

19 NOV 1997

A Raspin

week's edition of The Beaver

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THE BEAVER

ULU: Too Little For Too Few?

Dev Cropper

The University of London Union is once again at the centre of controversy and student dissatisfaction. ULU, which came under fire at the LSE last year, was the subject of a special four-page pull-out in King's College student newspaper *Roar*.

Under the headline 'Screw You', the KCLSU paper attacked the recent conclusion to the funding negotiations between King's and ULU. The King's SU rejected an offer of a small reduction in their ULU bill. A deadlock appeared imminent, with ULU possibly set to deny services to King's students.

Unlike the LSE, King's has a negotiable element to its funding package. The LSE pays a set amount each year, under a deal negotiated by 95/96 SU Treasurer Claire Lawrie. This deal will run until the year 2000.

Lawrie negotiated the current LSE-ULU arrangement against a background of dissatisfaction with ULU. The amount paid to the Malet Street union will be reduced year on year to around £64,000 by the end of the millennium. This year, LSESU will pay £71,615.

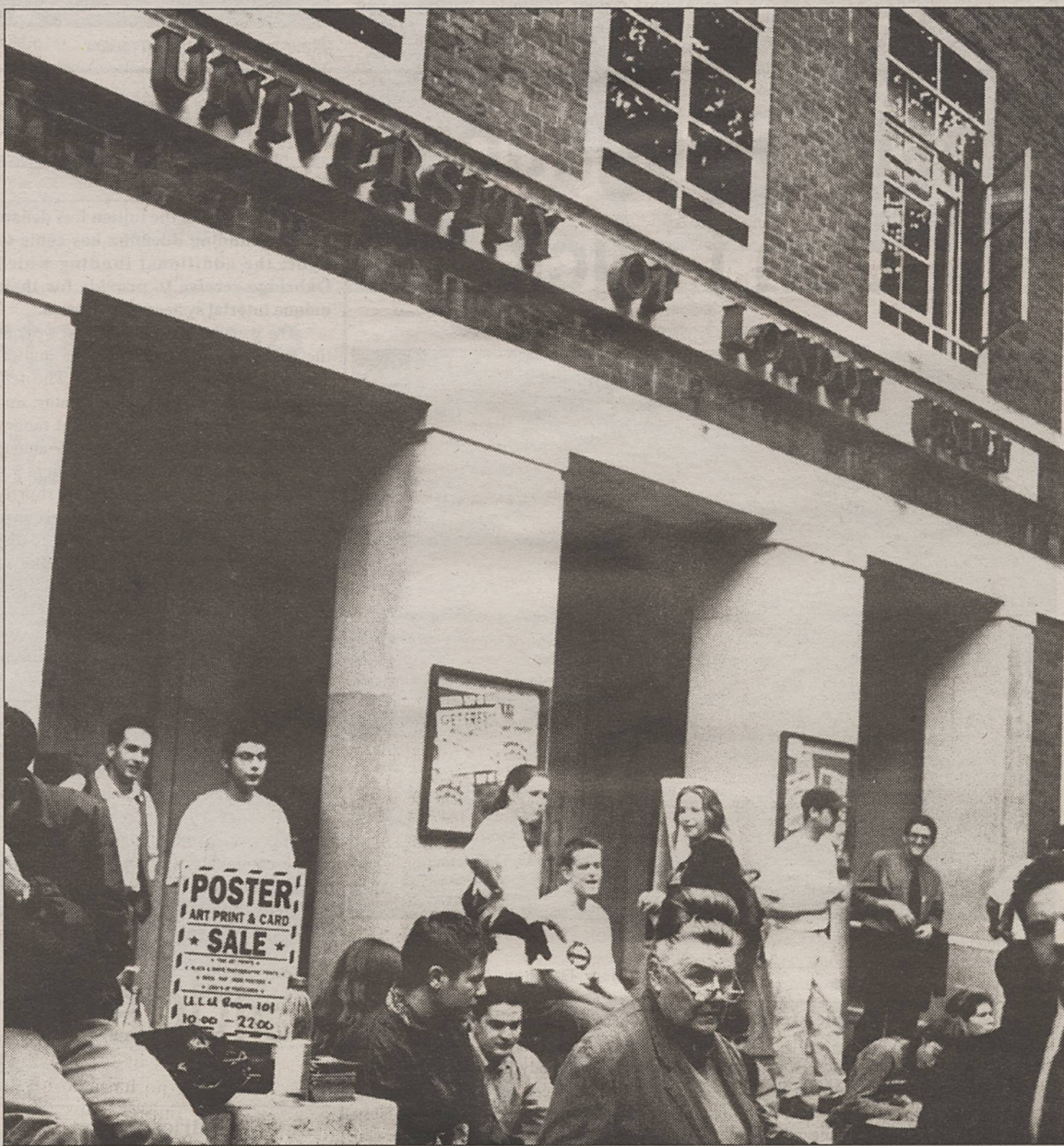
At King's, *Roar* feels that no deal can make their college's position within ULU tenable. Calling for a referendum on membership, the paper claims that only a few KCL students use the services at ULU. It is virtually a private club for UCL students, the paper claims.

The LSE students questioned by the *Beaver* seemed to have a higher opinion of the Malet Street services. Several mentioned the swimming pool as a valuable service, and the London colleges sports league organised there is also important to many.

However, a fair number of students said that they never went to ULU. "Why bother," said one; "Where is it?" asked another. Certainly the location of the facilities mean they will always be more accessible to UCL and SOAS students than those from LSE or King's.

Were King's to disaffiliate, ULU would almost certainly face financial problems. The LSE's Strand neighbours are a large college which contributes over £100,000 a year to its coffers. Were the LSE and others to leave, the institution would almost certainly be unable to carry on in anything like its current state.

LSESU General Secretary, Narius Aga, thought that disaffiliation warranted



London students using ULU services, but they don't come cheaply.

Photo: Library

serious consideration. The King's fracas had "got me thinking in a similar direction. We certainly need to focus on the services ULU offer and whether they're worth it." ULU was not the only provider of its services in London, said Aga. High Holborn Hall, for example, have a deal on leisure facilities with the Oasis centre.

Imogen Bathurst, SU Treasurer, was similarly inclined to think seriously about

leaving Malet Street. She told the *Beaver* that in such an event the School would very probably give the LSESU the money currently earmarked for the ULU subscription. However, there was a danger of this being seen as an easy target for cuts in the years after any future disaffiliation

ULU may have only itself to blame. *Roar* was scathing about ULU Welfare Officer Sam Parham, a past and future LSE

student, who they labelled a "buffoon." Similarly, at least one member of the LSESU Exec was upset at the lack of communication between ULU sabbaticals and ordinary students. With the only weekly UGM in the country, the officer thought that the college could expect to see sabbaticals other than home grown Parham on a regular basis.

Muted warning to NUS

Mike Collins

The UGM last Thursday illustrated a growing and worrying trend of apathy amongst LSE students towards major political issues that directly affect them. Amongst the usual furore of paper throwing, Narius Aga, LSESU General Secretary, made his keynote speech on Labour education policy in which he heavily criticised the government for breaking "every promise it has made".

The motion to maintain pressure on the NUS to improve the campaign against tuition fees passed, but with a significant amendment. With discontent over the performance of the NUS in their campaign against tuition fees still apparent among London unions, the large turnout might have been thought to be in support of this motion. In fact, most were there to enjoy the annual debate between the Cypriot and Turkish societies.

Following Aga's speech in favour of the motion, Joe Roberts of the Labour Club argued strongly that criticism of the NUS was detrimental to the campaign against tuition fees, particularly at this stage. Imogen Bathurst then swung the motion in favour by commenting on the conflict of interests that exists in Douglas Trainer's commitment to stopping tuition fees and his open involvement in Labour Student politics. She pointed out that funding the NUS might ultimately become parallel to funding the Labour party.

The issue was reduced to mere formality. The "call for an extraordinary meeting of the NUS" was struck out without debate following an amendment tabled by the Labour Club. Seemingly the issue had been decided at a ULU meeting on the previous night, where Narius Aga was convinced that an emergency meeting would be profligate "in terms of both finance and time." The arguments for and against this point were not heard however since the amendment was passed without further discussion, raising questions over the legitimacy of the UGM when matters seem to be decided by the relevant actors previous to the meeting.

With the possibility of some London universities disaffiliating from ULU and the apparent leadership crisis at the NUS these are turbulent times for the whole union structure and the ethos of collective action. Although many students on the ground seem to feel poorly represented, with some even suggesting that the NUS campaign is "intended to fail", there still seems to be a lack of interest in an NUS conference purely devoted to the issue of tuition fees. It remains to be seen whether other unions will show more militancy or simply follow suit.

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Short Cuts

Beware of the Parking Sharks

Motorcycle owners are advised to exercise caution when parking their vehicles in the bay outside Dillons bookshop. An altruistic academic, who chose to remain anonymous, told *the Beaver* that he had observed several mopeds in the bay with parking tickets. These had apparently been administered by over zealous parking attendants, since the bikes in question were only breaking the law by a painfully small margin. As our confidante remarked, the bikes in question were small enough to be moved back inside the white line by all but the most diminutive or cruel hearted inspector. It is comforting to know that the public is protected from the menace of badly parked bikes by such people.

Sabbaticals do IT

The formidable talents of Union General Secretary Narius Aga and Education and Welfare Sabbatical Yuan Potts have been pooled to conduct a survey on students' IT needs. The questionnaire will be handed out in Houghton Street and computer rooms in the near future, and will be used to help determine what should be the priorities for the School's IT programme. The idea came out of the recent IT Planning Committee meeting which the sabbaticals attended. Yuan said that he was "annoyed" when he discovered that his two predecessors as Education and Welfare sabbatical had failed to turn up to the meeting, as students had been denied a voice in this important area of policy making.

Jasper smokes without fire

Those who found themselves standing in the bitter atmosphere of Houghton Street last Monday after the fire alarms sounded might be interested to discover that Entertainments Sabbatical Jasper Ward was behind the incident. Jasper, it seems, had received a newly repaired smoke machine and decide to "test" it in his office. The copious quantities of acrid black smog which poured out of the machine satisfied Jasper's curiosity. They also set off the East Building fire alarm system, and it was only a frantic phone call to the porter which prevented the arrival of the Fire Service. Jasper described the accident to *the Beaver* as "funny" and confirmed that the equipment is now fully functioning.

Compiled by News Team.

Students fly anti-racist flag

Jan Fiscoader

On Sunday November 9, Remembrance Sunday, the Student Assembly Against Racism held a one day conference at ULU.

This was the third conference of its kind organised at ULU and was an impressive occasion. An extensive agenda covered issues ranging from fighting racism through education, to the problems of the far right in Europe and asylum rights. The conference was attended by delegates from all over the country, even the far reaches of Scotland and Wales.

At 10.30 am, when the event kicked off, the Upper Hall, Sundays venue, was far from full, though attendance grew as the day went on. The opening plenary dealt with the need for encouraging a stronger and wider commitment to anti-racism projects as well as emotional aspects, deep-rooted racism in society, and an apparent disappointment with New Labour's weak stance on the issue as a whole.

One of the most interesting though tragic figures present was Mr N Patel whose son, Manesh, was murdered in a racist attack. He told the audience that his son's murder had made him "more human" and more sensitive to society's darker side.

This sentiment came up repeatedly throughout the day, in the discussions and workshops. Another speaker who had a direct impact on the day was Labour MP Diane Abbott, who herself immigrated to England from Jamaica. She admitted to the Government's absence of real commitment but encouraged all students to take a stand against racism, to organise themselves into groups and to resist policies that have a direct impact on racism, such as state violence, treatment in police custody and even the introduction of tuition fees, pointing out the potential for increasingly unequal opportunities they represent.

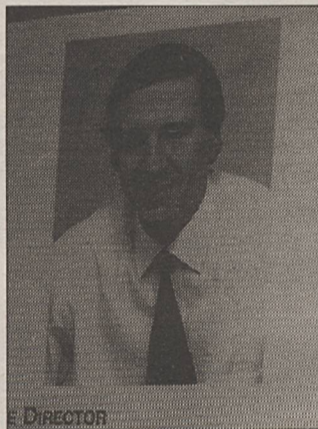
Miss Rokhsana Fiaz from Romania spoke about the most recent developments in relations between the Roma communities and the central government. She told how Roma people face discrimination in primary and university education as well as discrimination in employment. In addition she explained that they are excluded from the new Romanian social system as well as from state benefits. Sunday's assembly was encouraging through its large and broad attendance. However, delegates were left with a plea to persuade others to join the campaign against racism. Interested parties should contact the student Assembly Against Racism, on 0171 274 9907.



Protestors march against racism

Photo:Library

Poster allegations don't stick



Chris Roe, Director of the School of Education, is the author of the offending posters. He is the author of 22 books on education, which have been translated into a total of 22 languages. Among his most recent books are: *Modernisation of Education* (1996), *Modernisation and Self* (1997), *The Revolution of Learning* (1997), *Beyond Left and Right* (1997), *The Revolution of Learning* (1997). He is also the author of *The Revolution of Learning* (1997), *Beyond Left and Right* (1997), *The Revolution of Learning* (1997).

The offending posters

Chris Roe

Allegations of double standards concerning the school's policy over allocation of space for posters were made by the General Secretary of the Student's Union, Narius Aga, last week. Aga was annoyed by the appearance of posters advertising the Director's Lectures in locations where Union publications would have been removed.

Aga told *the Beaver* that the School frequently used the Fire regulations as an excuse to limit the worst excesses of exuberant flyposters. He contrasted this with their *laissez-faire* approach to official posters, which had apparently been permitted in the Quad. He also complained about the appearance of a table advertising the lectures which appeared outside the lifts near the Brunch Bowl, something which would "certainly have been frowned upon had it been instigated by the Union."

It seems, however, that Narius was getting unnecessarily agitated over the

The Director's Lectures
Modernity and Its Future

In these lectures I shall discuss some of the key problems for societies in the global age. The lectures are designed primarily for students but are open to anyone who wishes to attend. Amongst the topics to be discussed are:

- What are the main changes and trends affecting the industrial countries today?
- What accounts for the collapse of Communism in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe? *EDUCATION FROM ABOVE*
- How might we best analyse the impact of globalisation? *GLOBALISATION AND THE FUTURE*
- What forces are affecting the nation-state and the possibility of a new form of democratic government?
- How should we deal with the transformations in our personal and family relationships, sexuality and the self? *THE SELF IN THE 21ST CENTURY*
- Is there a new programme for politics, beyond left and right? *BEYOND LEFT AND RIGHT*

There will be 8 lectures, to take place once a week at 1.00 p.m. to 2.00 p.m. in the Old Theatre on the following dates:
Wednesdays 12, 19 & 26 November and 3 December 1997 in the Michaelmas Term & Wednesdays 21, 28 January, 4, 11 February 1998 in the Lent Term

Photo: Nina Duncan

affair. Gary Delaney, from the LSE's Conference Offices which was responsible for advertising Mr. Giddens' *oeuvre*, claimed that they had been treated in the same way as anybody else. The offending pieces of paper were put up in a hurry by his department, who were understandably eager to attract students to the lectures and neglected to consult the regulations on posters. When the authorities responsible for such vital bureaucracy as poster placement monitoring discovered this unintended misdemeanour the Conferences Office were "slapped down like anybody else", and told to remove the literature in question. He also denied knowledge of the advertising table which had aroused Narius' wrath.

Double standards do not seem to be at issue, therefore: neither the Union nor the School's own advertisers can put up their posters except in approved sites. One feels obliged to commend the liberal nature of this policy.

Oxbridge face funding blues

Chris Roe

In the wake of the tuition fees debate another funding dilemma has come to light: the additional funding which Oxbridge receive to provide for their unique tutorial system of education.

The issue hit the headlines last week as the House of Lords debated the matter. Opinion divides between those who feel Oxbridge deserve preferential status, and those who are of the opinion that money should be distributed more equally among the UK's institutes of higher education.

The Lords debate occurred shortly after Oxford University had given a cautiously supportive reaction to the Dearing Report. The Vice Chancellor of the University, Dr Pete North, had said that he "reluctantly accepted that introducing a student contribution to tuition fees is the only way to alleviate the critical current funding gap in higher education."

It seems that the University is less keen to endorse the proposals for the reduction or abolishment of collegiate funding. A spokesperson for Oxford told *the Beaver* that the university felt it had a "good case" for the retention of its privileges, as it offers "something special" to the community. When pressed on the question of equality for British universities *the Beaver* was told that although the

institution recognises the funding gap in higher education, it felt that the tutorial system was central to Oxford life, and any attack on it threatened the futures of several colleges.

The President of the Oxford Student's Union, Simon McDougal, expressed similar sentiments to *the Beaver*, claiming that the prospect of reduced collegiate funding was unfair. He pointed out that reduced funding would probably herald the introduction of top-up fees for individual colleges, and that this would "make Oxford more elitist than it is now." He also stated that the union was lobbying hard on the issue, but felt that demonstrations would be counter-productive owing to the adverse media coverage of the subject.

Whilst it is easy to sympathise with the plight of those facing even more student hardship, it has to be asked if preferential treatment is just, at a time when every institution faces financial straits. Others would argue that the money saved from modifying the collegiate funding system would make only a small difference to the country's other universities, whilst it would permanently and profoundly affect Oxbridge. One thing is certain: the universities will not give up without a struggle.

Giddens talks back

Patrick Barton

When a mature gentleman in a white shirt and dark trousers entered the podium some minutes after one o'clock last Wednesday, the packed auditorium at the Old Theatre came to a sudden silence. Many seemed to be expecting this person to give the first of the Director's Lectures on 'Modernity and its Futures'. The extensive college-wide advertisements for this event did include a large photo of Anthony Giddens, and still many seemed not to have realised that it was a technician who had entered the stage minutes before the appearance of the Director himself.

Professor Giddens, as always, used a hand held microphone as he introduced a

lengthy reading list which included four of his own works. The lecture covered different topics that, according to the course description, are all "key problems facing modern societies in the global age." He also took the opportunity to announce that Oxford professor John Gray would be joining the LSE at the beginning of 1998. After that there was even enough time for Professor Giddens to give a concise presentation of his view of the impact of globalisation on world society.

Anyone who wants to find out more about what is hidden behind Modernity can attend the remaining Director's Lectures to be held this term on 19 and 26 November and 3 December at 1.00 pm to 2.00 pm in the Old Theatre. The series will be continued next term.

Under paid and over fed

Beaver News Comment

The failure of McDonalds to increase their employees wages in line with inflation reflects badly on a corporation already marred by its own dubious practices. Following the publicity surrounding the McLabel trial it would have been logical to assume that the burger toting multinational would be eager to redress its image as an exploitive employer however despite increasing its UK profits by £20,000,000 (£45million to £65 million) McDonalds has refused blankly to re-evaluate its pay scheme.

Currently over two thirds of all McDonalds employees are under 20, with a large percentage of them attempting to earn money whilst pursuing a higher education qualification. With abolition of the maintenance grant and the ever looming presence of tuition fees, McDonalds employs a number of students who are not just looking for a source of beer money but rather individuals desperately trying to maintain a merely basic standard of living.

The GMB young workers office in London has received a number of complaints from students in the London area that while the cost of food, rent and transport has increased the wage paid by McDonalds has remained constant at a level of £3.60 per hour. Furthermore McDonalds refused to recognise the union in any formal negotiation, stating that pay reviews were carried out "now and again".

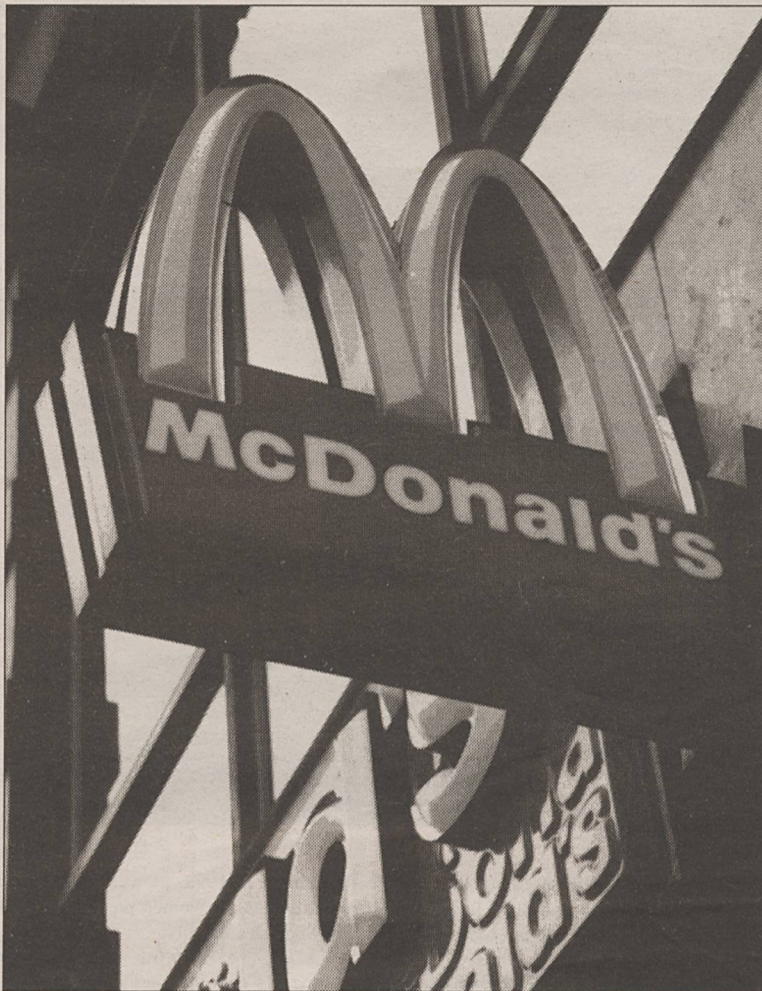
However a minimum increase of 12p per hour would not only bring basic wages into line with inflation but would still leave profits relatively untouched.

GMB Young Members officer Bert Schouwenburg was unavailable for comment but in a previous statement claimed McDonalds were unnecessarily adding to the burden currently endured by students. "The GMB consider that McDonalds could afford to pay £4.00 per hour without any major dent in their profits" stated Schouwenburg.

