

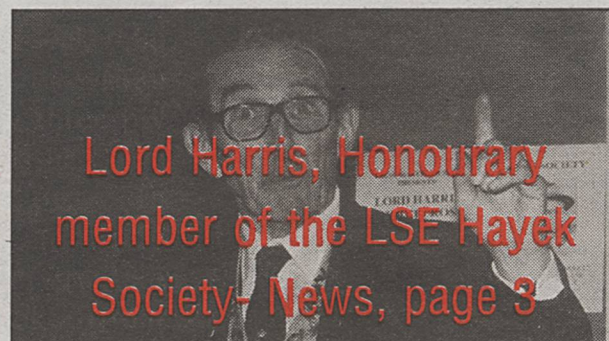
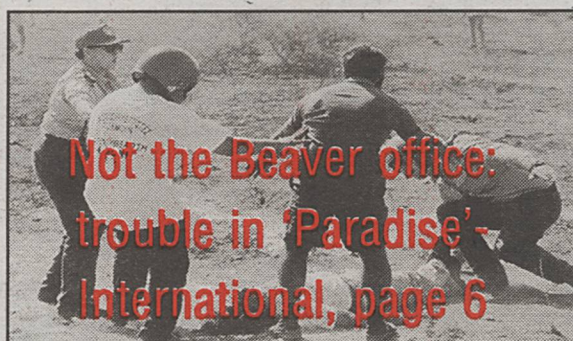
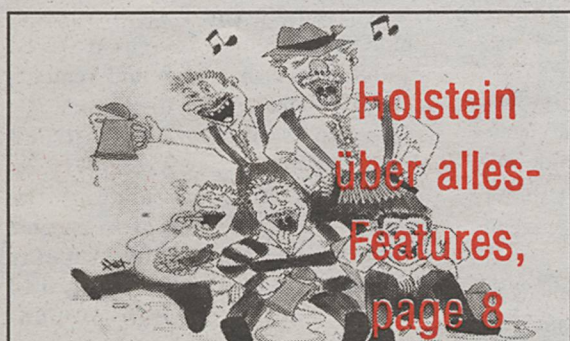
The Beaver

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

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NO TOP-UP FEES FOR 1997 ENTRANTS

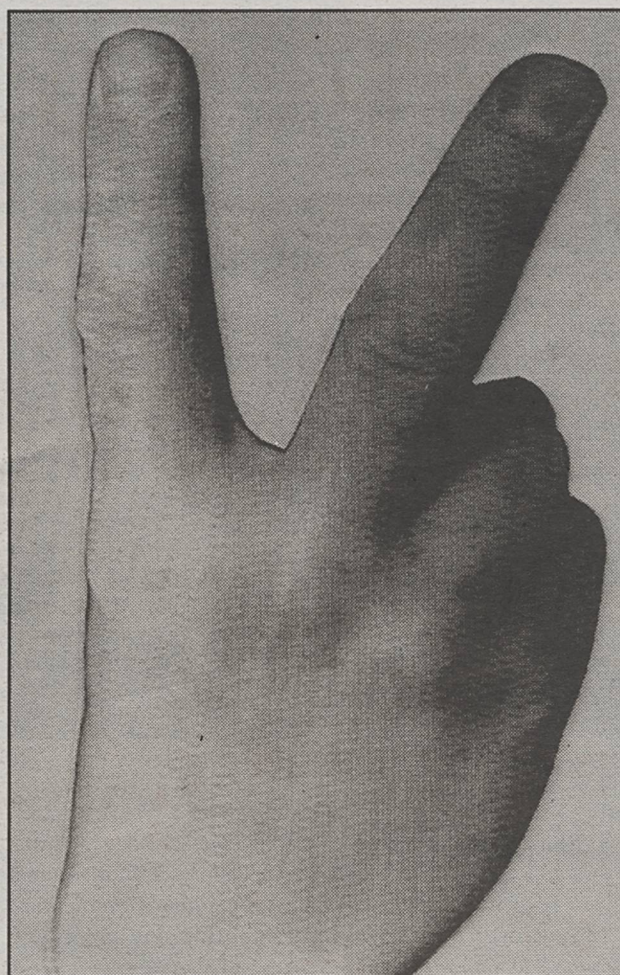
You Can Count On Two Fingers How Much To Pay In Top-Up Fees

Dan Crowe

The Standing Committee of the Court of Governors, the most powerful body of the School, decided last week not to introduce top-up fees for 1997 entrants. It was considered logistically impossible to implement a workable scheme in such a short time scale, and would also mean losing high calibre applicants to LSE's competitors. In reality, LSE has merely postponed the introduction of Top Up Fees until 1998, a step which will be ratified by a Governors' meeting at the end of this term. This would allow the level of fees and any arrangements for student support to be detailed in the Prospectus, which is published in December.

Other research-led institutions anxious to introduce such fees would follow suit, resulting in the privatisation of the Higher Education sector and the establishment of an Ivy League of British universities. Top Up Fees were first touted in 1993 by the then Director of LSE, John Ashworth.

His idea was comprehensively rejected by the academic body at LSE, with only one lecturer supporting Ashworth's proposal. But savage Government cuts in University funding, compounded with alleged financial mismanagement on behalf of the LSE bureaucracy, have left LSE with a £3.3 million underestimation of the necessary expenditure. In a recent account of the funding crisis facing



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Britain's universities, LSE comes top, with its debt at 93.75% of its total income (1994/95 figures). Of course, LSE does not benefit from the additional £2000 per capita "top-up" fee paid by the government to the

Oxbridge colleges, but if just ten per cent of those on the LSE Foundation's database (6,600 alumni) donated £500 per annum then the £3.3 million deficit would be covered.

While the crisis at LSE was created by government underfunding, LSE claims that Overseas students are subsidising Home and European Union undergraduates. This ignores the fact that the principle of Higher Education being free at the point of entry has been a birthright to every British citizen, and as enshrined in the Robbins report of the 1960s 'is a prerequisite for a civilised and meritocratic society'. Instead of turning on their students, LSE should perhaps be taking the argument to the doors of Downing

Street.

LSE is a national (and international) asset and should be valued as such. If it were the first institution to introduce Top Up Fees, it would set a trend that would probably be copied nationwide.

Meacher preaches

Dev Cropper

New Labour is not all freshly laundered smiles and the relegation of anyone old enough to still dream of socialism to the back benches. Michael Meacher, the Shadow Spokesman on Environmental Protection, spoke at a recent meeting of the LSE Labour club. He was a Cabinet member in the 1979 Labour Government and also a former LSE academic.

Environmental Protection has the potential to be in the forefront of Tony Blair's strategy of popular, leftish themes which pay for themselves. It is also one with huge relevance to everyone in the country, urban or rural, and to other countries as well. For example, as the MP for Oldham pointed out, forests in Scandinavia have been decimated by British pollutants in the form of acid rain.

A difficulty for any Labour frontbencher talking policy these days is the Party line on avoiding uncoded spending commitments. Although Meacher addressed many important issues - transport, water and air cleanliness and recycling to name a few - his unwillingness to make firm policy commitments must leave open to doubt what a Labour Government would actually do about them.

An interview with Meacher will appear next week.

Bankside Brats Babble On

Beaver staff

Wronged residents' rumblings

Complaints continue at Bankside and the predictable frustration has escalated into calls to arms by certain militant residents. Although the situation is merely in embryonic stages at present, there is potential for some form of outburst should nothing be done to alleviate the grievances.

The idea for a 'rent strike' sprung from an explosive Bankside general meeting, called by the Wardens, primarily to discuss a seemingly failed heating system. Unfortunately, the company which made the dysfunctional part is now bankrupt! However, should the system not work by the end of the week, the management is planning to turn all the heating on full, or to buy heaters for rooms which contain failed systems.

The main cause for contention is the lack of promised facilities. In the accommodation guide, Bankside was said to have: "a fitness centre and TV rooms...a computer suite with a number of stations and printers." As yet it is only possible to find one TV room and the fitness centre will not be ready for another two weeks. The management, however is attempting to deal with the problems as quickly as possible.

Probably the largest issue is the computer facilities - or the complete

lack of them. IT had promised to equip the room, but its budget was cut over the summer. David Dalby, IT services manager, told Warden Tim Hochstrasser at the beginning of September that the "best he could promise was another department's old 386s", when that department was upgraded. However, even this is now in doubt since, should anything go wrong, IT cannot provide anyone to fix it. Dr Hochstrasser assured that, if nothing had been heard by the end of the week, Bankside would buy a few printers for the room as a goodwill gesture.

The Bankside residents are naturally incensed by the failure of IT to uphold its promise, and a petition has been organised. There has been a suggestion that - should the petition fail, all 619 Bankside residents ought to converge on IT's doorstep to reinforce its validity. Speaking to IT, everyone seemed very uncertain of the current situation, and were incapable of answering The Beaver's questions. It is this sort of inefficient dealing with the situation that has so angered Bankside members. Bureaucracy seems to exist in monumental proportions - which only increases current frustrations.

Last year, a similar problem occurred at High Holborn - and a committee was

actually formed to organise a 'rent strike'. This was due mainly to a lack of hot water, and the failure of the telephone system. Nothing was ever achieved, since the majority of residents lost interest fairly quickly. Many active participants tended to be people who were late paying their rent due to financial difficulties - and consequently had ulterior motives.

However, questions need to be asked why, having made promises that could not be kept regarding Holborn's proposed facilities for the start of last year, the LSE proceeded to repeat rash promises to prospective Bankside students.

It is therefore unlikely that a rent strike will actually occur - especially since the very size of Bankside means that communications between students does not really occur. All the residents The Beaver spoke to are angered by the situation, having been "cheated out of what we expected". With a weekly rent of £80 (single room) for accommodation in Southwark, they are questioning whether or not the rate is excessive. Bankside residents are unlikely to strike, but there exists a definite feeling that - should certain situations remain the same, or new ones take their place - the only way for change to occur is through

Unwanted Islamic Irritants

Rima White and Khush'd

An unwelcome presence at the LSE Freshers' Fayre was the Al-Muhajiroun, an Islamic society not recognised by the LSE Students' Union. Their stall in Houghton Street, a public space, has been and remains a cause for concern for the Union.

Groups such as Al-Muhajiroun and Hizb-ut-Tahrir are active on university campuses around the country, in their attempt to recruit students in reputable, secular institutes of higher learning and thereby hoping to gain pseudo-legitimacy for extremist and bigoted views.

Sam Parham, LSESU Education and Welfare sabbatical, was asked why the presence of such groups was considered a cause for concern among thinking, educated people. He responded by outlining the Union's equal opportunities ethos that is threatened by the extremist views of Al-Muhajiroun and the fact that the many minority groups in the School need to be protected against such bigotry.

Their anti-Semitism is one among an array of objectionable views that run contrary to the ethos of the School. Their intolerance and prejudices extend to women, homosexuals, lesbians and those of other religions, or anyone who does not share their peculiar outlook on life. Therefore, the response of the Union was vital in the face of the LSE's legal inability to remove them from a public highway.

Leaflets were distributed in Houghton Street informing students about the extremism of Al-Muhajiroun which has no place in the 'melting pot' spirit of the School. This strategy was drawn up by the LSESU in consultation with the official LSE Islamic Society, and to whom those with an interest in Islam were directed.

Last year, the LSESU was more vocal in its condemnation of Al-Muhajiroun and Hizb-ut-Tahrir, the latter group being an organisation of similar ilk to the former, and this sparked a raging debate about freedom of speech. This year's approach appears to have paid dividends; the group stayed away on the second day of Freshers' Fayre.

It is hoped that in future years the information-and-awareness approach will be as effective in exposing these extremist groups for what they really are and hence prevent them gaining any foothold in an educational establishment such as this.

The undoubted persistence of such groups can only be stalled by a considered and informative approach that encourages us to think and be vigilant about such opinions. If we do not guard against such invective, legitimate societies and, indeed, Muslim students in general may be adversely affected by negative organisations such as Al-Muhajiroun and Hizb-ut-Tahrir.

A Not So Scary Lecture

Rima White

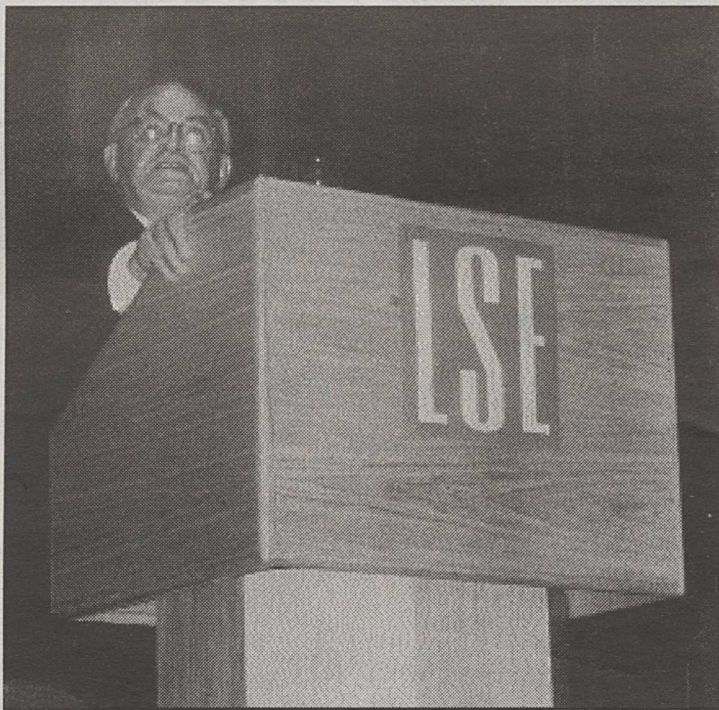
Professor John Rex was last at the LSE to deliver a public lecture in 1968 and described it as a "scary occasion": there was a walk-out by left-wing students, an audience which consisted of Powellite supporters, and his colleague fainted. Rex's public lecture on Tuesday was not so dramatic.

He delivered the fifth lecture in the Ethnic and Racial Studies series on "The Problematic of Multicultural and Multinational Societies". The subject was approached from a theoretical perspective, with the aim of hoping to further collaboration between two leading sociological journals, "Ethnic and Racial Studies" and "Nations and Nationalism", and investigating whether a common core of theorising exists between them.

Rex briefly traced the processes by which imperial powers established their empires, their aim being the destruction of the former institutional order of the

subjugated country. The French approach to achieving this objective was assimilation, the British was one of indirect rule and the Portuguese bestowed honorary Portuguese status on their subjects. He was careful to stress that, for the purposes of the lecture, any moral comment on these processes had to be temporarily suspended.

Drawing on the example of Britain as a contemporary multinational and multicultural society, Professor Rex elaborated on the complex process by which the UK is trying to strive towards the ideal of multiculturalism. He highlighted the many cultures and



Rex on Sex...

nationalities that the UK 'hosts' including the Irish, Welsh, Scots and the Asian and Caribbean communities, and the need to view immigrant communities as constantly adapting and changing their cultures to survive.

Britain, he said, is currently grappling with the problems of facing up to the reality of the dissolution of empire and striving towards a multicultural ideal.

The lecture will be published in the July 1997 issue of the "Ethnic and Racial Studies" journal.

Two Lords at LSE

Lord of the Market Lord above the flies

Karl Menger

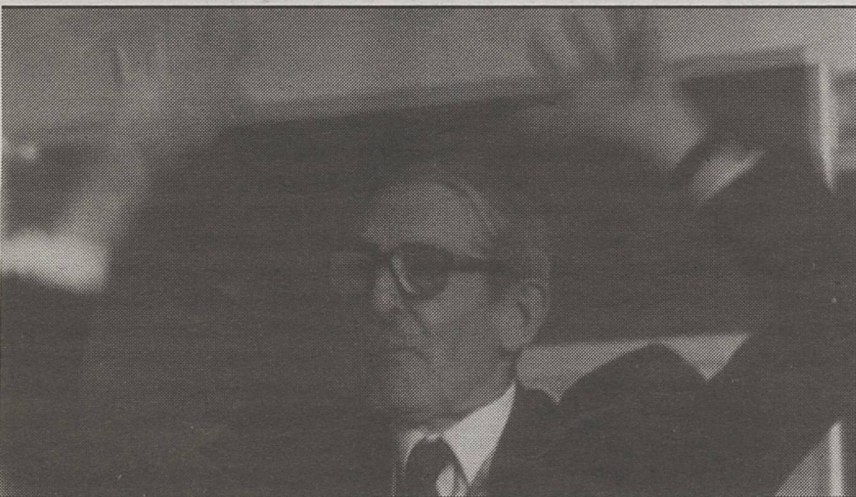
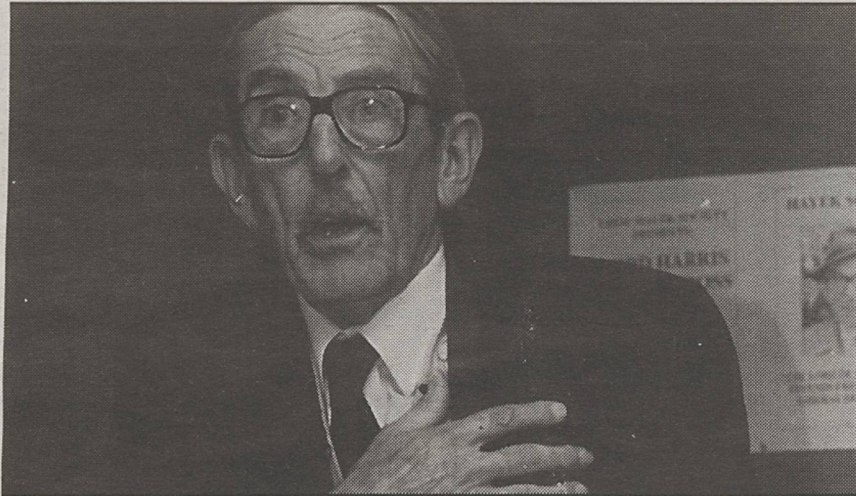
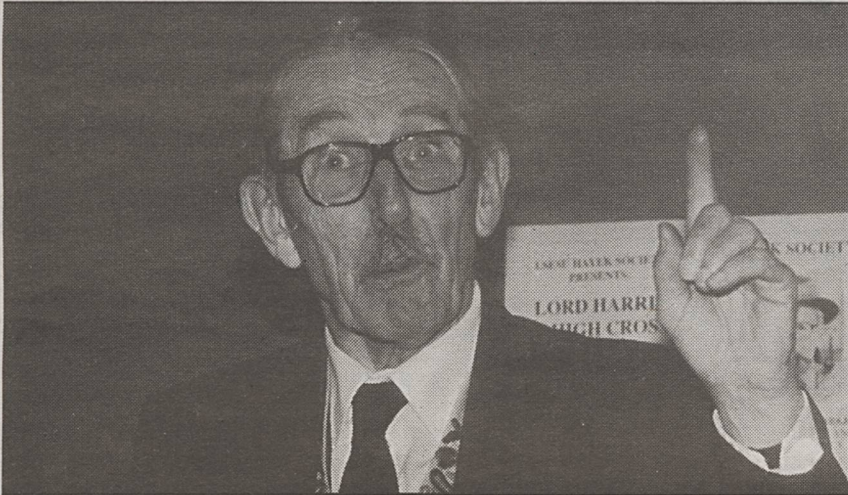
The Government's monopoly over the supply of money should be repealed to enable people to carry out business in dollars, marks, ounces of gold or anything they feel like, suggested Lord Harris of High Cross last Tuesday.

