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THE BEAVER



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Phone Threat Drama At Bankside

Shailini Ghelani

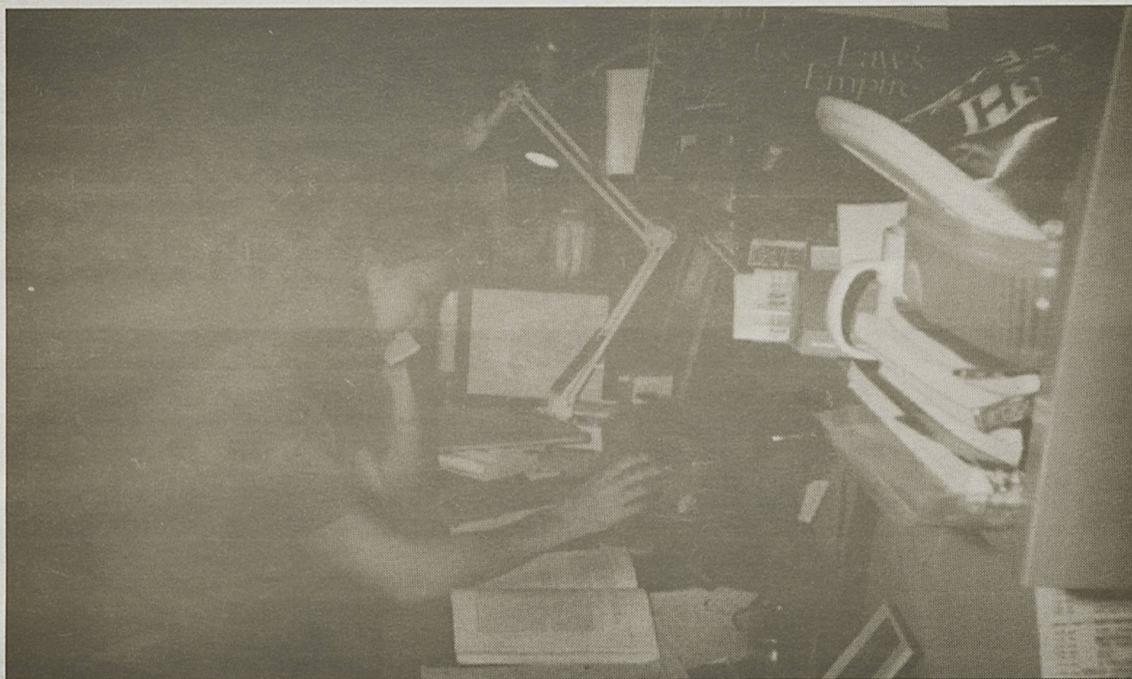
Southwark police have revealed this week that they have 44 files on the LSE Bankside residence. A new addition is a file surrounding malicious phonecalls that students in LSE's biggest hall have been receiving. The Bankside area is also this week at the centre of controversy after The Beaver investigated an incident in which a Bankside resident was attacked by a man with a knife.

The student, who wishes to remain unnamed was attacked from behind while walking under the Blackfriars Bridge underpass in the early evening late last term. The underpass, which has been criticised in the past by students for the dim lighting was unlit at the time. As students who use the underpass will know, there is almost no visibility in the walkway without light.

When describing the ordeal to The Beaver the student recalled how he managed to fight off the attacker, he commented "I didn't really have time to think; luckily I am trained in Kung Fu so I grabbed his hand and twisted his elbow behind his back. I was actually running late for an event at LSE so I wasn't really thinking about the immediate danger that I was put under."

The student was so successful in his attempt to deter the attacker that he allegedly left the man with a broken nose, ribs, elbow and knee. When asked if he felt intimidated walking under the bridge after the incident the student replied "no, not at all."

The student allegedly reported the incident to Bankside reception, who said that they would contact the Police. However, so far the student has not had any follow up from the



Malicious calls hit Bankside

Picture: Ritesh Doshi

Police or Bankside.

The Beaver contacted Bankside reception but the staff had no comments to make. The Beaver also contacted Southark CID where CID officer David Frisby confirmed that they had no recollection of the incident being reported; However, CID disclosed that had the matter been referred to them, they would have contacted the victim.

When asked how the incident would be handled, Bankside's academic resident Andy Goulson said that he had no knowledge of the incident, he would nevertheless contact reception staff to get to the bottom of the matter. The warden of Bankside Dr. Tim Hochstrasser commented "I would as a matter of course advise any student who has

been involved in any incident of this type to contact a member of the wardens team without delay."

The Beaver asked other Bankside students how they felt walking home now that these events have come to light. Fresher Rhiannon Sowerbutts commented "The underpass is quite intimidating anyway, but without the lights it is even worse."

Unrelated but perhaps more serious are the allegations of malicious phone calls to Bankside residents. It is known that several unrelated students have received what are believed to be death threats. One student has contacted The Beaver to detail a call that he received, in which the caller demanded a large cash sum for - non-

existent - drugs purchases.

Staff at Bankside have been instructed by Dr. Hochstrasser not to discuss the incidents. When The Beaver spoke to Andy Goulson he said "there are no comments that I can make at this point, the matter has been reported to the Police and the enquiry is still active."

When asked about the calls Dr. Hochstrasser commented "there is no evidence to suggest one way or the other whether the calls were internal or not, it would be irresponsible to suggest otherwise." He continued "The first calls and reports of calls came in the first week of term, I cannot categorically say that the calls are unrelated, but to the best of my knowledge they are unrelated." He emphasised "if we thought that the

matter was trivial we would not be considering it seriously."

In a notice to Bankside residents the wardens issued the following warning: "Persons found to be involved in making such calls will be prosecuted and/or may face school disciplinary action."

The Bankside House committee, presided over by Paul Rickard, issued the following statement: "Obviously we are unaware who is making these violent phonecalls. It is being condemned as an immature and irresponsible prank. The fact that some of the victims are overseas students only adds to the severity of these unprovoked attacks. It is a sad day when people can only get gratification from mindless, motiveless scare mongering. We are doing our utmost to discover the identity/ies of the caller/s and will be pushing for the most severe discipline should it prove to be an LSE student which at this stage seems most likely."

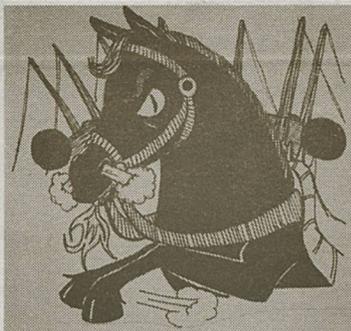
When The Beaver approached Student Line, who provide phones for students in halls of residences, a representative said that internal calls could be traced but those made from outside the network could not.

A further concern is that students at Holborn, Bankside, Roseberry and Passfield all share the first three digits on their phone numbers so a caller wishing to make crank calls would just have to use the prefix followed by any random numbers. Beaver enquiries confirm that the calls have been exclusive to Bankside.

Anyone receiving calls has been advised to report it to their warden, anyone who knows anything about these incidents is urged to come forward.

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Horseman

We got stars directing our fate, and you know we're falling from grace... Millennium.

With just a crap load of days left until the fin de siècle, Millennium fever is hitting the horseman hard. Its all so overwhelming, my knees are turning to jelly, and other places vice-versa. Ever since I was young I always had a thirst, craving, nay, burning desire to gather and collect big round numbers, the ones most arbitrarily created, and potential cataclysmic, the best. So you can imagine my great, near orgasmic, joy every time I even mentally brush up against the big 2 Thousand.

However, whilst my delight is such for numbers with consecutive zeros, my euphoria is tempered by the thought of the trouble all that is liable to ensue. Computers disintegrating, hoodlums running crazily through the streets and old women being confused may be simply the tip of the iceberg. There is so much ludicrousness being touted from all corners that Horseman is planning to close his eyes very tightly and hide under a pile of coats until it all goes away.

Horseman still isn't safe buried away in C023. The net is crammed full of predictions, fears and theories with respect to the big 2K. What with the inevitability of US martial law, antiquated Russian nuclear warheads growing befuddled and exploding left, right and center and sewers exploding, all the geeks in technoland are growing very paranoid. Perhaps all their systems falling over will thin out their numbers a little.

Meanwhile, vast swathes of otherwise normal, well, American, people are rushing off to join Amish-esque cults, hoping to be cosseted and safe in their ludditism. People are giving up their homes and computers in order to live in a barn and eat lima beans all day! I think I'd rather be in central London when that misfired Ukrainian nuclear warhead hits.

With any luck it'll take out a few million gormless tourists shuffling around the Millennium dome gawking at corporate logos. Due to his preferences Peter Mandelson is only able to have brainchildren, and this one has emerged still born. Horseman is particularly amused by the new Millennium 'Experience' advertising. Ignoring the fact that the British Government seems to be taking credit for Mother Teresa and the Easter Island statues, the slogan is hilarious. "Imagine what we can do tomorrow" - not go to the dozens of schools or hospitals that Mandy's £800 million could have provided. Government policy isn't within the Horseman's responsibility, yet, but it seems to be utterly insane to not only spend that kind of cash on a big tent that was initially meant to torn down after a year, but to give all that responsibility and power to just one bent spin-doctor. By bent the Horsemen if obviously referring to financial irregularities.

Strike Action Could Hit Exams

Sinj Mukherjee

On 21st January 1999, the policy-making council of the Association of University Teachers (AUT) decided to approve a motion tabling a 10 per cent increase in pay. According to the AUT leadership, this wage claim is the first step towards redressing the fact whilst professional incomes have risen by almost 40 % in the last 16 years, university lecturers have only received a 3.1% pay increase. Universities such as the LSE, existent pre-1992, have until April 1st to respond to the claim ('new' universities have slightly longer).

It was also agreed at the meeting that the AUT executive would make preparations, for a 'sustained campaign of industrial action' should universities fail to reply appropriately to the union's demands. If the response from employers is unsatisfactory, then industrial action will be taken. Although, as Monica Hicks from the AUT's Press Office noted, it is 'early days yet.'

There would, of course, be an inevitable breathing space between an adverse decision on the part of universities and a ballot of union members, during which mediation can take place. The legality of industrial action depends on the



Is strike action back on the LSE agenda?

Pic: Beaver Library

correct process being followed, which is likely to result in a time lag. Unfortunately this could mean that action could coincide with the LSE exam period.

Exactly what form of industrial action will be pursued is currently unclear; a decision will be taken 'further down the line.' However, the AUT has confirmed that examination boycotts, one-day strikes and disruption of the admissions

programme may be included in the actions taken.

A spokesperson for the NUS quoted in the Guardian, with regards to the AUT's pay claim, said: "We support the AUT's case for extra pay. It is important for morale and to maintain the high standards in this sector that we have well paid, highly-motivated lecturers." The NUS also added that it hoped that industrial action "will not be necessary" if there

was a dispute. LSESU's General Secretary Narius Aga, echoed the sentiments of the NUS in support of the AUT's pay claim, although, if serious disruption to students were to occur, both the NUS and LSESU would have to consider their position.

Come the summer of the first year of tuition fees, it could be the lecturers, not the students, on the picket line.

After visiting Brighton this weekend, I finally began to realise that we really ARE privileged to be here on the Aldwych. Their halls wreak, and for a campus university, everything seems to be a train or bus ride away... oh, and don't try and walk, because you'll probably get mugged by an old woman!!! However, they are constantly opening new restaurants, bars, and cafes, while our select closes...

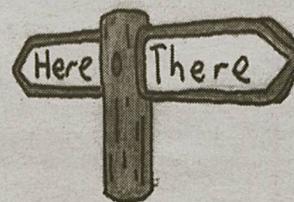
Oh, and they have about three venues to choose for their parties/nights out... the Pier, the Club near the Pier, and the Cinema opposite the Pier; at least we have Tuns - which is more than enough, although if that doesn't fancy your taste, there is the rest of London.

Oh, and for a reasonably "Politically Active" school, the LSE had to sit back as SOAS came through... they are asking for our support for four English Blokes in Yemen - if anything good has come

form this week's UGM, this is it. Speaking of UGMs, we seem to be the ONLY university in England with one - I can't imagine life without the Balcony Boys...

The NUS Executive has launched a campaign to ban fox-hunting across the country... I'm sure that will really irritate our politically active; let's see if SOAS comes through for our furry friends!!! Speaking of Execs, all I can hear is Sabbs, Sabbs, Sabbs - and that's all UCL, Warwick, amongst others, have on their minds. With a number

News From Nowhere



of them being reprimanded, we're just waiting to see what happens to our beloved...

Warwick also have the pleasure of walking to their fairly dispersed

university, as their little village has a lack of public transport, and their Union doesn't seem to be bothered that hoards of drunk boys and girls walk home from Union events.

However, nothing beats Durham University's "Loss"; they some how managed to get £1 million worth of Shakespeare works stolen from their library... and the reward for the return is a mere £5,000 - now, if we begin to apply our simple Economics B...

Speaking of Durham, some Undergraduates have studied how the genitalia of males and females are similar... and they are actually receiving an award for such!!! Oh, and in relation to last week's theft, be warned - theft also occurs in third rate universities... but at least our thieves get away; theirs merely get killed.

Ritesh Doshi

PuLSE set to be Heartbeat of London



Union Jack

As Yuan's ponytail gets longer and longer, and Nariuzz witters on regardless (what was that about Balck Sabbath?) the UGM seems to get shorter and shorter. Half an hour of emasculated political debate and occasional outbursts from the floor: the whole affair seems more and more like Prime Minister's Question Time. At least Wignall is still more entertaining than Betty Bothroyd, although he does tend to squeal like an old woman when some paper hits him (ooh, that bloody hurt.) Brendan Cox's accusations that Tricky Dicky might be living up to his name by sneaking into all girl's halls (how wizard) were considerably less stinging however. Everyone knows that there is only one woman for young Wingnut, and she is generally too busy campaigning for the immediate release and canonisation of General Pinochet to reciprocate. Pity. Perhaps Wignall's withdrawal from the forefront of Tory democracy has something to do with UGMs which are often less exciting than a Spurs-Wimbledon tie.

Instead Brendan was staking his claim for the hearts of the masses (with the ballot box looming in the distance) by arguing that Crush should be open for longer. This was never going to arouse much indignation even from the Tory seats. Jo Swinson was seconding, proving that Liberals will throw their lot in with anyone (ask Jon Black.) Jack wholeheartedly agrees that people should be allowed to drink more for longer.

The vexed issue of the Veggie Cafe then lurched its way into the Old Theatre like Fat Bob Sellers after seventeen pints and a rat kebab. Cow Girl proposed to turn the former vegan haven into a celebration of sport and t-bone steaks. Apparently the site is "a prime piece of space" which is going to waste. So is Alex's bottom, however, and Jack proposes that the SU erects a wide screen television on it in time for the Cricket World Cup. Despite a last minute bid from Andy McCharredwood to turn the building into a branch of everyone's favourite purveyors of equality in a bun nobody was really prepared to vote against the football and flesh fanaticism of the Balcony Boys. Hence the second motion of the day was passed as easily as a high fibre tofuburger stool.

Matt Bros may be more aesthetically pleasing these days but it seems that not everyone feels the same about the Beaver. Winsome Jo was unimpressed about the world view of Tory Boy, Jack's new drinking buddy.

Jack feels somewhat isolated as one of the few sections of the paper not to draw criticism. To rectify this Jack would like to encourage you to imagine Wignall and Netball Girl smeared in vaseline and playing naked leapfrog while that little Tory who looks and sounds like Gordon the Gopher pisses on the pair of them. Whine about that, someone.

News Team

After years of work, many late nights and enough blood sweat & tears to flood the Sahara, PuLSE, the LSESU's very own FM radio station finally went on the air today. From 7am this morning it should've been possible to hear the first in what should be a long line of broadcasts produced by the best creative talents of the LSE's student body.

The official launch party took place last Thursday and was preceded by a press launch featuring the cream of B-List celebrities, Masterchef himself; Loyd Grossman. Loyd, an LSE graduate himself, took time out from his busy schedule to help the fledgling station get off the ground and record his very own "Desert Island Discs" which will be broadcast today at 6pm.

Although PuLSE will only be providing a London wide FM service for the duration of its four week Radio Authority contract the station will continue to provide a constant service to LSE halls and hopefully the Three Tuns as well as there being the possibility of further FM contracts in the future.

With the launch of PuLSE, the LSE joins a wide network of student run Radio stations. Although many have been running significantly longer than PuLSE it is hoped by many that the station will have a long and productive lifespan.

"PuLSE is the biggest thing to hit the LSE in a very long time," said PuLSE business director Ruth Elkins.

