

The Beaver

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THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

"Your freedom ends where my nose begins"

No smoking

Steve Roy
Philip Gomm

A radical proposal to make all areas of the School non-smoking has met with fierce opposition from every quarter of the LSE community.

A meeting of the Academic Board last Wednesday approved a motion which recommends that "smoking be prohibited in all areas of the School, unless otherwise designated, given the recognised dangers of passive smoking."

Taken literally, the proposal could see the Three Tuns Club becoming a no-smoking bar, and the smoking areas of the Brunchbowl, Pizzaburger, Robinson Room, and Cafe removed.

The Board has set up a working party to consider the implementation of the proposal. In particular it will decide which areas will remain outside the ban. The Board is due to report back by the beginning of February.

Students will be represented on this committee by Martin Lewis, the Students' Union (SU) General Secretary, and Vini Ghatate, the SU Welfare and Equal Opportunities Officer.

A proposer of the motion, Dr Elizabeth Fender, Director of the LSE Health Service, said the move would change the emphasis of the School's policy, from one where smoking was universally allowed, unless specifically prohibited, to one where lighting up would be completely banned in all areas, unless special dispensation was given.

With estimates showing that around 40% of LSE students smoke, Dr Fender said her main concern was for the effects their cigarette smoke has on individuals. Her proposal was "based on the increasingly recognised and accepted evidence of passive smoking being a health risk."

Dr Fender revealed that the Health Service took action after two members of the Philosophy Department complained about the environment in The Beaver's Retreat. Fender claimed the move would bring LSE into line with the policies of other London colleges, such as SOAS and Kings.

In addition to the health risks, the Academic Board considered the threat of possible legal action being taken against the School should anyone suffer as a result of passive smoking.



Is the proposed smoking ban simple discrimination against smokers, or legitimate reaction to the perceived health risks associated with passive smoking?

Dr Julian Fulbrook, a practising lawyer and member of the LSE Law department, is already receiving and preparing briefs from people who are suing their employers.

Reacting to the proposal, Martin Lewis said: "How dare the School be so paternal! It's totally ridiculous." Lewis condemned the way the matter had been brought up, and questioned why the smoking issue should concern the Academic Board: "smoking affects anybody who has an office; it affects everyone in the community of the School, and there is no reason why only

academics should make this decision."

Lewis continued: "Academics only make up 50% of the School staff; how come they made that decision for all members of staff? 91% of the School community are students."

Three Tuns Manager Jim Fagan ridiculed the notion of banning smoking in the bar: "Apart from the common sense point of view, it would be unworkable here. The student body just wouldn't tolerate it."

A School insider told *The Beaver* that as a member of staff he would do every-

thing he could to make sure the proposal was overturned.

The source said: "I've smoked in my office for the last 10 years and I won't stop now just because of some stupid regulation."

Anna, a third year undergraduate, echoed the sentiment: "Any ban would be an affront to civil liberties."

However, there is thought to be a number of non-smoking students who are prepared to support the idea and as one academic commented: "Your freedom ends where my nose begins."

Photo: Anastasia Shorter

LSE Drama Society presents *Dangerous Liasons* in the Old Theatre on December 6 - 8 at 7.30pm
Tickets are £3 and are on sale in Houghton Street, LSESU reception, ULU and on the door

Entertaining news

The Beaver investigates the state of this year's Ents' accounts

Fiona Maharg-Bravo

Out of the 5000 students at LSE, only about 1500 regularly attend Ents events.

According to the Entertainment and Societies officer, Gary

Delaney, the tackier and more base the event, the larger the crowd. Things like the "Foam Disco night", can draw a crowd of over 1000 students. Whereas higher quality, multi-cultural events have a much lower turnout.

Some of the apparent apathy is because Ents events tend to cater for a certain market which share what Delaney calls an MTV culture - popular among Americans and Northern Europeans but excluding a large percentage of the student body.

"Other markets are hard to hit" said Delaney. "Some students graduate without ever having been to the Three Tuns or knowing where it is."

Ramesh Kumaran, a first year, never attends Ents events because of the range of other things to do in central London. "If people are going to come into London, which is so wide and diverse, they naturally prefer to go to clubs or bars," said Delaney.

According to Delaney, there are a few stumbling blocks which stop Ents events getting a better turnout. Because events have to be inside LSE to promote Union facilities - like the Tuns - Ents can't hire out clubs like other societies do, thereby tapping into the other markets.

Another major factor is whether the Tuns stays open until one, which only happens if there is a bona fide student reason like the beginning and end of terms, or benefits.

Delaney says: "No-one is going to make the journey in on days it closes at 11pm. By the time the DJ has the people dancing, you have to close."

He has already applied to Westminster to extend the license until 1am every Friday and is awaiting a response following delays to due to changes in application procedures.

Another source of frustration and loss of funds is problems with live music. "Gigs are a major disaster," Delaney said, citing how only three people showed up to a Redwood concert and the Roy Ayres and Ubiquity concert lost about £500.

Because Ents events are un-

der a closed license and do not cater to the general public "you are relying on a tiny fragment of the audience to turn up, raising the price of tickets and almost always resulting in a loss of money."

It is a big problem motivating LSE students to attend events. Delaney cited an Ents sponsored post-grad party which had a total of 15 students attend even though there are over 2000 of them at the School. Avy Burstin, a graduate student, said he has attended two Ents events but hasn't returned "because it wasn't too professional, and I didn't think the music was that great."

"When calculating how many people will attend an event, I compare it to what it would be at other colleges and then divide by ten", Delaney said. Even Saturday night comedy, which boasts some of the biggest names in stand up comedy, has a relatively low turnout.

"You can have the best comic in the country and its a bitch to get an audience", he complained.

But despite these problems, Delaney said attendance has improved relative to other years primarily due to licence extensions at the Three Tuns, and to better advertising.

"I think its much better organized and publicised this year," Students' Union Executive officer Claire Lawrie said: "the comedy club on Saturdays is great!"

Based on results so far this year, however, it will probably take more than this to get the other 4000+ LSE students to give Ents events a chance at the student entertainment market.

Evans unscathed



Roger Evans, MP, talking last week.

Photo: Philip Gomm

Teresa Delaney

Those wishing to hear Roger Evans, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Social Security, speak last week had to attend minus bags and coats, due to a call to London News Network, stating: "what had been done to Lilley" would be repeated.

However no demonstration materialised and the extra security proved unnecessary.

The main thrust of Evans' talk was the need to "prevent growth outstripping ability to pay" within the private sector, whilst acknowledging a broad welfare state was required.

Evans stated Britain's welfare provision was the most comprehensive within the European

Union, with expenditure of £86 billion per annum, in comparison with a defence budget of £27 billion. Expenditure was 5% of GDP in 1949, and is now 12% - "a vast, substantial, and very real growth".

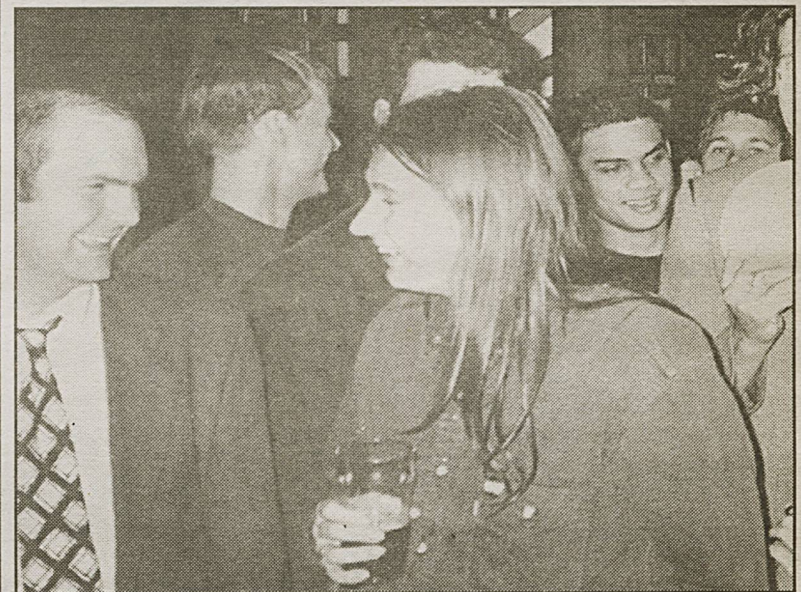
Evans examined the link between the size of welfare and the effect on the labour market. He claimed that in the US since 1973 40 million new jobs had been created, compared to 6 million in the EU. Evans felt that without the Social Chapter, Britain was in a better position for job creation than the rest of Europe.

He said that the Government's current review of the Welfare State would focus on need and encourage independence from benefit. It would also reduce fraud. The new Job Seek-

ers Allowance would help those looking for a job, and would not have a cut-off point like the US system as that was "brutal."

Evans said the Government was opposed to compulsory work for benefits, as this not only interfered with the private labour market, but also seemed like punishment. He explained how last year half a billion pounds had been saved by increasing the amount spent on fraud prevention, which he said had "spread like cancer."

Questioned on pensions he said he felt that people of university age should not now expect a state pension when they reached retirement age. He ended however by restating the fact that he felt government had a duty to help the poor, the sick, and the unemployed.



Ents Officer Gary Delaney having to support one of his own events.

Photo: Scoop Gardiner

Prize essay

The International Students' Committee (ISC), in association with McKinsey & Co, are launching their 1995 essay competition for competition in the 25th International Management Symposium, St Gallen.

Students must submit an essay on one of the following topics: The Characteristics of the 21st

Century Corporation; Emerging Markets; Managing Information and Communication Technology. First prize is £3000 and the deadline is January 31.

Further details are available from The ISC, International Management Symposium, PO Box 1045, CH-9001, St Gallen, Switzerland.

LSE old boy to be new top dog in Eire?

Steve Roy

Bertie Ahearn, the expected new Prime Minister of Ireland, will become the latest in a long line of distinguished LSE alumni to make it to top office.

Ahearn, formerly Ireland's Finance Minister, completed a business studies degree at the School in the 1970s.

Widely admired and respected amongst political colleagues in Ireland, he became leader of the Fianna Fail party last week when his main rival, Maire Geoghegan-Quinn, the Justice Minister, withdrew from the leadership race.

Ahearn's accession to the premiership means he will become the 24th LSE-educated person to become a President or Prime Minister; however, LSE has never provided the incumbent of 10 Downing Street.

This may change if Tony Blair is elected Prime Minister, as his wife was educated within the confines of Houghton Street.

On the Conservative side the closest pretender to the throne is Virginia Bottomley, a former post-graduate student here.

Brian Lenihan, a former deputy Prime Minister of Ireland, spoke of Ahearn's ideal personal political location as the key to his appeal.

"He has the negotiating and consensual skills required for national leadership," Lenihan told *The Times*. Whether these skills were learnt at the LSE or not is open to conjecture.

No room at the hall

LSE back in the picture as hotel plans abandoned

Philip Gomm

The saga of County Hall has taken a new twist with the Japanese owners announcing they have abandoned plans to convert the building into a luxury hotel.

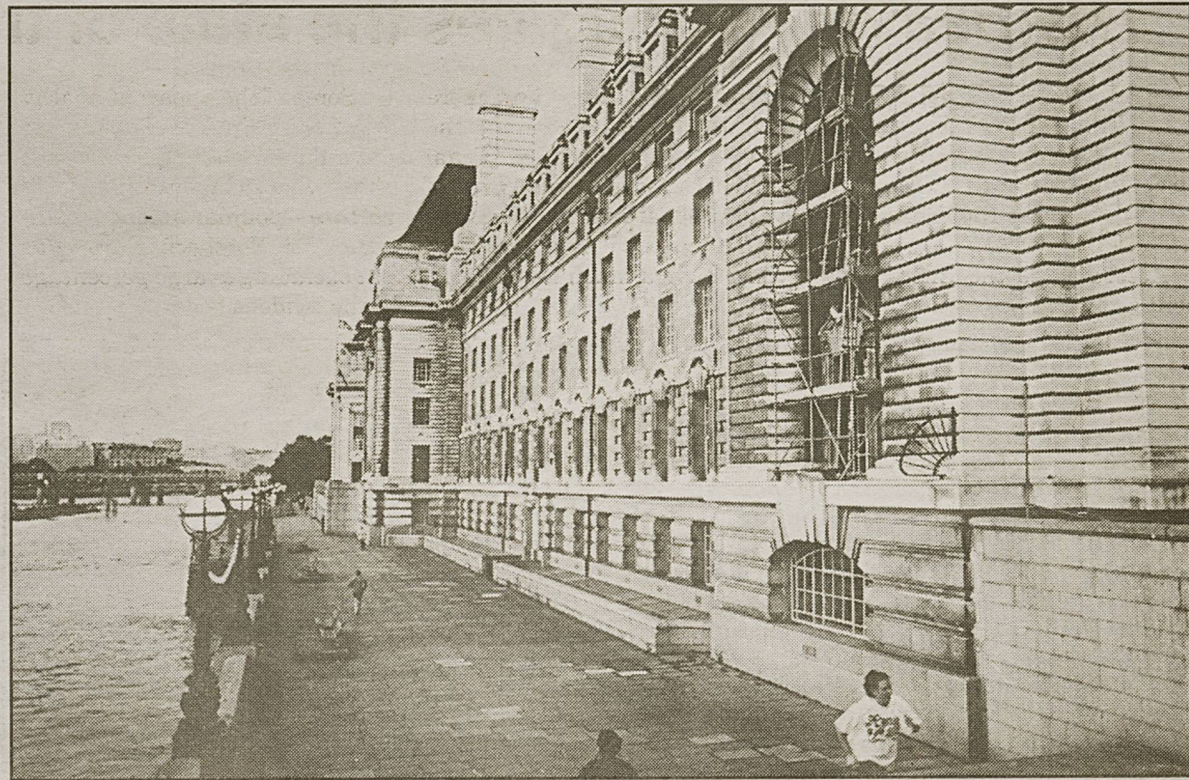
Shirayama Shokusan bought the former Greater London Council headquarters in 1992 for £60 million, beating off competition from LSE, after the Government favoured the commercial venture.

In a statement last week, the group's UK head Kenzo Honda said: "We have concluded that the hotel plan is not ideal if we want to keep the identity of the building as the community centre of London."

"The concept of the new centre is to create a semi-permanent space for exchange of information between the Pacific Asian countries and Europe."

Responding to the news an LSE spokesman said cautiously: "If the question of County Hall were to be re-opened, the academic community would have to be asked to consider any proposals that might be put to the School by the Government."

Speculation has always centred on the financial viability of the scheme and sceptics see the Shirayama decision as a way of stalling for time until the company can find a way of off-loading the building.



County Hall, the former Greater London Council HQ, where the Japanese owners have abandoned plans for a hotel.

Photo: Mark Baltovic

But speaking to *The Beaver* Mr Honda insisted the new scheme—planned to be completed by 1997—would pay for itself: "It will not be a charity. Organisations want to have direct relations with other countries—discussions are already underway with organisations from Singapore and Vietnam."

He claimed Shirayama was not under any pressure from

banks or shareholders: "I can confirm we are committed to County Hall. We are a private family firm with internal sources of finance. We will stay away from banks to do this development."

There has been outrage at the amended proposals which are in contradiction of the original planning restrictions. Among those annoyed and surprised at the move is Richard Branson's Vir-

gin Group which was to have managed the hotel. A spokesman for the leisure company told *The Guardian*: "We have a legally binding contract which we expect Shirayama to honour and we have... told them so."

Mr Honda answered: "We have no binding contract with them at all. Our solicitors have the same view. Mr Branson is very good at this publicity thing."

Rolling Stone set to rock into LSE

Nicola Hobday

As the newly appointed Honorary President it is expected that Mick Jagger will visit LSE sometime next year.

In a personal letter to the Students' Union he said that he

hoped "very much that I will be able to visit some of my old haunts at the LSE when I return to England some time in 1995."

Gary Delaney, the Entertainments and Societies Officer, is avidly awaiting the tour dates for next year in order to arrange

a date for Jagger's visit.

His main aim is to get the Rolling Stones to do a gig here at the LSE "by hook or by crook" and admits the only reason he nominated Jagger for honorary president was to get to meet him.

There are many rumours surrounding how long Mick Jagger was at the LSE and the circumstances under which he left and some believe it controversial to have an Honorary President who did not graduate.

The battle for election was mainly between Mick Jagger and Carlos the Jackal. A School spokesman said: "We are quite pleased they picked Jagger."

Delaney was delighted at the response from Jagger as appar-

ently LSE is the first such institution which has had a reply from him in twenty years. He claimed that Mick Jagger was "a true international statesman of rock and much better than Mother Teresa."

The news about Mick Jagger's appointment has aroused much media attention with coverage being given by the Big Breakfast, CNN and ABC Radio Sydney.

Were the Rolling Stones to play at LSE it would be almost impossible to make an announcement beforehand because of the security risks involved with such a big name. It is likely that Jagger will appear in some capacity at the LSE, however, any kind of performance is less definite.

Porters pass through

Nick Sutton

Four security patrol men from the University of Liverpool visited the School last week as part of their charity 'Walk of Hope'.

