

The Beaver

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Election Boredom

Attempted Sabocide

Kush D.

Sabbatical rivalry has emerged after the safe sex week failed to materialise a fortnight ago. The story starts this summer whilst Chris Cooper, SU Ents sabbatical, was booking up bands for this year's entertainment schedule.

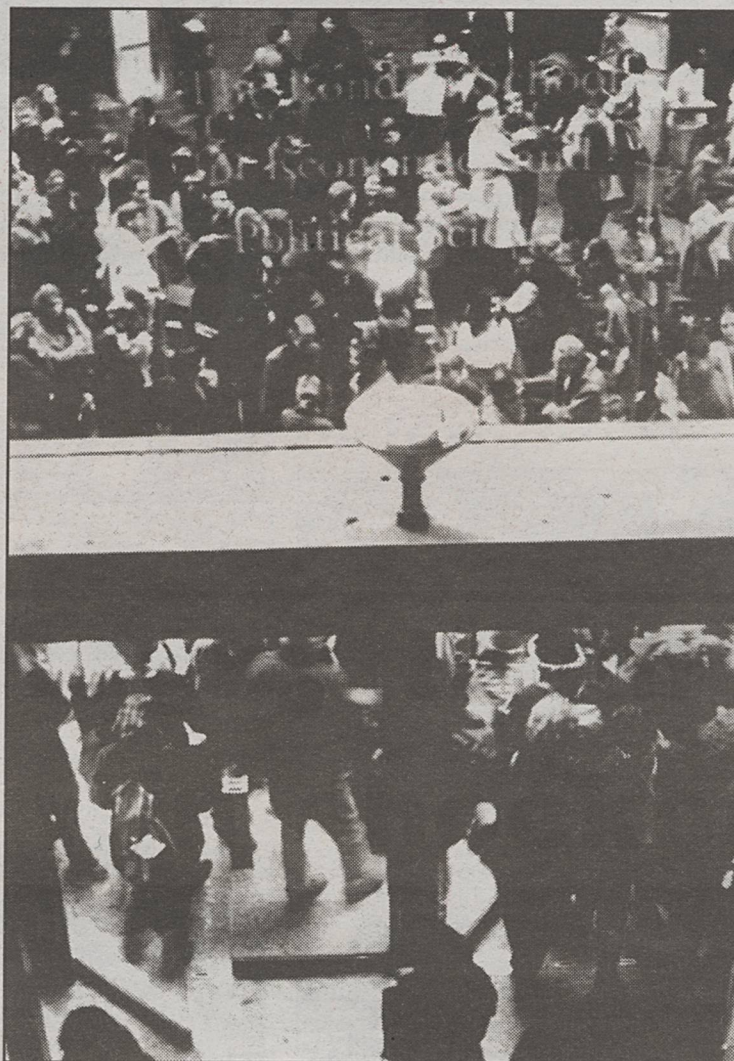
Cooper was working under the assumption that the music and dance license which was supposedly being applied for would allow a 1:00am bar extension, enabling more events to take place.

Mike Fab Gear was one of the bands that he was considering booking. The band promoted safe sex as part of their act, which included giving out free condoms. Cooper put forward the idea of organising a safe sex campaign to coincide with the band playing. Sam Parham, SU Welfare sabbatical, was given a video of the act by Cooper and after reviewing it initially, agreed with the idea. It then transpired that the late license was not available but the band was still booked.

In order to organise the week a budget was required. Parham says he asked Dan Crowe, SU General Secretary, to convene the campaign committee to discuss the allocation of resources for the week. When asked, Crowe refuted this claim and pointed out that to the best of his knowledge that he

was never asked and saw no reason to call a meeting of the campaign committee.

Hence safe sex week did not occur. When later asked, Parham defended the cancellation of the event by stating that the only reason it was ever considered was because Cooper booked a band that gave out condoms. He also suggested that the event would have more impact both politically and practically, if it was organised around World Aids Day which occurs on the 1st of December. He continued, many different societies had come to him and were interested in holding events around this date. He also felt that the issue of safe sex would dilute the campaign for Top-up Fees which was heavily emphasised at the beginning of the year by the Union Executive.



They didn't vote.

At the last two UGMs Cooper put forward motions to firstly ask Crowe to write a letter to Douglas Trainer, NUS President which states that Crowe is the liaison officer between LSE and NUS. A second emergency motion was put forth which asked for a committee to be set up to reappraise the duties and work ethic of the

Continued on page three

Election Ennui Hits LSE

Narius Aga

Voting took place for the Michaelmas term Students' Union elections last Wednesday and Thursday. Contrary to the expectations of tense onlookers, an unprecedented calm prevailed throughout voting on the first morning and continued as the ballot box travelled from hall to hall. The candidates displayed an amazing show of harmony and mutual respect, in stark contrast to last years acrimonious Lent term elections.

This amicable atmosphere carried on into the count, which started in the Quad immediately after voting ended at 6pm on the Thursday. Scenes of elation predictably followed as results were announced, especially for the prestigious Court of Governors post, the most keenly fought contest.

"I can't believe my luck!", exclaimed a delighted Sri Agnee Pathmanathan, who came first with 147 votes. "I'm absolutely stunned", said second placed Gotz Mohindra, aptly looking the part. "I'm very lucky to have so many good friends". Yuan

Continued on page two

Society Sacrifices Secrecy

Kush D.

Most of us in LSE belong to one student society or another. We join with an unspoken faith that any information we share with the representatives of that society will be kept private and confidential. It seems that this is not held true and currently the societies' constitution validated by the Students' Union has no confidentiality clause.

A committee member of a society, which shall remain anonymous, abused their position by giving out the address of one of their members to an individual outside the LSE.

The member did not want their address to be known to this individual for personal reasons. When they discovered who had given out the address they were rightly appalled. They immediately sought out the committee members of the society and were told that it would be looked into, in a manner that was non-committal and off-handed.

The Beaver questioned Dan Crowe, SU General Secretary, about this problem. Crowe was also completely shocked and disgusted at the behaviour of this LSE society. He immediately acted to prevent any recurrence of this situation by closing any loopholes in the Union constitution. An amendment to the codes of practice will be put in a motion to the Constitution & Steering Committee this week. The proposed mandatory confidentiality clause will then be voted on next week.

It is alarming that such a loophole could go unnoticed until now. This brings about the question of the adequacy of the constitution and suggests the need for a wide-ranging review.

No kiss arse No bull shit in this year's elections

Narius Aga

A placid and unruffled atmosphere, unparalleled in recent LSE election history characterised voting in the Michaelmas Students' Union elections last Wednesday and Thursday. Candidates lacked none of the usual piquancy and zest in attracting the attention of prospective voters outside the Old Building on Thursday. Campaigning in halls however lacked the over-enthusiastic ardour displayed by candidates last year. The School was bombarded with posters and leaflets and stickers were thrust on willing and not so willing chests.

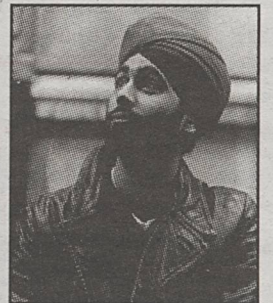
Voting numbers in the halls fell significantly from last year. Seasoned SU punters predicted the lowest-ever turnout in LSE election history, pointing out last year's events as a turn-off for the majority of students. By Thursday afternoon however, long queues snaked out of the Old Building and more than 920 students had voted by the end.

Everyone involved breathed a sigh of relief at the smoothness with which the whole elections were run. Not a single complaint of electoral malpractice was received. "I guess it's owing to the fact that we did not have 'big sharks' backing lesser-known candidates this year", said Francesca Maleree, Returning Officer, who received warm accolades from most of the candidates *The Beaver* spoke to. It came to the point where one student commented about last year with a glint of nostalgia in her eye, just wishing for something to come up, if only to add a bit of excitement. Much to the relief of the others however, her wish did not come true.

Views from Houghton Street

1. Have you voted? How?
2. Do you think the elections are a waste of time?
3. What policies would you like to see implemented?
4. Do you think all politicians are scum?

Tej (Masters student)



1. No. I'll vote for Yuan Potts because that's the last poster I saw.
2. Yes. Everyone has identical aims- there's little to choose between candidates. Also postgrads aren't really very interested.
3. More orderly UGMs. (what, and stifle democracy)
4. No. John Hume is a good bloke. (whoever he is)



Dan Lam (candidate seeking election on the no bullshit ticket)

1. Yes. For myself you tit.
2. No- it's a valuable opportunity for students to make their opinions felt on issues such as top up fees
3. Read my flyers.
4. Yes they are, at least under the surface. I, however, do not regard myself as political. I just want to do something of benefit to the student community.

Anthony (2nd year economics student)



1. No. When's the voting?
2. The aims are good, but most of the candidates are just people on an ego trip who want to brighten up their CVs.
3. The policies are good, but they're all very similar. The elections are more about personality than politics.
4. No. Most of them are okay.



Anne-Marie (Masters student)

1. No. But I will.
2. I don't really know. I hope they achieve something.
3. Haven't given it much thought.
4. No. Not all of them.



Joy was not joyful as she failed to make Court of Governors

Photo: Nina

Continued from page one

Potts, another winning candidate just managed to find time to shout "I'm dead chuffed", before running into the Tuns to celebrate.

LSE Students honoured Nelson Mandela as Honourary President for the second time in ten years, while Bernardo Duggan, that timeless LSE institution, was finally rewarded for his assistance in countless SU elections, defeating the one

Labour proposed Liverpool Dockers for the post of Honourary Vice-President of the Union. "Let me regain my balance", a totally pissed-up Bernardo retorted when asked for his reaction, probably having had one too many just to vindicate having to stay sober for all those election counts in previous years.

By the end of counting at 11 pm, results for the following posts were announced by Francesca Maleree, the Returning Officer, with the rest to follow next week:

Early Election Results

Honourary President:
Nelson Mandela

Hon. Vice-President:
Bernardo Duggan

Court of Governors:
Sri Agnee Pathmanathan
Gotz Mahindra
Raj Jethwa (LSE Labour Club)
Frederic Lamchamkee
Yuan Potts (LSE Lib Democrats)

Post-Graduate Officer
Rebecca Bunn (LSE Lib Democrats)

Inter-halls Committee
Amal Sandaratne

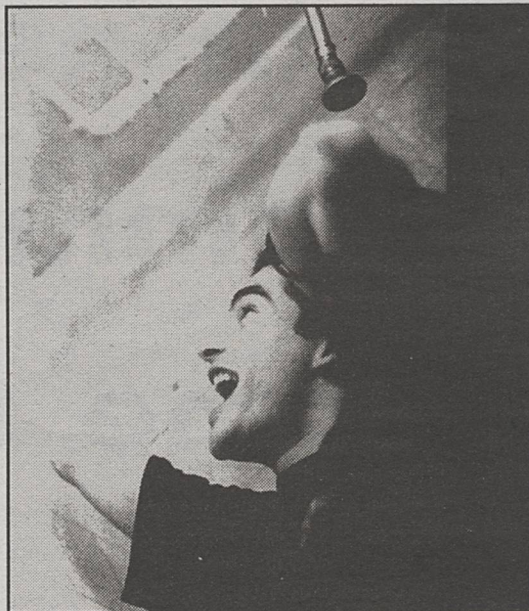
Passfield ponders fungi

Becky Little

Residents of Passfield Hall have become increasingly anxious about the strange sprouting mushrooms in a ground floor bathroom, apparently due to a defective ventilation system. Curious yellow stains on clothes after using the in-hall laundry and rotting patches occurring on some bedroom carpets are further worries. Criticism has fallen squarely on the management of the hall.

The Bursar, Jill Martin, blamed the shortcomings on the fact that Passfield is an old building, with a limited budget and years of live-in students. She added that a newly-installed fire alarm system, required by its status as a hotel during the summer has resulted in chipped walls. A new paint job may be done during the Christmas break and the other complaints, she assures, would be "seen to".

With some of the lowest rents to be found in Central London, students are



Passfield showers: enter at your own risk
Photo: Johan

not promised, nor expect *The Savoy*, but as one resident said, "This is just disgusting." Indeed, long-serving residents argue that the standard of upkeep of rooms and the notoriously bad food have fallen with time.

While Jill Martin refutes these remarks as plainly "untrue", accusations have been made by some students that mismanagement of the hall during the summer resulted in there being empty rooms at the height of the tourist season. Furthermore, the vast amount of paperwork used by the hall's bureaucratic machine and the failure to use modern technology, has resulted in inefficient management. The potential for cost-cutting remains unexplored.

Rumours that the hall is due to be handed over to SOAS and thus allowed to fall into disrepair were dismissed by the management and remain unfounded.

Whatever happens, Passfield is the oldest LSE residence and boasts the richest history. A group of tourists standing on the pavement outside the hall informed me that Mick Jagger and JFK stayed here and thus it is an asset and potential money-spinner for the LSE, if they could only keep the building from being condemned in the near future.

News in Brief

Holborn Balls-up

The High Holborn Ball, held on Friday 1st November, has lost approximately £1000 of the Hall committees money. This means hundreds of residents have ended up subsidising the select few who actually attended the ball. Questions need to be asked as to whether this is an appropriate use of committee funds. Allegations of mismanagement have been made, with criticisms in particular being directed at Hall President, Gotz Mahindra.

Hong Kong Theatre

Last week marked the official opening of the LSE's latest lecture theatre. The Hong Kong Theatre is on the ground floor of the new Clement House building on the Aldwych. The name is attributable to the large donation given to the School by Hong Kong alumni.

Bankside back on track

Jonathan Black

Since *The Beaver* last cast its eyes across the river to Bankside Hall, developments have moved quickly. Five weeks after term began and over six months since the hall first opened, facilities promised to residents are now coming on line.

Cuts in IT's budget meant that they were unable to fulfil earlier promises of providing a computer suite, so Bankside Hall itself purchased two PCs as a goodwill gesture. A petition, with over 460 signatures (73% of the Hall's residents) was submitted last week and constant pressure from the hall warden, Tim Hochstrasser, has produced results. In what has been described as a "victory over IT" by Alex Vaccari, a candidate for vice-President at Bankside, IT has now agreed to install ten disused computers - an earlier condition of service-cover was dropped. Hochstrasser said it showed that "diplomacy works better than demonstrations". Bankside is also to be connected to the LSE Internet Service by then end of this month and some rooms will be hooked up to, at a reasonable fee.

The gym opened last week, but facilities are decidedly lacking - there are no weights machines whatsoever - although Eugene Leong, President of Bankside, assured *The Beaver* that more equipment has been purchased. The TV room was due to be opened last week, but as has so often been the case with Bankside, outside contractors have failed to keep to their promises. On this occasion furniture has not been delivered on time and a further delay seems inevitable. The committee has

applied for a Sky TV card. Finally promises are being kept and Eugen Leong declaring that it is "good news for all concerned".

However, the question must be asked why LSE has failed to learn from problems at High Holborn last year. Part of the problem seems to be that Hochstrasser has no direct control over contractors and all

*it showed that
"Diplomacy works
better than
demonstrations."*

dealings have to be via higher authorities at LSE itself.

The Hall has also been plagued by a series of fire alarms, mainly from people from burning toast late at night, but also because of over-sensitive smoke detectors. The result is that people are now ignoring the sirens. It seems that far from providing extra protection to residents, the fire services policy is surely having the opposite effect. An urgent meeting with Fire services is being sought.

Meanwhile a student at the Hall has been taken ill with meningitis, but is recovering well and is receiving visitors. Health experts from St. Thomas Hospital assessed the risk to other students as "minimal or nil".

Student strike?

Nationwide shutdown threatened in Higher Education

Liz Chong

A national higher education shutdown is planned to take place on November 19, if there is a positive return on the upcoming vote by Students' Unions and relevant trade unions across the country. The ballot scheduled for November 5, is to protest the continuing slashes made to higher education funding over the past sixteen years.

Over one hundred thousand individual staff union members will be balloted by unions on whether to take industrial action against derisory pay increases, redundancies and increased workloads. The National Union of Students voted at an emergency meeting that all students should vote on a walk-out.

Staff have been offered a pay increase of

1.5%, which is well below inflation and support staff have received a proposed increase of 10p per hour.

LSE staff belong to a variety of unions. These include: the Association of University Teachers (AUT), National Association of Teachers in Further and Higher Education (NATFHE), Unison, Transport General Workers' Union (TGWU). However, due to Thatcher's changes concerning union closed-shops, no union can claim to have one hundred percent membership although the LSE branch of the TGWU has ninety-nine percent membership.

The proposed strike action is partly due to the breakdown in negotiations between the staff unions and the UCEA, the negotiating body representing university administrations. Last year's slashes of higher education funding ranged from a 4 to 5% drop in fee income and a 24% cut in allocations for tuition and major technical equipment.