The exuberantly attired Lord (he was wearing a flashy waistcoat, a feathered hat and was provocatively puffing away at a pipe) did no harm to his reputation as the most colourful and controversial member of the House as he outlined plans for competing currencies.

Dubbed "the Lord of the Market" by the media due to his crucial role as the head of the Institute of Economic Affairs and the Bruges Group in

reintroducing classical liberalism in Britain, Harris recollected his long lasting friendship with FA Hayek, one of the most distinguished academics in LSE's history. He attacked the notion that central planning is the most rational way of organising society and pointed out that this was actually a "Fatal Conceit".

Any socialist state or bureaucracy, including Brussels, in its abolition of market prices, renders itself incapable of running complex systems in anything but a chaotic and socially destructive manner. Margaret Thatcher's former advisor concluded by urging the audience to reject further limitations to individual freedom in the name of Europe.



Lord Harris strikes a pose.

Photo: Kenneth Lo

Andrew Yule

"Politics and Morality: doing the right thing" was the title of Lord Nolan's speech to the Catholic Society last Wednesday. It had the potential for debate, searching questions and perhaps a little controversy. However, in the event Lord Nolan was left to talk freely of the targets and achievements of the "Committee of Standards in Public Life" which he chairs, and he did so adequately and diplomatically. J

John Major was referred to as "courageous" for setting up the committee. Lord Nolan did not mention the convenience for Major of a new "man of action" image at a time when he needed to maintain all the credibility he could, with scandal almost daily reaching the papers and threatening to destroy his party. He did refer to a poll gauging public trust in the likelihood of MPs to tell the truth at a low 14%. However, journalists were rated even lower in the public estimation.

Fortunately, it was not all diplomacy and statistics. Lord Nolan outlined what Parliament had lacked and needed, and what had been established by his committee. Firstly, a "code of conduct", which outlines seven principles considered vital to an MP. These are honesty, selflessness, integrity, openness, leadership and accountability. The committee also offers outside independent scrutiny of all MPs by insisting on a full declaration of outside earnings. It also offers guidance on the training of all new public servants to insure a universal understanding of the rules. This came in the shape of the "Parliamentary Commission for Standards".

This is all very just and admirable, but hardly earth-shattering new corruption-tackling legislation.

Lord Nolan continued in a more moralistic, general voice. He expressed in an ideal world we would put an end to all MPs outside earnings. So why was this not incorporated into the Committee's rulings? One MP from each of the three major parties served on Lord Nolan's committee. He went on to praise public servants in general, maintaining that over one hundred thousand do their work for free. Additionally, he insisted that public expectations of our representatives is high and that as a result comparatively minor corruption among MPs is blown out of proportion by newspapers thriving on scandal. This is of course no justification for any back handers or quirky benefits.

To conclude and continue in his more optimistic vein he told us of the British exaggerated caution concerning "gifts". When asked by *The Washington Post* what he hoped to get for Christmas, Bill Clinton requested an end to the war in Bosnia. When asked the same question, the British ambassador replied modestly that he expected nothing, but that "a small jar of crystallised fruits would be nice".

Legal Affairs

Chris McAleely
News Editor

"Over the past thirty years judges have become more creative" stated Joshua Rosenberg, BBC Legal Affairs correspondent, in a talk to the LSE Law Society last Monday. He said that some judges have taken the view that increasing judicial assertiveness has been necessary to fill the vacuum in the political process left by the lack of effective political opposition to the government since 1979.

Rosenberg focused on the question of whether senior judges should speak out in the House of Lords on controversial topics. There is a difficulty in separating whether issues are political or relate to the

administration of justice. He gave recent examples such as Legal Aid or mandatory sentencing requirements.

The judges are quite clear that they should speak out in public but are left with the problem of possibly having to rule on a question on which they have already aired their personal views. For example Lord Taylor spoke out in favour of amending the law on a defendant's right to silence and then had to rule on it in the high court.

Responding to a question from the floor, Rosenberg commented that he thought Rose West had had a fair trial despite the close media attention, since reporting had been within the rules. However he was concerned by the 'buying' of witnesses that took place; even the BBC "blotted their copy book" by paying a small sum to a minor witness.

The Beaver

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James Crabtree

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"It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen."

By Daniel Gay

Twelve years after nineteen-eighty-four it is a wet cold day in September. Proposals have been put forward to "clamp down" on youth crime in Dundee. In an attempt to nip petty crime in the bud the Beacon Initiative involves police extracting and sending to parents the names and addresses of individuals gathering on street corners. Alone an innocuous measure, designed to pre-empt the perpetration of minor offences but seen as the latest in a long line of moves toward greater coercion by the state is more alarming.

Over the past decade many such measures have been implemented, some more ominous, some less so: some well publicised, some overlooked. All, however, suggests that the legislature is using increasing levels of coercion. And the culprit is not only the Conservative party. Labour, both old and "new" has done little to combat the trend towards greater state control of society, in the 1980s showing ambivalence to the removal of trades union rights; in the 1990s putting up little or no concerted opposition to the freedom limiting Criminal Justice Act. Labour leader Tony Blair wishes New Labour to be seen as "the true party of law and order". We are not seeing simply a temporary shift in policy by one party in the direction of heightened social control. What is being witnessed is a more sinister upheaval throughout the state apparatus.

The origins of this upheaval can be traced back to anti-union legislation in the early 1980s, heralding the beginning of an era in which state organs were increasingly used to control dissenting subjects. Unprecedented levels of heavy-handed policing during the miner's dispute were proof of this. Reductions were seen in the power of workers to resist actions undermining their position within the workplace. Now they found their political existence restricted, at the mercy of those who hired them. Never mind the worry of government that it could be held to ransom by the unions; workers could now be held to ransom by employers. This was the start of a long term trend away from liberalisation. The power of incremental change lies in the recognition that although alone such measures may not be seen as desirable, on the other hand they are not condemned as part of a pernicious wider agenda. As soon as the last state clamp down is forgotten a new, perhaps milder piece of legislation is introduced. Again the move

is criticised by a few, but eventually achieves acceptance. Cumulatively these measures produce a result which would never have been ratified alone, but by a more subtle process is nevertheless succeeding.

Despite her professed allegiance to the minimal state Thatcher subsequently placed greater emphasis on law and order, eroding the separation of powers which sees the judiciary relatively autonomous from the executive. The police force became a tool of government, used to enforce decisions rather than to protect. This was the background against which 'nineties coercive legislation took place. Major's "back to basics" campaign was an attempt to dictate an outdated morality from a central position of power. Even ethics were thought to be legitimately within the domain of state control. The Criminal Justice Act has been resisted by people from all walks of life but particularly hits those at the margins of society. Travellers find their freedoms limited; young party-goers have lost their right to attend outdoor gatherings involving music "characterised by a repetitive beat"; large unofficial meetings have been banned, such as those used by protest groups. We face surveillance cameras at every turn, many city centres covered entirely by closed-circuit television. Even in our cars we are watched by speed cameras. Identity cards, although not now compulsory, mean our actions are under the eye of the state more than ever before. We now encounter a police force wielding larger batons and armed with CS gas. If arrested, we are not permitted the right to silence. Imprisoned, a life sentence truly means "for life". In the recipe for Orwellian nightmare, many of the ingredients seem already to be in place.

What rationale underlies this move towards heightened intervention by the state in social life? Why does the state see it as necessary to impose greater

restrictions on everyday activities? Increasing inequalities of income and wealth have characterised UK society since the seventies. Few sources now deny that the rich have become richer whilst the poor become poorer. This widening gap prohibits the state from dealing with the requirements of both poles of the economic strata. The interests of either end of the spectrum are irreconcilable, mutually exclusive. Therefore the demands of the upper stratum are addressed and to contain the discontent of the lower level force is used. Political intervention is substituted for social and economic justice. The increase in coercion is no conspiracy, but is necessitated by the stratified society of contemporary Britain.

Perhaps the state is not only mildly coercive: are we seeing the beginning of a descent into a form of post-fascism? Does the present situation demand an accelerated rate of increase in political intervention, largely outwith the control of individual politicians? Three general future developments are possible:

Perhaps we will realise what is happening before it is too late and take action, attempting to salvage what is left of present democracy. Or maybe encapsulated within the straightjacket of a polarised society, the inability will become obvious of any of the main political parties to answer our real demands. Further alternative democratic channels will be created - Newbury, protests over the export of veal calves, the boycott of Shell, the boycott of French Wine. Without doubt failure to publicise, and act against negative changes in coercive legislation lead the way to a dangerous path. Before we know it the unwitting descent into an authoritarian society will be complete.

"But it was all right, everything was all right, the struggle was finished. He had won the victory over himself. He loved Big Brother."

Editorial, on a Friday morning?...

Well, as you can see by the amusingly rearranged editorial box I have been ill this week, recovering only on a Friday morning to salvage what's left of everybody's favourite Newspaper of the LSESU.

But low, as I descended the stairs to the Beaver office at 8.45 on Friday morning, what do I find but a trusty group of volunteers who stayed all night to keep the Beaver flag flying.

Never before has so much been owed to so few. Hopefully the Beaver will be coming out on time this week and some aspects of the layout may look a little dodgy, still, at least you've got something to throw in the UGM. So it seems as though I'm not needed after all, might leave it to you guys again next week, only joking!

Those who must be thanked are Hector Birchwood,

Liz Chong, James Crabtree, Chris McAleely, Peter Udeshi, Dan Crowe for providing Grolsch, Chris Cooper for filling in half of the gaps and writing half the newspaper, just like old times eh, lots of random Americans and freshers whatever their names were...

THANKYOU

By the way I was very ill with a very nasty stomach ache and I was puking violently for ages. I didn't eat anything for two days you know... Have lost weight however, which is a **good thing**. Would appreciate people commenting on the fact when ever possible.

Nicola Hobday
Ed (kind of)



Having recovered from the giddy tedium of last week, Jack merrily settled into UGM *numero deux* with suitably lowered expectations. First news was Che Cropper having to make a humiliating apology for his appalling Anti-Yankee sentiment last week. Speaking with the same lack of coherence, verve and wit which Jack has come to expect from LSE Labour, the scruffy revolutionary stood up and made the first of a number of similarly unremarkable contributions. Indeed, Jack is beginning to despair at the number of nearly illiterate, bedraggled, incoherent scruffs from the left side of the hall who seem intent on impressing their ignorance upon the masses. From the Tories such behaviour is expected, but Labour is really out doing itself so far this year in terms of worthless contributions.

Cropper's apology was prompted by chair Tom Shit, who Jack is touting as a future star of the assembly. Reacting to Jack's commentary last week, the impressibly ginger Shit lamented the death of the Balcony Boys and his inability to throw paper upon their coffins. Similarly blunted witticism seem ever present in Shit's super-sharp delivery: his considerably weighty star is surely on the rise.

Gen Sex showed his worth once more by explaining to the assembled throng that in the last week he had (gasp!) written one letter, and (swoon!) attended one meeting! Poor darling must be on the verge of exhaustion. The rest of the Sabs were similarly unforthcoming, but Jack was pleased to see Spam Harem's much vaunted image change was simply an extension of his traditional 'Marks & Spencers Chic' aesthetic.

Jack then proceeded to snooze through motions 1 & 2; the former being a yawningly predictable 'legalise dope' student-kind-of-affair, whilst the latter involved some weighty member of the Labour Club bemoaning the lack of en-suite Saunas and gyms in Bankside. Jack could hardly agree more; poor little darlings. If only Garth was still around then the oppressive system would have had a champion "ON THEIR SIDE!", but for now it appears that the poor little lambs of Bankside must soldier on in their prison-like conditions. All good things come in twos, and so it proved as Jack was extremely distressed to discover that the annual "Beastly Murdering Turks vs. Sweet Innocent Cypriots" debate was to make an unwelcome return. Just like last year (and the year before, and the year before....) the Horrid Turks were condemned with much gnashing of teeth and beating of breasts. Piss Pooper has earlier showed his special brand of tact and discretion had not been blunted by low office, by claiming the cancellation of his Turkish Metal band was due entirely to a stop over in Cyprus. Nevertheless, such comments did lead Jack to wonder why such events are treated with reverence only if looked at from one angle. Although the anti-Turk speakers were listened to in a rare contemplative silence, the lone voice who criticised the motion was greeted with heckles and a stream of paper. The UGM, it appears, is only tolerant of those on the 'right' side of the motion. Despite no repeat of the near riot conditions, in '95, Jack will still be pleased to look forward to the repeat performance in twelve months time.

However, star of the meeting by far was the aforementioned Harem, who was mandated by the enormous lib-dem contingent give a solo rendition of "Walking in A Liberal Wonderland" in honour of Tory rat Peter Thurman. Their cunning leader, Youand Toss, had craftily hidden the bizarre request in amongst various popular anti-Conservative rhetoric. Although it did actually call for the entire Executive Committee, it seems only Spam was sufficiently confident of his prodigious vocal talents to take the plunge. Despite the fact that Harem was closer to Pavarotti in waistline than melody, his off-key performance will surely soon become Union legend. Yet, Jack is most concerned that this could raise a worrying precedent amongst the non-serious fraternity. What if some crafty individual were to file a populist motion being extremely nasty about the Tories, only to slip in as the final union resolves that one of the sabs must perform some hideously embarrassing ritual which would bring them into public ridicule and derision. Jack is extremely worried about this prospect, and hopes that no one will have thought of such a contemptible, heinous, and down-right naughty idea. But, then again.... 'til next time, Jack fans.

Get Involved In The Union!

The Student Union does Matter. You can get involved AND make a difference. Two separate students write below of the importance and opportunity to get involved in all areas of the LSE.

Overseas Students have in the past tended to shy away from involving themselves actively within the Students' Union and its various committees. Many reasons explain this, but of particular importance are two.

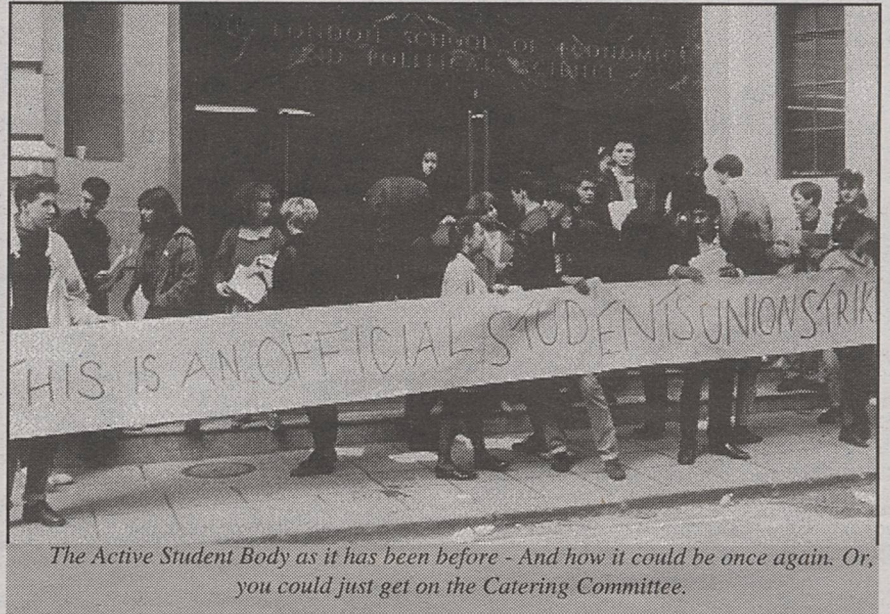
Firstly, overseas students see themselves as more seriously academic-minded - an element accentuated by the fact that they pay exorbitant fees and seem to work harder to reap adequate dividends. They popularly deduce Students' Union activity as a pastime they cannot afford to waste time on, lending credence to the notion that this is a luxury home students can afford. Which leads on to the second perceived notion. That the Students' Union is an appropriate arena for would be politicians to get hands-on experience at constant bickering and infighting.

