

SIGN THE PETITION AND SUPPORT

THE BEAVER

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION
14TH FEBRUARY, 1994 THE EDUCATION BILL PARLIAMENTARY LOBBY ISSUE 396

Beaver Editor Tries To Lobby MP's and P.M.

Beaver Staff

"This Bill is a Vandalism Bill.....and unnecessary" said Don Foster, Lib-Dem spokes person on Education quoting Lord Russell during the Lords debate on the Education Bill. Peter Mandelson of the Labour Party called it an "unneeded squalid piece of legislation" This was the closest I came to hearing an MP speak during the NUS organised lobby of Parliament in favour of keeping Student Media funded by public money.

The initial meeting in a committee room of Methodist Central Hall was, to say the least poorly attended, some twenty five persons, although this nearly double with the arrival of the accident delayed Welsh contingent. After introductions from Ian Moss, NUS Executive Office and the brief speeches from Don Foster

and Peter Mandelson the group ventured across Parliament Square to the Houses of Parliament.

After a few minutes wait at the lobby queue we were ushered into the central lobby and filled out the green cards to summon our MP's, sat down and waited. Two and a half hours later I left the central lobby without seeing any of the four MP's I had tried to lobby. Some lobbyists were successful, but a majority decided enough was enough and left, their faith in democracy dented.

This was the fourth lobby of eight lobbies of Parliament organised by NUS and if we are to believe the numbers at the other lobbies so far, cited by Ben Elger, NUS Executive Officer, this was comparable, though "it could have been better." NUS had expected somewhere near two hundred editors and staff to attend.



Will the smiles be wiped of the Beaver collectives faces after the NUS Media lobby

Dear John Major,
On 5th May 1949, issue one of *The Beaver* appeared and at the LSE at the end of this term, March 1994, issue 400 will come off the presses and that as they say may be that. Core, non core, means so little to most students, but to those 106 collective members who work on *The Beaver* it would mean the end of the line forty five years on from the initial publication.

The original Beaver team was small, just 8 staff, producing a four page Beaver. The Editor Charles R. Stuart hoped that *The Beaver* would "induce a more cohesive atmosphere among students", but stated that if it did not it will not have "justified its existence". The very fact that we are still here forty five years later is a good sign that we have justified our existence.

The first Beaver cost 3 old

pence and although advertising was found, funding was always a problem. So much so that *The Beaver* petered out in early 1952, only being hauled back into existence, as an A4 sheet, later that year by committed staff under Editor John Dunkly. By February 1953, *The Beaver* once again became a proper newspaper and continued fortnightly for many more years.

The next big change came in issue 109 out on 20th May 1971 which was free for the first time, but the Beaver had been growing from its original four pages. First to six, then eight, ten, and twelve pages. Today we publish a minimum of sixteen and have published as many as thirty two pages. The Beaver has remained free since 1971 and has become a weekly paper that is editorially independent of the LSE Students' Union.

We are not the oldest student newspaper, that award goes to Edinburgh's *Student*, but we do have a history, one which in the last few days I am beginning to appreciate, by looking through the archives. *The Beaver* has often come up against hassles and come through them, and I am certain that the long and unbroken line that stretches from Charles R. Stuart to Ronald B. Voce will continue. I certainly have no wish to be remembered as the last Beaver Editor.

In the first issue, George Bernard Shaw was asked for a comment. He wrote:

"Socialism will abolish classes: Beaver should organise the sets."

I have not yet asked anyone to compose an epitaph.

Yours
Ron Voce



10 DOWNING STREET
LONDON SW1A 2AA

From the Correspondence Secretary 8 February 1994

Dear Mr Voce

The Prime Minister has asked me to thank you for your recent letter and the enclosure. This is receiving attention and a reply will be sent to you as soon as possible.

Yours sincerely,

MRS FRANCES SLEE

ST VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE EP

MOTORHEAD & GIRLSCHOOL

Union Jack

KATE-GATE:

Hampton admits she doesn't know 'WHAT THE FUCK'S GOING ON'.

Well, its that time of year again - in a mere four weeks sabbatical elections occur so the LSESU's annual ego trip begins - and Jack would like to make it clear that he does not intend to express a preference for any prospective candidate. Readers should bear this in mind and try to avoid drawing too many conclusions when Ralph Wilde, Martin Lewis, Kate Hampton et al receive repeated mention in this column, after all, they *might* not be standing.

Anyway on to the action. As has become habitual we began by finishing last week's meeting. This involved completing a card vote demanded by the Tories last week after the motion they opposed was declared passed; surprisingly enough this week it fell. Jack supposes that the Tories gained a few more members over the week - good to see them bucking the national trend there, obviously our love children haven't discovered the joys of auto-asphyxiation yet.

We began this week's meeting with an announcement from James Brown, the Returning Officer little seen since his run in with Adrian May (God-gate). He informed us of the elections and some meeting the name or purpose of which he couldn't remember, in any case it was all boring.

