

THE BEAVER



GusGus - **Bart**, Centre Pages



Stay up all night - **Bart**, Page 12

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SU Goes A Little Bit Black

News Team

It was out with the old and in with the new last week as the LSE voted in a spanking new Sabbatical team.

The most clear-cut winner was Jonathan Black, who gained 700 votes to take the position on the first round. Said a breathless Black 'an excellent team has won tonight - we'll all work together for LSE students.'

Black added 'I'm in shock - it's a great honour to have won by such a margin. It is a great honour to lead the SU into the new millennium. Tonight is a vote for an LSE for everyone.'

Joining Black in the crumbling East Building next year will be PuLSE supremo Jon Frewin, charged with the task of setting the Union finances in order. 'Wow, who'd have thought it,' commented Frewin. 'I am over the moon, and I will promise to make life a little bit easier. I have had far too much to drink and I can't think what to say.'

Similarly overcome was victorious Education and Welfare candidate Becky Little, who told *The Beaver* 'I can't say anything.' Maria Neophytou gave her endorsement to her successor, stifling a 'thank God!' to tell your hack 'They would have both (Little and runner up Brendan Cox) been excellent - I'm relieved there is a female Sabbatical, and I'm confident that Becky will do a good job.'

Ents was snapped up by Alan Hatton, who revealed 'I am dead chuffed. I'm off to the tailors tomorrow to get some big brown trousers and braces.' Good to see the Ward spirit will live on.

Talking of LSE traditions, there were numerous spoilt papers (and a lovely moment when a well known



Do you wanna be in my gang? Left to right: Becky Little, John Frewin, Jonathan Black and Alan Hatton

Pic: Laure Trebosc

hack looked up quizzically at the results board and asked 'who's was the only printable one. Most defeated candidates took 'the best candidate won,' adding 'the Black campaign was unbeatable.'

speech. Lewis later burst into the Beaver office, blurting 'the dream team has won,' swiftly contradicted by the words 'it's a sorry day for the union.'

However, there were murmurings of discontent over some aspects of the campaign - a mystery leaflet circulated on Wednesday morning pointed out the political allegiances of certain candidates. The mastermind behind this rather sad sabotage attempt remains a mystery, although Sam 'Sherlock' Parham is on the case.

Some were also a little peeved at the open show of support for some candidates by the current Sabbatical team. Although there is nothing in the rules to prevent this, the scars from previous hack scraps over party politics were a little too plain to see. One winner's claim that 'without Narius I wouldn't have known where to start' proved that this was a week in which no-one was neutral.

Nevertheless, there were plenty of humorous moments to ease the tension, with one bemused fresher commenting obliquely 'if that's democracy, I'm an orange.' Lewis hit on a revelation with the words 'Damn, I'll have to do economics next year,' while another moaned 'why can't they have the count in the Tuns. And the Guinness is a bit watery too, What are the Sabbs going to do about that?'

Pick of the bunch was UGM Chair Richard Wignall (who told *The Beaver* at 7pm 'I'm not confident, obviously'), who ranted 'isn't student politics supposed to be controversial and aggressive? Watch out for an assault on the top jobs next year.'

For now, however, the winners are happy to nurse their hangovers and try to remember those policies...

THOSE RESULTS IN FULL

	Round : 1	2		1	2
General Secretary			Education and Welfare		
Jonathan Black	700		Becky Little	620	
Christine Bayliss	321		Brendan Cox	500	
Dan Lewis	212		Richard Wignall	115	
Treasurer			Entertainment		
Jon Frewin	566	600 ish	Alan Hatton	561	won
Vicky Seabrooke	400	469	Gavin Freeman	314	didn't
Joe Roberts	230	-	Bruce Henderson	283	-

spoilt?) and some amusing messages, their defeat in good grace - Christine Bayliss commented magnanimously of which 'you can all kiss my arse' Meanwhile Dan Lewis was - perhaps wisely - restrained from making a

News in Brief

As PuLSE FM ends its tenure on national airwaves, URN, Nottingham University's own radio station, attempts to break the world record for the longest live radio show by one DJ, in aid of charity. On March 11, 1999, Steve Harris will attempt to broadcast for 38 hours straight, which should thus secure him and URN a place in the Guinness Book of World Records.