Sabbatical squabbles: Continued from page one

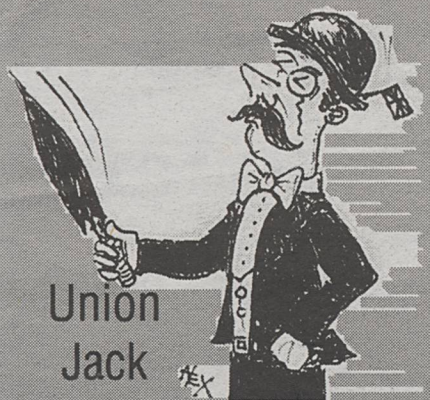
sabbaticals. Both the motions did not pass, Cooper's reply was, "This is not about backstabbing, we're all upset about it," and when referring to Parham felt that, "he is just not doing his job".

The Executive was voted in to deal with issue that affect the students within LSE. They were not given these positions to further their own interests and cultivate individual political affiliations.

"He is just not doing his job"

Too much emphasis has been placed on the personalities and internal politics of the sabbaticals. Crowe's statement of "a lack of communication" is a complete cop-out. The sabbaticals have had more than enough time to communicate and

realise that the efficient running of the union is a team effort. If somebody has not done their job well or inadequately then they should be held accountable for it.



A rare and wondrous thing happened this week. The UGM, for so long a haven for little more than LSE Labour motions and paper throwing, was a party to some genuinely tense drama. It seems that, in terms of good relations between the sabs, "Houghton St, we have a problem".

Machiavellian moves have been afoot to bring into the open simmering discontent over the alleged inaction of Education and Welfare sabbatical Sam Parham. In an 'emergency motion' (Proposed: Chris Cooper, 2nd Tom Smith), the Union noted that, basically, Sam had not been performing his job satisfactorily. It seems that Cooper is somewhat embittered with numerous perceived inadequacies (Jack counted 10) in Parham's reign. Notable amongst these was Parham's links with the NUS, and his ability to organise events. Having duly voted to discuss the motion, Cooper proposed that his non-personal motion should be reasonably discussed, and that it wasn't in any way a motion of censure. The real problem with the ensuing incoherence, as Jack sees the facts, was that the truth of these serious allegations never really surfaced. Cooper repeated his points, Parham countered that they weren't strictly accurate, and the Labour club then proceeded to close ranks behind their man. This, of course, meant that the motion was quickly dispatched. What the UGM was told, ultimately, was that the allegations were not accurate, but that Parham promised to try harder in the future. More worryingly was the performance of Dan Crowe, who supported Parham despite previously voicing his doubts over the matter. Jack still is unsure to what extent Cooper's allegations were true. Will we ever find out?

Jack believes that two serious questions are raised by this episode. Primarily, the UGM is not a suitable arena for the discussion of such issues. Lots of fun though it undoubtedly is, the UGM does not seem the place to debate serious motions of censure. Does Parham just want a job with the NUS? Is Cooper simply bitter and confused? We shall probably never know. Secondly, the very serious idea of setting up a committee to re-evaluate the usefulness of the education and welfare sabbatical was not given a fair hearing.

On matters more ginger, Tom Smith's chairing is, despite previous comments in this column (Jack passim), beginning to verge on the dangerously unconstitutional. Granted, Smith's jovial banter has been an enlivening force in recent weeks. However, unlike last year's chair, he rarely feigns the impartiality which the UGM's chairperson must maintain. This week, Jack was a little disturbed to see disregard for the due process of Union rules, and his attempts to allow certain speakers to discuss motions despite the earnest protestations of the C&S committee representative. A mix of brash populism and unfettered opinion seem to prevail from the chair these days.

Finally, Jack would like to lament the falling attendance of the UGM. The left is packed, and the right is fair. The Centre? Empty. Is there a lack of real enticing character in a year sans Garth, Mahal, Imam and Hampton? Surely not. What can be the matter with the apathetic student body? Perhaps it could be time for someone other than the Labour Club to put in a motion. Just a thought....

Are you bored, tired of life, in need of entertainment?

Then come to the

UGM

This Thursday, vote on
refurbishing the Three Tuns
over Christmas and other
important issues

**The Union General Meeting
takes place every Thursday in
the Old Theatre from 1pm to**

Help support the Ogoni people

Narius Aga, Overseas and EU Students' Officer, tells you how ...

The Mosop (Movement for the Survival of the Ogoni People) has been set up to co-ordinate support for the Ogoni's campaign for human and environment rights in Nigeria. It stands for their rights to economic justice, to choose the use of their land and its resources and to a future free from violence. A week-long chain of protest

events has been planned to coincide with the death anniversary of Ken Saro-Wiwa, who was hanged by the Nigerian regime on Nov 10 last year. This shall be culminating in the following:

Friday Nov 8 : Vigil at the Shell building at Waterloo at 5:30 pm.

Saturday Nov 9 : Demonstration from Shell building to Nigerian embassy. 12:00

pm.

A group of LSE Students is going to attend the vigil on Friday. Please come along to express solidarity with the oppressed Ogoni people and your outrage at exploitation of third world countries by the multi-nationals. We shall be meeting outside the Old Building at 5:00 pm. See you there!

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The Procrastinator's Bible - The Saga Continues.

Danielle Bourgeois reveals the delights of London through the eyes of a new-comer.

I'm still looking at the monstrous heap of books beside me. I've tried sleeping with scholarly journals under my pillow to test the theory of learning by osmosis, but to no avail. Those who slept through my first presentation can validate the theory's ineffectiveness. I think the osmosis initiative is only fruitful when you've got the class wizard seated next to you at your finals and you're gifted with 20/20 vision! Eager to fill my time with anything other than productive activity, I jumped at the chance to write an article on my perspective as a newcomer in London. I stumbled out into sunny (??) London, ready to meet the adventures that befall one putting off reading about the 1922 Washington Conference.

I wasn't sure what I might find. I expected to be dazzled by the bustle of the City and its unwieldy traffic. Indeed I was almost dazed, narrowly missing oncoming traffic as I confidently strode across a busy intersection. Those "LOOK LEFT/ RIGHT" signs certainly are cost-effective. I'm positive they have saved the NHS millions of pounds in the emergency treatment of traffic-direction impaired students. I also anticipated being awed by London's innumerable cultural landmarks. The street signs are also cost-effective- if you can find one. Part of the joy of London is wandering around, clueless, with no kind of markings as beacons to light the way. Fellow procrastinators will echo my delight at this mode of transport. It always devours some of the time one could better spend studying, and allows one to find things one was never

looking for in the first place...a procrastinator's dream.

Ambling my way through Soho, lost somewhere near Chinatown (an absence of street signs prevents me from disclosing an exact location), I was enthralled with all the time that I was putting to ill use. I was suddenly struck by hunger pains and decided to partake in some lovely English cuisine. Before I could satisfy my stomach's rumblings, I needed to find a cash machine. I managed to find Leicester Square, but I could barely make out the cash machine for all the bodies lined up before it. I wondered aloud what this sea of humanity could mean. Was Liam Gallagher selling his trainers at Lillywhite's? Was Tony Blair in need of campaign funds? Little did I realise the happiness about to befall this hack procrastinator.

THE QUEUE! What a brilliant concept! After first avoiding any traffic mishaps with red, two-storied vehicles; then engaging in a time consuming navigational process, involving supreme orientation prowess and a sense of humour, there is the final obstacle to reaching one's final destination. Indeed, the queue. The longer the line, the better. But even if the queue is too short to really waste your time, you can always jump to the back when you get close to the cash counter.

Of course, you can totally ruin the queue as a stalling technique. Some keener types might bring a book to read as they wait, but they could never make the procrastination honour roll. What I really recommend is to

head to cash machines where the demand is very dense, say, at the Aldwych between one and three o'clock, and Leicester Square...well, at any time. I did finally reach the front of the line, withdrew cash from my paltry account and headed off to find some sustenance. Once again I was met with the comforting vision of bodies queued up at the local eating establishments. I eagerly sauntered about seeking the longest line and

joined it. I'll let you know how I liked the curry next week, I was still queuing when this deadline approached!

In the final analysis, London is a procrastinator's paradise. All of you readers that complain about the city's charming idiosyncrasies are missing the total picture. And if you want to see that picture, I'm sure there is a nice long queue at a cinema in Leicester Square.



Photo: Johan Almenberg

The Joys Of London!

The Great Tube journey

London's Tube - A way of looking at the city from the inside!

Dhara Ranasinghe

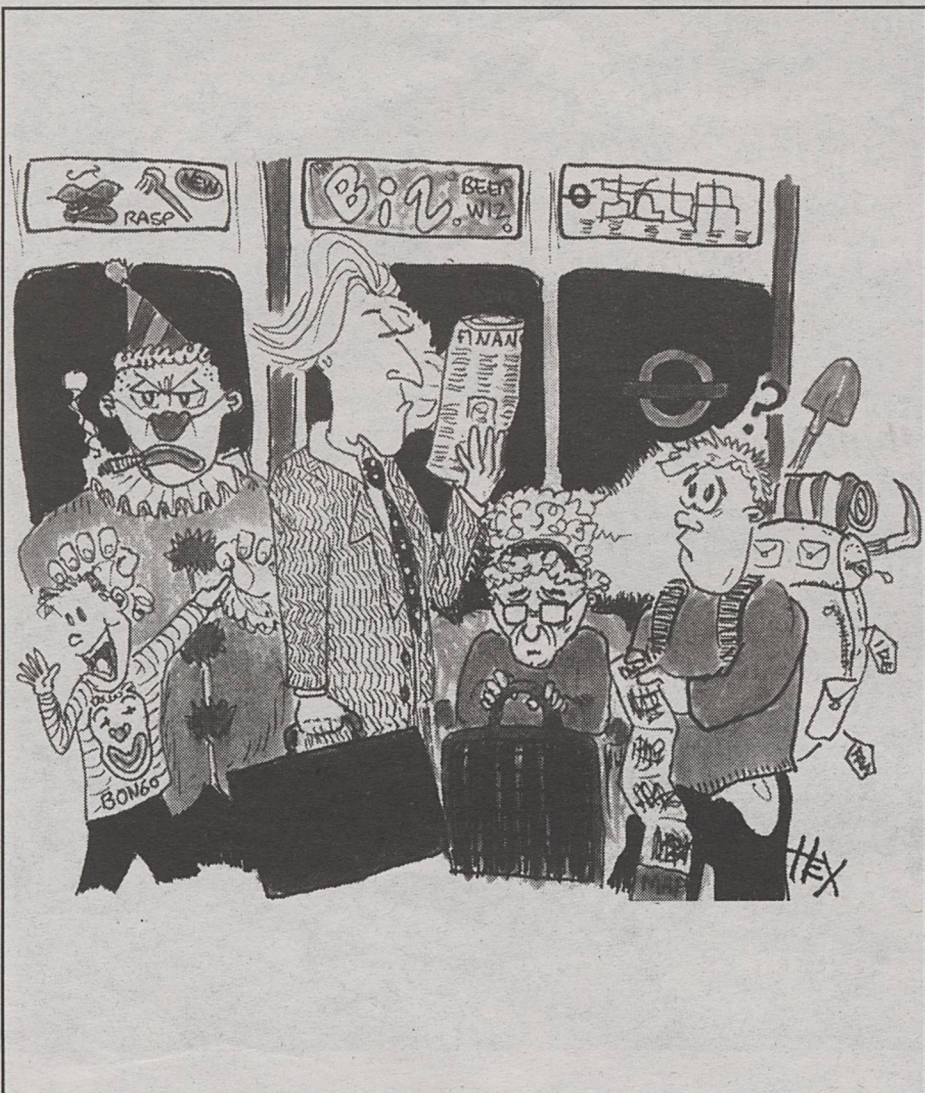
Many of you, who commute into London each day will be well acquainted with London's famous tube system. You've heard of the Great Railway Journey well, what about the Great Tube Journey? As I sit here pondering the meaning of life, my thoughts are intermittently interrupted by the voice over the intercom. This comes on every five seconds to inform everybody that: "this train terminates at Hainault via Newbury". Do people actually talk like this, or were they put through some kind of torture before hand? During my daily tube journey I realise that there is indeed, much that comes along in the form of light entertainment.

To begin with there is the city business man. I'm sure you've all come across him; the one that looks like (or thinks he looks like) has just stepped out of a Hugo Boss commercial: smart suit, slick hair, and who impresses everyone by showing that he can stand perfectly still, reading the FT, while casually holding onto his brief case at the same time. "Huh, you're not as smart as you think anyone can do that", I say to myself. Though my feeble attempts of trying to read a broad sheet on the tube, soon leaves me buried under a pile of newspaper, hearing some distant voice saying "are you o.k there love"??!

The great tube journey would of course not be complete without encountering the London tourist. Now, they come in all different forms (shapes and sizes), from the European who seems to have the whole world crammed into his ruck-sack, to the American tourist and his pronunciation of 'Glo-cest-er Road'. However, I was particularly amused by one Australian who commented, "hey, I heard that the London underground was shit but not this shit"! I couldn't help but smile to myself, thinking that perhaps my own views on the underground were not as harsh as I thought they were.

You then come out of the tube and often face an escalator which disappears into the clouds. Those who use the escalator for the first time soon experience the unspoken rule of having to leave the left handside free for those who are feeling particularly energetic and wish to climb the escalator all in one go. The lethargic, couch potato that I am. I only experienced this bout of energy once; having reached the top, I grasped for my asthma pump taking a dosage which I'm sure no sane minded doctor would ever recommend. With that my mind returns to pondering the meaning of life, ho hum.

So, there you have it, just a few thoughts to keep in mind the next time you travel by tube!



Chris Rouse puts forward the case for equalising the age of consent for homosexuals

On October 13, 1970, the Gay Liberation Front (GLF) held its first meeting at the LSE. This helped lay the foundations for the gay rights movement in this country. In 1994 it was a LSE student who initiated the process of taking the British government to the European Court, because of parliament passing an unequal age of consent for male homosexuals, to that of heterosexuals. We also have a famous academic - David Starkey, who is openly gay, and was chairman of the Tory Campaign for Homosexual Equality (TORCHE). The LSE has therefore, been at the forefront in the quest for gay rights in Britain.

Despite this, the LSE is hardly the most tolerant, 'politically correct' institution in the universe. Some of the comments I have heard and read in my first year, have absolutely defied any logic at all. Take religious objections towards homosexuality for example. There are those who believe that being gay is 'unnatural', but then so is watching television, eating the food in the Brunch Bowl and supporting Leeds Utd. While the Bible does indeed condemn homosexual acts, it is worth noting that it also forbids eating rabbit, pork, shellfish, wearing different materials in an item of clothing, cutting your hair, and having sex with a woman during her period. If all these 'sins' are punishable by eternal damnation, then there's going to be a lot of people descending, Orpheus style, into the 'underworld' with me! Christians who condemn homosexuality are therefore, largely hypocrites, suggesting that modern Christianity has become little more than a 'pick and mix' collection of crude superstitions. Some 'fundamentalists' may also assert that gay sex is wrong, as it does not lead to reproduction. If we were completely honest though, how many people only have sex with the sole intention of procreation? Adopting this kind of moralistic criterion towards intercourse implies that heterosexual sex using contraception, is just as wrong as gay sex.

What amuses me even more than antagonising Christians, is listening to bigots attempting to intellectually justify their prejudices. For example, a student here once said to me that an unequal age of consent could be justified, as it a) protects young males from the advances of 'dirty old men', and b) the decision that one is gay is extremely difficult, so the 'extra time' between the hetero, and homosexual ages of consent will give the individual enough time to come to terms with his or her sexuality.

The first point is totally unconvincing, as



Photo: Johan Almenberg

AN UNEQUAL SOCIETY?

laws against indecent assault already protect minors. It also suggests that a young gay man needs special protection, which is not extended to any other section of society - least of all to young heterosexual women over their age of consent (16), who are actually in more danger of being sexually assaulted.

To quote David Starkey, "we've got three words: 'age of consent', the key word is not 'age' . . . the key word is 'consent'. Providing individuals have reached an arbitrary age, at which they are legally regarded as being an 'adult' (which should be the same for everyone), the state has absolutely no right to intervene. If two people consent to something, which does not harm anyone else, that is their own business. As John Stuart Mill astutely observed, "over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign." The second argument, pertaining to the process by which someone 'decides' that they are gay, is simply risible. Besides assuming that homosexuality is a conscious choice, which it isn't, it is extremely naive, verging on the vacuous. If a young gay person is trying to come to terms with his sexuality, is it much help to send out the unequivocal message, that the state considers his homosexuality to be 'deviant', and that it must be treated differently to heterosexuality?

