

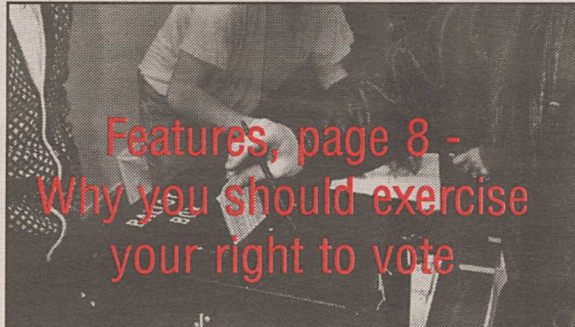
The Beaver

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

Issue 447

October 29, 1996

First published May 5, 1949



Features, page 8 -
Why you should exercise
your right to vote



Film, page 12 -
Twelfth Night reviewed



Politics, page 10 -
An interview with Michael
Meacher MP

It Could Be LSE!

Dev Cropper

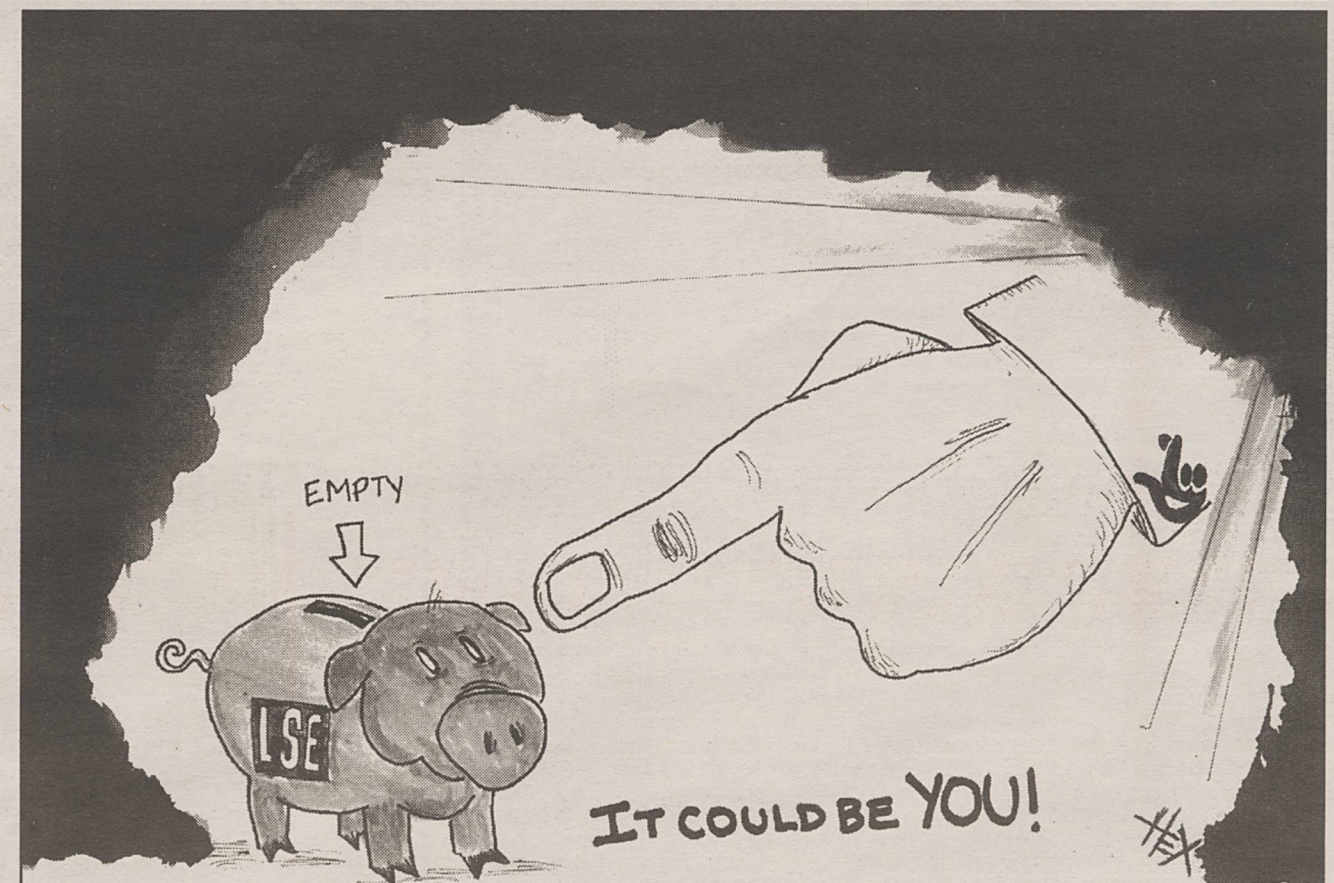
You too could be a winner on the National Lottery, without any of the hassle of queuing behind a line of desperate bread-liners throwing away their pittance of a dole cheque, anxiously listening to Mystic Meg's maunderings or throwing your little bits of paper as hard as you can at the television at a few minutes past eight on Saturday.

The LSE has applied to the bodies which distribute lottery takings for funding to refurbish two of its buildings.

The applications, which were submitted in June, are for developments to the BLPES, costing £9.5 million, and to the Peacock Theatre, costing £5.5 million. Plans for a new-look library have been submitted by the acclaimed British architect, Sir Norman Foster. They focus around a 'rationalisation of space', which will include a new central circulation zone for better access and new reading places.

The Peacock Theatre could be getting a new façade, refurbishment to bars, seating areas and back stage, and even computer link-ups at each seat. Work would be carried out in the summer 1997.

The rules governing the distribution of lottery cash mean that money is only



available for capital projects - so no handouts for book purchases, for instance. Organisations applying for grants must also come up with a large chunk of funding themselves. Even if the School's application is successful, it will have to

find £6.2 million for the work on the library. Improvements to the Peacock Theatre already completed will be counted retrospectively against the funding target.

LSE officials will not say how

confident they are that Lottery funding will be granted, but all may not be lost even if the finger of fortune does not point to the School. The library project is a long-term plan, and alternative sources of funding would be sought.

Foot sticks the boot in

Campaigning journalist speaks out for Socialism

Chris Roe

Paul Foot, the acclaimed investigative journalist, gave an impassioned talk about the virtues of socialism and the lack of any real choice between different political agendas at the next election (aptly described as our “little orgasm of democracy”), which he compared to having to choose between “Tweedledum and Tweedledee”.

Foot launched a devastating attack on the current government, focusing especially on their policies of

privatisation, union-bashing and the “promotion of the rich as never before in history”. He remarked on the rise in the gap between rich and poor, with people such as speculators earning large sums of money “without labouring in any sense of the word”. The Guardian and Private Eye journalist was particularly vocal in condemning Social Security Minister, Peter Lilley, for his attacks on the “undeserving poor”.

Tony Blair’s New Labour fared little better, coming under fire for their vague promises and their abandonment of socialism for watered-down Conservative policies. Labour’s U-

turns on privatisation and taxes on the wealthy were some of the targets for his barely concealed anger and barbed wit.

After tearing the capitalist system to pieces in barely half an hour, he went on to present socialism as the only solution to the “hierarchy, lack of planning and inequality” that characterises British society, with convincing, if predictable, argument.

Various members of the audience then took the opportunity to ask Mr Foot some pertinent questions on issues brought up by his speech. He responded in typically polished style, getting particularly agitated with one questioner who had the audacity to point out that perhaps most of the LSE students present would get somewhat

“You can’t be a Socialist on your own.”

better jobs than average and then take their place in our “exploitative” system, abandoning their once cherished principles in the process.

It is unclear yet whether or not Paul Foot’s heartfelt pleas to the audience to join the Socialist Worker’s Student Society have had any effect on the size of the LSE contingent. Cynics might suggest that when he pointed out that, “you can’t be a socialist on your own”, he had the average attendance figures for that organisation’s meetings in mind.

Harmony in the Hall

Beaver Staff

Last week’s Union General meeting played host to Ian Hall, President of the Bloomsbury International Society (for the advance of racial harmony). The usually riotous student body respectfully granted him outside speakers’ rights and listened politely to what he had to say. Paper-throwing ceased except when he all but invited it by fondly remembering a previous visit to LSE’s Union meeting in more radical times.

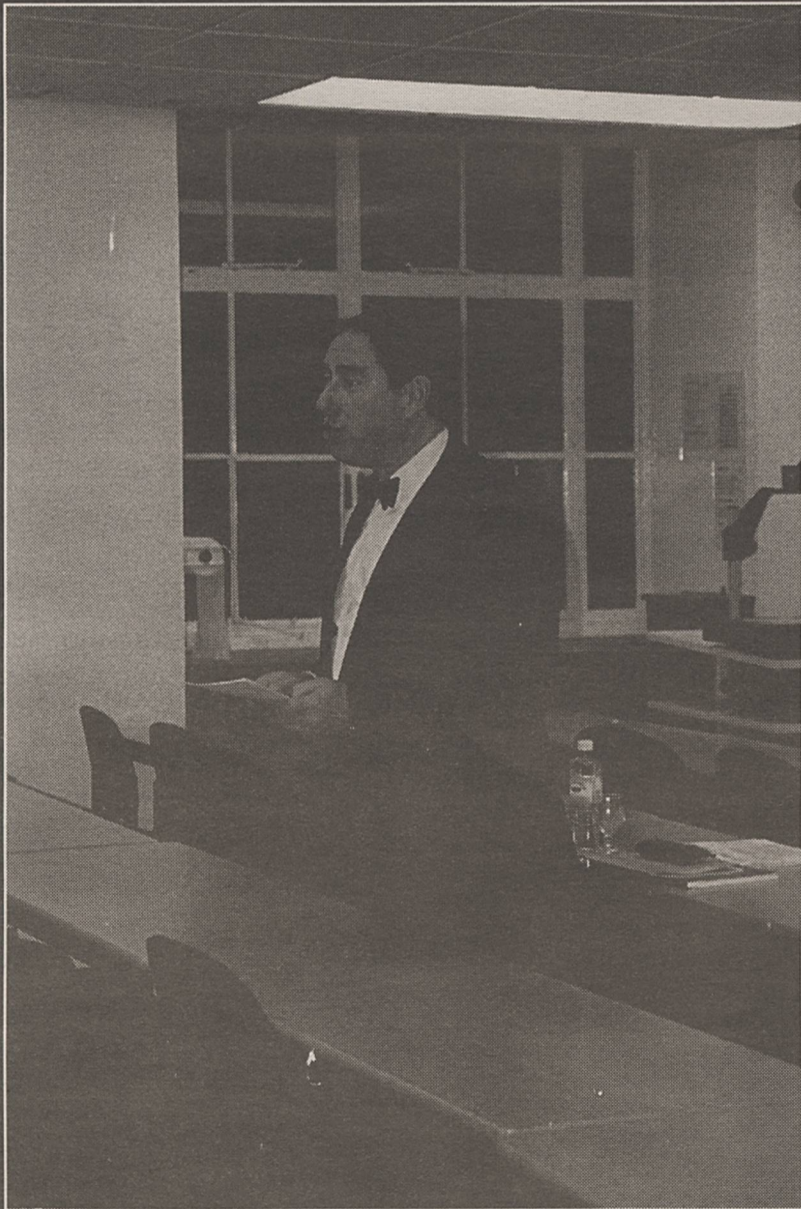
He expressed mild disappointment in the predominance of “white faces” in the audience considering the more mixed nature of the student body as a whole. His society is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary this year, it seeks to promote racial harmony and human rights, through the universal medium of music.

Hall was the first black student to read music at Oxford, in the early 1960s. He recently arranged the music at the fiftieth anniversary celebrations of the United Nations in New York.

He amused the audience with a story from his past. He told of a Caribbean calypso player who on a visit to Britain was seen at a restaurant to be hungrily tucking into a chicken curry with his fingers. A diner at a neighbouring table asked in disgust, “What do you feed your dogs in your country?” The amused reply was “fish and chips”. Each to his own poison, or *poisson* as Ian Hall remarked.

Hall had been invited to speak in favour of a rather mild and inoffensive motion to support the work of the UN and UNESCO. Nonetheless some Student Socialist Workers found something to disagree with but nobody else quite understood what since it was buried in incoherence and hails of paper.

Handguns Hung-up



Is that a gun in his pocket? No it couldn't be. He's just pleased to see the LSE Law Society.

Photo: Nina Duncan

Sir Ivan Lawrence MP, Chairman of the Select Committee for Home Affairs was the guest of the LSE Law Society, last Tuesday. His topic of ‘Handguns - whose freedom?’ was particularly appropriate in the week that the Government announced plans for legislation to ban private ownership of handguns.

**We urgently need
more News
Writers. Please
come along to our
weekly meetings
at 6pm on
Mondays in C023**

Young's Europe, same old story

Shama Aslam

Hugo Young, commentator on political affairs for *The Guardian* put forward Lord Denning's argument of European Union Law metaphorically described as "an incoming tide that flows through our estuaries and up our rivers". Speaking on 'Britain's Role in Europe', Young was the guest of LSE's European Society last Tuesday.

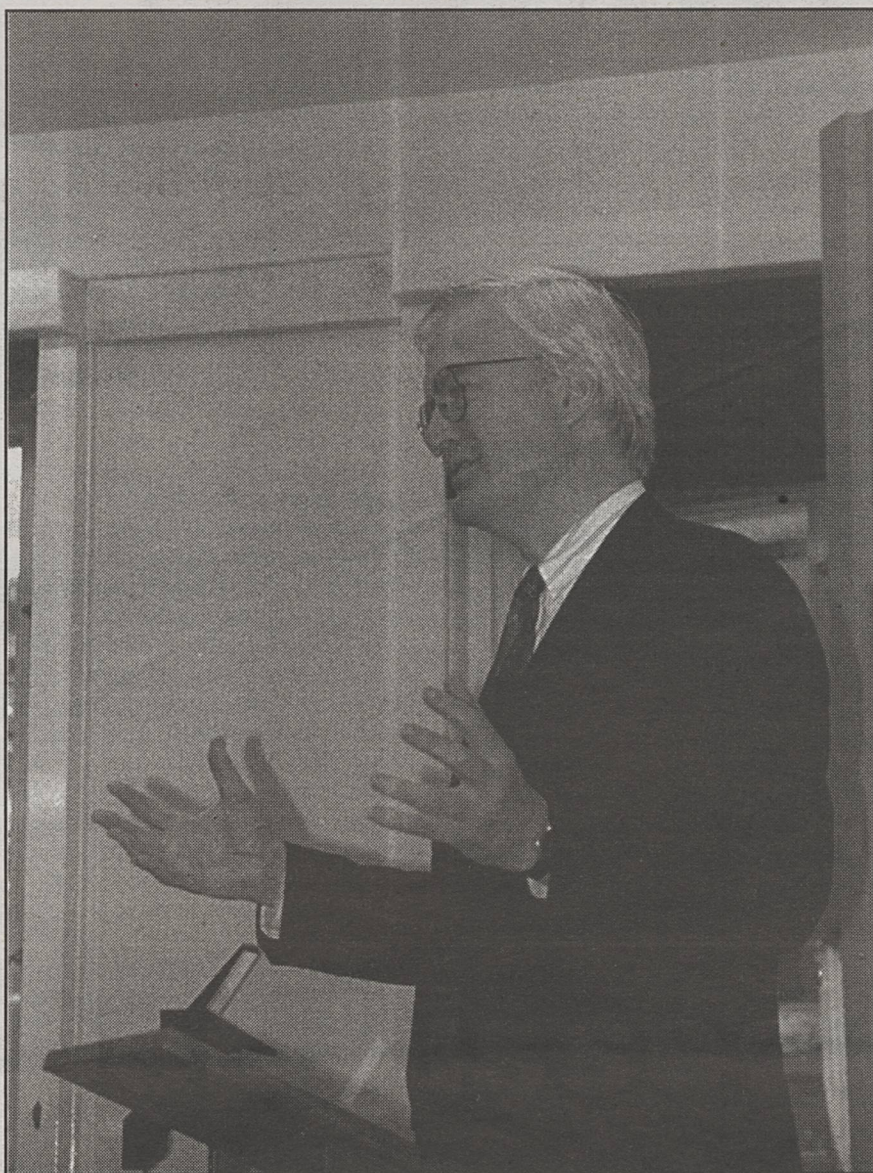
He outlined how Britain's approach to the European question is fundamental to political debate in this country. 'Europe' is, according to Young, the natural habitat of businessmen and major political institutions such as the civil service.

Young considers Europe to be, "an issue which the political class are obsessed with and consequently one which arouses an intensity of feeling".

"An issue with which the political classes are obsessed"

Political parties were criticised for not having a comprehensive debate on Europe and suppressing the issue in honest argument.

