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THE BEAVER

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

Issue 466

TUESDAY OCTOBER 14, 1997



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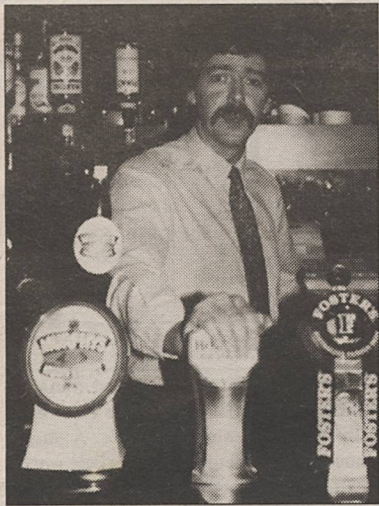
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Three Tuns To Get New Competition

Beaver Exclusive



Fagan: we will "compete as best as we can".
Photo: Lars Willumeit

The Tuns looks certain to face fresh competition with a new pub set to open in the heart of the LSE 'campus'. It will be owned and operated by Young's, the huge pub management chain with a reputation for offering reasonable prices in City

Dev Cropper

locations.

The site will be at the bottom of Columbia House, opposite the Nat West bank, on the corner of Houghton Street and the Aldwych. The premises were previously occupied by the Royal Bank of Scotland.

The building is currently vacant, exceptionally so in an area of high rents and sought after locations.

Young's were unwilling to give *The Beaver* details of their plans for the pub. It is understood however, that they wish to open before Christmas. Planning may therefore be at an advanced stage, and the company's recalcitrance intended to allow them to change their plans without embarrassment.

The Beaver has learned that Young's is planning to target both students and City workers by opening two bars. The commercial site in Columbia House comprises the ground floor, the basement and half the first floor.

The pub will have a cellar bar aimed at students, and one at street level. This will serve food and cater to a more genteel clientele.

This targeting of students promises to win a significant share of the LSE market. With the Tuns recently refurbished at a cost to the Union of £114,000, Houghton Street is set for a competition for the hearts and livers of

the LSE's finest.

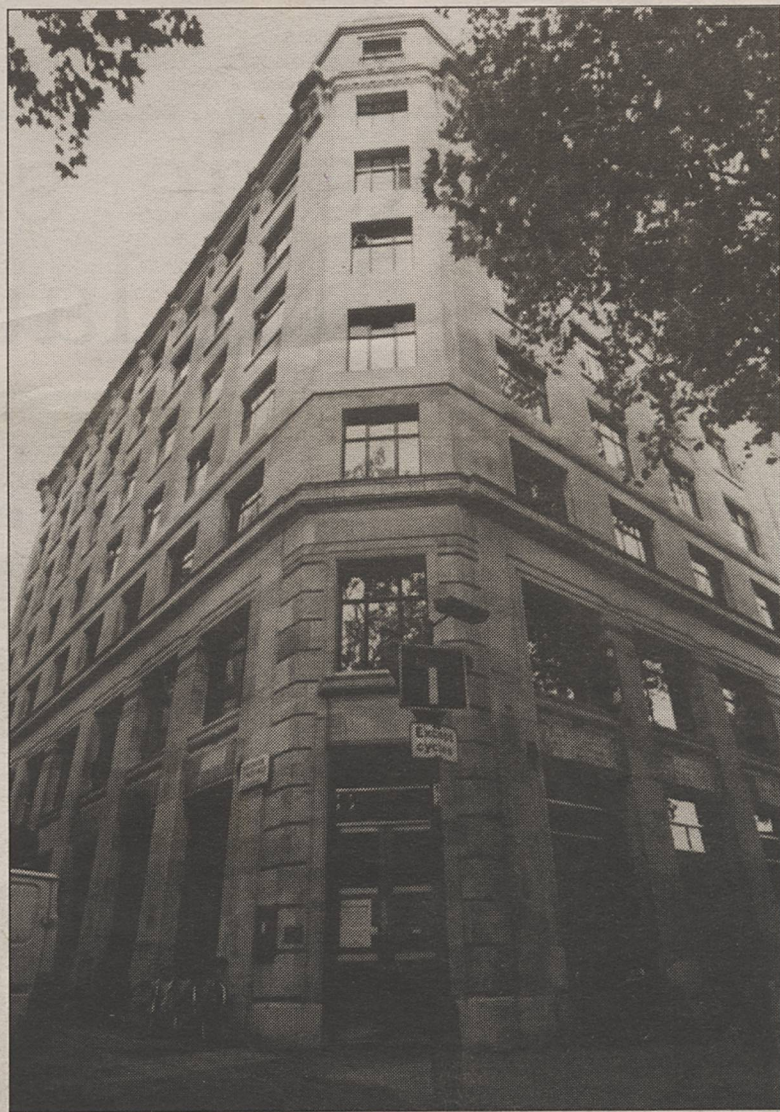
Implicit in the LSESU's plans for the Tuns is the assumption that turnover will increase significantly because of the refurbishment. The bar's Assistant Manager, Paul Harman, was confident that a new rival would not threaten this.

He also doubts that a Young's pub can match the Tuns for low prices or student atmosphere and is confident that the SU facility will triumph in the long-term.

His sentiments were echoed by Bar Manager Jim Fagan who believes that they would not be able to stop students from going to the new pub but that they would attempt to provide "a more competitive and professional service".

Young's has secured the Columbia House site over competition from the LSE. The School which occupies the top five floors, was keen to acquire more space in a building that is so central to the LSE. A firm of solicitors have their offices on the first, second and third floors.

The LSE lost out to Young's because of financial constraints. The commercial premises in Columbia House, which is owned by the insurance company GRE, command a rent per unit area twice as high as the rest of the building. However, the LSE's Head of Services, Michael Arthur, said that the School bore the pub chain no ill-will.



Old Bank Building, soon to become the new student bar

Photo: Lars

Police Investigate Brunch Bowl Brawl

Dhara Ranasinghe

A FIGHT WHICH BEGAN outside the Brunch Bowl last Monday about 6pm between an LSE student and a former LSE student is now under investigation by LSE's House Manager, Bernie Taffs as well as Charing Cross Police Station.

The details surrounding the outbreak of this so called "incident" are unclear as

Mr Taffs is still calling for witnesses, to throw greater light on events. The skirmish which broke out between the two, was soon broken up by two other men and the police were then called. The former LSE student was at the LSE that particular day, visiting the careers office.

Mr Taffs was not present when the fight broke out. However, having interviewed both participants, Taffs was able to inform *the Beaver* that both men

gave conflicting accounts of the fight, as well as denying that they had known each other previously.

According to Taffs, neither man sustained serious injuries although one was more "frightened" as a result of the fight.

Each of the two men involved claims that he was jostled and had his tie pulled by the other.

The incident is seen to be a

reflection of the ongoing tensions between British students of Pakistani origin and overseas students from Pakistan.

While this friction has been refuted by some, there was evidence of tension last term when "derogatory" e-mail messages were exchanged between the two groups of students.

Taffs compared the manner in which the messages were written in the writing

style of the satirical magazine *Private Eye*. He added that the messages were a "piss - taking personal jibe" and that he had to respond immediately to the complaints made against them.

The full details of the fight remain inconclusive. *The Beaver* would like to note that the issue is still under investigation and at the time of going to press was only able to obtain the events of this "incident" as relayed by Mr Taffs.

Dev Cropper

THE new Tuns may be smart and shiny, but does it have the old Tuns' atmosphere? One thing it does not have is the history represented by the framed newspaper covers that used to dot the walls. Covers ranging from the sixties strike reports; "London School of Polemics screamed the London Evening News" to spoof *Beaver* covers have been scrapped.

Bar Manager, Jim Fagan said that the covers were too "dilapidated" for the new look. "When we took them down, we discovered how dirty and broken they were" he said.

The covers were then sent to the office of General Secretary Narius Aga. He passed on them onto the Union Finance Secretary Sam Kung. From there, they were transferred back to the Tuns, where Mr Fagan decided they were not worth storing. An LSE student offered to provide a home for one: the rest were thrown away.

The refurbished bar has been criticised for a lack of character, and the covers certainly provided the decoration, and a reminder of past times.

Mr Fagan said that new wall furniture had already been obtained, and that he was waiting for the School's maintenance staff to put them up. The Tuns will soon sport prints of London scenes, though the Manager admitted that they were "nothing special".

New Tuns Lacks *Beaver*

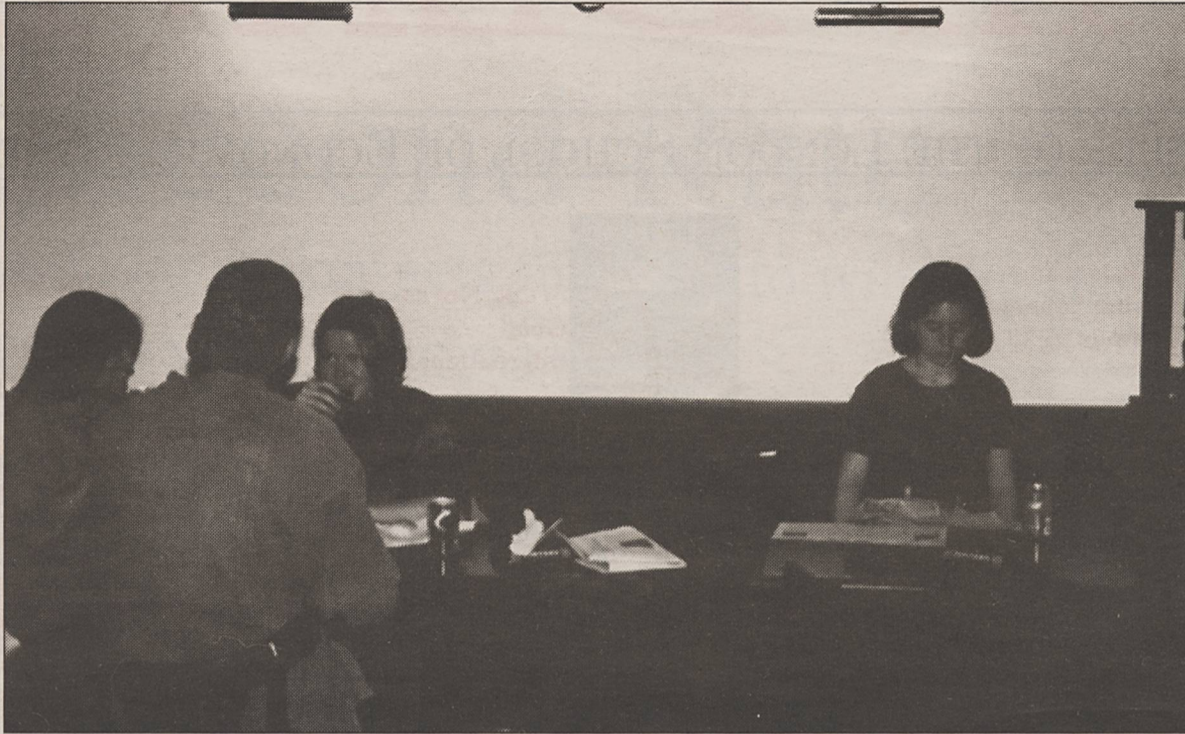
Where's the *Beaver* ?

Photo: Lars Willumeit

Welfare Office Renamed

Andrew Yule

THE LSE's Welfare and Housing Office has been renamed the Student Advice Centre. The office, situated on the second floor of the East Building, caters for all student welfare issues, from how to deal with unhelpful landlords to helping international students handle immigration problems.

Employed in the Advice Centre are five fully trained, part-time staff including a fully qualified counsellor working two days each week, and available to any student for consultations. Members of staff are available from ten thirty am until four pm daily with no appointment necessary, though one is preferable for large issues.

Yuan Potts, LSESU Education and Welfare officer, is responsible for pushing the name change, though he states that the change is only in name. The services available will remain the same. Potts suggested that "Student Advice Centre" sounds more inviting than "Welfare and Housing Office," which he claims "smacks of 1970s paternalism." He met with some opposition over the move, with some members of staff claiming that the new title is too vague.

However, Potts has promised to mount an extensive publicity drive, in order to dispel any fears that the name change may confuse students.

Bankside safety shuttle bus launched



Happy Bankside residents get a free ride home.

Photo: Lars Willumeit

Joan & Bob Thack

BANKSIDE HOUSE has become the first LSE Hall to have its own shuttle bus. The Hall Committee, who are footing the

bill for the scheme, aim to reduce safety fears of residents living at the School's largest Hall. The bus will operate on weeknights during term time after a successful trial last May.

The scheme was the brainchild of Bankside Committee President, Elena Arene who made a shuttle bus her main policy when elected last February. She told *The Beaver* that "it will substantially

improve the lives of those students who choose to stay at LSE to work or use The Tuns at night, as they will be able to go home safely." Bankside Warden Tim Hochstrasser "welcomed the introduction of the service and hoped it would reduce students anxiety about walking home at night."

There were a handful of minor incidents last year involving Bankside residents as they walked through the badly lit route from the Hall to Blackfriars Bridge. Progress is moving slowly with efforts by Southwark Council to improve street lamps. A bus service therefore, is seen as the best option.

The scheme is being paid for entirely by Bankside and suggestions that the hall didn't deserve the bus were dismissed by Elena; "It is not a matter of whether we deserve it. No other halls are subsidising the bus and I would hope that once they realised our scheme was a success, that they would try and set up their own."

But, the scheme is only possible because of Bankside's huge budget of over £6000 per term. The nearest rival, Holborn, only picks up about two thirds of that. Jonathan Black, Bankside Secretary, accepted that "Bankside can afford things which other halls can't, but we only have more money because we have more people. We have no more money per student than Holborn, Passfield or Rosebery." All these three have a common room fee of £10 per term, Carr Saunders charges £15 and Butlers Wharf £4.

Bloody banking scenes at the LSE

Matthew Brough

ON 20 October the blood bank is coming to the LSE so it's your chance to help save someone else's life. A short amount of time could make a whole world of difference to someone else. Although advances are being constantly made in the field of medicine, medical research is still many years away from developing even a cheap alternative to donated blood. With the increase in surgery, particularly transplants, greater and greater strains are being placed on the Health Service's blood stocks, particularly Type 0 used with car crash victims. Therefore more and more people are needed to come forward and give blood to help refill their ever decreasing stocks.

The blood bank will be set up in the gym, downstairs in the Old Building and anyone wishing to give blood should go along. A blood test will be taken to make sure you're in a fit state to donate blood. Then you'll get to have a nice lay down while up to a pint of your blood will be taken. There are no side effects and your body will be able to replace the blood taken rapidly. It will not take long and you'll be helping out an extremely worthwhile cause.

The Blood Bank was pleased with the student turnout last term. "Last year's turnout surpassed all expectations," said Yuan Potts, Education and Welfare Sabbatical, "I hope we can do even better this year." If you want more information either contact Yuan or look for the posters around the LSE. It won't hurt to give blood and it is one excuse to skip lectures, (if you're actually bothered about having an excuse that is!)

News From The Archives: 13 October 1986

THE topic of discussion on 13 October 1986 was the opening of the "Cafe". Previously known as "Florries", the Cafe was reopened, refitted, refurbished and renamed. The person in charge of this change was Shirlee, the Manageress of the Cafe who explained that the food offered in the Cafe would be vegetarian and that no animal products would be used. She was reported to have

said that "This is not just for health freaks, but also for Jews and Muslim students, whose dietary restrictions make eating in the main restaurant a problem".

The Cafe was said to start serving at 9.45 am until the 4.30m pm. One of its main features was the use of the Italian coffee machines which produced cups of cappuccino, espresso, hot chocolate and herbal teas. The Student Union had

allegedly spent a "horrendous" amount of money "to create a cafe where... [the students would] be welcomed, well fed and watered".

