

Monday, November 22nd, 1999
Issue 508
First Published May 5, 1949
The Newspaper of the LSESU
Executive Editor: Daniel Lewis
E-mail: d.lewis@lse.ac.uk

TheBeaver

WHO'S THE FIRESTARTER?

Matt Smith

The Old Building was the scene of drama last Monday as a fire raged in the basement. With smoke billowing out of reception, LSE staff suspected that there was serious danger, leading to the whole building being evacuated and causing serious disruption to the teaching program. Most of the day was lost as LSE staff, the Fire Brigade and London Electricity Board attempted to stop the blaze and make the Old Building safe once again.

The fire was the result of burning oil, ignited by overheating in an electrical substation situated in the basement of the building. Once the fire was discovered, further problems developed, with the room where the substation is based locked with a heavy duty padlock, which only the London Electricity Board (LEB) had the authority to remove. The Fire Brigade were contacted but refused to enter the room until the LEB arrived, due to the high voltages and risks associated.

An hour passed before the LEB arrived, with the building still seemingly at threat. Meanwhile, the fire alarm had been sounded and students and staff had been evacuated from the building to the assembly point in Sheffield Street. All entrances and exits in the Old Building had to be sealed off, to stop people drifting back inside. Second year Economics student Rahul Joshi said: "I'd just ordered a pizza and was waiting when the fire alarm went off. At first the catering staff and students ignored it - most people thought it was a false alarm. Eventually, people realised there was a fire and began to evacuate the building quickly."

When the LEB arrived it was confirmed that the building was not safe and that there was a risk of an explosion. LSE Head of Security,



Fighting fire with fire(engines).....

Bernie Taffs said "The door to the room was so hot, you couldn't touch it." Eventually entry was gained to the room and the fire brigade and engineers began working on the situation. However, the fire alarm was switched off, because, according to Taffs, the fire brigade suggested there was no need to have it continually sounding while they were working on the problem.

Further problems then ensued as students believed the emergency was over and began to return to the Old Building. A second fire alarm then had to be sounded, adding to the confusion as people congregated outside the main entrance to the Old Building. John Probyn, a first year Economic History student said: "More people were drawn to the Old Building, trying to find out what was going on and gathering outside the main entrance." As a result of this, a further assembly in Sheffield Street

was needed to clear the area.

In order to work on the problem electricians had to divert electrical current away from the building, plunging the area into darkness and stopping lifts within the building. Taffs said that he "had never been in such blackness."

In order to work on the problem electricians had to divert electrical current away from the building, plunging the area into darkness and stopping lifts within the building. Taffs said that he "had never been in such blackness."

This loss of power resulted in the further exclusion of students and staff. To solve this problem the London Electricity Board positioned a large generator in Houghton Street to power the building while work was carried out. Power was eventually restored in the Building, but with a reduced current, resulting in intermittent lighting failures. It is thought that a new transformer will be needed before the problem can be fully rectified.

Initial rumours that the fire was started because of a short circuit caused by the wiring from the new "Airport Lounge" style entrance to the Old Building have so far proved unfounded.

Despite the initial panic many students were quite impressed at the unusual excitement on the campus. A random third year was heard to comment "Oh firemen... finally talent on Houghton Street!"

Picture:Daniel Lewis



GET MARCHING!!



GET DOWN WITH JUDGE JULES



BART TAKES ON THE B-BOYS

INSIDE

News

Tete-a-tete with student tutors

Bikes crisis deepens

London Transport shambles

Rachel Goldwyn: the people's hero?

Features

In memory of Dev; 1984 meet the internet; Conciliation in Cyprus; Portillo the pretender.

Sport

Hockey boys win a game

Fat Bob has a rant

Bart

Beastie Boys special

Onegin review

Eswar plays games

Fine Arts get to grips with coffee culture

RIDE ON TIME

Ed Sexton

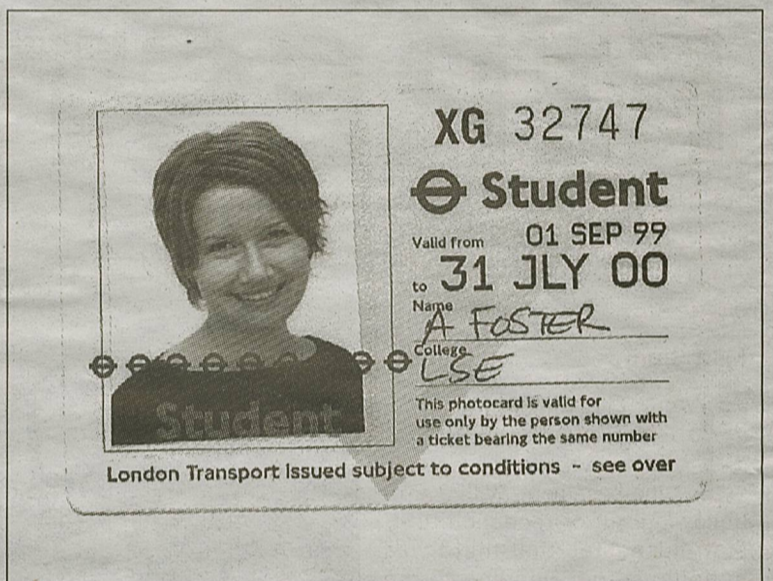
With almost two months of the academic year gone, many LSE students have still not received their London Transport student photocard, despite applying for them at the start of term. The scheme, which was introduced last year, has faced continual criticism over its poor administration, prompting many student unions to take on the administration costs themselves.

The photocard gives students a 30% discount on weekly and season tickets, and was broadly welcomed last year by ULU and London colleges as being long overdue. On the application form London Transport promises it "will make every effort to dispatch [the card] within 21 days", but some LSE students have been waiting for twice that long this term. One undergraduate described the situation as "ridiculous... what's the point in the card if I never get it?". At the start of term several students bought normal adult weekly travelcards instead of a monthly card, in the hope that their photocard would arrive quickly. One postgraduate commented "I've bought five weekly [zone] one to four tickets - if I'd known it would take so long, I'd have got a monthly!". Five weekly zone one to four tickets costs over £130: A monthly (four week) card with the discount costs just over £70.

Francis O'Sullivan-Wallace, from London Transport's press office, did admit that there had been "teething troubles" with the scheme, blaming the increasing number of students applying for the card as part of the problem. When asked when students could expect to receive their photocards she was unable to specify how long it would take, but did say "we're doing as much as we can".

When faced with similar problems at Imperial last year, then ICU President David Hellard asked all affected students to send their complaints to the Union, which he then sent to London Transport. He recalled that "Matt Hyde [then ULU President] voiced some of our concerns to LT in person, but it didn't help improve the situation". Apparently he wasn't given any guarantee that the situation would improve this year.

The situation at Imperial and Kings has been much better this year, however. At Kings the cards were issued through the Union for the first three weeks, greatly reducing the waiting period. Scott Rice, KCLSU president, said that their Union had issued "in excess of 7000 cards... I have heard of only 1 student who is waiting". The cost to King's Union, however, was estimated at over £2500. Imperial College Union has also been piloting the 'self-issue' scheme. Natasha Newton, ICU President, described organising the



A travelcard is essential for the modern sportswoman.....

distribution as "not easy", but explained that "over a third of IC students got cards on the day they wanted them - they had a max 30 minute wait". She estimated the admin costs at around £600.

No other colleges tried the self-issue scheme this year, despite the fact all colleges were invited to pilot it. Ms O'Sullivan-Wallace seemed keen for Unions to distribute the cards themselves; "it's one of the plans we have [for next year]" she said. Whether or not LSESU will learn from Imperial and Kings' success and distribute the cards themselves next year remains to be seen.

"I've bought five weekly [zone] one to four tickets - if I'd known it would take so long, I'd have got a monthly!". Five weekly zone one to four tickets costs over £130: A monthly (four week) card with the discount costs just over £70.

COUNCIL ON THE RACK

Earlier in the term the bike racks outside the library were removed due to its ongoing renovation. With LSE's big community of cyclists, comprised of both students and staff, the problem of finding a safe place to put your bike is becoming serious.

A recent Library Steering Group has revealed that there are plans in the pipeline to deal with the problems of bike storage, especially as there is little bike parking provision at the current

library. However, getting bike racks put up outside the current library building has been problematic as the area outside is officially a 'public highway' causing much bureaucratic difficulty. Apparently City of London Council, who currently have a policy of encouraging cyclists, have responded enthusiastically to the possibility of replacing the paving stones near Took's Court in Fernival Street with bike racks. Unfortunately there will be no

decision taken on this until January.

Jon Frewin, SU Treasurer, has promised to contact the City of Westminster Council (who are responsible for this area) following the appearance of ominous blue signs last week stating that is any bikes were left unattended on the 13th of November they would be removed and impounded.

The word from the Estates Officer, Chris Cudleaky, is that the bike racks promised opposite the bookshop will be there as soon as the scaffolding comes down.

Despite the lack of movement on this issue the Student Union are supportive to LSE's cycling community. Frewin, who was himself a cyclist, said, "not only do they help ease congestion but they get fit and save money at the same time". Students unite. Members of Staff who cycle quite outspoken

Paul Norman, a third year undergraduate, said that following the loss of about three quarters of the bike parking "the security of bikes has completely disappeared. The bike racks outside the old library had CCTV surveillance and a partial shelter to keep bikes out of the rain. These are features which should be seen as very important in the planning of future bike parking. "Even temporary bike parking should have security cameras" said Norman, pointing out that many cyclists were cycling to save money and could not afford to have their bike stolen.

The bikes are continuing to pile up on Houghton Street and the cyclists are getting more and more annoyed. Unfortunately, however, it seems as though they may be in for a bit of a wait.

Sarah Hartwell

JUDGEMENT NIGHT

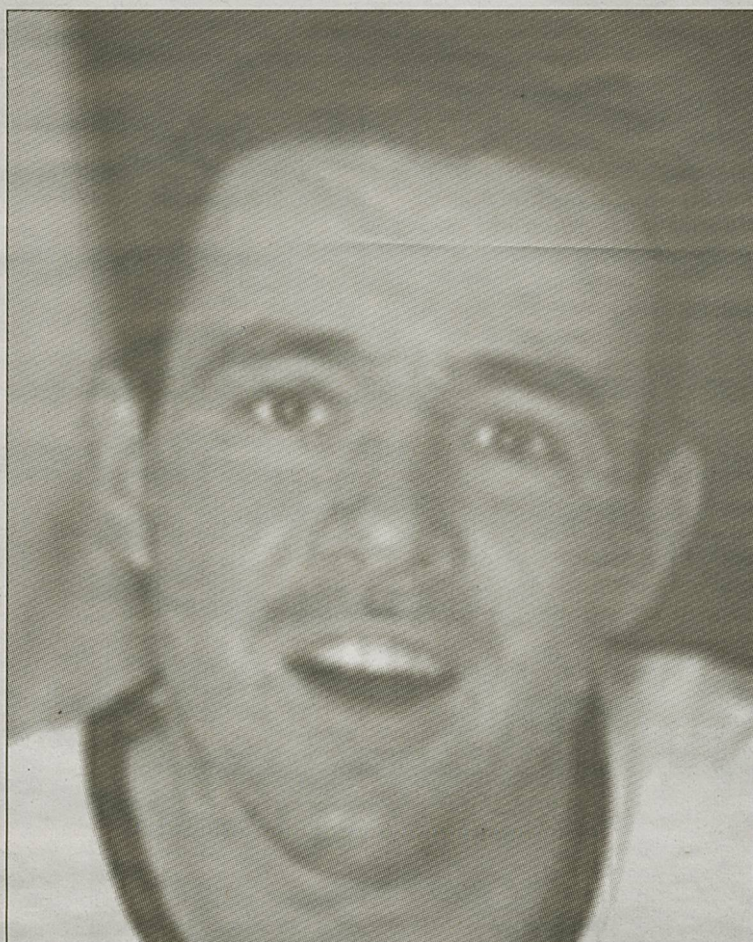
Gareth Palmer

Wednesday sees the official opening of the new entertainment facilities in the Quad, and what an extravaganza the boy Hatton has created for our delectation. A crazy night of dance music will culminate in a 2 hour set from top DJ, and former LSE student, Judge Jules. Does it get much better, I ask you?

In a state of frenzied excitement, Ents sab Alan Hatton told The Beaver: "This is by far the most exciting thing that has happened in my time at the LSE, and it is going to be a great night."

Some may question the expense of hiring such a big name, but due to the LSE connection, and the wheeling and dealings of our man, the Judge has agreed to play for £1500, half his normal fee. Alan said: "Yes, it is a lot of my budget on one night, but then this is a major event. It's not every week we have the official opening of a brand new entertainment facility, and yes we will be having a ribbon cut at some point. It is going to be expensive, around £6 a ticket, but then you are seeing a two hour set from one of the big names in dance music. Lets just say there are only 500 tickets, and I don't expect any to be left over."

Judge Jules is one of the more



Jules rules it in the Quad

Picture: Archives

prominent ex-LSE students, ranking alongside Carlos the Jackal in fame terms. He studied law here, graduating with a 2:2,

and it is from this that the name Judge comes from. In recent elections, he came an unlucky second to Mo Mowlam as honorary

president of the Union. The Judge is considered an important figure in the dance music scene, with an international reputation for DJing, as well as a regular Friday night show on Radio 1. He is also A&R man for Manifesto Records, and is responsible for the excessively repetitive "Higher State of Consciousness", the massive hit for Josh Wink a few years back, and still a frequently heard tune.

The night has been greeted with enthusiasm on Houghton Street. Second year James Taylor philosophised: "Umm, sounds interesting. A big name at the LSE, playing some high quality dance music. I will definitely try and get my filthy hands on a ticket." And in a somewhat cryptic closing comment, this strange individual added: "Although, I'll be leaving my lightstick at home".

Wednesday sees the official opening of the new entertainment facilities in the Quad, and what an extravaganza the boy Hatton has created for our delectation.



Union Jack

Swinging from the sombre to the sublime and the somnambulant to the stupid, the UGM is slowly recovering from the battering it has recently received from the forces of apathy. Even the Sabbs contributed to the new mood of optimism by attending in fancy dress - Frewin arrived in Citizen Smith style combat fatigues (an eerie echo of the Aga years) while Becks pre-empted one of the motions by coming dressed as an elf. While Jon Black was busy this week telling Giddens to shut up and listen to him, for he is the messiah sent to liberate us, Frewin has been fiddling with wires, Hatton's been drinking and Beks has been playing with the fairies at the bottom of the garden. Still, they're better than the last lot.

Talking of things that can only get better, Blackwell gave another vintage performance (after an attempt to join in the big boys' fun by limply throwing a frisbee). Blackwell, perhaps with an eye on a larger stage, has become a populist, attempting to placate the Marxist hordes by suggesting we distribute British coal. Maggie shut them all down when you were still in your cot, little boy.

Talking of the Iron Greengrocer and er, coalmining, Black's speeches are becoming a curious mix of Kinnock-style passion and Thatcher mumsiness. Don't shout at the little people, boys. And tuck those shirts in.

Still, the image of Jon Black carrying Hatton on his back was an intriguing one; Jack feels that more physical exertion should be demanded of the Sabbs, especially given that they couldn't be bothered to go to the cenotaph. Frewin should shave his head and take up bare knuckle fighting, while Beks surely has a promising career as a kickboxer ahead of her.

The sight of Fat Bob proposing a serious motion that had all the hacks in a flap (albeit a well-organised, write your speech before the UGM flap) led the UGM into a stunned silence. Jack ended being confused - is a woman's officer a good thing or a bad thing? Answers on a postcard please. The only thing that was clear is that Bob is taking Jack up on his challenge to run for Gen. Sec by throwing his not inconsiderable weight behind some constitutional type stuff. Will we see a leaner meaner Bob as election day nears? Watch this space.

Jack notices that the later stages of recent UGM have seen small groups of bemused Economics students wandering in, completely at a loss as to what is going on. Until we advertise in the FT, most of this lot will always regard us as the crazy gang.

EO and LH

NEWS IN BRIEF

OFFICER TO GO?

Louise Brodersen, the newly elected Women's Officer is in the process of putting together a Women's Handbook and would be happy to hear from any students who would like to contribute. Articles about anything to do with women's issues as well as photographs, artwork and ideas for the front cover are all needed. Louise intends for the handbook to be half factual and half entertainment and the deadline for

submissions is the 29th of November. For further information you can contact Louise at L.Brodersen@lse.ac.uk.

The Handbook project comes amidst controversy surrounding the position of women's officer. It has been suggested that that the position is contradictory to the equal opportunities policies of the union and for this reason, a motion has been put forward to abolish it. Brodersen is obviously against the motion and believes that there is

still strong need for a women's officer. She argues that if the position of women's officer is contradictory to the equal opportunities policies of the union, then what about the overseas, postgraduate, and mature students officer positions? Does it follow that they should be abolished too? At the time of going to press the result of what is likely to be a fiery debate remain in the balance.

XCHANGE IT!

Two engineering students on intercollegiate course (UCL/LSE)-Clinton Gomer and Robert Harston- have set up a site to allow students to buy and sell second hand books, CDs, videos, DVDs and computer games on the web.

The great thing is, at www.Xchangelt.co.uk, registration

and advertising are totally free, and buying second hand items via 'Xchangelt' won't cost you, the buyer, a penny more than the seller wants for your item. Sellers are not limited to just students at LSE, but tens of thousands others across the UK. The website puts buyers in contact with sellers at a small commission rate of only 10%, charged to the seller-paid only once a successful transaction has been carried out.

Student response to 'Xchangelt' so far has been overwhelming, according to its organisers. They also point out that this is the perfect time to 'advertise any unwanted textbooks as students are currently looking to purchase for the academic year'.

WORD ON THE (HOUGHTON) STREET

WITH IAN CURRY AND LAURE TREBOSC

RACHEL GOLDWYN: FREEDOM FIGHTER OR MOUTHY LIGHTWEIGHT?



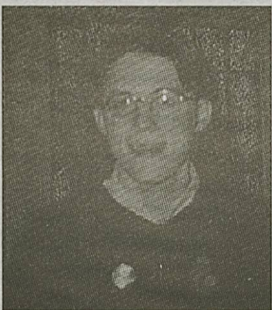
The release of Rachel Goldwyn from a Burmese prison graced the front page of the *Beaver* a fortnight ago. Since then, the Student's Union have tried to arrange for the 'Burma One' to give a talk at her *alma mater*. Her protest has attracted worldwide media attention to the regime in Myanmar, but her actions have been criticized in many quarters as unnecessary. Is it right that people

like Rachel protest against foreign regimes? Was her method of doing so the best way of going about things?

In a new regular feature, Ian Curry (with photographs by Laure Trebosc) go in search of the opinions of LSE students themselves. Do we approve of the actions of this alumni of our University - or do we think she was just being silly?

Jonathan Black, SU General Secretary

She is the Student Union's honorary president, and was elected in recognition of what she has done, her commitment to democracy. She stands for the values LSE stands for, and this has ensured a high degree of interest and support from LSE students. She was aware of the dangers before going to prison, and I believe she commands the highest degree of respect from present students.



Chris Holbrook, Government

I think it is interesting that Rachel has stopped criticizing Burma, that perhaps this was a condition for her release. I've lost respect for her and her family since the release - I mean, she's even going on a 'fact finding' mission for the Burmese government. What a turnaround!



Nick Wilkens, International History

I think the fact that she had previously worked with the Burmese people shows that she was genuinely trying to help. She knew the consequences, but thought it was worth it to further the cause.



Ed Jones, History

I believe she was a freedom fighter, and has done a good job of getting the world's media interested. She knew the danger, she wasn't stupid - she studied at LSE!



Katrina Reid, Government

I haven't really been following the story, although I have heard of her. I think it was ridiculous that she was arrested for so minor a crime in the first place.



Nicki Hall, Social Psychology

I had seen the story, but only as a front cover. I think that she was driven primarily by beliefs, not personal glory. I respect her, but it was a bit silly to go so far as to land herself in prison.



Julia Suemerstall, Social Policy

I believe she was genuine and totally respect what she did and her will power. I would like to think I could do something like that, but I am not as passionate on the issue. Perhaps she got out of her depth by ending up in prison.



Anne Chan, Management

I haven't been following the story too closely, and wouldn't like to comment on the issues. I don't think she should have been imprisoned, maybe just a warning. I certainly don't think it was representative of East Asian ideas on democracy in general.



Gareth Edmonds, Philosophy

I wasn't too sure of the specific case, but I think that it would need something more close to home to get me involved. It is a bizarre predisposition to to endanger yourself so much. I respect anyone who does that, but can not understand why they would.



Arnaud Salters, Russian Studies

I think that she was a freedom fighter, but it's not something I think I would be able to do. The whole effort shows her passion of belief. If not in the most effective way, it did get people talking.

WHEN THE TUTEES BECOME THE TUTORS

Laura Hales

Student Tutoring is something that has been going strong for over five years and this year, 180 LSE students from the first year through to postgraduate level are taking part. The LSE along with UCL and the University of North London forms part of the North London Connection with the scheme's aim being to send university students into London schools in order to give much needed help in the classroom.

The LSE students (sponsored by BP Amoco) are tutoring in thirty two schools from the London Boroughs of Islington, Camden, Lambeth, Westminster and Kensington and these are a mixture of Primary, Secondary, mixed and single sex schools. Student tutors are helping out with virtually all subjects and third year Management student Matt Smith is particularly happy with his subject "On my first day I was teaching a group of 8 year olds about erosion which basically consisted of playing with sand in the staff car park. I really enjoyed myself and had forgotten how good school was at that age."

As well as giving hands on help in the classroom, a major aim of student tutoring is to try and raise pupils aspirations and encourage them to aim for a university education themselves. Jon Medlin is a General Course student from Dallas, Texas. He is assisting with careers advice in an all girls comprehensive school and says of his experience "student tutoring is not what I expected since I assumed that I would be teaching an actual subject but I'm really enjoying helping the kids to decide what they want to do in the future. I told one girl that I was studying Sociology at the LSE and 10 minutes later I found her looking up which subjects she'd like to study at university. It was nice to think that I'd somehow affected her decision to continue with schooling."

Amy Mannion is a second year and student tutor at an inner city comprehensive in the Islington area. She says of her experience "I'm working in quite a deprived school and I really feel as though I'm making a positive contribution to the education of the kids. It's



Student tutors can really make a difference

Picture: Daniel Lewis

good for me as well because I enjoy myself when I'm there - it's a break from the daily routine."