It has also been argued that there should be a higher age of consent for gay males, as boys take longer to mature than girls. If this is true, shouldn't the age of consent for heterosexual males be higher too, than heterosexual females (actually, it's lower), to account for their apparent 'late development' as well? Another student also, once questioned the importance of the whole campaign for homosexual equality, saying

that as far as he could see, gays do not appear to face many particular problems in society. What bliss it must be to live in such a tall ivory tower that reaches right up to 'cloud cuckoo land'! As a Stonewall survey entitled 'Queer Bashing' recently found, one in three gay, lesbian or bisexuals have suffered violence because of their sexuality,

I've never regretted being open about my sexuality. As Shakespeare once wrote, 'to thine own self be true'

within the last five years. It also found that one in two, had been assaulted at least once. So yes, homosexual equality is an important issue, and yes, many gays face severe problems within society. Some activist groups on the left, claim that the only real way to create homosexual equality is to overthrow capitalism, and destroy the nuclear family. This viewpoint may be attributed to the gap between the average socialist's ears. Such a 'revolution' simply will not, and cannot occur. What is therefore needed, is a pragmatic response, which places gay rights very firmly in a 'real world' context. For things to improve further

for homosexuals, freedom, liberty and equality of opportunity are essential. This involves the government introducing measures such as an equal age of consent for all, anti discriminatory laws, equal parenting, marriage and partnership rights, plus an end to the ban on gays serving in the armed forces. Nothing less will do. Warm words about a 'decent society' from nice Mr Blair are not enough. What I am calling for is for homosexuals to be treated as equal citizens: nothing less, and nothing more. I don't pretend that changes in legislation will suddenly alter public prejudices, but it is a start.

A lot of this article must sound incredibly depressing, particularly if you are gay and wondering whether to 'come-out' or not. Despite any homophobia I've ever encountered, I've never regretted being open about my sexuality. As Shakespeare once wrote, 'above all things, to thine own self be true. And it must follow, as night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man'. Being true to yourself is the most important thing in the world.

Things have begun to get better for gays in society, and by proudly standing up for your own sexuality, and not being ashamed of what you are, you are already helping, perhaps by giving others the courage to 'come out' themselves.

The LSE must seek to maintain its tradition of campaigning for homosexual equality, if we are to contribute to the quest for a society where individuals are judged simply by their actions, and not by any innate, personal characteristics. To end with, Godelier stated, 'it is not sexuality which haunts society, but rather society which haunts the body's sexuality', and does society really have any right to do that?

What's missing from the Great Moral Debate?

Simon Retallack, Politics Editor, asks the question no politician seems to be asking - *why* do we have a crime problem?

The past few weeks have seen a frenzied attempt among politicians from both main parties to outbid each other in demonstrating to the electorate that they are worried about the deteriorating state of our society.

Some people find this an extremely distasteful sight. Indeed, with lectures in morality coming from the very government that has overseen the disintegration of our society over the past seventeen years, and which is happy to pass draconian legislation penalising the welfare fraudster whilst at the same time permitting continual and massive tax evasion by the likes of Rupert Murdoch and other members of the big-business fraternity, who can blame them?

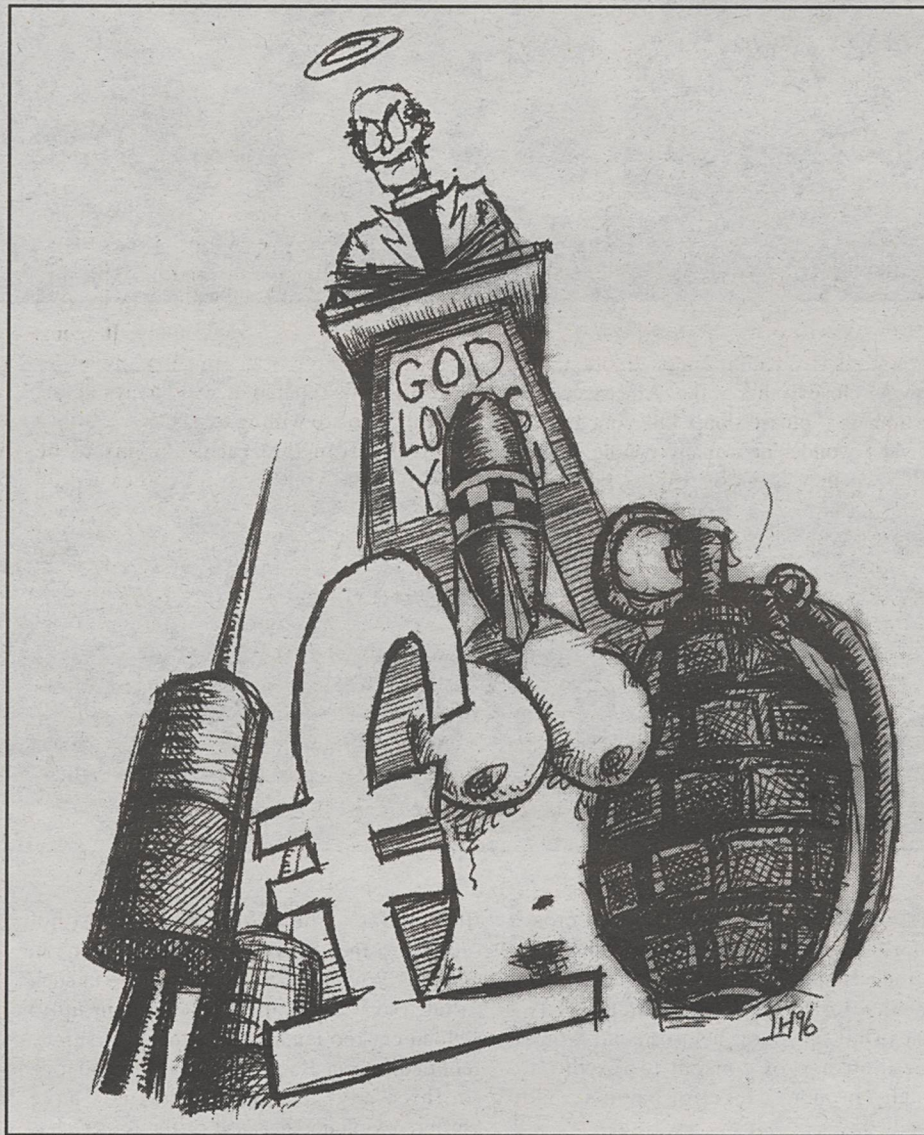
However, this does not imply that we should not be having a debate. In fact quite the opposite, we should, and what's more, it's high time that we did. But what is of *real* concern in the current polemic about crime and morality is that far too few commentators and people in positions of responsibility are actually asking *why* we have a problem. Politicians, especially, seem to prefer to deal with superficialities rather than going back to first principles and question basic

It is the promotion of the free-market and its neo-liberal values that have contributed significantly to the atomisation of our society.

assumptions. For it seems clear that we will not solve our crime problem simply by building more prisons, putting more policemen on the beat, banning hand guns, or setting up a good citizenship award.

The individuals who turn to crime must of course take ultimate responsibility for doing so. But we should not ignore the fact that it is the destruction of society's moral framework, the destruction of the local community, extended family, and above all the family unit itself, which makes it far more likely that individuals commit crime, since as we know, the overwhelming majority of criminals are young men who come from broken homes.

One of the principal reasons why this is happening, one of the real roots of the problem, lies in the pattern of economic and philosophical development that we have been following, on and off, for the best part of 150 years, but which has been given particularly free expression under the last 17 years of so-



called Conservative Government. It is the promotion of the free-market and its neo-liberal values that have contributed significantly to the atomisation of our society. The promotion of the market values of unrestrained individual self-interest and liberty, material consumption, competition, choice, and labour and capital mobility have helped lead to the creation of a society devoid of the conditions necessary for an individual to develop in a healthy way.

We have seen far too high levels of unemployment and unprecedented levels of economic insecurity as companies downsize, shift production to low-wage Third World economies, and invest in technology rather than in people. This has led to a collapse in low-skilled employment and, compounded by the disastrous construction of high-rise inner-city estates, has helped create a jobless underclass living in ghettos in which a culture of violence and crime is a self-perpetuating and accepted norm, and drug-taking an accepted means of escape.

We have seen the loss of the extended family and stable community as people constantly move in search of jobs, weakening, if not entirely destroying, the informal social monitoring of behaviour which is one of the most effective preventive measures against crime.

We have seen ever higher divorce rates, a huge increase in single parenthood and often

a complete absence of parenthood, partly as a result of the intolerable strains of greater poverty, economic insecurity, unemployment and the absence of the support of an extended family. But also as a result of individuals coming to want instant gratification and choice (of the sort celebrated by defenders of the free-market), putting themselves before their children, turning sex into a primarily recreational activity, as men in particular fail to take responsibility for their actions, and as more and more women go out to work either to survive or because they believe they must in order to be fulfilled.

How can children develop in a socially healthy way in conditions such as these?

Furthermore, the market is devoid of morality; anything goes so long as it brings in a quick buck. The politician can lobby a minister on behalf of a corporate interest, the media magnate can massively defraud his company's pensioners, the scientist in the pay of a chocolate manufacturer can invent figures purporting to show that eating chocolate is good for your teeth. In the unlimited pursuit of profit the arms dealer can sell arms to a brutal dictatorship, the clothes manufacturer can employ slave labour from the Third World and the oil company can despoil the Amazon or Niger Delta. To borrow a phrase from Oscar Wilde, we have truly come to know the price of everything, but the value of nothing.

We should also train our critical eye towards materialism and scientific rationalism, for where these two concepts have been promoted or practiced by free-marketeers and communists alike, they have usurped any sense of spirituality, particularly that which is rooted in respect for the natural world and for others around us, and which is fundamental if a society is to function in a moral way.

Were we to ask where morality came from in the past, we would see that in the city-states and in tribal societies, it came from the entrenched value systems of their cosmologies, reflected in their traditions and culture, and often grounded in a close attunement with the natural world, (of which

Materialism and scientific rationalism have usurped any sense of spirituality which is fundamental if society is to function in a moral way.

we have very little now largely because, with industrialisation, so few of us have anything to do with the land). Such value-systems were destroyed by imperial rationalists. Later, our system of morality was derived from organised religion. But one of the principal reasons why the Twentieth Century will be remembered will be because it witnessed the waning of Christianity, brought to its knees by 250 years of attack from scientific rationalism and liberal individualism promoted by the Enlightenment, and by the onslaught of material values promoted by the Industrial Revolution.

We don't seem to fully appreciate the enormous impact of the fact that the western world has come to believe the assertion of science that consciousness is nothing more than an illusion born of chemical reactions - there is no such thing as a soul or God because there is no scientific proof that either exist. It is a story without meaning or purpose that leaves us with little reason to restrain our hedonistic impulses. We have thus come to see others in society, as well as the natural world, as things we may abuse and dominate at our will. It has also allowed us to perceive economic processes occurring in a void, permitting us to unquestioningly embrace the deeply damaging economics of the free-market, without proper consideration to society, or the environment.

It is thus our whole philosophical and economic order - our entire world view - that must change if we are to stand a hope of building a stable and secure society for the future.

The Beaver

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Editorial

This week Nicola Hobday says the unsayable ...

Unless you have been walking around with a paper bag over your head for the past month, you cannot have failed to have noticed the issue of top-up fees. On the front cover of *The Beaver* each week, in all of the NUS campaigns, and in the ravings of Dan Crowe, General Secretary, and Sam Parham, Education and Welfare Officer, top up fees are on everyone's minds.

In case you aren't aware of the actual ins and outs of the debate what follows is a brief outline. As a result of government underfunding of higher education, universities are considering other methods of generating income. Top-up fees are one of these ways. The system under evaluation by the LSE is an amount paid to the school upon entry which would go towards covering tuition costs.

It is feared that top-up fees will discourage people, especially those from disadvantaged backgrounds, from entering higher education. It is argued that the very concept of having a top-up fee goes against the fact that Higher Education should be a right, not a privilege, and as such should be free.

The concept of our right to free Higher Education is frequently reiterated, often with a fervour close to that of the American anti-abortionists ("please don't kill your baby") and yet I wonder how many people stop to think what they mean by Higher Education being a right. Why is it a right and how do we determine this? If a human right is defined by it being a human need, then higher education cannot be classified in the same way as the right to a certain level of subsistence with housing and food. However, rights have come to encompass something more than just basic needs, a basic level of free education is considered a right for all children from around the age of

five to sixteen in most countries. After the age of sixteen, education is usually considered optional.

In many countries Higher Education is not free, while you may still have the right to access, assuming a certain level of intelligence, it will cost you.

It is accepted so blindly that 'top-up fees = bad' that people don't seem to question it.

It may be that in this country we have just become accustomed to having free higher education and are therefore reluctant to lose out on this comparative luxury. Obviously most of us would balk at the idea of having to pay for something that previously was free, but how far can we argue that it is our right to have it for nothing.

I have no answers. However, the situation is obviously coming to a crisis point. Higher Education funding is in dire straits and universities are going to have to do something or face bankruptcy. It seems that the top-up fee is an attractive option for the LSE as its reputation will always attract students who are willing to pay.

A question that rarely seems to be addressed is whether top up fees would actually be such a bad thing. It is accepted so blindly that 'top-up fees = bad' that people don't seem to question it. After all, the international students have to pay £8,000 to be here and they could well be wondering what the fuss is all about. If every home student had to pay £750 for the privilege of coming to the LSE and the standards of education and the facilities did not change then there is no doubt that top-up

fees would be a bad thing. However, if by each of us paying a top-up fee the LSE could afford to buy more computers, put more books in the library and put an end to overcrowded lectures then they can have my £750 now. If the only way to improve the standard of education at the LSE is to pay for it, then I would be willing to become a customer.

It is argued that the introduction of top-up fees would be the beginning of the privatisation of Higher Education and we would have a system something like that of the United States. However, if top-up fees were introduced then the government would be bound to organise some kind of loan system to help most people pay for it, and a means test to exclude those with less money. It is unlikely that we would have to pay the huge fees that the Americans are forced to.

If the only way to improve the standard of education at the LSE is to pay for it, then I would be willing to become a customer.

A change in the perception of paying for higher education would occur with more people saving to go to university from a younger age and possibly parents starting 'college funds' from the birth of their child. This cannot really be seen as a bad thing or a good thing, just a change. Perhaps a change in how we perceive higher education would do us good. Who knows, we may even start to work harder if we know that we've had to pay for it...

Tuesday, November 5

LSE European Society
Lord Tebbit, former cabinet minister and Eurosceptic speaks on "A Europe for Europeans" At 1pm in the Old Theatre

LSE Women's Group Meeting
From 4pm to 5pm in the Women's Room (E197). All welcome.

Thursday, November 7

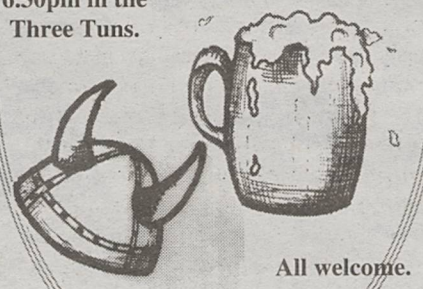
LSE Christian Union
David Hilborn will be speaking on "Cults" at 6pm in S75

Anyone wishing to see the Royal National Theatre's production of *Death of A Salesman* on around December 7 for just £7 then please e-mail \macaonghus.js or call 729 5691.

Friday, November 8

LSE Scandinavian Society Pub Crawl.

Starts at 6.30pm in the Three Tuns.



All welcome.

Monday, November 11

LSE European Society
Sir Michael Butler, EU Advisor for the Labour Party and Director of Hambros Bank speaks on: "More than a continent: Europe and a common currency". At 1pm in A144

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THE WOUNDED TIGER: RECOVERY OR RELAPSE?

Anita Majumdar debates the future of India

India is the world's largest democracy, and has been undergoing turbulent times of late. After the assassination of Rajiv Gandhi during the May 1991 general elections, the Congress Party (founded in 1885) which has ruled India for most of her near half century of independence became the largest single party on the crest of a huge sympathy vote. It formed a minority government, gaining a majority in the final years of its term. The first task of Congress Prime Minister P.V. Narashima Rao, was to reform India's centralised economy at the urging of the World Bank and the IMF. The Finance Minister Manmohan Singh instituted a series of reforms liberalising India's economy and opened it out to the world. However while the reforms so far have been lauded and a consensus has evolved across the political spectrum for their implementation and continuation, there is a perception that the reforms have not touched and benefited enough people, especially the rural poor. There have also been recent backlashes against western companies in India, most notably, McDonalds was refused a license.

