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BRITISH LIBRARY OF POLITICAL
& ECONOMIC SCIENCE

LSE SU PRODUCTIONS PRESENT
AN EPIC FIFTY YEARS IN THE MAKING...

Beaver 500





editorial

OK. If you're actually reading this I guess the Beaver staff (and me in particular) can finally unclench and breathe a huge, deserved sigh of collective relief. Because, unless you've hacked into our computer systems to get it, the piece of printed matter you now clutch in your sweaty little palms is the one, the only, Beaver 500 marking almost 50 years of this magnificent periodical.

At the moment however it's very early Friday morning and we're a long way off finishing. As Sutton and Feders struggle to work with our ever so reliable computers while my partner in crime and failed electoral candidate, Dan "Spanky" Lewis, sings the "___ is a ___" song for the 14th time, it's all getting a bit much. So forgive me if this editorial comes across as the tired ramblings of a bitter man because, well hey, it is. Deal with it.

The Beaver has always been the independent voice of the LSE student population. Sometimes controversial, nearly always under attack from some party or other, it has survived these past fifty years thanks to one thing and one thing alone; the tireless dedication and hard work put in by those who believe it makes a difference. The fact that the Beaver has managed to reach the big five-double-zero is testament to the work put in not by the editors and writers this year but every year without exception. The Beaver salutes you all. It is also testament to the support given by you the reader, who picks the paper up every week. Thank you, it means a lot.

Oh, and before I forget, I'd like to say a big fucking no thanks to all those people who have, in one way or another, tried to bring the Beaver down. Screw you. We'll still be here in fifty years time, still pissing you all off and there ain't a damn thing you can do about it. Sorry.

Anyways...

This will be the last Beaver for a while (we have exams too) but you can count on the fact that we'll be back again in the fall, cocked locked and ready to rock. Many of you may no longer be with us by then (i.e. you'll have left, not died...) so The Beaver takes this opportunity to wish you luck in whatever you do beyond these "hallowed" halls of learning.

In the meantime I'm going to go cram and hope I scrape a 3rd.

See you in the funny pages...

Matt Brough
Executive Editor

WANTED

Students' Union Receptionists For 1999/2000

Are you organised, conscientious, punctual, numerate, friendly, calm, diplomatic, patient and a generally wonderful human being? Do you have a good knowledge of the School and Union's administrative structures? Then please apply.

You must be eligible for a National Insurance number and available to start work on 27 November 1999

Name: _____ Year of Study: _____

Phone Number: _____ Available for Interview: _____

FANCY A GUARANTEED PLACE IN HALLS?

The School plans to open a new Hall of Residence next October at Great Dover Street, near Borough Tube station. It will house 440 continuing and postgraduate students.

The SU is looking for six students to make up the Hall Committee. The Committee, as with other Halls, will be responsible for the welfare of residents and for providing services, especially Ents events.

Anybody interested in being on the committee can pick up a form and more details from the SU reception. The only condition is that you are a student at LSE (undergraduate or postgraduate) next year. The deadline for applications is Wednesday 17 March. You will know whether you are on the committee by the first week of the Easter holiday. If you have any questions please e-mail Jonathan Black (SU Inter-Halls Representative) at J.M.Black@lse.ac.uk

Sports League Co-ordinator

GRADUATE PLACEMENT

Full-time position on a 1 year contract from 1 August 1999 to 31 July 2000

The University of London Union organises one of the largest student sporting leagues in the country. We co-ordinate sport for over 250 teams in ten different sports, catering for approximately 3000 students in over twenty colleges of the University of London.

The candidate we are looking for should have a general interest in sport. You will be working in a busy students' union when the ability to set and meet deadlines will be all-important. You will be expected to organise fixture schedules, referee allocation, facility hire and you will be responsible for event management. The ideal candidate should be a University of London graduate, with a sound knowledge of MS Word, e-mail and the internet, with an aptitude to quickly learn Windows 95 based generic software packages.

Salary £13,428 inclusive of £2,134 London Weighting Allowance

It is intended that this post is a one year only "graduate placement" to gain experience in sports administration and development.

If you would like an informal chat about this post please ring Neil Walker, Sports Development Officer, on 0171 664 2006, or contact Samantha Forde, Administration Manager, ULU Malet Street, London WC1E 7HY or telephone our 24 hr answerphone on 0171 664 2075 for an application pack.

Closing date for applications is 10.00am, Wednesday, 31 March 1999 with interviews being held early in the summer term.

We are striving to be an Equal Opportunities Employer



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THE BEAVER



Barbie at 40 - *Bart*, page 15



LTJ Bukem - *Bart*, page 14

Monday, March 15, 1999
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Academics Anonymous?

Shailini Ghelani

It seems that the LSE are a step or two ahead of other universities in the country when it comes to fairness in marking exam papers. The interest in the issue comes after the National Union of Students recently launched a campaign for the anonymous marking of examination papers.

The campaign comes after the NUS have openly criticised Universities for racial and sexual discrimination when marking exam papers. Research at the University of East London between 1988 and 1993, for example, showed that black students marks were 4.2% lower than their white counterparts. A spokesman for the NUS told *The Beaver* that the fact the University had conducted the research and found these problems showed that there were efforts being made to alleviate the problem.

The NUS campaign urges Students Unions across the country to lobby their University officials this Easter for a commitment to an across the board anonymous marking system. Helping the campaign in Houghton Street were the LSE Labour club, who were encouraging students to sign a petition demanding change legislative changes in Higher Education, to be sent to the Vice-Chancellors of the School. A spokesman for the Labour club commented "We think that the issue at hand is of great concern, hopefully through this campaign we will make a difference."



LSE - almost leading the way forward

Picture: Neha Unia

Under current LSE policy all undergrads are given an identity number and papers are marked anonymously. David Ashton, assistant Registrar at the Undergrad office said "the system at the LSE is much stricter than at other Institutions. Marking for the majority of undergraduates is done mostly by candidate numbers and usually the anonymity is not broken until after the degree classifications are released." However in cases where a tutor needs to supervise a student

and then mark their dissertation the anonymity is obviously broken.

Ashton concluded "it would be very, very unlikely that there would be cases of racial or sexual discrimination here." SU Gen Sec Narius Aga showed backing for this view with the words "In my two years as Gen Sec I have not seen any examples of any racial or sexual discrimination in marking, however if there were examples I have every belief that the LSE would tackle the issue very quickly."

The LSE may well have the problem sorted as far as Undergrads are concerned but as the spokesman for the NUS pointed out "Some institutions will claim to have anonymous marking but in many cases this will not happen across the board."

Ed and Welfare Sabb Maria Neophytou told *The Beaver* that although most Undergraduate marking was done anonymously, coursework, dissertations and some postgraduate work was still marked

without the exclusive use of candidate numbers. Ashton recognised this, commenting "There are some courses where anonymity cannot be preserved, but these cases are so slight that it cannot be helped."

Neophytou pointed out that she had seen students who had experienced problems with marking not being anonymous, but none of these were related to racial or sexism issues. She added that to prevent bias "all papers should be marked by an outside examiner, rather than only those that are on the borderline between grades."

In a letter to *The Guardian*, Tom Quinn, a part time Government teacher put forward the following viewpoint "While the demand for an anonymous marking system in Universities is to be welcomed .. such a system will not guarantee equality of treatment for students" he continues "In politics, nine times out of ten it is possible to say with near certainty whether a script has been written by a male or female student." Quinn also makes the point that often when tutors get to know and like their students they will often give them the benefit of the doubt and award them a higher grade.

The NUS spokesman concluded that bias in marking was a problem across the country and that the example of the University of East London should be held up as an example of a college that is actually trying to tackle the problem.

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Goldsmiths win occupation shocker

Students at Goldsmith's College in London have shown that positive action can lead to results after a 175 hour occupation of the college resulted in the prevention of expulsion of 8 students.

The occupation, backed by the NUS followed the issue of letters of termination to eight students who could not afford to pay the £100 tuition fees. While occupying the college 500 students defied a court injunction to prevent the expulsion of the students.

The official stamp was given to the occupation after the Student's Union held a vote of representative officers and received overwhelming support.

The objectives of the occupation were to have the immediate withdrawal of all letters of termination sent to students and have them replaced with letters explaining the support available, for the SU to be contacted immediately should any student be on the point of receiving a letter of 10 days notice to pay fees. A further aim was for the college to call on the government for increased funding for further and higher education.

NUS President Andrew Pakes gave his stamp of approval with the words "This occupation is about the right to study. These eight students are being punished for their inability to pay while their ability to learn is being ignored."

175 hours later the SU were assured that all of their demands would be met. Sophie Bold, Goldsmith's SU Gen Sec commented "This occupation has set the precedent that no College or University can intimidate students in financial difficulty into paying fees."

She continued "We see this as only the start of the fight back against fees and the loss of the grant."

Ben Pilmott, Warden of Goldsmith's gave the following statement to their SU: "I can give you an absolute assurance that no student will be excluded from college because of his or her inability to pay fees, provided this can be shown to be the case."

Pilmott continued "The college frequently calls on the government to increase funding for further and higher education. I therefore fully support calls to ensure that students, as the sector in general, receive an adequate share of the nation's resources, in line with the Government's education pledge to prioritise education at every level."

A press release from Goldsmith's stated "This victory was made possible by mass student involvement, overwhelming support, unity of purpose and determination."

If all SUs took a step similar to Goldsmith's and the University of East London, who previously occupied, maybe we could make a difference. As Bolt concludes, the fight is not yet over; maybe if we all joined in we could overcome the powers that be!!!

Shailini Ghelani

SU spreads nasty virus

Sarah Hartwell

Last week a computer virus wreaked havoc with the LSE computers causing disruption throughout the school. The question of the source of the virus is something of a mystery but whoever infected the virus got into the system through a mass e-mail about the Student Union elections. The e-mail, sent to all students, was followed by a second e-mail warning people not to open the first one. But the warning came too late for many!

The virus affected Microsoft Word programming and meaning that the word-processing functions could not be used. This stopped many students working on the computers and even greater disruption was caused by the fact that all of the computers in LSE had to be de-virused. Jezamin Lim, of the C120 IT Helpdesk, explained that it took about fifteen to twenty minutes per computer which meant that computer rooms were closed for a few hours and queues were nightmarishly long.

Although the virus was discovered and exterminated relatively quickly it is possible that repercussions could still be felt. Some students were horrified when they realised that the virus had got into their home computers through infected computer disks. Jezamin Lim said there was also a possibility of LSE computers becoming re-infected if people had got the virus on their disks. One



IT Services get to grips with the virus

Picture: Laure Trebosc

student, who wished to remain anonymous, was using e-mail to apply for summer placements and work experience. I must have sent them all the virus now! she said.

So who was to blame for this virus? It was transmitted through an e-mail concerning the student union elections. When questioned Narius Aga, SU General Secretary, said that the virus had not come from within the Student Union. Aga told us that the e-mail was sent by the SU Returning Officer to IT services who then mailed it to everyone. The virus must of originated in IT services said

Aga.

However, David Dalby, IT Services Manager, maintains that the virus originated from the student union: The message that was sent out did indeed come from the Students Union, and it already contained the virus when we received it. But Dalby was nevertheless willing to accept responsibility for the spread of the virus. Apparently IT services do thorough checks of all mass e-mails so that incidents like this done occur. This one slipped passed them though because the person responsible for doing the check used the less new

Windows NT system to scan for virus rather than the newer, more efficient W95 system.

So, according to Dalby, the spread of the virus was ultimately down to human error somewhere in IT services. Dalby apologised for the disturbances that that the incident caused and said that it was a learning experience. Although this will probably do little for those effected by the virus, we can all rest assured that those in IT Services will do their best to ensure nothing like it happens again!

School keeps out scruffs

It has come to the attention of The Beaver that a number of Societies are having difficulty in booking rooms across the school, whether it be for educational, social, or other activities.

An unnamed source said that this was because the School thought that students were "Too scruffy." However, Callum Campbell of the Conference Office disputes this, saying "Normally, we don't turn anyone down if they have given us five working days notice." He added "As far as I know, we have never refused a Society a room."

Gen Sec Narius Aga has been approached by a many Societies regarding the non-allocation of rooms, including the Schapiro Government Club, the Debating

Society, and the Asian Dramatics Society. Aga said "Societies feel pushed around; this has got to stop." Aga believes it is a matter of mixed up priorities. "The school has to decide whether they need the extra income from outside trade at the expense of making a large number of students irate, leaving the school dejected," he continued.

Aga continued "The Conference Office has done a good job, especially under the pressure they have from the school to raise extra revenue." What the school may not realise is that the current students will be the ones making future donations, thus, the large number of students who leave the LSE unhappy with it, may not donate anything.

Ritesh Doshi

Always believe in your soul

GOLD!!! Gold! LSE Alumni Magazine has won gold. GOLD!! And in the face of some pretty stiff opposition too. Well if I'm being strictly accurate, the magazine came joint top, together with the University of Nottingham's Alumni magazine.

Denise Annett the editor of the Summer 1998 issue that won said that "it is very pleasing to receive this recognition for the school." The magazine won second prize in 1994 and was highly commended in 1997, in the competition organised by HEIST (Higher Education Information Services Trust).

A ceremony was held in Birmingham where Denise Annett, head of Public relations at LSE, and

designer Stuart Brown, of LSE's Cartographic and Design Office, collected the award. Also present were representatives of King's College, UCL, The Open University and the University of Birmingham who's magazines received Merits.

If anyone feels particularly proud of the feat, they can now go and admire the certificate proving that we won. It's hanging next to the lifts in the front part of the Old Building.

The next issue of the Alumni magazine is due out in May, so if you're interested, pick up a copy, there's bound to be some lying around somewhere. Let's just hope that the Beaver can follow suit and scoop some Student Media awards!

Sinj Mukherjee

Jubilee March for 3rd World

Julius Walker

Taking the Jubilee 2000 debt cancellation campaigners by surprise, Prime Minister Tony Blair agreed to be personally presented with long signed paper chains at 10 Downing Street on Monday 8 March. Thus various activities of the past few days culminated in a major PR coup. This compensated for the disappointment caused by the cancellation at short notice of the planned mini-marathon to collect flags from indebted countries embassies. The Prime Ministers decision was allegedly made because he was impressed by the overnight vigil held opposite 10 Downing Street the previous night as part of the run-up to the hand-over.

Campaigners were also pleasantly surprised when they were treated to 10 full minutes of the Prime Ministers time, instead of a mere 30 second photo-shoot, as first promised.

The PM said that he was delighted that the campaign was proving such a success, and that he would do his best to support it as he could. Referring to the annual G7 meeting of the worlds 7 richest and most powerful countries on June 18, which is going to be held under the auspices of the current president, German Chancellor Gerhard Schroder, Tony Blair commented that the campaign should now focus on the Cologne summit. On a more



The crowd gathers in Whitehall

Picture: Julius Walker

personal note, he mentioned to Ann Pettifor, Director and co-founder of the Jubilee 2000 Umbrella Foundation, how there was lots of support for the campaign in his local church. While Pettifor admitted that it had not been a negotiating meeting, she stated that she was nevertheless very happy at the benefit for the Jubilee 2000 movement.

While, the overnight vigilants were beginning to pack up their bags and leave for homes around the country. *The Beaver* spoke to Mike Atkins, a student representative of

People & Planet (previously Third World First) who had spent the night on the pavement in Whitehall he commented that, approximately 100 students had stayed overnight and picketed cars and passers-by encouraging drivers to hoot in support of the campaign. Atkins claimed that the IMF and the World Bank have learned a lesson, namely that some truly bad loans have been given and stressed the need to make a fresh start in financial relations with Third World countries. She described how the distribution of the

money released from paying back the debts was to be monitored strictly, working with representatives of civil society in the respective countries. There are more encouraging signs that the campaign is proving a success - in a stirring speech the night before the hand-over at Downing Street, Chancellor Gordon Brown stated 'When the poverty is so immediate, the need so urgent, the suffering so intense, we cannot bury the hopes of a quarter of humanity in lifeless vaults of gold.'

6 pints under Clement House

Huw Williams

Have you ever wondered about many deep, dark secrets that may lie within the walls of the LSE? Who is Union Jack? How does Jasper keep his trousers up? When the Beaver's intrepid correspondents, Matt Berry and James Savage, made the recent discovery of a derelict bar in the basement of Clement House, they believed another mystery had been exposed...or had it? "It's a bizarre place - all oak panelled and musty, a bit like a haunted house," Berry muses it's a bit run down now obviously, a bit dusty and that, but

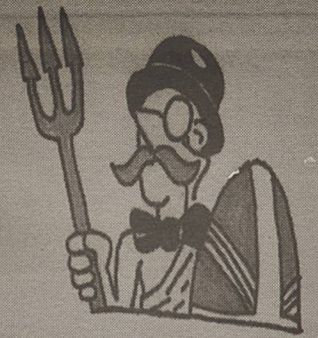
it's got real potential." "Absolutely," enthuses Savage, "it's really atmospheric, they could have all sorts going on in there, the ideal venue for a goth rock night."

Cue the images of goats being sacrificed, young virgins in white celestial dresses spattered in blood... just the kind of thing to liven up the LSE night life. But for some, this news is old news. Gidon Mead, member of the Grimshaw Club and the International Relations Staff-Student committee (situated in Clement House), has been aware of the Bar's existence for some time: "The problem seems to be that when Clement House was being

refurbished, they ran out of money before they got to the basement. As a result, it seems that no-one is allowed to use it because of fire regulations." This would appear to make complete sense - given the opportunity of endowing an entirely different venue with a new lease of life, the powers that be decided there was too much fun at the LSE as it is and money should instead be invested in something far more useful. Take the bizarre lighting in the Hong Kong theatre for example.

The mystery deepens further when the Estates Office are consulted for explanation. Both Sarah Smith and Phil Seager were unable to shed any

new light on the circumstances surrounding the bar, and appeared none too enthusiastic in conceding the little information they had on the issue. The entire situation appears to be ensnared in intrigue and machination. Yet all this conjecture appears to be in vain. As ents sabbatical in waiting Alan Hatton pointed out, there is no money available for such a project due to the refurbishments planned for the Veggie Cafe. Cut the Sabbaticals pay by half (so they can live like the rest of us) and you'd have the necessary funds; but that's another story...



Union Jack

Welcome to the Union Jack Half Millennium Experience. Unlike the exalted Dome this People's Column will biodegrade in a few hours if left in an exposed location (such as Kojak Parhandbag's forehead.) Don't blame your humble scribe for any rough edges; like its expensive cousin this may be only half finished but at least it might be out on time.

Sadly the UGM this week tasted less like a 1978 Bollinger and more like a Kingsway Highland Gold/Tennents Super cocktail. In an issue when everyone is looking at the past glories of the LSE it seems to be a good moment to reflect on the horrors of the present. Jack was tempted to leave this column blank in an attempt to reflect the atmosphere at a UGM that was about as satisfying as a paedophile's night out in an old folks home. Wignall did his best by railing against the (nanny) state of the union, but it was hard to disguise the fact that like a convention of faecal pathologists everyone was just going through the motions. Except that there were weren't any. Jack found himself longing for a reheated constitutional amendment or a half arsed attack on Wingnut's love life (read Baywatch.) Nariuzzz had obviously shared the first secret of sabbdom with Jon Black: where to acquire the sort of suit that wouldn't look amiss in an early episode of *The Sweeney*. He also had the list of those who may be honoured by lifetime membership of the Students' Union, the LSE's equivalent of the Rotary Club. There were plenty of familiar faces: in fact about half of the paltry audience seemed to be endowed with a nomination. As continuing students are supposedly not eligible the inclusion of Matt Bros and Cow Girl was a bit startling - it seems someone has reservations about their exam results. Yuan had spent the week not ironing his jeans (or apparently doing much else.)

The Beaver editor (salary nil pounds) once again got three questions while the sabbatical team (combined salary £42,000) escaped without a scratch. The Balcony Boys (or Girls in this case) were baying for a piece of Matt's furry ass. Piercing shrieks of rage normally reserved for the King's netball team tore through Jack's unseasoned eardrums. Jack thinks that the sports teams should be held to account for their failings in a similar fashion. (What? It's not my fault we lost 4-0 to a bunch of drunk medics. The goalie's crap, and I can't do everything. Come on then you cunt.) Yuan was also bemoaning the lack of talent (in pictorial rather than journalistic terms) in the paper. Jack hopes that this week's centrefold of a naked Jamie Ashtray peeling a ripe banana will satiate this fervour for soft pornography.

