

The Beaver

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

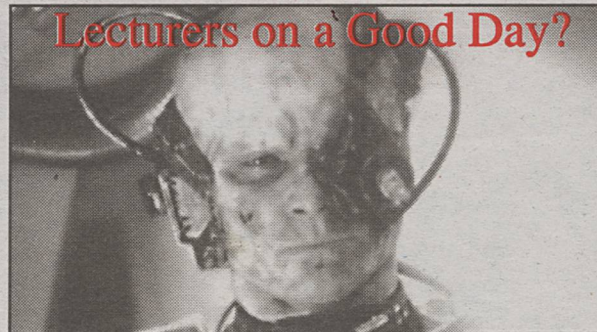
Issue 453

December 10, 1996

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Guess Who?



Lecturers on a Good Day?



In-fighting amongst the Union Hacks...

Darrell Fails To Dazzle

Chris McAleely
News Editor

The veggie cafe will not lose any space as the first floor will be expanded over the new STA office.

STA intend the expansion to improve service for existing customers and hope to draw in even greater business. The SU will benefit from an increased rent from STA, as part of a profit sharing agreement, and so is contributing half the costs of the expansion.

Another much heralded development, the refitting of the Tuns, was confirmed for the Easter break by SU Treasurer, Darrell Hare. The funding for this comes from £20,000 set aside for the job but was never used last year. The School is assisting by knocking a hole in the wall of the Tuns to provide an entrance on Houghton Street. This should have been done this term (hence the dubious wooden structure currently propped up against the Clare Market building) but as Hare joked, the School "couldn't organise a piss-up in a brewery"; the work has been delayed until next term. The new entrance will allow the Tuns to increase the number of 1am bar extensions it is allowed during the year.

The largest source of income for the Union was the block grant from the School, up a reasonable 3.87% on last year. The grant makes up over 70% of the Union's

half a million pounds income this year. The Union has also managed to join in the building society bonanza, receiving £3696 for opening an N&P account shortly before it converted to a bank. As *The Beaver* reported at the start of the year, the introductory week raised over £12,000,

equipment; the Union has finally invested in its own sound system after years of hiring equipment for each event. This should in the long run represent a considerable saving for the SU. Hare stated that the long term plan is to make all Ents. events self supporting, great steps towards

the budget meeting. Questioned by *The Beaver* afterwards, Hare attributed the increases to a combination of an incremental pay rise system based on length of service and the fact that an extra staff member has had to be employed to cover maternity leave. Additionally, reception staff costs have risen by over 15% due to longer opening hours.

Higher profile campaigns this year persuaded Hare to raise the Campaigns committee's budget by 250%. He cited Environment Officer Erik Wernevi's Eco Week as an example of what can be achieved by a well organised campaign.

Hare commented that *The Beaver's* budget has been an area of some contention in recent weeks. He announced a rise of £500, but this represents a fall in real terms since it does not even match inflation. He criticised those who, he believes, see the main aim of *The Beaver* as being to win awards. "It would be nice", he said, "but the main aim is to provide communication to all the students, which it does very well".

The societies budget has in recent years been the source of greatest contention. However this year, despite having had to rationalise demands for £54,000 with a total allocation of £21,000, only one society was moved to propose an



Ken Clarke drinks Whisky. What's Darrell's budget brew?

Photo:Library

representing a healthy 13% rise on last year's event.

The largest increase in any single item of expenditure was for Entertainment's

this aim have been made over the past two years.

Increases in staff costs of well over twice inflation drew little attention during

society

Continued on page two

Holborn election shock!

Anja Madsen

High Holborn hall committee elections were held on Wednesday, December 4, and again there was controversy. The problems that arose concerned the posts for women and overseas officers.

According to Gotz Mohindra, the outgoing hall President, a meeting held on Thursday November 28, informed candidates that electoral rules were set on precedence, and explained the rules explicitly. However, all candidates were not informed of the meeting and as to the rules being set on precedence, Mohindra referred to the unratified High Holborn constitution, copied from the Passfield constitution in March 1996.

Although the above-mentioned meeting was held, a number of candidates were still surprised to find out that only women and overseas students vote for their respective officers. At around 5pm on the day of voting, Lisa Thomas, a Holborn resident, wrote a petition against the procedure, stating that "decisions made by the overseas officer not only affect overseas students, but also have implications for home and EU students". However, when presented to Mohindra, he ripped it up, claiming that it would only cause trouble.

Representatives from the Students Union along with Bernado Duggan, the appointed (or so everyone thought, except for Mohindra) Returning Officer, were present to oversee the election, deeming Mohindra's ruling concerning the two posts to be unconstitutional. Mohindra assured the SU representatives that he would have a meeting with the former and newly-elected hall committees, deciding on the course of action to follow.

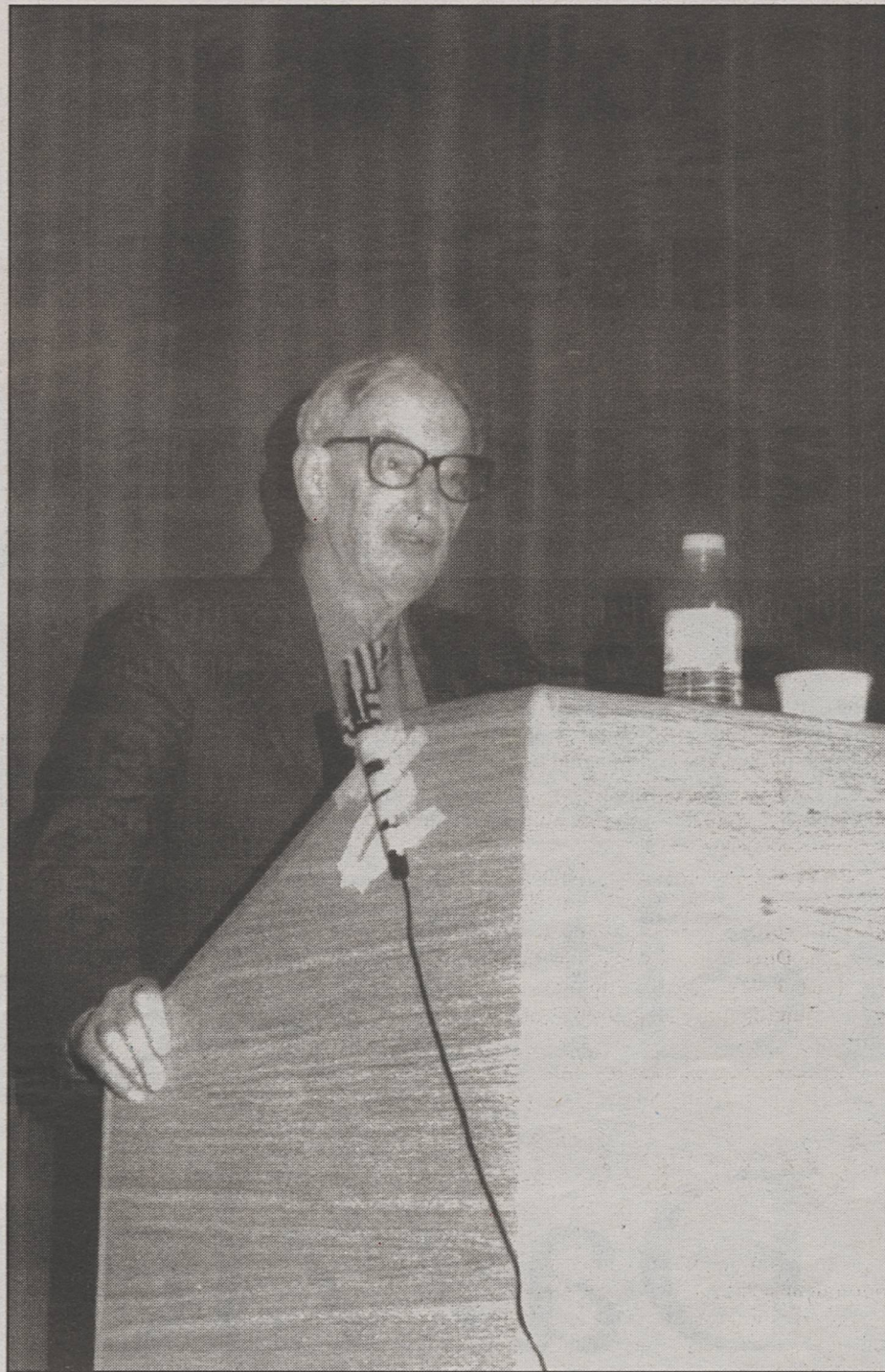
Counter to this statement, Mohindra, along with three Holborn residents, proceeded to count the votes at 1 am in the morning immediately after the SU representatives and appointed Returning Officer had left High Holborn. Mohindra's explanation of this was that the Hall President was the Returning Officer, in direct opposition to the opinion of the rest of the hall committee. As to the voting procedure, in most cases, the ballot papers contained all posts, leaving it up to the individual voter as to whether or not to, adhere to Mohindra's guidelines...which were not coherent in the first place.

The final result of the elections for the two posts is one of confusion and blatant divergence from conventional procedure, irrelevant of which procedure is followed.

To amend the situation, a meeting was held on Thursday, December 5 which the newly elected committee, representatives from the Student Union and Mohindra attended. Mohindra clarified his position by stating that "I have tried to do my job to the best of my abilities, but to be blunt, it is out of my hands now".

The newly elected committee chose to accept the present constitution as fair and based on precedence, declaring the mistake as one based on procedure and resolving to have a re-election set on the same rules. The constitution is to be amended and ratified at a later stage. The date for re-election was set for Tuesday December 10, and appointed the neutral Narius Aga, Student Union Overseas Officer, to be the new Returning Officer to avoid any further complications.

So now High Holborn is one big, happy family with its first hall committee where there are no doubts as to hall rigging and other dubious acts.



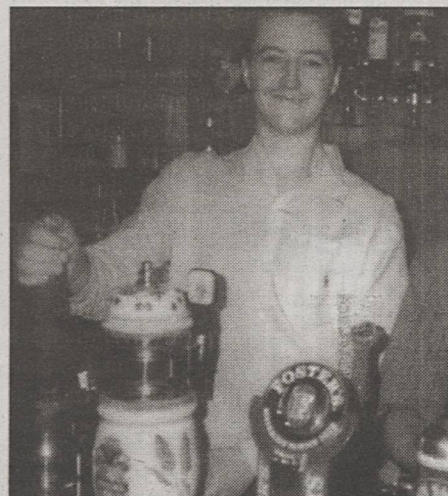
Eric Hobsbawm leads the revolution

Photo: Fredrik Ljone Holst

Budget Continued from page one

amendment. The African - Caribbean Society asked for an increase of £200, taken from various other societies. The proposer, society president Menelik Miller, argued that the amendment should be passed in the interest of fairness, since smaller societies had been allocated a larger budget. After a close vote the amendment was accepted. The whole budget as amended then passed without protest.

Hare pronounced himself satisfied with the proceedings, even praising the amendment. "It shows that societies can



Darrell Hare

Photo: Library

News from the Archives: 1981

On November 25 1981 The Beaver reported a closure of SU services. The dispute was a culmination of the discontent felt by two members of the Coffee Bar, Miguel Santora and Lesley Jarvis, whose action was in turn supported by staff in the Three Tuns and the Union Shop.

Elsewhere in the LSE political drama continued. Following the forced resignation of the General Secretary, John Momford, after a censure motion on charges of incompetence and laziness, the Labour Candidate, Steve Pound was elected as the

new General Secretary. The successful candidate had a clear mandate with 300 votes over his nearest rival.

Success greets the LSE Debating Team as they defeat KCL and UCL to qualify for the national final of the 1981 Lloyds Bank Intervarsities Debating Competition.

At Roseberry Hall, the fire fighters are once again kept busy, as a fire damages the Deputy Bursars flat.

Dhara Ranasinghe

From Russia with love

Chris McAleely
News Editor

Can we write a history of the Russian Revolution? The answer given by Eric Hobsbawm was a qualified yes, cautioning that "every generation asks its own particular new questions about the past" and that no purely objective history can ever be written. The distinguished historian gave the annual Isaac Deutscher memorial lecture last Tuesday to a crowded Old Theatre. He was there as the winner of the 1995 Deutscher Memorial Prize for his now accepted as classic work, 'The Age of Extremes', a semi biographical historical account of the Twentieth Century

Historians of the modern age have to deal with almost infinite collections of public and private records. Hobsbawm highlighted that we have only just begun to tackle the "Himalayas of documentation" in the newly accessible Soviet archives. The opening of this source has, he stated, meant that most work predating this "will have to be junked". Even classics such as Robert Conquest's history of Stalin's terror, are now obsolete, he believes, because they could only speculate on what the archives held.

Hobsbawm commented that most questions historians ask are about 'might have beens'. He gave several examples such as "was the Russian Revolution inevitable? Could Tsarism have saved itself? What if Lenin had not gotten back to Russia in 1917? Could the Bolsheviks have lost the civil war?"

He quoted a correspondent of the Manchester Guardian who was reporting from central Russia just before the Revolution, Phillips Price, to illustrate the groundswell of support the Bolsheviks had, a factor often underestimated by historians. "The maximalist fanatics [Bolsheviks] have recently acquired an immense following."

Another set of 'might have beens' were posed by Communist politicians and historians. These relate to the possibilities of revolution in Germany in 1918 and elsewhere in the world. A third set of these "counterfactuals", as Hobsbawm phrased it, were not so much whether Kerensky's provisional government would fall or even whether the Bolsheviks would take over. The real issue at the time was how the take over would occur. Hobsbawm emphasised that "history must start from what happened and speculate from there".

He concluded his lecture by stating that the Russian Revolution had two interwoven histories. He contrasted it to the American Civil War which, although the bloodiest war in US history, had little direct impact on the rest of the world. The Revolution of 1917 was a "towering phenomenon" which had a lasting impact both inside Russia and on the world at large. However, it is still too early "to draw up the historical balance sheet". That must be left for future generations.

Meningitis scare hits universities

Dhara Ranasinghe

The death of two students who contracted meningitis at Cardiff University's, University Hall of residence at the beginning of the month sent shock waves throughout the country. Thirty two people were admitted to hospital, though eight were soon discharged. Measures were soon enacted to placate growing fears of a meningitis epidemic and it is estimated that 90% or more of the target for vaccination had been vaccinated by last Monday. Nevertheless, criticism was directed at the University for not having informed students, and taking the appropriate action before students at the Hall went away for the weekend, when the meningitis cases were already

acknowledged. According to *Gair Rhydd*, Cardiff University's student paper a spokesman for the Health Service commented, that a delay in announcing the outbreak was caused by the "need to establish the type of meningitis".

The outbreak was not however, confined to Cardiff and on Tuesday 3 December one student at York University was also diagnosed with meningitis. While the illness cannot be passed through normal social contact, the students diagnosed were identified as American exchange students who knew each other.

Why is it that Universities appear to have been the main centre of these meningitis outbreaks? Speaking to *The Beaver*, the Director of the St Phillips Health Service, Dr Fender remarked that this was purely coincidental and that 20% of the

population were carriers of meningitis, however it is unknown as to which factor triggers an outbreak of the virus.

One student at Bankside Hall was reported to have developed the symptom in October, but soon recovered. The symptoms include a severe headache, especially at the front or back of the head, a stiff neck, painful eyes when exposed to light, and a high fever.

Dr Fender further urged that students keep a watchful eye on friends and that anyone who felt they had these symptoms or wanted advice should contact the Health Service.

The Consultant Physician in Public health and Communicable Diseases in Westminster has confirmed that there is no need to take precautions, such as antibiotics and vaccinations.

Russian Roulette in the Middle East

Isabelle Florin

Russia still has a role to play in the Middle East claimed Alexei Vassiliev. The Director of the Institute for the Study of Africa, in the Russian Academy of Sciences, spoke last Wednesday on contemporary Russian policy in the region. Some states, he insisted, are nostalgic for the old Soviet presence and fed up with American and Israeli pre-eminence.

Vassiliev talked to the mainly Russian-speaking and specialist audience about Russia's alienation with the USA in the region. He insisted that the contentions were accepted as part of the normal international political process and would not lead to conflict.

Although Russia's intervention in the Middle East Peace Process was rejected by Washington, Vassiliev suggested that Russia still has interests in the region. These, in the form of commercial contracts for state and private companies in fields such as oil and gas extraction, were said to be hindered by the lack of banking, insurance and transportation systems in the newly created market economy. But trade relations with Arab states, notably Iraq and Iran are grave. Vassiliev then went on to compare the good Iraqi-Russian relationship with the more strained relations with Turkey, in spite of American pressure on issues of nuclear power plants. The internal factors that affect Russia's position in the region has also been reversed and different communities, such as the Jewish community have more influence than the Muslim community in Russian decision-making.

The short discussion which followed raised issues and feelings about the Russian military presence and role in Georgia and Afghanistan and the difficult wars of national liberation, on which Vassiliev expressed cynical views. He also expressed his fear of a potential catastrophe as to the fate of the millions of ethnic Russians in Transcaucasian and Central Asian Republics. All in all, it was a challenging and compelling presentation.

Last Stand Against Top-Up Fees

Chris Roe

Despite rumours to the contrary, the crucially important Court of Governors meeting on the subject of top-up fees will be going ahead as planned on December 12.

The discussion of the controversial Scheme A+ will take place amid concerns that the introduction of additional payments for students will lead to a decline in academic standards and the value of an LSE degree.

Anthony Giddens, the newly appointed Director of the LSE, will be present at the meeting but only in the capacity of an

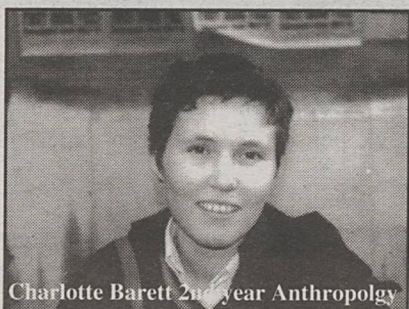
observer without voting powers. His appointment has provided fresh hope for those opposed to top-up fees, because of his position as an adviser to Tony Blair, whose Labour party remains opposed to their implementation. It has also been suggested that the Governors may be unwilling to lumber the policies of the previous incumbent on the new Director. However, Mr. Giddens has so far declined to comment on the issue.

Dan Crowe, the recently reinstated General Secretary of the Student's Union, who has made his firm opposition on top-up fees clear, was optimistic about the new Director and his potential influence on the

debate. Crowe has wasted no time in remobilising his campaign. The SU are organising a candlelight vigil outside Clement House, where the meeting is to take place on the afternoon of the 12th. It is hoped that the demonstration will prove more effective than the time-honoured militant approach, which could alienate support for the Student Union cause. Crowe points to a precedent in 1986, when a similar vigil was successful in influencing a Governors vote on investment in South Africa. To encourage the support of those concerned about the personal financial implications if the vote goes the wrong way, the SU are thoughtfully supplying the candles.

ABOUT Views from Houghton Street

- Q
1. Are you in favour of top-up fees?
 2. Would having a means tested top-up fee (charged only by the LSE) have influenced your decision to come here?
 3. What effect do you think top-up fees will have on academic standards at the LSE?



Charlotte Barrett 2nd year Anthropology

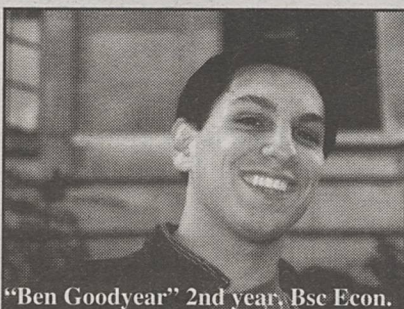
1. No!
2. Yes!
3. Lower, Bad Worse!!!