However, as well as having considerable advantages for the schools and pupils, being involved in the scheme also provides university students with valuable skills. Increasingly, employers are

stressing the need for graduates to have good communication, problem solving and leadership skills and the North London Connection gives students a chance to develop all three. So are LSE students merely participating in the scheme in the hope of adding an impressive new entry to

their CV? Mannion thinks not and says "if someone did this simply because they thought it would look good on their CV then I don't think they would last very long. You have to be interested in what you're doing otherwise the kids will notice and if that happens, nobody is going to benefit."

SANCTIONING A DISCUSSION

The effects of Sanctions on Iraq is an issue that has been under the spotlight recently with Cambridge University's Student Union Society CASI (Campaign Against Sanctions on Iraq) organising a weekend conference on the topic earlier this month.

Since the Gulf War the United Nations have imposed full economic and military sanctions on Iraq. However, it is becoming clearer over time that the sanctions policy is having little impact on Saddam Hussein and his regime. It is, however, having an impact on the people of Iraq who are suffering, in particular from a lack of medical supplies, due to non-military sanctions.

George Galloway, a back-

bench Labour MP, has been involved in the campaign to raise awareness about these issues and in May 1998 a young Iraqi girl, Mariam Hamza, was brought to Glasgow for treatment of her leukaemia. This lent much publicity to the issue of the suffering of the Iraqis and since then the Mariam Appeal has been campaigning to raise awareness and provide medical and other provisions to the people of Iraq. This month saw the culmination of an awareness raising campaign which involved a red double decker bus, bearing the words 'We love the people of Iraq', driven from Glasgow, Scotland, to Baghdad, Iraq, attending numerous rallies en route.

This week, the LSE Anthropology Society has arranged a talk/discussion on the issues surround the sanctions on Iraq policy. The talk, to be held on 23rd November at 6.30pm (Seligman Library, 6th floor, Old Building), will be attended by George Galloway who will be putting the case against sanctions and speaking about the work that he has done with the Mariam Appeal. During the course of the organisation of the talk, problems have arisen in finding speakers who are willing to put forward the other side of the debate. outspoken on these issues in the past, refused out and out to take part due to his personal problems. Various journalists have declined

to speak and the task of finding somebody from within government to speak in support of the sanctions policy has been near on impossible. MPs John Battle, Peter Hain, Ann Clwyd and Ben Bradshaw all declined or were "unable to attend" due to other commitments.

Perhaps the lack of willing defenders of the sanctions policy speaks volumes in itself. It is possible that a speaker from the Foreign and Commonwealth Office will be there on Tuesday, but despite promising 'phone conversations there has been no confirmation - yet. This begs the question: is anybody prepared to toe the party line on this issue? "It's a shame" said one

anthropology society representative, "we had hoped to ensure that those attending would be offered objective information about this, allowing them to come along, hear both sides, and make up their own minds".

But the talk will go ahead, whether or not the government provides someone to defend its position. Dr Nadje Al-Al, an Anthropologist and Lecturer at Sussex University will also be speaking, highlighting in particular the effect of sanctions on women.

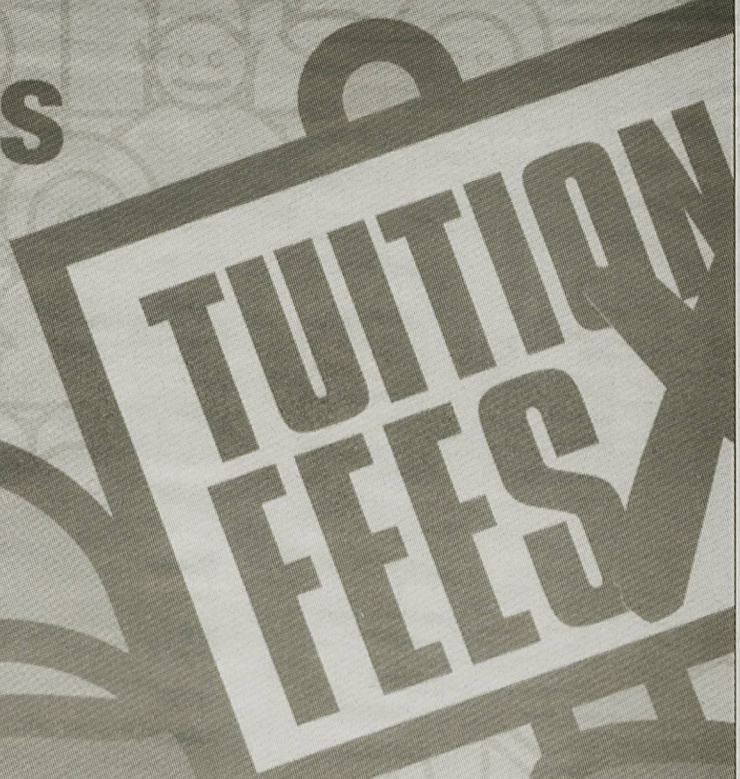
Discussion about Sanctions on Iraq, 23/11/99 at 6:30pm (Seligman Library, 6th floor, Old Building),

Sarah Hartwell

Scrap Tuition Fees

End Hardship

Decent Pay



***national
march for
education***

25 November 1999,

Assemble 11am, Malet Street, London

Join with NUS, AUT, & NATFHE

See your Students' Union, Guild or Association for details

NUS

NATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS

***right
behind
you***



Editorial

Finally we can sit back and heave a collective sigh of relief - the biggest ever (we think) and most colourful Beaver ever is finally on the stands. There are some pretty important issues discussed in the paper this week, and we hope that we're playing our part in getting them discussed.

The main event is of course the National March for Education this Thursday. The Beaver urges you all to get out and vote with your feet - no one ever changed anything sitting around reading the Financial Times, so come along and let everyone know you care.

Much is at stake - the death of free education and, more significantly in my opinion, the removal of grants to poorer students were allowed to take place without so much as a whimper from an inept NUS leadership two years ago. Say what you will about the present regime, but I for one think that the current trend of co-operating with the Teaching Unions for fight for fairer pay, working conditions and an end to hardship is a positive step, and one that we should back all the way.

Over the past few years, the student movement has been portrayed (not entirely inaccurately) as dull, introverted and more interested in factional disputes (step forward, middle-class 'students' of the Alliance for Workers' Liberty) than in the world outside. Now is the chance to prove that students really do care, not only about themselves (even LSE students, surely?) but about the whole state of the education system (and, by extension, the future of the country). There is a time to drink, a time to work, but now is the time to march.

Talking of co-operation, we sincerely hope that the recent disputes between members of the Cypriot and Turkish societies will not be repeated in future. While we defend the right to freedom of speech (hence last week's article by a member of the Cypriot Society, followed today by a response from the Turkish Society), incitement to hatred is not acceptable. We'll still let people put their views in this newspaper, but in such multicultural surrounds a little more tolerance - and a little more communication - can't be too much to ask. Can it?

On a personal note, this is my final issue as Deputy Editor. I've had a lot of fun over the last two and a bit years, taken a lot of abuse, had loads of arguments and, hopefully, brought one or two issues to light. I'm pretty sure there's been a massive improvement in quality in the last few months, and I hope The Beaver will go from strength to strength.

Bye. Sniff.

Tom Livingstone
Deputy Editor

Letters

Shawly Some Mistake

Dear Sir,

Could I please use your paper to send a message to mobile phone users. I want to point out to them that the Shaw library is a LIBRARY, spelt L.I.B.R.A.R.Y. Libraries are where people go to either work quietly or, as in the Shaw's case, go for a little nap between the various hectic social activities that make up LSE life.

Telephones have no place in libraries, particularly mobile ones, and especially not those phones owned by those super-duper, grade A, solid gold sad little twats who program their phones to play plonker like tunes (such as the William Tell overture) when they ring!

Are these people's lives so empty that they have to be in constant touch with all of life's minutea? Can they not be out of contact even when they are working? And why do they have to f***ing well shout into them?

I'm desperate to know the answer. However, if they decide to transmit their eply by phone, could they not ring me when I'm working in the Shaw, because plain and simple good manners tell me that I should turn my phone off whenever I'm in there

Shaun K Joynson

UNION SHOP

IF YOU HAVE PREVIOUS SHOP/BAR WORK EXPERIENCE WE WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU

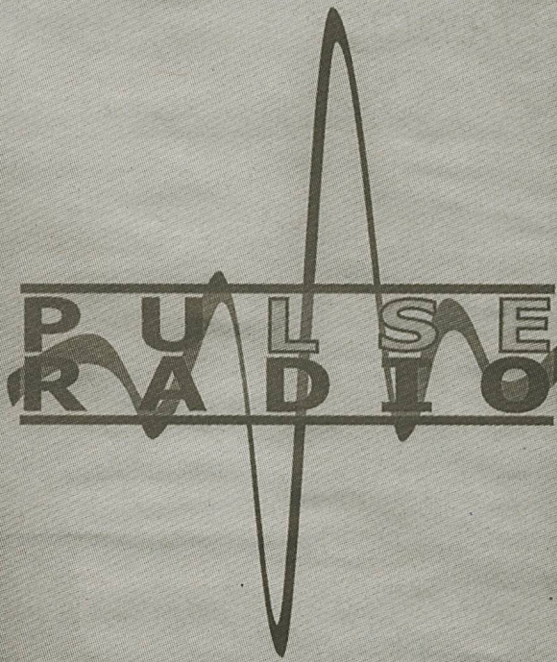
VACANCIES FOR CASUAL SHOP ASSISTANTS
£4.83 PER HOUR

CONTACT ANDY OR LIZ FOR AN APPLICATION FORM
PRIORITY WILL BE GIVEN TO 1ST YEAR STUDENTS

FINGER BACK ON PuLSE

Pulse FM is now broadcasting on the web. Find them on www.pulsefm.co.uk.

PuLSE is also available in the Quad and coming soon in the Gym.



TheBeaver

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
Daniel Lewis

DEPUTY EDITOR
Tomos Livingstone

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR
Laure Trebosc

ADVERTISING MANAGER
Ian Wise

Section 1

NEWS EDITORS
Shailini Ghelani
Mukul Devichand

POLITICAL EDITOR
James Corbett

INTERNATIONAL EDITOR
Claudia Kim

FEATURES EDITOR
Neelam Verjee

SPORTS EDITORS
Lee Federman
Anna Foster

Section 2 - BART

LITERARY EDITOR
Anna Yacoub

FILM EDITOR
Matt Berry

THEATRE EDITOR
James Simpson

MUSIC EDITORS
Jo Serieux
Shilpa Ganatra

CLUBBING EDITOR
James Cooper

FINE ARTS EDITOR
Jan Sagan

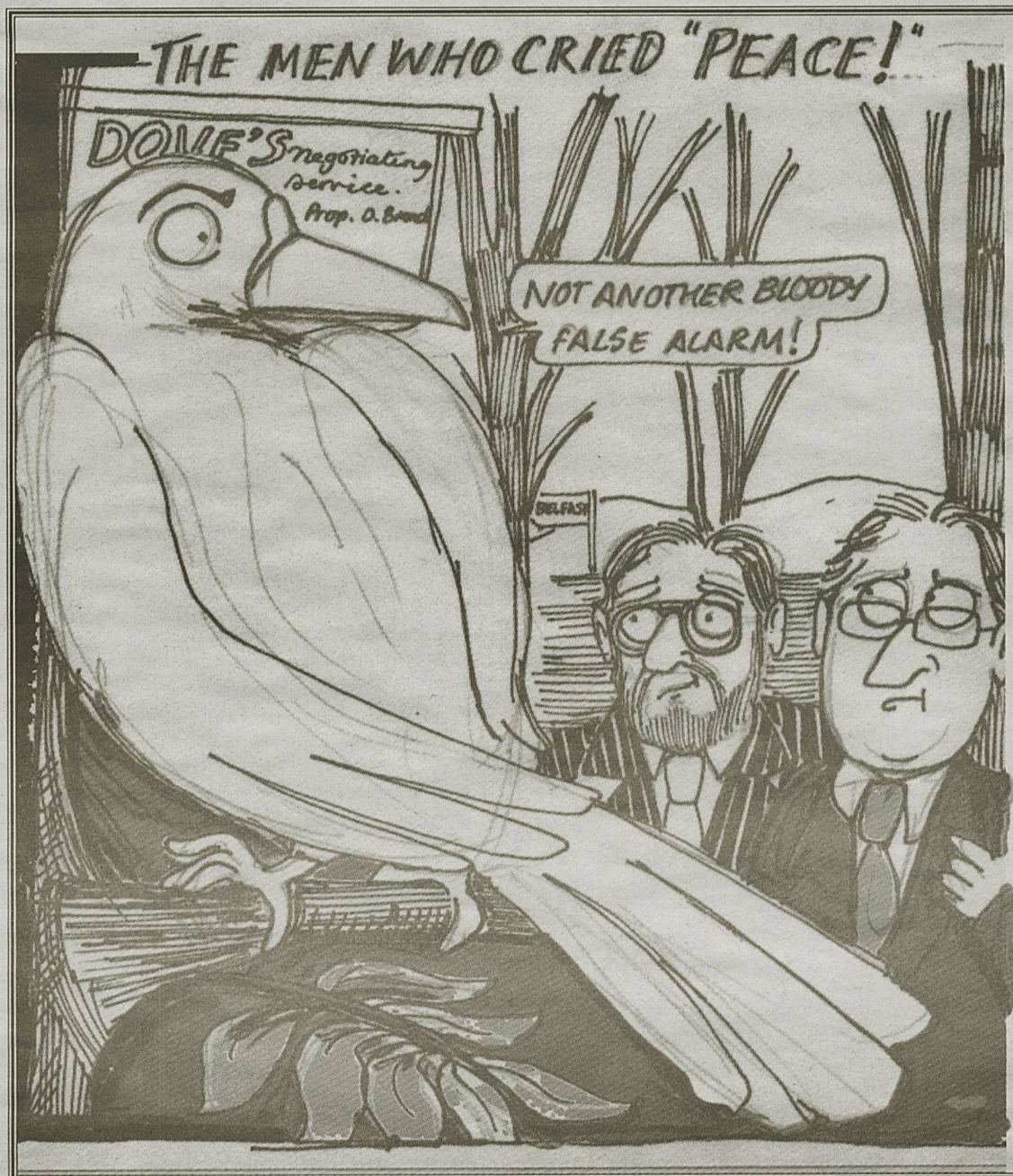
Collective

Amir Absood, Narius Aga, Anton Sebi Ahmed, Shaista Ahmed, Mark Antony, Sherrina Anuwar, Shama Aslam, David Bakstien, Mark Baltovic, Anne Beade, Laure Beaufills, Christina Beharry, Jonathan Black, Hannah Bryce, Naomi Colvin, Liz Chong, Peter Clegg, Michael Collins, Jonathan Cooper, Amit Desai, Ritesh Doshi, Michael Epstein, Helen Gibson, Deborah Goldemberg, Laura Hales, Shabnum Hasan, Katherine Jacomb, Helen Jamieson, Dana Johnson, Kristen Karistad, Tasha Kosviner, Philip Lam, Becky Little, Fredrik Ljone Holst, Kenneth Lo, Dan Madden, Garbielle Menezes, Linda Morris, Sinj Mukherjee, Ben Newton, Daniela Ott, Gareth Palmer, Mateo Paniker, Mark Pallis, Neel Patel, Alison Perine, Chelsea Phua, Claire Pryde, Mannan Raja, Zaf Rashid, Loretta Reehill, Silvia Santoro, Susannah Sava, Rob Sellers, Ed Sexton, Sunil Sodha, Tola Soley, Graham Stevenson, Matthew Stoate, Chris Sutcliffe, Jamie Tehrani, Damian Thong, Gulshan Verma, Julia Vowles, Julius Walker, Nick Wilkins, Matthew Wilkins, Christina Yap.

TheBeaver is published by the London School of Economics Students' Union and printed by Newsfax, of Unit 16, Carpenters Road, Bow Industrial Park, London E15. They can be contacted at 0181 986 3130.

TheBeaver can be contacted by phone or fax on 0171 955 6705.

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



FIFTEEN MINUTES OF FAME

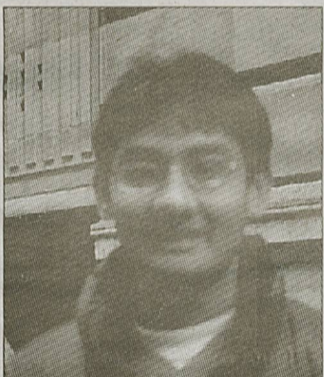


Niazi KaBalan (2nd year Law), Sebastian Loebus (3rd year IR & History) & Alex Cassavetti (2nd year Law)

"LSE is a very international university and it's a really good idea to get our students to add their views."

"CNN Q&A is a good show to be linked up with since it's a serious program and Ritz Khan is a moderate and neutral host."

"I wonder if there's censorship to the questions asked... it'd be better if the show was live... but at least we are stepping in the right direction."



Neilshah & Farooq (2nd year Actuarial Science)

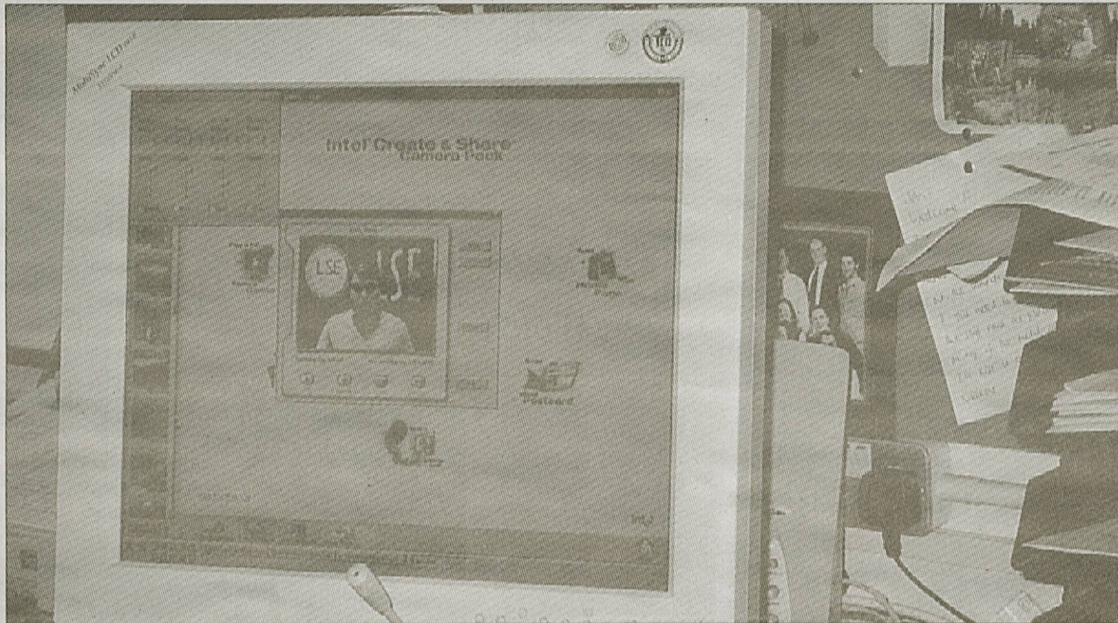
"It's fantastic... only 2 universities in the world were chosen to do this shows that LSE is better and it's brilliant for the reputation of LSE."

"LSE students can be the first to question the news makers"



Taru Patanen (2nd year Anthropology)

"I don't mind... this sounds interesting. I'll probably pose questions, depending on the person and the issue."



So Riz, what's the weather like your end?

Pic: Neha Unia

Finally, they are here. The long-awaited high-tech digital PC cameras have arrived in LSE, a month after the Beaver's first report on the CNN project. Although currently residing in SU Treasurer John Frewin's room, these delicate machines will be moved down to the Quad soon and be ready for the first recording of LSE students posing questions for the CNN show 'Q&A with Riz Khan' on 25 November.

A full test run with the recording and transmitting equipment was conducted last Thursday, where students posed practice questions to Mr. Kai Ede, the Chairman of the Organization of Security & Cooperation in Europe at the OSCE Summit in Istanbul. The outcome was encouraging and students participated in the testing enjoyed it immensely. "It was wicked," was the opinion of one participant as he fluttered by the Beaver office on Thursday evening. Everything is now set for action.

The CNN "Q&A", hosted by Riz Khan, is broadcast live every night at 8:30pm GMT on the CNN International Channel. LSE students will be able to pose questions from 2:30-3:30 p.m. in the Quad every Thursday to whoever the guest of the night is. The digital video clips of these students and their questions will then be e-mailed to the Q&A show editor in Atlanta, USA, where the show is produced.

Jonathon Black, the LSESU General Secretary, is really excited about this project. "This is so liberating!" was his comment. He also stressed that it would be a particularly valuable opportunity for the international students as they would be able to ask their respective leaders questions that

they wouldn't be able to ask at home.

So here's how the LSE question session actually works: at the beginning of every week, posters will be up around school announcing who the guest will be on that Thursday's Q&A. When the day comes around, rather than having students trying desperately to raise their hands above the crowd and get chosen randomly to ask questions, everyone will be able to write down the questions they want to ask. The CNN administrator from the London office will then look at each of these questions, throw out questions that are similar and choose about 12 most interesting questions (This number will vary because the administrator intends to send as many questions in as time permits). The students who posed these questions will then go one at a time and sit in front of the digital PC video camera and ask their questions while being recorded. Each of these digital video clips will then be emailed to CNN where the show editor will compare our LSE questions with all the other phoned-in, faxed-in or emailed-in questions and choose the best ones to be broadcast that night.

When asked whether LSE questions would be given preference, Black said that "the PC camera at LSE gives LSE students direct access to the Q&A show which other people don't have. This already put our students in a privileged position." Furthermore, he thinks that we are indeed better off since our questions come in video clips which will make better television.

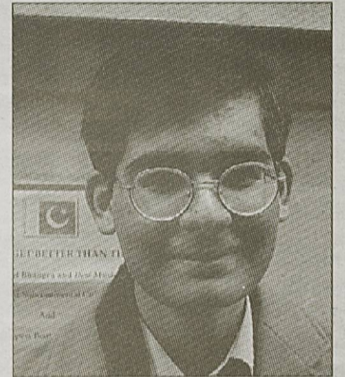
As LSE students only get to ask questions on Thursdays, is CNN going to invite guests that will be of particular interest to our

students? Black replied that there weren't such special arrangements and he thought that "there's no need for that because CNN is already constantly trying to invite internationally well-known figures - people of world significance."