"The station is something that everyone will be able to get involved in. It will provide a platform for the LSE's many societies and will help foster a real community spirit amongst the LSE's student body; PuLSE will be the way everyone knows what's going on."

LSESU treasurer Yuan Potts stated that PuLSE was "The Best fifteen Grand I've spent this year..." He also added that the station was a real tribute to Station manager Maria Neophytou and her "Hard work and determination over the last two years."

General Secretary, Narius Aga was also enthusiastic about the station.

"It is a milestone in the history of the student Union," he said.



DJ's Jimmy & Fletch cogitate with Loyd Grossman

Photo: James Savage



The PuLSE team in full. Possibly...

Photo: Courtesy of PuLSE

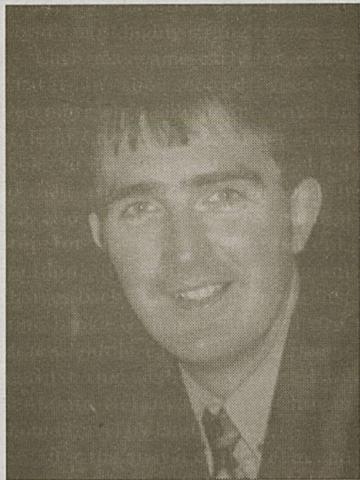
MPs give chase on hunting issue

Tom Livingstone

One of the more emotive issues in the current political climate was debated in the Old Theatre last Tuesday, as two MP's ran through the arguments for and against fox hunting.

Speaking in favour of a ban was Mike Foster, the Worcestershire MP whose private members' Bill was introduced last year. Foster asserted that only 5% of lambs were killed by foxes every year, a tiny figure compared to the 40% who die due to malnutrition or hypothermia. It was rubbish to claim, said Foster, to portray the fox as a great pest - especially in view of the fact that many hunts bred their own fox cubs.

Nevertheless, he conceded the need for some form of pest control, and suggested that perhaps lamping, whereby the fox is shot by a marksman, would be the most humane method,



Mike Foster MP at the LSE last Tuesday
Picture: Laure Trebosc

Foster also stressed that the fox hunt was a purely social occasion - no farmer wishing to eradicate a fox was likely to wait until the local hunt

came round.

Presenting a slightly different view was Lembit Opik, Lib. Dem. MP for Montgomeryshire. Opik gave Foster credit for bringing the issue on to the agenda. Rather than any outright ban, Opik was more in favour of greater regulation of fox hunts. Opik also complained that the reasons put forward were not consistent with policies towards abattoirs, for instance.

Contributions from the floor ranged from attitudes on angling to abortion, but the general tone was one of reasoned debate, in contrast to that which normally graces the Old Theatre stage.

Contributors from the 80-strong audience were evenly split on the issue, which is likely to remain highly controversial for some time to come.

Hacks clash over election paper chase



Potts... 'Reform is needed'

Tom Livingstone

dealt with.

Thus far, no one from any of the LSE political societies have raised any objections to The Beaver.

Parham explained that the change to funding rules were designed to prevent corruption. 'Currently, someone can get one of their mates, who isn't interested in standing, to run as a link candidate, and they can then double their spending limit.'

The plans to change the way E-mail is used stems from the events of last term, when many students received the same E-mail over 40 times. The trial use of e-mail, that has run for two years, may now be about to come to an end.

Aga also claimed to be unhappy about plans to extend voting hours, and the scrapping of Hall voting, stating that he 'couldn't see the point' of doing it. He claims that this reform has been put forward by 'a member of the same political party.'

Some of the original proposals have been modified - such as a plan to distribute election manifesto pamphlets. The less contentious paper allocation plans have also been modified, with Sabbs set to be allowed up to 2000 sheets.

Parham stresses that he is willing to discuss the changes, stating 'I'm more than happy to continue debating this - I hope any problems can be ironed out.' The proposals will be in debated at the UGM in two week's time, when a two third majority will be need for the constitution to be changed. Parham - despite the objections - remains 'very hopeful' that they will be passed.

Yuan Potts, SU Treasurer concluded "Whilst I support the thrust of Parham's reforms there are clearly a number of questions yet to be answered."

A row is brewing within the Students' union over proposals to reform elections, with SU General Secretary Narius Aga accusing those behind the plans of a 'hidden agenda.'

The reforms, presented by Returning Officer Sam Parham, and supported by Sabbatical officer Maria Neophytou, range from reduction in paper allocations to a ban on mass E-mailing. However, it is the plans to alter the spending allowances of candidates that has aroused the greatest controversy.

Under the plans, candidates would be given individual limits, regardless of whether they run on a slate. Currently, a £100 limit exists on each slate, with individual Sabbatical candidates allowed to spend £50 each. Aga complains that 'a slate could pool their money and effectively multiply their resources.' Furthermore, the Gen. Sec. claims that 'there is a clear bias in favour of one political party, of which the Returning Officer is an active member.'

He went on to express his views that the amendments would discriminate against independent candidates, who wished to stand outside party or ideological tickets. 'We have an exuberant tradition of elections at the LSE,' Aga said. 'This should be encouraged, not stifled.'

Nevertheless, Parham denies that there is a Labour conspiracy, pointing out that reforms would affect everybody standing on a slate, not simply the Labour club. Parham added 'obviously I would be very unhappy with pooling,' claiming that there would be a mechanism in place to ensure that any abuses will be

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editorial

Firstly I must wish you a Happy, if belated, new year. As you are no doubt aware, as a regular reader like my good self, the paper was on the briefest of sabbaticals at the start of term, but hey pobodys nerfect.

This weeks issue pretty much continues our spate of halls bashing. It's not that we're anti-poor food and oppressive architecture, it's just that it would appear that LSE residents are getting a pretty poor deal of late. Residents of Bankside are being bombarded with offensive and malicious phone calls, whilst, as we reported last week, the smattering of LSE students at International Hall are far from immune. Evidence seems to indicate an inside job with respect to the theft of over £2,000 of computer equipment.

But it's not all bad news. This week sees the fresh arrival of PuLSE, the LSE's very own, and very new, radio station. PuLSE has just 28 days to convince the broadcasting authorities that it deserves a permanent slot on your radio dials - or not.

You may well have more time to take in LSE's favourite radio station if the AUT has its way and pull its members over recent pay wrangles. The AUT wants to pull up lecture's wages to the levels enjoyed by their fellow professionals, a policy the Beaver fully endorses - if only because it will get me out Micro Lectures.

With the knowledge of my sloth and apathy fresh in your mind I bid you farewell and happy reading.

Daniel Lewis,
Deputy Editor

Tory Boy: Complaints and Apologies

Sir,

An article featured on the politics page of last week's Beaver was, in the opinion of myself and others, of seriously substandard quality. I am, of course, referring to the submission entitled Tory Boy.

The humour was weak, the informative content nearly zero, and as such was of the genre one would expect to find between the pages of Viz.

Surely there are more effective ways of ridiculing Her Majesty's Opposition than resorting to a tired running gag that is plagiarised and well beyond its sell-by date? Could not the comical talents behind the excellent Union Jack be employed to create an entirely original satire, or is Tory Boy the best that the London School of Economics can muster?

If so, then it surely is a sad reflection upon the state of our institution.

In addition, I found the personal comment regarding Tank Girl to be crass and unnecessary, as I imagine the individual it referred to did.

The fact that such a below-the-belt remark could occur not once, but twice in one issue could be viewed as an instance of gross editorial

incompetence and insensitivity.

I hope the next issue is not similarly blighted.

Yours Faithfully,

Richard G Wignall
Chairman, UGM

The Comments levelled against the "Tory Boy" Column by Richard Wignall, Jo Swinson (who's letter is not printed here owing to space reasons) and numerous others have been noted by the Editor and Editorial team of the Beaver. Although offence was not intended The Beaver accepts that many people were, and that in general the piece was below the high standard that both the Beaver and its readers expect.

Although it was only due to editorial oversight that the article was actually unpublished, The Beaver understands that excuses are not good enough and wishes to assure its readership that measures are being taken to prevent such events occurring again.

Veggie Passe

Dear Editor,

So, the beloved Veggie Cafe has breathed it's last. No more rock-hard greying pizza slices or vatfuls of congealed lentil bake. No more service so sullen and grindingly slow that it would shame even a state-run canteen in North Korea. No more financial losses to the Union of £6,000 per annum.

However, what is going to go in the place of this august institution? Apparently the weekly UGM is to debate alternative options for the cafe. Quite right too. However one must question how representative a sample of the LSE opinion the UGM regulars and hacks (I admit to being one myself) constitute.

Perhaps the Su treasurer should start work on a survey to find out what the average man or woman on Houghton Street thinkas (and that of course includes many people like those with special religious or dietary requirements who are unlikely to who we are from in the UGM). We may want to consider whether the LSE has enough eateries already. For years the Cafe has been the only LSESU service to lose money. Maybe the sudden incursion of Westminster Council's Enviromental Health inspectors could actually be a real opportunity for the union.

Yours

Joe Roberts



THE BEAVER

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(a.hartley[at]lse.ac.uk)

A New Executive For the Millenium?

General secretary's Column

TIME FOR CHANGE?

As the School contemplates changing its governing structure, should the SU be examining how its functions and how its own structure can be reformed? The environment in the School and the nature of the SU has changed immensely in the past few years and it is time the Union changed with it. We have to take an honest look at our structure and ask ourselves if, for instance, some of the positions on the executive have become superfluous and if there are some things which we could be doing better. Here are some of the ideas which have been put forward, they are still in embryonic form and are meant to stimulate discussion, your comments and criticisms are, as always, sought and welcomed:

Communications

Loretta has done a sterling job as communications officer but with responsibility for the Union page, posters and ensuring students are aware of all Union activity there is no doubt that she is the most overworked member of the Exec. In addition, by some sort of miracle we manage to put out a weekly newspaper written and edited by full time students, the fact that successive Beaver editors have avoided nervous breakdown and degree failure is a matter of luck more than anything else. In addition we have a new radio station, with its own demands and even as a Sabbatical with no degree to worry about I find the workload of being PuLSE's station manager immense. And with the added burden of our other publications, the Handbook, the Alternative Prospectus and the Alternative Course Guide, there is more than enough work for a full time communications officer to do. The fact is that all these things could be done better. When you look at the quality of the publications other SUs are putting out there is no doubt that we are falling behind. We need someone to market the Beaver and the radio station properly, the potential for corporate sponsorship is there but cannot be realised under the current arrangements. So the following issues need to be considered:

- Do we need a Beaver Sabbatical Editor? What are the implications of this for editorial independence and collective Sabbatical responsibility?

- Should we create a full time position for a general SU

Communications Officer?

- What should their job description be?

I suggest marketing the Beaver and PuLSE and generating advertising (they would have no editorial control but would be more like a publisher, with possibly responsibility for design and layout), and in addition have overall responsibility for all Union publications including publicity.

- Should the communications officer be a Sabbatical position or a staff position? Should it be held by a student taking a year out or should we employ a qualified person? If a student, then should they be elected or appointed?

I'm personally in favour of a fifth Sabbatical but would be interested to hear what other people think. This raises the question of whether the Sabbatical structure itself needs to be reorganised, although this could threaten the historically undervalued yet vital role of the Education and Welfare Officer.

The Executive

The Exec is, arguably, too big, lacks definition and doesn't perform its representative function as it should. This is a problem with the structure more than with the people on it so here are some of the ideas for reform:

- Abolish the Exec in its current format. Create a welfare and representation committee responsible for Union awareness weeks and certain campaigns. Membership of the committee will depend on which positions students would like to keep and to be created, here is a list, which ones do you think we need?

Overseas Officer
Home students Officer
Post-graduate officer
Mature students officer
Womens officer
Mens officer
Disabled students officer
LGB officer
Anti racism officer

In place of the old Exec, a new streamlined exec with responsibility for Union policy and campaigns would be created. Membership would include the four Sabs, an environment officer, a representative from the AU (probably the AU president), the interhalls committee representative, the societies officer and possibly two people co-opted from the welfare committee, to represent its views and concerns to the Exec.



- Or, keep the Exec but have everyone elected as a slate and then chose which job descriptions they would like to concentrate on once elected, a bit like the way the NUS block of twelve works. An exec member might chose to campaign on improving access and representation for disabled students and liaising with hall presidents on accommodation issues, meanwhile these issues and others would have more than one person working on them.

Obviously the ideas expressed here are influenced by the fact that as Education and Welfare Officer I am finding it hard to generate any help or support for awareness weeks or campaigns and that I have an obsession with the media and want to see PuLSE succeed and the Beaver flourish. Coming from different perspectives, you will no doubt have other suggestions so please express them, after all this is *your* Students Union.

Maria Neophytou (Ed&Wel)

The role of Communications Officer at the LSE is quite ambiguous. Its role in the Student's

Union is limited by it being a part-time Executive post, so a full-time student has to undertake a level of work that is more than any other Exec member, and is as a Sabbatical. Presently, the role involves publicising SU events, writing a Union Page in the Beaver and the soon-to-be established PuLSE radio will increase the burdens on that Officer who has already to fit their duties between their academic studies.

To pay for another Sabbatical may seem unnecessary, but the role of communications officer being full-time would make a large impact on the whole student union community. For instance, Westminster University has a paid Publications Editor and a Publications Budget of over £50,000. Whilst we can not hope to match this sum from Union funds, we could potentially be generating more from advertising if someone was specifically employed for this purpose. The role could absorb much of the tasks other Sabs currently do beyond their remit which are really a job for a communications officer. This would allow these Sabs to devote more of their time to their own roles. One could also argue that previous campaigns that have received complaints for being poorly-organised and badly communicated to the wider student community, may become a thing of the past, if this new role allows a fully-trained SU representative to undertake such matters.

Loretta Reehill,
LSE SU Communications Officer

Wednesday 3rd February 1999

Underground Dance Music
Society Presents

D.J. Competition

'Battle of the
Mix Masters'

£2 entry to M.Nahal@lse.ac.uk

PRIZE £50 plus
guaranteed slot with
U.D.M.S.

7-11pm

Entrance £1 members/£2 non-members
GUEST JUDGES

Concerns have been raised about the decanting arrangements for the library since the building's name was withheld in the Beaver article last week. I wish to clarify however that this was only due to a delicate stage in the negotiations, which nevertheless are continuing at a rapid pace and hopefully will be wrapped up very shortly with positive results. Plans meanwhile are continuing both for the decant project and the library redevelopment and if you have any questions or ideas regarding either of these, please do not hesitate to get in touch with me. Credit must be given where due and officials in both the School administration and the library have been very co-operative in accepting our input and addressing our concerns and this can only continue effectively with your recommendations, suggestions or criticism coming through.

Various doubts have been voiced regarding the SU Cafe and the sensationalism in the news story in the Beaver merely served to encourage rumours, all of which are totally unfounded in my view. The letter from the Westminster Council addresses among other things staffing issues which are confidential in nature and shall continue to remain so. As is clearly stated in the the SU constitution, all staffing matters will be dealt with by the Administration and Staffing Committee (which comprises of the sabbatical officers and the General Manager) and any appropriate action if necessary is taken by this committee. The fact of the matter in this instance however remains that commercial considerations were paramount and we felt that an amount in excess of a hundred thousand pounds did not represent value for money if it resulted in the Cafe' being in a similar state as before. We realised that there was a pervading level of dissatisfaction with the Cafe and felt it would be prudent to consult the student body as to what your needs and desires are. A motion to investigate the possibility of a sports and grill bar was approved by the UGM today, and as mandated we shall look into it, as we shall look into other ideas suggested but we do realise that students who do not attend UGMs regularly need to be consulted as well and we will ensure that very shortly.

PuLSE, the Students' Union radio station will have hit the airwaves by the time this issue comes out. It is by far one of the most exciting projects undertaken by the SU in years and has created a buzz around this place not seen in quite some time. A commendable effort indeed and all credit to Maria Neophytou, Education & Welfare Officer and PuLSE Station Manager, who has nurtured this project from its conception and strove on in the face of insurmountable odds, overcoming numerous obstacles on her part through a herculean effort. Ably assisted by an industrious and exuberant team, she has finally turned this idea into a reality. Brace yourself and lock your dial in to 87.7 FM for the rest of this month, it's sure to be a winner!

Cheers

Narius Aga,
General Secretary, LSESU

LSE CHRISTIAN UNION

Jesus Awareness Week

JAW is coming!... from 02 Feb.-05 Feb., the LSE Christian Union is organising a host of activities for those who are interested in knowing more about Christianity ... So what's going on?????

These talks are given by Richard Coekin one of the best Bible teachers in the U.K. The talks are informal, enlightening, and not to be missed!

