

LSE STUDENTS OUT IN FORCE AT NUS MARCH

Laura Hales

At 10 am on Thursday 25th November a group of about 60 LSE students met outside the Three Tuns to support the NUS March for Education. The initial poor turn out was gratefully met by reinforcements upon arrival at Malet Street where a long period of waiting followed before the march was to finally set off. Far from being annoyed with such waiting around, many students used this opportunity to consolidate their plans for revolutionary action.

"Wouldn't it be, like, really cool if we were to get arrested" went the babble of several wannabe working class heroes (the same ones, incidentally, who were unofficially spotted leaving the protest at the first sniff of marginally subversive action in order to get a sandwich.) Finally the march began and whilst the number of students from the LSE was respectable, a few people expressed disappointment that so many of their fellow students were absent. Jessie Driscoll, a 1st year resident at Carr Saunders Hall noticed that "there's so many people who I know of that should be here and who are not. It's all very well complaining about student hardship but when it comes down to doing something about it, there are several people who are notable by their absence. It's such a pity that there are

people here from as far away as Manchester and Liverpool and yet many of those who are not here only live 5 minutes away."

Still, James Meadway, Chair of the LSE Socialist Worker's Party was pleased with the LSE turn out and commented that "there are enough people here to make some serious noise which is what needs to happen if we are to show Tony Blair that we will not accept this completely unfair system." However Meadway was sceptical regarding how successful he thought the march would be in terms of scrapping tuition fees. "I think that it might be a case of too little, too late on behalf of the NUS. This march should have really taken place two years ago when tuition fees were first introduced."

A fairly peaceful march ensued with more protesters joining the march as it passed by LSE. But shame on those who preferred to watch the spectacle from the bottom of Houghton Street, Financial Times firmly clutched under arm and all set to begin revising for pressing exams which, at 6 months away, deserve to take precedence. However, excitement was to follow when the demonstration began crossing Waterloo Bridge. Throughout the march, a number of students expressed their dissatisfaction with the route which it took which was over Waterloo Bridge and then on to Kennington Park. When on Waterloo Bridge, a number of students took part in a sit down protest before attempting to take an alternative route which would take their protest directly past the Houses of Parliament. The rather apologetic stewards were then faced with the difficult task of trying to move the crowd over the bridge thus allowing the march to continue peacefully. But a significant minority refused to move claiming that there was no point in protesting peacefully with everybody behaving themselves since no government is ever likely to listen to polite requests. "What



And the students go marching on..... Picture: Daniel Lewis

would you rather do - march aimlessly to some South London park to feed the pigeons or take your protests direct to parliament where there's a possibility that someone might actually hear you?" went one student's attempt to stir the masses into revolution. She was moderately successful since a significant proportion did actually attempt to march past Parliament but were soon thwarted by a hefty barrier of mounted police. "They're stopping us from having access to our own Parliament" was the disgusted response of one Socialist Worker when she was

told that the police would never have allowed the march to proceed past the Houses of Parliament.

SU Gen Sec Jonathan Black commented "The march was LSE's best performance for over a decade. We have shown that our fine tradition is still relevant and that LSE students care about the community they live in."

He was however not so positive about the attempted 'sit in' and planned diversion through Parliament.

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**"I think that it
might be a case
of too little, too
late on behalf of
the NUS."**

**- James Medway
SWSS**



Union Jack

The UGM was on the move today. The balcony boys got off their Rugby lard arses and moved and shouted for something that might actually be semi-worthwhile.

Jon Polo Neck got more power by acting as a Regional Steward, the white body-warmer was a very fetching colour for the boy Black. Jack noticed that Black Hole was now the biggest babe attractor this side of Waterloo Bridge, Jack is sure that he would have been the phattest on the other side of the bridge had they been able to get across it.

UGM chair Amar put much weight behind the LSE campaign. He joined in the balcony boys campaign of optimal grant cheque usage by distributing free alcohol to all and sundry. Yeah.... bring back the grant and Fuck Fees, Jack has certainly noticed that his alcohol consumption has diminished.

Elfin like Little proved that she has the gift of the gob by shouting random inoffensive slogans. The girl is truly talented she can walk backwards and shout at the same time.. maybe at the UGM next week she can backflip for us. The balcony boys proved not to be as talented as Little but took the opportunity to show us that, contrary to popular belief, they can shout abuse while walking.... you wanker Giddens they bellowed.

The Socialist workers showed their fetish for handcuffs and forceful men in public places after a botched attempt at getting to Parliament resulted in a 'sit in' on Waterloo Bridge. That's the closest they'll get to high jinx with handcuffs and uniformed people and that's just the Tory MP's.

At this point Jack would like to compile a list of his top five marching choons:

1. I once had a wheelbarrow but the wheel fell off so give me a fucking grant so I can buy a new one..... er okay
2. Que sera sera whatever will be will be the LSE is the centre of student apathy
3. Hell no we won't go (to Parliament).
4. Who are we? The Socialist Workers! What do we want.... A rest or was it ARREST?
5. I'm just a poor boy from a poor family..... that's why I live in that shithole sarth of da riva... BANKSIDE

Jack was shocked at all the singing. The singing Sabbs usual tone deafness was fortunately drowned out by the honking of supportive horns (the motorists and not the Rugby team). Jack was touched by the romantic setting of the UGM, Kennington park, where the throwing skills of Fat (has he lost weight?) Bob were tested as the brainiac tried to throw leaves..... Jack cannot wait for winter, when the student body can mandate the Sabbs to have an outdoor UGM and an organised snowball war.... Jack wonders what gopher spice Tory Michael Blackwall will look like covered in snow and with about 50 balcony boys on him. Lucky for him that Bob has lost weight.

NEW QUAD OPENED IN STYLE

Nick Wogan

Allegedly, he vowed never to return, but Wednesday evening witnessed one of the largest events ever for LSE ents. Judge Jules took control of the steel wheels in a packed Quad, full of a crowd eager to hear whether it's worth shelling out fifteen hundred quid for some bloke to play records.

The event marked the official re-opening of the Quad after its costly redevelopment over the summer, and only a limited number of tickets were sold. Demand may not have reached the soaring heights predicted, though, as they were still selling tickets on the door. Still, unconfirmed sources have revealed that the union did manage to recover all of its initial outlay on the event.

For a heartstopping fifteen minutes, it appeared the Judge was abiding by his vow to never return to the hallowed plains of Houghton Street. When he finally arrived, the radio 1 star set about cutting the ribbon and gave a breif (but glorious) opening speech: During his 90 minute stint, Jules mixed the old(ish) with the new - the tunes doing the rounds in the clubs with more obscure tracks yet to hit the big time. It came as a relief to many that none of the

mainstream chart records that appear on Jules' compilation CD's: "They're a fine Christmas present for your little sister but it's not what I want to get down to" quipped Matt, 2nd year house guru.

Despite a large amount of initial disappointment relating to the unsuccessful late licence scenario, the feedback is generally good: "The opening was packed out and who better than Judge Jules, a former LSE student to open the entertainment facilities in the union project." commented Johnny Black, General Secretary. After the event social secretary, Al Hatton, stopped holding his breath and managed to say "I'm really pleased with the way it's all turned out especially after the late licence was unsuccessful." Clearly impressed by Jules' dexterity on the decks, he continued to proclaim the virtues of the man and declared "He is God".

Demand may not have reached the soaring heights predicted though unconfirmed sources have revealed that the union did manage to recover all of its initial outlay on the event



"And may God bless all who rave in her" Picture : Daniel Lewis

Continued from page one...

He told The Beaver "The march sent out a united message on fees student hardship and pay. It is a shame that a small minority attempted to hijack the march. Fortunately, however, the vast majority of the students came on the march to support the aims of the march."

Many LSE students were concerned at the Police intervention that was necessary on Waterloo Bridge to prevent the march going off course. Beaver Editor Daniel Lewis, who was at the scene of the altercation had the following words to say on returning to the LSE: "I think that the Police were only doing their job, even if they were slightly

forceful, however no one would have been pleased, especially not the NUS inner circle, had the Trots made it to the steps of Parliament. It seems they were trying to turn this well intended, peaceful protest into an aggressive farce."

Black emphasised that the actions of the few did not drown out the efforts of the many. He stressed that "There is a time and a place for a debate on what the aims of the student movement should be and last Thursday was neither the time or the place."

The question remains to be answered: will the NUS's peaceful protest method achieve its aims? Or perhaps, as the Socialist Workers seem to believe, subversive and direct action is the only method left.

NEWS IN BRIEF

WATERSTONES SCHOLARSHIP

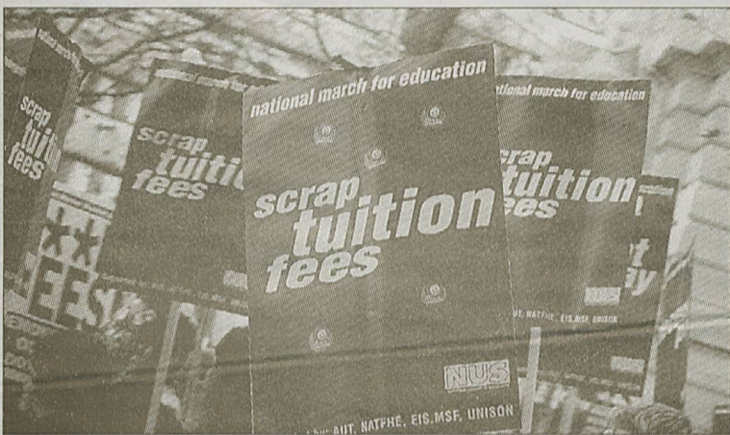
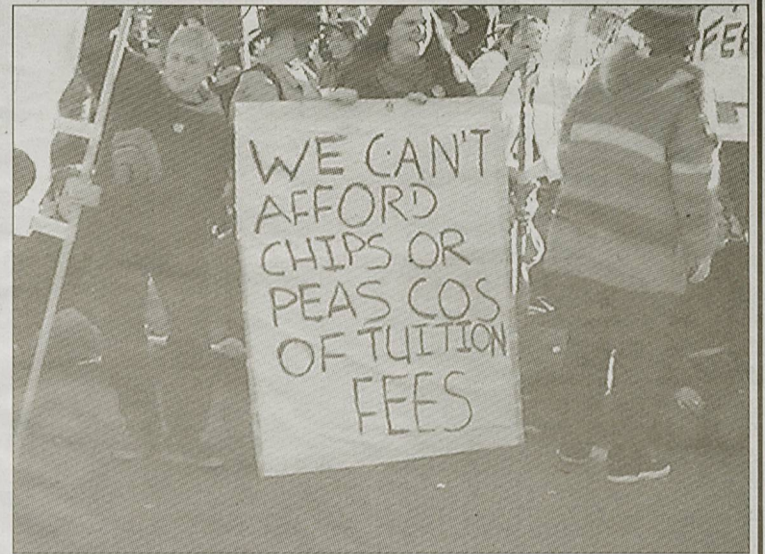
In conjunction with ULU Waterstones has the grand sum of £8000 to give away to students experiencing extreme hardship.

Waterstones will be giving away book vouchers up to the value of £100 to successful applicants. The closing date for applications is Friday, 17th December 1999. Applications are available by telephoning the President's office at ULU on 0171 664 2003.

GET JABBED

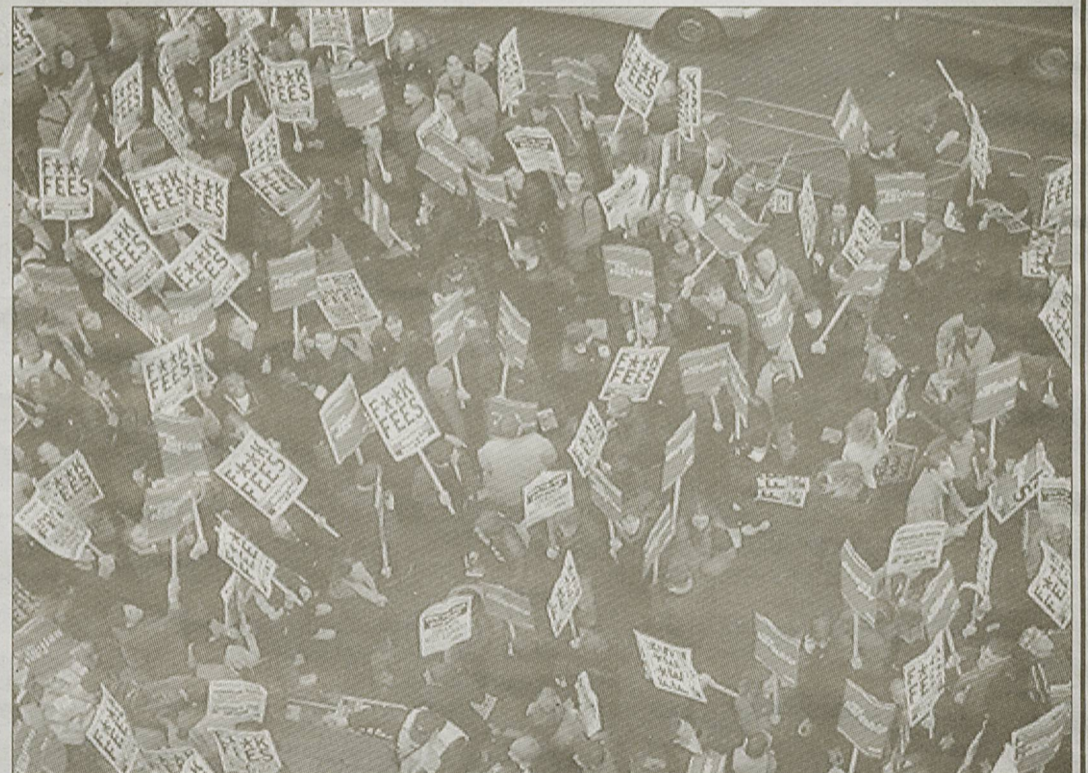
A leading group of expert GP's warned last week that any first year students that have not yet been vaccinated against meningitis C should seek to do so immediately.

They warned that January and February are the critical months for the spread of the potentially fatal disease. Any students that have not yet done so should be vaccinated by Christmas.



FLYING THE FLAG FOR FREE EDUCATION

Over 11,000 students turned out with banners, signs, whistles and chants to give voice to the NUS march.



LSE OUT IN FORCE

LSE provided a sizeable addition to the throng of campaigners with an estimated 300 of our finest following the march as it passed the Aldwych.



ALL SIT DOWN

The bulk of the protestors were firm on their feet, although a small minority chose to conduct a sit-out on Waterloo Bridge.

Pictures by:-
Neha Unia
Laure Trebosc
Daniel Lewis

CHANGING FACES

LSE welcomes nine professors this term to its world-famous academic roster.

Of course, they all arrive with glowing CVs - whom else would the LSE accept but the most distinguished in their fields. But, after all this glorification, what else lies behind these new faces? Just like you and me, they have to have their extra-curricular indulgences, don't they? Well, maybe not in the same vein as you and I, but then again, why not?! So I decided to see what makes some of them tick and find out they relieve some of that stress that inevitably comes after trying to teach those lazy um, layabouts known as LSE students. And, let me tell you, some of these characters have a seriously wild reputation.

There's Professor Linda McDowell, now of the Geography department. Arriving from Cambridge, Professor McDowell has also taught at South Bank, UCLA, Kent University and at the Open University. She likes to unwind breast-stroke style in the largest outdoor swimming pool in Cambridge. Watch out for her name in the Times best-seller lists because Professor McDowell is also a keen writer. A detective novel is in the pipeline but, she says, she seems 'to have trouble writing dialogue.' Add to this that whereas most of us would be pretty peeved if we were stuck in a cave for more than a few hours, Professor McDowell and her chums decided to live in a cave in Crete for a few months on a hitch-hike to Istanbul. Well, it was the Sixties. So, I guess you wouldn't get in trouble for saying she used to be a bit of a hippie.

Professor Michele Piccione of the Economics Department is less of a wild child. His biggest vice (and passion) was smoking. Fortunately, he managed to give it up after a twenty-year love affair. 'It was hard to openly smoke at UBC in Vancouver,' he says of a previous academic residence in his career, describing the anti-smoking social pressures there. So, he must find life in LSE extremely pleasant, what with our own anti-smoking policy. Professor Piccione also likes to traverse countryside areas... so once again central London provides him with another bonus in that respect.

For Professor Oliver Linton, his vice lies in supporting Arsenal. You might have the fortune to see him in the Tuns: 'I like to have a few beers and watch the football', he says. He was an undergraduate at LSE, and afterwards taught English in Sudan. What did you gain from this experience, I eagerly asked him. 'Good acquaintances with camels', he boasted. Say no more, Professor Linton.

So that's the lowdown on some of the latest recruits to Houghton Street's army of hard-core pros. Just a word to our new faces: welcome to LSE.

Sib Hayer

MORE MARCHERS MEANS MORE MAYHEM

Tola Soleye

Just over one hundred LSE students turned up for the NUS march held on Thursday the 25th of November. There was a good atmosphere for the most part and a sense of camaraderie. This works out at around 1.7% of the entire student body. There must be a reason for this poor turnout. We could cite the usual 'All LSE students are Gucci-clad, mobile toting, trust fund kids' spiel, but even that would only work for about another 2%. This leaves a total of 96.3% as yet unaccounted for. 47% of this 6,000-strong student body are postgraduates who have to pay fees anyway; by my calculations, I'm currently left with 49.3% of the student body. (This may be coming across as boring and scientific, but I'm getting around to my point, believe me!)

So what happened to everyone else? Some parties 'mildly disapprove' of the march appearing to display the rational economic sense we LSE students are world renown for - the system need no longer provide incentives

(grants) for higher education as there are enough subscribers to what was previously considered an elitist path. The LSE Executive was aware of this, and as a result, publicity for the march centred on LSE-specific issues like London prices, the cost of living, overseas fees etc. This approach should have pleased the rational economists, so I'm still stumped in my accounting for the 1.7% turnout.

The Conservative students put forward a motion just over a week ago at the UGM declaring that it was absurd that the march was being held on a weekday. They put forward some statistics to back this up; namely each hour of teaching costs £6 and £40 for EU and non-EU students respectively. Top this end several students cited the cost of their teaching as their reason for non-attendance of the march. The



The irony of it.....

Picture: Daniel Lewis

executive had secured a promise for the School that no one would be penalised for absence but the sample I questioned didn't want to miss the teaching, essentially placing an emphasis on the importance of keeping up with their

academic work. That is their right and so it was the same old story; LSE students showed their feelings as eloquently as they usually do and proved once again that they really don't give a damn.

HACKS THE WAY TO DO IT

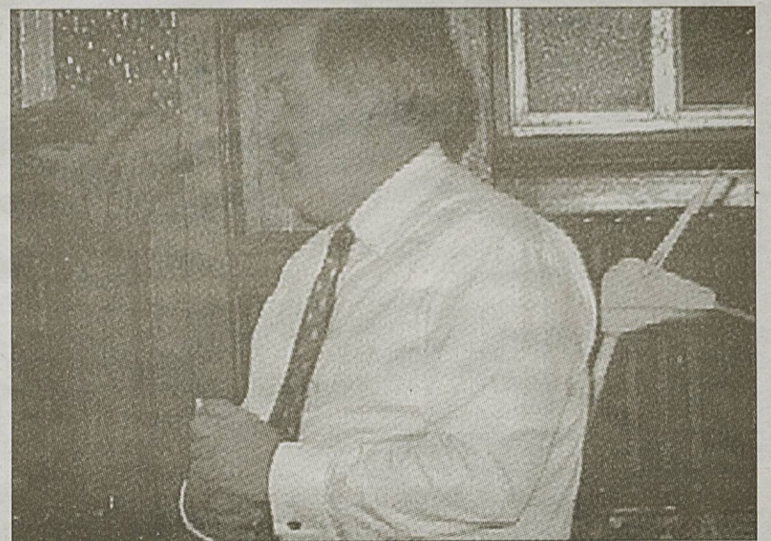
The roll call of LSE visiting speakers from the gray-suited gray-haired ranks of the British establishment had at least one quite interesting name on it this week. Tuesday saw Robin Oakley, political editor of the BBC, visit the LSE to expound a few words on media and politics.

