

Zahir Controversy Drags On

by Beaver Staff

Controversy around the General Secretary does not subside, as she is slipping deeper and deeper into a crisis of her own making. After having been caught up in a web of inaccuracies over the personal fax she sent, Zahir at first went into the attack. As she admitted to the UGM after a question by Bernardo Duggan, a friend of hers tried to suppress the article which brought up the allegations against her in last week's Beaver. Subsequently she brought in a motion of censure against the Newseditor of the Beaver at a Collective Meeting. The Newseditor was generally criticised and censured for crediting an article to other writers. Within the Student Union it is not remembered that a General Secretary ever brought a motion of censure against a member of the editorial staff. Zahir's move has been described as "disgraceful and lacking any sort of integrity" by one of last year's more important Union officers. More importantly though, Zahir has not officially

denied the content of the story.

After her short, matter-of-fact report, in which she pointed to her project of a society's fair, Zahir was asked to answer several questions, which, according to a member of the executive, "told pretty much everyone what to think of her."

When asked, she admitted that a Union sabbatical should not lie. A subsequent question by Orjan Helland went on to ask whether Zahir would resign in case she was caught lying in the future. Zahir simply answered by "no". In a conversation after the UGM, Zahir stated that "even if I was caught lying categorically, I would still not resign" because, she said, she "liked the job."

In a statement that is likely to arouse more controversy, Zahir added, that she "had not lied once."

In the subsequent conversation Zahir went on to complain about being in the firing line. She claimed that she "had integrity" and added that "I am sticking to the few principles I have."

When asked, whether

it was true that recently she had said about a person that "she is Greek, I would not let her into my house", Zahir told the UGM that a Turkish-Cypriot friend of hers had made the statement. Having subsequently been asked by a member of the executive, whether she had let such a statement pass with no comment, she said that she "had not reported it, as there were no Greeks present at the time." Many members of the Student Union feel that such an attitude violates the Union's basic principles.

At this stage there has been no reaction by Greek students at the School. Many students start to feel tired about the controversy surrounding Zahir and hope that she "finally will get her act together." At the same time, the Beaver staff knows that there "is a lot more damaging stuff we could write and say about Faz." For many students there clearly is the impression that, while Michiel van Hulten said that Zahir's campaign was "the most childish" in recent times, Zahir has carried those characteristics with her into the office. Accord-



ing to that view, she is "displaying both a lack of maturity and integrity, even though she tries to make her personal proj-

ects work."

Members of the DSG and of the executive have pointed out that Zahir's days may be counted as

soon as there will be someone who is prepared to take over the job from her at this time of the year.

Improved Security Stops Thefts

By Beaver Staff

After the spate of thefts over the summer a whole range of new security measures have been implemented at the LSE. As reported in last week's News in Brief, computers and computer equipment in the value of ten of thousands of pounds have been stolen over the summer, mainly in August and December. Insurance companies covered only part of the damage which the School has suffered.

The thefts awakened memories of a series of thefts two years ago. Then, as now, the thefts

seem to be executed by a well-organised gang, even though different styles of breaking into the computer rooms indicate that there might be different outfits operating at the same time. There is some hope that the police will be able to arrest the thieves as they did two years ago. Even though there is considerable suspicion that the criminals have contacts within the LSE there seems to be no direct evidence of an "inside gang" at this stage.

According to Michael Arthur, Site and Development Officer at the

LSE, the School itself treats the thefts as "a high priority issue". Several new measures have been implemented and it is said that those measures have succeeded in stopping the thefts at the LSE. But maintaining security at the LSE is difficult, says Arthur, as there is a "huge problem with open access: Whereas other office blocks can just have central controls at the entrance, this is not possible at the LSE." The answer from the School to the increased security threat are "a whole lot of measures."

Staff at the LSE-ad-

ministration have been asked to wear their identification cards openly. Similar proposals were considered for the students, but it is felt that many students might oppose the idea of being forced to wear their registration cards. There would have to be widespread cooperation from the students in order to implement such a measure.

Even though the existing security measures at the LSE have already woven a relatively tight net of surveillance, with cameras covering most of the site and burglar

alarms in different places, additional technical measures have been introduced in reaction to the thefts this summer. Alarms have been fixed to doors, invisible infra-red beams have been installed in some places and new gates have been installed at the back of the Old Building. A Security firm which has been contracted patrols the site both with uniformed guards and with plain-clothes security men. In order to plan the School's long-term security policy, a security review has been commis-

sioned. The report is expected to be given to the LSE soon.

Whereas all these measures are important in deterring criminals, Arthur puts special emphasis on everyone's participation. He appealed to everyone at the LSE by saying that "security is in all our hands. If people see anyone acting suspiciously, they should ring the emergency number 666 from any telephone at the LSE and report whatever they have seen." Porters and security guards will follow up any of the calls.

Union Jack

Last week's UGM got thoroughly bitchy. Jack sees no reason he should be otherwise.

After Simon asked us to stop hassling the library cloakroom porters and Returning Officer Chris Short announced elections on 27 and 29 October, four of our executive gave reports of absolutely no importance whatsoever.

Questions to Fazile disappointed those who hoped for blood on the walls. Bernardo did not repeat last week's success and was nowhere near the jugular. Gavin Blackburn got closer but was unable to elicit firm NUS policy from her. Steve Peake had a go. Then Orjan Helland got her to admit she would not resign if caught lying to the UGM, either again or for the first time, depending on your point of view.

Questions about racism came next. Faz disowned a comment about 'Pakis' but admitted to censured-but-not-resigned Beaver editor Hans Gutbrod that the one about Greeks came from a friend of hers. Jack, who hopes not to be wrong this time, believes she is not racist. Her friend needs educating, however.

Moving back to that tabled motion about full-cost Masters fees, Suke Wolton of the RCP prated her usual bollocks about how students must organise and never negotiate. We will hear this same speech many, many, many times this year, alternating with her other one, about global imperialism. Jamsheda Ahmad of the DSG ridiculed SWSS's Woody ('Communist revolution will save us from full-cost Masters fees') Bild and emotionally told us to be rational, not emotional. Suke's amendment took its usual stomping, but the vote defeating Andy Baly's amendment was closer. Simon Reid, after abusing a Beaver editor who thinks the Union should buy a race horse, heard the magic words 'Move to a Vote,' and the unamended motion carried.

The next treat was an Emergency Motion: 'Sack the Tories, Not the Miners.' Dominique De-Lite from Scream spoke in favour of prioritising this motion, one of the more lucid and sensible to come from our left for donkey's, but then Steve Peake got up. Steve felt it more important to pass Union policy about the NUS before Faz went off to Friday's NUS Presidents' Conference, lest she have any ideas of her own. And lo! Steve's Business Motion 6 was awaiting us. We did not discuss the miners.

Nor did we discuss strip-searches of women in N. Irish prisons. Faz herself tried to prioritise this oh-so PC motion, but Gavin denounced her stall: 'If you won't tell us your policy about NUS, we'll give you policy!' After Faz lost, indeed, we moved to Business Motion 6.

Suke, Bless Her, opposed. Business Motion 1, all about, yes, students' rights to organise, would do more to advance our cause. Then came a Voce from The Balcony: Ron Voice picked this minute to propose declaring the whole meeting unconstitutional on the grounds that the vital Constitution and Steering Committee had not met to set the Order Paper. Good timing Ron, but it does seem we can carry on without them.

In the second round of speeches, Gavin accused Suke of being divisive, and Phoebe Ashworth, that poised Tory Rose, damned NUS over compulsory membership. Wrong issue — freedom of choice is your line about the LSE Union, not the NUS. The motion passed 59-53. Jack is sure we will see this unholy alliance between Tory and Militant again but is far less sure which coalition member looks worse by its choice of ally.

Jack also looks forward to Faz's conference report. Can she save the NUS? Can the NUS save Faz? Tune in next Thursday, 1pm in the Old Theatre to find out.

Graduates On The Dole Queue

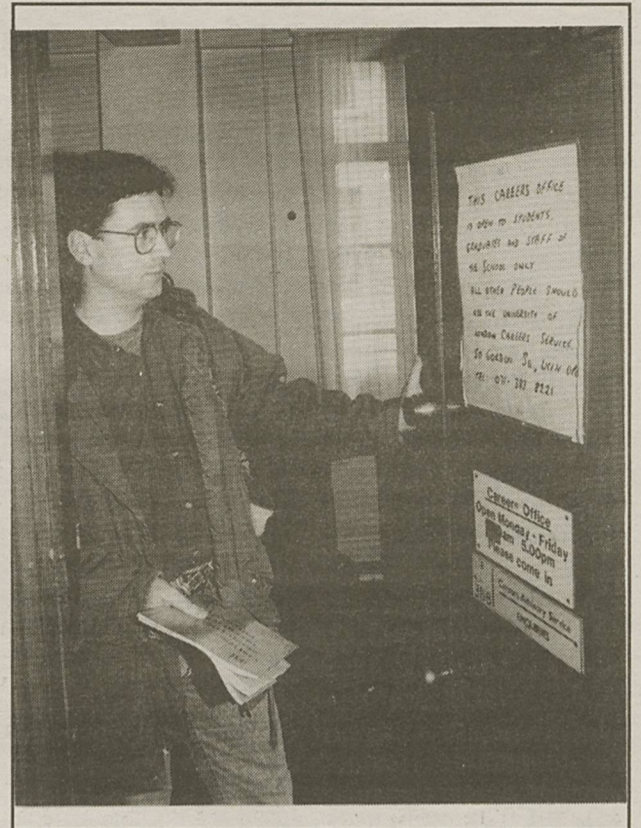
By Orjan Helland

Many of last years graduates are still looking for jobs. Whereas the careers office says that they do not have exact figures, it is clear that the situation on the job market is difficult for the students that have graduated last year. In order to avoid being jobless many students, who in the last years would have gone straight into the city have decided to continue with post-graduate studies. This in turn forces some students further into debt. According to different forecasts the job market will not experience an upturn for the next two years, which will mean that while students get better qualifications, jobs only remain for the very best.

In the meantime, many of the students with more mediocre results will have to face either joblessness or instead look for jobs far beneath their academic qualification. Some of last year's graduates are looking for "any sort of job", having applied to work as a receptionist or salesperson.

Graduates from overseas tend to be less affected, as most of them come from a social background which makes the general situation on the job market fairly irrelevant.

Students at the LSE at this stage seem fairly unconcerned by the bleak prospects. When asked, many believed that "somehow we are going to make it."



LSE amongst Britain's Five Best Universities

By Adrian May

A survey of British Universities published this week rated the London School of Economics as Britain's 5th higher education institution. The survey, published in The Times on Monday October 12, gave the School a total of 748 points out of a total of 1000, putting it behind Edinburgh by just 6 points. First and second places were taken by Cambridge and Oxford respectively, with London's Imperial College coming in at third place.

The ranking, prepared by Manchester University academic Professor Tom Cannon, was judged on a series of 14 categories, with varying weights attached to each one. The LSE scored particularly high numbers in the Library Spending,

Research and International Student Percentage categories. However, an extremely low score in one category, Completion rates, where the school got 16 out of 75, may have denied the school the overall fourth place.

It is believed that this category was calculated from data from the PUSH 93 report into University completion rates published in late September. This report claimed that LSE's completion rate was the worst of all UK institutions, with 23.8%

of students in 1989/90 not completing degrees, compared to 10.7% at Imperial College, and 5% at Oxford. A statement from the LSE press office last week claimed that the PUSH figures were inaccurate, and failed to take account of students who switched courses.

In his introduction Professor Cannon acknowledged that producing a list like this was subject to 'inherent biases and imbalances' which he promised to eliminate in future versions. Whilst the list is good on general aspects of university life like libraries and accommodation, if fails to include an analysis of the quality of the individual departments and their courses, information that is vital for those picking a place to study.

The Top Five

1. Cambridge	856
2. Oxford	856
3. Imperial	801
4. Edinburgh	754
5. LSE	748

Other London Institutions

7. UCL	732
8. Kings	732
31. RHBNC	625
39. City	600
40. QMW	583

Beaver Corrects Mistakes

Several mistakes occurred in last weeks News section.

Bernardo Duggan is not member of the LSE-Conservatives. He has resigned from the LSE-Conservatives in June.

As Fazile Zahir has pointed out, the article about her lies, while factually apparently correct, was not written by Marc Dantos and Harjeev Kandhari. Instead it was written by the two News Editors.

In the caption under the photograph of Madeline Gwyon it should have read: Former Executive Editor Madeline Gwyon with the offending spoof issue.

The article "Sabbaticals Deny Holiday Alle-

gations" was researched by both Stephen Roy and Adrian May. Adrian

May subsequently left Stephen Roy to do the writing of the article.

Therefore Adrian May was wrongly credited.

NUS Forced To Close The Shop Eastern Exchanges Envisaged

by Jamsheda Ahmad

As briefly mentioned in a opinion piece last week, the Secretary of State for Education announced on the 7th of October that there would be an end to the National Union of Students' "closed shop". He added that there would also be an end to the public funding of the NUS asking "Why should the taxpayer have to pay for it?" In reply the NUS said that their organisation was more like the Confederation of British Industry, not a closed shop and that the NUS' main functions were to represent students at a national level and provide welfare services and advice. The Patten proposals on establishing voluntary membership have yet to go through to the legislative stage. But it seems safe to assume that the

NUS faces a certain threat to its existence in that a national federation of students unions based on voluntary and not automatic membership may not be financially feasible.

Student Unions around the country attended an emergency meeting last Friday to discuss their responses to the Secretary of State's proposal. The policy of the LSE Students' Union was decided the day before in last Thursday's UGM when a motion submitted by Steve Peake on the urgent need for the reform of NUS' internal structure was passed by a narrow majority.

