

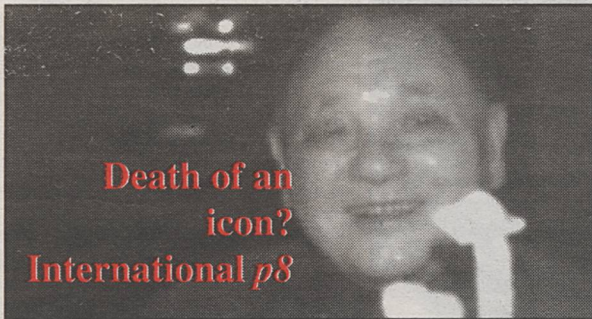
THE BEAVER

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

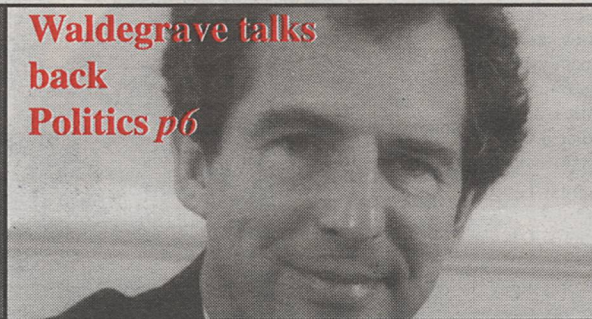
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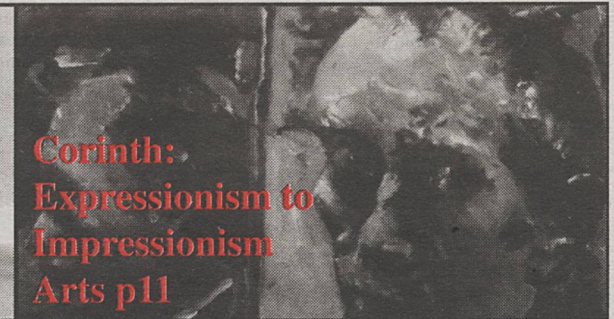
First published May 5, 1949



Death of an icon?
International p8



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Bankside Loses Over £14,000 Of Rent Payments

More money at last

Chris Roe

“No financial loss” to Bankside residents, says the School as thousands of pounds disappear from the Hall reception.

By Kartiki Batra

THE rent payments, amounting to a sum of up to £14,000 in cheques and £1,200 in cash has gone missing from Bankside Hall of Residence.

Next to the reception at Bankside is a small room accessible only to members of the staff. This is where the “fatality” occurred. A receptionist who was sorting out the payments left the bag containing the cheques and cash unattended for about five minutes and when she returned ‘lo and behold’ it was gone. It wasn’t immediately clear whether the money was stolen or thrown away by mistake. Nevertheless the Hall management were summoned and reprimanded. The receptionist responsible continues to hold her post while the security guard on duty has been dismissed.

The official reason for the security guard’s dismissal was his ‘slack’ behaviour, yet it has been alleged that this was just an excuse on the part of the Hall management, who disliked him.

Employed by the security company SEAL, the guard had managed to win himself the wrath of the staff and the management by talking about his colleagues to his boss and spreading rumours concerning a certain relationship between the General Manager and the Bar Manager. Moreover, he was relatively new at Bankside and the rest of the staff, in the



The scene of the crime at Bankside House.

Photo by B.A. Roualec.

face of crisis, vouched for each other. Questions have also arisen as to the appointment of the new security guard, appointed directly by the Hall and not through the security firm.

The Hall Management refused to speak to *The Beaver* on the issue saying that it had nothing whatsoever to do with students. The warden, Dr. Tim Hochstrasser, said that it was a confidential matter to be discussed only

with staff while David Segal, Assistant Secretary of the LSE, in a memorandum to *The Beaver* said, “regretfully, a sum of money and some cheques were stolen from the office next to the reception at Bankside during a period when cash and cheques were being reconciled. The theft was reported to the police and the matter is still under investigation by the School. Apart from some inconvenience to students who were asked to cancel

and re-draft cheques, there has been no financial loss to individual Bankside residents”.

Since the Hall management chose to remain silent over the issue, the information in this story is based on the security guard’s account of the events. The money, it may be noted, has not been found though the matter is still under investigation by both the police and the School.

THE BEAVER’S hard fought campaign to improve both its dated and unreliable equipment and to clarify its ambiguous position within the SU has been finally recognised, as the the UGM voted by a clear majority to pass Liz Chong’s and Dan Crowe’s motion regarding Beaver funding.

Ms. Chong, *The Beaver’s* executive editor, made a speech amidst a shower of paper and assorted fungi, which underlined *The Beaver’s* unfortunate technological situation and criticised Darrell Hare, the SU Treasurer, for his apparent disregard for *The Beaver*. The SU newspaper has been forced to reduce its size as a result of Hare’s vacillations. It also currently has a budget which is approximately half of that allocated to other student newspapers around the country, a fact which is amply demonstrated by the neglected state of the paper’s computer resources and the absence of colour photographs from its pages. Chong pointed out that *The Beaver* is the only contact which many students have with the union, and that its importance should not be underestimated. The link between the smaller scale of the paper and the increase in mushroom throwing in the UGM’s was also advanced as a reason why *The Beaver* should be restored to its former twenty page glory.

Darrell Hare responded by emphasising that he was one of the paper’s finest supporters, and that its £2,800 budget surplus should be sufficient to subsidise its information technology improvement scheme. Chris Cooper said, in a lucid speech, that the paper was insufficiently representative of the Union, and reminded the audience that the paper’s emphasis should be on quality journalism, rather than cosmetic improvements, a principle which *The Beaver* heartily endorses.

Liz Chong said she was “happy for the paper” when asked for a response to the result. *Beaver* readers, no doubt, will be reassured by the promise of larger and more aesthetically pleasing editions.

News From Nowhere

Oxford University arrogantly makes history once again (yawn yawn) by becoming the first university to make it to the big time by having its radio station on the FM wave band. The imaginatively named station *Oxygen FM* (sour grapes anyone?) has managed to motivate the imaginations of 200 students who are working on the project dedicated to exploring a wide range of new formats and a spectrum of different musical genres. However, more news from Oxford suggests their music tastes may be somewhat dubious and casts into doubt the prospective success of *Oxygen FM*. The distressing news comes from the Junior Common Room at Magdalene College where the Spice Girls narrowly missed becoming the Common Room's Honorary President. These icons of the 90s pop scene were pipped at the post by Catherine the Great whose accolade of having "shagged the entire Russian army" took precedence over sheer musical talent and sex appeal.

Speaking of sex, *The Beaver* heard this week that Swansea University's swimming coach who was dismissed amidst allegations of sex abuse in October 1996 has lost his appeal and will be going down for a good few years. In consequence, the question on everyone's lips should be what the hell are they doing with a swimming coach anyway when they could be spending their time studying?

However, this is not always so easy as three former London Polytechnic students have proved this week.

They are collectively suing the former Polytechnic on the grounds that the inadequate teaching they received has damaged their career prospects. Of course, if they'd had a degree certificate with LSE printed on it, they'd be the ones representing the whiners in court instead of the ones doing the whinging themselves. But, that's beside the point. The solicitor representing the students commented in *The Times* that "universities have a duty to provide a proper programme of study and in this case they clearly did not." Of course, it wouldn't have happened at the LSE!

What could well be imagined to have happened at the LSE is a shambles at Leeds University's SU AGM, where a motion to appoint a full-time manager of the student radio was left undiscussed because the mandatory requirement of 500 students in attendance was not reached. It seems that although the required number were present to start with, the half hour delay before the meeting commenced followed by an hour of 'usual business' caused a large number of the students to leave before the motion was tabled. The current station manager, HUW (HUW!?) Owen stated somewhat obviously that "if you bore people senseless for two hours then they leave". Sound familiar?

That's all the inconsequential goss for this week but watch this space for more scandalous revelations regarding our academic counterparts!

Compiled by Natasha Kosviner

City's Sicker?

By Andrew Yule

A packed Old Theatre last Monday welcomed Herbert Girardet, an alumni of the LSE, back to the school for the first time in twenty years. The ex-social anthropology student, currently president of the Schumacher Society, delivered a slide assisted talk on the subject of "Sustainable Cities: A Contradiction in Terms?"

Mr Girardet expressed deep concern over what he saw as a "collision course between humanity and the planet." To illustrate his point, a long list of facts and statistics were cited by Mr Girardet. He predicted that by the year 2010, three million or more Chinese citizens will have moved to cities. Closer to home, it was pointed out that an area the size of the UK is needed to provide for a city the size of Greater London. Equally worrying, Girardet claimed that transporting one mango to the shelves of a UK supermarket requires six hundred times the amount of energy contained by the mango itself. This is with obviously detrimental consequences on global resources.

While Mr Girardet certainly came up with some frightening facts and

figures he was adamant that "we shouldn't feel guilt, just understand and look for solutions."

An extensive traveller, Girardet cited examples of 'eco-architecture,' solar power schemes and urban agriculture across the globe, from Germany, to Merthyr Tydvil, to the Bronx. On a larger scale, he was adamant that there is a serious need to circulate resources, recycling not disposing.

However, perhaps his most enthusiastically proposed wish, appropriately so in the surroundings of the LSE, was that we cannot afford to think solely environmentally, and that the answer must lie in combining environmental



Herbert Girardet speaks. Photo courtesy of LSE Photographic Unit.

efforts with economic, cultural and, above all, social ones.

Inside Story: Blind Date Auditions Guy Burton and Sarah Cope report

Following a disastrous Valentine's Day - no cards, snogs or women professing their undying love - I took it upon myself to carry out a *Beaver* inside investigation on what goes on at the audition for TV programme *Blind Date*.

We spent an hour filling out forms in a large waiting room with all the other contestant hopefuls.

The form seemed to present us with even more trouble than the embarrassment of actually entering the room. I wasn't sure why they asked me who I fancied but I was a sport and put Vanessa Wu (*The Pillow Book*).

Blind Date takes 40 000 applicants a year, with more than 500 from London alone.

Most of them were squeezed around a table with me when the long awaited interview finally arrived.

Our interviewer, Clare, was a woman wearing far too much eyeliner and huge stick-on lashes. In order to be selected for the second round of auditions (scheduled for late April / early May), from which a final group of candidates are pulled, a great deal of forwardness and of charisma is required. Clare skimmed briefly over our questionnaire answers and asked us all when our relationships had been and why they had ended, the need to appear gregarious and forward was essential.

Needless to say, there was a great deal of self-consciousness and embarrassment amongst the men present.

However, some of my fellow men have vices that seem particularly interesting, including one man's description of his ideal woman; "pudgy in the arms", hot pants, platform shoes and pop socks. Oh, and she must be blonde to boot...

My neighbour had finally escaped

men professing undying love for me - still, I decided to join my friend to audition for *Blind Date*.

A pink ticket in a crowded room full of eagerly awaiting and nervous candidates. This was the scene in Connaught Rooms, where the *Blind Date* auditions took place on Friday 14 February.

First came the application form, where you are asked about your ambitions, the person you fancy and any special talent you may have.

Next came the audition, where you are placed with five or six other girls. The interviewer briefly goes through each application form and then asks random questions such as, when was your last relationship, and what qualities do you look for in a man? If you are a shy person answering questions on the last guy you snogged, you could equate this with public humiliation.

Most of the candidates appeared to be going on the show for a good laugh and judging from candidates around the room, displaying their various talents such as licking their nose, singing and a tarzan yell, they were certainly enjoying themselves.

Blind Date stress their religious toleration and equal opportunities policy which all the candidates seemed to adhere to.

Sarah Cope.

BLIND Date

from a psychotic ex-girlfriend who had decided to carve the word "whore" into the side of his new girlfriend's face, in a fit of jealousy.

With our ten minutes up, Clare told us that we might or might not be contacted. Judging by the shameless self-publicity of the people sitting in the waiting room I decided I had better things to do than ritually humiliate myself for your amusement. Besides, I'm still hoping that perhaps there's one late Valentine's card that's just gotten lost in the post.

Guy Burton

Following a wonderful Valentine's Day, cards, flowers, good looking

News From The Archives

From This Week: 25 February 1980

The Pizzaburger hit *The Beaver* headlines on 25 February 1980, when the supervisor Chris Greene was approached by the Catering Manager who notified him of the men awaiting him in the back kitchen. These men turned out to be two policemen, one of whom was said to be "well over six feet". The two policemen questioned him on his previous employment, personal finances and the absence of any notes from the till.

The event that shook the Pizzaburger seems to have been the disappearance of all the notes from the drawer. The Pizzaburger took an average of £130 per day, and was left with nothing but a few coins. It was not

known why the police suspected Mr. Greene and did not attempt to interrogate anyone else.

The police searched Chris himself, his pockets, locker and "behind the locker".

He was then taken to the police station in Covent Garden in a "meat wagon" as they were not satisfied with his answers, where he was placed in a cell for a quarter of an hour. Following their tea, the police took Chris to his house, searched it and took the serial numbers on Chris's stereo system and confiscated his air-rifle for "tests".

When asked about the event, Chris declared that people had been avoiding him because of his contact with the

police, but he insisted that the Catering Manager and the Secretary had been especially "kind" to him. He reportedly expressed his concern about the fact that the police failed to apologise to him. Nothing seemed to be determined about the missing money and he said that he was considering legal action over the police's behaviour.

Nevertheless, he managed to end on a positive note as he asked *The Beaver* to write that he was "interested in meeting any young female students who might like to be in hair, make-up and glamour advertisements"!

By Miriam Chalabi

ULU Womens Officer to stay

Zoe Peden

THE post of Women's Officer at King's College Union has been "trash canned". With the post no longer existing it has caused great debate as to whether the position is "outdated feminism" or plays an important role in female student life.

Rachel Andrews, the elected officer for this year was said to be uninterested in the position and missed meetings. Duncan Rasor, King's College President, comments that the work of Women's Officer has for a while been performed by the Equal Opportunities and Welfare Officer.

The motion to remove the post was passed by a two thirds majority. However, the vote was split along gender lines, with women voting against. Since there were "fittingly" more men present, the post was discarded.

Linda Smith, ULU's Women's Officer, felt it was a bit extreme to remove the post altogether because the Union could not find an appropriate person for the job. She also feels the vote was not taken according to correct constitutional rules and plans to appeal against the verdict. At ULU a motion was put forward by Nathalia Thorn, Administration and Student Affairs Sabbatical at Kings College. The motion failed by a substantial majority.

This incident also begs the question of how secure our Women's Officer is at LSE, because the "next port of call" is Sam "the man" Parham and it does not appear that the LSESU at present is contemplating abolishing the position of women's officer. Parham remarked that he would personally defend the position of women's officer against any similar moves. Parham further stresses the importance of the position of Women's Officer, arguing that it provides representation and campaigns on issues which ultimately benefit female students, as seen by the campaign for safe transport.

Refurbishment of Tuns halted

Andrew Yule

IN a shock statement to the UGM on Thursday, LSESU General Secretary Dan Crowe announced that the proposed refurbishment of the Three Tuns would no longer go ahead over the Easter break. A rowdy, mushroom throwing UGM crowd was told that Harris Bros., the company contracted to make the changes to the bar had upped their asking price by £23,000 on the realisation that they had misdrawn the Tuns. Harris Bros. had apparently calculated the size of the to be one third smaller than it actually is, thus the initial misquote. LSE student campaigner Yuan Potts exclaimed "It's amazing that no-one noticed that the Three Tuns had shrunk by a third!"

After the issue was put to the vote at the UGM it was eventually decided, amongst much confusion, to postpone the job until the summer, and possibly to find different contractors for the job.

Speaking at the UGM both Chris Cooper and Dan Crowe expressed great disappointment with the company for letting down the whole School. Dan Crowe said that "for once, this is not the fault of the union," while Cooper accused the staff of Harris Bros. of being incapable of drawing.

With the UGM voting to wait until the summer to do the much needed work on the Tuns after being informed that there was only one week left to find new quotes to verify Harris Bros.' seemingly high quote.

So it seems that Harris Bros. may be told that their services will no longer be required, at least for the time being, and the whole process will start again.

A Brighter BLPES For 1998

By Jonathan Black

The library and students alike are set to benefit from the Heritage Lottery Fund. The library is now in its centenary year and there are plans to completely redesign the Lionel Robbins Building, which houses the world's largest social science collection.

The Trustees of the Heritage Lottery Fund have agreed to contribute towards funding the project, in principle, although the exact size of the award has not been confirmed.

Jan Wilkinson, Deputy Librarian, told *The Beaver* that "the library gets its reputation from its collections, not the building".

The proposal, which will cost in the region of £10 million, has been designed by the eminent architects, Sir Norman Foster and Partners. He has also designed the controversial 92-storey skyscraper for the City. The library is working with the LSE Foundation to raise the necessary funds. It is hoped that the money can be raised in approximately one year.