Still, to the future: may it be as bright as it is Black. Here's looking at you kids...

Beaver

We sent Tom Livingstone to the Library Archives Room to get him out of the office. He beavered away like the intelligent social

Socialism will abolish classes; but it will be replaced with sets. The Beaver, while accepting this as a natural and inevitable, should organise meetings of all the sets to save them from stewing too long in their several juices.

Thus began the first ever lead story in the Beaver, a message from George Bernard Shaw himself. The playwright and LSE founding father had been approached to write an article, but responded by firing off the rather oblique missive above. Down the years, as we shall see, the Beaver did its utmost to stop us all from festering in our juices.

That first issue, four pages that retailed for an extortionate 3d, hit Houghton Street on May the 9th 1949. Under the Shaw missive was an article on the NUS conference, held that year in Bangor. Little controversy seems to have arisen from the conference, with the main debate concerned with the issue of installing a bar for the benefit of those who had made the trek from Euston Station. Sadly for the alcohol-deprived LSE hacks, the motion was defeated due to the intervention of the Free Church Council delegate (yes).

Before long the Beaver was mired in controversy - issue two contained a letter from an S.H.Beaver 'not flattered' at receiving articles through the post. Another correspondent demanded an all-male bar to get away from 'the Amazonian tide of

femeninity that threatens to engulf us.'

Striking a chord with the current Beaver crew, issue two led with a lengthy rant about the state of the Union and its meetings. '101% of the union hate war' proclaimed the satirical rouge, adding that '99% are male' and '87% fought in the Spanish Civil War.' The whole student union system is decried as a 'Shamocracy' - Union Jack's grandad by any chance?

More seriously, events in Indonesia, where the Dutch were attempting to retain control of their colony, sent shockwaves all the way to the Aldwych. 17 Indonesian students had been forced to give up Dutch scholarships as control passed from the old Imperial power. LSE students responded with a fundraising ball, advertised, in the spirit of the times with the words 'Are you a cad? If not, come along to the fundraising ball...'

A few short months later, the LSE (still reeling from a defeat by Kings at rugger - blamed on poor tackling) were faced with a police demand for a list of slogans students were likely to shout on International Students Day. What was on the list is not revealed.

Whizz. Fast forward to the 1960's, and cosy cohabitation with the police was very much a thing of the past. This was a decade when things got very political, Union Presidents lied to the students, a new Director brought students onto the

streets and the Beaver printed lists of students attacked (ahem, allegedly) by the Police. Fun times indeed.

The union affiliated to an outside political body for the first time in November 1965, voting to join the 'Council for Peace in Vietnam.' In the very same month, the Union President (and supporter of the US stance on Vietnam), one Alan Evans, admitted lying to the Union in order to pass a motion. Evans was also accused of trying to censor *The Beaver*. And we don't like that.

Conflict was brewing a few

months later over the status of the Union itself - in 1966 the Union only existed on the whim of the school; it was not an autonomous body, and contact with the press, for instance, was forbidden without the consent of school authorities.

This issue exploded when it was announced that the outgoing Director Sir Sidney Caine was to be replaced by the controversial Dr Walter Adams, then Principal of the University College Rhodesia.

Adams was criticised in a pamphlet drawn up and sold on

campus, much to the delight of ITN who filmed the 700-ish copies being sold in minutes.

A letter fired off to the times by the SU without LSE permission then led to disciplinary charges against Union President Dave Adelstein.

LSESU responded by calling its members onto the streets. As photographs testify, there were around 1000 on Houghton Street that day in 1966, with traffic picking its way between the placards.

However, controlling the extremist wing was not easy; 50



The Beaver

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION
Issue 409 November 14, 1994

"In view of India's human rights record, I have no doubt that he's been tortured"

LSE student's role in Kashmir kidnap

What? An occupation? Hold the front page! The way we were - The Beaver crew circa 1964 (above)

Scoop!(left)

students made their way to the corridor outside the disciplinary board meeting, and made their feelings known - by having a sing song with their guitars (there was a curious parallel to this thirty years later when Ents. Sabb. Chris Cooper sang a message on Anthony Giddens' answerphone - who said the protest song was dead?).

Events did take a tragic turn in January 1967, when the 'Adams question' was re-opened by student activist Marshall Bloom and *The Beaver* (or plain Beaver as it was then known). A 'stop Adams' meeting in the Old Theatre; a crowd gathered,

Forever

animal that he is, an now presents to you, the public, his complete history of the Beaver (Abridged).

and it was here that an elderly porter died of heart failure while attempting to keep order.

It was in 1968, however, that saw passions finally boil over. The LSE marched its way to Grovesnor Square, to make its point about the Vietnam War and to give smashing the state a go. May of that year also the occupation of the School. Estimates vary as to how many were involved - the Socialist society claimed that 1500-2000 were involved, while the Tories (yes there were some) commented that 'the Socialist society

brutality pictures to match.

However, there was no universal backing for the likes of the Socialist Society - in a 'guide to the SocSoc' the word 'discussion' is translated to 'masturbation.' Never reluctant to offer advice, the boys and girls in S116 (where the intelligent social animals then resided) warned students of the danger of being stopped by those nasty police. 'If you were always to carry some marijuana around you, the chances of having heroin or an offensive weapon planted on you would be

considerably less.'

1968 also saw the 'usual arguments' at the NUS Conference, although said Conference saw the rise to prominence of one Jack Straw, by then Deputy President, and manouvering his troops to challenge those elected (apparently in a dodgy manner - at the NUS? Surely not?) to the top jobs. Whatever happened to him?

There were some light-hearted moments in that momentous year - a new dance craze called the 'Crouch' was banned by some 'civilised'

colleges for being, ahem, 'too perverted.'

Talking of perversions, a Beaver front page of January 30th 1969 depicted a prostitute 'the student body' waiting for the services of the beergutted LSE Union property and LSE Administrative staff. Bear this lovely image in mind when the Timetables Offices next allocate you a class in a toilet.

It was 1968-9 that saw the installation of iron gates at strategic points around the school, and the resultant student attempts to take them down. This led to the school being closed for twenty-five days! The high point of LSE radicalism had been reached.

We no move swiftly on to 1974, when the lovely Margaret Thatcher was busy snatching milk from kiddies and generally sending things down the toilet.

However, something far more interesting was going on in Passfield. Vice Warden Alan Sked (yes Alan Sked) was threatening to throw five students out of the hall for...playing loud rock music. *The Beaver* in true crusading mood, took up the case, pointing out that one of the students was away at the time. Campaign journalism at its best.

1974 saw the LSE get behind the miners, after an emergency UGM on October 15th (a three day week presumably being something students thought was worth supporting), with the Beaver carrying messages of

support from the strikers. One from the Snowdon miners read 'the hospitality you have shown has been tremendous...no industrial dispute can be won without the solidarity of people like the students in the LSE.' one wonders whether anyone on a picket line today would find the mobile phone masses of Houghton Street any use at all.

Skip forward twenty years or so, and *The Beaver* had a tale worth telling - an LSE student, Ahmed Sheikh, had been arrested and shot by Indian police. Sheikh was alleged to have been behind the kidnapping of three tourists in Kashmir. Just goes to show that interesting things do happen once in a while!

The Beaver was by now firmly established in C023, running twenty pages a week and moving towards the separate Arts section it now runs. Experiments with blue on the masthead were short-lived, and the paper has now settled on its distinctive red lines. 1998 also saw the introduction of a Beaver website, one of the first among UK student newspapers.

And so we turn to face the next fifty years - there are some interesting times ahead, as the paper struggles along with its usual financial problems, there could be a Sabbatical Editor in the pipeline. What is certain is that whatever happens on Houghton Street, the Beaver will be there to tell it like it is.



The way things are now (except the office looks clean) (above)
LSE tries to recapture the long lost spirit of '68 (right)

seems to have opted out of sanity altogether.' Far too much alliteration.

The Beaver helped out by printing lists of students who had been assaulted (sorry, allegedly) by the police in the Grovesnor Square. A typical entry ran along the lines 'Male 19, kicked around head. Claimed policeman did it.'

1968 was also the year when *The Beaver* really got political. An October article examined race relations in the United States, concluding that 'the post fascist system has become the pre-fascist system,' with plenty of police

The Beaver
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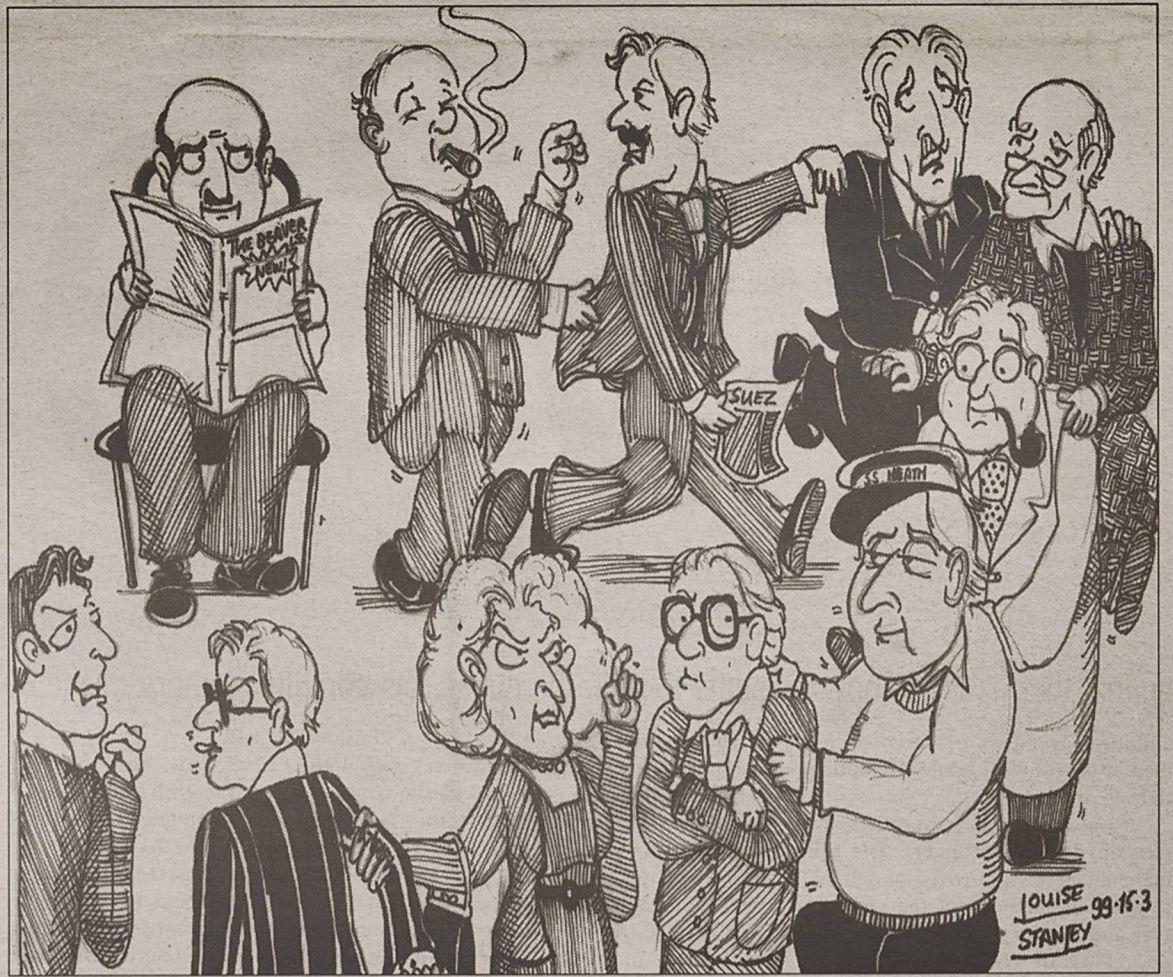
Revenge is not so sweet in the First Wives Club

what of love...ate and a familiar face

Lets Strike Everyone

Britain: 1949-99

Tory Boy gives a questionable, but 'totally objective' view of the past fifty years of British politics...



In 1945, Labour won a landslide victory in the general election. The Labour government that followed set up the NHS and the welfare state, thus becoming the only Labour government in history to achieve something worthwhile. Its popularity soon disappeared, however, as ordinary people suffered from Labour's economic failure. Membership of the Conservative Party grew rapidly (reaching 2.8 million by 1952) and the Young Conservatives became the largest marriage bureau in the land. In 1951, the Conservatives were duly elected and Winston Churchill became Prime Minister for the second time.

In 1955, Churchill discovered that he was eighty years old and retired. He was replaced by Anthony Eden, who immediately called and won another election for the Conservatives (hurrah!). To celebrate this success he launched military action against Egypt for nationalising part of their own country. The resulting "Suez Crisis" led on to an "Eden Health Crisis and Resignation"

and then a "Tory Leadership Crisis" (that sounds familiar, doesn't it?). The leadership battle was won by Harold Macmillan, or Super-Mac. Under the Conservatives, ordinary people were getting better off. "You've never had it so good," boasted Super-Mac in the 1959 election. Gratefully, the voters elected the Tories once again (HURRAH!). A few years later, Super-Mac stepped down due to ill health. He was replaced by Alec Douglas-Home, an out-of-touch toff who used matchsticks to work out economics. Not surprisingly, Douglas-Home lost the 1964 election, thus ending thirteen glorious years of Conservative rule.

The Labour Prime Minister who took over was Harold Wilson, who kept talking about "the white heat of the technological revolution." Apparently, this meant building a few Concordes and letting the rest of the economy go down the drain. Never mind, at least Jack Cunningham finds the Concordes useful.

Once again, the Tories defied all predictions and recovered quickly to

win back power in 1970. Ted Heath became Prime Minister, but even Tories admit he was a disaster. Aided and abetted by OPEC, Heath allowed inflation to spiral out of control. His attempts to control the unions led to a showdown with the miners. After strikes forced him to introduce a 3-day working week, Heath called an election with the slogan "Who governs Britain?" The voters' reply was clear: "Not you, mate," they said, and kicked him out of office.

The Labour government that followed (1974-79) was the worst government Britain has ever known. It began by going on a spending spree. It soon ran out of money, and on the verge of bankruptcy was forced to go cap-in-hand to the IMF. To make matters worse, the government was running the country in cohorts with the trade unions. When they fell out, the result was the "Winter of Discontent." Rubbish piled high in the streets, the dead were left unburied and the ill were turned away from hospital as striking unions paralysed the country. In the 1979 election, Margaret Thatcher was

swept to power.

Apart from Winston Churchill, Margaret Thatcher was the greatest British Prime Minister this century, winning three general elections in a row. In her first term of office she defeated inflation at home and won an away match in the Falklands against Argentina. After her landslide re-election, she defeated a yearlong miners' strike. Never again would the unions try to bring down the elected British government. By the time of her third election victory, it was clear that her free-market policies of privatisation and tax cuts were transforming the British economy. It was only when her Chancellor caused inflation by shadowing the Deutschmark (sadly, now an extinct currency), followed by the mistake of the poll tax (sorry, community charge), that the great Maggie was ousted by her own backbenchers.

Alongside Ronald Reagan, Margaret Thatcher played a key role in winning the Cold War for the free world. After 1989, the socialist dictatorships of Eastern Europe came crashing down, and the "inevitable"

advance of socialism went into reverse. One day, the same thing will happen to the "inevitable" advance of European integration.

After the sad departure of Maggie, the new Prime Minister was the Boy from Brixton, John Major. He won the election of 1992, and over the following five years the British economy enjoyed one long boom. Unfortunately, the government was brought down by broken tax promises, sleaze and divisions over Europe. In addition, the Labour Party under Tony Blair had now ditched all its principles, which made it popular.

In the 1997 election the Conservatives were routed. In the two years since then, Tony Blair has set in motion the break-up of the United Kingdom and made clear his intention to scrap the pound. He has also been dogged by a series of scandals (Bernie Ecclestone, Ron Davies, Geoffrey Robinson, Peter Mandelson and Arms to Sierra Leone). Make no mistake, the Conservatives will come back.

Carlos King of Rosebery?

James Meadway pays tribute to one of LSE's more notorious heroes...

Ilich Ramirez Sanchez enrolled as a Social Policy and Administration student in 1969. A member of the Schapiro Government Club, at whose meetings he is believed to have run into most of his future victims, Ilich played an active part in LSE life. His regular appearances in the Three Tuns were a source of constant amusement for his acquaintances, as Ilich would regale the company with his anecdotal accounts of life in Mexico. His infamous drinking abilities earned him respect from staff and students alike, with Ilich downing

as many as twelve Archers and lemonade in a single sitting. Indeed, Ilich became so frequent a visitor to the Tuns that his work suffered as result, and he was forced to retake his first year. He met this with his usual good humour, though. Only later did he display the ruthless qualities that would earn him notoriety as 'Carlos the Jackal'; contemporaries believe it may have been rugby club allegations of 'girly drinks' that pushed him over the brink. At the same time, tutors report that he expressed increasing dissatisfaction with the SPA course content, complaining of its 'irrelevancies' and 'lack of direction.' However, the precise cause of his eventual career choice remains uncertain - possibly we shall never know for sure, but certainly Ilich's life took a most unexpected turn on graduation in 1973.

His first action was the serious

wounding of businessman Joseph Sieff in St John's Wood in December 1973, the target being selected due to his connections with Marks and Spencer. Flushed with success, Carlos bombed the Israeli bank Hapoalim in January 1974, and embarked on the spree that would make his name the world over. His greatest 'success' came with the kidnapping of 70 OPEC delegates at a conference in Vienna in 1975, his commando unit demanding \$50 million in ransom money for their safe release. The money was duly paid; rumours that a small part of this cash was behind the mysterious 'anonymous benefactor' building of Rosebery Hall are, alas, unsubstantiated. However, it is touching to think that, even as he was assassinating senior French diplomats, or brutally stabbing journalists to death in frenzied knife attacks, Carlos retained a soft spot for his 'old school.'

The sad face of LSE Tories

James Corbett

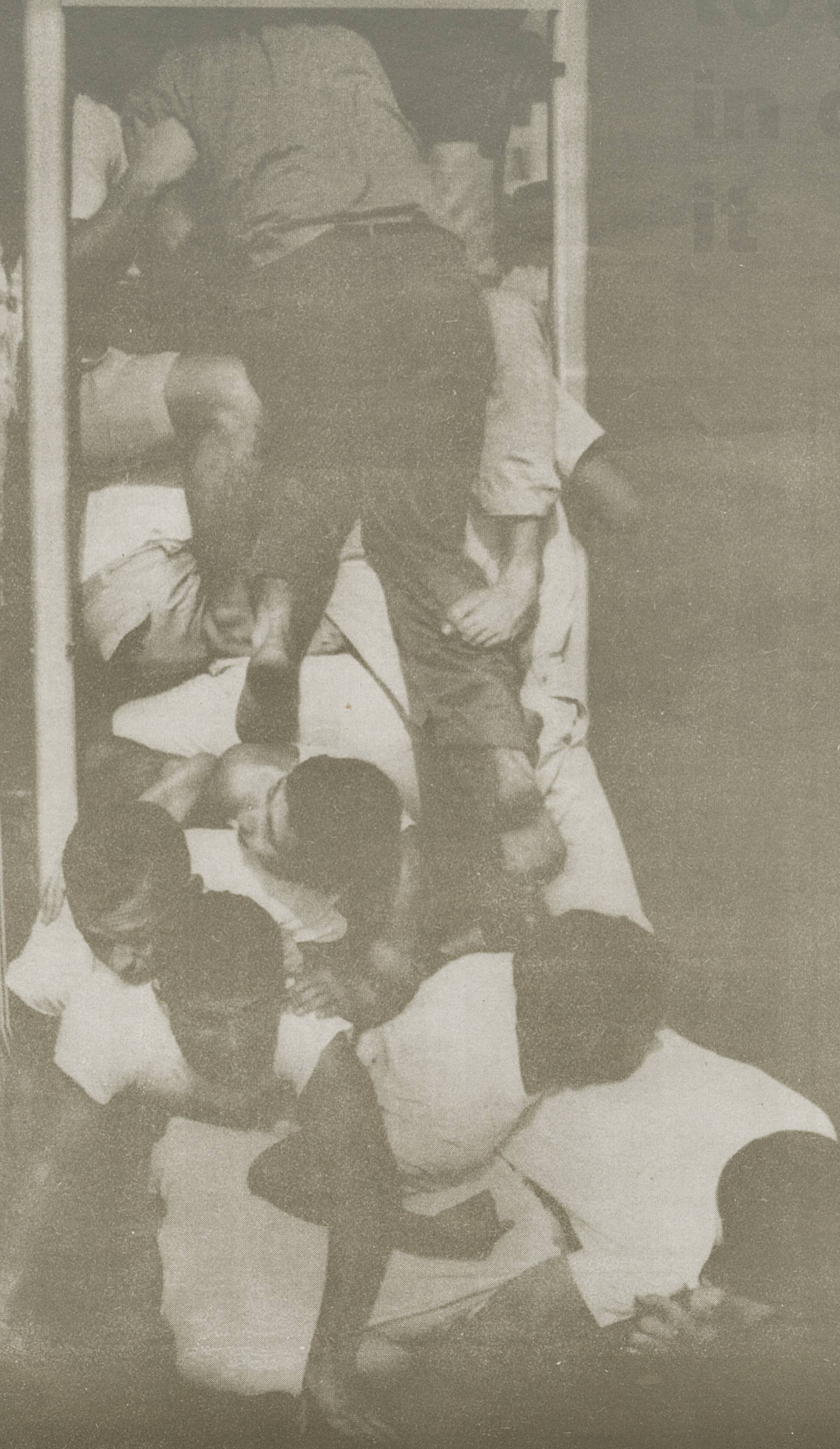
Readers of the Evening Standard would have been intrigued to see an article in last Monday's diary bemoaning the failure of Labour in the recent sabbatical elections. 'New Labour is out of favour at the LSE,' it lamented. 'The bastion of the student sit-in has just held elections for its sabbatical officers, and Labour has not won a single post. "New Labour is too right wing," explains one student.'

