIN TARANTINO – the really awful thing is that it's a ploy which will no doubt work, what with the near-intolerable Pulp Fiction overkill that looks set to go on indefinitely. Admittedly, Tarantino's cameo is one of the film's funniest moments – but more on that later.

Stoltz plays Joseph, one of a group of thirtysomething friends who unexpectedly pops the question to his girlfriend Sarah (Tilly) one fine day. Although Sarah says yes, all is not well because their mutual chum Frank (Sheffer) is hopelessly and desperately in love with her too – and has been since he laid eyes on her. This sounds like fairly standard stuff but it's not a studio product – it's an independent production and the picture derives some degree of strength and originality from



Joseph and Sarah getting along without Frank

Photo: First Independent

its quirky structure.

The film is split into six different scenes, at poker games, barbecues and parties. Over the course of the various social events, the trio wrestle with their feelings, leaving emotional disturbance in their wake. The fact

that each of the sequences is scripted by a different writer does nothing for the film's continuity, but the rough edges have a certain appeal.

The central characters – indecisive Sarah, love-struck Frank and jealous Joseph – are far less

interesting than the supporting cast. Excellent cameos from Adrienne Shelly, Parker Posey and June Lockhart only show the principals up. Stoltz, as usual, coasts through the film on autopilot. He's rather notorious for not exerting himself over much

when acting, but this year he's actually made a bit of an effort, starring in 'Killing Zoe', 'Naked In New York' and 'Pulp Fiction' along with this film.

Tarantino appears in the film's final party as an anally retentive, movie-obsessed no-life, expounding his unconvincing but very hilarious theory on Top Gun's subversive homo-erotic subtext. Director Rory Kelly recently revealed that Tarantino had everyone on the set believe he was making it up off the top of his head, but it was subsequently found out that he'd been using it for years – a rather sad reflection on the man.

Despite some very funny setpieces, Sleep With Me doesn't quite work as a whole. The ending, although perfectly plausible, is deeply unsatisfying. But for a film which probably started out as nothing more than a bit of a laugh between some poker buddies, this is not bad at all – definitely worth a look.

**Sleep with Me is currently on general release. It is playing at the Warner West End, Odeon Kensington, and MGM Haymarket and MGM Tottenham Court Road.**

# And finally ...

## Nicky Maragliano on a particularly dire Hollywood thriller



Catherine goes undercover with Matt

Photo: Rank

You'd think that after the entire TV owning world had seen them gang up twelve strong to beat up Rodney King, and watched what appeared to be the whole force leisurely fol-

lowing OJ up the highway, Hollywood had given up on trying to make us believe that there was anyone in the LAPD who actually did any detective work. Au contraire: Polygram's latest of-

fering, the inexplicably named **Final Combination**, directed by the interestingly named Nigel Dick, is yet another of those good-cop-hunts-down-psychotic-killer films. It stands out only for being

a particularly bad and predictable example of the genre.

Michael Madsen plays detective Matt Dickson, on the trail of serial killer Richard Welton, who is played by appalling boxer turned appalling actor Gary Stretch. Dickson is a tough guy, you can tell because he drinks like it's his mission in life and smokes Camel filterless and lights them with a Zippo. Welton is an ex-navy boxer who has clearly reached an advanced state of psychosis: you can tell that because his interests include calling 0898 sex numbers and murdering and raping teenage girls (in that order). Cue reporter Catherine Briggs (Lisa Bonet) whose thorough investigative journalism has dug up important clues that could help Dickson find the killer.

Madsen, who first found fame for his role in Reservoir Dogs, sports disastrous peroxide hair and his performance is hardly much better. While his expressionless, husky delivery worked wonders in Dogs here it goes against him when he tries to convey emotions, or in other words act, for that matter. Bonet

proves that her best acting to date is probably to be seen in reruns of "The Cosby Show" and must soon realise that if she refuses to do any more kit-off scenes à la "Angel Heart" her mailbox is going to start running low on the film scripts front. Gary Stretch is a better boxer than he is an actor – need I say more?. He comes across on screen as clueless as he does in the ring, with horrible consequences.

Nigel Dick (who up to now has directed timeless classics such as the Guns 'n Roses "Sweet Child O' Mine" video) is hammy-handed with the camera and even his shots smack of cliché. Larry Golin's script overloads the characters with past traumas that are superfluous to the plot in such a lightweight film starring such lost actors, and the roles still come through as having the depth of the paper they're printed on. Steer well clear and pray for it to be put out of its misery with a quick death in the cinema.

**Final Combination is on general release from Friday, November 18. It is playing at MGM Panton Street.**

# Dragon meets Slayer

## Dragon Trpcwskzktits gets thrashed stupid at the Brixton Academy

I entered the Academy, Brixton, in good spirits. In jumping the queue I had saved myself at least an hour standing in the rain in Brixton with hundreds, nay thousands of other wet people. My senses were assaulted rather than met by the support band, sorry "Special Guests", **Machine Head** who were about half way through their extremely heavy set; the sound was interesting despite being mixed very badly, with bass and drums being of bowel-moving volume levels.

As I took up my place for the night my mind wandered naturally to drink. However, closer inspection revealed that the queue for the bar was more of a mosh for the bar, ejaculating red-faced, cursing men each carrying armfuls of half empty pint glasses. (Note that, in this context, they could by no stretch of the imagination be considered half full). I decided to bide my time and strike at the optimum moment.

The **Machine Head** set was good - they have been receiving a lot of press lately and their new single is being pushed hard; in other words they spent a lot of someone else's money on themselves and that someone wants to encourage the general public to give it them back. All in all the time went by at a satisfactory rate, a sure sign of an entertaining group even though the band themselves didn't really do too much to put on a show as opposed to just reciting their album on stage. I don't expect them to bite the heads off of live chickens but even so these people really didn't like to move very much.

Which cannot be said for the crowd, who greeted them very enthusiastically and responded well to the singer's cries of "Rip this fuckin' place apart" and "Fuckin' fuck" and so on. Maybe it was done for effect, but he couldn't say anything without swearing, which got a bit OTT after a while. The funniest thing he said was "This is our new single, so listen to this shit!" I wonder if he would talk to his children like that: "Little pig, little pig, let me the fuck in!" - "Not by this hairy shit on my chinny fuckin' chin!"