Tuesday...1300hrs-1400hrs...S75 "If God is Love, why do we suffer?"

Wednesday...1300hrs...S601 "If God is real, why doesn't He prove it?"

Thursday...1300hrs...S601

"If God is Just, why do good people go to hell?"

Friday...1300hrs...E304 "If God is Merciful, why is Jesus the only way?"

Grill-a-Christian

A good opportunity for all to come and have their doubts answered...

Rosebery Hall...Tuesday evening... 2000hrs

Passfield Hall...Wednesday evening...2000hrs

COFFEE BAR

(at the Underground Bar, just below the Tuns)

...a good place to chat, have tea, coffee, cakes, or just to while away free time...open from 1200hrs -1500hrs... for only 10p!!!

Beaver Arts Pullout

Beaver Arts Pullout



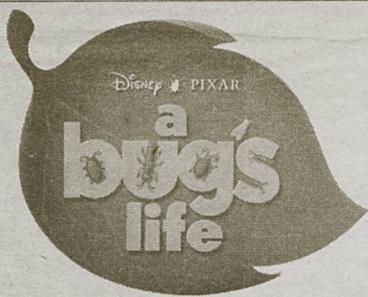
UNKLE
IDLEWILD
SEBADOH DELAKOTA
MANSUN
ELLIOTT SMITH

JONAH JONES
NORMAN BRADSHAW



The Brat Pack

NME Awards Special - Centre Pages



A Hard Bug's Life

Slugging It Out - Ants At War : Phase 2

It's that time of year again when the ants (antz?) of Ant Hill are paid a visit by the evil grasshoppers who've come to steal the fruits of their hard labour. This time, however, a bumbling ant named Flik (voiced by David Foley of cult TV show *Kids In The Hall*) has accidentally spilled the foodsupplies into a puddle, and when the grasshoppers arrive to find nothing, they demand that double the amount be gathered by next time, or else. It is now up to Flik to find help before it's too late.

Thus begins the latest visual feast from Pixar Animations, the creative geniuses behind *Toy Story*. Each scene is beautifully rendered with rich textures and brilliant colours that literally jump off the screen. Sometimes its really difficult to believe that the film is 100% computer generated. What sets it apart from other computer-generated features is its innovative use of the medium, such as the exciting bird chase scene and a rain-shower that's made to feel like a bomb attack. The inventive knack shines through with

the film's creative use of human rubbish to form the bug world, particularly in the design of the bustling metropolis.

The entire film is packed full of slapstick humour and great one-liners. Most of these are provided by a circus troupe that mistakenly gets roped into helping the ants. Denis Leary has a fantastic comedic role as Francis the male ladybug who's constantly mistaken for a female of the species. An

audience favourite though are the twin Mexican pillbugs, Tuck and Roll, who mimic anyone they come into contact with. The real



laughs though come not from the established characters but rather from the surrounding insects who set the tone in each scene. One of the funniest showed a fly gliding trace-like into an electric blue bug zapper. As his fly friend was screaming at him to 'stay away from the light', his deceived buddy replies 'but its soooo beautiful' and proceeds on until he's fizzling in the poisonous glow. It is humour like

this which propels the film and keeps audiences entertained whilst distracting them from the lack of depth in both plot and character development.

Inevitably people are going to want to know how Disney's *A Bug's Life* compares to *Antz*, the rival alter ego from Dreamworks, and though they cover similar terrain, they both offer unique approaches to the subject and the result is two very different motion pictures. Whilst *Antz*, released in the UK last November, chose to play the pop intellectual card, claustrophobic and dark with a communist subtext, *A Bug's Life* is more cheerful, happy-go-lucky and cutesy. If you really are that interested in the details of the working class revolution, begin with *Antz* and then take out Marx's *Communist Manifesto*. If instead you want to marvel at some unbelievable CGI work and have a good giggle at the same time, then *A Bug's Life* is for you. And now a tip...hang on after the end credits for some great 'outtakes'.

Mark Tannen



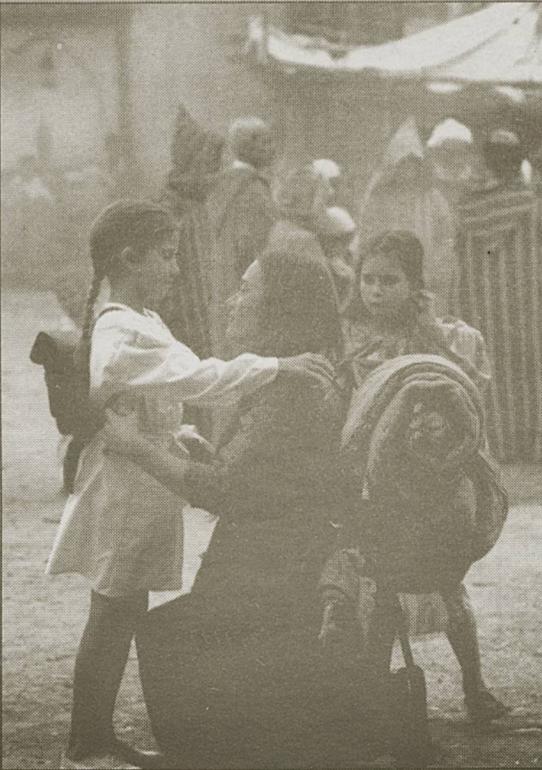
Hideous Kinky? About Right

The New Winslet Vehicle Fails To Impress Matt Berry

Last year was most certainly the year of lovely Leo and his wet playmate Kate. But it's 1999 and things have taken a dour turn for the worst. Titanic II is in the pre-production stages and that oh so sweet girl Kate has jumped ship, shunning Leo's star game in favour of an altogether different approach to picture painting. She wanted to fly the flag but her nation failed her and gave her a lottery grant and a rather mediocre script to play with. Oh dear. Kate decided she needed some summer sun after her chilling experience in the mid-Atlantic and convinced Gillies MacKinnon that she could really use a warm pre-nuptial break in Marrakech. On a bit of a high following the success of his latest movie, *Regeneration* (based on Pat Barker's novel), old Gillies was totally mad for it and hopped a little too quickly on the earliest available flight to Morocco. On the way to the airport he popped into Streatham's smallest second-hand bookshop and

picked up a dog-eared copy of *Hideous Kinky*, a novel by Esther Freud. Gillies, being mildly myopic, found the tale both delightful and passionate, offering a new perspective on life's purpose. To cut a long fictional story short, MacKinnon got his brother, Billy to adapt Freud's novel into a feature-length screenplay and told Kate to extend her trip to North Africa to accommodate a little time for karmic discovery.

Hideous Kinky, set in 1972, follows Julia (Winslet), a single mother of two from London, who takes her family to Marrakech for a year in search of a colourful and imaginative experience. She falls in love with Bilal (Said Taghmaoui), a local acrobat who later turns out to be something of a fraud, and the girls, Bea and Lucy,



finally see in him a father-figure. Meanwhile, Julia is deeply fascinated by the practices of the Sufi, an illusive Arabic religious sect, within whose means she sees the key to a higher understanding of life. She takes it upon herself to visit their monastery but the plan rather blows up in her face...stubborn little goody two-shoes Bea refuses to come having settled comfortably into school life and on return from the desert escapade, Julia finds the brat has vanished. The conclusion is not altogether unexpected.

Hideous Kinky has a major problem. It is the kind of story that would no doubt make for a fabulously deep and satisfying novel but which proves extremely tricky to adapt for the screen. The screenplay lacks bite and although you get the feeling

that you ought to be emotionally involved, Billy MacKinnon makes it hard to become attached leaving the viewer bored. It's a slap in the face to both the fantastic direction and the high quality acting, especially on the part of the young girls. It is certainly a beautiful film to watch but unless you thought *What Dreams May Come* was a classic of the 1990s, you will



leave with a sense that something central was missing. A shame for a girl like Kate who has captured the hearts of so many men at such a young age. Then again, if you fit into that category you might as well spend that fiver just to witness the effects of Moroccan humidity on scantily clad hippies.

Silent but Deadly

Theatre without words? More interesting than you might think, says James Corbett

From the surrealist window theatre of the Blue Boys to the mud-splattered misfits of the Josef Nadj company, and the bamboozling brilliance of BP Zoom to the genius which makes up Derezo, the 21st London International Mime Festival provided a fortnight of sheer entertainment, as inspiring as it was often innovative. Still stuck in the minds of many as being a marginalised medium remaining tightly in the grip of a radical few, the festival provided the opportunity to show any doubters that the misunderstood theatrical beast that is mime, is as accessible to those who have never set foot in a theatre as it is to those purists who painstakingly study every minutiae of practitioner's theory.

The festival opened with the Josef Nadj company's retelling of George Buchner's 160 year-old yarn, *Woyzek*. Eschewing spoken word, the Nadj Company retold this powerful unfinished tale of obsession, desperation and murder using the techniques taught, by Nadj's legendary mentor, Marcel Marceau, at the World-renowned Lecoq School. Featuring a set which was as ingenious as it was beautiful, and actors who glided around the stage with a seemingly effortless indolence, *Woyzek* provided a perfect beginning to the festival.

The Nadj company's replacement at the Purcell Rooms after a four-day run was BP Zoom in an American and French double act, one a straight man

to the other man's fool, they provided what could be one of the great comedy double acts of all time.

you would almost believe that what you were seeing was normal. Nola Rae at the Pleasance Theatre

One of the more bizarre shows was the Blue Boys. Featuring Australian artist, Neil Thomas, and three blue

summer were the Russian clown troupe, Derevo, and their production *Once*. This wasn't just mime, it was everything: slapstick; dancing; acrobatics; games; *commedia dell'arte*, all with the ability to make you want to laugh uncontrollably one minute, and cry hysterically the next. In the end you don't know where the tears are coming from - whether it's through joy, or through sadness. As one writer put it: 'It's a mix up, a fantastic dream in marvellous pictures.' In all the years I've been going to the theatre, I've never seen anything which has been quite so moving - and I speak as one of the fortunate few who has seen Sir Anthony Hopkins on stage in the last 20 years.

Derevo's leader, Anton Adassinsky has been hailed as theatre's new messiah and as the saviour of the stage. True, his methods are unconventional - the gruelling years of training aimed at getting his actors 'back to zero' is hardly likely to win him many friends amongst the equity card carrying fraternity - but if they're capable of producing feature of the earth-shattering magnitude of *Once* then surely they're a sacrifice worth making. In fact if Adassinsky and his contemporaries proved anything at the London Mime Festival, then it is surely that the future of theatre belongs away from the unimaginative dullness of the West-End and in the hands of the innovative and creative mavericks who dominate this misunderstood medium.



Jeff McBride and dancer Jehan perform in the Tandava Fire Dance at the London Mime Festival

In just sixty minutes they took the audience through a roller-coaster journey which saw them driving along in their clapped out Fiat; playing the spoons; floating around the bottom of a fishtank; acting out the roles of rock stars and then driving away in their jalopy, in a routine which ran so smoothly that

took us through the life and times of Mozart, which, although less of a satisfying experience than *Amadeus* (which, by a strange quirk of fate, I'd happened to see a day earlier) was still a routine which brought together Rae's inimitable humour and great artistry in order to explore the life of the child prodigy.

mannequin replicas of himself, painted and dressed identically, they sat for sixteen days in a display cabinet in the Natural History Museum. 'The Blue Boys don't do much at all', says Thomas. 'Zen. Illusion. Contemplation.' Indeed! The real stars of the festival though, as indeed they were in Edinburgh last

RSC Measures Up

Susanna Sava savours one of Shakespeare's more obscure comedies, and finds that it has something to say to a modern audience

Shakespeare again? When is the old man gonna give us a break? Not of any era, but of all time, his plays have been the delight of generations of audiences thirsty for an entertainment strangely interwoven with tormenting questions. Nowadays above all, with society floundering in a morass of confusion akin to a crisis of values, Shakespeare's theatre seems to be taking seriously its mission of being the universal conscience. In this context, a play of the calibre of *Measure for Measure* is more than welcome.

With a breathtaking sense of the times, the director Michael Boyd delivers a memorable production of one of the Bard's most obscure comedies, retaining a lot of the play's obscure questions. Do you obey the law just because you are afraid of the consequences? How do you stay true to yourself without being self-centred and lonely? Who gives anyone the right to judge another fellow man?

On the brink of a wolfish reform of the civil justice and in the face of decaying religious awareness, the message spoken by actors' voices over hundreds of years make society take a hard look at itself. The

challenging political and religious questions are old and so is the play. But the director is new and with fresh eyes, he doesn't spare any of the immense resources offered by the RSC and the Barbican itself.

Great emphasis is placed upon the role of the duke played by Robert Glenister. The public is presented with a very authentic stance of the perennial exercise of searching for truths and answers about one's own self. The duke seems to be a great man in an impasse. His development from lenience to severity in leadership is within the scope of a very positive approach, which sees a good leader as an answer to all the ills of society. Unfortunately these days the theory fails gloriously. In the shadow of the Duke's character, Angelo-angel carries the wrong name. Stephen Boxer's

performance brings artificiality to its rights. One



feels sorry for Angelo, a character that sets himself absurdly severe principles to follow and fails in his enterprise the first time he has to face temptation. Moving swiftly on the mentality front, the discourse for chastity is doomed to be void of any modern

significance and is only there as a vestige of what once used to be a value. The impact of Isabel's white-robed character goes only so far as to inflict pangs of remorse on a community who said goodbye to purity for practical reasons. In the light of this, the lewd language is no longer an element of contrast but a mirror which one feels comfortable to look into. Decor-wise, the stage arrangements serve the purpose of reconstructing type-images. Three high chairs across the stage bring to life snap-shots of a modern courtroom. The image of the prison is conveyed in a very innovative fashion: prisoners' heads emerge from trap doors in the floor at the same level as the valiant feet of non-prisoners. So much for a hint at a lower standard of behaviour. Anyway, after three hours the dose of

promiscuity expires and the moral order of things is restored. It leaves the spectator with a hope for better days on the basis that some challenging political and religious questions will be answered. The effect of the play is extraordinary and it does the trick even on those of the audience who are not in the trade.

Coming back to the original question, when will we stop bothering about Shakespeare, the answer is maybe in a perfect society where laws and morals function with punctilious precision. Until that stage is reached, today's society as it is will just have to face the music, or rather the play, revealing its imperfection.

Measure for Measure has recently been playing in the White House but the season is now over. There is only one chance left: the Shakespearean version. So, hotfoot it over the river to the RSC's London residence, the Barbican, a modern concrete edifice that houses a vivid and exciting production made to measure. *Measure for Measure* is continuing at The Barbican Theatre, Silk Street, EC1. Opens 20 January - last performance 11 March.

Singles

After vocal contributions from Richard Ashcroft, Thom Yorke and Mike D, **Unkle** continue their big beat quest through Britain's High Society of Cool with *Be There*, featuring the almighty twat of sexy dance routines himself, Ian Brown. Just out of trouble (and jail), Brown lends his voice to Unkle's album track *Unreal* and once more proves how the utter boredom of his can actually sound quite intriguing. The instrumentals haven't changed much from the album track: somehow it's all too lame. (6) MDG

Space Raiders are another recent signing on the booming big beat label Skint and accordingly with *Laid Back* we get the quality we expect. A bit unusual, though. If the word 'chill' ever found its perfect instantiation - this is it. Cool, relaxed beats, the perfect laid-back style. You simply cannot help putting your sunglasses on. "Respect to the Middlesborough masses", baby! (7) MDG

Everyone's heard the latest **Gene** single by now and although technically it's a good track, it's suffered from that most unfair of fates: overplay has caused *As Good As It Gets* to become rather too stale. Buy it, shelve it and then listen to it after five years to remind yourself what it sounds like. (6) NP

Who thought that the punk of dance music was laid to rest for good with The Prodigy's last album is now officially proven wrong. **H2SO4's** *Imitation Leather Jacket* is post-Prodigy's finest. Loud, raw and full of rough beats, constructed under thrilling vocals and guitar samples. You'll love the noise. And you'll suddenly may find yourself desperately wanting to destroy things. Excellent. (7) MDG

This has to be the weirdest song I've heard since I last stuck on a Ween record. **Midget**, always a band with an innovative mind, have got their average record of neo-punk rock, and added little unusual bits, and then doused the whole lot with a 'la la la la' chorus, with which, as we all know, you can never go wrong. Fuck the single, just go and buy the album, because it's all as good as this (8) SG

If ever a band had a 'Next Big Thing' tag attached to their collar, it's **Eve6**. Not completely justified by the sounds of *Leech*, their second single, mind, but American enough to make MTV love it and play it to death. I'm not gonna say the gr*ng word though. I'll say they sound like Live playing a Silverchair gr*ng song, but that's it. They might be post-gr*ng, maybe. If that's defined as gr*ng 5 years after. But not gr*ng. (4) SG.