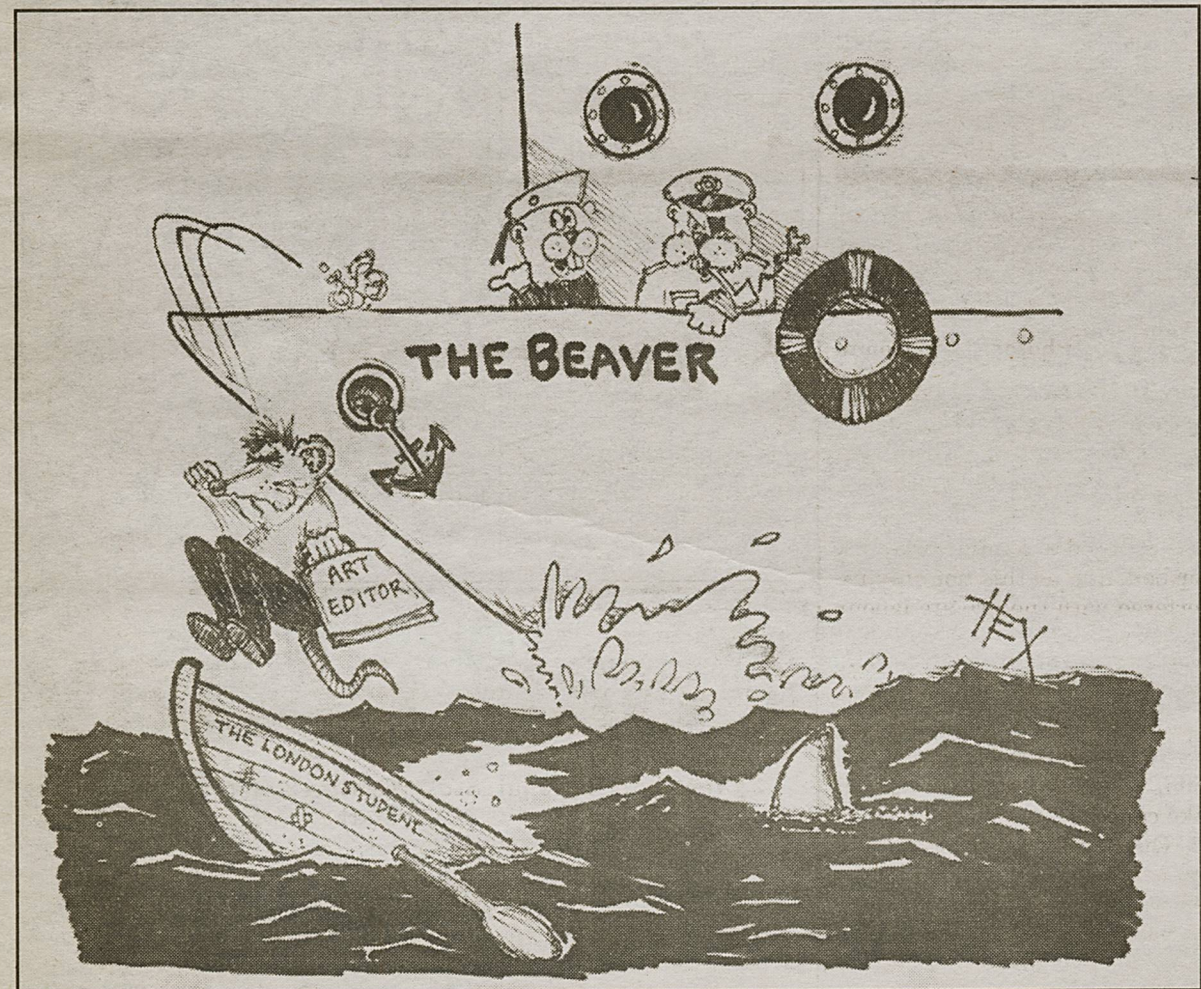
Ray Pullen and John Collins, together with two support staff, visited LSE on the final stages of their walk from Edinburgh to London. They have walked almost 600 miles in total, visiting 23 universities along the route.

The 'Walk of Hope' has so far raised around £16,500 for the charity supported by the late Roy Castle—the 'Cause for Hope Appeal'. The Walk is just part of a series of events attempting to raise £12 mil-

lion to build a centre of excellence into lung cancer research in Liverpool.

As they have toured the country, the walkers have received money and hospitality from a number of universities. LSE was no exception: the walkers were given free accommodation at Passfield Hall, entertained by School staff in the Senior Common Room, and taken care of socially by one of the School porters, Fred Gilbert, who ensured they were able to watch the Merseyside derby in The Underground.

Anyone interested in finding out more about the charity can contact them at: Cause for Hope Appeal, 101 Old Hall Street, Liverpool.



"AT LEAST WE'VE STILL GOT SUSHA!"

Union Jack

Jack was reluctant to go, she should have been at the UGM, providing her seasoned commentary on events in the life of the hackocracy but Morse was confused, this was not the work for an ordinary detective, it required special knowledge. It was the telephone call that swung it, the young man Lewis is so charming and eager to please. Jack decided it was her duty as a citizen, she had to go and help the police with their enquiries.

"It's very simple", said Lewis, "we have this motion and nobody knows who it is behind it." Jack took the document and read with interest and amazement. It took a while to read, and even then she was not sure whether she understood it all correctly. "You see the problem, Jack?" Lewis asked. Jack nodded sagely, she realised that this was going to take some research. In the best traditions of British crime detection, she began at the beginning and started to piece together all the information she had at her disposal. Long nights of detailed research followed, and acting partly on a hunch, Jack at last had her answers ready. She informed Lewis of the results of her enquiry. He was amazed but did concede that "it's very simple". The police were to give a press conference, it was Jack who was to detail the reasoning behind the charge. Lewis wanted to handle that side of things, but Morse was frankly getting a little tired of the sound of Lewis' voice.

Jack was not used to this kind of thing, but took a deep breath, and began. "Ladies and gentlemen of the press, before us we have a very serious case which has shocked and sickened many officers. They have never before experienced anything so remarkable in all their years in the force. What we have is a long and rambling catalogue of allegations and accusations, written in a peculiar style by somebody who obviously has a motive. To discover who it was who was responsible for this offence, it was necessary to go through a long and laborious process of psychological testing and analysis. We had to look into who would have a grievance, and who would address that grievance in this obscene and alarming way. The first stage was to look at the language employed, and match this with the kind of language our prime suspect is prone to use. Immediately, there were similarities. Phrases such as "accountable to the Union", "ad-hoc committee" and "corruption" crop up again and again. It is obvious that the author has a persecution complex and displays other examples of obsessive behaviour. There seems to be some kind of pathological fascination with proposing to waste considerable amounts of money on worthless activities. The most telling contribution to our positive identification of this felon is the Union resolves section, and this is where he clearly gave himself away. A call to distribute copies of this motion is something characteristic of this particular suspect, especially where it regards inserts for 'The Beaver'. In short, ladies and gentlemen, we were looking for a bitter, anxiety ridden, emotionally unstable and long-winded obsessive. In the end there was only one suspect who fit our psychological picture, and that was Baljit Mahal."

"Police today arrested a Mr Baljit Mahal and charged him with the submitting of a pointless and infantile motion to the UGM under the pretence of it being somebody else and with wasting the Union's time. Mahal, who is being held at Birmingham New Street police station, is described as dangerous and unstable. He was dragged from a taxi shouting and screaming this afternoon. His application for bail has been refused."

By jove, Watson

Nick Sutton

Graham Watson, MEP, highlighted the 'democratic deficit' at the heart of the European Union's institutions at a public lecture on Friday November 18.

Mr Watson, 38, a member of the European Parliament representing Somerset and North Devon, was elected in the June European elections as a Liberal Democrat.

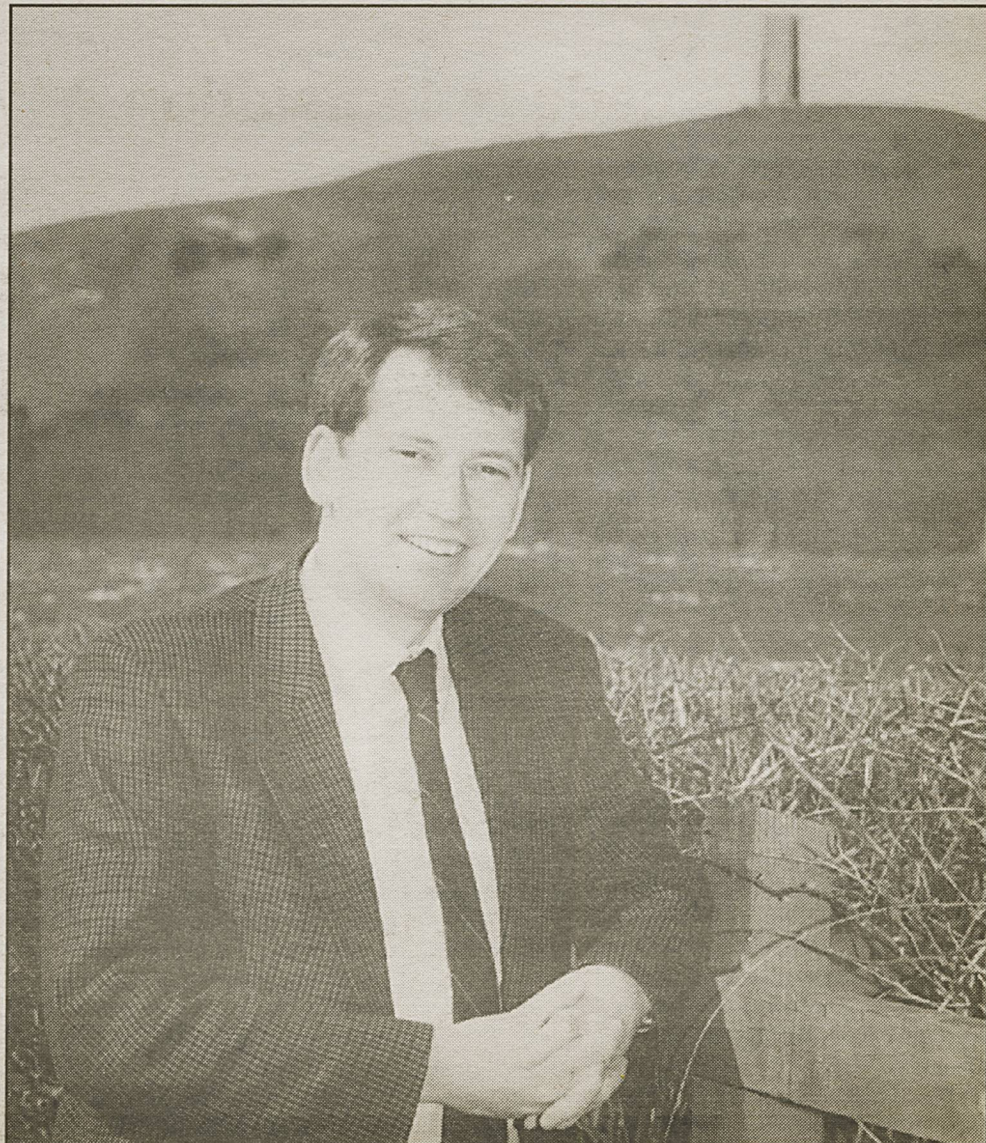
Speaking on the topic 'Europe After Maastricht', Mr Watson directed much of his attention to the "terrible democratic deficit" he believes exists in the European Union. Pointing specifically to the fact that the Council of Ministers, responsible for formulating European Union policy, meets in secret, Mr Watson said, "What is being done is... outside the control of the national parliaments, but a lot of it... is outside the control of the European Parliament as well."

Furthermore, he stated that two crucial policy areas - common foreign and security policy; and home affairs and immigration - were "completely out with democratic control." Under the Maastricht Treaty, ministers have a role in these two fields, but "the Commission has no role within this work, the European Parliament has no role within this work either and of course the national parliaments hardly get a look in."

As he concluded: "Clearly one of the things we have to do [in the future] is make sure we get some kind of democratic control over this process."

Mr Watson also stated that "culturally, historically and economically," Britain has more in common with Continental Europe than with the United States - that the "curious idea that the Atlantic was somehow narrower than the Channel is wrong."

He criticized the attitude of successive British governments to European union as having "cost us... very dear over the years." He claimed the Conservatives had



A rather unexcited Graham Watson standing by a hedge.

Photo: Library

diverted resources away from social spending towards defence in an attempt to maintain Britain's 'imperial power', while Labour had never been certain about its position and now contains more Euro-sceptics than the Conservative Party.

Another important issue raised by Mr Watson was that, in the run-up to the next Inter-Governmental Conference in 1996,

the European Union would have to pay more attention to the future of its neighbours.

He expressed a belief that if action is not taken to support the countries of Eastern Europe within the next few years, the dual threats of mass-migration and economic hardship would loom over the whole of Europe.

Watch out for conmen

Richard Hearnden

Students are being asked to be on the look-out for more confidence tricksters this week after two people posing as down-and-outs were spotted on LSE property.

One of the con artists approached a member of the academic staff in Houghton Street asking for £40, needed she said, for a deposit on a flat. The incident, reported by Professor Ken Minogue of the Government department on Tuesday 15 November, may be operating as part of a team, as other conmen have been seen in the vicinity of LSE.

A man has also been sighted opposite the Economist's book shop with a jerry can demanding £3 for some petrol.

Minogue described the LSE as being the ideal target for such frauds, as many overseas students were "simple and sympathetic", and were in possession of more money than "the average home student living on a grant."

However, similar unconfirmed sightings have been made in the vicinity of King's College and Malet Street, confirming that such fraudsters are praying on students generally rather than foreign or particularly ostentatious individuals.

The school and Students' Union has reviewed security on the basis of other intrusions, notably the pitching of a stall by an extremist Islamic group.

Nestle calm

Helena Mcleod

Threatened disturbances over food manufacturer Nestlé's baby milk products scandal failed to materialise last week when co-chairman of Nestlé UK, Peter Blackburn, talked at LSE.

Blackburn tackled the issue early in his talk. Nestlé's long running campaign on infant food formulae, came under attack over ten years ago, when the company was accused of causing diarrhoea and death in infants.

Blackburn said the infants were, "often babies of our employees, families and friends," and stated, "there were errors of marketing."

The Swiss company now ranks 7th in terms of assets outside its own country and is the biggest food concern in the world employing over 200,000 people worldwide.

Its sales last year were £24 billion, but Blackburn impressed that in each country the total was relatively minuscule and so had a "tiny" influence on governments.

The speech was directed towards Nestlé's positive role in the developing world, its motto being, 'Thinking globally, acting locally.' Nestlé has major concerns in, for example, coffee and cocoa in Brazil and provides new technology, education, as well as jobs and investment in the local community.

Whether any multi-national company puts in what it takes out of a community is an open question, and one which Nestlé claims to be very concerned with.

The News Editors, Steve and Phil, would be interested to hear from any students who sit on School committees, so that we are able to keep everyone informed with School developments. Telephone: (071)955 6705, or call in at the office E197.

Which way now for the Trade Unions

After a decade of legislation, Viv Nunn reports on Trade Unions look to the future at Unions '94

Tony Blair's keynote speech to trade unionists at a conference last Saturday declared the level and spread of job security to be the major impact on the quality of life for most people in the 1990s. He said that graduates now were desperate for any employment opportunity no matter how unfulfilling and he compared today's narrow range of options with his own experience graduating in the 1970s.

He emphasized the need for investment in training and education. This is to combine social justice with a high quality workforce producing high quality goods and will move Britain from a low wage/low skill economy to a high wage/high skill one. "This

country will never compete with the emerging countries in South East Asia on low wages", he said as he outlined the case for Britain to move into quality markets with a well educated and flexible workforce. He contrasted the Tory approach as one which provided flexibility based on fear and insecurity and suggested this will never succeed in reskilling British workers for the next century. Instead, in setting out Labour's agenda he saw government's role as providing the means, especially through training and education to allow people to choose flexibility in the jobs market.

The conference, called Unions '94 was organized by *New Statesman and Society* and sponsored by many major trade unions. Almost like a trade union think-tank, conference sessions were geared to workshops on subjects as varied as a sus-

tainable economy to international solidarity. It was hosted at TUC HQ, Congress House in central London.

New approaches to current political controversies were highlighted by Guardian journalist, Will Hutton. Two major British companies, Octel and United Biscuits have agreed to implement commitments under the terms of the European Social Chapter. These are social standards for workers which the companies have to abide by in their plants in other EC

in the Post Office. Their recent, highly successful campaign forced the government to backtrack on Post Office privatization.

A well attended workshop on sustainable development led by Paul Hackett, an environmental consultant, identified how backward UK policy is on green issues. Japan has a one-hundred year policy to encourage energy efficiency and the development of pollution free technology and Germany also has advanced policies. Recent

studies showed that 2.2 million new jobs can be created in Europe by emphasizing rail transport and energy efficiency as both these activities were more labour intensive than current

methods. Thus there could be a job creating spin-off to green policies. But Paul Hackett drew attention to the lower skill levels needed, for example between running a renewable energy resource such as wind-power as against high-tech nuclear power.

The workshop agreed that trade unions needed to extend their bargaining agenda to include environmental issues. This was especially important for workers in global companies.

Over 500 delegates came from wide-ranging backgrounds. Many were experienced shop stewards, others from senior, elected positions plus some full time officers. The atmosphere was very positive and the organisers were optimistic that there was enough support to make Unions '95 a full weekend event.

This country will never compete with the emerging countries in South East Asia on low wages

countries who have not opted out of the Social Chapter. There is no legal obligation on them to apply these more favourable conditions of work to their UK workforce. They have chosen to do so, in conjunction with UK trades unions because they believe it will give them a better motivated workforce who will then produce higher quality goods. Other speakers commented that similar negotiations were likely to follow in other major British companies and that this was not the reaction that Tory ministers expected in their steadfast opposition to the Social Chapter.

Many delegates agreed that the United Biscuits decision was good evidence of the practical value of trade unions. The same view was taken about the Union of Communication Workers which has members

Debunking the negative feminist stereotypes

Helen Lodge
Chair of the
LSE Womens Group

The media of the 1990's has tended to portray feminism as a joke. The stereotypical portrait that is presented is of an aggressive overweight woman, who wears dungarees, drinks pints and is a lesbian because she can't get a man!!!

I believe that this image has been incredibly damaging to the feminist movement, although it is put forward in a humorous manner which in my opinion makes it all the more dangerous because, if women object we 'can't take a joke'.