So they came and went. While there was nothing going on on stage I began to look about me and discovered that I had indeed entered into StereotypeLand. There were so many Beavis and Butthead lookalikes I lost count. Then there were the Streetfighter II characters in their various forms; and then there were the women, who ranged from small goblin type creatures with pierced temples to the magnificent but very rare Rock-'n'-roll Chicks, who, every time they walked past, left a wake of angry girlfriends and panting blokes who all think they're in with a chance because they have a tattoo of a piece of shit on their inner lip. I wondered....what stereotype am I in their eyes? Who can tell; it's just a good thing I grew out of this scene and managed to escape self-mutilation. (Of course, Barbie, you're above all this & I still love you).

Finally the curtain went up to reveal an excellent stage set consisting of a central platform for the drum kit in front of 4 search light kind of affairs which pro-

duced an awesome light show the like of which I surely have not seen since my dad blew up his electric drill. Seriously, it was indeed the dog's, as we say in the trade. Unusually most of the lights were directed straight at the crowd, forcing many to look away or close their eyes while, I'm sure, the band had their sandwiches and apples for a quick snack. Whatever they did the pressure didn't cease for the whole of their set, the crowd taking on the form of a giant vat of boiling mud, oozing about and occasionally bubbling up someone to be carried, quite beyond their control, into the arms of the caring and sensitive bouncers who bundled the unfortunate away, never to be seen again. Perhaps they were placed in a big cauldron and boiled up as broth to feed the band's Neanderthal, slobbering road crew. Those poor, poor souls. (Hey, maybe that's where kebabs come from).

**Slayer** were indeed in flying form, great to watch, and mixed a bit better soundwise than their unfortunate guests. The title track of their new album, "Divine Intervention" was the highlight of the set. It started slow and menacing, developing into balls out thrash whenever the singer opened his mouth. Actually, to be a bit finicky, he should be called the vocalist and not the singer, as sing he did not. He really kind of roared into the mike, an unintelligible stream of noise that I simply could not make head nor tail of. In fact the only word I made out was "Beeyarrrrgh" which was the name, I think of one of their tracks. I did not try to

communicate with any of the crowd in case I gave away the fact that I did not speak this strange sounding lingo and was branded a "normal", and condemn myself to later disembowelment.

Anyway, all that's a load of shite because the bottom line is that both **Slayer** and **Machine Head** are actually bands of a jolly high calibre, with a very high level of musicianship present. The sound, which was quieter than I'd expected, was excellent, especially the drum sound which was truly a tribute to the sound engineer; the guitars sounded great with sheer power making up for a slight lack of definition and when I left the Academy I realized that the sound pressure had shaken loose one of my fillings and I couldn't hear my car starting, let alone being asked if I wanted salad and chilli sauce by the maitre d' of my favourite eating establishment, so I guess it was fairly loud after all. I initially had misgivings about seeing a thrash band double bill, but I'm glad I went because I saw 2 good bands who performed good material with an attitude that had that certain "je ne sais pas" that other bands lack; it's known in the business as bollocks.

### Small competition

Tell Mr Rogers in person who wrote the Slayer article to win a BUS T-shirt!!!!

# FREE!

## Out of his arse?

### Maybe not says Miguello, of Out Of My Hair (that's the band's name)

At the last minute, and at the insistence of my good and better half, I found myself at the Camden Underworld. Having paid the usual small mortgage for 2 drinks we ventured into the depths of a converted cellar to see the phenomenon that was **Silver** finish their set. They currently have a single out which is OK (wait 'til next week for the reviews).

I was impressed, the band had a certain amount of stage presence and sounded good, with good songs and all the rest of it. But that was their problem, their songs were so perfectly formed that their set became an amalgamation of all of the music that's been in the charts lately, and they themselves were so rehearsed that they appeared to be tiring of playing toward the end of their set. You do support gigs after all, because you haven't got enough pulling power of your own (I know the feeling) and so should really work harder. Anyway, although they were good, the (contrived) familiarity of their music actually made them a little boring.

The aforementioned headliners, **Out Of My Hair**, also have a single out which is only a slight indication of how good they are. The band consists mainly of the singer/frontman, a chap called Comfart, sorry Comfort, who is the band's real hero. While the other guys are surely there, he is the one you watch. His appearance revolves around his hair (as did his head) which is somewhat Dougalish and completely obscures his face most of the time. It is he who is hyped in the press releases about the band and is apparently forged from pure untempered talent: however the press

release I read also made him out to be a complete wanker although I can't put my finger on why and yes I am aware that he may be completely misrepresented blah blah.

They came on stage to a fairly packed house, and launched into some really quite good songs. The said songs were a rare mix of good grooves and good tunes that always sound good and will always receive good press. The overall feel was a bit late sixties/early seventies, the fact that Cramphorn's - sorry Comfort's - voice sounded just like Syd Barret's (early Floyd) not discouraging this notion at all: at least it gives the record companies an angle, right? and yes, it sounds very good.

The difference between these guys and **Silver** was really the maturity of the songwriting of the former and the fact that they (or rather he) put on a good show and was interesting to watch, whereas one felt almost relieved for **Silver** when they left the stage. The only thing I would say to the man himself is that the particularly good song "Wendy" should at the very least be the next released single but not in it's present form; with all due respect to His All-Powerfulness it is rather lacklustre and was a pause in the set that it could have done without - it was performed on the night as an acoustic only piece. I know the temptation of the "Unplugged" scenario but seeing as the set was kicked off acoustically, it was a tad unnecessary.

The overview is that it was a good night, and I'm sure you'll see more of both acts somewhere.



Which bits of shampoo are whose?

Photo: Simon Fowler

## Poo The Rogermeister 'ates 'em!

I don't know why I'm bothering to write this because I doubt if more than 30 people bother to read this page. I could just write the word 'spunk' for the rest of the article and nobody would notice. However, I have a duty to you thirty people out there to inform you all about the new **Shampoo** album. If you haven't heard about **Shampoo** yet then you have been living with your head up your arse for the last few months. They have grabbing the headlines with the usual 'I'm a pop-star and therefore think it's funny and original to trash my hotel room' scenario. The **MelodyMaker** have also been singing their praises to an inordinate length. Someone, somewhere in some magazine I read said that you will either love them or hate them. However, this is bollocks as I neither liked them or had any particularly objection to their music. The album came in a shocking pink case and contained all their hits so far, including the

groundbreaking "Trouble", their current smash "Viva La Megababes" and "Delicious". They also had the good manners to include another cover of "House Of Love" and they didn't do too badly considering East 17 and their effort. The rest of the time they spent singing about the usual sappy love songs, puking up kebabs and "Saddo's" (and they've never even seen the LSE Tory party. Rumour has it that they saw a similar group of people for their inspiration and for another song which didn't make the album called **Back-stabbing Greasy No-Mates Bar Mr Potato-Head Cuts His Hand Thinking He's Hard In Front Of Tory MP's Crap Trousers Biactol Doesn't Wash Bum Stings**. I think they should have included it because as it stands the album is nothing special. People who wear shiny clothes and carry kettles around will probably love **Shampoo**. I can't see them lasting longer than a couple of years but they're set to make an impact in the meantime.