On the whole, the LSE student body thinks that this CNN project is a good idea (although quite a number of you out there still haven't heard of it - how about reading the Beaver, huh?!). However, there seems to be some concern about censorship among the students. Black's response to this concern is firm and relieving. "Any students will be able to ask any questions. Questions will not be censored. Obviously, not everyone's questions will go on air because there isn't enough time on the show but the best of probing questions will most probably be asked. In fact, the more nasty a question, the more likely it will be asked." Black went on, explaining "CNN is an independent media group and also an international broadcasting channel. It is concerned with making good television too. CNN has chosen LSE because it is hoping that the questions LSE students ask will be probing."

In fact, only two universities in the world (LSE and Tokyo Sofia) were chosen by CNN to participate in this project. Black proudly believed that "LSE was picked over other universities because our students are well informed of what's going on in the world and we have the knowledge to put these people on the spot and give them a hard time." Or at least, that's what CNN hope. With time, perhaps, we can prove them right.

Tze-Wei Ng / Pictures by Neha Unia

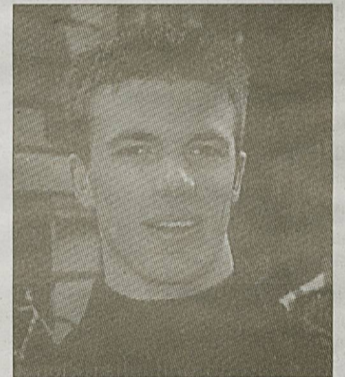


Tariq Rasheed (2nd year Law)

"This is a cool idea since LSE as a formal social science institution is given the possibility of participating in the show."

"If the issue concerned directly affects me, I'll be interested in posing questions."

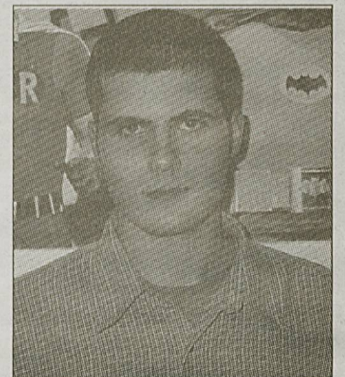
"CNN Q&A is a good show to be linked up with because of CNN's reputation in calling up people and that it's not only about politics, for example, the person who invented Yahoo was also invited as guest."



Kasper (2nd year Operational Research)

"This will be effective if the questions that we ask do get answered."

"A good idea... because we'll be able to explore different topics with the people who are directly involved in them."



Peter Gruca, General Course
"CNN is a f**king Capitalist news network, anything that involves Ted Turner (i.e. owner of CNN) is inherently evil."

DEV'S MEMORY LIVES ON

Tom Livingstone looks at the legacy of a much missed LSE figure

If ever proof were needed that LSE student life should be focused beyond the Library and the Three Tuns, the success of the Dev Cropper Memorial Scholarship surely provides it.

Dev Cropper was a well-loved student who sadly died in 1998. Dev was an active member of the Union, and frequently contributed to *The Beaver* (It was Dev who started the campaign for ethical investment of Union funds, which culminated this year with share in the arms trade being dropped from the SU portfolio).

Dev's family, in conjunction with the Union, set up a scholarship to be awarded to one student per year, in the hope that this would allow the scholarship holder to continue any charitable or extra-curricular activity.

Addressing the UGM earlier this year, Dev's father John explained that 'with this award we want to recognise not the conventional achievements of student life - the academics - but service to the community of students through the Union and the wider society. It's an ongoing act of parenting that we feel privileged to be able to contribute.'

The winner of this year's award was final year Government and History student Brendan Cox. Having already decided to spend part of the summer working in orphanages in the former Yugoslavia, Brendan decided to use the award - equivalent to £250 a month for 9 months - to finance a much longer stay in the region.

'I was really quite surprised to win the scholarship,' Cox told the Beaver. 'I was only nominated a day or two before the panel met to decide who would get the award, and I was actually away from London when it was announced.'

A selection panel, made up of Union and School representatives, as well as members of Dev's family, unanimously voted to give Cox the award.

As one member told the Beaver 'part of the reason that Brendan



Brendan working with children in Istria, Croatia

Picture: Brendan Cox

got the scholarship was his work in the former Yugoslavia, so it is fitting that he went on to use the money to continue that work.'

Union General Secretary Jonathon Black added that the breadth of Brendan's activities, in the wider community as well as within the University, was one of the main reasons that he got the award.

Brendan spent the summer working in Istria, Croatia, in holiday camps for children suffering from behavioural problems as a result of the recent Balkan conflicts. Many had lost one or both parents, and the vast majority were refugees.

'It was very stressful work, but very rewarding,' says Cox. 'In a way it was good to be kept so busy, as that stopped me from being overcome by the emotional side of what I was doing. One group would leave and another would arrive on the same day - I think I only had a two days off the whole time. The thing with this sort

of work is that you're always on call, at all times of day.'

Working closely with child

'we want to recognise not the conventional achievements of student life - the academics - but service to the community of students through the Union and the wider society'

psychologists from the Croatian charity Sunrise City, Brendan organised games and outdoor activities with the children, helping to build up their communication skills. 'A lot of the kids had severe

problems - when they arrived they wouldn't speak, and were very aggressive. By the time they left there was a great difference - they smiled more often, and were less violent.'

'I later went to visit a lot of the kids I'd worked with in their homes in Bosnia,' he added. 'A lot of them have very little stability in their lives, so the time they spend in the camps is a highlight of their year.'

Brendan stressed that the lack of resources available in some areas was a real problem. 'Going to Vozucka [in central Bosnia] where the kids from Srebrenica [the former UN safe haven] now live was particularly difficult - there is very little for them there at all.'

In contrast to the well-financed Croatian projects, children in areas of Bosnia have very little access to modern conveniences let alone professional help to deal with their trauma.

Cox also did some teaching

work in Vozucka, before returning to the UK.

Brendan kept in touch with the Cropper family throughout his time in the Balkans. John Cropper, Dev's father, told *The Beaver* 'we found Brendan's letter to us from Croatia about his work during the summer very humbling. It has also touched many other people with whom we have shared it, bringing us direct experience of the effects of the Balkan conflict in a way that no TV news clip can.'

Brendan plans to visit the Cropper family at their home in Trinidad over the Christmas holiday. He stressed that he felt it was 'important that the money is used in the spirit in which it was given; what happened to Dev was a real tragedy, and I felt that I should do something positive: going to Bosnia and Croatia seemed the best way to do that.' Dev himself was heavily involved in charity work,

Dev's family have decided to continue awarding the scholarship annually for the next five years at least. Nominations for the next award open at the beginning of next term, with the panel hoping to come to a decision sometime in the middle of the session.

Union General Secretary Jon Black underlined the SU's commitment to the award, adding his own tribute: 'Dev was a much loved figure around the LSE, and the Union is indebted to him and to his family - the award is a fitting memorial to the contribution he made to the LSE community.'

No one who knew Dev would disagree, and few could argue that the work being funded by the scholarship is anything but a fitting tribute to him.

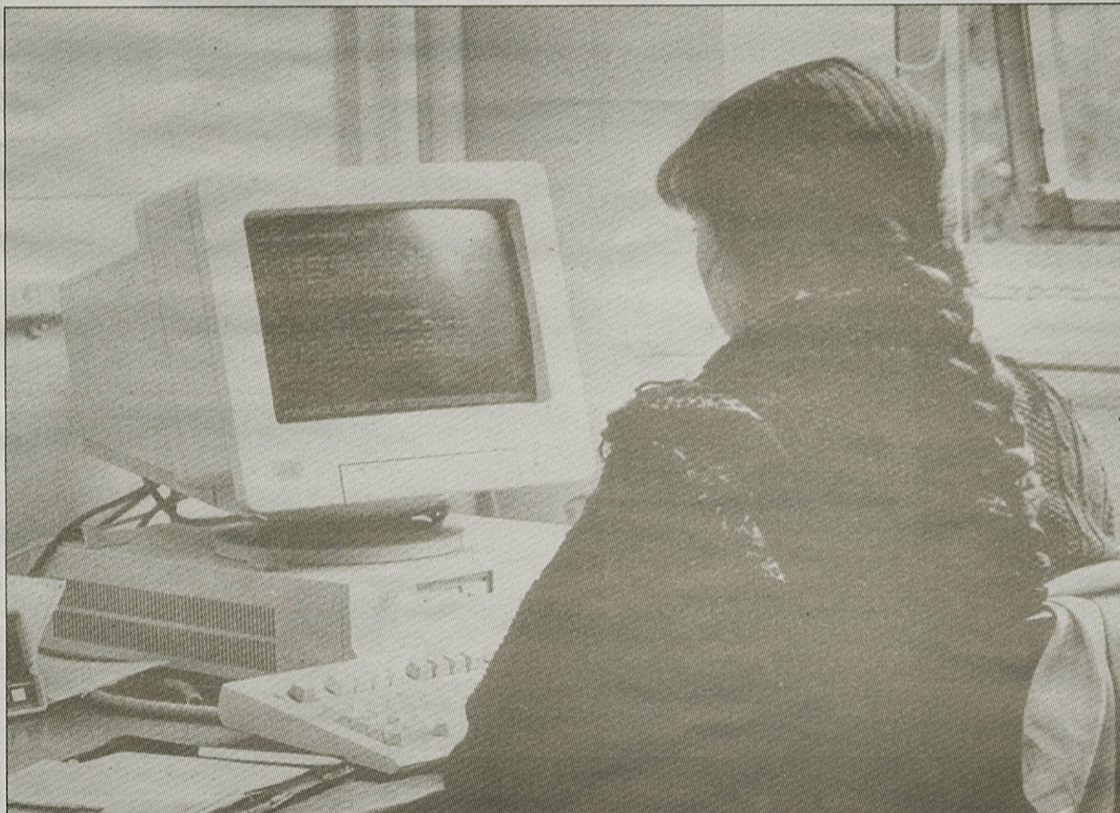
ENEMY OF THE STATE?

Ee Loong Toh Discovers That Big Brother Is Reading Your E-mail

In February 1998, the European Parliament commissioned a report on the technologies of political control. Among the report's findings was the existence of ECHELON, a system used to intercept e-mail, fax, telex and telephone communications all over the world. Unlike other electronic spy systems, ECHELON deliberately targets the non-military communications of governments, organisations, businesses and ordinary individuals in virtually every country.

Under a five-nation signals intelligence agreement, ECHELON is operated by the Government Communications Security Bureau (GCSB) of New Zealand, the Defence Signals Directorate (DSD) of Australia, the Communications Security Establishment (CSE) of Canada and the Government Communications Headquarters (GCHQ) in the United Kingdom with the U.S. National Security Agency (NSA) acting as the 'big brother' to its junior 'big brothers'.

The first main component of ECHELON involves specific targeting of the international telecommunications satellites (intelsats) used by most telecom companies around the world. A ring of intelsats is positioned in geo-stationary orbit above the equator, each serving as a relay station for tens of thousands of simultaneous phone calls, faxes and e-mails. The satellite dishes of the GCHQ station at Morwenstow in Cornwall point toward intelsats above the Atlantic, Europe and the Indian Ocean. The NSA Sugar Grove station in West Virginia targets intelsats serving North and South America while the NSA Yakima station in Washington State point towards Pacific intelsats serving East Asia. The latter station is alleged to have been involved in a project targeting Japanese diplomatic communications. The GCSB Waihopai station and the DSD Geraldton station cover any Pacific and Indian Ocean intelsats missed



Who's reading over your shoulder?

thus ensuring global interception.

The second ECHELON component intercepts satellite communications not carried by intelsat. The Menwith Hill station in northern England homes in on Russian and other regional satellites; Shoal Bay, near Darwin in Northern Australia appears to target Indonesian satellites; and Leitrim, south of Ottawa, Canada might be listening to Latin American satellites. Another two stations are located in Bad Aibling in Germany and Misawa in northern Japan.

The third and final main component taps directly into land-based communications systems, particularly microwave relay networks. In his book, 'Spy World', Micheal Frost (formerly of the CSE) described how embassies, protected by diplomatic privilege, were used to intercept communications right in the heart

of the capitals of target countries.

Unlike wiretaps, that eavesdrop on the

an obvious danger to civil liberties is the concentration of so much information in the hands of unaccountable intelligence agencies

telecommunications of a particular individual or organisation, ECHELON works by indiscriminately intercepting

massive amounts of e-mails, faxes and telephone conversations carried on the intelsats. Dictionaries containing pre-programmed keywords are then used by computers to seek out material that might be of interest to the intelligence services. On 21st October 1999, privacy activists tried to overload the ECHELON system by inserting words like 'revolution', 'MI5' and 'bomb' in e-mails throughout the day. It is not public knowledge whether or not they succeeded as the authorities continue to deny the very existence of ECHELON. This is despite the work of people like investigative reporter Duncan Campbell and Nicky Hager, the latter of whom interviewed almost 50 former and current members of the GCSB in the course of preparing his book, 'Secret Power'.

In a telephone interview, Professor Jonathan Rosenhead,

an expert in police technologies, from the LSE Department of Operational Research pointed out three main concerns. Firstly he saw "an obvious danger to civil liberties in the concentration of so much information in the hands of unaccountable intelligence agencies." One might note that the CSE is shrouded in such deep shadow that its operational mandate is a Canadian state secret. Without even knowing what the CSE is and isn't allowed to do, how are democratically elected representatives supposed to oversee it?

Secondly, there is the problem of "the invasion of privacy in various ways by mechanized eavesdropping." Other transgressions, totally unrelated to the preservation of national security, could be carefully recorded, followed up and used to exert pressure on individuals in the future. A confidential conversation with your lawyer, accountant or doctor could be end up in the hands of the police, the tax authorities or your medical insurance company.

Thirdly, Professor Rosenhead identified the risk of "misidentification". Computers are programmed by fallible human beings and an unfortunate choice of words on your part could make you an object of suspicion. The attention of the security and intelligence services are said to have been drawn to Amnesty International and Christian Aid by ECHELON.

The European Parliament was also concerned about whether ECHELON violates European laws on human rights, privacy and data protection. But after briefly discussing the issue in October 1998, the inquiry was quietly dropped. Some mutter darkly, alleging pressure from that leading light of human rights and democracy, the United States of America.

Bart



**BOYS WILL
BE BOYS**

RE-FEINNE-ING PUSHKIN

MATT BERRY JETS OFF TO TSARIST RUSSIA WITH ONEGIN

Russia is without a doubt one of the more elusive and epic backdrops against which one might choose to set a film. And so it is fitting that Ralph Fiennes, distant star of screen and stage should have recommended Alexander Pushkin's timeless verse novel, *Evgeny Onegin*, to his aspiring director sister, Martha, for her feature film debut.

Onegin (pronounced O-nyey-gin) tells the tragic story of a powerful but dour aristocrat (Onegin - Fiennes) whose life is radically changed when he moves from St Petersburg to the desolate countryside where he has inherited his uncle's vast estate. Befriending the neighbouring Larin family he finds he has become the object of affection of the mysterious youngest daughter, Tatyana (Liv Tyler).

A shy but beautiful young woman, Tatyana, comes alive in Onegin's presence and feels freed from the chains of conformity that bind women of her time and status. Desperate for her affections to garner a positive reaction from the distant gentleman, she pours out her heart onto the old parchment.

But emotionally insecure,

Onegin passes up what is an undoubtedly good opportunity and shuns her loving advances.

Through a combination of bad luck and tactlessness, he becomes embroiled in a feud with his friend Vladimir (Toby Stephens) who is Tatyana's sister's fiance.

The duel goes ahead and its outcome leads Onegin to flee the region.

Emerging from the apparant wilderness six years later, in St Petersburg, he has the (mis)fortune of stumbling across Tatyana, transformed like a butterfly into a minor member of the Russian royal family, and unhappily married through necessity to

Onegin's princely cousin.

The moment of truth attacks each heart like a vial of acid - while there is love there can be no reconciliation. It's just too

Fiennes' choice of literature is superb and so it is a pity that the execution lacks that edge.

The screenplay depends heavily on period linguistics, and

important for a film of this nature. It enters the league of *Dr Zhivago* but mid range shots fail to tackle the heartache and emotion.

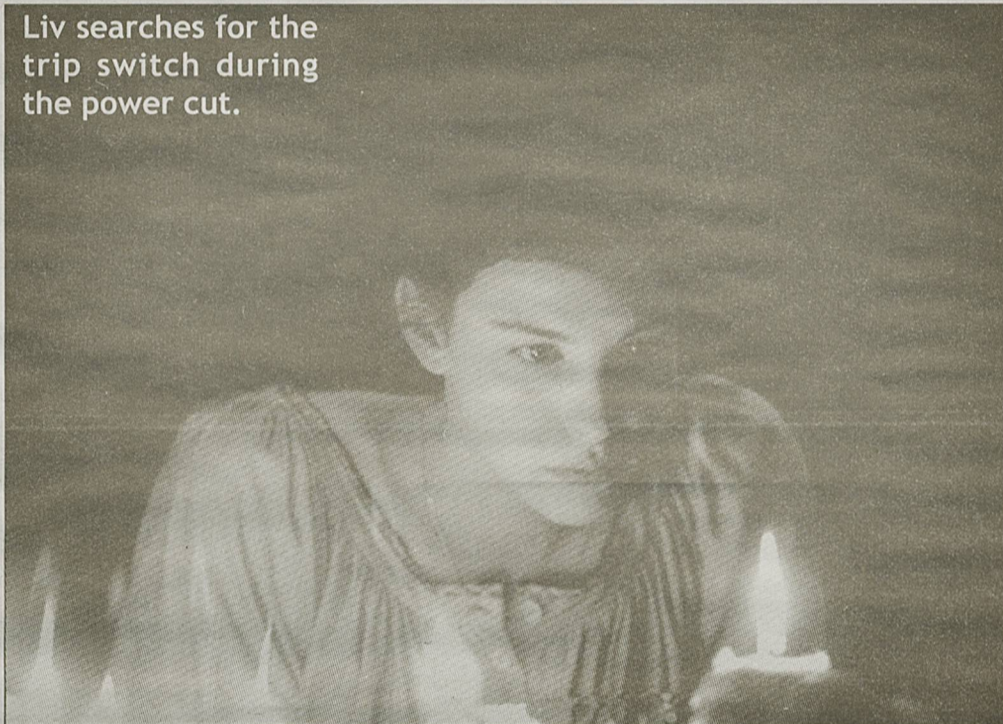
Ralph Fiennes' character is necessarily cold and he plays the disjointed Onegin with expected competence but his anguish at Tatyana's fate and his sense of regret is somewhat uncaptivating.

Surprisingly perhaps, it is Liv Tyler that shines. Her Tatyana is perfectly formed and the vulnerability she displays is thoroughly real. Of particular power is her performance as Onegin attempts some kind of reconciliation in the heavenly Winter Palace. Her pain is so tangibly visible.

Onegin isn't a bad film and thanks are certainly overdue to people like the Fiennes for bringing the classic works of Pushkin et al to the general public. It's wonderful to be treated to the cinematic beauty of Russia on screen and to issues and ideas of generations past.

The likes of *Onegin* ought be Oscar classics but a tale of human pain must be a human tale.

Liv searches for the trip switch during the power cut.



late to rescue the situation.

Onegin is a tragic tale of unsatisfied souls, whose combination of bad timing and honesty proves to be their folly.

does not allow the emotional scope required.

There is a reliance on steadycam which too often removes the epicness that is so

REAL AMERICAN BEAUTY

WIN PREVIEW TICKETS TO THE FILM OF THE MILLENIUM



Mena Suvari: Heaven scent

His downfall starts when he starts lusting after his daughter's best friend - played by the gorgeous Mena Suvari of *American Pie* fame.

Things get stranger still when the

Burnham's new next door neighbours move in, accompanied by their Peeping Tom camcorder-happy son, who rapidly discovers love in Jane, Spacey's screen Marilyn Manson-esque daughter.

American Beauty is a truly stunning film with an outstanding performance by Kevin Spacey, setting him up as a strong contender for the first Best Actor awards of the next millenium.

It's not released in the UK until January 28th 2000. But *The Beaver* has twelve pairs of tickets to give away to a special preview screening at the UCI Plaza, Lower

Regent Street on 1st December.

To get your hands on a pair just answer this rather simple question...

Kevin Spacey won a Best Supporting Actor Oscar for which film?

- a) *The Negotiator*
- b) *The Usual Suspects*
- c) *EDtv*

Answers on a postcard to *The Beaver*, SU Building, Houghton St, London. WC2A 2AE - or pop into the office under *The Tuns*. Deadline 25 Nov.



Kevin Spacey delights in the knowledge he's giving BSE to his cheating wife and her lover

HIGHER THAN BABEL

Ariene Mann scales the dizzying heights of the biblical tower

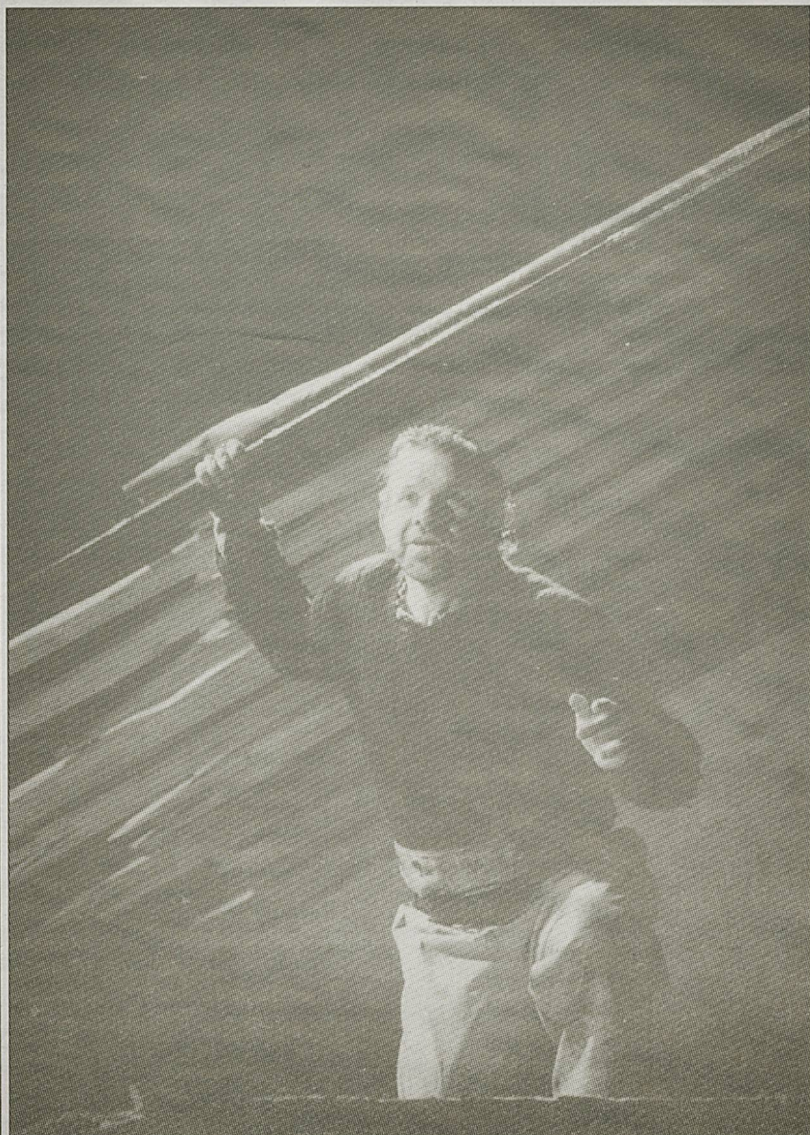
Higher than Babel, by Andrew Caldecott, directed by Clive Paget at the Bridewell Theatre, is set in Veschara (Italy) in 1452 as well as in Munich in 1936. The intrigue takes us from a young man attempting to fly to the retirement of an old academic couple, to a battle of wits between a journalist and an old man in East Berlin. This play provokes questions about science - how far should we allow ourselves to go? The drama arises from generational conflict and the tension between morality and political ethics. A predictable yet important subject as we approach the millenium. For all its intellectual brilliance, the play was slightly hard to follow for those of us with rusty historical knowledge. Each separate part was totally understandable, but links and metaphors which brought them together were sometimes too abstract.

