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TheBeaver

LSE GOES DIGITAL

Shailini Ghelani and
Helen Oschlag

The LSE is about to experience the greatest media event since PULSE when CNN launch an on campus camera for LSE students to ask questions to top world figures. Students will be invited to talk to world personalities on Q and A with Riz Khan while on line.

CNN are planning to put a camera in the Quad where students will be invited to come on Thursdays between 2.30 and 3.30 to pose questions. Student Union General Secretary Jonathon Black called the plan "One of the most exciting things to happen to the LSE for ages."

The project will be jointly run by CNN and the Union, Sofia University in Tokyo will also be taking part. Only two universities have been selected by the leading news channel to participate in the project. Black enthused that the LSE had been chosen because of "It's position as a uniquely international university and because CNN feels our students can make positive contributions to the show."

Nigel Pritchard from CNN gave the following comments to *The Beaver* "CNN is always looking for new ways of encouraging our audience to interact with our programmes. This unique collaboration between LSE and Q and A, with Riz Khan, will help attract a new and informed audience which will enhance the quality of the questions and the calibre of the guests that we attract."

Previous guests on the programme have included Benazir Bhutto, Hilary Clinton, author Tom



This is CNN... at the LSE

Picture:CNN

Clancy and Queen Noor of Jordan. Q and A with Riz Khan is shown live every night at 8.30pm on CNN. The show is broadcast from Atlanta and guests come into the studio or links are set up via satellite. The viewers are invited to call in by phone, fax or e mail to ask questions.

When the LSE participates, the Union will announce previous to each question session who will appear on the show that night and recording of questions will take place by web cam in the quad. The

tape of the questions posed by LSE students will be e-mailed to CNN who will then broadcast them on the show that is aired that night.

Black told *The Beaver* that the SU plans to put a big screen in the Quad on Thursday nights so that student's can watch the show live, the show will then be repeated on Friday mornings. Although these plans have yet to be confirmed.

The initial plan is to launch the event in the second week of November for every Thursday, but

in the event of breaking news, such as the coup in Pakistan, LSE students may be asked to participate in additional broadcasts.

There have been talks of plans to have an LSE audience asking questions live on air with a link up to the studio but nothing has been confirmed yet.

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WOT A LOT OF BIKES

For those who regularly brave the perils of London traffic to cycle to the LSE, what to do with your bike when you get here has become more of a problem. The current refurbishment of the library has put a number of bike racks out of use, and, for the moment, no replacements are being provided. Although spaces outside the new library premises in Southampton buildings had been allocated for this purpose, these have mistakenly been given back to the SCR for car parking.

Richard Taylor, deputy manager of the LSE Estates office, admitted that a mistake had been made and explained that many more bike spaces would become available, but only in the Lent term. The spaces, worth a few hundred pounds to LSE, have already been auctioned away for this term, and Estates is bound to honour its agreements with those leasing the spaces until Christmas. He gave his assurance that 6-7 car spaces (the original allocation) would be turned over to cycle racks next term, which he estimates will provide space for at least 50 bikes.

However, the lack of provision for this term is of concern to the London School of Economics Student Union's treasurer, John Frewin, who doesn't want students to be discouraged from cycling in.

"Each bike that is brought into the LSE saves its owners at least £40 a month in travel expenses, which is important when you consider current widespread student hardship."

He added that bikes were obviously better for the environment than the extra cars which can now be parked outside the library. He expressed concern that those using bikes at the moment are having to leave them all over the school adding more confusion to an already crowded campus.

In the meantime, students who dodge through the mayhem that is central London traffic to get to the LSE each morning will face the added difficulty of having a limited choice of safe places to leave their bike when they arrive.

When The Beaver asked the student population what they thought reactions were mixed, one third year commented "the situation hardly surprises me, LSE never get it right do they?"

Eve Parish

IT'S ALL A SHAGGY DOG STORY

Laura Hales

Martin Hay and his canine companion, Oscar of LSE's 'Haircutz' have relocated. They've moved from their institutional position in the Quad to a new venue and can now be found in room E1 which is off the side of the squash courts near the bottom entrance to the Student's Union Shop. The move became necessary due to the remodelling of the Quad and, for Martin and Oscar, it follows nearly 10 years of tending the tresses of many a discerning LSE student.

The stalwart snipper began his career at the LSE during Freshers Week of 1991 and such was his popularity that a petition collecting over 400 signatures was mounted in order to keep Martin at the LSE permanently.

'Haircutz' has grown from humble beginnings, starting out with just a table and chair in a mobile position in the Quad. Of the move, Martin enthuses that "the best thing about the new room is that the equipment can remain up at all times. No more conducting a treasure hunt every Monday morning looking for tables and chairs that have been moved during the excesses of Friday night's Crush. It wasn't a particularly pleasant experience to discover 2 day old congealed vomit all over my table since



One man and his dog...

Picture: Neha Unia

cleaning it up resurrected the smell under the crust - very nasty." Hopefully the spanking new room will constitute a much less fragrant working environment.

In addition, the facilities in E1 will enable Martin to offer a picture framing service. When he's not conscientiously cutting, Martin likes to indulge in his hobby of woodwork and LSE students will be able to bring in any poster or print and have an original frame designed from scratch at a price

considerably lower than the shops.

However, the relocation is not without controversy. Oscar, the Golden Retriever who has been visiting the LSE since he was 8 weeks old and able to bathe in the handbasin, is not happy with his new surroundings. The lively location in the Quad ensured that Oscar enjoyed a constant stream of visitors eager to entertain him with ball based activities. But the more private location has meant that visits from his friends have

subsidised. Oscar desperately misses the company and anyone wishing to play should stop by room E1 on Wednesdays when Oscar makes his weekly appearance.

Oscar and Martin will be in their current location until summer 2000 when they are planning to return to Australia after 10 happy years at the LSE.

STUDENTS FEEL CHEATED BY LIBRARY MOVE

Consider the alternatives: The BLPES stored away in an East London Warehouse or split into five different locations. After this the move to the Southampton Buildings really doesn't sound that bad after all.

Although 30% of the collection has been put in a South London building, most LSE students will find about 95% of the material they need on site. The Library provides numerous facilities to help users in Southampton buildings. These

include more tours, signs, an extra help point, extra floor workers at peak times and floor plans. A facility for disabled users has been provided on campus with an information service and fetching service.

Southampton Building has 200 less seats than the Lionel Robbins Building. However a new study area opened in the Clement House basement may ease the pressure on the library.

A question asked by many is

whether the move to the new library in Southampton buildings been the best deal? Janes Sykes, director of information services and BLPES librarian, and Maureen Wade deputy librarian, both seem to think so, considering the huge challenge of moving 4 million printed items. It was completed in 12 weeks, at twice the pace of the moving of the British Library.

Students we talked to complained about the horrendous heat in the temporary library. Some were also having difficulties in finding books located in the many tiny rooms in the basement. SU Gen Sec Jon Black claims he has contacted the library concerning the heat problem. "Compared to the options we were looking at last year, what we've

got is actually far better than we expected. Although the lack of work spaces, the basement maze and temperature are niggles."

Many second and third year students feel cheated that they were not informed of the library move clearly before applying to the LSE. Second year International Relations Student Lisa Reed commented "I really feel that the time it takes to walk to the new building and the heat when I get there counteracts my study effort." On the other hand Sarah Coupe, second year Sociology said "I really like the new building, it feels much more like a library, but the lack of windows is a shame."

Nishika Patel and Kristin Karlstad

FAR FLUNG



Union Jack

From this lofty position high in the Old Theatre rafters Jack can smell the anticipation as the masses throng in, and that's just Amar...

JB Jock Strap esquire failed to dissappoint as he announced that not one but two exciting things are happening. At the LSE? Shurely shome mistake. Seems as if the SU have duped CNN into thinking that some intelligent life does exist here. Now the balcony boys will be able to ask old Maggie Thatcher if she'll suck their cheesy bell-ends, live in front of the world.

Cowgirl had finally resigned herself to biological reality and decided that she is not a suitable officer for women. Jack wonders who will run. Ritesh Doshi seems a favourite, after presiding over every society from the sewing club to the save netball girl foundation, a move Jack fully advocates.

Ents Sabb Alan Hatton promised us that whilst ice sculptures would not be making an appearance at the forthcoming Tequila party their would be a "hostess" service to replace them. Wink, wink, nudge, nudge say no more! Jack waits with baited breath till Tuesday.

Jack hates to disagree with Jock strap but I do believe that there was a third exciting thing to grace our old domain. The strange thing came in the form of Ingo. Who the masses cry? Ingo "Hi I'm Ingo." The piss-taking crowd were shut up by the ever present Amar. What does Ingo want wondered the crowd? What does Ingo want wondered Jack? What does Ingo want wondered Ingo? Nobody knew and nobody fucking cared.

This hack wonders if the strange specimen Ingo was sent in the absence of whinesome Swinson, after losing her voice last year, our new fave highland lass appeared late at this gathering dressed in rather mundane attire. Jack was a little concerned at the lack of her stage presence. Was this because she is saving her wee voice to cheer on her bonnie Scotland or has she been gagged for good? Jack doubts this; she'll be back once the washing has been done and the low cut tops and little skirts are clean. Good to see that someone took notes from mouse like Maria. Good to see that the girlies made good use of the sexual revolution.

Finally, a chair that dares to sing. The Beast gave the UGM a blinding rendition of the Kenyan national anthem in Swahili (but we'll have to take his word for it).

On a final note Jack would like to suggest some names for the new cafe/pub/quad. The Fresher and Frewin, were it not a place of debauchery would seem fitting me thinks, but alas we would not want to upset the great one from Bethlehem.

RECTUS HISTORICUS

Richard South, a history student at Edinburgh uni was stunned when he got a 2:1 in a literature essay in which he had extolled forth on groundbreaking theories concerning the "cardiasic emolisis of literature" and analysing great works like "Art Bandifry and "Rectus Historicus". The ensuing row results from students being outraged that an essay, so obviously taking the piss with made-up words and concocted references could get 60%. The university claims that the department was "aware" that it was a joke and correspondingly marked it in the same "tongue-in-cheek manner". South dismisses such claims as 'preposterous' indicating a complete lack of interest in student's work.



NORTHUMBRIAN TWATS

When the bright sparks at the ex-Newcastle poly were awarded uni status back in 1992, they settled on the grandiose title of City University of Newcastle-upon Tyne.

It was only after forking out huge sums on headed paper, fancy logos and other miscellaneous items that some smart arse pointed out that the acronym for their august institution was actually C.U.N.T.

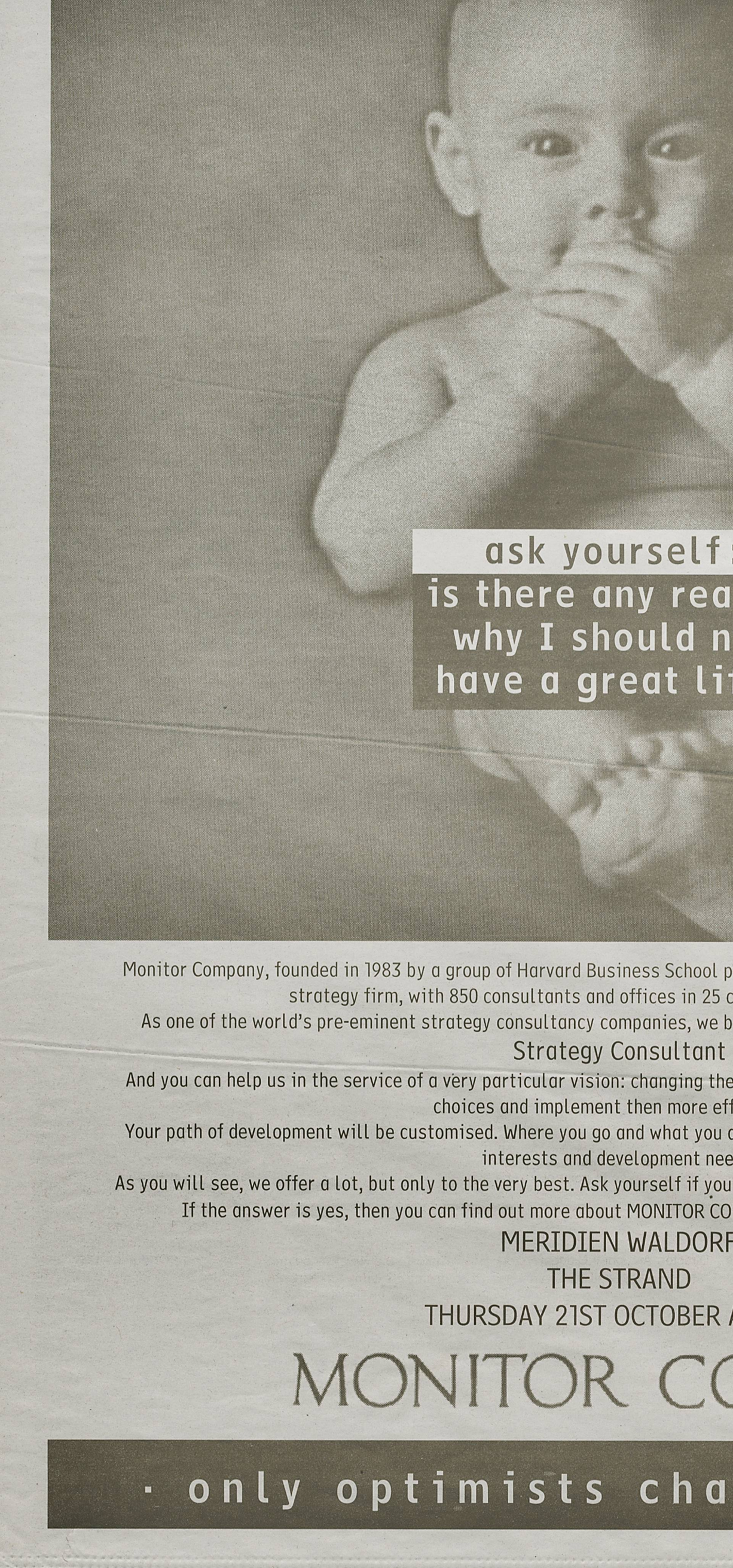
LUCKY SIP

One of the highlights of Exeter Uni's fresher's fayre involved a drinking competition in which pre-arranged pints of Guinness are presented to hapless Freshers who are forced to down them in a typical rucker bugger fashion. As with most things there's a catch. In this case, the drinks have been lovingly doctored with chocolate powder with the exception of one glass which is liberally doused with, yes you guessed it, human poo.

LIKE A CAMBRIDGE VIRGIN

Cambridge Uni have managed to snare the Material Girl herself, Madonna, to give them a lecture on 'Image and Reality' in the New Year. Peterhouse College are hosting this august event much to the chagrin of Oxford Union who apparently have been turned down several times by the Marilyn Monroe/Geisha Woman/Earth Mother who is certainly an authority on Image in any case. Snide comments from the Oxford lot bring the words 'sour' and 'grapes' to mind.

Cambridge students will be busily taking notes and purchasing copies of her book 'Sex', as a recent survey showed that one-third of Cambridge students were still virgins when they graduated.



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why I should not
have a great life?

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BLACK WEDNESDAY

Ed Sexton

Wednesday afternoon teaching is again in the spotlight, with some undergraduates still facing conflicts between sport and lectures this term. Calls are also growing for postgraduate masters students to have less teaching midweek.

Most London colleges have informal agreements that there will be little or no teaching on Wednesday afternoons. BUSA, the British University Sports Association, has been pushing to make this agreement official, as many key BUSA matches are played on Wednesdays. However some undergraduates at LSE this term will face classes that clash with sporting commitments. Becky Little, Education and Welfare sabbatical, noted that there were "quite a few undergraduate teaching hours on Wednesday afternoon", saying she was "really disappointed".