I am not ashamed to say I am a feminist. I also like dry white wine, own the odd short skirt and even like men. I have never met a woman who is a lesbian because she can't get a man (one of the most

offensive stereotypes) or indeed a woman of any sexuality who is a feminist because she can't pull!

Why is it then that the word feminist conjures up all these negative stereotypes? Surely as a woman it is logical to want equality, yet if we declare this than inferences are made about every part of our lives from our sexuality to our personal hygiene.

The Women's Group at the LSE exists because we believe that women's issues need to be addressed both within the School and society. So if you share this belief then why not come and join us? We meet between 1-2pm in the Women's Room (on the top floor of the Cafe) both men and women are welcome and we are open to all points of view and new ideas.

Lockers

If students have not yet occupied their assigned lockers, please do so by December 5.

As you can understand the School has an enormous waiting list from students desperate for a locker so it would be appreciated if you could secure your locker. Please note that valuables should not be kept in locker facilities.

If you do not have a padlock on your locker by this date then it will be re-allocated to another student.

This is your second and final warning
- YOU HAVE GOT UNTIL THE DECEMBER 5, 1994 -

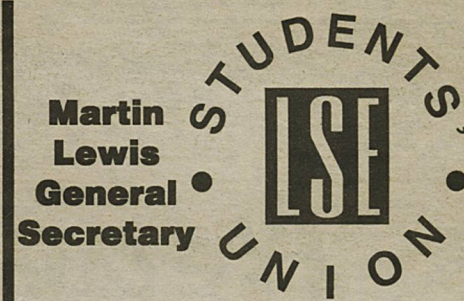
LSESU Michaelmas term election results '94: Careers Advisory Service

Due to a misunderstanding over the number of students elected rather than appointed to the Careers Advisory Service. The following two people were elected to that Committee at the Union General Meeting on November 24 by show of hands.

James Atkinson
Christine Wright

Independent
Independent Labour

Tom Greatrex
LSESU Official Returning Officer



Student Loans

As mandated, I wrote to Gillian Shepherd, the Director and the Presidents of all University of London Colleges, to condemn the proposals from the Guardian to Charge higher rates of interest on Student loans. It seems that the Guardian were rather late in the story and this proposal was apparently discounted by the Treasury months ago.

Also on the Student Loans front, the Student Loans company has placed itself in a bureaucratically dangerous position, by sending out forms to Students at their previous years address. If you are having difficulties or delays, then come and see me and I'll see what I can do.

Smoking

A motion went through the UGM last week, mandating me to write to the Academic board, to urge them that there should be no total ban on smoking throughout the School and that there should be segregation of certain areas into smoking and non smoking. I did this. However on Wednesday, November 23, the Academic Board voted that the emphasis should be shifted so that were before smoking was generally permitted and there were designated non smoking areas, now smoking is not permitted and there are to be designated smoking areas. The UGM's viewpoint, was commented on by the board, but obviously the view or perspective of Students' was not considered fully. The decision of which areas are to be smoking and which non smoking is to be made by a working party. Both Vini Ghatate and I have requested that we sit on this working party.

This is an interesting decision, made by the Academic Board, a body that has no Student representation. The usual argument for this is that they are discussing Academic issues. Yet smoking affects the whole community of the LSE which students make up over 90% and Administrative staff, who do not sit on the Academic board, make a substantial proportion of the rest. I will be writing to the Director to complain about the forum in which this decision was made. This should not be allowed to happen. We should have representation on all committees, including the Academic board. The only forums that students may legitimately be asked not to attend are those where individual staff members are students are discussed, this is an accepted principle, known as "Reserved Business." I put a paper to the Academic Board requesting student representation, and have been asked to present this next February. I do not hold out a high hope, as far as I am aware most General Secretaries, since 1967 have tried to gain Student representation on this Board, but non have succeeded so far. Yet I will try again!

If you have particular concerns about smoking policy please see either Vini or myself.

I seem to have used my space up for this week. So if you have any problems, queries, complaints, suggestions or anything you'd like to talk about, then please come and see me, my office number is E205, my phone number is 071 955 7147 (Internal 7147)

This week, is the ANNUAL BUDGET MEETING, THURSDAY 1pm IN THE OLD THEATRE. If you want your say, in how the Unions money is distributed, and which societies get what, then please come along.

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

The Beaver

Being raised in the country, with public transport restricted to just a market day bus once a week, I thought I was in heaven when I moved to London to start my degree back at the start of the decade.

With London Transport being able to provide transport for over 6 million people everyday via the Underground and the world renowned Routemaster bus, I, as a transport buff (Blame my Dad!), have taken great pleasure in making use of these systems in my time here. I have also used some of the more obscure services such as the Docklands Light Railway and the ill-feted River Bus. From these systems I can remember seeing Canary Wharf being built, covered in that rather strange blue plastic coating.

These systems were not well thought out, with the DLR stopping at Island Gardens, when it should have carried on under the Thames to Greenwich, whilst the River Bus utilised London's major transport asset, the Thames, was not used by the masses.

However Night Buses, those dashing white Knights of late night revellers seem to cause many people problems. With the tubes finished and Black cabs and minicabs how else can you get home for £1.50 - or if you've a Travelcard its even cheaper, yet people still complain that there should be more Night Buses and that London Transport should do better, like running a Night Tube service, after all, we do pay for this service through taxes etc.

If you understand the allegory then fine, but if not then here goes. When I started at the LSE, this paper was 8 pages long, worked on by 8-10 people, it came out 2-3 days late (Wednesday!) and no one read it as could be seen by the amount of papers left in the bins when the next weeks paper came in the following week. When I leave the LSE at the end of the academic year *The Beaver* will..... (answer to be decided at next weeks UGM by you, our students and readers).....

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Issue 411 was completed at 4am on November 25.

It was produced by the editors and with the help of: Helen Lodge, Fiona Maharg-Bravo, Teresa Delaney, Hector Birchwood, Nicola Hobday, Nick Sutton, Richard Hearndon, Helena McLeod, Viv Mackay, Mark Baltovic, Anastasia Shorter, Steven Hau, Mia Gilje, Brent McIntosh, Scouse Gardiner, Sonia Kalsi, Kerrie Henderson, Caroline Hooten, Dan Madden, Rob Cheetham, Craig Warmsley Alison Summerfield and Jason.

There are another 87 members on *The Beaver* Collective

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Kirby offers olive branch

Dear Beaver,

My letter in issue 409 appeared to stimulate a great deal of interest, judging by last week's letters page. I must reply to correct the various inaccuracies contained in the 3 letters and hopefully at the same time, advance the debate.

My expulsion from the Labour Club Executive was conducted in an underhand way, designed to minimise scrutiny of the events that led me to stand for Court of Governors. I do not attend the Labour Club meetings on Monday 1pm due to a lecture; this fact is known to the Labour Club; that I did not turn up to defend myself could not have been a surprise.

The matter was then delegated to a Labour Club Executive meeting at 7pm the next day in The Underground. I did not receive 'plenty of prior warning' as Micky Khurana claims, merely 24 hours notice. I was advised to be present by at least 5 Labour Club members, to each of these I replied that I had been nominated by the Students' Union Executive to go to ULU General Union Council, which also began at 7pm.

Anticipating this difficulty, I asked for a 24 hour postponement. I have not been informed as to why this was not granted. It is bizarre that the Labour Club felt that because I did not turn up, I had no defence to make. I respectfully submit that some members did not want me to make a defence.

According to the letters received last week, I have no reason to feel aggrieved that senior Labour Club members did not vote for me as UGM Chair. To suggest that I have no reason to be aggrieved when I lost 74-71 and my own party chair voted against me is astounding, and frankly unbelievable. Despite

LGB motion defeated by straight, white men

Dear Beaver,

I feel I need to make some response to the defeat of my motion to create a Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual (LGB) officer in the UGM on 17th November, and to express the disillusionment of certain LGB students.

The events of that UGM totally amazed me. Firstly, I had expected a busy meeting, but the level of (uninformed) participation displayed large scale counter-mobilization to the motion from groups who have no interest in Union democracy.

Secondly, as a regular exponent of controversial issues, I had expected some heckling, but I certainly had not expected the blatantly homophobic abuse that I recieved. It was reminiscent of school victimisation and not something that I would ever have believed would be aired in the 'democratic' forum of a university. Everyone who voted against the motion fuelled these ideas.

Finally, I had expected the typical homophobic opposition to



Trafalgar Square - a more interesting picture than this whole debate
Photo: Beaver Staff

Mickey's protestations to the contrary, senior members of the Labour Club were very aware of my feelings.

Those members of the Labour club who did not vote for me, did it out of personal dislike. If they had told me this, face to face, I would at least have had some respect for them. The fact that they had to invent the fatuous argument that they were really not obliged to vote for me anyway, confirms my opinion that there was, in the past, a distant lack of backbone at the heart of the Labour Club.

Turning lastly to Mr Yau's rather impolite and inaccurate history lesson. I was Chair of the Democratic Socialist Group during my first year, and I am proud

of the fact. The task of applying centre-left principles to our immediate environment in an attempt to improve the lot of students is as important now as it was then. After the death of the DSG, I moved to the Labour Club and played my part in strengthening it. My political principles have not changed in my 3 years here, so I consider myself to be a 'politician' of conscience.

I want to extend an olive branch to the new Labour Club Executive, when there are more than enough issues that need our attention, we have no need to attack each other.

Yours sincerely
Nicholas Kirby
Finance and Services
Executive

No noize is short and sweet

Dear Beaver,
Re: Last weeks Club Noize
We're not English (thankfully).

Yours sincerely
Linda Pearson and
Claire Lawrie

All opinions and views expressed in these pages are those of the named authors and not necessarily of this Newspaper. The editor reserves the right to edit all material received.

the motion, but this time even a superficial rationality had not been applied to the 'argument'. The applause which this speech received was certainly not based on the intellectual merit of the anti-case.

Most of my LGB friends attended the UGM - often for the first time. The reason that they had not attended before was because they believed the UGM to be unrepresentative of their opinion. This UGM more than supported their view. As usual the Old Theatre was totally dominated by straight, white men, who have succeeded in maintaining their privileged position once again. Anyone who argues this is a democracy has no conception of what it is like to be in an oppressed group.

LGB students are marginalised and unrepresented, and as a result will continue to remain on the outside of UGM life; with one more addition.

Yours
N Deardon.

Slater slated by anti-Hizb ut-Tahrir chap

Dear Editor,
 Ross Slater states that at a recent SOAS meeting Hizb ut-Tahrir "emphatically rejected the assertion that the Holocaust was a 'fairy-tale'". This is an outright lie for it was the Chair of the meeting (himself a member of Hizb ut-Tahrir) who coined the phrase. Having attended the meeting in question, perhaps I could remind Ross Slater of a few other highlights. One questioner suggested that Jews had killed six million other Jews, thus bringing the Holocaust upon themselves. Another speaker applauded the terrorist who murdered twenty-two civilians in the Tel Aviv bus bombing.

Ross Slater also calls *The Beaver* 'sensationalist' for saying that Jewish students had to be evacuated from the SOAS campus. Whether 'evacuated' is the correct word or not, the fact remains that Jewish students were forced to leave SOAS by a rear door, under the protection of the Metropolitan Police, as they feared for their personal safety if left alone by the front door. It was felt necessary to use a rear route because Jewish students had been continually harassed and threatened throughout the event - indeed death threats were even made. Judge for yourself whether the use of 'evacuation' was sensationalist.

Unfortunately, Ross Slater confuses two wholly separate issues - support for Hizb ut-Tahrir and the vilification of Israel. He uses the latter as a justification for the former. If he wishes to condemn Israel, then he should have the guts to write a different article on it. If he wishes to voice meager support for Hizb ut-Tahrir (as he did at NUS London Area Spring Conference) then he should be forthright about it. Indeed, the actions of SOAS SU are as reprehensible as his own. It appears that SOAS is the only University in London that will provide facilities to an organisation that is outwardly anti-semitic, that is overtly anti-Hindu and is homophobic. And their justification for all this? Freedom of speech. Freedom of speech that tramples on the rights of all other groups. If freedom of speech is their real justification for allowing Hizb ut-Tahrir a platform, then I await with relish a speech at SOAS from John Tyndall of the British National Party, or perhaps a meeting of the SOAS

Combat 18 Society. Assuming one is not forthcoming, I feel I am justified in claiming that SOAS is determined to support Hizb ut-Tahrir, however anti-semitic they are, or may become.
 Ross Slater laments that "successive leaders of NUS have been given tours/holidays in Israel". How true. Equally true are the tours/holidays that NUS leaders have been given from the Friends of Bir Zeit University (FoBZU) to



Istanbul not Israel.....

Photo: Library

the West Bank and Gaza. His hypocrisy is revealed however when one considers that the NUS trip to Israel included meetings with the Mayor of Jericho, the head of Palestinian Security and the Egyptian Ambassador to Israel. Hardly a biased tour. FoBZU, on the other hand didn't even dare leave the confines of the occupied territories to talk to real and representative Israelis. Et tu, Brute.

It is upsetting to Jewish students at the LSE that Ross Slater has been given a chance to air his off-course, out-dated and regressive views of Hizb ut-Tahrir and the Middle East. If nowhere else in London, LSE has maintained an atmosphere of mutual respect that is free from intimidation and insult. Let us hope that we can continue on this sensible path and not be detracted by the side-shows that are taking place at other London Colleges.

Faithfully
 David Ward

Labour Club versus student welfare? The Kirby debate goes on and on and on

Dear Beaver,
 I have noted with interest the Labour Club's opinions regarding Nick Kirby.

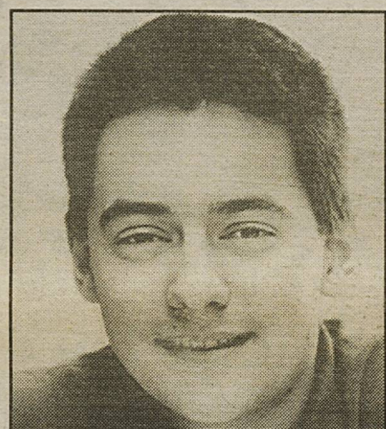
This Executive is penalising one of its members because he puts student issues first by attending a ULU General Council and not the Labour Club's 'Kangeroo Court'.

In this time of student apathy it is frankly ludicrous for the Labour Club Executive to put its own political ambitions first and the needs of the Students' Union second.

It is good that there is at least one Union officer who is prepared to put the welfare of the whole student body before his own personal needs.

I would also like to query why the Labour Club Executive chose to hold this meeting at 7pm - hardly the most obvious time! Why did they also refuse his request for a postponement? If their case is as strong as they claim would a 24 hour delay have mattered?

Yours sincerely
 Andrew Holmes



Councillor Steven Twigg - not a Lambeth Councillor though
 Photo: NUS

Dear Sirs,
 Re: the letters attacking N. Kirby in your publication. The ignorance and spite contained in them proves again that the LSE is a good training ground for budding Lambeth councillors. Criticism of Kirby for attending a meeting at ULU that he was MANDATED to go to, shows ignorance of the very political process that these tiresome hacks pretend to uphold. Members of the Union should concern themselves less with bickering, and more with promoting the welfare of students. If only, as in Lambeth, we could surcharge people here.

Yours faithfully
 J. Atherton

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

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Shop	
Rob Richardson	0171 955 6708
Reception	
Jane Connolly	0171 955 7158
Print Room	
Justin Deville	0171 955 6738
Welfare & Housing Office	
Sue Garrett	0171 955 7145
General Enquiries	
Gethin Roberts	0171 955 7470
Entertainments	
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If you would like the Union to keep you informed of opportunities for part-time work then please complete the following form and return it to the General Manager via SU Reception, which is located in the foyer of the East Building.

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

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Prime time

Pam Keenan on *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* at the Strand Theatre



Aristocratic? Moi?

Photo: Hugo Glendinning

Joan of Arc is no longer on the stage of the Strand Theatre but you could be forgiven in thinking otherwise. Miss Jean Brodie is certainly a heroine and crusader and although her end is not so heated she too falls short of triumph. Miss Brodie is at first glance the teacher we all long for. Every class is unpredictable and more importantly fun. But somehow everything would not be so interesting if all her pupils, her 'crème de la crème' went on to become government ministers. All things have to end, including her much talked of prime. The headmistress is strict and certainly would not dare to stray from the curriculum taught for fear of the dreaded governors. In Miss Brodie's eyes, the head is the perfect coward.

Hopefully *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* will be playing every night for a long time to come for this production is brilliant. The set and lighting are simple and stunning and despite annoyingly frequent scene changes in the first half the overall effect is pleasing. However, it is the actors that make this a great night out. Patricia Hodge is perfect for the role of Jean Brodie. She plays the school teacher with strength, dignity and great depth and there is lots of room for the character's ro-

matic nature to come to the fore. The rest of the cast are less well known but equally stunning. Many criticisms of the famous film version of Muriel Spark's novel say that it failed to address the more complex social issues in the book. This production can not be accused of glossing over any of these themes. The ill-informed digs at Catholic birth control (or lack of it) are there, likewise the social etiquette required of unmarried women at the time.

The unpredictable star of the show is Jackie Morrison's portrayal of Sandy, one of the pupils. Sandy develops from a total devotee of her mentor to become an individual. This is the exact result Miss Brodie sought in her teaching but this success becomes her failure. The overall result is a mix of characters that keep the audience involved to great effect, if the noises from the auditorium were anything to go by. The end of the novel is difficult to translate onto the stage but there is no need to prepare yourself for disappointed here. The final act is a fitting climax leaving a definite lump in the throat. Miss Brodie's ultimate aim was to inspire greatness and this production magically reflects her philosophy.