1. No!No!No!No!
2. Yeah (said gravely!)
3. In the long run, entry requirements will have to be lowered so there will be less clever people here.

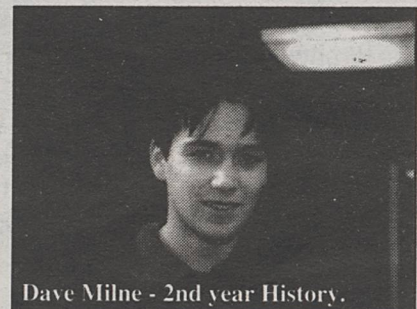


Angie Petchy - 1st year BSc Maths + Econ

1. No Like them at all
2. Definitely.
3. Won't change the standards- there will just be a lot more rich people than there are now.

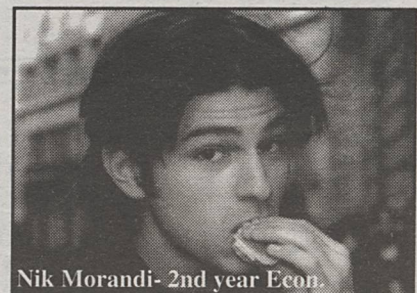


"Ben Goodyear" 2nd year BSc Econ.



Dave Milne - 2nd year History.

1. No!
2. Yes - most certainly.
3. The standard of education will be lowered, all the principles on which higher education should be based will be shattered. There's already too many rich people at LSE.



Nik Morandi- 2nd year Econ.

- 1.No! Who could be.
- 2.Of course it's hard enough to survive as it is.
3. An oasis of the over privileged.

Compiled by Nina Duncan



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EDITORIAL

Right. Topic today- top- up fees. As we all know, the LSE is planning to bypass the Court of Governors in a motion later this week to give the decision concerning top- up fees to a Standing Committee filled with the School's people, therefore enabling it to enforce its agenda.

The School's entire procedure concerning top - up fees is only indicative of its attitudes towards its students. The LSE is a business: we are its clients. If talk is true that Acting Director Leslie Hannah is only attempting this in order to force the British government to give more funding to the School, then perhaps it should be the School's policy makers who are attending lectures . The planned proposals for top- up fees are merely a cosmetic change. Tied to the student's grant level, it will basically result in almost all of LSE's home students paying for university education.

By the way, if the Director and the School Secretary really do read *The Beaver* as I have been told, come down sometime and explain the rationale of your policies and the LSE's 94.4% debt to your student minions in Houghton Street. We are all dying to know.

LIZ CHONG

what's on

Tuesday, December
10

Amensty International Human Rights Day

Amnesty Christmas Cards sale
10am - 3pm in The Quad
Sign a card to prisoners and light a
candle

5 - 6 pm in Houghton Street

LSE Drama Society

A Taste of Honey by Shelagh Delaney

Tuesday 10 & Wednesday 11
December

Member £2, Non-members £3
Tickets available from stall in
Houghton Street

7:30pm in The Quad

Wednesday,
December 12

LSE Carol Service
followed by mulled wine
& mince pies
5:30pm in the Shaw Library

**Centenary Global Festival and
Model United Nations Meeting**
4:30 - 6pm in C120
Come along if you have great ideas
for any of the events!

**LSE Law Society
Christmas Dinner-Dance**
Drinks Reception - Three Course
Meal - Mince Pies - Raffle Prize
Draw - DJ & Disco
7 pm in the New Connaught Rooms
Tickets on sale in Houghton Street

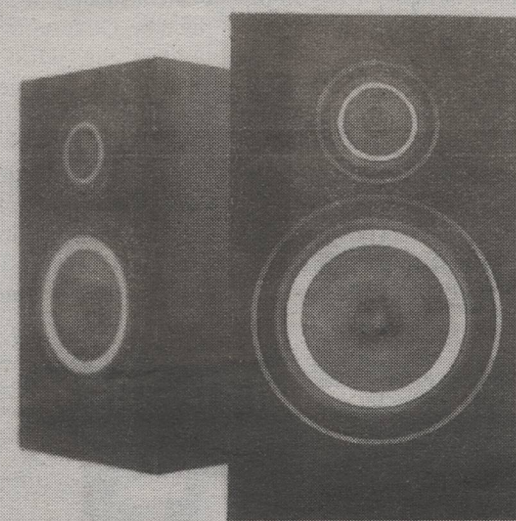
Thursday, December
11

**The Arabic Society
End of Term Party**
Member £5, Non-members £7.50
Tickets available from stall in
Houghton Street
7:30 - 11pm in The Quad

**LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS
MINISTRY OF SOUND TOUR**

| | |
|-------|---|
| VENUE | LSE-THE THREE TUNS, UNDERGROUND AND QUAD |
| TIME | 7PM TILL 1AM |
| DATE | FRIDAY 13TH DECEMBER 1996 |
| DJ'S | DJ HEAVEN, PAUL JACKSON |
| PRICE | £1.00 WITH ENTS CARD, £2.00 WITHOUT THE ULTIMATE END OF TERM PARTY |

SMOKING CAUSES CANCER



LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS MINISTRY OF SOUND TOUR

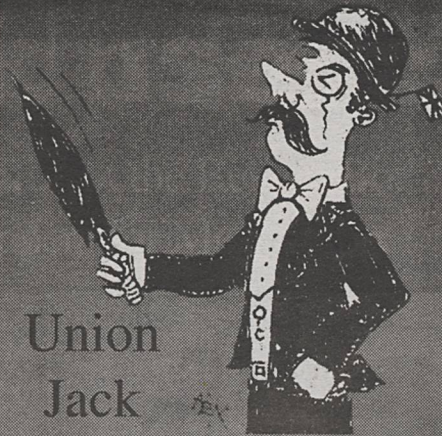
FEATURING: JAZZY M, HEAVEN AND PAUL JACKSON
PLUS MINISTRY OF SOUND PERCUSSIONIST AND DANCERS

LSE Students' Union Hardship Fund

This Fund is to help students who are in financial difficulties also fulfill the following criteria: are wholly self-financing i.e. do not receive a grant or award towards their fees or living expenses or have been experienced an unexpected financial setback.

Application forms for the Hardship Fund will be available from the Welfare Office, Room E297 in the Lent Term from January 13 to January 31.

The Welfare can provide advice to students with financial problems, including information about other sources of financial support and debt counselling. If you have financial problems, you may find it helpful to talk them over with a Welfare Advisor by contacting the Welfare Office on Ext. 7145. All such discussions are confidential.



Union Jack

Merry Xmas, friends of Jack. This week, we are going introspective. Goodwill to all men, sadly, can only stretch so far. Thus, sad though it may seem, the very thought of watching Darrel Hare deliver his upwardly oligacious budget speech was too much for this fragile journalistic stomach. YES! We know everything is going to be running well. YES! We know that there will be a few (minor) redecorations announced to keep the punters happy. YES! We know that there will be an (oh, so) hilarious little picture on the front of the budget book. But, really, it is dull. This is not red briefcases and 5p on fags. This is not yah-boo, we actually 'give a damn' politics. This is boring. So we can vote down a page of the budget. So what? Does anyone really know enough about the finances to actually be able to put forward a coherent argument against the proposals of Sir Hair? Not for a second does Jack consider the resident of number 11 Houghton St to be anything other than an honest hard worker. However, budgetary matters are a necessary evil which ought not concern our thoughts.

Now, don't get me wrong. It isn't that I don't care. Jack took the trouble to find a scribe, who studiously scribbled the minutiae of the proceedings. So, I actually have a transcript, replete with all of Tom Smith's wittiest comments, embossed in brilliant blue ink. Predictably, the gags lose a little off their most modest comic value on the second reading. I do have it on good authority, however, that this columnist's absenteeism led to him missing the appearance of Dr. Bike. That would have been an event. What does this shadowy figure look like? The only man at LSE to be less visible than the Director, and I miss him. Shame.

The truth of the matter: this has been a good term. We have had resignations, reinstatements, plotting, intrigue, real issues, really bad sweaters (Parham) and really really poor diction (you know who you are). When Jack leaves his penthouse in St Clements for warmer climes over the festive period, his only desire was to think that the LSESU was, well, interesting. Sipping a cocktail by the pool, Jack could wax philosophical about the gaiety of character, or the ferociousness of debate. In the sauna, fellow unionologists from around the world would attentively listen, mouths slightly open, to the carefully woven tails of Crowe, French, Reed, Mullins, Smith, Potts, and Cropper. Amazed, they would be, at the sex appeal of George Reason, or the hilarity of traditional Reed rhetoric. Jack would have had some really tall tales to tell.

And, the brutal fact is, that his attendance at this monument to somnambulism would have shattered the carefully honed illusions of this political super-ego. Inspiration would have been swiftly battered in the crotch by the swift knee of apathy, as Jack had to think intelligently how best to condense 50 minutes of cod economics into a column of sinitilating reading. So, Jack stayed at home and wrote an essay. Now, that is real journalistic integrity.

Top-Up Fees for LSE Ltd

On Thursday 12th December the Court of Governors will decide the future of the LSE: a decision which will have massive repercussions for British Higher Education.

LSE's proposals for the implementation of Top-Up Fees for Home and EU undergraduates in 1998 have been published. The Working Group set up in June to investigate their introduction has reported back in favour of what is known as "Scheme A+". In an Orwellian act of doublespeak this particular form of Top-Up Fee has been renamed a "Means-tested Fee" in an attempt to make it more palatable. Scheme A+ is as follows:

Those students who do not receive a UK government maintenance grant (whose parents combined income is £40,000 or more per annum) will have to pay £1000 up front each year. This will hit roughly half of the Home undergraduate body (42% of Home/EU undergraduates). Those students who receive a full maintenance grant (whose parents' income is £20,000 or less) will be exempted from paying fees (between 24-32% of Home/EU undergraduates).

Students whose parental income is between £20,000-£40,000 and who receive a partial maintenance grant (between 18-24% of Home undergraduate) will pay fees according to a sliding scale.

In order not to contravene the Treaty of Rome, 5% of the gross fee income would have to be earmarked for the 20% of Home/EU undergraduates who are non-British. A further 5% would need to be provided to pay for 30 full-fee bursaries for particularly vulnerable departments. The net income is also intended to be used for "in-course support".

Between 50-54% of the gross fee

income will have to be remitted. This would exceed the administration costs of the scheme, which LSE rather optimistically estimate to be around £35,000. The net income (excluding additional administration costs) from a £1,000 fee would be between £0.88-£0.9 million.

The LSE's rudimentary proposals for the introduction of Top-Up Fees are just

This Thursday the School administration will submit to the Governors a proposal to hand over the power to make a decision on Top-Up Fees"

an elementary. Short-termist and ill thought out, if introduced to that effect their damage would be catastrophic.

Eight of the sixteen departments questioned by the Working Group said that they would suffer a fall in student number if Top-Up Fees were introduced. Four of which have estimated recruitment would be affected from 83-90% (Mathematics, Social Policy, Anthropology and Geography) with Sociology, History, International Relations and Philosophy predicting a severe impact on their programmes. The LSE's proposal of 30 discretionary bursaries for at-risk departments would be drop in the ocean.

As in comedy, timing here is of crucial importance. Following the recent Budget the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals clarified their position on university funding, commenting: "The new

Why You Should Care, LSE General Secretary Dan Crowe tells us

spending plans announced today include extra money. This welcome two-year respite will help tide us over until Sir Ron Dearing's Inquiry reports..."

Other universities are waiting for the Dearing Inquiry into Higher Education to report back in the summer. It would be rash and rather presumptuous for LSE to go ahead with Top-Up Fees now, before the widest consultation exercise into universities since the 1960's has released its findings.

A Labour government looks increasingly likely after the General Election. So why have Labour said that they will penalise any institution that introduced Top-Up Fees via a "clawback" of public funds? They have also stated their intention to abolish maintenance grants and replace them with loans! LSE's entire scheme for "Means-tested fees" is based on the assumption that such grants are a necessary part of the system.

This Thursday the School administration will submit to the Governors a proposal to hand over the power to make a decision on Top-Up Fees to the Standing Committee, which in turn will decide when to introduce Scheme A+. The Union believes that such a move would be inappropriate in view of the Governors' duties and their better accountability. It would be unjustly unfair to lumber Sir Hair with his predecessor's baggage. Top-Up Fees equal privatisation: the beginning of a two-tier system entirely at odds with the notion of a meritocratic education system. Not here, not anywhere, not ever!

CANDLELIT VIGIL AGAINST TOP UP FEES: THURSDAY 12 DECEMBER. 4PM HOUGHTON STREET

Overseas Students Are Affected!

Narius Aga, Overseas Officer writes...

Over the past couple of weeks, I have received many irate inquiries as to why I support the campaign against top-up fees. Shouldn't I, as Overseas & EU Students' Officer, focus my attention on Overseas students' fees, instead of taking up an issue which purely concerns British home students? After all, as *The Economist* pointed out, "the situation is such that a farmer's son from Bangladesh is subsidising a Surrey merchant banker's daughter". I would like to argue why I think it is in the interests of Overseas students to support this campaign. For an Overseas student, it is quite simple and instinctive in fact, to be complacent about it. After all, we're paying almost eight thousand pounds a year, the argument runs. Why can't Home students come up with one thousand?

Firstly, British higher education has

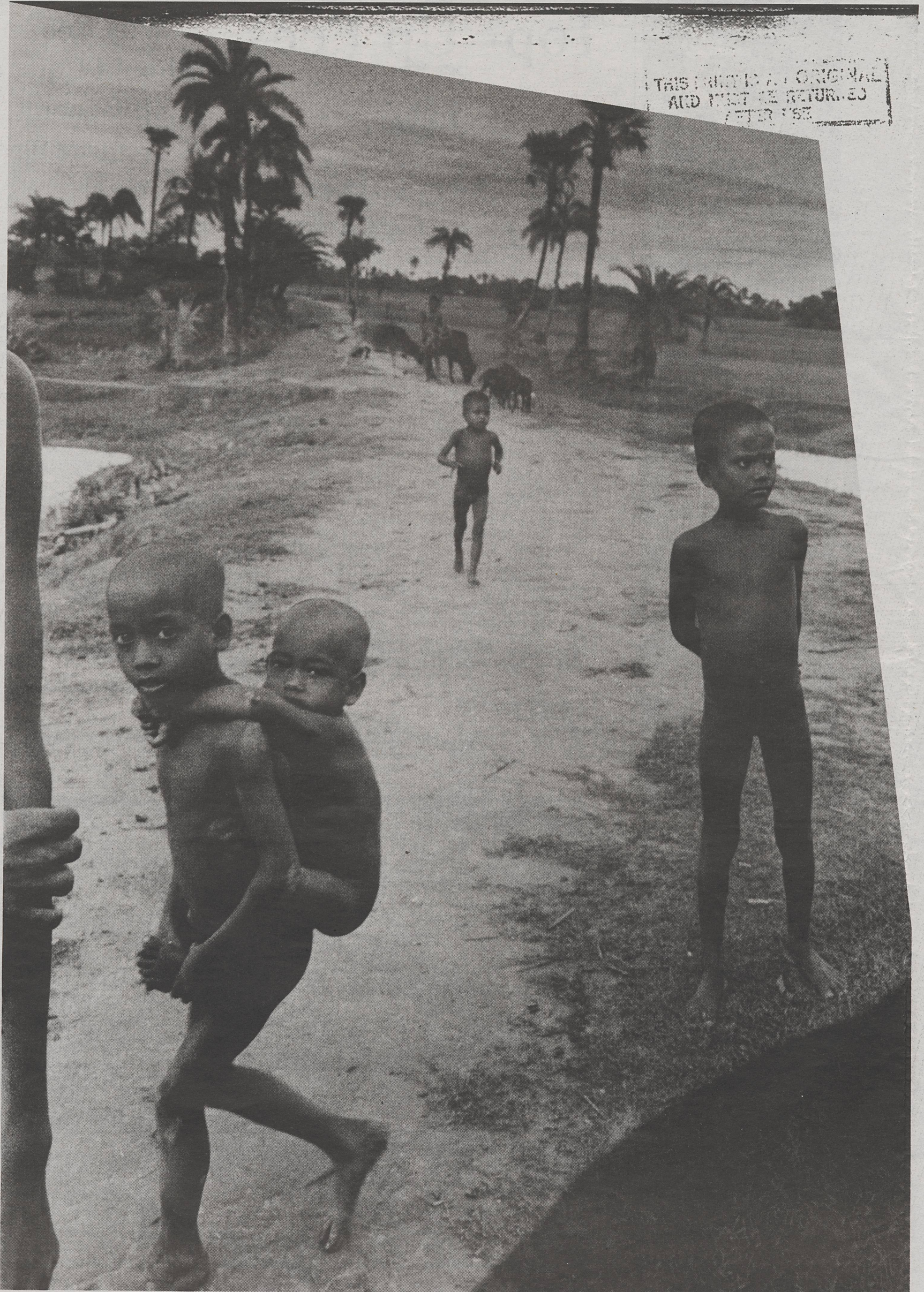
been a right, not a privilege. A lot of effort has been made in the past to achieve this right and we cannot let it all go to waste. The point of emphasis here is that students should not be made to pay the price of inept government policies. If top-up fees go through, LSE will become a place for those advantaged few with healthy bank balances. Other British universities are waiting and watching. They will follow suit if LSE introduce this. If we defeat this now, it will go down into history once again.

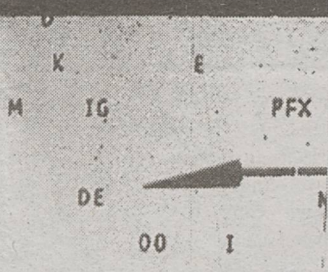
The second argument follows from this. To put it in a nutshell, many prospective students will decide to apply elsewhere, just because they cannot afford to come here. Not only will that deprive Overseas students from mingling with British students of high academic standing, but will ultimately affect the marketability of your degree and its

worth in employers' eyes. For LSE will be seen as a place for those privileged financially, not intellectually.

Above all, if top-up fees are introduced for British students, an astronomical rise in fees for Overseas students is bound to follow. That is why it is so important that we take a united stand against this now.

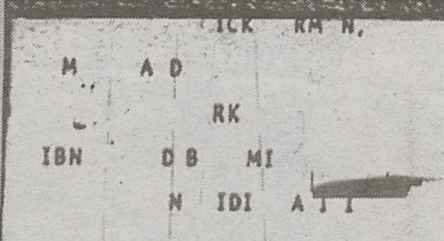
Throughout this year, I have made a conscious effort to promote integration between different nationalities and between Home and Overseas students in particular. This Union is not for Home students or Overseas students, it is for all students. The top-up fees campaign is a test-case for this unity. Let us show the school that we as a Union, are going to fight this on one single platform. It is not a question of "we" or "them". It is a question of "us".





Mission impossible? No, but certainly mission very difficult. The problem is the local guerrillas. They say they'll kill any children given western aid.

By not giving up. By thinking around the problem. The Medical Officer in this case inoculated these children without the guerrillas knowing. If you want a career where your actions can save lives, your first decision should be easy enough. If you're aged 16-24, ideally with A-levels or a degree, call 0345 300 111 (quote ref. 2646) or write to AOE, Freepost 4335, Dept 2646, Bristol, BS1 3YX. <http://www.army.mod.uk> The Army is committed to being an Equal Opportunities Employer.



