



# BEAVER

The Newspaper of the London School of Economics Students' Union

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## Peace comes to LSE

Nicola Hobday  
and Nick Sutton

**L**SE is set to make political history next week as senior Israeli and Palestinian representatives meet for the first time to inaugurate the Student Union's Global Festival, part of the School's centenary celebrations.

The meeting between His Excellency Mr Moshe Raviv, the Israeli Ambassador, and Mr Afif Safieh, the Palestine Liberation Organisation's representative to the UK, planned for February 6 will provide a fitting example of the Festival's aims - to promote global peace and solidarity.

Arrangements for the meeting were made by Vini Ghatate, Student's Union Equal Opportunities and Welfare Officer, together with Muna Wehbe, Chair of the Friends of Palestine Society and Naomi Hill, Chair of the Jewish Society.

Hill was clearly excited by the prospect of the Israeli-Palestinian meeting saying it was "wonderful for those who have inaugurated one of the greatest peace processes to come to the LSE." Wehbe expressed her delight saying she was "extremely proud to be involved in the peace process at first hand and delighted at the enthusiasm shown by both parties to inaugurate our Festival."

Another highlight of the week will be the Trial of LSE to be held on February 8 - one hundred years to the day that Sidney Webb was granted the money to found the LSE.



Jerusalem - The quest for peace continues at LSE

Photo: Library

The motion under debate is "The LSE has betrayed its benefactors' wishes in failing to establish a case for socialism". Those debating will endeavour to keep as many of the court conventions as possible.

Lord Dahrendorf, a former Director of

the School and author of *One Hundred Years of the LSE* to be published later this year, will be taking the defence with the support of many of the more moderate thinkers of the revolutionary period in the sixties

(Continued on page 3)

## Ron's gone!

Steve Roy

**T**his issue of *The Beaver* will be the last under the editorship of Ron Voce. Announcing his decision to quit at last Monday's collective meeting, Voce made an emotional speech recalling his good times as Editor, and wished his successor well.

Despite having his critics within the Union, Voce almost single-handedly rescued the newspaper after it was plunged into crisis following the resignation of former Editor Kevin Green in 1993. Under his guidance, the paper attracted a wealth of talented writers, spread right across the sections.

Along with Features Editor Nigel Boyce, who is also leaving the paper, Voce is the man most responsible for ensuring the paper comes out on time, often staying until early in the morning to meet deadlines.

Campus Editor Marie Darvill has also announced her decision to retire, to pursue a career in advertising. Rumours that Sports Editor Chris Cooper is to quit were met with a two-footed jump into the terraces.

Voce is now widely expected to run for a sabbatical post in the forthcoming elections. He will be hoping to make it fourth time lucky, following his narrow defeat at the hands of Ola Budzinska for Finance last year.

Although these editorial changes come in the wake of the departure of both News Editors and one Arts Editor, the paper remains fundamentally strong, reflected in its ground-breaking launch onto the Internet last week. Over a

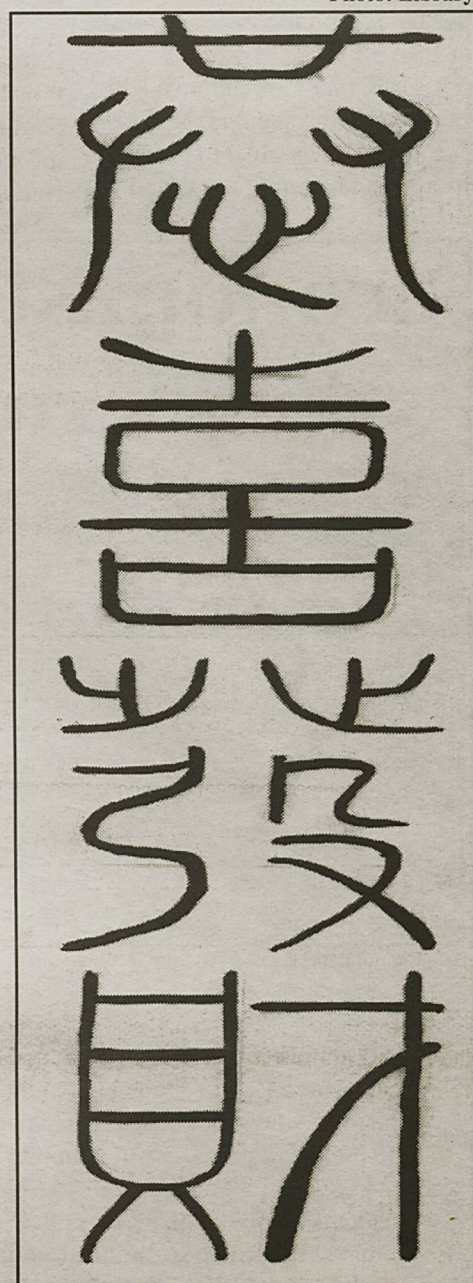
dozen students have sent messages of support for the electronic service, which will be fully operational in the next few months.

Voce said "I'm glad to be going as after 30 issues, it's about time someone else did it. I only took over for a few weeks in 1993 and ended up being the longest serving Editor since *The Beaver* started."



Ron Voce - Tired and hairy in 1992

Photo: Library



# Chechen march washed out

Teresa Delaney

The rain on Tuesday evening failed to deter a core of around 40 people from protesting outside the Russian Embassy, calling for self-determination for the population of the Caucasus, Chechnia in particular.

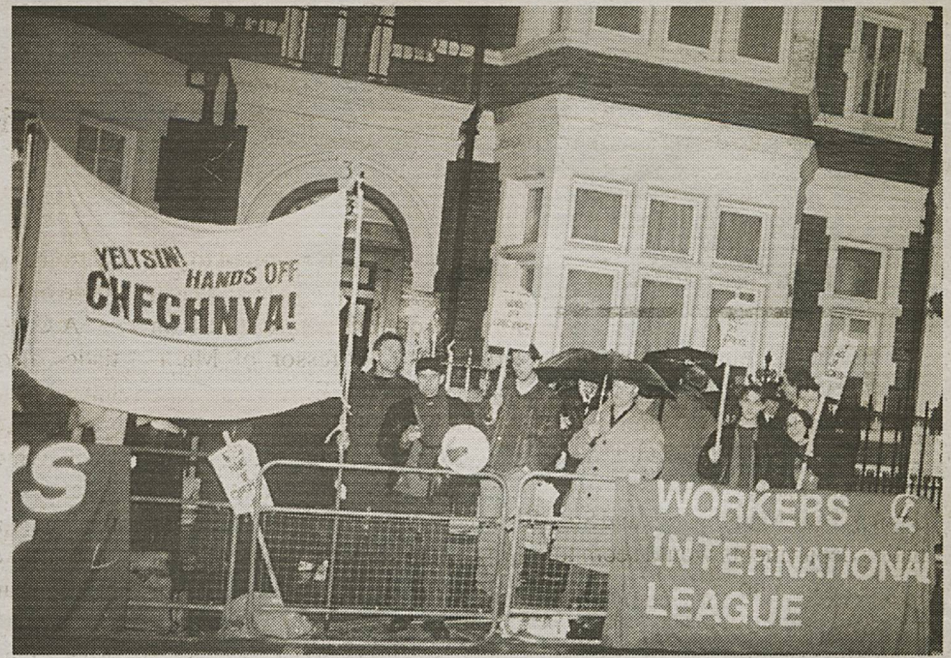
The demonstration took place on the Bayswater Road, opposite the Embassy itself, where activists waved banners at passing motorists and talked through megaphones in an attempt to contact those within the Russian building.

The reason for the protest was the violent Russian invasion of the republic of Chechnia. The country, whose leader General Dzhokhar Dudayev came to power by revolution in 1991, wants independence from Russia. Despite international calls for a ceasefire, Russia remains defiant. Andrei Kozyrev, spokesman for the Yeltsin government, stated that the matter was an "internal affair". However, Charles Tchkotoua, Chechen Ambassador to the European Union, stated that even with the fall of Grozny, his country's capital, the fighting would continue: "The Russians can put up their flag on the rubble but they'll never conquer the free spirit of the Chechen people."

The event was said to be organized by an ad-hoc committee, however in truth was arranged by Workers' Power. A spokesman for the group also recognized the North Caucasus Centre, based in North London, as having done much campaigning for the cause. The demonstration was preceded the week before by a well attended rally by the Pakistani Peoples' Party.

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Masses demonstrate outside Russian Embassy!

Photo: Nigel Boyce

## WHAT's the World Humanity Action Trust?

Oliver Adelman

Dr John Ashworth, the Director of the LSE, has for the past two years served as a Trustee for the World Humanity Action Trust (WHAT), a research charity located in South-West London that has raised more than £1 million since its inception in March of 1993, the vast majority of which has gone to the LSE for research purposes.

Ashworth described the Trust as "having funded a lot of work at LSE."

The Trust took out an advertisement in the January 21-27 issue of *The Economist* to promote its aims and attempt to expand its

base of advisers and contributors. Asked if there was any particular reason for the advertisement's timing, Ashworth said that the Trust was trying to expand the research organisations to which it contributed.

"I think that they are nervous of being captured at LSE," he said.

A majority of the money that WHAT has raised has come from the Laing Foundation, according to Ashworth. The Laing Foundation is a charitable offshoot of Laing, the construction company.

"WHAT's charitable aim is to promote research into the relationship between technology and population growth, pollution and the consumption of natural resources," according to Kay Sexton, WHAT's Company Director. She added that the organisation was interested in looking generally at the link between technology and social problems.

Sexton identified Ashworth's role at the Trust as one of "responsibility for the final analysis of decisions."

Ashworth described function as a "one day a month commitment to raise money and advise on suitable projects."

Ashworth became involved in the project when he was President of the Research and Development Society in 1992.

At the Society's dinner that year he was presenting the organisation's annual medal to Sir Austin Bide, who was the then retiring Research Director of the pharmaceutical company Glaxo and is now WHAT's Chair of Trustees. Ashworth, whose background is in biochemistry, met Bide through their mutual work in that industry.

At the dinner Bide suggested to Ashworth that "the pharmaceutical industry was very successful," but that "serious issues of a social nature" could not be addressed in the industry.

After the speech, Ashworth told Bide that "if he was serious, why didn't he and I raise some money and get these issues addressed."

The Trustees feel that the work that the Trust has done has confirmed Sir Austin's initial impression that there is a missing area covering the political and administrative problems of the polity concerned," Ashworth said.

According to Kay Sexton, WHAT is "politically agnostic. Obviously, the organisation's members have vastly different political viewpoints."

"As a political organisation, WHAT is of course politically neutral" she added.

## Economists' thief does a runner



The Economists' Bookshop - site of the incident last week

Photo: Hania Midura

A shoplifter was arrested last week at the School after police were called to an incident at the Economists' Bookshop.

The man, who is not believed to have any connection with LSE, tried to escape as police escorted him to their car. He was later re-arrested.

Incidents involving members of the School are very rare, but the Economists' Bookshop stress that the police are always called when somebody is caught shoplifting.

## Cults - make sure you're INFORMed

Dan Madden

The number of religious cults and new religious movements in London are an issue that all students should be aware of.

These religious cults are targeting young people in London and especially people who are new to the city. LSE Professor, Eileen Barker, an expert on religious movements said that recruiters tend to approach students, particularly those from overseas.

Many of the groups are simply looking to increase their membership with no other commitment than attendance of meetings and "spreading the word" to others.

However some organisations require more than just your time. The London Church of Christ is one of these groups. Their 'mission' is to "assail this great stronghold of Satan, London." The London Church of Christ, founded in 1982, is a very disciplined order with members being expected to spend time in prayer and Bible study each day.

Fasting is also encouraged and, perhaps most importantly, members are expected to contribute £5 to £10 a week. In addition to these contributions members are also asked for "love offerings" to the Church.

Professor Barker said that the groups most likely to be on the streets looking for new members are the Church of Scientology and the London Church of Christ. The cults most difficult to leave are the communal groups, but Professor Barker emphasised that: "You are free to leave at any time."

However some groups exert emotional pressure upon members to stay.

The London Church of Christ places a major emphasis on conversion and every member is expected to evangelise in public places. The intense nature of their evangelism has caused many uni-

versity and college Student Unions, including LSE's, to ban the movements activities on campus.

One student was approached by a cult member in Houghton Street last term. Without realising the implications the student gave the woman her phone number and was subjected to a barrage of phone calls trying to entice her to attend meetings and join the movement.

However, there is information available on these cults and groups which is provided by the Information Network Focus on Religious Movements (INFORM). They provide reliable information on the practices and beliefs of unfamiliar religious and spiritual groups. They help people who are unsure of a group and if they are unable to help, they can put you in touch with an expert who can.

INFORM are based in the St Phillips Building and can be reached on 0171-242 0392.

**The proposed new Students' Union Constitution will be discussed in this week's UGM.**

**Come to the Old Theatre on Thursday at 1pm.**

# The decline of British maths

**Oliver Adelman**

Following recent reports that Cambridge University has just simplified its mathematics course for the second time in four years LSE academics in the Mathematics and Statistics departments would seem to confirm the impression, that the standards of British mathematics students currently entering university, have fallen slightly in recent years.

