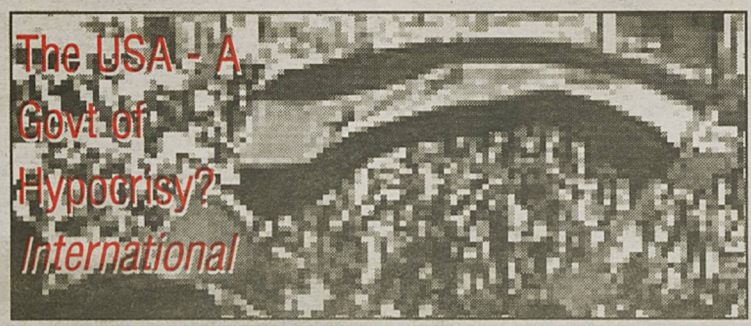


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THE BEAVER

In this week's edition of The Beaver



The USA - A
Govt of
Hypocrisy?
International



Amistad
Review
Bart

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QUESTIONS RAISED OVER SECURITY

Criticism of Scorpion Security, the firm responsible for Three Tuns security, has been voiced after incidents involving "excessive force."

Newshounds

A number of complaints about the attitude of the "door supervisors" at Friday night's 'Crush' have been brought to the attention of *the Beaver*.

In one of the most recent incidents several drinkers were forcibly ejected after their behaviour attracted the attention of security operatives. One of the students involved told *the Beaver* that the bouncers concerned, who were from the firm Scorpion Security, were "on a power trip" and that they were "completely over the top."

This is only the most recent problem in a lengthy history of disharmony between the LSE and a succession of security firms. The Public Entertainments licence at the Tuns means that there is a legal requirement to have at least six security staff on the premises when a bar extension for an event such as Friday night's *Crush*, is in progress. In the past firms had turned up late or not at all, leaving Entertainments Sabbaticals in the unenviable position of choosing between cancelling the event or running the risk of being closed down by the local authority. Scorpion have been relatively reliable, although dissent about their style of security enforcement seems to be increasing.

Criticism has been directed against the current Entertainments Sabbatical, Jasper Ward, for failing to take the complaints seriously.

However, although Ward told *the Beaver* that he shared their concern and has investigated a number of alternatives he stated that he had not actually received any formal complaints from students. He added that the issue was 'very complicated' and also pointed out that the "last thing I want to do is to alienate my custom"

Ward also stated that in the events cited a degree of blame fell upon the students concerned as well as the bouncers.

Part of the problem, he said, was that budget restrictions limited the choice of security firms on offer. Currently the Union faces a bill of around £300 for its security every Friday. A more diplomatic firm could cost as much as £500 a night, and this sort of expense is beyond the means of the Ents. budget. Ward stated that he had reviewed the possibility of hiring a different firm, but negotiations had fallen through at the last minute. In his opinion Scorpion Security are simply the best service on offer given the price limitations.

Ward added that the Tuns had to expand its appeal to attract more than just the collection of hard bitten regulars, particularly with the imminent opening of the new bar in Houghton Street.

Scorpion Security admitted to *the Beaver* that Ward had expressed concern to the firm over their methods in the light of comments from drinkers at the Tuns. A



Is Security at Crush over the top?

Photo: Laura Van Bilderbeek

spokeswoman was unaware that anyone had complained directly to the company, which is also responsible for security at the fast food giant Burger King. She added that all Scorpion staff attend a two day training course on the law and first aid before applying for a licence with their local council. A police interview is also mandatory for aspiring security operatives. Scorpion "don't encourage the use of force", and their employees apparently stick to the legal limit of

"minimum force" which security staff are permitted to apply. She assured *the Beaver* that she would confer with her security supervisors on the subject of the new allegations of excessive force.

There seems to be no easy solution to the dispute, but it is unjust to blindly blame Ward or the Tuns for the shortcomings of their hired muscle. Some would claim that the security profession is a necessary evil, and as evil as it is necessary, with little variation between firms.

More money as well as more understanding on the parts of both drinkers and bouncers could prove to be the panacea, but this is easier to prescribe than to implement. Ward expressed a desire to rectify the problem, and said he had the support of the Tuns management, but added that progress could be made only if people came directly to him. One source commented that "the Tuns is a valuable LSE institution, and these incidents should be taken in context."

Inside: Section 1

Section 2

NEWS 1-3 UNION 4 LETTERS 5 ECONOMICS 6 POLITICS 7 INTERNATIONAL 8 FEATURES 9 CROSSWORD 10 SPORT 11-12

LITERARY 2 THEATRE 2 MUSIC 3-5 FILM 6 FINE ART 7 LISTINGS 8

Handwritten notes: 45, 00, 319.5, 0, 319



MACHIAVELLI

No jokes this week: the campaign has begun. Machiavelli left his last missive with the muse 'the next week is a long time in politics'. So it has proved, with certain issues clearing in the minds of those who give a damn. Yet, Machiavelli has always claimed it is better to be bold, and the lingering pre-campaign seems bereft of spirit and adventure.

Predictably it is the race for Gen Sec which proves most interesting - to the point that there is heavy betting in the tuns as to the outcome. Far be it from Machiavelli to endorse this blatant profiteering, but it seems that the odds slant towards those with rich boyfriends and who have a strong tuns following. Speaking of which, George Reason's (slogan: this arse, no bullshit) poster campaign is sure to cause a bit a stir. Everyone else will try to give off the same image, but there can be little doubt that George is in possession of a safe pair of hands. For Labour, Steve Little (Slogan 'Every little bit helps') has had a quiet week. The news that Anita Majamjar is actually standing as an independent has no doubt put a spanner in the spin, but history suggests the Labour Club moniker could be enough to spill the leftist votes Steve's way. However, women's week provided the challenger with plenty of scope for top-profile appearances, and her naturally leftist tendencies could be more in tune with the student body. Certainly, we can expect the second preference of revolutionary Stewart Lock (Slogan: 'Lock up your daughters') to go to Old Labour before New.

If only Dan Lam (Slogan: 'No job, no bullshit') had chosen to run for another position, we could have had wonderful fun with slogans: Dan Lam-ents, perhaps? Famous for his 'no kiss arse, no bullshit' slogan, Dan has clearly failed to use either of those methods to make a glorious entry into the world of international finance. One greasy uncertainty remains. Balgit Mahal (Slogan: 'do you remember the third time?'), the consummate union politician, has pulled an amazing disappearing act. News of Balgit-sightings are quickly devoured, and rumours of his huge overseas constituency (possibly Qatar) are greatly feared. If he stands, he will be a major force.

Problematically, the other races have yet to throw up many interesting third parties. Those in the know claim that Entis is 'in the bag' for the beautiful and talented Ms Emma Pinkerton. Despite her desperately unimpressive performance at the last UGM, Luke Van Boeschoten is not much fancied. The race for the purse strings should be a good deal closer. Mathius Mennel faces up against Mark Turner, and a couple of others which might or might not include Kshiti Jain and Ahmad Jalal. Perhaps a victory for the Germans on penalties? As for Ed and Welfare... is anyone listening? The news that Jo 'Interesting' Roberts will square up to Sarah Bryson will doubtless infect unneeded anaesthetic. So the lesson? Apart from Gen Sec, I demand to have some Candidates. It is the only solution for this intense tedium. Oh, and a small prize will be offered for the first person to find Balgit...

Recycling plans dumped?

Tom Livingstone

FEARS HAVE BEEN EXPRESSED about the long-term future of recycling in LSE Halls of Residence.

Problems with local councils, and logistical difficulties mean the plan may not survive its initial trial period, claimed environment Officer Jacob John last week.

John has been touting the idea of recycling in halls for some time, but concedes that it is currently impossible to implement in two of the main residences, Bankside and Butler's Wharf. "Both those halls are under the responsibility of Southwark Council, a council that doesn't have recycling facilities," explained John. "That makes hall recycling very difficult, through no fault of the halls."

However, the halls in Camden and Islington - Holborn, Rosebery and Passfield - have no such problems. "The administrators so far have been very supportive," stressed John, although the problems will begin next year, when a new group of students have to be encouraged to begin recycling. "I fear that in September the process will have to begin all over again," admitted John. "The halls need to implement a



Recycling under threat?

Photo: Laura Van Bilderbeek

long-term plan to ensure that recycling becomes a permanent feature - the onus is on them, really."

So far response from the halls has been positive, with High Holborn in particular seemingly enthusiastic. However, much of the initiative lies with students themselves - even the

most energetic of Wardens and the most helpful local authority cannot force anyone to recycle.

Wider promotion of this issue - and its permanent implementation in the Halls - looks like being one of the challenges facing future Environment Officers, whoever they may be.

Student Fees or Pay Freeze?

Andrew Yule

RECENT REPORTS PUBLISHED IN Update, the newsletter of the Association of Teachers (AUT), suggest a worrying conflict of interest between the AUT and the student body.

The latest issue of Update concentrates on Higher Education funding and the AUT's continuing concerns over teachers salaries.

Teachers pay in the Higher education sector has been of continued concern to the AUT for a considerable time. As a representative body for university teachers the AUT is openly broadcasting a very real threat of strike action in protest at what is seen as the continued deficient levels of pay and funding for teachers. In an open letter published in Update, AUT President Penny Holloway, and General Secretary David Triesman write; "Poor pay, the funding crisis and soaring workloads can only be addressed by a sustained campaign."

The funding crisis has been recognised by the government, hence the implementation of tuition fees for British students from next academic year. However, this is a policy which has been met with widespread opposition amongst the student body. While the AUT is not directly condoning the charging of fees, they are still pressing for a further increase in funding. While the AUT openly expresses its support for the NUS campaign against tuition fees, no alternative source of cash is suggested in the AUT literature.

In contrast, a report in the same

issue of Update, the AUT provide figures which suggest that with the increases in financial resources provided by the cutting of student grants and the introduction of fees, teachers pay should not suffer further. The report claims that salaries in this sector have dropped "behind other comparable professions by 20-25% in the last twenty years." It is claimed that the "new money" now available (around £300 million) is more than enough to cover the £263 million needed to increase pay at the rate of inflation.

Unfortunately this is at the expense of students. In addition, David Triesman states that teachers actually need a pay increase significantly above inflation in order to compensate for past salary inadequacies.

While the AUT are, in principle opposed to the charging of fees to British students, it is clear that their priorities lie with the teachers they represent whose interests seem to be incompatible with those of students. While both the NUS and the AUT seem to harbour mutual solidarity of ideals, perhaps both causes would be aided by solidarity in action.

It is unfair that teachers should not receive a decent wage, but it is also unfair that students should pay the price for change. If both bodies, press the government to seek alternative sources of funding, from increased taxation, from businesses benefitting from graduates' skills, or from cuts in spending in other sectors, both parties would find their clout doubled and their campaigning more effective.

Sabbaticals Out Of The Shadows?

Tom Livingstone

AS THE LSE WARMS UP FOR THE annual Sabbatical elections, current General Secretary Narius Aga has expressed concern that much of the Union's work goes unnoticed by an apathetic student body.

Aga was speaking as he prepared plans to make the four elected officers more accountable to those they represent. "Sabbaticals should be kept more on their toes," claimed Aga, adding that sabbaticals often felt alienated from those they represent.

A suggested remedy is to elect a shadow Sabbatical to monitor the work of the union officers and report back to the students.

This new scheme is only the latest phase in a process which began last term with the introduction of sabbatical reports, the brainchild of Education and Welfare Sabbatical Yuan Potts. Having a shadow sabbatical would be a logical progression from the reports system, added Potts.

However, Potts did express reservations about having an intrusive shadow sabbatical - any criticisms would have to be constructive and helpful, he maintained.

The plans for shadowing our representatives may well be in place - UGM permitting - by next term, or at the very least, by the time the new Sabbaticals have settled into their offices.

Whether the wider student apathy surrounding union politics will be conquered by this scheme, however, remains to be seen.

Spur Towards Park Sale

The University of London Union took one step closer to the sale of Motspur Park last week when a preliminary ULU council meeting voted in favour of the sale of the grounds to an as yet unnamed London football club.

The Park, which has been the home for most University of London Sport for the past sixty years, was originally considered for sale when two professional football clubs approached ULU with intentions on purchasing it and the final decision of whether to sell (which is a designated green belt site) has been a matter for debate over past months. Opposition to the sale plan has been voiced from many sources and criticism of the plan was particularly audible at the meeting itself. Concerns over the possible long term loss from the sale of land of such prime nature and value, as well as more general matters including the desire to avoid a centralised ULU site were amongst some of the more powerful anti-sale arguments given.

However the reduced cost of merely hiring Motspur (£12,000 as opposed to the current £97,000) and the money reaped through both the actual sale and continued saving means that without Motspur ULU would be free to build a more advanced sports centre at ULU. A factor that seems to have won over more backing than the vocal opposition.

The final vote on whether to sell plans will take place at next month's council meeting. Whether Motspur remains in ULU hands seems to be dependent on the turnout for the final vote. (MB)

Library Petition Mission

Following the results of the LSE Student Union's recent Library survey a petition campaign has been started by senior Sabbatical members in order to extend opening hours at the British Library of Political and Economic Sciences.

At present the BLPES employs a policy whereby despite the Library remaining open until 11pm the course collection becomes off limits to students at 8pm. However results compiled from the numerous returned questionnaires have revealed that a great number of students find this inconvenient. Also BLPES' early closing at weekends has also lead to calls for extended opening hours of the main library Saturdays and Sundays.

Copies of the petition will be presented to Anthony Giddens by Narius Aga and Yuan Potts later this week. They will also be tabling the results in a motion to the Library Committee on Monday. In a statement Potts commented, "Library opening hours should revolve around students and not vice versa." (MB)

Giddens: Herald of a New Dawn?

Being influential is the visible badge of individual merit, the authentication of personal passion, the recompense of efficacious salesmanship. It is a person with repute and substance having power without coercion. It is in a nutshell being Anthony Giddens.

His quiet influence has now become more conspicuous. His fame as a leading proponent of the radical middle ground is no longer confined to the boundaries of the campuses and his professional colleagues and students. So is his fame as a spell-binding lecturer, a prolific author and a casual dressing sociologist who gave the sociology discipline respectability a few decades ago. Arguably, he is the prime theoretician of the Blairite project of a 'radical centre' even before Tony Blair became Labour leader. That assertion may well be voiced loudly

Beaver News Comment

in that his book, published in 1994, carries the quintessentially Blairite title *Beyond Left and Right*. No wonder his name is on many a lip while names of many others are generating yawns of nonchalance.

He has access, respect, trust and continued influence. To have influence is to gain assent, to have imitators, to have a mass following. He was at the Chequers weekend, taking part in a free-form explorations of the challenges facing democracies in a global economy, crafting and defining the centre-left philosophy for the world of today. So was he at the think-in and love-in between Tony Blair and Bill Clinton in Washington DC. Hence there is a plenteous speculation as to whether he is the favourite intellectual of the Labour Party.

Although flattered that New

Labour seems to have approved of many of his ideas, he denies vehemently that he is some sort of guru to our soggy politicians. He prefers to be a public intellectual rather than a New Labour house intellectual. He prefers LSE to be the same, like it has always been. He wants LSE to get back to its roots, when it guided the fate of the nation.

Since he took over here at the LSE many changes have been evident. He has no doubt brought a renewed sense of excitement and afflatus. Ghastly prospect though it may be for some rivals to contemplate, we have to face the facts and admit that there is a real viability that LSE might become intellectual beacon again, a powerhouse of policy ideas.

During its golden era after the

war, with the help of senior staff like Laski, Titmus, Beveridge, Marshall and Attlee, LSE created the ideological consensus for the welfare state and many other policy programmes. Then, it was at the centre of Thatcherite counter-revolution with Friedrich Von Hayek and Karl Popper by laying the foundation for neo-liberal critique of government's role. Now Giddens wants LSE to be at the centre of the third phase - rethinking what politics and state should be in a globalised post-traditional world.

His vision for the LSE, for the nation and for the world together with his intellectual flamboyance and a proven track record bodes well for the future. Perhaps, in no time the LSE will not only be teaching the future of the nation once again but also that of the world as a whole.

Mannan Raja



UNION JACK

GIDDENS ISN'T WORKING - as Nariuszzz Gaga announced a new LSE love in with the Saatchis, Jack's imagination went into overdrive. Narius has obviously taken note of Jack's sartorial suggestions, since he has abandoned Eunick Kirby in favour of a Leslie Phillips/James Bond combination.

Talking of people who want to roger more, Gonzo is rapidly becoming Jack's drug of choice - listening to him is far weirder than any narcotic. The man who makes the Teletubbies sound like articulate and erudite orators was revealing his sexual fantasies about the first lady - the first one that walks past, that is, Gonzo, the UGM's answer to Dick Dastardly (is that a proper noun or a verb? ed.), was letting it all hang out, inviting the UGM to suck it and see. Mayhap the Germanic Street Preacher is already working on his chat up lines for Billary: "Can I inspect your presidential palaces?" "Do you wanna know how to make a Viennese Whirl?" "How's this for Whitewater? (oh, sorry, did that stain?)"

Jack was overjoyed with the return another blot on the UGM landscape - Tank Girl, apparently recently returned from the Red Army workshops where she'd undergone a major overhaul. And there was Jack thinking she was fighting as a mercenary in the hills of South America. The Bryson (NATO codename, the DD54) was in imperious form, sounding like mix of Alan Shearer and Captain Caveman. Jack noticed Andy sneak away at this point - apparently LSE technicians have banned the two from sharing a stage. Christ knows what will happen when Ken Clarke arrives.

Nice to see some gentlemanly conduct from the Denis Roussos lookalike chairman, as he lowered and raised the mike for Emma and George (Aka Pinky and Perky). Sadly, none of the girls seemed interested in the man-mountain's grapes of wrath. Gorgeous George (still Jack's favourite for Gen. Sex.) was keen to promote a loyalty card scheme. Jack can only concur - George's loyalty to her incredibly rich and personable boyfriend has been truly remarkable (bastard). George only had to get up because Burdened Kate was late. (Kate is not a slapper, or a loose woman of any kind, and Jack almost certainly utterly retracts any part of last week's efforts that offended her. But he meant all the other stuff.)