Furthermore, during the Congress term a greater polarisation amongst the polity occurred- Hindu against Muslim, high caste against low caste, crystallising on 6th December 1992 in the destruction of the Babri Mosque in Ayodhya. This was done by Hindu fanatics who revere the site as the birthplace of the legendary Hindu God-King Ram. Congress, defender of the secular state and the party supported by all sections of the Indian people, displayed an ambivalent attitude towards this destruction, hence losing the trust and confidence of the great majority of India's Muslim population, who constitute 13% of the population.

This led the Muslims towards the

parties of the left, who are also aided by regional or caste parties. Long the victims of prejudice and oppression, India's lower castes and dalits (the untouchables) have become more politically enlightened and have displayed their power by voting for caste-based parties. This was observed in the rise of Laloo Prasad Yadav: a reaction to the most important factor in Indian politics of the last decade- the rise of the Bharatiya Janata Party, or BJP. The BJP which is avowedly Hindu nationalist, has risen from two seats in the 1984 General Elections, a result distorted by the Congress landslide following the assassination of the Prime Minister Indira Gandhi to 118 in 1989, and finally to 190 in the April general election which made it the largest party in the Lok Sabha (the lower house of India's Parliament). However it is worth noting that the BJP vote which is

concentrated in the so called 'Hindi Belt' of Northern and Western India, at its maximum is 25% of the national vote. The BJP is perceived as a rightist high caste Hindu party and a change in this perception is necessary for an election to power. However by virtue of being the largest single party, the party tried to form the central government under Atal Vajpayee. This did not even last 13 days in May/June 1996, after it failed to find allies in the Lok Sabha to form the majority government.

Indeed with Congress unwilling or unable to form the government following its worst ever showing in the 1996 polls with only 36% of the national vote, the task fell to a 13 party coalition of left-wing and regional parties, headed by Deve Gowda from Bangalore. This government is supported by Congress from the outside to ostensibly

prevent the BJP from taking power and in doing so aims to defend secularism. How long such an unwieldy government will stay in power remains to be seen- but with a weak central government, the states in the Union of India are increasing their powers in an apparent trend towards federalism.

However, India's politicians are in disrepute following a number of high profile corruption cases in recent years. This affected all the main parties, particularly, the Congress party. Seven Congress cabinet ministers were forced to resign in the run-up to the April elections and the former Prime Minister Rao has been charged with various corruption and fraud cases. Another noticeable trend is that the judiciary, especially the Supreme Court, has taken a more active role in Indian political affairs by calling to court politicians charged with corruption.

A partial success of India's domestic policy is the re-introduction of the democratic process in the troubled state of Kashmir, where an Islamic insurgency movement demanding the separation of Kashmir from India has cost many lives while paralysing the state. Recent elections in which 55% of the population voted mandated a party whose stated aim is greater autonomy for Kashmir, by an overwhelming majority. It remains to be seen whether this can be realised and whether peace can be returned to the valley.

As India approaches its half century of independence next year, it lingers on the verge of becoming one of the world's greatest economic superpowers if it could solve its political disunity and internal divisions. Whether it will do so remains to be seen.

Anita Majumdar is a very friendly and analytical second-year government student.



German Nationalism is Not a Danger Marte Gerhold argues against Peter Udeshi

Have you ever lost something? Not a very nice situation, is it? Consider having lost something you never had. How then do you know you lost it? Everyone else has it. But you, you only feel an empty and dark spot where there should be something. What is this something? And who lost it? A whole nation did. They lost their pride in being German.

After World War Two, with Nazism and the Holocaust being the darkest chapters of German history, being German was not something to be proud of. Instead it symbolised racism, anti-Semitism and hatred. Germans felt ashamed of Germany, but made no attempt to hide its history. At first, that was not too difficult: post-war years did not give rise to any form of national identity and the Allies' caring hands ensured that politics were kept away from the public. Most people were only concerned in sorting out their own lives. Those responsible were either dead or convicted and many others got away with their Nazi-past.

Of course, this state of 'let-the-others-take-care-of-us' could not last forever. This opinion was shared by the Allies: Germany had to be given political autonomy. Thus, backed with strong democratic principles, Germany was set on its own feet: an undertaking that looked much easier from the outside. Early politicians of the post-war era had to cope with problems concerning Germany's position in the world and its

relations to neighbouring countries. Historians and politicians argued about topics guilt and responsibility while Germany was able to build up a new reputation as a respected democracy. Historical events such as Willy Brandt's genuflection at a Jewish memorial in Poland and JFK's "Ich bin ein Berliner" or are just a few markers on the bumpy road to today's Germany. However, over this period of time, signs of national confidence or even pride were mostly avoided. German politics was now aware of its responsibilities, preferring caution and reserve to arrogance and claims.

Over those 40 years, a feeling of national identity or pride never returned to the people living in a state that had moved on to international recognition. Instead, people developed a different attitude.

Rather than being German, people felt much more related to those from Bavaria, Hamburg, Berlin or the Saarland. Sure they were German, but priority was rarely given to nationality. This is one of the reasons why Germans are more attracted to the idea of a European Union: they do not have any real identity that would have to be compromised in order to gain a European one. The French and British fears of losing their national identity are nearly unknown to German citizens. For them it is hardly anything special.

Furthermore, the German public was and still is explicitly afraid of their neighbours' reactions to even the smallest

appearance of nationalism. It is one of the media's easiest exercises to recall the threads of Nazi-Germany. For example, have you ever experienced a German singing his national anthem by heart as done by the French, British and Americans? Germans are proud of their country but just do not dare to show their emotions in public, always afraid of once again being compared to those fanatical masses of the Nazi-era. Surely this plays an important role. But nevertheless this is an insufficient explanation: generation after generation was raised and taught not to become too proud of its country. Even if trying to feel proud and special because of their German origin, most people never reach the dimensions seen in other European countries. In Germany such a national unity is inexistent. And sometimes I wish we did have one. Because it seems to be a beautiful experience, all its potential dangers put aside for a moment.

What about today? With reunification in 1989, the situation changed. For the first time west and east Germans felt that there was more to being a nation than economics and politics. For the first time people felt united, having experienced one of the most historical moments of the century. For a short time being German felt different. However, it is not surprising that for many, the newly discovered pride led to extreme tensions, particularly in east Germany.

These days Germany is a political and economic power again, playing an important

role in world and European politics. As such it cannot hide behind its history anymore. Instead it has to take over the responsibilities of a powerful nation, taking up a new place in the political hierarchy. This is not easily attained. Instead, it is a struggle to find a balance between political partners' expectations and their fears of dominating influence. Germany is cautious about not slipping on this narrow road between political strength and rising nationalism. Yet it has not found its right place and its campaign for the European Union is one way of trying to build up a political structure in which Germany can take up a secure position among others, feeling more confident in a European co-operation than having to stand alone.

In the meanwhile, the German search for an identity continues. Those responsible for the past have already faced their final judgement. Today's generations are responsible for their country's history- but are not guilty. They are responsible in a different way: to remember the evil of their ancestors and to never let it happen again. Try to understand these generations' point of view. It is often less comfortable to be German than one might think. And they need a chance to develop their very own national pride and identity as well as any other country does without being condemned for another rise in nationalism. Help them find what you never lost.

Malte Gerhold is a first year in International Relations.

Fan-tastic?

Film: The Fan

Robert De Niro's latest film is high on style, low on thrills

To some, on this side of the Atlantic, the concept of 'tense thriller' and the concept of 'baseball' may seem slightly mutually exclusive. Although America's love of the old ball game has translated into a number of passable Kevin Costner led movies, never before has the national past-time been used as a backdrop for drama in the vein of *The Fan*. Yet, for those who found *Bull Durham* a little too much for the non-aficionado, rest assured that the fineries of baseball are merely a superfluous backdrop around which director Tony Scott weaves a complex story of violent obsession.

Indeed, complex is the word. The plot is convoluted, in the extreme. Robert De Niro plays Gil Renard, a disenchanted knife salesman. Normally, disenchanted knife salesmen do not take well to the onset of personal crisis in their lives, and so it proves. Renard, having lost his wife, and about to lose both his job and his son, turns his attentions to his first love' The San Francisco Giants. Enter, stage left, Wesley Snipes as the brash, arrogant Bobby Raeburn. As the prodigal baseball son, Raeburn returns to town with a hefty wage, a heftier ego, and the expectations of the fans thrust upon him. It transpires that Renard has been an avid fan of Raeburn's



De Niro menacing Wesley Snipes in 'The Fan'. Scary stuff, but not scary enough.

since his early days, and is overjoyed at his return. With the onset of his domestic problem, Renard begins to fixate himself with the fame and fortune of his idol. When he finds out that a run of bad form may be caused by Raeburn's rival Juan Primo (Benicio Del Toro), De Niro decides to take drastic action. Remember, the man is a Knife Salesman. So, what do you expect him to do?

Still with me on this plot thing? Around this main thrust, the director includes sidelines about Renard's home life and absent son, Raeburn's manager, a sports reporter, and many more besides. Although this attention to detail does allow the actors, particularly De Niro, to build convincing characters, it also means that the film meanders through the first hour. Perhaps in De Niro's last film, the epic and

lengthy *Heat*, there was time for such lengthy and ponderous introductions. In *The Fan*, not a long piece at only 90 minutes, such efforts lead to a lack of real speed to the proceedings. Scott's directing is intensely visual, and demonstrates an attempt to instil

real style into a conventional thriller. Occasionally the idea works with great conviction. Suspecting him of being responsible for Raeburn's poor performances, Renard confronts Juan Primo in a hotel sauna. An argument ensues, Renard is seen leaving, and then a series of flashbacks graphically describe how the encounter resulted in Primo's stabbing. The scene is tense, taut, and compelling. Sadly, there are too few comparable pieces. Perhaps with exception of a rain drenched final showdown, the attempts at visual distinction end up looking more stylised than stylish. For a film which is by-lined 'fear strikes', there is precious little real tension, and even fewer genuinely scary moments.

Notwithstanding, the performances given by the two main protagonists are admirable. De Niro, as we have come to expect, does his method thing with usual competence. His character is surprisingly sympathetic for an unhinged man. From the outset his is a portrait of pathos, for a man who deals with the inequities of life in an unorthodox way. Sadly, this leads to a portrayal which ultimately fails to extract the request amount of fear from the audience.



De Niro and Snipes have a conversation before the killing starts.

Pass Notes

Number 1: Robert De Niro

This pass notes thing... Yes
 What do you say to people who say you blatantly nicked it off *The Guardian*? Um, Robert De Niro you say?
 Who is he? A very famous actor
 Appearance? Craggy, large nose, fetching mole which is endearing to women.
 Occupation? Greatest living screen actor, master of method, etc.
 Famous, then? You could say that. He is generally thought of as the of his generation.
 Like Keanu Reeves? exactly.. He is extremely well good playing menacing, broody Italian gangsters..
 Is it all hype? No, his produced some of the most consistently remarkable screen portrayals of recent years.
 What of those people who say he can't act without Martin Scorsese? There is a certain amount of truth in that. His best performances seem to come when in tandem with Scorsese.
 Does he make bad films? Of course. His career (especially the late 80's) is littered with poor attempts to cross over into the mainstream. Scorsese always writes him a nice film to get back on track interesting.
 Is he at all interesting - any sex scandals, drug crazes of prostitutes? NO! This man is a serious actor.
 Most likely to say: I suffer for my art.
 Least likely to say: Martin who?
 Not to be confused with: Al Pacino, Cindy Crawford, Keanu Reeves

Robert De Niro is presently stabbing baseball players with long knives in 'The Fan'.

Surprisingly it is Snipes' portrayal of the changes which occur within Raeburn as he is forced to react to De Niro's antics which provides the strongest performance. His transformation from arrogant star to understanding victim is more convincing than De Niro's slow sink into obsession. Perhaps the most affecting scene of the film comes after De Niro has saved Snipe's son from drowning. Full of gratitude, and unsuspecting of the saviours true identity, Snipe's invites him in to his house. There follows a number of scenes of genuine

tension, when the audience is unsure how the now unhinged De Niro will react. Benicio Del Toro resurrects his monosyllabic performance in *The Usual Suspects*, and the remainder of the support is competent. Yet, despite such supporting

performances, this is a film which seems to lack a genuine direction. Problematically, *The Fan* is a well made and well performed action thriller which lacks both action and thrills.

Film Information

Title : *The Fan*
 Staring : Robert De Niro, Wesley Snipes
 Director : Tony Scott

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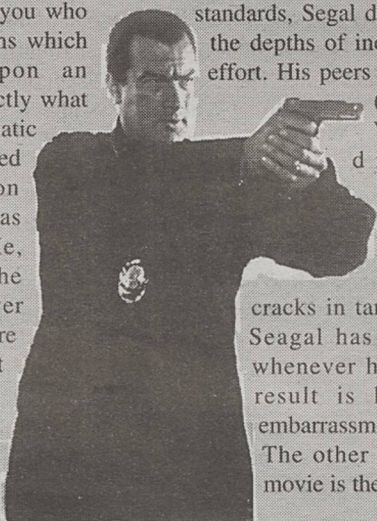
The Gutter Man

Film: Glimmer Man

Asked to go and see this film, of which I knew nothing, I accepted whole-heartedly. Never again will I be so foolish. I should have had an indication of its quality by the name of its distributors, Rank Films. This film is truly rank

Plot? What Plot? For those of you who have ever seen the occasional gems which Mr Steven Segal thrusts upon an unsuspecting world, you know exactly what to expect. Playing the same enigmatic action hero upon whom he has based an entire career of flaccid action adventures, Segal casts himself as vigilante solo justice fighter. He, predictably, used to work for the government, but for reasons never entirely made clear (governments are bad, generally), he now has taken it upon himself to battle criminals wherever they may be found.

Talking about the performance of Segal is somewhat irrelevant.



Of course, he is unconvincing and his inability to act shines through in every scene. However, to a certain extent, this is all rather irrelevant to the general idea. If you really do like to go and watch films involving nothing more than a long line of tedious explosions, do you really care about the fineries of method acting? Yet, even by his own limited standards, Segal does seem to plumb the depths of incompetence in this effort. His peers in the action genre (Schwarzenegger, Willis, etc.) distinguish themselves with the ability to shoot self-deprecating wise cracks in tandem with bullets. Segal has no humour, and whenever he attempts it, the result is little more than embarrassment.

The other problem with the movie is the inability to believe

in a hero as stocky as Segal. It appears the man's waistline is increasing in directly inverse proportion to the quality of his films. Simple fact: Steven Segal is fat. Simple fact two: large consumption of pies does not lead to the ability to create a believable or likeable action hero. The strengths of other films of this genre lie in their ability to mix fun with the action: Segal's inability to deliver decent dialogue is perhaps his most notable feature.

Need I stress the point, but this is the most pathetically made rubbish I have ever seen. The only thing that might have saved this film from being a useless turd is Keenan Ivory Wayens. He was once very funny as the



Steven Segal looks fat and menacing in a car park.

creative force behind the ground breaking *Living Colour*. Here he is utterly pathetic and unfunny as the hard-hitting black dude on the street who is so ever present in this type of film. Further the cinematography is a rip-off of *NYPD Blue* and the script is derivative of *Seven*. Even if you liked either of those it is entirely probable that this will remain entirely repulsive. If you have brain cells and below average intelligence you will hate this film.

Film Information

Title : *Glimmer Man*
 Staring : Some fat bloke, Keenan Ivory Wayans.
 Director : John Gray

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Double the Plays Double The Pleasure

Kimberly Weissman is impressed by fringe theatre in Hampstead

It takes real talent to be able to pull off a one-woman play, especially without a visually appealing set and an expensive sound system that usually adorn theatre venues all over London. Hidden in Hampstead, the New End Theatre offers an intimate night of entertainment in London's self proclaimed smallest theatre. The audience is close enough to the stage to feel part of the show. Jane Hollywood stars in a double bill of American wit. The first act is the award winning "Dorothy Parker's Dead" and the second is "The Golden Age of Gossip".

The sets for both performances are simple: a chair and a desk. In these plays less is more. In the first half one is not distracted by the bareness of the stage because it is filled with Hollywood's superb portrayal of the vibrant writer Dorothy Parker.

"Dorothy Parker's Dead" is a black comedy about a fictional night-in-life of the famous writer. The plot is about Parker coming to terms with the fact that she has had only three weeks of true happiness in her entire life. Hollywood electrically holds the stage as she slowly removes the Parker's public facade. Behind the mask is revealed a disturbing, drunken past that had once led her to attempt suicide. She tells the audience about a party her friends gave her after they discovered that she tried to kill herself. At the party she was asked, "Why would you do it if you are so talented and famous?". Here reply was to launch into a bitter account of her life revealing an unsettling childhood, a bad marriage and a career plagued with self doubt. As she bitingly

puts it, "Jack Daniel's got me where I am today."

Throughout the performance, the audience serves as a "listening board" for Parker as she gets out all of her sadness and frustration. There are a few gripping moments when Hollywood's passion and energy have the audience completely entranced. The script is full of the wit and sarcasm that Parker was famous for, and Hollywood gives a strong performance that has you reeling in awe long after its over.