Mr. Oakley is a respected journalist and a man well worth listening to on all things media. "The media," he said, "always seems to be there when anything is happening, listening and getting ready to pounce." Or words to that effect. Embarrassingly, he happened to say this as I rolled into his speech ten minutes late intending to cover his visit for the Beaver.

Unperturbed, Mr. Oakley waxed philosophical on media issues: "soundbites may be too commonplace, but they're what the public wants. Perhaps politicians should realise this more." This set

me thinking about our own political 'scene' in LSE, and the way that most of what Mr. Oakley said about his experiences covering Westminster might be applied even to the reportings of a place as small as LSE. He took a sensible tack on criticisms of the media - saying that people in public life were quite aware of the media pressures they may face. But he also talked of the danger of the political press becoming inward-looking - "perhaps people like me don't get out of Westminster enough, into the real world."

The talk, organized by the Schapiro Government Club, gave way to questions. When asked if his associations with recently ousted London Mayor candidate Jeffery Archer might compromise his objectivity, Mr. Oakley fended off criticism well. "If I have to criticize him, I will. That's the game, that's how it goes." As the talk ended, I thought of the



Robin Oakley offers his journalistic wisdom

Picture: Neha Unia

paradoxes. Here I was, trying to write an article about one of the more formidable article-writers of today.

He concluded with the words "We need the media... for without

their dogged pursuits, we would never know of the Nixons and Hamiltons of this world. We need the media... like worms in our compost heap."

MD

WORD UP

WITH IAN CURRY AND DANIEL LEWIS

Student Marches - Socialist Protesters or Spoilt Rich Kids



James Cooper, International History

I think it is rich for students to campaign for better pay when vast sections of society have to survive on subsistence pay. The issue of fees is also ridiculous, when so many at Britain's top institutions have attended grossly expensive private schools, and have paid so much more for their educations.

As for the march, they should go the whole hog and bring in demo groups and get a real street party going.

Naina Ghosh, Economics

I think that the issue is entirely justifiable. The fees that are exacted from overseas students are huge, and it is a fraction of what I would have paid in India. I am a British citizen, yet because I have lived in India I am penalised and forced to pay upwards of £9,000 for my academic year. I completely support the campaign to freeze the overseas loans, and believe this is entirely relevant, especially for the LSE.



Richard Mulcatty, LSE Reception Manager

I have never been a student, but I am behind them in this issue. I don't think it is right when they take their protests too far, such as last years takeover of Connaught House. I think it is much better when groups can sit down and discuss the problems with those who could make a real difference. I think the impact of some types of demonstration is limited.



Oliver Burrows, Economics

I think because the fees are means tested the point of the march is limited. If you can afford to pay under the system, then perhaps you should. Another important point is that the students can get value for money if they attend their classes and lectures. Perhaps missing classes for the march has limited value. The fees we pay are also massively less than our American counterparts. We are quite lucky really.



John Sagan, Anthropology & Law
I think it would be a pyrrhic victory to successfully march, sit in and protest for students' right to indebted themselves to the Government in still greater numbers. Being beholden to even the most benevolent creditors for something as basic as your essential educational credentials as you begin your working life distorts your priorities and gives you an incentive to dispel your debts as quickly as possible by taking philistine employment.

Thursday was a day of protest, as the massed ranks of student protesters descended on London from across the country. The protesters enjoyed sympathy from many in the world of education, but their appeal beyond the hallowed gates of academia is somewhat limited. Many have suggested that the protests have been hijacked by militant, left-wing extremists. Others suggest that the students are merely being selfish. Rich kids, who can afford the fees, yet

begrudge helping others to higher education.

What would be the opinion of the LSE? If it were to conform to stereotypes it would be ideologically and materially opposed to student fees, and yet public opinion at the School tends not to conform to reason.

We venture once again into the hotbed of vocal opinion, and bring you the insight of the lunchtime Houghton Street crowd.

Claire Pryde, I.R.

I don't believe in the tax payers having to pay for everything. Students could go out and get a job. We should be grateful for what we do get at the moment. The march should be more about getting better pay, and encouraging more part time jobs for students. But on the whole I think students should stop moaning, and pay their way.



Gabi Menezes, I.R.

The principle of paying for education is wrong, and getting places should be based purely on academic attainment, not on ability to pay. The amount foreign students have to pay is ridiculous, especially from former British colonies. They have a debt of legacy to provide free education so that we can go back and improve third world societies.



Neils Moller, Management

I think a lot of the students are just doing the march for a laugh, just to march in the streets. They hear stories from their parents of how cool it was to protest in the sixties. Today, however, the actual impact is limited, especially as only 17,000 students are expected. As a foreign student I think it is fair enough, and I only pay EU rates for university. My parent don't pay tax in the UK, so I think it is correct that I contribute.

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Editorial

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood, And sorry I could not travel both And be one traveller, long I stood And looked down one as far as I could To where it bent in the undergrowth.

Wise words indeed from Mr. Frost, and ones that grow more pertinent with each passing day. It was Douglas Coupland, in his excellent book *Generation X*, who highlighted for me the concept of 'Option Blindness', a state in which the subject has so many things he could see or do that he does nothing. I am being dragged into such a torpor.

Staggering through my third year as it is, I seem to be devoting no time to LSE's favourite hobby, getting a job. Not being a great fan of CVs, application forms and the like I have managed to write not one earnest word of endeavour. My chances of landing that top notch role at Goldman's or Merrill's are growing slimmer by the day. But that's not what I'm here to write about.

Knowing that my remaining time here at LSE is short, I'm starting to think that I'll really miss this place. Sure it has its flaws - overcrowding (classes), undercrowding (Lust for Life), beauracracy - not to mention the fact that you actually have to do work as well, but it's been my home for over two years now, and you get to love its little quirks.

If caught in a good mood I don't care that Crush is too congested, or that Oscar Kent is shouting out 'Fudgepackers' for the hundredth time that night, or that LSE ents are so notoriously under-utilised by the vast majority of the students body. Hell, I can even appreciate the people loitering outside the Old Building as a symbol of LSE's never changing apathy.

I guess what I'm saying is that, with just a few months left to go in my academic career ('cos I sure as hell ain't getting my Masters paid for) I perhaps start to wish I'd done a little more at LSE.

I like to think I've done a fair bit here (I ran for Gen Sec for god sake - not that many people would know that!) and I still wish I'd done more. It really makes me feel sorry for those out there who've spent their time hanging around, studying in their rooms or in the Library, not getting out there and interacting with the rest of LSE.

Do something whilst you still can - else you'll regret it when you're working all the hours god sends.

Carpe Diem!

Daniel Lewis
Executive Editor

FINGER BACK ON PuLSE

Pulse FM is now broadcasting on the web. Find them on www.pulsefm.co.uk. PuLSE is also available in the Quad and coming soon in the Gym.



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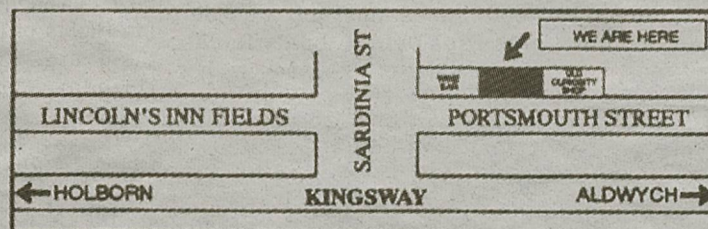
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CHILD'S PLAY?

Laura Taborn examines child exploitation at its worst

War is obviously always a terrible thing, and I imagine few people would wish to fight in one. But what makes it even worse is when the people fighting in these wars are as young as seven years old. Although international human rights and humanitarian law prohibits the recruitment or participation in hostilities of any child under the age of 15 there are reportedly some such 'soldiers' in the Democratic Republic of Congo and allied countries and since modern weapons are so light, they can almost be yielded by infants. Just think about this for a moment. What were you doing when you were seven years old? Playing with toys - not killing with guns.

Admittedly the majority of the children in armies are not as young as this. However, in the Democratic Republic of Congo there was reportedly an official communiqué aired in mid 1998, calling for those between 12 and 20 to enlist in the armed forces. This government has since claimed that it had stopped the recruitment of children, and had prevented those already in the forces from taking part in armed combat. However, this has still to be confirmed.

The Democratic Republic of Congo is not alone. There are over 300 000 child soldiers in the world. The majority of these are in the East. However, Europe and the Americas are not exempt from this practice. Children are not only formerly enlisted into joining armies across the world, but often they are forcibly abducted by members of the relevant groups, and made to engage in armed combat. Children are not merely used as runners or casual staff, but play the part of full soldiers. In Uganda, children make up 90% of



Powder stained hands?

Picture - Amnesty International

the Lord's Resistance Army (LRA), an armed opposition group, and are aged mainly between 13-16.

The LRA is composed of boys and girls - both of whom take part in armed combat. Along with that, some of the girls are subjected to forced sexual relations with the men in the army. On 14 year old girl reports how she was 'given' to a man who had just killed his woman. She had little choice in the matter since: "girls who refused to become LRA wives were killed in front of us to serve as a warning to the rest of us."

Even children who manage to escape the LRA and receive counselling and therapy have a dubious future. Not only do they face the possibility of recapture

(despite the Ugandan Governments questionable reintegration policy) but also life-long emotional scars. One boy, who 'joined' the LTTE when he was 11 still has violent nightmares over four years later. Of the girls who are not forced to take part in the fighting, nearly all suffer from some form of sexually transmitted disease.

At such a young age, it is possible to shape these children's opinions, so that they may never know any other kind of life. "I have no intention of going to school, I've fought and killed many people. I'm a soldier, it's all the experience I need" states Musimbi, a soldier with President Kabila's forces since the age of 13. Therefore, not

only are these regimes exposing children to horror and violence, but they are robbing them of their future.

These children are often systematically brutalised, and even killed if they fail to take part in the brutalities themselves. This injury and murder is often performed by other children: "... they took the two boys to the bush and told us to kill them...they had to beat the boys until they were dead." - 17 year old girl. This creates a psychological condition in the children in which they are too scarred to return to their communities because of the brutalities they themselves have been forced to commit. However, to echo The Most Reverend Archbishop Desmond Tutu, while children may carry out acts of extreme violence at this formative stage, they "are easily coerced into doing things they would never have done in a normal situation...no matter what the child is guilty of, the main responsibility lies with us, the adults."

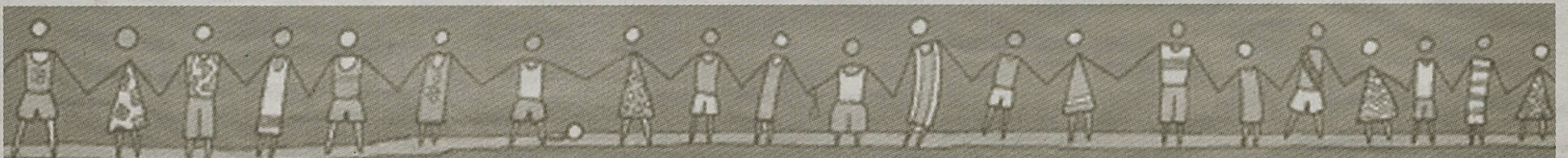
This last statement should not merely apply to those who press-gang these children, or to the governments who condone this heinous practice, but to all of us. Last Saturday marked the 10th Anniversary of the UN Convention on the Rights of the Child. With respect to this, Amnesty International and related organisations have formed The UK Coalition to Stop the Use of Child Soldiers and are leading a campaign to raise the legal age of soldiers to 18.

Early next year a decision will be made on whether to raise the minimum age of conscription from 16 to 18. Admittedly, although 99% of the world's governments have ratified the UN Convention on the Rights of the Child, not all of them are abiding by it (e.g. Uganda). However, raising the

legal age of recruitment to 18 would make it more difficult to pass off younger children as legal soldiers. As it stands, the British government are in a pivotal position because they are one of only two European nations who recruit from the age of sixteen. Although the government has said it will not actively block the amendment, it is clear to see that active support could make a great deal of difference, and would fall in line with the government's proposed 'ethical foreign policy.'

This week, LSE Amnesty International will have a stall on Houghton street, where there will be an opportunity to sign a petition supporting this adjustment to the rights of the child; send letters expressing disapproval of this practice to relevant governments and offer the chance to join the society. In addition, on Thursday at 2pm, there will be a 5 minute sit in on Houghton street, as a mark of respect for the children who have died, and promote awareness on the plight of child soldiers. Please come along and show consideration for those who have had their innocence destroyed.

These children are often systematically brutalised, and even killed if they fail to take part in the brutalities themselves.



FOLLOW THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD

Gabrielle Menezes and Claire Pryde examine politics and economics. and where they interact

The image of the LSE during the 60s and 70s has become a legend among British universities today. Those of us who were not around sigh for the hey day of revolutionary activity: sit down in Houghton Street and people chanting "blowing in the wind." Now it seems that the song the London School of Merchant Banking is chanting is "money, money, money". They seem to have forgotten the lines "It isn't funny in a rich man's world". But of course they don't bop around in the white flares. The suit and tie have become our uniform, especially for those of us who joined the business society. Why is it that so many students are on automatic pilot on a road set for investment banking? However, this disparaging view may prematurely dismiss what is an important aspect of factors contributing to, not only political, but also ethical policy.

It is obvious that politics and economics go together but why is it they also seem so separate. Economics students usually admit to not taking an active interest in current affairs and international students usually dismiss the practicality of economics in their course. However, throughout history, economic change has caused political reform and generally, not the other way round. For example, spiralling economic depression during the twenties and thirties brought about extreme nationalism i.e. fascism, which in turn contributed to the outbreak of the Second World War. The Cold War political ideology papered over the rivalry of economic influence between the US and Russia. This is an illustration of the fact that economic power is an open door for influencing people who are the body politic. More recently, we have the example of the USSR, which crumbled almost totally due to economic causes, which in turn had an effect on the stability of the region. The 1991 invasion of Kuwait was not justified by the US on economic interests but is it not



Each a symbol of Polity and Economics?

Picture : Archives

a more likely hypothesis?

It is patently obvious that both politics and economics are inextricably intertwined. Should this not be made more obvious to students? Another important issue to consider is how far ethics can be combined with economics. Tony Blair and Robin Cook have both voiced their "ethical foreign policy" but by changing politics without economic backing does nothing. It is best to illustrate this with an example. The Third Way has voiced its sympathy for the Third World. But by giving support to human rights means that things need to change on a deeper, economic level: the arms trade should be terminated, Third World debt should be cancelled, but the government alone cannot do this as it is private commercial banks that did the lending. Didn't private banks in their turn have a duty not to continue lending money to dictators like the Marcos who were

blatantly not using it for the benefit of their people? Private companies have as much of a duty as the state to ethical investments because otherwise an "ethical foreign policy" means nothing. How is it possible to completely ban landmines unless the agreements of the company that make them are obtained? The relations with the Third World take place primarily through trade rather than diplomacy. Diplomacy is reserved for those countries that are already an economic power and cannot be swayed by other means.

On a lighter level economics and politics are amusingly intertwined in some of the world's famous literature. We have it on good authority from my flat mate that the Wizard of Oz is actually an economic allegory. The famous yellow brick road represents the Gold Standard leading to the Emerald City at the end, which symbolises the phoney, untrusted,

'Greenbacks'. Alice in Wonderland is also a political parody of characters of the time. Watch the bookstores for "The Third Way: the latest fantasy epic"

To conclude, private companies should make legitimate commitments because their investments have a direct role in the shaping of an ethical foreign policy. But to return to the students at LSE... when we leave the LSE ... will foreign students who had the ambition of changing things within

their country of origin go back, or will they sit in London offices claiming that they are changing things in their own way? Is it possible to make changes? Perhaps economics should be looked at holistically rather than as a separate form of international law, ethics and international relations.

We have it on good authority that the Wizard of Oz is actually an economic allegory. The famous yellow brick road represents the Gold Standard leading to the Emerald City at the end, which symbolises the phoney, untrusted, 'Greenbacks'.

DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDRELS

Nikhil Brahmabhatt and Khaled Verjee examine political sleaze in recent years

Never has politics been as juxtaposed with integrity and credibility than by those various incidents surrounding our governmental hierarchy over this decade. At times it is almost as if the national newspaper headlines have been derived from some political satire or indeed farce.

Largely the ridicule and blame can be attributed to the Tories, who have, after Archer's latest scandal, been successful in sullyng the name of parliament for an entire decade. Although after the various exploits of Lord Irvine, and Peter Mandelson, the Labour party is hardly a beacon for morality.

Thatcher's departure in 1990 following poll-tax riots saw John Major as successor and leader of the Tory party. Major's term in office has been a source of constant amusement both politically and more seriously ethically. For many it remains something of an enigma how the Tories were re-elected in 1992, this confusion quickly transformed to dismay. Perhaps the largest debacle of the post war era was presided over by the Major government. In September 1992, on Black Wednesday, where the Chancellor, Norman Lamont, and John Major lost 15 billion pounds of Bank of England funds while attempting to sustain membership of the ERM. Two billion of taxpayers money went to LSE alumni George Soros, and yet nobody resigned immediately. Eventually Lamont succumbed, but his painfully accurate quote that the Tories "gave the impression of being in office but not in power," would refer not only to their political incompetence but to their extra parliamentary indiscretions and misdemeanours.

Politically, Major was always vulnerable having only the slender working majority of 26 seats, and was often humiliated in the Commons by his own party, particularly over ratification of the



Archer waves politics goodbye

Maastricht Treaty. However, as far as the public remains attentive to such issues the Major humiliations were over extraneous incidents of "sleaze and scandal," which of course received the greatest exposure. The very fabric of Parliament was corrupted following the "cash for questions scandal," where Mohamed Al Fayed, again the centre of controversy, insisted that he had given bribes totalling or exceeding £100,000 to Neil Hamilton (MP for Tatton), to ask political questions in the House of Commons. Hamilton has logged libel proceedings and the case began last week. That the conduct of our MP's and processes of government can be manipulated in this manner undermines all our notions of representative democratic government.

Jonathan Aitken was alleged, by the Guardian Newspaper, of conducting improper transactions with an Iraqi arms dealer, who paid for his bill at the Ritz. Aitken, a much admired minister, encouraged his daughter to

commit perjury on his behalf, and was successful in avoiding prosecution. However, this was not sufficient for the arrogant Aitken, who pursued with a libel case

'Politics ruins character' and 'those who have greatness within do not go in for politics'

against the Guardian and it was this insistence (refusing to accept an out of court settlement), which eventually resulted in his conviction earlier this year.