Wither Wignall? Only Nelson Mandela can have made a similar leap from child-murdering terrorist to hero of the masses. Richard the Turd was bounding up every five minutes this week to let loose some new volley of populist rant - not least over the standard of food at the LSE. Since Jack only eats at the New Connaught Rooms when he's in town, he didn't feel able to comment.

Speaking of which, Skid Mark slid across the the stage at numerous intervals. A vile unpleasantness which eats at the soul of the UGM. Mark is not one of Jack's friend's in the north. Mark's shirt has not been washed since Sunderland won the FA Cup. However, the real purpose of that shirt is to conceal the hideous Michelin Man tyres hidden underneath. The UGM needs some brighter whiter Persil, which removes even the most stubborn marks.

No Andy Charwood this week. Jack joined Gonzo on his knees to offer up thanks for this. No Cow Girl, who on the above evidence has the dimensions, if not the wit, to lead the Tory Party into a glittering new future. With a bit of work, she could be a real Cow Belle.

Freshers' Fayre Saved?

Despite reports to the contrary it seems that this years Freshers' Fayre will be held in the same place as last year.

The *Beaver* revealed two weeks ago that the ground floor of the Old Building is scheduled to be renovated in the near future to create a convenient network of offices to replace those in Connaught House. Last week LSESU General Secretary Narius Aga announced that permission to begin the building work is unlikely to be granted this summer.

The SU may still face competition from the Postgraduate Office for use of room A42. However, Aga informed the *Beaver* that they applied for the space in question some time ago, and thus it seems that if justice prevails, the Freshers Fayre 1998 will not be moved.(AY)

Green Wedding at the Veggie Cafe



The Happy Couple from last Saturday's Wedding in the LSE's own Veggie Cafe

Photo: Laura Van Bilderbeek

A common student lament to be heard echoing around the smoke stained walls of union bars across the country is "I really should do some exercise", but it is an uncommon story to hear of the few who do actually get off their beer sodden butts and do something about it.

This is why it was a double tragedy for the rowing crews of Trinity and Caius Colleges, Cambridge who not only had to suffer the torture of a 7:30am rowing session but also had to go through the trauma of finding something rather unsavoury floating in the water. The epic started when strokeside rower, Charlotte Herbert found her oar's progress through the water hindered when it hit a heavy object. Ms Herbert thought nothing of it until she found that the cause of the hinderance was "wearing clothes and had a bald head". The students' further investigations revealed that it also had four limbs and a face and that it was in fact a corpse. The upshot of this story confirms my suspicions that early morning exercisers are actually a breed apart because, instead of being traumatised

News From Nowhere

by the event and having to return home for mugs of hot cocoa, our intrepid explorers continued their obsessive in-out-in-out progress down the river leaving the riverside spectators to deal with the rotting cadaver.

Dealing with dead things seems to be the order of the week this week as is proved by the goings on at Imperial College. Contractors had been called in to do some renovations on the College's Mechanical Engineering building and whilst in the process of converting a sealed sink into a store for workshop equipment (like you care) they stumbled upon the shocking sight of a severed foot perfectly preserved in formalin. After contacting both the coroner and the police, the foot was disposed of 'securely' by college authorities and the incident attributed to a prank by college medical students. What fun those med students are, eh?

It is apparently all in the name of

fun that some of our contemporaries, if not equals, at the poly-on-the-strand have set up what has been imaginatively named the "Gentleman's Viewing Society". The club, which gives a whole new meaning to the concept of birdwatching, is dedicated to the 'appreciation of the human form', an appreciation that seems to be solely demonstrated by copious amounts of porn-watching and dirty sniggering. It is a tribute to Kings that they are living up to their dedication to the pursuit of 'knowledge, learning and understanding' by allowing their college's societies board to declare the new club official and thus making 'knowledge, learning and understanding' synonymous with perversion. Congratulations Kings for once again proving that you well deserve your university status.

It is just such a status that Durham students are striving to deserve in the face of accusations that they are the smelliest students in



Britain. High level research at Proctor and Gamble has revealed that out of 100 undergraduates, 43 % of them don't wash their clothes more than once a month and that three quarters of them take their dirty clothes home at the end of term for their parents to cope with. The conclusions to be drawn from this piece of intelligence are several. Firstly, Durham students are a bunch of dirty slackers, secondly they are so rich that they have enough clothes to wear clean ones for a month without washing any, thirdly mummy and daddy will always be there for them and fourthly the only thing they are good for is filling up the space at the end of the LSE's NFN column. Congratulations, Durham.

Tasha Kosviner

LENT TERM ELECTIONS

Nominations for the Students' Union Lent term elections are opened from 2:00pm 19 Feb 1998 (Thursday) until 5:00pm 25 Feb 1998 (Wednesday). Forms and election regulations should be obtained at the SU reception and nomination forms should be returned to the SU reception.

Nominations are invited for the following posts:

1. General Secretary
2. Treasurer
3. Education and Welfare Sabbatical
4. Entertainments Sabbatical
5. Equal Opportunities Officer (Women Students' Issues)
6. Equal Opportunities Officer (Overseas and EU Students' Issues)
7. Equal Opportunities Officer (Mature Students' Issues)
8. Environment Officer
9. Executive Slate (four places --- Communications Officer, Services Officer, Societies Officer, Equal Opportunities Officer --- General)
10. Finance Committee (three places)
11. Academic Affairs Committee (three places)
12. Constitution and Steering Committee (seven places)
13. Returning Officer
14. NUS Conference Delegates (six delegates)
15. NUS Women's Conference Delegates (one delegate)

Athletics' Union Elections

The Athletics' Union's elections' and colours' nominations are open from 2:00pm 19 February 1998 (Thursday) until 12:00pm 25 Feb 1998 (Wednesday). Nomination Forms are available at E178 at Sarah Crisp's (Sports Administrator) Office.

Nominations are invited for the following posts:

1. President
2. Vice President
3. Treasurer
4. General Secretary
5. Assistant Treasurer
6. Assistant General Secretary

General Secretary's Column

And so we approach 'that' time of the year again - the SU Lent term elections. A time when certain individuals rediscover "we go back a long way" friendships, start buying you drinks in the bar and just acting really cool all of a sudden, trendy clothing ... et al. Then there's the "ask not what your Union can do, ask what you can do for your Union" types, who'll rugby tackle you on your way down Houghton Street, making it a no go area for some during the run-up to D-Day.

OK, now for the serious bit. Before you slag off the Union as a whole and decide not only to abstain from voting yourself, but persuade other friends to do so, bear in mind that the Students' Union, contrary to your perceptions is not a mere playing field for would-be politicians. It performs certain functions which affect your daily lives as students. Our campaigns to pressurise the School for extending library opening hours and build another hall of residence for instance, are on behalf of all students, irrespective of whether you are home or overseas or under or postgraduate. A special word for the postgrads, since they have felt increasingly alienated from the Students' Union in the recent past. We have made every effort to voice your grievances and address issues pertaining to you this year. Whatever your feelings, I certainly urge you to at least contribute your interest in the Union by exercising your right to have a say in its future.

The increase in turnout last year was encouraging, to say the least and I hope this trend continues. Each vote does count, because through these elections, you are choosing students to represent your interests and fight on your behalf for a whole year. It is them who will make a difference in the day to day running of the School and address issues and problems you strongly feel about and think need a change. The imperative need to vote and be a part of the decision-making process cannot be overemphasised.

A full list of the posts available is given elsewhere on this page. Bear in mind that some of these posts, albeit sounding boring on paper, do hold a lot of importance in the SU structure. If you need further advice on any of the positions or just feel you do not know where to start and would like to chat, please do not hesitate to come and see me.

Cheers,

Navin Singh

LSESU Rag Week: February 23rd - 27th 1998

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
<p>LIVE BANDS IN THE QUAD HEPBURN <i>HONEYCOMB</i> <i>Gizmo</i></p> <p>Kicking the night off are raucous punksters Gizmo, whose top tunes prompted the Beastie Boys' ultra cool Grand Royal label to sign them. Freshfaced Honeycomb play energetic funk which has seen them become one of 'this year's racing certainties' (NME 14.1.98)</p> <p>Finally, top Indie popsters Hepburn play a slinky set including the 1997 top 40 hit on both sides of the Atlantic, 'She Gives Me Love'</p> <p>The Quad: 8-11pm Admission: 50p</p>	<p>?</p> <p>As ever it's Quiz Night, but this week we're playing for a trip for two to Paris.</p> <p>POOL COMPETITION</p> <p>32 places available in the quest to find LSE's pool masters. Winner gets £25 and the JFK Memorial Trophy celebrating LSE's most famous pool-playing alumni. Entrants go to the Ents Office, E173 or to the Tuns to register.</p> <p>Entrance fee is £1 The Tuns: 6pm onwards</p>	<p><i>Cocktails & Karaoke</i></p> <p>The potent mixture of class and crass ensures you'll be in the mood before LSESU Ents goes on the road again...</p> <p>GOING UNDERGROUND <i>at Villa Stefano</i></p> <p>Yes, this time it's the ultra classy Villa Stefano. The Ents team have pulled off a huge coup to bring in Seb Fontaine in the dance room, while our own Sooper Cooper to play the best in 70s, 80s and Party kitsch</p> <p>10pm-3am Admission: £3 (£2 ENTS, Free with Gold Card)</p>	<p>BLIND DATE IS BACK!!!</p> <p>Last year's fun and games prompted FIVE marriages, a number of arrests including an unfortunate incident involving Andy Houghton, a chicken(live) and a whisk and your own Ents Sabb shattered his foot in a bizarre wanking accident. This year's will make that look like lunchtime in the Robinson Room. This time it's for real and Bernardo is determined that he shall not be denied and of course there's Yuan 'Sex Machine' Potts. Be there to see the sordid goings-on</p> <p>The Three Tuns: 8pm Admission: FREE</p>	<p>Friday Night means only one thing...</p> <p>CRUSH</p> <p>An absolute must for the best sounds in town, with top party tunes in the Tuns</p> <p>PLUS The Double Six Club in the Underground</p> <p>IMMENSE BAR SUBSIDY</p> <p>Lagers from 80p a pint while subsidy lasts</p> <p>FREE LOLLIPOPS!!! 1AM BAR</p> <p>The Three Tuns, Quad and Underground: 7-Admission: £2 (£1 ENTS, FREE with Gold Card)</p>

All proceeds from the LSESU Rag Week are donated to charity



Early last year one of my predecessors called for the position of Executive Editor to be made into a sabbatical officer. She then promptly resigned. This meant that the debate was prematurely concluded. However, the fact remains that the position requires a level of commitment which can only be provided through full-time work. The current scenario results in a huge effect upon university work, whereby the sub-editors and executive editor's degrees can be permanently damaged. The sabbatical editor could foreseeably reduce the section editors' workload as well as remove his/her own worry with regards to their degree.

This notion is also highly uncontroversial, since a whole host of universities around the country rely on their sabbatical editors to maintain the quality of their publications. These are not simply the universities with large student unions: Kings College, the University of Westminster and John Moores University in Liverpool are just a few of the unexpected institutions that have been practical by creating this necessary post.

The necessity, however, only exists if the students of the university require a high quality newspaper. If LSE students are perfectly satisfied with the current standard of this publication then there may be no need to create a sabbatical. The editorial committee though, wants to continually improve the quality of this newspaper, and so do many of the students that I have been in contact with. For this to occur, the executive editor must have a full time (nine month) contract.

How is this position to be funded? The obvious answer would be to make the executive editor a fifth sabbatical, but this could lead to a situation where the LSESU uses *The Beaver* as its mouthpiece, and the independent stance that we currently enjoy would be lost. Alternatively, there is a case for using advertising revenue to fund the salary of the editor. But is this revenue enough? Indeed the advertising potential for an LSE newspaper is massive, and is currently nowhere near being maximised. This can be changed by a full-time executive editor. If a base salary is funded by the SU, so that the editor is an affiliated sabbatical (as opposed to a fifth sabbatical), then rewards for increasing advertising revenue could provide the rest of his/her wage.

Nevertheless, the most convincing reason for creating this sabbatical position is simply in the number of hours the editor has to spend. (Admittedly, this can be limitless, depending on how much of a perfectionist the editor is). The current editor (as well as past editors) have spent more than the standard thirty seven and a half hours required for permanent employment, and a great deal more than the dubious number of hours worked by the officials and administrative staff in some of the departments at LSE. In fact, the editor of *Roar*, the newspaper for Kings College SU, recently said that he had spent 60 hours a week this term on the paper.

This debate needs to be addressed at the UGM urgently; if the students of LSE want a better paper, the answer is to make the editor a sabbatical.

Zak Shaikh

Do we need re-sits?

Sir,

I am surprised that the General Secretary Narius Aga is complaining about the policy which does not allow exams to be resit. The passing mark in LSE is only 34%. If a student cannot achieve that with his eyes half closed during the exam, he really shouldn't be studying in LSE!! My friend was sick during her Microeconomics exam and she managed to get a 2.1, so illness should not be an issue either.

And just like the tuition fee issue, only a small minority is affected, so why waste the time pursuing the matter. Unless of course, he has nothing better to do.

Yours,

Accey Chang

Sir,

I'm wondering if you need any assistance on this issue since I feel very strongly about it. Failing your year shakes up your whole world and LSE have to have been the coldest bunch of bastards about it. They all but insist you take a year out and when I asked 'what I should do' I was told 'to work in Harrods or something'. The fact that you don't even have a choice about taking resits overcomes any excuses the academic committee makes about it being too expensive, or students having to travel from abroad to re-sit exams

UGM Mayhem

Sir,

At the UGM this week an emergency motion was submitted concerning the worsening crisis in the Gulf. The response from the more lunatic fringe of the Conservative party (I have in mind especially the fringe of the creature known as Wignall) was nothing more than base demagoguery.

Firstly, the motion and the speaker clearly acknowledged the indisputable fact the Saddam Hussein is a ruthless dictator of the very worst kind. To claim, as some did, that this motion somehow supported him is therefore both false and offensive.

Several other facts of the highest importance failed to penetrate the ignorance of those who opposed this motion:

Neither America nor Britain have anything more than a passing concern about the possibility of civilian casualties from the use of force. They have admitted as much. Furthermore, if their concern for the rights of the Iraqi people is so great, then why were they so willing to arm Saddam throughout the 1980s? Why have they done nothing against the Turkish incursions into Iraq? Why, indeed, has America consistently supported (not threatened to bomb) regimes just as corrupt and brutal as Iraq throughout Central America?

Perhaps it is an idealistic attempt to uphold international law? One need only cite the example of Israel to

show that this is rubbish. UN resolutions obviously apply only to those America dislikes (and are easy targets when the President has a little "domestic" trouble.....).

This is not toy soldiers: this is real. I hope those guilty of such bloodthirsty rabble-rousing will at least consider the facts before screaming for a fight.

Yours
BJ Davison

Sir
Over the past few weeks, dozens of people have asked me about my completely fucked up appearance at the UGM last week. Not even my dear old Union Jack seemed to have any clue what it was about.

So let me explain: my motion was supposed to make you think about Neo-Darwinism. This is actually quite a complicated idea, but has stunning implications for the study of human behaviour. One particularly important one is that your emotions, desires etc. quite often don't make much sense in the environment you live in today. This is because your brain has evolved in a stone age environment and evolution by natural selection is too slow to have changed it much since.

I tried to think of a neat way to make this point. My plan was to use an example most male students would find interesting: Why do men get excited by a 2 dimensional projection they know to be an illusion? So after about 30 seconds (the maximum attention span at the UGM), the curtain was supposed to open

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LSE's poor teaching

Sir,

There was a letter in the Beaver last week (10/2/98), by a student who complained that his professors hadn't published enough research papers in 'reputable journals' to be taken seriously. My classmates and I howled in laughter. Our problem is that our professors devote altogether too much time to their precious research and not enough to actually teaching us. For instance, some of our classes are handled by post-grad teaching assistants who haven't the faintest idea of how to run a class. They sit and feebly try to initiate a constructive discussion about the topic of the day, but all they do is end up wasting an hour of our time. If the professors can't handle the classes, then at least they should train the teaching assistants in some basic techniques of communicating with students.

Even during supposed 'office hours' when professor's doors are open to students, they don't seem to be able to answer their doors - even though the sound of typing can clearly be heard inside! And we have just been informed that professors will not be able to help us with our theses after mid-July, due to demands on their time and the dictates of their own research requirements. Excuse me? I thought all us post-grad students' paid for a twelve month course, not a nine month one. As an overseas student who has paid ridiculous sums of money to come to LSE's supposedly hallowed halls of academe, this seems like a breach of contract to me. But unfortunately, by the time we get around to realising the many deficiencies in LSE's system, it's time to leave - and the cycle begins again for the next wave of post-grads. Mr. Giddens, take note - LSE's fine reputation overseas is beginning to crumble as more and more disgruntled overseas students return home with the truth about LSE. Unless you do something more than spruce up the drab hallways with a bunch of posters ... unless you do something to change the habits of professors and lecturers immersed in their own research to the dissatisfaction of students, this establishment's reputation will gradually grow more and more tarnished.

Yours

Anon

(revealing the projection of a naked woman) and Marilyn Monroe was supposed to sing: "I want to be loved by you." Right. I know this is where it all went wrong, but just think about the question. Why waste time looking at a picture?

One answer worth considering is that in the stone age, Mayfair didn't exist. So if a girl smiled at you and sang, "I want to be loved by you", you would better get ready before someone else did. If you were the one to move first, your genes would have been more likely to be passed on, making you a probable ancestor of modern humans.

Yours

Peter Doralt
(a.k.a. The Missing Link)

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Managing Risk

Hector Birchwood asks Justin Nolan of Société Générale what does it take to be a Fund Manager?

Choosing a career in finance is a difficult process. For students, there are only limited work placement schemes which can expose them to the job opportunities available and help them decide whether or not working in the 'City' will fulfil their career expectations. Open evenings may shed light on a company's corporate culture, but it is rare for a potential recruit to speak to a practitioner in the field about his job on a one-to-one basis. It is for this reason that The Economics Section is now adding 'City Focus', as a supplement to deliver expert opinion from the individuals who work in the business.