Also McDonalds policy of allowing individual stores to regulate staff working hours results in many students finding themselves lumbered with inconvenient and tiring shifts. This is not helped, according to sources within the McDonalds workforce, with most managers inability to "organise a piss-up in a brewery." Many stores are allegedly run on a crisis basis and a regime where only "management material" and full time workers receiving full training. An atmosphere "not exactly conducive to safe, long term employment" according to one ex-employee.

McDonalds has supposedly built its world wide success on quality, cleanliness and convenience. However it would seem that this only comes at the expense of the workforce.

By Matt Brough.



McDonalds: It might be cheap, but at whose cost?

Photo: Nina Duncan



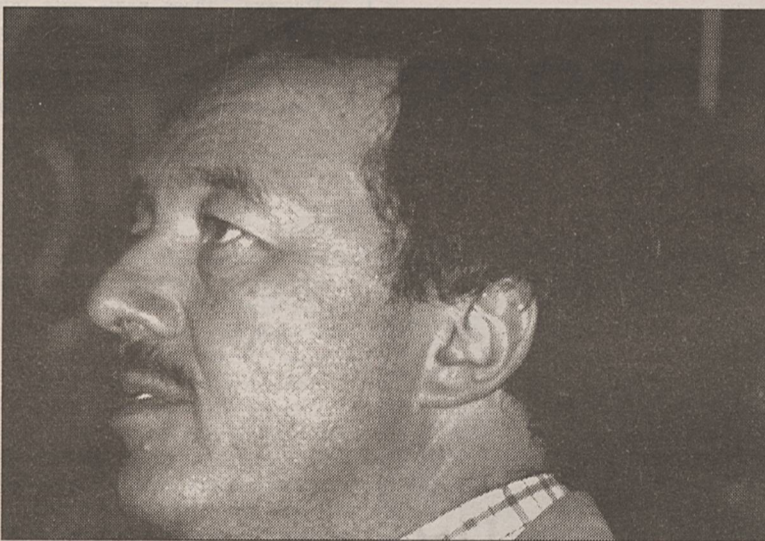
Jack was stunned, on entering the UGM this week, to discover that the New Theatre was packed. How could this be? Was Gorgeous George about to get her kit off? Was Phil Hampshire ready to feed the assembled masses with one vegetable samosa? Or was Nick "Universally Challenged" Kirby going to commit hara-kiri? And where would he find a sword big enough? Everyone around Jack was speaking a strange language, all of it incomprehensible. Argentinian, perhaps? This could have been any one of Jack's lectures, had he got the day confused again? Then it hit home - it was time the Annual Greek Cypriot Turk-Bashing Contest. It must be hell in Cyprus if they have to pack them in like this. Unless... could they be planning to swamp the Union, negating any opposition and building faith in their ability to run a united Cyprus democratically without tensions on either side? Surely some mistake.

As with landmines, Jack had better establish early on that he is on the right side here. After last year's experience of extracting an ouzo bottle from his ear, Jack wants to make sure that his racial slurs, abuse and cynicism are taken as constructive criticism. He would definitely not support Jake's suggestion - "Nuke the whole fucking lot. That'll sort the problems. Watch out for the Kalamari with 11 legs". The truth is that the Cypriots undermine their otherwise excellent case when they try to slip in little asides about officers handing out propaganda for them. Mr Shilton - before you save that ball, would you kindly read this and condemn all turks to rot. Much as agent I claimed this was not the same motion as last year, it is not hard to see the same underlying anti-turkish propaganda: it still litter's Houghton St. Still, one can understand their desperation. The history of Cyprus is not pleasant - but as with every coin it has two tarnished sides. Let's here them both. Still, they have reason to worry: a community divided, on the brink of crisis - if they're not careful Renton Potts will be paying them a visit.

The only thing worse than 500 Cypriots on the rampage is one Tory idiot boy on same. Wignall seemed determined to show himself a member of the new loving, caring, kindness, sharing Tory Party by mocking oppressed minorities. One would have thought that George provided enough fits for the Tories. Still, his amended motion (Cyprus and Turkey are both crap in eurovision) was perhaps the only welcome spot of light relief. On which note, we had previously heard joke-a-minute Nariuszz's "Please send me to the seaside to dick on the NUS" motion. Once more, Jack had to confess bafflement. What kind of footwear is a Douglas Trainer? Wise council informs Jack that it is related to the Nike Hot Air Max. Anyway, success was more or less assured by the way that the eyes of half the UGM glaze over when top up fees are mentioned. "When I snap my fingers..." Fascinatingly, 78rpm Stuart is now modelling a hairstyle apparently based on Bernardo's. Apparently this is the result of SWSS orders - it slows the little red feller up, so that other revolutionaries can understand him. Sadly, it also turns the volume down.

Fox hunting was last up. Foxy lady George had prepared to give a really powerful speech and bring the house down. Experienced observers could tell this from the strip of stomach peeking from beneath her top, and the way she burgeoned out as she strode onto the platform. These together are calculated to bring the Balcony Boys to a frenzy. Sadly, they climaxed too early, and felled George by demanding to see that which normally remains hidden (without the influence of a couple of V&Ts). For the first recorded time, George blushed, cringed and retired. Just a thought: Wignall with a kebab - the unspeakable in pursuit of the unattainable?

Red Ken stays true to colour



Ken Livingston speaks out over fees.

Photo: Library

Anti-tuition fees campaigners received further backing recently when MP for Brent East and traditional Labour left winger, Ken Livingstone, attempted to bring the government's policy back into question by tabling an early day motion in the House of Commons.

Livingstone has openly shown his opposition to current Labour policy on a number of occasions. However over the past month he has begun to express great support for the growing anti fees movement within the student populace. He was one of few Labour MPs who actively supported the NUS fees marches on the first of November, stating that "students have everything to fight for". He announced that "Labour MPs were very divided over the abolition of the maintenance grant and the introduction of tuition fees."

Livingstone is felt by many to add weight to a campaign that does not seem to have received as much popular support as was hoped. He has also been active in supporting individual Student Union responses to the fees issue and was one of the speakers at the Goldsmith Colleges Student Union conference on the 29 October.

By Matt Brough.

Bureaucrats unite

Raenette Taljaard

On Thursday 6 November 1997 the Sir Humphrey Society for students of public sector management was established. Room E 168 in the East Building was buzzing with burgeoning bureaucrats, politicians, would-be spin-doctors, political advisers, policy moguls, speech writers and misguided lawyers, collectively representing the societies founding contingent.

True to form a number of administrative tasks started the proceedings. The core functions of the society had to be identified and posts earmarked to fulfil the goals of the organisation. The primary goal was narrowly and succinctly defined as an ongoing process of academic socialisation which, according to one of the founding members, denotes the dichotomy which exists between socialising and studying in a novel conceptual manner.

A demonstration of LSE democracy established the initial positions on the society executive. Johannes Lindner was elected as Chair and Paul Boyfield as vice chair. A number of lower key positions were also established, including a secretary for clothing affairs and a secretary for political correctness.

The Sir Humphrey Society will be treading in the footsteps of some of the leading lights in the field of public management. A collective need was expressed, in the aftermath of the Formula-1 ramblings in the Labour party, to invite the newly appointed chair of the Committee on Standards in Public Life to address the society to gain clarity on the legitimate use of Treasury funds. The new society will also be inviting a number of other high profile speakers to address it during the course of the academic year.

By Miriam Chalabi

Archives

From this week:
18 November 1975

On 18 November 1975, the Beaver reported that Passfield Hall was to go on a rent strike. The students in the hall were said to have been paying between 31 and 40 per cent more for their accommodation than they had been the previous year. It was felt that the increase in rent was due to an increase in student grants.

The decision to go on a rent strike was taken in a meeting on 10 November 1975 in which the residents voted in favour of a strike 31-28. The meeting was said to have been attended by half the residents in the

hall and the motion to move to a rent strike was proposed and seconded by John Kelly and Simon Crabtree.

The Beaver wrote that the students had decided to go on strike as "it was felt that when the NUS commences negotiations with the DES for next year's grants its bargaining position would be somewhat weakened by the fact that students were prepared to swallow 30 per cent plus increases without protest." Nevertheless, there were fears that the strike would not be as effective as it could be since a third



of the students had paid their rent fees. Additionally, the motion seems to have been supported by a small majority of three at a meeting that had no more than fifty per cent attendance.

Speaker's Corner



Jackie Ballard: Equality not excuses.

Photo: Nina Duncan

Guy Burton

Last Thursday Jackie Ballard, Liberal Democrat MP for Taunton and the party's spokesman on women's issues and local government, spoke at the LSE about women in politics.

Ms Ballard emphasised the disadvantages present for aspiring female politicians, and suggested solutions to the problems. She said that while men generally decided to become an MP and then worked towards that end, women tend to progress from issue to issue until they

find themselves politically involved. This was the route that Ms Ballard herself had taken prior to her election last May.

She expressed concern over Parliament, saying that it was little more than a "rowdy boys club." She added that the current trend towards increased female representation could collapse at the next election. This was a danger because many of the new women MPs held marginal seats, which would be threatened by a Tory revival. Grounds for optimism were provided, however, by the PR list system for the elections to the European

Parliament in 1999, as well as the fresh opportunities for women presented by the new Scottish assembly.

After reaffirming the Liberal Democrats' commitment to increasing female representation Ms Ballard stated that Margaret Thatcher had not been a good role model for aspiring women politicians, on account of her appearance as "too aggressive and inhuman." She also said that there would be no real equality until there were some "really crap female MPs in the chamber - just like some of the men."

UGM goes LGB ?

Andrew Yule

A motion to be debated in the LSE UGM on Thursday 27 November will propose opening a new position on the Executive Committee. The motion, proposed by Matthew Burchill, cites the need for an LGB equal opportunities officer, which he claims the LSE is lacking. He points out that the LSE is one of a minority of British universities not to have such a position.

Burchill told the Beaver that under present conditions any LGB student with personal problems has no one to approach but the Education and Welfare officer, who has extensive responsibilities already. In addition Burchill suggests that the Education and Welfare officer would not necessarily be "LGB friendly." Thus, for specific worries an LGB student would have no-one to approach other than the LGB society itself, which he points out is a society not an individual, thus rendering it "less approachable."

Those who oppose the idea argue that to have a large Executive body would make decision making harder. On top of this opposers of the proposal suggest that it is too specific a section of the student populous to warrant such high profile and influential a position. If one minority group gains representation then they will all want it. However, Burchill was keen to stress that "it is not about minority representation" and that the position would be primarily a welfare one.

Burchill told the Beaver that if his motion is passed the new position would be formally established in next year's Lent term elections. He hopes that the officer would hold weekly hour long "surgeries" for LGB students with any related concerns. However, the motion needs to pass through the UGM with a two thirds majority if what would be a tenth non-sabbatical executive position is to be established. A similar motion went to the UGM last year and was defeated, albeit by a narrow margin.

News From Nowhere



Durham University has proven its suitability to maintain its status as a hive of grotty winos with the news that Grey College bar has had to be shut down due to the copious damage done to its furnishings after a rampant beeffest went horribly awry. The 'college formal' (sic) was eventually broken up by the arrival of an ambulance to transport to hospital a slightly worse for wear young man who had put his fist through a window. (To some veterans of Bankside House, this may sound like a familiar story....) We are prepared to overlook the fact that the College call their annual student piss-up a formal, purely because of the fact that this is laudable student behaviour in anyone's books, however posh you are

Poshness is not a problem Warwick's budding fascists, the Warwick University Conservative Association, are struggling with this week following reports that the new leader told a young and impressionable fresher to 'piss off' when he was questioned on his party's stance regarding tuition fees. The leader, Alex Banks, allegedly made the outburst when he was told that his anti-fee stance contradicted the stance of Big Brother in Westminster. Interestingly, in the same newspaper, a letter from the Warwick Conservatives claims that 'Tory policy is clear.... keep the maintenance grant and make students pay 25% of their tuition fees'. Nice one, fascist pigs.

However, these nazis pale into insignificance after the following story has got my feminist hackles arising good and proper. An employee of Edinburgh University has offered his wife's body for sale on the internet, next to his advertisement for group sex services. The thrice married (well b*gger me!) stores manager of the Department of Physics and Astronomy, has been suspended pending a formal investigation. A third year arts student told the Edinburgh students paper that she didn't 'think it's very healthy for society that these things are available for everyone'. No shit, Sherlock.

The services of said private investigator are desperately required at Birmingham university where an underwear thief is afoot. Students are being asked to keep their eyes peeled and their belts tightly fastened after a spate of underwear has been lifted. Quite how this amazing feat of thievery is being carried out remains a mystery, but this reckless behaviour must stop before errr, ummm people get cold bottoms. Quite.

By Tasha Kosviner

Quote of the week:

"Education, education, education... bollocks, bollocks, bollocks."

Narius Aga, S.U. General Secretary, on the alleged inadequacies of the NUS campaign against top up fees.

State of the Union address

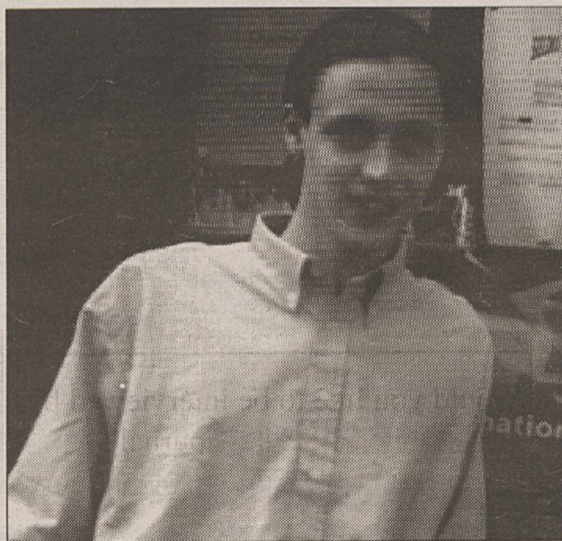
Andrew Yule

LSE shall see a motion passed in a UGM last year come to fruition in the very near future.

In response to growing concerns over and interest in the public accountability of politicians on both a national and a local level, current Education and Welfare sabbatical officer Yuan Potts suggested demanding regular reports being required from all four LSESU sabbatical officers. This motion was proposed to the UGM last February when Potts himself was a mere undergraduate hack who could but dream of occupying one of the LSE's coveted sabbatical posts. It passed with limited opposition, though Sam Parham, last year's Education and Welfare officer, himself regularly buffeted by accusations of laziness and inefficiency, took a fervent stand against the motion.

Ironically, Potts is now the one rogue sabbatical to have failed as of yet to submit his first report. The initial reports, which General Secretary Narius Aga has been chasing up for a few weeks, will be available for all to scrutinise from the SU reception within the next couple of weeks.

Despite their substantial salary, in excess of twelve thousand pounds and a significant budget to utilise, the reports do not require financial accountability. All that is demanded of the sabbaticals is that they account for what they are doing and why, thus proving, in theory, that they are not wasting union time and resources.

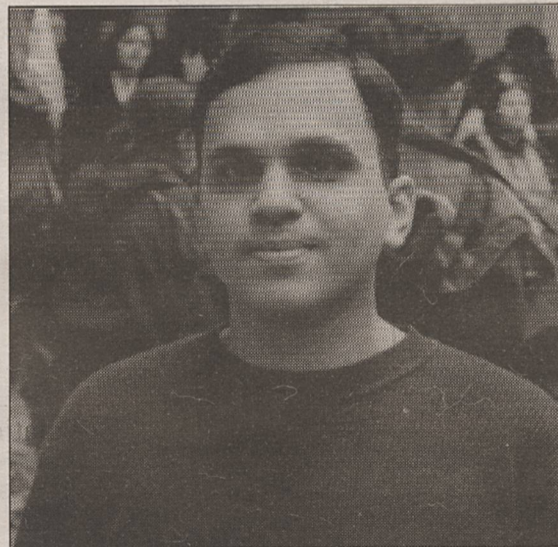


Potts: excuses. Photos: Nina Duncan.

Jasper Ward, Ents. sabbatical of the LSESU, apparently has little to worry about, telling the Beaver that he submitted his report some time ago. On top of this, with his success in attracting such top names as Peter Shilton to the LSE, he will surely meet with little opposition.

Potts, speaking to the Beaver, went to great lengths to explain himself for not having yet completed his report, which he intends to be ready within a matter of a few days. After

explaining how he had attended six training events between the end of the last academic year and now. These included a welfare training course, a ULU training course an NUS convention and a finance training course. In addition he stressed that he has already "re-vamped" the Student Advice Centre, to be more approachable and user friendly. Summing up in his own defence Potts told the Beaver that "I've done so much more than the other sabbaticals...I was still writing my report when the deadline



Aga: Characteristically efficient

arrived."

General Secretary Narius Aga refuted this claim somewhat when he told the Beaver that he had asked for the reports "weeks ago." Treasurer Imogen Bathurst was unavailable for comment.

Yuan Potts added that it had been him who had requested that the reports be submitted monthly, which had gained him a degree of unpopularity with the rest of the sabbaticals in the first place.

EDITORIAL

The issue of sleaze resurfaced in British politics this week as the Labour Government came under increasing pressure to explain why it has allowed Formula One racing to be exempt from the ban of tobacco advertising. It seems quite ridiculous that a ban would be implemented on all but one sport and especially when it is considered that Formula One is a relatively wealthy sport which unlike Snooker, for instance, does not get most of its money from Cigarettes advertising.

I believe wholeheartedly with the government's original proposal of banning all tobacco advertising. I have known people who have died of cancer and other smoking related diseases and to me the notion that the government is willing to continue allowing advertising to be used to encourage people to literally kill themselves leaves me feeling ill.

Everyone should be able to choose what they do with themselves. However, to positively encourage somebody to commit an act that will affect the health of not just themselves but others around them is seriously wrong. The cost to the nation's health and in the long run to the cost of health care from tobacco is extremely high.

I am a non-smoker and yet I do not believe in the banning of tobacco. I do though believe that sports people should not be associated in the minds of the young with tobacco, as this simply enforces the view that it is cool to smoke and does nothing to highlight the possible fatal consequences of smoking.

I hope that many of you agree with me and believe that it important to reduce the amount of people who smoke and to reduce the pain that I myself have felt when someone who you care about is dies from their addiction to cigarettes and the resulting side-effects.

On rather different note, I would like to apologise to Coen Ching, last week's front page photographer, for the lack of a credit. I will try to ensure that this doesn't happen again.

Craig Newsome

THE BEAVER

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This week

Public Lecture
Stefano Rodota
Privacy, Identity and Citizenship
November 18
5.30pm
Old Theatre

LSE Labour
present
Dr Tony Wright MP
November 18
1pm
Vera Anstey Room

Hayek Society
Presents
Dr David Green
Director, Health and Welfare Unit
Institute of Economic Affairs
Tuesday November 18
Room S601 5-6pm

Debating Society
"This house loves Peter Mandelson"
November 19
2pm

LSE Music Society
Come and join our choir
Rehearsals are on Tuesdays,
6pm
Shaw Library
No auditions required

LSESU Industrial Relations & HRM
Society
Jeannie Drake
Deputy General Secretary of CWU
"Globalisation"
November 24 6pm H216

1st Annual Christmas Party
Old Crown, Drury Lane
Wednesday, December 3
Tickets: £3 Purchas your tickets now

Library Booksale
Wednesday, November 26
10am-4pm
Library Conference Room

LSE Conservative Association
Marian Roe MP
November 24
1pm
Vera Anstey Room

Would you like to be interviewed by
Obiter, LSE law journal?
If your school had any interesting
drug testing procedures - we would
love to hear about them.
Please put your name and number in
Amber Mark's pigeon hole in the
Law Common Room or bring them
to the Beaver office.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Beaver,

Any reasonably intelligent, non-fascist, non-racist individual would surely have been highly disgusted and disappointed at the behaviour of certain hacks at last week's UGM. When faced with a serious motion, unfortunately due to the sad clique that has overtaken our UGM - (yes in theory the UGM is a forum for debate for the postgraduate AND international student population, not just for the immature "take it from behind" quarters - a reference specifically targeted at one of the obscenely delinquent balcony boys who displayed the extent or rather the limit, of his vocabulary by making such a crude reference to one of the speakers, possibly because he was too stupid to understand the issue before him and hence make a valid contribution), instead of hearing an informed or remotely intelligent debate about the issue at hand, the only objections to the motion were a series of amendments which were highly antagonistic and racist in tone, none of which addressed the issue contained in the motion - the forthcoming accession talks for Cyprus's entry into Europe, which will introduce the free movement of goods, services and persons to the island, a phenomenon that it hasn't experienced for the past 23 years.

Who gives a sh*t if Cyprus gets in or not? a lot of you may say. A fair comment, but perhaps a lot of people don't give a toss about fox-hunting or top-up fees, but it doesn't mean that we ban motions on these topics - this is the fundamental principle of democracy that our UGM is supposedly founded on, that all LSE students can participate in the UGM and bring whatever issues are important to them before it. A glance at the motions that are discussed would however show that this is not the case, and no wonder, if when one of the international societies, the Cypriot Society, submits a motion regarding an issue that concerns them, (approx 200 students) and the European Society (in excess of 100 students)

they are blatantly told to f*ck off, with an amendment mandating that the Cypriots can't submit another motion for the next 3 years (incidentally, how does this rest with our equal opportunities policy, you racist Tories - an apology would be kindly appreciated). That's great encouragement for any other ethnic groups to get involved in the union and try to elevate the level of debate to any respectable extent. Or perhaps discussing who the individual qualities of the Spice Girls, is the extent of the ability of our student body; though if as is alleged, LSE is one of the finest academic institutions in the UK, if not the world, then it's a bloody scary thought that this is the extent of our debating skills.

For anyone capably of coping with a few simple facts, here is a response to certain unfair criticisms levelled during the meeting:

1. The Cypriot motion has been completely different for the past 3 years. In 1995 it concerned Turkey's invasion and subsequent illegal occupation of Cyprus in 1974. In 1996, it addressed the barbaric murders of unarmed civilian protesters by the Turkish military on the borderline the previous summer, and this year it concerned Cyprus's accession to the EU. If you really can't see the difference between these issues, then fine, go back to debating the Spice girls, as that is no doubt all that your small, xenophobic mind can cope with. 2. If the Cypriots really wanted to, they could enter a different motion regarding Cyprus each week at the UGM, just like the Tories can put in a variety of Tory motions each week, so I think the fact that there is only 1 Cypriot motion a year means that those racist anti-Cypriots are getting off pretty lightly!!