"The standards required to get particular grades in A-level maths have dropped," said Graham Brightwell, Professor of Mathematics at the LSE.

However, Brightwell—who moved from the Cambridge Mathematics Department to that of LSE five years ago—added that the standards of the students' work once at university have not changed noticeably in recent years.

"It is difficult to say for sure if there has been any decline," Brightwell said. "But there are

alarming gaps in knowledge in some of the incoming students."

A.C. Harvey, Professor of Statistics, also felt that "the standards have declined in the past 25 years." Asked to compare the standards of British maths students to those of other countries, Harvey noted that the "general consensus is that the standards of British students are higher than those of Americans. But in some European countries, the students are technically better – France, for example."

Harvey's biggest complaint with A-Level statistics is that it is "too mechanical. A-level statistics is too cookery book. . . Here we have to teach methodology," – those students who are admitted to read Statistics "always have good A-Levels, A or B."

Dr Maria-Pia-Victoria Feser, who has been teaching statistics at the LSE for the last two years, also believes that the mathematics level

of her students generally has dropped during that time.

She said that "the English have alarmingly low levels in maths. Some students couldn't add fractions, for example." Dr Feser highlighted the fact that "Asian students are generally better than the Europeans," but would not make a more specific comparison. However, she added that students can always adapt in her statistics classes.

"They do not need a high knowledge in math or elementary statistical theory." She said.

Dr Feser identified the lack of funding from the British Government as the biggest problem facing statistics students. "The lack of money for education is the first thing that I noticed" after arriving in Britain from Switzerland. "It is difficult to recruit good quality lecturers. A lot go to the United States. This is a bad policy in the long

term," she said.

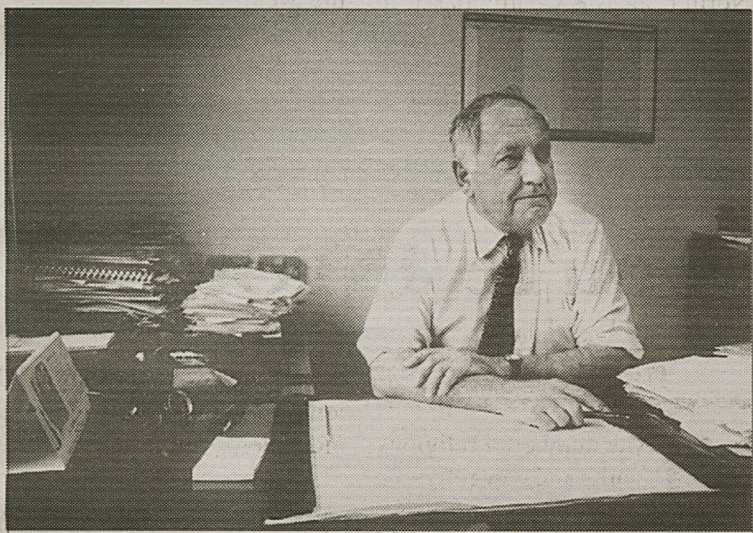
Graham Brightwell, comparing the Mathematics Departments at the LSE and Cambridge, said that the Cambridge department is "one of the largest and most prestigious in the country. LSE is one of the smallest by comparison. We like to think that we are the best in some areas."

He noted that "the best students at the LSE are perhaps not as good as the best at Cambridge."

Brightwell said that the high number of overseas students at the LSE makes little difference to the quality of his classes.

"People tend to come to us with little background knowledge anyway."

Brightwell identified too the lack of government funding for the universities as a problem, but added that "standards are not a problem to maths alone. The problem must be tackled at the school level."



Geoff Wilson MBE, LSE Building's Officer

Photo: Hania Midura

Geoff Wilson, the School's Building's Officer has been awarded the MBE in this year's Honours List. Mr Wilson has been with the School for thirty years, in his present position he maintains the smooth day to day

running of the School. He said the award was completely unexpected but "what was surprising was the kindness of people in their compliments. Even people you don't know well, it's very warming and it's still happening."

## Global Festival

(continued from page 1)

as well as Dr David Starkey, from the International History department, as witnesses.

For the prosecution, Lord Desai, an economics professor at the School, will be assisted by many of the strong left-wing revolutionaries of the sixties in the witness box.

Vini Ghatate said "we feel very strongly that by creating a forum for debating this motion we will be attempting to celebrate the qualities the LSE should be applauding:

vigorous analysis, intellectual objectivity, and impassioned debate."

Other events planned for the week are designed to reflect LSE's international outlook. These include a fashion show highlighting the national dress of many different countries, a dragon dance around the LSE, and a Brazilian carnival. The Swiss Society are flying in people just to attend the celebrations and the Venezuelans are flying in food to feed five hundred!

Tickets for both the inauguration ceremony and the Trial of LSE – both to take place in the Old Theatre with a live video link to the New Theatre – will be available this week from a stall outside the Old Theatre.

## News in Brief

Jogendraneth Rajcoomar, Britain's first black prison governor and LSE graduate, was jailed last week for two years on deception charges.

Rajcoomar, Governor of Mount prison since 1990, obtained £9,500 in living allowances, paid to those governors who live away from home, whilst he continued to reside at his family home in Wendlebury, Oxfordshire.

Although admitting the fool-

ishness of his actions, Rajcoomar's friends believe others would not have been dealt with so stringently – Rajcoomar was detained in custody throughout the investigation, despite the fact that his crime involved no violence.

If you want to write for the News pages contact Helena or Nick in the Beaver Office (E197), or phone 071 955 6705

## Lewis in NUS race

**Dan Madden**

Martin Lewis, General Secretary of the LSE Students Union (LSESU) is to run for the position of Vice President (Education) on the National Union of Students.

Speaking to *The Beaver*, Lewis

said he wanted to see a "strong review of the NUS's role" in student life. He particularly wanted to see improvements made to the National Executive Committee of the NUS: "With the potential creation of an 'Ivy League' of universities, changes in the funding of students, the break up of the Student Loans Company and the biggest crisis in academic quality Britain has ever seen is it right that the NEC should prioritise Northern Ireland as an issue for students?"

Lewis successfully ran for LSESU General Secretary as an independent candidate but, signifi-

cantly, is standing as a Liberal Democrat candidate for the NUS position, stating: "I have never believed that national partisan politics play a part in the LSE Students Union. The NUS is a national organization with political movements."

Whether he wins or loses, Lewis hopes that the National Union can "set an agenda for students, as students" and provide better and more adequate representation.

It is thought that this is the first time in over twenty years that an LSESU Sabbatical Officer has stood for a NUS position.

## All change – Beaver's burrowing Underground

**Silvia Santoro**

*The Beaver*, Athletics Union (AU) and Women's Group seem set to move following a meeting on Friday 20 January.

Representatives of the involved groups met to discuss possible room reallocations.

A proposal has been put forward for the AU common room to move to the Women's Room on the top floor of the Cafe, the Women's Room to move to the current Beaver office, and the Beaver office to move to the old AU room in the basement of the Clare Market building, adjacent to the Underground.

Representatives of all groups seemed relatively satisfied with the plans – each side making some concessions.

Sorrel Osborne, Student Union (SU) Women's Officer, accepted the loss of the Women's Room admitting that poor attendance in the room meant it could be used

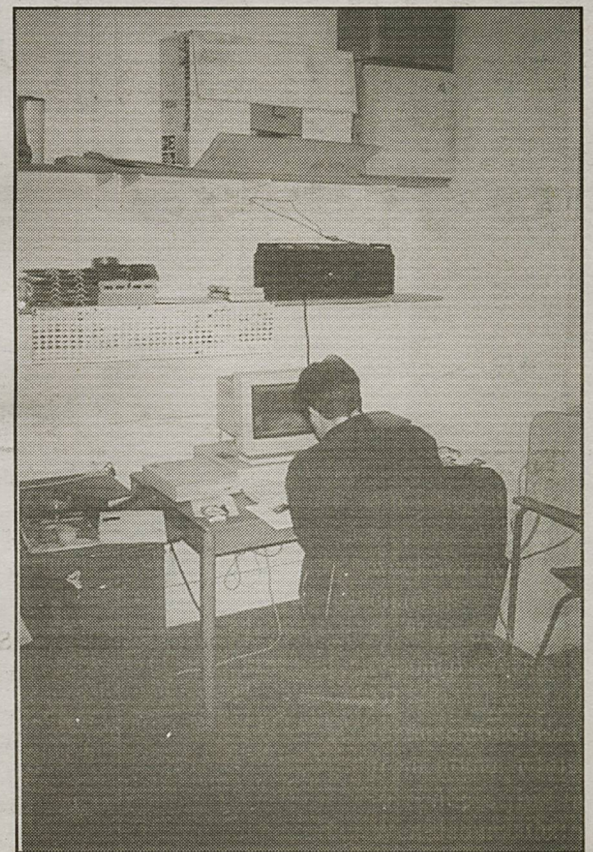
more successfully by the AU.

AU representatives were pleased with the proposal, especially following the relocation of the AU office to the top floor of the Cafe.

The Beaver, although disappointed not to have been offered the Women's Room were satisfied with the increase in workspace proposed, but expressed concern at the cost of renovating the former AU room.

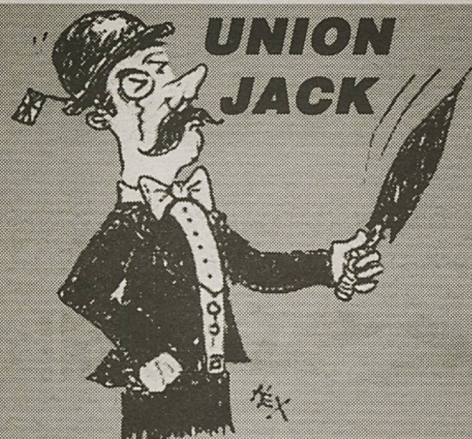
A final decision on the room changes will be made at

the SU executive meeting this week.



The old Beaver office – outgrown

Photo: Ron Voce



Loath as she is to admit her own mental deficiencies, Jack was somewhat confused at this week's UGM. As noted by last week's ace political correspondent Machiavelli, there are just a few weeks to go until the day which the whole of the hack's Union life revolves around. Elections for new Sabbatical Officers, a new Executive Committee and other social inadequates are looming. Hence, the perfect opportunity for those who can see nothing better to do with their life than be a student politician to enhance their profile before polling day. So where were the motions from Christopher Dylan "I am not overweight, honest" Parry, Claire Lawrie, Paul Bates and the rest of the aspiring Sabbaticals? Where were the passion-filled rhetorical indignations of Philip Tod, Nick Sutton and Omer Soomro? And what of the skilfully drafted questions to other Officers from Sorrel Osborne, Kate Hampton and Tom Smith?

Indeed, it seemed only those who have not a hope in hell's chance of being elected, or cannot run for election, could be bothered to take to the stage. Follically-challenged Sabbatical hopeful Philip Tod could not even be bothered to answer a question put to him by Young Farmer of the Year Tom Scott. Unless Jack was very much mistaken, or the Miracle-Gro had been working wonders on Phil's somewhat diminished scalp, Gary Delaney answered the query on his behalf. After Martin Lewis' practice run for a voiceover career, for when he has to find a proper job in a few years time; Gary Delaney's admission that he has £6000 left to spend, and his appeal for ideas how to spend the 80p change after taking out the cost of a bath and haircut; and another pointless report from Baljit Mahal, came the real fun.

Jack likes a challenge, and trying to hear what the hell it is Hugh O'Leary is trying to say behind that moronic grin, is certainly a challenge. However hard he tries, Hugh is unfortunate in that he still looks like a Care in the Community case emitting a sad, desperate whine as he is exposed to the ridicule of the masses. What made it even more difficult was the sound of the equally pained squeals of objection from the person the order paper referred to as Bernardo Buggan (shurely shome mishtake - retiring and aged Ed) hollering "Animal Nazi" at the bemused O'Leary. Not content with sounding like one of the unfortunate creatures whose live transportation this motion was inspired by, Bernardo decided that after nigh on ten years at the LSE he had gauged the perfect opportunity to make his maiden UGM speech. In an emotional condemnation of field sports and the veal trade, despite the allegation that Bernardo's millions come from the sale of dead cows, even Labour people and both of the LibDems found themselves agreeing with this ageing Thatcherite.

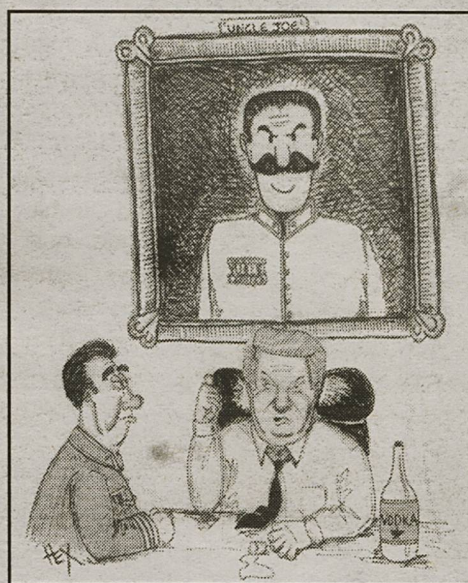
Baljit Mahal's motion on Winston Silcott was somewhat tame by comparison. Perhaps he had not had enough time to partake in his usual solitary oratory practice in The New Theatre, or perhaps Tim Payton had been too busy defending Conservative policies at Labour Club meetings to fulfil his usual role of speechwriter to the Worst-Dressed Cab Driver of the Year, but the usual spark was not there. So much so that the motion was passed without even a speech against. This is presumably what prompted James Atkinson into describing the UGM as "shit." Jack begs to disagree, half an hour is always the best time for a situation comedy to run for.