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie is playing at the Strand Theatre

Get off it

Going out with Daniel Silverstone to the Riverside Studios

Prostitution has always been a popular subject for artistic representation. Endless depressing plays have been superceded by lurid television documentaries which seemed to have succeeded in deglamorising the subject. Now, in the nineties, prostitution has been reinvented into a valid life style for the broad-minded but unconventional. This in turn spawned yet another set of voyeuristic documentaries which succeeded in keeping prostitution in both the imagination and the sex life of the public.

It is not a surprise then, that *Off Out* feels something of an anachronism. We return to the bad old days of prostitution as exploitation. This is a script full of violent pimps, hard drugs and dirty businessmen. It follows the traumas of gregarious middle-aged women stuck in poverty and forced to brave the streets. This routine storyline is unfortunate as the play is superbly acted by the three powerful central characters. Tim Dantay as the inarticulate but status-obsessed pimp is an especially convincing portrayal of small town hooligan. In a world which denies him conventional success he is a victim of masculine stereotypes, always over-reacting to achieve the all im-

portant "respect". It is the battle between him and the reclusive son for his mother's attention, which creates most of the dramatic tension.

This is a worthy play which is persuasive in conveying its message of prostitution as a social malaise. The characters all have a history of troubled childhood and poverty of opportunity. The difficulty of reconciling the professional and the personal in a small town is also painfully brought out. The prostitutes suffer verbal abuse from the community as well as physical violence from punters. The spartan set successfully uses a few key objects such as sofa and a fruit bowl to ground the vicious confrontations in the mundane. Thankfully some lively Northern humor prevent the play becoming unwatchably grim. However, despite all the good effort, the central premise remains irrevocably unoriginal. This fault is compounded by author Gill Adams' insistence on bringing every theme or subplot to glaringly explicit conclusions. Unfortunately this makes for wearisome rather than inspirational theatre.

Off Out is playing at the Riverside Studios.

Con merchants

Sonia Kalsi watches a novel but inept interpretation of Shakespeare

The Merchant of Venice came as what can basically be called a complete disappointment. Judging from the fact that half the audience did not return after the interval, I would say that I was not the only one who thought that.

The production is a modern interpretation in which Venice, becomes Los Angeles and Belmont, Bel Air. The plot is fairly complex, involving the confrontation between Shylock (a moneylender and a Jew), and Antonio (a Christian). Since Antonio cannot pay back the amount of money he borrowed he must pay Shylock the forfeit promised: one pound of his flesh. Alongside this runs the story of Bassanio who attempts to woo Portia, 'a lady richly left', and it is because of him that Antonio is in debt and his life in danger.

The stage initially seemed quite impressive as it was large and minimalistic. It also had several television monitors hanging from the ceiling. I can only assume that these screens were meant to represent technology and modern day life. All they achieved, however, was to irritate the audience who found it difficult to concentrate on both the screens and the stage at the same time. The use of microphones to project the actors voices only served to alienate the audience from the the play.

Apparently the director Peter Sellars thrusts *The Merchant of Venice* into the harsh racial confrontations of present day Los Angeles. He 'nativised'

his cast to include the major ethnic identities in America. The result of trying to apply this modern interpretation is that all meaning of the plot is completely lost. The cast may well have been a good example of the ethnic population in America, but this completely detracts from the fact that Shylock is shunned and isolated from all others because of his religion and because he is considered different from all the other characters.

Instead the director chose to focus the play on minor irrelevancies. In the text there are very slight suggestions of a homosexual relationship between Antonio and Bassanio. In this production the suggestion was blown up out of all proportion. It may have been an attempt at addressing the issue of homosexuality in society today, but it is completely inconsistent within the play because in the very next

scene Bassanio goes off to woo Portia with whom he has fallen in love.

It must be said that this production was certainly an ambitious one, and the use of microphones and television screens was interesting if not entirely appropriate. However, all in all this production simply did not capture any of the ideas central to the play. I do not feel I saw real hatred or passion, or any definitive conflict of religion. Shakespeare's plays are said to be timeless, but this is only true if in interpreting them you do not squeeze out all real meaning so that you are left with something completely devoid of depth. Unfortunately this is what happened in this version.

The Merchant of Venice is playing at the Barbican, as part of the Everybody's Shakespeare Festival.



Testing, testing, one, two, three

Photo: Liz Lauren

Flower power

Priyanka Senadhira watches the Cockpit Theatre blossom

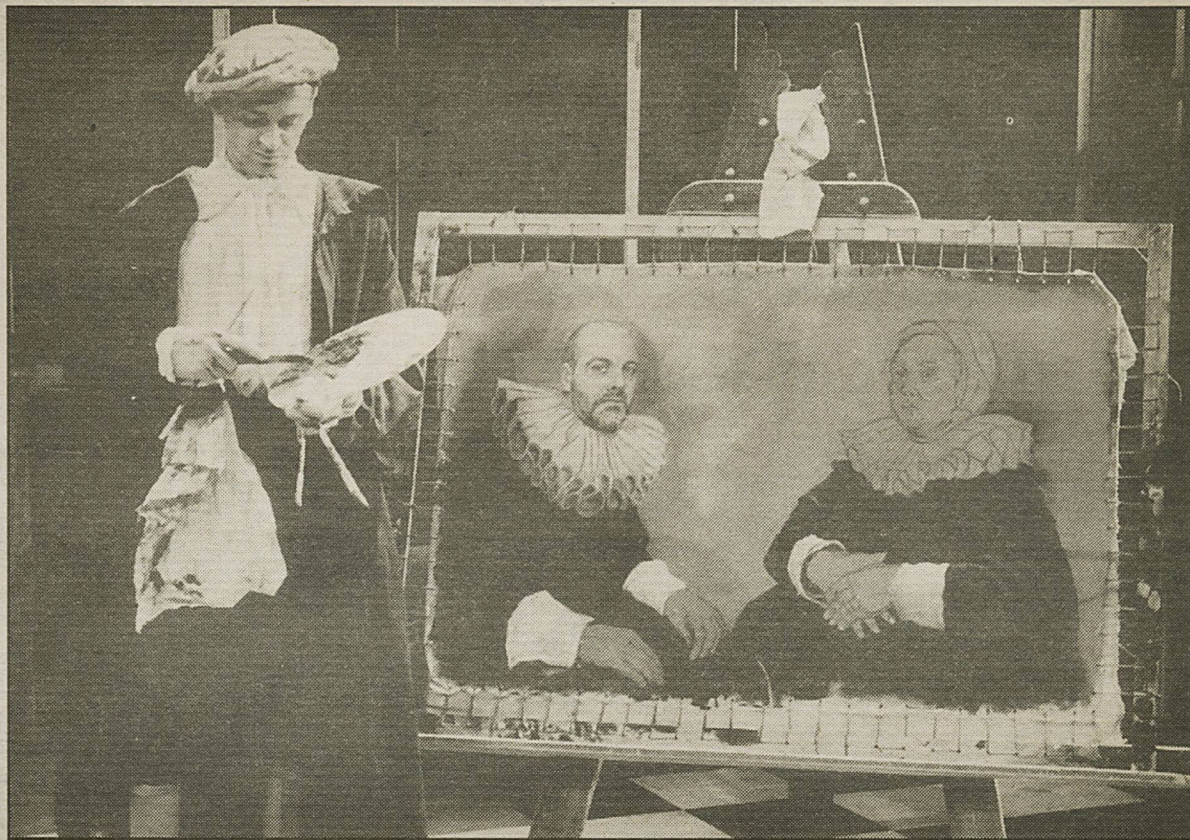
What would you give for a tulip? A fiver? A tenner? Your house? Your life?

In 1594 the first Turkish wild tulip was imported to Holland. It soon caught the fancy of the Dutch society and progressed rapidly from being a fashionable garden flower to being a status symbol highly prized for its exotic beauty. As demand increased, so did the number of different varieties carefully cultivated by the Dutch growers. The rarer strains were coveted by all and came to represent a sign of power, fortune and glory for which some were prepared to stake all they owned.

As prices sky rocketed, buyers and growers began to sign contracts for the future delivery of bulbs. The contracts were made over from person to person and soon became a common type of

currency with which to do business. The frenzied trading of these delivery notes spawned the world's first futures market and became known as "Tulipmania".

John Constables' **Tulip Futures** was inspired by two portraits painted by Frans Hals and his apprentice Judith Leyster around this time. Constable has brought these paintings to life as the characters of Dr. Klas Tulp (William Chubb) and his wife Griet (Jane Wood). The play follows the story of a doctor who gave up his practice to indulge in his hobby of cultivating tulips. It soon turns into an obsession using up his entire life savings. For a while he and his wife are able to live in the lap of luxury and even have their portraits done, but borrowed credit runs out sooner or later and unless they are able to keep one step ahead of the market, disaster is inevitable.



Remember, they laughed at Picasso

Photo: Nick Gurney

During Tulipmania, speculation ran high and prices doubled by the year and then by the month. People were prepared to pay up to six thousand guilders for a single bulb, "think how many houses you can buy for that". Soon everyone was getting in on it from the grower to the dealer to the artist who painted a portrait in exchange for the future delivery note of a tulip. As markets reached an all time high, people were living on borrowed money. They owned a lot on paper, but nothing that they could

lay their hands on. The market was based on confidence because "as long as you believe [the money] is there and continue to trade as if it's there, the prices will continue to rise". But as all economists will know as soon as people start to realise the actual value of their investment and start to get cold feet, the inevitable is bound to happen. In February 1637 amid rumours of imminent government intervention, the market crashed, almost bankrupting the Dutch economy.

The play explores how we

price a work of art. Does sentimental value count for anything? Can you trade something you create and love? Or, according to the 'yuppie bulb dealer' is the only measure of worth how much it will fetch? These are the questions put forward to you in a captivating and well casted play. And the source of it all hangs in Room 26 of the National Gallery named 'An Unknown Man' and 'A Woman With Hands Folded'.

Tulip Futures is playing at the Cockpit Theatre, Soho.



Quick, your false teeth are falling out

Photo: John Haynes

Julie has two lovers

Dan Madden is infuriated by some appalling acting

August Strindberg hated women. No doubt about it, and by writing plays like **Miss Julie** he ensured that actresses will be ridiculed whenever they appear in these productions. The play is set in the kitchen of an aristocratic home on Midsummer's Eve. His Lordship is out and his daughter, Miss Julie, is cavorting with her father's valet and the rest of the servants. The ensuing sexual intrigue and conflicting emotions is rather marred by Geraldine Alexander's vile habit of thinking she's an actress. At one stage so overcome with grief at her foolishness she hurls herself across a table sobbing "I cannot talk, I cannot move, I cannot act." Well, she certainly got the last bit right.

According to the translator of

the play, Michael Meyer, Strindberg's favourite theme is "that people can fuck each other and yet hate each other." Fair enough but in this production it failed to come across, mainly because we were all totally pissed off with Ms. Alexander's inability to be convincing as Miss Julie.

For a play which people actually have to pay money to see, the production was a sub-standard effort of massive proportions. The most impressive piece of acting was from the stuffed bird, which sadly only had a minor role. The lighting had little or no relevance to what was actually happening on stage and only served to annoy those members of the audience who were still paying attention. The sound effects were also crap. For a major-

ity of the play there is the background noise of people enjoying themselves. Sadly every now and then the tape ends and needs to be recued - faintly reminiscent of a GCSE drama production, methinks. The only good thing about the production is the set.

If you do go and see this play be warned: THERE IS NO INTERVAL. You are stuck in your seat for the full hour and a half. This is because Strindberg doesn't like intervals. I think this works for the benefit of the actors in this production due to the fact that if there were an interval no one would come back for the remainder of the play.

Miss Julie is playing at the New End Theatre.

The devil you know



LSE Drama Society Theatre Trip

Shaw's play reviewed by Caroline Hooton

I admit it, I went for "The Devil's Disciple" expecting some serious production, heavy on the melodrama and low on laughs. However, I was pleasantly surprised as it is a very funny play. Most of the humour comes from the central character - Richard Dudgeon, a sardonic, cynical man. He is bitter at the world and especially his mother, a hypocrite who hid behind the 'righteousness' of religion and starved Richard and his brother of the love and affection they so desperately wanted. It is the result of this lack of love that has led Richard to renounce God and embrace the Devil, earning him the nickname of the Devil's Disciple, a name he revels in and enhances through his smuggling and association with gypsies.

The play is set in Westerbridge, New Hampshire 1777, the background of a torn and battered map of the area demonstrating how the War of Independence is threatening the community. Indeed this threat becomes very real when English troops under the control of the sarcastic General John Burgoyne (performed by Daniel Massey who steals every scene he's in), arrives to take control of the town.

The war is not going well for the English and at every town

they come to they hang a prominent and respectable citizen accused of being a rebel to set an example to the others. At Westerbridge they choose the minister Anthony Anderson, a man who has tried to earn the friendship of Richard to turn him from his 'path of evil', but whose failure to do so has earned Richard's respect. Anderson's younger wife however, does not approve of or even like Richard, indeed she is very vocal in her hatred and distaste of our hero, but does the lady protest too much? Is there really an attraction between her and Richard and if so will she admit to it?

Matters come to a head when the English troops mistakenly arrest Richard for the minister. Will the minister give himself up for a man he sees as a friend and will Mrs Anderson come to see Richard in a new light? Most importantly, however, do we care? The answer has to be a resounding yes. All the actors are very good in their roles. My only grumble comes from the fact that I didn't understand why the American characters were portrayed as having West Country accents. Why?

The Devil's Disciple is on at the National Theatre

Later, Jools Holland!

Kerrie Henderson survives the BBC canteen and the Dutch experience

The opening titles to **Later with Jools Holland** show Jools himself as he arrives at TV Centre. He coasts straight through security, before striding past the reception desk and into the studio.

If only getting past BBC security was so easy. Take cult comedian Rowland Riveron, for example. It took him at least five minutes to convince the woman manning the visitors desk that he ought to be allowed through. "But I'm part of the show," says Roland truthfully.

"Which dressing room?" the security woman retorts. "Well I'm erm... sharing with Jools."

"But you're not on his guest list".

Luckily for Mr. 'Wiverwom' (as the woman insisted on referring to him) she had seen him before, so the inquisition ends and he was eventually allowed to pass. We, however, are not so fortunate.

A few moments later, we were to be found crammed in a phone box outside White City Tube Station, jamming the BBC switchboard and telling anyone courteous

enough to listen to us that we are from *The Beaver* and just have to be let in. Two or three extensions later we are finally put through to someone able to help us. A quarter of an hour after that we find ourselves sitting in a somewhat empty and drab looking BBC tea bar.

The show, according to a woman from 'BBC Audience services' (interesting job title I believe it to be a euphemism for a cinema attendant) is normally recorded much later than this, hence its title. The audience is also normally a little larger, especially if the bands are well known or any good. Pointing out the dismal tea bar the woman says, "wait till 8 o'clock, it'll be crammed full in there," and proceeds to tell us of her numerous claims to fame. She states quite proudly that she once ignored kids TV presenter Phillip Schofield, and meets several 'stars' everyday. She knows who the good natured and who the snooty arrogant stuck up ones are, although she won't tell me. Strangely, she talks with an almost child like infatuation about the so called 'TV Stars',



Jools Holland, Brett, JJ and Terry

whilst paradoxically insisting that she's "just not bothered about them." She spends the next few minutes elaborating about how cute Phillip Schofield's child is, and I figure that it's time to get away whilst I still can.

A few of the musicians guesting on the show walk through the tea room en route to their dressing rooms, but overall there are little signs of any activity bar the percussionist out of M-People nervously

practising his paradiddles and hitting the air in perfect 4/4 time with his drumsticks.

The toilets were a lot more exciting. From here we heard the lead vocalist of M-People (the woman whose haircut makes her look like she's got a pineapple on her head) practising her scales, and probably hoping that her somewhat hoarse voice would last the show. A person was seen blowing her nose on a piece of tinfoil

(don't try it at home boys and girls) and several 'muso' types were to be heard bitching about their friends, jobs and respective artists.

We wait and talk amongst ourselves for the best part of an hour and, as predicted the tea bar starts to get a little more crowded. All the plastic screw down seats have now been taken (although it is beyond my comprehension why anyone would want to sit on one) and the place is teeming

So the show is great, Jools Holland is great, but what about the music?

First up were M-People, a band who have never been, and in my opinion will never be, capable of producing anything other than annoying and instantly forgettable dance music. Their first number did illustrate the fact that 'Pineapple head' was beginning to lose her voice, that their bass was overly heavy, and that their music is nothing more than superslick hideous indulgent trash (aka S.H.I.T.). Their numbers were only made bearable by the fact that we weren't paying to listen to

them, and that their percussionist (whose name I can't remember) was rather good.

Next up was the artist for the grown-ups in the audience, Nick Lowe and his backing group. Nick was, according to my dad, brilliant in the 70's and it showed. The band's first number sounded horribly outdated and middle of the road. It was a sort of poor version of Chris Rea's Road To Hell type stuff.

The man later redeemed himself though, by playing a mind-blowingly brilliant acoustic number called

with pony tailed thirty and forty-somethings, trying hard to fit into the stereotype of the record company publicity person. They schmooze, around spouting out mouthfuls of pretentious bullshit to

anyone stupid enough to stand near them for more than thirty seconds. A few wafer thin bimbos, hang around, again doing their best to live up to stereotypes. Their forced smiles display whiter than white teeth and they giggle hysterically to any phrase, however unfunny, that any of the wanna be important people have to say. The place just oozed of verbal diarrhoea. One woman brags about what looked like a botched-up attempt to apply mascara saying "but upper class ladies in the

18th Century had to put henna in their eyes to get this effect."

