

THE BEAVER

This Year's Love -
Bart, Page 2



Come To Daddy - Aphex Twin,
Bart Centre Pages



Monday, March 1, 1999
Issue 498
First Published May 5, 1949
The Newspaper of the LSESU
Executive Editor: Matthew Brough
E-mail: beaver@lse.ac.uk
Website: <http://www.thebeaver.org>

SU cash still props up Arms Trade

Tom Livingstone

The Students' Union has invested more money in arms manufacturers over the last twelve months, despite assurances that this practice will soon come to an end. The annual report from the Nat West investment management service on the LSE SU share portfolio has revealed both a growth in the value of the SU shares, but also a new investment in British Aerospace. B Ae last year acquired the Marconi electronic wing of GEC, another company in which the SU has invested heavily.

BAe has been embroiled in controversy in recent years, particularly over its sale of Hawk jets to Indonesia in 1997, jets alleged to have been used in the repression of East Timor.

SU Treasurer Yuan Potts has repeatedly stated that the Union will move towards an ethical investment policy, a pledge he reiterated to the Beaver this week. 'We're currently seeking legal advice as to our position,' explained Potts. 'The main obstacle is the Union's charitable status - we as the trustees of the charity have to provide the maximum return on our investments. I will not sleep soundly until this has been resolved.'

Amongst those expressing disquiet over the nature of the SU's financial holdings was Amnesty Group President Murad Gassanov, who expressed his disappointment that money was invested in B Ae. 'I think we should certainly be looking for more humane means of making money for the union,' he said, adding



A BAe manufactured Hawk jet - a controversial SU investment

Picture: Library

'I can't see why we have to invest in arms manufacturers; why can't we have a say in the way union money is invested?'

However, the limits of the Union's capacity for manoeuvre are revealed by comments in the report, which reveals 'In August, the disappointing Premier Farnell and Johnson Matthey were sold, reinvesting the proceeds in British Aerospace.' Specific decisions on individual investments are taken by Nat West, clearly contradicting a statement given to the Beaver 12 months ago by then Treasurer

Imogen Bathurst, who claimed that she had asked Nat West that 'no unethical investments should be made.'

Although the report refers to concerns raised by the Union finance committee regarding the nature of certain investments, the priorities of the bank seem to lie elsewhere; the report states 'acquiring Marconi from GEC, BAe will be the third largest defence and Aerospace company in the world....BAe is well placed to drive the continuing consolidation of the European

defence industry. BAe also has a stake in the Airbus consortium. The latter is benefiting from the upturn in the civil aerospace cycle and is also gaining market share from Boeing. These factors should support continued growth from this business over the longer term.'

Potts assures *The Beaver* that he is preparing a proposal to put to the finance committee at the beginning of the summer term, which could then change the way the unions' money is invested. The Nat West report concedes that 'if the

Committee now wish not to invest in such areas (such as B Ae), we will look for alternative companies which meet this (ethical) criteria.'

Potts admitted he was wary of putting proposals through the UGM, for fear of producing a 'hotch-potch' of a policy.

The total market value of the LSE share portfolio is £280,000, having risen from an original investment of £200,000 in 1996. The 900 shares in British Aerospace have a value of £4,158, with those in GEC now worth £7,634. Others shares in the portfolio suggest that more ethical ways exist to maximise Union revenue - amongst the biggest earners are the shares in Vodafone, which now stand at £17,753.

The Beaver originally revealed the extent to which the SU had invested in arms manufacturers last year, since when the acquisition of B Ae shares has almost doubled the amount invested in 'controversial' companies. This week's revelation follows recent concerns around UK campuses as to how universities - and their students' unions - spend their money. Hull University, for example, last months were revealed to hold 10,000 shares in B Ae. A spokeswoman for the NUS explained that it was suggested to Students' Unions not to invest 'unethically,' pointing to recent campaigns against Midland and Lloyds-TSB (in which the LSESU also has substantial holdings). However, the NUS stressed 'we cannot prescribe what Students' Unions do.'

Candidates prevented from harrasing students

Returning officer Sam Parham has decided to ban electoral candidates from campaigning on the Monday of election week between 12pm and 2pm.

The decision has come after Parham proposed electoral reforms at the Union General meeting. There was initial confusion as to whether Parham had the required powers to carry out these reforms. Under section 9.10a of the constitution Parham could have been overruled by the Constitution and Steering committee.

At a C&S meeting held two weeks ago several issues were raised, including how exactly candidates would be prevented from canvassing during the said hours. This point was especially important as Parham was adamant that candidates and their supporters did not distribute leaflets or wear supportive badges during the allocated time.

Parham commented that his main reason for preventing campaigning at this time was to prevent candidates harrasing students as students had previously complained of this to Sabbatical officers.

A member of C&S commented that it would be difficult to stop people talking. To this Parham responded that he wanted to prevent the 'explicit' harrasment of students. (SG)

EastEnders in sit in victory

Students at the University of East London have won their battle for extra funding and the reinstatement of a sacked Art and Design lecturer.

As reported in last week's *Beaver* students had been occupying a university building, with a 14 point list of demands. It seems that all the demands have been met. However, Gill Tucker, the Pro Vice Chancellor, stressed that 'I would have taken up these issues on your behalf whether or not you had occupied (a University building).'

New equipment for the Art and Design courses are in the pipeline, as is a long term £250,000 investment in multi-media equipment.

A spokesman stressed that the protest had passed off peacefully, and that 'no-one missed lectures because of it.'

Between 30 and 200 students were involved at various times during the 24-hour occupation, which was the second to take place in the University in the last few months - a previous demonstration was broken up by police and bailiffs.

(TL)

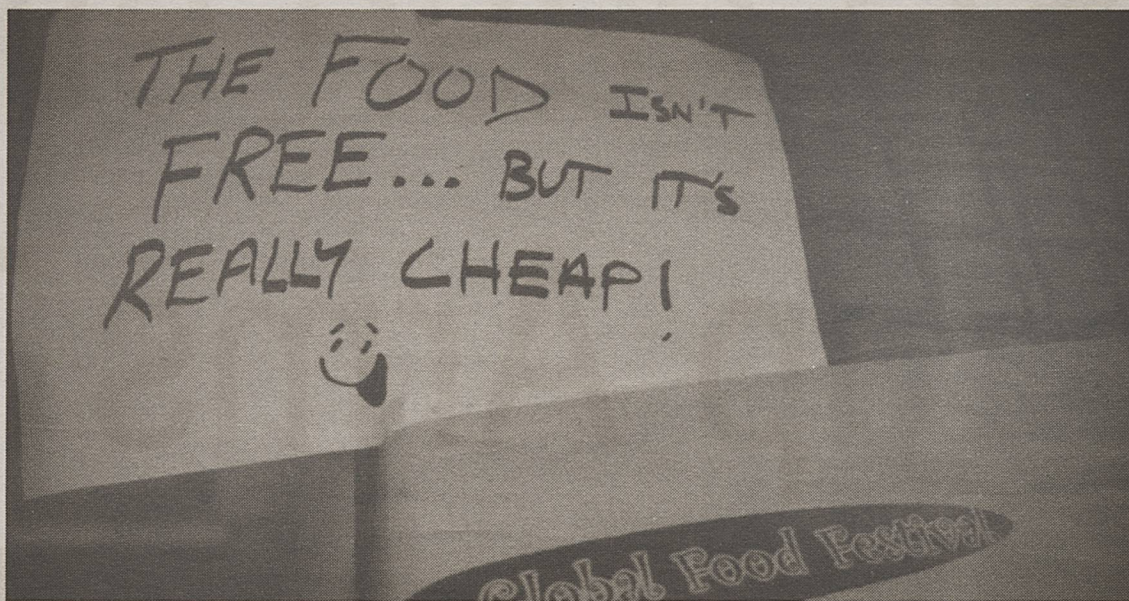
LSE Goes Global

Neelam Verjee

Last week, the 5th annual global festival was held in commemoration of the plethora of nationalities pervading the portals of LSE. Organized by the Global Society, the first of such multi-cultural events was celebrated in 1995, under the influence of Vini Ghatate, the then Welfare and Education Officer and as a result of its success, the festival was manifested into an annual event.

Involving around twenty different societies, the festival, with its slogan of 'Unity in Diversity,' kicked off with the Global Show on the night of Monday the 8th, viewers were entertained with a mellow opening of traditional dancing by the Thai and Japanese Societies. Flamenco dancing followed, as did more traditional dances and acrobatic movement from the Cypriot Society. This was contrasted with clips containing dancing from the musical comedy 'Ladki', by the Asian Dramatic Society among others. A change in tone arrived with the Afro Caribbean Society, with their powerful rendition of 'A Remarkable Woman.'

The Food Festival on the Thursday was the other notable event. A selection of dishes including among others, samosa, adobo, falafel, pansit and satay, with their origins in the Philippines, Malaysia, India and the Middle East, were on sale and received overall verdicts of approval.



How to get students interested in food from different cultures

Picture: Neha Unia

Many were quick to volunteer their support, including Ents Officer Jasper Ward who claimed that 'the whole thing went off really well. It was a great success.' However, despite the apparent success of the festival, there were cracks in its foundations.

Prior to its staging, the Global Society split, with Jacob John, Nikhat Rashid and Rasheg Rahman going on to produce the festival and it was only with the help of an outside organiser, who stepped in at the 11th hour, that the show was able to go on.

Jasper too, was to thank for the success - 'he was very helpful and supportive indeed. He kept the interest levels sufficiently high for the festival to take off', said an appreciative Jacob.

The other point of controversy was the matter of funding. A budget was allocated by the Finance Committee, but until the last minute, the Global Society were unsure as to how much they would receive and, under the impression that finances were tight, had to operate on a stringent budget. This was the

motive behind a UGM motion for more money, which was consequently turned down. Discovering at the last minute that actually, their budget was 5% of the total sum allocated to all societies meant the Global Show was free and the society had more funding than it actually needed. Ward acknowledged this, saying 'I agree that it is a problem and the position should be clarified in time for next year.' However squabbles over the funding shouldn't prevent the festival from succeeding next time.

It pays to fail...

The Student's Union has announced the creation of four new scholarships. The new scholarships have been created for Students who fail, students who are asylum seekers, students facing unforeseen medical costs and students involved in deposit disputes.

These new scholarships have been created for students that do not qualify for the scholarships that the school provides. Currently the LSE provides a Student Support Fund and an Access fund for students from low income backgrounds.

The Students Union provides additional scholarships with a Disabled students fund, a childcare fund and the Womens right to choose fund which gives backing to female students that fall pregnant and may need the money to raise a child.

Maria Neophytou, Ed and Welfare Sabb commented that the funds provided by the SU are primarily aimed at students who do not qualify for the scholarships provided by the school.

The new scholarships will be on trial for one year, after which there will be a review to see if there are any areas which the SU are missing out on.

The new scholarships have been geared for specific aims, for example the deposit disputes fund is intended for students whose landlords have not paid back their rent deposit and have to take their landlords through the Small Claims court, but in the mean time need deposit money for the following years rent.

For more info contact the Advice centre on the 2nd floor of the East Building (SG)

Treasurer gets the iron pumping

SU Treasurer Yuan Potts has told *The Beaver* that the new gym is set to be up and running by the beginning of next term. Subject to approval by the Site development committee, work will begin over the Easter Holidays.

The project will see the whole of the top floor of the cafe refurbished with up-to-date equipment. The Treasurer said 'the facilities will be similar to those available at UCL and ULU, but more modern.' The venture is costing around £50,000 in total, with £12,000 transferred from LSE contributions to the gym.

This term has seen new equipment, including a multi-gym, supplied to the existing gym, which will be transferred to the new gym. Currently, the entire project is being treated as a joint venture between the

Athletics Union and the Students' Union, with the AU responsible for the day to day running of the gym. However, it seems that the Athletics Union hierarchy were unaware of this new development. A source told the *Beaver* 'we thought that it wouldn't be ready until the next academic year.'

Despite the confusion regarding the running of the scheme, it seems likely that the campus will soon have better gym facilities. Access will not be limited to AU members, with all students and staff able to go through their paces on the new machines. The Treasurer assures students that 'rates will be as low as possible; the money we charge will enable us to recoup the cost of the machines,' adding that 'not only should we break even, but we should actually make a profit.'

Tom Livingstone

No riches from LSE

Carter Johnson

LSE continued to show its true colours as Rag week began with a whimper.

While other Universities across Britain embark on dynamic fundraising weeks, events on Houghton Street held little promise for charities or charitable awareness.

"What the hell is Rag week?" responded Annette Mellbye, an MSc.Comparative Politics student when asked if she would attend any Rag week events. "I'm on campus all day, everyday, but I haven't heard a thing."

The response was not unexpected with the scant advertising on campus and a history of apathy for the event. The Rag Committee did not receive a single volunteer this year.

"There just isn't the tradition of a Rag week here but I think it's perfectly understandable," said Ents Sabbatical Jasper Ward and organiser of this year's Rag Week. "More people are paying their tuition fees and the emphasis at LSE is on academia over social life - they don't have the time to dedicate."

Entertainment was nevertheless planned but this year abandoned even the pretence of a 'charity period'. The week's events began with a local pub-crawl Monday and ended



LSE Rag week apathy shocker

Picture: Library

with a 'battle of the sexes' netball match Friday on Lincoln's Fields.

The highlight promised to be Thursday evening where the Old Theatre would be transformed into a 'Blind Date' studio.

"I'm hoping to get myself some totty," mused a certain SU Treasurer, as he prepared for his part in the take-off of ITV's television show.

To offset the 'Blind Date'

creativity, Thursday also offered a more banal event: Titanic was shown in the New Theatre.

Other universities have planned high-profile events. The most enlivening came from Imperial College which has a tradition for mad rags. This year saw a nude sprint from Harrods to the college along Kensington High Street which raised £1,000.

The goal this year, according to Jasper Ward, is to raise the Rag's profile rather than raise any significant funds. While donation boxes will be placed at some events, there has been no explicit charitable mission. In fact, Tuesday's Quiz Night at the Three Tuns saw no money raised and instead saw a 200 pound grand-prize given to a student.



Union Jack

Democracy is an unnecessary evil. Because of the impending student elections Jack is bound and gagged dead Tory style, with any transgression carrying the threat of Parhammer coming down on him like Homer on a trampoline. With this in mind, Jack decided to go on a road trip across Houghton Street, looking for the Third Way in the corridors of power.

It all started in the Underground last Friday. I was knocking back my tenth speedball, watching the age old LSE mating ritual in all its putrid glory. ('Alright darling? How do you like your eggs in the morning...fertilised? Wassa matter, only joking. I've got a Motorola. Get yer lipstick round me dipstick.') My editor Gonzo Brough, a big Northerner with a face like a rush hour suicide, was sitting opposite, sucking on a big Cuban. The Beaver phone rang, barely audible over the sound of cheap europop and pelvises grinding together. It was Smoking Monkey, the night editor. His words weren't exactly clear-it's hard to understand a 250 pound ape after a night of self abuse, especially when the ape is sucking on half a packet of Sovereigns. Some guy called Phoney Tony had written about this Third Way, and it was out there somewhere. They were offering me two tickets to see Flying Fuck Frenzy at the Camden Monarch in return for a thousand words of hard copy. We were pretty ruined, but this was the job of a lifetime.

Gonzo Brough got on the case immediately, gathering large quantities of dangerous substances to get the creative juices flowing. We had ten Silk Cut, a couple of Pritt Sticks, five Pro Plus purchased at obscene cost from a serial masturbator who had been living in C120 since Christmas, an ounce of Super Leafy High from an advert in Viz and two cans of Bass bitter shandy. I knew Matt could handle the safety glue, but I'd seen what shandy could do to the guy. We set off into the womb-like passages of the Clare Market building. They seemed a lot more womb-like after a long tug on the Pritt Stick. My editor heard a sound in the distance, and we followed the trail to a set of deserted rooms, the doors swinging slowly. "I can see rats man" screamed the Gonzo Brough. It was true, there were hundreds of them dancing, and eating what looked like the remains of a Quorn and peanut butter focaccia. "This is the old Veggie place," screamed the Gonzo, his eyes glazed with the mad stare of the shandy fiend. "And just like the Third Way it was an unworkable idea that has provided the butt of many cheap jokes and newspaper columns." With that he collapsed backwards, swallowed his tongue and was eaten by a mouse the size of a sabb candidate's ego. I beat a hasty retreat, vowing to get a safe evening slot on PuLSE.

PuLSE skips a beat

Pulse Radio; has anyone ever listened to it? You should do - excitement, personal vendettas, expletives- it's got the lot. And the embodiment of such fine entertainment was (note past tense) the Friday morning Breakfast show 'Up with the Akkouh.' After only two shows the public was deemed to be an alleged 'danger to the station.' With use of classic phrases such as 'golden love tunnel,' and accompanying news with Noel Coward and cries of 'wank,' (which apparently unknown to the offenders could result in Pulse's sponsorship funds being withdrawn, or worse still, the station's licence), the axing of the show should have been a formality- especially considering Minson's admission 'we deserved to get chucked.' The controversy rumbles on; allegations from the Akkouh camp appear to be aimed at

members of the PuLSE Committee responsible for pulling the show. Complaints seem inspired by personal enmity arising from the sacking. In an apparently anonymous letter sent to the Beaver, The PuLSE Committee is equated with Stalin 'thwarting the attempts of others' through a desire for power, by wading through the laborious beaureaucratic quagmire.'

According to the PuLSE business manager, Ruth Elkins 'the content of the show was becoming worryingly close to a breach of Radio Authority rules,' adding 'all DJs sign a contract promising to abide by all rules, and in this case, rules were broken, and fines imposed.' As far as station manager Maria Neophytou is concerned, it was a clear cut case: 'I am anti-censorship but don't make the rules. Pulse could have lost its licence.' —(HW)

Dash for debt cancellation

As the century draws to a close, many of us are wondering what the next holds in store for us. The future as it stands for some countries is the concern of Jubilee 2000, a charitable organisation set up to campaign for the abolition of third world debt. The organisation has produced a list of approximately 50 countries for whom it would like to see all current debt abolished.

Currently for every £1 that Western nations give in aid to these countries, £3 is paid back in the form of debt repayment by the same countries. For many people this state of affairs is unacceptable, hence the Jubilee 2000 coalition. The coalition has a broad range of support, from church organisations to famous celebrities such as Keith from the Prodigy and Bono (is there any cause this guy isn't associated with?). Its primary aim is

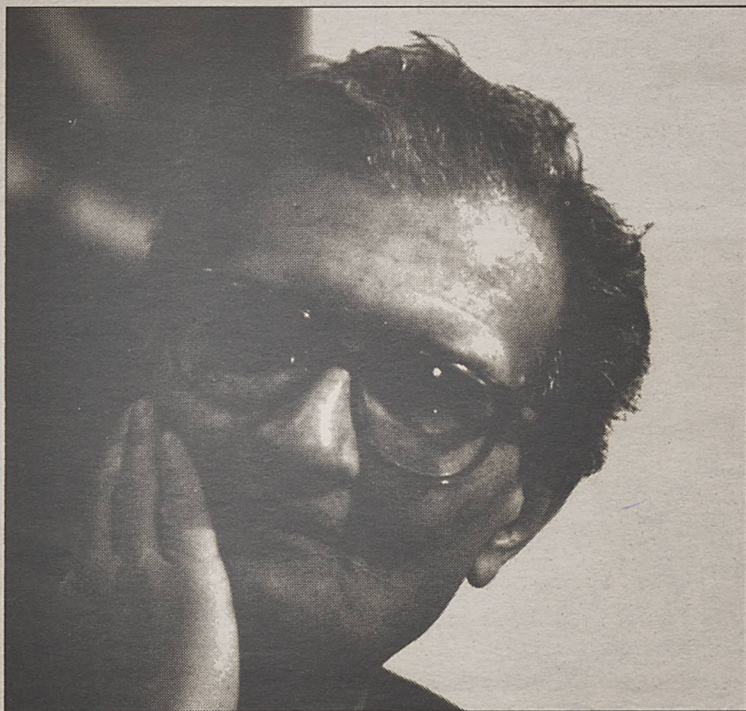
to create pressure on Western governments and persuade them to write off the debt by the year 2000.