Young argued Britain's role in Europe would be more consolidated if there was a change in leadership. John Major has been successful as a negotiator in the European Union, notably in relation to the Maastricht Treaty. He commented, "Major has no project both domestically or in Europe. Though Major has made a charismatic speech on 'Enlargement' of the fifteen-member Union, Young does not think he is committed enough to the ideal.



Europe in our hands...

Photo: Nina Duncan

In stark contrast, Tony Blair has a strategic view of Europe and is likely to deal with issues such as the single currency more tactfully. In Young's opinion, "Blair cannot only negotiate, he also is committed in principle".

In addition, Young considers that the single currency issue does not rank very high in importance to British citizens. Commenting on a possible referendum, he emphasised the difficulty the government would face in organising one and advised that it should be broader in scope than focusing exclusively on

Monetary Union.

The Guardian journalist drew attention to the pressure on the media to educate the public on European affairs. He blamed this on the failure of senior politicians to take a positive lead in the European debate.

With the future looking bleak for the next inter-governmental conference, Young believes that the litmus test of the division of opinions on European integration will be based on whether British citizens will favour EMU and its ramifications.

Computer thieves wrap and carry

Beaver Staff

LSE's limited Information Technology resources have been further stretched by a spate of recent thefts. Between 4:00pm and 7:00pm on weekdays, people have been walking into the LSE and stealing

computers, printers and other IT department hardware.

The thieves have apparently been boldly walking into computer rooms and depositing their loot in black bin liners. They then wheel them out on trolleys, along Houghton Street. They have specially prepared fake delivery slips with them so that if they are confronted by anyone asking what they are doing, they can show 'proof' of their legitimate business.

Last week, Kings College was badly hit by the daring hi-technology thieves. A suspicious white Ford Transit van was spotted on the Strand, during the robbery.

Bernard Taffs, LSE House Manager, asks students to be extra vigilant. The porters can be alerted by dialing 666 on any internal phone. Students are urged to contact them immediately if they see anything suspicious.



Students keeping the flame of love burning with their sweethearts back home. But for how much longer? Photo: Dan Keenan

Scrooge strikes again

School set to charge for course handouts

Chris McAleely
News Editor

The Students' Union has expressed concern that some departments have plans to start charging a fee for bulk photocopying of handouts. No new money is available from the library, which used to fund fifty percent of the costs. This means departments are faced with footing the whole bill themselves.

So far the Maths department seems to have set an alarming precedent by opting to pass this extra cost onto the students. This could mean costs of over £20 per student, per course, just for basic course materials. It seems that the rationale behind this is that 'richer' students will be able to afford these costs, reducing the demand on the relevant texts in the Course Collection for everyone else. Effectively this would bring a two tier system, to the

'A rather Scroogish thing to do'

disadvantage of the less well off.

Dan Crowe, SU General Secretary, stated that the issue would be raised by the Union at the next Library Committee meeting, due to be held on November 13, "as a point of principle". He expressed concern that the practice would spread to other departments.

Crowe told *The Beaver* that, "It's a rather Scroogish thing for the LSE to do and another example of the LSE downloading its costs onto its students".

Letters to the Editor

Last week's article on racism in Germany provoked a storm of protest

Dear Beaver,

In the view of *The Beaver's* Peter Udeshi, London stands as a capital of tolerance, human dignity and harmony amongst the peoples of the world. London stands as a fortress in the surge of xenophobia on the continent. In his articles "Has Racism built a new wall in Berlin?" (*The Beaver*, International Section, Issue 446) he claims that beyond the Channel respect for the human individual was subject to colour. Writing about his own experiences at Berlin's "Free University" he contends that particularly in Germany racial prejudices were far spread.

Discussion about xenophobia and intolerance contain some critical points. The most crucial of them: generalisation. Italians only eat Spaghetti, Japanese take photographs of everything and Germans wear Lederhosen are once and for all nationalist racists.



German racism: fact or fairytale?

Admittedly these are oversimplifying examples, but Udeshi, while criticising preconceptions of his fellow German students, commits a similar mistake. According to him, being a Turk in Germany one is expected to be a menial worker. He

withholds the score of this doubtful information and one is inclined to believe that he has let himself be carried away to spread a preconception. Is it true that all Germans consider Turks to be menial workers? Perhaps there are some pitiful people in Germany thinking disparagingly of foreigners and promoting their regrettable views. It has to be said that the larger part of the German population disapproves of racially motivated intolerance. In anti-racism demonstrations in major German cities in 1993 hundreds of thousands of Germans expressed their solidarity with foreigners, especially asylum-seekers. That the conservative government (in Germany) decreed a restrictive asylum legislation in the following year is deplorable. Udeshi is right in criticising the German immigration laws accentuating the racial aspect.

However, from the ignorance of his German student colleagues Udeshi draws the conclusion that the European political establishment is embracing xenophobia for political gain. It is definitely too far-fetched to infer from the arrogance of a few politics students that a continental European conspiracy towards racism was on the way.

Racial, national and religious intolerance concerns Germany as well as Europe and the whole world, including Britain. Would Mr Udeshi also say that all Catholics in Northern Ireland approve of IRA bombs killing innocent people? If xenophobia is an evil property of continental Europe only, how come that English football fans booed when the German national was played before the

English-German match of Euro '96.

London is a cosmopolitan city. The multi-coloured faces make an important part of its charm. But still I see more black than white street sweepers. In the LSE canteen non-whites clear away the mess left behind by privileged students. Surprisingly a lecturer told foreign LSE students during the pre-session English course that they should not expect the English students to be very friendly towards them. Once an uninvolved individual explained to me pompously after a small dispute with another student, that it was "a very Germanic attitude to discuss things too far". Fortunately this was my only experience of this sort and English people have proved to be especially friendly. Despite the fact that LSE is an exciting place in a very international city, it is simply wrong to claim that friction between nationalities is a continental European problem only.

Graciously Udeshi brings forward the attempt of an excuse for the Berlin students: the entrance requirements to university were not very high and there were no tuition fees in Germany. Of course, it's only the privileged fee payer who can afford to judge the xenophobic preconceptions of obviously inferior people.

It would be worth being more considerate about prejudices and intolerance. It's easy to criticise others mistakes and to condone your own ones.

Yours

Tobias Gewolker

The Editor reserves the right to edit the letters for spelling, grammar and length.

Dear Beaver,

This is a response to the senseless "article" by Peter Udeshi. I wonder if any one of the Editors had taken a closer look on Udeshi's writing, before this went into print. I think that the following lines are worth to be taken into consideration when producing a picture about Germany and the Germans.

It is a very poor article indeed. First of all it claims to give an answer to the very complex question about the prospect for integration in Germany, raising the rhetoric question whether racism was about to build a new wall in Berlin. Of course Udeshi's answer is "Yes" - and this is a conclusion drawn on several personal experiences ("...one...person shouted at me..." and "My Landeskunde teacher said that foreigners...will always face discrimination"). Udeshi's very explicit accusation is that foreigners in Germany are not allowed "to live with their dignity left intact", a statement that might be apt to describe housing conditions for asylum seekers, but which are certainly not suitable to describe the general living situation of foreigners in Germany. Udeshi's observations from his study experience in Berlin are as follows:

-people of Turkish origin are connoted as menial workers

-foreign students are kept in separate houses, living in constant fear of Neo-Nazi firebombing

-German students of Politics are self-righteous and ignorant

-public transport is not serving people of African origin

Let me first comment on these

particular accusations that are claimed to be "collective behaviour" in Germany and therefore meant to draw conclusions that allow to answer broader questions ("Has racism built a new wall in Germany?")

The question with regard to the social status of the Turkish population in Germany is - I am afraid - more complex than Udeshi's simple answer suggests. Most Turkish people would not like Udeshi's patronising and victimising approach to this question. Especially not those many who run their own business (from local restaurants and travel agencies to even larger companies) or many students who gain the same qualifications as their German counterparts. This is not to say that the "original Germans" were not still privileged with regard their access to certain careers.

As I have been studying in Germany for six years I reject the idea that German universities in particular were ignorant and racist. Neither were foreigners socially excluded, nor were they given lesser accommodation (as far as "segregation" is concerned I'd like to point out that my neighbour's house in Silver Walk Residence is completely "Russian" and I doubt that the origin of this situation is to be found in the racist housing policy of the LSE Accommodation Office). It might be true that several universities in Germany offer only third-rate education, but this is caused by the weak state funding (no fees!). This is a uniting experience for both German and Foreign students. As far as the German students' narrow mindedness and arrogance is concerned, I would like you to bear in mind that the German students

form the second largest group (after the USA) of overseas students here, which might be taken as an indicator of a weak German education system, but could also be seen (by some broader minded people) as an indication of an open mindedness, which is part of the general reputation of the student body at the LSE.

The article is completely inadequate in answering the questions that are raised by the issue of racism and integration. Everybody who uses public transport in London will be well aware that you will have certain difficulties catching a bus if you are sitting cross of a tree. But would it be adequate to conclude that the bus driver is a racist? In addition I think that it is very unfair to take the difference with regard to the concept of nationality - that is basically due to a historic development - as an indicator for German state would "encourage people from Kazakhstan" to immigrate, whereas on the same time refusing the right of citizenship to people who live in Germany in the third generation. Several of my Turkish friends became German citizens fairly easily.

To take a growing concern in Germany about meat production and its risks for people as another indicator for German nationalism and xenophobia is about as ignorant and stupid as you can get. This is the point where statements become ridiculous.

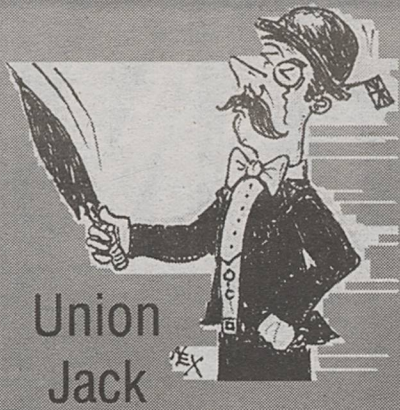
The international community at the LSE and the way problems are solved here may not be representative for Britain's handling of inter-cultural tensions, this is why the statement "... the basic difference between Berlin and London is that people

here are tolerant" to me sounds extremely dull and simplistic. I think many students from Europe will share my view when they read that although Berlin is supposed to be a very xenophobic place "the [racist] trend is noticeable everywhere and it is getting worse ...[in] mainland Europe". My Norwegian house mate was curious to learn that "students from Northern Europe" were accused of "...imitat[ing] the collective [xenophobic] behaviour of Germans". These statements are pure nonsense when drawn from one particular and several other vague experiences. All they do is transmit stereotypes and pre-judgements about Germans, continental Europeans, Northern Europeans, all categories that are in themselves questionable.

Much has been written about the "power of discourse" and the way stereotypes have effects on the perception of the "other" - a topic that lays at the heart of intolerance and racism. The aim of this letter is certainly not to deny the relevance and significance of the issue of racism, nevertheless this is a very serious and urgent problem that is taken to the absurd when dealt with in such a foolish way. Therefore, be aware of the effects that these stereotypes have. Giving simple answers to difficult questions, drawing conclusions from inaccurate, personal stories, should not be the way to deal with serious problems like racism or integration. This is not what studying at the LSE is all about and therefore should not be practiced on *The Beaver* either.

Yours

Berthold Hoffman



Jack felt that she could not really hold her head up high at last week's UGM. As she had feared, the Freshers have all but gone and we are left with the hacks fighting half-heartedly amongst themselves once more. There was one new fresh faced edition this week in the rather young form of Miss Shit jr. Jack's biological clock started ticking loudly as she found herself getting 'clucky' over the sweet young lass. Jack assumes that Piss Pooper was overcome with a similar paternal longing when he attempted to cajole her away with a bag of sweets to go and see his puppies in the back of his clapped out Fiesta. Luckily Chelsea (who has more to boast of in the looks department than her namesake and daughter of lesser political figurehead) made the wise move that all young girls should attempt to replicate: a sharp kick in the shins. Try this one on Friday girls.

It arose that the rampant Pooper has been sowing his ever virile seed again. Although this time it seems that he unfortunately fell asleep during an explicit act of, dare I say it, oral sex. Jack shuddered at the very thought, although was amused to note that it was not specified whether he was giving or receiving.

Gen Sex was looking rather dapper in a suit and a new haircut. Jack wondered if this anything to do with the, shock, outside important person. Jack noted that Gen Sex definitely has a presence about him, unfortunately it's the presence of a stand up comedian. This was accentuated by the fact that the microphone had to be held whilst standing up. Whilst political inadequates such as Trainspotter Potts (choose life) managed only to stand up and wave his arms about whilst reasserting that the Tories were indeed still crap. Gen Sex proved that he was more than comfortable on stage. So comfortable in fact that he felt the need to speak on nearly every single motion. Jack hoped that there would be a few new faces for her to feast her eyes upon.

No chance of any Tory beefcake as the right hand side of the UGM is populated by bespectacled cardigan wearers again. Jack thought there might be more promise on the far left of the house. The tall dark and strident Ben (right) the revolutionary (right) showed promise, and Jack does love a man with conviction. Unfortunately all the socialists have thus shown themselves as incapable of expressing themselves. Jack sighed and allowed herself to drift nostalgically back to last year, where have all the erudite Socialists and Communists gone? Long time passing ... The Beano boys, Dennis the Menace and Billy Wizz, are sadly missed on the left. "I feel sorry for you", says Tom Shit. Feel sorry for LSE politics someone, before it's too late.

There's life in the old fossil yet!

Julie Lawrence, Mature Students Officer, takes time out from swotting up on zimmer frame studies to introduce herself and attempt to whip up some enthusiasm from the 'born again' students

Going back to school as a mature student can be a strange experience when you have gone through many years of working, paying a mortgage, having kids etc. While it may seem an age since you wrote an essay, it feels like only yesterday since you were a sad-looking Goth, listening with intensity to Bauhaus and Sisters of Mercy (I know some of you out there can go way back further than that). What happened between then and developing a fondness for jazz, dinner parties and DIY? I think many

older students will agree therefore that going to university and having a career break can really help reverse the ageing process, despite the financial sacrifice involved.

Mature students may have a reputation for being specky swots, who complete all the reading and sit at the front of lectures, but that's hardly surprising, since obtaining a degree provides a second chance for many of us. However, I keep hearing mutterings that students in general, but particularly overseas and older students, are just not interested in the

peripheral activities of university, apart from parties and drinking. Domestic politics and campaigns offer few attractions. Yawns all round then when issues such as top-up fees and supporting university staff in industrial action are discussed. But we are all too quick to moan about poor facilities, poor teaching, high fees and grant cuts. Getting more involved in student politics not only ensures an interesting time at university, but may just make all the difference to ours and future students' quality of education, and ease of access to obtain that education. Anyway, preaching over: this old fossil has some reading to do.

Café in question

Imogen Bathurst, SU Services Officer, wants to know what you want from the Student Union Café

Hello readers. It's your Students' Union (SU) Services Officer here. I'm just writing to inform you of the up and coming plans I have for the SU services.

This term I will be concentrating primarily on The Café. In the next few weeks members of the exec will be wandering purposefully around LSE with questionnaires with the aim of finding out exactly what you think about The Café and the food it serves. I would be extremely grateful if you could take a few seconds to answer the questions and also add any suggestions you may have. Once the questionnaires are complete I will hopefully be able to propose some changes to The Café which will please everyone.

A quick word on the other SU services. Although everyone was expecting the Tuns carpet to be spotless this year after Coops promised to lick it clean you may have noticed it remains pretty grim. Ideas and plans are being thrown around at the moment as regards brightening up the place but in the mean time the new staff work shirts will have to keep you happy.

The Print Room continues to go from strength to strength as does the shop. Additionally service in The

Shop will soon be even quicker with the introduction of electronic price tagging.

Finally, if you have any questions or suggestions with regard to union services don't hesitate to contact me via the SU reception. This can be found in

entrance of the East Building and it's also one of the SU services that I am responsible for.

I'll look forward to hearing your comments and ideas.

Cheers-Imogen.



The Beaver

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WHAT'S ON

Tuesday,
October 29

Fr Terry Phipps on 'Friendship/Sex
Celibacy'
5:30pm in Chaplaincy (Room
KS1)
All Welcome

Thursday,
October 31

LSE Christian Union
Speaker: Rachel Hickson
Title: Prayer
Venue: S75
Time: 1pm

Wednesday,
October 30

Film Making Society
AGM & 1st Meeting
S75 1 - 2:30pm

Library Computer Systems Demonstrations

The library is considering replacing the current LIBERTAS system and are demonstrating alternatives, so students give their views on the new systems.

UNICORN (SIRI)
Tuesday, October 29
Thursday, October 31

INNOPAC
Friday, November 1, Tuesday 5 & Wednesday 6

LIBERTAS (Updated version)
Thursday November 14 & Friday 15

All meetings are at 2pm on the first floor.