Single of the Week

Anyone daring to record a cover of The Cars' centennial *Drive* must have real guts. **Paradise Motel** certainly do. Its scant and careful instrumentation floats like summer wind through your speakers and the angel-like voice of singer Merida's fragile whispering makes you think that pure beauty does exist. *Ballad of the year*. Whatever the next 334 days may bring. (10) MDG

Gigging with the NME

The Beaver's music writers spend a week at the Astoria for this year's NME Award

Live

Tuesday Afternoon
Mercury Rev's warm-up industry showcase at the Sound Republic

This was an 'exclusive' industry showcase (an immediate cause for suspicion), with an audience made up of journalists and wittering press officers, all warming up for the Rev's headline performance at the NME Awards. Front man Jonathan Donahue had, by his own admission, "just woken up", and took great in pleasure in announcing how much he dislikes the tracks from 'Deserter's Songs': not the sort of introduction that makes you salivate for more... Admittedly, the live versions of

'Goddess On A Highway' and 'Holes' were beautiful, even if they were identical reproductions of the versions on the album, but, in that time-honoured petulant rockstar tradition, the band insisted on covering little-known songs by Neil Young, the Jacobites (no, me neither), and Bob Dylan, with Donahue actually sitting on a stool whilst he performed them. And I thought Bernard Butler had no sense of irony.

The final straw of the evening was a soulless, out of tune version of 'Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head': it calls me to say it but, by God, the Manics do it so much better. Mercury Rev obviously objected to the idea of an industry-only performance, but they've been in the game long enough to know that this is par for the course when you're signed to a big label: if they want to perform the self-indulgent acoustic dross they seem to enjoy so much, I'm sure that the dank depths of elitist obscurity would welcome them back. By putting themselves in a position where they have the potential to accumulate riches and fame, they are going to win no fans by delivering a half-hearted, moody compromise when the record company asks them to do some work. Lads, the decision is yours... (AD)

Tuesday Night
Sebadoh, Elliott Smith, Hefner, Quasi

Arrive at the concert fashionably late (well, late anyway) but just in time to miss the whole of Quasi's set. Hmm... no matter. They'll be playing with Elliott Smith later and besides; from what I heard of their final number they sound like chimps trying to play experimental jazz. Nice.

Hefner on the other hand are anything but nice. The fact that the crowd talking is more audible than their entire yawn-worthy set only confirms that they graduated with honours from the 7" limited edition school of tedious indie bands. Hefner are so dull listening to them for a long

time will send you blind...

Elliott Smith however is one of those rare things; an act that has managed to escape the confines of the NME's "On" pages. And with good reason. The eponymous Mr Smith transfers his heartfelt ballads to the stage in a way that evokes feelings

orange boiler suits I guess I should have seen them coming) they took us on a joy-ridden journey through their two albums - focussed mainly on the much-maligned second. 'Six', 'Being a Girl' and the excellent 'Negative' all made a showing, having just as much impact on the teenage bouncing

mystify me. Admittedly, they have an infectious punk energy and a spasmodic stage presence, but, as a great Englishman once said, they say nothing to me about my life.

Schizophrenic animation and the smusical equivalent of strobe lighting signals the arrival of **Unkle**: the Scratch perverts and James Lavelle stand, rather anonymously, behind a row of decks and put on a display of some of the most impressive mixing I have ever had the privilege to see. Suddenly a cheer loud enough to register on the Richter scale erupts, and Ian Brown wanders on to the stage with a sneer that would put Elvis to shame. OK, so he'd just got out of prison, but he still can't sing, and his rendition of 'Be There' is nothing short of tedious. A case of misplaced hero-worship if ever there was one. However, the presence of a frontman, albeit for one song, does illustrate what Unkle's live set-up is missing: someone to make eye-contact with the audience. Nifty mixing and impressive graphics are one thing, but unless you're going to dance behind the decks *a la* Fatboy Slim, you really should restrict yourself to clubs. Unkle were the best band of the night, but if they'd been in the Blue Note they would have really shown what they can do. (AD)

Tuesday Night
NME Premier Review Film

The idea was to do away with the unashamedly self-indulgent Brat awards and replace it with an unbiased film that would delve deep into the heart of a tired music industry and try to unearth the fresh talent that must surely exist in Britain. Somewhere. Please... The NME Premier Review in fact turned out to be a marginally entertaining but ultimately self-indulgent documentary that covers bands from Suede to Add N To (X) and gives Nicky Wire yet another platform to

make unconvincing political comments. The subject matter was unimaginative, the discussions about New Labour, Cool Britannia and Britpop no more interesting than they were last year, or indeed the year before that. It was, as ever, Jarvis Cocker who saved the day with his anti-Sting propaganda: the contributions from

Alan McGee, Mark Morris and Chumba'bloody hippies'wamba were obvious and uninspiring. Better than another back-slapping, coke-fuelled award ceremony for sure, but it's not a good sign when it's more interesting to examine Brian Molko's bald spot when he's sat in the row in front of you than to try and concentrate on amore of Cerys Matthew's irritatingly kooky witterings. A reasonable piece of film-making, but hardly insightful. (AD)



you once thought died with the remnants of your cold, black heart. Quasi shed their Tortoise-esque image and lend true depth to the tattooed romantic's songs. By the time he finishes his set with a solo number, the question asked by the gathered crowd surely must be Seba-who? Well it would except that Lou "Fuck you, I used to be in the Pixies..." Barlow and his merry men are now at the peak of their long career. In between tuning their instruments (patience is a virtue, kids) they sculpt soundscapes that defy the fact they're only 3 guys left over from the Grunge-apocalypse. From noisepunk 'I Love to Fight' to the haunting, mournful 'Nothing Like You' **Sebadoh** soar from troughs of depression to adrenaline spiked highs. All this and they pitch lighters at the audience too. And as their final encore 'Crystal Gypsy' tails off it seems that after all the heartache and work have paid off. Sebadoh have arrived... (MB)

Friday Night:
Mansun, Gay Dad, Chicks, Witness

Gay Dad, the next big thing? Hardly, they were poor, poorer than a Latvian sheep farmer without any sheep, sub-Kula Shaker pap would be far too generous a comment. However they did present themselves how a supporting act should - be utterly shite so as to make the main band look good.

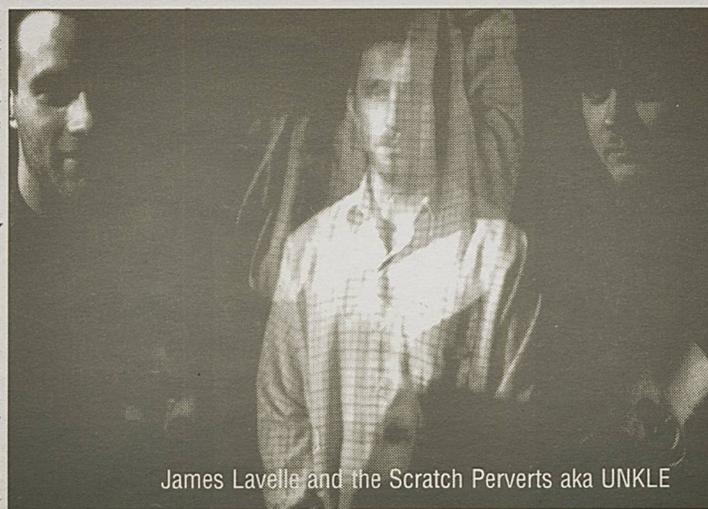
Not that **Mansun** would need it. Playing their set at warp speed they rattled through what must have been about 90 minutes (I'm a little uncertain due the numerous blows to the head received from stagediving pre-pubesences with over-sized Doc Martens - with the abundance of

parade as old tracks such as 'Stripper Vicar' and 'Wide Open Space'.

Finishing on the old classic 'Take it Easy Chicken', this was a f**king A gig. Fortunately Mansun crop up in London more regularly than a nun's period so try to catch them next time they appear - even if you have to use your mum's credit card. (DL)

Sunday Night
Unkle, Idlewild, Delakota, Llama Farmers

What a perfect example of the rock/dance hybrid that so defines late '90s music - big beats, guitars and decks a-plenty at the Astoria tonight. It was, however, the dance element that was the the more interesting element here tonight: the adolescent thrashings of the Llama



James Lavelle and the Scratch Perverts aka UNKLE

Farmers, all pseudo-Pixies riffs and big-stage nerves, who fail to inspire and force me to bar, despite my prolonged hangover. **Delakota's** swirling, stoner riffs and funky beats result in a lot more sweat and a lot more fun in this tired old place: like the Mondays if they'd been on base speed instead of smack. **Idlewild** are basically a slightly older version of the Llama Farmers, and not much better: the hype surrounding them continues to

Street Life Disaster

Neel Patel and Malte Gerhold give advice for a better life - buy these albums

Various Artists

Coming Up From The Streets



Coming Up From The Streets is a collection of songs on the subject of homelessness. The proceeds from this CD will go to The Big Issue Foundation. It's an interesting and not altogether obvious mix. After all, you wouldn't expect to hear Cerys Matthew's chirpy voice suddenly slipping into a lament on the Catatonia track, Mantra for the Lost. Roachford adds a more sophisticated and menacing tone to the theme, juxtaposed against Fear of Pop's knowing, eponymous contribution. Cast mean well but their effort is as usual, too schoolboyish for one to start dwelling on thoughtfully and the less said about East 17 the better. It was nice to hear Jamiroquai take on a more serious tone for once

though and the Cranberries are ideal as Dolores O'Riordan makes full use of her yearning vocals for No Need to Argue.

Alarm Call by Bjork, like the Fear of Pop track, captures the urgency and confusion of starting life out on the streets. It's a shame then that songs such as Hurry on Sundown by Kula Shaker rudely derail the train. Phil Collins's Another Day in Paradise, probably the most recognizable song on the album is an obvious choice. This song highlights the fact that although most of the other tracks on the album have decent melodies, they're definitely worth hearing more for the exceptional quality of the lyrics.

The Seahorses proceed to join in with 3 Wide, heralding the dangers awaiting one in the urban jungle. This is followed by a swanky little Ocean Colour Scene number, Half a Dream Away. Quite how relevant the final two techno titles by Prisoners of Technology and Kapricorn are, is questionable but that aside, the compilation is an enjoyable introduction to a variety of artists' less well-known songs. Plus, you get to feel good about buying it as well. (8) NP

Planet Electrica

Protection - Hurricane Appeal



God knows why, but sadly enough it always seems to require a disaster to get together the creme de la creme of music business. This time the good cause financing emergency relief for the victims of Hurricane Mitch which in October 1998 killed 11000 people throughout Honduras, Nicaragua, El Salvador and Guatemala, left tens of thousands homeless and destroyed up to 70% of farm crops. Some areas need redevelopment from scratch as 40 years of cultivation has literally been washed away. Consequently, all proceedings from Protection go to Oxford-based NGO Earth Love Fund who in co-operation with local organisations provide food, shelter and medicine.

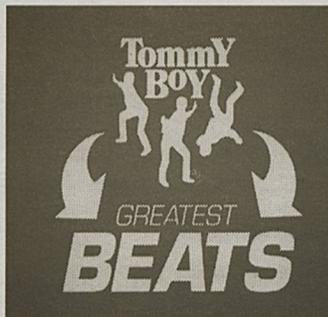
And indeed, the tracklisting gives at least some proof that commerce hasn't destroyed all moral decency in today's dance music. It very well reads like a hall of fame: Massive Attack (with a beautiful Brian Eno remix of 'Protection'), Fatboy Slim, U2 (with a Phunk Phorce remix of 'Mofo'), Underworld, Roni Size (with the entire breath-taking nine minutes of Size's own remix of 'Brown Paper Bag'), Beth Orton and Bentley Rhythm Ace are just a few among the 19 artists featured on these two CDs. And even names unknown to the ordinary Radio One listener don't disappoint. Of course, a couple of tracks are just an odd album left-over (the Chemical Brothers' dull and uninspired 'Lost in the K-hole' for example) but all in all this is the finest collection of dance end-of-the-century dance tracks you can currently find anywhere. And I mean anywhere. Better forget those pitiful 'The Best ever...'-chart samplers right away.

Either buy 'Protection' to do your small part of good in relieving some of the world's worst disasters. Or buy it because it's simply the best of its kind since a long, long time. I suggest both. (10) MDG



Albums

Tommy Boy
Greatest Beats



Now you may be asking yourself why would I want to buy another greatest hits package of a band that I've never heard of? Well Tommy Boy are no band: they're a label who have produced a whole host of breakthrough albums over the past ten years (...at least until Coolio), and consequently are able to pick out some shockingly large, ripe plums in this double CD hip-hop and rap extravaganza.

The real big cheeses come in the form of "da ariginal samplin kings" De La Soul, with a couple of crazy-leg numbers: 'Me, Myself and I', 'Ring, Ring, Ring' and 'Buddy'; there's also two of the great hip-hop anthems of all time from Naughty by Nature with 'O.P.P.' and 'Hip Hop Hooray'. Furthermore, to take you close to the height of musical pleasure, the boys and girls from Tommy Boy throw in House of Pain's 'Jump Around'. However, taking you near the orgasmic level but bringing you sharply back down to reality it's a double dose of Coolio. 'Gangster's Paradise' and '1-2-3-4' in the company of such phenomenal tunes provides the kind of emotion comparable only with the filth and regret one feels after bad sex. Some of the less well known tracks provide the real high

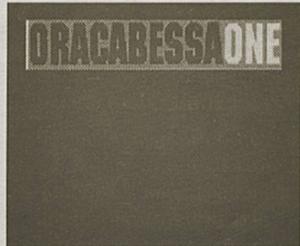
points though. 'Break the Grip of Shame' by Paris is a much sampled song nowadays. In other words, you'll even recognise these lesser known tunes and probably prefer these versions.

Greatest Hits albums often have an air of incredibility about them, justified perhaps when it is released from an artist who clearly has better individual albums and using their compilation so obviously as a money-making scheme; however, Tommy Boy's Greatest Beats, released this week, is a variety of classic greats and for some reason (maybe unjustified) seems highly credible as well. (8) Zak Shaikh

Bonnie 'Prince' Billie
I See a Darkness

Bonnie 'Prince' Billy. Who is he? Well, if I'm honest, I'd have to say that it doesn't really matter. As an inconsequential pseudo-melancholic, all he seems able to do is wail out cliches like the ever popular "Death to everyone is gonna come". I've nothing against melancholy songs per se, but what I don't appreciate is when someone thinks that just talking about death, rejection and sadness makes a good sad song. The true melancholics are normally far more subtle and that is why they are so good. The 'Prince' doesn't have a pleasing voice - it's of the Dylan style but comes nowhere near the man himself - even when he was asleep and had some gefelte fish shoved in his mouth. The songs themselves are boringly similar, each one based around the same bass riffs, the same tempo and the same harmonies. Difficult to take this man seriously. However, I am willing to give him respect if he has cynically produced a parody of this genre of music. Sadly, I fear this is not the case. (4) MP

Various Artists
Oracabessa One



Probably in no other age or country was there ever such an astonishing display of ingenuity as may be found in Birmingham" is the shocking revelation printed on the sleeve of this dancehall compilation. And there's no certainly no disputing the fact that this lot'd probably feel more at home in some

dodgy Brummie bingo hall with Lenny Henry on the mic than they would in a reggae dancehall. Hardly surprising when you delve deeper and see that Oracabessa Records is the brain child of Ali Campbell and Brian Travers, responsible for the watered down reggae cheese fest that is UB40. And then there's Sly and Robbie, 'legends' in their field but who still cannot be excused for being the men behind that tragic Mick Hucknall rendition of the classic reggae toon 'Night Nurse'. Sure, there are some pretty well known artists featured such as Jack Radics and Lady Saw, but it's not the artists that's the problem, it's the secondary school music room sound and production and the crap old time grannyfied beats. Keep trying. (4) Jo

The Junket
Stamina



The Junket are a much touted band, with their well attended live shows giving an indication of what could happen by their third album. However this, their debut mini-album, is certainly not good enough to grant them international fame and fortune at present. Although there are certainly loads of little smidgens in each song which make you think 'Follow that up, godammit!', the fact that they don't, and even worse than

that, fall once again into mediocre music just makes you frustrated at their apparent lack of realising quite how good they can become.

