

The Elephants are back! Campus at London Zoo Page 18

Arts Pages: Buggy!

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THE BEAVER

Police Investigate Death

CID officers are examining the circumstances surrounding the discovery of the body of a female youth outside Rosebery Hall last week. Official sources remained tight lipped at the time of going to press owing to the sensitive and inconclusive nature of the issue.

News Team

A body was found in the alleyway between Rosebery Hall and the Public Records Office late last Thursday night.

The deceased was identified on Monday as a young Australian female. She was wearing a grey jumper, dark striped t-shirt and red corduroy trousers. Police have requested that anyone with any information contact Islington police station on 0171 421 0283.

The discovery was made by a student, and first aid was given to the casualty without success by one of the Hall's officers. Police were called, and sealed off the area.

Students at the hall were required to give extensive details of their movements during the night in question as authorities attempted to determine the identity of the deceased. Early speculation among residents and LSE students centred around the possibility that a resident could have died. Shortly before *the Beaver* went to press, however, David Segal, the Assistant Secretary of the School, confirmed that the body was not that of an LSE student. Exhaustive attempts to account for every

Rosebery resident had been made, before the deceased was reported missing to police by a friend. Identification was subsequently made.

Narius Aga, the General Secretary of the Student's Union, commented that the police were conducting a full investigation. Speaking to *the Beaver* he said that the School were "co-operating fully" with the authorities.

The Warden of Rosebery Hall, Dr. Hanhimaki, was unavailable for comment at the time of going to press. Islington CID, who are handling the case, said that they were "treating the death as suspicious," but would not reveal any more details at the time of writing.

Some criticised the authorities for their taciturnity over the affair, claiming that students should be told more details in order to put their minds at rest. Such a viewpoint must be balanced against the desire of those concerned not to make premature statements which could jeopardise the investigation.

Counselling has been made available to those most affected by the incident, according to one source. There can be little doubt that this tragedy has left the campus in a state of confusion and shock.



Rosebery Hall, the scene of the Tragedy.

Photo: Jon Fencon-Fisher.

Building for the future

Chris Roe

The Student's Union has proposed a move from its current position in the East Building to more modern and accessible premises, possibly in a new building.

Narius Aga, General secretary of the SU, told *the Beaver* that the present situation of the Union in general, and the sabbaticals, offices in particular, was short of ideal. He pointed out that the rooms are "shabby" and "haphazard." More importantly he added that disabled access to the current facilities was "impossible." He was of the opinion that the obstacles to wheelchair users deterred them from visiting sabbaticals, let alone standing for election.

A more pleasing and convenient

alternative to the status quo would be a situation where SU services were located under one roof, according to Aga. The current arrangements, he felt, were in need of "a breath of fresh air", and relocation could provide this tonic. Narius also ventured that the project to find new accommodation for the Union could be integrated as part of a more general long term plan to improve the Portugal Street area to establish a more aesthetically pleasing campus.

Aga suggested specifically that Parish Hall, the building which currently houses the LSE Nursery as well as non-LSE tenants, could eventually become the home for a rejuvenated Union. The idea for this apparently originated in a conversation with Mr Michael Arthur, the Head of Accommodation Planning and Services.

However, Mr Arthur was cautious about the putative project. Talking to *the Beaver* he pointed out that refurbishing the building was a "highly sensitive" issue, and certainly not a venture that would be undertaken lightly. The interests of the current tenants would have to be fully taken into account, as well as financial considerations. He emphasised that the proposal remained speculative at the moment, and that no action was likely to be taken in the near future.

Max Steuer, the Chair of the Houghton Street Project Group, was equally keen not to raise undue hopes about a resited Union. He told *the Beaver* that "while it is desirable to work out better premises for the SU" there was "nothing on the cards at the moment." He cited the School's expectation that it would be

moving to County Hall as one factor that had slowed plans to develop the Houghton Street area. He insisted that talk at the moment is "speculation", and that development of the LSE involved reconciling a "complicated set of interactive proposals." In principle, however, he expressed support for new SU premises, stating that there is "a good case for improvement."

There have, nonetheless, been rumours of plans to improve the LSE site. Professor Giddens, the LSE Director, stated himself in a recent *Guardian* interview that he saw that many of the institution's buildings were in need of renovation, and the School had to spend money to keep up with the competition. Mr Arthur mentioned that ideally the Portugal Street area would be pedestrianised, providing that Westminster

Council were favourably disposed. He also said that "possibly a landmark building" would be included in the development, but was keen not to comment prematurely on the location or occupants of such an edifice. On a brighter note, he remarked that it was a "good idea in theory" to upgrade the Union's profile.

It is evident that these plans are still at the conceptual stage, and that negotiations have not even begun. Mr Arthur stressed that the proposals were nowhere near the Committee stage. It also seems likely that the Students' Union would face competition from other quarters for the use of at least part of any LSE accommodation. At the same time the Arguments in favour of a new home for the Union seem valid. Whether these visions will take on a more corporeal form remains to be seen.

Inside

News From Nowhere



I have got ghosts in my flat. My three flatmates and I have agreed that there is a large population of these metaphysical beings tramping the corridors of our humble abode each night. I mention this because disturbing reports from Leeds University have forced us to reconsider our conclusion that the creatures of the night are of the zombie variety, and not something more sinister. The word on the street is that five female students in Leeds, upon investigating a mysterious banging in the wee hours found not, as they first expected, sheet clad pioneers of death, but rather a naked man waving his clothes in the air like some kind of standard bearer and demanding entry. After he tried to remove the letter box for no apparent reason the girls found occasion to contact the boys in blue who promptly removed the man and identifying him as a well known flasher who had been targeting the area for some time. All I can say is thank god I don't have a letter box....

However, I do have occasion to ponder upon the reasons for the seemingly unavoidable attraction that road signs and a certain breed of pissed students seem to possess for each other. An incident in Reading has given rise to this query, whereby sticky fingered students are being urged to return their numerous collected trophies from presumably horribly boring drunken nights on the town.

The students have been told that they can hand back their various pieces of memorabilia at a 'Roadsign Amnesty' (bizarre) at their Student Union. This is a measure taken to avoid red-faced students from having to pop into a police station to confess their crimes. One intelligent student announced that the scheme would fail because 'road signs cost a lot of money and, let's face it, our parents pay the money for these things'. Well buster, all I can say is that if your parents are smart enough to have a job and be tax-paying members of our community, you must have been spawned by the milkman....

There are more offspring of said milkman at Bristol University where students are being blamed by police for the theft of over 300 traffic cones. One culprit, whose identity has understandably been withheld, said that 'you know you're a proper student when all you have left in your wardrobe is a traffic cone hat.' For 'student' read 'cock without a life'.

A press officer for the Avon and Somerset Constabulary (like you give a f**k) announced that 'No stone will be left unturned and no efforts will be spared in recovering the missing traffic cones. All patrolling officers have been given descriptions of these vital pieces of equipment and details of how they might be disguised'. What??? Allegedly there has been a surge in numbers of serious criminal incidents in Reading due to the fact the all policemen are walking around with their heads buried in diagrams of traffic cones disguised as trees, hats, cars and elephants. What is the world coming to?

And well might I ask after news that a Bristol couple has been awarded £250 cash compensation due to 'being plagued for years by noise pollution from students who reside in the flat above them. The council has agreed to pay the fine after resolving to try and raise student awareness of the problem. My belief is that they should have told the couple to shut up or ship out and told the student to pump up the volume to drown out the noise of the whinging mingers downstairs. All I can say is that they should be thankful that they are not plagued by the nocturnal wanderings of beings from beyond the grave....

By Tasha Kosviner

Virtual is Reality

Dan Lewis

Calling all 3rd years - at least those who can be bothered to try and get a job. Tired of trudging around endless milkrounds and overcrowded career fairs hosted by uninspiring company representatives representing your old headmaster? Want to see potential employers without all the hassle of donning you power suits or shoulder pads? Well why not try a virtual careers fair?

Gradunet, a company specialising in recruitment over the internet, are holding their second Virtual Careers Fair on Wednesday, November 26th from ten thirty to four. Representatives from 15 top employers such as the Bank of America, the Civil service and the Home Office will congregate at the surf and shoot cyber cafe on Oxford street but you can speak to them over the net simply by finding a computer and dialling up www.gradunet.co.uk. There will be an opportunity to 'chat' in real time with the representatives, find out information about them and many other companies and generally take one step closer to life in the real world.

Gradunet managing director Adam Bass believes "There is now nothing virtual about getting a job via the internet. By accessing our permanent web site and visiting our virtual fair, real students are getting real jobs with some of the best employers in the UK."

Inquiries to Aaron Fox or Lucy Shruballs at 0171-354-4800, or e-mail on gradunet@easynet.co.uk. www.gradunet.co.uk is open now for students to register and the fair itself opens at 10.30 on Wednesday 26th November.

More anti-fees steps trodden

Matt Brough

The LSE goes into anti-tuition fees overdrive from December 1 as the LSE Student Union starts their 'Stop Fees Week', a campaign that hopes to both increase awareness amongst LSE students of the looming threat of tuition fees and to actually get something done about them.

Although currently still in the planning stages, Health and Welfare Sabbatical Yuan Potts revealed to the Beaver that events should include; An organised student lobby of Common's MPs both in person and through postal lobbying, the presentation of the LSE SU anti-fees petition to Education Minister, David Blunkett, and an event rumoured obliquely by Potts as being "a top secret, exciting press stunt!"

When asked as to why the week's campaigning was important to the LSE, Potts made the following statement;

"Tuition fees will severely restrict access to higher education for those within lower income groups. Worse still the recent revelations that tuition fees will be charged up front will prove even a greater disincentive to prospective students.

"We want to make it clear during the campaign that it is important overseas students join the fight against tuition fees as the LSE (along with all higher education institutions) will receive no money from them for at least five years. There will be no benefits in relation to quality education and LSEs financial difficulties will increase the prospect of top up fees.

"Tuition fees are simply a poll tax on students."

If you wish to join the LSE Students Union "Stop the Fees" Campaign Team either pick up a form and return it to SU Reception or call Yuan Potts on (0171) 955 6709.



Passionate protest: it's not history yet.

Photo: Library.

Bad Service For Butlers

Dhara Ranasinghe and Chris Roe

Butlers' Wharf Residence has been plagued by a faulty telephone system since the first days of the new academic year. Residents have encountered difficulties with the Voice Mail service, which is supplied by Student Line, the company which deal with telecommunications in most of the LSE Halls of Residence.

According to Joe Roberts, Secretary of the Hall committee, the problems began when the computer controlling the system overheated and ceased functioning early this term. Since then the answerphone facility has been inoperative, and students have also been the recipients of phantom phone calls.

The Committee initially contacted Jim Thomas, chair of the Inter Halls Committee, who was apparently "quite supportive" to the students' cause. This support was seemingly less forthcoming from other quarters. Despite promises from Student Line and David Segal, Services Manager at the LSE, little has been done to alleviate student complaints.

This isn't the first time that students have had on going problems with Student Line. The company incurred a series of complaints earlier this year from residents at Rosebery and Carr Saunders, where similar problems to those currently faced by Butlers' Wharf were experienced.

Student Line were slow to respond to Beaver enquiries. Eventually their Customer Services manager, Andrea Saber, confirmed that the company had received complaints from the hall regarding the problem.

She also stated that steps were being taken to remedy the faulty computer, and

that she had personally spoken to Segal and George Kane, the manager of the residence. Indeed, she claimed that the matter would be resolved by the time *the Beaver* went to press.

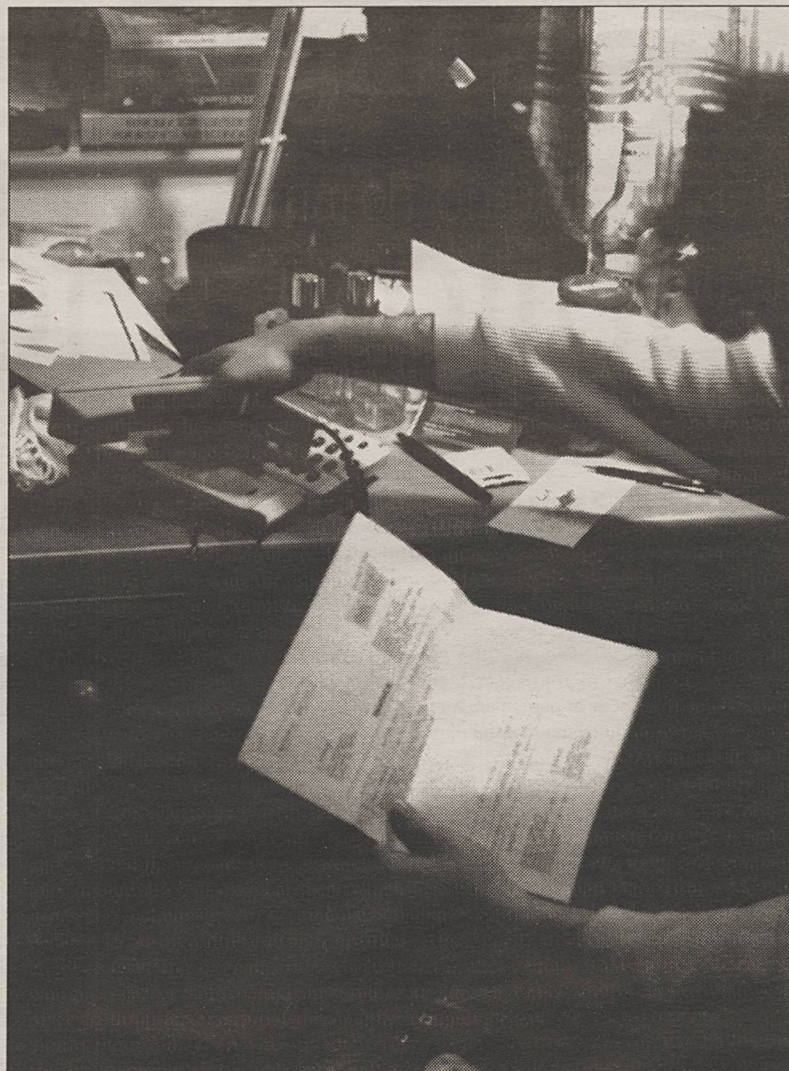
Residents at Butlers' Wharf are yet to receive their bills from student line, which some students expect regardless of a redress of grievance. Some were unhappy about the prospect of paying full price for a deficient service

Saber admitted that students would face full bills for the calls they had made this term. She justified this by claiming that Student Line's tariff was already more than competitive and significantly cheaper than BT. She added that the voice mail service was provided free of charge, and no line rental was charged to customers.

Some would argue that while this is true students have come to rely on their answerphone facilities, and had suffered hardship while they were unoperational. Obviously this was mere inconvenience for most students, but for students anticipating job offers the lack of voice mail could have proved crucial. Saber said that she "empathised" with these students.

Robert, suggested that he would be interested in investigating the legal position of the hall with an eye to possibly terminating the contract. He claimed that the company "don't provide a satisfactory service to anyone", referring to the difficulties which other halls have experienced with their systems.

Saber argued that Butlers residents had simply been "unfortunate," and that their experience was a "one off." This may ring hollow with students from other halls, where problems have maybe gone unreported.



Can students still rely on Student Line?

Photo: Library

Aga Saga Concludes

Michael Collins

It has often been said that a week is a long time in politics. At the UGM of Thursday 20, LSESU General Secretary Narius Aga performed an astonishing u-turn on the issue of an emergency NUS conference. In a week of high profile public apologies, Aga admitted that he had "made a mistake" in accepting the Labour Club amendment of the previous week.

Having conceded, in accordance with other London universities, that an emergency NUS conference would be too expensive, fresh information led Aga to a re-table of the motion. It transpired that the emergency conference could be dealt with in just one day and therefore the union would only incur the costs of the train fares for the delegates.

At the UGM, Aga reaffirmed his commitment to fighting fees. Yuan Potts spoke against the motion claiming that an emergency conference would still involve "a lot of money for little effect" and was pointless only six weeks before the main conference at Easter. Narius hit back displaying his razor sharp political skills, claiming that "six weeks is a long time in politics too" and that the issue would be overshadowed at the main conference.

Two amendments to the motion were tabled. The addition from SWSS to actively support the upcoming national demonstration fell. Stuart Lock's argument that supporting the demonstration was the "logical progression of a more vigorous anti fees campaign" seemingly had little impact. The Labour Club's attempt to



The masses speak

Photo: Library

defeat the motion for the second week running, by removing the 'teeth' of the emergency conference, also failed miserably.

Aga's final point saw the motion pass comfortably, as he produced two quotes in which the government and the NUS had apparently shown reciprocal admiration for each other's approach to the issue of tuition fees. Thus the LSE will officially call for

an emergency NUS conference to specifically address the issue of top up fees and the lack of confidence in the NUS leadership. Ironically, in spite of his opposition to the motion, Welfare and Education officer Yuan Potts will be sent to the conference as one of last years elected delegates.

There appears to be a broad and growing consensus that Douglas Trainer is

not performing the role that he has been mandated to. This point is agreed upon by many who actually support the introduction of tuition fees. Given the LSE's right-wing image, this could be a significant turning point in the campaign for an emergency conference and possibly raise the profile of the whole tuition fees debate.



UNION JACK

Just when Jack thought it safe to step out of the gutter, it appeared as if the UGM had regressed further. However, the empty nature of the chamber and the lack of young Turks swinging from the rafters indicated that the Cypriot motion had been withdrawn. Shame really. A cursory glance at business motion two revealed a strangely balanced and rational account. Obviously a call for proper debate, mutual understanding and the admittance of joint culpability is not quite acceptable to the parties involved. What they really want to do is try and take out their mutual frustrations on Hairman Hampshire. His response - 'back me or sack me, oh yes' - was obviously not enough to satisfy some people. Perhaps this is what the UGM really needs: an impartial chair with no charisma, no excitement, and the ability to empty the old theatre in under a minute. Sadly, Joe Roberts is busy this year, and we must stick with such chairs as remains within the union.

Perhaps the real issue which underpins the Cypriot debacle is the misguided standards of correctness adopted within the UGM. "Hello, my name's Petros and I'm from Zimbabwe." Total hush descends. The alternative? "Hello, my name is Nina and I'm from Cyprus", and a shout from the sky of "you look better from behind!". The truth of the matter is that the Cypriots do damage their own case by demanding a fair hearing for their own side and shouting down anyone who disagrees. For the last two years, the society has packed the UGM to bludgeon through the same motion as the year before, and then cried wolf about how they don't receive a fair hearing. Having done both of these things, they swiftly retire from Union politics. Nevertheless, if we are to complain about racism in the Union, might we perhaps address the fact that one speaker is able to shift the opinion of the UGM with the colour of his skin. Not one Labourite listened to what Petros said: in the rush to be the first to applaud their bulging eyes had covered their ears.

All of this moralising, however, is infinitely more interesting than the rest of last week's proceedings. At least irrational accusations of racial hatred are more lively than the same old Trainer tamer motions which arrive week after week. Entering into the spirit of humility so lacking in the Cypriot society, Narius apologised for some long forgotten misdemeanor. However, in light of the vice-chair's nefarious habits, Jack deplores the thought of his 'taking a Bernie'. Luckily, soft relief was provided. Indeed, there was a danger of combustion during later proceedings. At one point Gorgeous George and Imogen faced each other across an empty stage. Mamma Mia! The two women in Jack's life, united at last. The UGM was silent - thus expressing one of life's great ironies. The good lord giveth man enough blood both to think and to lust - just not at the same time. Obviously the balcony boys can't talk and chew their gums at the same time.

In other news, LSE was heartened by the news that the rapid fire rhetoric of Dan Lam is certain to feature in the upcoming elections. Finally admitting he will oppose Balgi Mahal's predictable nth attempt, Lam has come out of the closet. Jack ponders such a race: Lam vs. Mahal - just the bad and the ugly, then. Now that he has the full confidence of the UGM, will Hampshire attempt a 'hair raising' second run? And after all of this, spare a thought for our maligned Ents Sabbatical. Jasper claimed his job had been much harder seeing someone had stolen the mixer from the tuns. Jack pondered this, and wonders what the problem is? The tuns may be hard up, but have you ever heard of lager and tonic? Until that day, Jack will simply recline in his personal alcove in the Beaver's Retreat, sipping G+T, and pity the tuns peasants without tonic for their vodka.