There have been calls, notably from General Secretary Jonathan Black, for the informal agreement to be extended to postgraduates. Currently many masters students have lectures and seminars all day Wednesday. One LSE postgraduate complained "I'm only here for a year, and I was going to play football... but I can't miss my seminar on Wednesdays." Becky Little was certain that LSE was aware of the situation, saying it was "well known among the school



Students on their way to classes when they should be playing sports

Picture: Neha Unia

that students were unhappy."

LSE's approach has been responsive if so far incomplete. The Academic Board established a group to look at the issue last session and, according to Services Officer Craig Hickson, their study will involve consulting other colleges and BUSA. Part of the problem is the intercollegiate nature of many courses, especially masters courses. Defending LSE's commitment to course choice, Mr

Hickson explained that "removing Wednesday afternoons... would mean that the choice of options on postgraduate degrees would have to be reduced."

It is unlikely that there will be any changes for the next year or longer, with Becky Little admitting that it would "not be sorted overnight". She did say she was hoping "to rectify the situation by the end of the year". Jonathan Black was keen to point out that it

was not just sport which would be affected, as many societies arrange activities for Wednesday afternoons: "If students want to play sport [and] develop other skills, they should have the right to do so. Free Wednesday Afternoons give students that right and we shall be demanding they get it."

LSE GOES DIGITAL

The arrival of the CNN link up will inevitably mean that questions will be asked about the feasibility of LSETV, especially as UCL have just launched their TV station. The start of LSETV would mark a growing student media empire at the school.

Black commented "These days it is not that difficult to broadcast as equipment is becoming cheaper, but I will be surprised if we have a TV station

before my term is over." Black was keen to add that if there were plans for LSETV they would not be pioneered by the Union. The initial set up would have to be done via a specially set up society, in the same way that PuLSE was launched, so as to prevent a channel broadcasting SU propaganda all day. If the station was set up by a society it would mean that more students would have a chance to participate

The CNN project on the other hand has been led by the SU, when The Beaver called the

Director, Anthony Giddens office, he was as yet unaware of the plans.

Black concluded "Week in week out students will have access to people of world importance. It gives people an opportunity to ask questions to their national leaders that they couldn't ask at home."

There seemed to be a positive reaction from the student body when the plans for the link up were announced at the UGM last Thursday.

Whatever the view was before, this project is sure to mark the school's place on the world media map. So all you students out there had better live up to your image and start thinking of intelligent Q's.



Q&A Host Riz Khan

News in Brief

For the first time ever, the Department of Health is requiring a meningitis vaccine for first year undergraduates. In the summer, the LSE Health Service sent notice to Freshers advising them to seek vaccination from their personal physicians prior to the start of the Michaelmas term, or make an appointment to receive one upon registering for the Health Service.

For those of you who do not know, meningitis is a really nasty, potentially fatal illness that creeps upon you and is often mistaken for a bad bout of the flu.

The Department of Health has decided that babies, schoolchildren and Freshers are at highest risk for contracting and spreading the disease, hence, the new vaccination requirement.

Fortunately, 70 percent of First Years were vaccinated before matriculation, so the Health Service has not been inundated with Freshers seeking shots.

When registering, Freshers were asked if they had been vaccinated, allowing the St. Phillips Health Centre to keep record of vaccinations. Registering First Years found not to have been vaccinated were sent up to the Health Centre to receive their shot.

Although the Health Service sent notices to all incoming students encouraging them to seek a meningitis vaccination if they felt it necessary, Second Years, Third Years, Diplomas and Post-Graduates needn't worry as the Department of Health has not deemed them 'high-risk' — so a shot is not mandatory. Lucky them. Perhaps the vaccinations will cease the Freshers from spreading meningitis to the rest of us.

With Michaelmas comes seemingly endless queues, some wrapped around various buildings on campus. Were the queues longer than ever this year? The jury is still out. There does not appear to be a consensus among students, so we checked with those in know — LSE staff and administrators who face the endless lines of young faces, some anxious, some bored, all impatient.

George Kiloh, Academic Registrar, says that they have tried a number of new ways to cut down queues for registration, and have achieved greater success this year. Coupled with increased staff for queries in the finance division, Kiloh asked students to keep to the times advertised to register for their programmes, so that those who did not come at the right time weren't crowded out by those who'd missed the right time and were coming along whenever.

The staff at the Student Union Shop expects an onslaught of students at the beginning of term, and prepared for it by increasing staff and ensuring that all tills are available for quicker service.

Cori Shropshire

SU FIVE-YEAR PLAN ON TRACK

Monday 18th October, 1999 is a date of great significance for the mighty institution that is LSESU, with the opening of the first stage of the Quad redevelopment. Excitingly titled as Phase One of The Union Project, the Quad has been turned into a bright, cheery establishment packed with new and exciting facilities, far removed from the dank and dingy cellar that we all know and love.

A new bar and gym, and the redevelopment of the old Veggie CafÉ into a swish new coffee shop are the main features of the project. Gen Sec Jonathan Black said: "The Quad area will become the new centrepiece of the Union. All our facilities are focused around it, and the area has been brightened up to appeal to people who don't like the atmosphere in The Tuns."

The centrepiece of the

development is the as yet unnamed cafe. Offering quality food and coffee in the style of Pret a Manger, as well as vegetarian and kosher options, it is a great improvement on the previous establishment. Maths nerd Chris Irwin said: "A decent cup of coffee served up in the LSE will certainly be a first. No more muddy water from the Brunch Bowl, or expensive trips to Starbucks. Its all that you could ever want."

However, for most of us a more appealing aspect will be the new bar. Initially only to open for weekends and special events, there is the possibility of evening openings in the week depending on how well it is received. Ents supremo Alan Hatton said: "The Quad has been lacking a bar, and this gives a whole new dimension to what we can do. The bar should bring people down into the Quad earlier and give it more credibility

as a venue, allowing us to run bigger and better events."

The Quad will not just be a force for evil, providing yet another place to get trolled in. There is a gym, packed with 26 state of the art Technogym machines and a full time instructor on hand. This is an important addition to the facilities of the Athletic Union and at only £80 for a years membership, it will undoubtedly be busy, full of people looking for a different kind of six pack to that displayed around The Beaver office.

On top of all this, it has to be remembered that this is only Phase One. Phase Two, with the development of a mezzanine area, providing even more facilities begins soon. Jonathan Black is clearly very excited about the prospects. He said: "Once completed, the Union Project will transform and modernise our services, helping us to meet the

challenges of the new millennium."

Ex Student Union Treasurer Yuan Potts will undoubtedly be pleased with the new facilities after promising "Guranteed better facilities for the Veggie Cafe" in his blurb for The Beaver when running for treasurer for the second time.

To many the new look "centrepiece" is long overdue, some even unhappy that they have had to wait till into this term till they can actually use the facilities. Third year History student James Cooper exploded, "Why do we still have Student Union facilities that would shame a Third World social club in a so-called world class University? I was hoping for everything to be sorted by now but I blame the previous sabbaticals

looking really good. Now all I hope is that the student body will justify it by using it well."

The new look Quad will be a relief to many students after the shenanigans that took place in the ill fated Veggie cafe ranging from visitors of the rodent mice kind and the out dated equipment in the kitchen that failed to pass a health check, culminating in the subsequent closure of the restaurant, to the disappointment of many a student.

The view around Houghton Street seems to be of positive anticipation. Second year Geography student Alex Weber said "I'm sure that the new look Quad will be better than the old one, although that can't really be that hard. Maybe now I won't have to go to Kings for a decent venue."

A concern for Alan Hatton will be the feasibility of the extended opening for CRUSH, many have noticed that after the traditional opening time of 1am, only the CRUSH 'personalities' seem to remain. CRUSH regular and 'celeb' Rhiannon Sowerbutts commented "It's hardly surprising, we all know that the people here never go out."

Jasper Ward ex Entertainments Sabbatical Officer and regular CRUSH DJ would be only too quick to agree with Rhiannon after his parting comments to The Beaver that "All London School of Economics students are sad."

The Gym will undoubtedly be busy, full of people looking for a diffrent kind of six pack to that displayed around The Beaver office

for spending more time on political crap than on improving the everyday lives of the students."

Jon Frewin told The Beaver "I'm really pleased with the way the development has gone. It is

GARETH PALMER

LEHMAN BROTHERS

Lehman Brothers Asia Recruiting Team will hold a cocktail reception for graduate and undergraduate students who are interested in working in Asia.

Date: October 20, 1999

Time: 7:00 pm

Venue: Lehman Brothers London Office

7th Floor, One Broadgate, London

Please feel free to contact Pauline Sung at psung@lehman.com for details.

LEHMAN BROTHERS

A GREAT LACK OF CULTURE

Daniel,

I have been an enthusiast of UNIVERSITY CHALLENGE since the days of Bamber Gasgoine. Referring to the NEWS IN BRIEF for edition for the week of 30 September, it's disappointing that the LSE cannot make the grade for a team, but I've only to look around me to agree with the point that in general, students here are not that interested in developing broader interests apart from their choice of subject for study. If it was left up to the staff we could easily assemble a crack team - many of us have got degrees in the Humanities, which makes up a good two thirds of the questions on the programme.

C. Mark, Dept Assistant

Daniel,

As I was passing through the Chuckle Club on Saturday I picked up a copy of the Beaver for old times sake and would like to point out a few things.

The high point of the LSE reaching the semi-finals of University Challenge, was not the high point. As a member of the team of 1995/6, we reached the finals, losing to Imperial College. However, some alumni, might argue the high point was when the LSE was banned from appearing in the 1970's for a little indiscretion.

Also, the first publication of netball girl was not two years ago, but as long ago as 1994. I know, because I share a flat with the photographer and as editor I authorised the hire of the telephoto

lens, that made the photo possible.

Apart from that, keep up the good work.

Ron Voce

Executive Editor 1993 - 95

Editor: It is indeed a great shame that the LSE side didn't make it onto University Challenge this year, however I do fear that as an institution we are at a vast disadvantage, not only by having no scientists to cover questions involving chemistry and such, but also by having no culture to speak of what so ever.

I guess when a University's only entry criteria is A-Level grades, and its only aim Graduate entry positions, its hardly surprising that most students can't tell their Botticelli from their Elgar.

BLUE IS THE COLOUR

Dear Dan,
What's happening?

Beaver header changes from a familiar red to blue? Mistake at the printers?

Or is it a signal that the Beaver is shedding it's revolutionary, radical instincts to the safe haven (haha) that is conservatism?

regards,
Prema
(Labour club)

As an alumnus of the School, and a former Chairman of the LSE Conservative Association, imagine my surprise and delight when I was recently shown a copy of the revamped and much-loved Beaver. Gone is the red background so redolent of the LSE's socialist

history, which must surely now be considered exactly that - history - to be replaced by a bold blue. Clearly this lurch to the right by the Beaver's graphic designers is indicative of the success that the LSE Tories have had in bringing the message of true-blue Conservatism to the School in such a prominent symbolic fashion.

Furthermore, I also understand that the LSE's own logo is now resplendent in blue! Fantastic stuff! 'Vive la Revolution,' as they (used to) say in the Veggie Café.

And speaking of which, I was equally overjoyed to hear that said Veggie Café is no more, and that delicious, nutritious meaty dishes are now on sale! Our years of campaigning have finally paid off, to the great benefit of LSE students and, no doubt, much to the chagrin of the few remaining sandal-wearing politically correct Marxists who must now be crying into their nut cutlets.

Yours sincerely

Jonathan French
Chairman, LSE Conservative Association 1996-7

Editor: The decision to make the paper's masthead blue was derived purely from a design point of view - the new style worked better in blue than red - and so blue it is.

By the way, blue is my favourite colour, not that that has any partisan connotation either...

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SHAPIRO GOVERNMENT CLUB

Guest Speaker
PHILIP GOULD

Architect of New Labour
Leading Advisor to Tony Blair

Thursday 21st October 12pm Room TBA Saturday 23rd October

FABIAN SOCIETY

"Young People and the Workplace in the 21st century"

All LSE Fabian Society members welcome!

MSF Centre, 31-33 Moreland St (Angel Tube), 10am start
LSE Swing Dance Society

SWING DANCING LESSONS

EVERY THURSDAY

7:30-8:30 (class)

8:30-9:00pm social dancing

Room to be confirmed (in LSE)

No experience needed, no partner needed, just comfortable shoes!

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GERMAN WEEK

25-29.10.1999

discussions, movies, party

WATCH OUT FOR THE PROGRAM

So, there I am, meandering towards my hall party. following a night of subsidised drinking in the Tuns, moving from my place of learning (fees paid by the Government, thank you vey much), off to my plush hall, replete with running water, carpet, internet connection etc. and I think to myself 'what can I whine about in my Editorial this week?'

Well, I could complain that the toilets in the Old Building (amongst other places) really stink thanks to environmental policies, or that I have to walk for more than five minutes to go to the library, or that I appear to have lost my Parklife CD, but to be honest, that would be a very gitish way to go.

Students seem to get a very poor reputation these days, as a bunch of whiney bastards, complaining that they have to pay a few thousand pounds to get an education worth much more, or that they can't access their e-mail from their subsidised halls. Perhaps they need to take a look around, for, where they to be a little more circumspect, they'd realise that they had nothing to complain about at all.

Take a look, for god sake, at the streets around you, and see how many people are sleeping on them. Wander past Watersones, which is not only home to a bundle of books that will teach you lots of pointless crap about Economic 'theory' that goes nowhere and helps nobody, and see the numbers huddled in the doorway. These people aren't just figures that can be massaged into statistics, they are real people.

Now wait, before I come across as some knee-jerk liberal type, I'm far from it. I believe in freedom of choice, freedom to succeed etc, but I can't understand how any society can view itself as 'civilised' whilst some of it's populous are forced to make tarmac their mattress.

It would be simply foolhardy to say that this is a chosen lifestyle. Nobody, simply nobody, would choose this over having a roof. Not just a roof, but somewhere to call home, somewhere to call you own, to get away from it all.

So if this isn't out of choice, why are people there? Institutions like Shelter exist, but its pretty obvious that they are achieving fuck-all. Not to be rude, I'm sure the organisation does a lot of beneficial work, but clearly not enough. If there are benefits available, why aren't the people on are streets receiving them? Is it really due to some administrative cock-up enduring from year to year? or simply that our politicians just don't care (after all, vagrants can't vote can they?!)

I don't know all the facts - I'm not a Social Policy expert - but this government is full of them, and people are still on our streets. The more I think about this, the more it fucks me off. Its going to get bloody cold out there and people will be dying on our streets. Think about that the next time you start whining about how hot the Library is....

Daniel Lewis
Executive Editor

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APATHY IN THE UK

The LSE has a reputation for being a forum for political ideas from an international perspective. Thus, you would expect LSE students to be aware of current affairs and issues, especially as the majority of us are supposedly 'international.'

To investigate this, we took three current conflicts and asked around Houghton Street for students to 'share their knowledge with us.' The conflicts we chose to cover were the European crisis in Kosovo, the India/Kashmir ongoing war, the Venezuela/Guyana issue and the African war in the Democratic Republic of the Congo.

Our first victim, a second year Accounting and Finance student, in response to being asked about Kashmir, remarked 'someone wants to leave and someone wants to something....'

In general people seemed puzzled at the mention of Kashmir, and perhaps even thought of fluffy sweaters. An enlightened summary was given by Zaheen Ozman: 'A fucked up situation with too many people caught in cross-fire.'

In fact, the low-down is as follows:

Kashmir is a Himalayan state claimed by India who holds two thirds in the south and Pakistan who holds the northern third. The Kashmiri population are mostly Muslim and the Muslim separatist guerrillas are fighting for their own



Conflicts hit people around the world - but does anyone on Houghton Street care? Pic:Beaver Library

state aided by Pakistan, which has religious similarities. India and Pakistan have come close to nuclear war over Kashmir. Most recently, on October the 11th Indian Troops shot and killed 8 Muslim militias. The militias had been blamed for killing an Indian ruling party politician in Kashmir.