When ditties like 'You're The Same' are actually listened to, they do impress. Taking influences from, well, either everyone or no one, it's quite surprising how refreshing the complete lack of angle is. That's a compliment, if you follow the logic carefully. Their heavy guitars lump them in Kerrang! rather than the NME, yet the whiny vocals cast doubt upon that decision, and thus these lot would probably be able to stroll into both genres as easily.

OK, so we're faced with an album that wouldn't dare to flick a V-sign at a mirror let alone the music industry, but lurking in the depths of mediocrity, is a band who have enough songwriting ideas up their sleeve to make Paul Daniels feel naked. End of review report? "Has potential, could try harder". (5) Shilpa

Anna Derbyshire's
Social Diary



Perhaps unsurprisingly, the NME Premier Award shows that took place at the Astoria last week were nothing short of an anti-climax. On paper, it looked like a celebration of some of the best talent of '99, but in practice the quality of most of the artists involved left rather a lot to be desired. To be honest, the messy thrashings of the Llama Farmers left me pining for the heady days of Britpop... and I never thought I'd say that. Alan McGee has taken the easy way out (and gained a lot of publicity in the process) by claiming that there is a serious crisis in the music industry - the ultimate example of the staid and unadventurous nature of current British indie music surely being the Creation roster - but I'm not convinced by this. Peaks and troughs are inherent in any industry, and exactly the same fears were present just before Blur released 'Parklife' and record companies suddenly had enough cash to throw at the likes of Shed Seven. The hybridisation of genres that would in the past have been taken up by clearly defined youth subcultures has led to some brilliant music in the '90s: Tricky and Spiritualized, for instance. However, this has also resulted in a certain standardisation whereby a previously obscure artist can have an enormous hit when they release a song that appeals to - and I'm not being elitist - mass tendencies, and is then ignored when they release a slightly more difficult record two months later. Baby Bird, anyone?

The nominations for the 1999 Brit Awards have got me very worried. Take the Best International Newcomer award: the nominations are B*Witched, Eagle-Eye Cherry, Natalie Imbruglia and Savage Garden, with Air as the token 'underground' group. And let's be frank: Air are hardly the most challenging band to have ever existed. I am not suggesting for a minute that music is only good if four people in Camden like it and is unlistenable anyway: my point is that some of the best artists of the last year - Barry Adamson, the Afghan Whigs and Talvin Singh, for example - have been ignored by the Brits despite their huge critical success, whereas The Corrs, Another Level and Billie are listed as the cream of modern music. Thinking that something is amiss is not intellectual snobbery: it is only The Corrs here who actually write their own songs.

The crisis in modern music is not that the talent is not there. It is that experimentation and sedition is only being sold to the wider audience after being dumbed down to the extent where its main selling points barely differ from those of the standard MOR products. It is in the nature of the music industry that in the next year or so something will happen that excites us again, but first it is the attitudes of music buyers - us - that need to change: we need to be *investigative* listeners, to be exploratory, to be patient and try to get out of our MTV *bambambam* three second attention spans and place emphasis on quality instead of brand names. I mean, Christ - Steps are up for Best British Newcomer. Need I go on?

ECSTASY TESTING

FOR HTC & OTHER PSYCHEDELIC DRUGS

Until recently the only tools available to British ecstasy users who wanted to know whether the pill they were taking was MDMA (Ecstasy) or a completely different substance altogether were forced to rely on such unreliable methods as tasting the pill or asking other people who had taken them already.

All kinds of noxious crap have been sold in tablet form as Ecstasy over the last ten years in this country and there are very few users who have not had to endure unpleasant experiences whilst under the influence of such substances as ketamine, speed and ephedrine which have been sold to

them as good, clean MDMA. It is now possible to test for the presence of MDMA in your pill using testing kits that have recently come on the market. So how does this work and what effect will it have on the quality of this illegal drug?

Bart clubbing has obtained one of these kits, manufactured by the Amsterdam based company Sp@nk Products and we tested a Mitsubushi pill, a type that has a good reputation for containing MDMA. The test concluded that yes the pill tested did indeed contain MDMA- of course you can't be sure but the test does provide you with more information upon which to base your decision.

WHAT TYPES OF DRUGS ARE SOLD AS 'ECSTASY' IN THE UK?

The drug ecstasy means the chemical 3,4 -Methylene Dioxy Methyl Amphetamine or MDMA. However, due to the illegal nature of the trade in 'Ecstasy' the manufacturing process is often flawed producing similar yet inferior compounds such as MDEA, MDA and MBDB. It's a bit like trying to brew a fine wine and coming out with vinegar. Other substances such as the horse tranquilizer Ketamine and even caffeine are sometimes passed off as Ecstasy pills. If you're taking ecstasy then the main thing to remember is... *If it's not MDMA then it's not Ecstasy.*

ECSTASY TESTING IN THE NETHERLANDS

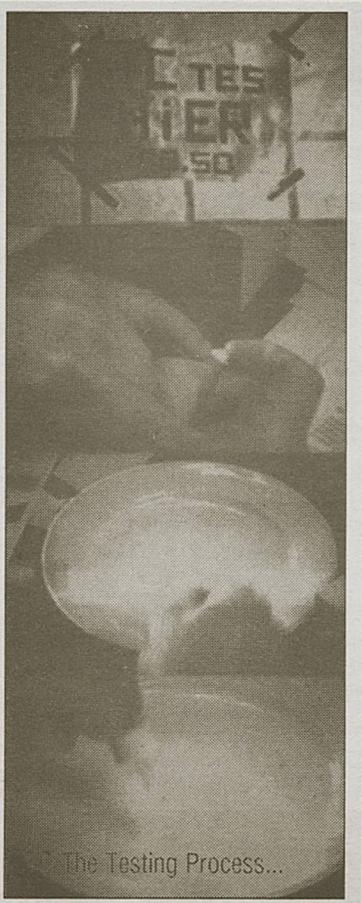
Pioneered by Herman Matser in Amsterdam ecstasy testing has long been established in Holland as an effective *harm minimisation* policy. In many clubs, professionals staff testing centres that contain details of all the pills that are currently available. They measure the size, weight and design of the pills that users have just bought in the club and check this information against their records to find a match. This system is known as the "Tic-Tac" method and is currently still unavailable in British clubs.

Ecstasy testing has ensured that the average "Ecstasy" pill in Holland is far more likely to contain MDMA than one bought in England. Stockpiles of dodgy pills have built up in Holland and most of these have been making their way across to Britain. With testing kits now available to the British consumer there is hope that this situation will no longer continue

THE TESTING PROCESS

The process that these kits work by is remarkably simple; thankfully for anyone at LSE you don't need a degree in Chemical Engineering to use them.

- STEP 1:**
Scrape a small amount of the substance off the pill (about the size of a pinhead)
- STEP 2**
Put it into the plastic dish
- STEP 3**
Use the pipette to drop in a little of the testing substance
- STEP 4**
Observe the reaction; both the colour change and the speed of reaction
- STEP 5**
Check carefully and compare with the colour scheme



The Testing Process...

LSE PARTY CREW GO WILD!

The Underground Dance Music Society enjoyed spectacular success a couple of weeks ago with their Wednesday night event in the LSE Underground Bar.

This time around a lot more people showed up to support this event, creating a good atmosphere. Everyone I spoke to was enjoying themselves and special praise must go out to the decorations this time around which included a huge combat net suspended from the ceiling.

The night ended with deranged shouts of "One More! One More!" echoing around the room. The addition of house sets in the middle of the night was a definite plus. By the time Drum and Bass Maestro Ben Singh hit the decks the crowd were bubbling strong. I must say that this kind of event is much, much needed during the week at L.S.E. given the lack of anything much else apart from the dubious lure of the Three Tuns.

Lee Federman, hard-working President of the society refused to respond to

suggestions that it was his ginger hair that attracted so many fine looking ladies to the night in question. However Lee did consent to tell us what how he thought the night went, "Absolutely fucking wicked matey!" said the ginger one.

Lee went on to tell Bart of the society's plans for the near future. "On Wednesday the 3rd February we're holding a DJ competition called 'Battle of the Mixmasters' which will uncover LSE's most rocking DJ." This event will cost the usual £1 entry for

members and £2 for those who have yet to see the light and join.

Well done to everyone who came along and made the event such a success. It just goes to show that despite what some people might like to think there are plenty of upforit party people at this hallowed centre of academia, supply and demand curves and sensible woolly jumpers. Big up to yourselves and see you at "The Battle of the Mixmasters" on Wednesday the 3rd February

BART CLUBS NEEDS WRITERS!!!

DO YOU GO CLUBBING? PERHAPS YOU LIKE DANCE MUSIC? BART CLUBS IS LOOKING FOR WRITERS. FEATURES, REVIEWS AND ANY OTHER STUFF YOU WANT.

Any funky, fresh, offbeat ideas happily considered. So what are you waiting for? Come to the Beaver meeting at 6pm on Mondays - alright so it's a long time to hang about till but as they say "All Good Things Come to Those Who Wait."

Set the world alight

SUZANA SAVA reviews GATES OF FIRE: AN EPIC NOVEL OF THE BATTLE OF THERMOPYLAE by Steven Pressfield and is impressed by the unusual angle taken by Pressfield in presenting this warfare novel and his skill in bringing this infamous battle to life.

Ever since Einstein's theories gave the green light to travelling back in time, at least on a strictly theoretical basis, hopes took wing and one would have thought the heyday of the historical novel came to an end. Technology however doesn't seem to keep up with a writer's pen. The only way it follows - to partake into glorious past moments is still via a book such as Steven Pressfield's latest novel GATES OF FIRE.

How does it come about that an American screenwriter with no knowledge of military or classical history managed to reconstruct with breathtaking brilliance Thermophile - the most heroic battle of ancient times. Typically American, the answer goes; "he did not study Greek history at school but many years ago read an anthology of stories about ancient Greece and became totally fascinated."

GATES OF FIRE took root in his imagination five years ago when he read an anecdote in Herodotus' Histories about the Spartan warrior, Dienekes. On the eve of the battle,

Dienekes had been told that the Persian archers were so numerous that their arrows would block out the sun. "Good", Dienekes replied. "Then we'll have our battle in the shade."

The novel is a magnificent war journal and at the same time a mirror-image of ancient Greece torn

apart by sanguinary battles and intrigues between its cities. A poignant, almost organically felt authenticity is the salient feature of the account. In front of the amazed reader, 300 Spartans are brought back to life. Their mission is to stop at any costs the advancing Persian archers at the narrow straight of Thermophile. However, numbering about 7 million soldiers, king Xerxes's army outnumbers them by far. At the end of seven days-weapons smashed and broken from the slaughter, they "fought with bare hands and teeth" before being at last overwhelmed. The warriors died to the last man, but the standard of valour they set by their sacrifice inspired the Greeks to rally and, in autumn and spring, defeat the Persians at Salamis and Plataea. In Pressfield's scenario, one of them, Xeones, lives to tell the story to the victorious party and dies at the end of the tale.

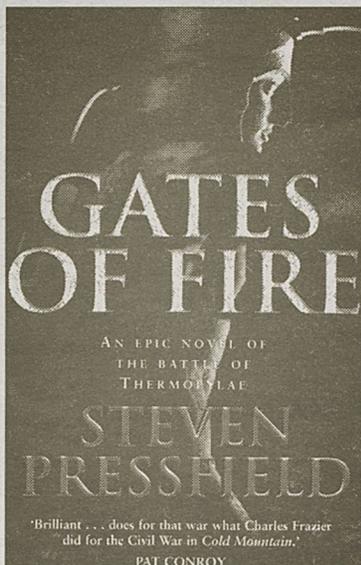
Termophilae, the Hot Gates, named so because of the curative powers of thermal rivers become the Gates of Fire - a place of pilgrimage for warriors to come, still not lacking in

"The novel is a magnificent war journal and at the sametime a mirror-image of ancient Greece torn apart by sanguinary battles and intrigues between its cities"

curative attributes if one thinks of the purgatory virtues of sacrifice.

Although length and abundance of technical terms can act as a disincentive for a young reader, the book has its merits. For once, the author steps out of the objective stance of a third person narrator and gives the reader a new perspective no ancient historian offers, a soldier's eye view. Reading this fine novel, it is however not hard to understand why warfare has proved to be one of the most enduring subjects of literature.

Gates of Fire a paperback original by Steven Pressfield published by Transworld Publishers Ltd is priced at £9.99 and comes out on 11th February 1999.



Aeroshite

ANNA DERBYSHIRE tries getting into WALK THIS WAY - THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AEROSMITH and finds that despite its attempts to shock its readers the book remains "one of the duller rock books"

The telltale sign of a decent rock biography is that it's fascinating whether you're a fan of the artist involved or not. The story of Aerosmith certainly has the makings of a titillating, Jackie Collins-style trash-read, one of the ultimate tales of sex & drugs & rock 'n' roll. Yet, even with all the heroin, sex addiction clinics and transvestism that 'Walk This Way' covers, it remains one of the duller rock books I have ever tried really hard to read.

Taking the form of a chronological narrative, a dialogue between each of the band members, it covers what seems like every second from their early schooldays (where frontman Steven Tyler got teased so much by other children for his "nigger lips" that he would get drunk on vodka and orange before going to school) through numerous college bands and line-ups, marriages, addictions and disasters. Because of the book's narrative form, the style is stilted, made up of short, uninteresting sentences that subdue what could have been, to use the ultimate cliché (and why not? This book is full of them...), a rollercoaster tale of rock 'n' roll excess.

Not being a huge Aerosmith fan myself, I had no idea that they had been going for so long - about 25 years - and therefore the description of the parallel career and tragic downfall of the seminal New York Dolls in the '70s (a band who, along

with the Rolling Stones, were a huge influence on Aerosmith's aesthetic) is the one part of the book that I found truly interesting. In fact, a new biography of the New York Dolls has just been published, so you'd be a lot better off buying that instead... Instead of looking in any real detail at the wider musical context in which Aerosmith were operating, this book seems to be concerned with naming surplus hangers-on and short-term girlfriends.

The relentless detail of sleazy nightclubs, faceless groupies and irrelevant rehearsal rooms that make up 'Walk This Way' means that it is ultimately an extremely tedious read. The fact that there are so few breaks from the band's dialogue for external analysis of context and consequence means that unnecessary detail merges with unnecessary detail, so that in the end what should have been a gratuitous tale of the self-destructive Bacchanalia of a great rock 'n' roll band becomes little more than hard work.

The sleeve notes claim that 'Walk This Way' is "By far the most candid rock 'n' roll autobiography ever written"; whoever agrees with that should read Marilyn Manson's effort and learn from the master.

'Walk This Way - The Autobiography of Aerosmith' by Aerosmith with Stephen Davis published by Virgin Publishing Ltd priced at £9.99

Wax on Paper

NAOMI COLVIN reviews THE VIRGIN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DANCE MUSIC where Virgin attempts to make sense of the dance scene by putting it all in alphabetical order.

Back in the mists of pre-history Elvis happened, but in the beginning there was Kraftwerk. And then there was 1989. And, after the BBC started to use drum'n'bass in its trailers, the Q readers crawled out of their Anderson shelters and tried to make sense of it all by putting it in alphabetical order.

Part of the series distilled from the frankly enormous "Encyclopedia of Popular Music", this volume is immensely dippable, and frequently sent me rooting through piles of cassette tapes for that elusive Spooky or Boymerang track. Certain nuggets of biographical information also proved life enriching. I never realised before that Amon Tobin was born in Rio De Janeiro, but it makes perfect sense (for some reason, I'd been labouring under the misconception he was German. I think Amon Duul must have led me astray). Sadly, however, the presentation is uninspiring in a Q/Mojo way, with any enthusiasm surgically removed. Perhaps that's just the price of the "definitive" tag - this is the work of a chronicler and not a proselytiser - but, for me, the best pop literature, the writing that has made me seek out records for

myself, is always the solipsistic tomes of obsessively narrow range. Considering, then, that this volume is going to prove of most worth to lazy rock critics and the Man In HMV, its as well to pick some



more specific holes in it.

In terms of sheer exhaustiveness - which is after all its main selling point - it passes the test. Of the conspicuous omissions, I assume that Kid Loco, Boards of Canada and Jega, just missed the deadline. Spring Heel Jack should certainly have been in there, but their absence is the only

PC Literate

DAN LEWIS reviews USING & UPGRADING PC'S.

Just what the world needs, another computer book. Well to be honest, this seems to be the only computer book you'll ever need. Clear and simple - like a translucent Supermodel perhaps - this clearly isn't intended to be read from cover to cover, more as a pretty handy reference. And handy it is. I learnt how to install a CD-Drive in about 2 minutes, and the book is resplendent with guides to both software and hardware. A housemate of mine, a man with more computers than friends, advises that this is at a 'intermediate' level, so if you're looking to build your own robot you may still be left a little wanting. However, if all you crave is the chance to hang your head high around the IS department (although god knows why you would) then this shall be thine touchstone.