The decor was changed to pastel colours and plants were hung everywhere with the aim of providing a "pleasant retreat from the scruffy school building". Students were urged to not to carve their names on the stained wood tables and spill



Italian coffee on the new carpets. The main message was however, "not to walk off with the cutlery and china, however underfurnished your lodgings may be", so as to keep the prices low!!!

Miriam Chalabi

Court Of Governors May Lose Power

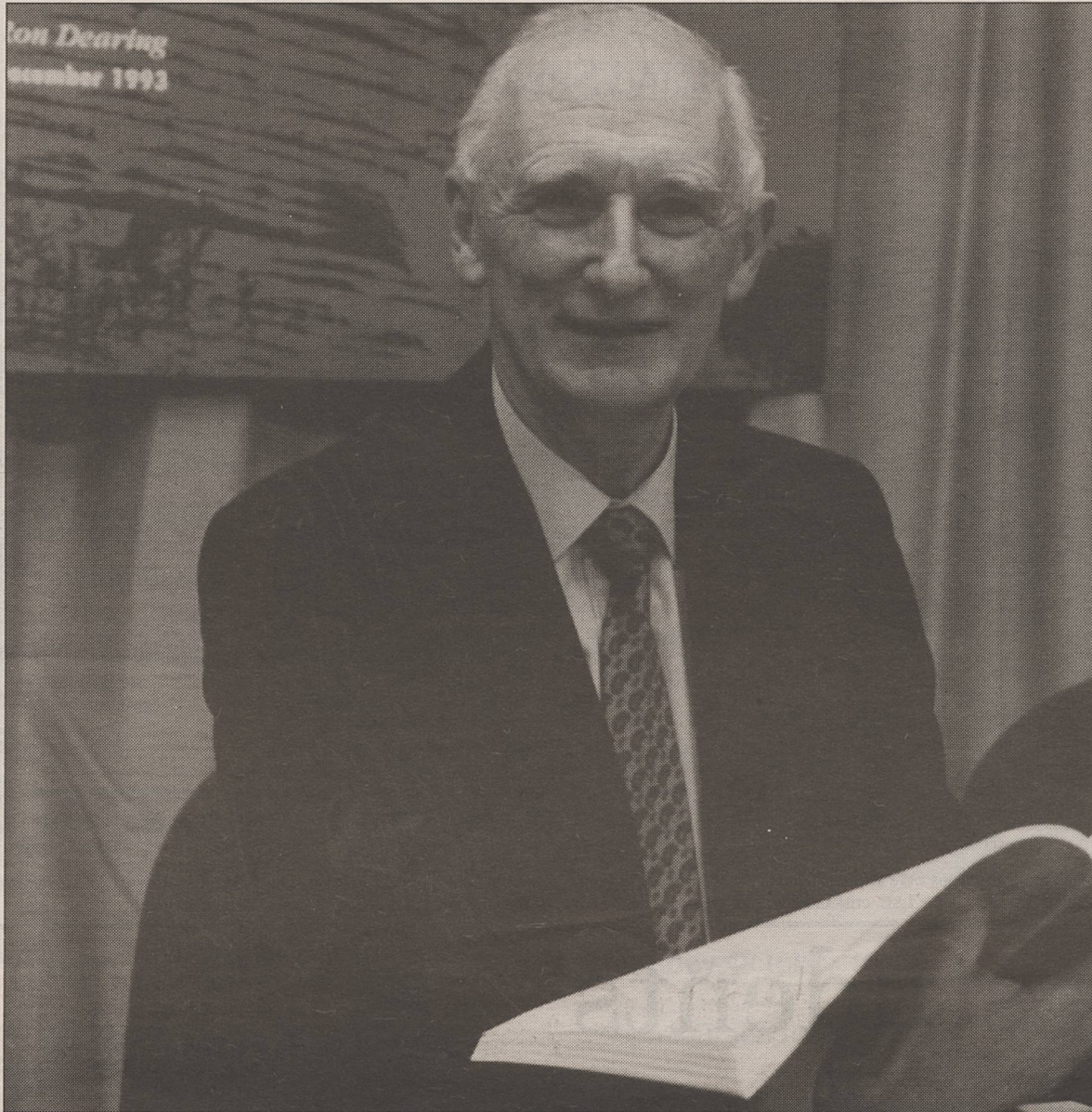
Chris Roe

RUMOURS have been circulating concerning the future of the LSE's ruling body, the Court of Governors, in the light of the Dearing report's recommendations that governing bodies of universities should ideally contain no more than twenty five members. The current list of Governors numbers one hundred, prompting speculation that executive power may eventually transfer to the Standing Committee, a subsection of twenty two governors which deals with the executive functions relating to the month by month running of the LSE. Crudely speaking, the Standing Committee is currently the Cabinet to the Court's Parliament.

Narius Aga, the fresh-faced General Secretary of the Student's Union, told *The Beaver* that he "wouldn't like to comment" on the putative proposal. He remarked that many important issues already lie in the hands of the Standing Committee, although he said that the Court of Governors was "more than just a rubber stamp" for the committee. On the positive side, Aga sees that a more streamlined executive would make the decision making process easier and bring the college's rulers into closer touch with the institution. However, he also said that putting decisions in "the hands of the few" could pose a threat to the democratic nature of the current system. Narius stressed that whatever the future of the Court of Governors, the SU will strive to ensure that student representation will be retained in proportion to the current levels of participation. At present, students account for 6% of the membership of the Court.

It seems unlikely, however, that the college will rush into any premature decision on the fate of its ruling body. Mr Adrian Hall, the Senior Assistant Secretary of the LSE, told *The Beaver* that the Standing Committee decided on 7 October to "wait and see" if the government would implement Mr Dearing's proposals before arriving at any conclusions. He maintained that the School's Director, Professor Anthony Giddens, would work closely with the Court of Governors over the issue, and that he held a "positive view for the Court's future role". He admitted that there were "strong feelings" about change, a situation which is hardly surprising considering that the present arrangements date back to 1901.

Any alteration to the governing status quo at the LSE is complicated by the fact that the Governors are also nominally Company Directors of the college, with responsibilities under various Companies



Sir Ron Dearing

Acts. Bearing this in mind, Mr Hall pointed out that the Director was keen to avoid any pointless and unconstructive arguments over legal technicalities with the Governors, with whom he has enjoyed a happy relationship. Mr Hall stressed that the School would not act for the foreseeable future, and probably only if the present government introduced laws which obliged them to comply with the Dearing Report's recommendations. In any case, the final word will lie with the Court of Governors, which would have to approve

any divestment of its powers.

Mr Raj Jethwa, a losing candidate for the post of SU General Secretary last year, is still a Governor at the college and expressed some enthusiasm for the idea of a smaller governing body consisting entirely of elected academics and students. Certainly the composition of the Court of Governors has attracted some raised eyebrows in the past; the inclusion of TV chef Lloyd Grossman, for example, has aroused the mirth of many jaded cynics. In the light of

Photo: Courtesy of the Dearing Committee

Mr Hall's comments, however, it seems that suggestions for the Court's future will remain hypothetical, at least until the government sees fit to legislate on the matter, and current opinion appears to indicate that this will not be for some time.

In the long term the Dearing report's recommendations on collegial governance may prove to be no less significant than its conclusions about student finances.



Another year, another bolus of wankers. Swiftly started by Nariuszzzzz, the magic roundabout that is the UGM was begun by the election of Dougal Hampshire - moving from the 'fringe' of LSE life, to the centre. Just as in the TV show, Dougal seems to shift through the proceedings without any visible sign of movement. Bernardo 'Zebadee' Duggan swept to power as vice-chairman (insert your own joke) on a wave of popular apathy.

Nariuszzzzz. Gaga. ...rtfdg ...sorry. Jack fell asleep on his keyboard. Very worthy, but frighteningly dull as ever.

Imogen Stubby, straight off the set of her new picture 'Pint Sized Vixens II', was barely visible behind a medium sized lectern. Entreated by the audience to get to her feet, she refused to rise to the occasion. Peter Doralt (see below) was later to have the same problems. To be honest, Jack didn't feel off put by these shrinking shenanigans - one could still hear her blowing her own trumpet. Yuan - typically lib-demotastic. Renton Potts has instituted a staggeringly bold name change. Welfare to Advice. Big cheese. On matters of private taste, Jack was unsure how to take the proud assertion that Potts has been given official backing to "interfere in other people's jobs".

Speaking of motions, it seems as if the UGM could do with a good dose of laxatives. One crazy socialist motion, and two tedious party rants - not enough to sustain the brain. First 'up' was Che Cropper, whose attempt at serious debate was seriously upstaged by the pants of Gonzo Doralt. Jack would like to dissociate himself completely from this ugly use of his alma matter. As usual with Doralt, lots of quacking but no-one could quite see his point. And just as well. The UGM is a family show. Debating the UN, Gonzo quacked that "Britain was a beacon to the world". And he certainly had his beak on this week, even if his personal beacon remained hidden. Cropper's point was that the UK should be removed from the Security Council. Why not enlarge it? In similar vein, but in different areas, the same applies to both Doralt and Imogen.

Lots of students enjoyed their first time this week. Typically, it was under-whelming, over too quickly, and rather messy. A run down on the best follows:

VJ - Two questions. How much helium did he swallow, and how old is he, really?
 Skid Mark (Tory) - Not a bad start, but got lost when he had to read an order paper without moving his lips.
 Dawn Campbell - Almost certainly not Alistair's daughter. Jack has chosen to ignore the tedious jokes about the crack of Dawn for now; her laughably inept speech provided sufficient rhetorical comedy. In the same vein....

Michael Pavey - New Speaker, New Labour, nut points. Makes Sam Parham look like Cicero. 50% blarney stodge, 50% incomprehensible rant = 100% twat. Long may it continue.

Herr Flick Tory - Possibly the UGM will be in need of some Gestapo training; if only we had ways of making him talk (English). Now safely back with Rene and the fallen Madonna with the big boobies (George is back next week).

Rommel - apparently a socialist. Fresh from El Alamein, we suggest he should invest in some clothes which date from later than WW2. Rather appropriately he died in them. One old favourite:

77pin Stewart - Socialist, incomprehensible, and faster, and faster, and faster..... good to have him back.

And then, with the proceedings done, Gonzo Doralt said "Time for bed, Zebadee." Badoingggg. It's good to be back.

We Work Too Hard

Zoe Peden comments on the growing necessity for students to earn

BARCLAYS BANK have been spending our hard earned money on research which reveals the "shocking" statistic that 71 per cent of parents EXPECT their children to work while at university to help fund the cost of their education.

Although there are some extremely rich individuals at LSE, there also exists the "Hardcore Poor" student up to their eyeballs in loans and bank statements with many noughts followed by the letters "OD".

Barclays Graduate Survey states that the average debt faced by students is £3,203. As London and LSE do not have "average" prices, a couple of thousand of pounds can be added on to that.

Additional parental contributions according to the 1997 Barclays student survey do not do much to lessen the blow of those noughts; they average £1,624 per annum.

Considering that we are all adults now

(Friday Nights at the Tuns belie this statement), and have to learn to "live on our own," the part time working student is becoming ever more ubiquitous.

However, finding a decently paid, part-time job in London is hard at the best of times, and when you have essay deadlines and an irregular, student timetable the task is not a particularly pleasant one.

I myself am a "worker", and grace the floors and tills of our very own LSE Union Shop. I enjoy the different atmosphere from study and have made good friends, but I work there because I have to. I am the first to admit my studying does suffer and my time is now very precious, but with slight exaggeration (very slight) it keeps the food on the table and a roof over my head.

Fortunately, the LSE is one of the country's best university employers, as far as wages are concerned, and advice is available from the Student Advice Centre. Nonetheless, they cannot provide work for

us all, forcing many to seek employment well away from the School, adding the extra worry of transport costs and putting still more pressure on people's timetables.

Sarah Dobinson, third year Geography student, a fellow colleague in "The Shop" comments "although I have a grant and student loan I need to work for my social life to exist. It is time consuming working in the shop but it is convenient and helps me to prioritise my time, and it gets me in to the LSE when I would otherwise stay in bed" (undoubtedly hungover).

What are the alternatives? Many parents are now very realistic about their role in the funding of their children's education. As well as 71 per cent expecting their children to take a job, Barclays say 58 per cent will, or do save specifically for their children's education. Some parents intend to use more innovative methods: 36 per cent will use an inheritance and 29 per cent a gift from a friend or relative. Where are those friends when I need them?

First votes at ULU

Andrew Yule

THE First ULU (University of London Union) Council meeting was due to be held on Monday October 13 with various committee posts up for grabs.

Of the Executive Officer posts, votes were to be cast for a new Postgraduate, Mature and Part-time Student Officer, an Environment Officer and a Sports and Societies Officer. Student representatives were due to be elected to the Entertainments Committee, the Elections Committee and the Finance and Services Committee. Of the University committees, representatives were to be voted onto the Committee on Student Activities and Management, and to the Intercollegiate Accommodation Committee. No LSE students stood for election.

The results of the votes were not available when this edition of *The Beaver* went to press.

Hizb We Go Again

The Beaver examines the annual presence of Hizb ut-Tahrir at the Fresher's Fair. Alex Robert and Sarah Cope report.

The presence of the Islamic extremist group Hizb ut-Tahrir at this year's Fresher's Fair has highlighted the NUS's apparent impotence to implement its ban on the organisation. The group was not in the official fair area, but set up with impunity on the public free fair of Houghton Street. LSESU General Secretary Narius Aga asked them to leave but has no powers at his disposal other than persuasion.

In 1996, Hizb ut-Tahrir applied to be a LSESU society, claiming to have the twenty members required. The application was rejected after a heated UGM debate. The putative societies membership list was held to contain fabricated names, Engineering students not being a notable presence at the LSE.

Hizb ut-Tahrir were banned by the Union for propagating bigoted and prejudiced views, contravening the LSESU's equal opportunities policy. Education & Welfare Officer Yuan Potts, advised students interested in Islam to join the official Islamic society.

Ironically, the literature distributed at Fresher's fair was not overtly inflammatory. Topics ranged from arguments for the authenticity of the Qu'ran to statements about atrocities in Algeria and Pakistan. Political, but hardly subversive.

Although NUS's ban on Hizb ut-Tahrir was upheld in that they were denied access to



The controversial Hizb-ut Tahrir.

Photo: Library.

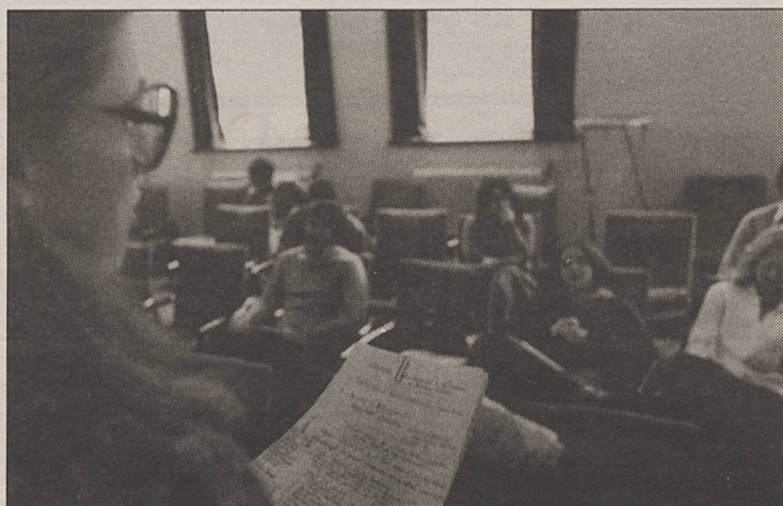
the fair, its problems were also highlighted. A university such as the LSE, criss-crossed by a network of public streets, is not technically a campus university and thus has no authority over who is legally allowed to canvas for support on Houghton Street.

Are students getting the teaching they deserve?