As time drags on we catch our first glimpse of who will be appearing on the show, along of course with M-People, The seventies crooner Nick Lowe strolls past, so does a saxophonist and a gang of women dressed in some sort of traditional folk dress. Mike Pickering (of M-people fame) is also spotted, poncing about in a lilac/pink coloured

shirt. The cafe has now turned into a hub of activity as more artists make their way through the mob of people, having a quick word with friends and managers en-route to the studio.

After a long while initial excitement gave way to impatience as we found ourself still stuck in the cafe. Admittedly, we had moved slightly as we now stood at the back of an long queue of people, waiting to enter the studio. The schmoozing continues, only now the topic of conversation has changed to the acts that are about to perform. M-People would, I overheard, be amazing. They were about to display their 'soulful side', and being accompanied by a string section, would instantly silence those critics who believed they did not deserve to win indie-dom's major (and only real significant) music award, the Mercury Music prize

A few moment later, impatience gives way to complete astonishment. Having never suffered the embarrassment of being on either **Top Of The Pops** or **The Word** I'd never been inside a TV studio before. It was a totally awesome sight. The walls and ceiling (which you, the viewer at home don't see) are covered in all manner of electrical gadgetry and soundproofing equipment. Well over 200 heavy lights hang from the ceiling, some of which are pulled down at least 20 feet on meccano like pieces of metal.

The background mural adorning the walls is also quite a spectacle. Made of thin cotton material it features a range of red and orange paintings. I can recognise outlines of skeletons, eyes and pieces of fruit but the rest of it consists of vague, almost 'trippy' shapes and objects. The floor is black, the only

decoration being a piano keyboard. This forms a trail which links together the 4 corners of the studio, each of which houses it's own respective band or artist.

The audience is allowed to wander round the edges of the set, and find a comfortable space from which to stand and watch the show. It's on one of these wanders that I took a quick glimpse at the sound mixing desk. The show must be a sound engineer's nightmare. At least 20 instruments and seven or eight vocals per recording have to be monitored. The BBC themselves in their magazine **Aerial** state that it is nothing less than a "minor miracle" that a correct sound balance is achieved week after week.

Sitting casually amongst the mess of cables and instruments at Cecile, his piano, was Jools himself. His old trademark, the gelled back, slightly stuck up hair had been replaced by a softer, floppy fringe. The new style suits him, giving him a look of creativity and intelligence. As he introduces the various acts, his enthusiasm for the performers, and music in general is obvious. He refused to pigeonhole artists into distinctive musical

genres such as rock, blues, dance and folk (the four areas from which the acts tonight were selected). Instead he invited the audience to cheer and clap all the artists irrespective of their personal tastes. The audience are encouraged to get involved on the show

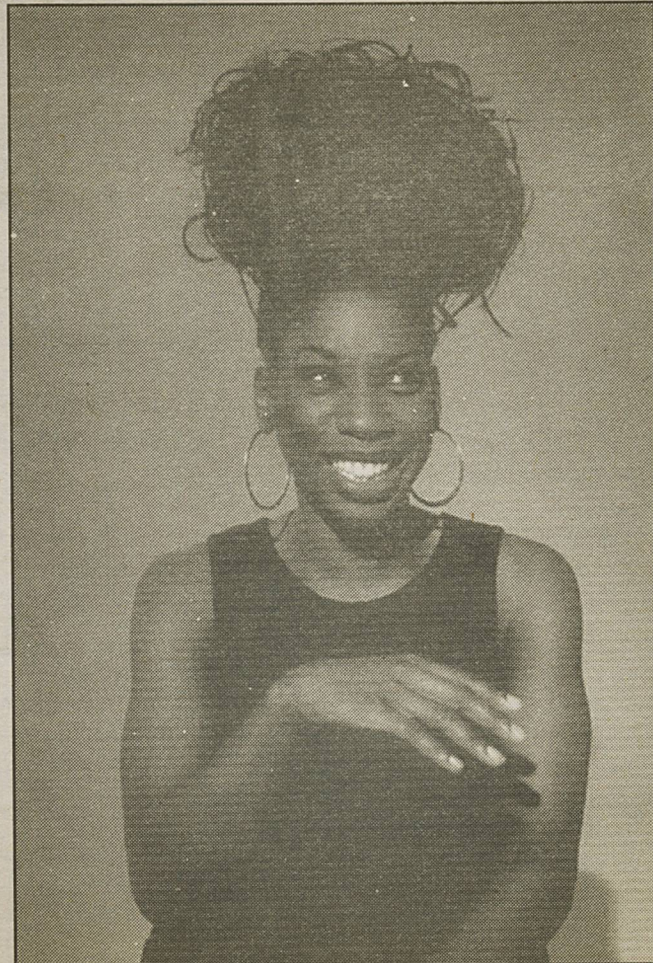
odd 30 second interviews with some of the performers intertwined with the occasional, if brief moments of humour.

Barely an hour had elapsed before the recording was completed. An army of technicians started to dismantle the studio we try to get hold of Jools for a quick word. Our earlier prepared question list included everything that any serious fan would be dying to know: topics of importance such as why he enjoys doing the show, how the performers are selected, what he thinks of the fact that he's now becoming a thirty/forty-somethings sex symbol and why he doesn't put wax on his hair any more.

As expected we were let down. We knew we probably wouldn't get an interview, but were expecting the usual showbiz arrogance and list of expletives that famous types are generally presumed to possess, it came as a bit of a disappointment to be told politely and kindly "Sorry, I've got to fly, I was supposed to be meeting a friend an hour ago." Unfortunately not a newsworthy F-word in

sight. Still, we had a good, cheap night out: only 40p spent and even that was on phone calls. From watching him perform in front of the cameras tonight, one thing is clear. Despite maturing since his days as presenter of the Tube, Jools is still the groovy fucker that most of the nation (who didn't tune into it) weren't. Later is the perfect grown up pop programme for him to front, and as it's presenter, he shines.

Later with Jools Holland Saturday nights at 8pm on BBC2.



M-People's 'Pineapple'

Photo: Library

(although for some reason they didn't usually take up this offer and are usually seen on the TV as standing there and looking bored senseless) and create "a great big swimming pool of love and music." They dutifully followed their instructions and doled out polite applause to blues guitarist Ben Harper, and a Bulgarian choir, however not as much as they cheered and shuffled about to M-People.

As the show is recorded it's easy to see why it has become so popular. Besides featuring an eclectic mix of live music there are also the

"What's So Great About Love Peace And Understanding," one of the few records my dad indoctrinated me with when I was young that I actually still like. Fortunately, (for us, not him) either the cameramen or the sound engineer bugged up and we had the joy of listening to the whole thing again.

Lowe was followed by Ben Harper and the Innocent Criminals, Ben being a little known slide guitarist. He certainly impressed whilst plugging his single whipping boy. It was a song I would normally

dismiss as being too blues-ee for my liking, but listening to the version he was playing, I couldn't help but tap along.

The final act was a Bulgarian choir, Le Mystere Des Voix Bulgares. Again not exactly my type of music, but enjoyed nevertheless. Their

powerful voices, provided a marked contrast to the other acts performing, and their harmonic version of Somewhere Over The Rainbow was completely different from anything choral sounding I've ever heard before.

Watch for the giggles on the TV though. The audience

**M - People
their music is
nothing more
than superslick
hideous
indulgent trash
(alias S.H.I.T.)**

found it impossible to keep straight faces on one of their more traditional tunes, after someone suggested that background sounds of "Meep Meep" bore more than a passing resemblance to the roadrunner's yelps.

After such a musical mixture, it was disappointing that we were forced to listen to M-people yet again. Walk Away, a track from their new album 'Bizarre Fruit' was the one we were subjected to. This time their number was complete with violins, and Mike Pickering doing the sort of arm and bum wiggle / shuffle dance that you'd be

ashamed to see your dad attempting. Again they were over indulgent, and annoying. However, much as I hate M-People, and the sort of superslick disposable dance tunes they release, I have to give them credit for the fact that they can perform live, something which many dance bands struggle to do. Their singer, actually sings quite well, even if she is a bit of a poser. If I was to be completely honest I'd be forced to concede, much as I hate to say it, that their finale provided a fitting end to the show and was really quite good.

Hell razor

Dennis Lim meets Lodge Kerrigan, writer-director of *Clean, Shaven*

Of the hundreds of films at the London Film Festival, none provoked more extreme reactions than Lodge Kerrigan's *Clean, Shaven*. A journalist left a press screening red-faced, mumbling incoherently about "moral reprehension" and "fucking with people's heads". Later that day, he was telling anyone who would listen that "Lodge Kerrigan is Adolf Hitler". That, I can assure you, he patently is not; Kerrigan is in fact a soft-spoken and thoughtful 30-year-old American, whose powerful first film, although disturbing and difficult, demands to be seen by as wide an audience as possible.

Clean, Shaven is a harrowing, sometimes shocking portrayal of schizophrenia. Peter Greene, who has since gone on to play the by-now legendary Zed in *Pulp Fiction*, delivers one of the most intense performances of the year as Peter Winter, a schizophrenic who sets out to find his daughter. Kerrigan believes his film confronts some deep-seated prejudices. "I think there's a real misconception of what schizophrenia really is. People feel that schizophrenics are very violent because it's sensationalised all the time. Not only the media but the politicians latch on to instances of violence committed by the very small percentage of the

mentally ill that are violent".

The film is daring in every sense; Kerrigan dispenses entirely with conventional form and structure. The fractured, disjointed narrative of the film mirrors the central character's frame of mind. "My main goal was to convey the sense of anxiety that the character feels as a result of his mental breakdown - and have the audience really experience that. A symptom of schizophrenia is the inability to integrate outside stimuli in a coherent fashion, and I try to get the structure of the film to reflect that".

The dialogue is sparse and the plot obscured. There is a brutal killing at the start of the film and a detective hunts down the murderer, whom he evidently believes is Winter. But we are actually told very little. Kerrigan says the vagueness is very deliberate. "I tried to set up the story in such a way that it's unclear whether Peter ever killed anyone or not - the audience has to determine that for themselves."

Clean, Shaven offers a more thought-provoking take on violence than the likes of *NBK* can ever hope to. Kerrigan explains, "A primary use of the detective is to show that certain forms of violence seem to be accepted in society. From an objective point of view, it's very disturbing if you go to work everyday and strap on



Peter Greene in *Clean, Shaven*

Photo: ICA

a gun, but that's perceived as normal. I try to contrast what is not acceptable violence - this misconception about schizophrenia - and what the general population, particularly in the States, perceives as acceptable behaviour. For me the most disturbing act in the film is the detective shooting Peter for little more than circumstantial evidence".

Kerrigan acknowledges the crucial part played by the chilling soundtrack. "Auditory hallucinations are another symptom. From the start, I wrote a lot of the sound into the script. I was very specific about what the film should sound like. In the character's mind, that's what creates the anxiety - he doesn't know where all these voices are coming from. He's desperate to try and find a justification for it. From a

formal film-making perspective, sound is always subservient to image. I thought sound could be as important as image in trying to convey any emotion."

Three years in the making, *Clean, Shaven* sets Lodge Kerrigan apart as a uniquely talented film-maker. His next script, probably starting production in the spring, deals again with mental illness. "It's about a woman who develops a hysterical pregnancy as a defence against what might have been an incestuous relationship with her father". *Clean, Shaven* has been doing the festival circuit, not only winning numerous awards along the way but also courting considerable controversy. "At Sundance, two women fainted. They had to drag one of them out - she literally fell into the aisle. Cannes

was a bit of a contradiction. They invited the film and were very supportive of it, but then they got nervous with the conservative local press. So they tried to repress it - they put up notices warning people of the violence, they put stickers on the tickets and they actively turned away people from the screening that they thought wouldn't be able to handle the film. I think it was just based on some degree of ageism, where they refused to let people over 65 into the theatre. But 1400 people showed up, and there were only 900 seats. Like anything that you try to repress, it expresses itself anyway". The British Board of Film Classification - take note.

Clean, Shaven is currently playing at the ICA. Go.

London Film Festival roundup

The 38th Annual LFF re-covered from a shaky start (Ken's monstrous stinker) to restore its reputation as a fine showcase for upcoming releases and an opportunity to catch some gems which are unlikely to be picked up for distribution.

The big-studio films previewed were, thankfully enough, the sort of thing Hollywood does best. *The Shawshank Redemption* (adapted from a King novella, yet strangely nowhere near crap) is an impeccably acted tale of a moving friendship between two convicts (Tim Robbins, Morgan Freeman). Meryl Streep's foray into action-adventure, *The River Wild*, proved hopelessly hackneyed but still massive fun. I should perhaps mention that I predicted correctly in these very pages a few weeks ago this year's Surprise Film - which was indeed Woody Allen's *Bullets Over Broadway* (and not, as everyone else kept insisting, *Interview With A Vampire*). It was quintessential Allen, which means you either love it or loathe it. Apart from Tracey Ullman, I thought it was brilliant. The Closing Night Gala, *Léon*, (token celeb in attendance: Charlie Sheen; they must have been really desperate), came as a disappointment after a

sensational trailer, but Luc Besson is always reliable for good entertainment - and Leon was that, but no more. Gary Oldman though was fucking ace. Touts had a field day with *Natural Born Killers*, still denied a UK release. Tickets were inexplicably changing hands for £100 - more than the cost of a day trip to Paris to see that *AND A Clockwork Orange*.

For me, the US independents provided the highlights. With *Amateur*, Hal Hartley produced yet another masterpiece and confirmed his place as the most important American filmmaker of his generation. We finally got to see *Barcelona* - Whit Stillman's long-overdue follow-up to one of the best first films ever, *Metropolitan* - and it was worth the wait. Alan Rudolph's *Mrs Parker & The Vicious Circle* features Jennifer Jason Leigh's best performance yet. Many first-time directors came good - disgustingly young fellows all, most of whom visited the festival and seemed genuinely appreciative of any favourable comments. Lodge Kerrigan's *Clean, Shaven* - a penetrating study of mental torment - is impossible to forget. *Little Odessa*, James Gray's hushed yet devastatingly power-

ful depiction of a disintegrating family, is surely the start of a great career. *Suture*, visually striking and loaded with intriguing twists and intelligent irony, earmarks David Siegel and Scott McGehee as the most interesting collaborators around. Of the US indies still without a release date, the best were Kevin Smith's very rude *Clerks*, shot on a miniscule budget and provider of huge laughs of the side-splitting, trouser-wetting variety, and *Spanking The Monkey*, David Russell's sharp and uncomfortably funny tale of suburban incest.

Shekhar Kapur's shattering *Bandit Queen* was probably the best of a strong Asian contingent. Taiwanese directors were in fine form - *Eat Drink Man Woman*, by Ang Lee (who will next be directing Emma Thompson in *Sense and Sensibility!*), contains the most delightful twist ever. *Vive L'Amour*, Tsai Ming-Liang's tragic, funny, almost experimental oddity requires at least two viewings - its astonishing ending has to be seen to be believed. Amidst the usual contrived rubbish the Hong Kong film industry spews out, Wong Kar-Wai's *Chungking Express*, a stylish Godard-influenced con-

temporary fable stands out. As ever, mainland Chinese directors were superb - He Ping's sensual, sumptuous *Red Firecracker*, *Green Firecracker* the most impressive.

Europe provided a mixed bag - the best French film proved to be neither *La Reine Margot* (entertaining if insubstantial epic) nor *Grosse Fatigue* (funny but predictable), but Olivier Assayas' *Cold Water*, a perfectly observed story of teenage love and desperation, set in turn to chillingly complete silence and then a stunning soundtrack of 70s classics. Italian drama *Lamerica* was too deathly serious for its own good; Michael Haneke's *71 Fragments Of A Chronology Of Chance*, unsurprisingly proved to be exactly that and *The Life And Extraordinary Adventures Of Private Ivan Chonkin* was a wacky, patchily amusing Russian spoof. Aki Kaurismaki's double bill paired the overlong one-joke *Total Balalaika Show* (Leningrad Cowboys in concert) and the wonderfully deadpan *Take Care Of Your Scarf, Tatjana*. The Antipodeans' brand of offbeat humour - *Muriel's Wedding*, *Heavenly Creatures* - went down a storm. Atom Egoyan's

finest to date, *Exotica*, a moody strip-tease equipped with a hauntingly seductive score is an unqualified work of perfection.

The festival was not without its share of turkeys though - for instance, practically the entire British section, with the exception of the darkly comic *Shallow Grave* (it was some consolation that the UK shorts were mostly promising). The world premiere of Kitano's *Getting Any?* will teach the programmers a lesson for picking a film they hadn't seen - the irresistible style which characterised the man's earlier work has all but vanished, replaced by a seriously shit sense of humour. The US films which failed to impress were mostly tiresome pseudo noirish tosh (*Killer*) or transparent Tarantino imitators (*Killing Zoe*). With record attendances, this year's festival was the most successful yet. Now with all that over and done with - roll on '95. (DL)

Amateur, Barcelona, Eat Drink Man Woman, Killing Zoe, The River Wild, Shallow Grave and *Suture* open in January. *Bandit Queen, Exotica, Léon* and *Mrs Parker* open in February. *NBK* was not allowed to open last week.