Now, what normally follows the returning officer's announcement are Sabbatical officer's reports, however, on this occasion we were treated to a suspension of standing orders, a device which appeared to have lapsed into disuse but which obviously still remained in the minds of some older hacks. The instigator of this move: Dennis Russell. Yes, he was back and this time he had a motion to discuss. Unfortunately it languished at the end of the order paper and thus was unlikely to be discussed. Hence the suspension of standing orders to prioritise the motion

However, due to some bizarre impulse, the UGM decided not to discuss Dennis, preferring to solve the Bosnian problem. An admirable desire Jack thinks but perhaps just a little ambitious. Given that Nick 'popular' Kirby had told us Professor Fitzpatrick's report, when it "found its way into the hands of the committee"(?) substantially validated Dennis's claims perhaps we ought to have discussed his case. Oh well what's past is past, don't cry over spilt milk etc.

Eventually we did get on to Officers' reports but they were so boring that apart from noting that the Leaderene described herself as the UGM's 'humble(?) servant' Jack is not going to bother with them.

Next up was Ralph 'I'm not running for Gen Sec - honest' Wilde. He asked us to support the library 'work in' - strange thing to do in the library - something which, in due course, we did despite Dennis 'it's that man again' Russell's urging us not to 'kiss the directors arse'. And, by the way, Martin 'I don't want to be a sabbatical either' Lewis spoke.

Following Ralph's example Kate 'sabbatical candidate - me' Hampton spoke, demanding that the School grant the SU more space. And Jack has to admire her choice of topic; nice, uncontroversial, student centred etc. However, she reckoned without Erik 'Conservative hopeful' Mielke who, ever the populist, stole the show by demanding the SU gain space at the expense of the Cafe. Harsh but perhaps fair. Incidentally it was during this debate that Kate, displaying most unpolitical honesty, told us that she didn't know 'what the fuck's going on'. And on that note Jack thinks he'll finish.

Mubin Haq Complains To Mr Rogers Over "Hoax" Death Threat Letter On Last Weeks Campus Pages

Dear Beaver,

In last week's edition there was an article by a Mr Rogers, which ridiculed a fascist death threat sent to me. In the article he claimed that the letter which I received was no threat at all and should be treated as an immature joke. Mr Rogers then produced a hoax letter sent to David Whippe, and claimed that this was of a more serious nature than the one sent to me. I found this sick especially since the content of the death threat I had received was abusive, racist, and homophobic. Maybe it is worth repeating some of the words in that letter just so I can clarify what it really meant:

"YOU ARE ONE HELL OF A FUCKING BASTARD. YOU COON!!

... YOU WILL BE SLAUGHTERED ... I SHALL HANG YOU. PAKI

SHIT... WHEN I FIND YOU I SHALL KILL YOU. I SWEAR I WILL I

LIVE TO KILL".

Somehow I don't think this compares to the letter sent to

David Whippe:

"you are a Poo Bum and your Nickers smell of Wee-Wee.... You've got a girls Bike with Stabilisers."

Maybe Mr Rogers does not think this is much difference between the two letters, maybe he thinks that the whole issue of racism is a joke? Does he believe that the murders of Stephen Lawrence, Rohit Duggal, Ruhullah Aramesh and Rolan Adams are also just a joke? Does he think the same about Quddus Ali being beaten up by Nazis, or of Joy Gardner murdered by the police? Was this all just a bit of fun by someone who watches Play School and is "armed with a pea-shooter or soiled nappies."

Unfortunately its not just a joke. Racism is a real issue which black people continually have to fight. We have to fight not just fascists on the streets but institutionalised racism in work places as well. What we don't expect is to fight racism in the pages of the 'Beaver'.

This is not to say that the

'Beaver' does not take up the issue of racism. The fact that there were two pages covering the issue in last weeks issue shows that it does. I myself have also written for the 'Beaver' on the rise of fascism. However, the fact that the article by Mr Rogers was included in the paper shows that there is something wrong. It was an article which distressed and angered me and one which the editor Ron Voce should have thrown out. Also, more space was given to this sick article then to the death threat I received. Where do the priorities of the 'Beaver' and Ron Voce lie? Is he more concerned with trivialising racism or actually fighting it? Mr Rogers article was sick humour which ridiculed the Students Union's policy on racism and the racist abuse black people suffer in Britain. For years we have fought against this, and I for one will not put up with it.

Yours
Mubin Haq

More Complaints Over "N.P. Flywheel B.A.": This Time Over His Reply To The Women's Group Letter

Dear Beaver,

I am writing with reference to the response from 'N.P. Flywheel, B.A.' to the letter from the Women's Group. The response was most interesting in that it did not attempt to deny the fact that the Beaver suffers from male overrepresentation, and an overtly chauvinist outlook. Instead, the reply centred upon two points, both of which are irrelevant to the issue. Firstly, 'Mr Flywheel' defended this male over repre-

sentation, on the grounds that there is a lack of female participation in the Beaver.

Secondly, the response was clearly aimed at diverting the focus of the letter away from the issue of sexism, and towards the Beaver's own internal squabbles. There are two inferences to be drawn from this response: firstly, that male domination necessarily leads to sexism and that the Editorial Board sees nothing wrong with this; and secondly, that

the writers on the Beaver represent their own opinions, rather than producing objective reporting. Finally, I would like to add that 'Mr Flywheel's' defence that the joke was a sarcastic dig at sexism is rather weak. Like many people, I found it extremely detect the inherent sarcasm in the joke - perhaps because it wasn't there.

Yours sincerely
Raj Jethwa
LSE Labour Club.