Aruni Muthumala

THE echelons of higher education came under scathing attack in an article by David Jacques in *The Times Higher Education Supplement* published on Friday October 3. The best teachers are not those with the best academic qualifications, argued David Jacques, and nor are successful teaching departments those with a highly academic culture. In his view, higher education needs urgent reform to become student and not research oriented. This may come as worrying news to LSE students especially the high percentage of foreign students, who have just paid what to many seem extortionate fees for the privilege of studying in LSE's academic environment.

Views within LSE itself diverge, over whether the academic reputation of LSE's staff implies better teaching and justifies the high level of fees. Although Professor Charles Goodhart of the Economics Department, thought that the better academics tended to be the better teachers, Narius Aga, General Secretary of the Students' Union argued that the two were largely unrelated. This view is echoed by many students who think that some of the best academics were the worst teachers ever. However, both Professor Goodhart and Narius Aga did agree that in general, teaching in LSE was of a higher standard than most other universities and that therefore the hefty fees in LSE did reflect better teaching. Most students when closely questioned also thought that institutions like the LSE that are on the cutting edge of research produce better teachers.



Value for money?

Photo: Library

Thus, David Jacques' view in the *Times Higher Education Supplement* that there is no relationship between academic culture and teaching does not seem to be shared by all and sundry. Most students questioned were less than enthusiastic about some of his proposals for improving the quality of teaching, namely giving increased assessment responsibility to students and appointing 20% of new lecturers from those who have pass or lower class degrees but have demonstrated good teaching ability.

Although students may not be ready for the radical notions put forward in the article, consternation among them about whether they are getting the teaching they deserve at the LSE remains. Although surveys assessing the quality of teaching are carried

out on a termly basis, departments are not obliged to act on the information they receive.

Monitoring of teaching standards relies mainly on internal controls. It is in response to this environment, typical of many higher education situations, that the Dearing Report recommends the establishment of an independent, professional Institute for Learning and Teaching in Higher Education, which would make teaching in higher education a profession in its own right.

Such an institution, it is hoped, would pave the way for staff to be recognised for teaching as well as research efforts, and would help students get the teaching they deserve.

£690 Stolen from the Quad

Andrew Yule

The overall financial success of this year's Fresher's Fair was unfortunately marred by an expensive incident in the Quad. While students, new and old, were milling around the Old Building and the East Building on Friday last week, joining societies and collecting plastic bags, an anonymous person was ransacking the passport photo machine in the Quad.

The incident took place sometime early on Friday afternoon, after students had been constantly using the machine all morning to get photos for their various requisite cards. Being one of the busiest days in the photo machine's diary, it is estimated that around £690 was taken, despite it having been emptied just the night before.

When the machine was due to be emptied again on Friday evening, it was discovered that the secure casing on the cash box had been forced using a hammer and chisel, or some similar device. LSESU Entertainments Officer Jasper Ward when asked for his response to the burglary simply said: "What? News to me mate..." SU General Manager Gethin Roberts suggested that the large number of people in the vicinity of the Quad and photo machine ironically served as the perfect cover for the thief. The only camera surveillance of the area is mounted on the door of the Clare Market Building. Even if the robber had used this exit a bagful of pound coins would hardly have made him stand out amongst thousands of students weighed down with bags of all shapes and sizes.

A similar incident occurred at King's College the week before, and the police have been informed of both thefts. Unfortunately, they are not optimistic about finding the culprit due to a combination of the lack of video evidence and the massive number of finger prints all over the machines, used so many times in the past weeks.

So now we're all back into the swing of things and have realised that there is bugger all in the way of stimulating news generated at the LSE, your reader friendly *Beaver* has looked elsewhere in order to supplement its meagre pages. Hence, News from Nowhere: your chance to assuage your gossip hungry appetites with news about people you've never heard of, from places you never chose to go to, regarding events about which you care not a jot. Read on, oh so interested comrade.

Heading this list is news from Cambridge (yah, yah etc) stating that the exam stressed first years (are we surprised given their choice of university?) from Sidney Sussex College chose to vent their frustration on Japanese tourists riding in one of those moronic, open-top, tour buses. The unsuspecting tourists found the lenses of their hi-tech, long range, tripod perched, super expensive cameras bombarded with rotten tomatoes as they tried to tour the city in peace. Although this is obviously a despicable way in which to treat (rich) visitors to our country, I do approve. Being so close to Leicester Square, how can we fail to ignore the fact that the tourist population and their endless stopping dead in the middle of pavements while the rest of London crashes like dominoes into their backs, is a right royal pain in the arse?

Another right royal pain in the arse is how everyone fails to realise that the future leaders of this country come from the LSE not, as others seem to assume, from all the poxy redbricks scattered like acne around the otherwise smooth skin of Great Britain. I raise this point in response to a comment from the Chief Fire Officer in Durham who said that the 160-odd fire alarms that went off around the colleges last year were responded to promptly because his 'main concern' was for all the 'future leaders of this country housed in the college buildings'. I'd like to point out that no one made that comment when the Bankside House had nightly fire alarms last year. In fact they were conspicuously ignored. What's your point, fire department??? I mean where did Mick Jagger go? Durham? I should bloody coco.

While stressing the superiority of the LSE I should like to point out that unlike Leicester Uni, we did manage to refurbish the union bar (and don't you just love mahogany, dahlink?) Leicester's original plan, as quoted in their own and lauded SU newspaper, was to 'extend the bar out to make it level with the men's toilet'.

The ambiguity of this sort of a statement really ought not to detract from the nobility of sentiment implied. Naturally Durham accomplished its refurbishment plans better than anyone, so that their bar includes upper levels, balconies, multiple pool tables and a trendy, curved bar. Bah, humbug.

The only technical hitch occurred when they nearly removed a pillar that would have brought the whole building crashing down on their poxy, self satisfied heads. Pity.

So there you have it. Inconsequential gossip about inconsequential things in inconsequential places. More next week.

Compiled by Tasha Kosviner

I felt rather ill last week: the result of an unsavoury meal on Sunday from a well-known chain of Turkish restaurants. The result? Panic in *The Beaver* office on Monday afternoon after the various section editors were informed that the paper was not ready because I had not finished editing it on Sunday night. Still, we managed to make our deadline and get it off to the printers for Tuesday morning.

In the meantime, it appears that Oxford University is contemplating the introduction of a surcharge upon the top-up fee that the government will be charging as of the next academic year. The lacuna left within the government's ruling on the Dearing Report has opened the road towards the gradual introduction of a US-style university system, and possibly, the entrenchment of a British 'Ivy League'. It has been alleged, for example, that UCL and the LSE are also thinking of levying a surcharge. Any such move by any of these institutions will have nation-wide consequences. What I must ask is whether any debate will be introduced in this area, and if so, who the participants will be. Will the 'official' student movement react as it has been doing so this past year or will we actually see a response (without the thank you from David Blunkett?)

Through no fault of Jasper's, the Spiced Girls failed to turn up for their long-awaited performance in the Quad (they are currently embroiled in a dispute with their manager). No loss to the land of musicdom: not that their role models are much to think of. LC



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The Beaver is published by the London School of Economics Students' Union. Its editorial staff can be contacted at 0171 955 6705 and by fax at 0171 955 7717/6789.

The Beaver is printed by Newsfax International at 0181 986 3130, Unit 16, Bow Industrial Park, Carpenter's Road London E15. *The Beaver* does not hold responsibility for breaches of the copyright law. Responsibility for such proceedings shall lie with the persons concerned.

What's on

LSE Liberal Democrats

Tuesday October 16

Lord Holme Of Cheltenham

46 and Rising: How far can the Liberal Democrats go?

Venue: TBA

Public Lecture

Tuesday October 28

5.30pm

Old Theatre

The Hon Sheikh Hasina
Prime Minister of Bangladesh
Vote Rigging and the Solution

More Information at 0171 955 7824

Friday October 17

The Friday night legend continues at CRUSH.

The Underground plays host to the Double Six Club.

Boogie until the early hours in the Quad

Admission £2 (£1 ents)

Drama Society

Thursday October 16

5pm- Green room

Meeting for all those interested in the production side of this year's shows

Debating Society

There is a change to the scheduled programme
Wednesday October 15

"This house believes the Queen is Dead"

and next week

"This house would publicise the private lives of public figures"

Invitation Debate featuring some of the UK's best debaters.

New Mr Bike Required

- no experience needed
- Knowledge of Bike maintenance
- good personality and sense of responsibility
- free training guaranteed

Dr Bike Society

To apply contact :
Guissepe at 0171-9232761

Fresh
from a run at the
Edinburgh Festival,

**Market Forces and LSE Drama
Society**

present

Bouncers

October 13,14 &15

Maria's Diary

Our hard-working Maria, in an effort to confer the union with greater transparency, has decided to share her daily experiences with its members.

The Fresher is supposed to be an apprehensive, lost and confused-type creature. This year's lot are not conforming to the stereotype.

First Day back at the LSE

Arrive eagerly to find that a new breed of assertive, vulture-like fresher has taken over:

Mon morning:- No spare computer in any room, anywhere -did not take them long to discover the joys of e-mail. Am very distressed.

Mon lunch:- Nowhere to sit in either the Tuns, the BB or even the SU Cafe. Very hungry.

Mon mid-afternoon:- No empty lockers, anywhere. More importantly, someone has stolen my locker. Had it for two years now, have become very attached to it. Is in the basement of the Old Building, has my name scrawled in biro across it (clear sign of ownership) with faded Offspring sticker in top left-hand corner. Whichever vulture took it -shame on you.

Mon pm:- No Ribena left in Wrights. Last straw. Try to console myself by going to a lecture. No room in the lecture. End up sitting on the floor (no gentlemen proffer seats, chivalry officially dead at LSE). Feelings of apprehension and confusion set in, am beginning to feel like a Fresher -help!!!

Tuesday

Yamagutchi my Tamagotchi dies (for the third time). Am useless, cannot even take care of a virtual pet. RSPCA will surely be after me. After hours of agonising, decide to give YT up for adoption for its own good. Go to Imperial College in undisguised attempt to copy their radio station. Piece of advice for women: Do not go to ICU unaccompanied. Preferably go with a big strong man. You will otherwise be accosted by deprived sciencey-types claiming never to have seen a woman before and who will try and abduct you to a science lab and subject you to a microscopic analysis or something. Rescued from deprived sciencey-types by mad Kenny, ICU Radio boss, who was very helpful. Got gorgeous radio studio with stacks of tunes at the ICU, very jealous.

Rest of the week

Working very hard for the union -honest! Observe that Sabs are also working very hard for the Union (can I have some ££ for my radio please?) Dreading Thursday's UGM. Will attempt to hide under seat for duration. Must announce radio club meeting. Cannot. Must. Cannot. Must. But cannot. But must. Very scared.

Union Book Swap / Sale

**In the QUAD
11am-12:30 pm
Wednesday October 15**

Continuing students: bring your old textbooks along and sell/ swap them with other people.

First years come along and buy cheap secondhand books

**“ If you have never been to the
Union General Meeting
you have never been to the LSE” Anon**

Feel the excitement of hot debates, sharp motions and a full-hour of entertainment on Thursday October 16 1:00 pm at the Old Theatre.

**Name
wanted for
LSE
Radio
Station**

**Can you think of a
catchy name for our
radio station? Write
your suggestion,
name and contact
number on a piece
of paper and drop it
into Maria
Neophytou's pigeon
hole at the Students'
Union . The best
suggestions will be
put to the vote at
the UGM on
Thursday 16 Oct.
The winner will get
a box of roses!**

**General
Secretary's
Column**

The response to the anti-tuition fees campaign has been far from encouraging, with a sense of despondency and apathy pervading. Time is of the essence out here and if we fail to mobilise now, it might be too late. This week's motion in the UGM will hopefully attract enlightened debate, as opposed to the last one, which unfortunately turned into a joke.

The crux of the argument lies in a factor hitherto relatively obscure. What most students are not aware of is the fact that if and when tuition fees are introduced, the money will be floating around in education in general instead of higher education in particular. There is an argument in certain quarters that with tuition fees being introduced, education will aptly be seen as a product with students as customers; who will rightfully ensure its quality. As it stands, specific institutions will not financially benefit from fees in a direct manner, while having to face up to added expectations in terms of teaching quality and services provided. In reality, this is blatant taxation by indirect means on the part of the Labour government.

Which leads on to another factor totally overshadowed by the tuition fees debate. That of top-up fees which still remain a threat, albeit dormant at the moment but one which will inevitably follow. Education Secretary, David Blunkett is publicly opposing this idea at the moment, but whether legislation to this effect is passed remains to be seen and until and unless it appears in the White Paper due shortly, the campaign against top-up fees resumes.

Credit must be given where due and the school has responded positively to the Student Union's campaign over the summer for new computers in the halls of residence. Over the past three years, more than a thousand new places in halls of residence have been created, but the problem still persists. It is disturbing indeed to see students queue up outside the Accommodation Office and run from pillar to post, fighting for limited hall places. Over the summer, we have been campaigning actively for another hall of residence and throughout this year, I shall not lose a single appropriate opportunity in meetings with the school authorities to emphasise the pressing urgency of this matter.

On a lighter note, it might be worth your while attending the UGM this Thursday. Bernardo Duggan, who has recently resorted to introducing himself as the Honorary Vice President to wide-eyed freshers shall be chairing this one. It his long(!!!) awaited moment of glory and rumour has it that each person attending shall be treated to a curry. Tally ho, chaps.

Narius Aga

Entertaining the LSE

Maria Neophytou announces that Radio Days are coming, and she needs your help



Don't worry, entertainment is on its way!

Photo: Library

We could make beautiful music together...join the Radio club!

The Radio station at my Sixth Form College was a mecca for music enthusiasts, shockjocks and exhibitionists who flocked there every lunch break to broadcast music and mayhem to our crowded cafe. To cater for every taste each lunchtime was assigned a programme; Mondays would be techno, house and garage day, Tuesdays were indie and alternative, and so on. It wasn't just the music, it was hearing our friends on the radio, finding fame amongst our peers, having a platform from which to express ourselves.

Most American Universities have their own Campus Radio stations and Britain is slowly catching on. Here in London, Imperial and Goldsmith's have set up stations despite the obstacles. Even my local primary school has got one. If they can do it, why can't we? Or, given the

financial burden, you might ask, why should we bother?

Well, it would change the face of the LSE, and life's all about changing the world, isn't it? There are more reasons: LSE is way too cliquey. Students come from such diverse backgrounds that it is often difficult to find common ground.

Music brings people together. Having our own radio will help foster an 'LSE spirit'. It will make communicating to students much easier, giving publicity to events as well as hopefully attracting advertising. No doubt many LSE personalities will emerge. Who knows it could even be the launchpad for the DJ's, comedians and musicians of the future.

The idea of setting up a radio station was floated last term, and I was amazed by how many people came up to me with ideas for shows or asked for their own programmes. As well as music shows, students have suggested a talk show,

a comedy, a cookery slot, an agony aunt, a news slot and a slot for LSE bands to air their demo tapes. There is a lot of enthusiasm for actually being on the radio but that's a long way off yet.

What we really need right now is people to sign up to the radio club to help get things up and running. There's a lot to be done and if you want a show when the radio is launched we'll look on you more favourably if you've been involved from the start. We need all sorts of people.

Please sign up if you've worked in radio before or if you're familiar with the technical aspects - I'm still trying to figure out what 'frequency tolerance' and 'modulation' are. Also anyone with links in the music industry or with an extensive record collection they'd like to donate. Rich people are also very welcome as we

for raising money and getting sponsorship, unafraid to ask people in the worlds of industry and commerce for money. There is plenty to do for anyone interested in advertising. We aim to be a multi-cultural radio and want music lovers of all complexions to join up and help make the radio a success.

The radio studio will be somewhere on the LSE premises and will broadcast in the SU cafe and Tuns and, if we can get permission, in the Brunch Bowl and the

Halls of Residence, for as many hours as resources allow.