When asked to comment on the NUS issue, LSE Students' Union's General Secretary, Fazile Zahir said that "we support the NUS vote against

the voluntary principle in local students unions". The Welfare and Equal Opportunities sabbatical Peter Harris said that he hoped the emergency meeting would lead to NUS taking "a democratic initiative and publicly demonstrating their commitment to reform and better representation of their memberships that would expose the crazy dogma of the government in its pointless attacks against students." Jon Spurling, the Finance and Services officer said that students could "quite easily do without NUS", but the downside would be the loss of the NUSSL, the company that bargains on behalf of student unions to get cheap goods in the shop and the bar.

By Edward Carrell

The East European Society is planning new exchanges with Poland and Hungary this year. Following its successful exchange programme last year, the East European Society has decided to organise a similar exchange with universities in both countries. LSE students will visit Krakow university in December and Attila Jozsef university in Szeged, a town in Southern Hungary, early next year. As before they will pay for their transport to the host country and will be provided with meals and accommodation during their stay. According to Tom Kenyon, the president

of the East European Society, the cost to individual students is estimated at around £100, and each visit will last ten days. Kenyon said that the host university will arrange a program of lectures, visits to institutions and social events. Under the agreement with the universities, classes have been arranged in order to give some preparatory basic language training for those interested in exchange. Material for up-to-date language training is going to be sent to Krakow and Szeged. Kenyon asked the Beaver to point out that the basic language classes in Polish and Hungarian for those who are interested are going to start next

week. In the meantime the Rector of Jozsef Attila university in Szeged, Prof. Janos Csirik, has indicated his enthusiastic support for the proposals, as he considered it "important for students in Western and Eastern Europe to get to know the problems facing those very different parts of Europe". Kenyon hoped that "the school, the Student's Union and the students themselves will show enthusiasm for the exchange programme with those currently very important regions".

Meeting on Monday 26 October (1 pm, S75) for all those interested.

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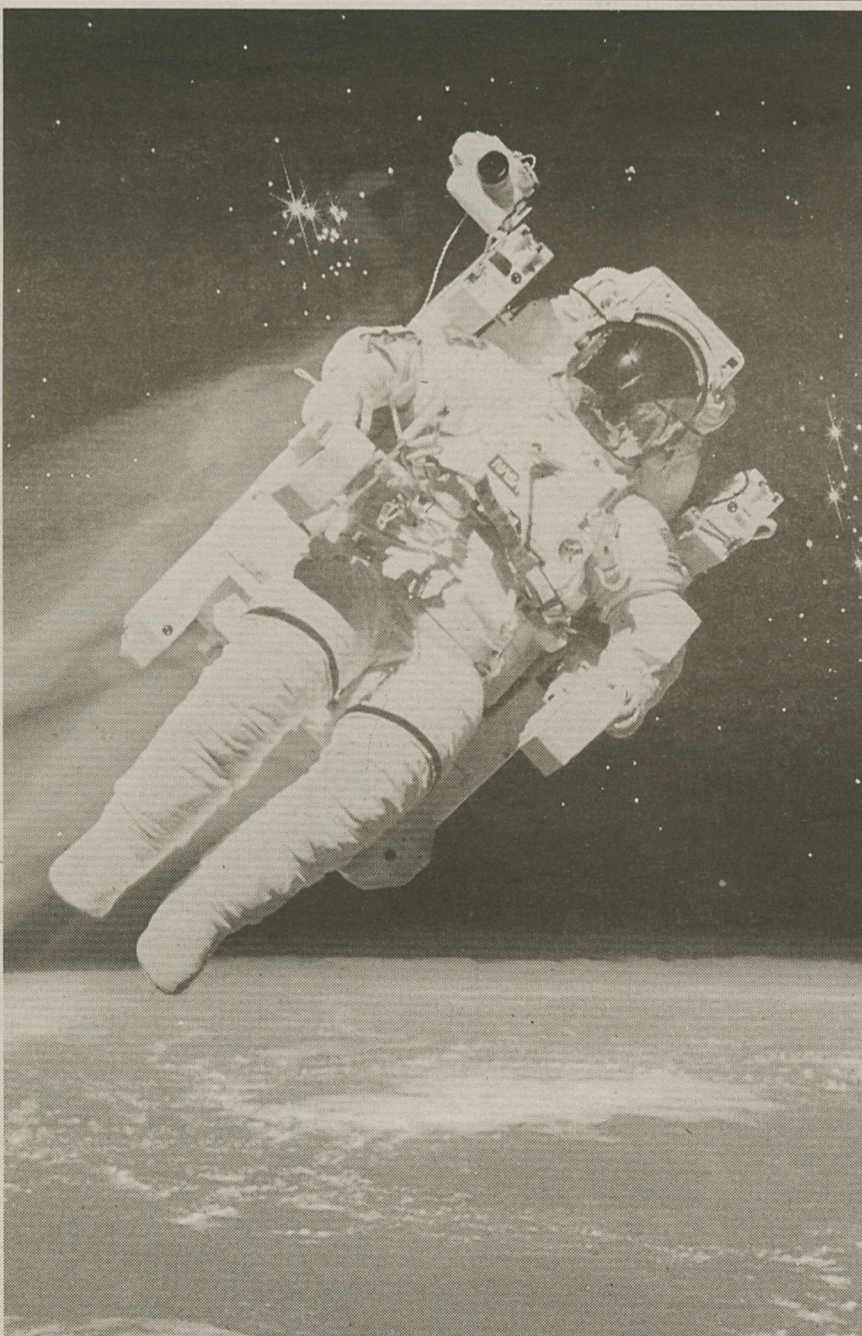
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GRADUATES



The Women's Column

Welcome to the reincarnated and soon to be re-constituted Women's Column. This is the first time for three years that The Beaver is including a Women's Column as a weekly feature.

The Women's Column is about many things. It is a space for women's views and news, upcoming events both within college and outside it, in London. It is a place where a woman's opinion counts, an opportunity to reach a captive audience, to rant and rave or simply state your case.

So whether you want to publicise a campaign you're involved in or want to relay an experience **CONTRIBUTE** by contacting -

The Editor
Room E197
Tel: ext. 2870

The Women's Room is a common room for women students situated on the top floor of The Cafe (Room E91). The Women's Room is what you want it to be - somewhere to meet up with friends, eat your lunch or read quietly. Additionally you make use of the resources at hand - information is available on a wide range of issues.

The Women's Group is about women, from throughout the college, getting together to discuss and campaign on women's issues. If you are interested in becoming involved then come along to any meeting -

Every Tuesday
1 - 2p.m.
The Women's Room

Upcoming Events

Monday 19th October - the third week of self-defense classes with two sessions, 12-2pm. in the Badminton court and 5-7pm. in room X129 St. Phillips Building.

Tuesday 20th October - Women's Committee Elections and general round table on upcoming speakers and events. At 1pm. in the Women's Room. If you missed the meetings or joining the Women's Group at the beginning of term now's the time to turn up.

Wednesday 21st October - Assertiveness training 2-4pm. in room S75.

Saturday 24th October - Rally to celebrate **25 Years of Legal Abortion**, taking place in Camden. More details in the Women's Room.

The Women's Officer this year is Teshar Fitzpatrick. She has a responsibility to represent women students, their concerns and collective interests in Students' Union campaigns and in its daily operations. If you need to contact the Women's Officer or would like some questions answered then leave a note in her pigeon hole at SU Reception (Room E65) or leave a message in the Women's Room.

The Women's Handbook - You can pick up a copy in the Women's Room, the Shaw Library, or departmental common rooms if you don't already have one. It contains useful information on health and welfare issues and offers guidance about specific women's organisations in London. Within the Women's Handbook there is a "Feed Back Form" - if you fill this out remember to post it in the box outside SU Reception.

ANY OTHER BUSINESS

Last Thursday a first year at Rosebery Hall asked me who the DSG were. Before I could get a word in, Martin Lewis started to make a coherent statement on behalf of the DSG. But he couldn't explain why it was the Democratic Socialist Group and not the Democratic Students Group.

Without realising the significance of this I retired to my room, but on opening the door I found a DSG Newsletter. On one side was inoffensive advertising, but on the other side was what could be described as thinly disguised electioneering.

Earlier, the newsletter had been noticed by the Returning Officer, Chris Short, who decided it could be displayed as a notice, but not distributed. This was because the October LSESU elections had just been announced, so no campaigning was allowed until next Thursday.

However, the DSG chain of command forgot to tell Louise Grogan, who left Martin Lewis a note saying she had done Rosebery. In hindsight, she may have 'done' the DSG plans for the October elections, as Short was considering taking action. The most severe would be to ban the DSG, but the more likely is to have all, or some of their paper allocation withdrawn.

Support for the DSG

came from an unlikely source. Suke Wolton of the Revolutionary Communist Party, stated that it was "Good for them", they are well organised and if they have broken the rules so what, banning them wouldn't be the answer. I am a democrat and believe that rules are not important but policies are!" "Bob Gross a founder member of the DSG, said 'it was a genuine mistake, it should have been printed on Wednesday but couldn't because of UGM order papers.'"

With all this furore, it is likely that the offending back page of the leaflet will be overlooked, but having kept my copy, I shall give you a view on it.

The DSG state that they are opposed to increase in Masters fees, but on Thursday in the UGM, their motion, which is now Union policy, undermines the Unions negotiating position with the School. In one sentence, they argue to increase the campaign against increases in fees and then follow it with a proviso, that if any fees are put up, 50% of the increase should be placed in a scholarship fund. Either they are opposed or not, well what is it?

The DSG say that halls have not got their act together, complaining that the school has not kept students informed over the details of rental

agreements and setting up a working party to look into this. Well last March during the Sabbatical elections, the DSG said that it was their idea for the Student Union Central Accommodation Allocation Office. Isn't it therefore partly their problem, that there is this so called chaos.

There stance on NUS, appears to be very vague only stating they want democratic reform. Having spent time at two separate NUS conferences, I agree with that, but where are there alternative policies, do they want to split NUS or not. To cite a 1986 US Democratic challenger, "Where's the beef?"

They ask students to turn up to the UGM on Thursday. They say this is to stop people with ego problems and the hard left. But recently, it is only the DSG egos on display, trying to make up for the fact they they did badly in the last LSESU elections. Apart from a few eloquent speakers, Martin Lewis, Jamsheda Ahmad, and their sabbatical, Peter Harris, they lack coherent leadership and policies, as their Chairperson, Gavin Blackburn, always sounds forced and strained when speaking. After last years 'domination' of the Executive, the DSG are trying to recover their position, by trying to rubbish their opponents, but

as in the US Presidential debate, I hope LSE students will see through this smoke screen and look at the policies, or lack of them.

Finally they attack the Beaver for being a battle ground for the remnants of the Umbrella movement, and fair enough, we are open to criticisms. But there are not only remnants of the Umbrellas on the collective, but also current members of all the LSESU associate societies including four DSG members. There is infighting, but debate and discussion are good. Last weeks censure motion on Hans Gutbrod, brought by the General Secretary, a member of the Collective, regardless of his wrong doing, showed Zahir's lack of political tact, but was within her rights as a collective member. But when our new constitution is passed, many of these problems will be solved. We are always short of articles so if the DSG want to stimulate debate, then write something.

The Beaver is doing well, though we are having a few production problems at the moment. We have many first years already writing for the paper and hopefully many more will join, to replace those that left last year. The Beaver is only as good as the people who contribute, so if you want a debate, start one.

Ron Voce

RAG MAMA RAG

Rag, a time hopefully of licensed anarchy, has begun its chaotic descent onto our impoverished existences. For those not already versed in the thrilling opportunities life at college offers, Rag is the term used to describe the efforts of perhaps no more than twenty students through sponsorship and donations to raise money for charity. Surprisingly it works. Last year through a series of mad-cap schemes, and despite a sore ball, LSE Rag actually managed to turn in a profit for the first time in twenty years.

That glimmer of hope doesn't eliminate the main problem with Rag: LSE apathy. Of course we want to "Save the Children" and sort out the homeless, as long as we don't actually have to do anything ourselves. Well, for those of us out to lunch, it's time to swallow our doubts. Elections for the Rag Committee will be held in the Vera Anstey room at 5pm on 22nd October, and absolutely anyone thinking along the lines of "Nice one, but what can I do?" ought to go along. The essential point is to get involved and get the grubby people you live with in-

involved too.

At the moment, very little appears to have been decided on the format of this year's Rag, so anyone with an idea can give Rag an early momentum. What can't be forgotten is that Rag is charitable and basically meant to be a laugh, so leave your ego at home (Martin Lewis please take note!).

Last year, pub crawls, abseiling, treasure hunts and head shaving were some of the jolly events organised, showing the diversity and colourfulness of our vibrant imaginations. Consumption of alcohol gives endless scope for

money collecting (and makes you feel morally cleansed about it) and if booze isn't your thing, sponsored bogie picking might be!

The main objective of sponsored events is to raise money of course, but also to get people involved, which is something which Rags' success depends upon.

At this early stage, it is easy for an event to generate enthusiasm and motivation. What is needed is for that buzz to be built up and carried on through the year. Lets hope apathy won't envelop charity.

Amit Das.

Tory attacks on Student Unions

Suke Wolton exposes the myths and argues the case for a political response to Tory attacks.

The recent debate on the state of Student Unions has done more to confuse everyone than clarify any appropriate response. The debate so far has much talk of for or against reform, for or against the National Union of Students and for or against voluntary membership. Before we can establish our next step, I think it is essential to clarify why these changes are being proposed. Most of all there appear to be some 'common sense' assumptions which I disagree with.

Assumption No 1: The Tories object to the lack of democracy in NUS.

"Democracy" and "choice" have become key-words for any Tory speech writer. They don't seem to have much meaning in the real world. I haven't noticed any democratic consultation on the sacking of 30,000 miners this week. "Choice" can seem a pretty lacklustre concept when the Bank offers you the choice to have your house repossessed if you can't pay the mortgage. And if we had real democracy for students then we would also be hearing the demand for decent living standards.