Using & Upgrading PC's priced at £27.49 available from Computer Manuals on 0121 706 6000. Phone for a free booklist, or visit their online bookstore at <http://www.computer-manuals.co.uk>

one I managed to pin down. However, in a genre where nomenclature is somewhat flexible to say the least, a little more cross-references would have been handy. It's one thing to state in the entry for the Aphex Twin that he occasionally uses the Caustic Window moniker, but there's no separate entry for it, and it's not in the index either.

Even more problematic is the system of grading an artist's releases on a five-star system. The introduction tartly points out that the grading is relative and therefore "a 4 star album from the Prodigy may have the overall edge over a 4 star album from Jive Bunny". Even aside from aesthetic considerations (I'd have put them on a par, myself), this is errant nonsense. If you're judging each LP on it's creator's terms, then how come there isn't a 5 star LP for each entry? Apart from anything else, it sits uncomfortably with the professed objectivity of the rest of the book. Far better to have a comprehensive discography for each artist (or at least a link to the relevant web site), and more useful for reference too.

The Virgin Encyclopedia of Dance Music by Colin Larkin published by Virgin Publishing Ltd priced at £16.99 out now.

Barbers Promotions

No Long Talking: The Art of the Dancehall Flyer

Presents A Night Called

Dancehall reggae music is worldly and public and peripatetic where other pop music takes up residence in drawing room hi fi or hermetic Shaw Library walkman headphones and the like or is actually devoured by hungry-eyed, listless divan-sprawlers from the buckling seven hundred and fifty-piece Wagamama sushi trays of the music video channels. You can't be a complacent consumer of ragga, reliant on the outlay-to-return calculus that encourages the mainstream recording industry to see to it that their indentured acts are always around when you need a little therapeutic nullity, because the ragga audience is in diaspora and unprofitably small and Creole-speaking. Dancehall fans do their myth-making themselves.

It's perhaps the kind of thing that would bore the uninitiated at a party, but I want to celebrate dancehall fliers as important repositories of iconic imagery which are produced by fans acting as promoters in the absence of MTV style videos. You find these flyers, advertisements for upcoming bashments, in tidy stacks laid over a messily stratified underlayer of their antecedents in take out food spots, barber shops, record stores and seamstresses' in places like Brixton and Ladbrooke Grove and Shepherd's Bush, places where Jamaicans are. Generally printed in glossy full color, they tell you what sound system is playing, where to show up, what the time parameters are, the title of the dance. Every dance has to have a grand title. 1998's top ranking dance moniker was "Cyaan Believe Me Eyes", the name of a new anthem by year to year DJ-in-the-dancehall-sense Bounty Killer. There are often pretty girls festooning fliers, as well as shouts out to the friends of promoters and crew pictures and stern security warnings and Bible quotations and little rhyming mottoes like "Bring yuh queen and leave yuh machine!" and door prize announcements and paid advertisements for small, sympathetic businesses.

A cool little unified aesthetic, that's what it all adds up to. But natter me ah natter on, it's all about the flyers dem, don't talk just see it.

John Sagan

Big Head Promotions present a nite called

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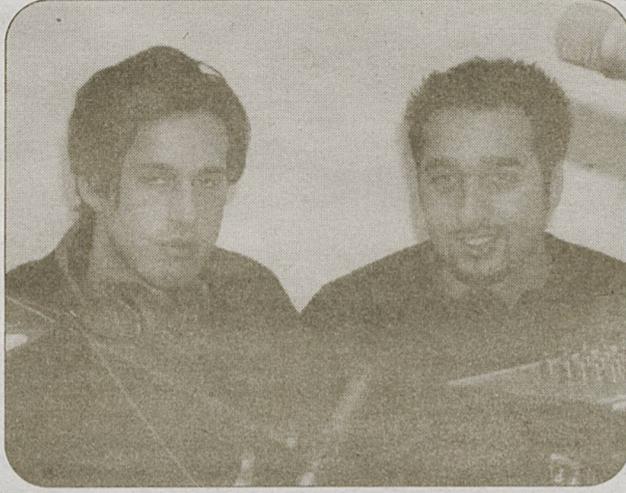
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	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday	
7								7
8	SAS Productions - Breakfast Action with Zak, Mark & their Rent-A-Friends				Up with the Akkouh	DJ Ash & The Breakfast Crew		8
9	Effortlessly Sexual	Flipsides with Julie Stein	Morning Break	Easy Tiger!	Jazz Club	Question Mark	Sunday Chillin'	9
10	Free Ian Brown with Susie Hensler	Movie Music	The Ollie & Joe Show	Early Lunch	Weekly Special	Lassi Hungama	IS IT?	10
11	Sports Review	SU Show	High Tea	Debate Squad	Lads on Sport	Back Beat	Sunday Recovery	11
12	Jasper Ward's School Dinners	Liquid Lunch with Jimmy & Fletch			Smokin'	Houghton St. Omnibus	12	
13	2.45 Houghton St. 2.45 Beaver News	2.45 Houghton St.	2.45 Beaver News	2.45 Houghton St.	It's All Relative	The Hot Spot	13	
14	Funktastic	Shaun's Classic Trax	Union Sabbs	Kiss My Chuddies	Friday Afternoon Snatch Attack	Student Voices	14	
15	Flipsides with Julie Stein	Agony Hour	Late Afternoon Listener	The Sammy & Danny Show	Ad Lib	Brown's Beat	15	
16	Pulse-18 Non-Stop Music					Maria's World	Pulse Music Archives	16
17	History of Soul	Chart	Easy Tiger!	Alan & Rob... of course	Club Pulse with DJ Diaze	But My Mum Says I'm Cool	Pulse in the 80's	17
18	Pure with Evian	In Session	Swinging Groovin'	Tse Time	Let Lip!	Chris Blacklay	Let Lip!	18
19	Super Sounds	DJ Sunset	Snooker	Notes from the Underground				19
20	Americana	Underground Garage DJ Andy Fettes	DJ The Furious	DJ Ciaran Walsh	DJ Scott Craig	DJ NG	Sunday Night Album Tracks	20
21	Late Night Listener					DJ Lohan	DJ Harrison	21
22			The Late Show					22
23								23
24								24
1+								1+

Details Correct at Time of Press

Hey, hey the gang's all here... *Easy Tiger* - Wednesdays at 7pm and again on Thursdays at 9am.



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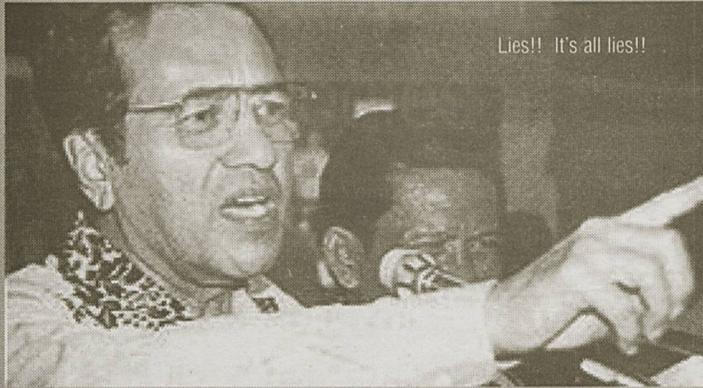


The Beaver's very own Dynamic Duo, Dan & Matt, indulge in self promotion with *But My Mum Says I'm Cool...* - Saturdays 7pm.



Underground: Discussing Mahathir at the LSE

Special International Section Editorial



Malaysia's democracy is a farce. Human rights, at least the sort declared by the Universal Declaration, does not exist under Mahathir Mohamad. There is no freedom of expression and association. The Internal Security Act empowers police to detain virtually anyone incommunicado without warrant, charge, trial, access to legal representation, nor doctors — and the detainees are often ill-treated. All of the above has been demonstrated in the dismissal, arrest, and ongoing detention of former Deputy PM Anwar Ibrahim. Though accused of corruption and sodomy, Mahathir's moves were certainly politically motivated. To make a long story short, he does not take criticism well.

Evidence of Mahathir's extreme suppression exists at the LSE. None out of the Malaysian students asked to comment for the Beaver on Mahathir's policies agreed to have their names publicised. Scholars from Malaysian governmental organisations have allegedly been instructed not to participate in any demonstrations or assemblies on the subject. "No one wants to get in trouble, and there is an on-going mentality of not rocking the boat, successfully conditioned by the government," comments one student.

The student further expressed disgust and shame for the policies undertaken by the head of state against Anwar and others, entering

into a lengthy description of Mahathir's human right violations — ranging from his crackdown of cyberspace to violence against political prisoners. All students showed disillusionment with Mahathir's handling of Anwar and his subsequent suppression of pro-reform demonstrations.

Another student stressed the belief, however, that the overthrow of the Mahathir government is not the solution to Malaysia's problems. The main opposition party Parti Islam Semalaysian (PAS) has a strong Muslim rhetoric. Under the PAS the Malaysian population would face even stricter suppression. He questions the PAS Vice-President's assertions at a LSE Islamic Society event last Friday that his party advocates liberty. It is merely rhetoric designed to pursue his party's political agenda.

In short, no viable alternatives to Mahathir's government currently exist in Malaysia. The only means of change, then, is through the introduction of reform into Mahathir's coalition government. The first student commented positively on Al Gore's recent comment at the APEC praising the Reformasi movement in Malaysia, saying "I would agree with the Al Gore statement. They are truly brave people. And it is so predictable for ministers to accuse the US for inciting lawlessness."

The student, however, went on to demonstrate the difficulties of participating in reform movements.

"Simply going head-on with the authorities is suicide. Furthermore, that sort of action will be frowned upon by other Malaysians, discouraging it by saying that would be a waste of time and would involve too much a sacrifice... you will be held without trial like the rest of them."

There are seeds for change, however, that coexist with the signs of suppression in the Malaysian population here at the LSE. They are the cream of Malaysian society — government scholars and independents poised to be the next generation of leaders in Kuala Lumpur. And at least some of them actively advocate a move towards reform. Mahathir, on the other hand, is already 72 years old.

"For things to change, we have to change" comments another student. Malaysia's democracy is a farce now, for sure, and their generation possibly realises this the most. Such optimism may be criticised as foolish and ignorant. Less than two generations ago, Malaysia won her independence from Britain through persistent negotiation. This time, the fate of Malaysian democracy lies in their own hands. Why should they give up now?

The Land of the Free

Ee Loong Toh examines human rights in America

Police brutality and excessive force; ill-treatment of prison inmates; reintroduction of chain gangs; failure to protect refugees; cruel, inhuman and degrading punishment; imminent execution of juvenile offenders; direct support for repressive regimes; refusal to accept international human rights obligations and treaties... Amnesty International's recent accusations paint an appalling picture, and their accusations are not directed against Idi Amin's Uganda, Saddam Hussein's Iraq or Pinochet's Chile — they are directed against America.

In its recent publication *United States of America: Rights for All*, leading human rights watchdog Amnesty International, while acknowledging America's leading international role in the protection of human rights, highlights its need to protect the rights of its own people.

The litany is familiar. Systematic police abuses in large urban areas. Asylum seekers being treated as criminals. Amnesty rails against America's death penalty as being "arbitrary, unfair and racially biased". More than 80% of executions in the United States since 1977 were carried out as a result of convictions made for the murder of a white

victim, even though black and white murder victims are generally equal in number. In Pennsylvania, being black could increase the likelihood of being sentenced to death by nearly eight times.

US foreign policy, especially US support for foreign militaries with poor human rights records, also casts a shadow on America's self-image as the great champion for human rights. Washington has provided equipment for the special Turkish paramilitary units accused of being behind "disappearances", political killings and torture. The Central Intelligence Agency allegedly had a leading role in training Honduran security forces responsible for the torture, rape, and even murder of suspected opponents of the regime. The list goes on to cite American involvement in supplying Indonesia with stun guns and training internal security services in Saudi Arabia, Rwanda and Angola.

Some aspects of America's stance in the promotion of human rights are surprising. For instance, the US is one out of only two countries in the world that have not ratified the Convention on the Rights of the Child, the other being Somalia which has no recognised government. It is also one of the few countries that have yet to ratify the Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination against Women. Even in instances where Washington has ratified a treaty, all is not well. America holds the record for entering the most reservations for any treaty in existence in its effort to undermine the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights. The reservations foisted on the Convention against Torture by a cynical Congress essentially make it meaningless.

The picture that emerges is that though America has contributed significantly to our understanding of basic human rights, it is definitely no saint either. Much remains to be done so that those who have been marginalized and victimised can truly find themselves in the Land of the Free.



Vive la France!

Don't mess with the French, says Antoine Barbry



Attacking various aspects of French political and cultural life seems to be a national pastime for British and American press. Every fortnight, a newspaper or a magazine looks "seriously" into the current French situation, criticising with ill-disguised pleasure what the French call "l'exception française", and the reluctance to conform to the line of the US.

It seems necessary to temper the bias of the article written by Mr Simpson late last term. He preached doom and gloom, leaving no alternative for the French other than to cry bitterly over their misfortunes — or to find safe haven immediately in Great Britain or the US...

Indeed, the French Empire is left today with "but a few overseas territories." For which former imperial power, however, has it been different? Decolonization applied to every empire after World War II.

Regarding its cultural policy, France is still actively supporting the diffusion both of its language (through its unrivalled network of French lycées world-wide) and its culture (through cultural centres). France is the European country with the largest share of tickets sold for domestic as opposed to US films.

This article obviously does not question the serious economic problems that France experiences. Nevertheless, France is still the fourth largest economy in the world with a GNP per capita far higher than Britain. France is also the second biggest donor of public assistance for development. This hardly constitutes a symptom of crisis, and nor does the fact that France ranks second (after Canada) in the latest UN human development indicator, which takes into account factors such as national health, education, life conditions and life expectancy. Furthermore, Mr

Simpson does not seem to realise that the economic situation has changed in the European Union over the last two years, with France growing faster (2.8 % in 1997) than any other EU country, especially Great Britain where the prospects are not very good. Finally, foreign tourists do not appear to be too worried about the "French crisis"; 60 million visitors still come year after year.

Regarding immigration, Mr Simpson, who does not seem to be aware as part of the Schengen agreement, France is actually more open than Britain. As to the extreme right vote, the problem is genuine, but the Front National finds opponents on all levels of the society: political parties, trade unions, associations, cultural companies, and students....

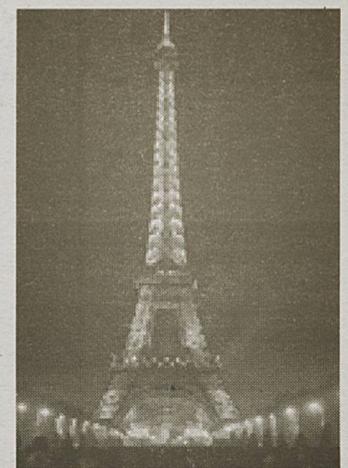
But the most interesting part of his article is where the author finally unveils his liberal economic views.

But why then spend so much time in criticising French culture if the point was to stress the French "inability to reform itself"?

What Mr Simpson does not understand is that France does not follow the same orthodox liberal logic: the State is not an actor among others but the instrument of a collective will.

Mr Simpson does not seem to care much for the underprivileged that will be the victims of the "increasing wealth disparity and causing precariousness" as he stresses it. This may not be the opinion of everyone else, even if those in the Fukuyama camp of liberal democratic free-marketers tried to convince themselves that 1989 was "the end of History" and the ultimate victory of the orthodox liberal theory.

To conclude this arrogant way of imposing a liberal laissez faire model without taking into account its social



effects is definitely old-fashioned. The Group of Seven has agreed in principle to the need to control capital flows, following the Asian financial crisis. The 1998 Nobel Prize in Economics was awarded to former LSE Professor Amartya Sen in recognition of his work on the "economics of poverty".

Maybe then, France is in the leading state to offer an alternative to the Anglo-Saxon model of ruthless capitalism....

Clinton: Home and Away

Rafael Kimberley-Bowen looks at the effect of Bill's domestic troubles on the conduct of American foreign policy

Getting one's mind around the Clinton soap opera is no easy task; especially when one is expected to juggle with, on the one hand, a middle aged president's sexual escapades, and on the other hand, the stability of one of the world's most highly-strung regions.