Tory party finances have constantly been under scrutiny initially under Major's time in office, after receiving notable donations from a Greek shipping tycoon, and another arms dealer (yes, yet another arms dealer). At present, the Tory party treasurer is Michael Ashcroft, who coincidentally is the largest benefactor of the party having contributed over £3 million. He remains under scrutiny for his various financial interests in parts of the developing world, his interest in Belize politics, and the fact that he remains in Florida for the better part of the year has not deterred the Tories accepting overseas donations which are otherwise prohibited. Clearly, party finances and donations should be disclosed and made transparent if we are to avoid the basic assumption that those who donate the most cash to the party, wield the most influence. And although confidentiality will be compromised their must be some action to avoid trading characterised by brown envelopes (as was the case with Al

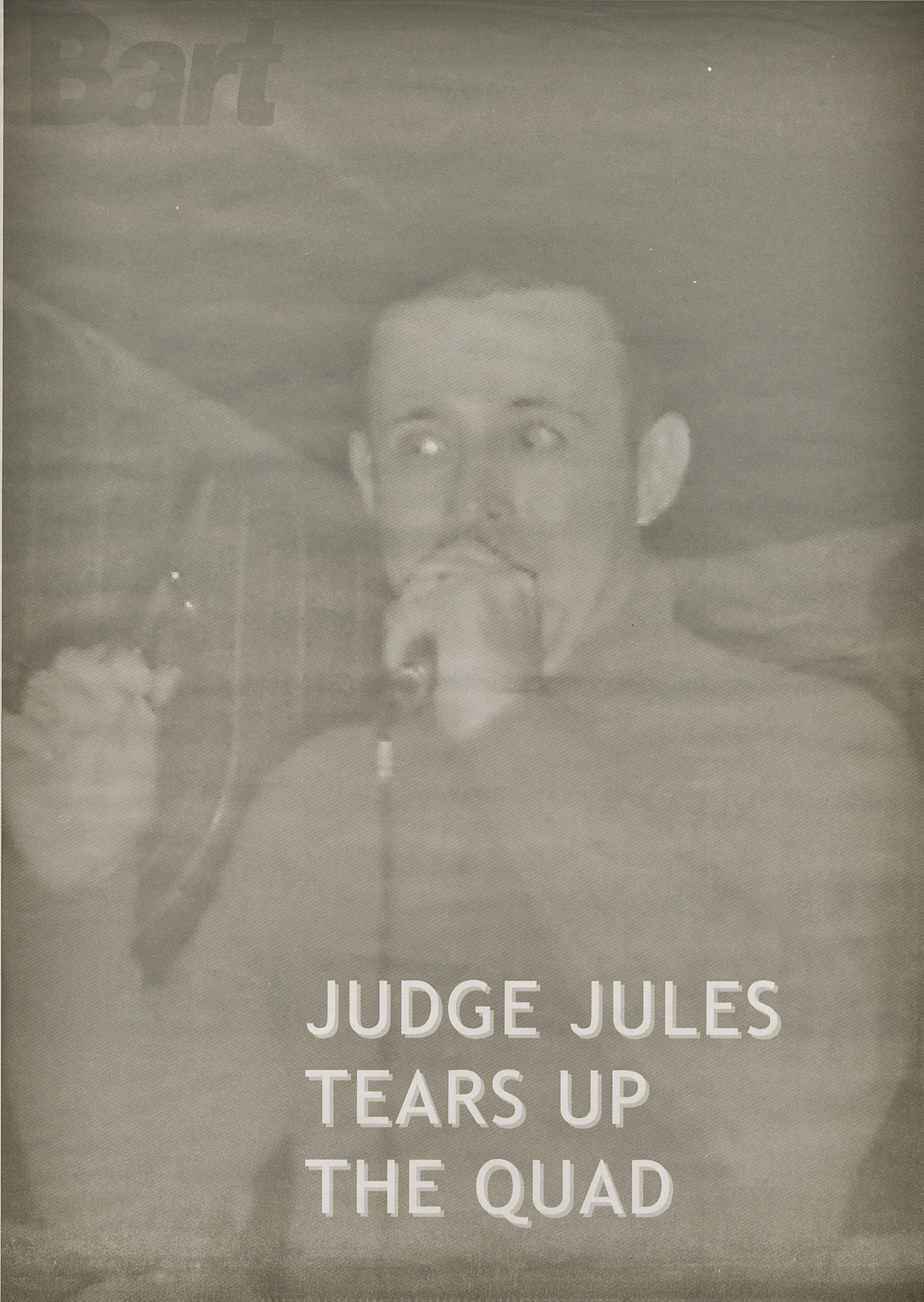
Fayed) and trading in smoke filled rooms. Was it also just a coincidence, that following Bernie Ecclestone's considerable donation to the Labour party, the government refused to ban tobacco advertising from Formula 1 in this country?

Misconceptions, or plain naivety, that the scandals would halt after the departure of the Tory administration in 1997 were shattered after Lord Irvine confessed to adorning his dwelling with £65,000 a roll wallpaper, and various priceless works of art. In response to select committee investigations Lord Irvine remarked that this "is not any old wallpaper from the local DIY store," and that he was sure that "it would be much appreciated by future generations." Further scandal followed as Mandelson, the Minister without Portfolio, had "borrowed" £300,000 for his fashionable London residence from the Pay-Master General. Blair's golden boy, Mandelson, has been reinstated to resolve tensions regarding the Northern Ireland peace agreement.

Then, there is the question over the omni-present Murdoch, what exactly is his relationship with the Prime Minister? Initially, "The Sun" assisted in the Labour election campaign and Murdoch was believed to have made various donations to the party. Although more recently the newspaper has referred to him as the "most dangerous man in Britain." Murdoch is clearly opposed to EMU and this perhaps conflicts with Blair. What is crucial though is that Blair does not compromise government policy on Europe or any other political topic for fear of Murdoch and his news corporation.

Hague and the Tories were about to celebrate the possibility of their first realistic major defeat of the Labour party for many years in their campaign for London's Mayor.

Bart



**JUDGE JULES
TEARS UP
THE QUAD**

MAXIMUM RESPECT DUE TO ALL LSE PARTY CREW!

-A big "bo-ya!" and a big "oi-oiiiiii!" to everyone that went and made the night what it was! You're the best! See you there next time...

-Cooper had a toppy-top one!

Maximum respect to everyone who turned up last Wednesday for a night that opened the new venue in style. The success of this night just goes to prove that students at LSE are just as up-for-it as anywhere. We rocked the party!

The warm-up DJ did a good job at the start of the night, getting everyone in the mood for a good stomp later on, mixing a nice set of chunky, trancy house that avoided the usual cheesy tunes. Nice one matey! However, it was clear that the crowd had come to see one man and one man only... When Judge Jules entered the venue there was a great buzz as everyone poured onto the dancefloor and started cheering.

Jonny Black risked killing the atmosphere a bit by saying a few words but thankfully he kept it short and sweet and passed over to Alan Hatton who swiftly introduced the man himself Judge Jules. The sabbs bathed in the reflected glory for a while, as the Judge stepped up to the DJ booth and began to let rip.

As Robert Miles' "Children" filled the air with it's vomit-inducing tinkling sounds I started to worry. Thankfully, this tune soon started to dim as a harder and funkier tune came in. From then on it was all good as the Judge rinsed out a great mix of music, never becoming too commercial without being too underground for the majority to enjoy.

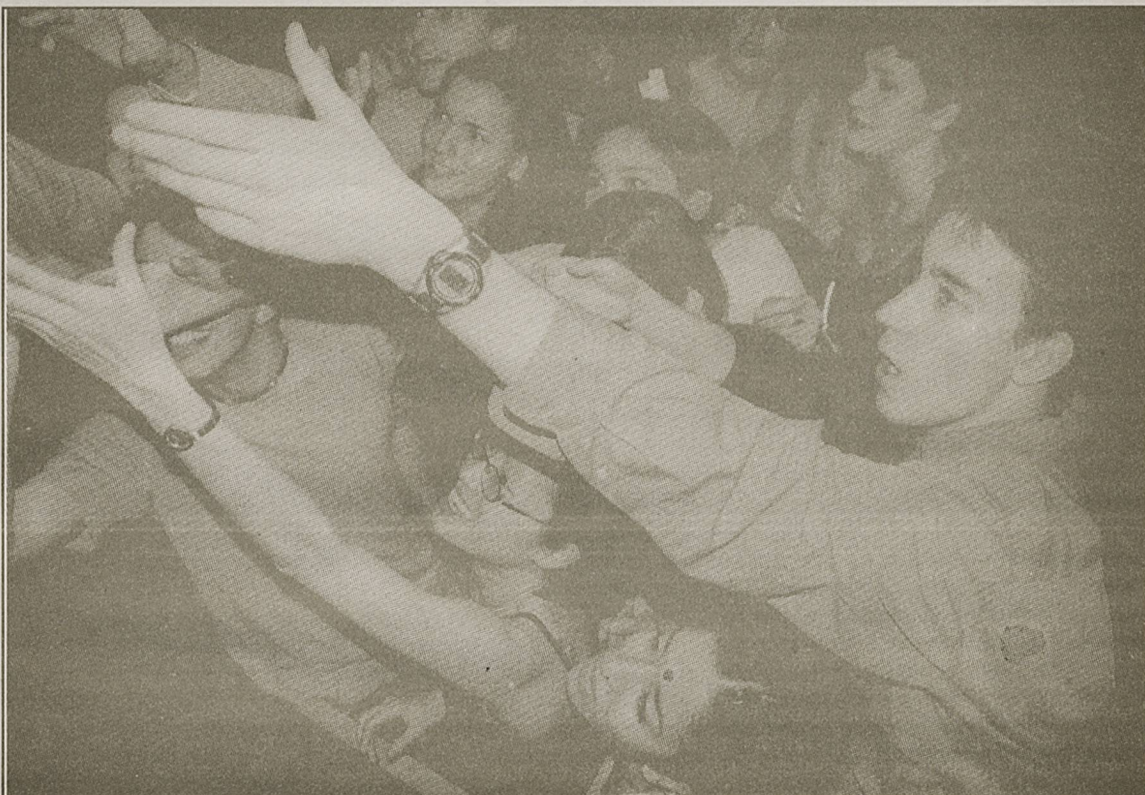
Anyone who wasn't dancing at the start of the set soon found themselves drawn into the throng... if not by the tunes then by the atmosphere that was rapidly building up.

It was pretty clear to me that everyone who came was determined to have a good time and this created a wicked vibe. As soon as Judge Jules started his set the stage was stormed and it remained packed until the end of the night, with some excellent dancers strutting their stuff and spurring on the massive down below. As the photos of the night show everyone was smiling and having a good one all night, no one tried to pose or look cool they just had it large!

Another thing the crowd proved was that you don't need to be off your head on Class A drugs to get down big style to some quality tunes - you can be high on life, the music and each other!

A special mention must go to all the girls who made such an effort dressing up for the night; they looked amazing and put us blokes to shame. It made a nice change at the LSE to see so many great looking girls dancing away happily without being surrounded by loads of sad and sleazy men.

One thing that would have made the night even better was a few decorations. This was the opening night after all! Anyone that's ever been to Pendragon will know just how much of a difference is made to the atmosphere by totally decking out the venue. Even a few balloons would have raised things up a few notches. After all it's harder to lose it completely when it's all too apparent that



you're dancing in a place that's usually reserved for drinking Cappuccino, discussing which investment bank to join and reading the FT.

I spoke to Ents Sabb Alan Hatton about the decorations and he agreed with me that it was a shame there weren't any. The problem he explained was cash. After shelling out £1500 for Judge Jules and dropping the ticket price down to a more reasonable £4, Alan was skint. He had ordered £500 worth of backdrops and other goodies but had to cancel them at the last minute.

This raises a big issue. Why the fuck does our Ents budget only run to £4,000? One thing I've noticed during my time at the LSE is that the Ents Sabb seems to do

more work than the rest of them put together. Constantly trying to give us good nights out on a shoestring budget can't be easy. When some minority societies get over £500 quid every year, just for putting on a few crappy speaker events you have to wonder if our resources are being effectively utilised. At places like Sheffield and Nottingham the Ents team has hundreds of thousands of pounds to play with so it's not surprising that they have a better laugh than we do.

The new Quad clearly has great potential as a venue. The lighting especially was superb at times and the smooth white curvey ceilings made it feel quite futuristic. Strange bubbles were projected onto one wall whilst the bar made the drinks look

mouthwatering, lined up in the flash new fridges. What a change from last year when it resembled a down-at-heel Eastern European discoteque. Introduce a £5 a year hall tax or something and give Alan Hatton enough money to make proper use of the place!

So... what a night. It showed us all what we've been missing: a good quality mid-week LSE night for everyone, not just those who play team sports. We need something to get everyone together in the week and build up the community spirit that is sometimes lacking a little. Come back soon Judge Jules you made a lot of people very happy... but do it for free and stick some money behind the bar!

THE GREAT MAN SPEAKS...

-Cooper asks the questions...

After the event had ended and everyone spilled out onto the street dying for more, I caught up with the main man himself Judge Jules. Comfortably seated in his Maroon Porsche (typical DJ's car I pointed out) he kindly let me ask him a few questions. One thing immediately apparent was that this man is very, very intelligent, despite working in the music industry for so many years. His LSE education has obviously served him well; there is hope for the rest of us.

I'm not the kind to be easily star-struck so

I asked him straight out, "Why charge your old University £1500 when you're so loaded? If I were you mate, I'd do it for nothing and stick a grand behind the bar for good measure." The great man paused for a second and replied, "To quote Smashy and Nicey I do a lot of work for charidee. Last week for example I played for nothing at an ecstasy research benefit night that raised £20,000." A troubled look flickered briefly across the Judge's face. Whether he was pissed off to be asked such rude questions by a jumped-up student journalist like myself or deeply considering his moral standpoint I don't know but he continued, "I give £20 quid a

month to the LSE through a bond, er I know it's not very much but er..." He paused again. "My conscience is clear."

Moving swiftly on I wondered how he felt to be back at the good old LSE. He seemed genuinely pleased to be back saying, "I'm very happy to have come back, it's been a great nostalgic feeling getting in touch with the old school bonds again." Everyone had obviously made him feel welcome as he promised he'd come back again soon.

Judge Jules mentioned that someone had given him a flyer for the upcoming Legalise

Cannabis Society event and I took the opportunity to find out his opinions on the current government's attitude to drugs. "At the end of the day the law has to be seen to be fair and correct. The random nature of justice in this country does nothing to generate respect for the system. For example, in Scotland the police are generally much harsher on drugs offenders than they are in London. Justice has to be legitimate." That seemed like a great place to end the interview. Whilst Judge Jules may be a millionaire super-DJ the LSE will always be a part of him.

HIGH ON LIFE!



PHOTOS BY MARK SIMPSON

LIFE SUCKS

MAI LING reviews the second novel *LIFE ISN'T ALL HA HA HEE HEE* by the writer, scriptwriter and actress of the BBC2 hit *Goodness Gracious Me*; Meera Syal.

Anyone who has watched even a minute of the side splittingly funny BBC2 TV show *Goodness Gracious Me* will be aware of just how multi talented a writer, actress and script writer Meera Syal is. Her film *Bhaji on the Beach* started a phenomenon of non Asian people going to watch Asian films and not only that but it was a great success within the Asian community as well. Her first novel was



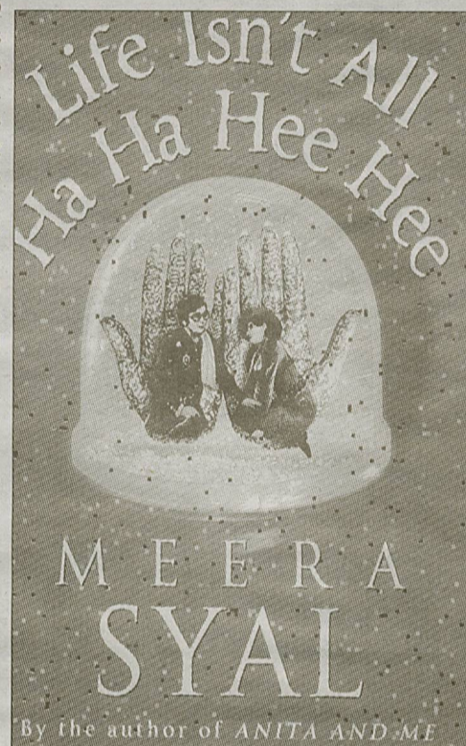
also a great success garnering Syal a Betty Trask Award.

Meera Syal's real talent lies in her ability to remain true to her Asian roots and yet produce fiction that all can read and empathise with. *ANITA AND ME*, her first novel was a masterpiece, effortlessly entwining English-Indian life. Her portrayal of little Meena, desperate to leave her life of 'aunties and uncles', Indian family life behind and fit into the Tollington world of Anita; with her short skirts, makeup and dog called Nigger is sad yet amusing. In this way Syal expertly and amusingly draws a

picture of childhood relationships, friendships and racism.

Having read *ANITA AND ME* a few months ago at the recommendation of an Indian friend of mine, I expected Syal's next book to be a continuation of little Meera's story. However Syal surprised me with a book that looks at Indian life from a different perspective. *LIFE ISN'T ALL HA HA HEE HEE* begins with the story of Deepak, a successful entrepreneur on his way to marry Chila; an innocent naive. Yet the novel centres on Chila and her hopes and fears about her marriage. Her relationship with her Indian best friends Sunita, a former law student who gave up her profession to become an overweight housewife and Tanja, a beautiful successful TV producer who has rejected marriage in favour of her career and English boyfriend is also a central theme to the novel. The book follows the highs and lows of the threesome and their ability to deal with violence at home, adultery, betrayal and the difficulty for women, especially Asian women to combine a career with a family.

Compared to *ANITA AND ME* this novel is far less amusing and yet this is not to say that it does not have its moments. It is just that Syal is dealing with different issues this time around. No longer is she dealing with the ups and downs of a little Indian girl in Tollington but of the ups and downs of three thirtysomething Asian women in Britain. It is a credit to Syal that she is able to analyse both lifestyles and give an amazing insight into both with amazing detail and poignancy. One gets the feeling that Syal gives a lot of herself and her experiences in her novels. Although I did not enjoy this book quite as much as I enjoyed her first, Syal is still a first class writer and I recommend both *ANITA AND ME* and *LIFE ISN'T ALL Ha Ha HEE HEE* to anyone who feels or has felt lost in their world and looked to another with envy.



LIFE ISN'T ALL HA HA HEE HEE by Meera Syal was published 7th October by Doubleday, RRP £12.99

DESCENT INTO DARKNESS

RACHEL LAM struggles past Hanif Kureishi's enormous ego to find out what exactly *MIDNIGHT ALL DAY* is about.

Hanif Kureishi's much anticipated second volume of short stories has arrived. Those familiar with Kureishi's first book, *THE BUDDHA OF*

peppered with surrealistic scenes. So... what happened? He went downhill.

It has been a depressing journey, following Kureishi's descent into mediocrity. His first collection of short stories (*LOVE IN A BLUE TIME*) was relatively amusing. A particularly memorable story concerned a walking, talking turd! This second collection, on the other hand, thoroughly washes over the reader. Whatever wit and humour Kureishi once had has been completely drowned in his attempt to show the world that he is the fountain of all wisdom and knowledge. Seriously. For example, concerning a conversation between two men, "We discuss the emptying out; the fear of living; the creation of a wasteland; the

denigration of value and meaning. I tell him melancholy was part of my interior scene and that I considered it to be the way the world was, until I stood against it." Hello? A little sense of reality would be nice?! Throughout the collection, Kureishi's characters talk in this high-flown, intensely cerebral, and often nonsensical manner that leaves the reader dazed and confused. Each of the stories read as thinly veiled attempts for Kureishi to show just how enlightened and wise he has become. His endless philosophies on what has been termed "a lost generation of men" are constantly popping up and poking you in the eye.

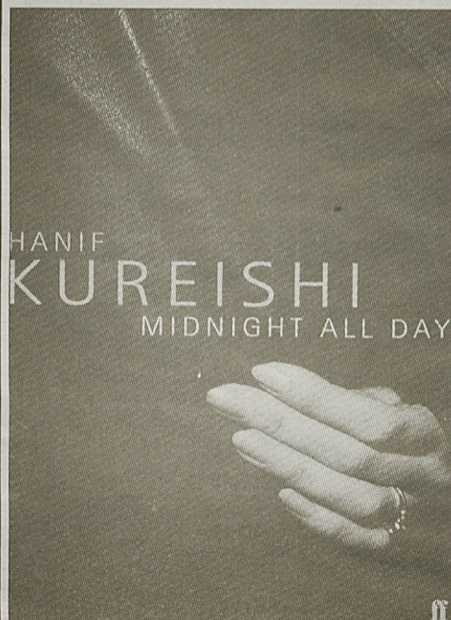
The stories themselves read more as 'excerpts' from everyday life than actual complete stories. There are no definite beginnings and no firm endings. Rather, Kureishi seems to float in and out of his egotistical monologue, while developing the stories on the side (the main aim being to tell us his philosophy on life). In painting this picture of what Faber and Faber have termed 'the lost and the dispossessed', Kureishi is in familiar territory. He is, after all, often on the periphery of the world of actors and writers, drunkards and drug-addicts. Unfortunately, he has

gone very much over-the-top in portraying his 'dark', 'lost' and 'dishevelled' contemporaries

Of course, I'm not saying that the book was completely devoid of Kureishi's landmark humour. He has retained some sort of dry wit, even if it is overshadowed by his overwhelming ego. He is particularly deft at describing matters concerning the opposite sex (according to him): "He noticed that her ears were pierced in several places. Perhaps she had violated herself all over. It would be like going to bed with a cactus."

MIDNIGHT ALL DAY is a confusing book. Perhaps I have missed some deep, symbolic meaning that lies behind Kureishi's self-gloating attitude. Or perhaps not. All that can be said is: don't expect too much when you start reading, and maybe, just maybe, you'll glean something of value (i.e. that is to say, it may turn out to be vaguely amusing)... but only if you try hard enough.