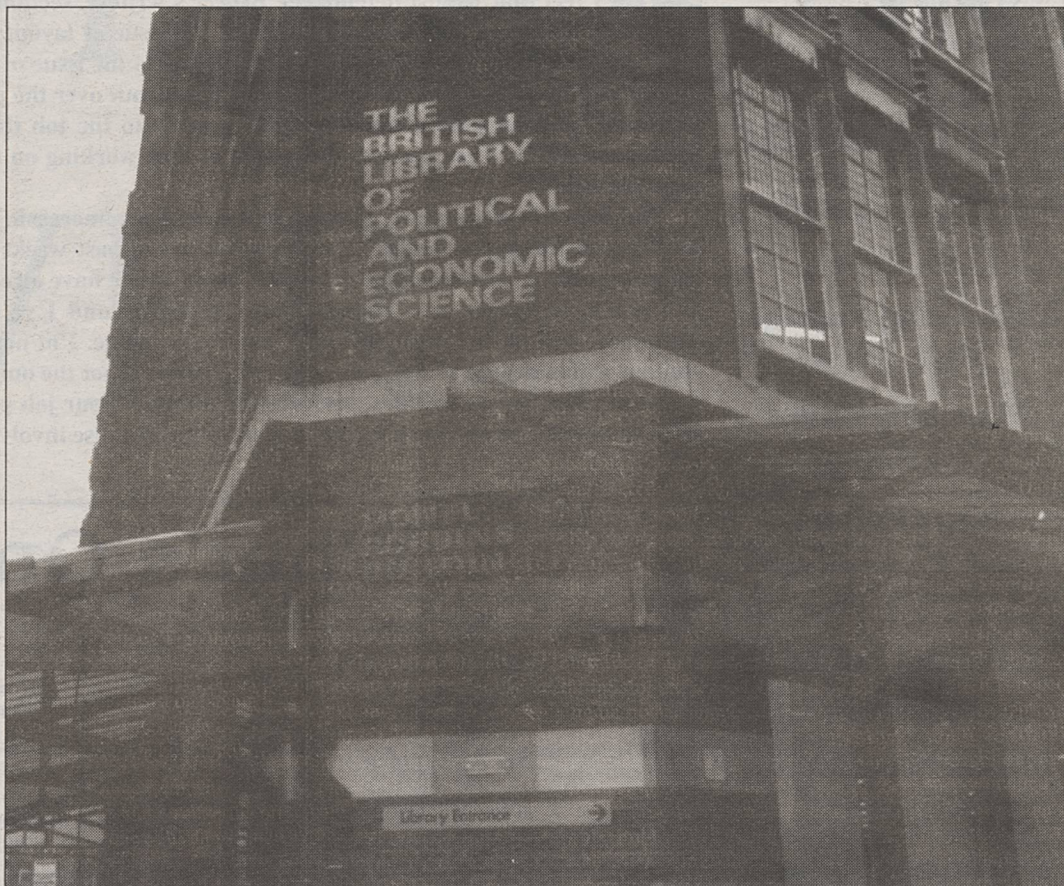
The British Library of Political and Economic Science (BLPES) was founded in 1896 and is now home to over four million items.

The Lionel Robbins Building has housed the library since the 1970s and the facilities have remained relatively unchanged since then. The lighting in many parts of the building is poor and

unsuitable for study. Further, floorboards creak and some parts of the roof leak. The library is now being used by up to 5,000 people per day and it no longer provides an atmosphere that is "conducive to academic study".

The Second Century Campaign, will radically address these problems. The large open area in the middle of the building will be transformed into a new circular stairwell, with a spiral ramp and glass lifts to each floor. The interior walls around will be removed to improve lighting and the stairwell may be lowered in by helicopter to avoid disruption to library users. There will be a fundamental rethink of how best to layout the existing collections and the ground floor will be completely redesigned to be more spacious. The temperature will be controlled to improve the atmosphere and protect the books. A new cafe will be constructed just outside the main entrance, to serve users during the long opening hours.

Around 1500 new work stations will replace the existing tables - each will have access to electronic services. There will also be places where people can work in groups and comfortable seating areas. If funds are raised within the time scale, work on the "exciting plans" could begin in the Summer of 1998 and would take roughly 18 months to complete. The library may shut for a temporary period during the summer vacation but would remain open during term time.



BLPES to be refurbished in line with centenary celebrations.

Photo: Kenneth Lo

Dearing enquiry listens. But does it learn?

Tens of thousands of qualified British students face being turned away from universities because the Government thinks that it will not be profitable to spend public funds on educating them for deadend jobs or lowly careers. According to a report in *The Guardian* last week, Sir Ron Dearing's committee of enquiry on the future of higher education has been told by government ministers that the economy's demand for graduates is prone to outstrip the supply within the next three years. They went on to add that the days when two A-Levels, or equivalent qualifications, served to ensure entry into university are numbered.

The evidence not only challenges a core doctrine of previous policy, which conceptualised a growth in universities in order to compose a highly qualified

By Narius Aga

workforce able to compete internationally, but is also in stark contrast to the "national crusade for education" stance adopted across the Atlantic by President Clinton.

For Vice-Chancellors, already reeling after a thirty six percent cut in funding per student over the last ten years, the evidence came as a further blow. It increases the likelihood of the introduction of tuition fees as an alternative way of meeting demand for universities without increasing public spending by the next government. Conservative ministers and their Labour counterparts are all continuing to remain tight-lipped about this option. It is yet another dismal example of Government mismanagement and short-

sightedness with regards to the Higher Education system.

Meanwhile, the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals of the universities of the UK (CVCP) has proposed a "more effective" loans system to replace means tested maintenance grants. In its evidence to the Dearing Committee, it advocates the reinvestment of funds released by ending grants into the maintenance sector. It further alleges discrimination against part-time and postgraduate students based on the present system, and feels that the proposed measures would help alleviate the situation for them. On the issue of expansion, the CVCP, in stark contrast to the Government's report, believes that

market demand has increased and the number of student places should reflect that. Furthermore, a national scheme for credit, accumulation and transfer (based on the American model) allowing students to transfer more readily between universities has been proposed. Encouragement for collaboration between universities has also been suggested.

The Dearing Committee was established by the Government to enquire into the funding of Higher Education. It is due to report this summer, after the next General Election. It is currently hearing submissions from a number of sources.

The outcome of the report will be of particular interest to LSE students considering the irony of the possibility of a more student friendly outcome then top-up fees.

Overseas? Extra fees please

By Miriam Chalabi

THERE have been reports that the LSE is using overseas students to fund its expansion. The number of students has risen by 36 per cent between 1990-1995/ 1996 without taking the European Union students into account.

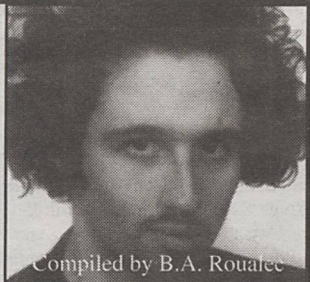
It is reported that by 1998/99 the number of full time overseas students will increase by 70 per cent. The pro-director of the LSE, Leslie Hannah has expressed his concern explaining that the School's expansion is due to the "declining government funding". Every overseas undergraduate pays £8,000 in fees compared to £3,000 paid by home students who are funded by the local authority and council. Professor Hannah is reported to have said that "We are competing for international students with the likes of Harvard and we are cheap compared to them" and he then went on to say "however, that is not taking into account the cost of living in London. I think it would be unreasonable to charge overseas students any more and if we simply use their fees to subsidise home students that is a recipe for disaster".

When asked his opinion, Education and Welfare sabbatical, Sam Parham, said that such a situation would mean that since the School cannot reduce the number of home students, an increase in overseas students would create "overcrowding and would make everything more inaccessible to students" and he further said that "it is not a good thing". It appears therefore, that this situation remains to be a continuing problem for the LSE.

School's Out

This Week's Questions

- 1) What do you think of your time at the LSE?
- 2) What do you hope to do next year?



Compiled by B.A. Rouafec



- 1) (light embarrassed laugh)
 - 2) Be in Milan.
- Rupal Shah, 3rd year

- 1) Great! It gave us the opportunity to meet each other.
- 2) Get married and give birth to four little politicians.



Marco Alvera, 3rd Philosophy and Economics and Ricardo Squitieri, 3rd year International Relations

- 1&2) Too tired to say a word.

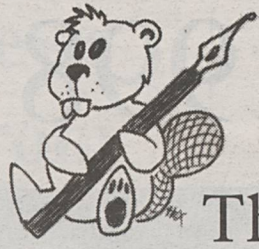


Nicole Fuchs, 3rd year BSc Management

- 1) A great deal...
- 2) Take a year off!!



Sidika Owen, 3rd year



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WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE BEAVER ?

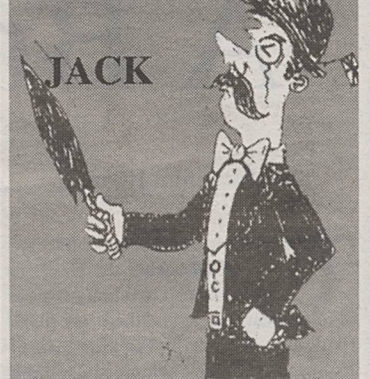
I would like to address complaints at last week's UGM that *The Beaver* is a bad newspaper, with poor layout standards and poor writing. As our readers, they are entitled to their opinion and those suggestions are taken into account when Craig and I review the paper. Yet I feel that I must defend *The Beaver's* writers, section editors and sub-editors for the work they do. Ideas and opinions differ on the issue of layout: some think our layout is good, others not so. I say, to each his own, similarly as to the issue of good or bad articles. The paper has moved towards a standardised and cleaner layout over the past few months. I find this to be preferable and have no complaints with regards to the job that *The Beaver's* various section editors are doing. They spend a great deal of time working on their pages and are dedicated to their sections.

The Beaver's writers are of good calibre and are increasing in number. As for the various mistakes in the paper, many have appeared in the past weeks' issues due to the fact that our computers have been crashing and losing pages which have already been proofed and corrected. When I'm still here at 6 am on Friday morning and I've been in *The Beaver* office all Thursday, I think it's justified that I want to go home. I'm not just *Beaver* Editor, I'm also a student with a degree to study for and *The Beaver* is not the only thing in my life.

As for *The Beaver's* critics, perform the duties of your job properly before you find yourself so fit as to criticise my work for the paper, or anyone else involved with it in any capacity.

LIZ CHONG

UNION



Jack finds himself in a quandary this week. The UGM was dominated by one subject: the future of *Beaver* towers. Sadly, as a resident of said *Beaver* penthouse suite, Jack finds it difficult to be objective on such an issue. But, seeing that a lack of objectivity has never been an obstacle before, we shall wade onwards down the river of comment. So, bare with me: It ain't gonna be funny this week.

Editor Liz Chong's prioritised motion read something like this. The constitution mandates Darrel Hare to provide *The Beaver* with sufficient funds to produce 21 issues consisting of 20 pages. At present, budgetary constraints mean *The Beaver* has insufficient funds to print this many pages. In one sense this is a clear blessing: *The Beaver* frequently does not have enough good quality material to fill a mere 16 pages. Chong and Smiley Narius claimed that *The Beaver* needed an extra £5'000 to sort it out, and were opposed by Darrel Hare and Chris Cooper, both claiming this wouldn't make too much difference.

The central argument: will new computers make for a moister *Beaver*? Anyone who cares to saunter down to *Beaver* Central will see that the standard of hardware is fairly prehistoric. However, Cooper would have argued that what makes a decent paper is the calibre of writing. Sadly, the atmosphere of chaos perpetrated at the *Beaver* Office due largely to the technical limitations is a fairly hefty disincentive to prospective writers. What then happens is that a group of hardened hacks will dedicate most of their lives to producing a paper which, due to lack of decent writers and poor equipment, is a sub-standard quality. Fair comment: most of the people at *The Beaver* don't grasp the idea of imaginative design. Although it certainly should have better layout, it is difficult to perform wonders with a scanner that is bust, and machines that work less frequently than Sam Parham.

On the debate itself, Hare did show that *The Beaver* had a working surplus of £2,800. *Beaver* staff were not made aware of this: it is a point well made.

However, Cooper's argument about *The Beaver* scuppering the Union pages is scarcely convincing. These pages are consistently the worst in the paper - poor design, and nothing to say. Hopefully the arrival of Che Cropper as communication exec will improve the situation. Further, the man who ran for the Executive under the banner 'it will look good on my CV' criticising *Beaver* hacks for the same crime seems a little rich. Was Cooper really using his two years of editorship as a platform for a serious journalistic career? Nonetheless, Coops had a lot of valid points. And still the motion passed. Lovely.

On matters less *Beavery*, it appears that the UGM itself could be in peril. Having been warned that any more Mushroom throwing could result in serious consequences, the Balcony Boys continued in their vegetable induced gay-abandon. As anyone who does the shake n' vac will testify, mushroom does stain carpets. Thus, it appears the powers that be may be turfing our sublime meeting into a new arena. See you in the quad next week, then?

What's On

THE LAW SOCIETY
presents
The Grand Law Ball
at The Waldorf Hotel
on Wednesday, March 12 1997
Drink Reception at 7pm in the Palm Court
Dinner Jacket, Gowns Carriages at 1 am

Italian Society
presents
Pasta Evening
starts 8pm 'til late in The
Quad/ Cafe'
February 27, 1997

The Arabic Society at the LSE & The Arab Society of UCL
Present
Party At Sedona
Seona, 12 New Burlington Street
(Off Regent St - Nearest tube Oxford Circus)
On Tuesday March 18 at 10pm-3am
Tickets £10 or £15 for VIP tickets - VIP room with finger-
buffet and Belly dancer.
For information & tickets call:
LSE: Joe 0958 491 603 UCL: Reem 0958 557 536
Kings: 0956 953 738 QMW: Sara 0181 853 5067
Imperial: Najla 0973 764 380 City: Maha 0956 496 747

The Arabic Society
Wanted:
guys and girls needed to model traditional
clothing for the fashion show event in the
forthcoming Global Festival.
Also Wanted:
In need of Traditional Arabic & Middle Eastern
clothing for the forthcoming Global festival.
your help would be greatly appreciated.
Meeting for all those interested will be held on
Wednesday February 19 at 2pm. The Law
Common Room (3rd floor of the Old Building).
Arabic Language Classes
Weekly on Wednesday 4.30 -5.30 pm
Beginners Room E195 Members Free
Intermediates Room E198 Non- members 50p

Balik Kampung
Saturday March 1
5.30-11pm
Old Theatre
£8 members, £9 non- members
A cultural night organised by the
Malaysia- Singapore Society.
A unique opportunity to experience the
vast and varied culture of the region
right here in LSE. Performances include
traditional Malay, Chinese and Modern
dances, music and song recitals and
sketches.
The price includes a hot 'n' spicy
Malaysian dinner catered by Putra Hotel.

Student Industrial Society
are organising a financial business
game jointly with CIMA, focusing
on the case study 'Boozy Pub
company'.
Will take place in C120 at 5-9.30pm
on March 4. Refreshment is
provided.
Anyone interested should e- mail,
the Student- Industrial Society
Free for SIS members; £1 for non-
members

The Management Society
presents
Sir Geoffrey Owen
former editor of the FT On
"Managing the FT"
Tuesday February 27
at 5pm, Room: TBA
All Welcome
If you have any queries please
do not hesitate to contact
Melanie Martin at 0181 9838465

Cine Club
Tuesday February 25 1997
'The Hunt for Red October'
at 6.15pm in the New Theatre
(E171)
Thursday February 27 1997
'Breakfast at Tiffany's'
7.15pm in the New Theatre (E171)
Free for members
Membership (£1) available at the
door.

Centenary Global Festival

The Centenary Global Festival 1997 is taking place from March 3 to March 7 1997. It's going to be an amazing week full of events for all five days from morning till night. The Chinese are getting involved with a cascade of Chinese events, the Scandinavians are going to be playing with lego, drinking Carlsberg and having a huge Viking party (the beer will be served in Viking helmets), The Middle East is coming together with the Arabic and Indian society doing a fashion show, the Friends of Palestine and the Israeli Society are organising a workshop in the name of peace and in the true essence of the Global Festival, the Malaysians are having a buffet and show, the Greeks are, of course, going to go crazy (as always - it's just in their nature) with a Greek dance show, dinner and a Greek disco and many other societies are going to

Anja Masden on what to expect from this year's festival

present things throughout the week. One of the major events is Meera Sayal (Real McCoy) and Sanjeen Bhaskar ("Bollywood or Bust" on BBC2) coming on the Thursday to present a comedy show. Friday night might contain an International Night where ambassadors will speak and various societies will present a series of performances ranging from Brazilian Capoeira (a mixture of dance and martial arts) to Hindu society sketches. The whole festival will culminate with a wild Brazilian Carnival in the Quad where you can go crazy until 1 am in the morning. All in all, it should be a great week.

ELECTION FEVER

What is...?

The Constitution And Steering Committee

"The C&S Committee have to monitor the activities of the Union to make sure they are within the confines of the Constitution and the Laws of the Land. Its major functions are to assist the Returning Officer with the good conduct of the elections and checking UGM motions for constitutionality (we don't know what 'steering' means). We try not to be too dictatorial when it comes to interpreting the rather vague set of cobbled together bollocks that is our Constitution. We reflect a variety of student backgrounds within the Committee. Despite this, there has been very little disagreement this year.

The problem with the Union is a growing disinterest among the student body when it comes to Union politics. This reflects the wider political apathy within the LSE. You can count on one hand the number of people who have submitted motions this year. Being on the C&S Committee is not a glamorous job, however I feel my duty to the Union is not just to be target practice for the balcony boys. I want to help it carry out the many services it tries to provide."

Rob Reed, Chair C&S Committee

COMING ATTRACTION

Women's Week

Week 8 looks set to be a busy one around the LSE. As well as the SU elections, and the Global Festival, the Union's annual Women's Week will be taking place.

There will be a number of events organised by the Women's Group, including a free aerobics session, assertiveness training for women and a number of speakers. A stall in the Quad from Monday to Wednesday, 11-1, will offer literature on women's issues.

Tuesday 4th has been declared a diet-free day. The Women's Group is hoping to be giving out free chocolates on this day. T-shirts and rape alarms will also be on sale throughout the week. For more information leave a message for Fatma Msumi, Women's Officer at SU Reception.

There will be two elections in the next few months. The British General Election is likely to be an endless, and banal, series of soundbites, lies and evasions by shifty politicians. The LSE's Student Union elections, on the other hand ...

The sabbaticals and part-time executive officers who run the Union's services, fight its campaigns and provide entertainment at UGMs will be elected in the first week of March. So will the members of several important committees, and the LSE's delegates to NUS conferences.

If you want to run for any of the positions listed here, you must fill out a nomination form, available at Union Reception in the East Building. Forms must be handed back to Reception before 5 pm tomorrow, Wednesday 26th.

There will be hustings for sabbatical candidates in the UGM on Thursday 26th, and an agents meeting at 2 pm on the top floor of the Veggie Cafe.

Voting will take place on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week.

SABBATICALS

Single position elections are conducted by Alternative Vote:

General Secretary

Responsible for overall coordination of Union activities, campaigns and committees. The primary representative of the LSESU.

Treasurer

Responsible for the Union budget, coordination of Union services and other financial shindigs.

Education & Welfare Sabbatical

A broad job, encompassing many areas of the LSESU's student services. In charge of welfare services, and also liaises with the school on important academic matters like resits.

