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# THE BEAVER

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# Negligence Claims After Hall Theft

Hiroko Tabuchi

An LSE student was recently the victim of an incident that suggests a University of London Hall's security measures are exceptionally inadequate.

Mandy Wu, a second year Economics student and a resident at International Hall since October, had her room broken into and £2000 worth of possessions and cash stolen during Christmas break.

While Wu was out shopping on December 30 of last year, an intruder ransacked her room and made off with her laptop computer worth £2,000, a camera, a walkman, and some cash. The thief flipped through her CD collection, opened all of her bags and even unwrapped presents left over from Christmas. Wu discovered the crime at 4:00 p.m. Her belongings were not insured.

The police, who were called immediately after Wu discovered the crime, found no fingerprints and no signs of forced entry into the room from either the door or the window. The room is located on the second floor and its only window faces an enclosed courtyard. As there are windows to other rooms on all four walls of the yard, and as the crime occurred in broad daylight, Wu believes it highly improbable that anyone could have climbed up the wall and entered through her window unnoticed. Moreover, the personal belongings Wu kept on her window sill were undisturbed.

Wu therefore feels that there is a



Under fire: International Hall

Photo: Beaver Library

strong possibility that the intruder had access to a copy of her room key.

In the days following the theft, Wu claims that IH failed to communicate to her any details of progress whatsoever on the case. The victim feels that the Hall has not taken her plight seriously at all.

Appalled at what Wu has called a "couldn't care less" attitude by the staff of the Hall, Wu took it upon herself to investigate. As the only

people with regular access to the room, Wu approached the IH Head of Housekeeping but was told that all housekeeping staff had left by 1pm on the 30th.

There seems to be CCTV evidence, however, that a group of cleaners including the Head of Housekeeping himself was still loitering in the Hall entrance at around 3pm. Wu was able to obtain and view these tapes the day after the

incident.

IH housekeeping has access to all rooms every day in order to empty the rubbish. Residents are currently not able to refuse this service. The Hall also does not change its room locks every year. Residents reporting a key loss can obtain a replacement, allowing them access to their former rooms even after they have moved out.

Wu, an overseas student, has

experienced tremendous psychological strain following the incident. She has told *The Beaver* that she feels she is being watched and has been targeted for a second attack. On several occasions she has answered knocks on her door to find nobody outside. It is common for a thief to rob the same victim twice, for stolen items are usually replaced.

Wu has also expressed her exasperation with the Hall's treatment of the case. Her January 2 letter to IH Warden N.J. Wilson complaining of what she called a "devastating" situation was not replied to for ten days. In the letter Wu demanded that the Hall undertake an "in-depth investigation" into what she termed "loopholes" in the IH security system.

Wilson's reply acknowledged Wu's situation as "upsetting" but stressed that the Hall could not accept liability for its residents' possessions. Wu accepts this position, but feels that the level of security at International Hall is simply too low. A similar incident occurred at the hall last year, in which a resident's room was robbed with no signs of forced entry.

IH has refused to make public comments on the incident, nor on matters regarding the security of its residents or their rooms. Wilson has told Wu, however, that the Bursar Office is 'following up' the incident.

Wu has since moved - For residents still at International Hall, she advises leaving, too - or lots of insurance.

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## SU wins an anti-fees campaign

SU General Secretary Narius Aga has pronounced himself "very pleased" with the decision to drop the proposed increase in Postgraduate fees. As *The Beaver* reported last November, the standard 'intermediate fee' for Masters programmes was set to increase 10%, from £5,514 to £6,060 per year.

An SU campaign to halt the proposals culminated in the candlelight vigil outside a meeting of the Court of Governors, an event which saw the return of LSE student politics to the pages of the national press, as the Times rather bizarrely took up the cause.

Asked if that Times article had an impact on the final decision, Aga noted that he felt the direct appeal to the Governors had been the key to the campaign's success. Sabbaticals had taken the step of writing to each member of the Standing Committee of the Board of Governors to state their case. "This direct approach certainly helped our cause," he stated. "We had a very positive response, particularly from the lay governors"

Crucial to the SU case was the argument that the LSE's hand would be weakened as it strove to compete with Oxford and Cambridge Universities. "In this day and age, when financial considerations are of prime importance, it would be a shame if the LSE were to lose out due to people's financial considerations."

The LSE remains the most expensive place in the UK to take many masters' courses. UCL and Oxbridge charge around £2,500 a year, around half the 'intermediate' LSE asking price.

Aga also noted the support they had received from the LSE Director, Anthony Giddens. "He was instrumental in holding off top-up fees two years ago," the General Secretary commented, "and he was very helpful again on this issue."

Another reason for the postponing of a fee rise was the concern that no new scholarship structure was in place. *The Beaver* understands that the ARPC is currently considering proposals for a new scholarship structure.

SU Postgraduate Officer Sapho Xenakis commented "my personal response is that the majority of LSE postgraduate students, who failed to mount a convincing for their own interests, are now indebted to the more active postgraduate population."

The fees issue is likely to remain on the agenda, but for now the SU can enjoy an important victory after a turbulent few months.

Tom Livingstone

# Council takes Veggie Cafe to Slaughterhouse

Carter Johnson

The Vegetarian Cafe has been shut down "indefinitely" following a surprise regulatory inspection.

Although the cafe did not break any laws, Westminster City Council made a series of recommendations that would involve heavy spending by the SU.

Breaches were numerous ranging from appliances in the kitchen, such as heat lamps and ovens, to structural arrangements covering the whole cafe. While the LSE Committee responsible for the cafe categorically deny any health irregularities, they have refused *The Beaver* access to the Council's letter stating it is 'of a confidential nature'.

The closure of the campus's only vegetarian restaurant has taken students by surprise leaving both sorrow and anger.

"To say I'm dismayed would be an understatement," mused Feyzi Ismail, an MA student. "I used to go there virtually every day and suddenly it's vanished. This isn't fair - we need alternatives."

It remains unclear how the cafe failed to keep abreast of regulatory guidelines. The previous manager, Hersh Baker, quit his position two months ago for unspecified reasons and was unavailable for comment. The cafe's own phone line still claims it will re-open "the sixth of January."

Officially, the Cafe is closed

As we return to the homely confines of Houghton Street, university students across the country did the same... but only to screw up once again...

Bristol University students seem to be lacking common sense, as this is their third major blunder since the beginning of the year... a number of students managed to get conned out of £600 by buying stereo speakers; furthermore, their own newspaper, *Epigram*, not only called them "Idiotic", but also claimed that one of their very own said "... it was excellent value for money." Oh, and as we all sit and whine about e-mail being banned from our computer rooms, Bristol managed to hack up security - and hack it up far enough they did: by not giving their own students their passwords!!!

Here's a new idea for Matt, or maybe even PuLSE... introduce a



The end of the line for the Veggie Cafe?

Photo: Beaver Library

"indefinitely but not permanently" after the executive decided unanimously to suspend upgrades until other options are discussed. It is estimated £117,000 will be needed to bring the cafe up to legally acceptable standards.

"We felt it wouldn't be prudent to invest such a large sum of money without exploring other alternatives first," stated Narius Aga, SU General Secretary, adding that the issue

would be discussed with students by early February. "If it's a refurbishment they desire then we can proceed but there are many considerations."

The cafe, run by the LSE SU, has been plagued by heavy losses for nine of its past ten years. Given the financial circumstances, the Administration and Staffing Committee were reluctant to approve the large financial commitment

without further deliberation

Various possibilities for the cafe's future are under discussion. One option would see the area turned into a coffee bar or lounge area in an attempt to keep costs low. A general consensus exists that aesthetic changes are vital for its future success. As Aga conceded, "the ambience is quite grotty."

The closure will affect two permanent staff and three casual positions.

peevd student said "Well, screw me, but I don't believe spending thousands on a freebies abroad saves any money at all!"

Oh, and the extremely bright people at the University of Glasgow have decided to develop vehicle tyres that would have the same suction capabilities as a toad; more so, they've managed to attract the likes of Dunlop.

Finally, maybe we'll get a break from Student Line after all the trouble they've put us through... the students at Newcastle were able to make free phone calls from a hall of residence, by simply pressing nine before dialling. And the best of it: the university had to fit the 62 Page, £3,000 phone-bill.

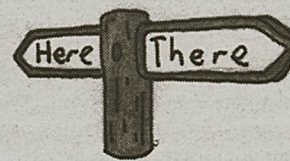
So, I will be off now... trying to ward of all the lawsuits headed this way...

Ritesh Doshi

## News from Nowhere

Viagra Award, like *The Warwick Boar* did... Warwick's most rampant undergraduate story was told by a second year, who got invited to a girl's room, and then was asked to wait as she shaved her legs!!! With the lack of talent here, I'm sure we can come up with something even better, and maybe even more eccentric.

I finally figured out where Oxford's sky high tuition fees are going - into research about "Happiness." One of their academics improved the university's status as one of the leading research centre's in the country...



Okay, so how would we react if Narius went off to the States, blew £2,500 of our money, and claimed he did it to save the Union £100,000??? Well, if you want to know, just ask anyone at Sheffield Poly... their Finance Sabb, Laura Seabright, managed to do just that. In fact, one



# Library moves to Secret Location

Shailini Ghelani

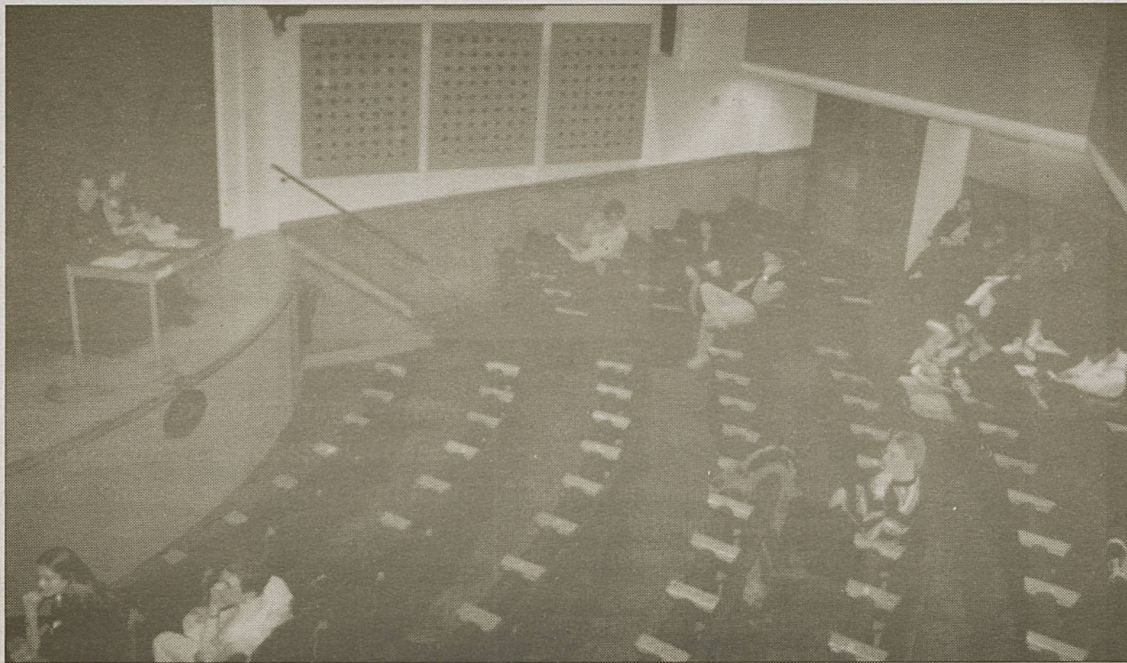
LSE students have voted in favour of keeping the library collection of books under one roof during the refurbishment process.

The result means that the LSE Students Union will now lobby the library steering group to make the same decision. The vote follows long debates surrounding the decanting of the library.

Students took the vote at an Emergency General Meeting that took place last Tuesday in the Old Theatre. The objective of the meeting was to inform students of proposed arrangements during the 18 month refurbishment which will start this summer, and to debate a motion on the location of the Course Collection.

The latter issue was raised by SU General Secretary Narius Aga, who spoke in favour of moving the course collection with the rest of the library. The temporary location of the library, it was revealed, will be in a near Chancery Lane, which is said to be 6 minutes walk from the School. The name of the building cannot be named for legal reasons. With regards to this distance Aga commented "6 minutes is an exaggeration, it only took me 4."

Aga said that negotiations for the acquisition of this building were in the advanced stages. When asked whether this building would be suitable he continued "It'll be more than adequate for student needs."



Full house for to discuss home for books.....

Picture: Laure Trebosc

The proposed building will have 100 fewer seats than the Lionel Robbins building and there will be no provision for carrels. To compensate for this research is being carried out into the feasibility of providing additional study spaces in Clement House, but currently there are problems with lighting and heating.

There are also plans to increase IT services on the LSE campus so students can check whether the books they require are in

stock before trekking over to the new site. Aga also pointed out that "arrangements are being made for some of the collection to be accessed over the internet."

Housing the course collection in the Old Building was discussed but criticised due to the congestion that would be caused in the already overcrowded building.

A fetching service is being looked in into so that disabled students have equal access to the

books. The SU is also researching the possibility of providing disabled access to the new site but this may not be feasible due to the fact that the proposed building is listed.

Students will have to "grin and bear" while the refurbishment takes place but Aga assured that "the whole process of decanting will be over by the time undergraduates return in October." Aga concluded LSE "will have something to boast about in the new millennium."



## Union Jack

Welcome dear reader, to the first days of the last year of this century. Jack has kindly come up with some resolutions which he fervently hopes certain members of the student polity will embrace:

1) The Balcony Boys will not yell "fuck off you twat" to anyone on stage who they don't recognise.

2) Brendan Cox will start smoking crack and hunting foxes. His level of popularity is bad for pluralism.

3) The SWSS contingent will produce a motion which someone can be bothered to read.

4) The LSE Tories will obtain a member who doesn't make Jack's eyes bleed.

Contrary to all expectations, the Millennium Dome now has more of a future than the man who invented it. Another miracle of modern politics has also occurred; Wignall is back.

The man who resigned the illustrious leadership of the mighty LSE Conservative Club (population four - or five if you count Cow Girl's as both the life and soul of the party). The man whose LSE political career seemed to be going down like a Cabinet Minister on Clapham Common is now filling the woollen polo neck left by Jon Black at the head of the UGM. Stranger things have happened, like the time Jack managed to buy a drink during Crush, but not often. The LSE's answer to taste and decency fought off strong competition on a platform of "student radicalism and unpopularity." Jack is sceptical about the former from a man who wears John Major underpants, but the truth of the second is as clear to see as Jo Swinson's visible panty line.

Batman and Robin, Tony and Mandy...every right wing superhero needs a good sidekick (or a good kicking.) Despite a last minute challenge from the floor the Vice Position went to Beth (Jack's not sure about surnames, but when he finds out he'll do something horrible to it.) The poor girl quickly learned the perils of teaming up with Wingnut after a lump of paper the size of Tank Girl almost killed both of them.

The UGM's very own Richard and Judy had a fairly tame series of acts for their first show. No motions, no mushrooms, just Maid Maria and her Merry Men. More interesting than Nariuzz was the sad tale of the demise of the Veggie Cafe, which was forced to close after Health and Safety inspectors found a trace of flavour in a bean casserole.

On the subject of cutbacks Matt Hanson has become Kevin Bostik. The lunatic fringe of the Beaver office is sadly no more, and shares in 1001 Carpet Shampoo have plummeted. Rumours that Matt's surplus hair has been used to soundproof the PuLSE studio are just too grim to think about.

(Continued page five, col. 5)

# Webb Room faces E-mail Chop

Chelsea Phua

E-mail restrictions are set to be extended to the Webb Room (A219), and to other public computer rooms.

The rationale behind such a move - which affects machines in S018, S169, S175 and the central bank of computers in C120 - was articulated by David Dalby, IT services manager of LSE. When the email restrictions were first introduced to the computers in C120 last year, similar reasons were given, the main one being students having difficulties in finding a computer to

do their academic work on. With the start of the second term, there will be an increase amount of workload for students, and thus an increased demand to use the computers for their course work. In response to "students pressure", and after having consulted various "student liaison committees" (such as the ISPC which has at least a student representative from the Student Union sitting on the committee), the IT and user services departments have decided to implement the move.

"We've always tried to maintain a certain percentage of machines that shouldn't be used for

email during certain hours. As we have a net increase of computers (about 50) since the end of October last year, by extending the email restrictions to the Webb Room, we are only keeping that percentage." The percentage, according to Mr Dalby, is about 25 to 35. This would imply that about 65 per cent of the computers in LSE are available for all usage purposes, be it e-mailing or doing academic work.

Maria Neophytou, Welfare and Education Sabb, says that some students welcome the new restrictions. However, she added that the school "should realise that e-

mails are used for academic and not just social purposes." She suggested that proper research is needed into reasons for E-mail.

However, Mr Dalby thinks that an "explicit survey" would be difficult to carry out. Aware that there are legitimate reasons to use the email for "non-essential" purposes, he believes in "striking a balance".

On the whole, general student opinion has been one of approval. In fact, as one student expressed, "I quite enjoy going to the Webb Room nowadays to do my work because there are always computer terminals available."



# Hack attacks

## Academics in Court

Tom Livingstone

Plans are afoot to reform the way the LSE is run - and SU hacks are less than united in their response.

Currently, the Court of Governors is the sovereign decision body of the LSE - it has the final say on changes to the way the institution is run. A recent example of the Court's power was seen in Autumn 1997, when it rejected the proposals to introduce top-up fees.

The Court is currently made up of 97 members, many of whom are not academics, and 6 of whom are students (the General Secretary and five other elected members).

However, this structure may well change as the LSE gets to grips with the fall-out from the Dearing Report. One of the recommendations of that report was that universities slim down their decision-making bodies. The Court already has an inner 'standing' committee, and it seems that this Committee of 20 could take over the executive role of the Court.

Student representatives on the current court have expressed concerns that the new proposal could mean a watering down of the powers of the lay governors. As Joe Roberts says "if it wasn't for the lay governors, we would all be paying top-up fees now."

Responding to a suggestion that the remaining 70 or so Governors

busy themselves with fundraising matters, Roberts commented "the only way I can think of to raise money is to stand with a bucket on Houghton Street."

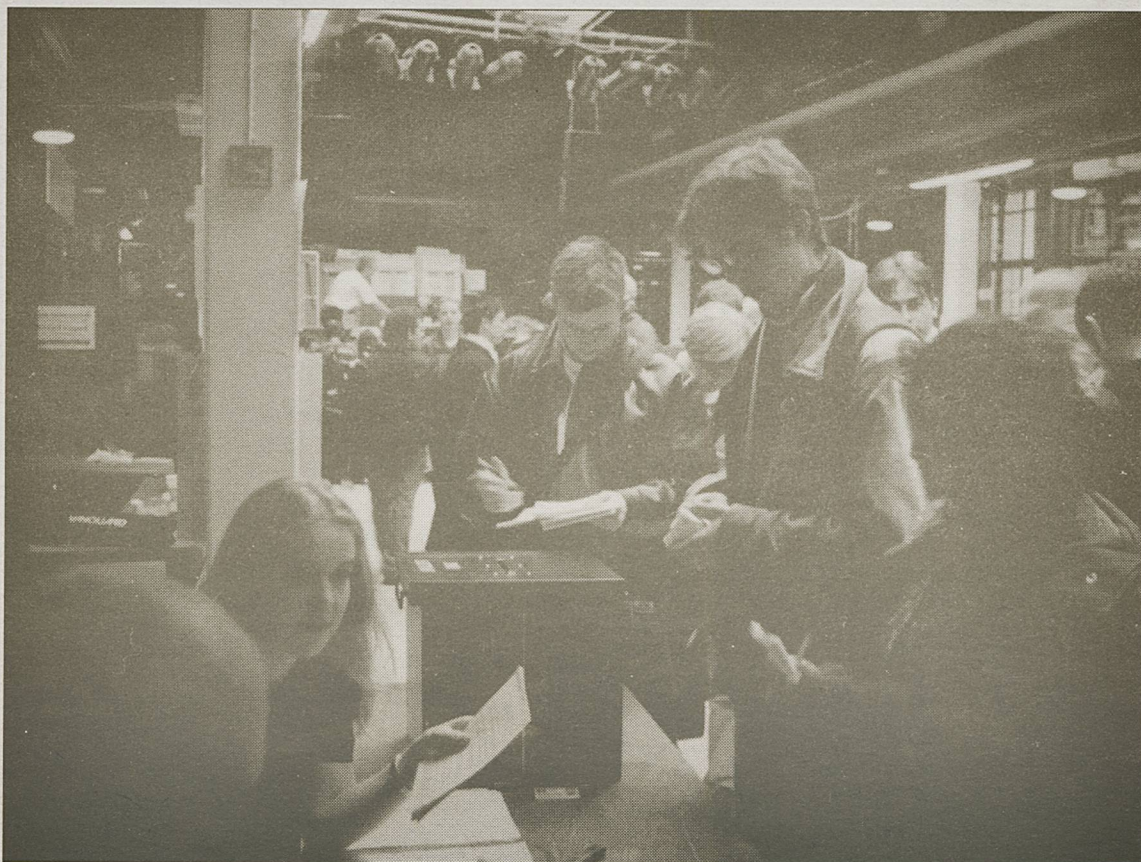
Concern was also raised that the reform could be pushed through under pressure from the funding body HEFCE. Roberts complained to *The Beaver* that information on this point was vague, and asks "what will HEFCE do if we do not do as we're told?" Only around 26% of the LSE's income comes from HEFCE, so their influence over future changes remains unclear.