Both could not be further from the truth. Working within the Union is not only an extremely unique experience, for the sheer cross-section of people you meet and get to learn from, but an equally rewarding one. Moreover this can be a valuable testing ground of leadership and organisational abilities, which can stand in good stead later on in life. Overseas and European Union Students tend to channel their time and effort towards societies. There is nothing wrong with that, but after doing that for a year, moving on to the Union would be a wise move.

Regarding the second point, events in the recent past have served to reinforce this perception. It must be remembered however, that the Students' Union does a lot of constructive work which goes unnoticed. Sadly, it seems that only the negative points of the SU ever get brought to light. The Students' Union not only serves the role as a watch dog over the school - representing the student viewpoint on various committees and keeping up the pressure in the form of various campaigns - but a continuous effort is always maintained to make student life in the LSE as comfortable as possible.

Last but not least, it must be clarified once again that the Students' Union does not merely serve the interests of Home Students. Overseas and EU Students' issues have always been and always will be represented as vocally and as forcefully.

The Michaelmas term elections shall be taking place on the and of October. Nominations shall close on the of October. Various positions are available on numerous committee. Details are shown below..., but if you wish to stand for election and require further information, please do not hesitate to contact either myself (after the UGM or through the pigeon-hole) or one of the Sabbatical Officers in their respective offices. The best way to ensure that the Union runs the way you want it to is to get yourself involved in it. But even, if you do not feel ready for it at this point in time, make sure you do not forget to exercise your right to vote. Democratic accountability starts at the ballot-box!



The Active Student Body as it has been before - And how it could be once again. Or, you could just get on the Catering Committee.

SU Elections Announced

Fran Malaree,
Student's Union
Returning Officer,
tells all.

Nominations are
invited for the
following posts:

It's that time of year again, when you freshers/post-grads/hacks/normal people have the chance to stand for election and try to change the way the union, and indeed the LSE, is going. Elections take place on October 31st for student representatives for existing school committees, from Catering Services to the most important decision making bodst in the school, the Court of Governors. There is also the election for postgraduate sutendts representative, and two bi-elections for the SU finance committe and for my successor (because I'm not mad enough to do this job in March as well.)

It is also your chance to nominate anyone you like form your mum to Mrs Thatcher for honorey president or vicepresident of the students union. Past Winners have included Mick Jagger, Arthur Scargill, and notoriously, Winston Silcott. So, whether you want to nominate internationally reknowned figure, improve on the food in the brunch bowl (surely not a difficult task?) or fight for or against tuition fees, please tsake part- any student can for most positions. If you don't stand, please use your vote.

You can pick up nomination form and further information from the SU reception in the East building. These must completed under returned to the SU reception prior to 5pm on Wednesday October 23. Ther is to be no campaigning until after the agents the meeting at 3pm on October 24.

1. Honoray President
2. Honoray Vice-President
3. Equal Oppertunities Officer (post graduate student issues, must be a post graduate)
4. Representaives on school committes
 - Court of Governmors (5 places)
 - Academic Board (3)
 - Inter-hall committee (1)
 - LSE Foundation Committee (2)
 - Site Development Committee (2)
 - Invesments Committee (2)
 - Committee on Accomadation (2)
 - Library Committee (2)
 - Health Service Committee (4)
 - Nursery Committee (1) (*candidate must be a parent, but not neccaserily have a child in the LSE nursery*)
 - Catering Services Committee (4)
 - Safety Committee (3)
5. Bi-elections for SU Posts;
 - Finance Committee (1)
 - Returning Officer
6. University of London General Union Council (6)

**Remember that
nominations close at
5pm, Wednesday,
October 23.**

Has Racism built a new wall in Berlin?

Peter Udeshi questions the prospects for integration in Germany

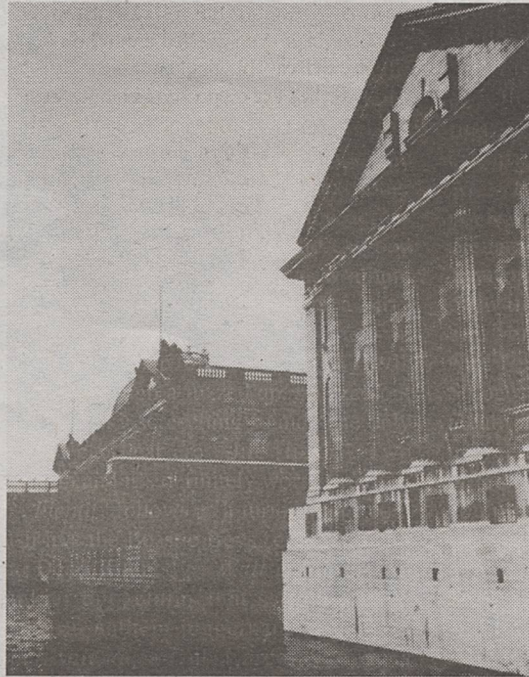
It is easy to take for granted the privilege we all have of studying at the LSE. In particular, international students, who will inevitably face one or more obstacles during their stay in London should try not to get disillusioned too quickly. Although London is not immune to racial problems, an LSE student can expect any racially motivated incident to be the exception and not the general rule. The fact is that London is not Europe. My conclusion is not based on any party-political persuasion but is a symptom of my resignation to my realisation that at the end of the twentieth century. Basic respect for the human individual 'on the continent' is conditional: colour is indelible.

As a student of international relations and being of mixed race, I was shocked and disgusted at the treatment overseas students and people of non-white descent are subjected to at European universities in general day-to-day life. I speak specifically of Berlin and her 'Free University' and the stereotypes and preconceptions espoused both by German students and students in the 'Erasmus' exchange programme. I do not hesitate in referring to 'mainland Europe' as a whole, as the trend is noticeable everywhere and it is getting worse. Immigration is a very natural phenomenon and though it would be unrealistic to advocate opening all borders to unrestricted immigration, you would expect that the people who are allowed in and have lived there for generations would be allowed to live with their dignity left intact.

People automatically assumed I was Turkish, which I would be fine with. Only I gradually realised that in Germany it was meant as a sneer and connoted a menial worker.

Segregation was blatant in the halls of residence as German students were kept separate and given rather nicer houses. On my floor, there were three Sudanese immigrants who squeezed into a room they illegally sub-let. Although

their presence meant more people to share the over-stretched toilet and kitchen facilities with, and added to the fear of Neo-Nazi fire-bombing of the house, no-one went to the police. It made me realise how unfortunate the situation must be in their country of origin to be



In Berlin, all is tranquil. But for how long?

willing to put up with the hostility they face in Germany. A student from Angola told me that a German student had actually asked her if she lived in a tree.

To give an example, I waited at the bus stop and it was hot, so three people of African origin were sitting cross-legged under the shade of a tree. (There used to be a bus-shelter but a homeless person used to stay there so the authorities tore it down). My first reaction was that it does not help their image much, considering people's prejudices, but I would never have expected the bus not to stop just because we were all foreigners. I wrote a letter to Berlin Transport and they replied, saying that I probably was not standing close enough to the bus stop

sign, (on a compulsory stop). I had a minor operation in hospital and when they brought me back to the room, I was attacked by the person in the next bed and racial abuse was hurled at me.

Unfortunately, the atmosphere within the University was worse than outside, which is a scary thought. The education is third-rate and the self-righteous arrogance and ignorance of politics students to the outside world is a grave indicator of the xenophobia the European political establishment is embracing for political gain. Some LSE alumni I met complained that their only regret during their time at LSE was that they did not meet any British students. They did meet second-generation South Asians, or fifth-generation Italian students, but they said they were not British, only their passports. I wonder if they would have objected to meeting fiftieth-generation Saxons. It is a sad fact that nationality in Germany is determined on racial grounds. People claiming to be 'ethnic German' from Kazakhstan and other areas of the former Soviet Union are encouraged to immigrate, whereas people of non-Germanic descent who are second or third generation are not granted citizenship.

I wondered whether I was just paranoid after yet another person looked at me in disgust because the only available seat on the 'U-bahn' was next to mine, when yet another waiter returned to my table to ask if I had ordered the appetiser version of the main course I had asked for, and one more person shouted at me. However, my doubts were dispelled when a German student in the University cafeteria asked me if I could speak German. In Germany, if you do not look 'European' but can speak German fluently, you will find yourself having to do a lot of explaining as to why you are able to speak 'their' language.

The radio is further proof that

nationality is a label which cannot be transcended. News bulletins would speak of a Turkish man shot dead in Kreuzberg, or six Vietnamese slain in Marzahn. In Britain, they only mention the victim's age.

My *Landeskunde* teacher said that foreigners should not work for German bosses as they will always face discrimination. Without provocation, random people would comment how poor Britain is, how everyone over here is mad because of eating too much beef, and how animal-quarantine puts Britain's treatment of its people into question. While watching England play the Netherlands in the 'neutral' setting of an Irish pub, during Euro '96, there was a group of school children from London fanatically cheering on England. In my halls of residence, all international students, and students who had lived all their lives in Germany but did not consider themselves German, were hoping that Germany would lose against England. I do not doubt that Germans get hassled in this country with references to the Blitz and other aspects of the country's history. But that is no justification for what happens in Germany.

I could make excuses and draw attention to the fact that entrance requirements are not as strict, that there are no tuition fees and that international students constitute a smaller percentage of the student body in Berlin. There is the argument that immigration is more recent and the turbulence of reunification has made everyone a bit upset, but I think that the basic difference between Berlin and London is that people here are tolerant.

Many Erasmus students, from Northern Europe in particular, imitated the collective behaviour of Germans in their personal conduct and attitudes. People I spoke to claimed that, however regrettable it may be, there is no better way of living together and it is far worse in all other places.

"Politics as Education"

'Maria Neophytou discusses Greek education minister George Papandreou's and his recent Founders' Day Speech

Like Costas Simitis, the Prime Minister of Greece George Papandreou is an alumnus of the LSE having gained an MA in Sociology in 1977, it is not surprising therefore, that he was asked to open the newly founded Hellenic Observatory last week. The name Papandreou is a familiar one in Greek politics and although George Papandreou lacks the charisma of his late father Andreas, (founder of the Socialist party PASOK and former Greek Prime Minister), his Founders' Day Speech was nonetheless thought-provoking. The topic of the speech allowed him to steer clear of any of the controversial issues in Greek politics today, one notably being foreign policy, a conspicuous omission given that he is now Alternate Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Indeed, he took an altogether detached view of Greek politics, dwelling on what could be rather than what is.

Papandreou made no excuses for the corruption plaguing Greek politics, condemning the tendency for people to

compete for favours rather than on the basis of merit. The 'client' relationship which has developed between politician and citizen has only served to undermine democracy and instil a degree of cynicism which could one day lead to upheaval.

He gave us many reasons why the public, both in Greece and most other Western democracies, are wary and contemptuous of politicians. In particular, he stressed the role of the media in demystifying politics, the absence of a Cold War enemy to unite against, and rapid technological and social change leading to instability. While all these are contributing factors to public disenchantment, they ostensibly try to absolve the politicians themselves of blame. Perhaps the most pertinent reason for growing cynicism, as relevant here in Britain as in Greece, is the succession of sleaze scandals highlighting political corruption and incompetence. Papandreou is right when he says that the attitude of citizens

toward politicians must change but so too must those of the politicians themselves, who are too often seen as abusing power to achieve narrow political or personal aims rather than the elusive 'public good.' It was too much to expect him to criticise his own party for its share in this, but it would have shown an impressive degree of honesty had he recognised past mistakes.

Understandably he looked to the future. Papandreou calls himself a Socialist but his beliefs for a new political culture owe more to Aristotle than Marx. Active participation by a citizenry that governs and is governed in turn as the solution is a laudable ideal and one firmly rooted in Ancient Greek Philosophy. The key to redefining the relationship between citizen and politician is of course education, the vital component in shaping a society in which democracy can be sustained in the 21st Century. Education not only prepares people for the world of work as the means for self preservation, but also to enable them to contribute to the political domain as the means of society's preservation. If people only took an

active interest then we wouldn't be in the state we're in. It is this public path which allows politicians to think that they can get away with their sleaze-prone habits, at least this is what Papandreou seemed to imply. Depending on how you interpret the ideas he outlined "power devolved, people involved" (a phrase surely worthy of any Blairite spin doctor) is either a cop out or the way forward. It is easy to blame the public when politicians seem to be failing, but perhaps the problems facing us at the turn of the century are insoluble by political means alone. I think most of us would agree with George Papandreou that active citizenship is more desirable than the present apathy.

Overall, the speech was the type you'd expect to hear from academics who can afford to sit back and visualise rather than politicians who are responsible for putting their ideas into practice. Papandreou is in an ideal position to show us how genuinely he believes in the merits of public participation, but the cynics will already have dismissed the speech as a banal collection of other peoples' ideas. Some might argue that these were pieced together in an attempt to deflect attention from more pressing current issues rather than sincerely paving the way for progress and change.

An Englishman in China

Beaver Globe-trotter Guy Burton describes his life and times in China.

Last year I travelled to China and lived there for six months. During that time, I taught English in a teachers' training college on the outskirts of a small town called Lishui in the mountainous area of south Zhejiang Province. When I left, I continued to maintain contact with a number of people, both English and Chinese, whom I had met out there.

I recently attended a meeting at the Great Britain-China Centre near Hyde Park Corner. Unfortunately, not everyone that I had gotten to know in wintry London and Beijing were there. Nevertheless, the excitement of catching up with old friends was intense, and although some of us had not seen each other for over a year it seemed as if we had never really been apart at all. A cliché if I had ever heard one, but it was this collective jogging of our various memories at that meeting that compelled me to sit down and write. Having been away from China for over a year now, I began to feel a rekindled passion for the place that I had once called home.

Lishui Teachers' College was my home and job from February to July 1995. Situated in the poorest region of Zhejiang Province, the pace of economic and cultural life is very different to that of northern Zhejiang, Jiangsu and Shanghai. The economy is not given over to manufacturing as is the case in the richer coastal regions to the north and east but is more agricultural, and consequently, a truer form of traditional Chinese life.

Dan (my teaching colleague) and I lived in a small two-room flat on the school grounds. Being the only two 'laowai' (foreigners) in both the town and surrounding countryside, we attracted hordes of curious onlookers everywhere we went. At first the constant gawping was disconcerting, but like the continual hawking and spitting - an aspect of Chinese culture that seemed incomprehensible - one got used to it.

Life revolved around the classes that Dan and I gave in conversation, reading and writing. However rewarding the lessons themselves were for the students that we taught, what will stand out in my mind was the way of life in China, or, Lishui.

Lishui, despite its closeness to the fast and furiously developing coastal special economic zones in east China, is still remote enough to enjoy a quieter, less hurried pace. The afternoons and evenings after class that I spent were quiet and idyllic affairs.

Society in Lishui was very much in the traditional Confucian mould. Deference was paid to one's elders

and betters. Indeed, I was frequently embarrassed by the amount of respect awarded me by a person of my age, simply on the basis of my status as a teacher. Folk tales and superstitions were regularly used to explain the unexplainable whilst much effort was made to appease the various gods and demigods in the Chinese Parthenon at various temples dotted around the town. However, despite this ordered and structured way of life, cracks were beginning to appear as a result of the

This was not the oppressive China we read about. It was not the burgeoning industrial power that is ready to explode on the world.

economic development in and around Lishui. Problems such as divorce, disrespect for elders and crime were on the increase while I was there. All this could be traced to the unusual social phenomenon of pressure on families to split up in an attempt to find decent employment to support themselves. Husbands and wives would live apart from each other for months at a time in an effort to make ends meet. Not surprisingly, this weakens family unity and increases the rate of divorce.

Once a week Dan and I would brave the market in downtown Lishui where everything from big, ripe aubergines to 1000 year old eggs and chickens' feet could be bought. Smells of recently spilled pigs' blood on the chopping blocks and chickens cooped up in bamboo cages mingled with the noise of nervously quacking ducks and the shouting and spitting of short tempered traders and punters. Meanwhile underfoot, the ground overflowed with various vegetables and fruit that were in season while all around people wheeled their bicycles to and fro.

China is a land of bicycles. It was rare to see a private car. In all the time I spent in Lishui, a town of over 100 000 people, I saw only three cars - two of which belonged to the municipal government. Needless to say, when I was offered the chance of a ride in a car I immediately took it up. It was therefore the case that everywhere we went, whether it was down the main road to town, or up the pot holed paths in the surrounding hills, we travelled around on our cumbersome and heavy bicycles.

From the hills that overlooked Lishui we were able to look down and marvel at the paddy fields below. Stretching out some irregular and multi-level chessboard, we could see on various paddy fields sunburnt peasants with their dull-blue Mao suits. With their trousers rolled up to their knees, the peasants toil in water up to their ankles all day, hunched over as they maintained the rice crop which China's population relies on.