That Joke Isn't Funny Any More Especially In Front Of TV Cameras, You Know, The One About The UGM

Dear Beaver,

I have recently begun to attend the weekly stand-up comedy lunchtime event., in the old theatre on Thursdays, and I find it hard to believe that out of all the students at LSE so few bother to take advantage of this free entertainment. Maybe it just isn't advertised so that there aren't too many hecklers? I can only guess. I also found some of the acts a bit too post modern - the acts with the rich students calling themselves "socialist workers" or (better still) "revolutionary communists" are a bit extreme - I find them too far removed from reality, even at such a radical place as LSE. Also the one who was so desperate for attention that he resorted to telling people that his life was in danger - surely he hasn't run out of decent jokes about conservatives? However I fully

approve of your equal opportunities policy; when I was there last there was one comic who was chronically obese and there was even a ginger - it's very brave to let people like that on stage. Also the ugly bloke with the ponytail who didn't realise that he was chair of the constitution and steering committee because he was the only one stupid enough to do it - a bold decision.

Imagine my delight when I found that there was a book to go with the series, the wittily-entitled "LSESU Constitution". After enjoying immensely the running joke about standing orders where the chair couldn't do anything because everyone (including the aforementioned ugly one with ponytail) gave conflicting advice to him, I decided to read this myself. Really I was a bit disappointed - the only real joke was the amount

of space devoted to what was called "decision-making" (as if any of that took place).

Among- the other recent highlights,; the sexy bleached-blond who everyone harrassed because (horror of horrors!) she asked her dad for some advice; if you had a legal problem and a professor in law for a father, who would you ask first? The real joke is that the union has no advice available apart from charity from the already overstretched law department and have-a-go amateurs.

Thanks for publishing this (assuming you will!), but bear in mind that the least funny bit about last week was the cameras filming it. Someone might think that this is how the students at LSE are represented, and we wouldn't want that, would we? After all, it was only a bit of a Joke.

Patrick Bateman

Francisca Malarée Hits Back at Paul Birrell's Mudslinging, Incompetence and Hypocrisy

Dear Sir,

I write in response to Paul Birrell's letter published last week concerning allegations made at the Tony Blair meeting. I am surprised that he criticises me for allowing him as a member of the audience to ask a question. As chair of the meeting, despite suspecting that his question would be as childish and irrelevant as it indeed was, I had an obligation to be impartial and allow him to ask it. To propose that I do otherwise would have led to an infringement of the right to free speech, which is not something I would have expected Mr Birrell to advocate.

He also accuses me of trying to 'smear' him to further my political ambitions. It seems to me that only Mr Birrell himself resorts to such disreputable tactics, as shown by his highly personalized attacks what exactly does he hope to achieve by calling me a hypocrite?

Mr Birrell maintains that his question was a serious one, not intended to trivialise politics. As far as I am concerned such matters only become relevant when personal morality becomes party policy/as happened with Back to Basics. If MPs criticise the sexual morality of others they must be

prepared to be judged according to the same principles. To my knowledge neither Mr Blair nor any other opposition MP has sought to woo the morality vote as the Tories, in a characteristically incompetent way, did.

Unlike Mr Birrell I prefer to evaluate MPs in terms of their policy, not sexual, positions - this is why I found his question irrelevant, even if it does have any foundation in truth, which is doubtful.

I would appreciate it if next time Paul Birrell leaves the mudslinging to the Tabloids.

Yours faithfully,
Francisca Malarée

Birrell Buffeted Again By Complaints Over His "Factually Incorrect" and "Personal Attack"

Dear Editor,

I felt it necessary to voice my annoyance about the letter in The Beaver (4th Feb) written by Paul Birrell about Francisca Malarée. The letter was both factually incorrect and an unnecessary personal attack on Francisca.

The point that Francisca had made in The Beaver from the previous week was that the Conservative party policies have been proved hypocritical by the actions of various ministers. She did not condone or applaud what Tony Blair was alleged to have done

but merely pointed out that the Conservative government should practice what they preach on its 'Back to Basics' campaign. It is therefore rather an insult for Paul Birrell - a known Conservative sympathiser - to label Francisca as a hypocrite when he should be perhaps putting his own party's house in order.

With regard to Paul Birrell point that Francisca should not have allowed the question in the first place, perhaps he should be reminded of the freedom of speech policy. Had Francisca not allowed him to

speak, she would have abused her position as chair of the Tony Blair meeting and would have imposed censorship. She did not do so and consequently initiated a balance of political views.

By attacking Francisca in the way he did, Paul Birrell lowered himself to a cheap level of hypocrisy. I do not think that this is acceptable in a so called civilized and educated environment and I sincerely hope he realizes this.

Yours faithfully
Sarah Opie

Bickers Says "F*** The Inconvenience, We Need A Revolution" Over Student Survey Claims

Dear Beaver,

How disappointed, yet not surprised, was I to read the results of your recent survey (31-1-94) What particularly incensed me was the '60%' disapproval of student activism citing the 'inconvenience' caused by the demonstration on December 9th.

This self-righteous attitude became clearer when some students voiced discontent with the fact that the issues were only of relevance to a minority of British students.

The issues were namely government policy directed at

cutting maintenance grant entitlements.

Given the large proportion of foreign students and British students from wealthier families, it is of course true that grant cuts only affect a minority of students.