Editorial

Hello, feeling a lot better this week thanks. Last week's experiment in flattering my ego worked rather well with plenty of people telling me that I had lost weight. Perhaps this week everybody could tell me that I'm doing a great job, it would be much appreciated.

At last, we have managed to offend some people enough to spur them into getting off their backsides and writing a letter of complaint, two in fact (see page four). This is much welcomed even though the letters were negative. The whole idea of having a student newspaper is that it is written by students. This means that you have to write in it. Letters are one valuable way of making a contribution and are also a good way of getting your point heard.

Last week Peter Udeshi wrote an article expressing his view on the problem of racism in mainland Europe, with specific reference to Germany, where he himself had been a victim of racism. This was his opinion and he is entitled to it. He is also entitled to put it in *The Beaver*. The letters of complaint are the opinion of their authors and they are equally entitled to express themselves and be heard.

Opinion articles such as Peter's are bound to be one sided. It would be very boring if all articles were totally objective giving no more than a bland reappraisal of the facts. A contentious and challenging article provokes debate and discussion and this is, after all, why we are here. You are always free to disagree and if you have an opposing viewpoint on any subject then we want you to write for us.

Nicola Hobday (Exec Ed)

PS Please can the SU Shop start selling double density discs again as we use them a lot in *The Beaver* office and always need new ones. Thanks.

EVENTS

SOUTHERN COMFORT EXTRAVAGANZA

This Friday Night
in The Three Tuns
1am bar extension

Southern Comfort plus Mixer £1 all
night!!!

Coopers & Lybrand

Opportunities for Business Economists

Presentation for economics students interested
in a career in management consultancy

Wednesday 30 October, 6.30 pm

Coopers & Lybrand
1 Embankment Place
London

Underground: Charing Cross or Embankment

Solutions
for Business

McKinsey & Company

M A N A G E M E N T C O N S U L T A N T S

McKinsey & Company is an international firm that advises senior management of the world's leading companies on issues of strategy, organisation and operations. We have 69 offices in 35 countries, including an expanding presence in South East Asia, China, Eastern Europe and South Africa.

We are looking for people with outstanding records of academic and extra-curricular achievement to join our offices in their home country.

London Office opportunities for undergraduates and British masters candidates

We invite you to our presentation on:

**Wednesday, 30 October 1996
at 7:30 p.m.**

The Waldorf Hotel, Aldwych, WC2

Opportunities for overseas postgraduates and U.K. doctorates

We invite you to our presentation on:

**Thursday, 31 October 1996
at 7:30 p.m.**

The Park Lane Hotel, Piccadilly, London, W1

We will also be holding a workshop to discuss how to answer business cases in an interview on:

**Wednesday, 13 November 1996
at 3:00 p.m.**

74 St. James's Street, London, SW1

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ATLANTA
BARCELONA
BEIJING
BERLIN
BOGOTÁ
BOMBAY
BOSTON
BRUSSELS
BUENOS AIRES
CARACAS
CHARLOTTE
CHICAGO
CLEVELAND
COLOGNE
COPENHAGEN
DALLAS
DUBLIN
DÜSSELDORF
FRANKFURT
GENEVA
GOTHENBURG
HAMBURG
HELSINKI
HONG KONG
HOUSTON
ISTANBUL
JAKARTA
JOHANNESBURG
LISBON
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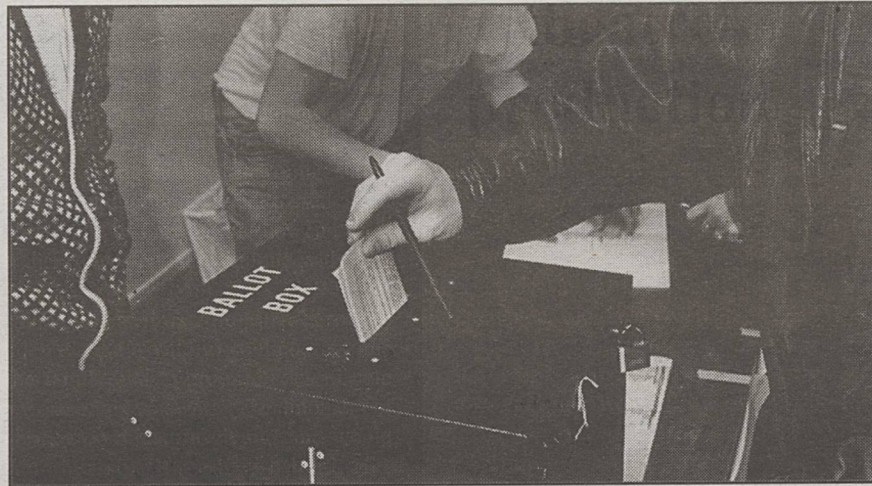
Throwing away the right to vote?

Dhara Ranasinghe examines the increasing trend away from voting amongst young people

It is difficult not to be impressed by the momentous struggles which have taken place to achieve universal suffrage, and witness those few historic occasions, such as when Nelson Mandela and Archbishop Tutu cast their votes in the South African elections of 1994, after a lifetime's struggle to win the right to vote. In Britain such a right has been ours since universal suffrage was extended to eighteen year olds in 1970. Three decades on however, and it appears that more young people are turning down the right to vote. Around two million 18-27 year olds are not registered to vote and 60% are estimated not to vote at the next general election.

In some parts of the world, such as in China young people are prepared to die for the right to vote, so why are we in greater numbers turning down the opportunity to decide on the society we live in? It's obvious you might say, "Politicians never listen to us and are only out for themselves", "I've got other things to worry about - like getting a job", or perhaps, "my vote isn't going to make a difference, so why bother?"

Is this growing trend a result of a



Vote. Just do it.

general disillusionment towards the existing system or, does it go hand in hand with the growing apathy amongst young people which appears to be the order of the day? You only have to look at the annual National Union of Students demonstrations to see the decreasing numbers participating in recent years. Perhaps, this is a bit too harsh. We now live in an age which demands that we put 'getting a job' at the top of our priorities.

This partly explains why our generation is not the radical driving force for change as it was say, in the 1960s.

The top London club the Ministry of Sound recently produced two cinema adverts, urging young people to vote and although they were banned their action does reflect the growing concern over voting. It is fair to say that one vote is not going to change the outcome of the next election, but voting does represent one of

those few opportunities where you are able to express your views on issues pressing to the circumstances of the day. Voting should be seen as more than just exercising your 'civic duty'. It promotes education on certain policies, increases participation and political awareness and in turn prevents alienation from the system, which studies show does occur by not voting. To highlight this importance, you can go back to the case of South Africa, where the advent of the vote allowed the new South African electorate to precipitate democratic change in the form of voting for parties dedicated to depart from the apartheid system. While the case for reform may not be as dramatic in this country, we can certainly see that there are a number of things which cry out for change, from poverty on the streets of London, to pollution and the state of education...the list is endless.

Many of us will be eligible to vote for the first time at the next general election and undoubtedly we will hear a great deal on the policies, politicians hope will carry the country into the next millennium. While much of this will appear irksome and many may raise points about the inadequacies of the electoral system in producing a representative Parliament, it should be remembered that we do have a right to decide on policies which will effect our future, a right we did not have to struggle for and one which is still denied to many.

A Procrastinator's bible - The First Installment...

Post-grad Danielle Bourgeois explains why her experiences of the job market convinced her to head straight back to the books!

As I survey the Everest-like mountain of reading before me I endeavour to justify putting it off for another while. I need one reason, just one single excuse. Burned into my memory it comes back in a flash...

Like most recently graduated undergrads I hit the career track at a dead halt. I think the skid marks were actually visible to others. I was preparing the noose as the phone rang. I should have tightened it, kicked over the chair and left it at that. The caller offered me a place at a bookstore. I needed the money, and "Trainspotting" hadn't yet been released in North America, so I bravely opted to prolong the inevitable.

At the time I was thrilled to have this job. I loved the idea of being surrounded by books all day of soaking up literary conversation from fellow devoted readers, and turning more people onto Ian Banks. My notions of a happy and interested literary public were smashed to bits. I quickly

discovered there were five basic tiers of customers: the psychologically balanced, the master of the painfully obvious, the 'X-Files' reject, the creepy freak, and the defective. You know, I never believed in aliens before I started this job. But, it's like they all look the same and someone has planted complete and total morons inside a seemingly functional human body.

The psychologically balanced are fairly easy to distinguish, they are slightly more evolved and are equipped with basic survival skills, such as comprehension of the alphabet. The masters of the obvious are also marked by telltale signs.

Perched on a ladder ten feet above the ground, with twenty copies of "How To Have An Orgasm When You Don't Really Love Him Because You Caught Him With Your Sister and Somehow Feel It's Your Fault", I endured a plethora of intelligent questions. Stingers such as "Do you work here?"; or "Can I return this book if I spill coffee on it?" were the daily fair. At least these people

were polite: most of these moronic queries were prefaced with a pleasant sounding, "Uh" or "This may be a dumb question, but..." The "X-Files" rejects were freaks who had missed their chance to attend a "Star-Trek convention and instead decided to come and torment a underpaid and disillusioned bookseller.

As a devoted follower of the 'customer is always right' cult, I made the mistake of being friendly to the book buying public. As a result, I was subjected to an incredibly wide variety of propositions. One determined woman only left (very happily), when I promised to marry her first-born. Yet the oddest thing anyone said to me was, "You've a clump of mascara on your eyelash. It's kinda cute, actually. You wanna to have dinner later?" Right! You want to share some of the prozac with the rest of us?

So we've come to the final category. These people made me doubt Darwin and, once again, endorsed my theory that aliens are very active in the book-buying public. The human race is doomed! The 'book licker' came to entertain us every

other month. He would leaf through larger books on battleships, licking the pages as he went. He obviously thought that I would enjoy the show, and entertained me with his exhibitionist activities as close to the information desk as possible.

Perhaps the most distressing customer was the old-fashioned moron. He asked me if we had *Cliff's Notes* for Bob Dylan. Confused I replied in the negative. He indignity wailed:

"But you have them for Tom Jones!". Later in the same week, another candidate for the Guinness Book of World's Daftest posed a question that still haunts me. She said, "I'm looking for a book on dinosaurs. It's called 'The Saurus'". I asked her to spell it and my worst fears were confirmed.

So, are there any lessons to be gleaned from my sentence in service industry hell? If I do my reading, I could potentially pass my exams. The job search naturally follows. Then, worst of all, there is the job!

Concrete capitalism

Is there a future for Hong Kong in 1997?

Matthew Wilkins examines the life that may never return

Hong Kong. As a city it is a barrage, a virtual attack on the senses and the intellect. Like the majority of its visitors, my introduction to Hong Kong came with the aerial descent. The plane expertly rose and dribbled through the obstacle course

apparently engaged in a competition to be the world's tallest building. Ubiquitous lights in homes and offices and, most importantly, or the requisite cigarette advertisement. The collective impression, in this place swooping between seventy storey high buildings, is that Hong Kong

principle of pork, displayed by the tremendous lack of anything resembling a European culture. No Parisian Left bank society or Covent Garden Theatreland here. Hong Kong's architecture can be seen as a physical allegory for its wealth. As it gets richer, so up go more skyscrapers. As it gets even richer, so it builds a new airport, complete with a new island for it to live on.

Being so concerned with money, Hong Kong is by no means short of places to spend it. It is possible to walk for miles in designer shopping malls, sheltered from the elements by capitalism. This city of twenty-four hour McDonalds and 7-11s, is the ultimate convenience throw-away society. But the flip side to this rampant free-market is that it apparently hurls human beings away as easily as an old Big Mac carton. Inequality is king here, in this colony filled with luxuries such as Rolls-Royces, yachts and private islands, but devoid of income securities, public pensions and health care. The most vulnerable are forced to simply eke out an existence on Hong Kong's very peripheries. It is common to see cripples and the mentally ill begging on the street, incidentally on a scale to proportionate to London's homeless octogenarians collecting tin cans and cardboard from the streets, sleeping under their carts - a heart-rending night.

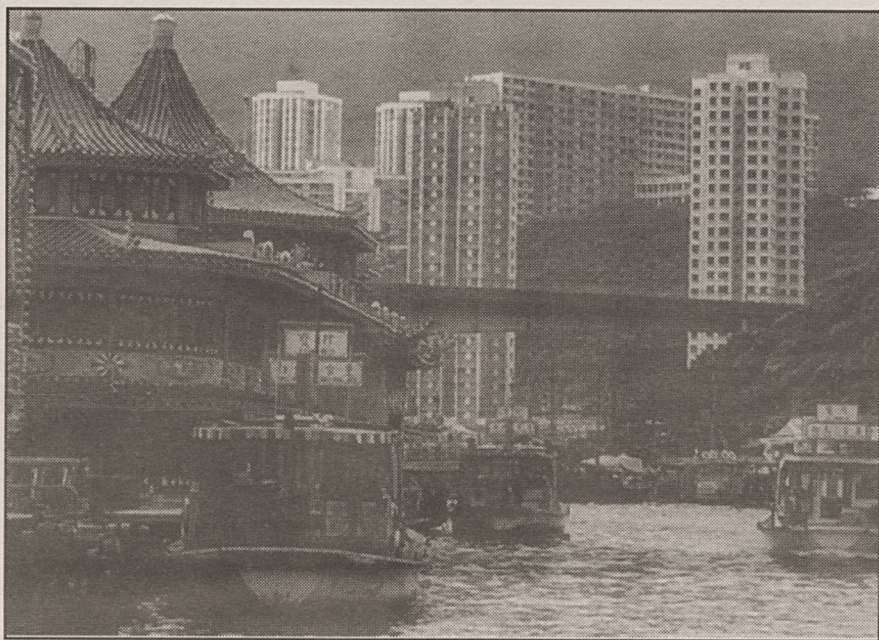
The countdown towards the 1997 Chinese takeover is nearing day by day, and Beijing's omniscient tentacles are increasingly felt. Street signs are appearing in Chinese where once they were in English. The press is consciously beginning to censor itself in an

apprehensive act of appearances. At the Shenzhen Chinese border, a huge red and gold sign celebrates the forthcoming 'unity'.

What will happen to Hong Kong after the 1997 hand-over remains quite simply a vast, towering question mark. My own opinion, probably soon to be refuted, is that we are about to be astounded by how little transformation there is and how minor the influx of Hong Kong Chinese

For people here, money is their religion, their politics, their democracy and their lives.

to the UK is. Hong Kong is wrapped in money and capitalism - China desperately needs the former and is consenting to the latter at a break-neck speed. Economic pragmatism will dictate that China is not about to cut off her nose to spite her face: Hong Kong has never had any democracy. You never know, Beijing may be about to maintain the status quo, whilst implementing a welfare programme. Then Hong Kong would be an even nicer place to visit.



The Capital of capitalism

of residential tower blocks, so close as to be able to nose at the locals slurping noodles in their high-rise kitchens.

Following this was a view so absolutely and unutterably beautiful that it ranks alongside the Pyramids in its brilliance - the harbour by night. Ferries, cargo ships, and extremely rarely the odd red-sailed junk, frothing about in the water. Gargantuan glass and steel structures zooming upwards all

is the future - this could be Gotham City.

Hong Kong is quite literally smothered with opulence. This is about as close to a capitalist society as you can get. Money rules. When you are 'somebody', the question of rent is likely to be granted the response of: "Not much!" In reality, the rent is around 40,000 dollars a month. For people here, money is their religion, their politics, their democracy and their lives. This is a city founded on the

Nigeria - a never ending story

It is nearly a year since Ken Saro-Wiwa and eight leaders of MOSOP (Movement for the Survival of the Ogoni People) were killed by the Nigerian military.

Saro-Wiwa was a playwright and author, who became a voice for the Ogoni, a minority group in Nigeria, who were oppressed by the ruling 'junta'. The background to this situation was that the Nigerian regime was allowing Shell (the oil multinational) to mine for oil in the region habituated by the Ogoni. It was strongly alleged that Shell was widely ignoring the oil-drilling safe-guards, in practice in developed countries,

since this was a third-world country they were dealing with. It was further alleged that Shell paid the Nigerian regime millions of dollars in compensation, none of which reached the Ogoni people however.

Saro-Wiwa championed the Ogoni peoples' rights. As a result, he was arrested along with eight others on trumped-up charges. After a sham trial which lasted for eight months, he was hanged on November 10, 1995, in spite of a huge international outcry and pleas of clemency from leaders the world over. Shell went to great lengths to absolve responsibility for this incident.

