

SU ASSISTS RELEASE OF BURMA ONE

Cori Shropshire

Former LSE student Rachel Goldwyn, 28, was released from jail in Burma last week, less than 2 months into a 7 year sentence.

Goldwyn, from Surrey, was sentenced in September after chaining herself to a lamppost, singing a protest song and chanting pro-democracy slogans, according to UK newswires.

She was found guilty for "undermining peace, security and stability" in Myanmar, formerly Burma, where she had travelled to support the pro-democracy movement.

The Press Association reported that Goldwyn was released after a period of "quiet negotiation" between the Burmese authorities and representatives from the British Embassy. A foreign office spokesman told the Press Association, "This is a victory for quiet diplomacy and shows what you can do by talking to people."

Ms. Goldwyn's parents, Edward and Charmain, organised a high-profile campaign on her behalf and have been in Burma for the past 6 weeks meeting with officials to assist in negotiations for their daughter's release.

Goldwyn had spent 2 months in Yangon's Insein Jail where many political prisoners have served time in the past. She travelled to Burma without her parents knowledge, leaving a letter in a bedroom drawer in case she was arrested. She told her parents that she was "on holiday" to Germany. Her boyfriend, Kyaw Soe Aung, is a Burmese exile living in Britain after serving 7 year sentence for participating in the a protest against the Myanmar government which seized power in a military



Goldwyn: smiling again

Photo:Beaver Archives

coup in 1988. Rachel Goldwyn is said to have become involved in the Burmese pro-democracy movement after volunteering in a refugee camp in Thailand in 1997.

The Goldwyn family's friend and legal adviser, Stephen Jakobi reported, "The whole family is over the moon... This is the result we were hoping for." Goldwyn's sister, Naomi Rose told the press, "I just cried and cried and cried. It was a bolt out of the blue... I can't wait to see Rachel again - we're planning a huge party for her homecoming."

Friend, Bob Alagh recently spoke at the UGM to bring awareness to the political situation in Burma and Ms. Goldwyn's plight.

Some news associations have reported that Goldwyn pledged not

to cause unrest again in Burma and refrain from political activity within their borders, something that may have facilitated her early release.

Ironically Goldwyn and her parents are not due to return to the UK for several days as they remain in Burma where they are visiting tourist sights and avoiding the onslaught of the British press upon their arrival. It has been speculated that the Myanmar government arranged the "mini-holiday" as a public relations stunt to portray themselves in a more flattering light.

Another Briton, James Mawdsley, 26, remains in solitary confinement in the Keng Tumg Prison in Burma.

British Ambassador to Burma

John Jenkins met with Deputy Foreign Minister Khin Maung Win in September on behalf of Goldwyn and Mawdsley.

While officials had much success with the Goldwyn case, Mawdsley's situation is quite different as he refuses to recant his criticism of the Myanmar government and had only recently been released early from a 5 year sentence for a similar offence on the condition that he never returns, according to Reuters.

"James is criticizing the Myanmar government and telling the world the whole truth about the burnings, murder, rapes and genocide there," Mawdsley's father David told Reuters.

INSIDE

News

Muggers target LSE Halls; NUS and AUT gear up for industrial action; LSE fee for all

Features

The Great Student Finance Swindle; We get to grips with the grey PM; Claudia Kim on the future of journalism

Union

Jon Black explains why the SU is backing the NUS March

Sport

Usual crazy stuff from the people at the rear

BART

Literary

The Lit page goes lowbrow

Film

London Film Festival and competition

Fine Art

Boxing photographs; the art of Bloomsbury and getting to bed with Tracey

Music

Get into the lurrve groove with Barry White or go bonkers with Apollo Four Forty

Games

Eswar shoots figures on a screen yet sees no connection with the real violence that pervades society.

STUDY NOW PAY LATER

Laura Hales

Although official figures were unavailable at the time of going to press it seems as though many LSE students are yet to pay their tuition fees. However, all of those interviewed said that they did actually intend to pay them at some point. The National Union of Students have published guidelines on the sensitive and flexible collection of tuition fees which Vice Chancellors up and down the country have voluntarily signed up to. The guidelines set out that students with outstanding debts from last year should be able to re-enrol as well as pay their fees in instalments.

But is the LSE acting in accordance with these guidelines? According to second year Ian Nixon they fall well short of the mark. An angry Ian remarked that 'I paid my fees on time last year and no mistake. I then got a threatening letter just before the beginning of term and was told that I had not paid my fees and would therefore be unable to enrol. I disputed this and then had to go through a whole load of bureaucracy to prove that I had actually paid. The whole incident was very distressing and I didn't even receive an apology. A bit of good manners and common courtesy would have gone a long

way towards relieving my upset but I was denied even that. As a result of such shocking treatment I'm in no hurry to pay my fees this year. I've come up with the fantastic idea of delivering a cruel and cunning revenge by making them wait.'

Other students welcomed the fact that they had been allowed to enrol without having paid this year's fees particularly in light of the scandal concerning the late processing of student loans. 'Being able to pay my fees in instalments has spared me the wrath of my bank manager' said one first year student. 'It wouldn't have been possible to pay my fees in one lump sum. I'm already well in debt and I've only been at university for five weeks.'

A recent study suggested that more sixth formers are choosing not to embark on a degree course simply because they do not want to be burdened with a five figure debt at the end of it all. The Government's response is to look at sixth former's postcodes in the hope of encouraging more students from under-represented



This way to pay your fees, please

Picture: Laure Trebosc

low income areas to apply to university. But many say that this is nowhere near enough and that it is financial support that students need, not so called 'encouragement'. 'It's no use targeting certain students and encouraging them to apply for

university if there's no support once they actually get there.' said Matt, a third year anthropology student.

So whilst flexibility in payment of fees has been welcomed, it seems that this is not enough. The reality is that very few students are

able to leave university without having incurred substantial debt. Just how many potential undergraduates will hence be deterred from actually going to university remains to be seen.

CHOOSE YOUR MAYOR

Mukul Devichand

The times they are a-changin'. It may come as a surprise for many in LSE to learn that while they indifferently chew on Wrights' Bar sandwiches and worry about their job applications, London has begun the process of selecting

candidates for its first directly elected Mayor in years.

Our ignorance will not last long, however, if the ULU sabbs have their way. They have started a campaign to register students London-wide as voters in the upcoming election, introducing a new 'postcard' scheme. "No student will be more than ten

minutes away from registration," enthused a purple-shirted Matt Butt, ULU President. The scheme involves a quick registration via ULU itself, bypassing the usual local authority channels. "All London's local authorities have agreed," said Butt. The result is that as students, we have a choice between voting through ULU

channels or registering with our local authorities in the usual way.

The quick registration-form has been distributed on 20,000 specially printed postcards of which 10% have already been returned. The form is also set to appear in the London Student. These methods, of course, may not reach many of us in the LSE. "We are trying to e-mail the form around the universities," was Butt's response. When questioned over whether he would send a copy to be printed in the *Beaver* his answer was less than emphatic: "Yeah, it's a definite possibility".

Despite being students in London's *premiere* political university (apparently), the Houghton Street masses seemed to have no preference for Mayoral

candidates. "I dunno. Who's running?" asked David Sewell. Well David, the choice is between Frank Dobson or Ken Livingstone for Labour, Jeffrey Archer for the Conservatives, and (in the words of the *Beaver's* deputy editor) "some Liberal Democrat woman". Perhaps LSE students simply feel unaffected by the political process. "I doubt the result will touch me in any way. Will he bring back the grant?" demanded John Redfern. Still, as Tariq Qureshi stated "it's important that students participate."

In the end, only one person seemed to have any specific views on candidates. "I'd go for Livingstone, or failing him I'd vote Archer," said Richard Holt, porter in the Old Building.

DAYLIGHT ROBBERY

Tola Soley

Walking around London has always been a rather hazardous experience but this has never been so clearly illustrated as in the last couple of weeks. LSE students have been falling victim to a spate of thefts. In a worrying trend, three female students have fallen afoul of Central London criminals in separate incidents in the last month.

Julia Jurgen, a student from Passfield, was only about 300m away from the Hall when she was approached by a 'normal, well-dressed' couple. They asked her for some change to use the telephone and as she stopped to answer them, the women told her to hand over her bag. As Jurgen digested this in stunned silence, the man brought out a bottle and threatened to break it over her head if she refused. Unsurprisingly enough, she handed the bag over. The women proceeded to make sure she didn't have any cash on her person by searching her. After this ordeal, Julia ran back to her hall and called the police. Unfortunately, they were only able to take a statement the following day but they advised her to keep an eye out for her bag as it was very likely that it would be dumped somewhere nearby. Sure enough, the abandoned bag was founded in the women's toilets in the UCL Hospital, complete with folders and notebooks minus wallet, passport and money.

Dave Clay, Passfield president, told The Beaver: 'Students should be on their guard. The Students' Union and committees will do all they can to help but students have got to be careful' Bearing in mind that the park square between ULU and Passfield is poorly lit and is usually quite lonely, this warning must be taken quite seriously.

In a more sinister turn of events, student Maddy Patel was



Passfield Hall

Photo:Beaver Archives

attacked after leaving a cafe on Charlotte Street one evening last week. Patel was clutching her wallet when she was accosted by a man brandishing a syringe. He claimed that the needle was infected with AIDS and went on to say that he would pass on the virus by injecting her if she didn't hand over her wallet. The attacker was able to make off with the wallet while a shell-shocked Patel returned to Carr-Saunders and made a report to the police, whom on this occasion arrived promptly and took a statement.

Ralph Sinclair, Carr-Saunders Hall president said, 'This is normally a really safe area and events like this are rare but I would like to urge people to take precautions when walking alone to ensure that wallets and purses are properly concealed.'

The final attack highlights the

fact that time of day has little bearing on the probability of being mugged. Eva Marie Nag, a subwarden at Passfield was recently forcibly relieved of £10 by a young girl. Nag described the girl as aged around 16, who has often been seen lurking around Russell Square Tube station with a younger accomplice. The incident occurred around 3pm near the Russell Square Hotel. Eva Marie had just finished withdrawing £10 from a cashpoint, she turned to leave while putting the money in her wallet. The teenager recounted an obviously well-rehearsed sob-story concerning 'a baby in King's Cross' while tugging on Nag's clothing. As she tried to escape, the juvenile delinquent threatened to take her bag if she didn't hand over the cash. Eva Marie handed over the money immediately, as she was aware

that the accomplice was lurking somewhere in the vicinity. She was eventually rescued by a construction worker who noticed that she was being followed by the accomplice and came up to her to see if she was alright.

Jonathan Black, the SU Gen-Sec, commented that, 'This is very worrying that students aren't safe just outside their halls. I hope these cases will be properly investigated. I would like to appeal to everyone, including students, to help.'

The Beaver advises students to be very aware and alert. It is clear that all three victims were neither careless nor reckless. Crime will always be a problem on London's streets, but some extra vigilance will obviously not go astray.

Fakey to inform them that they could now go to collect their clothing and belongings (which had been taken from them on the night of their arrest). Police admitted that security camera footage had borne out the claims of the group that they had been in McDonalds when the attack occurred. One of the students concerned, Steve Simpson, said: "We went to get our clothes, but we didn't get an

apology for the amount of trouble they'd put us through".

After collecting their possessions, all four received a letter from the Metropolitan Police, informing them that there would be no further action taken as the group had been wrongly identified by a witness. With this, it appears, the whole sorry saga has come to an end.

Matt Smith



Union Jack

OK, it's getting stupid now. Fewer motions than a constipated Amar (although, intriguingly, still plenty of shit being produced), UGM now seems to stand for Unrestricted Group Masturbation. Not even a duet from the long lost offspring of Chas and Dave rescued this week's proceedings.

In fact, the showpiece event was the appearance of the most dangerous man in Britain (if you believe London Student and the Trots) Andrew Pakes. Pakes was given a surprisingly easy ride by the hordes - only cow girl got the blues and asked a mildly controversial question. Jack suspects that some Portandown-style experiment is going on, which involves the entire population of the Union reduced to an apathetic stupor. And why do all Sabb reports now begin with 'nothing much to report really...'? We might as well stay at home and have a cheese sandwich.

More interesting was London Student Editor Chris 'Bungle' Campbell's first brush with accountability. Campbell was happy to drop any support for elusive LSE mole James 'shit it's deadline day - must invent a story' Mythen, and had to rely on Matt 'free lunch' Butt to bale him out under the, ahem, onslaught from Del Boy Dan. Bet he'll stay in the office from now on.

It really is a sorry state of affairs when only Tory Alex can be persuaded to get up on stage, even if she had to invent a story about the Labour Club to provide some entertainment. Reports that Michael Blackwell was busy organising the forces of the South Ken. Monday club for an SAS-style attack on the Marxist forces in Downing Street were unconfirmed at the time of going to press. Hopefully he'll parachute in next week, complete with battle fatigues.

Not even the hacks making the news - or the columns in London Student - made an appearance. The most hideous food-related policy error since Marie Antoinette said 'Let them eat Cake' is likely to remain shrouded in spin and other forms of lie, but why exactly Campbell's crew left out the most tantalising rumour surrounding Bernado DirtyDigger's restaurant strop (i.e. that he was offered Senior Vice Treasurer of ULU in exchange for £300 sharpish) remains the greatest mystery of all. Say no to stories with no beef, as they say in Editorial meeting in Malet Street.

Oh, and Alex wanted a mention. Hi Alex.

ROSEBERY FOUR OFF THE HOOK

The Rosebery Four were cleared last week, but were given no apology for the unfortunate events that occurred (featured in the Beaver 25/10/99) in relation to a serious assault on a young man near Leicester Square. The Four were originally bailed until 4th

November, but on Monday 25th October Charing Cross police contacted one of the four, Nickhill Fakey, and told him that the case had been dropped.

The other members of the group were not initially contacted by the police and had to rely on

AUT STRIKES OUT

Kristen Karlstad

A recent report published by the Association of University Teachers (AUT) claims that female academics are consistently paid less than their male colleagues. The average difference between full-time staff of the different sexes is approximately £4,300. The most striking difference is between male and female heads of department, a position which pays men nearly £8,000 more than their female colleagues.

Over the past year the AUT, with its 42,000 members, has been campaigning for pay increases of 10%, pay equality and better contracting policies for academic staff. Around the UK different forms of industrial action have taken place. A one-day strike in the old universities was held on Tuesday 25 May. Four days of action on exams were held in June. In July, graduation ceremonies became the focus of the campaign as parents, visitors and graduates were lobbied by staff. The university admissions process was boycotted on 9 and 10, 19 and 20 August. The boycotting of teaching quality assessment visits and procedures has been sustained throughout the dispute.

In Universities where the AUT is strong, the campaign has been very noticeable, although this has not been the case in the LSE. The AUT recently suspended its series of campaigns as a breakthrough in negotiations was made with the



Houghton Street: The hub of academia

Photo:Beaver Archives

employers.

Staff at the LSE are very reluctant to comment on the inequality issue and also on the recent progress made by the union. David Telford from the LSE Gender Institute says that "Within academia there is a more general feeling of equal opportunities and less discrimination both of women, ethnic minorities and homosexuals than in many other professions." However, he is familiar with female colleagues who feel they hit a 'glass-ceiling' when trying to get a professorship or promotion.

The LSE recently conducted a gender audit on pay and found that

its results compared favourably with the national average. It appears that the inequalities only become insignificant in later career stages. Dr C. Husbands, president of the local AUT suggested that this may happen because male academics are better integrated with those who award these increments, the male Vice-chancellors. He further states that "It would surprise me if there is any university in the country which is not, at least to some degree, in breach of the equal pay act." Husbands' expectations for the AUT's further progress in this matter are very low. "Our demands

have been on the table for several years now, but not much has happened so far."

Although academic institutions are not the least progressive employers when it comes to eradicating discrimination and unfair policies, surely 'cutting-edge' educational institutions like the LSE should be at the forefront in these issues and set a good example.

Whether the LSE takes action on this issue remains to be seen, although students can make their view felt by joining the National March for Education.

PRICES CRUSHed !

Tensions have been high over the vexed issue of Crush prices since the beginning of this term. For some, the new prices of £2 before 10pm and £3 after don't make much of a difference; but for others, it seems ludicrous. It has also been painfully obvious that attendance at Crush this year has been poor, the general feeling being freshers are terribly unimpressed with LSESU's provision for a good Friday night out.

Concerns about Crush prices led to the issue being raised at Thursday 28th October's UGM by Alex Hartley, leader of the LSE

Tories. Hartley complained about this unfair treatment of LSE students. She asked the union to investigate the possibility of non-LSE students paying a higher fee, a change which would probably generate about the same revenue. Her motion was passed, leaving Alan Hatton, the Ents Sabb the wonderful task of re-examining the new pricing system.

When asked his position on the issue, Alan Hatton officer seemed receptive to the idea of staggering the prices in terms of who you are, and not what time it is. He said that the original plan was to encourage students to come

before 10 o'clock, helping to fill up the bars more quickly. It was hoped that this would mean more money for the Tuns at the night's end, as well as a better atmosphere. However, from Friday 5th November, the new prices will be £2 (LSE students), £2.50 (NUS) and £3 (others). Since price-stagging was initially introduced to help recover costs of the new bar, the question of 'what has been the response to it?' was unavoidable. Hatton pointed out that the bar had only been open two Fridays in a row, making it difficult to comment. On one occasion, the quad was very empty, on the other, very full. Nonetheless, it seems that a lot of people who would otherwise be found standing around outside feel more attracted to the Quad since they can now actually sit down, creating a better atmosphere. Overall, Friday nights at Crush are definitely on the up. Many would

agree that there is, undoubtedly, much better 'DJing' than last year. And as for the claim that freshers hate Crush, I found little support. One first year in particular (name withheld, thank you very much) feels slightly disillusioned with Crush since 'two weeks ago, it was completely dead'. She also moaned something about the air-conditioning and 'drink on the floor'. However, unlike most LSE students when asked anything about anything, this one actually had something positive to add about Crush's value for money: 'Yeah, 'cause Friday night anywhere else is a lot more expensive-sweaty, but good.' Another first year deemed the prices very reasonable, and definitely worth it. He had this to say: 'Yes. Good atmosphere. Tuns good. Quad good. Underground shocking', but sadly, he claims, 'Bar staff never serve customers in the right order'.
EM

WHEN THE STUDENTS GO MARCHING ON

On 25 November 1999, the NUS will be organizing the National March for Education in partnership with AUT and NATFHE, the two major teaching unions in the post-16 sector. This march will be the culmination of the NUS's campaign to scrap tuition fees, end student hardship and give students access to decent pay.

In their March for Education pamphlet, NUS has made it clear that it opposes tuition fees in principle and practice and it believes that students should be guaranteed by right free tuition paid by the state.

Andrew Pakes, National President of the NUS, affirmed that the introduction of tuition fees has made a bad situation worse; increasing the already chronic levels of student hardship.

The NUS is convinced that the current means-tested £1,000 tuition fee could prove to be the 'thin end of the wedge' to top-up fees and full cost fees. High tuition fees may also be blame for the drop in university applications, high drop-out rates and threat to student cultural life as more and more students are forced to work long hours in poorly-paid jobs to make ends meet.

The introduction of home tuition fees came in September 1998. When asked about whether the march was too little too late, LSESU General Secretary Jonathon Black's response was a simple "no". He said that although the NUS reaction to the threat of fees 2 years ago could have been more swift, the LSESU fully supports this year's march as a way of highlighting the real hardship that students of all backgrounds and nationalities face.

When talking about scrapping fees, the march's obvious target is home tuition. How will LSESU voice our special concerns as we have such a large proportion of international students?

Well, the focus will be on home tuition fees but as LSE has a unique fee situation and only a quarter of our students pay home tuition fees and the vast majority are paying far higher fees.

However, there are still doubts among the LSE students as to the effectiveness of this march. A second year Economics student from Hong Kong was concerned that the march would not be helpful in campaigning for a freeze or reduction in overseas tuition fee. She believed that since overseas tuition fees are essentially a school policy decision, politicians would try and avoid the entire mess.

Nonetheless, as Pakes claimed, we are determined to see an end to this intolerable situation and the NUS believes that the arguments against fees and hardship are strengthened when NUS receives support from bodies other than students.