The area being too hilly to accommodate mechanical farming equipment in the paddy fields and orange orchards, all the work has to be done with the use of water buffalo - or by hand. If one ignored the sounds of the spluttering tractors that wound their way along the narrow and pot holed roads behind,

one could see what I call 'real China'. This was not the aggressive, nationalistic China that we read about in the papers. It was not the burgeoning industrial power that is ready to explode on the world stage in the coming century. No, what I saw was an age-old agrarian society that carried on as it always had done. Watching a peasant drive a water buffalo up and down a field to prepare it for sowing, I was struck by how timeless the scene was. It had always been like this in China. Despite countless years of revolution, rebellion and constant social upheaval, some parts of China had still not changed. The peasantry had accepted centuries of turmoil that has raged (sometimes quite uncontrollably) around them, but this had been tempered by a quiet and confident belief in their way of life. That unshakeable belief in themselves had given way to a hard-working

and dignified group of people, breaking their backs every day to ensure that come the harvest the necessities of life would make it onto the dinner table. I feel great respect for these people, to go out into the fields every day, come rain, snow or excessive heat. To work for such long hours, to suffer such endurance and not to complain once instilled in me a certain awe for these people.

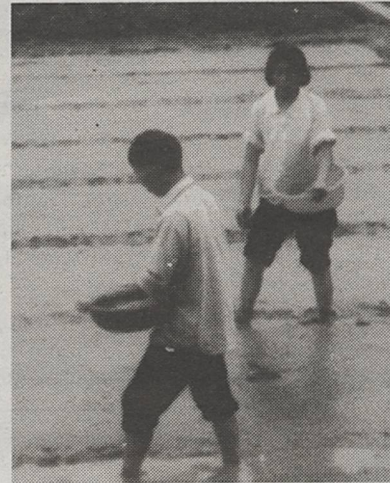
Although Lishui is still considered the breadbasket of Zhejiang, on account of its intensive cultivation of the land around it, pockets of industrialisation are entering the landscape around the town. Printing presses, small labour intensive factories are popping up here and there.

I consider myself to be truly fortunate to have seen the China that I saw. Compared to the rather soulless special economic zones around Guangdong and northern Zhejiang and Jiangsu, Lishui was an opportunity to see a slice of 'real China'. It is a country of peasants and water buffalo working the land. It is a society of respectful and curious people who have much to learn about the rest

of the world. It is a culture completely alien to the Western mind but it is one that beckons you back again.

True, I do not expect things to remain the same in Lishui as I once found them. Things change and people progress. It is only a matter of time before the agrarian way of life in Lishui is compromised by creeping industrialisation. Despite this, I will always remember Lishui with fondness - as the little part of China that I once called home.

Guy Burton is a second-year Government and History student and is ready and willing to practice his beginner's Mandarin on any victim.



A Bloody Murder in 'Heaven'?

Cyprus is amongst Europe's most explosive areas. Nina Soteri tells a story of harrowing brutality.

Over the past few years I have become a regular visitor to the sunny shores of Cyprus. Like many of the thousands of tourists who choose to spend their holidays there, I have come to love the island's beaches, culture and people. This year I planned to spend a relaxing month in the sun, but towards the end of my holiday I was confronted by a hidden aspect of the island's history. Since 1974, the island has been divided by a Turkish occupation force, preventing ethnic Cypriots from returning to their homes. On August 15th, twenty-two years after Cyprus was torn in half, a group of six thousand motorcyclists planned to cross the buffer-zone. They had intended to travel from Berlin (the significance of their starting-point being that it is no longer divided) through six different countries without being stopped. However, when they reached the entry check-point they were told to go no further or risk being shot. The motorcyclists had left Berlin on August 2nd and their arrival was awaited with

much enthusiasm. Due to the proximity of my apartment to the proposed passage of the motorcyclists, I went to join the protesters. It was therefore a huge disappointment for all those present when



the one of the motorcyclists announced that this group of unarmed protesters had been called off. It was clear that there were serious fears of the repercussions the protesters would face if they tried to cross, yet a group of about five hundred

motorcyclists, frustrated by this anti-climax, disobeyed the directive and crossed over into the other half of the divided capital.

In the meantime, the President of Cyprus explained that the protest was called off as the leader of the Turkish Cypriots pseudo-state had orchestrated an attack by Turkish youths on the motorcyclists so that this incident could be used as an excuse for further intervention by Turkish forces. It was thus the fear of war breaking out that led to the termination of this peaceful demonstration.

The motorcyclists were forced into retreat, yet the day did not end as more tragic events were to occur at the Dherynia checkpoint. A group of young locals tried to cross on foot, they made it over the line but were then beaten with planks of wood. Most made it back, three men, however, were trapped as they were trying to clamber over the barbed wire and were immediately pounced upon by a group of Turks. I watched this brutality with horror on the news, as they were also defenceless. Two

were rushed to hospital with serious injuries, but the execution of the third was completed when, having been knocked senseless, a huge rock was thrown at his head with such force that his skull was crushed, sending his eyes flying from his sockets.

And as the sun went down on the island of Venus, the politicians sighed with relief at the aversion of a potential war. The motorcyclists were left dismayed at the end of their journey. In the meantime, having failed to achieve their aim of returning to their homes, the family of Dassos Isaac were forced to accept their loss. His wife gave birth to their first child a month later. The nation itself was left with the brutal image of this barbaric suppression of a basic human right to protest. As I contemplated the day's events, the bars of Ayia Napa were filling up with holiday makers out for a night on the town, unaware of the inner turmoil that the people of Cyprus still suffer today. I can only hope if I return next year for my holiday, it will be to a united and free Cyprus and that I will be able to travel through all the regions, without the obstructions of barbed wire and military force.

Nina Soteri was the seconder of the motion at a recent UGM condemning Turkish aggression in Cyprus. It passed by a large majority.

DRINKING BEER

THE ENGLISH WAY?

For those of you who missed this year's Holsten Beer Festival
Malte Gerhold takes a sample of German beer, English style!

Why should all the Germans have all the fun? With this obviously pretty envious promotion slogan in mind I choose a sunny afternoon to follow all these yellow "Bier Fest" signs through London to go and see the Holstein Bier Fest. Strange idea though. A German beer drinking tradition transferred to the very heart of Britain? Stylish ladies in Dirndls, rough guys in Lederhosen? Tasty Sauerkraut and good old Volksmusik. Since the British have no thigh-slapping shindig to compare to our famous Munich Oktoberfest they just seem to make up their own!

Having paid my £2 Admission I enter the scene, situated in the lovely Battersea Park along the Thames. "Wow!" I think, facing a huge white and green hall-size beer tent surrounded by a noisy and colourful funfair, dodgem cars, Hellraiser, Octopus and Treasure Island or whatever one needs to push additional adrenaline in

*Battersea Park
 has never had so
 much beer, let
 alone completely
 plastered people
 staggering
 helplessly
 through the
 woods*

the veins! But still this is just of minor interest. Focusing on the key issues in life I rather head straight on and passing strict security (after all we're still in Britain) I end up in the incredibly large big beer tent, overwhelmed by laughter and music, shouting and singing. I'm impressed! This really looks Bavarian (being from Hamburg I once more have to insist that it's not really German!)

So there we go. Squeezing through the crowd of *Tiroler Hute* and *Lederhosen* I make my way to one of the long beer tables. Seconds later a waitress appears, wearing this quite inviting T-shirt of "Why have a pint when you can have a whole stein?"

Yes, of course I want a two pint stein of Holstein! Good old German beer! And yes, of course I want some Spit Roast Pork with Sauerkraut and chips! Good old German food! But hey, wait a minute!

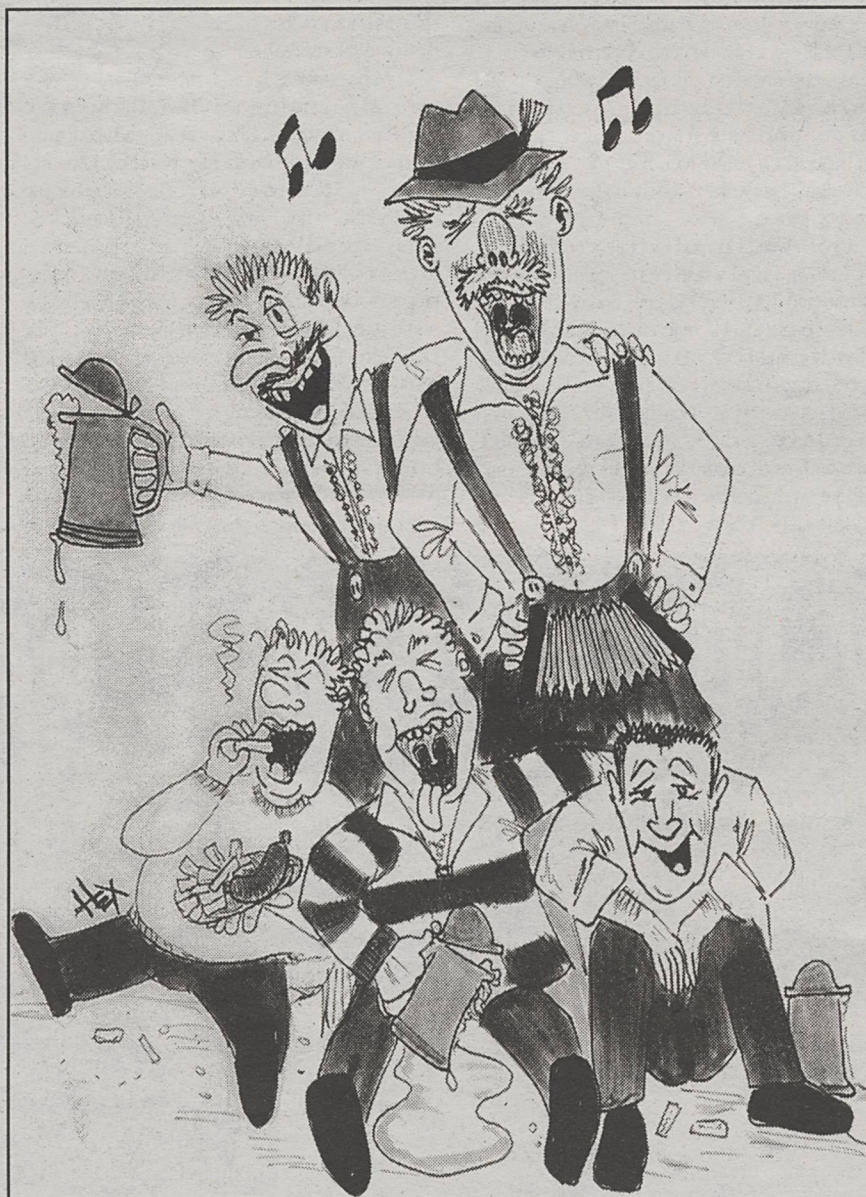
Holstein? Chips? Are you kidding? Holstein isn't really Oktoberfest beer (in contrast its quite a cheap and ordinary beer from Hamburg- nothing very special!) and, how can you serve sauerkraut with chips? A mortal sin! Asking one of the waiters, he mumbles something of a compromise. Between what? Good and bad taste? However, I cannot complain about prices: £3.50 for a

out in advance over the weekend the tent can take up to 3000 people-what a noise! Accompanied by enthusiastic clapping and stomping, The Strolling Bavarians, so called "oompah band", march through the rows of young and old. People dance in front of the big stage or take photos with *Tiroler Hut* and steins, others climb tables and benches to perform their very own interpretation of the music- and some

the most frequently visited and waiters try their best to satisfy the increasing demand for most steins by carrying at least five of them at once, a plonaise here, a Schupplatter there- "pretty different and fucking crazy!", as one slightly drunk bloke from Bedfordshire puts it. Exactly.

The evenings were even better. Comedy and music completed the chaos of cheerful drunkenness and among the bands playing the lights of Mike Flowers Pops, Katrina and the Waves or Bad Manners could be heard. For sure, Battersea Park has never had so much beer, let alone completely plastered people staggering helplessly through the woods

*Tables bend
 under the weight
 of steins, beer
 mats fly, glasses
 clink, beer
 spilled
 everywhere,
 swaying and
 drinking songs...
 the beer's evil
 effects are
 inevitably on
 their way.*



Laßt uns schmutzig Liebe treiben,
 Körper aneinander reiben,
 Laßt uns wie die Tieren tun,
 Hier, und jetzt, und nun, La la...

stein is quite reasonable compared to at least £5 in Germany and the food is really good!

Well, getting more and more stuffed with pretzels and beer I have looked around the tent. It's a hell of a party! Sold

make their way down much quicker than expected. Tables bend under the weight of steins, beer mats fly, glasses clink, beer spilled everywhere, swaying and drinking songs... the beer's evil effects are inevitably on their way. Toilets become

late at night desperately trying to make their way home.

Still, it's somewhat different from a from a real 'bier fest.' English drinking songs to German music are just odd. English girls in Lederhosen look just strange, and for gods sake don't hold your stein like a pint, and don't use two hands. At least some style should be maintained.

So now, shall I feel flattered that the British try to copy our dearest Bavarian tradition, or rather upset? To be honest- I'm flattered because your getting amazingly close to our real bier fests. At least you've found out how to party. Its defiantly worth a great diversion from those every day pubs. But don't try to copy our Oktoberfest, Because after all it's not really British is it?



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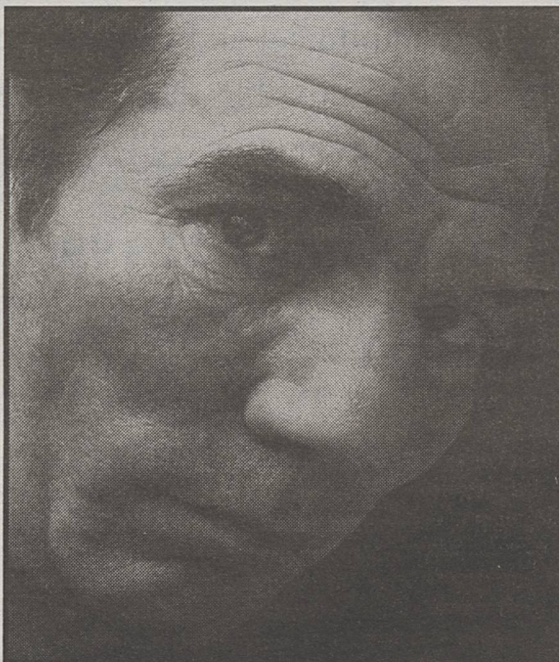
Brassed Off

Beatriz Choi gives us a sneak preview of yet another new Ewan McGregor movie

Throw into a medium size bowl 500 grams of drama, add two ounces of comedy and two spoonfuls of loud music. Stir and mix well until the mixture thickens and then pour onto a base in the shape of a colliery village somewhere in the North of England. Sprinkle with several fine actors who can credibly pull it off as members of a brass band. Bake for approx. one hour and forty five minutes, give it a 15 certificate and as the French would say "Voila!" Brassed Off is ready to be served.

Director Mark Harman (of Blame it on the Bellboy fame) throws together all of these ingredients in no particular order, and sadly makes this film only too slow for a contemporary audience used to a faster pace based on sex, violence, and drugs.

The problem with this film is that it



doesn't fall into any particular genre, which is a shame because somewhere along this very lengthy movie Herman successfully captures the hardships and misfortunes of the lifestyle of the working class.

After starring in films such as Shallow Grave and Trainspotting, Ewan McGregor turns over a new leaf and shows the world or at least a British audience that yes he can act parts other than the stereotypical heroin addicted junky or the journalistic bastard. Avid fans of Ewan and fantastic followers of THAT Scottish movie will be disappointed to find out

that although McGregor shares top billing with the likes of Postlewaite and Fitzgerald, his appearances in this film are minimal and often ordinary as opposed to brilliant.

The film boasts a very loud and impressive soundtrack, performed NOT by the actors but by the Grimelthorne Colliery band (bet you all wanted to know that). One has to give the actors some credit though, (especially Tara Fitzgerald) for their ability to blow their respective brass instruments in time with the music and still manage to look good. The music also ensures that you are kept awake on those few moments when the zzzzzz threatens to take over. On the whole, the film has a bit of this and a bit of that. A must perhaps, for those who fancy any of the actors, or for soap fans who want a taste of Eastenders or Coronation Street on the big screen.

Lone Star

Joseph Larroux on the best film of the year

Lone Star is a film with no big stars to offer, no well respected director (aside from the hard-core fans of John Sayles who will state otherwise) and no pleasantly predictable plot. In short, no stereotypes whatsoever. So why go and see it? Read on and I will make my case.

There are no stars and for some of you that will be a good enough reason for not checking this superb piece of film out. Who wants to see a film whose only stars are Matthew McConaughey (A Time to Kill) and Frances McDormand (Fargo), and they only appear for ten minutes each? But think again- for all of its unknown cast (apologies to Kris Kristofferson; he did appear in some of Peckinpah's most offbeat pictures) Lone Star offers a bouquet of 'real' performances. Be it Chris Cooper (no, not LSE's Chris Cooper!) or Elizabeth Pena in the lead roles or Kristofferson and McConaughey in the minor ones, what we are dealing

with here (I'm serious) is probably the best cast since..... Short Cuts. So don't let the unknowns in the principal roles scare you off- they will be your guides into a rewardingly complex drama.