All funds raised will be channelled into the Comic Relief fund, and thus the broadcast almost coincides with Comic Relief Day. A native of Monmouth, Harris, 20, has been a presenter at the station for three years. He would have been presenting his regular breakfast show on the morning of the 11th, but instead decided to keep going on.

This bid to break the world record comes as a direct challenge to BBC Radio One's Simon Mayo, who will be beginning his attempt at a 36 hour broadcast at the same time. Hence, the first person to stop broadcasting will "lose". However, there are no hard feelings between the two, claims Harris. Furthermore, both are raising money for Comic Relief, and URN will be accepting pledges for dedications, while also selling off the Top Ten Records of All Time.

Station Manager Dan Symons said "For once, there's a really big buzz about this," while the support of fellow presenters has been unanimous. Symons added "Everybody's very excited, and we're all confident Steve can do it. It should be our chance to put Student Radio firmly on the map."

The station is currently broadcasting to the whole of Nottingham and surrounding areas, so the marathon attempt will reach an estimated 30,000 people. RD

Last Monday saw LSE Tories arriving at the East India club for their annual Dinner. The guest speaker was Michael Ancram.

The dinner was attended by around thirty people, despite the supposedly high cost of tickets. Present, along with four former LSE Conservative Chairs, was prospective London MEP candidate Teresa Villiers.

Lubricated with wine, the diners made short work of their Fricasse of Wild Mushrooms and Asparagus in a Tarragon Cream Baked in Puff Pastry. After the main course of Angus beef came a delectable Raspberry Chocolate Charlotte. And then came the toast.

'To the Queen and the Prince of Wales!' cheered the assembled diners, raising their glasses.

While everyone finished off with coffee, Michael Ancram gave his address. After bringing the house down with jokes about vibrating papers and floating coffins (Quoi? News ed.), he explained how the Tories could recover at the next election. It was not a matter of exposing Labour, he said, but of revamping the Conservative Party itself.

The really exciting event was the auction - sale of the evening was a bottle of champagne, signed by William Hague, was snapped up by Bernardo Duggan.

Stephen Topping

LSE studs get in the picture

Chris Roe

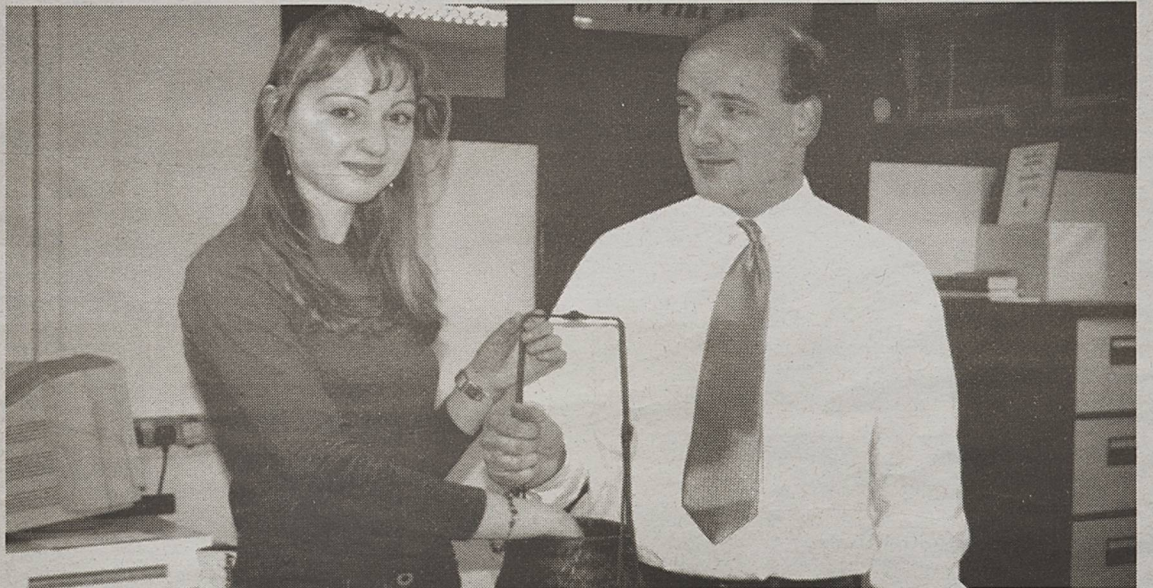
The Undergraduate Office drive to persuade continuing students to get photographed for the new campus card has been a surprising success.