However, there seems to be some confusion over the exact nature of the changes - LSE SU General Secretary Narius Aga implied that the changes would constitute an increase in the power of lay governors, not a decrease.

"An increase in the power of lay governors would add to the independence of high-level decision making," Aga noted, adding that he supported the notion of streamlining decision-making. Aga also hinted that many of the 97 governors were currently inactive.

The Committee of 20 now includes 2 student representatives rather than the 1 originally proposed.

Roberts, meanwhile, insists that the future holds a further eroding of checks on the School's authority. Other members of the Court have expressed concerns to *The Beaver*



Where will power finally reside?

that a valuable source of experience may be lost if the Court is slimmed down.

It is unclear how long any changes will take to come to fruition -

a Working Party is currently labouring to ease the transition. While some are threatening to mandate the Union to veto any loss of lay authority, it seems student apathy

could well allow change to happen without any significant resistance.

# Future of NUS Under Debate

Chelsea Phua

The future of NUS was challenged momentarily at a debate that took place at the LSE last Monday.

Speaking for the abolition of the NUS was David Hellard, President of Imperial. Opposing was NUS president Andrew Pakes, painstakingly defending his case for the future of NUS. Smacked in the middle of the two opposing sides, was Yuan Potts, LSESU Treasurer, representing the "third way" by proposing reform for NUS, instead of outright abolition.

It was not too long ago that the LSE was expressing discontentment with a certain student organisation —

ULU, to be specific.

Imperial College, being the only London University that has pulled out of NUS, is now calling for its abolition, the reason being that its structure is "fundamentally flawed". The NUS, according to Hellard, professes to represent student opinions on a national scale, and to provide students with favourable discounts but, the NUS, he argued, is unable to deliver what it professes, and is "not needed to do so".

However, as Narius Aga, Gen Sec LSESU pointed out, the "democratic structure of NUS is intact, unlike ULU". The problem of student representation lies in the fact that NUS is dominated by labour students

with "hidden agendas behind their modus operandi".

As one student put it, "The problem with NUS is that it is full of hacks who spend their time furthering their own political concerns and fighting among themselves, rather than fighting for real student needs and concerns."

In response to criticism of the NUS's conduct in the campaign against tuition fees Mr Pakes commented that the failure of the campaign was a defeat of the student movement as a whole, and not a reflection of NUS incompetence and apathy.

Aga pointed out that it was "ironical" that Mr Pakes should say

that, as "the student movement is not going to the streets."

Mr Pakes said he was aware of the charges against NUS, and recognised the fact that NUS needs to "modernise" and reform itself. He concluded his defence by stating that the NUS will "die" if it does not meet up to the challenges of changes in society and education, however he continued that the "fundamental flaws" of NUS did not warrant its abolition.

Potts showed agreement for this point, commenting: "It is important to have an NUS, but one that works". For NUS to work, it will need wider range of student representation. Because it is currently polarised

between labour students and hard-left "revolutionary trotskies", it is difficult for ordinary students with no party support to stand for elections.

However, despite NUS political "flaws", for the ordinary students, they provide services for which many students would be grateful. For example NUS services Limited negotiate prices on behalf of all the NUS colleges for commercial products such as alcohol, stationery and soft drinks, and get "good deals" for the students. Considering that the colleges only pay NUS £10 000 a year for its services and student discounts, "it is good value for money", as Mr Potts puts it.



# LSE Cult Monitors Hit Back At Press

Shailini Ghelani

An LSE-based research group has hit back at a national newspaper, accusing it of sensationalising the group's work.

The Independent on Sunday article related to Inform, an organisation that studies religious cults and sects. Inform told The Beaver that the article put little emphasis on the real issue facing the group, a critical lack of funds. There are fears that the group will not survive till April if money is not allocated to the group, which is currently surviving on reserve funds. The demise of Inform, as reported in the IoS, would leave the UK without a monitor of cult activity as the year 2000 approaches.

Inform has been criticised in the past for the impartial stance it has taken in its research. Harry Coney, a research officer for the group commented that the main aim of Inform is to provide "accurate, balanced information to whoever requires it, to help them make informed decisions." As to the stance taken on the cults themselves, he added "Our aim is not to encourage or discourage."

Responding to the Independent on Sunday article, Coney commented that: "The journalist who wrote the story had her own ideas before she came to us, and unfortunately there are several exaggerations."

As well as additional government monitoring of cult-like activity,



Inform - soon to be monitoring no longer

Photo: Ritesh Doshi

Students Unions around the country - the LSE included - have been keeping an eye on activities on their campuses, the LSE being no exception. Education and Welfare sabbatical Maria Neophytou commented that "the SU have been extra vigilant, but so far we have nothing to be concerned about." Rumours about an LSE society concerning recruitment to a particular movement proved unfounded after an investigation by the SU.

With all the hype about the increase in cult activity as the millennium approaches, The Beaver decided to ask members of the Houghton Street throng how they felt. Fresher Kerry Jane Hickson commented: "I don't feel particularly threatened. I would like to think that I have my own mind when it comes to issues such as these - the millennium is just hype."

A contrasting viewpoint was provided by Catherine Ramsay, also a

first year, who said: "I think that the expected increase in cult activity as we approach the millennium is a worry. I hope that people rightly use their own minds and don't just follow a trend."

Inform - for as long as it survives - provides information to anyone who requires it about cults and religious sects. All enquiries are confidential.

## Union Jack II: Wigmouth Strikes Again

Some people take time to find their purpose in life. As Prime Minister John Major was ridiculed for his utter lack of oratorical ability, and now he earns a million a year talking about the future of Conservatism (largely reflecting desperation on the part of those trying to find one.) Similarly Richard Wignall: as head of the LSE Tories he was a figure of hate whose very presence ensured the primacy of the Labour Club. As chair of the UGM, however, he has found his role. The bastard progeny of Ricki Lake and Michael Portillo, Wignall adds his own particular odour to the cesspool that is the UGM. Who else would have the temerity to ask for "more decorum" from the Balcony Boys? Obviously he still gets hit by more missiles than a Sudanese aspirin factory during impeachment proceedings, but at least he can treat them with the contempt they deserve.

Of course it's just a coincidence that the LSE Tories finally got a motion passed now that Tricky Dicky has become the UGM vote counter. Only cynics would claim that Wingnut's arithmetic is as dodgy as his politics. Jon Black was back in action with the revolutionary suggestion that Student Line might not be a philanthropic institution. Understandably no-one was prepared to defend a bunch of people who send them a bill every month. Anyone would think that he had an eye on sewing up the popular vote in the impending sabbatical elections. Expect to see other Black backed motions such as "beer should be cheaper."

The bedraggled figure of Netball Girl bounced her way into the Old Theatre. For the uninitiated Netball Girl is a young lady of ample virtue who played against the LSE in 1974 and had the misfortune to be photographed in mid, erm, swing. Since then Beaver Sports(TM) has faithfully reproduced the picture on a weekly basis to disguise the fact that they don't have any match reports. Winsome Jo launched a campaign for a male equivalent. Narius looked like an early contender after arriving at the UGM attired like a reject from a Tiger Woods lookalike competition. This bid for sexual equality descended into a bid to find Netball Girl. Jack has reservations about this, largely because the girl in question is now a 48 year old married mother of seventeen living in Kuala Lumpur.

Jack's off now to find a karaoke version of 'Material Girl' for Wignall

# Students hit by Loans Shambles

Julius Walker

A report published by the NUS highlights a disastrous degree of inefficiency within the Student Loans Company (SLC), the government agency responsible for the administration and granting of student loans. Even though the government has set the SLC a target of maximum 21 days within which it guarantees to pay out loans, and the SLC has set itself a target of 7 days, in many cases reported from around the country students have not been paid their loans within this time

frame. This has exacerbated financial worries for many students. The NUS has collected reports of complaints and list some of them in their 'catalogue of shame':

In one case, a student at the University of York had to wait 6 weeks for their form to be processed, and had to send the form back 7 times. Only 400 application forms were provided at the University of Glasgow despite the university's request for 700 over a month earlier. Students had to wait 3 weeks just to get their hands on the forms. In an extreme case in Brighton, an

impoverished student pawned jewellery in order to get hold of some cash.

The SLC is a Limited Company wholly owned by the Government and has been, according to Yuan Potts, Treasurer of the LSESU, who is on the Student Loans Consultative Group, 'plagued by problems since its inception'.

In his opinion the SLC is also struggling because of a new regime on loans introduced by the Labour government. In future students are going to have to rely more and more on a government loan for example to

pay for their tuition fee. Andrew Pakes, NUS National President, said: 'Student loans will be the primary mechanism for delivering support to students next year, and in the light of this year's fiascos, I am unable to face that prospect with any kind of confidence.'

The NUS certainly seems to want to make a big effort to raise awareness of this situation, and have published a bumper pack of information collected from around the country, which they have distributed to the media.

While Yuan Potts acknowledges a

definite problem, he stresses that he thinks the NUS is 'cooking it up a little'. According to him, some of the the Labour-dominated NUS staff members desire to 'profile themselves' and have found a suitable 'bandwagon to jump on'.

Nevertheless, it is a worthy cause, and Yuan Potts promises to put some pressure on at the next Consultative Group meeting.

The LSE SU Welfare Officer Maria Neophytou was too busy with the PULSE project to comment, but anyone with problems should register their complaint with Maria.





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All letters for printing should be received by Noon on the Thursday preceding publication.

# You Can Be A Hero...

An Egyptian/Lebanese woman with leukaemia urgently requires a bone marrow transplant. The best candidates are people of Arab or Mediterranean descent. The procedure involves no costs and will not interrupt your studies. If you are willing to donate a small sample of blood so that your marrow can be typed, please contact [E.A.Simms@lse.ac.uk](mailto:E.A.Simms@lse.ac.uk) for further details. Help Save a Life!!!

## PULSE Launch Party

Thursday, 28th January  
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LSESU Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual Week Presents

Debate: *"Should the State regulate sexuality, through, for instance, age of consent of legalisation; If so, how?"*

Speakers: Ann Keen MP - Proposer amendment to equalise age of consent;  
Dr. Evan Harris  
Date: Thursday 26th January 1999  
Time: 12:00 p.m. (Noon)  
Venue: Old Theatre

"Can you handle the truth?"

## A Few Good Men

A Lanun Production

Malam Bakti Charity Night

Venue: Old Theatre  
Date: 5th February 1999  
Time: 8:00 p.m.

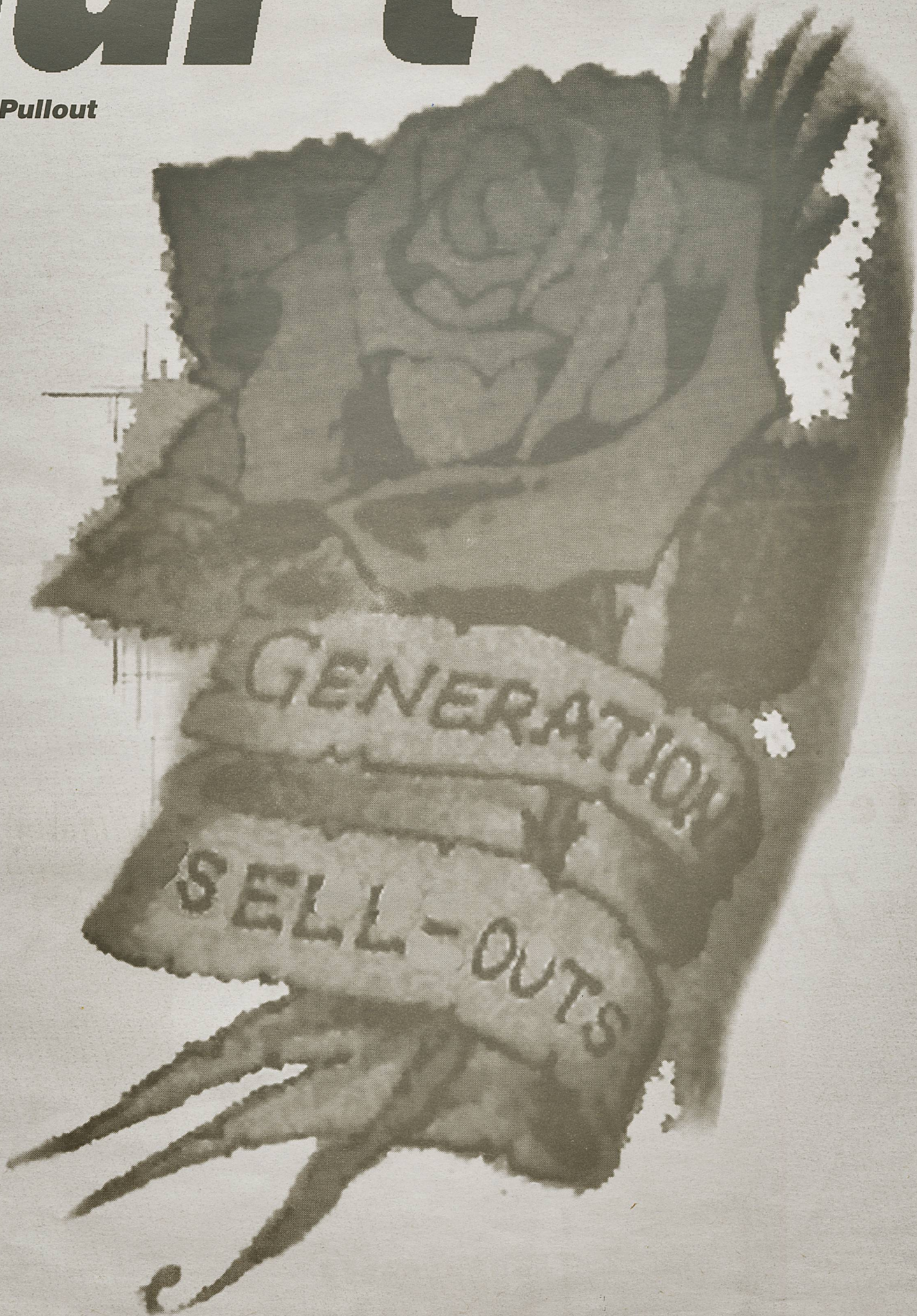
Tickets now available in the Quad or on Houghton Street

The Editorial is "on leave" pending investigation... Ooh Spooky...



# Bart

Beaver Arts Pullout





# A Star Is Born

## ...in Scarborough. Still that won't trouble the Academy

Welcome to the world of LV, a delicate waif-like doll from scabby Scarborough, gifted with unique and incredible powers of impersonating the great divas - Dietrich, Monroe, Bassey, Garland. But it's her world and hers alone, a little sanctuary where she can take shelter from her brassy bitch mother, Mari, and the slurry of sleaze that the slag tows around. The old dog's latest flame is none other than the failed wideboy talent promoter Ray Say (Michael Caine) who discovers LV's talent one evening as he's getting dirty with Mari.

It's certainly a toughie taking on LV. She hardly opens her little trap and when she does it's to sing or whisper faintly to the ghost of her dead dad, her inspiration, and the founder of the little record shop Mari runs. But Ray Say - whose greatest claim to fame is meeting the legendary Monroe...that's Matt, not Marilyn...you know, the singing bus

conductor - uses his dealer-like charm to convince LV to perform publicly, just once. The venue, naturally, is La Rendezvous Boo, a Butlins style groove shed run by the amazing Mr Boo whose combination of sleaze and ignorance is comically innocent.

In a parallel effort at opening LV to the world, a romantic interest is provided by Ewan McGregor who plays Billy, an apprentice with BT. Billy has a similar charm to LV with his shy visage and odd pastime - breeding racing pigeons. Having noticed her on a routine call to the F. Hoff household, he become entranced by LV's mysterious presence and



determines to seek her out. Their blossoming romance is mesmerising and touchingly played out.

*Little Voice* is a stupendous effort. Jane Horrocks must be seen to be heard. Her skills of impersonation are sensational and unique; hearing the soundtrack one's natural reaction is to recognise Bassey or Monroe when the reality is Horrocks. The play script was written for her and she is stunning.

Michael Caine will surely receive an Oscar nomination for his

role if primarily to mark his comeback. Brenda Blethyn's Mari is superb, building on her role as the prozac mother in *Secrets and Lies*. Her Mari is bitchy but she provides the depth for the audience to question and debate extent of her sin. McGregor again highlights the reality that he truly is the British actor of his generation.

Films of this calibre are rare. Its entertainment value ought to guarantee repeat viewing, whilst the story and it's fantastic script will leave you with a confused feeling of fulfilment and angst. Never again can the phrase 'the best British film since *Four Weddings*' be used. We have been catapulted into a new era with films like *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels* and *Little Voice* in our midst, and long may it live. Indulge yourself.

Matt Berry

## The Opposite of Sex

Ye-her Wu

The film begins with a voice over by Dedee Truitt (Christina Ricci as you've never seen before), 'There are lots of nicer people coming up - we call them losers.' Dedee is a precocious teen who abandons a troubled home life to live with her kind gay brother, Bill (Martin Donovan), a small town teacher. He's recovering from the death of his long-time companion,

Tom. But her selfish attitudes and behaviour bring utter chaos to people's lives. Dedee seduces Bill's new handsome but dim partner Matt (Ivan Sergei) by convincing him that he can't be gay if he's never had sex with a woman. After Dedee claims she's pregnant by Matt, the couple steal \$10,000 from Bill, kidnap Tom's ashes and head for L.A. Bill and Tom's sister, Lucia (Lisa Kudrow) go looking for them. They are joined along the way by Sheriff Tippet (Lyle Lovett). To say anymore would be giving too

much away. Anyway, Dedee learns that those she dismisses as losers sometimes end up being life's winners just by being nice. This wonderful and funny film marks the directorial debut of screenwriter Don Roos whose previous credits include *Single White Female* and *Boys on the Side*. It is told with considerable wit and skill, making fun of our conventional attitudes to sex and relationships, and teases the audience by subverting conventional storytelling techniques. An undisguised big heart.

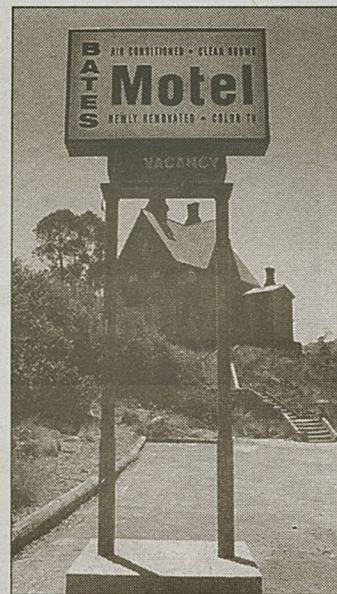
## No Thanks Norman

Okay, so it was a big mistake to do a shot-by-shot recreation of a film classic. It is pointless, and bound to draw negative comparisons with the original anyway. But by all accounts, director Gus Van Sant's (Good Will Hunting) intentions were pure. He had wanted to introduce the classic to a whole new generation of moviegoers who have never seen it before. At a time when such horror-rillers are back in vogue (see *Scream*, *I Know What You Did Last Summer*), it seemed right to honour the original slasher movie, and its creator. For the still uninitiated, *Psycho* involves secretary Marion

Crane (Anne Heche) who steals a bundle of cash from her boss and flees to find her lover (Viggo Mortensen). But alas, she makes the fateful stop at the Bates Motel during a rainstorm where she meets the proprietor Norman Bates (Vince Vaughn). One famous shower scene later, Marion's sister (Julienne

Moore), her boyfriend, and a detective (William H. Macy) come looking for her and the mysterious Mrs Bates. Viewed on its own, the remade *Psycho* is not that bad a piece of work. The story line is still considered original with its unusual plot twists, and dealing with the subject of the Oedipus complex. It has some beautiful colour - a mix of vintage and fluorescent highlights, and the reproduction of Bernard Hermann's great score in Dolby digital sound highlights the nail biting shrieks and valleys better than before. The actors do a fine job, but the casting leaves something to be desired when compared to the original. Unlike Anthony Perkins'

fluttery, delicate and naive Norman Bates, Vaughn comes across as a menacing lumbering oaf. And while Janet Leigh brought a level-headed quality to Marion, Heche comes across as ditsy. And so between the two *Psychos*, you are better off watching the black and white original. Besides it is a lot cheaper renting the video. Ye-her Wu



## Kate's Kinky Treat

sponsored by *The Guardian*

*The Beaver* has joined forces with *The Guardian* to bring you a fantastic new year offer. You are invited to attend a preview screening of the long-awaited Kate Winslet movie, *Hideous Kinky* at 7pm on Thursday 28th January at the ABC Shaftesbury Avenue cinema. In the wake of *Titanic* Winslet plays Julia, a young mother, who decides to up-sticks and swap the confines of dreary, Seventies south-London and a failing relationship, in favour of a kaleidoscopic new life of colour and adventure in Morocco. Taking her two daughters in search of happiness and enlightenment, *Hideous Kinky* weaves a compelling and enchanting tale of Julia's self discovery. You can claim a free ticket by turning up at STA Travel in the Quad before

Wednesday 27th January. One ticket will be given away with each purchase of *The Guardian* and on production

of a valid NUS card. Happy viewing traveller.