Jubilee 2000 has been active in LSE for the past year or so, the culmination of their efforts has been to organise an 'Embassy Run'. This rather simple idea is to run between twenty of the proposed beneficiaries of debt abolition, collecting flags, and then presenting these flags to the Treasury.

The run is to take place on March 8th. It will signal the end of a weekend of events organised by the coalition. There are marches and rallies planned for the 6th and 7th, as well as an overnight vigil of the Treasury on the Sunday. The presentation of the embassies' flags will mark the conclusion of the vigil. If anyone's interested in taking part contact B.Cox@lse.ac.uk. Sinj Mukherjee

Jewel of India Returns to Old Stomping Ground

Features Editor Michael Collins sees Nobel Prize winner Amartya Sen sparkle once again at the London School of Economics



Amartya Sen: putting morality back into economics.

Photo: Chi Yin Sim

On Monday 22nd of February, Professor Amartya Sen addressed a packed audience in the Old Theatre of the London School of Economics, an event which he said "brought back many fond memories."

The Kohinoor diamond may be the most famous of Indian treasures to have found itself resident in Britain, but Professor Amartya Sen's Nobel Prize of October last year, awarded for his work in welfare economics, has made him the hottest of properties on the intellectual market.

Born on November 3rd 1933 near Shantiniketan, a university founded by another Indian Nobel laureate, the poet Rabindranath Tagore, Professor Sen has retained Indian citizenship in spite of many years living abroad, in Britain, Italy and the USA. Since becoming a Professor of Economics at Jadavpur University in India when he was only 24 years old, Amartya Sen has taught at Delhi School of Economics, Oxford University and Harvard, as well as the London School of Economics from 1971-1977.

For a man of his years, Professor Sen shows a remarkable vitality and enthusiasm. Since his Nobel Award, he has been travelling the world lecture circuit and giving endless media interviews and it is perhaps this fact that has led him to become extremely skillful in dodging reporters. As I chased after him towards his hotel on the Strand, he sidestepped pedestrians with the ease of a Brazilian winger and disappeared with the kind of body swerve that told me I was dealing with a veteran media performer.

However, using my trusty reporters intuition, I followed the clamouring hordes into the Old Theatre at 5.30, judging correctly that I would track him down there.

The specified topic, 'An Evaluation of Freedom', gave Professor Sen an opportunity to confirm why he has been a pioneer of ethical and moral thought in economics for more than twenty five years. Although the diversity of his audience prevented him from any detailed venture into some of the more esoteric elements of his work, he delivered a robust defence of the value of freedom and the need for free choice in social decisions.

Distinguishing between 'culmination outcomes', which only account for the end product of a decision, and 'comprehensive outcomes', which also include the process by which an outcome was reached, Professor Sen gave an animated argument for the merits of freedom of choice:

"Suppose you go to a dinner party where there is orange juice and a fine Burgundy to drink," he said. "You happen to be driving and thus intend to drink only orange juice. Aware of your intentions, your amicable host cheerily gives you your glass of orange juice without asking what you would actually like, but you are unhappy. "The orange juice is what I wanted, but I wanted to choose it myself!" you exclaim." In explaining his ideas in such terms, Professor Sen showed an Indian penchant for allegory and held his audience captive for more than an hour.

He moved on from a general discussion of how we value the opportunity to choose, to look at the

types of preferences that we might have, arguing that we may often be faced with a 'Hobson's choice', which is a term for effectively having no choice at all. In this case, although the individual may have the freedom of an actual choice, because the particular outcome that he desires is missing, our freedom, or our ability to choose, is less than it might be.

After more than an hour of animated oration, Professor Sen commented that he was "full of energy and raring to go" and took questions for a further thirty minutes.

It would be no discredit to Professor Sen, however, to say that his lecture was probably not one of his best intellectual performances. Although he explored some of the general reasons why we might value freedom, and the idea that not all types of freedom are as attractive as others, he did not establish any clear paradigm by which we might evaluate freedom itself, which was, after all, the title of the lecture.

This problem was hinted at by many of the pointed questions raised afterwards. In particular, it was asked "Is freedom always a good thing or can it sometimes be bad?" to which Professor Sen replied:

"It is not simply that freedom is always an advantage, it may not be. Therefore valuing freedom is really much more of a robust statement."

Essentially Professor Sen was arguing that the relationship between freedom and utility is a relative one. Although this may be useful in practice, it does not go very far in establishing the specific criteria by which we can make those decisions and therefore leaves the decision open to a subjective rather than an objective judgement. Establishing the relationship between liberty and utility is of course a crucial dilemma faced by John Stuart Mill in his works *On Liberty* and *Utilitarianism*, and to be fair to Professor Sen, he was significantly constrained by the short period of time in which he had to explore these areas.

The work for which Professor Sen was awarded his Nobel Prize in October was largely derived from three key works, *Collective Choice and Social Welfare* (1970), *On Economic Inequality* (1973) and *Poverty and Famines* (1981). In *Poverty and Famine*, arguably his most important work, Professor Sen challenged the orthodoxy that famines were the consequence of a failure in supply.

Through empirical studies of famines in India, Bangladesh, and the Saharan countries from the 1940s onwards, Professor Sen found other explanatory factors. Most importantly, he argued that famines may be caused by access and purchasing problems experienced by

individuals. He observed that famines have occurred when the supply of food has not been significantly lower than it had been in previous years when famine had not occurred. Part of his explanation for the Bangladesh famine of 1974 was that flooding throughout the country had led to a significant rise in prices, while work opportunities for agricultural workers dramatically declined since one of the crops could not be harvested.

The Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences report on Professor Sen's Nobel award said that "Sen shows that a profound understanding of famine requires a thorough analysis of how various social and economic factors influence different groups in society and determine their choices." This brings us back to the central theme of Sen's work, that abject poverty, lack of education and ill health all contribute to a reduction of freedom.

Much of Professor Sen's work is of course directly relevant for his native India. In the past, he has been very candid about India's economic reforms, arguing that despite India's overall economic growth, there is a lot of evidence that the benefits of economic expansion were not reaching the least fortunate members of society.

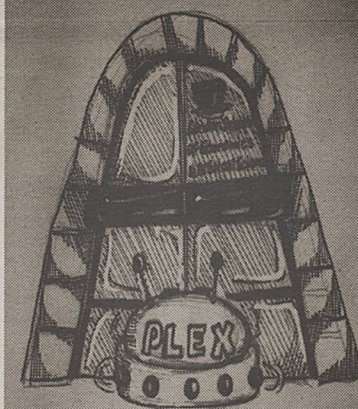
At a press conference following his Nobel award in October, he commented that India and Pakistan had neglected health care and land reform "in a truly regrettable way that means that when economies have opened up, a lot of people are not able to compete in the global world."

At Professor Sen's honorary reception which followed the lecture, I was finally able to catch up with him and ask him about his most recent award, the title of 'Jewel of India' (Bharat Ratna), which he received at a special ceremony in Delhi last week.

I asked him if this award had made him think about making a political commitment to his home nation:

"I don't think that my political commitment to the country changes very much. I have always had this position right from the beginning, that I never advised any government and would never do so. I want to influence policy certainly, and there are some terrible neglects in India, lack of literacy and basic health care being some of them. There are many things that could be changed with relatively little financial outlay, but it requires leadership and it requires clarity of thought."

Clearly Professor Sen could provide both of these, but, as he pointed out in his lecture, a position of privilege brings with it a wider range of freedoms, and for now Professor Sen chooses to use his freedom to remain working in the West.



PLEX

Forsaken learnbots(tm) and ribald residue of Theoryland's obtuse maladies! Our ridicule of said quirks of Time's Wasteland now turn on us as we seek to augment and enhance them, making them easier for us to lexically smack upside the head with our estranged rhetoric. As always, we bear no accountability for our actions and we do not honor any contracts in which we partake.

We begin our introduction of farcical accoutrements to this basin of inert inspiration with an innovation that may very well revolutionize the synthetic substitutes industry. Witness the Scrapping Hyper-Rotary Entry and Discarding system-SHRED (pronounced "prkz 'l'fe")-a new concept in library patron disposal technology. Swiping the provided card at the perimeter and then keying in the 18-digit random access code will grant the user ingress to the baneful facilities of the Lionell-Robbins building via a gas turbine-powered turnstile operating at a sustained periodicity of 350 revolutions per second, and capable of burst rates in excess of 1,800 rps. Effectively, this mechanism will shred the improvident patron into small fragments, while propelling the remaining minority of learnbots(tm) into an electrified ferrous alloy partition. Failure to proceed through SHRED will energize BASTARD, a comprehensive 12-step degassing and Split-Phase H-K Infiltration/Retrieval system in which learnbot(tm) and teachbot(tm) material is strained through a filter and delivered in vacuum packed parcels to the Brunch Bowl.

To quell the ever-infuriating student traffic problems experienced in Theoryland we propose Traffic Interference Prevention Enhancement-TRIPE. This would involve armed militia installed in patrol posts at every corridor intersection, with instructions to assuage any collision disputes by flipping a coin and lobotomizing the loser with his, her, or its choice of either a point blank hollow-tipped or medium range M2 Carl Gustav anti-armour recoilless rifle round. In case of anomalous unruly life-preservation behaviorism on the part of stubborn learnbots(tm), we suggest that various stations equip themselves with a frequency modulation receiver that, when tuned to a certain radio frequency known as "PuLSE," can sedate the subject while it is dealt with via hand-deployed explosives or proximity mines.

These are but two of our unlimited supply of nugatory and otherwise dangerous anti-personnel products for the modern learnbot(tm) collective. Give us your own ideas at learnbot@hotmail.com, and we'll blame any casualties on you.



edit orial

Elections... you got to love them. Of course, as one of the more simian members of the primate family, I lack the relevant knowledge to fully understand the democratic processes you humans seem fond of. But even I have to appreciate that without the imminent arrival of the sabbatical elections I, Fuzzy Monkey, would not be in my current position of power. Without the rigmarole and pontification that go hand in paw with these type of events, Beaver Editor Matt Brough would not have had to bestow the power of Deputy Editor upon me, a simple ape.

Of course the occasional democratic exercise is nice (not nice in a "bananas are nice" kind of way) but even I with my tiny furry head can see that a week or so of political participation won't make up for month after month of apathy. Excuse me if I sound cynical (it's late, I haven't been groomed and my lice are biting) but although you guys get all wound up in the, ahem, magic of elections you never seem to be bothered about the matters in between.

Take top-up fees for example. I live in the jungle; the worst thing that can happen to me is pricking my paw when I try to pick a pear from the big paw paw. You guys on the otherhand have to fork out thousands of pounds to just get a measly degree. Library changes won't worry me (monkeys can't read, my degree is a BSc in prehensile tail swinging) but it will seriously affect any students studying over the next five years. And why hasn't a lot been done about this? Well, because you guys don't seem to care. If my monkey friends and I didn't look out for each other we'd get eaten by tigers all the time. With the kind of attitude you humans have I wouldn't be surprised if you all end up like Charlton Heston screaming at wrecked landmarks...

I guess what I'm trying to say is that even though voting is important, it's not as important as actually thinking and getting involved.

On a more upbeat note however I'd just like to remind all the Beaver's readers that issue 500 is rapidly approaching. Not only will the paper be celebrating over 500 issues of quality student journalism but it also marks our fiftieth year in print. Although I'm a relative new comer to the staff (and hairier than Matt before his wig got slashed) I'll be joining in the fun and I expect all of you to be too.

Until next time, mine's a Banana Daiquiri...

"Right Turn Clyde"

Fuzzy Monkey
Deputy Editor

Note: Fuzzy is a cuddly toy and if his views reflect those views of the Beaver Editorial or its staff, this is pure coincidence

OUT NOW
Spring Issue Volume 4 Issue 1

Find out how the proposed changes to Britain's A Level system will effect the economy and educational standards.

Also inside this issue:

- Holding the bank to account
- Brave new world
- The minimum wage
- Riding the global financial storm
- Does inequality mean slow growth?
- The weightless economy

Call 0171 955 7673 to order your copy

Issue 500
Is Coming!!

Want to be part of **THE biggest event in the history of the LSEU's favourite publication?**

Come and talk to The Beaver Crew in room C023...
(We don't bite. Honest)



THE BEAVER

Executive Editor
Matthew Brough

Deputy Editor
Fuzzy Monkey

Managing Editor
Furry Ferret

Photography Editor
Laure Trebosc

Advertising Manager
Sam Goddard

Section 1

News Editors
Tom Livingstone
Shailini Ghelani

Features Editor
Michael Collins

Political Editor
James Corbett

Economic Editor
Andreas von Paleske

International Editors
Hiroko Tabuchi
Ee Loong Toh

Sports Editors
Matt Sutton
Lee Federman

Section 2 - BART

Literary Editor
Anna Yacoub

Film Editor
Matt Berry

Theatre Editor
James Savage

Music Editors
Anna Derbyshire
Jo Serieux

Clubbing Editor
Largin' it Lemur

Fine Arts Editor
Jan Sagan

Collective

Amir Absood, Anton Sebi Ahmed, Shaista Ahmed, Mark Antony, Sherrina Anuwar, Shama Aslam, David Bakstien, Mark Baltovic, Anne Beade, Laure Beaufils, Christina Beharry, Jonathan Black, Naomi Colvin, Liz Chong, Peter Clegg, Michael Collins, Jonathan Cooper, Amit Desai, Nina Duncan, Michael Epstein, Lee Federman, Shilpa Ganahra, Helen Gibson, Deborah Goldemberg, Shabnum Hasan, Katherine Jacob, Helen Jamieson, Dana Johnson, Tasha Kosviner, Nadezda Kinsky, Philip Lam, Spanky Lewis, Becky Little, Fredrik Ljone Holst, Kenneth Lo, Dan Madden, Sinj Mukherjee, Craig Newsome, Ben Newton, Daniela Ott, Mateo Paniker, Mark Palls, Neel Patel, Alison Pertine, Chelsea Phua, Mannan Raja, Zaf Rashid, Loretta Reehill, Chris Roe, Da Roche, Silvia Santoro, Susannah Sava, Vicky Seabrooke, Captain B'stard, James Simpson, Sunil Sothia, Louise Stanley, Graham Stevenson, Matthew Stoaite, Chris Sutcliffe, Jo Swinson, Mark Tannen, Jamie Tehrani, Damian Thong, Stephen Topping, Gulshan Verma, Julia Vowles, Julius Walker, Huw Williams, Matthew Wilkins, Andrew Yule.

The Beaver is published by the London School of Economics Students' Union and printed by Newstax, of Unit 16, Carpenters Road, Bow Industrial Park, London E15. It can be contacted at 0181 986 3130.
The Beaver can be contacted by phone on 0171 955 6705 and by facsimile on 0171 955 6705.
All letters for printing should be received by Noon on the Thursday preceding publication.

The LSE United Nations Society
presents its:

Model United Nations

Please contact
Neil Lakhani on
n.lakhani1@lse.ac.uk
for further information

Think you're a genius?
Prove it!

University Challenge Trials

6 p.m.
Thu. 11th. March,
Underground Bar
(below the 3 Tuns)

SU Lent Term Elections

Voting Times

Monday the 1st.
Tuesday the 2nd.
Wednesday the 3rd.
12 noon - 2 p.m. - The Quad

Wednesday Evening
Along the halls of residence

Thursday the 4th.
9:30 a.m. to 7 p.m. - the Quad

A Farewell to Arms

Ee Loong Toh looks at the international effort to rid the world of the landmine.

There is much cause for celebration as the Ottawa Convention comes into force on 1 Mar 1999. Technically, it is known as the Convention on the Prohibition on the Use, Stockpiling, Production and Transfer of Antipersonnel Mines and on their Destruction. Quite a mouthful but it does tell you exactly what it is about - to get rid of the landmine. So far, 133 nations-states have signed the Convention with 64 ratifications or accessions.

In the past, the banning of anti-personnel mines hardly figured on the agenda of national governments. Few expected the progress made since, culminating in a treaty, backed by the force of international law among its signatories. Here much credit must be given to Diana, the late Princess of Wales, a fervent campaigner against this indiscriminate weapon. One recalls the television images of her speaking with small children who had lost their limbs due to anti-personnel mines. The massive publicity surrounding her death, with particular emphasis to the causes she championed, gave the necessary push to allow the Convention to be drawn up.



Diana in mine gear Photo: BBC

"The most lethal and long-lasting form of pollution yet encountered" was how former UN Secretary-General Boutros Boutros Ghali described the landmine. Mines are estimated to kill

or maim about five hundred people a week - or one person every twenty minutes. One of the cheapest military weapons available to armies and rebel groups, they can remain active for up to fifty years. The victims of landmines are mostly farmers and their children, often long after a conflict has ended. The civil wars of Angola, Bosnia and Cambodia have landmines scattered all over their countryside. The UN reckons that there are more than 100 million landmines in place worldwide. Clearing landmines is a dangerous and costly business. It takes less time and costs much less to lay a mine than to detect and disarm it. The latter activity can cost up to £750 a mine.

Increasingly sophisticated technology has made mine clearing ever more difficult. Plastic mines evade metal detectors - the traditional method of clearing. An even more primitive method must be called upon as a substitute. It involves crawling on the ground with a mine prodder (a three foot spike with a hand grip), poking the ground in front of you and hoping that a mine doesn't blow up in your face. Some landmines have been deliberately designed to maim rather than to kill. Not out of humanitarian considerations, mind you. An injured soldier ties up a lot more enemy resources than a dead one.

Angola is the classic case to demonstrate the devastation caused by landmines. It has the greatest concentration of landmines in the world, some 15 million underfoot rendering a third of Angolan territory a no-man's land. Some 70,000 Angolans are believed to have lost limbs as a result of stumbling on landmines. Prosthetic limbs are beyond the means of most Angolans and many are injured in areas from which it may take many days to reach a hospital. Apart from the effects on the individual, the deaths, injuries and displacement, landmines have seriously impaired Angola's efforts at



A mine in hand is worth...

Photo: BBC

recovery. The omnipresent threat of landmines has prevented rural refugees from returning home to start the process of rebuilding their shattered lives and nation.