Wilful Self - Publicity

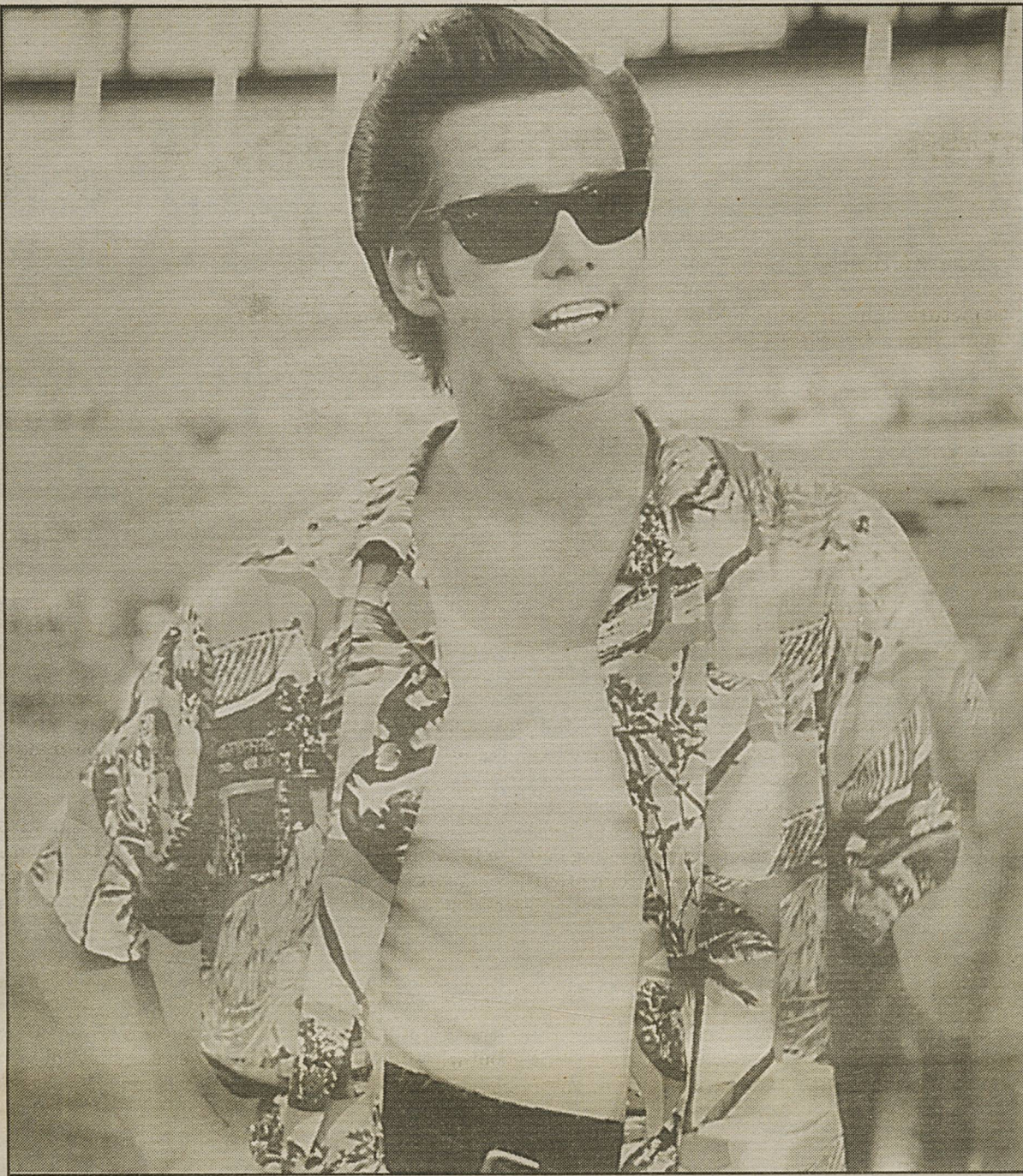
The Bacchalian Society on Will Self the wild man of English literature

Ten years from now the author Will Self will I suspect have either shot to world wide fame on par with Martin Amis or will have ended up in a Bloomsbury bedsit remembered as that "weird guy with the oddly named books". For now however he is hot property. Beloved of the "hip-lit" groups of London with his violent images, bad attitude and well matured image of "bad boy of current literature."

His known history does nothing to dispel popular interest. A 'middle class' upbringing, LSE Lecturer father (says it all) who left his mother while Self was nine. He soon left all this behind and at university (Oxford ah-hm), turned into a drugged-up, self-styled dropout. He is said to have excused himself from a philosophy tutorial on the grounds that he was doing heroin that morning.

After Oxford Will Self followed an unconventional path, moving from sweeping the A101 to advising the Government of the Northern territory of Australia. The transition from wanderer to writer took years and 6 million lines of "unadulterated rubbish", which he says every writer has to go through to become good. It is this time that he gives as a reason for fearing writers block. He writes furiously now in case it sets in the future and cuts his flow.

The results of the waiting apart from enough dead tress to send K. Hampton into a storm, have been some mediocre poetry and some better prose," my idea of fun', 'Quantity Theory of In-



Big and loud, the shirt that is!

Photo: Warner Bros.

sanity" and his current 'XXXXX'. 'Quantity theory of Insanity' the mostly widely acclaimed so far, is a collection of short stories interlinked around themes of insanity and psychiatric institutions. He has created a dark, macabre and idiosyncratic world populated by maniacs and psychiatrics where the line between patients and therapists becomes distinctly blurred.

Themes and characters intertwine, wrapping into each others as small details in one story form the basics for a completely new story or theme elsewhere. The writing style is brilliantly focused showing off a vocabulary that manages to fit fucking and felating in the same sentence.

One scene in the book is set in the Old Theatre in the LSE, a fact largely overlooked by the LSE so far. The story in question manages to put the entire future of the planet in context in a traffic accident on the Marylebone flyover near the Edgware road.

Needless to say, it is not hard to see the author in his characters, many of whom spend their time drugged to the eyeballs whether for medication or otherwise. It is their quirks and attractions that put Self's work in the league above mere fashion. I hope he will still be writing books as brilliantly insane as this one ten years from now.

Will Self be giving a public reading in the Vera Anstey room at 2:30pm on Friday, December 2 to the Bacchalian Society.

Kieslowski on Kieslowski

Danny Silverstone

Kieslowski is something of an enigma in the West. Relatively unheard of until last year his last film three colours Red was described as one of the cinematic highlights of the decade. Later this year he year he announced his retirement. Despite of all the critical success Kieslowski felt frustrated with himself and his median. To understand his dramatic conclusion "Kieslowski on Kieslowski" is mandatory reading.

The book contains a series of talks which reveal a man embroiled in his history Kieslowski is unusual in producing films in the west but being in a different culture which is a pole under communism. This has meant that he has been under completely different pressures from his western counterparts rather than facing the pressures of commercial success he has had to navigate the formal restrictions of political censorship. This has meant periods of forced inactivity, and more importantly cultivating a style which could communicate seditous concepts without attracting controversy. Kieslowski is keen to distance himself from polemic, rather he sees himself as someone "trying to understand." As a moral man motivated to understand good and evil,

he explains that even when recording the doings of hated party official he wanted to understand their actions not simply condemn them. For Kieslowski Poland is, and has been a dreadful place to live. The epic decalogue deliberately avoided showing the "very unpleasant things" but still managed to evoke a stifling dreariness. His homeland is the source of numerous anecdotes and theorising for Kieslowski who maintains their is a definite national character splenetic individualism, arrogance and dislike of work. This is articulated in a bitterness at his countries prospects, combined with a suspicion of the consumerism which he sees dominating the wealthy West. Kieslowski's disinterest in the material is matched by a passion for the spiritual. His goal is to "capture what is within us, the inner life of human beings." He feels it is the job of the film maker to care for "the audiences spiritual life" to provide more than mere escapism. Though this sounds naive when repeated, it is spoken in the context of a creator of great art. Kieslowski compares cinema unfavourably to literature while maintaining their goal is the same. It his desire to answer the answerable why questions of this world which explains his feelings of inadequacy and pessimism. Perhaps because of his idealism Kieslowski is su-

premely humble. He is so disparaging of is work that it is really necessary to have another opinion of his films alongside his own to give a sense of perspective. He is constantly alluding to his lack of patience and his failure as a film maker, something he does "because he doesn't know how to do anything else". The curt prose also reveals a droll sense of humour and a tendency towards simplification. This is partly

product of the translation and partly due to a reticence to talk about complex issues in detail. The overall impression is of an intensely private man. Kieslowski is undoubtedly uncomfortable talking about himself and is sure that he keeps his most intimate secrets hidden. As most of his early films were documentaries and hard to see in the west, the beginning of the book will be for most, character detail.

The second half is more accessible but still only contains flashes of revelation rather than sustained exegesis. Still this is an intriguing book which maintains an enigma rather than unmasking one.

**Kieslowski on Kieslowski
Faber and Faber
UK £7.99**



A scene from Kieslowski's Three Colours: White

Photo: Artificial Eye

Back 2 Black

Craig Warmesley on a blast from the past from a nigga with no name

Last Monday, with little fuss or advertising and almost exactly seven years late, the 'Black' album by Prince was finally given official release. Now, it will be no news to you that he who was Prince is, at the best of times, a strange old fish indeed. Unfortunately, with this LP you find him at his most strange-fishily perverse moment. This record is nasty. Not just your run of the mill cheap titillation, but a full blown obsessive sick record, with side order of nasty-weird. Musically it is a re-visitation of his funk roots, a la 'Controversy' in 1982, containing not so much songs as extended grooves and band workouts. But where the former had its poppier moments, this is an unremittingly funky and hard edged composition. Consummate musicianship is, as expected, well to the fore with hooks being carried all over the band and swapped intermittently between players. Indeed, this band, subsequently used on 'Lovesexy', were his most musically expansive, making excursions, even here, into polytonal (eh?) passages and bizarre Jazz-Funk fusions; most notably on "2 Nigs United For West Compton". This record definitely eschews his vanilla cross-over market and gets back to funky basics.

As far as the subject matter goes there are two simple keys: Sex and Violence. The first track, "Le Grind", sets the tone, being a pretty self explanatory homage to that act closest to his heart. Next comes "Cindy C" which purports to detail his obsession with supermodel Cindy Crawford and his sincere wish to fuck her brains

out. The general point is put across well at the end of the track, where in a screaming fit at his loved one he details, lad-like, his true feelings: "Girl, if I have to beg, I'm gonna see you in your birthday suit tonight. I'm sure you're, oh, quite intelligent, a wiz at maths and all that shit, but I'm a tad more interested in flying your kite tonight - Baby, is that alright???" Sticking in a similar vein is "Super-funkicali-fragisaxy" where he describes how he shows people a good time: "Take them to your crib and tie them to a chair and make funny faces till they get real scared. Then turn on the neon and you play with yourself, 'til you turn them on."

More disturbing than all of these however is "Bob George" which is basically a psychopath's narrative over a back beat, where he finds out his wife is having an affair and ritually machine guns her to death. It is interesting to note that this was recorded in 1987 when gangsta

rap had hardly been invented, and gratuitous killing and misogyny was not the stock in trade it is today, of urban black music. Needless to say, the parental advisory sticker is very obvious on the CD cover. The only exception to the bleak rule of the album, is "When 2 R in Love", which is a much more traditional, and rather sweet, ballad and the only track to have been subsequently released from

immediately after the 'Black' album's cancellation, and put out in its place.

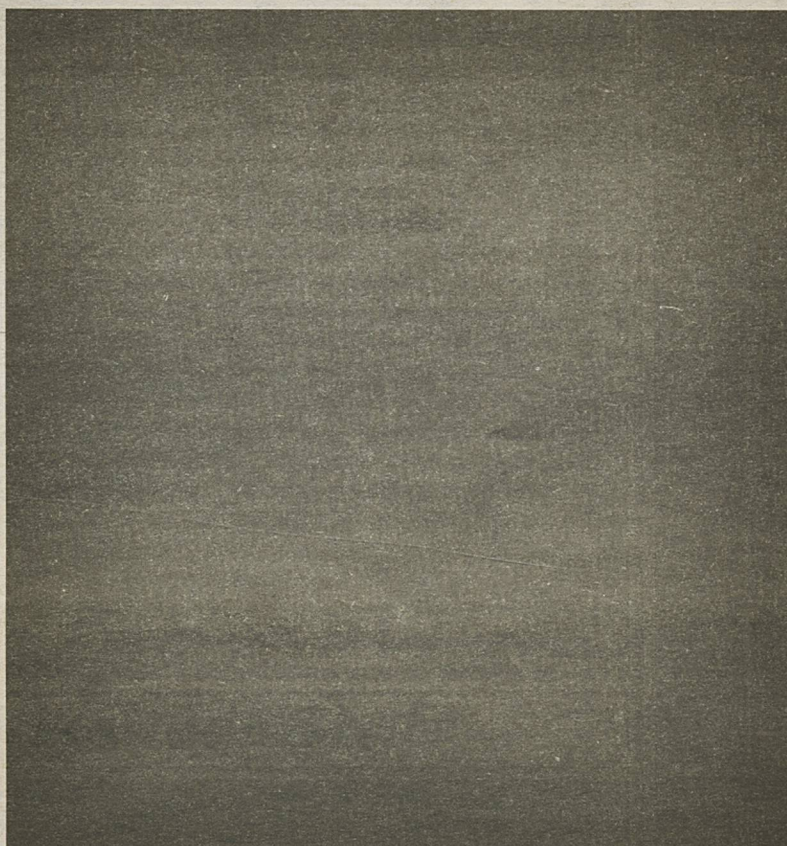
The obvious questions that arise are: why was the record cancelled in the first place, and why is it being released now? At the time of the cancellation all sorts of rumours abounded, from Warner Bros being put under pressure by the Parental Music Research Council not to put it out, to Prince's

own version ("Anna Stesia" on 'Lovesexy') that the content was too negative and it was suppressed for religious reasons. One rumor, however, has a lot more contemporary significance, that of "scheduling conflicts": simply put, Warner Bros weren't going to release a whole LP of new material so near to the double LP it had just promoted, 'Sign 'O the Times'.

It has been apparent for some time now that Prince does not want

least 12 months between recordings, and wants to put out up to three albums per year. Indeed, this was what precipitated his name change; he hoped to release whatever he wanted under his new moniker, with Warners plodding along behind with one "Prince" LP per year. Things haven't quite worked out as planned, with the record company being less than cooperative. "He" apparently has three new albums completed and ready for release under his new name: a blues album, a live jam called 'The Undertaker' and a fully fledged studio effort called 'The Gold Experience'. It seems more than odd that Warners refuses to put out the latter, again sighting "scheduling conflicts", if it will release an album 7 years out of date, that was expressly suppressed by the artist. It seems that points are being scored, and 'The Gold Experience' will not be available in the foreseeable future. This is a shame, because of the half or so of it that I've heard, it is better than 'Black', being much more musically challenging, having stronger songs and a much more positive attitude. This is nicely illustrated in the track "Days of Wild" where his previously unpleasant views regarding women are recanted: "A woman every day should be thanked, not disrespected, not raped or spanked."

Returning to the music in hand, the title is pretty much an expression of the content; this album is Black in just about every sense of the word I can think of. As for what his new name is supposed to mean, I haven't a clue - ask Plato.



The "new" Prince album: None more black Photo: Warner Bros

the album, since it was first cancelled. It was included on the much more positive 'Lovesexy', written

to be constrained by the music business' contemporarily received wisdom that you need a gap of at

Fact or Freak-tion?

Rob Cheetham

As soon as I decided to get my act together and do this review, the workmen in the street outside put a spade through a power line or something and all the electricity to Fitzroy Street went down. My stereo ground to a halt, all the lights went out and my computer self-destructed. Three police vehicles screeched to a halt outside to see why the alarm was going off in the Cyprus Popular Bank below my flat, but were given the all clear by the bank staff and left disappointed. I don't suppose you get to play at being in *Reservoir Dogs* every day.

Normally this would have been quite welcome, one more excuse not to do my Public International Law essay. But I felt compelled to help you nice vulnerable people unsure whether or not to risk buying the **Freak Power** 'Drive-Thru Booty' album. Take heart, my children, 'tis of the way of the light, and really rather good.

Freak Power don't churn out

the usual plastic stuff that they used to play between BBC Schools programmes, but dole out a generous helping of their own brand of energetic groove-driven acid jazz. As has often been noted in the literature, the general musical continuum bears a striking resemblance to a Monopoly board - your average band hovers round the Euston Road-Pentonville Road-Just Visiting area, I'm talking about cliché commercial kack like **Haddaway** and **East 17** and whatever Cliff is releasing this Christmas, the musical equivalent of Noel's House Party. A talented few, **Suede** and **Tom Jones** amongst them, get as far as Free Parking. **Freak Power's** frighteningly addictive 'Rush' with its understated snare and ego-saturated wah wah guitarist puts the band right up there at the Waterworks, narrowly missing **The Prodigy's** hotel on Leicester Square and praying they don't roll a 2 on their next go and end up with **Shampoo** and **Bryan Adams** in jail.

This contrasts with the melodic, 'Dear Prudence'-esque open-

ing chords of 'The Whip' or the rich, multi-layered 'Moonbeam Woman'. There is a rare variety of tones and styles on this album - after a while a lot of bands have an annoying tendency to sound like themselves (Unlike **Suede** who have an annoying tendency to sound like their old B-sides) - but what is striking about **Freak Power** is the extent of their originality. This applies both to their music - check out the dulcet 'Running Away' - and their lyrics, here 'Turn on, Tune in, Cop out' is an example of what can be done with a Bontempi organ bossanova rhythm given enough talent. But to be honest, the album is worth having just for the privilege of owning the above mentioned 'Rush'.

Here endeth the lesson, now go and buy the album. Outside the traffic lights have gone out and motorists have reverted to a repressed primaeva kill-or-be-killed instinct. It's times like these that you get to wondering where the fire alarm that goes on and off intermittently is getting its supply of electricity from.

Freak Power. Somebody, somewhere is taking the piss. Under such extreme circumstances this review should be seen both as a show of initiative (I mugged someone for their Apple Powerbook and lit a couple of candles) and as proof of commitment to this news-

paper: writing this article is the only thing that's stopping me from holding-up the Cyprus Popular Bank - just think how easy it would be now that their cameras are down, their vaults are unlocked and the police think it's just the alarms that are bugged.