65% of the students who will be required to obtain the new look card arrived to have their pictures taken before the target date of February 26. This figure has now risen to over 70%.

Assistant Undergraduate Registrar David Ashton, who has been extensively involved in the scheme, told *The Beaver* that the turnout for the photo sessions was "more than we expected."

He partly attributed the success of the sessions to advertising in *The Beaver*. He also felt that the prize draw for those who turned up on the allocated dates played a part, possibly appealing to the opportunist instincts of some students.

However, while the figures are highly promising it seems a cause for some concern that almost a third of applicable students have still not had their images stored in preparation for processing next summer. Ashton pointed out that this could lead to delays at registration next year for those who do not comply with the



And the winners are...see next week's Beaver

Pic: Laure Trebosc

guidelines, as continuing students vie with freshers for space in front of the camera.

Defaulters have been emailed in an attempt to complete the photography before the end of the Lent Term. Ashton argued that this was in the interests of students, as the Undergraduate Office did not want revision to be disrupted by the scheme.

The new campus card will

combine the functions of the current library and ID cards in a credit card format. This will come as a relief to bearers of the present flimsy and sartorially inelegant cards, which Ashton admitted were "a bit Blue Peterish." He added the new arrangements should also prove more user friendly and robust.

The scheme will also not be particularly expensive for the School. Ashton was unsure of the exact

figures, but stated that in the longer term the benefits of not issuing new cards every year will probably outweigh the set up costs. It seems likely, however, that a fee will be charged to hapless students who lose the new cards - this represents a departure from the current free reissuing system. Ashton said that this cost would reflect both the greater cost of processing the new card and also discourage card loss.

Holborn windows fly High No resuscitation for PuLSE

Narius Aga, for once, has a justifiable bee in his beret. Reflecting the outrage of the SU and the Inter Halls Committee the Gen Sec is 'appalled' by the recent revelations at High Holborn. Unknown even to some students residing there, their livelihoods are at risk from a previously unrecognized threat: windows.

The saga harks back to last summer when a visiting tourist found herself in trouble. Having informed maintenance of a problem with a window, and after receiving notice that it would be seen to in the next few hours, she calmly replied that she was actually holding the thing in her hands. It materialises that the windows have a tendency to fall out.

The reason given by the Hallis

manager, Sarah Johns, is that they are not specifically designed for student use (the irony of it) as they are a 'bit technical,' and have slowly deteriorated over three years of abuse. The issue has allegedly been addressed once already by the Estates Office, who claimed there was no problem. Under closer scrutiny the situation seems farcical. The Estates Office is said to be holding up the process once more, whilst Johns is appealing to the financial considerations involved, quoting a figure of £150,000 and pointing to the accountability of the original developers.

Johns claims the issue is being acted upon, and Aga is in constant touch with the warden and the chair of interhalls. Problem solved! HW

The success of the student-run Pulse Radio Station, which came to the end of its broadcasting period on Sunday 28th February, was marred by the theft of equipment from its office. On the 18th of February, during the period between 10:30pm to early the next morning, two Sony mini discmans, worth around £300 in total, disappeared from the Pulse office.

Those responsible for the smooth running of the radio station, did their best to establish who or what was responsible for the deed. However, many people were in the studio at the time and unfortunately, during this interval, the offices had been left unattended. Everyone working on the project was aware of the location of the discmans. As Jon

Frewin, from the Finance Committee, said, 'The problem is that a radio station is based on trust, and when people are walking in and out all day, it is very difficult to stop something like this happening. I can only hope that it wasn't a member of the society or the committee who took the discmans.'

Maria Neophytou, Welfare and Education Officer reinforced this sentiment, with 'it's not in the spirit of the LSE student community to go around stealing things. It casts a shadow on the otherwise success of, and support that Pulse has been given. We've had no luck in finding the culprits.' But she does plea, 'We're just a poor radio station - please give them back.'