So why, if the Tories don't really care about listening to students'

needs and "developing" a democratic society, are they attacking NUS?

Having a look at John Major's speech at the Tory conference last week might give some clues. The major threat to Britain today is meant to be some combination of "New Age Travellers" (some travelling hippies in Wiltshire), and "the lack of toilet seats in Motorway service stations" and an "undemocratic NUS". At best this is laughable. At worst, it is a serious smoke-screen to hide the real issue in Britain today: the economy.

As far as the Tory stage-managing of their conference went, they were more concerned with talking about anything but the economy. Even the debates about Europe showed that the pro-Europeans got the same delegates to give them a standing ovation as the anti-Europeans. Just as long as they didn't have to discuss their lack

of economic policy they were happy and clapping.

"Something has to be done" - or so everyone says, and student unions have so little confidence in themselves that they are an easy target. Since last year the NUS executive have cowed to Tory "ideals" of democracy and agreed to change themselves. Prior to the Tory conference, Sheffield University Students' Union decided to try to preempt Tory attacks by assuring John Patten that they were really on his side. If the Tories want to be seen to be "doing something" in Britain today, they can easily put the boot into students' organisations with little fear of reprisals.

With this in mind, I think it is clear that the recent attacks on Students' Unions has less to do with the unions and more to do with lack of direction for the Tories. Although this is a soft target, they will introduce laws to dismantle students' organisations. After all, having 'reformed' education in this country to a glorified Youth Training Scheme in the dumping of the potentially unemployed into underfunded colleges, I can hardly see them as sympathetic to the plight of underfed and under-resourced students.

Assumption No. 2: the College administration is concerned to maintain student unions.

Some college authorities may show some concern over Tory education reforms. Their unhappiness at this new situation is at best empty rhetoric. The changes have taken place. Lectures are overcrowded. Tutors are overstretched. Classes look like seminars. Seminars look like lectures. And nobody is getting the education they deserve.

Some might argue that at least some friendly consultation with the LSE administration would do no harm and might be useful. But what should we consult over? The issue is the ability and right of students to organise their own unions. The whole point about any organisation is that you can

either organise yourself or somebody else is running it for you. Therefore we either accept that students can't organise and ask the college authorities to do it. Or we do it ourselves. Defence of our rights is not something that somebody else can do for us. We need to defend our rights ourselves.

Assumption No. 3: The National Union of Students will defend us against Tory attacks.

Unfortunately, the NUS has only proved that it is capable of organising freebie freshers'

chocolate, drinks and advice packs. It has avoided the political issues of the attacks on students' living standards. It's only defence over the last decade has been to insist that it is better to have students handing out information on where to live cheaply than college staff. It is hardly surprising that with this as their defence NUS has failed to inspire any sort of student action. Over the last year, NUS policy has become wait and see and the less it has had to organise the better.

If we are going to successfully defend the right of students to organise then that is what we need to argue FOR. If we are going to make a case for defending our education, living standards and even the right to have student societies then we have to be clear how we want to do this. Asking anyone else to save us, from the college authorities to NUS, is avoiding the issue at stake. Under the current economic circumstances, under the changing political climate, we need to debate and understand those

changes and form the campaigns we will need.

Today we need to ensure that we have a right to organise those campaigns in the future. All the talk of for or against NUS reform, for or against NUS voluntary membership, and for or against NUS itself are red-herrings. The real issue is whether or not students have the right to organise themselves without Government or college interference and campaign on issues of our own choosing.



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THE HEART OF THE MATTER

by Clive Brown

What exactly is it? Where does it come from? Is it some alien fungus planted on earth by strange three-fingered beings, their enormous eyes rolling in their pear shaped heads that are lolling on their tall gangly bodies - visiting us while we sleep safely, or so you suppose; I sit, relax and ponder daydreams of other worlds where this fungus grows in vast plains billowing in warm foreign winds; harvested by the beings - a commodity more valuable than gold. The sky of this world is lilac, it glows, nourishing it, feeding it, giving it the power. I dream of a people whose mission it is to travel to other worlds to spread their words of peace. Their symbol of peace - this alien fungus - they take and present to peoples of other worlds. So that it's power feeds the eternal peace of the worlds of the universe. I sit and ponder, stroking my tummy, drifting into a deep, deep, deep sleep. Suddenly, I wake, and there it is - inside my navel - that alien fungus known only to earth creatures as.....belly-button fluff.

The Heart of The Matter is - how the fuck did it get there? and what exactly is it? why is it there? what does it mean? I sit and wonder.

Busy Beaver

More dirt-digging from the one who

Here we go folks, time for another installment of the only collum in the Beaver which spouts the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, however scandalous it may be. First off this week we're going to deal with the internal power wranglings within our own esteemed student newspaper, yes the Beaver. Not content with her frolics with our Mr Spurting, she further kindled the flames by resigning from the paper over an alleged dispute within the office. Now Busy Beaver is not one to stir trouble but it could be suggested that this may be attributed perhaps to a certain column that appeared in last weeks paper sort of. Further news of Spurting and Bearall is as yet unavailable due to the fact that there is none. Busy Beaver asks itself is one of them playing hard to get and if so how does the other feel, these questions and more will be answered in future issues.

Moving onto pastures more juicy, at a recent function, last year's Rag Chairman, the man with a somewhat over-inflated ego, 'Martin Stupid' was seen spurning his stewarding duties to pursue a more profitable line of work involving an impressionable young lady who may have been impressed by his cunning wearing of a steward's T-shirt. Now, far be it for B.B. to suggest that Mr Stupid was using his position on the exec to impress the opposite sex but the 'couple'

have been seen 'fraternising' openly and blatantly in the Tuns.

Talking of modest people with an awful lot to be modest about, we move onto perhaps the most self opinionated L.S.E. student of them all. Yes, you've guessed it, Mr Disco 'Sleazy Geek' after last weeks broadside on our own General Secretary, the lanky, nasally over en-

Brownie is a little kinky ... in order to impress her after this he promptly vomited in a handy bucket

dowed one may strike the students at L.S.E. as perhaps the most morally virtuous and incorruptible member of L.S.E.'s student community. However after extensive searching and digging through the archives, B.B. is proud to present some dirt on Mr Geek who, we ask you was it that was banned from Tequila Parties, for allegedly selling tickets at a profit outside, none other than the oh so wise Mr Geek. The old adage, perhaps your own house in order before you start bugging about with other peoples is quite apt in this case. On a similar vein, talking as we were of crooks (not of course relating to any one mentioned in this issue

(honest guv)) the more astute amongst you may have noticed the reinstatement of the pink plaque within our own hallowed walls, following its theft last year by dangerous criminals who are still at large. An anonymous tip off to the Busy Beaver has provided us with the name or names of the perpetrators of course being a redoubtable journalist all our sources are confidential, however B.B. feels it would be unfair not to give its vast readership a clue as to the identity of the culprit(s) all we can say is that you'd probably have more chance of getting to the other side of the Earth than guessing their identity.

B.B. has been particularly busy this week investigating the past lives and works of various notable authority figures within the S.U. Many have skeletons in their closets but we focus today on she that has a lot to do with women and yet not a great deal to do with her own hair colour, yah. Suffice to say, her involvement with the Athletics Union and their Christmas Party has nothing whatsoever to do with a certain Antipodean gentleman playing Romeo and Juliet with her then showing her his buttocks, allegedly! Is her involvement in womens issues a mere facade or is she as committed as she seems? We await the answer with baited breath.

Finally we will update the readers on the further happenings of Brownie, the rugby shirt entertainer. His growing involvement (oo-er) with a certain other London sabbatical has 'extended' somewhat

further and seems to spend all his spare time at this other college, which has absolutely nothing to do with UCL. He is rumoured to have been seen at a certain endurance evening near UCL, where the young lady concerned was seen shoving treacle down his bower shorts, forcing him to eat a cocktail of baked beans and mushy peas, making him wear a nappy and drinking a pint of bear - now B.B. is not suggesting Brownie is a little kinky but in order to impress her after this he promptly vomited in a handy bucket - we ask you, mature, sensible adult or immature dick, the jury is still out but we'll leave you to make up your own mind.

Well folks, that's about it but rest assured B.B. will not rest from mental strife to bring you the best gossip from all over the L.S.E., and don't forget, if you have any interesting information about anyone at the college, please hand them into the Beaver office. All information will be treated with the maximum confidentiality.

B.B.

Nephews & Nieces

Auntie Faz relates the success of her attempt to improve inter-year relations(hips)

Uncles and Aunties was an idea I developed over the summer. The plan being that first-years would be able to meet and talk to second and third years in an un-threatening relaxed atmosphere; although common at medical colleges, the idea had never been tried at a London college as large as L.S.E. I'm assured that the atmosphere was very pleasant although it wasn't initially very relaxed (certainly not for

me anyway). As everyone gathered outside the Tuns (drawn in by our lovely banner) it looked like chaos would be the order of the day, but eventually things settled down and as people moved around The Underground they began to find their respective nieces and nephews or uncles and aunties. Everyone present appeared to be chatting quite happily and some people had extended their 'families' by

up to 2.3 nieces and nephews. A couple of people left the bar in bursts of enthusiasm (What? - Ed.) to give their nieces and nephews impromptu tours around L.S.E. (presumably to work out mysteries like the location of E300). It fair warmed the cockles of my heart when I heard two first years declare themselves 'cousins' because their aunties were best friends. The introductory session in The Under-

ground was followed by a buffet in Hacker's and it was great to see a mixture of first, second and third years happily sitting together (Drawn together by the promise of free food - Ed.).

The immediate response to the idea and the afternoon from the participants was overwhelmingly positive and I'm sure that the second event (once I iron out the technical hitches) will be even more

successful. Please could everyone that returned either an uncles/aunties or a nieces/nephews form to me check their **Departmental Pigeon Holes on Friday 23rd October** as I will be putting a letter in there for them.

Thank-you for making my idea such a success, I look forward to meeting you all again.

Jauregui's Lies

Professor Ed Jauregui offers a course on deception

For every skilled liar there exist countless gullible sods. Witness this fundamental principle of politics at work throughout the current U.S. presidential elections. "I shall lower taxes...improve social services...reduce inflation...increase exports...reduce imports...raise morale...". Shameless. Blatant. Brilliant.

I often puzzle over the hypocritical attitudes people hold about trained liars (politicians, journalists, lawyers, advertisers...), no doubt born of the most virulent envy. I mean, who doesn't lie? Even you rosy-cheeked freshers are no strangers to truth distortion (remember your UCCA forms?). Lying is useful, practical, necessary, an essential social skill of the modern man or woman --why deny it?

And yet it's shocking to discover how many people wander around this harsh planet for their entire lifetimes horrendously ill-equipped to cope with the simplest of fib-requiring situations.

"Good heavens, Colin," the LSE tutor innocently commented to his evil tutee, "I was most impressed by your discussion of economies of scale in your latest essay, but I did find a rather astonishing similarity between your own piece of work and a recent article by Bailey and Christopher in September's *Economist*. Are you quite sure you didn't accidentally lift the entire 1,800-odd words that comprise it for placement between your title and bibliography?"

Colin, our poor unfortunate plagiarist, knew only too well that even an exceedingly well-crafted lie involving claims of a recent romantic involvement with Sarah Bailey and her treacherous copying of his original work would need to be matched by an Oscar-deserving delivery in order to save his hide from certain expulsion. But in a split second his brain had overloaded under the pressure, his sweat glands had gone berserk, and every muscle in his body had blocked up in tension. Colin nevertheless did manage to squeak out a short stream of unintelligible gibberish before vomiting. Sorry, Colin. It's pizza-delivery time for you, my son.

Many inexperienced souls fail even to recognize the most obvious lie-requiring situations. When you're lazily lying in bed by your boyfriend/girlfriend/husband/wife, focusing your attention at most on a wayward bit of fluff as it floats before the bedroom window, and he/she asks: "What are you thinking?", the worst possible answer is the truth, "Nothing...". Under no circumstances will this be believed. Countless relationships have sunk under the weight of this annoying question, a challenge even to the professional liar.

The opposite fault is also common: lying for no apparent reason. "Hey, did you see the match last night, wow, what a game, eh?". "Yeah," you agree like a hopeless

moron "what a game." What can you possibly gain by lying in such a situation? The risks of being caught are massive, for now you have embarked on a real-time verbal re-creation of a 90-minute sporting event without even a clue regarding the shape of the ball in play. Even if you survive the experience undiscovered, the suffering undergone will have been considerable.

This short introduction into the intricacies of falsehood should have convinced the reader that deception is an art,

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his brain had
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the pressure, his
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tension.

and a most tricky one. How do politicians do it? Well, the short answer is simple: the best ones attended the LSE. Yes, you aspiring international leaders, you've come to the right place after all. The London School of Economics and Political Science could not have made its name without the world's most respected

insincerity course. For obvious reasons, the University has usually preferred to omit any mention of this innovative and potentially controversial option in the official Calendar, but for those interested, I include the following appendix, cunningly disguised within the body of an apparently normal Campus article:

COURSE GUIDE for De9438

Introduction to Deceit

Teacher Responsible: Dr. E.S. Jauregui, Ph.D., Fi.B, Li.E.

Core Syllabus: The course aims to familiarize students with basic techniques of fabrication, distortion of the truth, exaggeration, and insincerity, as well as their application to various real-life situations, with a particular emphasis on public speaking.

Course Content: Creative invention, concealment of the facts, control of involuntary bodily "give-aways," managing a runaway fib, the problems of unintended contradiction, when to lie, strangling your conscience, perjury: legal consequences, lie-detectors and how they work.