Entertainments Sabbatical

Responsible for the Union's programme of fun and frolics. Life and soul of the party and a good organiser ... a difficult combination.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

The Union's part-time executive officers work with sabbaticals to coordinate the Union's activities in their specific fields. They also sit on the Executive Committee, the LSESU's highest body for day-to-day management.

Equal Opportunities - Women's Issues

Only a woman may stand for election to this position

Equal Opps - Overseas and EU Students

Only a student who is from outside Britain by nationality, domicile or fee status may stand

Equal Opps - Mature Students' Officer

Only a mature student may stand

The Executive Slate: Five candidates are elected by Single Transferable Vote. They each take one of the five positions, with the candidate with most votes having first choice.

Equal Opportunities - General Communications Officer

(not as much fun as it sounds, unfortunately)

Environment Officer

Societies Officer

Services Officer

NON-EXECUTIVE POSITIONS

All multiple position elections are conducted by STV

Returning Officer

Responsible for the conduct of SU elections (definitely not as much fun as it sounds)

Finance Committee

Three positions

Academic Affairs Committee

five positions

Constitution & Steering Committee

Seven positions

NUS Conference Delegation

Six delegates and one observer to the NUS's annual conference.

NUS Women's Conference

One delegate and one observer - only women may stand.

REMEMBER, NOMINATION FORMS MUST BE IN BY 5 pm WEDNESDAY

The Italian Society

presents

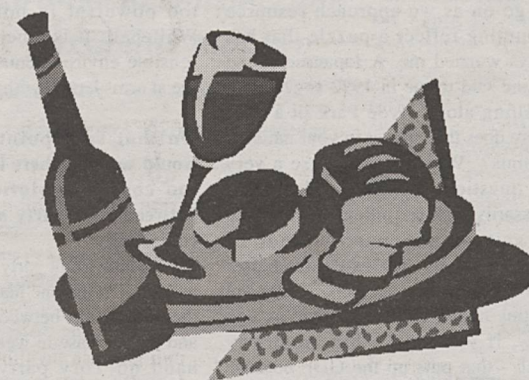
The Pasta Evening

Eat As Much As You Like!

Thursday 27th of February at 20:00 in the Quad

Choose from many different Italian recipes...
...and drink plenty of Italian wine and beer

Ice Cream and Neopolitan babas will be served
for dessert!



Tickets available in Houghton Street

ELECTION



Looking at the economic record of successive Tory governments since 1979, could you admit that the results have been at best mixed?

The results have been fundamentally good for the following reason: there was a big straightforward task to do in this country, which was to reverse the drift towards corporatism, over-regulation and over-taxation. The first years of Margaret Thatcher's administration had to concentrate on those big battles, which were very tough, with heavy clashes with the trades unions and over the early privatisations, with all the very painful structural change that comes with that kind of rebuilding of an economy. No one in their senses is going to say that every detail of everything was always done right. We were to some extent in uncharted territory, but the big issues were correctly identified and followed through in the Eighties. We then clearly got the combination of an over-estimation of how quickly the benefits of that would come through in terms of underlying growth capacity, together with a loss of control of credit; that wasn't well financially managed in 1988 and 1989, there is no question of that. That was compounded by the decision to join the ERM, which although understandable at the time, now looks very optimistic in terms of the exchange rate we went in at. So we wobbled then. However, since we have come out of the ERM we have had extremely good economic management in the last four years, arguably the best period of economic management since the Second World War, combined with the fact that the huge structural gains undertaken in the Thatcher years have brought the non-inflationary rate of unemployment down.

Is it not, however, fair to say that the Government's unemployment statistics are an inaccurate reflection, an underestimation, of the number of people out of work?

It is true that some of the bigger figures of the fall in claimant unemployment do represent the fact that we have been incredibly vulnerable to fraud and the black economy here, and it is a good thing that that is being stripped out. But then you need to look at both the other two measures of employment, of which the Labour Force Survey is probably the best. But anyway they are all moving in roughly the same direction at the moment - the trend in unemployment is certainly falling.

While the orthodox economic indicators such as GDP may be more positive now in Britain, is economic growth, in your opinion, an adequate reflection of prosperity?

Not entirely. The philosophic arguments that go on as we approach resource accounting reflect a puzzle that has always worried me. A Japanese friend of mine said to me in 1972 as we were travelling along Hyde Park in a taxi, 'where does that appear in your national accounts?' Which is of course a very neat question. I think we also don't necessarily pick up, although we try to, the gain in the improvement of externalities by, for example, better environmental management. There are oddities in the GDP statistics; as you know, if you have a big motorway smash - that puts up the GDP because lots of people have to rush around doing things. But if you attempt to have an index which measures prosperity in a better way, it is extremely difficult to make headway because you end up taking wider social indicators which are hard to measure. But the Prime Minister

The Tory Record: Economy and Society

William Waldegrave MP, Chief Secretary to the Treasury, is interviewed by Simon Retallack, Politics Editor.

was right with his objective of aiming for a nation at ease with itself, which is something a little wider than sheer economic growth.

Do you think he has succeeded in that respect?

I think these things are long term. He has helped to clear away a range of problems, including hard-left socialism, which he largely destroyed by his victory in the last election, leaving this soft corporate socialism, which is extremely dangerous because it could take us back into the 1979 world again. A nation becomes at ease with itself by settling down into a habit of life where the prosperity comes without conflict and trades union rows, but also because of other wider things about its own self-image. That is beginning to come right, because out of all the arguments about Europe there is beginning to be a consensus that Britain's natural role in the world is the old outward-looking free-trading role with which we are happiest. So I think we are on the way, but there is more to do.

How seriously are environmental considerations taken into account here at the Treasury?

Much more than I thought from outside. I was impressed by how the Treasury doesn't argue against proposals which clearly do deal with real externalities. The great industrial vested interests are usually the enemies, and that was yet another very good reason for privatisation, because it diminished producer capture of Whitehall. The Nuclear industry, for example, was far too powerful in policy-making in Whitehall. It is much easier to have sensible environmental policies if you are at arms length with industry.

On that very point, some people would say that there is in fact a much too cosy, symbiotic relationship between your party and the business community.

For a centre-right party there is always a tension. On the one hand we understand the connection between free-enterprise and the increase in wealth. On the other hand no Tory party must ever be captured by the capitalists, and that is the real meaning of One-Nation Toryism - that we should always be a non-sectarian based party, we shouldn't ever fall into the hands of one section.

Would you not be helping yourselves

in that respect if you published the sources of donations to your party?

I am not an expert on that subject. [Silence]. The important thing is that nobody should give away other people's money without it being open, and therefore it is essential that shareholders should know if their companies are giving. If individuals want to give to political parties or indeed to charities, I think that is up to them.

range of part-time jobs too.

Has there not also been an increase in temporary jobs, with the majority being on fixed term contracts?

There is an increase in that, although we are still way below the Europeans. I think that is quite inevitable anyway. It has strengths as well as weaknesses. But we shouldn't over-exaggerate it. I want to go back to inequality which you also



"I can't understand it. The economic indicators have never been better."

Do you see a link between the free market economics which your party has been pursuing and the growing economic insecurity and inequality, and social breakdown in this country?

No, not at all, quite the opposite. What has caused the sense of insecurity is not that jobs are held for a dramatically shorter time, but that people are much more worried about finding another job if they lose their job. And it is the duty of the politician to create a framework where new jobs are generated. That is where we are right to criticise the social protection model of the Germans and others. You cannot hold back the tide of change in a globalising market in a period of rapid technological change.

But if one looks at the new jobs that are being created, is it not true that more and more of them are in fact part-time? The Government's own Workforce in Employment series' figures show, for example, that no less than 90 per cent of new jobs created in 1995 were part-time.

And in 1996 the position started to reverse itself. But one has to be careful with saying that that's a bad thing. Because if you ask the part-timers, 75 per cent say they want part-time jobs. Women in our society still have two jobs; they are principal carers for children, and at the same time it is extremely helpful to them to have a

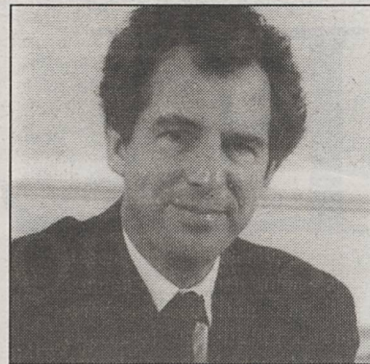
does better at providing jobs, even if earnings are more widely dispersed, has a lesser gap between the top and the bottom, than a society that has very high unemployment, because it is the unemployed that are the losers in everything.

Even if it leads to poverty?

Well it doesn't. We have ensured, happily, that even on household income there are no absolute losers in our society. You have to remember that we have some tremendous in-kind benefits that they don't have in the US, like the Health Service. The other problem is a structural change for those at the bottom; there has been an increase in single parents who in all societies tend to be the poorest if they are not working. What has gone wrong here, compared to some other countries, is that we have structured our benefits in such a way that there is almost an incentive for single parents not to work, and we are beginning to change that now.

How do you respond to the criticism that by providing low-pay benefits you are subsidising cow-boy employers who pay low wages. Should taxpayers subsidise these characters?

We have been increasing in-work benefits, family credit and so on. Alright, that may cost a little more for the state, whereas Labour wants to



dump it on employers, but we say that it is more sensible to use the benefits system to help attach people again to the habit and dignity of work. And so far all the evidence is on our side - it has not caused the wages of people on family credit to fall, and it hasn't altered the behaviour of employers.

Turning to the operations of the free market on a global level where social and ecological abuses are rife, why is your party opposed to including social and environmental clauses in GATT?

For the following reasons. We are not 'let us send the children down the mines' people, but we are extremely suspicious of both the French and the Americans in their mis-use of these arguments for what is effectively protectionism. We think that campaigns such as those against child labour, which can be perfectly legitimate, should be conducted under the auspices of those organisations which deal with human rights, because they provide a much better guarantee against mis-use by economic interests for protectionist reasons. I get suspicious when I see rows of French businessmen saying that they have suddenly discovered that it is very important to pursue dreadful practices in lower wage economies, when it just may be that what they are really after is protecting their home markets.

Legitimately, some would say, to protect jobs?

Well, if it is true, but it very often isn't when it comes from those sources.

Can it not be legitimate if you are concerned to protect jobs and wages from competition with China and Vietnam where wages are much lower than here?

There is nothing wrong with competing with people with lower wages. Look at Hong Kong. Twenty years ago, Hong Kong had lower wages, it now has wages as high or higher than ours, and it is a serious market. That is a positive-sum game: that is the way of making them richer and making new markets for us. Much the greatest engine for equalisation is free trade.

Finally, on a more personal note, many people would like to know why you didn't resign after being accused by Sir Richard Scott, leading the 'Arms to Iraq' Inquiry, of "sophistry", making "untrue" statements, and a "deliberate" failure to inform MPs. Wouldn't it have been more honourable to resign?

First of all, you must remember that Scott was set up to see if there had been a conspiracy to send innocent people to jail, he dismissed that in a sentence - 'no conspiracy, no cover-up.' So the big accusations fell. The secondary argument was about whether the guidelines had changed. I believe to this day that they hadn't changed, that he misunderstood what happened. But the essential thing was he said that I had "no duplicitous intent." He also said that letters that I signed in his view, could have misled and I should have stopped them being drafted like that. I actually think that he was wrong on the facts of that. But the key issue of whether I deliberately lied, I was acquitted of. So I don't think I should resign.

William Waldegrave, educated at Oxford and Harvard, has been Conservative MP for Bristol West since 1979 and has been in the Cabinet since 1990.

Violence against Women-when will it stop?

Lynne Ravenscroft investigates the horrors that have been done to women throughout the world

What we might do perhaps in the next few weeks, is maybe ponder what is happening out in the real world, specifically, to women. At an international conference held recently in Brighton on the theme of Violence, Abuse and Women's Citizenship, speaker after speaker told of the murder, torture, mutilation, rape and denial of fundamental human rights to women throughout the world. Even the history of the treatment of women by their nearest and dearest is appalling.

As late as 1900, an English judge invoked the "rule of thumb" concept, whereby a wife could legally be beaten by her husband, providing that the stick he used were no thicker than his thumb. It was only in 1949 that the disgusting and cruel practice of breaking the bones of the feet thus crippling the hapless victim for life, could no longer be performed legally on one quarter of the world's women. Chinese men claimed that women were "erotic" only when so

"in one Islington survey of 1000 men and women, nearly two thirds of the men admitted that they would use violence on their wives or partners in a conflict"

disabled.

Today, women are still denied the right to life itself. In an attempt to limit the deliberate abortions of girls, India earlier this year introduced a law banning the misuse of tests to determine the sex of a foetus: in developed

countries there are 1060 girls to 1000 boys: in northern Indian states, 850 girls to 1000 boys. In rural China, the ratio may be as low as 1:12; and a UN report estimates that by 2010 there will be a worldwide surplus of 100 million men. The warrior generation? Girl babies are being suffocated, poisoned, or starved, so that in three countries of South Asia alone, there are one million girl babies 'missing' from the census statistics.

The rise of fundamentalism in many countries, whether in Christian, Jewish or Muslim societies, is having a devastating effect on women's human rights. Everyday, 3000 adolescent Egyptian girls have their entire external genitalia cut out by order of extremist theologians, who claim that women can only be "pure" if so mutilated. Young Algerian women are being raped as the result of a fatwa declared by the Armed Islamic Group stating that Holy warriors have the right to exact sexual pleasure before they sacrifice their own lives.

Women, rightly or wrongly accused of adultery will be shown no mercy by the fundamentalists in Afghanistan or Pakistan, being stoned to death in the former, hacked to death in the latter: the man will be given the chance to escape or pay a financial price. Not only have the Taliban in Kabul forbidden women to work - remember this is a nation of war widows supporting families alone - but no woman may leave her house wearing a hard-soled shoe in case a man hears her footsteps and her head must be totally covered by a cloth in case a man sees her face.

From Seattle to Moscow, London to Lagos, Budapest to Beijing, Saudi to Sydney, women are being abused, physically, sexually and emotionally by their spouses or partners in the "safety

and privacy" of their own homes. 15,000 Russian women were murdered by their husbands in 1993: there are no women's refuges at all but volunteers are setting up domestic violence hot-lines across the country. In Budapest, I have taken part in training sessions for volunteers operating the hot-lines there and met abused women and heard their harrowing tales, just as I have done in refuges in Britain. The stories are all horribly similar.

In the USA, 4000 women will probably be murdered by their husbands or partners next year, and in a recent survey in Israel amongst Arab women, 50 per cent had been beaten by their husbands. In Britain, one in five women under 30 in inner cities fears domestic violence, according to the 1994 British Crime Survey. They have good reason to, with 40 per cent of all female homicide victims being killed by their partners and 25 per cent of ALL violent offenses being committed by men on their partners.

Each year, 45,000 women and children have to leave their own homes, and often their friends, their schools and their jobs, to enter refuges to escape such violence.

In 1994, 100,000 women in London sought treatment for violent injuries received in the home and in one Islington survey of 1000 men and women, nearly two thirds of the men admitted that they would use violence on their wives or partners in a 'conflict'

situation. One quarter of battered women are battered when pregnant. Everyone reading this will know someone who is being so abused: 10 per cent of women in Great Britain are victims of domestic violence.

So what can be done? On average, a woman will have been attacked 35 times in the context of a relationship before she reports the matter to anyone. Hard to believe? Could you admit to your friends and family that the man you love does these things to you? He's spent a long time telling you that it's all

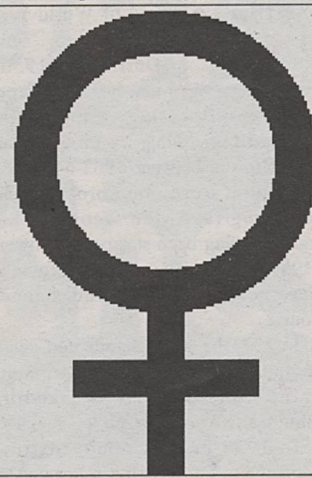
mothers are three times more likely to hit their own wives. More than half the men who batter their female partner will also abuse their children. In a recent survey of adolescents committing very serious sexual offenses, 75 per cent had experienced violence at home.

These are extraordinarily grim statistics and may also provide some explanation for the daily newspaper reports of violence within our schools. It is an issue too important for any of us to ignore. One wonders what a survey of the male and female students in this

School would reveal.

So, what are we going to do for our fellow human beings? We have to start challenging aggressive behaviour wherever we see it. Why not here?

Womens' Week is being organised by members of the SU Executive and the Womens' Committee from March 3 to 7. Look out for notices of events, in your copy of next week's Beaver.



When will the suffering end?

your fault, and now you believe him. You feel you have nowhere to turn: you are economically dependent on the batterer: you have no other home to go to. So you cringe at home waiting for the next onslaught, praying that you will do nothing to provoke him, that he will change.

If we wish to reduce violence in society as a whole, then violence in the home must be prevented. Boys who witness their fathers hitting their

When the fairytale is over...

Carly Johnson considers ways of lessening the pain of divorce: social phenomenon of the twentieth century

The happy couple walks down the aisle, as smiling faces shower confetti on them. As they blissfully look into each other's eyes and contemplate their future together, little do they realise that in a few years time, they may end up facing each other over a crowded court room, fighting over the creations of their union, who sit solemnly in a corner, watching as their small world falls apart before their eyes.

It is right to say that children are the party most wounded when a marriage that is beyond saving ends in divorce. Their devotion to each parent is torn into two. If the children are young they are prone to feeling bewildered and deprived, while those in their teenage years might in especially bad cases grow up maladjusted.

There can also be many complications due to hostile divorce actions over support of the child and visiting rights. The trauma caused to both children and fathers alike in the recent cases concerning the Child Support Agency are particularly good examples of how if handled wrongly, the second families of the father can also be affected. All that counts only the

emotional cost to the children. Not yet tabulated is the cost to society if a rising incidence of marital failure is

alarming. In the United States where family ruptures due to divorce have become so widespread in the 'fashionable' pacific and eastern states that President Bill Clinton has embraced family values as the main domestic priority for his second term in Presidential office.