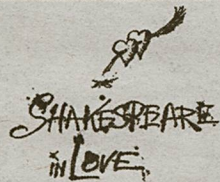
# COME N' GET IT

# Comedy Noire

# INDIE SPOT

# STEPMOM

**S**o you reckon you've got what it takes to pen a smash hit script Bard-style, eh? Well babe, I've got some Elizabethan stuff that'll help you get started on your mission, or at least give you some inspiration. I've teamed up with *Miramax* and *UIP* to dish out some very funky pressies you, oh faithful readers.



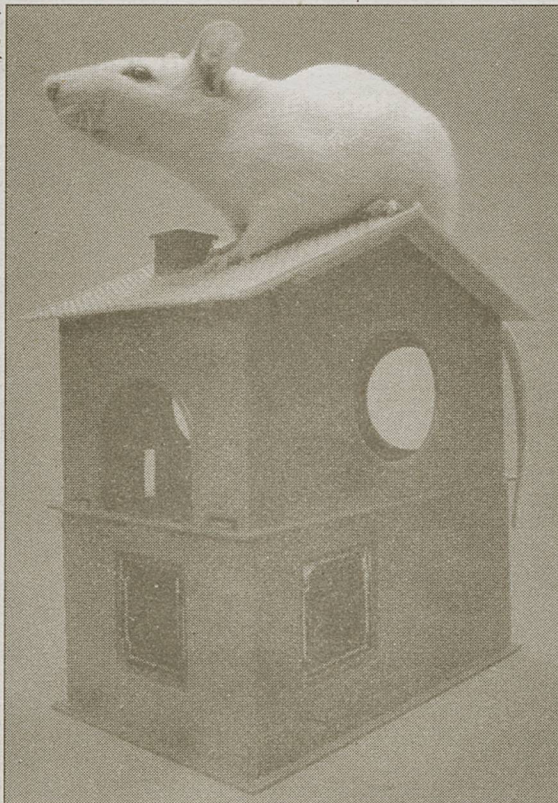
**T**here are beautifully boxed writing paper sets and engraved metal bookmarks in velvet pouches, so when you've finished writing that excellent screenplay, your mates will be able to save their place as they read that modern classic.

So if you really reckon you've got what it takes then pop on down to the offices of this esteemed newspaper and ask for your film editor, Matt Berry. Being the genteel chap he is, you'll be presented with your gift to treasure forever and ever. Waiting...

**T**he other day, too late for the half price ticket booth and too pussy to just chill at the crib and get pissed, me and my favorite cousin Jamie slid up in the Curzon Soho for our evening's entertainment, amped to attentively bask in the lunar light of the zeitgeist, two teenage cineastes with our shoes slid off, lamping. We went to see this new pretentious foreign film called "Sitcom"- you heard of that shit?

First feature directing Francois Orzon is a mood elevator-medicated Beckettian and a John Waters head and a member of the ever-burgeoning coterie of platinum club 1000 hours of the Simpsons motherfuckers, him and Jean Paul Gaultier and Pierre et Gilles. That much is obvious. "Sitcom" is a well-lighted epater le bourgeoisie play on a no doubt loathsome sort of french sitcom that I'm thankfully not familiar with, though I'm thinking more Mr. Belvedere than Roseanne over here. It's basically a francophone "Married With Children" with a leitmotif, that being a red-eyed rodent that acts as the primary vector of an implacable strain of the funky cold medina that shortly affects a whole household while we watch. I won't describe the sequence

of transgressive character developments any further, except as necessary in order to make my a



commendation and a lone stern criticism. First thing, yo, there's a white,

circumcised erect cock in this film for a fleeting instant and it is the Prague Spring, it's the . I have to give Orzon props for refusing to take part in the pathological avoidance of the erect penis by non-pornographic filmmakers nevertheless intent on simulating sex, so that for the latter third of the century its been hide the salami as starlet breasts have heaved and settled, crinkly tufts been speedpanned over, and detumescent maverick dicks had the camera's horrified gaze come to rest on them every blue moon. So that's a, um, move in the right direction for the actorly penis in mainstream film.

Now the criticism: there's a bit of the old ultraviolence toward the end, just a smidge, but it besmirched the film for me, just another instance of vidkids' trying to keep it real. Having just crushed a whole lot in the Big Pun sense, Francois, you didn't have to epater poor pops

John Sagan

**J**ulia Roberts is Isabel, a young, successful New York photographer whose life is thrown into turmoil when she is forced into the role of stepmother to her boyfriend Luke's (Ed Harris) two children. The situation is made worse by the children's supermum, Jackie (Susan Sarandon), who resents Isabel for her intrusion and what she stands for. Isabel of course proves her lack of parenting skills, and Jackie responds by making snide remarks ("Slugs have a faster learning curve."). But along the way Luke proposes to Isabel, and Jackie is diagnosed with cancer. The two women now have to put aside their mutual hostility for the sake of the kids. And so, everybody discovers how precious life, love and the ties that bind really are while singing Motown songs.

Watching *Stepmom*, one gets the feeling that its makers seem to be intent on creating an all out weepy. While a film of this nature should no doubt tug at the heart, it does not require the use of every teary situation ever imaginable. Cute children, dogs and rabbits, Christmas, and cheesy speeches linking death with caterpillars can be found here. The director, Chris Columbus, does try to puncture the thick emotions with lighthearted moments, such as a Thanksgiving pageant. But they do little more than make the audience go "Awwwww".

The film is pretty much a showcase for both Roberts and Sarandon, and they both do deliver. Less so is Harris, who while the stabilising force in the film, is completely overwhelmed by his female co-stars.

Ye-her Wu

# Oscar in Love

**N**ot much is known about the life of William Shakespeare, and though small detailshave been discovered, no overall biography exists. The obvious solution? Send for screenwriters Marc Norman and Tom Stoppard to fabricate one! What has resulted is not a dull period drama or a serious attempt at deconstructing the Bard's life, but an

intelligent romantic comedy with a fresh twist. The year is 1593 and our hero Will is a struggling playwright trying to get over a bad case of writer's block in order to fulfil his writing duties to theatre owner Phillip Henslowe (Geoffrey Rush). The trouble is Will leads a loveless life which leaves him none too inspired, and all he can piece together is the pathetic story of "Romeo and Ethel-the Pirate's Daughter". Things start looking up, however, when he finds his muse in the rich and beautiful Viola de Lesseps (Gwyneth Paltrow). Viola also has feelings for the Bard, though initially these are restricted to his writings, which she longs to perform in front of an audience. Not letting the stage-ban on women interfere with her quest, she dons a male disguise and manages to win the role of Romeo in his new production. Will soon un masks Viola's disguise and the two fall deeply in love. There



are slight complications however, as Viola is already betrothed to heartless gold-digger Lord Wessex (Colin Firth), and Will is secretly married with children. As the story progresses, these revelations create serious dents in Will and Viola's clandestine relationship. On the plus side, Will's imagination becomes

reinvigorated, and he is stimulated to

transform his new play into Romeo and Juliet. But do our two leads end up just as doomed as the star-crossed lovers? Or will Will will Viola to leave Wessex?

Director John Madden (Mrs

tidily into the Shakespeare role, playing him simultaneously as the desperate writer and passionate lover. Paltrow is perfect as Viola, and as in *Emma* and *Sliding Doors*, she once again demonstrates her flawless English accent. There's a definite chemistry between Fiennes and Paltrow that serves to enhance the credibility, not only of their

performances, but also the story in general. Geoffrey Rush (Shine) as Henslowe and Judi Dench as Queen Elizabeth I both shine. The only disappointment is the wooden Ben Affleck as "great charismatic actor" Ned Alleyn. Talk about bad casting. This, however, is only a slight quibble, and may only be a symptom of the experienced talent he's surrounded by. The screenwriters have done a masterful job at creating a humorous and engaging love story that combines Shakespearean allusions with ingenious contemporary touches. It's little wonder that *Shakespeare In Love* is the most nominated film at next months Golden Globes (often seen as a harbinger of the Oscars), and you'd be strongly advised to check out what the buzz is all about.

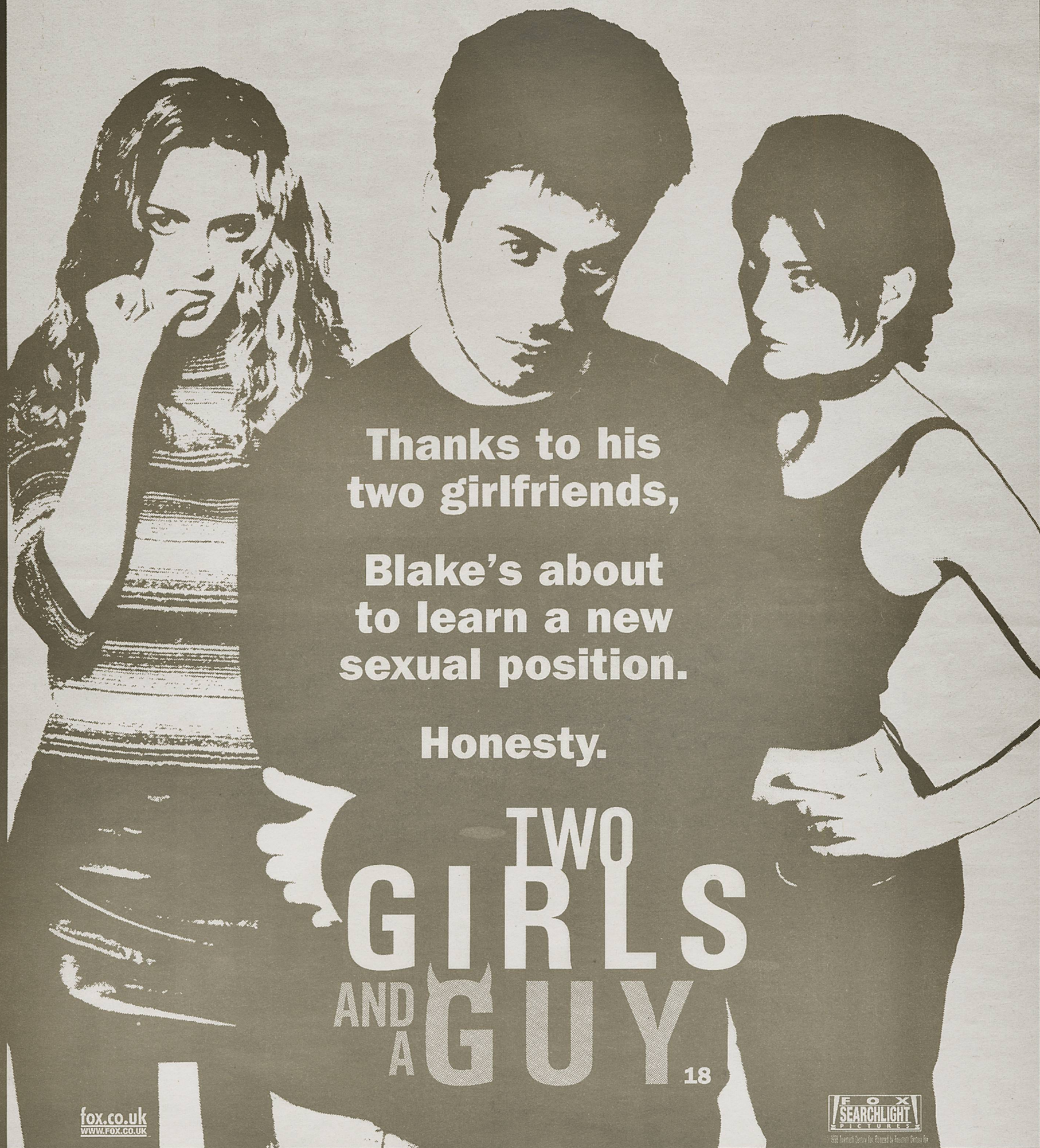
Mark Tannen

(Brown) has created a beautiful, romantic and tremendously funny film, with fantastic performances all round. Fiennes fits



**“steamy, sophisticated and sassy!  
an hilarious exploration of love in the 90’s.”**

time out - new york



**Thanks to his  
two girlfriends,  
Blake's about  
to learn a new  
sexual position.**

**Honesty.**

**TWO  
GIRLS  
AND  
A GUY**

18

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# FROM STUDENT TO DJ: The John B Interview

Welcome back all LSE bad boys and bad girls and all the other tossers too. I hope you've all recovered from the Christmas and New Year festivities and are ruff, ruff, raw and ready for the Lent term lunacy....



M.C. TON-E GEE

Welcome back to all the LSE massive! I hope you're all ready for a hard term raving it up big style! Oi-Oiiiiiii !!!!

Up until the end of his finals at Durham university last summer John B was a scummy student like the rest of us. Since then he has devoted himself full time to his music and has swiftly risen to become one of the rising stars of the drum and bass scene. Tracks such as 'Travelogue', 'Secrets' and 'Jazz Sessions' have cemented his reputation for producing quality, original tracks. His debut album 'Visions' has sold over 10,000 copies creating a fan base that stretches far beyond these shores. Recently returned from a tour of Australia and the United States playing alongside such names as DJ SS, Shy FX and Bryan Gee John is already limbering up for a trip to Japan in April.

### IN BASIC TERMS HOW DO YOU GO ABOUT MAKING A TUNE?

I start by deciding on the rough overall sound that I'm looking for and then I create a palate of sounds using sound creation and filters to twist up some really weird noises. The principal pieces of equipment that I use here are samplers and EFX units. Then I start arranging the sounds to create the track. The way I go about this is different each time. I can sometimes complete a track from the beginning to putting on to DAT in only a few hours but it can take up to a week to finish a track. A lot depends on how hard I work and how much time I spend in the studio. I know immediately when the track is finished.

### DO YOU HAVE ANY NEW RELEASES COMING OUT IN THE NEAR FUTURE?

I'm currently working on my new album which will be a triple CD pack containing 100% original material. I've also got a single out at the beginning of February on Formation Records, it's a remix of my tune 'Pressure'. Look out for my double pack EP out on New Identity Recordings later this year. I've just started up my own label called Beta Recordings which will be putting out tracks from April onwards which will represent the cream of everything I do.

### HOW DO YOU SEE DRUM AND BASS MUSIC PROGRESSING IN THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS?

I think that it will continue to develop along the same lines as last year with producers fully exploring the limits of all the sub genres of this music. The music is going to get better and better because production skills and techniques are improving all the time.

### WHERE HAVE YOU ENJOYED PLAYING OUT AT THE MOST?

Last summer in Toronto on tour with Formation Records along with DJ SS, Shy FX and MC Warren G. We played at a huge rave in a massive aircraft hanger; there must have been 6-8,000 people there all going completely mad. It was absolutely brilliant.

### HAVE YOU EVER HAD ANY NIGHTMARE BOOKINGS?

I wont say where it was, but I had a few difficulties at a booking towards the end of last year. There were no DJ monitor speakers set up and I was surrounded by 10 overzealous MC's that would not shut up for one second. They were holding the sound technician to ransom and came over twice as loud as the music.

Like all professionals though I got on with the job in hand.

### WHAT DO YOU THINK OF M.C.s?

They can definitely enhance the music under the right circumstances. But there are good and bad M.C.s; as long as they know what they're doing, fine but I'm more interested in the music.

### WHAT WERE THE FIRST THREE PIECES OF EQUIPMENT YOU BOUGHT?

My Atari computer, a Casio keyboard and a basic drum machine.

### WHAT STYLES OF MUSIC INFLUENCE YOU?

I listen to everything from classical to avant-garde electro acoustic

### IF YOU COULD BE ANY MUSICIAN PAST OR PRESENT WHO WOULD YOU BE?

It would have to be Beethoven, without going deaf.



### JOHN B PROFILE JOHN B PROFILE JOHN B PROFILE JOHN B

FAVORITE BEER - Red Stripe

AFTERSHAVE - Gaultier, Eternity, Armani Exchange

FOOTBALL TEAM - I don't support anyone

FAVORITE FILM OF ALL TIME - The Night of the Living Dead

FAVORITE PIECE OF MUSIC - Theme from Clockwork Orange

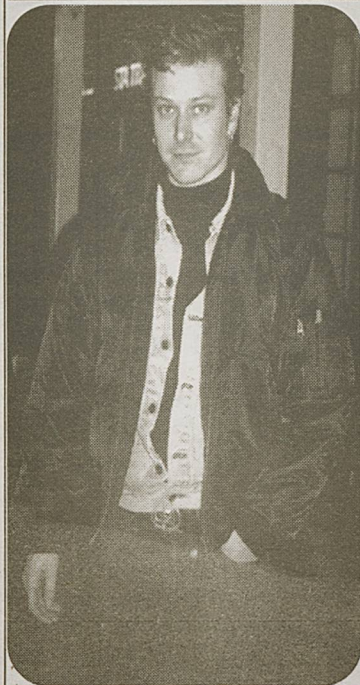
FAVORITE ITEM OF CLOTHING - My Stussy jacket

HATES: McDonalds



Maximum respect to the DJ Producer John B...

## "TOP-ONE OR NIGHTCLUBMARE???"



NAME: Domonic Gillain

DETAILS: Works in the quad bookstall

WHERE DID YOU GO NEW YEARS EVE?

I went to a night called 'Kitsch Bitch' in Old Street

WHAT KIND OF MUSIC WAS PLAYING?

Glam Rock

HOW MUCH DID THEY STING YOU FOR?

It was very cheap for New Years Eve at only £8

HOW LONG WAS THE QUEUE?

We got there early and only had to wait 5 or 10 minutes, but once inside we did have to queue up for a long time every time we wanted to use the toilet.

HOW FIERCE WERE THE BOUNCERS?

They were very relaxed

HOW MUCH WERE CLOAKROOM/ DRINKS ?

£1/ £2 for canned beers; bargain prices I thought

WHAT WAS THE CROWD LIKE?

Everyone was pretty wild and there was no tension like you sometimes get on New Years Eve when everyone is getting very drunk. There were lots of women there and they were keen to have fun!

RATINGS:

MUSIC 7/10 CROWD 7/10 ATMOSPHERE 8/10

If you've been out clubbing recently and want to see your ugly mug plastered over this page then come to the Beaver meeting 6pm on Mondays.

Alternatively look out for us in Houghton Street on Tuesdays around about 12.30pm.