As such, the Ottawa Convention is good news indeed. In an effort to take the lead and set an example for others to follow, Britain has pledged to destroy all its landmine stocks by the start of the year 2000. Defence Secretary George Robertson announced last week that the British Army had destroyed all its stocks ahead of schedule and declared that "no British soldier will ever again lay anti-personnel mine." While the Royal Air Force still holds some stocks, the Blair government expects they will all be gone by the end of the year. Mr Robertson went on to say that "the destruction of stocks should not be allowed to hide the ongoing challenge of removing those mines that are already in the ground."

However the situation is far from perfect. Some major powers, including China, the United States and Russia have pointedly refused to sign the Convention. The landmine business also has some interesting players. In a report for the International Campaign to Ban Landmines (Alex Vines, Killers in the Commonwealth: Antipersonnel Landmine Policies of the

Commonwealth Nations, Oct 1997, Vol.9, No.4 (G), <http://www.icbl.org>), one learns that the tiny Republic of Singapore is alleged to be one of major anti-personnel landmine producers in the developing world. It traces a complex network of production, service and marketing operations that links back to Singapore's Ministry of Defence and state-owned firms like the Chartered Industries of Singapore. The report goes on to cite a partly declassified U.S. Army Intelligence study alleging that Singapore-made mines were found in Saddam Hussein's arsenals.

In May 1996, Singapore declared



Angolan minefield warning: Danger, Mines!

Photo: BBC

a unilateral moratorium on the export of non-self-destructible and non-detectable antipersonnel mines. Not unreasonably, Singapore, like India and Pakistan, maintain that antipersonnel mines are needed for "legitimate self-defence." China and Russia cite their vast territorial expanse while the US refuses to rule out deploying a weapon that could save the lives of American troops.

Nonetheless the Ottawa Convention is a significant milestone. The anti-landmine movement has come a long way. It represents the determination to put an end to the suffering and casualties caused by anti-personnel mines; to remove and destroy mines placed throughout the world; to provide assistance for the care, rehabilitation and reintegration of mine victims; the universalization of the Convention and to work towards adherence by the nation-states to the principles of international humanitarian law.

One should not scoff at these lofty ideals. They contain what renowned historian E.H. Carr believed to be essential ingredients of all effective political thinking: a finite goal, an emotional appeal, a right of moral judgement and a ground for action.

We may yet bid a final farewell to the landmine.

What's with the Millenium?

It's no big deal, says Damian Thong.

The word 'millenium' will probably be the most overused word as celebrations to usher in the year 2000 draw nearer.

The British Government seems particularly keen on milking the once-in-a-thousand-year event for all its worth. Lottery money has been distributed all over the country, the most famous of which is the unpopular Millenium Dome.

Britain does have a good reason to try and exploit this nice even number though. Greenwich. It was agreed on October 1884 (France abstaining) that time is to be calculated from the Meridian running through the Greenwich Observatory.

"That all longitude would be calculated both east and west from this meridian up to 180°. All countries would adopt a universal day. The universal day would be a Mean Solar Day, beginning at the Mean Midnight at Greenwich and counted on a 24 hour clock. That nautical and astronomical days

everywhere would begin at mean midnight." You still with me?

On the entertainment side, Chris Carter's 'Millenium' TV series is set against the backdrop of increased cult activity. The millenium was thought to herald the Second Coming or the Apocalypse - in short, the end of the world.

Much fuss has been made about the dangers posed to a computer dependent society by the Millenium Bug (also known as the Y2K problem). To make sure its planes will run smoothly come the big day, China has ordered all chief executives of its airlines to be on board a plane over the coming New Year. Some quarters on the continent have described the publicity around the Bug as an Anglo-Saxon conspiracy to divert attention from the birth of the Euro.

On the other side of the planet, the Islamic and Chinese worlds traditionally use a lunar calendar and wonder what all the fuss is all about - other than being the perfect excuse

for a huge party.

The Chinese have a twelve year cycle, with each year represented by an animal - Rat, Ox, Tiger, Rabbit, Dragon, Snake, Horse, Sheep, Monkey, Rooster, Dog, and Pig. But it isn't used in official correspondence. That isn't the case for the Japanese who use the reign of their Emperor parallel to the Western calendar. For example, 1979 is represented as Showa 54 i.e. the fifty-fourth year of the Showa Emperor (better known as Hirohito).

All this ballyho might all be pointless though. One has to risk being a wet blanket to point out, as has Isaac Asimov, that the year 2000 isn't the first year of the new Millenium. As the first millenia started with A.D. 1, it is the coming year that will be the last year of the old millenia. The real party should be to welcome the year with the rather unsexy number of 2001. But that's not about to stop a lot of people from celebrating.

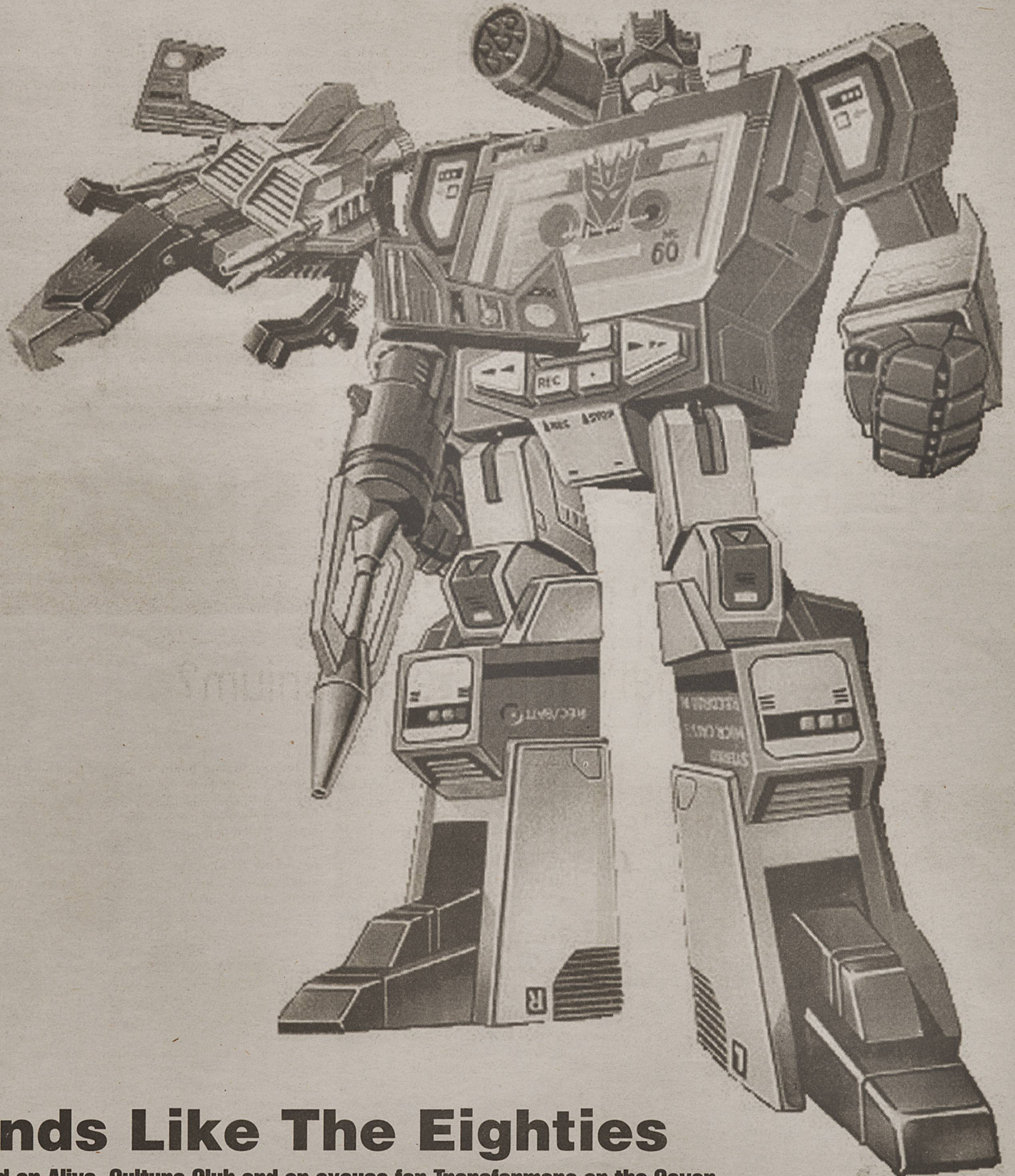


Who says things have to end with a whimper?

Photo: BBC

Bart

Beaver Arts Magazine



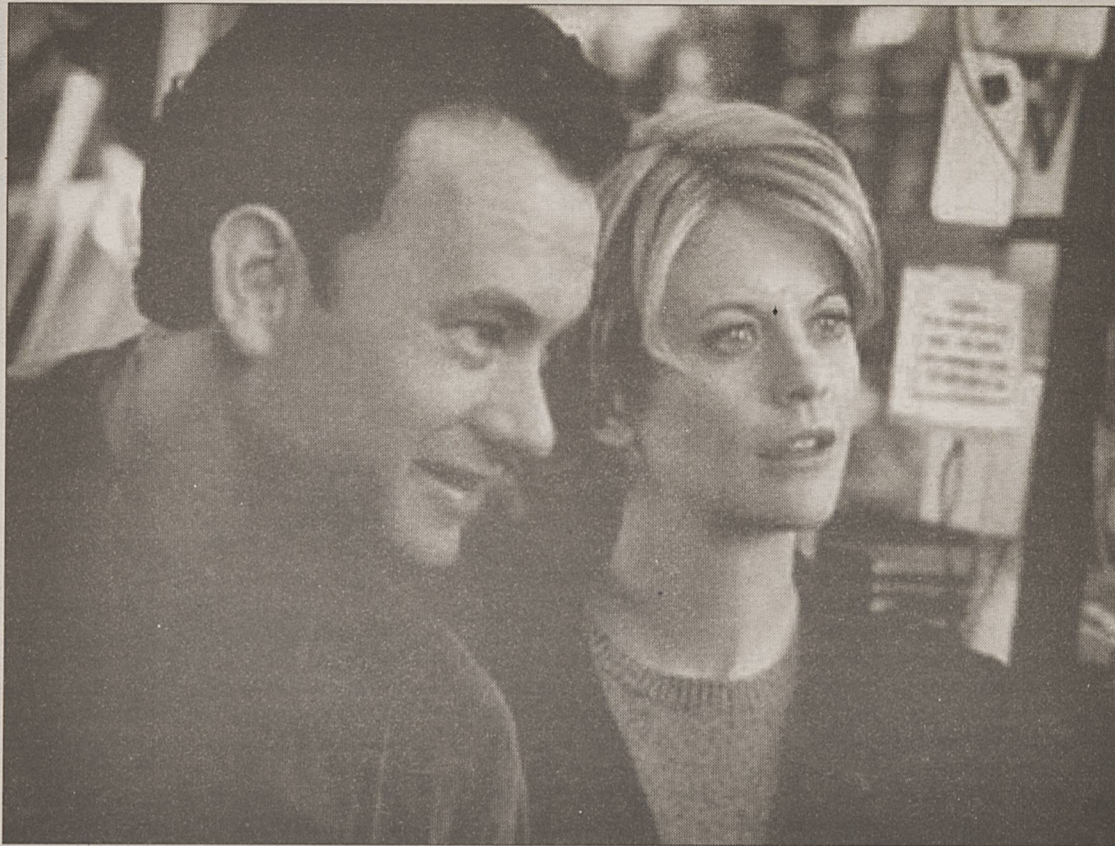
Sounds Like The Eighties

Wham, Dead or Alive, Culture Club and an excuse for Transformers on the Cover

You've Got Mail

www.brie.com?

Nora Ephron's latest offering sees the third recoupling of her favoURite duo Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan. In case you think they've reunited for a completely new adventure, they haven't, as *You've Got Mail* is essentially a rehash *Sleepless in Seattle* for the Network Society. Kathleen Kelly (Ryan) runs a quaint children's book shop that's been in her family for years. It has recently come under threat, however, by the local opening of a new 'mega' bookstore named Fox Books. The owner of the store, Joe Fox (Hanks), perceives Kathleen's shop to be competition, and resorts to all means possible to ensure its downfall. As you can imagine the two owners hate each other. Little do they know however, they're best of friends in the anonymous world of e-mail, they even begin to fall in e-love. They spend much of their free time writing about "how great it is to live in New-York" and "how good scotch tape smells". In addition they discuss their personal and business problems, using ambiguous phrases such as "mean people" and "bad things" to protect their privacy. When they do finally meet each other and realise whom the other one is,



Joe tries to suppress his aggressive and uncaring side in order to appease Kathleen. The real question is: will he close down his shop for her? You'll just have to

wait and see.

The first two-thirds of the film are really good fun. The e-mails between the two leads are filled with humorous observations ala

Seinfeld, and the audience gets consistent knowing laughs from Joe and Kathleen's innocently oblivious conversations. There's also great supporting

performances from Greg Kinnear (*As Good As it Gets*, *Sabrina*) and Parker Posey (*SubURbia*, *Henry Fool*) as the soon-to-be-dumped partners of the two leads. It's the latter third of the film however, when Joe and Kathleen meet and fall in love, that things start to go sour (or is that over-sweet). What could have been a potentially fascinating film about mistaken identity in the information age, just degenerates into mushy pap. Now don't start complaining that I've somehow revealed the ending, because when you go to see such a film, you know exactly what's gonna happen from the outset. That is precisely the problem with *You've Got Mail*. Whatever kind of background plot you put in, the Meg Ryan character is always gonna end up turning to wobbly jelly in front of the Hankster. You just wanna walk up to her and shout "Kathleen! The bastard's put you out of business! You've lost your family's shop because of him! he's made all your employees redundant!" To which she'll respond, as always: "Yeah, but he has just the cutest smile ooooooh". Bleurgh.

mark tannen

LSE GETS STEAMY

There is no doubt about it: things are definitely changing this year at the LSE. After the successful launch of PulSE radio on air, watch out for the very first LSE-made film. *Sexual Perversity in Chicago* is an adaptation of the play written in 1974 by David Mamet, the uncontested master of dialogue, who recently wrote and directed the critically acclaimed *Spanish Prisoner*. Christian fanatics, do not fear: this is not a porn movie, although "sex" is referred to very explicitly, to put it mildly. The film follows the paths of two men and women as they struggle to find happiness through their sexual relations. "Love, lust and loss" seems to be the motto of *Sexual Perversity in Chicago* where men lead on the failure front, and

SEXUAL PERVERSITY IN CHICAGO



although the film was both written and directed with a great deal of humour, it is ultimately a tragic story. *Sexual Perversity* tells us about failures in relationships, but in our language

rather than in the artificial language of political correctness used in Hollywood. Produced both by the LSESU Drama Society and

the directors - prove to be great connoisseurs in the domain. Names such as Mankiewicz, Godard and Gallo spring to mind when watching *Sexual Perversity*, although it does not lack a personal "je ne sais quoi". Evans, who also lead the film's cinematography, used a digital camera, thus adopting a modern and - dare I say "avant-garde" approach, as have, amongst others, Hal Hartley and the Danish directors from *Dogma*.

On the acting side, Yasmine Chinwala, Mina Sokmen, Neal Thapar and Matt Ziegler are all very convincing, which is hardly surprising considering they have all been involved in many theatrical productions, including *Silly Cow* - up to now the most successful play ever at the LSE. *Sexual Perversity in Chicago* is one of the biggest things that ever happened

Firstbase Industries, this is LSE's very own independent movie. It was directed and produced by LSE students, acted by LSE students, and even partly shot in the LSE. Gareth Evans and Rajinder Gill -

to the cultural life at LSE - Miss it at your peril...

Showing Tonight (Monday), Tuesday and Thursday @8:30pm in the Old Theatre.

SHAG ME

Let's face it - it's mid-February. Cold, wet and sluggish weather mirrors the current movie scene. There are a couple of must-sees (which you've already seen) and there's a lot of crap. The British film scene is flying its unpredictable banner with some limp vigour. Earlier in the month anyone foolish enough to be sucked in by Anthony Edwards' good looks was conned out of a fiver watching *Don't Go Breaking My Heart*. Set in the lush north London neighbourhoods that make up Hampstead, it failed miserably to educate the young movie-goer about the bedroom habits of their parents generation. Staring at dodgy fat ponytailed 50+ year old men trying to get laid with an equally rough menopausal toe-fag is, believe it or not, a sight for sore eyes. Thank god David Kane came along with another north London alternative.

It's the alternative Valentine flick where all is not well. Contemporary, brutal honesty and set in equally hip Camden. The film follows the sex/love lives of half a dozen unsatisfied customers over a two year period. The characters are fab; the script is highly observant and gives the actors some real meat to work

with. For the girls we've got a tasty spread. There's Marey (Kathy Burke), an airport cleaner, with a serious confidence problem for whom the notion of a relationship means being picked up for a one-night stand by some depressed bastard until she's either made him sick or he's cheered up. Next is Sophie (Jennifer Ehle), an ex-Rhodian girl who's fallen out of the mould and lives in a boat on the Regent's Canal with her little boy, Kalim. They're a team so any bloke gets a package deal or goes without - to his detriment because she's a stunner. Last is Hannah, clothes designer, and general indie-chick whose marriage to Douglas Henshall lasted all of 35 minutes. Blokes-wise there's Henshall, a 'tattoo artist', and two mates - Liam (dysfunctional psycho nerd) and his lonely hearts charmer pal, Dougary Scott.

Meandering through a totally unconvincing web of chance meetings that lead on to some interesting relationships, everybody gets a taste of each other, so to speak. The ending is satisfyingly predictable. Strongly executed by all involved but it lacks the method of a No 1.

matt berry

A Genius Screams down the Ages

James Savage sees a modern masterpiece at the Old Vic

The programme reads like a Who's Who of modern British theatre. Written by Peter Shaffer, directed by Peter Hall at the Old Vic, starring David Suchet and Michael Sheen, it sounds almost too good to be possible. Therefore, being the cynic that I am, I was ready to be disappointed. It couldn't possibly live up to expectations, could it?

The story, for those of you who haven't seen the play before, or the excellent film version starring Robert Downey jr., the play tells the story of the later life of Mozart. Sounds dull? Well, if it does, then you obviously know nothing about Mozart's life. Debauched, manic and deeply flawed, he inspired admiration and spite in equal measure amongst his contemporaries.

This play focuses on the destructive relationship between Mozart (Sheen) and fellow composer, Salieri (Suchet). Salieri, a fairly unremarkable and time-serving composer is consumed by jealousy at Mozart's unworldly talent. He cannot understand why God had given Mozart, an apparent degenerate, such colossal talents, yet left him, Salieri, with the ability to appreciate his work yet never to match it.

Salieri's colossal jealousy leads him on the most destructive path of all: to destroy the man whose

music surpasses all others. He sees Mozart as God's instrument and sets out to destroy him. It's a straight battle, in his bitter mind, between himself and God. Mozart, as Salieri says, is the battleground on which they fight.

Salieri's casting of Mozart as God's agent seems incongruous at first: he is decadent and frivolous; loud and vulgar. A genius, certainly, but like most geniuses, deeply flawed.

As the play develops, however, the subtleties in his character reveal themselves, and Mozart begins to look more and more vulnerable. Cast away by the Court in Vienna, losing one by one



his health and his wife (Lucy Whybrow), we witness the pathetic spectacle of The



Marriage of Figaro opening in a music hall, where nobody appreciates the

state.