Divorce rates everywhere are going up which is an even more alarming fact. It is particularly strange to consider the possibility that two people who settle for divorce were once supposedly in love. One of the main reasons attributed to this growing trend is that many couples keep the option of divorce open, instead of believing that the marriage really is forever. If there is some problem, divorce just seems to be an eminent foreboding possibility that creeps into the discussion when things go wrong, with surprising speed.

The reformist school of thought has

some radical ideas about divorce. They feel that couples heading for divorce ought to plan for their children before deciding on a settlement. Details such as financial support, guardianship, visiting rights and accommodation should be looked into before the actual divorce happens.

This is where the reformists really pull away from the conventional school of thought as they feel that an advance proposal on child welfare can spare the divorcing couple and their children the trauma and bitterness of post-divorce settlements and their could be no objections to its adoption.

Although this seems a very logical way of handling the whole issue of divorce, in a world where the number of divorces show no sign of slowing down, the practical approach does seem the

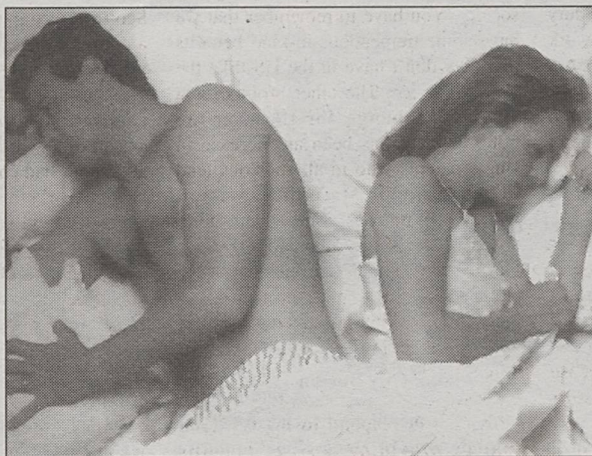
best solution.

Now the idea of divorce is spreading fast from the West to the East, as Asian countries such as Singapore and Indonesia have to cope with fast rising divorce rates. Even in such countries where the family is traditionally seen as paramount as sanctified, there seems to be a growing dependence on the take it or leave it attitude to life.

Divorce is traumatic for everyone, especially the children. Some lawyers

might decry making divorce easy through encouraging the habit. In some American states there are even more radical proposals for making divorce simple with the use of 'hole-in-the-wall' divorce machines, which are based on the 'hole-in-the-wall' cash machines.

These machines would effectively give you a divorce in a matter of minutes, as the two participants would only have to answer a few legal questions on their situations and then quicker than you could say 'I do', the marriage is over. Although this could seem frighteningly convenient in handling the breakup of a marriage, the amelioration of hurt by the unhappy couple would be gratefully accepted.



After the love has gone

exacerbated by inadequate provision for the children's emotional welfare. Then family stability and the institution of marriage itself come under wider assault.

The situation illustrated is very

From Deng to Death

One of the few remaining historical figures of the twentieth century passed away last week. **Guy Burton asks: is Deng Xiaoping worthy of the eulogies that have followed his death?**

Last Wednesday evening one of the most influential men in China's recent history passed away in Beijing. And with this man's death a curtain has been drawn upon the last member of the generation that led to the establishment of a Chinese communist state. Deng Xiaoping's death has set a stir throughout Asia and the world although it has been over seven years since he last held an official position within the Chinese state or the Communist Party (CCP). For the past three years there has been an air of expectancy in China about his death, his last public appearance being in early 1995. Then there was great consternation that he might not last much longer with circling rumours ranging from his being kept on a life support machine to the suggestion that he was actually dead.

Deng will probably have to wait a few years before the CCP attempts an assessment of his life and contributions to the Chinese state. With the party and the people no doubt in a state of shock and concern, particularly with the handover of Hong Kong later this year, the CCP will most likely maintain a united front on its judgement of Deng until the transition of power in China has been consolidated one way or another. Such a course of action is all the more likely when one considers that despite the current president of China, Jiang Zemin, being in power, his star might be on the wane now that his

patron is no more.

Deng was born in Sichuan province in 1904. At the age of sixteen he traveled to France where he took part in a work-study programme. It was in France that he was first introduced to communism, joining the CCP in 1924. At the age of twenty-three he was appointed chief secretary to the Central Committee before being subjected to the first of the three purges that he faced in his life. In 1933, for failing to toe the party line, he was disciplined and briefly imprisoned before taking up a number of political positions during the Sino-Japanese and the Revolutionary wars following the end of World War Two.

During the 1950s he held several positions in the Communist government, including a stint as acting Prime Minister between 1963-64. When the Cultural Revolution broke out in 1966 Deng faced the second of his purges, having been stripped of power. In 1969 he was sent to Jiangxi province where he was forced to do manual labour.

In 1973 he was rehabilitated again and appointed vice-Prime Minister, joining the Politburo standing committee two years later.

In 1976 he was removed from power again before being reinstated in 1977 for the final time in the wake of the arrest of the Gang of Four. For the next four years he struggled to wrest power from Mao's heir Hua Guofeng,

the culmination being the modernisation of the Chinese economy through his and the deceased Zhou Enlai's 'Four Moderns' policies - namely that of agriculture, industry, science and technology and defense.

If any assessment is to be made on

Deng's life, it will be over these policies which liberalised the Chinese economy. From a rigidly state-controlled economic system that Mao espoused for all of his life - despite the disorder, chaos and failure of such policies - the Chinese have seen their economy grow by approximately ten percent per annum for the last twenty years.

He has also left China in an apparently more stable position than at any time since Mao's death. This has been achieved primarily through the pursuit of enriching China economically whilst marginalising opposition within the CCP elite.

However, Deng's supporters cannot expect his achievements to remain unchallenged. It was due to his pragmatic and ambivalent approach to politics that in 1989 his implicit, if not explicit, consent led to the Tiananmen Square massacre. For over a month it

was Deng that held the balance between the government and the people, each side vying for his support.

Although many in the West considered Deng to be somewhat of a liberal within the CCP, it should be recognised that Deng saw his economic

was spent witnessing social disorder around him - from the collapse of the Qing Dynasty and the Sino-Japanese and Revolutionary wars to the chaos of the Great Leap Forward and the Cultural Revolution - it becomes clear why he consented to the bloody repression that took place on that June day eight years ago.

With Deng now gone it seems clear that Chinese politics will be entering an interesting period. Although Jiang Zemin remains in power, having seemingly consolidated himself by courting the Chinese army, one cannot help but wonder how long he will be able to maintain that position. For like Hua Guofeng, who owed his position to Mao, Jiang has only Deng to thank for his present position. Nevertheless, it is clear that Jiang remains in a more powerful position than Hua ever did, which suggests that if there is a power struggle it will be long and protracted.

Even if Chinese politics remain murky for the present, what appears quite clear is that there will be no turning back China's economic liberalisation policies. They are one aspect of Deng's legacy that will endure. Whether the same can be said about Deng's involvement in the Tiananmen Square massacre remains to be seen.

If one is to assess Deng's achievements, 1989 will always remain at the front of Western minds, no matter the benefits economic prosperity may have brought to his country. For this writer, Deng's legacy will remain his abuse of power in 1989 - when he resorted to violence to maintain his grip upon China's political system.



Is this man worthy of the term 'great'?

Photo: Library

policies as a means to maintain the Communists' control of China. He was no liberal or supporter of democracy in the Western senses of the word. Even at the Third Plenum of the Central Committee in 1977 - which is considered a watershed in the history of the communist Peoples' Republic of China - he only extended his support to the concept of 'centralised democracy', in which debate, discussion and criticism was sanctioned only through the medium of the CCP. Nevertheless, when one considers that his whole life

Democracy vs. Confucian values?

Following last week's article, an anonymous writer fears that Britain's handover of Hong Kong to China later this year may not be as simple as it appears...

Whatever Hong Kong's future economic position will be, the prospects for the ordinary person look bleak. Business leaders pandering to Beijing assert that business will prosper under the rule of communist China (PRC), safe in the knowledge that they have already bought their foreign passport and that a US dollar millionaire is no longer a contradiction in terms in the PRC of the late 1990s. Elites are out of touch with the needs of the masses everywhere, but particularly so in Hong Kong where the business community has put its interests before the general concerns of the people.

It is difficult to justify the PRC scrapping Hong Kong's nascent democratic institutions by arguing that reforms were only recently introduced by the British. The fact is, Britain was the colonial power and for most of its rule the colonial apparatus acted accordingly. Also, the majority of Hong Kong's 6.3 million people are first, second or third generation refugees from the PRC. Instead of giving credit for better preparing the people of Hong Kong for the inevitable transfer of power, efforts have been dismissed out of hand.

Arguing that democracy is incompatible with Chinese culture is just as patronising an attitude as Whitehall previously used to prevent introducing democracy earlier. Hong Kong people did embrace the freedom to demonstrate after the Tiananmen Massacre and participate in the democratic process.

The future Chief Executive and shipping magnate heir, Tung Chee Hwa, dismissed Western concepts of civil and political rights as being incompatible with Confucian values: the same values that have been used to prop up China's traditional style of bureaucratic paternalism.

It is fair that different people have different conceptions of their rights but considering China's human rights record, her policies which are not all based on those values, and the reality that Beijing will not be particularly concerned about the welfare of six million people out of a population of over a billion, Tung's commitment can be gauged.

Beijing has already violated the series of agreements following the 1984 Joint Declaration. A clear signal of Beijing's designs on her future colony was her rejection of Anson Chan from contesting the position of Chief Executive of the future Special

Administrative Region because she was accused of being too westernised. It is also common knowledge to anyone holding a Hong Kong identity card that they have to be in Hong Kong a few days before and after the handover in order not to lose their residency status. It might not be too paranoid to assume that it is a very convenient method by which Beijing will lure the diaspora into

her grip. The only positive news is that the 8000 people of ethnic minority backgrounds who would have become stateless after the handover now have the option of British citizenship, after a lengthy process and appeal. Hong Kong is unique among the Pacific Rim cities in that though

thoroughly Chinese in its roots, a degree of cross-cultural fertilisation and personal freedoms have created its competitive advantage over more orthodox cities such as Singapore. It is questionable whether Hong Kong will be able to sustain that position in the future as the PRC government and ambitious governors promote other coastal cities. Hong Kong will lose some of its dynamism as many of her people will not be welcome after 1997, or choose to live elsewhere. For example, as a consequence of securing alternative nationalities younger generations used to living abroad will choose not to return.

It would be difficult to deny the significance of Hong Kong's return to the 'motherland', despite the issue over the PRC being the rightful successor to the Qing Dynasty, but as self-determination was never even an issue, perhaps the international community has some responsibility for the future of the territory. Politics aside, Hong Kong

Chinese do identify with and their allegiance does lie with China, but that does not mean they have to lose the rights they have taken for granted until now.

The PRC is a great power and should be treated with respect. Anyone with even the vaguest knowledge of China's past 'century of humiliation' can recognise that Beijing cannot be expected to listen to the international community in this moment of patriotism.

The PRC government has reasons to be nervous: the breakneck economic development of the past decade; the trauma associated with rapid industrialisation; the threat to its integrity through secessionist aspirations; and the collapse of communism. Beijing cannot afford to be lenient with Hong Kong.

The pessimism in the media may be unfounded, but with the international community passively watching events unfold, the media at least has a responsibility to monitor the situation instead of resigning itself to a fatalistic attitude.

It is considered more than a coincidence that the 'pimple on the bum of China' is being handed over to the PRC in the 'Year of the Ox', as 1949 was also the 'Year of the Ox'. However, not everyone would argue that that is necessarily a good thing.

1997 Forum is running a series of seminars on these issues this week.



Surely the barriers are there for a purpose?


Photo: Guy Burton

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Michael: On a Mission from God

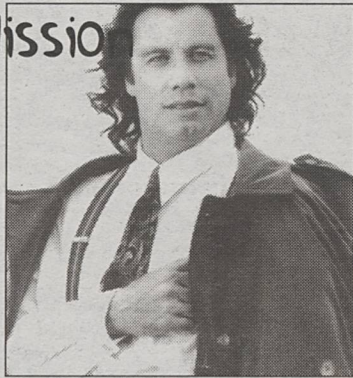
Michael, played by John Travolta, is not your typical angel. Firstly, he is an archangel, and commander in chief of the celestial armies. Secondly, he is a renowned fighter, especially in the bull department. It was him who invented queues sometime slightly after Deuteronomy started writing. Further he created the marriage ceremony, and wrote Psalms 83, although he didn't was adamantly against such a horrible title. Michael prefers our green and pleasant land to the heavenly body above.

Being an angel, however, does not him a saint. For instance, when we first meet him late one morning he is wandering around his room with a can of beer in his hand and a fag dangling nonchalantly out of his mouth, and he is only wearing his boxer shorts. This choice image is nicely contrasted with the huge pair of wings on his back. Despite putting on a few extra clothes, his attitude doesn't change throughout the movie.

Ever in search of a story for his tabloid rag, washed up journalist Frank Quinlan (William Hurt) goes out to find Michael and do a story on him. On their journey back to Chicago they meet Dorothy Winters (Andie MacDowell). Dorothy is a washed up dog trainer, who also finds the time to sing country n' western. MacDowell's voice is rather amateur but at the same time extremely sweet.

Also along for the ride is Huey Driscoll, Robert Pastorelli playing his usual disenchanted with life type bloke who is still in love with his currently washed-up wife. Sparky the dog (real name unknown) plays the canine lead and needs a wash. He gives a truly fetching performance and will probably be the only Oscar nominee.

Perhaps the strangest part of this film is Bob Hoskins' accent. It seems to be an attempt at what Americans define as an English accent. Very



peculiar coming from a native. Hoskins plays a stressed out editor yelling his way to an early grave.

This film concludes with the assumption that there seem to be no drugs, nightclubs, loose women, steakhouses or blueberry pies in heaven. So it is no surprise that a rather high profile archangel doesn't think it much fun and wants to spend his time drinking beer.

Michael, it soon becomes evident, is the only divine messenger who is one letter short of a celestial post-office. His purpose on earth, rather than the standard *It's a Wonderful Life* scenario, is simply to consume an impressive amount of booze and fags and score with a lot of women, including an unconvincingly good-looking blonde high court judge. Although it is hard to find fault with such a lifestyle the only purpose of the film of such character traits seems to be to give John Travolta the opportunity to fit in his standard quota of dance routines. All said routines, though amusing, hold no candle to Saturday Night Fever or even that fabulous duet in *Pulp Fiction*. Though picking fifty women up in one dance is impressive, it is more for the funniness of the situation than the quality of the dance.

Director Nora Ephron (creator of *Sleepless in Seattle*), though, is probably not all that popular with the big G, because although her film supports the 68per cent of Americans who believe that angels do exist, it portrays heaven as being woman-free and hence a rather dull place.

The Return of Asim Shivji



Any day and any time of day, students pay only £4.10 to see a film at the National Film Theatre, a five minute walk over Waterloo Bridge from LSE. If you missed Howard Hawks' *His Girl Friday* there, it's now on general release.

The story deals with a fugitive who is being pursued by two corrupt New York politicians, the city mayor and his sheriff and the city newspapers. The former have to capture the murderer or risk losing the coming election while the latter compete for getting the scoop story on his capture. The politicians' interests conflict with the newspaper's while the murderer eludes both of them: the newspaper headlines the incompetence of the authorities to capture the fugitive on the loose.

Against this background two characters fight it out: Rosalind Russell plays Hildy, the hard-boiled and wisecracking star reporter and ex-wife, to Gary Grant's cynical and manipulative editor, Walter. The story turns on how he tries to woo her back as the story of the fugitive's capture breaks. Hildy is fed up with long hours and the sordid milieu of the news world as well as Walter's scheming. In two hours she will marry her new-found love, an upstate insurance salesman, and move to the suburbs to live a normal life. Walter has to keep her on the job and stops short of nothing to do so. Much of the humour lies in Hildy's anticipation of Walter's ruthless machinations to keep her.

Walter's and Hildy's exchanges



Hello, lovely!!

drive the film forward at breakneck speed. Both are in top comic form. The 92 minutes of action pass before one realises the film has finished. It is a masterpiece of classic and screwball comedy. Expert characters play the minor roles. The showing is bound to evoke audience's laughter and participation, as it did when I went. Besides the general public, film buffs will have much to savour. The film was the first to use overlapping dialogue, wrongly attributed to *Citizen Kane*. If you like the film, you can see more Hawks at the NFT, which has a retrospective of his films in February and March.

The film holds a tight focus on its characters—it uses a minimum of basic settings: newspaper office, restaurant, jail, doctor's office and press room. It does not succumb to the temptations of filming the New York skyline or any famous landmarks. One would never know that one was in New York nor need know it. Such restraint keeps the focus of the story on the main pair of characters.

So do the ex-partners get one another in the end? Go see and find out! Students of gender politics have much to get their teeth into in this film. It is an object lesson for today's feminists, who might consider whether or not the film has an appropriate title. Is Hildy "his girl"? Is she a girl friday?



Keith 'The Man' Postler



What can I possibly say about this *Grace of My Heart* (directed by Allison Anders who last project was *Four Rooms*) that is even remotely positive? Having heaved my carcass out of bed at some unearthly hour to tramp across London in the pouring rain and arctic wind to be at the preview theatre by 10am, only to be told that the showing was in fact an hour later than my wonderful editor had so lovingly misinformed me, I must admit that I was not at my most receptive to what was, to be perfectly and brutally honest, **complete and utter drivel**. The fact that there was such a beautifully presented press pack to accompany it also boded ill, as we all know that some of the worst movies are surrounded by oodles of media hype to make up for the crapness of the movie they are promoting.

This film is basically the story about a tweebe girl called Edna, played with little charm and no charisma by Illeana Douglas, who you may recognise vaguely from "*Cape Fear*" or "*To Die For*". Edna is an heiress but abandons her riches and overpowering family in Philadelphia to pursue a recording career in New York. Needless to say, her rise to fame is a long, painful and torturous journey which the audience must endure for nearly two whole hours.