My informants at Conservative Central Office tell me that a certain student, yes LSE's very own answer to Ann Widdecombe, Cow-Girl herself, persuaded the Tory Press Office to send out a gloating press release about the sabbatical elections.

That wouldn't be the same Cow-Girl

who's Tory party put forward how many candidates? Surely not the same Cow Girl, chair of LSE Conservative Future, who was so sure that standing for the so-called 'ruling party' would win her the job of 'Women's Officer' that she promptly stood as an Independent. She wouldn't be a member of the Tory party who had to bribe people to join them at the last Freshers Fair with cans of Carlsberg; the same party who gave their chair a vote of no confidence earlier this year because of his sheer incompetence? And she wouldn't be talking about the biggest Student Labour Party in England and Wales; whose hacks dominate the SU at practically every level; who organised a hugely successful sponsored sleepout and who are currently spearheading the current Jubilee 2000 campaign? Surely some mistake somewhere? I think we should be told...

TELEPHONE



Everyone's
trying
to get
in on
it.

The Open Can

With informed panache, *The Beaver* lets you in on the most respected Oscar prediction list in the film industry. But keep those lips sealed in case the auditing chaps at Pricewaterhouse Coopers catch wind and we all get thrown behind bars.

- Actor in a Leading Role**
Nick Nolte (Affliction)
- Actor in a Supporting Role**
James Coburn (Affliction)
- Actress in a Leading Role**
Cate Blanchett (Elizabeth)
- Actress in a Supporting Role**
Judi Dench (Shakespeare in Love)
- Art Direction**
Martin Childs/Jill Quertier (Shakespeare in Love)
- Cinematography**
John Toll (The Thin Red Line)
- Costume Design**
Sandy Powell (Shakespeare in Love)
- Directing**
Stephen Spielberg (Saving Private Ryan)
- Documentary Feature**
The Farm: Angola, USA
- Documentary Short Subject**
Sunrise Over Tiananmen Square
- Film Editing**
Saving Private Ryan
- Foreign Language Film**
Life Is Beautiful
- Makeup**
Shakespeare In Love
- Original Musical/Comedy Score**
Hans Zimmer/Stephen Schwartz (Prince of Egypt)
- Original Dramatic Score**
Hans Zimmer (The Thin Red Line)
- Original Song**
I Don't Want To Miss A Thing (Diane Warren/Aerosmith)
- Sound**
Saving Private Ryan
- Best Picture**
David Parfitt/Donna Gigliotti/Harvey Weinstein/Edward Zwick/Marc Norman (Shakespeare in Love)
- Short Film - Animated**
The Canterbury Tales
- Short Film - Live Action**
Election Night
- Sound Effects Editing**
Saving Private Ryan
- Visual Effects**
What Dreams May Come
- Screenplay Adaptation**
Scott Frank (Out of Sight)
- Original Screenplay**
Marc Norman/Tom Stoppard (Shakespeare In Love)

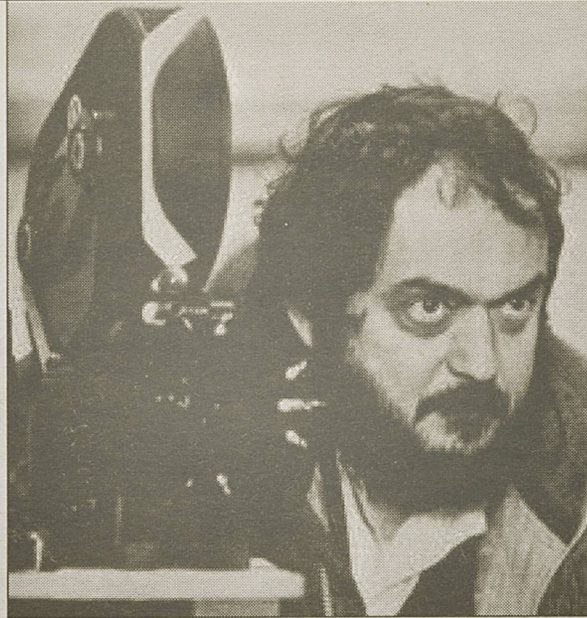
compiled by Peter Zelter

Retrospecting Kubrick

dan lewis & matt brough

Stanley Kubrick, iconoclast film-maker died on Sunday 7th March, aged 70. He was one of the few masters of cinema who was capable of professionally supervising every stage of the process, artistic and technical alike and his reputation is unparalleled. Our retrospective examines three of his most celebrated works

It may be speaking out of turn here, ill of the dead and such, but I thought *A Clockwork Orange* was a massive disappointment. Beautifully shot, but then so should have been Kubrick. What he's managed to do here is take Burgess' masterpiece, chop off the end - the part that carries the whole message - and stretch the rest out so that something that could, and should, have been great lands on the wrong side of tedious. Kubrick's big mistake was to reject Burgess' screenplay, take the word of some dumb Yank and ruin a



sublime piece of work. That said, I did like *Full Metal Jacket*... (DL) Describing a film as an epic can mean one of two things: 1) it is so retina-searingly brilliant you'll never want to wash your eyes ever again or 2) It's so god damn long you'll need to call a plumber to hook up an extra 2 litre capacity on your Kidneys.

2001: A Space Odyssey falls into the latter of those two categories. To say it is dull would be an understatement. I actually had the pleasure (if that's the correct term) of seeing a full print at my local

cinema and remember being seriously underwhelmed by the entire experience. Plot is as follows: Monkeys taught by big black slab thing to hit stuff with bones. Men find new black slab on moon. Men fly to Jupiter after third black slab. Computer called Hal goes nuts and kills everyone.

Except Dave. Dave gives Hal a computer lobotomy, flies after 3rd black slab. Ends up in hotel room. Gets turned into giant space baby. The End. Mix in far too many acid trip visuals and Thus spake Zarathrusta and you've got the choice of pot head 60's students everywhere. Woo and indeed Hoo. Pan Am sold tickets to the moon on the back of this film. and then went bust. Figures. (MB)

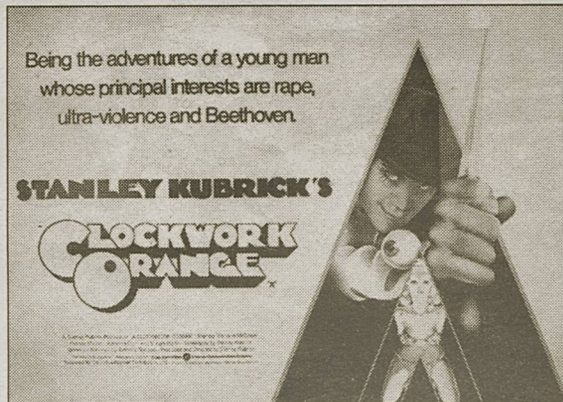
The Shining is probably one of the more accessible and enjoyable of Kubrick's films. Anyone who has sat through the arse-numbing mundanity of *2001: A Space Odyssey* can appreciate that even with Kubrick's unfortunate tendency to stretch out a wafer thin storyline for three hours, *The Shining* comes

across as short and snappy as is humanely possible for a director of his "artistic integrity." Adapted from a Stephen King story (uh oh) the plot basically deals with telepathy, psychic echoes and the madness of isolation. Mix this with Kubrick's



attention to detail and what you get is Jack Nicholson giving the performance of his life as a man who goes crazier than a chimp in a tumble drier.

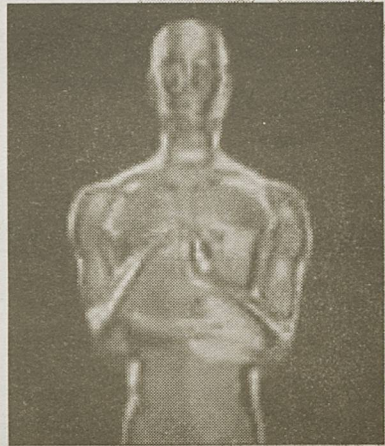
The Shining contains some of the most memorable scenes in cinematography history; "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" and of course the "Heeere's Johnny!" axe scene. Often imitated but never bettered *The Shining* is one of the finest pieces of work ever committed to celluloid. It's even better than *Herbie goes Bananas*. (MB) *Eyes Wide Shut*, Kubrick's last film, is finally released in August.



and the Oscar goes to...

matt berry & yeher wu

Whatever you may think about the BBC you should all be seriously pissed off about their latest moment of incompetence. Yes, they've lost



the live telecast of the Oscars to Rupert Murdoch and his money-grabbing BSkyB, so you'd better be looking for a mate with a dish before the 21st. However you do it, remember to tear out this exclusive Beaver

prediction page. Anyway we've decided to climb onto our soapbox and hollar our two pence worth of Hollywood film fumbblings in your gracious direction. And the Oscar (as we see it) goes to...

Supporting Actress - Not such an open field. The two main contenders are Brenda Blethyn and Judi Dench. The Oscar's going to Judi cos she's got an established Hollywood following and she rocked as Queen E.

Supporting Actor - James Coburn's dying so it's his turn a la Jack Palance.

Best Actress - A shit roster. Cate Blanchett is the lesser of two evils (the other being Ben n' Brads' ex squeeze).

Best Actor - We want Nick Nolte to win but cheesey Tom Hanks has lots of powerful mates, Slick Willy being just one.

Best Director - Spielberg will get it for *Saving Private Ryan* cos he's got mates.

Malik (*Thin Red Line*) should get it as a welcome back pressie for the god he really is.

Original Screenplay - Tom Stoppard for *Shakespeare*. Well it was frankly the best.

Adapted Screenplay - If Malik loses the directing Oscar,

they'll give it to him. Otherwise out of sight cos no one's ever done such a great job with an Elmore Leonard.

Best Picture - *Shakespeare in Love*. *Ryan* and *TRL* will simply cancel each other out leaving John Madden a very happy Easter bunny.

Foreign Film - *Life Is Beautiful*. Cos it won't get best pic even though it's the best. Xenophobic bastards.

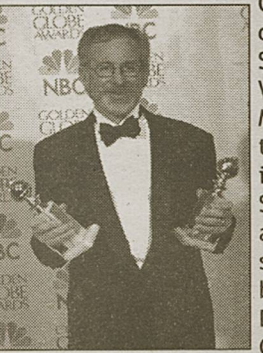
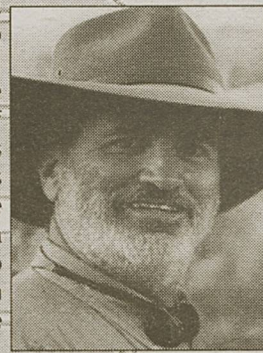
Original Song - *I Don't Want To Miss A Thing* (Aerosmith) cos it's the only thing we've heard of on the list.

Technicals (like you care) - *TRL* (there's no god if it doesn't pick up cinematography), *SPR* (good gun shots + "gimme that

Oscar" opening), *SIL*, maybe *Wet Dreams May Come* if the devil's in ya.

So will anyone sweep the board? Doubt it. Quite a shit

year for movies but here's hoping for a better 2000. Whoopi's hosting the games so she'll make sure it's a rocking night for us all. If films aren't your bag (baby) then tune in just for the fashion parade and to catch a glimpse of Terrence Malik, the world's most famous (surviving) recluse.



Handling Toni Morrison

carly lake

Set in rural Cincinnati, Ohio in 1873, Oprah Winfrey's new movie *Beloved* is both a dark and spiritual portrayal of African American slavery. Directed by Jonathan Demme, and produced by Winfrey, who stars as the main protagonist Sethe, this is a ghost story that serves to reiterate the haunting nature of slavery. Also starring Danny Glover as Paul D, a friend from the past years, Kimberly Elise as Denver, Sethe's second daughter and Hollywood bound British actress Thandie Newton as Beloved this movie is a must see. Though essentially a ghost story, events that occur throughout the movie mean that this film is about so much more. Tracing in the real life tragedy of Margret Garner, a slave woman who crossed the Ohio river in a bid for freedom and murdered her own child to save it from enslavement, the movie is presented with the intent to convey the psychological effects of slavery - to reveal its invasion into the spiritual and physical lives of the African American slave and the African American

psyche. The movie opens with a glance at a headstone, a house and the panic created by a poltergeist tormenting the occupants of 124 Bluestone Rd. The spirit is soon expelled with the arrival of Paul but returns as a visible manifestation symbolising the pain of slavery in the form of Beloved. Whilst researching for this article I interviewed Thandie Newton and asked her whether this was a movie for women. She suggested that the "one thing about Beloved is that it gets right down into the flesh of what it means to be a woman and just tears it up." Toni Morrison has written a story that has resonance today - "still in

society as a whole there is so much about women that is kept pressed down and so much mystery surrounding birth and bloodflows" both of which are central elements in the movie. It's about denouncing identities: "Beloved was never a slave and that is really key", says Thandie. "The rage that she feels for her mother is unhampered by the knowledge of slavery." The characters are shown to be the result of reactions to the imposed identities of black slaves. This movie is important not only because it portrays one of the most celebrated stories of American literature but because so many of the subjects that it touches upon still resonate in today's society. Identity is still often imposed on us, a woman's place is still the issue of much discussion and in some parts of the world slavery is still a part of life.



Thandie Newton

Why does it take so long for movies to reach British screens? Hardcore film buff, Mark Tannen, asked the studio bosses.

This week's opener *Pleasantville* was released in the US back in October; Woody Allen's *Celebrity*, out in the States back in December, not scheduled for release here until June, and most anticipated of all, *Star Wars: Phantom Menace* released in the US on May 27th is not released here until July 16th. Julia Short of Polygram Filmed Entertainment says "Distributor's always try to release a film on its appropriate date". 'Appropriate', interesting choice of words with quite a few connotations, as we'll now see. Distributors usually want to assess how a film fares in the American market before deciding how to release it abroad. If the film fails to meet its expected target it's often released straight to video in Britain. If it's a success however, positive word of mouth can benefit the film's overseas performance. Last summer's *Armageddon* benefited immensely from the Sun's two full-page articles that covered the film a month and a half prior to its British release.

It's frequently the case that distributors are forced to delay a film because they don't yet have all the required resources to carry out its launch. Marketing materials have to be sent from the States and adapted to suit the British market. In addition, the hectic schedules of actors and actresses often restricts their availability for those all-important press junkets. Furthermore, the simple fact that distributors book up cinemas months in advance means that any new film simply has to wait its turn for screen space. One of the major factors influencing the release date of a broadly appealing film is the differing public holidays in Britain and America. The end of November often sees a huge slate of new films released in the States to coincide with Thanksgiving. In Britain however, with no such holiday, these same films are usually pushed off until the February half-term. This that explains the delay of the new *Star Wars* film. The American summer officially begins at the end of May, whilst here it doesn't start until July. The differing release dates reflect this disparity. The reasons for the delayed release of American films may be numerous and valid, but ultimately this means that British cinema goers are mostly restricted to seeing films that are, at best, considered second run pictures in the States. It's frustrating and annoying I know, but if it's any consolation, according to Virgin Cinema booker Joe Nunes, the gap has recently narrowed in recent years.

A Gentle Spring Clean

yeher wu

The tale begins with two '90s siblings David (Tobey Maguire) and Jennifer (Reese Witherspoon) being zapped into '50s sitcom *Pleasantville*. A town only possible in TV land. This is a town where things are always 'swell', and everything goes according to plan. Every basketball goes through the hoop, and the temperature always varies from 72 to 72. On the other hand, this is a world which ends at its city limits. There is no knowledge of sex or toilets. And the people are so insulated they have no knowledge of what it's like to feel unprogrammed emotions to intellectual adventure.

David and Jennifer are forced to take on the roles of Bud (Sport) and Mary Sue (Muffin), two typical unassuming, perfect, decent teens. David, who's in love with the sugar coated past, getting stuck in his favourite TV show is initially a welcomed break from the bleak realities of today. Jennifer finds this black and white existence miserable, and she cannot understand how the people of Pleasantville put up with it. She rebels by introducing the captain of the basketball team to the wonderful world of sex. By altering the script, she has changed the lives of the people of

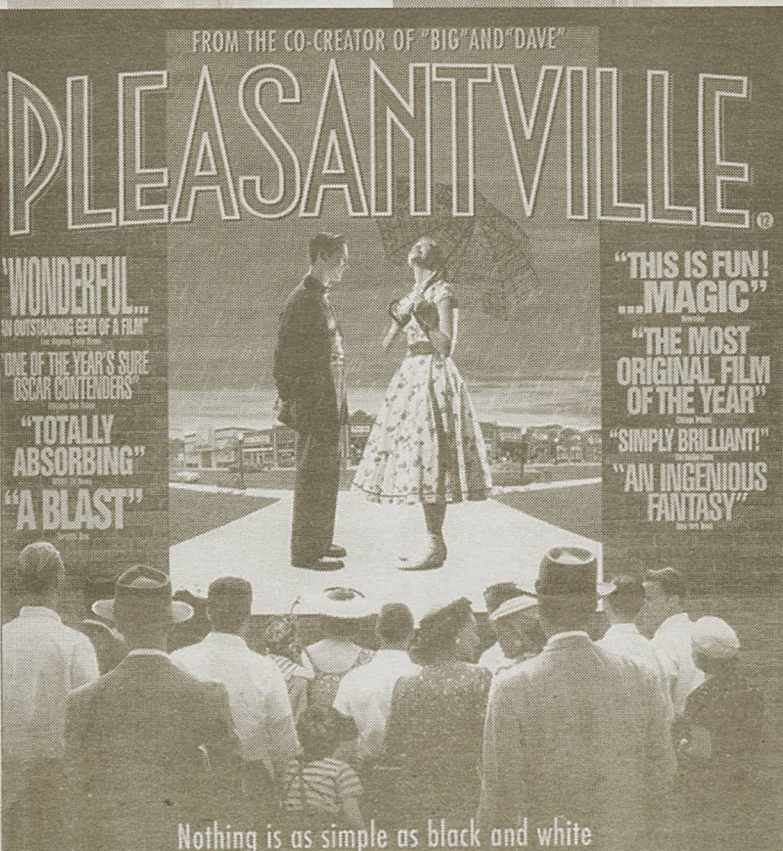
Pleasantville forever. Suddenly, people start to feel and think for themselves. Those who begin to expand their minds and souls also start to turn colours.

to the way they were before. But there's no turning back, and this results in a conservative backlash led by the mayor (the late J.T. Walsh in his last film).

follow their hearts and not the rules. This is the liberation that has led us to the age of Monica Lewinsky. The moral at the end is that pleasant people are pleasant only because they have never been challenged.

Written and directed by Gary Ross, whose previous screenplay achievements include *Dave* and *Big*, this has to be one of the freshest ideas from Hollywood in a long time. Unfortunately, he fumbles in its presentation towards the end, when the film starts getting a little too preachy.