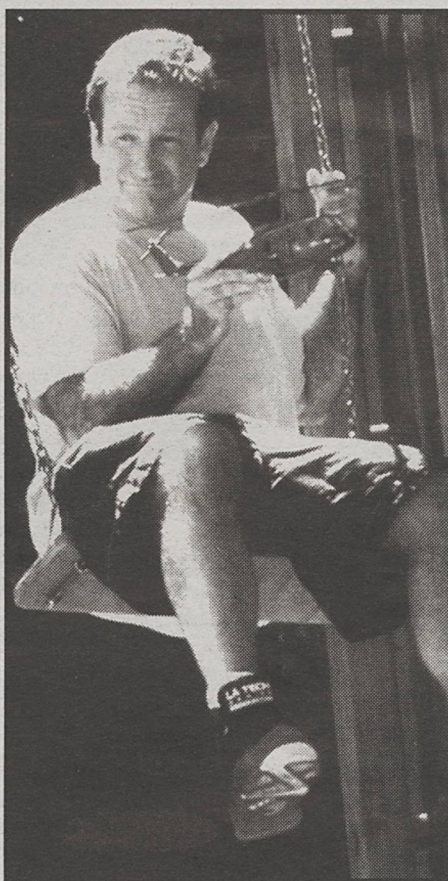
Lone Star is a multi-layered, multi-ethnic film and by that I don't mean its like a Scandinavian art-house movie. A brief plot synopsis would read something like this: In a Mexican border town, the sheriff (Chris Cooper) is investigating the forty year old murder of ruthless Charlie Wade (Kristofferson) a former sheriff who was replaced by the young deputy Buddy Deeds (McConaughey) after his death. However, this plot is just a decoy with little to do with the actual film

I'm not going to tell you what the film is really about, one, because you should go and see it yourself and two, it's too difficult. But I will tell you it has a deliciously immoral ending. It will leave you thinking when you leave the theatre. Rejoice and rush to see this lonely star.

Jack

Sunil Sodha watches Robin Williams suffer growing pains

Jack, funnily enough, is about a guy called Jack but he has a very unusual problem - his body grows four times faster than normal. This means when he is ten he has the hairy body of a forty-year-old. Robin Williams convincingly takes the role, only having to act a little because he is naturally like that. Jack's parents keep him away from the harsh outside world until one day they



agree to let him go to school on the recommendation of Jack's tutor (played by Bill Cosby). At first the other school children make fun of him, but they soon realise that having a big friend has its advantages (he is a great basketball player and can buy things only adults can buy). This all happens very quickly in the film, and actually... this is virtually all that happens! The storyline is thin, but moving in places. You really feel for Jack when he starts to realise that his life will be much shorter than everyone else's. Jack feels quite sorry for himself at first but he gradually (with a little help from his friends) realises that his life is still worth living.

Jack is a very simple and straight-forward film, many opportunities for sub-plots are missed. The film Big used the same idea (child in man's body), but was done in a much better way - basically more happened! I expect Robin Williams will attract people to their local multiplex, but he is not as funny as he was in Mork & Mindy. Clearly the film is aimed at kids, but as a ten-year-old girl sitting behind me exclaimed "What rubbish!"

Saucier than Shakespeare

Dave Balfour delves into the realms of the subconscious

Ben Johnson wrote *The Alchemist* in 1610 as a comment on the prevalence of conmen and dupes in his time. In light of recent events, like Fergie's psychic using a pyramid to get in touch with the inner self, it seems that conmen and dupes are always around and so this play is as much a reflection on our society as it was relevant at the beginning of the 17th century. This play is one of Johnson's most accessible and funny works. The action takes place in one house over a twenty-four hour period, where a trio of unscrupulous con artists have united to trap the greedy, naive and simple.

The trio is headed by Simon Callow, legendary star of '4 weddings...', as Face, the cunning butler who uses his master's house for deception while his employer is in the country escaping the plague in London (little did he know). He enlists the help of confidence trickster Subtle, played by Tim Piggot-Smith, and a prostitute played by Josie Lawrence. Together they plan to part the gullible with their wealth, by playing off the (at that time) current belief in Alchemy (not unlike psychic today). Sounds like a recipe for humour, right?



Unfortunately nothing could be futher from the truth. The dialogue is extremely funny and at times crude, rude and shocking, but the actors never manipulate the script to its full potential. The result is that the play never reaches the fever pitch climax it should, which is mainly the fault of Piggot-Smith as the bogus Alchemist. He is, quite simply, just not convincingly deceiving. Better is Simon Callow who jumps from accent to accent with athletic prowess. The most engaging performance comes from Geoffrey Freshwater as the

lecherous knight Epicure Mammon. He is so compellingly amoral that he eclipses all the others with whom he shares the stage.

The set is a spiralling amalgam of old cars and is reasonably well constructed. The problem is that changing from an indoor to an outdoor scene takes way too long, and so destroys any natural rhythm of the play. This, however, is not so bad if you consider the unfortunate truth that the actors wouldn't have the energy to interrupt anyway.

Mor and I Murder Mystery

We are tracking the dodgy Italian who has never payed for a theatre trip in his life

You can't make it from High Holborn Hall to the Apollo Theatre on Shaftesbury Avenue in 3 minutes. I came. I tried. I failed. I was late. I pissed everyone off by being let in through the side entrance and then moving around because the head of the American in seat 14C could eclipse stage, sun, moon, heaven and hell in one fell swoop (NB pun on title).

Dial M for Murder (don't ask me what the first five minutes are all about) is about murder. It has got nothing to do with an alphabetical telephone. Written by Frederick Knott, the lead is played by Peter Davidson, who you may remember as the erring, mischief-making son in the hugely successful TV series 'All Creatures Great and Small'. Here he plays the ex-tennis playing husband who wishes to be relieved of his unfaithful wife (acted by the lovely Catherine Rabett). He

concocts a suitably ingenious plan by which to knock her off and then claim the substantial spoils as the main beneficiary of her will.

As might be expected, the result is a rather chaotic shambles which is treated with a successfully sinister mix of danger and humour, aided by your run-of-the-mill undercurrent of tension and suspense which is bound to characterise any drama of this type. It is, on the whole, an enjoyable and extremely well acted production, even if Rabett's performance, despite her undoubted stage-presence, is a little lacking in depth and conviction; a bland effort compared to the masterful portrayals we have become accustomed to expect from her.

The inspector is wonderful as the (perhaps stereotypically) efficient, ruthless and unfeeling riddle solver with

an insatiable desire for getting to the bottom of all things wicked. His foreboding, perfectly timed and yet sudden appearances instill a sense of unease which will accompany you all the way home, whilst Davidson's occasional moments of frantic desperation, followed by admirably feigned self-possession, are played with consummate ease. The dialogue is refreshing, as is the atypical lack of any form of set change throughout the entire play. The moments of comedy, far from appearing incongruous to the whole idea of a play centred around murder, are delightful in their capacity for maintaining liveliness and tempo; impressions which are symptomatic of the play as a whole.

Dial M for Murder is currently running at the Apollo Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue.

Cogito Ergo Quad

Dave Balfour goes back to Sextus et Marcus and the arborem

The Drama society kicked off the new term with a resoundingly successful performance of Stephen Fry's First play 'Latin'. It is a repeat performance that marked the end of term last year. The Quad was transformed into a theatre with 100 plus seating capacity last Monday evening. Originally the play was scheduled for the 7th but was postponed a week to the 14th due to a pesky polyp in co-star Luke's nasal cavity, but such was the expectation that it did not reduce the number of people in attendance. The Quad was filled from front to back, along the sides and up the stairs leading to the Tuns. Some people had such bad seats that the Drama Society did not charge them admission. Despite the Quad being fuller than expected with a large number of people sitting on the stairs the performance was received well by all.

Dan Crowe and Luke Ponte excelled themselves in recreating the mood of a

stodgy boys boarding school, their accents and demeanour perfectly representing the aspect of British life the play satirises. Luke was wonderful as the sexually ambiguous teacher, who tried to represent the aesthetic against the athletic. He skilfully portrayed a man with a plan to destroy all things that he felt wronged him. A man who wanted to return to his boyhood via other boys and their thighs. Dan Crowe (that's right, our General Secretary; just how does he find time?) was brutally funny as Herbert Brockshaw the patriotic priest. Dan was simultaneously moralistic and sexually perverted with his fetish for peanut butter and cricket boots.

In keeping with Fry's other work, most notably with Hugh Laurie, Latin pokes fun at the snobbery of the upper classes and the sexual indiscretion and deviancy often associated with the Royal Family or the Anglican Church. Beyond this, the play is

simply bewilderingly funny; almost every line seems to have comic potential. It is a very English style of comedy; the kind full of big words and literary references which usually doesn't appeal to anyone except the British. Americans tend to call English comedy dry and boring, but what can one expect from the nation that gave the world subtle classics like 'Dumb and Dumber' and 'Don't Call me Babe?' However, it struck me that both Brits and Yanks were laughing equally throughout the evening, which was heartening to see and added to the pleasure of the evening.

Last of all it needs to be noted that the tech crew consisting of Dave Merchant, Mo Fiz., Asim Shivji and some mysterious bloke called Hank, were amazing, for they transformed the quad into a fully operational theatre with lights and a proper sound system within two hours. Fabulous job guys. It was a great night out but more than that it was a great start for the Drama Society this year.

The Lodger

Zak Shaikh worries about his latest room-mate

A chance remark, heard at a dinner table, led Marie Belloc Lowndes to write perhaps one of the most famous and successful crime-thrillers of all time, *The Lodger*. The conversation she overheard was about a cook and a butler who married and (yes) kept lodgers. Later they claimed that one of these was Jack the Ripper. Intrigued by this, Belloc Lowndes fashioned a story about events which had taken place almost a quarter of a century before: a series of murders which had fascinated and horrified the world.

The London of 1888, which is the setting for the Belloc Lowndes story, was that of two nations. In the West End the pomp, splendour and riches of an empire at its peak were there for all to see. Yet three miles from Parliament itself was darkest London, the East End. A hellish place often referred to as a jungle; a place of squalor and poverty, vice and violence. From Aldgate at the edge of the City, the traveller would enter a labyrinth of mean streets. Drunkenness and prostitution were rampant. Police estimated that there were 62 brothels with as many houses again used occasionally for such purposes. There were 1200 prostitutes, and hundreds more who worked as such intermittently. As a result slums proliferated. It is against this background that what has been called the Autumn of Terror must be viewed. Beginning with the murder of Polly Nichols on the 31st August 1888 and ending with the murder of Mary Jane Kelly on November 9th 1888, for those few months the East End lived under a reign of terror as a total of five prostitutes were horribly slaughtered.

Patrick Prior's adaptation of this Belloc Lowndes novel examines the psychological effects of living with a possible killer, and does not try to recreate the terrible details of the real murders. In this respect it would have been better if the audience had been made to really experience the horror of the crimes (and therefore the sick nature of the murderer), by concentrating more on the murders themselves. As a result, the play's effectiveness is carried by some superb acting without too much help from the script.

John Labanowski plays Sleuth (*The Lodger*) exceptionally well; he maintained the schizophrenic personality throughout the play, and therefore left the audience in suspense as to whether he was Jack the Ripper or not. Especially good were the confrontations between him and Mrs Bunting (Landlady) played by Lynn Farleigh, known for her role as Helen Wycliffe in *Wycliffe* and who has also appeared in *The Bill*, *Casualty* and *Inspector Morse*. She shone in this part, proving to all that she 'wore the boots' in her marriage; yet there were signs of emotional crises taken out either in anger at her husband, or flirtation with Sleuth. Pretty convincing stuff from these two!

With a cast of only four, the play needed some impetus in the second half - some emphasis on the murders would have been the obvious ploy of bringing in another character or two. Furthermore, the first act set the scene superbly... but the second half was spent waiting for the exposition that never occurred. These are, however, mainly faults of the script; as it stood the play was still interesting due to Belloc Lowndes' story and some excellent performances. *The Lodger* is a play that should be seen, if simply for the calibre and quality of the acting.

The Lodger is currently running at the Theatre Royal, Stratford East.



Hola, mis pequeños niños y niñas. Aquí esta Busy Beaver para darles el chisme mas calenté de la LSE. And what a randy lot we've all been eh! Piss Pooper may not have delivered his election promise to clean the Tuns carpet over the Summer, but spraying it with pheromone appears to have been the next best thing, as the Tuns crowd have now begun to act like dogs on heat, instead of just looking like them. And where better to start than at the very headquarters of Beaver Towers, where our very own Knickers Nobday suffered a blatant violation at the hands of Gen Sex. He certainly wasn't 'Crowe'ing after his pathetic attempts at molestation, being told he was fourth in the sabbatical queue! Meanwhile, Dazzling Hairdo has finally got off the mark with a lovely little Swede. Not a bad effort from the coiffeured one, but only as much as one would expect from someone who has spent two solid weeks asking innocent young girlies if they like their room. As for Spam Harem, still no luck, but would you really expect anything else from a cross between the worst bits of John Merrick, Helen Keller and Tom Shit's arse? Even Bernardo knocked him back! As for Pooper himself, a warm 'reception' was offered, but declined as the boy is still in love. With himself. Barely able to walk the streets now without being mobbed, he

even had his y-fronts ripped off him at Rosebery by an enthusiastic fresher named Alex, while on routine entertainment work. Still at Rosebery, it appears that Pristine Lover is up to her old tricks again. BB awaits eagerly for further information.

Passfield has not been going without either, as Keith Bentson has been playing a bit of tongue hockey with Emma Pinkerton, who ancient BB fans may remember from her illicit attempts to coax wood out of a flaccid Howay Wankeredson. This is not the first time that these two Northern rogues have had a vested interest in a certain young lady, although I don't think it would be 'Wright' for me to mention her name. On a happier note, it appears that Yardage Fielding has found love at long last. Not content with having his hands full with seven exams, he has returned to the scene of his all-to-brief (according to her) rendezvous with Emma Jugs. The other half of the centre-back/examinations office dream team has been faring just as well, as Matt Miller has been going for a kick-about with Womens footy hero Madalena. She's a bit worried about his drinking habits apparently, and should be especially concerned since of late he's been going on a bender.

Finally, it gives me great pleasure to announce the engagement of Mr Bernardo Buggered (Argentina) and Miss Anna-Louise (Aggie) Patchey-Neck (Swindon). Apparently, after being rejected by all four sabs, and having spent a night of unfulfilled lust with a young virgin across the landing, our Aggie has decided to marry into corned beef, and give Bernardo the chance to stop shagging the said foodstuff. And on that tasteful note I bid you all farewell. Until next time...

Letters to The Editors

.... will someone beside balding or socialist sabbaticals write to us and enliven our meaningless existence?

Dear Beaver,

I am writing in a thoroughly pissed off capacity. A fortnight ago our Union passed a motion supporting a national demonstration against Top Up Fees. The next minute, Douglas Trainer, the President of the National Union of Students (the body to whom we are currently affiliated) telephoned to express his outrage at what we were doing. Who the hell does he think he is? Ringing me up and trying to tell me what to do! I had to remind him that this Union has a policy supporting grants and benefits for all students and that we don't support a system of loans for maintenance or tuition. Fair enough, I was elected as a Labour sabbatical but I am not prepared to toe the Party line when it conflicts with the real interests of students. NUS are ruled by a faction within Labour students who see career opportunities in the House of Commons, and who will sell out students for the sake of their own egotistical aims. They are, in the words of Houghton Street Harry, "self-promoting bastard political clones", spineless "modernisers" and "realists" who aren't prepared to fight for what we should all be campaigning for. NUS has adopted a policy on higher education funding that won't conflict with the politics of a future Labour government. This whole operation was engineered by a group called "New Solutions". The founder of this sect now advocates students paying tuition fees! Nice one Ghassan Kharian! The argument goes: why should students have priority over pensioners? Well bollocks to that! If we back down in our demands then you can be sure that the OAPs won't get a better deal. When you're facing the enemy you don't surrender part of your territory and

say, "OK, have this and we'll compromise". They'll still try and smash you into the ground. Another argument runs like this: why should working class parents pay for the education of middle class kids? This brings into question the whole principle of universality. Why should a millionaire have the fire put out in his mansion by the Fire Brigade? Why should s/he benefit from the defence our country by the Armed Forces? Anyway, I had to get this off my chest. The leadership of our National Union is selling us out. Please be aware of this, as it is our National Union, and we do have an input into its policies.

All the best,
John Doe

Dear Beaver,

With Freshers' Fortnight now just a distant memory, washed away in a sea of sex, drugs and rock & roll (well, for me anyway), I feel the time is right to take stock and thank all my little helpers. I am indebted to Ben Goodyear, Sorrell Osbourne, Andy Houghton, Narius Aga, Ben (Steve's mate), DJ Cory, DJ Marc Chang, Alex (for sorting out my extensions), Jim, Paul and all the bar staff for coping with my huge tab (oo er), all of the sabs (except Dan, Darrell and Sam), James & Simon at Sons Of Image, the Rosebery shifters and, last but not least, Spaceman Dan Findlay, who knows how to plug stuff in. Hope all you kids enjoyed it as much as I did, and thank you all for turning up.