DJ Thieves Strike Again

Chris Roe

A wave of DJ related crime has hit the LSE with a number of specialist items belonging to the Union being stolen since the beginning of term.

Jasper Ward, Entertainments sabbatical, voiced his concerns to *The Beaver* following the latest theft, when a valuable mixer was stolen after the Time Out quiz event on Thursday 13 November at around 10.30pm. He said that the equipment had been taken from a crowded Tuns after it was left temporarily unattended, and he described himself as being "extremely pissed off" about the incident. This piece of cold hearted robbery follows the theft of several dedicated mixing needles at a DJ competition earlier this term, an incident which Ward described as "very disappointing."

The disappearance of the styluses was a matter of inconvenience rather than expense, but replacing the missing mixer will cost the Entertainments budget several hundred pounds. Ward estimated that this expenditure would effectively wipe out the profits from one of the Union's Friday night extravaganzas, with implications for future events. These inevitably cast a pernicious shadow over the success of last Friday's Shilton shootout, which Ward felt was a great success. He added that he would "appreciate" any information on either of the thefts, which have effectively perpetrated a negative piece of wealth redistribution to the detriment of the common good.

Sabbs report for duty

Andrew Yule

With Yuan Potts having at last handed in his Summer sabbatical report, all four of the LSESU sabbatical officers have become fully accountable to the school and all students.

General Secretary Narius Aga appears to have been busying himself with a number of school related issues, ranging from multi-topical meetings with Director Anthony Giddens, to numerous self training activities, and NUS organised conferences.

As far as campaigning goes Aga mentions his ongoing work alongside Yuan Potts and Imogen Bathurst for the anti-tuition fees campaign. He also campaigned for new computers for High Holborn and Bankside halls although no mention was made of the proposals for new computers which Rosebery and Carr Saunders have been angling for. Aga is still fighting to

ensure the building of a new hall of residence.

Treasurer Imogen Bathurst expressed her satisfaction with the summer building schemes, and changes made to the Tuns, the extension of STA travel, and to the mezzanine floor of The Cafe. She has also installed a new phone card machine in the Quad where cards can be bought which operate any phone by way of a "charge card" style centralised system for substantially lower cost calls both home and abroad. The cards, are rechargeable at the same machine.

The highlight of the treasurers report as far as things financial go is the fact that the Freshers Fair brought in approximately £13,000, the highest ever sum.

Education and Welfare sabbatical, Yuan Potts, apparently did a lot of work over the summer to re-vamp the Cafe, in order to improve customer focus. Potts has also been busy with the anti tuition fees

campaign, ensuring "maximum publicity of the Anti-Fees Demo" as well as organising petitions, and the SU response to Dearing.

In a more specific welfare mould, Potts targeted the three groups of students with disabilities, students with children and part-time students. He hopes that the new scheme he has instigated will make "more meaningful awards, whilst also saving much staff time."

Jasper Ward, Entertainments sabbatical of the LSESU has been busy over the summer organising events for the LSE summer school, helping to raise substantial funds for the SU. He also commented that he was at full stretch negotiating deals for a freshers fortnight which ran on for three weeks.

He also stressed how he had re-established deals with the NME, the Ministry of Sound, Moss Bros and Time Out for the advantage of LSE students.

Archives

From this week:
24 November 1986

Tension and high drama aluminated itself on the front page of the "unofficial Newspaper of the LSE" (as the Beaver regarded itself) on November 24 1986.

Four armed gunman had ripped through crowds of unsuspecting students as they filled in to Houghton street after lectures at 10.00 on a Wednesday morning.

The gunmen, one carrying a sawn of shot gun and another carrying a revolver were making their way through Houghton Street having 'held up' a security van delivering money to the Natwest bank, on the LSE campus. Ironically, the security firm involved was Group Four, renowned for their not so secure delivery of goods. The van had been stopped by the men

wearing trenchcoats and wigs and were forced to hand over a bag containing £15,000.

The robbers escape car, a blue Ford awaited them outside Dillions bookshop. One member of the public had pursued the car on his motorbike but lost them at Turnstile Street.

LSE student, Dave Waksman who was walking past Dillions when the four men ran past, relayed his version of events to the Beaver, stating that as they approached the car, one of the men shouted "come on quick, get into the bloody car!"

Natwest Bank made little effort to placate student fears about security, insisting that the bank had the most up-to-



date security system and that, "there's nothing much more that we can do."

Mr Rice from Group Four Security, on the other hand, concluded that the robbers had got "clean away with it". He further heightened student anxiety by commenting that because the deliveries were delayed by one or two hours a day, the armed robbers must have been waiting around the LSE for some time (a reassuring thought to leave you with!)

By Dhara Ranasinghe

Short Cuts

Academic condemns Oxbridge funding

LSE Professor of Economics Lord Desai has added his voice to the plethora of comments on the Oxbridge funding debate. Attacking the extra state subsidy that Oxbridge receives in both the House of Lords and in last week's issue of the Sunday Times, Lord Desai remarked, "After having argued the need for a lean and fit British industry, when we allowed all sorts of things to go to the wall, these Oxbridge colleges are being protected. Blessed are the rich, for they will inherit the earth."

The Higher Education Funding Council (also known as HEFCE) will be issuing its review of the state subsidy later this month: Oxbridge now receives £5,800 per student in comparison to the £4,000 other universities get. Various Labour MPs have attacked this on the basis that over half of Oxbridge undergraduates have public school backgrounds. (as does, incidentally, the LSE).

The colleges have argued, however, that the subsidy provides up to 60 per cent of their income and that they would have to resort to the introduction of annual fees worth £2,000 with its removal.

In a parliamentary debate some weeks ago, Lord Desai declared that "There is nothing so unedifying as hearing the rich claim to be poor." He has been one of the few peers supporting the withdrawal of £35 million from both universities. The extra funding was only introduced some decades ago, and as such, is relatively new.

Fresh blood for BLPES

The BLPES has recently appointed a new head librarian. Jean Sykes is joining the LSE library from her current position as Director of Resource Services at the University of Westminster, and will take up her position as Librarian and Director of Resource Services here in January.

Mrs Sykes replaces former librarian, Lynne Brindley, who has already left us to take up a post in Leeds. She has been appointed as Dean of Information Strategy and of the University Library at the Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Potts of Power

LSE Education and Welfare Sabbatical Officer Yuan Potts was recently elected as the Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual (LGB) officer on the ULU Executive.

This position gives Potts a role in formulating ULU policy and deciding which direction it should take. This may prove to be especially important given the crossroads which ULU appears to be approaching.

Potts told *the Beaver* that he was pleased to be elected to the ruling body of "the biggest union in Europe."

Compiled by News Team

The news team need you!
If you are interested in being an investigative reporter or doing background research, then the news team at *the Beaver* is place to be.

Meetings at 6pm in Room C023
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EDITORIAL

I am not a vegetarian and doubt I could ever be one. However, this doesn't stop me from wanting those animals which I eat to be slaughtered in the least painful way.

I therefore find it extremely horrifying seeing animals being used as sport by the barbarians of society. It maybe true that we have to eat the animals but surely we do not have to treat them as if they were not alive.

The current issue in the news is the ban on hunting, a ban which in my opinion is long overdue. This country prides itself on being a nation of animal lovers and yet we still allow members of our society to go out and needlessly kill.

I am not going to argue the various economic arguments of

banning hunting and all other game sports but will simply say that morally, it is unjustifiable. In the past, we have had to hunt to survive, the killing of these creatures was justifiable. There is now in this country at least, no justification for the continuation of this vile sport as we have moved far passed the stage when we have to hunt to eat.

I hope that the motion that will be put to the House of Commons at the end of this month will be voted in. As recent polls have shown, it is clearly the will of the general population that a ban come into effect. If it does pass I hope that this country takes a lead in pressing for stricter laws on the protection of animals in the EU.

It is about time that every country in the EU and the rest of the world for that matter starts treating animals in a way that minimises the pain that is actually inflicted on them.

Britain is often described as the odd one out in Europe. Maybe for once, we can be at the forefront of an issue. An issue that many people in this country feel very strongly about. We could deliver a policy that would end the torture for the animals in Europe, ranging all the way from Bullfighting to Cockfighting.

If Britain bans hunting and other Game Sports. This surely must act as some sort of stimulus for all other nations to follow suit. And so putting an end to the traditions of animal

abuse that have dogged every society for far too long. Maybe then, we can start to become the civilised people, we so often believe we are.

On another note, I will apologise for any offence caused by the nature of a sports article which has caused serious distress to members of the LBG society and to other parties that have expressed complaints on the homophobic nature of the article.

It is the policy of this paper to maintain an equal opportunities policy for all members of the Student Union; I give my assurance that any issue that contravenes this policy will be dealt with swiftly and effectively.

CRAIG NEWSOME

THE BEAVER

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The editors can be contacted by email on beaver@lse.ac.uk

This Week

Italian Society
Pasta Evening
November 25
Quad
7.30pm

Library Booksale
November 26
Library Conference Room
10-4pm

Central and Eastern
European Development
Society
Economic Transition and
Democratic consolation
November 26 S53
6pm

Debating Society
"This house would abolish
the nation state."
November 26
2pm

Liberal Democrats
"All Quiet on the Ulster
Front"
November 27
S419
12-1pm

Socialist Worker Student
Society
The Revolutionary Ideas of
Karl Marx
Alex Callinicos
November 27
S50
4pm

LSE International fashion
Show 1997
November 28
Camden Centre
8pm
Tickets £10

The Spanish Society
Free Spanish Lessons
Beginners and
Intermediate
Intermediate Wed 5-6
Beginners Wed 6-7

Entertainment Society
Wine Tasting
December 1
Grand Bordeaux
7pm
Admission £5

You Could Hold the Key to Karen's Life!

Karen Morris is 22 and in her final year at Warwick University. In September she was diagnosed as having Chronic Myeloid Leukemia. Her only chance for a cure is from a bone marrow transplant. With this in mind her friends and family have launched a campaign to encourage people to get themselves onto the 'bone marrow register'.

Donating bone marrow involves a one hour operation under general anaesthetic and a couple of days in hospital. BUT

YOU MAY BE GIVING SOMEONE THE GIFT OF LIFE. I know it sounds cliched but think about it for a moment, it is one of the most important things anyone can do in their life time.

If you are between 18 and 40, over 8 stone and in good health you are probably eligible to be a donor. All you need to do is attend a 'clinic' where a small amount of blood is taken and your name and details are put on the register. If you are a 'match' with someone who needs a

transplant then you will be contacted.

If you know anything about medicine or biology you will have also figured out that a match is most likely to be found within ones ethnic group. Karen is Jewish, so a match for her will most likely be found within the Jewish community. However, Leukemia is non-denominational so you might hold the key to saving the life of someone within YOUR community.

The next clinic:
Wednesday 26 November
LSE, East Building, room E195
12pm to 2.30pm

For more information you can contact:
The Anthony Nolan Bone Marrow Trust
PO Box 1767
Royal Free Hospital
London
NW3 4YR
(0171) 284 8226

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

After reading Desdemona's article about the British designers in Paris, I was none too surprised by the erroneous and ignorant opinion of many people in this country regarding the state of Haute Couture.

Just what does she mean when she writes about trend-setters in Paris? We all know that Alexander McQueen is at the House of Givenchy and that he designs the haute couture, the pret-a-porter and accessories collections for the house; we all know that John Galliano does likewise at the House of Christian Dior, but, are they as good as she hails them to be?

The whole point of haute couture is to sell (well made) clothes. Whilst Galliano and McQueen are very good at selling ideas, they sell very little in the way of clothes. In fact, Galliano only sold seven items from his last haute couture collection, which reflects very badly considering that Yves Saint Laurent sold all but one of his. Is it of little consequence that they both have been told to design more in line with the tradition of the Houses, but this is in no way a threat to stop their creativity, merely to keep existing customers happy. If the 'ladies-who-lunch' cannot wear the boys' creation then that would spell disaster for the business.

Just how dynamic is Galliano? His so-called re-invention of the 'New Look' looks like the same designs that Dior himself did after the war. Galliano has taken the New Look and re-interpreted it for the 1990s. But how innovative is that? Look carefully and you would see what I mean.

I think that is quite ironic that people should elevate Galliano and McQueen to god-like status for their assault and seizure of haute couture. We must not forget that haute couture was invented by an Englishman called Charles Frederick Worth back in the nineteenth century. Furthermore, Galliano only took up the offer Givenchy (later moving to Dior) from Bernard

Arnault because he was broke and had no backer. McQueen originally turned down Givenchy but only took up the offer - with the allure of a big salary (and, after having a dump on the toilet after speaking to Arnault).

So what if they have taken over Paris! Who cares? Everyone in the trade knows that French fashion has lost its popularity with the media, now that a lot of the limelight has been taken by London. But Paris is still considered the home of fashion, and that is why if many designers had the money they would show in Paris, and not London. Paris will all have the style, but lack the innovation of London. People say London is the capital of the fashion world - yes, but how long for? New York is seeing a clutch of new designers making big ripples - like Daryll K for instance. If London was as big as people reckon, then why do a lot of British designers show elsewhere - how about Rifat Ozbek showing in New York, or Vivienne Westwood showing her signature label in Paris.

Lastly, why talk about conquering Paris when conquering the world is more important if a label is to survive. Take Clements Ribeiro. They do not show in Paris yet they are one of the hottest designers out - selling more world wide (especially in Japan) than McQueen does combined.

A lot of people round here know fuck-all about fashion and so should be more careful what they say in future!

Yours sincerely,

S Tang
Student, as well as Press Attaché for a well known fashion house.

Dear Beaver,

I feel I must point out at the very start of this letter that the views contained in it are my own and are in no way connected to my position as Chair of the Constitution and Steering committee. This is a necessary statement to make, as although members of the committee are certain to hold beliefs on a variety of issues any time that they use the title they must present a purely impartial stance. (TAKE NOTE NINA SOTERI!)

I am writing in reply to the distasteful and highly offensive letter that was submitted by Nina Soteri to last week's Beaver. The accusations it contained, including labelling Conservatives racist and fascist, were at least ill thought out and at the most libellous. Therefore, I demand a retraction of your letter and a public apology at the next UGM. Furthermore, I would like to draw attention to the hurt you have caused many members of the LSE Conservative Association by one of the most one sided letters ever to appear in the Beaver during my three years as an LSE student.

To begin with a few facts have to be established for those of you who were not present at the UGM of November 13th, or anyone that could not hear a word that I (or any other speaker) said due to the constant chattering of the Cypriots, who proved incapable of listening to anyone apart from their own speakers. Firstly there were only two amendments and the second was submitted conditionally and was to be withdrawn if either (a) the first amendment was successful or (b) if it was apparent that the Cypriots were in fact ready to listen to a rational debate (Phil Hampshire or Bernardo can confirm this). Unfortunately neither condition was satisfied and the second amendment was tabled.

The first amendment can not in any way be described as racist and in fact was exactly the reverse. I spent a great chunk of that Thursday morning preparing the amendment in the hope of producing a motion, which would have received unanimous support from all sides of the debate. If changing lines such as 'the suffering of Greek Cypriots' to 'the suffering of Cypriots both Greek and Turkish in origin' is a racist move then I believe any rational individual would have to admit to being a racist. If Nina had actually listened to the amendment whilst it was being read she may have even accepted it (LSE Labour did and voted overwhelmingly in favour). Alas as again happened today (Nov 20th) she did not and actually admitted she did not even know what the amendment was as she began to speak against it!

The second amendment was again not racist and any misunderstanding is due to people imagining things that it did not include. Of course it was not serious, that was the point if we could not have a serious debate we may as well have enjoyed ourselves (that after all is the purpose of the UGM - do you seriously believe Turkey will leave Northern Cyprus because of a letter from Narius?). But it must be pointed out that it did not say Cypriots should not be allowed to submit motions for the next three years, it stated that we do not want to discuss the occupation again as any motions regarding it are never properly debated. Also, neither did the amendment say Cyprus should not be allowed into the EU. Instead it said that Cyprus was not totally convergent with the other members of the EU (as the motion said) and I stand by this claim, as I believe the existing members are not convergent never mind anyone else. Although I do apologise to anyone who misunderstood the tone and purpose of these amendments I will not apologise to Nina for my actions as everything I did was both honourable and within the constitution of the LSESU.

Mark Turner, Treasurer of the LSE Conservative Association.

Dear Beaver,

I am writing this in response to the disgraceful behaviour, of a large section of the Cypriot society, in the UGM on 13th November, this is the third year while I have been here that this has happened. It is not that I have anything against either the Cypriot society or the motion that they put to the UGM each year, it is just the way in which they go about getting the motion passed. To start with the Cypriot society pack the meeting with their own supporters most of who never usually come to the UGM. Although this is to a certain extent undemocratic, it is understandable seeing as the issue is very important to them.

However, it is the behaviour of this influx that do I have a problem with. First of all they talk through all of the business that proceeds their motion. This is extremely rude to all of those who have motions - in this time as they face a wall of noise and half of the audience not listening. Secondly, as is right, they want silence while their own speakers are speaking, however, they do not have the decency to extend this to anyone who speaks against them. Regardless of the wrongs or rights of someone's view they should have the right to express it in relative peace and quiet. Surely the best way to show how wrong someone's view is, is to point it out in a speech against. The third problem follows on from the last, and is the atmosphere of threats, that comes with the motion, to anyone who, throws paper, votes or speaks against. This is especially disgraceful seeing as it was a members of the Cypriot society that in one of this weeks motions was encouraging inclusiveness and tolerance, which of course is to be encouraged. Last of all there was the fact that as soon as the Cypriot motion has finished almost all of the supporters get up and leave. This is disrespectful to the people who have motions afterwards, the supporters of the Cypriot motion expect the rest of the UGM to listen and support their motion, why can't they do the same to others.

I was going to end my letter there but having read the letter in the Beaver this week by Nina I feel I should go on. She accuses the writers of the amendments to the Cypriot motion of being racist, and that may well be, but is it not a case of the pot calling the kettle black. Her comment about Americans, although flippant, was said in the middle of a serious motion and was as racist as any of the amendments. Also she says that it was due to the disrespect shown by people in the UGM that the Cypriots walked out, but this is simple not true as the same walking out happened last year and the year before.

Lots of the sentiments that have been banded around about the UGM being controlled by hacks and various groups is correct and it is right to argue for an inclusive, diverse UGM. However, it has to be realised by some members of the Cypriot society that a lot of their behaviour last week served only to make the situation worse and not better.

Kingsley Kemish (Does it really matter what positions people hold)

Dear Beaver,

There are two points that I would like to clear up as a consequence of my letter in last week's edition.

1 I was writing in my capacity as a member of the C & S Committee, not on behalf of it.

2. If, by suggesting that the Tory who put forward the amendment to a motion resolving that no Cypriot motions be submitted for the next three years is racist, I was being unfair (despite the fact that it was blatantly racist in tone and being totally unconstitutional and contravening clause 3.3 of the LSESU Constitution regarding equal opportunities) then I apologise for making such a grossly unfounded comment.

Yours sincerely

Nina Soteri, a member of the C & S Committee (but not on behalf of.)

PS

Congratulations Phil for cocking up your apology. You were meant to be making it the Cypriot Community of LSE who you had offended with the biased way in which they felt you had chaired the meeting during their motion and for the way you had dealt with what is a serious issue to them, in a comical way. (Many of them contrasted it with Tom Smith's excellent handling of the Cypriot motion the previous year).

I was merely acting as a messenger in conveying their grievances to you, so using this as an opportunity to make a scathing personal attack on was a rather feeble and cheap shot, especially since I cared so little for your apology that I didn't bother turning up for the first half of the UGM. I must add though that seeing the permanently constipated look on your face from Monday to Thursday this week, as you feared that the Cypriots might yet again invade the UGM to support a motion of censure to have you removed, was most amusing, as was hearing of your William Haquesque style vote of confidence. The truth is, some people have a lot more important things to do with their Thursday lunchtime than worry about you.

Dear Beaver

I refer to Quote of the Week in last week's issue. My quote "Education, education, education... bollocks, bollocks, bollocks" was mocking Tony Blair in fact and not the NUS. To a reader not acquainted with Tony Blair and his unashamed, blatant and flagrant lies, it could have given the wrong impression.