# SOCIETIES REVIEW

## AIIESEC (LSE)

**Development in the Emerging Markets**  
by Mr Peter Blackburn, Chairman, Nestlé Holding (UK) Plc

Tuesday, November 22 at 6:15pm in A42

## AMNESTY LSE

**Human rights abuses in Korea**  
by Sam Agyemen-Mensah, Amnesty International (UK)

Wednesday, November 23 at 12pm in A142. All Welcome.

## LSE CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION

**The Future of the Welfare State**  
by The Hon. Roger Evans, MP, Department of Social Security

Tuesday, November 22 at 1pm in A42  
No Bags-No Coats-No Babies

## THE LSE DEBATING SOCIETY

Suggested List of Motions

**This House believes lawyers are parasites**  
Wednesday, November 23 at 1pm in A85

**This House would legalise drugs**  
Wednesday, November 30 at 1pm in A85

## LSE GLOBAL VILLAGE

**An Evening of Intrigue at  
STINGFELLOWS**

16/19, Upper St Martin's Lane, Covent Garden, London WC2

Tuesday, November 22. Entrance: 8-11pm (dancing 'till 3:30am)  
Tickets available in Houghton Street: £5 in Advance.  
Dress: Fashionable/Formal

## GREEN ACTION

**Paper-plastic-and energy campaigns kick off  
& election of Officers**

Tuesday, November 22 from 12:30 to 2pm,  
room to be posted outside the Old Theatre.  
Call Kate (071) 490 1692  
or Jorgo (071) 388 3861 for information.

## THE GRIMSHAW CLUB

**The USSR - does it deserve resurrection?**  
by Professor Brian Thomas, Central University of Iowa  
Friday, November 25 at 1pm in Vera Anstey Room (A160)

**CHRISTMAS BOAT PARTY!!! ON THE THAMES**  
In association with the EUROPEAN SOCIETY

Wednesday, November 30  
Tickets available in Houghton Street & A139

## THE ITALIAN SOCIETY

**PASTA Evening '94**

Eat as much Pasta, drink as much Wine, stuff yourself with as  
much ice cream as you can!!!  
All this with a background of live music.

Wednesday, November 23 at 8pm in the Quad.  
Tickets will be on sale in the Foyer of the Clare Market building  
from Wednesday, November 16.  
There is a limited number of places, so book now!

## JAZZ SOCIETY

**JAM Session**

Every Wednesday, in The Underground  
2-5pm

Watch Out for Roy Ayers (November 21)

## LSE JAPAN SOCIETY

**Introductory Party**  
Homemade Japanese foods, Kirin beer and a  
Kirin glass for FREE!!!  
Quiz style events with opportunities to taste the Japanese culture

Thursday, November 24 from 7 - 10pm in A86.  
Tickets on sale in Houghton Street from the November 21-24  
at lunch time and at the door.

Price: £3.50 (members); £4.50 (non-members)  
Limited number of tickets, buy Now to avoid disappointments!!

## JEWISH SOCIETY

**Food, guest speakers & fun.**  
Every Tuesday at 1pm in H216

## LSE LABOUR CLUB

**The monarchy: Why should we defend it?**  
Debate & Discussion

Monday, November 21 at 1pm in S075

## LSE LIBERAL DEMOCRATS

**Liberal Democrat Foreign Policy**  
by Menzies Campbell, MP

Tuesday, November 22 at 1pm in S401

## LIBERTY SOCIETY

**Life under the Criminal Justice Act**  
by Andrew Puddephatt, General Secretary of Liberty

Tuesday, November 29 at 1pm in C120

## THE PSYCHOLOGY SOCIETY

**The Hot Hand Fallacy**  
by Dr Peter Ayton

Thursday, November 24 in S318  
Food and wine served

## THIRD WORLD FIRST SOCIETY

**Nescafé 'v' Cafe Direct**  
**Fair Trade awareness**  
Learn how to become more people friendly

Come to our stall in the Quad from Thursday, December 1 and  
Tuesday, December 6 between 12 - 2pm.

## PUBLIC LECTURES

Tuesday, November 22

**The Role of Autonomous  
Universities in  
Restructuring Social  
Sciences Higher Education  
in Post-Communist  
Countries**

by Professor Poltavetz,  
Provost of Kiev Mohyla  
Academy

5:30pm Old Theatre  
Chair: Professor M. Leifer,  
Pro-Director

Thursday, November 24

**The Historical Logic of  
Transition: Russia at the  
Crossroads**

by Professor Leonid A.  
Gordon, Institute of World  
Economy & International  
Relations, Moscow

5:30pm Old Theatre  
Chair: Professor Ernest  
Gellner

Tuesday, November 29

**The Good Society**  
by The Rt. Revd. David  
Jenkins, Former Bishop of  
Durham

5:30pm Old Theatre  
Chair: Sir John Burgh

## AFRICAN CARRIBEAN SOCIETY

### A WORD OF THANKS

Thank you to all who supported  
the African Caribbean Society  
party at Circa on the October  
10, 1994 by helping to organise  
the party and making the event  
a tremendous success. We hope  
you had an *excellent time!*

Look out for future events  
organised by the African  
Caribbean Society of the LSE.

## ARE YOU ACCIDENT-PRONE?

**SORRY, THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT THAT,  
BUT WE CAN HELP. YOU DEFINITELY NEED CHEERING  
UP!!!!**

There are two ways to do this, (Apart from illegal substances)  
They both take place at 7:45pm in the L.S.E. Underground Bar, Houghton St. WC2. They  
are both COMEDY SHOWS run by ageing, bald, fat, singing impresario **EUGENE CHEESE**.

## CHEAP 'N' CHEERFUL

**ON TUESDAYS. ADMISSION ONLY £1.** Eugene presents about 12 NEW COMIC ACTS,  
They may be Stars of tomorrow, they may be instantly forgettable, but a good time will be  
had by all. Why not give Eugene a ring if you think you are funny, and come and have a  
go? On (071) 476 1672.