3. The motion wasn't "Turk-bashing" as was alleged by those who clearly hadn't bothered to read it. It promoted Cyprus's entry into Europe, which would result in all Cypriots, regardless of whether they were of Greek or Turkish Cypriot being able to move

freely around the island and establish themselves. Anyone who has visited the occupied area and seen the abhorable living conditions that the Turkish Cypriot community have been forced to live in, can see that the Turkish Cypriots, the majority of which have fled the occupied areas since 1974 because Denktash's regime is so corrupt and oppressive, stand to gain tremendously from entry into Europe. So is calling for Cyprus's entry into Europe really such a terrible act of "Turk-bashing"?!! Both communities will benefit if Cyprus as a whole gets in. That was the point of the motion and as such Turkish and Greek Cypriots have more in common than the average ignorant Tory might think. At the point where Denktash walks out of talks supported by the international community and the major Western powers, which might bring about a solution enabling peace on the island in our life times, it is not unreasonable that our union is asked to support a motion regarding such intransigence by the Turkish Cypriot community's representatives.

4. The Cypriot Society is not as one sided as has been suggested. In the past year, a debate was organised through the European society with representatives from both sides speaking and a high profile conference with MPs and academics of both Greek and Turkish Cypriot origin was hosted in January.

5. You may criticise the Cypriots for walking out of the UGM straight after their motion is passed, but lets face it, with their motion being treated in such a racist and flippant manner and their speakers with such disrespect, falling way below the boundary of tasteful humour, plummeting into such a disgustingly murky region of offensiveness, who can really blame them!

Nina Soteri,
Constitution And Steering Committee

Dear Beaver,

I would like to protest about your characterisation of me in last week's Union Jack column. Jack suggested that my line of opposition to the 'anti-personnel land mines petition' was that land mines were a "cheap and efficient way of killing people." As Jack, and everyone present at the UGM on November 6 are well aware, I said nothing of the sort. I protested the danger that such a ban would pose to troops deployed in sensitive areas.

I am acquainted with a number of people who have been wounded by anti-personnel mines and thus am aware of the terrifying brutality of the weapon. however, I also have many close-friends who have served or are presently deployed in South Korea and Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. The removal of defensive anti-personnel mines from frontiers of the above would place the lives of the soldier serving there in much greater jeopardy in the event of an attack. Like most people I condemn the human misery caused by landmines and support international efforts for their removal from former war zones. I commend Britain's commitment to halt production of anti-personnel landmines and the American commitment to continue the practice of banning their sale. Nevertheless, for the 37,000 US soldiers who face a 500,000 strong North Korean army across the DMZ, it is better to be safe than sorry.

In an ideal world, every nation might be an island or share a border with a country like Canada. In an ideal world it might not be necessary to talk of war and no nation would have to deploy troops to defend the freedom of another nation. I'd like to live in an ideal world, but unfortunately I don't. 'Union Jack' might live there, but then he

probably wouldn't call me a "Child-murdering, Blood-sucking Yank bastard."

Hit the road Jack, and don't come back no more!

Your sincerely,
Jake S Tyshow
Internal vice Chairman, LSE
Conservative Association

Reply from Jack

Jack actually might have supported you last week if you'd put forward the two delicious arguments in your charming letter - to wit: i) the U.S. needs landmines (as opposed to missiles and air superiority) to defend itself from the evil North Korean hordes (albeit that North Korea can't feed itself, let alone take on the U.S) ii) I have lots of big friends who are soldiers, so don't fuck with me (this part was more persuasive). America should not sign up to treaties it has no intention of abiding by - it's only honest. Nor should it condemn the use of landmines - except in the couple of areas where we need to use them. Landmines, as a vicious and indiscriminate weapon which (and this is the real point) kill mostly after a conflict is finished, are something the civilised world ought to be able to do without. Hell, you could just napalm the Koreans anyhow. As it was, you got a bit confused with trying to show yourself off as the military man amongst a load of pinko students, and ended up looking like a tit. Hence the mockery

ULU proudly presents the
University of London

Christmas Ball

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON UNION CHRISTMAS BALL - SHAW HOUSE - MALET STREET - SATURDAY 17TH DECEMBER 1997 7.30pm - 11.30pm

ULU TICKETLINE 0171 226 8431

CHAMPAGNE BAR - STRICTLY BLACK TIE - CARRIAGES - DJ

Moss Bros

ST/

Letters should be in
by Thursday at 6pm
for publication in the
next edition.

Please, bring the
letters to the office or
email them to
beaver@lse.ac.uk

Women's Officer Speaks Out

Anita Majumdar, on the services the LSESU Women's Officer provides for the LSE student

Women (and Men) lend me your ears, while I tell you a bit about myself and my role as Women's Officer. For starters I would like to say that I am not some lunatic feminist who goes around burning bras, for one thing bras are expensive these days. However I do salute feminists such as Emily Pankhurst and Germaine Greer without whom we would not have the rights we have today.

Now for my job, well my purpose is to provide services for women at the LSE and to help you in any way that I can. If you have any problems or would like to see changes at the LSE such as more safety features, then do not hesitate to contact me through the

Women's Officer pigeon-hole at the SU Reception, via e-mail at A.Majumdar@lse.ac.uk, or at my Office hour on Mondays from 2-3pm at E197 (the Women's Room). I can also give out contraception and Personal rape alarms and I am open to suggestions for anything else you would like me to provide.

Classes are also available for women. Self-Defence classes which take place in the Gym on Thursdays between 3-5pm, with one extra session on the last Wednesday of term from 3-5pm. These are invaluable techniques in personal safety, and shatter the stereotype that women are weak and defenceless.

Assertiveness classes take place on Wednesdays from 2-5pm, meeting initially in E197. These provide an opportunity for women to gain skills, which are useful at all times, especially in today's competitive world of work.

Apart from classes I coordinate the activities of the Women's Group, which is now officially meeting on Tuesdays from 2-3pm in E197. The Women's Group, brings in speakers, discusses issues that effect women and organises parties and trips. Anybody can join and input and suggestions for ideas are always welcome. We will be arranging events for the final weeks of term. The big event of the year is Women's Week, in the sixth

week of the Lent Term where there will be speakers, parties and debates galore.

More details about activities for women and general advice is included in the WOMEN'S HANDBOOK, which is available at the SU Reception in the East Building. There are many services, which are available to women, and I am here to make sure that your problems and difficulties are minimised, so feel free to contact me whenever you like.

A final note on men: no, I do not hate you and yes, you too can officially approach me in matters relating to women's issues, unofficially I leave it up to you.

General Secretary's Column

This government has reneged on all its promises on education ever since coming to power. It has done so in a blatant manner and has abused the students' trust at every single opportunity. The ironic bit is that it does not itself know what it wants and one bungle has followed another throughout the summer. It has been allowed to get away with it because of a lack of concerted effort on behalf of the student body in general and the NUS in particular. NUS President Douglas Trainer has been pussyfooting about for too long. Douglas Trainer of Labour Students, the same Labour Students who two months ago, overwhelmingly voted for fees, thus dealing the student body the final nail in the coffin. It is time he made up his mind. The choice is clear: represent the students' interests over and above his political ones or toe the party line, continue beating about the bush and further his aspirations to join Parliament.

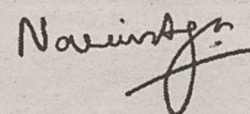
Last week, I acknowledged the continuing trend of motions pertaining to international issues in the UGMs. Unfortunately, this was dealt a blow last week, during the Cyprus motion.

Throughout this year, I have been making efforts to encourage the internationalisation of the UGM, in line with reflecting the typical composition LSE and moving away from its cliquy nature in the past I'm afraid Overseas students are not going to receive impetus by their motions being reduced to a farce. Humour is very much a part and parcel of the UGMs, we all need to let our hair down once in a while and I myself partake in it enthusiastically. But there are times when you need to be serious and this was one of them. The amendment put forward by the Tories shall warrant my condemnation in the strongest possible terms.

It made a joke out of an issue which the Cypriots take very seriously. Suggesting that the Greek entry to the Eurovision Song was crap might be a joke, suggesting that Cyprus does not deserve entry to the EU is not. It is a contemporary political issue and a very sensitive one and is tantamount to suggesting that the British pull out of Northern Ireland, which I'm sure would not be taken lightly by those who proposed this amendment. The point of emphasis here is that I would have certainly welcomed an informed an enlightened debate on the subject, but throwing the motion off its tracks in such a manner is bang out of order and it is my fervent hope that this is not repeated.

Yuan and myself attended the Information Systems Planning Committee meeting last week and put forward a number of proposals. We shall be conducting a survey this week to add further credence to them, so please take a minute to fill them brought to you. Student feedback is vital on and your co-operation would be appreciated.

Cheers,



WOMEN'S SELF-DEFENCE AND ASSERTIVENESS CLASSES

SELF-DEFENCE CLASSES FOR WOMEN TAKE PLACE IN THE GYM ON THURSDAYS BETWEEN 3-5PM

ASSERTIVENESS CLASSES TAKE PLACE ON WEDNESDAYS FROM 2-5PM IN E197 PLEASE COME ALONG!

ECOWEEK POSTPONED

DUE TO CERTAIN PROBLEMS THE PLANNED ECOWEEK IN WEEK 8 THIS TERM WILL BE POSTPONED UNTIL WEEK 2 OF THE LENT TERM

EXECUTIVE OFFICE HOURS

- 1. Jacob John: Weds. 10am-12pm at the Exec office top floor of the cafe
- 2. Dan Lam: Tues. 2pm-3pm in the same office as above (changed from 1pm-2pm)

The Unexplored Virtues of Private Conservation

Carl Menger dispels the notion that government intervention is a viable solution to environmental preservation and encourages a move towards private ownership

Whenever there is an environmental problem, environmental lobbyists call for increased government regulation. Whenever there is a valuable ecological resource that needs protection, they call upon a government agency to do the job. This presumption in favour of government action does not serve the environment well. While government intervention has produced some environmental benefits, it has also precluded more promising alternatives in many areas of environmental protection.

It has often been observed that America is a nation where homes and yards are beautiful, but public parks and streets are a mess. Some suggest that the "solution" is to spend more tax dollars on the public sector and increase the stringency of government regulation.

A better approach is to find ways of generating the same level of care for "public" resources as we do for private ones. This requires that individuals have a direct interest in protecting environmental resources, and the ability to see that interest realised. Rather than bureaucratise the environment, we should privatise our efforts to protect it. In other words, we should seek to make more of planet Earth someone's backyard. Trees cannot have legal standing, but behind every tree — every beach, every stream, every lake, every spotted owl — there could stand a private steward, a private owner or association, willing and legally empowered to protect that resource. By creatively drawing upon the energies of America's private sector, we can reinvigorate the protection of environmental resources.

Extending private ownership rights to the widest possible array of natural resources will seem outlandish to those who believe that unregulated markets are the cause of environmental problems. Yet pollution, habitat

Yet pollution, habitat destruction, and resource depletion are not the result of too many private property rights but of too few; not the results of market failures but of a failure to allow markets to emerge.

destruction, and resource depletion are not the result of too many private property rights but of too few; not the results of market failures but of a failure to allow markets to emerge.

Because the air, the water, public lands, and most species of mammals and fish have no private owners, they have few effective defenders and protectors. While there are exceptions, on the whole people have strong incentives to conserve and protect only that in which they have a direct interest. Whether we consider elephants in



In many instances, government intervention has proven itself to be inept at fulfilling their policy objectives. Could private conservation be a viable alternative? Photo: Library

Africa, salmon streams in England, or forests in the United States, privately-owned resources have been better managed and protected than their politically-controlled counterparts.

Of course, the environmental establishment would have us believe that privatising public lands and other common property resources would permit the "rape" of the environment, or at the very least would promote "unsustainable" development. But this view does not survive inspection. It is precisely the absence of private property rights that encourages people to use resources in an unsustainable manner and, more generally, to ignore the environmental consequences of their actions. This does not mean that private stewardship, in all cases, is perfect; nor does it mean that government protection, in all cases, will fail. However, if the first line of defence for environmental resources has to come from either the private sector or the political process, the choice is clear.

Consider the case of timberlands. A timber company operating on public land has an incentive to cut down as many trees as it can, as fast as it can. Under the system of non-ownership, even the most conservation-minded company is unlikely to stop over-harvesting; if it doesn't cut down the trees, someone else will. It also has no incentive to protect wildlife habitat or provide recreational amenities for campers, hikers, and fishermen, since it has no way to obtain a return on such investments.

A private owner of forest land faces a very different set of incentives. The private owner knows that if trees are harvested as rapidly as possible, revenues may increase in the short term, but the forest's long-term capacity to generate income will be destroyed and the market value of the land will

immediately drop. Private ownership thus creates economic incentives to harvest timber in a sustainable manner, and to replant trees as an investment for the future. In addition, the private owner may well discover — as International Paper Company and several other firms already have — that investing in wildlife research and habitat protection provides profitable recreational opportunities.

Of course, private stewardship does not require that one always act in pursuit of profit. The principle of private ownership enables conservation groups to purchase and protect vital habitat and ecologically important resources.

The Competitive Enterprise Institute's newly launched Centre for Private Conservation (CPC) was created to identify and document successful private conservation efforts, and explain how property rights can overcome the tragedy of the commons in wildlife. The reality is that there is room for a greater reliance upon non-governmental methods of environmental protection.

The Hawk Mountain Sanctuary is a 2,000-acre wildlife refuge located in eastern Pennsylvania along the Appalachian Mountains. It was founded in 1934 by Mrs. Rosalie Edge, a conservationist concerned about the local slaughter of migrating hawks and other raptors. While the Pennsylvania government was paying bounties on certain birds of prey, Mrs. Edge was raising money to purchase the land and protect these birds from decline. The sanctuary soon became an important raptor research site and a stopping-off point for many migratory species. Legislation to protect migratory birds was not forthcoming for many years after Hawk Mountain was founded.

David Bamberger is a game rancher in Texas. He has single-

handedly preserved 29 of the 31 remaining bloodlines of the scimitar-horned oryx, a rare species of antelope. Bamberger's efforts have been so successful that there are now more oryx in Texas than there are in its native North African range. Similarly, there are now more blackbuck antelope on Texas' Edwards Plateau than remain in India. Game ranching has benefited many foreign species in this country, but because private ownership of indigenous, non-domesticated wildlife is generally illegal in this country, such success stories are less widespread.

Down in the heart of the Louisiana bayou lies the Paul J. Rainey Wildlife Sanctuary. Owned and operated by the National Audubon Society, this 26,800-acre refuge serves as the nesting and breeding grounds for many species of migratory birds. The sanctuary is off-limits to bird watchers, yet Audubon has allowed oil drilling in Rainey for nearly 30 years. Through careful negotiations with oil companies and the encouragement of innovative extraction techniques, Audubon's ownership and control of the refuge has enabled it to protect its ecological resources while at the same time realising the economic benefits of oil development. Such win-win situations have been typically precluded on politically-controlled lands.

In the name of air quality, clean water, biodiversity, wetlands, waste disposal, and recycling, the federal government has amassed what amounts to central planning authority over the U.S. economy. At the same time, we have turned our back on the power of individuals and voluntary institutions to make a difference on behalf of those things that they care about. The problem is not that private efforts have failed. All too often the problem is that private efforts have been proscribed by government from the start.

Private stewardship is a powerful means of ensuring sustainability and

In the name of air quality, clean water, biodiversity, wetlands, waste disposal, and recycling, the federal government has amassed what amounts to central planning authority over the U.S. economy.

protecting environmental quality. The vision of an America engaged in creative ecological privatisation offers great promise for accommodating the ever-changing circumstances of human interaction with the natural world. Ecological privatisation would produce large environmental gains at reasonable cost. Equally important, it would strengthen the American tradition of limited government, reliance on markets for economic decisions, and respect for individual liberty.



MIDAS

Midas nearly choked last week on his morning muesli when he heard that the Bank of England was raising interest rates by 0.25%. In the last six months we have had five successive rate increases in the cost of borrowing and this hike will overvalue the pound to greater heights. Anyway, Midas has looked at the current situation and he's got bad news, good news and a small tip on making money...

First the bad news, the interest rate hike will slow down economic growth over the next six to eight months, and if you are graduating, it may affect your job prospects. If confidence on the Bank of England begins to falter when interest rates are not reduced by the Spring, it may mean that many companies will have to curtail or postpone expansion in their trade. It all depends on their individual time preference i.e., do they value their current expenditure more at a high rate of borrowing today, than a lower rate of borrowing eight months in the future. This depends on the particular industry, their annual yield and the schedule on which their profits are realised.

Well, do not despair, because although your parents mortgage has just gone up, as your student loan is linked to inflation and not lending interest rates, your debt will be contained to a minimum. That's the good news I am afraid.

So, how about making some money out of the whole situation? There are always two sides of the coin and Midas is here to help you discover the opportunities available to you. Basically, if you want to risk a little cash, Midas will tell you how to speculate on the currency markets with a student budget.

So, start by opening an account with First Direct Bank. Midas chooses First Direct because it does not make bank charges for currency conversions, they are open 24 hours a day and they will buy and sell currency for you on the morning after you have approved each transaction over the phone. Also, the minimum eurodollar account level is at a mere \$3000.

Now, at the time of print my figures were right, so although I'll be spitting some numbers at you, remember to do your own homework. Midas is not here to spoon feed you.