The acting in Amadeus is faultless. The two leads,

beauty of his work except for Salieri, the ever-present faux-ami.

By the end of the play, the decadent Mozart has been stripped away to reveal a vulnerable, emotional, child-like and deprived genius. Deprived of a proper childhood by an over-ambitious father, he remains in his child-like

particularly, are breathtaking. The passion in their performances seeps into the audience, giving you that slightly choked feeling that results from juxtaposing humour with the pathos that is skilfully invoked by Mozart's tragic downfall.

The set of Amadeus is lavish, with a backdrop made, it seems, entirely of mirrors. These give the glittering Austrian court visual lustre which almost matches the enlightening acting. Designer William Dudley has really built a set which conveys the richness of the setting, and adds enormously to a slightly gothic experience.

But perhaps the star of it all is the wonderfully placed music, all taken from the works of Mozart and Salieri themselves and played at precisely the right intervals to maximise the impact of the on-stage action.

Beautifully lyrical, superbly acted, brilliantly produced and directed, this production will have you laughing heartily, yet will see you leaving the theatre wiping a tear from your eye, and this is no mean feat. If you only go to the theatre once this year, go and see this before it closes in April: you will be richer for the experience.

Amadeus is continuing at the Old Vic, Waterloo Road SE1. Box Office: 0171 494 5372

The Girlie Show

Alison Tyler sees a childhood heroine on stage at the Vaudeville

When I was small I always wanted to be the editor of *Press Gang*. I dreamed of the timewhen I would wear woolie tights and short A-line skirts with moccasins and look really cool. Thank God I grew out of the 80s. And so did Julia Sawalha, except for the mad curly hair. It was Julia Sawalha (*Press Gang*, *Ab Fab*, *Faith in the Future*) who initially attracted me to see this bitter-sweet comedy about the differing memories of childhood held by three sisters, gathered



together for the funeral of their mother. In fact the real treat was to see Alison Steadman and Samantha Bond as well as the interaction between the three women. Outstanding performances all round. The play is both funny,

emotional and poignant, yet somehow it finds a balance, weaving a fine thread between drugs, death, abortion, affairs and failed businesses...and it doesn't seem heavy!

This play was laugh-out-loud funny, not just quietly amusing (although I was frequently made aware that the subjects I was laughing at are not usually jokey). As they bicker, we learn of all the sisters' neuroses and scruples and

how their memories of shared experiences differ. Bond plays the pained doctor in love with a married man, Steadman is the bitter eldest sister and Sawalha's egotistical youngest child craves

attention. I don't know how it is in real life, but in this play you couldn't help but feel that the youngest child really did get the raw deal. Shelagh Stephenson's haunting comedy of grief and memories is well worth seeing - perfect for taking your family to. Shame about the uncomfortable seats in the

Vaudeville, though. *The Memory of Water is Continuing at the Vaudeville Theatre, Strand, WC2. Student Standby available half-an-hour before performance. Box Office: 0171 836 9987*

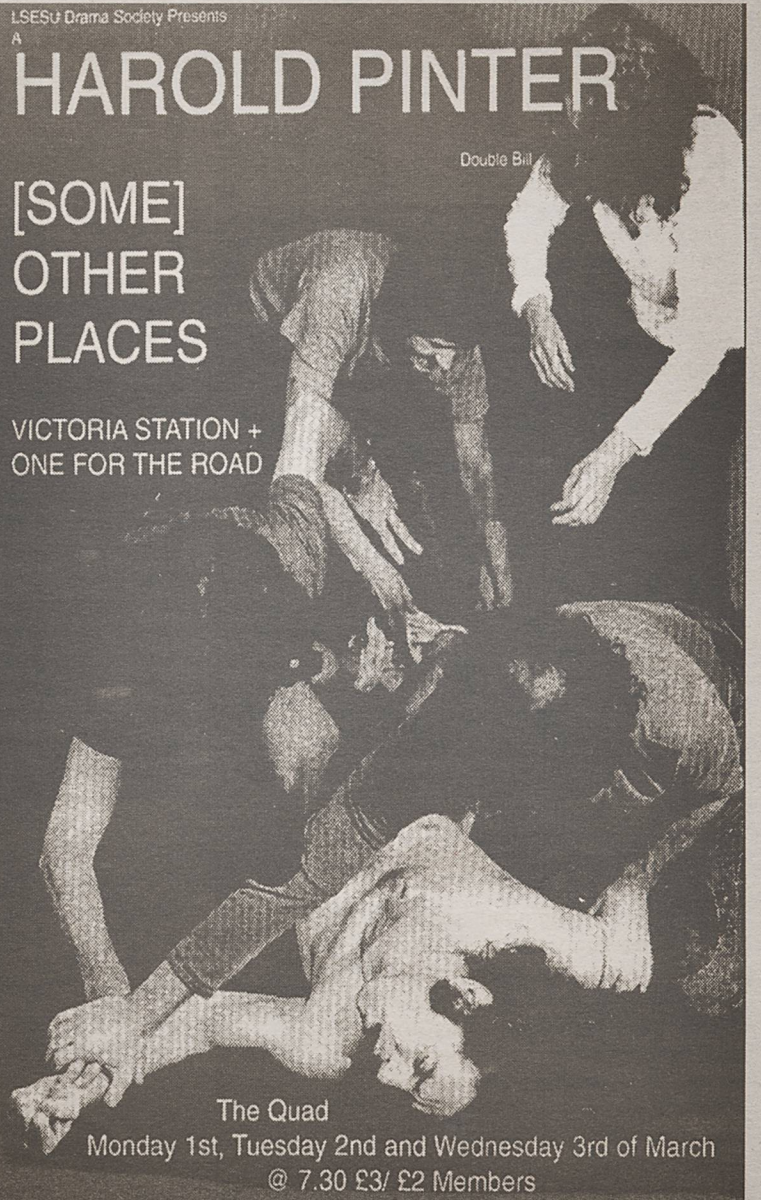
LSESU Drama Society Presents

HAROLD PINTER

Double Bill

[SOME] OTHER PLACES

VICTORIA STATION + ONE FOR THE ROAD



The Quad
Monday 1st, Tuesday 2nd and Wednesday 3rd of March
@ 7.30 £3/ £2 Members

Singles

Man from Mars is the latest track from Fleece. Original yet very strange with a little glam rock thrown in for good measure, the lyrics and imagery is just out of this world... "He sucks my entrails through a straw". Jesus! Well at least you can't call them unoriginal. The B-side track *18 Days In Space* is a clever acoustic song if a bit tame but the other track *Up Donna 5* is a disappointment, boring it takes the word tame to a totally new level of conscious. (5) AY

Jesus Christ, could this be more boring? Between the single *Disconnected Child's* album version and Canny's tail wagging mix (?) we are talking about over 15 minutes of utter, fucking tedium. OK, I could have dealt with about three minutes of the song but obviously Tin Star are not of the belief that less is in fact more. Piss off and don't ever, ever make a song longer than 3 mins. (1) AY

Like the teacher's pet getting passed over for the Nativity play, *Moloko* weren't even nominated for a Brit this year. Surely the record company execs haven't already tired of their blend of consensus trip-hop with a nu-disco twist? *Sing It Back* is remixed by Todd Terry too. Sling it where it belongs. (3) NC

Liz Horsman's got a flicky hairdo like Natalie Imbruglia, and the sleeve of *Heavy High* has got her sitting in piles of random rubbish: I may be model-gorgeous, she's saying, but - hey - I'm troubled too. It's tempting to put the word "contrived" in here somewhere, but at least it's derivative in a decidedly listenable solo-Benard Butler way. (6) NC

Kirsty Hawkshaw used to be in *Kopus III*, you know. She's obviously bought a few Bjork LPs since then. *Sci-Clone* doesn't even hold an unlit candle to *It's a Fine Day*, but since her dad wrote the Grange Hill theme tune I'll look kindly upon it and say nothing more. (4) NC

Yeah, I thought TLC had broken up too, but their new single, *No Scrubs*, a slick, funky and catchy r'n'b groover about, er, bathtime frolics, perhaps? shows that they are back and haven't lost their sassy edge. (7) JS

Don't be fooled by the title of the Pachinos new tune *Violent Son*: they may be trying to be like Manchester's answer to Nirvana, but they actually end up sounding like some shite Hanson tribute band. Crap. (2) JS

Single of the Week

Hmmm... a song about shaved female genitalia: just what the kids want. Or they should, as *Ladyshave*, the new single from strange popsters *GusGus* (the Icelandic Minty with tunes?) is a truly inspired funk-journey through electric bass rumblings and great big Hammond thumps. Quality. (8) AD

Come To Daddy...

Naomi Colvin experiences the Aphex Twin video launch & goes home in a fucking ambience

Ladies and Gentlemen: The Nineteen Eighties. As if paying out seven quid for the privilege of seeing the Aphex Twin's new video wasn't sufficiently decadent to prove the point, the defining feature of Cylob and Luke Vibert's DJ sets (not that there were very many) was a preponderance of early-Prince-esque funk and early-Madonna-esque pop. Confectionery for the soul. It's a sad reminder that all the allegedly imminent fin de siècle stuff was done and dusted a decade ago - hence the endlessly positioned eighties revival - but pulse-reviving nonetheless. Gawd, it makes me want to go out and buy something perfectly hideous from Red or Dead.

This is relevant, honest. Do you remember the 'Come To Daddy' video? Could you forget it even if you really wanted to? I hereby direct the uninitiated to <http://www.warprecords.com>.

To recap: anonymous urban degradation, ginger kids with beards running amok, bizarre and disturbing parental reconciliation to conclude. General unease and encroaching horror, of course, but with the ego writ large. Which, if you would but recall the great triumvirate of MJ, Mads & Moz (along with yer non alliterative Princes and Burchills) was what pop life in the 80s was all about.

The 'Windowlicker' promo (dir. Chris Cunningham) incorporates precisely the same elements, but with the balance tipped towards (admittedly perverse) ego-massage - be repelled, repulsed and revolted. That it's almost identical to 'Thriller' schematically is, I suspect, more than accidental.

If you've thrown a glance in the direction of the '99 Aphex calendar, you'll have caught the vibe already: aerobicised LA bikini babes... with beards. Cartoon grotesque. What you'd miss however is the sheer comic preposterousness of the thing, which a la 'Thriller' is emphasised through juxtaposition with an extended spoken introduction. Floundering subterfuge as opposed to more macho phallic symbolism than you could shake a stick/umbrella/limousine/skyscraper/flowing bottle of champers at, sir. Incredibly, a spot of moonwalking triggers the moment of transformation, just in case the viewer was still floundering. As Electronica (particularly post drum & bass) seems to ally quite naturally with the apocalyptic and the gritty - for some reason the trailer to Pi flashed behind my

eyes there - but especially with the anonymous, the sheer shiny pop starriness of 'Windowlicker' holds a certain appeal. [I've made precious little comment on the single itself, I know, but then I've only heard it the once.] But there's more to this, I think, than simple unearthing.

There's not really much of a precedent for what isn't even inverted egoism actually, more self-deprecation in yelling mode. Clearly, the original 'Thriller' was remarkable for precisely the opposite: the star beautifying the horrific with a King Midas touch. Self-love in homogenous exelcias. Moreover, while Morrissey and self-deprecation tend to run together, he actually stopped believing "I am sick and I am dull and I am plain" the moment the Smiths were formed, so that isn't



quite the same either. For that reason, this video is worth noting

down as a minor event of sorts. Without it - the dreaded "ironic" get out clause - though, "Windowlicker" really would be disturbing.

Five Great Pop Videos, Arbitrarily Selected

Madonna: Material Girl
Lest we forget: pink satin frocks and wealthy suitors. Forget Diana, this was what small girls dreamed about in the '80s.

Kraftwerk: Pocket Calculator
Inimitable Teutonic minimalism. They stand right at the edge of the stage, calculators in hand. They operate. And boy, do they dance.

Devo: Whip it
Each viewing accompanied by slight surprise that it got past the censors. See also Danny Kendall's suicide in Grange Hill.

Dee-Lite: Groove is in the Heart
Lady Miss Kier sets new standards in deportment. Wobbly psychedelic backdrop (hey, like they used to have on the Word!) and that catsuit. Aesthetically, at least five years ahead of its time.

Morrissey: November Spawned A Monster
Drop a pop star in a sand pit and leave to pant, wriggle and self-flagellate for five minutes. As reviewed by Beavis & Butthead.

Young Guns Go For It

Anna Derbyshire dances like a twat to the best songs of the 1980s, and she's not embarrassed

People often say to me, "Anna, you are camper than Charles Hawtrej in a two-man tent, and have dreadful taste in music". After administering a good, firm wedgie - I'm not standing for that kind of insolence - I tend to agree. The eighties were populated by legwarmers, mullets and Strawberry Switchblade, a few of the worst ideas since someone gave birth to Jonathan King, but at the same time they produced some of the greatest pop tunesmithery known to humankind. So come with me, my children, and I will guide you through the annals of history and allow you to indulge your (doubtless well-hidden) love of mindless light entertainment in a near-socially acceptable fashion.

'Love and Pride' - King: Paul King was indeed master of the mullet: his barnet is still legendary amongst hairdressers the world over who remian wondrous of its intricate topiary. This is the only song that anyone remembers by King, and it is one of the greatest pop songs of all time, its soaring melodies masking vulnerable and desolate lyrics. Apparently, it took a team of eight Argentinian peasant

children to lace up Paul's 127-hole Doc Martens.

'Wham Rap' - Wham! Wham! were single-handedly responsible for hoards of inebriated Essex boys thinking that they looked good in vests, but they also summed up the spirit of Thatcher's dole-queue victims with this classy paean to fun-on-a-budget. As the backing singers chant 'D-H-S-S', George Michael tries to convince all and sundry that wham, bam, he is indeed a man. Andrew Ridgeley, who was responsible for playing kazoo on an early Wham! demo, is now shackled up with Keren out of Bananarama: this is the campest thing that has ever happened.

'We Don't Have To Take Our Clothes Off' - Jermaine Stewart: It was recently pointed out to me that Jermaine Stewart is in fact a man: to be frank, his lycra pedal

pushers and castrato wails always had me baffled as a child. 'We Don't Have To Take Our Clothes Off' contains the line "We can dance and party all night, and drink some cherry wine, uh-huh", which I also found confusing as I had been told that wine was made from grapes. In this



Like he's just stepped out of a salon

fabulous yet dreadful pop song, Jermaine is presuming that somebody - anybody - would consider having sex with him.

'Respectable' - Mel & Kim: Mel & Kim were the female Wham!: mouthy Sarf Lahndaners, they were

never gonna be respectable, but they were going to record some immortal choruses during their short-lived career (and, indeed, Mel's short-lived, erm, life). Chants of "Tay tay tay tay tatatatata tay tay" can still be heard echoing through the winebars of Dagenham on calm

evenings. Kim Appleby managed one solo hit - not even she can remember the tune - before giving in to the lure of the dumper and forging a relationship with Craig Logan from Bros. You know, the one who was sacked. Yes you do. You do remember him. The only one who didn't look like a member of the Hitler Youth. Him.

'You Spin Me Round (Like A Record)' - Dead Or Alive: Pete Burns, eh? What a card. Definitely the best drag queen in pop: he made Boy George look like a deranged fortune teller (not that it took much) and appeared on the front cover of Smash Hits with Morrissey: one of the definitive moments of pop music, and the highest point of Smash Hits' history. A great lady.

Other classic artists: Sam Fox (stonewashed denim); A-ha (Morten Harket - phwoar); The Grange Hill Cast (heroin); Sabrina (boys boys boys); Sinitta (he's gotta be so macho); Frankie Goes To Hollywood (anal sex); Billy Ocean (twat).

Smack My Mix Up

Malte Gerhold reviews the solo album from the Prodigy's Liam Howlett

Well, here's the original story... "Back in the eighties, long before Prodigy, Liam Howlett was a DJ in the Essex hip-hop band Cut To Kill. He once entered a Capital Radio mixing competition, decided that the tape he had submitted was shit, and sent off another one. The two tapes won first prize and third prize." Right. Two comments. One. Having listened to Howlett's fifty minutes of rather dull and uninspired cuts and scratches I simply cannot comprehend how he won that competition. Two. Capital Radio. So that's why.

See, The Dirtchamber Sessions are obviously meant to be a trip through the sounds and beats that inspired and shaped Prodigy's own oh-so-successful way of turning crazy noise into wicked dance kicks. But maybe we

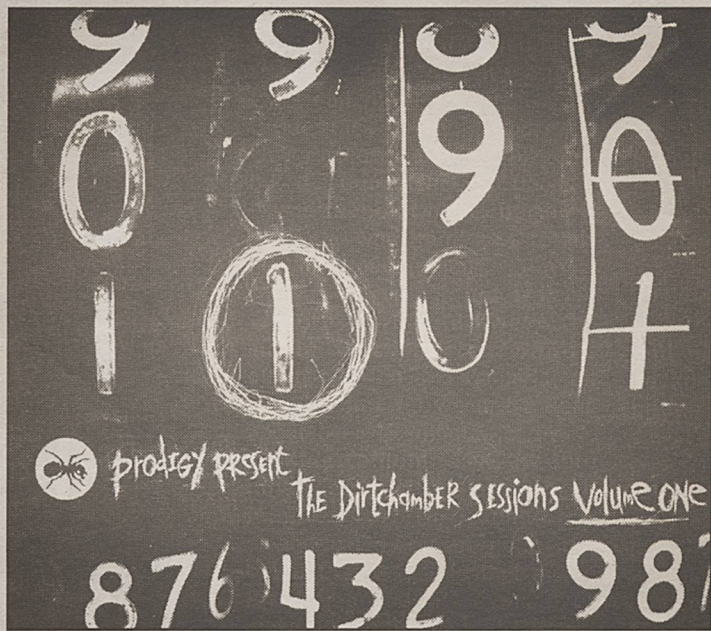
shouldn't forget that at the same time it is the pretty lame excuse

something new. That we've heard it all before. I mean, come on.

Firestarter, yawn. Breathe, yawn. And where would Smack My Bitch Up have been without its admittedly brilliant video. So Prodigy took a break. Fortunately. And Liam Howlett remembered his roots. Unfortunately. Rediscovered the beauty of the ones and twos of mixing, locked himself into his basement - and emerged with The Sessions.