Cheers
Chris Cooper
Ents Manager

Art & Drama Reviews

Sexiest Man Alive!
Claudia Schiffer says so, so we know it must be true!!!!!!)
Faten Bizzari

It was hyped up and Joaquin Cortes showed the Saturday matinee crowd at the Albert Hall exactly why. 'Gipsy Passion', Cortes' dance show which ran from the 11th to the 13th of October, was a flamboyant and original performance that fused flamenco, classical ballet and modern dance styles. Cortes' 'Romance Amargo' ('Bitter Romance'), danced with the Russian ballet dancer, Marco Berriel, was a highly original amalgam of classical ballet with the dramatic, passionate atmosphere of flamenco that has earned the Cortes company the reputation of having revolutionised traditional dance styles.

Publicity for the show, which included a BBC documentary, heralded him as the new Spanish sex symbol and that probably explains why about 80% of the audience was female. But Cortes transcends sexy - he is too beautiful and aesthetic to be a mere common sex symbol. His sensuality, which is what flamenco is all about, was reflected in his dancing. Cortes has that elusive quality, what the Spanish poet Garcia Lorca calls *duende* - an inner life and vitality that is the hallmark of any great artist. He gave the show his all at that pure emotion injected the performance with tremendous energy.

In the BBC documentary that traced the making of 'Gipsy Passion', Cortes, who is a Cordoba gypsy, states his belief that flamenco originated in India. Migratory gypsies from India probably took the dance form north via the Middle East to the West. The intricate footwork and rhythm characteristic of flamenco still persists in the Indian dance form of 'kathak'.

Technically the brilliant dancing and music were badly let down. Coupled with poor lighting, the black costumes against the black backdrop made much of the footwork invisible. Although video screens were in place, the mediocre filming of the dancing stressed all the wrong things at the wrong time, focusing on the upper body when the feet were doing the work and similar elementary mistakes! And the flat arena seating at the Albert Hall didn't help matters much either. The sound was awful as the entire troupe of singers and musicians were amplified for no reason as the singers, Charo Manzano and Ana Reyes, had wonderful voices that necessitate a 'raw', pure sound. However, the costumes by Armani were excellent; the cut, fabric and colours complemented the movement and flow of the dancers perfectly.

The adulation and foot-stomping applause that Cortes received demonstrated his deservedly super-star status. It was a fantastic show and if it comes to London again soon, I would recommend it highly.

Building Bridges
Plans for London in the year 2000, by Karianne Fogelberg.

Have you ever imagined living on an inhabited bridge in the centre of the metropolis? Not only residence halls would be built on this amazing construction but you would also find your lecture rooms above the River Thames, the indispensable night-club, the rarely visited library and the far more popular Brunch Bowl. Shortly, the entire LSE would be relocated on a Bridge, passed by the official London Sightseeing Boats and surrounded by seagulls.

Living Bridges presents an image that does not necessarily have to remain an Utopian idea in the English heritage of Thomas Moore. It could turn into reality since Thames Water Plc. has sponsored a limited competition issuing the challenge to design a habitable bridge which will span the river from Temple Gardens on the North Bank, to the more or less deserted area of the London Weekend Television building on the South.

A variety of creative and 20th century-styled solutions has been displayed in the Royal Academy of Arts in conjunction with a current exhibition about inhabited Bridges in the course of architectural history. The ancient bridges as well as the results of the competition are presented in the form of lovingly detailed scale models, which enable even the architecturally inexperienced visitors to put the architect's somewhat abstract imagination into reality.

Another touch of authenticity is added by installing the specially commissioned scale models above an artificial river, built of water tanks that pass through the beautiful arches of the venerable Royal Academy of Arts, to invite visitors to follow the stream of history. Cut-outs at each end of the bridges create the illusion of a city and, completed by photographs and contemporary drawings, illustrate the development of cities around bridges from the Middle Ages to the present day.

It is definitely worth seeing this exciting exhibition and being seduced by the innovation of inspired dreamers and realists belonging to former times as well as to our century, especially since every visitor is asked to vote for one of the competition's joint winners and to choose the favourite amongst the participants.

Certainly worth a visit if you are desperately looking for some intellectual entertainment to 'bridge' the gap between your lectures.



Is this man:
a) The Sexiest Man Alive?
-or-
b) Not the Sexiest man alive?

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Artist: R.E.M.

Album: New Adventures in Hi-Fi

What to say of R.E.M.? Surely the greatest band in the entire world, and, until the release of the disappointingly linear *Monster*, surely the most consistently innovative. And, after the slightest of breaks, from a tour which nearly killed the drummer and split the band, America's finest have returned with a brand new work of greatness. This was always going to be a difficult task; their last album but one was arguably their finest, and their last was arguably their worst. Q: Where now to take the new adventures of R.E.M.? A: Everywhere. And nowhere.

Post monster, it seemed that great plan was failing. Their new songs, on tour, seemed formulaic and lacked much hint of the melody which made R.E.M. such a continuously attractive proposition. These efforts, notably *Departure*, see Stipe living out his Lou Reed fantasies with distorted monoglosses to a tedious background backing vocal; they are the album's only weak point. BUT! never fear for R.E.M. are no U2. Even these are intriguingly likeable after time; the single *E-Bow The Letter*, although a daringly uncommercial offering, really gets under your skin on about listen 20. What really impresses about the *New Adventures...* is its lack of willingness to conform to a set style. Everything about the album is stressing the all! new! alternative! R.E.M.! From the "fuck-you-can't-be-bothered" title to the deliberately scuzzed up recording (ranging from live performance to a philadelphia dressing room), this is R.E.M. doing their own thing. Love it.

One of the main themes of the album seems to be Michael Stipe's increasing disillusion with the world his persona inhabits. Moving away from the death and dying songs of recent times, and instead questioning his own place inside the stardom he lives. "This fame thing this star thing, I don't get it he claims on *E-Bow the letter*, as Patty Smith sings "I take you over" on droningly spooky backing vocals. Further, in a move which was widely interpreted as a stab at Britain's favourite cocaine stars, the brother's Gallacher, he claims to have:

"had enough, seen enough,
had it all, gave it up,
drank the tonic, supersonic,
what a joke, im done,

see ya, don't wanna be ya" (The wake up bomb). Although this perceived blasphemy is probably coincidental (it was written in 1995, before Noel and his whining malcontent brother were getting publically high with the world), it does seem indicative of a vocalist engulfed in disillusion with where he is at. Somehow, the triumph of the album is the channelling of negativity, and of beauty over depression. The real stand out tracks, *How the west was won* and where it got us, *New Test Leper*, & *Electrolite*, are slow acoustics which echo the lilting majesty of *Automatic for the People*. *Leave*, at 7:17 easily the longest track they have ever done, also shows that the new alternative R.E.M. are not too busy practicing their T-Rex moves to make long, beautiful, epics. Fair enough, there is a little muck amongst the roses. The aforementioned *Departure* is dull, and *So Fast*, *So dumb*, sounds a little too much like *The Joshua Tree* for comfort. Mostly, however, the standard is good for R.E.M., and consequently knocks most mortal bands straight out of the water.

And, so, what to say about R.E.M.? We were worried that they may become crap old men peddling their finest moments on the fast track to embarrassment. We do worry about the bands that truly matter. We need not have - rumours of their decline have been greatly exaggerated. **James Crabtree**

Single Minded

Artist: Silver Sun
Single: Lava

Sun had to change their name to Silver Sun because another band with "...the talents of a stale, soggy, blackforest gateau" had laid claim to the name. They describe their single *Lava* as "combining Latin dancing and simulated adolescent poetry". Personally I don't hear the Latin-poetry combination but what I do hear is impressive vocal harmonies a great groove and a truckload of overdriven guitar riffs which complement the singing. Picture the

Artist: Cottonmouth
Single: Overload of Love

I would fall on my knees and beg for mercy- but no, I still would have to review upcoming Britpop bands week after week. Will it never end? This time they try to threaten me with *Overload of love* another nice try from Lancaster quartet Cottonmouth. Based on a good old-fashioned three-chord melody to the likes of *The Fall* or *Blondie* (you



Beach Boys on amphetamines and you're halfway there. The harmony type singing is more prominent in the second song *Changing*, which has a wonderful groove and is loaded with hooks. They should have released this as a separate single. The last song, *Streets are paved with tarmac*, is along the same vein as *Changing* but with less energy. All three songs show promise, and you've got to admire their dedication judging from the number of venues they will be performing at over the next few months. Give them a listen and you might be pleasantly surprised. I

know, those ones you can whistle along to without listening) the chorus is repeated several times - which really doesn't matter since the lyrics are boring anyway! And if only they could sing! Thus it's unsurprising that *This case is closed*, the third and last track of the single, is even better than all the rest - voice and guitars are heavily distorted here. However, not being an overload of creativity Cottonmouth might make their way to the charts. **Malte Gerhold**

Artist: Quaker / Super 8
Single: Revolution Singles Club 3

For over a year now the Revolution Singles Club has boasted the talents of unsigned UK rock and pop exponents. Their third stroke, available on a limited edition of 1000 copies, hosts the lights of Quaker and Super 8. Formerly known as Autopop (until they got in trouble with a German techno act of the same name), Quaker join in with *Tristan* a song of aggressive guitars and whipping drums somewhere between rock 'n' roll and punk. Stunning! Already having quite successfully supported Garbage and The Bluetones the future looks even rosier for Leeds four piece Super 8. And indeed, their *Slow slot machine* is a brilliant piece of sophisticated pop-rock, full of ideas and variety. So after all, this split single makes for a really good deal. Should you come across it grab it and never let go again! Who knows what your copy will be worth in two years...? **MG**

Artist: Mundy
Single: Live's a Cinch

Mundy's 4.03 minutes debut makes a difference. Mix Nirvana's melodic creativity with Live's straightforwardness (I know, that's a bit like Jack Daniels with Diet Pepsi) add a few drops of REM's *Monster* and finally cool it down a bit - there you have it, a crushing chorus in turn with decent ballad like slow down breaks. Maybe not a new ten-week number one chart breaker but a tasty tit-bit making me hunger for more!

Artist: Various

Album: Later... Vol. 1 - Brit Beat

So, this is the album to complement the TV programme that was good they had to show it twice in two days. Taken from live performances on Jools Holland's long running music show, this record tracks the rejuvenation of British guitar music since late '94. The famous 'Ring of Fire' in which the artists play to an audience and their contemporaries seems to bring out that extra vitality and this CD contains some extraordinarily charged performances.

The Modfather himself kicks off with the riff-tastic *The Changingman* and this is really the vein of the record. It's a guitar driven popfest featuring many of the protagonists of so called Britpop. However this is not your run of the mill *Shine...* or *Best Album In The World Ever...* compilation of successful songs, more a celebration of top bands proving that they can hack it in front of a live audience.

It's Pulp, however who steal the show with the breathtaking *I Spy*, backed by a 16-piece orchestra, it's so much better than the album version. Jarvis' theatrics are worth the record price alone. Unfortunately you won't adore every track and for me this means Blur and Elastica. I'm afraid Damon Albarn's wailing has left me cold since the days of *Leisure* and *Modern Life...* and to be honest he's welcome to Justine and her bags of talent?!

But these qualms are lost when listening to Radiohead's amazing album title track *The Bends* and the greatly understated early Stone-Roses-esque pop of the Bluetones catchy *Slight Return*. Noel Gallagher's *Wonderwall* leaves the released version standing as he plays with a live orchestra.

Ash, The Charlatans, Ocean Colour Scene and Cast all contribute and this album, for pure guitar-tastic jangles is a sound investment. **A.Hatton.**

Go Faster...

Saturday night at The End

In the beginning, 'The End' was already nigh. The creators of this club were certainly wise men in the idea department. Two spacious rooms, one with techno hymns to pull your heart strings, the other with the best remixed house tunes and seventies classics. Then Lo! Behold the 8000 shirtless sweat machines that came upon us (it's a metaphor for Christ's sake).

Like the rest of the week, Sunday nights are hugely overpopulated. The pilgrimage to the dancefloor is a military manoeuvre in itself and don't expect to come off without performing a physical challenge akin to climbing Mount Sinai.

The music is some of the best in London and the crowd are definitely here to dance themselves into a steaming frenzy. So prepare yourselves for flailing limbs and flying torsos.

The torsos here are larger than the standard God given issue due to the high percentage of Muscle Marys, and that is just the girls. Adam and Eve, Adam and Steve, whatever, because 'The End' is free from the cruisiness of 'The Fridge' and 'Heaven' and the well mixed crowd definitely makes this a religious experience for all.

Contrary to popular belief, this club does serve alcohol after half past ten, but the system of buying tokens to be exchanged at the bar makes parting the red sea seem like a minor miracle.

The venue looks great, and much to the credit of the management, they've resisted the urge to put dancing boys and girls on the podiums. The other design feature of note are the showcase bathrooms which are large and bright with a dazzling array of toiletries, so if you desire you too can smell like an old whore's undies. They also sport bathroom attendants, which always make us feel uneasy. What are these satanic creatures doing there? We don't need help with this you know. After twenty odd years of practice, we've kind of mastered the art.

On the whole, as long as you're not claustrophobic, you are unlikely to find a better club to dance all night in. Plus it gives you another reason to miss those pesky Monday morning lectures.

Most likely to say: No, I don't want a hand towel, bog woman.

Least likely to say: Actually, if you wouldn't mind giving me a hand.

DTPM at 'The End', 16A West Central Street, WC1, Tottenham Court Road tube. 6pm to very late. £7 (£5 members)

DJs: Alan Thompson, Nick Fereday, Queen Maxine.....

Clientele: Bimbos, hinbos, anything goes.

Dress: Glamourpuss or six pack.

Tip of the week: Red and green must never be seen, only frizzy hair if you dare.

Gigs Around Town

Blues Explodes in Elvis' Face

John Spencer Blues Explosion
@ The Astoria

Two songs into the gig and John Spencer, his battered guitar hanging from his skinny frame, grabs the mike. Holding it with the same fervour as a preacher at a lectern he growls "Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the BLUES EXPLOSION." Amid the roars of approval a can arches through the air and strikes him. Unflinching he glares into the crowd and snarls "Fuck you punk!" before crashing into the next song.

If you haven't already come across the JSBE it's about time you did. A good place to start is the stunning new album *Now I got worry*. It starts with a dirty juddery primal howl. The song kicks in and it's like an out of control Elvis rammed through a fuzzed up, scuzzed out wall of funky screeching sound. The only lyrics I can hear are "life stinks." Two songs in and it's definitely worry time.

Identify follows as a furious hard-core rush like the Beastie Boys scrapping with the Dead Kennedys. *Wail* is looser and funkier but retains that scuzzy feel to make an anthem juggernaut of a song. *Fuck shit up*, a Dub Narcotic song, is more sublime with big hip hop beats and twisted vocals. It's very cool indeed. The imminent single *2 kinda love* has a Chemical Brothers sound surge style backing and overlays it with greasy vocals and desperate vocals. A

Goddamned classic. There's much, much more of course. From funky soul blues to gibbering sound attacks through to Rollins style rants and then to sleazy beasts of songs.

Like a rollercoaster ride of the best rock 'n' roll ever the excellent tracks just keep on crashing at you. At the end reviewing just seems redundant. You just lock onto the groove and enjoy the trip. I played the Stooges after this album and barely noticed the difference, a BIG compliment. This is garage blooze punk rock at it's very best. Sexy and funky like James Brown, raw and angry like The Pistols and explosive like dynamite. This is not music to intellectualise about. It's primal and dirty and should be felt.

With this in mind I hauled my cold ridden frame to the Astoria. Supporting the Beastie Boys last year the JSBE blew

me away. So expectations were high, I expected my nose cleared at the very least. A very packed venue showed how big the band are getting. The varied



crowd ranged from hip young things through to gnarled old rockers. It was all rollies and Red stripe as some blues legend or other set the scene in support. When the band finally arrived the crowd seemed a little subdued. But 10 minutes in things began to hot up. In the way that only the best music can the band got everyone moving from

bouncing madmen to grooving geeks.

As with any concert review it's difficult to describe the power and intensity of the band. This is especially so for TJSBE. Like the best techno they build up and burst forth in furious waves of sound. It's a howling, throbbing and damned exhilarating experience. This is

what rock and roll is about. It's noisy, wild and passionate and makes you feel like a kid again. People around me were whooping with joy. This is serious fun.

The main set revolves around the new album. Dark and harsh, it ends with screams and theremin abuse (Remember Kids don't try abusing your theremin without adult supervision! Music Ed). The encore is mostly from the stunning last album *Orange*. This delights the crowd and the classic *Bellbottoms* is treated like an old friend. These songs are looser and easier to get into and thus go down even better than the others. *Blues x man* makes heavy use of the bands name and is like a rallying call to arms. It all ends suddenly after roaring versions of *Flava* and *Full Grown* with a howl, a wail and a crash. The band leave in triumph without fuss. Public enemy echo in the hall as the lights go up. It reminds me of one of their lyrics, "Elvis was a hero to most but he don't mean shit to me." A fuzzed up and scuzzed out Elvis is the nearest comparison to TJSBE. But hey the Elv lost the plot, got fat and works in Tesco's. We don't need him! With rock and roll as their bible I give you the new blooze beat messiahs. Ladies and gentlemen I give you the JOHN SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION...get on your knees and be saved.

Alan Mustafa

Motivated Man

Horace Andy @ Subterania

In the music section of The Beaver, reviews commonly start with; "You probably won't have heard of this..." and go on to tell you that whatever is being reviewed is complete arse, so it's probably a good thing that you hadn't heard of it in the first place. Not so however with Horace Andy, indeed 'you probably won't have heard' of Mr Andy (unless you are a hard-core reggae fan of course in which case you'll already know that he's a living legend) but I'd be willing to bet my last dreadlock that virtually everyone reading this will have heard some of Horace Andy's unique singing style. The most likely place you will have heard it is on Massive Attack's *Blue Lines* album, for Mr. Andy is that hypnotic strangely warbling rasta voice on the classic *One Love*, the lyrics for which Horace penned with his wife, after which they got divorced, so much for music being the food of love!