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IF YOU DON'T
INOCULATE THEM
THEY'LL DIE
IF YOU DO
INOCULATE THEM
THEY'LL DIE

EASY BEING
AN ARMY OFFICER
ISN'T IT?

STORY 88
ROLL 67
FRAME 7



He draws silly pictures whilst making silly noises, writes and sings silly songs, is worshiped by students and OAPs alike, and he has a penchant for animals. Have you guessed who it is yet? Yes folks, it's Rolf Harris. A man who has touched the lives of many children with his Cartoon Time and Cartoon Club and of course his classic renditions of Tie Me Kangaroo Down Sport, Two Little Boys and Stairway to Heaven. Rolf Harris spans the entertainment industry like an antipodean colossus in a joke beard and glasses.

He puts his success in communicating with children down to the fact that he treats them like people. "Most people rush kids on TV, but I give them as much time to answer as I would adults in the same situation. Most presenters are afraid of children and afraid of the answers they might get. I'm just a big kid myself. I'm not busy being pretentious."

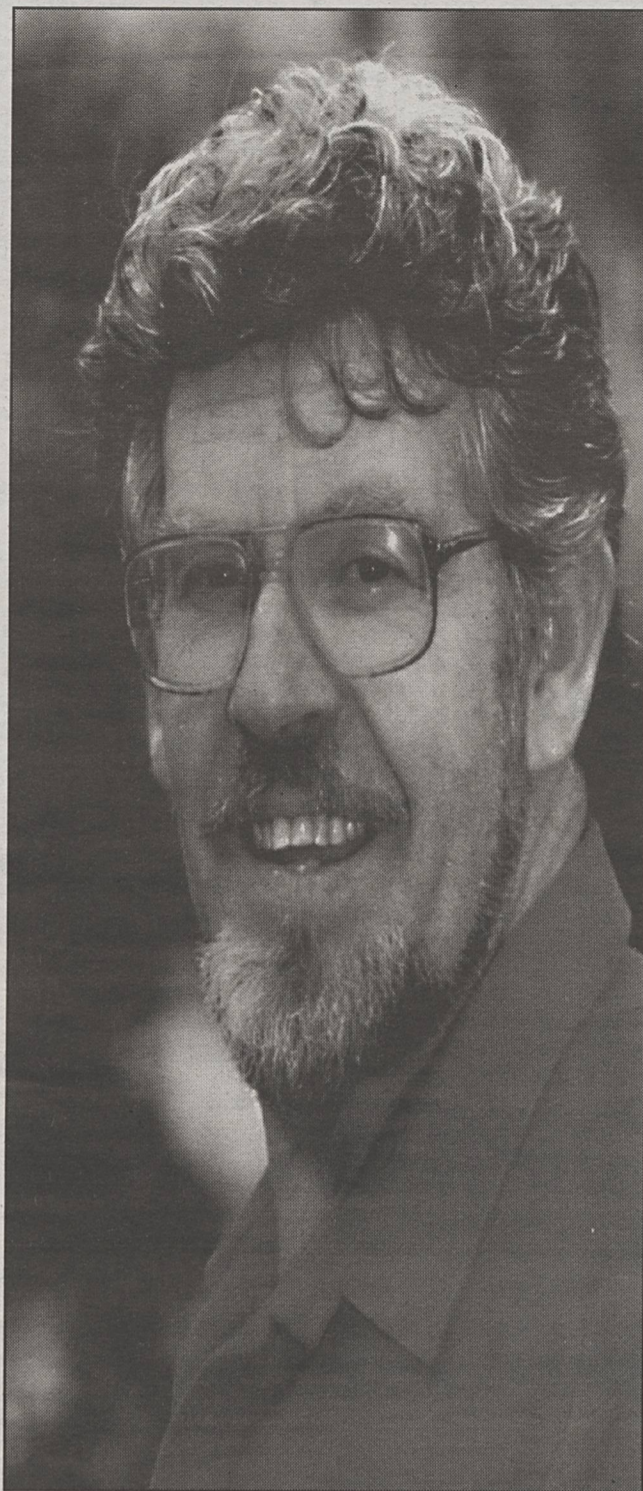
He has always been an entertainer, "I was in a three piece band in Australia at school, singing crazy songs and playing the piano". Coming to Britain he went to art college in London and it's comforting to know that he was not a model student. "I was disastrous! I ran out of money so I took up cabaret acts in the evenings that went on till two in the morning or later. I had to be in college by nine and I'd usually be asleep over a desk by ten."

Now Rolf entertains students regularly singing his old songs as well as his popular covers of Stairway To Heaven and Bohemian Rhapsody. He feels great about being a cult figure amongst the younger generation. "Stairway to Heaven gave everybody the permission to

Rolf Harris spans the entertainment industry like an antipodean colossus in a joke beard and glasses

say that they liked me. When I come and do gigs and I sing the old songs, Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Two Little Boys and the rest, they all sing along and they remember all the words from their childhood." He often attracts unusual fans who go to great lengths to show their appreciation. "They often turn up at gigs in whiskers and glasses with their wobble boards and paintbrushes. I did a gig in Glasgow and there were ten of them in the front row all dressed up." I wondered if he got at all bored with the stereotype and the catch phrases, "No, not at all, I play on it. I shout, 'have you guessed what it is yet?' and everyone shouts and goes mad".

Rolf Harris has such a diverse fan base because of his diverse talents. He is, in a sense, a chameleon as people see many different things in him. He has managed to portray himself as the manic Australian artist cum singer and yet also presents Animal Hospital, a serious television programme covering the everyday traumas of Harmsworth Hospital. This was a huge departure from the normal Rolf Harris persona. "It was far from my thoughts as to what I thought I'd ever be doing. We just tried it out and it was an instant success with the public." Rolf's fans have accepted him as a serious figure as well as a figure of fun and in Animal Hospital he is very involved in the intense nature of the documentary, getting very involved in the welfare of the animals. When asked if he thinks there is a contradiction on what he does he said, "I'm allowed to tackle both sides. People let me and nobody seems to mind. It shows another side of me. I can show some humanity and concern for animals and in doing



Nicola Hobday, the Beaver celebrity interviewer, speaks to Australia's most famous import

so make it permissible for others to show emotion over their animals."

Rolf Harris is well known as an artist, not just for his cartoons, but also for his paintings having exhibited in the Royal Academy of Art back in 1956. In 1992 a survey asked 1,000 people to name a well-known artist, Rolf Harris was named by 38 per cent with Constable coming a poor second with 23 per cent. "That just goes

"fans often turn up at gigs in whiskers and glasses with their wobble boards and paintbrushes"

to show that Rembrandt didn't have as many TV shows," Rolf says modestly. "I was the first person to show people how to paint a picture from start to finish. Most artists are very touchy but I'm such a show off I don't mind."

I asked him what he wanted to be remembered as, whether being an artist or a musician was more important to him. "I'm a communicator, art is part and parcel of that but I like to communicate to people through whatever means. I used to be a teacher and I was appalling - I had no discipline because I tried to be everyone's friends. I've learnt to communicate now."

Was there ever a point where he had a bad patch? "Towards the end of the seventies things started stagnating a bit. I was too complacent and wasn't putting anything new into my act and people got bored. In 1980 my brother took over managing me and put lots of new thoughts into my act. I was my idea to record all the rock n' roll numbers."

Although huge in Britain, I wondered how Rolf was thought of in his home country of Australia. "I go back there every year and work, so I get on well. So long as you maintain your Australian accent and don't sell out to the Yanks you'll be okay in Australia. My act is quite unashamedly Australian so I didn't have a problem. I'm

Stairway to Heaven gave everybody the permission to say that they liked me.

lucky because I can actually be me. I don't pretend to be something I'm not." Do you consider yourself Australian or British? "I'm an Australian but I enjoy each country equally well, I've lived in England half my life."

Rolf Harris manages to combine all the enjoyable aspects of life and make a career out of it. I put it to him that he led a perfect life, "Yeah, I've got a magic job. It's whatever you want to make of it".

He has a book out at the moment called True Animal Tales which contains incredible stories about animals, including one about a baboon." As for future singles, there are lots of things in the planning stages but he is too busy with other projects to have the time to pursue them. "You must be exhausted", I said to him, "Yes, I'm a little weary, but I'm not about to give it all up yet".

The one thing that strikes you about Rolf Harris is that he is very comfortable being himself, he has an easy nature, enjoys life and conveys this humanity and exuberance to his audience young and old.

Have you guessed who it is yet?

Looking back in humour : the political term in review

Simon Retallack, Politics Editor, casts his eagle eye over ten weeks of British Politics

If a week is a long time in politics, two and a half months is an eternity, such a memorable period too, earth-shattering, I am sure you will need no reminding...

It all began with those party conferences. First off were the Liberal Democrats who got a good old barnstormer from Paddy. The Lib Dems are cooperating more and more with the Labour Party of late, with joint press conferences, constitutional committees and synchronised questioning of the Prime Minister at PMQs. This, however, is not to everyone's liking. The Lib Dem MP Liz Lynne, a former(?) actress, is fighting this rapprochement tooth and nail, with a vehemence of hatred for Labour which even outdoes the Tories'.

Both the Labour and Tory conferences were perceived to have gone well, with the usual old sermon from Tony, permeated more than ever by those verbless sentences he so likes (New Labour. New hope for grammar?), and an unusual double appearance by the PM, a speech and an honest-John act, mixing with the people, heaven forbid, letting Tory Party members ask him questions. What ever next?

The man-of-the-people act is still proving a little difficult to pull off however, especially when a study of the government's own statistics revealed that more than one in three British babies are born in poverty, a three-fold increase since 1979, and just as more news emerged of how Tory Members of Parliament are enriching themselves on the sly. The convenient withdrawal of former Minister Neil Hamilton's libel action against the Guardian upon the sudden realisation that he was going to lose, allowed the newspaper to perform a sterling service to the nation, revealing how Hamilton had lied and taken £28,000 in cash and shopping vouchers from a certain Mr Al Fayed, in return for parliamentary services rendered; all part of Ian Greer's rent-an-MP service. The story doesn't end there though. Documents were published showing how a Tory whip, David Willetts, had tried to unethically influence an inquiry two years ago into the activities of Neil Hamilton. The said whip is now a Government Minister and denies any wrong-doing, although unfortunately for him, the evidence is irrefutable - he wrote it himself! All rather embarrassing really.

Especially when the Tory Government is desperately trying to out-do the opposition in a moral crusade against crime. Frances Lawrence, the widowed wife of the headmaster who was stabbed and killed at his own school earlier in the year, published a manifesto with suggestions on how to deal with the problem, in a valiant attempt to start a debate in this country. All the politicians could come up with, however, were soft-options, superficial remedies, and a lot of hot air. Most types of hand-gun were banned, following Dunblane, stiffer sentencing legislation was passed, but next to nothing was done to tackle the long-term causes of crime. That would, perhaps, be too much to ask. Just as difficult, in fact, as getting the Conservative Party to publish the sources of their campaign funds. But that is beside the point. What is really baffling is how politicians on both sides can get in such a state about banning handguns, whilst

simultaneously think nothing of using money from the Third World Aid budget to 'encourage' the Government of Indonesia to purchase our somewhat more dangerous arms (as was revealed in a recent report by the highly respected National Audit Office). If the very slight risk of a madman getting hold of a handgun to shoot a few people is enough to lead the Government to ban most

policy of wait-and-see on the Euro is not enough to satisfy their euro-sceptic backbenchers, who would be bound to cause trouble during any debate. What's more, the Government is under enormous pressure to put some dark blue water between themselves and their rivals. This has become all the more difficult because of two new developments. Firstly, the Labour Party has

sweet, however, could put the breaks on the peace process in Northern Ireland, which is at a very sensitive stage. The remarkable behind-the-scenes work of John Hume, leader of the nationalist SDLP, has brought the possibility of a second IRA cease-fire much closer. It would therefore be a tragedy if this chance was scuppered because the Government was believed to be colluding with the Unionists. This hopefully won't happen, because if the Government has any sense it will realise that if wind got out about such a policy, it would hardly help them to win the election.

A far better strategy as far as achieving a fifth victory is concerned, is, they believe, to repeat the old trick of attacking Labour on its tax plans. This time round, however, this is a bit of a problem because the Labour Party hasn't produced any. But when would something like that stop the Tories? They have already claimed that Labour's manifesto will cost £30 billion over five years. Only time will tell whether the public believes them or Labour's prudent Gordon, Blair's iron chancellor, who strenuously denies the charges. The Tories, though, are experts at conjuring acts. Just take last month's Budget, which made full use of the old smoke and mirrors. We're giving you a penny off income tax said canny Ken, but conveniently failed to mention that the pre-election give-away would have to be financed through higher local taxation. Well surprise, surprise! Nothing changes.

The Conservative's renowned ruthlessness hasn't changed either. They are just as ready to ditch a liability as they were when Thatcher was put out to pasture. Granted, Nicholas Scott was a serious liability. Having already made a hit-and-run attack in his car on a baby's pushchair earlier in the year, Sir Nicholas was found lying face down in the street during the Tory Party Conference, unconscious. Just a case of mixing medication with a drop of drink, he explained. Looks as though the Tories of Chelsea and Kensington didn't believe him, even though he vowed never to drink again.

The Labour Party has problems of its own too. In November, a senior, anonymous member of the party published an article in Tribune under the name of Cassandra, challenging the competence of the Labour Leader and warning that Mr Blair had sown the seeds of his own destruction, by making so many enemies so soon. In this respect he shares something with the Tory Party Chairman Brian Mawhinney, whose short-temper and brutish tactics has so antagonised five members of the cabinet that they have complained to the whips. Poor little boys and girls...

There will be nobody to run to, however, when the election results come in. The campaign, which has already begun, is likely to be very nasty and decisive. Labour are still ahead in the polls, but nothing should be taken for granted. The Tories' internal polling tells them that the public is very uncertain about New Labour and could yet return to the fold. Who knows? It could happen. But if Labour were to let this one slip from their grasp, the only people looking back in humour will be those few leaders of the Conservative Party who believed all along that they could still win.



of these little weapons, you would think they would at least think twice before selling Hawk fighter jets to a man who has killed as many as 500,000 people in East Timor. But then hey, what's wrong with making a quick buck? A few guns sold to Hutu rebels never hurt anyone either...

There are far more important things to get worried about. Like Europe for example. How dare those wretched little ants in Brussels tell us that we can't force our employees to work more than 48 hours a week. What a cheek! In fact, this is one of those increasingly rare areas of European policy on which the Labour Party take a different line. They sensibly point out that the European directive does not prevent those people who chose to work more than 48 hours a week from doing so. Indeed, most good company's already operate this policy. So what's all the fuss about?

An arguably more significant issue is that of the Single Currency. At last in this country, some sort of debate is beginning to be generated about EMU, despite the Government's best, yet unsuccessful, efforts to prevent the House of Commons itself from having a proper debate on it. Part of the problem for the Government is that their

copied the Tories' pledge to promise to hold a referendum if a future cabinet were ever to agree to join EMU. And secondly, the leader of the Referendum Party, Sir James Goldsmith, has finally decided to publish the question he would like asked. The choice would be between a federal Europe or a free-trade zone composed of independent sovereign states. This is a little hard on the majority of people who want neither, but I suspect it is enough to give the chiefs at Tory Central Office a bit of a headache. Many in the party would love to be able to rule out joining the Euro during the life-time of the next parliament. But John Major last week discounted this option, although it might have kept the backbenchers happy.

The latter consideration has become very important of late because this term has seen the death of one Tory MP and the defection of another to the Liberal Democrats, which will shortly see the Government's majority reduced to zero, and it is bound to fall still further. The problem for a government with no majority is obviously that it is vulnerable to losing votes and hence liable to appear very weak - which is not a vote-winner. The Government's only chance is to keep the Ulster Unionists on board. Keeping them

Top-Up Fees: Bad for Your Health

Anita Majumdar

Top-up fees, Who cares? Most overseas students think this and who can blame them when they pay £7800+ in fees alone? Yet I hope to convince you that top-up fees are to the detriment of every, not just British ones.

What are the main arguments against top-up fees? First, students who are not rich enough will not be able to enroll, especially with the already high level of maintenance that exists, even if they have the grades. In Britain, unlike some other countries, parents and guardians are not used to saving for their children's education since birth. Top up fees would lead to changes which would take 20 or 30 years to come into effect and lead to a whole generation of bright but poor students unable to come to the LSE.

Second although scholarships exist, there are only so many to go round, leading to fiercer competition and a general lowering of LSE educational standards. In effect the education system would become elitist, and significantly different from the meritocratic system which presently exists.

The working party's recent proposals, discussed by the Academic Board last week, state that some departments such as Sociology and Maths would lose student numbers unless entry grades are dropped as well, which would shatter the international reputation that LSE has for high standards of education. This would also severely undermine the official reason for top-up fees which is to provide funds to make the LSE into a better quality institution.

Top-up fees also has far reaching consequences in the future. One of the main arguments for top-up fees is that the government does not give adequate funding to the LSE. However top-up fees can only lessen

...the future of British education is at stake.

the amount of money that the government gives the LSE, and any other university which implements top-up fees, in the future. This is because the government will feel that it is one less spending expenditure, in the harsh economic conditions of the day. The consequences of this being a further increase in top-up fees over the years, as well as an increase in both foreign and postgraduate fees leading to a decline in the economic conditions of the student community.

There is no doubt that funding at the LSE is low and that it will have to face changes in the future, as the economic climate harshens, but surely top-up fees is not the answer. Alternative systems such as contributions from employers, students, parents as well as the state, should be discussed in further detail and indeed foreign education payment systems should be looked at, such as the Australian graduate tax.

But it is a decision which must be thought about very carefully, as the future of the British education system is at stake. With the recent appointment of the new LSE director Anthony Giddens, there is an opportunity to rethink the whole top-up fee issue, with any decisions being made after he is properly installed. Certainly the Court of Governors meeting on December 12th, should not be a forum for rubber stamping the proposals of the working party, which would be the final nail in the coffin for British education, from which home, foreign and postgraduate students will all suffer.

Anita Majumdar and her Labour cronies decided to steal my page this week.

Foreign Policy From the Hart

Following the recent American elections Jennifer Prittie listened to Gary Hart and his views on American foreign policy.

For Senator Gary Hart the United States appears to lack a clear foreign policy. He believes that this is one of the most important challenges facing America, and one that clearly should have been debated in this fall's presidential election.

Senator Hart was speaking at a colloquium on American politics at the US Embassy. Introduced as an 'intellectual in politics,' Hart has written on military reform and on relations with Soviet successor states. Though best-known for a botched presidential run for the Democrats in 1984, Hart's Senate committee experience have made him an outspoken critic of the current administration on such issues.

Hart felt that the recent presidential election last month was disappointing and puzzling. "It was a very ordinary election at an extraordinary time." Later he added, "We are ending a century of ideology, a century of world war," said Hart, "and its less clear what sort of a century we will be entering." He feels that US and Western foreign policy-makers are not prepared to meet the challenges of this transition.

The Senator's overriding concern is the lingering Cold War mentality of his compatriots. He met Gorbachev in 1986, after which he said the Cold War was over. But "no one would listen." And they have yet to listen. The end of the Cold War, Hart said, "happened so dramatically and so unpredictably that I don't think we've figured out yet what to do about it." How to go about filling this vacuum should have been debated between Clinton and Dole, but wasn't.