However, it should be stressed that to a student to be entitled to such a grant, they or their families must be means tested. The result is only the poorest sections of society qualify for the grant, cutting grants simply makes them poorer or discourages higher education for the already least

advantaged.

What disturbs me is the 'I'm alright Jack' attitude of the so 'unfortunate' 'inconvenienced' LSE students namely those in a position where they do not need a grant to survive.

The LSE is supposedly producing the future policy makers and administrators of society. If this survey is, as I suspect a true representation of their mentality, then the future looks bleak for the 'peasants'

F*** the inconvenience, we need a revolution.

Steve Bickers

Racism Article Missed The Conservative View, But Watch Out For Freedom Of Speech

Dear Beaver,

Thanks for the article on Racism (February 7th). However I would like to make two points.

Firstly, why is there no Conservative view to add to that of Labour and the Lib Dems? I for one would be interested in hearing what they have to say about this issue.

Secondly, in Hasan Imam's piece on the Muslim view the last paragraph seems to hold out the fatwa on Salman Rushdie as the solution to dealing with those holding views that might be construed as racist.

Although racist views of the nature of the BNP are despicable and clearly racist the refer-

ence to Salman Rushdie appears to me to be an attack on the right to freedom of speech - a right at the LSE has traditionally upheld, whatever the views of those whose freedom is being attacked and definitely so in the case of Salman Rushdie.

Yours
William Derbyshire

The Beaver

What a week! I went home again to have a crown fitted and found Tiverton was in the news again. No not Tivvy Town still being undefeated in the Great Mills Premier League, nor the lake near Taunton, it's still there but shrinking, nor even the last non-skating English Winter Olympic Gold medalist, Tony Nash, who lives near by. But our Cilla! Yes another one of those Blind Date couples tied the knot and married in, of all places, Tiverton and brought the town to a standstill with the crowds with Cilla and TV cameras

It's a shame, therefore, that those involved nationally in student media couldn't be bothered to turn up to the NUS organised lobby for Student media last Wednesday. Have they decided like most politicians and NUS officers that the Government is going to cave in. A wounded animal is more dangerous than ever, beware they may still find on the tenth redraft a formula that will placate the Lords. We should not yet give up the fight, support your student union as well as The Beaver by signing the petition on the Beaver bins. Thanks to those who've signed already.

This Beaver is to show you that if the Government had their way this weeks Beaver is more likely to be what you'll be reading next year, reduced in size, if it comes out at all. I know you read the Beaver, because they all get taken from the bins. I know you all realise this because to get your point of view across, whether you want a letter or an article, it just has to go in the Beaver.

Next week we revert back to normal 16 pages. All the editors will return fresh and recharged from a week off and we shall continue towards issue 400 and let's hope my fears on the education bill are proven wrong and that the apathy that surrounds student media is not transferred into the national demonstration, or even our own 24 hour work-in, which, thank goodness, someone has seized the initiative from our supposed elected leaders. Hurrah for student action!

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Printed by;
Eastway Offset,
3-13 Hepscoot Road,
London E9

Negatives by;
Gargoyle Graphics
9 Hoxton Square
London N1

Did the Eagle Ever Fly

Lu'ayy Minwer al-Rimawi

If you had visited my village then, you would definitely have been bored to tears. Young and old alike had nothing to do but discuss the same old story. I shall tell you now that the story is narrated by a man to his child. In it a "brazen" eagle allegedly kills himself in an "unnecessary" journey, while a "judicious" frog lives happily ever after. For reasons unknown, people in the village found the story appealing.

No-one there ever knew the exact details of that myth. But for generations, everybody believed (or wanted to believe) that the "foolhardy" eagle had fallen into the tumultuous ocean and died. "The eagle should never have attempted that deadly journey. Nobody could have escaped his undignified, doomed end." "Why dramatise life? Let's just get on with it. We only live once and can never change our fate." "The frog was malleable and realistic. He kept changing the colour of his skin and thus managed to survive. His stratagem of hibernation in times of danger was safest...", people in my village would repeatedly tell one another...

But that's not all. Suddenly, we all were spellbound by a breathtaking development. The rumour that the original narrator had been dishonest and that much his story had been fraud, spread everywhere. Some people even started suggesting that the eagle wasn't killed and that he flew again. But like the story itself, nobody knew where this rumour had come from or what exactly had happened. I myself never thought hard about that myth. It was also difficult to understand why the eagle had taken such trouble. "If the eagle had ever existed, he must have been no more than a conceited and impulsive creature, who in the end got what he deserved. Life should not be wasted in nonsensical idealistic pursuits.", I occasionally used to tell myself.

However, after I had heard the grandmother's very different version of events, things changed. Until today, I can still vividly remember that peculiar encounter. It was a stormy afternoon when I was meandering along the alleyway. The winds suddenly went dead and a most captivating conversation became audible:

"But why did the man in the story lie to his son, granny?", a boy was asking his grandmother while the two of them huddled around a kerosene stove.

"My dear grandchild", she replied in a soft, compassionate voice, "the eagle's path was a dangerous one. The man cared so much for his son, and never wanted to see him take risks. That's why he didn't tell him the truth."

In no time after she had finished answering him, I found myself, rather unexpectedly, invited to a most thrilling experience. It was as if I had suddenly been lifted to world I had never visited before. I felt a strange serenity of heart. My mind unwedded itself from reasonableness and gradually went thousands of years back in time. Bit by bit, events started to unfold before my very eyes...