Yours sincerely,

Narius Aga

LETTERS MUST BE
RECEIVED BY
THURSDAY AT 6PM

THE ALTERNATIVE

by Yuan Potts, LSESU Education and Welfare sabbatical

It is finally happening. After months of preparation, and with your help, the Alternative Course Guide will hit Houghton Street later this year. The Alternative Course Guide (ACG) aims to be an honest accompaniment to the School's (rather boring) Calendar.

For the first time, undergraduates will have access to information about what the courses are really like. Can the lecturer lecture? Is the teacher interested in the course?

What are the handouts like? Is the essential reading ever in the library? All this information will be collated and published in a booklet and made available from the Students' Union.

However, it will not happen unless you spill the beans first. I have designed a short form which I hope all second and third years will complete. It is available now from the SU reception. Please grab one and take ten minutes to fill it in and play your part in this revolutionary innovation!

EDUCATION & WELFARE SABBATICAL OFFICE HOURS

Yuan Potts' new regular office hours in E295 are as follows:

Mondays	2:00pm-3:00pm
Wednesdays	11:00am-12:00pm
Fridays	4:00pm-5:00pm

Please use his office hours to your advantage!

WOMEN'S SELF-DEFENCE AND ASSERTIVENESS CLASSES

SELF-DEFENCE CLASSES FOR WOMEN TAKE PLACE IN THE GYM ON THURSDAYS BETWEEN 3-5PM

ASSERTIVENESS CLASSES TAKE PLACE ON WEDNESDAYS FROM 2-5PM IN E197

PLEASE COME ALONG!

MATTHIAS' LITTLE RANT

by Matthias Mennel, LSESU Overseas Officer

Communications Officer notes: This article had been presented to me four weeks ago. At that time there were some lines that I do not agree with. Now I finally have space on the page for the article. Sorry for the inconvenience caused, Matthias.

I am your duly elected overseas and EU students' officer. Should you have queries or complaints about how you are being treated. please come and relieve the solitary tedium of my office hour (Wed. 12h-13h, top floor of the SU Cafe) or send me an e-mail (I check every day, honest) at Mennel, M. Now for the ranting bit. Three things, folks:

- 1) Being identified as "Rommel" by the awesomely witty person responsible for the Union Jack column in this publication. Latent xenophobia in there, or what?
- 2) Why do some people come to the UGM only

when Director Giddens is advertised? It is just as entertaining without the man - who is a) quite nice, b) our "Supreme Being" and c) a sociology guru nonpareil. Non-native speakers of English are particularly intimidated by the hostile and paper-laden atmosphere at the UGM; this can and will change. Watch out for motions aimed at pacifying that forum in the very near future.

- 3) Finally, let us put on our best grateful smiles and thank Liz Chong for keeping the Beaver in good shape. She will probably have a hard time salvaging the wreckage of her degree. May her great sacrifice not be in vain. Goodnight and bless you all.

Union Council

Monday 1st. December, 5 p.m.
Vera Anstey Room

Agenda so far includes :

- Election of SU Equal Opportunities Officer (Mature Students' Issues)
- Students' Union Associate Society status

The following shall be voting members:

- The Chairperson and Vice-Chairperson of the UGM
- Members of the SU Executive Committee, Finance Committee & the Academic Affairs Committee
- The Returning Officer
- Student representatives on all School committees
- Student representatives on the ULU Council
- Members of the AU Executive Committee

All students welcome

GENERAL SECRETARY'S COLUMN

The rise in Overseas Students' fees way over and above the rate of inflation has been a disturbing trend over the past few years. It does not bode well for the future as competition from other British higher education institutions is increasing and more and more of them are matching the top-rated establishments. Students from abroad base their choice of University on a number of factors and provision of academic and IT facilities and accommodation are increasingly gaining a higher priority than in the past. Added to that, the economic situation in the Far East and the repercussions it will have on the number of students sent abroad are factors warranting a rethink on the School's behalf. In both the Standing Committee of the Court of Governors and the Academic Board, we shall be opposing a continuation of this trend in the rise of Overseas students' fees and try to get our point of view across.

While still on fees, proposals leaked in the press last week outline the government's intentions to include fees being charged upfront in the White paper due shortly. Coupled with reports about a decline in applications for undergraduate places for the next academic year, this is very perturbing indeed. It is thus imperative that the fight against fees continues. As part of the NUS Week of Action to stop fees next week, we shall be lobbying MPs both in person and through the post. Other measures of a similar nature are planned as well.

The Director's recent initiative in promoting arts, culture and entertainment within the School is very welcome and his genuine interest in building up a a better 'campus' atmosphere is heartwarming indeed. By now, the survey forms are widely available, but if you have any further ideas or suggestions in which the Students' Union could be involved, please come and see me. The intellectual powerhouse that LSE is, it could carry on from its reputation of academic brilliance and build one of repute in this field as well. Student involvement will play a pivotal role in this. The talent is undoubtedly there - we have an excellent Drama Society for instance and their full potential is probably not realised due to limited financial resources. The same can be said of others I am sure. We in LSE also have a unique advantage in the vast array of ethnic and national societies and that is a factor worth building up on. An increase in allocation of resources on the part of the School would certainly be a step in the right direction.

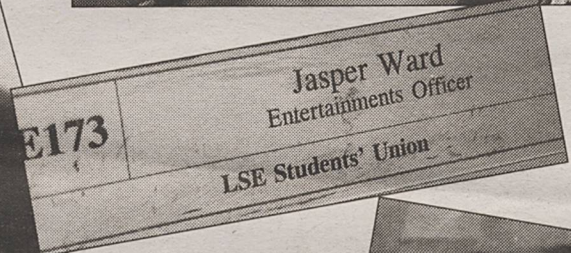
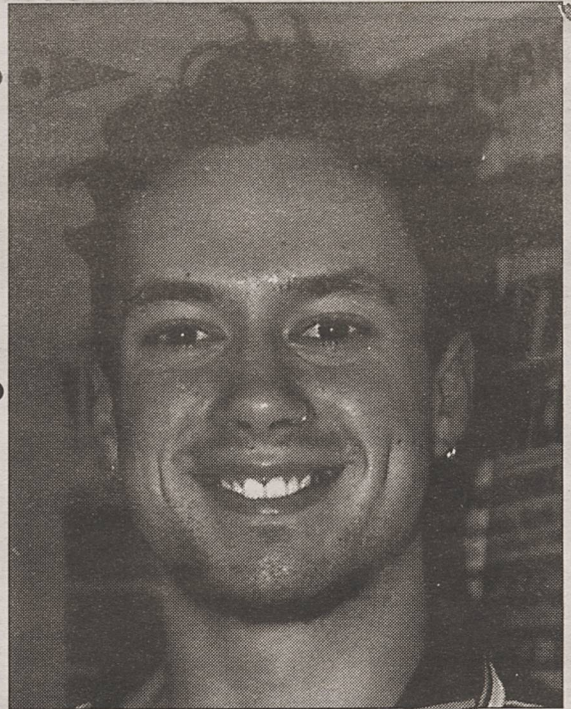
A day with this man ...

My assignment this week was to follow a sabbatical around for the day...to see what (if anything) they are getting paid to do. My victim..Mr Jasper Ward. Ents Sab. Basically the plan was to be his side-kick and follow him EVERYWHERE. I figured I'd have a fairly easy day sat in his office whilst he made various phone calls, went to the Tuns to have a pint, eat and generally be entertainingly social.....Unfortunately I was seriously wrong. Here's what I caught on film of Jaspers day.....

...goes something like

**Friday 14th
November.**

I was meant to meet Jasper at 10:30 in his office....I was late!! I'd missed him spiking his hair, buying a yellow furry ball for Peter

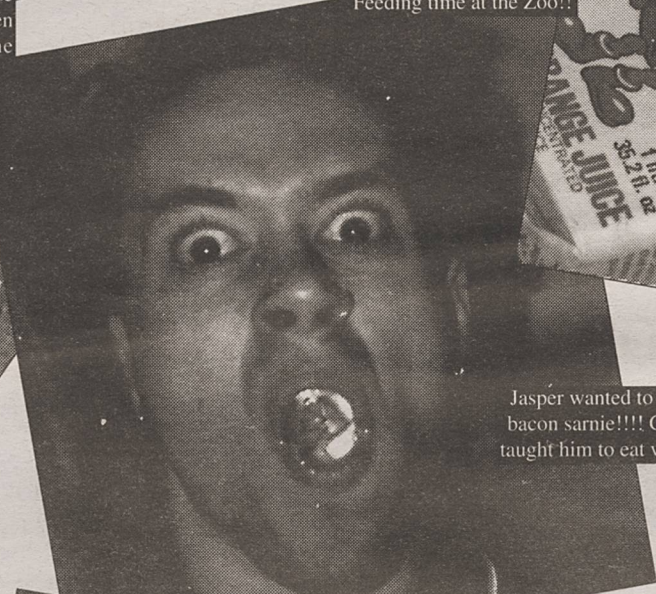


I find Jasper putting posters up all over LSE to publicise his megastar guest, the one and only Peter Shilton....then I follow him into his 'L-cupboard' to prepare the Underground DJ equipment for the evening....

Jasper's bestfriend / identical twin: Mr Juicy!!



Feeding time at the Zoo!!



Jasper wanted to show us all his tasty bacon sarnie!!!! Guess his mum never taught him to eat with his mouth shut!!!!

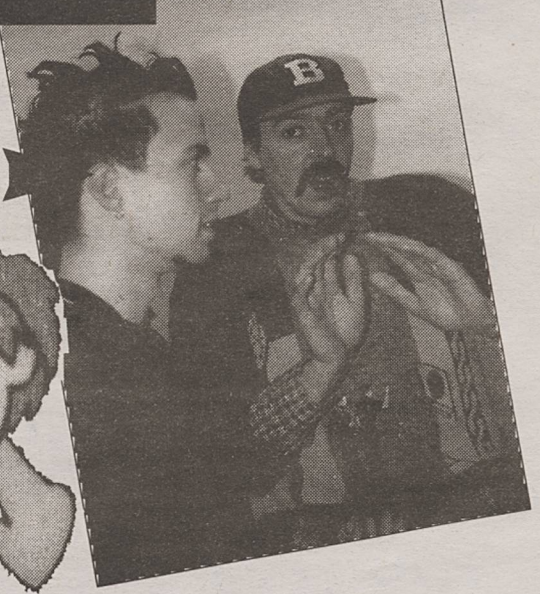
"I was born to DJ!!"



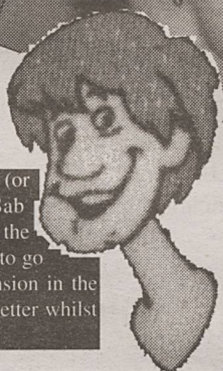
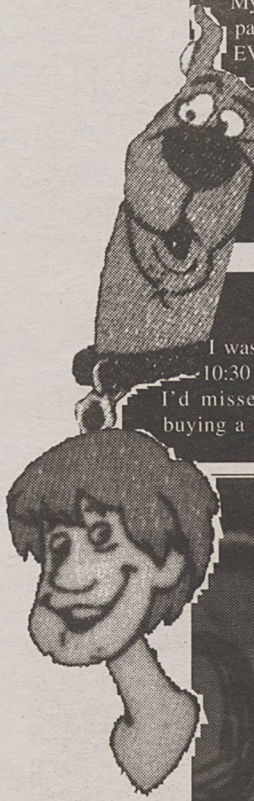
We end up in the Tun's back offices briefly, while Jasper chats to Jim about stuff to do with The BIG Peter Shilton night (he's not too excited yet, he's still got loads to do....shame really because I was getting quite tired and wanted a serious rest!) Anyway...then we popped into Wrights to get some lunch, then to the SU shop, to the squash courts (to check out mats for the 'Big Man' to throw himself about on)...and finally up to E173 where we had to meet Coops and Emma P to put 'Operation Collect Goal Posts' into action....



And he's off again....we go through the maze of LSE buildings to deliver the Tuns 1am extension letter.....



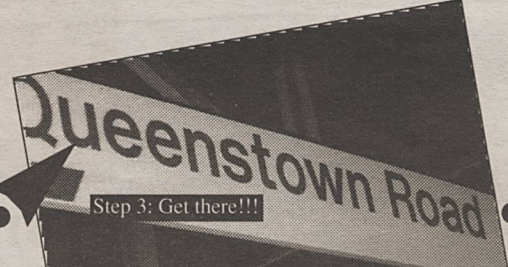
.....Jasper ventures into his office for the first time today (or since I've been with him anyway!) to find ex-Ents Sab Cooper in there. I stand well back as the struggle/fight for the phone takes place! Anyway, every two weeks Jasper has to go through the bureaucratic bullshit to get a 1am bar extension in the Tuns for his Friday night CRUSH....so he edited an old letter whilst chatting on the phone.....



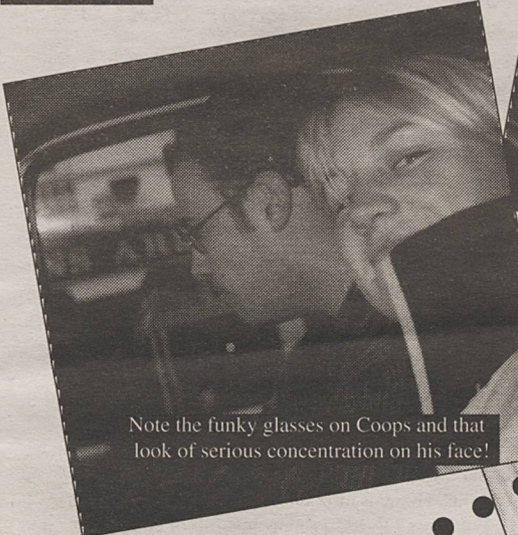


Step 1: Get bus to Waterloo

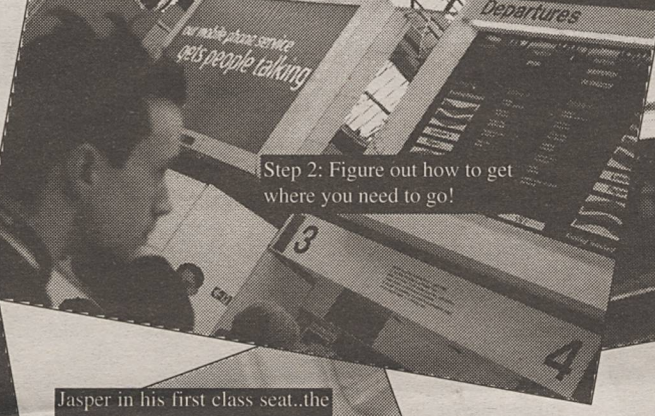
And we're off aga.... 'Operation Collect Goal Posts' is set into action...



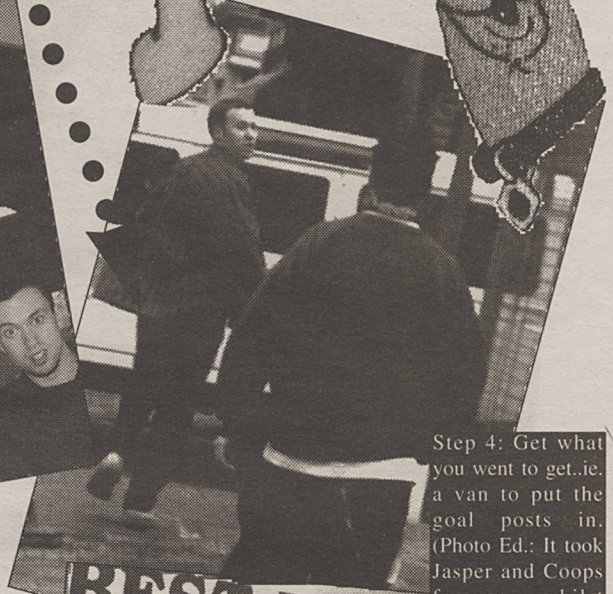
Step 3: Get there!!!



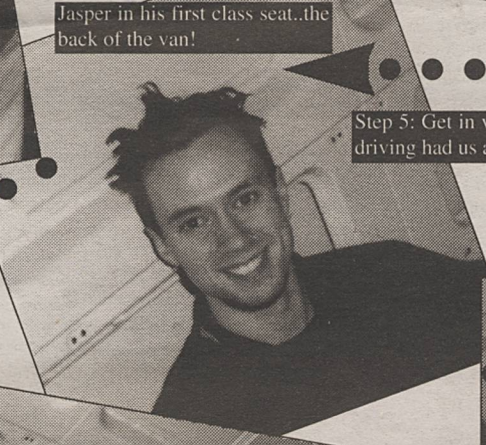
Note the funky glasses on Coops and that look of serious concentration on his face!



Step 2: Figure out how to get where you need to go!



Step 4: Get what you went to get..ie. a van to put the goal posts in. (Photo Ed: It took Jasper and Coops forever whilst Emma and I were stood out on a street corner getting funny looks from men!! Thanks Guys!)

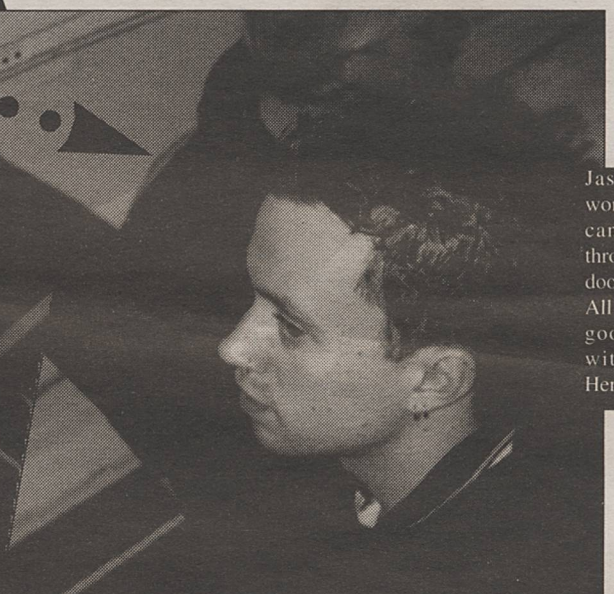
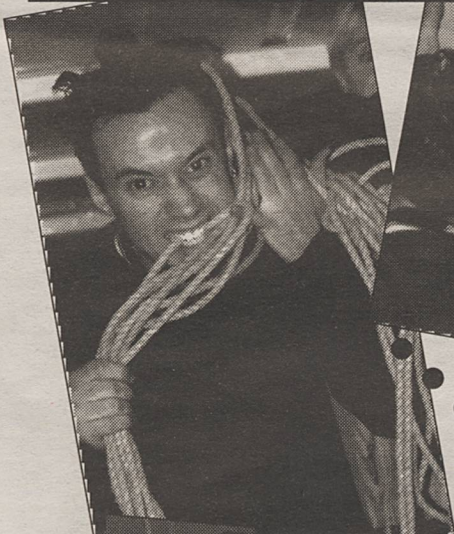


Jasper in his first class seat..the back of the van!

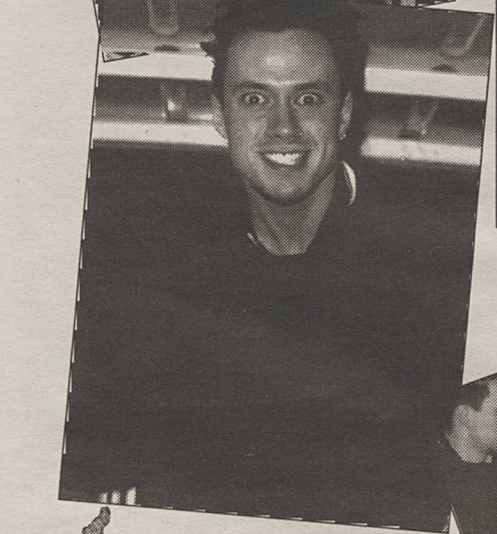
Step 5: Get in van and get to QMW in one piece (Chris Coopers driving had us all worried for a bit.....) to pick up the goal posts.



Step 6: Tie goal, Jasper and Em into the back of the van....(the goal wouldn't fit in and we had to drive back to LSE with the back doors wide open and try not to loose Em,Jasper or the goal!!).