It seems unproductive, however, to blame candidates for not concentrating on foreign policy issues when the American public shows

no interest in the subject. Preliminary poll data shows that most voting concentrated on domestic issues, experts said. The only foreign policy issue of any real interest to the electorate was trade.

The massive American military machine was another topic which received a good deal of attention. In Hart's view "the military-industrial complex has gone berserk, as though the

Cold War never stopped." He described the system as a very inefficient way to create jobs, and "even if it were efficient, we're designing a military for the wrong threat." Hart is currently writing yet another book, called 'The Minute Men' proposing US

see the army reduced to four to five hundred thousand over the next 10 to 15 years. Hart blames the Clinton administration for its "lack of a central organizing principle" in the way it handles foreign policy. Both Clinton and Secretary of State

Christopher prefer to deal with foreign issues one at a time rather than forming a longer-term, cohesive strategy. Hart is concerned that a sound strategic approach be developed with regards to the former Soviet Union. "Those of us in the US who are concerned about Russia...believe we can't just ignore it. We ought to have Russia inside NATO, not outside. Any other option would be a pure folly." Senator Hart is also worried that the policy

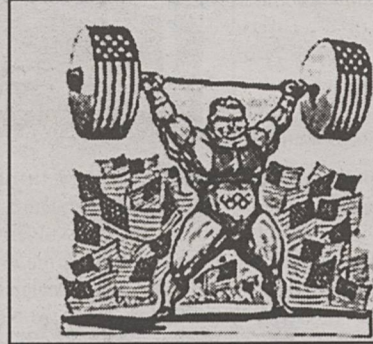
vacuum might be filled in the wrong way by picking the most readily available enemy: "I hear Cold Warriors longing...to demonise China." He is very concerned that this wish could soon be fulfilled. "Everyone ought to want China in as many things as possible... We need to bring China into the 21st century." This should be done using bilateral agreements, open borders and open doors.

Hart also suggested some new world organisational approaches for the next century. He proposes a Grand Alliance, with powers beyond those of the United Nations. It would collectively support new emerging democracies, and help with problems such as North-South immigration. It would also assume responsibility for security. "Why use an institution like NATO for a post Cold-War world? It is a peace-making force, not a peace-keeping force. The problem with NATO and the UN is that we are sending troops where there is no peace. You don't send defensive troops into these environments."

Hart said he would encourage grassroots solutions to problems of collective organisation, and would be happy to see world leadership coming from somewhere other than the United States.

For Hart, there is no "magical institutional solution," to fill the foreign policy vacuum, but he does think it imperative that our politicians should be debating answers to a new international political, economic and security environment, the way they did in the 1940s.

Pity pretty Jennifer Prittie. She's a Masters student in Comparative Politics



"We are ending a century of ideology, a century of world war..."

Charity Can Begin at Home

R. Panesar asks if we are too apathetic when it comes to charity.

Recently the *Daily Telegraph* published an article about a puppy that would be put down because the owner could not afford to keep it. The paper was deluged with offers to give the puppy a home or money to care for it. One woman wanted to give her £10 to save the puppy rather than giving it to a charity abroad because there will always be poor people abroad and £10 won't make any visible difference anyway.

Where does this complacent attitude come from? Is this merely a quirk of the British who are known for their love of animals? I hate to stereotype any nationality and besides I'm not sure the anti-hunting lobby would agree with me if I were to say that all Britons are possessed of a compassionate attitude towards small furry animals.

We've all heard of compassion fatigue before but this doesn't ring true for the many millions who just keep on wanting to give money to charity when they buy a lottery ticket (please read with heavy irony).

Part of the problem why charity suffers is because it is seen as a philanthropic gesture one makes not expecting to see a return or improvement upon. This gesture is made towards masses (both here and abroad) who are seen as completely helpless.

We are not thinking about our roles as world citizens. We are not in the liberal industrialised West unrelated or detached from the rest of the world - certainly not when we buy clothes and electrical goods at a huge markup from high street stores when they are produced in low cost sweatshops in Free Trade Zones or buy petrol from ecologically unfriendly companies that do not invest in training or benefits in poor localities abroad.

My pessimism is enhanced because at

Charity suffers...because it is seen as a philanthropic gesture one makes not expecting to see a return or improvement upon.

the LSE we have the potential for world class citizens, yet if this feeling of civic responsibility cannot be shown here then where can it be instilled outside of such a conducive atmosphere of innovation and excellence?

There are no immediate and clear outcomes to a crisis such as food crises in the same way as there is no linear and correct process towards prosperity and social equity. Nor is compassion exemplified by the many states that endorse programmes to chemically test on small furry animals.

Nobody wants charity - do you? Regions abroad that are starved of tradeable goods and investment need mutual support in finding a way forward, where £10 makes this much difference:

-£10 is the average cost of vaccines, syringes, needles, training for health workers to immunise one child against the 6 major childhood diseases, for preventive medicine.

-10 x £10 is enough for handpumps and accessories for a shallow well to benefit upto 250 people.

-£10 pays one months fees, books, and pocket money for 1 woman in a collective project in Tamil Nadu, India, to complete secondary education and receive practical orientation in development strategy.

-training for a traditional birth attendant (TBA) costs £13.78, and a health kit with pills, condoms and spermicide a bargain at £7.47. for a woman in Northern Ghana.

You can make donations on 0345 312 312 UNICEF or 0181 563 8607 WOMANKIND WORLDWIDE.

The consumer is king - how could I attend LSE and not learn that? - so here are some other choices for investing in animal causes if you wish: ANIMAL AID 01730 64208 and COMPASSION IN WORLD FARMING.

R. Panesar is a Masters student in the Gender Institute. And she is rather lush (At least I think so anyway)...

Christmas Singles

Artist: Garageland
Single: Fingerpops

An offering from New Zealand this week, and a pretty mediocre one at that. One of these whiny, non-committal records; probably about a girl, maybe about sex, but who gives a damn when the music sends you to sleep after thirty seconds? I once owned a Flying Nun sampler, wittily entitled *Twelve Hours Fast* - with reference to the time-zone-thing. Let me assure you that all southern hemisphere bands are at least twelve years behind (and twelve years behind Oasis, Cast and Ocean Colour Scene is a bloody long way, considering they're all basically stuck in about 1966, anyway.) Oh, and people, if you're going to name yourself after a Clash song, you really have to be quite good. Don't buy this.

Christmas No. 1? Only in the land of garages!

Toby Mason

Artist: Tricia Penrose
Single - Where did our love go ?

The barmaid from 'Heartbeat' releases her debut single just in time for Christmas, and hardly surprisingly, it's crap. The song, a cover of the Diana Ross is reasonably well done and sounds a lot like the original but who cares? RCA records obviously do, to release a single from a barmaid in a TV programme would seem a waste of money but why not? **Christmas No. 1? There is a market for such tripe; as Robson and Jerome have discovered. Just make sure your parents don't hear it.**

Jon Smith

Artist: Eros Ramazotti
Single: Piu bella cosa

Is there be a better description for this man than his own name? Not only does

his first name stand for love and attraction (in one sense or another) but also his last name is the same as that of a famous and tasty Italian liquor; and, at least according to 99% of all women, this is very a very suitable name for this good-looking giccolo. But while in Italy his record sales easily outstrip George Micheal's *Older* and over three million copies were sold all over Europe one of the most successful Italian musicians is hardly known in Britain at all.

Maybe it is the British everlasting belief that music with lyrics other than English are not worth a second of listening (Unless of course it's that bit of Spanish rapping on the Spice Girls album! -Music Ed.) But then again his completely sold out concert at the Royal Albert Hall two weeks ago proves that some people are actually listening. Considering his quite appealing style to soft-soaping tender Euro pop-rock this is hardly surprising. The mid-tempo *Piu bella cosa*, taken from his latest album *Dove c'e musica*, is Eros Ramazotti's debut UK single and maybe his first (and only?) chance to make it to the British charts. Like all his songs this one is just right to be put on when your girl/boyfriend is around (I know my girl/boyfriend will love it! -Music Ed.) and you have a certain goal in mind (unless he/she hates his music). Nice and mellow. Good luck, Eros, maybe singing in one of the most beautiful languages is even tempting for the British!

Christmas No. 1? Hmm, chances are pretty low. First it is not really a ballad and second, who would listen to Christmas songs they cannot really understand anyway? (Bobby, bobby,

A Different View...

...to Nicola Hobday's

Artist: Boyzone
Single: A Different Beat/Angel

The voice of Boyzone's lead singer sounds like a nostril personified. Their silly little girly voices make them sound like the Smurfs. But regardless of what I think, trillions of little girlies the universe over are gonna elevate this Cliff Richard-type sentimental season of hope bollocks to No 1. In *A Different Beat* the boys sing knowingly of "Africa...Moscow...Niagra" and profess that they've even seen the rain fall in Africa. I doubt if these little bimbo boys could even point to where Africa is on a map. I think this 'ballad' is meant to make us all see beyond the bimboid exterior to the deeper worldly awareness and profundity that lies within, as the boys make their transition to manhood. All I see is something suspiciously resembling poo. In *Angel* they seem like they're trying to copy Erasure, but with Smurf voices. Needless to say Erasure are far better at being Erasure than Boyzone are, though admittedly Boyzone are much better at Smurf voices than the Smurfs are. Equally Smurfoid is the boys' belief that "the world is turning to a different beat" - a new, angelic sort of beat, where people are nice and warm and fluffy. Clearly these boys are deluded male bimbo.s - in reality the world is just as savage a place as it ever was. **Christmas No.1? We're gonna be subjected to repeated playings of this poo as it's catapulted to No 1. It looks like we're all gonna end up shit-faced at Christmas.**

Shabnum Hasan

Alternative Shark

Artist: Tracy Bonham
Single: Sharks Can't Sleep

Boston's Tracy Bonham releases her new single through Island Records on November 18th. Coming hot on the heels of her recent superb international '45': *Mother, Mother* - which was an alternative number one in The States. The new single is taken from her current LP: *The Budens of Being Upright*, which has already sold well over 70,000 copies in America alone.

Bonham has once again portrayed her brilliance and authenticity through this new single which follows progressively her previous work. *Sharks Can't Sleep* begins with a melodic guitar tune accompanied by Bonham's unique, deep voice. The sensuality



and affection in her voice create a distinct atmosphere that captures the listener instantly. The initial soft tune rises to a poignant scream, caustic and vitriolic, to suit her subject matter: "No it wasn't okay". Her voice at this point exudes pain and suffering, indicative of her troubled, uneasy conscience with what she witnesses: "Saw a Shark today/ Ate a man and then just left away/ But it wasn't okay/ No it wasn't okay." The 'shark' is replaced by a 'snake' and then a 'man'. Here Bonham could be addressing the power war typical in a capitalist society, along with the harshness and inhumanity that exists in such a society. Her rebellious spirit is powerful in the song, emphasised by her screaming, another Bonham characteristic. The song is highly emotional, in a sharp and harsh way that is accentuated by an excellent distorted guitar sound, pulsating drums and forceful lyrics - a single not to be missed! **Christmas No. 1? Not unless the record buying public become suddenly**

Lemons Live Forever

Artist: The Lemonheads
Single: It's All True

Evans Dando returns with the Lemonheads and with his lovely hair, with a new single from the latest Lemonheads' album *Car Button Cloth*. The main track itself: *It's All True* is nice enough, it bounces along, the way only the Lemonheads do, but it is just a little too Lemonheady, we've heard it all before, and if you wanted to hear some more you probably would've bought the album by now.

What is really special about this single is the three other tracks which have not been released anywhere but on this single. They are cover versions, and they kick butt. First up is a cover of the Metallica classic *Fade To Black*, followed swiftly by a super cool, laid back acoustic version of *Live Forever* by Oasis. Finally is a cover of *Keep On Loving You* by REO Speedwagon. All of the songs translate excellently to The Lemonheads' style, and as a certain Lettie Tanner said on hearing *Live Forever*: "Ooooh his voice is lurvely"

Christmas No.1? With Oasis fever still sweeping the nation, and no Oasis single scheduled for Christmas, this cover is strong enough to make a Number One. Although what Oasis cover wouldn't be? Urban Cookie Collective?



One at a time girls, one at a time.

Tom Stone

Artist: Bally Sagoo
Single: Dil Cheez

Bally Sagoo has no balls. Dil Cheez is the biggest wasted opportunity in the history of British Asian music. Bally had the British public on the edge of their seats, ears poised, waiting to hear his new single. He even had a spot on Top of the Pops to promote it. It was a chance for an Indian artist to finally make it with a mainstream audience; to exhibit the wonderful culture and mysticism of India through its music. So, what did he do? He gave us a slow, boring hip-hop song. Realising it would not be enough, he decided to get a scantily-clad female Indian vocalist to sing it. But even that was not enough. OK, the lyrics were all in Hindi, but does that make it any different to the thousands of other songs in English that we can't understand? A dull song is a dull song, whatever language it is in. It's too slow to dance to, and it's probably too slow to make love to as well. Instead of using the beautiful sound of a sitar and tabla, he uses synthesised drum beats. *Kula Shaker's* heavenly spiritual mantra, *Govinda*, puts it to shame. Dil Cheez, unfortunately, is a feeble waste of space. **Christmas No. 1? Not unless the record buying public become suddenly very misguided!**

Sunil Sodha

Artist: The Gladiators
Single: The Boys are Back In Town

Where can I begin? The Gladiators have left me shell shocked- I am not sure whether to laugh or cry, maybe I will just leave the country. The CD cover should be warning enough of the minutes of pop torture inside. *The Wolf* stares straight at you with his evil sadistic stare. For those of you brave or stupid enough to actually listen to it, don't say I didn't warn you.

Unfortunately *The Boys are Back in Town* is not the only bland piece of musical trash in store. It seems that the gladiators are talented in different musical styles! The title track produced by the 'dons' of the 80's *Aitken and Waterman* can be classed as mainstream rock. Track two *Raw Muscle* is a pumping dance track- not! Lastly track three *Tussle With The Muscle*, is... wait for it, a mean gangsta rap tune showing the 'hard' side of The Gladiators. God help us!

Should granny buy you this for Christmas, try to forgive her, it's the thought that counts. **Christmas No. 1? I hate to guess, but if Mr Blobby can do it, who knows?**

Sara Khan

Artist: Whitney Houston
Single: Step by Step

Whitney Houston, who to date has amassed global record sales of over 96 million, releases her third soundtrack album, *The Preacher's Wife* on 2nd December followed by the first single *Step by Step* one week later.

The single will blow you off your feet. It is certainly one to flatten any preconceptions that Whitney Houston only fits the crown of 'Queen of the Ballad'. A powerful uptempo track with an accelerating beat, it was written by Annie Lennox earlier this year and after Annie witnessed Whitney performing at a pre-Grammy ceremony she immediately rang to offer the track for the forthcoming *Preacher's Wife*. The track features Annie Lennox on backing vocals.

All you Whitney fans, wait no longer. She is back, after a short 'exhale'. She is back with style. **Christmas No. 1? Well within the realms of possibility.**

Amir Absoud

Gigs Around Town

Ooooo I Look Like Buddy Holly

Citizens' Utilities @ Splash

Citizens' Utilities isn't really, in my opinion, the best name for a band. It's a bit of a mouthful for a start, just try saying it when your pissed! This simple problem may well hamper these talented lads on their ascension up the ladder of pop stardom. Imagine the scene, boy (let's call him Crabbyknee) sees band. Boy meets girl in pub. Boy tells girl, next day: "band are great!" Girl asks "Really? what are they called?" Boy tries to say their name, but unfortunately the molecules of his tongue become interlaced with those of his pint glass (despite the fact that the pint is three feet away on the bar!) As a consequence Crabbyknee loses girl and Citizens Utilities sink into a great big swamp of obscurity. I predict a name change within the year.

Tucked away on the north edge of Camden is The Camden Falcon, a pub which is now home to London's infamous Splash Club; which has been the primary London venue for new up and coming bands for a good few years now. Odd then, that on the particular Thursday night in question the place should be so empty. Empty as far as the audience was concerned, but as for talented musicians, the place was full to bursting. Following the bedraggled sign: 'To The Bands' we shuffled our way into the back-room. Yes, back-room, definitely not concert hall or even theatre, no, this was definitely a back-room; small, poky, yet intimate. Not only could you see every member of the band, you could also see their facial expressions, the chords they were playing and count their nostril hairs (well almost).

Citizen's Utilities were the first on a line up of three bands, the other two being Wood (mad old hippies playing Hammond-organ-pop-tunes. Not good) and Rachel Morrison (A very interesting female singer who was accompanied by a solitary guitarist.

Promising). Citizen's Utilities were probably the highlight of the evening, despite being first on the line-up. They are an accomplished post-grunge band from Seattle, in a similar vein to The Foo Fighters. All members of the band put on an excellent show despite the poor turn-out, their energy filled the room and they were clearly enjoying themselves.

The star of the show was undoubtedly the lead guitarist, with his chunky **Buddy Holly**-type-glasses and **Elvis** sideburns, his showmanship showed the potential of putting even the likes of **Baby Bird** to shame. Whenever a song was reaching it's climax the guitar would seem to come alive in his hands as he jiggled it about frantically, as though the quality of his soloing depended on it. Indeed he was able to continue his playing, even while the guitar was jumping around like an electric eel. The



The Citizens surrounded by their utilities.

lead-singer found it difficult to keep a straight face during the guitarist's more visible signs of elation, and all this playing about simply heightened the atmosphere of enjoyment. Perhaps it was just that this semi-big-in-America-band found the small venue refreshing, and nerves were non-existent, meaning they played to their full. Whatever the explanation, there was certainly a spark of genius somewhere in there, and I wouldn't be surprised if we hear a lot more from these boys, although probably under a different name!

Before they left the stage The Citizens' asked if anyone was off to see **Laibach** down the road, because they certainly were. It was then that my thoughts turned to Alan Mustafa who was himself at The Electric Ballroom at the concert, researching for his epic history of **Laibach** which you may of seen in *The Beaver* a couple of weeks ago. What more could you want from a band? Cool music and cool music taste! **Tom Stone**

Big Baby Bird Underground

Baby Bird @ The Electric Ballroom

'Yoooouurr Gooooorrgeous, I'd do anything for yooooou". Baby Bird, are they pop? Well with lyrics like the aforementioned, you'd be forgiven for thinking so. But with Baby Bird I invite you to listen more closely, and beneath the pop melody you'll discover a twisted and bitter nature, yet wry humour, which is what really defines this group, and sets them apart from the rest of the crowd. Their last single "Your Gorgeous" rode high in the charts, but I can't help wondering how many cloth eared twats listened to the chorus and rushed straight out to buy the record for their girlfriend, my guess is quite a few, which may also explain why it sold considerably more than the previous and superior debut single "Goodnight". Then I imagine the girlfriends all across the country listening carefully to the lyrics: "You pulled my legs apart, and filmed me on your bonnet... You said it wasn't cheap/ You gave me twenty-pounds/ You promised to put me in a magazine/ On every table in every lounge." Then I imagine the cloth eared twats who no longer have girlfriends, and then I laugh inside and feel satisfied. That's what Baby Bird is all about; fuck the system, more than that; fuck the establishment and even more than that; fuck the music establishment, but make sure you make 'em laugh in the process!