The cast was illuminated by the presence of Clive Swift as the cardinal and Matthaus. He brought comic relief and a sense of relevance to the characters he was portraying. Watching him, one felt that there

most certainly was a crucial part of history about to be resolved in front of our very eyes. He was well supported by Richard Wills-Cotton as the young Prometheus, Schioni. He was passionate and moving and gave the rather dry and literary writing a more human feel. He played very well with Susie Trayling, as the Bonnie and Clyde of science. The only one who seemed rather unsure in her role as Duchesa and Lotte was Francis Jeater. Her weak voice made the energy drop and she seemed unconvinced herself. However, one could see the mark of an experienced and accomplished actress and could only regret that she did not utilise her powers.

Altogether, a very enjoyable experience - fringe theatre at its best (or almost!). For all those who understand the Renaissance thinking, this is your chance to experience its dramatisation (the writer himself was a historian!). Overall, not a regrettable experience.

Showing at the Bridewell Theatre (EC4), nearest tube Blackfriars tel: 0171-636-3750



PETER GRIMES

LJ at the Opera

As somewhat of a previous opera sceptic, not, it has to be said, through a huge amount of experience, I enjoyed the opportunity of starting afresh with this art. The ENO is much 'bigger' than anywhere I'd been before, and with Peter Grimes being a relatively recent opera I was hoping for something 'newer' than the cliched fat Italian woman scenario; whilst also being perfectly prepared to dislike it intensely!

As it happens, I was rather disappointed on that score as it was really very good. From the offset, I was grabbed by the whole production, the set and lighting being big enough to give you that special event feeling whilst not at all overshadowing the strangely honest and occasionally cold story.

Grimes the lead character is a fisherman who finds himself in a difficult situation after his apprentice boy dies on his ship in a storm. Despite objections from the rest of the community, Grimes gets another ill-fated apprentice who slips off a cliff and also dies - this time without him having

uttered a single word. Whilst not being the monster that the community take him for, we must accept that at the very least it was clumsy to kill two boys within a week of each other; and all so that he could catch more fish, become rich and, as always, gain the love of a good woman. Needless to say, with the whole town on his trail he sails his ship out to sea and sinks it. Not quite Romeo and Juliet but a 'romantic' gesture at least on his part!

I can, quite easily, see how I could have been distracted and irritated by some of the quirks, but with the credit to the performers, I actually found myself longing for Grimes to 'Catch my shoal of fish...catch my shoal...catch the shoal.'

The fact that the opera was in English initially grated and I felt that they struggled to sustain song during some of the shorter sentences. However, by the second act I was totally absorbed and my toes were a-tappin' and my fingers were a-snappin'. Peter Grimes at the Coliseum comes with my wholehearted recommendation.

BURNING UP THE PAGES

OLIVIA YACOUB reviews the 'hot' new thriller novel from Tami Hoag : *ASHES TO ASHES*.

Tami Hoag claims writing is the ideal profession because "You get to work in your pyjamas, tell lies all day and get paid for it" and her fluid style of writing certainly suggests that it's as easy as that. However I must admit that I was a little disappointed by her latest novel *ASHES TO ASHES*. It lacked the tension and fluidity to be found in *A THIN DARK LINE* or *GUILTY AS SIN*.

"It is refreshingly unpredictable in a world where too many books and films make the ending crystal clear in the first five minutes; of all the scenarios that you create in your mind when reading this book, the one that you encounter at the end is still highly unexpected."

Her main characters John Quinn and Kate Conlan are complex and multi-layered and carry enough imperfections to make them realistic. However, I think that the amount of emotional baggage that Hoag has lumped on them is a bit too much.

The two characters have a painful and heartwrenching history and are thrown together unexpectedly by the disturbing murders of a serial killer nicknamed "The Cremator" and what better to rekindle an old flame (get it?) and incite a bit of love than a whole lot of gruesome deaths.

When a troubled young teenager (as we know teenagers always are) claims to have seen the now notorious "Cremator" but refuses to talk, Quinn and Conlan find themselves being led deeper and deeper into a sea of deception and lies where the most obvious answers are never the right ones and the least

obvious ones always creep up on you when you least expect it.

Tami Hoag delves like a pro into the twisted psyche of "The Cremator" and you know that she has either studied abnormal psychology extensively or has written enough novels with a similar theme so that she thoroughly knows her stuff. This is perhaps the best part of the novel; the way Hoag intricately creates this character and all the little details so that we are left with a feeling that this character could in fact be a real person or based upon a real person.

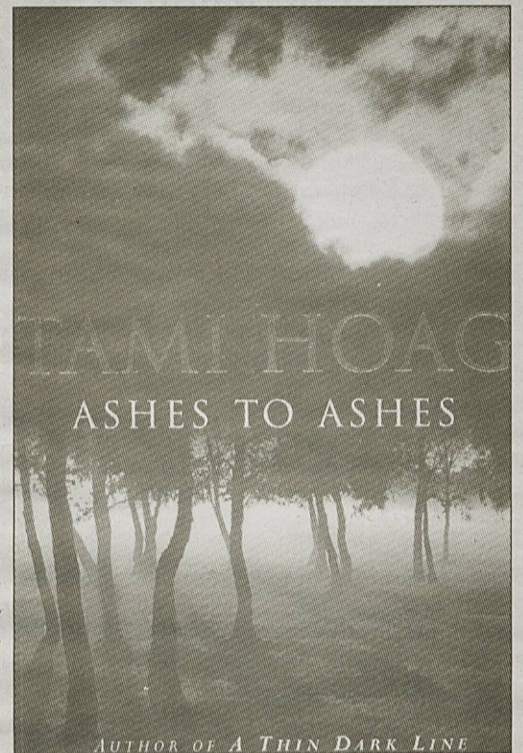
Hoag also cleverly emphasises the sexual tension between the two main characters from the start and this tension is built up throughout the novel, constantly brimming close to the surface as if mirroring the violent and psychological tension created by "The Cremator".

It is refreshingly unpredictable in a world where too many books and films make the ending crystal

clear in the first five minutes; of all the scenarios that you create in your mind when reading this book, the one that you encounter at the end is still highly unexpected.

Although not likely to win any great awards, this book is still gripping and gruesome enough to keep a reader interested, but, I have to be honest when I say: "Hoag....this isn't your best".

ASHES TO ASHES by Tami Hoag is out now on New Paperback Release published by Orion Books Ltd RRP£9.99



BIG LAUGHS

RACHEL LAM has a hard time keeping a straight face while reading the hilarious *NOTES FROM A BIG COUNTRY* by Bill Bryson.

I recently tried to read *NOTES FROM A BIG COUNTRY* on the 5:31 tube from Holborn station. Big mistake. I literally exploded into the most embarrassing bout of uncontrollable giggles. Of course, this was not appreciated by the somber, exhausted bunch of irate lawyers on all sides of me. They looked ready to kick me off at the next stop.

The last time I recall bursting into any sort of hysterical laughter over a book (quite a rarity in itself) was when I was 12 years old, at home, alone. Thus, one can imagine the immense embarrassment I felt on the tube that day. However, we digress. The point of this rather irrelevant anecdote is to highlight just how explosively funny *NOTES FROM A BIG COUNTRY* is.

This amusing collection of Bill Bryson's weekly columns in the Mail on Sunday's Night and Day magazine covers anything and everything regarding the quirks and niceties of America. Deemed "The funniest travel writer alive" by The Times newspaper, Bryson has managed

to breathe life into the smallest trivialities and foremost mainstays of American life; everything from sloppy junk food to all-American baseball.

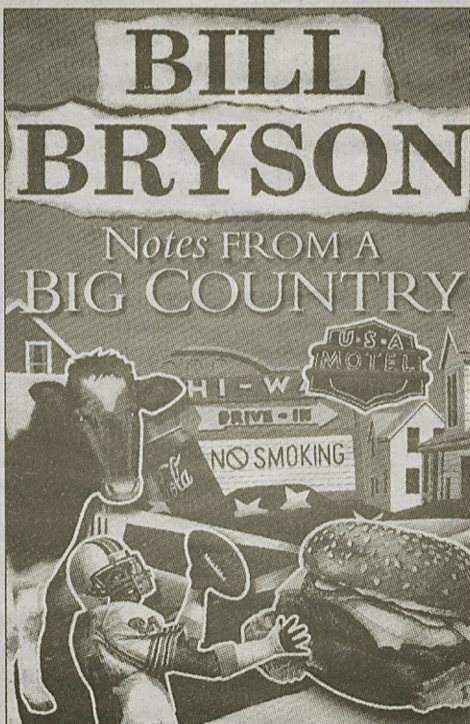
As the chapters in the book are meant to be read as separate articles, one cannot expect to

read *NOTES FROM A BIG COUNTRY* from beginning to end in one sitting. It is the perfect book to indulge in when one is feeling bored or generally devoid of all humour.

For Bryson's compatriots currently studying in LSE, this book will offer a perfect way to reminisce about home without getting all teary-eyed. As for the rest of us, the book is a lighthearted means of getting to know our American friends slightly better.

Unfortunately, some may find the middle-aged humour a little too dated. Generally, though, this book comes highly recommended and is certain to make you laugh at one point or another. In fact, I was quite sad when I turned the last page. You have to read it to believe it. Really.

NOTES FROM A BIG COUNTRY by Bill Bryson. Published by Black Swan in September 1999. RRP £6.99.



THE TWO RONNIES

JAMES CORBETT reviews *WIDE OPEN* by Nicola Barker, out now on new paperback release.

There was a bloke called Ronnie who had a friend also called Ronnie, except Ronnie wasn't really called Ronnie he was called something else. Then there was Jim, who wasn't called Ronnie, but should have been. Or was that Nathan? Then there was Lily and Sara, Connie, Laura and Luke who added to the entourage of bland and faceless characters who make up Nicola Barker's disappointing third novel, *WIDE OPEN*.

Except they're not really characters, just names. To have a character you have to have a personality, a life, a face and an existence. The reader has to believe in the person conjured up by the author, show an interest, and to an extent, like that character. Reading *WIDE OPEN* I didn't care for any of Barker's characters, save for Lily, who was too unbelievable to like and as a result lost interest in what little plot there was and couldn't wait until I'd finally finished the book. The two Ronnie characters were indistinguishable from each other which made the parts they played baffling to follow, but even the characters who didn't share names I frequently got confused with. Too often I had to backtrack and recap on chapters which hadn't sunk in.

Last May, Lola Young, chair of the £30,000 Orange Prize for

women's fiction accused British novels of being 'piddling' and 'parochial' compared to the American fiction she judged. She said, "the British books tended to fall into two categories. There were ones by thirtysomethings, quite insular and parochial. Some were entertaining in their attitudes to sex, but you got no sense of the bigger picture. The more traditional novels were good on a certain level, but they tended towards the domestic in a piddling sort of way which is very British." In the outrage that followed Young's remarks, Nicola Barker was put forward as the great white hope of British women's fiction, a view I shared after reading her excellent first novel *REVERSED FORECAST*.

Yet there is nothing in *WIDE OPEN* which could be used as substantial evidence to refute Lola Young's remarks. It seems to be written without any sort of conviction, almost as if Barker shares the reader's lack of belief in her characters. The plot is lame and the whole book is lacking in substance, ultimately resulting in an experience as disappointing and irritating as a rerun of 'The Two Ronnies.'

WIDE OPEN by Nicola Barker is out now on paperback published by Faber, RRP £6.99

FABRIC LIVE

Fabric Live @
Fabric
Charterhouse St.
(Chancery Lane)
Friday 12th November

Cooper checks it out...

Despite the launching shortly after Home, London's newest super-club has received its fair share of publicity - pretty much everyone seems to have heard of it. I went down there last Friday to see whether the hype lived up to reality (unlike Home).

"Fabric Live" is a flagship night that aims to provide a broad mix of quality, underground sounds that can appeal to a variety of people. The night I chipped down there, the assembled hoards were treated to main arena hosting a Drum and Bass rinse-out, smaller bar areas playing funky chilled out House and Garage and a second main room flippin' down an eclectic mix of twisted breaks from the likes of Mat Cantor from the Freestylers and some more housey kind of business.

In general the music policy on the night hit the spot,

wherever you were in this vast venue there was something playing that would tickle your ear-drums and nothing but quality sounds all night. Whilst the Drum and Bass was generally a little bit dark and dangerous for my liking, Fabio and Grooverider played good sets that were a little less predictable ably assisted by the lyrical juice of Warren G and the legendary MCGQ. A live PA by Klute made a nice change in the middle of the night and showcased some interesting sounds but the levels hadn't been sorted and you couldn't hear the MC who wasn't that good anyway (they should hire a real showman like MCMC).

I didn't spend much time in the other areas of the club but the music in the bars was just the kind of thing for having a few drinks too and Mat Cantor's set was bloody amazing - give that man a residency!

Having been warned by my brother that the crowd was "full of Keys" I was expecting the atmosphere to be a lot worse than it was. Despite the number of beer bottles on display, particularly in the early part of the evening there was a good vibe in the club and hardly any attitude (except

from the security). The main thing I noted was the range of different people that the night had attracted which can only be a good thing. However, if you're a hard-core junglist it can be a bit off-putting to have people on the dance-floor who clearly aren't really passionate about the music. The club was chock-full of gorgeous, well-turned out women, but also rather full of bland Airwalk-wearing studenty blokes.

The venue itself is absolutely brilliant and a damn sight nearer to being a "club of the future" than the sweaty dive that is Home. There are plenty of nice seats and even beds to chill-out on and the club remains cool at all times. Yes! Air-conditioning in a British club! At long-last! My enjoyment of the night was hugely increased by not being as sweaty as normal. The main arena could have done with some stages to dance on however and whilst the lighting was good it wasn't great. (Miserable minger of the night award goes to the silly cow who was controlling the lights from the DJ box: the silly bitch looked oh-so-serious and didn't smile once - what a bitch.)

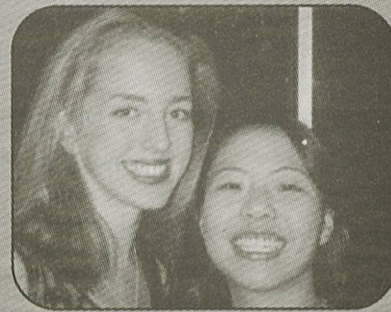
Despite the futuristic venue the problem with "Fabric Live"

was the way you are treated by the venue. All the advanced publicity led one to believe that Fabric was primarily concerned with showcasing quality sounds and not just making money. "Affordable" drinks prices were promised i.e. £2.50 a beer. At the bar I asked what their cheapest beer was.. "£3" the answer. This may be better than some places but "affordable" it ain't.

And another thing, is it really necessary to have security guards, identifiable only by small ear-pieces stuck in their ears continuously monitoring their customers? Whilst sitting in the bar drinking my lemonade I was stared at about 20 times a minute by the security who patrolled past. This doesn't lead to a feeling of relaxation but more of paranoia. I understand the pressure the club owners are under to run a "clean" venue but if you can't relax in there then what's the point in going?

All in all though Fabric Live has something for everyone. If you've got a group of mates with different music tastes and don't know where to go then this night is a very good bet that should get better over time.

FRANNY AND VICTORIA'S SOCIAL DIARY



This past week has been hectic, to say the least, so much so that last week's column did not even get written. But don't get the wrong idea-it wasn't all parties, glitz, and glamour; in fact, most of the time, it was the complete opposite.

Everything started going downhill when we decided to promote a party at the Cafe de Paris; going to the Cafe is usually enough to put us in horrible moods, so promoting a party there spelled disaster right from the start. What was meant to be a great evening with 150 of our friends turned into a night of fighting with the obnoxious, self-righteous, racist doorpeople, endless apologizing to our friends who had to deal with them (Tara, we gave them hell for ruining your birthday), and partying in a club that has clearly lost its edge, style, and appeal. Thanks to our incredibly understanding and upbeat friend Suzie (she's the beauty therapist at Oasis Sports Center so stop by to visit her when you're at the gym), who kept us sane when everything was falling apart, wonderful Mike F. (he's a World Champion swimmer in the 100m butterfly so ask him for his autograph), who berated the management on our behalf and appeased our friends with free drinks, and Elton and Cedric (they're our crisis counselors from Holborn-sorry boys for continually pestering you about our disasters and making you rescue us from random venues around London at 3 A.M.), who were more stressed out than we were.

Last Wednesday, our flatmate Oliver threw a Mexican dinner party. The last thing we expected to happen was having our warden, security guards, and a team of paramedics end the evening with a bang. But then again, who would have guessed that a few drinks would turn the most apparently civilized guest into a violent and evangelistic psychopath, who decided to flood the flat by blocking a sink with fajitas. (Yes Mark, in case you don't remember, it was you-we're sure you suffered enough though, waking up in UCL hospital, without your glasses and dressed in a paper nightie!!!)

Thursday night brought more disasters: a crappy club, lost bank cards and keys, news of a sick friend, and the lingering damp smell in our flat. So, we decided to cheer ourselves up on Friday night by trying to get into the Light Bar in St. Martin's Hotel, supposedly one of London's hippest hangouts. Yet again, we pulled off a masterful performance and fooled the 3 sets of doormen into believing that we were actually meant to be at the private party that was taking place there that evening. Once we had seen the Philip Starke designed interior (tables like mortuary slabs, drink stands that doubled as hand warmers, and stools that looked like gold molars), we were ready to leave (especially since a 65 year old man was chasing us around). We salvaged our night with a long chat about our "men problems" with an attractive woman in the ladies room, who was none other than the pop star Desiree.

Saturday, despite feeling absolutely exhausted, we helped to throw a launch party for a new club in Earl's Court. With our friends filling half of the club's already limited capacity, it felt like our own private party. We had a great time, but apparently not as great as some of our friends....., were those aphrodisiacs you were drinking or were you just wearing beer goggles!

One extra note: Keep the 8th of December free for my (Franny) massive 20th Birthday Party at Denim (TBC). E-mail me at mezzgirls@hotmail.com for details.

FUCK GATECRASHER! BEDROCK ROCKS THE PARTY!

Bedrock @ Heaven, Villiers St,
Charing Cross, London WC2

Thursday 11th November 1999.

This night never fails to disappoint and is getting stronger every month as the sound of John Digweed gains more and more fans. Digweed's own club night and residency, Bedrock celebrated it's first birthday last month with Sasha, a familiar face to Bedrockers, but this month, the crowd came to see the residents and Taylor, dubbed by Musik Magazine as "America's answer to Sasha". One regular feature of Bedrock that sets it apart from most other clubs is a top class live set by a guest group and POB and Terra Ferma were absolutely banging. To give you an idea of the quality line ups that Bedrockers have come to take for granted, Hybrid, Humate and Slacker have all appeared in previous months. Tonight was John Digweed's Hong Kong Global Underground CD launch party and there were plenty of free CD samplers being handed out and the full version of the CD for those lucky or smart enough to blag them. Digweed and Bedrock regular Danny Howells were again on top form, delivering a deep house sound that is so refreshingly purposeful after having to endure a summer of "Kiddy Trance" from those DJs happy to just go with the flow. Taylor was impressive, and when he let loose with the Bedrock anthem "Heaven Scent", the crowd went Chicken Oriental. Something I often notice at Bedrock is the presence of familiar faces from my summer trips to Ibiza; proof for me that on the second Thursday of the month, Bedrock is the place to go.