I first heard the winds blow and tear everything apart. It was pitch black. There was no sun. "Even the burning sun couldn't withstand the wrath of the ocean and shied away so shamelessly!", I remember I told myself then. The vision got stronger and stronger by the minute. I saw the featherless eagle battle for his life. The odds were stacked against him. He was confused, lonely, nervous, and cold... No! Freezing! There he was (or a shadow of him) tirelessly fighting the merciless tides of defeat, forcibly drinking the salty and bitter water of consciousness. The Poor thing! He had no choice but endure his nakedness and fight... I was only brought back from my mental excursions by the earth shattering rumblings of a ferocious thunder storm. And as the weather got colder, the grandmother put her arms around the small boy who was quivering as a result of excitement and cold. I myself was socked to the bones. My head grew heavy and my limbs shook rather unrhythmically. The old woman and the boy were sitting close to the window.

"Granny, do you know what happened to the eagle?", he asked again.

"What happened to him is still a mystery to most people", she replied.

"Please, please tell me then what you know!", he begged her. After she had heard his plea, I saw her smile. After a little while she said:

"Well, all I can tell you for now is that the ocean couldn't drown the eagle, though he was washed ashore into a for-

eign island. A group of kids were playing nearby. A small girl saw the motionless eagle first. She drew nearer, feeling with her tiny fingers his broken wings. When she reached him the eagle was dying. He had grown tired with living and just wanted to rest in peace. He was also overwhelmed by pain and deep sense of betrayal...

The small girl became very confused. Feeling helpless and worried, she couldn't do anything but cry. But at that moment something like a miracle happened. Her tears, which were warm, penetrative and pure deeply touched the eagle's freezing heart, washing away much of the salt that had accumulated around it. And after a short while, he gradually began to wake up and tried to move his wings, but couldn't. This, sadly, added to his pain as he soon realised how feeble he had become. He also felt guilty and somewhat responsible for making the small girl tearful. But it really hurt him so much to see himself the object of pity, gratuitous tears and..." In the middle of this, I can recall that the boy started yawning. This was not surprising, as he must have found following the story difficult. Also the way his grandmother had been telling it must have made him sleepy.

"Are you still listening?", she asked softly.

"Yes! Yes! Of course!", he mumbled and in a semi-anaesthetized voice asked: "What happened then?"

"The small girl's friends started calling her to come back. 'Come back! Leave the dead bird alone! We have to finish our game. It's almost

"Granny, do you know what happened to the eagle?", he asked again.

"What happened to him is still a mystery to most people", she replied
"Please, please tell me then what you

lunchtime and we've got to go soon!", they shouted. The small girl gradually withdrew and went back to play with her friends. After five minutes or so she had completely forgotten about the poor eagle. She went home and never thought about him again.", answered the grandmother, gently stroking his forehead.

"Did the eagle die because he was left on his own?", the boy asked very worriedly.

"No he didn't, sweetheart", she replied, and while



still stroking his forehead added: "immediately after the children had gone home, some kind-hearted old people saw the deeply wounded eagle, who by then could twitch his little salty eyes. One old woman lifted him up slowly and said: 'Poor thing! What happened to you? Don't you worry. I'll take care of you. It's going to be all right. I promise.' She took him to

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was surprising to see how determined he was to follow the story. "Is this really what happened, granny? What about the frog? And how come you know everything", he asked again with his eyes half-closed, in what sounded like a hypnotised voice. At that moment, his grandmother was staring at the other side of the room, but after a long pause she replied:

"It's true that the frog was the oldest survivor. It is

also true that he had a trouble-free existence and that almost everybody in this village thinks that he won. Yet you must remember, my dear, that no matter how high it may leap, a frog can never ever reach an eagle's sky and ..." But as she slowly turned her head towards him, the old lady found that her grandchild had fallen asleep. She smiled and kissed him on the cheek. After a minute or two, she carefully tucked a small pillow under his tiny head, turned off the kerosene stove and quietly left the room. When she reached the mould-stricken door-step, she looked back at him and whispered: "What a sweet inquisitive small boy you are!"

After she had left the room, it became mysteriously quite and the heavy rain temporarily stopped. On my way home I kept asking myself: "Did the old lady really know more than everybody else in the village? Why when she answered her grandchild did she say 'all I can tell you for now?'" I also kept thinking about her last sentence: "No matter how high it may leap, a frog can never ever reach an eagle's sky." The temperature dropped drastically and I coughed and sneezed frantically. When I eventually arrived home, I was exhausted

Again?



and could hardly breathe. Three hours or so later my cold degenerated and my family had to call the village doctor. After a thorough examination he said that I had to stay in my room for a week "at least"...

It took me two weeks to recover. During my recovery I did nothing but reflect on the old lady's story: Only then did I begin to realise that the eagle wasn't a conceited and an impulsive creature. His sincerity wasn't only obvious, it was also telling. He visited me in my dreams and told me all about his journey. Within few days he became my hero and I really craved to know more about him.

As soon as I had recovered I went back to the old lady's house to ask her if her story was true and whether or not the eagle ever flew again. Full with all the expectations in the world, I knocked on her door and waited. But to my deep disappointment there was nobody there. The house seemed completely empty and its windows were shut. When I asked the neighbour next door, a young woman told me that I came round too late and that the old lady had died thirteen days before.