# Singles

The fairy-like PJ Harvey summons up the second single from her magical 'Is this Desire', *The Wind*. After the success of her UK tour in December, this track is another intriguing spell of gothic, end-of-the-century blues. A whispering seduction of beautiful post-romanticism. (8) MDG

With *One of Us*, another American band makes its debut in the UK this week. *Lowcraft* are the essence of psychedelia brought to the nineties, with the multi-layered chaos of floating rhythmic and melodic glory. Yes, Bolan and Bowie spring to mind. But on the other hand it still sounds more like Radiohead. (7) MDG

Umajets, let it first be known, have in their composition a member of the bow defunct band Jellyfish who were possibly sent down by the good Lord himself. And accordingly, when I wake up is a half-arsed, sub-Beach Boys, 'look at me, I used to be in Jellyfish', botched attempt at playing feel-good, summer music. If you're not throwing up by the end of this sickly sweet re-hash, you'll be able to hear their B-Sides, and I'm not even gonna tell you how pathetically crap they is. They didn't get any talent from Santa this Christmas. (2) SG

Radiator's *Generator* (hey! I'm a poet!) will have you in hysterics. Not because it's a comical song like *Chocolate Salty Balls* or anything (it's actually a deadly serious rock song), but because they try sooooooo hard, and still manage to fall flat on their faces. Take a chill pill, people, roll a joint or something. Actually don't, you're too funny. (4) SG

Lama Farmers' first single on *Beggars Banquet* confirms their position as the acceptable face of Bratpop: there's nothing revolutionary, but the Ash/Teenage Fanclub influences, lingering vocals and delicate grunge guitar noise of *Big Wheels* are quietly charming. (6) AD

Your *Twisted Sister* is the debut EP of the *Little Mothers*, released on double 7" by Island next week. Little they may be know, but certainly not for much longer. This all male four-piece (mothers, eh?) emerges with an extraordinary mix of pop-rock, spiced up by a brilliant but slightly confusing funk attitude. No pathos, no over-production, but a clear and stripped down sound of the outgoing millenium. Sparkling with originality. Hopefully their gig at the Monarch on Thursday proves the same. (8) MDG

## Single of the Week

Marilyn Manson, eh? What a card. The old pantomime dame (or, as he prefers, the God of Fuck) has transformed himself Bowie-style into a cyber-space demon of androgyny and returned with the explosive, genius *I Don't Like The Drugs (But The Drugs Like Me)* in which our hero wails his narcotic laments over a backing of evil-glam guitars and big soul mothers. Sir, we are ready for you now. (10) AD

# New Year's Order

Naomi Colvin recalls the shattered memories of New Order's New Year Gig

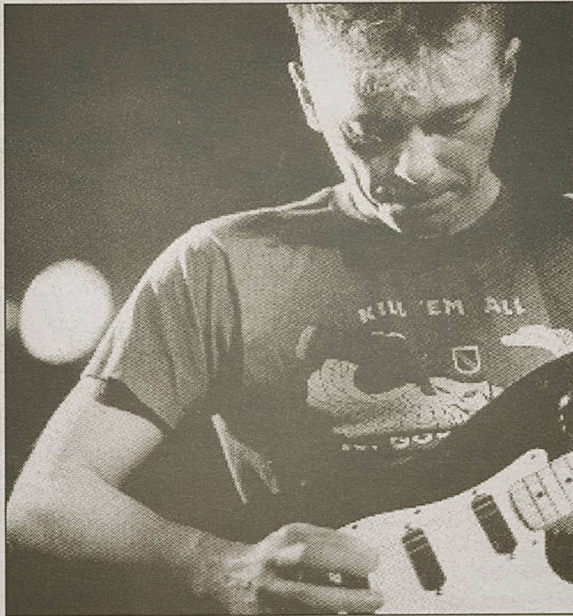
**Fragment One: Temptation.**  
The Peoples' Palace.

Such is the size of the proceedings that there's a full-scale fun-fair set up in the largest of the three cavernous halls. The Millennium Dome will probably be something like this. Stomach-threatening rides (on loan from NASA, probably), blokes on stilts in suits and trapeze artists to distract from the monumentally less decorative stage-hand persons. It looks wonderful at first glance, but then you realise the rides cost extra.

**Fragment Two: Ruined In A Day**

Reality Intrudes With its Customary Rudeness. Next year, I'm regaining equilibrium in the Heavenly Jukebox Zone. There are moving pictures on a suitably large and elevated screen, as a result of which the movement aggregate has diminished to nil. Hundreds sit goggle-eyed (did no-one foresee this eventuality?). The film is exactly what you'd expect from the terminally mainstream/fashionable big beat sensibility: pic'n'mix images of the 70s. There's surprisingly large entertainment currency to be had simply from guessing what's coming next. Flares... Carwash... Oh, look, there's Jimi Hendrix.

And, unexpectedly - like a torrential downpour of bank statements - the foul and loathsome visage of Mr Weller. Well, I'm going home now.



**Fragment Three: Touched By The Hand Of God**  
Disbelief Suspended

Despite the warnings foisted on my from all angles, New Order were conspicuously unshambolic. But that sounds terrible. New Order made me run right down the front of the stage for the first time in absolutely ages. New Order made me smile stupidly at complete

strangers. After New Order I lasted a whole Underworld set before boredom set in, through feeding off the excess euphoria. But I couldn't even begin to explain it right now, so I'll get busy with the surface detail.

Up, down, turn around  
Please don't let me hit  
the ground

They are old, in case you'd forgotten. Even the backdrop projection, which looks like it was generated on a Spectrum, reminds you of that. Barney's fairly psychotic tonight, actually, telling mad jokes and spinning like some species of dervish although it only makes you want to get him in an armchair and a nice pair of slippers. Hooky does absolutely nothing ("arthritis", said my companion), and Gillian doesn't move either, just grumpily barricades herself behind the keyboards, looking like somebody's mum. Oh, and Steven I can't tell you about, because I'm too short and I wasn't really looking anyway.

Oh, you've got blue eyes  
Oh, you've got green eyes  
Oh, you've got grey eyes

It's probably the most banal lyric in the history of pop music... that I can think of at the moment...but it effectively transcends meaning tonight, in the same way that "Love Will Tear Us Apart" suddenly becomes life-affirming, breaking out of the claustrophobia that is forever linked with the name this band used to own. Thoughts of blasphemy never entered my head.

Which, frankly, cannot be said of the ignominy foisted upon "Blue Monday". Bez, of all people, takes the stage and... sings. And, well, you know what a fohorn sounds like. It's a Paul Weller moment... but with the Weller effect noticeably absent. It's that, in the end, which gives the best indication of the temporary break with reality New Order created. Although, on second thoughts, it was more like a temporary reconciliation with reality.

**Fragment Four: Regret**  
Lager, lager, lager...

By the time Underworld stop thumping and shouting, its clear that most have already made their escape. Amongst the rubbish strewn liberally on the floor, a few brave souls brave the Ally Pally catering, which by this point was £3 Pot Noodles or nothing. Joy at last exhausted, there's no shield against the moment of disgust, and emptiness sets in. But New Year's was always thus.

## LIVE

### Baggy Shite

Dan Lewis only comes when he's on top

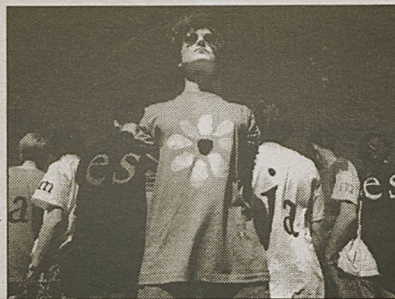
Foregoing the Tuns last night of term festivities, I ventured all the way over to sunny, funny zone 4 to take in James and The Stereophonics at the Wembley Arena. I'll be first to admit that I know very little if nothing about the Stereophonics. Are they Welsh? Oh well, I approached the matter trying not to hold that against them. The power of the lead singer's voice is unquestionable and deeply reminiscent of Manics' lead James Dean Bradfield. However, I found his vocal as impenetrable as a big wad of lead after it has been left to soak in vinegar over night. As a result, apart from the excellent 'Thousand Trees', the Stereophonics were a rather tedious waste of time.

After a stale half hour's wait in an atmosphereless arena Tim Booth came nearly bursting on to the stage, looking like a waiter in one of those authentic Indian Restaurants.

James started up with the nominally wearing 'Laid', inducing the whole crowd to hop up and block my view. Below me in the 1/4 empty standing

area it looked as if everybody joined in the drumming. 'She's a Star' made the crowd go crazy, but was it ever wise to open a show with a show stopper? Prior to the concert I 'borrowed' the Best of James from a friend for a little revision. However couldn't bring myself to listen past track 9. Fifteen minutes of semi-interesting stuff was played, 'Say Something' and 'Come Home' came and went and the band traipsed off.

No 'Sit Down'? One of only two James songs that can truly be label semi-decent would surely not be omitted. And of course, it wasn't. For the encore, Mr. Booth walked on in a glittering silver cape, and proceed to rattle out a scorching 'Tomorrow', the clear highlight of the night. Of course, sit down made an appearance, but it came across with all the heart of a song they've been singing for the last god knows how many years. Indeed Tomorrow was all that salvaged the gig. Oh, and all the beer waiting for me when I rushed back to the Tuns.



### Manically Live

Neel Patel tells his truth from Wembley Arena

This was going to be it: two years in the waiting after their last tour, the Manics were returning. Although the latest album had remained at that time unheard by this reviewer's ears, there was nothing to worry about. This band know how to establish new songs by blasting them out and expecting you to recognize them.

Before they came on there was, of course, the waiting. Sitting in front of a group of under-age kids vainly attempting to surreptitiously quaff beer without getting their collar felt by security has its downsides. However, the support group Catatonia quickly livened things up. They are, in a word, likeable: to such an extent that it's easy to forget that they're actually filling up time before the main event.

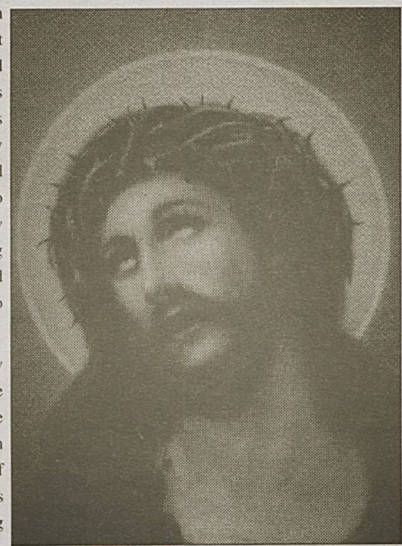
Time passes (cheers Cerys, great show, only lose the macintosh before going onstage in future) and

Messrs Moore, Wire and Bradfield arrive. As expected, the boys delivered the usual melee of

blistering classics (Motorcycle Emptiness, You Love Us), mellow gold (La Tristessa Durera, Elvis Impersonator) and fresh blood (You Stole The Sun From My Heart, Tsunami). The overall effect if refreshingly different but at the same time rather too civilised when compared to the frenzied

onslaught of their Shepherd's Bush Empire gig two years earlier. However, this isn't really fair: after all, the better a band get, the more fans, the less intimate the venues etc...

The Manics have progressed in style. Their current image is their best one yet and they've established a winning formula - outwardly conservative, yet inherently anarchic.





# 3 Colours Rock

Shilpa Ganatra discovers a new colour on rock palette - 'Revolt'

Deep songs. Don't you just hate them? You're absolutely knackered from a whole day of doing student-type nothings, and you wanna come home, stick on a CD and be entertained. Now, this is what you did with 3CR's debut album, *Pure*. But don't even try relaxing to *Revolt*. This thing is an emotional rollercoaster, taking you to the highest of the highs (*Cancel The Exhibition*), the lowest of the lows (*Be Myself*) and everywhere in between (*Intermission*). Tiring, to say the least.

Taking Britrock (don't you just hate that term?) to a nirvanic level, 3CR have decided to flirt with their bags of potential. Rather than opt for the 3-chord, 3-minute, in-your-face formula which gave rise to former hits such as *This Is My Hollywood*, 3CR have looked at their typical song, added about nine extra layers and thoughtful lyrics, and the result will make 99 their year for sure. Songs like *Paranoid People* are anthems to sit alongside *A Design For Life* and whatever else is on that crappy Best Anthems Ever type-album. And if you haven't heard *Paralyse*, the first single taken off this album, you've not lived. The anger, energy and brilliance of this track makes *Revolt* worth the £13.99 alone.

But I guess it would be cheaper just buying the single.

Anyway talking of anger, the highlight of this album, the wondrous *Be Myself*, is a rock song with a twist that makes *The Usual Suspects* seem predictable. The distorted vocals and to-die-for guitar makes it totally

original, and I but roll my eyes in thinking of all the second-rate bands who'll shortly emerge trying in vain to emulate this sound. The other highlight is *Cancel The Exhibition*, which is the happiest song in the world with the saddest lyrics. It's like the band are saying I'm all upset, but fuck it! Who isn't! Let's forget about

it! If I was t o chorus ("I feel like I gave it all but I no longer have the will to try"), it would sound totally out of context. Maybe if there was an exclamation mark at the end: "but I no longer have the will to try!". Yep, that works better.

But although these tracks are works of pure genius, it would be a fallacy to consider this album as perfect. *Beautiful Day*, their current single, is an okay song but without much substance (see the singles section for a proper criticism!). And although *Song on the Radio* is actually really great track, if you listen to it close enough, you'll realise it sounds like a dodgy soft-rock track from the eighties!

Taking it as a whole (which is what I like to do with cakes, by the way), this album is going to be a landmark for British music. Unlike *Pure*, the production on *Revolt* is not so polished as to daze the blind, but works with the songs to make the emotion in them: the anger, composure and ecstasy seem not only brilliant in their own right, but also in comparison to their debut. Whatever happened in between albums I don't know, but whatever it is, stay thirty feet away from it at all times. (9)



## Albums

Prince Paul

*A Prince Among Thieves*



For those readers who don't know the dilly, these reviews are written by whichever game undergraduates rally round when Monday's meeting of the newspaper collective fissions into clamorous consultations between prospective journalists and section editors. My two colleagues pass out promotional copies of the new hot joints and, as if by magic, criticism arrives. That's cool, they can take the Eurostars - the Audiowebbs, the Robbie Williams and that kid Dmitri from Paris - but when I saw Prince Paul's new album in a magnanimously given stack of recordings about to leave for the garret of some genial British fellow student of mine, a girl by her own admission happily unfamiliar with my man's oeuvre, I had to take action and tax that shit. Because Prince Paul changed my life.

There's a certain kind of irritating cachet that people try to claim for themselves in overfamiliar dorm-room conversation on the basis of having been a precocious partisan of really cool music. You know they'll like wearily intone "I used to bump the Pixes in like Sixth Grade, that's my word" and spark another Dunhill. Well, by all means, rebuff that fucking coup stick when people ride up alongside you whooping, trying to make you feel like the survivor of a naff childhood, but I'ma tell you like

this: the first tape I ever appropriated for myself from the great ghost world of popular music was 'Three Feet High And Rising' by De La Soul, produced by Prince Paul overall. It was the final summer of the 1980s, and I was nine years old.

Now, I'm labouring under the assumption that, as an 18 year old American from curiously culturally alloyed Evanston, Illinois, I occupy a different mythopoetic context than many of my fellow students with regard to hip hop, the Francis Fukuyamian music of the end of history and the *fin de siecle*, so I won't expect you all to have tender feelings of recognition toward 'Three Feet High And Rising', but it is a hell of an album and microepoch defining to boot. Prince Paul, who supplied a large part of its sensibility and made all of the beats, reaffirmed the intrinsic value of rap music's historic intertextuality at a time when Marley Marl, with his James Brown samples and his drum machines, enjoyed hegemonic control over beat-making aesthetics. Like, while it couldn't be said that he originated allusive eclecticism in hip hop with the De La album, Prince Paul certainly served as a market maker, ensuring liquidity lest the sound of the culture crystallize.

So yo, "A Prince Among Thieves" is a quick little genre radio play about an aspirant rapper named Tariq, portrayed by the brilliant MC Breezily Brewin, and the travails that are his to contend with when, only wanting a record deal, he tries to raise the last bit of money that will tide him over 'till Canada the bleaching-all-night way. Of course it's all sharpened, of course it's dope as hell. That's Prince Paul right there, keeping it curious, dropping jewels like a thief with a hole in his pocket. (9) John Sagan

Plastikman

*Artifacts*

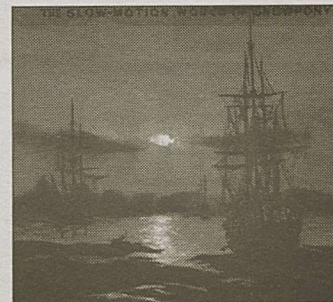


Nobody else was even faintly interested in this CD when it was picked from the pile at a Monday Beaver meeting. Maybe it was out of sympathy that I lifted it from the filthy keyboard, wiped down its clinical white sleeve and stuck it in my bag. What a fortuitous twist of fate! From beginning to end the album exuded professional musicianship to an almost scientific level. Deep house and the Detroit sound were obvious influences, but the tracks confidently explored new avenues of sublimely simple beat manipulation. Minimalist precision and subtle, intelligent alteration make this almost, well, beautiful. And so, like some ethereal phoenix, it rose from the ashes of rejection and spat in the face of those who had spurned it. And it stuck its fingers up at the stagnant indie bullshit which had invaded its pile. There's a lesson in there somewhere. (7) Helen Gibson



Snowpony

*The Slow-Motion World of*



Snowpony

Their line-up reads like a low-rent supergroup, encompassing a Lab alumnus, an MBV and, ahem, a Rollerskate Skinny. Cultural trainspotters will also want to add this to the enormous list of albums produced by John McEntire (day job: Tortoise), a man who is rapidly turning into the avant-garde equivalent of Norman Cook.

This, surprisingly, is the debut LP, so perhaps it only seems like they've been knocking around forever. An impression aided, by their main style statement: (whisper it) Trip-hop. I will repeat that for those sitting at the back: Trip-hop, and only partially reconstructed goth trip-hop at that.

It's fairly pleasant, actually, Gifford's occasional attempt at Nico-style portentousness aside. Although for such a vocal-led LP, the lyrics are horribly undistinctive - blank touchy-feely twaddle for the most part. Only on "Bad Sister" is there any sense of connection or, indeed, real interest.

Nevertheless, this is a beautifully crafted album: rough edges sanded down, polished up, left gleaming. As an example of scrupulously clinical yet - they'd say - alluringly dark, sample-heavy, ethereal blah blah blah... it's impressive. Garbage would

Anna Derbyshire's

Social Diary



Christmas, as we know, is a terrible time of year for any music that isn't corporate slush or novelty crooning from dull TV personalities. Hence my lugging skills were put to little use over the holidays, with the less than notable exception of the Polydor Xmas bash which appeared to be attended solely by bands who are about to be dropped. So instead of regaling you with tales of complimentary cans of warm Red Stripe, I will instead put the music press to rights with what I - and indeed any right-minded person - would consider to be the best albums of 1998. Note the glaring exceptions of the Manics, Hole and Elliott Smith, who last year managed to release some of the most tedious, dour and over-rated shit that has ever been described as good. 'Ere we go then:

- 1 / 1965 - The Afghan Whigs
- 2 / Tonight You Are The Special One - Earl Brutus
- 3 / Mechanical Animals - Marilyn Manson
- 4 / Deserters Songs - Mercury Rev
- 5 / Best Of - Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds
- 6 / As Above So Below - Barry Adamson
- 7 / Get Carter OST - Roy Budd
- 8 / There's Something Going On - Baby Bird
- 9 / OK - Talvin Singh
- 10 / Six - Mansun

Doubtless there will be heated discussions about this list throughout the LSE, hopefully with a few fist fights in the Brunch Bowl, but if you don't agree with it... get yer own bloody column.

Elsewhere, international bon viveur and madam Poppy Ansell and I witnessed Mercury Rev's rather marvellous afternoon showcase gig at the Sound Republic. Admittedly, this band's bowels aren't exactly bursting with the brute force of their own charisma, but they make beautiful music and didn't seem to give a damn that the Manics have already covered 'Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head'. The next day, Malte and I donned our American Tan tights and Tammy Girl spandex skirts (OK, that was just Malte...) and returned to the Sound Republic to watch the recording of Channel 5's classy Pepsi Chart Show. £4.50 for a G&T, couldn't see or hear anything of interest (if anything of interest was there at all, which I very much doubt), got chatted up by bloke who looked like Gazza minus the cheekbones. Suddenly TFI Friday looks like Late Review. The evening failed to improve when we arrived at the party to launch the Barfly's new magazine 'The Fly'. Free booze ran out before we even got there, whole thing finished at 10.30, decided never to buy the bloody magazine, realised it was free anyway. Arse.