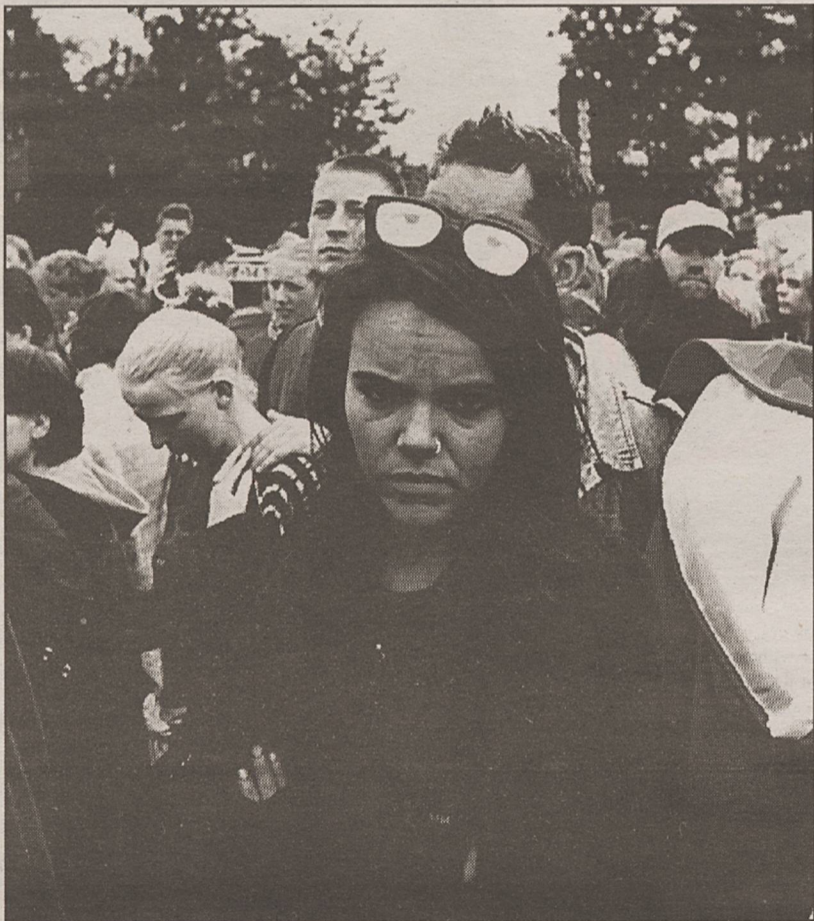
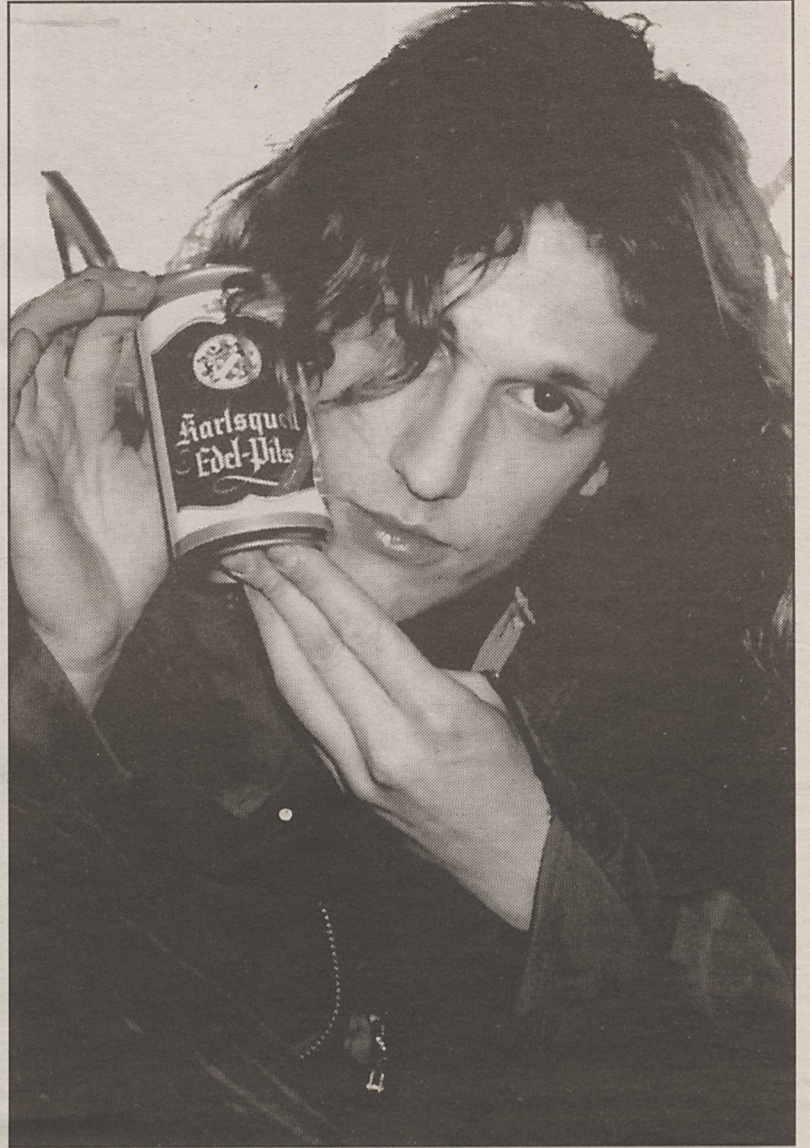
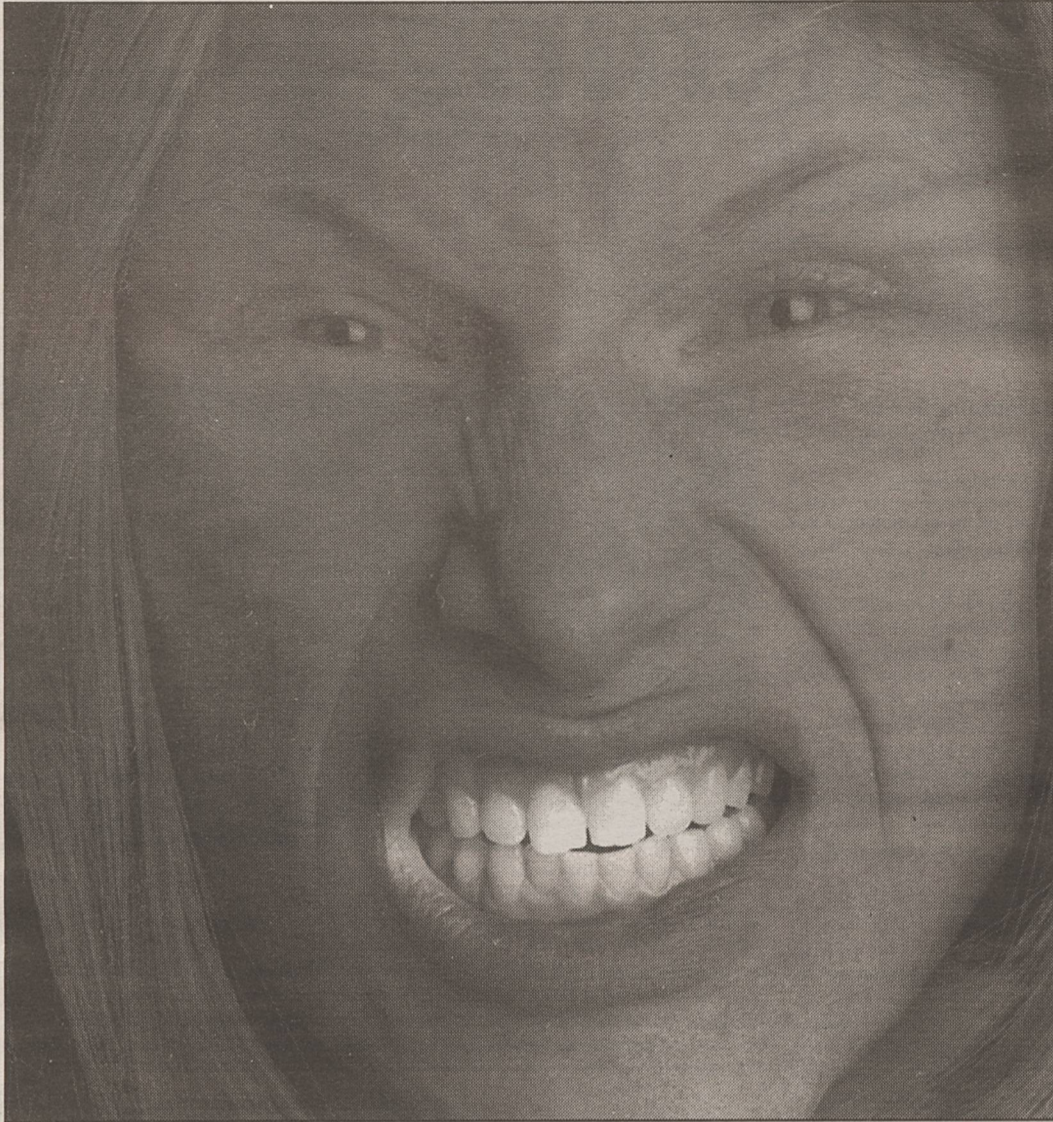
As of 6/11/97 the buying rate for dollars was \$1.68 to the pound, so to get the minimum \$3000, you have to risk £1785.70. Then look at the selling rate, \$1.668 in my case, and figure out what to do next. If you are really risk averse you could sell them the next day, assuming the rate will remain constant, and get £1798.56 back. This means that over one day you make £12.86...and its tax free because it is such a small amount no one will notice you have just made a capital gain.

However, if you're like Midas and want to play for the longer term, you may want to speculate for a drop on the pound of at least 0.2 per cent, you will be making a larger amount of money. It all depends on risk, the more you put to chance the greater the rewards. Midas always recommends playing for the long run, so if you want to keep your bank balance growing above your current rate of interest this is one way to do it.

Caveat Emptor: be wary of the volatility of currency markets, because one ill thought decision by the central bank of the currency you hold could leave you worse off.

Anyway, I have just digressed from what I said last week I would be covering today i.e. "Learning How to Think Like a Top Corporate Executive". Well, my apologies, but if circumstances change Midas has to adapt.

Still, all this talk of central banks has made think about its role in the economy, so if you want to start thinking like a sharp, shrewd investor read *The Rationale of Central Banking: And the Free Banking Alternative* by Vera C. Smith. She will take you through the pros and cons of central banking and give you insightful information about the effects of central bank decisions on the economy and how speculators and businesses react.



Photographs by Lars Willumeit.

Every three weeks we will be featuring photographic work from an LSE photographer. I would welcome ANY contributions from ANY of you out there; whether amateur or professional.....even if they're just a bunch of miscellaneous photos from a holiday, around London or of your friends. Drop in any photos to the Beaver Office, in an envelope for my attention (Nina Duncan). Don't forget to include your name and telephone number (so I can return them to you!).

Capturing the Mood.....

**Ex-Neighbours
Stunner turns Pop
Star ...Shocker!**

Natalie Imbruglia

Left of the Middle

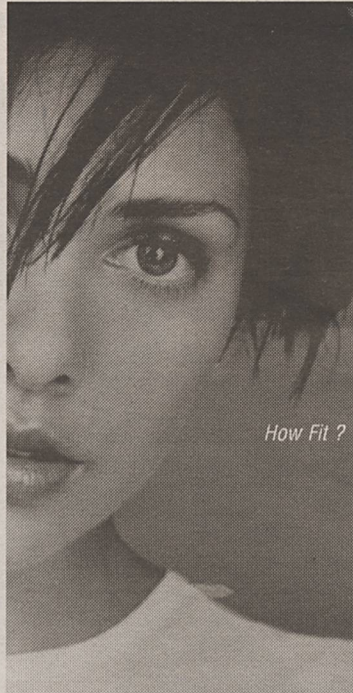
The single is superb but what is the album like?

The first few tracks are great, wonderful to listen to at high volume and really happy. However, we suddenly descend into casio keyboard syndrome and are engulfed in banal lyrics. Most of the songs are about love but the quality of the writing is better than your average Back street Boyz attempt. There is one wonderful ballad at the end which avoids all cheesiness and is just tremendous.

Some of the tracks have faint Porstishead undertones, others sound like Alanis (but don't have the same quality)

As a first album from someone who is just breaking into the 'pop' world it is remarkably good. Apart from a few lapses it avoids that horrible manufactured quality that plagues so many pop groups. What I hope is that this album is a success and she will free to be a little less market orientated in subsequent releases. Australian (in a Crowded House kind of way) and sexy but not as good as the single bodes.

Mark 'Sensitive' Pallis



How Fit?

Lightning Strikes Twice?

The Lightning Seeds

Like You Do - Best of The Lightning Seeds

Don't be put off by the picture of the shabby River Mersey and shabby Liverpool on the front. Via Ian Broudie surfing Beach Boys-esque up the Murky we must come to the Lightning Seeds. Purveyors of the finest quality jangly-pop for, well it must be ages now? It seems that way. From the shimmering simpleness of 'Pure', through the notoriety that Match Of The Day brought to 'The Life of Riley' to Euro 96 and that highlight of every Karaoke lager-fest, 'Football's coming home' At least Baddiel & Skinner sound as awful on record as we do in the bar.

But really, 'Three Lions' sells the Seeds very short. They're about more than a flag-waving football anthem, it's not really their sort of thing at all. Imagine an ethereal heavenly cloud far far away, covered in all the sugary sweet goodness contained in a chocolate factory and you're nearly there - Lightning Seeds country. Not for them the agony and angst of the Verve or the brash rock'n'roll of Oasis. Just



simple, happy-go-lucky indie-pop. Melodic tunes pack this longplayer, from the dreaminess of 'Sugar Coated Iceberg' to the spooky, love-filled 'You Showed Me'. And as Brodie almost talks his lyrics over minute after minute of a pop-heaven; lush guitar sounds, hypnotic percussion and sweeping brass and string arrangements you begin to realise that you don't need me (or anyone else) to tell you about the Lightning Seeds. You know all this already. You know most of these songs, they slipped into your consciousness when you weren't looking and are now looking for a space in that dusty pile of CDs that is your record collection. This, the Lightning Seeds greatest hits deserves a place there - Pure, Perfect pop. (9)

J. Cooper

**Redwood
Colourblind**

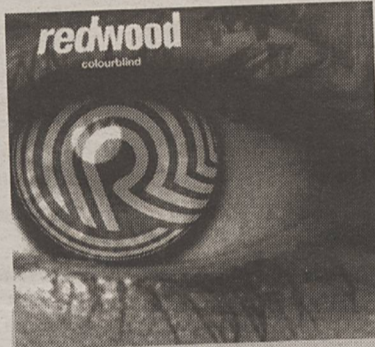
Oh my God! We're talking seriously dodgy haircuts here! To use the word haircut in this case is probably even an offense to the word itself (and to all hairdressers throughout the world - except the one who cut Jon Bon Jovi's)! I mean, Jesus, would you even dare to imagine crossing Gary Moore with Hanson before adding a touch of Skid Row? What a scary thought. But fortunately for us (and them, of course) Redwood may look absolutely shite, yet their music is absolutely fantastic.

"It could easily be the best Britpop album of the year!" metal magazine Kerrang ruled in their recent review of Redwood's longplayer debut 'Colourblind' (yes, they had some rare releases before, but this is the first proper one I guess), out 24th of November. And indeed Kerrang is right, it definitely is one of the best albums of the year. This four-piece band might be from sunny Guildford in the UK but if they told us that they were from rainy Seattle in the US and started their career in their dad's garage along the street - we would be happy to believe it! This is good old grunge rock at its best. Not as destructive and raw as Nirvana (rip), not as creative and inventive as Soundgarden (rip) and not as intellectual and introverted as Pearl Jam (at least they still exist). But Redwood is without doubt going this way.

Titles like 'Claustrophobia', 'Sad sick world' or 'Morphine' speak easily for themselves. The struggle with confusion and emotions in a world of a bizarre order where hardly anything makes sense, the desire for love and being loved, more than a sad existence - if that doesn't remind us of Seattle, Generation X and Singles, what else does? Just listen to them: "Is there ever a day when we feel free...?" or what about "All I want is an element of surprise, something different, to take me out and show me what I could be, something I have been looking for...". Brothers Alastair (b. voc) and Angus Cowan (gui), Rob Blackham (gui) and Chris Hughes (dr) know their element and they know it well. And sometimes Alastair even sounds like Eddie Vedder, with his powerful and yet broken voice, so that one can actually see the emotions and despair floating through the room. The track 'Outside' is a beautiful example of a painful ballad full of loss and hope as is 'Memorabilia'. Big Eddie couldn't have done it better. Songs like 'Saltbox' are an absolute stunner. Powerful and to the point, with some serious head-banging going on. Excellent stuff.

You might now think that Redwood are all but a cheap copy of Bush. Yet they're not. I would even dare to say they're better. Convince yourself and see them live in the Camden Falcon on 19th November. I predict loads of lethal stage diving. These guys revive grunge rock with incredible quality. Just work on the haircuts, boys, and grunge heaven is all yours. (8)

Mike Gifford



Novocaine, The Jellys, The O

@ Garage

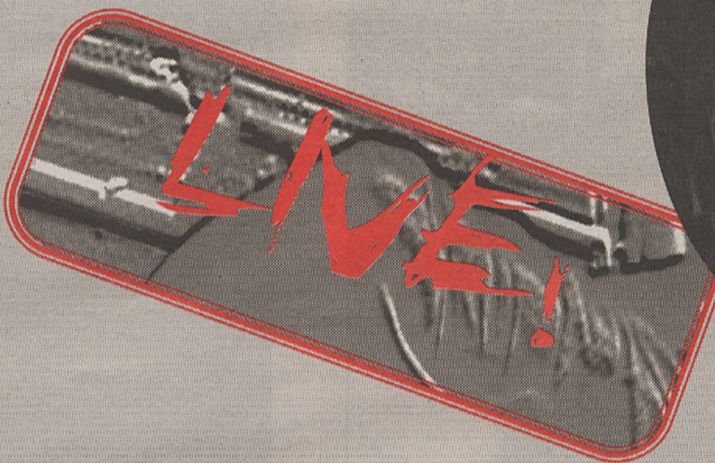
Can I just say, what a triple bill. It's highly unusual to get three bands playing that you like, let alone have heard of.

Kicking off tonight's dementia are possibly the most American sounding band since Bush. Not American in the 'Hey baby whatcha doin' tonight' sense, but American college sounding. These lot sit nicely squeezed between Ben Folds Five and the Barenaked Ladies, but slap me thigh and call me Harry if The O don't know how to use their guitars better than most bands the other side of the ocean do. Making no pretenses about the lack of audience and enthusiasm, they joke constantly, and with some rockin' tunes in their set, they go about their job as entertainers in a way that is Bob Monkhouse's wet dream.

Yet even funnier and even better were The Jellys, the new group formed by ex-Honeycrack and ex-Wildheart singery-guitarist type person, CJ. Keeping as many riffs and singalong melodies as the former band, but with added punk power, it is surely a matter of time before the gospel reaches the ears of the masses; songs like 'Feels Like Sunshine' and new single 'Over You' are possibly Britain's best kept secret (apart from who the Spice Girls are going out with, of course). Not content at the strength of their songs to carry them through, their matching black shirts and kipper ties help signify the unity of the band, and this is confirmed by the 'I can spit at you more than you can spit at me' fight the bassist, Jeff and the drummer, Stidi have halfway through their set, whilst CJ made full use of the mike to display his comic skills. A great live act on their own merit, but their resemblance to Green Day will do them no harm either.

A million miles away from the Jellys are headliners Novocaine. You know they'll get the thumbs up when the lead singer comes on, walks up to the microphone and says 'Shhhhh' placidly to all the noisy people who've hardly notice they're on.

And credit where credit's due - this



guy can scream in tune. This guy, you see, can scream in tune. In the way that I only thought was possible by Send No Flowers (apologies if you haven't heard them). Watching him nearly blow the speakers with his incredible voice is a feat and a half, believe me. However, its unfortunate that while their songs, doused in a gorgeous style of guitar playing are far from average, you can't help but notice its the stunning voice which holds it all together. A couple of amazing songs, like 'Pond Life' ('a ballad, so you can all talk amongst yourselves now') stand out amongst the rest of their songs, but you don't exactly wonder why there were more people down the front moshing for the Jellys than for Novocaine. They obviously haven't filled half their potential yet, and I should be quaking in my Docs when they finally do.

Shilpa

Interview

Mainstream @ The Borderline

Strolling in during Mainstream's sound check, Antony Neale, the vocalist and lyricist, complains about his monitors "Turn it up", "But it's on 10", "Yeah, but ours go up to 11". In between squabbles about chicken burgers (what no M and M's) I grab an interview with Andy and his Hammond Organ player, whose name I forget. It may have been Greg.

I started off by asking who they hell they thought they were. They saw fit to describe themselves as Psychedelic groove rock, inspired by all who you'd expect :- The Doors, Led Zeppelin, The Stones, Pink Floyd, King Crimson, as well as a few you might not expect - The Stone Roses and, pardon, The Orb? The group formed a few years ago when Greg was run out of Manchester and forced to "crash" on Andy floor (he probably got the spare room). A few jamming sessions, the addition of a bassist, lead guitar and drummer and Mainstream was born.

So a band called Mainstream, their aim must be global domination, Oasis or Puffy Daddy style. Well not exactly. They joke about looking forward to obscurity, but really they aspire to build awareness of their band and go from there, oh, and never sell out. Sure, so how do they feel about signing to nude, become label buddies of Suede?

They acknowledge their differences - even if their PR man won't acknowledge his differences with Brett Anderson - and feel they're on the label because they make good music. Nude do believe they will be big. And the band believe this potential is born out of their real group effort, Jamming away with Andy's lyrics layered on top. And in five years time,? Well not mainstream, at least not in the Tribute concert for Princess Di, Naomi Campbell shagging, Keith Hucknall inviting fashion. Whether they'll achieve their aims, I guess you'll have to check them out for yourselves, or at least read Matt's review.

Dan Lewis

**Paul Mounsey
Nahootoo**

This album contains at least one song that will appeal to all music types. From an 'Ennio Morricone' style of classic elegant music, to your everyday pop tunes. This is why I totally recommend this album. I have not heard of this Italian singer before but I will certainly be looking out for him in the future.

Being of Cypriot origin I was able to appreciate the beautiful Italian lyrics combined with English phrases. Many of the songs seemed to be conveying their own personal messages that anyone can apply to the modern world. For me 'Kaiwa Farewell' reminded me of Cyprus, if I can just take a moment to quote directly from the song:

"Long ago when our fathers were young, men came and they claimed our land, took the trees and they sent them away... End this shame"

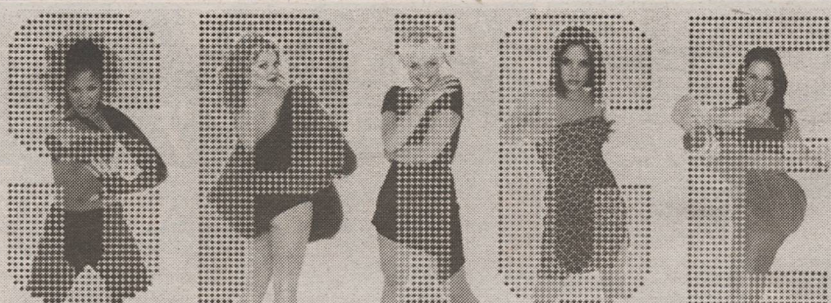
This is not a political review, it's just an example of how this album touched me personally. Even the Italian songs are incredible, and that's from someone who does not understand a word of Italian. (The inside cover has a translation, you can follow it through and in turn learn some Italian).

The 'popiest' song was 'Wherever you go', with a very catchy tune and buzzing lyrics. Red River, Nahoo Reprise are what I can only term as simply phenomenal. Instruments prominent in these archetypal pieces include Flutes, violins, and cellos. Anyone who can understand classical music will certainly appreciate this.

So just relax imagine yourself in Venice and absorb!!!

Have a nice day, and Maria you can go and buy your own copy of this, cos I'm not lending you mine!

Ant



The Spice Girls
Spiceworld
GIRLS

Oh wow, a new Spice Girls album, and just in time for Christmas too.. We all love The Spice Girls, don't we? They're not just pop stars they're living legends. Not only do they challenge stereotypical views of women with girl power but they also have great talent and integrity when it comes to their musiii... oh fuck this! No pay off from Pepsi is worth this kind of degradation. I'm sorry Zak but it looks like that Mercedes is going to have to wait until the next Oasis release. It's time the public knew the truth.

This is possibly the most horrific tragedy this side of a motorway pile up you're ever going to pay witness to in this lifetime. No matter how grating 'Wannabe', 'Say you'll be there' and all those other Spice singles were, they simply can not prepare you for the aural torture that awaits if you have the misfortune to hear this album. Blood will trickle from your ears. Your nervous system will collapse. You will find yourself in a dark tunnel with dead loved ones beckoning you towards the light. This is not shit as that term fails to even begin and encompass how appallingly bad this record is.

Your trip through the three circles of Hell begins with 'Spice up your life', a painful cod-latino tune that even those guys who did the 'Macarena' would balk at. Scary, Sporty, Sulky, Chubby and Old squawk out inane lyrics like "Flamenco, Lambada, but hip hop is harder" while unintentionally turning the cringe-o-meter up to "violent stomach cramps and convulsions". Oh yes, and it goes downhill from then on with the poor motown stylings of 'Stop' (thankfully not a heretical cover) and 'Too Much' making the girls sound like a bunch of inept drunken businessmen doing Gloria Gaynor in a Karaoke bar.

If however for some reason you do persist in listening further it soon becomes surprising how low the supposed biggest band in the world sink. They rip off R&B with 'Denying' and end up making Warren G look like the personification of talent, the ghost of Big Fun returns to haunt us when 'Never Give up on the Good Times' lurches in with its awful 1980's disco revival. It soon becomes apparent that whoever really wrote these travesties isn't too bothered about the girls being credited as the writers.

And if you still have even the slightest glimmer of faith in your soul that the Spice Girls aren't really "corporate rock whores" it will be extinguished as soon as the limp, Pepsi endorsing, Blueboy sampling 'Move Over' (aka "Generation Next, drink Pepsi choice for a new generation, yeah Girl Power!") seeps out of the speakers.

The Spice Girls are a brand name just like McDonalds: They're bland, they're tasteless, they sell bucket loads and after too much you hurl. But in the Spice Girls case too much is right now. If this is Spiceworld let's Nuke it!!!
Matt Bro

The Soundtrack of Our Lives
Welcome to Infant Freebase

There is something seriously wrong with this band. The inside of the sleeve shows medieval images of young children and pictures of the band all semi-naked (and one of them appears to be doing something strange to a Lion). Well they are Swedish. Released on our shores a mere 3 weeks ago when they supported Hurricane #1 at the London Astoria, they've recently released the first single, Mantra Slider, off their new album.