It was a dark Wednesday night at the end of last month that I found myself fighting my way through the ticket touts and dodgy dealers outside Camden Tube, and making my way to the underground depths that are the Electric Ballroom, which, incidentally is much bigger than I thought it would be. Before I tell you about Baby Bird's live performance, a word must be said about the support band **Nut**. Well, in fact, **Nut** appears to be the name of the female lead-singer of the group, so what does this mean? Does it mean that the rest of the band are so mind-numbingly insignificant that they're not even worth a mention? They don't even have names? Maybe they just thought that **Nut** was a stupid name. Or maybe she's just called **Nut** because she looks like a small brown Nut. Anyway, the main thing is that their music is really quite good. It's in a sort of **Sundays/Cranberries** vein, and really gets you, instantly with it's catchy little hooks. It's the kind of thing that could be very successful, if it got the air-play, and if it, did then those infectious tunes would probably

get just a little bit irritating after a while. However, **Nut** has not yet been rammed down our throats, so at the moment it's really quite pleasant and even fairly cool.

Baby Bird, know what giving a live performance is all about; it's not just about going on stage bashing out your tunes and then leaving (not before coming back for the obligatory encore of course). No, Baby Bird know what it is to put on a show. Their strangely eccentric nature, that comes across in their lyrics so powerfully translates magnificently to stage. Baby Bird are not your ordinary everyday strange band either, perhaps their most striking achievement is the fact that the album on commercial release, and in the charts at the moment is not, in fact, their first. In the last year Baby Bird have released a total of five albums, the first four having all been recorded using just a four-tracker and a spark of genius. They have even managed to release an album, that doesn't actually exist! This was done by printing a message on their forth lo-fi album: *The Happiest Man Alive* which informed fans that they could obtain the fifth Baby Bird album simply by sending a cheque for ten pounds to the address printed. As yet this promised album has not materialised, the money having allegedly been used to fund the production of their first 'proper' album: *Ugly Beautiful* the one in the charts at the moment. This type of behaviour sums up the ethos behind the band; risk everything for the sake of art, or just simply to take the piss. Take the lyrics on the new album, one track *Big Bird*, which was sadly omitted from their live set contains lyrics such as:

"I'll sing about love till I'm forty-five and fat.

I'd do anything for love but I won't do that." A clear dig at **Fatty Loaf**. The song continues by slagging off **Celine Dion** calling her "...music for thick people"! A line which, for me, totally sums up her music and makes me laugh inside once again, even more heartily.

Returning to the packed underground depths of The Electric Ballroom, Baby Bird's showmanship was second to none. The lead singer called for a fatwa to be taken out on **Celine Dion**, as he balanced precariously on one of the stage monitors, looking like somekind of fanatical prophet, and the crowd erupted with a roar of approval. The reception was equally wild in response to his suggestion that the Editor of NME should swivel on one of his fingers. Long live Baby Bird, may they continue to make 'chart music' without selling-out. **TS**

More Christmas Singles

Artist: Fiona Apple
Single: Shadowboxer.

Released along with all the tired efforts looking for that prized no.1 spot this Christmas this song seems a little out of place, namely because it's magnificent. Fuck knows where she's from, but she's got more soul than **Otis Redding's** pants. Her voice is sultry personified and is the heart and soul of this song of love lost. The voice is backed by pianos banging out hard-edged, moody blues, making this song a throbbing, aching anthem from the heart. Not the heart of flowers and candlelight dinners mind, rather that of lust and filthy couplings in dark rooms. Its chances of being **Christmas No.1** are however, probably less than Father

Christmas being done for heroin smuggling on Christmas Eve

Daniel Gallagher

Artist: The Lighthouse Family
Single: Loving Every Minute

Mmmmm, loving every minute they say? Well I'm glad someone is, personally listening to this single is like listening to a tap dripping; after a while you don't really notice it. It's quite hummable I suppose, it's the kind of thing you might want to hear on a workman's radio as you walk past on a summer's day. It is not the kind of thing you want to listen to for any length of time, especially in the middle of December. Boring, unimaginative, daytime radio fodder. **Christmas No.1? No. TS**

Artist:... Formerly Known as Prince
Single: Betcha By Golly Wow!

Purple, good colour. *Purple Rain*, excellent album. *Around The World In A Day*, excellent album. Sorry, I could go on, but I think that remembering how good Prince used to be will only serve to depress us all. Especially in the face of this new offering, yes the single is as bad as the title. The Artist Formerly Known As Pretty Cool has completed his mutation into completely arse man. In fact, did you know that the little symbol he uses to refer to himself by is actually pronounced 'Untalented Toser'?

Christmas No.1? Yes! Rush out and buy Betcha By Golly Wow! By your favourite and mine, Untalented Toser.
PurpleMass

Artist: The Spice Girls
Single: 2 Become 1

Place your bets now please. YES! This is it! The sure-fire Christmas number one. If you want my advice then rush out and, don't buy the single, but place your bets down at William Hill and prepare to receive a cash prize as an extra Christmas present!

This song has everything a Christmas number one needs, style, grace, Rita Hayworth. No, actually it doesn't have Rita Hayworth, but the production is so slick, the song will make you melt, and the video has loads of different coloured lights and is all lovely and Christmassy as Christmas videos should be. **Christmas No. 1? If the bloody Children of Dunblane come anywhere near my Spice Girls, I'll mow them down with an Uzi 9mm. (I reckon this is fair play - Anonymous Editor) Wayne Rogers**

Crazy Gods of Bournemouth

Artist: The Crazy Gods of Endless Noise
Album: Heavy Planet

Once upon a candy-floss beaver treat when rock music was growing out cock and into cross-over, i.e. 89-92, the cutting edge of rock music was dominated by two bands which had unusually long names. I mean of course the funky-rapsters Red Hot Chili Peppers and the metal bizarroes Faith No More (FNM). They dominated because they combined all sorts of different sounds into new, innovative and evocative grooves. As happens with all pioneers of new sounds they were imitated. Most of those pretenders came from America and were frankly shit.

So here we are in 1996, the sounds the Peppers and FNM are no longer as original as they used to be. [Both bands last album's, though highly enjoyable, proved that by completely lacking spark and energy.] Thus it might seem odd and slightly sad that some bands still ape their sound. And it probable seems sadder that it has taken Britain so long to produce a band in that genre. But that it is the truth. Britain now has its own cross-over band, The Crazy Gods of Endless Noise. Of course their have been cross-over bands before in Britain, but what makes them different from previous Brit cross-over

acts is that CGEN are fucking good.

Formed in Bournemouth in 1992, it has taken them a long while to surface from that seaside s e t h p o o l. Originally they were an average rock b a n d, struggling along and generally being crap. But then they discover a wonderful invention of m o d e r n technology, the sampler. Yes, that stalwart of many a rap act became their ticket out of mediocrity. With the sampler they set out mission for themselves- to experience the ultimate aural high.

The result is the album *Heavy Planet*, and what an album it is. More like FNM than the Peppers, with lots of complex

interwoven melodies provided from their dextrous sampler skills. The songs sound

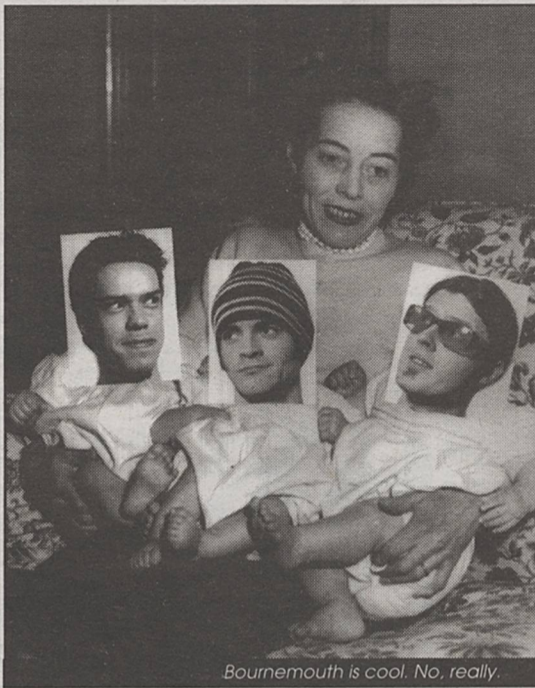
as if they were played by a huge band, but it is just three wacky blokes. The choral vocals owe heavily to the enigmatic Mike Patton. They rise from throaty growls into the high nether regions only reached by sodomised choir boys. The enthrallingly operatic vocals are adroitly contrasted by truly wacky, funny and s t r a n g e l y poignant lyrics. How could you

go wrong with lines like 'There goes a mumbling middle-aged midget hobbling home to the bouncy bubble gum castle'. I have always believed that alliteration is an under used art.

Unfortunately the band do have their down side. It comes during the more rappy verses. The singer tries to sound like the Peppers but he fails in the most embarrassing way. This honkee just can't rap. He, as most honkees, can not keep a descent or consistent rhythm, his cadence is awful. Luckily only half the songs contain rap of that sort and if you stick out it to the chorus, one is greatly rewarded with energised and anathematic sing-along bits. Moreover, the rap is offset by some more damn fine sampler backings.

Home and Away has some fit birds and I would like to take each one and dip them in big bowl of warm honey and... but I digress. The best tracks on the album are the subtler darker ones, like *Cool Propaganda*. I haven't got the foggiest if the lyrics actually amount to anything intentionally meaningful but the way they are sung makes me feel deeply calm and introspective. The music on said track is of the funk-light variety with a spritely sampled flute solo meandering its way through to the end. It gets me into a slow grinding groove, just like Al does. Green that it is. The result makes me all warm and fuzzy.

So to sum up what do I say about the band and their album? Well, all I can say is this that they are one lip-smacking delicious band with some rad songs. I want to shag a beer can. Now I sleep. It late. Slap me with a wet fish, their good.



Bournemouth is cool. No, really.

Arnie-Clause!

Ho, ho, ho! Arnie does comedy. What a fantastic x'mas present, eh?

Film: Jingle All The Way

Some people never learn. No matter how many times people have said to him (and, surely, they must have) "Arnold, sorry, you ain't funny", Arnold will not learn. Two fantastic, successful, action thrillers out of the way, and Mr Schwarzenegger is back doing what he does worst: comedy. Even worse, this is family values comedy with a christmas cherry on top. Not quite a plump turkey, but roastingly close.

Arnie plays a stressed out dad, who is unable to spend enough *k-wal-i-dee time* with the wife and kids over Christmas. By way of recompense,

he decides to get his son a toy 'Turbo Man' gift. Sadly, 'Turbo Man' has been sold out for months, leading to a lengthy yultide misadventure with hilarious consequences. Most of said consequences come in his duel with a crazed postman named Myron (Sinbad - an American comedian for those not in the know), who is similarly engaged in the fruitless toy finding quest. This allows a good deal of destructive rampaging round toy stores, a couple of well put together set

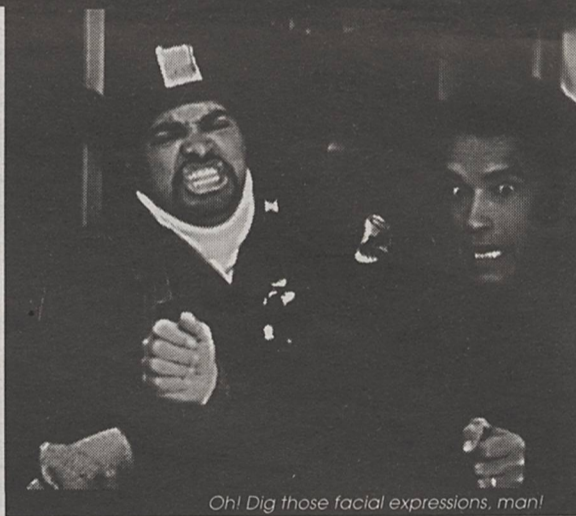
pieces, and an enormous Xmas parade finale. What it doesn't lead to, is a lot of laughs.

Obviously touted as a Christmas family movie, it is difficult to understand to whom 'Jingle All The Way' will appeal. Although it is an action-comedy, it has neither enough action nor comedy for fans of each genre. The tale is wound adult characters, but the script is pure childspay. Will the kiddies identify with Arnie's 'mom n' dad' dilemma? Also, unlike superior family films (Disney, etc), there are very few knowingly adult jokes, just for the parents. Such comedy as does manifest itself is mostly unsophisticated slap-stick. For a man who has made witty one-liners his own when making action films, it is odd that Schwarzenegger barely manages to raise a smile throughout. 'Jingle All The Way' represents the choice humour of 'Terminator' put on the rack for two hours. Simply, Arnie old boy, there ain't enough to go round.

Film Information

Title: Jingle All The Way
Staring: Arnie. What the hell else do you need to know?
Released: 6/12/96. Trust Me.
Certificate: PG

He is not helped by the acting performances. Arnie, we expect to be bad; that is a trademark. However, the mediocrity of his supporting cast is inexcusable. Although working with a poor script, Sinbad seems to gloss over his lack of amusing dialogue by simply speaking extremely quickly. Arnie's wife (Rita Wilson) is uninspired, and his son (Jake Lloyd) seems unlikely to follow other child prodigies onto better things. Only Jim



Oh! Dig those facial expressions, man!

Belushi, playing a corrupt Santa, gives a classy performance.

All of these factors do not conspire to make the film unenjoyable. The action moves along at a rollicking pace, and their are occasional sparks of genuine invention. As mentioned above, the preponderance of physical comedy ensures that the poor dialogue is never a major hindrance. Lastly, although the films necessarily trite and moralising throughout, one doesn't have to reach for the sick-bucket until the very end; indeed a welcome relief!

Maybe the whole experience will feel more enjoyable when there is snow on the ground. Christmas movies tend to feel better in the yuletide spirit, and look dreadful in retrospect. Perhaps, this will seem poor in both? As it is, this is simply an inoffensive way of passing two hours. Oh! I almost forgot. What a *dreadful* title! Merry Christmas, y'all.

Santa Crabtree 2

Beaver Books

Essentially a ghost story, but of a much higher standard than the average, *The Matrix* is a book which you can not easily put down due to its gripping tale told in an absorbing style. Aycliffe writes in a style that enables the reader to experience the events that he writes of as if the reader were witnessing the events that befall the main character. It is a book that will capture you, mind and soul as the events unfold.

Set in Edinburgh, the book charts the story of Andrew Macleod, who following the death of his dearly beloved wife, finds comfort in his research of the occult, in Edinburgh. His interest in the in the ancient practices of magic that these groups follow is purely academic until their mystery lures him into a consuming quest for knowledge. Through his attendance of occult meetings Andrew befriends Duncan Mylne, and as Andrew's passion for knowledge and mastery of this ancient magic escalates he unwittingly becomes Mylne's apprentice. Though he fears Mylne, for the great sense of power within him, Andrew allows himself to be further drawn in to an inner circle of evil. When he eventually comes to realise what Mylne's real objective for Andrew is, it is too late to redeem himself and walk away. Andrew has become poised on the edge, between life and death, and distancing himself from Mylne is not an easy task.

Although slightly predictable at times 'The Matrix' is extremely intriguing and will hold the reader's concentration as the events unfold. It is far and away the most thrilling and scariest book that I have ever read, and you would be pushed to find a better thriller. Although it is the only book written by Aycliffe that I have read I would recommend 'The Matrix' to all, and if you are a particular fan of thrillers this book is a must. Aycliffe is a truly gifted writer, and this book cannot easily be forgotten, once read.

"The Matrix" by Jonathan Aycliffe.

Christmas Movie Special!

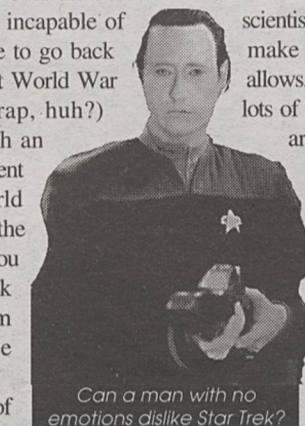


James Crabtree attempts to boldly use the worst puns ever.

Film: Star Trek: First Contact

Star Trek sucks. In principle, everything about the concept should ensure it to be nothing more than an often ignored cult classic, 'boldly gone' into the bin of sci-fi history. How, then, has this combination of silly uniforms, cod morality, camp captains, tedious introspection, mono-thematic aliens, ham acting, and embarrassing metaphors for American society turned into such a phenomena? Think of the logistics. 1) There can't be that many Trekkies in the world. 2) Half of the previous 6 films have been unconscionably dire, the others merely patchy. 3) People keep going to watch them, regardless of quality. So, all you people who like Star Trek...WHY?

Thankfully, 'Star Trek - First Contact', exceeds the meagre level of its predecessors. It represents a bizarre mix of 'the one when Kirk went back to get some Whales' and 'The Wrath of Khan'. The Borg (the poorest baddies ever - and if you don't know who they are I can't be bothered explaining), decide to go back in time and take over the earth. They, cunningly for a race incapable of independent thought, decide to go back and stop the people of "post World War Three" (yeah, I know, crap, huh?) making 'first contact' with an alien race. This auspicious event heralded a new era of world peace, and the creation of the whole Star Trek thing. So, you understand, without 'Star Trek - First Contact', William Shatner would never have existed. Scary stuff?



Film Information

Title: Star Trek - First Contact
Starring: Gates McFadden, Brent Spiner, others with silly names
Released: Star Date 9612.21
Certificate: PG

The film uses the crew of the Next Generation TV series. Although Patrick Stewart as Jean Luc Picard is no Kirk, he does make a fairly effective leader. Sadly, his scripted role is not sufficiently different from Kirks to really demonstrate his ability. Indeed, during the moments in the film

when Picard has to disobey orders/get

emotional/wax philosophical, you are left yearning for the dramatics of Shatner rather than Stewart's Shakespearean sensibilities. Generally, the Next generation dicks all over the original. It looks better, it is more professional, the aliens look cool, the acting is good, and nobody ever mentions beaming up Klingons. But Picard should be understated philosopher to Shatner's absurd melodrama. Here, the film makers don't appreciate the difference.

Like 'The Wrath of Khan', the selling point seems to be action. However these people don't get it. 'Star Wars' is the only science fiction that matters, and that is what science fiction should be like. Star Trek will always fail. An action flick is not three minutes at the beginning followed by an entirely predictable 1 hour 57 minutes of human interest space opera in absurd clothes. The central drive concerns the attempts of a mad 21st century scientist to launch his rocket, and consequently make the eponymous "First Contact". This allows, as was true in 'the one with the Whales', lots of knowing references. Yet, although there are tense moments with the Borg, it is genuinely difficult to be frightened by an enemy with no character. To get round this, the film introduces the 'evil Borg Queen'; it being impossible to allow directly personified evil. Sadly, 'the evil Borg Queen' is a faintly risible figure, obviously invented in order to 'assimilate' (one for the Trekkies, there) the film to Hollywood aesthetics.

In saying this, this isn't half bad. Their is even a little humour; for instance when the crazy scientist dude asks if the crew are on some kind of (... you guest it)'Star Trek?'. The action, such as it is, is competently carried out. The acting is infinitely better than Spock *et al*. However, the sad fact is that Star Trek could do so much better. This, enjoyable as it may be, is never more than a superior two hour version of the TV series. And, you are still left yearning for Kirk.

James Crabtree

Hank & Frank

HANK & FRANK

LSE's resident critics chew over the hot topics of the day. This week: 'Star Trek: Sci-fi Shite, or modern classic' Take it away.....

Frank: Do you not agree, that the cultural phenomena which is 'Star Trek' is a urinal full of piss?

Hank: Oh you pedant! You miss the subtle nuances of this sic-fi classic. It is essentially a Utopian society realised. Come the revolution, THIS IS THE FUTURE!

Garth: On your Side, mate!

Frank: There are certain things that are not Utopian. I have two words to say to you: Kirk, Captain.

Hank: Ooooh! Touché! However, your mindless attempt at wit falls short of any sort of serious critique.