## Singles

I thought that Placebo were taking the piss by forcing a second single out of their last album (cue David 'Kid' Jensen voice: "and in with a bullet at number 37...") but it gets worse. *Every Me Every You* is just desperate, bog-standard spasmodic guitars and a bit of whinging. Feeble. (4) AD

And what, may I ask, is this? A band who desire nothing more than to actually be Placebo? What is the world coming to? Serum's debut single *Know How* is a pointless mess of ambitionless "Mum, I wanna be sleazy" pseudo-punk guitar, made even more grating by way of a poor take on Brian Molko's already piss-poor whine. Fuck off. (2) AD

Hampshire, eh? Not bad for Hampshire. Brand new four-piece Atomika are a raw, powerful indie blend somewhere between pop and punk, you know, just like they all sound before a proper producer puts his hands on the mixing desks. *Dead Flowers* is a good start, Foo Fighters and Street Preachers would like it, I guess. Just sort out your four-track, and it'll be fine. (6) MDG

Neil Hannon describes the *Ndivine Comedy*'s new single *National Express* as "Brecht-cum-Cliff Richard". It is fairly obvious that this overly-arch ditty about provincial coach travel is neither as brilliant as the former, nor as fucking annoying as the latter: it is classic Hannon, but I've never been a fan of predictability, and this track is pissed on from a great height by most of their former singles. (5) AD

*Cartoon's Alcoholic Show* is a good, if highly unoriginal, mix of indie pop reminiscent of the older songs by 3 Colours Red. However I don't think I've ever heard a singer with a stranger voice, except maybe that guy in the Beegees who sounds like he's been kicked in the crotch... As for the other tracks on the single, well they aren't even in English. I think? Not bad, not great. (5) AY

With the Sneaker Pimps down their hole of mediocrity again, *Lantern* try to put at least some light in our tripped hearts. Maybe a "Hibernian-urban-alternative-electro-folk-pop" - trio, but unfortunately that doesn't imply class. *High Rise Town* is a nice Hooverphonic/Portishead rip-off, and Sylvia Rae's voice is dark and soothing. Yet it's still too simple-structured to arouse any listener's passion for inspired song-writing. To be improved. (6) MDG

*Emmie* is a 21 year old from Manchester who has had the gall to do a dreary dance-style cover version of Roxy Music's gorgeous *More Than This*. This version is anaemic and dank: the whole point about Roxy Music was the decadence, the experimentation, the way Bryan Ferry's voice kept banging into Phil Manzanera's guitar like it had been messing with his bird. No one else could possibly do a Roxy song well, especially not some faceless git like this who was too thick to be an MTV presenter. Look love, I'm also a 21 year old from Manchester, but unlike you I have the decency to respect genius, art, class and sexiness, so just have a think about what you decide to desecrate in future, eh? (4) AD

## Need Therapy?

After hanging out with the Northern Irish lads for too long, Shilpa Ganatra does

Gigs have to be the weirdest musical experience. Most of the time, you're paying good beer money to watch a band regurgitate their latest record. Except in a different order. Standing like run-over sardines with great big smelly men dripping their sweat on you, isn't the most pleasant environment to be in. So why go to gigs? The simple answer is for every thousand crap gigs you have, gigs you go to because your mate's brother is in the band, there is one blistering gig which makes you fall head over heels in love with the live scene again. Thank god I only saw Therapy? that once on their 2-month tour, otherwise I would have never got up.

Brilliant on record, it would have seemed impossible that they could have bettered themselves live, but as soon as single 'Church of Noise' reared it lovely head, anything they've ever done in a studio seems pointless. Great, but pointless. Despite the fact that half the band are relative newcomers, both Martin

## THERAPY?

McCarrick (guitars and cello. Yes, cello) and Graham Hopkins (drums) play as if there could never have been any other line up. The bond (if such a cliched word can be used for such an original band) between the band is

so tight, it can't help but make the audience enjoy the gig more. Whilst warbler Andy Cairns runs through a 'best of' set-list, featuring orgasmic delights such as 'Tightrope Walker' (yes!), 'Isolation' (Yes!) and 'Black Eye, Purple Sky' (YES!), Michael McKeegan carries his bass on mad tour around the stage, jumping as high as you can without doing yourself serious injury. When meeting either Martin or Graham, the grins they give each other make you feel as though they're enjoying it just as much as you, the humble punter.

But let's not get emotive. Let's concentrate on when they played 'Teethgrinder'. Possibly the best live song in the world? Sounding like the heaviest song since before Metallica went shite, the crunching riff and definite beat add up to one huge moshpit (being the whole of the standing section, I was later assured) of people jumping up and down in total unison. God knows how a thousand-odd people manage that, but how Therapy? manage to take such a simple song and turn it into a muthafucka of a tune remains a mystery as well.

And not only does their live experience revolve around their fuck-off amazing songs (as if that

wasn't enough), but the band realising they're playing in front of an audience rather than their front

room helps loads too. Catch Cairns' eye, and he'll devour you with his mad stare, whereas McKeegan smiles and acknowledges the crowd as if they're all his bestest buddies. Unless, that is, you call him a wanker: "I heard someone over there call me a wanker just then. Well, I can honestly say I have not masturbated in sixteen days, and therefore by definition I am not a wanker. Whereas you, my friend, probably have masturbated. Possibly over a picture of me. So don't call me

a wanker when in actual fact it's you who is the wanker" [overwhelming applause and cheers]. If they didn't play 'Die Laughing', a beautiful song that is close to a rock ballad as Therapy? is ever going to get, that would have been my highlight.

Or maybe it would have been 'Diane'. Massively changed from the original Husker Du version, the haunting cello and passionate voice send shivers down your spine, its emotion and anger (it's about rape) becoming almost scary when it's juxtaposed in the middle of a fast and furious rock set. Brains as well as talent, then. One would have thought that at nearing the end of a gruelling, long tour, the odd crack in their performance would be bound to show, but try as hard as I might, no flaws were there let alone obvious. Few bands can fuck off for years, come back, and make a capacity crowd at the Astoria yell "James Joyce is fucking my sister!" over and over again. Like the disciples we are.

## Angry Audioweb

Dan Lewis makes it up as he goes a along

Audioweb, cursed still with possibly the worst name of all time, are growing bitter. Underrated, undervalued and underplayed, lead singer Martin Merchant is developing one serious persecution complex. But it is clear to see why the guy is so PO'd. Two top notch albums have yielded a clutch of excellent singles, all of which have plummeted out of the charts as quickly as they entered, when they really did justify more.

The swagger, the sweat on the brow and the gap-toothed aggression, all featuring in spades at the improv, indicate just how disgruntled he is. Apart from the aggression, improv really sums tonight up. The band look like they've just been plucked from the street, the security guards like they've just come from the nearest police cell, and the audience, the least said about the audience the better. That guy must have been paying that woman.

It's a shame the whole Ian Brown thing fell through, because the venue really failed to do them justice.

The stage was raised by a mere foot, and out of control mosh-pitters nearly caused one or two incidents. Mosh-pitters? At an Audioweb concert you say? Why of course, tracks like

'Sleeper' and their excellent cover of the Clash's 'Bank Robber' kicked of this mostly middle-aged, middle-class crowd. But it's not that Audioweb are without their graces. Martin Merchant's vocals are a joy to behold, (as highlighted on the tracks 'Personal Feeling' and 'Get out of here') oscillating between a dark, forcefully reggae/rapping voice and a highly, uplifting soulful vocals, they work so well and separately. Listening to the albums you'd be excused if you thought there were two vocalists. Some excellent guitar work and tremor-forming bass stylee (supplied by a bloke who looks like a cross between Peter Dinklage and a Fun Lovin' Criminal), made the whole gig with a real intensity

On the down side, the set seemed just too damn short, with the single's Personal Feeling and Lover (with it's Kinky Afro live extra) notable absences. Perhaps if the band hadn't been so busy giving 'Respect' to Chris Evans, they could have squeezed them in. But, despite the

anger and general impression that they'd rather be at home kicking their cats, the gig was pretty cool. Catch them if you can, and don't hang around for Ian Brown before you do.



## Brassed Off

Naomi Colvin dances ChaCha at The Garage

I'm not in a position to confirm or deny whether the Brassy appearing tonight at The Garage are the same Elastica coat-tails-snatchin' Brassy who caught my imagination this time three years ago with their single, "Boss". But their marshalled three-minute pop drills fit the profile quite neatly - to say nothing of the lead vocalist, who could earn a hot dinner or two as a Frischmann-alike if necessary - so I shan't bother to find out for sure.

Getting aside for a moment their unfortunate timing (new Elastica material this year, allegedly), this band is not altogether happy, their jumpy audience friendly trills needing something equally friendly to bounce off. Instead, they've been lumped with the most cynical audience in the history of non-committal head-nodding - Rough estimates suggest three music journalists to each human being - the result of which is unreserved apology on all levels. Each tune punctuated by increasingly feeble subterfuge, the songs themselves take on a slightly subdued air. Which is a shame, since apologies are something I like to hear from normal people but definitely not pop people, which is what Brassy so nearly are. They sing, "Ooh baby, you're a real let down", and they're half right, really.

And the same, I guess, could be said of Cha Cha Cohen. You

haven't heard of them, I know, which is rather a failure on your part, considering they're on Chemical Underground and everything. Or it would be, if it were not for their being the best least productive band on the planet (a prize formally held by Broadcast). There's a good reason for this, though, don't worry. While Jackie "Cha Cha" Cohen makes her living in a Vegas casino (I kid you not), the rest of her black suited and probably early thirties actually band live in various hovels in London. Thankfully, they managed to get their act together last year, and a debut album is imminent.

It's not quite on the level of a thousand-mile gulf, but for too much of this set, the sheer poise which characterises CCC's studio recordings is disturbingly awry. The electronic element, which has been increasingly assimilated into their lowish-fi, groove-led sound (although I remember when they were rockabilly...) is also conspicuously absent.

Having said that, the Cohen aura of cool does partially pull the whole thing off. Jackie Cohen is a lyricist worth the epithet: stringing almost random phrases together to unexpected effect, she achieves the none-too-simple feat of deceptive spontaneity. Which reminds me. You need to know about Cha Cha Cohen.



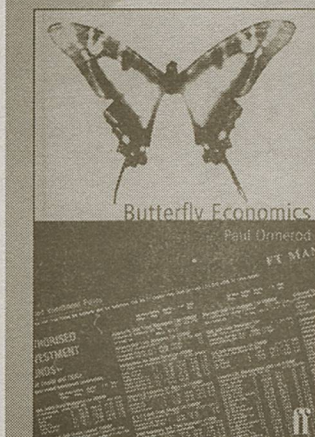
# Fluttering above my head

## Lasting Words

James Corbett reviews one of his favourite novels; A Friendship across five Continents: Sir Vidia's Shadow by Paul Theroux.

Spanky Dan, the Beaver's Bart editor drudges up his first year Economics B and attempts to review Paul Ormerod's latest book Butterfly Economics and still sounds like he knows what he is talking about. Take it from this editor - he doesn't have a clue.

Despite my reminastions, our Literary editor, in her infinite wisdom, decided that I should review this book. Hardly equipped with my 3rd from first year Econ B I ploughed through nearly two hundred pages of ground-breaking (for all I know) economics theory. And I understood most of it, which therefore makes it worthy of the description 'immensely readable'.



The book attempts to re-approach economic theory from a chaotic angle. Ormerod, who attempts to put most of his ideas across in very down to earth language - with success, takes the perspective that economics evolved when mathematics were relatively primitive and computers were merely a glimmer in Babbage's eye, and that these beginnings need to be demolished and rebuilt. Ormerod, touted as the people's economist, uses examples of Buzz Lightyear toys and The Full Monty film to demonstrate how people's preferences - fundamental to micro- and macro- economics - are effected by the preferences of others, and urges for his new wave of economics to take account of this.

Other discussions centre around 'Real Business Cycles' and other explanations of short- run economic fluctuations, so any Macro Principle students out there might want to pick this up if you want to fight Charlie Bean at his own game.

Ormerod helps 'keep it real' by

bringing in reference to England crickets and wacky dons, including the tale of how Alfred Marshall responded to a 1909 chancellor's urgent queries with 'I am telling my servant to send you a copy of a paper I wrote in 1890.' Ormerod recalls with

After all, very few cricket of baseball players are capable of solving with pencil and paper the non- linear differential equations which govern the flight of the ball. Yet, with the exception of the English cricket team, they still manage to catch it.

glee Marshall's approach to economics - 'Use the Maths, and Burn it' - one I'd strongly advocate.

This is Ormerod's second book and he looks like he's liable to become a leader in the 'pop-economics' field. Not that that was intend to be dismissive, to me pop-



economics is about all I can cope with. Indeed, if you have to contend with economics, you could do a lot worst then to browse through this prior to you exams - who knows, this book could bump me up to a 3rd.

*Butterfly Economics* by Paul Ormerod out now on hardback priced £16.99 published by Faber and Faber.

When Paul Theroux first met V.S. Naipaul in Uganda in 1966 he was immediately in awe of him. Theroux, then an unpublished 24-year-old university teacher with literary ambitions, was flattered and inspired by Naipaul, by then already a well known author while Naipaul treated the idealistic youngster as a writer when Theroux barely had the courage to even think of himself in such terms.

And from such early beginnings we have the story of a friendship which spanned thirty years and five continents, before it was brought to an abrupt and bizarre ending by Naipaul's marriage to Nadira Alvi. She took an immediate and irrational dislike to Theroux and changed Naipaul beyond recognition. When Theroux saw him last in 1997 he'd ditched his publisher, his mistress; and his friend, Theroux.

For all the controversy it's stirred up, the book isn't primarily concerned about the break-up of their friendship. The accusation that Theroux uses a kindness of tone (like) a boxer preserving his strength, softening him up for the knock-out punch; in the book's conclusion when he devastatingly dissects Naipaul's character, is frankly untrue. Theroux never holds back from painting Naipaul as a web of contradictions: the man who claimed he'd given up sex at 34, but who frequented brothels. He was, wrote Theroux "one of the strangest men I had ever met, and absolutely the most difficult. He was almost unlovable. He was contradictory, he quizzed me incessantly, he challenged everything I said, he demanded attention..." Theroux merely withholds his own judgement until Naipaul snubs him.

The point of issue though, is why did Theroux write this book? I don't think that retribution or revenge is the reason. Neither is it a jealous swipe at Alvi. She barely merits a mention of any considerable length and Theroux's attitude towards her is one of bemusement rather than contempt. Theroux claims he wrote the book because it is "the book which has never been written." Furthermore he writes about moving out of Sir Vidia's shadow. No longer was he the apprentice to Naipaul's master; the apprentice had superseded the master. Finally there was the need for Theroux, as a writer, to conclude the friendship. As Theroux puts it "a book celebrates an ending, a finale. When the friend or friendship is dead it needs a conclusion. It needs a death."

Two people reading this will come to different conclusions. It's the sort of book you could discuss endlessly. It's funny, generous, complex, constantly entertaining. Theroux is incapable of writing badly, of writing a single dull word. Indeed, if his boast that "this is the book that has never been written" is true, then what a way to start a new genre.

*Sir Vidia's Shadow* by Paul Theroux is published by Penguin price £17.99

## Computers? Easy? You must be joking!

Ralph Achenbach with his infinite knowledge of computers and understanding computer jargon reviews the latest contribution from Computer Manuals: Easy Adobe 5 by Kate Binder

Here you go. You have just picked up your holiday pictures from Boots. But what a shock! Your grandma is out of focus, the Christmas tree hopelessly overexposed and all your presents totally underexposed. Luckily, a package with Photoshop 5, the amazing all- round picture editing software from Adobe was among the latter, so no problem at all. With it, you cannot only add contrast to your photographs, darken them or brighten them as little or as much as you like, no, you can also smudge areas, change an image's hue and saturation, create clouds, apply texture, neon effects or crystallize an image. Basically, you wouldn't even have had to spend Christmas with your family, you could just super - impose them onto your shots later on. Except for, well, they gave you Photoshop.

The only remaining problem: How do you do all these amazing things with your pictures? Again, you are lucky, as you can choose from an overwhelming variety of books to tell you exactly that. Kate Binder's "Adobe Photoshop 5 easy - in full color" is one option. It features almost everything Photoshop has to offer in neat, step by step instructions. The best thing: You don't even have to read, as everything is illustrated with step- by - step images, simulating your screen. To help you find your way through the booklet, each chapter has a different background color. So it seems like a pretty accessible manual. However, when it explains how to do things with those neat color images, it shows you how to do things with those images only. Once you want to do the same thing with your grandma or your Christmas tree, the situation might look entirely different. Maybe there is a CD ROM with the pictures used in the examples that comes with the book, and I just don't know about it. But without that, the whole book doesn't make sense.

Sure, just by browsing through it, you might get an impression of what Photoshop can do. But if you want to do that, you might as well get a more advanced book that explains the features both in more generality and more profoundly, because you will want to come back to it later anyway.

*Easy Adobe Photoshop 5* by Kate Binder priced at £18.49. Available from Computer Manuals on 0121 706 6000. Phone for a free booklist, or visit their online bookstore at <http://www.computer-manuals.co.uk>

## Mass Murder is Painless

Matt Brough the Beaver's Editor finds time to review Metal Gear Solid Unauthorised Strategy Guide unhampered by the fact that he doesn't have a playstation.

Guns! Violence! Killing! But enough about my personal life lets talk about Metal Gear Solid the brand new "Tactical Espionage Action Game" from Playstation. You are Solid Snake, a man with a large amount of pent-up aggression (obviously because his parents gave him such a stupid name) who's sent on a secret mission behind enemy lines to disarm a potential nuclear weapons threat. Armed with only a pack of cigarettes (military cutbacks) and a fetish for eighties disco style headbands it's up to you to prevent the annihilation of the entire world (yes... including France). The only question is: Are you man enough to do the job? (I would say person, but hey... we all know girls are cack at computer games...)

Obviously someone thought not and helpfully produced the "Totally Unauthorised Metal Gear Solid Strategy Guide". With complete walkthroughs, Boss solutions, secrets revealed Brady Games have successfully managed to produce a highly detailed guide that will help even the most incompetent gamer complete what has to be one of the most anticipated games this year. Jerks.

This is really taking the piss. Imagine paying someone 11 quid for them to tell you the ending of *Scream* (It's the boyfriend... heh, heh, heh). Well, that's exactly what this book does. Each plot twist and secret is laid bare, ruining what possibly could be weeks of entertaining intrigue and challenge. Excuse me, but isn't half the fun of computer games learning how to play them and getting a sense of achievement when you do. Learning that all important Dragon-spin-flange-monkey-death-throw is almost as satisfying as watching your mate get pounded into oblivion by it.... Books like this really do have no point.

If that wasn't bad enough the whole book seems to have been put together by a chimp on internship at EMAP magazines. The Layout is shoddy the pictures are fuzzy and frankly it's all rather Bollocks.

Totally unauthorized Metal Gear Solid Strategy Guide priced at £10.95 available from Computer Manuals on 0121 706 6000. Phone for a free booklist, or visit their online bookstore at <http://www.computer-manuals.co.uk>

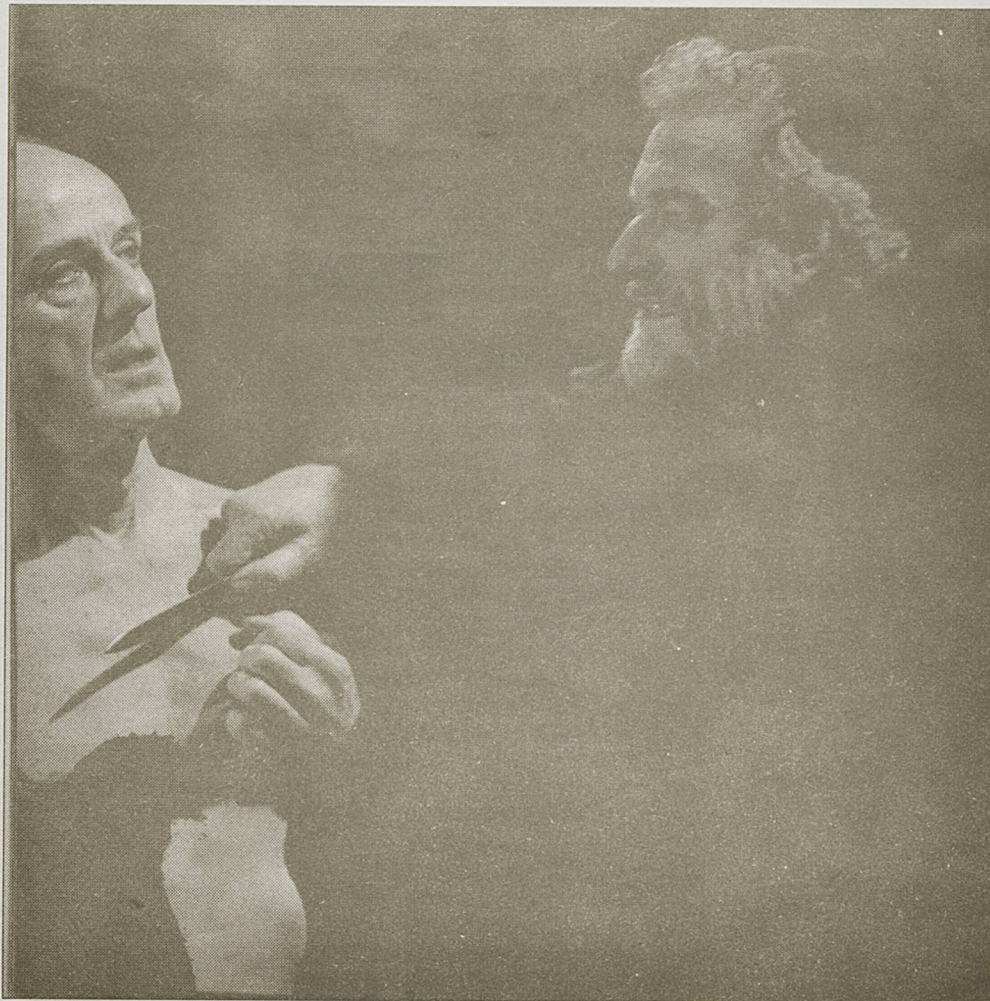


# RSC Shows Its Style

With the latest production of *The Merchant of Venice* directed by Gregory Doran at the Barbican, the Royal Shakespeare Company has shown itself again to be well worth the government subsidy that helps keep it afloat. The play, officially classed as one of the bard's comedies, is a tale of love, racism and cross-dressing set in renaissance Venice.