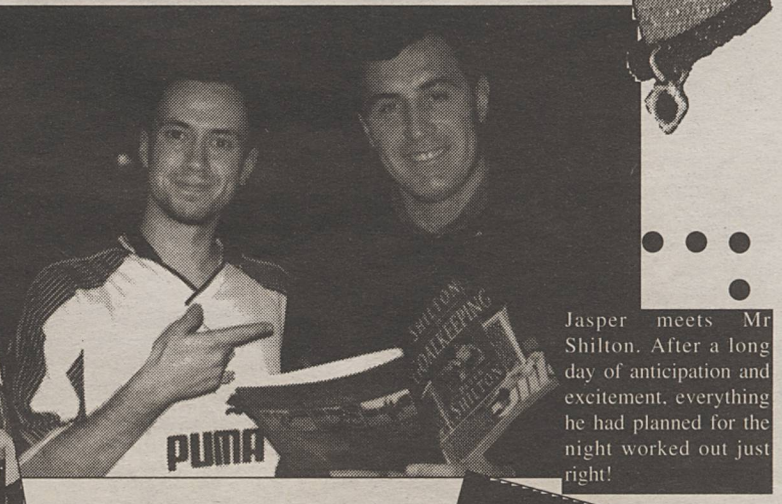
Jasper looks worried as the traffic can be seen through the open doors of the van. All this to get a good Friday night with his Derby Hero.....



Operation Collect Goal Post successfully completed...Finally we arrive back at LSE



Waiting for Shilton...



Jasper meets Mr Shilton. After a long day of anticipation and excitement, everything he had planned for the night worked out just right!

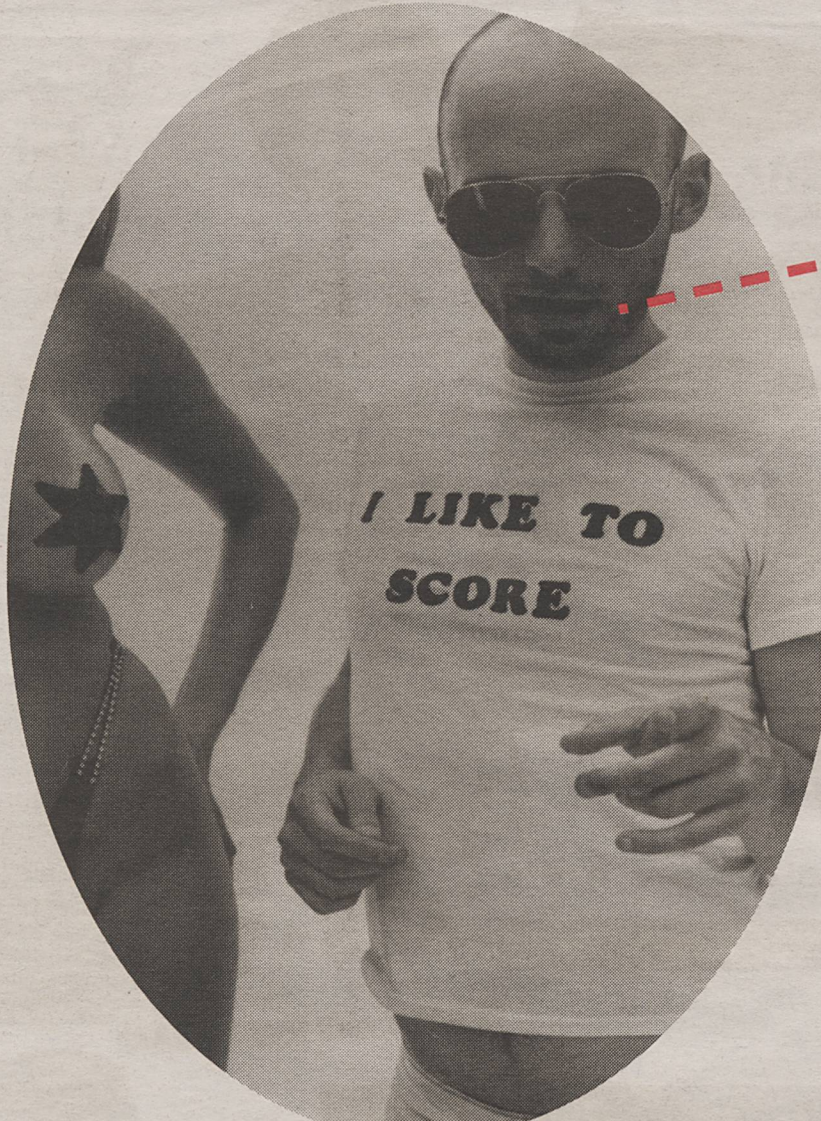


Okay, so Jasper now spends about 2hours cleaning the Quad, setting up the DJ stuff, the goal, the mats for Mr Shilton to jump about on and all that shit! Anyway, after another visit to Wrights bar for an Egg and Ham sandwich, at 6pm Jasper goes to the loo for the first time that day!! (One hell of a bladder huh!???)



I'd been with Jasper since 11:30ish and by 9:45pm I was tired. I'd followed him to Battersea, to QMW, around LSE, met Peter Shilton (up close and personal), got autographs for my brothers, and then decided that I really must get a life of my own so I headed back to Bankside..... to sleep. Jasper's day ended at 3am after cleaning up the shite left in the Underground and Quad following his 'top' night. My conclusion...Jasper is a great guy, doesn't sit or stand still for more than two minutes, works his backside off and totally earns every penny of his £12,000 salary (I think he deserves shit loads more!!! He's in LSE every day - including Sat and Sun). I had a great day Jasper, thanks for letting me be your side-kick!





The Moby Interview: Part I

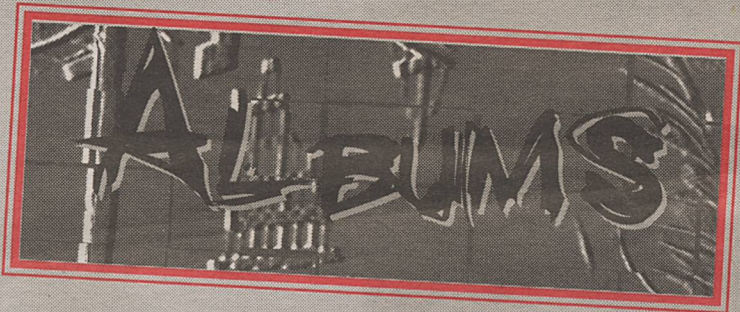
Richard Hall is probably one of the most remarkable musicians of our time. Nothing of a rock star stigma - no alcohol, no drugs, no hotel room trashing. Instead it's philosophy, religion and animal rights. Oh, and techno. And punk, too. And James Bond!

The Beaver's Malte Gerhold had a chat with one of the many personalities of the mighty MOBY ... 1 hour before going on TOTP

Pembroke Court Hotel in Notting Hill Gate, late afternoon. Moby is still busy on the phone, so I have to wait for our appointment in the hotel's rather comfy lounge, munching some sweets. "Hello, I'm Moby." I face the slim shape of a person dressed in black shirt, black suit and white tie, while a pair of lively eyes observes me through black horn-rimmed spectacles. I'm taken by surprise - this is not what you expect from a man who goes berserk on live stages and asks the audience to show the finger and scream "Fuck you, Moby!" Here, all this seems very surreal. "I think there are compartmentalised aspects of my personality," Moby explains. "Here I'm talking about economics in a hotel room while there I jump off a keyboard, screaming at the top of my lungs." How do these two sides of Moby fit together then? "Oh, you know, the world is full of opposites, a mountain in summer, a mountain in winter, night and day - and in the end it's all just elements of one thing. It's still me, both sides." And what was the 'Fuck you'-bit about? "I just wanted to tape a show, and at one point my drummer showed me the finger, so I thought they should all do it then. Since then I film it every show. It really looks great. I would like to put it all together. But unfortunately I guess you couldn't show it then." Well, at least not in this country.

Meanwhile, Richard Hall, nicknamed Moby after his great great grand uncle Herman Melville, author of 'Moby Dick', leads me in his small hotel room. Are you often in London then? "I just recently looked into my passport and it showed 70 stamps from Heathrow airport! I'm usually three to four weeks a year in London, for gigs or promotion." This time it's only two days, to stage his re-version of the James Bond Theme at Top of the Pops. The rest of his life he spends in New York. "I was born in Little Italy in Manhattan and that's where I live now. It's quite an avant-garde area, with people like the Beastie Boys or Sonic Youth in the neighbourhood." Home is also where Moby does all his work: "I bought a loft recently where I can separate work from normal life. For years I lived in rooms just full of equipment - it's too disturbing. But now I can shut the door and leave my work behind me."

(to be concluded in next week's issue...)



ALBUM OF THE WEEK

Butter 08
Butter

Butter 08 are the next big thing from Grand Royal. Now you can take that either one of two ways. One; Grand Royal is run by the Beastie Boys so this should be some way-cool piece of alternative U.S. underground and will look dead impressive in my music collection. Or two; Grand Royal signed Bis. This is going to suck so much it will create a vacuum.

Ah, but wait Butter 08 are no ordinary group. No they are a 'Supergroup'™; the bastard spawn of The John Spencer Blues Explosion, REM and whacked out Japanese group Cibo Matto (If you said "who???" somewhere along that list, REM are some Canadian band, I think...). As a result the album sounds like Beck's Mellow Gold played by a Rocket from the Crypt influenced Cuban Jazz Band. Well kind of... it's hard to describe.

You see Butter 08 go from funk to punk and back, blending all kinds of samples and organs in on the way. The first track, 9mm, is a bass heavy piece of audio friction with a twisted vocal screech for a chorus but it still rocks like (insert your own cliched analogy). This approach is then dropped in favour of mellow pieces of funk such as Butter of 69 and How do I Relax which groove like they were born into those ever so chic, retro-stylee flares.

This could have been all style over substance but Butter produce some of the most original, undefinable yet god-damn listenable music this side of anything released so far this year. Tunes like Butterfucker and It's the Rage stick in your head so much you need to listen once more to get them back out again. The highlight though is the psychotic Degobrah, a punk/hardcore noise with a nut case vocalist screaming about how he's "not a fucking role model" over the top. Oh, yes... This album is great!

Buy it and experience something different. Or just get the new Cast album and be a boring fucker. (9)

Matt Bro

Mainstream@ The Borderline

Mainstream sounds like the name of some terribly ironic experimental-indie combo who plan on going nowhere, selling about 34 twelve inches and remaining "true" to their music. However five minutes into Mainstream's gig at the Borderline it becomes all too clear that irony isn't going to be very high up on the importance scale tonight and neither is any kind of originality.

Mainstream are mainstream in both name and nature. They peddle the same kind of ripped off Noelrock as bands like Embrace, hoping their looks and balls will get them where their music alone could never take them... And from the crowd it would seem that it's working. Fanzines, obsessive fans who want lead singer Anthony Neale's babies and a single that just got playlisted by pimp station Radio 1 all feature heavily tonight. In the current Oasis loving climate Mainstream could sell truckloads of records with their sub-stones, sub-doors pap. However that wouldn't stop them sucking warm vomit through a short straw.

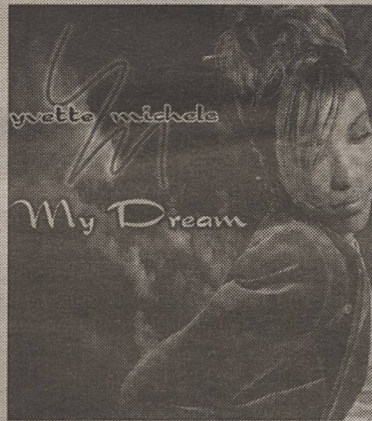
The set started well with Castaway, a pleasant enough Jim Morrison style tune. But by the time United States of Mind starts droning out of the speakers it becomes clear that Neale is more concerned with closing his eyes and moving sensuously then give any feeling to his monotone vocals.

And it continues like this all evening. The guitars concentrate on making feedback while Neale sees whether his 60 a day voice can rasp the syllable "th" for over a minute. Even their harmonica playing friend on Step Right Up gives the kind of lacklustre effort the rest of the band obviously worked on for months while practising their stances in the mirror. Even when the obviously Nude records tweaked single Privilege starts up Mainstream manage to make it sound less interesting than a Suede B-side.

By the end of the evening Mainstream have managed to wind up the home-crowd venue enough to get a real ovation but as Neale tells his fans "We don't usually do encores" the only reply that comes to mind is "So don't!".

Mainstream will make it big... it's just that they shouldn't.

Matt Bro



Yvette Michelle
My Dream

I likes this album, 'cuz it's dedicated to yours truly. I'm Yvette's dream. Jus' playin'!

On the serious tip though, when I first heard this I was like "Hey, honey be tryin' to rip Mary's shit." A lot of the songs do sound like she's tryin' to be Mary J. Blige. But after listenin' a bit mo', I realised that Yvette's more than jus' a Mary J. wannabe - the girl can sing! The album's a selection of okay cuts with no real chart-toppin' or soul-shakin' or platinum hittin' stand outs. Problem is "My Dream" ain't got no originality - all the shit's been done b4.

The Executive Producer on this joint is none other than the great Funkmaster Flex, one of hip-hop's dopest DJs ... ever. Personally though, methinks Flex should stick to rap, 'cuz when it come s to this R'n'B stuff, he sucks - and I mean MAJOR dick.

"Crazy", one of the club hits of the summer is a Flex track which has a nice vibe to it wit' a catchy chorus but I jus' can't stand the damn song! It's tired and it sticks to the same ol' swing formula - boring! "All I really want" is a soulful ballad where Yvette professes her passionate desire for some mystery guy. I know what she really wants 'n' I can sure as hell give it to her too.

I could go on to talk about all the other songs on this album but I'd end up jus' sayin' the same shit over and over again. If u like sistas singing swing, then maybe u might jus' wanna buy this one but it sure ain't gonna be at the top o' my list for Santa.

PEACE

Da Roach

Beth Orton
The Best Bit EP



The inexplicable resurgence of the moany-chick-with-a-guitar genre continues unabated. Alanis has been thankfully quiet recently, but Meredith Brooks has just released the follow up to Bitch, the trite shite hit of the summer. Even Natalie Imbruglia has taken time off from conjugal bliss with Brad the Surfin' Stud to purge her stained soul on vinyl. And now this new opus from Beth Orton.

Orton actually stands out from the herd of gangly Morrisette clones. She achieves more musically than simply weeping into her Silk Cut Ultras to the accompaniment of Daddy's old acoustic, and only the title track (which will presumably get the most airplay) smacks of cheap six string wailing. On the last two songs she bucks the stereotype by singing with a man, American folk legend Terry Callier. These are reminiscent of P.J. Harvey's duets with Nick Cave rather than Alanis' musings on her own arsehole. Overall this is above average, but Beth should check her tendency to warble like Delores on helium before it alienates her listeners.(7)

Chris 'newshound' Roe



Jasper Rocks The House

Battle of the Bands Exclusive

Guitars plugged in nervously. Final sips of beer. Tuning instruments. Final drags from their fags. Then showtime. On Nov. 12th, four bands competed in "Southern Comfort's" Battle of the Bands in the Quad. The little audience there is needs to be attracted close to the stage and warned up. A tough task for anybody, especially if one is only allowed 25 minutes to play.

And especially if you play soft acoustic music like "Nude". The two-piece band went on stage visibly frustrated. They played somewhat funky and folksy pop songs with a marvellous "MTV unplugged" atmosphere, the singer's voice blending well with the guitar accompanying her. All very charming, but hardly the right stuff to "battle the bands".

The mood suddenly changed from nice to noisy as the second act started. By that time, the crowd had doubled (from 10 to 20). "Flip Zippo", a Southampton-based band that has already been around for a while, played progressive funk rock. Aggressive vocals and relatively hard riffs, combined with a brutal bass attack alternated with slow melodic parts. It seemed to become a night of the girls. "Spinoza's" guitarist/singer and bassist, both girls, outnumbered the only guy on stage, their drummer. Their particularly powerful sonic pop was definitely danceable and well played. Yet, the songs sounded too much the same, and thus the performance wasn't the most exiting.

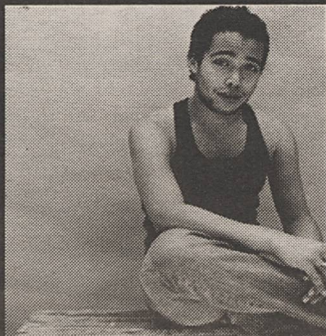
Finally, "Gizmo" got their chance to convince audience and jurors. Their appearance was the highlight of the night. A fun-packed set with two electric guitars providing a sort of punk core feel and very dedicated band members contributing to a wacky show. The climax was the half naked dancer who rounded off "Gizmo's" show to a very good laugh.

The crowd approved of that by heavily voting for "Gizmo". Unfortunately, Southern Comfort's representative couldn't explain how exactly the audience vote went into the jury's decision (comprising only one more juror from Fairwarning agency) and in the end it was probably their experience and diversity that put "Flip Zippo" on the podium as winner. Thus they proceed to the regional final at Reading University, to be held in the first week of December. All in all, there are four regional finals, and the winners advance to the national final in early 1998.

Ralph Achenbach



SINGLE OF THE WEEK



Finley Quaye

It's great when we're together

Welcome to the world of relaxed vibes, cool soul sounds and clouds of strange smelling smoke! More blues-tinged than his previous releases, 'It's great when we're together' is a laid-back smoocher that grows on you quickly. But never mind the title track, the rest is loads better. A remix by the Fun Lovin' Criminals is veeerrry smooth with a smart bass line, and a quick blast through a cover of a Hendrix classic 'Cross Town Traffic' adds a bit of venom to the whole thing. (10) (JC)

Paul Weller Mermaids

Hum... What has the Modfather done? It's all going horribly, horribly wrong. I love Weller but this is not good. Sounds a bit like Jimmy Nail on a good day and that's it! Awful besides only notable because 'Everything Has A Price To Pay' is on the soundtrack to 'Face' starring Damon Albarn. Will the real Paul Weller stand up please. As Mark and Lard said 'It'll be good when it's finished.' Mod truly is dead! (3) (JC)

The Sundays Cry

Crying is good for you - it lets out all your negative emotions. This beautiful song is about what makes The Sundays cry, but don't worry, it's not a sad song, it's happy! Background strings and guitars fill the gaps between sweet singing giving the song a sleepy feel. (8) (SS)

Lower Life's So Slow

This song reminded me of The Longpigs' 'On & On', but is more

rocky. The slow distorted guitar riff played all the way through it is so cool. To get the best out of this song listen to the full seven-minute version that lets the sound fill up gradually. (8) (SS)

Lou Reed/BBC Perfect Day

This is the remake of the 1973 Lou Reed classic, 'Perfect Day'. For those who have not seen the BBC advert, it



features a diverse range of artists perform individual lines from the song, all linked together by the instrumental background. Given the wide range of vocal talent on offer, the result could have been a real mess or a real success.

'Perfect Day' is clearly the latter. Talents of the calibre of Brett Anderson, Boyzone and Tom Jones gel together remarkably well to produce a piece that is instantly likeable yet still carries the spirit and class of the original. OK, it may lose some of the mellowness in the lyrics of the original, but the originality of the piece more than make up for the loss. (7) (ME)

Breaker Stereotypes

The drums and bass set good enough platforms with which to base the lyrics; the tone and aggression of the two elements is well varied; but unfortunately, the vocals consistently let the piece down. The lead continually attempts to carve out some grungy, dark style that falls well below the mark. The same is true for the other offerings on the single; 'Sinister Minister' and 'Salt' where promising backing are let down by some inept vocals. (5) (ME)

Lil Louis and The Party Clap Your Hands

Lil Louis: "Right people, here's how we gonna do it. I'll take a phat, funky 70s horn riff, a tried 'n' tested hip-hop bass line, get that ho over there to sing some o' this fly shit I gots written down on this here paper. Y'all clap yo' hands 'n' yell "Party" in the background and we's got ourselves a hit. Yeah? ... Yeah!"

Roach: "No muthafucka! Whatchu got iz a wack-ass record that's so mediocre, it makes the Spice Girls and 911 look like theyz tha bomb! Stealing a loop off 'Get Up and Dance' ain't gonna get u no props man! 20 other no-talent wannabes tried it b4 and most of them fell-off worse than the Tories in '97! (5) Da Roach

Meredith Brooks I Need

Yes, Meredith once again lives up to the promise of being yet another Alanis Morissette with this irritatingly catchy guitar tune about what she really, really wants.