Ironically, the political situation in the Ogoni is as tense as ever. Nineteen more prisoners face identical charges and are suffering serious violation of their rights in prison. It is rightfully perceived that they are very unlikely to have a fair trial; Ogoni is under military occupation by an Internal Security Task Force. Arbitrary arrests, beatings and detentions are commonplace. Shell has announced its intention to resume its operations in Ogoni as soon as possible, sparking fears that the pollution and destruction of Ogoni land will also return.

A new organisation called the

Narius Aga laments the perpetual problems in Ogoni land

Ogoni Freedom Campaign has been set up to co-ordinate support in Britain for the Ogonis' campaign for human and environment rights. 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. Further details shall be made available soon.

New Labour. New hope for the environment?

Simon Retallack, Politics Editor, talked to Michael Meacher MP, the Shadow Cabinet Minister for Environmental Protection, to find out.

Although at times it showed that he had only been in his job for six weeks, my broad impression of Michael Meacher, taking into account that he is a politician, was favourable. After all, as far as most things green are concerned, he told me, "I am a believer!"

Meacher certainly doesn't have any problems accepting that climate change is happening and that it could have potentially devastating consequences. However, the Labour Party is not aiming to cut carbon dioxide emissions, the main green-house gas, by the widely recommended 60% before the year 2040 in order to stabilise emissions at 1990 levels. Meacher accepted that "those probably are the sort of limits we need to go for", but is only committed to a 20% reduction by the year 2010. Even that, he said, is going to be hard. "I don't think", he stated, "that the industrialised countries have really yet faced up to the major change in industrial procedures and in way of life that we need if we are to meet those requirements."

Surprisingly, given that he said "you can't drive a car across London today faster than the Romans drove their chariots 2000 years ago", Meacher only proposes to 'encourage' people to use their cars less. To go further, he believes, "would be almost suicide politically"; a worry he regularly came back to during the interview, indicating, either that the Labour Party is overly cautious, or that democracy has severe limitations. Instead, he argues for public-private partnership to produce a "genuinely green car", and for providing people with better alternatives to using the car; for "more investment in rail, in tubes, and surface traffic." But the question remains unanswered as to how he will pass this spending commitment past the fiscally conservative Gordon Brown...

Another difficulty for Michael Meacher is his party's position on implementing a carbon tax, which is widely believed to be essential for bringing down green-house gas emissions. "Personally", he said, "I am rather sympathetic to a carbon tax. My problem is that the party's position at the moment is that we are opposed to it." The apparent reason for the party's stand is that they fear that the tax is seen as being regressive; hitting the poorest the most. However, Meacher is not deterred; he believes it is "a good idea in principle" and hopes to turn it into a practicality by finding effective ways of protecting the poor.

Meacher is ahead of his party in other ways too. He stated explicitly that he was prepared to stand up to the big oil, road and car lobbies. These, in his words, "extremely powerful" vested interests are desperately trying to prevent any target from being reached at an international level to reduce carbon dioxide emissions. So it is certainly heartening to hear Meacher give this commitment. Neither is

he convinced by the nuclear lobby that it should provide a safe alternative source of energy for the future. Instead he wants to see a big increase in renewables - solar power and wind farms.

Meacher also prefers the natural way when it comes to farming. He believes intensive modern agriculture can have

countries to attract inward investment they must deregulate to the lowest common denominator, removing social and environmental legislation which is costly to business. Michael Meacher however, interestingly, told me, "the Labour Party is not committed to free market economics", and believes, "there

governments and corporations to account more. But his party is not proposing any clear mechanisms to achieve this, in the unlikely event that its leader should want to.

Furthermore, the Labour Party, old and new, is still committed to the same pattern of development, of economic growth, which has an adverse impact upon the environment, as well as on society at large. Even the statements Michael Meacher made on this subject appeared contradictory. At one point in our conversation he really seemed to see the light, asking, "what is the point of higher growth if the air you breath is becoming increasingly polluted, if you can't drink the water for fear of causing disease, and if the land is increasingly contaminated? What's the point?" He feels very keenly that we should not have "this obsessive concern with GNP". Although using a rather ambitious time-frame, he told me that he accepted "to go on recklessly as we have been is not possible for more than a few centuries".

Yet, having said all of this, Meacher put forward a rather lame alternative - his "middle way" - that dubious oxymoron - sustainable development. The problem with this concept is that by its very nature, development is not sustainable, for how is continuous growth, continuous consumption possible when we live on a planet which must clearly have finite resources? The logic is incontestable. The real problem, as Meacher let slip on several occasions, is that if Labour were to start encouraging people to consume less, "politically, it would almost certainly be impossible to win an election". That is the crux of the problem. The perception among politicians is that you have a choice between committing political suicide or ecological suicide, and no prizes for guessing which they prefer to opt for...

So will New Labour make any difference? With Michael Meacher sitting in the Cabinet, it could well do. There are great problems with Labour's approach, especially when it comes to setting out concrete proposals to actually prevent people and industry from acting in an environmentally destructive way. But Meacher broadly understands what has to be done, and talks about "a tremendous crusade to persuade people, companies, individuals and families, to fundamentally change their way of life, to be far more conscious of the needs of the earth, of this very fine and delicately balanced ecosystem in which we all live." In practice it is going to be very difficult, especially, as he says, because of "the very strong vested industrial interest behind the current pattern of growth." But it has at least to be attempted. Tony Blair calls himself a radical. He should take this opportunity to prove it. If Blair does, and if he actually backs Meacher, New Labour could well bring some new hope for the environment.



Michael Meacher MP - the man with the mission.

very damaging consequences to the environment and to human health, and once again said he will face up to the vested interests of the chemical industry which is trying to block any reduction in the use of artificial fertilisers and pesticides. "I do think", he told me, "that governments are there to hold the ring between industrial interests and the consumer." What a refreshing difference from the Tory way of thinking! Although the Labour Party is not yet committed to setting any targets for increased organic farming, Meacher talked admiringly about Prince Charles' vision, and explained, "We do have to have much tougher regulation." He also committed himself to banning the highly dangerous organophosphate pesticide.

So has the Labour Party really gone green? If one looks at the wider picture, it is unlikely that it has. Tony Blair, for example, has clearly embraced free market economics, and the question remains as to how it is possible to protect the environment in a globalised free market. A market which is based on the principle of competition, meaning that for

is no question of lowering environmental standards in order simply to get more inward investment."

He seems to forget that the standards that exist in Europe do not exist in most developing countries. Thus how is he going to prevent trans-national corporations from transferring production to those countries, as many are already doing, other than by lowering our own standards? When I gave him an example of how the World Trade Organisation was already being used to force the deregulation of environmental standards in the USA, he told me, "I didn't know what you have just said and I do find that very disturbing. I will go away and follow this up".

Meacher has the right instincts. "I am not in favour of naked free-trade globalisation", he told me. The trouble, once again, is that his party is not committed to do anything to reverse the trend. Meacher may well believe in the need for more indigenous industry and greater self-sufficiency; he even said he was "in favour" of localising democracies and economies so that people could hold

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Twelfth Night

Tejash Patel explains that some films are great, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

Twelfth Night, as you may or may not know, was written by William Shakespeare, in the 1600s. It is this play that has received the big screen treatment. 'Twelfth Night' is considered by many to be one of Shakespeare's greatest comedies, not in its slapstick humour, but rather in its subtle humour combined with a melancholy sub-plot.

Now let me confuse you about its plot. The plot is actually quite complicated to explain, but basically it revolves around a woman called Viola (Imogen Stubbs) who gets shipwrecked on an island. She then dresses up as a man to get a job under Count Orsino (Toby Stephens) who supposedly is desperately in love with a lady named Olivia (Helena Bonham Carter). Viola who is now called Cesario,



Dueling hi-jinks, in an orchard, with a drunken Mel Smith. What will they think of next?

becomes the go-between in which Viola/Cesario sends love messages from the Count. After a few messages Olivia does fall in love, but not with the Count, instead she falls in love with Cesario but then ... well you'll just have to watch it and see!

The acting is superb! From a very believable portrayal by Imogen Stubbs, of a woman who can't act but who manages to convince everybody that she is a man, to the

acting of Feste (Ben Kingsley), a fool who in no respects of the word is a fool. Both Nigel Hawthorne and Helena Bonham Carter are great in their respective roles, as they always are. Watch out for Mel Smith as a drunk, Richard E Grant as an ungraceful, unintelligent rich person. Imelda Staunton is good as the housekeeper with a hidden agenda and Steve Mackintosh who plays Sebastian, the twin brother of Viola, who in fact looks very much like a masculine version of Imogen Stubbs. His acting talents are not fully utilised; he is yet another very good actor who could not display his talents to the full due to the relatively small part his character plays. Though what is most surprising in this film is the way in which the relationship between Viola/Cesario to



THE RATINGS GAMES

- 5 : Robert De Niro
- 4 : Al Pacino
- 3 : Tom Hanks
- 2 : Steve Martin
- 1 : Keanu Reeves

Orsino and to Olivia is made so believable, I was expecting to cringe at these moments when both get too close to Viola/Cesario but it was handled very well.

The music, to my surprise, was actually well composed and was used at the right times and stopped at the right places. To those who like buying sound tracks it is definitely worth checking this soundtrack out.

Although it is a comedy, and arguably the best comedy created by William Shakespeare, it will not make you burst out laughing, instead it will make you smile, non-stop. It was extremely easy to watch, although it maybe more difficult to understand completely if you've never studied the play. It will appeal to everybody, apart from those who just want to see sex and violence. If you liked 'Much Ado About Nothing' you'll LOVE 'Twelfth Night'!

4

FILM FACTS

Title: Twelfth Night
 Stars: Helena Bonham Carter, Ben Kingsley, Richard E. Grant, An Assortment of British Luvvies.
 Director: Trevor Nunn
 General Release: 25/10/96

Chain Reaction

Keanu Reeves can't act Shock! Johan Almenberg discovers the impossible.

Imagine...a new source of clean, limitless energy to replace gas and oil. In a University of Chicago research lab, a team of scientists and technicians have achieved an earth-shaking triumph. After years of tireless work, they have tapped a simple, yet almost infinitely powerful way to produce energy from water - cleanly, efficiently, abundantly - for a fuel-starved, pollution-weary world. What impact will it have on us all?

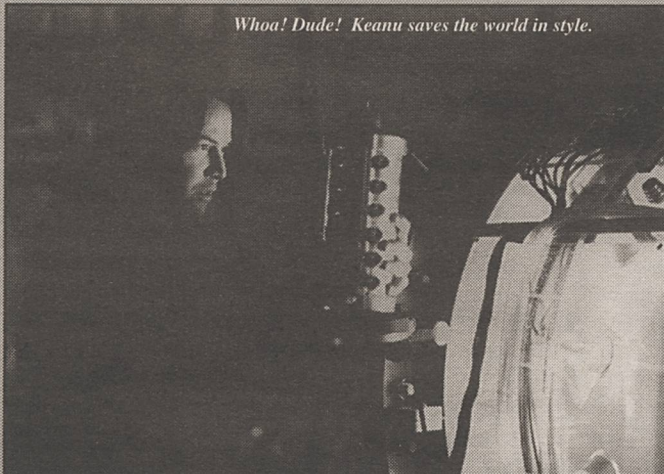
Despite ambitious pretenses, Keanu Reeves' latest action packet fails to make any remotely

intelligent impression. In one of the opening scenes, student machinist Eddie Kasalovich is queried, by a fellow researcher on the team, whether he has computer-plotted his work. "No" comes the response, "I was too busy building it". Wonderful, our Keanu works in a lab but he works with his hands goddammit - and, he drives a motorcycle. He ain't no geek, oh no.

Incidentally, the fellow researcher who asked him the question is the chick of the flick, Lily Sinclair (Rachel Weisz), who complements Eddie perfectly with her wholly theoretical approach to science and oh-so-kissable lips in general. In fact, the unabashed gender stereotyping is the one

and only surprising feature of this film, making you wonder whether the producers didn't actually make it ten years ago and have held on to it ever since.

I suspect the director Andy Davies is a great fan of the Eddie Kasalovich school of savoir-vivre. Did Mr Davies computerplot his film? I doubt it, he was no doubt "too busy building it". And not unlike Kasalovich's brainchild in the film, "Chain Reaction" explodes. It bombs. It's a terrible film. As soon as the basic plot has been secured, the director piles one stunning action shot on top of another at a rate where you don't even notice that Keanu can't act for his life. Morgan Freeman is a much needed support in giving a hint of acting cred to the venture, but it is unfortunately in vain. As for Rachel Weisz, her character



Whoa! Dude! Keanu saves the world in style.

swoons and flutters her eyelashes a few too many times, making me dearly miss the neurotic but stoic role she portrayed in "Stealing Beauty".

However, this isn't the full story. "Chain Reaction" does deserve some credit, especially for the outstanding acting sequences. Nailed to my seat for an hour and a half by a very loud and intense sound

Brain Candy

Yasmine Chinwalla endures Canadian Humour

Brain Candy is the first full length feature from the quirky, Canadian comedians 'The Kids in the Hall, familiar to those of you who watch Channel 4 in the middle of the night. True to the form of the series they play approximately 40 roles, both male and female; fans, however, will recognise few characters from the TV series.

In the opening sequence, a cynical taxi driver barely misses running over an unsuspecting tramp, shrieking "have some respect, you homeless piece of shit!", as a taste of the truly bizarre wit of the kids. A succession of depressed individuals are introduced, including a man telling his psychiatrist that "the nipples of my mother's hope have run dry".

A team of scientists (headed, strangely enough, by a Dr Chris Cooper) at Roritr pharmaceuticals invent a miracle anti-depressant. The product, Gleenonex, makes a patient lock into their happiest memory. This is an excuse to bring on an array of outrageous caricatures as a means of commenting on today's consumer Prozac society. These include: Cancer Boy; White Trash Man and Women; Grivo the heavy metal singer; Clemptor the super-model; and Wally the repressed homosexual (who bares more than passing resemblance to

David Seaman - or is it just the moustache?). Their lives are completely revitalised by the wonder drug. The 'brain candy' is mass produced and marketed without sufficient testing by the unscrupulous Director as the company is in dire financial straits. This leads to unpredicted side-effects.

The moral of the story is "the only way to be happy is to know that you can't be happy all the time"; after all, as the cynical taxi Driver's mother used to sing, "Life is short, life is shit, and soon it will be over". A comforting thought.

The humour is certainly very visual, but the Kids show a degree of subtlety and irony lacking in much of the material we are inundated with from the other side of the Atlantic. There are lots of fantastic wigs, some wonderful psychedelic sequences, and an interesting sound-track varying from heavy metal to cheesy easy-listening, and of course featuring 'the shadowy men on a shadowy planet'. However, the storyline really is zany characters loosely linked by a rather thin plot.

It is an amusing film, more for individual parts than for the whole.

3

FILM FACTS

Title: Chain Reaction
 Stars: Morgan Freeman, Keanu Reeves.
 Director: Not Keanu Reeves, though the thought is fairly amusing.
 General Release: 25/10/96

effects parade, the mere visual was enough to tip the scales. Hell, I was entertained. I loved it. So, if your particularly keen on grand scale destruction of property, overly keen on Keanu, or just enjoy laughing at the wrong moments - Keanu occasionally opens his mouth with serious intent - go see this film. Otherwise, don't waste your money.

1

Blood Wedding

You are cordially invited to an unhappy wedding at the Young Vic. The bridegroom is killed on his wedding night and the wedding band of three hippies provide the musical accompaniment.

The new translation of Federico Garcia Lorca's tragedy *Blood Wedding* by the former poet laureate Ted Hughes dampened by the performers, but complemented by the musicians.

Blood Wedding is a tragedy set in a rural community, which does not have to be Spanish. Lorca wrote it in 1933 whilst working with a government sponsored theatre company "La Barraca", in Spain.

The piece has very strong themes which also crop up in two other plays of his "Yerma" and "The House of Bernada Alba". *Blood Wedding* deals with the lives of some simple folk in a village, who spend time tilling the land, marrying, eating drinking and dying. They are tossed about on the saddle of fate and all they can do is pick themselves up and continue with their lives.