We aim to get many famous people to come on air and I am planning a big launch party at the end of term, if we get things running by then. Sounds exciting, doesn't it? If you haven't already signed up to the Radio Club at the Fresher's Fayre then come and see me or leave a message at SU Reception. I look forward to hearing all your ideas and suggestions, so come talk to me.

'Music brings people together. Having our own radio station will help foster an 'LSE spirit'

need money. Like Formula One you can buy your way in. Be the Pedro Diniz of radio, give me lots of money and you'll get lots of airtime. Seriously though, all you budding business people, here's your chance to demonstrate what great managers and financiers you'll make in the future. We need people with bright ideas

Are you interested in writing or merely vain enough to want to see your name in print?

The features page desperately needs writers.

We will take almost anything, but particularly appreciated will be:

Columns

Short Stories

Student Life

General Commentary

London Life

Skinning Cats

Lachesis January explores the joys of flatsharing

They say there are a hundred ways to skin a cat...

You think of things like this when you share a flat. We don't have a cat, it'd be cruel. Not because it's London, or that we live on a main road, and that there aren't any people around all the time, but because I don't think I could force an animal to live with my flatmates.

It's funny. You can get along with people so well, but you can't live with them. Friendships shatter over someone's consistent reluctance to lift a finger in keeping the flat tidy or over their guests, brought home on Saturday night, and left in the lounge for a good few weeks to follow. But, on the other hand, you can live quite contentedly with others despite far worse problems, greater rows and personality clashes, greater aggravation and pulling of their share of the weight.

It comes down to taste in television. Never mind music as long as the volume's down and the door's closed and the neighbours bang the right place on their ceiling. If you can all sit quietly and watch an endless amount of trash while making witty and cutting comments about the adverts and characters that spring up, peace follows.

People don't talk much unless they really have to. Even in network games the communication is limited and you're trying to kill each other.

But it's Monday night, you've argued about freezer space and who's left the scum in the bath, and now you're just watching the telly, joking with each other and it's all forgotten.

Granted, some things will take more than an episode of the *The Sweeney* (with choruses of 'shut it') to blow over, say a couple of videos and fried chicken. But if people are easy going, if they will take being yelled at and being insulted without storming off to their

room with the sulks, things will run smoothly.

You know you're in a flat that works if you can sit around something as mundane as *Ground Force* (with Alan Titchmarsh) and it can be fun. Teletubbies is a particular favourite, I might add. For people of high culture, perhaps a lively debate clears the air, and for people with a life, perhaps going clubbing, or whatever you do, unifies the household.

For us, it's yelling at the telly, complete with sarcasm, irony and the odd philosophical ramble. (Nobody ever said that shared accommodation was going to be glamorous!)

I think a cat would be scared of them. I don't think a cat would appreciate the abuse we hurl at the screen. Living amongst Pizza boxes, cans and ashtrays also takes a little getting used to.

That's an odd thing, too. It's amazing the level of squalor you can ignore on a day-to-day basis. In fact, it takes an outsider to notice the smell of the bins waiting to be taken out and the threat of a few house guests to cause some clearing.

I'm sure it was a nice place to begin with. I'm sure we had some pride. Or maybe that was because everything was nice. The carpet was unstained, the walls not tobacco yellow (or is that what magnolia looks like?), the sofas brown and cream, not brown and yellow, the bath actually white not grey. Perhaps even the kitchen floor was shiny. I can't even imagine it.

I remember cleaning up the last place after we moved. It still looked scummy. So much so we lost the deposit. There's a limit to the amount of cleaning you can physically do...

And there's another thing. Rotas don't work. It's a myth. Abandon them now. So-and-so won't wash the dishes every Tuesday - because one week he'll have to visit someone and the next week he'll sleep right the way through Tuesday. Wednesday girl won't do Tuesday's pots and will probably fail to do

Wednesday's until Mr. Tuesday gets his act together. There'll be a pile of washing up and nobody's turn to get rid of it. Rotas don't work. Unless you have angelic flatmates that enjoy cleaning the loo and vacuuming the lounge.

Another contentious issue is of course the sitting room. (Though all shared rooms will have problems). Who uses it and when and how to leave it and on and on. So if everybody spends all their time there, watching the telly preferably, things are more fair.

Undeniably the best bit about shared accommodation with friends is that you don't have to leave the house to have a good time. If you don't feel like dressing up and going out, you stay in and have a laugh. Every night's the same, but that's not such a bad thing.

Actually, boredom's a big problem. Usually encountered in the holidays, living can exact a tedium insurmountable. Often periods of 'too bored to do anything' can result in a cleaner flat and experimental baking but when even that fails you can trust your companions to share in your boredom. Having run out of viable television options (there are some things you just can't watch, usually sports for us) and computer games and conversation topics and friends to invite over, there is always the comfort of sitting around and talking b****cks.

Which is when you might stumble upon the question, 'How many ways are there of skinning a cat? No, really?'. Answered with an anecdote, possibly enthusiastically, about something barely relevant. Followed by the appropriate vague comments for that anecdote and subsequent rambles. Something to do, anyway.

'They say there are a hundred ways. Shall I look it up on the net?'

Feminism - still an Issue?

Emma Greer defends feminism as an issue still relevant today

The word feminism invokes negative connotations and stereotypes. Conventional opinion suggests feminists are bra burning, dungaree wearing, lesbian man-haters who march through the streets chanting radical slogans and are generally unapproachable. Some of us are, but for the most part this is blatant propaganda spread by patriarchal institutions determined to keep their grasp on power.

The quintessential feminist simply wants to

For centuries women have been cast into the mould of somehow being inferior to men, thus men had economic and political status whereas women had no form of power or prestige whatsoever. Attitudes in today's society have changed as most women see themselves as independent entities who no longer want to be subordinate to men. Despite this, discrimination against women still exists, for example we constantly find that women within the workforce are segregated into low paid, low-status, often



They say women can pull pints, too...

Photo:Library

bring about the emancipation of women. She is fighting for women's rights and their desire to stand beside men and be seen as equal. Because of the negative stereotypes surrounding the word 'feminism', many women reject this ideology out of hand. If this is true of you, don't spurn the basic principles of feminism as it is in every woman's interest to strive for equality.

part-time work. In political spheres women also find themselves alienated as this area is dominated by men. The LSE is a small microcosm mirroring the wider inequalities within society: which is why we must continue to strive to end inequality and fight for women's rights.

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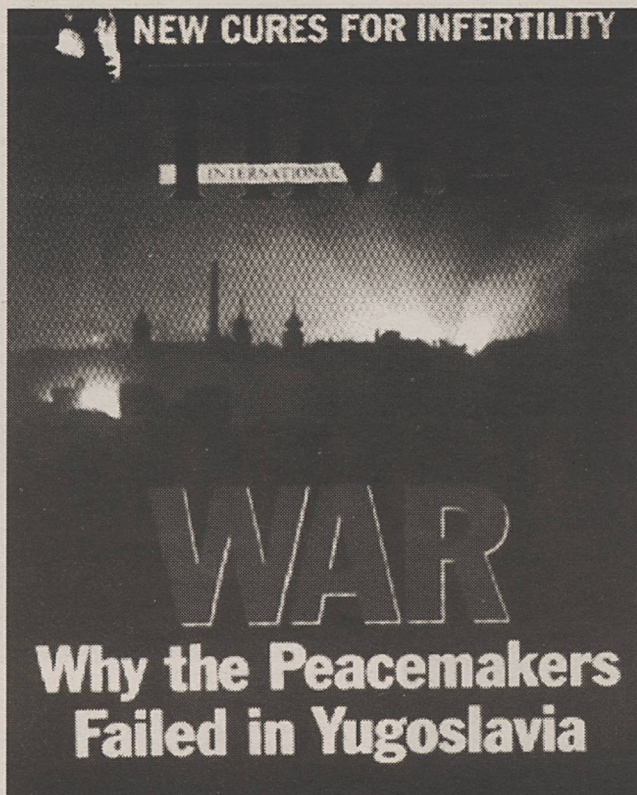
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Hunters or the Hunted?

Michael K. Kugler digs into that troublesome question of the war criminals

I went to see the movie *Air Force One* last week. With Harrison Ford I tend to pay my money and not ask questions. But somewhere in the first 30 minutes I forgot to duck and was hit squarely between the eyes by the thinly veiled parallel to real life events. To give a synopsis, for those who have not dug under furniture cushions in an effort to find funds to see this magnificent piece of cinema, Harrison Ford plays the President of the United States (if only America could be so lucky.) In the opening scenes, elite international forces perform a daring commando raid to capture none other than General Radic who has conducted a campaign of genocide in his home country and has remained at large, and in power despite an end to the war. In a speech following the daring capture, the President (Ford) addresses a banquet of distinguished diplomats criticising them and himself, for not having acted sooner to stop the bloodshed and to bring the perpetrators of genocide and terrorism to justice regardless of the political consequences.

It didn't even take pencil and paper for me to figure out that the name Radic is simply the first and last bits of the more infamous genocidal leader, Radovan Karadzic. It also didn't take too much work to figure it will be a long time before Harrison Ford is in a position to greenlight daring commando raids. So that leaves us with the present reality and one nagging question. Why has the international community, or more specifically, NATO and the Stabilisation Force (SFOR) failed to hunt down and capture Radovan Karadzic and other outstanding indicted war criminals?

The answer to this seemingly straightforward question lies in a dizzying calculus of the possible consequences of such action. Harrison Ford goes on to have his plane hijacked by terrorists and receive several blows to the head with the butt of a pistol for his trouble. The serious question of the capture of Karadzic and others, however, can perhaps be more easily addressed in three parts. Who will do the capturing, how will they do it and when?

WHOSE JOB IS IT ANYWAY?

This question is perhaps the most immediate and problematic of the three. Although all the international players seem to agree that Karadzic and other indicted war criminals should be arrested, no one country, group or police force seems at all interested in taking responsibility for doing it. There was, earlier, a finger pointing towards the various Balkan entities. But given that many of the criminals themselves control the political strings, security forces and police necessary to conduct such arrests, that scenario seems dubious. The more realistic source, is NATO and the SFOR (Stabilisation Force) troops on the ground.

The initial position of SFOR commanders and farther up the food chain, the leaders of the respective troop contributing countries was that they would not hunt down indicted war criminals but would apprehend them if they crossed their paths during their mandated operations. This position was attractive because it allowed SFOR to appear

sympathetic to the objective of capture, without committing any men or equipment to what all agree will be a dangerous undertaking. It also allowed a sort of fanciful notion that someone else would step forward to do the apprehending, or that something would force these men out of power and allow their capture by local forces. But no such luck has presented itself. With the international community clamouring for action, and time ticking towards July 1998, the projected withdrawal date for SFOR forces, all eyes continue to turn towards NATO for action. But action in this area requires Bill Clinton, the United States is contributing approximately a third of the 36,000 SFOR forces, and NATO to grapple with that great taboo of American foreign policy, "mission creep".

Long before Americans were climbing onto the roof of their Embassy in Vietnam to be evacuated by chopper, US officials were muttering to themselves "How the hell did we get into this mess?". The answer seemed to lie in mission creep, a catch phrase for changing mission goals and objectives during the course of operations to adjust for unforeseen changes

"Americans have so far indicated support for the presence in Bosnia: the chief issue has been money, something which they are willing to spend (the country is already heavily in debt)."

or requirements in the situation. Thus, instead of providing aid to help South Vietnam fight North Vietnam, mission creep allowed the US to send troops of its own into battle.

The never again sentiment of US officials seemed to indicate a lesson learned. However, in 1992, mission creep struck again. What began as a humanitarian mission by the United Nations ended in a fruitless manhunt by the US marines for the notorious warlord General Mohamed Farrah Aided. Televised pictures of dead Marines being dragged through the streets of Mogadishu brought back the evacuation choppers, and prompted more mutterings among US officials about the dangers of changing mandates in the middle of an operation.

Once again, US military forces have been sent overseas in the face of opposition from muttering US officials who have been down this road before. Under pressure from those advocating Karadzic's arrest, Clinton must convince the officials that this time, the consequences will be different.

HOW TO CARRY OUT THE ARRESTS

Assuming that the answer to the "who" question is NATO, then the response to how is more troublesome. During her speaking tour in the United States last month, former Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher appeared on CNN,

arguing for covert operations to capture the war criminals. But Thatcher seems to have already spent her political capital. And although Blair seems to have it coming out of his ears, Clinton is not nearly as fortunate. General Klaus Nausmann, commander of NATO's military committee, has already spelt out what the logistics of Karadzic's capture: for "Anyone who says 'go get them' must accept the fact that there will be casualties."

On July 10, British special forces entered Prijedor and arrested Milan Kovacevic. Hours earlier, Simo Drljaca, a police chief accused of overseeing ethnic cleansing, was killed in a firefight which erupted as forces attempted his arrest. Drljaca's death proved discouraging, not only because he could not be brought to justice, but also because it illustrated what NATO could expect in terms of violence from any future operations to arrest war criminals. Certainly, any attempt to arrest Karadzic would entail the loss of life on both sides.

Americans have so far indicated support for the presence in Bosnia: the chief issue has been money, something which they are willing to spend (the country is already heavily in debt.) And if money is the real issue, Vice President Gore can always sell tickets for rides on *Air Force One* (terrorists not included) and Clinton can put cots into the White House and turn the Lincoln room into a Youth Hostel. But if the American soldiers begin to leave Bosnia in any state which is less than comatose, there is almost no question that the infamous helicopters will return to scoop up their finest.

So one would think that the chances of NATO, or more specifically of US forces engaging in the hunt for high level war criminals were slim. But lately, however, the situation and the rhetoric have begun to shift towards a more aggressive posture.

The most visible sign of NATO's new posture has been the seizure of television antennas. Last week, NATO and SFOR seized several Srpska Radio and Television centres in an effort to stop what they deemed to be "poisonous" messages of propaganda against SFOR and the Dayton peace accord. Broadcasting rights continue to be extended to forces loyal to the President of the Republika Srpska, Biljana Plavsic. Although NATO is increasingly supportive of Plavsic, she is by no means their first choice for a national leader to support. A hyper nationalist herself, Plavsic actually served in the wartime regime in Pale, as one of two vice-Presidents under Karadzic. She has however, managed to distance herself from that image and portray herself as a champion of peace by embracing both NATO and Dayton Peace Accords. The seizure of the antennas by Nato forces, along with the capture of several lesser-known war criminals seems to signal that the tide is changing.

Accompanying these acts has been a recent barrage of rhetoric by US and NATO officials. US Secretary of Defence William Cohen said last week that time was running out and that NATO was firmly committed to implementing Dayton, which would include the capture and trial of war criminals. In addition, Cohen offered the enticement that those who turned themselves in would be given a speedy and fair trial. NATO officials have

been chiming in saying that action has been taken to make arrests, and action in the future is almost certain. Some argue that tough rhetoric and the offer of swift justice is already working. Ten Bosnian Croat war crimes suspects surrendered of their own accord on Monday, including leading Bosnian Croat politician Dario Koridc, one of the tribunal's most wanted men. No one expects Karadzic to be handing himself over any time soon. But NATO seems to be leaning more increasingly towards aggression, in action and in rhetoric. NATO general Klaus Nausmann declared recently, that the alternative to voluntary surrender "...is to hunt war criminals. We can do so militarily. Mr Karadzic and Mr Mladic should not feel safe. " Given this bold posture, the question remains as to when significant arrests will be made.

WHEN TO MAKE A MOVE

July 1998 is the scheduled withdrawal date for SFOR forces. As a result the clock is ticking if arrests are going to be carried out under the current mandate. Although there is no way to read the collective mind of NATO, there are several factors which must be weighing in the balance.

Plavsic has some degree of authority but a large portion of police and security forces are still loyal to Karadzic. Posters have been seen throughout the Republika bearing pictures of Karadzic saying in English, "Don't touch him" and "He means Peace". Karadzic's arrest could lead to destabilisation in the region. This could prove to be inconvenient timing as the deadline for withdrawal approaches. Therefore conducting arrests sooner rather than later, in order to allow a cool down period while SFOR remains in the country, is one option.