This 70-minute album contains 20 tracks, many of which have a cosmic, psychedelic air to them, with lines such as 'I'm the Mantra Slider and I'm here to give you inner peace'. These guys are the real Kula Shaker, a true hippy band who haven't been

bleached, battered and contorted to create media friendly concepts of India and the exotic. That said, they really do reek of the Stones. One track is an exact replica of 'Gimme Shelter', whilst another needs only a good set of lyrics to become 'Paint it black'.

Oh, and a some more tracks a little bit like the Longpigs.

But these guys aren't purely a m b o u r i n e rattling krustys. They do have a darker, far more worrying side. This CD should carry a health warning, this band will worry children in more ways than one. There are songs about sperm, Genetic mutation, Aliens,

many about drugs, mass murder, and, perhaps of the greatest concern, one is about paedophilia. And they see fit to publish their lyrics?

If this was a more reactionary column I might be calling for their immediate expulsion, burning of all their CDs and the destruction of all merchandise, but to be fair this CD isn't all that bad. The music is quite well constructed, and can be pleasantly trippy at times. I'm not sure if I can really recommend this CD to everybody, but if you're studying the occult in your spare time, when you're not in a dark corner of the computer room, then this may be the album for you. I'll give The Soundtrack of Our Lives a (5) and a roll of rubber wallpaper.

Dan Lewis



MIDNIGHT OIL
20000Watt..

Right on time for Christmas, we get the following message from "Midnight Oil": Still alive and still rocking. For everybody who was disappointed that the Australian environmentalists had cancelled their European tour this summer, 20000Watt.. will be a comfort. Even if it's not our generation, or probably because it's not, this "Best Of" compilation is evidence for a time when instruments were needed to make music.

Of the four songs that are on the preview-promo I got to listen to, "Blue Sky Mine" is my favourite with its driving drums and almost folksy vocals. In general, all the songs have very compact arrangements, sometimes they are maybe even a little "over-produced" with one string sound or one horn line too many, and lack the simple structure of "intro-verse-chorus-(bad) guitar solo" we get to listen to so often. Although it seems to be more sophisticated music, there are some very melodic parts with catchy phrases, too.

Also on the preview-CD are "Beds are burning", "The dead heart" (to very well known songs) and "White skin black heart".
RA

ROBBIE WILLIAMS
ANGELS

Since leaving that well-loved Take That group (NOT!!), Robbie has embarked on

an attempt to sing alone. With this recent release he fails to achieve his task, as far as good quality music goes that is. But as we all know crap music by big (?) names always hits the charts. This slow, annoying tune is sure to have us all singing along to it, so watch out. To avoid embarrassment switch the radio off or cover your ears, or else you may find yourself humming to Angels 'I feel the loving is dead, I'm loving the angels instead' stop, stop, stop!
Ant

The Sparks
The Sparks

Time for a toe tapping, tummy thumping bubbly time treat for all the good little but boys and girls. Sparks get top Mark for this queenesque duo with faith no More. What makes it so good. Well, the absence of crotch smelling and shit-smearing reference from mundo bizarro front man Mike-Patton. He limits himself to operatic musings on the theme of mass death. A refreshing change of pace for one of metals most honest bands.

Actually who am I kidding. This is about as big a pile of toss as one can get. Believe me I've tried. Faith No More were once the masters of weirdness. But to many uses of the word 'ca-ca' in one album say that they got what they deserved. I haven't a cunthead of an idea who Sparks are, but assume that he was the kitsch member of the Marks &

Sparks clan who got thrown out for suggesting his and hers M&S leather and lace leisure outfits.

There really is no point in even reviewing the single, except to give someone somewhere a laugh. This single will never be found anywhere near Our Price, instead it will spend most of its life sitting in one of those milk crates that is outside Steve Sounds. Forget about it.
Dirty B

The Beekeepers
Killer Cure

The Beekeepers were well on their way to rock stardom, with the buzz (no pun intended!) they were creating for those in the know; former singers like 'Lunar' were the kick in the backside that the dry 'Britrock' scene needed, but it seems to have all gone a bit haywire with their latest offering. 'Killer Cure' is a decent enough single, sure to make you nod your head at the very least, but compared to the might of what they used to be, it seems to be regurgitated - if this isn't Bad Religion's '21st Century Digital Boy', it's a very good imitation.
They'll get better, I'm sure.

Schilpa

Tanya Donelly

The Bright Light

The style of this single reminds me very much of Pat Benetar; lots of crashing guitar sequences and strong powerful lyrics. Both elements of the single are exercised with



Life Of Agony
Soul Searching Sun

What's this? A heavy metal band being good??

As bizarre as it may sound, its pretty much true. Life Of Agony, who can be mentioned in the same sentence as Sepultura, Machine Head and Korn without difficulty have in one leap overtaken all of them. Impressive, eh?

See, rather than worship the ground that the original era of heavy metal offered (Motorhead, ACDC, Kiss, Judas Priest, zzzzz...) like the rest of their contemporaries, they nod recognition of their influence, but generally carry on in their own direction, without the cliches that are expected of them. If anything,

they're sounding like a whole genre of their own, but the rock chick with the dyed black hair, scribbled-on DMs and runny eyeliner would probably disagree with me (oh, stereotypes, aren't they just so much fun?). But what else are you supposed to think when they confront you with-get this- a ballad. A full out Extreme type ballad on a heavy metal record. You've more chance of seeing a rock chick with a smile on her face. Their non-conformist attitude (that is, not conforming to heavy metal stereotypes required both in and out of the scene itself) is further represented in their lyrics. 'Heroin Dreams' shoves back all the shite that bands like Pantera have glorified, whilst 'Weeds' is as profound as a Sylvia Plath poem.

But there's no doubt that LOA still retain their heaviness in that they lay the crunching guitar on thick and fast, but it's not that type of dog turd that immerses itself in thinking that guitar is a substitute to talent. Indeed, 'Gently Sentimental', perhaps the star track of the album isn't that far off from the realms of the more commercial metal bands like Stone Temple Pilots, and 'Neg' obviously was worked on to near perfection.

But to be highlights, the good songs have to contrast with the not so good ones, and when their songs tend to drag on a little, the lowlights aren't that hard to find. 'Angry Tree' is but one example.

Life Of Agony aren't a band that you'd normally associate with Stone Temple Pilots, Alice In Chains etc, but their unique brand of metal has pulled down a number of musical barriers, which can never be bad. These brave lads deserve a (7).

Shilpa

The Cure
Galore - The Cure 1987-97

Once upon a time, before I was introduced to the evils of dance, it was the melodic, nonchalant sounds of 'The Smiths', 'Happy Mondays', and 'The Cure' - also known as 'Old Skool Indie' - that provided the spine tingles in my naivety. Galore represents the last decade of 'The Cure', which transcends the period of being genuinely alternative to when

it all became absorbed

by Pop. This album brought back a plethora of memories for me, and it was for this reason (as opposed to the pure music) why I enjoyed listening to Galore. It was probably also the reason why everything deteriorated so drastically towards the end.

Peach
On My Own

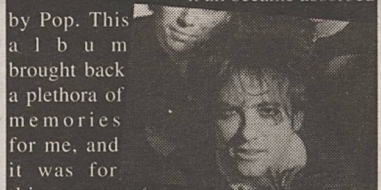
On My Own seems to be a St Etienne wannabe, but lacks the jazzy club style background or the pure quality of Sarah Cracknell's voice. It's not that the single is a bad effort, it's just that as a result, the lyrics seem very out of place with the style of the backing: a song about a break up is not necessarily best expressed in a such a lively and upbeat style.
ME

Sinead O'Connor
This is a rebel Song

The sound is not particularly rebellious and this is more a mellow and soothing ballad. Not bad, though not that exciting either. Maybe I missed the point, but is there meant to be an element of symbolism between the expressed adoration of the Englishman, and the peace process in Ireland? Or is this just another love song?
NS

The Verve
Lucky Man

It would have been quite something to follow up "Drugs Don't Work" with another hit, however this isn't the case, and although you can listen to this track, it's not going to do anything particularly orgasmic for your ears. A bit of a disappointment, I'm afraid.
NS



'Lullaby', such a basic yet effective track, was the standard cover (along with Radiohead's 'Creep') attempted by many-a-band at their first gig. There are some classic songs such as 'Friday I'm in Love' and 'Fascination Street'. However, what makes this album worth listening to is one song - 'Close to Me', which has elements of the old Cure in it: jazzy sax and piano (like that on 'Lovecats' ... which makes it "...so wonderfully, wonderfully, wonderfully pretty."

Indeed, Rob Smith is quite a strange chap to have fronting a band in the Gallagher-dominated 90s. It was him more than any other individual, that ascribed the term 'indie' to the genre it is now associated with - in fact he is a forefather of the XFM concept. Nevertheless, one should question a greatest hits release at this point in time? The answer lies in Smith's reply (in an interview two years ago) as to why it had taken the band so long to write an album since 'Wish'. He replied, "It's quite difficult to get together these days, as I don't wake up till 8pm and don't get top sleep until 10am!" Right!

Fundamentally, Smith's voice is unique. If you've never liked it before, then this is unlikely to alter your opinion. Galore is the best couple of songs off each Cure

Keith's Back From The Dead

The "House of the Dead" is not a new grunge-rock group but rather the title of the last opera by the Czech composer Leos Janacek. All his operas are short and "House" is terse, almost abrupt. His first opera involves infanticide, most of his operas concern death and renewal and similarly grisly subjects.

The "House of the Dead" takes its text from Dostoyevsky's novel of the same name, and Janacek selects from it a series of tableau. "House" is a chorus opera where individual soloists emerge to represent an idea, with musical monologues of confession and narrative. The epic drama seeks to delineate and intellectually clarify a theme while preserving the three Aristotelian unities of time and place, as well as theme.

It opens with a winter dawn in a Siberian prison camp and ends there at the next winter dawn, after having passed through a late afternoon spring and night in summer. The series of tableau incarnated in each soloist revolves around the theme of self destructive violence.

The action of this opera is original and creative; few operas deal with the lowly life of the prison. The plot, such as it is, consists of the male and female inmates ranging the social scale from an aristocrat to a vagrant, doing prison work, putting on

two pantomimes, reminiscing, undergoing floggings, taunting, healing and freeing an eagle, and dying. Janacek does not offer a politically

they must suffer, so their imprisonment does not arouse a listener's complete sympathy. The prisoners' own recountings of their crimes remind the audience of the justifiable grounds on which they serve their time. The prisoner Luka Kuzmich owns up to his murdering a major while in another prison camp. The prisoner Skuratov recounts that he murdered the rich man for whom his girlfriend had left him. Every one of the other prisoner's misdeeds end in self-defeating violence, mistreating and perpetrating violence on each other.

The action ends ambiguously. There is release from hell and there isn't - the governor apologises to the aristocratic prisoner for having flogged him, he then receives a pardon and regains his freedom. Symbolically the eagle, now healed, also is set free and flies away, yet the other convicts remain to go back to work.

In this opera Janacek writes heavily programmatic music, perhaps with too heavy a hand. One hears the chains rattling, the anvils and hammer strokes, the lashes of the whip, the tears of weeping etc. Watch out for a hallmark of Janacek's compositional technique 'speech melody'; where the melody changing as speech patterns change. You will thus hear phrases in the instrumental music repeated often, and an avoidance of thematic musical development mirroring the drama.



correct picture of the gulag or its inmates. The prisoners have suffered wrongs for which they exact violence on others and for which

The Not-So-Popular Spanners - Francesca Genesio at the Unicorn Arts Theatre

Six clowns in tights; women playing men, men playing men who play women - sounds pretty Shakespearean. Not surprising, the six characters of "The Popular Mechanicals" are in fact borrowed from "A Midsummer's Night Dream", as is the frame of the modified story. The mechanicals are a group of peasants who put on a play in honour of the Prince's wedding, but of course everything goes wrong and the incompetent oafs end up presenting a disastrous performance.

The acting is sound and the characterisation adequate, however the show suffers from a lack of novelty and an endless stream of inane gags. Keith Robinson and Tony Taylor's play aspires to resemble the bard, but lacks his mastery of puns and wit; indeed, the funniest moments are those taken from the original play. Attempting to marry the classic style to modern ideas, jingles and music, "The Popular Mechanicals" is a moderately entertaining but not particularly inspiring production.

Henry V

Memorable productions of Shakespeare's Henry V have a venerable and long tradition. The current Royal Shakespeare Company production unfortunately is not one of them. Yet the young stalls audience on the night greeted it enthusiastically. Perhaps because an LSE student who knows a manager of the company wangled 40 stalls tickets at £5 each out of him. The reason they went on offer was that tickets for this production have not been moving. Perhaps the LSEers felt they were getting a bargain and getting the real thing. They were not.

The actors were not up to it. Although they knew their lines, they performed woodenly and lacked pace. Michael Sheen might seem the choice for King Henry, who historically died at 35 of dysentery. But Sheen's youth lets him down. With Kenneth Branagh's film of 1989 in mind, in which he plays Henry, Mr. Sheen can not compete, he has not reached the stature of a king yet. Nevertheless the novice Karine Adrover delivered a masterful portrayal of the French Princess Katherine. Besides natural talent, her training at the L'Atelier International De Theatre (Paris) shows.

The eminently Shakespearean convention of having one actor fill several roles did not come off, as in the case of the role of Prologue & Chorus. After his delivery that starts the play, the Prologue immediately went into the role of the Archbishop of Canterbury. No change of dress took place, the actor played the prologue in costume resembling a cleric.

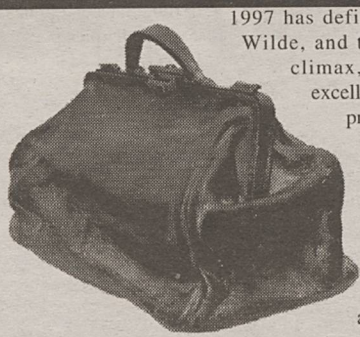
The director who does not opt for period staging treads a perilous path of inconsistency, without the guarantee of maintaining relevance to a modern context. The stage tricks do not contribute. The director opens with an entry of soldiers in modern dress simply to let the audience know to expect modern dress and disappear then a video of WWI battle appeared and disappeared. What point was made here? The costuming degenerates into a hopelessly incoherent mess. Having staged the English in Vietnam battle dress though still with swords, the director has the French appear with medieval helmets. Why use medieval English and French ensigns when present day flags would have better suited the modern battle theme the staging was aiming for? King Henry addresses a besieged French city on a loudspeaker system, yet a Frenchman replies back to him without such a system.

The director operates with little scenery and few changes of scene. This minimalism puts a greater focus and importance on the acting and interpretation of the play. Yet the costuming and acting that were there did not support the director's attempts to portray Henry as the complex and complete ruler in the mold of the perfect medieval courtier.

In short a thoroughly pedestrian and unimaginative production.



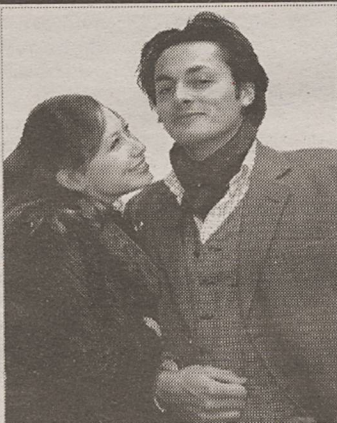
Wilde happenings at the



1997 has definitely been the year of Oscar Wilde, and to bring the proceedings to a climax, the LSE Drama Society has excelled itself with a vibrant, youthful production of Wilde's most famous play, "The Importance of Being Earnest". It was written as a biting social satire of hypocrisy in Victorian England, in the year that Wilde himself was imprisoned for homosexuality.

The plot revolves around the adventures of Algernon and Jack, two dandy fops about town, played admirably by Hugo "Hot Lips" Headicar and Andrew Beales, as they suffer the trials and tribulations of life, love and Lady Bracknell (Mia Harding). In pursuit of two foxy chicks, Cecily (bubbly Brandy Tipton) and Gwendolen (Anthea Head-Turner), they create endless confusion over the mysterious Ernest. In a triumphant finale, all is resolved by Miss Prism, the sexually-frustrated governess with a randy vicar in tow.

The performances are engaging, and the story unfolds at a frantic pace



thanks to pert direction from our very own Aggie "legs" Petchey. The set is a great improvement on previous DramSoc efforts thanks to a committed production team lead by Laura Howard.

The saucy dialogue is steered away from farce (just) and there are some wonderfully funny moments. A great night out, NOT TO BE MISSED!

"The Importance of Being Earnest"
Old Theatre
Tuesday 25 November 7.30pm
Thursday 27 November 8.30pm
Friday 28 November 7.30pm

"A HANDBAG?"



"An Enemy of the People" at the National Theatre provides an opportunity of seeing a production by Trevor Nunn, a legend of English theatre. His production powerfully develops several lines of interpretation without sacrificing the ambiguities Ibsen built into the play.

Critics traditionally class this play as a comedy, as did Ibsen himself. By the end of the play its protagonist, Dr Stockmann, the home-town doctor of a Norwegian spa resort, loses his house and job to become a social outcast, which results in his daughter losing her job as the local school teacher and in his children being barred from their private school. Does such a conclusion sound comic? The manner in which the doctor comes to this end does not occasion mirth - people rather associate Ibsen with tragedy and darkness. This play is no exception.

Nunn's production emphasises the Aristotelian requirements for tragedy in drama. He uses one set requiring no change of scenery; we focus on the spa resort, thus adhering to the unity of place, one of Aristotle's 3 requirements; this technique allows Nunn to highlight the tight flow of time and short scope of events. Nunn also makes Dr Stockmann (brilliantly portrayed by Ian McKellen) the centre of the play, thus preserving Aristotle's unity of character and action.

Dr Stockmann has the stature of the tragic hero. He is courageous and has good qualities beginning as an inventive and creative saviour of his old home town. His brother, a loner and mayor of the isolated hamlet, pulls strings to get the doctor back from a backwater practice in Northern Norway to the hamlet. The gregarious and sociable doctor, a devoted family man, proposes to turn the local waters into a spa resort. The political and administrative skills of his mayoral brother realise this project that brings prosperity to all. The doctor thus has a vested interest in this state of affairs as does the now prosperous hamlet itself, which fetes him as a hero.

Yet the doctor has what proves a fatal flaw in his character leading to his inevitable downfall. He is, in the Aristotelian manner, full of pride and self-regard (hubris) at other's expense, taking full credit for the spa.

Stockmann, suspecting that some recent cases of typhoid in the hamlet originate in pollutants in the spa waters, obtains the scientifically indisputable laboratory evidence that proves it, but does so on the quiet in order not to arouse suspicion. He does not even inform his brother, chairman of the board of the spa, who appointed him medical inspector of the baths. Nevertheless he unguardedly leaks the lab results. Word spreads like wildfire before he has informed his boss, his own brother. The town treats him as its hero until it learns that it would take some years before the baths could safely reopen. As their closure threatens the long-term existence of the spa itself and the livelihood of all, nearly everyone turns against him. His discovery turns him from a hero into a social outcast.

Stockmann's reaction is to uncompromisingly uphold the medical results and its consequences creates a paradox. He will ultimately destroy what he conceived. The individual and the collective clash, he conflict becomes an issue of self integrity.

The play should appeal to LSE students, the theme of kinship versus bureaucratic organisation appears, offering scope for modelling social game theory, for relating the individual and society, for understanding ecology, and for exploring mob and individual violence. The contaminated water symbolises a contaminated society. I see nothing comic in that. The end does, however, have its positive and heroic side. Stockmann's stand demonstrates that the strongest stand alone; he can decide for himself.

Keith Postler



Going to the Alien Resurrection preview was to be a turning point in my love life. Having finally plucked up the courage to ask him, it was to be my first date with James Crabtree. Having deliberated interminably over my hair and clothes, I rushed to the Odeon breathless with anticipation. Only he never came. He had lost the ticket, or so he told me afterwards - but I guess I know the truth. To be perfectly honest, I haven't actually seen 2 or 3, but seeing part 4 first left me with few comprehension problems. This is Alien 4, Resurrection, and of course although Ripley's guts were splattered all over the shop at the end of the last one, she has been resynthesised from a spot of blood and is very much alive. Only there is a twist, she has been genetically spliced with her arch enemy, the salivating alien queen.

ALIEN RESURRECTION

Someone decided to experiment with alien DNA to create some sort of super race or whatever, you know the kind of thing, you've heard it a million times before. Some idiot scientist thinks that he can tame the magnificence of the beast, but of course it will actually kill him.

So, we first meet the new improved Ripley suspended in a large tank, growing from an embryo into all six feet of Sigourney Weaver. She then gives birth to an alien she has been incubating, in a suitably gory manner, and comes round from the anaesthetic none the wiser for her ordeal, and knowing nothing of her past life or how she came to be. She is kept locked up as she is possessed of incredible strength, and can beat the shit out of anything without feeling any pain, and bleeds corrosive fluids. Cool.

A little spacecraft docks at the space station, and a motley crew of smugglers board with their cargo of several men in stasis. The man are to act as hosts to incubate little alien babies. The smugglers include a mechanic named Call,

played by Winona Ryder. I would like to report that a navy boiler suit does little for her, however she manages to look so undeniably perfect, like a little doll. Call seeks out Ripley and they end up friends of course.

It is not long before our alien friends escape from the lab, and set about killing everyone. Ripley and the smugglers team up in their battle to escape, and destroy the aliens once and for all (again).

Tense pursuits ensue, many gory deaths and a lot of saliva and gnashing of teeth. There is a particularly grotesque scene where they break into a lab of pickling jars containing all the Ripley clones that were imperfect before the scientists made the perfect one. She gradually regains some of her genetic memory, and knows that the alien queen is part of her. She feels the queen is in pain it turns out that the alien is giving birth, the human part of her genetic make up allows her to give birth instead of simply laying several hundred eggs.

The alien-human hybrid thing that is born is absolutely disgusting and is hell

bent on destruction, but luckily it thinks Ripley is its mother so follows her onto the smugglers' ship as they are escaping - what will happen? Will Ripley save the day or will the hybrid be brought to Earth and let loose on the people?