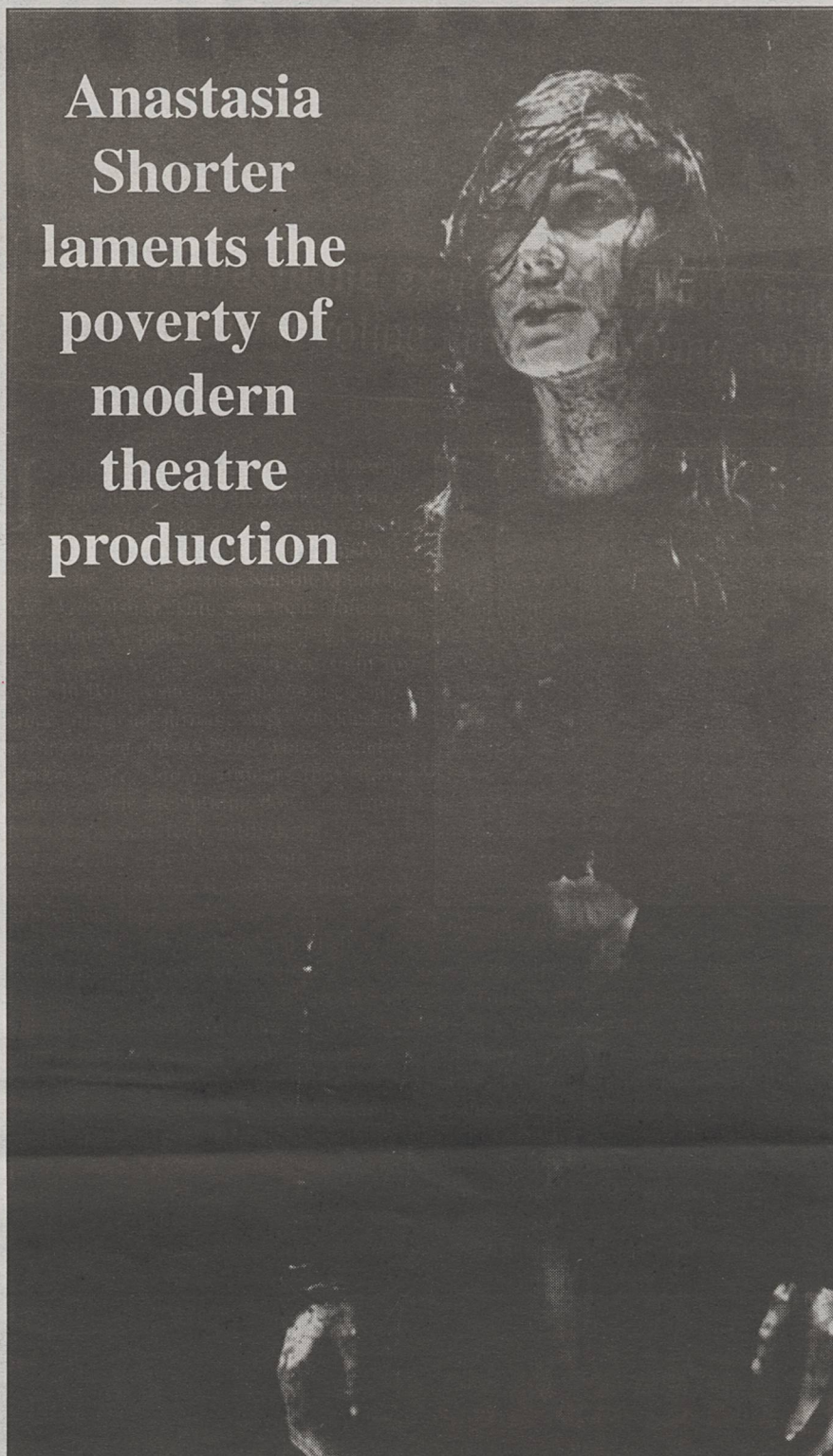
The plot is thus: the "bridegroom" decides to take a wife to continue his line of the family and to produce sons to help him work in his vineyard. The "mother" of the bridegroom has misgivings and would rather her son stayed with her. Her husband and her other son were killed by the Felix family, and she is still full of grief and bitterness. The bride to be is still in love with her previous lover, who is married to her cousin. Though they no longer meet, he still rides to her window every day, and they are drawn to each other by a self destructive force. And the clincher is this: the lover is part of the Felix family and the bride and he elope on her wedding night. So through family deaths to revenge, the bridegroom pursues them and blood flows.

Despite the predictable plot, the play's beauty is in its poetry and its sense of impending doom. Lorca cleverly uses archetypes instead of developed characters. The audience is forced to concentrate on the drama and poetry as they too are dragged with the lover and groom to their sad death. This allows *Blood Wedding* to be staged in any culture or region. Only a few conditions need be satisfied.

The "land" must be hot, arid, and horses have to be the primary source of transport. (The horse is a very strong symbol through the play, for strength, passion madness and fate.)

Unfortunately, this production of *Blood*

**Anastasia
Shorter
laments the
poverty of
modern
theatre
production**



Wedding feels like it being performed in a drawing room in rural England after dinner for some (very) melo-drama. We have some actors desperately trying to be Spanish. Trying to exude the life and hot blooded abandon that English people assume all Spanish people have.

Every symbolic gesture or line is over

emphasised. The intense emotions are hammed up in order to hide the fact that the actors do not have the passion of the peoples they are trying to depict.

I, for one, did not feel any sympathy for the "mother", (Gillian Barge) who loses her last living son. She dominates the stage with a Shakespearian voice which is

far to royal for this play about ordinary people. When she laments her desire to keep the earth soaked with her sons blood as a relic, one suspects that she has never touched any soil in her life. So much for earthy peasants.

The wedding guests lack rhythm whilst they go through the motions of the wedding dances. And the exclamation of joy, excitement or grief "AAAIIIIIYYEEEEE" is taken literally. You can here the actors putting every effort in to each syllable although it is supposed to be spontaneous.

The plays climax is reached when the lover and bridegroom kill each other. This is symbolised by the dance of death, which neared the farce threshold. "Death" as an old woman in a negligee, (I rather wished she had put on a dressing gown before she left the bedroom) performs a dance inspired by bullfighters with their red capes. But how "Death" overcomes two bull-like men when she could not even keep her black cape under control is beyond me.

The only convincing woman of the soil was the servant, (Polly Hemingway). She was gruff, straight forward, but emotional and a voice of sense when the other players became dramatic to bear.

The only other voice of sense was Michael Ormiston. He used some amazing vocal techniques learnt in Mongolia for sounds effects, mood music, wailing and gurgling. With their orchestra of instruments from nomadic cultures around the world, they created a new interpretation of *Blood Wedding*. Their music removed the feeling that "this is Spain", that the actors tried so hard to create. Instead they created a dream community in the hottest of all deserts with its own culture yet universal.

But a good score can only do so much to resurrect a bad production. I kept wishing that the bride who wore red shoes would click them together so the white witch would appear and take me home.

Blood Wedding is playing at the Young Vic Mondays to Saturdays at 7:30 pm till November 2.

Apology

In last weeks *Beaver* we attributed the article headlined "Sexiest Man Alive" to Faten Bizarri. This should have been accredited to Rima White. *The Beaver* would like to apologise for any problems this has caused

Rubens's Landscapes

Hattie Sellick takes an alternative look at the famous painter at the National Gallery

If the name Rubens immediately conjures up images of voluptuous women, (a polite way to say that someone is a little overweight is to describe them as Rubenesque), altarpieces or portraits, then you are on the right track. However, there is a great deal more to this artist than most art-history books will tell you.

For much of his early life Rubens was a diplomat. This entailed a great deal of travelling, which in turn allowed him to see many diverse landscapes. His fascination for portraying landscape, trees and nature was reflected in the paintings that are now on show at the National Gallery, through January 19th.

Part of the 'Making and Meaning' series at the National, Rubens

Landscapes shows us the less well known side of Rubens's work: his



landscapes paintings and personal sketches of trees, flowers and fields. The exhibition situates Rubens within the Flemish tradition of the Breugel family and Rubens's own pupil, Van Uden. The highlight is a large painting entitled 'Landscape with Het Steen', a rural scene that includes a clear portrait of Rubens' country residence. As with another large

picture called 'Summer', the attention to detail and finish is remarkable. In both paintings there are some charming and lighthearted touches, such as a pair of mating oxen, turnips on the back of a cart on its way to market, and a hunter stalking grouse. The feeling that many of these paintings give is one of intimacy, and it has been suggested that Rubens painted them entirely for his own pleasure and private viewing.

The exhibition also includes an interesting display of the panel-making techniques used during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Entrance to the exhibition is via the Sainsbury wing and is free. If you have a spare hour, then don't miss this short, but fascinating show.

This Week's Albums

Bit of a Goa

Album: *The Perfecto Flouro...*
Artist: Paul Oakenfold

This is it. This is the Oakenfold album we've been waiting for, this is the logical progression from his classic Goa Mix; broadcast almost a year ago on Radio One's evening session, and released through some obscure, probably illegal, record label making it virtually impossible to get hold of.

Goa Mix: Listen to it anywhere, preferably off your face. My dodgy copy of that Radio One broadcast has been my most played house tape of the last year, it kicks, it

doesn't smell of cheese, or even handbags, and has some wicked samples from Bladerunner. This is my type of dance music: it's techno with a tune, or maybe it's trance that makes you dance. Paul would say "It's just Goa", but to hear that word, unless you've actually been clubbing in the place, is probably not quite descriptive enough to do justice to this unique style. So I'll try another way to describe it. Picture the scene: A cluster of three or four tents in the grassy shelter of a disused chalkpit, in the middle of summer. As the warm evening draws in the owners of the tents return from the local pub. The owners are suitably off their faces, the fire is built high and casts huge dancing shadows on the chalkpit

walls. The stereo is turned on, the music is soaring, uplifting, but sometimes quiet and thoughtful, it's dancing music for those who want to dance, and it's chilling music for those who want to chill. The next morning as the various old cars depart from the scene of the night's festivities, the sound of music drifts from the open window of one, it's the same music as the night before, and despite hangover and amphetamine exhaustion, the power is still there, it's time for the freedom of the open road, and just a bit more Oakenfold.

The *Flouro album*

should've been released last Christmas instead of the more commercialised *Perfecto* compilation, but hey, Oakenfold can do no wrong, and he loses no marks in my book for keeping us all waiting. The release, however, is timed to coincide with the *Perfecto* college tour, which ignores the entirety of London University. I know you don't like London Paul, but there are eight million people here, and maybe just one or two might like to see you live occasionally?

Anyway niggle, niggle enough of that, this album is a storming, in your face, explosion in the Goa style, that'll have you dancing your tits off in your bedroom with only minimal amounts of DEA supervision.



Cecil Sizzle

Artist: Cecil
Album: *Bombar Diddlah*

You might expect a band that almost played at the LSE to be pretty dire (or cheap), but Cecil's new eight track mini album is surprisingly good. They combine the "noise" of Metallica with the "attitude" of Nirvana. Most tracks are full of distorted guitars, best heard at full volume. *My Neck* is absolutely wild, so much so that it's scary!

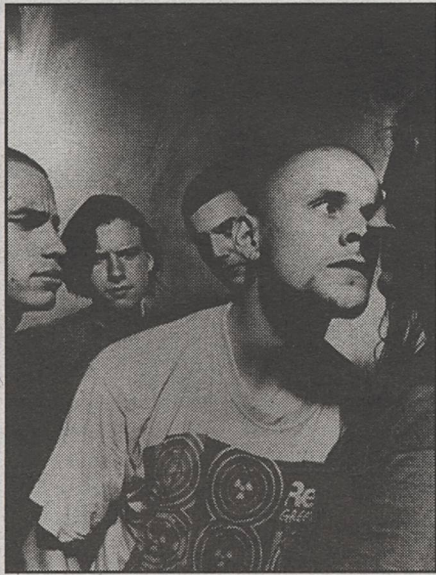
All the songs on *Bombar Diddlah* are written by lead singer Ste Williams, a bloke with enough anger to fuel a nation. He can sing, but sounds much better shouting swear words, like in *No Excuses*. He is

talented and adaptable to different styles of music as shown in the quiet, mellow song *Spirit Level*, complete with spanish guitar solo. It makes you feel like saying "ahh" and pinching his cheeks.

Ste seems to look at things in a positive way (unusual for a rocker), choosing to call a song about a frown, *Upside Down Smile*. His lyrics, when comprehensible, do show signs of intelligence, particularly the last track,

Poshina-lagweedy (don't ask me why it's called that) in which Ste softly sings about his ideals and life, "I wanna be a child and have fun... And never think about my death." Makes a change from the usual 'life sucks - kill yourself' songs. After 4 minutes and 43 seconds the song suddenly kicks into heavy rock mode, making you jump out of your seat. It's

things like this that make Cecil that little bit different to the average rock band. Cecil have a cool band name, a cool album name, and some cool songs with cool names. They'll go far. **Sunil Sodah**



Techno Tea

Artist: Empirion
Album: *Advanced Technology*

From amid the strobes and smoke comes a noise. It starts with deep pulses and sparse kick drums and builds layer upon layer with new sounds before the slicing beat kicks in like a knife to the head. The acid funk siren weaves in and out like a snake in the undergrowth. Harsh and tense yet so very beautiful the song keeps driving on. Suddenly a cutting voice rings out, "Drugs taking their lives away," while the song keeps on building. The light keeps exploding in your eyes. Your throat is dry. Your heartbeat is like a drill. The sweat wont stop flowing. The beat will not stop. The chilling words will not cease. Is this a nightmare or a great night out?

This is the feeling evoked by Empirion's '93 classic *Narcotic Influence*. That thrilling but deadly reach for oblivion. That rush that signals immediate joy and inevitable comedown. It's a perfect way to start their long awaited new album. Empirion deal in the dark side of disco. Drawing their influences from the electro beats of Kraftwerk through the howling chaos of industrial music into the maelstrom of house and techno. The result is nothing short of magnificent.

Hailing from Essex and mates with the Prodigy and Nitzer Ebb they mix the power of the former with the fury of the latter then add an epic sweep of their own. Hence *Advanced Technology* is very dated, timeless and yet futuristic all at once. The title track is second and heralds the thunder of a speeding car

before crashing into a soundscape of hard space funk. *Ayahuasca* drifts in with Orbital like warm ambient swirling that pick up a beautiful rising beat that winds it's way effortlessly into your heart. Wonderful and lush it merges into *Ph* with a harder and earthy Leftfield type sound surge and slowly building waves. *Quark* is harder and electro and screams out with bug-eyed paranoia. It sets the scene for the remainder of the album. *Ciao* employs a hard gabba thump with drilling bleeps then pours on a techno storm complete with dramatic gothic swirls and garbled vocals.

By this time the desire to loose your marbles and dance to the album is overwhelming but hey I'll stick to my cup of tea. Reviewing this seems pointless I want to ride with this. Anyway *Jesus Christ* is in more Front 242/EBM jackhammer beat vein. Tense rigid rhythms and more garbled vocals that evoke images of sweat, leather and chains. Phew, time for a cold shower before we round off with *New Religion*. This is a comedown synthesis of the albums styles from lush ambience, echoing menace and furious sound attacks. It leaves you begging for more so it's time to stick the kettle on and start the album again.

Like many others Empirion have made a 'proper' techno album of repetitive beats that takes the genre to new glorious heights without going anywhere at all. "Dull soulless dance music?" - no way, this is epic body and soul music that demands your attention. Buy it kids and remember, just say go. Now, where's the sugar? **Alan Mustafa**

Use Your Tool

Artist: Tool
Album: *Aemina*

From the press release, it looks like Tool have done pretty well the last time around. I actually had them pegged as a hard rock band. Imagine my surprise. Tool is... different. They are not the usual rockin', swearin', boozin', have-a-good-time kind of band. Personally, I don't like this type of music. The band itself are all accomplished musicians. Maynard Jones Keenan has mastered the art of singing/muttering mystical-like, and then suddenly bursting forth in a surge of anger and emotion. Adam Jones keeps his guitar playing to a minimum, with ringing tones and weird harmonies, most noticeable on *Forty-six & 2* and *Stinkfist*. The bass sets a solid foundation and complements the guitar on the quiet bits beautifully; bravo, Justin Chancellor. But to me, Danny Carey's star shines brightest. The drum work is as simple as it is intricate. Checkout *Jimmy*, *Pushit* and *Aenema*. They isn't actually any '2000 beats per second' type drumming but nevertheless it's impressive.

Stinkfist has a weird intro which sounds like someone pounding on piano strings with a hammer. The guitar work as mentioned above is quite cool. *Eulogy* is a tad too long. The chorus "...so long..." shouted by Maynard should be "...too

long...". *Forty-six & 2* has a great mystical guitar riff which brings to mind images of Buddhist monks jamming with electrical guitars. *Message to Harry Manback* is supposed to be a segue (read: interludes) - one of six in the album - but is actually pointless. *Hooker With a Penis* gets my vote for most original song title. It's also probably the most upbeat song on the album *Intermission* - another segue - sounds like circus music played through a church organ - is also pointless. *Jimmy* sounds too much like *Eulogy* to stand out but Carey's drumming saves it from obscurity. *Die Eier Von Satan* - segue - sounds industrial, like something by Nine Inch Nails. Orchestrated machinery with a German bloke muttering in the background. *Pushit* reminds me of a swarm of mosquitoes swirling round my head. The end refrain "...pushit on me..." sounds like he's saying "...shit on me...". The title track *Aenema* is not a bad song. Great percussion, great guitars...my choice for the single.