Pre-requisites: None

Teaching Arrangements: Sessional, weekly lecture and practical workshop (X101)

Course Work: Students will be required to prepare complex but watertight perversions of the truth for merciless interrogation by the class teacher and other students.

Reading List: R.M. Nixon, "I Am Not a Crook"; F. Bueller, "Faking Out the Parents"; E.A. Poe "The Tell-Tale Heart"; N. Lamont, "We Will Not Devalue"; P.T. Barnum, "There's A Sucker Born Every Minute".

Examination Arrangements: There is a 3-hour oral examination in the Summer Term divided in three parts. Students must answer falsely but convincingly to 345 questions from section A (parental queries), evade, ignore, misunderstand, misinterpret, and mumble through 253 questions from section B (press conference simulation), and create a 1-hour contradiction-free fabrication from a choice of 3 topics in section C.

For a small bribe the folks at timetables will gladly help you change one of your current course options and provide you with a guide for locating room X101, unlisted in the official maps and concealed in the darkest recesses of LSE's labyrinthian network of hallways, stairwells, and secret passages.

I would like to personally recommend and cordially invite all LSE students, and not only students of politics and law, to join this increasingly popular course --being an amateur liar is no excuse for being totally clueless. I must, however, caution the potential student that "Introduction To Deceit" is perhaps one of the most demanding options on offer at the University --certainly not an easy first!

Kennedy's Death - A new theory is examined

Stuart McKenzie looks at evidence which supports a different view of the events surrounding JFK's death

Yes, this is yet another conspiracy theory on who shot JFK, why they shot him, and whether he is still alive today.

In order to understand this fully, one must delve back into John Kennedy's life, and his connections with hard drink and fast women, incidents such as his father being accused of bootlegging during prohibition and his alleged raunchy affair with Marilyn Monroe are two examples.

But what was discovered on the 28th September 1992 throws a different light on Kennedy's private and public

life. It was discovered that JFK was a founding member of the infamous L.S.E. TEQUILA SOCIETY, this information was discovered on a routine investigation into alleged mismanagement of society funds.

And after almost a month of painstaking and meticulous research I have turned up some further facts, that Kennedy's negotiations with the Cubans in 1962 were nothing to do with Soviet nukes, they were in fact trade negotiations over the import of Tequila from Cuba (I know Tequila is supposed to come from Mexico,

but they're both Latin American countries aren't they). You see, the Cuban Tequila is vastly superior to the Mexican and JFK was trying to secure a deal that would enable the U.S. to import from Cuba ... (anyway the rest of Stu's story regards a joint CIA-Cuban plot for JFK's death and the fact that he changed his identity to avoid death and now lives as a wino in Lincoln's Inns Fields, drunk on Tequila. But it was getting tedious - Ed.)



Tequila Society Party
Saturday 24th October, LSE
Kennedy will be there!

The Beaver

Steve Peake has shown a considerable amount of concern over the relationship between Faz Zahir and myself. According to Peake there is a worry over the Editorial independence because of our friendship. Why? There have been occasions in the past where the General Secretary of the Students' Union and the Executive Editor of the Beaver have been friends but this never disturbed anyone. The Beaver shall always remain editorially independent no matter how close the relationship between the Gen Sec. and the Beaver Editor.

This year's Beaver has printed several articles about the conduct of Zahir within the UGM and I was more annoyed than anyone when a motion of censure was brought against the Beaver News Editor, Hans Gutbrod but unlike groups such as the Anti-Faz Alliance, will not criticize her just because we don't like her. All criticisms and attacks made in the general direction of Zahir will be justified and not some petty attack designed to undermine her standing. The proposed action of the DSG to censure her after she won the election last March indicates the type of abuse she is likely to receive this year but it is unjustified criticism. If Zahir does something wrong then we will report it and criticize her but we are not going to bow to the demands of the DSG, Steve Peake or anybody else and join the AFA because that is tantamount to interfering with the Editorial independence of this paper.

As for our friendship, I'm not going to stop talking to a friend of two years just because Steve Peake and the rest of the UGM says so.

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Dear Beaver,

Having read last week's editorial, I felt it necessary to set a few things straight.

I find it regrettable that you felt it necessary to sink to such depths in order to discredit my article, but recognise that your closeness to the General Secretary obliged you to do so. Furthermore, your allusion to factual inaccuracy simply does not stand up to the evidence.

Did Zahir enrol a homeless person to provide publicity during the elections? Yes. (So did the Umbrellas - NA)

Is the "History of the UGM" an opinion piece paid for out of Union funds? Yes. (All historical documents possess some kind of an opinion - NA)

Did Zahir spend the money received from the Access Fund at Miss Selfridge at a time when student poverty is reaching unprecedented levels? Yes (No - NA)

Is Zahir an apologist for the illegal occupation of northern Cyprus and the ill treatment of Kurds and dissident Turks? Yes.

Is the Beaver collective split on editorial policy and the desirability of an independent, critical medium (as opposed to the bland, inconsequential mouthpiece of the Union and School we have seen in the past)? Yes. (No again, Steve. You really ought to consult a few more sources than you actually do. - NA)

You lament my lack of research, whilst at the same time alleging that I have "failed to do anything note worthy (sic) for the Union except bore them (sic) stupid at hall discos with (my) strange choice of music." Whilst not wanting to blow my own trumpet, I feel that such wanton inaccuracy cannot go unrefuted.

In my first year, I wrote regularly for the Beaver, was a Union representative on the General Purposes Committee and helped implement Union proposals on the Overseas Studentship scheme. I was actively involved in the European, German, and Amnesty societies. In my second year I was President of the European Society and Social Secretary of Carr-Saun-

Twin Peakes

ders Hall.

As to my taste in music, to which you have now derogatively referred twice, I simply maintain that history supports my preference for The Rolling Stones and not yours for the Wedding Present. (Which band has had the most Top Forty hits during the nineties? Yep, it's the Wedding Present - NA)

You may not agree with my opposition to Zahir as General Secretary, in the same way you might prefer a childish and superficial approach to politics. I would, however, hope that you will not continue to abuse your position as editor of the Beaver to make petty and irrelevant cheap shots in your attempt to distract attention from issues of greater importance, in my opinion, than a cursory and unsophisticated "History of Science Fiction films."

Being opinionated is not something to be derided, indeed a little more mature and informed debate on issues of substance, something I am trying to promote, might help to rescue the Union from the depths of puerility and irrelevance into which it has recently sunk, aided and abetted by your childish and contemptible behaviour.

Yours,
Steve Peake.

Forming the Anti-Faz Alliance (AFA) is hardly an act of maturity, is it Steve? You also keep harping on about the friendship between Faz and myself but I seem to recall that you never raised an eyebrow over the close relationships between last year's Editors and their relationships with the General Secretary and the Finance Sabbatical. It's a shame that someone so politically unsound as yourself should be leading the so-called "revitalization" of LSE student politics because you are the biggest child of them all.

Dear Beaver,

Much of Steve Peake's diatribe in last week's Beaver seemed motivated by bitterness that he was not General Secretary and Faz Zahir is. Much of his article was empty rhetoric, as well

as being just incorrect (for example, in calling the DSG "seemingly revitalised" he has shown himself to be out of date - the DSG was never vitalised in the first place, and it certainly isn't revitalised now).

However, there was some truth in what he had to say. The Student Union has been crippled by apathy. Union meetings are characterised by a mixture of childishness, insincerity and boredom. The UGM is a place where motions that say nothing are passed; where the Editor of the Beaver (which is, remember, the Students' Union Newspaper) pisses about more than anyone; where the centre party's conciliatory and defeatist attitude is as blindly held as any one on the right or left; where faz-bashing gets more and more rabid; where sod all gets done.

Instead of being what it could be, a powerful and influential organisation upholding all that is right and attacking all that is wrong, the Student Union is dying, smothered by a lack of any coherent and active leadership. Just because 90% of LSE students are apathetic, it does not mean that the leadership should be the same. Apathy should be challenged, must be challenged, for there are battles to be won. As students face more education cuts, as the LSE attempts to charge increasing fees, as one in ten workers becomes unemployed, as homelessness rises, as structural degeneration continues, what do we have? We have a Union that hides because it has nothing to say. A Union that has forgotten its past. A Union as soft and woolly as Harris' jumpers, as light-weight and superficial as Zahir, as inoffensive and boring as Spurling.

That is the state of the Union, and that is what is wrong with the Union. To change that (and it can be done), the Sabbaticals must change - or we must change them.

Andy Baly

Dear Steve,

Thank you for such an enlightening piece on both my personality and

politics. I am aware that I "am deeply unpopular with...the active members of the Union" (also known as Hacks). I am not a part politician and I refuse to pander to the egos of jumped up self-publicists. As to allegations about my campaign (again), the only parts of this I will bother to reply to are the links you make between a woman's attractive photos of herself and date rape and sexism. I'm sure Teshar is much more interested in fighting the type of stereotyping and misogyny that this represents rather than questioning my commitment to women's issues. Perhaps you should examine more closely your own commitment to women's issues.

After stating that you will leave the personal comments aside and move on to politics, you go on to discuss my personal finances, my families personal finances, my shopping tastes, and, most offensively, my race. yes, I have a car but this is by no means unique among Sabbatical officers nor LSE students (well researched Steve!). As for financial support from my family (which is no one's business but my own), I am actually on a full grant and have been since I started college. My family makes no contribution to my income. I guess that puts me pretty much in touch with your "average student". As a home student on a grant I am fully entitled to apply for an Access Fund and to spend it as I wish. I did not spend it on clothes shopping and would be interested to see any supposed proof of this you may (not) have. Even if I was as rich as you suggest, would this mean that I would not be concerned about less well-off students.

As to the "History of the UGM", this is only 1/6 of a "Guide to the UGM", containing UGM rules, constitutional rules and various types of UGM motions. It was compiled over the summer with the full knowledge of the other three Sabbaticals. Those Exec. members who were around also knew. The aim of the guide was to introduce students to

Fire, walk with me

UGMs and to engage their interest. The "History of the UGM" does contain opinion - but not my own. It was written by three students actively involved in politics here - one for over ten years. I'm not here to promote partisan politics. My role as General Secretary is to promote the SU and students' rights. As for the personalities piece, which you claim was so "controversial", firstly, it was never printed on SU funds and secondly, the Beaver received no letters of complaint after its publication. It was intended to be a humorous, light-hearted piece - luckily the readers of the Beaver have more of a sense of humour than yourself. Incidentally the "Guide to the UGM" cost £385 - not £600 (what an accurate estimation you made, Steve).

Moving swiftly onto editorial independence - it's a well known fact that each of last year's Sabbaticals at some point was involved sexually with various editors on the Beaver. My link with the Executive Editor, Neil Andrews, and collective member Ron Voce is not sexual, it is merely that I have been studying history with them for the past two years.

I believe your bringing my nationality into question entirely irrelevant to a piece on the "future role of the General Secretary" (or the "State of the Union"). I am currently in negotiations with the Cypriot Soc Committee members about drawing up a joint Turkish and Greek Cypriot Unification motion so we will not face the same problems we did last year. Perhaps your intensive research failed to produce this information. I make no apologies on behalf of the Turkish government as it is not my place to - I am not a Turkish national - it may perhaps interest you to know that I am a member of the Cyprus Turkish Youth association - a left wing body which includes amongst its aims the protection of human rights in Turkey. I make no apologies for being part of an ethnic minority in England and I am dismayed that you felt it was necessary to bring this up.

In conclusion Steve, I failed to understand what in your article pointed to a lack of maturity or pragmatism and if by accountability to Union colleagues you mean hacks - forget it. Since I have started this job I have gone out of my way to introduce myself to societies, talk to first years, publicise UGMs (with bilingual posters for foreign students) and generally encourage those who do not consider the Students' Union of any interest to them to become involved. In short the whinging article you have written reflects the petty politics I abhor based on personalities and egos. Your article claims to be a discussion on "the State Of The Union" and on the "future role" of the General Secretary. Instead it is nothing more than an extended vitriolic attack upon myself. Upon taking legal advice I feel it is necessary to warn you that any parts of the piece constitute libel and deformation of character and I shall be taking legal action against you.

Faz Zahir

Dear Post Haste,

Just a brief note to remind Steve Peake and your readers of one of his many achievements at LSE.

Peake's name took its deserved place in LSESU history in 1989 when he and all his descendants (should he ever pop his cherry) were awarded a life ban by the Tequila Society.

This astounding coup was achieved by Peake when he was caught red-handed touting tickets outside one of our events. An act which was probably the most blatant and dangerous violations of Student Union regulations in LSE history. Fortunately he was caught, but it was believed by eyewitnesses that Peake allowed a number of twats just like him to gain entry to the party. A disaster was looming for the Tequila Society.

Fearing for their credibility, an anxious Tequila Executive was forced into desperate measures.

The decision to extend the life-ban to Peake was a difficult one, as the Executive realised that a

ban would shoot our Steve into LSE folklore by highlighting how rebellious and innovated he was. Nevertheless, to allow entry to the party would be a green light for all sad hack nob-rots to attend the events.

This was considered too heinous a crime against our members and the immaculate reputation of the Tequila Society

So on 24th October 1989 Steve Peake was awarded a life-ban by Tequila and thus took his place among the LSE giants.

As a tribute to Peake, Tequila is holding a rather large party on the 3rd Anniversary of his great triumph. The event is on the 24th October 1992 and we are urging all party goers to wear the most loud and offensive clothing in Peake's honour - Free t-shirts will be given to the first twenty loud and Peake entrants.

Yours,
The Tequila Executive

Dear Beaver,

Citizen Smith, you're full of crap. You spout contradictions and statements laden with ignorance. You try so hard to argue a point, but as far as I can see you never had a point to make.

For a start you try to disguise your narrow mindedness by saying that you have "no problem with people who enjoy their chosen genre". So why accuse all these people of smelling and being sad? Indie kids wash too you know. You are not so superior when you imply that you shower.