After being turned away from countless record producers, she is finally offered a job as a songwriter, which she takes, insisting that it is only until her own recording career takes off. Her boss Joel Milner, played well by John Turturro, makes her change her name to Denise Waverly and she starts writing hit songs, first as a solo composer, then partnered with hippy socialist Howard - Eric Stoltz. They write a song about a twelve year old made pregnant by her sixteen year old boyfriend (as was the done thing in the early sixties) causing controversy with the church, and as they write more 'real' songs, record sales fall and so Joel brings in some fresh talent. Patsy Kensit appears as the hip and trendy new European on the block, and writes hit songs with her temperamental husband, Chris Isaak.

Edna gets pregnant, and so marries Howard, and there is an altogether bizarre scene where her waters break in the recording booth. Ugly Edna and the glamorous Patsy Kensit are sworn enemies, until they are forced to collaborate on a song for the wonderfully cutesy Bridget Fonda, who turns out to be a closet lesbian, so of course the song is called "Secret Love". Edna and Patsy bond and end up best buds.

Edna returns home to find Howard in bed with another woman, so she takes the baby and leaves him, has an abortion and begins a torrid affair with a married man, who after claiming undying devotion promptly moves to Chicago. God, men are slime.

Joel feels that the time is right for Edna to embark upon her singing career, so he lines up hotshot musician/producer Matt Dillon to work on the single. Now I did actually like the song "God Gave Me Strength" when she sings it to him with a very poignant piano accompaniment, but our Mattie drowns out the distressing sentiment

behind the song with far too much orchestration. The lyrics tell of the pain and tragedy of her life thus far, but little has she realised that the worst was yet to come. As a single, the song flops, bankrupting Joel, and she marries the spaced out Matt Dillon, who then entirely loses touch with reality and after completing a new concept album, goes and commits suicide.

She goes into a depression and moves to a hippy commune, from which Joel rescues her, and helps her record her hit album, *Grace of My Heart*. The end, hallelujah. The fact that everything in her life is so tragic and the people around her end up leaving her one way or another can only reflect badly on Edna as a person; I wouldn't stay with her, I could barely watch her on the screen.

The writer/director Allison Anders said of the film 'It's the journey of a woman, literally and metaphorically, searching for her voice and finding it.' I hasten to disagree. As a woman, it is always excellent to see women in key roles both in production and on screen, but this is really not a good example. The only moments of merit are Bridget Fonda as the lesbian teen idol, trying to spot Amanda de Cadenet in a blink-and-you'll-miss-it cameo, Chris Isaak's lopsided grin, and some interesting new material written by Elvis Costello and Burt Bacharach spicing up the soundtrack.

There are some truly outrageous hairdos as can be expected in a movie set in the sixties, but not even they cannot make up in gag value for the over long, only marginally entertaining script and an uninspiring lead performance by Ms Douglas, who simply does not have the screen presence to carry this film. This is certainly one to avoid, I can't imagine anyone enjoying it, and that's strong words from a person as conservative and generally complimentary as myself.

(I apologise for sending you to this film. Some films are crap. But I knew this was crap in advance. Being a Beaver Hack has corrupted my moral fibre of my brain. Arts Ed)



Ah...it's that time of year again! The weather will slowly get warmer and the days slowly longer. Hormones take over as we students play the courting game. Half a world away, in L.A., a courting game of different kind is being played out. There, the results of the game is not oral sex but Oscars. That's right, in the next couple of weeks, movie types of all sorts will be trying to curry favour for their film from the voting members of the Academy in order to win one of those little golden statuettes.

The Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences is a strange body. It exists without really ever doing anything except giving this annual award. Further, it remains a constant mystery as to how one becomes a coveted member of that gilded organisation. I certainly have not got a clue. At any rate this year's awards are very interesting. Admittedly that is said every year, but this year the proof is in the pudding. Just look at the best picture nominations. What follows is run-down of the more important awards with some comment by myself. (\$- gonna win, %- oughta win)

Best Picture- Diversity at Last

- \$*The English Patient*- Tawdry and Fatuous tale of the British Bourgeois. Grrr!!
- %*Secrets and Lies*- Tuff and Honest tale of British Lower Classes. Great!!
- \$*Shine*- Enthralling tale of the human spirit. True endurance. Good!
- Fargo*- A tale of murder and kidnapping with out a point. And that is the point. Though most people miss it. Godless!!
- Jerry Maguire*- Token industry nomination. God awful!!

Best director- Hurray for the Old

- %Milos Forman-*The People vs Larry Flynt*- Smart and well done. Rare.
- *Anthony Minghella-*The English Patient*- Contrived and Contemptible
- Joel Coen-*Fargo*
- %Mike Leigh-*Secrets and Lies*-This film deserves it too for the same reasons. Scott Hicks-*Shine*

Best Actor- Not Tom. Please

- *Tom Cruise-*Jerry Maguire*-Industry standard performance
- Ralph Fiennes-*The English Patient*
- %Woody Harrelson-*The People vs Larry Flynt*- Very fine sleaze!
- Geoffrey Rush-*Shine*- too sentimentally obvious to deserve award
- Billy Bob Thornton-*Shogun*-Black sheep of the awards, came out of nowhere. I haven't even seen it!!

Best Actress-Very hard to tell

- Brenda Blethyn- *Secrets and Lies*-too over the top to be engaging.
- Diane Keaton, *Marvin's Room*-Might win as a gift for never winning before.
- Francis McDormand, *Fargo*- Again too over the top to be engaging, but might pull votes like Al did for *Scenes of A Woman*
- Kristin Scott Thomas-*The English Patient*- So gorgeous it hurts!!
- %Emily Watson, *Breaking the Waves*- Sublime and Stupendous!!

Visual Effects-Do we have to ask?

- Dragon Heart*- Do you see the beast? Yes, it's the movie!!
- Independence Day*- I'd bet my right testicle that this will win. Any takers?
- Twister*- Apparently some tit named Crabtree thought this film was 'Ace!!'.

Lovis Corinth: an Artist little known outside his native Germany

Jen Prittle takes a look at this artist who crosses the bounds of impressionism and expressionism.

Lovis Corinth was a great bear of a man who whirled through the cultural circles of turn-of-the-century Germany, a painter whose intense passion for art and life combined explosively with an unbearable heaviness of being. Though a mammoth in modern German art, Corinth remains relatively unknown elsewhere, an oversight that a major new retrospective at the Tate Gallery will hopefully correct.

Corinth is called an Impressionist, though he managed to span Expressionism as well over the course of his life. But if the term Impressionism conjures up only visions of sunlight dancing on poplars and hayfields, then you're in for a bit of a surprise. Despite his telltale use of

sketchy, descriptive brushwork, he's not so much interested in capturing the fleeting effects of light as the permanence of darkness and shadow; a heavy-handed Germanic counterpart to his lighthearted French cousins.

This darkness is ultimately what makes the exhibition so fascinating: you actually experience the psychological journey of a man who becomes a very

powerful artist only as his mind and body fail him. It's easy enough to see



Lovis Corinth: Self Portrait

this evolve through the entire body of his work, but if you need a narrative, you have only to look at the harrowing series of self-portraits which punctuate the entire show. He painted these

portraits annually, usually on his birthday, and they're a

"A painter whose intense passion for art and life combined explosively with an unbearable heaviness of being"

remarkable illustration of his declining mental and physical state.

Corinth's early work takes some patience. It covers such a wide range of styles and subjects that you do begin the exhibit by wondering how he could be

quite so important. An array of busy mythical work, unexceptional drawings and moody, muted portraits are grounded only by the occasional striking piece. Even the famous 'Salome' of this period, the painting of a garishly made-up woman preening in front of the severed head of John the Baptist, is more odd than evocative. It's the work which made Corinth an overnight sensation at the Berlin Secession of 1900, but it is difficult to see why. It's as though, in this early period, he's speaking a language which isn't entirely his own.

But if the first part of his work seems inconsistent and not entirely successful, all that changes with the onslaught of a severe stroke in 1911, which devastated him physically but unleashed a flood of powerful work. His painting suddenly gained a cohesion and an expressiveness which is

degeneracy. Suddenly, his sitters start coming out of their frames at you; his wife at the Italian seaside, full of character and light, a remorseful prostitute called Mary Magdalen and Corinth's daughter, moody and introspective.

A battered psyche and an ailing body, plus the presence of the first World War, made Corinth obsessed with mortality, a quality which even his landscapes and still-lives of this period are suffused with. He lived out his final years in a house by Lake Walchensee, known appropriately enough as the 'Lake of Suicides', a landscape which he painted over and over again after Cezanne's Mount Saint-Victoire. It finally feels as though he's connected both with nature and his other subjects, that instead of merely creating pale imitations of the French Impressionists, he has found something more original and more gripping to express. It's not hard to see why one of his sitters labelled him as the last German painter who had something to say.

The exhibition ends with a pair of his final self-portraits, chilling because he so obviously knows he's close to death. As distressing as Lovis Corinth's decline is, from invincible hulking man to frail and battered wreck, it's what he owed his artistic achievement to, and its what provides an unparalleled opportunity to witness both the evolution of a painter and Western art itself.

Lovis Corinth is showing until 4th May at The Tate Gallery, Piccadilly.



Self Portrait with Model 1903 Photo: Kunsthau Zurich

absolutely riveting. This transformation was not lost on the heavies of the Nazi art commission, who found his earlier work unthreatening, but condemned his later paintings as examples of

although looking a tad too youthful for a fifty year old woman, played Sophie with conviction.

From inter-racial conflict to inter-generational conflict. **COCKROACH, WHO?** is the story of six women living in a grim South London council estate. Natasha, Chandelle and Tracy are teenagers who like to spend their time playing truant, smoking weed and swearing at each other. They are a bane to the lives of Vi, Lilly and Reeny, three women aged 65 to 82 who like to spend their time gossiping in the tower-block launderette, swilling tea and swearing at each other.

The action takes place over three days in various parts of the estate: Natasha's flat, a squat, the lift (complete with vomit on the floor), the Happy Shopper Shop, the launderette and the climbing frame in the local park. It also rains every day. Very Jarvis Cocker.

The action turns on the trauma of Natasha, whose drunken father has just died of a stroke while necking a pint in the local pub. Unable to reconcile her hatred of her father with her grief at his death, she increasingly alienates Chantelle and Tracey. However, the bond that develops between Natasha and Lilly, who has recently lost her drunken husband, helps Natasha release much of her repressed anger and confusion. Natasha's grief is finally exorcised by her plans for the symbolic cremation of a dead pigeon, which she finds in the park during her father's funeral. The final scene finds Natasha, reunited with Chantelle and Tracey, deciding to throw its ashes all over 'Trafalgar fucking Square'.

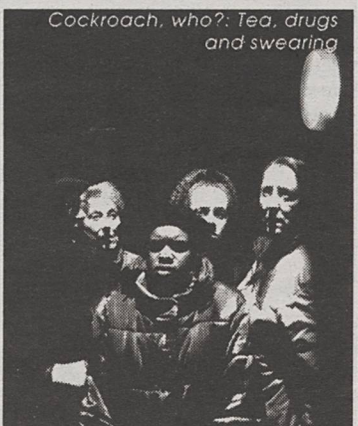
Though the play seems to be ultimately optimistic about relationships between the old and young, the gender war is another matter. All the men

referred to in the play are either physically abusive, drunks or drug addicts. The women on the other hand cope stoically with their various personal tragedies.

Again, the small theatre brings the audience very close to the action. We can almost imagine that we are sitting in some graffiti-sprayed bus stop watching everything happen. The acting was of a very high standard, though the three younger women have the most difficult parts to play. Nicola Stapleton's Natasha is appropriately disturbed, but Tameka Empson is excellent as her foil, the spliff-rolling, streetwise Chantelle. Miriam Karlin's portrayal of Lilly is moving and thoughtful.

Though the subject matter of these plays may not be to everybody's taste, any qualms one might have are quickly dispersed by both the quality of the plays themselves and the calibre of the acting. So if you have an hour and a fiver to spare one of these rainy evenings and want to feel better about your life, give these a try.

Both Play at the Royal Court Theatre until March 1st.



Cockroach, who?: Tea, drugs and swearing

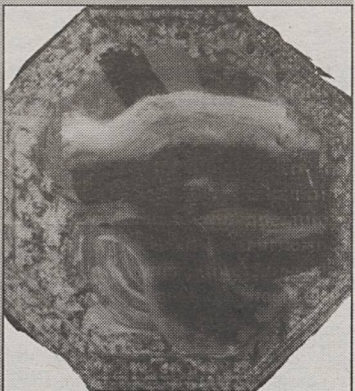
Howard Hodgkin at The Hayward

Jen Prittle gets an eye full of abstract art and bright colours.

Howard Hodgkin isn't for everyone. Staid art aficionados who turn up their noses at anything new-fangled or remotely abstract will especially not like him. Even the open-minded who come to this exhibit with a genuine desire to appreciate Hodgkin's work may remain mildly puzzled, at least for a while. But the exhibition guide ranks Hodgkin with Constable, Turner and Francis Bacon as British-born painters who have 'truly expanded the vocabulary of European or Western painting,' and so its obviously worth having another look.

Hodgkin is actually credited with creating a new visual language in his painting, which he does using very strong and often garish colours, a wide variety of marks, evocative washes and improbably wide brushstrokes. He also likes to paint the frame right along with the canvas. That's what's most obvious, but the funny thing is that even his most abstract of works are still very clearly conveying something.

What exactly that might be is a little more difficult to work out, as he likes to use what he calls 'absolutely specific' titles to describe extremely indefinite paintings. In works such as Cafeteria at the Grand Palais, or Henry Moore at the Bottom of the Garden, you can begin to make out symbols which might relate to the title. But paintings titled 'Gossip', or 'It Can't Be True' aren't quite so helpful. What he's actually doing in these cases is painting an emotion rather than a subject, and instead of conjuring up your own interpretation, you have to guess what he's thinking. While this combination of specific titles with unspecific painting is apparently 'something entirely new', its also something which means you can get carried away, as the gallery guide does, with interpreting exactly what the pictures are supposed



Keith and Kathy Sachs 1988-91

to mean.

Hodgkin is highly influenced by a great number of artists, and pays homage to them in paintings such as After Degas, but his exact intention is again not always so clear. Follow the curator's detailed and self-indulgent explanation, and it all begins to make a bit of sense. In a few brushstrokes, Hodgkin can evoke the unique sensitivity of these painters in an extraordinary way. As with his other work, you can appreciate such tributes without really understanding them, but once you know what he's getting at, you're astounded. Other influences cited are Matisse, Vuillard and somewhat mystifyingly, Oriental art.

Its possible that Howard Hodgkin's works really only make sense when viewed in a group. If you saw many of his paintings individually, you might have a very difficult time trying to understand what he's doing, and that's one reason its worthwhile seeing the paintings while they're all together. If you're not already possessed of a sensibility for bold contemporary work, then you just might even expand your own vocabulary of art.

Looking around in Anger

Steve Pratt and two plays of our time

Has February got you down? Lack of valentines left you feeling romantically disadvantaged? Too many late nights drinking when you should have been studying (or perhaps the other way around)?

Well, help may be at hand for those of you who enjoy a bit of good, old fashioned schadenfreude. As a reminder of how trivial your problems really are, you could do a lot worse than spend an hour or so watching people being miserable in either of these two excellent short plays.

BACKPAY is an intense post-apartheid drama set in present day South Africa. The focus of the play is the relationship between Mina, a young white girl, and her old coloured nanny (Sophie) whom she has not seen for ten years. The trouble starts when Mina decides to visit Sophie at her home in Soweto where she lives with her grown up children, Adele and Bafana. This visit is partly motivated by boredom, as Mina has recently dropped out of



Backpay: Intense post-apartheid drama

university and spends her days lounging around at home with only her decidedly non-PC hygiene-obsessed mother for company.

However, Mina has other more subtle reasons for visiting the old woman. It soon becomes clear that Mina, who has become increasingly alienated from her culture, is keen to be seen as a white trying to do right in the new political climate. 'I want to love Africa. For my skin to blacken and for me to know that is what I am - an African. I want to be the same like everyone else.' But coupled with Mina's naive political correctness is her evident nostalgia for the past when, as her nanny, Sophie was constantly at her beck and call.

Mina's increasing hostility towards her mother and her desire to get closer to Sophie's family lead to tragic results. As relationships between the characters deteriorate, the play raises serious questions as to whether the strained relations between black and white South Africa can ever be resolved. The downbeat ending does not offer any easy solutions.

The action takes place in a small theatre with a minimal amount of props. The lighting is used cleverly, whether it is to emphasise the harsh sterility of Mina's house or to help us feel the warm sunshine in Sophie's back yard. The cast performed excellently, making good use of this small theatre's intimacy to really involve the audience in the unfolding drama. Diane O'Kelly is excellent as the increasingly desperate Mina while Dola Croll,

SINGLES

single of the week

Kula Shaker
'Hush'

Kula Shaker give their sitars and mantras a rest in their new cover version of Deep Purple's 'Hush'. It is 2 minutes and 57 seconds of pure unadulterated rock. A sort of Jimi Hendrix meets The Beatles affair: a menagerie of guitars, drums and harmonies. Crispian Mill's delivers frantic vocals, prematurely achieving climax in the middle of the chorus. The guitars punch you in the stomach while a 70s style keyboard gently massages your back. The raw energy and power is evident and it's more contagious than the plague.

Kula Shaker have been subject to ridicule by music journalists, but I think they are cool with a capital K. Spirituality rules OK!. Om shanti shanti..... SS

Kaleidoscope
'Art of trance'

What do you get if you take a beat similar to that of BBE's, add a few chirping birds throughout the song and just load it with different synthesised sounds all running simultaneously? I'm not quite sure how to answer this question but what I would say, is that it sounds like music from another world.

I found that the song has an amazing effect on putting human-beings to sleep, not because it is boring, infact it is very lively, but seems to have hypnotising strength behind it. The music seems to go in circles taking you out of this world. Far away far away from reality and into your dreams or what you think is your dreams. I think I better turn the music off and had it over to the X-files. Hopefully they would be able to solve the mysteries behind the

Espiritu
'Baby I wanna live'

The Deconstruction label has become a firm guarantee for some of last year's highly acclaimed successful newcomers. Robert Miles, Sasha or M People the dance end of the musical universe, Beth Orton, Republica or Death in Vegas at the indie and rock end. Whether Espiritu can add their bit to this should be put with a big questionmark. However, with today's public tastes for the worst dance music available, they might have a chance for the charts. And honestly, it's not that bad after all.