# Another humanitarian disaster

Sarah Heaton condemns the human rights violations in Chechnia..... because no one else is

Bodies lie where they fell in the streets and peasant women are killed in the fields. Every night these outrageous human rights violations are broadcast into houses world-wide. When ex-Yugoslav states engage in such violence, world leaders fall over themselves to condemn the atrocities. When the location is Russia, few say a critical word for the sake of international diplomacy. The role of condemnation and pressure is left to those who publicise human rights violations and try for change by motivating public opinion. This job falls to Amnesty International, Greenpeace and The Body Shop and the new expanded edition of John Pilger's 'Distant Voices'.

Chechnia is simply an area that wants independence like its neighbour, Georgia. Whether this region would be a successful independent state is not at issue here. What is of concern are the tank divisions rolling through the countryside against peasant farmers. Artillery units shelling Grozny may be well trained in targeting mortars but that does not prevent the destruction of everything within a few hundred metres of where the shell lands. In a city where civilians live so close together this has the gravest implications. This is not a war with high technology missiles that turn left at the traffic lights. Here everything in range is wiped out. The Russian air force bombs from the sky at strategic targets such as stables and schools. There is no end to the



WHO SAID I DIDN'T LEARN FROM MY HISTORY LESSONS

overkill by the Russian military against their own civilians.

Here we go again, another first rate



Protestors outside the Russian Embassy

Photo: Nigel Boyce

world power throwing all its military might against a comparatively poorly resourced group. It is amazing that the Chechen forces have survived so long with ineffective, home made weapons and personalised ammunition. Whatever the reasons, you can not shell your own civilians who have no means of protection. It is inhumane. The Chechens are reduced to hiding underground in grain silos and basements. Instead of action against this outrage the British government believe "we mustn't let the Chechnia affair cause a major rift. The long term relationship between the West and Russia is too important to put in jeopardy".

There is no point to a world policeman - be it in the shape of the U.N. or the latest superpower - if all action is suspended when the problem involves a friend. If no action is taken when a first class power steps out of line, how can first class nations justify imposing what they themselves will not accept on lesser countries misdemeanours? The role of the United Nations will become increasingly ineffective until finally it is ignored. Whatever drawbacks it has as an institution, the collapse of the UN would be devastating for the international diplomacy the British, American and other governments are so determined to preserve. It all starts when human rights violations are overlooked because the perpetrator is an important player with influential friends.

## The language of peace

Ahead of next week's article on the peace process in Northern Ireland Philip Johnston gives us a quick lesson on the new language craze sweeping the country

English in Northern Ireland has taken on a different texture in everyday speech. There is a curious new fusion of socio-political New-speak and convolutions. Consider the flurry of new meanings last Autumn. From requiring a "ceasefire" which was "permanent", we had a "total cessation of violence" - not "complete" or "permanent". "Peace" it seemed, had not broken out, but we could welcome "cessation". For the would be socio-politically correct speaker, a few pointers which may otherwise confuse.

Don't mistake nationalist, republican, Irish and Catholic, likewise unionist, Unionist, loyalist, royalist, British, Ulster and Protestant. Each means something different. Unfortunately they can also mean different things to different people. I suppose one of the happier linguistic traits of recent years has been the move in more erudite circles, including local broadcast-

ing, to try to avoid "confrontational" use of language. A presenter on Downtown Radio, the local independent, constantly refers to the Maiden City, "up in the North-West." An acceptable way to avoid the ungainly switching between Londonderry and Derry. Not that most people mind, you understand, but perceptions are all important here.

Mayhew refers to developments "on these islands." A grotesque no-name, genericism for what has always been the British Isles. As you may have guessed I am not one adept in the intricacies of political correctness. For one, the Province and the Mainland become north-east Ireland and England - all very confusing. Another expression I quite like is the "peace dividend" - or should that be "cessation of violence dividend"? I really ought to seek "clarification" of that issue. But seriously, though, I wouldn't wish for one moment to upset the "parity of esteem" here. One

man's outrage becomes another's "justified political act".

Now many people talk about the "Divide" and "the two communities" and I don't like it. I know, for those at a distance from goings on it is simpler to view the situation as a polarised religious feud with no middle ground or apparent legitimisation. It's a bit like saying Bosnia is a war of radical Islam against genocidal Europeans. So please don't.

Were you at "Sleaze" on Saturday 21?

Two rings were lost in the ladies toilet of absolute sentimental value.

If you know of their whereabouts, no questions asked and a reward for information

Contact

Alison

071-2511545

CHRISTMAS HOLLYDAYS ARE OVER. ISN'T IT TIME FOR

A REAL

holidi  
day?



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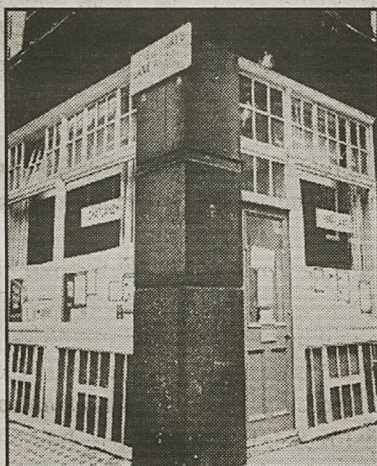
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## Best Selling Biography by Biblical author

Dear Beaver,

I wonder how many people, who have read the glossy and self-congratulatory 'Centenary Review' noticed the photo of a note reputedly removed from an LSE noticeboard. *The Guardian* certainly did and printed "Why God did not receive tenure at LSE" a week or so ago. God's problem was that he had only one major publication, it wasn't in English and it was a bestseller!

Very witty it is too, but it also raises an interesting point. Despite the fact that the Bible has been the most influential book in the history of the West and possibly the rest of the World, it is amazing how many



LSE Chaplaincy Photo: Beaver staff

of today's 'well-read' students rely on secondary sources and have never seriously looked at the 'primary' text.

This week the Christian Union will be distributing and making available to anyone interested free copies of Luke's Gospel, which takes the form of a biography and carefully researched record of the life and teachings of Jesus.

Can I urge you to take this opportunity to look for yourself at what Jesus did (and didn't) say and do.

More reliable than just about any of the writings of antiquity, more accessible (and cheaper!) than any economics textbook and much more likely to change your life - read it!

Daniel Stevens  
Christian Union

## Rosebery reveller reveals the truth

Dear Beaver,

Get pissed for a fiver my arse. If they keep putting that much beer in the water at hall parties, OFWAT (the water regulator) will be on to us.

Yours  
Tom Scott

## Squash writer curses editors

Dear Beaver,

The condition of sport at the LSE is nothing to harp about. The sports pages of *The Beaver* seems to add to the disillusionment. The article published on the squash club's

performance last week can only be described as deplorable. The sports editors involved in that article should have the decency to apologise for attributing that rubbish to me and for making downright stupid statements

about the other players. But I guess the moronic sense of humour is asking too much. I'd just like to disassociate my name from that rubbish.

Yours  
Ranjeev Bhata

## CONFIRMATION OF EXAMINATION ENTRY FOR SESSION 1994/1995

(which concerns all Undergraduates, General Course, Diploma, Exchange and ERASMUS students)

## SELECTION OF PAPERS FOR NEXT SESSION

(which concerns all First and Second Year Undergraduates)

## UNDERGRADUATES, GENERAL COURSE, DIPLOMA, EXCHANGE & ERASMUS STUDENTS

You should go to the Timetables office, Room H310,  
Connaught House, as soon as possible **ON** or **AFTER**  
**Monday, January 30**  
to collect your individual form for the

## CONFIRMATION OF EXAMINATION ENTRY AND SELECTION OF PAPERS FOR NEXT SESSION

The form must be **COMPLETED**, signed by your tutor  
and handed in to the Timetables Office **NO LATER** than

**THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16TH**

# Mass Debate

**O**n a purely self-aggrandising note, I was intrigued to observe that although my column is rapidly gaining a status that can only be described as cult... yes, that's with an L, the Editors of this illustrious newspaper have not yet, as they have for H.S.H. and U.J. given me a cartoon. Perhaps they're afraid of offending the more conservative readers by publishing pictures of an explicit nature. Anyway, enough of this frivolity. Here follows a generally serious report of a serious debate.

This week's meeting took place in that forum of intellectual, political and social discussion S601 and revolved around the motion 'This House Believes That The Punishment For Rape Should Be Castration'. In the absence of the President, the Treasurer chaired the gathering in an incredibly popular and strictly neutral manner. After collecting the phone numbers of various attractive female members on the pretext of needing to draw up teams for several Inter-Varsity competitions, he called for the first speaker to begin. Ina's definition of the motion was clear-rape was forced sex with either a woman or a man, while castration was the surgical removal of the penis and testicles. Her arguments were precise and concerned punishing a crime that affects a victim not just with the physical trauma itself, but also years of mental suffering and a distrust of others, be they husband, wife or friend that could remain for life. It was an impressive start to an impassioned discussion. Mr Sprott then launched an attack for the opposition, decrying the barbaric and vengeful intent of the resolution. He con-

vincingly pointed out by reference to the statistical effects of the death penalty that castration is unlikely to be a deterrent for rape but then spoilt it all by appearing to have misinterpreted the motion - "They're after your Goolies" he screamed in a voice that approached the octave of top C - an appeal to the largely-male audience that doubts his ability to distinguish rapists from men in general.

Aysha attempted to bring, as she put it "a little structure" to the meeting; somewhat ironic given the topic of the debate. Her points were that castration provides retribution for the victim, protection to society and a deterrent to potential rapists. Unfortunately at this stage the proposition appeared to have neglected the masculine perspective; the examples used were solely concerned with what female victims should expect from society. Alex stood up for the opposition and used a new argument-namely that most rapists have mental problems for which rehabilitation has a role to play. Hacking off his manhood will not stem the urge in such an individual to sexually assault others-he will just vent his frustrations through pure violence. He also explained that the deterrent value of a punishment flows from the likelihood of the criminal being caught rather than the extremity (not a good choice of word-Ed) of that penalty.

Audrey closed the case for the proposers but the debate was now a little repetitive as she merely reiterated a number of emotional scenarios, themselves far from convincing. Just when I had begun to suspect that the meeting was regressing into a, per-

ish the thought, Male versus Female confrontation Lisa wrapped up for the two male speakers. Her words carried a conviction that was not lost on the increasingly cross-legged men of the House. While accepting the appalling nature of the crime she reminded the audience that a reactionary urge was no solution to a problem that is, after all, psychological rather than physical. From a practical viewpoint she also stated that given the weaknesses of any judicial system, injustices will inevitably occur...

The motion was then opened to contributions from the floor. One member pointed out that drugs and hormonal therapy would be a more effective solution all round. Another wondered what was all that wonderful and significant about the penis anyway but was shouted down and told to "speak for himself" by men who were now stretching rather than crossing their legs. A number of interruptions and heated cross-exchanges followed, culminating in the Chairman appearing to support the opposition in a blatant and shameful abuse of his impartial status. After backing down however he took a ballot which defeated the resolution by 4 votes. Rumours that the temporary Chairman was seen very soon afterwards sporting a rather stylish black eye as a result of his aforementioned behaviour have not yet been confirmed. As for me, well, I could make a very poor joke about the attempted 'castration' of John Wayne Bobbitt and the estimated £2 million he subsequently accrued from his wittily-titled 'Uncut' video, however, given the very good speaking I have just seen I think it would be rather churlish to do so.



**Martin Lewis**  
General Secretary

**The Constitution:** This Thursday (February 2) The UGM will be discussing the proposed New Constitution. This will affect the future of the Students' Union and thus it will affect you. Amongst other things, there are changes to *The Beaver*, The Athletics Union, Societies, Elections, Sabbaticals, the Executive committee and the Unions services. Have your say, do come along.

Copies of new and old Constitution are available from the Students' Union reception. There is also a leaflet which briefly explains what the Students' Union is and how the new Constitution will affect it. Please take copies.

**Room Changes:** The Executive Committee will be discussing Room changes on Monday, January 30, 1pm E195. The proposals are that the AU moves to the Women's Room, the Women's room go to the Beaver Office and the Beaver Office moves to the AU Common room. All of the various groups involved have agreed, if you want your say then come along to the Executive meeting.

**South Africa:** The Executive and Finance Committee will be discussing methods of raising funds for Southern African students, now that the Students' Union Southern African Scholarship has become a General Refugee scholarship. I will also be attending the Scholarships management meeting, where we will set up new criteria, if you wish to get involved or know more then please get in touch.