One thing though, most of the songs sound more or less the same. So if you're not really paying attention, the album sounds like one very very long song. The segues are a waste of space. However, personal taste aside, this strong album from a mature and accomplished group. **Riezal Sufian**



Gigs around Town

Music To Wannadie For

Gig review and interview with a Swedish grave-digger

The Wannadies @ L.A.2

"It's like your first love, You can't leave it alone, you just have to keep on going back to it" Fred, the bass player from The Wannadies told me in my interview with him before the gig last Wednesday. 'Have to keep on going back to what?' I hear you cry, and also, since I am psychic, I can look into every Beaver reader's mind and as you read this I can see through the thick mist of lecture and class notes, which are frankly killing you slowly by numbing your brain from the cortex upwards, I can see... Yes you are trying to guess what it is that Fred can't leave alone, is it song-writing? Money? Fame? Performing live? (oer) Or maybe even his pet poodle, Kenneth? Don't be so childish, it's grave-digging in Sweden of course. Which, despite being in a reasonably successful indie band and earning quite enough readies to keep the leopard skin toilet seat cover clean, Fred returned to over the summer.

The sanity of a band which contains two members who spend their spare time six feet deep, or at least digging their way there on behalf of dead people, has to be

questioned. However what can't be questioned is The Wannadies ability to compose consistently top tunes. The Wannadies are pure pop perfection, if you haven't got their debut album *Be a Girl* then buy it and prepare to love every tune.

Fred's a funny sort of bloke to interview, he's very friendly, and also very Swedish, which in turn means very clean living, that is apart from drinking Hooch, which as all our younger readers know, isn't actually alcoholic at all, and can be drunk as an expensive alternative to lemonade. The last time I interviewed him The Wannadies were poised on the brink of commercial success in this country, success which, to a certain extent they have since achieved. Fred assured me that the band are all happy with the way that things are going for them at the moment,

and with their new album set for release in the new year it looks as though things could get bigger still (Ooer!). Fred told me that their new album is heaps better

than their last one, but there again I have found that virtually every artist I ever interview says that, and I suppose they're bound to really, maybe I should just stop asking that question and make up my own mind when I actually hear the bloody thing!

Fred was distracted, the layout of the LA2 means that from the bar area, where I was talking to Fred, you can see over the balcony and onto the main stage, which meant that Fred was able to see the roadies sound-checking, or more specifically bearded, beer bellied, Ben the riled roadie about to plug Fred's bass into his arse and cause a huge malfunction, not

to mention a rather strange smell: Fred became more and more distracted, and eventually, making his apologies decided that he really was needed on stage.

Later that evening I returned to the LA2 for the gig itself. Packed wasn't the word, it was the Picaddilly Line at rush hour, it was Ruthless Rich's room when he shouts out that any girls can give him a blow job and they don't have to pay him nowt (Standing charge of £312.50 only applies to males on those special if rare occasions) Basically it was clear to me that the popularity of the Wannadies is definitely on the up, this being the most packed concert of theirs that I ever been to. The music was as great as ever, they certainly know how to rock. Dying For More is such a good song for them to finish on, and despite Fred's protestations to the contrary I still can't believe that the drugs connotations did not cross their minds during the writing process. The final feeling I got from the gig was one of a more cocky and confident Wannadies who have really evolved as a live act in the five months since I last saw them. They're all set to go big places with their new album, wanna die? you'll need someone to dig you a grave first! TS



Metallica

Let the Show Begin...

Metallica @ Earl's Court

Metallica '96 is no doubt very different from what any Metallica fan is used to: short hair, eye-liner (well, just Kirk and Lars), dry martinis, Cuban cigars, and yes, rock songs. Diehard fans will probably tell you how much they hate the new album and how Metallica have 'sold-out' following their 15-million-copies-world-wide-and-still-counting success of the black album. However, few can deny that when it comes to playing live, Metallica still kicks 500 tones of heavy ass.

The stage - or should I say 'stages' - on their 'Poor Touring Me' tour looks like something out of the Terminator movies: one rectangular, and one circular stage in the middle of the arena, allowing fans to watch the band from every side. Fans are also much closer to the band; to the point where those in the front row between the two stages can be as close as less than a meter away from James Hetfield. With 225 pyro explosions and a minimum of 95 decibels of noise through the two-and-a-half hours show, this has to be the greatest arena show of the year.

Without the 'lights-out' and the usual intro tape of 'The Ecstasy of Gold', the men in black simply walk right out on stage. After wondering around the stage for a few minutes James calls for the first track - their cover of the Anti-Nowhere League's 'So What'. As far as I could tell, there must have been over 10,000 people that night - a very impressive wall of sound as we sang along to every word. The greatest quality about Metallica live is perhaps their ability to lock in with the crowd from the very second they get on stage. The energy level the band and the fans reach is simply incredible. After all, how many bands can pull off a show by opening with someone else's song? If I

had any doubts about Metallica maybe mellowing out in their thirties it was crushed to nothing as they fired into 'Creeping Death'. This song really is Metallica at their best, studio or live.

The rest of the set is pretty non-stop, with just a short bass solo from Jason Newsted and a horribly boring rendition of 'Nothing Else Matters' - a song that I always thought was a live disaster. However, the new numbers worked very well: 'Until It Sleeps' proves to be much more than just a radio hit; 'Ain't My Bitch' and 'King Nothing' both rocked like Californian earthquakes while 'Bleeding Me' is one of my personal favourites. Only exception was why did they waste time playing 'Wasting My Hate'?

Highlights of the show pretty much include the entire show, but I must admit the pyro explosions at the beginning of 'One' is something that I shall never get over. For those who crave for old Metallica, there was also a medley that included songs from the first two albums... yes, they even played 'Hit the Lights'. The most remarkable climax of the show, however, has to be at the end of 'Enter Sandman'. I shall not attempt to describe what happens because I simply couldn't do it justice, and I would spoil it for anyone who might catch Metallica on the remaining European tour. It really has to be seen and, trust me, it's like nothing you've ever seen before.

As I walked out of the hall to see thousands of metallifans crushing through the gates of Earl's Court station, I came across a police man telling me to wait for the traffic light. I asked him what he thought of all this, the response I got was: "Nightmare, something like Take That would be a lot nicer!" Take That? Yeah sure.

SKINTERA

Go Faster...

How many times do we have to tell you? A good night out must be planned well in advance, otherwise, we assure you, you will end up outside Bar Italia at four in the morning, waiting for the first tube home (still smelling after the slapper-vomit incident), moaning about how you wished you'd got your arse in gear and got down to the club of choice before it filled to bursting.

After you've picked your ideal destination, start worrying about your image. In this instance a good standard of personal hygiene is essential. You wont pull foxy boy/babe if you are on the stinky side and have three inches of armpit/leg hair. Secondly, clothes and hair. Clothes and hair. Chant this as a mantra. You have to get it right. The Hanover Grand is not au fait with grunge gear. The Café de Paris with spandex gear or Heaven with any gear at all.

Then you must assemble the right group. Never mix and match. Whether your aim is to dance yourself silly or pull en force this must be a collective agenda, otherwise you will find yourself abandoned, bitchin' and basically bothered.

A good pre-club bar is not a pleasantry but a necessity. The aim at this stage of the evening is to size up the opposition, check for local totty (drag queens can be very deceptive, use your own discretion), loosen the muscles and pour as much alcohol as is necessary down your neck in order to enter the nightspot with a blasé panache.

A word about dance etiquette. First off, never go straight onto the dance-floor, or even worse go on to one that is empty. Once you have picked the appropriate moment to saunter on and shake your thing, follow these simple rules: (i) Never raise your arms in the air, visible sweat marks do not a Sex God make. (ii) Do not fall over (That's going out to the Scottish one). (iii) Under no circumstances attempt to breakdance and/or Riverdance, unless your legs are pneumatically operated you ain't going to look like Michael Flatley. (iv) Never bare your baps, sport a visible hard-on, snog on the dance-floor (please), attempt any conversation or disrespect the Royal family's right to privacy (only kidding).

As for pulling, keep your options open for as long as possible, but heaven forbid wait too long, otherwise you'll be saddled with the choice between the spotty techno-head wearing silver, or the Bette Lynch lookalike whose probably already near her blow-job quota for the evening.

At this point, we have to mention drugs, though not by name of course, as Knickerless Hotdate always fuckin' tries to edit them out. ACID! ECSTASY! AMYL NITRATE! SPEED! COKE! God that felt good. Back to the serious stuff. Be warned, there is a lot of shit going around this town, some of which can be more dangerous than you think. A habitual use of such substances could lead to more of the tragic cases as seen wandering aimlessly around Houghton Street or trying desperately to drag themselves out of the pool at the Aquarium.

In conclusion, remember kids, clubbing should be fun, do not feel pressure to conform to our way of thinking, but if you don't, we'll be the two laughing at you in the corner whilst breakdancing, showing our sweaty pits, sparradically falling over and trying to pull that last available piece of meat. Do as we say, not as we do.

Nights to look out for: *The next big thing* @ Hanover Grand. *Popstarz* @ The Leisure Lounge. *Anything* @ the Spot (Covent Garden). Any one-offs @ The Ministry of Sound. *Metalheadz* @ The Blue Note.

Ones to avoid: The Limelight, for your sake's, not ours. Bagleys warehouse. The Eve club. Any regular night at The Ministry. Anything in East London.

Most likely to say: We have to, the Go Faster twins said so.

Least likely to say: We have to, the Go Faster twins said so.

Single Minded

Artist: No Doubt.

Single: Just Like A Girl

It's a music statement alright and sounds disturbingly wild! 'Just Like A Girl', the kicking debut single from that legendary US. band 'No Doubt', promises to take you into the wildest fantasies. Well let's give them some credit! The rather funky track 'Just Like A Girl' is renowned for its subtle beat and shady smoochiness. Let's stop and buy drummer boy Adrian Young a pint for his hard work. When the fantastic vocals take over, you might realise that it's more than just a step by step guide on being 'Just Like A Girl'. Serious stuff this as the track 'Different People' races off to show us. Enough of the girly saga this track being rather relaxing might be more your style? Moving swiftly on 'No Doubt' reach their climax with the notorious ear-bashing 'Open The Gate'. This Is one scorcher of a track, simply lavish entertainment- It's Just Like A Girl. Enjoy this folks.

Shama Asla

Artist: Shena

Single: More than a woman

Step back in time to the sounds of soul and mix it with today's swing and hey presto! the verdict: No soul. It's a new type of vibe and this song "More than a woman" fits in like butter on bread.

Shena looks like a young Donna Summers with the voice of Ce-Ce Peniston and her vocals were discovered at "The Loft Club". The track was aired on Kiss FM and is a composition of a fast up-beat soul song. Anybody who is a swing fan will fancy this since Shena could just be the missing voice of the 3 some group "Eternal". Shena could go far but needs to take a different path in the song she sings, i.e. be different.

Sonal Patel

Artist: Salad

Single: I want you

Yes! Salad, the ultimate vegetarians of decent indie music, finally return to the scene! And what a tasty meal they have cooked for us! *I Want You*, the first release from their forthcoming album *Bridesmaids' Gimmicks* (out early 1997), is a brilliant piece of their very own Salad-style: Always sliding on the edge but never getting close, they probably are to be located somewhere between guitar pop and creative indie rock. With her striking voice ex-MTV beauty queen Marijne adds a final touch to this paean to the joys of getting it together with the love of your dreams. But there's even more to this fabulous veggie dish: Released on two CDs and 7" *I Want You* is supported with a bunch of groovy unreleased tracks and they are in no way inferior! Having already proven their new material's excellent live quality at Kings College two weeks ago, it seems as if Salad are once more on their way to prepare an amazing musical multi-course menu. Now go and get the starter!

Malte Gerhold

Article 19 of the Universal Declaration Of Human Rights

"Everybody has the right to freedom of opinion and expression; this right shall include freedom to seek, receive and impart information and ideas of all kinds, regardless of frontiers, either orally, in writing or in print, in the form of art, or through any other media of his or her choice."

Ruthless Rich.

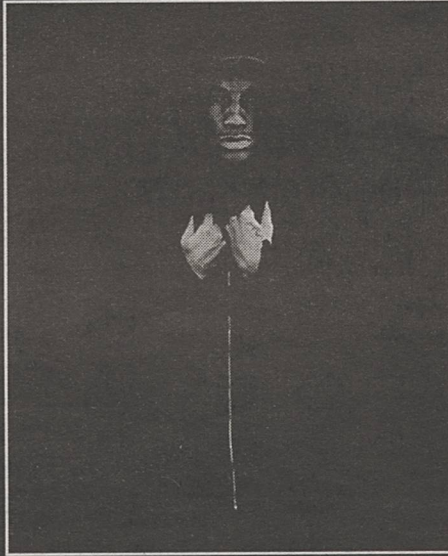
Triptastic Tricky

Artist: Tricky

Single: Christiansands

Not too many bands can be said to have created their own genre, but Tricky may come close. In fact, the infamous picture of Tricky and singer Martina as a cross-dressed bride and groom still says it all: they are music's perfect match, but not in any conventional way.

Tricky's new single, *Christiansands*, shows that they know the power of simplicity better than most. A looping guitar groove, deliberate beats and otherworldly vocals once again produce the band's patented effect, whereby they



can make you feel as though your heart is actually slowing down. Their impeccably matched voices - one singing, one talking - transform an oblique set of lyrics into something that is entrancing rather than merely incoherent. Even when the song dissolves into a hypnotic monologue, it seems appropriate, not indulgent.

If you begin by thinking you've heard material like Tricky before, you can end by thinking there's nothing else in the world. Tricky's new album, *Pre-Millennial Tension*, is due out in mid-November.

Jennifer Prittie

Step On Shite

Artist: Revelino

Single: Step on high

Aspiring indie bands, remember this: If your music is crap, and your name is worse, then you must at least include some tasty pictures of yourselves on the disc sleeve for the girls/boys to ogle, or else nothing I can say will help you. Irish group Revelino have failed utterly on all these counts, and having heard their single *Step on high* I can't say I particularly feel like helping them anyway.

There are of course many virtues to the rise of the independent scene, but nobody ever seems to mention that the genre has also produced an astonishing amount of execrable music. Revelino can count their work among the finest of this class. The band is, to me, part of the endless sea of post-grunge nausea that I came to the UK to escape. I don't believe

anyone here has been subjected to this to quite the same extent that we have in North America, so let me explain: the real legacy of grunge is not those deliriously catchy Alice in Chains and Screaming Trees songs which you will belt out when you're forty and driving the kids to school. The true, soul-destroying legacy of grunge is the past four years of Seattle fall-out, comprising wanna-be bands full of 16-year olds who know three chords and three lyrics but who have none of the charisma necessary to pull off such a lack of talent. This would be fine if no one gave them record deals or airplay, but they have slowly turned any decent commercial/alternative stations on the continent into cesspools of rocked-out college-boy hits. So I am very sad to see that this type of thing is alive and well here. If it keeps up, I may have to go back home, degree or not.

Jennifer Prittie

Bis Sucks

Artist: Bis

Single: Starbright Boy

Bis, the only group to have ever appeared on Top Of The Pops without being signed, continue their disco-punk act with *Starbright Boy* - though not with the same verve as *Candy Pop*, their debut single. This lacklustre track highlights some of the flaws not so apparent in the first single: the basic four chord structure remains constant and in desperate need of guitars to build on this, while the studio effects had too much influence over the drums,



This was overshadowed by a catchy melody in *Candy Pop*, but this time round the tune fails considerably - even Menswear can do better!

Cliquesuck is the best track on the CD because the sound is more raw (due to 2 guitar parts and no artificial interference with the bass and drums), and Manda sings the lead the ineffectiveness of Jon D's vocals is most notable on *Starbright Boy*. Hype will bring this into the Top 40, but I hope there is better to come (in an album?). Disco bass and drums with Punk guitars and vocals do not quite work together.

Zak Shaikh

Artist: A

Single: House Under The Ground

Pump up the volume. I know you can handle this earbash! A, the guitar crazy noise loving, energy oozing band have released their new single entitled *House Under The Ground*. This is a Meticulous follow up hypnotic fun-loving single *Five In The Morning*.

Great funky stuff this as the tracks are laced with mokerish heavy-metal lyrics create ear turbulence like Portishead. It has a captivating vibe and the cool style of The Beastie boys. Jason Perry on vocals is either wearing tight knickers or is on drugs, and the acoustic sounds upstage his performance into the oblivion of head-banging.

This captivating single is likely to have you 'under-ground'. So all you head-bangers, get cracking!

Shama Aslam

Artist: Aleem

Single: Why Hawaii?

Possibly a delayed summer release, this not particularly convincing effort from Aleem opens with some cheesy, 50's sounding hula tune, evoking images of Dorothy L'Amour scantily clad on the beach.