You know what they say about the size of hand/size of manhood relationship, freaky Photo: Island

Singles - bar none..

largely uninspired Michael Goulding reviews a load of singles for once

Sign of the Times

HONKY

Ignition Records

When I first put it on I thought, fast, here's a band that knows how to groove slow; it sounded so slow and deadly and all that, that I was hooked. I was thus a little disappointed playing it at the right speed, 45 rather than 33 & 45, but I guess it's still nearly as good as the hype would have me believe. Firmly in the Cyprus Hill mould, the lads from Lancaster have certainly got, at the very least, what it takes to perform successfully on the likes of The Word's live spot. It's a bit of a shame to be able to sing / say rap / shout "I ain't goin' out like that" etc over the single so comfortably but hey, nobody's perfect, and the genre has so been so publicly (and brilliantly) defined by the said Anthill Mob that it's hard to sound distinctive all the time - especially when there's the men in suits who do like to push what they know will sell. I do like the sampled filmtrack under the fade - an old gag, but then they are usually the best. When all's said, a good sounding single from a band that have achieved getting a British feel about themselves and do actually deserve success, if this single is anything to go by.

Of Course You Can

SPEARHEAD

Capital Records.

Woowooow. If this stuff ever makes it out of the club scene then I'll truly be a happy man. Spearhead make that cool, catchy '70's meets the 90's' groovy sound that I can't see going very far into WH Smith's but demands better. The vocalist could indeed be Sly himself, his vocal messages of HIV ignorance flowing effortlessly over tracks that could just as easily be incidental music from Starsky & Hutch (if you don't know, don't ask) as the fine single A & B sides that they are. The production is a blend of period sounds effortlessly and inconspicuously molded into a great band sound, not too studio and not too live. Good stuff, but sadly don't expect to see them on OTP.

Stop That Train

SAINT AND CAMBELL

White Label

A very solid, very predictable reggae 12-inch that apparently features Courtney Pine. I don't remember anything about listening to this single, how it went, what it was like or anything. Maybe it's, like, a kind of surreal Bermuda Triangle, where, once you put the needle in the groove you are whisked away to some other place and time after to be completely unaware of any of the frenzied sex orgies (wishful thinking) that you took part in. Or maybe not, I think. Maybe it was only a winter's tale, just anuvver wintah's aiwl....



Those lovely boys from next door, Public Enemy

Photo: Island Records

I Stand Accused

PUBLIC ENEMY

Island Records

These guys know what they're doing. They have something to say, and they sure know how to say it with style. A lovely slowish layered sample type groove that quite honestly reminds me of Death Certificate at it's best. This is the second single from their "Muse Sick-n-Hour Mess Age" album. The underlying moral, and last words of the track are "Watch your back, from the backstabbin'". One of the lines is "Fuck the critic...their ass is mine"; well, fuck you back, dude! (and my ass is most exclusively mine, thank you very much). This is no-nonsense rap, aggressive and hard and it sounds great although it is a little monotonous and I can imagine a whole album in one go would be a bit overbearing. A poptabulous piece of work by those Public Enemy boys, that would have gained much publicity from it's swearing if we weren't all used to it (just one more desensitvity in this bitchin', no-carin' world: maybe that's an area they should think of addressing too).

Make Up

SILVER

The Medicine Label

This is the single from the support band, of last week's review fame. It reminds me of "Pulling Muscles From a Shell" by Squeeze for some reason - it doesn't really sound like it but that's the way it goes sometimes. This single has much better production than Out of my Hair's; it's still not brilliant but at least they sound like they had a professional producer and spent sound time (ie money) on it to get it right etc. The only problem I have with this is the cover, which shows some slag - er, young lady - and some kids in what honestly looks like a press release from the company saying that the band just aren't good looking enough to show their faces. It really sucks, to use the correct jargon, but then again 1: who buys a single because of the cover and 2: who's going to buy this anyway, apart from the usual girlfriend/mate combinations? Still, it gave me three minute's entertainment, which must make the guys feel better.

Fatboy

THE STIFF KITTENS

Psychic

"Don't call me fatboy". So says the singer (sings the sayer?) of what is supposedly "... one of Australia's hottest indie exports". In general indie is the only genre of music I can say I truly dislike; it's not polished enough for me and reminds me of all the crappy bands I was in as a teenager, with people who couldn't play overly well backing someone who is only singing because they think they can write poetry / are drunk / have plenty of bollocks / are not emotionally crippled / are very emotionally crippled. This isn't as bad as all that, but that's only because it's simply a watered down rehash of everything else that's going on, from The Stranglers on up. What's the matter with people these days - don't they anything to say for themselves that is truly unique to them? Whoops, I forgot. Sorry - I made the mistake of thinking that the record companies are prepared to take a chance on signing someone who

has something to say other than what they know will sell by the shitload. But this is not the place for such bollocks; so I'll just say that this is an entirely unremarkable effort from a band that's being hyped as something that's very popular somewhere else and that's why we should like them. I say poke 'em; we produce enough of this shit to keep ourselves happy, ta.

Ode to my Family

CRANBERRIES

Island Records

I don't like the Cranberries. I'm sorry Fiona, but their wailing, "Oh dear, the singer's convulsing again" vocals irritate me, and the absence of any kind of dynamics make their somewhat bland songs positively boring. I think I'd rather have piles than one of their albums, and would rather administer pile ointment to a dozen incontinent OAP's than part with cash to actually buy one, even if not for myself. Their last hit single, "Maligner" had the same effect on me, too. What a load of bollocks. It's a sad indictment to an industry that could have simply either given me the money they gave them, or else just made everyone in the land eat X-Lax to produce then same sensation as listening to any more of this gobshite. Need I say more?

New Single

EMANUEL TOP

Novamute

Never before have I ever heard such a pile of wank of any sort ever anywhere bar none as this dogshit knocked up by some tosser DJ who thinks he can create music purely because he happens to be good at playing other people's.



Would you buy a second rate record from these people?

Photo: Andy Earl

STOP PRESS
Bus T-Shirt won by
Jonathan Deyton
General Course

SOCIETIES REVIEW

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

Speech by **Hedley Sutton**, *Amnesty's Morocco co-ordinator*

Wednesday, November 30 at 12pm in A142

THE LSE BACCHANALIAN SOCIETY

Yanis Kounilis Exhibition at the **Anthony D'Offay**
Contemporary Art Gallery

Wednesday, November 30 at 2:30pm
Cost: FREE to members (£5 non-members)

Beaujolais Wine evening in celebration of the opening of this
year's new season. In association with the **French Society**

Thursday, December 1 at 6:45pm. Venue to be announced
Cost: £1 to members (£2.50 non-members)

The Quantity Theory of Insanity
by **Will Self**. Reading and signing by author

Friday, December 2 at 2:30pm in the Vera Anstey Room

THE LSE DEBATING SOCIETY

Suggested List of Motions

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

This House is tired and wants to go to bed
Wednesday, December 7 at 1pm in A85

THE GRIMSHAW CLUB

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

Wednesday, November 30
Tickets available in Houghton Street & A139

HISTORY SOCIETY

History of the USA: Civil Rights to Black Power
by Mr A. Strouthous, *Lecturer of US History (UCL)*

Tuesday, November 29 at 5pm in E509

LSE INDIAN SOCIETY

Film Night
Main Khiladi, Tu Anari

Wednesday, November 30 at 6pm
Come and see it! It's Hilarious and it's FREE!!!

IRISH SOCIETY

Irish Night in the Three Tuns
with **Top Irish Band: Ardri (LIVE!!!)**
Guinness at ludicrous prices

Thursday, December 1 from 7:30pm
Arrive Early!

JEWISH SOCIETY

A CHANUKAH PARTY!!!
with doughnuts

Tuesday, November 29 at 5pm in The Underground

Food, Guest Speakers & Fun

Every Tuesday, 1-2pm in H216

LSE LABOUR CLUB

**What should the Labour Party stand for?(Redrafting
Clause IV)** by **Derek Fatchett**, *Labour MP*

Monday, November 28 at 1pm in S075

LIBERTY SOCIETY

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

Tuesday, November 29 at 1pm in C120

THIRD WORLD FIRST SOCIETY

Nescafé VS Cafe Direct
Fair Trade Awareness

Learn how to become more people friendly

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

Any societies wanting to advertise in *The Beaver* should leave a
note on the 'What's On' tray in *The Beaver* office (E197) addressed
to Valerie Handal or Priyanka Senadhira by 1pm on Wednesday for
the following week.

Brazil 95

One day seminar on
SCENARIOS FOR THE NEW GOVERNMENT

Speakers include: **Rubens BARBOZA**, *Brazilian Ambassador*
Pedro BIAL-TUGLOBO

Wednesday, November 30 at 9.30am in C120

CHARLES DICKENS:

The Man, The Writer, The Performer
portrayed by **Ian Bamforth**

Tuesday, November 29 at 1pm in The Underground
Price: £2

The **L.S.E. REVIEW** is looking for articles of around 800 words on
any experience or interesting issue. The deadline is the end of term
and publication is at the beginning of next year.

Anyone interested should contact Danny
in *The Beaver* Office (E197)

PUBLIC LECTURES

Tuesday, November 29

The Good Society
by **The Rt. Revd. David
Jenkins**, Former Bishop of
Durham
5:30pm Old Theatre
Chair: Sir John Burgh

Wednesday, December 7

Bank of England Lecture
Lecture Title to be an-
nounced.
by **Rupert Pennant-Rea**,
*Deputy Governor of the Bank
of England*
5:30pm Old Theatre
Chair: DR J.M. Ashworth,
Director

London School of Tequila

presents

TEQUILA EXCESS

Sponsored by **Jose Cuervo**

LOUD and PROUD

strictly £1 a shot all night

at the **SITE** (formerly **XENON**)
96 Piccadilly (opposite Tower
Records)

Wednesday, November 30,
9pm-3am

£4 members
£6 non-members

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN THE VICTIM OF A GIANT WHELK? NO? NEITHER HAVE I.

BUT YOU DEFINITELY NEED CHEERING UP!!!!

There are two ways to do this, (Apart from a slap on the belly with a wet fish)

They both take place at 7:45pm in the L.S.E. Underground Bar,
Houghton St, WC2. They are both **COMEDY SHOWS** run by ageing,
bald, fat, singing impresario **EUGENE CHEESE**.

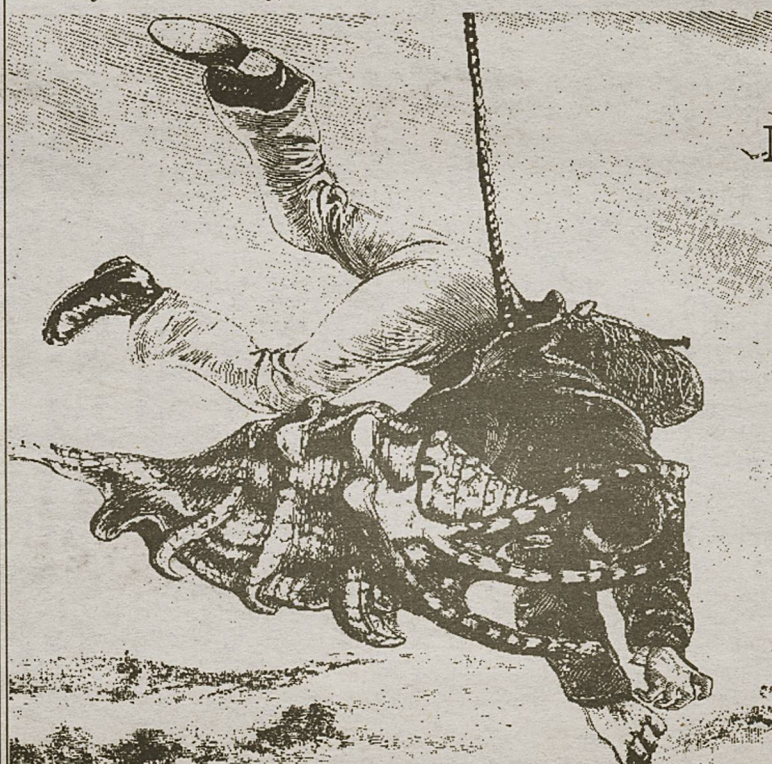
CHEAP N CHEERFUL

ON TUESDAYS. ADMISSION ONLY £1. Eugene presents about 12 NEW COMIC ACTS.
They may be wonderful, they may be terrible, but a good time will be had by all. Why not
give Eugene a ring if you think you are funny, and come and have a go?

Telephone: (071) 476 1672

CHUCKLE CLUB

ON SATURDAYS. Admission £4 students, £5 others. Presenting the **TOP COMEDIANS** in the
country. This Saturday, December 3 one of the top comics in the country, TV's



MARK THOMAS
VERY FUNNY
MAD MUSICIAN

**THE AMAZING
MR SMITH**
COMIC AND POET
EXTRAORDINAIRE

**LOGAN
MURRAY**

+ Open Spots

Busy Beaver

BB is brought to you this week amidst a deluge of scandal and corruption, which has been ripping through the LSE corridors of sin over the last few days. The situation has reached a fever pitch, with allegations of sleaze, scandal and bribe taking, which could only be matched by Hollywood epics, Conservative ministers and the videos in 'Mekon' Ellis's edroom.

This whole sordid situation started off in the Beaver Orifice, where it was discovered that long time *Executive Editor*, Il Vocé has been having secret talks with JR Ewing about turning E197 into a covert oil pumping station and refinery in order to supply the Serbian war machine. It is alleged that he has been paid \$7 million for this highly explosive scenario. In the meantime, Nigel Boyce has been making full use of his secret Irish contacts and GCSE Chemistry qualifications in order to rid us of Baljit once and for all with 50lbs of strategically placed Semtex.

Whilst this was all occurring, it was revealed that the *Music Editors*, Mr Rogers and Meatloaf himself, have in fact been receiving secret bribes from top music executives in order to give good reviews to shit bands. How else do you think Bon Jovi got into the charts? The truth of the matter is that Michael Goulding is Jon Bon Jovi in disguise, on a mission to indoctrinate the entire LSE into listening to Euro Rock and growing their hair long. In addition to this, it was revealed today in an exposé in *The Sun* that *Arts Editors*, otherwise known as Sexy Susha and Dirty Dennis, have been selling their bodies at the back of Kings Cross station in order to support their coke addiction.

Another story we can exclusively break to you is the affair concerning Rachel Cuthbert, who has been purposefully leaving *The Beaver* office door open for her contacts in the second-hand computer business. It is reputed that her cut is 25%. Meanwhile, her partner in crime, Scott Wayne, has been seen flogging second-hand Apple Macs down at Camden market on Sunday mornings.

The scandal doesn't stop here, though, and we've been informed that the *Sports Editors* have been taking illicit backhanders from crap comedians to tell the same jokes every week and make everybody else's pages look good. You heard it here first, Fantasy BeaverBall™ is completely unrelated to LSE football and is in fact a sordid call-girl S&M ring, which meets every week on Thursdays at 6pm in *The Beaver* office. Another twisted and corrupt member of the Editorial Board is News man Phil Gomm, who has been touring London's clubs in a vain attempt to pass as John Travolta. Fighting to beat off the rabid women, he has used Union funds to employ the services of *Literary Editor*, Dan - *The Hitman* - Silverstone, as his personal bodyguard. Further proof that it's always the quiet ones you've got to watch are the rumours that Steve Roy is secretly being paid by BNP interest groups to corrupt the media to a completely right-wing stance.

These allegations all pale in comparison, though, to BB's discovery that Gen Sex himself is actually a secret pawn of the anti-Christ. As a symbol of his eternal devotion to evil ways, he has used the LSESU Hardship Fund to grow his beard into a devilish mould. Aiding and abetting him is ex-*Photographic Editor*, Pam Keenan, who is documenting on film all his sordid acts as visual proof for Lucifer's satisfaction. The video is already on general release, but has been denied a certificate on the grounds of overzealous use of violence. However, you can get your under the counter copy from *What's On Editor*, Valerie Handel, but only if you pay in stolen flapjack from the Cafe.

Well, guys, that's about all for this week. BB was brought to you this week courtesy of Scotland Yard's investigation branch, and despite being a pack of lies was the only thing we could think of putting in other than writing about all you Union tarts and assorted losers who do stupid things yet still get offended when we mention you. BB will now leave you as we have an orgy to attend with the corrupt Collective, and we have to go home to change into our bondage gear.....

Writers block

Whippe wages war with non-writers winges



"OK Rob, write me another article or I'll shoot!"

Photo: UIP

When I first took on the job as *Campus Editor*, I was filled with all sorts of youthful enthusiasms as to the benefits of my position. Not only would it look rather good on my CV come job hunting season, but it would also mean that I would no longer have to stoke my creative fires on such a consistent basis to produce as many articles as usual. I made this assumption not only in the hope that people would write articles for me, but also on face value as to the definition of the word editor. What this actually means is that I would go to the *Campus* tray every week, sift through the contributions placed there, gauge them on a qualitative basis and then place the best onto our pages. Seemingly a job made in heaven, yet it all turned sour very soon. The reason for this is that nobody seems to want to write for *Campus* any more.

Explaining this lack of volunteers is something I find very hard to do. For example, every *Beaver Collective* is usually packed, yet at the end of it the members aren't exactly queuing up in an orderly fashion to give me their contributions. They are in fact all swarming around the *News*, *Arts* and *Literary Editors* in search of yet another intellectually stimulating pursuit, where they can research or review something, use big words and generally leave the rest of us reaching for a dictionary with the impression that they are all incredibly intelligent, well read and intuitive. By no means am I asserting that the *News* or *Arts* pages are without merit or a complete waste of time, but rather that they are not exactly a forum for the promotion of the comic talents of any undiscovered writers out there. As the situation stands at the moment, a lot of people actually think that the *Sports* pages are funny, despite the fact that the editors tell different variations of the same jokes every week.