This issue focuses on Fund Management and Justin Nolan of Société Générale Emerging Europe Asset Management has volunteered to help us demystify some of the aspects of his profession.

HB So what did you do before becoming a fund manager?

JN I was a history teacher at Eton.

HB So presumably, you do not fit the stereotype of a mathematician.

JN Not at all. I studied history at university and then decided I wanted to teach before coming to London. To work in the 'City' you don't need to be a mathematician. A-Level maths is adequate. The ability to think, analyse and make decisions is much more important.

HB What made you choose fund management as a career?

JN It was a combination of many things: job satisfaction...(pause) and money.

HB Is money the most important aspect? Many students consider this the primary reason for working in the 'City'.

JN No. There are more important things other than money associated with my job. It is challenging and

There are more important things other than money... In my experience, money grabbers are not always pleasant to work with.

stimulating. In my experience, money grabbers are not always pleasant to work with.

HB What is the salary like?

JN You don't earn as much as a trader, but it is performance related. The 'City' operates on meritocracy. You can earn £100,000, but there is no way to predict. There is no luck involved. It's all based on your ability to be competent.

And unlike School League Tables, your individual performance can be accurately measured. If you are good enough you can earn what you deserve.

A top analyst will be good for any company he works for so, salaries and bonuses get increased by firms bidding for key people. 'Golden Cuffs' can sometimes mean that there is little company loyalty among employees.

HB What would you say to critics who affirm that fund managers and other professionals in the 'City' are only out to reap short term speculative profits?

JN Every firm requires short term capital in order to cover overheads and other liabilities. Therefore, some investments have to be for short term gain. But long term investment strategies can cover several years.

We are not out to make a quick buck. We usually work with a company for at least three years from the time we spot them to the time we capitalise on our investment.

HB Presumably, the arbitrage profits are realised when you float the company through a GDR, or ADR? (Global or American Depository Receipt)

JN Yes. We take the risks of finding companies which are worth investing in and we work with them until we can deliver them to the main capital markets. We are compensated for our hard work and the risks we take in uncertain [political and economic] climates.

Let me give you an example, in Romania and we have found that the difference in fruit juice consumption between their markets and the West is as much as 40- 50 per cent. This presents an opportunity for us to invest in a market which will be growing over several years. Our commitment will require a lot of hard work throughout these years to be able to realise our gains and we are not always sure what new regulations or political instabilities lie around the corner.

HB You will also improve the quality of life of people living the country in which you invest.

JN It is a combination of both, but you can't make an investment unless you can prove why you did it. The IMRO [Investment Management Regulatory Organisation] sets strict rules on asset allocation and stock selection. You have to give good evidence- especially if something goes wrong.

This is where research and analysis is important. It is the skill of being able to find the reason to invest in a company that makes the difference. A good fund manager is the person who can find that particular reason and beat the rest of the market to the deal.

HB Do emerging markets promise much in the future?

JN There is lot of potential in areas like Eastern Europe. In fact, they are probably easier [to make a profit in] than established markets in the West. In the UK for example, we operate in an almost perfect market. There is so much information about companies and competition between firms that profit margins are higher elsewhere. Emerging markets provide better returns.

HB What are the future prospects for fund management in light of the privatisation of pensions in Eastern Europe and around the world?

JN Fund management is a relatively new profession, but it is a rapidly growing business. The state pension is dead in Britain and Eastern Europe and this will free up a lot of capital for private investment.

HB Would you say state pensions are dead in Britain, taking into account the fact that the government is removing some of the tax reliefs on private pension schemes? Would it be better to say that it is dead as an intellectual concept, but not yet in reality?

JN Yes, intellectually the idea of state pension provision is dead [in the UK] and it will not continue forever. In Eastern Europe they cannot afford the costs, so they are reforming their system very quickly.

HB Given the recent mergers between UBS and SBC and the tentative merger between Société Générale and Hambros, do you agree with the idea that bigger is better?

JN Competition in this business is becoming more cut-throat. You need at least 100 billion in assets to stay competitive. Yes, the bigger the better.

HB As many small, specialist funds are outperforming the big players, would you still say that size is relevant, especially as this may cause conflicts of interests in firms with brokerage and investment arms?

JN Yes, I do. The volume of capital can increase returns. As to conflicts of interest, 'Chinese Walls' work [to prevent such problems]. Risks can also be minimised by investing in different markets all over the world and you need the assets to back your global commitments.

HB Is Société Générale's purchase of Yamaichi's fund management subsidiary and the opening of a brokerage house in Warsaw part of that global perspective?

JN Yes. We are fully committed to establishing a strong global presence in the markets we are able to penetrate- and so are our competitors!

HB Do you think that in such a competitive market 'celebrity fund managers' like Nicola Horlick will have an edge?

JN Name recognition can attract customers, if the company and the individuals are well respected. But like I said before, your success depends on your merit and your

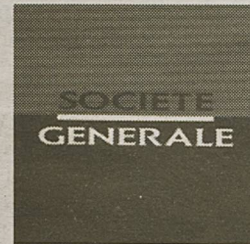
...many people still think that this is a public school dominated profession. It used to be very closed, but that has changed. Many firms go out of their way not to be like that anymore.

ability.

In fact, many people still think that this is a public school dominated profession. It used to be very closed, but that has changed. Many firms go out of their way not to be like that anymore.

HB Do you like your job? Are there any downsides?

JN Yes. I like my job! As to the downsides... Well, that depends on



What is a fund manager?

In a nut shell, a fund manager buys and sells shares derivatives, gilts and other investments for insurance companies, pension plans, governments and private individuals in order to deliver profits, or raise capital to cover existing liabilities, such as pension disbursements. He plays an important role in the economy by channelling capital to productive firms, increasing efficiency and productivity. A fund manager forms part of the market's discovery process, where scarce resources are allocated to their optimal use, thereby minimising waste. Thus, after careful analysis, he chooses to 'buy', 'sell' or 'hold' stock in their portfolio and help move the gears of capitalism.

Société Générale, like other firms, implements three key elements to promote its investment policy:

- **Stock Selection & Company Visits.** Portfolio management teams seek out listed and unlisted securities which show the best potential for future earnings growth. Their research takes them around the world to visit factories and sites in order to make a balanced assessment of a company's prospects.
- **Monthly Asset Allocation.** The macroeconomic stability and political climates of countries are diagnosed and compared to adjust portfolio holdings.
- **Ongoing Monitoring.** The performance of individual companies are monitored on a database, in order to anticipate positive or negative developments. Thus, a close business relationship is established between the management team and the companies in which they invest.

the person. There is a lot of hard work involved but, for me, living in London is the bad side. I would much rather live in the country.

HB How would you rate yourself as a fund manager?

JN You can't rate a fund manager until he's been in the business for five years. I'm only twenty-eight and have only been doing this for two years. It is too early to judge.

HB Where do you see yourself and your profession in ten years?

JN I don't know. The sky is the limit, but there is no luck involved- just a lot of hard work.



by Johannes Skjeltstad Tynes

From time to time an eternal accusation arises to the surface from the murky depths of economic ignorance: 'Speculators: what a bunch of unproductive parasites living on other people's hard work. After all they don't produce anything and they certainly don't build anything,' in this way the accusers usually go on to use the case of the speculators as the ultimate evidence that the capitalist system rewards the unproductive whilst exploiting the workers. These people's perception of speculators is that of the ultra-capitalist Gekko in the film 'Wall Street'. A nasty fellow who boasts that greed is good, enjoys destroying companies, and openly admits that he doesn't do anything productive. Such is the myth that has been created by the Left. Let us penetrate it.

The belief that speculators are exploiters is firmly rooted in a surprisingly persistent economic fallacy - the intrinsic theory of value. If you believe that goods have intrinsic value, then people who don't directly participate in production do not create value and live on the efforts of others. But value depends both on the valued and the context of the valuer. Thus it becomes clear that geographical, temporal, and interpersonal reallocation of goods can indeed generate value even though these are often not considered as productive activities at first sight.

And this is exactly what a speculator does; he reallocates goods and resources by purchasing stocks, bonds, and commodities, activities which in turn affect prices. Prices are the 'commands' of a free economy. Where the command economy has government decrees and force, the capitalist economy has prices. These contain information about the desire for a good or a service, the economy's ability and willingness to produce it, and anticipations about future changes in prices.

By anticipating future prices the speculator buys and sells in order to make a profit. If his anticipations are wrong he loses, but if they are correct he profits. If the speculator makes a profit he has done so by preserving goods which are more valuable later on, by inducing the rapid consumption of goods which become less valuable with time, or by redirecting investments to the most rewarding businesses by purchasing shares or through direct investments. If he loses his actions have caused the opposite - value destroying - results.

Some are obviously better speculators than others, and the market gives these people an increasingly important say in the allocation of investments and commodities by increasing their wealth through profits. If you lose - you have done a poor job, the size of your portfolio diminishes, and thus your ability to reallocate investments and commodities declines.

The conclusion is therefore clear: speculate - if that is what you want - and the market will determine whether your activities are worthwhile. Keep the profits you make resting safely assured that you are part of the productive process. The more money you make, the more value you have generated.

Comments welcome at j.s.tynes@isa.ac.uk

INSIDE

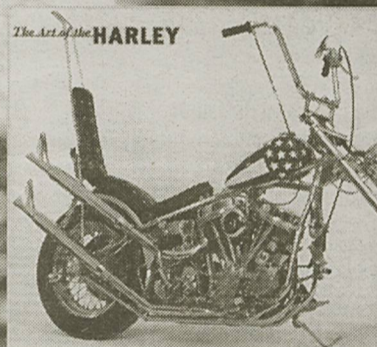
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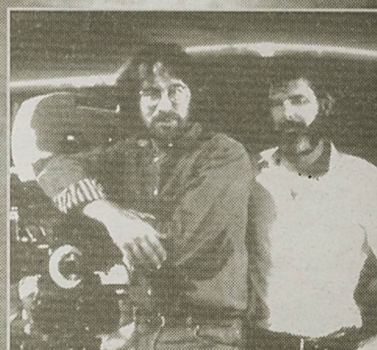
STRANGELOVE, LIVE
MUSIC



SARTRE'S IN CAMERA
THEATRE



The Art of the HARLEY
HARLEY DAVIDSON EXHIBITION
FINE ART



STEVEN SPIELBERG
FILM

LIFESTYLE

Poetry

Following last week's article on "Poems on the Undergroud", this week the Literary page continues the poetic theme, featuring pieces written by LSE Students themselves.

at the LSE

Ode to the Clouds

In the daytime
I laugh and play the fool,
watching with deep despair,
As the life I have is lived,
By me.

I who waste, and squander,
as beauty and ugliness,
pain and pleasure,
pass before my dead eyes.

In the darkness
I wail and scream,
as I dream of love and lust,
and struggle to remember,
the poem I wrote, and the tune
I composed, which dissolve,
to be replaced by my dull ceiling,
or the light from behind tasteless curtains.

The reed in the wind that is my will
bends and twists, and resists:
sleeping is as hard as waking,
and these two worlds grind
against each other,
like the tectonic plates
of emotion, that hide the earths
raging fires.

The constant abrasions,
hope and despair, compete
for my vanishing soul,
as the melodrama unfolds.

Never dense enough for tears,
the clouds in my life
become forever grim.

Being a Bicycle

I feel like a drop of water
in the ocean, that is never
to pass through the gills
of any fish; never to see
the wafting fronds, or
smooth skins of the trees,
in this quiet aquatic world.
I will never brave the surface
water, never become the rains
of some far off sweltering plain,
and never to brave the
underground water-courses.
I will never join the rush
in the summer reservoir,
never touch your face,
never touch your toothbrush.
I will float at the bottom
of the oceans, till the
seas are but a puddle.

The fish don't need me.

J.P.C.



Black Days

Chasing the blackness away,
covering your naked entropy,
oblivious of all the pain
you cause in all those who
love you.

Trapped in a bottle,
looking through the glass,
distorting what you see
to a pathetic spectre
of yourself.

The luminous sun that was you,
darkened like a burnt-out star;
your brightness hidden
by a hazy mist of poison,
burning in your eyes.

Our days are black now,
blackened by the spiral
of your self-destruction;
acid tears run down your cheek
burning into mine.

J.B.

N.E.

The Sailor

I met him by the shore one night
throwing pebbles in the sea,
a lonely, tired, sailor
with nowhere else to flee.

The moon was full and I could sense
the rays stroking his hair,
a golden light surrounding him
embracing him with care.

The wind blew softly and I could hear
a nocturne in the air,
he sighed and closed his sad green eyes
I could feel all his despair.

I started walking and he turned
he motioned me to approach him,
I sat beside him on the sand,
this seemed like a love story.

He greeted me with a forced smile
and tears ran down his face,
he started telling me a tale,
of a far and unknown place.

He talked of towns where Silence ruled,
where homes were filled with pain,
where man coupled with Misery
and battled to stay sane.

He spoke of carnage, rage and wrath
of hate, revenge and vengeance,
of skinny dogs with rabid tooth
and greed and loss of patience.

He said all this and he was drained
completely of emotions
this foreign land he told me of
seemed like a fiery caution.

As rosy fingered dawn arrived,
my eyes were blurred and misty,
we both got up to bid farewell
and there he softly kissed me.

We then walked off, one north, one south
but before we forever did part,
I asked him where this grim land was
and he said deep in his heart.

LSESU Drama Society presents Jean-Paul Sartre's In Camera

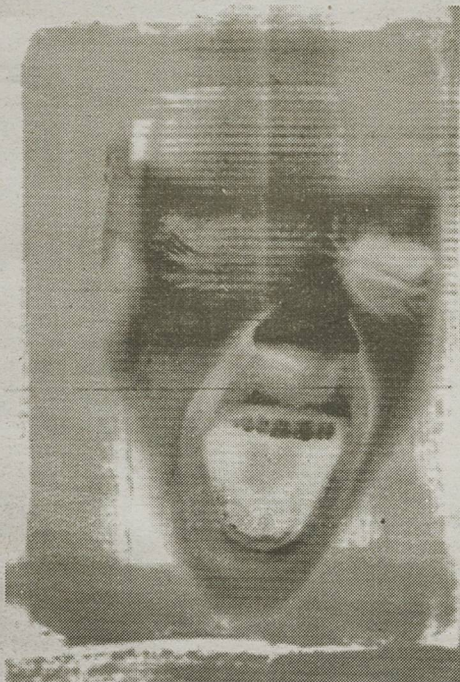


"So this is hell. I'd never have believed it. You remember all we were told about the torture chambers, the fire and the brimstone, the 'burning marl'. Old wives' tales! There's no need for red-hot pokers. Hell is...other people!"

"In Camera" is a play devoid of plot, but in which the characters are continually conscious of time; a play which must live and die, as with Sartre's existentialism, with the conscience and will of its human characters. As Inez says, "One always dies too soon - or too late. And yet one's whole life is complete at that moment, with a line drawn neatly under it, ready for the summing up. You are - your life, and nothing else."

And if our final acts in life were cowardly, ignominious and despicable, hell is our memories, our knowledge and seeing ourselves - our pasts, our sins, and our egos, in each others' eyes. They are all trapped in the blurred and shifting focus of a camera lens. None of these characters in this play can step out of the hot and blinding light of the others' gaze. Although they know they must keep to their chairs they cannot help torture each other by being there. They can never sleep. To use the more familiar translation of the play, there is "no exit". Indeed, they must live with their eyes open for eternity and with the terrible reality that human solidarity in death brings little peace of mind.

Mark Frankel



"In Camera"
in the Quad

Mon, March 2nd (8pm)

Tues, March 3rd (8pm)

Wed, March 4th (8.30pm)

Tickets £4 (£3 Members)

Finley Quaye

Your love gets sweeter

The weather's been a bit off this week hasn't it? I got home one day, the central heating wasn't working but something amazing happened - when I put this single in the machine, the chill seemed to go away, warmth and summer rays were being expelled from the speakers. Its one of those songs that could have come out in the summer but the fact that it's come out now will brighten up your life. It sounds a bit like the Guinness ad. in places but that just enhances the mood, Finley sounds great, the beat is delightful - yes, the best six minutes I got this Valentine's weekend! (8) MP

Snug

Beatnik Girl



Lovely guys. Re-animating the spirit of fifties rock'n'roll with touches of punk, touches of indie on both ends. Re-living those golden years of sun, beaches, surfboards and Silver Thunderbirds, petticoats and Jimmy Dean. Saluting the genius of intellectual females world-wide, Snug's second major label single 'Beatnik Girl' is an oh so lovely piece of exotic moog wizardry, slinky guitar hooks and references to Klaus Kinski, Kandinsky and 'Naked Lunch'. B-side 'You're a cow' then puts their exquisite skills into acoustic pop waves, striking with witty lyrics. Irresistible in style, though in their brilliant moments blatantly copying from US weirdoes Weezer (who with their 'Buddy Holly' brought this kind of fifties-indie-punk into life) and in their worse moments borrowing from (yawn) Green Day. All in all a gem of youthful charm and witty intellectualism. Lovely. (8) MG

Rare

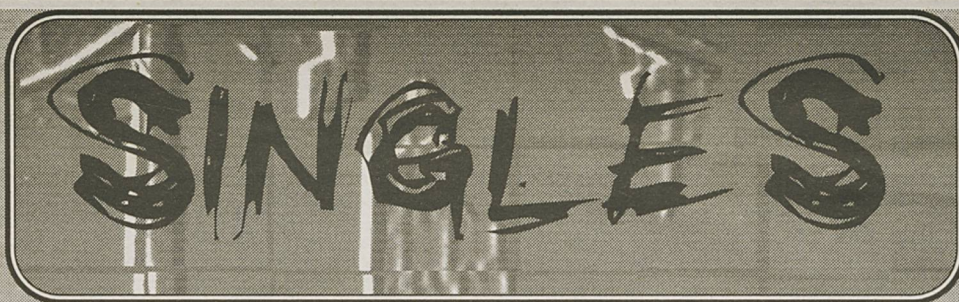
Seems Like

Soft haunting vocals in the style of Sonya Maden of Echobelly flow like a river of silk from an ocean of funky, melodic, electronic beats. The rhythm is mesmerising and emotive. 'Seems Like' would sound perfectly at home on the soundtrack to a James Bond movie. It tells the tale of someone in love with someone they shouldn't be in love with, and their struggle to come to terms with it. (7) SS

The Crystal Method

Keephopealive

Between the plush green plains that are big beat and the barren wasteland that is the world of house and garage lies a deep, deep chasm.