References to sex? Yes. References to men being bastards? Yes. Originality? No. This is going to a hit no matter what the song's like but trust me, life's way too short to buy songs your parents will like. (5) (MB)

Global Communication The Groove

The Jedi Knights have resurrected themselves as Global Communication to produce this funky slice of Acid Jazz that goes down well leaving no bitter aftertaste. It may be a little repetitive and smell like the Brand New Heavies or Incognito but this is a smart little single, boding well for their future. (8) (DL)

Lotte Somebody's Fool

Don't listen to it again, turn it off now "Yeah but I've got to review this crap" "Fuck you. If you don't kill the CD I'm gonna do it" "Oh, OK. If you insist". You heard the man, stop it now. Green Day meets the Cranberries and they cause a bloody mess. Enough. (2) (DL)

Baby Birkin Melo Melo

The French are back. First the plague, then the EU and Jean-Paul Gaultier, now this chunk of euro-indie infection. Bouncy, not in English, it's bound to be a big hit on the dance floors of Equinox and Essex (what's wrong with Essex - Ed?) but try to steel clear, it's not good for you: I only just got out alive. (4) (DL)

U2

If God would send his angels

The fifth single from the highly acclaimed Pop album is unfortunately also one of the worst ones. Well, they never knew how to choose good single outtakes anyway, and maybe that's part of their policy to always keep a few outstanding tracks reserved for the album only. The lyrics of 'If God will send his angels' are actually as pathetic as the title of the track and not even the heartfelt vocals courtesy of Bono can make up for it. However, the B-side tracks can easily make up for this let-down, since they feature the brilliant dance tune 'Mofu' remixed by no other than the nation's very own drum and bass godfather himself, mighty Roni Size. Not to be missed. (6) (MG)



There's no F-in mistake !!

Adam F Colours

All summer I had heard this brilliantly smooth jungle track, yet never caught the name of the outfit as radio DJs amazingly never tell you. I made an absolute fool of myself walking into a record shop saying "I'm looking for this particular jungle track, it's had alot of airplay on Kiss FM and this bloke goes 'check check check' at the beginning..."

Having had great difficulty in locating and purchasing the excellent debut single 'Circles', I had awaited this album with bated breath. I was not disappointed. It is an innovative album, combining an eclectic mix of genres based strongly in drum and bass, with a distinctively New York underground garage sound. It is not surprising therefore that Adam F was a nominee for Best Jungle Act at the recent Music Of Black Origin Awards, but was pipped at the post by Ronni Size.

The album begins discreetly with a Starsky-and-Hutch-esque introduction, ending abruptly to restart with a gently building bass and bongos overlaid by a jazzy sax. But it is not until the third track, 'Metropolis', that the album really gathers momentum as the jungle bass line kicks in. 'Music in my Mind' is softer yet still upbeat, again carrying a smooth sax melody, and leads neatly into the opening of 'Jaxx' is a cross between Enigma and Goldie's 'Inner City Life' but turns into neither, sounding almost industrial. This contrasts with 'Mother Earth', a chilled wind down bordering on ambient.

'The Tree Knows Everything' has more mainstream appeal, and is a likely choice for a new single, perfectly set off by Tracey Thorn's (of Everything But the Girl) moody vocals. 'Dirty Harry' is an expansion on the 60s cop show music theme, only sounds more like 'The Professionals'. The title track is a jazzy affair with guest artist Ronny Jordan very much control. The bonus track 'Aromatherapy' is very movie soundtrack-like, reminiscent of the last D Note album.

It is a shame this album came out in the same year as Ronni Size's 'Reprezent' which has hogged all the limelight (and rightly so) leaving little room for other memorable drum and bass albums. An excellent debut, Adam F is clearly a name to watch. (9)

Yasmine Chinwala

The Saw Doctors Sing A Powerful Song

The Saw Doctors may not be as successful as U2 or generate as many teenage girlie screams as Boyzone, but they're certainly more in touch with their Irish roots. The seventeen songs on this CD are taken from their first three albums. They tell stories of things like bringing in the harvest, running away to join the army, and, of course, religion. The music is quintessentially Irish - banjos, accordions and country guitars - all very tame. The album contains many catchy tunes, notably 'N17' and 'I Useta Lover' with their sing-along choruses. Exhilarating Sadness, too, is on the borderline of being a good song.

Overall the album has little to offer the non-Irish, although it would make quite nice and relaxing background music. Be warned, though: the Saw Doctors OTT Irish accents can get a bit annoying at times.

Sunil Sodha

Naughty By Nature Mourn You till I Join You

I say it's a damn shame when hip-hop

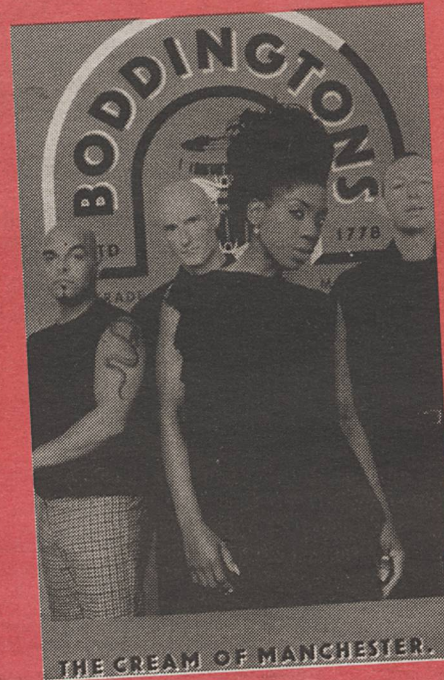
legend starts to fall off they game. LL Cool J's lost all fuckin' illusions of cool (see the GAP advert if ya don't believe me) and Snoop Dogg just ain't the same since Dr Dre got outta Deathrow. And now, it seems to me that the group once looked upon as the freshest breath of air to come into hip-hop is slowly sliding down the slippery slope to the Kingdom of Forgotten Rappers. Pretty soon, Treach could be one of those faces on "Where are they now?"

After giving us 2 of rap's biggest anthems "O.P.P." and "Hip-hop Hooray" and one of my favourite all-time jams, "Uptown Anthem", Naughty have gone from serving up the phattest beef joints on the planet to selling second rate Ethiopian chicken. On this tribute to the late Tupac Shakur, Treach's trademark rat-a-tat-tat delivery just sounds tired and played out. The beats and the R'n'B chorus line don't inspire much either.

The bonus track on this single is the title song off the "Nothing to Lose" motion picture soundtrack and though it's got a funkier chorus, Treach (and yes Vinnie as well, this time) still sounds tired. On this kind of form, you gots to think maybe dis iz da beginning of da end fo' Naughty, but I sure as hell hope not.

Da Roach

m-people COMPETITION



There are 20 LTD EDITION M-People CDs to giveaway. They feature exclusive mixes of 'Moving on up' and 'Excited' (Judge Jules).

To win one, simply answer the following question:

Which Bitter is the cream of Manchester?"

Give entries to the Beaver office (C023)



BUGSY MALONE



at the Queens Theatre,
Shaftesbury Avenue

Child actors, don't you just hate 'em? Not any more! The wonderfully flamboyant NYMT's (National Youth Music Theatre) version of 'Bugsy Malone', a highly original musical pastiche of the 1920's gangster films, converts the sceptic into believing that 'kids do it best'. Even Yasmine "I hate clapping" Chinwala applauded uproariously and insisted on hanging out at the stage door to gawp at a thirteen year old boy.

Set in the prohibitionist era in the United States, where speakeasies were commonplace, 'Fat Sam's Grand Slam' is falling off its last legs: Dandy Dan's deadly splurge gun has arrived, and Sam's hoodlums are clearly no match, and he sees his empire crumble before him as Dan takes control of one racket after another. Once Sam's last henchman, Knuckles, falls by the wayside, there is only one man (or boy) that can save the whole operation from certain disaster - Bugsy Malone, the man everybody loves. He convinces Dan that "...if you give a little love then it all comes back to you."

Alan Parker, who wrote and directed 'Fame', 'The Commitments' and 'Evita' as well as the original film and West End production of 'Bugsy Malone', had never allowed it to return to the West End for a second time until now. This production definitely justifies his endorsement. Although it's a cliché, Bobby Bethell (Bugsy Malone), at only 12 yrs old, deserves the accolade of 'a star is born'; he already appears to be the complete entertainer with a performance that was vibrant and full of style. Sheridan Smith (Tallulah) was entirely reminiscent of Jodie Foster, and gave an exhibition of singing and dancing that was thoroughly entertaining. While Hannah Spearritt (Louella) should be especially commended for her role as Dandy Dan's blonde bimbo - as the young lady next to me so wisely observed 'there is something of a Cameron Diaz in "My Best Friend's Wedding" in her'. There were also worryingly professional performances from Paul Lowe (Fat Sam) and Leanne

Connelly (Blousy), who is a mere 10 yrs old. Her love duet with Bugsy is cute beyond measure and the audience loved it. These are the names to watch out for.

However, it is the music that drives the show. With classic songs like 'We could've been anything that we wanted to be', 'My name is Tallulah', 'So you wanna be a boxer?', 'Fat Sam's Grand Slam' and of course 'Tomorrow', it is pretty difficult to go wrong. Furthermore, the set for Sam's Speakeasy is spectacular. In fact if there were any flaws whatsoever, it was the so-called professionals - the sound technicians.

What can I say will persuade you all to go and see this fan-bloody-tastic show? It is only running until January 10th, and without a doubt, in my opinion, outperforms all of the jaded, tourist-orientated, long running A.L. Webber musical crap currently on in the West End. This production is so vital and exciting you will be singing it for weeks, a stark contrast to the remarkably unmemorable "Starlight Express" reviewed two weeks ago. The execution of the singing, dancing and acting is immaculate, the actors are clearly having the time of their lives on stage and every ounce of that energy bursts out into the audience.

It's Christmas soon, so get someone special some tickets, take your whole family, or just go on your own. It is definitely worth it, and so encouraging to see the stars of tomorrow at their best. Zak S

LSE "Teeching" in the Quad

After the triumph of "The Importance of being Earnest" (still running this week in the Old Theatre - don't miss it!), one might think that those strange thespians who are the LSE Drama Society would be just knackered (having endeavoured against all odds to bring such a top class production to the artistic desert that is the LSE) and in need of a well earned rest. However, they are not the types to rest on their laurels, and are back in action bringing art to the populus with the side-splitting "Teechers".

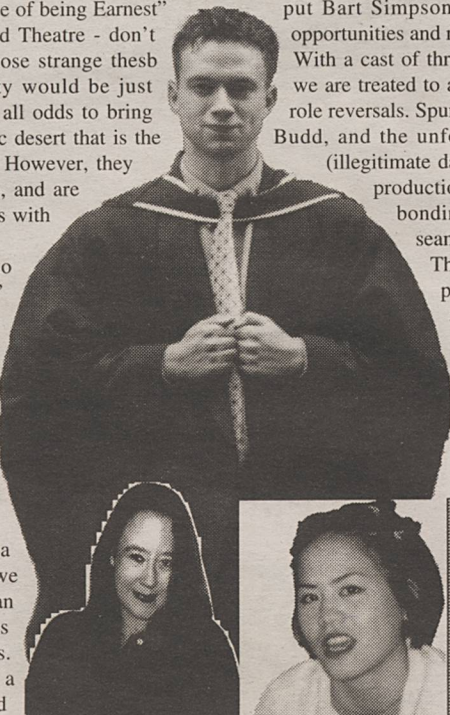
Written by John Godber, who also wrote the wonderful "Bouncers" (produced by the LSE Drama Society earlier this year), "Teechers" is a hysterical satire of comprehensive education in Britain. Although "Teechers" is first and foremost a comedy, in the age of student hardship, and tuition fees it touches heavily on the poignant question of education as a right or a privilege.

With the arrival of a new drama teacher at Whitewall Comprehensive, we soon begin to see open hostility to a man intent on educating the students regardless of their personal inclinations. The performance guides us through a world of under achievement which would

put Bart Simpson to shame, reflected in the sad lack of opportunities and resources available to the students.

With a cast of three portraying a total of twenty other roles, we are treated to an amusing interpretation of characters and role reversals. Spunky Spiky Jasper Ward stars alongside Fran Budd, and the unforgettable Janet "Twyla" Huane-Huang (illegitimate daughter of John Wayne), star of last year's production of "You Never Can Tell". After much bonding the cast's cohesion is evident as they seamlessly swap roles and scenes.

This show is very difficult to stage, with few props and no scenery changes to help the audience, relying entirely on the characters to convey the ideas and settings, and Alec S. has directed admirably to give the LSE a rare opportunity to witness the slick professionalism that social science specialists can bring to theatre. **DO NOT MISS THIS!**



TEECHERS

in the Quad, East Building
1st, 2nd, 4th December at 8pm
Tickets £3 (£2)

Three Viewings and a Funeral

--- --> Mike H checks it out <--- --

A playwright always courts danger by writing monologues. It is a leap of faith, a complete reliance in one's own talents. Without dialogue and action, comedy often becomes stand-up, and drama becomes something unmentionable. The monologues must somehow generate the grind and clash of personalities to fill the stage and reach the audience.

The actors in the New End Theatre's production of "Three Viewings", by Jeffery Hatcher, performed their monologues with grind and clash, and a good deal more. In fact, they provided most of the energy and the creativity that powered the play.

However, the script reminded me somewhat of a circus elephant on a unicycle. It was interesting and amusing and treaded along the delicate line of the monologue form without any embarrassing catastrophes, but it teetered uncertainly and lacked the grace of a more dexterous creature, and its novelty soon wore off.

The title refers to the quaint practise of viewing a corpse by family and friends as it lies in a funeral home before entering its final resting-place. The custom might have evolved after certain embarrassing mistakes occurred in early history: perhaps someone determined that it would be a good idea to give the departed one last chance to wake up while above ground, or at least to make sure that a good number of those who might raise the most fuss over a mistake would only have themselves to blame.

Curiously enough, the audience is treated to one surprise resurrection. The scene carries a chill, if no real surprise. After all, what other excitement might one expect in a play about funerals?

This pattern characterises most of the play. It creates some very interesting situations. A jewel thief arrives at her grandmother's funeral. A funeral director falls in love. A sweet old lady receives letters from beyond the grave.

Unfortunately, the possibilities of these beginnings vanish beneath heaps of one-liners and forced plot contortions. The play stops exploring and starts begging for attention, and becomes less and less worthy of it.

at the New End Theatre, Hampstead

Box Office 0171 794 0022

Low Level Panic

at the Etcetera Theatre, 265 Camden High Street

Three women sharing a house together, and a place to congregate is the bathroom. The entire play focuses on the bathroom, which also transforms itself into a self help therapy room. Yes, 'it's good to talk', and the bathroom is where they express all their fantasies, fetishes and demons.

A day in the life of this bathroom is pretty hectic, and the play develops its characters as very different twenty-somethings who are all going out to party. Jo is looking for love but not sexual commitment during her fifteen minute bath, while Mary comes to terms with sexual abuse and setting a deck chair on fire, and finally Celia, a confident career girl, with perfect skin.

The play manages to be both realistic and sensitive to the issues and emotions it confronts. It is easy to revert to stereotypes and not really delve into the depths of the characters. Jo is the classic overweight girl with a thin pretty girl just bursting to emerge from within the cellulite. 'Low Level Panic' actually takes the time to go that little bit further, and for that I give it credit, but it left me wishing that more had been asked of certain characters.

The piece is serious, humorous and has a groovy soundtrack - well worth a visit if you're in Camden.

Huey, Duey and Louie



CURDLED - something has gone sour



Here is a directorial debut trying to be a little different - playing on our morbid fascination with serial killers. Just for your information, there is a difference between mass murderers and serial killers. The former have a psychotic breakdown and kill loads of people but the latter have psychological problems which make them feel the need to 'do the job' on an individual basis.

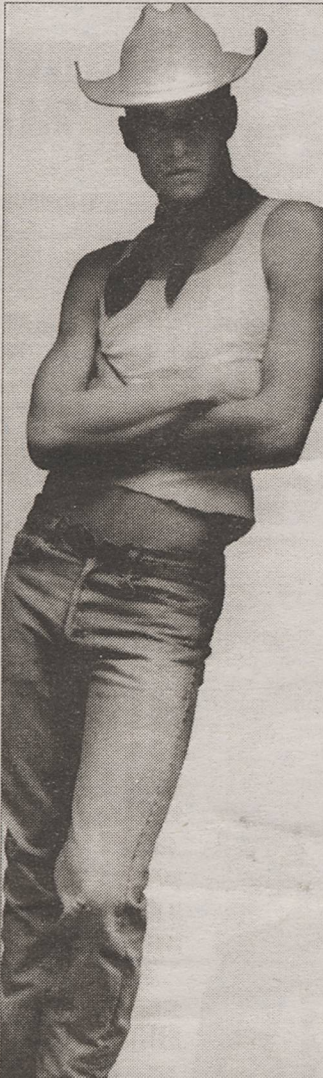
On paper, the film has potential and I was thrilled to see that Quentin Tarantino was executive producer. In reality, all it had was blood, a free flowing William Baldwin doing his best to simultaneously look good and portray a socially outcast murderer. Angela Brown plays a Columbian bakery assistant (I bet she made plenty of dough in this film then -Ed) who has seen more blood growing up than even a thirsty Dracula could have handled.

If you fancy the idea of watching Billy Baldwin as a nasty killer, terrorising the rich women of Miami, mutilating them and then decapitating them then go ahead and see this film. Perhaps you psychology students may share Gabriella's interesting past time of trying to understand these crazy killers and would relish the opportunity of scrubbing blood out of floorboards whilst pondering the question "Why?"

I find myself asking this question too. Not about a killers' motivation but why an half hour script was extended to eighty-eight minutes, it's enough to make a girl crazy...

Opens at the NFT, December 5th.

Napur Sharma



His 1960s play is set in a Manhattan apartment during a birthday party where the host and guests are gay. Their security is threatened by the arrival of the host, Michael's heterosexual old college friends, Alan. The play explores a number of issues but the main focus is on homosexuality and their ability to relate and understand each other.

The play pulls no punches and takes a very candid approach with none of today's political correctness. On a superficial level this play makes us laugh until we cry. But as it progresses, you realise this play is much more than a comedy and the writer uses the stage to try and address some fundamental and painful questions.

The star cast play off each other superbly bringing to life the satirical wit, irony and energy in the brilliant script yet simultaneously exposing the inner conflict and insecurities of their characters which carries the audience towards a tense and cathartic finale. Though the acting did actually seem exaggerated, we rapidly realise this is done deliberately in order to highlight and underline the sexual identity of each character.

The cast is ingeniously brought together and each member plays their role with verve and skill. The contrasts in the characters are used to bring out each others weaknesses. Michael's flamboyance is punctured by Harold's vindictiveness. Hank's jealousy is fuelled by Gary's promiscuity. Bernard's inferiority complex is reinforced by Emery's banter.

The writer, Mark Crowley, tries to create in us an empathy for the characters in their confusion and struggles to confront the reality of their lives and see the unhappiness beyond the pretence. Ultimately, the play leaves us like the characters, in a state of numbness with the enormity of it all.

This play comes highly recommended as a wickedly entertaining and at the same time deeply thought provoking production.

The Three Stooges

THE BOYS IN THE BAND

at the New End Theatre

The performance was a combination of Bertolt Brecht's short play 'The Jewish Wife' and its subsequent follow-up - Sonja Linden's 'The Jewish Daughter'. Brecht wrote 'The Jewish Wife' as one of his twenty-four short anti-Nazi plays entitled 'Fear and Misery in the Third Reich'. Brecht writes of a woman who decides to leave her Aryan husband for fear of his subsequent persecution due to her Jewish status. Linden continues the strand of the tale, placing it in modern-day Britain, with Brecht's wife's granddaughter on the brink of leaving her Gentile husband.

The theatre itself is charming; unfortunately the accolades end there. Amanda Hurwitz, assuming the parts of both the mother and the granddaughter, was entirely wooden and failed to measure up to either of her roles. Her counterparts Ruth Posner and Peter Dawson lacked developed roles: perhaps the plays would be much better with the rectification of these problems. Furthermore, I found myself very offended by the slant of Linden's play - it seemed to imply that non-Jews had to be viewed as outsiders and I feel, failed to bring any new ground to an ongoing discussion about mixed marriages and relationships in the community. I resented the arguments for the duration of my relationship now over *mead!* Ed, and I am still angered by what seems to be an increasingly propounded theory.