The fighting in Kashmir is going on, it is recent news, only, as Vincent Dobigeon, a Masters in Finance student, remarked "It's not in the papers".

A second year IR student,

In general people seemed puzzled at the mention of Kashmir, and perhaps even thought of fluffy sweaters

Lindsey Graves, gave us hope for her department by being able to intelligently comment upon Kosovo.

'Yes, I think there is still 'unofficial' conflict, there are many factions: between the Serbs and Kosovars and between the Peacekeepers themselves, Russians and Americans. The thought of a multi-ethnic police force seems to be a high ideal.'

The situation in Kosovo, though not currently an all-out war situation, is still unstable with

ethnic hatred being reversed upon Serbs, many of whom have fled from Kosovo. Milosevic is tenuously clinging to power despite calls for him to step down from office.

Our next question was about the Congo. What do you know about it?

The most common reply, as voiced by a second year Law and Anthropology student was "Oh God, nothing!".

This war has involved major countries in southern Africa and has hardly been featured in the press. After Laurent Kabila took power he promised that raids carried out by Congolese rebels on Uganda/Rwanda would stop. He broke his promise and as a result Uganda and Rwanda joined the rebels and tried to oust him from power. Zimbabwe and Angola rushed to Kabila's aid.

Since then the Lusaka peace accord has been drawn up and finally, most of the rebels factions have signed it.

In this article only nutshells of the conflicts are given. It is impossible to describe the enormity and complexity of the conflicts in the space given but we hope that we have stimulated your interest.

Beware! Next week we'll be hunting you down for your opinions on East Timor!

Claudia J. Kim and Yea-Joon Youn keep you up to date with world events

Germany's chancellor Schroder's position is threatened as his new plan for reform comes under harsh attacks, for his reform means drastic cut down on social security and other spending. His control over his party seems shaky as reform plans are criticised by his own party members. Christian Democrats are unwilling to support him in Bundesrat either, unless they gain some credit, which would weaken Schroder's power even more.

The citizens of Caracas, Venezuela's capital, are taking law into their own hands. The unsatisfied residents began to execute alleged criminals on their own as the constituent assembly is seen as too slow to clean up the country's corrupt legal system. Newly elected President Hugo Chavez's "peaceful revolution" will have more to deal with if it does not quicken its pace.

Following the tensions in the Far East due to communist North Korea's missile testing in the region, the new situation is welcome. After talks in Berlin held in September it was announced that USA and North Korea "would endeavour to preserve a positive atmosphere conducive to improved bilateral relations and to peace and security in north-east Asia and the Asia-Pacific region". By North Korea's agreement to halt its immediate test for Taepodong 2, a rocket that could reach America, USA is considering to ease some trade sanctions on North Korea.

Recently, 3 earthquakes have shaken the international community. The first occurred in Turkey in August leaving more than 15,000 dead. Soon after, in neighbouring Greece on September 7th an earthquake caused the death of 140 people and destroyed many homes and factories in the working class and immigrant districts north of Athens. Yet again on September 21st Taiwan was devastated by an earthquake measuring 7.6 on the Richter scale leaving more than 2,000 dead, 100,000 homeless and expected to cost up to 3 billion dollars in reconstruction.

One of the main situations on the international scene this summer was that of East Timor. Following the referendum on August 30th where eight out of ten Timorese voted for independence, an international situation of terror involving Indonesian militia, pro-independence factions took place. This led to the entrance of UN troops on September 20 after much international criticism spurred by Australia. The situation is slowly being resolved but far from over.

MR LIVINGSTONE I PRESUME: AT THE LSE

Matthew Smith profiles the colourful career of Ken Livingstone, speaking at the LSE today

If Voting Changed Anything They'd Abolish It' is the somewhat cynical title of Labour M.P. Ken Livingstone's 1987 book. Livingstone himself, however, will certainly be hoping that voting will change his situation when the London mayoral election takes place in May next year.

The former teacher, who visits the LSE on Monday 18th October, has been a major figure in London politics throughout the past twenty years. Famed for his love of newts, his actions and left-wing ideals have made him both loved and hated within the sphere of British politics. Livingstone's policies whilst leader of the Greater London Council in the 1980s angered Mrs Thatcher to such an extent that she abolished it.

Famed for his love of newts, his actions and left wing ideals have made him both loved and hated.

'Red Ken' now finds himself at the centre of a Labour leadership campaign to prevent him from standing as the Labour candidate for London mayor. Having first laid down conditions emphasizing loyalty to the Labour leadership, which it was felt Livingstone could not meet, the upper echelons of the Labour party have taken a number of further steps to curtail him. The latest has seen cabinet heavyweight and Father Christmas lookalike Frank Dobson, the former health secretary, unleashed to stop him.

Ken is something of a maverick within the Parliamentary Labour Party, and is often isolated through his outspoken views. However, he is loved and admired by many of the party faithful, the main factor behind the fear possessed by the leadership.

As regards policy there is no great difference between Livingstone and his main rivals for the Labour nomination for Mayor of London. However, it is his style and individuality which the Labour leadership fears. If, through his support amongst the party rank and file, he was to win the Labour nomination, and then elected Mayor of London, he would be given a platform which, Blair and his allies fear, he would use to criticise the government. This was



Ken Livingstone, scourge of Thatcher... and Blair

Picture: Beaver Library

the case in the 1980s, when Livingstone, as leader of the G.L.C. at County Hall, was one of the most vocal critics of Mrs Thatchers' government.

Following his ousting from GLC power Livingstone has

acquired celebrity status and makes frequent appearances on television, featuring on shows such as the satirical quiz show 'Have I Got News for You'. His quality as an orator, free-thinking individuality and left-wing ideas,

coupled with the ongoing fight to become Mayor of London, should ensure a lively and inspiring afternoon when Livingstone speaks at the LSE today.

SELECTION PROCESS UPSETS GRASSROOTS SUPPORT

James Corbett

After months of rumour about who will be selected as Labour's candidate for London Mayor, Frank Dobson, an LSE economics graduate, last week emerged as an unlikely favourite to take the mantle. For months it has been known that Ken Livingstone will stand, as will Glenda Jackson, broadcaster Trevor Phillips and Minister for London, Nick Raynsford. Dobson had wavered on his decision to

stand until the last moment, causing Raynsford to drop out of the race after it emerged that Tony Blair's favoured candidate would not be him but Dobson.

When Frank Dobson quit as health secretary last Monday to stand as a candidate, some observers looked at his decision with a degree of incredulity as the grizzly faced Yorkshireman seemingly stood no chance when pitted head to head with Livingstone. A straw poll in the previous day's Sunday Times of

100 Labour Councillors found that 41 backed Livingstone and just 22 Dobson, with the remainder divided up amongst Raynsford, Jackson, Phillips and Tony Banks. Yet by Tuesday it had become clear that the real contest won't be as simple as that, with Labour's London membership of 70,000 counting towards just a third of the total of the vote in an 'electoral college' system. Another third will be made up of the votes of Labour MPs, Euro MPs and assembly member candidates - a total of just

75 people, while the last third will be made up of the unions within the capital.

The justification from the labour hierarchy has been that it was the same system used for selecting the First Ministers of the devolved Parliaments of Scotland and Wales. Yet in Scotland, Donald Dewar stood unopposed and in Wales there were bitter arguments after the Blairite Alan Michael won the candidature despite Rhodri Morgan claiming more support amongst the grassroots supporters. Labour should have looked at the mistakes of the Welsh elections, when they were portrayed as being divided and Plaid Cymru stole a larger share of the vote than they would have ordinarily done, before

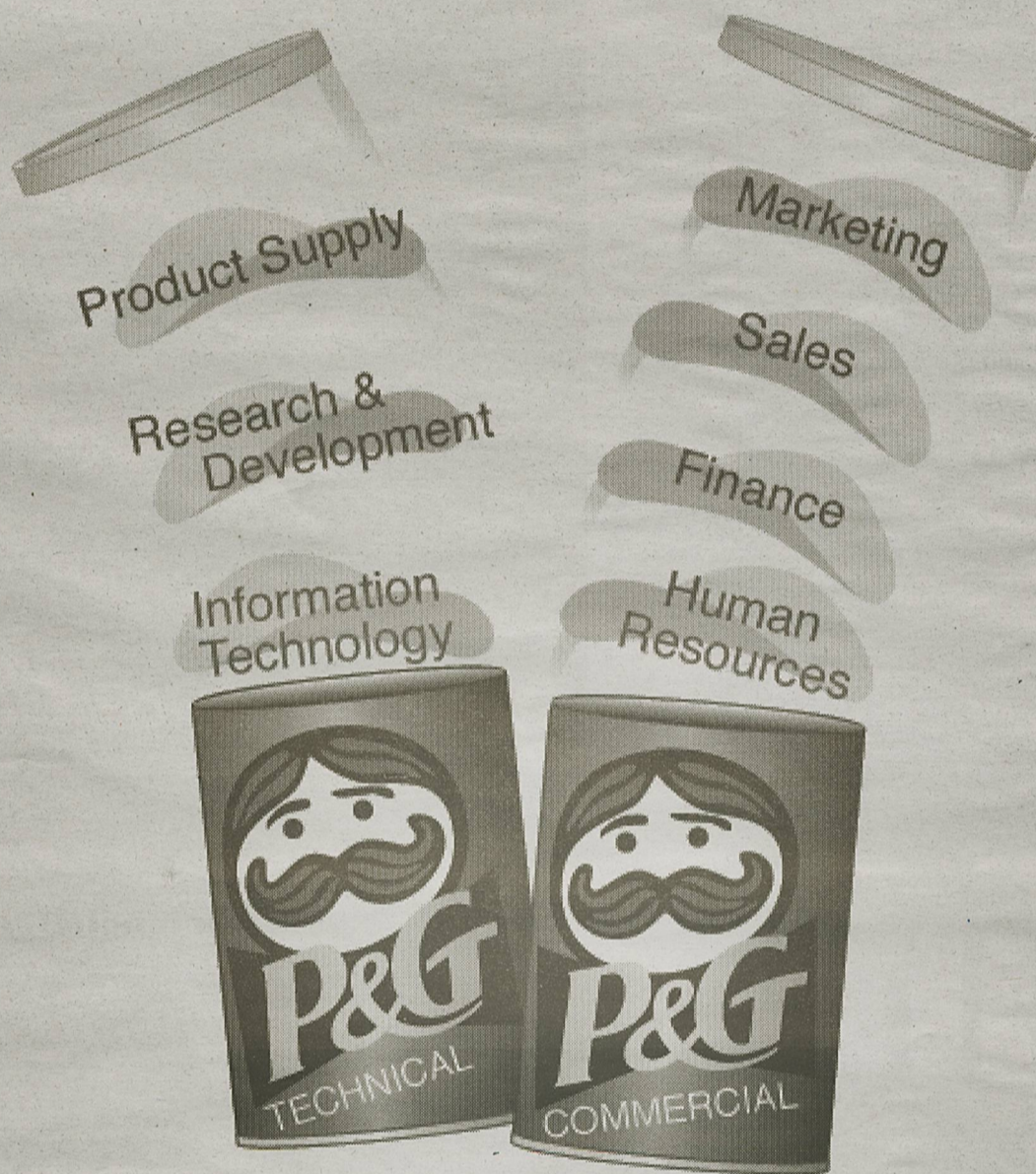
enforcing the electoral colleges on London.

In the London elections next year they will be facing a far stronger opposition and such divisions as already exist will put the Conservative candidate, Jeffrey Archer, in an unlikely position of virtue.

The grizzly faced Yorkshireman seemingly stands no chance when pitted head to head with Livingstone

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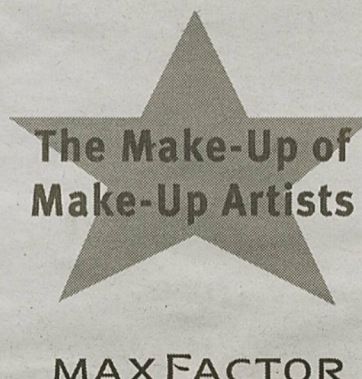
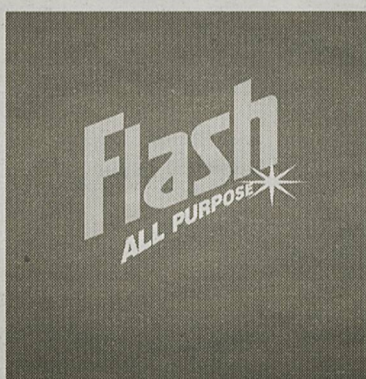
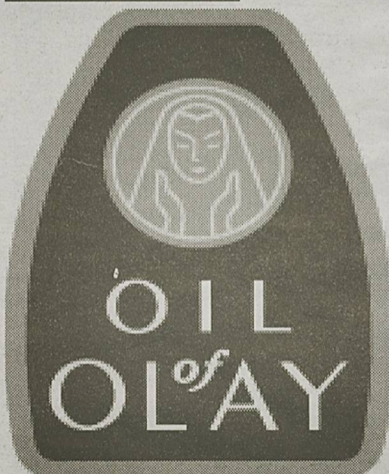
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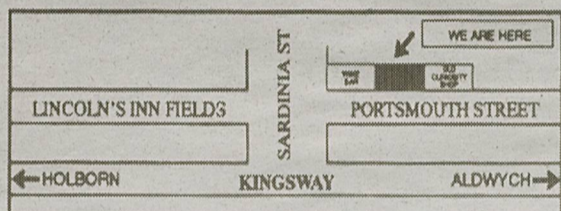
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GET A LOAD OF LOLA

TAMMY BEHR FEELS THE HEAT IN THIS BERLINER FRENZY

As the German ambassador to London prepared to hand over his set of keys to a younger generation, he made a cutting swipe at contemporary British attitudes towards modern Germany. According to the Herr in question, young Brits are a bunch of stereotyping louts who think their German contemporaries seek dietary solace by shovelling bratwurst and sourkraut at speed, as they spurt out a plethora of colourful Nazi slogans. Though his teutonic excellency is probably a little misguided, the Brits and colleagues may wish to pay a little more attention to the world of new German cinema.

For this month marks the long awaited arrival of *Run Lola Run*, a mad-cap ganster tripping, time-flipping obstacle course through the streets of Berlin with Lola (Franka Potente), a

fiery-haired femme fatale on a mission to save her boyfriend, Manni (Moritz Bleibtrau), from his crime bosses' wrath. Manni is a small-time courier for an influential narcotics fuhrer. As per usual his schedule includes a basic cash drop off, but today, due to an incident while buying a pack of cigarettes, Lola is delayed in picking him up and he's left stranded in a phone booth minus 100,000 marks, which have mysteriously fallen into the hands of a rather chuffed vagrant.

The film then unfolds in three segments, all replays of the same scenario



- Lola rushing through the streets of Berlin to reach Manni before his trigger-happy bosses. With thrillingly funky pace the adventure unfolds in a spinning blend of culty animatronics, brash colours, and razor sharp edits. A cross between *Trainspotting* and *Lock Stock and Two Smoking Barrels*, Lola hurtles at speed through the city bumping into nuns, babies

and guns. She careers headlong into her banker dad's office to demand 100,000 marks, only to find him banging a colleague. As her feet hit the ground and the seconds tick down, the tiniest choices become life-changing decisions and the fine line between fate and fortune whirs into a blur.

Run Lola Run has cult mainstream qualities that ensure its place in the new German zeitgeist. It is frantic and brash, developing what is a hazardously simple plot into a funky upbeat skirmish, with a slightly too 'this-is-a-stand-alone-dance-album' soundtrack in the wings. Lola and her Man will blow away any existing stereotypes you have about the new Germany, so check it out, if only to prove that stuffy ambassador wrong.