This film is not really a horror thriller, certainly not in the spine chilling vein of the original movie; there is no mystery here about the aliens or their destructive capacities. There is in fact a touch of humour, and some amazing make up effects as the plot trundles inevitably to its conclusion. Although somewhat predictable, there is some tension and it is an exciting film, just lacking credibility and originality. The excessive gore and the space station set could well have been borrowed from "Event Horizon", only it is put to much better use in Alien.

Alien Resurrection it may be, but not altogether worth resurrecting. YC



Imagine if you will, an era without laughter. A time of repression for liberally thinking journalists. The existence of a regime so horrible that even the slightest mention of the word cunt, and it send those lager top drink hassonites of editors into fits of convulsion. Are we living in that age today? If so what is a twisted fuckball of a hack to do?

Yes, we might all know that the mention of profane words is essentially immature. However, it ought to be understood that the continued use of profanity is to break down anyone's stilted view of what is acceptable. Content is all. Style is nothing. And the continued existence of juvenile forms of humour continues to gall all those boring old farts. Profanity works when it used to push the edges of some social framework. When it is



store. The titles included such corkers as, Men with Men 2, Black Cock White Cunt, Chic's with Dick (2-5), Shaving Cream Lesbians on a Date with Keith Postler, WENDY (Welcome to Jamaica have a Nice Day: the story of local boys and foreign men), The Big Boy Deserves Fudge, James Dong in Roger Moore, Whips Chains and the Face to Face Encounter of a Milkman and his round, and of course the favourite of the Beaver office, A Nymphoid Barbarian in Dinosaur Hell.

It is with that same sense of humour that Kevin Smith approaches his nineties masterpiece. It is a of course based on the age old construct of Boy meets Girl, Boy like Girl, Boy sees girl fist-fuck with another girl, Boy confused (yet interested), Girls goes bi for Boy, Boy has fun but feels sexually inadequate and proposes to have sex with best friend (male) in

Dirty David Chases

used, as in "From Dusk till Dawn", so as to only be cool, then that is case for censure, but on artistic and not moral grounds.

Kevin Smith, knows what Tarrantino only appears to; that is when vulgarity has power, when it connects to something broader than a reference to a female's sideways smile. The same structure goes for the knowledge of what makes contemporary cinema cool and what only appears to be cool. Any writer with the comic savvy to (in a single monologue) touch on the themes of current vulgarity, diverse (some might say deviant) sexual acts, and the deprivation of middle-class middle-town America, while being extremely funny, is a force to be reckoned with.

The scene in question is just a guy ordering a list of videos for the local video



order to over come the blockage. Things get complicated, Silent Bob (Kevin Smith himself) shows up and is funny and then it finishes. But along the way the ride is exciting. The acting by relatively unknown cast, was honest and touching. Lesbian chic lead (Joey Lauren Adams) got on my tits a bit, which was nice. No, actually her voice was very hard to get past sounding not too dissimilar to a chipmunk sucking on a helium balloon. Over the course of the film, however, the irritating voice adds to her strength of character and made her seem real.

But the real star is the subtle irony of a sincere relationship being played out in the most absurd of conditions. In that sense the script is very French. Using both, subtle character developments and giving the main stars very odd roles like cartoonists, very French. However, the movie is uniquely American in its wet and dumb (not numb) humour. "Clerks" was driven by humour. "Chasing Amy" is driven by a desire to comment on the nature of love, and how we can destroy what is actually good for us. The result is rather touching, even if the final shot overstates the point, its impact was evident long before then.

"Clerks" get mature and "Singles" get together, in one movie.

WINONA,

How he wished he had known her - in the biblical



Reality Bites

Why is she so attractive? That question is really impossible to answer. My extensive research led me to the conclusion that every single man (and some women) found a different aspect of her appealing. If there was to be a majority view, it would have to be that she possessed that shy, innocence that is inherent and evident in almost all of the most attractive women of our era: Marilyn, Grace, Marlena.

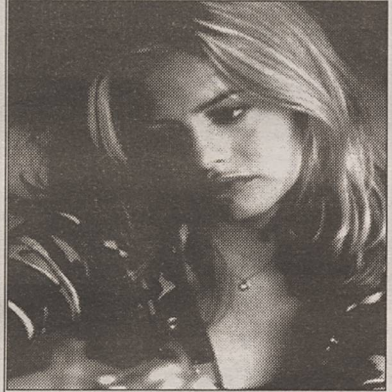
Or is it just that everyone finds the prospect of intimate physical contact somewhat exciting? This Beaver reviewer knows what he thinks.

On the opposition however, there is a large belief that her coyness is merely a facade, and her beauty very much like those of the harpies possessed. Beguiling and seductive she has (allegedly) hopped her way into the beds of Hollywood's hottest men, while simultaneously advancing her career, starting with Christian Slater and climaxing with Johnny Depp. Now that she has sucked the reserves of gorgeous actors dry, she has moved onto to rock stars. Having started with David Pirner, lead singer of that "Runaway Train" one hit wonder band Soul Asylum, moving on to Jay from Jamiroquai and currently fooling around with the "Big Me" master of the Foo Fighters, Dave Grohl.

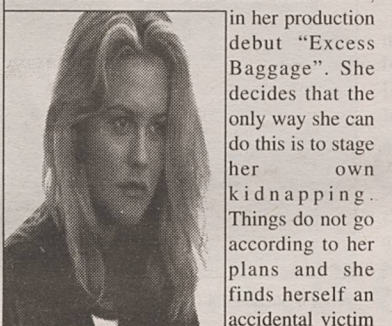
She is a temptress so sick, that no amount of doll-like innocence combined with her come-fuck-me virginal school-girl look can ever disguise. She must be destroyed, preferably in the course of some strange sexual congress with me.



Alien 4



Alicia Silverstone stars as an unhappy teenager looking for a little love and attention from her indifferent father,



in her production debut "Excess Baggage". She decides that the only way she can do this is to stage her own kidnapping. Things do not go according to her plans and she finds herself an accidental victim

Lose your Excess Baggage, Alicia

Anjali Manek is not impressed

of her own scheme. Here enters Benecis Del Toro who plays a thief who unwittingly becomes entangled in events. The film focuses on the mishappenings in Silverstone's search for her father's love and ultimately for her own identity.

For all the effort and money spent on this film, it was weak, uningenious and uninspired. The pace of the film dragged, it was confused, illogical and unentertaining except perhaps for three seconds of vaguely witty dialogue!

The cast included Christopher Walken and Harry Connick Jr but they were not allowed to fulfil their potential, being limited by a tedious script, and considering the quality of the cast, the acting was poo.

The film bordered on the farcical and did not capture the viewers interest in the first place, let alone maintain it.

A thoroughly bad film.



More Dirty Dave, more!

A definite lack of glamour

Lachesis January takes a close look at the beautiful world of modelling



Just thinking of the money...

Photo: Library

Often, in defence of the perceived lack of skill required for a certain achievement, one might say, 'it's not as easy as it looks'. Well, with modelling, it's just as easy as it looks.

In order to help sell clothes, I

crimped my hair, daubed on make-up and played fancy dress for a few hours, for which I was paid. This summer's photoshoot was for the third catalogue so far and my third experience in front of the camera.

So what does one do when modelling clothes for a catalogue? We were shooting in Kensington at the church so we tottered over the road from Kensington market, arms full of clothes and the odd accessory, talking about the weather etc. The walking continues until the right spot has been found, usually by some bleached stone or grim railings, and then we waited for the sun to behave. Apparently, flashes weren't right.

So there I am in the heat of summer, dressed in a thick velvet thing, masses of crimped hair adding to the insulation and having to stare into the sun in a wistful manner. So that outlines the tricky part of the proceedings. Photos for the previous catalogue (available on-line at www.blackrose.co.uk) are a showcase for squinting and watering eyes. A couple of them, you can see me thinking 'for fuck's sake, get on with it, I'm melting'.

The pose involves exhibiting the clothes, and their predominantly dangling sleeves, by casually placing one's arm on a ledge or hip and looking up dreamily trying to think of something vaguely sad but not too depressing. This gets a tad monotonous and sometimes it's difficult to see that I've moved all that much from one photo to the next. And there's the tits-out stomach-in aspect. Which is altogether a strain. To avoid the hassle of the first time, I opted to starve myself for a week and be able to stand there in full, flat-stomached glory. As soon as the money was in hand, chocolate was purchased.

Now here you may be thinking I am cultivating poor ideals in others by striving to be unrealistically skinny. Well, no. I just wasn't having my photo taken unless I lost a few inches and my face had

a gaunt, pinched quality to it, and one could count my ribs bones through the supposed-to-be-tight top. Plus, goths have a think about emaciation which would perpetuate with or without the encouragement of models.

One of the best bits was the reaction of the various children we encountered.

So there I am in the heat of summer, dressed in a thick velvet thing, masses of crimped hair and having to stare into the sun in a wistful manner

Close by the church and gardens there is school and at various points in the day, the children a paraded through the churchyard in single file, probably for choir or some such nonsense. So we were standing there, feeling scary, and the little darlings did that inquisitive thing that children shamelessly do. So, because

they'll believe next to anything if there's a vague shimmer of evidence for it, we became supermodels and enjoyed their far from incredulous stares. I guess the Halloween comments were inevitable; I thought it best just to say, 'yes' to 'are you a witch' just to make them go quiet and fuck off. I don't think their teacher was pleased by our malingering but the kids had plenty of questions that needed to be answered. And lo, we preceded to destroy stereotypes while Steve, the photographer, went off to find a good piece of wall for background. It clear that most kids don't know enough about minority ways of life. If they only went home and asked their parents too many awkward questions that can't be answered, my work was done.

I also had the bright idea that, considering this was the best I was going to look until next time I am invited to help out, and that passport photos always depict one at one's worst, it would be a good idea to do the photos and hope for some happy medium. It worked and I'll have to remember that for next time.

Modelling's an enjoyable occupation for a day or two. It's very clear why people enjoy it so much and Ricki Lake and other talk shows often centre around teenage girls wanting to be the centrefold etc. etc. However one looks, and I'm no picture, it makes one feel good. It's like somebody nice taking notice of you in a club, or being flirted with. It's not essential for self-esteem but it gives you a little high and certainly worth the hassle. However, doing a catalogue for an old friend every so often is a long way from catwalk to say the least. Plus, at nineteen, I'm too old for that kind of thing.

Giddens goes forth

Adventures of the leading sociologist in Britain

I had an early morning phone call from Tony today. He was terrified. His voice shaking with fear. Apparently Cherie had discovered a copy of The Sun stuffed under his bed. This annoyed the two million pounds a year lawyer, but it was nothing compared to her wrath when she found pages 2 and 3 stuck together.

After our conversation, I ambled down to Hyde Park where it had been rumoured there was going to be a Demonstration.

to me since my confession. New Britain. New LSE. Modern, new... New Ffifon. NEW ERECTION! Fresh...new...modern...[That's enough - Ed.]". Apparently, the thought of fresh, new, young Ffifon in a modernised new tight dress provoked hardening of his Old Labour dinosaur in his New Labour Calvin Klein's. I have always known Tony to be a master debater, but discovering him to be a masturbator is news to me.

Needing to calm him down before his speech (on which I was consulted in my capacity as the leading sociological expert on Foreign Affairs) I had to think fast. Tony was about to launch (for the 20th time) his Modern New Labour, Fresh New Britain: New Ethical New Foreign Policy. I knew in his current state it would sound like ungenue bollocks (which obviously it is, but we don't worry about minor details like the truth). All I could think of was to reassure him that it could be worse. He could be in the same situation as Ken Clarke - married to his mum. But when Tony replied "What's wrong with Mrs Clarke?" I thought it was time to change the subject.

After our conversation I ambled down to Hyde Park where it had been rumoured there was going to be a Demonstration. I had taken the precautionary measure of disguising myself as a non-Leading Sociologist in the World common person. Eventually after much searching I came across a group of die-hard Socialists standing around dustbin fire singing Revolutionary songs to the accompaniment of a guitar with one

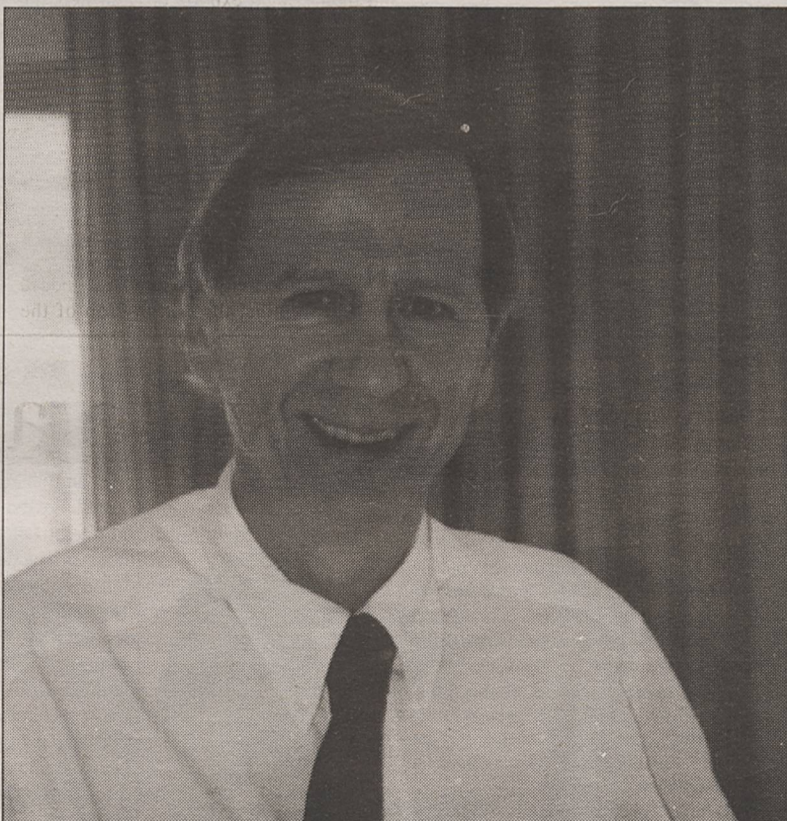
string. After a while they broke into chant, shouting "They say cut back; we say fight back!". They then sang optimistically "Build a bonfire, build a bonfire put Blunkett on the top, put a hedgehog in the middle and burn the F***ing lot". I thought that a more appropriate song

might be "Give us money for drugs and beer. At least an extra grand a year". However, I bit my WORLD LEADING SOCIOLOGIST'S TONGUE and enquired: "I'm looking for the demonstration against student fees. Have you seen it? I've heard there's going to be

thousands of people!" The longhaired dirty one with ten rings in his nose explained that THIS was the demonstration. "Ahhh", I said. "A good turn out then!" To which another dirty joint festooned comrade grunted "Yeah man. Revolution's just round the corner."

I asked them to take me to their Leader. They looked hesitant, congregated into a huddle and seemed to be discussing my Revolutionary credibility. I overheard the phrase "He might even buy a copy of Socialist Worker" to which I replied "I've only got Switch". However they didn't seem to understand this. After I'd torn a hole in my shirt, ruffled my hair, rolled in the mud and pretended I didn't have a job, they decided that I was suitable Revolutionary material. They escorted me over to a tank like skip with rubbish leaking out of it, and announced that this was their Leader, non other than Stalin Spice. At last I had seen this mythical, goddess like figure in the flesh. She bellowed, "Long Live the Revolution!" I was totally overcome. In complete awe I found myself agreeing that Tony was an evil capitalist class traitor who should be killed slowly. By now I was in a dazed stupor. However I seem to recall saying that she could occupy my office anytime. OH SHIT!

As I sit in my study lined with books written by myself (THE WORLD'S GREATEST SOCIOLOGIST EVER) reflecting on my adventure, I come to the conclusion that although Stalin Spice talks a load of bollocks, at least she gives a shit. Which is more than can be said for most students. Bloody Students!



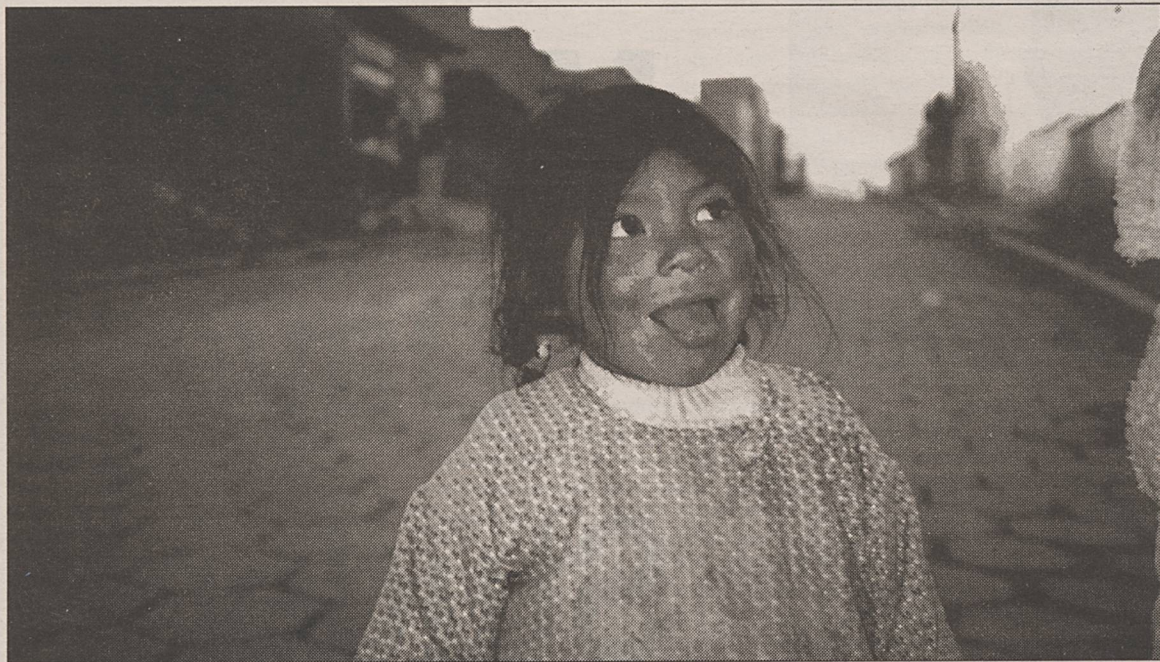
What a successful day!!

Photo: Library

He asked me (in my capacity as leading sociologist in Britain) whether Kurvy Karen on the 29th was nicer than luscious Linda on the 30th. I was shocked, and asked him whether he was having any problems with Cherie. He replied in hushed tones: "She hasn't been speaking

El Niño is back in business

Mathieu Robbins, examines the El Niño phenomenon, a periodical localised current with global repercussions, active this year, and its many impacts around the World.



The Bolivian Altiplano: will she go hungry this Winter?

Scientists are anxiously monitoring the temperature of the Pacific Ocean amid fears of the worst El Niño current this century appearing off the coast of Peru. El Niño, meaning "the child", is the name given to a warm current which appears in the Pacific Ocean every two to seven years. These are exceptionally warm and last for up to 22 months. They have a huge impact, not only on the Ocean, but also on the global climate. These currents are responsible for droughts and forest fires in Australia, India, Indonesia and Southern Africa, as well as torrential rains and flooding in South America, especially Peru.

Here is a quick explanation of how a Niño current appears and what its direct implications are. Normally, the Pacific is cooled off by constant trade winds: east-to-west breezes that push warm surface waters away from the ocean's eastern side (Peru and Ecuador), and allow cold water to rise from its depths in its place. This displaced surface water piles up in the West, around Australia and the Philippines, making it several degrees warmer and a metre or so higher than the eastern side. What happens when these winds slacken even briefly however, is that the water begins to slosh back across the ocean, while the upwelling in the East slows down. Once this happens, the close connection between the Ocean and the atmosphere causes it to continue. The warmer the eastern ocean gets, the warmer and lighter the air above it gets, hence more

similar to the air on the West side. This reduces the difference in pressure across the ocean. Since winds are caused by

Inland, El Niño's effects are similarly cataclysmic... desperate mothers were trying to give their children away to visitors.

differences in pressure, the easterly tradewinds slow down further, letting more warm water flow back east.

This results in effects similar to shifting the Western Pacific and its weather systems 6,000km east. The tropical rainstorms usually over Indonesia, the Philippines and Northern Australia do not materialise, as they are caused by the warm water brought by the tradewinds.

The western coast of South America, however, used to dryness allowed by the cold ocean, gets torrential downpours. The impact of this does not limit itself to the South Pacific however. Storm fronts formed

in the Pacific hit the North American coast further South than usual, so California gets unusually wet. A change in the weather patterns over North Africa allows more high-level clouds to travel on towards the Middle-east, thus giving the region extra winter rains.

The last big El Niño current in 1982-83 caused a 12% plunge in Peru's GDP. Agricultural output fell by 8.5% while fishing production fell 40%. It was the strongest this century and is estimated to have caused at least \$13 billion worth of damage across the globe. The Peruvian coast is normally influenced by the cold Humboldt Current, which brings cool waters North from Antarctica. This causes Peru's coastal regions to be desertic- rather than tropical- and also provides a huge supply of fisheries, particularly Pacific pilchard and horse mackerel.

Thanks to these, Peru is the World's largest exporter of fishmeal. These fisheries and their related exports brought Peru \$1 billion in export income (20% of the total). El Niño's warm currents kill off the plankton which feeds these fisheries, forcing them to starve or to move South to the Chilean coast. The warm humid air causes storms and heavy rainfall which causes flooding, destruction and sometimes deaths on Peru's normally desertic Northern coast, as well as wreaking havoc on the farms of this area and of the Andean foothills. In 1983, the desert city of Piura was flooded for four months, the cotton crop of the

surrounding valleys washed away, and mudslides blocked roads and railways into

The impact of El Niño on World economies can therefore be severe, and financial commodity markets are put under serious pressure to anticipate these.

the Andes damages enough to impede the transport on mineral resources from mountain mines.