After 30 seconds the bass wanders in, revealing reggae and dancehall undertones and this aspect is explored further in the other two mixes. It is punctuated throughout at all too brief intervals by some dude yelling "Flex and relax!" (or words to that effect) at the top of his voice.

It chugs happily on to a close, but not enough really happens to make it a worthy listen, nor is it fast enough to dance to. Am amiable tune, but I doubt I'll be hearing it around.

Yasmine Chinwala

Artist: Original Son

Single: Weekend

Turn up your volume knob (Ooer-Music Ed) and vibe this out, even Mark Morrison will be twisted. Original Son are North London Bros. Jomidean and Daz (no, not the soap powder) pump out a swing acid jazz cocktail which will leave you shaken, but not stirred!

Original Son's vibe is a fresh upbeat swing tack which really lets you float on the dance floor. This, their debut single, is out on the 28th October and is sure to influence sales of their imminent album *Journeys in Circles*. Original Son are supporting the acid jazz king himself; Jamiroquai, who will be starting his London tour in November. Forget Jodeci, Bel Biv Devoe and even Leicester homeboy Mark Morrison and sling on the Original Son today.

Sonal Patel

Artist: The Verve Pipe

Single: Photograph

I rushed to review this as I thought it was a new single by The Verve called *iPipei*. Disappointingly this was not the case but nevertheless the strangely named The Verve Pipe have managed to make a reasonable stab at a debut single with *Photograph*. It combines heavy discordant guitar with powerful, pleadingly sung vocals by the oddly named Brian Vander Ark. It's a shame that the lyrics are so dire though. However the warbling medieval keyboard part in the background does go some way towards redeeming this track. Apparently they are pretty big in Midwestern America but that's not saying much. This radio-friendly track could make them fairly well known here too if it gets enough airplay. The Verve Pipe support Imperial Drag at the Garage on November 6.

Jonathan Cooper

Tuns of trouble

Tasha Kosviner rants and raves about beer

Submerged deep in the bowels of the Clare Market Building (but not as deep incidentally, as the Beaver office) lies that haven of student debauchery, that hive of whining and wino-ing, that centre of burnt out fag butts on top of industrial sized toilet roll holders – the Three Tuns, or the Tuns Bar to those in the know, and the “umm... how many tonnes? to those who live in the library.

Now the Tuns, it seems, has been created for the sole purpose of being a focus for our complaints. Yes, while the Board of Directors are considering putting a roof over Houghton Street and introducing the infamous top-up fees and while Bankside House has decided against the computer room (personal vendetta? me? nah,) and while other issues of great importance are being bandied about, we sit,

submerged in the smelly pit that is The Tuns.

Allow me to take you on a tour of this infamous venue. Follow me if you will through the door of prison like proportions (ironic, don't you think, that the room with the highest security in this lauded establishment is the pub?), past the beefcake bouncers on a Friday night, and stop for a moment in the doorway to survey the scene. Ignoring the hoards of screaming students headed for the bar, let us take in first, the provision of electronic computer games. What better way of wasting away your hours and money on one of these moronic gadgets. Eventually get to the bar before juggling pint, purse and pocket money as you try to light a fag and look for friends. Shuffle over to the toilet leaving them to sort out your seating problem.

Queue for another 15 minutes, drop fag end into cistern where it will bob about serenely for the rest of the night. Traverse carefully and peer into the mirror. Yes, the face staring back at you is yours, so don't look around for Frankenstein behind you but try to find a sink that isn't blocked, wash your hands quickly and get the hell out of there.

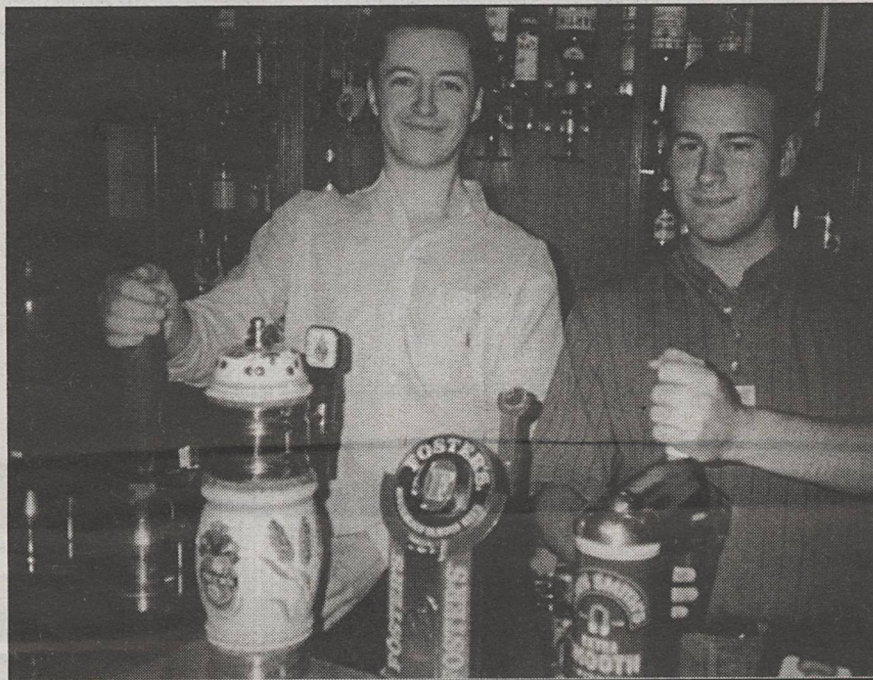
Back in the bar you will find that your friends haven't solved your seating problem for you, so perch on the end of a bench and discover that someone has filched (felched?- Raj, Campus ed) your pint. Rise once more to go through the whole bloody rigmarole again to the resounding cries of, “Are you going to the bar? Could you get me a ...?”. Smile brightly, tell them all to sod off and go home to a bit of relaxing work.

Okay, so it isn't the Ritz, it isn't even the George - although I do slightly prefer the company of fellow students to that of perverted old men (what's the difference?- Vicky, Campus sub ed), (there's a big difference- Raj, campus ed) (Stop this - Nicola the Ed). It probably isn't even up to the standards of a doorway on Kingsway, but it is our student bar, and it is subsidised and where else would we go when the library is a distinctly dodgy option? Haven't you ever wondered why Houghton Street is so much fuller between the hours of 3 and 5pm?

So thank you Tuns for giving us the character building experience of a Friday night within your dank, dark and damp walls - we wouldn't want to spend it anywhere else.

Tasha Kosviner is currently shampooing the carpet in the Tuns.

(Jim, I didn't write this article and it has nothing to do with me. I love the Tuns, please don't sack me - Nicola - Ed)



No wonder everyone hates the Tons

Admin arseholes

James MacAonghus is anonymous this week

Many are called but few are chosen, sayeth the Lord. And nowhere is this more true than in the ritualised world of the Timetables Office. This world I foolishly attempted to brave only last week and here is my story.

The students who make it to the Timetables Office desk (hereafter known as TO) are a rare breed, for there is a harsh selection process beforehand, cunningly disguised as a queue. Disneyland would do well to learn from the TO's technique of making the queue wind in snake-like fashion back and forth along itself, so that fifty people occupy a space more appropriate for three gerbils. In this claustrophobic environment, three particularly vile types of criminals make themselves evident.

The first is the guy who expects to be able to wander off while someone 'saves his place'. No such luck, pal. In the Darwinian world of the TO, if you don't fend for yourself, consider yourself dead. The second type is in fact he whom they call they call Legion, in the form of the eighteen close buddies who decided they all had to go to TO at the same time, and who happen to be right in front of you.

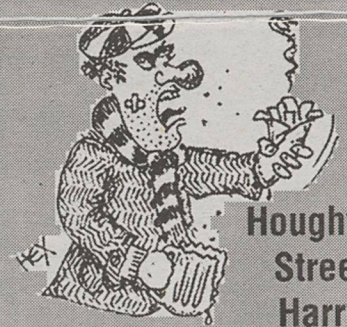
The third, and vilest of all is the student who wanders in and, with feigned innocence, seems to think the queue ends a quarter of the way down. Cries of 'Oh I made a mistake' will not rescue him from the certain stoning that ensues.

And in such company, you wait (as I did) for two hours. You absorb the dialogue behind you about living in Zone two, you practice your Top Ten Cool 'n' Trendy Poses and most importantly of all, you make sure you Have An Excuse. For TO make it clear that you need a valid academic clash to be able to change your class. It is this piece of live bait that sets the scene for a titanic clash between students and TO. So what excuses are in fashion right now?

Perhaps the most unchallengeable one is that you have prayer at that time. Whilst this may be true for some students, the number of people I heard whose 'prayers' were at 9am every morning or 5pm on a Friday was uncanny. But if it works, use it. Just make sure you know how many gods you believe in, what they look like and what A-levels they did. Far behind in second place is that you prefer Tutor B, as you think Tutor A is a waste of space.

This is good if the tutor who has to sign your form is Mr B. Otherwise, I wouldn't recommend it. Instead, I claimed my class clashed with Intellectual Property Law, which it did (I'd checked the lecture timetable for any lectures that clashed). Ha, I thought, I've done my homework, what do you say to that! Little did I know that TO have a computerised list of what courses I was taking - and Intellectual Property Law is not one of them. But I was not defeated. I had a Cunning Excuse. I explained how even so, my class also clashed with my job, how destitute I was, how starved my wife and seven kids would be if I couldn't earn enough money to feed them Seven little, cold, dead, lifeless corpses who would not be alive, I said. All for the sake of one class change. As Miss TO wandered back into the office to consult a senior person, I knew it had worked...

The author would like to remain anonymous for fear of persecution by the timetable's office and so would like his real name of James MacAonghus replaced by Cassandra Bubblehead and is still trying to work out why his excuse was not accepted.



Houghton Street Harry

When Harry first opened the LSE prospectus, it was like a gateway to a new life; academic excellence, sparkling conversation and a new city awaited me, and I was sure that 3 years in Houghton St would put me on the fast track to a top wage, fast cars and even faster women. Well, two and a bit years on, I'm the proud proprietor of a growing overdraft, a clapped-out metro, and I've had so many encounters with fat women that I could make a healthy stab at filling the lengthy autobiography of a blubber-fetishist.

But what irks me most is that any ambition that one might have had to broaden horizons and expand one's mind has been negated by the plethora of bigots, racists and dobbins that we so routinely encounter. What nobody seems to realise is that a fight against prejudice is an ongoing battle, regardless of our own affluence and academic aptitude. And it's a two way thing...

It's not enough for English lads to proudly recount tales of the Asian fella that they play football with ("they won't like it up them in the winter"), the black girl that they nearly pulled in a club ("they love it, they all do") and the Chinese bloke that they saved from a kicking at West Ham ("You've got to look after them, haven't you?"), before walking off and contentedly humming the theme tune to Gandhi. Nor is it acceptable for the Epping Asian posse to think that full integration ends at Mr Boombastic, American Retro record bags, DKNY t-shirts and pyjama parties.

LSE life seemingly puts an enormous amount of pressure upon people to conform to the stereotypes that are induced by their ethnicity or regional background.

We expect, nay DEMAND, that the Asian Kangol massive sport mobiles, play rap music at obscenely loud levels and sell tickets to crap tequila nights. We expect 'nos amis Français' and the Spanish 'Boixos Nois' (crazy boys) to be resplendent in loafers, Calvin Klein shirts and cravats. The Malaysian clique are loved by all for their propensity to mess around crazily in flip-flops (obviously in response to the searing heat and tropical conditions that we are currently experiencing) and the US crowd are expected to...well, just see any previous issue.

This 'them and us' syndrome is a disgrace and an abomination to any fair-minded, semi-intelligent individual. It's shocking, in truth that an institution that is supposedly full of the cream of the world's intelligencia is jam-packed with so many fools that are seemingly incapable of even the smallest amount of individual thought. My theory is that people here are rather too clever for their own good. Does a high IQ preclude the need for decency and even the smallest amount of common sense? It is a FACT that most of the 5 year-olds in the primary school down my road have already acquired more life skills than the dicks who cram Houghton Street and block off the old building. Let's get one thing straight...nobody is impressed with your mobile phones, or your designer clothes, or your ultra-chic nouveau riche attitudes. Dump your fancy gadgets and discover an ounce of humanity children; then at least your three years won't have been a complete waste of time...

HSB is currently ramraiding a Nokia shop in Epping, masked only by a Kangol balaclava.

Economist ecstatic over blinding bookshop

Everyone simply pales in comparison to Pai-Ling

The first time I heard of The Economist Bookstore, I was secretly thrilled. It would be my bookstore. In the same way that when you return to your hometown, you experience a possessive familiarity with oft-frequented streets and shops and landmarks that no map could ever bestow, I imagined that when I stepped into The Economist Bookstore, I would experience the surge of confidence from recognition. No scurrying quickly past intimidating sections on botany or anatomy or car repair that I find in other bookstores. I was going to enter an exclusive world, catering just for me. For once, maybe I had stumbled onto the greener side of the fence....

Those of you who have already gone to The Economist Bookstore - a name which is in fact written in very small letters under the name Dillons, a name which refers to a very non-exclusive chain of bookstores that carries a very wide range of unfamiliar topics have already begun to snigger at my naive expectations. Those of you who have not, get off yer bums, slackers! Or, if you have been holding out for used textbooks so that you can upgrade Friday evening's dinner from Cup-O-

Noodles to Fish'n'Chips, well, quality of life is non-existent for you either way, why don't you just go buy the new book so that when you die of clogged arteries there will be a well-preserved book to go along with your monosodium-glutamate-embalmed corpse? Enter, ye of little motivation or budget, and see how my experience led me to remember the wisdom of Groucho Marx (paraphrased): 'I'd never trust a club that would allow me to be a member.' Indeed, there was a catch.

Oh, but with such arrogance did I saunter into The Economist Bookstore! And then I looked for my textbooks. And looked. And tried to figure out what system was being used to shelve these books. And started to get that sinking feeling of intimidation and sheepishness, having been once again overwhelmed by an inanimate, incomprehensible system. I had just had the same feeling that morning, when I got lost in the back stairwells of the Old Building looking for A58.... As for the second-hand book section, I took one look and turned away. Instantaneous assessment of the opportunity costs of rummaging around in there added up to a couple of quid, my hair intact from not

pulling it out by the roots, postponing a nervous breakdown for yet another day, and the possibility of actually finding and reading the text in question before exams.

What was going on here? Where did they ever get the name The Economist Bookstore? The only thing an economist would say about the place is that it is a case-study in market failure. Yes, there is a predominance of economics books. Perhaps one of those subjects covers monopoly, and lack of incentive for improved customer service. The only competition this Dillons' branch faces is scattered individuals selling used textbooks. Perhaps if some entrepreneurial spirit would form a clearinghouse for old textbooks, with their sellers and their buyers, some competitive pressure would be put on Dillons to add extra manpower at the beginning of term to at least alphabetize the second hand sections within their subject fields. Perhaps if some really entrepreneurial spirit with a whole lotta capital printed out the recommended text lists from the BLPES Libertas and set up a bookstore where books were organized by course code rather than general subject matter,

as done in the United States (yeah, we're spoiled), or if perhaps BLPES itself could sell books, considering how finding a book there beats anything I've seen in the US, let me pre-empt you, then perhaps pigs could fly...

Granted, there are a lot of uncontrollable factors why the service of Dillons/The Economist Bookstore is not more customized for students. Ofcourse steps that could be taken to improve the organization there won't be, if they know they can get away with it. Unfortunately, there is currently no impetus for amelioration in the form of competition. Wouldn't it be more appropriate if in fact The Economist Bookstore was actually made up of two competing services, perhaps known as The Economist Bookstores? Is any one out there willing to put economic theory into practice and take them on?

Pai-Ling Yin is the only person ever to be excited by the Economist bookstore. In future weeks she'll be writing about the beauty of the Brunch Bowl, the library, and the East Building toilets.

Chris Cooper kisses his own fat arse

Theepan's Third Team put it up Royal Vets while Royal Vets put it up cow's arse

Royal Vets 1st XI 1 - 5 LSE 3rd XI

By Chris Cooper

Theepan Jothilingham's troops continued to confound the critics on Saturday when they pulled off the shock result of the season with a 5-1 thrashing of a very strong Royal Vets First XI, making a mockery of the long away trip to Brookmans Park that has proved too daunting for the Third team for the past three years. After Wednesday's 2-1 reverse at Royal Holloway, Theepan decided a more robust approach was required, and thus drafted First team powerhouse (more like shithouse - Sports Eds) Chris 'Goals' Cooper into the midfield to replace the soft Howard Wilkinson.