LAST CHANCE TO SEE

"The Importance of Being Earnest"

at the Old Theatre, Tuesday 25th Nov 7.30pm Thursday 27th Nov 8.30pm, Friday 28th Nov 7.30pm



Mike K gets
Too Close for Comfort

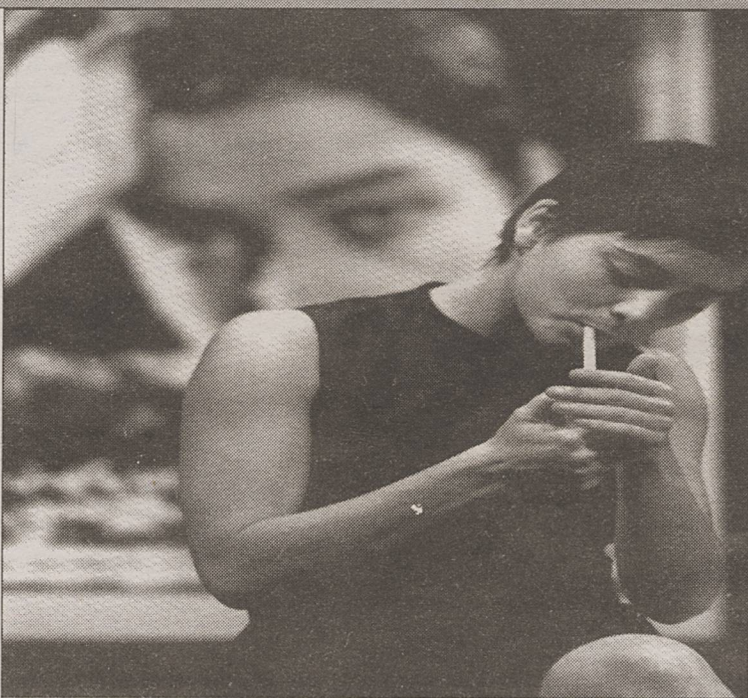
at the Royal National Theatre

Ever settled down to that monogamous relationship you've been secretly craving for, only to find yourself (or your partner) pining away for someone else? Ever dumped your significant other for the object of your desire, only to find out that it

was all a big mistake? Whether you've been the dumper or the dumpee in this situation, you'll certainly find familiarity in the shockingly entertaining play entitled "Closer".

Tracing the lives of four of the most emotionally dysfunctional people you'd ever hope not to meet, this play leaves no emotion untouched and no vulgarity unspoken. The play centres around two men and two women: a stripper, a photographer, an emotionally introverted novelist, and a sexually overcharged doctor. Together they tackle the indelicacies of falling in and out of love. Indelicacy is actually a euphemism for the raw language and emotion that pours forth as the characters

lash out at each other's shortcomings and infidelities. And here a word of caution. If you found yourself getting uncomfortable and running for popcorn during the naughty bits of "Sex, Lies, and Videotape", then you'll definitely want to take a pass on "Closer". Likewise, if your parents are heading into town for the holidays, you might consider whether you want to endure sitting next to your nervously fidgeting mum and dad while the word "suck" is gratuitously coupled with a



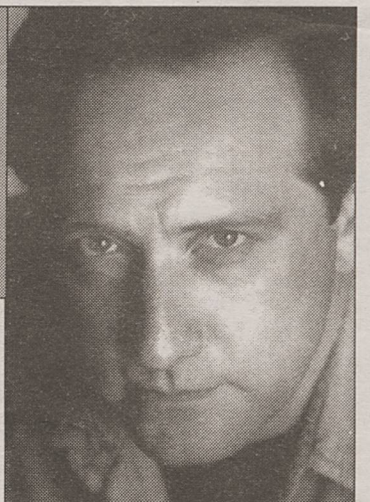
variety of less than proper nouns.

If you've passed the preceding impurity test, then you're ready for some problem solving. Is it possible for a stripper to reconcile her personal life with her professional one?

Can you properly identify the sexual orientation, or gender, of someone in the cyberspace of an Internet chat room? How do you tell your current partner that in fact they're playing second fiddle to someone else who you were having it off with an hour earlier? These are the types of burning issues that "Closer" tackles, while audience members are swiftly divided into those who are shocked and those who are busy taking mental notes for future reference.

The main characters seem to fall in and out of love with each other at the drop of a pair of knickers; changing partners almost as frequently as their clothes. If you're looking

for uplifting, you'll have to look elsewhere since director Patrick Marber spares no expense in reminding us of the length and depth of human weakness. At the same time, the play is chock full of an extremely funny, though somewhat perverse, sense of humour. All this, combined with outstanding acting and some very clever staging, makes "Closer" a rollercoaster of sexual and emotional drama not to be missed.



Brothers in Arms

Chris Rouse on the army's (and other's) hypocritical attitudes towards homosexuality



If you want to join the army, you have to be normal, like us!

Photo: Library

The week before Remembrance Sunday, I was in Whitehall when I noticed an array of pink flowers and wreaths around the Cenotaph. They had been placed there in memory of the many lesbian, gay and bisexuals who had either been persecuted at the hands of the Nazi's, or who had served with the allies in two world wars. What was particularly poignant was a card attached to a wreath, dedicated to those whose blood had been shed during war time, and yet are not considered worthy enough to be allowed to serve the country in the armed forces, during peacetime. This for me, said it all.

What kind of society actively

discriminates against sections of its populous purely on the basis of a personal characteristic? It is all very well to 'logically' argue that it is impractical for homosexuals to be allowed into the armed forces, but that is simply not the point (for example, I could make an equally 'logical' argument why no-one should be allowed to serve!) It is also fatuous to argue that allowing gays in the military would be 'bad for morale', as the majority already serving would not want them to be there. Unfortunately, surveys have shown that the majority of the population at large are uncomfortable about homosexuality in general, so does that mean that we should

move were attempted, but for some curious reason no one bats an eyelid when such discrimination affects gay people. It would seem that we are one of the last minority groups that it is respectable to be prejudiced against. But, if the armed forces are so nasty and mean, some of you may ask why any self-respecting homosexual would wish to join them? Well that ignores the fact that what I am talking about is entitlement. Maybe some homosexuals would like the opportunity to serve in the military (no - not me), and what they get up to in bed, and who they get it up with should have absolutely no bearing on that whatsoever.

all be kept locked up so that heterosexuals do not have to come into contact with us? (I suppose some of you would say yes, but that may be attributed to the obvious gap between your ears.) It is also pertinent to note that surveys have also shown the armed forces to be overtly racist, but does that mean members of ethnic minorities should be excluded? There would be a public not to mention governmental outcry if such a

A ban on gays serving in the armed forces is also somewhat ethnocentric. Most other NATO countries do not enforce such a ban, save for Turkey and Portugal. It is also by no means historically inevitable. For example, if one looks at Plato's 'Phaedrus' assumed to have been written around 385 BC, one reads, 'if there were only some way of contriving that...an army should be made up of lovers and their loves, they would be the very best governors of their own city.' Plato's view being that lovers would not wish to appear cowardly to each other, and would fight to the best of their abilities. Such an army did actually exist. It was known as the 'Sacred Band of Thebes', and was indeed an extremely effective fighting force. This shows how gays can be perfectly capable in battle - a view which unfortunately does not seem to hold much weight today.

Discrimination however, affects homosexuals in a variety of other ways - numerous other inequalities must be addressed: an unequal age of consent, unequal employment rights, unequal partnership rights (yes - that includes marriage), the list is endless. I don't particularly care whether you are personally prejudiced against gays or not, but what I do care about is one particular section of the community inflicting its narrow minded, dogmatic prejudices onto the rest of society and any minority group that gets in its way. Is the social fabric of this nation really so fragile that it is afraid and indeed threatened by what two men or two women get up to in bed? When are we going to finally grow up as a society and accept and indeed celebrate difference? It is diversity which leads to developments and progress, as well as helping to make life infinitely more interesting.

When also are we going to stop differentiating between people with different sexualities? This did not occur in the ancient world, and begins from the starting point that one's sexuality is a fixed thing. Yes, I accept that there is probably a genetic disposition which points us towards our own, or the opposite sex, but a number of other factors may be involved. For

What kind of society actively discriminates against sections of its populous purely on the basis of a personal characteristic?

example, just look at all the inter-personal relations which go on between Neanderthal 'Ruggerbuggers' after a few too many pints of lager in the Tuns! Bans on specific sexualities may therefore be absolutely useless. Perhaps under differing circumstances, we may all have the potential to swing one way or the other. Maybe that's what scares some of you so much...

The true nature of people ?!

Lachesis January cynically regards helping behaviour but believes altruism is alive and well and the world is a nice place really.

Psychological research has tried for some time to investigate the factors concerning 'helping behaviour' and some researchers have concluded that when facing a situation a potential helper will weight up a considerable number of factors before aiding someone, in the end, looking at the costs and rewards of helping.

This view has been criticised for its cynicism by people who perhaps believe that altruism is a fact and that people will go out of their way to help somebody without a thought to themselves. Which is a delightfully naive view, restoring one's faith in the ongoing optimism and idealism of man.

There is no one situation in which an action is taken without thought, subconscious or conscious, to the rewards gained or the costs taken. Not one interaction between people is taken without complete self-serving.

Take the case of holding open a door. Automatic, it may be, but so is the train of thought that suggests the potential rewards and encourages the action. It costs nothing to hold open a door, but the smile of the person who passes through, the perceived positive thoughts of the possible onlookers and the self-praise make the action even more worthwhile. And one may think, but I really do care about the person who I assisted and I wanted them to be happy. Well, yes, you did. But why did you? Because it felt good.

The joy of being human is that no-one can help someone else without it usually

feeling good. That's just the way it goes. So there is no such thing as altruism. Even the most ardent counter-examples, such as a person risking their life to save someone from danger is backed by a complex system of possible outcomes in which the action is deemed worthwhile. It is impossible to detach oneself from this human nature and do something simply because you thought you should. (A moral code brings with it, of course, self-rewarding.)

There are obvious examples, such as buying someone a drink because you know they'll owe you one and that they know they owe you one and however long it is before the debt is paid back, if ever, they owe you a drink and are subconsciously indebted to you. It is all about control.

People are under the impression that friendships are formed out of pure emotions, such as genuine liking, as well as the psychological factors of proximity, attractiveness, similarity etc. But in truth,

everybody merely uses everybody else. I'm not saying this is a bad thing. We enjoy other people's company for it's own sake, to talk about nothing through a long winter's night is intrinsically rewarding. Friendships are formed because we are rewarded by forming them. To put a little



Think twice the next time someone buys you a drink!

Photo: Library

effort into meeting people will pay off when one has nothing to do one lunchtime and the friend in question walks into the bar for an idle chat. The fact that everybody does this on a subconscious level is fine. However, on realisation of this things can become a little more mercenary.

If someone knows of a favour they can do you, they may well help you in order to buy a little of your company for later on. In

fact, an initial outlay of a round of drinks can cover a good few years worth of good friendship bringing with it attributed qualities of generosity, for example. Though the people one interacts with may be far from aware of this, one can easily set by a system to manipulate them with. Of course this takes effort. If one takes note of all that a friend says without giving too much away oneself, a whole lot of valuable knowledge can be possessed and knowledge is power. This takes time and is possibly not worth it, depending who you are dealing with.

There are some who solely exist on this manipulative level and it with these people great care has to be taken before every word. The conversation has to be analysed on each stage in order to keep track of what information has been given away and what has been gained.

People who don't operate on this system are easy prey, but the tendency is to relax a little and actually enjoy their company as opposed to working at it. Even so, similar principles can be applied. Such as the Secret Principle. Because everybody loves to be trusted and trust is seen as a quality of true friendship, revealing a secret to somebody as if it were the biggest secret one has, encourages trust, forgiveness and everything else you need. I guess the clearest example is when one gets ludicrously drunk, spouts all sorts of stuff and offends a friend. To remedy, a trust has to be given, preferably in the form of some failing, and the friend then has something

on you, or if they don't think like that, sees themselves as a true friend of yours and forgives. The more vague the trust is the better; if one gives anything away about oneself, one must be sure to invalidate all the information at the end with some throw away comment so that, thinking back, the person realises that nothing for sure was learned about you.

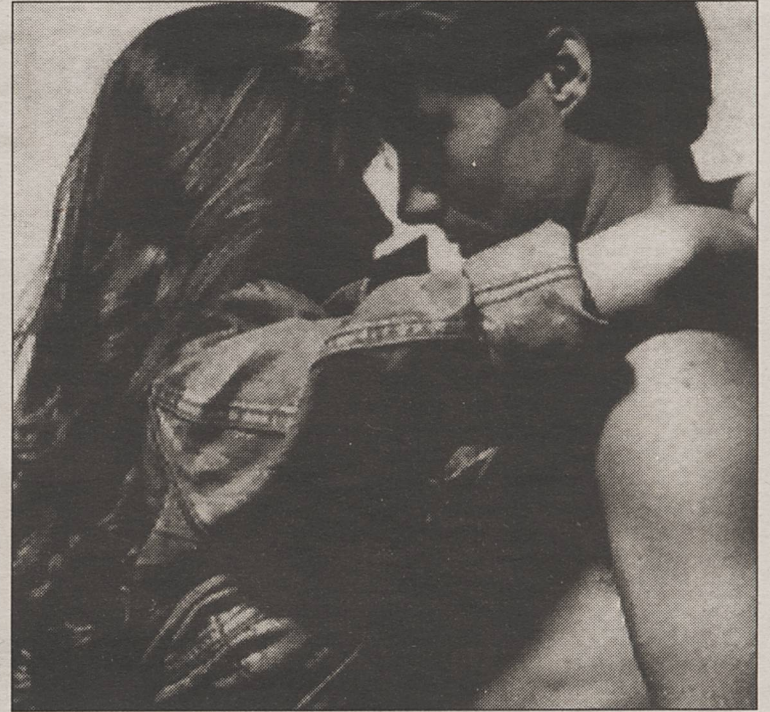
The belief that everybody is self-serving and manipulative is kind of depressing. It means that the whole of life is a game that you strive to win. Word games, mind games, constant overanalysis of everyone's thoughts, words and deeds, can get wearing. To trust someone, however, to see them as looking after your interests without benefiting themselves, is to believe that the mask they wear is their true face and that's dangerous.

There's no point being sentimental and pretending that people do things out of the goodness of their heart. That's not how it goes and the sooner cynicism becomes habit, the sooner you can be in control of your life and the lives of anyone else really...

Disclaimer: Admittedly, I know nothing and am quite prepared to accept that the above is merely a statement of a phase I was going through and not a systematic evaluation of any beliefs I possibly hold or live by, and that though I may think that I do things for a reason, there might be a subconscious system which is wholly altruistic and very nice really.

Fashion murder Mystery

Ciao Giani - Daniela reviews the death of Gianni Versace



Gianni Versace, Italian' most glamorous fashion designer was shot. So, he was creative, shy, open-hearted gay, rich, self obsessed. His life was a combination of sex & pomp, exquisiteness and expensive trash. Gianni Versace created his life and his fashion collection like an Italian Opera - and then suddenly it was ended by an unglamorous and realistic act: a call boy shot him twice in his head on a sunny morning on Miami beach.

You could say he had a nice life - nicer than all the 'blue collar' workers who's monthly salary is equivalent to the price of just one dress, created by the fashion genius. His life in the beautiful surroundings of his Milan pilazzo, the

castle at the Comer lake or the villa in Miami beach, where he was killed 'mysteriously' this summer.

(according to rumors the Mafia had ordered a hitman...but do we believe in gossip?)

Versace stands for expensive Haute Couture - combining latex, silk, leather and everything, which looks decadent. His clothes were sexy - just remember Elizabeth Hurley's black dress just held together by safety-pins.

He was born in 1946 in Reggio Calabria, a poor area in the South of Italy. His mother was a tailor whilst his father was a Coal retailer. Versace loved everything that was glamorous. Even in the earliest years (ie when his 7 firms did not yet have nearly a 100 billion

turnover) he came to photo shootings in a Rolls-Royce whilst Giorgio Armani came in a Volkswagen Beetle. He saw his clothes as art. Therefore, he explained that "there are people who buy a nice car, some buy a Picasso and other by a dress from me". "Women shouldn't wear his dresses, but dresses should carry the women" - that was his fashion philosophy.

To cut a long story short; a homosexual, gorgeous male called Andrew Cunanan , 27, living in Miami beach in a cheap motel under the name of Andrew DeSilva,who pretended to be rich and had killed 4 of his previous lovers (ranging from a billionaire to a cemetery guard.) went to Versace's mansion on July 15 in order to shoot his

(the truth is unknown) lover Gianni.

At 8.44 a.m. the designer came back from his morning walk with some magazines as always. He took the last steps towards his mansion, was hit by two bullets and collapsed on the marble stairs. The killer ran away, left him lying there with two holes in the head, with blood and brain matter spilt all over the white stairs.

A few days later Andrew Cunanan was found dead, after committing suicide. There is still no proper explanation why he killed Gianni Versace and his 5th victim. The Versace family, led by his brother Santo and Donatella, his sister, deny every allegation that Gianni knew his killer. It is argued that Andrew got infected by AIDS and therefore wanted to take some

revenge.

Nobody knows why Gianni had to die. He loved to live as you could see how much he enjoyed his life style. He loved everything which is beautiful and believed that the beauty itself could save the world.

Life goes on. The Versace company is thinking about taking Antonio Banderi on as part of their creative team. Also, Versace has joined many famous labels by launching it's own make-up collection.

The world lost not only a star designer but also according to close friends a wonderful open-hearted friend. Some people argue that this act was a sign for the beautiful, but corrupt and brutal fashion world to wake up.

Beaver Style Award The secret one

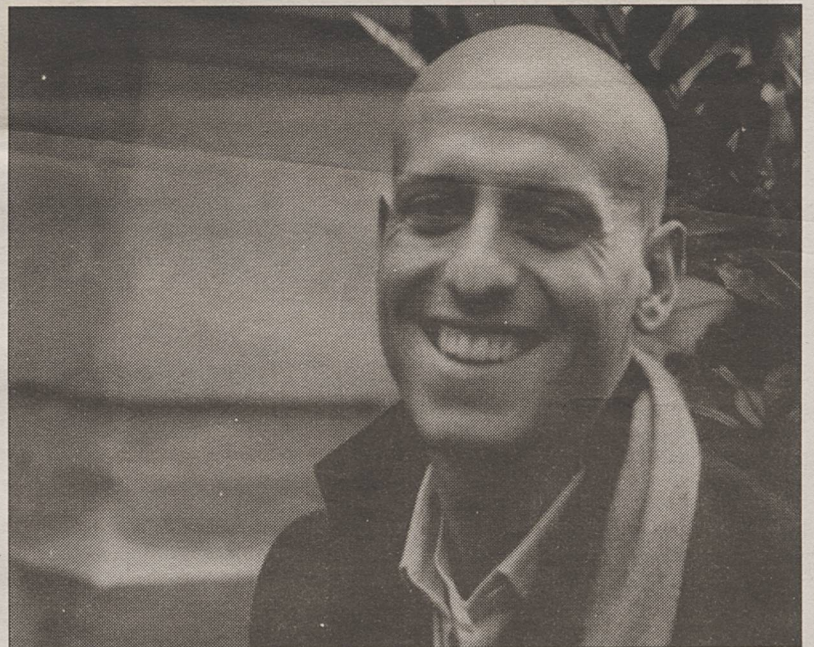


Who's that secret girl?

...her name is Jelena Smoljan... She absolutely gorgues and trust me - she is absulutly open-hearted...What else do we know from her? Not a lot...she wants to keep her secret, however if someone wants to lift it (the secret) email me and I might get you in contact....

Who's that secret guy?

His name is Kasper Egedal Pade Christoffersen, 24 years old, Danish and...he swimms, plays tennis, trades bonds a litte bit...he loves everything from Rap to Opera...and I know that he'll be going to Jazz cafe sometime in December - so watch out see you soon



Would you like to write
for the fashion page?
If you are interested,
contact me,
Daniela
D.Ott @lse. ac .uk

The Middle East: where to now?

Mathieu Robbins looks back at recent developments in the Middle-East and asks how they have affected the regional balance of power and influence.



perceive the sanctions as permanent until the departure of Saddam.