## CHUCKLE CLUB

Admission £4 Students, £5 others. TOP COMEDIANS  
in the country. Saturday, November 26

## GAYLE TUESDAY

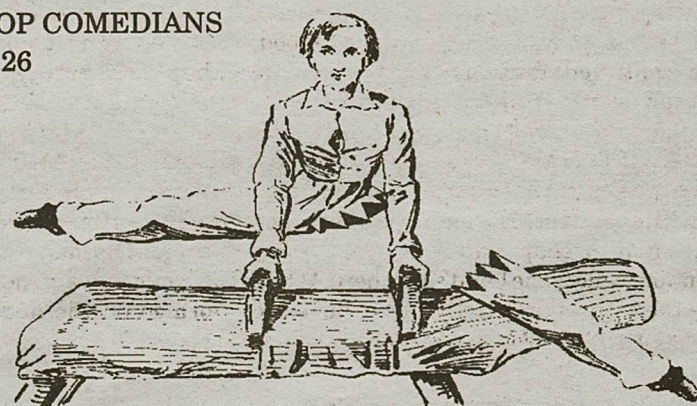
Comic & presenter of  
late night youth TV

## PAUL TONKINSON

Dynamic Irish comedy  
performer and singer

## DERMOT CARMODY

+ Open Spots



# Busy Beaver

# McLeish wants it..... books that is!

**H**ello, mes tartes aux bananes. After having a nice apricot tart on Thursday, BB is back with vengeance, bringing you the best tit bits from the past week or so....

Rather an uneventful week, and BB was disappointed that several birthdays brought little gossip to Houghton Street. Wednesday at Limelight brought another double for the LSE Seconds team footballers, with Pooper pulling another starlet by the name of Tracey. In true Pooper style, she kissed and then told Dick Felcher that she'd rather go home with him. No amount of saliva, however, could take Pooper's mind off pork on Tuesday, as the real love of his life would be cooking some for him. It certainly should be a sweet 'n' sour night, despite her demanding a chaperone. **STOP PRESS:** Clare got more than her fair share of pork....

Thursday night saw the joint celebrations of the birthday boy and girl, and was an evening of alcohol, kinky boots and partner swapping. BB is not naming names (to protect the not so innocent), but you know who you are, and all I can say is that Felcher has certainly had a successful week. Who'd have thought it of one so innocent looking and naive?

The Tuns on Fridays continues to deteriorate, this week being overtaken by the Yank element. What's happened to the good old Friday pissups, eh? One can only hope that things improve this week, with the LGB bondage night in the Quad. What a shame it wasn't last week, for birthday boy Brendan McOdour would've felt right at home after being handcuffed to the St. Clement building, losing his underwear and an eyebrow. Things have got that bad!

As 11 o'clock dawned, the LSE First team went to bed (hopefully not together, but Jimmy's had worse!) while the rest of us discovered the delights of Kings (yet again!). Having fulfilled his chocolate fetish, Scouse Garden has now moved on to bums, after undertaking private tuition from the master bum pincher himself - Francis Matthews, who was seen wandering aimlessly about the dance floor having been surpassed by his only pupil. The lessons have obviously paid off for Garden, after a secret rendezvous over pie and chips with Karen Lie.

One person deserving a mention this week is Justinabarmanager Devil, who has moved on to bigger things in the shape of a Rosebery Bar Manager. He is certainly looking pleased with himself, and has been keeping a low profile recently, which makes BB conclude that he must be getting it.

On the subject of Bar Managers, Cripple Miller completed his testimonial shag before leaving for sunny Manchester. He shall be sorely missed by all the LSE mingers. There aren't many men like that at the LSE (although Vini Ghatate always looks quite pleased with himself - surely the satisfaction of the Passfield telephone system has passed by now.....). Maybe he's got a little secret in the form of a Beaver Arts Editor (and I'm not talking about Dennis).

Well, the end is drawing nigh and BB has to hurry off to something Big and Easy, so I'll say goodbye and remind you all that BB gets around (so watch what you're doing....).

Alex McLeish & Scouse G

**W**e answer 10 commonly asked questions about the BLPES library....

## 1. WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

The reason that you're at LSE is to broaden your horizons, expand your mind and meet people from different backgrounds, so that you can go forth into the world confidently with a 2:2 under your belt. Some people think that this necessitates a few visits to the library.

## 2. IS IT ANY GOOD?

It's the oldest, biggest, fattest social science library in the world, with about 5 billion volumes. All but 50 of these are absolutely useless / absolute fabrication. It takes about half an hour to get in (because I'm so fat and can't get through the turnstile), half an hour to get out and several days to do anything in between. In other words, no.

## 3. WHY IS IT SUCH A SOCIAL MECCA?

This is one of LSE's enduring mysteries. Despite the attractions of several nearby drinking holes, the library is packed with well meaning, hard working students. Some, it is true, ventured in during their first week and are still trying to find their way out, others are American and can therefore be excused. But most wonder in to pretend to work, meet other people doing the same, and settle down for a few hours of moaning about why there are so many people in the library.

## 4. WHAT'S ALL THAT LARK WITH THE BAGS THEN?

You would be forgiven for thinking that the LSE authorities want to discourage you from entering the library, by forcing you to dump all your worldly possessions in a tiny cloakroom. If you make it there, through all the queues and morons holding conversations on the narrowest stairs in Christendom.

All this might be tolerable, except, installed at great expense, for an advanced electronic detection system so that books cannot be stolen, bags or no bags. Even this is not enough, for we must also edge our way past a variety of guards at the exit who found themselves jobless when the East German Security Service broke up. The only conclusion is that degrees at LSE are not intended to be intelligence tests, LSE make the assumption that anyone with the endurance or perseverance to visit the library on a regular basis must be sad, fat or play in goal for the Fourths.

## 5. WHY ARE THERE ALWAYS HUGE QUEUES FOR PHOTOCOPYING?

At the start of any course, all students are given huge reading lists and there are some poor, impressionable souls who think



No, these guys are cool.....

Photo: Library

that they need to read at least some of the material. Some people take up residence in the library, and never emerge. Some laugh at the challenge and head for the Tuns or to bed for the year. However, there are many under the impression that a reasonable substitute for reading articles or books is to photocopy them. A few extremists even buy brightly coloured felt tips and colour in their photocopies.