To my amazement you propose that people only like hall disco music (which you quote to be just indie and old pop songs) because they are pissed. Broaden your horizons Citizen! You mention how enjoyable these events would be if you heard music that you loved. Can you not conceive that some of these people actually love some of the songs they play, sober or drunk. I certainly do. That is not to say that I personally revel in hall discos, far from it. There may be three or four songs that I like and dance to, but you cannot slate others for

enjoying themselves. Have you ever enjoyed yourself? Or are you one of those people that stand around tut tutting because you are too staid to lose your inhibitions once in a while. Some people need to drink to do that, some people don't. There are differences between individuals and that's that. This also applies to individual musical tastes. How can you argue with that?

All that has been said before I'm sure, but the most extraordinary thing you say is that the "music of the past should be left to your parents and the music of the present and future is ours". Oh man, you're so "90's". If that were the case, I would gladly swap. Remember that, apart from the fact that the best music from the past is infinitely better than the average droll being churned out now, the past has shaped the present.

You don't offer any answers and you raise no substantial questions. In fact the only genre you fail to mention is that of the inconsequential user-friendly and over produced drivel by the likes of Genesis, Lionel Richie, and Paul Simon. Is that the type of "good" music you wish to hear? Well, I'm glad that you think of yourself as one who "deserves a stereo". Maybe you can stay in your room and listen to that while the rest of us party on. As Bob says "Don't criticise what you don't understand".

Pinky.

Vibes.

Executive Disclaimer

"The Quick Guide to the UGM" issued by the Students' Union was commissioned by the General Secretary.

The views expressed are those of the individual authors, and are not based on union policy.

The Executive of the Students' Union disclaims any responsibility for the contents of the Guide which was produced in its absence.

Vote for me...please?

A guide to student apathy...erm, elections

It is that time of year when student apathy reaches its peak. Three weeks into term, and the first round of LSESU elections. If you are here for three years, you will have another five after this one, and if you've been here as long as some, Bob Gross, George Binette and Steve Peake, you will be reaching double figures.

A double figure percentage is likely to be the rough guide to the number of people who vote, which is around 500-600 people. So if you can get yourself nominated and get all your friends to vote for you, you may have a good chance of getting elected.

Apathy not only hits at voters, but on candidates as well. Last year, many of the committee positions were elected unopposed, so you may not even have to run a campaign, but if you do, and you will find out at the UGM on Thursday, you will also have to attend the agents meeting afterwards to obtain your poster allocation and get your leaflets printed.

If you are involved in an election, you then have a week to get as many people to say they are going to vote for you. Getting them to vote on the following Thursday is the hardest part. If you can do that you are in with a chance.

This chance reduces to almost zero, when they are confronted with the ballot paper and they realise it's not a matter of one vote, but a preference vote. Yes here at the LSE, we have a form of proportional representation called the Single Transferrable vote. Instead of a tick, you put a 1 against your first choice a 2 against your second and so on. If you only want to vote for one person then just put a 1 against their name, but if you want to vote for all 24 then do so, it is your right and it'll cheese off the Returning Officer. Your vote stays with your first choice candidate, until they are eliminated, then if you have another preference it transfers, so in theory your vote always counts, in practice if your second and third choice have been eliminated then your vote transfers to your fourth choice, so it can be a bit of a lottery.

From seven in the evening the count will start and you can start to see the complex cogs of the STV system role into operation. The Returning Officer has to wade through a 50 page book from the Electoral Reform Society to make sure he is doing the count correctly. So as you sit there biting your nails, you will probably see the Returning Officer doing the same. It is no wonder they only do the job for one year.

With the low turnout the results get called out quickly and you will soon be put out of your misery. Whether in Triumph or failure, your name will be remembered, and the next time you stand, more people will vote for you. It is not the winning, although that is great, but the taking part. I should know, as although a regular participant, I have never actually won a contested election. But I keep trying.

LSESU elections are fun and very bitchy, so take part and make a name for your self. Go along to the LSESU reception in the ground floor of the East Building and ask for a nomination form. They will give you a copy of the election rules, or you can read section 14 of the LSESU Constitution. If you start now, maybe in three years time, we will be seeing the culmination of a first years rise through the ranks of the Committees into one of the Sabbatical Offices. Remember, it could be you.

Frank and Walters

To tattoo or not to Tattoo?

No longer a rite of initiation, Chris Headley reflects on Tatoo's growing status as 'Chic and Sexy ?'

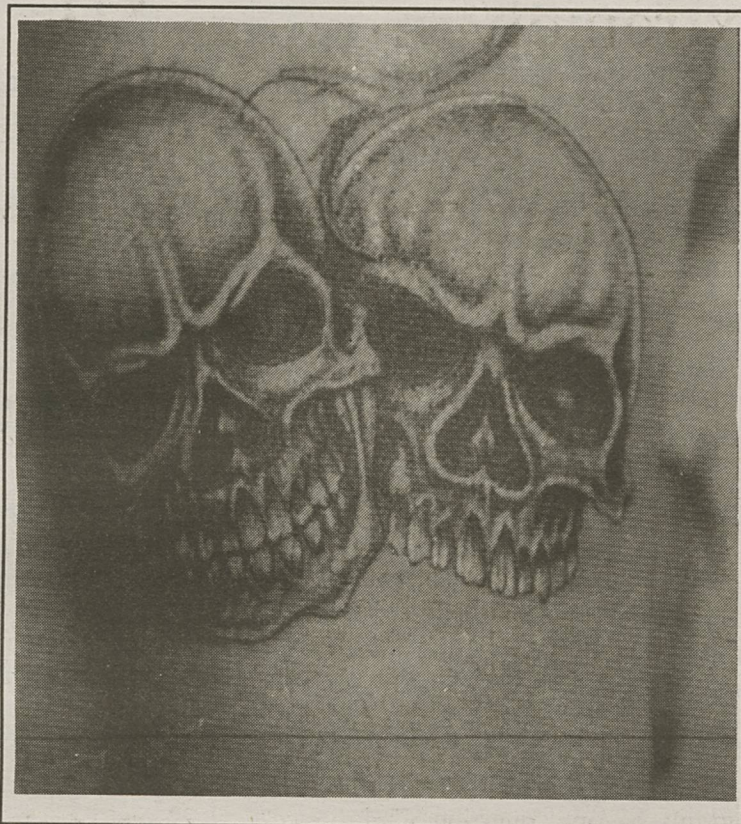
...although I have given it lengthy consideration, it was ultimately a burst of rash spontaneity that found me suspended between two chairs in a tattoo parlour on Haiphong Road, Wan Chai - Hong Kong's Suzie Wong District. My trousers were around my ankles and I was trying to look nonchalant as a thick set Chinese endeavoured to trace a permanent design of vegetable dye on the right of my gluteus maximus. The electrically driven needle was, however causing me considerable pain and I began to ask myself what was I doing in a joint, which called itself 'Ricky's and Pinky's'.

Are tattoos attractive? Sexy? Sociably acceptable? If the answer to these questions is yes why did I have mine discreetly if painfully etched onto my bum, safe from public glare? Is body art just that, an art form aesthetically justifiable or is it in the same dubious, vanity league as piercing, bodybuilding and cosmetic surgery?

'Super model', Linda Evangelistica recently appeared on the cover of Vogue with a rose and dagger design decorating her left arm whilst

Whereas once they were a mark of initiation into manhood and the warrior caste they were now the mark of the criminal or the Jack.

'Super star' Madonna apparently has Marilyn Munroe's signature tattoo on her bum (although I have never noticed). Paula Yates is well known for hers and Prince Philip wears his with pride as does Lord Lichfield. Yet even though it is a la mode for la belle monde, tattoos continue to get a bad press and are widely associated with sailors, bikers and skinheads who are supposedly painted from head to toe in designs remi-



niscent of heavy metal album covers. Medical journals stress that studies show tattoos to be most proliferate among the denizens of the underworld and indeed many amateur tattoos of the needle and india ink variety are acquired in correctional institutions. In the main, however, this is no longer the case and body art is becoming discreet, chic and sexy.

'You shall not make any cutting in your flesh... or tattoo any mark upon you' warns the Bible and in the West, Christianity did put a stop to the ancient art of tattooing or more precisely the the introduction of pigment through ruptures in the skin, evidence of which have been found on Egyptian mummies dated to 2000BC. Thus in classical times, in the East and in the Polynesian and American Indian Tribes tattoos were used to denote status and belonging on the one hand and for magical protection on the other. The word 'tattoo' came into the english language from the Tahitian when when the Europeans rediscovered this lost art form during the the age of discovery and skills and designs passed from one port to another. In 1891 the electric tattoo needle was invented and before long American pattern sheets made the designs universal. The most famous English tattooist was George Burchett, who was reported to have tattooed a farmer's Last will and Testament on to his back and an

entire wine list of 600 wines onto a waiter's chest. However, after a short lived popularity in the 1890's tattoos became to be seen as 'seedy and common'. Whereas once they were a mark of initiation into manhood and the warrior caste they were now the mark of the criminal or the Jack.

In the 1980 Film 'Tattoo' a cover girl is kidnapped by a tattooist and unfortunately for her becomes his canvas. She kills him "and not a moment too soon", Halliwells informs us, yet not all tattooists are mad. Marc Saint owns a tattoo studio on Portobello Road. He is a sensible and sober tattooist who was formerly an olympic skier and marksman. His career as a cartographer gives him the hand and eye he needs to tattoo and it was whilst he was chartering jungle territory that he was initiated into body markings by a remote tribe. After learning his craft in Singapore this 'renaissance man' set up shop in England in 1983.

"Tattoos are still a rite of initiation for many young men. They are often done in unusual or alien circumstances. I get a lot of American students in here, who see the tattoo as a mark of leaving home for the first time, coming to England and finding themselves. Tattoos are very personal things", mused Marc Saint. And yet today the majority of his clients are not skin heads or even worse, American students, Marc says: "Seventy-five to Eighty per cent of the people

who come here are professional women who want small discreet tattoos on their shoulders or thighs."

This is where tattoos are at, tasteful and sexy. So go and get that little devil you've always wanted on your bum. They signify our right to have control over our lives and the ability to redesign our bodies as much as our minds. With carefully selected designs and positioning we can recreate ourselves artistically and individually. Anchors on the arm are not what I'm talking about.

They signify our right to have control over our lives and the ability to redesign our bodies as much as our minds.

Marc Saint is however concerned that students should be spending their money on

better things. There is a minimum of £9 and a full body suit of glorious tattoos might cost upwards of £20 000 and take over two years to finish. Expense apart the main area of concern for most people is infection, there is a need for tattoo artists to be fastidious about hygiene and every needle should be a new one, so wherever you go don't be afraid to ask and make sure that your chosen tattoo artist is registered with the Environmental Health Department.

The final word of warning is permanency, which goes without saying. Be very, very sure before committing your skin to a lover's name, your next partner might be a little annoyed. Moreover, Marc Saint maintains that everyone regrets tattoos on the face so he doesn't do them. A girl asking for a beauty spot whilst I was talking with him was politely turned away, although he did do Teresa Gorman's eyebrows for her after she presented a medical certificate proving she could no longer grow them. Statistics do say that one in six people have a tattoo and five in six of them regret it. So think smart and think art. Otherwise you can always buy a temporary washable tattoo, but where's the adventure in that.



Just Another Heartache

Uncle Rob's Guide to extremely unhealthy nut jolly nice food

Here are three recipes which are sure to set your tastebuds alight - at the expense of your arteries!

SPICY SPAG BOL-INGLESE (serves 2)

At about £1 and 5 minutes to prepare, this is the ultimate in cheap, convenient, gourmet grub!

WHAT YOU WILL NEED:

1 can of spaghetti (Noodle Doodles if you're flush and want to impress!)

1 can of meatballs in gravy

As much Tabasco as you can handle

A roll of toilet paper (soft, strong, and very very long!)

WHAT TO DO:

1. Put the toilet roll in the fridge. You WILL need this later!

2. Empty the ingredients into a pan. Heat and stir.

3. When hot, divide into two portions and eat one yourself.

4. Give the other to a friend. (NB he/she may not be so later on!)

BACON SARNIES AVEC SAUCE BRUN.

The definitive recipe to a popular dish. Ideal for curing hangovers, or as a preventative measure, on

returning from the pub totally rat-arsed.

WHAT YOU WILL NEED:

bread (white, of the "lots of E-numbers" variety)

bacon (smoked back is nice but fucking expensive)

lard (not, repeat NOT "White Flora" or anything else less than 100% pure fat)

butter
brown sauce ("Daddies" is best)
black pepper

WHAT TO DO:

1. Melt lots of lovely, delicious lard in a frying pan.

2. When this beautiful lard is hot, put the bacon in. Four slices per sarnie is ideal. (Make sure you remove the bacon from the hermetically-sealed plastic packet first, else it takes hours to cook and tastes shite).

3. While the bacon is frying, toast some bread. (Two slices per sarnie).

4. Butter the toast. Make sure you keep spreading the butter until there is a lake of the stuff on the toast.

5. Put the bacon on one piece of toast. This should be done quickly, so lots of gorgeous lard remains on the bacon.

6. Spread lashings of brown sauce on the other

piece of toast. Put loads of black pepper on the bacon.

7. "Sandwich" the two pieces of toast together. Make sure the bacon and brown sauce are to the inside.

8. Cut in half (or quarters if you can manage) and eat.

UNCLE ROB'S THRIFTY TIP:

Instead of tipping the yummy, tasty lard away, why not try putting a piece of bread in the pan and frying that! Voila - a piece of really nice artery-clogging bacon-flavoured fried bread! Two great dishes in one!

LARGE PORK KEBAB WITH CHIPS ON TOP.

A real delight when you simply can't be arsed to cook and have lots of money. Pork is my personal fave but if you don't eat it you could try chicken instead!