**Academic Board:** This week I shall be making a presentation to the Academic Board for Student Representation. Many of my predecessors have tried the same thing, but unfortunately all have failed. However I believe with the changes in the Students' Union, the Education Act on Students Unions, the Higher Education Quality Council's audit and various other new factors, this may be the time that we finally get students fully represented in the Academic sphere.

**Johnathan Dimpleby:** Free tickets for each week are still available from the SU reception, this week it is Labour's Robin Cook.

**LSE Students' Union Elections:** Are you interested in becoming a Sabbatical, part time Exec Officers, the Returning Officer, Constitution and Steering Committee, Finance and Services Committee, Entertainments Committee (although if the new Constitution passes this will not exist and an Academic Affairs committee will replace it.) If you are and you want a chat about what the jobs involve or advice about how to go about it, then my door is open, come along and see me.

That's about it for this week, if you have any problems, queries or suggestions about the School, the Union or anything else, please come and see me. My Office is E205 my phone number 071 955 7147.

This column is printed under section 13.5 of the LSESU constitution. *The Beaver* accepts no responsibility for its content or accuracy.

## Position of the Week

### The Allyolly

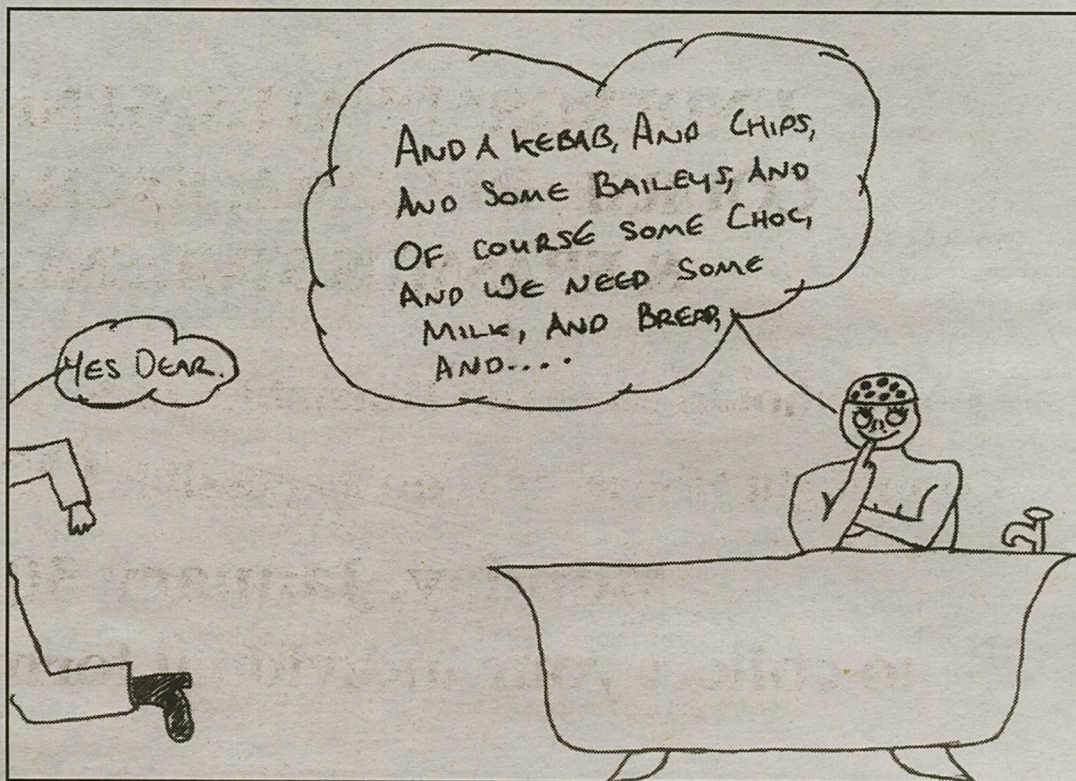
**Difficulty rating: 5**

Finding a jug/mug large enough to contain a whole portion of lubricant can be a tricky one.

#### Comment

Care is required upon insertion as rips or tears can be painful. Please consult your Doctor, as a clogged passage may result.

The upside is that the contents make a great garnish for a squid salad.



## LSE Athletics Union Colours nomination

If you would like to nominate an individual for colours or wish to know more about the criteria for selection visit the AU office (E78) 12-2pm  
All nominations must be handed in to the AU office by February 10

Any letters for publication should be handed into *The Beaver* office, room E197 by noon on Wednesday or in any of *The Beaver* post boxes around LSE. In the interests of space the editor reserves the right to edit all letters. Unsigned letters will not be published.

# Foul-mouthed, opinionated and back Rusty Bullet Hole's

## S.H.I.T. Awards of

# 1995

**G**reetings, campers! This week sees the return, for one week only (or until next time *The Beaver* is devoid of proper articles), of that lardy-but-sexy foul-mouthed fat bastard who you all know and love: he's back to spit bile at someone or other for your general amusement – ladies and gentlemen, put your hands together for the man who stung Sting, put Dire Straits in dire straits and gave UB40s to UB40 (if only), a legend in his own drinking-up time – Rusty Bullet Hole! (*applause*)

Those who were regular readers of this weekly log (and what a log it usually was) will remember that this time last year RBH announced the first SHIT Awards, the definitive industry gong-a-thon that the stars really take note of. This shindig took place on the bench by Manor House tube (Seven Sisters Road south side, opposite "Café Roma"), mucho purple cans littered the area, The Police dropped in "for a word" and RBH compèred the whole damn thing...

1994 was a really, really shit year, a bit like 1993, 1992, 1991 and every other year since 1979 AD (Abolition of Democracy, mate, or as good as). Back in the "good old days" being British was the same as getting six numbers in the World Birth Lottery – the world did what we told them when we told them because we had guns and they had spears, or so my grandad said. (My grandad also said that he had played in more FA Cup Finals than anyone else, which was probably true because he played cymbals for the Royal Marines Band, the cheeky git). He said a mate of his from the Dunthinkin Rest Home (a.k.a. House of Lords) said things all started to go wrong because we

(being a nation of shopkeepers, natch) sold our guns to people who, because we had beaten them up year in, year out, decided to fire them at us, an act of terribly caddish behaviour and most definitely not cricket, and all that bollocks. So, we British now think that the rest of the world are "bad eggs" and we have the God-given right to boss them about, having made them civilized etc. etc.

Wrong. The only reason we are ever round the debating table on World Affairs these days is that if there is some nutcase roaming around Mesopotamia with an arsenal big enough to blow up the planet it's because good ol' Blighty, the fuckers, made it all possible.

So, being born on this Isle of Shite in more recent times is enough to make the rest of the world think you are a wanker. Wonderful. And you probably are, if you are one of the many millions of cretins that put a fuck-off big "X" next to Mr/Mrs/Ms The Official Conservative Party Candidate on the one day every five years that you are asked to use a bit of nous. And you can't, can you? You can't bring yourself to do something which might benefit the nation as a whole, not just a few sad old men who went to "the right school", and their cronies. (I hate the question "Where were you schooled?" – what a load of shit.

I was schooled at school, pal, just like you and everyone else. It's just that at my school we didn't have a class on How to Fuck the Country up the Arse and Line

Your Pockets at the Same Time). And then, and this really gnaws, *it really grates* – you say that you are (wait for it) "Patriotic". Pardon? Run that by me again, only slower this time – "Pa-tri-o-tic". NO NO NO NO NO! The fucking nerve of it, you lower-than-low filthy, sloppy, dog turd on the pavement of society. You scum, you bastard, you wanker. Now that you are down, I'll really kick you – YOU TRAITOR.

So, what has brought on this new, political RBH? It must be something from 1994, because we remember RBH as a "couldn't give a fuck" type when he scrawled each week. Was it the failure to equalise the age of consent? Maybe. Was it the hypocrisy of some MP being found wearing nothing but stockings, an orange and an overtight plastic necktie? Perhaps. Was it the fact that some Conservative peer / novelist most definitely never had inside info in order to make some serious wedge in the MAI-Anglia takeover, just like he never knew Monica Coghlan and never gave her two grand in Shepherd's Market, a place he never knew about, even though it is famed for prostitutes and Monica was one, and if you look in the dictionary

***The next time there's any sort of military march-past telephone the police and complain about "thousands of people moving in rhythm to repetitive beats", if only just to emphasise the fucking stupidity of it all.***

under "prostitute" it says (I think) "a woman who charges money (in the region of two grand?) for sex"? Possibly. Was it the fact that there were more bungs on



RBH and ex-General Secretary Fazile Zahir party away at the 1995 S.H.I.T awards

one side of the House of Commons than in my school Chemistry department? Hmm. Was it two high-ranking members of the Conservatives doing for International Relations what Graham Taylor did for English football (and one of them keeping his job, for fuck's sake)?

regressed in the last fifteen years – the criminal Criminal Justice Bill, or Act, as it sadly became.

RBH is willing to admit that he first dabbled in class A controlled substances when he purchased a tab of LSD (a Purple Om, as it happened) at a Spiral Tribe-organised rave in some disused, deserted, middle-of-nowhere shack behing King's Cross in the winter of 1991/92. We danced (wobbled, more like) like bastards all night and a fair bit of the next morning. And who did we

harm? No-one. No fucker at all, except ourselves, perhaps. But that was our decision – just like we might decide to have a pint of beer which contains alcohol, a



far more socially destructive substance than LSD or Ecstasy could ever be. "Drugs are for people who can't handle reality", they say. Well, I'm sure I could handle reality if reality wasn't so fucking crap...

Frankly, the Bill was the most reprehensible piece of wank legislation to be introduced in all the time the Conservatives have been in power, and there was

some real shit before it. A Bill directed against those who dare to be different in this fast-becoming Stepfordesque excuse for a country. A Bill directed against those who feel strongly about the environment. A Bill directed against those whose idea of a night's entertainment is not sitting in front of Des O'Connor Tonight with a mug of Ovaltine. A Bill directed against Repetitive Beats and dancing to them. 1994? 1984, more like. It's the fucking Thought Police, mate.

Opposition was ultimately and inevitably futile – because Michael Howard et al were far too bloody-

minded / stupid / right of Ghengis Khan to reconsider their fuck-up even if a lot of the opposition came from the poor bastards who have to enforce it, the police. Has there ever been any time previously where RBH has felt sorry for the rozzers? Nope.

It's there now, enshrined in law and there's fuck all we can do about it. But there are things we can do...

RBH has a couple of suggestions. As Michael Howard has shat on you, why not dump in an envelope (it will have to be one of those plastic-lined ones, for obvious reasons) and post it to the member for Folkestone, c/o the House of Commons. It's juvenile, but the reward in self-satisfaction is worth it. Perhaps then he might get the message of what a shit he is. Don't bother posting bombs to him, they've got too good at screening them.

Here's another. The next time there's any sort of military

march-past (there will be some around the middle of May, VE Day and all that) telephone the police and complain about "thousands of people moving in rhythm to repetitive beats", if only just to emphasise the fucking stupidity of it all.

Here's another. In 1997 vote anti-Conservative. Labour might not repeal the law, but at least the wankers who were responsible for it will be out of a job, off their fucking quangos and consigned to the dustbin of political history, and not a moment too soon. Just get the bastards out. As some twats will conveniently forget (as they habitually do) just how shit it has been for the last decade-and-a-half when another round of crazy income tax cuts (and excise increases) are announced, I would suggest they put this article on their wall just to remind themselves.

I would also appeal to the "Clause 4" lot not to fuck it all up for the rest of us. If the population doesn't want "socialism", they won't fucking vote for it, will they? It's better for Labour to be inside pissing out than outside pissing in, is it not? Anyway, "socialising" is what it is all about – the Tories are crap at it, as you might expect, because they are socially inadequate. Britain has only ever won the World Cup under a Labour Government. After the end of the last long period of Tory rule (1951-64) we had the Swinging Sixties because people were (and this is not an oft-used word these days) happy.

They have to go. Either they do, or you should, if you want to enjoy yourselves.

RBH feels a lot more at ease, having got a few things off his chest. Now for those long awaited SHITS...

**Best Single** goes this year, after much deliberation, to The Sabres Of Paradise for "Wilmot", because it was absolute bonkers and had "too much drugs" written all over it, and RBH is all for that sort of thing. "Girls & Boys" by Blur (the first great pop single of 1994) was pipped at the post, if you like, as was "Supersonic" by Oasis (nice noises, pity they're tossers), "Do You Remember The First Time?" by Pulp (kitsch as fuck, brilliant lyrics) "Positive ID" by Renegade Soundwave (Snap's

"The Power" meets Roxy Music's "The In Crowd" with very tasty results) and "Love Spreads" by The Stone Roses (the single was ace, the album – unbelievably – sounded "hurried" more than anything else, far too much filler and not enough decent tunes). **Best**

**Album** was (by furlongs) "Dummy" by Portishead – by far the most wonderful thing to happen last year, as far as RBH is concerned. RBH also gives commendations to "Definitely Maybe" from Oasis, Underworld's "Dubnobasswithmyheadman", "Snivilisation" by Orbital, and The Aloof's "Cover The Crime". There were many more very good albums but we have to move on...