Tze-wei Ng

THE CREAM OF THE CRAP FROM AROUND BRITAIN

JAM TODAY

Students at the Edinburgh College of Art have achieved massive amounts of free publicity recently, following the sudden termination of their show at the city's Dundee Cafe. The images of a dead pigeon, a decapitated teddy bear and a woman covered in - wait for it - jam were apparently too much for the prudish staff.

However, the students defended their work, on the grounds that kids love looking at decapitated teddies. Weird place, Edinburgh. The exhibition had taken months to arrange - goodness knows how long the jam woman had to pose.

Best quote came from the lecturer who had supervised the whole thing. He said that the whole thing was totally inoffensive 'especially these days when you have walls covered in excrement.'

A DESIGN FOR LIFE

Durham students are being given the chance to design their own boyfriends with the aid of a new computer programme. Simple commands such as 'must support Ipswich Town,' or 'must have a good understanding of Nietzsche,' are all that are needed for the machine to select your ideal bloke.

What the computer comes up with if you enter 'must drink himself stupid on a Wednesday and sing In The Name of Love at Limelight,' has yet to be seen. Perhaps a marauding horde will soon be on its way to Houghton Street from oop north. Or maybe not.

YOU'RE HAVING A LAUGH

Drama students at Kent are now taking a course in stand-up comedy. Lecturers denied the course was a doss, although one of those attending inadvertently called the Poly's teaching quality into question when he commented 'this is one of the hardest courses I've done.'

No one from the LSE Geography Dept. was available for comment.

TAKING THE BISCUIT

Students at the University of East Anglia awoke to an unusual present last week - someone had sellotaped digestive biscuits to doors, windows, street signs and so on. Comic genius PC Diehl commented "We've digested the evidence, but so far we've only come up with a few crumbs." Ho ho ho.

But Flung is intrigued as to what the mystery attacker will do next. Perhaps he - or she, but let's face it, it's such a stupid thing to do that it must have been a bloke - is trying to set up an exhibition with the students from Edinburgh (see above). Or is it all a big Blair-Witch syle freak-out campaign? Perhaps people will start disappearing in the next few days. Or maybe the joke - and the biscuits - will just go stale. Don't bet against an invasion of Farley's Rusks in the near future.

PIPE DREAMS

Has everyone just gone mental this week? A student at Warwick, in a bizarre Deerhunter-cum-porn film episode climbed into the ceiling above a disabled toilet, before later crash-landing into the women's toilet. Quite what motivated the man (yeah, had to be a bloke) is unclear. The bar had actually closed twenty minutes previously, which possibly makes the stalker the most inept pervert in history.

Still, he managed to cause £800 of damage. The Warwick Union intends to make 'an example' of the man. Hmm. Wonder how he'll explain this one to his mum. 'I lost my contact lens' probably won't hold, er, water.

ASDA LA VISTA

More prudishness in Cambridge, where the prospectus has had to ditch nude photos of Asda trainees (don't ask) in case they offend potential applicants. This is presumably because Cambridge applicants are anally-retentive sex-starved blokes, and not because they might object to the virulent anti-union stance of Asda's new owners, Wal Mart.

Asda claimed, intriguingly, that the pictures 'showed life on a graduate training scheme as it really is.' The mind boggles as to what the poor staff at Asda have to do to supplement their pay packets. And no Union reps to help them out. Still, at least they have the satisfaction of knowing that a Cambridge degree has got them as far as Asda.



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JP Morgan

Editorial

Here in the bunker that is the Beaver office, located deep in the bowels of the Clare Market Building, time holds very little relevance. Matters such as fresh air, natural light and the beauty of nature are so rarely experienced that their memory becomes very much fleeting.

However, I was greatly dismayed to find, on emerging from my personal den of iniquity at 5pm, that it was already dark. Obviously something was very much wrong. Two elements were at hand...

Firstly, due to geographical and geological features that I don't quite understand, it appears the sun isn't prepared to afford us too much of her time.

Furthermore, it transpires that our very own government is also plotting against us. Not content with the erosion of student grants, Blair and the boys see to fit to rob me of an hour of sunlight ever day. The ruse operates as follows...

For some archaic reason, every year around this time, there comes a national dictate from Millbank demanding that we all put our clocks back one hour. In the short term this seems like a damn good idea, each one of us getting an extra hour in bed on Sunday morning to do with as we please. But, it soon hits you.

Later in the day you look out of the window to see that it is dark even before you've had a chance to get changed out of your dressing gown.

The justification for this theft of light is that it makes the mornings brighter. For shame. In the words of Franz Kafka "All this lack of sleep makes one quite stupid". To my mind, anybody who arises before 6am should be shunned like the dull bastard they are. How anybody could prefer to have an extra hour in the morning is beyond me. Some interest group must be lobbying the high and mighty.

Then it became apparent. It's clear that the culprits behind why it's so dark, so early, are the Scottish farmers. Grizzled and embittered by a life in the cold and damp highlands, they are intent on robbing us 'Sussanacks', or whatever they choose to call us, of our lingering dusks. We shouldn't stand for this outrage! If they can't stand the heat of an English winter they should damn well get out of the kitchen

I'm reminded of the opinion of my old Geography teacher: "If only we could cut off Scotland and push it out to Iceland, then they'd stop whining"

Harsh words indeed. My view is that there is no need for England to give up its evenings simply to stay in the same time-zone as the Scots, but to lose the Scottish influence on the south would be a great loss.

Enjoy the paper.

Daniel Lewis
Executive Editor

Letters

Sir,
Having read the article on the election results in your esteemed organ this week I feel that I have to clarify certain issues.

First of all, I was not disqualified on the account of gender issue only. The main problem that seems to have dashed my chance of getting elected was a mistake of an administrative nature, namely the failure to declare myself as a linked candidate. This and the "seven word mistake" provided enough grounds for the Constitutional and Steering committee to disqualify me from standing in the elections.

Thus my lapsus calamis on the nomination form had caused the whole disaster. Needless to say, these only reflect the lack of support and guidance from the person(s) who were in charge of handling the election campaign for the Common Sense Revolutionaries, the group whose lined candidate I was supposed to have been. So, one could say that besides the natural opposition of the politically correct and Marxist elements permeating the C&S Committee, one was also let down by one's own people. Invariably, if it had not been for the aforementioned errors (which were highlighted to me upon my verbal appeal to the C&S committee) the gender issue would not have been a significant barrier for me to argue against.

On the same topic, I would just like to put to Union Jack's attention that an attire alla rustica does not matter a single jot whether one is able to handle the duties of women's officer or not, picturesque and charming though Union Jack's observations may have been. Also, the insertion of my rightful title within the

inverted commas by your article writer I have rightly or not construed as just another Marxist ploy not only to deny me my directly accorded rights but also my privileges. Hoping that the errors of similar nature will not happen again, I wish to remain

Yours Faithfully,
Vedad Ramlijak
(principus incognito)

Dear Sir,

I am writing to complain about the way that history students have been marginalised, inconvenienced and generally shafted by the new library arrangements. Whilst other subject collections have been commodiously accommodated in the airy upper tiers of the temporary building the history collection has been largely dispersed in the lower reaches of hell ie. the basement. Not only is it difficult to locate the required reading material but also due to the fragmented way that the history collection has been accommodated if you need two different books it can take ages moving around the labyrinthine basement corridors. I feel that as a small department history has been overlooked in the way the books have been placed in the new library. Unlike many text-book subjects history requires many visits to the library and this has been made a total nightmare.

Yours Faithfully,
James Cooper
The History Society

TheBeaver

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SPARE SOME CHANGE, PLEASE?

Tom Livingstone lifts the lid on the student funding shambles

'I'm just passing debts round at the moment,' says John, a second year Economics student. 'It's demeaning - obviously your mates aren't going to say no if you ask them for twenty quid, but it's a crap state of affairs.'

John (not his real name) is one of 70,000 UK students who have yet to receive their Student Loan cheques. John is lucky enough to still qualify for a grant, although his LEA has yet to provide the funds.

John's story is by no means unique. The LSE, however, has stirred itself into action - an emergency short-term loan of £500 was made available to those experiencing difficulties. So far, eight students have taken up the offer. Nevertheless, the problem persists - 'the money was supposed to be paid back a week ago,' explains John 'but I'm at the limit of an overdraft - I can't get money from the bank - so I can't pay back the cash until the LEA and the Student Loan Company sorts themselves out.' Hence John's desire for anonymity.

'The school has been very good, in fairness,' claims Education and Welfare Sabbatical Becky Little. 'We at the Union can also help students out if they come to see us.' Little, representing the London area students, recently attended a meeting of student officers and the SLC (Student Loan Company). Although the impression is of a token consultation process, many of the main issues were raised, and assurances given that the problems will be sorted out in time for next year.

The crux of the problem seems to be the involvement of three different agencies (The Department for Education and Employment, Local Education Authorities and The SLC) in the process, running separate systems for first, second and third years.



Student hardship hits Houghton Street

Picture: Laure Trebosc

This increases the potential for one agency to blame another for the problems, not to mention the mantra that some matters are 'policy' and others fall into the 'operational' category.

This is small comfort for second year Gareth Peyton, who applied for his loan on time but is still penniless. Says Gareth, 'I applied for my loan in April only to find out that by September, the LEA had not even started processing it. I still haven't received a groat! I've had to borrow from friends who are nearly as skint as I am.'

'The amount of paperwork expected from people is amazing,' says Little. 'People haven't understood what they are expected to do, and have turned up at University with no money. Anecdotal evidence suggests that some students at the LSE decided not to apply for loans at all owing to the complexity of the procedure.'

Another major problem seems to be the lack of concrete information available to students.

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'I've been on the phone to my LEA so many times,' complains John 'but I can't get through to anyone. Even if you do get through, no one

will take responsibility - the LEA blames the SLC, and it goes round in circles.' Union officials who have dealt with the SLC also complain that the SLC too often denies that a problem even exists.

Calls to John's LEA, Liverpool, seems to confirm this state of affairs. 'All 2500 Loan cheques have been issued,' maintained a spokesman. This apparently includes the 7 LSE students who get their grant cheques from Liverpool LEA. 'Clearly there have been teething problems with this new system, but all sides have learnt from it, and hopefully it will all run smoothly next year.'

Not everyone, however, accepts the 'teething problems' excuse. Little points out that LEAs have had since April to administer the system, although the much-publicised software problems seem to have been a government, rather than an LEA error. 'We've been

putting pressure on the SLC and the government since the summer,' explains an NUS spokesman. 'In fact the whole situation would have been much worse had we not taken some action.'

The NUS tactic of embarrassing the SLC by leaking the details of the problem to the media seems to have had some impact. In response to the spate of newspaper articles, LEAs, in conjunction with the government, fast-tracked some of its applications (Liverpool has been processing half its claims manually, and half on computer) - although this system is not without fault: one student received a short-term fast-track cheque, only to have it cancelled a week later while a replacement cheque meandered its way down from the SLC in Glasgow.

Education Minister Baroness Blackstone suggests that the delays are a result of students not applying for their loans in good time. According to Blackstone, 'almost all of the 40,000 still waiting for loans applied late and therefore couldn't really expect to have their loan cheques immediately they put in for them.'

NUS is nevertheless calling for a review of the entire system of student finance in order to prevent such cases recurring in future. Representation on the government's Student Support Design Group gives the NUS the chance to take these concerns directly to the policy makers, although it seems likely that continued pressure will be necessary in order to make anything more than minor changes. In the meantime, John and the rest of us remain at the mercy of the bank Managers.

Additional reporting by Laura Hales

TIME FOR A MAJOR RETHINK

James Corbett offers a different view of the last Tory Prime Minister of the millennium

In Joseph Heller's 1961 anti-war polemic, *Catch-22*, there is a character who goes by the name of Major Major. 'Major Major had been born too late and too mediocre,' wrote Heller. 'Some men are born mediocre, some men achieve mediocrity and some have mediocrity thrust upon them. With Major Major it had been all three. I first read *Catch-22* when John Major's Conservative government was in its last deathly throes. It had spluttered and choked through its full five year term, slowly but not quite laying down to die. It was split down the middle with a Euro-sceptic portion of his party openly voting against their own government week in week out. His party had become a byword for sleaze with the scandals of Piers Merchant, Jonathon Aitken and Neil Hamilton capturing headline after headline. By some miracle his faltering government had not fallen, but with the 1997 General Election approaching it was apparent that the Conservatives had become utterly unelectable.

I remember reading about Major Major and immediately thinking of the Prime Minister. It was mere coincidence that they shared the same name, but for each characteristic of Major Major - his mediocrity, his unpopularity, his having authority thrust upon him - there was one shared with his namesake. For most people John Major was greyness personified, in my mind he became blurred with a fictional character. The lives of the two men ran in parallel: the mediocrity at school, brief success and fulfilment in professional life; meteoric promotion which eventually resulted in resentment from colleagues and unhappiness. Each man was decent, honourable and good. Both were derided for it.

Watching the Major Years on television and reading his autobiography, I came to the realisation that this was a good parallel, yet there is far more to the former Prime Minister than lazy stereotyping can ever give him credit for. He was a mediocre Prime Minister, but few give him



Major salutes the party faithful

Picture: Beaver archive

credit for being a masterful politician. How many other men could have kept a Conservative government, as rife with division and dishonesty as his, in power for six and a half years? He led the party of 'bastards,' but throughout his period in office remained both amenable and affable. The late Alan Clark described him as 'absolutely honourable with utter integrity... unimpeachable,' yet others have mocked him for these very qualities. Peter Hitchens, the right wing journalist recently asked if everyone was "sick" of hearing how nice John Major is? I'm not. Politics has too few gentlemen in these days of such blatant careerism, secret pacts and hidden agendas. Even in the death throes of his government he remained steadfastly loyal to the disgraced Neil Hamilton when lesser men would have coated themselves in teflon.

The popular stereotype of Major is of a boring man, a grey caricature immortalised in latex by Spitting Image. Yet his father (the age gap between father and son was 65 years) led a fascinating life including a career as an acrobat

which spanned both sides of the Atlantic, success and failure in business and a series of extramarital affairs. John himself had seen more of life at the age of thirty than many of his snipers will see in their entire lifetime. He had

How many other men could have kept a Conservative government, as rife with division and dishonesty as his, in power for six and a half years?

lived with an older woman and her children in an era when social attitudes were far less relaxed about such matters. He'd worked in post-colonial Africa, which almost cost him his life when he was involved in a serious car accident in Nigeria. He failed school, but worked his way up to a

respectable professional position with a bank. His charm and easy manner saw him rise through the ranks of the Conservative Party. At thirty he was Councillor Major. Six years later he was John Major MP. At the age of forty seven he was Prime Minister Major.

Few political ascendancies have been so quick and his rise up the cabinet table - from Foreign Secretary to Chancellor to Prime Minister within the space of seventeen months - was with unprecedented speed. It's a popularly held argument, and one which to an extent he subscribes to himself, that his rise was too meteoric, that he was simply unable to maintain the pace of change and suffered the political consequences as a result. Major Major had mediocrity thrust upon him, but John Major had a political career thrust upon him, which left him open to charges of mediocrity.

The reason why so little has previously been divulged about John Major's past has been that he was unwilling to earn political brownie points from his ordinary background. It's not his style. One of the reasons he was chosen as

leader of the Conservative Party, believes Norman Lamont, was his background. Yet it was always others who played it up, it has never been something he has willingly brought into the public view. The result has been a series of half truths twisted by the journalists who dug them up to make Major's colourful family seem both weird and eccentric. It has only been with the publication of his memoirs that the record has been set straight. Few considered that beyond the imposing facade of Whitehall, behind the large black door of 10 Downing Street, beneath the grey exterior, John Major still had feelings too.

Politics for Major meant redemption from the mediocrity and failure of his adolescence. He worked with sheer diligence and an unflinching belief in what he was doing. His day would typically begin at five in the morning where he would study before a day's work at the bank, followed by an evening working for the Conservative Party. He later came to epitomise the self-made, self taught Thatcherite ideal, though it took years for his grit and determination to resemble any tangible form of success. Indeed this merely makes the later speed of his achievements seem even more incredible. For years he laboured through party committees and later on council committees as a mere hack. It took him eight years between first receiving the candidature for the unwinnable St Pancras North seat and finally winning a seat for the Huntingdon Constituency in 1979.

The most important events in John Major's life have always come about because of instinctive decisions, which might seem strange given the aura of caution he seemingly exhudes. But it was the instinctiveness of Mrs Thatcher which saw John Major rise from his mute role as Chief Secretary to that of leader of party in less than

continued on page 10

SINGLE CURRENCY HOMESICK BLUES

James Meadway is finding the Euro debate singularly uninspiring

Okay, boys and girls, here's a dilemma for you: which would you choose? On the one hand we have Tory leader William Hague, naked but for a large Union Jack wrapped around his slight Yorkshire frame, bellowing for all he's worth about saving the pound from meddling 'Brussels bureaucrats.' On the other hand, we see Tony Blair. He, too, is wrapped in a Union Jack, although thankfully the suit has remained on. Behind him, yet more of the Tory walking dead - Michael Heseltine and Ken Clarke amongst them - growl menacingly and drool unpleasantly. 'Modernise, modernise,' they mutter, wide, staring eyes rolling around sunken eye-sockets. So, go on then, whose side are you on?

The Euro, it has to be said, is a nice idea. Simply in terms of the amount of hassle it would save when travelling abroad, it has a certain appeal. It doesn't matter in the slightest whether or not the Queen's features are adorning our cash; the really good, important thing about money is that you can buy things with it. That's why people want money, not so they can stare anew upon Her Majesty's beauteous features. The idea, too, that the pound is 'our' pound is ludicrous. I don't remember ever once being consulted about the interest rate or the exchange rate. Important monetary decisions,



Who is flying the Euro flag in Britain?

Picture: Beaver Archive

affecting people's jobs and livelihoods, are made by an entirely unelected group of big business friends at the top of the Bank of England. 'Our' money doesn't unite us - it symbolises our real divisions. Someone with millions of pounds lives a world away from the vast majority of people in this country, who are lucky if they have a few quid to scrape together at the end of each day. 'Our' pound isn't ours at all - it's theirs.

So stuff the pound. Forward with Blair to a bright new shiny happy future for Britain! Hurrah! However, the euro comes with a catch. There is a nasty sting lurking behind the promises. The Maastricht Treaty spelt it out - for European integration to be achieved, strict economic criteria have to be met. Every country in the euro has to keep public sector borrowing below 3 percent of their total output. This has led to wave after wave of austerity measures

across Europe; even with a certain amount of jiggling around the rules, European governments - of whatever supposed political leaning - have slashed public spending. This is the sting - European industry is to be rationalised, Europe-wide. The hope is that the short, sharp shock of the euro can jolt European firms back into international competitiveness, through cutting wage costs, and removing inefficient, uncompetitive firms -

that is, increasing unemployment. Already, one in ten German workers are out of work.

However, Britain is in a somewhat different position to the rest of the EU. Large sections of British capital are firmly committed to closer European integration, as seen, for example, in the charring of the Britain into Europe launch by Lord Marshall, chairman of British Airways. Captains of industry see their future business interests lying with still closer European integration, and are positively salivating at the prospect of a vast and wealthy free-trade zone, complete with limitless opportunities for capital movements and a highly-skilled, educated workforce.

At the same time, comparably large sections of British capital see their own interests as lying outside the euro zone. The Business for Sterling campaign is led by former British Rail boss, Lord Marsh. They hope, mainly, to keep Britain running as a fairly dismal cowboy economy, out to make a quick buck from trade with the US and the rest of the world. Further European integration, with the threat of their own 'rationalisation,' is too great a risk.

Essentially, the entire euro debate is a charade: the election of social-democratic governments across the EU show hopes people have for change; the fight for those changes is only just beginning.

MAJOR OVERHAUL

continued from page 9

five hundred days. Obviously she appointed him first as Foreign Secretary and then Chancellor. But in brushing aside two colleagues as highly respected as Geoffrey Howe and Nigel Lawson she created a huge groundswell of opinion against herself. This caused an irreconcilable rift between the left and the right of the party creating a vacuum for John Major to step into. As much as Thatcher was the maker of her successor, she was also the maker

of her own downfall.