When spread out over laps/desks during tutorials it provides excellent evidence of having done some work. However, the same effect could be provided with a standard wad of black/white/day-glo pink paper which could be sold in the Union Shop, thereby saving students money and time, increasing revenue for the Union and keeping tutors happy. Why hasn't anyone in the Entrepreneurs Society thought of this? Because they're both too busy photocopying articles in the library.

## 6. WHY DOES EVERYONE FALL ASLEEP ON THE THIRD FLOOR?

Many people go to the third floor explicitly to fall asleep. It is rumoured that Ron Voce fell asleep there in the late 1970s, and was only discovered there weeks later by an ill-advised fresher. What is required to save students from falling into such inertia and preserve them from broadening their horizons is to borrow the principle from rave clubs. There, dancers are saved from going over the edge by the existence of chill out rooms, where ambient music soothes the senses. In the library, the basement (which no one uses anyway) could be converted into a freak out room, where hard core thrash metal, dance energy and jungle music are played day and night, and where coke, jolt and pro-plus were on tap. A quick spell in here would be enough to harden the resolve of even the most determined of students, to force them to stop working, stop sleeping and get down to the pub, drink ten pints and fall asleep satisfied.

## 7. WHAT ARE THE COMPUTERS FOR?

Huge advances in technology have enabled unprecedented access to academic sources from all over the world at the touch of a button. This is incredible useful because the most obscure journals, theses and books can be found using the computers. You can't actually read them, but you wouldn't want to...It's a well known fact that at least 75% of any essay is marked on the basis of the length and the variety of the bibliography, regardless of content. Therefore, a quick spell on the computers can save you many fruitless hours of work, freeing up your time for the important things in life (like going to see the dentist and the dietician).

## 8. HOW DO I FIND A BOOK?

Unless you are really determined, don't bother. The chance of finding a Libertas terminal, working out how to use it, getting it to recognise your book and the book actually being in are equivalent to winning the National Lottery jackpot. Assuming you have accomplished that, you are presented with the random combination of numbers and letters which, contrary to popular belief, mean absolutely nothing. Armed with this information, you have to consult a plan to find out which floor your class mark is on. When you get to the right floor, you must look at another plan to find out which area it is in. If you navigate your way to the correct area, you may find the right shelf, only to discover that it really is out after all, and it was in French anyway.

## 9. IS THE LIBRARY WORTH IT ?

No.

## 10. SHOULD I GO TO THE LIBRARY TONIGHT, OR TO THE TUNS?

"Well, you'd better go to the library because if I see you you're dead, you fat, no teeth, poly-graduate tosser" - Scouse.

## LSE Top Ten: Pissheads to avoid

1. Scouse Gardiner
2. Marie Darvill
3. Kate Smith
4. Dave Whipple
5. Nick Shandy
6. Angus Kinnear
7. Howard Wilkinson
8. Chris Cooper
9. Nigel Boyce
10. Toby Childs

- Bum pincher extraordinaire  
Lightweight extraordinaire  
Maneater extraordinaire  
Harasser extraordinaire  
Charmer extraordinaire  
Hugger extraordinaire  
Aussie extraordinaire  
Fighter extraordinaire  
Diamond White extraordinaire  
Arrogance extraordinaire

# Yes, it's marvellous McIntosh!!!!

## Brent does it again

LSE 84 - Imperial College 83  
(after over time)

### Brent McIntosh

The LSE stayed unbeaten on Wednesday night, topping Imperial College 84-83 in a tight overtime struggle. The game was in doubt until the second minute of the extra period when LSE found previously lacking motivation in the sacrifice of 4'2" point guard David "Brent is my idol" Leibowitz. "Nasal Boy", as Leibowitz is now known, caught an elbow square on his nose, sending it several degrees off centre, and by many accounts making him much more handsome (although still not in the same supermodel class as myself). Leibowitz's hospital trip served to wake up a previously morose LSE squad (with the exception of Brent "McMagic" McIntosh).

"If it taketh a broken nothe to lead uth to victory, I wath glad it could be me," Leibowitz said. "I just hope it doethn't have to be my nothe every game. Next time ith Oliver Ray'th turn."

After the injury, Andreas Vourloumis put Imperial away by scoring five of his ten. Andy Robb pulled down four key-rebounds before following Leo "Not quite in Brent's class" Von Bredow and Sal "he's no McIntosh" Lucia as the third LSE centre to foul out.

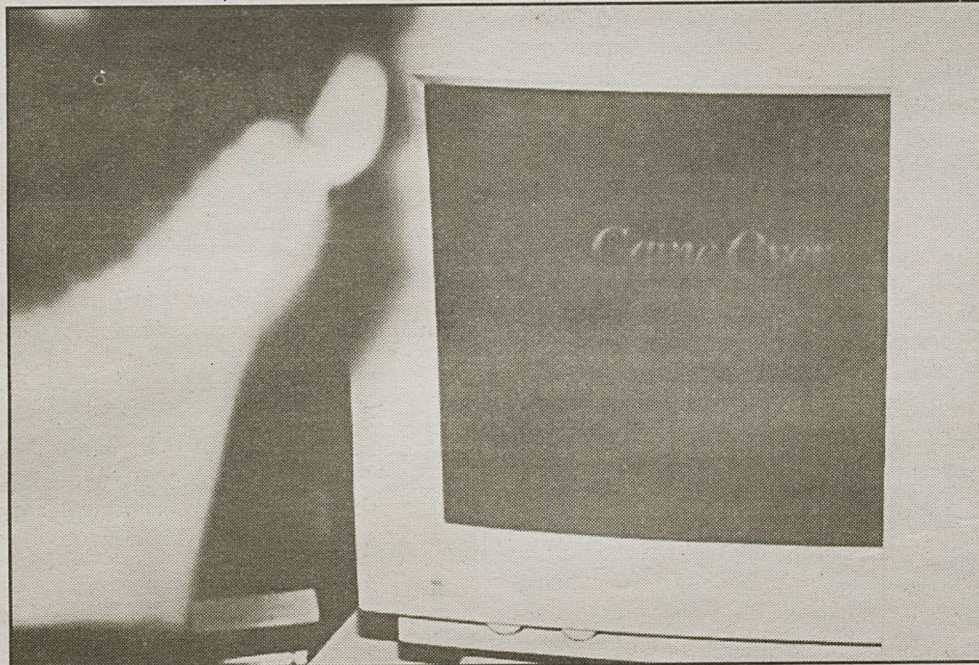
The LSE used the game to test a new offensive strategy, labelled by coach Fred "Brent is like a son to me" Simkin the "Communist offence."