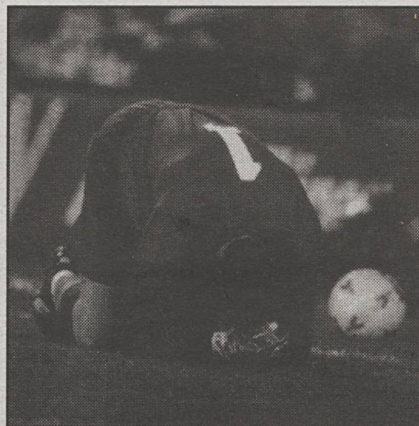
One would not have predicted the carnage that was to follow from the state of the team at kick-off. Theeps was suffering from a mysterious anal injury picked up at that King of Clubs, the Jazz Bistro, while the Greek triumvirate of Crazy John, Takis and Dimitri were obviously still suffering from Freshers' flu, as this could be the only explanation for their many hours of deliriously mumbling gibberish throughout the game. Meanwhile, promising Freshers James 'not as many points as Gareth' Mulligan

and Gavin 'can I sleep in your bed Hannah, I promise I won't do anything' Freeman were both suffering from bad backs. Mulligan may try to cure his by sleeping on Theepan's floor - a little tip he picked up from Louise during their pathetic liaison - while Freeman could help his own fitness by not sitting in a Tuns chair for nine hours each day. On the other hand, Dirty Coops was once again in peak fitness, despite having to do all the dirty work for his dirty record breaking dirty feats of dirty sexual performance with Dirty Alex from the night before.

This great adversity was added to when the Vets took an early lead after a defensive mix-up between Crazy John and Chris Kuchanny, who could have made amends if it wasn't for the fact that Autumn turns quicker than him. A bad start, but, like the opposition sticking their hands up cows' arses, the Thirds began to claw their way back into it. A corner from the right is as good as a goal when Coops is in the side, and so it proved once again as the balding centre-midfielder curled one in direct to level matters. It was truly a great goal, but paled into insignificance when compared to his second, a thirty yard screamer into the top corner after some mazy dribbling down the left. LSE should have added to their slender lead,

but Andre Granditsch and Takis contrived to miss a very large headed man's top hat full of chances. Andre could have counted the number of chances he himself squandered, but there was no time during the game for the brainy Austrian to take his boots and socks off. Fortunately, Coops was at hand to provide a third just before the turn, when his corner went in off the hapless Vets defender.

A second half into the strong wind



Anguished - the Vets Keeper contemplates another week of cow's arses

was to prove a stern test for the young Third team, but they coped ably. Arjun, who keeps with so much concentration,

calmness and sense that he could almost be Greek, made a couple of fine saves, while the back-four of Francesco, John, Chris and Theeps coped comfortably with all that the Vets could throw at them. At the other end, the fresh legs of Gavin and Sumin were causing havoc down the flanks, and it was Sumin who killed the game off with a cracking turn and shot from twelve yards after being fed by the impressive Mulligan. With defeat now a certainty, the Vets' thoughts began to turn to their exciting week ahead, with such delights as bathing horses and delousing pigs, and this allowed Sumin to complete the rout with another tidy finish.

5-1 at the final whistle, this was a fine result that took the Thirds to the top of the table. Unfortunately, victory was somewhat muted by the lack of food in their 'Students' Union', a cross between a church hall and a stable (still better than the Tuns though!), and so it was thirteen hungry heroes who returned to London with three points in the bag. Quite whether this form can be maintained for a championship challenge without the inspirational ability, dirty shagging and dirty sleeping while getting a dirty blow-job of Cooper to call on is another matter, but if Mulligan can leave married women alone, and Sumin continues to mesmerise opposition full-backs, then Theeps' side will not be far away.

Italian job

Mesmeric Matteo mystifies medics

LSE 2nd XI 3 - 1 St George's 1st XI

By Will Hague

At last the potential of the 2nd team is beginning to bear fruit. No other word but genius can describe the way in which LSE's 2nd XI tore apart the bewildered opposition. This virtuoso footballing performance, masterminded by captain William Hague, was attained by controlled aggression and not a little creative flair. The aggression and determination shown was down in no small part to midfield maestro Tom Grace who, without a thought for his own personal safety, had a punch up with the Mike Tysonesque St George's captain, and was lucky to escape a red card.

The first half showed LSE's footballing aptitude, the way they managed to allow St George's to equalise immediately after the swift Aryn Sajan had opened our account was fantastic, if a little generous. However, the defence soon sorted itself out after Steven Erickson, more commonly known as Diesel (for being slimy, polluted, soiled and his stench) had made his instructions known. With Captain William and Diesel in the centre, Naveen at right back, popular fresher Zubindra (Zed) at left back and tetanus Tibble in goal, the defence was never going to be anything other than solid.

With such a reliable back four the midfield and attack realised they were building on solid foundations, and thanks to the gifted, yet dwarf-like Italian, Matteo, LSE were 3 - 1 up at half time. Matteo's first goal was nothing special, simply a Shearer like turn and shot is a

finish one has come to expect from this new second team hero. His second goal, a wonderous 30 yard free-kick, bamboozled not only the opposition's keeper but also the rest of the second team, used to spooned toe-punts in practice.

At the interval consolidation was the order of the day, and the second half delivered just that. The contribution and playmaking of the midfield was breathtaking with mesmeric ringer Kevin Sharpe (finally finding his true level), rock-like Simon, bar manager Danny and grappling Tom Grace giving St Georges about as much chance as Raj Paranandi pulling a decent bird (erm, you obviously haven't seen his last predatorial strike - Sports Eds).

After the final whistle was blown and three points were securely in the bag Captain William Hague viewed his winning team and reflected that maybe, just maybe, they aren't as shit as last year.



Captain Hague - lets his hair do the talking

Fran's fantastic felines maul medics

LSE Women's XI 3 - 0 St George's Womens XI

By Fran Malaree

A somewhat apprehensive LSE women's team made their first division debut last Sunday, but the mood of these new girls on the block soon changed to one of jubilation thanks to the skill of our imports who ultimately subdued St George's. A rather shaky start was made, and George's had two or three shots on goal early doors as we struggled to settle, which were thwarted due to some excellent defending from teutonic maiden Nicole and the brilliance of our Vanessa. It was certainly nothing to do with Fran's goalkeeping anyway.

Anna was superb on the left wing giving Vicky and Lotta plenty of opportunities upfront, though Madalina seemed uneasy in defence, was it due to too much indulgence the night before (booze/fags/Miller)?

Anna's pace was too much for the

doctor's defenders and she had several opportunities to score, but it was Vicky who came through to get the first one in for LSE. From then on George's prospects were looking a lot like the weather:dire, as after half time they couldn't match Anee or Catherine's nimble footwork in midfield. Fran, back in her customary role at right back played a blinder, thanks to Simesy's coaching (he paid me to write that).

Our second goal was a spoony effort worthy of Tom Smith's sixths, but it did the trick. Julie, who came on at half-time, menaced the opposition every time she got the ball. If this was the cake, then the icing was the precise volley which left their keeper for dead. Meanwhile Padma, another inexperienced goalie, made a great save at the other end.

An encouraging start to the season indeed, but are there any aspiring goalkeepers out there?

Americans can't drink for shit

Rugby studs lose on the pitch but win in the Tuns drinking match

By Ben 'Hands' Tallis

It was to Imperial College that the LSE pillagers embarked, knowing that they faced a tough season with so many of last year's stalwarts having been put out to pasture. However, under the expert guidance of Tom 'can't drink' Jeans, Andy 'talking toilets' Houghton and Mike 'dancing queen' Lee there is a chance of salvaging some pride.

Wednesday's match started with the First XV pack rampant, the fledgling half-back pair produced dynamic service allowing IK '18 inches' and Andy '1.8 inches' to make strong surges through an enthusiastic, but limp, defence. Andy 'Farrell' Howard claimed his weekly Man of the Match award for his uncompromising man-munching and largeness. Martin 'Ginola' impressed in his baptism of jism, while Andy 'Salad' Houghton from the old guard was always at the forefront of the action (sorry, dinner queue).

Well oiled movements led to the scintillating tries for Alex 'shit frog hair' Plichot, Martin 'Ginola' and IK - to allow goal-kicking machine Tom 'Lynagh' Jeans to slot home two touchline conversions in winds that rivalled scenes from 'Twister', on his debut performance as kicker.

All this may sound impressive, but at the end of the day the Firsts still lost 32 - 19. In stark contrast to this pounding, the LSE 2nd XV put on a show worthy of a theatre as grand as Twickenham. Sublime passing by Ben 'Hands' Tallis and mesmeric running (or rather run) by Keith 'Feet' Benson were only upstaged by the

inadequacy and utter bollocks produced by popular fresher Ranj Bajway, who has more chance of downing a pint than he has of downing a rugby ball over the opposition try-line. Strangely enough, the highlight of the match had nothing to do with Ranj, despite his post match boasting. Instead, it was instigated by Albert 'Hands' Einstein in an intelligent blindside move, passing to George 'flatmate' Bonello. It was George who ran positively through an experienced line to set up Nick 'did bollocks all else in the game' Germaine for an easy try. As the pressure mounted on the LSE's heroic defence in the second half, ginga skipper Mike Lee was tragically forced off the field of combat with a mystery spinal injury. On further inspection, medics could find no trace of a backbone. Miraculously, the plucky carrot haired leader made a full recovery, and was later spotted at Limelight pulling moonies rather than birds.

Dominant pack work by Honking Martin and Tom Twat finally resulted in LSE victory, but only by injuring the IC hooker. With no reserve front-row players, IC suggested playing on with uncontested scrums. However, the sporting LSE boys were having none of it, and since IC were unable to field appropriate players they in effect conceded the match.

Credit surely goes to Tom 'sheep' Jeans, who as well as steering the Firsts to double figures, sobered up long enough from his weekly pint to launch a vicious unprovoked verbal assault on the Second's referee and ensure the points, even though they were really losing by 24 points when the game was conceded.

Three cheers for the influential sheepshagger.

**Out of breath at the bus stop?
Left in the cold at LSE trials?
Interested in your own
slice of sporting glory?
Young and talented?
Old and unappreciated?
Struggling to make friends?**

All clubs are looking for new members. Contact club captains via noticeboards and pigeon holes in AU Common Room.

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

BeaverSport BeaverSport BeaverSport

LSE Take It To The Hoop

Rim Boys slam Holloway and UCH - Yianni's absence the key

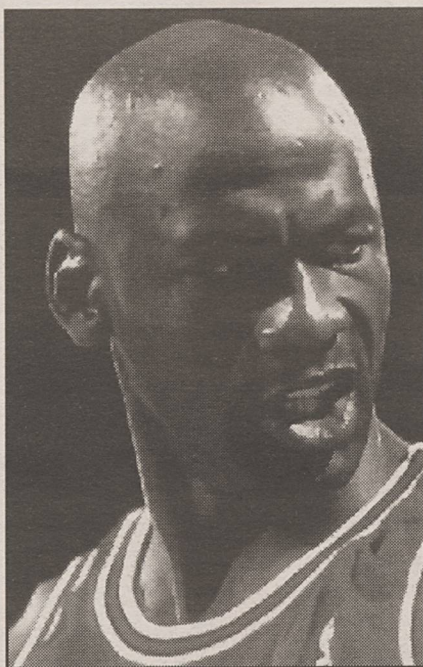
by Damir Hadziosmanovic

With the new basketball season taking off two weeks ago, the LSE first team looks poised to do great things in this year's annual BUSA competition. Although many of the great basketball legends from last year have moved on to bigger and better things, a group of promising individuals have emerged as worthy replacements.

The team this year is composed of some sporty Americans, hardworking Germans, a solid quartet of last years legends, this Bulgarian guy with a Scottish accent and me.

Under the brilliant leadership of our great respected and loved coach Andreas Staab, the different parts of the team are starting to operate like a unit. Staab's first brilliant move came long before the actual season began, when he realised that the only way to cut out the deadwood from the team (for those not informed that would be Yianni Hadoulis), is to make him club President. Under the pretext that Yianni would have too much paperwork to handle in his new job, and could therefore spare no time to play, he was excluded from the team. The plain truth of course is that Yianni can't play for the life of him (having scored four points in his blistering LSE career), but try telling this to the rather lovable, if somewhat ugly little Greek.

So with the fat trimmed off, the team is starting to look lean and mean. On Wednesday night the 'Flying Beavers' played against the sad team of Royal Holloway. In a highly emotional and tense game, in which I myself was close to tears, LSE managed to pull out with a 101 - 27 win. This kind of score had



Jordan - "I've seen Yianni play and he can't dunk a biscuit"

nothing to do with the fact that two of our players, Dan and Ben, did the refereeing. During the game they were described as 'objectivity personified', although they did only call the fouls that tended to draw blood. Coach Staab used the uselessness of our opponents to get everyone playing and established some basic tactics for future games.

LSE started the game well and took the first half by 60 - 7. Notable contributions were made by our high flying bull, Javier, while Blake provided a strong presence under the boards, ending the night as the team's top scorer. Chris impressed everyone with his penetrative abilities, Steve was always there to keep the points rolling in at the right time, and Cristoph, our respected captain, managed to get really excited for making a clear lay-up. Everyone played well so credit also goes to our point guards Aaron, Jeff

and Paris and also to our forwards, Carsten and Ahmed.

It is hard however to play really good basketball when you are faced with a team as crap as Royal Holloway. These guys were so shite that even the LSE second team could have beaten them, and trust me, that is saying quite a lot. (What do you expect from a team in which David and Nic are the best players, and where Christian is supposed to be the prime womanizer?!?).

The 'Flying Beavers' are as yet far from full strength and the players did miss some relatively simple lay-ups during the game, but that was only to be expected at the very start of the season when everyone is still a bit rusty.

Last week, fresh from our victory we were to face another sad team, this time UCH. After travelling to zone 3, we discovered that they did not have a court for us to play in, or for that matter, a team for us to play against. Once more I found myself on the verge of tears, but for the second time in a week I managed to fight them back. UCH had to forfeit the game, saving them from the embarrassment of being completely humiliated and utterly defeated by a team superior in both quality and quantity and improving our record to 2 - 0.

At the end of it all, everyone was glad to have a gentle introduction to the season, giving their egos and confidence an equally gentle boost. The real challenges are yet to come, or so we hope so, since overwhelming your opponents so utterly as we did does get slightly boring after a while. Just ask Yianni, he can tell you everything about being outclassed.

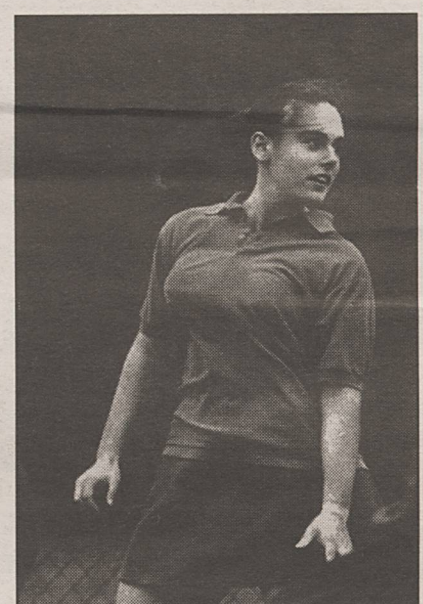
LSE's next match will take place on Wednesday, October 30 at Sobell Leisure Centre (near Holloway tube) against arch rivals Queen Mary. Spectators are encouraged to come along and show their support for LSE as we look to avenge our unexpected loss to Queen Mary early last season.

See you there!

Netball Pixies Slay St George's Goblins

Lovely Livvy and Gorgeous Gemma's fitness the secret as LSE skip to 34 - 16 victory

Wednesday, October 23, a day much like any other Wednesday, October 23, dawned fine and clear. However, this Wednesday had a truly magical air to it, full of Eastern promise and Western mystique. The seven pert pixies pranced their way through the autumnal arbors to the centre court of Lincoln's Inn Fields, to do battle with the gruesome St. George's goblins. The fight raged fierce and fast, as our beautiful heroines waged against their fiery



St George's girls penalised for contraveining bouncing regulations

breathed, thunder thighed adversaries.

Four arduous quarters later, the pretty pixies overcame the evil spells of the goblin fiends, to place 34 of the magical spheres through the golden hoops, whilst the goblins only placed a mere 16. The victorious pixies danced triumphantly back to the great banqueting hall and toasted the evening away, whilst many elfins tried to charm our seven svelte sweethearts, with their twinkling eyes and smooth tongues. Alas, for the elfins, the pixies knew better and scorned their amorous advances, to live to love another day. So ended magic, mystical Wednesday.

Starting this week, lines guaranteed to give success with the LSE netball team (so you can succeed where the elfins did fail); "I'm on my way up, baby, and I want to take you with me!" - Ben Thorpe, '96 Fresher's Week.

Last week:LSE 36, Royal Free 19.

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