**Worst Single** is again a

Kelly's "She's Got That Vibe" was stunningly nauseating, likewise Warren G. and Nate Dogg's "Regulate" (everyone else likes it, but it sounds like Kool and the Gang to me, and I fucking hated them). "All For Love" by Rod, Sting and Bryan was so shit that it surpassed absolutely anything that any of them have ever written, which makes it exceptionally turd-like indeed. But worse, far worse

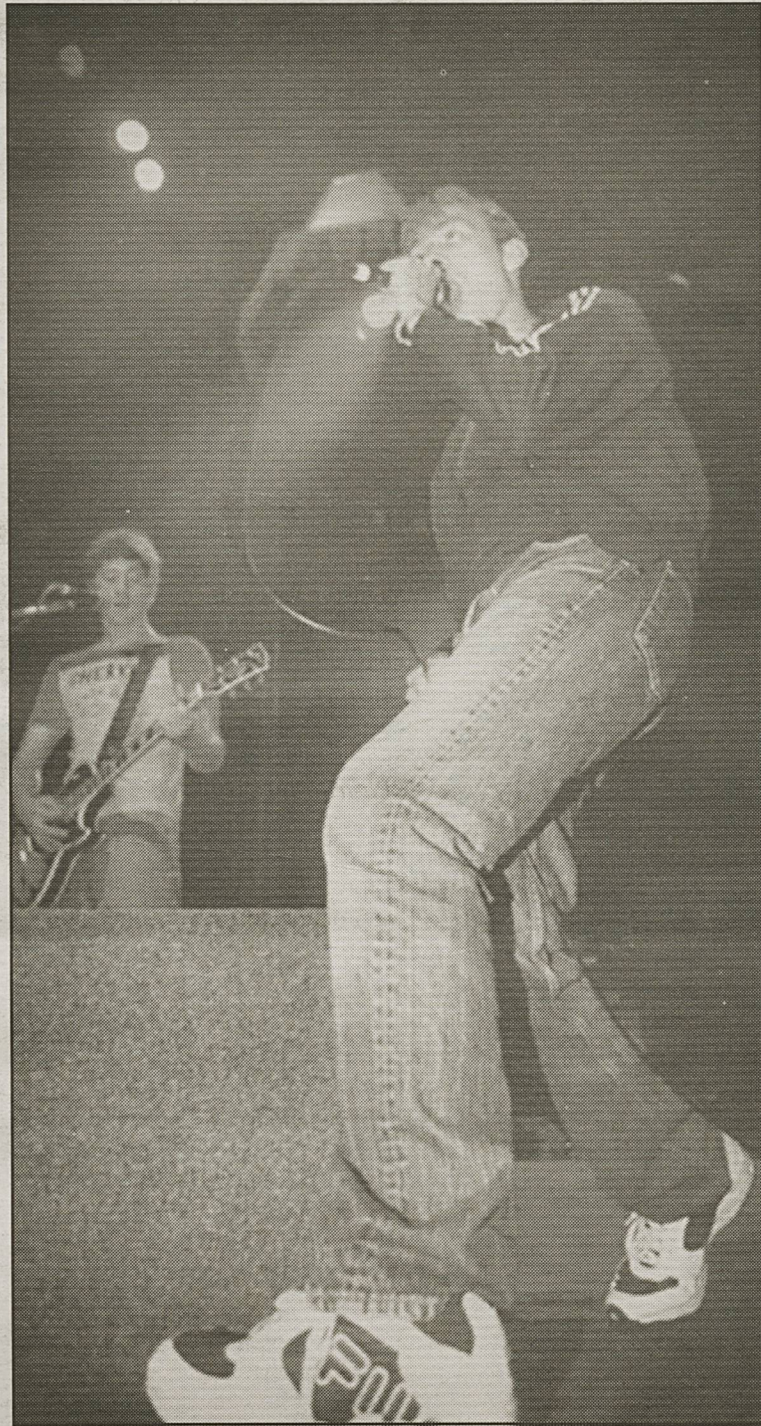
stylee are so excruciating they make the hairs on the back of my teeth stand on end. I cannot state enough how much I hate this record. Who the fuck let her near a recording studio? Sheryl and her pals also receive the **Fuck Off Back Over The Pond Award For Clueless Septics**, along with Snoop Doggy Dogg – not "Kick this evil bastard out!" like the Daily Star, more "Kick this stupid, talentless bastard out!". **Worst Album** has to be "The Best Of Chris Rea" – what a dichotomy, that! And as for "The Hit List" by Cliff Richard – even my mum thinks it sucks, so it can only be appalling.

The **Crimes Against Music Lifetime Achievement Award** goes to the Kingdom of Sweden. A bit of an oddity, but can you honestly believe that one country has given us Abba, Europe, Roxette, Leila K, Ace of Base, Dr. Alban and the fucking Rednex? Exactly. And we let them in the EC – I bet we live to regret it. **Funniest Moment Of The Year** had to be "Saturday Night" knocking that Four Weddings crap off the top of the charts one week short of it equalling Bryan Adams' record. Especially as both records were released by the same company. A close second was a gutted George Michael being told to Fuck Off You Greedy Bastard in the High Court.

The **Diamond Of The Year** is Jarvis Cocker for being a know-all on Pop Quiz (how does anyone spend thirty minutes in Chris Tarrant's company without planting one on him, I'll never know) and a star while presenting Top Of The Pops. A **That Was The Wave That Wasn't Trophy** goes to all those sad twats in crap guitar bands, like These Animal Men, because finally the music press took its head out of its arse and realised that only Elastica were any good. There is also a special **Berks Of The Year Award** to Jimmy Page and Robert Plant because they are very shit and have been for some time now, and "The Gallows Pole" was a record that could only be made by berks of the very highest echelon.

Even though RBH can't give out OBES, he would love to give one to the bloke who shagged Princess Di, so he gets a non-musical **Star Of The Year** instead. Apart from him, most other people who spring to mind in public life this year have been wankers, so I guess we'll have to end there.

Keep your peckers up (if you have them), and RBH will see you again next year (I doubt that, to be honest). Ta-ta for now.

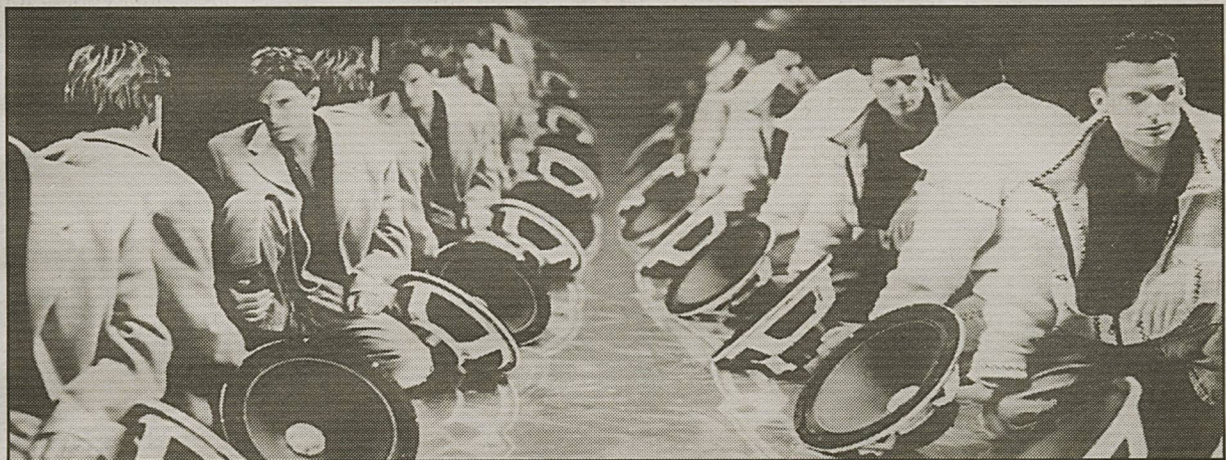


Blur play live at the S.H.I.T.s

Photo:Library

toughie, when you plumb these depths it is obviously very hard to differentiate. However RBH's shortlist is as follows – "Come On You Reds" by Manchester

than any of these (and worse than the Wets, Whigfield, Pato Banton, Michelle Gayle, Rednex and PJ & Duncan put together, if you can comprehend that) is



Renegade Soundwave – what a bunch of woofers

Photo:Mute

United FC, which also picks up awards for **Worst Football Song Ever (Worse Than "All The Way")**, and **Worst Number One of 1994**. I hate Man. Utd., but even if I supported them I'd still hate this record. It's got the fucking Quo on it, for starters. R.

"All Wanna Do" by Sheryl Crow – most definitely the "What's Up?" of 1994. What a shockingly abysmal bastard of a record. RBH just can't get into Country & Western. All you cowboys out there might think that strange, but twangy guitars in a C&W

# Yes!

The music editors here at *The Beaver* can and will review any demo tapes sent to us, and yes, we will be sympathetic.

Don't forget that a review from a publication looks very good in your band's bio and may make that crucial difference between your tape being listened to and it ending up in the bin used as a blank.

Also, *The Beaver* is circulated around many of the major recording / promotion companies (honest).

So, if you or someone you know has an example of said tape then: do not be shy, give it a try!

## Band demos in Beaver office shocker

### Up and coming talent observed by Michael Goulding

The first of the bunch is a tape by an excellent London based outfit called St Petersburg. There are three tracks in all, each covering a different style, although the band are keen to point out in their bio that this is to show off the breadth of their song writing, as opposed to indecision in their direction, and since the quality is consistently high I believe them!

Onward. The first encounter is an effort that hails from the Foreigner neck of the woods - an up-tempo rock song called "Beautiful People" that is certainly a good opener for the tape and does in fact sum up the sound of the demo generally. The track is powered along by the French drummer, Cyril, and the level of musicianship on this, as on the rest, is truly excellent, with particular reference to the guitarist, who succeeds in supplying a first-rate "Guitar Hero" solo that really lifts this track to higher

places. The band's ballad "In The Still of The Night" comes next, a showcase for the singer Andy Super, with its huge dynamics and big sound. This is probably the best song on the tape, because, despite it not being as immediate as "Beaut", it has a depth that most of the stuff that ever gets to vinyl lacks, and improves a hundred fold with repeated listening.

The third and final blast comes in the form of a more "commercial" dance track, and is definitely a showcase for Craig Essex, the classically-trained keyboard player. With a distinctly different feel to the others, this number still bears the same songwriter's signature, and rounds off nicely what is a collection of some of the best music I've had pushed through (or under) the door of *The Beaver* office.

My only negative comment could be that there is just a little too much going on in

the songs when they are easily good enough to stand on their own merit, although having said that, this still kicks the shit out of most of the stuff I receive from record companies by bands that are signed and therefore are supposedly good and have producers/writers/open cheque books at their disposal to help them along. There is no doubt that these people are truly talented songwriters and, as musicianship is not left wanting, should be a good investment for any record company that's lucky enough to have the chance.

To sum up: if the fairy tales are true, and occasionally people who have a real talent do actually gain recognition, St Petersburg should be up there with the greats. Here is a group that have the potential to go on and on putting out music that can only improve as they grow and become even more confident.

# Custard Creams

## Head and shoulders over Shampoo

The other tape that dropped by is yet another marvel only of a very different sort, that of an all-girl band who go by the name of Custard Cream. The unusually named foursome are London-based and produce music that is somewhat like a good version of Shampoo with a touch of B52s about it. They are just back from a small European tour and the latest is that thankfully they will be gracing us with their presence for a while as they've turned down a tour of France next year to gig in London.

The opener of four tracks is the imaginatively titled "(I'm not your) Kebab Girl, So I'm Not", a song with a strong feminist message delivered light-heartedly and with a groove all of its own. The Band's singer, Fiona O'Flaherty, denies that it is written from personal experience but is rather a general statement about how some men treat women like the tasty-but-only-when-you're-pissed snack. This is undoubtedly the strongest track on the demo, and the girls have done the right thing putting it first; it really sounds great and makes you anxious to hear the rest. The third track is the other highlight, and is the favourite of the other singer, Maz Spewyn, whose deep rich voice slides effortlessly over what is truly a great ballad, entitled "My Little Man on a Stick".

The girls are all emphatic about their artistic input, vehemently denying any claims they do not pull their proverbial weight. "We don't actually write the songs ourselves, but do work closely with the writers to ensure the tempo and image is just so" claims Vick Rupert, who is probably the tallest member of the band; and as AyKay, the outspoken "angry teenage" element of the outfit, says: "People think we're using our femininity to camouflage a lack of talent, just because we used session musicians on the demo. What bollocks! What do they want, blood?"

Once again, the sheer quality of their sound is one of their strengths and that does make the difference between the so-called record company expert actually bothering to play the tape to the end rather than deciding on the band's future career on the first ten seconds.

For a demo this is a real treat, and I for one won't be surprised when Custard Cream hit the public with a vengeance - and I'm sure the likes of Shampoo will be watching them closely as they know that these talented girls can give them a run for their money, or yours, depending on the point of view.