The performances and special effects are what this film should be watched for. Jeff Daniels plays the soda shop owner who learns not only to think for himself, but how to express his new thoughts and emotions through art. William H. Macy is funny, and touchingly naive as the father caught up in the whirlwind of change. And Joan Allen is excellent as Betty, the repressed, dutybound stereotype housewife. She's the reason why the Woman's Lib movement was formed. With most of the film being in both black and white and colour, the colour technology is something to marvel at. You get the idea watching this movie what it must have been like for filmgoers when colour was first introduced.



Nothing is as simple as black and white

At first the town is excited and bewildered by the change. Most hope the colours will fade with time and things will go back

Pleasantville is an engaging movie about values, social control. It is a tale of repression and awakening as actors learn to

Shakespeare gets his Groove

James Savage sees Rufus Sewell and Sally Dexter in a flash West-End *Macbeth*

Shakespeare was once seen as 'high-brow'. It was the preserve of subsidised companies in off-West End venues. The last couple of years have seen an attempt to bring productions into the profit-making sector: the RSC's *Richard III*, with Robert Lindsay in the title role, is playing at the Savoy, and now *Macbeth* has come to Shaftesbury Avenue.

The received wisdom is that for Shakespeare to succeed in the West End, it has to have a big-name star, and this is probably true. Thus we see Rufus Sewell, star of *Martha*, *Meet Frank*, *Daniel and Lawrence*, *Dark City* and the BBC's *Middlemarch* making his mark in the title role in this latest production at the Queen's Theatre.

Sewell should be just right for the part. His rugged looks are absolutely ideal, and his youth, in my opinion, is a bonus (some will disagree, but having seen the rather ancient Derek Jacobi play the part I have become convinced that *Macbeth* has to be way under 40). He also has very deep eyes, just right for the sort of confused impulsiveness that *Macbeth* has to display.

What, then, are the problems? Sewell does his considerable best, and is joined by a talented Sally Dexter as Lady *Macbeth*, but the chemistry between them is not as strong as it should be. You never get the feeling, as perhaps you should in *Macbeth*, that she is driving him. Lady *Macbeth* seems less frantic, less possessed than I would usually expect. She is encouraging *Macbeth* to murder a king, and she is living with the spectre of what they, together, have done. She suffers *Macbeth*'s rejection of her as his driving force: in short, one expects her to be single-minded and just ever-



so-slightly crazy. Shakespeare's language itself demands this, yet even during her sleepwalking scene, where she is reliving her terrible past, we don't really get the feeling that the doctor and nurse watching her have 'look'd on what we should not'. This criticism is not to say she acts badly, however. She, or the

director, has chosen for some strange reason to make Lady *Macbeth* philosophical rather than manipulative and manic. What she does, she does well, but I would contest that this is really Lady *Macbeth*.

Sewell is one of the best actors of his generation. Refreshingly, he is

not too bound by the metre of the verse. This is something traditionalists hate to see, but it has the positive effect of focusing on the meaning of the words, rather than simply on the sound they make. Some of his speeches are really delivered with passion and feeling, particularly in the

final act as he is on his downfall. As he reaches the depths of his despondency, when he realises all is lost, *Macbeth* becomes philosophical and poetic, and Sewell conveys this beautifully.

There are a number of good supporting roles in this production, with Declan Conlon's *Macduff* particularly worthy of praise. His reaction to *Macbeth*'s murder of his son is moving and powerfully acted. Also noteworthy is the part of *Macduff*'s son, played by Aaron Johnson. Child actors can be notoriously cringeworthy, but Johnson carries it off pretty well, although one wonders whether the memory appearing in the buff on the West End stage will make him cringe in later life.

The production of this *Macbeth* is interesting. The producer makes good use of some pretty sophisticated jiggery-pokery, including a drawbridge and a white canvas screen, used to show battle scenes in silhouette. *Macbeth* is by nature a play with much potential for over-the-top staging, and set-designer Jeremy Herbert really makes the most of this.

This *Macbeth* certainly has its weaknesses, yet director John Crowley still manages to pull off a stylish and well-acted production, that should be high on anybody's list.

Macbeth is continuing at the Queen's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue. Performances 7.30pm. Sat. Matinee 2.30pm. Box Office: 0171 494 5040

Simplicity misses the mark

Alison Kenny feels cheated by the flu in the ENO's production of *Orpheus and Eurydice* at the Coliseum

As the most popular of Gluck's operas it is unsurprising to see the revival of the ENO/New York City Opera's co-production of *Orpheus and Eurydice* this season. Their search to recreate the "purity and simplicity" of Gluck's 1762 version has again been partially successful, marrying the simple and straightforward storyline with a flowing yet unpretentious performance.

Unfortunately the first night was quite seriously marred by the absence of the two principals; Artur Stefanowicz and Margaret

Richardson, due to a dose of the flu. Their stand-ins were far from ideal. *Orpheus*' voice seemed immature and was generally lacking in any real presence. Considering that his performance encompasses at least two thirds of the vocals, the opera was destined to be a bit of a let down. With the entrance of Mary Nelson as *Amor*, echoes of "Here's what you could have won" rang through my mind and I spent the remainder of the eighty-five minutes in sheer annoyance.

Eurydice was for her part clearer, more expressive and

generally more pleasing to the ear than *Orpheus* (although this may, in truth, be down to the fact that *Orpheus* is sung by a counter-tenor). I still fail to appreciate the ambiguity which ensues from hearing such a high, and dare I say, ear-aching voice on a man. How very uncultured of me.

So if it's big, impressive opera's with booming voices and imposing sets you're after, this one's not for you. It is instead a simple love story, accompanied by a beautiful musical score about a man who longs to have his deceased wife

back and after a serious of conditions and tests, finally gets his girl.

Sadly the potential here is unrealised and I appeared to share the opinions of most. It seemed to be trying perhaps a bit too hard to follow Gluck's direction, abandoning "a popular format in the interests of artistic principle" Despite much deliberation I'm still not sure what the naked people or the trapezoidal skeleton were supposed to represent. Maybe that's the point.

For those who haven't been to

the opera, the Coliseum is a great place to start with tickets from only £2.50 on the day. *Orpheus and Eurydice* is definitely an easy to grasp introduction and whilst my expectations were left slightly wanting, with a full cast it may have proved an altogether more fulfilling experience.

Orpheus and Eurydice is playing now at The Coliseum, St Martin's Lane. Times vary- see Time Out/ Evening Standard for details.

Box Office: 0171 632 8300

Colour or Soul?

Bora Kwon gets a real London experience seeing *Lift Off* at the Royal Court



If you have experienced growing up in a major Western city, you will probably recognise the heart of this play. *Lift Off* is set in South London (or should that be 'Sairf London?') showing mainly the close friendship and subsequent conflicts of two British boys, one white and one black. The play shows the boys in their first few weeks at secondary school and then about five years later as harder and older, but initially not much mature, youths in their late teens.

Although the topics covered in the play are broad enough to apply to the non-English, the play will probably hold a special appeal for a young London based audience. This is due partly to attention paid to detail by the writer, Roy Williams. Everything from waiting a long time for a night bus after a night out

clubbing, to the music of Fatboy Slim and Lauryn Hill played between scene changes, is culturally accurate to the point where superficially, the original script of the play may not be relevant in one year's time unless you know your Limelights from your Bar Rumbas. However, despite the trend-based references, many people will understand the stronger core of the play.

The play looks at the stereotype of the hard young black male youth. This is a subject particularly topical in Britain now with the fiasco surrounding the tragic murder of Stephen Lawrence. In *Lift Off*, this stereotype is one which is revered to the point of idolatry, by both the girls and boys around the council estate that the play is set. In *Lift Off*, being black is not a skin colour but an identity

representing a streetwise cool lifestyle. This lifestyle includes mobile phones as accessories, competitions to see who has been stopped by the police more often, and the intricacies of picking up 'pussy'. However, the play shows that this image comes along with other unpleasant consequences not previously realised in their so far short hedonistic world.

It has been trendy in the past decade to alternately pick on differently repressed minorities in culture and play up their differences to the point where it has been 'the in thing' to be gay or 'trendy' to be ethnic. *Lift Off* pokes fun at this type of momentary popularisation, where people aspire to be someone whom, by definition, they can never be, but whose lifestyle they think they can adopt in a hope that they will find a niche for themselves in life.

However, none of this is done in a heavy or sombre tone. The issues that *Lift Off* touches on are not covered with a lot of depth. But then I felt that they were not meant to be. Roy Williams does not try and involve you too heavily with the topical issues of racial identity, but he does cover them with a lot of thought so that none of the characters are patronised and you manage to feel sympathy with all of them.

The Royal Court Theatre is associated with staging challenging, innovative and new productions and was the starting point for plays like *Shopping and Fucking* and *Real Classy Affair*. The set was expectedly unconventional so do not go and see *Lift Off* if your idea of drama is sitting in velvet chairs and being shown to your seat by ushers. The closest comparison I

can make is that *Upstairs* at the Royal Court is rather like watching a play in the Quad at LSE. The set up is designed to make you feel very close to the action and sometimes with the actors performing right in front of you; you can't help but be forced to be part of the play.

The cast was excellent and really caught the South London accent and swagger well. The play contains some of the best child actors I have ever seen on stage. The casting overall was superb. My main criticism of *Lift Off* is that the setting and language of the play narrows down the audience very much to those who will fully understand everything. This is something that is particularly important in an intimate theatre such as *Upstairs* at the Royal Court and with the small cast. I think it is a difficult play to try to export, maybe even outside of London, without a considerable amount of reworking.

On a final note, be prepared for some very strong words and expressions. The expletives are so varied and imaginative that you could find your own vocabulary expanded by some rather choice phrases as I did. However, this type of knowledge is probably best used either affectionately among friends or used to lose them.

Lift Off is playing at the Royal Court *Upstairs* (Ambassadors), West St, WC2
Times vary. See *Time Out* or *Evening Standard* for details
Box Office: 0171 565 5000

An Ode to Luvviedom

Mark Pallis, Blind Date's Poet Laureate, writes some lines on the theatre to celebrate fifty years of *The Beaver*

I go to the theatre quite a lot
'Cos drama for me just hits
the spot.
'What spot is that?', I hear you
cry,
Well I'll tell you and I won't
lie.

It thrills me from my head to
my toes,
It fills my brain with ideas and
flows
Like a river of inspiration
through my studies,
And gives me lots to talk about
with my buddies.

Oh, go to a play- yes, please
do,
It will give your life meaning,
for me and for you.
Go watch someone on the
stage,
See them cry and see them
rage.

See all the world in that one
place
And bring a smile to your
face.
Yes, I love plays and I love a
good script:
Bury me with one when I go
to my crypt.

Issue 500's Favourite 50

Beaver Editors vote for their favourite albums of the last 50 years - but Anna & Jo have the final say...



1 Curtains Tindersticks

Of course it is. Perhaps reflecting a little badly on the fags and depression culture of the Beaver Office, the Tindersticks meisterwerk has, amazingly, topped the poll. Haunting melodies and a lesson for Oasis in how to use a string section all add up to the best soundtrack to late night editing that you're likely to get. Almost completely ignored on the release of *Curtains* and subsequently, the Tindersticks have ploughed their own lonely furrow on the darker side of pop,

not giving a flying frog that they've been overtaken in the platinum stakes by proteges such as Belle and Sebastian, or Arab Strap, who seem to have lifted their entire musical style from 'Dancing.'

Listening to "another night in rented rooms" is like listening to life drift by, but it's so beautiful that you don't actually care. 'Curtains' doesn't have the rollacoaster genius of 'City Sickness' (which would near the top of any list of the greatest singles of the last fifty years), or 'Sweet Cathleen' (which doesn't so much send a shiver down your spine as turn it to ice). And you wouldn't know to listen to it that the Tindersticks can rock, but it

is their best album, the one where it all comes together as a package, and you can let that voice just drift over you. And fine, maybe Len (see below) set the tone for the miserable in music, but no way does he match the glamour that these guys manage to get out of being heavy of heart (and my housemate keeps singing 'Marianne', so Len is not allowed to win).

So there - if you haven't sampled the hidden gems of 'Ballad of Tindersticks' or 'Walking' dump your girl/boy, crack open the scotch and whip it on. Your life will not be the same again. And how many other albums can you say that about? TL

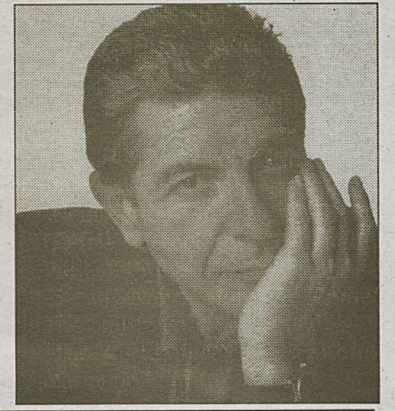


2 Songs of Love and Hate Leonard Cohen

Perhaps best known for his 'sexual morbidity' (according to LSE Statistician Dr Barry Blight), 'Songs of Love and Hate' is Leonard Cohen's bleakest and most brilliant album. A claustrophobic and icy collection of songs

concerned with heartbreak, nihilism and death, Cohen's famously booming voice displays a cracked tenderness on this album which was later to be replaced by the exaggerated baritone of eighties albums such as 'I'm Your Man'. Opening track 'Avalanche' is perhaps the most devastating song ever written, an apocalyptic paean to the pain of life, whilst the rest of the album continues in much the same vein. Not a soundtrack for sunny Sunday

mornings, perhaps, but still a deeply intelligent, vulnerable, poetic and brilliant masterpiece that set the standards for pop-miserabilists everywhere, from Nick Cave (who covered 'Avalanche') to the Tindersticks, even to Joy Division. The only thing wrong with this album is that it doesn't include the classic 'Hallelujah' but ignore that and this record is a more essential part of your collection than any of yer Dylans or yer Morrisons. AD



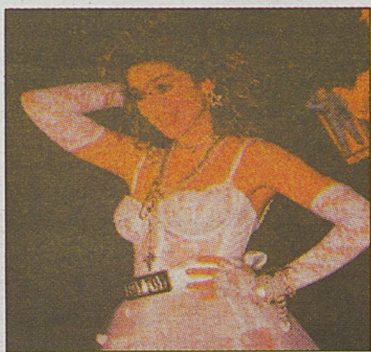
3 Cabaret Original Soundtrack



the cynics exactly what she can do. 'Bachelorette' is arguably the best song she has ever written: a better piece of modern classical than Philip Glass or even Gorecki. 'Joga' features the same kind of beautiful, climactic strings, whilst the angry 'Pluto' is extreme anger in musical form, with beats that make Goldie and his drum 'n' bass ilk look like morris dancers. Incredible. AD

Liza Minnelli! Liza with a z! The absolute zenith of her fascinating career was in 'Cabaret' as the inimitable Sally Bowles, and this classic soundtrack includes such marvellous, decadent songs as 'Maybe This Time', 'Mein Herr', 'Money Makes The World Go Around' and, of course, 'Life Is A Cabaret'. Inspired. AD

5 Like A Virgin Madonna



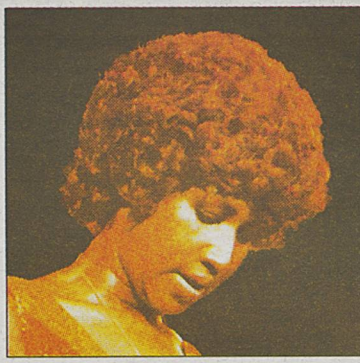
Like A Virgin signified a time when all little girls (and some little boys too) fantasised about going to the disco and dancing to 'Into The Groove' with their boyfriends, when they imagined a fantastic time in the future when they too would have voluptuous breasts which overflowed out of their dresses like hers did in 'Material Girl', an era of Peaches and Cream Barbies, velcro strapped trainers with stick on go faster stripes and cutting off the fingers of their First Communion gloves. Madonna was my idol, she was the undisputed queen of cool and I was blissfully unaware that in the 'real' world she was just some wannabe bad girl. JS

4 Homogenic Bjork



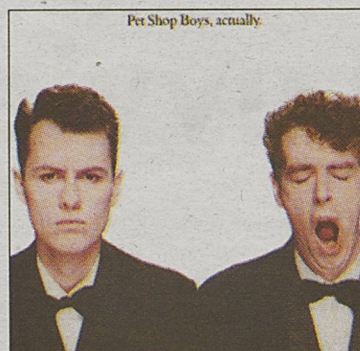
Ms Gudmundsdottir's brilliantly erratic career peaked with her last album. A geniused juxtaposition of beats and strings, 'Homogenic' is a modern - nay, a timeless - masterpiece that sees the Icelandic moon-goddess prove to

6 Aretha's Gold



The greatest female soul singer of all time - no competition. Only Billie Holiday came anywhere near being able to turn often trite lyrics into the pleas of the heart. From 'Respect' to 'Natural Woman' and everything in between, no one, not even Marvin Gaye can come close. Aretha is the benchmark. AD

7 Actually Pet Shop Boys



Neil 'n' Chris. Chris 'n' Neil. Suave, refined, love a bit of disco. 'Actually' was not just one of the best albums of the 1980s, it is a British classic. From the drama-queen histrionics of 'What Have I Done To Deserve This?',

their seminal duet with the late soul-legend Dusty Springfield, to the popstastic 'Heart' (originally written for Madonna), 'Actually' is a wonderfully literate, emotionally taut album. And it is punctuated with PSB's best slowie, 'Kings Cross': "the man at the back of the queue has been sent to feel the smack of firm government" anyone? Anglo-centric stoicism at its best. AD

8 Off The Wall Michael Jackson



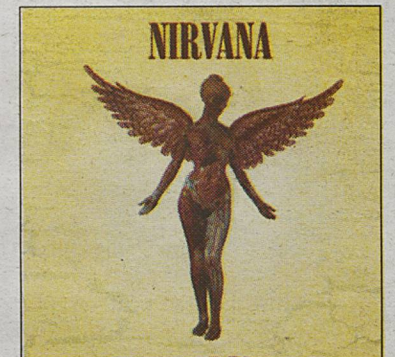
You trendy young ravers at the LSE (wherever the f*ck you are) would probably rather slit your wrists with a blunt penknife than be seen dead down at your local Ritzy bopping away to any of the tunes on Jacko's last album 'Blood on the Dancefloor'. But when Jackson released his 1979 coming of age solo album 'Off The Wall', he was the f*cking guv'nor of dance, let me tell you. Produced by Quincy Jones, each and every tune on the album was a winner - 'Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough', 'Get Off The Floor', 'Rock With You', the dramatically tear-inducing ballad 'She's Out of My Life', and all the rest. Monsieur, with this album you were really spoiling us. JS

9 Check Your Head Beastie Boys



Check Your Head sees the Beastie Boys hit their stride more than on any of their tepid recent releases. Blending scuzzy bass, skate-punk, funk and more samples than any Zoe Ball shagging ex-Housemartin, Check Your Head is a great hip-hop album. It's also a great punk album. In fact it's just plain great, OK? MB

10 In Utero Nirvana



When it comes down to it the only album that truly represents Nirvana is In Utero. Produced by Steve Albini, In Utero is a raw, disturbing view into the mind of the ill fated Kurt Cobain, a man who simply wasn't designed to cope. MB

Never Mind The Bollocks...

Here's those Beaver bods exposing their dreadful taste in music

Well, we've deliberated and cogitated, digested and mused, and have come up with our favourite albums of the last fifty years. Some lists are a little '90s-centric; in the case of Dan Lewis, some could say a little Stone Roses-centric. But I think it is fair to say that this is an honest representation of our musical predilections. OK, 'James Savage Sings Postman Pat' is yet to be recorded, but it's a surefire classic, and maybe Feder's hardcore list is a little extreme for some tastes, but here we are - take us or leave us... Wait! Come back! We didn't mean it, honest.