MIDNIGHT ALL DAY by Hanif Kureishi. Published by Faber and Faber, 1999. RRP £9.99



SURBURBIA, will recall how it propelled him into the status of an overnight sensation. He gained a reputation for mirth mixed with dark humour, realism

WATCH THIS SPACE

Ever been part of a conversation and had no idea what everyone was talking about? Who is Miss Havisham? Who uttered those immortal words "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse"? Did Jane ever get together with Mr Rochester? If you want to know but can't be bothered to read the books then watch this space for a CLASSICAL LITERATURE COLUMN coming your way... as soon as articles come in.

PREMIUM BOND

BOND IS BACK... OR JUST PLAIN CACK OWEN MATTHEWS DECIDES

It's rather difficult to do an original review of a James Bond film, after all they're all pretty much the same. The World is Not Enough, the 19th James Bond instalment is certainly no exception, sticking rigidly to what has become the golden Bond formula; implausible plot, amazing effects, insane gadgetry, corny one-liners and of course, the all important Bond girls. But is this simple blend of cinematic ingredients really enough to satisfy the discerning cinema-goer of the nineties? Well, quite frankly yes; and if takings for the film's first three days of opening in the US of \$37m aren't evidence enough that the Bond following is as strong as ever then my name is Pussy Galore.

It might be appropriate to devote a small paragraph to explaining the plot, even though it does seem that the scriptwriters decided that this 'aspect' of the film was of minor importance. James Bond is assigned to protect oil heiress Elektra King (Sophie Marceau) from international terrorist Renard (Robert Carlyle). Accompanied by the ultra-sexy Dr. Christmas Jones (Denise Richards) Bond eventually uncovers some huge conspiracy that

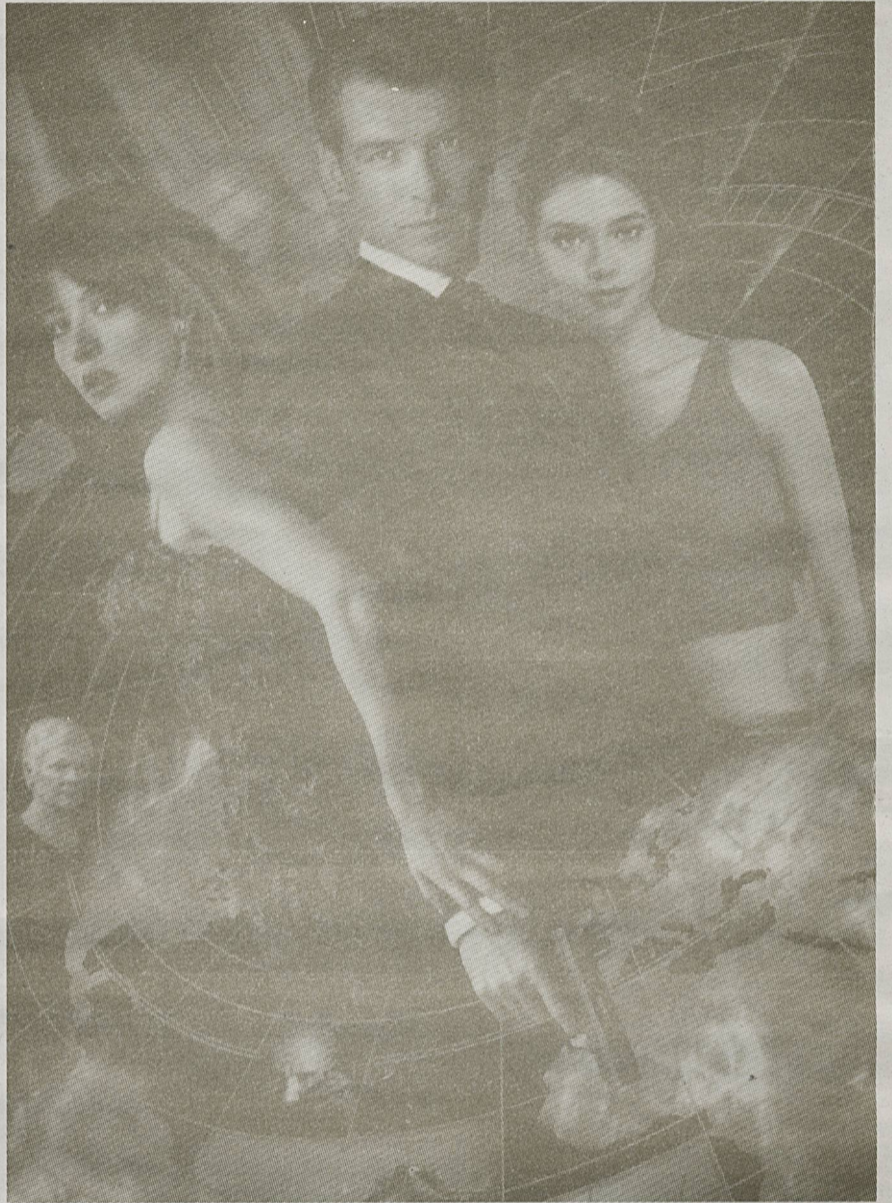


inevitably involves a large nuclear explosion somewhere along the line and economic world domination.

Brosnan appearing for his third time as 007 puts up a sterling performance and proves he is quite adept at delivering those witty one-liners that Bond fans have come to know and love. Robert Carlyle plays a convincing Bond baddie and carries all the trademark scars that any villain who wants to be taken seriously should have. John Cleese, playing Q's assistant adds a welcome touch of humour and looks to be a promising replacement for the gadget master himself, who makes it clear in this film that he is looking to retire. All of the Bond girls in The World is Not Enough are pretty damn fine but it has to be said that Denise Richards playing the babe with the brain stands head and shoulders above the rest.

Some of the action sequences and effects really are quite spectacular, the opening boat chase scene down the River Thames and the skiing scene both immediately springing to mind. The gadgets too are top class, Bond is equipped with a gorgeous Z8 BMW (complete with missiles in the headlamps), an Omega watch (with miniature grappling hook) and X-ray specs.

Why is it then that despite everything this film has going for it that I have the overwhelming feeling the established critics are going to give it a right old slating? Perhaps it's because it is the easiest thing to do; one could easily point to this film as being unoriginal and unrealistic, but let's be honest, who cares? People go to see Bond films for a bit of mindless escapism, as long as you don't expect anything more than that you won't leave disappointed.



NERVOUS BROKEDOWN

SUSANNA SAVA CHECKS INTO BROKEDOWN PALACE

Rachel Goldwyn's ill-advised and self-centred martyrdom recently in Burma has brought issues of Western interference in developing countries to our glaring attention. And so it is a piece of good timing that Fox has just released Brokedown Palace, a tale of western tomfoolery in Indo-China.

Brokedown Palace marks the return of Claire Danes, the quintessential 90s Hollywood teenybopper, who is, as I write, beginning a degree course at Yale. She plays Alice, a wild kid, who decides to go on an exotic trip with her best mate Darlene (Kate Beckinsale) to celebrate their high school graduation. Though they've told their parents they're going to Hawaii, their real destination is Bangkok - "Las Vegas without parents and laws".

Initially they have a wicked time but things take a downturn when they meet Nick (Daniel Lupine), a seductive Australian, who they both have the hots for. But he ends up asking Darlene to spend the night with him, much to Alice's jealousy. When he proposes a trip to Hong Kong, Darlene convinces Alice to come along - but his plans are anything but

romantic. At Bangkok airport, the girls are shocked to find they've been carrying a stash of heroin in their luggage, and as they are surrounded by Thai police and DEA officers, the girls are caught up in a maelstrom of hysteria, panic and confusion, each suspecting the other of a dark betrayal.

In their first year of a 33-year prison sentence their mutual suspicion intensifies, locked up in a hideous and fightening Thai prison known as "Brokedown Palace". As their despair grows, they are given one last ounce of hope in the guise of Bill Pullman, who plays "Yankee Hank", an American lawyer. But typically, Alice, who has always been the more reckless of the two, decides that their salvation can only come from sacrifice and she realises just how far she'll go to save Darlene's life.

Brokedown Palace is a beautiful film with some lovely acting but it's failure sits squarely on the shoulders of the plot, which wears a bit thin. If it is saved by anything, it's by the fantastic soundtrack which really is one in a million. I sense Brokedown Palace is simply the preparatory doorway to an altogether superior film - The Beach.



BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY

STUDENT RADIO CHARTS
W/C 22/11/99

1. Beck- Sexx LaWs
2. Beastie Boys- Alive
3. Leftfield- Dusted
4. Len- Steal My Sunshine
5. Muse- Muscle Museum
6. Stereophonics- Hurry Up & Wait
7. Travis- Turn
8. R.Williams- She's The One/ It's Only Us
9. Garbage- World Is Not Enough
10. Groove Armada- I See You Baby

SONY CONFERENCE

Fancy a job in the entertainment industry but find the idea of becoming a high class hooker a bit daunting? Then you'll be relieved to know that Beatwax communications have organised a conference on behalf of Sony UK for students interested in working in the entertainment and media industries. Topics being covered range from music, marketing, plugging, sponsorship and A&R. The event will take place at Palms Bar on the fourth floor of ULU, Malet Street from 11am to 4pm on 2nd December, so get yourself down there if you're interested. The first 25 through the door will get a free Sony T-shirt. Hurrah!

AMERICAN ELASTICA FANS WANTED!

If you are (a) American, (b) an Elastica fan, and (c) eager to get your ugly mug on the telly, then it's your lucky day, baby! The BBC are looking for American fans to take part in a Radio One documentary which will go out at the beginning of next year. Ideally you'll have been to one of the band's concerts in the states. Phone Jane Chambers on 0171 765 5275 for further info.



ROBB-ING THE PUBLIC

If you were one of the thousands who voted Robbie Williams as musician of the millennium (why?) then you'll be creaming your pants at the news that his Angels DVD EP is being released on the 6th of December. The EP uses all the interactivity available to this new format including exclusive film footage, interviews, a game and a web link to Robbie Williams' web site. All the features have been 'personally chosen' by Robbie himself. Ah, how sweet of him.

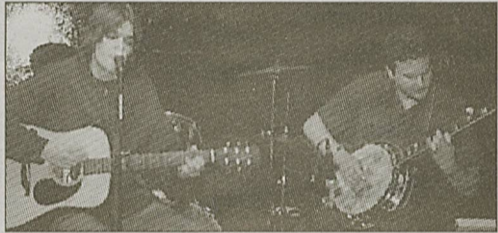
HI-TECH FATBOY

Fatboy Slim's New York live show on December 20th will be broadcast live exclusively on the NME website, nme.com.

Peter Davies and Shilpa Ganatra review the Live Music Society's first event: an informal exhibition of LSE's musical talent

Open Mike Bohemian Lovin' Night @ The Underground

The Live Music Society's Open Mike Night was a great night of entertainment, gathering the cream of the LSE's music talent to play a packed Underground. With drinks plentiful, and with such a diverse range of talent, the venue was filled to the brim with eager students on the lookout for the next Mick Jagger.



First up was multitalented organiser and muso Dan Cummings, who kicked things off with a gentle, acoustic number which served to warm up the crowd. This was followed by a superb mini-set from Sony Kapoor, whose haunting voice sent shivers through the spines of all those present as he sang 'Your Smile'. Kapoor, accompanied with his acoustic guitar, had the crowd going wild, and he finished with a great sing-along rendition of 'Alice', the crowd responding with cries of "Alice, Alice, who the fuck is Alice". Great stuff! Zen Sawyer, on the other hand, played a



Viagra Falls keep it hard

thoroughly entertaining acoustic funk/voodoo blues track called 'Funky Blues', after which Kapoor and Viagra Falls frontman Crookall combined for a superb version of the Beatles' 'Ticket to Ride', complete with harmonised vocals. Next up was Fabian Anton's band, specialising in experimental art-rock, and they delivered a promising set which was at times reminiscent of both dEUS and Mogwai. The superbly titled Viagra Falls certainly proved quite capable of rising to the occasion. Delivering a set of alt-rock classics, Crookall's brooding vocals provided

perfect accompaniment to the soaring guitar of Borg during Live's epic 'Selling the Drama'. Finishing on the hook-laden buzz-pop of 'Survival Car', Viagra Falls go down a storm, and they certainly highlight their potential with this fine display.

The last full band of the night were Sweet New Blues, who need no further description. Entertaining the audience with chilled out world music, lead singer Caroline's enchanting voice kept those present transfixed. Coming across as a natural star, she leads the band in a perfect fashion. 'Make Waves' particularly, would calm even the most stressed out stude. The next Live Music Society event is on December 7th (in the Underground, 8pm, don't be late), so should you have missed it this time round, you've a chance to repent your sins.



Sweet New Blues play it cool

WHITE MEN CAN'T RAP?

The Beaver sends a reviewer to see Eminem's recent London gig. His name is...James Cooper

Eminem @ The Astoria

I am a great fan of Eminem's album, "The Slim Shady LP", a dark and twisted portrayal of the white trash, trailer-park, Jerry Springer world that lies beneath the surface of 1990's America. With this record Eminem, with a little help from the production genius of Dr. Dre, succeeded in creating an authentic vision of white despair in American society, reminding us that it is not just ethnic minorities that are poor and disenfranchised.

So imagine my disappointment when this powerful message failed to penetrate Eminem's live performance. Eminem emerged from the wings like a Tim Westwood style white boy trying to be a black man. His huge white puffa coat engulfed his body, and his trousers sagged

around his hips, forcing him to pull at them every now and again in "gangsta" style. Eminem bounded around the stage like a hip-hop cliché with his bland co-performer adding to the mediocrity.

Eminem covered most of his material but there was no real passion there and his chats between songs never touched on the political points that come out so clearly in his records. The tragedy is that Eminem is so much more than your average rapper but his live performance never went beyond the obvious. One difficulty of course is that you can never hear hip-hop lyrics clearly in a live show, this really handicaps someone like Eminem whose strength lies with his twisted word-play.

In one of his tunes, the chorus goes "I just don't give a fuck!" Eminem encouraged everyone to

shout this out with their middle fingers held aloft. The sight of several thousand middle-class students dressed in their best "hip-hop outfits" shouting "I just don't give a fuck!" was pretty

unconvincing to say the least. The concert ended and the miserable and fascist security told us to "hurry up and piss off". Buy the next album but think twice before going to the concert.



Soulwax @ The Borderline

Bollocks to Europe. They don't sell our beef, they take all our money and give it to French farmers who can't be arsed to work, and then they give us horrible things like Ace of Base and Turkish Delight. Yick. Nah, bollocks to that view in fact, because Soulwax are here to make everything okay. They herald from Belgium- the very country that produced melancholy musos, dEUS. But don't even think of comparing the two, because Soulwax's special ingredient is cocaï...no, sorry, humour. Looking like the five geeky kids you steered clear of in school, what they come out with is totally different: so at the cutting edge you think its going to fall off. Rocking out in a Whale-esque sort of way before delving heavily in a George Clinton's style of funkiness means that the variation in their set keeps you stuck like glue to the floor (unless you need a pee-pee desperately, that is). The only similarity between songs is their brilliance; other than that, shut your eyes and you wouldn't have a clue it's the same band. Their music is a force that demands attention, and though everything about them is as weird as hell -their looks, their name, their clothes- their quirkiness only adds to their appeal. Impressive.

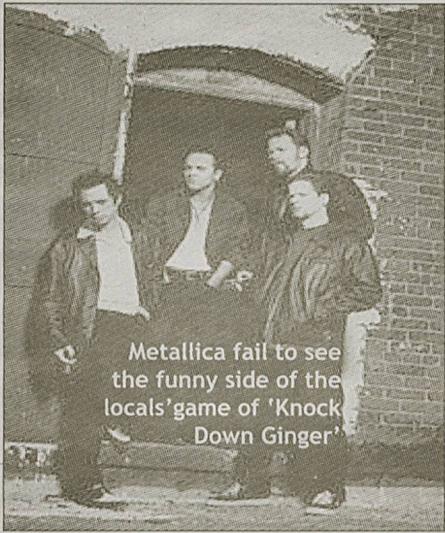
Shilpa Ganatra

S&M CLUB 7 GOLDEN BROWN

Shilpa Ganatra indulges in masochism by listening to the new album by the San Franciscan Rock Gods

Metallica
S&M

By now, with so many albums under their belt they look like sumo wrestlers, Metallica need no introduction. They've proved themselves as the Gods of Heavy Rock; a current version of Black Sabbath, if you will. Their plethora of hits include 'Nothing Else Matters', 'Fuel', 'One' and a zillion others. They've been there, done that, got the T-shirt and the sex, drugs and rock'n'roll while they were at it. So even if they do a shite album, we know it's not their fault really. The concept of this album is that a 478-



Metallica fail to see the funny side of the locals' game of 'Knock Down Ginger'

piece orchestra play along while the band rock out in a heavy muthafucka fashion. The idea shows that Metallica are setting new boundaries and doing what most bands wouldn't have the guts to do even if they worked at a butchers. In one swift move, they're giving credibility to heavy metal music (by proving its not just for leather-clad closet homos), to classical music (by proving its not just a genre for fogies and maestros whose parents have too much money) and to themselves (by proving they ain't ready for their pensions yet). On paper (most probably a rolled up £10 note) it sounds great but 'S&M' has ended up sounding like a classical version of Mike Flowers. And the worst thing is you couldn't have imagined Liam and Noel standing at the sides, nodding and grinning with their thumbs in the air while Mike & co ate 'Wonderwall' alive, yet Metallica are playing on it. With such an overriding problem, no songs sound particularly better than others; they are all performed by Metallica to their usual high standard, but you have to try not to laugh as the violins take over 'Battery'. Like the thought of Sean Connery naked, like eating a whole Sara Lee chocolate gateau on your own and like the album title itself, what's nice in theory can be painful in practice. For die-hard fans only.

★★★☆☆

Ex-Stone Roses singer Ian Brown delivers his Golden Greats much to Susie Hensler's pleasure

Ian Brown
The Golden Greats

Jail can do strange things to people. Mike Tyson, following his release from a Maryland prison, proceeded to bite off Evander Holyfield's ear. For Ian Brown however, his stint in the slammer seems to have given him the motivation to write an interesting album. For those of us still scarred by the breakup of the Stone Roses, there's hope in 'Golden Greats'. Most of the tracks are similarly composed to 'Be There', the track Ian Brown and UNKLE collaborated on last year. However, 'Be There' has a melancholy tone that this album doesn't. Brown seems to be trying to make most of the tracks funky, and for the most part he is successful. 'Love Like A Fountain' and 'Set My Baby Free' are prime examples of tracks where Brown clearly does succeed, while 'Dolphins Were Monkeys' can be singled out as a notable musical failure. As usual, the lyrics on 'Golden Greats' are, to say the least, unexceptional. ("I could

glide across the ocean/For your love rubs like a lotion" ?? Not modern poetry) But, as Brown proved in the Stone Roses, it isn't what you say it's how you say it. And, even if his live performances are criticised, his voice does record exceptionally well. Reference the songs 'Free My Way' and 'So Many Soldiers' to witness this phenomenon. Overall, this album is definitely a progression from 'Unfinished Monkey Business'. Although 'Golden Greats' does have its flaws (overproduction topping the list of them), it is a commendable album. In Stone Roses terms, I actually prefer 'Golden Greats' to 'The Second Coming'. It would be interesting to see what another few months in prison would have produced.

★★★★☆

- ★★★★★ Red Ken
- ★★★★☆ The Blair Sprog
- ★★★☆☆ Jeffrey Archer
- ★★☆☆☆ Gary Glitter
- ★☆☆☆☆ Mad Rachel Goldwyn

Linda Morris sees life thru a Len-s

Len
You Can't Stop The Bum Rush

Never, in my little life, did I think that an album could cover so many musical styles. They cover american garage rock, Kraftwerk electronic pop, cheesy funk pop (their single 'Steal My Sunshine'), hard rap and hip hop - name a style, any style. 'Don't Stop The Bum Rush' swerves from one extreme to another, easily winning the award for including the most music genres in one album. There are a good few likenesses with Broadcast on 'Big Meanie' and an overall Deejay Punk-Roc feel, especially on 'Man Of The Year', which also shares the girly, cheesy backing vocals of 'Steal My Sunshine'. The backing vocals seem to be a feature of the Len sound, it's fun though and actually does work within all the different styles. A personal favourite is the German shindig type song put to a great disco beat at the end of 'Hot Rod Monster Jam'. A lot of the tracks, however, don't go anywhere. They build and you think something momentous is going to happen, but it never does; the gospel track at the end is the most serious offender here. There is also really odd self promotion in all their tracks - the number of times that they mention that "LEN is gonna knock you out" or "a funky group called Len, L.E.N." - some groups are just too desperate for fame. It's a pretty diverse album and well produced with a good mix of big soundtracks and quiet contemplative thoughts. I think the group will do well with the single and deserve the fame that they are obviously pining for.