"The Golden Age of Gossip" starts after a fifteen minute intermission. Hollywood changes characters and becomes Louella Parsons, the most feared gossip columnist of the 30's. "The Golden Age Of Gossip" is a much funnier and lighter play than the first. The play opens with Parsons doing her radio gossip show, she rattles off several anecdotes that re-enforce her notorious business credo: do anything to get a story. To get an idea of Parson's work ethic, she refers to her communications operation as "more informed than the Gestapo". Parsons takes you into her fast-paced world where she reveals the dirt on the Hollywood's most important people. She tricks people and then boasts about it afterwards. The mood turns tense when she discovers that she has been tricked at her own game.

After a seemingly friendly dinner with actor Orson Welles, she consents to give his first film "Citizen Kane" a good review in her column. She agrees only after she gets the assurance that the film is not based on her boss, media tycoon William Hurst. Bragging about her encounter to her radio audience she suddenly learns she has been



tricked. The inevitable outcome is a war between herself and Welles. Hollywood again has the audience mesmerised by the frantic tactics of a woman about to be destroyed by methods she once used to destroy.

This one-woman performance is worth seeing for Hollywood's pure talent alone. She easily slips between two very different yet strong characters. She is an exceptional

actress. It is a must see for those who appreciate a small stage and intimate atmosphere. For those who have never experienced this type of theatre, now is the time.

The double bill runs until mid-November at the New End Theatre in Hampstead. Every Tuesday to Saturday at 7:30. Price £5 for students.

The National Theatre: New Expressway to Greece

James MacAonghus -
unmoved by Tragedy



"The Oedipus Plays" by Sophocles at the Royal National Theatre transport the audience back to a world of ancient Greek Tragedy with an ease that only the RNT could have achieved. The plays are about a Greek king who unwittingly kills his father and marries his mother then wanders the ancient Greece blinded thereafter. The production is faithful to the original performances. Even the Olivier Theatre, which is an amphitheatre like, adds to the effect of authenticity.

The RNT have come up with an artistic masterpiece that cannot but move you with its beauty. Acted out in masks as was the tradition of ancient Greece, the faceless actors create an emotive eeriness that could not have been achieved by the human face. The Chorus are like a theatrical version of Field For Britain by Antony Gormley which is next door at the Hayward. They move through the play like an ocean of prophecy - individual voices merging into a unison of anonymity.

The play's only weakness is its inability to reach any pinnacle of tragedy. The emotions conveyed to the audience barely

scratch the surface. Alan Howard is disappointingly unmoving a the tragic Oedipus. Rigid and artificial, he leaves it to The Chorus to impart any honest emotions - which they do admirably. Oedipus, however, should carry us off into the depths of real tragedy and Howard fails to do that completely. Often when he should be tragic and pitiful he is funny, which weakens any mood of tragedy created by The Chorus.

Nonetheless, The Oedipus Plays rise above their leading actor to provide a fascinating portrayal of tragedy from ancient Greece. It was a movingly beautiful spectacle.

The Oedipus Plays are on until the November 30. Student Standby for £7.

If you see any interesting plays then please review them for the Theatre section. Bring your reviews to the Beaver Collective on Mondays at 6.00pm in the Beaver Office (C023).

Grand Tour

Hattie Sellick goes on a tour at the Tate of the four corners of the Earth

The autumn exhibition at the Tate Gallery gives a whole new meaning to the gap year. Images of scruffy backpackers touring exotic corners of Asia and South America don't quite go hand in hand with the eighteenth century equivalent,



the Grand Tour.

This 'year abroad' became popular among the rich and powerful families of Europe. They sent their sons off to travel the continent, to absorb the culture and to make influential contacts.

The most popular destination was Italy. Here, travellers found the variety and magnificent scenery that we now see in the paintings of Canaletto Bellotto, Piranesi and others. The magical light effects of Venice, the ancient ruins of Rome, the art history of Florence, and the bay of Naples all made good subjects for souvenir pictures for the travellers to take home.

The exhibition gives a real flavour of eighteenth century Italy. From dreamlike paintings of Venice and Rome, portraits of the travellers themselves, paintings of Italian festivals and folklore such as Canaletto's famous 'Bucintoro leaving the Molo on Ascension Day', to memorabilia that the travellers brought back, the exhibition covers a broad range of subjects. Great paintings at every turn, but surely the highlight must be

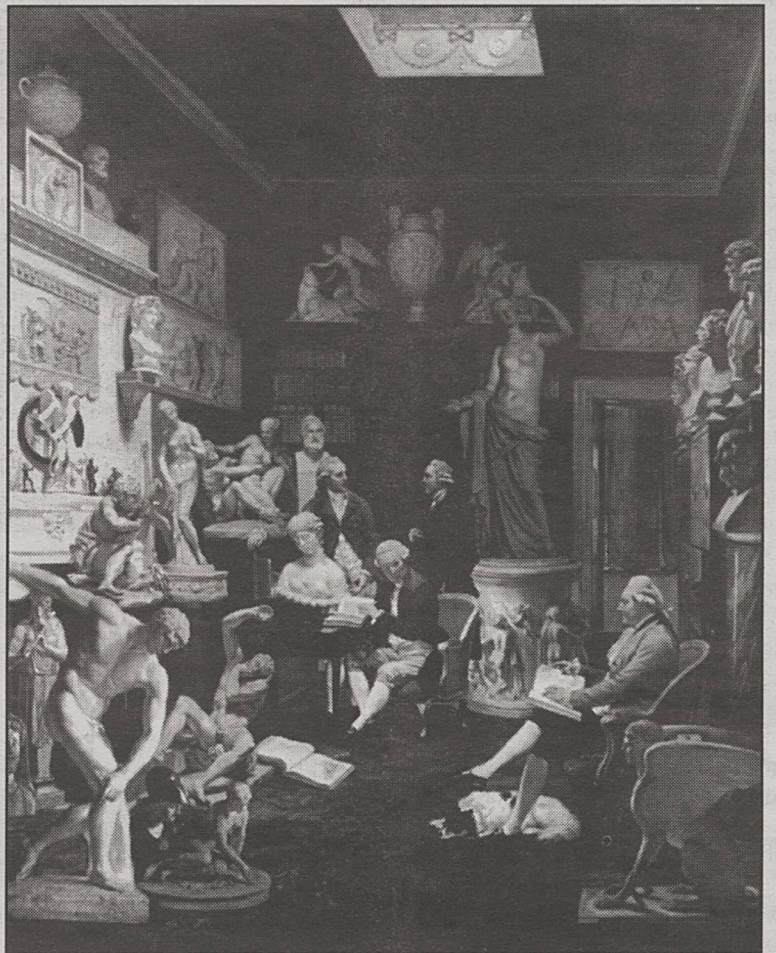
Johan Zoffany's 'Tribuna degli Uffizi', an "evocation of eighteenth century connoisseurship on the Grand Tour".

So, the Grand Tour succeeds in giving an ambiance of Italy and nostalgic memories will come flooding back to anyone who has already fallen in love with the country.

However, the lighting is rather dark, and combined with the dark burgundy colour of some of the rooms, this can make it rather gloomy. The sunshine of Italy is all that is missing.

As an irritated Andrew Wilson, one of the curators of the exhibition said, 'he was pleased with the exhibition but disappointed with the pathetic posters and the entrance to the galleries'. Set back among piles of primary coloured metal calling itself

modern sculpture, the exhibition is easy to miss. Your loss if you miss this show, an Italian education that might make you wish you had spent your gap year in Italy, rather than the swamps of the South American rain forest. - Runs until January 5.



I shall give you the journey...

Tefna Zazribi discovers that real love poetry has no equal in trapping a woman right where you want her

*I do not resemble your other lovers, my lady
Should another give you a cloud
I give you rain
Should he give you a lantern, I
will give you the trees
And if another gives you a ship
I shall give you the journey **

If you have read this far and recalled for even a moment a past love or fond pursuit, then read on. For, dear ladies, can you think of anything more irresistible than a poem from a lover? With sweet words he lets out in often fumbled and rambling lines his desire for you, unpractised in the voice of his own passions. Perhaps a dorky Valentine verse is enough to set your heart racing but it's the professionals you've really gotta watch out for: The lover who knows how to make your entire body pulse to the rhythm of his words, make you swoon back, convince you that he must be yours... Oh yes, for real love poetry has no equal in trapping a woman right where you want her.

As for the gentlemen who may wish to use this delicate yet o-so-rewarding of techniques, you tread a fine line. Possible outcomes lie on a wide spectrum, where making complete fools of yourselves is at one end and having her storm into your room and offer you no alternative but to make immediate mad, frenzied love to her,

is at the other. Considering the alternatives, I would hope that you might, at least once in your life, attempt to put your heart upon a pen. For those of you willing to take the risk but uncertain that your own skills match up to the challenge, your last option (equally

*'poetry like this
will turn any
woman into a
sucker. every part
of her iced-up
heart melting to
your sweet words'*

appreciated though the genuine is always preferred) is to quote someone else's fine words. This is where I hope to lend a helping hand by introducing Nizar Qabbani's collection of translated love poems: "On Entering The Sea".

Qabbani is a fearless poet (largely unknown to the 'Western' world), who calls upon a woman to identify her complete and

*'this will have her
storming into
your room..
offering you no
alternative but to
make mad,
frenzied love to
her immediately.'*

endless beauty, and compels her to fully realise her sexuality and desire. Endless images of unions between man and woman will leave every chord in your heart fine-tuned to this poet's voice. I can guarantee you that within seconds, anything remotely resembling poetry like this will turn any woman into a sucker, every part of her iced-up heart melting to your sweet words. Qabbani is a master in capturing images of love fulfilled and, for any aspiring poet out there, a key study in how to break down the barriers to your lover's heart.

*'Love Compared' from Nizar Qabbani's new book: "On Entering The Sea".

Pause for thought..

*'Aroused
consciousness is
irreversible,
except through
delusion.'*

Salma Jayussi

Contributions
welcome:
Bizzari,F

Gigs Around Town

Chemically Induced Ecstasy

Iain Haxton catches the train to expand his brain

Chemical Brothers @ Brixton Academy

The clinching question for determining true DJ quality: in real life are they cool as fuck, or are they nerdy virgin techno boffin obsessives? Or both?

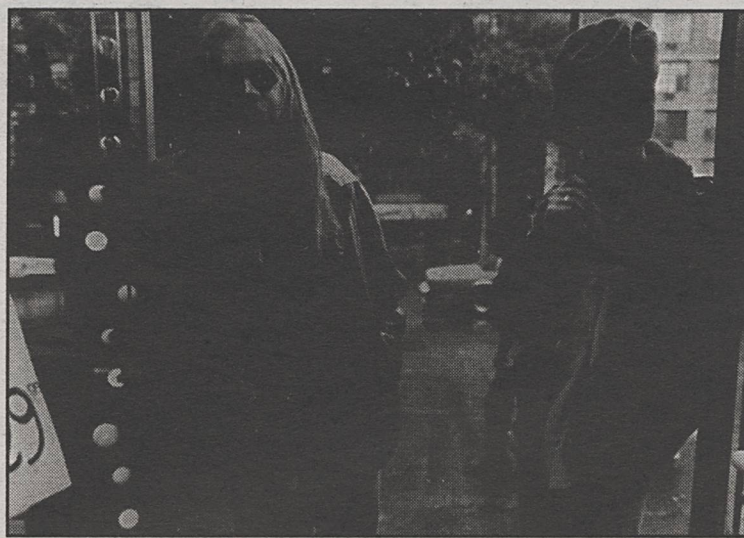
And the Chemical Brothers? Hmm. No madam, this is no bland happy handbag piano tinkling cheese. And sorry sir, nor is it four/four faceless techno bollocks. Neither is it like their album, which, let's be fair, fell a little on the Britpop indie-dance side.

No. This is music. The kind of music with grooving thrumming, low-slung bass-line undercarriages. The kind with pure distilled wicked funk hooklines or mental spiralling acid-phase crescendos. And... well. Beats. Loads of 'em. Kicking beats the size of a rhinoceros infact. A mish-mash of stomping, rolling, stormtrooper crashing rhythms cut up and overlaid with staccato hi-hats and rapid-fire snares. Altogether, it is quite frankly, fully having "it".

There's darkness, light, sound, people. Lots of sound. And lots of people. All of whom are enjoying this. They're smiling, grinning, everyone dancing, screaming, grooving, rucking, fucking, drinking, snorting, sniffing, pilling, all-giving and

ever-building, the ceiling's raining. Actually it's a pretty god-damn fantastic example of the now traditional celebration that is quite simply, rocking the house.

The Devil has all the best tunes. The



Chemical Brothers have that beautiful wicked sound. And so the question at the beginning is well and truly answered. For this is the sound of James Bond, lost and battered on excessive amphetamines, speeding through a peak-season Disneyland

in a DB7 Aston Martin, Louise from Eternal naked and compliant in the passenger seat, whilst being pursued by a stampeding herd of crack-frenzied bull elephants.

Yes. It's that good.

It's sexy, skuzzed-up, fucked-up, mad for it, wonderful chaos - but it's also got a dashing of pure British class. Brithop & Amyl House. You can lose it, use it and abuse it. Because this new kind of music is part of something that is leaving everyone else miles behind at the moment: The Chemical

Brothers, Monkey Mafia, Skint records, Metalheadz, Death in Vegas, Justin Robertson, The Big Kahuna Burger.

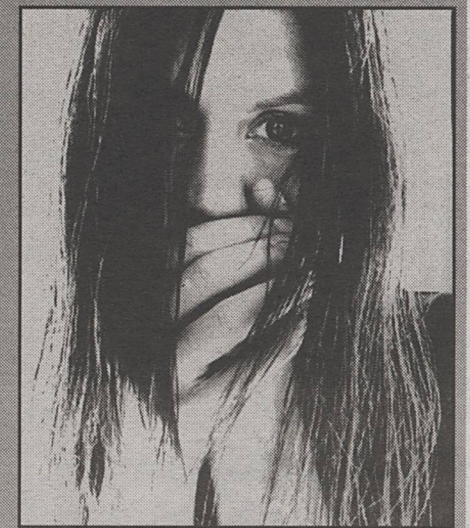
These are the people with the flavour. They are going to the future. Don't miss the train.

Iain Haxton

Ingrid Schroeder & Morcheeba @ ULU

Whenever prominent producers climb down from their golden palaces of success and glory to put their blessed hands on some new talent's debut, expectations are high. Incredibly high. And thus not many come up to them. Triphop-lady Ingrid Schroeder is just another victim. With her debut album "Bee Charmer" being produced by DJ Muggs, Goldie and Howie B, she unluckily stumbled into hopes she could not fulfil. However, supporting Morcheeba on their UK tour as special guest she was given another chance to prove her real talent live.

With ULU being sold out - I have never seen so many touts around such a small venue - Ingrid and her band had a huge crowd to face. Maybe that is a reason why all the way through their 40 minute set nervousness and self-consciousness never really left the stage. Still, the unusual line-up (drums, bass and two keyboards) at first seemed promising: Sounds were trippy and Ingrid's subtle voice swirled around the audience. First highlight: The marvellous



"Print your blue". But after a while the beats became tiring and the songs lacked variety - triphop is not made for action. However, the audience appreciated the, after all, not too bad performance with loud cheering. Though surely quite a few relieved sighs could be heard when Ingrid and her band left the stage.

Nearly an hour later, giving us time for another few pints, the eagerly anticipated Morcheeba took over the venue. Their well-balanced mixture of triphop, soul and blues was brilliantly transferred to the stage and in no way stayed behind their album's qualities. And obviously they had fun playing, casting a spell of mystery and gloom on the audience that enthusiastically supported the show. The set mainly consisted of Morcheeba's debut album "Who can you trust" and with guitar, bass, drums, keyboard and DJ they knew how to give their songs this special touch of being somewhat different when played live. Song by song the tension rose and cruising through gems like "Col, Never an easy way" and even two new songs Morcheeba made their way into a terrific version of "Trigger Hippy". A grande finale of flashing lightening bolts, a breath-taking thunderstorm of sound, everything mixed up in mind-screwing colours - excellent!

Then, after an hour of great music, Morcheeba left the stage. With excitement everyone hoped for an encore - and had to face great disappointment when Morcheeba did not return. One more song and the gig would have been more than successful. But for reasons beyond comprehension Morcheeba decided to add a bitter drop to their really groovy show-cocktail, leaving behind a lot of question marks on their fan's faces. However - a triptastically trippy evening.

Malte Gerhold

Geneva Confidence

Exclusive *Beaver* Interview with a Scottish bloke

Geneva @ The Underworld

When I arrive at the Underworld Geneva have not yet arrived. When they do however, lead singer Andrew Montgomery steps straight off the tour bus and into the interview. The little trooper! And so the questions begin...