The whole project started with Howlett's Breezeblock Session on Radio One (Mary Anne Hobbs - bless) and those regularly up after midnight may remember the raw energy of that night. Indeed, his rough style mixing and cutting gave the whole thing a fascinating air of originality. Cool. This, however, is the refined result pressed on a CD. And as such, it cannot

compete. Howlett squeezes more than 50 tracks into 50 minutes and quite probably less would have been more. Beastie Boys (and I dare say - of course), Grandmaster Flash, Chemicals, Ultramagnetic MCs, Coldcut, Public Enemy. They're all there. Yet - it somehow doesn't really fit. Sometimes his scratching is absolutely wicked. Sometimes his cross-fading is utterly awful. Particularly when he tries to slip in the obligatory non-beat track. Why we have to listen to three full minutes of the Sex Pistols only he knows. Charlatans and Primal Scream are sadly displaced. Admittedly, when he comes to some of the old-skool stuff it's fab. But then again there's no proper drive, all so incoherent. No one ever said, that DJ mix albums are incredibly exciting. After all, it's just a damn mix. But a quick glance at Portishead's DJ Andy Smith shows what's really possible. Howlett's Dirtchamber Sessions were great for the Breezeblock. For a CD they are too self-indulgent, suffer from repetition and are crowded with too many crap cuts. Could have done better. Still. For Capital Radio it's surely enough. (5)

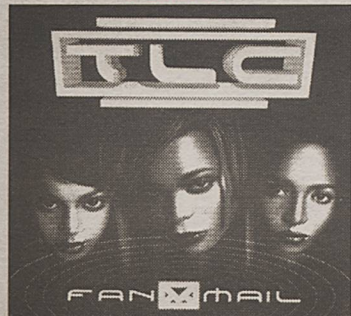


to bridge the creative gap Prodigy were left with after Music For The Jilted Generation. And quite possibly we should give credit to a band that realised that its third album could not take further what Generation already achieved. That their last album lacked ingenuity, surprise or simply

ALBUMS

TLC

Fanmail

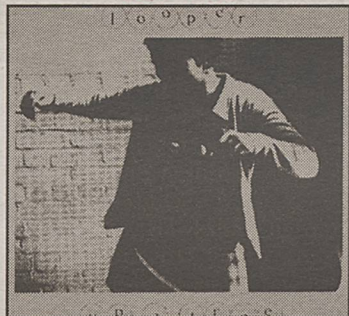


My kind of gals. Two of the classiest r'n'b singles ever released ('Creep' and 'Waterfalls'); declared bankrupt; one burns down annoying boyfriend's house; superb comeback with new album. 'Fanmail' is an exercise in attitude, an album that's going to take no shit from anybody, and will cause a few riots on a few dance floors. 'Silly Ho', a Missy Elliot-style rampage through the best of ultra-modern r'n'b, is a definitive TLC track: tough, funky and cold, whilst 'Automatic' is the perfect vehicle for the gorgeous, soulful trio of voices.

Where this album falls down is that it is overly long with not enough variation between the songs. Occasionally you can't help but feel that once you've heard one thumping bass or perfect harmony, you've heard them all. However, more melodic tracks such as the single 'No Scrubs', are swirling, imaginative highlights on what is, overall, a not unimpressive effort. It just needs a 'Creep'-style classic and it'd be brilliant. (6) AD

Looper

Up A Tree



My preferred accompaniment for emotional exhaustion is either silence, or satisfying chord progressions played extremely loud. In short, the last thing I'd go for is a bloody Belle and Sebastian LP. So you should take it as a recommendation of the highest regard that I haven't even been slightly riled by 'Up A Tree, the work of B&S' bassist Stuart David and his wife Karn. Part of this is due to the use of the monologue rather than that delicate wobbly vibrato thing. Stuart has a bit of a way with words, you see, and that can cover up any multitude of sins. It's also more arresting musically than expected, although the name of the band should have been a clue. Call me predictable if you like but I never tire of the sound of cheap keyboards, here delicately augmented by samples, electronic beats and melded into a distinctly (lo-fi) pop frame. Also, a real bonus for the terminally irked, none of the songs offered here outstays its welcome. There's a real crispness to this album - paddling rather than wallowing - that could even make the world outside seem a little more worthwhile. Well, almost. (8) NC

Stony Sleep

A Slack Romance



Stony Sleep's press release rants about how they're getting 'set to kick 1999 clean up the arse', but they should really change that to Stony Sleep being the arse-end of 1999's music. There are no tracks included in this album that scream a hit single, and this means that being oh-so-uncommercial, they purposely fill an elongated 63 minutes with huge long instrumentally bits. There's nothing deep about offering a lengthy, unstructured garage bash as an album, and even less about calling a song 'With The Clumsiness of a Borrowed Father'. Nurse, they're here...

Let's not be completely pessimistic, though. The singer person does have a pretty good voice and for background music at a joint-smoking sesh you're unlikely to do better, but the fact that this album drags on and on means that I shall be giving Stony Sleep a big, fat thumbs down and I'll be giving God a huge thumbs up from sparing me the misfortune of seeing them live, something which I would wish only upon my worst enemy. In the words of Shampoo: Boring! (3) SG

Dark Star

Twenty Twenty Sound



An intro made up entirely of feedback. How terribly original. Look Mum - I'm being sarcastic! I thought that this brand of dull indie thrashing was dead and gone, but then I am so often wrong. The press release claims that this album contains 'bleached static' and 'dub gravy' - for Christ's sake - but believe this and, as the old adage goes, you'll believe absolutely anything.

In fact, 'Twenty Twenty Sound' is a self-indulgent and essentially dull collection of whinings from people who think they're special because they've had a couple of bad trips. Tracks such as 'About 3am' is like Placebo without any of the stage-school-brat attitude, and is thus boring as well as annoying, whilst 'Graceadelaica' is a meandering journey to nowhere that thinks it's old-Verve. It's not. It is nowhere near as interesting as the most tedious Verve fretwankery, and is thus a waste of the substances it has been pressed onto. Dance music freaks often go on (and on) about the turgid nature of modern guitar bands: this kind of musical stodge hardly helps my counter-argument. (3) AD

Anna Derbyshire's
Social Diary



There was a very strange occurrence in Home and Away the other week (I was watching by accident). Ailsa's diner: a place where the Summer Bay kids can get together together for a milkshake and a burger, exchange sharp words with their prune-like headmaster Donald Fisher, and generally have one hell of a wholesome, neon time. But wait... what is that sublime, slightly threatening music in the background? My ears start to twitch: God, I know that song... The words begin to become clear: "He let a five-times rapist on his TV show...". Shit. It's 'Bad Old Man' by Babybird. What joy! The delight of hearing a sinister ballad about killing paedophiles in wet dreams whilst a load of blandtanned B-listers act out the innocent interactions of dull-witted surfers can barely be described in words. I think that some kind of conspiracy is afoot, and am waiting to hear Marilyn Manson's 'Everlasting Cocksucker' on the jukebox in Madge's Coffee Shop on Neighbours.

But on to more sober matters. London slags Suede have finally announced that they are releasing the first single from their new album 'Head Music' on April 12. Called 'Electricity', it is rumoured to be an absolute stormer... but then they would say that wouldn't they?

Music fans the world over are min mourning after news broke that the Seahorses, the post-Roses project of John Squire, have split up. Hoards of devastated students were seen drowning their sorrows in the Tuns this weekend, and comments ranged from "Who?" to "God, they were shite", to "You what?". The band cited "irreconcilable musical differences" as the reason for the split, although rumours that Squire was such a Fuhrer when it came to royalties that singer Chris Helme realised he was actually better off returning to his original job as a busker are unconfirmed at the time of going to press.

Elsewhere, Oasis guitarist Dickhead... what? Oh, sorry. Oasis guitarist Bonehead was arrested last week at the launch of the new Tommy Hilfiger flagship store in glamorous Mayfair. Noel and Liam were also in attendance, and several Parkas have said to have disappeared. Mad for it...

Life



...FEEDBACK

The Man: Benny "Badboy" Singh

The Mission: Report back on the drum and bass uproar

The Night: The Monthly Movement @ Mass in Brixton

Calling all Junglists and D&B heads: those of you who have already checked the "Movement" sessions on Thursday nights at Bar Rhumba, get your asses down to the "Monthly Movement" at Mass aka St. Matthews Church in Brixton. Yes those junglist dapper dons Bryan Gee and Junping Jack Frost showcase their "V Recordings" stable on the first Saturday of every month at St. Matthews just opposite the Fridge. Entry is reasonable cheap with your trusty-crusty NUS card (£6 before 11pm and £7 afterwards) and as soon as you enter the venue you know you're in for a special treat. Set in a converted church, an absolutely wicked venue, believe it or not, go up the spiral steps and enter the main arena where you can brok brok brok out to the purest riddims. The line up reads like a "Who's Who" of leading D&B DJ's. This do featured the residents JJ Frost, Bryan Gee, Peshay and Ray Keith as well as special guests Hype (flexing his scratching skills to the max) and Fabio (who dropped a blinding set). MC's who appeared range from the Kool FM trio Det, Skibadee and IC3 as well as veterans like GQ and Moose; all injecting some seriously serious lyrical flavour into the night's proceedings. The other room is strictly on a Swing and HipHop tip, providing a break from the main arena's dangerous sound system, loud enough to make your eardrums bleed. The vibe inside is outstanding thanks to the mixed, madforit crowd of badbuoys, students, junglists and dodgy geezers. The bouncers are approachable and the search is thorough without being overzealous (take note King's security) but get down there B4 11.30pm to avoid a long wait or disappointment. The only criticism that I could make is the lack of a chill out room, but with a night as popular as this space will always be at a premium.

CHECK IT OUT MAN...

Planet V Album Launch
15th March 1999
@MASS

LONDON ROOM...

JJ Frost * Peshay * Ed Rush & Optical*
Dillinja * Andy C * Bryan Gee * Ray Keith
Adam F * Lemon D * DJ Marky (Brazil)

BRISTOL ROOM...

Roni Size * DJ Die & Suv * Krust
MC's

Dynamite * Moose * GQ * FLux
COST: £18.50
INFO: 0171-274 6470

...INVESTIGATION

Being the fearless reporter that I am I decided that enough was enough and at the end of the nights proceedings I decided to confront the head of security about the unprofessional and offensive attitude of his team. I was lead down a veritable labyrinth of corridors like the Ministry of Truth in George Orwell's '1984' and brought before the man himself who revealed his name as "Pid". "I 'm not a student" he informed me, "I work in the entertainment business" he claimed. No mate you run third-rate student piss-ups for a living - entertainment it ain't. Whilst I can sympathise with the need to prevent any blantant drug-taking on the premises following the Barry Legg Act it did seem to me that this guy had gone way over the top on this occassion. I pointed out that the environment that he was creating was not condusive to a good time but I don't think he really understood.

DO KING'S STUDENTS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THIS SHIT EVERYTIME THEY GO TO THEIR UNION? IF SO WHY?

...IS KING'S PARANOID?

The Night: "Trouble" Thursday 27th Febuary

The Question: How did the first LSE UDMS/King's event go down?

The Foot Soldier: Jamie Cooper

The LSE Underground Dance Music Society's collaboration with Kings Ents got off to a rather sticky start last Thursday in possibly the most hideous venue I have ever had the misfortune to spend time in. I made my way into "Tutus" aka Kings Student Union sweat pit at about 11.30 and was immediately annoyed by the attitude of the so-called security. A rather porcine female seemed to be suspicious of me because I was on my own and searched me more thoroughly than I would have thought necessary at a mid-week student piss-up. I watched other people walk straight through whilst I was forced to turn out my pockets like I was some kind of criminal. Not a good start.

The first thing that I noticed when I bowled into the venue was the extremely threatening attitude and deployment of the steroid-abusing little-Hitlers that make up the Kings security team. Despite the meagre numbers of students at this event (it was King's reading week) the security guards were acting as if they were policing a yardie crack den - talking into their ridiculous headsets and standing around with a sneer on their faces. Throughout the night people were complaining that they had been threatened with expulsion from the venue for smoking cigarettes which the overzealous security were convinced were fat reeferers of deadly cannabis. I observed a rather ugly scene halfway through the night whereby 5 or 6 customers were forcibly removed from their seats and searched for drugs which of course they did not have in their possession.

"If we cannot live for this
then why do we exist"

Dust to Dust

Using my clout as Literary Editor (what else is being an editor about) I hoarded DUST by Charles Pellegrino for myself to review.

Scary, apocalyptic and intense this book proved itself worth the trouble (Anna Yacoub).

As the millennium approaches closer and closer, every loony and weirdo begins coming out of the woodwork with prophecies about the end of the world. With the loonies come the books, the films, songs, the list

goes on. And DUST is no exception. Yet this novel still manages to be different. Charles Pellegrino is a genius. I don't mean a literary genius but a genius described by Arthur C. Clarke as a "polymathic astro-

like Anne McCaffery and Terry Pratchett. Yet this novel deals with a lot of scientific issues. With a lot of adventure and thriller thrown in for good measure you have a novel that is just as multifaceted as the writer is himself.

This is possibly one of the most interesting and terrifyingly plausible fiction novels I have ever read. The book begins in the Autumn of 65,566,699 BC (the late Cretaceous Cycle to all you wanna-be paleontologists) and the question is raised that maybe the dinosaurs weren't wiped out by a random astroid but something more sinister. But what? Mother Nature is having her revenge on the dinosaurs in the form of sudden, horrific parasitic infestations. Cut to the present day and a change is silently sweeping across the globe with the return of these parasitic infestations. But it doesn't stop there. Soon insects begin to disappear, then birds, these mass extinctions climb slowly but steadily up the food chain toward human beings.

The novel was so realistic, Pellegrino's arguments so convincing that I began hysterically lecturing my sister on

the importance of insects when she attempted to kill a spider in our bath tub; then spent the rest of the day searching for evidence of insects just to make sure the end wasn't coming (much to my embarrassment, having forgot it being mid winter, I had a little trouble actually finding any insects and began having a nervous breakdown).

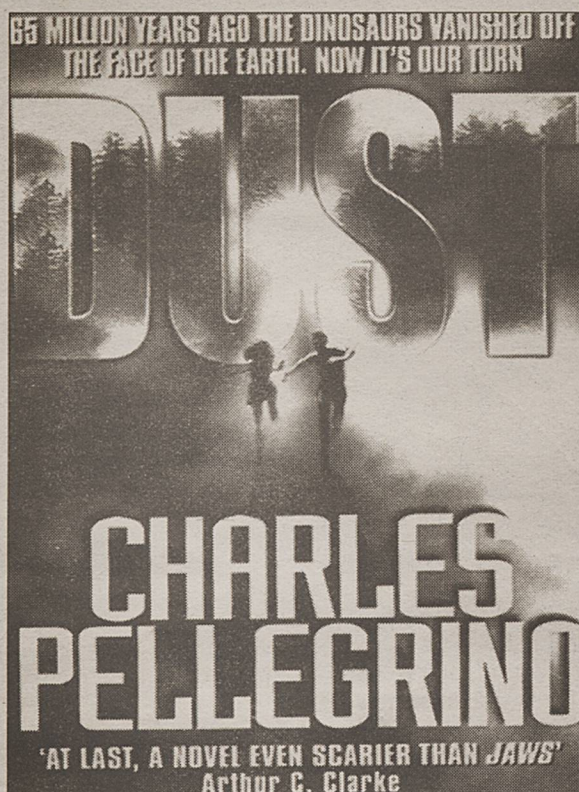
Richard Sinclair is a maverick palaeobiologist who first begins to suspect what is happening: that Mother Nature intends to take revenge on human kind now. So now it is up to our hero and a small group of like-minded scientists to come up with a solution. Pellegrino does not stop here but attempts to reveal human reaction to doomsday from the collapse of world order to the growth of reactionary fringes and the effect on the world economy. The novel does leave a bitter aftertaste of pessimism because you know that Pellegrino's assessment of the utter collapse of the old world order is probably accurate but this merely adds credence to the rest of his assessments and theories.

This is a thrilling novel that is never too bogged down in scientific jargon for the non-

This is possibly one of the most interesting and terrifyingly plausible fiction novels I have ever read

scientist to understand but still sophisticated enough to interest the more well-read reader. The cutting edge research and information makes the novel that more absorbing and probable. It is brilliantly scary in a way that will have you stocking up on essential supplies and digging a nuclear war bunker in your back garden. This is truly the ultimate apocalyptic novel foretelling a very plausible future for mankind.

DUST by Charles Pellegrino is out now available from Bantam Books, price £5.99



Footie Stars

Rachna Uppal, unbiased Gunners fan that she is, grabs at the chance to drool over footie stars in tiny shorts while reviewing SUPERSTARS OF THE PREMIER LEAGUE.

SUPERSTARS OF THE PREMIER LEAGUE is a non fiction collection of 42 of the supposed hottest players of the world's most fast and furious, not to mention competitive, football league. The layout is attractive; colourful, full page photographs of sexy footballers in shorts, accompanied by their profiles and a page of writing about their careers to date. There is also, in a corner, a famous quote by the player being profiled on that page. Sound interesting? Well, it can be, I guess. I mean, if something like the following interests you: "I always said that once I met Victoria I would be with her. She's my idea of perfection", then I guess you could get a lot out of it, but that quote for me? Oh, please...make me gag...Beckham and Posh Spice (ie, Victoria for those who didn't think she actually had a real name) are not what football is about. However, I admit the whole book is not about players' love lives, although when it comes to "Manu" Petit (believe me, he ain't THAT small), I wouldn't

mind knowing a thing or two!

What is also interesting, and even hilarious at times is the section of the individual profiles on "nicknames". Those of you in the know about Dennis Wise of Chelsea will not be surprised to know that his nickname is "The Rat". However, even I was confused to note that Alan Shearer, England's first choice striker, is known in footballing circles as "Smokey". However, Duncan Ferguson of Everton, stole the merits with my personal favourite, "Duncan Disorderly"! Isn't that great? Well, I thought so anyway! At the end of the book, there is a section on predictions on this year's performances, and some stats from last year such as "Seven Thrilling Draws", and "Five Naughty Boys". The latter does not surprise me at all, considering the following quote from introduction; "This book is dedicated to players whose breathtaking ability to perform miracles with a ball...", what?, just one??

This is where my one true

reproach about the book comes in; it's quite simply just outdated. I suppose for up-to-date information the dailies are the best, but then, maybe they shouldn't write books so specialised to one season. I mean, this book was printed so early that some players and managers had already left even before last season was over! However, what I would say is that it's a good introduction to English football, and the personalised player profiles are fun to read, although I skipped over the technical bits cause they're boring. Otherwise, the colour and photos add a lot to the reading incentive of the book, and at parts, a bit too much, (Manu Petit!). But hey, girls, go drool....guys go console yourselves with the fact that it's soo vintage, and everybody's happy. By the way, their prediction for this year is ARSENAL. Go Gunners!!

SUPERSTARS OF THE PREMIER LEAGUE 1998-1999 by Jim Drewett and Alex Leith published by Parragon

Killer kinky

Nadezda Kinsky reviews MUSICAL CHAIRS by Kinky Friedman; the latest Kinky novella filled with wit, fun and the usual suspense.

Despite the fact that all of Kinky Friedman's oeuvres have already been published in the UK, faber and faber have cleverly managed to milk the Texas Jewboy for more: If you already possess the imaginatively titled KINKY FRIEDMAN and MORE KINKY FRIEDMAN, beware as you walk into bookshops these days and find a new one of his books out. It's not new. It's recycled, taken out of the anthology and published in paperback. Which is obviously a lot more sensible than the original anthology format.

MUSICAL CHAIRS, which came out on 1st February of this year, belies Kinky's love-hate relationship with his musician days spent touring with his band, the Texas Jewboys (incidentally, yes, they did exist, yes they have brought out a record, and yes, it does feature the immortal song "They ain't making jews like Jesus anymore.").

As Kinky is pessimistically philosophising on the nature of the month December and its terrible effect on the mental health of the population, he is surprised by an unexpected houseguest: ex-guitarist of the

Kinky Friedman Musical Chairs



above-mentioned religious exiles. While this guest isn't the most welcome interruption to Kinky's winterblues, he is nevertheless not much happier when he finds him murdered in his shower. From there, things get steadily worse as Kinky, hunting the killer, realises that whoever he is, he is systematically killing the Texas Jewboys.