In the mini arena that is Subterania, the crowd began to fill out, I didn't really quite know what to expect (owing mainly to the fact that I have taken to distributing Horace Andy CD's free to strangers on The Piccadilly Line- in other words dropping them) but the atmosphere was one of expectation from a crowd that was almost exclusively hippies or Rastafarians. I suppose from that I should of known what to expect. What kind of music would you expect if you were in a room full of 1000 Hippies and Rastafarians? No Alan not hard-core techno, No Rich not mutha fuckin' in yer face hip hop. That's right oh so wise Beaver reader, it was laid back chillin', raggae with a touch of ragga thrown in for those moments when the cannabisativa gives you that fleeting urge to go mad and dance.

Horace's back-catalogue is as big as it is impressive; from his early days at Studio One records pioneering the Jamaican reggae sound in the early seventies right up to his similarly

ground breaking work with Massive Attack. Horace has been quietly



making music for over twenty years, some of which rivals and even surpasses Bob Marley for it's pure caining value, chilled like ice, but at the same time raw like only a seventies

guitar through a seventies amp can be

On stage first impressions where that he looks like a cross between MC Hammer and Mr. Motivator. But do not be deceived, for when this man opens his mouth to sing somehow nothing really matters, personally I think they should've supplied complementary sofas and riffas at the gig because that's the only way to listen to this, I just had to settle for free drinks, what a hard life! Horace's attitude on stage was relaxed and somehow friendly, it was almost like he'd invited the crowd round to his place for a bit of a party. Unfortunately no matter how good I tell you the gig was it's over now, and unless you 'step into the quantum accelerator' I'm afraid you won't ever be able to see it. However you can go out and buy a copy of the new Horace Andy compilation; *Skylarking; The Greatest Hits of Horace Andy, Volume One*. Which is an amazing ride through the years from Studio One to Massive Attack. If you want to chill, buy it, and don't forget the necessary listening tools; a big armchair, and a big riffa.

Tom Stone

Slingback in Anger

The Slingbacks @ The Garage

The Slingbacks are one of those bands who have got stage presence, although they were only the support band last Thursday night at Camden Underworld, when they took the stage it was a case of the audience being drawn closer to the stage as if attracted by some strange magnetic force. It has to be remembered that in any gig venue there are a certain amount of magnets pulling on the iron fillings who are the crowd,

there's the toilets (?), members of the opposite sex and of course the bar. More often than not, especially in a small venue such as The Underworld, the support band's magnetic power will be eclipsed by the aforementioned attractions, not so with The Slingbacks. So just what was it that made those indie kids stop ordering the dodgy beer and pay attention?

One thing about The Slingbacks is that the lead singer and the bassist are

girls, and yes, you've guessed it, you wouldn't exactly kick them out of bed. As for the two male members, I'm not really qualified to comment, but I suppose it means that there's a bit of something for everyone! The Slingbacks aren't just about looking good, they actually sound pretty damn fine too. The Slingbacks are a breath of fresh air in a climate that's getting all too clogged up with the heavy smog of Britpop bands, around every corner there's a new britpop band waiting to jump on the bandwagon as it comes creaking and groaning past. The Slingbacks are punk with melody, their new single *All Pop No Star* is a fine example of their style, and has been

getting airtime recently on The Box. However as their set progressed I realised that the title of their debut single was strangely apt, for although it does have plenty of pop, the star element that can be seen beginning to sparkle in some of their other tunes is not really in evidence on the single. It seems likely that it's release was a concession to Britpopism rather than a true reflection of the band's power.

Have you ever seen a punk band looking nervous on stage? Well The Slingbacks had just a hint of that showing through, but it in no way distracted from their performance, in fact it just made me want to give the band a big hug... or two of the members at least!

Tom Stone

This Week's Albums

Album of The Week!

You Could Play This at a Wedding

Herb is knowledge

Artist: Delinquent Habits
Album: Delinquent Habits

Today's special is ghetto dope processed by Delinquent Habits. And as this shit is so good, I'm a share this recipe with y'all.

Tom, give me an ounce of low frequency bass.

Tuan, give me half a ki' of uncut drum.

Pedro, give me a pound of spanish guitars.

Now everybody give me a ton of everything and cut it with some latino linguistics.

With rap still breaking through in the UK will an unsuspecting British audience be able to absorb rap so original and diverse.

No, but fuck all y'all. As long as my speakers are laced with some of that ol' seventies funk, I don't give a fuck who you be, where you at, or what you listen to, punk mother fuckers. "Want some, get some, bad enough, take some."

The only decent thing to come out of Cypress Hill, Sen Dog, discovered the west coast trio and now handles executive duties, whilst O. Style

handles production.

Unification between east and west is enforced by the guest appearance of New York female emcee Hurricane G. who has previously ripped the mic with her raw attitude on Def Squad solo albums by Redman and Mr Keith Murray.

Although "no intiendo" the Spanish

lyrics featured on a couple of the track, there is an absence of the abused term "aggin". Bully's bonus point award. Don't matter if you black, white, red or yellow, just 'cos you rap, it doesn't mean you can use "aggin" as a term of endearment.

"You're sick, you'd

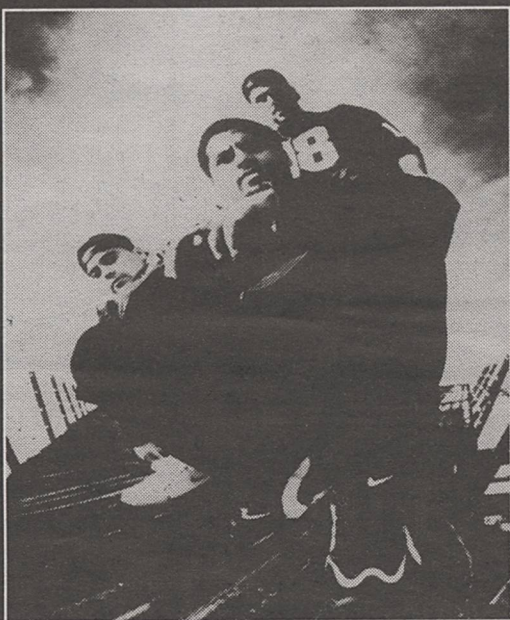
better got to the doctor, you're very sick."

An eccentric Spanish-American lady appears in the intermissions with skits that are witty and short enough not to become tiresome.

Delinquent Habits have elevated the industry to the next level.

"Don't come in my yard, human rights violation, now go get lost."

Ruthless Rich



Style Biters?

Artist: Scientists of Sound
Album: 1.4.4 or bust (the replenishing)

Beats: Redman meets Heltah Skeltah. Delivery: Busta Rhymes bumps into Red Alert who introduces the London Posse. Album artwork: Leaders of the New School. Result: The second coming, UK hip-hop rears its ugly head and with a little bit of make-up it's not so bad. But will it be as pretty in the morning?

I'm reviewing, ruthlessly, and I like what I hear. But what do I hear?

Lettie's bed squeaking, mice squeaking and Rachel saying "really".

Yes Rachel this "really" is promising.

Don't expect a UK rap revolution, this is the first step, the first soiled nappy, the first penetration, of an underground group to the surface.

The Scientists come with a message, an important message, but what this message entails is unclear.

They come from space, outer space, where they obviously have record stores which sell releases from New York rap artists.

They have also networked, with Skeff Anselm on the help out. He who told A Tribe Called Quest that "Everything is fair" in the city.

"Be on the look out for the new" S.O.S. album, "Proceed to pump it like a Reebok".

I've over emphasised the American influence, the tempo basks in UK flavour, summer fruits Vientetta and Twinning's earl grey.

London, London, big city of dreams/ but everything in London ain't always what is seems/ you might get fooled if you come from out of town/ 'cos everything from London ain't always what it sounds.

Three for quality, one for putting UK hip-hop on the map, that's four out of five for all you actuarial cunts. Edit me baby.

Please consult page 232 of the LSE calendar for the real deal. "One at a time.... One at a time, speak to the governor."

Hardcore, rough, rugged and raw. Scientists of Sound coming hard for the nine double-trey. Ruthless Rich

Fluffy Cuffy

Toby Mason has a look at a CD cover

Artist: Fluffy
Album: Black Eye

To the casual observer, Fluffy must seem like the ultimate in manufactured concept bands. Four relatively attractive young ladies, whose defining characteristics are permanently sulky pouts and omnipresent short skirts. Look a little deeper, however, and... the story is the same. *Black Eye* is Fluffy's debut long-player, and it's hardly going to establish them as musical innovators as well as merely a marketing man's wet dream.

The music. Fluffy seem to be labouring under the misconception that it's still 1976, and that three chords and a cloud of dust a 'classic' album make. It's depressingly formulaic stuff, redeemed only by the fun one can have spotting exactly which Pistols riff is being ripped off; "That one's *Bodies...* ah, *Pretty Vacant...*" However, lyricist Amanda has none of Lydon's wit, and the words are simply dire. Fluffy's music initially seems charged with energy, but as the identikit tunes plod along, one becomes aware that Fluffy are trying very hard; their rock'n roll is studied, not primal. This is a very bad thing. Incidentally, it's almost worth buying the album to experience possibly the worst drumming since *Psychocandy*.

I don't really want to talk about the music anymore; now and again it spits into life, but the sheer simplicity and lack

of depth, and the godawful screechy vocals render it a brief thrill at most.

Let's talk about Fluffy themselves. Now we all know what a nasty, phallogentric, misogynist business the music industry is. The presentation of women as passive objects of desire is a leitmotif as old as popular music itself. Assuming Fluffy have some degree of autonomy in the way that their public persona is presented, then it's a pretty sad spectacle to see them reinforcing the gender stereotypes which have been so thoroughly propagated in the past. If this is the only way they can find of shuffling the system, then it's not only their musical intelligence and originality which is lacking. Pj Harvey is an excellent case of a female creating a new, challenging sub-genre for herself, something Fluffy seem manifestly incapable of achieving.

Possibly the finest line on the whole album is when Amanda howls "I wanna be your little bit of fluff..." It's so devoid of humour or irony that it's almost funny. Seriously, this is the only part of the album I can actually relate to, since my esteemed housemate's recent visit to Ann Summers, where she purchased a pair of FluffCuffs. These useful little objects provide a lovely little metaphor for Fluffy themselves; tacky, cheap, but you wouldn't mind being attached to a bed by them now and again.

No, I'm not contradicting myself. They asked for that. Toby Mason.

Alright Chuck

Artist: Chuck
Album: Dead Famous

Take three 'lads' of limited musical ability and/or strangely good looks, add some lyrics that may not make sense; a whole load of guitar noise and assorted percussion sounds and you have the usual ingredients for a popular music combo known throughout the land as an 'indie band'. Chuck, from Reading have followed this well-trodden path pretty well.

When I received this dubious looking album on Monday to review I thought it could turn out to be pretty crap but it has surprised me with its overall quality and a few songs that are actually pretty good, particularly

the CD's opening track; *Deep*, which could make an excellent single. The punchy lyrics and the general rhythm are reminiscent of Joyriders first efforts which is no bad thing.

The rest of the 45 minutes is filled with songs that remind you of both Carter USM and The Wonderstuff with Chucks vocalist Mark Lyons sounding rather like the Stiffies very own Miles Hunt at times. *I'm Scared* could almost be a filler on a Wonderstuff album in parts especially the chorus "Dying doesn't scare me now. So just wake me up when it's over pal." It's likely that their lyrics are Chuck's strongest point because they tend to be, well, cheerful and quite funny.

Some however could have been dumped into the edits bin, particularly *Soulsinger* and *Star Attraction* which are the most hopeless tracks on *Dead Famous*. Also they have the uncanny knack of providing good little twiddly guitar parts in nearly every song and although they do get a bit samey it provides a change from the verse-chorus-verse-and-bollocks-to-anything-else style that some of Chucks more infamous cousins use.

Jump is the albums token semi-

acoustic effort and although starting with the rather dark "Suicide's an alternative" turns into a nice irreverent song about broken arms and watching what you do. *Theresa* also

nice semi acoustic-section but the faster paced electric section at the end does rather ruin this otherwise tuneful effort.

Ultimately though Chuck will have a difficult task if they truly wish to scale the heights of the Britpop mountain. These three ordinary lads from Reading don't have the bushy eyebrows, snakehips, fake cockney accents or Indian mantras which are a 'must' if you wish to stand out from the crowd of discs at the record shop. So Liam, Jarvis et al. don't have much to fear but as a first album *Dead Famous* certainly holds its own musically against the lesser known bands floating round the current scene. Jonathan Cooper



Moan, Moan,

Why is Caroline Hooton so angry?

Hopefully those of you reading this will have settled into life at the LSE. You'll have fathomed the enigma of getting served at the Tuns, chosen your courses for the forthcoming year and worked out which twat you are going to avoid. You will have come across the unique LSE feature that makes it stand out from other academic institutions. A characteristic so intrinsically subtle and important that it is not mentioned in any prospectus but which nonetheless contributes to the general ambience. Yes, my friends I am speaking about the administrative services.

In all probability, you've all come across this example of ineptitude and inefficiency in one form or another. Take registration for example; hundreds of people cramped into two rooms- all we needed were a few guards with cattle prods to make the experience complete. Maybe

registration isn't a fair example, because not even NASA's chimpanzees have mastered the art of tapping on the keyboard, putting a photo on a piece of plastic and pointing you to the next room. So let's turn to the finance office. The school must have at least a couple of hundred people financing themselves. So why is it that there's only one window in the office that deals with fee payments? And why is it that the only person who knows how to deal with fee payments is always on tea break? Admittedly space and money are both somewhat tight but surely someone in the managerial hierarchy can see that having forty people queuing back down the stairs at Connaught House isn't really desirable.

My final grumble is reserved for the Timetables Office. I don't want to know the rooms for my classes (as this is obviously too much to ask). I

just want to have some pro- warning of how busy my week is. If you've had the information for three months then surely that's enough time for you to start sorting something out.

Okay, so this is a rant which some people won't consider particularly justified given the tight budget the School has to work within. But budget aside, I challenge anyone who has had to deal with these backroom boys to stand with hand on heart and declare them competent enough to organise a piss- up in a brewery, because I wouldn't trust the staff I have met to administer themselves out of a paper bag.

Caroline Hooton recently battered the crap out of a defenceless helper in the timetables office for "looking at her the wrong way"...what a miserable git.

Johnny be good

Kush.D lubricates the Campus pages

When it comes to freebies students are suckers - it's a fact! Especially if the word alcohol appears anywhere in the small print. This year was no exception, everywhere you looked somebody was passing out free cans of 7up, cartons of Ribena and if you want to be a scrounger with attitude, the now trendy can of Black current Tango.

But whilst I and many of my fellow students tried desperately to grab another free pack of Alka-Seltzer or Tampax. I felt instinctively that something was wrong, a vital link was missing.

Then EUREKA! It hit me square in the face like a right hook from Tyson. **CONDOMS!!!**

That's it.

That was the missing ingredient, the answer to my angst.

Condoms have always been one of the major forces in the freebie movement. And now for some unknown reason they were missing, gone AWOL. What's going on. Have they all together disappeared in the student pack. Are the powers that be so hard up that they can't afford a bit of lubricated rubber.

It's not like I'm asking for anything fancy. I could happily do without the ribbed for extra pleasure, glow in the dark, taste like cheese cake, extra long for the champion man (You wish mate!) can play God Save the Queen at climax brand.

How I missed the cheap comments and looks of hope which appeared on the face of some "still haven't lost my cherry" student.

But most of all I missed the long standing tradition of getting a pack of

Johnnies, filling them up with water and throwing them at my friends or some unsuspecting Fresher.

Is nothing sacred in this world, are all the bastions of our youth being pushed aside for free offerings of Fruitang???

The receiving of condoms is seen to the majority as a laugh, a time for crude jokes and girlish giggling.

On a serious note condoms are given out to promote safe sex and their absence this year is a sign that this issue is being pushed aside for the more lucrative benefits of sponsorship by corporate giants. Perhaps it's time to change the agenda!

Kush.D is currently seeking that extra ribbed sensation.



As people go, Harry considers himself to be fairly well rounded (as opposed to just fat), as you would no doubt agree after reading the light-hearted banter that takes place on these very pages. Well-educated, good looking, suave and sophisticated, there's no doubt that I'm the master of all that I survey (and that modesty is my middle name). The irony is that this is all so far from my humble beginnings...

The only child in a family of 12 kids, Harry was the breadwinner from an early age, being forced to support his 8 brothers and 5 sisters after his alcoholic father was injured in an accident down a coal mine, on the way back from his 15hr/day job at the shipyard. Harry simultaneously worked 4 jobs in order to sustain his 23-strong family, and grew particularly close to his handicapped younger sister, Mabel, whose spirit and bravery shone through for all to see. Mabel found life especially difficult, as she was the only girl amongst the 17 siblings, but fought against the odds in order to create a life for herself. Harry's story is one of a battle against prejudice and oppression, of a battle to support his alcoholic mother, pregnant father and 41 younger brothers, despite facing so many difficulties.