AMERICA'S DODGY INDEPENDENCE

ALEX KRANZ, OWEN MATTHEWS & RICARDO VALE CHECK OUT THE AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE II VIDEO SELECTION



Part Two of the American Independence series is released on the 25th October to the delight of indie fans wishing to get a look-in on some top directors...but which of the six is worth your tenner?

Steven Soderbergh's *Schizopolis* is the ace to play to ensure your indie film credibility, the title to drop when your friends/rivals-in-

cinophilia are dazzling with their *Run Lola Runs*, their *Twin Falls Idahos*, their *Buffalo 66's*, the celluloid artefact to brandish when you need to reassert the hegemony of your hipness.

Made for next to nothing, *Schizopolis* opens and closes without any credits. What makes it so deserving of its indie-artsy laurels is its innate sense of humour, its lack of pretension, and the joy (rather than the knee-jerk auteur-ish worship) of the possibility of the idiosyncratic,

the non-linear, the inscrutable in film art.

Such light and affectionate twists in the art form feel like caprice or maybe just instinct in those films; *Schizopolis* revels in that sort of thing. It defies synopsis, let alone

interpretation.

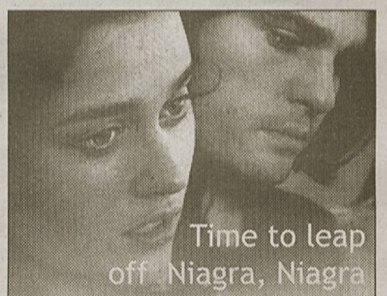
Essentially it is about language - of people (a couple takes to saying "generic greetings" rather than "hello" as the movie progresses/deteriorates), and that of film. The best bit of self-reflexive filmplay: the bizarre, orange-jump-suit-clad exterminator called Elmo is solicited by two strangers from out of the film, who assure him that he is better than this movie, and deserves to be in one that allows him to do more interesting things, one with a bit more action. And so, Elmo's subsequent appearances consist of him running frantically into a room and throwing things around and shouting a lot, having been liberated to indulge in more interesting things in a more interesting sort of movie. It's the casual, lightly-mocking revenge of the indie film against the loud action flick. A ridiculous lot of fun.

Spike Lee's *Four Little Girls* isn't the sort of paedophilic adventure its title suggests but a documentary telling the story of racial struggles in America. It focuses around the town of Birmingham, Alabama detailing the immense hatred between

whites and blacks felt in the 50s and 60s. The four little girls are the victims of a particularly vindictive bombing at their local church and essentially much of the dialogue revolves around them and this particular incident. The film works well in what it sets out to do, but clearly the subject matter it deals is not something one can just casually watch. There is definite interest generated with the stories of the four girls, although this does begin to wane towards the end as the producers drag out the story. It is not at all sensational and pulls no punches; it simply reminds us of a piece of quite shocking history that most people would rather forget.

Niagara, Niagara starts serenely inside a drugstore in Poughkeepsie, New York. Seth (Henry Thomas), a lowly son of an ex-con, is out on one of his routine shoplifting missions when he bumps into Marcy (Robin Tunney), also a petty thief.

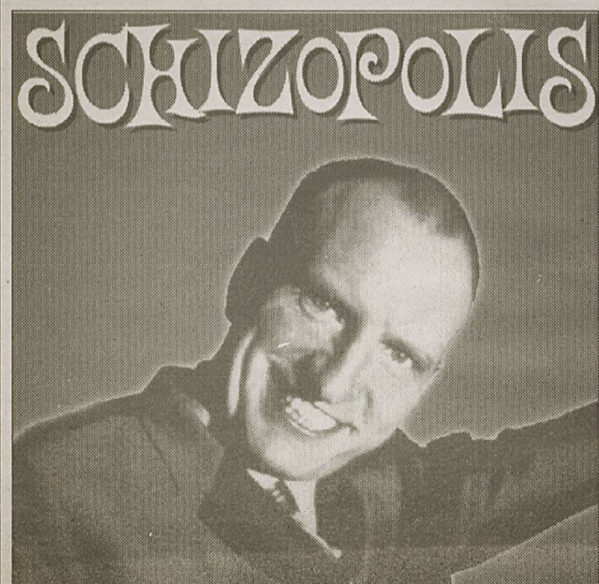
It soon becomes apparent that the two characters share the same problem of being misunderstood by society. Seth is a loner, constantly harassed and subjugated by his father, whilst Marcy suffers from Tourette



Time to leap off Niagara, Niagara

syndrome. They get along well together and soon leave off in Seth's station wagon to Toronto in search of a toy store that supposedly sells a doll Marcy wants. But their short trip rapidly turns into a crime spree and this is when everything starts to go wrong for the film.

Apparently the director, Bob Gosse, started out with the intention of making a comical film about Tourette Syndrome. Not surprisingly he quickly found out that it wasn't that humorous after all and thus *Niagara, Niagara* became a road-movie as well as a plea for society to recognise and be sympathetic to difference. Herein lies the problem: it is as if you tried amalgamating *Rain Man* to *Thelma and Louise* or *Shine* to *Natural Born Killers*. It doesn't work, and the use of the Niagara Falls as a metaphor for ingenuity, love and loss of control is banal.



The Beaver GUIDE TO BEING A WANKER... IN THE TUNS

Thankfully it would appear that the new intake of bright-eyed freshers, clinically insane General Course and pathologically boring Masters students already have a good grasp of how to be wankers. Veteran Tuns drinkers have been astonished at the speed with which those new to this establishment have developed their wankerskills. To help anyone still unversed in the noble LSE art of 'being a wanker' the Beaver again provides you with a cut-out-and-keep crib sheet specially developed to cover the area of LSE known as the Tuns.

Play the shooting Arcade machine in the corner of the Tuns with a steely and ruthless expression that leaves onlookers with an ominous awareness of your total disregard for human life. You like people to think that this shows you are ideally cut out for a career in investment banking.

Stand by the bar trying to look cool /hard/ intellectually superior whilst ignoring the cries of those whose attempts to purchase a drink are thwarted by your selfish posturing.

Surround any lone female on the dancefloor in the Underground with a posse of you and your mates all nudging each other and salivating in time to the music. Visibly aroused, you give the Tuns the feel of a tacky niteclub in Leicester square, which funnily enough is where you spend

your Saturday nights. Conspicuously read the 'Financial Times' at midnight on a Friday in the Crush, with your legs crossed, fondly imagining that you are on a commuter train bound for home after a hard days work in the City. When in the Tuns toilets never fail to notice the Condom machine, standing transfixed as a whilstful expression plays across your folorn features before you skulk out with your sexual frustation clear for all to see.

When asked what you are planning to do for the rest of the night say "We're going to Kings!" with a pathetically excited expression as if attendance at the piss-poor sweatpit across the Strand conferred special distinction upon you.

When asked to leave by the security guards scream "Do you know who I am you ham-fisted peasant!"

If you are an attractive girl, find a complete twat somewhere in the bar. He will be marked out by a display of complete and utter gormlessness combined with an arrogant assurance of his own brilliance, possibly wearing orange adidas trainers. Pull him early in your first term and start a long term relationship.

Attempt to pay for your measly bottle of 'Moscow Mule' with your platinum American Express card.

Start loudly singing Rugged songs with your mates from the Rugby 7thTeam and a few hangers on.

Preen yourself in the toilet mirror, preventing people from washing their hands.

As a former student you wear a suit and an expression which screams "I've made it big in the City". Tell everyone in a loud voice how much money you are now earning as often as possible. Resist the obvious conclusion that

you should now be drinking in a more salubrious establishment.

Attempt to convince the doorman that you are "On the Guestlist".

You are wet as fuck. Start a fight with someone even wetter using your nails as weapons.

Request that the DJ plays YMCA again... and again... and again...

You are a political hack. Rather than having fun you use your time in the bar to network with other sad and lonely social misfits.

Involuntarily spunk your pants when an attractive girl/boy brushes past you in the Crush. Rather than retiring home in disgrace you show off your soiled undergarments to your friends with pride in the mistaken belief that they will think you pulled.

Attempt to convince your friends that the industrial mixture of Persil and Talc is top-notch cocaine.



Choose Life...
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**BEING A WANKER
in the Tuns.**

FRANNY AND VICTORIA'S SOCIAL DIARY



How do you meet all these freaks?" our flatmate, Oliver, constantly asks us: a sleazy fashion designer, slimy club promoters, itinerant drunks, coke dealers, lecherous lords, eligible heirs, soap stars-the list grows exponentially. It's funny how a coincidental stream of events happen, which put you in positions you (a) had no intention of arriving at and (b) could never have been in even if you tried. After all, it was only two weeks ago that I (Franny) was driving a pick-up in Texas, and I (Victoria) was walking my dog in Richmond Park.

It all started last Saturday as we, with Sallie, our gorgeous friend from D.C., ventured beyond Freshers' Fortnight to Bar 38 on St. Martin's. Sadly, our glasses of wine were drained as rapidly as last orders was called. Thankfully, some wannabe Eurotrash, decked in perma-tans and gold chains, escorted us to the Saint Bar, only to be denied entrance as we waltzed in, the door staff under the impression that we were on an assignment for U.S. Cosmo.

For those of you who have never stepped foot in the Saint Bar, it's a far cry from the cherubs and angels its name implies, especially with the quasi sadomasochistic pictures on the wall. But, don't get the wrong idea. We had an amazing time, for where else could you i) get asked to model in a fashion show, ii) meet your future husband (Sallie, we'll shut up soon, we promise) and iii) get offered our own guest list to London's best clubs (why, we're not sure; we're hoping it's nothing dubious, but we're beginning to think it is).

Drinking, dancing, schmoozing, and smoking the night away, we extrapolated ourselves from the bar, for duty called; the Café de Paris had to be visited as Rick Shack, our new "best friend," and perhaps the largest club promoter in London, sent us off to his party there. Skipping the queue, we embarrassed ourselves when we forgot "our names" on the guest list. (Who remembers names like Donna Diamond, anyway?) Flirting shamelessly with the doorman, we finally entered the Café, which was jam-packed with wild partygoers. I (Victoria) spent the night hiding from the sketchy French fashion designer, I (Franny) learned the true meaning of a wanker, and Sallie enjoyed herself with her squeeze Paul.

Bed at 5 A.M. meant our spending the following week nursing hangovers and swollen feet, solely comforted by a growing stack of invites for next weekend's parties.

* Real names have been partially altered to protect the anonymity of the above mentioned and ourselves from future litigation.

ROCK IS DEAD?

Shilpa Ganatra checks out the latest offering from the Irish Rock Gods Therapy?

Therapy?

Suicide Pact - You First

It's probably the endless amount of copycat bands that leads one to believe that all the possible variation of the word 'rock' have been covered. 'Pop rock' is represented by Terrorvision and Stereophonics among others, everyone from the Sex Pistols to No Doubt have their take on punk rock, 'Britrock' have Skunk Anansie and Reef yada yada yada... Well, get yer thinking caps on and your

dictionaries out, because 'Suicide PAct...You First' needs a whole new term all for itself. However, any efforts to base a soundbite around their back catalogue will fail. Andy Cairns, the band's main songwriter, has prved in the past he can change styles effortlessly. They have thier raw-as-you-like albums (their first three), the one-with-all-the-hits ('Troublegum'), the fansatically dark one ('Infernal Love') and

their wait-wait-this-is-what-we-want-to-do album ('Semi-Detached'). Let this be known as their two-finger album. It's toally unlike anything they've ever done before, it's experimental as they come, but most importantly it's swimming against the huge big fuck-off tidal wave of commerciality. 'Suicide PAct...' screams, growls, wails and rocks when it wants, not when it's told to. The verse-chorus-verse pattern is non-existent. There's an instrumental rock track in the middle of it all. If there's a rule that you can't cut off a song half a second before its supposed to end, it's broken on 'Ten Year Plan' The word 'Eh?' comes to mind, until you realise that a) it's everything they shuoldn'r be doing and b) it'd fucking class. OF course, b) is only figured out after about ten listens; until then it seems haphazard. Rather like those Magic Eye 3D pictures which only make sense if you look at them unconventionally, after which it becomes the cleverest thing on earth.

Far more varied than they've dared to be in the past, a likeness to Captain Beefheart wouldn't go amiss, but other than that it's original as it could be. Cairns' vocals are certainly unique, whether he sings in a teasing manner ('And don't pull the trigger/ 'Cause I'm just a



singer'), growls like a man possessed (just listen to opener 'He's Not That Kind Of Girl') or even sings with marbles in his mouth, as with 'God Kicks').

It's perhaps the beauty of the album that its not presented with a salad garnish. It's spread across the floor; if you want it pick it up, ig you don't then fuck off. Therapy? aren't out to make friends or influence people. And they'll probably end up losing some of their former fanbase. To perform what some would consider as musical suicide

requires more balls than the whole of the LSE Rugby team, and for that a round of applause is needed at the very least, but thankfully it's much more than that. It's very easy for albums that defy norms to become arty-farty bollocks (cynics would turn to Exhibit A, 'OK Computer' by Radiohead). Yet Therapy? prove that natural instincts are better music makers than wads of cash, a concept which Marilyn Manosn couldn't even begin to understand

★★★★★



LETS TALK ABOUT US

Andrew Swann wonders just how high can they get?

The Charlatans?

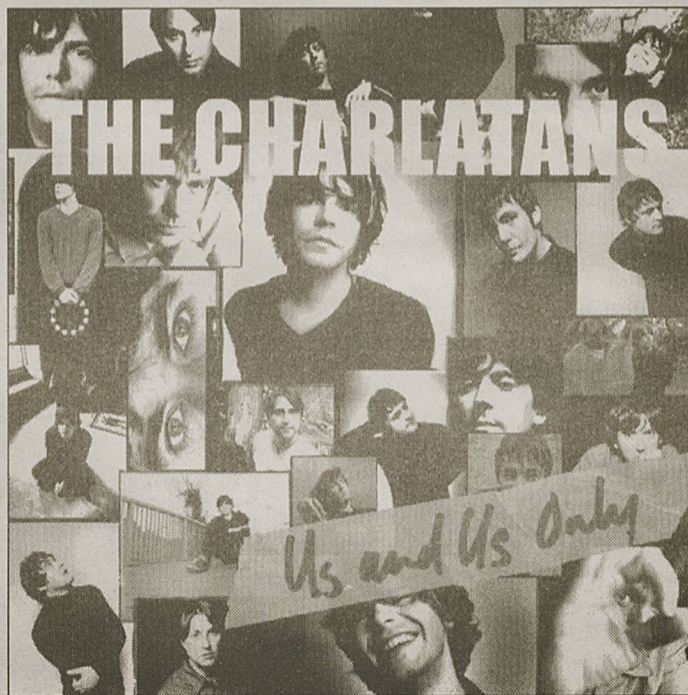
Us and Us Only

Hmmm... the Charlatans, where to begin? They have seemingly spent their entire career dwindling popularly in mediocrity, forever eclipsed by the 'big thing' of the moment - be it Oasis, the Stone Roses or whoever. Not that their music's bad, it's great for anyone who likes the post baggy, baggy indie sound (Oasis, Shed 7...). However, it's just not ground breaking. Here we go again, then. Their last album (1997's 'Tellin' Stories') produced some top ten hits and had a few outstanding tunes. 'Us and us only' however, doesn't posses those selling points. The stand out track is the up- coming single 'Forever,' but this sounds merely like a quirky album track.