Edward Lambert had it large @ Bedrock



THE BOYS ARE BACK IN TOWN

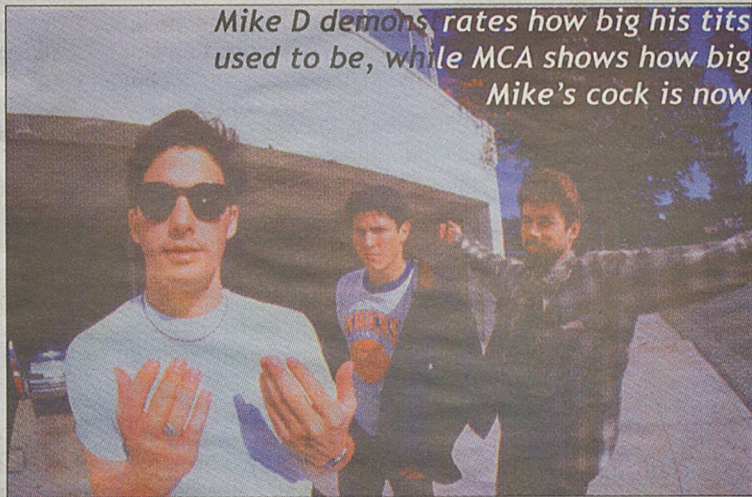
With the Beastie Boys' 'Sound of Science' anthology released today, Charlie Jurd gets all teary-eyed as he reminisces on the highs and the lows of the life of the New York artists

It will probably not be a Tuns Pub Quiz question in a few years time but what have JD Salinger, Rose Royce, Don King, Rod Hull, Vincent Van Gogh all got in common? The answer is that they're all namechecked in the songs of America's biggest punk-rap/rock/hip-hop kings of fun and funk the Beastie Boys (apart from Rod Hull). Not since the days of the Chipmunks have three voices been so influential upon the music scene, but how did this happen? I hear you ask...

underground followed and the release of Pollywog Stew on the indie-Ratcage label placed them firmly within the hardcore bracket of the music scene. However, within just three years, following the departure of the Schellenbach and Berry and the latter's replacement with Adam Horowitz of the Young and the Useless, the Beastie Boys were operating under a more familiar line-up. As Mike Diamond became Mike D, Adam Yauch became MCA and Horowitz became Ad-Rock the

"Licensed..." was the first rap album to hit number one. This kind of success, by white rappers originally from the punk scene, created jealousy, envy, cynicism and allegations of "cultural piracy" from the ethnic communities responsible for bringing hip-hop and rap to America. Admittedly, since Debbie Harry's groundbreaking but nevertheless plagiarised rapping in Blondie's "Rapture", it had only been through white sanitation of the original sound that rap would be accepted by the white, middle class, mainstream record executives.

If rejection by the roots rap community was not enough the Beasties also found themselves at war with everyone else. The piss-take machismo the Beasties portrayed in the Fight for Your Right video somehow became their label and cultural marker. Then through a mix of naivety, consequential tendency towards flippancy and exhibitionism and an exaggerative press, the Beastie Boys story became one tainted with controversy. Tours where dancing girls were put in cages and giant inflatable love truncheons were the norm and by 1987 the controversy was out of control. In an old interview with



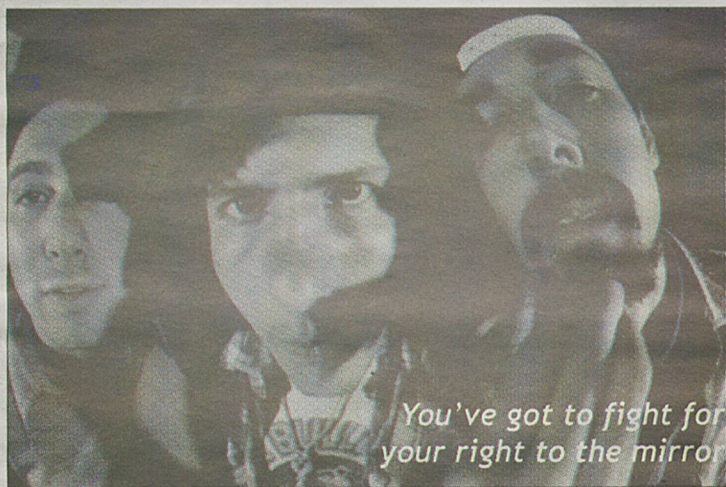
Mike D demons, rates how big his tits used to be, while MCA shows how big Mike's cock is now

NME Mike D says the worst trouble they've been in was after an '87 gig in Liverpool when "the police came and arrested Adam. It was like a football match, bottles were flying, cans were being thrown and who did the police charge? One of the people onstage". Well, if you will go to Liverpool. 1989's "Paul's Boutique" album saw the Beasties team up with the Dust Brothers who were to apply the magic treatment to Beck's "Odelay" in 1996. The album, although critically acclaimed, failed to produce chart success or a big tour. Next came "Check Your Head" in 1992. Marking a semi-return to their more hardcore punk roots it was a less accomplished mix of live

drums/guitar/bass sounds and became a surprise top 10, platinum, hit with singles "Jimmy James", sampling Jimi Hendrix, "Pass the Mic", "Gratitude" and "So Watcha' Want" all featured on the forthcoming "Sounds of Science" anthology.

90s Men

From the drunken quirks of "Brass Monkey" the Beastie Boys allegedly 'grew up' in the mid-late 1990s. Adam Yauch converted to Buddhism and became heavily involved in the non-violent protest of the Tibetan monks against the oppressive conduct of the Chinese in Tibet. A true Bob Geldof for the 90s,



You've got to fight for your right to the mirror

Once upon a time...

The year is 1981, a mysterious new life form is entering into the world, one set for great things, worldwide notoriety before the end of the twentieth century, but enough about me because Stateside the Beastie Boys had formed. It was Adam Yauch's 17th birthday and he and Mike Diamond with friends Kate Schellenbach (now in Luscious Jackson) and John Berry debuted their punk/hardcore sound. Gigs around the Noo Yawk

transformation of the Beastie Boys from hardcore hopefuls to rap and hip-hop pioneers had begun.

In 1986 "Licensed to Ill", the first full length Beastie Boys recording was released and, spurred on by the goof-rock anthem "Fight for Your Right (To Party)", the album spewed its way into the charts. Within six weeks 750,000 copies had been sold

and





The Boys audition for the Blair Witch Project

but without the crap hair and a bit less smelly, Yauch united an eclectic group of musicians for the first Concert in 1996 (including Bjork, Smashing Pumpkins and Sonic Youth) and has also taken the moral high ground regarding issues such as violence in films. After the setting up of their own label, Grand Royal, and its own

Beastie Boys vs. Prodigy

The year is 1998, the Beastie Boys have been banging around now in the MCA/Mike D/Adrock lineup for 15 years, penning lyrics such as "Girls to do the dishes girls to clean up my room/Girls to do the laundry" and, in interviews, commented "we like fucking women with big floppy tits and nipples like omelettes". It is the Reading festival, after having tried unsuccessfully to get the Prodigy kicked off the bill they ask the group not to play "Smack My Bitch Up", in typical style reminiscent of the Beasties circa 1987 the Prodigy give



magazine the Beasties released "Ill Communication" in '94 before headlining the world famous Lollapalooza mobile US festival in the same year. The welcome return with fifth album "Hello Nasty" in 1998 was a significant reminder of the group's talents but the musical ability has not always been the primary reason the Beasties have hit the headlines in the last year or so.

them the two fingered salute onstage and a war of words ensues. For the first time in their history the Beastie Boys not only seem hypocritical but horribly out of touch with the youth, Liam Howlett of the Prodigy commenting that the Beastie Boys "should respect other people's freedom to express themselves".



The Sounds of Science

Out on November 23rd the two CD album packed with 42 tracks, including many diverse moments in the Beastie Boys' 18 year trail of controversy and confusion. From the hardcore punk of tracks like "Egg Raid on Mojo" and "Time for Livin'" to the hip-hop cuts of "Sure Shot" and "Root Down" and the familiar even to a young 'un like me "Sabotage", "Fight for Your Right" its all here, including a fair few tracks from "Hello Nasty". However, even B-Boys and B-Girls familiar with all things Beastie can look forward to the rarities such as B-side "Skills to Pay the Bills", new single "Alive", a video version of "Three MC's and One DJ" and a Fatboy Slim remix of "Body Movin'". More bizarrely there is a truly hilarious cover of Elton John's "Bennie and the Jets" which is given the vocal treatment by Biz (Mackie), whose

talents make Vic Reeves' Club Singer seem like vocal clarity personified. Included too are songs from the "Country Mike" sessions, recorded, as the liner notes boast, when Mike D had been hit on the head, lost his memory and thought he was a Country music singer with his own TV show (!?!).

The Fututre

The problem is that with the Beasties you never know what to and what not to believe, as incredibly improbable and unbelievable this "Country Mike" story is you have no alternative but to cast a wry smile and go along with it, because that's how it was intended. The Boys may have become more aware and responsible as they have grown up but even now they've got more character and are having a laugh more than 99% of the other 'bands' in this overly self-important music industry.

"In this fucked up world all you can hope for is change, and I'd rather be a hypocrite to you than a zombie forever." - Adam Horowitz in the liner notes to "The Sounds of Science"



COMPETITION!

If you're a life-long fan of da Beasties, this competition may just make your decade. In addition to the glory of winning a Beaver competition, these prizes are up for grabs:

First prize:

- * The 'Sounds of Science' double CD, with 80 page booklet
- * A nifty Beastie Boys lab coat
- * A 'Hello Nasty' mousemat to make even the dullest of essay write-ups fun

Second prize:

- * A video sampler of said anthology
- * A rare jukebox 7" of 'Alive'
- * Colour poster that your bedroom walls are begging for, believe me

To enter this fantabulous giveaway, you merely have to answer this easy peasy lemon squeezy question: Which venue did the Beastie Boys play when they last toured in London?

Lob your answers in an email marked 'Beastie Boys competition' to :

S.Ganatra@lse.ac.uk, and then cross your fingers very tightly. Deadline for entries is Friday 26th November!



It could be YOU!

NEWS

STUDENT RADIO CHARTS:
W/C 15.11.99



Blur

1. Beastie Boys- Alive (Capitol)
2. Beck-Sexx Laws (Geffen)
3. Leftfield-Dusted (Hard Hands)
4. Travis-Turn (Independiente)
5. Blur-No Distance Left To Run (Food)
6. Suede-Can't Get Enough (Nude)
7. Primal Scream-Swastika Eyes (Creation)
8. Stereophonics-Hurry Up & Wait (V2)
9. Len -Steal My Sunshine (Sony)
10. R. Williams-She's The 1/It's Only Us (Chrysalis)

CRIMINALS RECORD

The Fun Lovin' Criminals will be embarking on a full UK tour throughout November and December to coincide with the release of their soon to be released album of 'lounge' tracks, entitled 'Minimosa'. The album will comprise of mostly a selection of B-sides, including covers of tracks by Louis Armstrong, 10cc and Frank Sinatra, amongst others. Check them out at London's Brixton Academy on the 26th and 27th of November.

LIVE AND KICKING

The Live Music Society's went ahead without a hitch last Tuesday 16th. The underground was packed, drinks were plentiful and the talent in the LSE better than usual, shall we say. Look out for the feature in next weeks ish.

JAMES NAME DATES

James kick off their seven date arena tour of Britain on Saturday 4th December at the Brighton centre. Catch them at Wembley Arena on December 12th. Or don't. I don't bloody care.

NOT THE MILLENIUM

Mixing hilarity with charidee, Fatboy Slim, the Manics and Ali G among others are set not to play at the Hackney Empire on December 31st. The idea, y'see, is that, like, ticket sales will go towards the Hackney Empire theatre, and because no one'll be turning up, the Empire get to bag loadsamoney for themselves and stay open. Yay! Incidentally, also not playing are The Queen Mum, Bart Simpson, my mum, Anthony Giddens, Cher, Livingstone and Lewis, Tony Benn, Shilpa & Jo, Mike Tyson, Cartman, Gwentyth Paltrow, Bobby Davro, Belinda Carlisle, Bob Marley, Flat Eric, Carl Lewis, Alex 'Vice Chairman of the UGM' Haylett, Kermit, Tony Hadley, The Basement Girls and Terry Wogan.

ALL HANDS ON DECK

Jo Serieux inspects the latest Wu-Tang solo effort

Inspectah Deck
Uncontrolled Substance

The Rebel INS, after numerous delays, finally gets round to releasing his long awaited and eagerly anticipated solo album, following in the footsteps of his fellow Wu-affiliates (Method Man, U - G o d , Raekwon) who have released albums of late. Inspectah Deck, perhaps the most under-rated of the Clansmen, performs his unique style of verbal gymnastics on an album which features, amongst others, La the Darkman, U-God and Masta Killa. Deck doesn't however go completely



overboard on the collaborations front and the end result is an album in which he manages to sustain his own consistent sound throughout. With the distinct exception of the lurve-inspired 'Forget Me Not', the album is characterised by superfly 70s style funk, rolling drum beats, deep, addictive b-lines and 'pimped-out' percussion sounds. From the impressive vocals of 'Troubleman' and samples of 'Lovin' You' and the sexy best-served-chilled Lauryn Hill style 'Elevation' through to the racetrack inspired headnodding bass of 'Grand Prix' and token fugitive-running-away-from-the-cops track, 'Word on the Streets', this album doesn't disappoint by any means. Okay, Uncontrolled Substance may not bear witness to some of the energy of Deck's previous tracks, and while you won't be burning off many calories, you should still be getting lean listening to this album in at least one sense of the word.

★★★★☆

LOUD RECORDS GIVEAWAY!

With competitions in one issue how f*cking generous are we, eh? We have got twenty copies of the Loud sampler on cassette, featuring the wicked lyrical talents of Raekwon, Inspectah Deck, The Beatnuts, Mobb Deep, Tash, and the list goes on and on. The first twenty hip hop headz to e-mail Jo on J.Serieux@lse.ac.uk will get the goodies!

PERRY IMPRESSED

Michael Epstein gets revved up over the former Jane's Addiction frontman's latest offering

Perry Farrell
Rev

A complete pearl of an album. Basically, it is a combination of Farrell's work with Jane's



Addiction and Porno for Pyros plus a couple of bonus tracks from the lad himself all amalgamated superbly into a single compilation of the artist's work to date. The collection opens up with some solo work, and it has to be said that the opening track, 'Rev' is inspirational - full of punch from Farrell's vocal talents and excellent guitar backing make this a punk style classic. Next comes 'Whole Lotta Love', a cover of Led Zeppelin, which has been adulterated in Farrell's souped-up style. The

most familiar of the author's work comes in the display of his 'Jane's Addiction' work. From the punky, jazzy style of 'Been Caught Stealing' to the rock style of 'Mountain Song', one theme that seems prolific throughout his time with 'Jane's Addiction' is his ability to keep his forceful talents at the fore of the tracks - the work ranges from rock to punk and from folk style to jazz, but the vocal insignia that Farrell inscribes on each track is clear for all to hear. The second half of the album is devoted to his time with 'Porno for Pyros', which represented a shift in emphasis away from heavy rock and punk to a more subtle style. This is seen in both the classic tracks from the Pyros era, 'Pets' and 'Cursed Male', where Farrell has been able to use the band's backing talent to greater effect to

complement his own superb vocals. Perhaps the best known of Perry Farrell's work is seen in 'Hard Charger', on the 'Private Parts' soundtrack, whose racy style once again is imprinted with the author's style. If there is a drawback to this album, perhaps it is that Farrell's own work does not really mesh in well with his earlier work, despite its excellence. However, this is a small price to pay for a compilation of excellence.

★★★★★

- ★★★★★ Hob-nobs
- ★★★★☆ Oreos
- ★★★☆☆ Bourbons
- ★★☆☆☆ Custard Creams
- ★☆☆☆☆ Digestives

ELVIS LIVES

Linda Morris gets into the groove at Death In Vegas' London gig

Death in Vegas
@ Shepherds Bush Empire

None of that two men on stage twiddling a couple of knobs stuff, oh no, this is as live as you can get without chucking a toaster in your bath. Live bass, drums, horn section, gospel choir, Bobby Gillespie and Jim Reid from Jesus and Mary Chain, you name it, they've got it. It's a real shame that the band were hidden from all but the front row due to the Empire's upwards sloping pit, but the amazing visuals more than made up for it, filling the whole stage with freaky, far out projections ranging from americana to industrial machinery. Mix reggae bass lines with a night at Whirl-y-gig, add a good beat and you've arrived at the DIV distinct sound. Playing live, the funky bass seem funkier and the drums have a clarity that creates a raw energy you don't get on

the albums. The opener with Dot Allison was absolutely stunning; the haunting visuals of nazi stormtroopers and general evildoers gave an eerie feel to otherwise laid back, mellow 'Dirge'. A lot of their debut album was played, with 'Dirt' whipping the crowd up into

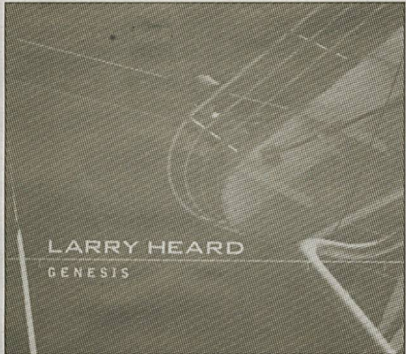


...Before the operation

a dancing frenzy with its buzzing bass line and funky beat. Jim Reid's appearance was a bit disappointing as the crowd, like me, had obviously heard rumours that Iggy Pop was the mystery guest, nevertheless Primal Scream's Bobby Gillespie was also on hand to compensate for Iggy's no show. Yet, his tracks gave a bit too much of an Indie feel to DIV which is a shame as this is how DIV distinguish themselves from their more Indie contemporaries, such as the chemical bros. Altogether more vocal tracks from the new album were played which tended to force the instrumentals (that they do so well) into the background, and it was a pity 'Rocko' or 'all that glitters' were deprived of a live outing. DIV's live shows are rare spectacles rather than run of the mill gigs, it's worth going to see them in any case just to see Richard Fearless's 'I'm so cool' shades and to soak up the electric atmosphere.

Larry Heard *Genesis*

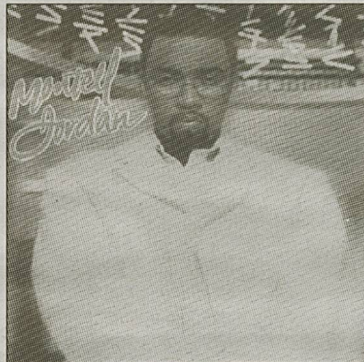
Larry Heard, a 39-year-old from Chicago is considered the grandfather of house and in the mid-eighties won huge following among DJs for his groundbreaking skill at blending disco sounds with his futuristic house music. He released dozens of albums between 1984 and 1996 under his own name as well as under the pseudonyms Mr. Fingers and Fingers Inc. Yet, to general stupefaction he decided to retire in 1997 to pursue a career in computer programming, claiming that recording did not provide him with the means of living decently. Now, after two years of silence appears 'Genesis', his new album. The title is indicative of his rebirth as a producer/composer/performer and his willingness to start all over again. However, I am afraid that he will have to return to the drawing board soon as I found the music in 'Genesis' to be entirely colourless. It is one of those albums that you put on your stereo and forget that it is playing. If you do attempt to sit down and pay attention to the maelstrom of sounds emerging from the speakers, be they synthesizers or screeching guitars, you will just be annoyed and possibly even wish for a lecture to come your way. That is in fact the greatest criticism that can be made of 'Genesis': it is very boring, not encouraging you to relax nor to dance nor to look for someone to tell them about this new album you have. My conclusion is that either Larry Heard quickly revives his music drastically or he will forever be consigned to being a computer programmer. And that is even sadder than 'Genesis', as every member of the Information Systems Society will confirm.



★★★★☆
Ricardo Vale

Montell Jordan *Get It On...Tonite*

This here month sees the release of US soulster Montell Jordan's fourth album 'Get It On...Tonite', an intercourse inspired effort that leaves little to the imagination of even the horniest amongst us, and is sure to leave all the sex-starved spinster massive salivating in their seats. The album appears to be divided into two parts: the party, represented by a set of upbeat swing tunes, and then the bump'n'grind slow and sexy songs of the 'after-party' (nudge, wink). If it's music you're after, please proceed to section two as the beats of the first lot of songs are monotonous and basically late to say the least. But if its sexual gratification you came for (and why not?) then stick around cos Jordan more than makes up for it with his dirty X-rated lyrics of lurve. Don't be fooled by the chirpy little intro read out by his daughter, cos Montell jumps 'head' first into an appreciation of being inside, and I don't mean Wormwood Scrubs. There are club whores and cock-teasers a-plenty in 'Why You Wanna Do That?', an interesting insight into the art of making girls wet. The second half of the album is 'strictly for the ladies' with 'Do You', an ode to the joys of masturbation and 'Let's Cuddle Up', a tribute to fireplaces and bearskin rugs...mmmm. 'One Last Time' is about sleeping with the person you just split up with last night for the seven hundredth time (sounds familiar-ed.) and the following song is about the morning after turmoil that ensues. Lauryn Hill for the genitals. This album would actually be alright if Montell Jordan were to cut out all the upbeat 'happy' crap at the start with its r e p e a t i n g monotonous 1990 style beats. It's good for a wank, though.



★★★★☆
Jo

Naomi *Naomi*

The blurb which accompanied this album hailed it as something special. The problem with such write ups is that it leaves me expecting a lot. Naomi supposed to be a mix of Janis Joplin, Beck and PJ Harvey and true enough, you'd be deaf if you couldn't hear the similarities. Basically, the mic goes into overdrive, she shouts a lot, beats the shit out of her guitar to a variety of different backing styles (there a couple of pretty ballads too). To be fair, she's always on the note but something is lacking. More than anything else, I think it's conviction. Not that you could doubt that she's giving it 100 per cent, but the lyrics are pedestrian. PJ Harvey often has something interesting to say, or even if she is saying something banal, she says it in a nice way. Naomi doesn't do either. I was also supposed to be able to detect jazz and classical influences. But honestly, just because someone shoves in a quick bit of cello doesn't make it classical. Likewise, a few canned trumpets don't make it jazz. This is pop. Forgetting the extravagant claims, it is actually quite good for parties and background noise. People might say, 'ooh what's that' but she really doesn't have the skill or the lyrics to stand up to repeated listening. However, if you're a boy, you'll find her voice sexy. If you're a girl, you'll find it empowering and if you're at a party you'll find it eminently danceable.



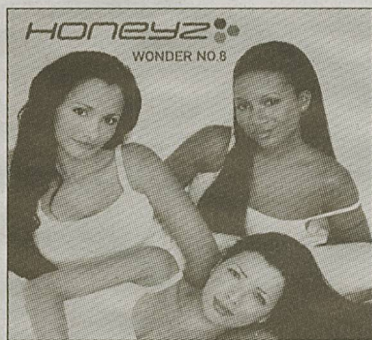
★★★★☆
Mark Pallis

HONEYZ TO THE BEE

Honeyz *Wonder No. 8*

Apparently, the request is to 'Do me baby,' but they 'Won't take it lying down.' It doesn't bother me, anywhere and anyway just as long as they DON'T sing. This album was released last year, however it has been repackaged to feature the new member, Mariama Goodman. It also includes their next two singles. Correct me if I'm wrong, but people buy albums on the strength of singles; surely no one (not even a Honeyz fan,) would be stupid enough to buy an album they already had for this reason? The marketing tactics are on a par with the music. Unimaginative, missing the mark by a long way, yet somehow endearing. This is a collection of fourteen songs of the usual pop album style. This entails, a fastish song, a slow love lost song, the obligatory guest rapper and plenty of adolescent sexual references. The strange thing is, they ask to be 'freaked' rather than fu.. you know. Having said that, a night in with Freddy Kruger does seem more appealing than one with the Honeyz.