TOM LIVINGSTONE
News Editor

'Bandwagonesque' - Teenage Fanclub
'Bleach' - Nirvana
'Never Mind The Bollocks' - Sex Pistols
'The Smiths' - The Smiths
'Red Heaven' - Throwing Muses
'Pet Sounds' - The Beach Boys
'Dubnobasswithmyheadman' - Underworld
'Timeless' - Goldie
'Curtains' - Tindersticks
'Murmur' - REM

ANNA DERBYSHIRE
Music Editor

'Cabaret' - Original Soundtrack
'This Nation's Saving Grace' - The Fall
'Aretha's Gold' - Aretha Franklin
'Songs of Love and Hate' - Leonard Cohen



'Stranded' - Roxy Music
'The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders From Mars' - David Bowie
'Homogenic' - Bjork
'The Essential Collection' - Elvis Presley
'Boomania' - Betty Boo
'1965' - The Afghan Whigs
'The Queen Is Dead' - The Smiths
'Maxinquaye' - Tricky

MATT BROUGH
Executive Editor

'Smiley Smile' - The Beach Boys
'This Year's Model' - Elvis Costello

'Synchronicity' - The Police
'Doolittle' - The Pixies
'Bringing It All Back Home' - Bob Dylan
'In Utero' - Nirvana
'Remain In Light' - Talking Heads
'Endtroducing' - DJ Shadow
'Surrealistic Piano' - Jefferson

'Dark Side of the Moon' - Pink Floyd

DANIEL LEWIS
Bart Editor

'Abbey Road' - The Beatles
'The White Album' - The Beatles
'OK Computer' - Radiohead
'Different Class' - Pulp



Airplane
'Trout Mask Replica' - Captain Beefheart
'Songs of Love and Hate' - Leonard Cohen

MALTE GERHOLD
Ex-Music Editor

'Little Earthquakes' - Tori Amos
'Achtung Baby' - U2
'My Way' - Frank Sinatra
'Ten' - Pearl Jam
'OK Computer' - Radiohead
'Post' - Bjork
'Check Your Head' - Beastie Boys
'Portishead' - Portishead
'Mezzanine' - Massive Attack
'Selig' - Selig
'Curtains' - Tindersticks

JAMES COOPER
Clubbing Editor

'Apocalypse 91' - Public Enemy
'A Kind of Blue' - Miles Davis
'Exodus' - Bob Marley
'Lethal Injection' - Ice Cube
'Appetite For Destruction' - Guns N Roses

ANNA YACOUB
Literary Editor

'Listen Without Prejudice' - George Michael
'Version 2.0' - Garbage
'100% Columbian' - Fun Lovin' Criminals
'Music For The Jilted Generation' - Prodigy
'Something To Remember' - Madonna
'Yourself or Someone Like You' - Matchbox 20
'Dracula' - Wojciek Kilar
'The Jacksons' - The Jacksons
'Best of U2' - U2

'Second Coming' - The Stone Roses
'The Stone Roses' - The Stone Roses
'The Great Escape' - Blur
'Coming Up' - Suede

JO SERIEUX
Music Editor

'Off The Wall' - Michael Jackson
'Diamond Life' - Sade
'Homogenic' - Bjork
'Actually' - Pet Shop Boys
'Thriller' - Michael Jackson
'Grease' - Original Soundtrack
'Single Life' - Cameo
'The Chronic' - Dr Dre
'Now Dance 901' - Various
'James Savage Sings Postman Pat' - James Savage
'Best of Chas & Dave' - Chas & Dave

JAMES SAVAGE
Theatre Editor

'Rubber Soul' - The Beatles
'Different Class' - Pulp
'Cabaret' - Original Soundtrack
'Gold' - Abba
'L'Immortelle' - Edith Piaf
'Parklife' - Blur
'Talk On Corners' - The Corrs
'My Fair Lady' - Original Soundtrack
'Out Of Time' - REM
'Grandad' - Clive Dunn

SHILPA GANATRA
Music Writer

'Infernal Love' - Therapy?
'Like A Virgin' - Madonna
'Houses of the Holy' - Led Zeppelin
'Earth vs The Wildhearts' - The Wildhearts

'On The Turn' - Kerbdog
'Spilt Milk' - Jellyfish
'Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band' - The Beatles
'Third Eye' - Redd Kross
'IV' - Led Zeppelin
'Word Gets Around' - Stereophonics

FUZZY MONKEY
ex-deputy editor, official simian representative of the NUS

'The Monkees' - The Monkees
'Return of the Super Ape' - Lee Perry
Theme from 'Planet of the Apes' - Some bloke
'Monkey Magic' - from Monkey TV show
'Jungle Boogie' - Kool and the Gang
'More of the Monkees' - The Monkees
'Greatest Hits' - Bananarama

NAOMI COLVIN
Music Writer

'The Man Who Sold The World' - David Bowie
'Neul!' - Neu
'Refried Ectoplasm' (Switched On Vol. 2) - Stereolab
'Strangeways, Here We Come' - The Smiths
'The World of Marianne Faithful' - Marianne Faithful
'Music For Egon Schiele' - Rachels
'Bwyd Time' - Gorkys Zygotik Mynci
'Dance Craze' (on 2-Tone) - Various
'Chelsea Girl' - Nico
'A Stable Reference' - Labradford

LEE FEDERMAN
Sports Editor

'Dreamscape Vol. 1' - Various
'Absolute Hardcore' - Various
'United Dance 6' - Various
'Absolute Hardcore Vol. 2' - Various
'Helter Skelter- The Album' - Various
'World Dance Vol.1' - Various
'The Prodigy Experience' - The Prodigy
'James Cooper's Classic Trance Mix' - J.Cooper

'Moondance-The Album' - Various
'Everything Changes' - Take That
MATT BERRY
Film Editor

'Debut' - Bjork
'Erotica' - Madonna
'Regulate' - Warren G
'Home Invasion' - Ice T
'Parklife' - Blur
'Winter' - Tori Amos
'Walthamstow' - East 17
'Spice' - Spice Girls
'Suede' - Suede
'Tourism' - Roxette

SHAILINI GHELANI
News Editor

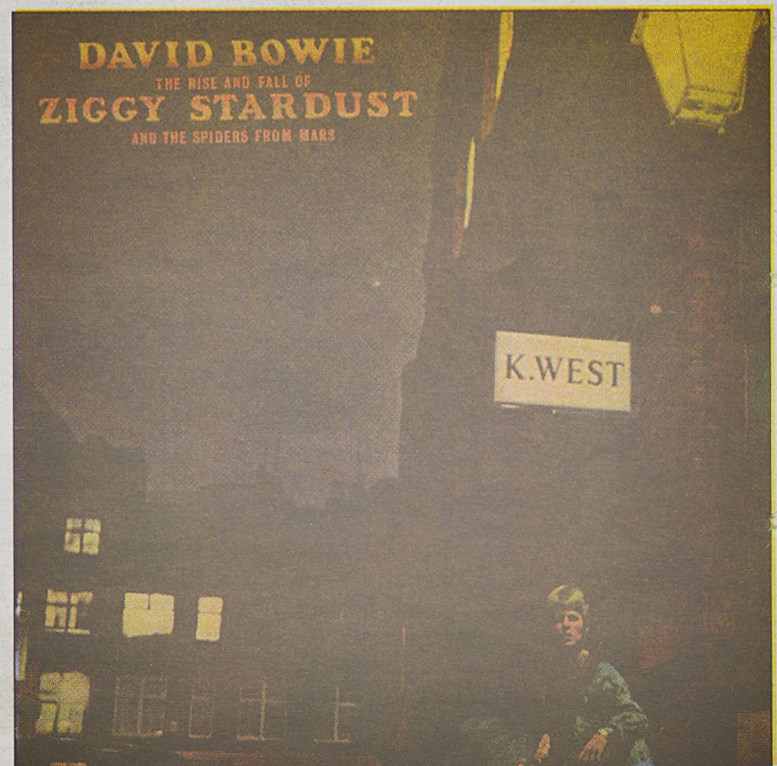
'Pulp Fiction' Soundtrack - Various
'Urban Hymns' - The Verve
'Spiceworld' - Spice Girls
'Romeo and Juliet' Soundtrack - Various
'Greatest Hits' - Take That
'The Miseducation Of...' - Lauryn Hill
'Butterfly' - Mariah Carey



'Talk on Corners' - The Corrs
'Garbage' - Garbage
'100% Columbian' - Fun Lovin' Criminals

JAN SAGAN
Fine Arts Editor

'Trompe Le Monde' - Pixies
'In The Ghetto' - Bounty Killer
'The Low End Theory' - A Tribe Called Quest
'De La Soul Is Dead' - De La Soul
'Dare Iz A Darkside' - Redman
'My Voluminous Ghetto Gas Station Greatest Hits Collection' - Willie Nelson
'Illmatic' - Nas



LOGICAL PROGRESSION: BRITISH MC'S RIPPING UP THE PARTY

25/1/1999

PROGRESSION SESSIONS
LTJ BUKEM Featuring MC CONRAD and DRS



For further information contact Good Looking Records, 84 Queens Road Watford, HERTS WD1 2LA TEL: 01923 690 700

In general MC's do not get a good press in the world of clubs and dance music. Across the pond in America MC's are more prominent than the DJ, pushed to the forefront by the power of the rap music that they create. Over here the MC remains the poor relation of the almighty DJ-but things are about to change...

MC Conrad and DRS explode out of LTJ Bukem's Good Looking Label's latest release; "Progression Sessions," with a dose of pure lyrical TNT that blows away the myth that British rappers just can't cut it.

"In the UK the MC remains the poor relation of the DJ but things are about to change"

Just about everyone has got an LTJ Bukem mix tape somewhere in their collection and chances are you'll hear MC Conrad's voice rapping along to it. Whilst other MC's from the old skool rave days have faded away into obscurity MC Conrad is still doing the business and continues to develop his own unique style. MC DRS represents a new generation of British rappers, raised on the sounds of American rap and influenced by the British Rave scene. Together with Good Looking the two of them have toured the world and even ripped it up at the Montreux Jazz Festival.

"What we're doing in the UK now is an advance on Hip-Hop, it's part of a progression. A lot of factors that maintain Hip-Hop US-wise, the block parties, kids messing around with a mike and a pair of decks we've got here in the UK now. We're seeing the mirror image of what happened then on a street level," says Conrad. "Hip-Hop in the UK went wrong because we had the music but we didn't have the grass roots...Now possibly we might have that."

MC DRS agrees, "The problem with the UK Hip-Hop scene was that too many people tried to

copy the Americans instead of doing something different. Now we're taking the template and doing our own thing and something very exciting's going to emerge."

Whilst Britain is in the process of taking Hip-Hop and adding our own twist over in the USA they're rapidly developing their own Drum and Bass scene. "I think the Americans are going to catch up really quickly" believes DRS, "They're going to run with it and produce something similar but it'll have it's own American vibe-who knows what they'll bring to it?"

"What we're doing in the UK now is an advance of Hip-Hop... it's a progression"

Whilst people like LTJ Bukem, Conrad and DRS are tearing up dancefloors worldwide with the sounds of Drum and Bass back here in the UK some people have been quick to write off the music whilst jumping aboard the latest bandwagon. What do two people so deeply involved in the music think about the current state of play? "There are lots of things going on with the Drum and Bass music at the moment" maintains Conrad, "It's not a fad and people are slowly realising this. It's all about the music...it's not about clothes and its not about a superficial scene, it's the music that's important."

"It's the music that's important"

As someone who developed his love for D&B whilst raving the nights away in Liverpool and Manchester I was interested to know whether DRS thought that there was a North/South divide within the UK D&B scene. "It's definitely still concentrated in the South around London and Bristol especially but it's getting bigger bit by bit in the North as well. People used to associated D&B nights with trouble but people are more mature now, they're going out for the music and a good time now."

"Drum and Bass is not a fad and people are slowly realising this."

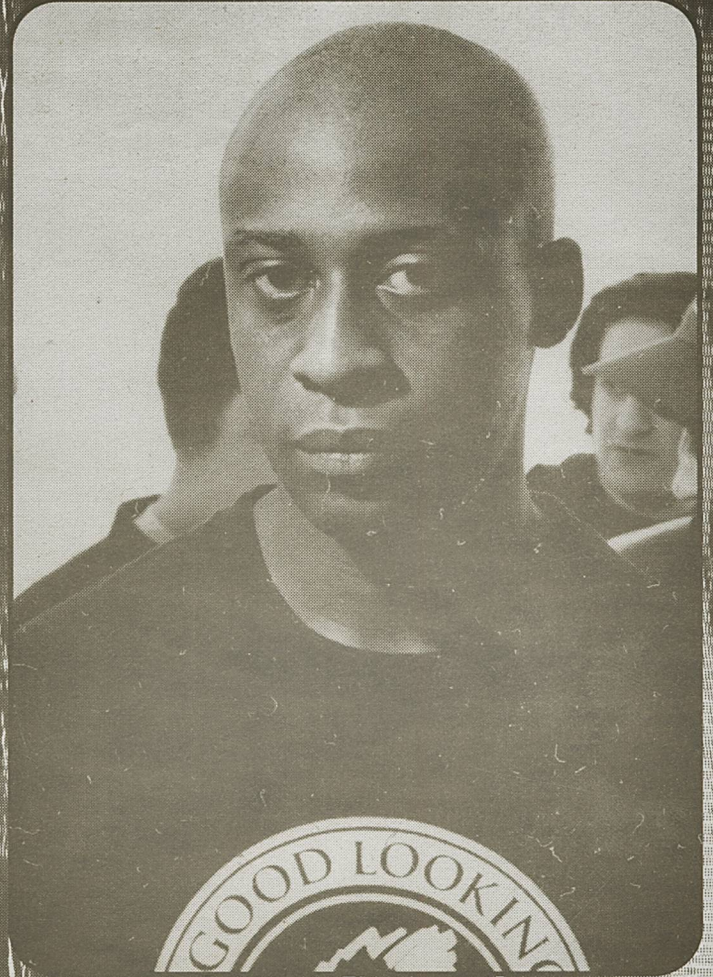
As someone who was right in the thick of things when the rave scene first kicked off in the UK I wondered what MC Conrad thought of that time and whether he the dance scene was treated harshly by the government and police, "The government definitely took a stand against it but what if the government hadn't done that. Would that have been seen as the government giving the green light to drugs? Would we now be a nation of junkies? It was Maggie's Britain and it was a state of mind. But somewhere along the line someone might look back and say-they did this maybe we can do it too!"

"It was Maggie's Britain and it was a state of mind"

MC Conrad and DRS are pushing what they do to new limits with vocals for "Intense" the live-band in the Good Looking Records stable. British MC's have come a long way since calls to the whistle-possee were all they could manage: "You're aiming to send the crowd into a total tranced-out mindstate or into an absolute physical frenzy," Conrad argues, "you've got to express vocally what going on with the mood at that particular time...People can share that mood and be reassured that what they're feeling is something that everyone else is too."

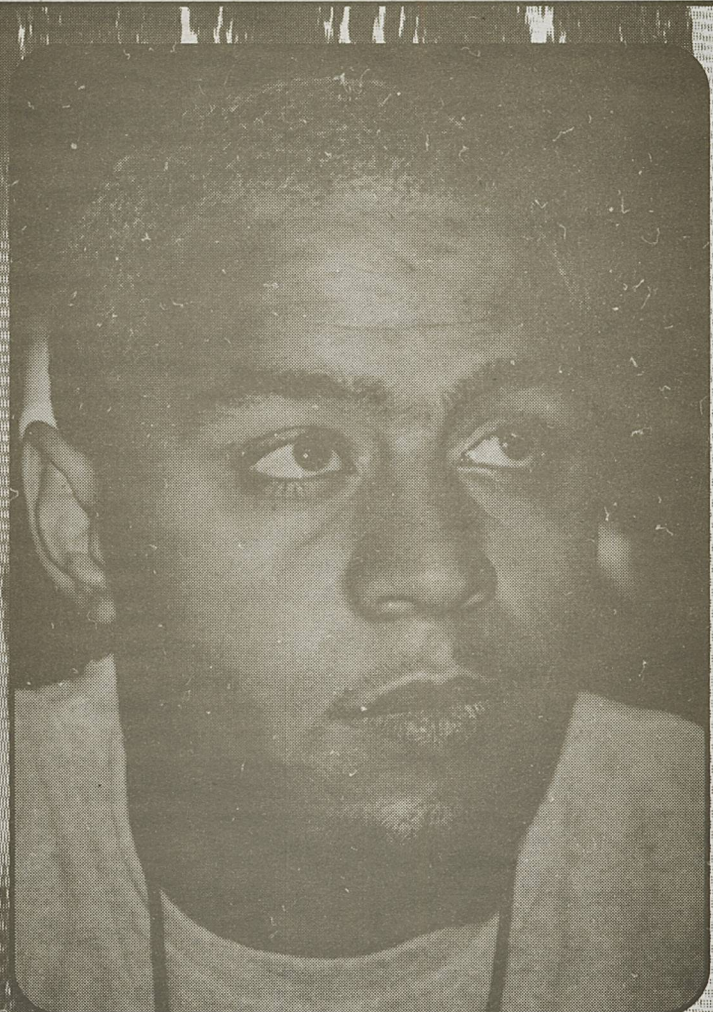
"You're aiming to send the crowd into an absolute physical frenzy"

So if you want to check out some sounds for the millenium then check out "Progression Sessions featuring MC Conrad and DRS". Whether you're a hardcore D&B head or someone that's never heard the the music before you'll enjoy the unique sound of Logical Progression.



CONRAD*PROFILE*CONRAD*PROFILE*

Favorite aftershave: That new Armani thing "He"
Tip-Top Drum 'n' Bass Track: "Demons" by LTJ Bukem
Favorite item of clothing: My Kangol Teddy-Boy Stylee shoes
Childhood Hero: Evil Kenevil
Your Desert Island Discs luxury : A fat juke-box with all my favorite tunes in it



DRS PROFILE*DRS PROFILE*DRS PROFILE*

Favorite aftershave: Armani Geo
Tip-Top Drum 'n' Bass Track: "Music" by Roni Size+anything by Bukem
Favorite item of clothing: My baseball cap
Childhood Hero: Luke Skywalker
Your Desert Island Discs luxury :Tape player and some tapes



Babs hits the Menopause and still looks fab

Yes that's right, this month the world's ultimate style queen is 40. The doll that launched a billion dreams, Barbie, first hit the shelves in New York on 9 March 1959.

Despite the dawning of sexual and political revolutions, three facelifts, and more careers than Richard Branson, Barbie is still

phenomenally popular. She took the world by storm, 350,000 dolls were sold in her first year of production. Last year the billionth Barbie rolled off the production line, and two Barbies are sold every second somewhere in one of the 150 countries where she is on sale. Today Barbie is the World's best selling toy.

Her immaculate conception was spawned by Ruth and Elliot Handler, who on holiday in Germany spotted a doll called Lilli - based on a risqué cartoon that appealed to men. She snapped up three and took them back to the USA. Flesh-toned fantasy Barbie was soon in production, named after the Handler's daughter Barbara.

Since 1959 Babs has risen to super-stardom, she has been drawn by Andy Warhol, had her hair coiffed by Vidal Sassoon, and has been dressed by Calvin Klein. Last week Stella McCartney and Vivienne Westwood were amongst those who designed birthday outfits for the middle-aged doll.

My Barbie never had designer outfits. She wore knitted clothes that my mother made for her and dresses that I made from kitchen roll or cling-film. She liked to parachute from my bedroom window using a cleverly fashioned handkerchief. Her hair was not styled by Vidal, but expertly chopped by me and coloured using only the finest felt-tip! She had tattoos and panned-on make up and nail polish whilst drawing pins made very fetching earrings. She would sometimes go on safari in the garden for several days at a time.

I was always slightly jealous of my elder sister's Barbie, her's was glamorous and blonde and beautiful - my Barbie was biro-stained and had scraggy hair that stood straight up. My sister's doll had a professional career - I can't remember what exactly her Barbie did, but I know she had a briefcase and a hat. I was always a bit peeved that she would never want to play a fun game with her Barbie and me, she would just brush her long shiny hair and keep her treasured possession looking perfectly gorgeous. And then I cut off her hair!

According to Mattel the secret of Barbie's success is her constant evolution: "She has moved with the times thrilling girls of all ages with her contemporary looks and trend setting wardrobe. Whilst her wardrobe is a perfect record of changing styles in fashion, the number of different careers and interests she has had reflects the changing role of women through the years. Barbie has, and always will be, the expression of everything that is great about being a girl."

This is one way of looking at it, but if Barbie were scaled up to size her statistics would measure an impossible 39 - 18 - 33, I don't know many girls like this. It was ironic that Barbie became an icon in the 1960s when the feminist movement urged better representation of women. But is Barbie really a feminist issue?



Does she really shape young girls minds to make them insecure and turn them into adult anorexics, or limit young girls perspective on their future careers and aspirations? I think not, I can't really say that Barbie has had an adverse affect on my life or sexual role.

Barbara Littlewood, sociology lecturer in gender at Glasgow University, says "There is a tendency to look at the child's view through adult eyes. Just looking at what the toy looks like doesn't actually tell you what little children do with it, how they play with her, what awful, appalling things they will put her through. They are not necessarily conformist games or nice little

girl's games. I think to suggest a toy is going to determine their future and future attitudes is over the top."