The play, for the benefit of the unfamiliar, tells the story of a rich Venetian merchant, Antonio, played by John Curry, and his friend, Bassanio (Scott Handy). Antonio guarantees a loan made to Bassanio by Shylock, a Venetian Jew, played by Philip Voss. The penalty for non-payment is a pound of Antonio's flesh to be taken by Shylock from any part of Antonio's body which he chooses. Antonio is a typical playboy, who has no scruples in taking advantage of his older and willing friend. Antonio's character has strong homosexual undertones, and these are played upon to great effect by Curry. The whole premise of Antonio's risky guarantee is that Bassanio is someone for whom he will do almost anything. Curry plays Antonio as a rather pathetic character, so driven by a blatantly futile love for a man who will never really reciprocate.

In the background to all this is Bassanio's relationship with the wealthy heiress Portia, beautifully played by Helen Schlesinger. A feminist before her time, Portia is looking for a husband. She has a cunning system to make sure that she picks a man who is not after her money, and her consequent rejection of Princes and nobles, none of whom



really pass muster on any criteria, is a classic comic moment.

The supporting cast is vital in any production of *Merchant*, and this production really excels in this regard. Sian Reeves is a suitably conspiratorial Nerissa, Portia's lady-in-waiting. The Prince of Morocco, played by Evroy Deer, really brings

out the arrogance of his character beautifully. As one of Portia's suitors, he is so sure of his own worth that his sense of injured pride upon his rejection is really palpable.

Jimmy Chisholm is a delightful clown, Launcelot Gobbo, really provoking some hearty laughter in the audience. This production is beautifully staged,

with his wonderfully bright colours in Robert Jones' set and stunning costumes designed by Susan Wilmington really carrying the atmosphere of the cosmopolitan city of Venice.

The play comes to a climax in the court of the Duke of Venice, with the insistence by Shylock that he has his pound of flesh, as Antonio fails to pay the loan back in time. It is left to Portia, disguised as a (male) lawyer to argue Antonio's way out of the debt. The suspense of this scene is extremely well held by the entire cast, with Antonio suitably

emotional as Shylock's knife hovers around his chest. The cross-dressing of Nerissa and Portia is always something that is hard to believe. At this point Antonio is supposed to be engaged to Portia, and his friend Gratiano (John Dougall) promised to Nerissa. Yet neither man recognises

his fiancée when they turn up at the Duke's court dressed as men. Despite the incredible nature of the plot, the cast carries it off very well, which is a real credit to them.

Voss' Shylock is sympathetically portrayed, with Voss and Doran really drawing out the theme of Shylock as a victim of the racism of Bassanio and Antonio. Shylock's most important speech, where he emotionally describes the distress of being ostracised, and tells how he still has the same feelings as other men, is really electrifying. This production helps to make the play rise above racial prejudice and become the rounded portrayal that Shakespeare surely intended.

It really is amazing how well Shakespeare's plays work in the modern world. This is true of all his plays, but it is perhaps particularly true of *Merchant*. There is a real sense of the flawed nature of mankind (although womankind comes off a lot better), and this is played on by Doran to great effect. In Shylock's bid for revenge, in Bassanio's cruel use of his friend and in Antonio's gullibility we can see ourselves, and that is why this play, so brilliantly staged here, is mesmerising to watch. *Merchant of Venice* is continuing at the Barbican Theatre, Silk Street, EC2 until 9 March

See RSC feature below for details

## Get Cultured Cheaply at RSC

This season at the RSC is proving to be one of the most exciting ever. With productions of *The Tempest*, *The Merchant of Venice* and the *Shadows* Trilogy already playing and more to come before the season ends in May, there is plenty there to keep you entertained.

But it gets better still! The RSC offers great discounts for students, much better, in fact, than most other standby deals in London.

The great thing about the RSC is that student standby tickets can be booked over the phone from 9am on the day of the performance, and only cost £7.

Of course, by going standby you can risk getting a grotty seat (and avoid restricted view seats at the Barbican—they can be pretty grim). This said, however, you can also get seats that you would never be able to afford normally, so it is worth the risk. To make sure you have a good seat, ask the person who takes your booking exactly where it is situated and if the view is at all restricted.

The other way of getting to the RSC for a snip is to come to the Press Night. Although you only get in for

free if you write a review for the *Beaver*, you can still get in for £7, and thereby get to see the play before almost everyone else.

So there's no excuse not to 'get cultured' - it's cheap and it's on your doorstep.

A full rundown of this season at the RSC:

Now- 4 March:

**The Tempest**  
by Shakespeare  
in The Pit Theatre

Now-27 March

**Shadows**  
by JM Synge and WB Yeats  
in The Pit Theatre

Now-11 March

**Measure for Measure**  
by Shakespeare  
in the Barbican Theatre

Now-13 March

**Bad Weather**  
by Robert Holman  
in The Pit Theatre

18 Feb-25 March

**Bartholomew Fair**  
by Ben Jonson  
at the Young Vic

Previewing from 3 February  
Last Performance 27 March

**Talk of the City**  
by Stephen Poliakoff  
at the Young Vic

18 Feb-27 April

**Goodnight Children Everywhere**  
by Richard Nelson  
in the Pit

18 March- 8 May

**The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe**  
by C.S. Lewis  
Dramatised by Adrian Mitchell  
in the Barbican

25 March- 6 May

**The Winter's Tale**  
by Shakespeare  
in the Barbican

31 March- 1 May

**Roberto Zucco**  
by Bernard-Marie Koltes  
in the Pit

4 May-8 May

**A Month in the Country**  
by Brian Friel  
in the Pit

## A Streetcar Named Desire

Market Forces, the Drama Society of the LSE, is proud to present a classic Tennessee Williams play to kick off the Lent term

The play charts the fortunes of one woman, Blanche DuBois, played by Beth Ahlering, as she tries to cope with the loss of her wealth and possessions in a world changing too fast for her to understand.

She mysteriously turns up at the modest home of her sister, Stella (Dominique Fyfe) and her brutal husband Stanley (Wilson Barmeyer). The play tracks her descent into madness as she tries to cope with her new circumstances, plagued by cruelty and sadness.

A terrifically moving play, with great characterisation, this play promises to be a memorable occasion.

*Streetcar* will be performed tonight

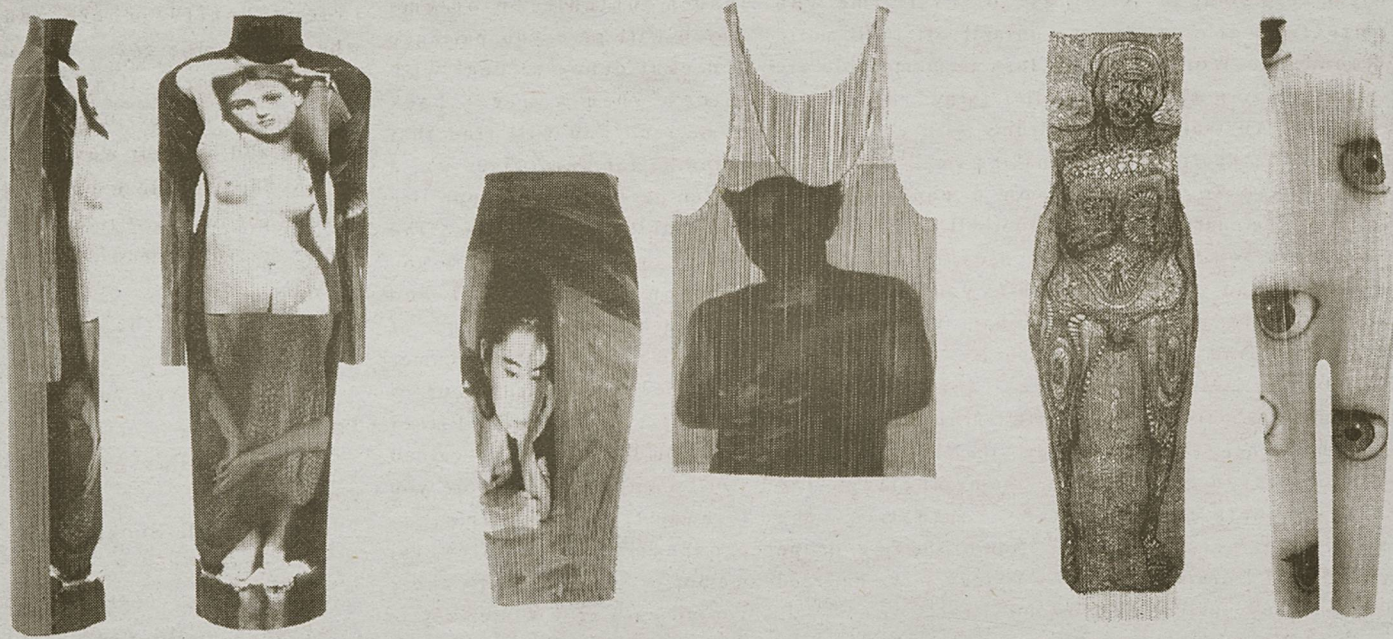


(Monday 25 January), Tuesday 26 January and Friday 29 January in the Old Theatre. Tickets are on sale until Friday in Houghton Street, so watch out!



# Is He For Real?

Issey Miyake Retrospective, Fondation Cartier pour l'art contemporain, Paris | 3 October 1998- 17 January 1999. Review by Jan Sagan.



Issey Miyake claims foremost to make clothes for travelers. The old hippy comedian George Carlin is very funny about travel being the Waldo Emersonian fool's paradise it is primarily because of the paranoiac siren song of exigency that moves us to bring as much of our stuff on tour as we possibly can. Over break, in my boy Ethan's apartment, I watched him josh us- you and me!!- about this, on stage clad in an old jumper and blue virile-long-haired-dad tap pants, contorting his face into a virtuoso pack rat's leer, eyes hyperthyroid with frustration, repeating his tag line: "I've got to bring my stuff!!" and I laughed knowingly, but that shit wasn't so funny when I had to unpack and reshuffle my belongings on my haunches in the ticket desk clerks' lunch area at O'Hare International Airport to avoid committing the picuniary hari-kari of baggage weight limit breach. It was with a sense of my own absurdity that I clean-and-jerked my teenage Swede rucksack and the hateful hardshell container into a storage locker at Paris Nord station like Pocket Hercules and purposefully

took the Metro to the Fondation Cartier pour l'art contemporain to take in the "Issey Miyake Making Things" career retrospective.

The Fondation Cartier is a big glass and steel shoebox with the pedimental lid on, bifurcated into two rooms by some walls that support the raised bookstore, that now wholly necessary nexus of voracious hepcat culture and lavish publishing operations. There's a basement, too, divided into three high-ceilinged rooms, two rectangular and one knight's jump l-shaped. Issey, as is appropriate, curated the exhibition and was basically allowed to range over all of the exhibition space, festooning.

In, oh, September when I first got wind of the show in the you-too-can-be-knowing press, for which it was not a non-event and is now long since integrated into the larger cultural landscape, I was curious to see how he'd freak it. Miyake is a crazy-ass innovator of fabrication processes as much as patterns, so I was hoping to be given some insight into the man's working methods, because even though the conventional fashion

magazine concession to the admittedly rather impertinent trainspotting curiosity of students of the art who want to know *how*, not just *what* has often been to whisk us past a few incoherent "inspiration boards" deciphered with con-art verbiage, dude of all people would have interesting things to say about design development. The first collection came out in 1973, and as a new schooler I was keen, as they say, to to see some early designs twenty-five years hence. In fact, though- and I'm not necessarily salty, but this is just the way it was- this was a retrospective with a highly circumscribed memory and the reticence about the no doubt pangful becoming of high concept clothing that is characteristic of its subject.

What he did was to devote the sunlit Donald Judd rumpus room of the super-terranian exhibition space to the two recent product lines most suited to it, Pleats Please and the Raschel dresses. Both are foremost based on a process for micropleating polyester that makes me foam at the pen as I think of it, a process that hits me in the heart and which produces

garments that would probably look like corrugated cardboard stewardess outfits from Tokugawa period Japan to you. Which is good- you'd be beginning to appreciate the semiotic substratum we're talking about. The Pleats Please clothes come in familiar shapes well short of the shameless fashion mandarin flamboyance of the Raschels, which are constructed entirely of tubular lengths of the pleat-treated material and would require imperiousness to rock on the ave. Shit is mad colorful.

A passer by copping the free frozen out view available to all would on one side of the cavernous sanctuary see the many-hued Raschels hung on hanging forms, a great gawked-at mobile that bounces up and down crazily at intervals, supposedly when motion is detected so that a rather strained and tokenistic dance metaphor is advanced and on the other all the guest artist-decorated Pleats Please collections to date pinned up in the windows like panes of stained glass. That's cool, but, like, I personally had seen all of these garments before my pilgrimage. They're still dope though.

Downstairs, there are representative samples of six of Miyake's most recent collections. "Just Before" is present in the form of the giant roll of black cloth comprised of continuously knitted tube dresses awaiting only a few judicious snips that is its central conceit. "Colombe" gear was delivered to customers in the form of pieces of cloth stippled with idiosyncratic configurations of snapping studs and made wearable by considered, well, snapping. Don't front, you know he's got you open. "Dunes" is made thusly (in Miyake's words, which I won't attempt to paraphrase): "A model is cut two times larger than its final size, then assembled according to the desired design. Then, rounded patches and tapes are fitted to the parts of the garment which require a particular suppleness. When dipped into a special shrinking solution, the garment instantly shrinks except in those places protected by the patches and tapes. Thus it is reduced to human size and irreversibly wrinkled" "Prism Collage" is a collection of clothes cut from fabrics made by amalgamating cloth of different colors, shapes, and sheernesses into a umiplanar material, to be just a little precious-sounding. "Starburst" clothes are recycled garments that have been laminated shut, laminated into folded flat and sealed bundles, with several layers of metallic foil, so that the wearer, having breached the seals in order to wear them, initiates the formation of a stochastic-fractured carapege on their surfaces. I was definitely sprung.

I don't know how to conclude, really. You either love con-art fashion or you don't. That's on you. I'm glad I layed my burden down and went to see "Making Things". Issey would probably be happy with faint, surreal praise like that I read bemusedly in "View On Colour" magazine, out of the mouth of a dear old fashionista. "He has a famous client that I adore; she is 90 years old and always dresses in Pleats Please", she reports, "which suits her very well" That's my boy.

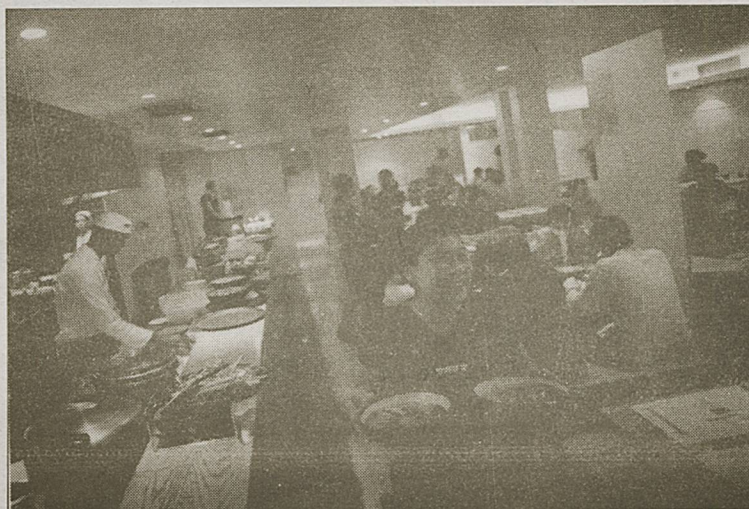
★  
**wagamama**

## FREE JAPANESE FOOD COMPETITION

All you need to do is answer this question:  
**What does wagamama translate to in English?**

- A type of Fish swimming in the Japan Sea
- A type of Ramen (Japanese Noodles)
- To spoil the customers
- Executive Editor Matt Brough's pet cat's name

To submit your answer, come down to C023 and plead Executive Editor Matt Brough for the vouchers.



The voucher is valid until the end of March 1999  
Valid for one sitting only on any Monday to Friday between 2.30pm and 5.30pm.  
The voucher can be used by any number of people in one sitting, however should the total bill be more than the voucher value then the diners will be expected to pay the difference.  
The voucher can only be used at the Streatham Street branch of wagamama.  
The competition will be run and judged by the editor of the Beaver, however the vouchers will not be issued until wagamama have a copy



# All Around the World

**T**he most diverse, unforgettable and extraordinary experiences of your life can be yours for the price of a Round The World ticket. From the moment you arrive at your first destination you will find your preconceptions shattered, and your senses flooded with exciting and unfamiliar sights, smells and sounds. You'll encounter cultures different from one another as they are from your own, and learn things which will stay with you for the rest of your life. You'll meet travelling companions who'll become lifelong friends, and discover talents and passions that you never dreamed you had.

A Round The World ticket transports you to Australia and back by whatever route your imagination takes you. Sticking to the flight paths that major airlines follow will limit your costs, but as a typical route takes you out via Asia and back through the Pacific Islands and

Los Angeles there are plenty of opportunities to stray well off the beaten track. The major rule is that if you keep going in the same direction it's a legitimate Round The World route, and a single trip can incorporate Africa, Australia and New Zealand, The Pacific Islands and North and South America if you have the energy. Once you have paid for your ticket and insurance, had your jabs and started popping your malaria pills, you'll find the rest just falls into place. Many people leave home with only a vague idea of where their trip will take them, but even the most obsessive planners can find their detailed itinerary discarded in favour of learning to dive on a Thai island, taking Spanish lessons in Guatemala, or dancing their way through a South American carnival.

**P**ostcards home are a good indication of the highlights of a trip and would probably fill you with trepidation if you could read them before you left. You'll find yourself recounting

elephant treks on the trail of one-horned rhino, underwater encounters with sharks and stingray, or that time you threw yourself off a 70 metre bridge. Just as memorable are the smaller things; dancing to bongo drums with your jungle guide, making small talk with a family on a packed train, playing football with the local kids, or enjoying a beautiful sunset while you tuck into an octopus kebab. You'll pick up the vital phrases of a variety of languages and develop a lifelong affinity with the countries you visit, somehow always remembering the national anthem, the configuration of the flag, or the special way they serve battered frog on the street.

**A**lthough a round the world trip is seen as 'time off', in reality it can be the most intense period of your life. Every day is exciting and different, and even such mundane activities as buying a train ticket can become events in themselves when you have language

barriers, rickshaws, and strange currency to contend with. You will solve seemingly insurmountable problems which will give you patience and confidence to deal with things when you get back home, and you will find that being so far away gives you a better perspective on your life and ambitions. You may find that at the end of your trip you hang up your backpack and look back on the experience of a lifetime, or that this becomes the first adventure of a compulsive traveller. Either way you'll find you've gained stories with which to bore your friends and impress prospective employers, memories guaranteed to cheer you up on a grey winter's day, and broader horizons which will change the way you look at the world. You will never be the same again!

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON ROUND THE WORLD TRIPS, CALL INTO OUR BRANCH DURING STUDENT TRAVEL WEEK 8TH-13TH FEB 1999

Student Travel Week is a chance to find out more about travelling independently, where and when to go, the costs, health and safety, travelling solo, and general advice to get you packed and on your way.