Though 'Baby I wanna live' starts of as if composed by George Michael when aged twelve (simple piano accords, horrible drum computer beats and more or less acceptable strings) it develops into quite a catchy tune. Yes, that's indeed a guitar, groovy Pulp Fiction style. Suddenly - I feel like singing along! Like dancing! What a chance. And indeed, with a decent remix this should sound very promising for London's club turntables. Well, the lyrics I shouldn't mention, refer back to young Georgie M. But then, who listens to them anyway? MG

Erasure
'Don't say your love is killing me'

A lovely song blending lyrics which touch your heart and tunes which make your spine shiver. I wouldn't say though that it is the best song they have ever written: this though could prove to be a chart topper. I liked the second song, 'Heart of Glass' in the single even more. All you Erasure fans out there who don't like change, wait no more. Erasure are back with their same style.

Midget
'Camouflage'

Great name, great cover (army camouflage pattern, what'dya think?), great sound, but great songs? That's where Midget fall by the wayside. They've got their sound down pat, all tight and well thought out. I love the bass-lines, melodic as shit. His voice does sound kinda weird, not totally off but somehow it just doesn't quite gel with the music. Right, let's go through the songs on the single The title track 'Camouflage' has the obligatory da-da-da-da heavy intro, riff, the wonderful bass-laden verses but has a rather dodgy chorus as well as a weird ending. Not really mind-blowing stuff, but not actually utter crap either. 'First Thing In The Morning' is even quirkier, with a few parts being a bit off-time (a bit of dodgy time keeping on the part of the drummer) But it's a manic song full of unexpected twists and turns, with an utterly daft chorus. Not chart-blasting material, but definitely a head-bopping, toe-tapping tune 'So Damn Creepy' is totally different from the other 2 songs, there is a distinct lack of joviality The don't give-a-toss attitude is clearly missing. A thumbs-up for effort and the wonderful bass-lines

Finley Quake
'The Ultra Stimulation EP'

Hmmn. Never ever came across this sort of a trip-hoppy reggae blues fusion. Mr Quaye has successfully pulled off the music bit, the sounds that come out of my speakers are very well put together, everything complementing each other. Can't really say much about his singing though, but his song-writing and arranging abilities are noteworthy. But the songs do tend to be a bit on the droning side: they sort of meld together and you find it next to impossible to differentiate between them and they seem to go on forever, and then some I don't know, maybe it's unfair of me to gauge this EP's value, since I am not that much a fan of this sort of music. I'm sort of a trip-hop fusion philistine, but from my point of view this EP definitely doesn't rock, period. RS

Mundy
'Pardon me'

Pardon me' is the third release of Mundy's debut album 'Jellylegs', released last year. And, as far as I remember, that wasn't bad after all. Thus it's hardly surprising that once again this is basic and convincing stuff. Good stuff.

Mundy's mix of folk and country elements with rock and indie influences also dominates. A rocking melody, Mundy's rough voice and a combination of electric and acoustic guitars are enough to give all this a special touch. Maybe the lyrics are a bit strange (meant to be funny, I suppose...). Maybe we shouldn't care about that. It's all right this way. Finally, as a bonus the CD gives us a nice cover work and live versions of 'Reunion' and 'To you I bestow', Mundy's earlier singles. And above all that there's a new version of Pardon me. Wow. Even a special sticker to underline that. But unfortunately, apart from six seconds less music, this sounds exactly like the original. What is this all about then? To sell more copies? To make us laugh? Pardon me. Mundy, but even if the rest is good - this 'new version' idea is bullshit. BG

Phish
'Free Single'

Uh... huh-huh, huh-huh ... yank rock. Uh Phish rock! Yeah! Cool. Huh-huh. Huh-huh. Dave 'Hank/Yank' Balfour

SPECIAL NINJA TUNE

Various
'Coldkrushcuts: DJ Krush mix'

Beats for your ears, beats for your ears, beats, beats, beats for your ears, my ears, my dear. Give me food. I demand to have some food, DJ Food. Two hits of pure unadulterated musical high. The dealer: Ninja Tune. Who else knows how to mix the essential ingredients to produce an album so relaxing, so unique, so tantalising to the taste buds. The last time I was puffing on some bom-bom-zee in my mother's womb. For those unaware, and that includes most of y'all, artists signed to Ninja Tune dabble in drum-n-bass, acid

Coldcut
'Atomic Moog'

Coldcut always appear to be ahead of the game. First it was Lisa Stansfield and the early House scene; then it was Drum 'n Bass before Goldie's 'Timeless' and now it's Ninja Tunes - a genre of its own! Atomic Moog is a crazy fusion of quick snares (not quite the 180 b.p.m of jungle), tablas/bongos, an extremely fast and funky bass (which sounds as though it's something out of a 70's B movie), and some trancey topplings. We are also told to "Outlaw the bomb", while "Government is the problem.". Such political lyrics, constantly repeated throughout the track, make you realise that this kind of dance music needs to be apolitical.

Barring that, it works very well. So well in fact, that whatever your stance on the spectrum of dance, there is something in Ninja Tunes for you. It

Death in Vegas
'Dead Elvis'

Rock music is dead. Heavy metal has always been dead, but then it's only relatively recently that your average guitar-driven rock thang has been surpassed and outdated in the continual evolution of sound. The evidence is both blatant and embarrassing, as the dinosaurs seek to claw back some semblance of "credibility" through modernity: from U2 suddenly going all "techno" on us (which is, obviously, a shameless corporate rehash PR stunt) to Noel Gallagher self-consciously proclaiming his "acid house" DJ shennannigans before Oasis. Yeah, right.

Come on in grandads, your time is up. The Prodigy are destroying bands across America.

This doesn't mean all guitar bands are crap. Just that most of them are. And similarly, having a sampler, drum machine and turntables does not in anyway guarantee quality. If you're shit, you're still going to be shit no matter what instruments you hide behind. Confidently striding across the gulf between musical worlds both "real" and artificial, this is where Death in Vegas come in (yes, your reviewer finally gets to the point). Straddling both proper instruments and fake DJ type ones could have been very nasty-as survivors of the Pop Will Eat Itself ordeal will testify (a rather gruesome experience from which few but Ned's Atomic Dustbin fans emerged unscathed).

However, Richard Fearless,

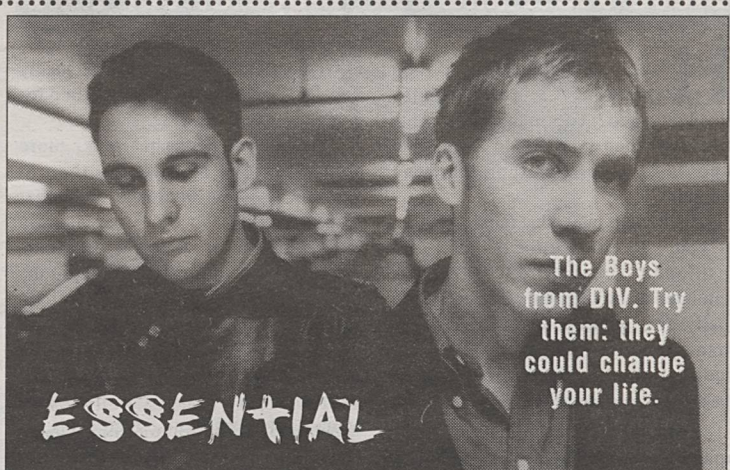
jazz, and hipper-to-the-hopper. And it don't stop, and it won't stop, unless Ninja Tune become insolvent. I heard a voice crying in the wilderness, and it said "go out and buy that goddamn album, bitch!". It's the brass instruments, no it's the scratching, no it's the sampling, no it's the feeling of euphoria as an airplane takes off. Make sure you've got a boiled sweet. This album has the potential to burst your eardrums. The pressure comes creepin' and crawlin', caressing every crevice in your cranium. And for the ladies, I ain't even going to go into that shit. It beez like this. Exams are a comin'. Peeps are already stressed out. Finals be ill. Is your One 2 One gonna help, are your Armani jeans gonna help, is your fucked up, stuck up your own arse attitude gonna help? No. So freak it to the funk

Ruthless Rich

depicts the dance culture of London at this moment in time, and is clearly an idea of things to come; the Blue Note have obviously caught on to this early on, and two weeks ago had a Ninja Tunes night: more of these nights will certainly be happening by the end of the year

Overall, the combination of sampling and use of pure instruments is perfect. There are jazzy undertones (similar to Courtney Pine in some respects) to all the other tracks/mixes on the CD and this enhances the whole sound. It is music experimentation coming good....it's also a lot better while caning a big fat reefer!

Zak Shaikh



Heavenly Social resident of some seriously ill repute, is on hand to steer the 'Dead Elvis' ship away from those murky waters marked "arse". Not only does he do this exceptionally well, indeed with flair and panache, but only a couple of times does the good ship drift into a sea of arse. And, and, and!..... there are even occasional scouting voyages into the exclusive territories marked "genius". Hurrah!

There is a Death in Vegas sound running through all three of the completely different preceding singles. "Dirt" is an amyl-drenched breakbeat guitar-phlanged frenzy. "Rocco" is an amphetamine-fuelled funk-ed-up relentless nightmare of an epic. And "Rekkitt" is so far out there it causes concern for the minds that created it: sort of an electro slow-burn groove that spirals into an escalating acid thunder. With wicked beats. Obviously. It is quite, quite fantastic. These three tracks

The Herbalizer
'Blow Your Headphones'

Released on the excellent "Ninja Tunes" label, "Blow Your Headphones" lives up to expectations, further enhancing their growing reputation. If you have heard any of their previous releases then you are probably familiar with The Herbalizer. He featured on the "Flexastentialism" album last year, and was a resident at the Blue Note. This is The Herbalizer's second album, and he has a lot to live up to, considering the quality of everything that has preceded this.

Essentially this album follows in the footsteps of previous hip hop releases from the likes of DJ Food, and DJ Krush. It has the same chilled out, smoked up feel, with laid back bass lines and thumping hip hop beats. The major difference lies with the super smooth female rapper who features on a number of the tracks. Let me reassure those who avoid anything involving rap like the plague, that it does work, and is not really rap in the

true sense of the word. Think Lauryn from the Fugees, after eating a pack of Strepisils and you're getting close. In fact the likelihood is that you'll fall in love with her silky voice, and replay, rather than skip through her tracks.

The outstanding track is 'Mother', which has featured on a number of compilations, and which anyone who owns 'Flexastentialism' will recognise. This is breakbeat at it's very best, crank up the volume, and the bass rolls around the room. You could play this to your mum, your gran, and even to your flatmate who thinks Michael Bolton is at the cutting edge of music. The rest of the album is of a consistently high quality, reaffirming The Herbalizer as a master of his genre. Not ground breaking like DJ Shadow's "Entroducing", but worthy of high praise nevertheless.

A quality addition to anybody's CD collection, especially those who have bought and enjoyed "Ninja Tunes" releases before. Perfect for chilling out to, you'll soon be extolling the virtues of 'The Herb'.

Pete Saunders

The Boys from DIV. Try them: they could change your life.

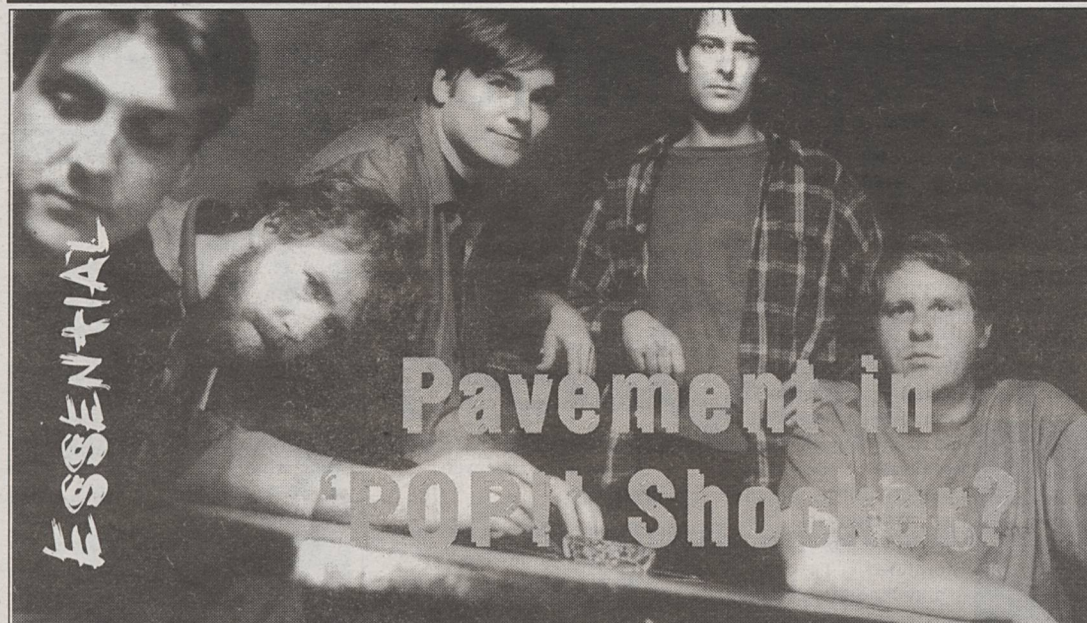
all rock the house in the most unrestrained arse-kicking manner. Damn, you Ready!

Elsewhere, we are given less adrenalin but no less flavour. "All that glitters" is a funky G-Love brushed-drummed-superfly Hammond number that gently dips you into the vibe from the first moment. "Rematerialised" is dub, but don't let that put you off. The beats are like a hip-hop DJ on tamazepan. The strings are like a moonlit tropical pool, underwater. And the bass is like an enormous cheery sea-turtle swimming past you in slow motion. Sort of. Yes. It's great.

So the presence of dreary ambient bollocks (there are a couple of moments) is a shame. Be thankful that the loss of plot is only occasional.

Anyway. This rocks. Stick it in your CD player and glue the lid shut.

Iain Haxton



Pavement
'Brighten the Corners'

I can see the headline now: Pavement in POP shocker! To the collective despair of the many bespectacled indie-obscurists the world over, Steve Malkmus' crew have returned only to shun the orthodoxy of eclecticism. At their most commercial since 1994's 'Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain', 'Brighten the Corners' does exactly what its title suggests. The is Pavement slimmed down and fuelled up. But, hey, this is Pavement, and they are a band of truly monstrous talent.

Starting with a wallop, we are introduced to New Pavement via 'Stereo', which crashes quickly from a spoken understated verse to a growling chorus scream. Worry not, oh loyal fans: there is plenty here to please those who have followed these legendary lo-fi

slackers. 'Type Slowly', or 'We are underused', are their instinctively traditionally mused on the mysteries of understatement. Die-hards, however, should be prepared for surprises with these new found populist sensibilities. Not normally ones for traditional pop aesthetics, the likes of 'Shady Lane' or 'J vs. S' could almost be classified as three minute pop songs. You know, like you can remember the tune. 'Date with Ikea' has everything you might not expect: a riff, a major key, 4/4 time signature, catchy chorus. Often the sound is so new you wonder whether Pavement are just fucking with your head: backing vocals on a number of tracks verge perilously close to self-deprecating irony. Even the quirky songs take on a more rounded shape, with fewer rough edges.

Thankfully, Malkmus has neither lost his ability to string together an indecipherable vocal, nor his talent for a calculated erratic delivery. "One of us is a cigar stand", he sings on 'Type

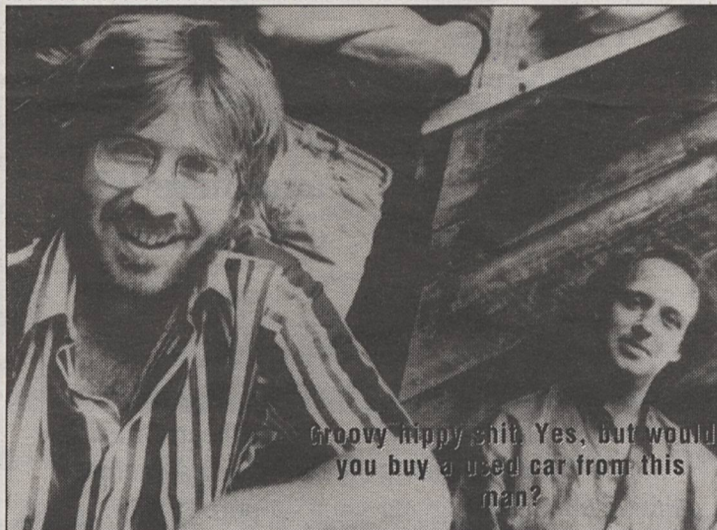
Slowly': "and one of us is a lovely incandescent blue guillotine". Hmm. Indeed. Yet, this quirkiness-of-old is what we need to show that there is stability in the midst of musical flux. The only thing missing is the unapproachableness, the songs you really had to try to like. Gone are the wild drum solos and screaming guitars, replaced with ... epic pavement? 'Infinite Park' is a traditionally mellow lolling finale until - 5 minutes in - it kicks into a crunching ending with a gentle comedown.