Neelam Verjee

LSE prepares to whip Kings

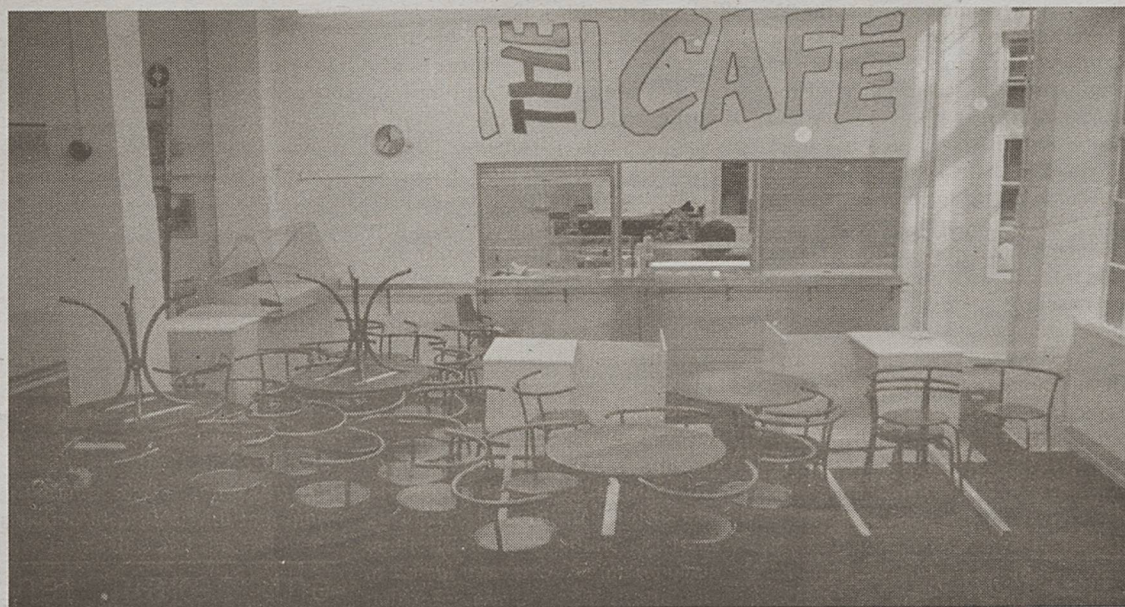
Sinj Mukherjee

Finally, the plans for the Veggie cafe refurbishment have been unveiled. Although, as Jasper (LSESU Ents) was keen to point out, there have been plans in the pipeline since last year to create a better venue for LSE.

Last year LSESU obtained a late license extending opening to 2am, subject to approval by the school. Unfortunately, due to the Chuckle Club on Saturday nights, use of this could not be made as the Underground has no toilets of its own and use of the Tuns facilities would disrupt the performance.

Six months ago, LSESU obtained the plant room behind the Underground bar from the school and put forward a proposal to convert the bar area and cellar to toilets. The existing storeroom was to be converted into a cloakroom, and the whole place was to be revamped into something much cooler. Then, for whatever reason, the Veggie Cafe closed, causing a change in the direction of the plans.

The new proposal is to knock down the wall between the cafe and the quad, creating a big multi purpose venue. During the day the area will serve as a cafe and at night it is hoped that it will be 'a venue to



The old Veggie Cafe - soon to get a lot flashier

Pic: Library

rival King's'. To quote Ward, when it is all complete it should be "absolutely pukka!"

Last week the Bar committee gave the go ahead for designs and architectural surveys to be commissioned. Plans have already been sent to LSE site development, moving the project into its second stage. Allied to this, toilets are to be installed in the Underground, but

apart from this not much else is to be done there. However, seeing as the Quad is to be made "flash as fuck" (Jasper's words, not mine) keeping the Underground as it is shouldn't be too bad.

Of course, the complete renovation of the Quad and Cafe is going to be expensive, but considering that last year Kings spent £600,000 on their venue and LSE only

£25,000 in 5 years, it can be argued that the expenditure is long overdue. And the new venue should give next year's Ents Officer a chance to take on Kings.

Once the final go ahead has been given building work should be started over the summer so as to cause as little disruption as possible to students. Hopefully, all work will be completed in time for fresher's



Union Jack

Rather than the usual array of wanton political whores turning tricks for the crowd this week the UGM was a refuge from all things hack. Anyone who missed them could step onto Houghton Street, where the pedestrian problems were compounded by legions of slavering candidates fighting over the last votes like Crush punters after a final alcopop. Alternatively they could travel up to the Brunch Bowl where the last scenes of Titanic were being recreated with unwanted campaign literature rather than water. The Old Theatre was bizarrely the last campaign free zone, rigorously enforced by the roving eyes of Jamie Ashworth and Parhumbug. The LSE's finest weren't even allowed to be mentioned in the rarified atmosphere, leading to a bizarre Hackaholics Anonymous type scenario. (Hi, I can't be named for constitutional reasons, but I want to tell you about my horrific addiction to self publicity.)