★★★★☆

Anna Yacoub sinks her teeth into the Buffy soundtrack

Buffy The Vampire Slayer
Various Artists

Recently called the best American import since Ally McBeal; Buffy the Vampire Slayer has shown that the mixture of vampires, comedy and teen life is always a winner. Based on the mediocre film of the same name starring Luke Perry, the show on TV has proved much more successful - perhaps since it is from the same writer who gave us *Scream* and other such classics. Cashing in on this phenomenon is the Buffy Soundtrack that is already in the top 20-album chart despite the relatively unknown bands on the album proving the popularity of the show. The album is a surprisingly good mixture of rock and indie songs. Starting with the Buffy theme by a band called Nerfherder (apparently a name out of Star Wars) the album also includes tracks by some music giants like Garbage and Furslide. Many of the tracks are by relatively small American bands and based along the lines of Portishead style music showing that anything the Brits can do, the Americans can do too. But particularly good bands on the album are Velvet Chain with haunting melodies and clever lyrics; also Bif Naked and K's Choice. There is also a bit of a Goth undertone giving the album a darker side with bands like Rasputina with 'Transylvanian Concubine', Four Star Mary with 'Pain' and Face to Face with the great track 'God is a Man'. The album is an excellent collection of superb songs and the good thing is since none of the songs have had much commercial coverage in the UK they will come as a great surprise. The only complaint I have with the album is to ask which twat decided to put Hepburn with 'I Quit' in among the mixture. Their annoyingly cheerful teeny bop style song sticks out among the beautifully dark tracks like 'Pain' and the 'Devil You Know' like a sore thumb. Other than this one glaring fault the album is a fantastic combination of deep, dark tracks.

★★★★★



Jo Serieux worships at the altar of U-God

U-God
Golden Arms Redemption

U-God, aka Lucky Hands aka Baby U, one of the newer members of the world dominating Wu-Tang Clan, releases a much awaited album produced by the RZA alongside U-God himself. Golden Arms Redemption features fellow clansmen Leatha Face, Hell Razah from Wu spin-off Sunz of Man, Inspectah Deck, Raekwon whose own album will soon be rearing its mighty head to the world and the undisputed heavyweight champion of hip-hop Method Man. With Golden Arms Redemption, U-God moves swiftly out of the shadows to demonstrate his strong songwriting talents and unique and distinct rhyming skills. Opening with Enter the U-God, a crazy lyrical manifesto which sticks two fingers up at all the critics of the Golden Arms' style, if you get through this one you're halfway there. While it could, and undoubtedly has been argued that tracks such as Soul Dazzle and Pleasure and Pain don't marry well with U-God's flow, he does manage to get it right with the dark, metropolis inspired Glide and addictive beats of Knockin' At Your Door, and the mad, strictly for the thugs sounds of Turbulence; hold tight, kids. Rumble is the jewel in the Golden Arms crown, a mighty 'fuck you' to anyone who would even dare to say that the Wu-Tang legacy is anywhere near dead. A few of the tracks on Golden Arms Redemption tend to verge towards the monotonous, but if you like U-God's flow then why don't you get up off your lazy arse and go and get the album, goddamit.

★★★★☆



CRACKS IN THE PAVEMENT

Pavement & Royal Trux
@ Brixton Academy

Brixton Academy is a visual treat. Since I last visited, it has been spruced up and now has connotations of a stately Italian home. The central arch which adorns the stage is joined by two stucco-style walls, with symmetrical alcoves, smaller arches and pillars. I did not feel that I was in a typical sticky-dilapidated hole where I tend to end-up at most gigs, but a venue suited to classic opera or ballet renditions. This opulent décor is not inappropriate as a platform for an indie gig akin to Pavement and Royal Trux. The acoustics were superb, the bands showed no distress and there was still space to mosh. I would suggest a venue of such magnificence is a fair tribute to

bands of equal stature. Unfortunately, I would not grant this accolade to either of the bands I saw on Saturday. Royal Trux are aptly described by my friend Simon as "not songs per se, just noise". The poncho-clad androgynous lead singer is a fine purveyor of random howling,

produce something that may be described as a "song". I suppose it is honourable that they do not give a fig about selling records. I have liked what I have heard of Pavement on the radio. "Shady Lane", "Stereo" and recently "Carrot Rope" are tuneful, lyrically quirky songs, that though not conforming to a three minute pop-song format, endear nevertheless, because the band have the confidence to experiment. Live I found these songs equally palatable. Pavement also have two drummers. I asked an American fan why this was so, she replied: "They like to fuck around". They do and the audience loved it. But I was disappointed that their regard to the audience was not reciprocal and they have a propensity to meander into a variety of musically accomplished sounds, but



rather than attempting to sing. The group are a disparate bunch, each member is more concerned with going off on one, than actually trying to unite to

not actually tuneful ones. Great venue, shame about the bands.

Mark Campbell

NAS-TY ALBUM

NAS
Nastrodamus

Gentle readers, a lot of awful product is being shilled by the music industry, same as it ever was. If we of the Beaver music pages were dragged by ears pinched between the thumbs and forefingers of unsmiling bailiffs before a meeting of some nightmarish radically parsimonious LSE Student Union Expenditures Committee and asked to justify its sponsorship of our gnomish public pronouncements on the pop music of the day, our legal advocates- hot on our heels, what you thought?!- would explain that we employ our critical acumen in the service of our music-buying fellow students. We want you to spend your money on music you'll be satisfied with. I'm sure we could argue successfully for our pittance, but I feel like letting you in on the secret truth about our occupation's ironic principal hazard: listening to the latter-day records of talented artists who make the bullshit destroys your taste. NASTradamus, an album just released by the New York rapper Nas, is one such record. I deplore this album. No amount of sticker-strewing street team promotion, no single vulgar opus of an airbrushed beat, no litany of trope-ic glitz nouns can obfuscate the truth about this music for one moment, if you ask me. The Lick generation might beg to differ.

★★★★☆
John Sagan

SINGLE FILE

Coal Chamber & Ozzy
Shock The Monkey

Of course this single is cool, precisely because of the fact that the song features Ozzy Osbourne, the king of all rock. It is not the best song in the world, could have been just a bit heavier considering the fact that we're talking about Coal Chamber, but hearing vocal contrast between Dez Fafara and Ozzy is cool by definition. In conclusion, check out the single, and go and buy Coal Chamber's latest disc as well.

4/10 SO

Vast
Touched

I've got to say it's long since I have come across an unknown single that's worthy of so much praise. Touched begins as a first class indie lovesong to unexpectedly

unleash its energy and turn into a rock track, lock stock and barrel. The way it does it is great, the tune is fantastic and the whole thing sounds very good- OK the lyrics are not shockingly original ('I'll never find someone quite like you again' is the chorus), but there you go, how much can you expect? The b-sides are best forgotten, but anyway, Touched is worth it.

9/10 EC

Queen Adreena

X-ing off the days / A Heavenly Surrender
X-ing off the days is a female lyrics rock-flirting-industrial track reasonably good in passing on upset feelings (probably cause you're thinking why you bought the single), but not anything spectacular and with some annoying elements, like the Candlemass-like atmospheric background vocals. Heavenly Surrender is completely different, sounding like a PJ Harvey ballad. I've no problem with that, but the single overall doesn't manage to leave a coherent and lasting impression.

4/10 EC



Dust Brothers
This Is Your Life

This three track from the movie Fight Club has it's good and bad points. The

first track contains most notably a speech by Tyler Durden (Brad Pitt) on the downer sides of life: "this is your life and it's ending one minute at a time", which sounds much like Renton's 'Choose Life', not bad never-the-less. Track two 'What is the Fight Club' is not very impressive. Remixed by Wally Gagel, you have the delights of hispanic screaming and a sample that sounds more like "What is the Fat Club" hmm... no thanks. Conversely the last track "Hit me Again" is a dark but chilled little track with a triphop beat and scratchy breaks (Cheeba & Macrosoft remix). In total; Good then Bad then Funky.

5/10 RI

Whitney Houston
Learned From The Best

Same Whitney, same RnB bollocks - only a tad slower. You know the score, acid tongued lyrics (written by someone else, natch) chastising past lovers for dumping her. Ultimately though this song is the biggest pile of wank since the unfortunate incident with the DIY shelving at the local sperm bank.

1/10 CJ

Mike & Charlie
I Get Live

Mike & Charlie's house choon is a pleasant enough affair but seems to be trying to recreating clubland in your own home, something they do with debatable success. This record comes complete with cheesy samba whistles and probably has glo-sticks as well (although what sound they're responsible for I'm not sure) but becomes a bit boring and irrelevant in the non-club atmosphere.

5/10 CJ

VIDEO GRILLS THE RADIO STAR

"When you think of how much we've achieved in the last three years, it's quite an honour, really" underestimates drummer Stuart Cable. In this time, the Stereophonics have gone from playing storming gigs at the Barfly in Camden, to playing concerts of equal quality to 50,000 people, like the one documented here. The Morfa gig event was unforgettable for those who were there; for those who weren't 'Live at Morfa Stadium' attempts to capture the unique spirit of the Stereophonics experience. Does it work? Certainly not as well as it should have. Let's not bullshit: as good as the Stereophonics are, the live shows are only carried by the strength of their songs. Stuck to the mic, singer Kelly Jones can hardly run around clapping his hands in the air, or point and wink to some particular in the front row. In the middle of a muddy field, surrounded by a chorus of mad Welshmen, it doesn't seem to matter at all. But in a video, watching critically with diet coke in place of a warm flat beer, there's a danger of it being too tedious to pay £13.99 for.

Luckily, this is averted by possibly the most interesting directing and editing seen in a music video, as well as snippets of interviews and backstage shenanigans (no shower scenes, though. Shit). And let's not forget the selection of songs: apart from the omission of live favourite 'Carrot Cake and Wine', it could have been a 'best of...' set list. The acoustic 'Billy Davey's Daughter' is a memorizing reminder of how stunning a singer and songwriter Kelly Jones is. 'Roll Up and Shine' (which really should have been the opener) will get you breaking springs in your sofa from jumping, believe me.

Being a Stereophonics fan is an extremely expensive hobby, what with hats, T-Shirts, mugs, books, £25 gig tickets, stickers, lighters and now 2 videos to have in support of just two albums. If you're too poor to complete your collection with this vid, it's understandable. Just save your money for their forthcoming Wembley gigs, which will be well worth it.

★★★★☆

Shilpa Ganatra

ROYAL FLUSH (DOWN THE BOG)

Queensryche
Q2K



Queensryche came out with a new (but really really old) one entitled Q2K (how not original! If anyone else will come up with this nonsense in the next month I'll die). It's not that the music here is so bad as much as it is a group of old guys refusing to let the 80's rock year go, playing the same style of music, but this time around bringing in their families and homes into the lyrics, and so on. Listen Queensryche, not only your name sucks cock, but furthermore you're way too old, so instead of thanking your "gorgeous wives" on the back of the disc cover, you could do that from the distance of your living room. Man oh man, I would not want to see these guys in concert...I have not practiced first aid procedures in a long time. Songs like "Besides You" and "The Right Side of My Mind" disgusted me. I always ask myself how many people buy these kind of albums, and from those who do, how many attempt to return them to the store, or worse yet, sell them to a friend...

★★★★☆

Shumi Obrasky

SO YOU WANNA BE A GANGSTA?

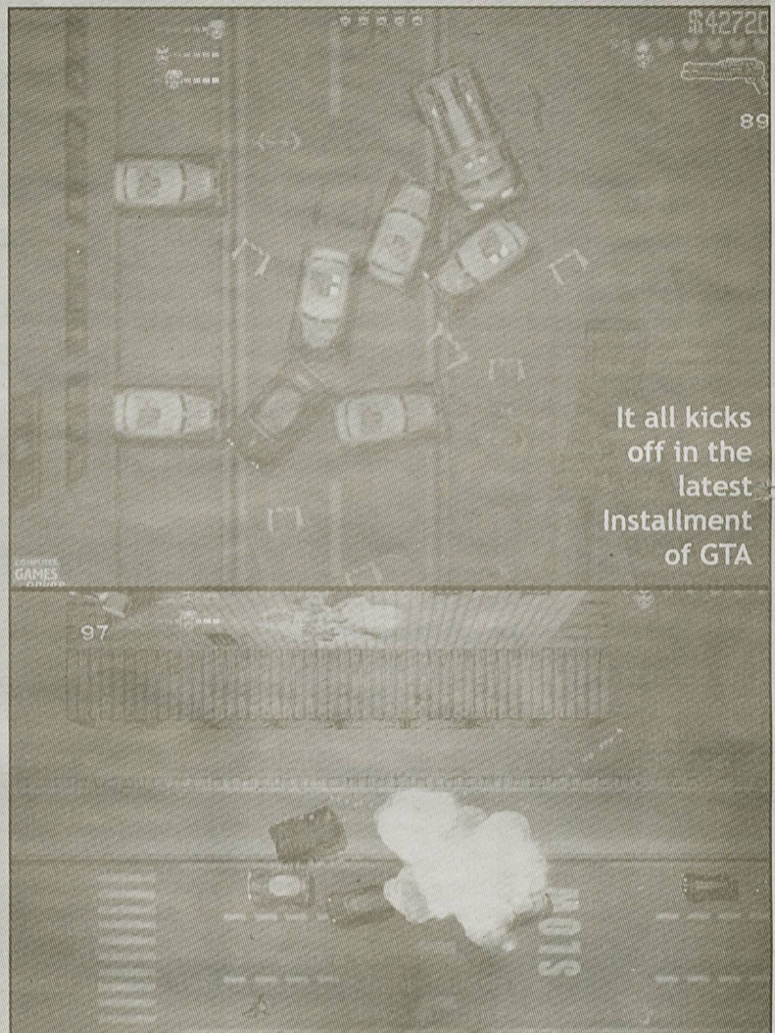
ESWAR LAYS THE SMACK DOWN

Stressed out cause you can't buy a gun in London? Time Crisis ain't helping enough for calming down your testosterone? No problems... The ultimate cure has been out on sale since October 22nd 1999. Nope, it's not Viagra... It's Grand Theft Auto 2! Better graphics than both the original Grand Theft Auto and it's London sequel, the game here revolves around your actions. Every different move you make molds and directs the game into a unique path.

It starts off like this... You're a wannabe, rookie gangsta. You love killing and making trouble. In the first stage there are three gang groups in the territory: the Zaibatsu, the Yakuza, and the Loonies. In the beginning, these three groups just think that you're a lazy fucking rookie trying to act cool... You gotta make them know that they're wrong. On the top left of the screen are three gauges showing how much respect the gangs have for you. By completing missions for a gang, or killing the members of the rival gangs, the gauge becomes full. The higher the level of the gauge, the more respect they have for you, and thus the more they trust you. You end up taking part in massive missions, such as stealthily bombing another gangs research lab. Unfortunately you can't have full respect by all three gangs, cause they hate each other; and by working for one gang, another one loses respect for you.

But that's not the best part. If you've played previous versions of this game, you know that if you act like a bad-ass and start killing pedestrians on the street, police start comin' after you... (no duh...) Well, in this one, first the Police comes after you, then the S.W.A.T. team comes after you with heavy protected bullet-proof vests which make it harder for you to kill... Then Secret Service Agents with Black suits come after you dodging your bullets. And if you're da main man on the streets, the whole military with rocket launching tanks come after you blowing your ass away. You don't think you're man enough to make this true? Simple solution... use the cheats. First enter your name as Gouranga. Then change it again to any of the cheat codes such as GODOFGTA, MUCHMORE, SCHURULZ, etc.

Based on the Treatise of Gangstaz in Tokyo, the respect phenomenon is very well embedded into this 'smart' game. Plus you do get some pleasure from throwing grenades at police officers, rocket launching Rednecks, and running over Elvis impersonators. All in all, it's a good game and whatever hand you use, it definitely gives you orgasmic pleasure. Definitely a must-buy for those of you who aren't getting any (work done, i mean)...



It all kicks off in the latest installment of GTA

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No Fury Like An Amazon Ignored



Even if going to an art-gallery is for you a rare expedition undertaken only when aunt and grandmother are in town, you probably can't help making certain associations when hearing "Cézanne" or "Picasso". After all, these among many other (mostly male) artists have become name brands known and loved all over the world, attracting ever profitable crowds. But what about Exter, Goncharova, Popova, Rozanova, Stepanova and Udaltsova? It is probably not easy to encounter among the mass of average once-every-holiday museum visitors someone who has heard of these Russian female early twentieth-century pioneer artists.

These Amazons of the Avant-Garde are now being featured at an exhibition at

the Royal Academy of Arts, some of their paintings being shown for the first time ever in the west. After fighting my way through brigades of pupils and senior citizens (Tuesday morning) heading for the neighbouring Van Dyck overview, arriving at the comparatively cool, airy and quiet Sackler Wing of the Academy was already a pleasant experience. Taking a closer look at the paintings was even more pleasant. If you like modern art, especially that of the beginning of this century, when artists had a big impact on political and social thought while constantly inventing new "-isms", this will be a real treat:

You will not only encounter Cubism (Nudes, pianos, guitars being, well, cubic), but also Cubo-Futurism (Cubism plus a depiction of urban and

industrial life), and Suprematism (concentrating on pure forms rather than imitating every twist and wrinkle of visible reality). The outcomes of these new approaches to art-making are abstract and colourful- like Alexandra Exter's Venice- and intense and dynamic- like Olga Rozanova's Fire In The City. A painting becoming literally plastic, Liubov Popova's Jug On Table, emerges out of the canvas. Everywhere you look, it's all colour, form and movement, in different combinations, each of the artists having developed a personal style within the Russian avant-garde.

All in all, meeting the Amazons is an enjoyable and impressive experience, and you start to wonder (like me, I have to admit) if and why you didn't hear of them before.

-Susanne Lang



Detail From Mowers



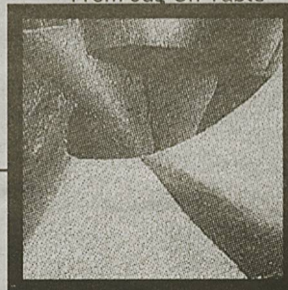
Natalia Goncharova

Detail From Venice



Alexandra Exter

From Jug On Table



Liubov Popova



Three fighting men after Antonio del Pollaiuolo

I have always unconsciously associated the art of the Renaissance with the effortless excellence of classicism, which was its source and inspiration. Renaissance Florence represented even more the sublimation of such perfect harmony between colours, shapes and forms. But as an external viewer, mostly exposed to the refined product of the epoch, I tend to forget that behind the grace and apparent nonchalance of any work of art lies an elaborate history of feelings, failed trials and undisclosed innovations. Unexpectedly and almost disconcertingly, the Renaissance Florence exhibition revealed precisely these elements, which most conventional exhibitions leave out. It left me with the definite sensation that I had been granted the special honour of visiting the artists' workshop, of guessing the state of his mind, the moments of excitement, of boredom or just playfulness, based on a much fuller assortment of evidence than usual. It is this new approach to the era that focuses our attention on the experimental elan of the time, revealing experimentation as the real interest of the artist, through and above the actual subject of the work of art.

The seven rooms of the exhibition compile works from 1470 Florence, thriving at that time under Lorenzo de Medici's rule. Arising from the workshops of Verrocchio, Pollaiuolo, Botticelli or Ghirlandaio, the productions stand as proof of the spirit of the age. The artist had to go through an intensive formation stage before attaining a recognised status; therefore exercises in the form of drawing or moulding were vital to the training of artists. Thus, we find Leonardo da Vinci as a mere apprentice in Verrocchio's workshop, experimenting with real life and imagination. The studies of the Virgin and Child and Saint John and other figures are evidence of the games of combining techniques and ideas that he so enjoyed. Later on, we encounter his characteristic brush in paintings commissioned to Verrocchio, either as finishing touches or character painting. Throughout all these painting and sketches we can see an artist becoming, an age maturing. From the tortured strokes of the pencil or pen in search of an angel, to the light studies of drapery, we experiment at the same time as the artist. In the end, we cannot but smile at the relaxed attitude he adopts in his sketch of a human silhouette surrounded by various technical devices, playful and inquiring at the same time, but are now conscious of the experimentation which went into it, and shall later establish Botticelli and da Vinci as the masters of the High Renaissance.