Fair enough, if I was the average pop fan (ie my twelve year old sister), this would be what I would listen to when I had got too over-excited playing Steps and needed a comedown.



Artistic differences aside, if you like commercial popular music, and listen to Mark Goodier and the like, this will be just right for you (you poor Bastards). However I don't and think it is crap. The title is apt though, it certainly is the eighth wonder of the world that this album has been (re-)released with such stupid justification. Can they not write enough new songs to fill a new album? Career suicide alert. Someone get Pete Waterman on the phone.....

★★★★☆
Andrew Swann

SINGLE FILE

Apollo Four Forty *Heart Go Boom*

Apollo Four Forty have had some great singles in the past including the wonderfully kooky sci-fi track Lost in Space for the appalling bad film of the same name. While Heart Go Boom is not as catchy it is still a great dance track that while have you twisting your stuff with the best of them. With a bit of a Caribbean feel to it, this song has a laid back quality to it that previous Apollo Four Forty tracks have lacked. Flowing seamlessly between up tempo sections and a more laid back style this is the perfect song to 'sit in the sunshine and drink some fine wine'.

8/10 AY

Coldharbour *Air State Hail*

Debut single from west-country Ash-like indie rockers. Drug induced philosophy in the lyrics, sheer perfection in the musicianship, and a guitar solo to match any. This quite literally rocks. Apparently,

having played Camden gigs more recently, a major label bidding war is about to begin, so snap this up before it's priceless...

9/10 AS

The Cuban Boys

Cognoscenti vs Intelligentsia
You'll laugh the first time you hear it, then you'll cry, as it races its way to number one. This annoying 'Cotton eyed Joe' rip-off is a cheese-infested housey novelty tune, featuring what sounds like a smurf on speed. Said smurf will penetrate your skull with a catchy little 'Mmm Bop'-type nonsense ditty. Really awful samples going on here, too.

3/10 CL

The Motorhomes *It's Alright*

Swedish guitar band The Motorhomes show a great deal of promise with this single, melody and emotion are all present and correct. Although swirling strings back the confident, very British sounding, vocals on the track and the climactic ending is well executed the track fails to leave a lasting effect on the listener.

5/10 CJ

Heavyweight Champion *A Mile To Your First*

Named in dedication to the

exploits of boxing legend Mohammed Ali, Heavyweight Champion specialise in storytelling songs with a twist. Yet, whereas Mohammed Ali packed a decent punch, debut single 'A Mile to Your First' is bland, folk-tinged pop which instantly fades in the memory.

4/10 PD

Sunnyview records remix project

Jam on Revenge (The Wikki-Wikki Song)/E.T. Boogie

This is collection of remixes of the original 1984 electro classics by various DJs including Luke Slater. The best were the Kirk DeGiorgio mix of 'Jam on Revenge' - it retained the funky sound and the crucial handclaps while layering on some trancey synths; and the Tellurians 'E.T. Boogie' mix, which put the bleeps in all the right places and sneaked in some sexy Barry White-like sounds. All the mixes were pretty quality - though nothing very special compared to the (thankfully included) originals. Both have excellent novelty value - the Newcleus track boasts MC "Cosmo D" sounding like a chipmunk version of Melle Mel thanks to a vocoder and the title of the other track is self-explanatory!

7/10 CL

Hieronymus Bosch Horror On The Rocks!!



Calliope music swells crazily and the pastel-coloured monkeys bare their fangs



The trouble with the London Arena is that it's out in the docklands and can be an arse to get to. The trouble with advertising for the Disney On Ice show is that it is aimed at parents and not your average student type person. So I only got to hear about it only by chance.

Now don't get me wrong, I'm as open-minded as the next person, but somehow 'Disney On Ice' doesn't quite set my soul on fire. However, being a bit of a cheap scab and seeing as how the tickets were free, I went along out of curiosity. And let me tell you, those Disney people aren't world leaders in kiddies entertainment for nothing..... All the bollocks we learn about here in Economics lectures goes out of the window: Disney have got consumer loyalty down. When it comes to taking care of its paying customers Disney knows what they like, and provided plenty of booze to keep those paying parents coming back with every new sproggy they produce.

Let's face it, as long as kiddies see the stuff on T.V. day in and day out, they'll love it. What's really important in maintaining a leading position in children's entertainment is making sure that the adults in the equation favour your product above all others. Having beer available for consumption at your show is one way of making the experience more enjoyable for the slightly older members of the audience.

Okay, okay, so I'll tell you about the show, I know you're dying to hear what I thought. Not being a skater I can't really comment on the quality of the skating, but I'm sure that Mowgli falling over twice was definitely not part of the original choreography. Apart from that the rest of the show was brilliant. They put in the well known songs from Jungle Book, The Little Mermaid and 101 Dalmations, which would keep even the most sourpuss of a person at least mildly entertained. Having a mental age of 8, meant that I absolutely loved it, it probably helps to go with a group of mates who are up for a laugh as well (yes Jeff, see I got your name into this). For those of you who are jumping out of your seats to rush and get tickets, you're going to have to make the trek up to Birmingham as the show has (regrettably) moved on. But hey, if on a future occasion someone offers you the chance to see it, don't knock it out of hand, remember, there's booze involved!

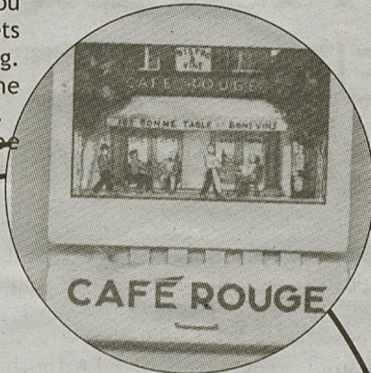
-Sinj Mukherjee

No. 1: Café Rouge - 857 Fulham Road

Partaking in a coffee and cigarette is an exquisite joy for me, not altogether dissimilar to the carnal knowledge of a woman.

I like to feel my café cherry was tenderly taken at Café rouge. She may get around (she exists as a franchise), but do not let this dissuade you from entering her. Her lattes' have amazing head; I have had none better on Fulham Road. Even when her services are complete, there is no pressure for you to withdraw. Lie back and relax - a selection of broadsheets are provided, or feel free to take your own, private, reading. And being so typically French, she has no qualms in the partnering of one's beverage with a divine Gauloises Blonde.

If you are passing through Fulham let yourself be pleased by the services this Café has to offer.



No.2: Café Amici - corner of Kingsway / The Aldwych

The closest I have ever come to suffering is having to endure two hours of Criminal law between 9-11am on a Monday morning. This was not a one-off piece of sadistic scheduling by the disgruntled souls in timetabling, but a veritable penal sentence, in lasting for 22 weeks.

Thankfully, parole could be savoured in the form of Café Amici. I gather Amici means "friends" (Emilia, an Italian speaking Swede informs me) and boy is this café a chum to me. A giant, delicious cappuccino costs a mere £1.20. There is also an array of reasonably priced fresh baguettes, sarnies and cakes that can be eaten in or taken away.

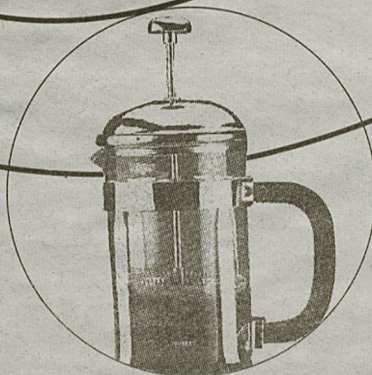
The only terms of parole, are that between 12-2pm there is a minimum order of £3, the staff are not actually that dissimilar to those populating prisons (but sans the night-sticks) and Jose Carreras lives inside the stereo. But even with Jose's hollering, this café is a great escape from those Monday morning blues.

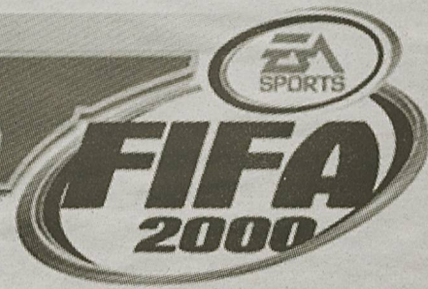
(N.B. Sit by the window and spot the famous people walking by, you will be surprised how many there are. If not, lie.- Works well on Swedes.)



No. 3: the Tate Gallery Espresso bar and café

On Saturday, after entertaining P and M for the day and packing them off to see "Buddy". I thought it was time to see what all the fuss was about and visit "Heals of Pimlico" / the Tate, to check out Tracy's (Emin) bed. I too was looking forward to "adding something" to what is already arguably the most inspired creation since cheesy-peas, by harvesting a pocket-full of nail clippings and toe fluff to be liberally sprinkled amongst her linen. Unfortunately my self-expression was scuppered by my arriving at 17.10. (The exhibition closes at 17.00). Before leaving, I decided to give the Espresso bar a blast, but unfortunately it is so express that the staff decided to shut up shop even though the gallery doesn't close until 17.50. Signs of life were registered in the adjacent Tate café, but as with the Espresso bar, to my chagrin smoking is a no-no. Mr McQueen wouldn't approve.





ROBBIE WILLIAMS UNDERSTANDS THE ECONOMICS OF PILLS

Isn't the internet a wonderful thing... On it you can find this great website called <http://www.magiklair.com/games...> You can download a whole shitload of games from there for free... You don't need to pay £49 for FIFA 2000, like Sam Panda did, while some lucky people with quick ethernet connections can download these games for free in a matter of minutes. The catch? It's illegal. I'm not sure if I'm supposed to be writing this stuff on fine print, but hey, I never said that I use this website, and it's none of my business whether you guys use it or not... Yeah, while I'm on the subject of illegal stuff on the net, check out <http://www.mp3sound.com>! These MP3s are updated weekly with new ones from all over the globe. And of course, these MP3s are only available so that one can 'test' the product and must be deleted from your computer within 24 hours; otherwise you can be

fucked by the law. Contact me for more info about this stuff and loopholes in the law.

Well well, back to the main subject. The series of FIFA football games on PC continues, this year to promote the millenium with its Y2K compatible FIFA 2000 (if it wasn't compatible it'd be FIFA 00... okay, bad joke; I admit...) This game is pretty much like the other games in the FIFA series. Tricks are harder to use which are better, because otherwise it was too easy to score goals. If you use cheats you can get trippy effects like getting glowing players or having Aliens capturing opposition players while floating above Jaap Stam. One problem about this game that I've heard about is that the International teams selection is quite inaccurate and you're not able to rectify it by placing the right players, cause they're not even substitutes. The graphics are much more real, yet a big too 'anime'-ish

for my liking.

And Robbie Williams has written a song for this game; it's called 'It's Only Us'. Let's analyse this excerpt from the song's lyrics: "We go after cheaper thrills, since the price went up on Pills." eh? I think what Robbie wants to say is that after the price of E went up from £10 to £12, he finds the elasticity of the pill being so elastic that people stopped demanding pills and instead used it's perfect substitute, FIFA 2000. Very well done Robbie! He may have even gotten accepted by LSE if he applied... Well, whatever... like any of us cares... It's a catchy song, and in my 'version' of the game, that's the only song which comes when I downloaded it... whoops... I do miss living in a 'wired' hall like Holborn or Bankside, where we could have after-session FIFA matches over the ethernet network... Well, what can one do.

Maybe if the interhalls dude can set me

and my mates up with a nice 6 room thing in Holborn it'd be cool... whatever... Anyway here are some cheats... go to options, then cheats, and type in momoney, sizzle, dazzle, lightsout (or lightsoff, i forget), and for more search it for yourself on the web. Well, it's worth £49 i guess, but i think you're well informed of other ways to get this great software now if you're out of cash. But remember, don't get into trouble, even if "the price went up on pills".

Also kudos to Erich 'da gimp' Beil... He beat me on Virtua Striker 2000 in Pks. His ratio of wins to losses is 1-9. He gained 50p off me by spending £5. Job well done, maybe someday he'll realise that his Eurasian supremacy ain't gonna beat the genius in Virtua Striker, 'BUWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA'!

Eswar Mani

From the makers of *Shangri-La* in association with amnesty international

Lust for Life

2 rooms & 4 decades of pop perfection

every saturday from october 23rd @ LSE 9pm-2am

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING

James Corbett takes a look at the man with the dagger behind the Tory throne

This Thursday Michael Portillo will win the Chelsea and Kensington by-election and so begin the arduous journey back up through the parliamentary rank and file which he, and many Conservatives hope will eventually lead him and his party to the prize of Downing Street and a return to government. In reality his political revival long predates his securing the nomination for the late Alan Clark's seat and can be traced right back to his stunning defeat in Enfield at the 1997 General Election.

That was the night he was forced to abandon his 'uniquely brutal' attachment to Thatcherism and as one writer put it, return 'to the membership of the human race.' Thus we saw Portillo present his own travel show tracing his father's republican roots in Spain; we saw Portillo extolling 'caring conservatism' at last year's Conservative Party Conference and most recently we saw him admit to 'homosexual experiences' in his days as a Cambridge undergraduate. All this is as far removed as is imaginable from the hard-nosed politician who seemed so underhand and untrustworthy in his role as defence minister in John Major's crumbling cabinet just a couple of years ago.

Superficially he is still the epitome of the Tory-Boy caricature with his bryl-creamed quiff and blustery right wing rhetoric, yet for once the spin seems to be in his favour. He's the darling of the right, the doyen of the Euro-sceptics and looks more likely than any of his rivals to successfully take up the mantle of a strong leader not successfully filled since the fall of Thatcher. Even his 'homosexual experiences' seem to be beyond the criticism of the majority of a traditionally reactionary party.

Yet underneath all of Portillo's bravado and claims from his supporters that he is the saviour of the Conservative Party, one question remains unanswered:



Portillo ponders the future

Picture: Archives

why did he not stand against John Major in the 1995 leadership contest? That opportunity possibly represented Portillo's best chance of becoming leader of party and country, the roles his most ardent fans believe he was born for and the Conservatives last opportunity to win another term in office in the subsequent General Election. Some have said that it was through sheer loyalty that Portillo didn't stand against his Prime Minister, but anyone who saw him speak so disparagingly of the former premier in *The Major Years* would doubt that view.

In that same programme Major himself claimed the real reason Portillo didn't stand was that he was 'too polite', that he would have first wanted to inform Major of his plans and then consult more widely amongst fellow MPs. If that is so, then in seemingly doing the honourable thing, Portillo postponed his chances of becoming Prime Minister by at least 10 years, if not indefinitely.

In the two months we've had leading up to the Chelsea and Kensington by-election various

He's the darling of the right, the doyen of the Euro-sceptics and looks more likely than any of his rivals to successfully take up the mantle of a strong leader not successfully filled since the fall of Thatcher

commentators and allies of Portillo have been saying how his return will be to the eternal good of the Conservatives, as if his mere presence will single-handedly revive a wilting political party and wash away an insurmountable

Labour Majority. It's true that Portillo has a certain pre-eminence which eclipses that of William Hague. He swaggers where Hague stumbles and is seen as assured when Hague is merely awful. If he succeeds Hague he'll bring a degree of glamour and elegance, no matter how superficial, to the role of Tory leader not seen since the days of Anthony Eden.

Yet Portillo dazzles to deceive. His perfectly groomed quiff may look good in the newspapers, but when he speaks on TV he can come across as edgy and unconvincing. He has strong views on most issues ranging from public spending to the single currency, but his opinions are often big on rhetoric and lacking in substance.

All this is in contrast to William Hague who often brilliantly harangues Tony Blair at Prime Minister's question time (as the response to last week's Queen's speech showed) and launches what should be successful broadsides at the government,

only to see them flounder because of woefully inept spin-doctoring and his low public profile.

Steve Richards recently surmised the two men's differing fortunes in a *New Statesman* article: 'Portillo has an aura, an enigmatic personality, whereas Hague is reminiscent of Harold Wilson without the electoral success. Like Blair, Portillo can say very little and still be crowned philosopher king.'

Assuming that he wins, as is likely, the Chelsea and Kensington seat, he will be given six months to find his feet before being moved to the Shadow Cabinet. Recent rumours that Tory MPs are unhappy at the poor performances of Francis Maude suggest that the Shadow Chancellorship may soon be up for grabs.

That brings us up to May 2000, which gives Portillo a year to re-establish his reputation to the extent that he can mount a successful leadership challenge following William Hague's inevitable election defeat in 2001. That would give him a full four or five years to unite a party which will have been riven with splits and disputes for well over a decade and overcome the New Labour bandwagon. If he can do that, and the odds are long and the ifs plentiful, then seven or so years the comeback kid may yet become Prime Minister.

However, the revival of Michael Portillo is still far from complete, and at present talk of his one day becoming leader of the Conservatives or even Prime Minister, is at best highly speculative. But in a political atmosphere polluted with hot air and media savvy, the re-emergence of someone as highly versed as Portillo in both of those skills should never be discounted.

TOWARDS A UNITED SOCIETY?

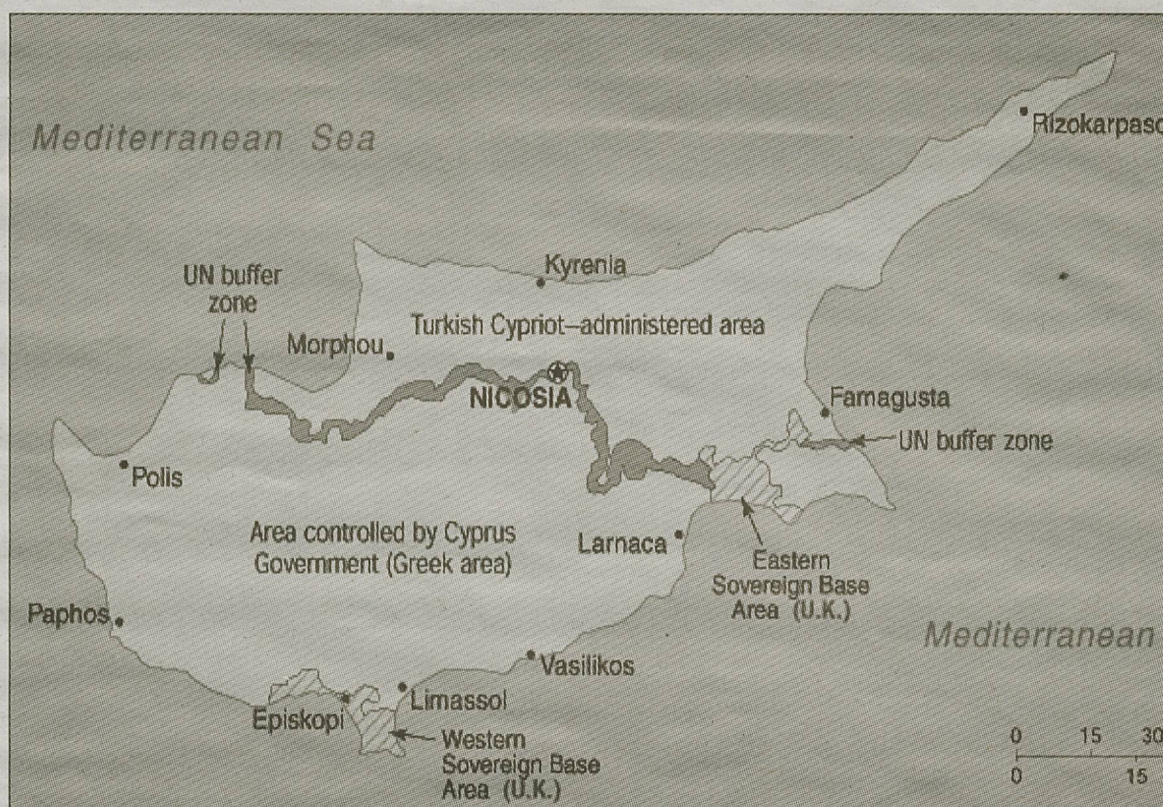
Can Demirbag responds to recent events surrounding that most complex of European problems, Cyprus

Demetris A. Singis' article 'Europe's Last Divided City' quite rightly asserted that November 15th could have been a fairly routine Monday morning for LSE students, with Houghton Street's accustomed library/lecture/assignments talk, takeaway coffees and people walking with FTs clamped under their arms.

What was somewhat disconcerting about said Monday however, was walking onto campus, only to find LSE's buildings plastered with posters printed by the Greek Cypriot Republic's Press and Information Office (PIO), bearing enlarged twists of barbed wire superimposed on a blurry sepia shot of a Turkish tank, unambiguously underscoring 'Cyprus - 25 years of Turkish Occupation'. Deeper into the campus, by the entrance to the Clare Market Building, the LSE Cypriot Society (which incidentally consists solely of Greek Cypriot members) had set up a stand, from which various 'information leaflets' printed by the same government office were distributed to streams of innocuous bypassers.

Further into the day, it transpired that as in previous years, LSE's halls of residence had also been more than saturated with PIO posters and leaflets. Mr Tsingis's article thus merely served to round off a multipronged, premeditated propaganda campaign by the Greek Cypriot Government, for which the LSE Cypriot Society, as in previous years, all too willingly rendered itself a vehicle, much to the annoyance of the Turkish and Turkish Cypriot students who share the same campus, and had to start a busy academic week within sight of these one-sided, defamatory materials.

The campaign was not only ill-timed, coinciding with teams of international rescue workers in Turkey toiling to save any remaining survivors from the large-scale destruction left in the wake of



Hopes are high that both sides of the divide can come to live in peace

Pic:Archives

the November 12 earthquake that killed 550 people and left another 3,300 wounded, but also marked a return to the tired militarist/expansionist/human rights defying eastern barbarians image various antagonistic lobbies have continuously tried to pin on Turkey, at times, it seems, with considerable success.

While Turkish and Turkish Cypriot students at LSE and other institutions of higher education are by now accustomed to this yearly ritual, replete with the predictable use of emotive imagery, dubious statistics, incomplete accounts of the Cyprus dispute and various other outpourings of this curiously obsessive, jingoistic group mentality, the timing and increased intensity of this year's defamatory attack came as something of a surprise.