At the age of 12, Harry was thrown into prison when accused of pick-pocketing an elderly gentleman, although in actual fact he was only picking up a wallet after it had been dropped. Despite being locked up and exposed to a murky underworld, Harry refused to turn to a life of crime, although rumour has it that he still walks like John Wayne as a result of his prison days.

Instead, after being bailed out by his only living relative (his brother Gringo), Harry saved all his pennies and attempted to go into business. Gringo continually lied and cheated though, eventually bankrupting the business and leaving Harry once again alone and destitute, with nobody to care for his amputee father and leprosy-ridden mother.

Soon, though, Harry was to meet a lovely girl and fall in love. Daisy was like a breath of fresh air, a 12 pound pike in a sea of red herrings. Harry rebuilt his life around this new pillar and things looked again as if they might be OK. One day, though, Daisy left Harry for a butcher from Scunthorpe. "I'll always love you", she whispered in parting, "but I've always had a craving for Cumberland sausages and big juicy slabs of pork."

And finally, years later, the story continues as Harry finds himself at the LSE, his life rebuilt in Houghton Street as he shows the courage to battle onwards and upwards. Disadvantaged child, family provider since a tender age, all-round good guy, ghetto boy made good: Houghton Street Harry - icon for a new generation.

Houghton Street Harry is currently visiting his homies and smoking some bitches...



Unwanted Attention

Liz Chong is just too popular

A large number of LSE men seem to exist with the illusion that women can be picked up with any sort of advance, or any kind of pick-up line. A friend of mine was walking into the Tuns on Friday in freshers' week when she suddenly felt an arm curl around her waist and turned around to see an especially obscene man whom she'd never seen before in my life leering at her. In stark contrast, an extremely sad randy fresher approached me that very night with the unimpressive line of: "I'm not pregnant, and I don't have a tummy, how about it?" Any woman on the receiving end of a pickup line as shoddy as that would laugh in his face (which I did). This article, therefore, is aimed at non-creepy men desperate for ideas

Comments about parts of a woman's anatomy will get you nowhere, as a friend's professional guide to pick-up lines will testify. If sufficiently offensive, they will merit a complaint about sexual harassment to the Women's Officer and a subsequent follow-up by the Union, which could ultimately result in you being banned from Union facilities e.g. the Three Tuns, various halls of residence. If a complaint is issued to the school, disciplinary action can occur for the obscene amongst you who seem to think that women are mere body without the brain. It is indeed unfortunate that creeps abound at the LSE. A certain particularly exemplar specimen of slime (a graduate student who I still see occasionally

around the school) harassed me last year with sick comments- in the middle of Houghton Street. A complaint to the General Secretary at the time yielded wasted time, greater distress and an absence of follow-up from the Union.

Every hall has its well-known resident freaks, carefully avoided by those in the know. Women at High Holborn last year were renowned for the propositions they all received from one particular General Course student, who consequently collected the largest number of rejections in history. Fame, therefore, for your rejections and a reputation which precedes your arrival are never helpful in the art of pulling. Talking to women without looking them in the eye instantly cancels you out as an option: unless they happen to be blind, they're fully capable of noticing where your eyes are roving.

As some knowledgeable LSE men can testify, the caring sharing nineties man does the trick. Cooking abilities are much appreciated, being an unusual feature rarely found in men. To sum it up, if you happen to be nice, and do not happen to see women as moronic beings whose sole purpose in life is physical servility to men and have not felt uncomfortable upon reading parts of this article; then like Raj you'll meet a very nice girl.

Liz Chong is currently running away from perverted nutters in the Brunch Bowl.



Running for cover: an LSE girl takes evasive action

Pissing it up

Diana Elbirt gets drunk with everyone

Is there a magic spell over WC2A which hurriedly multiplies the average rate at which space and time meet - where our lives become flashes before us? I definitely do not contend that any such spell exists. Life seems to be dragging at a painfully slow and pathetic rate now that Cable Vision's HBO Olé has been forfeited for the recommended daily allowance of unpalatable pseudo-healthy, organic-loving grub at the quad's oh-so alternative cafe. There will be an eventual increase in the momentum-which, ironically, is indirectly proportionate to the number of hours that one actually sees LSE per week. There is no courage to be found in the fact that the first term is the most party-packed of them all. These festivities are usually the brainchild of some Top Man fashion victim who continues to profess the laxative qualities

of the Leicester Square-hash he smoked last night.

Meanwhile, the Francophone and Italian societies are particularly well suited for your gastronomic needs. Inherent when joining these societies is the assumption that you have a genuine interest in becoming French or Italian if you aren't already. So I suggest simple assimilation via fashion. Don copious amounts of leather and Benneton sweaters and you're bound to be accepted.

Other diversions to expand your world-view, this time venturing into the Anglophile territory, includes the readily-available and accessible neighbourhood pub. It would be most advantageous to see all possible Anglo dimensions to this pastime. For this, we must divide and conquer: (1) the Canadian hiker gone astray; (2) the British kickaround lads and

lasses; (3) the D.A.P - Drunk American on the Prowl. The Canadian hiker gone astray is a variety not easily missed. At the paranoia of being mistaken for their American counterparts, Canadian legislation has mandated the prominent placement of all Canadian flags on the rucksacks of all its expatriates. Hiking boots and sturdy durable attire will heighten the 'pub with Canadians' experience. Be prepared to partake in USA-bashing, which will exceed even the standards of Western Europeans and Latin Americans. Only Molson will be drunk. At about the same time that you begin to sober up, white-water rafting down the Thames will be suggested by the adventurous North American.

The British approach to this pub evening requires a very different set of techniques. Memorise all lyrics to Oasis,

particularly "Don't Look Back in Anger", as you will have to sing along at the height of the evening's alcohol consumption. All and any lagers will be consumed.

Your final complement to the Anglo evening is a greatly misunderstood phenomenon: the Drunk American on the Prowl, otherwise known as D.A.P. He or she seeks utter "wastedom". No exceptions allowed. All previous conceptions of intolerably high vocal volumes must be forgotten. Any alcoholic beverage invented is welcome for consumption. No previous experience necessary.

Cheers, drink up, salut!

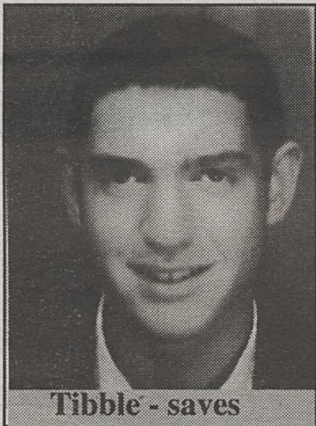
Diana Elbirt is currently lying face down in a ditch, telling a musty tramp that he is her best mate.

Fran-tastic Seconds Battle in Berrylands

LSE 2nd XI 2 - 2 UCHMX 1st XI

As the seconds gathered at Berrylands, everyone was hopeful that this season would be as bright as their ginga skipper's hair. Indeed, with the majority of the side remaining from the previous year, flowing football was the order of the day as the team gelled effortlessly, enabling the new stars, such as keeper Richard 'the cat' Tibble, Naveen 'shit quiff' Paul and Francois Goals, to fit into the team set-up.

LSE made a bright start, looking fresher than the Firsts on the pitch next to them (possibly as a result of not having pulled as many birds as their illustrious counterparts, although Tibble did notch at the Outback



Tibble - saves

Constant pressure early doors was too much for UCHMX to handle, and Francois broke the deadlock, neatly lobbing the advancing keeper from the edge of the area after being put through by Tom Grace's intelligent ball over the top.

Unfortunately, complacency set in and the Seconds allowed the medics back into the game. A comedy of errors gifted the oppo a goal when the defence should have cleared the ball, and on the stroke of half-time they made it two. A quick break left their striker one on one with Tibbs in goal, and although the courageous keeper managed to parry the initial

thunderbolt, in the subsequent clash of bodies it dribbled into the gaping net (rather like Tibbs' Outback experience).

In the interval it was left to skipper Will Hague to rally his troops, laying down the law to his weary warriors, advocating passing along the deck, rather than the usual twatting it long, even though this was how the first goal was created. The effects of Ginger Will's wise words was instant as the Seconds

once more took control of the game.

The equaliser was no less than the Seconds deserved, especially as they had been reduced to ten men after running out of reserves following serious injuries to goal hero Francois

and then Brad Fetzer (who all the ladies love). Man of the match Naveen started the move down the right, linking well with the midfield who contrived to set up Mick Tattersall on the edge of the box. With a snake-hipped move he beat the last defender and then the floundering keeper, slotting home a curling shot in the bottom corner.

In the end a draw was a satisfactory result and a good start to the season. As the LSE boys trudged off they knew that had it not been for the injuries that left them playing most of the second half with ten men, they would surely have collected all three points.

Fourths Hammer Charing Toss

LSE 4th XI 4 - 0 Charing Cross 2nd XI

Stood at Waterloo with no kit, no keeper and half a team, new fourth's skipper Dan Pickering was shitting like a big black alsation, surely regretting rejecting popular striker, peroxide blonde gay boy, Ian Volltwa's pleas for a game. Well, possibly not and eventually kit and keeper turned up in the form of converted rugger bugger from the Planet Ging, Leigh Porter. Unfortunately Steve Segget decided to catch the wrong train and walk to Berrylands from Portsmouth, adding to his fatigue.

The start was a little disjointed, nobody knowing each others name despite Dan's touching 'let's get to know each other' bonding fiasco and inspiring "We will bite them on their features" team talk.

Under early pressure, King Ging Leigh showed incredible judgement allowing the ball to run through and hit goal post and bar without fear of conceding. We soon settled into our stride with last year's Second Team School of Footballing Arse graduate Segget finishing a raging run down the left flank with a precision cross, sweetly finished by Chris 'Scouse' Williamson on the half hour.

Not satisfied with a one goal lead, newcomer Ralph was proving more slippery than his Duckhams Hypergrade slick-down hair-style, running riot up-front. Particularly pleasing was the way he cleverly induced a nasty collision between the Charing Toss keeper and defender. The thick medics proceeded to argue about the best way to treat their

obese colleagues. Williamson, sporting as ever, decided they were faking despite the profusion of blood refusing to return the ball. This national disgrace should have led to a goal, but Steve missed and conceded a throw in

Finally the second goal arrived. Scouse decided he couldn't be arsed to walk to the corner flag and Lyndon 'Bollocks' Baldock swung it in from the right. The ball flew into the net off Hard Rob's head while he was looking for a fight in the penalty area.

The fat Charing Cross captain wasted his half time licking the arses of his better players. 'Animal' Dan was not so gay preferring to lie down and hyperventilate with the rest of his Kenyan track stars.

After the re-start the fourths turned on the silky skills which made them fourth team players in the first place and Charing Cross would have taken advantage had it not been for the efforts of Enda and Seven Foot Frank who defended solidly.

Once we had reverted our style to twating the ball as far as possible for Steve to chase, our fortunes changed for the better. Lyndon, involved in the match for the second time, once again took a corner, which Hard Rob volleyed home for his second.

Lyndon completed the piss-take with his third touch, a corner which flew straight in. With the scoreline at 4-0 no one could be disappointed, except of course Ian Vollbracht, whose name has been put forward as next weeks' referee.

Fantasy Beaverball™ Returns

Fancy yourself as the next Glenn Hoddle? All those arm-chair managers panting to exercise your expertise of the great game need wait no more. The now legendary Fantasy Beaverball™ is back with a vengeance for the new season, offering you the

chance for sporting glory without ever having to set foot on a sacred blade of Berrylands baize.

This is your chance to put that student grant and that latent tactical wizardry to the best possible use by picking a side from the selection of

living LSE legends.

You too can share in the ups and the downs, the pain and the glory of a season of London University football, as your team competes against other LSE hopefuls in the pursuit of the prestigious title of Fantasy Beaverball™ Champions.

Missed out at
the trials?

LSEFC is still
looking for quality
players to
strengthen Squads

Contact Tom Smith via
Football Noticeboard

BeaverSport BeaverSport BeaverSport

LSE Thorne in UCL's Side

LSE 1st XI 5 - 1 UCL 1st XI

Love was in the air as the first team descended on the babefest that is the all new Friday night Tuns (with added 50% hormones than the conventional Tuns) - even Chris 'G-loverman' Cooper was in unstoppable form, looking very Sharp-les in the oppositions territory. With every member of the team pulling at least three birds, it was a tired bunch of studs who arrived at Berrylands, far from ready for scoring again.

Luckily a full strength UCL team is no match for even a jaded LSE lurve-XI. As Sarge Turnbull's whistle blew 'Windy' Miller was reminded of his previous night's clubbing activity with the chemical brothers and the giant pink mouse which took him safely back to Chateau Docklands. While Miller eyed the referee suspiciously the rest of the team got stuck in to the paltry offering that UCL put on show.

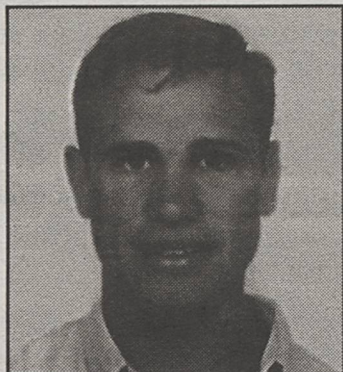
The deadlock didn't last long and after five minutes the LSE 1st teams season was off to a dream start. A long ball over the top of UCL's statuesque defence was met by the head of Tom Thorne who was only drafted in as hotsteppa DJ Chang was late stepping to the theatre of dreams (hereafter referred to as Brian Whitworth's "Berrylands"). After a monents flapping all that was left for UCL's pie-munching keeper was to pick the ball out of his net following Thorne's exquisite lob. Little did he know the extent of what was to follow...

Poor defending on the back post by Cooper let UCL level the scores against the run of play, although their

scorer was rewarded with big Svein Michelson's boot print in his kisser. Their jubilance was short-lived as LSE pressed to reassert themselves. On the half hour the baby-faced assassin, Roy 'of the Rovers' Husby leathered home a swinging Cooper corner from fully one yard.

2-1 up at the interval LSE's troops were cheating the manager as this was a poor reflection of the creative flair of the dream team. In the second half this was set to change as LSE transferred their Friday night Tuns form to Saturday afternoon Berrylands driving the point home, just as they had driven the point home the previous evening.

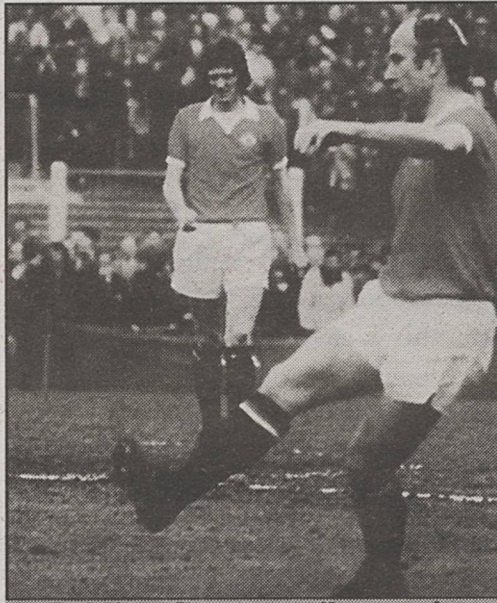
Have some of that!



Hat-trick hero Thorne - girls post your details on the football noticeboard.

Cometh the hour, cometh the man, and Tom Thorne raised his weary head once more to power home a glorious right-footed drive from thirty long yards, and UCL's hapless keeper bent his back. No sooner had Brian mended the broken net and Thorne was at it again, this time smashing home from a seemingly impossible angle, UCL's helpless keeper bent his back once more as an ecstatic Thorne celebrated his marvellous debut hat-trick.

With five minutes to go Cooper piled on the misery. The impressive Andy Goodman won a free-kick some forty yards from UCL's



Balding Cooper strikes again

goalmouth. Still carrying the yoke of his earlier defensive COOPERBLUNDER™, Coops redeemed himself with a finely struck set piece which bent then dipped before nestling in the top left stantion.

UCL's now friendless keeper's back went into spasm. It truly was a great goal from Cooper which went on to become even greater as the beers flowed at Holborn finishing with him netting from the car park of the Watford gap service station.

What a result for the LSE heart-throbs. The defence was more tighter than a camel's arse in a sandstorm. Mandie leapt like a salmon and tackled like a terrier as Matt Miller

kicked seven shades of shit out of their centre forward. Meanwhile, Danny Fielding soaked up more pressure than Andrex luxury three-ply quilted toilet tissue could ever dream of. In midfield Roy and Andy combined creativity with tenacity, a cocktail that proved too tasty for the UCL midfield combo. Out-wide Marvin (UCL's legendary winger/whinger) failed to

get any change from Messers Sharpe and Costacurtis as his constant wing switching proved no more fruitful than a butcher's front window. Up front, Thorne was sensational while love rat Filipo Venini's asked as many questions of their defence as his girlfriends asked of his performance in Strand Poly - forcing him to assume an unusually defensive position.

Even though the league isn't won until March, with our resounding 5-1 demolition of UCL, LSE are standing prouder than a honeymooner's Black 'n' Decker, at the top of the Premier league.

Interested in playing Women's football?

All types of players welcome, especially goalkeepers.

Contact Fran

through pigeon-hole or noticeboard in AU Common Room.

For more information on the Athletics Union see the noticeboards in the AU Common Room, situated directly above the Veggie Cafe.