However, da Vinci was not the only one. Verrocchio's techniques of using recycled studio properties or sketching by dabbing charcoal through holes pricked around the contours of a predrawn image reaffirm the crying out of these artists against the constraints of the highly symbolic and restraining shades of the earlier schools. Instead they are here rushing towards the freer and flowing element of shading.

Nevertheless, other workshops were competing for commissions too. The Pollaiuolo brothers appear to be highly versatile not only in their drawing techniques, but also in the materials they use for sculptures or bas-reliefs. They revealed a new perspective on the human body, presenting it in all its power and movement. They impress through the accuracy of their studies of human bodies.

In contrast, we are left with the fully finished works of Botticelli, strikingly differentiated by his well trained yet too restrictive brush stroke, especially in his "Venus and Mars". Nevertheless, even his works are an expression of the acute interest of Renaissance Florence in studies of the human figure.

Overall one is left with the feeling of having learned something new about the period, which goes beyond the startling image of typical exhibitions of the Renaissance art. For the viewer interested in finding out about the roots of high Renaissance art, this particular exhibition is a learning experience.

-Aglaya Snetkov and Ruxandra Stoicescu

May You Live In Interesting Times...



"Bad Boy Bones" Botticelli's Venus and Mars

Blithe Spirit

by

Noel Coward

*A comedy of a
man, two dead
wives, four
séances, and a
funeral*



An LSG Drama Society Production in the Old Theatre

Tuesday 30th November 8.30pm, Thursday 2nd December 8.30pm, Friday 3rd December 7.30pm

Tickets £4 / £3 members

JEFFERY DIDN'T DO IT GUV'

Dick Wignall defends his political mentor

Over the past week there have been an awful lot of unkind lies and misinformation spread about my boss Lord Archer which would deceive people into thinking that he tells lies on a regular basis. That is fallacy. Jeffery Archer has been second only to Winston Churchill in political importance to the British people this century and it is only through his sense of modesty and moral superiority that he has never furthered his political ambitions further.

Born in March 1919 his mother was the only surviving child of the last Russian tsar Nicholas II, his father a rocket scientist and war hero who masterminded Britain's victory at Gallipoli. Despite coming from minor aristocratic stock, Jeffery never came from a particularly wealthy background until his father invented penicillin and then unleashed the Macdonald's fast food chain upon America. This was before his career took a bizarre turn and he began a football career with Manchester United winning six world cups and captaining England to the FA Carling Premiership in 1941.

Jeffery maintained his father's athletic physique and was a first class cricketer and the first man to run the one minute mile. Sir Donald Bradman described him as, 'the finest cricketer after WG

Grace,' and Roger Bannister said nicknamed him 'Lightening Archer.' In 1953 Jeffery became the first man to climb mount Everest with Sherpa Tenzing. He returned to England a national hero. When the Prime Minister, Anthony Eden, was forced to resign in the wake of the Suez crisis three years later, he was invited by the Queen - incidentally his first cousin - to become the youngest Prime Minister (at 26 years and 6 months) since William Pitt. Archer declined but took up a seat in the House of Commons at the next General Election.

After discovering the Beatles in a basement club in Liverpool, Archer combined his frenetic activity in the Commons - forming the NHS, ending the Vietnam War through 'quiet diplomacy', and laying many of the foundations of the EC - with his relentless quest to become the first man on the moon, which he achieved in 1969.

However all was not well on Jeffrey's return to earth. He'd lost his building society account book and with it the billions he had accumulated over his 78 year career. Unperturbed he embarked upon a writing career producing such classical literature as 'Not a Penny More, Not a Penny less,' - described by James Joyce as 'the most important book in the English language since Canterbury Tales' - and 'Beyond Reasonable Doubt.' The latter

however attracted the chagrin of the Muslim world and he had a fatwa issued against him by Ayatollah Khomeini.

Widely regarded as the most important writer since Shakespeare and a squillionaire again, Archer concentrated on his political career becoming deputy treasurer of the Conservative Party. In 1990, following the fall of communism, he was invited to take up his rightful title of Tsar of the Russian Peoples. He politely declined instead taking up a life peerage offered to him by his friend John Major. This was just reward for his unstinting work for the country during the caring, sharing Thatcher years when he didn't sleep with prostitutes, or for that matter ship them off to the Caribbean. Had no idea what the term 'insider dealing' even meant and it was mere coincidence when 'sleazy' prefixed 'Jeffery Archer' in national newspapers.

The 1990s have until now been a good time for Lord Archer. His son Grand Duke Archer has taken up his father's mantle though with a more scientific slant - last year he invented the cure for cancer and is currently perfecting a cure for AIDS. Jeffery Archer isn't a liar and if he was given the chance to be mayor of London the world would be a much happier, beautiful and prosperous place. (And school children would all get free muesli bars too).



So you got outed too then? Portillo 'comforts' Archer Picture: Archives

After discovering the Beatles in a basement club in Liverpool, Archer combined his frenetic activity in the Commons - forming the NHS, ending the Vietnam War and laying many of the foundations of the EC - with his relentless quest to become the first man on the moon, which he achieved in 1969.

SLEAZE CONTINUED

Hague had displayed considerable confidence in Lord Archer despite the concerns of senior Tories and suggestions that Archer should be interviewed by the Tories, newly established and long overdue, ethics and integrity committee. Archer's own illustrious past including false claims that he had studied at Oxford, share dealing enquiries by the department of trade and industry, in addition to

the notoriety of his son, one of the Flaming Ferraris stock traders, should have been sufficient indication of his lack of integrity. Nonetheless Hague insisted on Archer's inclusion as a Mayoral candidate and now it is apparent that this was an extreme misjudgement. Now Archer has thoroughly disgraced the party, it has been revealed that he asked a friend to provide a false alibi in relation to the scandal over his affair with Monica Coghlan. He has subsequently been withdrawn

from the Tory Whip (only the fourth Peer to whom this has applied) and Hague has categorically stated that Lord Archer has no future in British Politics.

Naturally, this level of corruption is not exclusive to this side of the Atlantic. Indeed if anything, it is exceeded by American Politics. Almost every alternative President has suffered allegations affecting their credibility. John F. Kennedy was suspected to have links with the Mafia, Nixon and the Watergate

sandal, Reagan and the Iran-Contra scandal, and Clinton and his love for his Cigars. It is incomprehensible that a President should still be in office having conducted himself in such a perplexing manner, and what is more perplexing is that the US public should permit it. Ultimately, it reflects poorly on the American public and the levels of morality prevalent in the United States.

'Politics ruins character' and 'those who have greatness within do not go in for politics' these

quotations reveal traditional scepticism surrounding politics and if it is true that power inevitably corrupts the human condition then when the disease is contracted and made public, politicians must do the descent thing and stand down. We may take some solace in the knowledge that were Blair to indulge in sexual activities with an intern he would resign, as thankfully Lord Archer has had the good sense to do from the mayoral race.

The LSE Legalisation of Cannabis Society Party

In association with the Swing Ting, Anthropology
and Live Music societies ,

30th November: 6pm - 11pm
@THE QUAD, LSE Houghton Street



TYRANT

Craig Richards (Fabric resident)

Lee Burrige (Mixmag Best New DJ 99)

MASSIVE BAR SUBSIDY

MEMBERS: £2 OTHERS: £4/5

Tel: 07974 355749

HIJACK THE SU

HOW YOU CAN CONTROL THE STUDENTS' UNION

The Students' Union makes decisions at the weekly Union General Meeting (every Thursday 1pm in the Old Theatre). By passing motions at these UGM's, you can control the Students' Union.

For example:

You could get the Students' Union to lobby for a bigger careers service

You could get the Students' Union to reduce beer prices in the Three Tuns

You can even mandate the General Secretary to dress up as Santa Claus and sing Jingle Bells

This sounds great: how do I write a motion for the UGM?

This is simple. Pick up some paper and a pen and write down:

A title

The names of two students who are willing to propose and second the motion

A section called "Union Notes" listing relevant facts

Example Union Notes

1. Many final year students are searching for a job

A section called "Union Believes" listing opinions

Example Union Believes

1. Finding a job is important
2. The Careers Service is too small and cramped

A section called "Union Resolves" spelling out what action the Students' Union should take

Example Union Resolves

1. To mandate the General Secretary to lobby LSE for a larger Careers Service by writing a letter to Anthony Giddens
2. To mandate the General Secretary to report back to the UGM on any developments

You also need to write down whether the motion is a Business Motion or a Financial Motion. The difference is that a Financial Motion involves spending money.

Fine, I've written a motion. What do I do now?

Hand in your motion to SU Reception (ground floor of East Building) before 5pm on a Monday.

Business motions will be discussed at the following Thursday's UGM. Financial motions require one week's notice, so they will be discussed one week later.

What happens at the UGM?

When your motion is discussed at the UGM, you will get the chance to make a speech in favour. After that, anyone who disagrees can make a speech against the motion.

Next come points of information, which allow anyone to make relevant factual statements. Any amendments to the motion will be discussed at this stage.

Then there is opportunity for a second speech in favour and a second speech against.

Finally, there is a vote on the motion. If the motion is passed, then the Students' Union is obligated to do what the motion says.

For more information, please e-mail S.M.Topping@lse.ac.uk



GEN SEC'S COLUMN

Who said students no longer care? Whoever it was is wrong. The National March for Education last Thursday, slated by so many for being too little too late proved its critics wrong in the most emphatic way.

The March was supported by in excess of 15,000 people, with at its peak over three hundred people from LSE alone. That makes it the most successful March of kind in well over a decade. The critics have been proved wrong. Students at LSE and nationally have voted with their feet. Quite literally.

The message that has been sent out is that students do care. They do care about tuition fees, that the threat of ever higher fees for all students, home or overseas, undergraduate or postgraduate, threatens to make access to higher education based on money not merit. They do care that hundreds of thousands of students live in hardship and nowhere is this more relevant than in London with rents twice what they are elsewhere. The student loan for home students doesn't even cover these rents. They do care that those who work in higher education aren't getting a fair deal. Basically, students do care about the community we live in and care that student life as we know it is under threat.

That is an important message to send out to those in power - government, London mayoral candidates, media and universities. It is also important that that message is a united one, which is why it is a shame the March was marred by a small few who had their own agenda. An agenda that wasn't part of the March's agenda.

There is a time and a place for debate on what the student movement should be focusing on, a debate on the effectiveness of NUS and even a debate on what the March should have been about. But, last Thursday was not that time.

Last Thursday was about uniting as a student movement to send out a message on issues that concern us all as students. Sit-downs, obstructions and the like simply detract from that message. Fortunately, the sheer number of people on the March and the number of people who did come together to march for our agreed aims meant that the minority voice of that few was drowned out by the united voice of the March as a whole.

Part of that united voice was the voice of LSE students. Last Thursday we showed that LSE's fine tradition in the student community is still relevant today and that we have a positive contribution to make to that community. I would like to thank all of you who came along last Thursday and supported the March.

The success of the March has given us a national foundation on which we can now build on in our efforts to tackle those issues which affect us uniquely at LSE - the cost of studying at LSE and the cost of living in London. Hopefully our efforts here at LSE will be as successful as the March.

Jonathan Black

LSE Swing Society

Dance Classes

Every Single
Thursday!

7:30-9:00pm

No Experience or partner
needed! Beginners welcome!

£2/£2.50 non members.

Room to be confirmed

Email d.h.wong@lse.ac.uk
for details

EMERGENCY GENERAL MEETING

TO DECIDE MOTIONS FOR THE NUS CONFERENCE
Thursday 2ND DECEMBER
12:00 ROOM TBC

ANNUAL BUDGET MEETING

THURSDAY 2ND December
13:00 OLD THEATRE
SOCIETIES SHOULD ATTEND TO DEFEND THEIR BUDGETS.

MATURE STUDENTS FORUM

EVERY FRIDAY
BETWEEN 12-2 BEAVER'S RETREAT

EQUAL OPPTS GROUP MEETING

WEDNESDAY 1ST DECEMBER
5PM. E295

LSE CHRISTIAN UNION

UPCOMING DISCUSSIONS
What does it mean to love God?
Speaker: **David Jackman**
2 Dec 99 (Thurs) 6pm @A42
2000 years from what?
9 Dec 99 (Thurs) 6pm @A42

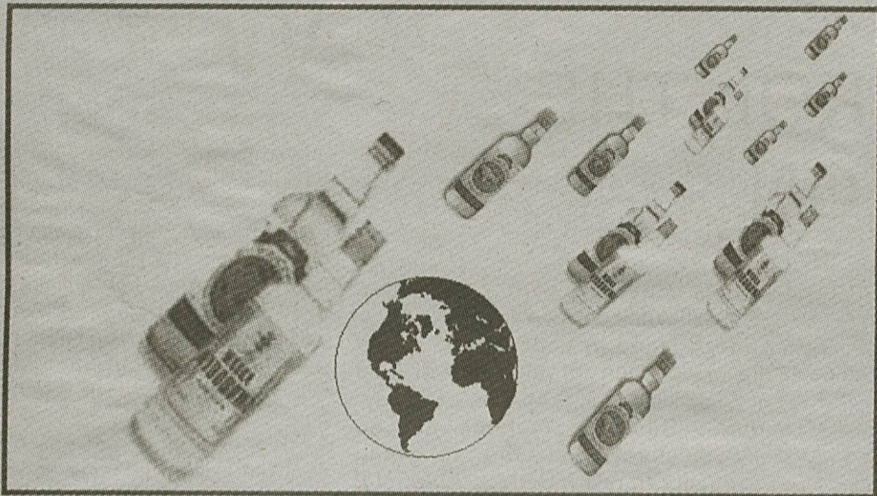
HISTORY SOCIETY

SPEAKER EVENT
PROFESSOR DEREK BEALES OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY
"NUNS AND MONKS IN THE NAPOLEONIC ERA"
SEX AND SCANDAL IN THE MONASTRIES!
AUDIO-VISUAL EXTRAVAGANZA

THURSDAY DECEMBER 2
S75
ALL WELCOME

LSE
SLAVONIC
SOCIETY

Vodka Attack II



THE RETURN OF THE BISONS

During a Cultural Evening on
Wednesday, 1st Dec, 7:30pm till late

Venue : Quad Entry : £2 (incl. FREE VODKA SHOT!)

Vodka : 50p A SHOT !
Vodka + coke/orange : £1.20
BEER : only 99 pence!
FREE SLAVONIC BUFFET

Music : live DJ

Be Brave & Experience the Slav Spirit !



SHOP

PRE CHRISTMAS OFFER

BUY AN OPEN-HEMMED
TAPED SWEATSHIRT

AVAILABLE IN S/M/L/XL

FOR ONLY £25.50

&

GET

AN LSE BASEBALL CAP
WORTH £7.75

FREE

NEW DESIGN LSE CHRISTMAS
CARDS NOW IN STOCK
ONLY £4.20 FOR PACK OF 5

LSESU PRESENTS

"SWING TING"

R'N'B, HIP-HOP & GARAGE
SOCIETY

LAUNCH PARTY

Tuesday 30th November

@lse in
THE UNDERGROUND
7pm - 11pm
CHEAP BAR

TICKETS AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE

IMRAN - 0403 952504
ANDY - 07713 290983

£2 MEMBERS
£3 NON-MEMBERS

M.A.T.D. R.O.A.R.

The LSE Italian Society Is Back!

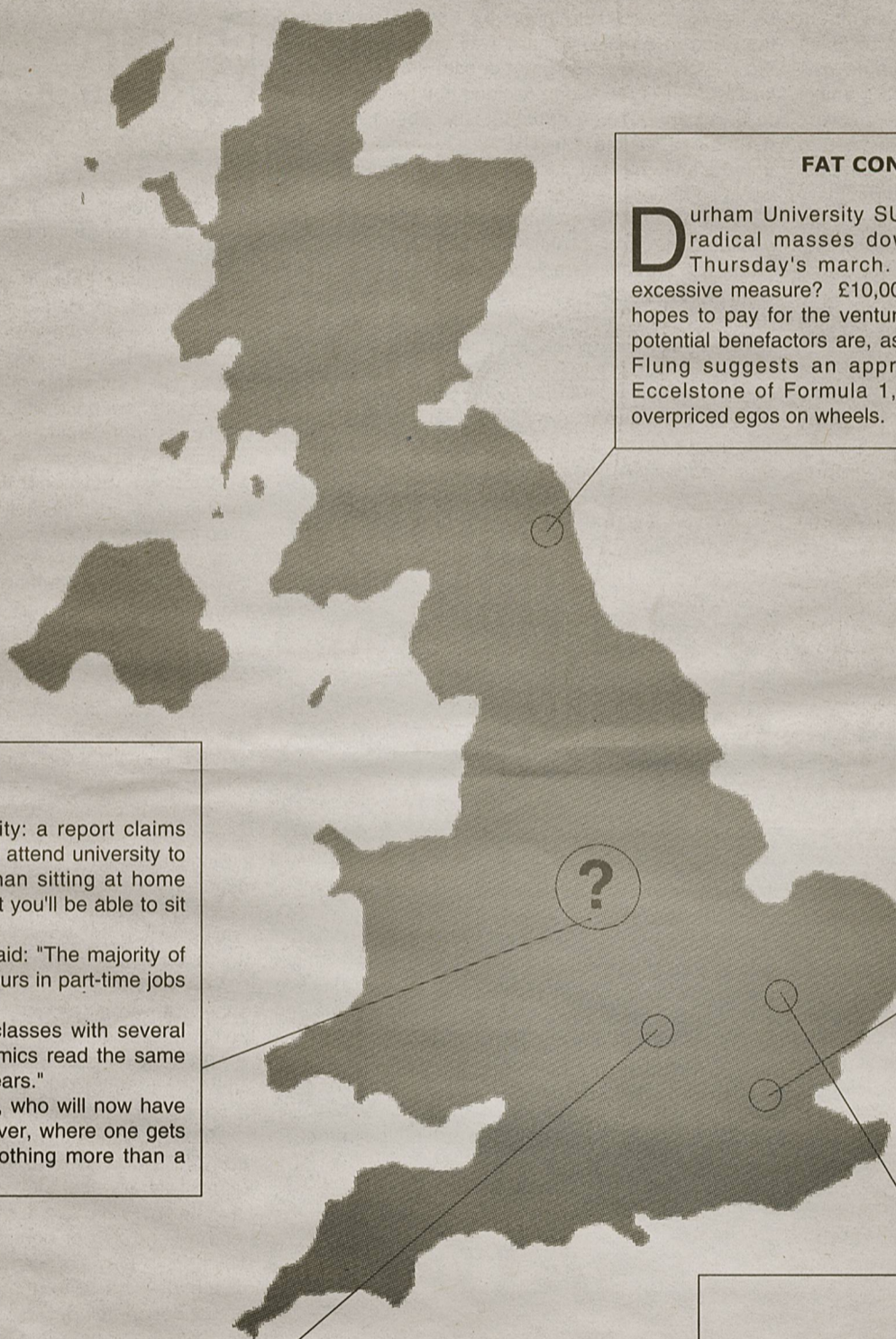
If you would like to join or find out
more, e-mail Francesco or Monica at

F.Dionori@lse.ac.uk

OR

M.D.Pinzello@lse.ac.uk

THE CREAM OF THE CRAP FROM AROUND BRITAIN



FAT CONTROLLER

Durham University SU hired a train to take the radical masses down to the big smoke for Thursday's march. The cost of this rather excessive measure? £10,000 to you. However, the SU hopes to pay for the venture by sponsorship, although potential benefactors are, as yet, less than forthcoming. Flung suggests an approach is made to Bernie Eccelstone of Formula 1, who knows plenty about overpriced egos on wheels.