Last summer saw an unprecedented softening up of Greco-Turkish relations in the wake of the tragic Istanbul and Athens earthquakes, and raised

hopes that these two neighbouring states, which not merely share the same geography and security

Last summer saw an unprecedented softening up of Greco-Turkish relations, raising the hope that there would finally be a move towards long overdue political reconciliation

interests, but also have in common many cultural values, in particular the warmth, generosity and joviality characteristic of both Mediterranean peoples, would finally edge towards long overdue political reconciliation and the establishment of a pervasive,

mutual trust. This grassroots-level rapprochement of the Turkish and Greek peoples found immediate support also at the LSE, where the Turkish and Hellenic societies started the year with warm, sincere relations, the joint benefits of which both will reap and build upon in years to come. It is therefore somewhat disappointing that the Cypriot Society should have indulged in what may easily be their most distasteful November 15th campaign in years, rather than following the commendable example set by the Turkish and Hellenic Societies in the spirit of the open-minded internationalism that has become the hallmark of LSE students.

What remains to be said is that while the complex Cyprus issue should certainly be discussed at great length at LSE, and the differing perspectives and associated difficulties explored on an academic platform of the highest standard, it is counterproductive to carry openly

biased and antagonistic government materials to the LSE campus, and to partake, in particular, in the abuse of religious symbols for political ideological purposes. If anything, Monday the 15th has put on show at the very heart of the LSE the kind of stubborn, narrow-minded mentality that has been a great stumbling block to the timely settlement of this longwinded dispute.

While the inappropriateness of the PIO materials distributed in and around the LSE needs little further underlining, there are one or two points about Mr Tsingis's article that deserve a mention. The first is that the attempted comparison of Turkey's policies with those of messieurs Milosevic and Hussein has no validity whatsoever, and represents little more than a simple minded insult to the Turkish community at LSE. The other, if somewhat obvious, point that should be made is that Mr Tsingis's failed analogy of Turkish tanks rolling into Berlin in order to establish the 'Turkish Republic of Northern Germany' can at best be termed misjudged and unintelligible.

All in all, one could argue that had it not been for the unnecessarily antagonistic propaganda efforts of the Cypriot Society, last Monday would have passed peacefully. Too bad then that the Cypriot Society scheme to commemorate the 25th 'black anniversary' of the Cyprus dispute should have degenerated into a veritable 'Black Monday' for tolerance and objective discourse at the LSE. It remains to be hoped that the current milieu of reconciliation between Turkey and Greece will bring these two neighbouring peoples closer together, and that the Cyprus dispute will finally be settled with a solution satisfactory to all parties involved, paving the way to greater stability and economic prosperity in the region.

SHERE SCALES NEW HITES

Alon Carmel quizzes the guru of office politics about sex in the workplace

Can work and sex, or business and pleasure ever mix successfully? Can men and women be productive business partners, or only reproductive partners? What are the new challenges facing men and women in the workplace of today and how can they successfully be dealt with?

Shere Hite, internationally renowned cultural historian and expert on gender and sexual behaviour achieved fame, and a certain enviable notoriety, with the publication of the Hite Report on Female Sexuality in 1976. Her new book, *Sex and Business*, offers a radical look at the relations between men and women in the workplace, as well as the position of women in the corporate world in general.

Much has changed in the modern workplace for the better, yet too much inequality still remains. Women still face widespread discrimination, with the 'glass ceiling' barring the way to promotion or equal pay. The divide between 'male' and 'female' jobs is still entrenched and the 'female' professions like nursing and teaching, are routinely lower paid than the 'male' ones.

The problem, as Hite sees it, lies in the outdated assumptions that still underlie the culture and organisation of many corporations. The old rules dictating how men and women should relate in the professional sphere no longer apply, but many people are still confused about what the new rules are, if there are any. So people inevitably fall back on the old stereotypes. How then do we change these undesirable features of corporate culture? Legislation can only be part of the solution, says Hite. And "banging the drum of the gender wars is no longer the point."

What is really required is a fundamental transformation of our values and expectations of the workplace. Essentially, she concludes, the problem is one of socialisation. Men and women do not know how to relate to each other in the workplace because no one has taught them. Hite points



Shere in contemplative mood

Pic: Archives

out that men learn to interact and cooperate with other men as part of a team by playing sports. There are no equivalent learning opportunities for men and women to mix in a competitive environment. It is assumed that the only way men and women can and should relate to each other is as potential sexual partners. This mind-set is difficult to shake off and leads to endless misunderstandings and tensions at the office.

On the other hand, Hite sees no reason why sexual or romantic relationships should be banned from work. Total denial cannot be a durable solution. With almost 50% of the adult population in the West today 'single' and people spending long hours at the office it would be unrealistic to expect everyone to restrict their search for a partner to their private life.

The combination of such pressures is manifest in the booming industry of dating agencies. And 42% of the people at the corporations surveyed by Hite Research are now in relationships with someone at

work. Therefore the answer is not a policy outlawing office romance, but rather to learn when and how romance is appropriate at work.

"Many men themselves feel that they are burdened and trapped by an outdated 'male psychology' and want to redesign their mental software"

Men and women must listen to each other and respect one another's needs and differences. These are of course old, and some would say rather obvious truths.

The trick is how to make change happen. Hite suggests that we can reprogram our 'mental software' by force of will, by

reflecting on our behaviour and values and by talking and listening to others. That is, we can overcome our socialisation. This will improve the atmosphere at work and adapt corporate culture to the new social realities of working women and the 'democratization of the family' which will make the corporation more efficient and more profitable in the long run. Hite's book provides two routes to changing our behaviour and attitudes. First, the text is punctuated by little boxes containing "software commands" to delete certain software, e.g. prejudices about female bosses and install new software. This is a quick and easy way to change behaviour in the short run. Hite reluctantly admits that this part of her book could be seen as self-help manual for male executives.

However, the other route - which is to read the whole book, reflect on the research and do the "brain games" (thought experiments designed to stimulate examination of one's own prejudices and stereotypes) - is

intended to change not only behaviour but attitudes and hopefully the deep seated "underwater frescoes" that determine those attitudes. This part of the book is aimed at society as a whole.

That is all very well, but many people would argue that the real hurdle facing such a project is how to get men to make these changes.

After all what incentive do they have to destroy the structures of 'patriarchy' which benefit them? Hite insists that her research indicates that the will is there. "Many men themselves feel that they are burdened and trapped by an outdated 'male psychology' and want to redesign their mental software", she says. Of course there are also those who fear the competition of women and who cling absurdly to their clichés and prejudices, but the tides of history are against them. One indication of this is the declining acceptance of sexual harassment and other forms of discrimination. In the

US alone, Texaco has paid out \$40 million in a back pay and gender discrimination in a 1998 lawsuit. These are not practices that any company can afford to tolerate.

Hite says, "I believe that through a deeper understanding of the motives, needs and attitudes we have, we can bulldoze over the walls we have built up and begin a new era of mutual understanding, respect and success." Let us hope she is right.

Shere Hite is speaking on the topic of 'Sex and Business' at the LSE on Monday the 22nd of November at 7.30 in the Hong Kong Theatre (Clement House) Tickets available (£6, £4 concessions) from Waterstones Gower Street, or TicketLine 0171 - 467 1613.



LSESUENTS



PROUDLY PRESENT

FEEDING THE
PARTY ANIMALS

THE GRAND OPENING
OF THE
NEW ENTERTAINMENTS VENUE

24.11.99

BOULEVARD

BOULEVARD

NUS NATIONAL MARCH FOR EDUCATION

THURSDAY 25TH NOVEMBER 1999

After weeks of anticipation, the NUS national march is finally happening this Thursday. An estimated 15,000 people will be hitting the streets of London in what looks set to be the biggest NUS organised demonstration in a long, long time.

LSE students can either meet at Houghton street at 10am or at Malet Street (outside ULU) at 11. We will be taking groups from Houghton Street every 30 minutes between 10:00 and 11:00. The March will leave Malet street at around 11am, destination Kennington Park.

UGM Roadshow. For the first time in its history, the infamous LSE UGM will be on the move. Come and see the finest points of LSE student politics on tour. Witness the heckling and paper throwing transported from the Old Theatre to the NUS National March.

The aim of this event is to send a clear message to the Government, media and mayoral candidates that student hardship, fees and wages are major problems and cannot just be ignored. On a less serious note, however, it will also be a fun day-out with carnival-like atmosphere and loads of freebies.



This Thursday-

10am @ LSE

11am @ ULU

UGM on tour

GEN SEC'S COLUMN

This Thursday is going to be quite a day. During the day we may have our last chance to show to the people in power that higher education in Britain is in crisis. Whilst in the evening we have our first chance to gain unrivalled access to the people in power across the world.

The daytime is the National March, the evening CNN.

Around 15,000 students are expected to converge on London to March for Education on Thursday morning. Why bother joining them? Here's why:

If you think £10,000 a year isn't too much to pay to come here. If you'd be happy to see double figures increases in fees. If you think that £3.60 an hour is a fair wage for the half of students and more who have to work. Then don't bother coming on the March.

If you think that London weighting on loans reflects the cost of London. If you think that rents in London aren't too high. If you think that travel costs aren't too high. If you think that the cost of going out in London isn't too high. Then don't bother coming on the March.

But if you, like me, think that fees are too high, that student hardship is reality and that students who work should get a fair deal. If you believe that entrance to LSE should be based on merit not money. Then DO bother.

So please do bother to join me and 15,000 others on the National March for Education this Thursday. Meet at 10am at LSE or at 11am at ULU and show that you think that students here at LSE and across the country deserve better.

After the National March go home at turn on CNN and watch the first episode of Q&A, featuring LSE's new PC cam. This really is one of the most exciting projects to happen in years at LSE

LSE is put on the map. Week in Week out, every Thursday at 8.30 in the evening LSE and the LSE Students' Union will be beamed all around the world. It's lucky we've updated our logo!

LSE students from all over the globe will have the chance to ask the questions to their leaders that they couldn't ask at home.

LSE was headhunted by CNN, because of our students. With so many people from all over the world they are looking for questions that will put these people in power on the spot, that will give them a hard time.

A whole day of putting people on the spot and giving people a hard time really. A day of making these people aware of issues that matter to students. The world players in the evening, the UK players during the day.

Jonathan Black

LSE Swing Society

Dance Classes

**Every Single
Thursday!**

7:30-9:00pm

**No Experience or partner
needed! Beginners welcome!**

£2/£2.50 non members.
Room to be confirmed

Email d.h.wong@lse.ac.uk
for details

POLITICAL REFORM IN MEXICO

a public lecture by
AMBASSADOR SANTIAGO ONATE
TUESDAY 23RD NOVEMBER
ROOM A86
5:30 PM

OVERSEAS & EU STUDENTS

Is the LSE an unfriendly place for you?
If it is, tell me why and how you think it can be friendlier?
Send me suggestions, comments, complaints, ideas, thoughts!
Contact: THONG@THEMARKETLEADER.COM

Colonel Bob Stewart
Former commander of Nato
operations in Bosnia
Nov, 24th 1pm
Room to be announced

THE LSE MALAYSIA-SINGAPORE SOCIETY AND SINGAPORE SOCIETY

Present: *The Absolute Party*
6th Dec (Mon)
Hanover Grand

Tickets: £7. Vodka drinks £1
Tickets on sale soon along
Houghton Street. Come along and join in the party!
It's open to everyone!

BRUISER RUSSELL EXPOSES HIS MUSCLE

LSE 3rd 3
QMW 3rd 2
LSE 3rd
ICSM 2nd 5
Told how it was, how it is and 0
how it will be - Shaft

After taking a fuck off beating by Strand Poly the week before, the Thirds got their arses back into gear to inflict damage on all and sundry that stood in the way. Welcoming the return of 'Bruiser' Gav Russell who with partner in crime 'Mad Dog' Callis had started a ruck of Grand-esque proportions in Limelight the week before things were on there way up. These two members of LSE's bare knuckle fighting society took it upon themselves to show some poor soul what pain really is by first breaking his nose with a well timed head butt before kicking the crap out of him as he covered in a nearby phone booth, ah those mad Wednesday nights. However even though Bruiser shows his meanness on the streets it isn't quite the same on the pitch. After being brought on as a sub against QMW the pussy complained that he was too cold so left the pitch to put a jumper on underneath his shirt. The Rock though had none of it and put him in his place shouting 'For fucks sake pussy boy get your arse back on the pitch before I kick it back on'. Not wanting to show off his bare-knuckle skills the bruiser meekly trudged back onto the pitch cold, jumper-less and with his sorry tail between his legs.

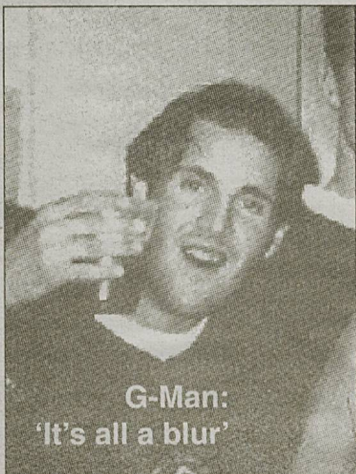
With the welcome return of Calamity Barnes fresh from serving a month in Ford Open prison for

sexually related offences the squad was almost at full strength. Sporting a trendy short hair do this LSE legend finally admitted that he doesn't comb his hair, much to the laughter of the rest of the team. With the kick off against ICSM brought forward to the ungodly hour of 10.30 am, The Rock banned the team from going to Crush and insisted everyone stayed in. Whilst many had early nights dreaming of threesomes involving Britney Spears and Christina Aguilera others occupied their night in different ways. Dynamo Dan had a sex-fest with his older woman who has forgiven the Romeo for trying to cheat on her, Barnesy revelled in the joys provided by his right wrist and Gangles watched four hours worth of hardcore Dutch porn which he had bought whilst supposedly lost in Soho during the afternoon. As the team arrived in dribs and drabs at the station for 9.00am The Guv'nor became worried about the missing Yanks Bryan, Lightening and Mike. The three eventually turned up with enough Burger King meals to start their own restaurant before scoffing it all on the train, fat bastards!

ICSM were never in the match as LSE dominated from the beginning. Masterplan scored two in the first half as the opposing defense turned to jelly with the custard and cream being added in the second half with two goals from the G-Man and one from Lightening. Amazingly the team emerged with their first clean sheet of the season thanks to solid defending from 'foul throw in' Fillipe, Mikey, Bryan and 'Hightower' Hannis and also the crap finishing of the ICSM forwards who obviously had come from the Andy Cole school of chance taking. QMW though were a slightly different outfit from the team stuffed 7-1 by the thirds at the beginning of the season as they brought in a couple of ringers to avoid another pasting. After QMW took a 1-0 lead

into half time the thirds showed they do have a little bit of magic somewhere by pulling off a Houdini act of escape to emerge victorious. Spurred on by the thoughts of more taunts from the fourths if defeat occurred LSE looked like a different team in the second half. The Guv'nor began passing to his own players, The Rock won everything in the air and Dynamo started making his mazy solo runs. The G-Man provided the finishing, first with a 30 yard free kick through a ruck of players and then firing into the top corner as he was played through by Masterplan. Lightening then made it 3-1 running on to the G-Mans through ball as QMW caved in. With the introduction of Buffy the Virgin Slayer to inject some pace into midfield LSE looked comfortable as the match turned into a Sunday kick about. Even a late injury time goal was not enough to make a difference as LSE stormed into the last 32 of the BUSA.

With the after match entertainment provided by the Tuns and the dire England-Scotland match the thirds again outnumbered the fourths in team participation. Gobshite Stoate and Wogan kept the teams end up but surely these two have some other friends? Epstein unfortunately was not allowed into the Tuns after getting caught with a fake ID which said his was over 18 and much to his distress the management kicked him out for not looking a day over 12. The evening though was not the same without the hockey and netball girls as no one could partake in the grand event of trying to chat them up. The hockey birds should ask themselves why it is that blokes have to be pissed to try to chat them up. Is it because they are all mingers by any chance? One note to rest of the third team for fucks sake lads lets get some people down to Limelight to give Mandy some company, no excuses next week.



G-Man:
'It's all a blur'

LSE ATHLETIC UNION

IT'S MORE THAN THE BACK PAGES OF THE BEAVER....WE OFFER YOU...

TAE KWON DO
MONDAYS AND FRIDAYS 7:30-10

AEROBICS

MON: 6-7PM
TUES 5:30-6:30 STEP INT.
TUES 6:30-7:30 BUMS & TUMS
WED 6:30-7:30 TONING
THURS 5-6 STEP BASIC

KARATE
TUESDAYS AND THURSDAYS 6-9PM

MUAY THAI BOXING

TUESDAY AND THURSDAYS 8-10PM

UNION GYM
OPEN 8-8
MON-FRI
10-6 SATURDAYS

£80 YEAR
£40 TREM
£20 MONTH



CLASSES IN BASEMENT OLD BUILDING
UNION GYM 1ST FLOOR EAST BUILDING

AU BARREL

THE ATHLETIC UNION INVITES IT MEMBERS TO ATTEND THE ANNUAL A.U. BARREL ON FRIDAY 3RD DECEMBER IN THE UNDERGROUND @ 11AM PROMPT!

£3 ENTRY
FANCY DRESS COMPULSORY

ANY TEAMS THAT HAVE NOT ALREADY EXPRESSED AN INTEREST IN GETTING INVOLVED PLEASE E-MAIL AMAR VIDYARTHI (A.U. GEN-SEC) A.VIDYARTHI@LSE.AC.UK



GYMNASIUM

NOW OPEN IN THE EAST BUILDING*

FULLY Equipped State of the Art Facility

FULLY Staffed by Qualified Professionals

FULLY Kitted with Technogym Equipment

- Power Joggers
- Bikes
- Steppers
- Rotex Machine
- Concept II Rowers
- Recline Bikes
- 11 Resistance Stations
- Dumbell Racks
- Forza Ab trainers

INDUCTIONS FOR ALL MEMBERS

MEMBERSHIP PRICES:-

	LSE STAFF	LSE STUDENTS	ALUMNI
ANNUAL	£140	£80	£210
4 MONTHLY	£70	£40	£105
MONTHLY	£35	£20	£52
DAILY	N/A	£5	N/A

INDUCTION £5 / £2.50 AU MEMBERS

OPEN 8am - 8pm Mon - Fri
10am - 6pm Sat

CAPPED MEMBERSHIP - JOIN EARLY TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT!

NEWS FROM THE AU EXEC

For the second week running, the integrity and commitment of the LSE AU Exec has been called into question by one man: James Mythen- a fellow LSE student and member of the Football Club. This news item is not intended as a personal attack on James- the Sports Editor of London Student and author of recent articles in that publication. The Exec are elected and accountable, and therefore subject to criticism from their electorate. However, such criticism is likely to have more of an impact if the Exec and others concerned perceive it to be factually accurate. What is more unfortunate is that the intention of the first article was well-meaning; to raise the profile of LSE sport in the hope that it aids the campaign regarding Wednesday afternoon teaching.

We believe that the situation regarding Brian Whitworth should be clarified- that he did not make the comments attributed to him, and we have no desire to cover old ground. The concerns about Wednesday

afternoon teaching and Anthony Giddens' attitude have been answered by Jonathan Black. However, we feel the role of the AU Exec has caused confusion. There are 6 full-time students elected to the Exec; there is no sabbatical at the LSE responsible for sports and societies. Having said that, those 6 members put in a combined total of 40 hours a week of their spare time to the administration and well-being of LSE Sport, with duties ranging from organising sports day, the AU Barrel and colours to budget allocation, freshers' fair membership sales and sitting on school committees. If any AU members have a complaint about the functioning of the society, the Exec e-mails are available to answer questions at the UGM as student representatives on the school Athletics Committee. Club captains should also act as intermediaries.

The Exec would like to thank James for drawing attention to wednesday afternoons on the back page, but sport at this institution is not in "a dire state" as many people, a number of outstanding recent results, and record membership testify. We implore James to contact us if he feels his sporting interests are not adequately represented, or if he needs any help with information for follow-up articles.

The AU Barrel (be afraid geeks and nerds) has been confirmed for Friday of Week 9 (3rd

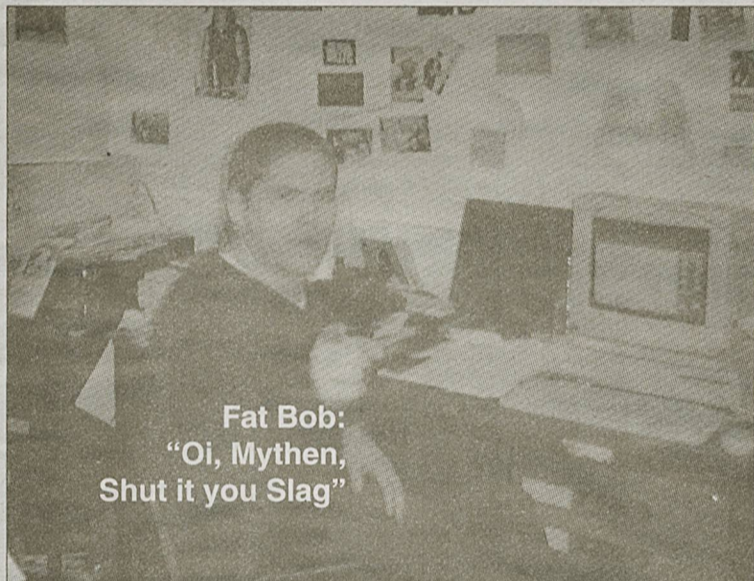
December). The world of education's most infamous semi-organised drunken riot will be hitting the Underground Bar with a vengeance after last year's Monday fiasco. **UNLIMITED FREE BEER can be yours for just £3 (if you are a member of the AU). Come in fancy dress, and enjoy the delights of the Kangaroo Court, the Twister Challenge, and of course, Uncle Bob's Wheel of Death. And as for the Houghton St. Streak, it could be you....**

Everyone buy Mandy a drink, as he has put his aforethought uncontrollable gob to good use by blagging £2,500 from Warburg Dillon Read in sponsorship. The cash will go towards training tops for members of active teams, giving people about £5 each towards paying for their own personal LSE top with a swanky Warburg's logo on it. Club captains should see Sarah about making the most out of this once in a lifetime opportunity.