# Societies Review

## AMNESTY LSE

**Human Rights in Indonesia and East Timor.  
Amnesty's Current Campaign.**

by **Ros Epton**, *Amnesty International  
Co-ordinator in Indonesia and East Timor.*

Wednesday, 1 February at 1pm in A142

Letter Signing Stall every Thursday in the Quad

## LSE CATHOLIC SOCIETY

**CAFOD Refugee Campaign**  
by **Patrick Creedon**, *CAFOD*

Wednesday, 1 February at 1pm in the Chaplaincy (K51)

## LSE CHRISTIAN UNION

**Special Talk by Eroni Sotutu**  
Wednesday, 1 February at 1pm in A42

**"Is God Dead" by Marcus Nodders**  
Friday, 3 February at 1pm in A42

## LSE CHINESE SOCIETY

**Variety Show '95**  
£6.

Saturday, 18 February in the Old Theatre.  
Contact Jenmon on 0973 209784  
or your local president for details.

## LSE JEWISH SOCIETY

Meetings every Tuesday at 1pm in H216

Bagel lunch, speakers, music and lots of fun!  
This week, JIA speaker.  
All welcome!

**"The war for peace"**

A talk by **Ehud Ya'ari**, *Israeli Middle East TV correspondent  
and associate editor of the "Jerusalem Report".*

Wednesday, 1 February at 2pm in the Graham Wallace Room (Fifth  
Floor of Old Building)  
Refreshments provided. All welcome.

## LSE LAW SOCIETY

**The annual solicitors evening**

Monday, 23 January, 6-9pm in the Senior Common Room,  
5th floor of the Old Building.

## LESBIAN AND GAY SOCIETY

**Theatre trip: "My night with Reg"**

Monday, 30 January at 6:00pm (leaving at 6:15).  
Meet in the Women's Room.

## RAG SOCIETY

Meetings every Thursdays at 5pm in E195.  
All Welcome.

## LSE INVESTMENT SOCIETY

Speaker: **Michael Payte** of **Bear Systems**  
on **Investment Banking in the 80 s**

Time and Room TBA: Please look for posters.  
All Welcome.

## LSE ROCK CLIMBING SOCIETY

**Training sessions** for the trip in Swanage, Dorset on the 11 and 12  
of February.

### Belaying and Anchoring

Mile End Wall, Saturday, 4 February, Noon to 2pm

### Leading and Repelling

Mille End Wall, Wednesday, 8 February, 3 to 5pm

It is **ESSENTIAL** for all registered for the Dorset and/or Spain trip  
to attend these sessions...even those who feel they already know  
all this. (So we can check on you)!!! Those who have a harness  
and/or belaying device, please bring them.

## YOGA SOCIETY

**Classes now ONLY** on Wednesdays, at 6pm in X32.  
New members welcome. Price: Donations.

For further information, contact Nathalie on  
(071) 582 1899

## PUBLIC LECTURES

Tuesday 31 January

**"The Plate Tectonics of  
Capitalism"**

by **Lester C. Thurow**,  
*Professor of Management  
and Economics, Massachu-  
setts Institute of Technology.*

In three lectures:

1. The Five Plates Forcing Change, Tuesday 31 January
2. Resulting Economic-Earthquakes and Volcanoes, Wednesday 1 February
3. Punctuated Equilibrium and a New Economic Environment, Thursday 2 February

All at 5:30pm in The Old Theatre

## BACCHANALIAN SOCIETY

in association with  
**RAG SOCIETY**

## reservoir dogs

plus another banned film  
proceeds to charity

on February 2. Donations £2,  
and members £1. Also  
**Blade Runner**  
(Directors Cut)  
and **Total Recall**  
on January 31. Donations £2,  
and members £1

## SUMMER WORK IN THE U.S.A.



### "THE CAMP RECRUITMENT FAIR"

at Kensington Town Hall, London  
on Friday 3th & Saturday 4th February 1995; 9am to 5pm  
for free info call (0181) 744 9060  
or write to CCUSA at 154A Heath Road, Twickenham, TW1 4BN.  
Avoid the queues and save £25 - pre-register before 1/2/95.

Also - ANY Returning Counsellors are entitled to Special preferential rates of only £70 with CCUSA

## EUGENE CHEESE PRESENTS

**TWICE AS MUCH FUN THIS WEEK** at the **CHUCKLE CLUB COMEDY  
CABARET**, LSE Underground Bar, Houghton St WC2.  
Admission: Students(With ID):£4 Others:£6. From 7:45pm

### Saturday 4 February

From this year's Royal Variety Show  
**JIM TAVARE** and **BASSY**

Previous Time Out Award winner-  
**BOOTHBY GRAFFOE**

Sharp As Mustard-**JOHN MOLONEY**

PLUS ON

### Wednesday 8 February

A **SPECIAL SHOW** Featuring  
**DOUBLE-LENGTH SETS**  
from two of the Funniest  
stand-up Comics in Britain-  
**HARRY HILL**  
**ARNOLD BROWN**





Matthew Radford and Sophia Ashen

Photo: James F Hunkin

# Love's labour lost

## Prini Patel on the consequences of loving not wisely but too well

### *Leocadia*

Generation X Theatre Company  
New End Theatre, Hampstead

**L**eo<sup>ca</sup>dia is a passionate story of a Prince—Albert—who is mourning the death of his love and lives in a make-believe world which is artificially constructed by his aunt, a Duchess, to recreate the time he spent with Leocadia before she died. The Prince escapes from his deep sorrow by re-living the last three days he spent with his love. Even the servants are witnesses to his continuing love for her.

At first glance, this play seems

to be created for the enjoyment of the true romantic. However, it is surprisingly and very effectively funny. In fact, the true genius of Jean Anouilh is highlighted in the remarkable scenes where melancholy, romance and comedy successfully complement each other. The humour is brought into the play at such emotive moments so that it acts as welcome relief from the heavy drama. Anouilh finds comic lines even for Albert, who is plunged into the depths of depression caused by his overwhelming obsession with Leocadia. In fact, the play does become farcical occasionally which is amusing especially when the Duchess is relentlessly trying to re-construct Albert's fictitious environment.

The acting is commendable. Matthew Radford gives an emotional yet powerful performance as the Prince. Sophia Ashen as Amanda also gives an impressive performance as the bewildered girl who stumbles into the imaginary world created for the Prince.

The New End Theatre in Hampstead is a small and intimate venue which adds to the delight of the production. Because of its proximity to the stage, the audience is almost part of the action. *Leocadia* is well worth watching, especially for the hopeless romantic! The production is filled with subtle wit as well as comic farce and romantic drama. The audience is sure to leave the theatre with a feeling of deep satisfaction.

## Light entertainment?

### Emma Justice watches an exemplary production of Shakespeare, and a weighty adaptation of Virginia Woolf's most famous novel

#### *Twelfth Night*

Theatre Unbound  
Etcetera Theatre, Camden

Going to watch Shakespeare on a Friday night is not everyone's idea of fun but it must be said that Theatre Unbound's production of "Twelfth Night" is an exception to the rule.

The play itself is a traditional romantic comedy about love and mistaken identity. The characters are exaggerated examples of human nature and the preposterous situations they are placed in combine to produce hilarious results. Sir Toby Belch (a humorous drunkard) was a part I particularly liked along with the arrogant puritan, Malvolio; the witty fool, Feste; and the half baked dimwit Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Drunken revelry is rife and not unlike that witnessed in the Three Tuns as indeed were the practical jokes. There's sword-fighting to please action fans and some light music to calm the nerves after a hard week at the LSE. Surprisingly for Shakespeare there are also hints at homosexuality as Olivia falls in love with Cesario who is really Viola disguised as a man! Confused you will be, but don't worry, every-

thing is revealed in the last scene and like in all good stories there's a happy ending, something we don't get much of these days.

The company perform in a cosy theatre above the Oxford Arms pub in Camden Town – an extra bonus in the interval! The space is small and setting simplistic but this is never a constraint. Edwardian costumes make up for the lack of scenery and lighting is used to create an intimate atmosphere. The acting was excellent, some of the cast having trained at RADA and it was as good as anything I've seen in the West End. At the very least this is a triumph of fringe theatre, the Royal Shakespeare Company eat your heart out – this is a must see.

#### To The Lighthouse

Empty Space Theatre Company  
Warehouse Theatre, Croydon

**T**o the Lighthouse by Virginia Woolf has been adapted for the stage by the Empty Space Theatre Company but after seeing it I can't help but wonder why.

The book itself has come to be recognised as a masterpiece due to its vivid, personal style. It tack-

les important issues such as gender roles, marital ties, independence and the quest for identity. The issues it explores need time to be absorbed and interpreted and this can be achieved only through reading the novel. As a play, however, it is too much to take in.

The basic story revolves around a late summer's day in the Ramsey's holiday home and the subsequent memories of this ten years later when the family and their friends return. The way this is portrayed is quite innovative as we are shown the inner workings of the characters minds through dialogue, mime and song, which combine to create powerful images. The major problem was that the meaning of it all often eluded me. The subject matter was extremely boring and one tended to feel as though one were in a psychology lecture – not an enjoyable experience on a Friday night!

There is, however, one redeeming feature and that is the stage set. It consists of a "carpet" which appears to be autumn leaves but is actually cut out pieces of rubbery foam cleverly painted. This is a great play only for budding psychoanalysts, Freud lovers and Virginia Woolf fans.

## Asinine assassin

### Jason Kassemoff on a roller-coaster play



#### KILLER JOE

The Hired Gun Theatre  
Company  
The Bush Theatre

**K**iller Joe is set in a trailer home in Texas. It tells the tale of a family – a slow, innocent twenty year old girl, Dottie; her brother, the loser, Chris; their father Ansel, a beer-swilling, beer-bellied, couch-potato; and his new wife Sharla, a tarty and outrageous woman. Chris gets into serious debt with a local gangster and easily persuades Ansel and Sharly to support him in hiring a hit-man to assassinate his own mother ('Is she doing anybody any good alive?') to claim the \$50,000 insurance policy on her life. Killer Joe is the man hired to commit the murder. Joe wants a down-payment on his future work for the family, and claims Dottie as his retainer. He moves into Dottie's room in the family trailer until the job is done.

Things don't work out as planned. The family falls completely under Joe's dictatorial control. Chris doesn't want Joe to marry his sister – he tells Joe, 'I

don't think you're a good influence, you kill people'. But Joe does exactly what he wants to.

This very violent, very rude and very funny production is an excellent theatrical production. With the stage being half the size of a room at Passfield Hall, and the theatre a room at the back of The Bush pub, with seating for about 65 people on giant padded steps, the atmosphere is great. The audience is seated near this tiny stage, and it is very easy to get involved in the action. The violent scenes are much too close for comfort, and you tend to flinch when furniture flies and guns are fired.

The play is performed by the Hired Guns Theatre Company, with its original Chicago cast. It won a Fringe First Award this summer in Edinburgh. The funny bits are tinged by the pathos uncovered by the unravelling story. It is a convincing plot that, because of the proximity of the action, becomes uncomfortably real towards the end. Superb performances from the beautiful Shawna Franks as Dottie, and tough-guy Eric Winzenried as Joe. If you like a clever, engaging storyline, good acting, a highly-charged yet funny play, then this is the one for you.

Next week: Reviews of new Shakespeare productions of *Love's Labour Lost* at the Barbican and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the National Theatre

# Bright lights, big city

## Leila Butt on the Yanks abroad

### Barcelona

Director: Whit Stillman

Odeon Haymarket

**B**arcelona is director Whit Stillman's second film and stars the two actors who were in his debut *Metropolitan*. The film revolves around the lives of two cousins living in Spain and is set in the last decade of the Cold War when Americans were not particularly popular. Ted (Taylor Nichols), a shy retiring individual, is leading a life of quiet isolation, when his mildly abrasive cousin Fred (Chris Eigeman), a Navy PR man, turns

up unexpectedly. Under Fred's influence, Ted's social life picks up and they become involved with a group of women whose morals and convictions they will never fully comprehend.

Woven against this backdrop are the political misadventures of the two cousins. In the midst of anti-American incidents, Fred's irresponsible behaviour, aided by a local journalist, casts the threat of violence across their lives. Whit Stillman has made his two main characters overtly sensitive to anti-American sentiments, a theme which runs parallel to the love story which is what the film is basically about.

The casting is flawless – Nichols, as the Bible-dancing salesman who wallows in insecur-



Mira Sorvino and Pep Munne

Photo: Rank

ity where women and work are concerned, portrays his character to perfection though he does tend to get overshadowed by Eigeman who very smoothly manages to keep the pace going. Tushka Bergen is convincing as Ted's love interest who constantly manages to baffle him.

However, the audience is left

wondering what the point of the film really is – after highlighting the political aspect at the time it suddenly leaves off rather unconvincingly. It just doesn't carry out what it initially claimed to portray – how people with different beliefs and convictions find it hard to interact. As it is, it closes with the proverbial 'happy end-

ing'. Otherwise, the one-liners and witticisms have the audience in fits particularly since they are said in a dry, rather matter-of-fact way. Stillman has the talent of taking very droll, very real situations and twisting them around to make them funny. If you're in the mood to laugh, go and see this film, it's worth it for simply that.