Yet, what does this polishing mean that the rough diamonds of Yank rock have sold their souls to the corporate devil? Surely, you should know better! When Malkmus sings "I'm gonna take a crown" he knows exactly what he is saying. **He is saying: this is adult, this is smart, and this is clever. And, of course, he is right.**

Spiral Stairs

Phish
'Billy Breathes'

A word of warning: having picked up this album, you might not be able to put it down again... From start to finish, this is sheer musical genius. But who the hell are Phish, I hear you ask? It's true, they aren't that well known in Europe, but back in the States, these guys have a pretty impressive following. Incidentally, this isn't their first album, though it seems what they really love is improvising on stage: that's one of the reasons why they've struggled up to now to find a way of harnessing their talent under the constraints of studio recording. But this record is a good compromise, and hopefully should be appreciated for what it's worth. How can their style be summed up? Well for a start, they're being called "A Grateful Dead for the '90s"; take some Zappa, sprinkle a bit of Simon & Garfunkel (in a VERY distorted way), blend it all in with their own kind of jazz, and it seems you get a bit closer to what they're about. But don't, by any means, think it's as simple as that: they have a very personal style which distinguishes them from the rest. This is an optimistic record, with wildly opposing genres, which is full of detail and indeed works very well from start to finish. At first, you're intrigued, but the more you listen to this, the more you'll float into the strange and magical world



of Phish. For they have the amazing ability to project you into their parallel dimension of subtle guitar, brilliant piano, and weird lyrics... With words like 'come waste your time with me', you start to perceive how relaxed these guys really are. **I've been listening to this album for the past 24 hours, and as I write this I can still hear them in the distance.** Every track is beautiful, especially Free, Character Zero or Taste. Theme From The Bottom is a personal favourite, along with Billy Breathes, a very short track you wish in some ways could last longer. The second part of the

album is softer, more gentle than the first, but both work equally well; it all ends with Prince Caspian, which is full of vitality. Though admittedly it's a short album, I definitely recommend it; if you can, try and catch them in June in concert at the Royal Albert Hall: I've been told they were excellent last week in Shepherd's Bush. If you don't know Phish yet, this is your best chance yet to take a ride on their very special cloud; for they're light years away, God knows where. I only wish I knew how they got there.

Alex

Warren G.

'Take a look over your shoulder'

Ta-da, how you like it now I'm in the mix, it's nineteen-ninety-six... Damn! 1997 How do these rappers keep their shit up-to-date. They don't. Well Warren doesn't. "I Shot the Sheriff" was sampled to perfection wayback in 1988 when EPMD first hit the scene. Fugees represented with Steve Marley on a true-cover of "No woman, no cry". But "I can do it better" says Mr. G. No one can do it better than Bob Marley. Leave him alone. Bob be dead.

"I be walking through the hood/ It feels kinda good/ That's how it is/ and that's how it should/ be..."

True. I checked the track listing on the tube. "Transformers". Nah! It can't be... Robot's in disguise? Damn! Wuditlooklike.

Get home and it ain't nothing but the truth. Transformer Theme v Warren G. One nil Transformers. Trippin'. From his appearance on Box Talk I think G wants to book an appointment at the Betty Ford Clinic.

Bass Drum, snare, Bass Drum, snare. Compressed bass keyboard. Watery Synths. The same sound as Regulate...G funk era. It's times like this when it's best to consult the Oxford Concise. Definition of funk: a strong smell.

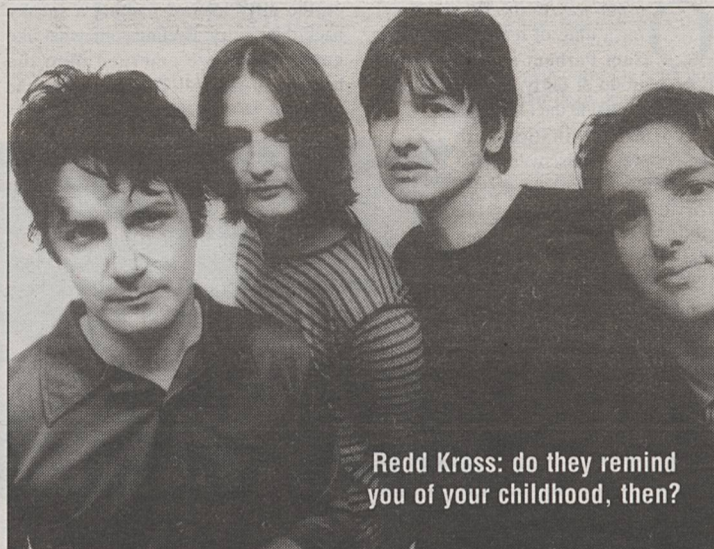
It ain't gonna get major play on

my system. It's inadvisable to release your album and call it funky when Redman has just dropped the phatest album ever. How ugly do you have to be to be a hardcore MC? Poses Red. Warren's clean cut image and production put him on the commercial tip. Not a bad theory.

I've been accused of slugging of the artists unnecessarily but it's like this. You don't expect *The Beaver* to come out with the same articles every week and I don't expect to be listening to some old shit that got played out back in 1967.

Ruthless Rich

ALBUMS



Redd Kross
'Show World'

Redd Kross: do they remind you of your childhood, then?

I have to admit to a certain bias towards this band - back in 1992, they released a single 'Jimmy's Fantasy' which I genuinely believed was the best pop song ever written. A lot has happened since then, and this is their first offering since 1993's 'Phaseshifter'. Amazingly, the formula is still precisely the same. There's nothing quite of 'Jimmy's...' calibre, but it remains an outstanding collection of sheer in-your-face pop songs. Admittedly, for Redd Kross, credibility is just something that happens to other people, but they sound as if they're having far too good a time to bother about anything as tawdry as critical acclaim.

What, then is the formula? One word: HARMONY. I haven't come across as many close-harmony choons in such a small space since the Treorchy Male Voice Choir's last epic (think a forty-minute mass ejaculation down a coal-mine. Lovely image, I know...) Every chorus - all 13 of them, have harmonies on intravenous drips- it's a joyous experience, you just have to

smile at the sheer nauffness of it all, but can't help humming along by the second chorus.

Lyricaly, Redd Kross don't really make the grade- the album deals mainly with those niggling teenage concerns. "Teen Competition"- about getting a girlie, "Pretty Please Me" - about getting the girlie to do what you finally got her for, and "You Lied Again"-about realising that she's already done it to everyone else...

To be fair, the chugging guitars do begin to pall after ten or so songs- Redd Kross don't 'do' ballads; some songs start slowly, but soon accelerate off into MTV-guitar-solo-heaven, before collapsing into choruses as glorious as the Parthenon had the Greeks bothered to maintain it properly.

I like this album 'cos it makes me feel like a kiddie again, and not be ashamed of it. Granted, the other beast squatting on my turntable at the moment is, Nick Cave's 'Murder Ballads', but it makes me remember Teenage Fanclub and the Wildhearts, and real nostalgia always cheers me up.

Toby Mason.

Spoken Word
'Fear and Loathing In Las Vegas'

Spoken word. Yeah, nice one. You know the story: hopelessly nihilistic journalist heads off to Las Vegas with vast quantities of drugs. He takes them all. He takes more. Shit happens. Hunter Thompson's self-consciously narcotic ridden classic translates well onto audio formate, allowing you to hear the sound of whiskey being opened and pills being popped. Yes, but what do hallucogenics actually sound like? All backed by a nice soundtrack, and acted by suitably grainy actors (Jim Jarmusch, Harry Dean Stanton), it is professionally put together and truthful to the original. Possibly, however, this is more suitable for those too lazy/ too illiterate to read the book. Listen to it when you are going to sleep: I guarantee the most fucked up dreams you have ever had.

Great material, done well: but, do you really need it? **Gonzo**

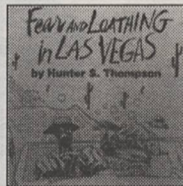
Various
'Grace of My Heart'

Movie soundtracks tend to be cool in direct relation to the movie. Despite this, making up a decent soundtrack which is listenable without reference to whence it has come, is

certainly something of an art. Thankfully, 'Grace of my heart' resists the temptation to cobble together a group of dodgy indie-unknowns to back an unrelated film. Something of a musical anthology, this will appeal to those who really got into that Bacharach revival thing. Indeed, the king of easy even commences the proceedings. Most of the CD is taken up with dubious Supremes-ish takes by more modern artists, most of which just manage to transcend cheesiness by flashing a winning Happy Days smile. 'Love Doesn't Ever Fail Us' by the William Brothers (no, me neither) shines amongst the 'leader of the pack' sound-a-likes. However, the real gems are the two songs by the legendarily monosyllabic J Mascis of Dinosaur Jnr. Those of you who though the J man had nothing left to say, and only wanted to performance endless fret-wank, should think again.

In the film he plays a monosyllabic guitarist (in a surf band!); here he provides two most enjoyable sunshine pop slices. Whatever next? Lou Barlow in the remake of Happy Days? Overall, although perhaps better suited to your mom and pop, this will please fans of backing harmonies everywhere. Altogether now: 'shoobie-do-wop, shoobie-do-wop....'

J Mascis and Chums



Raj and Sam's Big Adventure

Raj Jethwa independently goes through the back passage (with Sam Parham)

On our way to the Brunch Bowl for a mug of tea last Saturday, Sam Parham and I stumbled upon a group of fairly animated people clustered outside the Old Theatre.

After consultation with the porters, we discovered that the LSE was hosting a rally for LSE Academic Alan Sked's UK Independence Party.

My initial prejudices of a bunch of hard-right boot boys were immediately shattered when we were suddenly accosted by a group of bearded sandalled men sporting woolly jumpers (no not Sam!). One particular 'old man of the soil' immediately took us to be prospective party members, informing us of its youth wing and pointing out a special one day only discount membership rate.

Sam, attracted by the thought of finding other jumpered brethren, made a vain attempt to enter through the front door. 'We're all full up today sonny, bumper crowd, said the old man of the soil (whose name we later discovered to be Bob).

After being shunned at the front entrance and finally dragging ourselves away from our newfound friend we hit

on the nifty idea of making a sneaky back-door entry. Feeling somewhat like gatecrashers we emerged onto the balcony of the Old Theatre to find the rally in the middle of a standing



Raj finds a new friend

ovation. We sat down next to one of the many old buffers, who looked more like a retired mariner than a '90s politico. His only greeting to us was a muttered "Sked for PM" under his breath and a strange, almost Masonic, handshake.

In the same way as supporters of small-time football teams develop legendary rivalries for other small-time football teams (as shown by the hatred between Brighton & Hove Albion fans

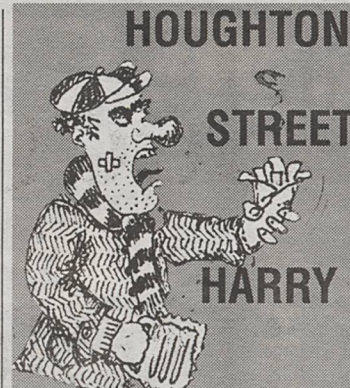
and their Crystal Palace foes) even the mere mention of Goldsmith's Referendum Party drew cries of 'boohiss' from the crowd. Caricatures of Sir James Goldsmith adorn party literature.

Later, over the mug of tea and Sam's Brunch Bowl Breakfast Bonanza (Wright's Bar is closed on Saturdays!) we surveyed the party literature. To my astonishment we discovered policies not just on the European Union but on mainstream issues like health, education and race relations.

On reflection, even the unsavoury idea of the UK Independence Party's first government and the sight of beards and sandals on the backbenches seems far more attractive than a fifth term of the real loonies. But whether the British electorate is capable of appreciating the 'vision' and 'hope' offered by the UK Independence Party remains to be seen. I, for one, remain unconvinced, but hey, even their chances must be better than John Major's.

Top Ten: Moans About computer rooms

1. Queues
2. People e:mailing when you need to do proper work
3. People who insist on cracking their knuckles after every paragraph
4. Computers that take ages to boot up. Don't we just love to stare at a blank screen? (Is this an LSE plot to hypnotise us all- ever wondered why the LSE isn't as radical anymore?)
5. Lack of printers / printers that actually work
6. Hot, airless rooms with no natural light
7. People typing so hard that it sounds like they'll go through the keyboard
8. People who insist on having social gatherings around monitors and talking loudly
9. People who leave their computer and go wandering off so that no one else can use the machine
10. The fact that word is 'prone to crash', what hope have we got?



Right, well, here's yet another Harry gracing the pages of Anthony Giddens' fave 'chunky' (!) read.

Naturally my identity will remain a closely guarded secret (orders from Chong Stalin, on pain of death by chilblains on the Old Building roof garden), unlike the previous Harry, our beloved Ents Sabbatical... Oooops, have I blown the gaffthere? Methinks not...

Well, Valentine's Day has come and gone yet again, and naturally Harry had to wade through the mountains of slushy cards and declarations of undying love just to get through the front door, only to have to fight through the throngs of screaming people congregating on my doorstep ('Burn the witch! Burn the witch!') for a week or more, just to catch a fleeting glimpse of little old me.

Well it's a dirty job but someone's got to do it. Maybe Miss Chong could be persuaded to spend some of *The Beaver's* itsy bitsy teeny weeny budget to pay for an armed escort for me - or any other form of escort for that matter, preferably of the male persuasion... Sound investment if you ask me.

'What's this???' I hear you cry. 'Has HSH suddenly become Priscilla Queen of the Desert???' Nay nay and thrice nay. Harry has undergone hours of pioneering surgery and emerged from it as a girl!!!

And you were wondering how the School spends overseas students' fees...

But let's not jump to any hasty conclusions, now. The All New Harry (big bazooms and all) is no supermodel, Pammy Anderson wannabe (nor a Spice Girl for that matter, thank fuck), often to be seen sashaying down Houghton Street as though she were on a Paris catwalk modelling for Versace (and let's face it, half of LSE shops there regularly anyway), mobile phone Supaglued firmly to her delicate ear - 'No no and no, if Naomi's there, I'll theweam and theweam until I'm dead' - and laptop planted securely under her skinny arm... Frankly I've seen more fat on a butcher's pencil.

But nor is Harry a swotty bookworm (can anyone show me the way to the library???), Carol Vorderman Mensa member type (should that read Mencap?), sporting an Oxfam duMe coat, 'Save the spotted tit' badge and squinting through glasses like re-entry shields, a walking talking Jodrell Bank (it's a telescope, fuckwit)...

However, what I look like is totally irrelevant. If I told you, I'd have even more adoring admirers (!)camped out on my doorstep, and then I'd definitely need that escort (so maybe it's bot such a bad idea for me to tell you after all...). And anyway, I'm not allowed to because my identity is top secret FBI-CIA-KGB-X Files material (and nearly as gruesome)... though the promise of fifty quid and a couple of pints could probably weasle it out of me. Does Agent Fox Mulder moonlight as an escort, and if not, could he be persuaded to???. Where are the Yellow Pages when I need 'em???

So Harry has entered the human race and finally embraced his femininity. Whatever next...?

Rag Week

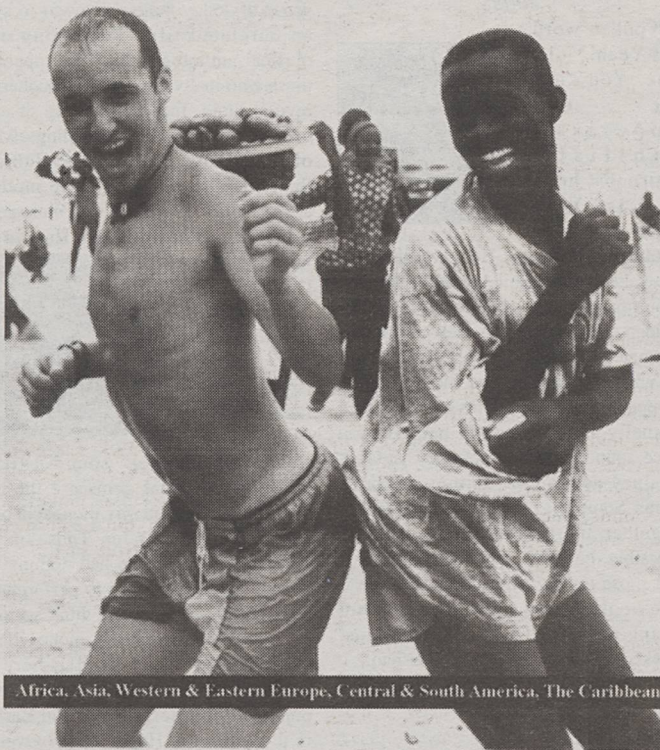
Tuesday
Blind Date
Venue: Old Theatre
Time: 7.45pm
Price:£2

Wednesday
Race Night
Venue: The Tuns
Time: 7.30pm
Price: Free

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Friday
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Seconds crush useless QMW

Hague's weary warriors battle on after BUSA thrashing, league crown still a possibility as Seconds ask "can Werner get any older?"

LSE 2nd XI 5 - 1 QMW 2nd XI

Richard Tibble

After suffering a harsh defeat in Birmingham at the hands of one of the best university sides, the resilient LSE 2nds fought back once more to keep the pressure up on runaway league leaders Royal Holloway. In what was a vital league game the LSE cup specialists showed the kind of form they hope will carry them through their massive cup semi-final against Goldsmiths this week.

With adrenaline still flowing from jumping the train yet again, Captain Gingers team talk was a formality in getting the team fired up for an electric first team. From the referee's first whistle LSE took the game to QMW, and it was just a matter of time before Dr. Matteo worked his magic with a 20-yard rocket which dipped into the to right hand corner. With a fine strike from newcomer Lindon making it 2-0, it was Italy's most wanted who put the

game beyond doubt, capitalising on the keeper's blunder to slot home the third shortly before half time.

With the unhappy Diesel spending an afternoon with the 3rds, and the equally displeased but slightly more loyal Naveen on the bench, it was the same eleven who came out for the second half. With pressure mounting from QMW's impressive forward line, it needed a characteristically solid performance from ladies' men Tattersall and Raftery, and Captain Ginger himself to keep them at bay. Meanwhile "memory" Lindon and "ringer" Kev worked their magic down the left. Good work on that side led to a corner, which impressive Welshman Tom Grace managed to curl over the hapless keeper and into the far corner.

With squanderous Sajan unable to add to his season's tally of 12 goals, it was left to striker wannabe Danny Walker to show the kind of finishing that wouldn't have come amiss at Wembley in England's lackluster

display against the lucky Italians (yes Matteo, I said lucky). With 20 minutes left all that remained was for benchman Naveen to come on to make his entrance. He made his presence felt immediately as LSE lost all shape, left massive gaps in the middle and allowed their forwards a clear run on goal, which eventually led to too many shots for celebrity puller (yeh, my arse - Sports Eds) and on-form Tibble to keep out. Nevertheless a thoroughly deserved 5-1 caning (not in your sense of the word Darke) was a well earned result and a fitting present for "old bastard" Werner who became even older with his 32nd Birthday in as many years. Happy Birthday "dad" from all the lads. So with Tibble out for the rest of the season with a broken wrist, he is off to spend some time with Louise and to adapt his left wrist to what his right did so well. Let's hope that even without their keeper the 2nds can succeed in the London Cup, and bring football home to Houghton Street.