NATO, of course, has a further delay tactic up its sleeve and is already exploring a new mandate for a second troop deployment nicknamed DFOR (Deterrent Force). American participation in DFOR remains questionable. Members of the US Congress have already threatened to cut off funding for any deployment of US troops after July unless

President Clinton can justify their continued presence. Destabilisation in the region would certainly justify this, but would also increase the reluctance of Americans to permit their troops to stay. If, in the process of arresting Karadzic and company, US forces were killed, reluctance would swiftly turn into outright protests against further involvement in the region.

President Clinton may either be calculating that the arrests will come soon enough to allow for stabilisation and troop withdrawal in July or perhaps waiting until later, banking on the DFOR and the idea that any instability caused by the capture will justify prolonged troop deployment to the US Congress.

WHAT HAPPENS AFTER

Given the complexity of the situation and the range of scenarios that attempted arrests generate, it is no wonder that NATO has been slow to act. The difficulty lies in weighing short term rewards against long term interests. It's an old cliché, but hindsight is 20/20. While swift action and arrests may look attractive now, they may appear as a colossal blunder in the event of a return to chaos. Therefore one hopes that prudence has been the motive behind NATO's previous hesitancy toward arrests.

Should the SFOR troops, or perhaps a covert force, hunt down and capture Radovan Karadzic and other indicted war criminals? The answer has to be yes. Police officers do not simply let criminals wander the streets because apprehending them would be dangerous. NATO forces may have to stay longer than anticipated. Arrests will undoubtedly lead to bloodshed. Someone's husband or father will not come home for Christmas. Covert action and daring arrests are always the popular choice. But how popular is the daring action if Harrison Ford winds up getting killed in the end?

DC: Centre for justice and the pursuit of what is right?

Photo: Library



In the Wake of the Haze

The past few weeks have seen the worst case of smog over South-East Asia in many years. It has been deemed an ecological catastrophe and the extent of the damage inflicted is unprecedented in the region.

The rapid, protracted invasion of the smog or the haze as it is known locally prompted the Malaysian government to declare a month-long state of emergency in Sarawak, one of the worst hit parts of the region. It was lifted only on September 28. The severity of the problem was confirmed by a special meeting of the Environment ministers of the Association of South East Asian Nations (ASEAN) members. The event, which was held in Indonesia where the smog originates, was forced to relocate due to the uncontrollable spread of burning forest nearby.

The damage toll for the region thus far is staggering, and though reports suggest the worst may be over, losses continue to mount.

In Sarawak alone the combined losses of the private and public sectors amounted to 100 million ringgit (US\$29.7 million) per day during the 10-day emergency. The smog had also closed the airport at Langkawi, a popular holiday island, and delayed or cancelled numerous flights at other airports throughout the region. In Indonesia, 510 houses were destroyed by uncontrollable fire and four people had died due to respiratory problems caused by the haze.

"The damage toll for the region thus far is staggering, and though reports suggest the worst may be over, losses continue to mount...The most spectacular disaster was the low-altitude crash of a Garuda Airlines airbus, killing 234 passengers."

The failure to cease aerial and maritime activity during particularly bad conditions had caused a few major accidents. Diminished visibility was cited as the cause of the collision of a motorboat and a freighter on the Musi River in South Sumatra, one of the worst-hit areas in the region, killing five passengers and leaving four more missing. It also caused a collision between two cargo ships in the Straits of Malacca, one of the busiest waterways in the world, leaving as many as 29 feared dead.

The most spectacular disaster however was the low-altitude crash of a Garuda Airlines Airbus into a mountainside in Sumatra, killing 234 passengers. Aviation experts believe that the crash would not have happened on a clear day.

Perhaps the heaviest loss has been the estimated 750,000 hectares (1.85 million acres) of bush and forested land ravaged by fire in Sumatra and Kalimantan combined, the main culprit of the smog, damage which would take decades of natural growth to replace.

Normally, the haze occurs fairly frequently in short, light spells in the region due invariably to the clearing of forests for agricultural or industrial

With the continuing fires in Indonesia, the Asean nations turn their attention to environmental issues



purposes and occasional bush fires on the Indonesian islands. The current haze is more dense and prolonged because of the greater extent of commercial clearing, coupled with the normal traditional slash-and-burn cultivation, and exacerbated by the worst drought in decades brought on by the El Nino phenomenon over the Pacific. The fires, which often rage out of control, create a dense smog which is carried over most of South-East Asia by prevailing winds from the south-east and east.

Meteorologists in the region believe that the occasional rains which wash down most of the smog at this time in previous years will not be forthcoming. The soonest respite will be the monsoon in November.

November might still be too far off for some. Health alarms in Singapore, Malaysia and Brunei were set off after four deaths in Indonesia due to respiratory problems caused by the smog. In Singapore, acute respiratory tract infections rose ten-fold to 10,378 in a one-week period in September and asthma cases rose by more than 200 to 1,228. There were also more cases of

conjunctivitis, runny noses and allergic rhinitis. People in the higher risk groups suffering allergies, chronic lung infections, the old and the very young are advised to stay indoors.

In the wake of the worst part of the smog, there has been a substantial degree of finger-pointing within the region as to the perpetrators of the disaster. Growing criticism in particular was levelled at the Indonesian government for not having done enough to fight the problem.

President Suharto himself has extended his apologies to his neighbours, backed by officials predicting a recession of the smog with the onset of seasonal rains next month and promises that the situation would never again occur.

"Otherwise we are all out of business," Environment Minister Sarwono Kusumaatmadja told a news conference.

However, anger over the smog increased in neighbouring countries even as the smoky air cleared, and more data was offered by them to show its worsening impact on the region.

In Malaysia's first parliamentary debate on the subject, critics accused both

Malaysia and Indonesia for the disaster. They claim that the Malaysian government had not brought enough pressure to bear on Indonesia to step up half-hearted attempts to prevent the problem from getting out of hand.

The effects of the haze in Malaysia had been substantial, augmenting the air pollution in its capital Kuala Lumpur, delaying flights at Subang International and hindering maritime traffic in the narrow Straits of Malacca. This comes at a time when recent turmoil in the domestic stock market and a plunging ringgit threaten an over-heating economy.

Indonesia, which had also experienced a run on its currency but has carried out sound policies to redress the problem, is also suffering a further setback as a result of the smog. Forestry companies have lost at least 45.7 billion rupiah (US\$12.5 million) and about 3,372 flights in the country had to be cancelled due to low visibility.

Critics believe that many large plantation companies are able to prolong clearing operations despite the worsening smog because of close political connections which dissuade law enforcers

from intervening. More rapacious companies are suspected of directly bribing the local authorities to look the other way. Indonesian Environment Minister Kusumaatmadja conceded that most of the fires were started by plantation companies to plant new trees but added "all connections are off. And I hope forever. I have been given a free hand."

Forestry Minister Djamiludin Soeryohadikusumo also announced that 154 licences for clearing forests by burning have been revoked.

Perhaps the greatest significance of the disaster rests in the long term effects it has on the region. The smog has been one of many problems to have plagued the ASEAN nations in the recent months.

The bloody coup in Cambodia, American criticism of allowing Myanmar which has a poor human rights record to join ASEAN and, most recently, the regional currency crisis have already taken their toll on a region supposed to be major contributor to the Asia-Pacific growth engine.

If the severity of the smog is to become an annual affair, then the booming tourism industry in the region will no doubt suffer, as will the inflow of skilled labour from the West which has played a key role in the regional economy.

The attractiveness of ASEAN as a place of investment, already shaken by

"The attractiveness of ASEAN as a place of investment, already shaken by crises in its financial and stock markets, will be further diminished, possibly worsening the current slowdown in growth"

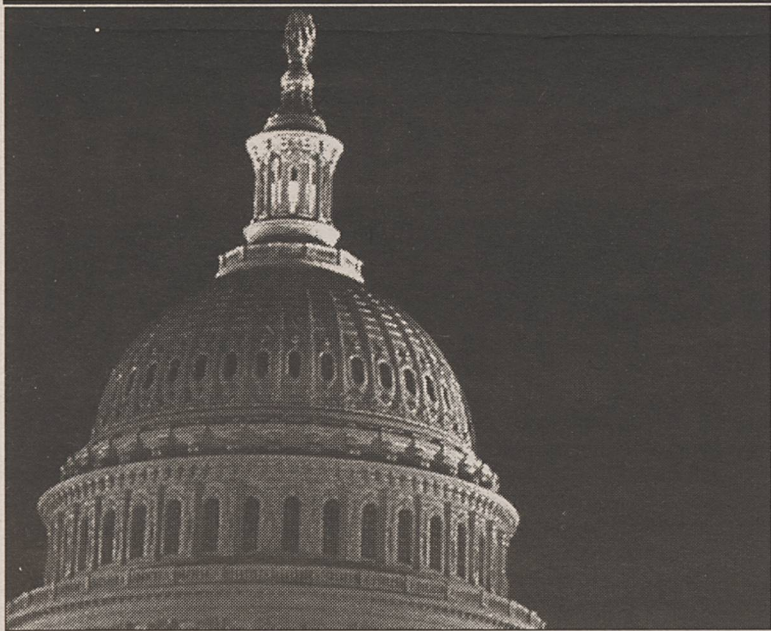
crises in its financial and stock markets, will be further diminished, possibly worsening the current slow-down in growth, a scenario of unacceptable horror to countries which have enjoyed higher-than-average growth rates for decades. ASEAN is currently learning from these past events, as the smog so aptly shows, that problems in one country can very easily spill over into its neighbours if not decisively addressed.

Meanwhile, ASEAN continues its concerted effort to fight still raging fires.

Malaysia has sent 1,200 firefighters to Sumatra and Kalimantan, the site of the biggest bush fires. Indonesia has mobilised its army to fight alongside its fire-fighters backed by French experts. Singapore has sent a C130 military transport plane and smoke-monitoring equipment and offered assistance in Indonesia's cloud-seeding operations.

Yet the worst may not have passed, as most officials claim. Some experts believe that the current threat is the peat and lignite coal deposits in Sumatra and Borneo that some fires are encroaching upon. When ablaze, their flames will be impossible to extinguish without the presence of heavy rains to swell the ground water to submerge fires.

(Apologies to the author of this article, if you could come to the *Beaver* office and tell us your name we will accredit the article to you next week.)



Was DC ruffled by the rally?

Last Sunday, 700,000 Christian men converged on the American capitol to pray, weep, and pledge to renew themselves. They kneeled on the lawns of the mall where countless protesters have thronged before them, and prayed in teepees provided for the occasion. The men promised to redeem their souls and in doing so, that of the nation. They are the Promise Keepers, the newest phenomenon to have emerged from America's religious right.

The core philosophy of the Promise Keepers is that American men are in a spiritual and moral crisis, which reflects the crisis in the nation as a whole. In smaller fellowship groups and in huge stadium gatherings, men are exhorted to embrace Christ and his teachings, to reform their ways, and to resume their place at the heads of their families. It is a message that is striking home. Last year, 1.1 million men attended the rallies, which have become most notable for the sight of men weeping and embracing each other. Sexual vices are one of the main issues of the rallies, with men begging and weeping for forgiveness for reading pornography, committing adultery, and abusing their spouses.

American liberals either wince at the

Promise Keepers evangelical fervour, or treat them with a wary enthusiasm. The movement's core theme of encouraging men to take responsibility for their families has earned the respect of many prominent women. Hillary Clinton has applauded the organisation in her book *It Takes a Village*. Certainly it has been women's hope for many years that men would play a larger role in the home. But is this what the Promise Keepers are really about? In a section in *Seven Promises*, the movement's guidebook, men are exhorted to reclaim their manhood in the following manner:

Sit down with your wife and say something like this. Honey, I've made a terrible mistake, I've given you my role, I gave up leading this family and I forced you to take my place. Now I must reclaim that role I'm not suggesting you ask for your role back, I'm urging you to take it back. There can be no compromise here, if you're going to lead you must lead. Frightening stuff.

The movement's leader Bill McCartney urges spiritual leadership over wives and encourages women to follow their husbands. He describes men as being spiritually different from women, and needing the company of other men in order to pray. There is not much space for

women religious leaders in the Promise Keepers vision of the world, or for women leadership at all. It is this re-invented traditionalist approach that has Feminists deploring the Promise Keepers as a threatening the gains American women have made in home and public life. Their most outspoken critic is Patricia Ireland, President of NOW who has called for a counter-rally to the PK's Sunday rally.

Bill McCartney has responded to such criticism by claiming that a man who leads his wife spiritually will really be her servant. No matter how many sugar-coatings he puts on his messages, they still describe men as being more fit to lead a family than women, no how much they have left their families down before. This is in a day and age when most women expect their husbands to be equal partners. The idea that the American male can only abide his family commitments if he is in charge, does not bode well for American families.

Issues have also been raised about Promise Keepers posturing on racial reconciliation. While it is an oft-mentioned theme at their rallies, and minorities now represent a large portion of their speakers and staff, the Keepers started as an almost exclusively white

organisation. Most African Americans still view them with suspicion and are not likely to openly embrace a large group of conservative, white men. Certainly the rally is in direct competition with the Million Man March organised two years ago by Louis Farrakhan, a leader even more indigestible to the American mainstream than Bill McCartney, but far more attractive to African American men.

The most controversial aspect of the Promise Keepers lies in supposedly apolitical stance. The movement is described over and over as a spiritual and not political, but at all times the moral and spiritual state of the Christian male is linked to the well being of the nation as a whole. When Promise Keepers get together it is not just about themselves but about the issues the religious right hold most dearly on their agenda: abortion, homosexuality, unwed mothers and their perceived general decline of American society as a whole. Bill McCartney is a fervent anti-abortion activist and supporter of Colorado's anti-gay legislation. From the start, the movement has been supported by powerful and decidedly political members of the Christian Right, including Pat Robertson of the Christian Coalition, and James Dobson, a popular radio figure

and supporter of the Family Research Council. That the religious right would rally over a million new supporters to their cause and not help them decide which issues were important to vote about and which candidates the most steadfast Christian crusaders, seems highly unlikely.

No matter how many men it returns to being loving husbands and fathers, most Americans are not likely to rally to the call of an evangelical religious political force. As it is, they may not have much to fear; the numbers at Promise Keepers rallies are already falling off and the organisation's earnings are in decline. Bill McCartney had his vision to begin Promise Keepers while a successful coach for the University of Colorado football team. It might do him well to recognise that the world is not one big locker-room where only one team wins, and where players can be exhorted to win through rallying speeches and high emotions. Life outside of the locker room is not so simple, and certainly much longer than the game. In the long-run Bill McCartney should consider a more tried and true recipe, that families who pray together stay together, and rely not on the techniques he mastered as a football coach but instead those he has learnt humbly as a husband and father.



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A Handy Guide to your Social Life at the School

Long ago an expedition set off to Siberia in search of a hoard of treasure which was reputedly, of immense value. As all the group members knew, the main chest amidst the mountain of gold held an incredible secret, one which would revolutionise man and womankind.

It explained everything a man would need to know about the intricacies of the female mind, and all that any woman would desire to be able to understand her man's inexplicable need to accumulate ten-year old car magazines around their flat, or failure to call when he promised he would.

Unfortunately, the guide perished, smothered by his foot-length hair as he slept; consequently, the group members were found frozen amidst the bleak white landscape.

As such, we shall have to cope with our patently pathetic attempts to understand the incomprehensible. Why she turned the die-hard Pierce Brosnan lookalike down to go for the forty year old with a blatantly fake hairpiece. Why he persisted in recycling his pick-up lines which never failed to amuse, but were sure to disappoint.

The downside, however to the amusing, exciting and occasionally frustrating arena of interaction between

the sexes, can be extremely negative. Sexual harassment does exist at the LSE, co-habiting with the social lives everyone leads.