The book is a typical Kinky novella - funny, even witty, with the usual suspense (which helps in crime fiction...). It is nothing new by any means, but certainly as good as the old gets.

MUSICAL CHAIRS by Kinky Friedman is out now published by Faber & Faber, price £5.99

HOME COMFORTS

HELEN GIBSON, woman about town, on Patrick Caulfield and the sociology of desire at the Hayward Gallery SE1.

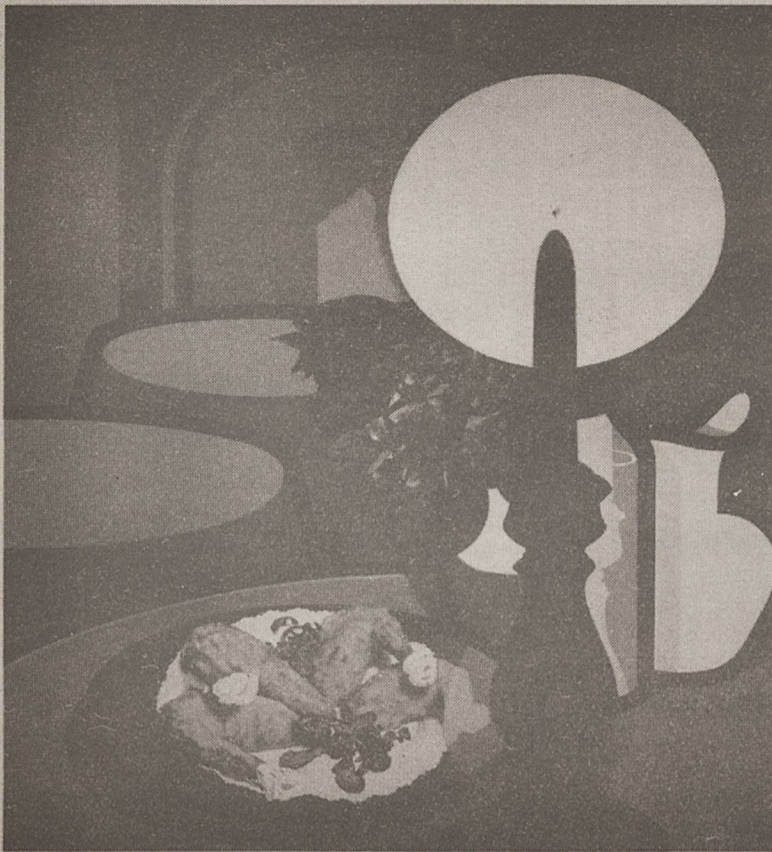
4.30pm on a Sunday afternoon. Soaked from head to toe having been pissed on by torrential rain whilst walking the streets of London, half frozen and barely able to walk on my sore, tired feet, I entered the Hayward Gallery in a less than amiable mood.

I'd ventured out to see the retrospective of Patrick Caulfield's work, which spans the career of the painter from his time at the RCA in the 1960's to the present day. Caulfield's principle subject is interiors – bars, restaurants, hotels and homes – and in a style akin to that of cartoons, he simplifies these spaces by using thick, black lines to depict his images. Within these lines, the colour is often vivid, evenly applied and flawlessly flat.

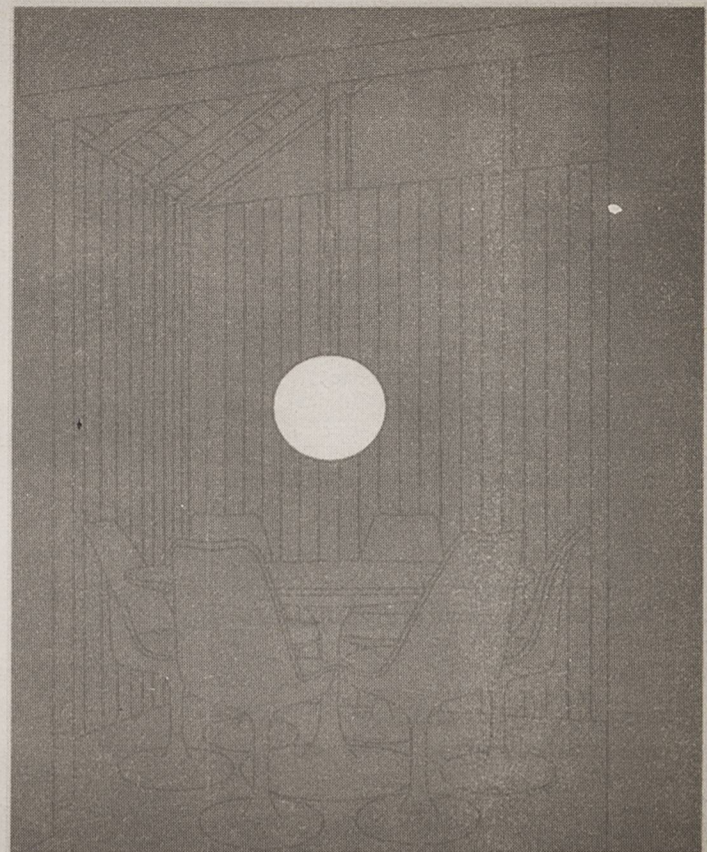
An exceptionally good painter, he seems to be able to turn his hand to any artistic style, and his canvases juxtapose a range of genres – Cubism, photo-realism, figurative and Fauvism are exquisitely expressed – whilst his own style can only be described as 'Pop-Art'.

But the way in which he captures the familiar, transforms it and offers it back to us is essentially British, primarily because his work is intrinsically linked to class.

Caulfield doesn't just paint a table and chairs, he chooses to paint the infamous 'tulip' table and chairs designed by Aero Saarinen. His images of dining areas – a plate of mussels, a glass of red wine, and do I spy a slice of Parma ham on that chopping board? – conjure up images of a Tuscan sunset or a Provencale horizon.



Patrick Caulfield Candlelit Dinner 1981-1982, acrylic on canvas



Patrick Caulfield Dining Recess 1972, oil on canvas

When painting in the 1960's/70's, these were the epitome of Middle-class aspirations and Caulfield knew this. But in no way was it his aim to criticise. Caulfield embraces and celebrates these pleasures and so suggests that it's O.K to want to eat a good meal or drink a fine wine. Even when he introduces a plate of chicken wings into a candle-lit dinner, or some garish pub-style wallpaper into an interior, the absurdity is humorous yet fond and the class contrast is non-prejudicial rather

than snobbish. His paintings are comfortable and comforting and devoid of the conflictual elements which are so often adopted by painters today.

However, a lot has changed in the last thirty years and the Middle-class is not what it used to be. The aspirational images depicted in Caulfield's paintings are now the reality. Thanks to the likes of Nigel Slater and Ikea, the lifestyles which were in the past only dreams, are easily attainable today. And so, whilst the Middle-class of yesterday would have striven for what featured in his

paintings, the Middle-class of today merely strive for the painting itself. In a sense, one could say that the paintings themselves have become the social signifiers – the new aspirations.

Perhaps Habitat, the sponsors of this exhibition (naturally), will start selling the posters of his work along with their furniture. That is, unless they already do so.

His more recent work seems to be a realisation of this social shift and therefore, tends to be more abstract. Reception (1988),

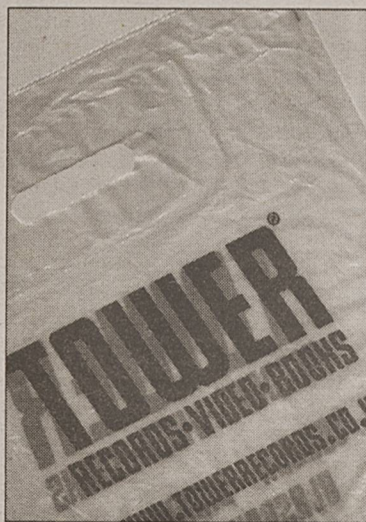
presents the time-honoured, Japanese-style ceramic base of a table lamp and a bunch of flowers, yet the vase, table and surrounding interior are missing. Maybe it's up to the Middle-class of today to fill in the empty spaces with their modern desires.

On leaving the gallery after viewing the exhibition I realised that not only was I drier and warmer, but my feet no longer throbbed with the same vigour as they had when I had entered. I guess that's the power of Caulfield's comfort.

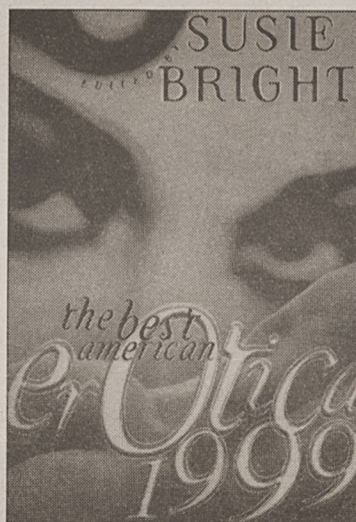
“Sorry, Can't Make It: I've Got Reading To Do...”

JOHN SAGAN uses his bully pulpit to big up the thinking man's television and reviews the spring 1999 season

One was Johnny, who lived by himself: I live in halls like most good freshers, but in a single room unlike many, and I am so glad to be without a roommate. The freedom of private action that you enjoy without an all-times companion, the solipsism of the solitary undergraduate – these are not small things. My clothes and magazines and fanned-out sheets of paper accumulate on my wall-to-wall carpet and there's no one else around to justifiably rebuke me and demand an instant cleanup. Not for me the shower rituals blearily reenacted each morning by people who share a room, in which they might head off, a towel girding their hips, to the sad little stall down the hall, bearing their scrofular plastic bottle of Dr. Brohner's soap on a casually folded armload of clothes, prepared to prop it precariously just out of reach of the spray and then to dress awkwardly in the dripping post-



ablutionary damp. If I so choose, I will be carried off to sleep each night on mighty clouds of joy either by the transporting skirl and bellow of mid-period Bounty Killer or Garrison Keillor's comfortable Midwestern mutter through all eight hours of "Lake Wobegon Days" on four tapes,



and be awakened in the morning by Sinead O'Connor's wailing quite irrespective of anyone else's sensibilities. Finally, but by no means trivially, I can have raw sex any time I want. Well, I could if I weren't so unlucky and inactive in love. As it is I mostly masturbate. Oh, don't blanch too much at



this revelation. Be real. I'm a literary erotica man myself. Never let it be said of me that I supported the mainstream photographic porn industry with its confused coke freaks and airbrushes. After all, I read on the way to school, I read in the bathtub, I read while onions

simmer on the stove. I simply wank as I live.

Adrift among Tower Records' dispiriting bookshelves yesterday, I saw *The Best American Erotica 1999* and promptly copped it. Each of six such anthologies since 1993 has been edited by Susie Bright, the sort of rancoteurish American public intellectual with more professional titles – author, editor, polemicist, pornographer, single mom – than a 19th century impresario. The stories in 1999 are well-written and refreshingly polysexual as per Susie's brief: "I have daydreams of aliens discovering *The Best American Erotica* collection a thousand years from now and saying, 'So this is what turned the earthlings on'."

Bags Of Style



Only a couple of years ago I vowed never to own a handbag - let alone be seen in public with one. Eventually my wallet got bigger and bigger, stuffed full with phone, visa, library, student, international student, store and coffee loyalty (of which I have many) cards. My pockets bulged quite unattractively with my wallet, lipstick, mirror, car keys and house keys, and as well as looking frumpy I could no longer get my hand in my pocket to retrieve any of these items - plus it made my clothes hang funnily.

The horrible but inevitable answer was a bag. I tried to call it a school bag - necessary for papers and things that I simply couldn't carry but in truth it was actually too small to hold A4 paper. It was at least a rucksack, which made it look more respectable for an eighteen-year-old, but none-the-less I knew. From this point on life would never be the same again.

And lucky me really because



bags are now one of the coolest accessories around, and unlike five years ago it's actually cool to have one so I don't feel at all like my mum anymore for walking around with a bag. Since my first bag I have developed a bit of a bag fetish (to go with my shoe fetish) and I have to confess that half of them are totally useless - handbags really!

Here is my guide to my fav's

The Rucksack

The most practical student bag around, popular with American students especially. Good for the back and shoulders and you can get loads of books in to this type of bag. Trendy amongst skaters and rambles alike. Now also available in small girlie-size - great for nights out



dancing when you don't want to be standing in a circle round your handbags!

The Shopper



Once for old bidders only, but now they are the latest in kitch chic. There are lots of see-through and flowery ones around which makes them perfect for use as library bags. We love the swingability of a hand-held bag, but put more than a lipstick in it and your arms feel the strain. One downer is their loseability - you'll want to put it down at some point!

The Shoulder Bag

A true handbag, probably your first bag. Modern chic demands that they fit snugly under your shoulder. This way you can carry your bag on your shoulder or in your hand for maximum versatility. They have a nasty habit of falling off your shoulder if you're wearing a coat. Beware of really long straps (so middle-aged) and bag-snatchers.



The Dinky Bag

The "now" bag. My personal fav, although they are utterly useless if you need to carry anything more than a purse. If you smoke - don't even bother. However, if you don't have pockets a-plenty they are a fab way to dress up your out-fit. Go for beaded, sequined or satin for maximum glam. Look in retro clothes shops for vintage originals and twenties style bargains.

The Brief case/Satchel

If you really want to look like a young professional then a brief case is the answer. Personally I love the metal brief cases that are so hot at the moment - they're so secret agent looking. On a practical level, brief cases ensure that notes are kept falt and crease-free. Be warned - wear the right clothes with this one or you risk being mistaken for a French person or a teacher.

by Alison Tyler

In The Bag

I decided to check out the campus bag style, by asking various people why they use their particular bag, and just what do they keep in them?

Eva, 3rd Year Law

"This is my £2 bargain bag". I was impressed - £2 in H & M for a pretty cool bag. But Eva has nothing really exciting hidden in her bag - a bike light, Lip balm, books, and a pencil. Most unusual

was her 'Hello Kitty' mobile phone case!

Mark, 2nd Year Law

Mark's French school-boy satchel was previously his Grandmother's. In it he keeps the usual dull books, a banana and a CD. What's so special about your bag then? "I like the contrast of the brass buckles against the leather." Ooh, "The pain of opening my bag to find

essays to be written is countered by the thrill of the odours of leather"...Stop, too much detail, we don't need to know anymore.

Matt, 2nd Year Philosophy

Matt declined to be photographed next to his retro sports holdall, a hand-me-down from his Dad. Good job really since it allegedly contains "a damp towel, yesterdays clothes and a hand grenade".

Aristide, 2nd Year Anthropology and Law

Aristide's Jan Sport rucksack was crammed with books when I met him, yet there was still room for more than his books, walkman and bottle of water. When I asked why a rucksack Aristide told me that they are the most practical kind of bag and hold the most "stuff". But they work best on both shoulders - the weight is balanced better this way. Jan

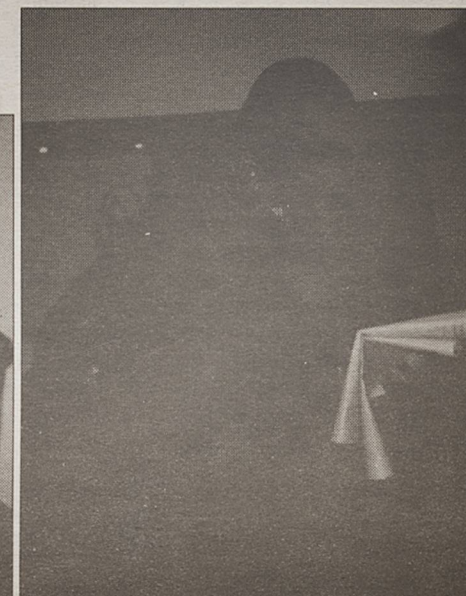
sport will apparently repair or replace any Jan sport bag for the duration of the owner's life!

BEST BAG BUYS

BARGAIN BAGS - CAMDEN MARKET OR VINTAGE CLOTHES SHOPS.

HIGH STREET BAGS - OASIS OR ACCESSORIZE FOR PARTY BAGS

BEAUTIFUL BAGS - IF WE COULD WE'D HAVE LOUIS VUITTON LUGGAGE AND PRADA



Bernardo Duggan: A Life (LSE 1986-1998)

This week's Union page looks back on the life of one of LSE most inimitable characters

As the 1999 running of the annual Students' Union sabbatical election stakes gets under way, one legendary institution of SU elections is nowhere to be seen. Incredible as it sounds, Bernardo Duggan has got rid of the endless epic that was his PhD thesis and is no longer with us at the LSE. Armed with two degrees from this venerable establishment, he decided it was time to face the real world beyond Houghton Street.

Of Irish and Brazilian descent, Bernardo was born in 1963 in Buenos Aires, Argentina. Having emigrated to the United Kingdom in 1985 at the age of 22, he joined the International History Department at the School in 1986 to study for a BA History degree. In terms of the SU, as an undergraduate Bernardo merely attended the weekly UGMs and kept a low profile. He graduated in 1989 and immediately moved to the Economic History Department, where he worked on his PhD thesis until 1998. Although his postgraduate course was demanding and took its toll, he paid more attention to Union affairs and shot from obscurity to fame.

Bernardo first achieved notoriety for his brutal questioning of SU officers at UGMs, whose heyday was during the 1992-1993 academic year when he persistently targeted Faz Zahir. She was then General Secretary and displayed considerable ineptitude in her initial weeks on the job. He once managed to reduce her to tears and almost succeeded in bringing her down. Almost, but not quite. Faz got to grips with things and survived, and then went out with him on a sponsored date to raise funds for Rag Week. As Bernardo often said, get me a bucket... He earned the

nickname Jaws for his tough questions to Union officers at UGMs, not to mention his hot pursuit of lovely Faz. We will never know if he had a crush on her, but what is

running cross-campus ballots. Unlike other Union hacks, he never used his post as a stepping stone to a future political career but merely did the job to serve the SU the best way he could.



certain is that he became even more famous for his mad love affair with the ballot box. Bernardo had a record-breaking tenure as Assistant Returning Officer in SU elections, working for six Returning Officers (Peter Mackey, Chris Short, Tom Greatrex, Damian Thwaites, Joe Roberts and Paul Ashcroft), and his hallmark was ruthless efficiency in the process of organising and

Bernardo received the ultimate accolade for his services to Union democracy in 1996, becoming the first current student to win both a nomination and election for Honorary Vice-President of the SU.

In his final year he also served as UGM Vice-Chair and Postgraduate Officer. By then it was clear that, in Union terms, Bernardo was by far the most successful and popular

Conservative student in living memory.

Although his days at the School were almost over, he even lived up to his old nickname. Jaws made a comeback in which the ageing white shark showed that he could still drop in for a quick bite. His last question at a UGM humiliated the then Communications Officer Dan Lam over his ten-point plan for successfully picking up women. Lam claimed (amongst other things) that if a man held hands with a woman for more than ten minutes, she was putty in his hands... An even finer final performance followed at a UGM last term. That other long-running student Nick Kirby was opposing a Tory motion on the grounds that 'it was a waste of space', which elicited a wicked 'Just like you' heckle from Bernardo that brought the Old Theatre down and dented the larger-than-life ego of a stunned Kirby.