Sixths win LSE Dogfight against lairy Sevenths

Sixths finally prove they are not LSE's worst team as depleted side proves to much for sevenths to handle

LSE 6th XI 2 - 1 LSE 7th XI

Ben Newton

History has been littered with classic confrontations, the sort of battles that have inspired us all, and become legendary meetings. In the last century we have witnessed England v Germany (1966), England v Germany (1990), and England v Germany (1939-1945). But all of these pale into insignificance alongside the undisputed clash of the century, the LSE 6ths v LSE 7ths. So huge was the meeting that Brian Whitworth (Berrylands groundsman extraordinaire) decided the clash should be held on neutral territory at Kings' sportsground. After the ritual of the LSE Football Club team photos, we were ready for action.

The 6ths were fielding a weakened squad (of 10 players), and were missing influential midfielder / hogger Sergio Roman. Thankfully Sergio seems to have put his customs ordeal behind him, after overzealous customs officers at Gatwick seized his luggage as he prepared to enter the country in October. Needless to say that after copious amounts of pornographic material were discovered in the Mexican's bags, he was fortunate to escape with a caution. Not so lucky was the fact that he had lost his bedtime reading, and the only piece of clothing

he was left with was a neon coloured shellsuit. Indeed it was three months until Sergio finally got the rest of his belongings back, and with the trauma over he can now start to rebuild his life. Despite this, each week Sergio manages to change even faster than Manchester United's home kit, and always looks just as stylish as one of Barry Venison's suits.

The 6ths managed to borrow a player from the opposition to make it eleven-a-side, and the game began with the 6ths playing with a modified system (rumoured to be a variation on the 'Christmas Pudding' formation). This left our Italian sniper Raf to 'Rome' upfront on his own 'Turin' the first half. Indeed it was Raf who produced a great 'Pisa' skill to give the 6ths a deserved lead after 20 minutes. He was brilliantly assisted by Francis (the Carr Saunders recluse, who only leaves his halls to play football), who gave Raf the ball and the Italian produced a 'Ve-nice' finish. He really is one in a 'Milan'. It was nothing more than the 6ths deserved after hitting the 'Bari' minutes earlier.

Strangely, this was never the most flowing of matches, and it was more a case of a little bit of football being played in between scuffles and brawls. It was against the run of play when the 7ths nicked an equaliser more cheekily than the bastard who nicked my wallet

from the squash changing rooms last week. It was scored by striker Alex with a skillful / lucky shot from the edge of the area. After the goal Alex invited us to kiss his right boot. Very tempting, but by the end of the match we were inviting him to kiss our arses.

The second half continued in the same vein with the game deteriorating into almost as big a farce as a WWF wrestling bout. But, justice was done when a corner from the left was swung in by Tobias, and Francis converted a great header to make it 2-1. The last 15 minutes seemed to pass very slowly, and although Newton and Francis both came close for the 6ths, there was a lot of 7th team pressure. The 7ths were brilliantly assisted by the referee who seemed to have a time defying watch. But, the 6ths managed to shut up shop, with new recruit Andy Wynn as rock solid in defence as I am sure he would be in a fight.

So it was victory for a depleted 6th team who succeeded in playing well despite the absentees, while the 7ths only succeeded in getting lairy. It was surprising the 6th team defence held together in the absence of Ben 'Shandy' Wimbledon, who at the time of writing has been missing for about a week. Police are keen to talk to a man seen leaving Shandy's room early last Tuesday morning, in connection with the disappearance.

Hockey Hell

Hockey seconds robbed of BUSA place by error in pitch booking

Hywel Jones

LSE's cup opponents Wye had travelled in their combine harvesters up the M25 leaving a trail of manure in their wake. What was meant to be LSE 2nd XI looked remarkably reminiscent of the 1st XI in fact it was the 1st XI only slightly uglier as Joy and Emma were there as well. Sam's devious tactic of replacing the 2nd XI with the 1sts could only bring success. The troops were fired up and ready for battle. On arrival at the battlefield it was noticeable that a herd of cows had been let loose onto the pitch. Joy and her battalion of mingers (LSE women's hockey team) were in clear disarray they were without umpires for the match and it took an extreme measure of violence to persuade Hockey Kev and Hywel to umpire for them. Despite a so dangerous for your health it could be cancerous amount of 'enthusiastic' umpiring, Joy was unable to put away any of her scoring chances. One can only wonder how many times she would have scored if the rugby lads had been around. Poor Hockey Kev and Hywel were visibly shaken by the verbal and physical (I wish!) abuse that the girls gave them whilst umpiring. It was only after this sordid affair, could the real battle begin. Wye College were visibly shitting their pants after seeing the LSE troops warming up and displaying their silky skills. LSE were showing the sort of silky skills that only teams at the pinnacle of their sport can display. The battle started well with Hockey Kev's™ sublime control and puny physical presence proving priceless in midfield. Meanwhile Pete and violent Malte

'erected' a wall of steel in defence, preventing any penetration by the farmers.

LSE began with early pressure and continued their deep penetration, as the farmers dismally tried to sow their seeds of success. Wye's pathetic attempts at attacking were thwarted by Kingo QC and Sam Hart. LSE were continually frustrated by Wye's umpire who had forgotten to bring his guide dog. Just before the break disaster struck, and whilst the LSE defence were smiling at the girls on the side of the pitch the farmers took advantage with a thoroughly lucky goal. There was nothing LSE's keeper could do as the ball flew into the top corner. During half time violent Malte, the teutonic tit, gave a speech which made references to virgins and loads of money. One thing is for sure, not even he understood what he was talking about.

LSE applied continual pressure in the second half with both Hockey Kev™ and Pete coming close to scoring. LSE made it 1-1 when Hywel finally managed to penetrate the farmers and scored with ease. But with 20 minutes to go a man appeared and ran onto the pitch shouting and screaming. Apparently he had booked the pitch, and he proceeded to kick off both hockey teams. It was clear that the farmers had bribed this bloke to appear and get the match called off. The fact that he smelt of manure and was later seen getting into the Wye team minibus can hardly be a coincidence.

Dodgy Malte wanted to get a taxi to Wye and finish the match. This was more so he could stare at the young girls at the nearby primary school, than because he wanted to finish the game. The LSE with better things to do on Sundays had to forfeit the match.

Fourths Win Again

Fourths pick up the pace to get clear of the relegation zone

LSE 4th XI 4 - 3 UCHMX 2nd XI

Brendan McGraw

After the 4ths shock penalty defeat in the BUSA cup, the team was now concentrating on climbing the league and achieving a place in Europe. The glorious Dan Pickering era has begun to reap rich rewards with recent acquisitions such as Rabu Mutuhabu and Tristan 'nice but dim', making a big difference to the team. Pickering shrewdly moved Seget into midfield (because he can't score outside a Greek brothel), and also dropped Lyndon 'Judas' Nock to the seconds, because he's a wingeing traitorous bastard. Suitably rearranged, the 4ths arrived in Middlesex in good time, while the opposition were still languishing at Waterloo, clearly lacking someone of Pickering's leadership skills.

The stage was set, and when the game finally kicked off, LSE had the wind behind them and were kicking down a 45 degree slope. A catalogue of errors, most noticeably from Leigh 'broken contact lenses' Porter and Mark 'incredibly tall person with no surname', led to a 3 - 0 deficit. At this stage LSE looked out of it, and cries of "come on lads we can still win this" from Damion Jackson had the opposition falling around laughing.

Pickering urged his men to fight on and indeed LSE made it 3 - 1 by half time. This was the time for reorganisation, so Dan left things as they were.

Rabu was outstanding in the second half, capitalising on good work by Chris 'extremely lazy fat bastard' Williamson. Twenty minutes in the score was 3 - 3, Rabu again twisting and turning like Paul Stansfield on the dance floor. UC started to crumble, falling out with each other, and standing around like statues. LSE passed and moved in the Dan Pickering groove. A momentary lapse from Enda Hamon (otherwise as solid as molten snow) nearly let UC in, but Leigh made an outstanding save from their 1st team striker. Leigh was sure to win this one-on-one and their player shat himself under the glare of 'King Ging'. In the last 10 mins Steve Seget and Ijlal Naqui started to run the game, and Steve released Tristan down the right to hammer the ball into the roof of the net. The last 5 minutes were tense, but the 4ths' mettle was admirably illustrated by Endo Hannon, who played on with blood gushing from a 6-inch wound to the head. Man of the match went to Rabu Mutuhabu, closely followed by Dan Pickering (Pete Clegg also played well and is a great player when his mates are watching).

BeaverSport BeaverSport BeaverSport

Firsts keep up title challenge

Dirty Cooper™ fires home the winner from the spot as Firsts manage a narrow victory over Goldsmiths

LSE 1st XI 1 - 0 Goldsmiths 1st XI

Dirty Cooper™

To the naked eye it may seem just another fixture in the ULU football league, but it is not. To the LSE First XI it means much more than that. In the past two years it has meant five games without victory, a penalty shoot-out cup final defeat (in which Matt Miller's cult oaf-like status reached its pinnacle) and, most importantly, the devious Art School's attempts to woo AU stunner Liz Petyt away from the foils of Miller, Wilkinson and Tom "Pin Cock" Smith. If this wasn't bad enough, they chose a venue which had no food, no bar, no power showers, no train station within three miles and no connecting bus service within one mile. Even with such odds stacked against Stevie Curtis' troops, there was an eerie sense of inevitability about the impending action. Sure, we had lost to Kings the previous week. Sure, we were missing the influential second top scorer Marc Chang (ruled out by the sort of 'flu that manifests itself during a week of classes, relents slightly for Friday night in the Tuns and then reappears on the Saturday) and sure, Goldsmiths had only lost one-nil to the mighty Loughborough on Wednesday, but even so there was a strong feeling in the camp (not Chris Camp by the way - he has no strong feelings, except for Anna "no chance Camp" Zanghellini). This was none more evident than in Kevin Sharpe. The wee portly man had not only brought his parents to watch, but also his entire worldly possessions. And in that very suitcase, amongst his dirty washing and ReGain formula, he had

the tools to put the LSE title challenge back on tracks.

The first half was a scrappy affair, as LSE battled hard against the greater size and strength of their opponents. The back-four repelled all that Golds could offer, while the midfield battled harder than ever before. Sharpe maintained his standards of excellence on the left, while Derek "sliver" Crump, able to take his eyes of Miller for once, ploughed down the right. In the centre, Andy Goodman ran and tackled like a floppy-haired shit-dancing terrier, while Roar Husby celebrated a welcome return with his usual tenacity. Up front, Filippo Venini and Ben Levine harried and harassed the Golds' defence, and it was Levine who almost broke the deadlock from Goodman's through ball, only to see his effort cannon off the post.

Goalless at the turn, LSE soaked up ten minutes of pressure before unleashing an onslaught of their own. The fresh legs of Matteo began to make inroads, and LSE could sense a famous victory, and once again it came from the ever-productive left flank. Kevin Sharpe powered through the Golds' defence with the goal at his mercy, only to be up-ended in the box. This was the best possible result for LSE, considering Sharpe's appalling scoring record, which has followed him off the pitch and seen him tragically attempt fuck-a-fresher for two consecutive years, as the legions of gagging-for-it mingers at Rosebery and Passfield cannot testify. Fortunately, Chris "Goals" Cooper has no such problems, and he strode up gallantly to face Nick "Liz loves you" Gunner from the spot for the third time. Twice previously the Dirty one had beaten him with consummate ease, unlike Miller and Curtis could, and, with all the spots

he has had to practice on recently, it was no surprise that the kick was dispatched with ease. Oh, and Liz, I was opposite Nick in the shower (closer than you'll ever get!) and he's got a small cock (wider than Tom's though).

There then followed a frantic last twenty minutes of mad-cap defending. They hit the post, Michelsen made some fine saves and the back-four rose salmon-like to clear the aerial threat. The ball was booted into touch with more ferocity than Dirty Alex™, cruelly dumped by Matt "Burnley fetish" Miller in order to make room for his other nine girlfriends and boyfriend.

As the final whistle blew, there was a sense of elation. We had done a job (not the sort of job that Gideon's going to do on Miller). As good as Loughborough? Perhaps, but it's certain that the Goldsmiths ghost has been exorcised by Father Cooper, and the title dream beckons once more.

UPDATE • UPDATE • UPDATE

Matt Miller is reunited with Dirty Alex™ after realising the extent of his love for her (and all of her friends (and Rosebery dinner and Rosebery launderette and Mick in particular)). They were reconciled after he showered her with Valentine's gifts (pints of Fosters) and took her for an expensive meal (which she paid for). With no more chance for illicit liaisons in the Boys' toilets, he sought to ease his frustrations in other ways, such as punching a dwarf from behind against UCH after being pummelled by a man-mountain on the five minute mark. Despite (or because of?) his absence, the Firsts went on to a 3-0 victory, with Venini scoring twice. Honestly, he did!

Women win London Cup Semi-final

Women get trashed with Royal Holloway and still manage to dick all over them

LSE Womens XI 2 - 0 Holloway XI

Nicole Halerkom

On a lousy Sunday morning, with a team that seemed to have already recovered from Valentine's Day, we met at Waterloo station with the will to win the semi-finals of the London Cup.

After our glorious defeat in the double header on their home ground a couple of weeks ago we were in the right mood to get our revenge (and to take better care of their ginger British tank who nearly flattened Fran during the match). Yes and once again (ehh ??? - sports Eds.) we started our journey to Berrylands with an insufficient number of players. But one thing was for sure, this time there was definitely no need for Vanessa to start shouting out "Nicole! Get Mad!!". That much about our attitude towards the match.

The game kicked off and Royal Holloway started immediately to tackle everything that was moving. Their forwards were even battling (basically kicking the shit out of) our defence. (Playing womens' football is offering a completely new dimension for the fantasy BeaverBall™ competition: who has the most horrible looking bruises, black eyes ...etc.)

Nevertheless our defence seemed to be in pretty good shape (one reason for this is probably the nutritious catering at Rosebery Hall, where some players have recently been seen) and managed to keep the ball away from Fran (who turned out to be quite a decent keeper!). After Vanessa directed our free kick smoothly into the net, it became obvious that we were already on the right way to kick their butts. Julie 'goals' had a hard time after her legs got hit instead of the ball, but fortunately it seemed that she had also benefited from Rosebery Foods Ltd. and was simply unstoppable.

In the meantime Vicky had to face another remarkable outrageous experience: one of Holloway's

défenders testified that she really wants to get to know Vicky closer. (We are still expecting Bobby's reaction to be unique!) and told Vicky about her most intimate desires concerning her. Vicky made it clear and gave her regards to their goalie after receiving a second row blast from our defence.

The referee finally started poking our dedicated coach Frank, who was hired as one of the linesmen and told him to keep his mouth shut (diplomatic as always, he found a solution for this problem later on). In amongst his wonderful performance (not even booking the ginger British tank after a vicious tackle that was followed by a severe injury of the Teutonic tank and made her leave the pitch to head off for hospital!), the only thing he really recognized was that Nicole's native tongue must be German.

Anyway, there were still nine women on the pitch giving their best, while Ameer (obviously injured) managed heroically to keep the right wing going. After Nicole's elimination, Aussie Meg took care of the British tank and survived without giving in a single inch. Catherine and Lotta kept the middle clear while Madalina taking care of her flowing locks and hundreds of hairbands, probably still wonders how to find the numbers on the backs of her opponents.

Praise the Lord that we've got Vanessa (former Ivy League player of the year) and Fran (who enjoys the view of looking at Womens' backsides and is playing like an old pro. The whole match was favoured by rain, wind, hail as by the outstanding decent whistling of the extraordinary referee. But there's absolutely nothing to complain about and to end this article: one of the already famous German phrases: "No Pain - No Gain."

(Even if the ambulance has to collect half the team after the 'battle'.)

Randy Rugby lads beaten by QMW

Brummy Bradshaw is not a Bum Burglar, says gagging for it Gimperton

LSE 1st XV 12 - 37 UCH 1st XV

Nick "The Hair"

This match took a back seat in the minds of the LSE squadron XV as Tim "Brummy" Bradshaw revealed a darker side to the Gimperton's personality after a blind date with the seasonal veteran. The insatiable virgin lured the young maverick into her dirty den of vice, admitting she wanted a good goosing. But it was crash and burn for

Gimperton as she realised that "big boy" Bradshaw wouldn't be landing his F-15 in her huge hanger. Luckily the SS Boots was at hand and a squadron led by the "Ice man" Benson helped to remove the hostile enemy threat, impounding her in the nearby Tallis barracks.

As for the rest of the lads, Hogden is still trying for that direct hit on Joy; Tom Twat couldn't land on Helen (missed again Tom), and Honking

Martin is still humping his hefty 16-stome Heffa.

This tally was reflected in this week's main conflict against UCH. Gale force winds prevented the squadron's usual fancy flying with the winners being determined by the heavy honkers, and with the armoury depleted (B-52 squadron salad out of action), the strike love did well to stay within 4 points until the middle of the second half.

Player Profile

Name: Joy Ferneyhough
Nickname: Joyous, Joy (to behold)
Age: 19
Born: Yeh I was born.
Height: 5ft10in.- 1 inch more than Dirty Cooper™
Weight: F**k Off
Team: Women's hockey & football
Favourite Position: Close to Emma.
Favourite Team: Manchester City
Favourite Food: Fish & chips, Curry & chips, in fact anything with chips. Oh and McDonalds with chips.
Claim to fame: Chris Evans bought me a bag of chips.
Favourite Drink: John Smiths
Sporting Idol: Mike Lee for having a quality hair colour, Stan Collymore's legs.
Best sporting achievement: Pulling

every member of the rugby team, winning national schools title.

Favourite TV Programme: Superman, Dennis Taylor's hot snooker tips, Catchphrase with Mr. Chips.

Most like to stuck in a lift with: Tim 'chicken legs' Henman

Favourite Joke: A man walks into a bar and says "Still orange" please. Barman replies "Still orange?"

"Yeah still orange, I haven't changed my mind yet."

Favourite Chat-up line: Do you want to go back to my place and do all the things I'm going to tell my mates we did anyway?

Next week: Rugby 1st XV star Tom Jeans.