This though is digressing from the point, which is that there surely must be someone out there who has fallen through the usual LSE selection procedures and is in fact not foreign, not humourless and capable of producing written English. They must also be quite indoctrinated with the idea of having a go at the Union and its pathetic little hacks at every opportunity.

At the start of term with my high hopes, I thought I had found several who fitted this mould, with the necessary enthusiasm for the job, yet being consistently let down by these people has left me

bitter and in a state desperate enough to mention their names so that they get off their arses and give me something.

Firstly, there is you, Graham Walker, who promised me a dozen times that you would write me something, yet still haven't. I know you are ill, yet this should not hold you back. In fact, the extra period laid up in bed should give you ample opportunity and free time to write a few hundred words to stick on this page. Secondly, there is you Sam Low. Now, listen here, son, I know you're a mate and all that, but I don't buy any of your excuses about having too much work to do because both you and I know that your parents are loaded and you probably just spend all your spare time riding the pony that mummy bought for your last birthday. Lastly, there is Raj Paranandy who despite failing to give me a single article, at least has the excuse of being a Birmingham City fan and therefore too permanently depressed to actually be capable of penning anything in the first place.

Confused at being so regularly let down, my search for a reason left me with one very interesting discovery. This is that the number of promises I get off people seem to rise at a linear rate with the level of drunkenness at the time. Not only do people find the idea of their name in print rather appealing when legless, but I also am stupid enough to believe them when I have reached the slurred speech and 'you're my best mate' stage. The upshot of this is me being frantic on Tuesday night before my deadline, having half an hour to write an article which somebody else should have done. Ultimately though, I suppose I have myself to blame, as when I usually do get given something, I end up slugging it off or messing about with it. At this point, though, I would like to thank Alex McLeish wholeheartedly for giving me his article last week and I would also like to say that I didn't mean any of the bits I put in about you being fat. It was all a pinhead's idea, and I hope it won't discourage you from writing for me again (Joke!!!!!!).

THE THREE TUNS CLUB

PRESENTS

Top Irish Band

IRISH
NIGHT

LIVE!

GUINNESS
AT
LUDICROUS
PRICES

THURSDAY 1ST DECEMBER

ARRIVE EARLY!

McIntosh signs for Magic

"He's always been a different class" - Fred Simkin, LSE coach

LSE 84 QMW 63

Brent McIntosh

The LSE finished their league fixtures undefeated by overwhelmingly crushing QMW, 84-63, last week in what one bystander termed "the least interesting basketball game of all time-less engaging than watching Maggie Thatcher strip."

After a succession of 60 point performances, broken noses and over-time contests, the final game was bound to be a total bore. The highlight was either Andreas Vourloumis's 12 walks - tying him with Kyle Garman for the team lead of 8 travels per game - or the LSE starting the game up 22-4 only to find themselves down 28-26.

"We were about as consistent as famous wife-batterer Bill Clinton's foreign policy," coaching God Freddy Simkin told the assembled media horde in his post-game press conference. "We never would have pulled it off if we

weren't a full foot taller at every position."

The height differential especially showed at the centre position, where LSE postman Leo Von Beethoven and Andy Robb scored nine points each and actually managed to get all but one rebound the whole game long.

"I just thought it was time I let people see that I can jump," Robb said "I don't like to use too many of my leaps at once-God only gives each of us so many jumps, you know-but I had to show off a bit. Maybe next game I'll dunk."

The only dunk of the game went to Vourloumis, who threw down a monster reverse jam in anger over yet another travelling call. The slam was part of his 17 points, second only to Garman's 19, all shot with eyes squeezed tightly shut.

Paris Yeros won the team's admiration by fouling out with only 2 points, thus allowing other players more court time.

"What a selfless sacrifice Paris

made," Andy Stabb mumbled, in tears. "I'm going to name my first child after him - him or Wayne Taitt, who's probably going to be the father."

Oliver Ray had 7 points and yes, Oliver, you played a damned fine game.

But what about Brent "Bad man" McIntosh, you may ask? There was no mention of his name this match because he was unavailable due to contract negotiations. After several hours of detailed discussion, his services were captured by the Orlando Magic in a five year, \$40 million deal. Magic coach Hank McSlamdunk said jubilantly, "His is a rare talent. Shaquille O'Neal won't like sitting on the bench but he's going to have to get used to it." At the same time McIntosh clinched a two year deal with footwear giants Converse which will see him set for life.

Congratulations must be given from the Sports Editors to this sporting great for putting LSE on the NBA map. Don't forget it was us who made you famous.

Nelson's goal drought continues as Raj has equalled his tally now!

The mighty Seconds continued their great run of form on Wednesday with a demolition of UMDS Firsts which brought their unbeaten run to nine games. Chris Cooper returned to captain the side, having served his one week suspension, and was faced with some tricky selection problems for a change. Out still was Graham Walker, who the Doctors have given one month to live, and Stewart Fry, unavailable due to his return home. Apparently the industrious, tough-tackling Spaniard is auditioning for his countries' version of Gladiators, but it would have been nice to tell someone of his absence. 'Goals' contemplated bringing in Nick Blunden to beef up the ranks but thought better of it as his introduction would bring the team's average levels of weight and pulling mingers up to an unacceptable level. Instead he chose to strengthen the side with Big Dierk and weaken it with Raj Paranandi to make up the numbers.

The first half was an absolute exhibition of champagne football. On fifteen minutes Cooper swung in a corner, Dave Keane nodded down and there was Tim Ludford-Thomas on the edge of the six-yard box to volley home powerfully. Then Rainbow Nelson went on a solo run across the width of the pitch twice before crossing for Steve Quick to convert for his seventh of a goal-filled season. With half-an-hour gone another wickedly curling corner from Cooper was slid home by Nic Jones. LSE 3 UMDS 0.

The doctors pulled one back before half-time but there was only going to be one winner. Ludford-Thomas killed off their spirited revival when he latched on to Quicky's through ball and fired into the open goal at the second attempt.

Now if I'd had my way, the game would have ended there and then, but unfortunately there was time enough for two horrendous moments that will haunt all who witnessed them forever. Firstly, Raj

still managed to slip under their keeper's crutches. His celebration gave the impression that he doesn't score very often, and certainly not at Limelight with Clare's sister despite hours of trying. Secondly, Paul Drew actually made a good save. Honestly. The reason for this was that it was his birthday, and he must have got enough money off his folks that he didn't need to take a bung off The Fat Man this week. It must have made a pleasant change for him to be accepting gifts on a Wednesday, rather than generously giving presents to opposition forwards week in week out.

So there it was, 5-1. The season is looking ever-rosier with each passing match. Seven points out of ten in the league that they were predicted relegation from, and not long now until the UAU away day. Royal Free's shameful non-appearance on Saturday should also mean progress into the quarter-finals of the London Cup which we won last year, and so the unique treble is still a definite possibility. News of the team's progress has finally reached Hollywood, where Quentin Tarantino has bid millions for the screen rights to Steve Quick's unbelievable story. Production begins soon on "The Quick March To Goals-The Steve Quick Story", starring Tom Cruise as the man himself, Patrick Swayze as Goals Cooper, Elle

MacPherson and Beth out of Neighbours as the women who fight for Cooper's affection, Danny Glover as Ludford-Thomas and Marlon Brando as Brian Whitworth. Book now to avoid disappointment.



Blunden - in the days when he chose football over the Library
Photo: Steve East

Paranandi, who can't actually kick a ball, somehow managed to score, thus taking the shine of everyone who's ever found the net in games anywhere in the world. It wasn't the most powerful of shots but it

Club Noize

Hitchin Town

Hitchin hit back for first victory" was how the Telegraph put it. "Part-time Hitchin prove equal to job" stated the Times. A tale needs telling-the tale of how Hitchin Town, veterans of the first FA Cup in 1871, struggling in the lower reaches of the Diadora League premier division, and the pride of North Hertfordshire, reached the second round of the FA Cup last Tuesday, claiming our first ever league scalp, that of Hereford United.

'But wait a minute' I hear you cry. 'Didn't you write a Club Noise piece last year professing your undying loyalty to Tottenham? Aren't you just another fickle Spurs fan?' Yes I did and no I'm not. The reasons for me following my home-town team this year in our quest for cup glory is entirely due to the FA, who, in their infinite wisdom, threw us out of the cup. So, having been weaned on the magic of exploits versus Manchester City and Arsenal (three-one-we beat the scum three-one), this year I'm rooting for Andy Melvin's barmy army.

The tale started with victories over Tiptree and Newmarket (back in the glory days when our Famous Five were pissing over the rest of the Premiership). The next tie should have been against those upstarts from the overgrown service station down the A1, Stevenage Borough (an aside concerning Stevenage: My former flatmate used to go for a crap in Stevenage whenever his train from Newcastle stopped there), but those amateurs (did you know that Daley Thompson, yes that Daley Thompson, is one of their star players; they'll have Gus Caesar there next) from the Conference (they are so bloody pretentious, they've had their ground checked by the FA for 'imminent' promotion) messed up, and so we got Cambridge City instead. A victory there, and then in Burton-upon-Trent (I was there) put us in with the big boys.

This meant a Saturday in Hereford (it's a nightmare to get to), and appearances on the Nine O'clock News and Match of the Day (the result was 2-2; our goals coming from Sean Marshall). But cometh the hour, cometh the man. In front of three thousand baying fans, our lads, from Gerald 'the Cat' Sylvester to Sean 'you're just Dalian Atkinson in disguise' Marshall, proved themselves. Goals from an insurance salesman, a policeman, a tarmac layer and an unemployed carpenter put us into the next round, and a home tie against Wycombe Wanderers. As victory was tasted, the crowd invaded the pitch, and someone lit a flare, enveloping the ground in clouds of scarlet smoke. Alex Ferguson may think that Elland Road is the most intimidating ground in Europe, but he's obviously never been to a midweek match at Top Field in November. Nell Gwyn, David Garrick, Princess Diana, Winston Churchill, Margaret Thatcher-your boys took one hell of a beating.

Wycombe-you're next. Hitchin expects.

Micky Khurana

Houghton Street Harry

It's been another bad week for me. Not only did I come down with a nasty bout of Tonsillitis, but I also failed to win the National lottery. Despite the 14 million-to-one odds I knew there was a great chance. After all, Mars was in juxtaposition with Neptune, Mystic Meg's advice had been duly taken and Lenny Lottery said that it could be me. Alas it was not to be. Not even one number right. Lying in bed that night, I dreamt about what I would do if I won the jackpot. New house, new car, turn our hot water on, all these appealed to me, but they would come later. The first thing that I would do (after hiring hitmen to kill all girls who wear those shrunk jumpers) is to pay a visit to the hair clinic and get some new stuff woven in. It worked for the Bulgarian goalkeeper at the World Cup so why not me?

Yes, it's an undeniable fact. As has been well-documented in the Campus pages, I'm receding and I don't like it. Winning the lottery was my ticket out of there, but now I'm looking at other ways of dealing with the inevitable baldness that affects much of the male population. One option is to get a skinhead. This has the advantage of making one look really hard as nails and a menace to society, thus providing the added bonus that no-one will sit next to you on trains and buses. On the other hand, some people tend to stereotype very short hair with certain traits, and you might find yourself battered or bugged before you can say "Grant Mitchell or Jimmy Somerville."

If you're not going to have short hair, then long hair seems like a good alternative. This can take two forms, but unfortunately both methods are fraught with danger. Those who choose to have a comb-over like the bloke in the old Hamlet advert may believe that they are disguising their bald patches very cunningly, but at the end of the day are fooling no-one. When I see someone coming towards me with eight strands of greased hair starting at the base of his neck and ending at the top of his forehead, I do not immediately think "look at this man with a flourishing head of hair," but instead "Mekon slap-head." (that's not a reference to Alexander Ellis by the way (well, I suppose it is really))

Those choosing the second option of following in the footsteps of Midge Ure and Danny Baker by having long hair that starts from the back of the head are also handicapped by the fact that it looks absolutely shit.

Another option is to get a hair-piece, the good old Syrup 'n Fig. Different styles and colours, anything that you want, all giving a very distinguished look in your follicly-challenged later days; what more could you want? Well, something that doesn't look so bloody obviously like a wig for a start. Lets face it, when Elton John 'came out' concerning his use of one, it wasn't exactly a shock now, was it? And Bruce Forsyth and Paul Daniels had me fooled for years, I don't think.

No, I've decided. Like most men, I'm going to do the honourable thing and grow old gracefully, even if it means my pate gets cold in Winter and burnt in Summer. It's a natural progression and, rather than fork out for expensive replacement gimmicks, I'm going to see it through with dignity. Now where did I put my lottery ticket?

Elkin batters Manna

Rashad retires in shame after pitiful humiliation

LSE 4ths 2

LSE 5ths 0

Alex Mcleish

Nineteenth of November, a day blessed by the Gods, for it was the occasion of the great LSE derby, the battle of Berrylands, the Fourths against the Fifths. The first round of the London Cup and it was make-or-break for Graham Bell's bunch, although it must be said it was just the start of a glorious cup run for the all-conquering Fourths. They were without the services of midfield maestro Thomas Grace, who cruelly spurned his team to spend a week-end in the Scottish Highlands with his minger "girl" friend, and the dressing room revealed Anil's mysterious tropical skin disease, and also the return of Mr midfield, Simon Virley.

As the first half got underway, there was only one question on all football-lovers' lips... would Devine intervention strike once more to allow the man they're calling Passfield Pinhead 2 his third goal in three games? His first was a chest-in from an inch, as ugly as he is, the second a now legendary hoof from the half-way line, so would there be a third? Near the end of the first half, the game still goalless, a delicate cross floated in and Ian Devine struck

a blinding volley which captivated the players, but just clipped the outside of the post to go wide. What he failed to realise was that he was shooting at the wrong goal, but the plucky Fourths weren't rattled, dismissing the incident as "one of those Devine things."

Half-time, and still 0-0. The Fifth's defensive tactics had thus far stopped the goals factory of Granditsch and Vetta, yet it was a confident team that Field Marshall Scouse led back into the game. When the chips are down the Fourths know who to turn to, but nothing was forthcoming, so it was left to the geriatrics to produce the goals. The first was a no-nonsense header from Bill "razor sideburns" Kissane, followed shortly by a beautifully elegant passing move orchestrated by Scouse which culminated in a second, a scorching drive by the unnoticed Sean Grolly, obviously inspired by BeaverBall™ success. The youngsters finally discovered the net but a Granditsch goal, which would have won Scouse a tenner, was selfishly robbed by Adrian Vetta in an offside position (Vetta you bastard-Scouse).

The Fifths responded well, the innovative 8-1-1 formation cleverly keeping the ball in their own half for most of the game. Rashad Manna tried to inject some excite-

ment, his blatant dives causing the normally placid and mild Ed Elkin to lose his rag, but even Manna's efforts could not hold fat, smelly breath Mcleish inexorable progress towards beating LSE's all-time record for least saves in a season, currently held jointly by Dan Coulcher and Paul Drew. 2-0, and yet another win for the Fourths, who march on into the quarter-finals.

After the game, Scouse let Lentini out of his pocket so that he could stuff it with cash from a bet with Paul "I make stupid bets when I'm pissed" Drew (you tosser-Scouse), who managed to pay up because of his ill-gotten gains from match-fixing. But let us not forget the valiant Fifths, whose season is now over, although they will have fond memories from their learning experience. Graham "centre-midfield, surely some mistake" Bell spoke for the whole team, saying, "Today was the first day of the rest of my life. Although we lost, it was a pleasure to play on the same pitch as the legendary blue-and-black army, whose play reached such heights of finesse and grace, that I nearly came in my shitty pants there and then. In years to come, I'll be able to tell my grandchildren, provided I ever lose my cherry, that I played football with the best." And who are we to disagree?

Netball girls love it inside them

(the winning feeling, that is)

LSE 32 UCL 3rds 18

(yes, our Firsts play their Thirds because they're so good and always turn up)



Alison asks UCL girl to give both the balls back

Photo: Jason

Alison Summerfield

It may only be the second win of the season for the LSE netball team but it was an impressive one. The girls not only looked but felt unstoppable. With two new additions to the team, Amy concluding the now solid attacking players and Harriet in defence, the team as a whole is looking stronger than ever.

It had appeared that luck was always against the netball girls but, during the journey to Royal Oak, "Skipper" Summerfield persuaded them in her pre-match chat that it was time to show the world what they were made of. The game began with LSE in the advantageous position and the first centre pass was theirs.

The tactical coaching sessions that Liz Petyt has provided are obviously paying off. The attack looked superb, Mary and

Amy playing wonderfully together, and UCL did not get a look in. The shooting, although not yet at a consistent 100% accuracy level, was impressively being supported by the once 'nippy Nicola the defender.' "It was fate I feel that brought me to the goal post" said Nicola as the girls washed down their pies with pints of Bitter. Fate it was and what a wonderful master he is. Although the lack of 'goalshooting George' worried the girls and her shooting partner Mary, Nicola was a wonderful substitute. Witnessing such a role reversal of positions has surely shown each and every player a new perspective, not just on the netball court but to life as a whole. Nicola has shown that the impossible is possible and that the unattained can be attained.

Player of the match went to Livvy Hunt. Her centre skills not only supported the already dominating attack but backed

up the occasionally threatened defence. She worked hard as usual even though she was not 'fully' clothed and is the best multi-talented player any team could wish for.

It was a first for Sarah and Alison to be defending short players and the nippyness of the UCL defence at the beginning looked worrying. But like true professionals, we soon adapted our skills and some of the blocking that took place was astonishing. Alison shouted abuse (for a change-Ed) and directions to the players throughout the whole game but it certainly didn't hinder her performance. Interceptions galore came from both herself and the two wing defences, Eline and Harriet.

All in all it was a truly impressive performance and UCL had only two things to offer the LSE girls, squash and biscuits, when we really wanted pies and pints. And yes, it's true, we love it; we all do.