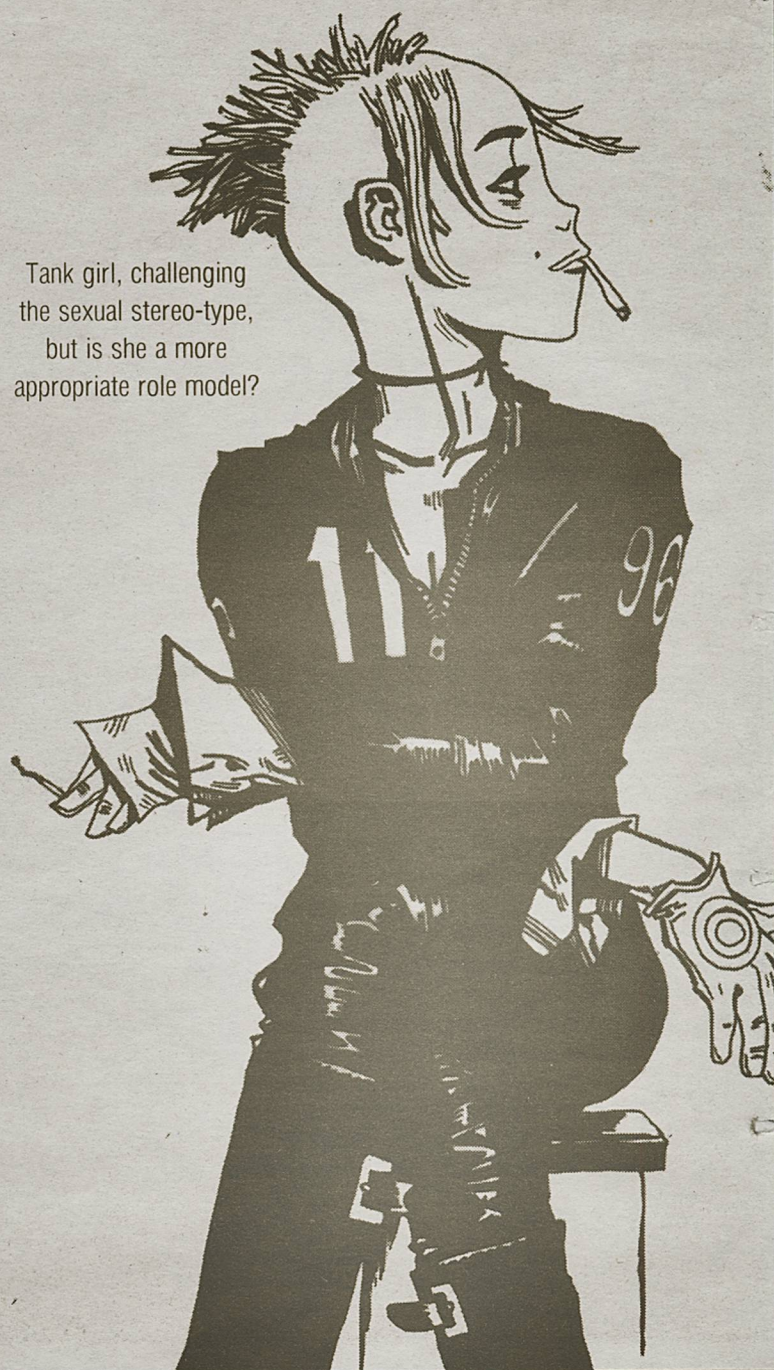
In response to the changes in society over the last forty years, and in being taken before the Advertising Standards Authority in the 1980s against claims that Babs caused mental, physical and moral harm to children, there is now a UNICEF Ambassador, Paediatrician, Rock Star, Aerobics Instructor and Reporter Barbie to name but a few. Also black, Hispanic, Jamaican, Scottish, Asian, Islamic and Chinese Barbies have all broken through the political glass ceiling. Wheelchair Barbie in 1997 sadly, was a financial flop. Mattel's slogan in the '80s became "We girls can do anything". And whilst Ken was introduced in 1961, this party girl never married. See, she's a perfect female role-model.

For more Barbie facts and all the latest gossip check out the Barbie website, WWW.Barbie.com

By Alison Tyler



If scaled up to size with 52D breasts and legs of string, she'd fall flat on her face. Shame.



Tank girl, challenging the sexual stereo-type, but is she a more appropriate role model?

Brok Out The Barriers And Blow Down The Doors

by John Sagan

As Londoners we've all seen so many of those prostitute's calling cards that accumulate in phone boxes that we cease to scrutinize them closely at all, so that they become indistinguishable one from the other, a lascivious wallpaper we'd rather not think about. Do you remember your reaction, though, upon becoming aware of them for the first time? My first experience of them is bound up with one of the lamentable developments in hono-notice aesthetics, the demise of the freehand-drawn fantasy object-adorned placard. I was in town, aged 14, with my fams and I kept a slip of magenta paper, unevenly sectioned off with a paper cutter's extremity-imperiling boom arm, that I picked up while doing the rounds with my family, and kept it in a ribald little stack of notices on my fold out sofa side table back at the hotel. It advertised the services of an 18-year-old Indian student, and with pathos I imagined the little narrative of her, the pallor of shock on the faces of her parents in Bombay if only they new.

And I think I waited, tapping

WAS BORN A GIRL I BECAME A GUY!

TRU SEXUAL

Handsome Indian 20 Yr Old

HE

1/2

STILL GIRL

1/2 opt

681 9116

Racy, enticing, responsive...
Skillful & Intrepid Fantasy Explorer
Intense & Wicked Experimenter

North Italian Girl
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Friendly, pierced, bi-sexual martial artist; open to suggestions and dead seductive

TEL 813-9839

striking short hair 25 years old agile body
 stunning features fair complexion

With a lust for exotic fantasy fulfillment, unusual role play and sensual sessions, for the indulgent up-market, Communication and reciprocal exchanges will be my emphasis.

SOBER ATTITUDE
PROFESSIONAL SERVICES
BEAUTIFUL PRIVATE FLAT

POETIC SENSUAL FRENZY

BECAUSE... because fervent sultry eroticism... honest intimate connection and natural PURE PHYSICALITY is why I really like what I do. It's about REAL, totally engaged, down-to-earth company and losing yourself in sweet Artistic... disarray with a terribly cute enigma who likes to be part of it!!

813-3064

CALIFORNIAN

Honest Sweet Connection

messy moody

Sunny dark-haired natural beauty unconventional sexy quirky bookish artistic conscientious slender agile petite

Hot Funky Ranch

California G

Conscious Sensuality

Hot Funky Ranch

my toe, outside a booth this morning while three men leather jacketed like Gypsy horse traders tore small hunks of blue tack off a larger quid and fitted close to twenty fliers together into a wonky matrix like flimsy mosaic tiles. I felt paranoid and promptly boned out when a Slavic looking old embonpoint-toter in a blue S-class Benz pulled up to the curb just beyond the boxes, as if he were a mobster conducting intimidating market research, following up his street team.

And when I ride past the

British Museum each morning, the two booths erected up against the leeward side of the post-no-bills wall on the west side of the British Museum-as-construction site are bereft of fliers, but when I creak-clamorously roll by at 5:00, fliers like an heroic slime mold have appeared in some paroxysmic advancing growth outside of the scrutiny of any interested observer.

The five fliers reproduced above are just a little different from the seeds of calling cards

that merely sport pirated pictures of porn stars, some rude words, and a cell phone number. All of them speak of a surreal if tacky-as-hell netherworld in our midst. If we contemplate the human stories behind these advertisements, it is impossible to dismiss the sex industry as just so much simple subjugation of desperate women by violent men.

For instance, I imagine Francesca being diminutive, five feet and a short stack of inches, an aerobicized ragazza in platform sneaker-boots like

orthopedic elevator shoes who has been succored much differently than her grandmother but who will nonetheless manifest in old age an unbroken continuity with her matriarchal forebears, molting to emerge fat-calved and with a thick grey coif as substantial as Sitting Bull's bobby pinned into a Medusa's roil atop her head. She is a little tactless and is disappointed by the lack of imagination of her clients

And just like that, some kind of hook is hook is sunk, and some connection made, right?

"My People Uptown Wear The Mask...My People In Chichen Itza Wear The Mask"

You Will Know 'Em By Their Vices

By Prester John

Last Tuesday at the close of a sumptuous meal at this incense-redolent Indian restaurant



called

Mandeep, our waiter palmed off two dime bags of betel nut chew, of pan innards on us, and I was intrigued.



Can Any MC Do This...

From Left, Counter-Clockwise

Beenie Man Dones The Argument At Fresh '96...

Pure Style!!

I don't claim to be this big cultured habitue' of the British Museum, but from me reach London I've visited that great repository of colonial plunder more than a couple of times, more than a few even. Yeah, I can honestly say I've been several times since September, readers. Before this Sunday, though, it was without any real attachment to the inert antiquities of the collection that I walked the echoing halls. I didn't

have a favorite piece, you know. Sure, I dig the Elgin Marbles and have revisionist art history ideas about how they should be exhibited, and the survivalist-bearded Sumerian centaurs ensnared in pulsating nets of cuneiform crosshatching, but I was an unshriven aspirant pilgrim and I envied certain friends and loved ones of mine their bonds with this or that certain thing. My ace boon Ethan's dad, a psychiatrist and

chess sensei, genuflects before the oldest chess pieces in the world, and my father's one desire at the close of each London holiday is to see the scarabs in the Egyptian galleries upstairs.

This Sunday, though, wandering aimlessly through the hinter-wings, I discovered these turquoise-inlaid human skulls in a display of Aztec ritual items, and now I'm a motherless child no more.



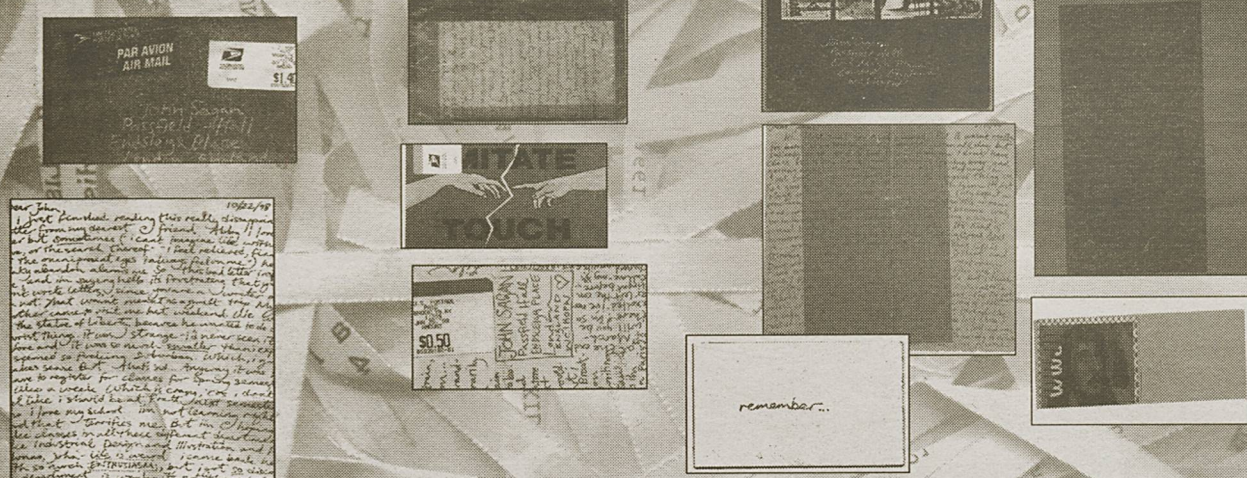
Unfriendly Architecture



As the GZA, Voltron-head of the Wu-Tang Clan, said, it's a cold, cold world. This received wisdom applies in London just as aptly as in Chicago or Nairobi or Kuala Lumpur, not to mention Helsinki, Finland. In this city of few-and-far-between public toilets and locked parks and Special Brew besotted homeless people, it's interesting to see architectural features designed to prevent people from taking their leisure in nominally public spaces. My photographer Vat and I caught these examples out there one recent Saturday.

Sing Anyway: The Letters Of The Artsy

Bevan Cavestany And The Phantom Roan



A quick announcement on behalf of the LSE press office, news-worthy enough because any beautification of this campus is a welcome blow against philistinism: the great soulful horse paintings of Spanish artist Bevan Cavestany will soon be on exhibit 'round the way. Keep your eyes peeled.



And Get Back On The Mic?

I don't know about you all, but these days it's all I can do to keep up a precious few email correspondences, let alone any corporeal ones, and it sort of wrenches me. I mean, my dear old great aunt Stell manages to send me semi-regular letters all the way from the depressed mining town of Port Jervis, upstate New York, and my really busy peripatetic pops to pen fortnightly installments in a

continuing barrage of piquant postcards, but not me. I think it's because keeping in touch through the mails entails a significant expenditure of time and effort if, like me, you are so pretentious and overambitious a letter writer that the humblest thank you note becomes in your fervid imagination an opportunity to send into the world a touching and poetic document of your artistic evolution that will

assuredly be reunited with the rest of your juvenalia in Volume Three of the Collected Works.

I always give up, so it is with admiration and not a little awe that I've been receiving the illest letters-from-art school from my girl Lila Freeman in Brooklyn. Selected components are arranged for your perusal in the taxonomic tableau above, but grayscale just doesn't do justice to their translucent purple waxed

paper envelopes and silk-screened construction paper and the silver-inked compulsive sketcher hand she uses. From my perspective as that kid who lets the chain letters lapse, they seem like small miracles, these colorful missives from the unambitious honey of my dreams.



The Book Bar

Forget Laundromats and art galleries. The best place to find a little love and have a good time is your local bookstore.

The other day I walked into Borders the bookstore on Oxford Street. I hadn't walked more than ten paces when something struck me. The store was full of gorgeous blokes. I began thinking to myself, when had good looking guys begun coming to bookstores? I mean they weren't here a few years ago. As I sat down to ponder this it struck me that none of these guys were actually looking at the books or magazines. I glanced around. That was when I noticed the pretty women watching the goodlooking men watching them.

Bookstores everywhere now are no longer just places to browse for books and enjoy quiet reflection. They are the latest place to meet members of the opposite sex, or for that matter, of the same sex. Forget the laundromat, the art galleries or the supermarket (although on late shopping nights there are some interesting people at M & S). Bookstores are where you can meet someone with common interests so if you are looking for a motorcycle chick you know to stand near the motorcycle mag section.... And bookstores are cashing in on this, building cafe's and even restaurants within the

bookstores where couples can get to know each other better. Even more amusing is the fact that they have begun to add a singles night to attract singles to come to and meet people while buying books. After all a bookstore seems the safest place to meet a person, a sort of neutral ground with a relaxing and comfortable

You can tell a lot about a person and their personality by their choice of book.

atmosphere where you can be yourself without the hassle of dressing up or having to buy a new outfit. Without the gaudiness of nightclubs or the pressure of pubs, bookstores are more laid back; a place where you can have a real, intellectual conversation. Helping bookstores are a number of movies and shows set in bookstores which make them appear safe, sexy and yet surprisingly hip. Who can talk about bookstore romance without mentioning the bookstore lesbian queen; Ellen. Also out is You've Got M@il where romance and confusion blooms between those

old romance veterans Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan both playing bookstore owners.

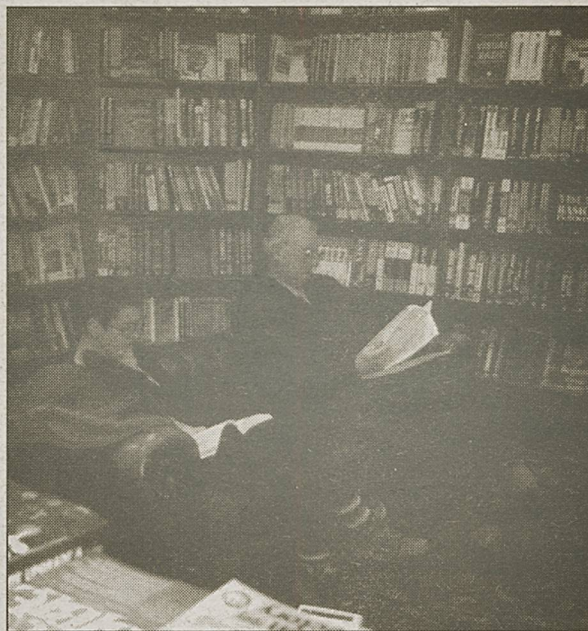
So what does your book choice say about you? You can tell a lot about a person and their personality by their choice of book. It all depends on what sort of signals you're trying to send out. Are you going for desperate and single? or open to longterm intimate relationship? or have you fallen to the all time low of sex, sex, sex?

If your pulling for sex, sex, sex, your best bet is the erotic fiction section complete with bondage and/or pvc clad female covers and titles like "Miss Bitch does bondage". Or if you want something a little more subtle there is always Jackie Collins, Barbera Cartland...or the good sex guides. What about desperate and single? Well there are lots of good writers out there writing great novels about life in the 90's such as Hunter S. Thompson, Elmore Leonard and Colin Bateman writer of 'Divorcing Jack' which was recently made into a film and of course Irvine Welsh author of 'Trainspotting'. What about 'Bridget Jones's Diary', or 'Men are from Mars, Women are from Venus' by John

Gray and finally anything by Anne Rice.

Finally we come to "open to longterm intimate relationships", this is a bit harder. It's probably best to browse your favourite book section in the hope of finding someone with similar reading interests. How about 'Sophie's World' by Jostein Gaarder, 'Enduring Love'

by Ian McEwan, or some poetry from Christina Rossetti, William Blake or John Donne. It would probably be best to avoid the entire true crimes section after all there is nothing quite like talking to a man with the life story of Ted Bundy or Charles Manson in his hand. Same goes for most horror books unless you meet him/her browsing the horror section, therefore no Stephen King, Richard Lambert et al. Also



religiously avoid westerns, comics, manuals on computers, trains, guns, fishing, bikes etc - you've practically got nerd or immature stamped on your forehead.

Whatever your into your bound to find someone with similar tastes in the bookstore and if you don't meet anyone there, you could always try to chat up the staff or security guards.

Anna Yacoub

Celebrating 50 years of great literature

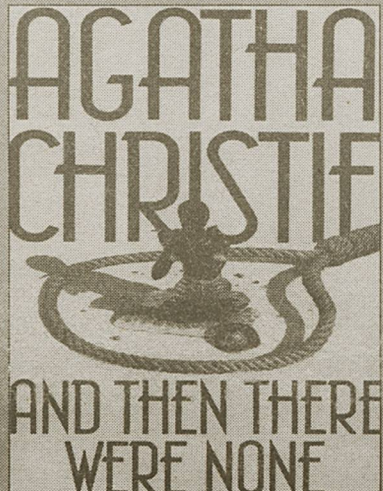
Here is a collection of some of the more popular books from the last fifty years as chosen by the Beaver team.

TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD

Pulitzer Prize Winner over 30,000,000 sold

HARPER LEE

'TO KILL A MOCKING BIRD' by Harper Lee printed in 1960 was a favourite among the Beaver team winning a grand total of three votes. Not only was it a favourite among the Beaver team but it is one of the best selling works of fiction of all time, selling over 30 million copies. Other best selling works are 'Valley of the Dolls' by Jacqueline Susann which first came out in 1966 but which is no longer in print and 'Gone with the Wind' by Margaret Mitchell, first printed in 1936.



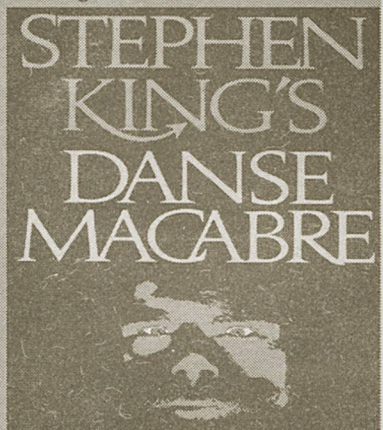
AGATHA CHRISTIE

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

Coming a close second behind 'To kill a mocking bird' was 'NINETEEN EIGHTY FOUR' by George Orwell with two votes. A masterpiece not to be missed ...and if you enjoyed the book you might be interested in 'BRAVE NEW WORLD' by Aldous Huxley which got the vote of one of the international editors.