Pick-up lines are amusing; but I just want to be friends with you!!!!; get your coat love, you've pulled; sleep with me, I'm a really sophisticated nineties man. The invisible line gets crossed at one stage, entering the realm of the obscene and the offensive.

A stranger 'complimenting' you on what is underneath your shirt is harassing you. A man who grabs or

"The invisible line gets crossed at one stage, entering the realm of the obscene and the offensive."

touches any part of your anatomy, whether it is your hand or your leg is harassing you; if his attentions are undesired.

Fooling about with your friends in this manner, whether you are merely exchanging banter, or are 'all over each other' - does not mean that you are a slag or loose in any way.

Yet some would argue that real

harassment is difficult to ascertain when one is faced with the matter of differing personal judgements, particularly when we face the problem of the absence of any real social consensus.

What must be recognised is that sexual harassment does not mean that you have to be touched by the offender: that also enters the area of sexual assault. Yet some would argue that words matter little and that a physical action must be committed before the 'victim' can claim harassment.

The arguments, however, hold no power whatsoever in overriding the victim's feelings.

If you go home and cry afterwards because you just do not understand why someone could be so mean as to make such nasty remarks: you have been harassed, even if he was standing five feet away from you.

If you feel guilty or dirty, you have no right to do so because the blame lies with someone else. No one has the right to tell you, for example, that you might have been harassed because of the way you were dressed.

Naturally, this is related to one's personal preferences: if an attractive woman approaches a man at work and propositions him, one could almost guarantee that his reaction and feelings towards her would differ in comparison

to a similar incident occurring with a woman he finds unappealing.

The former making a proposal which offends and causes distress, however, automatically earns herself the title of harasser.

Ultimately it is your choice whether you will report your harasser. If this man

"all that any woman would desire to be able to understand her man's inexplicable need to accumulate ten year old car magazines around their flat"

or woman is a fellow student at the LSE, you can approach the Women's Officer of the Student Union (Anita Majumdar), who can be contacted through Student Union Reception in the East Building.

Alternatively, you may like to speak to a counselor in the Welfare Office (also situated in the East Building). Lodging a complaint with the Student Union may result in the offender being banned from all Student Union premises: the Veggie cafe, the Print Shop, the Three Tuns and the SU Shop.

You may also choose to lodge a complaint with the School itself, which has a disciplinary procedure of its own.

If the incident has occurred in a hall of residence, you can complain to your Women's Officer or to a sub-warden who will be available to discuss the incident with you. If you decide to make a formal complaint, he or she could possibly be banned from the hall.

As for grievances a student may hold against a member of staff, you should contact the Advisor to Women students, or the dean of Undergraduate studies, or the dean of the graduate school. This need not be necessarily at the complaint stage: the abovenamed are available to discuss an incident.

If the student wishes to lodge a formal complaint, a procedure will be initiated which could potentially result in disciplinary proceedings against the academic. If in any event, a criminal offence has been committed, you should not hesitate to contact the police and lodge a report with them (dial 999). Rest assured, however, that such events are relatively rare occurrences here and that your time here at the school should be rather trouble-free (outside the missed essay deadlines and threatening letters from class teachers warning your imminent expulsion from your course.

RA

Sex And Other Things

Strangely enough, I had never heard the phrase 'pick-up line' before I came to the LSE: blame my parents for insisting I attend an all-girls school. I know one thing now; avoid men suffering badly from the dilemma of a mid-life crisis. Otherwise, the social melee that LSE provides enough amusement for everyone involved: rest assured that everyone's antics in Freshers' week will provide sufficient gossip for the rest of the year.

With sweating palms she stands at the far end of the bar, staring at the vision of her dreams, a tanned muscled body moving with the purest grace. Just as she has gathered up the courage to speak to him, she sees him turn and smooch the man next to him. She plummets into the deepest of depressions, haunted by the old adage her friends constantly chant when they are out on the pull that the best men are gay. Working on a summer internship, however, she promptly falls in love with a fifty-year old man and becomes permanently tied to him (or maybe she does not).

As for one who shall remain nameless, he remained alone at his table in the Tuns waiting for the date who never shows, his jaw gradually losing its firmness as the hand neared closing time, leaving him dribbling by the time Jim Fagan pushes him out the door.

Both the above examples suffered needlessly, mainly because they lacked education in the fine art of social interaction. *The Beaver*, therefore, has opted to teach you the error of your ways (pulling kings and queens that we are) and to publish a useful introduction to chat-up lines, with a selection of the best and worst. Freshers' week is not known as Fuck-A-Fresher week for nothing.

Therefore thy shall avoid every leering male and female non-Fresher (then again, you may choose not to). You will also, if you pull, use the official form of protection for any randy fresher: the condom (available from the health clinic here at LSE). Otherwise, you are choosing to exercise your God-given right to expose yourself to every debilitating form of STD known to Mankind. The morning-after pill, in the event of an accident, is available from the St Phillips Health centre. Be forewarned that it only has a 99% success rate and that you must use it within 48 hours of the event. Pregnancy tests are also available from St Phillips. All contraception is provided free of charge on the NHS.

Having tried our best to ensure that you shall operate safely after achieving puller and pullee status, we invite you to sample and enjoy our selection of pick-up lines.

RA

Hook, line and Sinker (or maybe not)

- 1) Did you go to the French Lycee in South Ken? (yawn)
- 2) What A-levels did you do?
- 3) Let's go to the Brunch Bowl for lunch (often used by the desperate)
- 4) What did you do on your year out?
- 5) Would you like to have dinner at Oxo this Saturday?
- 6) Let's go to Paris tomorrow and to New York for X'mas
- 7) Can I cook you dinner this weekend?
- 8) Can I just tell you that you have a beautiful smile?
- 9) I don't have a pick-up line, you see...
- 10) I know students get broke and hungry occasionally, so let me take you out for lunch sometime
- 11) The word of the day is legs, so let's go and spread the word
- 12) You smell so lovely...
- 13) Would you like to come up to my room for some tea?
- 14) I'm a part-time sex instructor- my first lesson's free?



Paris for the weekend?

Photo: Library

But Who Will Protect Us From You?

The Peacemaker

★ George Clooney, Nicole Kidman
Half the Russian Army
Loads of Moldovan Extras to add the right flava!

📢 **C+**

David Balfour



One of the most dreadful things about the Peacemaker is that in several twisted respects it matters. It matters to Mimi Leder because it is her first major motion picture, and after years of success directing 'e.r.' and L.A. Law her first foray into the big screen will determine her future in La-La land. It matters to Dreamworks, as their first release it will set the standard by which all their other films will be judged and it will answer critics' questions of how happy a marriage David Geffen and Stephen Spielberg make. But most importantly it matters to George Clooney, whose escape from the small screen onto the big screen looks in doubt after starring in the worst film ever made, 'Batman and Robin'.

Lucky for him then that he has the support of Hollywood's finest technicians. Indeed a brief glance over the production notes shows teams is very much like a brief list of Hollywood's most technical best. Branko Lustig, the producer, was Spielberg's partner in making Schindler's List, previously making 'Fiddler on the Roof' and the 'The Tin Drum'. The other producer is Walter Parkes, who made 'Sneakers', 'Twister', and most recently, 'Men in Black'. The writer, Michael Schiffer, has penned many fine movies, chief of which are 'Lean on Me' and 'Crimson Tide'. The same goes for s-f/x director and so on and so forth. All this proves to illustrate the level of professionalism involved with the film. Further, it goes to show that past success is no guarantee of future success. That is to say, and say it bluntly, that the film is mostly unexciting and predictable. It is not an awful film, just a standard old Hollywood one. To its credit it has some twists and nice nuances. Of particular note is the car-chase. Every action film has one, but most are rather boring affairs, fender bumping, crashing through shops, nearly missing pedestrians. In The Peacemaker, the violence goes into Quentin Overdrive. Simply nasty, ass kicking violence. George, not being the nice guy he usually is in e.r. but a bad ass motherfucker, takes his Mercedes on a crash course against four

BMW's. Mercedes must have paid a butt-load for the privilege of the on-screen annihilation of their major competitor. Through the streets of Vienna the chase winds, destroying shops and injuring pedestrians (now that's what I call entertainment) in the most fun the movie has to offer. The scene ends in a main square in Vienna, where after destroying various cafes, markets stalls, and a sixteenth century fountain Clooney uses the bare wheel of his car to ignite a fire which engulfs the bad-guys, who are trapped in their cars, screaming in agony as the last drops of blood that they will remember dribble down their face, stinging their eyes, onto the floor of the car as the flames, which will eventually burn their flesh off, rushes towards the dark car. Perhaps that was a bit too graphic. Onlookers star, dazed and confused, a few start taking pictures. This might be the oddest time to mention this, but the Mercedes Clooney and Kidman ride around in is the exact same model that Princess Diana spent her last few moments of beauty before she was smacked around the inside of the Parisian Tunnel.

But anyway, I digress.

The major problem with the film is the large plot holes that it tries to fill with nifty scientific gizmos. Apparently there exist in the Secret Service satellites so advanced that they can take images that normally one gets from a helicopter. Then transmit those images half way around the world to a computer screen in Turkey, and of course they come out in real time. In fact they are so good you can zoom in and read a licence plate. Clever that. You know, not only is this plot filler improbable it is also badly done. No attempt is made to mask the aerial photography as satellite. For the discerning viewer this cheap cop-out is quite frankly good enough. It just won't do from the supposedly most professional and technologically advanced production company on the face of the planet. What a shame.

This is truly a film of ups and downs. A boringly slow opening of train ride consisting of a bunch of Russian actors who try to create the sense of a decaying army. Followed by a mind blowing terrific nuclear explosion where 1500 people snuff it in a white light certainly is not only entertaining but extremely well done. But it is countered by a cumbersome and predictable introduction of the main characters. Image it, the woman: hard working and clean cut; the man: brutish and spontaneous. These two of course have to overcome their initial dislike in order to stop international extinction.

Unfortunately, there does exist a subtle sexual tension between both Clooney and Kidman. Unfortunately because it makes the film less easy to slag off. The natural chemistry between the two is so tempting as to make love almost inevitable. Thank god then that this action flick turns away from mushy romance pooh. Clooney's and Kidman's characters are professionals and that is the way it remains throughout.

What really ruins the film is the ending. It is the typical and depressingly predictable 'defuse the bomb ending'. Kidman takes apart an atomic bomb, a la James Bond 'Octopussy' style. Bizarrely she only has to separate the explosive from the plutonium, and then lets it explode. For the more discerning student this must strike as very odd. And indeed it is. If it happened in reality, a sizeable bomb explosion near a load of plutonium, there would not be a nuclear explosion, but there would be a spread of radioactive material so large that

most of Manhattan would be uninhabitable for the next thousand years. Not that I am pedantic, but that sequence assumes the audience is so stupid that it won't understand the basic principle of physics, and I hate it when films do that.

George and Nicole, escape the deadly radioactive poisoning by jumping through an ancient stained-glass window. Of course that being the climax of the film I have just ruined it but hey, for the discerning (third usage in one story) viewer this really does

not matter. Why? Because any serious film goer worth their salt would know the entire plot inside of two minutes of the opening. Any film that starts with loads of dodgy men in Russian military uniforms loading nuclear missiles onto a train in the dead of night, simply has to end with a bomb defusing scene.

However, this film is not about the end of the journey, its enjoyment is derived from the ride it takes you on. And occasionally it is thoroughly riveting. But when it is not, it is very professional. Very professionally boring. Which is not exactly what George was hoping for. Oh, well.

COMPETITION!

NICE FINGER!

THANKS, I'VE GOT MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM. WANNA SEE.

COMPETITION

DUE TO THE SUCCESS OF LAST WEEK'S COMPETITION, WE'VE DECIDED TO RUN ANOTHER. TICKETS TO SEE PREVIEW OF THE PEACEMAKER. PUT YOUR ANSWER IN ARTS BOX IN THE BEAVER OFFICE

IN WHICH SITCOM HAS GEORGE CLOONEY HAD A LONG RUNNING CAMEO PART?

We all Know what Brown Means Francesca

A story of unspoken love and friendship, the movie Mrs. Brown revolves around a linear plot which lacks the spark of movement and action. An inconsolable Queen Victoria, played by Judi Dench, rendered hard and impenetrable by the loss of her husband, discovers a friend in her fiery Scottish servant, Mr. Brown, played by Billy Connolly. The "extended" friendship becomes indispensable to the Queen as she protracts her self-imposed withdrawal from public life. Her absence from her public duties has led many to openly question the need for a monarchy. As a result various characters traipse their way up to her Scottish sanctuary in order to convince her to return to London. The ambiguities over the relationship between her majesty and Mrs. Brown arise, as the monarch faces a crisis, losing favour with her people.

The highlight of the movie is doubtlessly the characterisation of the then Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli, played by . His facial expressions are the primary source of comedy in otherwise dry film. The feeling one gets upon leaving Mrs Brown is that though it had a promising beginning, it slackened off towards the end and became boring. The dominant themes of the film are stated and re-stated repeatedly through out the film with no nuance added. The opening flashback sequence is the most puzzling element of the film and when it turns out to be meaningless it breaks the attention of the viewer. And the only point of what was seen was a shabby attempt at making the film any thing other than a linear i.e. chronological approach to telling the story. Mrs. Brown...more like Mrs Boring.



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THURSDAY AT 5PM IN THE GREEN ROOM



The GHOST is Machine

Karianne Fogelberg

'Sleeping with Ghosts' is at the Barbican Art Gallery until the 14th of December

Mud is concealing both faces. Yet, the woman is wearing the dirt on her face with pride, whereas the man must have turned indifferent towards feelings such as pride long ago. Both are apparently living in a world apart. Nevertheless, both their faces have once caught the photographic eye of Don McCullin.



Throughout his long-lasting career as press photographer, the lens of his camera has been directed upon the human grievance of warfare and social crises. Starting to work for The Observer in 1958, he also covered stories for The Sunday Telegraph and joined The Sunday Times in 1966, where he worked until 1983.

The picture of the woman was taken in 1983, when he documented the customs of native tribes in Indonesia, such as decorating the face with layers of mud. In the 1980s, McCullin decided that 'Eventually it was time to turn my attentions to more exotic and peaceful lands... needed to get away from the misery of war, it was destroying me and tormenting my soul.'

Given this approach, it is of no surprise that his later work sharply contrasts with his earlier one, just like the portrait of the Indonesian woman which contrasts with the one showing a homeless man in Spitalfield's, East London. McCullin depicted him in 1969, when documenting the poverty and deprivation of England's cities.

However different the background of people on McCullin's photographs may be, their faces all bear the gripping expressions so characteristic for his photographs. He possesses the rare gift to capture feelings on film. In his biography 'Unreasonable Behaviour', he describes his experiences of the civil war in Cyprus, the first major conflict which he covered for The Observer in 1964: 'I found I was able to share other people's emotional experiences, live with them silently, transmit them...' Indeed, his pictures, whether from Vietnam, Cambodia or Nigeria, are painfully touching. The eyes of tortured soldiers and starving children seem to follow you, whilst you are turning to the next image. In contrast to these photographs, his more recent work, mainly still life and landscapes, leaves you entirely unaffected images which nature creates are peaceful, devoid of the destructive force that mankind is capable of releasing.

It is not a bright and colourful world that McCullin's pictures are presenting to us, but a sphere where ghostlike shadows are evolving out of the black and white, documenting the scene of human depravity.



The Tuns Refurbishment half way



Page 15
The Page For
The best of
London's Art
Scene!

(not) so Sweet Temptation

Jon 'Biggs is Better' Biggs

In a life made weary by despair, the little touches of artistry can make all the difference. Films sometimes grant a temporary respite, but when the movie is the work of an engineer not an artist, they merely divert.

Temptress Moon seems leaden, a love story played out in 1920s China, brought to you by the director of Farewell my Concubine, Chen Kaige. A reputation can be a malevolent force, bringing in the voyeurs to pick over the like warm remains of a follow up. The film is supposed to be an allegory for modern day China, but its characterisation is too simple, the subject too vast in scope to be represented by a handful of characters. It makes you wonder if the pretentious pap is all cynical marketing, when you just don't feel any soul.