Inland, El Niño's effects are similarly cataclysmic. The Andean Altiplano region, the 4,000 metre high plateau around Lake Titicaca shared by Bolivia and Peru, is hit by droughts. In 1982-83, this resulted in the failure of the potato crop, and caused disturbing scenes where desperate mothers were trying to give their children away to visitors. El Niño is even being blamed for the catastrophic droughts which have affected Brazil's poverty-stricken North-eastern region, on the other side of South America.

The impact of El Niño on World economies can therefore be severe, and financial commodity markets are put under serious pressure to anticipate these. At the Chicago Board of Trade, sugar, cocoa and wheat futures have all risen in price as it is anticipated that these crops will be damaged. In Australia, El Niño is thought to be the cause of a drought which could reduce this year's wheat harvest by up to 30%. Lack of

rain is endangering the cocoa crop in Côte D'Ivoire, which produces 40% of the World supply. The Ok Tedi copper mine in Papua New Guinea has been all but closed as the Fly river, on which it relies for power and transport, has dried up.

El Niño predictions have hit the stockmarkets as well. Analysts at American investment bank Smith Barney are suggesting buying shares in Peruvian cement maker Cementos Lima, in anticipation of high demand if rains wash away buildings. Similarly, UCP Backus, a Peruvian brewer, as warm weather increases beer consumption. They recommend selling shares in Telefonica Del Peru, however, as the weather conditions could destroy and block the installation of telephone lines.

Progress has been made however since the 1982-83 Niño in the tracking and prediction of the phenomenon. That one had caught its victims by surprise, but Pacific Ocean temperature studies have been carried out since that episode and the Ocean's temperature is much better monitored today. As a result, it will hopefully be possible to better anticipate the effects of the Niño.

In Peru, for example, if more rain than usual is expected, farmers can change their crops from their usual cotton- which grows in drier climates- to rice. Also, Peruvian experts are playing down the gravity of this year's Niño. It is strong, but only when its rains arrive will its effects be measurable. In 1983, Pacific waters reached eight degrees Celsius above normal. Present readings are so far four to six degrees above normal.

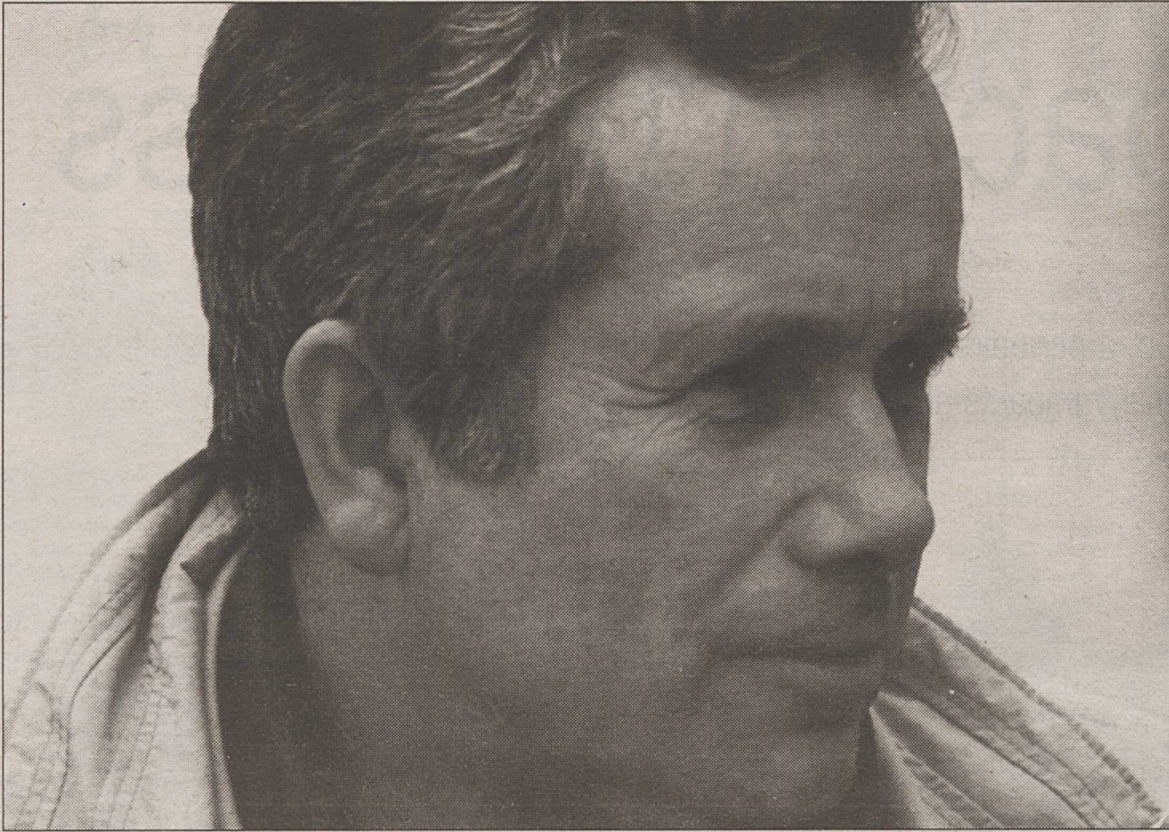
Hence, though Peruvian President Alberto Fujimori is already appearing on Peruvian television attending building projects designed to avoid the country Niño-related damage, such as dam reinforcements. Hopefully, they won't be needed.



Would YOU like to write about international affairs?

If you are interested, contact me,

Mathieu Robbins as M.A.Robbins@lse.ac.uk



Happier days?

Will you recognise me if you saw me," he asked, offering me his mobile number just in case problems cropped up. Who could fail to recognise the trademark white suit-oh-so-noticeable in last week's session of Prime Minister's Question's which was concerned almost entirely with the Labour government's funding scandal. Who then can profess without shame that they know nothing of Bell's confrontation in April with Christine and Neil Hamilton on Knutsford Green and the media frenzy that subsequently dogged both candidates for the seat of Tatton?

The Commons Standards and Privileges Committee ruled earlier this month that there was "compelling" evidence that Neil Hamilton had taken stuffed envelopes from Mohammed Al-Fayed, although there was "no absolute proof." Hamilton's conduct had fallen "seriously and persistently below the standards which the House is entitled to expect of its members," ruled the committee, as a consequence of Hamilton's acceptance of gifts such as free stays at the Ritz. I met Bell the day before the less formidable of the Hamiltons was to make his submission to the House Committee.

The jaded student would view him as useless - he has not been grounded in the dialect of Mandelspeak. Instead, meet the idealistic politician, not in search of office or re-election. Bell is first and foremost a hack. He argues for a principled foreign policy, one which specifically does not sell arms which can be used in any repressive regimes. Few MPs can be found today who are vehemently in favour of such a policy: Ann Clwyd being an exception with her campaign against the Indonesian government's actions in East Timor.

The teddy-bearish Bell settled himself nicely into the organised mess that is *The Beaver* office, (after the obligatory joke about the paper's title), swinging his feet up onto the table. Slightly awkward, he played with his mobile phone as he spoke to me, blissfully oblivious to the number of people who had gathered to listen to him.

He seemed a rather sad person. Perhaps his warning for aspiring television journalists to stay away from war reporting because of the impossibility of normal life and a settled marriage bore personal meaning: he is now divorced. I doubt however, that this would dissuade many in the profession: this is already a widespread problem for correspondents and war coverage carries the most cachet for assignments.

He of-the-white-suit professed that the only way he managed to keep them clean in war zones was not by washing them, but by merely arriving with suitcases full of them, and leaving with piles of dirty washing. Yet it borders on the sublime that a hardened war correspondent would reveal himself as clinging to various superstitions:

thus the white suit as a protective talisman and his ability to sing all the words to Willie Nelson's "On the Road Again": Bell's "mantra", as he put it.

Nearly three decades of reporting wars would have a strange effect on a person - after all, it is one thing to be there to report and be witness to the atrocities committed, and it is even worse to stand by in frustration waiting for help from the international community which never appears. Bell confessed himself to be saddened most in his capacity as a war-reporter by the indifference of governments and the ineptitude of the United Nations in Bosnia.

There is a particularly striking passage in his memoirs, when Bell describes Dutch UN troops urging women and children not to panic as they were herded into pens under the guns of Serbian troops, as they saw their civilian men of military age being led away for 'questioning' as suspected war criminals. The Bosnian War was one war which changed the way that reporters felt about neutrality and the subsequent influence on their reporting: thus Bell's arguments for the abandonment of the purportedly objective stance adopted by reporters in war zones.

Ironically, Bell pointed out a particular lapse in standards of reporting: a story on a helicopter under fire was re-constructed and presented to viewers as the real event, with the network's knowledge. He also warned against the increasing tendency of various television networks to fiddle with the truth for the sake of the story. This has coincided with the fractured direction he perceives television news to be proceeding in, (veering between 'hard' and 'soft' news) with an audience which is now much more uncertain.

Bell cited the example of the American television networks, which he sees as having "completely given up" on hard news, emphasising the coverage of the OJ Simpson trial as a watershed which hijacked the news agenda for two years. He agreed that the "dumbing down of news", as it is so termed in the US, was coming to Britain: as reflected by ITN and the poor coverage of Bosnia by the non-BBC networks.

The decline in interest in foreign news both here in Britain and the US (thus the subsequent cutbacks in foreign bureaus throughout the world) came here with the end of the Cold War. This issue is of particular significance and is already being debated in the US, where highly negative impacts are expected on the public's awareness of politics and the roles that they will play as the members of a democracy.

"We've moved into an agency world", Bell comments (referring to the increasing dependency of print and television press on outfits such as Reuters and Associated Press). He highlights the loss of authenticity which comes with the use of

agency pictures or articles, declaring the agencies inadequate as the sole providers of foreign news.

The BBC's new 24 hour news cable channel (News 24, fronted by former BBC Washington DC correspondent Gavin Esler) is unnecessary, says Bell, reluctant to criticise Director-General John Birt. He would apparently have been retired after the general election and will thus be unable to return to reporting once his term is over. The 'war-zone thug' as he terms himself in his memoirs, declares no desire to front to anchor the evening news, on the basis that it is not interesting enough and that the money is not that important.

Opposed to university fees, Bell also criticises Britain's actions as "the lap-dog of the US", citing former Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's tendency to pay homage at "the court of King Ronald". Interestingly enough, Bell declared his intentions to vote against the lowering of the age of consent for homosexuals. When confronted about the age discrepancy between homosexuals and heterosexuals and the resultant inequality, Bell promptly declared that heterosexuals should have their age of consent raised to 18. Then, however, consider that this is the unique example of a politician who does not seek re-election.

Martin Bell is endearing in a strange way: the melancholy which seems to surround him and his tendency to be outspoken and not toe the official lines, combine to create a certain aura around him which can bring out one's sympathy. Or perhaps I am entirely wrong and he was merely tired on the day that we met.

Laid-back in *The Beaver* office

Photo: Gemma Tortella-Proctor

All Hail The Modern Day Student Hero

Liz Chong speaks to
Martin Bell, member of
Parliament for Tatton
and former BBC hack

English Attack The French

Desdemona's comments on the English Designers conquering of Paris

So who are the heroes? The new trend-setters in Paris consist of a more or less young, rebellious fashion crowd who want to change the old, arrogant capital of France.

Bon, so the leader of the early 80s and 90s was good old Vivienne Westwood. Her collection is indecent, frivolous and always with a touch of old English 18 century style. Doesn't sound too bad, does it? She reinvented the 35 cm Plateau shoes which even brought Naomi Campbell (the black SUPERMODEL) to fall on the catwalk in one of her fashion shows. Same Vivienne doesn't seem to care much of what people think about her (absolute correct attitude in my opinion) and wears a see-through dress for example without any item of underwear...even in her fifties...OK Kate Moss (the British SUPER MODEL) did that, too, however, she added to the transparent dress a white simple slip and her unforgettable youth, which actually looked really nice. Ms Westwood's fashion collection is also famous for the Corset, which creates a marvellous décolleté, even when there isn't a lot to create from.

The four younger Musketeers are Alexander McQueen, Stella Tenant,

John Galliano and 'Miss Stella McCartney junior'. Whilst the first 3 represent old traditional Haute-couture houses, Miss McCartney who recently had her own final examination fashion show for college, of course without the help of her famous daddy. However, good old Paul made the music for her show and her model friends Kate (...Moss, the British SUPER MODEL) and Naomi (...Campbell, the black SUPER MODEL) walked for her show just by chance, right...we believe...Now she has succeeded Karl Lagerfeld, ex head of Chloe.

My personal favourites, Alexander McQueen designs for Givenchy and John Galliano for Christian Dior, both very famous and prestigious French Fashion Houses. (if you don't know what to do with your grant, just pop in their departments at Harrods and get yourself one of their jackets for sloppy 550-750 pounds....)(if you still have some spare change - get me one, too, thanks) Alexander is from East London, had really nice dreadlocks (which he unfortunately cut now) and is the new *Enfant terrible* in Paris.

The other British and very stylish export is John Galliano, a very dramatic figure with pointed beard and cane. He is

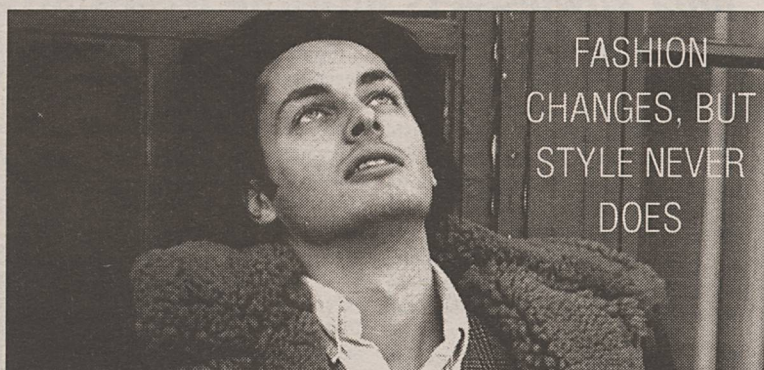
the creative head of Christian Dior, a very expensive Haute Couture shop for example in Sloane Street. He makes very female and light dresses ie very see-through....All three are graduates from St Martins College of Art and Design. So is for example Antonio Berardi, who is the new star in the fashion sky and is said to join the Designer team of Versace.

The last one with the latest new ideas is Stella Tenant, who designs now as well. She is an ex-super model, as well as being a catalogue model for Chanel. That helps, as she knows the fashion business already. So the career chances of super models have rapidly increased: from 'B-movie-soft-porno-actress over to test drivers for airbags (Claudia Schiffer and the new Citroen advertising spot) to fashion designers. I would call that a career, especially if you remember that the only qualifications you need i.e. creativity and drawing talent, you can learn by just wearing some clothes for Designers and walk in them a little bit around to funky music in front of some 'paparazzi'.

So my knights of the British fashion attack, tell the frogs and arrogant stuffy Paris off and spread out the new English fashion message...(don't take that personal, I love the French....)!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Announcing the first week of the Beaver Style Award

This weeks entrant: HUGO



I am an Alien
I am a legal Alien
I am Englishman in LSE!



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Gargle at the Dargle (with wax!)

Julia Vowles gets into the Irish spirit in order to review The Waxy's Dargle

Keeping to the tradition of never saying 'no' to someone with an Irish accent, nor to the opportunity of a Guinness on tap, the invitation to dine at Waxy O'Conner's was one that could not be passed up. Sceptical as to whether its place among the ten finalists in the 1996 Evening Standard Pub of the Year Awards was well-deserved, or purely down to the luck of the Irish, my Leprechaun chum and I embarked on our voyage of discovery in the realm of what is one of London's premier Irish Pubs.

Waxy's is deceptive from the outside, appearing rather small and somewhat empty. However, it is actually something of a tardis, as it opens out into 9000 square feet of adjoining rooms and staircases, incorporating a total of four separate bustling bars, each with their own individual character and artifacts. Of particular interest was the Church, complete with pulpit and confession box, ideal for the sinners amongst you, and the Tree room featuring a huge 250 year old

beech tree which appears to be growing through two storeys (be sure to mind your head). Each bar unsurprisingly stocks a full range of traditional Irish stouts (including Guinness, Beamish and Murphy's) along with an excellent selection of Irish Whiskey and the famous (!) potcheen (answers on a postcard). The subdivision of the pub into smaller rooms undoubtedly contributes significantly to the warmth and friendliness that the pub exudes. Waxy's also boasts all-Irish staff (so try not to be too demanding and remember to order your drinks one at a time using words of one syllable), traditional music for you to enjoy (no wonder they keep winning the eurovision song contest), and of course, the all-important luscious green decor. These factors, along with the predominantly Irish customers, combine to create the unmistakable and unbeatable atmosphere

of a traditional Irish pub. It is easy to overlook the restaurant, as it is relatively small, seating only 45 people, and tucked away in the depths of the building. The Waxy's Dargle candlelit restaurant, as it is known, is yet another 'interestingly' decorated room. The walls are adorned with shop-front window displays, and I was particularly delighted to be sitting next to the butchers, which meant that I was subjected to a papier maché cow staring at me whilst I devoured my steak. The far wall contains a real window, which enables you to observe the chefs as they prepare your meal (they even wave at you if you're very lucky). The restaurant serves traditional Irish food, and as Ireland is better known for its stouts and whiskeys, this perhaps explains the rather limited menu. For starters there is fish, fish, fish and more fish. The au nature Rossmore Oysters (£4.95) served with

soda bread are recommended (especially if you plan on a night of passion to follow - personally I can think of better turn ons), as well as Crab Claws and Mussels (£4.95). For main course there isfish (and four non-fish dishes for added variety); Waxy's Seafood Platter (£11.00), Goat's Cheese Salad (£5.30), Chargrilled Pork Chop (£6.30) and Chicken Supreme (£6.75) are a selection of the 'specialities' that Waxy's has to offer. If you are a seafood fan, I'm sure the Waxy Dargle experience would be wonderful. I was less enthusiastic considering my fish allergy, and was so relieved to read on the menu that they offer "a different selection of mouthwatering deserts each day". To add insult to injury it just so happened that on that particular day they had no deserts. Still, it didn't matter, as we were overcome with the laid back Irish atmosphere, to be sure!

If you want to have a relaxing candle lit meal in quiet surroundings then this is the place for you. Combined with an excellent quality of food this is about as close as you will get to the authentic Irish experience without crossing the Irish Sea.



HOUGHTON STREET HARRY

Harry is thinking about bananas. Actually, Harry is thinking about all sorts of things. Like how long those jumbo frankfurters they advertise in Benji's really are. Like how nice it is of Paula Jones to tell us about Bill Clinton's executive arm, and so give hope to all men with genitalia! 'differences'. Honestly dear, his curves upwards; mine droops downwards - what's the difference?

But let's get back to bananas. Bananas are, apparently, the most complete food there is. This is interesting, in the way many boring facts seem interesting if presented with enough solemnity. Harry's remaining reader writes: That sentence is itself a great example of a boring fact presented with immense solemnity. Unfortunately, it wasn't 't interesting.

Think about monkeys, for example. They eat bananas. Since they're the complete food, they don't need anything else. So they get to do all the things humans would do if they didn't spend all their time making sure of their next meal. Like giggling up trees, and having sex, and scratching.

A pedant writes: But the idea that monkeys eat nothing but bananas is a myth. In fact, many species of monkeys eat much more than just bananas.

But myths are important. They give us the simple truths and received ideas to which we need to reduce the complexities of life. Take, for example, the myth that bananas are the most complete food there is. As more and more people believe it, and more and more people write newspaper articles mentioning it, more and more people will eat bananas and nothing else. And then they'll die. The monkeys will kill them.

A pedant insists: But I tell you! monkeys don't eat that many bananas!

And after the monkeys kill off all the humans they will develop a simian society. But humanity may live on in some distant corner of the galaxy, tending the barren soil and dreaming of bananas. One day, a few of these humans may return to Earth to find nothing but bananas left.

A lawyer writes: I represent the writers of the 'Planet of the Apes' films, and you are

The remaining reader writes: Yeah, good point. He 's always ripping other people 's ideas off like this.

An intellectual writes: But surely this is just part of the cross-fertilisation necessary to a vibrant creative culture?

Look, do you mind? F**k off out of my column, will you? I've got a lot more banana jokes to get through.

Pedants, intellectuals, reader, lawyers, by-standers, passers-by: No, why should we?

Because it's my column. Why?

Because I write it. So do we (see above).

But you're all my creations, parts of me let off the leash.

So? So if I say hop it, you bloody well better hop it.

Make us. - Look if you stay here, people will think I'm schizophrenic.

A pedant writes: Contrary to popular conception, 'schizophrenia' does not refer to multiple personality disorder but to-

1. A linguist writes: But language is constantly evolving and- Help! Let me out! Help!



Holstein brings Bavarian Christmas to London!

After a year spent touring the UK, the Holstein Bier fest extravaganza makes a triumphant return to London for a special Christmas run. The celebration begins in Finsbury Park on Monday 24th November and does not stop until Sunday 14th December.