Saddam is not the only regional leader to have benefited thus from Israel's intransigence and the US's subsequent loss of clout. Last Monday's massacre of at least 57 tourists around a temple in Luxor has led to a major reappraisal of the risks inherent to travelling in Egypt and other predominantly Muslim countries. Egypt had previously been thought of as relatively safe. It had been the scene of

As a corollary however, a real question is whether diverting the country's security resources towards protecting tourism will lead to a lack of protection for other parts of the country, and allow the terrorists a free run at them.

some terrorist attacks on tourists in the past, however.

The big onus is on Hosni Mubarak and his administration to convince the World that travel in Egypt is safe. On Tuesday, he accepted the resignation of his Interior Minister Hassan al-Alfi, whom he'd publicly blamed on Tuesday for the security breached at the site, and in his place appointed the Security Minister Major General Habib al-Adli. At a visit to the site of the massacre last Tuesday, Mubarak pledged to reporters that the site would be entirely secure "within 48 hours". Repression seems to be on the cards for the new Interior Minister's portfolio. Indeed, Egypt has already shown itself to be tough on its Islamic fundamentalists, resorting to torture in its repression.

It is at this point unclear to what extent the incident will have caused long-term damage to the Egyptian tourist industry. The Swiss government has issued advice to its nationals to completely avoid Egypt. Japan and the UK on the other hand, have limited their warnings to the Luxor Region.

The garish stories of the massacre relayed by its few survivors and printed in the press throughout the West does not make for good relations. Mubarak's predicament is further aggravated by the fact that there had been precedents in Egypt over the past two years in which tourist buses had been targeted by terrorists. These attacks had all been followed by Egyptian government reassurances that no such attack would happen again. These reassurances have now all been shown false, undermining those made after Luxor.

On the other hand, it is much easier to protect a small sector of the country's economy and geography, which the tourist industry represents, than it is to assure the protection of the country as a whole. As a corollary however, a real question is whether diverting the country's security resources towards protecting tourism will lead to a lack of protection for other parts of the country, and allow the terrorists a free run at them.

Moscow's diplomatic efforts help calm the Middle-East crisis

After a period of relative calm, the Middle-East is back in the news again for the all too familiar reasons of its endemic instability and ultraviolent terrorism.

In the last two weeks, Saddam Hussein has defiantly trumpeted his rejection of American involvement in his country's affairs, Israel has been criticised for a lack of real commitment to the terms of the "land-for-peace" accords and a terrible act of terrorism took the lives of sixty tourists in what was previously considered a relatively safe area of Luxor.

The American-led 'land-for-peace' peace process, crystallised in such optimism by the 1991 Madrid Peace Conference and the Oslo Accords signed by the late Israeli premier Ishtzak Rabin, has been put back into question by Netanyahu and his right-wing Likud party coalitions's insistence on both isolating the Palestinian Occupied territories and on continuing to allow the continued expansion of Jewish settlements. This openly panders to the Zionist extremists, one of whom murdered Rabin in 1995. Netanyahu's policy seriously undermines the linked up credibilities of the Israeli regime, the United States which promoted the current understanding and the moderate Arab regimes who submitted to it.

Egypt, Morocco and Saudi Arabia, considered moderate regimes, boycotted the US-backed Middle-East and North African (MENA) economic summit. This is in protest at Israel's participation in the conference, in this period of perceived neglect of the commitment to conciliation with its Arab neighbours shown by Israeli premier Benjamin Netanyahu. At the conference, even Madeleine Albright berated Israel for its policy of closing its borders with the West Bank, strangling its

nascent economy. "It is time Netanyahu realised the damage he is causing", said a US official at the conference.

This has especially undermined the position in the region of the United States. Indeed, they were seen as the orchestrators, after the Gulf War, of the region's peace process, driving Israeli and Palestinians to the negotiating table and pressing its regional allies-notably Egypt and Saudi Arabia- to pursue policies of moderation and appeasement rather than confrontation towards Israel, a process set in motion as far back as the 1977 Camp David Accords between Carter, Begin and Saddam. This policy's whole thrust, however, was that a less confrontational attitude from the Arab states and the PLO in the region would be quickly and ostensibly vindicated by a similar scaling down of Israeli acts considered of provocation to Arabs, namely the continued expansion of Jewish settlements into the Palestinian territories. In doing this, many of the Arab states were also taking on their own internal Islamist opposition.

This has benefited the more extreme elements in the Middle-East, thought by the moderates to have been circumvented by the peace process. Though, as previously mentioned, Saudi Arabia and Egypt boycotted the Middle-East Economic Summit sponsored by the United States, they are all to attend, with 48 other nations, an Islamic Summit in Teheran next month. The region's military and geopolitical alliances, influenced for so long by the United States, thus seem to be changing towards a consolidation of more regional spheres of influence and less fragmentation in the Arab block. Hence Syria and Iran are both mending fences with Iraq, their former enemy, and one is finding the region to be turning into a

Huntingdonian arena of regional self-determination.

The region's countries are also showing alarm at Turkey, a US ally, which has been increasingly intervening militarily in the North of Iraq to help one Kurdish faction, the Kurdish Democratic Party against its rival the Patriotic Union of Kurdistan. This seriously alarms Syria, which is vying with Turkey for influence

Netanyahu's policy seriously undermines the linked up credibilities of the Israeli regime, the United States which promoted the current understanding and the moderate Arab regimes who submitted to it.

in the region. When Iraq was thought to be helping the KDP a year ago, the US launched cruise missile attacks against Saddam's air-defence systems. If impartiality is a prerequisite to mediating for peace, Washington might be seen as lacking in this department.

Maybe nowhere is the United States' loss of clout in the region more apparent than in the crisis over the last few weeks surrounding the Iraqi expulsion of

American members of the UN arms inspectorate. In 1991 during and straight after the Gulf War, the US was unquestionably the power in control of affairs in the region regarding the containment of Iraq. The coalition of forces used in the Gulf War was easily (in diplomatic terms) put together, as was acceptance of armed defence of the no-fly zones over the North and South of Iraq.

On Thursday November 13th, Saddam tried to expel the American members of the UN arms inspectorate. This was on the grounds that they were spying for the US government. He also argued that the US would never allow the lifting of economic sanctions against Iraq, including the ban on its oil exports, previously one of the backbones of its economy. In the face of this situation, the US tried to drum up the support needed on the UN Security Council for an armed response. Apart from the unconditional support of the UK however, none of the other members were ready to endorse any such action. The consensus tended much more towards simple economic sanctions. Furthermore, even the US's traditional regional allies such as Saudi Arabia and even Kuwait were cautious towards any military action. These countries fear primarily that an armed response that further angers Saddam without destroying his military capabilities might be counter-productive to security and stability in the region. The real initiative in solving the crisis was Moscow's, which through its privileged contacts with Saddam was able to negotiate a settlement. This settlement, also backed by France and China on the Security Council, includes provisions for the speeding up of the work of the UN disarmament committee, thus giving Iraq hope that the economic sanctions might be lifted soon. The US was thought to

Do Good, Be Profitable and Stay on Track

Fred Smith challenges the presumption of corporate responsibility as an alternative to socialism

The failure of socialism has forced its former adherents to seek new means to achieve old goals. One of the now popular variants is "corporate social responsibility." Capitalism, former socialists concede, has an important role to play, but that role is limited because it omits important values, such as, the "fairness" of the work place, the ecological ramifications of business activities, the impact on children and minorities, the virtues of a stable workplace. The claim is made that, if we wed capitalist efficiency with social justice, the world will be a better place. Is



"Look at the smog levels! You know we should really get our corporate strategy to incorporate it with our racism policy and our single mother sponsorship scheme. Company social responsibility: A paradox in terms or simply, foolish market optimism?"

Photo: Library

Altruism is too rare an attribute to form the basis of modern society — there are not enough Mother Therasas around to run society.

this so?

Certainly capitalism has its negatives — what Schumpeter called its "creative destructive elements." A large company goes bankrupt and plunges the lives of thousands into chaos. A product is badly designed or used in ways not anticipated and disaster results. A firm manages its residuals carelessly, harming downstream or downwind neighbours. Often, the cold impersonality of the market threatens the warm communal values of traditional society. To the Robert Reichs of the world, capitalism makes us all bit players in a remake of Arthur Miller's tragedy, *Death of a Salesman*.

"Wouldn't it be Lovely," if citizen-workers motivated by altruistic values in socially responsible corporations joined together to eliminate poverty, racism, genderism, pollution and bias from the world?

Well, such an effort could leave us all a lot worse off. The corporate

responsibility movement does not understand the essential demands of modern society: the need for specialisation and anonymous interactions. Altruism is too rare an

attribute to form the basis of modern society — there are not enough Mother Therasas around to run society. As Adam Smith noted, while even a generous and long life may yield only a handful of close friends, every day we peacefully engage a world of strangers via the market place. Communalism cannot suffice to organise modern society — the reliance on self-interest to organise these relationships is not the result of meanness-spiritedness, but of necessity.

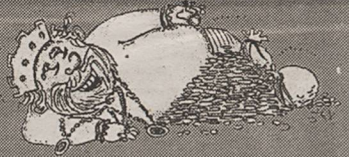
A firm is well advised to concern itself with its shareholders and its immediate corporate "family" — its employees and neighbours, its suppliers

and customers. Those groups have a stake in ensuring that the firm prospers over time. However, to extend such relationships to the world — to make every one a "stakeholder" — is to give a meddling power to people who have no reason to learn anything about the value of the firm or to care anything about its survival. Modern society is possible only because we exclude most people from most activities. The institutions of the market — private property, contracts, the corporation — are all exclusionary devices. They all create limited spheres of responsibility and power in which each of us plays specialised roles to our mutual benefit.

A corporation is not intended to solve the world's problems. The corporate form

distinguishes one group, the "shareholders" — those who provide the capital to the firm — from all others, in modern parlance, the "stakeholders." The firm hires individuals to manage the capital to benefit the shareholders with, as noted above, due consideration to the longer term responses of those economic interests relevant to the corporation. Even the shareholder interest is likely to be limited to the narrow question of whether the firm is profitable. Other diverse interests are expected to be addressed by the shareholders from their earnings or the management from their salaries. To blur this shareholder/stakeholder distinction — to endorse a form of "This firm is your firm, This firm is my firm" collectivism — is to undermine the basis of modern society, to threaten our future by returning to our tribal past.

"Wouldn't it be Lovely," if citizen-workers motivated by altruistic values in socially responsible corporations joined together to eliminate poverty, racism, genderism, pollution and bias from the world?"



MIDAS

Greetings once again, and welcome to another crash course into the dynamic world of business and finance. As promised, this week we will be entering the neural networks of top executives from around the world, in an attempt to discover what it is that makes these people tick. The truth is, the way you perceive the world is just as important to business success as many other important factors like intelligence and ingenuity. Thus, today's column is entitled: "How to Think Like a Top Corporate Executive".

The ability to perceive changes in the market and understand the workings of a complex economy are part of a tacit and intuitive web of knowledge which top business executives and entrepreneurs have been able to use. However, much of the economic activity which guides business decisions is based on a trial and error methodology which eliminates the good ideas from the bad.

Thankfully, we do not always have to repeat the mistakes of our predecessors in order to learn how to focus our strategic goals towards a profitable and socially desirable end. Nobel Laureate, Ronald Coase, once remarked that although there is a marketplace for ideas just as there is a marketplace for goods, a man can know that he has bought bad peaches when eats one, but it is far more difficult for him to find out that he has been carrying a bad idea all his life.

So, before you become "hardwired" into an unsuccessful conscious existence which takes you no further than middle management, read Ronald Coase's *The Nature of the Firm*. His empirical, enlightened analysis shook the foundations of economics when he refuted much of the preconceived myths about business practice. Yet, all he did was to enter the real world of commerce and ask the people that he met what they did? and why? The results to these simple questions were devastating and they changed the way many executives perceived their role in the economy.

Once, you have a good theoretical understanding of the firm in the marketplace, it is good to attempt to juxtapose the role of the firm in the international economy and the role of governments in this evolution. Kenichi Ohmae's *The End of the Nation State*, will give you an idea of the present and even the future of global economic activity. With his earlier work, *The Borderless World*, you can then apply much of his strategic managerial principles to a global and dynamic firm. So, although you may not agree with his predictions, his position as an executive director at McKinsey & Co. gives him unparalleled insight into the workings of modern business.

For those of you who are already planning to manage and set the strategic paths for business corporations, *Markets in the Firm* by Tyler Cowen and David Parker is a prerequisite. In order to understand how to organise a commercial enterprise in the Information Age and tap the dispersed knowledge of individuals in a firm, this book attempts to set a new agenda for companies all over the world to follow. Much of their studies have already been put into practice by Hewlett-Packard amongst others, so forget Taylorism, Fordism and learn "market-oriented management".

Finally, if you are a budding entrepreneur, then Israel Kirzner's *Competition and Entrepreneurship* will elucidate the mysteries of the market process. This book will not only justify your profit seeking motives into a socially necessary factor in the economy, but it will help you re-think many of the ideas which you might already have. Entrepreneurship is a process of discovery and this book is a small window into a very exciting world.

Well, that wraps up the reading prerequisites to take your life into an altered state of mind. The next thing you have to do is apply your knowledge and watch your profit rating.

We're going to the zoo, zoo, zoo

Chris Rouse gets intimate with the chimps at London Zoo

LONDON ZOO CONSERVATION IN ACTION

On a cold and drizzly morning our objective was as follows- to review the London Zoo leaving no stone unturned. We successfully negotiated ourselves from Camden Town tube station to the Zoo (which is next to Regents Canal). This whole area would no doubt look lovely in the summer but unfortunately looked rather grey and dreary on a November morning.

However, we weren't going to let the weather get the better of us and ventured into the zoo. This sounds easy, but when we have to get around a family with goodness knows how many toddlers and an elderly couple who couldn't decide whether they wanted to buy a brochure or not, we were so thankful that this was the off season and there weren't hoards of tourists as well to add to this commotion.

Upon giving up our tickets and entering the gates we were confronted with a map and the decision

had to be made as to which way

to go around the zoo. As we aren't geography students who love maps we didn't spend ages pouring over the map and decided to go for the 'lets just wander around and see where we end up' approach.

First port of call was the aquarium, a large cold forbidding room. The highlight here by far and away were the piranhas, although when we saw then they were looking decidedly subdued. Note: for maximum enjoyment, find out when feeding time is and as the little darlings rip their prey apart, just think of your least favourite lecturer...

Speaking of LSE academics, next we found ourselves in the reptile house. This was fascinating and staring into the tanks was more like staring at 'Magic Eye' pictures; if you look hard enough snakes appear as if from nowhere. Here we also found the Reptile House home to cute little frogs (although although the cutest were also the most poisonous- isn't that always the case?). Lizards were also found here and were just as difficult to spot as the snakes, don't just assume that the cases are empty! One slight criticism however, some of the labels beneath the cases did not relate to the creatures inside, which added extra confusion to the event.

At the end of the reptile house there is a fascinating display complete with graphic full colour photographs, showing the effects of various snake bites- so make sure that you haven't just eaten!

Next up on our haphazard tour was the chimp house. This was, (in our opinion) the best attraction of the zoo. We were transfixed by their antics, each chimpanzee seemed to have it's own individual character and watching them interact certainly gave Chris some ideas... It quickly became apparent that the smallest chimp was the most mischievous and spent it's time trying to wind up the others to the point that they'd start fighting each other. The small chimp also decided to give Chris more than he bargained for by launching himself off of a high pole and flying through the air, hitting the glass in front of Chris's face! If only we could have known what the chimp was thinking at this time!

The Chimp house was the only place in the zoo where we had to jostle with other visitors to get a decent view, proving just how popular the chimps really are. If you are at all into architecture then the penguin house is a must. This Grade 1 listed building is open air and is Modernist in style with lots of ramps for the penguins to sit on. The pool also has the added attraction of allowing you to pretend to observe the penguins when really you are observing the fit blokes on the other side of the pool...

The camel house was as you would expect but when we went we learnt a valuable lesson which we will kindly pass onto you all. If you become a keeper, never try to kiss one as they'll spit all over your face!

The Snowden Aviary is also worth a mention. It is a giant net cage designed to look almost weightless as it rests on poles at either end in the shape of a pyramid. When we visited this we were the only

ones in the aviary and it was somewhat eerie being surrounded by only birds in a giant aviary but well worth the walk across the canal to get to it.

To sum up our visit, it was very quiet and therefore easy to get around without

having to fight the hoards of summer tourists. The downside to this is that the animals tended to stay indoors instead of venturing into their outside enclosures as it was so cold. Also several exhibits had either been closed or moved so if you specifically want to see something, check before you go. Overall we got the impression that the zoo is in need of much more financial support. Rooms such as the aquarium are a little drab and old but a visit is extremely worthwhile and of course helps generate precious financial resources.

If you have never been then it is a definitely worth a visit, bearing in mind that you'll get a much better impression as the weather gets warmer.

Admission: £7.00 (student)
Opening hours 10am- 4pm
Tel: 0171 722 3333
Nearest Underground: Camden Town or Regents Park



HOUGHTON STREET HARRY

Sorry, but Harry's been reading James Thurber...

PETER

Once there was an LSE student called Peter. One day, Peter was walking down Houghton St. when he decided to scare everyone.

'Wolf!' he yelled.

Everyone ran away screaming. Peter laughed.

He did it again and again, finding it just as funny every time. Of course, he also thought TV repeats were pretty cool.

Then, one day, Peter was walking down Houghton St. when he saw a wolf.

'Wolf!' he yelled.

Everyone ran away screaming. Except Peter, who was killed.

Moral: LSE students are a lot more stupid than you think.

THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE

One day, a tortoise and a hare decided to have a race. As soon as it started, the hare went bounding off into the distance, and was soon out of sight of the plodding tortoise.

After a while, the hare looked around and realised how far ahead he was. He was quite tired after all that running, and decided to have a quick nap. 'That slowcoach will never catch me,' he thought.

But as he was sleeping in the shade under a tree, a 'country sportsman' came up and shot him.

The tortoise, slow and steady, pressed on towards the finish line. But when he was quite close, some children found him and turned him onto his back.

He died a few days later.

Moral: Don't waste your time on silly races when there are humans trying to kill you.

THE COKEHEAD

Once there was a student with a post-modern attitude to drugs. That is to say, he took a lot of different types without forming a definite opinion on the merits of any.

Then, one day, he tried cocaine.

He loved it. He took more and more, more and more often. Soon, he was taking no drugs except cocaine.

Moral: More coke less speed.

THE DEVIL

Once, there was a great deal of unemployment, and one of the jobless was an LSE graduate. Hard to believe, but true.

'What shall I do? What ever shall I do?' he cried.

'Come and work for me', said a voice. The man turned, and saw behind him a dapper little fellow with horns on his head and cloven hooves.

'OK' he said.

So he went to work for the little man. He carried water up hills in jugs that leaked so much that there was none left by the time he reached the top. He rolled stones up hills, from where they immediately rolled back down. He dug holes and filled them back in.

Hell, at least the pay was good.

Moral: The devil makes work for idle hands, but the forces of righteousness only pay £38/week.

The Clothes Show Live Event 1997

The Clothes Show Live!
@ Birmingham's NEC
5- 10 December
Ticket Hotlines
0121 767 4444



The Clothes Show live promises to be one of the biggest fashion and beauty extravaganzas this year. There will be over 400 fashion stands including top designer as well as your favourite highstreet labels.

Also there will be lots of celebs, chart topping bands and free make-overs!

The Return of the Top Ten!

Top Ten Christmas presents for people you just don't like!

Oxford Street is already packed and is only going to get even more crowded as we get nearer to Christmas. *Campus* suggests that you start that Christmas shopping now as as with only 29 shopping days left until Christmas, you haven't got long!

- 1, Mittens - always useful and oh, so practical
- 2, Brut - well, would you ever put this on your Christmas list?
- 3, Bath Salts - the smellier the better!
- 4, Dictionary - this looks deceptively like a video when gift wrapped!
- 5, Soap on a rope - where would anyone be without this?
- 6, 'Top 1001 jokes' - although this may be a welcome present to some...
- 7, Easy listening CD - preferably of whale music or something along these lines
- 8, Talc - enough said
- 9, Socks with Santa Claus on - seasonal for only two days a year and then incredibly sad for the rest of the year.
- 10, Embroidered handkerchiefs - you can't even give them away unless someone you know has the same initials as you!