The fundamental problem with John Major's time as Prime Minister was that he inherited a government mid-term and was forced to continue with most of his predecessor's policies and personnel until the 1992 Election. When that was unexpectedly won it was won with a margin so narrow that Major was left with little room for manoeuvre. When a Euro-sceptic faction began voting against the government it was the whips office as much as any other factor which prevented it from being toppled. The circumstances for John Major to go down as a great or even a good Prime

Minister simply never existed.

Yet few remember his achievements - he put culture back on the national agenda, funded primarily by a national lottery which came about at his instigation. He raised the standard of public services, proved to be a doughty negotiator at Maastricht and presided over the Gulf War. He won an unwinnable General Election and orchestrated the recovery from one of the century's worst recessions. Perhaps his greatest achievement was in laying the foundations for peace in Northern Ireland, something the likes of Lloyd George had failed to do. For a time he was the most

popular Prime Minister for thirty years and after the 1997 General Election defeat received 400,000 letters of support.

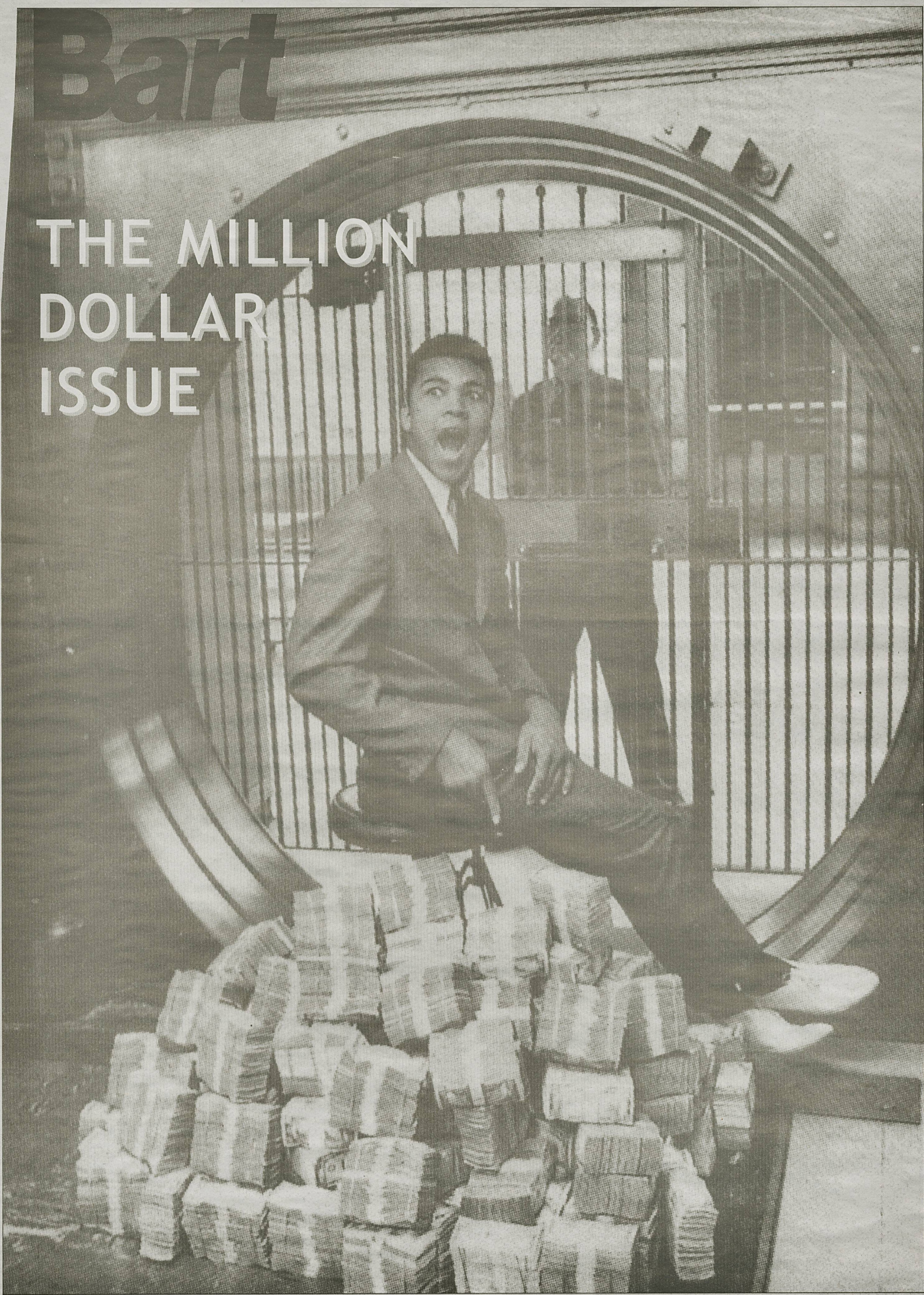
Yet it is for the continual crises he faced during his time in office which make his recent memoirs one of the best political autobiographies in years. Black Wednesday, cash for questions, the 'bastards', the Euro rebels, the recession, the Gulf War - they're all there, and each dealt with candidly and with the integrity John Major has rightly become known for.

Finally reading his side of the story you come to the conclusion that Major wasn't just a grey blur in the history of British politics, but an

able and gifted politician who adapted well to the difficult circumstances he was faced with. A mediocre PM he may well have been, but he had qualities as a person lacking in many who went before him. In an era of presentation obsessed politics where the ability to charm lazy journalists with lazy soundbites is more important than the integrity of your character and substance of views, it's almost inconceivable that a grey man in a grey suit can ever again rise so meteorically. The days of grey have passed and to the eternal detriment of British politics we may never see the likes of John Major again.

Bart

THE MILLION DOLLAR ISSUE



@ THE LONDON FILM FESTIVAL...

SPICEY SCREEN SAUCE

SUE BUTT REVIEWS COTTON MARY, STARRING NONE OTHER THAN INDIAN SAUCE QUEEN MADHUR JAFFREY - KORMA OR MADRAS?

Madhur Jaffrey now is better known to you for her curry cooking sauces than as an actress! In *Cotton Mary* she co-directs and stars in the lead role.

The setting for the film is 1950s post-colonial India where Cotton Mary (Madhur Jaffrey) befriends expatriate Lily Macintosh (Greta Scacchi) after she is rushed into an old Army hospital for the premature birth of her second child. Cotton Mary, one of the nurses on duty, forms a close relationship with Lily Macintosh when she has problems breast feeding her new born baby. Lily soon becomes increasingly dependent upon Cotton Mary who provides a lifeline for the baby by taking it to her wheel chair bound sister for breast feeding. As this plot slowly unfolds we see how this trusting relationship is in a

predictable fashion abused by Cotton Mary, who attempts to become the dominant figure in the household and at the same time acquire the status associated with that which is attributed to the colonial white British.

Cotton Mary has a few strong well acted scenes where the struggles and aspirations faced by Indian women in a post-colonial society are tackled with real vigour. But these are few and far between and the weak, predictable and disjointed story line fails to provide a coherent framework upon which these issues could ever be truly bought to the fore. Madhur Jaffrey fails to gel the film together or make it any more stimulating to watch. While this is clearly an attempt to examine and uncover a subject area relatively untouched by the big screen, it is a shame that

Cotton Mary does not provide a more thought provoking insight into the lives of Indian women in their post-colonial society. It only manages to scratch the surface of a whole range of interesting debates which never really get explored in the way a hungry audience demands. Stick to the cooking, Madhur!



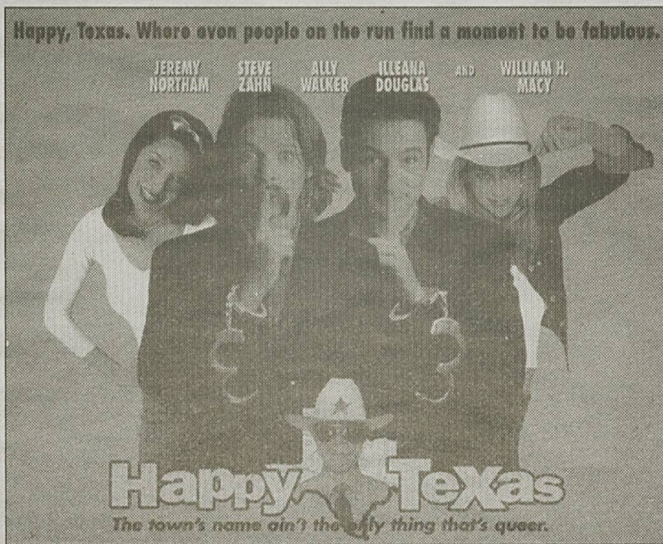
HAPPY TEXAS

MATT BERRY DISCOVERS COMEDY DELIGHTS IN THE LONE STAR STATE

Happy Texas tells the story of two escaped convicts, Harry Sawyer (Jeremy Northam) and Wayne Wayne Jnr. (Steve Zahn). Driving along the freeway they are picked up by a local sheriff, Sheriff Chappy (William H. Macy), to whom they grudgingly hand over their short-lived freedom. Chappy puts them on the stand in the main auditorium of his town - Happy, Texas - where they are ordered to start 'preparations' immediately.

It suddenly dawns on the fugitives that the getaway camper they stole belonged to a couple of gay pageant producers who had been hired by the good people of Happy to co-ordinate their

upcoming entry for the state pageant. And to remain incognito they have little choice but to play along with the expectations.



Their lives are far from happy as they both fall deeper in love with the only two pretty girls in town, getting dangerously close to revealing their true sexuality. Remarkably Wayne Wayne Wayne gains inspiration from his young

pageant charges and their dotty and very up-for-it school mistress, Ms Doreen Schaefer, and becomes quite the dance maestro. Harry falls for the gorgeous bank manager, Josephine, who he's trying to rob, and the whole raucous affair catches fire, much to the squealing delight of the audience. *Happy Texas* is a truly hilarious gem, a real surprise. It follows traditional lines of a fast-paced romantic comedy with great elements of farce and original wit. It's true armadillo country and boy do they make the most of it. The cast is gels superbly and it's wonderful seeing comedy belles like Illeana Douglas and Ally Walker finally treating us to their fine range of talents. *Happy Texas* @ London Film Festival. 3-18 November in Leicester Square. Call 0906 613 2000 for programme details.

MAD GENIUS

TAMMY BEHR GETS UNDER JOHN MALKOVICH'S SKIN

When was the last time you tried to get inside some famous person's body? What on earth made you try it? Did you fancy a shag with Melanie Griffith and decided that Antonio Banderas was your best bet? Or were you in desperate need of recognition and chose to leap inside Nicole Kidman at one of the *Eyes Wide Shut* premieres to be snapped by the pap for all mankind? Whatever your excuse - you're weird.

But that not all. News has it you've got a friend in the totally mad and completely original Spike Jonze, whose excellent *Being John Malkovich* is the key to kicking your LSD habit. Watch this and you'll never go back.

The premise is bizarre. An ugly nerd, who is married to a sad pet store owner, gets a job as a filing clerk at a company so peculiar that it is located on a half floor - a cost-cutting measure. He falls in love with a beautiful colleague who shuns his attention like haletosis. Then, dropping a file behind a partition, the nerd discovers a portal - into the head of John Malkovich. For 15 minutes you get

to be JM before being spewed out on the New Jersey Turnpike.

Nerdy-boy and sexy-girl set up a business and entering JM soon becomes a nightly pastime for the weird and wonderful. But sooner or later nerdy-boy's pet shop wife tries the ride and falls in love with sexy-girl - but sexy-girl will only make love to pet shop wife when she's in Malkovich's body.

In a shell of nut this is one fuct up story. But imagine what happens when John Malkovich finds out about the exploitation of his person and decides to see what all the fuss is about first hand.

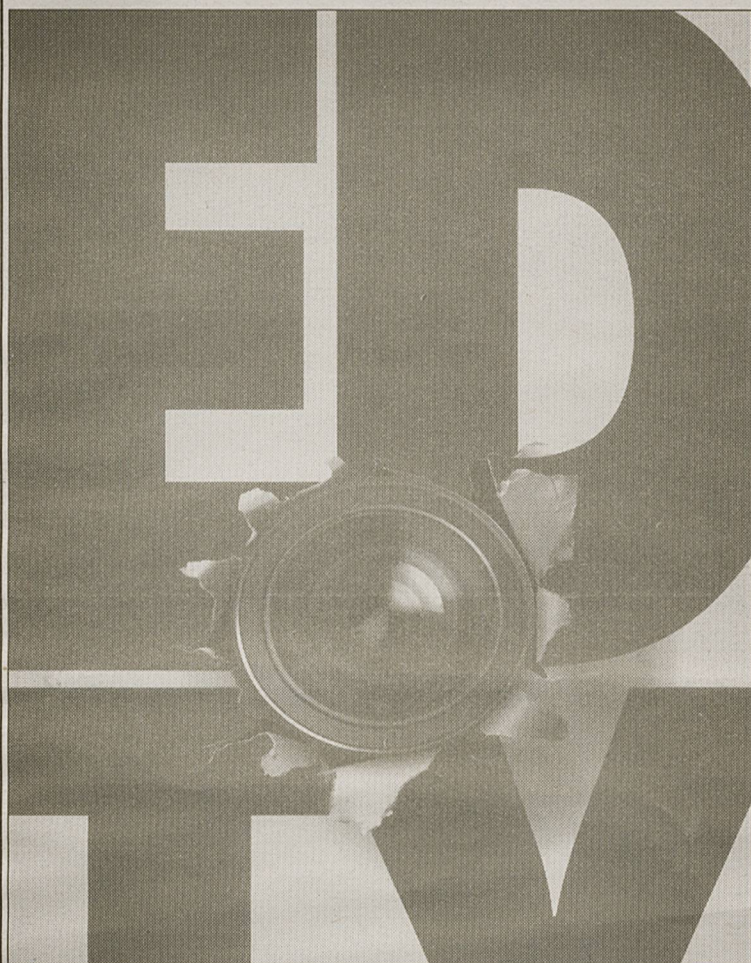
This is possibly the most surreal movies you will ever see, considering such concepts are usually the territory of art students. It is also the most fantastically original and bafflingly amazing piece of visual storytelling ever produced. *Alice in Wonderland* comes to mind.

Cameron Diaz, John Cusack, and Catherine Keener are fantastic but Spike Jonze is clearly the one to watch. See it to believe it - now.

LFF - 0906 613 2000 (60p/min)

WANNA BE ON TV?

WELL YOU WON'T FIND OUT HOW HERE, BUT YOU CAN WIN TICKETS TO A SPECIAL ADVANCE SCREENING OF ED TV, THE SEASON'S HOTTEST COMEDY



You're Live on EdTV! Yes it's finally here and we've got a bunch of tickets up for grabs for you lucky guys to catch an early preview of this year's hot comedy.

EdTV follows the often hilarious and sometimes painful predicaments suffered by the members of a quirky family when the youngest son, Ed, an unambitious video store clerk played brilliantly by Matthew McConaughey, is plucked from obscurity and becomes the big TV hit of the season when he agrees to have his life aired on cable 24 hours a day. Trumanesque in proposition but radically different - ie. better - EdTV is the comedy of the month.

We're giving away 5 pairs of tickets for a preview screening on Sunday 14th November at the UCI Plaza on Lower Regents Street. To get your mits on a pair just answer this easy peasey question...

In which superb John Grisham film did Matthew McConaughey star as a hot shot lawyer alongside Sandra Bullock?

Send your answers on a postcard (EdTV Screening, Beaver, SU Bulinding, Houghton Street, London. WC2A 2AE) or pop them into C023 - under the Tuns - by Thursday 11th November, 6pm.

This is a fantastic opportunity to experience True TV first hand, so don't delay - get those entries in now. Good luck...



TIME CRISIS

A SOLUTION TO HIGH TESTOSTERONE LEVELS

Stressed out? Haven't had/got any recently? Don't worry, it's natural as an LSE student... I just feel sorry for those past LSE students who had to live through their three years here without a stress reliever. But we've got a solution! LSE has provided us with Time Crisis, a terrorist sabotage simulator game. You get a gun, three lives, and a chick (president's daughter) whose taken hostage by a globally feared terrorist, who's hiding in a tiny island. All you gotta do is fly onto that island, kill some 500 guards and finally end up with a man-to-man fight against this knife throwing bastard terrorist.

Usually with these kind of shooting games to reload the gun you have to shoot off screen. But

my clever Japanese brothas thought up of something funkier. The game console is composed of a screen which you see your opponents in (as usual), a gun, and a pedal... yes, a pedal. When you aren't slamming your foot down on a pedal, your character on-screen is hiding, usually behind a crate or a pillar. Press the pedal, and starting blasting the gun off at all the bastards you see in your range. These cheeky gits come in various colours. You got the usual blue guys who are shit at shooting at you; don't worry if you get hit by their bullets, they won't decrease your life. Just blast their asses. Then you get the yellow guys with big, bloody bazookas; they take time to set up their shit and shoot at you, so it should be easy to kill

'em. Then there are the brown military-suited wankers who like shooting a lot, and are kinda dangerous, but more than anything they run around a lot, so be sure to hit them as fast as possible. The worst are the reddish pink guys. All their shots hit you, and when you see them fire a shot, instantaneously release the pedal, so you can dodge the shot (see the bullet flying past), then slam the pedal again and cap his ass. The pedal is really useful for dodging from the bullets. There's a bit of a time constraint but that shouldn't be a problem.

There are a couple of tricks, like the crates which have a sticker with a red 'X' on it. Shoot it three times or so and it explodes,

wiping out all opponents around it. It's quite useful. Appears 2 times on the first level. This may sound quite sadistic, but I, at least, feel really good after playing the game... See, you don't need to go out, buy a gun through illegal means and kill people to relieve your stress...

Or you don't need to be like Grayfix and fear the intruder, being suspicious of everyone. Just plop 50p and play Time Crisis: A better alternative for using your right hand.

Eswar Mani:
Computer games junkie





**milk n 2
sugars**

THE WEEKLY SESSIONS

The Social Darlings of High Holborn took time out from their hectic social schedule to check out Milk 'N' 2 Sugars@ The Annexe, Dean St. Soho.

"Two teas and coffee? Oh, I can't remember. Tea and milk?" We had great difficulty remembering the name of the club night, which we were reviewing last Friday at the Annexe, at 1 Dean Street Soho. (*Let that be a warning to you kids don't use drugs- Ed*) Despite its name, Milk and Two Sugars with its subterranean, cavernous atmosphere is about as far as is possible from the breakfast or afternoon tea connotations its name suggests.

Positioned centrally in an area of London which seems able to produce a different venue for nocturnal revelry every night of the year, the Annexe provides a place to go if you want a chilled out trainer wearing night, drinking and dancing with a fairly trendy young crowd.

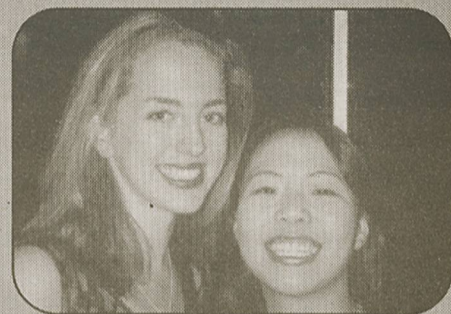
We are the first to admit, it was the not normal type of venue we would choose for a Friday night out. Call us old-fashioned, but we like to at least make some kind of an effort when we go out. We wear trainers far too frequently to the gym or to dash for those horrendous nine a.m. lectures to want to wear them out in the evening. However, since a large proportion of people do not think "dressing up" is obligatory for a successful evening out it would be more their scene. Certainly the atmosphere in the club was just as brilliant as it would have been if everyone was wearing their Gucci loafers and high-heels.

Speaking to some of the other clubbers there, we got the impression that many of them were there for the music. We do have a sneaky suspicion that quite a substantial number of people we spoke to were big fans of the D.J.'s, as they were all being exceptionally complimentary about the tracks played. Tim, the evening's promoter, described the music as "underground house"; now, what underground house is, is another question entirely, we really liked it, but if cheesy pop tunes and chart toppers are your cup of tea, then Milk and Two Sugars is really not the place for you.