The top selling authors of all time are Agatha Christie, who is dead; and Dame Barbara Cartland, who isn't, while everyone has a fond spot for 'MURDER ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS' which is a classic.

The richest author of all time is Stephen King who has managed to amass a fortune from his horror books, movie rights, shows and readings.



And if you like horror try 'AMERICAN PSYCHO' by Bret Easton Ellis.

Other favourites from the Beaver team which are always a good read are: Generation X by Douglas Coupland A Hundred Years of Solitude by Gabriel Garcia Marquez The Wonderful Story of Henry Sugar by Roald Dahl Lord of the Rings by J.R.R Tolkien The Blue Flower by Penelope Fitzgerald

London.. is the Word

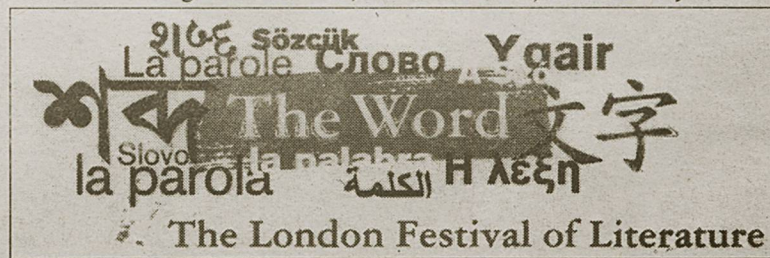
London is hosting The Word: its first ever international festival of literature between 19 - 28 March 1999

London is hosting The Word festival in which 60 writers from London and all around the world come to the capital to talk about their books, their influences and their lives. The Word have managed to attract such writers as Hanif Kureishi, Joseph Heller, Germaine Greer, Armistead Maupin, Iain Sinclair, Ian McEwan and many, many more. The authors will be holding workshops, readings, talks and meetings in bookstores, libraries and theatres across London. The LSE will be holding some of these talks at the Peacock Theatre with a Gala Evening of Poetry on the Saturday 27th with Margaret Attwood and Blake Morrison among others. Kureishi will be reading from his latest novel 'Intimacy' and Gita Sereny will also be talking on Sunday 28th.

For more information on upcoming events email admin@theword.org.uk.



Margaret Attwood, Hanif Kureishi, Gita Sereny



Brown's budget offers little for students

Dan Wilson

The Government's Budget is rarely a gripping affair and this year Gordon Brown did not break the mould. In his clipped Scottish brogue he delivered a speech rich in New Labour buzzwords (innovation, democracy of giving, many and not the few, Millennium) and surprisingly full of radical reform. "Mostly good" seems to be the verdict.

As a History student I have a significant amount of free time so I decided to watch the budget speech and the analysis on the BBC for the fun of it, even if it did mean missing Fifteen-to-One, Countdown, Home and Away and Neighbours. Although we were robbed of the idle banter about the drink with which the Chancellor would lubricate himself, with because Highland Spring Water

is a dull subject and symbolically puritanical like New Labour, the Budget was fairly amusing. David Blunkett's excitement, Tory barracking, Labour paper waving and Ted Heath's apparent death livened up the talk of mortgage relief, base rate inflation and PSBR.

If one had a Middle England checklist there was something for everyone: families, pensioners, small businesses, some more money for books for schools, some money for health and an income tax cut. Something for everyone, but not once did Gordon Brown mention students or higher education specifically. Some of the provisions will benefit students. The 10p starting rate of income tax will benefit low earners; NI reforms will benefit students too for the same reason. If students have cars they usually have small cars, the freeze on booze duty is, of course, welcome even if the 17.5p on

cigarettes will affect many. It was a budget that benefited the less well off and by extension benefited students.

But in a week when Tony Blair announced his intention to get another twenty percent of young people into Higher Education it was hardly a budget full of encouragement and as a government in general New Labour can hardly be seen to have encouraged application to University. We all know about the abolition of the student grant and the introduction of tuition fees and the arrival of a more comprehensive loans system. They were certainly peculiar moves for a Government that wanted a better educated and more sophisticated work force. But they are now in force, more with a whimper than a shout (despite some valiant efforts in Oxford), and here to stay. How long will it be until the top-up fees and the other money grabbing schemes being dreamt up by



impoverished Universities are introduced?

The most frustrating thing about the introduction of Tuition Fees is that Dearing's justifications were noble. Students were not to pay for a University education to maintain current standards but to improve useful services. The Dearing Report suggested that the fee from students should be spent improved computer facilities, better careers service and library provision. The government, however, has not even ring-fenced the fees flowing to Government for education, let alone for individual institutions.

The introduction of fees has also affected student perceptions. If you pay, you expect more. For one thousand quid a year (a year that usually lasts less than 30 weeks) you can expect good lectures, better teaching, and good quality facilities. But the money from fees has yet to appear.

But it is not just the abolition of fees and the introduction of fees that show scant regard for students. That the minimum wage is only available to the over 25s is scant comfort to the numerous students who work throughout their holidays to supplement their loans or parental contributions. Kind promises from the government to punish young

offenders more quickly were also a peculiar way of winning over young voters. In short, it is difficult to find agreement with the Government's "we want a vibrant, well-educated, technologically literate work-force for the twentieth century" and their penny-pinching headline grabbing tactics. It is almost as if Tony Blair can justify his commitment to education by giving every school a few thousand pounds to buy books. But he fails to take a long-term view.

Even though a generous policy toward students is only a negligible vote winner it is a national necessity. The next budget will have to have some better sweeteners to encourage higher education sector. How about raising the income tax threshold for students? Or abolishing NI for students? It is not as if we are actually eligible for any benefits. Some kind of tax credit for parents who financially support their children might work. The most common complaint about the 1999 Budget has been that it has given with one hand and taken with another. Well, as a student the Government has already done the taking but the giving has yet to appear on the horizon. New Labour has certainly given many of us an education, education, education in the field of political betrayal.



The International Hall of

The world's top 20 People you

One man's terrorist...

Opinion Exchange

What does it take to be infamous? Quite a hideous lot, and these crooks and tyrants are all more than qualified. Some of them have exterminated a small country's worth of people (Pinochet, Suharto, Pol Pot, Idi Amin); others claim that they've been sent by God to kill and destroy (Khomeini, Asahara); still others use race or sex as instruments of oppression (Le Pen, Milosevic).

Respect for religion, culture, or domestic politics — which is often used to defend such crooks — are noble concerns but a poor excuse for subversion and massacre. Human life should be more important. It's absolutely ridiculous to value a tradition or ideology more than a human being. And for these villains, their own interests obviously figure larger than a couple of thousand lives. These individuals deserve to be branded infamous and humanity should shudder at their memory.

...is another man's freedom fighter

Rolling over students in a tank, spraying poison gas over hapless native villages... like it or not, these are probably the best ways to land yourself on front page. Bad news is good news. We all revel, if not approvingly, at the chaos, violence and the odd whiff of titillation.

Hate them or love them, this group of human depravity has coloured world politics and our collective (un)consciousness for a half century.

When it comes to labelling villains and heroes we often fall prey to popular images and media propaganda. Saddam is nasty to be certain, but so are the US sponsored bomb attacks and the organised starvation of Iraqi civilians. Is the difference between Khomeini and John Paul II a question of absolute pleasantness or a certain religious bias?

Whilst the West rails against China for its abuses of human rights people are being electrocuted in American prisons. Here in Britain the traditional image of the friendly "bobby-on-the-beat" has been stained by the failure of the Metropolitan Police to ensure justice in the Stephen Lawrence case

One man's hero is another man's villain

Who we choose to respect and revile are reflections of who we are. Evil as many of these people are you can bet that someone equally noxious is being cheered by adoring crowds as you read this...



FIDEL CASTRO

Dictator of Cuba; many US presidents tried to get rid of him, but he outlasted all of them. The beard remains, the most enduring of our dictators.
Infamy Index: **



BILL CLINTON

The most powerful man in the world deals with embarrassing situations by bombing random targets. Definitely a shady character.
Infamy Index: ****



JEAN-MARIE LE PEN

Ultra-racist leader of the far right French National Front. He would gladly see all Maghreb migrants kicked out of France. Assaults those who think otherwise.



MARGARET THATCHER

Notorious for stealing milk from children, Mrs.T also handbagged unions, ministers, Argentinians, and the welfare state. The only man in a cabinet of old women.
Infamy Index: *



GILBERTO R. OREJUELA

The former Colombian drug kingpin conducted all-out war with the authorities and had a habit of settling business disputes with car bombs & hit men.
Infamy Index: ***



DR. ABIMAEEL GUZMAN

Former leader of the Maoist Shining Path guerillas in Peru, he had a fetish for indiscriminate attacks on civilians and missionaries.
Infamy Index: ***



AUGUSTO PINOCHET

His bloody coup in 1973 left 30,000 dead, and many more of his political opponents were tortured or just simply 'disappeared'.
Infamy Index: ***



MATT BROUGH

Scourge of the Beaver staff, this tyrant has long terrorised the humble editors. The UN are failing to prosecute; he continues to hide behind his 'constitution'...
Infamy Index: *****



CIA

Engages in covert operations that support horrible dictators in the name of freedom and democracy. So far has failed miserably to do anything about Fidel, Saddam etc.
Infamy Index: ****



GEORGE SOROS

This evil arch-capitalist will bring globalisation to your (soon to be worthless) currency. Still managed to attract a crowd when he came to talk at the LSE.
Infamy Index: ****



MUAMMAR GADAFI

Sponsored the PanAm plane bombing over Lockerbie, and various other acts of terrorism; Libya also gives sanctuary to the world's crooks and outcasts.
Infamy Index: ***



Infamy: The Last Fifty Years

wouldn't want at your dinner table



SLOBODAN MILOSEVIC

An indicted war criminal for the massacre of Bosnian Muslims, Croats and just about anyone he can get his hands on. Another deranged European racist.
Infamy Index: ***



SADDAM HUSSEIN

After getting kicked out of Kuwait, Saddam's concentrating on stocking up deadly chemical & biological weapons. America's favourite nemesis.
Infamy Index: ***



OSAMA BIN LADEN

This millionaire terrorist sponsored attacks on the US embassies of Sudan and Kenya. Currently best friends with the notorious Taliban of Afghanistan.
Infamy Index: ****



KIM IL-SUNG

Former mad dictator of North Korea, he let his people starve while he launched invasions and built nuclear weapons. His half-senile son carries on the tradition.
Infamy Index: ***



ASAHARA SHOKO

Lead his doomsday cult *Aum* in an attempt to end the world in 1995 by spraying Tokyo with sarin; he screwed up, but still managed to kill 11 and injure over 5000.
Infamy Index: ***



MAO ZEDONG

His Cultural Revolution killed off China's bourgeoisie; the survivors emigrated and made millions writing about it. Lovable character, otherwise.
Infamy Index: **



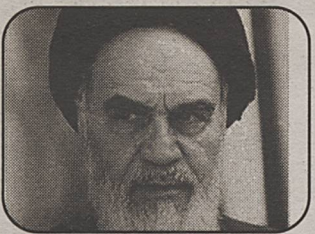
THOJIB SUHARTO

This nasty Indonesian dictator didn't like commies or overseas Chinese, and massacred half a million of them in his 1965 coup. Now he's left Indonesia in a mess.
Infamy Index: ***



IDI AMIN

Another racist dictator, Amin pursued narrow tribal interests and expelled large numbers of Asians from Uganda. He also massacred 300,000 in the process.
Infamy Index: ****



AYATOLLAH KHOMEINI

Mysterious character behind the 1979 seizure of the US Embassy in Tehran. Supports terrorist organisations and fosters an on/off relationship with Saddam.
Infamy Index: ***



DR. MAHATHIR

Autocratic ruler of Malaysia who hates the IMF & Soros. His deputy was chummy with both, so Dr.M sacked him, accused him of sodomy, & gave him a black eye.
Infamy Index: **



POL POT

His brutal regime in Cambodia left 1 million deaths in its wake. Our prize for Most Evil Person of the Half-Century goes to this crook. See *Killing Fields* for the details.
Infamy Index: *****



News from everywhere

At the LSE, international news is not 'foreign' news at all. Each article, to someone on Houghton Street, is addressing the issues of heart and home.

Given the unique diversity of the student population at the LSE, the international section has attracted writers who have a rather different in outlook from the national dailies or the de facto LSE newspaper, *The Financial Times*. Each time Bill Clinton decides to bomb somebody, violent polemics against America and its imperialist allies appear spontaneously in our submission tray.

Past articles have tended to fall into two broad categories: firstly, those dealing with war and conflict, of which the international environment provides many examples. Just as the fighting in Bosnia subsided, events in Kosovo began to stir. With the recent departure of UN troops from the border of Macedonia, there is further scope for the Balkans' troubles to spread.

Over the past fifty years, the Middle East has also had its share of conflicts. The various Arab-Israeli Wars, the Iranian Revolution, and the Iran-Iraq War and the Gulf War have given way to lower intensity conflict in the Iraqi no-fly zones, the continuing clashes between Hezbollah and Israel in South Lebanon, and dangerous tension between Turkey and separatist Kurds.

In Sub-Saharan Africa, the UN peacekeeping force abandoned its cause and is leaving Angola. Fighting still rages in Sierra Leon and the Congo. It is regrettable that bombs and bloodshed are still the stuff that make attention-grabbing international headlines.

The second category of articles concerns human rights and social justice. Past topics included religious intolerance in India, the democracy movement in China; and freedom of speech in Malaysia and Singapore.

There has generally been a great amount of emphasis on political and civil liberties with little direct reference to economic and social rights. It is perhaps less glamorous to talk about economic inequality, poverty and deprivation than to invoke the grand ideals of 'freedom' and 'democracy'. The award of the 1998 Nobel Prize to Prof Amartya Sen for his work on famine and deprivation might help to create more interest in the latter category of rights.

In addition, the majority of articles have concentrated on the world outside of North America and Western Europe. Given the impact of the Stephen Lawrence affair and Amnesty International's "USA: Land of the Free?" Campaign, perhaps more writers might start reporting critically on the human rights scene in the West itself.

The International Section represents a meeting place for views from all over the globe.

LSE SPORTING HEROES 98/99

BEAVERSPORTS pays homage to the names and faces that have coloured the sports calendar this season

AEROBICS SPECIAL

This week Federman interviews Mina Tunberger, the super fit LSE Aerobics Society instructor about the joys of exercise and the art of looking and feeling great.

Ok, so what got you into aerobics?
Well I started dance classes when I was 4 years old. I was going to get into professional dancing, but I was at High school and I had a lot of work to do. I still continued to dance but at the same time I took an aerobic's instructor course. It gave me just as much satisfaction.

What type of music do you dance to?
Mainly techno. Music with lots of bass. Sometimes Europop and cheesy remixes.

Does everything always go according to plan or is the aerobics game prone to mishaps?

Funny experiences? One time I fell off the stage in Sweden and twisted my ankle. The doctor told me to rest up for 4 weeks but I continued although my foot had swollen up like a football.

Spare time?
I spend a lot of time doing street dance at the Pineapple Dance Studios in Covent Gardens and I love clubbing.

How are the classes at LSE?
They're really good although we could do with a better stereo and some mirrors would be nice. We need to professionalize the classes.

Why should people come to your Step Aerobics class?

To have a good time, get incredibly fit, listen to some funky music and shape your brain. Aerobics is a perfect distraction from those exam stresses and it does in fact help to improve your concentration levels.

Ok, well thanks for your time. Are you coming then on Tuesday? Yes, and I'll be sure to bring some friends too.



Canny Peter Clegg - Football IV
"Top quality. McGuinness is the main man."



Anna Foster - Netball 1st
"Defeat is something which doesn't even cross my mind."



Lee Federman - Badminton 1st
"The bad boy crew kicked some serious ass this year and I enjoyed every minute of it."



7up Sam - Netball
"Orgasmic year. The girlies have done good playing some absolute blinders."



Ruth Daniels - Netball
"Privilege to play with the team and I've loved all of the AU social events."



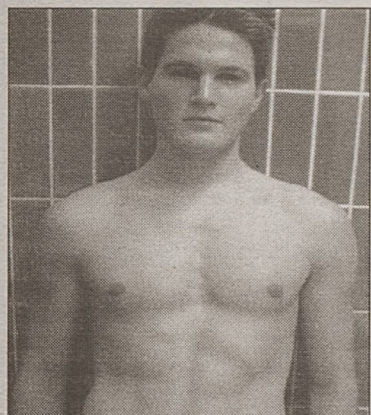
Fat Bob - Rugby 1st
"The most complete display of weight distribution ever seen."



Netball Girl - Origin Unknown
"I've had a lot of hot and sweaty action this year and it hasn't hurt one little bit."



Daniel Baranovsky - Basketball 1st
"Sugar and spice and all things nice. I love women."



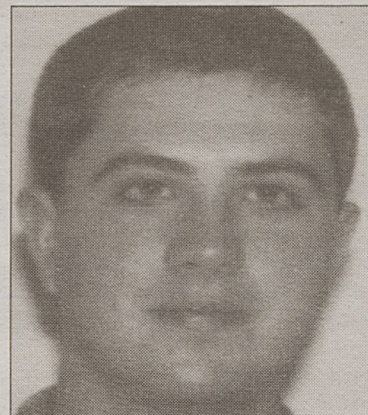
Hunky Harry - Old Building Showers
"The thought of seeing him again in the Beaver makes me go all quivery."



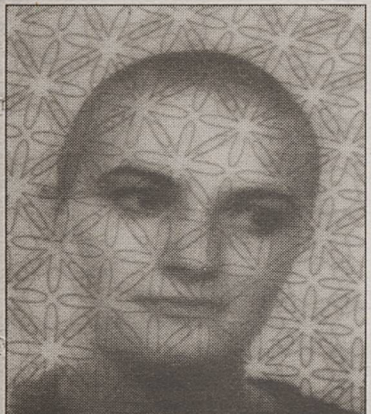
Hockey Birds - The Three Tuns
"Any holes a goal!"
"Naughty Nymphos take a spanking!"



Ugly naked Bloke
"Some motherfucker nicked my clothes."



Matt Stoate - Babe Magnet
"I should be a Houghton Street Hardman. My disciplinary record is unbeatable."



Johanne Ingvild - Basketball
"Sexy as fuck man. Unbeaten this season and always on top of..."



Matt Sutton - Part-time footballer
"Why the fuck does Guinness look better than me?"



Guinness - Golden Boots
"Ladies man"



Jez Phillips - Rugby 1st
"Big and hard. That's me. Are you looking for a piece of action?"

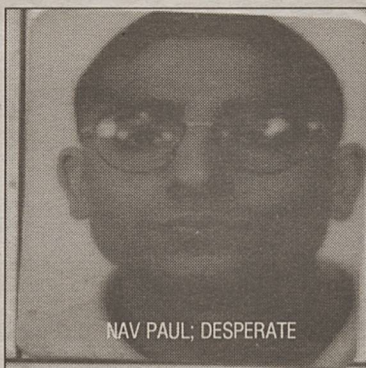


DOES FITNESS APPEAL TO YOU?
LSE AEROBICS SOCIETY
present
STEP AEROBICS
Tuesdays 6-7
LSE Gymnasium
Old Building
£2 entry

DO YOU WANNA BE A MILLIONAIRE?

BEAVERSPORTS is proud to announce the introduction of an amazing new competition. Yes, the risks are great. But yes, the rewards are massive. It's this simple. The man pictured to the right is LSE legend Naveen Paul. To say this man is in need of your help is similar to saying there is a 'bit' of tension between the AU and the Beaver. Obviously, he's not that desperate that he'll shag blokes (not there's anything wrong with homosexuality I hasten to add) but this is the deal. Nav is a Beaversports favourite and as such, we are prepared to pay cash, yes, cold hard cash, to the first lady who 'beds' this lovely lad. Fat, thin, minging we'll take them all. Don't be shy girls, we are talking about a million quid. One million quid to the

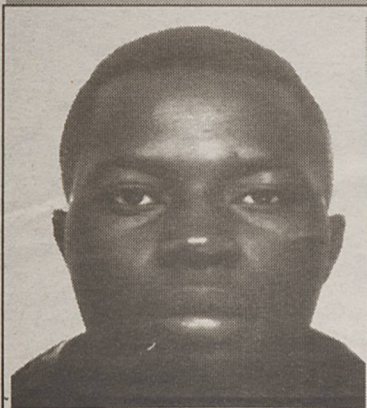
first lady who shares a post coital fag with the great man. This is the sale of the century..