Bernardo considered his time at the LSE as the best years of his life, and last May formally marked his impending departure from the School with a party in the Three Tuns. This mammoth event, suitably named Titanic, was a unique treat which made Bernardo the only person ever to be given the Tuns on a Friday night. He made a farewell speech in front of his largest and most drunken audience, which was the moment of huth. His opening lines said it all. 'Good evening and welcome to the Titanic. This is huge, expensive, and we will all eventually hit the iceberg and sink without trace.' For most people there, that meant that by the end of the night they would be totally plastered. In reality, Bernardo was acknowledging that he had gone down into the scrapheap of SU history and stepped into the real world, where he is now living happily ever after.

Gen Sec's Column

The overbearing presence of election euphoria will be evident around the School this week as candidates make lofty promises to get themselves elected. Just joking, I used to be one myself not long ago and personally I think it is a very healthy spirit of political activism we possess, one we can be proud of and one which is the envy of Unions throughout the country.

Last year's elections saw an increase in turnout which was encouraging, to say the least and I certainly hope the trend continues. Often the attitude on display by the students is one of lethargy if not downright apathy and the irony lies in the fact that it is these very people who complain the most. So before you go ahead and snap at the next candidate approaching you as to what the Union actually does, do remember that if it weren't for your Students' Union, library opening hours would never have increased, another hall of residence never have been built, a rise in postgraduate fees would not have been overturned, top-up fees would have been introduced and the library would have been in a warehouse in East London for the next two years during the redevelopment. Not to mention no society activity or SU Ents or the presence of the Advice Centre, Three Tuns Bar or the Shop.

Each vote does count, because through these elections, you are choosing student officers who will make a difference in the day to day running of the Union as well as the School through the various committees your sabbaticals will represent you on. These committees make a difference in running the School and decide on important issues, both internally and externally. The officers will endeavour to run this Union the way you want it to, so once again, the imperative need to exercise your right to vote and be a part of the decision-making process cannot be overemphasised. And good luck to all the candidates!

Progress on the library decant front is continuing apace and details will be released as soon as a deal is clinched. Following the Union 2000 Consultation Process, ideas for the SU Cafe are gaining concrete shape and proposals will be disclosed shortly. We're also continuing the planning of the SU gym, work for which will hopefully be undertaken over the Easter break. So although the new candidates will be elected shortly, you can rest assured that we will endeavour to fulfill our pledges on the above issues during the remaining five months in office.

Cheers,

Narius Aga
General Secretary LSESU

NOTICE FOR ALL FIRST AND SECOND YEAR UNDERGRADUATES

RE-SELECTION OF PAPERS FOR NEXT SESSION

All continuing students have been sent to their term-time address a 'Selection of Papers Form' to complete. The form must be countersigned by your tutor and be returned to the Undergraduate Office Drop Box outside Room H310 as soon as possible and no later than THURSDAY 11 MARCH 1999.

Failure to complete this exercise may mean that you will not be allocated to the courses of your choice and lead to disruption with allocation to your classes at the beginning of next session. It will make it difficult for the academic departments to plan for the classes and the delivery of teaching for the courses. Your registration will take much longer. If you did not receive the form please come to the Undergraduate Office to collect one.
Undergraduate Office/February 1999

SU Elections

Candidates' Statements

General Secretary

Jonathon Black
(Independent - An LSE for Everyone)

As your General Secretary I pledge leadership, commitment and determination to build a Union that not only delivers, but listens. I pledge to build an LSE for Everyone.

My pledges:

- End to teachers who can't teach
 - Taskforce to wage war on LSE inefficiency and bureaucracy
 - 'Union Forum' to involve excluded groups and boost accountability
 - Expanded careers service
 - Fight against any fee hike for postgrad, undergrad, home and overseas students
 - Continue Studentline campaign
 - Revamp Quad and Cafe
 - State-of-the-art Gym with AU
- My experience:
- Court of Governors
 - Bankside Secretary
 - UGM Chair

Please vote for Jonathan Black (Independent) for an LSE for Everyone

Christine Bayliss
(Committed to Students - Committed to Action)

With my campaigning and management experience I am the best candidate to lead your union into the new millennium.

For example, the most important issue affecting students over the next two years will be the library rebuilding project. You need an effective leader who will monitor the move to temporary facilities and stand up for your interests.

Also, I pledge to establish a Job Agency in the Union to find part-time work for students who need it.

Having enjoyed three years at LSE, I now seek to put something back. Vote for me as General Secretary and I promise to serve you to the best of my ability.

Any queries about my policies? E-mail Roberts, JJ [ug]

Daniel Lewis
(Your Independent Choice)

The Role of the General Secretary is clear; to fight for the best provisions for the LSE's students.

My goals will be to -

- Oppose the expansion of fees in all its guises
- Reduce Sabb pay and rejuvenate our Entertainments by doubling the budget
- Turn the veggie cafe into somewhere people want to go - a Coffee Shop and Sports Bar
- Fight against the introduction of Wednesday afternoon teaching
- Restore the Postgraduate Council
- Improve teaching quality
- Liven up the UGM with outside speakers and regular society meetings
- And Many more ...

REMEMBER, THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE UNION IS U!!!

Treasurer

Joe Roberts
(Committed to Students - Committed to Action)

Too often in these elections we are faced with candidates promising the earth. That is not what I offer. Rather I offer a record of action and a promise of more.

I have been privileged to represent you on the Court of Governors and on a number of committees, and hope to use that valuable experience to achieve my key policy objectives.

I seek to establish an SU Job Agency to find part-time work for students who need it. I also want to redevelop the cafe and I want to hear what YOU think. Any new facility must appeal to the widest range of students and undergrads, postgrads, overseas students, home students etc. Only then will it make the profit we can reinvest in sports and societies.

Vote Joe Roberts - committed to students committed to action.

Any queries about my policies? E-mail Roberts, JJ [ug]

Jon Frewin
(For a slightly easier life)

If elected, here's what I'd do:

- *Start a student union computer printing facility at 3p a page.
- *Build a great new club venue by the Underground, designed by the best interior design students in London.
- *Extend the Shuttle Bus to halls that want one.
- *Exert pressure on LSE's fee-payments office for reform.
- *Eradicate any unethical union investments.
- *Set up a locking bicycle garage.
- *Offer transparent society budget allocation.
- *Obtain loads more student discounts near LSE.

As PuLSE programme controller, I've demonstrated my dedication and commitment, plus I'm the only candidate who'd be coming back afterwards. I'd appreciate your support next Thursday.

Vicky Seabrooke
(V1)

The LSE Students' Union has been an integral part of my life since arriving here three years ago. I became involved with The Beaver immediately, and was elected to the post of Campus Editor, which fits my communicative personality and active social life. I now work at SU Reception, which brings me in working contact with the school, the Union, and most importantly, the students. My close involvement in the Union has given me the in-depth knowledge required to bring accountability, effectiveness, and competence to the role of Treasurer.

Education & Welfare

Becky Little
(Independent)

I am the genuine

independent candidate for the position of Education and Welfare. Working at S.U. reception I have gained a real understanding of peoples' concerns.

We face a crucial year with no on-site library. The School refuses to rule out top-up fees, reneges on its deal to keep Wednesday afternoons lecture free.

We need an Education and Welfare Office that is accessible and will take seriously the role of organising the only support system we have.

I have no hidden agenda. You are my concern, not my political career. I hope you will vote for me.

Brendan Cox
(Committed to Students - Committed to Action)

"The LSE can be better. I've been involved in the Union since I came here. I'm committed to Students and committed to taking action to improve things. My commitment to Students has won me the support of the SU's Overseas officer, Women's officer and Mature Student's officer. If elected, I pledge I will end bad teaching, reinstate resits, stop any rises in fees and continue to involve students in events, such as the sponsored sleep-out and the Jubilee 2000 campaign I organised this year. I hope you will vote and give me the chance to truly work for all Students."

Richard Wignall
(Abolish this Post)

The worth of a union should be measured not by the number of staff it employs, but by service it delivers. At LSE we have been blessed with the finest and most effective sabbaticals, and judging by the strength of the candidacies this time, next year looks to be no different.

It is with this in mind that I advocate the abolition of one of the sabbatical posts, namely that of Education and Welfare, being confident that the Union can still function to its impeccable standard with three officer.

Let's cut our union's overheads and channel the funds into services.

Ents

Gavin Freeman
(Free your Mind)

As your Ents Sabbatical I pledge a dedication to fully integrate all students into the LSE social life.

Pledges and Experience

*Promotion of inter-university, inter-cultural, inter-society diverse evenings.

*Leadership during the monumental Ents re-development. A proposal for a new nightclub and sports-bar. I will ensure that you have your say.

*I am from London with entertainment connections all over the city.

*I have the best working relationship with the current bar management essential for the efficient monumental changes proposed for LSE Ents.

*I have worked for NatWest Aldwych branch and so I have great experience in dealing with students.

Alan Hatton
(Let Me Entertain You)

This year will be a very exciting year for LSESU Ents. The combination of the Quad and the Veggie Cafe will mean that we finally have a decent, dual-purpose venue. The Underground is also being revamped, this means new opportunities for new events.

I was Bankside Ents Officer 97/98 and have worked for corporate entertainment companies.

I plan the following improvements:-

- A Fresher's ball
- Saturday night events
- 2am licenses
- Support for Cultural and Society Events
- Better Rag week and Global Festival

Make all this happen,
VOTE ALAN HATTON FOR ENTERTAINMENTS OFFICER
LET ME ENTERTAIN YOU

Bruce Henderson
(The Best Man for the Job)

Techno-phobia!

Why I Hate Widdecombe

James Corbett

Fleur Donnelly-Jackson

Why are there so many scientists around trying to replicate human intelligence in the hope of creating 'conscious' machines? Why bother when we have an already tried and tested method: Have children!

Scientists these days seem to live for the chance to interfere, to play at being mini-gods! Yes, let's take an ordinary mouse and just for the sake of it - grow an ear on its back! The 'Almighty' didn't think of that one now, did he! Why just think how useful an ear on your back could be! Of course their next project is something to terrify even the smallest of children: real mothers with eyes in the back of their heads.

One only has to look at BSE to see where the meddling gets us. Whoever could have thought it would be a good idea to feed herbivore cattle, offal made of sheep leftovers? Though the repercussions may not have been readily apparent (that BSE could cross the boundaries of species and cause the disease CJD in humans); it was fairly obvious that this 'playing with nature would have some effect.

And then we come up against this sacred notion of 'progress:' everything must move forward, get bigger and better and ever more complex - well must it? Things move forward of their own accord, none of us can stop time. Besides which, who

decides what is better?

Progress often appears to be a neutral concept, free of value judgements: it patently should not be. There are good inventions, there are bad inventions, and there are those that make money! Those that make it on to the supermarket shelves, rigorously tested for our delectation, are put there by market forces.

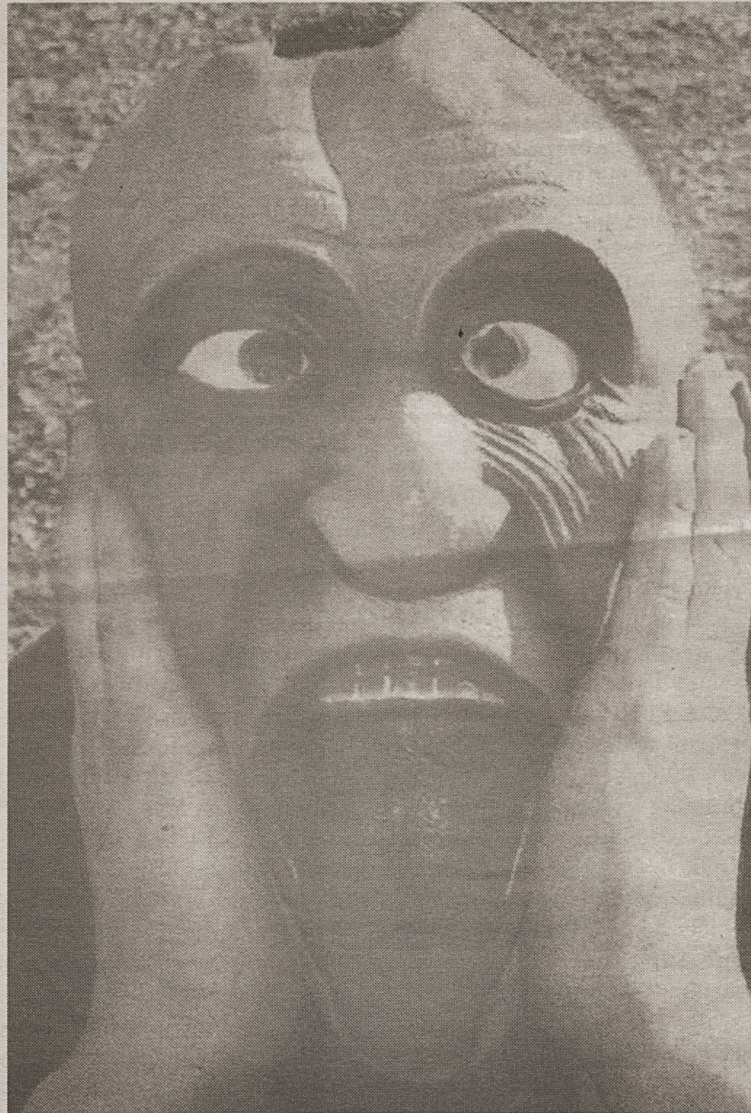
We have all seen what problems industrialisation has brought in its wake: Beveridge named them for us - squalor, poverty, disease, idleness and ignorance. Those problems are still with us despite all the scientific developments and labour-saving devices. Technology is not going to be our saviour (well not without some radical shifts on other fronts!). Progress is simply shorthand for 'short-termism,' and the best illustration of this, is the failure of some dimwit to program our computers to deal with the millennium!

Technology throws up more problems than it solves. White goods such as fridges use CFCs which add to the problem of the Ozone; bigger fields to allow the use of combine-harvesters and other large machinery destroy wildlife habitats; toilets give rise to huge amounts of effluent, polluting the sea; nuclear power leads to waste that we don't know if we can contain; cosmetics, cleaning products, drugs all have to be tested to ensure our safety, thus taking away the lives

of animals on a scale reaching almost holocaust numbers. The list of botched scientific 'quick-fixes' is endless.

It might be that finally some people are recognising that technology is never risk-free. People are downshifting to be nearer the

countryside; there are more vegetarian



An environmental protester last week

Photo:Library

and organic foods in the shops. Governments are taking measures to reduce CO2 emissions, to cleanup our water. However one new area of technology that could have far-reaching implications is just opening up: biotechnology.

Genetically engineered soya is already in circulation, and the Government at the moment is not too concerned about the potential

risks. However I think we are about to see the incarnation of yet another work of science fiction. I wondered for quite some time when I was about 13, what were those top-secret scientists doing in the first few chapters of the 'Triffids?' Well now we know, they were producing genetically modified plants! That ought to put a stop to Prince Charles' witterings!

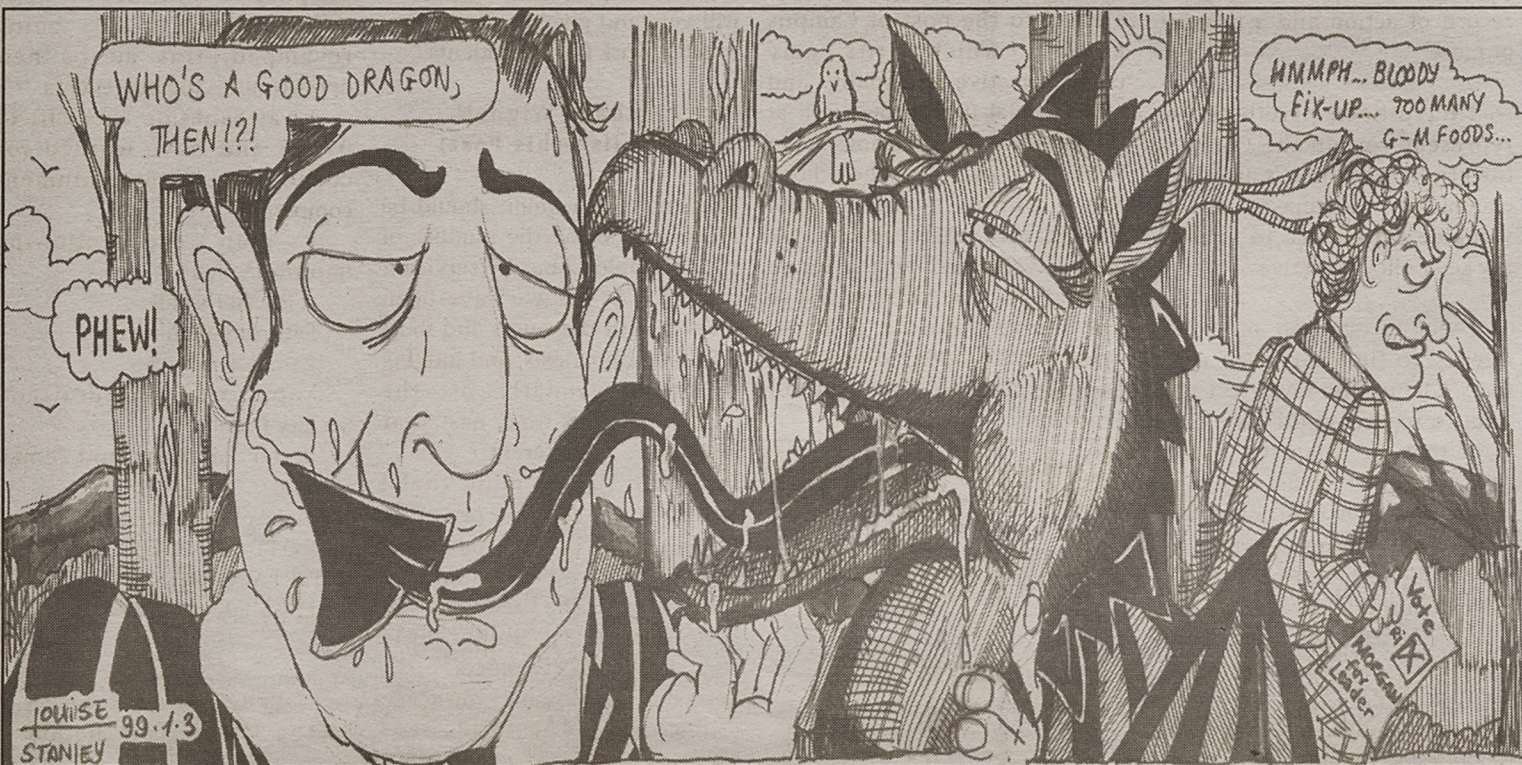
**One potato
Two potato
Three potato
Flaw?**



Tony Blair reckons we should all swallow genetically engineered food. Like many people, Greenpeace believes it should be banned. Frankly, the food of the future... already exists. It's called organic. For your free copy of the Greenpeace True Food Campaign Guide, call 0800 267 065, or visit www.greenpeace.org.uk/truefood

GREENPEACE

The recent GM food scandal has seen a spate of activity by concerned environmental groups.



It says a lot about William Hague that within hours of his coming to power, the main point of issue was who would eventually replace him. That Ann Widdecombe was one of them says even more about the appalling state of the Conservative Party. I mean, Patten and Portillo might be out of parliament, but Ann Widdecombe? Please...