Next week Milk and Two Sugars at the Annex will continue its special deal for L.S.E. students. If you take a copy of the Beaver with you, admission is half price at five pounds, which is definitely a good bargain for a weekend night out in central London.

Yes that's right folks! £5 entry all night! Why not go down there after crush for a few more drinks... and some quality tunes... Fuck your Accounting and Finance Degree and have good night out. BO-YA!

FRANNY AND VICTORIA'S SOCIAL DIARY



Why do we look so horrendous," we asked ourselves repeatedly this week. Our daily routine consists of crawling to class, fueled by endless cups of coffee, scarfing down chocolate bars, partying all night, and getting about three hours of sleep a day.

Friday saw us putting together another guest list, this time to Lounge-jing in Mayfair. By the time we arrived at the party, we were completely exhausted, having spent literally days compiling lists, giving directions, and allotting people their "fake names." We really like Lounge-jing, with its snazzy, hypnotic lava lamps and lethal, spiral staircase, which provides entertainment as drunken people slip and fall.

Saturday night, Halloween's Eve, found us hanging out with yet more American boys, despite our promises to ourselves to stay in and have an early night. This evening, though, we stayed away from London's bars and clubs and went to a house party instead. The house party gave us evidence that people live in greater luxury than that available at the fluorescently-lit High Holborn Residence. Never before have we seen such ingenious costumes, from the One Night Stand to a fully grown 30 year old man in diapers!

Sunday saw us celebrating my (Franny) father's arrival in London. For once we ate meals that didn't come out of a can. But two words of warning, should you be dining at Bank (which we might add was very tasty): (a) try not to walk into one of the many large mirrors and (b) avoid going on a full scale safari tour of the kitchen on the way to the loos (the waiters almost dropped our food laughing at us).

Tuesday night saw us visiting Lounge-jing yet again, this time because an old school friend of mine (Victoria) was organizing a party there. We are assured the party was a success toward the end of the evening, but we couldn't really comment as we left early due to a couple of people with constipated personalities.

Our next port-of-call was the Kabaret club, allegedly one of the hottest private drinking dens in London. You wouldn't get this impression from the décor, with its tacky Christmas lights, plywood tables disguised only by nasty velveteen tablecloths, and beaded curtains hanging over doorways. Looks, however, can be deceiving. The chilled atmosphere and eclectic cheesy music meant we danced until our feet hurt. Later on still, we were whisked away by our friend Adam, a lover of garish surfer shorts, for a late night meal of steamed rice and barbecue pork at a Chinese restaurant, where he shocked the restaurant owners by introducing us as his Wives Nos. 1 and 2. We wasted the remainder of the night away, playing Sony Playstation at Adam's Flat and watching movies. We were having a great time until 3 o'clock the next afternoon, when we had to sneak back into Holborn wearing the clothing we had on the night before!!!

TheBeaver GUIDE TO BEING A WANKER... IN HALLS

By now those "lucky" enough to escape the perils of the London rented housing market will be comfortably settled in to your L.S.E. or intercollegiate hell-hole, sorry hall. You should start to extend "Being a Wanker" into your new home... astonishing your fellow inmates with your immediate transference of all your bad domestic habits into your new accomodation. By the end of Michaelmas term you should have picked up at least ten of these new "wankerskills" which TheBeaver graciously prints here for your reference...

Blast the subwarden with a fire extinguisher, calling him a "cunt" when he breaks up your crack smoking party at 4am.

Start the day with a rousing chorus of ABBA's "Dancing Queen" whilst showering in the morning. Ensure you wake up everyone on the corridor with your hideous warblings.

You are a good-looking girl. After the first few weeks rather than frequent the hall bar you go to the Cafe de Paris and Browns everynight. In exchange for over priced drinks and lines of cocaine snorted off fat 30 year old executive stomachs you allow yourself to be used as a sexual plaything of the rich.

Dressed in a boring jumper you and your mates hang around in unlikely places such as the laundry room talking endlessly about your Econ B homework and your applications for internships.

Carefully put the seat down on any communal toilet before liberally spraying it with rancid, rusty smelling piss. Never fail to leave bits of toilet paper stuck to the seat.

Contrive to spend all your three years in the same hall. Never attempt to leave the building except for your Accounting and Finance lectures. You none the less loudly deride the hall as "shit" to all newcomers.

You monopolise the computer room at all hours of the day. You're often found queueing for a workstation on a Friday night only to e-mail "friends" you spoke to five minutes earlier. Your hard-disk space is used to store vast amounts of pornography and unamusing jokes from the internet. You ignore the frustration of those who merely want to type out their essay.

Litter communal areas with the remains of your chicken take-away meal allowing a foul stench of rotonn meat to pervade the area for the next 24 hours.

With your ear pressed firmly against the wall of your room you masturbate loudly and with

mounting excitement as your next door neighbour makes love.

During the week you never leave your room where your textbooks keep you fascinated. At 7pm on a Friday night you emerge to begin a desperate tour of all areas of the hall in an attempt to find some fellow loners to go to the Crush with.

You are a hall committee member, elected on a promise to transform the social life of your hall. 1 year later and all you've managed to arrange is a couple of video evenings. You are duly re-elected the following year.

BAKER'S DOZEN with JIMMY BAKER



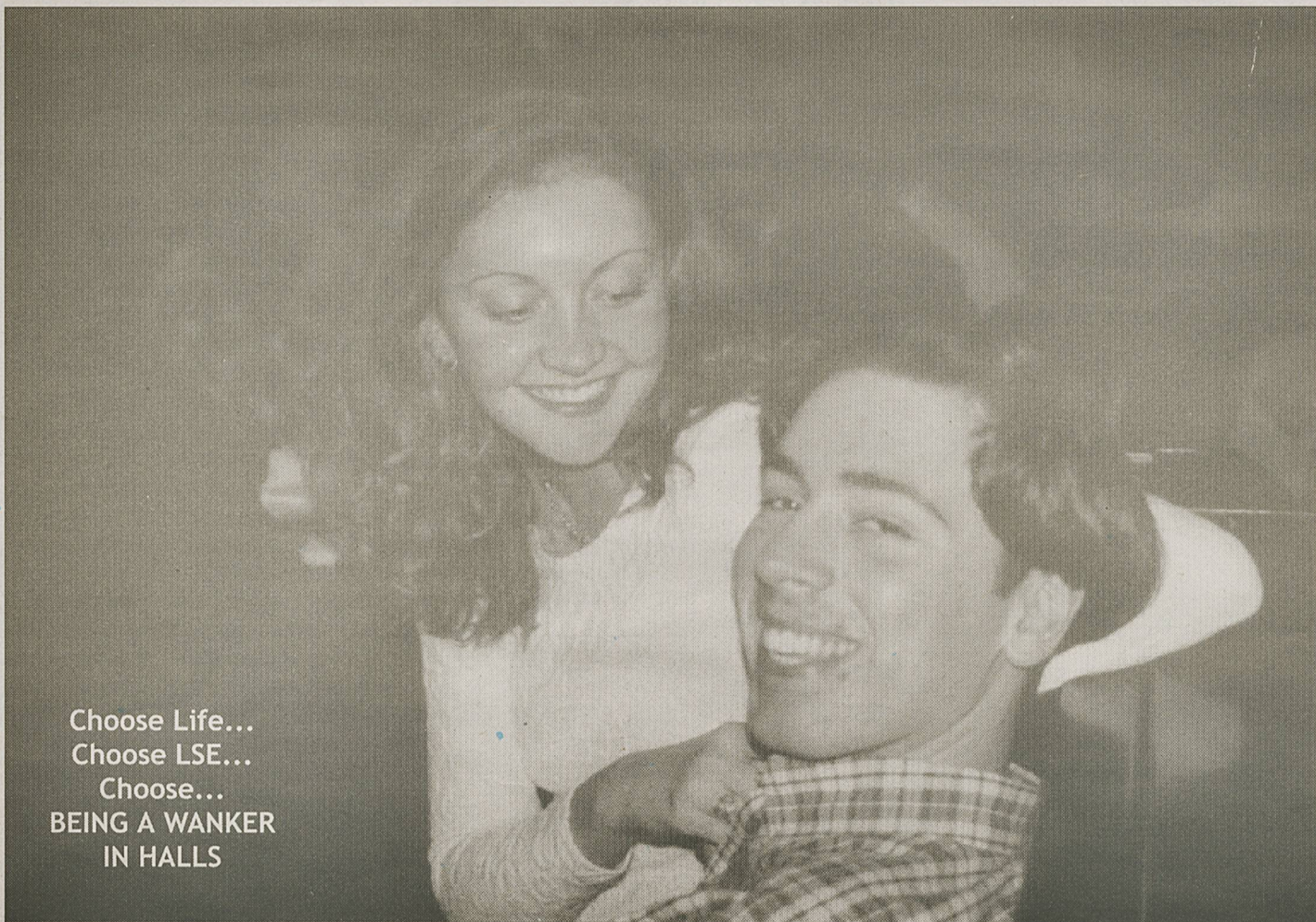
Vedad gets more of a cheeky chappie as the days go on. Not only has he wasted our time with his women's officer stint he has now taken up stealing as a hobby... Our slippery posh friend came into the Tuns and asked for a single half pint glass last Wednesday. And what did he want in this glass? A Malibu and coke? A swift Pimms? Meths? No, nothing, just an empty glass. Our cheeky Vedad then proceeded to exit the Tuns, afore mentioned glass in hand and disappeared into the night. Consequently Paul, the assistant bar manager, ran after the youth shouting "Come back here you cheeky cunt" but Vedad had already given him the slip. If anyone has any information leading to the recovery of the half glass please call Crimestoppers now. You don't have to give your name and you could claim a community action trust reward.

Alan Hatton seems to be giving the new Virtua Striker 2 game an extended period of testing. Content that his Ents program can run by the magic of elves and pixies working behind the scenes, he seems to feel that his time and our money is better spent playing computer games.

Perhaps he's aiming to become a professional hustler and will start hanging round the arcades of Soho challenging young fools to a game on Puzzle Bobble and Pacman for twenty notes. Here's a tip Alan, you're a very nice bloke and we all like you, but sort it out, don't let us see you constantly playing games in the Tuns, ring up the nice people at Sony who I'm sure will give you a free playstation and play to your heart's content in your office. That way if you are actually wasting your day no one need know but you.

Final word, if anyone wants to take my library books back, please get in touch. I'm willing to pay nothing but will give you the satisfaction of knowing you are helping out a fellow LSE "student." You can pay the fines as well while you're at it. I think it was 27 quid by the last count and it's rising by the hour.

See you next week when I'm quite sure I'll have something or someone else to moan about. And remember, a bird in the hand is worth two in a mag.



Choose Life...
Choose LSE...
Choose...
BEING A WANKER
IN HALLS

NEWS

ROCK OUT!!

One of the only few societies actually worth giving a shit about, The Live Music Society, is holding its first event on Tuesday November 16th. It is, it says here, an 'Open Mike Bohemian Lovin'. What this entails will actually be decided on the day, but it's certain to involve a bunch of LSE student bands vibing away in the Quad. If you fancy checking out homegrown hopefuls, the event (which is the first of its kind since Mick Jagger dropped out) is free for members, or £1 for all non-members/ non-students. The event begins at 8pm and will end in the wee hours of the morning when the die-hards will stumble into a taxi and throw up in it. Probably.

JOIN NINE INCH NAILS!!

Well slap me thigh and call me Jack, you too can join Trent Reznor in his attempts to paint the whole world black. The idol of many a depressed American High School teen, is currently looking for female backing singers. But guess if you wear a dress and can do a falsetto voice, you can get away with being a bloke, though. Send your demo tapes to PO Box 161095, Cleveland, Ohio, 44116, USA. Fingers crossed!

GIGS THIS WEEK

Gigs in and around London this week include the following:

Eminem @ the Astoria (0171 434 0404), Mon 8th November. That nasty Slim Shady character horrifies London with his filthy lyrics. I'll be at the front.

Flaming Lips @ Kentish Town Forum (0171 433 0044), Weds 10th November.

Weirdo Americans who sing about eating Vaseline on toast. They don't come to these shores very often, so make sure you don't miss 'em.

Libido @ The Barfly (0171 482 4808), Thurs 11th November. Scandy's finest return with their Posies-like harmonies and power-pop rock. Last time they played here they gave us only half an hour of bliss, so let's hope they've built up some stamina on their break.

Sugar Plum Fairies @ The Barfly (0171 482 4808), Fri 12th November.

If you don't fancy getting totally rat-arsed at Crush, then you can also get rat-arsed at the Falcon. Apparently better live than on record, you have to admit it's worth checking out.

BARRY WHITE SAVED MY LIFE

Jonny France deep throats Barry White's new album

Barry White
Staying Power

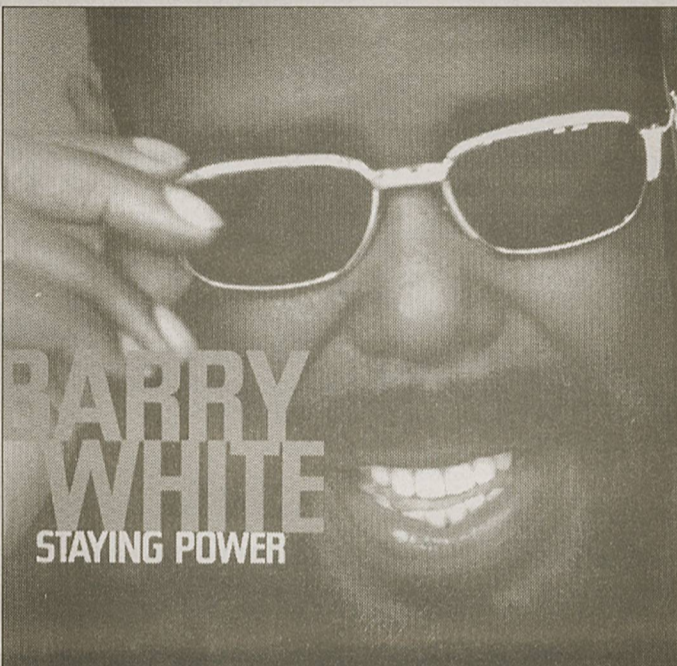
Lambasted and ridiculed by the new puritans of today, Barry White was actually one of the finest exponents of ghetto-sex musical epics during the post-Vietnam comedown. During the seventies the inner cities erupted, communities fragmented and disco ruled the airwaves, but Barry White continued to deliver his aching paeans to the soulful, languid pleasures of late night shagging. Anyone who doubts the essentiality of Barry White should check out the humungous "Never Gonna Give You Up", or better still listen to it in the context of the movie "Dead Presidents". Now Barry White is back to prove that he can still hold his own against all those young pretenders from D'Angelo to Will Smith. But of course, even at 60, no one can please the laydeez quite like Barry White. The young and virile crumble before his awesome

sexual capacity and "Staying Power". All of the loverman's musical trademarks are present and correct; squelching bass, climatic strings and formidable track length to soundtrack the most protracted of evenings. Naked and austere, tracks such as "Staying Power", "Don't Play Games" and "The Longer we Make Love" hint at prime cut Barry

White. As a musical journey, the album makes few concessions to the more wholesome requirements of daytime listening. This is a soundtrack conceived for one milieu only.

Yet the accompanying joie de vivre of old tunes such as "Gonna Make Love to You" is missing. His new material resounds with a hollow emptiness, a vague melancholy, not to mention a trying lack of inspiration. Has the master finally grown tired of his muse? Has a lifetime of unmitigated pleasure, dedicated to servicing the opposite sex, taken its toll? Is this what happens when one hangs around in LA for too long? Ill-advised sleaze versions of "Low Rider" and "Thank You" (The Family Stone) convince that a night in with Barry White is no longer the revelation it once promised to be. Don't bother with this flaccid album, check out Beck's latest single for some serious sex music.

★★★★☆



SOME MOTHERS DO HAVE 'EM

Andrew Swann gives a disapproving tut and headshake to the Little Mothers' new album

Little Mothers
The Worry

So, rock is dead according to the music press and here, quite frankly is exhibit A. If record companies are going to keep signing faceless, uninspired britpop rip-offs, then they certainly are digging their own

graves. Here Island are to blame for forcing upon us this debut album, quite aptly named 'The Worry'.

Little Mothers are completely unknown and destined to stay that way. The cover of the album is bland, the title is bland, the band's image is bland and, believe it or not, so are the songs. Sounding like a simultaneous rip

off of all the bad b-sides by the Stone Roses, Gomez, Shed Seven, Embrace (the list is endless, but you get the idea), this album serves to illustrate the dangers of cloning. There are no stand out songs, they all contain a bit of jangly or acoustic guitar, a few quiet vocals,

minimal musical talent and absolutely no imagination whatsoever. This is completely unnecessary. At this moment in time technology is at the point where musical possibilities are endless and bands are making use of this (take the Super Furrries for instance). It doesn't take much effort to add the odd sample or loop to liven up a dull song. OK, so blame the producer, but there is honestly nothing he could do with such a bad collection of crap.

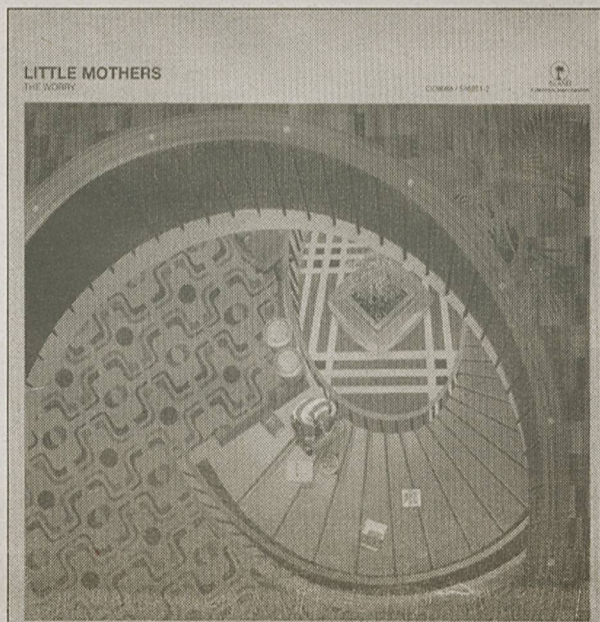
There is absolutely no justice in the music business. Whilst bands are struggling live with no recognition, faceless wank like this is being given cash advances and studio time. The fact we

even got sent a copy of this illustrates that they are getting some publicity too. Island don't need to do this, they have some bloody good bands on their subsidiary labels, such as the mighty Ingo Star Cruiser, who never even get a second glance, or whiff of publicity.

Whatever happens, rock is not dead, it is the A&R brain which is dying. This is a shame, because in what should be an era of exciting revelations, the labels are pouring out the same old indie-schmindie dross. It just keeps getting worse.

☆☆☆☆☆

Andrew Swann



★★★★★	Zara Phillips
★★★★☆	The Queen Mum
★★★☆☆	Prince Charles
★★☆☆☆	Princess Margaret
★☆☆☆☆	Prince Phillip

Krust Coded Language

Krust's eagerly anticipated debut album finally hits the streets this month and if you were one of the bass hungry fans shocking out at Krust's live set a couple of weeks back at Planet V then you'll have already had the privilege of hearing the tastiest cuts from the album (speaking of which, did Dillinja not smash up the place, as predicted?). Coded Language is a veritable plethora of sounds: darkness and light; soft laid back chillers and deep, angry sleep depriving headfuk madness.

Krust teams up once again for many of the tunes on the album with vocalist Morgan, whose voice



works at its best on the strongest, fiercest tunes such as Excuses, but by far, the jewel in Krust's crown is Coded Language featuring the angry poetic vocals of Slam star Saul Williams. Described by Knowledge magazine as 'Gil Scott Heron's 'The Revolution Will Not Be Televised' for the jungle generation', the tune is fast and furious, absolutely bad, and the video's rough as well.

The Warhead massive won't be disappointed with the rolling drums of the already huge dancefloor smash Tribute, nor with the tight and impolite trademark d'n'b toons Noble Assassins and Second Movement. Krust even caters for the downtempo massive with Overture and Guilty, for the Marc Pallis stylee classical music crew with the pensive strings of One Moment, and definitely 'reprazents' for all the jazz and funk fusion lovers. Mmmm...Nice.