The damaged people explored fail to raise emotion, their afflictions lacking any subtlety.

Looks so sweet, sucks so hard!

Opened Friday
Showing at
the Renoir
Cinemas
Russell
Square,
Chelsea and at the Curzon West End



The Art(re) of it All

Mark Pallis

'ART' by Yasmin Reza
Wyndhams Theatre (0171 369 1736)

You may try and avoid it but sometime soon, someone will ask you. Someone is waiting to know your opinion of 'Modern Art'. "It's all crap 'innit" may be the standard response but some of us delve deeper; defining crapness, examining crap's irrelevance in our society, calling on all crap to be poop scooped away. But how can I say this!! Surely modern art does have a place, a significance and an excellence. Which make me a tosser for overlooking. You see, I'm already arguing and there's only me and a computer. Take three friends: one art loving aesthete, one dedicated classicist, a placator with the fence shoved firmly up his bum and a painting of white lines on a white background and then you'll see an argument. Their initial responses are: "It's shit!" "No it's not!" and "I don't really mind" From there it escalates and soon we see a colourful kaleidoscopic palate of insults produce Kandinsky - esque results! The slagging off is great fun and had the audience rolling in the aisles. After a while it began to drag but almost immediately, the story (it does actually have a story line) developed and we learn more about Yvor, Serge and Marc's background, personality and relationship. These three, highly magnetic characters find that the painting triggers certain feelings, making them question their friendship and also themselves. "Learning about oneself" may sound like a tired cliché but the freshness of Reza's approach and the everyday characters enable it to be subtly yet clearly and powerfully portrayed. I laughed 'till I almost wet myself, I cried, I sweated with nervous tension in fact, I almost drowned in my own fluid.

Take it as 85 mins of comedy, take it as social comment, take it as philosophy or take it as a break from clubbing, just see it.



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SINGLES

single of the week



Primal Scream
Burning Wheel

The best single Primal Scream have ever done - so says Bobby Gillespie. Pretty damn close, as it glides through a ride-esque vocal overlain on a slow dub backing. Unsurprisingly, the Chemical Brothers remix is as good (if not better) than the original - and taken together they will make you forget 'Give out but don't give up' ever happened. (JC)

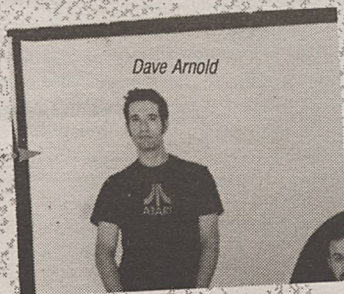
David Arnold ftr. Propeller Heads *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*

Bond is the way forward - of this there is no doubt. Discount the fact that the new movie is supposed to be crap, and Mr. Angel chooses the 3rd worst bond ever to revamp, and the way forward remains clear. 'On Her Majesty's Secret Service' has all the requisite pomp, circumstance, and ceremonial horns (despite not being Shirley Bassey), and the Angel mix crackles along in fine harmony with the original. Blinding, if truth be told, and quite possibly the future of music. Diamonds are forever, anyone? (JC)

Mansun

Closed for business E.P.

They may be arrogant sods who dress up in weird clothes but there is no denying that Mansun are damn good. This, their first EP following the superb Attack of The Grey Lantern, shows there is much more top notch stuff to come. Although on the first listening the title track comes across as a rehash of about 4 tracks off Lantern, given a few more spins it really does improve, but not as much as I'd like. Maybe I expect too much. However the next track 'K.I. Double S.I.N.G.' is a great song, maybe a little on the repetitive side but it does have some good music backing it up. 'Everyone must win' has a real urban nightmare feel, finishing with all manner of 'inner city screams'. The last track 'The world's still open' is strangely upbeat for Mansun and it makes for a great finish to a top EP. The new album is eagerly awaited. (DL)



Dave Arnold

Coolio

Ooh La La

Coolio might have started his career as one of hip hop's true heroes but as everyone else one day he fell for the curse of profit and commerce. Hardly surprising this is, since 1997 is the year of hip hop amalgamating with any kind of genre one can think of. Just imagine what it will sound like once Puff

Daddy, Sting, Phil Collins and Foo Fighter's Dave Grohl leave the recording studio together. Above all there will be an album out soon, combining hip hop music and opera stars.



Monaco

This single begs just one very simple question. Why was it ever released? The record label is heavenly, but the song is far from that. Although there are three different songs on the single they all sound the same and actually only add up to nine minutes of playing time. This is definitely one to flush down the toilet.

Monaco

'stine' (someone who needs me)

Peter Hook and David Potts are better off going to Monaco and spending their record companies' cash in the casinos where they are more likely to make money and get recognition. The CD promises big with a black sticker saying features the previously unreleased song

Yuk! Thus

Coolio's 'Ooh La La', second single from his new album 'My soul' is just another easy listening piece that will make its way in the charts though the song is desperately boring and lacks any kind of variety. Even worse, the single's second and only extra track is an instrumental version of the same song. Yawn... (MG)

Garageland

Nude Star

Coming along with Garageland's surprisingly fascinating debut album 'Last exit Garageland' (as reviewed in last week's BEAVER) is their second single 'Nude Star'. Recorded in London and mixed by Alan Moulder with whom Garageland have been working a lot recently the song is even another small step forward from the album's quality. Guitar torture with an indie attitude, of depth and intent, colossal but essentially cruel in lyrics and mood. Pavement is the band that immediately comes to mind, though Garageland are definitely more on the indie side of musical style than Pavement's low-fi pop. As a bonus the single features three new tracks, closing in a stunning crescendo with 'Cherry Cola'. So if you are not convinced to buy the album yet, have a taste with this single. You will not be disappointed.

The Hybrids - Stranded



Fountains of Wayne

'Comin' Around Again', the reason for it being unreleased is that it fails to inspire any confidence in the music industry.

Peach

Made in vain

Although the start of this single is not very promising, the different versions of the song make this a good buy. The best thing to do is to skip the first song and go straight to the beatmasters 12" mix. This mix is an excellent dance track which should stir all dance maniacs into a frenzy. With a decent marketing machine this single could definitely make the top ten, but then who couldn't.

Famous Times

The Blue Man EP

Famous Times are cheesy in a Divine Comedy sort of way. They seem to have two main lead vocalists, both with good, deep

voices, although occasionally they try a little too hard, and end up sounding like Mike Flowers. The four tracks on this EP are all nice, easy listening pop songs, with prominent acoustic guitars (and the odd banjo). By far the best track is 'The Big O,' a quite sweet Righteous Brothers style song. However, there is no getting away from the fact that the singing is just so hammy. Being a vegetarian I don't know if I should be listening to it. (ss)

Symposium

Fairweather Friend

As the foetuses that are Symposium enter the stage for this a live version of 'Fairweather Friend' (they are all younger the average fresher) we hear Irish folk music in the background. Then they storm in with their own brand of weak Rock, sandwiched by a few jaunty little guitar solos. Symposium have always been one of these up-and-coming bands, and by this they'll probably keep that status. Where's the final push lads? (DL)

Fountains of Wayne

Barbara H

This is such a delightfully casual ode to young Barbara. The vocal style is pleasant enough, if you're into semi-whiny US accents, and the musicians are definitely competent. Fountains of Wayne (interesting name, hope there aren't any sexual connotations) have managed to create a laid back slacking anthem. Slow drum beat, walking guitar, this song could draw you into a beautiful coma if it weren't for the louder electric parts. We deserve to hear more of this. Have the slackers of the US found their new overlord? Yeah, but only until Beck gets around to producing some new stuff. (DL)

Carrie

Breathe Underwater

Vaguely reminiscent of The Presidents of the USA on a relaxed day (Peaches springs to mind), this is a tasty bite of West Coast Pop. Named after the psychotic mind-child of Stephen King who used her telekinetic powers for evil, this is a bouncy, merry, head-shaking tune (a little incongruous?). And you know, it ain't half bad. (DL)



MONITOR COMPANY

What is Strategy?

The Waldorf Meridien

7pm, 16 October 1997

Founded in 1983, Monitor Company has rapidly developed into one of the world's pre-eminent strategy consulting practices. We currently employ over 700 professionals in 14 offices and 12 further project offices worldwide.

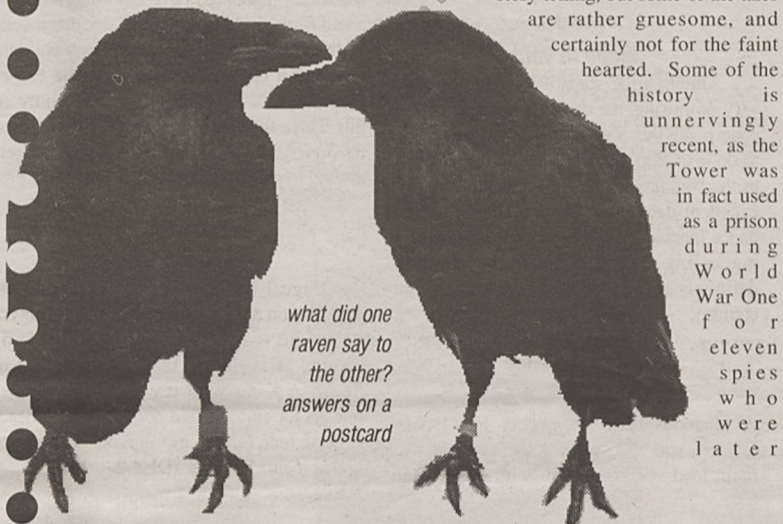
The application deadline for January interviews is December 19, 1997. We also accept applications year-round. For more information contact: Christine Grady, Recruiting Co-ordinator, Monitor Company, 1 Grosvenor Place, London, SW1X 7HJ Telephone: 0171 259 4000 <http://www.monitor.com>

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Monsters, Ravens, Loonies

The Tower of London has stood dominating the City of London for over 900 years. It is now one of the world's largest tourist attractions, with no fewer than 2.5 million visitors per year. We decided to don our rucksacks, grab our cameras, and join the hordes of tourists for an enjoyable and informative day out. If you can battle your way through the crowds, and tolerate the vertigo inducing, knee aching stairways it really is a day out not to be missed. 60 minute guided

tours are given throughout the day by the Yeoman 'Beefeater' Wardens of the Tower, which are highly recommended and included in the admission price. The Yeoman Warders pose readily for photos upon request, but they are really not that beefy so you probably won't bother. The Tour is a really good starting point, and gives you the opportunity to familiarise yourself with the main sights and learn a little of the history held within the walls, before venturing out on your own. The Beefeaters clearly take pride in their work and are quite witty and animated in their story telling, but some of the tales are rather gruesome, and certainly not for the faint hearted. Some of the history is unnervingly recent, as the Tower was in fact used as a prison during World War One for eleven spies who were later



executed, and the last execution to take place in the Tower was in 1941 during World War Two.

Not to be missed is the Crown Jewels exhibition, but don't expect to take your time here, as you are whizzed past the headgear on a conveyor belt no less! The Imperial State Crown is here for viewing (as long as you don't visit on the day of the State opening of Parliament when the Queen is wearing it!). The gold display looks like something out of Aladdin's Cave, but you can take comfort in the fact that it is actually only 24 carat gold on silver, and even the Royals cheat sometimes. As for the burning question 'how much are the jewels worth?' the only response you will get is that they are priceless, hence our astonishment at the rather unobvious security (but I wouldn't be getting any ideas!)

The Bloody Tower, where Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned for 13 years (1603-1616) is open for exhibition, and to be quite honest I can think of worse places to be locked up. If you feel the need, you can have your picture taken by the scaffold on Tower Green where Anne Boleyn (1536), Catherine Howard (1542) and Lady Jane Grey (1554), amongst others, were beheaded. But for those of you with truly sadistic tendencies you will be disappointed that the instruments of torture have been removed from display. Take heart however, for that extra bit of fun you could always see how close you can get to the resident Ravens before they attack you. The Ravens are the



guardians of the Tower, and legend has it that if they ever leave, the White Tower will crumble and fall, and the crown of England will be lost. Just to make sure, they have had their flight feathers clipped, and full time members of staff are employed to feed and pamper them, and put them to bed at night. Like most of the Tower, the aviaries (a modest word for the home of such important creatures don't you think?) are also on exhibition.

The White Tower, which is the oldest part of the Tower dating back to 1078, is now home to the Royal Armouries exhibition. Henry VIII's suits of armour can be viewed here, and the associated codpiece is a sight that you really can't miss and perhaps explains how he managed so many wives. Other attractions include the Medieval Palace, which has been restored to its splendour of Edward 1st's times, the Fusiliers' Museum (entrance an additional 50p), the Wall Walk, as well as remains of the Londinium's Roman Wall.

Whether you have a couple of hours to spend, or an entire day, the Tower of London makes for a great day out. Patriots will love it, and non-patriots will add fuel to their thoughts at the sheer expense of it all (but best keep your opinions to yourself whilst within the walls, or you'll be likely to be banished to a Tower or taken to the chopping block).

Julia Vowles



Houghton Street Harry

HARRY IS HAPPY.
This is not normal. In fact, Harry may soon be out of a job, since he's expected to be a nasty, jingoistic little bastard with the humour of a Carlton Palmer tackle. So - why is he happy?

Harry is happy because the new term has started and Harry is a pathetic little hack with no life outside the LSE, who's going to do as Master's here and then a PhD and never, ever, leave. There's a lot of us around.

Harry is happy because Fresher's Week is over. Not that he doesn't enjoy it - ever since the Tuns started its free-pint-for-every-hymen-broken offer Harry has had a great time on the first Friday of the year. But Harry's a little sick of being asked what A-Levels he did, of watching eighteen year olds vomit up their four pints of lager, and of explaining to sweet little girls that their Mummy's Range Rover won't be picking them up tonight.

Harry is happy because the sad bastards who've left the LSE but don't have any friends are back in the Tuns every night and might be persuaded to lend him a few nicker from their obscene salaries since Harry is a student and students are SO POOR (Harry has to say that or the SWSS/Labour/Union hack posse will descend on him and shout in his ear).

Speaking of which, Harry is happy because he's been able to piss off loads of those selfsame hacks by refusing to sign any of their many petitions against top-up fees, or tuition fees, or whatever it is they've decided is the work of the devil or Tony Blair. They're always telling students how apathetic they are - and then they're surprised and angry when we can't be bothered to sign their little bits of paper. Most of Harry's brain cells are on deposit at the Tuns as collateral for his tab (poor gullible fools) and he can still see the contradiction.

Harry is happy because England have only to get a draw in Rome on Saturday for him to get his revenge on all the Italians who clutter up Houghton Street tossing their hair and talking loudly to their mobile phones. Not that Harry is being xenophobic - this is happy. Prozacked Harry Lite. I know Italy has better food, wine and fashion, and much better looking women (pity none of them come to the LSE). But England has Paul Gascoigne.

Harry is happy because, although the new Tuns looks like a failed yuppie bar with all the character of Gary Lineker, the new toilets are wonderful. Pissing in a new urinal is an amazing feeling. It's like cracking open a bottle of champagne on the bow of a ship - both tend to froth out all pale yellow and bubbly. The new toilets are beautiful, like football on an autumn afternoon, or a Dennis Bergkamp curler, or Gianfranco Zola breaking both his legs in the first minute on Saturday. When I wrung my foreskin out in them for the first time I felt like John the Baptist.

So Harry is happy. And if you're a member of a minority group - and who isn't - you should recognise the importance of keeping him that way. Once venom is rising in his throat like bile after a pint of the Tuns' cider, no one is safe from Harry's chauvinism, racism, bigotry, intolerance and bad breath. So don't do anything to offend my delicate sensibilities.