Where do you feel your coming from musically or otherwise?

"I think we're coming from the point of view of ourselves. Honesty is important. I'm trying to lay my soul bare attractively, but there are too many strands to identify one strand. We're just trying to be ourselves."

Where do you think your going?

"Good question. Down a tunnel with only the side-lights on, to use a car analogy. We seem to be getting some attention, but I don't know, I'd like to see longevity for the band. I'd also like to go to America or Japan. We'll take a few free flights abroad, ta very much!"

There are many emerging scottish bands, (Octopus, Usurei Yatsura) do you feel part of a scene?

"Na! We only met Octopus on tour. We liked them but we're coming from different angles. It's a coincidence, A+R men are looking inwards after exhausting the mod copiests. From our point of view they're waking up at last."

Do you feel an affinity with any contemporary bands?

"Affinity is too strong a word. I like the Manic Street Preachers, Radiohead and R.E.M, passion comes through. Tricky also fascinates me. Soul singers from my point of view, to crib anything."

What do you feel you have to offer musically?

"Good music, honest music, music that

hopefully speaks to people because it's emotional and from the heart. Don't have much of a sense of irony, we're all sensible wee laddies."

Andrew, much has been made of your voice, do you feel it's anything special?

"I like the fact that I can sing high, perhaps it sets me apart from other singers, but it's not the be all and end all. I'm proud, but there are five very good people in the band. I couldn't do it by myself. There are very few musical geniuses out there. I'd sound like a carrot on a wall without the rest of the band."

You played with Suede and the Bluetones recently, how was that?

"Good in different ways. The Bluetones tour was more relaxed. Both them and Suede were very approachable folk. Brett in particular was, fucking brilliant to us. I was surprised by the good reaction we got on both tours."

Why did you change Your name from Sunfish to Geneva?

"We weren't into the name, it was a rushed thing. It gave us a new start and I like the fact that it doesn't suggest anything, apart from maybe Switzerland."

You have already (after one single) been mentioned in the same breath as Nirvana, Tim Buckley, R.E.M and Phil Spector. How do you take such comparisons?

"I like them all, as long as they don't cloud peoples judgement. Somebody compared us to Suede, then somebody else said we didn't sound like them and that I wasn't as charismatic as Brett, but we never claimed to sound like Suede, it's all superficial really."

On the tour bus I'll put on a Marvin

Gaye CD, then Steve will put on some Smiths, then Stuart will put on Sabres of Paradise and Doug will play some Patti Smith, then Mick the tour manager will tell us to stop."

The last single was very cynical, does it reflect your own feelings?

"Not necessarily, I'm honestly an incurable romantic. I wrote it after a long relationship had ended, I was venting rage perhaps. Song writing revolves around highs and lows. You can't sum up your whole existence in one song. It is a cynical song, on the way into London we saw one of the posters for the single with "nihilist" scrawled on it, perhaps they had picked up on the title (*No One Speaks*). The music is so uplifting, it's bittersweet. Perhaps that's the essence of Geneva."

If it were to end tomorrow what do you feel you have accomplished?

"I think we managed to pay our dues, after slogging around and trying to get signed. We also got on MTV the other day. I don't know really I suppose we made fools of ourselves for 9 months and no-ones cottoned on yet."

And so the interview with a charming man comes to an end and we go on to the gig. To set the scene, The Underworld is a dive, a packed dive, a packed dive full of sweaty fat men and 13 year old girls all waiting for Geneva to arrive. When they do they are an entirely different from the Geneva that plays on record. They rip through the live set with venom, any bittersweet fragility they lose is more than made up for in anger and passion. Fat men and pubescent girls alike get down to Geneva at their best. And at their best they are quite something.

Single Minded

Artist: Marxman
Single: Backs against the wall

The Pernod and Blacks are on me. One whole edition without a review from the ruthless one. Please accept my sincerest apologies. The reason. No rap to review. So every day for the past week has been like Christmas Eve. I monitor the traffic in anticipation of Tom and his Yellowmobile complete with the music mail firmly secured in his arm pit. Today is the day. Mr. Music Editor hands me a single. I laugh. I look at the cover. I breakdown. I do not cry. I am hysterical.

"Backs against the wall". "Don't drop the soap in the shower". The title is the easy bit. After so much hope. My worst nightmare. UK rap was to make an impact. Why release a song that is poor. One person can spoil it for all. Marxman let me explain a little something to you. Watch yourself, I'm kinda smart you know. Better keep your backs to the wall or I'm a split your fucking rectum.

Ruthless Rich

Artist: Honeycrack
Single: Anyway

Honeycrack, one of those new bands with weird names trying to make it out there in the world of music. Honeycrack is not any other new band though. They are a version of the Rembrandts with a little spice of 'Stone Temple Pilots' added, but with a whole lot more passion in their music.

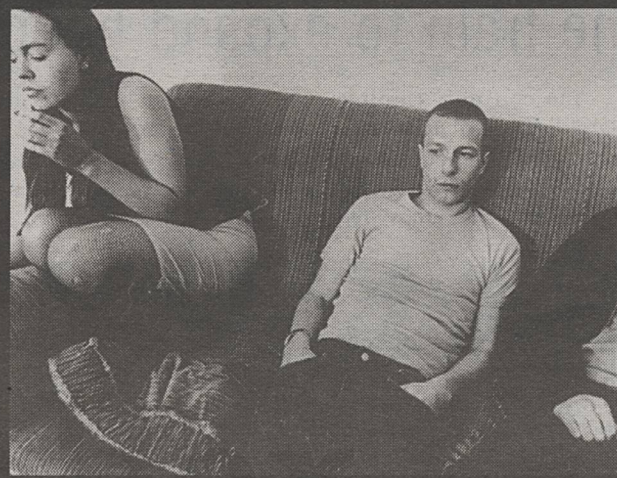
If you really one to get pumped up, then wait no longer. Honeycrack's great single 'anyway' will be cracking the charts when they enter on the 4th of November. They should easily make it to the top five. Anyway, it doesn't matter if you don't buy 'anyway', because anyway they probably will dominate your local radio station. Anyway bye for now, i'm getting a bit confused.

Amir Absoud

Artist: Agent Provocateur
Single: You're no good

It grows on you, as my room mate said but I don't take this as gospel. The rather acoustic band "Agent Provocateur" are releasing a new single *You're no good*. A techno influenced but an indie-skewed single creeps up behind you and takes you when you least expect it!

Fronted by enigmatic singer Cleo Torres comin' on like Shaun Ryder's good-looking



younger sister, and driven by the up front beats and well honed grooves of John Gosling (DJ Mekon). The single is backed with mixes from Mekon and Depth Charge which gets rather provocative if you ask me.

Just a word of warning, the tracks are a serious reminiscent of the James Bond theme tune - "Diamonds are forever" (if you get my jism). So if you want to play the honourable 007 role tonight, crank this

Shama Aslam

Artist: 60ft Dolls
Single: Hair

The latest offering from Welsh popsters the 60ft Dolls is a re-recorded version of the track from their debut album 'The Big 3' - (well worth a listen, if you haven't already). It's about, well, hair; Mike Doll's hymn to some girl's barnet. "Love your hair...and everything below it" It's both naive and suggestive at the same time, and kind of touching, too. While it sometimes veers dangerously close to the 'novelty single' territory (cf 'Peaches'), he does sound genuinely enchanted, which saves it; in this world of insincerity and artifice. Apparently this is available as a limited-edition EP with four extra tracks - from what I've heard, it's a pretty good buy. **TM**

Artist: DJ Rags
Single: Yes, Yes, Y'all

Fuck bitches, get money. This statement can be argued to be uninformative and hence it can be edited. However, cocaine on your clit, is educational and I should therefore be allowed to impart this information through any media.

"Yes, Yes, Y'all" contains no information and, as a direct consequence of this, shall not be on radio playlists or on your shopping lists. Another party jam concept, a sample of Ol' Dirty Bastard (Ooh! Baby I like it raw) and a repetitive, unimaginative mix engineer. Written and recycled by DJ Rags. That would be about right. Nah! Mean. Naah! Mean though!

Ruthless Rich

Artist: Imperial Drag
Single: Boy or a Girl

The first few seconds of "Boy or a Girl" had me utterly deceived. It could have been a song worthy of inclusion in a classic eighties soundtrack but as soon as the music started I found myself thinking more along the lines of bad California sun pop. The "oo-oohs" and the repeated breathy, questioning "Are you a boy or a girl?" started grating in my head and any pleasure the song might have given off was lost. Alas, redemption never came for this group - "Hey Honey Please" is just as bad, and "Mother Nature" sounds somewhat like an attempt to combine the sounds of the Beatles with pseudo-intellectual lyrics and absolutely unimaginative guitar work. "She Cries All Night" breaks away from every other song on the single, bending more with an edge towards the softer side of heavy metal with echoing, blurred vocals, and rough riffs. Imperial Drag tries out a lot of styles but succeeds at nothing. What a bore.

.Anar Virji

Artist: The Aloof
Single: One Night Stand

One Night Stand is more of apop song. "It's another... One Night Stand... Cos it makes me feel... Like a real man," sings Ricky Barrow, blissfully unaware that he sounds like a husky woman. The high-pitched haunting singing coupled with the background strings give the impression the song was done by McAlmont and Butler! of the Baby Fox Remix - put the volume. Also included is the album version of the song, which is double the length, and is double as annoying as the radio edit! The remixes make the single worth getting. It's nice music to have in the background while you're struggling over your homework. Basically, music to dream to. **Sunil Sodha**

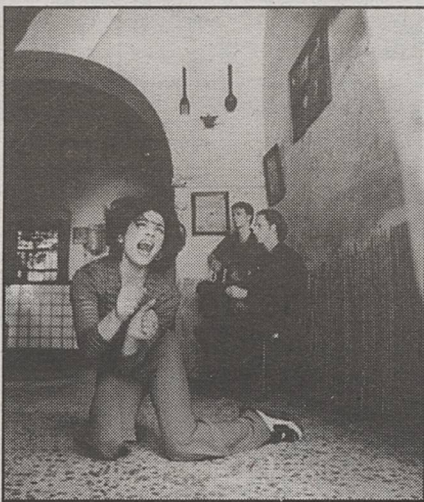
This Week's Albums

Artist: Raissa
Album: Meantime

Who are 'Raissa'? Tori Amos? Not the best of starts, now is it. Normally, it would be against all moral principals to listen to something which comes with the enviable recommendation of "I like it; it sounds really like Tori Amos" (attrib Tom Stone, c1996). Yet, not one to be put off by the idle words of ignorant music editors, I ventured further. Although not entirely au fait with the entire back catalogue of Ms Amos, it is gratifying to discover that Raissa's first full length album is entirely more interesting than that of it which I have heard. Problem: can you really remember where this band got all of their good ideas?

The Sundays? Indeed, there is much in Meantime that will endear Raissa to these erstwhile carriers of the post-Smiths British music torch. Primarily, the lead vocalists has one of those silky smooth voices which

drape the listener with an aura of relaxation. Further, the album has a propensity to back minimalist guitar strums which haunting instrumentations much in the same way The Sundays used to. Particularly on the more up tempo numbers, the resemblance of the song structure to simple Smiths numbers led by a female is unmistakable. The vocals also have a tendency to concentrate on typically ambiguous subjects; there is a good deal of discussion on the merits of such topics as "The Space where you were", "The Silver Wind", and "Your



Summertime". A wistful experience. Bjork? When wistfulness is not on the menu, Raissa seem to understand the modern imperative of experimentation = cool. When not indulging in the construction of pretty indie songs, the band can certainly master the minimalist techno-chic which Bjork perfected on 'Venus as a Boy' and others. The singers voice also seems able to scale to heights of screeching only previously attempted by the Icelandic pixie herself. Things go beep, and it is cool. An enlivening experience.

Belly? And, yes, they seem to be able to

loosen up. Unlike the pompous rock of, say, Hole, Raissa sound more like the tuneful offerings of Tanya Donnelly. Never letting melody out of their sight, a couple of tracks ('Green as Sea', 'Murky') show a less restrained side of the bands nature. Not really endorsing the idea of noise over beauty, the fast songs still carry the romance and longing felt in the slow songs. But, undeniably, there is a little rawk left in their pretty souls. A foot-tapping experience.

The Cranberries? NO! A welcome relief. Alanis Morrissette? See The Cranberries.

Raissa? The album has a lovely fuzzy feel to it. Sometimes it gets a little wild, ad threatens to pinch you, but will quickly settle down into normal patterns of pretty, well-crafted songs. Their influences are almost all positive, and the meshing together of different styles gives a stylishly different end product. Rumours of their sounding like Tori Amos have been much exaggerated. A lovely experience. **James Crabtree**

Mo Mellow

Artist: Mo Thugs
Album: Family-scriptures

Nineteen-ninety-five world-wide, the biggest selling rap single is "The Crossroads" by the thuggish ruggish Bone Thugs 'n' Harmony. Nineteen-ninety-four Carr-Saunders, everybody appreciates my constant pumping of their first EP everyday to the break of dawn! At least I didn't revise in the canteen (Imogen Bathurst, mention no names!) or play pool 24-7 (too many of you mother fuckers to

name, not that I know your names). Wake up, wake up, it's the first of the month, actually (if my calculations are correct) it's the 5th, time to recognise and release that I am far superior than anybody in the world (at Manic Miner).

Easy listening, a category often associated with deaf people, is most appropriate when describing this compilation album of Bone and their siblings. I remember about a year ago (actually it's all a bit of a haze, we still

testing) I saw a little advert in The Source encouraging peeps to send in demo tapes to DJ Uneek (Bone associate producer), and as my brain cells process, I'm wondering if this is the end result. If it is, which no doubt it is if I have drawn this conclusion, then their selection process must have been of quite a primitive design. Errr.... Do you sound like Bone Thugs 'n' Harmony? Yes, well here's \$60000, you're on our first release from our new record company.

Gibber, gibba, Gibber. I'm talking bollocks again. This is far more mellow than Bone, and where I come from mellow is good, hecticness is bad. The similarities are due to a truck full of contributions from the

Thugs. Joe Public will be able to understand the lyrics from the other artists, and even appreciate the cannabissitiva driven flow. From now to infinity, I shall try to be objective when reviewing R'n'B, since I recently purchased my first material from this genre, but fuck it. Why is it now obligatory to include some form of swing on rap compilations? It's not funny and it's defiantly not clever. Piano riffs, saxophone, beats, rhymes, and a programmable CD player. Laidback. Sit back, relax, listen to some hip-hop. (Rich, if you ever ever fuckin' fuck up my pages again, I'm gonna stick all 200 of your CD's up your gay arse-Music Ed) **Ruthless Rich**

Lurid Leicester Square Squalor for Lecherous Losers

Diana Elbirt says "oi, Equinox, noooooooo"

When I find myself beneath those grotesquely touristy lights within Leicester Square, I never fail to ask myself how it is that I ended up there - just passing through for a minute - again. This is London at night. Leicester Square is a place that convinces you of the existence of an all-powerful and spiritual being. This could only be a product of its sick and twisted sense of humour, another cruel joke on humanity. A dope pusher's dream, a drunk woman's home, a cheap pimp's office. It is a strange concoction of elements from the fringe, the apathetic masses, and a handful of diversions to corrupt every part of you that remains human - in order to tease you with mediocrity and debauchery.

I am not this square's biggest fan, and for this reason I would be a great proponent of its spontaneous combustion. Guy Fawkes's night would be a wondrous sight of hurling lights, velvet chairs, hamburgers, the raw stench of onions and the heads of decrepit sex shop monsters screaming over the city sky line. What an explosion that would be. But let's not fool ourselves. On the ruins of the Hippodrome another hell would be erected as I stand in horror to watch it. The fact that Piccadilly circus is intact doesn't fill me with ease either.

Yes, I am a pessimist; I believe that everything has gone rotten and askew. As a result of the pathetic machines that we have become, entertainment has come to be defined as bobbing one's head to incessant techno beats, drowning one's head in obscene quantities of gin, and ending it all with a 4am visit to McDonalds. But there is hope yet. As you watch them contort their bodies to a beat that doesn't fit, the wastefulness of it all illuminates you - the second coming.