★★★★☆

Jo Serieux

WE HAVE TAKE-OFF!!!

Marc Campbell gets lost in space with Apollo Four Forty

Apollo Four Forty Getting High Off Your Own Supply

Apollo 440 no doubt came to the attention of many of us through their remix of the Lost In Space theme tune. Even with the rudimentary sampling of lines from Matt Le Balsewood's part (a notable clanger - "Last one to kill a bad guy, buys the beers"), the song is an exhilarating experience; break-neck guitars accompanying the original tune. Tracks two, three and four are of a similar vein, reflecting the sound of half of the album. Stop the Rock (the most recent single) is particularly infectious, an amalgamation of catchy guitar riffs, sample and organs to a stonking beat. I apologise. Reviewing a group like Apollo 440, leads to tendencies of adjective-overload when attempting to convey the sheer energy of their music. I shall try afresh with the next song, Crazee horse. To summarise the tune in three words: Semi-official high-octane cock. Shit.

Moving on, I'm sure Apollo 440 will be a blistering live experience similar to Prodigy, especially in Cold rock the mike (echoes of Fuck them and their law).

There is respite from the frenetic atmosphere of the album in the more chilled out tracks one, six, seven and Man in the Ghost / eight. (This last song triggers my confusion in dance acts' choices of song-titles. How can you equate barmy psychologists' attempts to understand the testosterone-traits of Caspar the friendly Ghost, to the tones of a mellow beat and finger-picking? Numbering the songs one to ten would no doubt be just as informative.) Nonsense

Sugar Plum Fairies Fruit Karma

So we stumble across the well-trodden path littered with skeletons of old, failed attempts. Mediocrity is not the way to go, let it be known.

The Sugar Plum Fairies' debut would perhaps be more approved had we not experienced Honeycrack, lead singer Willie Dowling's former band. There he displayed his copious vocal talents, songwriting abilities and most of all, wit. But now we are graced the occasional 'killer' in an album full of 'fillers' rather than vice versa. They're obviously trying to go for the label of experimental rock group, but Radiohead they are not. However, 'Nobody Knows' is melancholy little acoustic number, instantly recognisable as a classic of its kind, while 'Good Stuff' is exactly that, sounding like an up-to-date Jellyfish. But when you have songs like 'Wait She Said' (which would not sound out of place in a Flash Gordon soundtrack) and the Army of

Lovers-esque 'Blood and Oxygen', Fruit Karma is nothing more than OK.

Perhaps it was the huge expectation placed behind this album, but expecting Dowling to display his proved talent isn't that much to ask for. We'll reserve our final judgement for the next album, methinks.

★★★★☆

Shilpa Ganatra



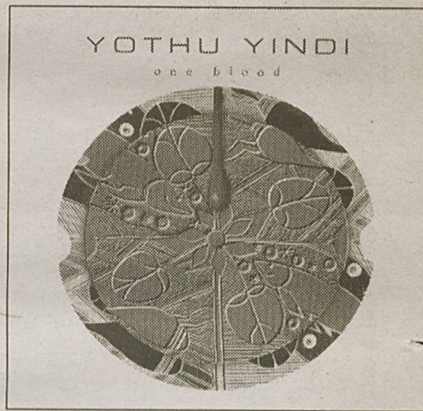
Well, if you're worried about the name, I'll give you a clue: they're Australian. Deep-forest Australian. Of the we're-going-to-civilisation-to-spread-our-music-to-the-world type. The production good and the CD looks hip, but the music is just not there. Next time they go to the studio, a transfusion of some musical blood could help.

★★★★☆

Elias Corossis writes the shortest album review in history

Yothu Yindi - One blood

Well, if you're worried about the name, I'll give you a clue: they're Australian. Deep-forest Australian. Of the we're-going-to-civilisation-to-spread-our-music-to-the-world type. The production good and the CD looks hip, but the music is just not there. Next time they go to the studio, a transfusion of some musical blood could help.



people are kind" Kirsty, but don't try to speak their language. The beautifully textured mambo is also distorted by Kirsty's traditional wimpy voice. The mint royale version though, will get you mamboing on down.

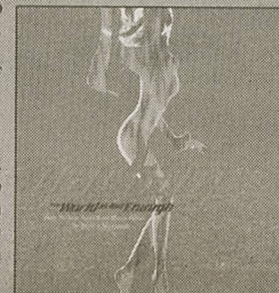
3/5 LM

Garbage

The World Is Not Enough

James Bond: smooth, sophisticated, intelligent and dangerous. Garbage's theme to the new Bond flick of the same name: Dull, boring, unoriginal but definitely dangerous. It seems that every time a bond theme is commissioned the same lyrics, tune and instrumentation is used (Propellerheads excepted, but even they used Shirley Bassey). This is by no means a credible work by a 'cool' grunge-pop band like Garbage. It should (and will) be forgotten. Bin it.

1/10 AS



SINGLE FILE

Beastie Boys Alive

On this evidence the forthcoming "Sounds of Science" 'Anthology' of the Beasties' earlier and remixed work is going to be a worthy



follow-up to last year's "Hello Nasty". The rhymes are as slick and pertinent as ever and are brilliantly matched to swirling scratches and the beat merely adds impact and passion to the track

7/10 CJ

Blush

On the other side

It's hard to find anything on this single that is un-britpopish, going from the band's name to the vocals to the tunes and, worst of all, to the cover. Even if they tried to bribe I couldn't really point out something interesting about this single, if not the band.

1/10 EC

Woodbine

Mound of Venus

This pleasant enough song starts as it means to go on, laid back and... pleasant. The electric guitar is kept unobtrusively side of stage on this acoustic, breezy track which, even if put on at 11 on the stereo would have trouble competing noise-wise with pins dropping anywhere in a six mile radius. Susan Dillane's light as air voice almost seems in constant danger of being blown away by a gentle breeze. More Marlboro Lights than Woodbines.

Stereophonics

Hurry up and Wait

The Stereophonics should be official treatment for those who think that there's nothing to live for. An exaggeration? Get out of here! Have you heard 'Hurry Up and Wait', a coasting ballad that could mentally transport you to the Lake District to calm yerself? Or drummer Stuart Cable's hilarious vocals in this remake of 'I Wouldn't Believe Your Radio'? No? Well then shut up.

9/10 SG

Thunderbugs

It's About Time You Were Mine

This is a promising piece of pop music, though the title and the lyrics are disheartening - whoever thought about talking of love in a song? The backing female chorus is also a tad cheesy, but the tune is refreshing and cheerful: like a good bowl of cereals, it could be a great start to your day!

7/10 EC

Embrace

Hooligan

New direction for northern angst-dad rock high fliers. Sounding more like Beck than the man himself, they even manage to fit a kazoo solo in here, which works! A strange

blend of folk and insanity, this is a catchy pop song and a definite masterpiece. Single of the year so far? It's close. Completely infallible, let it take you in it's arms.

10/10 AS

Shack

Pull Together

Wayheh, it's a single by Shack, and thus a chance for me to shamelessly plug both Liverpool and the best new-old band of the year. Think Simon and Garfunkel crossed with Oasis and Love, driven by orchestral flourishes, ebullient harmonies and the kind of pathos you don't find in Camden. Okay, so "Pull Together" is the worst song on the album, but you won't hear it on the radio, so that don't matter, la. Buy the album instead.

7/10 JF

Kirsty MacColl Mambo de la Luna

I really, really hate it when musicians try to sing in foreign languages with appalling accents. I'm sure you do "know an island where the

THE ODYSSEY

Arno Salters reviews a modern adaptation of Homer's great classic

Peter Oswald's new verse adaptation of The Odyssey is part of the Gate Theatre's trilogy on life journeys. Homer's epic poem tells the most famous life journey in Western culture. We meet Odysseus (or Ulysses) on his return to Ithaka, and explore the personal journey behind the fantastic one. As Martin Wylde - the director - insists, Homer's true subject is the voyage of self discovery.

But enough of this literary crap: here are the facts. The level of performances varies, but Leo Wringer (as Odysseus) and Vanessa Earl (as Athene) certainly cannot go unnoticed. The rest of the small cast is not quite as exciting, but overall, the main problem does not come from the actors.

The general conservatism in the directing on the other hand, did disappoint me. The Gate Theatre can be said to be part of the sweeping category of small arty London theatres, and one would expect directors to experiment a lot more in such places. Not that Martin Wylde is a bad director. Don't get me wrong: he just doesn't let his imagination sparkle

enough like champagne in sunshine. Get it?

The same applies to the designer's work, although his lack of craziness and progressive creativity might simply be due to a budget shortage.

Overall, the play ensures an enjoyable evening, but just not a terrific-fantastic-divine-perfect one. In more practical terms, if you like to spend your money on OK but forgettable events, then I really recommend this play.

Runs 20 October - 13 November at 7:30pm.



SONG AT TWILIGHT

James Savage reviews Vanessa Redgrave's latest performance

The centenary year of Noel Coward's birth has already provided us with treats such as the National's Private Lives and the RSC's Hayfever. However, Song at Twilight, presently showing at the Geilgud, is perhaps his most personal work, dealing as it does with an old writer being faced with his homosexuality.

Corin Redgrave plays Sir Hugo Latymer, who publishes his autobiography, but omits to mention the important events of his personal life, replacing them with overplayed or downright false accounts of his heterosexual relationships. One of his former girlfriends, Carlotta, comes to visit and tries to make him face his true nature. What emerges is a moving portrait of a man who's finer points have all be obscured by the pain of living a lie. He has become a cantankerous, misogynist and embittered old man, detached from his emotions and unkind to those close to him.

His German wife, brilliantly portrayed by Kika Markham, is the long-suffering subject of his abuse. Treated more as a secretary than as the woman he married, she nonetheless takes a protective view of him. Predictably, perhaps, she has been secretly aware of his homosexuality from the outset, yet has tried to shield him from the pressure to acknowledge it.

The play deals with the interesting question of whether it is right for him to be faced with the truth at his age or whether, as his wife suggests, he is right to hide the truth from posterity. The play

explores this, without really coming to a conclusion. However, the real flashes of tenderness in his character really only come to the surface when he talks of Perry, the one true love of his life, who died two years previously. Carlotta has in her possession some letters from Perry to Hugo, and stages a fairly half-hearted attempt to blackmail him. But the play conveys the impression that what she really wants is for Hugo to admit his love to himself, and to overcome the shame he feels about his feelings in the twilight of his life.

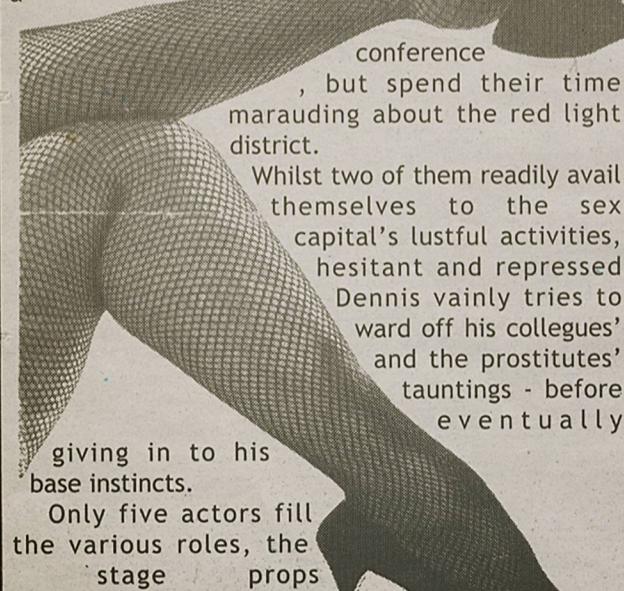
Both Redgraves are magnificent in this rare production by Sheridan Morley. Vanessa is self-assured, sexy (with extremely good legs!) and passionate. Corin brilliantly portrays the emotional self-repression of one who has lived a lie all his life, with the deep sadness often detectable beneath the gruff and unkind exterior. But the one who really shines throughout this is Kika Markham (aka Mrs Corin Redgrave). Her outward efficiency and thick-shell is juxtaposed against her real deep knowledge of human nature, and she conveys all this in the most perfect German accent.

This is a rare opportunity to see three fine actors on the London stage together, in a play that was written from the heart by one of the greatest playwrights of the century.

UNLEASHED

James Simpson takes in a tale of debauchery in Amsterdam

This play is by all means not destined for a conservative audience. Showing at the UCL Bloomsbury Theatre, Unleashed tells the story of three English businessmen who are sent to Amsterdam to attend a



conference, but spend their time marauding about the red light district. Whilst two of them readily avail themselves to the sex capital's lustful activities, the hesitant and repressed Dennis vainly tries to ward off his colleagues' and the prostitutes' tauntings - before eventually giving in to his base instincts.

consisting of just two brothel cabins in the background from which periodically appear two prostitutes. Despite its simplicity, the play cleverly intergrates Dennis's two conflicting worlds - his tense family life with his wife and daughter, contrasting against the gawdy streets of Amsterdam - by means of astute lighting. The play thus successfully illustrates the dichotomy between our repressed British mannerisms and our underlying Dutch liberalism. The author hence insinuates that everyone lusts at the opportunity.

However, I cannot say that I enjoyed the play - perhaps a conservative streak within me predisposed my opinion because of the content - the plot seeming indeed very simple and the humour being very "slapstick" in nature.

I must nevertheless admit that my impression did not seem to reflect that of the general audience, for there were many laughs throughout the play and much clapping at the end. The acting was indeed good - but the play is definitely a question of taste.



Unleashed (written & directed by John Godber)
 Bloomsbury Theatre, Gordon Street
 showing from Monday 18th to Saturday 23rd
 October 1999
 tickets £12 concessions available
 Box office: 0171-388-8822

FROM FEELINGS TO FLANDERS

RACHEL LAM reviews the latest novel to attempt to portray the camaraderie and horror experienced by soldiers during the First World War: *Flanders* by Patricia Anthony.

Flanders is a "war novel". Written by Patricia Anthony (who, incidentally, usually writes Sci-Fi!), the book explores World War One from an individual soldier's point of view. The narrator 'Travis Lee Stanhope' is an American in an English regiment. And it is through his eyes that we are guided into the front line trenches near Flanders Field, 1916.

Divided into four sections: Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter (1916), the book consists solely of Travis' letters to his younger brother, Bobby. At times, reading "Dear Bobby" for the 29th time in an hour does get fairly annoying. However, despite the repetitive format, the letters do gradually blend into a comfortable narrative.

The plot is simple enough. Travis is out of place among the "Brits", a lonely sniper who is a remarkable shot. Shunned for his exceptional intelligence (his favourite writers are Shelley and Keats), and made fun of by his fellow soldiers for his Yankee accent, he retreats into himself. The pressure of the front line summons many of his haunting fears: past, present, and future that have lurked in the shadows of his subconscious for too long.

The first few pages are strange, as Anthony has almost gone over the top in order to give Travis an "All-American twang". The exaggerated "British English" also makes for rather amusing reading. These two extremes give the conversations a slightly surreal quality unlike anything that would have really occurred in the trenches at the time. However, it does serve Anthony's purpose in accentuating the plot. The reader is gradually drawn into the story, and is given every opportunity to inquire into Travis' mind. It is more a novel of personal sentiments than it is of

FLANDERS explores the complex relations between soldiers remarkably well. It delves into the gore and grit, while also taking into account the intricacy of the strained human relations and sentiments during war.

front line action.

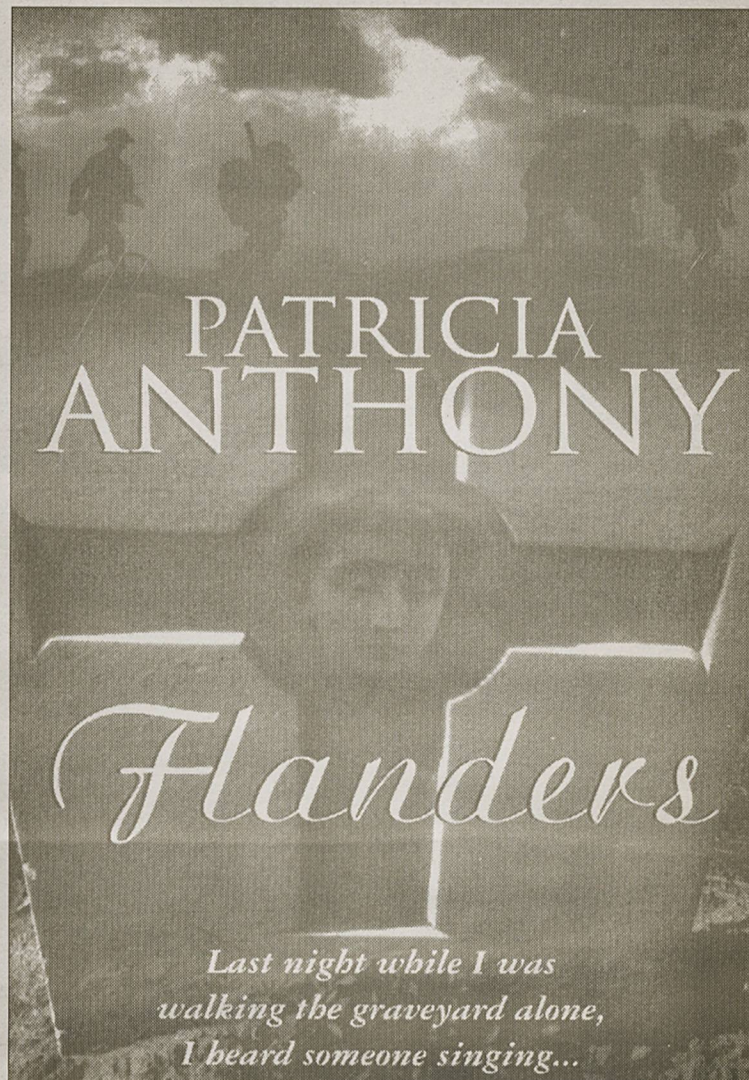
In search of relief from his nightmares, Travis resorts to alcohol and the solace of others in the regiment. Through Travis'

dealings with his fellow soldiers, Flanders explores the complex relations between soldiers remarkably well. It delves into the gore and grit, while also taking into account the intricacy of the strained human relations and sentiments during war.

Whether Travis ever finds a resolution to his fears is a matter for the reader to decide. But Anthony certainly does try to hunt out the "answer" to Travis' predicament: in drink, in people, in religion...

In short, the book is a good read. Anthony may not be as poignant as Sebastian Faulks in her writing, but then, it would be unfair to compare the two (considering the fact that she is, after all, mainly a science fiction writer). The book is well researched and generally worth reading, but not quite, perhaps, the contemporary classic that it is aiming to be.

FLANDERS by Patricia Anthony, a paperback original, out now published by Black Swan, RRP 6.99



LASTING WORDS

RUXANDRA STOICESCU discusses the book that everyone's been reading: *Captain Corelli's Mandolin* by Louis de Berniere.

What is that book that everybody reads on the underground on their way home, smiling secretly each time they turn a page, or holding their breath each time a chapter ends? You know, that familiar paperback, with its blue and cream dingly-dangly illustrations. Yes, you have guessed, it is L. de Berniere's "Captain Corelli's Mandolin". With its candour and multifaceted character it has just found a way to people's hearts.

In fact, when I decided to write this review it was less in order to present a book that probably many people have already read, but rather to find the reasons why it is so popular. "Captain Corelli's Mandolin" is first and foremost a sensitive book that skilfully marries the delicacy and style of old writings with the pragmatic cynicism of our times. Actually, the very fact that the book places the characters in the context of the second world war and presents their evolution up to our days gave the writer the perfect support to combine traditional methods of writing, such as

narration, dialogues and letters, with ideas characteristic to modern society, such as homosexuality, the invasion of technology, demagoguery or racism.