# Stitched up

## Danny Silverstone watches an impressive debut

### SUTURE

Directors: David Siegel and Scott McGehee

ICA

**S**uture is an enigmatic, stylish, first feature by two Californian collaborators Scott McGehee and David Siegel. It's a subtle hybrid of innocent daring and meticulous detail which succeeds in being a genuinely intelligent thriller. The premise is in fact unoriginal. Vincent is a rich, spoilt loner who kills his father and then tries to kill his identical twin brother, Clay. He also sets up his estranged twin by providing Clay with his own identity and then escaping once the police think that he (Vincent) is dead. Clay, seriously scarred and suffering amnesia lives to be the main suspect for his father's murder.

This standard film noir plot provides the film with a strong narrative drive which keeps the viewer immersed in suspense. Will Clay recover his memory, and will Vincent, knowing that Clay still lives, allow him to continue to do so? As the directors explained, this tension allows them "to ask the audience to work on a slightly more abstract, difficult level than usual" without inducing boredom.

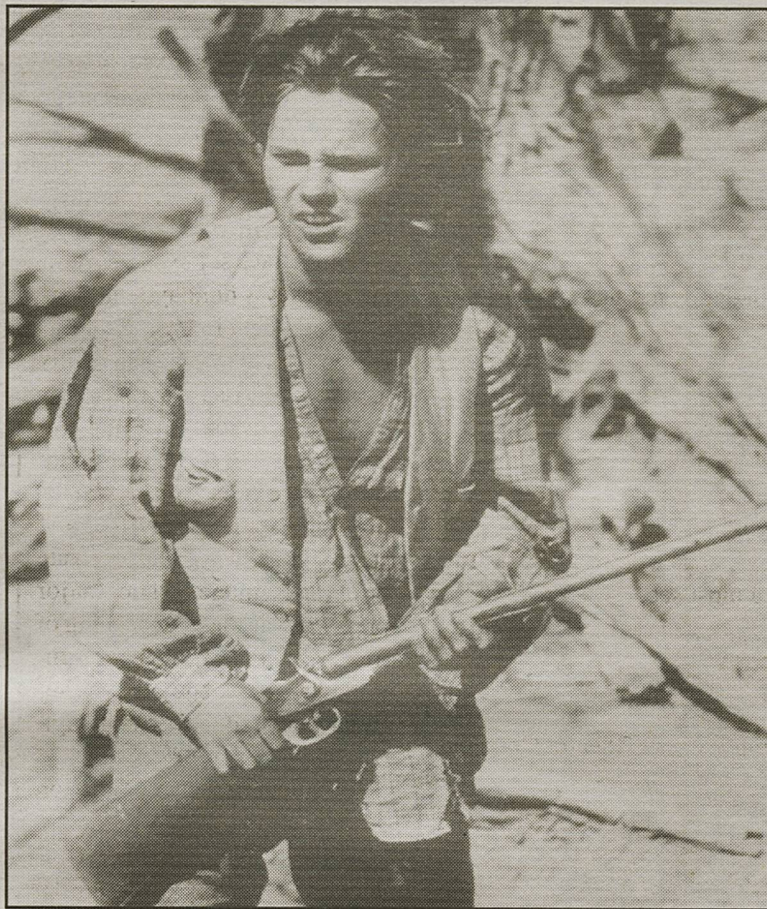
The abstract level referred to is the visual conceit of the identical

twins being played by actors of different colour, Michael Harris who plays Vincent, is white and Dennis Haybert, who plays Clay, is black. This bizarre contradiction between what we know to be true and what we see to be true is essential to the film's main theme of identity. Can Clay simply become Vincent because everyone believes him to be? Certainly Clay thinks so – he ignores flashes of his tough past, feeling entitled to the wealth, adoration and romance of his new identity. Countering Clay's optimism are the authoritative tones of psychoanalyst Shinoder, who consistently argues against Clay. The balance is deliciously poised, with an ambiguous anti-Hollywood ending leaving all questions unresolved.

Meanwhile the visual conceit is as versatile as it is bold. The reconstruction of Clay's face by a dotting plastic surgeon includes a brilliantly subversive discourse on the merits of his Greco-Roman nose. His colour is also an essential part of the film's style. Shot in black and white, *Suture* uses this simplicity to great effect. The directors' eye for style manifests in the choice of suits, cars and locations. Sometimes the coolness becomes stifling, but overall *Suture* allows both your mind and eye to run free.

# Tongue in cheek

## River Phoenix's last performance gets the thumbs down from Asim Shivji



River Phoenix

Photo: Entertainment

### Silent Tongue

Director: Sam Shepard

MGM Shaftesbury Avenue

**S**ilent *Tongue* is not really a western – more a film that got lost on the motorway and ended up in the west and couldn't afford the bus ride home. Worse than that

they left the plot under the kettle next to the rich tea biscuits back home and even that was pretty poor. Guns, ten gallon hats, cacti, tumbleweeds and sticks of dynamite that look like Dorset rock.

You've heard of a one-gun town, well this is a four gun film where two of the guns aren't drawn and the only casualty is a horse. The one scene that dares to hint at action was cut for British release.

This unfortunately contained the only ounce of plot. Without it the film seems pointless and a bit of a waste of time. In fact the liberal sprinkling of jokes would have gone unnoticed if it hadn't been for a suspicious character in the audience who laughed at each one.

Eamon McCree (Alan Bates) plays a fake Medicine man who tours the west selling his tonic. He has sold his daughters born by the rape of an Red Indian woman – Silent Tongue – to a horse trader Prescott Roe (Richard Harris). Roe's son played by River Phoenix falls in love with one of McCree's daughters and they marry. Unfortunately she dies in childbirth and returns to haunt them all as her mother's revenge.

The experienced cast act well but to no avail as the film seems to have no middle or end, just a beginning which wasn't very exciting in the first place. Sam Shepard wrote the screenplay and directs but why he allowed his film to be cut so gratuitously, I'll never understand. In fact I left the film thinking that I had wasted my time and would never had realised that there was supposed to be a plot, if I hadn't read the director's synopsis.

This film is only for serious (and very sad) no-nonsense Phoenix fanatics, though Alan Bates is quite, but only quite cool. And so there you have it: a western without the 'ern', but at least it's not cliched.

# Busy Beaver

Sayonara my raw fillets of sushi. It's a relief for BB this week as he is back in his rightful position after a torrid time spent on the sports pages in the dubious company of bogus squash reports and injudicious censoring of telephone numbers.

Just to prove, however, that the Beaver is not a clique, this is the last I will write on the subject. Than again, maybe not, as our departing editor has taken a worrying turn for the worse, having taken up residence in the Tuns to drown his sorrows in lager tops (the Kinnear influence is gradually pervading through our orifice). It seems that Il Vocé is beset by problems from all angles, primarily, the competition in his amorous pursuits from ex-LSE lothario Sharky Thommo who's fallen for the roguish charms of our beloved Sinéad. After spending a lunch time whispering sweet nothings into her ear, the shark was struck dumb by love, and had to relieve himself before floating home to pack his hamper of love. This is not all however, as Ron has now prescribed to the 'Stab in the Back' theory, as his tyranny as exec-editor has been ended by an internal coup. The perpetrator, Rascal Cuthbert said "There was this devilish voice inside my head telling me to do it," but Ben Oliver denied any involvement in the matter. To top it all however, Vocé has actually decided to leave the relative safety of our beloved institution and take his first tentative steps into the real world.

Back to the real business however, and this week has thrown some juicy stuff into the surly world of LSE gossip, beginning with the exploits of one of last year's graduates (we always like to keep you informed of their progress). As many of you know, a new Tallant is back on the singles market after a lengthy transfer deal, and he's tugging on the heart-strings of LSE's 'finest' young fillies, primarily an ex-Pies conquest by the name of Tracy. It seems that after teaching Scouse Garden all he knew about football, the scally has returned the favour with classes on bagging mingers. Lesson one was less of a case of 'Brideshead Revisited,' than 'Pisshead Revisited' as he had a repeat performance of his dilettantes with Jane Vodka. Many think that the requested 'good word' had some bearing on the matter, but it was probably the alcohol.

Rosebery, as usual, threw up a few more titbits with Kate in the headlines again (fame of her proportions requires no nickname). True to form, she stole the heart of a young, popular fresher Ian Vol-au-Vent, but he turned out to be merely an entree to the night as she went on to stifle another twenty eight young lads as the evening progressed. In an completely unrelated event, the Sleaze was also on form as he donned his beer goggles and got down to action. It was just as well that he was legless, as it helped break the ice with his conquest who was also somewhat deficient in the limb department. Coincidentally, Vol-au-Vent himself is an old flame of the stunning (stunted?) Marcellarms, so this would be a bit of an example of wife-swapping for this gorgeous foursome, except Sleaze doesn't figure into the equation at all. Not much. As a parting note, BB feels compelled to take a more responsible tone in aid of all you kids out there. Remember, never play with fire as I can tell you from experience due to my accident over the weekend when I managed to set light to my mates (a condom - Ed?) television. It was a truly unpleasant scene, not helped by the fact that BB was compelled to use his friends best dress trousers to beat down the flames. BB will keep you informed as soon as we've started talking again. In the meanwhile, take note of this sobering thought, and remember to behave.

# Is their life in LSE?

David Whippe  
Campus Editor

The start of the second is always a time of great difficulty. It's at this stage that it first hits you that despite having used last term to pursue constant drunkenness, you actually have nothing to show for it, and are swimming in shit up to your neck. The shock initially hits you when you open your files to discover that ten weeks' work amounts to three pages of soiled and repulsive notes, but does not actually set in until you look at your bank balance with the revelation that you have no money left, and absolutely no material gain to show for it, except for a few puke and beerstained shirts and a huge laundry bill. Now, in the real world, it would be rational to employ the methods of time management and do some serious work, but unfortunately, we live in the realms of the mystical land known as 'Degreeworld', a Narnia-like kingdom inhabited by scruffy troll-like beasts known as 'Students' (This time, no reference to LSE women). These

timid creatures have led sheltered lives, and are thus ill-equipped to deal with crisis, so instead of responding to emergencies with positive action, they employ the much more comforting method of 'Rationalisation'.

In most places, rationalisation is done with an ultimate aim, and in a serious state of mind, but our domain is slightly different as it is peppered with wardrobes, but Union Bars, and this is where 'Student Rationalisation' takes place. The method is quite easy, even for the uninitiated, and involves going into the Tuns at lunch time and drowning your sorrows in beer. Beer is essential to this process, as it very conducive to the necessary train of thought. The result of the first pint, therefore, is the conclusion that the first term was a write off, but at least

served to get this year's socialising out of your system and ultimately enabling you to work harder for the next two terms to achieve your desired 2.1 (the first is not an option, but we will come to this later). This out of the way, you can celebrate your renewed optimism with a few more pints so you might as well just stay in the Tuns for the rest of the afternoon, rejoicing in your newly found resolve. It is at this stage,



The head of the Boringy tribe

Photo: Library

though, that you finally see the light, and condemn your foolish actions. This is not to say that you realise you're going the same way as last term, but that one pint was obviously not enough for effective rationalisation, for it is now crystal clear to you that you actually have a whole four months to your exams. Not only this, but you have an exclusive opportunity in the ancient religious break known as the 'Easter Holidays', which surely present a much preferable time for your real work rather than ruining your social life. It is also obvious in your present state of mind that you really will keep to your promise rather than go out on the piss every night with your mates back home.

In the cold light of day it seems that

'Degreeworld' suffers from a high degree of self delusion and to counter this its rulers, the 'Academica' put forward a programme of ground-breaking new policies which propose that the population strikes a balance between social and work life. The only problem, however, is that this is not viable as great opposition has been registered by the two main tribes of the populace, the 'Tutus' and the 'Boringy'.

The 'Tutus' are physically pot-bellied and make a decision on gaining Degreeworld citizenship that they will use their newly found independence to pursue a lifestyle the

likes of which their parents would not approve, and this is not in any way a knee-jerk reaction to their first independence. They are fiercely protective of their customs and rate their greatest attributes as being able to piss against lampposts and puke by lunch time. They are ultimately hindered in their ambitions, though, by waking up in their clothes with both hands gloved in kebab fat and having to spend the whole day on the toilet shitting like there's no tomorrow, repeating the words "Never again."

The 'Boringy', on the other hand, are more square like in their appearance, but this hides a single-minded determination to use their education to get a first and ultimately get a job. Sadly, though, they are equally as flawed as their opposition, disadvantaged by an umbilical attachment to the library, which renders the impossible for them to obtain a life or any common sense.

The sad fact, therefore, is that our cherished land is much endangered by the inability of two factions to see eye to eye and compromise their values. With these two regarding each other scornfully, conflict is inevitable and you may be wondering as to the solution. Personally, I haven't got a clue, so I'm off to the Tuns to think rationally about the whole thing.

## LSE TOP 10: TURNCOATS & BACKSTABBERS

1. Rachel Cuthbert
2. Paul Birrell
3. Rachel Cuthbert
4. Baljit Mahal
5. Rachel Cuthbert
6. Dennis Lim
7. Rachel Cuthbert
8. Phil Gomm
9. Rachel Cuthbert
10. London Student

Heinously scythed down Ron's ambitions and dreams  
Pretty obvious really  
For wicked anti-Ron plotting  
For being himself  
Underhand hostile takeover  
London Student Defector  
Nasty career opportunism  
See 6  
For pursuing hidden agendas  
For stealing some, but not all,  
of our best staff

# Hockey win despite Khalid blunder

## Manzoor miss embarrasses LSE

Patrick

Men's hockey draws little attention, due in part to the modest character of that band of brothers but also because within the esteemed student body few actually know what sport is and within that elite if somewhat small circle who are aware of sport there is an active conspiracy to eclipse their radiance and glory due mainly to the fact that the side have an annoying habit of confounding the strong traditional tendency of LSE to sportingly lose on every possible occasion.