The problem here is obvious. As is the rage at the moment, the Charlatan's have gone dark. Gone are the uplifting tunes with the triumphant lyrics. What we are left with are questions such as 'I wonder what these people do with their lives?' Burgess et al, seem to be despairing. Fair play to them, as a band they have seen tragedy (this is their first album without deceased keyboard player Rob Collins), they have a right to feel deflated. Or, it may just be a musical resignation to their inherent eternal mediocrity. Either way, this album isn't bad, you just wouldn't come home dying to play it. The musical touches are all there. The instrumental breaks of 'Good witch - Bad witch' combining with

added effects, keep the sound up to date. However, the overall picture theses eleven songs paint is too acoustic. Bring back 'One to another' with the Chemical Brother loops and strong guitar. At some points this is so apparent, such as in 'The blonde waltz' when they begin to sound like (dare I say it?), the Blur of late. The closest it comes to climbing from these depths is 'A House is not a Home,' but even this hardly inspires a bout of impromptu moshing with it's strained vocals. Maybe I'm being too harsh. If you're a sad, lonely individual, or you've just been dumped by your girlfriend, it's the ideal tonic. I might just go and put it on again, then...

★★☆☆☆



DOWN, BUT NOT OUT

Shilpa Ganatra is feeling *Fragile*

Nine Inch Nails
The Fragile

It's been five years since the monumental 'Downward Spiral' was released. And I'm still in shock. From the very first second, the album is one of those that redirect future music; the originator of a new course of thinking. Sure the

previous albums 'Pretty Hate Machine' and 'Broken' were also genius, but it was with 'The Downward Spiral' that the consensus was reached of it being the defining album of Industrial Music.

It's too much to expect that 'The Fragile' should top NIN's last effort, especially with the added anticipation. But it's certainly as good as anything they've done before. Trent Reznor's voice has the ability to translate his anguish, misery and general unhappiness straight into your ears. 'I Look Forward to Joining You, Finally' couldn't be any more cutting if it were a knife. Their trademark heavy-yet-carthartic songs, which included classics like 'Head Like A Hole' and 'Wish' can now have 'Starfuckers Inc' and 'We're In This Together' added to the list.

As this 2 CD set clocks in at 100 minutes, it can be a bit too much for all but the most manic of depressives to bear, but if you're ever pissed off, jealous, upset, been dumped, lonely, got PMT or like your rock music electronic and moody, this is an album you definitely need.

★★★★☆

Shilpa Ganatra



SEMISONIC

Anna Yacoub is feeling *stangely fine*

Feeling Strangely Fine
Semisonic

Since "Secret Smile" burst on the music scene earlier this year Semisonic have been basking in the rays of public recognition and success. Their album "Feeling Strangely Fine" was voted Best Album of 1998 by Q, Rolling Stone and the Sunday Times while "Secret Smile" was nominated at the 1999 Grammy Awards for Best Rock Song. All in all they're not doing too bad. Of course it helps that Dan Wilson - lead vocals - has that cute, little boy look thing going.

This album has a few mediocre songs but luckily for Semisonic not that many. "Feeling Strangely Fine" is a good combination of rock and indie with a certain romantic undertone epitomised by the lyrics of "Secret Smile". After all who can resist lyrics like 'Nobody knows it but you've got a secret smile, And you use it only for me'. Sigh... Ah, the romance of it all.

Though none of the other singles on the album

have achieved the same degree of chart success as "Secret Smile" Semisonic have a few surprises in store on the album. Personally I think "Never You Mind" is by far the best song on the album. Listeners should definitely watch out for "Closing Time" and "California".

Despite the whole sibilance thing that Semisonic have going (Secret Smile, Semisonic etc.) their emergence as a 'sensitive' rock band proves they have both depth and talent.

★★★★☆

Anna Yacoub



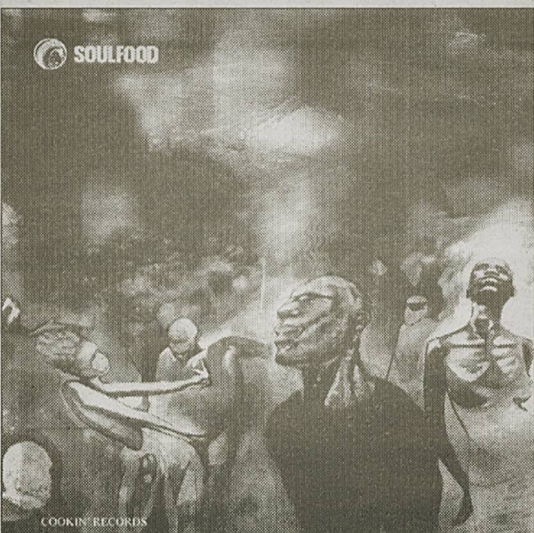
ALBUM ROUNDUP

Soul Food
Various

You know, you've got to be slightly more than Good Looking to get ahead in the cruel and indiscriminate music industry, and LTJ Bukem and his crew demonstrate that they're not just a bunch of pretty faced

sissies as the tasty Soul Food is launched as the debut album from Good Looking's sister label, Cookin' Records this very month.

Billed as a collection of chilled and spicy grooves to warm the soul, 'Soul Food' is pure laid back down tempo 'Uncut and Too Hot for TV' funk; strictly for consumption after the 2am hour, a paradox of mean'n'moody yet intensely uplifting sounds. Some familiar names on the rostrum, with Good Looking regulars Blame, Bjorn and Artemis throwing in their tuppennies worth; Blame proving that he has near perfected the art of underground eclecticism with the tracks 'Fifth Sun' and 'Twin



Moon'. Blu Mar Ten and Odyssey also flex their production skills on the album.

There's plenty of up and coming talent in there too, with, amongst others, Intersperse kicking off the compilation with the Malibu flavoured 'Du Bi True', double bass heaven from Vincent and absolute badass funkified grooves from Longers with 'The Brain'.

★★★★☆ JS

MUSE
Showbiz

There's some bands who can delve into your mind, figure out what moves you and compress your years of secrets to the size of an album. Muse have perfected this art with their debut. And they're as old as we are. The bastards.

So let's get the Radiohead comparison out of the way. Yes, singer Matt Bellamy's voice is emotional and perfect. Yes, songs like 'Falling Down' could calm a rabid Rottweiler. And I'll even admit that the flawless guitar work is there. In those ways, they are similar Radiohead, but if it's a crime to be good then give 'em a chair right now.

It has to be said that Muse aren't out to follow trends. This

is an honest album with little bullshit. It almost feels like infectious songs such as the seductive 'Muscle Museum' have become catchy due to some freak accident. You can almost see the trio's surprise when Bellamy holds a ten-second note perfectly during 'Showbiz'. Why I get the feeling that they're stars without the ego problem I don't know, but they're stars nonetheless. In twenty years, I can imagine Muse being as essential as Barry White in the quest to chill out, unwind after a mad night out and, well, in trying to bed someone, it has to be said.

If you're ever going to be brave enough to spend precious beer money on a band you've not heard before, now's the time to do it, and if you've heard of them but are still weighing up the purchase, there ain't no debate.

★★★★☆ SG

Spain

She Haunts my Dreams

I had never heard of the group Spain before so I have to admit I expected some kind of Spanish music... lots of guitars, lots of clapping and a little shouting, but when I pressed that play button something quite different started to play. A deep soft voice accompanied by an acoustic guitar sound started to flow from the speakers, almost instantly filling

the whole room with a peaceful, calm aura. umm...

I was actually quite surprised by the relaxing atmosphere the album created and although it has a romantic feel to it, with songs such as "Tonight I'm Leaving You" and "It's all over" perhaps it's not the best choice of music while cuddling up with your loved one. It is definitely an 'on your own album' and the more I listened to it the more emotional I became. By the fifth song I had somehow found my way to my bedroom window and as the rain drops hit the glass in beat with the music I found myself thinking of this and that and what he said and what I said and what we should have said.

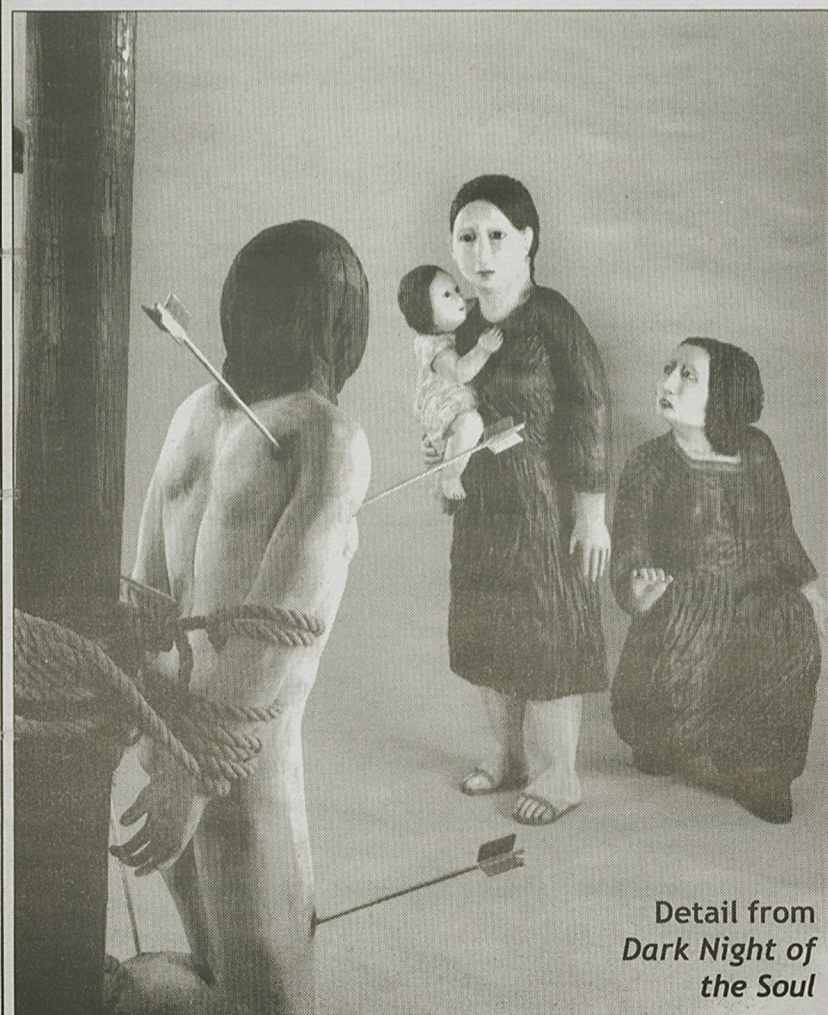
If you're in the wrong mood though what is meant to be relaxing may verge onto that of boring. The songs all sound quite similar and while you think you're listening to one very long song you've actually listened to three different ones.

That however is my only criticism. The album grew on me and the more I listened to the sexy voice of Josh Haden the more I liked it. So it you're feeling sorry for yourself and it starts to rain, put on this CD and start to reminisce...

★★★★☆ AU



Detail from *King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba in the Garden of Earthly Delights*



Detail from *Dark Night of the Soul*

BLACK MARIAH

DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL is the striking and imposing centrepiece of the current Sunley room exhibition at the *National Gallery*. It is the work of Brazilian émigré and sculptor *Ana Maria Pacheco*. Pacheco first arrived in Britain in 1973 and was recently appointed as an associate artist of the Gallery. She is both the first sculptor and the first non-European to occupy this position and this her first exhibition in her new role. It is an intriguingly macabre proposition. Her work stands seemingly oddly placed amidst the Renaissance paintings of Florence which surround it yet it is in fact from these pieces that the work draws its inspiration, an echo of the Renaissance depictions of the death of St. Sebastian.

The work is an impressively large sculpture that completely dominates the darkened enclosed Sunley room. It allows the viewer to walk within the piece and join the crowd of onlookers that surrounds

the central figure. In Pacheco's piece, however, it is not even clear that this figure is indeed St. Sebastian, for the figure is an anonymous kneeling man, pierced by arrows and disturbingly hooded. Four towering cloaked men surround the victim, impassive to the sculptural scene and to the disconcerted witnesses.

Walking through the work, the scale of the piece is such that the viewer is directly confronted with the black anonymity of this faceless man. It is this blackened hood which also lends a disturbingly contemporary edge to the piece as this is an image which is quite distinctly one of the late twentieth century. It seems clear that Pacheco's intention here is to contemporise the religious intolerance of the past and provide a warning to future generations against any possible pogroms of the future. This is both a curiously intriguing and unsettling work.

Steve Farrington

E PLURIBUS MUCK

John Hoyland is apparently one of Britain's premier contemporary artists - leading one to wonder about the more inferior! - and has received numerous awards from the 1963 Young Artists International Award to the Royal Academy Charles Wollaston Award. Recently appointed the Professor of painting at the Royal Academy schools, he is no doubt at this very moment moulding the minds of young British artists, repressing genius and passion to produce inert passive art that does nothing but beg the wall to be repainted.

If one stares hard at it long enough, most abstract art is a symbolic representation of something. Hoyland's work, especially his earlier works, vaguely resembles huge canvases in bilious greens and reds with lines running through them.



Hoyland uses acrylic paint recklessly trowelled onto canvas to make a statement, although one is unsure what about. They say nothing at all, and in fact suggest an extraordinarily clinical detachment from everything. Of course one could argue that this is in fact the point, but this reporter feels that true art is passionate and energetic, making a statement about something, evoking emotion and controversy. The vapidness of Hoyland's early work leads one to wonder how anyone ever saw talent, let alone genius in him at this early stage.

His later work at least involves a more extended use of colour and is filled with more detail, although it is still lacking in the inexplicable quality that distinguishes talent from mediocrity. These works are rather like those finger paintings one does in preschool, slapping huge blobs of brilliant colour onto a canvas, folding it into half and opening it up again, resulting in something that vaguely resembles a cross between a butterfly and a giant ink splotch executed in a myriad of colours.

Much dense, pompous and pontifical criticism has been written about his works. One particularly laughable criticism is as follows "By the mid-1960s Hoyland stood out because he could be seen to have worked quickly through the kind of gestural abstraction exemplified by de Kooning and Pollock.

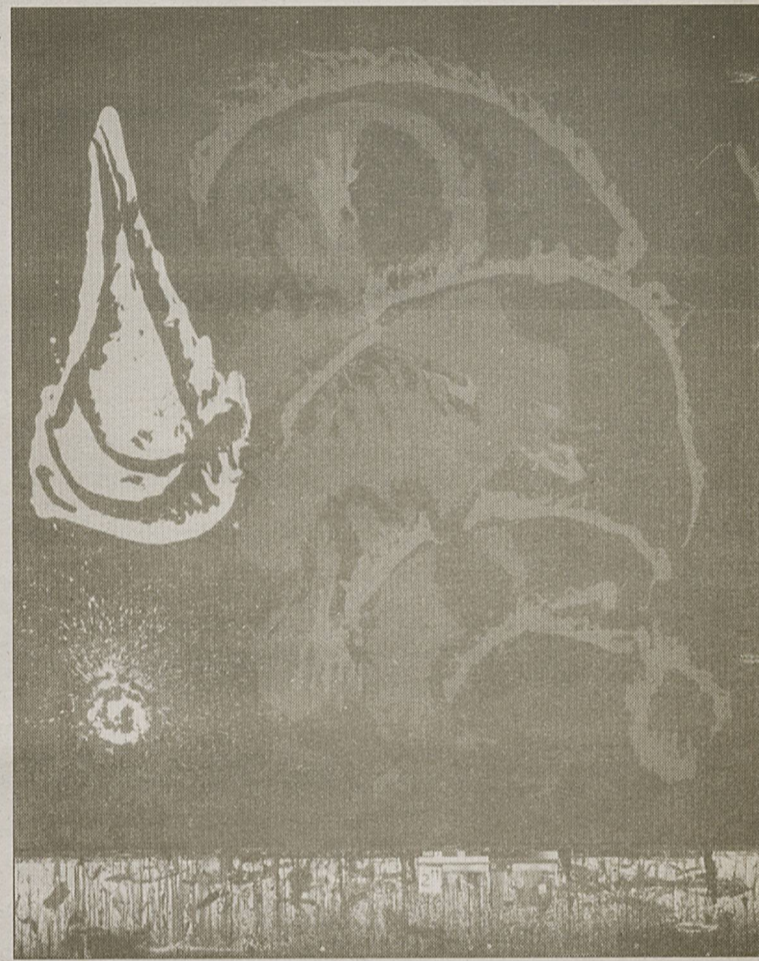
Resisting symbolic or allusive content, Hoyland's asymmetrical arrangements of simple shapes within a virtual pictorial space had a cool but imposing authority."