NAV PAUL; DESPERATE

IF AFTERSHAVE CAME IN MONEY BACK BOTTLES, HE COULD PROBABLY FOOT THE BILL HIMSELF.

HOUGHTON STREET HARD-MAN NO.8



This guy is really going to blow your mind! In this issue, Federman gets jiggy with someone who can only be described as a man mountain of pure muscle and sex appeal. To his friends he seems like a gentle giant but believe me, if you were to spill his pint, he would be very pissed off.

Name: Ernest Hanson

Age: 18

Dept: Geography

Aka: "High Tower" and "Biggie"

Alright my man. You've been recommended to me by the MC Banerjee and the DJ Sharkie. They tell me you're one to watch.

I wouldn't say that I'm a troublemaker although I never shy away from a good, hard ruck.

Tell me more.

Once, a few years back, I had a fight on the rugby pitch in Wales. I was playing for Gloucester Colts against Llanelli. There was a massive brawl, sort of England versus Wales. Nasty fight. Some guy gave me a biggie on the head and so I chinned him with a brutal upper cut. He was stone cold unconscious and needed a blood replacement. The stretcher came on and took him to Accident and Emergency.

What about off the pitch?

There's definitely more women off the pitch. Women to me are like birds in the sky making beautiful sounds with their beautiful beaks.

Have you ever caused any serious trouble?

Me and my mates got really drunk one time and decided to climb the balconies of an Old people's home in

a small coastal village in Suffolk. We were looking for some sexy women but unfortunately didn't find any. Someone reported to the police that they had seen a black guy climbing the balcony and since I was the only one in a hundred mile radius, they hauled me down to the station. One of them was a pretty lady and let me off on the condition that I gave her my phone number and address.

How do you like your women? Not too fat or skinny. Long legs and a strong upper body. Average height 5 foot 10. Anything taller than me, I have to reject them.

What's the worst thing that you've done to an ex-girlfriend?

I caught an ex-girlfriend in bed with another woman once. I was really pissed off and pulled out my handgun and shot her. I regret it now but it's just one of those things, I suppose.

Nice. How big is your collection of porno films?

I used to be addicted to the things but I sold them all off at a car boot sale. They don't do anything for me any more. Nowadays I prefer to slip on a rubber glove and sit back to a morning with Richard and Judy.

If you could have sex with any other member of the rugby team, who would it be?

Probably Stumpy. I like him. He's nice and big yet can fit into tight spaces. In the scrum he whips his balls out nicely. He has the type of grit and determination that I admire.

Here, here! How many "Green Monsters" can you drink?

Not too many. I've been traumatized by spirits ever since my eighteenth birthday. My mates tried to kill me, I think. I drank 23 shots in little over one hour.

Winston Eavis would have no problem beating that. Who do you admire most in the team?

Probably Dave Goodyear. He always fucks up the opposition. The chicks love him. I want to be just like him.

Hardman hero?

Probably Dave.

Massive respect to you and thanks for the company.

Easy does it.

BASKETBALL BARON BAGS THE BOUNTY!

BUT WHAT ABOUT BODGER THE BADGER?

GINGER MAGICIAN EXCLUSIVE

Last Wednesday at the New Connaught Rooms, Great Queens Street, LSE's finest sportsmen and women were honoured at a champagne ceremony.

Tensions were high as many promising sporting superstars awaited the verdict for the top prizes.

Sportsman of the year went to Daniel Baranovsky, captain of the LSE's men basketball team. Inspirational leadership, steady scoring and superb rebounding has catapulted the Master's student to LSE stardom. His team have played superbly this season to reach the semi-finals of the BUSA Cup. They now await the final of the ULU Cup on Sunday.

Speaking after the event, he congratulated the team of their hard work and commitment throughout the year and viewed the award as more of a reflection of the team's excellent season. He paid special homage to the Enforcer of the team, hardman Travis, whose very presence was worth 10 points a game.

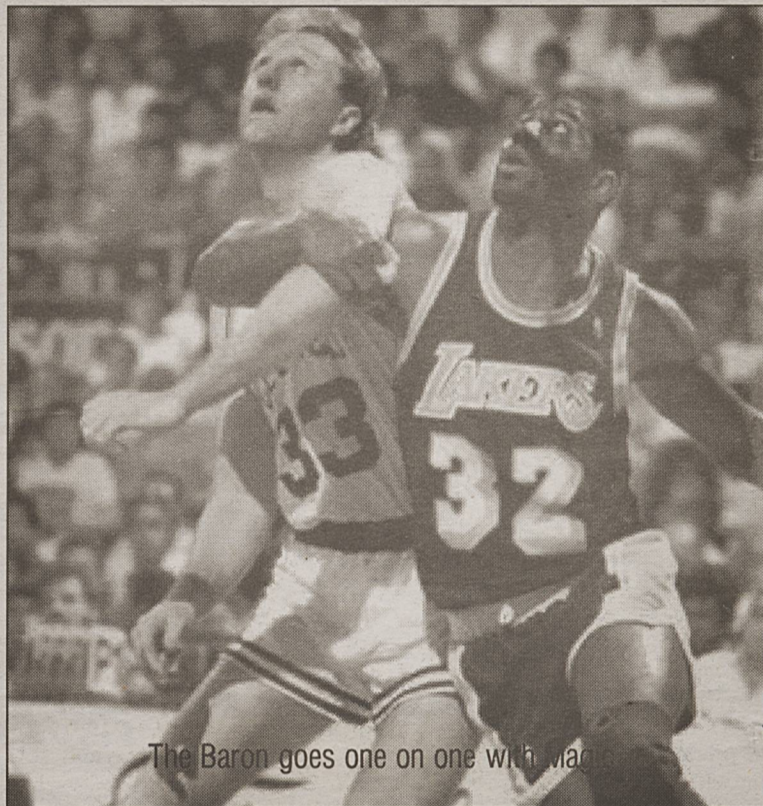
The award for Sportswoman of the year went to Rachel Knight whose influential displays for the hockey team have made such a difference to their season.

The "Whitworth Cup" for Excellence in Administrative matters went to Catherine Murray, captain of the women's football team.

Unfortunately her season was cut short by a knee injury but her effort behind the scenes has been

deservedly recognised.

Congratulations should also go out to all those sportmen and women who earned their colours this year. To all those bastions of LSE sport who are leaving us this year, Beaversports would like to wish them well.



The Baron goes one on one with mag

'MACHINE GUN' CLEGG SHOOTS FROM THE HIP ONE LAST TIME

Consummate professionals to the last, it's a game of two halves.....I'm tired

CLEGG REPORTS

A season of mid-table mediocrity was typified by this defeat at the hands of UCL medics.

Despite dominating the game, LSE, largely due to shocking finishing from McGuinness and Zed, failed to collect any points from the game. McGuinness' performance was seriously below par, this largely the result of his Teddy Sheringham-esque clubbing antics the previous night. Like Sheringham, McGuinness was photographed pissed out of his mind at 6am at a dodgy club. However, whilst Sheringham was surrounded by a group of busty blondes and went off to shag one of them in the toilets, McGuinness was surrounded by Paul and Jimmy and went off to puke his guts up in the toilets. Therefore, at kick-off the ridiculously named 'Ginger Greyhound' resembled an overweight sloth.

Zed was also suffering from sleep deprivation. However, whereas Paul and McGuinness' lack of kip was self inflicted, Zed had messrs Mulligan, McClean, Domokos, and

Rowlands to thank for keeping him awake all night. Zed retired early to the flat he shares with Julie and Mulligan anticipating a good nights sleep and a lack of sexual action. Whilst he was proved correct by the lack of sex, the drug and booze fuelled antics of Mulligan et al. until 8am meant that Zed arrived at the match looking in an almost worse state than any of 'Mingers' Newtons ex-shags. Therefore, Zed looked rough as fuck and absolutely shocking, but still not quite as bad as Newton's ex-birds.

The early stages of the match were very closely fought, until a slip from Alan 'I alongside all the other candidates, made promises in my election manifesto which I have no intention of carrying out' Hatton gifted the medics a goal. Almost straight away, however, LSE equalised. Michael 'I started smoking when I was 20 years old because I think it makes me look hard' Epstein rifled the ball into the top corner from 20 yards. Just before half-time the medics went back in front.

The flimsy centre back pairing of Will 'wildman' Paxton and Matt

I've finished my girlfriend, pulled another bird, and still quite like a girl at Banksaide who's definitely not called Rhiannon and got ginger hair' Stoate contrived to gift the medics another goal. Thus, at half time it was 2-1 to the medics.

Within 10 minutes of the second-half it was 3-1 to the medics. A combination of Paul's sleep deprivation and Stoate's sensational love life caused the confused pair to forget that at half-time you change ends and as a result both attempted to shoot past Mike in goal, with Stoate scoring a great own goal which left Mike speechless and shocked. Soon the medics scored again to go 4-1 up, and at this point the game looked over for the LSE. However, the opposition had failed to legislate for Clegg on the wing and his skills began to change the game. A great ball by Clegg set up Stig who finished with ease. Then with two minutes left, Clegg playing his penultimate game of a long and illustrious LSE career, swept the ball in from close range. Eddie and captain marvel Paxton drove the team on in search of an equaliser, to no avail.

FOURTH TEAM LEGENDS BOW OUT BUT GUINNESS SECURES GOLDEN BOOT

YOU'RE WINNERS IN OUR EYES! *BEAVERSPORTS* HAILS CHARISMATIC FOURTHS

CHAMPAGNE HOCKEY!!!

BEAVERSPORTS shows keen sense of equality and celebrates hockey triumphs

After the injustice of relegation last season, the LSE boys were on a mission this year and were mad for it. Added to the ranks of experienced stick swingers were Sharkie bugger-gripsí Buckle, Strip-joint Jon, Deep-pan, the strand-poly academic climber, Wahome and a certain cultured Australian.

After a steady BUSA performance - with narrow losses to Imperial, Strand-poly and St. George's Medic Wankers, a draw against QMWank and a stunning win against RVC ñ we embarked on a voyage of Hockey ecstasy.

An opening match against RSM, and the LSE boys storm to a ruthless 4-0 victory. Explosive stick skills from the LSE blew apart the defensive rock face of the Miners. Next up for a Dicking were GKT IIs, who failed to put medical theory into practice when Wahome accidentally cut open a medic's face with his stick.

After much spilt blood, a steady second performance saw the LSE put six past the medics. A

poor performance against QMWank IIs, saw the LSE concede their only league goal with a scraped 2-1 win, the most notable point of the match being a missed penalty flick from

Bacardi Flaps.

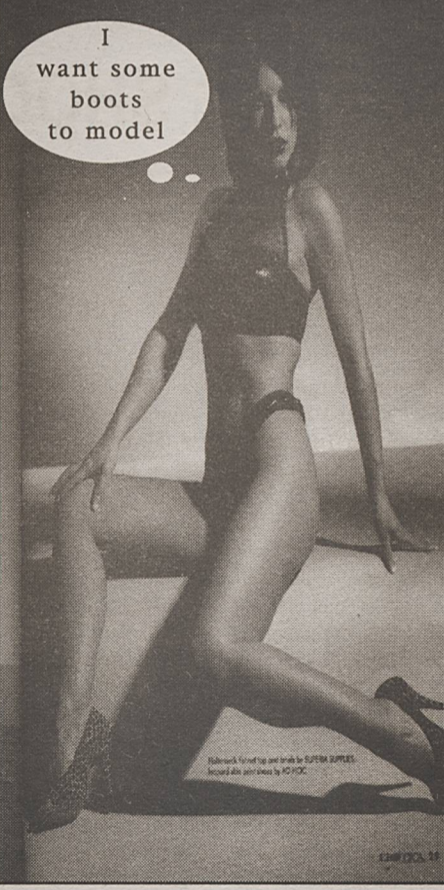
Following this it was time to get dirty, time for a top class Dicking. Royal Holloway IIs were the unlucky recipients of a shower of 10 (ten) goals from the LSE Golden boys. Strip-joint even managed a birthday goal, but failed in his mission for a birthday Shag, despite numerous offers from captain Euroboy. The next two games saw the LSE scrape a narrow victory from the Strand-poly reserves and a sad draw against UCL IIs.

Even though we had won the league, the LSE boys wanted to climax in style against a substandard Wye II team. We managed to dump our proverbial manure on the agricultural arseholes. 11 times!!!

Strong performances all round were to be seen, even in the face of lumberjack tackling from a bunch of Rugby boys who couldn't find the skills to play the glorious game. An even stronger performance was to be seen back in the Tuns, where the whole team tried to score this time with one of Sharkie's young fillies.

A good year for the Hockey boys, which saw some good performances,

success in the league and it will all be topped off when the team descends on Amsterdam, for a whole bit of dirty lovin' on March 21st, "no sleep to Brooklyn."



LSE IV'S 3 - UCHMX IV'S 4: ITS ALL OVER NOW



Matt Stoate Reports

The IV's final match of the season was a black day for LSE sport as some of the biggest names in LSE football pledged a heartfelt farewell to the lush Berryland turf.

The team had already lost keyplayers earlier in the season. Ben "Mingers" Newton hung up his LSE boots several months ago, due to what he claimed was "the time commitment required from finding interesting things to say" and he was soon joined by Zed (no one has ever cared enough to find out his surname) ??????. Zed had sustained a severe back injury by attempting to lift up his Econometrics file for the months of October/November that put pay to what had once been a promising career.

Naturally, despite missing as many chances as Matt Sutton has to pull, it was the Wig himself who opened the scoring, only for the LSE to throw the game away in the second half by conceding two silly goals. Guinness insisted that he always scores when he wears the Ann Summers' gear of his female friends.

Worried about losing the whole of his team, next year's captain Matt Stoate went scouting for new players

(otherwise known as nicking them from other teams) by attending that celebration of decadence, the Third team's social. The evening followed the same path of all previous Limelight socials beginning with "All of us lads, we make one hell of a team, eh?" Descending through "I don't like to say this, but me and you mate, we're the only two decent players in this wank setup", to end up with "I would play firsts me, if only I could be arsed to train."

Stoate's task of stealing 3rd team stars was made easier due to the fact that 3rd team captain Barnsie had passed out in the lap of G-Man. Whilst G-Man softly stroked Barnsie's hair, Stoate probed. "Ever fancy playing with ten real professionals?" The response was plain and simple, "Barnsie is more than enough real man for me." Stoate, fearing that the Malibu and lemonades were clouding his judgment, decided to slip away from this unnervingly seductive atmosphere of 3rd team incest.

His next target was the Rock. He had heard quite a lot of good things about this midfield workhorse. He located him in the toilets. The Rock was in trouble, in an attempt to get to the Jean-Paul Gaultier before Mike "I am 18 really sir, count my pubes" Epstein, he had caught his foreskin in his

zipper. Stoatey stemmed the blood flow with a firm grip and between the Rock's screams he proceeded to woo the Rock into the ranks of the IV's.

Progress was made and the IV team midfield should be strengthened thanks to the Rock's presence, although some commentators have suggested that his wound could easily be reopened in a 50-50 tackle. However, the prospect of an operation to resolve the problem was dismissed by Stoatey who insisted, "There is no place for circumcision in football. The next thing you know we'll have Americans and homosexuals playing." So finally, let us bid adieu to all of you IV team footballers who made LSE sport quiver with excitement in what elsewhere had been a dull year. Goodbye Weed, goodbye Pete "Machine Gun" Clegg, goodbye Ralph "Vanessa Feltz" Bankes, fuck off Eddie Simmons III, goodbye Oliver White and please graduate Mat "you should have played rugby" Mowbrey.

A moment's pause must be taken as we wave farewell to Guinness. It is fair to say that this lowly footballer has been the most talked about sportsman of this year. Few could have handled the press scrutiny as this modest mountain of a man. Guinness we love you and hope that you succeed in all that you try to pull.

WARNING: BEAVERSPORTS WILL FUCK YOU OVER, NO SECOND CHANCES, NO QUESTIONS ASKED. WHO GIVES A SHIT HOW MANY ISSUES THERE'S BEEN?

HOUGHTON STREET HARD WOMEN - No.1



This week we get low down and dirty with the gobbiest woman on the block! The slapper of all slappers - the super-bitch from hell! Aggressive? You bet!

NAME: Tamara Quincey de loads've L'Argent
AGE: 22 (Had 'em all, Shagged 'em all, Left 'em all!)
DEPT: Government
AKA: Come and have a go if you think you're hard enough "Tam"! & Stand by your man wincy winette "Tam"!!

Alright you bad-ass slapper, why have the rigger-boys got you down as a legendary leg-over? That load of public school wankers? Are you startin'? They couldn't shag a donkey if they tried! They'd have fuck loads of trouble finding their dicks for a start! I mean, Fat Bob has a fucking face like the rear end of a bus! And "Big Jezz" - well I think "big" isn't the right fucking word - talk about overstating the case!

Fucking non-existent more like it! I've seen a bigger one on a mouse! You'd think God would compensate them somewhere along the line - but does he bollocks?! You can't even say their brains are in their pants because they've fuck all down there!

So who's your top bloke of the moment?

Well not the fucking rugby lads for a start - the lump of lard-arsed fucking tossers! Whilst I admire sporting prowess, it's gotta be said, the lads on the team ain't exactly what I'd call talent! The only exercise they get is stuffing burgers and pints down their fat fucking cakeholes, and a tad too much wrist action! We all know what that business about tackling on the field is! I've seen them feeling up the opposition! It's not a scrum, it's a fucking mass orgy!

So what's your craziest sexual fantasy?

As if it's any of your business!

Is this a fucking interview or what?

Well if you put it that way! Quelque chose un peu romantique - comme de la 'bondage' avec un homme vraiment sensible.

What the fuck? Speak English you daft bitch!

Oi! Don't get stroppy with me - otherwise we take this outside!

O.K. So who's your hardman hero then?

Well if we're talking tough, then it's not that bunch of poncey sods at LSE! The rigger lads all think they're hard - but shove them on a council estate in Paisley, and then we'd see who's hard - they'd shit their keks! My brother has done over 5 rugby lads, and they all cried like babies! When it comes down to it, they're all soft (& that goes for in several other areas aswell!). They can't tell their arses from their elbows! They all elected "Johnny Jockstrap" & "Tesco-legs Swinson" (Open all hours and then some!). So I rest my fucking case.

So what do you think of bokes?

Depends on the bokes in question! In general they're only good for one thing!

What's that then?(nudge, nudge!)

Don't you get saucy with me! Bokes are for providing hard cash - not hard ons!!

So fast cars or fast men?

Don't be fucking silly! Fast cars any day! Who wants a fast man? The rugby lads all come before they've started! It's all so fucking fast & futile, it's pathetic! The only woman they could get is their own mothers, and even that'd be pushing it!

And that, I think, is the last word on that!

Beaver Lookalikes:

Sir,

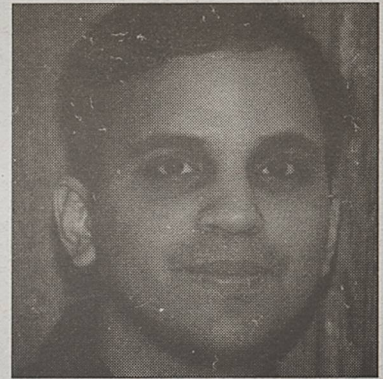
I was just wondering whether any of your readers had noticed the startling similarities between current SU Gen Sec Narius Aga and Wolfie Smith, star of popular 70's sitcom, Citizen Smith? Looking at the photos I think the evidence speaks for itself.

Yours

Mavis Pringle (age 7)



Narius Aga



Wolfie Smith

Sir,

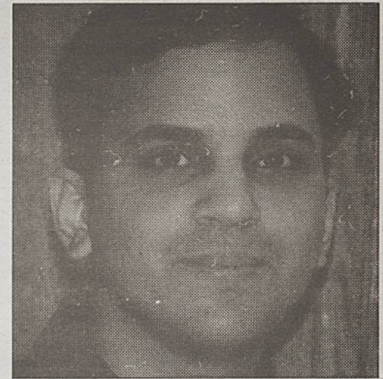
Ms. Pringle is obviously delusional to believe that the highly revered Mr Aga looks like a sitcom character, my photos prove he is in fact a dead ringer for famed Cuban freedom fighter, Che Guevara. Even their names rhyme. I wonder if they are in some way related?

Yours

Hank Balfour, Wapping



Narius Aga



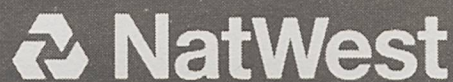
Che Guevara

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