Christmas came early for Yasser Arafat in the second week of December when Bill Clinton arrived in style at Gaza Airport, an act which took the Palestinians one step closer to their aspirations of statehood. It was also a rather innovative political step for the American president, incidentally facing impeachment charges back home, who for the first time broke with a traditional pro-Israeli Middle East policy and went against the wishes expressed by Benjamin Netanyahu that Clinton should travel by land to Gaza.

After the arrival of the green and white presidential helicopter Marine One at Gaza International Airport, Clinton made the point even clearer for those who had not yet grasped it, by greeting the understandably beaming Yasser Arafat with the words: ilim profoundly honoured to be the

first American president to address the Palestinian people in a city governed by the Palestinians.

"We hope you will begin to see America as your friend," Clinton later addressed the Palestinian National Council, a body that includes members once branded by the US as terrorists. No doubt Clinton's new found friends also took part in the ritual burning of the American flag two days later when the USA bombed Iraq.

Despite Mr Clinton's cutting of the inaugural ribbon at the 3 week old airport and his reference to the Palestinians' "legitimate aspirations", the White House insisted that his visit was not meant as an implicit recognition of Palestine's statehood. Israeli planes streaked overhead as Arafat greeted Clinton, serving as a reminder of Israel's position in the matter.

Not surprisingly, all these events went relatively unnoticed in the festive press, Clinton's Gaza trip heavily over-shadowed by the Anglo-American bombing of Iraqi targets. Reflecting in a very sad way the cynical opinion the public holds of the world of politics and politicians today, both Clinton's bold (but not



necessarily justified) initiatives in the Middle East in the week preceding the beginning of Ramadan met with the same dismissal: the verdict repeated like a refrain was that these were vain attempts on Clinton's part to delay the looming impeachment vote and to salvage his reputation both at home and abroad.

The Chairman of the House Rules Committee Gerald Solomon's blunt cynicism was not atypical: "Never underestimate a desperate president"

Such feelings were echoed throughout the ranks of the Republicans, with Trent Lott the Senate majority leader commenting that the timing and the policy of the US military action in the Persian Gulf "are subject to question." Nonetheless, Congress voted 417 to 5 in support of Clinton's decision to launch air strikes against Iraq. But because of course Clinton is not the only one who is involved in the undertaking of a military offensive of this kind, many other officials found themselves on the defensive. William Cohen, the defence secretary responded: "I am prepared to place 30 years of public service on the line to say there were no other factors involved in the decision [other than military considerations]."

The President's opponents have cast doubt on the coincidental timing of the attack because of the similarity of the incident to that in August when strikes launched against sites in Sudan and Afghanistan (including a chemical weapons plant, later discovered to have no military capabilities, and the terrorist site of Osama bin Laden, not believed to have been greatly affected by the strike) came just three days after Clinton gave evidence in an investigation into allegations made against him.

Bill Clinton initially defended the timing of the air strike which, he said, was determined by the approach of the holy Islamic month of Ramadan during which it would be "profoundly offensive" to launch any strikes. Such comments seem slightly inappropriate as loss of life through military action is going to be deemed more than "offensive" by those on the receiving end whatever the timing. It's like the IRA bombing Oxford Street early to avoid the Christmas rush out of moral considerations.

Whether Clinton will ever shake off the suspicion is doubtful; he is indeed paying now for the manipulations, deception and double-dealings that have gone on in the past and for which the public is entitled to hold a grudge. What is an American president's word worth today? One could ask the same question for any modern political leader.

Around the world the criticism of the strikes was widespread, led of course by Russia. Russian retaliation came in the form of diplomatic snubbing: Moscow recalled its ambassadors to London and Washington "for discussions" (the first time such a move has been taken since the fall of the Soviet Union), placed the Russian military on a heightened state of alert and told the US they could now forget Russian ratification of the 1993 START-2 nuclear arms treaty. Boris Yeltsin said the UK and the US had "crudely violated" the UN charter with their

"unprovoked" attack on Iraq, echoing the Iraqi foreign minister's claim that "the justification for the bombings were lies." Russia also called for the resignation of Richard Butler, whose report on Iraq's lack of cooperation initially triggered the strikes. Mr Butler was attacked from all sides and is understood to have received many death threats. He spent most of December accompanied by his New York City police escort.

While not all Arab states support the current Iraqi regime, very few could turn a blind eye on loss of Iraqi civilian life. And the US justification of the strikes, that they are destined to "destroy Iraq's weapons of mass destruction" only heightened many Arab nations' anger at the fact that Israel is still allowed to possess its own weapons of mass destruction. Esmat Abdel Meguid, the secretary-general of the Arab League condemned the attack: "This strike is considered to be an act of aggression against an Arab country that was trying to implement and comply with UN Security Council resolutions." And while Palestinian civilians burned the American flags they had been waving a few days earlier on Clinton's visit to Gaza, it seems a large part of the American President's diplomatic efforts in the region has been wasted.

Back home in the US the threat of impeachment and the weak dollar (due to currency traders' short term dollar bearishness, in reaction to the impeachment uncertainties) negatively affected Wall Street when the Dow Jones Industrial Average took a few nasty plunges, closing at its five week lowest, literally minutes after the House Judiciary Committee agreed on four articles of impeachment and while Clinton

embarked on his Gaza trip. It is generally accepted, however, that an impeachment process would probably have very little effect on the markets. Ian Steperndson, chief economist at High Frequency Economics in New York, summed up the general feeling: "The markets are taking it much more to heart than I thought they would, which is

probably because there's been an ostrich-like mentality on the Street. The belief has been that there would be no impeachment at all. [...] This can't weigh on the markets indefinitely. People will think it's a national embarrassment but it doesn't make a difference to US asset value."

The possibility of a delayed effect on the markets is not to be ruled out for 1999. The outbreak of partisan struggle and with the lack of unity between Congress and the White House (reminiscent of French cohabitation which had often marred policy-making in France) uncovered for the world to see, at a time, when the United States of America should be putting on a face of strength and unity. At home or away, Bill Clinton just can't seem to get away from his problems.

Israel at the crossroads

Julius Walker reports on Shimon Peres' vision for peace in the Middle East

Shimon Peres, ex-Prime Minister of Israel and Nobel Peace Prize winner, promoted his vision of peace and the future of the Middle East in a stirring speech held at the Oxford chapter of the L'Chaim Society last Thursday 21 January 1999. He argued that the peace process must continue, as it has developed a dynamic of its own that cannot be held back. The fact that he and Prime Minister Yitzak Rabin had decided to sit opposite and talk with the Palestinian leadership at Oslo in 1993, he argued, had given the Palestinians a 'personality', made them a 'partner', and again, this 'personality' had taken on its own dynamic, which could not be stopped. Significantly, Peres stated that in an increasingly interdependent world, it was unreasonable to think purely in terms of national states and national borders and did not demonstrate consciousness of the current state of the world and its global economy.

The Israeli public had to decide on their country's future, Mr Peres said. With the coming Knesset elections in May, there were several important choices that had to be made: Were they willing to pay the price for peace? It was much easier to pay for war, because the price was known, Peres argued. One had to be truly willing to pay for peace, and the price was not known. "Prime Minister Rabin paid dearly for peace, he paid with his life."

What kind of state should Israel be? A binational, secular state incorporating the Palestinian territories and people, or whether to allow the Palestinians to go ahead and establish their own state, as the Zionists did 50 years ago? To Peres,



the only option was 2 states, as the arguing over rights, quotas, representation, customs, territory etc within a binational state would be inevitable and the hate would continue.

Should Israel give massive aid and assistance to a Palestinian state? Peres declared that alleviating the massive inequalities between the two states, was the basis for harmonious coexistence. One cannot have peace with gross inequality.

How important were demarcated and strongly defended borders? The concept of borders in peoples' minds would have to change. Increased globalization would make cooperation inevitable and eventually, "borders will be of no use." He stressed geographical and political needs for cooperation, stating that "waters do not fall according to borders."

Finally the Israeli public had to make the choice of whether to make peace with their last two 'declared' neighbouring enemies - Syria and Lebanon. On a personal note and a stunning revelation, Mr Peres told the audience that he had received a message from Hafiz-al-Asad in the last months, declaring that he was willing to negotiate a peace settlement. However, when Peres had in return

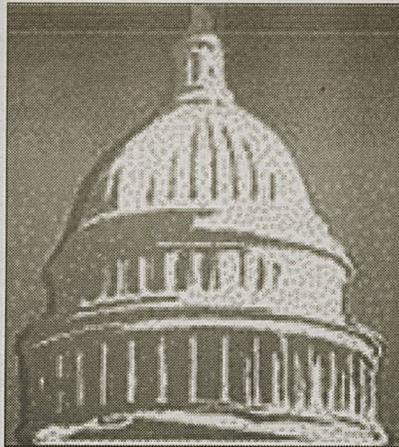
conveyed his willingness to talk, and asked for a date, Asad was not prepared to fix one, even though he had originally stated he wanted a settlement before the next Israeli elections.

As for the future of the Middle East, Mr Peres advocated opening up the region to the market economy and increasing scientific research and technology so as to overcome national borders, while at the same time retaining national identities based on historical, cultural and spiritual feelings, ideas and traditions. He generally stressed education, science and technology as much "more efficient means of promoting peace than wars."

When asked how the strong internal divisions of Israeli society could be overcome, and the country reunited, Peres answered by blaming the electoral system. While any society had a huge variety of opinions, theirs did particularly. However, any democratic system had to represent this variety, while not turning every little subtlety in difference of opinion into an ideology and a political party.

It was time to leave the past behind, that the future of the Levant and of the Middle East belonged to the young. He saw more conflict between generations than between races, nations or ideologies. The future, he said, "lies in education." Significantly, the Palestinians already had 8 Universities in the territories they administer.

The widely-respected elder statesman, made a strong impression of being very sincere and honest. His appeal lay in convincingly conveying a true wish for peace and a dialogue with the Arabs, based on a humanistic view of the world.



Capitol "We're gonna get you" Hill

Tough on crime, tough on causes?

Katherine Jacomb

For a supposedly Social Democratic Party, some of New Labour's attempts at reducing crime might be more closely associated with those of the extreme Michael Howard when he was Home Secretary. Beneath the smiling, glossily presented pledges to 'crack down on crime and the causes of crime' lie the evidence of a party that is using ever more desperate measures in search of that perpetually elusive solution.

Each party wants to be associated with the prestige of finding a way of making the public feel safer, but it still seems as if the level of crime is always on the increase. Of course everyone wants to feel safe in the street and in their homes, but at what cost to the civil liberties of society as a whole, the victims and the criminals themselves?

The myriad different forms of punishment recent governments have introduced are certainly becoming

increasingly creative. Shortage of space in prisons is forcing the Labour government to look further than the traditional ploy of simply introducing ever longer prison sentences. Despite this, the 'three strikes and you're out' plan to reduce the damage done by persistent offenders by removing the possibility of them committing offences in the short term still shows that reliance upon dubious old fashioned methods is still strong.

One of the most concerning ways in which the government plans to deal with certain offenders is by electronically tagging them. This is to ensure that they cannot leave their homes at certain times of the day to supposedly prevent them committing offences. This does have the merit of allowing them the relative freedom of living at home and so allowing them to re-adjust to normal life outside prison to a certain extent. On the other hand is it right that their lives should be so closely monitored by the state and that they should have no flexibility of movement? By denying



Jack Straw, getting tough... Photo:Library

them the ability to choose how to live their lives and adjust to normality, and by not solving the problems which caused them to commit crimes in the first place, this method seems doomed to failure in the long term.

The new legislation about to be introduced on paedophile registers seems similarly to introduce harsh punishments without the means to solve the fundamental problem. This idea of making those connected with child-related organisations aware of dodgy individuals does initially sound appealing. Everyone wants to know that their child is safe with teachers and so on. Our society's instinct is to protect the vulnerable, and the many scandals, including the recent abduction of two girls from Hastings, causes sensationalist, panic inspired demands for action. While something does obviously need to be done to prevent the abuse of children, the danger of letting increasing numbers of people know about paedophilic activity in someone's past is to deny them the

possibility of ever paying for their crime and moving on. It is practically an admission by the state that the present system of some reform and punishment in prison is a total failure. The persecution of Sidney Cook, for example, by the public and the media hardly seems the most sensible way of dealing with the problem.

There is no simple way of reducing crime and, by experimenting with different methods, the government is at least trying to find flexible responses. However it is crucial that the government does not forget the rights of the criminals themselves in its desire to benefit from the potential rewards of finding a populist answer. A substantial number of the population believe in the re-introduction of the death penalty, but the brutality of this primitive procedure has prevented governments carrying through this wish. The frequency of miscarriages of justice makes the finality of the death penalty seem highly unappealing.

At least no party has yet resorted to the simple, but horrifying, Ludovico's Technique used in Anthony Burgess's novel 'A Clockwork Orange', although the American policy of chemical castration for paedophiles does seem to be uncomfortably similar. Forcing criminals to comply within the law by removing their ability to do otherwise could seem initially appealing, even if the method differed to the savageness experienced by the fictional Alex. However, we must remember the words of the prison Chaplain - "Goodness is something chosen. When a man cannot choose he ceases to be a man."

Why I hate Teflon Tony

Stephen Topping

I dislike Tony Blair, and I positively hate his Teflon-like qualities. However much mud flies through the air, Teflon Tony is guaranteed to emerge whiter than Persil, despite a growing pile of prime ministerial sneeze (sorry, I meant sleaze).

For a start, he is a close friend of Bill Clinton, hence his recent outburst of psychopathic violence against Iraq. Tony was only too happy to help kill Iraqis in a last ditch attempt to save his friend. Then there's Tony's history of hypocrisy. Grant-maintained schools are a bad thing, it seems, except for the one he sends his son to and it's also wrong to take your children off school during term-time, unless, of course, you're the PM.

If you have a copy of Labour's 1997 manifesto, why not take up a new hobby? Tick off each pledge as Tony and his government break it. He has already broken promises on hospital waiting lists, PR, the House of Lords, Scottish nationalism AND LOTS MORE! As the manifesto said on the front, "Britain deserves better."

The people in Tony's cabinet are no better either. No one can seriously deny that this is the most corrupt government since John Major's. Did Tony really know nothing about his sleazy colleagues? Either he didn't, and he's incompetent. Or he did, and he's corrupt. Get out of that one, Tony.

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STUNNING MAWRA'S STUNNING REPORT

People play Volleyball?

BEAVERSPORTS

No apparant score line

Finally here it comes. The long awaited amazing one and only volleyball report (since Matt lost the first one - cheers Matt!). Only there isn't anything to report (which is I'm sure, a massive disappointment to all you hardcore volleyball fans - Whatever!). Damn! Ok let me brief you on the amazing achievements of our volleyball teams (in case you are still wondering what the fuck is going on LSE does have a volleyball team) Actually three of them! They're one of the well-guarded secrets of the LSE's athletic union. Both the mixed and women's teams ended up in the bottom of their respective BUSA leagues, however due to the presence of Scandinavian women on the team

(Porn stars) e managed to get on to the nationals. Our tough hard strong and of course sexy women's team is ready to whip Kentis ass right out of the competition this Wednesday. They shall be spotted in the tuns that same night chanting primitive hymns of victory and of course being completely and utterly pissed. Rugby Lads watch out! You will have competition this Wednesday. There are vicious rumours spreading about some more visiting Scandinavian porn stars so keep an eye out for fresh cleavages but my source also tells me you won't be able to see anything else!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

PS. The Volleyball team is in desperate need of a uniform, donations are accepted please make all cheques payable to Maz!

fight. Naveen Paul has got to be the softest. Last year at Sam and Ajanta's party, a brawl broke out and some geezer got bottled. Nav locked himself in the bedroom for at least an hour.

Pussio, my selecta. If you, personally, could have a ruck with anyone, who would it be?

All those glory hunting Man Utd bastards and gobshite Liverpool fans.

Lets move onto the lady factor. What do you think of the species in general?

They're like prawns, their heads are full of shit but the pink bits taste nice.

Whose your top TV babe? Caprice, ahers going out with that big-nose-donkey-arse-ugly-alcoholic-wife-beater-tosser Tony Adams. She needs a real man like me.

What would you do to her? Show her a proper hard tackle from behind.

But you would get sent off? I never get sent off. Hard and fair that's me, just like in the bedroom.

You look a bit like Liam Gallagher. Is he your hard man hero?

Nah. It's gotta be Ian Brown, former Stone Roses singer. He's inside now for kicking off on BA stewardess. Duncan Ferguson's another one, he kicked the fuck out of some bloke on crutches back in Scotland. In the Derby, ferguson proved he was the boss. Kicked the fuck out of the supposed governor incey. What a twat.

Tell me old boy, have you ever sampled the unique delights of a lady boy.