For the average layman who has not received an extended education in the jargon of the art world, such remarks are not only wholly incomprehensible, but inordinately daunting as well. The man on the street responds to art in a fundamental and primitive way, it speaks to his soul and is also something that cannot be truly articulated as well. The fact that the media publishes such pretentious reviews scares most of the public into thinking that art is for the posh. Contemporary art galleries take this further with their modernist furniture, cavernous halls and stark imposing white washed walls. They also come complete with posturing people posing in front of pictures with a suitably pensive attitude making suitably deprecating noises. The perception of art in these places depends on what people think other people are thinking about it. Art, like music, like literature, depends upon an individual perspective. For some the greatest art may be from Scub7, for others it may be Dali. Whoever or whatever does it for you, man. So go out there and don't be afraid to say what you think. Who knows, you could come up with criticism as a new art form!

Having said that, this reporter is sorry if she has offended anyone and would be willing to listen to anyone who has valid reasons for thinking that Hoyland merits a showing in any institution, least of all the Royal Academy of Art (especially next to the brilliant

Van Dyck exhibition) and who believes his paintings show more depth than a 2 year old discovering paint for the first time.

Suba Sivakamaran



ANY OLD LEATHER

Actually the shoes have been hanging in Room 45 since 11 August, so this article is a bit outdated (but considering the fact that the shoes were painted over a hundred years ago, it doesn't seem that bad anymore). Yes, and the shoes have been painted by Vincent Van Gogh and the painting itself is of immense proportions: 37.5 x 45 cm. The Gallery lent its **Landscape with Poplars** by Cezanne and received this painting in return, for a period of one year.

To give you some background, Van Gogh painted several still lifes of shoes and boots during his own short life. This painting is dated to the latter half of 1886 and the story goes that Vincent bought these boots from a flea market and before painting them wore them for a while to get them all muddy and such.

Now that you are all

extremely interested to find out more about this fabulous painting, I'll have to disappoint you. It is actually quite a nice painting. It has sombre colours and nearly nothing to do with the expressionism that I dislike so much. Actually it has been painted (in my opinion) very much in the spirit of the impressionists of the time and is actually a painting that you could hang on your wall (if you first just got rid of those terrible frames). You can construct your own opinion from the picture.

But it still makes you think, doesn't it. Why the fuss about a pair of shoes painted in Paris in 1886? That I am prepared to hang something on my wall is really not much of an endorsement, and I would never be willing to pay the price to get it if it ever was auctioned. What really creates the value of these pieces, except the art historians' evaluation of their relative importance and the word of the critic? A pair of shoes is pretty far away from all romantic

and idealistic ideas about the meaning of art. As Cezanne has said, "with an apple I will astonish Paris". Couldn't we somehow use the money we shove into galleries all over the world more usefully? It is good that we preserve these old artworks, but aren't many of them ridiculously overpriced? There are thousands of starving artists out there who can paint as good-looking pairs of shoes as Van Gogh. And there are millions (billions) of starving people out there who couldn't care less about a painting portraying a pair of shoes. They would rather get a real pair to protect their feet. I guess that, as Heller says in *Picture This* (which happens to deal with another great Dutch painter Rembrandt), it is all about relative scarcity.

Heikki Rantakari



TIMELESS : LONDON FASHION WEEK

Coen Ching sees the delights of London Fashion week



say
"glamour"

The London Fashion Week. Models, designers, magazine editors, fashion critics, clothes buyers and sellers, the camera-men and photographers. These are some of the people one immediately associate with whenever someone mentions a fashion show. Bright lights, loud music, wacky clothes, exotic prints, space age frocks, see-through fabrics, furs, skins, gore-tex, latex and sometimes no clothes at all! These are some more images that may spring into one's mind when one imagine about the catwalk.

Indeed, with the wide coverage by the media on these shows these days, one



Naomi
strutting
her stuff

can have a fairly good idea of what a fashion show is all about. Or does one really?

For a start, fashion shows are exclusive events. Although now, for a mere 20 quid or so, you could have a sneak preview into this high glamour. But in general, the shows organised by the various PR companies for the various designers are by invitation only, unless it's your brother or sister who's the designer. Perhaps they don't want any Tom, Kum Swee or Harry in, or that they think the masses are not up to their level of sophistication in fashion.

Why? You would think that yeeeeeah, by paying you still get to see the show? Sure. You get to see some clothes and some models (you would like to think you'll be able to see Kate Moss, having well prepared a camera in hand to capture all her splendour) but the truth is, you've already missed the real thing. Ah, what a let down to all you serious fashion punters out there. Fact is, the clothes are perhaps the leftovers from some of the designers who think 'How should I get rid of them?' The models may be taking their virgin walk on a show. Sorry, that's life. Disclaimer: I didn't go to the public shows at the end of the week, so I wouldn't know. So what really goes on in

a show? First, it'll never ever start on time. An hour, hour and a half late is the norm. Why? 'That's just the way it is.' replied one organiser. Then again, if you didn't come early, you'll never get a good seat, or a good position if you're a photographer. So even if you go in on time, you may well see workers setting up the stage, testing the lights and music. You may even catch the models having a rehearsal. (That's the best part really.)

Then people start to stream in. Some look impressive, rich and famous, and beautiful; many others are trying to look so. You also see the people who wields power over the industry; the fashion editors and critics. I expected some wierdo old women to fill these jobs. But surprisingly, many were in their 30s and some still in their hip 20s. The industry's changed quite a bit. For the better? (By the way, for those eager beaver out there interested in going into the fashion industry or are already in, you can have a chat with me.)

But what's happening backstage? We must of course not forget the most important aspect of a show; the models. Basically, it's chaos back there. Everyone's rushing about. The make-up artists, the hair stylists, the nail polishers, the clothes arranger, the iron specialists and the watchers who sit down, huddled in one corner having a laugh at all that's going on.

The attention though is on the models. Again, if you're Naomi (she's that lovely girl doing Economics) you get more pampering than the rest. The rest of the girls, they come in all shapes and sizes (if you know what I mean), young and old (this is a subjective word), seem like peripherals, because one show can never have too many heavy-weights. While waiting for their turn to be made up or for their hair or nail polish to dry, some like to munch chips, some can't keep their hands off their mobiles, some try very hard to speak English, some look bored,



This season is
all collars
darling

some dreaming and some are dead. Remember all these happening simultaneously with all the flurry of activity by the other people around.

Right outside, you have the photographers and camera-men jostling, pushing and fighting for space. Angry words are exchanged, threats thrown about, counter threats returned, but luckily no pushes flew. I must say, in this line, it's a tough job. You get paid peanuts, you rush about, you try to get the best position, you have no rest. I now know why paparazzi go to extremes to get a picture. All because for a pic that will pay them a 5 figure sum or lead them to fame. Who doesn't want that anyway? Because it's the picture that counts finally, nothing else matters.

Suddenly the lights dimmed and the music get louder. Then the dramatic entrance of the first model captured the attention of everyone. The show's started. Finally. (I don't want to write the rest because you can either see it on TV, Internet or just imagine it.) Of course, when the show's ended, the designer comes out smiling, flanked by the models and

kisses the model at the end and everyone's happy and clapping.

Well, it was an experience for me, who dreamt of this occasion for 12 years. Not only did it give me a chance to see Kate and Naomi and Christy and Helen, plus a few extras like Jade and Mel B, and take a few pics of them, it also let me take a hard look at this industry and the people who flutters in it. But still, I got me pics published, have a chance to communicate this event to you, I'm happy and will pop round to The Tuns for a pint. Cheers!



Just a little
around the
eyes

LORDING IT OVER ST. CLEMENTS

In her pursuit of the interesting and the gorgeous, *Shailini Ghelani* talks to Lord Desai about the Euro, Gandhi and Arsenal

Lord Desai of St Clement Danes is 59 years old and lives in Pimlico. He has three children, all in their twenties. Born in India, he is now an academic at the LSE, and a Labour backbencher in the House of Lords.

Who do you think is interesting?

The man who won the Nobel Prize for Literature, Gunter Grass. Forty years ago I sat up all night reading one of his novels so I am very pleased. Also writers, film makers, thinkers such as Arundhati Ray.

Who do you think is beautiful?

Walking around the LSE I am staggered by how good looking students are. The freshness and the variety of them astounds me. They are all different shapes and sizes and not necessarily beautiful, but I find them fascinating and interesting.

What has been your biggest achievement?

Being interviewed by you.

No, but seriously!

Seriously, here I am at the LSE; in India the London School of Economics had an immense reputation, I never thought that I would teach here and still be found interesting enough by young people to interview. Seriously I mean that.

What kind of pupil were you?

A real nerd. I went to school very young. I had finished school at fourteen, I had a BA at the age of eighteen and an MA at the age of 20.

At school I started to do some theatre, I produced and translated. I remember participating in a production of 'A Dolls House' by Ibsen in a Bombay play competition.

I have spent most of my life in the library reading.

That brings me on nicely on to my next question, what is your favourite book?

Marx, Das Kapital, Volume One, Keynes 'General Theory' and James Joyce 'Ulysses.'

What was your childhood ambition?

I don't think that I had a specific ambition. I think that my father thought, as I was the youngest child that would go into the army. I was born into a family of civil servants and teachers so I did not have any ambitions other than this. I achieved my ambition to soon.

What would you like to achieve in the future?

To write and read more books.

Who was your childhood idol?

Nehru, The first Prime Minister of India

Not Gandhi?

No he died when I was young, and he was obscure and irrational, Nehru was modern, westernized and rational, and

They (hereditary peers) have got to go. There should be no life peers. They should all have to be elected.

atheist. The way to be.

Are you an atheist?

Yes

What qualities do you admire in a person?

Honesty and integrity

Do you have these qualities?

I should hope so. That is for others to say.

What is your fondest childhood memory?

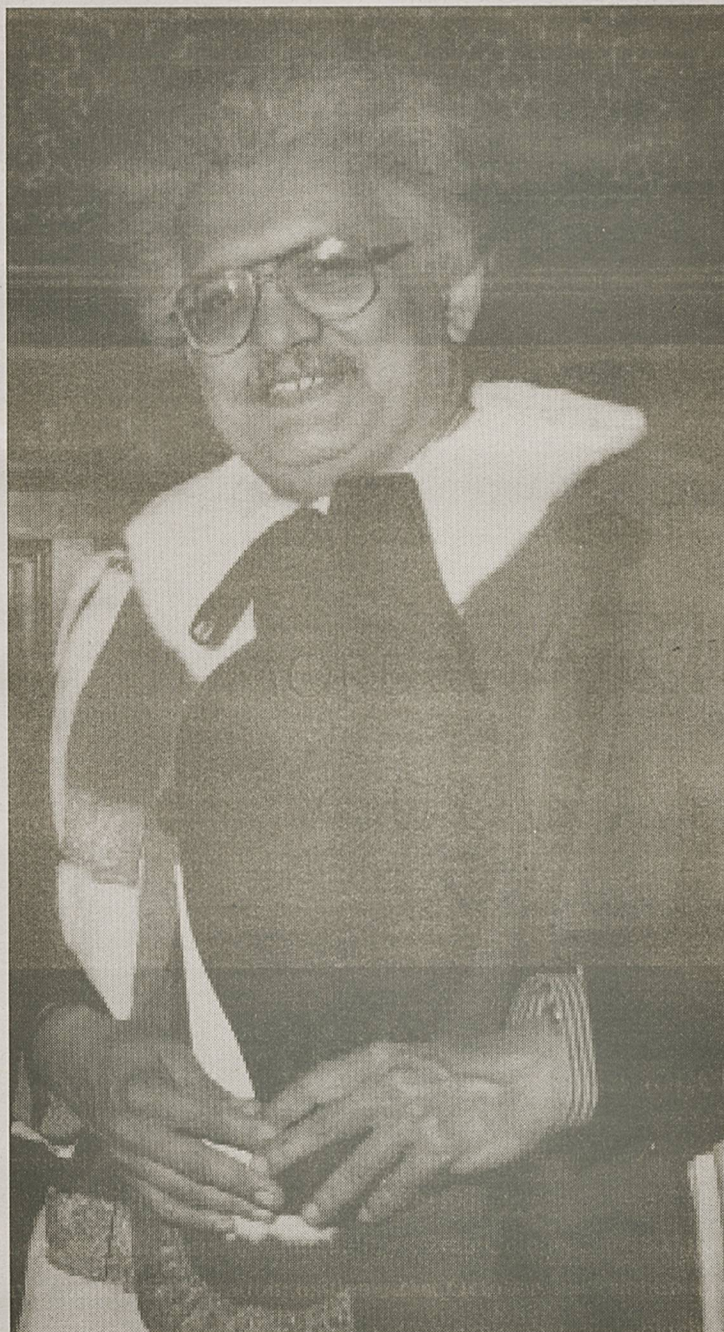
Sitting in a tub of water with all my clothes on. I was about four years old and I put myself in a nice tub of water. I later got told off.

Do you have any regrets?

Where to begin!! None really. There were other things to do, other places to be but no real regrets.

Do you have any fears?

No. I don't fear death. I fear



becoming incapable of controlling my own life. Having Alzheimer's disease or being crippled.

Who do you admire today?

No One

Thinks hard....

Arsene Wenger

What is your biggest passion?

Food, cooking and eating. I'm a great cook!

Describe the world today?

Messy. It could be so much better

but not succeeding. There is too much poverty, killing, far too many people do not have a dignified life. I am hopeful. Young people can do better than we did.

What disgusts or horrifies you?

Racism, Anti-Women feelings. When a powerful person treats a weaker person badly.

If you could change anything what would it be?

There would be fewer poor people in the world. I would eradicate

poverty.

I would also lose weight.

Where is the best place to live?

Berkley, California. I lived there for two years in my twenties when I worked for the Agricultural economics department at the University of California.

In an article that you wrote, you said that the reluctance of the British government to enter the Euro was down to the Murdoch press. How do you really feel about the Murdoch Press?

Very professional, they have a very dedicated programme, a clear programme. They give an anti euro feeling. The New Labour government failed to give leadership and direction.

So what do you think about the Euro situation?

It is not a life and death situation. We have accomplished everything with our economic policy. I once thought that going into the euro was necessary, but not today.

In order to go into the Euro you need the support of the people, this is not the case in the England. Germany and France have much more elitist democracies where the ruling class have more influence with regards to matters such as these. The press is much less reverent.

What is your role in the House of Lords?

I am a maverick labour peer, I do not always follow the party line, I do what I think is right.

What is your view on hereditary peers?

They have got to go. There should be no life peers. They all have to be elected.

What do you think of ethical investment?

It is a waste of time. Investment is for money. If someone feels strongly then yes do it, but the intervention in Kosovo used weapons bought with money from investors. Was the intervention not ethical? It was necessary. I am not a pacifist.

Thank you for your time.

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UPCOMING: MICHAELMAS ELECTIONS

Michaelmas Term elections will take place in the week commencing Monday 25th October. The following posts are to be contested:

Union Positions

Honorary President
Honorary Vice-President
Postgraduate Officer
Womens' Officer (by-election)

Student positions on School Committees

Court of Governors (5)
Academic Board (2)
Accommodation (2)
Careers Service (2)
Catering Services (4)
Inter-Halls (1)
Investments (1)
Library (2)
LSE Health Service (3)
Nursery (1 student parent)
Site Development (2)

Other Positions

ULU Council (4)

Nomination Forms and a guide to the Elections are available from SU Reception.