TIT FOR TAT

Our friends from across the Aldwych at Strand Polytechnic are embroiled in a tit-for-tat mascot kidnapping cycle. The fun began when King's mascot Reggie the Lion was pinched by Guy's Medics last year. Now King's students have come up with the genius plan of stealing the Medics mascot. Why it took a year for such a scheme to be formulated perhaps says something about the intellectual prowess of the masses in Macadam building. Let's hope they don't decide to involve the LSE and kidnap our mascot, Michael Blackwell.

STAY IN BED

Shock news from the Open University: a report claims there is now no need for students to attend university to gain a degree. However, rather than sitting at home watching Richard and Judy, the idea is that you'll be able to sit at home and plug into a virtual University. A spokesperson for the Open University said: "The majority of students raise loans and then work long hours in part-time jobs in order to study and afford to live. "But for what purpose? To sit in lecture classes with several hundred other students listening to academics read the same notes as they have done for a number of years." The future may well be bleak for lecturers, who will now have little to do. Perhaps not at the LSE, however, where one gets the distinct impression that lecturing is nothing more than a distraction from more pressing matters.

HAIRY TODAY

It seems Neanderthal Man may still be among us - according to Oxford University scientists, the Quasimodo-lookalike missing link may have existed much more recently than previous data suggested. It is also suggested that interaction between modern man and Neanderthals is significantly more likely. "This is the most recent convincing date for Neanderthals that we have, showing that they survived relatively late at least in certain areas of Europe," Dr Pettitt told Oxford's Cherwell. Anyone trying to get served a pint in the Tuns on a Wednesday night might well be inclined to agree.

LOADS OF MONEY

Get yourself up to Cambridge, quick. A cash machine has been spraying out double the amount of money that customers have asked for, just what the posh nobs up there need. Police are unsure 'whether any crimes have been committed.' This raises interesting implications - is it a crime to be given heaps of cash? Are Cambridge police on a mission to bring Charities (and thus Students' Unions) to their knees? Posh gits.

SIXTHS IN WIFE SWAPPING SCANDAL

LSE 6th

RHUL 5th

Pick it out Beasant, or should
it be Andy Shields?

3
0

Where is my Vaseline? " was the first thing that captain Wheeldon said in the changing room followed by "you're late, we wont to finish before it gets dark". But in fairness the game was over long before it got dark and long before the final whistle. In the first 10 minutes the teams were very much evenly matched but then the sixths decided to piss on them and the wind took it into their faces. The first goal came around the quarter hour mark when "the Kebab" broke free down the inside right channel only to be met by the keeper, but the ball broke to Chopper who from an impossible angle drilled the ball home in such a way that forces me to take back all the Jason Lee comments from the last game.

It was not long after the first that the lead was doubled in an emphatic way. After a build up worthy of the premier league, a multitude of superbly accurate passes and tireless movement from Baulky, Mould and Steve Morrow, the ball was played up to Chopper in the box, he then laid it of to the Bonj, who hit a screamer past the hapless Keeper to keep up his impressive record of a goal a game.

Goal three came shortly after the break. A corner on the right floated straight to the keeper who, feeling the need to assist us in any way he could, dropped the ball onto Steve Morrow's bonce. Once the game was won QPR Wheeldon decided that he could afford to bring on German substitute Bomber Harleman, who stars as Matt in BBC2's "Game On", but unfortunately he had packed his clogs instead of his boots so his input was limited.

With the sixths coasting we allowed Holloway back into the game slightly and they broke free a few times but crunching tackles from Toby Tolle, QPR Ben (accompanied by cries of " Rubbish, bloody rubbish!"), and sweeper Dan "steve" Potts meant that Crazy Jim could go back to watching the Rugby behind his goal.

This match leaves the Sixths unbeaten and with the best defensive record (goals conceded per game) in the ULU league so the boys aren't worried too much about the Boots sales assistants we have to play this week.

Andy, Andy, Andy, Andy, Andy Shields !!!!!!!

BADMINTON CREW IN THE MIX

The Ginger Magician dresses up in women's clothes

Again LSE badminton is in the limelight. However this time the mixed team take the centre stage. Unbeaten all season, the crew are ready to add the ULU league to their list of honours.

Successive victories over St. George's (6-3) and RUMS (9-0) have left the bad boys and their equally naughty girls sitting pretty at the top of the chart.

The victory over the medics of St. George's was particularly worthy of note considering that their side included England International Liz Parker. Sadly one girl doesn't make a whole team, and in spite of her determination the rest of the team stood very little chance against the LSE players. Federman and Sarah Woolnough resumed the Essex connection leading the way with a more than respectable performance while Suhail Shaikh and Devna Vora gave the international a run for her money.

Last Wednesday, the team again proved their worth against a full strength side from St. Georges. The team was very much changed from the last match with King Winnoc Lui and 'Deadly' Denis

Wright coming in for Federman and Noboru Ataka. Vora again looked in tip-top form making her partner Shaikh happy with a class display of precision dropping. With his new tightly strung racquet, Wright again showed the power of his right arm and attacked their female contingent in a way that made girlfriend Sally suspicious. Sharisa and Ai Chee patrolled the net with vigilance, knocking off any loose play.

All bodes well for the future. GKT look like the next team to get their arses kicked. Bewrae the LBE Badminton Club pub-crawl is just around the corner.

AU BARREL

THE ATHLETIC UNION INVITES IT MEMBERS TO
ATTEND THE ANNUAL A.U. BARREL ON FRIDAY
3RD DECEMBER IN THE UNDERGROUND @
11AM PROMPT!

£3 ENTRY
FANCY DRESS COMPULSORY

ANY TEAMS THAT HAVE NOT ALREADY
EXPRESSED AN INTEREST IN GETTING
INVOLVED PLEASE E-MAIL AMAR VIDYARTHI
(A.U. GEN-SEC) A.VIDYARTHI@LSE.AC.UK



LSE Bad boys...
and girls

LSE TAKE GOLDSMITH MINERS OUT FOR DINNER

LSE 1st

Golds 1st

Words and sounds

9
1

The last BUSA fixture of this term needed to be won in order to beat the Queen Marys Wankers into second place after their dodgy tactics for last minute equalisers weeks before. Not only did we need to win, but by fuck loads of goals. Thankfully we were playing Goldsmiths who haven't even had a hockey side for about 8 years and, to our benefit, decided to start this year.

To be honest we were approaching the game expecting to cruise through and have the odd wet dream whenever we felt like it (the beast has to make some use of his box, as its not protecting much!). Actually, they started out quite well even though they did concede one after about 3 minutes from Sharkie's short corner strike. The equaliser then came soon after with assistance from the well deserved 'dick of the day', Nosh, who you may have seen later in the Tuns wearing a dodgy rubber hat (on his head anyway, not helmet). From then on, the onslaught began, even though this may sound egotistical, I'm writing the report so fuck it:

2 - 1: Sharkie scores from open play after dribbling round the entire defence and undercutting it into the keeper's bollocks, sending them through the wide open goal mouth.

3 - 1: Mark manages to score his first goal ever for LSE (that I can remember anyway) after a stunning short corner routine from 'Loosey' and the 'Psycho' John Sheridan.

4 - 1: Sharkie scores his first hat-trick of the season after a devastating ball supplied by Euroboy from behind (nothing new there!) and link up play at the front which was smoother than JCYC's head after a fresh shave.

5 - 1: Jan then added to the onslaught with a powerful drag flick, penetrating through the oncoming bunch of Village Idiots who are stupid enough to actually run out at short corners, and into the net past the dumb struck keeper.

6 - 1: Sharkie getting his 4th, taking advantage of defending which couldn't stand up to any from of pressure, even if they were taking more than their weekly dose of viagra.

7 - 1: The 'Psycho' then stepped up to add his name to the score sheet with an individual effort, taking it round the keeper, who by this point may as well have buggered off to the pub.

8 - 1: Sharkie slots his 5th with another strike from a short corner which was frankly shit, but thankfully so was the keeper (shit -faced that is after staggering back from the aforementioned pub).

9 - 1: Sharkie finishes off his double hat-trick, following on to a ball from 'Juicy Loosey' and somehow making it slide past the legless keeper (almost literally after their effectiveness in the goal mouth).

The final word is one of thanks to the hockey chicks who turned up to lend a hand (left or right depending on our preference) by spurring the boys on to play harder and impress, as basically too many of us are desperate for a shag (though not Sharkie as the 'FF'oster is taking care of that department).

Onto the Tuns, which saw drunkenness, chundering (Nosh, we have proof), sharking, and as usual out drinking Rugby boys the challenge of a boat race still stands to see if you are 'Zulu warriors' or 'Zulu princesses' more like it.



The LSE Hockey
orgy did far more
damage than good

SUSSEX SPUNKS AS PURPLE WARRIORS FAIL TO RISE TO THE TASK

As the coach rolled ominously away from the shady surrounds of Houghton St. to take us, once again, down to the 'saaf cowest', the Purple Warriors only had the image of a glorious game of rugby implanted firmly in their minds.

However, as usual, soon we were thinking about perverted sex. In order to satisfy our manly desire, we had a whip-round and stopped-off at Elephant and Castle to persuade 3 and a half high-class 'ladies of leisure' to join us on our journey to the sunny seaside (half because to our surprise, and the delight of the Mong, it turned out that one of the prossies was a very convincing lady-boy).

Thus by the time we got to the SusSEX Uni sports pitches, most of us were physically spent, and some of us considerably worried about unsightly blotches that were appearing on our manhoods. First interrogations were aimed at Beavis, as he had won the lottery and got to go first. But as he proved that the infliction had not intruded on his own privates, the fingers soon pointed 'dirty' Tim Rossington, who broke down in tears as he confessed that we had been struck down by a rare Bovine Arse Virus that he had contracted on a 'shiny' day-trip to the West Country during his miss-spent youth. Like many men, he was unsure of the life threatening nature of the disease, and so ignored it without the proper medical attention. Luckily, Stumpy had his pile-cream with him as his arse-grapes had been giving him a bit of gyp recently, and that

seemed to do the trick.

So by the time we managed to actually start the match it was dark and it took us a while to get hold of our opposite numbers. I won't go into detail, but one by one we got shat-on by Sussex boys as they slipped through our token defences and perforated our back lines. This was met by roars of rage from most, but squeals of delight from Matron, who's always happy to be on the end of a good shafting (Kings Cross Stealers-meet your new club captain). The Warriors had to be slapped around to get them out of their post-coital coma, having effectively given the opposition 15 points in 15 minutes. Half Breed was inspirational, foaming at the mouth (although Stumpy had something for that too) and slurring wildly at us to put our body on the line in the name of LSE Rugby, something he does every Friday night.

This seemed to do the trick as the pack began to dominate the flaccid Sussex forwards in the slippery mire that was the pitch. It was our turn to be on top, and, like shagging a netball-girl, they just laid back and took it; in fact it was barely like they were there at all and it took us ages to 'cum' good as Shania Twain spurted out from a tiny hole to score. (but unlike shagging a netball girl, he won't be embarrassed about telling his mates about that on a Thursday morning). That was right on the stroke of half-time, and we had finally got into the game.

The Mong was inspirational at half-time, basing his 'speech' on the fact that it was the Millennium soon, and the world is going to

end, so we should really try and win this game, or something. Did the trick by the looks of it, as when the game re-started we were like rampant dogs on heat, searching out the meat, and tasting tender morsels. As we pressed the Sussex boys back against their own line, it looked as if they were ready to take anything we threw at them. But a period of solid man-hugging from 'Pierced Nipple Fletcher', and 'Prince Albert Ralphy' saw us edge closer to bending them over backwards. But it was Fat Bob's sublime hands and devastating speed that gave Twain his second for the day, and lined the Boer up for the evening's Green Monster.

All this effort was put to waste as one of their fat taffies scored in the corner, despite the Half-Breed's effort to rip his head off and throw it into touch. But once again the Warriors showed some pundy and rallied again. If it hadn't been for the fact that Morgan the Organ can't catch, Bruiser can't pass, and Tikkamassala can't run, then we might have had another five or six scores. As it was, it took a back to join the forwards in a mad-scramble for the line for us to get one more try. Half-Breed managed to stick his hand in a dark hole (living in Wales probably trained him for this) and place the ball over the line. With five minutes to go we still had a chance to get back, but it was so dark that the already blind ref couldn't see anything at all, so blew the final whistle. Cunt.

WARRIOR SECONDS SCAREMONGER SUSSEX INTO SUBMISSION!!

On the back of 2 narrow defeats to Surrey and Holloway, the 2nds warriors were not going to finish the millennium with a loss!! From the start, things were looking good - Kev turned up on time, Charterhouse had managed to relieve himself of the minging excuse for a bird he'd picked up at his regular Tuesday night dive - and after many dedicated hours of training, it looked like a miracle might be possible.

Due to the bungling ineptitude of the Sussex foot teams, we were relocated to the luxury changing facilities, where half the team were still admiring the under-floor heating, as Sussex scored a quick opener. After a routine test of

manual dexterity proved too much for Dave 'stocks and shares' Fairbrain, he managed to redeem himself with a diamond try. An uncharacteristic display of Welsh accuracy from Taff junior left us with a lead as slim as Clem's chances of ever getting a decent haircut, at half-time.

Soon after, Taff junior tossed another one over from the tee exchanging penalties with the blue haired Sussex flower arranger. Matt Sills' innovative interpretation of the 10 yard law left the troll doll with another straight one, but he promptly shot his load past the right hand post.

Sustained Sussex pressure left the warriors exhausted but still resiliently holding onto their lead.

Inventive lineout work left not only Sussex but the referee confused, and great runs from Toni kept the foe at bay. Cue the wonder try of the season from winger Dan Burello. Picking up inside the LSE half, he burst past three backs, wrong footed two forwards and scored a touchdown - sorry, try to win the match! So we reported to the Tuns for a night of fun, frivolity and green monsters in liquid and human form. And a brief special mention to James Taylor for his own individual effort of the season.

Sussex 1st
Lse 1st
Fat Bob - Dazed
and/or Confused

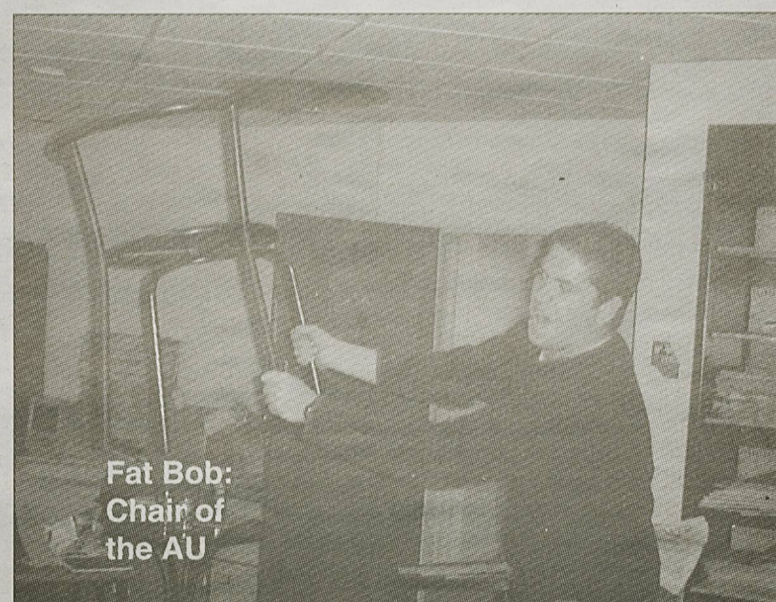
20
15



JB gets to grips with the local hookers

LSE 2nd
Sussex 2nd
Ra-Ra Charterhouse
makes love to an
illegal immigrant

18
8



Fat Bob:
Chair of
the AU

RICK-ORD BREAKER

RED CARD VICTIM OPENS HIS HEART

Federman does over the postman

Some people say that great footballers receive preferential treatment from referees. Look at Alan Shearer and his deliberate assault on Neil Lennon last season. Look at Graeme Le Saux in his unnecessary provocation and attack on cocaine snorting Robbie Fowler. Unfortunately, however this trend isn't universal.

Let us use Rick Paton-Philip, second team playmaker and friend of rich politicians, as our example. On a blowy afternoon in Surrey, Rick and the second team boys took on the might of St. George's in the BUSA League.

The match had started much like any other. Rick was well in control of midfield stroking passes across the pitch in Beckham-esque fashion. Right from the start, the goggle eyed medics could see that they hadn't a hope in this match. Their short podgy bodies were better suited to a Teletubby fancy dress party than a fast and frantic football match.

Their only hope rested with the illegal. In the third minute, Rick found himself being fumbled and tugged in the centre circle by their number 8 known only as 'nob' for the purposes of this article. 'Get the fuck off my shirt you little fuck,' shrieked Rick surprised that such a little midget would have the balls to stand up to him.

Rick's hard man credentials cannot be underplayed. Repeatedly threatened with expulsion from Eton for stealing Prince William's dinner money and then getting off with his bird, Rick can drink 8 cans of Super T without even burping.

At this point, disaster struck as the 'little pussy' crumbled to the ground like a house of cards, creating the illusion that he had been man-handled by our man Rick.

Rick continued, 'right so the ref runs over and says - I saw that son - you're going in the book.' The play acting of their number 8 had resulted in unfair shame being brought to the good name of LSE sport.'

'I couldn't fucking believe it,' Rick said 'so I turned around and told him that the whole thing was a fucking joke.' Before Rick could say 'XXX rated hard-core porn' the ref pulled out another card. However, this time it was red. 'My feet were stuck to the ground. I didn't want to leave the pitch. I should have still been in the game.'

With only three and a half minutes on the clock, a BUSA official informed Rick that his dismissal was the fastest ever in LSE football history. Not even the likes of hardmen like the G-man and the Rock, or even Hard Rob have come close to such notoriety.

Ironically, only moments before Rick had told his team-mate, Daniel Fonseca, about his love of football and how much he was enjoying Richard Wright's and Mandy's new rigorous training regime.

'Everytime I put on that LSE jersey, I feel liberated and highly sexual,' he told the team.

Dreams are shattered every day. But there really is no compensation for such an injustice. Of course what the ref says goes but should we really have to suffer such incompetence? Team mate Peter Callas commented that 'the other team had been blowing the ref all match' and that one of the St George's players was actually his nephew. These allegations are being looked in to at the moment.

Rick's pent up anger at the decision became apparent as he barracked the referee with some velocity from the sidelines. 'You want to take a trip to Vision Express mate and sort your fucking eyes out, mate'. In Rick's eyes the opposition were now guilty of fouling each time a tackle was made. 'Send him off, ref,' Rick shouted, 'oh yeah, you send me off for fuck all and then let him off for a potentially life threatening attack'.

As the first half neared its end, the ref had had enough. Focusing his anger primarily at Rick, he muttered to the captain Pete that 'if he keeps doing me, I'll screw the whole team over'.

Looking now at a potential 30 day suspension and an imminent disciplinary hearing, Rick is preparing a motion proposing the use of video evidence in BUSA League matches. 'This shit can't go on,' he told me 'the ref was an idiot. He had his hair all brushed and shit and gloated at me from across the bar after the match. What a fucking wanker'.

In spite of this heavy shock to his system, Rick has no plans to quit the game or even adibe by the possible suspension. 'I'll assume the alias Diego, and fight this shit to the very end'. Callas added 'that has to be the most ridiculous red card in football history'. One thing is for sure though, it was the quickest sending off in LSE history and we must commend Rick for this.