"In the egalitarian offence we were using, each player gets a generally equal number of points," Simkin said. "It's obvious on the score sheet: Andy Stabb had 11; Leo, Robb, Sal Lucia and Vourloumis all had 10; Scott Hoffman and Wayne Taitt had 9, and 'Nose' and Brian Batt had 8 and 7 respectively. It makes a pleasant change from relying on Basketball god Brent McIntosh for all that is good in our play. Certainly there is some minor semblance of inequality, but that's more a distributional problem due to externalities than

an ideological flow." Oliver "I'm no McIntosh" Ray was the exception, spending the game in the proverbial "Offensive Gulas" and scoring zero points. His contribution came more from calling the referee "hijo de puta dos wife-batteringos."

"After Leo got the technical foul to make sure we had to play overtime, I thought it best to swear in a foreign language," he said.

The victory moves LSE to 3-0 and guarantees them a spot in the preliminary tournament.



Brent Macintosh in the background shouts "Game Over"! Photo: Scott Wayne

## Club Noize

### Raith Rovers

McDiarmid Park, Perth - the "wee Ibrox" and home to St. Johnstone - late in the evening of Tuesday, 25th October and Raith Rovers' substitute 'keeper, 17-year-old Brian Potter dives right to parry the spot-kick of Airdrie's Alan Lawrence...

...Raith Rovers, managed by ex-Manchester United and Northern Ireland star Jimmy Nicholl, are through to the final of the Scottish Coca-Cola Cup to face "mighty" Celtic - their first final since the "Glory year" of 1949 - and only ninety minutes' football away from a place in Europe.

Forget Blackburn. There's only one Rovers.

"Why support Raith?", you ask. I don't know - I guess it just makes the nether reaches of the Classified Check a little more interesting. I'm not Scottish (thankfully) and my experience of the province is four nights on the piss in Glasgow. I've never been to Raith.

But then neither has anyone else. Raith are named after the Laird of Raith (?) and play at Stark's Park, Pratt Street, Kirkcaldy, KY1 1FA - so there will be no "dancing in the streets of Raith" as David Coleman once stupidly stated.

(Raith Rovers, incidentally, are the only team in Britain with an anal sex/football-oriented postcode, I think you'll find, triv fans). Kirkcaldy is on the south side of Fife, across the Firth of Forth from Edinburgh. Being up north, it's probably grim - its only claim to fame being an ice rink where the once-dominant Fife Flyers used to play ice hockey. Great.

Raith Rovers, sadly, have never been one of Scotland's most successful sides - in fact they've won sod all save a few Second Division championships, and the First Division title in 1992-93. Their brief dabbings with the big boys lasted one season (due in part to big-boys-up-the-road Dundee United (bastards) poaching leading scorer Craig Brewster, whose goal was the difference between United and Rangers in the Scottish Cup Final, and which had me up-in-arms shouting "Rovers reject!" at the TV!), before a swift return to obscurity.

But the heady heights of top-class (in Scotland, mind you) football had left an indelible mark on the men from Kirkcaldy - and so began the fairytale Cup run.

The Rovers Roadshow's first stop was away to the League's new boys, Ross County (from Dingwall). County were duly drubbed 5-0 by the rampant Fifers.

Raith's reward was a visit from Kilmarnock. The Premier Division side were well-fancied for a comfortable win, but Raith's team of "veterans, retreads and YTS novices" - ex-Rangers shot-shot Gordon Dalziel and World Cup star David Narey (remember his strike against Brazil in '82?) amongst them - rose to the occasion superbly in winning by the odd goal in five.

If the efforts against Killie were superb, the performance away to St. Johnstone was heroic. A 3-1 victory saw another top side crash out, and saw Raith into the hat with Airdrie, Celtic and Aberdeen for the semi-final draw.

The god smiled on Raith - they avoided the (supposedly) good sides and drew Airdrie, back at McDiarmid Park. Ally Graham fired Rovers into an early lead and everything was looking rosy. Soon after half-time, though, disaster struck - as goalie Scott Thomson was sent off for a highly dubious second bookable offence. On came Potter, who had no chance to stop Stephen Cooper's equaliser. Extra time came and went - the rest, as they say, is history.

Although Celtic are overwhelming favourites, a lot of "smart money" has been laid on Raith to produce the biggest shock since Berwick Rangers dumped Rangers out of the Scottish Cup in 1967. The match is at Ibrox due to Celtic's tenancy at Hampden - a fact which can only work in Raith's favour - and the heroes of Kirkcaldy are sure to make a game of it.



# Fantasy BeaverBall™

As Fantasy BeaverBall™ rolls into its fourth week, the darlings of LSE soccer are separating the managerial wheat from the chaff. The 36 men in sheepskin coats are nervously biting their nails as the impending months bring joy and tears. Everyone is still in with a chance, although some look as though their title dreams are in tatters

and a relegation battle is all there is to look forward to. There is now a wide gap developing between top and bottom, mainly due to the amount of Third and Fifth team defenders selected. It's a titanic struggle at the top with a new challenger trying to topple Chris Cooper. Sean Gollogly's side, based on a strong back-four and creativity throughout now lies just one point of the

pace, while Andreja Popov is still looming in third, obviously benefiting from his exclusion from the joke team. At the basement it is far more depressing. Mike Tattersal remains in minus points propping up the table and the future looks bleak for the Ossie Ardiles of Fantasy BeaverBall™. So without further ado, here's this week's updated table:

1. Simon Gardiner Gets Off With Ugly Birds At Kings But Can't Get It Up	Chris Cooper	79
2. Sean's Sweaty Headband FC	Sean Gollogly	78
3. The Balkan Snipers	Andreja Popov	75
4. Shandy's Chunders	Nick Charalambous	63
5. I Only Picked Cooper Because He Forced Me	Clare Wilson	62
6. I Pull 12 Year Olds At Hollywoods	Grant Delea	62
7. Things Can Only Get Better Rovers	Brendon Barnes	59
8. Julia's Jazzy Jizm Jamboree	Julia Mather	58
9. Windmill Rashers	Rashad Manna	58
10. Massage Minger Marie's Men	Marie Darvill	57
11. Cooper Shags Birds With Teeth Missing	Simon Gardiner	55
12. Assorted Football Players And Farmacyard Animals	Alun Howard	54