Nominations **CLOSE** on Wednesday 20th October at 5pm. Any Queries? Contact the Returning Officer via SU Reception.



GEN SEC'S COLUMN

Some of you may well be ready this sitting over a cup of LSE's best coffee in the new Union café. Or after a quick work-out in the new Union Gym. Two things this time last week you couldn't be doing.

Because this week marks the unveiling of the first stage of The Union Project - our biggest investment ever in what the Union provides for you.

The centrepiece of the project is an enhanced and expanded Quad. There will be easy access to almost all of the Union services from here, with a new café, new bar along with the Shop and Tuns looking directly onto it.

The new bar will hopefully change the face of the Quad at night, transforming it from a dark and dingy periphery to the Tuns, to becoming the core of our Ents events.

For those of you who had the dubious fortune of experiencing the old café, do not worry! The new café is not a dressed up version of the old. It is a completely new venture. We are aiming to offer Pret-style quality or better at substantially better value. Toasted bocata paninis, special sandwiches, New Covent Garden Soup, hot snacks, donuts and Little Red Barn brownies all form part of the new menu. Along with squeezed-on-the-spot orange juice and LSE's best coffee. And finally... we'll be offering meat, although there will be plenty of vegetarian and kosher options too.

But there is one thing missing. A name. Here is your chance to leave your legacy at LSE. In the elections coming up in a couple of weeks time, you will have a chance to vote on what name you want. But before then, we are looking for suggestions to make up the shortlist. So if you have any bright ideas, hand them in to Union Reception by this Wednesday at 5pm.

Nameless or not, the new café is open now.

Once you have sampled it, your next point of call should be the new Gym. A full 26-piece state-of-the-art fitness centre, with a professional supervisor, at just £80 a year for students I think its pretty good value. You can find the Gym through café exit from the Quad.

So that's the first phase. Three new services and a new heart to the Union. The second is due to be built next Spring - a brand new mezzanine above the new bar and café. Plus, I'm looking into launching a new Development and Resource Centre, with a Job Shop, skills centre and societies room.

People have been talking about doing a project like this for years. Now it's finally being done. I'm really sure that the project will not only provide us with new services today, but help modernise the Union for tomorrow.

Jonathan Black

RENAMING OF SU CAFE

The new Students' Union café will be opening on Monday 18th October and is currently without a name. Therefore, during the Michaelmas Term elections a referendum will be held to decide the name of the new café. Nominations for the new name must be submitted to SU reception by Wednesday 20th October at 5pm. The Executive will then narrow down the nominations to a shortlist of 3 or 4 possible choices to be voted on at the elections.

This is your chance to leave a lasting mark on the LSE and win a substantial prize. Yes, a prize will be given to the winning entry. So, get those creative minds thinking and please keep the entries clean!

ETHICAL INVESTMENT

Following the sale of the most controversial shares in the Student Union's portfolio, the Finance Committee is working on an ethical investment policy. To help with the preparation of this policy, we are seeking views from students. If you have any suggestions/ideas for the basis of this policy, please e-mail them to Jon Frewin at su.treasurer@lse.ac.uk before 5pm on Wednesday.

VIEWS ON LIBRARY MOVE

Following the temporary move of the BLPES to 20 Southampton Buildings, the Union would like to hear your comments about the move and suggestions for how the Library service can be improved. We would also be interested in your experiences using the Library at its new location. These views will be submitted to a forthcoming Library Committee meeting.

Please e-mail any comments or suggestions to Becky Little at su.edwelfare@lse.ac.uk

PuLSE Radio Introductory Meeting

Tuesday 19th October 6pm A85
All welcome!

Grimshaw Club AGM

Wednesday 20th October 4:10pm - 5:30pm
A47

Come along - you can join at the door!

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FOURTHS MARCH ON HOCKEY BIRDS CAN'T CUT IT

IC 4th XI 0
LSE 4th XI 1
Stoate digs in deep

The fourth team bandwagon that is led by 'Gobshite' Stoate rolls on after a convincing win over the hotbed of homosexuality that is Imperial College. Stoate may take the credit for this win but his general lack of direction allied with Will 'Simba' Paxton's inability to operate the tube ticket barrier nearly cost us the game before a ball had been kicked. Thankfully, an elderly lady whom Gobshite attempted to get into bed with aided us on our way to IC and thankfully we made the game in the nick of time.

To be honest, the lads never looked like losing. Solid at the back, with Simon 'Orson' Wells outstanding, Sgt. Milko aggressive and Karl looking ever more composed in the left back berth meant that one decent finish would have the game sewn up. Sadly, we were relying on the talent of a sad hasbeen Radio 2 presenter, one Mr Terry Wogan. Frankly, Terry, your shooting was as impressive as your performance at Limelight i.e. 'nul points'. Chance after chance was carved out by the impressive midfield quartet that is Samba Paxton, Alfonso de Nunes Sacramento Himenez Garcia (Al to his mates), Ross and some lazy tab smoker, only for Terry to fail to connect with the ball. Tommy C was pulling his sideburns out in disgust and I

don't blame him. Thankfully, Terry developed another fictitious thigh strain and was replaced by the prolific Alex Kaye. Small he may be, but it was his cracking finish that finally gave us the goal we deserved, midway through the second half. It was left to Al to provide a cheeky flick from a Tom C layoff and the game was ours.

After the game, we learnt that the ULU cup draw had pitted ourselves against the might of LSE III. We cannot deny that they are looking a great side - Jarlith "Sean Bean" O'Shea looks to have assembled a crack outfit, but with the luckless case that is Chris "Calamity" Barnes I guess anything is possible. If we don't win boys, we'll just laugh at them. A lot.



Stoate's bird watched the match from the comfort of the pool

St. Georges 1st XI
LSE 1st XI
Katie Pratt owns up **More Less**

That's it from now on I refuse to make any predictions. I said we'd kick ass and ... umm... we lost. So if anyone hears me say anything about score lines in the future please smack me about a bit.

As for the match it was actually quite good. We worked hard, tackled hard and to be honest it was fairly even. Credit must be given to St. George's their first goal was well placed and deserved in the second - well lets just say it was lucky. You see, Leggy Laura our star defender bravely volunteered to play in goal - she's never done it before - and in actual fact, in the second half when George's ploughed through our defence she made a stunning save off her chest and then dived to prevent another going in. Not bad for a virgin don't you think? We're

hoping our new goalie Ruth will make her debut sooner rather than later but she's still recovering from injury. Same goes for Annika the German wondergirl who this week is suffering from a bout of flu.

Woolly and Captain Kerstin were on top form as usual and the midfield trio was completed with the inclusion of new girl Anna Hahn. Anna is one to watch bit of a nifty little dribbler if you ask me. As for Kerstin's form, well this may be attributed to her model like boyfriend cheering her on from the sidelines!

At the back Jess - Let Me Entertain You - Crellin was doing what she does best and with the help of the lovely MJ (aka Little mark two) and stunning Sarah (yes boys that's the name of the Irish one who looks like Andrea Corr) managed to keep up a corking

defence. As for the forwards well, this year we actually have some. Su and Angelin our new recruits braved the solid looking George's defence relentlessly and eventually it paid off, a neat ball from Su, pushed in by yours truly and chased up by Anna the Winger finally hit the boards. Two - One not bad for a first time.

Oh and before I forget a special thank you to Amar for carrying the goalie kit, John and Sharkie for umpiring and all those hockey girls who came to watch - we would have been lost without you! Oh and next week anyone who doesn't make it to the Three Tuns after the match will be fined. You missed a great night, table dancing, singing, drinking, drinking, drinking, drinking and umm.....more drinking!

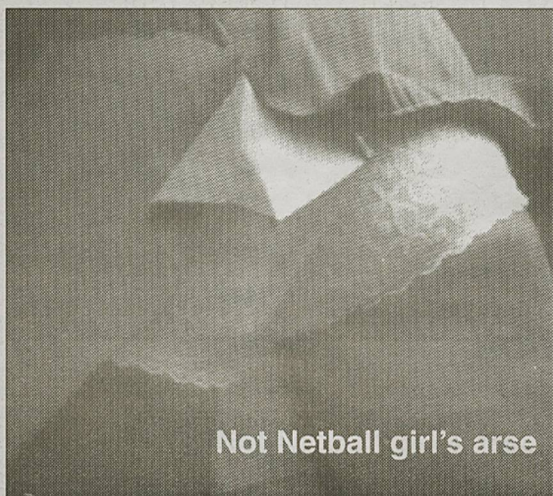
Aerobics 1999/2000

- | | |
|-----------|----------------------------|
| Monday | 6-7pm Total Body Workout |
| Tuesday | 6-7pm Step Intermediate |
| | 7-8pm Back, Bum and Thighs |
| Wednesday | 6.30-7.30pm Toning |
| Thursday | 5-6pm Step Basic |

**For more Info contact
K.Gramke@lse.ac.uk**

NETBALL GIRL IN OUSTING SHOCKER

Its true, Netball girl has been displaced!!! After our highly democratic poll, Netball girl will no longer feature on these hollowed pages. Its sad we know, but that the way these things go. However, to soften the blow, Beaversports readers can win one of five **Loaded** subscriptions simply by identifying the truely spectatular arse featured to the left. Bring your answer to the Ginger Magician in C023 ASAP to scoop this truely pant-ripping prize. Editors decision is final - and all that crap...



Not Netball girl's arse

FAT MEN STAY FIRM IN FACE OF FARCICAL

BRIGHTON 1st XV	28
LSE 1st XV	15
Fat Bob : Honesty is the best policy	

Following a hard-earned spanking of the Vets at the weekend, the "Warriors" were looking forward to a cheeky jolly down south with the soul intention of reaping a RUTHless (Big Jez), and mind-numbingly bloody revenge on the bunch of twats who pilfered our kit last season by a subtle use of the nearest backdoor. In all fairness to the opposition- we lost. In terms of the game of Rugby, they managed to score a few more points than us by being very lucky, and by ensuring that the ref was more incompetent and bias than a cute baby seal would be in a game between Greenpeace vs. Seal Clubbers Utd. However, in the Game of Life, the very structure of our civilisation and the current of human understanding that fills every man's subconscious, we scored a resounding victory and reminded the gimps at 'Eastbourne Poly' that people like them are naturally subservient to the Mighty Purple Warriors.

Firstly, we foiled their little plans to claim a walk-over by actually deciphering the 'map' that they sent us, and finding the pitch after only 3' hours on the team bus. Then we managed to make sure that we came back with ALL our shirts accounted for, not giving the kleptomaniac sweat-fetishers a chance to satisfy their eerie desires.

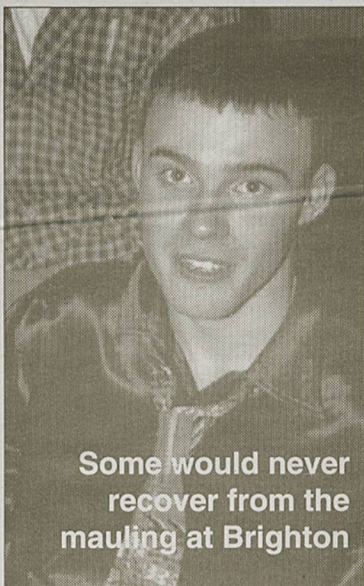
Secondly, despite a negative scoreline, there was only one decent team on that pitch. Awesome scrummaging from the collective fatboys had Brighton

Buffties running backwards faster than a prop to bitter. Although missing the power of Hightower and the blatant weight of 'Slim-boy-Fat' MacFarlane, a summer of intensive 'pie and beer' training seems to have paid off as the 'hard men' (ooh I wish.....Jim 'Matron' Craig) of the south-coast's most notorious resort were made to look embarrassingly flacid by our boys' firm and aggressive ball-handling and irrepressive forward thrusting. New boy Matt lead from the front with a 'Tally-Ho' attitude and a Hart(ie)y appetite for physical contact which lead to him being man-of-the-match and getting two disgusting little things to put in his mouth, one of which was a Green Monster. In the backs, things were looking a little iffy until their pineapple-headed star player ran into a combination of Fat-Bob's gut and Hard-Core-Connor's fist. Needless to say, the resulting mess was not pretty, and even the magic sponge couldn't put the little bugger right. The only points they scored after that were, frankly, lucky. If it hadn't been for the fact that the ref disallowed 2 tries in our favour, and that Athy Yogatikkamassala hadn't got so fat and slow after his sejour to Sri Lanka, we would probably have pissed all over the little shits as well.

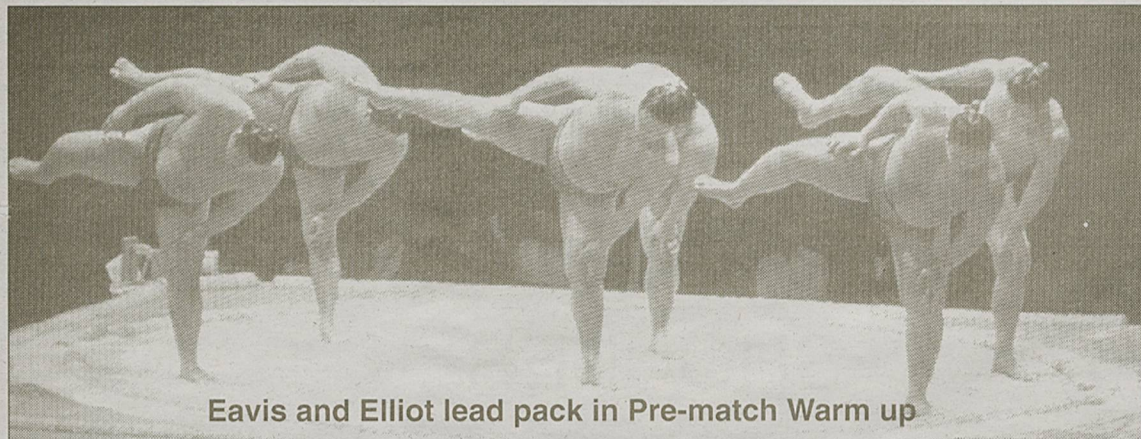
Thus despite the defeat, the long journey home was upbeat and well oiled, as three crates of beer dissapeared quicker than Wales's chances of winning the World Cup and at only a small profit to Good Lad Ltd, the Hairy Mong's new

company. As a warm up to re-establishing ourselves as the 'Kings of Karaoke', all were requested to

sing us a song or bare certain parts of their anatomy. The boys contributed in their own special way apart from one. The speculation can end here girls, Big Jez's Arse is both cheesy and exceptionally hairy, and almost put me off my beer. So, as the song says "Beelzebub, did a devil put aside for meeeeeee", we all got shit-faced and went to limelight to find some top totty, and quaff more ale. Unfortunately, the beer was too expensive and we had our collective goggles on. Eavis, you owe me a pint.



Some would never recover from the mauling at Brighton



Eavis and Elliot lead pack in Pre-match Warm up

**SPORTS IS AFTER A NEW EDITOR
ALL ENQUIRES SHOULD BE FOCUSED
AT FEDERMAN, THE BIG GINGER GEEZER
WITH GLASSES**

BARRIER METHOD AMPLE PROTECTION FROM FISTING MINGERS

LSE 1st VII	26
St. Georges 1st VII	17
LSE 2nd VII	24
RUFUCMS VII	33
Charlotte Knowles & Co.	

FIRSTS TRIUMPH WITH MULTIPLE CLIMAX, BUT 2NDS FALL FOUL OF FIGHTING FLOOSIES

With Phoney Tony came New Labour; with LSE's own Blair, Juicy Lucy, comes a new era of LSE Netball. Maria "El Dictator" Friebe and Georgia Pryce seem a distant, all be it frightening memory. Would the team recover? Would there now be harmony in the squad? Would Richard Wright finally be free from amorous advances? Apparently not - most of us know the tRUTH.