- "What about the boy?", I anxiously asked her again.

- "His uncle, who lives in a far away village, took him to live with his children.", she politely replied.

- "What village? What uncle? Tell me, now!", I angrily retorted.

- "I don't know. None of the neighbours does either. The grandmother and her grandchild were strangers. We never knew much about them.", she answered in an ominously low-pitched tone, unwittingly dousing my hopes before the very same window and the very same but empty shanty house.

Frustratingly, the old woman went and took with her the secret of her story. But paradoxical as it may seem to be, maturity has now taught me that doubt is sometimes a good remedy, and that despite mundane reality some dreams always remain beautiful. They never age or lose lustre: They are the ones which are sweet yet never fulfilled. Who knows? The restive child in me might one day fly into the eagle's sky and meet him face-to-face. And if this ever happened, I want that part of me to tell him how silly I must have been to have once belittled his journey.

Whether or not the eagle will accept my apology, is for my small children to decide.

Let's Talk About

The London School of Economics Debating Society

Baljit Mahal.

As, students at the London School of Economic we are at a crossroads in our lives, where the views that we may well hold for the rest of our lives are shaped and take form. We are in an environment, where, there is a wealth of diverse views on diverse subjects and because of this have at our disposal a valuable resource. Namely, that of each other. We have during the course of our experience taken up a whole number of opinions on a wide range of subjects. And in this respect there is a richness of diversity at the LSE. Through developing and taking up views and altering those that we already have, we are engaged in a rich reasoning process that improves our own thought during the course of our lives. One where thought is an indispensable commodity.

However, if we keep these thoughts to ourselves, and hoard them greedily, as if they are some type of private possession, purely for our own personal benefit, we ultimately do ourselves great harm. In engaging in the business of forming viewpoints and opinions, we seek to find in our minds some sense of the truths of the world in which we live. The understanding generated through possessing truth is a vital resource which guides

us during the course of our lives and assists us in directing ourselves away from what harms us and towards what benefits us. The truth is for this reason, not something that we can afford to ignore, for in doing so, ultimately we neglect our own good during the course of our lives.

An issue of uncertainty about the truth is of interest to us all. So that, for example, when a friend states his or her opinion, we can either, accept or reject it, according to whether we think it is the truth in our own minds. Immediately, we may ask ourselves what reasons there are that support or undermine this opinion. It is possible to say, that there is a difference between opinion and truth. But, remember that once it was considered to be a matter of opinion of whether the Earth was flat or round. Now, it is possible to talk about this issue in terms of the truth, namely that the Earth is a sphere and is not flat. So, it is possible to say that a matter of opinion is also a matter concerning truth. Discussion yields the step taken from the former to the latter. If, there had been no process of exchange and sharing ideas would this step from the former to the latter have taken place?

An opinion is either true or false, as it cannot be both at

the same time. So, we can say that we know that there is a truth. But, how do we find out what is true and what is false? Perhaps, we should discuss, we should debate. In doing so we share with each other the possessions of our minds, and can exchange the faults of particular views that we have formerly had, with the benefits of the views that others currently have. In this mutual process of exchange we all benefit through sharing.

In the LSE there is a Debating Society. And, in it we have a resource that allows us to come together to discuss issues of relevance to us. This society formalises the very process of exchange and sharing described earlier, and in participating in it, or simply coming to listen we cannot fail to be enriched as a result. For, we are aware of the diversity of feelings and views of our peers, and may be in a more informed position when we then engage, at some future time in forming and shaping our own viewpoints, so that we take into account a far greater breadth than our own experience alone allows. So, if ever, you have a Wednesday, at lpm spare, consider attending a debate.

"Most people, in fact, will not take trouble in finding out the truth, but are much more inclined to accept the first story they hear," -Thucydides (411 B.C.).

CONFIRMATION OF EXAMINATION ENTRY FOR SESSION 1993/94

for
UNDERGRADUATE, GENERAL COURSE, DIPLOMA, EX-
CHANGE AND ERASMUS STUDENTS

and
SELECTION OF PAPERS FOR SESSION 1994/95
ALL FIRST AND SECOND YEAR UNDERGRADUATES

You should go to the Timetables Office, Room H310,
Connaught House, as soon as possible on or after Mon-
day, 31st January to collect your individual form for the

CONFIRMATION OF EXAMINATION ENTRY AND SELECTION PAPERS FOR THE NEXT SESSION.

The form must be COMPLETED, signed by your tutor and
handed into the Timetables Office NO LATER than
Thursday, 17th February.

What's On

Not too many apologies for the lack of What's On this week, blame the government for our protest and those who have things coming up for not telling us... Whatever, here are a few things to help your week go that little bit quicker.

**Monday
14th**

The Hansard Society for Parliamentary Government welcome Sir Ivan Lawrence MP, speaking on 'Law & Order'. Room X229 at 1pm.

Also, if you hadn't noticed by yet Chris Eubank (that's the boxer, with or without his killer punch) will be appearing in the Old Theatre at 5pm. Although tickets are now sold out, if you turn up at 5 there may be a chance for returns.