After the debacle of last term in which the side nonchalantly chose not to journey to Greenwich in pursuit of the BUSA title a radical course of action was agreed upon.

The sweeping changes involved the unprecedented removal of the captain Matt Roberts (who has since turned his hand to modelling and repossession) ostensibly on grounds of ill health; he was plagued by torn ligaments, shin splints, syphilis and 'flu all due to a debauched fortnight in the French Alps from whence he has not been seen since. In reality his early retirement was a strategic and sagacious decision so as to preserve harmony within a side annoyed by the premature withdrawal from BUSA.

The new-look side was strengthened by the signing of a skilled centre forward, and bolstered by the captaincy of an experienced Italian pre madonna. Last week's impressive victory over QMW restored our confidence, and, undeterred by the absence of our former captain we faced a hardened UMDS in the Cup competition.

Playing without a keeper for the first twenty minutes, we convincingly controlled the pattern of play, dominating possession through skilled rapid passing.

For our efforts we were rewarded with a penalty flick (which we shouldn't really have been given). Our much admired and over confident midfielder greedily offered his services, everyone being too polite to point out he had no experience, so in the circumstances a more satisfactory arrangement could be made. Nonetheless this did not deter our intrepid and errant Knight, needless to say he executed the stroke perfectly, from a defensive perspective, petrifying their keeper with the speed with which the ball approached him, leaving him no time to get out of the way. Our champion of heraldry slinked sulkily away, egged. The pace of the second half overawed the well tailored footballers who were waiting for us to vacate the ground. But the mesmerizing skill of our possession retention they were distracted by our possessions so fortunately we escaped their close attention and did not have to converse with, I believe, Feltham YOI 1st XI who were on day release.

Their attention returned at the inconclusive ending which meant penalty flicks would decide the outcome. Our noble spectators were familiar with the concept of penalties, although in a different context, but greeted the umpire's decision with an instinctive, "I didn't do nothing," a statement indicating definite guilt.

Most of our shots went in. Most of theirs didn't. We won 4-3.

The assembled gentlemen gathered on

the sidelines appreciated this- approving with an unrestrained guttural utterance, displaying their pride in the Anglo-Saxon tradition, although understanding the score caused a fair degree of difficulty.

Joyfully we departed for The Albert- checking our pockets as we passed through the waiting footballers and sighing with relief as we emerged from the gauntlet.



Hockey, a game for both sexes

Photo: Steve East

## Squash team wins again Ziyad back in form

Issam Hamid

LSE Squash team started the Lent term on a winning note beating Charing Cross Hospital 3-1 in the UAU Championship. The highlight of the encounter was Ziyad's return to form. He was suffering from a wrist injury last term which was the cause of a humiliating defeat at the hands of a lady player from Essex University.

But yesterday, he played like a true Paki-

stani, with a touch of Jansher Khan, to brush aside Andre Holm 9-0,9-0,9-1 in just 15 minutes. Khalil Ali, dressed like Red Riding Hood, also had a relatively easy time in the woods as he safely reached his destination straight through. But there was defeat for LSE no.4 Jay who lost in five games to Richard Jones as he ran out of steam in the deciding game. Although Ranjeev Bhatia managed to win in four games, the quality of his game was far below standard. He moved in the court like an old donkey, but (thank God) he was playing against a lame goat.

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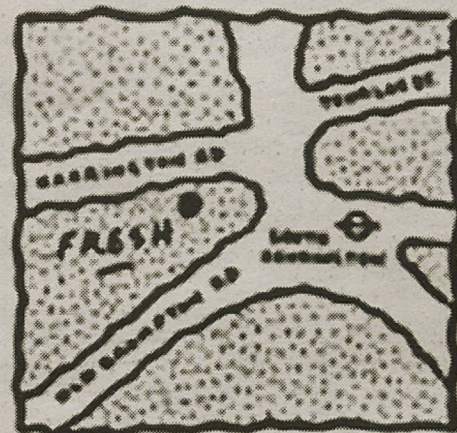
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I'd like to start this week by apologising to the person concerned for my suggestions about his sexual preferences and printing his home telephone number (albeit censored thanks to Messrs Sutton, Lawrie, Hamid, Lee-Shothaman, Cuthbert, Whippe and Wilson). I acknowledge this was a blatant lie because, after all, we all know he has had no sexual contact of any kind whatsoever.

While I was at Kings last Friday night I observed from my seat in the corner some of LSE's finest strutting their stuff and doing the usual alcohol-induced acts that have made all who have ever supped the watered-down amber nectar notorious. It's quite obvious why no-one ever does these things when sober, because they just wouldn't get away with it. Take dancing, for instance. It's a well known fact that no-one can dance, yet a few lagers turns even the most uncoordinated into Michael Jackson. The sight of Fat Alex doing the Whigfield dance is akin to watching your Aunts and Uncles dancing at weddings.

Pulling is another aspect of the drinking experience that must truly be savoured. As the pints go down then so does the quality threshold as you stop dreaming and begin a nightmare. With industrial strength beer goggles on, everyone looks like Cindy Crawford, when before they looked like Michael Crawford, and with the right ambience (i.e all your mates watching and laughing and sick down your shirt) you are magically transformed into Barry White for the evening. This process, which involves dieting for certain 3rd team captains, will almost certainly return to haunt you when you wake up in the morning, but fortunately beer induces an in-built mechanism into men preventing them from performing. This disease, which has affected such luminaries as Music editors and 4th team captains is quite well appreciated in the morning though when you see the state of the trogg you ended up with.

Another of alcohol's advantages is its medicinal value. Having come off the pitch with numerous aches and pains on a Wednesday, a few pints of Coors works as the most powerful painkiller known to man. Under the influence, you can fall down stairs, get punched in the face or break a limb and you won't feel a thing, except until the morning when you can't move and you have to go to hospital.

Another magical aspect about the drinking experience is those occasional smokers. The sight of squeaky-clean chaps puffing away rapidly for a few seconds before turning green, coughing and rushing to the toilets to be sick is never a dull one, and it is something that hardened smokers find much amusement in. As a very occasional smoker myself, I'm not too fussed because it's not big or clever (my mum told me that) and whilst smokers look extremely hard and dangerous, I am saving money and won't get cancer.

One of the problems of drinking however is that you end up pissing like an elephant all night. It's bad enough in the pub/club itself, having to go off every ten minutes, but when it comes to throwing out time the problems really start. Wherever you live, the chances are that you will need to have a slash between leaving and arriving home, and as far as the local Constabulary is concerned, doing this is akin to illuminating a Batman sign in the night sky. People say that there is never a policeman around when you need one, but if you ever do, just go for a piss down a dark alley and before you can say "Hold my kebab a minute" you will be surrounded by them. Pigs.

# Four-midable !!!

## Tremendous Thirds turn the tables in thriller

Alex Lowen

The new, improved Third team produced an impressive performance against Charing Cross 2nds to gain maximum points in this seven-goal thriller. An amazing turn-around saw the Thirds come back from 3-1 down to win 4-3 with a dramatic last-minute goal.

In the only game to survive the bad weather, fears that the heavy pitch would reveal the third team's suspect stamina in their first game of the term were unfounded. This result never seemed likely against a side which had won last term's encounter 6-1 and had beaten the league leaders 6-0 in their last game.

The new grit and determination of the Thirds shone through however, despite a setback earlier in the day. It soon became clear that Giggs-Yi had failed to arrive due to the earthquake or more likely that he doesn't know where our meeting place was - the entrance to the Tuns. Scouse was drafted in as sub but his day didn't start too well as he fell down the steps at Cobham station, but unfortunately for the 3rds and 4ths he didn't damage himself too badly.

On arrival at the ground it emerged that Charing Cross didn't have a ball and in a farcical scene, that only Mbob could match, their captain had to drive down to town in his kit to buy a ball.

The game was end to end stuff but after 15 minutes the woeful, fat Whippe cleared poorly from a corner and CX scored with a deflected shot but the scores were level when Curtis squeezed in an equaliser from an acute angle. Poor defending saw CX go 3-1 up after John Edipidis sliced a ball into his own net and McGraw left an attacker unmarked to score with a powerful diving header. LSE turned on the pressure and Howard Wilkinson's crosses from the right troubled the CX defence with the new star striker Andreja Popov using his pace and predatory instincts to make chance after chance. After hitting the post and having shots cleared off the line the breakthrough came when John made up for his earlier mistake by poking the ball home from 6 yards, his first ever goal.

Half-time came and went and LSE were still on the attack. The 3rds new-found attacking style may have had something to do with Mburu's movement from up front to midfield. It certainly didn't have anything to do with Scouse's introduction just

after half time. Even Howard had a shot nearly causing the heart attack of the captain who had offered pre-match odds of the Geordie scoring of 50-1 at which several gullible people had had a bet. The pressure soon told when Crazy John unbelievably scored again when his tame shot went through the keepers legs in a blunder that even I would have been proud of. 3-3.

Charing Cross were in a state of shock and with 30 seconds left, Whippe made up for his inept performance with an inswinging corner that Miguel Brookes rose to head into the top corner. The whistle went and the wild celebrations began down the local chip-shop. The fat Thirds moved up to second in the table and can no longer be called the joke team as they march to glory. Whippe continued his 'good form' in the 79 Club later that night when, faced with a dancefloor packed with nubile 15 year-olds, he chose the marginally less heterosexual option of playing pool with Richard Whitehall and trying to chat up a Jimmy Krankie look-a-like. As usual, his charm failed as she got off with another girl, obviously turned into a lesbian by the experience. He will never pull.

## AU Elections

Although talk is already beginning about this year's sabbatical campaigns, the really important voting is about to take place in the shape of the AU elections. The new constitution means the end of all the corruption of old, with no more dodgy Oxford treasurers and deranged loony General Secretaries. From now on the six rescheduled posts will be decided by legitimate ballot on Thursday 23rd February (that's the day after Lime-light and Curry houses for the AU boys and girls). The six posts are as follows:

### THE PRESIDENT

The President shall be responsible for the overall co-ordination of AU affairs, liaison with the school administration and the LSESU administration, and external affairs. The President is also responsible for the co-ordination of the annual AU Open Day, so do this and you're cooking the burgers while everyone else gets pissed. The President must also take part in the annual ritual of being stripped off and thrown in a bush during the AU Barrel.

### THE GENERAL SECRETARY

The General Secretary shall chair the AU General Meetings and Club Council and shall be responsible for publicising meetings and agendas (so you'll need felt tips for this one).

Also, s/he shall be in charge of a New Students Fair and social events for AU members, such as curries, crawls and brawls. The General Secretary shall be responsible for the internal administration of Union affairs. Putting your head through a window at Carr-Saunders is not compulsory but is becoming a tradition.

### THE TREASURER

The Treasurer shall have overall responsibility for all aspects of AU finance, ensuring the effective operation of the clubs and the efficient use of resources. (So no need for a student loan this year.) The qualities needed for this job include lack of pace and not being able to head a back-pass properly.

### THE VICE-PRESIDENT

The Vice-President shall be responsible for assisting the President and will act as President in his absence (i.e while he puts his clothes back on).

### THE ASST. GENERAL SECRETARY

The Assistant General Secretary shall be responsible for assisting the General Secretary (no shit) and acting as General Secretary in his absence, should he go off on another cross-Thames swim again. The Assistant General Secretary shall be Vice-Chair of

AU General Meetings and the Club Council and shall be responsible for taking minutes, so bring your sharpest pencil and make sure your handwriting is up to scratch. S/he may also wish to piss in the Netball Captain's bed and repeatedly break sandwich cabinets.

### THE ASSISTANT TREASURER

The Assistant Treasurer shall be responsible for assisting the Treasurer (surely not?) and will act as Treasurer in the Treasurer's absence, such as when he's in the library on match days. This again involves handling money, so it's bogus receipts and free kit all the way.

So there you have it. All you have got to do is enter your nomination (proposed and seconded by AU members) by 9th February. There will be a week of campaigning from 16th-23rd during which whole rain forests will be destroyed and people you never knew will become your best friend. And remember, you've got to be in it to win it.

On the theme of elections, there is a correction to be made to last week's Machiavelli. Angus Kinnear's odds of 100-1 for General Secretary have now been dramatically slashed to 2-1 after a flood of money from LSE's most beautiful women. At the same time Chris Parry's odds have drifted to 100000-1 after rumours about cracks in his steady relationship with the lovely and not at all deformed Marcella Scatini. The race is on.

## LSE Cricket Club

Winter nets will take place every Tuesday from 8-9 pm  
at Lords (nearest tube station St John's Wood - Zone 2)

Whites must be worn and AU cricket club membership is required.

All welcome and Chris Cooper is the best  
batsman/wicket-keeper on this planet