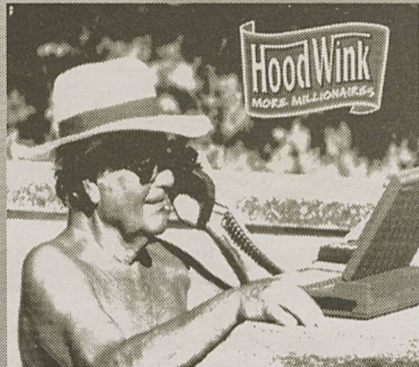
And currently dangling from their tightrope above that chasm, about to plummet to the canyon floor are US dance act The Crystal Method.

Keephopealive is certainly one of the less inspiring offerings from the band's Vegas album, sounding like the kind of thing Equinox would play on "all Hooch 1/2 price night". The mixes by BT and Hardknox only succeed in making this an even more annoyingly anaemic single. Keephopealive? Not at this rate. (4) MB

Hoodwink

More Millionaires

A fair effort from an uncertain leftfield/techno setup.....until they introduce the vocal track advising us in a bland Stereo MC's vain that we need more millionaires. Even though the sleeve notes go some way to explaining why, that level of economic analysis in a dance track may overlook the mental capacity of the majority of listeners. However, their squelchy In Lords Own Land points to something much more promising. (4) PP



Steve Stoll

Model T

Before I'd heard a note, I was thinking of oversize automobiles chugging around my garden, but listening to this uninventive European crap (I'm assuming he's German), I felt more like I was pinned to an itchy conveyer belt on the NOISY FACTORY inc. factory floor.

No offence, if you want to enjoy music like this, I say go and drink your ten pints of Hofmeister, stumble to the club that gets paid to play this abysmal computer game music and join the other egg heads on the dancefloor. Otherwise- if you see it in your music shop, drop it on the floor and stamp on it. (2) PR

Recoil

Stalker/Missing Piece

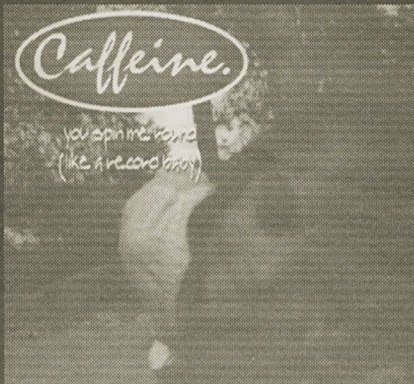
After making promisingly dark, intense and atmospheric trip-hoppy starts, both Stalker and

Missing Piece quickly descend into monotony and unoriginality. The beats plod on, overusing the same devices, ruining the atmosphere created at the start. The lyrics lack invention and fail to grasp the listener with their mix of predictability and lack of depth. It's alright, but certainly not good. (5) GE

Single of the Week

Caffeine

You Spin me Round (Like a Record Baby)



Ahahaha. Hey look some dodgy punk band has decided to do an '80's synth pop cover. Ahahaha... ha... ha... oh my dear god, this is going to suck.

But hang on, this doesn't suck. In fact it fucking rocks. Caffeine are admittedly substandard but they do drop one big slab o' punk cheese into the mix and end up turning the original Dead or Alive track into one seriously infectious single. Better than Oasis covering Slade. Better than Cake doing 'I will survive'. Better than, uh, The Ramones doing the Spiderman theme, this deserves to be a massive hit. Next week; Midget cover Aztec Camera's 'Girls on Film'... (10) MB

Mainstream

Step right up

Mainstream obviously draw heavily on a past steeped in the traditions of Primal Scream, the Roses and Charlatans to bring us 'Step right up'. The elements are all there for a decent piece of rock music, powerful guitars, crashing keyboards and enpassioned vocals. Unfortunately, it doesn't really happen: the lyrics are cliched, as is the whole song, permeated by a fairly complete lack of originality.

At the end of the day it seems that what Mainstream are missing is that you can't make a good record without having a new idea of your own. (5) GE

Symposium

Average Man

When you're young in the music biz, it's inevitable you grow up in the spotlight. If you're shite, and subsequently get worse (a la Bros), then expect to have the pissed ripped out of you. If, however, your very first album is held to critical and commercial acclaim, and then you release something like this...believe me, it's a good thing. Coming back with summat far more retro than normal (Beach Boys melodies in the chorus? Eh?), this just proves that one of Symposium's strengths is to defy boundaries, which is as about essential as the music itself.

Well, close anyway. Expect this to chart, and chart high. (8) SG

Lionrock

Rude boy rock

Really, that could have been good background music for House of Pain. Unfortunately, that's all there is to it. 'Rude boy rock's groovy tequila rhythm sounds like a scratched Cd, and so does its remix. The two tracks that follow, namely 'Best foot forward' and 'Push button cocktail', are so trippy they should have given the single its title. It just doesn't make sense. (5) ND



Clawfinger

Two Sides

Another decent Clawfinger release. The lyrics are quickly yet still audibly delivered, the backing is again superb and the background vocals aid the leading frontman well. If you like Clawfinger's style than this is well worth buying. (8) ME

Redwood

Anything Goes

Every time I hear a Redwood song, I immediately think of another band. Their single 'Falling Down' reminded me of The Smashing Pumpkins, and 'Anything Goes' is no exception, but this time I heard strains of grunge poets Pearl Jam.

Given this, it is perhaps not difficult to judge, what sort of music Redwood play. 'Anything Goes' will definitely grow on you, and although their music tends to verge on the cheesy, this single is worth a listen. (6) RF

Seriously Shifted

Various Artists

It's a Shifty Disco thing

Giving opinions of fiercely independent labels' work is perhaps one of the most difficult things ever. On one hand, you've got the principle: the two fingers at Sony, the fact that the Shifty Disco lot probably have jobs in Superdrug to finance their sincere love of music, and also the fact that loads of up and coming bands are given a chance to air their one songs they've been practising in their drummer's garage for the past three weeks. And then on the other hand, you've got the potential for the music (which is what it's all about, maaaaan) to be absolute shite.

There are those indie indie labels who know 'em when they see 'em. Fierce Panda have held the flag for this type of stuff, by giving the first

hitch up for many a future chart topping band, such as 3 Colours Red and Embrace, to name but two I remember. They're closely followed by Snakebite City, whose physic powers of who's gonna be the Next Big Thing surpasses that of Uri Geller. And from what this album sounds like, Shifty Disco are itching to reach their standard, but like with most itches, you can't quite reach their without an embarrassing struggle first.

The songs included on this album are like a musical equivalent of an annual; the Shifty Disco label (who, by the way, have nothing whatsoever to do with the disco genre of music) release a two-track single every month, and the best track from each month is included on this compilation. So that's twelve altogether, people.

The best one is without out a doubt opener "Senor Nachos" by Dustball, which bears a

striking similarity to the toons of Placebo. Only a bit different. The 'ones to watch out for' award goes to Beaker. The singer shrieks like she's got a severe mental problem that needs sorting out (screaming in the middle of ballady-type thang? No, thank you), but the rest is a fine affair, changing from crashing guitars to complete serenity at a whim.

it's a **SHIFTY** disco thing



But for every good song, there's about three that aren't. Mr. May, real name D.J Remould, Aqua-fies the classic 'Teenage Kicks' by The Undertones, and does a really good job. Of killing it. Shooting it in the head, kicking it again and again until there is nothing but a pile of mashed-up pulp that used to represent good music. Grrr...

Alsospoiling this album are The Unbelievable Truth, who feature Thom Yorke's brother (of Radiohead, you eediot!). And although there is a certain similarity, it makes you ask all the more, why should I listen to this shite when I've got 'OK Computer' at hand.

Well, let's put it this way: at least Shifty Disco won't have a problem out-doing this album next year. Although there are some real winners on this CD, they're overshadowed by the shite that thinks it's really good, but in fact would be better off back where Shifty Disco found 'em. Shame, really. (10) for the principle, and (3) for the music.

Shilpa Ganatra

Dr. Strangelove, I presume

...Or how I learned to stop worrying and love the Goth. The Beaver's **Matt Bro** is forced to summon the power of the North to survive yet another strange encounter. Will he remain unswayed?



Strangelove
@ Shepards Bush Empire

The floor is swimming with more pasty faced, darkly clad people than a clearance sale at 'Joe Goth's World o' Goth', each of them all eagerly trembling in their anaemic skins at the prospect of getting within spitting distance of Patrick Duff's cheekbones. He is their idol. Soon he will be within their grasp but first they must confront my arch nemesis, the band known as Carrie.

Bah. Flaunt your nasally west coast pop if you dare, Carrie, turn out a set better than your usual efforts if you can but know this; the crowd remains indifferent towards you. Your music is still underated by the public. I win this time and next time you cross my path I will not be merciful.

Next up to annoy the more obsessive fans present is the delay known as Simon Warner. However, much credit is due to a man who

strangelove



Some Duff photo of the band

despite his girl-like hair (pot? kettle? me?) manages to somehow blend Tom Jones with Iggy Pop and boom out ballads about his

washing up and catching the night bus back home. Simon is an impressive live performer and unless every A&R department in the

industry is slightly less intelligent than a lobotomised Alsatian dog you should be seeing and hearing a lot more of Mr Warner.

However it's Strangelove the crowd are here to see and as soon as Duff and co. slink on stage the Empire is filled with echoes of "we love you Patrick" from both genders of the audience. Introductions made the band break into a rousing version of 'Superstar', the painfully thin Duff taunting the crowd with his presence. And they are receptive...

Whether Strangelove are worshipped because of Duff's loyal fanbase or whether it's because they're actually a very good band is debatable but from their variation and humour tonight you have to admit they are one hell of a live act. From their soulful earlier work to recent hits like 'Freak' and 'Another Night In'

Strangelove swing from happy to downbeat in a single breath transferring their catchy stylings easily from record to live putting on a show worthy of a much larger band.

It's the influence of Strangelove that draw them back on stage for an encore and then yet again to play 'Sway' for one of the fans who has followed them every night of their current tour.

Strangelove; They keep scary people off the streets, break up fights and play some damn good music. But for god's sake Patrick, eat a few pies once in a while you skinny bast.

Matt 'next time' Bro

Dubbed to death

Dub be good to me? **Matt Bro** finds they ain't good to him.

Dubstar
@ Shepherds Bush Empire

Oh my dear God, no!! It can't be. It... it's the invasion of the astoundingly mediocre bands. Nnngh... They fail miserably to be of any recognisable worth yet worst of all they're not deserving of the kind of vicious panning I'm accustomed to giving. Bah, damn you Dubstar, you and your dull banality. But wait. There is a shining light in this dark evening of tedium; it's west coast popsters and general all round Matt Bro whipping boys, Carrie. Ahahaha! I have you now and not even decent renditions of latest single 'Molly' and punky 'Sugarfan' can save you. I deem you to suck, you and your Morten Harken haircuts. And what I deem is law. Hmm... but still, even with all the malice I hold for them it has to be said that Carrie still manage to take second support act Wireless and fuck them over backwards in the music stakes.

If you ever felt like you weren't exactly sure who you were, just spare a thought for Wireless. Here is a band who successfully manage to fail in establishing any kind of identity for themselves and worst of all invite comparisons like "they're Cast only without the talent and charisma." After enduring 30 minutes of forgettable songs it must surely be advisable to avoid wireless unless you need the sleep.

And finally the main event, the anaemic trip pop stylings of Dubstar. How a band with such a wafer-thin repatoire ever made it so big is surely destined to remain a mystery, particularly when tonight even such hits as Stars are given the kind of lacklustre live treatment usually reserved for Children in Need Telethons. Throughout the evening they

seem to survive by merely existing on a low ebb, never really daring to enter the strange unknown territory of 'being good' and only satisfying the kind of fans who are happy to merely be here.

Dubstar are fuzzy, furry and generally more barf inducing than spending Valentines day in close proximity to your mate and his girlfriend. However tonight they successfully prove that they are not designed for playing live. Not terribly brilliant but not terrible either. So mediocre I can't even think of a funny line to finish with.

Matt Bro



Damn the Warhols

Andy W. turns in his grave and so does **Dave Balfour**.

The Dandy Warhols
@ The Garage

I arrive late, on purpose, and the smell of awkwardness fills my nostrils. Couples peer at me and groups seem to collectively leer. I have come to this gig by my self, and though this is not the first time I have seen a show on my own, I am filled with the same sense of foreboding, anxiety and social angst. Man whatever happened to grunge. Back in those days it didn't matter if you went to a gig by yourself. In fact, if you did you were seen as cool and mysterious, an angst ridden poet of the post generation x age; sick of principles and fed up with ideology. Now however, we live in an era of crap passed, off as happy psuedopsycydelia.

Tonight the Dandy Warhols are in town to support their long slog to second rate fame. Not cool or weird enough to attract a true hardcore following, not pop enough to be shot into the top 20, they linger somewhere between b-side tom petty and quiche eating faggots. They say that every good song writer has essentially only one song. Looking at the evidence this appears to be true, Paul McNarty and his sickly sweet Mull of Kintire, Simon and his underground 'beat' accoustic lyricism, Llyod-Weber and all the shit he has ever written. The Dandy Warhols, however, have two songs, and unlike true masters who can experiment with a simple set of ideas, they decide to play the songs back to back to back. Truely uninspiring.

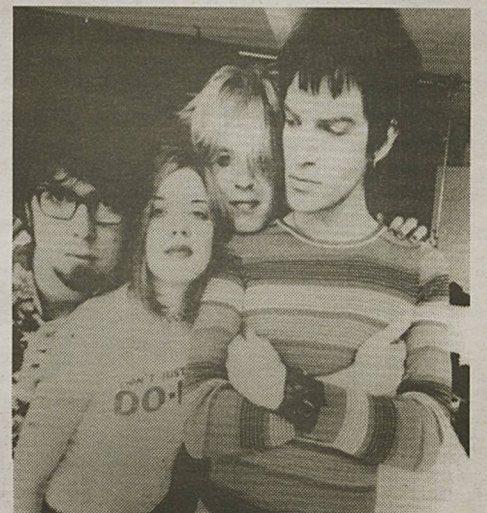
The support band, Velvet Jones, were only marginally better, largely because they were on for a shorter amount of time. They played standard brit-rock balls to marginally interested fools waiting to see a band of no consequence. I must admit my grunge ridden

heart went out those chaps. They played with more conviction than the Dandy's did and they weren't totally useless at their chosen vocation. Its just they brought nothing new to a scene that is already overstuffed and sinking faster than Kevin Costner's career. During the Dandy's show I saw the lead singer of the Belvet Jones chatting to the oldest women there she must have been over 60. Intrigued by the machinations of the music biz I inched my way closer to get an ear full of the industry talk. Unfortunately it was the singers mother. Imagine being thirty, having no career and your mother still comes to your shows like you are in grammar school. Those sad cuntng bastards.

The only highlight of the whole evening was when I realised to my amazement and surprise that the keyboardist/tamborine player wasn't wearing a bra. That pleased me no end at the time.

Looking back on it I can't quite see why.

Dave Balfour



Nevermind...The Dogs Bollocks!!

Classic Album V

Nirvana Nevermind (1991)

A classic, sheer classic. Nirvana's 'Never Mind' is the pinnacle of angst and aggression, still setting the standard for others to follow some seven years after its release. The scene is set by the rasping introduction to 'Smells Like Teen Spirit', perhaps the best known song, along with 'Lithium', before the undenied aggression inevitably breaks through. The beauty of this piece is the manner in which Cobain controls his anger, tempering it well with some quiet build up. The following track, 'In Bloom', is equally if so more so as impressive, the grunging guitar intro setting the scene before Cobain again steals the show, building up the tempo nicely before powering the quality of his vocals home in the chorus. The next offering is the more sedate offering 'Come As You Are', a more depressing and cerebral effort which contrasts superbly with the pace and aggressive style of the opening two classics. After the jumpy, upbeat style of 'Breed' comes arguably the best track of the album, 'Lithium'. If Nirvana could be summed up in one angst-ridden effort, this would be it. Again, a slow, almost ponderous build up catches the listener

unaware before the chorus kicks in. The lyrics almost echo Cobain's self dissatisfaction; 'I'm so ugly, that's OK 'cos so are you', reflected poignantly in his untimely death, for which perhaps is the reason why the track is best remembered. It is still a masterpiece in its own right. After the depressive 'Polly' comes the cynical 'Territorial Pissings', which ends in a memorable screaming frenzy. The tail end of the album is highlighted by the fast and instantly likeable 'Stay Away', which again boasts impressive bass and guitar, the hallmark of the classic Nirvana.

However, an album of quality is not necessarily a classic; it inevitably needs something more. Nirvana had this little extra, this lay in its ability not just to be aggressive and loud, but to be able to make us

understand their anger; to empathise with them. 'Never Mind' is the pure illustration of this rare ability; the ability to translate raw emotion into understanding and meaning. It's a shame that Cobain will be remembered too much for his untimely suicide than for the excellence of his musical talents.

Michael Epstein



Beastie Beaver

Raw I'm a give it to ya, with no trivia/Raw like cocaine str8 from Bolivia

Hey y'all - it's tha Beastie one terrorisin' da print presses one mo' time. I've been suffering from a lack of belief in my self recently - u see, I been delivering some lame, jive az shit to y'all and I just felt like sumthin' wuz gonna have ta change. So I went on a spiritual journey of enlightenment. Inspired by tha Black Monks, I followed Buddha in my quest fo' da real. Some crazy shit happened ta the ol' Beaver Man on my travels but I'll have ta educate y'all on that one some other time. In the meantime, I moved out of tha wood into a fly crib in tha hood.