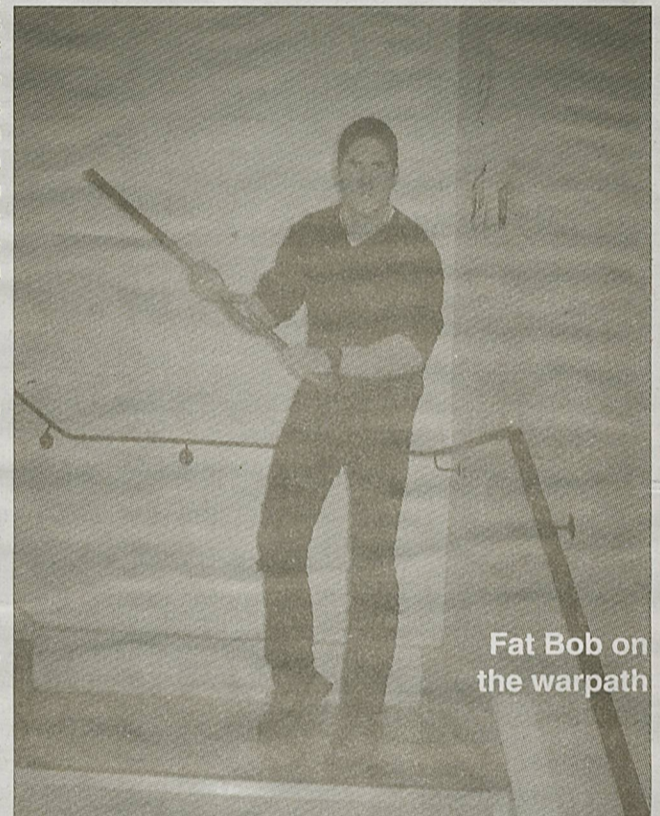
For those of you who are unaware, LSE sports clubs have been invited to a jolly on the Isle of Man. There are a load of sports provided for (even though there's no rugby!!!) and it is priced very affordably. If you fancy organising a group of guys and girls to go over for a piss-up in the name of LSE Sport, go and see Sarah in her office asap.

Finally, big congratulations to all those who have turned out for all the clubs so far this term. There have been a number of excellent results, but special mention has got to go to the following clubs for consistently making their opposition look like cunts-

- Netball 1sts for being unbeatable (and lovely, grrrr)
- Badminton for already winning their league, and being the hardest bastards in the AU.
- Men's Hockey for looking good for promotion, (keep it up girls).
- Basketball, for once again looking like the best side in London.



Fat Bob:
"Oi, Mythen,
Shut it you Slag"



Fat Bob on
the warpath

TOP SCIENTIST DECLARES PURPLE WARRIORS 'GENETIC SUCCESSES'

After what seemed an epoch of absence from the Emerald Turf of 'the land of the berry', the Purple Warriors were once again conspicuous by their rowdy presence in the Beaver's dank pavillion. Having managed to organise another bunch of frail bodies and broken souls to slap around the park on a Wednesday afternoon. So confident were we of victory that Morgan the Organ broke his pre-match tradition of masturbating profusely over a copy of "Shepherds Monthly", Big Jez left his cock-ring on, and we even let Beavis have a game. However, little were we to expect the secret weapon that was being employed by Guildford Poly's rugby club. It was not steroids, numerous ringers, extra players, bribing the referee, lethal weapons in the

scrum, or any of the other tactics that your average Purple Warrior may rely on to scrape a result on a chilly November afternoon. No, it was worse still. The Surrey boys had turned to that evil and underhand ruse that is only a legend in rugby folklore and still sends shivers down Fran Cotton's spine to this very day..... the PIE!!!! Not just one pie, or two, or three, but ALL THE PIES, they had eaten every single little one!

Thus the game turned into a hellish spectacle that would suit the lower tiers of Dante's Inferno. Grotesquely fat men from the Guildford ranks would win the ball and edge painfully slowly to the Purple Warriors' try area. Only more human sacrifice than an Incan Sun God Gore Fest could halt their enevitable trundle to victory. The scrummages were the

main scene of massacre, as bones broke and ligaments snapped under the awesome weight of eight human hippos. Their front row looked like a trio of over inflated oompa-loompas, with comedy hair, and skin stretched under the pressure of the fatty tissue that was giving them such a huge advantage. Poor Matt Fletcher, once so good looking, was a shattered shell of twisted limb and mutilated cartilage. Still, at least he managed to pull a minger in limelight- (taking his mind of his own hideous form). Even our own tubby tummies (Rotund Ralph, 'Normous Neil, Tank Timmy, Mac Fatlane etc.) were made to look thoroughly enfamined, and spent most of the afternoon slipping back down a slippery path to muddy doom.

Thankfully, they were fatties

LSE 1st 27
Surrey 1st 13
Skinny Bob sheds some pounds

everywhere, and I don't just mean every part of their gruesomely large blob-like bodies. Their fly-half looked like Stumpy's even fatter twin, whilst both wings carried more cellulite than a fat bird, in fat town during the fat festival (but they still managed to catch Athy, who is yet to shed his own developing beer-belly). As a result, our own slippery and lithe forms managed to slip sveltly through the slim gaps between their markers' love handles and score three storming tries. Star slimmer of the day was our very own Ginger Magician (sorry Feders), who looked every part the recipiant of a Green Monster as he stormed accross the line twice. The second of the boy's scores was so good that I actually came in my supportive shorts: he collected his own chip ahead to give us a

seemingly unasaleable lead.

But the boys with the bellies kept coming at us thick and fast, wave after wave, and ripple after ripple. Shnaya Twain went down with a crooked knee (claiming later that he was deliberately waisting time, whereas we all know he was crying like a baby), and they even managed to give the Half-Breed a cut lip (he is human!!!). However, solid defense all round, coupled with a little blatant cheating saw us through to the final whistle. Victors, champions, sex on the beach, and Chablis for all. So to the Tuns for depravity and debauchery- er, no..... bunch of Twats were in our pub watching some game on telly that uses a round ball (as if !?!) and getting in the way of our bar. Next time stay in the fucking library!!!

BLAIR WITCH PROJECTILES IN TUNS TOILET SCANDAL

RUMS 1st	30
LSE 1st	25
LSE 1st	27
GKT 1st	17
'FF'oster has trouble to find a bra to fit	

Following the fanning-out by RUMS last Wednesday, a tournament on Sunday and freezing our arses off at GKT, the Netball 1sts have had a busy week on court. Despite our fierce exterior and reputation, as much as I hate to admit it, we were absolutely annihilated at the coaching tournament on Sunday. Wednesday night my phone rings, it's our potential coach on the phone "I'm holding a tournament and I need a team of good standard, are you interested." "Of course we are" I replied, anxious to impress. I naively anticipated a fun packed Sunday of crushing team after team of fat middle aged crones with mullets. Fat, Middle aged and sporting mullets they were but crush them we did not! To put it politely, if ever the phrase "dicked on" was applicable it was here. We couldn't even put out a full team, five of the first team dregs arrived an hour late to fanny around in the sub-Arctic temperatures. I wasn't on top form having strained a muscle in my groin on the way to the match. Lucy was verbally abused by a random woman. "How many balls have you dropped? Why don't you think? You're a good player but you just don't care enough, sort it out!" My sentiments exactly???

Monday night saw the cancellation of our weekly sprint around Lincoln Inn in favour of

continuing last Wednesday's fixture. Unfortunately our 10 minute 4-1 lead was not actively utilised causing us to be defeated 30-25. Although I was not personally present at the match, sources tell me that the match was a enjoyed by all and played in a competitive spirit.

And so to Wednesday, In true netball 1st style we made it by the skin of our teeth, well were 10 minutes late actually, after hanging around waiting for a bus that we had "stacks of time to catch". We arrived to play Kings, Guys and 'Tommies' (don't you know) with blue fingers. The game started well with the tuns totty taking advantage of every false move that GKT made. They were pretty shite really except for the GA who winged like a baby. Defensively we were outstanding, new tactics working like a dream. Jenny in attack was spot on finishing every shot that was thrown her way. As usual Jacinta in the centre was amazing, playing the whole game wearing her coat. Wicked we love her. Last quarter saw the game turn messy with both teams losing temper and the umpires coping some grief. Yet we managed to hold on to our lead, winning 27-17. Overall we came 2nd in our league losing only to RUMS, a standard we hope to repeat in ULU league.

LSE NETBALL THIRDS DESTROYED BY MINGING SCIENCE BIRDS

Imperial 2nds	60
LSE 3rd	10
Laura Taborn - Down but not out	

Ummmm, what can I say? In the works of one amazed student 'I've never heard of anyone getting beaten by more than 40 goals before.' Ground breaking stuff eh? I reckon that makes us 'unique,' 'special' even.

Rather than put on a brave face and admit our team may have played a little poorly, I have compiled a list of suitable excuses:

1. It WAS their second team and our third.
2. It was fucking freezing and we hadn't warmed up properly.
3. Sulla - our star goal keeper had bunked off to Cambridge.
4. Cassandra - one of our star players was maliciously attacked during the course of the game and had to be subbed off.

So there you have it - no wonder there was a fifty point difference..... didn't do that badly at all really - eh? Ok - I admit it, we didn't play our best. To start with excuse number two is pretty poor, since we played a good game in our first quarter. Caroline's amazingly swift goal being the first of the match, and consequently followed by three more in close succession. By the first fifteen minutes we were only losing four goals to eight. Seemingly however, things could only go downhill from there. While attack was pretty strong, defence was having a hard go of it. As Goal Defence, I swapped with Cassandra at half to play on the wing. She did a much better job at keeping their giant Goal Attack away from the goal. However,

considering this girl (and if she plays for the seconds, what the fuck must the firsts be like) could cover the entire court with one step even she was able to prevent too much getting through. Also swapping at half time were Jessemy and Madaline - the former getting rather less action in our third - as Goal Shooter than as Goal Keeper in theirs. Madaline's energy failed to PETER out, but even she could do little to stop their impeccable shooting.

Everyone tried their best to feed the ball to the attack, but brilliant defence from their side led to an inevitable number of passes from Candice and Minal on Wing Attack, and Jayne playing Centre. Despite a pep talk at the start of the last quarter from intrepid captain Caroline, we continued to play an uninspired game, allowing the bespectacled science students to score their ultimate goal on the final whistle. Our play in this quarter may have been due to the side line presence of a photographer from this astute publication. Was the possibility of being the new Netball girl responsible for our astonishing defeat? Were we all too busy batting our eyelashes and adjusting our cleavage to concentrate on the game in hand? Was the pressure to perform just too much? Blame pornography, that's what I say, oh and at least we made it to double figures.



ASK ANNA

that you feel that you need to hide behind such obsenity to try and find that special someone. I'm sure that when you find them they will be able to see through your frightening exterior to the bunny you are. Instead of telling them exactly how you are going to treat them, tease them keep them in suspense. Suppress your urge to scare and instead allow them to only see your softer side, give 'em the rough when they aren't expecting it.

Alright Darling,
I'm the don and you are the ones with the problem.

Anon.
Hmmm, we'll leave that for now, no response required.

Dear Anna,
I keep taking photographs of my team mates in the showers. I know it's not right but I cannot resist the urge to picture the lads at their finest

moment. I have always wanted to be in the porn industry and see this as the key stepping stone to glory. However some of the lads have started to question my sexuality. I am straight.....I am?

Suppressing such urges is going to get you in all sorts of trouble, instead of hiding behind your camera, allow your true feelings to shine through. You could very well be bisexual.

Dear Anna,
I'm having traumas at the moment since I started this year pictures of me keep popping up every where and I don't know what to do about it or how to stop it. I'm starting to worry that people will think that I'm some kind of vain exhibitionist and ego-maniac. It's like a bad dream every where I turn I see my picture. I can't get away.

Anon.

Dear Anna,
Please help me. I'm a shy person and I find it difficult to communicate my feelings especially when it comes to the opposite sex. Over the last few months I have found myself randomly shouting obscenities at women and informing them of what I'd like to do to them in very public places. I know that this is not a good way to attract the opposite sex but I feel powerful when the girls cower in fear of me. Is it inadequacy or just sexual depravity?

Anon

Well, what can I say, it's unfortunate



Netball Girl:
Keen to promote equal opportunities

FAST FOOD FISTY-CUFFS CAUSES FATWAH SHOCKER!!

LSE 4th 6
ICSM 4th 1
El Tel reports from Berrylands Battlefield

Loathed by kids, loathed by dieticians, midfield animal Ronnie Mac incurred the wrath of the powers that be during yesterday's mauling of the med school mumblers. A prophet of doom, the creation of a nasty laboratory cock up, took the law into his own hands after falling victim to a clown challenge from big Ronnie. Armed with bad breath, colourful language and a large handbag, the short-arsed little gimp placed a curse upon the life of our stripy socked legend.

Prior to this, the game had been business as usual. Five minutes gone, Wogan ran to the by-line and crossed for skill machine Rabu to tap in the first. Soon after it became clear that the opposition were absolutely toilet as they let Epstein score twice in ten minutes. Camouflaged by a long blade of grass, he managed to head home a corner unmarked. He followed this up with a vicious strike from the edge of the box. Unfortunately, the wee fella was trodden on by clumsy Ronnie during his celebration and spent the rest of the game stuck to the sole of his clown shoes. Elvis was on fine form, and the bugger strapped king got another hat-trick of quality goals. The substitution of Wogan, due to a recurring barnet disorder, led to the lads being as potent in front of goal as a small glass of Babycham. Simon Wells was given the chance to strut his stuff up front; Wellsy proved exactly why he isn't normally allowed beyond the halfway line. Having gone close with a couple of efforts, he found himself with the opportunity to head home a cross into a deserted net. In true defensive style, he safely put it over and wide, before realising that we'd actually changed ends at half-time.

Respect should also be paid to the anti-christ in goal who pulled off some demon saves, and the ref for commenting that our team were "alright apart from the two gobby forwards." I've only got one thing to say to that.....



Caption censored by LGB

PAXTON OVERCOMES QMW UNIVERSITY CHALLENGE

LSE 4th 1
QMW 4th 0
Stoate larges it with an irate traffic warden

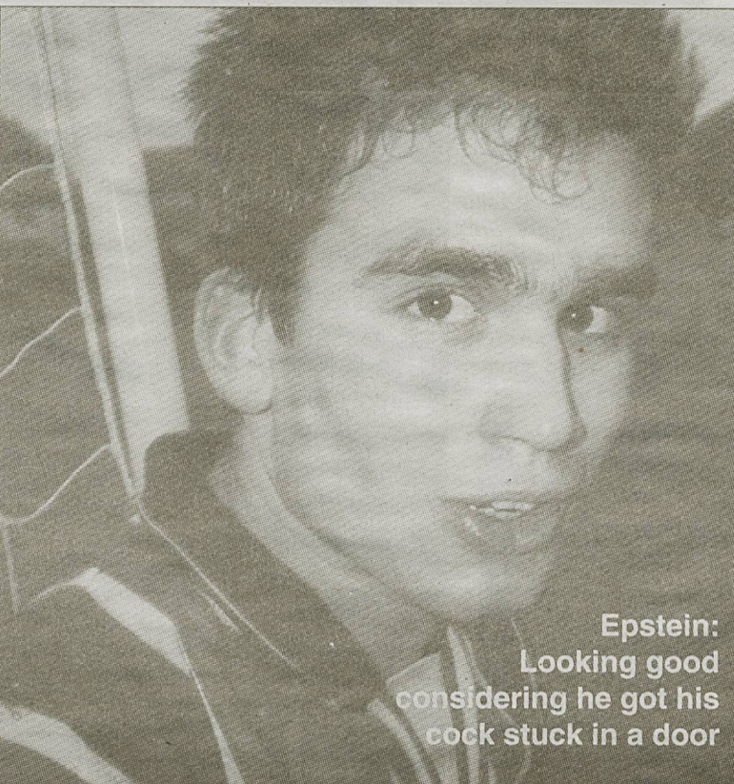
Getting everyone on time for a 10 o'clock meet was always going to be a nightmare, but the morning after a Wogan cocktail party it was less likely than a super dooper team match report on a game they lose. Consequently a half-cut Terry-geezer and Tommy Elvis C missed the train, finally trotting onto the pitch with after the rest of the team had long kicked off.

Not wishing to turn the ubiquitous Beaver into the Sunday Sport or anything, it must, however, be reported for the safety of all young children, yes that quotes you Alex and Mike, that Gary Glitter is not, as we have been led to believe, currently rotting in a prison at Her Majesty's pleasure but playing for LSE's very own super dooper team. However, the sick paedo has been incredibly clever and has split himself amongst 3 players. His face has been inserted into that of Nick Wogan, his trademark wig dyed ginger and now adorns the head of Will Paxton, and those sideburns are being looked after by the King of Rock 'n' Roll himself, Tommy C. These rumours were later confirmed when the Glitter triplets were witnessed forcing Epstein to wear little white pants and call them Daddy.

Oh, I'm supposed to write a match report? Sorry, almost forgot that. This game was an Old Boys reunion, with Kwanny leaving his Thai brothel for the afternoon to fill in at left back, and Kenny breaking away from his mysterious "other commitments" (yeah, like what exactly, Ken?) to partner Stoate at centre-back.

LSE ground out a win, although it didn't come easy. QMW boast 2 enormous goons up front, who instead of going for the ball like normal footballers, contented themselves with trying to mount Ken and Stoate on every opportunity, but with the LSE defence holding firm (no crappy women's hockey sexual double-entendre intended), the 4ths secured the game with a Tommy C. tap in after a back-heel of hilarious proportions from the big red Ronny Mac boots of the Glitter-haired Paxton.

These rumours were later confirmed when the Glitter triplets were witnessed forcing Epstein to wear little white pants and call them Daddy.



**Epstein:
Looking good
considering he got his
cock stuck in a door**

FEDERS ON FUCK ALL

Too many MCs, not enough MICs. Exit your show like I exit the turnpike. Relevance. No relevance. Unrealistic? Yes. Must be a reason why I'm king of the Castle.

MCs get pissed off when they can't chat. The same goes for pop stars, comperes and hookers. However MCs don't understand the relevance of their words. You might not understand the relevance of mine.

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to live in the real world? A place where your brother is your mother and your sister is not a geezer. I have. A place where real love conquers all, and ladies abide by the eternal dope laws of promiscuity, debauchery and large doses of crack chugged through purple light bulbs. I have. A place where men and women sell themselves on street corners in order to put food on the table and money in their pockets. I have. A little bit of Monica in my life. Sot, shot, will everybody stop getting shot! How do we define reality? In truth we can't. Everyone's real life will appear surreal to the next.

Yet such falsities can never be allowed to prevail in such a fuel intoxicated nervous system. Then the vampires come out and the genie in the bottle evaporates.

The nearest we come to truth in our lives is in our relationships. Falling in love with someone is like no other experience conceivable to man. It involves the concentration of all existing bodily emotions on one thing. This thing is the substance formerly known as semen or more precisely as spunk. Spunk makes relationships work. Without it we are condemned forever.

In turn, love renders masturbation redundant. Scoober diving with one's grandparents and drive-by shootings at the week-end become remnants of a past life. Women's underwear in the gymnasium. Men's g-strings framed above the fireplace. The moment we become under another's spell, we lose the constant urge to fulfil our own sexual desires. Is this good? Is sex really better than masturbation? Does your partner know how to please you better than you do yourself? I think not.

He/she has not had the same experiences. The clitoris is very different to the penis (though some may argue otherwise). The ability to manipulate both organs at once is rare. Magical. Spunk should not be wasted. In a world of duplicity and joint ventures, self-pleasement is momentarily sacrificed on the altar of monogamy. Do not let love come between yourself and your right arm. I repeat this unrepentantly. Such brilliance can be restrained no more. What's my motherfucking name?

LSE DRAGONS SLAY SAINT GEORGES

Lse 1st
St. Georges 1st
BEAST + STRIP JOINT
IN SHOWER SHOCKER

5
2

This Wednesday saw the men's hockey team taking on a premier division team, St. George's, in the decisive BUSA cup game of the term. Despite the opposition's sneaky tactic of starting early the hockey team showed their commitment by missing classes and lectures (which the Beast does every day as a matter of course) in order to make it to Motspur Park in time for the start of the game - a special mention goes to Sharkie who's commitment to hockey is second only to his devotion to his bedroom antics (shagging the Foster) which left him so disoriented that he managed to get on the wrong train to a pitch he plays on every week and a strange cramp in the lower groin!!

After a hectic first few minutes during which the LSE backline was put under a lot of pressure Sharkie decided to take the initiative and once again his sword was unleashed to put away a lovely ball from John "Psycho" Sheridan to put us in the lead. From that point on we started to dominate and the lead was extended by "Bald-boy"

Jason who was playing like a demon and actually managed to put some of our training exercises into practice during the game "well-played fella". After a couple of nasty incidents on the pitch, which resulted in Loosey getting carded for dangerous tackles from behind (a position he usually prefers), we got another goal after Psycho's shot got deflected into the top of the goal by one of the defenders.... jammy git!

At half-time, therefore, we were 3-0 in the lead against a premiership team who had expected to whip our arses (Euroboy had been looking forward to the beating) and they were severely pissed-off. As the whistle blew for the start of the second-half they came at us on all cyclinders determined to show us who the daddy was... they weren't, we were! With the mid-field playing amazingly well and providing the forwards with some visionary balls we were unbeatable. Sharkie proceeded to add another

one to our score-line, a beautiful goal that is on of the best scores he's had either on or off the pitch since coming to LSE (sorry girls). Unfortunately George's managed to pull a couple back as our defence foundered under pressure scoring two fairly jammy goals (or so Amar reckons). Although we were now in a more precarious position Psycho decided that one of their mid-fielders posed enough of a threat to justify attacking him physically and proceeded to smack him in the face with his stick and was therefore sin-binned for 10 minutes (during which he probably called up his girl-friend for the

longest period of (phone) sex she's had for ages... aaah, true love!). A couple of minutes later Jan, our German sweeper, felt so strongly about the umpire's technical inaccuracies that he decided to ask him to do his job more efficiently and also got sent-off (the umpiring was nothing if not consistent). Down to nine men a repeat of our game against QMW seemed likely..... were we going to get shafted? With our backs against the wall (usually a position we assume when the Beast is let loose) we fought back valiantly. A couple of tactical switches and a lot of shouting by Jon Milsted (mid-

field supremo) proved successful and not only did we hold firm but we managed to score another goal bringing the final score to 5-2.

A triumphant hockey team made our way back to the Tuns to watch the unfortunate (Bananaman would disagree) repeat of the afternoon's proceedings as once again St. George fell at the hands of the (Scottish) dragon. Once again lots of beer was drunk, abuse was shouted at the rugby boys and Psycho threw-up AGAIN. All in all a great performance, a good night, a triumphant victory and proof that LSE hockey kicks arse!!

As the whistle blew for the start of the second-half they came at us on all cyclinders determined to show us who the daddy was... they weren't, we were!



LSE Hockey:
Young, Masterful
and Dashing