13. VFL Alfter	Dirk Pagenstert	54
14. Jimmy Trees Is A Tight Yorkshireman-Pay Up To Victorious Saunders	Tim Payton	52
15. Macca's Magic	Alex Mcleish	49
16. Messrs Kinneare & Cooper - Wankers	James Trees	47
17. Andre's Old Washing	Steve Roy	47
18. Warwickshire's Treble Warmongers	Fat Elton James	46
19. It's Goals Cooper	Chris Cooper (2)	46
20. Cooper Loves Slappers XI	Alex Lowen	44
21. The Winning Champions	Takis	40
22. Perry Groves For England	Dan Coulcher	39
23. Howard's Biftas	Howard Wilkinson	36
24. A Sort Of Beaver X1	Ron Voce	36

25. Jozza	Johannes Hertz	34
26. I'm A Home-wrecking Bastard	Dave Whippe	32
27. The 2:2's	Justin Deaville	31
28. Los Teamos	Carsten Thode	30
29. Studiously Worse Than Grantham	Paul Jacklin	26
30. General Secretary's Assorted Rosebery And Cheap Players	Martin Lewis	26
31. Greece	Max Richter	21
32. Beaver's Best	Frederic Lam Cham Kee	11
33. Kettering Town FC	Chris Tattersal	9
34. Eat Them All	Andreas Leocis	7
35. Josh's Wycombe Wanderers	Josh Charlesworth	4
36. Burnley Belvedere (B)	Mike Tattersal	-3

## Houghton Street Harry

I think that the term is sufficiently advanced now that all the new kids have found their soul mates, and I dare say that for many of those in shared accommodation, their roommate is not amongst them. At the time of applying, the thought of having a ready-made chum is an appealing one but in most cases this will have blown up in your face by now. Personally I blame the accommodation office. When you apply you put down your interests, be they sport/clubbing/shagging MP's, and in theory you are then matched with someone suitable. Ideally your roommate will be an identical version of you, except with some slight deficiency just to give you that "King of the room" feeling. In practice I have seen the oddest couples possible since Walter Matthau and Jack Klugman graced the Silver Screen. Even if you get on at first, the chances are by now you despise each other and all the little habits that you each have.

These habits take many shapes and forms, but it amazed me how things which certain cultures find acceptable are abhorred by others. My roommate of last year was an American (and fat and loud, although that's not at all related) and he took offence at the Great British customs of being untidy and pissing in the sink. I, on the other hand, found equal contempt for his national traits of stealing all my Pot Noodles and jacking profusely in our room. There's nothing quite as sobering in the morning than stepping straight out of your slumber and putting a bare foot on your pal's mess. There's also the problem that if, in the unlikely event that you pull in your time here, you cannot very well shag with someone snoring ten feet away from you (unless of course you originate from Newcastle). The best way to avoid all these differences and problems in halls is to pay the extra £14 a week for the extra 'privacy' that you get in a single room. This works out at about £2 a toss for all you boys and girls (don't deny it ladies because I just don't believe you), or 50p if you hail from America or Worcester.

While it is not too difficult to keep to yourself in halls, us lucky souls living out have the same problems with flatmates. The joys of sharing a kitchen come into their own when it comes to shopping if you let the other person do it and your half of £15 has actually paid for bay leaves and bin-liners, rather than food of any description. Cooking is also a problem, especially for someone like myself who is not totally competent in the art of food preparation. My flatmate's idea of a good Chilli is one which leaves you in tears, nose running and with your arse feeling like his does every Wednesday night at Heaven.

Sharing a bathroom is also fraught with danger as our sink is always glistening with a shine that didn't come from Mr Muscle and I can't see how I'm going to get clean if I'm bathing myself in my flatmate's jism.

Finally there is the difficulty of arranging the budget. A sum of money that one person may wish to be spent on paying bills, food and speakers that actually work, the other may prefer to spend on two Paul Smith 'Grandad' jumpers that look shit and he still won't pull in. Basically, no matter how much you get on at first, living with someone for a year is going to make you hate everything about each other, especially in a small hall double. The solution is simple—get a single room and enjoy the mornings much more.

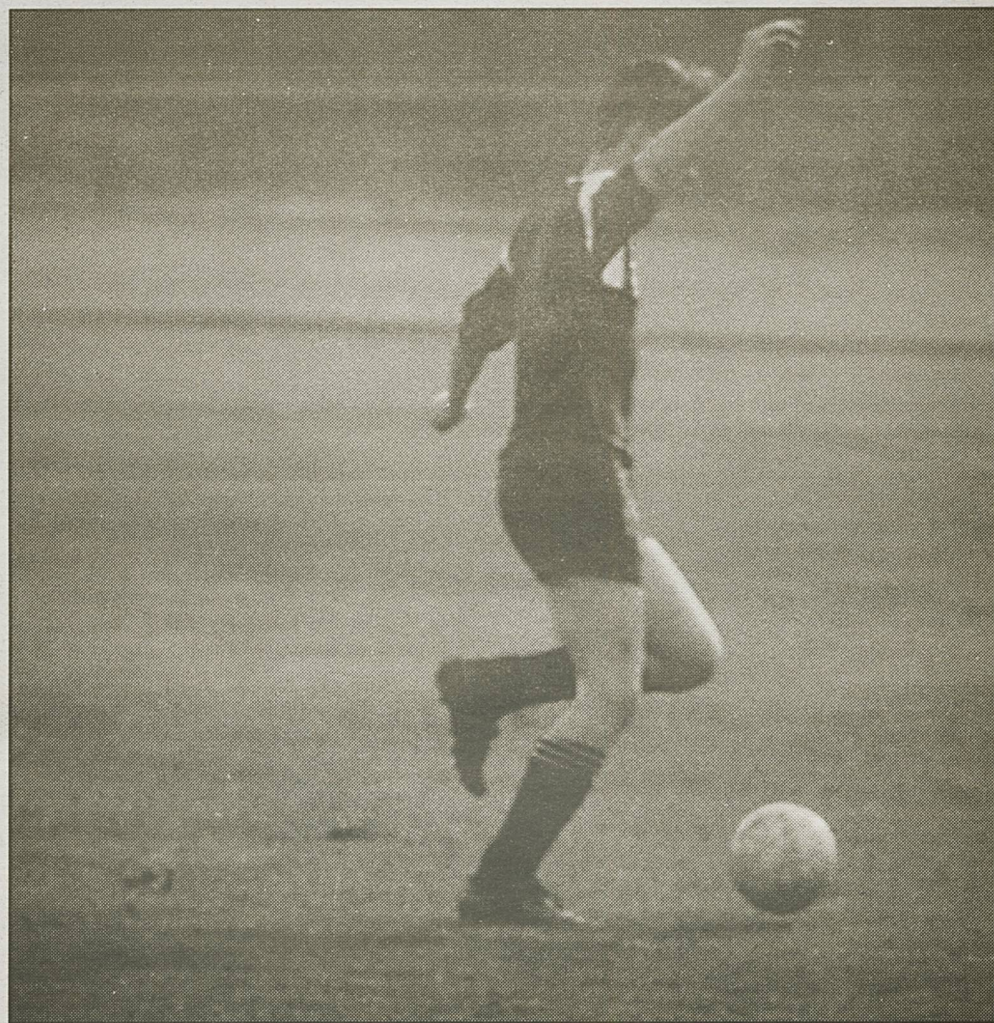
# Hat-trick quick is the pick as Raf's miss sucks dick!