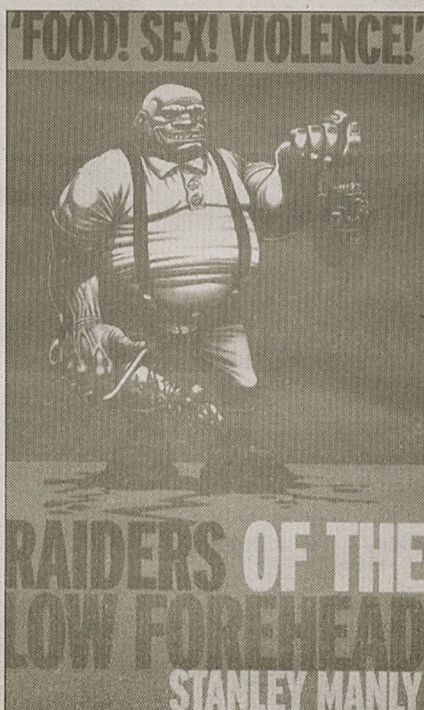
The story being constructed around the naive and improbable love affair between Pelagia, a Greek girl and an Italian captain, occupier of her island during the Second World War, does not especially stress the aforementioned topics. However, by bringing the two characters together, in a clash of cultures, of various historical perspectives, feelings and gestures, de Bernieres succeeds in creating images of great depth, which appeal both to our aesthetic sense and sensitivity. A line of candid humour (achieved by all known humouristic techniques) streams throughout the book, giving it a lightness that saves the bitter sweet end of the book.

Saying more about the book would give it away for those who have not read it, and to whom I warmly recommend it.

AN ALL TIME LOW

RUXANDRA STOICESCU finds *Raiders of the Low Forehead* by Stanley Manly just a little too much Food, Sex and Violence

Gratuitous, it's that word that means something that's just thrown in where there's no need for it. You know what we are talking about, like when you see some couple having sex for ages in a film and it does not



move the story forward or anything. Gratuitous, that's the word. It's funny said Sharon, you get loads of gratuitous sex in movies, but you don't see enough of it in books. Therefore we can conclude that gratuitous food, gratuitous sex and gratuitous violence are the main themes of Stanley Manly "Raiders of the Low Forehead".

The book has forty-five chapters, a third of them concerning sex, the other third violence and the last one food, respectively. They alternate, thus providing insights in the riveting lives of the characters. They are a bunch of low life people exclusively concerned with the aforementioned topics and are portrayed in various stances of their lives, which tend to be quite repetitive, given the narrow range of their preoccupations. The life of Sharon and Vince (i.e. their sex periods, interrupted by various meals), the two lovebirds of the novel, are occasionally

perturbed by the visits they have to pay to different jailed relatives, and by the violence perpetrated by Tyrone and Sir Clement, the evil characters, against them. The book has a relatively happy ending, with Vince and Sharon resulting victorious over all odds, including their enemies.

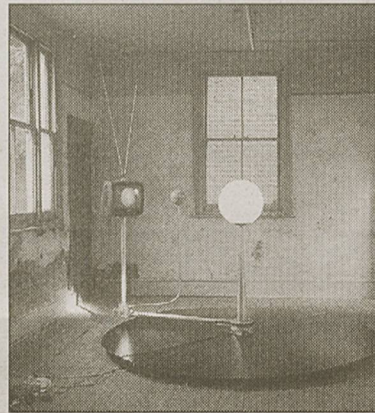
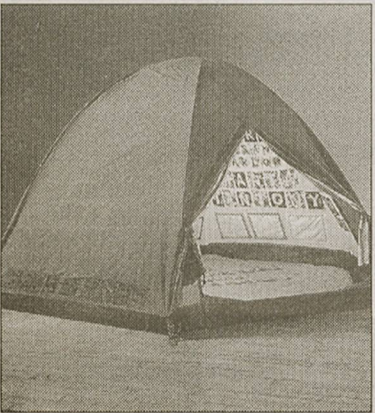
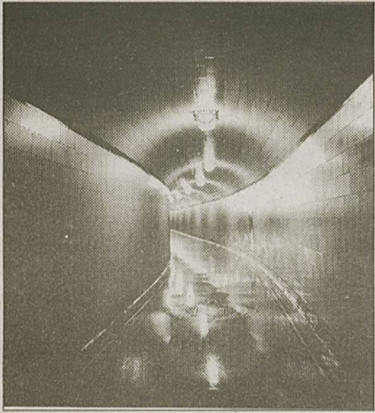
The style in which the book is written is well wedded with its narrative. Colloquial expressions, different onomatopoeia and colourful language confer a certain brash quality to the style.

However, reading such a book leaves one with a bitter aftertaste. Its lack of structure and inner message makes me wonder whether it is meant to transmit anything to the reader. Perhaps, it is its very shortcomings that constitute a message in themselves, or a warning against the gratuitousness that seems to threaten many published material of late.

RAIDERS OF THE LOW FOREHEAD by Stanley Mead is out in October priced £6.99 published by Attack an imprint of Creation Books.

Beautiful Again

PREMILLENNIAL TURNER PRIZE



*Photos of a laundry?!?... A Load of Bollocks!
Jess and Kat explore the wonders of the Turner Prize Exhibition*

The Turner is a pretentious showcase for young, sometimes talentless, British artists. It's very busy; it's very hyped. A true 'must-see' for all young professionals and middle aged boho-wannabies. It's not all bad. One artist, Steven McQueen, is actually quite inventive, really engaging. But the show is overshadowed by the pretentious, painful work of Tracey Emin.

Personal trauma anyone? Emin's work will stir a certain reaction, much like when you spill hot coffee on yourself and feel like a wanker. It's post-modern. You get to see her bed. Her nasty used condoms. And hear about why she's the miserable, drunken mess that she is today. Joy, oh joy. Please. It's grim. You leave feeling like you can't criticise her because it's too personal. She did have a terrible childhood. But we would prefer she wouldn't continue what's now, perhaps, a self-abusive obsession in a public competition that is now rewarding her to continue her misery.

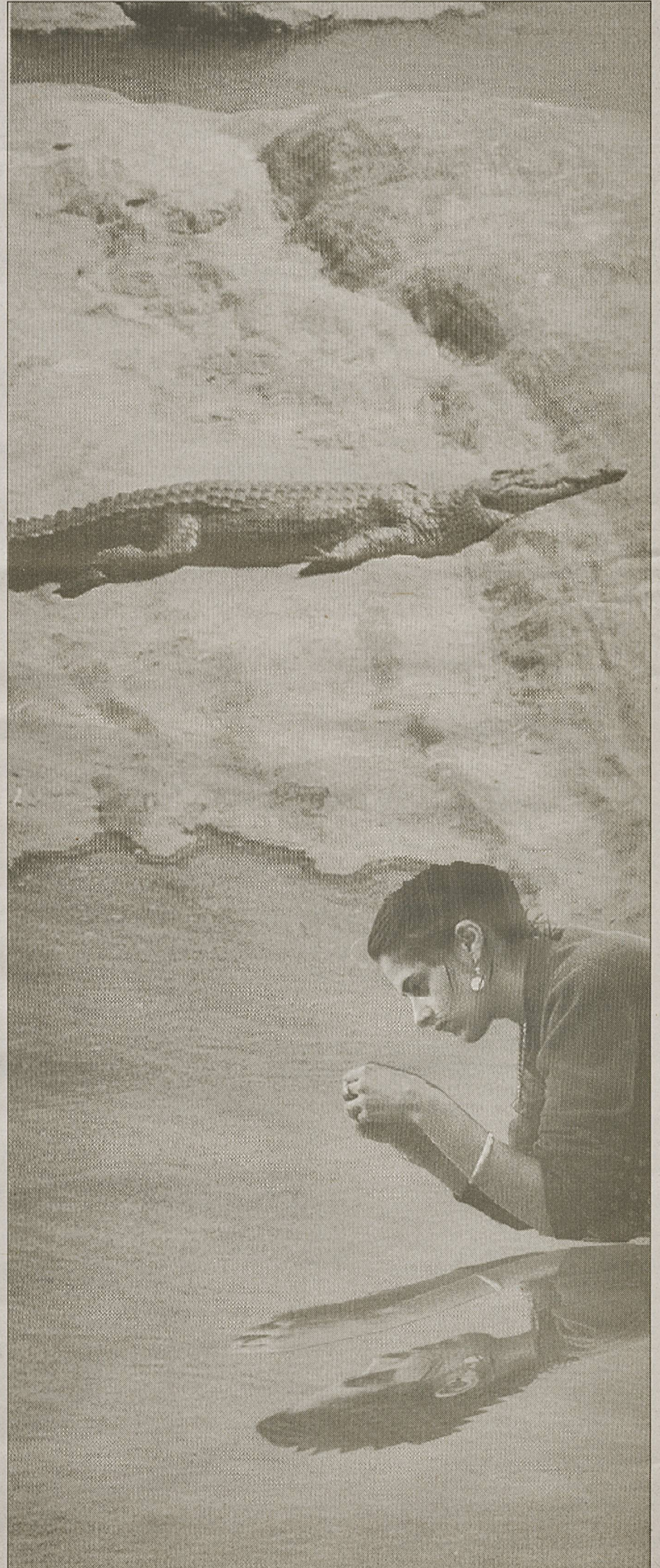
Plus it's crap. She can't paint. Her bed isn't particularly interesting (standard student dwelling) and she's not a poet but she reworks her life story all over a perfectly nice quilt. Her video art is a handheld camera in panning back and forth in her kitchen. Not bad, but it's not just particularly interesting. There's a point when post-modernism can take the life out of art. It's not transforming reality. It's not even changing it a little. It's nihilistic. And after a while, boring.

On the other hand, there's the lovely Jane and Louise Wilson. Perhaps their exhibit just commercial and as meaningless as Ms. Emin's work. But it took skill. They worked together to create really amazing looking photos and film. They take you inside a roulette wheel view of Las Vegas, with film on all the walls spinning around a casino. Fluffy after Tracey Emin, but a relief.

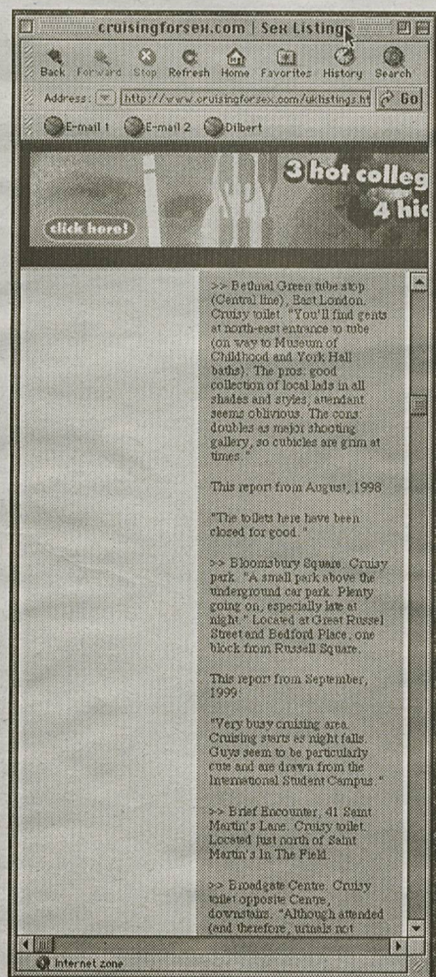
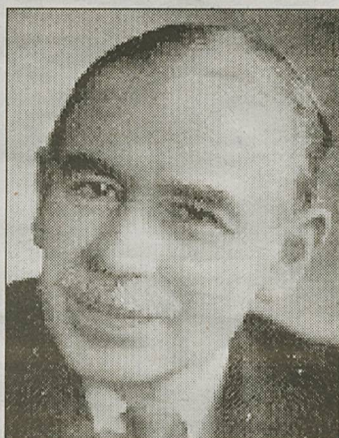
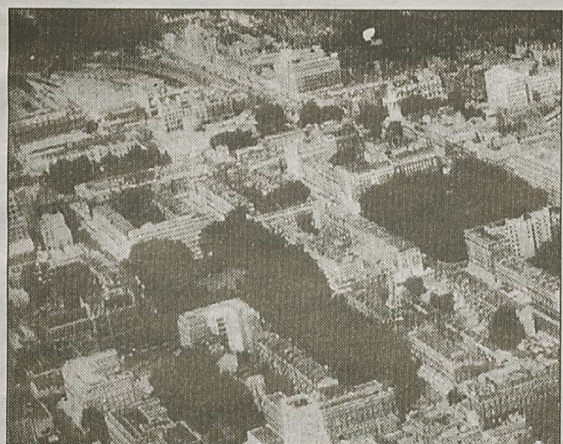
Steven Phippen was boring. If you want to see a laundromat, find a real one. It would be far more exciting. His cameras, created with scraps of furniture and architectural materials, sounded cool but weren't on display. Bollocks. All we saw were his, again, boring photos.

Steve McQueen's films at the end of the exhibition were stunning. Amazingly detailed filming of events, moving so slowly that the viewer soaks in every second of it. A house falls apart on top of a man. And then from another angle it falls again. And again. Until the aesthetic physics of every single movement is known to the audience. Bellissima!

All overshadowed by our good friend Tracey Emin. You will talk about her. Even if you don't want to. She has taken credit for every bit of her trauma, as if a reward now, from the art world of all places, can somehow make up for her prior pain. It's pompous to say, but degrading to see in an exhibit. But you too can pay £2.50 to see it at the otherwise free Tate Gallery, running until 6 February.



ALL TOMORROW'S PARTIES: THE ART OF BLOOMSBURY



The Turner Prize brings substantial media attention to the Tate Gallery, but perhaps at the expense of the new exhibitions that are displayed throughout the year. Due to begin on November 4th, the work of the Bloomsbury Set will be brought to the halls of the Special Collection. The display has particular relevance to students at the LSE. The artists featured, Duncan Grant, Vanessa Bell and Roger Fry, lived intermittently around the present day sites of Carr-Saunders and Passfield Halls.

Most will be familiar with Virginia Woolf and E.M. Forster, and J.M. Keynes' name should ring a few bells in the economics department. However the three most prominent artists of this group may be less well known. The display at the Tate, "The Art of Bloomsbury", should help to promote their work.

The display itself is a mixture of simplistic but vibrant paintings, and a range of more introspective and perhaps darker works. Out of the three Roger Fry's work stands out, with paintings such as "Blythburgh, the Estuary" (1892) and "Studland Bay" (1911). He manages to present a bold and vivacious approach to representing otherwise plain landscapes.

Out of all the works Roger Fry's "View of Cassis" (1925) is perhaps the most worthwhile. He evokes the Provençal landscape with a striking combination of rugged mountain and ordered village scenery. All of this is bathed in a golden sunlight that literally emits the warmth and carelessness of a Southern French afternoon.

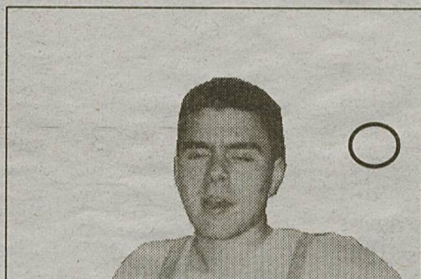
The works are spread across ten halls, and chart the development of the movement's ideals, from an early optimism to the mature works of their later lives. The halls themselves are contemporary, yet have a warmth which allows the best possible display of this collection. The extent of the display is such that it would easily occupy both the novice and the expert for some time.

The collection is perfect for the novice viewer, and maintains a realism that distinguishes it from the impenetrability of some more modern collections. At the same time, a veteran viewer will be interested in the more experimental pieces, such as Vanessa Bell's jaunt into abstract painting, or Grant's neo-classicism. For those interested in design there is even a hall set aside for the Omega Furniture that was designed between 1913 and 1919. The workshops of this ill-fated venture were at 33 Fitzroy Street, but unsurprisingly Carr-Saunders Hall, on the same street, is devoid of this influence.

So as you hurry home on the increasingly cold, damp and dark winter evenings, especially if returning to homes in Bloomsbury, give a thought to the impact this area has had on Britain's intellectual landscape. Economics was revolutionised by Keynes and Woolf's literary impact was immense. This display will bring home the importance the Bloomsbury Set had in changing art in Britain from the darkness of the Victorian age to a vibrant new movement in the Edwardian. And besides, the works are colourful enough to brighten up the dreariest winter day.

For more information contact the Tate at www.tate.org.uk

Ian Curry



TO BE THE MAN, YOU GOT TO BEAT THE MAN



A sudden stillness descends upon the crowd. An amplified voice booms out, that of the archetypal attention grabbing showman presenter "Presenting Muhammad Ali..." The crowd eagerly strains forward to catch a glimpse of this invincible veteran, arrogant, sure, invulnerable, the self aggrandized. "(I am the) greatest"; come here to fight another colossus of his time, George Foreman. All of Africa is chanting, "Ali Bombaye!" (Ali, kill him) and Ali himself was proclaiming "From slavery to championship!"

Cassius Clay had come a long way indeed from Louisville, Kentucky to the godforsaken town of Kinshasa in Zaire for the fight of his life, to silence the critics once and for all, to prove that he was the greatest heavyweight boxer, not only of his era, but in all time. A series of photographs shown in Proud Galleries show his preparation for that fight, at 32, a battle weary, scarred veteran, taken by David King who gained unprecedented access to Ali at that time.

Born Cassius Clay in 1942, Louisville, Ali was introduced to the world of boxing at 12 years old, and it was always clear, even then that his boxing was going to take him places he never knew even existed. In 1960, he went to the Olympics at age 18 and came back in glory, a gold medallist. At that time, in his own words, "I was a Negro. I ate pork and I thought that white people were superior". And America loved him. He then converted to the Black Muslim faith, became a preacher, and discarded his slave name. And everything changed. His staunch refusal to fight in the Vietnam was legendary. At that time, the war was taking a disproportionate toll on black soldiers and the majority of black leaders - even the courageous Martin Luther King, Jr. - were slow to draw parallels between the racism at home and the racial imbalance in combat. Ali stood up publicly, in TV shows all over the world, pointed this out and also said "Why should I fight against them? They haven't done anything against me." He was stripped of his titles and thrown into jail and he still didn't change his stand.

The move iconized him forever in black minds and ostracized him from white America, a nation in war at that time, and yet earned him admiration all over, grudging or otherwise for this was a man who stood up for what he believed in. His stature could only grow or so one thought.

But there were discrepancies and inconsistencies in his character even at that time. He was a professional athlete, something that as a Black Muslim he was not allowed to do. He was the admitted father of a child out of wedlock. At the last count, he had retired at least 6 times, coming back because he was always under the spell of the powerful triumvirate of money, celebrity and fighting. His freestyle loudmouthing earned him no praise either. And all of this has detracted from his boxing legend; he is a mythic figure and will always be. But he has never been more than a timeless boxing legend. He was never deserving of the aura of greatness that surrounded him; he was a myth that had been celebrated too many times. The nostalgia of an aging crowd and his past glory took him to Atlanta in '96, how much further it will sustain him is unknown. For disillusionment with Ali and his ideals, his increasing commercialism, his betrayal of his own self-professed principles is beginning to set in.

Suba Sivakamaran

THE BIRTH OF CYBER WARFARE

Claudia Kim has seen the future, and the hackers are in control

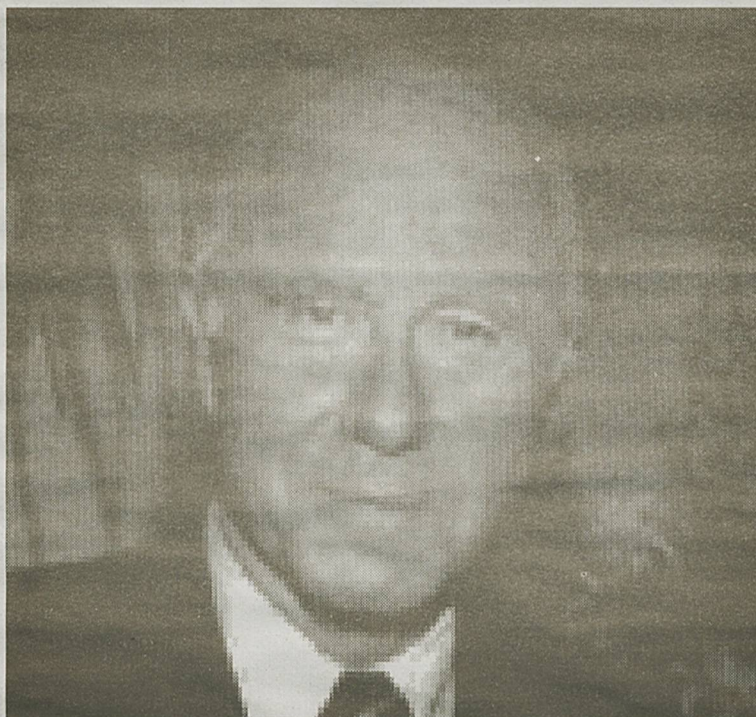
Arnaud Borchgrave, current CEO of United Press International gave a talk on 'The Future of Journalism' last Monday, 1 November.