Frank: It is a salient point you beam up Scotty, but you disregard the fact that Star Trek only appeals to sad, twenty something, science students with seamen drenched trousers. Does this not say something to you and your leg wear?

Hank: This is getting personal, you woolen sweater wearing fiend, you!

Frank: Barry Norman is my God!

Hank: INDEED!

Frank: Yet, to return to the subject in hand.

Hank: Oh please! Shall we?

Frank: One point. All that camera shaking and throwing of bodies in the original episodes - Why don't they have seat belts on the bridge?

Hank: They are hard, truly hard. They don't need fu'kin seatbelts. Come they are not poncy little twats like Schwarzenegger.

Frank: Cockney rhyming slang at which even Dick Van Dyke would balk! Jean Luc Picard - hard? You are forking joking, right? Picard, as with his predecessor William 'Shatapants', would have been bested by any Klingon you could mention!

Hank: For Chrissakes man have you common compassion. I mean are you so socially inept that you feel no compassion for the children of Dunblane.

Frank: Dunblane! Any Klingon would have killed the lot of them as a matter of principle!

Hank: Sir, your conduct is deplorable. Completely 'welloutaorder'. Have you no compassion, no heart, no humanity. If you can not understand the pathos of the tragic events at Dunblane then I question your place in society. You are scoundrel, a cad, and a cheat!

Frank: It's slaughter Frank, but not as we know it. We came in peace; shoot to kill. Shame he didn't put shotguns on stun, eh? Weren't we hob nobbin' about the 'Trek'?

Hank: Cheap Commercialist gags, eh?

Frank: I think you have Klingons on your Starboard bough. I feel your conduct to be wishywashyliberalsentimentalbollockinglyp utrid. I must give you a good sound going over with the Klingon War Dagger!?!?

Hank: Right, that's it!! I mean it. One more comment and I will shove this Romulan where the sun don't shine.

Frank: Damn you, Jim, and your dirty Klingon bastards!

Star Fleet Control: You are contravening the Prime Directive

Hank And Frank: Fuck You, you uniformed officious busybody goodfornothing interfering Klingonrodgering bastard. I bet you though Tom Stone was out of order for his Dunblane comment. Well, sod right 'orf!!!!

An enormous intergalactic battle ensues.

Keanu Hits Back!

Film: Feeling Minnesota

In case you didn't know, Keanu Reeves is a faithful reader of 'The Beaver'. He read the review of "Chain Reaction" a couple of weeks back. The harsh but irrefutable criticisms made such a deep impression, that Keanu subsequently appears in a far better film. "Feeling Minnesota" tells of two brothers fighting over one woman, with tragic results: lust, revenge, betrayal, & motels. Set in small-town Minnesota, this is a gruesome tale, gruesomely told with a good portion of black humour. Courtney Love, no doubt attracted by the low-rent culture production, plays a small part, as a diner waitress. Dan Ackroyd makes up for every naff joke he has cracked in the last ten years as Ben, a corrupt, sleazy alcoholic police detective. And Keanu...well, quite frankly, credit has to be given. Jack (his parents messed up the birth certificate) in "Feeling Minnesota" is Eddie Kasalovich's loser alter ego - one can imagine the young Eddie had he flunked too many classes, gone a step too far down the wrong alley. Jack steals cars, seduces his brother's wife during their wedding reception, swears, fights and farts.

Cameron Diaz, the focus of the brothers' attention, is the reincarnated Lily Sinclair (Keanu's partner in "Chain Reaction"), back with an emancipated id and a life-time to catch up on. Whatever, Keanu redeems himself. The pair (Keanu/Diaz) in their portrayal of white trash romantics trigger associations with "Wild at heart" or "Love and a 45", yet this is no aroad movie. On the contrary, it is dominated by an atmosphere of stagnation; where the protagonists of a road movie try to escape from evil, here they frolic in it. And yet, despite the dark tone, "Feeling Minnesota" contains a glimmer of hope. It's Ken Loach with American accents, cars and guns - sort of.

Johan Almenberg

4

A Rocky Ride

Film: Daylight

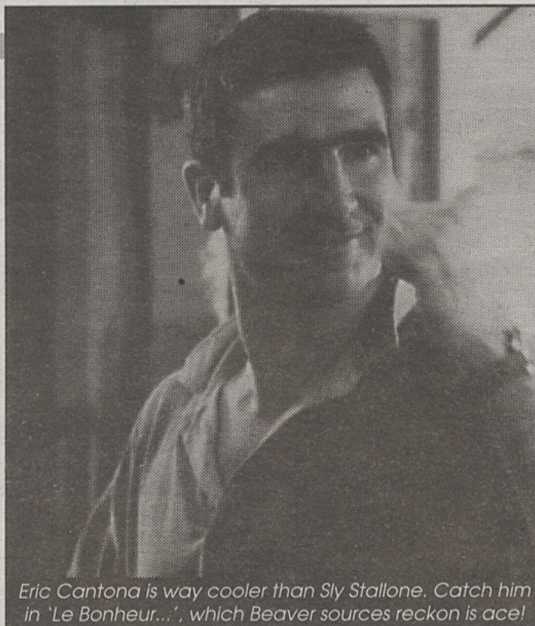
Hold your breath" - Stallone is back. This time as Kit Latura, your stereotypical hero who happens to be in the right place at the right time. This latest action adventure is not the most inventive or plausible series of events to hit our screens, yet Stallone manages to keep the audience entertained well enough throughout the duration.

The plot revolves around what happens when a toxic fire of epic proportions seals off both ends of a major tunnel connecting New Jersey and Manhattan. Latura is an ex-Emergency Medical Services Chief who has no business getting involved, but seeing as he had nothing else to do that day, persuades the authorities to allow him to take a dangerous route into the tunnel.

He receives an ungracious welcome from a group of hysterical and stubborn survivors, who include a group of prisoners, an arrogant TV star and a young, spunky woman (a good performance by Amy Brenneman, currently also featuring in 'Fear'). Stallone enlists Brenneman's help in attempting to lead the group to safety in a partnership very much reminiscent of Keanu Reeves and Sandra Bullock in 'Speed'.

Just when the situation seems to have stabilised for five minutes, a new and even more alarming disaster rears its head and another member of the group is in grave danger of dying. As the tension mounts, the remaining characters complicate matters with their hysterical outbreaks and questioning of Latura's past career in the rescue business.

The script features the odd witty quip thrown in from time to time whenever the



drama is in danger of becoming too melodramatic. Touches of sentimentality are also present with clichés such as "together we can do anything". As one catastrophe follows another and the survivors seem to be steadily dropping like flies along the way, time is rapidly running out and Latura is out of ideas.

The film moves along at a fast pace with impressive special effects of the mass destruction caused by the explosion. The characters convincingly portray the various emotions experienced by the survivors. However, the plot and content of the film I totally unoriginal and improbable. It is much the same as dozens of action films, whereby a major disaster forces the hero to courageously risk his life to rescue a group of innocent people. The action is engaging enough, but the outcome is typical and predictable.

Valerie Tesler

3

The Film Pages Need You!

Bored by Barry? - Morose at Movie Watch? The Beaver film pages need more good quality writers. Are you witty, incisive, opinionated, and fair? Do you want see free previews and hang out with the glitterati of Soho? Sign up today! Leave your name in the Beaver Office arts tray, or contact: e-mail: \crabtree, ja. And, why not?

Oedipus Shags Mum in:

Incest Shocker!!

Earlier this term we brought you Oedipus the Play. Now we bring you Oedipus the Panto!

It is often said that tragedy and comedy are flip-sides of the same coin, but this Christmas a group of LSE students lead by the dextrous Asim Shivji, along with the recent stunners from Cambridge Footlights, are doing their damndest to prove it. They are taking the ancient and tragic myth of Oedipus, that charming tale of the charismatic Greek King who, as a baby, narrowly escapes death only later in life to slaughter his dad and marry his mother. They are trying to find the funny side. In the Sophocles' original, Oedipus' destiny is to die cursed, bitter and blind; however in this seasonal interpretation things are bit different. The attempt is to transform the tale into traditional pantomime form by replacing woe with wit, guilt with glitz and a wailing Greek chorus with a high-kicking West End one. Hooray!

In an interview with co-director David Mitchell, I asked him to explain his

reasons for thinking this daft idea might work. "A good panto," he said, "is based on a story to which everyone knows the main points; Oedipus the King is such a story. It also has the added spice of being so unpleasant that one just has to laugh."



Welcome To Thebes. Care for a freshly boiled eye.

Indeed. "Our aim is to make the show as funny as possible... Hopefully we will be taking the piss out of the panto's as much as out of Greek Tragedy." With a cast of twenty actors, comedians, singers and dancers, no ordinary fringe theatre would be able to cope with such a production. Luckily the Pleasance, the long-time stalwart of Edinburgh, festival has recently opened a London equivalent.

Located near Caledonian Road tube station the venue seats 250 with a west end size stage.

The convergence of such great forces has resulted in a mammoth night of theatre. So, if you've ever unknowingly killed your dad and then followed it up by shagging

your mum you will be thoroughly offended by this light-hearted romp through gods-forsaken Thebes, aka Oedipus' kingdom. If you haven't, then join this cast of up and coming comic talent for a tragically amusing evening at the Pleasance. Having seen it myself I must say it's enough to make a grown man gouge his own eyes out.

David Balfour

Oedipus the Pantomime opens at the Pleasance London on Wednesday December 1st and runs until January 12. BO 0171 609 1800.



This Christmas indulge yourself. Get a blow job.

Editors Pick n' Mix

The Best of The Christmas Panto's reviewed for your yuletide consumption.

It's is that time of year again. The coming of christmas means only one thing in theatrical circle jerks, PANTO'S. For all of you who do not know what a Pantomime is [Oi! American, That Means You], then now is the time to make amends and see a Panto. There is no possible way, even given all the magnitude of writing power inherent in the omnipotent Beaver, that one can explain what a Panto involves. But you must look out for men dressed a women, sexual innuendoes the kiddies won't get, and loads of audience participation.

TOP LONDON PANTO'S

1. **Oedipus the Panto**- The best night I have had since my mother took me to see Super Gran On Tour when I was seven. Great laughs. Great actors. Great spoons. For full review look to the left.
2. **Cinderella** - at the Hackney Community Centre. A multi-ethnic bi-lingual version of the classical of love and magic. With a majority Indian cast the emphasis is on breaking through the rigid caste system inherent in the India social System. Each night they serve a different curry. What a scorcher of an evening.
3. **Dick Whittington**- at the Camden Underground New Theatre (CUNT). It is a classic of a traveller from Nottingham to London. Along the way he discovers friend, beasts, and the meaning of life.

These Men Must Be Destroyed

Anita M and Ronita Dutta reflect on Men

On a cold winter's night, in the middle of Hampstead, total darkness surrounded us. Suddenly, a light shone down from above. A woman in black garb floated in. Thus began the absolutely brilliant play 'Still Lives'.

'Still Lives' is set between turn the century France and England. It is based on the factual events surrounding the painter August's John. The main focus of the play is the relationships between the three women whose lives evolved around him: his sister, Gwen; his wife, Ida; and his lover, Dorelia.

Judging by this basic plot outline we were expecting the play to be full of psychological jibber-jabber. However we were totally and utterly wrong. What we saw was a deeply moving and insightful story about complex relations of love. The play examines the how the three highly creative and ambitious women sacrifice their talents for the men they love. The men they love even though being liberal artists still expect their women to be subservient.

The submissive wife Ida is masterfully played by Candida Cave, who also wrote the play. So desperate is she to keep her husband, she allows his mistress to live with them. At times, we were tempted to get up out of our seats and give her a swift kick in the arse in an order to bring her round. That is how compelling the acting is. Her transformation from being a gifted artist

to feeble housewife expected to bear children was deeply sad. The process was made even more bitter by the fact that she was aware of the fact that she is throwing her life away.

Strangely, Dorelia, the mistress emerged as the strongest of the three women. This is because she has no expectations of ever having her lover to herself. Dorelia even succeeds in liberating Ida emotionally and physically from her own destructive forces.

Gwen, the sister, played by Rebecca Turner was convincingly haughty and aloof. Initially, she appeared the most independent of the three but by the end of the play she was a broken woman and was totally subservient to her husband. She fell in love with Rodin which was a mistake because he was philander. Thus the play warns us not to mistake lust for love.

The play was staged in the New End Theatre, which is London's smallest theatre. It certainly was an intimate evening of highly intense theatre.

From the technical point of view, however, the lighting was dire. We had a hard time seeing the actors during the night scenes. Ultimately, the play was very good. It sent a message that men exert a controlling influence over all types of women and it implies that most men are at heart feckless creatures with no concept of fidelity. However, women are spineless fools with big hearts when they pander to the will of men. We feel that the play perfectly summarises men, but we feel that it is about a century too late in its view of woman!

Still Lives might return to London in the new year.

Quad: Land of Plays and Honey

The Quad Finally Used In a New Way

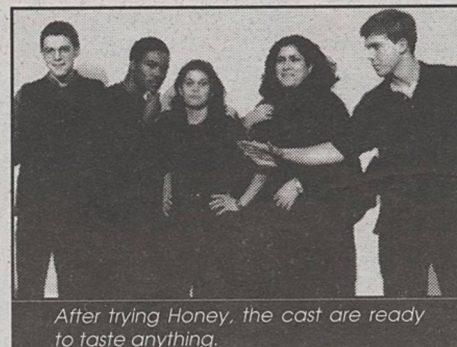
'A Taste of Honey', performing this week in the Quad, is a touching a touching drama which revolves around the love-hate relationship between a mother, Helen (played by Racheal Singh) and her daughter Jo, (played by Nicola Boyle). Their relationship is exacerbated by the poverty of their surroundings. The play centres around the different loves of Jo. She is confused about life and love. The only sane person she can talk to is her strange friend Geoffrey (played by Jonathan Black). He loves her. Yet she does not love him as he wants. She loves a boy, played by the inimical Angelo Washington. Helen is too busy with her own affairs to get seriously engaged in her daughters. She has problems with her boozing boyfriend Peter, played by Alexander Evis. The various eccentricities of each of these characters does not help the

wrote this play. Much of it's raw energy is due to her youth.

The staging is a radical departure from anything ever attempted at the LSE before. It uses the quad in highly innovative, informal yet engaging way. The stage is in the middle of the quad with the audience sitting on raised platforms on either side. The actors come on and off the stage through various points in the Quad, thus totally using it spatial potential. This will also be the first debut of the new lighting and sound system in a non-disco role. They were rumoured to be very expensive, lets hope the investment pays off. This is the most ambitious thing ever staged in the Quad. The Drama Society, at great expense to the societies limited finances, have had to book the Quad for three solid days in order to stage the production. It should prove to be a thrilling new experience not to be missed.

Beaver Staff

'A Taste of Honey' will be playing on December 9th, 10th, 11th in the Quad. Doors open at 7:30. Tickets £3.00 regular, and £2.00 for drama society members. To add a christmas feel to the evening mulled wine will be served



After trying Honey, the cast are ready to taste anything.

Art House Entertainment?

Not a play, Not a film, but the Best of Both.
Hattie Sellick is clappers for Max Klapper.

Never heard of it? Well, nor had I until a rainy Sunday afternoon found me in bed with the newspapers, where I stumbled upon an article about the new production company, Stray Dog. Little mention of Max Klapper, as Stray Dog have hit the headlines for Valley Girls. Never heard of it either? Well, if I were to say that Valley Girls stars a Welsh school-cleaner, would you now know who I was talking about?

Max Klapper is described as a 'play with film'. It is exactly that: a very clever interweaving of theatre with film. What? you may ask. Film and theatre, the two most antithetical of mediums, together on the same stage? Yes, and it works.

Despite the fact that it opened to lukewarm reviews from many dailies and is classed as 'fringe entertainment' by The Evening Standard, I am prepared to lay my reputation on the line for this production. Trust me - it is brilliant. The story of an obscure film director, Max Klapper (Anthony Higgins), once the golden boy of post-war Hollywood who suddenly disappears from the scene without an explanation. The play/film is his life story and the making of his last unreleased masterpiece, The Beautiful Ones. The production builds and maintains tension brilliantly. I was frustrated by the film's interruption by an interval, albeit a 5-minute break. The way in which the acting and film are interweaved is masterful. Never are you asked to



Photo courtesy of Stray Dog

look in two places at once, and the actors never find themselves speaking over the film. While the film plays, the actors fade noiselessly into the background or are subtly spotlighted to illustrate the continuity between the stage and the screen. The film itself is entirely authentic and rich with emotion. Bar the fact that it was not shown from flickering overhead projectors, it was difficult to be sure that it was infact modern footage.

The acting too lives up to the dream-like quality that the film imparts. Starring Emily Lloyd in her first role on stage, as Bella Kooling, the belle of Max Klapper's film, The Beautiful Ones. She is a dim southern country beauty who gradually assumes a film star attitude to her new

life. Amusing and believable. Anthony Higgins (Max Klapper) is a German immigrant with a strong accent and firm ideas. He is convincing as a tempestuous and touchy prima donna film director who must fulfil his dream of the perfect

film at all costs to his actors. Jim Dunk as Larry Seisner the money-men, and Peter Attard as Joey Cheek, the producer, are strongly stereotypical. All that you hear about the world of film financing is confirmed by these two: the decisions lie with the money.

Not only is the production brilliant, but it is a

treat to see the newly refurbished Electric cinema after 4 years of closure. Built in 1910, it is Britain's oldest purpose-built cinema. From the heydays of early film when packed houses were the norm, the Electric has seen and suffered the sharp decline in cinema audiences who rely increasingly on their videos and televisions. But it retains a certain charm and the glory of bygone days which add to the retrospective feeling of the whole production. However, the heating has not been modernised since 1910 and it does get a little chilly. Take a coat!

There is only one criticism to be levelled. It is too self-conscious and slightly contrived in places. Comments from Klapper such as, "cinema is not alive, how can it celebrate its centenary?" and "someone is watching", point too obviously to the fact that this is the story of a journalist researching an article to celebrate the 100 years of cinema in 1996. But when else, but 1996? Doesn't it all tie in neatly? However, if you ignore the slightly heavy-handed references to film and its history, this 'play with film' is extremely slick with many clever and witty lines that pass so smoothly that it is several seconds before you catch on. A thoroughly enjoyable evening's entertainment in a beautiful cinema at 191 Portobello Road. Miss this at your peril.

Playing till the 14th. Tel: 229 0706 for tickets.

Pause for thought...

"I stopped believing in Santa Claus at an early age. Mother took me to see him in a department store and he asked me for my autograph." - Shirley Black

LSE in book writing SHOCK!

The *Beaver's* exclusive interview with LSE law student cum writer Anne Giwa-Amu

After a number of disappointing refusals from publishers, Anne decided to react differently from her fellow writers: she would publish her novel independently.

Sade is the tragic tale of an attractive sixteen year old girl: Sade Uwaifo, daughter of a wealthy and respected black Nigerian father and a white English mother. The story starts just as Sade's O'Levels have finished and summer begins. Sade is not content to go out with her friends and lounge around the swimming pool of the exclusive sports club. Instead she plots to win back Clive, her childhood sweetheart, a barrister, also of mixed race who is engaged to be married to another woman. She becomes pregnant by him, dabbles in divination, becoming an initiate of the Benin cult of Olokun, god of the sea, and finally resorts to marrying the bride-to-be's unsuspecting brother, Emeka whom she comes to despise and fear.