LSE 2nds 5 St Barts 3

After two draws so far in this year's league campaign, Saturday presented an excellent chance for the Seconds to begin their surge for the title against the young doctors of St Bartholomews. The far-out location of their sportsgrounds in leafy Kent provided ample opportunity for Jones and Co. to miss the train so Captain Cooper came up with the cunning plan of arranging a meet time a full hour before the train was due to depart. Unfortunately some of the lardier members of the team chose to have a fat breakfast while waiting and so ensued the usual mercy dash for the platform.

On reaching the ground, the mighty Seconds found themselves up against a mere ten medics for the first half and took advantage in the best way possible. Asif Rafique opened the scoring in the early minutes when he converted a Tim Ludford-Thomas cross, and then he followed this up with a ferocious volley from just inside the box that most neutral observers felt was actually a toe-punt. Then a lofted pass from the previously undiscovered right foot of Dave Keane was met at the far post by Stevie Quick for his first of the day. 3-0 at the half, St Barts made the audacious move of bringing on one of their Rugby players to make up the numbers. His big and fat presence had no immediate effect as Quick added his second from Ludford's cross, but then the tide turned. As Stewart Fry took his second-half siesta in the middle of the park and Raf stayed forward, dreaming of his inevitable hat-trick, the cast-iron defence was placed under so much pressure that it eventually crumbled three times in quick succession.

At 4-3, the game was in the balance but LSE knew that one more goal would kill the spirited minnows off. Ludford-Thomas came close several times but was denied several times by their keeper, the corner flags and the rugby posts behind the goal. But eventually the chance came. Stewart Fry burst through their defence, committed the keeper and rolled it across the goal to Raf, four yards out and no-one



"Me next!" as LSE Seconds play the Doctors

Photo: Library

within 10 yards of him. GOOOOAAAAAL. Well not quite. Raf began his celebration slightly prematurely and as he wheeled away to the corner flag he noticed the ball travelling in the same direction. I'm trying my best but words cannot truly describe how sad and giftless this miss was. It would have surprised me even if Ludford himself had done it.

Thankfully, one member of the side had brought his shooting boots with him as Stevie Quick latched onto Raj Paranandi's rare moment of quality in the shape of a through ball and rounded their keeper to complete his hat-trick. His Thatcher-like celebration left a lot to be desired but at the end of the day they all count and when the final whistle blew it

was two points in the bag for the green and black army. As the rugger buggers sang songs in their pissed on two pints stupor, the lads munched hot-dogs and burgers and watched the cup results come in on the Vide-Printer.

One wrong bus later, we found ourselves at New Eltham station and a rogue party stayed to sample the delights of North Kent. This result takes the unbeaten run to seven and it shows no sign of letting up. Andrew Morton's unauthorised biography of Steve Quick, entitled "Goal Machine—The Early Years", comes out on Tuesday amid scandal concerning his hectic private life. It's going to be so hot even Raf couldn't miss it.

## Scouse is 'better than Carsten'

"I never had any doubt" – Nick Charalambos, Captain

LSE 4 RFH 0

Saturday provided a great chance for the Firsts to kick-start their league campaign with, on paper, a relatively straightforward tie against Royal Free Hospital. Unfortunately the side had been decimated by injuries and unavailability, with Steve Curtis still in quarantine and Alun Howard choosing to spend a weekend in sunny Chesterfield, chasing ugly northern slappers around Xanadu's. With only a bare 11, skipper Niele-Chase-After-Kate-Smith-At-Limelight-Bos knew he had to draft someone in from the plethora of talent in the lower echelons of LSE football. Unfortunately it was Shandy's birthday the night before and amid the carnage that the lager tops had caused, his normally astute judgement, which often gets him into a different sort of trouble on Friday nights, led him to ask Fourth team vice-captain Scouse Gardiner to wear Dirk's shell suit.

Scouse thought his chance would come early when Angus Kinnear turned up late for a change. Fortunately Shandy was now sober and chose to play the first quarter with only 10, rather than unleash the pinhead onto the medics. Kinnear finally arrived and, within seconds of putting his boots on, lashed home from fully 20 yards with his first touch.

Several more chances were squandered and the half-time score really didn't do justice to the supremacy of the firsts. After the oranges the floodgates opened as firstly Grant Delea added two more to his bumper crop of this season and then Rikos Leong-Son, who couldn't trap a bag of cement stuck out his Toblerone-shaped foot to spawn one in from close range. That's the first of the season for this lad who goes to Limelight on his own to harass innocent mingers, and he was clearly delighted: "It must have been my first touch because, as the lads would agree, my second touch is always a sliding tackle" he said jubilantly before going off to the toilets to clean up

his nosebleed.

With a 4 goal cushion and only ten minutes to go, Shandy took a huge risk by bringing on first team virgin (in both senses (not that the rest of them aren't either)) Scouse Gardiner in place of a devastated Arne. His only moment of action was memorable to say the least. A drag-back on the goal-line which sent their man-mountain of a striker utterly the wrong way saved crucial Fantasy BeaverBall™ points for the rest of the defence. As the final whistle blew their striker announced his retirement from all forms of football, even a kick-about with his son, after his humiliation at the hands of the spoonhead scouser. Gardiner on the other hand was ebullient, saying "Beforehand I was really nervous that I would look out of place amongst such greats as James Trees and Henrik Goebbels, players who previously I have only dreamed about playing with. Then I saw Carsten play and realised I was not the worst player after all." And so say all of us.