Inspiring a response from one American student of 'Hey man, it was the most educational thing I've seen since I've been at the LSE,' the event could and should have been better attended.

Mr. de Borchgrave was a great speaker, easily capturing the student audience. The talk was incredibly informative, giving an insider's viewpoint. Mr. Borchgrave drew on his extensive experiences as a top journalist, current CEO of United Press International and as the Senior Adviser at the Centre for Strategic & International Studies(CSIS).

According to Borchgrave, two-thirds of the world media is in decline. During the period 1970-1997, the percentage of adults reading newspapers daily in the US has dropped from 78% to 29%. This, it seems, is due to the tabloidisation and 'sound-bite' culture of contemporary journalism and the media, says Mr. de Borchgrave. How often have we seen the front page of the newspapers filled with gossip and trivialities, such as Prince Charles kissing his mum's hand. Granted that this may (somehow) be news, does it deserve to be on the front page? Weren't we getting quite sick of Monica Lewinsky and Bill Clinton's sex life?

The rise of TV has also contributed to this phenomenon.



United Press Association CEO Arnaud Borchgrave

Mr. Borchgrave drew smiles and giggles as he made the analogy that "TV is to news what bumper stickers are to philosophy". It is true that television condenses the news for us and gives us a few minutes on a headline on war or natural disaster or politics etc in the most viewer-friendly way. We can get the whole world in ten minutes. It is questionable how much knowledge and awareness we gain from this.

After television, the Internet is now another growing concern of the future. America On-Line is now bigger than the whole newspaper industry. However, the

Internet is where people have access to news that has not been through a "shit detector", which is a term coined to mean the network of editors at any newspaper. The thought of children on-line reading about the world in articles which has not been properly supervised is, at the very least, frightening.

This leads to the second topic, cyberspace, as Mr. de Borchgrave switches his cap to that of his role in the CSIS. Post-Cold War developments have led to a rise in trans-national crime syndicates. These are not just the classical Colombia drug smuggling ring but global organised

communications crime. It has been ignored by the media hence, we are completely unaware of what is going on. John Deutch of the CIA drafted a report warning of an 'electronic Pearl Harbour' but it was given no coverage. The importance of these stories appear to be of less significance than exactly what the stain was on Monica Lewinsky's dress. The forces of global integration are actually lubricating the forces of disintegration as the world grows smaller due to the increase of cyber-communications.

Nobody would say that the nuclear black market is not a serious matter. This is the sort of issue that is cyber-warfare and info-warfare. Crime syndicates can use cyberspace as a market.

The forces of global integration are actually lubricating the forces of disintegration as the world grows smaller due to the increase of cyber-communications.

There are hacking sites that will teach potential hackers and chat rooms for the recruitment of new employees into the syndicate.

Approximately 87% of cyber-criminals are insiders.

Cyber-warfare can bring any nation down on its knees and strangle the life out of it. Mr. de Borchgrave told of a test where agents, posing as Enemy hackers, and were able to get into the computer systems and virtually shut down five of the largest cities in the US while the government control team was unable to combat them. Cyber-crime can slowly milk out a nation to the very last drop. Information competition has become part of the late twentieth century. What is most worrying is that law enforcement agencies are at least 5-10 years behind in development compared to the crime syndicates.

Mr. de Borchgrave finished up the talk with questions from the audience. I have never seen so many hands going up outside of an MSc seminar! Mr. de Borchgrave's talk spurred an awareness of what was going on in the society around us, in journalism and media and in cyberspace. For the students of the LSE where many are isolated from the 'real world' away from lectures, classes and the careers office, this will be invaluable. It would also make much more interesting conversation too.

Below - Claudia interviews Arnaud de Borchgrave

CK: What was the most influential event/person in your life?

A. de B.: World War II. I was at the D-day landing at Normandy when I was 17 years old. Also, interviews with world leaders such as Zhou En Lai and Milosevic while I was a war correspondent in 17 wars.

CK: How do you define

success? Are you successful?

A. de B.: Success is to have a job that you love and when work is pleasure. Given that definition, I would say, yes, I am successful.

CK: What do you feel passionate about?

A. de B.: Work. Interesting people. I think that is the best job in journalism.

CK: What was your original ambition?

A. de B.: I didn't have one. I dropped out of high school and ran away to the Navy when I was 15.

CK: Who do you think is 'Man of the 20th Century'?

A. de B.: I would say Churchill but I am biased because he was my leader in the War. I think in the next century it could easily be

someone like Bill Gates.

CK: What do you think of Milosevic?

A. de B.: Well, he did lose four wars, and he is not a good guy. But, I don't think he is the personification of evil and he is misunderstood. It was all a part of propaganda.

CK: So you do not think the

NATO intervention was justifiable?

A. de B.: According to the new information that is coming out, the numbers of Kosovars killed by Serb security forces was more close to 2,500 than the 100,000 first estimated. If that is the case, more Kosovars were killed after the NATO intervention and it could not be justified on the humanitarian grounds that NATO was asserting

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Meet 1 PM
Wednesday 10th November
In the Quad
All Welcome

**INTERNATIONAL DANCE
PARTY**

Salsa, Arabic, Greek, Indian, Chinese, Pop,
Jamaican and a lot more
Come Along!
Tuesday, November 9th in the the Quad: 7:30-11:00
Members - £2.50 and Non-Members £3.50
National Press Welcomed!

THAI FOOD NIGHT '99

Thursday 11th November
Venue: Underground Bar: 6-11pm
Members £6 and £7 otherwise

EUROPEAN SOCIETY

Graham Bischof
Senior Advisor of European Affairs,
Director Salomon Smith Barney
5pm Thursday 11th November
Room TBA

From the makers of *Shangri-La* in association with amnesty international

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WHY LSE IS BACKING THE NATIONAL MARCH FOR EDUCATION

Jonathan Black, *General Secretary of the Students' Union*, asks for your support in tackling student hardship

Hardship for students is a reality and it's getting worse. On one hand, support for students is reducing. On the other, the costs are rising. It is becoming increasingly expensive to learn, with the gap between what money students have and what they need widening. Many are struggling to fill the gap - drop out rates nationally are 1 in 5, over half of students have to work. For many students, especially those in London, hardship is a daily feature of daily life.

The NUS National March for Education is about tackling these issues. There will be no overnight fix, but what it will do is put these issues at the top of the national agenda.

It will act as the base from which we at LSE can focus on those issues that

particularly affect us - the massive fees for postgraduates and overseas undergraduates, the massive rents thrown on students in London, the costs of living in the capital.

The March is campaigning on three key issues - campaigning against fees, campaigning against hardship and campaigning for a fair pay deal for all those in higher education who are working.

Nowhere are these issues more relevant than in London. By backing the National March we at LSE are showing that these issues are real, that they matter and that students here care about the community we live in. By backing the National March we are giving ourselves a national base from which to tackle LSE's problems

Fees

Fees simply make a bad situation worse. Nationally the focus may be on the tuition fee for Home and EU students, here at LSE our focus is more complex.

Already overseas undergraduates and all postgraduates are having to break the bank just to come here. Add in hidden course costs and living costs, and LSE is too often a privilege for those who can afford it. We must act to hold down these fees and help open LSE's door to everyone.

Meanwhile, the introduction of tuition fees for Home and EU undergraduates has already hit applications, with a 10 per cent drop in potential mature students across the UK.

If LSE is to keep its reputation as one of the world's best, it must attract the best. Yes that means the best academics, but also the best students. Rising charges will threaten this.

They also threaten our heritage and tradition. Founded by the Webbs in 1895, LSE has a proud history of providing education based on ability and expertise. Escalating fees destroy that tradition.

Selection must be based on merit not money.

Hardship

But fees don't complete the story. Rents in London are double what they are in other large cities. Travel is still a massive burden, despite the excellent victory for students that is the London Transport Discount Scheme. Simply going out and having a good time is enough to clean most students out - over a tenner for club entry and over three pounds for a pint. Insurance costs more. Living in London quite simply is expensive.

We can then add on all the hidden costs levied by LSE - photocopying, course packs, language courses, etc.

Sure loans include a London weighting, but it's totally unrealistic. We must press for a realistic London weighting that recognises the real cost of living in London.

Pay

With financial support collapsing and the costs of studying and living rocketing, students are increasingly having to meet the shortfall themselves. Over half of all students work whilst studying, I suspect that figure is higher here.

Students are now having to spend 'free' their time making ends meet - community programmes and student societies are suffering. Students simply don't have the time to benefit from those 'extra' activities that make University life what it is.

If students do have to work, however, they must be fairly paid. The minimum wage has helped - over 100,000 students have benefited. But in London £3.60 an hour (£3 if you're under 21) is barely a minimum. In the Union here our minimum is over £4.80 and we would like to see others follow suit.

It is vital that students get a fair deal. That is why the National March is not only organised by NUS, but actively backed by the AUT and NATFHE, the main trade unions in higher education. The March is calling for all those involved in higher education to get a fair pay deal - not only students, but lecturers as well. The broader our coalition in fighting for better high education, the stronger our voice and the greater our impact

You

The National March is on Thursday 25 November. Starting from Malet Street outside ULU it will work its way down to Kennington Park on the other side of the river, passing LSE on the way.

LSE must put its money where its mouth is. We must put up a good show.

The March will provide us with the national foundation from which to build on at LSE. From it we can move to tackle our specific issues - the massive fees for postgraduates and overseas undergraduates, high rents, guaranteeing value for money from your education.

The March will send a message to the people that count - the media, universities and politicians, including the candidates for London mayor.

We must put student issues, our issues, at the top their agenda and to do that we need your support. So please join us on Thursday 25 November to March for Education, march against hardship and for a better LSE.

Scrap Tuition Fees
End Hardship
Decent Pay

**national
march for
education**

25 November 1999,
Assemble 11am, Malet Street, London
Join with NUS, AUT, & NATFHE
See your Students' Union, Guild or Association for details

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'Arguably one of the greatest American plays
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Tuesday 9th November
Wednesday 10th November

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**33
11**

After the rumours had circulated that the LSE Netball team would be going to watch the legends that are the Football First XI, Sarah Break's office was inundated with Man-Hungry girlies clamouring to join the team. However, due to incompetence on unparalleled levels the dizzy birds missed the train, turned up late and thus didn't get to see the boys in action. Knowlesey more than made up for this later by "personally" apologising to each and everyone of the team and then when she had finished with them, moved on to the 3rd XI, cornering the "G" Man and showing ball handling skills on par with her performance on the pitch.

The dicking that the girls dished out to the medics was a complete performance as you would wish to see - all this without Ruth for some of the match who had to leave the pitch with a fractured finger(nail). Fortunately she provides just as good a hand service with her left hand as she does her right (good news for all the lads as she is out of action for a good 4 weeks). This wasn't the only injury though, as a rampaging Louise felled an opponent who would have

sustained a more serious injury had the collision not been cushioned by her ample fun bags.

With Sam getting it in the ring time after time it was easy to see why she was exhausted, while Hannah, the new sort that works in the Tuns, put her Inspector Gadget Arms to good effect and was truly excellent in the centre. As Anna Johnson was also contributing to an attack which was scoring more prolifically than Mulligan with his student loan in a Soho Sauna, and Paula was fabulous as ever in defence (despite a monster hangover and a wittering opponent who made Mandie seem like the silent type), the bush pig babies romped to

victory 33 - 11. Upon reading this drivel, Beaversports readers no doubt await with baited breath the return of the "FF"oster, whose journalistic talent was tragically absent this week as she continued efforts to forge a loving Hockey/Netball alliance. Mission accomplished.

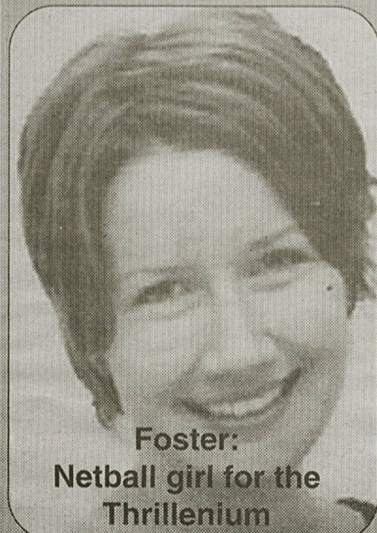
The dicking that the girls dished out to the medics was a complete performance as you would wish to see



**Netball Birds:
Fitness Personified**

O'FF' THE CHEST

Let me set the scene... the Beaver office filled full of testosterone charged males all brandishing photographs of themselves sporting tight shorts and sweaty t-



**Foster:
Netball girl for the Thrillanium**

shirts... With heart pounding, hormones raging and a tasty Ginsters tuna sandwich in hand I begin to ponder my new position of sports ed. But what could I hope to add to Beaver sports that the Ginger Magician hasn't already, apart from a pert pair of breasts and immaculate fashions (although I think that Feders has had a pretty good go on both accounts) As a netball munter with the momentum to go far in the beaver sports pages, I want to bring to you the feminine side of the LSE AU.

As a general introduction for those of you that don't know me I'm the one in the Tuns on a Wednesday night taking advantage of the bar and any random male that is unfortunate enough to cross my path. Although I haven't heard many complaints so far, but that's not

surprising since most of them are either too frightened or are still receiving therapy.

Anyway, as I was saying, a bird helping Feders get in touch with his feminine side can't do any harm. Every week I want to rant about things that have happened. A surrogate mother, agony aunt or just a voice of the people. I want interviews with your favourite AU characters, random rants or personal problems and difficulties you may have. Air those grievances and quarrels, praise and stroke the egos of those that you love and cuss those you hate. Maybe even a Lonely hearts column to help you find that special someone. Whatever you want to say or get o'FF' your chest let me know and do my best to oblige. So Sports fans this is Double F signing off until next week.



**Netball Girl:
Fit as fuck and twice as fun**

FEDERS ON PLEASURING ANOTHER MAN

Men understand other men. There are no two ways about it. Years of human civilization have ensured mutual male awareness. The affinity that one man shares with another is unlike any bond between two people. Most men hide their inner feelings through a fear of being typecast. This is particularly common among university students. Resist these sensations. Open up to your brother. Follow these tips and give your man the pleasure he craves.

1. Men like to try new things. Submit to a dare. Stroke eachother's nipples. Maybe use some oil. Sit back and await their solidification. Create a feeling of exhilaration by squeezing and releasing simultaneously. Fondle to orgasm. Unlike women, men often neglect their nipples and miss out on these feelings of ecstasy. You're still young, do it before you lose it.

2. Men love sex. They can't get enough of it. Give it to your brother. He needs it. Do it and don't be shy. Be proud. We've all done it before. Succumb to the natural pounding rhythm of vigorous incest.

3. Men like to feel that they have something that no-one else has. They need to believe that something separates them from the crowd. Inflate his ego. Tell him that he is bigger than anyone in any of the movies that you have watched. Talk through the pain that you lovingly suffered as a result of his endowment. Love cannot exist without hurt. By now, you are really hurting.

4. Dilligently regulate the level of erotic stimulation that is applied to your man's member. Be cautious. Judge the speed according to his facial expression. Smiles are good but nervous, uncomfortable twitches mean that something is not right. Remember, there is no excuse for bad technique in this department. The wrist action should be elevated to an art form; use smooth sweet strokes back and forth back and forth... ooh yeah baby.... back and forth....

5. When penile stimulation reaches its height you must be ready with the appropriate action. Your man's love juice is a precious asset- use it wisely and waste none of it. The possibilities are endless and you should find one which suits you both. Try rubbing your man's juices into your face; it provides a cheap and effective alternative to moisteuriser.

6. After your man has climaxed you must not rest on your laurels. This is possibly the most important stage of pleasuring your man. Even if his lovemaking was something akin to the attentions of a sex-starved laboratory rat tell him how much you enjoyed pleasuring him. Ask him if he would like the action repeated. If he declines, he is missing out. Nevertheless, roll up your sleeve, ready for action.



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PURPLE WARRIORS GIVE SUMO BOYS A DISCIPLINED KICKING

LSE 1st 41
QMW 1st 5
Big Jezz shows he has character

Much to the delight of the rest of the AU, the rugger buggers of LSE had not had the best start to the season. Myself Epsy and Fat Bob weren't taking this lying down, so Last Saturday the 1st team fought past their hangovers and actually trained together, so with this and other sly underhand tricks, such as the backs sorting out a few devilish moves and all the forwards knowing the lineout calls, we felt we were as ready as we were going to get.

QMW on first sight seemed to have accidentally put out their sumo side instead of their pack but we weren't deterred after Shaniah helpfully pointed out they would probably flag in the last twenty. The first five minutes was quite tough with a lot of big men bouncing off each other. However we managed to settle down; the forwards started to bosh and ruck, for two or three phases and then release the ball to the backs who seemed to have realised it's a jolly sight more effective to actually pass the ball to each other before they got tackled. While the team were standing around in a bit of a state of shock at having played such drilled, cohesive rugby; Half-breed Connor quietly touched down in the corner. We ignored the tradition of scoring one try and then relaxing for the rest of the game and continued the pressure. Over the course of the match we added six more dazzling tries from the likes of Blaggy, Tikamassala and the Slippery Springbok (and according to Organ Fat Bob did not score any tries and definitely does not deserve any mention).

Towards the end of the 1st half there were a tense couple of moments when everything could have gone pearshaped after Ernie committed 3 penalty offences and then threw a tantrum on the floor. As he started wrestling with one of the QMW fatboys, it appeared the ref might send him off, but thankfully he settled for a yellow.

Special mention must go to Andy MacFarland who made a creditable job of it on his hooking debut and Butterfingers Boris who managed to drop the ball when already over the line for no apparent reason!!!

If I'm honest we did make mistakes, even letting them in for a consolation try, which indicates even more devious training is required if this streak is to continue.

With the Golden boys (2nds) giving them a kicking too, we had a clean sweep; Oh Frabjous Day, calloo callay.

Everything could have gone pearshaped after Ernie committed 3 penalty offences and then threw a tantrum on the floor

2NDS DOMINATE WITOUT PAEDOPHILE CAPTAIN

LSE 2nd 17
QMW 2nd 0
Big Ralph and Spunky tell it as it is

In terms of domination, no one event has been so completely dominated since Adolf and the Nazi's Polish Tour of 1939. This was in spite of the fact that we were without Captain Epps who was sadly up in court that afternoon. If you're out there Dave, a message of support from your team: we all thought she looked sixteen too.

We'd already seized the upper hand before kick-off by arriving well before the opposition, with Ra-Ra Charterhouse and Tony putting the forwards through their first lecture in LI 304, Advanced Lineout Methods. This certainly was an awesome sight for the QMW boys in blue and yellow (and black and red any other colour they could find).

The first thing we did was to score a try of legend, power, grace and skill. Quality passing on the halfway found Ralph at outside centre, who sucked in two men before casting a superbly weighted pass to Duncan. He took on his man on the outside, dominated him, and scored following a thirty yard sprint. Unfortunately he forgot to put the ball under the posts, but nobody cared and in the winger's native Taunton celebrations began which would last until the early hours.

We spent the rest of the half generally dominating events with debutant Pete Coupe and Dave Fairbairn running the show in midfield, JB dump tackling his big, mean opposite man for fun, Alden playing gaffer for the day offering wisdom and insight from within his sheepskin between puffs on a cigar and "Grand" Clem putting in some tasty runs until just before halftime, Dave Fairbairn sidestepped and swerved past two of their drones to score our second. Who could have predicted that after such a try he would limp off in the second half with cramp, screaming like a girl.

The second half was also cushy. Piledriving runs from Clem, solid play from Neil "I love the corps" Banta at stand-off, powerful scrummaging from the forwards including Kev in his first ever rugby match, a yellow card for LSE rugby warrior, Deadly Doug, the odd rampage from the Gimp and Peter Arnold's newly acquired ability to avoid knocking the ball on gave us the edge.