Anyone making a booking during the week will collect a free scratchcard to

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10 round the world tickets

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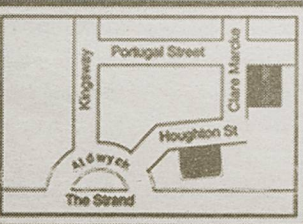
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# Why I Love William Hague

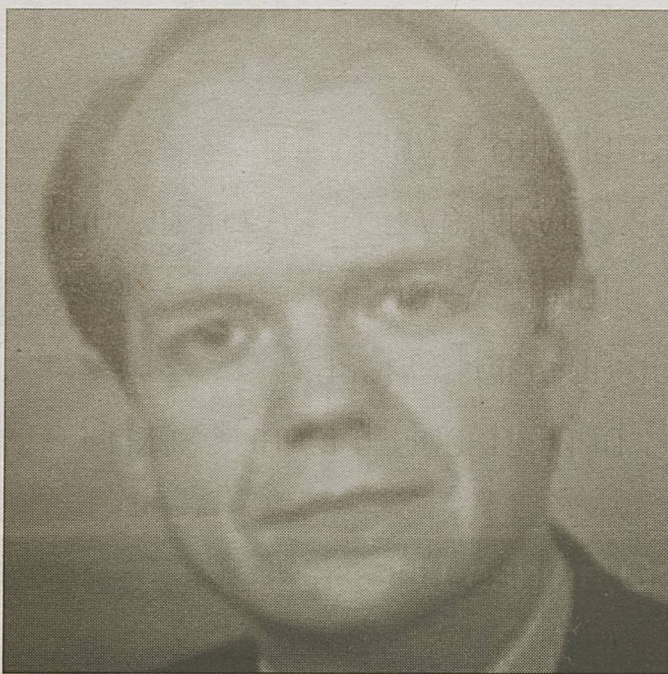
In the first of a bi-weekly column James Corbett tells of an unlikely affection...

James Corbett

I can't remember the first time I saw William Hague, but I remember clearly the day I first noticed him. It was warm summer's night some time in 1997; Labour's glorious victory still fresh in the memory and the Tories bickering over who was going to lead them out of their electoral carnage. Then suddenly, like a bolt out of the blue, came the news that little Billy Hague had filled the power vacuum created by the infighting between the heavyweights of the last government. I vividly recall the press conference: Hague's head glistening in the early evening sun; the aghast look on his face which said to the whole world "Why me?" Messrs Redwood and Lilley alongside him, pretending to be his mates. From that very moment I was in love. Here was a man, I told myself, who would personally see to the Tories not getting into power for the next twenty years.

And William hasn't proved my confidence wrong; he's done a marvellous job as Tory leader. There is so much I adore about this wonderful little man that I could extol his virtues all day. But here are a few of my favourite things:

I love the way he pursues matters of such great national importance, such as erm, foxhunting; I love his trendy baseball caps, what a dude! I love his wife Ffion, and the way he married the only living Welsh Tory; I



Hey... everybody loves William Hague

Photo:Library

love the way that his prematurely bald palate is always gleaming. How do you do it Will? Turtle wax, or just a good old fashioned spit and polish; I love his political naivety (i.e. the Lord Cranborn cock up), the sweet innocence of youth; I love his popularity, nearly as high as the Yorkshire Ripper's depending on which poll you read. But what I love most about William Hague is the way in which he has lived up to all my political expectations. He's made such a good job of destroying his own party that I simply can't see the day

when we'll see the next Tory government. In fact, if it were possible, I'd want Hague to father my children. As it's patently not, he'll just have to continue his sterling work as Tory leader.

**Blind Prejudice is designed to incite, offend and be utterly biased. Contributions to this column are most welcome. Next week one of Tony's cronies takes a bashing.**

## Tory Boy

Introducing the columnist that only his own mother could love, who's more right-wing than Thatcher and more reactionary than Reagan, he's got opinions on everything from Thatcher to Trotsky, ladies and gentlemen. I give you Tory-Boy...

Tory Boy was in Houghton Street happily munching a MacDonald's Big Mac. Suddenly a hand reached over his shoulder, grabbed the Big Mac and flung it into the nearest bin.

"That will teach you to exploit the workers and destroy the rainforests," thundered a familiar voice.

Toryboy swung round. Behind him a huge obstacle was blocking Houghton Street. It was Tank Girl.

"What's that about the rainforests?" whimpered Toryboy. "I wasn't exploiting workers, honest. I was eating a Big Mac."

Tank Girl glowered with hatred. "MacDonalds is an enemy of the revolution. It exploits the workers and destroys the rainforests," she sneered.

"But," stammered Toryboy, "but I have no choice. I have to buy Big Macs. I can't afford anything else now Toadie Blair makes me pay £1000 every year."

Tank Girl shivered with disgust at the mention of Tony Blair. Toryboy watched with interest as the tremors agitated her rolls of flab.

"That man," she snorted. "He's a traitor to the cause. Workers of the world unite! You have nothing to lose but your Big Macs."

Toryboy decided to apply what he had learnt in Economics B. "Surely, if we put MacDonald's out of business, the workers will lose their jobs," he suggested.

Tank Girl dismissed the objection with a wave of her hand (accidentally knocking over two lamp-posts). "We must make sacrifices for the sake of the revolution," she intoned.

"Just don't eat Big Macs," she finished off, before marching away to spread revolution down in the quad.

Toryboy may take her advice and stop visiting MacDonalds. After all, Big Macs don't have a very nice flavour. They taste like recycled New Labour leaflets.

**Tory-Boy will return in a fortnight.**

## Emmot on the Economist

Terry Wynn

Bill Emmott, editor of The Economist, presented an informal lecture on editing the Economist Amidst Global Economic Turmoil on 30 November. Not only did Emmott provide the audience with the history of The Economist, but he also went on to state the journalists' opinions about many of the world's pressing issues.

Interestingly enough, Emmott remarked that the title of the journal actually acts as a barrier to some readers who assume the journal only covers economics. On the contrary, the journal deals with a myriad on topics ranging from politics and business to art and science.

Asked to describe The Economist, Emmott says that it is a journal of opinion. It seeks to take an issue and analyse it the hell, and to provide our own view. He says in the political spectrum, The Economist is basically left-winged in that it feels Pinochet should be tried in Spain, is pro-market, is pro-American in regards to their policies and social terms, advocates gay marriages and the legalisation of hard and soft drugs.

In addition to controversial views on these subjects, The Economist is even against the monarchy, which it describes as an idea whose time has passed

The Economist was founded in 1840 as a forum to advocate free trade. Now, 155 years later, the journal has a circulation of 700,000 copies world-wide with over 40% of its total sales in the United States.

Though The Economist stands firm on many issues in many areas, Emmott admitted that the journal does grapple with three paradoxes. First, though it takes an individual approach to topics discussed in it; the journal is published anonymously. Emmott says that is done to curb the egomania of many journalists.

Second, The Economist is anti-establishment, though it is a part of this establishment. Emmott says that the position of the journal is to be an international magazine and to remain separated from the government. In this way, the journal may have freedom of movement to both criticise and praise the government and other institutions.

Third, though it calls for fast changes for other institutions, the journal itself is slow in changing. Emmott says thought the overall look of the journal has not changed much, the journal does change internally via the changing of editors and the addition of new writers.

Emmott ended the lecture by emphasising the objective of The Economist which is to cut through the blur of materials surrounding world issues and to present these issues in a clear form which is easily understandable to the layman, especially in areas of banking and politics. It seeks to convince its audience that international issues do matter and to show how they affect the world in which we live.

## Paddy calls it quits

Jo Swinson

Whilst the Wednesday night Tuns crowd were happily strutting their stuff at Limelight this week, members of the Liberal Democrats were struggling to come to terms with the startling news that Paddy Ashdown has announced his decision to step down as Party leader.

He has managed to achieve something quite remarkable and unique for a political leader by choosing the time when he wishes to leave, which will be after the round of elections in May/June of this year. This has great advantages for the party, not least because it will give

adequate time to prepare an orderly and civilised leadership election. No doubt it will also give plenty of time to political reviewers to spend endless hours speculating on his successor, and write great tomes on the many achievements of his eleven years of Liberal Democrat leadership.

Speaking (almost) exclusively to Beaver Politics, Paddy remarked, "With much help and support, I have now done all the things I set out to do for the Party." Indeed he has orchestrated a significant change in the culture of British politics, helping to facilitate moves from a confrontational, aggressive Commons to a more constructive form of opposition, working with the

government on areas of agreement, and vigorously opposing where ideologies differ. Through initiatives like the Joint Cabinet Committee, Liberal Democrat policies on constitutional reform have been implemented, and the final stages of Paddy's leadership will see the first nationwide election conducted by Proportional Representation (the European elections on June 10th).

Paddy stated that it had always been his plan not to continue being an MP after he reached 60, and accordingly he will step down as MP for Yeovil at the next general election. His decision to step down as leader this summer was prompted by the desire to allow his successor time to settle in before the next General Election. He thinks it's will be good for the Party to have a new Leader in the summer, with new energy and

new ideas."

Polly Martin, Chair of the Liberal Democrats Youth & Students, commented "Paddy has been the most successful Liberal Leader since Lloyd George, and has brought to the Party dynamism, commitment and vision. Although we will miss having him as our Leader, we wish him the very best of luck in whatever he chooses to do next."

During Paddy's term of leadership, each of the other main political parties has seen three leaders while the Liberal Democrats have doubled their presence in The House of Commons. The World and indeed Britain has changed enormously with the Cold War, apartheid in South Africa and the USSR ending. The National Lottery has started, and the World Wide Web was created.



# Sorting out the Phone Fiasco

If you live in Halls and haven't had a problem with your phone then you're part of a small minority. The Students' Union want you to become the vast majority.

As part of the Students' Union campaign to secure a better deal from Student Line, who operate the phone system in Halls, we need your help! We know there are problems with Student Line, but we need to know exactly what they are and how far they run. If we are to secure a better deal we need details. That is why we are conducting a fact-finding Student Line Survey.

We will use the results from the

Survey to target the worst problems and prove to Student Line that they need to clean up their act.

It should not be too difficult to connect new customers in days rather than months. It should not be too difficult to provide a reliable voicemail service. It should not be too difficult to correctly bill customers. Nor should it be too difficult to answer customer service calls.

Not only should it not be too difficult, but it isn't too difficult. Your help with the Student Line Survey will help us sort out the phone fiasco once and for all.

Jonathan Black  
SU Inter-Halls Representative

## How do I get a Survey?

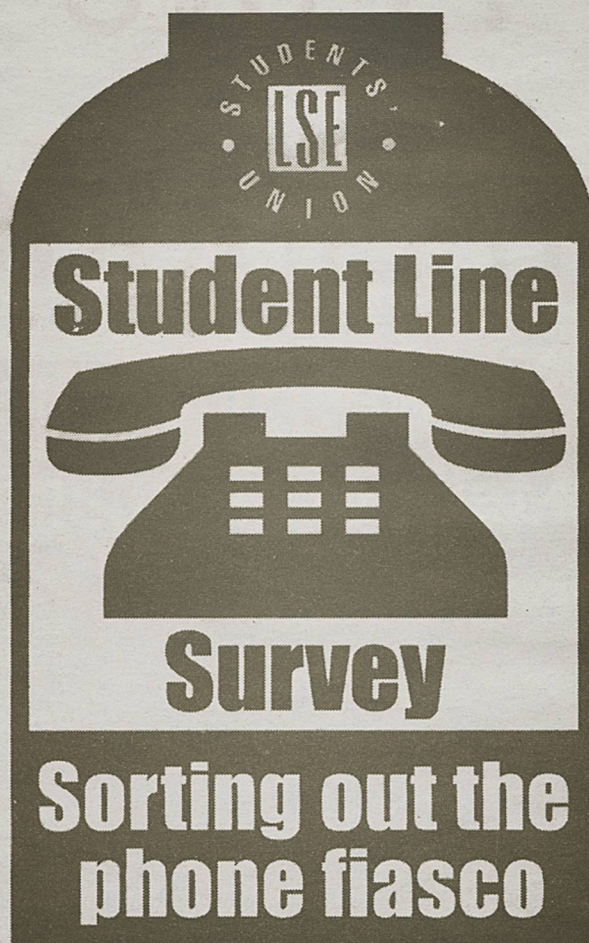
A copy of the Student Line Survey should be delivered to all rooms in Halls over the next week. If you don't receive one or don't live in Halls, extra copies are available from SU Reception (East Building, LSE).

## What do I do when I have filled it in?

Please hand in your form to your Hall reception or SU reception by Friday, 5 February.

## Questions?

If you have any comments or queries about the campaign please contact Jonathan Black (SU Inter-Halls Representative) at J.M.Black@lse.ac.uk or Maria Neophytou (SU Education and Welfare Sabbatical) at M.Neophytou@lse.ac.uk. Alternatively leave a message at SU reception.



## General secretary's Column

A happy New Year to all of you, I know this is somewhat late to be saying that, but this is the first Beaver issue this year. Two major developments have taken place since this paper last appeared - and that was a long time ago.

I am pleased to report that the Standing Committee of the Court of Governors voted against the 30% increase in tuition fees for home postgraduates, which was endorsed by the APRC and thus an astronomical fee rise, which in our opinion would have had a catastrophic impact on the numbers of home postgraduate students in LSE, which is already disparately proportioned. In this day and age of financial hardship tuition fee levels are of paramount concern to prospective students and in order for LSE to compete with Oxbridge and other London colleges, competitive fee levels complemented by an adequate scholarship structure are vital. I sincerely hope that this factor is born in mind in future years as well. LSE is famous not for the beauty of its campus or its location; it is because it has always attracted the best minds in the world and that is what we should be striving to maintain at all costs.

The developments on the library issue have been very encouraging as well. Six months ago, we were very sceptical about a proper arrangement for the students for the proposed 18 month redevelopment period. Since then, a tremendous amount of work has been put in by the School and Library officials and the unachievable has been achieved - almost, I daresay. A building within walking distance of the School, the deal for which is on the verge of being clinched, is in my opinion an extremely satisfactory arrangement. I joined a tour last week and was more than impressed with the building, its location and its facilities. Full details will be released soon, but being a five minute walk away (near Chancery Lane tube) and being housed in a purpose-built library (an ex-British Library building) is indeed the ideal scenario which we'd been campaigning for all along and if it all comes through in the end, it will be nothing short of a miracle.

I'd like to thank all those of you who helped us in both these campaigns last term, your support and lobbying efforts have been invaluable.

Needless to say, our efforts to fight for your rights will continue. I wish you all the best this term,

Cheers,

Narius Aga

## LSE Committee Reps and Accountability

Ever wished to complain about the quality (and cost) of food at the Brunch Bowl, your academic studies, your halls of residence, the Library or even the health and safety of many LSE buildings. Well, last October, student representatives were elected (by you) to be appointed on various LSE Committees that ensure decisions are made with the students interests at heart. It is unlikely that when you felt the need to complain about various aspects of LSE life that you remembered you had voted for someone to perform that role on a particular committee. This seems to be because we only seem to be aware of these roles during election-time, and no effort is made to discover their progress during the rest of the year.

During this month, at a future Union General Meeting, a motion is to be discussed that seeks to include in the UGM's Standing Orders - Questions to as well as Reports from LSE SU Committee representatives to all allow members of the Student's Union to

put questions to their representatives on the relevant committees. If passed, it would also give representatives the opportunity to give reports about progress or other developments made at their Committee meetings.

Whether this motion will be passed or not will depend on how relevant this addition to Standing Orders the UGM spectators feel this would be. Incidentally, every member of the LSE student populations has the right to attend the UGM (Thursdays, 1pm, in Old Theatre-Main Building).

This articles does not intend to be prejudiced about the motion in either persuasion, since there would be costs and benefits for all involved if the motion is passed or not. The benefits of such a motion being passed could be that it might make Student Committee representatives more accountable to the people who have elected them. Anyone who attends UGM's will know that the Committee Reports often mentioned are the more popular ones like Academic Studies, Catering and the

Court of Governors. Others that may not be as prestigious, such as Environment and Safety also have an impact on our everyday lives at the LSE, but we hear little about the developments at these meetings.

Moreover, there is also an unfair belief held by many that a lot of people who campaign to become elected on to such Committees are full of empty promises and are never visible again in student life once elected. This leads many to the unfortunate assumption that a lot of people want to be elected to enhance their further careers, rather than having any real concern for student concerns, but giving them a UGM platform might further this problem. This view may be unfair if the reason for us not hearing about our representatives is because they have no where to communicate any news they would like to pass onto the student population, such as the UGM. Unlike the Student Union Executive, they are not mandatable to be compelled to answer questions or give

reports, so lazy Committee representatives can still get away with their behaviour. There is also the argument that it may be another excuse for student political organisations to monopolise the microphone at UGM meetings. For example, last term, the candidate list for the Michaelmas Elections showed a huge dominance of all three major political parties who put forward candidates, and for some Committees, there featured no independent candidates.

As I said before, this article is meant to explain this contentious subject. Although it is up to you to decide whether this motion is passed, there does need to be some form of medium that Committee representatives are accountable to their electorate, whether the approach proposed is the right one or not.

Loretta Reehill  
Communications Officer

## Mature Students and London Transport

Some of you may be aware of London Transport's refusal to offer their Student discount to students aged twenty-four years or more. In some ways, this seems like a Government mission to the one hand encourage everyone to a lifetime of education, while on the other hand, make it as difficult as possible to achieve such goals. Such problems can be illustrated from the decline in the percentage of mature students attending the LSE itself, that until only a year or so ago, was a

magnificent 20% (one in five students) of the LSE student population. It has now fallen to a paltry 10% this year, which some attribute to the introduction of tuition fees and the reduction, and in some cases, abolition of some maintenance grants. While it may seem a desperate situation, your Mature Students representative, Christine Bayliss, has been working with others on a campaign to expand London Transport's Student Discount scheme, to Mature undergraduates,

and once this is successful to mature postgraduates. London Transport itself have argued that since they have received a very small number of letters of complaint from mature students themselves, so at the moment they remain adamant with their discriminatory policy. As a consequence, Christine intends to send all mature undergraduate students a letter concerning this matter, as well as some proposals for ways to voice your concerns to London Transport. Methods include

writing to London Transport at their headquarters (55 Broadway, London SW1), writing a letter to your local MP, as well as John Prescott. All of these approaches will be successful if you help in this campaign so it shows the high degree of irritation felt at London Transport for doing this. Furthermore, Christine will also be enclosing with her letter a small questionnaire to be returned back to her, so she can form a database of mature students, and can keep you in contact with any developments.



# Social Capitalism - or the story of a steam engine

Andreas von Paleske discusses the failings of Germany's antiquated economic system



About one mile inland from the coastal town of Swakopmund, in Namibia, there stands an old steam engine. It has stood there for close to a century now and yet has never served any purpose. When in the fervour of the colonial race the Germans transported it there it was meant to facilitate inland travel. There was only one problem. Swakopmund is surrounded by kilometres of desert. Whilst the engine was a fine piece of craftsmanship it was never going to move far into the sandy dunes. It got stuck in the very sand it was meant to traverse.

A century later Germany is confronted by a similar problem yet her answer has not changed from the heavy steamer. Instead of accepting given variables and adjusting to them, Germany is trying impose its own system but the dunes look dangerously close to collapsing.

What was for the steam engine a mere natural phenomenon has turned into one of high unemployment of an equally inflexible and antiquated economic system. The idea that one can impose certain restrictions on the economy and hope that this will improve its functioning is not only as ludicrous as that of the heavy steamer crossing a desert, but has also shown to be ineffective in adjusting to a rapidly changing global market system.

Why then does social capitalism find such widespread acceptance, and will it survive the strains of globalisation? The answer to the latter question is more straightforward and Germany's record level of unemployment surely is a testimonial to its failings. Its acceptance must be found in the inherent belief that capitalism in its

The idea that one can impose restrictions on the economy .. has shown to be ineffective in adjusting to a rapidly changing global market



The way forward ? Germany's steam engine treads on

Photo: Library

purest form, is immoral and exploits certain strata of society. Intervention, it is argued, is needed to ensure a fair and equal society. Yet who defines fair and what exactly is equal. The creators of prosperity are supposed to be punished, through high taxation and inflexible labour laws, for - and this where the contradiction lies - the very prosperity that society is meant to benefit from. Unfortunately for the proponents of this idea sand dunes move rapidly and without restraint, whilst the supposed beneficiaries, remain buried underneath them. Companies can relocate, workers have a lot more trouble doing so.