I flew back into town an' suddenly it seems like I leave town fo' a lil' while an' tha whole fuckin' country's flipped they collective wigs. Who tha fuck iz "All Saints", 'the new Spice Girls' only prettier? What iz the world coming ta when the only thing muthafuckas can say about a new music group iz how damn fine an' sexy they all iz? It must have been like dayz b4 any one actually mentioned the fact that the girls can sing. Hey! Who's listenin' anyways - the only thing that matters iz Shazney's sultry eyes, right? What tha hell kind of name iz Shazney anyhow?

I know what the B.I.G. said on his single. "Mo' Money, Mo' Problems"? Well if you ask me he shoulda said "Mo' Money, Mo' Madness" yo. What else explains the actions of tha bald guy out of Chumbawamba at the Brit Awards? If I'd been in Johnny Prescott's shoes, I'd have thumped tha bitch so hard and knocked his skinny ass down an' then we'd have seen if he could "get up again. (You're never going to keep me down)". Pour a bucket of ice over the Deputy PM? Dat's tha type o' shit you did ta teachers dat wuz sweatin' you when you wuz a 14 year old at skool. If he had any beef wit' Johnny P, he coulda jus' walked up to him like a man and asked him to step outside fo' a couple of minutes. Dat fool better recognise b4 his ass gets popped. Big ups ta the reporter who gave him a taste of his own medicine at the airport.

What about good ol' Aqua eh? Now they's some cool cats man. Every night b4 I go to sleep now, I make sure I'm calling Doctor Jones ta say "What's up" to tha big willy of tha colonial jungles. Yeah. I know y'all thinking "Aqua? But they're really cheesy." But I'm telling ya, they got tha premium cheddar baby!

Does any of y'all know tha babe in the Prodigy video. Smack My Bitch Up? If you do, u wanna do me a favour and email me her phone number at the following address: Beastie.Beaver@Pussycat.com. (Yo, tell her how big my bozack is too, okay?) I've got a few issues to discuss with her face ta face if u know what I'm talkin' bout.

Beastie out like Ellen DeGeneres.
Peace Y'all



Moke Sampler

Judging from the four songs on this sampler CD, Moke are destined to be BIG. They skilfully manage to produce immaculate pieces of highly agreeable melodic rock. They are a kind of Pearl Jam for the late 90s. 'Wrong' seamlessly combines loud Aerosmith-style singing with quieter periods of inner reflection. The next song, 'Hide & Seek' is completely different - it has an exotic Egyptian-style rap over fast urban dub break beats!

'Powercut' is the most contemporary, and hence least interesting track on the sampler, yet it still possesses some sort of energy that just cannot be ignored.

'In Your Dreams' is simply beautiful. It starts off with arpeggio style plucking on an acoustic guitar. The singing is hypnotic, and the tune is somehow natural but not what you would expect it to be. Violins gradually creep in and add to its dreamy atmosphere. Watch out for Moke, they're cool! (8)

Sunil 'Cream' Sodha



Karen Ramirez Distant Dreams

Ramirez's style is the use of a fast style backed up by soft vocals; Sade-esque but quicker. But then what would you expect if all the songs are written by 'Everything but the Girl'.

The highlight of the CD sampler is the Latino style of 'Troubled Girl', where Ramirez uses all the power of her lyrics to really bring the track through. Clearly one to look out for. (7)

Michael Epstein

Warm Jets Future Signs

I was in two minds about Warm Jets prior to reviewing their debut album Future Signs. My first encounter of the band was when I heard 'Hurricane', an excellent song. So with baited breath, I was expecting more of the same in the from of 'Never Never', their third single. Unfortunately, it proved something of an anti-climax.



So, it was with mixed feelings that I accepted this album to review. The band doesn't waste any time in attempting to capture the listener's attention with three up-beat songs including the above singles and the opening track, 'Move Away'. Quickly, the tempo changes into the sombre, acoustic 'Vapour Trails', leaving you wondering which direction the album will take next. You're left in no doubt with more guitar churning sounds in the title track, which to me sounded just like The Lightning Seeds. In fact the similarities don't stop there. Warm Jets sound is derivative, and at times I thought I was also listening to Blur or David Bowie. This is reinforced by Louis Jones, the lead singer, who has a certain nonchalance in his voice, reminiscent of Damon Albarn and Jarvis Cocker. This shouldn't, however, be allowed to detract from the fact that Future Signs is a suprisingly good pop album.

Admittedly, 'Maestro' and 'Red Drag' are a couple of duff tracks, but the album is rounded of nicely with the guitar drenched 'Silver Surfer', and the less frenetic but equally satisfying 'Liverpool Street'.

Whilst Future Signs may simply be a pop album, it certainly isn't pop of the completely mindless sort. Warm Jets know their trade and are accomplished composers. Sadly, the music-biz powers that be have already dismissed this band, purely on the grounds that they're not on the critics' play list.

That's their loss. (8)

Rob Fleming

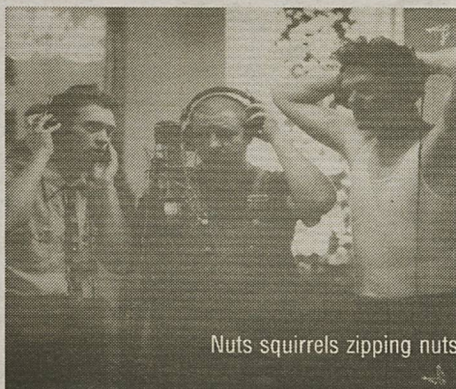
Squirrel Nut Zippers Hot

This North Carolina band are not your everyday 4-piece guitar-and-drums band. They have something extra. Well... quite a few things extra, actually - like more people, and saxophones, clarinets, cornets, ukuleles and banjos! They are making 1920s swing and jazz in the 90s! One thing they can't be accused of is following the crowd!

The first track on the album, the fast and sexy, 'Got my own thing now', shows what the rest of the album has in store, with its blasts of Dixieland jazz horns and cool Louis Armstrong-style singing. The Zippers also have a female vocalist, who shares the limelight, singing half of the songs. She sounds like a blend of Billie Holliday and Betty Boo! Her voice on the jivey 'Put a lid on it' is spookily like one that might have come out of a wireless radio back when this kind of music was hip. It really makes you want to grab someone and dance.

I can't imagine the Squirrel Nut Zippers being played much on mainstream radio or getting into the charts, but if you are daring, and get the chance, give them a listen. Their music is fun and entertaining, to say the least. Anyone buying the album will get something different to probably everything else in their record collection, and that's a very difficult thing for a band to do nowadays. The Zippers jazz songs all have a 'live'-feel, and with a good set of speakers, if you close your eyes you can imagine yourself in a ballroom in the 20s with the whole band playing on stage in front of you. Someone should make a musical from this album. (7)

Sunil Sodha



Nuts squirrels zipping nuts

Amistad Unchained

“Freedom is not given. It is our right at birth. But there are moments when it must be taken.” So says the advertising slogan for *Amistad*, the long-awaited and much-hyped new slave epic from the one and only Steven Spielberg (see above

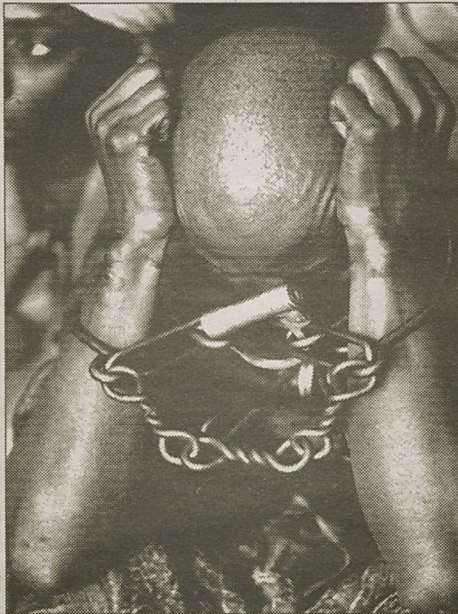


accompanying article). The film tells the true story of a group of Africans kidnapped from their homes in Sierra Leone and taken to Cuba, where they are sold as slaves

to Spanish traders. On the journey to Spain aboard the ship, La Amistad, the captives break free of their shackles overwhelm their captors, and try to return to Africa. The ship is

navigated by the two remaining survivors of the crew, who do not turn the ship around, unbeknown to the Africans and eventually the ship is boarded by an American naval ship and the insurrectors are charged with murder and piracy.

So begins a tedious and protracted legal battle, as young lawyer Roger Baldwin (Matthew McConaughey) struggles on behalf of the Africans and the cause of the abolitionists, against the corruption of a president desperate



Africans, Cinque (Djimon Hounsou) speaks in Mende, and his story is told via a translator, thus losing a sense of immediacy. The sequences depicting the enslavement and mistreatment of the captives are harrowing, realistic and brutal - just as we have come to expect from Spielberg post *Schindler's List*, but the focus is drawn away from the personal tragedy of the prisoners, and revolves instead around the politics of the period.

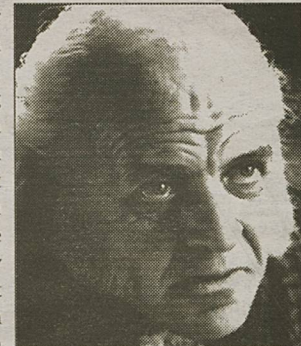
The very nature of the plot forces comparisons with “*Schindler's List*”,

which is undoubtedly the better film of the two. Just as the horrors of Holocaust are rammed home in *Schindler* by repeated imagery and familiarity with the characters and their plight; here the tortures endured by the Africans are abstracted from the individuals involved, making it difficult to empathise. Long courtroom speeches questioning our own prejudices and provoking guilt do not provide material for the audience to feel for the captives.

The period is recreated effectively and realistically, and the acting is excellent all round, and Anthony Hopkins' portrayal of the ageing but eloquent and persuasive ex-

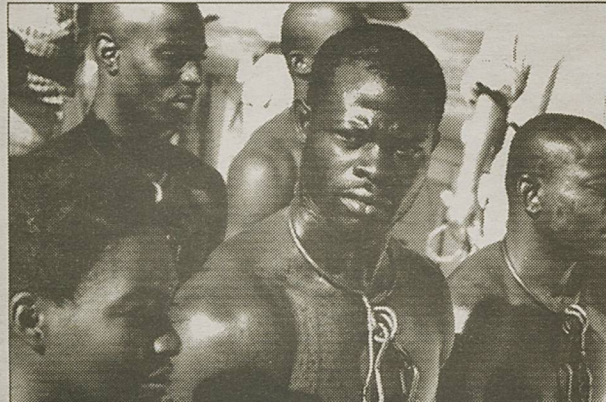
president may well win him another Oscar. The supporting cast has a strong British flavour, but perhaps British viewers lack the necessary inherent guilt associated with an American culture littered with racial intolerance, and will have less to draw from this film - not withstanding Britain's own idealistic imperialism.

The fact remains that *Amistad* does not have the gripping sadness of *Schindler's List* nor the dramatic tension of a courtroom drama. What is left is an interesting historical docu-drama, to remind white-Americans of their shady past



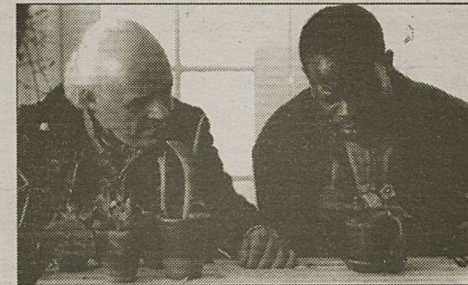
YC

“*Amistad*” is released this Friday



for re-election and to abate a civil war. Baldwin has to prove to the judge that the Africans were in fact born in Africa rather than Cuba, and therefore not legally slaves, and therefore entitled to their freedom.

All very worthy stuff, but somehow just not compelling viewing. The majority of the film takes place in the courtroom, but the tension is lacking, the audience does not feel drawn into the angst. This may be partly due to the fact that the leader of the



Spotlight On Spielberg

Matt Berry and James Savage pay tribute to a movie-making genius

Steven Spielberg is undoubtedly one of the great pioneers of late-twentieth century cinema. He has been making hit films for three decades, though astonishingly, he has a mere sixteen movies to his name. Put simply, this man has the Midas touch.

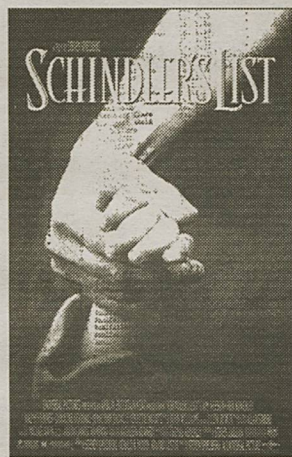
Spielberg's strength lies in his diversity. With films ranging from *Jaws* via the *Indiana Jones* trilogy to *Schindler's List* and *Amistad* he is able to flex his mind and creativity to anything.

Born in 1946, he grew up in Cincinnati and Arizona, the son of a computer technician and a concert pianist, providing him with a rare background in the creative arts and technical innovation. This unique blend of skills has enabled him to make movies that combine

emotive portrayals of the human condition with big-budget special effects and Hollywood wizardry.

His career started early with an array of childish pranks, for instance smearing peanut butter on his neighbours' windows, which demonstrated his audacity and originality at a young age. Hardly out of short trousers, he made his first movie at the tender age of thirteen; a forty minute war movie called *Escape to Nowhere*, upon which his forthcoming *Saving Private Ryan* is based.

He graduated to producing a number of short films, ranging from toy train wrecks to



science fiction flicks, yet amazingly he couldn't get in to film school, and opted for an English degree at the California State University instead. Here he managed to work his degree around the study of cinema history, indulging the interest he had built up during his adolescence.

Spielberg's big break came with the critical success of his half-hour road movie *Ambly* which was spotted by big TV boss Sidney Sheinberg who snapped up the wunderkind with a seven-year TV contract. After building a name for himself with series such as *Marcus Welby M.D.* and the first ever episode of *Columbo*, his first feature-length film, *Duel*, was released in 1971, grossing a substantial \$6 million. *Duel* also proved a success with the critics, and Spielberg himself defines this as the launch pad of his career.

A proliferation of features followed this success, with such legendary

blockbusters as *Jaws*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, and *E.T.*

These films showed the versatility of his fertile imagination, and his ability to realise his fantasies through the new world of high-tech special effects. Closely associated with other pioneers in this area, notably George Lucas, of *Star Wars* fame, Spielberg established himself at the cutting edge of movie technology.

His twenty-four foot mechanical shark in *Jaws*, nicknamed 'Bruce' after Spielberg's lawyer, and the cute little alien *E.T.* - with over 150 facial movements - were major innovations in the art of bringing fantasy to life. This was taken to new heights in *Jurassic Park*, allowing people for the first time to imagine what dino-saurs must have looked like in the flesh.

His inventive approach has been widely imitated, not least by Disney,



hitherto the masters of make-believe. His cinematic styles have been copied again and again, famously the little girl running through the black and white landscape of Krakow in a red coat (*Schindler's List*)

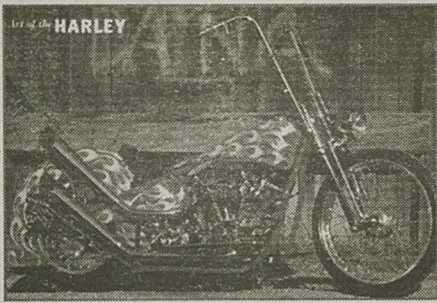
Spielberg has the knack and the courage of letting people understand events that would usually be out of their experience, whether it be the real-life terror of the Holocaust or the fantasy world of *E.T.*

Of course, not everything Spielberg has made has proved successful. Movies such as the much maligned *Hook* and *Always* pale in comparison to masterpieces such as *Empire of the Sun*, but every master has to have his learning experiences, and like his stint in TV, have added to his understanding of the complexities of the motion picture industry.

With his seventeenth movie just about to hit the screens in the UK, Spielberg's career is reaching new heights, having shifted perceptibly to a new style of mature and reflective documentary films. How long such a moral stance will continue

to sell at the box office remains to be seen, but Steven Spielberg's game has always been to lead the field rather than to follow.





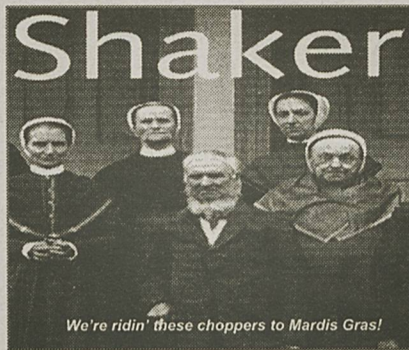
If there is one thing that personifies America, it IS the Harley-Davidson motorcycle. An expensive, overpowered, gas guzzler, that shamelessly flaunts these facts in a decadent display of chrome and leather, the Harley is powerful, alluring, dare I say sexy. If there is a Ying to this Yang, it can be found in the staunch conservatism of the American Shakers. Long before Margaret Thatcher pioneered the white and uptight look, these people were living it. Together these two radical contrasts represent the wide cultural diversity of that melting pot across the sea known as America. These two exhibits are only the opening volley in the Inventing America campaign at the Barbican, a year long attempt to convince Brits that yes, there is in fact culture among the unwashed barbarians to the West.

Both shows are as much about gaping at cultural extremes as anything else and they effectively complement each other in this respect. The Shaker exhibition is geared towards explaining the history of the Shakers and what made them tick. As religious dissenters they first gathered together in the north of England in 1747 and were derisively

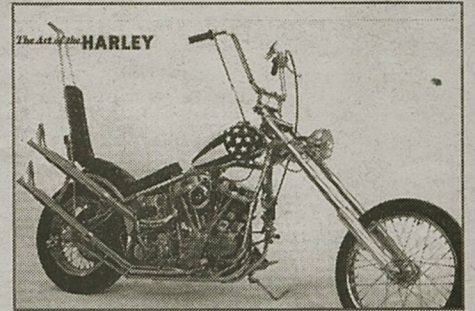
called Shakers for their tendency to rock and roll in the aisles with devout religious fervor. Taking the show on the road, the Shakers headed for the New World with their skills and handicrafts in tow. Over 200 years later, the sect has all but vanished, but has left behind a treasure trove of used furniture. The historical background

makes up for what is admittedly rather spartan and minimalist furniture and clothing. But if your domestic clock has begun to tick you may well appreciate what really nice furniture looks like, let alone costs.