As if you hadn't noticed, today is Valentine's Day. Typically LSE isn't doing anything to celebrate, so if you got loads of cards celebrate by getting pissed in the Tuns or if you didn't commiserate by.. getting pissed in the Tuns. Thanks to everyone you sent me loads... you bastards, you're all ugly, probably.

**Tuesday
15th**

LSE Jewish Society present Neville Nagler, 'Chief Executive of the Board of Deputies of British Jews'. Room H216 at 1pm. All welcome.

**Wednesday
16th**

The Management Society presents a seminar on 'Management Buyout' with Mr. Roy E. Cleaver, Joint Managing Director of Altair Filters International Ltd. A wine and sushi reception will follow, giving students the opportunity for further discussion.

Also, the Liberal Democrats have David Rendel MP, the LibDem local government spokesperson talking at 1pm in the Vera Anstey Room.

To round off the day, enjoy a couple of classic movies in the Old Theatre at around 7pm.

Huge night for football as Aston Villa take on the only Merseyside team left in any knock-out competition (Coca-Cola semi 1st leg) Tranmere... not a hope... Wembley, here we come.

**Thursday
17th**

LSE Demos present Baroness Castle at 4pm in C120 discussing 'Is the Welfare State Dead?'

The Canadian Society present Prof. Guy Lachapelle on 'The Future of Canadian Unity' 5pm. in S421.

Have you got into the Habit yet? LSE's regular pre-club night continues in the Underground.

**Friday
18th**

Nothing much to report here, except the usual Time Tunnel disco... With an added extension until midnight.

**Saturday
19th**

Sunday

**Next Week
Back To
Normal What
Ever Normal
Is ?**

Situations Vacant

Temporary Teaching Room Steward (6 Month Appointment)

We are looking for a bright, self motivated individual to help ensure the quality and availability of our teaching room facilities.

Duties of the post include a wide range and include: checking/maintaining rooms and equipment and undertaking various projects relating to room requirement and capacity.

Candidates must have excellent communication skills as liaison with other departments is a large aspect of the job. Recent experience of a Higher Education environment, preferably as a student, would be an advantage.

Salary is in the range £10,293 - £11,885 (inc)

For further details and an application form send a large SAE to the staffing office, LSE, Houghton Street, London WC2A 2 AE. Closing date for completed forms is 18 February 1994

The LSE is committed to Equal Opportunities

Womens Students

Presentation Skills Work Shop

Having difficulties in Seminars?
Need Some help in presenting your material?

Come to skills workshop on:

Wednesday, 2nd March

2.00 - 3.30 pm, C116

Rose Rachman
Advisor to Womens Students

Liz Waller
Chaplain

CENTRAL ACCOMODATION OFFICE

The Accommodation Office is now accepting applications from students who wish to live in School and University residences for the next academic year. Forms are available from E294 during normal office hours. Continuing students should be aware that the number of places set aside for them is very limited.

Deadline for applications is 30th April 1994.

The opening hours of the Central Accomodation Office are:

Monday	10:30 - 16:30
Tuesday	10:30 - 16:30
Wednesday	10:30 - 13:30
Thursday	14:00 - 16:30
Friday	14:00 - 16:30

LSE REVIEW

A magazine for the Arts, Humanities
and Current Affairs

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MAC
IN THE
BOX

Houghton Street Harry

I must say that I'm glad that the Winter Olympics have come around again so soon. I honestly do not think that I could wait another 2 years for the highlight of the sporting calendar. Where is it this time?

It would be a harsh man to say that one God-forsaken snowy town looks remarkably like another. Still, the spectacle is nonetheless breathtaking. The raw excitement of the cross-country, the sinew-jerking emotion of the Nordic combined, what more could a sports fan ask for? How about a bowl of cold beans down your Y-fronts? It would be highly preferable to having our intelligence insulted by the likes of Barry 'Dear, oh dear' Davis who is now apparently an ice dance expert. Give me strength!

Most of us couldn't give a row of old beans as to the finer points of the luge. Yes, it is pretty radical the first time you see an overweight school teacher hurtling along on a tea tray wearing a lycra body stocking, but there is a negative correlation in interest by the time you've seen the 30th competitor do exactly the bloody same. What the kids want to see is the heroic failure usually associated with the Scottish football team.

Take the ice-skating for a good example. A perfect performance is lost on most of us. I always thought that ice-skating involved a trip down to Richmond, getting pushed over by the local yobs and watching your friend get their fingertips sliced off. Apparently this is not the case. Instead you are supposed to squeeze into the most hideous skin-tight bell-bottoms and jump about like you've got a stinging insect in your boxers. Maybe that's why they insist on waving their derrieres about like they were cleaning windows with them. A far better medal to win is the 'Falling On Your Jacks' event. Points are awarded on the lack of balance a competitor shows and when it comes to rubbishing sportsmen/women Barry is almost over-qualified to commentate.

Britain has a terrific history in the Games. Wilf O'Reilly was a gilt edged medal chance in the last Games (located in a snowy God forsaken place somewhere) as the world sprint speed-skating champion. What a relief it was to see him sliding forlornly across the arena having gone base over apex. Quotes like "I just don't know what went wrong" are what the kids want, not the joys of some faceless Scandinavian lifting his 5th meaningless medal in a sport that only they play anyway. Once the Olympics encompasses snooker and gin rummy I will whole-heartedly endorse the absolute tedium that the Winter Olympics represents. At least there is the ice hockey, some semblance of a good old-fashioned sporting struggle. Why would anybody want to ski around in a circle for the best part of 3 hours? I'll be jiggered if I know.