The team had already lost one battle before they stepped on court on Wednesday because, though it pains me to say it, the hallowed "babes" crown may well be winging its way to the LSE Womens Hockey Club for the first year in a bloody long time. The Netball club may well be relegated from the leagues of Mulligan and Cole (a blessing in disguise me thinks) and left to settle for some caveman action from Jarleth's Neanderthals or, dare I say it, the rugger buggers. However, this year the prospect of scrummaging with a Purple Warrior is not as unappealing as in days gone by with the likes of Boris and Athy taking their rompability ranking to an all-time high.

On to the games. Both the 1sts and 2nds were drawn at home for their first assault on BUSA. The line-up consisted of the usual suspects. This season marks the end of one of LSE's mainstays in the sports pages as we reach Dirty Alex's™ fourth and final instalment of sexploits. Alex's 'Any Port in a Storm' mentality has transfixed readers over the years with her conquests reading like a who's who in LSE football ranging from current Club Captain and First Team goalscorers to balding Ex-Ents sabbaticals. Could this be the year of the "FF"oster, whose presence is "Mand"atory for a good time - hockey totty beware.

The 1sts dicked on the medics of St. Georges, whose matronly bosoms would give Netball Girl a run for her money. It could hardly be said that Captain Lucy led by example - she was shit to be fair. Fortunately the top notch performances of the lovely Laura Dubery, the aforementioned "FF" and debutants Kristie, Jenny and Jacinta pulled LSE back from the brink - defensively sound, the fact that Lucy "couldn't hit a fucking barndoor" was merely amusing in a Cole-like way. Katherine provided the token taffy element and the lasses went on to triumph 26-17.

The cogs on the netball wheel were distinctly less lubricated for the 2nds, who played RUFUCMS. It wasn't a good start when HotShot Hannah displayed bra and breasts to all in Lincolns Inn in a tragic attempt at donning a T-Shirt. The absence of Tally-Ho Hartley gave cause for concern. Soula stepped in, but the trauma of the "Friday night/minging pull" incident got the better of her and she was replaced at half-time by Laura "I know how to entertain Hatton" Taborn. Charlotte, who frankly couldn't hack the strenuous activity (it's been a while since grumpy stumpy), took the umpiring whistle "Justin" time to allow Captain Louise to take the helm and join new girl Paula in defence. The eventual defeat was no doubt attributable to the bout of fisticuffs that erupted between 7up Sam, Peggy and Ruth Daniels (who, to be fair, had been showing us all the Wright moves) and their Heifer-like opponents. And so to the Tuns, where beer is cheap and we can be cheaper, and blame it on the Bacardi.



Daniels is Manhandled

HOLLOWAY ROCKED BY G-FORCE

LSE 3rd 1
RHUL 3rd 6
Shaft gives it to you

On a bright and sunny Autumn afternoon with a full team and a subs bench with more players than the 4ths social night crowd, things couldn't have started any better. Until the 3rds took to the pitch. With the Governor missing due to a broken toenail and the rest of the team looking as encumbered as they do at the Wednesday night social, things were going Pete Tong from the start.

Missed tackles, missed passes, missed shots came and went with abundance until the Holloway goalkeeper decided he better put to use the £20 the Rock had slipped to him before the match, and let a cross sail over his head and into the goal. If quiet boy Tom ever said that he was going for goal with the cross then Michael Epstein is a man. But just for good measure G-Man with his back to goal, sliced a wayward freekick into his own net from 20 yards to bring the scores level. Amazingly from 5 yards out and facing the opponents goal, this was never the case for this lumbering donkey as the woodwork was the nearest he got.

However LSE went into the 2nd half 2-1 up courtesy of more gratuities from the Holloway defence and quick finishing from the lightening boy Kyle. With the Rock delivering stern words at halftime that would make Alex Ferguson look like a pussy, the thirds got their arses into gear and showed why they could be the best bet in LSE for silverware come the season's end.

The Rock looked solid, not the chipped stone of the first half, the G-Man more He man and even Barnsey showed a hard side (note to all girls: never in his pants). the flying Dan weighed in with 2 goals as he cracked open the now static Holloway defence with strikes of wonder and precision from 3 yards and 4 yards out! G-Man proved he knew where the net was by adding the fifth and the Rock made it 6 from the penalty spot (his record is now 1 from 3 and he still claims that he never misses). With the final whistle blown it was off to the Tuns for plenty of Snakebite (pink stuff to the 4ths) and merriment.

NOTE: Matt 'the weasel' Stoaite and Michael 'I am over 18 and have pubic hair' Epstein were the only members of the 4ths to make it out after their first midweek match. if anyone would like to join them, they can be contacted at www.sadbastards@lse.ac.uk.

FEDERS ON NUDISM

Feders hereby solemnly declare to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. For me nudism is something that should remain sacred and something that should be admired

In 1995, the Naturist federation defined nudism as 'a way of life in harmony with nature characterised by the practice of communal nudity, with the intention of encouraging self respect, respect for others and for the environment'. These essential aspects make nudism both exhilarating and liberating. Unfortunately the European Nudist Movement, headed by a certain Mr. C. McClaughlin, have been at the centre of media controversy over recent months. Viewed as corrupt, their activities are seen to be immoral and contrary to God's intentions. Some believe that their 'nakedity' has an inextricable link to perverse sexual behaviour and is often implemented in a blaze of drunken euphoria. They see nudist resorts as nothing more than fairgrounds for non-stop sexual activity, populated entirely by beautiful human specimens rigorously copulating from dusk until dawn. For them the males remains constantly in an erect state while the women are always moist. With such obstacles in our way, the nudist has to adopt a survivalist mentality and remain focused in his ideals.

The purpose of this piece is to expose the doubters for the cretins that they really are and show that campus life could be more fun if only 'we all got naked.' We must do away with the myths surrounding nudist colonies. The resorts do actually have tight moral regulations, some even prohibit the extra-marital holding of hands while you can be banned from life and deprived of nudist status if caught having sex in a public place. People from all walks of life visit the resorts. Moreover, erections on site are in fact very rare. One nudist, Scholesy, from the new 'Cool' camp in the Angel Islington, recently reported that he had not seen an erect penis for more than two decades.

The life of a nudist is not hard to adapt to. Once you have overcome the misconception that nudity equates to sexual promiscuity, you need to transcend the superficial and be at one with yourself. Lose the initial embarrassment over your own body and develop a healthy feeling of relaxation and acceptance. Lose the prejudices that emanate from our rigid society. Once you reach the 'nude state' all class or race barriers can be destroyed. Educate your children in the nudist way of thinking. Be open about your body. We should not try to deny the differences that exist between the human race. Instead we should expose ourselves and if people don't like it, I don't give a fuck.

LSE COCK WHACKERS CASTRATE HOLLOWAY BEGINNERS

1ST CLASS

Continued from Back Page

Man of the match was the perspirational Matt Cole who confounded his critics with a swift hat-trick. His performance revived memories of his first pre-beer and mingers season which reaped 27 goals. Since then it's been all down hill for the Ginsters-munching forward with the poor boy reduced to pulling girls who look as though they've just walked out of filming for Degraffi Junior High.

Letting in three goals was worrying though and the defence may have to take some blame for this. Newcomer Fatty Callis™ is still getting to grips with university football and also the unavoidable truth that his girlfriend is getting the back end knocked out of her thrice nightly by those strapping boys at Loughborough University. If the podgy stopper faces up to the truth though he could turn out to be a first team mainstay for the next three years. Gaffer 'Ruthless' Richard Wright will soon be back to partner Callis at the heart of the defence. It's not everyday your head explodes so Wright's rapid return to form both on the pitch and in the Tuns has been welcomed by everyone.

Neatly side-stepping the dicking we received against QMW in a friendly, Wednesday brought the first competitive match of the season against ICSM. An away fixture meant a trip to the arse end of the universe that is Cobham. Lost on the way was WWF champ Justin who only got there after the ticket inspector submitted when Justin DDT'd him.

Mandie (or Bertie Big Bollocks to anyone who has seen him walk around the Tuns) meanwhile was submitting to the DT's after a roistering freshers fortnight in which a large amount of Foster's was consumed. He redeemed himself during this match though after a couple of stinkers with a magical performance, nearly but not quite eclipsing Mulligan's performance. After spending most of last year 'running the line' he now leads the line with aplomb and his diving header into the top corner proved to be the winning goal. If only his clinical finishing could be transferred to the Tuns and Limelight as the drought on par with Ethiopia '82 continues, exacerbated by the fact that his flatmates Mandie and Wrighty are beating the girls off with sticks. Admittedly the two of them are simply working their way through the netball team (five between them at the last count) and even Mulligan has enough self respect to steer clear of those bush pigs.

With the 'Ginger Monkey' Matt Sutton recovering from a troublesome 'shagging' injury the LSE forward line looks like goal central this year though and so it appears the good times are back for LSE football.

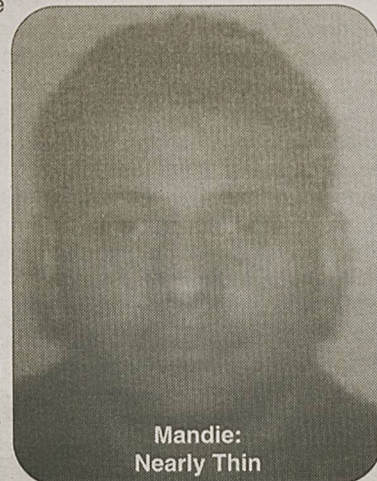
RHUL 1st 0
LSE 1st 9
The Ginger Magician reports

With a new, youthful looking side and a sponsorship deal in the pipeline, the LSE Bad Boys ventured to the 'happening' town of Eggham for their first BUSA league match of the season. News of our new competitive edge has already spread like wildfire with ICSM and St Georges bottling their matches against the womens' and the mens' second team.

After a 2 hour train journey and a safari through the dangerous dark jungle they call a campus, the slaughter began. 9-0 was a generous score for an opposition who struggled to string a rally together. I asked myself what the point was. Still points are points and what do points make? Prizes.

With team captain Suhail 'I'm horny, horny, horny, horny' Shaikh and the Ginger magician Federman still forming the backbone of side, 4 new boys were given their debuts. Former Singaporean international, Kuo Wee, fresh from military service led the way with a class display of percentage badminton. He's showing no signs of rust after a three year spell in the army. Japanese legend Noboru Ataka lived up to his name and littered the court with an array of offensive shots. It seemed as if the opposition had given up almost from the beginning. Andrew Kane from Greater Manchester and Malaysian Shaolin master Chung Han Lee also proved their worth to the team. But the truth is that we were not tested and probably won't be until we reach the national stage of the competition.

With a reported 80:20 girl boy ratio, the LSE team went in search of some women and alcohol. We were refused access to the 'Stumble Inn' on account of our LSE status. 'This place is for Holloway students only', the security kindly informed us. At this point the story must end. I wish I could give you more details of the brawl and eventual arrests that took place afterwards but to be honest, it would be more than my life's worth.



Mandie:
Nearly Thin

MEDICS OVERCOME BY FIRING FIRSTS

OAF COLE'S SORRY RUN CONTINUES

ICSM 1st 1
LSE 1st 2
The Phantom

The beautiful game returned to Fortress Berryland's last week with three games in quick succession for the LSE legends that are the football first team. Graduation hit hard on the team with players such as Goodman, Jostein, Sharpey and the eternal monk Nads lost to the exciting world of bean counting. Normally a crop of promising first years and Scandinavian masters students fill the gap. Not this year. The trials brought together a gathering of uncoordinated twats on par with the local village idiot contest so promotion from within was the order of the day.

Alas, players such as the



Mulligan:
Nearly Gorgeous

Notorius Bon Viveur™ Mulligan and the chunky club captain Mandie had the foresight to fail their second year so the important commodity that is genius is still present.

Also now present in the first team is the pudding bowl topped figure of Kyle Breegan who failed all four of his exams last year after smoking his own bodyweight in hash. After a summer sojourn in the Priory Clinic though he's back doing what he does best.

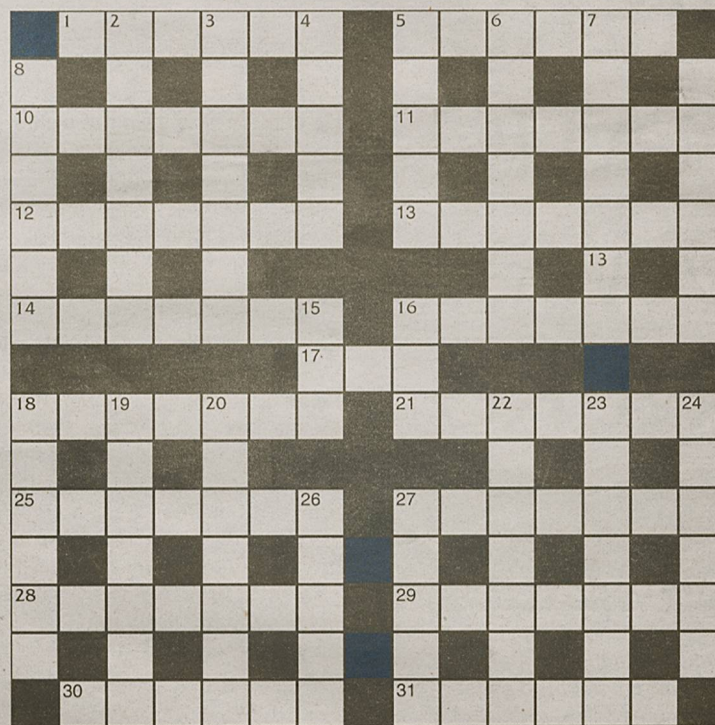
The first game of the season for the Firsts was an experimental one against the Economicals, a team that included ex-LSE piece of Tuns furniture Filth Freeman™ who looks set for a glittering future as a Natwest cashier (Aldwych Branch) since graduating with a career changing 2:1 in Geography. The explanation for this result was down to his mums christmas present of brand new colouring pencils which gave him the edge in the 'Please colour in the sea blue' part of the exam.

However what Freeman lacks in the brains, personality and success with women departments he more than makes up with in the jammy goal scoring department and it was his goal that sealed a shock win for the Economicals.

Come the following Wednesday though and it was business as usual for 'The Dons' (©Mandie) as the second XI were soundly spanked 6-3.

Continued Page 27,
Column 1

BeaverWord



ACROSS

- 1 Beach Garment
- 5 Paving Material
- 10 Capital of Siam
- 11 Prepared
- 12 Discard
- 13 Using a hammer
- 14 Strange
- 16 Journeys
- 17 Period of time
- 18 Dropping bombs from the sky
- 21 Building for entertainment
- 25 Stupid
- 27 Saves
- 28 Secret police
- 29 Profit
- 30 Insect
- 31 Subjects of Discussion

DOWN

- 2 Something that charges particles
- 3 Annoying
- 4 Little
- 5 Shroud in Italy
- 6 Fact
- 7 Lasting
- 8 Dwellings
- 9 Traditional Sayings
- 15 Guided
- 16 Large Container
- 18 Rejections
- 19 Redistribute
- 20 Pull together
- 22 Real nature of a thing
- 23 Gourmet fungus
- 24 Reposition
- 25 Asexually reproduced individual
- 27 Mechanical device performing a task for a human

- ### LAST WEEK
- ACROSS
 - 8 PHILIPPINES
 - 9 UNITE
 - 10 GLISTEN
 - 11 SUBTOTAL
 - 14 MARQUEE
 - 16 SLENDER
 - 18 AUTOCRAT
 - 21 FLORETS
 - 23 LICIT
 - 24 EXTERMINATE

- ### DOWN
- 1 APEX
 - 2 WIND-TUNNEL
 - 3 APOLLO
 - 4 INSTALMENT
 - 5 ASUNDER
 - 6 DRIP
 - 7 BRETHREN
 - 12 TERRACOTTA
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