FULLER SMITH & TURNER P.L.C.
New Opening : The Euston Flyer! 83- 87
Euston Road, NW1

The 'Euston Flyer' has now opened in what was a dissused computer showroom in (what a surprise) Euston Road!

As a special deal for students, on

production of a valid NUS card, they will give you a 10% discount on their pub grub. Food is served between 12pm and 3pm and is also suitable for vegetarians. As an added bonus there is a TV to show sporting events!

Player Profile

Introducing Winston. He's played rugby for LSE just once before falling arse-over-tit and injuring himself, so we consider him a perfect candidate for the player profile. He thinks of him self as a bit of a ladies man, so today we question him on the important issues in the world today. Who's he shaggin', Who's he bangin' and how's it hangin'?

(Matt, the sports pages are plumbing a whole new depth-co-sports ed)
It is of no real surprise to find out that Winstons mind is in a sick and depraved world of its own, which is what we have come to expect from the Rugby lads.



Beer studies
Favourite drink: Who's buying?
Favourite food: Who's cooking?
Favourite film: The graduate
Last CD bought: Charlatans (Tellin' stories)
Sporting hero: Zin Zan Brooke
Three things you would want on a desert island with you: Karin, Natalie and a twelve foot concrete wall between them
Last book you read: American Psycho - "I want to f**k you and chop your arms off"
Most like to be stuck in a lift with: Patrick Bateman (see above)
Least like to be stuck in a lift with: Alex
Favourite club: Bloomsbury health club
Y-fronts or boxers: My stained but oh so comfy Guinness boxers
Favourite chat up line: Girl: 'You want to shag me, don't you?' Me: 'I don't want to, I going to'.

Name: Winston Harold Randle Lord
Emperor, Treasurer of all that is good, Eavis
Nickname: W
Age: 19
Date of birth: 19 years ago
Weight: Undisclosed (ie: fat)
Height: 6ft
Dept: International Bird History with

Seventh Heaven

Morandi wins it for sevenths
LSE 7th XI 2 - 1 Charing Cross Medics 3rd XI

Riku 'Rico' Mattila

The Sevenths reached the pinnacle of their distinguished one-and-a-half year history by playing their first-ever official match on Saturday the 15th. By the time you were thinking about getting out of bed that Saturday afternoon, the Sevenths were already on a train to Cobham and Stoke D'Abernon - a godforsaken place well beyond civilisation and zone 6. Many years from now people will swear that they were there - as people now swear that they were at the first Rolling Stones gig - but we know the truth; not a single soul followed us on our soon-to-be legendary journey. Miracles were in plentiful supply that day as we not only avoided the ticket inspectors on the train and found the pitch, but actually played quite well. Our founding father, the innovative anthropologist Jamie Tehrani and our wounded captain Chris Sutcliffe would have been proud to see us playing a



recognisable formation and actually stringing up to four passes together. After a nervous start, we quickly gained control of the game and the pressure began to tell on the feeble medics. In utter desperation, they brutally hacked down Ben Goodyear in the box. The keeper successfully dived out of the way of the resulting spot-kick and it was 1-0 to the sevenths. The vital second goal was soon produced by yet another surging run from Nick Morandi who hit the net as only an Italian can. From then on we were cruising. We awarded the medics a consolation goal in the dying seconds simply because one of them might one day be our GP. The sevenths now face the might of the LSE 5th team in the next round. The sevenths exist to give more people the opportunity to play football at the LSE. Whilst a degree of commitment and decent skills are expected, we have adopted a fairly relaxed approach to the beautiful game. Anyone interested in playing should e-mail me at (r.j.mattila@lse.ac.uk).

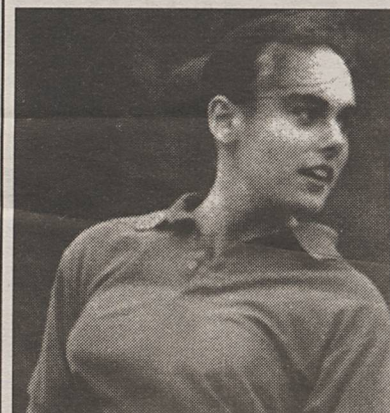
Netball birds give Guy's a sound thrashing

'Dirty Alex'™ and co cruise to victory

LSE netball VII 24 - 17 Guy's netball VII

Zarrine and Maria

The delighted of Lincolns Inn shaved legs and donned attractive yellow t-shirts early on saturday morning to do battle against Guy's netball VII for the second time this season. The babes only dilemma lay in the omnipresent question of who would umpire. As captain, the delightful Maria took responsibility, but at quarter time, feeling very frustrated (unusual that) handed over the job to Alex and Charlotte. We hoped that her presence on court would inspire and increase in the rate of goal scoring, but then she doesn't know much about scoring anyway.



An LSE institution (Both of them)

Cup games often bring with them intriguing one-on-one duals, nailbiting moments and unexpected results. This one didn't. We had played the Tammy Wynette fans once this season and we did it again. Same old opposition, same old story. A combination of Gemma's seemingly inexhaustible energy and our new centre-pass tactics (courtesy of the delightful Maria) meant the babes were fully in control of the match from the outset. The rain and leaf covered court, however, meant that Guy's were rarely fully in control of their feet and proceeded to fall 'arse-over-tit' at regular intervals.

For those of you that think all netball players ever do is bitch about the opposition; well it's not true. We didn't laugh once and just carried on playing, putting together a string of delightful passes whilst our markers lay helplessly on the floor.

The defence had relatively little to do around the Guy's goal, mostly managing to give them no chance of scoring (if I can't no-one can), by keeping the ball out of the semi-circle. Inevitably, goal defence Emily and her duo of keepers (Vickey and Louise) had their defensive fortress penetrated several times, but not regularly enough to keep the Guy's satisfied.

Hence, it was a delighted bunch of babes who headed home with the prospect of a second round tie against Strand Poly to look forward to. What an absolute delight.

The Rabu-tiful game

Rabu on fire as Clegg's army march on
LSE 4th XI 4 - 3 Goldsmiths 4th XI

Lee Porter

This seasons strategy of getting rid of all that remains of Dan Pickering's legendary reign of unrivaled tactical knowledge mixed with a sith sense for picking quality players pays dividends as LSE's finest top their BUSA group by winning all six matches, a total the second team would be lucky to reach in the entire season. Problems arose even before the game as pretty boy James Mustafa forgot to turn up preferring instead to have a manicure. So the mighty fourths departed with only ten of there battle hardened warriors. With Wild Man Will remembering to buy a ticket this week there were no further problems until we arrived in the wilderness of Kent and couldn't find the ground, but stupidly relying upon the instincts of pre school girl pin up Stu Martin who took us the wrong way to the local primary school where he would of stayed if it wasn't for the determination of man mountain Mark in dragging him away saying that he was no good to us locked up in jail for illicit activities. When we finally arrived at the pitch we were met by the opposition telling us to

hurry up, but never liking to be hurried up five bellies Mc Guinness told them politely to go away. In the first half of the game newly redeemed hero goal keeper Bung's Porter contained there attack magnificently by playing both sweeper and goalkeeper until a tragic incident which did nothing for the captains claim to be our first choice left back any good whatsoever, however he did open his scoring account this season with a magnificent slice into the back of his own net. Straight from the kick off LSE's finest were straight back at them with a ordinary cross sung in from Rabu which led to a great scoring chance for the team paedophile Stu Martin but he found out when playing the field with older people his inexperience shone through and he spooned the ball against the keeper in the same way he spoons farleys ruskies into his potential suitors mouths whilst working in the LSE creche. As the opposition broke away down the right the hero keeper showed the kind of pace the earns five bellies McGuinness his reputation as a slow version of Gazza and arrived to late to get the ball but managed to get the player which resulted in a free kick. But from this he made an extraordinary save which has

got top clubs looking at him. But then the grandad of the team wild man Will (who explains his late arrival at LSE at the age of twenty and a half as the need to take a GNVQ in fashion and hair design, a course which he obviously failed.) decided that from the corner he would have a shot which was saved by the weak link in the team Canny Pete who then blasted the ball against there striker which resulted in goal number two. Just before half time ordinary Rabu swung in an average cross to score. In the second half LSE were under constant pressure and found that with any attacking chance they got the oppositions defence were as mean, nasty and butch as anyone of Newtons experiences with the opposite sex. But Stu realising he couldn't score at this age level passed the ball to Rabu who with an ordinary chip from three yards scored his second. From the kick off they hoofed the ball up front from which Mingers Newton instead of wasting the ball decided to go on a little run into his own area before giving the ball to there striker who hit a strike that wouldn't look out of place in the premiership but then neither would the goalkeeper who saved Ben's Bacon. Ralph no goals Banks(nurtured by Dan Pickering) linked up well with five

bellies who was brought down by there oaf of a keeper to earn us a free kick, which Rabu tucked away with ease. In a hectic next ten minutes LSE's finest defence was breached just once more and an unstoppable shot was dispatched under the mighty keeper who was seen giving tips to Peter Shilton the other week. The final ten minutes saw a cracking run which saw five bellies use his pace to good ability in skinning two players to cross the ball into a defender who scored a goal that Machine Gun Clegg would of been proud to call his own. The final twist of the game saw Paedophile Stu Martin go down under the advances of there keeper to earn a penalty and get the keeper sent off. But still finding this age group hard to play with his penalty was easily saved by the stand in keeper. Pre school girl stud Stu Martin explained his lack of form down to the shocking news that his best friend Gary Glitter has been arrested this week. He was also shocked to discover that in early morning raids on Gary's London residence that his personal video and book collection was confiscated for evidence.

Firsts lead the way on a glorious day for LSE football

Steph bags a hat-trick as firsts turn on the style

LSE 1st XI 4 - 1 UMDS

Andy Goodman

LSE's 1st XI tried to salvage some BUSA pride last Wednesday, when they travelled to Cobham to take on UMDS. On paper this should have proven to be an easy game, against a bunch of doctors and dentists whose only previous shots had been carried out with a needle and whose idea of 'moving the ball' is a painstaking operation that only the unfortunate Greek, Stephano has had the misfortune of experiencing. The odds however were stacked against the LSE. The pitch was so chewed up that even some of Goodmans passes looked likely to find his own team, but this problem was soon overcome when the 'roly poly Man'draker was put to some good use and seconds after sitting on the pitch, it was as smooth as Wembley. Next came the referee.

The ref tried to hide his obvious old age by driving like filipo "The Fonz" Venini, crashing into an unsuspecting female on his way to the match and leaving her crying by the roadside. The game was up however, when the referee made the mistake of wearing some 'Sutton-style' OAP clothes

and we guessed he must be in his twilight years. As the game kicked off, there was serious doubt in all of the players minds that the ref would live to blow the final whistle

LSE had the better of the early exchanges. Sutton was extremely ginger on the left, leaving one defender for dead, twisting and teasing another, then going back to finish off the first one, much as he does with his women. On the other wing Andrea worked extremely hard to retrieve Goodmans crap passes. It was totally against the run of play therefore when UMDS took the lead. The UMDS defender tried to drive his shot high to Tibbles left. Using his special infra-red



goggles however, agent Tibble was able to read the shot. Unfortunately, a complete miss-kick hooked the ball into the other corner of the goal, forcing 007 to make a

fast escape on a high powered motorbike that happened to be parked alongside the pitch.

This kicked the LSE into action. Nader 'Chopper' Fatemi took the law into his own hands as he tried to assassinate his opposite number before sneaking away from the full scale riot that was emerging in the aftermath. This is another blemish on Naders normally impeccable record, following two reported sightings of him in the Three Tuns in the past week and his amazing confession before the game that he is considering getting drunk on New Years Eve. There are rumours that Nader may lose his full monk status or even face ex-communicaton from the church

LSE equalised when Goodman aimed a pass to Sharpe, wide on the left. Fortunately, it went straight down the middle to Nader, who with a 'Chubby Checker' style shake of the hips, lost his

defender, threaded the ball to Stephano who drove the ball home (not an unfamiliar act for a man who has bragged about having sex seventy three times in twenty four hours).

With the score at 1-1 at half time, LSE dominated the second half. It was not long before Stephano completed his hat-trick and when told that it was customary for a hat-trick scorer to keep the ball, the Lightening Greek wit had us all in stitches as he responded; 'No thanks, I already have two!'

With the game all over, it was down to the LSE to show how crap they are at scoring goals. Captain Filippo found his form that we so fondly remember from last year, causing absolutely no problems to the retarded UMDS defence. Matt 'The Magnet' Miller ha not fully recovered from getting mud in his hair in the first half but found himself with a number of chances to score. Miler however, not to be outdone by Stephano's 'Karma Sutra' presentation,

decided to wallow around in the oppositions penalty box, giving various extracts from the 'Filth Boudoire', with random UMDS defenders taking the role of 'Dirty Alex'™ and the football going anywhere but in the net. Super Kev also found himself one on one with the last defender but chose the safe option of passing the ball out to the corner flag.

Only the big Italian Andrea, with his twenty seventh shot of the game could add to the LSE's total. Clearly Andrea is revelling in the fact that he no longer has to fill Venini's boots by never scoring. The LSE were happy with the 4-1 win and the fact that the referee survived the full 90 minutes, with nothing but a minor stroke just before half time. Whilst the conventional celebrations carried on into the night at 'Limelight', Nader held the alternative party on the third floor of the library.

Rugby boy's win for once

Wye College whupped by wondrous warriors

LSE 1st XV - Wye College 1st XV

IK

After 4 weeks' absence from the hallowed grounds, the Purple Warriors returned to Berrylands to lie in wait for the next sacrificial lambs to the slaughter. Our last 3 matches saw us under-achieve and even victory away to Sussex did not make up for the losses to 2 inferior sides in Brighton and Egham.

The boys were grimly determined to turn the tide and give the farmhands from Wye College a ceremonial pasting of the kind they'd never experienced. None was more determined than the Minister of Defence, Dave "Bunce" Neequaye who - against all LSE rugby traditions - actually came up with a game plan designed to unleash the talents of what is perhaps the best backs unit in London. The omens were good for us with the return from his journey of Spiritual Fulfilment of the world's favourite groundsman, Brian Whitworth. As he spoke those famous words; "It's not the kicking foot that does the damage", we all knew the gods would be smiling down on us.

Things didn't look so rosy when 5 minutes to kick-off, Tim the blond-haired Toss Factory (I love him really) hadn't shown up with the team shirts. We were forced into the indignity of wearing the torn and discarded shirts of the Economicals for the first 20 minutes of the match. Tim's lateness also forced us to re-shuffle the team. Now we were pissed off and the opposition would be made to pay dearly.

As expected, we immediately put pressure on the Agricultural Posse whose fragile stems wilted and subsequently conceded a penalty in front of their posts. The first sign of a new, disciplined approach to the game as opposed to the kamikaze nature in which we usually play

was captain Tim "Do I make you horny, baby?" Bradshaw opting to kick at goal instead of running the ball. Pierre "The Crazee Frenchman, Version 2" promptly stepped up to stroke the ball between the uprights for a 3-nil lead. Good work off an attacking line-out on the Wye 22 metre line was rewarded with a try out wide for Dave Bunce. Off a sublime missed pass from Owain "Lord of The Rings" Morgan, Dave broke through the defence and with 2 men outside him threw the most outrageous dummy which left the Wye fullback on familiar territory - face down in the earth - and Dave under the posts. Pierre somehow managed to miss a conversion that even Hogton's Dirty Bird could have slotted.

Tim the Blond showed up (finally) with the shirts still damp and the referee stopped his watch to let us change out of the ridiculous green shirts. The boys kept their heads and were able to resist the temptation to start throwing the ball around willy-nilly against what was clearly substandard opposition. Pierre kicked another penalty to put us 11 points up and then another barnstorming run from Son of Bunce added another try for the LSE, to take us 16-nil up at half-time. Rob of The Leather Jacket came on to the pitch to give more of his divine insights into the proceedings. "Bind tighter in the scrums and you won't get pushed back so easily" at which point Salad took umbrage at being asked to somehow compete against the European Union Pie Eating Champion 1997 in the Wye front row. The calming influence of big Cannabis Rick was once again felt as he stepped between the 2 bears who were now squaring up to each other.

The 2nd half saw us throw away a number of chances due to silly mistakes and ill-discipline. Having got bored at full-back in the first half, Ik "I don't need to pass the ball" Iroche swapped places with Bunce and moved to outside centre. The

greedy Nigerian proceeded to waste 2 try scoring opportunities by ignoring the men queuing up outside him to score. When he did cross the line, the horror of Sussex almost re-occurred as Ik was momentarily held up in the try area. This time he did manage to ground the ball, to the relief of all present. Pierre added 2 more points which proved to be the final score of the game. In between all this, Wye won a scrum against the head 5 metres out from the LSE line and the fat boys drove over the line for a pushover try scored by the world's fattest scrum half.

Just about everyone had a good game with Tommy Twat putting in a couple of rare big hits, George "Italian Stallion" Bonello fucking his opposite man like the bitch he was and Brummy Bradshaw showing hints of the sniping qualities which he regularly exhibits on the dance floor at Limelight. Cannabis Rick was, as usual, solid at the front of the line-out while the back row excelled in the high-paced rucking game that is our forte. Ed the American was a real find as the converted centre took on anything that moved and knocked it on its arse - who said he was only a pretty face? Jeansy once again found himself the victim of the amorous overtures of big hairy men. But man of the match was undoubtedly the Minister of Defence, Dave Bunce who single handedly took on 4 or 5 men time and time again creating room for his outside backs. Oh yeah, and Dave Ampah knocked on.

For the first time in a while we marched into the Tuns victorious, all high on victory and looking for conquests of a far more attractive nature than a bunch of hairy sheep farmers. Alas, we were disappointed, for the 3 Tuns is not the place to go in search of beauty - so after a little sing-song, it was on to Limelight for more drunken revelry and debauchery.

Red hot Cole fires 2nd's to victory

Mulligan sleeps as 2nd's beat Goldsmiths

LSE 2nd XI 3 - 0 Goldsmith's 2nd XI

'Diesal' Eriksson

Goal machine Matt Cole netted a superb hat-trick to sink an angry Goldsmiths 2nd XI and to give the LSE 2nd XI only the second victory of the season.

It was an outstanding team performance against a dirty Goldsmiths side who had one player sent off and two others cautioned. To their credit the LSE boys didn't get involved in any of the rough stuff, maintaining both their shape and discipline with a highly efficient performance.

The first goal came after 15 minutes, and just after Goldsmiths had been reduced to 10 men. Naveen "Frank" Paul played a great ball down the right to little Frenchman Antoine Faguer who beat his man and crossed for the irrepressible Cole who headed home from six yards. The floodgates were surely about to open. Unfortunately the

next five chances fell to the easily repressible Danny Walker, who is surely growing tired of the "it'll come Danny, just keep plugging away" calls from the touchline. However, if Danny's finishing is as poor as Nav's pulling technique, his ability to set up a goal is second only to his hero, Eric twat Cantona. On 25 minutes Walker unlocked the Goldies defence with a sublime pass which the clinical Cole dispatched with consummate ease. The second half began with the away side making a concerted effort to claw their way back into the game. It was a pointless exercise. When ginger William Hague and

own goal king Matt Rafferty are in the mood, nobody gets past them, which is just as well because gavin keeper is going through a dodgy patch right now. (Or is he just a dodgy keeper.) Booze breath Kieron Smith also played well, tackling everything that came his way and showing silky skills which were unfortunately negated by his inability to pass. Slowly but surely the LSE midfield (minus the sleeping Mulligan) started to regain control. Referee's favourite and all round nice guy Rob Rowlands was outstanding and has been since returning from first team duty, Solly Nathan tackled like a maniac and Antoine never stopped running. Debutant Jarle Nielsen also had a



Seconds storm to victory

good game, but g r e w ridiculously tired towards the end. He's a strange man Jarle. Brought up in s u b - z e r o temperatures in arctic Norway, he still felt it necessary to wear thermal long-johns down to his ankles and a stupid wolly hat on a mild B r i t i s h afternoon.

Perhaps he thinks he's trendy, he looked like a twat.

With ten minutes to go, changes were obviously needed. Kieron made way for the speedy Tristan Clayton, while American athlete Zane Murdock replaced the Norwegian freak. The changes had an almost immediate effect. Zane was definitely in the zone when he fed the unstoppable Cole who duly and emphatically completed a thrilling hat-trick. A clean sheet and an emphatic victory. The seconds are back, only this time they're here to stay.