Conversely, the Harley exhibit makes up for a somewhat disappointing lack of historical background on the bikes creators and development with some pretty boss looking



wheels. Those interested in the original Harleys themselves may be slightly disappointed as this show primarily explores the realm of customizing these bad boys. For those in the dark, customization is basically an effort by people with a lot of time and money on their hands to turn an already extravagant piece of machinery into an over the top display of whatever revs their engine. There are heaps of tribute bikes dedicated to such icons as Stevie Ray Vaughn, Ferrari, and even the John Deere tractor company. There are also slick looking rides from classic biker movies such as Easy Rider. A walking glossary of biker lingo and terms is there to help out the uninitiated so by the end of the show you can sit back and



discuss the finer points of a raked and chopped v-twin panhead with rocker boxes versus a shovelheaded hardtail with sissy bar and shotgun pipes. All this is highlighted by several gallery talks to be given in the coming months by Harley historians, mechanics, and a even a few Hell's Angels.

Both exhibits explore the cultural lives of their respective followers as well. For the Harleys there are exhibits on tattoos, biker gangs, and even a slide show depicting Harley gatherings around the world featuring bikini clad women and heavily bearded men all dressed in leather. The cultural aspects of the Shaker community are a bit more toned down. Yet this only highlights the fact that these two groups, radically different in their sexual and social code of ethics, have managed to create some truly fine pieces of craftsmanship.

Michael Kugler

*The Art of the Harley
Shaker: The Art of Craftsmanship
22 January-26 April 1998
Barbican Art Gallery*

1918: YEAR OF DECISION

If you study any history at the LSE — or anywhere else for that matter — it usually doesn't take long to run headlong into the year 1918. The final year of the First World War was full of contradictions: momentous battles,



terrible losses, and the ultimate victory when Germany signed an armistice ending hostilities on November 11th.

Now, eighty years and several generations later, the Imperial War Museum has prepared an exhibit, '1918: Year of Decision,' which runs through November 29. The exhibit is fairly small but it attempts to provide the visitor with a sense of both the macro- and micro-historic issues at play. With a well-balanced mix of the momentous and the personal, Peter Simpkins — the Museum's senior historian and the exhibit's designer — manages to provide a fairly thorough overview of events leading to ultimate allied victory. While decidedly light on politics and heavy on military, the exhibition contains none of the well-meaning clutter and knickknacks that characterise the museum's other exhibit wings.

While the weaponry, uniforms and curiosities from the period are appealing (Marshal Foch's kepi, the pen that signed the Armistice, a motorcycle with a machine-gun-wielding sidecar) the exhibit's photographs tell the whole brutal story. From the denuded and muddy hillside mural that hangs at the entrance, to the sad queue of men -blinded by poison gas — leaning on one another's shoulders, to the thousands of freshly dug graves at the British cemetery at Bellville Wood, these pictures speak silently of the war's

heartbreaking toll on the men who fought it.

This focus on the individual's struggling, suffering, hopes and fears is the exhibit's most endearing quality. The letters and diaries are particularly illustrative of what men were thinking in the trenches as they endured withering German attacks or slogged through mud during endless brutal advances.

Perhaps the saddest, though, was the translation of a letter from a German housewife, Lena, to her husband, Fritz, on the front. Full of news about the deaths of friends and neighbors, the longing for peace is palpable. Much impressed by the frailty of human life, this young girl writes that 'men in his life is like the grass in the fields, he blows like a flower — but when the scorching winds pass over, he is no more and only once can his bloom be blighted...'

In addition to the letters, the exhibit also includes film reels from the period -jerky affairs full of Tommies smoking cigarettes, adjusting their hats and grinning and pointing at the camera lens and across eighty years of history. Bird-chested generals stand nervously and slap their shins with riding crops, checking their watches during clipped conversations, hopping in black cars and speeding away to long-forgotten appointments. Today, wars are fought on computer screens with guided missiles fired from ships and planes safely over the horizon. Our lives are geared for individual comfort — from cable television to climate

control, from tandoori takeaway to instant information access. This exhibit helps you come to grips with a time when an entire generation of Europe's young men were called to live four years in muddy trenches, fight, and die, for a world many would never live to see. It vividly illustrates the point made a century before by the Duke of Wellington, when he said, 'Nothing except a battle lost can be half as melancholy as a battle won.'

C.K Lee

*1918: Year of Decision
Until November 29, 1998
Imperial War Museum*

WARPED SENSE OF REALITY

The art of Francis Bacon is an experience to contemplate. It is truly depraved yet undeniably tantalising.

Bacon's status as the greatest painter of the century might be questioned, but his ability to



disgust is unmatched. His work ranges from grotesque orgies of flesh to the darkest representation of angst. His reality is a perverse one. Everything is, without exception, distorted and twisted.

Francis Bacon (1909 - 1992) was born in Dublin though spent most of his life in London. He received no formal art training but gained fame in 1945 with his obscure expressionist style. His distressing art reached international acclaim during the 1950's. It is not an overstatement to claim that he has been one of the most influential artists this century.

His primary subject was the human body which is the focus of the current exhibition at the Hayward Gallery. Each painting centers around a person and his body. His subjects are friends, lovers, and often himself. The bodies are far from being voluptuous and sensual but seem more like degenerated moulds of flesh. Often the distortion seems like movement but suggests some sort of aversion for intimacy.

There is a series of three consecutive paintings of his lover dying on a toilet in a Paris hotel from mixing alcohol and drugs. There is another painting of a body, beaten out

of recognition, on an operating table with a needle in his arm.

Many of his paintings are deformed reproductions of famous images. He has transformed the likes of Michelangelo, Velazquez and Degas into his own brutal style. There is the much-acclaimed portrait of Pope Innocent X with his face running off his skull.

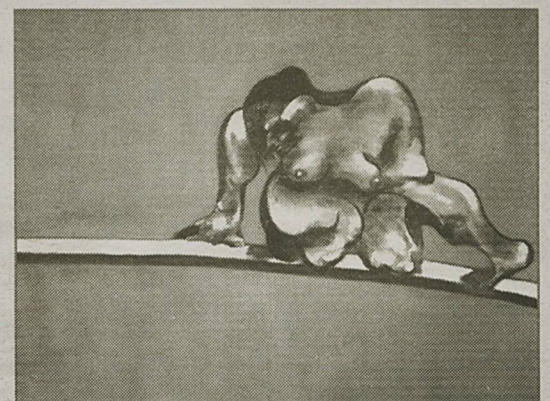
You might ask why you should go to see Bacon's art. What is the point of admiring the decadent?

Bacon manages to serve us a beauty in all the perversity. There is an underlying harmony in all his work. His art becomes strangely irresistible - especially, by all the unanswered questions. (Why all the light switches?)

His art probably has more relevance today than ever before. Turn on MTV and you will be served Bacon-revisited in virtually every video. Indulgence in the perverse has become the flavour of the day and to understand the world we live in you have to know your Bacon.

The exhibition is the first major showing of Bacon in over a decade in London. Go see it. If you do not like it, fine you are probably a healthy individual, but appreciate the fact that Bacon is good art.

Fredrik Wesslau



*Francis Bacon: The Human Body
February-April 1998
Hayward Gallery*

11 MARCH, 1998

The Grand Law Ball
@ The Waldorf

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A NEW PARADIGM**

**TUESDAY 3 MARCH @ 17:30
IN THE OLD THEATRE
THE CHAIR WILL BE TAKEN BY
PROFESSOR CHARLES GOODHART**

Professor A.J. Parkin

'Human Amnesia: Nature, Explanation and Therapy'
March 3 @ 7 p.m.
S315.

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The United States: THE GOVERNMENT OF HYPOCRISY?

Sanaa Ashour this week argues the case for the US's foreign policy in the Middle-east being built on hypocrisy and preferential treatment for its "child" Israel.



resolution. The United States government has repeatedly declared that it doesn't approve of Israeli occupation of Arab territories. It states that it opposes the annexation of East Jerusalem; the displacement of the Arab inhabitants; the destruction of buildings; the confiscation of land, the establishment of Jewish settlements in occupied areas; and,

intends to attack Iraq, because Saddam Hussein doesn't respect the Security Council's Resolutions. Which of the United Nations' resolutions has Israel implemented, is it 194, 242, or 338? What is the fate of Oslo agreement signed between Israelis and Palestinians, which the new Israeli government does not even perceive. Since its establishment, Israel has been violating all United Nations and Security Council's resolutions. Why didn't United States send its military army to force Israel to implement the UN resolutions and to respect the international Law. Bearing in mind that Israel is the only country in the region which didn't sign the agreement of nuclear non-proliferation even though it possesses nuclear weapons,



attacked Palestinian lands, occupying the West Bank and Gaza Strip, expelling the Palestinians from their homes, and renaming the land of Palestine "Israel".

In view of the repeated hypocrisy innate in American foreign policy, it is not unusual that United States will attack Iraq, after inventing the principles of human rights, witnessing the peace agreements signed between Israel and PLO, and talking about its aim of establishing peace in the Middle East. The United States intends to demilitarise Iraq by trying out its most recently manufactured

military weapons on the Iraqi people. On the other hand, it supports Israel's disregard to international law and its aggression on the Palestinian people.

It is clear through the tragedies experienced in the Middle East, that the statement by Roper Pierpont in March 1973, White House correspondent for CBS news that: "the United States appears to have lost its sense of fair play and justice, and seems to be operating on a double standard", still rings true.

It is clear through the tragedies experienced in the Middle East, that the statement by Roper Pierpont in March 1973, White House correspondent for CBS news that: "the United States appears to have lost its sense of fair play and justice, and seems to be operating on a double

If the White House had not played such an active role in 1947, the Jewish State would never have come into existence. The Palestine tragedy would not have occurred..

Israel is always known as the "child" born by the United States, and as such, its continued existence and survival are regarded as the responsibility of the United States. If the White House had not played such an active role in 1947, the Jewish State would never have come into existence. The Palestine tragedy would not have occurred. The tension and the instability, which plagued the Middle East since 1948, would not have arisen. The United States position in Arab World would not have been as hypocritical as it has been.

On paper, the United States representative to the United Nations votes annually in favour of United Nations resolution No. 194 (December 11, 1948). This calls upon the Israelis to allow the repatriation of those Palestinian refugees who wish to return to their homes and to compensate those who don't wish to return for losses sustained. In practice, the United States will resist any United Nations pressure on Israel to implement this. On the contrary it will use every opportunity to support and encourage Zionist and Israeli demands for the emigration of Soviet Jews to Israel.

The United States government continually states its policy is to "support people in their fight for self determination, sovereignty and independence". However in November 1974, it voted against such a right being granted by the General Assembly to the Palestinian people. When the matter came before the Security Council in 1976, the United States representative vetoed the draft

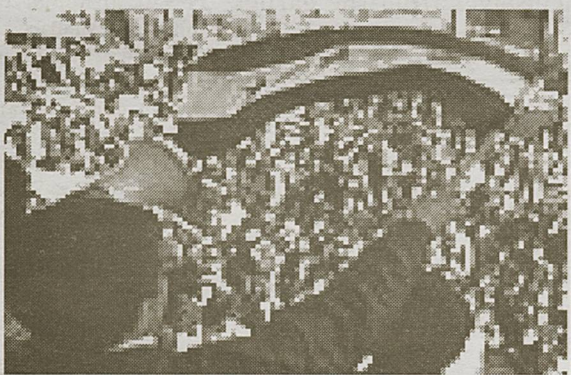
the torture of political detainees and prisoners. BUT IT DOES NOTHING. Worse it continues to support the Israelis government building Israel into the most heavily armed, country and only nuclear power in the region.

On the other hand, the United States withholds military and economic aid from any country that has attacked another. Somalia was a typical example in the past. During its war with Ethiopia, President Jimmy Carter made it clear that Somalia would receive no aid from the United States so long as it had troops on Ethiopian territory.

Today, Iraq is the most recent example of this American two-faced foreign policy. As a result of a dirty political game played for petrodollars, the United States in 1991, ran to the defence of Kuwait. Where was United States when Israel invaded Lebanon in 1982? Where was United States when the Israeli militants killed the innocent displaced people in Sabra & Shatila refugee camps? Where was the United States when Israel occupied the West Bank, the Gaza Strip and the Golan Heights in 1967? Where is the United States when Israel violates human rights principles everyday in the occupied territories by killing,

torturing and arresting the Palestinian women, children and elderly people, demolishing their houses and confiscating their lands? Finally but not last, United States

The United States should be



constantly reminded of what was said by its president Johnson, thirteen days before the 1967 wars "the United States strongly opposes aggression by anyone in the area, in any form, overt or clandestine. This has been the policy of the United



States led by four presidents Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy and myself as well as the policy of both of our political parties" Thirteen days after this statement, Israel

THE UNITED STATES' DOUBLE-STANDARD POLICY TOWARDS THE ANCIENT ARAB WORLD AND THE NEWLY ESTABLISHED ISRAELI STATE

The following statements were mentioned, in a letter published in the New York Times after the 1973 war:

When the Arabs use their oil as a weapon to persuade the United States that supplying weapons to Israel helps perpetuate her conquest of Arab Land - that is blackmail

When the United States uses wheat as a weapon to force Russia to release Soviet Jews to go to Israel to occupy more Arab homes- that is humanitarianism;

When Israel wages a pre-emptive attack and occupies Arab territories - that is self-defence

When the Arab wage an offensive to liberate those same territories - that is invasion

When Israel sneak attacked the Arabs on June 6, 1967- that was heroic

When the Arabs struck back on October 6, 1973 that was barbaric even though the first attacked Arab armies on Arab land, and the latter attacked Israeli armies in the Sinai and Golan Heights and not in Israel.

The International Editor would like to make clear that in the interest of free debate, most opinions can be included in this section. They do not necessarily reflect either his own opinion or those of the Beaver editorial staff.

MR

Bill and Tony's Excellent Adventure

Daniel Korski examines the similarities between the Blair and Clinton administrations.



Tony Blair has modelled his style on Bill Clinton, but can he move out of his shadow?

Standing side-by-side, swapping jokes and slapping each other on the back, Mr. Clinton and Mr. Blair would have us believe that there is an "uncommon friendship" between them and, by extension, between the United States and the United Kingdom.

During his visit to Washington, Mr. Blair intimately acknowledged his friendship with Mr. Clinton: "Bill, I'm pleased to call you a good colleague

and proud to call you a good friend." But, notwithstanding such niceties, is this new transatlantic partnership really more than skin-deep?

To be sure, Mr. Clinton and Mr. Blair are young men who made themselves and their parties electable by uprooting out-of-date left wing inclinations, as well as using the language of social conservatism to distance themselves from the earlier records of their parties. Mr. Clinton

is a 'New Democrat' and Mr. Blair is the gauge of 'New Labour'. Both promised to change not only the direction that their countries had taken during a long period of right-wing domination, but also the policies of their own parties.

Both have physical appearances and exhibit personal qualities that are deemed highly appealing to television viewers. Both associate with the press in a congenial way and rely on the highly polished presentational techniques of spin-doctors. Indeed

"Both promised to change not only the direction that their countries had taken during a long period of right-wing domination, but also the policies of their own parties using the language of social conservatism to distance themselves from the earlier records of their parties."

some of the speeches of Messrs Blair and Clinton are suspiciously similar. Here, for example, is Mr. Clinton, speaking to the Democratic Party Convention on 16 July 1992:

I never met my father. He was killed in a car wreck . . . After that my mother had supported us. My mother taught me. She taught me about family and hard work and sacrifice. She held steady through tragedy after tragedy . . .

Jobs. Education. Education. These are not just commitments from my lips, they are the work of my life . . .

I call this approach a New Covenant, a solemn agreement between the people and their government . . .

And here it is Mr. Blair, speaking to a party conference on 1 October 1996:

One morning I woke to be told that . . . [my father] might not live through that day and my whole world fell apart. It taught me something: it taught me the value of the family, because my mother worked for three years to help him talk and walk again . . . Ask me my three priorities for government, I tell you, education, education, education . . . This is my covenant for the British people. Judge me on it.

The two governments are indeed, as Jack Straw, the British Home Secretary, told the Sunday Times "learning from each other all the time."

But although both men talk sometimes similarly and even about the same issues, dealing with crime in the inner cities, urban problems, health care, welfare reform, the policies Mr. Blair and Mr. Clinton are considering are thoroughly different.

According to 'The Economist', "for all the talk of an 'Anglo-American model', the political centre of gravity remains markedly to the left in Britain of that in the United States."

Furthermore, there is no obvious reason, given his 179-seat majority in the House of Commons, that Mr. Blair should fall short of delivering any one of his pre-election promises, the way that Mr. Clinton fell short of

delivering his pre-election promises for health-care reform, lifting the ban on gays in the military, campaign finance reform and welfare reform and an anti-crime programme.

It is also important to remember that the public verdict on the first act of the Clinton presidency seemed to indicate that Mr. Clinton had not yet accomplished one of the most important political tasks before him, that is significantly broadening his base of support from the 43 per cent of Americans who elected him.

The public verdict on the first act of the Blair premiership is yet to come out.

Moreover, the personal differences between Mr. Clinton and Mr. Blair are as obvious as the ideological similarities.

Mr Blair is wholly untouched by the allegations of sexual impropriety, obstruction of justice and financial wrong doings that have marred the Clinton presidency. And it is highly unlikely that a 'tell-all' exposure like Primary Colors will ever be written about the Blair campaign.

Mr. Blair is also more parsimonious when it comes to spending public money and, faced with a live audience, he is less prone than Mr. Clinton to hand out promises to spend money. In fact, Mr. Blair gives stirring speeches on the necessity of limiting public spending.

For all the differences as well as similarities, it does appear that Mr. Clinton and Mr. Blair each see something of themselves mirrored in the other, a thought that might simultaneously reassure and alarm anyone who wishes the Labour government well.