Don't dye your hair, move to Camden, and sit in the Tuns trying to look effete and cool. Don't stand in my street jabbering into your mobile phone trying to look like a dealer. Don't put up walls of posters in my street for demos no one will go to. Don't sit at a desk in my street selling tickets to pathetic parties with the aid of vile music and the promise that the entire Econometrics department will be there. Don't eat lunch in my street out of a Benji's plastic box with a spoon so tiny you hunch right over and still spill pasta all down your shirt. And don't put up signs saying 'East Street'.

Restaurant Review

Free food? Just Capital, says Vicky Seabrooke

After listening to numerous references to the Capital Radio Cafe on Capital FM we decided that it was about time that we visited the Cafe. My initial reaction upon my arrival was to be impressed, it was very welcoming and modern and the staff were tremendously helpful from the start with the clientele ranging from the young and trendy to the old and funky, which was nice.

There was a modern bar as you walked in with the restaurant opening out into an American style diner with plenty of tables all centred around a DJ booth playing out requests and plenty of decent music. Regular listeners will be pleased to hear that you also have the chance to play the legendary 'Bong Game' providing that you know your birthday, which even the thickest of geography students should just about be able to manage.

We sat down and were given our

menus which we were delighted to see contained a whole spectrum of culinary delights to suit every taste ranging from the mandatory burger and fries to Thai Grilled Salmon salad or Stir Crazy Vegetables which should satisfy any vegetarian. There were 9 different starters to choose from weighing in at around £4.50 including Brie and Grape Tortillas and garlic fried calamari (squid). We couldn't decide what to have so we agreed to plum for the two nicest sounding ones and fight over them. We finally chose the Bangkok Satay chicken at £4.65 and some BBQ Bacon skins costing £5.95, our only regret being that we still had a main course to come, I could have happily eaten either appetiser all night.

There is also an excellent choice of main meals with salads for those on diets and 16oz T-Bone steak for those infuriating people who seem to be able to stuff their face all night and never put on any weight. I counted around 25 main courses which included 5 vegetarian options, and the average cost was around ten pounds, with plenty of meals for seven or eight quid. After

much deliberation I opted for a lobster club sandwich while my partner in crime plumped for the 12 oz Honey Grilled pork chop, both of which were around the £11 mark. Both meals lived up to their expectations, and from looking around the restaurant we concluded that everyone was enjoying their food immensely, though they weren't quite so keen on us gawping at them whilst they ate.

The food marathon continued with our desserts, both of us plumping for the Tiramisu, the most expensive one on the menu which was £5.25, though one could round off the meal with ice cream and sorbets for a very reasonable £2.65.

To say that the Tiramisu was good would be the greatest injustice since Terry Venables was forced out of his role as England's football coach. We finally agreed that the best word to describe it was probably heaven (or equivalent) though the words better than sex did crop up, and with our combined experience this is not an accolade we give out lightly.

All of these delightful foodstuffs were washed down with a bottle of house white (£8.75) which complemented the meal perfectly and the cherry on the top was the wonderful coffee that we sat and drank as we reflected our evening so far.

The waiting staff were extremely friendly and very understanding when we explained that as we were students there was no chance of them getting a tip.



All in all it was a relaxing and fun, though it may prove to be an expensive night out (a three course meal with wine should be about £25 per head) which will suit everybody's taste, with separate areas catering for anything from a quiet romantic meal to rugby team piss ups.

We reckon it's well worth going if only for coffee and dessert and to check out the ladies toilets (unless you're male of course!) which are as pristine as the dining tables with a mirrored ceiling and wonderful decor.

I think we can safely say that the Capital Cafe is more than just another trendy diner although it does have the obligatory merchandise store) and we have been assured that the chances of bumping into Chris Tarrant are minimal, and if you do bump in to him you can always give him a slap from me.

JARDINE MATHESON

The multinational at the heart of Asia
Career Opportunities for Graduates
Presentation at the Hong Kong Theatre

Clement House, Aldwych on Tuesday 21st October at 12 noon

Sign up at the LSE Careers Service

BOARD CRAZY

Aerobics

The Beaver presents a special feature on the latest pedestrian danger to hit the streets of London

Matthew Brough

London can be perceived as being one of the most urban locations in Britain and as such it can be very difficult to get involved in any sporting activity that doesn't mean being locked up in a leisure centre or travelling miles to find a small piece of grass to have a kickabout on. So why not get involved in a sport specifically designed for the concrete world of the city; skateboarding.

OK so skateboarding has gone in and out of fashion over the last few decades but seeing that it's currently in an 'in' phase now would be an ideal time for the world to eliminate images of Bart Simpson and Christian Slater from their minds (Gleaming the cube, ugh!), fork out some of your grant on a deck and come learn to ollie with the rest of us.

Most areas of London are ideal for skating. Large flat concrete spaces are perfect for beginners while a stream of 60's, 70's and 80's architectural disasters have all the banks, stairs and rails needed to challenge experts. Also with the relatively good condition of pavements and asphalt (no, really) skateboarding is a viable alternative to cramped and slow moving public

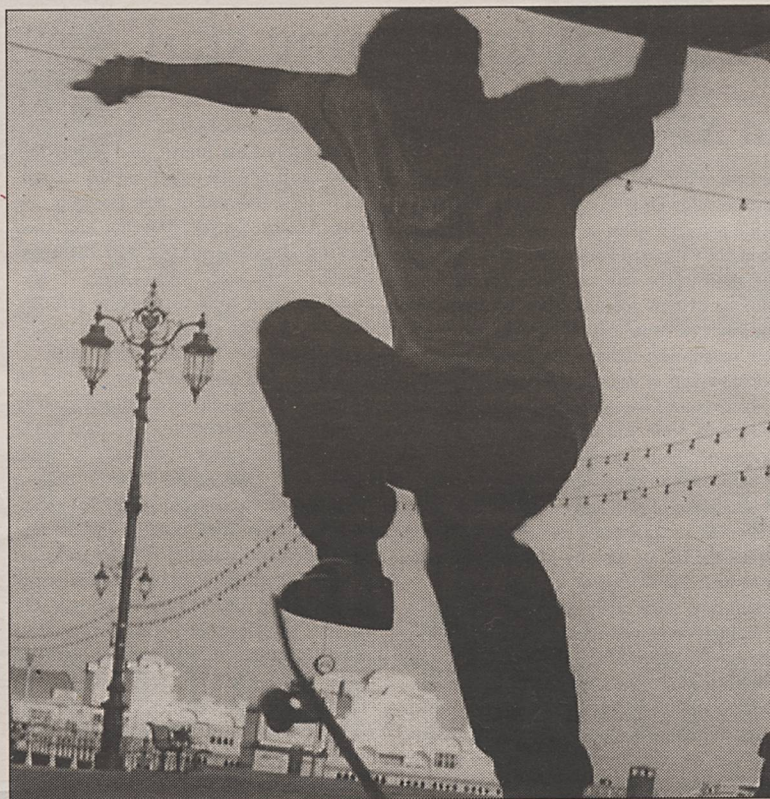
transport. As an added bonus unlike aerobics and jogging, lycra is not really an essential requirement.

you (skateboarding is **not** a crime). Popular sites include the Harrow skate centre (only about fifteen

expensive when compared to many other sports the individual nature of decks and clothing makes skateboarding a lot less constraining than most sports. If you want to start try and find a proper skateboarder who can advise you on what makes of decks, trucks, wheels etc. to purchase. Failing that go to a dedicated skateshop and get the people there to help you. Be serious. Skateshops tend to take advantage of those who buy purely for fashion reasons. You can wear Nike's without being a runner but it isn't wise to do that with skateboarding. Safety equipment isn't essential but we really should recommend it for beginners just to be sensible. For those who don't, skaters really appreciate plaster casts and injuries always make amusing anecdotes.

So why not try it. Instant sex appeal and notoriety aren't guaranteed but cool scars and a feeling of achievement are.

If you're a interested or just want to be as cool as the guy in the photo call either Matthew Brough (rm 126) or Ben Wise (rm 106) at International Hall, on 0171 837 0746 extension 7311. We need at least 20 people to start a society. Skateboard and/or skill not essential. Bin-liners need not apply. Remember, Danger is our bag.



The cool guy

With the increasing number of dedicated skateparks in and around the city there are always places to go when OAPs/Policemen start hassling

minutes from Euston station) and the recently opened Play-station Park near Battersea.

Although basic equipment can be

Fitness Fanatic or just too many pies, come join the Aerobics Club and fight that waistline now!

Monday - 6-7 p.m. in the Badminton Court

Tuesday - 5-6 p.m. in the Gym

Wednesday - 5-6 p.m. in the Badminton Court

All sessions take place in the basement of the Old Building.

Members - £1.50

Non-Members - £3

Fully qualified instructor, hi & low impact, toning and sculpting.

For more information please contact Jo in the classes or leave a message in the Aerobics pigeon hole in the AU Common Room.

Sports Noticeboard

Golf

The LSE's Golf society will hold its first ever meeting in the **Athletic Union Common Room** (top floor of the Cafe in the East Building) on:

Wednesday 15th October 2.30p.m. or

Thursday 16th October 5.15 p.m.

All members who signed up at the Freshers' Fayre must attend. Plus anyone interested in joining the society. We cater for all standards and you don't need clubs to join.

If you can't attend the meeting or would like more information please e-mail Christopher Blake on C.P.Blake@lse.ac.uk

Rugby Trials & Training

All players must attend training on Saturday 18th October.

Any new players wishing to play this year should also attend. This is the last chance to impress before the new season begins.

Meet in Houghton Street at 12.30 p.m.

TAE KWON DO

Tae Kwon Do is one of the most active martial arts clubs in the LSE, winning two gold and three bronze medals at last years university tournament. We cater for all abilities, from beginner to black belt.

Training times are Mondays and Fridays from 7.00 to 9.30 p.m. Your first session is **FREE** so come along to the badminton court and give it a try, or contact Zar on \Wade-Gledhill, Z.

For more information on all the Athletic Union's clubs and activities please see Sarah Crisp in the Athletics Union Office (E78) situated on the top floor of the Cafe or leave a message in the club pigeon holes.

Second Team, Second Rate

Player Profile

New wonder striker gets firsts off to winning start

LSE 1st XI 6 - 1 LSE 2nd XI

Matt Miller



A new striker

Photo: Library

Every year the seconds claim to be every bit as good as the first team, if only they were given the chance to prove it. Last Wednesday they had

the LSE to pursue careers down the Job centre. Veteran baldy Dirty Cooper used his degree to its full potential when he picked up a lucrative job in the City, well Phone City to be precise. The void in the team has been filled by a colossus of new recruits. Several promising new students were found including the Greek God Stefan, who signed for his bus fare and a couple of pints of lager in the Tuns. In stark contrast Diesel's army lacked the firsts strength in depth and ran out of gas during a poor second half. The game looked close early on until Stefan opened the scoring on with a sublime piece of skill and a luscious lob. Soon afterwards Stefan made it two, but a freak goal against the run of play by Matt Sutton made the score 2-1 at the break. At half time there was a severe dressing down by Filippo combined with Nader's strategical plan for the second half. The team was told that this game was more vital than last season's London Cup final, because defeat would make the football diner unbearable. This talk had the desired effect when straight from the kick off studly Stefan scorched home a sizzler from the centre circle. Soon afterwards promising new boy Scott Forsyth struck home his first goal of the season to extend the first teams lead. At this point the firsts took control, and it was made 5-1 when Filippo swung in a cross and LSE legend Matt "the magnet" Miller rose like a salmon out of water to power home an unstoppable header.

The seconds misery was complete when Stefan scored his fourth goal. After this telling onslaught the only thing the seconds had to look forward to was the train ride home. Another Ginger production had failed leaving Hague thinking TFI the final whistle. The firsts can look forward to another successful season, and the seconds can look forward to another hard relegation battle. If only the seconds could move as fast on the pitch as they did when running away from the ticket inspector on the train to the game then surely they would have (penalty) fared better. Two young freshers were so determined to avoid the inspector that when Matt shouted at them to move quickly they responded by jumping off the train, at Worcester Park leaving police and relatives still searching for the unfortunate pair. On the way off the train Diesel managed to leave a brand new £240 kit on the train. He would have been better served by leaving his entire squad on the train. The celebrations carried on long into the night, as not only had it been a fine win but Matt Millers birthday meant he was now eligible to start collecting his state pension after a glorious five year reign at the LSE. After lengthy persuasion over several pints, Miller talked the new hero Stefan into quitting his contracts with Panathikos and Wembley F.C. for the dizzy heights of London University premier league football.



Venini - better hair than Jason Lee

Name: Filippo Venini
Age: 20
Date of Birth: 02.06.77
Height: 6ft
Weight: 11st
Sporting Pedigree: 1st team football captain
Favourite position: up front
Favourite team: Newcastle
Favourite drink: Lager, or champagne when we win the cup this year
Favourite food: pizza and pasta
Sporting idol: Shearer (even though he scores more than me), and Jason Lee (because he doesn't score more than me, and he used to have a pineapple on his head)
Vice: not scoring (much)
Favourite spice girl: All of them
Favourite vice girl: confidential
Favourite T.V. Programme: Match of the day
Favourite Magazine: High Society
Most like to be stuck in a lift with: Sharon Stone (without the icepick)
Favourite chat-up line: (after reeling off a succession of dodgy lines) Come and sit on my lap and we'll talk about the first thing that pops up.

Thirds avoid humiliation

Freeman instills the fighting spirit as the thirds triumph in combat with the fourths

LSE 3rd XI 2 - 1 LSE 4th XI

"Canny" Peter Clegg

On Wednesday afternoon, at a wet and windy Berrylands, the LSE 3rd and 4th teams played a 'friendly' practice game. In theory the 3rds should have won this game comfortably, but in such a passionate atmosphere the proverbial form book goes out of the window. The 3rds were also severely hindered due to the fact that this years captain is none other than Gavin 'cows arse' Freeman. If the rest of the 3rd team follow Freeman's example this season, they will soon be sporting dodgy haircuts, receive red cards every other game, and will become members of Combat 18. In contrast the 4ths can call upon the superb leadership skills of 'canny' Peter Clegg, and if his example is followed this season the rest of his team had better invest in a king size trophy cabinet and some



Thirds on the ball

brasso, due to the amount of silverware which will be won this season. Once the game kicked off it soon became clear that the two teams were very evenly matched, although in the 4ths case this was probably due to the fact that Ben

somehow managed to blast the ball against the (cow's) arse of one of his team mates. The 4ths defence soaked up ten minutes of constant pressure but never looked seriously threatening due to the superb performances of Kenny 'Sol Campbell' Kyazzez and Will 'wild man' Paxton in the heart of the 4th's defence. Soon the fourths began to dominate proceedings and it was no surprise when they went ahead. The goal was created by American Derek Beech and Scotsman Chris Irwin and scored by former 3rd team player Stuart 'I was dumped by a 16 year old' Martin. Try as they might the 3rds couldn't equalise and at half time the score was 1-0 to the 4ths. However the 3rds were handed a massive advantage for the second half when 'mingers' Newton entered the fray, and Freeman finally realised that despite Camp's sexual favours his place in the team couldn't be justified. As the second half progressed Freeman had more chances to score than he had in the whole of the 1st year in the Tuns. Gav's inexperience in the scoring department shone through as he managed to squander every opportunity that came his way.

However the 3rds eventually equalised, through a great finish by promising 1st year Michael Epstein. With 5 minutes remaining the 3rds scored a winner which was thoroughly undeserved. Dave 'Piss Head' McGuinness made his first mistake of an otherwise superb performance. Unfortunately the mistake involved rugby tackling Epstein in the penalty area, thus conceding a penalty, which was dispatched under 'super' Leigh Porter by that man Epstein. The final result was 2-1 to the thirds, and the season bodes well for both teams. The most entertaining moment of the game was unsurprisingly provided by Freeman who decided to show off his (cows) arse to the substitutes on the touchline. Three freshers are being treated for shock at St. Barts. hospital.

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 Our lawyers are watching.