Not yet, although Liverpools full of that kind of weak ass shit. Matt Sutton and James Mulligan are the geezers to speak to. Suspect.

What about drinking, how much can you handle?

Fucking shit loads my man. As long as it's quality. Becks rocks my boats, spirits are for puffs.

Who's your favourite Tuns bar-maid?

(gives a wry smile, feders' gets the impression he's hiding something but after last weeks mauling deems it appropriate to keep quiet)

WOMEN WORRIES INPIRE SECONDS TO ROUSING PERFORMANCE

Goal feast for LSE with Sutton absent and Mulligan ditched

BEAVERSPORTS

LSE II'S	7
IC III'S	1

After indifferent league form the LSE IIs charged on in the cup destroying the Imperial wasters in a display of pure football ecstasy. Our boys were understrength both physically and mentally. Without their first choice goalkeeper and their second choice, second rate, two bob ginger striker, our lads weren't sure how the new strike force of James "I have a first XI training top to pull decidedly dodgy bankside trolls.

Mulligan and Freeman still reeling after chick boy revelations) would perform.

Mulligan was substituted after 28 minutes for "tactical" reasons. In the post match press conference, skipper Gonzo Paul explained his somewhat controversial decision. "Things weren't working up front, although Mulligan was showing some good touches, I don't think their centre back appreciated such close hand - genital contact. it was clear that James didn't have his contacts in, he should know by now to keep his sexual frustrations in the changing room.

The IC boys took a suprising lead, Raftery slipped and the big Aussie was unable to recover. More on that later. The Imperial's Italian striker slammed the ball past the despairing Gideon in goal. Gideon failed to see the shot, not due to power but due to the fact that he had turned his back on the game to moan at the post to "stop fucking him off." As it turned out, it wasn't the first time during the week that a striking Italian would piss Mulligan off.

LSE were quick to respond with the in form Che Singh firing home from close range. Ten minutes later and LSE began to assert themselves. Freeman was flying on to a Damo pass and was pushed off his feet in a

By Gav Freeman
somewhat dubious fashion.

It's times like these that you discover the true bottle of players. After costing the third team a championship medal in his first year with a missed penalty, everyone on the pitch knew the thoughts running through his head. In a true "Teen Wolf" moment, the ball hit the corner



Freeman's new missus catches some rays

of the net. Stuart Pearce would have cried at this magic footballing moment.

The third followed with Mulligan providing a mis-placed cross at the feet of the LSE motor mother Enrique. The celebrations were completed in mime. Singh scored his second as the half hour with a finish that was suprisingly tidy when you consider his hair. The ball flew in off the boy's bicycle clips. Raftery fell over.

Half time was reached with the LSE leading 4-1. the half time entertainment was undertaken by the clown act that is Kieran Smith.

The second half resumed with Damo getting his body behind a superb strike. I don't confess to be any good at physics but surely that weight to ball ratio constitutes an unfair advantage for our boys. Raftery fell over. The sixth goal was a lift for Freeman. The boy has had a bad week. As exclusively revealed in the Beaver last week, the lad has been experiencing difficulties in his relationship. The Izzard revelation sent his girlfriend over the edge but in a quote from the Bankside girl "it does explain a few things. That boy is dirty but I completely regret our breaking up. I'll do anything to get that stallion back."

John boy rounded things off

with a superb finish that hit the roof of the net. Rowlands made a comment about "lifting the roof of John Boy's mother mouth."

Then the moment of the match, the Imperial Italian striker had Raftery to beat, things were looking good for LSE, but then the legs of the Aussie just collapsed. His leg muscles have taken a pounding recently. The boy collapsed in a heap, dead to the world, but fortunately for the Australian Gideon, he was really pissed off with the way that the ball had been staring at him and pushed it away.

Raftery was speechless and offered to challenge the forward to a drinking competition, insisting that that would be a battle he wouldn't lose. Unfortunately for Matt, his girlfriend, the girl Alex Ralph was only too quick to challenge the foot taller boy to a drinking game or two. The carnage that followed was a disgrace to the male world.

As Matt tried to come to terms with walking and talking at the same time Ralph was seen in the corner of the Tuns giving an impromptu discussion on the pros and cons of nuclear physics.

MUAY THAI KICK BOXING

PRACTICAL SELF DEFENCE IN A FRIENDLY, RELAXED ATMOSPHERE

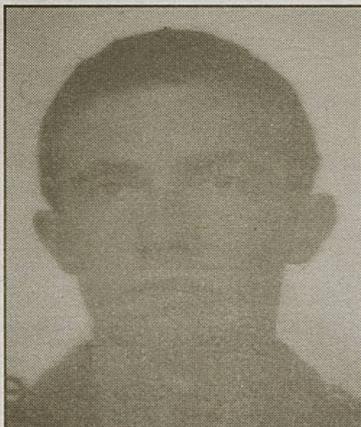
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MUAY THAI KICK BOXING



This week the original bad boy rugger-muffin Lee Federman interviews hardcore kleptomaniac, pyromaniac, nymphomaniac, the purest of the pure in terms of "mad bastardness," second team football supremo, Gideon McLean. He uncovers a darker side to the fresh faced, fist flying and fun loving playboy.

Name: Gideon McLean
Age: Unknown (as is his origin)
Dept: Economic History
Aka: "Moaning Twat," "The Big Man"

Alright lets get started by assessing your hardman fighting credentials.

No problem mate, what do you want to know?

What's the worst ruck you've had?

About one and a half years ago outside the McDonalds on the Strand, some fucking prick started on me, fuck knows why? The police were called and they arrived fully armed. Although I was pretty pissed at the time, I decided not to take the matters further. I didn't mind getting nicked, I was just pissed off that I didn't get to finish off my Big Mac meal.

What about on the football pitch?

Yeah mate, in the first year, the lads went up to Holloway. Some big bastard centre forward smacked our defender and broke his nose. I was going to sort the fucker out but as the match was close and I was on top form, I decided not to get involved.

So who is the hardest in the team?

"Hard Rob" is definitely the mouthiest but I've never seen him

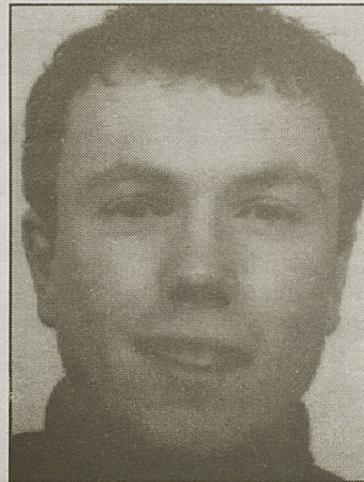
BEAVERSPORTS POLL

Oops, Owing to the pantywaist Executive Editor being tighter than an anal retentive on diocalm this poll has been cut.

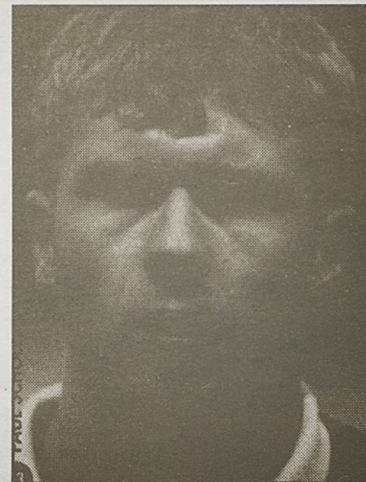
Matt & Lee will return as soon as Matt Bro develops some guts...

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PAUL SCHOLES



MATT SUTTON

REILLY RUNS RUCKIN RIOT!!!

Shame of LSE Rugby

BEAVERSPORTS

LSE IST XV 37
CAM IST XV 22

BY OWAIN MORGAN

The LSE rugby team took on the might of Cambridge's premier college side on Saturday. Not expecting a victory we played rugby that was reminiscent of the Welsh side of the 70s.

Winston "the man who discriminates against fat people" Eavis just because he's jealous (NOT) was the top scorer for the first and last time in his career: the reason being a shot of vodka was supplied for every try scored.

Jez "the Hairy Mong" was the supposed organiser of the tour, yet group 4 could have done a better job. He was late, we had only nine men, we were going to play the best college in Cambridge etc.

To be fair, F.W. Doug

Clarke turned up - yet returned home to deal with some unfinished business," (whatever that is). Yet a nameless source

Death Count:

- 3 Local Residents
- 2 Police Officers
- 5 College professors
- 2 Sheep
- 1 Transexual

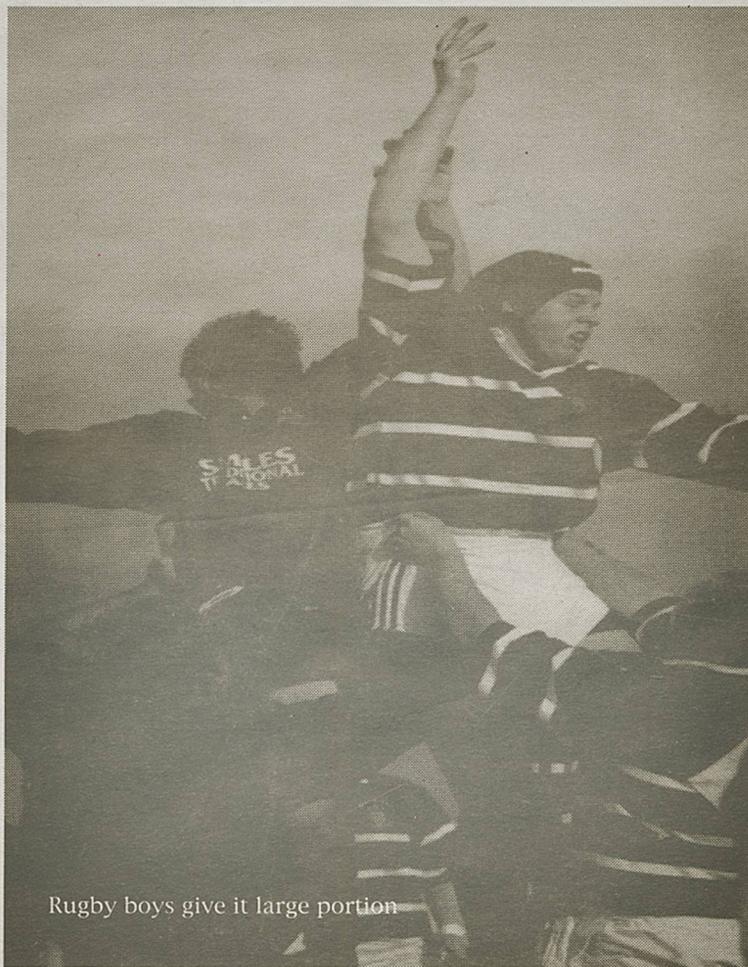
mentioned that Tory party were involved? Have they roped in one of our outstanding and decent rugby club members.

The man "Fat Bob" only downed 50 pints because "he was on a diet" and Neil "Stumpy" managed to last the day although not looking at his best from the previous evening, i.e. plastic sheep.... Matt, the man who runs 12 miles a day and drinks 20 pints in the evening just because he's training for the London marathon was wankered again.

Oscar decided to give the 15 year old "Hells Angels" of Cambridge

"a dam good saucy spanking" with half his attire off. And J "passed out by 9pm" B showed the TABs a typical French performance of endurance drinking: by passing out before the women of Cambridge could fall to his continental charms. Pissed

frog!
Owain "Lord of the Rings" Morgan, after another match of



Rugby boys give it large portion

seemingly doing nothing, disappeared after the midnight hours until the early hours. Who knows where he went, but the

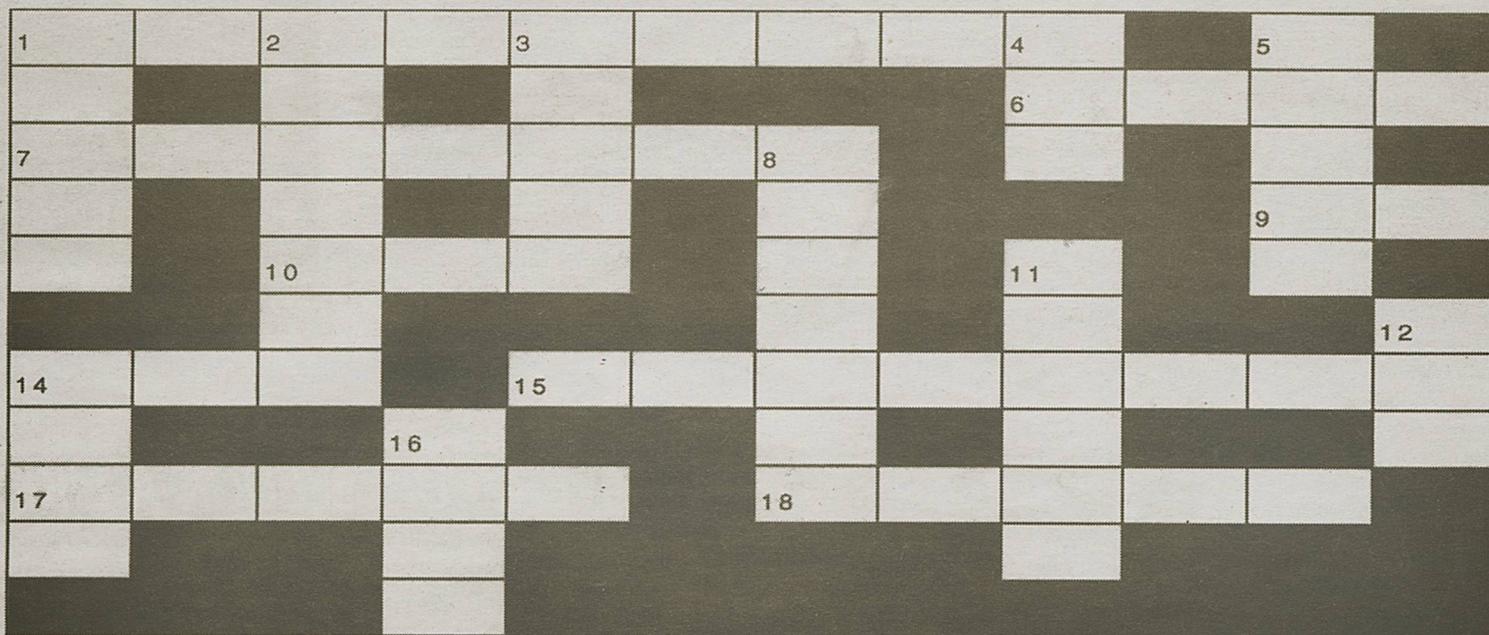
sheep in the nearby vicinity all had a smile on their faces in the morning!! Doubtless the bestowed name of "The Organ" came into action.

Man of the tour though had to be Gav "I'm just a cuddly bear" Reilly. After wimping out of the match after one minute he seemed determined to redeem himself in the bar afterwards. several bottles of gin port and mead later the Cambridge Red Indians fancied the scalp of an LSE victim. The "cuddly bear" was the obvious target, but this bear has a nasty double life (imagine a cross between Jane Austen and Mike Tyson).

The results of which are written in LSE rugby folklore and he joined the prestigious group including "The Mong" and Dave "I've got scouse hair" Hurley.

Cambridge felt the full force of LSE's thrusting purple warrior charges, and, oh yeah, Dave Googer turned up, he missed all the rugby, but still got pissed.. "Good show old boy, good show.." (Quote: Kent '99)

SKIP'S SPORTSWORD



Across

- 1. Ex-Grimsby wizard relegated to the bench at Ewood (4,5)
- 6. Rejected Jamaica offer to be rewarded by a England U21 place (5)
- 7. Found success under Scot Symon 1954 to 1967 (6)
- 9. World Cup winning ginger winger of old (4)
- 10. Midfielder, went up North from the Addicks (3)
- 12. Brazilian legend, 1 down will never compare (4)
- 14. Premiership defender, 'dances in the sand' (3)
- 15. Eastern European, likes his eccentric celebrations (8)
- 17. Home of the 1971 disaster (5)
- 18. First name, scored the first ever goal at the Stadium of Light (5)

Down

- 1. First name, Spurs managerial reject (5)
- 2. World Cup flop - but what a bird (7)
- 3. Home of Britain's longest serving manager (5)
- 4. Shirt number of Anfield's 'Black Magic' (3)
- 5. Formerly of the Baseball Ground (5)
- 8. Beaten by the 'Hand of God' (7)
- 11. His Elland Road volley got goal of the season (7)
- 12. Forest are going down it (3)
- 13. London team, full of Eastern promise (6)
- 14. Manager, aspiring Premiership side (4)
- 16. Half of the Premiership's most annoying duo (4)

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