So what do we know about the wonderful Miss Widdecombe? That she's a catholic, yes, that she's a virgin, yes, that she's not going to win any beauty contests, yes yes, we know all this because she doesn't just harp on about them again and again every single time she's interviewed, she shouts about them. Ann Widdecombe's biggest failing is that she gets so carried away in her own little world that she shouts and howls like a lunatic and when she does finally have something worthwhile to say everybody has either safely covered their ears or simply switched off.

The Tories have tried to cash in on her maternal qualities, like Labour have done with Mo Mowlam, but Widdecombe is no motherly Super-Mo, more embarrassing Auntie Ann. And she acts it too: she once told Frank Dobson off for not looking her in the eye: she speaks to journalists and fellow politicians like little children; while at Prime Minister's question time you half expect her to ask Tony Blair if he's washed behind his ears.

I don't so much hate Ann Widdecombe, more dislike her immensely for the overinflated press coverage she receives - more than the rest of the shadow cabinet put together, and probably more than some actual ministers. Much of this is seemingly based upon her novelty value as an eccentric crank rather than through any merit.

However she's a character, and every generation of parliamentarians needs a character. Where after all would we be without the likes of Woodrow Wyatt, Alan Clark or Dick Crossman to provide a constant source of amusement to the public as the boredom of politics sets in? Furthermore she's not so much a breath of fresh air in this increasingly mundane era of soundbite politics, more a blast of hot air. I mean take her away from Westminster and who have you got with a modicum of anything interesting or original to say? Clare Short? Tony Benn? Ken Livingston? After that the list seems increasingly empty. Churchill and Lloyd George would be turning in their graves if they could hear some of Blair and Hague's speeches. Issues today are increasingly won on who can deliver most effectively on an issue within a fifteen second timespan. Rather than being a war fought over a five year electoral term politics is won and lost with blitzkrieg attacks on the opposition. This is where Ann Widdecombe deserves some credit, for failing to submit to the increasing norm, and delivering orations with wit, velocity and verve.

But Ann Widdecombe as Prime Minister? You're more likely to see William Hague at number 10. Now there's a thought...

MARIA'S PUPPIES LAP IT UP

DO THEY SPIT OR SWALLOW ?

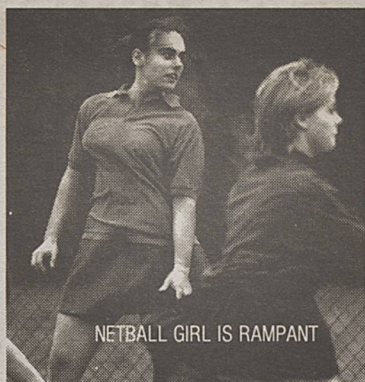
LSE 36 - 16 HOLLOWAY
Fat Bob Reports

As your correspondents arrived at the titanic encounter (filthy!) the girls were well into their PMT (pre match training) ready and waiting for the first period. Toss up was conducted with a background of stormy skies and general unhappiness.

LSE girls appeared perturbed when a full solar eclipse occurred as the opposition wing attack loomed into view. Having given herself two black eyes warming up she set about LSE allstar Zarrine "Beckham" Ghiassi. Even so, LSE slipped into a fast yet comfortable rhythm, penetrating Holloway's gaping holes with ease. By the third period (Really stressy now) LSE relaxed allowing Holloway on top to such an extent, Dirty Alex ended up legs akimbo lying back thinking of Rugby (or was that Raftery). Yet cum the fourth period the Beavers appeared to be playing as if on heat, a netball team with wings!

Lucy's silky hand skills held her boyriend's attention admirably as

he watched from the touchline. Maria on the other hand, seemed distracted and a little jaded, perhaps a good nights sleep this Friday will improve her game. To give credit where its due; the crisp



NETBALL GIRL IS RAMPANT

passing, superior positioning, accurate shooting and Georgia's intimidating gob meant that this match was practically a walkover for Randy Ralph's Ringers managing to win over an ill-tempered yet strikingly good looking crowd.

'MACHINE GUN' CLEGG FIRES

BLANKS ON POLY !

SPECTATOR SHOCKER AS PETE SHOOTS HIS LOAD

LSE 0 - 4 STRAND POLY
Lady Killer Will Reports

A magnificent strike off his immense belly allowed the Golden Wig to take his tally for the season to 17, as he helped his team to a 4 - 0 defeat. Going into this clash with the Strand Poly, LSE had vague hopes of promotion, but now they are left ruing a season of missed opportunities. Like for example why didn't they find them selves a captain who knows the meaning of a team talk.

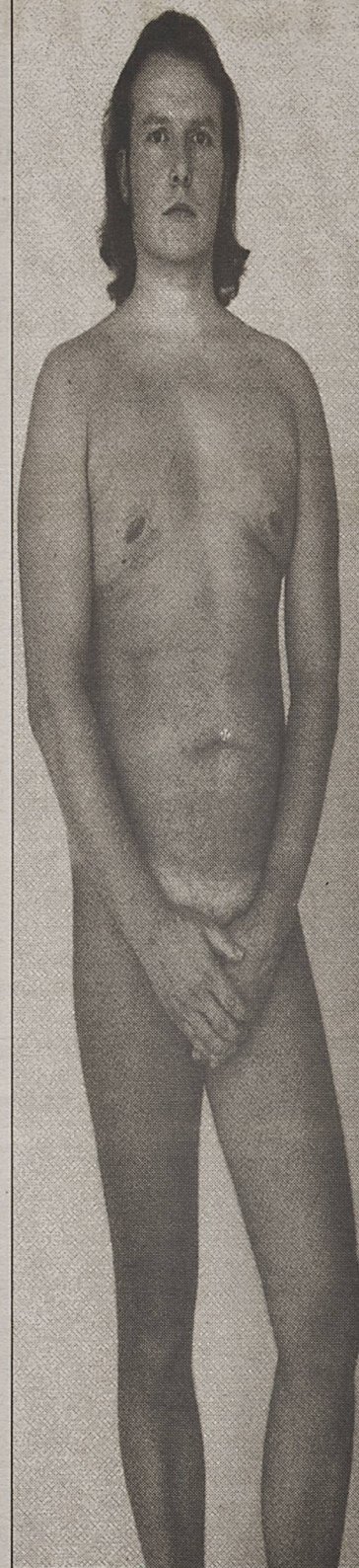
The 'Wild Man' faced a few selection dilemmas. "Fast" Eddie was unavailable through not turning up and Jesus had somehow failed to heal himself and was still crippled. However just when things looked bleak and the forces of evil and darkness seemed to have the upper hand, a ray of light shone over the team. The light was blinding - everyone could feel the power and

presence of greatness; Yes the GOLDEN WIG had decided to fail his degree spectacularly and play afterall.

The first half was reasonably closely contested until "gobshite" Stoate decided that there was no way he wasn't going to score a goal this season and promptly rifled one into his own net. Damn. After half time the game descended into farce. The senile, wanker of a ref decided that two Kings substitutes would be adequately unbiased to run the line. The problem was that they both seemed, for some inexplicable reason, to want Strand poly to win. I just can't think why. The second Poly strike was yards offside - though the linesman pleaded ignorance and said that he was reading his newspaper at the time. Incensed LSE players surrounded the ref. Although we await confirmation from the Guinness Book of Records, "Machine Gun" Clegg probably broke the world record for saying fuck the most times in a minute. When things had settled down Strand Poly scored again "machine gun" was heard to utter, "Fucking hell ref, fucking fuck that was fucking well fucking offside you fuck, fucking fuck."

As for the rest of the game; Wild Man did the worst foul in the history of the game. A tackle that is a little late is excusable but one that happens after the match has finished isn't the best. Debut man Tom played a blinder. Jesus had his best game of the season - he wasn't there. The game climaxed in the final minute when the Golden Wig struck magnificently. To prove that he doesn't just score with his arse, he crashed in an own goal of the highest quality off his stomach. For a moment every one thought the ball was lost forever as it nestled somewhere amongst all those Kebabs. But then just as a new ball was being called for it exploded out and gave Franny (sorry I mean Mike) no chance. 0 - 4, the final score but at least we've got some degree of brain power.

GUINNESS GETS HIS TITS OUT FOR THE LADS! SPORTING!



HOUGHTON STREET HARD MAN NO. 7



This week, the original junglist, raggamuffin gets low down mean and dirty with his Royal Hairiness, the Blind date don, the Jezz Monster. In terms of sexual perversion, Jezz has alot to be learned yet what he lacks in this department, he makes up for in brute strength and sheer aggression. What a fucking double hard bastard!

Name: Jeremy Phillips (fucking hard name)

Age: 21 (right type of age for being seriously dangerous)

Dept: Accounting and finance

Aka: 'Big Jez,' 'Hairy Mong,' 'Porn Star.'

Alright bad ass, tell me why the rugger boys have got you down as an LSE sporting legend.

Okay. Last year at the rugby club dinner in Leicester Square, some bloke gave me some abuse and decided to chin me. He was well out of order. I fucked him up proper and ended up sitting on him pounding his face in. Only the intervention of three large pigs (cochons d'Inde) prevented his demise. The Old bill always fuck me over. After promising me A caution, I didn't bother bringing in my hotshot lawyer and then the double crossing motherfuckers sneakily charged me with section 5 assault.

You maniac! So you reckon that you're the main man in the team?

I like to keep a low profile. I'd like to say there are a number of men in the team that I respect but none that I fear (Je n'ai personne peur). one recurring nightmare that I have is having Fat Bob and Gav reilly sitting on me and feeling my hole And squirting their hoses.

Who's your top bird?

Cameron Diaz. All four of her cheeks are pure, round and luscious.

Come again my selecta. Have you ever managed to you know what with her?

No, but I'm working on it. Have you?

Bien sur, monsieur, pero quelle es ton fantasio sexuellismo?

What the fuck? All of my sexual fantasies have already been fulfilled, and yours?

Oi, are you getting stropopy mate? I thought that I was fucking conducting this interview.

You are bro, just don't fuck with me as I don't like the way you walk.

I don't give a fuck mate. Do you wanna take this outside into the Tuns car park.

Yeah just as soon as you've taken this bitch apart and done the fucking entrevue.

Alright mate. What's your craziest example of sexual perversion?

Just about managing to fend off Oscar "the Gimp" Kent's advances on a Wednesday night. When I was 16, I came close to having a foursome. Three of them tried to get it on with me simultaneously but I wasn't into it so I sent the two ugly blokes...I mean birds packing.

Respect to the wife swapping massivel Fast cars or fast women?

Bollocks, I'm greedy. Cameron Diaz and a Ferrari.

I can live with that. Who is your hard man hero?

Undoubtebly Mickey Skinner. He

was brought back for the 91 world cup and made mince meat out of all the opposition. Hard bastard.

Did you ever abuse your teachers at secondary school?

Ofcourse,one year, me and my mate got through two history (histoire) and three geography professors because of our antics. When I was eleven, I did a strip tease during my geography class. I got sent to the headmaster for being a suspected pervert.

That doesn't suprise me.

This teacher aparently had a nervous breakdown at the sight of our hideous deformities. Stupid git (wankeur) fucking deserved it. Wank teacher anyway.

Did he die? (mourir)

No, not as far as I know.

What do you think of women?

I find them both rivetting and marvellous although some seem only to be after money (largent qu'on peut utilise pour acheter les preservatifs). Sometimes, the only difference between your dick and your paycheck is thatyou don't have to pay a woman (femme voluptueuse) to blow your paycheck.

Porno films?

What, are you selling, because if you are, I'm buying. Normally (d'habitude) I prefer live action though?

In strip joints?

The last time that the rugby club visited a strip club. (grande boum) they were such ugly dogs (chiens) that we all got up on the stage and got our kit off. The bouncers weren't happy but the sight of fifteen strapping lads headed by Fat Bob and Andy Houghton made them stop in their tracks and make them pretend that they were going to buy a drink...

Respect is coming from me to you. I think it's about time for that ruck?

I'd be more than happy to oblige my selecta. Will it be the place of your goodslef?

BANKES LINKED TO LARGE TALK SHOW PRESENTER

Mc Guinness linked with move to top Serie A club

LSE IVS 2 - 2 St. Georges
Matt Stoate ejaculates

What is wrong with the strikers at the LSE? The Golden Boot award as it stands would go the Fourths very own Golden Wig McGuinness after another startling display of his goalscoring prowess, proving that he doesn't have to be hung over to score goals. Despite starting the season and missing several games working (or could the cunning stoat mean wanking? - sports ed.) in the Library, the Wig is the top scorer in the whole of LSE football.

The game was a closely fought encounter with St. Georges developing a two goal lead, only for the LSE's purple warrior Wiggy to twice fumble around in George's yellow under pants and penetrate George's rear with lunging drives. he also scored twq hookers and two goals, the second of which deep into injury time saved the game for the

LSE. However, it could all have been so different. Captain Will couldn't organise a piss up brewery Paxton caught the train with only seconds to spare and, proving Geordies are never reliable, Peter Clegg missed it altogether. Number 201 from crush the previous evening had gone AWOL. Impressive performances were given by Eddie Simmons III (who incidentally is planning on calling any future son Eddie Simmons IV..bloody Americans!) and new right back Ralph banks. Ralph has recently become a real animal lover, particularly animals of the dog or moose variety to be found at the top West End nightclub, Limelight. Here's a brief description of Ralph's latest conquest for those of you who missed her: picture Vanessa Feltz, but having a bad hair day. Oh, and a bit fatter. And a lot shorter too. And with a crooked nose.

IS FRIEBE COLOUR BLIND?

Controversy and despair ravages the Tuns at release of 'Colours' nominations. What, no Mr.X? Equal number of football and rugby nominations despite less representation? Is LSE sports losing all direction?

EXCLUSIVE REPORT

The LSE sporting fraternity was rocked to the core this week as the list of colours was unveiled to unparalleled public outrage. The colours, the award given to those who have best served the LSE in their chosen sporting event, have long been the mark by which young pretenders have set their goals.

This position has been undermined by the ludicrous arbitrary nature of selection.

Whilst one cannot fail to appreciate the merit of such stalwarts as midfield maestro Nader Fatemi, first team captain Kev Sharpe or the inspirational 'canny' Pete Clegg, numerous names littering the list of LSE legends begs the question 'who or what is corrupting the hierarchy of LSE sports.'

Whilst the BEAVERSPORTS is not prepared to speak out about those named on the list, it is certainly not prepared to sit and watch LSE sport go down the pan.

In particular, the absence of Mr.X from the list has been met with a mixture of disbelief, shock and horror. The BEAVERSPORTS understands that a heated discussion has taken place between Friebe - president of the Athletic Union - and Mr.X and that the two are currently in a 'stand off'.

The decision to ignore Mr.X has divided a previously harmonious sporting community

As the events unfolded, key figures from LSE spoke out about this controversial and potentially damaging incident. First team Rugby captain 'Fat Bob' was quick to condemn the "hasty and violent nature of Mr.Xs response" - it is believed he threw a torrent of abuse at Friebe - and felt Freeman spoke out of turn.

Many others however feel Mr X's efforts for the LSE warrant colours



Mr X, still smiling?

Mr X's omission certainly does seem strange. He has played for LSE for three years, has never dropped below the third team, been captain for a year and has scored more than 50 goals. In the eyes of BEAVERSPORTS that is a career to be proud of and one that should be merited with the proper allocation of colours.

Allied to such bemusement has been contention over the number of rugby nominations. Whilst no-one can deny the contribution that our lads have put in this season, some may find it strange that, despite only having two teams, their nominations are as abundant as that of football, particular given notable absences such as Mr.X.

Such controversy has come as a blow at the end of what has admittedly been a disappointing season for LSE sports.

The semi-final defeat for the second XI football team saw an end to any hope of an LSE trophy this season. Some may say that this is the result of not giving our boys the credit they deserve, although that does seem a little harsh.

What is indisputable however, is that with the football team set to lose a host of big-name players, now is the time to begin any re-structuring.

It is of key importance that

the stars that have served LSE so well in the past, are replaced by ones of similar application and talent. Central to such a process is the recognition of those who succeed, for it is with such examples that LSE will entice the stars of tomorrow in to fulfilling their potential.

BEAVERSPORTS is not asking for a revolution, but simply an understanding of the importance of success in the modern game.

Certainly though, as the season comes to an end, let us reflect in the glory of our sporting achievements. BEAVERSPORTS recognises the time, effort and dedication that has gone into the sporting calendar and appreciates the unique talents of all of LSE sporting heroes. With Colours and without.

Let us all hope that the sporting calendar ends in a 'sporting' nature and that those in a position of power within the fraternity use to well and to the advantage of those who serve LSE in the best way possible.

Due to the constitutional obligations surrounding the election race, the identity of the subject of this article has been concealed.

THE COLOURS CEREMONY WILL TAKE PLACE ON THE 11th MARCH AT 4PM IN THE NEW CONNAUGHT ROOMS DEVON SUITE. THE EVENT IS STRICTLY BE INVITE ONLY WHICH WILL BE POSTED TO INDIVIDUALS IN DUE COURSE.

LSE ATHLETIC UNION COLOURS 1998-99

HALF COLOURS

Nick Stanojenic - Rugby
David Ampar - Rugby
Jeff McKnown - Rugby
Scott Jones - Rugby
David Goodyer - Rugby
Tobias Tolle - Football
Peter Clegg - Football
Erik Hovdkinn - Football
Naveen Paul - Football
Panos Loukas - Football
Matthew Raftery - Football
Heather Bird - Football
Tracy Dominic - Football
James Sullivan - Hockey
Samit Shah - Hockey
Dermot Kelleher - Hockey
Wahome Muchin - Hockey
Yves Nosbuch - Volleyball
Heather Wood - Volleyball
Brian Hesse - Basketball
Travis Davis - Basketball
Becci Morris - Netball
Georgia Pryce - Netball
Becky Little - Hockey
Kelly Lawford - Hockey

FULL COLOURS

David Hurley - Rugby
Tim Bradshaw - Rugby
Gavin Reilly - Rugby
Tom Dobbyn - Rugby
Andy Goodman - Football
Kevin Sharpe - Football
Nader fatemi - Football
Catherine Murray - Football
Jo Billings - Squash
Avinder Singh - Squash
Khurram Ahmed - Squash
Mungura Njoroge - Squash
Peter Alexender - Hockey
Malte Gerhold - Hockey
Daniel Baranovsky - Basketball
Carsten Boers - Basketball
Maria Friebe - Netball
Zarrine Ghiassi - Netball
Rachel Knight - Hockey

EXECUTIVE FULL COLOURS

Maria Friebe - President
Zarrine Ghiassi - Treasurer
Rachel Knight - Gen Sec.
Catherine Murray - Vice President
Tom Dobbyn - Assistant Treasurer
Dave Hurley - Assistant Gen Sec.

WELL DONE TO ALL THOSE SELECTED. PLEASE INFORM SARAH CRISP IN THE AU OFFICE IF YOUR NAME SPELLING IS INCORRECT.

BEAVERSPORTS WARNING: STICKING THE BEAVER UP 'YER ARSE CAN LEAD TO STIMULATION OF THE KIND ONLY FEDERS CAN NORMALLY PROVIDE