If I had to name one thing that annoys me most about this glamour-free holiday on ice is that I know I will end up sitting in front of it all day and probably watch the highlights (if that is the right description) until the wee small hours. I did last time round and spent the whole time thinking what a pile of woolly socks the entire thing was. Nevertheless it was a good character building exercise, rather like watching Blind Date.

I only hope that my worst fears are unfounded and the British team draw a complete blank on the medal front. The reason I hope for failure is that I want to say "It serves you right for playing such crud sports". Why don't they take up something more conducive to our climate and resources, team odds calling for example. You have to tell it like it is for an hour period deliberately being as opinionated and controversial as possible. The winner is the last one to offer his opponent out. In terms of excitement and medal yield there could only be one winner.

"Where Were You When McGinley and the Rest Scored?"



Sporting Polyfilla

The Specially Edited By Our Libel Lawyer Version

Chris Cooper

Whilst I am neither a scouser nor a Liverpool fan, I can feel I can add to the discussion started by Frank and Walters and Jimmy Carters Mum. I am not sure whether they are genuine scousers or two of the fast dwindling fair weather fan club, but the lamentation of Jimmy Carter must surely be an example of the 'sharp' wit that the former are blessed with.

Another error concerns the selling of Houghton and Beardsley. Houghton desperately wanted to move on, while Beardsley left under a cloud after been seen with Dalglish's wife by a window cleaner, who was also a non-league manager or something like that so my mate 'scouse' Gardiner tells me.

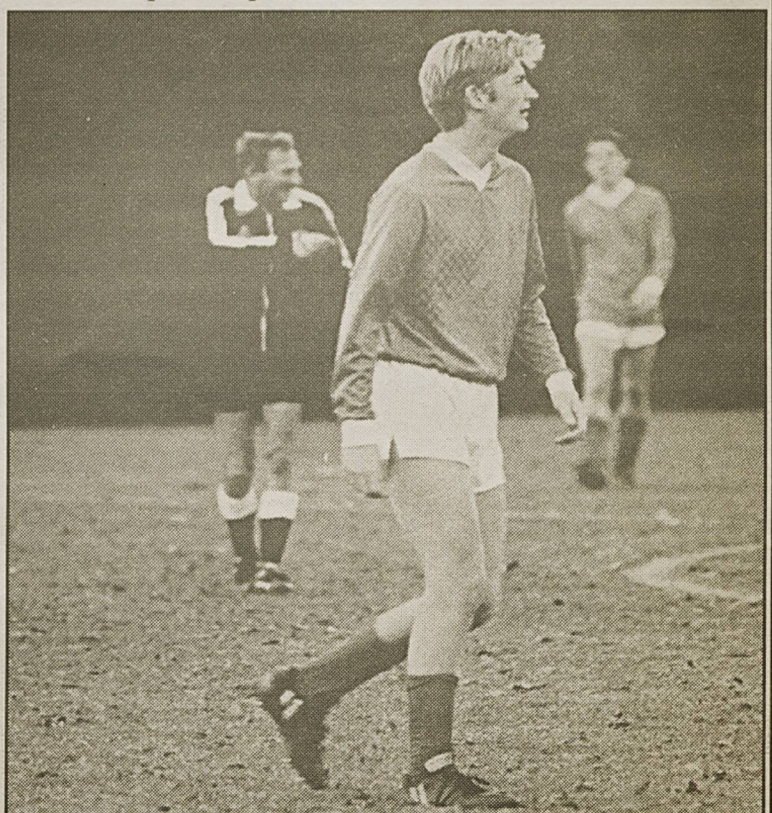
Also, it is absolute shite to say that Saunders and Stewart did not suit Liverpool style of play. Firstly, Liverpool have no style. Secondly, I seem to remember Saunders scoring 20+ goals there (big failure!). Thirdly, Paul Stewart has the perm, good looks, high two footed tackles and ability to spit at people that made Souness himself so endeared during his playing days. It puzzles me how an ex-Tottenham player could not fit in with Liverpool's playing 'style', although it must be hard to express oneself sitting on the bench with his shell suit

on. As for Mark Wright, being slow, crap and having no eyebrows are not the result of 'long standing injuries' but rather genetic defects that could only have been caused by mating Boris Becker and a giraffe with no conception of the offside laws.

Similarly, to praise Grobbelaar for Liverpool's recent revival is completely ludicrous. The man is wank. It defies belief that during the '80's he was held in higher regard than 'keepers like Southall and Woods who managed to be just as good without the 'hilarious' blunders that cost games such as the European Cup-Winners

Cup tie with Spartak Moscow (perhaps not case of 'not enough English players' but onetwat too many. Grobbelaar is 'talented', but only if talented means having a piece of shit on the end of your hair and punching team mates.

And one other thing. If any club deserves to die then surely it is Liverpool. Because their permed, moustachioed, shell suit wearing army were unable to 'calm down' at Heysel, a 5 year ban was imposed on English clubs in Europe and subsequently the decline of our national game began. Bastards.



Slow, crap and much maligned, but the ref says he can play football
Photo: Steve East