Pride ruled my will: remember not past years

Michael Collins

The words of the hymn 'Lead Kindly Light' echoed around St Margaret's church in Westminster on Wednesday of last week, as Enoch Powell's body was laid to rest.

Powell will remain famous for his 'rivers of blood' speech made in Birmingham in 1968, in which he warned of an impending race war in Britain if the issue of immigration was not urgently addressed. The speech led to his dismissal from the shadow cabinet under Edward Heath and has dominated his political career ever since.

Many have argued that he had a bigger influence on the issues of the economy and on European integration. John Biffen, Powell's friend and colleague, commented that Powell was a nationalist, but that "it was not an emotion of nostalgia or romanticism and certainly did not bear the stamp of racial superiority or xenophobia." In Powell's defence it has been claimed that he was not a racist but a political realist.

It is clear however that in spite of any debate over his particular justification for his comments, his popular appeal was due to his public

perception as a nationalist leader.

Powell had two funerals on the same day, one in his Westminster constituency and one in Birmingham.

"it was not an emotion of nostalgia or romanticism and certainly did not bear the stamp of racial superiority or xenophobia."

Few black faces were in attendance at either, but many senior politicians including John Major, Lord Parkinson

and Tony Benn were present.

John Biffen commented further that he had "achieved influence on a scale that perhaps only history will recognise."

There have been mixed reactions to Powell's death. Tony Blair, whilst admitting that his views were controversial, described him as "one of the finest politicians of his generation." In contrast, Edward Heath, who was leader of the opposition at the time of Powell's 1968 speech, refused to comment.

Enoch Powell's appeal as a focus for nationalism was evident at the

funeral. One bouquet left outside of St Margaret's church in Westminster, said, "You were right. We are now going to the dogs. Ninety per cent of people that I know say you should have been Prime Minister."

Whatever the response to Enoch Powell's death, it is clear that his legacy will be entirely concerned with the issue of race and immigration.

Although Powell's ideas have had a certain degree of populist appeal, he was always ultimately out of tune with post-war thinking on immigration at the political level and remained an isolated force.

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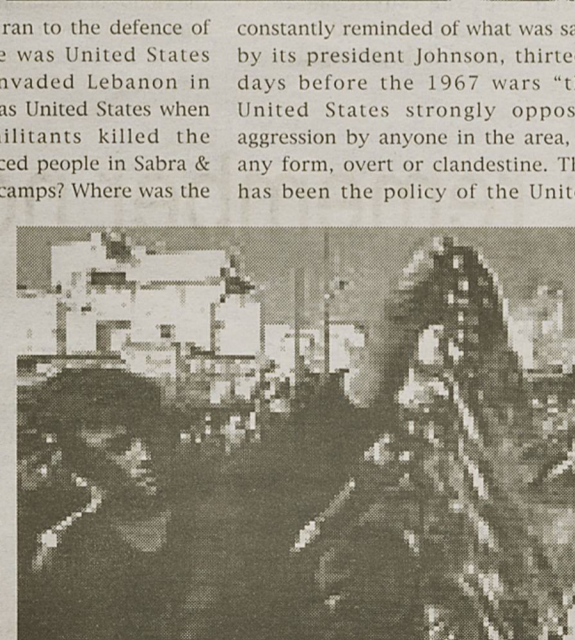
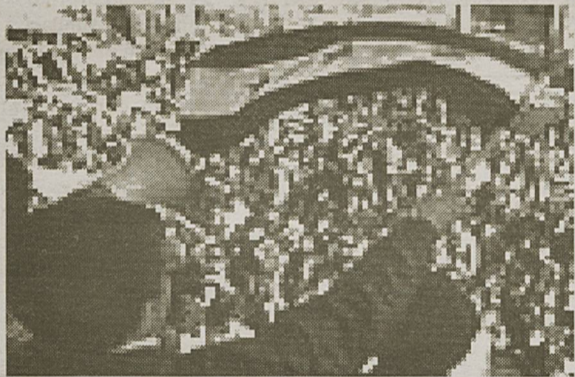
On the other hand, the United States withholds military and economic aid from any country that has attacked another. Somalia was a typical example in the past. During its war with Ethiopia, President Jimmy Carter made it clear that Somalia would receive no aid from the United States so long as it had troops on Ethiopian territory.

Today, Iraq is the most recent example of this American two-faced foreign policy. As a result of a dirty political game played for petrodollars, the United States in 1991, ran to the defence of Kuwait. Where was United States when Israel invaded Lebanon in 1982? Where was United States when the Israeli militants killed the innocent displaced people in Sabra & Shatila refugee camps? Where was the United States when Israel occupied the West Bank, the Gaza Strip and the Golan Hights in 1967? Where is the United States when Israel violates human rights principles everyday in the occupied territories by killing, torturing and arresting the Palestinian women, children and elderly people, demolishing their houses and confiscating their lands?

Finally but not last, United States

intends to attack Iraq, because Saddam Hussein doesn't respect the Security Council's Resolutions. Which of the United Nations' resolutions has Israel implemented, is it 194, 242, or 338? What is the fate of Oslo agreement signed between Israelis and Palestinians, which the new Israeli government does not even perceive. Since its establishment, Israel has been violating all United Nations and Security Council's resolutions. Why didn't United States send its military army to force Israel to implement the UN resolutions and to respect the international Law. Bearing in mind that Israel is the only country in the region which didn't sign the agreement of nuclear non-proliferation even though it possesses nuclear weapons,

The United States should be



States led by four presidents Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy and myself as well as the policy of both of our political parties" Thirteen days after this statement, Israel



attacked Palestinian lands, occupying the West Bank and Gaza Strip, expelling the Palestinians from their homes, and renaming the land of Palestine "Israel".

In view of the repeated hypocrisy innate in American foreign policy, it is not unusual that United States will attack Iraq, after inventing the principles of human rights, witnessing the peace agreements signed between Israel and PLO, and talking about its aim of establishing peace in the Middle East. The United States intends to demilitarise Iraq by trying out its most recently manufactured

military weapons on the Iraqi people. On the other hand, it supports Israel's disregard to international law and its aggression on the Palestinian people.

It is clear through the tragedies experienced in the Middle East, that the statement by Roper Pierpont in March 1973, White House correspondent for CBS news that: "the United States appears to have lost its sense of fair play and justice, and seems to be operating on a double standard", still rings true.

It is clear through the tragedies experienced in the Middle East, that the statement by Roper Pierpont in March 1973, White House correspondent for CBS news that: "the United States appears to have lost its sense of fair play and justice, and seems to be operating on a double

THE UNITED STATES' DOUBLE-STANDARD POLICY TOWARDS THE ANCIENT ARAB WORLD AND THE NEWLY ESTABLISHED ISRAELI STATE

The following statements were mentioned, in a letter published in the New York Times after the 1973 war:

When the Arabs use their oil as a weapon to persuade the United States that supplying weapons to Israel helps perpetuate her conquest of Arab Land - that is blackmail

When the United States uses wheat as a weapon to force Russia to release Soviet Jews to go to Israel to occupy more Arab homes- that is humanitarianism;

When Israel wages a pre-emptive attack and occupies Arab territories - that is self-defence

When the Arab wage an offensive to liberate those same territories - that is invasion

When Israel sneak attacked the Arabs on June 6, 1967- that was heroic

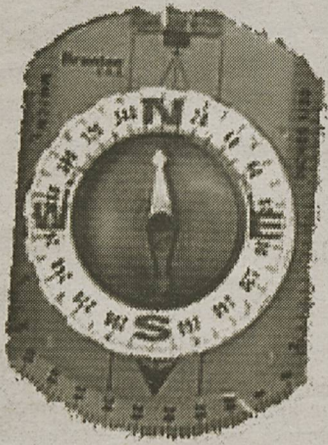
When the Arabs struck back on October 6, 1973 that was barbaric even though the first attacked Arab armies on Arab land, and the latter attacked Israeli armies in the Sinai and Golan Heights and not in Israel.

The International Editor would like to make clear that in the interest of free debate, most opinions can be included in this section. They do not necessarily reflect either his own opinion or those of the Beaver editorial staff.

MR

Travel Special: Backpacking

Travellers' Tales from Charlotte Lewin



When standing in the hostel reception and the column next to the passport number remains blank and hostile the confident backpacker boldly scribes 'traveller'. The rest of us struggle between attaching ourselves to the dim past and pen 'student' or else hopelessly cling to a future aspiration and guiltily scrawl actor. (Of course the second option later becomes a truth when work-shy traveller decides to return to University to do a reality-avoidance Masters). Nevertheless through the actions of the self-assured an occupation is born, albeit self-employed, unpaid and voluntary.

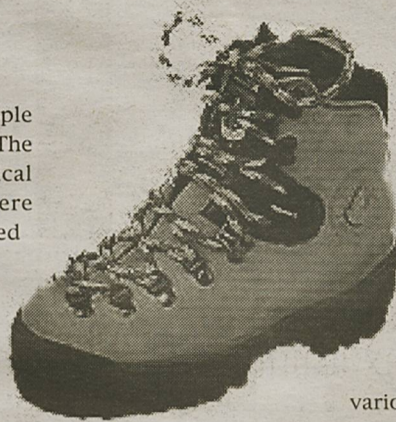
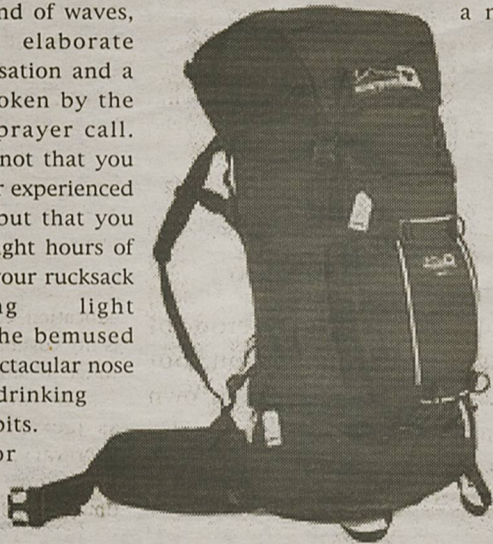
So logically there is a hierarchy and a status ladder. We all respect the person who has journeyed

across three continents on a £5/day budget and a 15 litre backpack; the wounds from dangerous sports rank highly as do close encounters with angry carnivores. And countries matter; the so-called developing world beats the so-called developed, South Asia beats South East Asia and Africa the continent where life began must take the prize. Don't think that it stops there: a bus which breaks down triumphs over a reliable jeep, third class thrashes first and overland trips lose any battle of survival.

I suppose that everyone wants to have every experience they could never have living their real, responsible lives. We fall asleep one night to the sound of waves, the next to an elaborate cricket/gheko conversation and a week later we're awoken by the noise of a Muslim prayer call. However the issue is not that you have seen the exotic or experienced the culturally alien, but that you stood up the entire eight hours of the journey, holding your rucksack whilst providing light entertainment for the bemused locals, due to your spectacular nose shape and frequent drinking and pill popping habits. (Necessary for perpetual dehydration and malaria neurosis).

This way of life

seems to be great leveller: people bond easily and trust speedily. The validity of anarchy as a political strategy is demonstrated, where mutual co-operation is required and we rely on near strangers. Watches rarely feature and it is not uncommon to find ourselves stuck in a town for a few days longer than planned due to a missed bus or early closing museum. It is definitely a culture of peace love and harmony. It's incredible how half a bottle of the local spirit cures you of any prejudices you may have vis-a-vis a personality. So in this society of sarongs (useful as a towel, sheet and



various items of clothing), shaved heads but unshaven bodies and SCUBA diving licenses we have to stick together because it's much cheaper if you can share a room or taxi ride. (The goal remains the £5/day budget). A word of caution: take care to avoid association with the 'tourist'. A suitcase, a pre-arranged airport transfer and no motorbike experience easily identify these 'tweakers'. After all these people are on a 'holiday' and not a 'trip'.

Nevertheless as quickly as the travellers' community forms it disbands as we return to our hometowns and dwell wistfully on that skydive or 10-day silence vow in a spiritual university. Soon we are only identifiable through astute observation of a polartec fleece poking out from underneath a coat, one or two superfluous tattoos or piercings or a copy of 'The Beach' casually balancing between fingers as we alight the train after work/college/travel agent visit.

March of Modernity

Duncan Watson
watches the prof

One of the mysteries of modernity is the extensive memory of our greatest academic, Giddens. Some may speculate regarding the techniques of mind management required to guide the speaker through one hour of unassisted oratory. While this may seem like time well spent it may be obscuring a more practical and observable phenomenon, the "march of modernity".

With microphone in hand Giddens prowls the stage. Almost always in motion, he does not feel the need to hide himself behind the podium favoured by more lowly academics. Following a largely lateral strategy he covers his territory, pausing only for effect, providing seamless observations, references and occasionally even numbering his points.

But his movement is not a matter of mere involuntary action created by the overwhelming complexity of his task. Deep patterns and repetition mark the progress of his concentration as the lecture unfolds. The use of a standard pattern appears to be necessary to enter the state of mind needed for flowing discourse, for full effect the sequence can be repeated for ten minutes or more. We can judge from only an occasional need to re-enter this sequence that its effects are long lasting and that once control has been achieved it is not easily relinquished. The latter parts of the oratory are marked by an ad-hoc form that incorporates many of the standard form's elements but ties them together in an almost random form. Frequently the distance travelled during such periods is less and the movements more rapid.

The more observant may note an asymmetry in the standard form. The movement to the speaker's left results in a toe kick by the right foot, this is not mirrored by the left foot during the right hand movement phase. During the ad-hoc transitions of the flowing Giddens at his finest, the repetition of kicks does appear to increase. Again an absence of left-footed kicks is worthy of note.

What does it all mean? Do the dancing days of his youth still hold him in their grasp? Maybe, but maybe not. Perhaps our illustrious intellectual is using a little known form of physical mind mapping to record his lectures? Perhaps each movement in the physical world translates to an imaginary journey through the corridors of his extensive mind, in search of the next valuable hoard of knowledge. Only with such techniques could he produce such lectures, and still remember to number his points. Through out successive decades of academic excellence a vast palace of knowledge has been constructed to preserve and store his ideas and facts. Who knows what illustrious people may reside in his mind or lurk in the dungeons below? We can only marvel or speculate.

Only the question of asymmetrical kick patterns remains. Do they mean something? Perhaps they are they kicking open a rusty door? The use of only the right foot may have a sporting context or point to a use of a certain hemisphere of the mind. Clearly with some questions unanswered further research must be undertaken.

ReLentless Pancakes

Lachesis January batters Shrove Tuesday and apologises for lousy puns

So we hit another Shrove Tuesday (the penultimate one this millennium - Ha! The Significance. I shall overcome this childish hatred of the millennium fuss). I'm sure the sentiment, back when the people used to give up food for Lent, was to use up what one had lying around the house by eating pancakes. Somehow the supermarkets have become confused in the usual manner of commercialised festivals.

Easter eggs in January are commonplace and I expect to see Christmas stuff hitting the shops before the Summer Sales are done with. (Back to school stuff will appear at the beginning of the summer holidays as usual and we should have 1999's January sales sometime around September.)

St Valentine's day has become a costly tradition that causes more trouble than it's worth, though having never received a Valentine's card I may be somewhat embittered. Tell a lie, my beloved this year drew up a heart, elegantly stylised, on Adobe Photoshop and put it on the shared hard-drive.

Valentine's day is for restaurant proprietors who, even in the quietest of our favourite haunts, fill their

establishments and cause less organised romantics, though more loyal customers, to get take-out or delivery. This year, four of us had Chinese in front of video-taped sitcoms and next year, I shall make the effort to book in advance.

The buy-a-card syndrome that causes all branches of WHS to plaster the date of Mothers' and Fathers' day across their windows is in fact a blessing for those with memories as poor as mine. Pressing "Easter is Coming" adverts are harmless in their ignorable quality when safely behind card-shop windows. It's the gall of confectioners that really gets to me.

Returning to my point, inevitably, I see supermarkets encouraging people to buy flour, eggs and lemon juice as a tad perverse. I admit, it's traditional, but coming out of Shrove Tuesday with left over pancake mix and a virtually unused yellow lemon

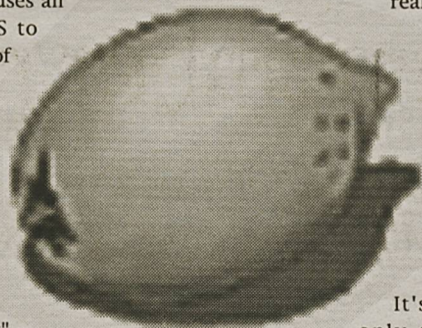
seems daft. (The chocolate sauce, my preferred topping, is always used up in the end, so I can't grumble about that.)

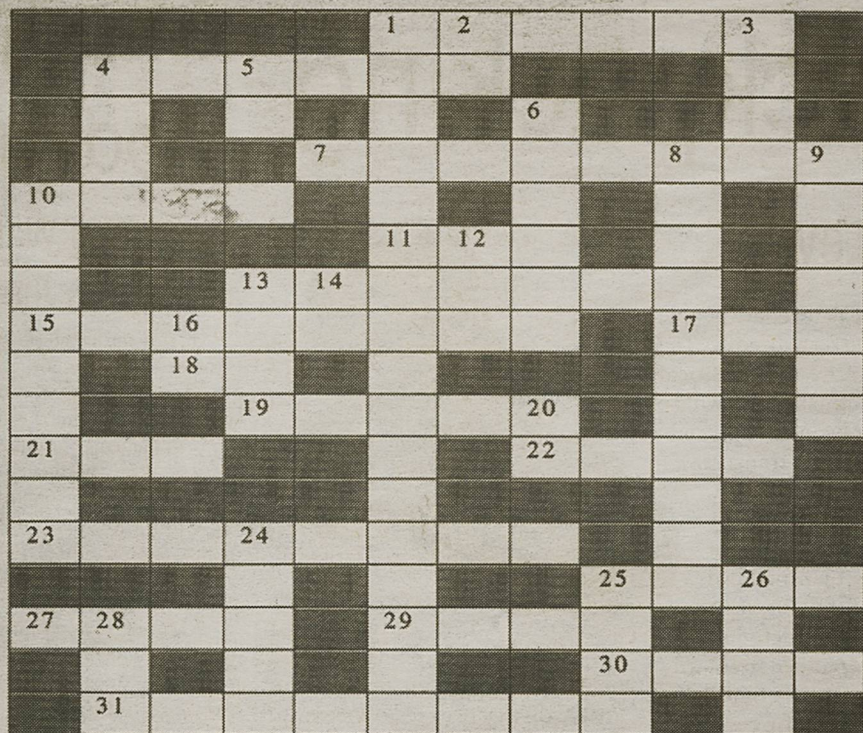
But I'm nit-picking. Few fast over Lent like they used to. People don't need to use up their supplies.