The story glimpses traditional celebrations and the violent state of unrest during and preceding the Nigerian Civil War, with scattered scenes of bereavement and terror. We also get an insider's view of the privileges and disadvantages of being a member of a wealthy elite set up during colonial rule and of being neither fully black nor white.

Anne Giwa-Amu, also of mixed Nigerian/British blood, was in Nigeria during the time of political troubles described in the book. It was on this basis that I asked her about Sade and the ideas behind this tale.

Q: The heroine, Sade is a girl of 16 years old - did anything particularly urge you to write from the point of view of one so young?

A: Adolescence is a period of great turmoil and a very impressionable stage. In choosing an adolescent as the protagonist, I was able

to draw a parallel between Sade and an adolescent country - Nigeria. In the 1960s, Nigeria had just obtained its independence from Britain and was going through a period of great turmoil. Nigeria is thus personified in Sade: Sade's physical make up - European and African mix, can be compared to the situation in Nigeria where we see the integration of religion, language and cultures.

Q: Would you say that your life in any way reflects Sade's story? You were in Nigeria at the time of Civil War and are also of mixed race.

A: Inevitably every writer must draw from either their own experiences or the experiences of other people. I too have drawn from my experiences as a person of mixed race, but the work is in no way autobiographical. Perhaps it would be fair to say that Sade's story is a highly distorted reflection of my life.

Q: From the book, it seems that Nigerian women hold quite a passive role. Would you say that the Civil War and modern times have changed them?

A: I do not accept that the book portrays Nigerian women as passive. They are traditionally expected to be subservient to their fathers and husbands in what still is a patriarchal society. However like Sade and Frances, many women rebel and challenge their authority. Of course this ends up with the woman 'getting a good beating' to keep her in place.

Modernisation has brought about major changes in the role of women. The 60s was a period of great economic growth in Nigeria, with the result that there was sufficient money around to educate the women as well as the men. Education has given a small minority the power to take their rebellion one stage further. Education has offered women the economic independence they

need to break free. Although this may be seen as a form of emancipation, old traditions die hard. In order to obtain respect, a woman is still expected to get married and produce many children for her husband. In a society where there is no form of social security, this inevitably creates a situation of dependence. The African woman remains in a cycle of dependency.

Q: Who are you writing for?

A: I am writing for anyone and everyone who enjoys a good story and is interested in learning about the African culture. Although based in Nigeria, the book is not just for

Sade's behaviour is typical of Nigerian women and even women throughout the world. From the beginning of time women have undermined men, e.g. Adam and Eve, Samson and Delilah. Men of course seek to dominate and control but are constantly undermined by the intelligence of women.

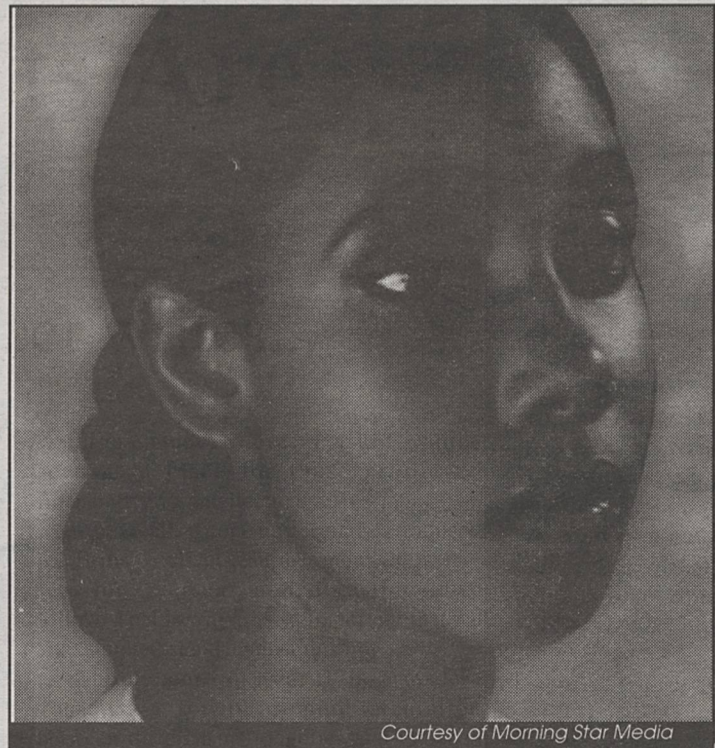
Q: Was it a conscious decision of yours to make the dialogue phonetic so as to sound like the English spoken in Nigeria?

A: I believe that I have a good ear for dialogue phonetic which I intentionally recalled to create not only individual character, but also the character of a nation.

Q: What was your aim when writing this book? Was it simply an act of creation or did you wish to convey a message?

A: My aim when writing this book was to

document an experience of a nation. Unfortunately the problems presented are still very much in evidence in present day Nigeria. Many people believe that it is just a matter of time before a major eruption. It is of course possible to draw a parallel between Nigeria and other post colonial African states such as Rwanda, Zaire, Liberia, Somalia, Sudan - the list is endless. When carving up Africa, the European colonialist failed to take into consideration the



Courtesy of Morning Star Media

Nigerians, just as a book based in America is not just for Americans. My work has been enjoyed by people with no experience of the African culture.

Q: The men in the book, particularly Sade's father and her husband Emeka have the power, yet Sade undermines them and saves herself. Do you think Sade acts as a role model for other Nigerian women?

A: Rather than acting as a role model,

ethnic mix within each partition with the result that there is constant tension and conflict within the states as one ethnic group fights for power over another.

Q: Do you have any future literary plans?

A: Writing for me is a passion that I can never give up. I am working on a sequel to Sade which I hope to get published next year.

Price: £8.99. Ace Books

Festive Spirit

Caroline Hooton moans about Christmas

Christmas. Chestnuts roasting on the open fire; 42lb turkeys slowly being cremated to perfection. Children screaming for the latest toys and crying when they don't get them. Everyone looking oh-so-cheerful and yet really longing for a rusty razor blade with which they can end their misery.

Christmas is all about appearances. You have to appear as though you are having a good time. You have to look like you really wanted the Barbie doll your dad got you because he longs for you to be eight again. You have to seem as though you lust for that third helping of Christmas pudding that was made by your grandma who unfortunately forgot to turn the steam off, leaving a soggy mess that absorbed all the brandy; which then ignited like a flamethrower, singeing off your parents' eyebrows and ruining your

mum's hair-do that she got done specially. Christmas - fun for all the family.

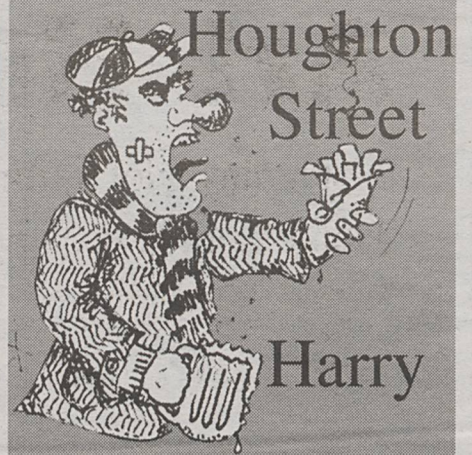
The ultimate demand of Christmas is that you spend it with your family. Before December 25 arrives this seems like a good idea. It will be nice to be coseted by mum and dad again. It'll be good to laugh with you siblings. and laugh at the memories of your childhood attempts to maim each other. After an hour in the company of the aforementioned-mentioned however, having your nails slowly pulled from your toes seems infinitely more enjoyable.

Some of you will be bound to think of me as a right old Scrooge, and this could not be further from the truth. There are some things about Christmas that I do enjoy. Receiving presents for example is something I always enjoy. Similarly I find vegetating in front of the TV all day a wonderfully

pleasant activity which I would like to do more often. And after all isn't this what the modern Christmas experience is all about? The whole festival is geared towards hedonistic capitalism of the most exquisite kind. Even Santa has got in on the act, being, as you may or may not know, a creation of Coca Cola (and so not the real thing). When the shops aren't trying to get you to spend money for Christmas Day, they're trying to get you to part with your cash in the sales afterwards. Not so many jingle bells as cash till rings.

Anyway, it only remains for me to hope that you reflect on these trifling musings as you enjoy your vacation break. Merry Christmas and ho ho, bloody ho.

Caroline Hooton is currently in search of a 42lb turkey...



It's that time of year again, and Harry is beginning to ponder the yuletide festivities. Xmas is ace, no doubt about it. Think of the things that we all look forward to: Your best mate's mum getting pissed and flashing her pants, your best mate's dad getting pissed and flashing his pants and your best mate's gran getting pissed and dying of hypothermia when the "carers" at the old peoples home where she was sent to get rid of her lock her out for a joke...ha, ha, ha.

But most of all, X'mas is a time for romance, for furtive glances, fleeting dalliances and lots of shagging. Mistletoe was sent down from god for one solitary purpose; for the majority of blokes, it enables them to snog the fit birds that they would have no chance with during the rest of the year. And it gives the lovely ladies a chance to snog someone as completely unattainable as Harry, before they head off again, ready to recommence their unsuccessful pursuit of the worlds no. 1 sex god in the new year. In a nutshell, X'mas is a time for taking liberties with members of the opposite sex. Be careful that you don't get too pissed and snog any of your senile elderly relatives, though. If, as is likely, they forget, then you needn't worry about the word getting out. But if not, then beware, because there could be some mighty uncomfortable games of footsie going on as you devour your turkey.

The festive spirit essentially gives us a chance to do the kind of things that we wouldn't dare try during the rest of the year; a quick survey at the Beaver office has uncovered a plethora of shocking yuletide acts by staff members. One former editor is rumoured to have bedded his best mate's bird, even though he didn't really like her that much, just to piss him off. The consequences, though, were severe, when his dirty pal banned him from playing for his local football team or entering the student bar. What a pathetic way to behave. None of this, incidentally, has anything to do with Xmas, but it's still quite amusing.

Seriously though, Xmas does lead to some strange happenings. A mate of Harry's, that shall remain nameless, walked into a darkened room at a Xmas party, and was filled with joy when he discovered that a nubile young female was perched in the corner, the only other person in the room. Eventually, the two of them started humping away in silence, content in their ignorance. Alas, when the lights went on, my poor mate discovered that the recipient of his long schlong had been none other than his sixteen year old sister... so at least it was nearly legal (and he says that she loved it...they all do).

So Harry awaits a period of excesses over the next month, a time to get pissed, be happy, and forget about the deafening sound of mobile phones and brown-nosing that we so routinely encounter at the LSE. And remember, no matter how much of a twat you make of yourself, it's all in the name of religion...God is on your side.

Happy Christmas,
Love, Harry

HSH has been watching too much Brookside...Is he turning into a TV addict with no social life? (Answers on a postcard to



Photo of the Week

Social Sheep

Graham Stevenson asks 'why are LSE students so stupid?'

A few weeks back, there was much talk regarding the collective stupidity of LSE students but this has since subsided. Quite why, I don't know since it is as relevant today as it was then. Not being one to ignore an opportunity to berate and disparage, however, it seems appropriate to re-examine the evidence of such cerebral malfunctioning and discover some means of resolving its implications.

Some of our foolishness is bound up in a propensity for forming cliques, reinforcing "sharp divisions and critical reactions" between racial groups and ensuring that most of us will be unable to benefit from appreciating or understanding other cultures; theoretically one of the School's most rewarding lessons. If this sounds glib and insincere then it isn't meant to be but the fact that students apparently clump in homogenous groups often leads to a clogging of corridors and atria in LSE buildings; stinking hordes, blindly unaware of the obstacle that they present. Stationary bodies in the Old Building are a particular menace.

How crass is it to sit in silence or stand talking to an acquaintance in front of the main doors to the principal building of an institution which has over 6000 members? How inconsiderate, not to say feeble-

minded, it is to attach oneself to a group of thirty people waiting for a lift which holds barely ten, when in doing so a corridor is occluded. It may be mindless in itself to eat at the Brunch Bowl but even this is exceeded by the stupidity of those confused onlookers who congest the paths between tables at the busiest times of the day.

Perhaps it is unfair to attack those who can do nothing but talk and have nowhere else to do it. Perhaps obstructing corridors is the only recourse for all us LSE students who are offered minimal relaxation facilities or places to even sit down. Maybe those idling for lifts are physically incapable of climbing the stairs since few of the girls waiting have looked near being fit enough. Sadly they would have difficulty in using the stairs even if they wanted to for here also, unthinking students render corridors almost impassable by walking three abreast. On the narrow stairways, such a problem is magnified.

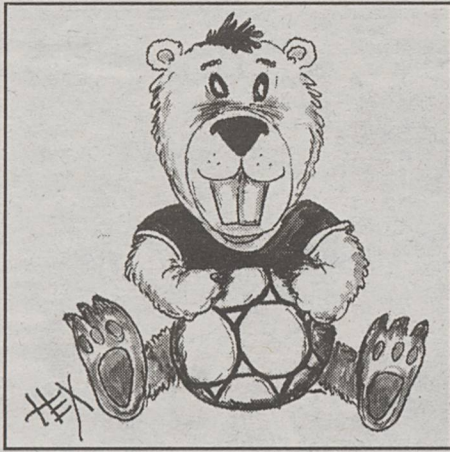
Although some Continentals and Americans might find a natural inclination to walk on the right of a corridor, there is protocol in place which states categorically that people should walk on the left. Condescending as it sounds, a convention of this type must be established in order to ease students' passage throughout the School

unless, of course, you resent being treated like children. Unfortunately, effective measures are needed but surely it isn't too difficult to conduct a conversation with somebody on the stairs without having to maintain their eye contact. "Walk in single file, infants."

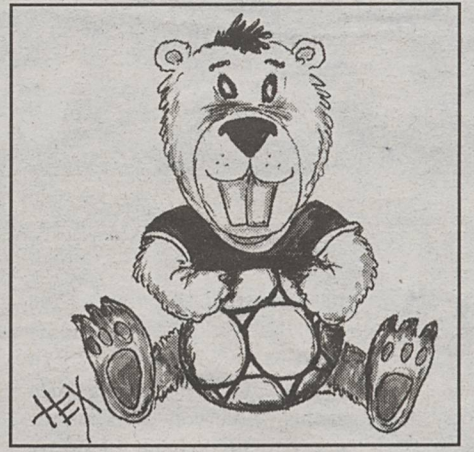
As regards stupid herding tendencies in Houghton Street, it is necessary to improve pedestrian flow while preserving the atmosphere of the place (number of people, not number of cigarettes). Because it's getting cold and we are naturally more liable to irritation with our fellows, the problem of congested buildings is exacerbated, particularly when some vacant youth is oblivious to the fact that he is blocking up the Old Building door from the outside and deserves punting into the Aldwych. All those who regularly sit on these steps should go and sit in a pub, a park, a shop doorway or on a bridge and imagine what it would be like if your world weren't plagued by banality.

All those whose lives are spent waiting for lifts have my sympathy.

Graham Stevenson is currently backing the 'KEEP LEFT' campaign and can now be seen redirecting pedestrian traffic throughout the LSE.



Fantasy Beaverball™



The season so far:

| | Manager | Team Name | Points |
|-----|-------------------|--|--------|
| 1 | Liz Petyt | Miller, Leave Me And Dirty Alex Alone XI | 164 |
| 2 | Jon Webb | The Mighty Fifths "Championship Certainities" | 158 |
| 3 | Graham Peck | Betty Swollocks | 156 |
| 4 | Dirty Cooper™ | Matt Minger Miller Munches Mick's Maggot | 141 |
| 5 | Leo Fothergill | Northern Uproar | 139 |
| 6= | James Allard | Simply The Best | 124 |
| 6= | Stefan Kossoff | Stef's Supremes | 124 |
| 8 | Gavin Freeman | Poobumwilly | 123 |
| 9= | Tom Smith | Whaddya Mean Danny Fielding Scored A Goal? | 121 |
| 9= | Zak Hirt | F.G.T. | 121 |
| 11 | Jon Parr | Wandering Straight Back Up | 120 |
| 12 | Nick Kohli | Da Underdogz | 117 |
| 13 | Dem Oral | Can't Think Of A Name 1st XI | 112 |
| 14 | Ben Goodyear | The Bargains | 105 |
| 15 | Diesal Erikson | Ian Rush Was Better Than Shearer, But Will Hague Is Shit | 103 |
| 16= | Nicola Hobday | Hobday's Secret Fantasy | 102 |
| 16= | Jon French | Vic-TORY Shall Be Mine! | 102 |
| 18 | DirtyCooper™ | My Big Cock Makes Dirty Freshers Happy | 101 |
| 19. | Anna Zanghellini | The Italian Mob - We Just Do It Better | 99 |
| 20= | Girija Sharma | Psychos | 98 |
| 20= | Ijlal Naqui | A Hope In Hell | 98 |
| 22 | Ben Goodyear | Goodyear's Bargain Bucket | 97 |
| 23 | Ben Newton | Newtons Nutters | 96 |
| 24 | Liz Chong | Liz's Luuscious Laddies | 89 |
| 25= | James Hare | The Harey Beavers | 88 |
| 25= | Mick Tatterstall | Des Barnes' Birds | 88 |
| 27 | Derek Crump | Revolution | 80 |
| 28 | Shyam Sankar | Rock | 79 |
| 29 | Fran Malarée | Goals, Spoons & Fran's Cock | 75 |
| 30 | Ellie & Trevor | We're Well 'Ard | 74 |
| 31 | Katarinsa Surname | The Silky Mitters | 73 |
| 32 | Amyr Sajan | Afrika Bambatta | 71 |
| 33 | Alex Smith | Basingstoke Ball-Breakers | 68 |
| 34 | Fran Malarée | Four Fab Frans | 53 |
| 35 | Danny Knight | Do You Want To Say That To Big Dave? | 38 |

As the professional league managerial round-about has seen no more than 23 'leaders of men' pack their bags and head for other clubs with their tails between their legs, there is no such get out clause in the world of Fantasy Beaverball.

Competition this year is fiercer than ever with managers requiring upwards of an impressive 120 Beaverball™ points if they want to get in the Top Ten.

Queen of the Castle is Liz Petyt (who was aided in her selection by yours truly) sitting pretty at the top of the pile with an impressive 164 points, proving she can administer her men just as well as she can administer the Athletics Union.

Not far behind Liz we find Jon Webb (yep, for once, it's not Matt Miller stalking her). The key to Jon's success must be in selecting himself, spurring him on to score a massive seven goals and five assists on his way to being the highest scoring player. Equally impressive must be his team total of 158 points, without a hint of cheating.

Perhaps the best performance in terms of value for money has been turned in by the ever popular cheeky cockney chappy from London's East End, Graham Peck. Graham sits as gorgeous as ever in third place on 156. 'Graham' as he is known by his pals has belied his allegiance for West Ham United and proved that he does in fact know a thing or two about the great game. The £150 he saved on players has since been pissed up the wall in the Tuns.

If Liz Petyt is the Queen of the Castle then self-professed hard-man of LSE, Danny Knight, must surely be the Dirty Rascal. He may be mates with Big Dave, which counts

for a lot when it come to bloody battles in the war-torn union bar, The Three Tuns, but it obviously counts for shit where selection of a football team is concerned. Danny's main mistake was probably in picking himself as the teams £450 star-player, but there's plenty of time for Danny to turn things around and build on the two assists he's already amassed so far this season.