WHAT YOU WILL NEED:

About £20
Ciggies (optional)
A day off tomorrow

WHAT TO DO:

1. Take your cash to the Grafton Arms, Grafton Way, WC1. (Warren St. tube).

2. Consume as much

real beer as you can at £5.50 per 4-pint jug. (6X, Abbot Ale, Flowers, Old Speckled Hen are best, if available).

3. Smoke if desired.

4. Stagger along Grafton Way to Tottenham Court Road and amble southwards as far as Mr.C's Kebab Shop.

5. Go in and say to the man behind the counter, "A large pork kebab with chips instead of salad, please".

6. Wait patiently. Do not be abusive to the staff.

7. In response to the question "Chilli Sauce?", say "Yes please, lots of it".

8. The man behind the counter will give you your kebab. Thank him and give him £2.80. Do not attempt to leave without paying, as they have very big, very sharp knives behind the counter.

9. Eat on the way home. (If you can remember where it is).

10. Vomit at leisure. (It's the alcohol, not the kebab, I'm afraid!).

Uncle Rob Hick.

Won Kei's: Restaurant of Justice

Welcome to the house of Chow Ho Fun

Unusual title for a food story, but then this is no ordinary Chinese restaurant we're talking about. Won Kei's is famed for three things, good food, very reasonable prices but above all, nasty waiters!

Take my trip last Sunday night, we were told to go up to the third floor to start with (it is rumoured that there are seven in all, but I only personally know of three.), but once there, we were ordered straight back down to the first floor.

After being directed/shoved towards our non-chosen table, I don't think they were too happy with the fact that there were only two of us, ten being a more normal number for this sit down semi-fast food Chinese buzz joint, they took our order. Duck noodle soup for me, and a vegetarian mushroom bean feast for my friend. We then prepared for the short wait, but what we hadn't prepared for was the entertainment put on by a short waiter.

A large man, about twenty five years old, there with his girlfriend had committed that disgusting, putrefying, damn near cardinal act of asking to move tables, being told no and moving any way.

The waiter could not cope with this horrendous insubordination (in Won Kei's the customer is not 'always' right), picked him up and proceeded to slap him across the face with venom. The customer was not mighty happy about this and decided to punch the waiter with a searing right hook. The proceeding fight would have made Harry Carpenter spit up his dinner, as the waiter even with a massive height and weight disadvantage seemed to take the upper hand as blows reined ferociously between the two.

There was a slight pause in the action as the guy on the table behind me stood up to say, "you leave 'im the fuck alone, you little bastard," and I inaudibly and characteristically cowardly said, "come on leave it out."

However by this time the waiter's friends had seen what was going on and decided to help their mate out, four on one then grabbed hold of the customer's pony tail, knocked his head against the wall a few times and attempted to cover every inch of his body with a punch.

They soon tired of this sport once the manager then called the police, who actually came along surprisingly promptly, and handled themselves, much to my surprise, very well until the customer decided to see if his right hook was still active and released it in the direction of the waiter. At which juncture he was hand cuffed and bundled away threatening to come back and "fuckin kill ye!"

With this all over the police then took witness statements from everyone and told us to expect to be called to court and then our food arrived. As usually it tasted really good, the duck noodle soup is a massive portion and a very filling meal, also make sure you try chicken with cashew nuts and some of the noodle dishes, chow ho fun and beef being a personal favourite.. The vegetarian fare also is apparently well received and you should manage to come out having spent sometimes substantially less than four quid. All this with the added entertainments, can't be bad. I highly recommend a trip to Won Kei's even if it's only for the experience.

Martin Lewis

Food & Drink

Want a free meal? Then why don't you pop along to the Beaver office, E197, and speak to Steve Thomas because he's our new Food & Drink Editor. It's cheaper than MacDonaldis. Probably.

Oil And Oggling

The Chippendales Experience

Rosie Dixon

I'd been invited out to a West End show and wasn't sure whether to accept or decline the offer.

This wasn't to be a casual decision. My reputation was on the line. After all, how could I explain it to feminist forum?!

The reactions amongst my friends (deeply thoughtful intellectuals with strong feminist sensibilities, of course!) were mixed. They varied from enthusiasm for what might be seen as women turning the tables on men [From the more ridiculous of course - as we all know, two wrongs don't make a right - Ed], to a stunned silence, followed by mutterings about morally despicable acts. The latter brought out the rebel in me, and I determined to go and see The Chippendales. The Chippendales and publications like "For Women" and, more recently, "Ludus" have been held up as examples of liberated female sexuality, 90's style. Like fashions in clothes, what it means to be sexually liberated is constantly changing. It takes a great deal of energy to keep up with the latest trends and one is probably going to find that just as one's got the hang of being sexually liberated, the criteria have radically changed, leaving one hopelessly out of date [and presumably with a pain in one's bottom - Ed]. So, given the offer of a free ticket, the company of several friends (who'd prefer to stay anonymous!) and the convenience of having The Chippendales playing (oo-er) [Her comment, not ours - Ed] on the doorstep of the LSE I thought I would go and see for myself just what this form of sexual liberation entailed.

The number of household items used to represent the male member astounded me. Yes, I'd thought of banana's and cucumbers, but I'd never considered shoes or socks, hankchiefs or suntan lotion bottles. The only object not to be flaunted suggestively in this manner (or in any other manner), was an

actual phallus. I had my eyes open, but there wasn't one to be seen (except for a fairly modest specimen on a 20 foot high mannequin), for whilst there were a great many phallic symbols, this was easily matched by the number of items used to conceal the idolatrised organ. The pink satin pillow seemed to be quite a favourite, although towels and newspapers, if a little more functional, also sufficed. The general thrusting and gyrating was clearly meant to compensate, although I for one found this slightly unnerving since I was convinced that sooner or later one poor young lad or other was going to put his back out. Most of the 'guys' were obviously trained dancers, singers, and, (judging from the way that they seemed to be enjoying every minute of the two and a half hour show) actors. Budding starlets [??? - Ed] for whom any humiliation is worth that big break into show business, and although some of the audience members kept shouting, "Get 'em off!", at the top of their voices, I actually thought they were all quite professional!

The show was composed of two sets. A hotel (singing, i'm sure, something about a cervix with a smile), a shower room, a tropical island, a sea port (I felt smug because I'd predicted the sailor outfits), and, more controversially, a black magic ritual. The different sets were, of course, just an excuse for a new outfit and the main action in each scene was a great deal of pelvic thrusting (no ritual sacrifices I'm pleased to say). Interspersing all this were tenderly delivered ballads which, at times, gave the show the flavour of Sunday Night at the London Palladium. It might all the best be described as a sort of singing and dancing Freeman's catalogue, only with larger pecs. You know the sort of thing - men posing with intense casualness and a sort of, "Hi, my names Larry and I'm an Aquarius", kind of look. And if by the end of the night you weren't feeling liberated enough then you

could be liberated of £5 for a polaroid of yourself in the non too delicate arms of a Chippendale.

Well, what was I going to say to the Feminist Forum? Leaving aside questions of artistic merit, could the Chippendales be considered ideologically sound and politically correct? Well, the baby oil did come from the body shop and that has to count for something! Was it liberating? Well it may well be,

'our turn to look', but do we really want to or do we just want to teach the blokes what it feels like to have their gender ogled at and objectified by predatory members of the opposite sex? [Well if it is the second option that would REALLY be a turn up - women actually looking at men's bodies! - Ed] Is it a sex thing or a power thing? Maybe a little of both, and for women who haven't had much oppor-

tunity to fully express themselves in either of these two departments then maybe there was a certain liberation to be had. Most of the women seemed to have a good night out (and at £30 a ticket for the coveted front row, an expensive one), enjoying the camaraderie between themselves as much as the show. At the same time however, the liberation to be had is surely limited since liberation

is, I believe, to be found in the recognition of common humanity and not in the objectification of others, male or female. But, if you fancy going to see muscle-bound ballet dancers with shaven legs (de rigueur for body builders) for sexual kicks I suggest you tell everyone you went out of intellectual curiosity (I got away with it)!

Pink Champagne with Blue Ice and lookout for the White Elephants.

by Ron Voce

Pink Champagne with Blue Ice and lookout for the White Elephants.

Not a lot of people know this, but Michael Caine said many years ago that he would never ever do another Harry Palmer film. In a way he's been true to his word. Palmer was the dapper cockney spy of some classic late sixties films, 'The Ipcress File' and 'Funeral in Berlin' and along with Caine's other roles in 'Alfie' and 'Zulu', he became a marketable commodity and emigrated to Hollywood to become a star. Palmer was retired to obscurity, but as John Le Carre says spies don't die, they just change their names.

Palmer, for in all intents and purposes it is he, though now he calls himself Anders, is first seen paying his last respects to an old chum of his who had been casing the airport security in hopes of pulling a job. Instead he was hit by 'Blue Ice' through his sun roof and made the front page of the tabloids as "Freak Ac-

cident Kills Innocent Fellow".

This point is pretty irrelevant to the plot, but it does come in handy because another freak accident puts Caine and the charming wife of the very old American ambassador to the Court of St James in a very compromising position. The ambassador's wife played by Sean Young is a bit of a flirt, having only recently finished something with a chap called Kyle from U.S. Military Intelligence. He has found something on the Thames and wants to tell her, but gets cut off, hides and finally gets blown to bits somewhere near London bridge Station.

Meanwhile, Palmer, sorry Anders, who has taken Young back to his place, 'Harrys', a Jazz club in Soho and after an invite to the Royal Opera House and some lovingly cooked prawns, Anders/Caine/Palmer (delete as necessary) decides to help find this Kyle chap, but of course you know he's to late.

There are some interesting cameo roles, the best being Bob Hoskyns. Bob and Michael have done many films together

and are probably the reason why this film will do well in the U.S. He plays a security consultant who is first seen bundling some banker into the back of a car while being shot at by "kidnappers". The banker cannot kill his attackers and Hoskyns, with that wicked grin of the malevolent London thug in the 'Long Good Friday' that says nothing but also everything.

The other actor with class in this is Ian Holm, who dispatches civil servants with a mere flick of the pen. If resignation letters were so easy. Holm was Anders ex spy master, now relegated to meeting minor officials such as the finance minister from Nepal and in his eyes you see the anger and the resentment that his new job entails.

Well that has hopefully set you up to go and watch this British masterpiece, because that's what it is. Things do not start to fall into place until well into the last third of the film, so you have to watch very closely and listen to the amazing soundtrack which is a must for any real jazz fans!

What I most liked about this film was that the car chases in London and the shooting sequences were all accurate. A chase around the streets near Carr Saunders ended there, not in Camden as in 'Patriot Games' and the Tilbury docks chase sequence was certainly different. However what a number 15 bus was doing south of the river only London Transport knows and where was all the traffic, was this thing filmed very early on a Sunday morning!

One last comment, this film is good, slow, but good. There is one problem though, as in most spy thrillers, it is whether you could believe this scenario happening and unfortunately there are too many things, for the want of a better word, that don't add up and for this reason take the film as a piece of fiction, which considering it came from a book I suppose that's the best thing to do.

Blue Ice, totally unexpected, yes a good, repeat good, film!

PATRIOT GAMES

by Mervyn Reeves

At the end of Tom Clancy's previously filmed book, "The Hunt For Red October", Alec Baldwin clearly decided he'd had enough of Jack Ryan after one film, thank-you-very-much, and promptly flew the coop. In "Patriot Games", therefore, enter Harrison Ford as the eponymous [rather large word for the arts page! - Ed.] Mr. Ryan, substitute the Irish for the Russians as bad guys, and in the process lose any semblance of a good film.

The plot, such as it is, involves our pal Jack being inadvertently caught up in terrorism after helping to foil an I.R.A. assassination attempt on a member of the aristocracy, whilst he holidays in London with his family. Jack manages to shoot dead one of the hapless gunmen, and in doing so puts the dead man's older brother, Sean Miller (Sean Bean) in a right old tiz! It doesn't

take Jack long to realise that he'd picked the wrong terrorist organisation to swap bullets with, and in particular psychotic Sean, whose fervour for wreaking revenge on Jack and all remaining relatives is matched only by the stupidity of his fellow balaclava-clad-clan [alliteration now, whatever next? - Ed.] in not only allowing Sean this luxury but aiding and abetting him as well. The scene is set therefore for much violence and mayhem, with, as ever, truth, justice, and the American Way prevailing at the expense of a few villainous Paddies [ahem, I think you mean Irishmen there, Merv - Ed].

Unfortunately, this comes across as a rather limp attempt at a momogomous American James Bond. As thrillers go, it rather shoots itself in the foot, with little, if any, suspense, excitement, or dare I say it [dare, dare - Ed], thrills. The ham-fisted direction of Philip

Noyce doesn't help and neither does the drab script, which paints two-dimensional characters, hence undermining the very emotions the leading characters of the film are supposed to foster. The dialogue is, on occasion, toe-curlingly crass, as in this scene, between Jack and his old C.I.A. boss, played by James Earl Jones, when Jack is asked,

"Is there anything in this world which is certain any more?" to which Jack replies,

"Only the love of my daughter"

At the end of the hackneyed, cliched ending, which you've probably seen a hundred times before, and all of them on Miami Vice seems to sum the film up, by suggesting it would have been better to have made it for television since that way you could always turn over half way through and watch something better on the other side. [So you didn't like it then? - Ed].

Bob Roberts

Beaver Staff

Tim Robbins appears to be something of a celluloid hot potato at the moment, what, with his marvellous Cannes film festival winning performance as Griffin Mill in the equally triumphant "The Player", and now this tour-de-force. For, in the film "Bob Roberts", Robbins stars, writes, and if that weren't enough for you [Readers quiz: does the reviewer come from a) North of Watford Gap, b) North of Watford Gap, or c) All of the above? - Ed, and, sorry, but there's no prize for any answer, correct or otherwise], he also plays and sings all the songs, which he co-wrote!