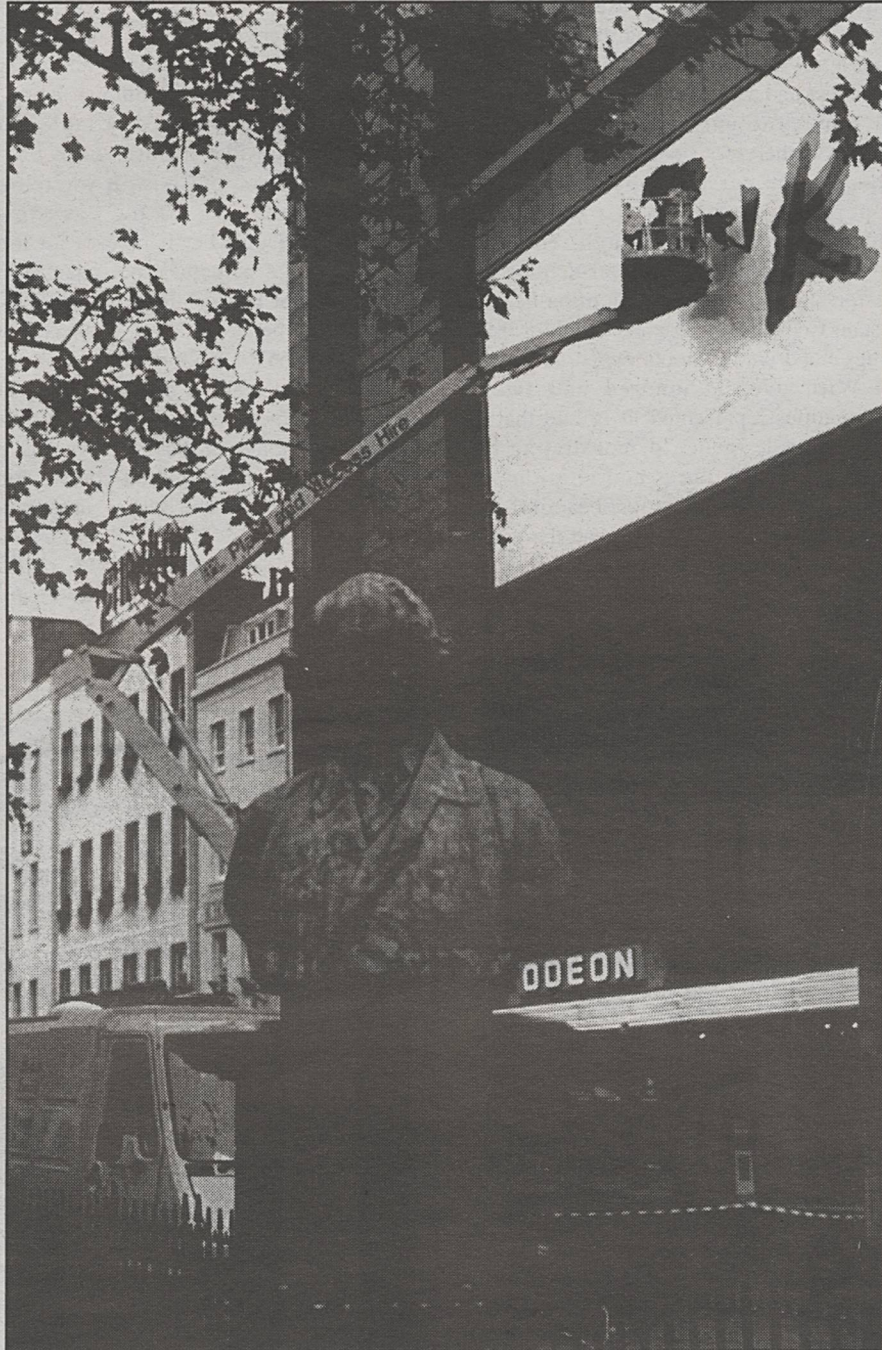
And the shackles evaporate before your eyes as you push your way past a skeletal bouncer. It is all too reminiscent of a Smirnoff advert. You have seen too

much.

One could say hell is many places on earth. London just seems to possess more

than its fair share.

Diana Elbirt will not be queuing for the Hippodrome eating stale pizza on Saturday.



LSE Top Ten: Lardy Lads and Lasses, the best in fat asses

1. Sam Parham: "Take two bottles into the shower, Sam? Use shampoo and conditioner?"... No, I'm a fat boy that never washes."
2. Brendan McGraw: The incredible growing waistline...too many portions of haggis, big man
3. Theresa Delaney: Urrrrrrrrrrgh
4. Theresa Delaney: She takes up that much space
5. Bernardo Duggan: Falklands traitor still 'batting for the other side'.
6. Kamran Sheikh: Portly politician and Buddah-like mad mullah
7. Erin Hepher: Oh I forgot, she's just big-boned, but there's no big bones on the way from Howie
8. Simon Watson: Geordie gorgor pie-boy...the next tango man?
9. Kathryn Sharples: More blunt than Sharp-les. Cracking fat couplet with Coops.
10. Alex 'Bobby' Lowen: gone but not forgotten in the obesity hall of shame

The good old days

An anonymous writer tells us of a love gone wrong

I'm walking up Houghton Street trying to figure out whether C, the location of my next class, stands for Clare Market or the cleverly named new Clement House. I pause for a minute to get my bearings. People from the ubiquitous stalls try to get my attention. As I contemplate whether they're selling tickets or selling themselves I feel a hand on my shoulder and a hoarse voice says my name. Its never sounded like that before, lifeless, as if it was just a word and not a person. I turn to see who has dehumanised my name like this and encounter a scarily pale face staring down at me.

I take a step back to catch my breath. I assure myself that this is not a corpse, this fragile emasculated body before me. Shocked, I struggle to take it in. The skin looks like leather that has been stretched and moulded around the protruding bones. Here and there it is blemished, pools of darkness encircle the eyes. They say if you look deep

into someone's eyes you can see their soul. If these eyes are a window I long to shut the curtains, for they are hollow and naked, like empty shells. They don't seem to be looking at anything in particular, but straight through Houghton Street, into another world perhaps. I try to make contact but the pupils don't register my gaze.

It takes me a while to realise who this is, for the change, the deterioration, is barely credible. I try to hide my pain at seeing them like this, the clothes just hanging from their limbs, the features so contorted, so frozen in nowhere, with none of the warmth they once held. Those lips, chapped and sore, once smiled such a disarming smile. Now all the character was gone, drained away, leaving something alien and hellish. I don't know which one of us is in more turmoil, I don't know what to say or do or feel.

They don't seem to want to talk, as we once did, in fact they seem to have forgotten

I'm here or why they've stopped at all. I want to scream, to say "Who are you? Where have you gone?" I want to hold them or shake them or something but am too frightened to go any nearer. What if I touch them and they begin to break, shattering like glass? Maybe I should drag them to a mirror and do to them what seeing them is doing to me. At least the reflection would prove that they exist. Suddenly the hand comes back to my shoulder. "Nice to see you," says the hoarse voice, unfeelingly, just words. And they drift away, disappearing into the crowds swarming out of lectures and classes.

I feel numb. Happy Houghton Street moments ago with all its life and humour now seems like such a lonely place. Looking around, for the first time I see a gaunt looking girl sitting alone on one of those cold concrete slabs with a look that says 'notice me.' A tattered old man stumbles along, scaring two freshers with his growl.

I'm standing here shell shocked and motionless, but people just push past, viciously almost. In a flash Houghton Street metamorphoses. It becomes a concentration camp, except no one realises, with the odd victim, the odd dispossessed soul wandering through, except no one sees them.

I don't feel like going to my class. "Hey you!" screams someone. I look up, there's hope I tell myself. "Come to the tequila party!" wails the stranger waving tickets at me. Vain hope. I sigh and walk away, tracing the footsteps of my friend. I'll find them, I'll put my hands on that leathery skin and tell those vacant eyes I love them. Despairingly but dramatically, we'll both shatter like glass.

A. Non ymous sounds really nice so we won't say anything nasty

Feeling fresh?

Matthew Wilkins weighs in with his wad

Attention freshers! Now you're at the LSE, some quintessential information needs to be known. Just remember that you only go to university once in your life and there is no dress rehearsal. This is it. Live every single second of every single day as if it were your very last.

Writing a student article, I'm contractually stipulated to mention alcohol. Perhaps the most important social skill honed at university is that of serious substance abuse. I am of the opinion that it certainly is big and it is clever to drink copious quantities. Drink, yes, please do. Export lager, vodka, whisky, schnapps, Romanian chardonnay, Benylin, preferably all in the same glass. And when you've got drinking down to a perfected art, go on a violent orgiastic rampage of curtain-ripping, glass-smashing and attempted assault on a British Rail toilet attendant. (A private joke shared with the Metropolitan police). Alcohol does admittedly have a slightly negative long-term effect. Be prepared to start your first year looking and feeling like John Travolta in 'Saturday Night Fever', and end it as 'Pulp Fiction's' beached whale.

You will desperately hope that following on from alcohol is sex. Forget it. Those subscribing to the myth of university life as a marathon of bedroom gymnastics have either come to the wrong place, or met different people to my house-mates. Lads, be prepared to emerge from the LSE with a condom well past its use-by date, virtual blindness and a bicep the size of Bristol.

Moving to university presents a new start, and therefore potentially, a new you. Many is the person who has seized the opportunity of totally reinventing themselves, often through complete fabrication. Hence grammar-school net-surfers from the Home counties become instant Cockneys, with a penchant for drink, drugs and drive-by shootings.

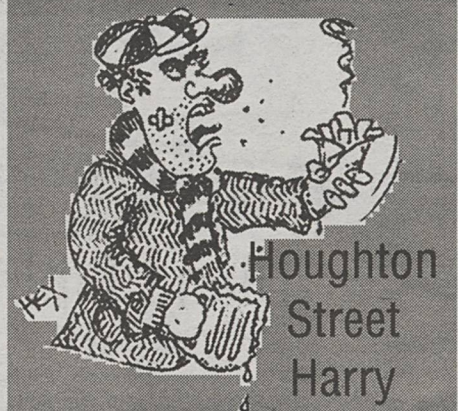
With over a hundred and twenty nationalities represented, it is said that the LSE is a role model, demonstrating how diverse races, cultures and religions can blend into one harmonious, beautiful mix. Bollocks. You only have to read the graffiti in the Gents toilets to realise that the majority of people aren't exactly skipping along hand-in-hand, singing 'Ebony and

Ivory'. The Jews and the Arabs hate one another. The Greeks and the Turks hate one another. Muslims hate homosexuals. The list is endless. As for the British, we hate everyone, but especially the Americans and the Germans.

Finally, there is academic work, much of which is conducted in lectures and classes dominated by public schoolboys, many of whom speak only in six syllables and literally do consider themselves to be the second incarnation of Christ. If you're from a state school, it's all too easy to be intimidated. Don't be. It takes a lot more than wearing a perpetual sports jacket and owning half of Hampshire to be intellectual. They are not better than you. You are better than them. You've had further to climb.

Well, that's about all there is to say. Probably the best advice a fresher is not to bother reading any of these articles. Just get out there and live life and, of course, drink. Nobody ever reads 'The Beaver' anyway.

Matthew Wilkins is talking bollocks...everyone reads The Beaver...don't they?



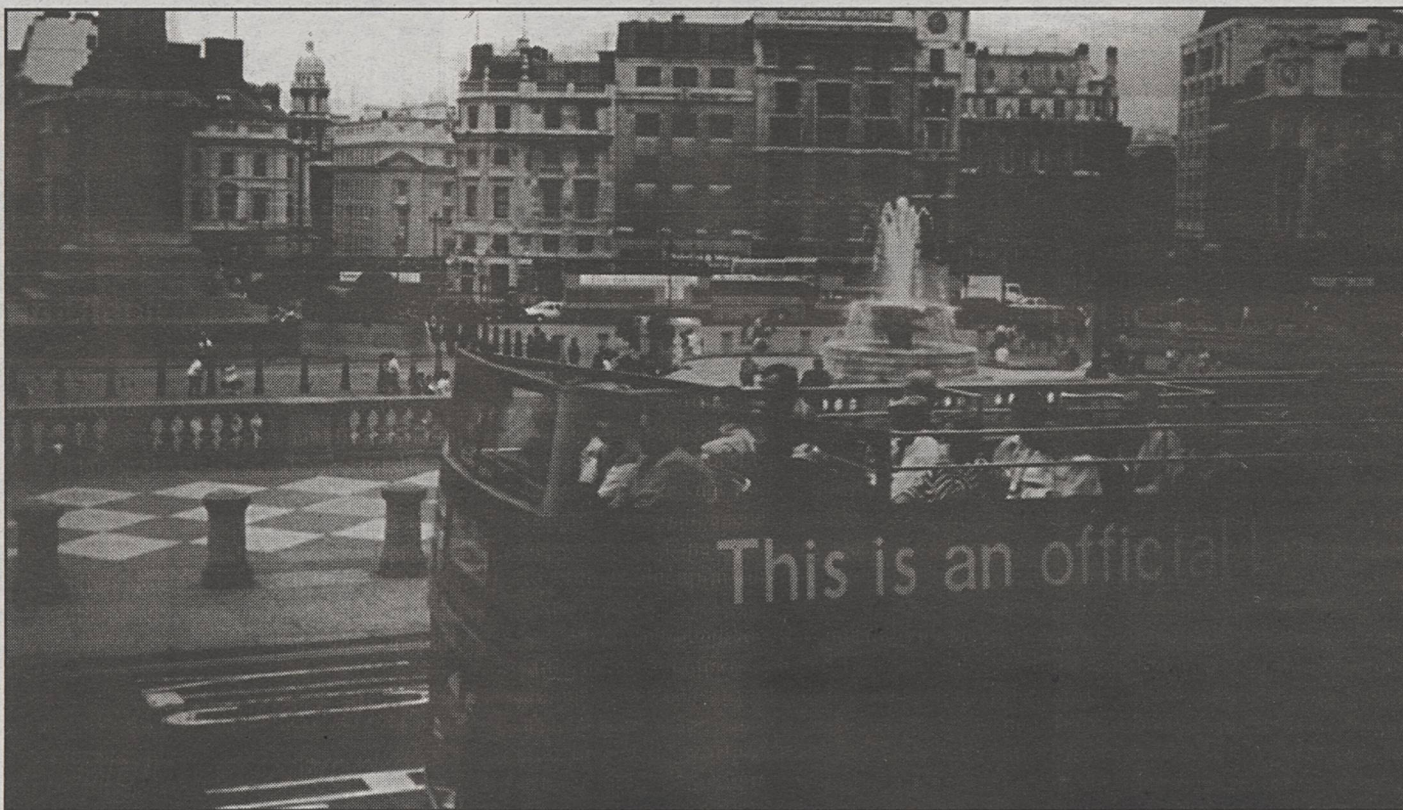
Well, only four weeks into the new term and election fever is already upon us. Witness a variety of clueless buffoons spending hours upon end in Houghton St attempting to woo you with their lies, damned lies and statistics (or as it's Houghton Street, lies, damned lies and elementary statistical theory). Time and again we are promised the rebirth of the LSE, only to discover much to our chagrin that it's just another phantom pregnancy. Nevertheless, immune to the fact that our beloved institution is rapidly becoming a shrine to apolitical arch-cynicism, a procession of wannabe political Kings (or Queens if you're a Tory) continue fervently to kiss our arses so that we'll give them the chance to take that first tentative step up the LSE hierarchy. The fact of the matter, though, is that most of them are to student politics what King Herod was to babysitting and there's about as much chance of their policies coming to fruition as there is of Billy Bunter leaving a tuck shop empty handed or Dolly Parton having a sudden urge to sleep on her front.

Let's look at the past, which as ever throws up a good number of enlightening examples. Indeed, we could even use our four current sabbaticals as points of reference. Wily welfare sab Spam Harem, for example, made no mention in his campaign of not changing his clothes, not arriving for work on time (if at all...) or being mistaken for a tramp and asked to leave the Passfield TV room as a result. Popular Ents boy (rent boy?) Piss Pooper, meanwhile, has nearly lived up to his name by serving up a bunch of arse every Friday night without fail, although at least you can't find fault with him for consistency. What is something of a new phenomenon, though, is the fact that we now need a season ticket and a £500 bond or debenture to be able to get into our own student bar on a Friday night. Silly old me, for some reason I'd always assumed that the object of an Ents' officer was to organise crazy events for students, rather than organising a crazy profit with which to buy drinks for the other Sabs. I've heard of price inflation but I'm not sure that it should be quite so exponential...

Gen Sex, meanwhile, seems to be a glittering light in a sea of Sabbatical mediocrity. A speech here, a high-powered meeting there, he really is doing a fine job. If he was a book he'd be a best selling hardback with a fancy cover and gold leaves...we like him in the Beaver office; and I think he likes us - for some reason he seems to be spending an awful lot of time in here...

Finally, it's only fair to mention treasurer Dazzling Hairdo. Dazzling is also exceptional in the sense that everyone knew that he was a clubbing, raving, snorting badmothafucka go large before he was elected. Fortunately, he ran against a mad polish minger who dated Tom Smith, and so never had any chance of losing.