Along with Danny at the bottom of the pile is the surprise package of Fran Malarée, whose selection skills in the Women's XI have so far been water-tight. However, the fact that Four Fab Frans are sitting at the wrong end of the league table must cast a shadow of doubt over Fran's selection credentials. In my opinion, Fran's scored something of an own goal by insisting on selecting herself, Francois Verlaine (2nds), Fransesco (3rds) and Francis Stevens (6ths) an outlay of £1,050 for a mere 12 points.

Joining Danny and Fran in the Beaverball™ Basement is the Law Department's very own Alex Smith. I haven't got a clue who Alex picked but the Basingstoke Ball-Breakers are shit and can only improve or risk getting relegated to play for Kings and UCL.

If we're talking departments you'd probably expect Management to shine at this sort of malarky, but in all truth (with the exception of Jon Webb at the number two spot) they've been well and truly eclipsed by a rampant Geography department.

Geography boys have pipped all others to the post by filling four of the top five spots and having a hand in Liz Petyt's team selection. Graham, Leo, James and Gavin. I take my hat off to your selection skills and your ability to colour in graphs and things.

As you can see the 1996/97 Fantasy Beaverball™ season is well on the way as we observe the Christmas tables. Let me guide you through the first ten weeks of LSE's failures & successes, pain & glory and blood & guts in the wibbly wobbly world of university football. How have the £450 stars coped with their massive price tags? Have the £150 duds proved their value to their captains? Have the captains led by example? Who's contributed the most FBB™ points to their side? Who's the proverbial Alan Shearer and who's down there in the Francis Benali world of Donkeydom? All these questions (and more) beg answers, so here goes:

£450 Players

| | | |
|-----------------|------|-----|
| Dirty Cooper™ | 1sts | 37 |
| Gavin Freeman | 6ths | 36 |
| Jonny Parr | 5ths | 13 |
| Matteo | 2nds | 9 |
| Amyr Sajan | 2nds | 5 |
| Julie Sheppard | W | 3 |
| Vanessa Wolfman | W | 0 |
| Danny Knight | 6ths | (4) |

There are few surprises in this group. Dirty Cooper™ has performed admirably despite the fact his private life is in turmoil. Having been dumped by Dirty Alex™ (who spends her lonely evenings with her new fella, Zanussi 5000), Coops has now found a bird with bigger tits and continues to slam those set pieces home. Freeman has made quite an impression on the fortunes of the LSEFC, which is almost impressive as his Rosebery performance where he's been getting 'tips' watching some of the senior players. I would say that Danny Knight is shit, but he's best mates with Big Dave and I bruise easily, so I won't.

£150 Players

| | | |
|------------------|------|-----|
| Alain Stambouli | 5ths | 8 |
| Sharma Charma | 6ths | 5 |
| Mick Tatterstall | 2nds | 3 |
| Khalila Hassouna | W | 1 |
| Ian Vollbracht | 4ths | 0 |
| Tobias Tolle | 6ths | (7) |
| Panu Long | 6ths | (7) |

Those of you hunting around in the bargain basement so you can afford the star players will not have been disappointed with the performances of Stambouli, Sharma Charma and Mick Tatterstall. There is little between the bargain players but you'd be mighty pissed off if you'd selected Tobias Tolle and Panu Long who've taken a battering in the 6th team defence.

Captains

| | | | |
|--------------|------|------|-----|
| Jon Webb | £400 | 5ths | 43 |
| Steve Curtis | £350 | 1sts | 19 |
| Tom Smith | £350 | 6ths | 15 |
| Williamson | £300 | 4ths | 6 |
| Theepan | £350 | 3rds | 0 |
| Fran Malarée | £350 | W | 0 |
| Will Hague | £350 | 2nds | (1) |

Each manager has selected a leader of men. Of these, Webb, Curtis and Smith have turned in Captain's performances reflected in the successes of their LSE sides. Scouse Williamson has also done an admirable job since taking over the helm from the injured Danny Pickering. Notably, Scouse has managed to keep things ship-shape while interneccine strife rocked the 4th team boat. However, the flip side to success is failure, and despite brave team performances Theeps, Fran and 'Ginger' Will Hague have failed to set their teams on fire.

Street Cred (MVP's)

| | | | |
|------|---------------|------|----|
| 1sts | Dirty Cooper™ | £450 | 37 |
| 2nds | Tom Grace | £350 | 11 |
| 3rds | Shimin | £400 | 20 |
| 4ths | Enda Hannon | £300 | 15 |
| 5ths | Jon Webb | £400 | 43 |
| 6ths | Gavin Freeman | £450 | 36 |
| W | Vicky Plaut | £400 | 4 |

We all know that success is all about team performance and not just individuals, but at the same time we must toast the most valuable players in each team. There are few surprises in this little lot. Grace's class has never been in doubt while Enda Hannon has managed to turn round last years' nightmare season.

Top Ten LSE Heroes

| | | | |
|---------------|------|-----|----|
| Jon Webb | 5ths | 400 | 43 |
| Dirty Cooper™ | 1sts | 450 | 37 |
| Gavin Freeman | 6ths | 450 | 36 |
| Derek Crump | 1sts | 300 | 23 |
| Brian Hoffman | 5ths | 350 | 23 |
| Roy Husby | 1sts | 400 | 21 |
| Rob Bush | 5ths | 400 | 21 |
| Shimin | 3rds | 400 | 20 |
| Steve Curtis | 1sts | 350 | 19 |
| Sergio Roman | 6ths | 350 | 19 |

What more can you say about the top ten players. The proof of the pudding is in the eating and these chaps are all feasting on lashings and lashings of points pie.

Top Ten LSE Villains

| | | | |
|------------------|------|-----|-------|
| Tobias Tolle | 6ths | 150 | (7) |
| Panu Long | 6ths | 150 | (7) |
| Nigel Geordie | 6ths | 300 | (5) |
| Danny Knight | 6ths | 450 | (4) |
| Chris Camp | 6ths | 350 | (2) |
| Will Hague | 2nds | 350 | (1) |
| Richard Tibble | 2nds | 300 | (1) |
| 'Diesal' Erikson | 2nds | 300 | (1) |
| Fransesco | 3rds | 250 | (1) |
| Chris Kuchany | 9ths | 0 | (-69) |

The 6th and 2nd team defences have taken a bit of a battering so far this season, reflected in these sorry stats. Never-the-less, there's a lot of class in this tale of woe, so don't expect the same ten to be here at the end of the season (especially Naveen Paul who's a flippin' top lad, shit hot at pool and a bit of a wow with the Holborn lassies - despite his shit quiff).

Dream Team

| | | | |
|-----------------|------|-----|----|
| Alain Stambouli | 5ths | 150 | 8 |
| Steve Curtis | 1sts | 350 | 19 |
| Enda Hannon | 4ths | 300 | 15 |
| Danny Fielding | 1sts | 350 | 13 |
| Matt Miller | 1sts | 350 | 10 |
| Jon Webb | 5ths | 400 | 43 |
| Dirty Cooper™ | 1sts | 450 | 37 |
| Gavin Freeman | 6ths | 450 | 36 |
| Derek Crump | 1sts | 300 | 23 |
| Rob Bush | 5ths | 400 | 21 |
| Ben Levine | 1sts | 300 | 18 |

Before anyone complains about the illegitimacy of a side containing more than three players from one side and costing a massive £3,800 no-one can scoff at the massive stock-pile of points (243) these chaps represent. The presence of no more than six 1st XI stars is homage to the attacking versatility of their defenders, tricky midfield maestros and the ever-impressive Ben Levine (of MSc Econometrics fame). Stambouli has been doing it between the sticks (allegedly) while little can be said about the class of Enda Hannon, Jon Webb, Gavin Freeman and Rob Bush that hasn't already been mentioned.

Draw for Fifth Team Mannequins

"They're about as mobile as a bunch of bloody dummies" storms Captain Webb

LSE 5th XI 1 - 1 QMW 4th XI

Paul Drew

The LSE 5th roller coaster season continued with a disappointing 1-1 draw with QMW last Wednesday. Despite perfect conditions both sides struggled to impose any quality in a contest which owed more to brawn than brain.

Any finesse from the stylish LSE 5th XI midfield was quickly squashed by the workman-like QMW 4th XI, as neither team managed to build up any effective passing moves.

Midway through the first half QMW took the lead as their talented mop-haired winger ran unchallenged through the midfield and dissected the LSE defence with an accurate pass to their chubby centre forward who advanced on Stambouli and made no mistake with the finish.

LSE drew level quickly with what was the only fluent move of the game. A QMW attack was nipped in the bud by Drew and his interception fell at the feet of silky Stefan Kossoff. After a brisk one-two with captain Webb, Kossoff slotted the ball through to half-man half-greyhound Zak Hirt who easily outpaced a static defence and fired in the equalizer.

The second half was a dour affair and certainly not for the footballing purist. With both sides lacking ideas and application the only highlight was honorary Englishman Chris Eades cuffing a QMW forward for touching him in the same place that Stambouli had allegedly touched Pelé in a hospitality tent at the 1994 World Cup.

Despite elimination from the London Cup there have been many positive aspects to the fifths season so far. Rob Bush may not be hitting the target as regularly as last year but is playing with an added maturity that contradicts his boyish good looks.

Jon Webb has settled well as skipper and with seven goals in all competitions is a vital

cog in the fifths attacking wheel. His exceptional control makes it appear that when he dribbles, the ball itself actually chooses to stick by his feet. (If only the ball would then choose to be passed to someone else and not go round one man too many).

Zak 'the Midas Man' Hirt has proved to be the pick of Webb's babes. Astonishing pace added to his powerful finishing proves that here is an LSE star in ascendency.

Find of the season must be Cambridge Graduate Stefan Kossoff whose nimble feet in midfield are as skillful and sensitive as a pick-pockets fingers. His emergence as intelligent midfield dynamo has been especially important because Jon 'frequently injured' Parr has made more appearances on the physio's treatment table than in LSE colours this season.

The defence has remained steady with 'McGrath' Drew battling through alcohol dependency and pie addiction to marshall the boys at the back. Eades has overcome an early season over-stretched groin from tangling with a stunning Scandinavian striker and has harnessed his hate of all things Belgian to become an aggressive and impressive performer. In the later games Chris Gaskell has proved to be an accomplished centre-back looking comfortable in the air and on the ground. At last his dubious claims to be a right winger may be over. His passing from the back fits in well with Webb's vision of fluent football, but playing next to him I wish he'd clear more often.

In goal the much maligned Stambouli has made few mistakes and regularly stakes his claim to be 'Lebanon's Number One'.

With the league now the Fifth's only chance of a trophy, there must be added consistency and team play to stand a chance of silverware. Things are looking good however and as a great man once said:

"We can win this"

Fran's Bouncin' Beauties do her proud!

LSE Women 4 - 0 QMW Women



Fran Malarée

The LSE Women's Football XI trashed supposedly the best team in the ULU league last Sunday, inflicting upon QMW their first defeat this year. It was a struggle at first, but nothing compared to the difficulty of gathering together eleven players on a Sunday. Fran was lucky that Joy, of LSE Hockey fame, agreed to play football for the day and turned out to be indispensable in midfield.

Once again charming Erica was missing, so bad luck if you picked her for your fantasy team because you thought she was fit, Mr Smith. Undaunted, Fran led out her Amazons, with the rock solid defence of Wolfman, Sheppard, Haberkorn, who is not a tank (hmmm - Sports Eds), and herself to face the might of QMW. The first half was a torrid affair, with excellent play down the wing by Amee and Joy. LSE defence on the left once again relied heavily on Nicole, who maintains she is 'penetrating', and she was brimming with even more confidence having bought Mr Miller at a slave auction (as was the entire team contemplating what she will do to him). On a dull day Schadenfreude shone through. The first half finished without a score, despite numerous attempts by Vicky, Anna and Joy. After half-time QMW seemed demoralised by their lack of

progress and did not look like a league winning side. Only a few minutes into the second half Sheppard dodged through out the midfield to cross to Amee, who promptly scored, much to our relief. This heralded the end for last year's champions, as Vicky got a hat-trick in partnership with Amee and Vanessa, and then one more, after a pathetic goal kick just dribbled out of their penalty area for her to boot straight back in. After that there was as much chance a QMW recovery as there is of Sam Parham winning 'Best Dressed Man of the Year 1996'

It is now rumoured that the Sixths are already in training for their 'friendly' against the women next term.

Hockey Birds Better Form Restricted to Three Tuns Drunken Debacle

Due to circumstances completely beyond our control, Monty (aka vice Emma) is physically unable to write an article this week. If anyone had glanced down at the floor last Wednesday evening, chances are you will have spotted her and will therefore understand. Her actions were a result not of drinking G & T throughout the match, nor of the bottle of champagne immediately afterwards, nor of the bottle of Vodka she consumed on her vocal trip home, rather it was because she was "tired" - a very plausible reason we feel.

If anyone was watching our match we would appreciate it if you could tell us what happened, apparently we lost - dismally.

The remainder of the day continued to blur into a rather embarrassing mess, what with Carrie's leg-over technique failing miserably, Joy's subtlety knowing no bounds, Hiske's attempt at chatting up some poor bastard and Emily's actions being unprintable. The Hockey girls have set themselves on a course of willing destructions. Let's try and keep it up - only Emily's managed it so far.

No 'Appreciation Corner' this week (as it wasn't related to Sport) but look out for the "Sporting Guide to Who's Hot and Who's Not for 1997" exclusive in the new year edition of your award winning *Beaver Sport*

BeaverSport BeaverSport BeaverSport

1st XI through to last thirty-two

1st XI steal show and Ruud Gullit's celebrity traffic cone as they march onwards and upwards into the last 32 of the national cup

IC 1st XI 1 - 2 LSE 1st XI (aet)



Models Inc: Venini, Levine, DJ Chang, Michelsen, Goodman, Crump, Fatemi
Front: Sharpe, Miller (v-capt), Curtis (captain), Fielding (tech director), Cooper (tit)

Last Wednesday the LSE 1st XI took another great stride towards national supremacy, as victory over Imperial College saw them progress into the last thirty-two in BUSA. Even the mighty Loughborough are said to be quite literally shitting themselves at the prospect of once more facing the nucleus of the side which destroyed them so emphatically on the way to becoming British five-a-side champions last year.

Even though the sultry studs of LSE had struggled against the inferior Imperial forces earlier in the season, times they are a changing. Undefeated now in their last twelve matches, the table-topping LSE

heart-throbs stepped off the catwalk to deliver another football master-class.

Getting kicked on was no more than Imperial deserved, especially as they decided to try out a new formation involving one extra player on the side-line, cunningly posing as a linesman. He was by far their best player as he managed to clear all danger by raising his flag to cheat. Amusingly enough, the goal he ruled out was a Venini strike, which would have been the first time he has notched this season. This leaves him as the only goalless player in the squad, with the exception of Svein in goal. The safe money is on Big Svein to score first.

The outstanding moment of the match

came early in the first half. These days a corner is as good as a goal with Dirty Cooper™ in the side. Still heartbroken after being binned by Dirty Alex™, he put his troubles to one side, and drove it home through the crowded box. He seems to be having trouble getting over her (we never thought we would be saying that!), which is why it took him a whole 24 hours to barrel somebody down her corridor who is "much nicer than Alex" (Messrs Shaw, Newton, Mulligan and Freeman, 1996). She doesn't care though, since she always preferred Matt "dyke-jumper" Miller anyway.

Despite IC pulling one back, the game was killed off by Ben Levine. Running onto a defence splitting pass from Nader, showing the same pace he showed while running away from Helen (who it now appears lied about pulling him, in much the same way that she lied about Matt being a cunning linguist), he made no mistake as his unstoppable shot whistled past the floundering keeper.

Unfortunately, the game was spoiled by poor discipline towards the end. Italian stallion Venini was cautioned for an impetuous temper tantrum, while two others also went into the book, Mark Chang for being cool, and Derek 'Forrest' Crump for being a tool. Nevertheless, LSE's mighty warriors left the field of battle triumphant, ready to fight on against the best that Britain has to offer. If the boys manage to keep their cool, if Fielding, Miller, Goodman and Crump aren't lured away by lucrative modelling contracts, and if Steve Curtis isn't convicted of swiping Ruud Gullit's parking cone, glory will surely be ours.

Social Comment on Bigamy

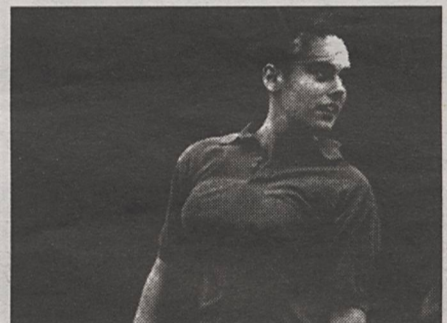
with Ben Levine (MSc Econometrics)



Following some false allegations in last weeks 'Spot the Biggest Sporting Tit™ Competition' in the Beaver Sport, surrounding Ben Levine's pearls of passion he has given us the following pearls of wisdom to atone:

"There seems to be more opportunity to meet people if you're part of a smaller group. People find their niche and stay in it, but on the whole LSE is more open than a great many other places. It's the same for alleged bigamous love trysts. Along with society it's far from perfect."

Next year: Ben Levine on honesty.



"Hello boys!"

Rugby boys feel sharp end of narrow defeat

LSE 1st XV 7 - 17 RFH 1st XV

Tom Jeans

Coming off the back of a resounding victory against Thames Valley, a team rivalling only the women's hockey midfield for pure size and facial hair, the clean shaven 'mighty-white' warriors strode forth with new found confidence, surely on their way to League glory.

Unfortunately it was not to be LSE's day (surprisingly Wednesdays seem consistently bad), but not for want of effort. Tragically, misfortune struck 10 minutes into the game when Southgate left the field with an aggravated wrist injury. It was a cruel blow for the highly rated first

year who must now be regretting his many late nights in Passfield Hall alone with his 'thoughts'. The shock of losing Tim at scrum-half was bad enough, but when faced with the stark realisation that the only possible replacement was Ben 'wank-hands' Tallis, the front row all broke down in tears, reflecting later that it may have been wiser to have carried on with only fourteen players. Indeed, Tim's departure had left a gaping hole for Ben to fill, and true to form he was unable to manage it. However, Ben's inexperience was countered by a 'divine' performance from Richard 'Thanksgiving' Bailey whose leaden boots proved invaluable, constantly clearing the danger as fast as Tallis could create it. The squad were

screaming for the recall of Tom 'much more handsome than Ginola' Jeans as kicker, but he unselfishly handed the duties over to Divine Bailey in an attempt to spread the glory amongst his players.

Goal-line defence was the order of the day for the plucky LSE boys. Unfortunately, after prolonged periods of resistance, it was Royal Free Hospital who troubled the scorers first, when their fattest pie muncher skinned I.K. and rounded 'Eye-Shadow' Hurley with an unexpected turn of waddle.

At moments like this, lesser men would crumble, but not so the mighty warriors, whose spirits were lifted when the mercurial Jeans, who took it upon himself to raise the morale of his troops, charged through their defence from fully 20 metres, taking as many men with him as when he leaves Heaven on a Friday night (eg. seven).

Despite these efforts though, the boys did eventually concede another lucky score, as Tallis' opposite number went over unopposed. After the match Tom Jeans refused to be downhearted, saying "Even though we lost, there were still some good things we could take out of this game, most notably my performance".

Meanwhile, the 2nd XV match was cancelled after the opposition refused to play. Apparently they feared their team would be contaminated with gingitis, a mysterious condition which turns hair a ridiculous colour. Players may be unaware that they have this condition, as shown by Mike Lee who honestly believes he is normal. Tragically Mike has already passed on the disease to Leigh Porter, who was a stunning brunette before 'contact' with Mike.