Robbins plays the eponymous [My, this is a common word this month - Ed] Bob, a right wing folk singer-cum-Senatorial candidate who passes himself off as a self-made

man and propels himself onto the campaign trail with all the right messages so far as an undiscerning electorate are concerned - the need to accumulate wealth and the need to uphold traditional conservative values. This leaves the incumbent Democrat, Senator Paiste (Gore Vidal) who has a heart of gold, but a lack of style, at a disadvantage of Kinnock proportions. The Roberts bandwagon is therefore left to relentlessly thunder on, ably assisted by any dirty tricks he can muster from the combined talents of his campaign team, led by the decidedly shady Lukas Hart III (Alan Rickman) who follow him around the state in his mobile stockmarket cum campaign bus, nodding amiably at Bob's suggestions lest they get thrown out at a strategic moment. "Bob Roberts" is a glorious satire on the circus of American politics and it's demumentary style, together with the political backdrop of the build-up to the Gulf War, give it a crucial

added edge of reality, particularly in the build-up to the Presidential election. While it is arguable that it's message (style having long overtaken content in the US political scene) could have been more subtly put over than by the clubbing into submission that actually takes place, this is still a superbly accomplished and witty film, with superb comic performances, particularly from Robbins and Rickman. If you have an ounce of scepticism on right wing politics [Us? Being well provided for students and all? Surely not? - Ed - and if you can't spot the sarcasm in that, you're rubbish], then see it immediately, but be prepared for the feeling of uneasiness afterwards, that's all.

"Bob Roberts", directed by Tim Robbins, starring Tim Robbins, Giancarlo Esposito, Alan Rickman, Ray Wise, Brian Murray, Gore Vidal. (15)

Strictly Ballroom

Steve Kinkee reviews Dirty Dancing Australian Style

There was me expecting a ballroom version of dirty dancing and what did I get? Well, actually quite a pleasant surprise.

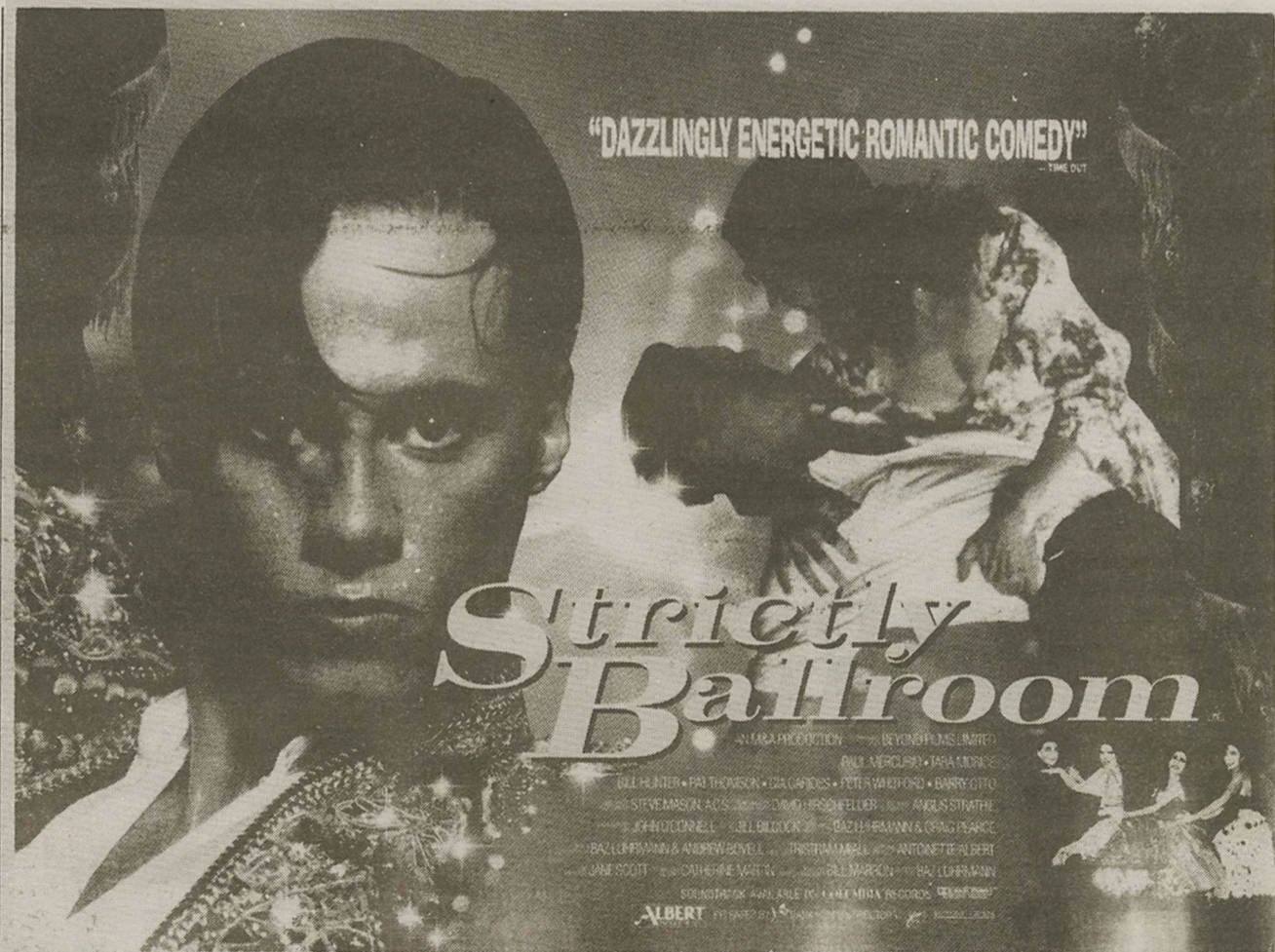
The plot of the film sounds rather banal, to say the least. Handsome young ballroom dancing champion to be, Scott Hastings, wishes to dance his own steps and everybody else wants him to dance classical steps. To this end he loses his partner and the dance studios ugly duckling asks to be his new dancing partner. Obviously he is not impressed to start with but guess what? Yes, she is gradually transformed into a beautiful swan and the film follows the two progress in love and dancing against the corrupt ballroom dancing establishment. Sounds predictable does it not?

However, the way it is directed is excellent. Imagine if John Waters was just a little bit straighter and had di-

rected a film about Australian ballroom dancing. More Strictly Kitsch than Strictly Ballroom. Obviously ballroom dancing is highly kitsch anyway, full of tacky costumes and makeup in a world where people are so concerned with Pongo Bongo dance steps.

The male lead, Scott, is almost a little too Dirty Dancing, a little too sincere but then imagine what it would do to your head if from the age of six you had spent your life in training in the world of ballroom dancing. However, this hardly matters as the large number of cameos are excellent, just the right side of caricature and they add a lot to this world of glitter and sequins.

So there you go, this really is an interesting, low budget film which makes a potentially very trite subject into an energetic wonderland of



tack. It made me laugh and was even quite touching but what really struck me after I had

thrown myself out of bed to go and sit in a cinema at 10.30 in the morning, was just how concerned

with this essentially laughable, grotesque culture the characters were. Mind you, as my grandma always says "It's a funny old world but I would like to paint it"

Mike Fab-Gere, Freedom Fighter

Win a load of goodies
with The Permissive
Society

Has you probably already know, Mike Fab-Gere and The Permissive Society are performing at the Tequila Society's bash on Saturday, with a huge Sol and Durex promotion, along with the Frigidaires. But those nice people at their promotional company have decided to give us a few freebies to get you into the spirit of things. Yes, its competition time again and this week we have a very rare Mike Fab-Gere t-shirt to give away along with a number of condoms, posters and two free tickets to the actual party itself. A bargain in all sense of the word, I'm sure you would agree.

All you have to do to win one of these freebies is to answer the following easy-peasy questions:

- 1) Who is the current Ents Sabbatical?
- 2) Name any two of the other Sabbaticles?
- 3) How do you spell Tequila?

If you think you know the answers to these questions then jot them down on a piece of paper and send it to:

Mike Fab-Gere Competition,
c/o The Music Editor,
The Beaver,
Room E197
The East Building,
Houghton Street,
London,
WC2A 2AE

You can either post your answers via the internal mail system or deliver them by hand. Answers must be in by Friday 23rd October and don't forget to include your name, age and Blue Peter badge. Please note that you must be a LSE student to win the Tequila tickets. Oh, by the way, the t-shirt is Extra-Large (XL) so don't worry about it not fitting you.



Mike Fab-Gere: Coming to a venue near you.

Passing Water

Gallon Drunk piss it up at ULU

In these days where every other new band seems to advocate the recreative use of some narcotic substance, it made a refreshing change to hear a group who are supporters of drinking in a big way. This group are the aforementioned Gallon Drunk.

I arrived at ULU faced with the dual distractions of the concert and the third match of the Leeds United - VfB Stuttgart face. It was to be a night of triple celebration: a tour-de-force by Gallon Drunk, a chance to see Th' Faith Healers, a great outfit judging by my experience of their vinyl offerings, and victory for Leeds!

Having "sunk a few" in true Drunkard fashion, it was time to sample the night's first band, Mambo Taxi. This all-female line-up played an all-too-common set of rather dull indie-pop offerings, so my patience wore thin and I decided that the beckoning of the footy was too strong. They did market a rather nice line in T-shirts, though.

Th' Faith Healers, however, were a different kettle of fish. No doubt somewhat cheesed off that tonight's headliners, chart-breaking Teenage Fanclub and Daisy Chainsaw, and Too Pure labelmates PJ Harvey all used to be their supports, their music is an ear-bleeding combo of bass-driven melody and wonderfully painful racket. The songs were well-performed, with the venue doing nothing for the transition from studio to live. Highspot of the appearance was surely "Reptile Smile" from the "In Love" and "Mr. Litan-ski" EPs, a brilliant tune by anybody's standards. Suffice to say one wishes them the success that they duly deserve.

Th' Faith Healers timed their performance perfectly, as there was just enough time to dash through to the bar and see Carl Shutt fire home the 78th-minute winner that dumped the cheats out of the European Cup. A couple of pints, an ill-fated visit to the quiz machine, and it was time

to return to the Manning Hall for the centrepiece of the evening's entertainment.

Gallon Drunk are at the forefront of alternative music at the moment. Two recent albums, "You, the night... and the Music" and the retrospective singles and rarities compilation, "Tonight... the Singles Bar" have served to gain them great reviews from all sources. This is not to be the exception!

Having caught them last year at the Camden Palace and the Islington Powerhaus, I was eager to see if they could produce a show of that stature. The answer was an emphatic "yes". Despite an air of slick professionalism creeping in, they provided the perfect end to the evening. The rough-edgedness that has become something of a trademark for them manifested itself less frequently, but the powerful basslines, the screeching guitar and keyboards, the complementary maracas and harmonica allied with James Johnston's spit-

ting vocals were still there. Ace new single "Bedlam" was showcased alongside old faves "Just One More", "Dragging Along", a brilliantly-played "Some Fool's Mess" and finale extraordinaire "Rev Up-TPA" (don't ask, I haven't got a clue either).

Johnston's ability to play guitar, keyboards and sing all at the same time was surpassed as tonight saw him take on the mouth organ as well! His ability to turn his hand to anything is reflected by the band: They take various musical styles and blend them together for a mix that is both inventive and innovative.

These two qualities is something that the music scene in general is suffering a dearth of at the moment. Let us hope Gallon Drunk, and other bands with an ounce of originality have their day in the not-too-distant future.

Uncle Rob Hick.

The Album With No Name

Prince's new symbolic album

On the 4th September, Prince signed a \$100 million contract which made him a Vice-President of Warner Brothers as well as owner of two subsidiary record companies. Furthermore, he is promised \$10million for each of 6 further albums which he has to make. One has to therefore wonder whether Warner Bros. execs had listened carefully to his new album before deciding on such a huge contract, since it doesn't in any way come close to anything he has done in the past (though the last two albums certainly showed that things were going downhill).

Nevertheless, before giving it the slagging off that it rightfully deserves, I have to make it clear that a Prince album can

never be total rubbish and therefore any criticism of this should only be taken in comparisons to his previous efforts. Certainly, there are a few notable tracks, such as 'The Max, Arrogance and the Flow' as well as an excellent gospel/funk closing track, 'The Sacrifice of Victor'.

But it is when Prince tries moving into new territory, such as Reggae on Blue Light, things start falling apart. The jazz influenced tracks are rather unconvincing, an other attempts at rock classics simply made one think that Prince did it all far better eight years ago with Purple Rain.

As for the new single, the opening track on the album, let's just say that Public Enemy and De La Soul won't be too wor-

ried about Prince's new found rap skills ("My name is Prince and I am funky/my name is Prince - the one and only"). To save any further embarrassment I won't quote any further from this one - let's pretend the whole thing never happened.

Of course, the central theme of the whole album, as it is on most Prince albums, is sex. Perhaps if you're looking for romantic, candlelit music, this isn't really the place to start (lines such as "Don't look now, but there's a river of blood/ U must have been a virgin" come to mind) - I guess Marvin Gaye was slightly more subtle. Then again, if Prince is trying to be shocking, it doesn't work either - 1980's 'Dirty Mind' dealt with such matters far better and far

more perversely.

Thus, the album without a name turns out to be a big disappointment, and at times it is hard to believe that this is the same man who wrote classics like 'When Doves Cry, Little Red Corvette, Kiss and Sign O' The Times'. The answer can only be for Prince to slow down his rate of production - few would disagree that a longer wait between each new album is worth the sacrifice for better quality. I know I said that I wouldn't quote from that unbelievably sad opening track again, but there is a line in it which seems all too appropriate in summing up Prince's current situation - "My star is 2 bright".