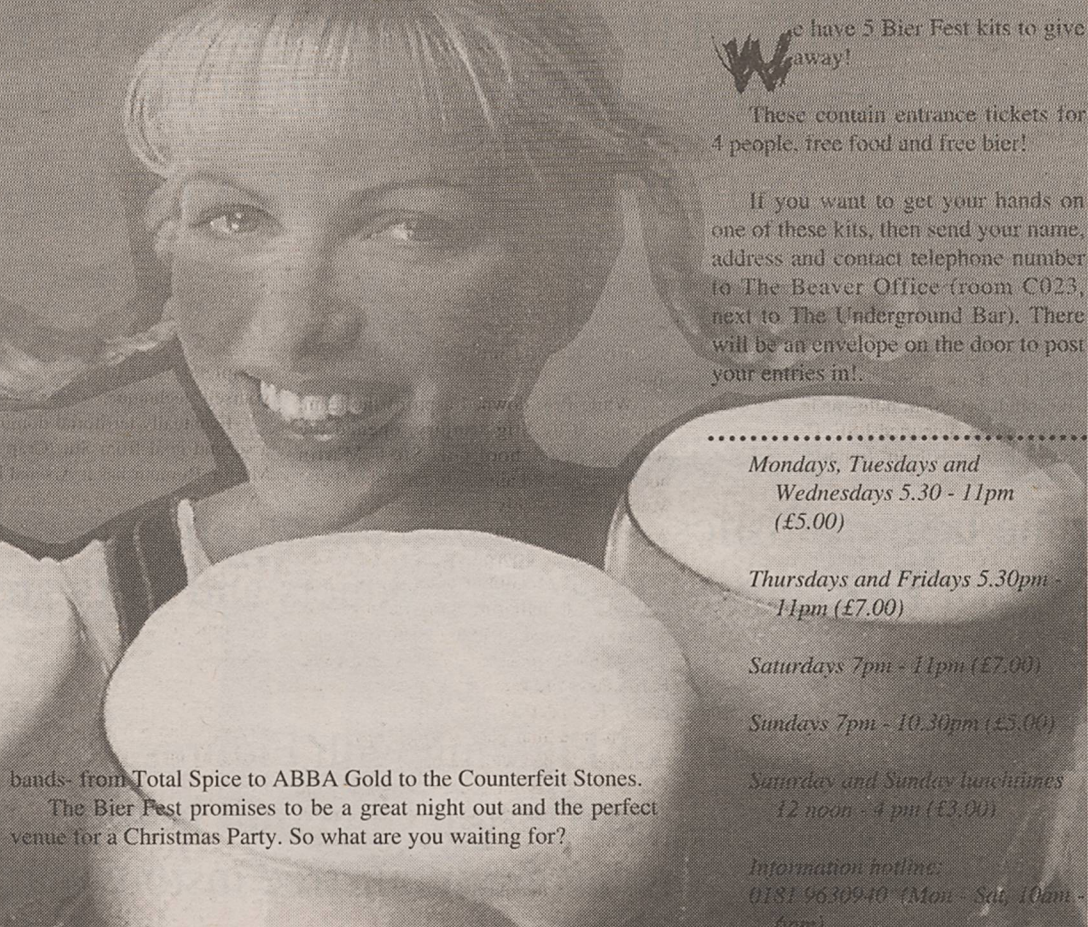
More than 45,000 Christmas party-goers are expected to attend the event, which recreates a genuine German Bier Fest. Revellers will enjoy two pint steins of Holstein Export served by waiting staff wearing traditional lederhosen. Authentic beer fest food includes sausages, sauerkraut and spit roasted pork will add the the Germanic flavour.

The specially constructed beer hall, which covers an area of 3,000 square metres and seats 2,500 people, will have a festive atmosphere, with 25 Christmas trees, 400 yards of tinsel and 3,000 bulbs illuminating the outside.

There are more than 300 tables and 550 benches and Holstein Export is served by 60 lederhose-wearing waiters and waitresses, who are trained to carry six or more full steins - that's more than 12 pints at once.

Resident oompah band, the Holsteiners, will lead the entertainment with rousing drinking sounds and modern classics with an oompah twist. Every night will end with Bier fest goers dancing in the aisles to top live tribute

Finsbury Park, London
24 November- 14 December 1997



Competition!

We have 5 Bier Fest kits to give away!

These contain entrance tickets for 4 people, free food and free beer!

If you want to get your hands on one of these kits, then send your name, address and contact telephone number to The Beaver Office (room C023, next to The Underground Bar). There will be an envelope on the door to post your entries in!

Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays 5.30 - 11pm (£5.00)

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Sundays 7pm - 10.30pm (£5.00)

Saturday and Sunday lunchtimes 12 noon - 4 pm (£3.00)

Information hotline: 0181 9630940 (Mon - Sat, 10am - 6pm)

bands- from Total Spice to ABBA Gold to the Counterfeit Stones. The Bier Fest promises to be a great night out and the perfect venue for a Christmas Party. So what are you waiting for?

Bad(minton) boys relieve sexual frustrations on oppositions (shuttle)cocks

A perverted account of something as mundane as a Badminton match

LSE Badminton 1st team 6 - 3 IC Badminton 1st team

Lee Federman

The Bad Boy Badminton crew defended their impressive record this week, throwing their imperialist challengers off course and leaving them shipwrecked in our unbreakable fortress of a badminton stadium.

Runners up in last years league, the unsociable motherfuckers arrived without an ounce of personality and could barely manage a smile all afternoon as they were comprehensively demolished by the LSE battering ram. Ken Lo was playing his first competitive match since taking an early retirement after an impressive first year display, 2 years ago. Intensive sessions of lubricated masturbation had of course taken its toll on the poor fella but he looked back to his brilliant best. Combining with his partner Peter 'What a Shot' Wu, they did their job superbly, disposing of their second and third pairs without breaking sweat.

Peter, more of a bondage expert, impressed the crowd with his Axel Rose impression and his mesmeric, gleaming smile caused palpitations in the hearts of

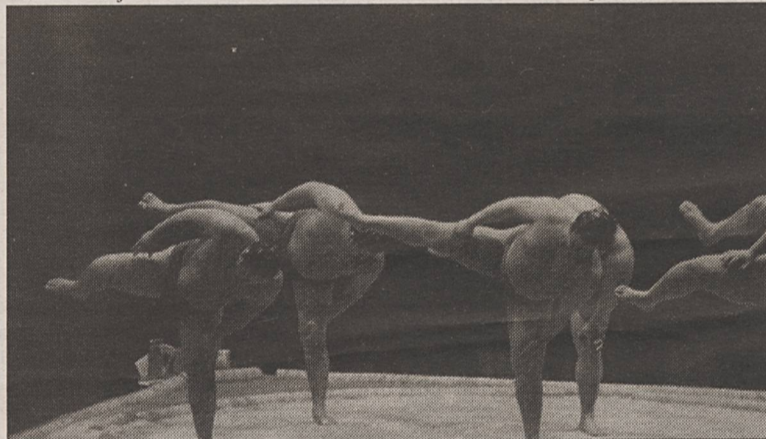
the opposition.

The second pairing of Thuan 'I want my name in the paper' Po and superstar Malaysian, Prashanth Rajaratnam, kicked some arse winning 2 and being cheated out of a third game. Rajaratnam, displaying undeniably masterful strokeplay, courageously carried the volatile Po just as Cantona had carried

the previous evening so perhaps this could explain his poor form and his permanent erection. Clearly embarrassed by this, he hid himself from his hysterical opposition, hoping that they wouldn't notice but when he went for an easy drop shot at the end of the match, he found himself uncomfortably caught in the net. The martial arts expert, in a state of

the match came after Mohammed Khan and Suhail Shaikh demolished their ugly, moody and very bashable third pairing. Khan in his customary manner complained that Shaikh had made some grave errors of tactical judgement and in 2 cases he claimed that his partner had actually hit the shuttle wide of the court. Shaikh, a notorious nutter and member of the Inner City Bad Boy Federation, was not about to take this kind of shit from a partner whom he later claimed was 'the biggest and most regular wanker he had ever come across'. Khan had never experienced such abruptness and anger at the hands of any of his partners and decided that he must be disciplined. After the initial violent struggle, Khan pulled a knife from his bag and proceeded to cut out a friendship badge which he had made especially for him earlier, and asked graciously for them to remain friends.

Fortunately, this nasty incident had a happy ending, but the episode had proven that the badminton lads are fucking hard. Tougher than the rugby boys, badder than Snoop Doggy Dog, hornier than boyzone and cooler than the Fonz, the badminton crew are in the same league as the Psychotic Mitchell brothers.



Cole through the whole of last season. Hopefully, Po will soon find his form. Reportedly, Po had had a heavy night in one of Soho's most notorious strip joints

shock, pulled himself out and then even more quickly pulled himself off after the game.

However, the main talking point of

Hit-man after Porter

Will 'Wildman' Paxton

Last week intrepid reporter 'mingers' Newton uncovered a web of corruption at the heart of our national game. Leigh 'Grobelaar' Porter's shady dealings with a Malaysian businessman, known only as Mr Big, had brought shame onto the beautiful game. Despite attempting to deny the charges Porter was unable to explain the large wad of fifty pound notes found on his person. Unfortunately the FA didn't believe that 'Canny' Pete Clegg had given them to him. (This they reasoned on the grounds that the Guv wouldn't give away 50p let alone £50000). However in a dramatic turn around, the ginger hero has reformed himself. In a brave statement he said, "I've seen the error of my depraved ways. No longer shall I wallow in the squalor of corruption. I must apologise profoundly to every one in the team. Particularly I must say sorry to the best midfield dynamo I have ever played with (Wild Man Will) for laughing like a demented cat when the poor fella was unfairly fined £10 on the train. I will co-operate fully with the police investigations." Incredible stuff. But that's not all. Mr Porter had been moved into a police safe house. A livid Mr Big has sent agents to kill the Ginger hero before he talks. Luckily for the 4th's Porter judged the security at Berrylands sufficient and

LSE 4th XI 2 - 0 IC 4th XI

joined the lads for the big game.

"It's the biggest match of the season", bellowed some Imperial idiot, as the game started. Err...no, thought some of LSE's finest. Surely that distinction belongs to the East Anglian derby, or maybe to Dundee vs Dundee Utd., but certainly it isn't some shitty BUSA (Bugger the United States of America) kick around. Other members of Clegg's army displayed joyous delight that the blind, zimmer frame bound old bloke was the referee again. He had officiated the first few home games - well, he stood on the pitch for 90 minutes at least - and it appeared he supported LSE. However LSE needed no-ones help. Imperial just didn't look like breaching the well-organised defence built around Mark 'man mountain' Tooney. When the defence was beaten an inspired Leigh 'Hans Segers' Porter showed great prowess. Indeed at one point he nearly died when forced to sprint 6 yards to slice a long ball into touch.

Chris 'Cow on the Tube' Irwin enjoyed his first start up front and the little man Stig, who last week was forced to play lift back, as he was small couldn't argue, reverted to midfield. Early in the game there had been muck consternation when a divot was discovered. The team weren't worried about twisting ankles but were terrified that Stig might fall in and not be able to get out. However it transpired that Stig was to be

injured in more conventional fashion. Five minutes before half time Stig 'Bone crusher' Rassmussen tripped over a blade of grass and was carried from the pitch in great pain. Disaster! It would have been okay if a reliable, committed replacement was on hand. Unfortunately there wasn't - the only option was to rush mr. 'canny hangover' In top action. The Headache Hero risked his feet's health and put the survival of his socks on the line by quiete literally stepping into the 'Wild Man's' shoes.

While Pete downed aspirins the team, galvanised by Stig's injury, opened the scoring. Stu 'School Girl Stud' Martin hoofed it forward aimlessly for Rabu 'Pele' Mumbutu, probably the best player in the world, to run through, take his time and climax with an orgasmic finish. With Dave 'Piss Head' McGuinness on the point of collapse the half time whistle sounded. Somehow the team had to remain motivated without the inspirational 'Canny' team talk. Fortunately the referee filled the void and told LSE "to defend like buggery."

On 'machine gun' Clegg's return the team were issued with earplugs, just in case some fool made him laugh. Fortunately the only second half joke was Imperial's awful performance. Although Kwan 'unspellable surname' Nichatoy%*?!verisillinami hasn't quite grasped the offside rule and Ken 'Sol

Campell" decided to decamp and become a striker the defence looked solid. The 'Running Man' and 'Wild Man' combination in the centre of the park protected the defence admirably. The team even felt comfortable enough to experiment with different kicking techniques. 'Canny' Pete Clegg rather extravagantly tried lying on the floor and smacking the ball like a demented worm on several occasions. 'Man Mountain' rather humourously tried the old 'go to absolutely leather ball, only to miss it completely and fool everyone, including yourself' technique.

Eventually territorial domination led to a second goal from Stu 'Crap celebration' Martin. Rumour has it Arsenal have offered £5 for the little goal machine. Disturbingly for the 4th's the sly northern Guv would have no hesitation in accepting £3 for his leading goal scorer.

With a job well done, and a possible glamour tie against Hull or even Derby awaiting, spirits were high in the dressing room. This euphoria dissipated when the two shady characters were spotted hiding behind a lamp post. Without enjoying the extravagance of the after match pie and beans, Leigh 'Fashanu' Porter was whisked away by the Met to a secret location in North London. We hope he survives until next Wednesday.

Sports Notice Board

A slightly less than comprehensive guide to the previous weeks sports results. If you want your teams score listed, then contact the sports editors.

Football

LSE 1st XI 1 - 1 IC 1st XI
LSE 2nd XI 1 - 3 IC 2nd XI
LSE 3rd XI 1 - 4 IC 3rd XI
LSE 4th XI 2 - 0 IC 4th XI
LSE Womens XI 3 - 2 IC Womens XI

Rugby Union

LSE 1st XV
LSE 2nd XV

Badminton

LSE 1st team 6 - 3 IC 1st team

Basketball

LSE Womens 52 - 46 IC Womens

Hockey

LSE Mens 1st team 0 - 8 RFH Mens 1st team
LSE Womens 1st team - Walkover

Squash

LSE Womens 2 - 3 UCL Womens

Wanted:
LSE Football team require quality goalkeepers
Contact Will Hague in the AU office

Sports writers wanted for the sports pages to cover Basketball, Squash, Table-tennis and Hockey

1st team cooler than IC

However, Mandies waist line reported to be at 'critical level'

IC 1st XI 1 - 1 LSE 1st XI

Andy Goodman

The first XI travelled to Imperial knowing that defeat in this game would make qualification to the national rounds of BUSA competition virtually impossible. Despite the notable absence of the journalistic genius and football brain Chris McLaughlin, captain Filippo Venini had the more desirable selection predicament. Most encouraging was the return of the "Ging on the wing," Matt Snotton who had successfully recovered from his operation to have three tons of bogeys removed from his overloaded nasal passage. A certainty in the starting line up was Mandie as there was no chance that his lard arse would fit on the bench. The LSE's late arrival to the game was due to special agent 007 Tibble insisting that the coach driver go completely the wrong way to try to lose Nik-Nak and Odd-Job who were close on our tale. We certainly were thankful to Bond for getting the team there alive.

Filippo "The Fonz" was still relegated to substitute unable to shake off a knee injury picked up whilst trying to kick a beer barrel in the Tuns (pretty cool eh?). This meant that Super Kevin Sharpe took over the captain's armband for the day and we felt that it was likely to be of quite some use as he never was a very strong swimmer. Kev was hoping that a solid performance in this game may enable him to get hold of the other armband or even perhaps a rubber ring.

Kev's bid for a whole collection of buoyancy aids was enhanced by his winning the toss and the LSE immediately with the "Single Midfield" leading Imperial a merry dance. Nader's vow of celibacy seemed to be profitable as he skillfully orchestrated attack after attack and Goodman's inability to pull even the roughest of the rough seemed to be doing no harm to his headless chicken impressions. It seemed only a matter of time before the Mediterranean flair of Stephano Bambino and Andreo the Roman Warrior opened the scoring and not surprisingly, the supply line was the left hand side. Matt Sutton sent a "Greeney" across the edge of the penalty box and Kevin Sharpe, always quick to take advantage of a crap Imperial defender found Andreo in space. The strength and pace of the big Italian saw him skip past two well mannered Imperial defenders who apologised profusely for getting in the way. This nice boy attitude of the Imperial defence evidently rubbed off on Andreo who made the gentlemanly

decision not to open his LSE account but to square the ball to Stephano. Thankfully for the LSE, Steph the Greek couldn't give a toss about being nice and he slammed the ball home. Fortunately for all concerned, Stephano's celebrations were only a shortened and censored version of his XXX rated dance routine to Hot Chocolate's "You Sexy Thing" which

pass, tackle or shoot. Against QMW, we may have got away with it but the opposition, being highly intelligent as Imperial students are, sensed that they were playing against a bunch of clowns. The equalising goal came as Matt "The Muppet" Miller tried his infamous drag back on the edge of his own penalty area. This is Miller's favourite move and has many times

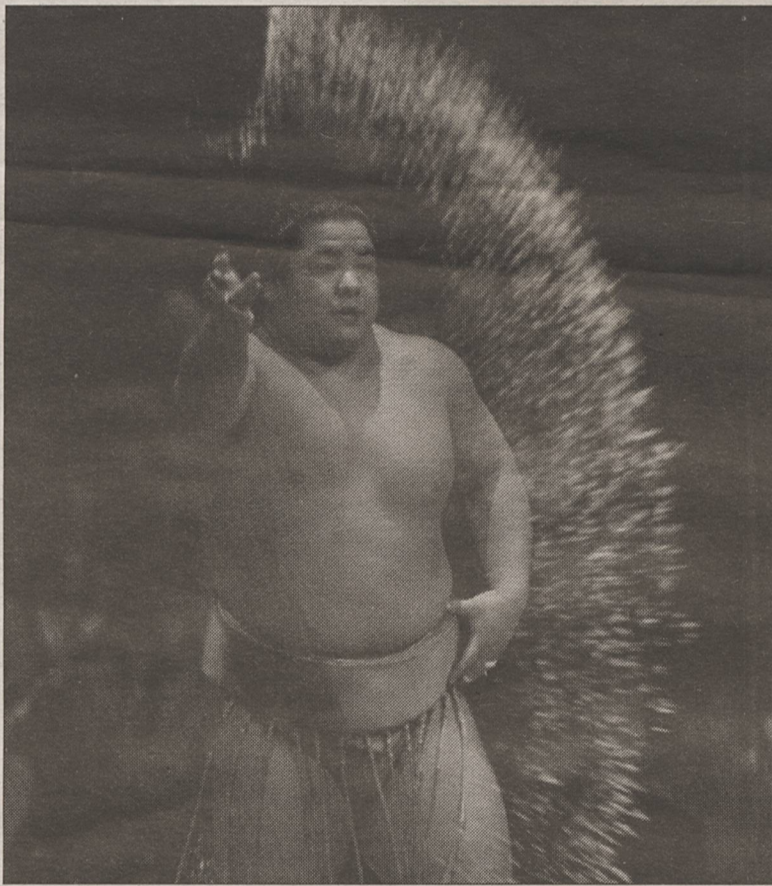
incident involving the red rug of the imaginatively nicknamed Matt "Sutts" Sutton. A goal kick from the Imperial keeper caught Sutton on his heels and his lack of attendance at Monday night fitness training left Sutton unable to evade the rapidly advancing football. Before he was able to take any evasive action, Sutton found himself heading the football. To the credit of the big Ginger, Sutton immediately apologised to his teammates and they knew they could rely on him when he assured them that it wouldn't happen again.

Whilst the LSE were under constant pressure, the back four took the necessary action to prevent Imperial taking the lead. Matt Miller and Richard Wright were at the heart of the 'married defence' and seemed a lot less edgy than the 'single midfield', perhaps due to the knowledge that they would be getting

laid before the new millennium, a guarantee that Nader and Goodman are not fortunate to possess. There were chances for the LSE to get a second goal, but unfortunately for the LSE it fell to Goodman whose ability to score on the field is almost as dire as his ability to score off it. The LSE club psychiatrist has diagnosed this inability to finish gilt edged chances as the sole cause of Goodman's rapidly receding hairline.

Filippo Venini came on ten minutes from time, but even his introduction with womanising fresher Rob Allen couldn't prevent the LSE having to settle with a point.

At least the disappointment of this performance was lessened somewhat as we could go to the top London Nitespot 'EC1' and dance the night away. All in all, it was a pretty bad day



Mandie showers the referee with pieces of 'Steak slice Ginsters'

he prefers to save for Mandie's eyes only.

LSE's dominance was slightly more understated for the rest of the half although their flowing passing would have had any opposition requesting a change of pants at the break. Scott "Brucey" Forsythe was having a "good game, good game" on the right hand side despite having to play with Mandie and it seemed that if he played his cards right he would add to his goal seven days before. Unfortunately for Scott, he opted to go higher than six, the next card was a three and he only went home with a clock radio.

As half time came, it was time for Filippo "The Fonz" Venini to work some of his old magic. Not wanting to aggravate his injury, Fonzy chose to roar onto the field on his Harley Davidson with two beautiful young girls, young enough to be his daughters hanging off the back. Could the LSE possibly fail to be inspired. Could we f?!*. The LSE stepped back onto the field unable to

had strikers tied up in knots but it seems as though, in his twenty-eighth season with the LSE, opposing strikers are getting wise to the Miller magic. The Imperial winger cut in from the left hand side and, as Goodman demonstrated a near perfect rendition of the Hokey-Kokey, a square pass allowed Imperial to equalise.

The rest of the half saw Imperial mount further pressure on the LSE. An important second half talking point was when Big Man-draker was tucking into a Ginsters Steak Slice from his secret stash in his shorts. An Imperial striker ran right past the wide-boy who felt that this was terribly unfair, remonstrating vigorously with the referee, showering the unfortunate official with low grade beef and puff pastry. This infuriated the referee who had little option but to book Mandie for speaking with his mouthful and demonstrating an unacceptable mealtime manner.

Almost as controversial was an

Player Profile

Introducing Matt 'The Magnet' Miller, 1st team football legend and the man who has notched up an astonishing five years at the LSE. As well as this he is also the man who swept the infamous 'Dirty Alex'™ off her feet and away from the grimy claws of the 'balding ex-ents sabb'™ 'Dirty Cooper'™. Today we question the self styled blonde bombshell on how he manages his 'just stepped out of a salon' hairstyle and also whether its true he shared a class with Mick Jagger in his early LSE years.



Name: Matt Miller
Nickname: 'The Magnet'
Age: 23
Date of birth: 8/10/74
Weight: 12.5st
Height: 6ft 2in
Dept: Economics
Favourite drink: Bloody Mary, Malibu and pine apple and a multitude of other benders' tipples
Favourite food: Anything not cooked by 'Dirty Alex'™

Favourite Film: A certain home video starring 'Dirty Alex'™ and the 'The Magnet' himself, that's not likely to appear on the shelves

Last CD bought: 'The Carpenters: A 25 year celebration'

Sporting hero: Kenny Dalglish

Three things you would want on a desert island with you: My mousse, my moisturiser and my mirror

Last book you read: London pub guide 1997

Most like to be stuck in a lift with: 'Dirty Alex'™ and Courtney Cox

Least like to be stuck in a lift with: 'Dirty Alex'™ without Courtney Cox

Favourite nightclub: Hacienda, Manchester Y-fronts or Boxers: Neither, 'Dirty Alex's'™ black cammy knickers. They're far more comfortable and sexy

Favourite chat up line: Matt told the sports editors; 'I've never needed a chat up line in my life. My sheer magnetic presence entices the cream of the female population to come to me'