So beware in future when you're promised the world and the stars above by balding fat stools in Houghton Street. Call me a cynic but you can always exercise your right not to vote. Either that or we could just elect Baljit for a laugh.



Cazza lambasts London

Caroline Hooton needs love in her life...applicants to the Beaver office

London - one of the world's greatest capital cities (or so they tell me). With our history, our culture and our accents, there's something for everyone in sunny ole' Londres. So why is it that everything is always so expensive? Whether you're buying a Big Mac or a futon, a cinema ticket or a saucepan, you're going to pay through the nose for the privilege of buying it here as opposed to in Hull.

Doubtless there are highly theoretical, highly technical and highly bullshit economic rationales to explain the fact that everyone wants to strip you of as much money as possible. However, the real answer is obvious - it hits you in the face

with a rucksack everytime you step onto the street. Yes my friends, the reason we have to pay as much as £3.50 for a humble pint is because of the tourist. For all I know, tourists are sane, economically rational beings within their country of origin, but get them near a tourist trap and they'll spend money faster than you can say "gullible shit-wit". £7.50 to see 'Independence Day' - yes please; £1.90 for a cold slice of salmonella-infested ham and mushroom pizza - yum yum.

In a compassionate, liberal world you would feel sorry for them as you watch them boarding open-top sight-seeing buses, clutching their plastic models of the Tower

of London and sporting T-shirts with the legend 'My parents/spouse/sibling/bullfrog went to London.....' Unfortunately we inhabit a cold, calculating, post-Thatcherite society which is why I advocate mandatory psychiatric testing for anyone believing that walking sticks and flat caps make great mementos. For it is only by committing those who wilfully misuse the local currency that we can reclaim this capital for those who could truly make it great.

Caroline Hooton recently went on the rampage in 'Equinox', killing six people with a souvenir policeman's helmet (only £10.50 at all good gift shops).

Fifths outclass QMW

QMW 4th XI 0 - 1 LSE 5th XI

Paul Drew

The cavalier fifths proved they had steel to match their artistry as they defeated QMW fourths 1-0 in a ferociously competitive game that had even the bravest of spectators nervously dragging on their Marlboros.

All did not start well for suave skipper Jon Webb, many of his squad still down the Kings Road when they should have been meeting at Liverpool Street. Eventually the glamour boys arrived, apart from Stefan 'he's got a First from Cambridge, honest' Kossoff who despite his supreme intelligence had misread the teamsheet and was waiting in bemusement at Waterloo.

The fifth's elegant midfield struggled to impose their obvious quality in a frenetic first half, a couple of dandy boys muttering about "one martini too many" in the previous week's high class debauchery. Californian centre-back Chris Eabes was also struggling with a groin injury sustained whilst tackling the first young filly to fall for his "are you wearing space-pants because your ass is out of this world" line a few nights before. Dem Oral, full of confidence after his 30 yard thunderbolt against the LSE 6ths the previous Wednesday, and stout Scottish ringer Pete McSporrán were solid at the back, and half-time arrived with the sides at stalemate.

The injury to Eabes and the arrival of Kosoff forced a second half re-shuffle. Stambouli was also worried about his lack of length and Paul 'McGrath' Drew took over goal kicking duties. These extra inches were vital in the breakthrough, a goal from the Charles Hughes manual of football after 48 minutes. A speculative punt from Drew was flicked on by the stylish Webb to the feet of Rob Bush who dissected the QMW defence with a fine pass to Jillur. He made no mistake and fired LSE into the lead with a firmly struck shot into the bottom-right of the goal.

QMW piled on the pressure throughout the remainder of the half but could find no way past a fifth team desperate to shake of its 'neat triangles but big match bottlers' tag. The Big Bush man was a tireless worker up front, holding onto the ball as he would a Polish supermodel. Kossoff provided the perfect balance in midfield and was reminiscent of the great Moses with his skill and magic (Jamie that is). Two fine saves from Stambouli and the no-frills defence of the lads at the back ensured a second consecutive clean sheet and maximum points.

Team spirit is excellent and there is a genuine belief that this fifth team can achieve even more than last year by bringing silverware back to Houghton Street, and do so with debonair quality unheard of in the ULU leagues. But for now it's back down to the Kings Road for a well earned G 'n' T.

No Joy for hockey birds

...as defeat leaves them asking "Wye?"

Hello darlings! Yes we're back, although not with a vengeance, but we do have a number of fresh faced virgins (to the game of course, you filthy buggers).

The term started on a rather disappointing note as the chicken shit that claim to be our opposition failed to turn up to play against the greatness that is the new slim-lined (hmm - Sports Eds) Women's Hockey Team at the LSE. However, we came hurtling back to earth with a rather nasty bump when Wye College had the audacity to beat us 3-1. It has been universally admitted that this win was totally undeserved, partly due to one goal being driven directly through Emma's knee. Our demon scorer Carrie decided to defect to the role of referee and even the odds by denying LSE at least 50 short corners. Joy was heard to blame the said referee, condition of the pitch and distractions from the neighbouring rugby teams for her appalling run of missed opportunities.

There were extremely excellent performances by Beatrice and our second Dutch transfer Hiske (doing a miraculous job despite damage to her right hand). Other shining stars came in the form of Emily - who unexpectedly returned to the pitch causing great concern to our Northern captain, because she is unable to count

above nine (or is that 69?) and thought that there were 12 players on the pitch - Wendy, mild mannered by day, but a bone crunching winger from hell by night, and Desiree. Becky, with a blinding performance in goal, saved the day (and more goals than can be counted on one hand). A final mention has to go to our brilliant new defender Rachel, although she never ceases to amaze us on the pitch, her obvious lack of presence afterwards is allegedly due to her blowing a large organ - this must stop! The hockey-rugby dynasty of last season is vowed not to continue, because we refuse to be associated with such poor boat-racers. This begs the question; are there any real men out there?

Both hockey teams are shit and need quality committed players. See noticeboard in AU Common Room or leave message in Hockey pigeon-holes

For more information on the Athletics Union, please see the noticeboards in the AU Common Room, situated directly above the Veggie Cafe.

Letters to the Editor Bankside Bites Back!

Dear Beaver

In response to the two recent articles on Bankside House that have appeared in *The Beaver*, I should like to point out that there were a number of inaccuracies and half truths in both pieces relating not just to your account of the facilities at Bankside and the genuine teething problems we have experienced, but also to your summary of student attitudes - in particular the catchy slogan 'Bankside Brats' which you used in your last headline strikes me as misrepresentation. It is perhaps unproductive to go into further detail in a shorter letter, but I should like briefly to pursue the general issue of whether it is balanced journalism just to focus on criticisms and worst-case scenarios that you yourselves admit to be unlikely. While I have no wish to pretend that everything has been plain sailing so far at Bankside, most residents I encounter in my official capacity or just informally speak unprompted of the many positive aspects to

the facilities on offer here. This was not reflected in your articles which seem to rest on the assumption that any good news is no news. This is particularly dispiriting for the residents, managers and staff who have worked so hard in recent months to prepare the building for student use and also to raise hotel and conference revenue which is then used to subsidise rents all across the residences rather than to boost the general revenue of the school as a whole.

Should you wish to present a full and nuanced feature on life at the LSE's newest residence, the wardens, staff and hall committee would be happy to show Beaver journalists around the building and cooperate in providing you with information. The view from Sumner Street may not be uniformly rosy; but it is at least more true to life than a blurred snap shot taken from Houghton Street.

Yours
Dr Tim Hochstrasser

Spice up your life

Dear Beaver,

I was perplexed as I realised how the press is astonished by the new role models, Spice Girls, especially by Mel B declaring that she picked up her boyfriend in a club just by telling him: "Look, I fancy you, how about a drink Wednesday, 7.30 down the pub".

What's up? Is that really a new revolutionary act?

Yes, it is, as *The Beaver* confirms featuring LSE Girl, Liz C, still dreaming to be picked up by a politically correct, gourmet, Prince Charming. Obviously the brave man should not even think about watching her below the eyes. After all, girls are a mere brain without the body.

Yes, sad but true, the twenty-first century is still far away... No Spice Girls at present, just a few Spice Girls who pioneer the impossible in order to sell records and gadgets to teenagers world wide. No wonder, guys, if next Friday at the Three Tuns no wannabe Spice and liberated girl will pick you up somehow. We are all living in a Maschilist world, yet, Girl Power!

Yours
Alessandro Venturi

Racism Retort

Judging from the response to my article "Has Racism Built a New Wall in Berlin?", I gave many LSE students too much credit. Interpretation of my article by many students claiming that I, who was a victim of racism, was inciting racism is abhorrent.

I did mention that I am half-Austrian and though I am not German, I am part of the same cultural area which made it even harder to deal with Berlin's ubiquitous bigotry.

I grew up with racism in Hong Kong where it was a two-way thing, complicated by colonial attitudes apparent in my international school and the anti-colonial backlash outside. I am lucky that I do not know the more extreme racism that millions have to live with, but I do consider myself in a position to make a comparison between London and Berlin.

I ask what right the students have who play down the racism I suffered. They have no way of knowing how it feels until they experience it themselves. Even if they don't want to believe it, those were my experiences. Insulting my intelligence or questioning my competence is no excuse for what happened. If they choose to turn a blind eye and want to believe otherwise, they are free to do so, but they should realise that they are acquiescing to racism.

I know Germans can expect references to the Blitz etc in this country, and are confronted by the burden of history, but unless they treat every human as an individual and go colour-blind, they cannot expect to escape their preceding generations' past when they are outside Germany.

Yours
Peter Udeshi.

BeaverSport BeaverSport BeaverSport

Shimin keeps Thirds Winnin'

LSE 3rd XI 5 - 1 IC 3rd XI

James Mulligan

LSE Thirds strode into this game on the back of a majestic 5-1 defeat of the country bumpkin London Vets School. Within the first five minutes, the thirds knew it was going to be more of the same as IC showed about as much innovation and invention as is shown in Theepan's chat-up lines.

It really is going to be a piss-easy season for the LSE Thirds if we carry on playing shite like IC. Admittedly, they took the lead early on in the game, due to an almighty balls-up by Theepan, but this was never going to last. The strength throughout LSE overwhelmed the incompetent imperials and it was only a matter of time before the equaliser. The fleet-footed forward Shimin scored it after a breathtaking move that must have involved all eleven LSE players and at least thirty passes. Even Gordon the sub was involved in the move, even though he was still getting changed. It really was that good.

'Fat' Gordon became more involved when Theepan decided he'd had enough of feigning injury with only twenty minutes on the clock. This most upset your correspondant, James Mulligan, as he was knackered and planned to do exactly the same just as Theepan got there first.

With the score at 1-1 at half-time, and for all our territorial advantage, we still hadn't managed to take the lead. The

second half display more than compensated for this. It truly was boy's own stuff as we tore IC apart with the kind of flowing football the words 'panache' and 'verve' were invented for. With 'Big' Chris at the back playing his inspirational Tony Adams type game (ie he was still pissed from the night before) and Dimitri controlling the middle of the park IC didn't know what had hit them. Shimin scored another to make it 2-1; Andre displayed his usual gallic flair and rose majestically to head home and make it 3-1; whilst Gordon touched home at the far post to make it four.

There could have been further embarrassment for IC, if it wasn't for some of the most inept refereeing seen outside the Premiership, which denied Stuart an easy chance to slot home. Inevitably there was a fifth, accounted for by an own-goal; even though Chris claims he got the final touch. Since he was seventy yards away from play at the time, this seems highly unlikely.

For all his impudence and intricate approach play on the left, Mulligan sadly failed to get on the score sheet. He more than made up for this on the previous Saturday night at ULU, however, where he scored three times with consummate ease.

A glorious day for the LSE Thirds then, cries of 'ole' and 'encore' were heard around the pitch as we humiliated the dejected Imperials in the last five minutes with one-touch passing that brought back memories of Liverpool's halcyon days in the 1970s. With all this in mind, one question begs to be answered: can it get any easier?

Netball, Netball, Netball, Netball

Netball babes give Dentists & Doctors plenty of the right medicine in clinical 34 - 23 operation

Netball, a game for girls, true enough, however, these LSE queens are not just any 'plain Jane superbrains', but highly trained, superbly fit (and I mean fit) athletes of the highest order.

These lovely ladies, at the pinnacle of their netball careers, went forth once again with shaved pits and brushed teeth to play doctors and dentists with the UMDS team at Honor Oak Park.

After some emergency bridge work, the ladies, now with perfect teeth, rallied against the Doctors of Death and Dentists



of Dread, using the 'space' and 'getting the rebound' to succeed in placing lots of round things in the circlely hoops. Training paid off for the ladies (used in the loosest possible sense of the term) as they thrashed the UMDS team, scoring a massive 34 over UMDS's paltry achievement of 23

The victory party raged hot and hard as master Ben Thorpe once again succeeded with the 'ladies', with this weeks 'witty one-liner': "Hey ladies, nice shoes!"

Netball - "a game for girls"

QMW can't handle LSE's Hot Hoopsters

LSE 1st 61 - 50 QMW 1st

Damir can't dunk from the stands

Yianni Hadoulis

Last year, QMW handed the LSE Firsts their only defeat in London, after an emotional game where QMW attempts at intimidation included verbally abusing the visiting team, and throwing up all over their changing rooms. Naturally, sportsmanship wasn't going to be a priority last night either. Not for the QMW team anyhow, for they ended up by having both their startup guard and their coach disqualified. It was yet another emotional game, where QMW featured brand-new attempts at intimidation, such as swearing at everyone in Greek, threatening to beat up the referee, and spicing it all up with liberal doses of 'malaka'.

It was evident that emotions were bound to break loose at some point. The first half saw the LSE team ahead by only 25-24, after some very good defending but also some very poor shooting (and the fact that the court didn't include a three-point line tended to complicate matters.) The referees were quite tolerant on fouls, and this benefited QMW, whose policy on defense could have taught Mike Tyson a few tips on how to incapacitate opponents.

During the second-half, however, the Firsts' scoring machine shifted up a gear; long-range buckets by Javier and Christian, coupled with the impressive presence of Jose and Blake within the key, allowed the Firsts to build up a healthy lead. The final moments deserve detailed description: first, the Sobell administration threatened to turn the lights off on us for surpassing our one-and-a-half-hour booking, then the referee decided to let the clock run non-stop, and then the QMW coach hit the roof, pulling his team off the court, and landing both a disqualification and a powerful karate chop on the scorekeeper's desk.

So the Firsts tasted sweet revenge, and the Seconds have something to look forward to when they visit the QMW court in December. Our thanks go to Damir, who was instrumental in rousing fan support from his (rightful) vantage point in the stands (next time, Damir, could you also write the article since you'll have so much spare time on your hands?), and to those heroic timekeepers, Kiki Tsagkaraki and Matthias Mennel, for not wilting under QMW protests.

Yianni is currently setting up a Scorekeeper's Protection Programme, and has been banned from QMW premises

AEROBICS

in the Gym (basement of East Building)

MONDAY - High Intensity with Carl 6-7pm

TUESDAY - Low Impact with Melena 5-6pm

WEDNESDAY - Aerobics and Resistance with Carl

at the NEW TIME 5.30-6.30

THURSDAY - Circuits with Mike 5-6pm

Rugby team in win shocker

Ben 'Hands' Tallis

There were many questions being asked about LSE rugby. Were the boys really up to the job? Can Tom Jeans drink more than 3 pints? Does Martin Ginola have doubts about his sexuality? Can Tom Jeans drink any pints? Wednesday was to provide all the answers (well most of the answers).

It was off to the hallowed turf at Berrylands that the 'mighty white' warriors strode and it was QMW who were to be the victims of the First XV's wrath. An all-star XV dictated from the outset; Ben 'the legend' Johnson and Dave 'the guynor' Niquae came together for the first time in a half back setup that was unstoppable. Uncompromising man-munching by the Jeans-Johnson duo, unnatural fitness from 'Toliet's' Houghton and intelligent running (!!!!!) by Nick the Hair led to a total of six tries, all unique in their magnificence. A try each for Jeans and Alex 'shit frog hair', and

two each from IK and Guvnor Dave, took the game away from QMW. A try by Shandy Tom would ordinarily be the highlight of any game, but on Wednesday one man rose above the rank and file of meer mortals to snatch the coveted Salad Award in the face of stiff competition. Dan the Rock, having obviously never played prop before, decided rugby was to be his game, after being punched in the bollocks, vomiting over the pitch and losing his front teeth me thinks he may have changed his mind. Rarely do I take pleasure in other peoples pain but the sound of the heavyweight from Gib squealing like a Bose would have brought a smile to anyone's face.

Unbelievable kicking by 'the legend' Johnson secured a victory which will send shock waves through student rugby across London. LSE won 37 - 7.

Meanwhile the Second XV put out a much stronger side, played much better and still got dicked.