Jon Fenton-Fischer.

Go Wild In The Country

The Vast Intro Party goes down with a bang

The vast majority of you boring bastards who are reading this evidently stayed in on Saturday night, probably reading a book, followed by a quiet drink at the bar and ending up with having mundane sex with your partner. If this is indeed the case, you therefore *deserved* to miss the most sexual band in the History of Horn, a group who refuse to spell funk with an n (or indeed fuck with a c) and who, for the best part of an hour (+2 encores!), did to the Quad what most of you feel guilty about doing in the privacy of your own minds.

If I were Dr. Death Bang, the charismatic leader of the Party, I would change my stage name to SEX because the man is its very embodiment. Death Bang Party, a collective of 10 highly proficient musicians are, in their own words, 'a carnival of carnal carnage, a festival of free-for-all funky fornication, an orgy of open-trousered onanism and a juddering jamboree of jigger-jigger-jigger'. They ran the whole gamut of vital (fluids?) influences: sex, nudity, penis-envy, evangelicalism, American Professional Wrestling, sin, Carry On films, funk, reggae, ska, country (!), paganism and so on (but where was the sodomy, guys?)

If this review sounds like bollocks then that might just be because it is. This is because Death Bang Party are an experience, a category all to themselves, not a language-friendly band.

Q. How do you de-

scribe sex to someone who has never even conceived of it before?

A. How can I explain Death Bang Party to you?

It cannot adequately be done, so bloody go and see them.

Another group who seemed to defy linguistic description were Exist I found them personally offensive; a Then Jericho rip-off (!!!), pushing their own brand of tepid funk-pop, the complete opposite of DBP. One would have thought that a band consisting of a soul man, a hippie, a dread, a funky drummer and Jesse Johnson's doppelganger would have amazing possibilities. The reality, however, was unmitigated wank. Journalistic latherings aside, it must be said that even the great Tony de Wonderful would have found it hard coming out first in front of no more than thirty people. However, their other problem were both their songs: Fast one and Slow one. When the band did finally kick into gear in their very brief instrumentals (when the singer had finally shut up) and in their inevitable 'save-the-best-till-last' proto-rap funk jam, they became quite listenable, although sadly never straying from their formula of copying the copy (i.e. funk band trying to do indie trying to do funk sort of thing). Maybe they simply thought that we were all indie-saddo students? (They'd be wrong of course, that was you lot who *didn't* turn up).

The other support, Mama Wild, were indeed

true to their name, coming across like a bunch of wild muthas. They were also bloody impressive. For those of you who were there I think it may come as a surprise to inform you that was their first gig!

Their lead singer shits all over her contemporaries like Lesley from Silverfish, Kat Bjelland, Courtney Love and just about every other talentless female in the independent music scene today. She's all better than most of the straight soul singers around today too, (and she's only been singing for one year) for these three reasons. Firstly, she has a WONDERFUL voice, secondly, she has an extremely promising song writing talent and finally, her lyrics are interesting and have something worthwhile to say.

The band were really tight, I mean they were kickin', and fully justified their vision of original music. The closest way to describe it would be Sinead O'Connor thrash funk, fronted by a tougher version of W. Axl Rose.

So, all in all, damn good value for £6. An embarrassing turn-out was overshadowed by more sex than Madonna's new book ("and more of it natural", Dr Death Bang said so!) For those of you who wish to repent of your sins, you must catch DBP at the Subterranea on the 27th October.

G. Sparris

Is Everybody Happy?

PWEI invade Brixton

Pop will eat itself and three other bands for under a tenner, you can't argue with that on a Saturday night, so off I went to Brixton.

Unfortunately, arriving at 7.30 meant that we had already missed the first band. However, we were just in time for one of my personal favourites, Scorpio Rising. Although their set only lasted for half an hour, they managed to combine such classics as Saturnalia and Watermelon with as yet unreleased material. This band deserve to be big soon, it will be a travesty if they aren't.

The same unfortunately cannot be said for Eat, who were the next band on stage. Yelling "it looks like a bad case of eat will pop itself" More from the new

album followed, and then friends, like their set which to me consisted of the same song repeated again and again. However, don't take my word for it, judge for yourself on the 20th October when they play Feet First at Camden Palace.

So finally it was time for the Poppies and Brixton went wild. Starting with England's Finest and Eat Me, Drink Me, the first two tracks from their new album, the band deviated from the normal set list by playing some of the more obscure album tracks from "This is This" and "Cure for Sanity". However right was back on track with Token Drug Song as Clint advised us "Don't do Drugs, don't have sex and don't listen to dodgy rock bands."

More from the new album followed, and then

PWEI started to prove themselves as one of the best live bands in Britain today. Nightmare 20000 feet was then followed by Karadrome and Wise up Sucker was somewhere in there too. This led to Can U Dig It :- "Can you pogo" yelled Clint, and we all jumped to Bulletproof.

Five minutes later they were back on stage. Urban futuristic led to Harry Dean Stanton and Def Con One. And then, the best Stourbridge had got to offer was gone. My own criticism would be that they didn't play x,y,z or 92°F, but that is a minor point. PWEI left everybody happy!

Darren Miles

Better Dread Than Dead

Dave Jones brings you "Dread Zone"

Monday evening and a Beaver meeting. Our illustrious music editor has two items up for grabs; the new Sundays LP 'Blind' and what appears to be a little blue booklet. Any guesses as to which one found its way into my possession? Suffice to say this is not a review of the forthcoming album by Harriet Wheeler and Co.

The aforementioned little blue booklet turned out to be a fanzine by the name of "Dread Zone". Intrigued? I sure as hell was. A brief glance in side, however, confirmed my suspicions. The contact for "Dread Zone" reads c/o LSESU, East Building, Houghton Street.....Sound familiar?

The brain behind this operation is no less than Dave Jones (You must have heard of him by now, if not you will!) What a curious coincidence then, that this little item should end up on the Beavers doorstep. "Nuff said" I hear you cry impatiently, "it doesn't matter how you got it, what we want to know is, is it any bloody good?"

"Dread Zone" is a fanzine which really needs to be read in context. It relates to what its authors call a "scene", that of the 'alternative' lifestyle. A system of belief epitomised by say, travellers or squatters, and the music of bands whose more commercial face is represented by the Levellers or Ozric's Tentacles. It all seems to smack of dare I say it 'crust'. Get the picture?

This is not to condemn "Dread Zone". As fanzines go, it's actually not half bad, at the very least it's got variety. This particular issue (only number 3) contains gig reviews of the Levellers, the 25th of May, Fordham Urban Festival and New Model Army, as well as interviews with Back to the Planet and Tabitha Zu. There are informative articles on the "Big Issue" and the travellers school charity which maintains a 'skool' bus to educate travellers' children. Album and singles from the Faith Healers and Ozric Tentacles also get a mention.

The presentation tends towards the manic with

lots of cartoons n' symbols and on 'interesting' text layout. The spelling is, it must be said, crap, and at times the print gets so small as to be unreadable, but heck its content that count kids! The only aspect of "Dread Zone" that I found off putting is its occasional sloganeering tone and an almost too 'right on' attitude. Phrases like "the state" and the "scum media" are used a little too often. I mean if I use the word stereotype will anyone beat me up?

All in all if you're interested in anyway in the 'alternative' music/society scene then "Dread Zone" may be worth a quick peruse, especially if during a less than worthwhile lecture. It's a handy pocket size and anything which on one full page says "squat the world!", gets my vote. I just hope it's printed on recycled paper (yes it is).

For further infoe, contact Dave Jones (A bit of free advertising never does any harm).

Sarah Jane



Mama Wild just can't take it anymore

Houghton Street Harry

Harry is shocked, nay devastated. As he wanders around fulfilling his norm, all that he considered to be normal society is decaying around him. What makes this hurt all the more is that no-one seems to care. Over the past couple of weeks it has become painfully obvious that 1992 is the year of the LSE soap-dodger. You simply can't walk into the Tuns or a lecture anymore without suffering from the smell of rancid flesh or the sight of a bedraggled beatnik-warrior from the planet Plague. Yes, this message is for you "Dungareeman" in the Tuns, and you "New-age-smeg-species" of Houghton Street. Harry's message should not be confused however as being aimed simply at this group. On a recent investigative trip to the UGM, Harry became even more disenchanted with sections of the LSE community. Point number one.....There isn't going to be a revolution so why don't all the commies piss-off to Russia to enjoy all the benefits of a truly socialist society. Point number two.....Did we really vote in those sabbaticals? Point number three.....If this gets printed will the sabbaticals conspire with their chums to get me kicked out of the Beaver? This nicely contrived link brings me on to the subject of Hans GoodBread, also known as, well see the front page of last weeks Beaver. Rumour has it that if a classteacher is about to release you half an hour early then perhaps it's not such a good idea to ask her what the purpose of the academic study of history is. Here, for the benefit of Hans, is the answer. It's so you know what happened in the past. Moving on swiftly to more productive ground it's interesting to note that Graham Taylor hasn't lost his touch in grabbing mediocrity from the jaws of victory. To be fair though, his decision to bring on Carlton Palmer in the final minutes was inspired. Few countries can claim to have a midfield as creative and dynamic as England's was with Ince, Batty and the illustrious Palmer all weaving their way through the cynical opposition, and delicately threading passes through the defence. Ian Wright missed chances that the mythical hero "Fergie" would not have thought twice about putting away. As such his England place is secure in at least the medium-term, unlike Tony Adams and Paul Ince who both performed rather competently and who will thus, Harry assumes, probably sink without trace. Harry will now eluciadate (?) on the message behind this weeks grumbles. It is easy to be cynical but very difficult to get to the root of problems and solve them. They have been solved. Harry can now offer rehabilitation for all the groups and individuals mentioned this week. Perhaps you are eligible for the BeaverSport "Get-a-life Society". This will comprise of weekly meetings for all you UGM hacks, rubbish midfielders, soap-dodgers and sabbaticals. In each meeting you will sit quietly, whilst Simon "dryasabone" Reid of UGM fame gently ridicules you until you become normal. Then, perhaps, the LSE world will become inhabitable once again.

THUMPING THIRDS SINK SECONDS

LSE 3'RD XI.....3
LSE 2'ND XI.....1

At last the game that all LSE had been waiting for has happened. The mighty seconds prepared to humiliate the humble thirds in this fourth division titanic clash. Football, however, is a great leveller and a funny old game and a marathon not a sprint. Despite the great prophet "Ryan" casting aspersions as to the likely result, the game was in the balance right through the 90 minutes. After 10 minutes our prayers were answered with a glorious strike from the irre-

pressible Pederson. Staples bravely rallied his troops and much of the rest of the half was spent in the midfield battlezone. It was here that the Irish dynamo Dave Keane was to distinguish himself, alongside the talented Jurgibear. These central-midfielders were ably supported on the flanks by the nimble but nails Vetta and the hard-challenging-but-ever-so-slightly-unfit Beherall. Betherall was substituted just after half-time, but Behereh's replacement, Thode, soon justified the decision with a potential goal of the month. In the meantime the seconds

had scored off a corner, a major concern indeed for the otherwise impenetrable 3'rds defence. Dave Rich and Ben Nuttal did all that could be asked of them whilst the heroic Arne secured the centre on his own, Graveson having become over-excited and rather fond of the sound of his own voice. The last two heroes came into their own in the second half. Evan Nuttal always appeared in command of his own area, and Henrik's goal was the icing on the cake of a very impressive debut. Even forgetting the result the performance of the thirds in terms of at-

titude and commitment was faultless. Hopefully as the season progresses, and against lesser opposition, the thirds will get the chance to show-off their football skills in a more open type of game. At the end of the day though, bulldog-spirit was the order of the day on Wednesday. The thirds wanted the game more than a slightly dispirited second team and as such the result was fair. We all know that the season doesn't really start until Christmas, but in the final analysis the 3'rds must be real contenders.

Andrew Graveson

Sad Stazza Laments Loss Stazzamania on hold

Quotes of the week come from the man who put 'The Day' in 'On The Day' the defeated skipper of the second XI Ian Staples. Of the match he said "Derby games are a dynamic animal which changes faster than the wind, and yet is more ever-present than the tides of the sea. Having

said all that, and all said and done words don't count as points, over the 90 minutes we didn't do the business'. These wise words which could be heeded outside the field of soccer management were followed with more guarded comments regarding the rest of the season. Stazza Staples

went on, "I've always stressed to the lads that we are still on the learning curve and I would rather be top of the league at Easter than in November. All credit to the thirds, we can take nothing away from them, they did the simple things well, but after all it was their cup final not ours.

The league is akin to the marathon in the world of athletics, and let's face it, Linford would not win the 10,000m'. Regarding the Thirds overseas strike-force Stazza maintains "I would honestly rather lose than be a tit all my life". Wise words indeed.

The Hockey Horror Show

Yes, we're back. "Oh no!", I hear you moan. "Not those girls who failed to get any more than eight players on the pitch at any stage of last year's season, lost most games and returned to get severely annoying in the Tuns". No, as a matter of fact, not those girls (well, the annoying ones are still going strong).

This season we have a brand new, eager, determined, no mercy team who are itching to get out on the pitch to slaughter those teams who made a mockery of us last year. One 7-a-side tournament has already been played with the result of a win, a loss, and a draw. Credit must be given to a team who were severely

messed around by the highly unorganised ULU secretary, Hannah Seymour, who would rather nobody bothered her as she has an enormous pile of sticky buns to get through before Christmas. A quick (thank goodness-ed.) mention to be given to the hockey legend, 'Take No Prisoners Atomic' Alex,

Bella 'Show Us Your Gumshield' Sleeman, Angela 'Headbands For The Lad', and lastly, like all good things, the world's best sports sec. Angela Perdoni. Watch this space for further news of more morale boosting defeats and the odd spot of hockey.

Rita Mukherjee.