Pancake day is all that's really left when you consider that a few years ago I heard a child answering the question, "What is tomorrow?" with "Jif Lemon day". It's evolved and only the 'best bits' have survived. <sigh>

Despite mass-cynicism, we always attempt pancake chaos, usually in the small hours of Ash Wednesday, being particularly bad at keeping normal hours. There is the traditional, but subtle, display of pancake-making skills and with the cessation of this, ends the fun.

Towards the dregs of the bowl, eating has become somewhat of a chore and there is nobody left who





Crossword No.2
by Plato Phil

Across

Down

- 1: European Capital. (6)
- 4: First continent. (6)
- 7: Pop monarch's German Song. (8)
- 10: Amoeba jail? (4)
- 11: Mathematical group wins this at tennis. (3)
- 13: Saxon who colonises England does this but only after stomach feels better. (7)
- 15: Gerry Anderson shows pop star sunlight. (8)
- 17: Formerly USSR. (3)
- 18: Shorthand chemical notation for main constituent of salt. (2)
- 19: Pre-Scots choose small axes. (5)
- 21: Pilots need this. (3)
- 22: Geographically close. (4)
- 23: Joseph Conrad finds the spaceship from "Alien" is novel. (8)
- 25: Letter Opener? (4)
- 27: 2nd Greek brain wave? (4)
- 29: A ticket cartel and club run by major plane companies. (Abbr.) (4)
- 30: It's a bit woolly. (4)
- 31: By Jupiter! (8)

- 1: Belief that Derrida knocks down buildings? (17)
- 2: North American Airline (Abbr.) (2)
- 3: Need Another Seven Astronauts. (4)
- 4: So Pallid it sounds like you may kick the bucket. (4)
- 5: But could she mean the opposite? (2)
- 6: Swiftly and Subtly. (6)
- 8: Prisoner in Colditz can't ignore these conclusions. (11)
- 9: Controversial Sun's sister star - Looks like death. (7)
- 10: Break in the violence. (9)
- 12: Separatists who bask in the Sun? (3)
- 13: Crocodile shuts jaws on this card game. (4)
- 14: Make an example of a few letters. (2)
- 16: Way to enter the pub spelt wrong. (2)
- 20: Symbolically it's tin.
- 24: Gravy version brings loads of money. (5)
- 25: Valley. (4)
- 26: Apex at producing malfunctioning products. (4)
- 28: CGS unit of energy. (3)

Answers to last week's crossword

C	L	A	S	S	I	C	A	L			C			
O		N	O	O	S	E		A	L	T	A	R		
R		D	C			D					N			
R			I			A	N	D	O	V	E	R		
U		T	A	P		O						I		
P			L	A	S	E	R			G	R	I	P	
T	A	C	I	T							I		P	
I			S					I		I	D	O	L	
O		E	M	M	I	G	R	A	T	E			E	
N	O						R	A	T				S	
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		X	Y	L	O	P	H	O	N	E				
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**1st Correct
Entry wins a
mystery prize**
(All Entries to
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We have complimentary copies of Fighting with Figures, the statistical digest of the Second World War, commissioned by Winston Churchill himself, to give away to the first 100 customers who produce the voucher from our free instore magazine, Student Choice.

the LSE closes in on leaders QMW who

First team report continued

are increasingly soiling their pants at the thought. With four crucial league games left and a massive cup semi-final clash, competition for places is fierce. Players are visibly training harder and putting in increasingly impressive performances to ensure selection. Alternatively, Goodman is trying to hold on to his place by writing reports, washing the kit and sucking Filippo's 'Little Fonzey'.

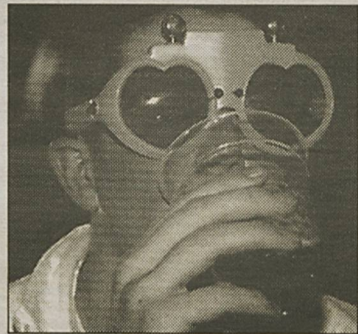
Hockey continued...

denied by the post. The defence continued to block all the potential openings, as Scouse Sam and Amar provided the medic attack with a harder time than would be found in the sheepstroker's room with a recorded and much watched episode of Baywatch on the telly.

L.S.E held on defiantly until 10 minutes from the end when the medics took the lead with two wanky goals in quick succession, that we cannot be bothered to write about. And despite some late changes, and inspired play from Ian 'the winging northern b'stard' and Hockey Kev, the LSE could not make up the deficit.

Whilst the LSE failed to create a miracle, shag the virgin or receive oral sex, it was bloody close and a neutral would have agreed that the Hockey boys whipped the medics butts. Jimbo Sully, umpiring due to a mysterious injury in the upper groin area was technically superb and could have taught his medic counterpart a lesson in fairness. So in the end we may have failed to knock 'Mighty Goliath the Medic' to the floor, but we gave him a damn good kick in the bollocks

Desperado Player Profile



LSE lecherous legend in licking labia (whilst bird is not looking) shocker. Naveen climbed aboard yet another gargantuan vessel last Friday night at the Holborn party and was happy to watch her 'go down' amidst shouts of 'land ahoy', 'stains on the starboard side captain' and 'shiver me timbers Naveens pulled and she shows definite signs of life'. Just who was that shipwreck with Naveen at the Holborn party? What treasures did she hold? and did he need a crow bar to get to the booty?

Name: Naveen Paul.
Nickname: Desperate twat.
Age: sweet 19 and never been kissed.
Date of birth: 19 years ago.
Weight: 11 stone.
Height: 5 ft 2 inches

Dept: Economics.
Favourite drink: lager.
Favourite food: Anything from Pizza Express.
Favourite film: Euroboy works out.
Last CD bought: The bastards that nicked my credit card bought loads.
Sporting hero: Dion Dublin, he works out at the same 'mens only, one bar of soap' gym that I do.
Three things you would take on a desert island with you: Two lovely girls and something to incapacitate them with. ooh baby.
Last book you read: How to make yourself attractive to women.
Most like to be stuck in a lift with: Any girl that's Stacked, Stupid and Single.
Least like to be stuck in a lift with: Matt and Mulligan after this character assassination.
Favourite nightclub: Limelight.
Y-fronts or boxers: Boxers.
Favourite chat up line: Please, oh go on, please, you know you want to, I won't tell anyone, I'll take it out again, please, I used to go out with Claudia Schiffer, please, owl there was no need for that. Oy, get off, I didn't know it was your girlfriend. (turns around) please, oh go on, please, you know please.....

LSE fifths give Queens good spanking

LSE drub QMW in comedy of errors QMW 4ths 1 - 4 LSE 5ths

James Mythen, the boy with the python

Nobody likes going out to Theydon Bois at 11am on a Saturday morning, least of all when tubes are replaced by buses halfway up the line. Thus, a depleted Fifths side met at Liverpool Street Station for the game against QMW. Andy Wynn had taken the weekend off to, in his words; 'bone some slappers in Hull' while Neil Bond was nowhere to be seen after waiting for half an hour. We were later to find out that he had been to the Holborn meat market the night before where he had picked up a 10oz American rump steak named Joanna. It appeared that she was a choice cut, as when Zak rang him up he was still in bed picking the gristle from his teeth.

The team left for Essex with eleven men after picking up Neil, bleary eyed, but bushy tailed, from the platform. However, they were nearly reduced to nine when Manual and Memo attempted their regular disappearing act and tried to buy tickets for the bus to Theydon Bois in the tube station. Having figured out the rigours of London transport, they arrived minutes later.

Fran Stevens was back for the game and was eager to reassert himself after the performance of Andy Martin the previous week. He managed to do this early on, following a slick midfield move that sliced the QMW defence in two, he broke the deadlock with a deft chip from three yards. Fran refused to rest on his laurels though and proved to be integral to LSE's second goal. Picking up a through pass from midfield, he was able to lay the ball across to Sergio Roman who scuffed the ball home. LSE were now rampant with the three amigos Sergio, Memo and Joaquin running rings round the bewildered QMW side. When halftime arrived LSE were loath to take the break, such was their dominance. This superiority persisted into the second half and quickly saw LSE score their third. A clumsy tackle on the edge of the box gave Panos the opportunity from a free kick. However, his effort was more likely to tunnel its way to goal than scream into the top corner, as

he initially said it would. The succeeding chaos in the penalty box as the ball slid beneath the wall saw a QMW defender hit into his own net, while Zak and Fran argued about whose goal it was on the grounds of proximity.

The fact that we have played QMW four times in the last three games meant that some of the players have become quite familiar. However, to Nigel Swinbank they seem to have become too familiar, so much so that he believed that he was on the same team as them. This was the only explanation we could find for Nigel flashing a clearance into his own net to make the score 3-1 soon after LSE's third. The other explanation we suggested could not be printed as it was considered too obscene.

Francis completed proceedings with his second and LSE's fourth after taking the ball around the sprawling keeper following a quick LSE counterattack. Late saves by Manual and a successful defensive performance by the Erik the Viking prevented QMW gaining any consolation. However, their performance and Francis's two goals had their shine taken off by Nigels own goals. The victory gave LSE their fifth win in four games and has set them up for a possible promotion slot.

If anyone is interested in playing a football match with the Bankside Hall of Residence team please contact Bill on 0171-574-6299

Thirds 'Camped' at bottom of league

Questions asked of supremo Camp after drubbing

LSE 3rd XI 1 - 9 St Barts 1st XI

Michael 'shit album reviews' Epstein

Speculation over the future of Chris 'Fred West' Camp as captain of the maligned third team intensified after a thorough dumping on by the might of Barts. Recent criticisms of the mass murdering paedophile centre half include 'incidents' on the recent tour to Paris which cannot be commented on for legal reasons, and indiscipline on the field of play which included foul mouthed abuse at referees and a recent sending off under the category of 'sexual misconduct'. Our cause in this particular match was not aided by the fact that the thirds only had eight players, despite all night efforts

by Fred West to 'dig up a few more players'. Regulars Zed and Theepan were missing with 'sleeping sickness', whilst fairweather playboy James Mulligan was just missing; the latter being branded a 'f**king desperate nancy boy' by the unimpressed Camp.

Still, the eight players soldiered on, starting brightly creating chance after chance (for the opposition). After half an hour, Barts had still not scored; but unfortunately Camp managed to. An innocuous corner from the opposition drifted aimlessly into the box, until Chris 'The Italian Job' Camp, under pressure from the entire Gloucester constabulary, sliced the ball past stand in keeper Che 'Princess Leia' Singh to put the home side one up. Despite some attractive football and possession play from the

visitors, defensive mistakes and sheer weight of numbers conspired to put the medics four or five nil up by half time. After half-time it was a different story; Camp switched from centre half to keeper, releasing the effervescent Singh in attack, thus allowing 'Filth' Freeman to deputise as an impressive stopper at the back. The lad Che soon showed us what he was about, receiving a ball from the battling midfield general Goodman, slipping pass two defenders before curling an unstoppable shot into the top left hand corner. Barts, having scored nine by this stage, clearly allowed complacency to creep in, inexplicably assuming that the points were in the bag, but unfortunately LSE were unable to force home the other eight goals to snatch a point that they so richly deserved.

.....2 Pages of STONKING BeaverSport

LSE 1st XI 1 - 0 Kings
College 1st XI

By Andy Goodman

LSE 1st XI kept up the pace at the top of the premier division with this convincing victory over their mentally challenged neighbours. This game took a similar pattern to the previous meetings between the two, with LSE dominating the play and Kings desperately hoping that lady luck may be smiling down on them again. Fortunately for the LSE, Kings simple manager had forgotten his lucky bunny and the best team won.

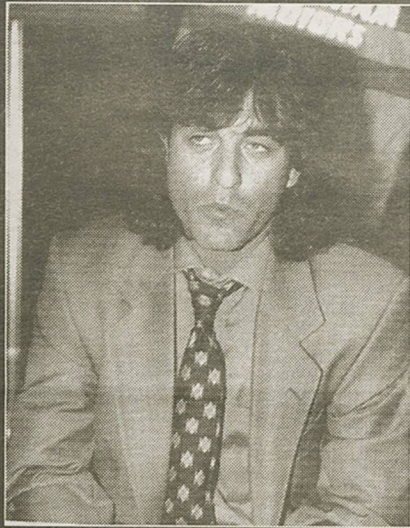
Whilst Mr Motivator Kevin Sharpe took the LSE troops through his legendary warm up routine (coming soon on video - RRP £9.99), Kings cunning(lingus) coach outlined the game plan to play long balls and exploit Miller and Wrights aerial ability. What the dopey twat failed to realise is that Miller and Wright are two of the best headers of a ball in the league and the Kings strikeforce consisted of two short-arses. Quick to take advantage of this questionable game plan, the LSE took control.

Whilst Kings satisfied their simple demands by kicking the ball very high in the air, the LSE midfield rumbled into action. On the right, "hockey boy" Allen teased the Kings full back with some stunning stick work, despite the disappointment of not being allowed to go in the bully-off. Andrea on the left made some dangerous runs and was unlucky not to score on a number of occasions, although there were some communication problems as his girlfriend had forbidden him from speaking to the rest of the team. Such problems were not experienced by Fatemi and Goodman. Nader Fatemi was as brilliant as ever with his powerful runs and exemplary passing and Goodman headed the ball a lot.

The Kings manager must have thought that his lucky bunny was working his magic with the scoreline of 0-0 at half-time thanks to some great saves by the Kings keeper and some underpar finishing by the LSE.

The second half was still young however when the breakthrough finally came. 007 Tibble had proved his talent on the left hand side just

**BEAVERSPO
TELLS IT HOW IT IS**



Captain Filippo.....THRILLED

ten days before at the expense of a bunch of ugly Parisiens. This time it was a bunch of ugly Londoners from Kings who were cursing the amazing talents of the special agent as he raced from his goal to deliver a wonderful pass to Andrea who briefly managed to squeeze out from under the thumb to find Captain Venini. he in turn delivered a perfect pass into the path of Steff who drove the ball low past the Kings keeper.

with this goal under their belts,

the LSE grew stronger. Super Kev was taking throw ins from all over the park and Amol Mandrekar defied the laws of gravity to jump for a header. It was perhaps the realisation that the opposition was a bunch of clowns that caused the LSE to pile on the pressure. Nader was causing havoc for the Kings defence who layered their strides every time the little Iranian got the ball. In reality, the LSE should have finished the job off, with the Mediterranean stars Filippo and

andrea missing good opportunities.

At 1-0 however, Kings were always in with a chance and they must have taken heart when promising moves from the LSE ended with Goodman flashing several shots just past the corner flag. Unfortunately, the game had to be stopped for a lengthy period when the ball was sent into the tennis courts and the Kings star pupil intelligently deduced how to work a gate. Despite this, and the customary

late shocks, LSE ended the game as 1-0 victors. There was some confusion as the Kings 'gimp' manager celebrated on the final whistle and he was very disappointed when told that the two teams changed ends at half time. Later that evening, his lucky bunny was given a right good talking to.

This was another great result as

Continued on inside page

**WE'VE
STEFFED
THEM
AGAIN!**

**Greek wizard Steffano socks
it to sorry Strand poly**

**EXCLUSIVE Hockey boys
snatch defeat from
jaws of victory**

LSE 1st XI 2 - 3 Charring Cross 1st XI

By Sully and the Sheepstroker

When Moses parted the Red Sea it went down in history as a miracle, the result of divine intervention. Although Moses was not present in Houghton street on Wednesday (he

was probably attending the Directors lecture), L.S.E hockey boys almost created a miracle. The David and Goliath meeting of Charring Cross (top of the league tossers) and L.S.E

(bottom of the league beer drinkers) had the L.S.E lads searching for some mighty large pebbles. However with the strongest side assembled for L.S.E this year there was just a glimmer of hope.

The first quarter of the match witnessed unrelenting L.S.E pressure and sterling defensive work from Malte "Chopper" Gerhold (a vicious German), PC Andy, Tom Tosser, and Swiss Chris (another vicious German). The midfield was also dominant and the medics defence was shown to possess as many holes as a very holey thing, with Pete "semtex" Alexander and Matt "the magic" Marsh carving out numerous opportunities. However, sadly, and completely against the run of play it was the medic wankers that opened the

scoring with a SHIT goal that had no class. Though it was but 5 minutes later that the L.S.E demonstrated to the medic pretenders what class was really all about. An attack that possessed both skill and pace generated a free hit close to the sideline, and a pass of blistering speed and unerring accuracy picked out the sheepstroker on the edge of the D. With his back to goal a deft touch from the stroker nutmegged the defender and sent the ball wide of the sprawling keeper into the back of the net.

The pressure from L.S.E continued, and they received their due rewards three minutes before the break, as Rob "pieman" Allen danced his way through the medics defence only to be denied by the keeper accidentally

tripping over and inadvertently deflecting the ball from its original course. All was not lost, as Hassan was on hand to dispatch the ball into the open net from an acute angle.

Half time arrived and the L.S.E were 2:1 up, and vice captain Malte (a vicious German) pointed out that the virgin (or game as we say in England) was there for the taking. And thus during the second half the L.S.E protected their lead valiantly in the hope of getting some sort of shag after the game. And indeed they came close to extending their lead (which I guess would have constituted some extra added bonus, maybe oral sex, who knows?) as Dan "the ladies man" Climpson was

Continued...Inside Page