***"The ref was an idiot.
He had his hair all
brushed and shit and
he gloated at me from
across the bar
after the match.
What a fucking wanker"***

FOURTHS HUNG OVER BY HOLLOWAY HEARTBREAK

RHUL 4th

3

LSE 4th

2

**Terry does over a barman
and steals the beer**

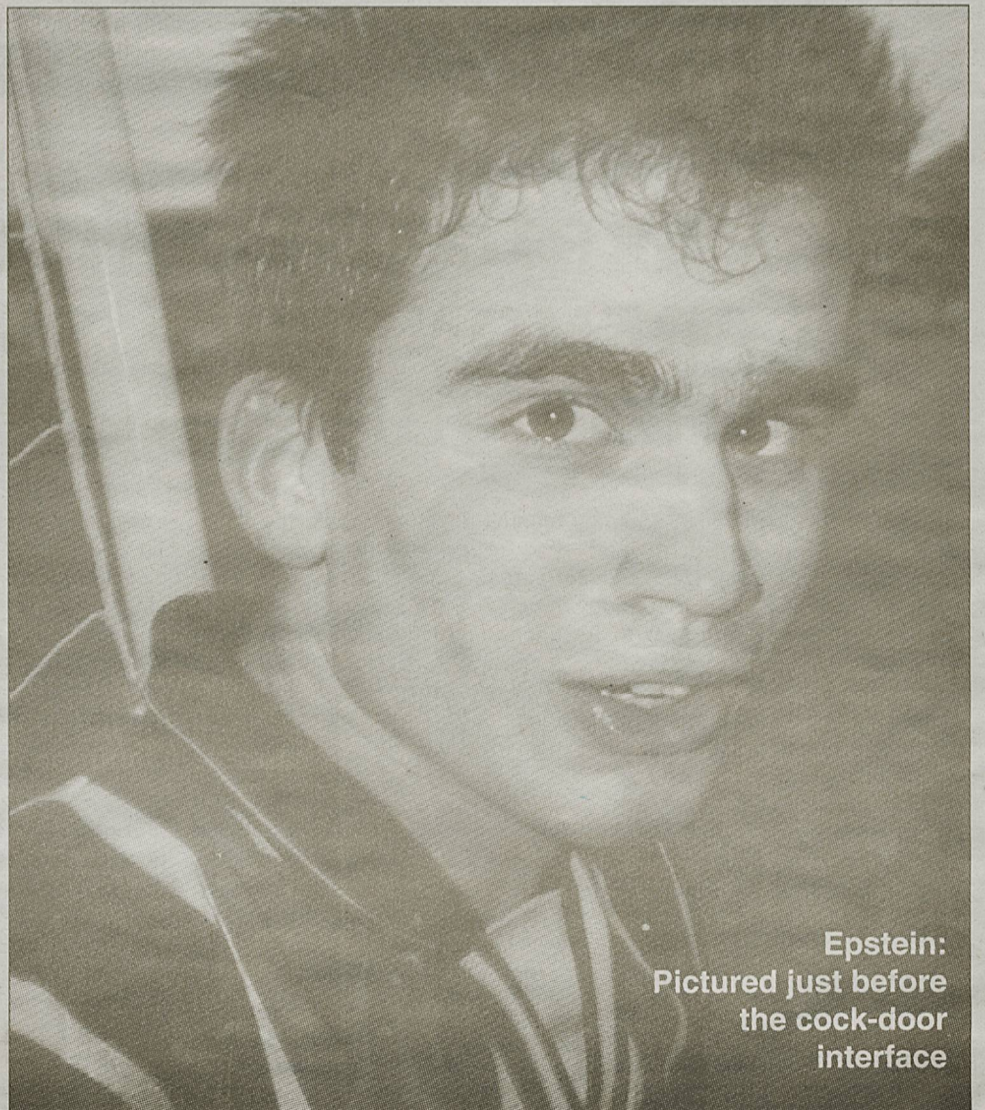
Still in turmoil after the shock defeat by the Ponces from Strand Poly, Stoaie's squad faced the trip into 'sod off nowhere land' with a desire to inflict misery on the helmets from Holloway. The mood on the journey was muted when the Stoaie's uplifting team talk was interrupted by the only life form lower than the Holloway football team, namely ticket inspectors. Lacking the mental and physical dexterity of 'bomber' Harleman, key players could only sit motionless as the inbred's carnaged their wallets. "I don't want to buy the train, I just want a poxy ticket" exclaimed an astounded Wogan after being slapped with a harsh seven quid fare. For the only time this season, the diddy contingent of Alex and Epstein praised mother nature for letting them get away with a child fare. Ronnie Mac tried to escape the wrath of justice by hurling deadly out of date Big Mac's at the advancing inspectors.

Unfortunately it was all to no avail, the squad arrived with wallets more lightweight than Stoaie's pint downing ability. Things got worse moments after the kick off, Stoaie's masterplan of playing without a defence went pear shaped as Holloway took the lead. Holloway appeared

to have more ringers than the belfry at Westminster Abbey. Worse still, a couple of the daft buggers obviously got confused with the soggy pitch and engaged in a spot of mud-wrestling. Ronnie Mac threatened a court battle as the ref produced a card that was blatantly the same colour as his trademark logo and handbags were being swung in all corners of the pitch.

All credit to the team for managing to twice bring the game level. Midfield maestro Omar smashed in a superb volley and the Terry Wogan And Tom, or TWAT, combination unlocked the defence again in the second half. However, it was lucky that the Holloway centre forward couldn't hit a cows arse with a banjo, otherwise the deficit could have been much worse.

The nightmare was complete when the post-match food failed to materialise. Whilst enquiring about the lack of grub Tom C was threatened with ejection from the bar by the Michelin Man's big brother, who had clearly eaten all our food. Apparently, impersonating Elvis is a serious matter round their way. The king truly was dead, so we returned to base to get trolled in the tuns.



**Epstein:
Pictured just before
the cock-door
interface**

MEDICS MASSACRED BY SWINGING STARS

3RDS SHAT ON BY SCURVEY RIDDEN SURGEONS

LSE 2nd VII 27
ICSM 3rd VII 19
Charlotte Knowles more than she lets on

We were good. No, sod it, we were great! The Proudlove Swingers made a storming start in their UL League and answered those critics who think that "netball is the most ridiculous sport ever" with a magnificent display of penetrating forward thrusts and a defence that the first XI football would be proud of. (Having said that, until Wednesday's storming victory, the footballers would have been grateful for any defence at all!) We even attracted a crowd of photographers (well, one anyway).

We took on the might of ICSM and OK, it was their third team, but they did have matching shell suits and a coach (and no, it was not a coach of the bus variety). This combination sparked a little fear and a lot of fashion outrage in the Swingers camp but we put the trauma behind us, determined not to be beaten by these polyester-clad pansies.

The first fifteen minutes could only be described as sublime with every LSE player on first name terms with the ball. Much of our success could be attributed to the masterful performance of Hannah Pearson (aka Peter, for reasons known only to herself). Hannah has made a personal request that I clarify once and for all that she has never been, nor will ever allow herself to be violated by a Purple Warrior and those that do accuse her of such crimes of passion (evil troll in Limelight, you know who you are) can stick it in their gobs and swallow it.

Still, the match was not entirely one-sided and once again the Swingers faced fierce physical molestation in their circle. No lives were lost, but 7up's hamstring did not survive and our rimming just wasn't the same after her premature departure. Still, at least Spicey didn't show her breasts again this week so things weren't all that bad.

As the match raced on we got more knackered than Callas's bird after a night in with the lads at Loughborough, and since Knowlesey and Proudlove didn't have the spunk in them to keep up with their markers they resorted to grabbing every loose ball they could get their hands on - a skill they've acquired from three years of Wednesday night, 11pm-in-the-Tuns type desperation. This tactic of previously unseen aggression from the pair of netball veterans paid off and the birdies recorded a 27-19 victory. Bring on the Queens at QM, that's what I say - we'll take you every which way!

Knowlesey and Proudlove didn't have the spunk in them to keep up with their markers they resorted to grabbing every loose ball they could get their hands on

GKT 2nd 23
LSE 3rd 0
Laura Taborn gets fresh and frisky

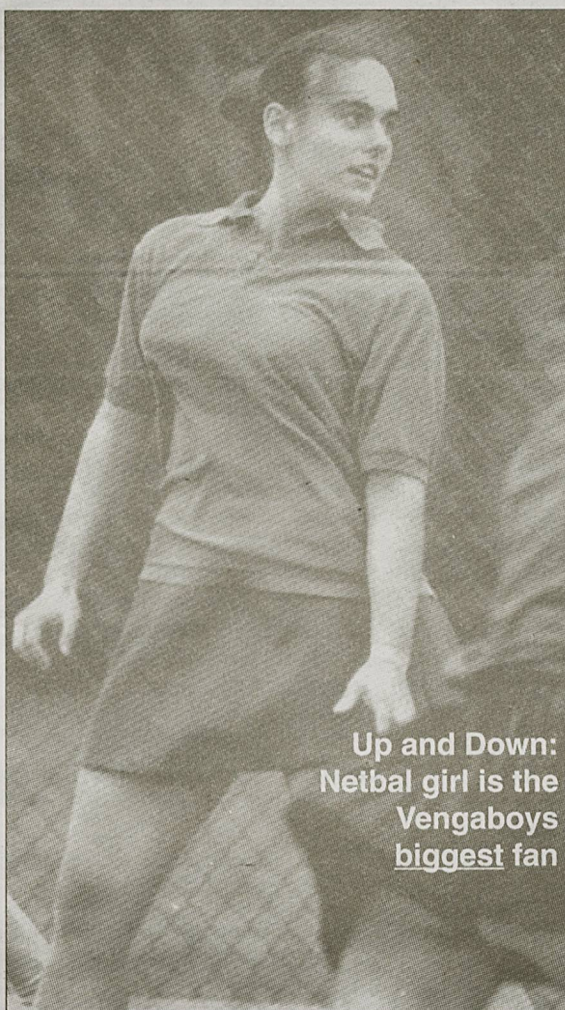
The seven thirds bravely ventured out for another game nervous after last weeks fiasco hoping it would not be repeated. However the problems started when trying to find the courts we spent 45 minutes wandering around some sleepy suburb because we couldn't tell our left from our right. Having arrived almost an hour late we had visions of angry medics greeting us with scalpels in hand ready to exact revenge for our late arrival.

When the game finally 'kicked off' with our players being barged out of the way by the clumsy medics (god help any one who's ill under the care of those ham fisted bitches) there was still a player lying on the sidelines beggared from the previous match who was removed during our match by paramedics no doubt to be subjected to some dubious sexual experiment.

About the game well the least said about that the better although we did eventually get going by the forth quarter but it was really all over for them by then. Ring any bells lads? They had a secret weapon in the form of a WA who wore the most putrid luminous green outfit they obviously don't get into the city much and with fashion sense like that should certainly be prevented from doing so in the future.

The triumph of the day was left to the criminal in our midst Soula who got let off a fine by smiling sweetly and acting dumb when caught without a ticket on the return journey she even almost got the blokes number nice work Soula!

In summary it took us an hour to find the place and when we got down there it was nothing special. As with sex with a rugby player they scored lots but nothing really happened for us. Even when we were on top it never looked like any of us would climax.



**Up and Down:
Netbal girl is the
Vengaboys
biggest fan**



**Netball:
All you need from a
sport... and then some**

FEDERS AND WOGAN ON FOOTBALL HARDMEN

Title: Lock, Cock and Two Smoking Bell Ends

Scene: The Rock pub, Shadwell Town, East London

Present: John, Trev, Steve, Dave, 'Mad' Mark, Bob, Sue, Tracey, Josie, Jessica and Denise, Gumbo and 35 other tooled up loons

Mood: Calm but violent

W) Gumbo you muppet, you stink of bacon?

F) He can't read or write and he has you fucking accuse him of being Old Bill.

W) Shut it. (Slams Richard Gere on table) Who wants some? (pointing to Feders) Do you wanna go, you carrot coloured ring-piece of fuck?

F) Nick mate, you're off your face. Rinse it out. Let's just take one of those pills marked 'chill' and watch the fucking football.

W) Arsenal fucking Man U? That pitch has got more tarts on it than Mr Kipling. Bunch of frilly nicker wearing mummy's boys; My own boy Andy, by name and nature, could take those slags.

F) You're telling me your 9 year old nipper would have a pop at Emanuel Petit. That geezer gets my respect everytime. He's got the swagger, the muscles, the pony tail and hordes of lubricated women wanting his cock.

W) Nah, you're tugging my tadger mate. He's off the job more than he's on it. Injuries, suspensions, beauty-fucking-therapists. Fucking pansy. The Pearly King himself, Wisey put the frighteners on him at the Bridge this season. Keano chinned him down the Castle, that poncey battlecruiser over in Woodford last month. Done him proper.

F) No way mate, I'll go with my man Petit every time. He shagged eight birds in one night at the Atlantic Bar. By the end, the security caught wind of what was happening and tried to kick the blonde haired wonder out. He properly fucked them over, big style, made two 18 stone suck food through a straw for two weeks. The pigs won't touch him. They'll shit it as well.

W) Don't give me that Jackanory. Roy the Boy scared the fuck out the supposed 'Guv'nor' Incey when he got to Old Trafford. He's got more grief off the Old Bill than the Mitchell Brothers. Come to think of it, he'd take them to Sketchleys every time. Keano's fucking banned from every night club in Britain. You know, he was a well tasty amateur boxer. 40 bouts unbeaten - He knocked 3 of them brown bread and one into Timbuctoo. He's wanted by the Russian mafia for shagging their birds and wanking in their vodka.

F) Do me a favour my old china plate. My own mum could do Keano and she'd definitely do Petit if she had the chance. Know what I mean. Russian mafia? I don't know. Manuel's got the fucking Bureau de Change after him for assassination attempts on Bill and charges of sodomy with Hil.

W) Sodomy? That's big words from a little man you slag. You and me outside now.

STRINGFELLOW PRODIGIES IN LAPDANCING FRENZY

Imperial College 1st 2
LSE 1st 4
The Phantom loves it

Mulligan + Sutton = Goals.' Not to be confused with that other oft quoted mathematical term 'Mulligan + Sutton = Women.' A lesson there in simplified football mathematics which was given to Imperial within ten seconds of the match kicking off. A 40-yard lob from The Ginger Prince sent LSE on their way to a spanking of the highest order over last seasons double winners.

After three defeats on the bounce the win reconfirmed LSE firsts as a footballing force to be reckoned with. A new formation of 4-5-1, intended to give the weary Firsts goalkeeper a break, infact, produced a festival of goals as LSE produced the kind of football that Stringfellow himself described with no less a term than "samba, champagne, shagpile". He was clearly impressed with what he saw and was later heard conducting long term contractual negotiations of the possibility of the firsts "playing football in my club - the infamous CABARET OF ANGELS." Sutton and Mulligan - personal associates of the ageing lothario - were clearly excited by the prospect, grinning wildly as they left the ground with a couple of busty dancers on each arm.

Stringfellow ('Stringy' to his pals) would not have been impressed though, with what was an unfortunate equaliser.

Normally this would be 'heads down' time but the 'grit' provided from the midfiled triumvirate of Mulligan, Andy Martin and Dean Lockerie held strong in what transpired to be a game that was 'won and lost in midfield' (page six of The Beginners Guide to Football Cliches, edited by 'Bojangles' Ron Atkinson).

Lockerie bagged the second with a looping header. He was later seen celebrating by confirming the scottish stereotype by drinking his own body weight in booze (a feat that the hapful Callis could never hope to achieve - I wonder what your bird is doing right now Callis?). A clearly arseholed Lockerie then lost all his cool by dribbling into the ear of his stumpy peroxide blonde 'beauty' of a mate. "She certainly can't dance in my club" screamed the long haired love monster as he joined 'The Judge' for an intense mixing session on the wheels of steel. Back to the

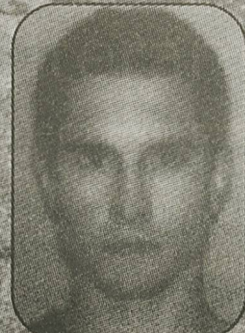
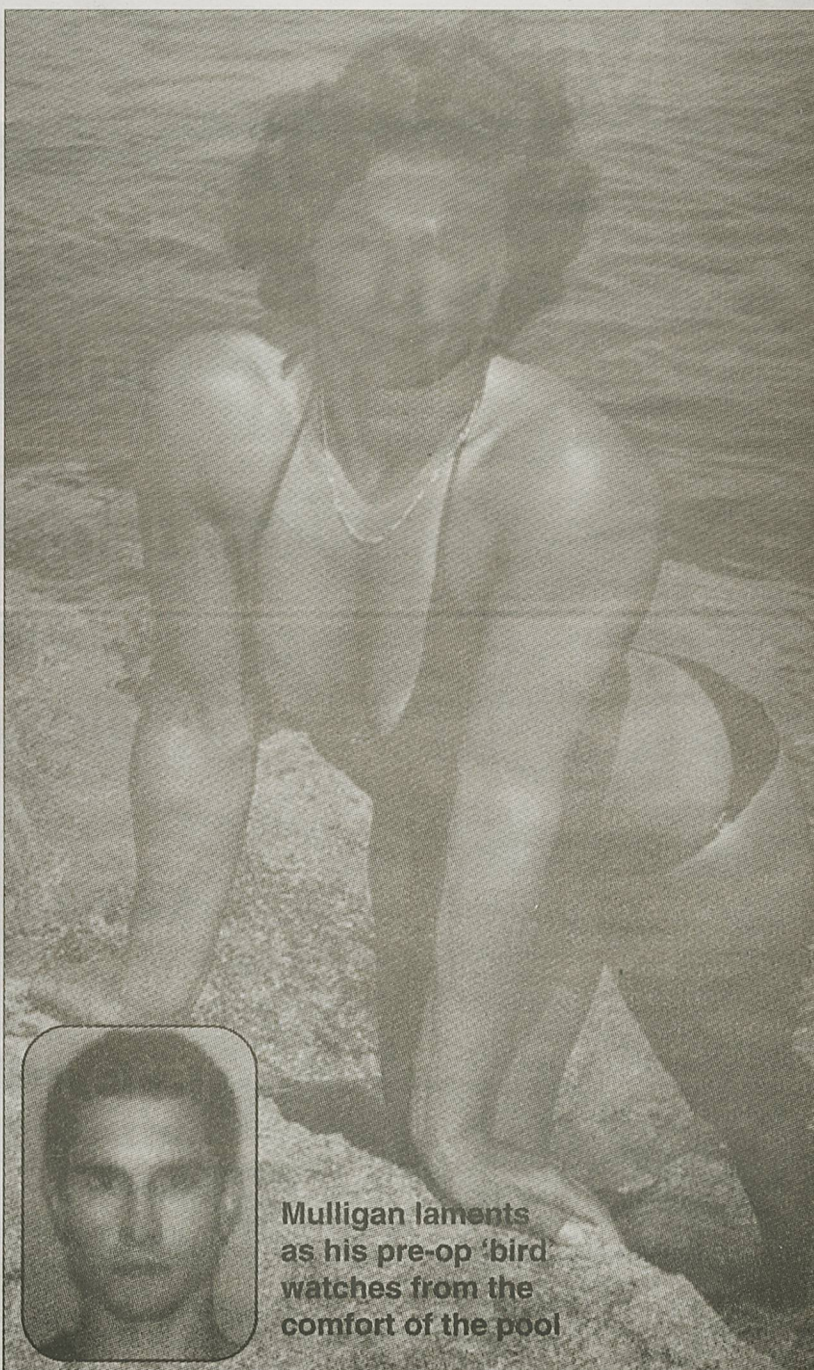
match, a penalty miss by Vin threw away the chance of a comfortable half-time lead, but this was small-fry when compared to the hat-trick of missed chances 'squandered' by Matt 'benchwarmer' Cole.

Vin though, relinquished himself with another opportunist goal early in the second half. With the score at three one, one could have been forgiven for thinking that the fiery firsts had a one way ticket to Winsville, and were indeed travelling on the Victory Express - First Class, quaffing champers and guzzling oysters with 'Stringy' (to his mates). And you'd be right for thinking so. Yet, with the neon lights of Winsvilles multitude of Brothel houses winking provocatively in the distance, the Victory Express was diverted via Touch-And-Go-Ville. An inswinging corner from IC caused havoc in the LSE 'mixer' (page 79 of the aforementioned text) and the ball crept over the line. Three - two and all to play for. Stringy and his pals were drinking at the last chance saloon- but not for long. 'Time gentlemen please!' cried Sutton and with a wiggle of the hips and a tip of the hat it was over; the ball snuggling comfortably in the ample bosom of Mrs Net.

Thus with a victorious 'Jig of Delight' LSE firsts returned to the Tuns but only for the one drink.

Whilst Judge Jules was buying some old rope with the money he'd taken off Hatton, the footballers decamped to 'The Titty Twister', Stringy's members-only nitespot for a nights roistering with the social elite of the 'Tableside Entertainment Industry.'

***LSE produced
the kind of football
that Stringfellow
himself described with
no less a term than
"samba, champagne
and shagpile"***



Mulligan laments as his pre-op 'bird' watches from the comfort of the pool