The third and final try was sweet as. A cunning break from Ralph following some decent attacking took us up to their line. The fat boys rucked over in dominant fashion for the umpteenth time that afternoon and Clem got a well deserved touchdown to seal the match.

And so, how best to celebrate and reward such endeavour? We chose to share a communal bath and jugs of beer with the Gimp and the Mong. Frankly, the scene would have driven women wild and to be fair, some of the public school chaps seemed to revel in the experience.

After a pasting in the subsequent boat race (Nice one, Charterhouse) we returned to the Tuns where the usual drinking, shouting and all that bollocks continued until closing time and beyond including Clem drinking from some kind of monster glass and Dunc doing the Green Monster honours.

Our final thoughts go out to Epsy who spent the night in the Scrubs experiencing a wholly less pleasant communal bathing scenario. Lets hope he makes bail and that the little bitch shuts her mouth. I mean the case is dropped by next week. Free the Dalston One. Oh, and by the way, Dave, you're dropped.

Piledriving runs from Clem, solid play from Neil "I love the corps" Banta at stand-off, powerful scrummaging from the forwards including Kev in his first ever rugby match... and Peter Arnold's newly acquired ability to avoid knocking the ball on gave us the edge.

SUPER SEVENS SHIT ON STRAND SCUM

Poly 7th 0
LSE 7th 7

The first game of the LSE 7ths in the ULU league was accompanied by a bad ass flurry of goals. The newest LSE league crew, led by the Albert 'The Boss' smacked in seven goals past the ill prepared and frankly amateurish Strand poly's team in this Berrylands shoot-out.

This team, much like the double winning Arsenal team of 97-98 has found the correct mix of continental flair and British steel. Playing on the King's, who not only have a notorious small ground and ashit poly the 7ths midfield dominated the entire match with Patrick 'The Old Guy', Dave 'The Ironman', George Francesco 'The Rogue Wag'. This midfield supplies the passes for the goals scored by James 'The Stud', Francesco with one each, and the rest were all scored by the star of the game Aris. After twenty minutes of shrugging off the effects of certain extra curricular activities of the evening before, Aris proceeded to hammer in five goals in the remaining time of the game.

It is also worth mentioning the great play by the back line which managed to keep a clean sheet which was only achieved in the last game last season. It was made up of Torstein 'Goalie' who made some spectacular saves, Theo 'Poustis', Pantelis 'El Presidente', Albert 'The Boss' and 'Hard man'. When a King's player was told to mark him, the player's response was "Him! He's going to kill me!".

The win was made even more secure by the introduction of Gurgit 'The Porn Supplier', Chris 'Skilfull' and Rob 'Yankee' who all played well and managed to establish themselves in the match.

The 7th's next outing will be to the middle of nowhere to play the UCL 7th's and by the performance in this match it looks like the LSE men will be clear at the top of the table when they finish with the UCL boys.



Lord Eavis:
Spit or Swallow?
That is the question

CLOSE BUT NO SHRI-GAR

HOCKEY BIRDS ARE VIOLATED ONCE AGAIN BY THE BESTIALITY BAND

LSE 1st 4
QMW 1st 4
Amar is strong in the tackle

This week saw the LSE men's hockey team playing our first home game at the newly re-furnished Battersea pitch. Raring to go after last weeks annihilation of RVC we prepared ourselves to do battle against QMW(ankers) college. We knew it would be a tough game; the Beast, our last wall of defence, was feeling poorly (and was playing against doctor's orders). Rolf and new-boy John had been drinking Tuesday, Sharkie's fitness was questioned (lack of sleep plays havoc with your game) and quite frankly mid-field maestro Matt 'Juicy Lucy' Loose was still the worse for wear after the previous Wednesday's tequila session.

The game started badly with a quick goal scored by QMW putting us one-nil down after only 5 minutes. We retaliated swiftly though and soon equalised - thanks to John and within a minute of the restart we had scored again this time courtesy of Rolf (named after his conquest at a freshers boat party - apparently she looked a lot like the bearded antipodean!!). After this we dominated the game and had QMW running helplessly all over the pitch, a scene reminiscent of the rugby boys hopelessly chasing the hockey birds in the Tuns later that night (Oscar Kent - "Please can I kiss you?" Kirsten Greb - "No, fuck off!!") .

The second half started badly with the opposition slotting one past the outstretched body of the Beast (contrary to popular belief he is quite flexible). However, Jon 'Strip-joint' Milsted's half time talk and the fruity refreshments provided by Eric Bananaman worked their magic and we quickly scored again - Euroboy, Kleymeyer racing up-front to show the forwards how it's done. Our secret weapon, the alluring presence of Miss Anna Foster, worked brilliantly; first she distracted the opposition and secondly she inspired Sharkie Buckle to unleash his stick skills and Bang one in (a goal that is).

Victory at this stage was assured, with two minutes to go we led by two goals and there was no way they could come back - or so we thought. However taking pity on the QMW(ussies) Shri managed to deflect a shot into our goal bringing the score to 4-3 and then gave away a penalty flick which they converted bringing the score to 4 all - all with two seconds to spare - SHIT!!!! And so triumph eluded us and all that was left was to come to the Tuns and get hammered while being 'serenaded' by rowdy and victorious Rugby boys. Well done to all of those who came out especially to Rolf who's 'disappearing - reappearing' pint trick was most appreciated. Congratulations go to Milsted who alcoholically managed to hang around after closing time waiting for mates who had already left, failed to get a chaperone home (Katy Pratt how could you desert him?) got to Elephant and Castle - where he lost his wallet - and all this from a man who lives in Surrey Quays!! Anyway we'll see you next week..... Shri, don't forget the hat (after all you won it fair and square).



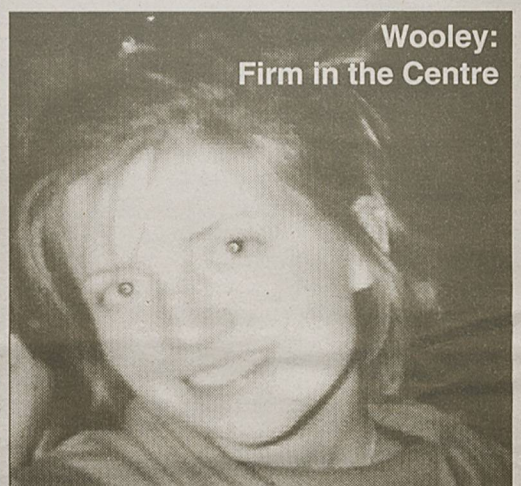
Hockey players mingle

RVC 1st 4
LSE 1st 0
Jester gives it to birds

Another Wednesday and another trip into deepest darkest commuter belt to play a group of girls whose idea of a good education is to spend their time fisting various forms of livestock- whatever does it for you eh Oscar!! Proving that all 'men' across the other side of the channel are filthy, sleezy types we were joined in the changing room by a Frenchy who claimed monosyllabic ignorance at his blatant error- mistake?- I doubt it very much. Confidence was in remission as we stepped out onto the field; Skywalker couldn't play because of a wednesday afternoon class- which incidentally can we sort out because it really does take the piss that we miss players because of LSE timetabling incompetence- and so the force wasn't as strong in the birds. The midfield, spearheaded by Miss Woolie but due to disasters at the back equivalent to fucking up with your last rubber- rugby boys!- and some accurate shooting by their forwards which AU boys couldn't replicate- we found ourselves in the increasingly familiar position of being rogered by farmers. Indeed there is not a single bird in the team who can claim not to be in possession of her brown wings- not the most ideal or enjoyable hockey initiation- contrary to popular opinion- Mr Kent!! Spirits couldn't even be lifted by McKenna falling arse over tit in the goal- she got

6.4 for artistic impression.

It would appear that the birds are being well satisfied by their men as most seemed totally uninterested in using their sticks for the gratification purposes of either themselves or for the team as a (w)hole. By the end there were only a couple of players (who, for diplomatic reasons shall remain unnamed) who had any real desire to give as well as they had taken!. Furthermore birds, the mouth has more uses than giving good head (whatever he tells you) and if we actually use it to communicate on the pitch we might actually start getting the results that we deserve). Flushed with the shame of the afternoons activities, a pathetically small flock of birds arrived in the Tuns- the others were tied up washing their hair, finishing essays due for week 8 or just being fucking lame- and had to suffer the mortification of every other team either having won or drawn. Kinky and McKenna had to put up with drunken drivel, and possibly dribble from various AU boys and only some showed anything more than adolescent behaviour- Mandy we salute you- such gentlemen are in an



Wooley: Firm in the Centre

endangered species on a Wednesday night. As you can probably guess I was royally pissed off- we need to sort it out girls with the same kind of commitment you give to your double headed intruders or theres just no point in playing!

A pathetically small flock of birds arrived in the Tuns- the others were tied up washing their hair



Hot and Sticky: LSE hockey on top form

EL TEL REALLY GIVES EM HELL

EPSTEIN GETS COCK STUCK IN DOOR

RUMS 4th 0
LSE 4th 6
Epstein produces the goods

The fourth team kept up their impressive record in BUSA which should ensure that they progress to the national stages of the competition. The trip to Turkey Street was in itself ironic considering that we ended up playing a bunch of, well, turkeys. RUMS cause was not helped by their obese central midfielder aka The Fat Controller who insisted in taking pot shots from ridiculous distances that never troubled the Antti--Christ.

The simple facts were that we were five goals up, and five goals better than them at half time. In the first half, Man of the Match Tommy 'Elvis' C pelvic thrust his way through the RUMS defence to score a hat-trick; the pick of the bunch being a superlative 20 yard left foot drive that crashed in off a post.

Terry Wogan, more of an outline than slimline bagged another goal to keep in hot pursuit of the King of Rock and Roll in the scoring charts and a fifth was added before the interval with a close range header from the combative Omar to cap another impressive performance in midfield (get shot of Paxton, Stoate!).

The second half was a classic case of taking the foot of the accelerator. The industry and artistry of Kayat and Epstein disappeared down the swanny as Omar's legs gave in and Michael's lungs gave out. Tommy 'Elvis' C was demoted to centre back to allow the reincarnation of the Christ up front; Rabu and the cultured Alfie were replaced by Alex 'Tiny Tim' Kay and Ross in an attempt by 'Weasel' Stoate to inspire some commitment. The Mad Hatton responded by chopping players down in random fashion as RUMS finally got into the game, but another finish from Wogan put the lads six up and it was all showboating from then on in.

With Elvis, Weasel, Karly and Hatton at the back a RUMS goal was never likely, and it seemed a perfect afternoon was to be capped off by El Tel when he found himself two yards out with just the keeper between him and his hat-trick. Unfortunately, Wogan had the butt cowboys up him down in Brighton at the weekend and could only blast the ball at the prone goalie instead of the onion bag. Tel was left clutching his arse in despair. Never mind, son. You have to be there to miss 'em.

And so onto Kings. Sadly the Weasel will be in Wales for Saturday's match where he will discover his girlfriend is thrice nightly getting the backside knocked out of her by the strapping sheepshaggers of Cardiff University and unfortunately, Paxton will be in charge. The flame haired goon's motivational prowess will undoubtedly be put to the test in the battle of the Berrylands if he can be bothered to prise his way out of kiddies parties at McDonalds to lead us.

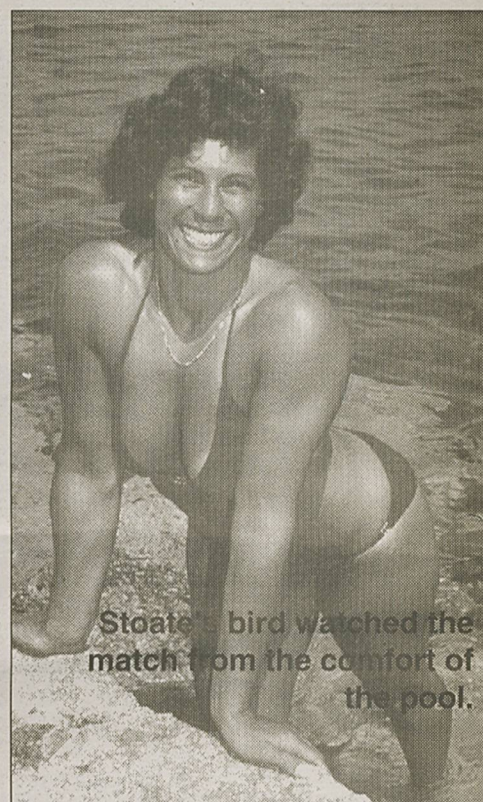
Terry Wogan, more of an outline than slimline bagged another goal to keep in hot pursuit of the King of Rock and Roll in the scoring charts

UCL 4th 5
LSE 4th 3
Stoate - 2 pints short of a piss-up

Finally the inconcievable took place on Saturday as the fourths lost a competitive match. This was not, however, due to any lack of skill or talent, but due to a sharp decline in the player gathering 'sex appeal' of the Stoate. To play any match with eight players is going to be an uphill struggle but against one of the best sides in the league, it's fucking suicidal. Admittedly, the kidnapping of two seventh team players seemed the right thing to do, but our gameplan remained the same: keep their score as low as possible.

The First half went surprisingly well. 'Sgt Bilko' playing in the unfamiliar role of centre back was excellent to compensate for the shit as ever Stoate with Omar and 'Simba' Paxton running aimlessly and both Carl and Rossy fornicating with the UCL fullbacks on the wings it seemed as though some sort of result could be pulled off. This thought was somewhat reinforced when Elvis picked the ball up 40 yards out, ran at the UCL defence and curled one in the top corner (That can't be right, Tommy...). The celebrations were premature.

After the interval the gale force winds seemed to blow open the floodgates as UCL's extra man began to pay. UCL, through not obeying the basic laws of football, sheer fluke and some superb finishing from 30 yards, produced five goals in twenty minutes and the result we were expecting seemed on the cards. Or so UCL thought. El Capitano changed tactics and a brave fightback followed. Weasel's new gameplan of 'foul foul foul' started to work perfectly as Weasel himself pulled off three red card challenges and Paxton's red banana shaped boots kicked every shin in sight. Although throughout the match, Wogan's absence had been instrumental (literally, as he performed some 'live act' in Brighton) and Epstein's so called injury had been keeping his occasional playmaking in front of the TV, now the new strategy began to work. Tommy C and one of the sevenths pulled a couple back for the game to finish a respectable 5--3.



Stoate's bird watched the match from the comfort of the pool.

BADMINTON : MIXED FOR YOUR PLEASURE



This aint no joke. This is badminton

RHUL 1STS 2
LSE 1STS 7
Ginger Magician

The LSE badminton crew got their mixed doubles season off to a flier last sunday at Royal Holloway.

Having already destroyed them in both the men's and the women's competition, we knew what to expect. Respective team captains Suhail Shaikh and Devna Vora joined forces, not for the first time, and led the way with some aggressive badminton. Federman, and new partner Ai Chee took their relationship to the next level and outplayed a despondent opposition. 'Deadly' Denis Wright also played, despite the obvious jealousy of his girlfriend, Sally. Ying Ying has a very special forehand, one which Wright obviously admired as the pair sealed another whirlwind victory.

With a massive array of male and female talent to choose from, it looks like we could go far.

NOTICE TO ALL SPORTS WRITERS:

FOR CERTAIN COVERAGE IN THE BEAVER,

E-MAIL ALL REPORTS TO ANNA AT A.L.FOSTER@LSE.AC.UK, BY 6PM ON A THURSDAY EVENING. THANKYOU.

STRAND POLY LIE BACK AND THINK OF ENGLAND AS THIRDS GIVE THEM A GOOD SHAFTING

LSE 3rd
Strand Poly 3rd
LSE 3rd
ICSM 3rd
Shaft reports from Berrylands

5
2
5
3

Many mysteries reign at the LSE - when will Barnesy comb his hair? When will Mulligan pull? Is Michael Epstein really a man? Why do the hockey birds think that they are gods gift to men when only a few resemble anything feminine and the rest are just a load of bushpigs?

The netball birds are far more sexy bitches with nice arses and great tits. But by far the biggest is how a team who struggled to score let alone win for the first half of last season have turned into a potentially awesome outfit with more firepower than the U.S. Army.

Despite missing key players in both games wins were never in doubt due to the strength in depth and the fact Mulligan wasn't asked to play. Dynamo Dan pulled out of the ICSM match giving the excuse of a cold but a reliable informant spotted him with a girl called Amy locked in a passionate clinch. The photos are on the way to his granny girlfriend who with any sense will give this cheating Romeo the elbow.

Calamity Barnes was involved in a shock plastic melting incident which the Met Police are keen to get to the bottom of thus forcing him out of both games. This perverted weirdo is now without a blow up doll and has developed an everlasting fear of hot vaseline. The bizarre nature of his sex fetishes will now see him out of action both on and off the football pitch until his groinal burns have cleared up.

Against ICSM goals came thick and fast in a frantic first half as LSE asserted their cavemen

strength on the medics finest.

Lightening opened the scoring to end his goal drought as he scuffed one past the fat bastard in the ICSM net who makes Fat Bob look like a leaned and toned athlete. However the Guv'nor decided it was about time he had a mare on the pitch as the first of his amazing gaffs gifted the opposition a goal. Soaring like an eagle in the air what looked like a routine headed clearance turned into a vague Mulligan header as the ball skimmed off the back of his head and straight into the path of an awaiting striker who scored with ease.

LSE though fought back and a few minutes later were back in front with an exquisite strike from the G-Man. 30 yards out and surrounded by defenders he deftly chipped the static keeper Beckham-style whilst all around stared in amazement at this feat of skill. His usual goal scoring prowess returned a few minutes later as a corner hit the back of his head in another piece of Mulligan inspired play and canonned into the net.

Masterplan added a fourth with yet another mis-hit cross but the Guv'nor took immediate pity by repeating his mistake of earlier as another ball skimmed off this ponces head for the awaiting forward to convert. Without any form of excuse this sad individual admitted he was just plain shit and may have to be replaced in future with the awesome talent that is Bomber Harlemane. LSE wrapped the game up in the second half with another goal from lightening and even the gifted third goal ICSM scored wasn't going to stop

The 3rds drank on whilst Barnesy contemplated his double organ



the neanderthals from winning again.

Strand Poly were next in the firing line as their awaiting second team was not just fucking beat but whipped into submission before being shafted on their own cow field they call a pitch.

Missing the Guv'nor due to a family reunion out in the country in which he got up to many acts of incest and Barnesy who was in the Met Polices safe hands the team was stretched to its limits. Added by the fact that the dopey fucker Masterplan has the ability of not being able to set an alarm clock or read a train timetable only ten men arrived at the ground.

The Rock though used his powers of persuasion to nick Justin off the firsts and eleven men made it out for kickoff. Despite the high winds it was LSEs hurricane G-Man who opened the scoring

after taking advantage of some comical goalkeeping to fire in from 35 yards after 10 minutes. This was soon cancelled out by the penalty Kings scored after their forward had been gang raped by Dynamo and Russ.

After some heavy words from the Rock LSE got their arses into gear and were lead by Lightening who scored a classy hat-trick as the Kings futile defence crumbled under the intense pressure. Even though Kings added a goal at the beginning of the second half the LSE tag team of Lightening and G-Man combined again for G-Man to score from 10 yards out and assure the cavemen of another victory.

The solidness of this team proved once more that the fourths are fucking dreaming if they think they have a chance of beating the thirds in the ULU Cup as they too will get a serious shafting.

The usual after match activities

occured in the Tuns with many lame kareoke attempts mainly from the G-Man and the Rock, but the highlight was the 5-man drinking challenge organised by Big Jez and the Rock. Although firm favourites the rugby lads were surprisingly behind until Matt "I make Mulligan look like a drinking champion" Stoate began his pint. He took so long in getting his pint down that by the time he had finished everybody had fucked off to Limelight leaving him on his own and looking like a wet girls blouse. Not many footballers made it to Slimelight but a special mention must go to Mandy who has made it 5 on the spin and is determined to complete the full 10 this term so he can include it on his ever expanding C.V. Despite the birds being pig ugly this legendary LSE figure is never put off as he always lives by his motto that "beauty is only a light switch away" if you get the meaning.