Rather than accepting this, however, it is argued that even more intervention and regulation is needed. Higher wages are meant to lead to greater prosperity yet this method of backward induction is simplistic and unreal. Although the actual wealth has not yet been created, it is supposed to be redistributed to encourage further growth. It is quite obvious that under such situations companies are loathe to create further employment or expand production. Recent research

has in fact shown that German industrialists are nine times more likely to invest in Britain than in Germany. The reasons are clear; labour market flexibility and a system of low corporate taxation have ensured a system of higher returns to capital.

Yet why is this tendency to regulate markets so prevalent? The reason lies in the deep rooted belief, as stated earlier, that markets left to themselves will not produce a socially acceptable outcome. This inadequacy, it is thought, can be corrected through more regulations and institutions. To cite a few examples:

- a dense system of employee protection allocates more rights to the employed than to the unemployed. If labour is nearly undismisable employers will refrain from hiring additional labour.
- Rent controls and subsidised housing create a shortage for younger generations since mobility in this sector has in effect been short circuited.
- Old age security organised not through capital accumulation but state regulated redistribution from

young to old means that due to a shrinking working population either contributions will rise to extortionate

The important point is that the regulations themselves will have to be tightened if the original goals are still to be met ... since humans will react rationally to such restrictions on their freedom

levels, or benefits to the aged will decrease.

These are only a few examples and many more could undoubtedly be added. The important point is that the regulations themselves will have to be tightened if the original goals are still to be met. This is because humans will react rationally to such restrictions on their freedom and attempt to circumvent them, or make use of loopholes, to maximise their personal utility.

This narrowing of personal freedom inevitably results in a society that reacts indifferent to the political goings on. As Abraham Lincoln stated, "you cannot expect the individual to show enthusiasm and interest in public welfare if you take away his

freedom and initiative."

This inflexibility is further exemplified by the European Union and by recent calls for greater harmonisation, especially in the field of taxation. Instead of ensuring that governments use tax money more efficiently this represents nothing more than a cop out for the Keynesian Big Spenders currently in power across Europe. While keeping tax levels at extortionately high levels, it is meant to prevent companies from relocating to lower tax areas. Instead of looking for the cause of trouble, high government expenditure due to high social liabilities, governments prefer to brush it aside calling instead for more government expenditure to create demand. Yet where will this leave us, even more spending and even less to show for it.

In 1997 when Hans-Olaf Henkel, President of the German Chamber of Commerce (BDI), visited the LSE he stressed the importance of competition. Again and again he has come out calling for lower taxes and greater employment flexibility, to give companies the leeway they require to compete internationally.

But what has all this got to do with the steam engine in Swakopmund. Firstly it represents an ignorance of given

Yet where will this inapt approach to economics leave us ... even more spending and even less to show for it.

situations that translates itself directly from the feeble attempt to cross the desert into current economic thought. Throughout history Germany, though she is by no means alone, has shown a tendency for a tightly inter knit political and economic system that has resisted change. Even when markets produced favourable outcomes, such as the 'economic miracle', it was thought that they needed to be adjusted for improved moral results. If having over four million employable people walk the streets is not immoral, then what is?

To protect it, you could of course build a high wall around the pathetic little steam engine but then again it would have nowhere to go and you wouldn't need it in the first place.

A particularly turbulent period in international financial markets, including Asian currency crises and high volatility on Western stock markets, have led to claims that free markets are inherently unstable and that additional regulation is required at the international level.

The past two years or so have seen disorganised international financial markets in which exchange rates and stock prices have fluctuated more than usual. This is primarily caused by increased uncertainty regarding the economic prospects of certain Asian economies based on concerns about their currencies and financial industries.

When currencies face a crisis it is customary to blame foreign speculators for doubting the promises of political leaders. This is blaming the messenger for bad news. When the Malaysian and Thai currencies were subject to speculative runs, the reason was not evil intentions of foreign investors, but rather severely misconceived currency regimes based on an official peg to the US Dollar. Such regimes usually work for as long as the peg roughly corresponds with the market value of the currency, but when overpricing becomes obvious speculators predicting a devaluation will short the currency in order to buy it back for a profit later. Either freely floating exchange rates or currency board systems with a one-for-one link with a major reserve currency and a 100% reserves guarantee do not lead to speculative crises. And in this sense the crises are partially caused by political mismanagement.

The most paradoxical aspect of recent attacks on free markets is that there seldom are free markets in finance. Upon further investigation one finds that finance is amongst the most heavily regulated industries in most countries. Associated problems are allocational inefficiency and moral hazard proceeding thus:

By reducing the potential loss resulting from a crisis, the regulator reduces the financial institutions incentive to undertake preventive actions

In short banks become reckless in their extensions of credit.

Due to the heroic efforts of the IMF, these unappealing consequences have to some extent also been transferred to the international level. By bailing out countries in financial distress, the IMF reduces the incentives of governments for monetary and financial prudence.

All things considered the claim that the current turbulence in international is an inescapable consequence of *laissez faire* is a severe misinterpretation. Financial markets are amongst the most heavily regulated industries worldwide and everything points in the direction of moral hazard, crony capitalism and distortions of the price system caused by government regulation. The international economy is in peril because of intervention - not in spite of it. This renders a move towards a more liberal international financial order far more promising.



# A Summer to Remember

## *Opportunities in a Global Business*

*If you're thinking about a summer internship programme - think hard. Put yourself to the test in a world-class business that offers challenging, absorbing roles that will stretch your mind and test your abilities.*

*Explore the career possibilities offered by an organisation that values intellect, creativity and determination and gives you the opportunities to define your future. Learn from the best in an environment which is as supportive and collegial as it is intense and exhilarating. An environment where people from diverse cultures and backgrounds understand and share your desire to excel.*

*Think about a summer internship programme with Goldman Sachs - where excellence is a way of life.*

*Goldman Sachs is an equal opportunity employer.*

Summer internship programmes are available in London and Frankfurt. To meet representatives from our Equities, Fixed Income, Currency & Commodities, Investment Banking and Operations, Technology & Finance Divisions and find out more about our different summer internship programmes, please come to our Presentation.

Date: 28 January 1999  
Venue: Peterborough Court  
133 Fleet Street  
London  
Time: 6:30pm

Admission is **strictly** by registration at the LSE and Imperial College careers services. Places are **limited**.

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# HOCKEY BIRDS GO DOWN FIGHTING.....

## .....but it was some blow job!

### BEAVERSPORTS

LSE GIRLS HOCKEY 1  
QUEENS GIRLS HOCKEY 1

Happy New Year to one and all but not to mislead you into thinking this is going to be a jovial article I have to get a few things off my back first. This is directed at two members of the women's hockey team who shall remain nameless, but they know who they are! Being ill because you were out clubbing until 6am the night before the first match of 1999 is no excuse for not attending. This is

By KATY PRATT

especially true when you are considered one of the best players in the team, one of the sauciest players in the team and when you'll no doubt be at Slimelight (slip of the keys I assure you) after the match anyway! Similarly, saying you're visiting your boyfriend and then being spotted shopping in Covent Garden is equally as despicable if not more so, premeditated and deceitful! Good job we still love you in it.

The reason for my complaints is that as a result of these two absentees we the LSE lovelies could only field a team of ten, and as you all know

there are eleven players in a hockey team! Imagine the shame and guilt of these two players (or should I say traitors) had we lost, had we been humiliated by a bunch of medic pussies who call themselves Queens,

happened to set up, but I shall admit it did take a few attempts to pull off. 'Jesster' lived up to her name all match as well as her reputation as the most solid fighting back we have. Bad Girl was masterful and well aided by



Fat minging hockey birds get fatter and more minging by the pint. Wanna shag?

and we all know what happened to Queen Mary don't we. Which one, doesn't matter, the Scottish one was beheaded and Liz's sister was a detested monarch who died a lonely ugly death! Moi? Trying to look intelligent? Never?

Yes, hockey followers, we were by far the better team, we out played them, out ran them, we were much more attractive, but we drew. 'Twas a fighting draw, a few more minutes and they would have crumbled under the might of we the funkily clothed LSE women's hockey team, but unfortunately only a draw.

Enough, I shall complain no more and instead shall praise the stars of the day (about bloody time - sports ed). Kinky scored a cracker from a well-executed corner, which I

Leggy; I have to say we have a fantastic back three this year! Rage TM was truly unlucky when one slipped through (no rude jokes please) and more than compensated saving our posteriors many times over. Lou needs the last mention, why? Well for someone who hasn't played for years she certainly hasn't lost the fighting hockey spirit of the necessary speed.

And that my dear reader is what the LSE hockey team is all about, fighting spirit, hence our victory in the recent Hockey vs. Netball boat race. oh and as for spirit where was yours at the AU Barrel? Where were your costumes, your effort, your sense of fun, why did you look so miserable? The beer was free and after all that can't be bad!

### PURPLE WARRIORS PENETRATING PERFORMANCE

#### Rugby boys win! Suspect innit? Innit?

### BEAVERSPORTS

LSE 1st XV X+1  
UCL 1st X

By WINSTON EAVIS

their first choice players in the interval seemed to worry "four inch" Phillips, who had to confess that he is an extremely unfit man, but the rest of the team were blissfully unconcerned, knowing that we were hitting a vein of form richer than Fat Bob's Dad.

Embarking on an enlightened policy of scoring more points than them, we returned to the fray eager to humiliate our proud opponents yet further, and we did so within five minutes, courtesy of cracking forward interplay setting up a score for "Strawberry blonde" McFarlane, our import from the barbarian lands of the North. In a charitable mood, Dave "curly" Hurley let their winger move in for a late score, but he later explained that he was trying to deny touchline rumours that he was wearing a particularly hideous morose comedy effect wig

So an epic victory was secured, as a dazed and confused UCL side left the field with their tails and their teammates hands firmly between their legs. They didn't seem keen to hang around, which was a shame, because if they had then we wouldn't have had to drink the bar dry of the loosely disguised vomit of small animals known locally as mead, a drink which gives all the oral pleasure of going down on Stumpy Elliot (so Eugene tells me at least). Oh yeah, and I didn't play. MEAD!

In the first game of the second half of the season, the happy hunters of the LSE set off in pursuit of our biggest scalp yet - a full-strength UCL side, riding high in the League above us. We all knew the stakes. Victory here would mean basking in glory, revived pride, and unconsciousness by nine o'clock. The team talk revolved around the fact that all we had to do was "try jolly hard, and then we won't get dicked on too badly", so you can imagine the fevered blood-lust in the changing room. Roused and aroused, we took to the field in an orgy of aggression, power and supreme indiscipline, and within the first ten minutes this came good with a fantastic push-over try from the little fat men up front.

The boys in the adopted second team kit were looking on course for a famous victory. Uncertainty set in when "dirty Ernie" realised that talking dirty to the opposition back row in rucks is a bookable offence. Confidence was restored when "Duracell" Blagg steamed through the centre of the park for our glorious second score, leading to bemusement and furtive glances from the UCL pack. Half-time came and the light was most definitely burning brightly for the LSE faithful. The introduction of all

### HOUGHTON STREET HARD MEN NO.3



In this issue, the ginger Magician grapples with second row serial psycho, Winston Eavis, one dude that you do not want to fuck with.

Name: Winston Eavis

Age:20

Dept: International History

Aka: "Winnie," "Lord Emperor of the Land of Eavis"

How's it hanging homeboy?

Cut all that shit out straight away (he knocks back a double scotch) or I'll fucking knock you out, you told me you wanted to fucking interview me, you ginger tosser so ask me some fucking questions.

Have a bit of respect mate, I'm only doing my job. You think I like being ginger?

No, I can't imagine you do, well go on then.

Alright geeze, what's the best ruck you've had in an LSE rugby shirt?

Once there was a 30 man pile up on the pitch and rather than getting sent off, I decided to pierce my studs into the ref's neck. He never recovered. In the past, I also got involved in a bit of a brawl with an opponent's old man. He told me that I was too fat to be playing the game. After a discreet kidnapping and a little persuasion, he soon became the team rent boy.

In terms of drinking, I know your brother the "Gimp" Kent enjoys the occasional tippie of Chablis or Moet. What do you drink and how much?

I wondered when you'd mention the most recent team rent boy. He's a tart. I drink beer until the glorious reunion of glass and lips becomes too much.

Class. What about party

tricks?

I like to pass out on ladies breasts when I'm well gone. Public vomiting, masturbation, anything can be arranged.

If it isn't you, whose the hardest geezer in the team?

Fat Bob is definitely the hardest in the scrums. I can sometimes feel it digging into the back of my legs.

Lovely, but who's in charge on the pitch?

I don't think I'd fuck with Gav Reilly. He's fucking massive.

Who's your Hollywood Hardman hero?

Probably Dudley Moore, he's seriously mean when he gets going. Once he tied me up and played the piano to me for 3 hours.

Have you ever committed adultery with any members of your team?

I slept in the same bed as Big Jez on tour.

Was there any romance?

You haven't seen Big Jez without his shirt on. I'd have been picking body hair out of my teeth for days

Have you ever crossed the thin blue line of the law?

Possession of illegal substances. Maximum sentence 10 years. Sodomising the fairer sex. Maximum sentence: life imprisonment. Soliciting a prostitute: Maximum sentence: a good slap on the wrists and an ass pounding in the cells.

Is that true, bro?

Course it's fucking true, you complete twat. (Eavis begins to brutally pound Federman's already gnarled features into the bog wall. Dazed and confused, the Ginger magician tries simultaneously to gather his notes and remove Eavis' snarling jaws from his lower leg).

You pack some bite, you mad bastard. I suppose you own a pitbull terrier?

Listen, if you don't want another beating then you'll steer well clear of that. My little staff. Rhino passed away recently. It was very sad.

Boo-fucking-hoo Winnie, you're just a softie at heart

(before Federman can finish his sentence, he feels the sinking feeling of pain, and the ground approaching rather quicker than usual).

### MUSINGS OF A PHILOSOPHER SPORTSMAN

Oscar Kent

The LSE establishment is renowned worldwide for its own unique brand of sporting geniuses. In a rare and much sought after conversation with Houghton Street hardman No. 1, Oscar Kent opens his heart to Federman on Totalitarianism, Social Darwinism, alien life forms and his quest to take over the world:

May I just start by saying how honoured I feel to be in your company

Don't mention it old boy, but let's get started. I have an appointment with my psycho-analyst in twenty minutes.

Okay, now I noticed from last year in our class for the "History of European Ideas" that you said that you were without a political persuasion, tending neither to side with the Marxists or the fervent Nationalists in the class. Of what importance is politics in your thought?

Politics is the persuasion of the mediocre and second rate. Hegelian world historical figures like myself don't require the rhetoric of lesser ones. Rather, we mould events to suit our own vision of a world where man recognises hierarchy, superiority and the power of abject force.

So you model your own sense of utopia around an authoritarian dictatorship.

No, but I totally believe that when civilisation is swept from the earth by nuclear armageddon, the world will cry out for strong leadership, a dictatorship of the most able, acting in the interests of all mankind, and then I am ready to take on this burden. For me, the rugby field represents the eternal struggle between yin and yan, protons and electrons, good and evil and the positive and negative. In this I am the ultimate neutron poised ready for the final battle in which only the most extreme and righteous shall prevail.

I am reluctant to admit my miscomprehension but could you please elaborate further?

Certainly. The world is made up of those who can but don't, those who could but never do, those who should but won't and those who if not part of the solution are part of the problem. These mignons shall be swept aside in the grand struggle between man and alien.

So you believe in extra-terrestrial life forms?

Yes I do, there is a conspiracy subverting the very fibre of our lives rooted deep into our establishment which unless brought to light in the near future threatens to destroy the lifeblood of our existence, our inner self and our fathers innermost feelings

Thanks for your most precious time and I'll see you later.

Chablis, old boy, Chablis.



# FREEMAN AND SUTTON FAIL TO SCORE; EVEN WITH TRANSVESTITE!!

## It's all over now says Nav Paul.



Izzard, confidante of Goldsmiths goalkeeper and one of Freeman's many conquests....

### BEAVERSPORTS

LSE 2nd XI	0
GOLDSMITHS 2nd XI	1

The league title finally escaped from the slimy hands of superstar captain Naveen Paul as his one time free-scoring unit fired blanks for the second consecutive game.

The combination of Freeman and Sutton up-front has always been an unlikely one, and its inherent flaws were embarrassingly revealed against a hard-working, but technically limited Goldsmiths side. All this despite the inclusion of a *transvestite* goalkeeper.

It was not that goal scoring chances were not created, on the contrary, there were chances in abundance. The dynamic midfield pairing of 'slimfast' Damo and Pete 'chopper' Mason (remarkably fresh despite a night of the scandalous variety) worked hard to take control in the centre of the park.

As early as the first minute, it was clear that the 'Seconds' had the measure of a game that had to be won to retain any slim hope of a late championship rally. Sutton though, sliced wide with the goal

By MATT SUTTON

gaping. This was to be the story of the game. Chance upon chance fell to the feet of the ungainly Sutton and Freeman, yet the keeper was rarely threatened.

Freeman's excuse that he has never scored with a transvestite was not enough to convince the rest of the team, understandably disappointed at the lack of action up front. "Look at that bird of yours" exclaimed John-Boy "don't try and tell me she's was never a bloke" Freeman was upset, although later admitted he did a like a girl "with a wopping todger."

Indeed, women issues pervade this crumbling outfit. The 'Alex and Rafferty' saga is understandably high-profile and there are severe questions marks over whether Rafferty can match the sexual performance of his predecessor. An un-named Asian source exclusively revealed to **BEAVERSPORTS** that unless she is made to "scream like a Rhino" she will not be satisfied.

Hugh Williams interest in the personal life of Matt Sutton is worrying, particularly given his previous ovine misdemeanours. Sutton himself is a shadow of his former himself, apparently beset by his own women problems, although he refused to comment further.

The first half ended with the disappointing score of nil-nil, despite LSE pressure. The second half was 'much of a muchness' (chablis sir, chablis - sports ed), with LSE again piling on pressure but to no avail. It was midway through the second half

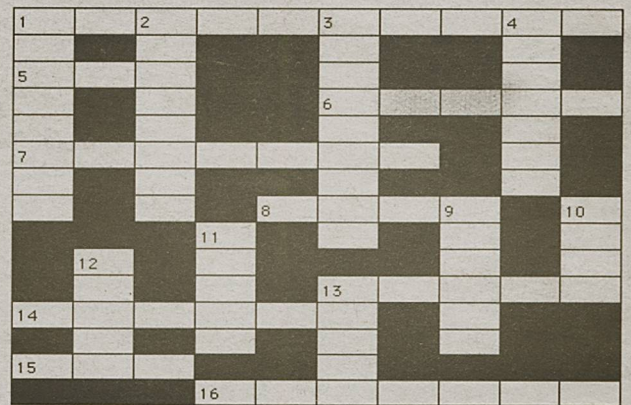
when the inevitable happened and LSE were punished for wasting their many chances. Nav was beaten by the corner flag and a pinpoint cross was headed beyond the desiring reach of Tim Burgess in the LSE goal. As the LSE seconds piled towards the Goldsmiths goal

tempers flaired. Freeman wondered aimlessly round the pitch randomly punching anyone. Sutton and Gideon were involved in an altercation as Rowlands and John-boy made comments about their mothers. It was to no avail though. Bring on the cup. Chablis sir?

### Sportsword: Manna for Anoraks



Congratulations to last issue's winner Tim Spooner (above). Tim exchanged his free pint for a Tia Maria and a bagel, and enjoys watching his treasured footie team, Bristol City, get relegated.



Across	Down
1. Palace star heading for the big guns (3,6)	1. Harvard Flo's new stamping ground (8)
5. Chances of a conquest for the Ginger Adonis this weekend (3)	2. Premiership midfielder, recently retired from international football (8)
6. Nickname, '62-'63 Cup Winners Cup winners (5)	3. Left Potters to join the Crazy Gang (9)
7. Ex-Middlesborough star, now at Bayer Leverkusen (7)	4. Club, began life at Stanley Park (7)
8. Should've stayed at PSY (4)	9. Liverpool defender, loaned to Sunderland in '95 (7)
13. Ex-Grimby legend turned Merseyside scapegoat (5)	10. Ipswich prodigy (4)
14. Dutch midfielder, nicknamed 'Pitbull' (6)	11. Christian name, left Southampton to be confronted with a goal draught (5)
15. Everton can't seem to find it (3)	12. Even Kidd's arrival couldn't undonkeyfy him (5)
16. Home of starlet Kurt Nogan (7)	13. First name, mastermind of Tottenham's five-man attack (5)