Wignall was late once more, leading to suspicions that he had abolished himself as a protest against fiscal mismanagement and the encroachment of the forces of international communism. True to Tory form his campaign against Education and Welfare had been as successful as William Hague's attempts to identify himself with youth culture. Hague, however, Wiggy had the good sense to announce his imminent resignation. Sadly it seems that Herr Wagner will no longer be making the UGM dance to his tune. (The UGM will be able to make Wignall dance to its tune, on the other hand, providing someone brings in a tape next week. Jack suggests that The Dead Kennedy's "Get the Fuck Out" might be appropriate.)

Narius was up in full biker postman getup, fresh from using the careers service that he has been promoting for the last two years. The Aga saga seems to be coming to its conclusion - where now? Maybe a job as a firm but that be padded out with an annual stint in Santa's grotto. Maria should be the new Blue Peter presenter (how to make a radio station out of sticky backed plastic - it'll be good while it lasts.) Yuan's talent for self promotion suggests that everyone's favourite career sabbatical might just keep on climbing. Jasper's career as a stuntman for Dexter Fletcher is assured.

For the first time in Union history every speaker was a UGM virgin. By shutting out the usual suspects for a week and allowing first time speaker's rights some serious motions were actually heard and passed, although Jack sensed Balcony fingers tightening on paper as one naïf asked "can I have your attention please." Next week this brave new world will undoubtedly fade to Black. Till then...

Hall not ready to go

Mabel Brodrick-Okereke

The Residence Management Committee - the LSE committee in charge of administering the halls of residence - has failed to appoint a chair. This means that it is unable to move forward with decisions that are crucial to the lives of thousands of LSE students that live in Halls of Residence.

This lapse suggests that the Residence Management Committee is not meeting its intended goal of making hall policy more efficient.

The Residence Management Committee currently includes the Pro director Judith Rees, and representatives from other

committees. Jonathan Black (Student Interhalls Representative) and Maria Neophytou (Ed and Welfare Officer) are also on the committee.

Unfortunately, it is missing the one individual that can make crucial decisions for next year's housing. These decisions include several major decisions surrounding the new Hall of Residence at Great Dover Street in SE1. This residence is expected to be completely built and ready for students in October of this year. It will contain 440 single rooms en-suite. Postgraduates will live in 340 of these rooms, 100 of these rooms are reserved for continuing undergraduates.

The current Hall Presidents are working to set up group to help with

the administration of this new hall. The Residence Management Committee has yet to find a chair to guide it on issues surrounding this new hall, and other important projects. It will not be possible to finalise rental fees for the halls until a chairperson has been found. Student Interhalls Representative Jonathan Black is deeply concerned about this new turn of events. He says "This failure to appoint a chairperson is another example of LSE's inefficiency. It's unbelievably incompetent that they still haven't found a chair a month after the committee was first meant to meet. There are now important issues that haven't been addressed."

First year International Relations

student Lisa Reed voiced some of the concerns of the student body when informed of the situation She commented "I think that a new hall is a really good idea, but I think that in order for the hall to run effectively the LSE really needs to get it's bureaucracy sorted."

Maria Neophytou gave the following comment: 'the Residence Management Committee was supposed to be the efficient way of managing Halls. Two months after the first meeting was scheduled, they still haven't found a Chair. This has an adverse effect on the welfare of students and for the sake of those expected to live there next year I hope they sort themselves out soon.'



edit orial

No, mighty Mattotron, I yield, I yield." the metallic cries of pain echoed of the walls of the Beavercon headquarters deep beneath the basement of the Clare Market Building.

"So Danscream, you snivelling wretch. Your quest for power was a miserable failure and now you come crawling back, pleading to become the Beavercon Deputy once again. Ha... you are truly pitiful. If it was not for our war against the insipid Pulseobots I would vaporise you where you stand."

"Please, Mattotron, I beg of you. I will serve you faithfully. You have my word." pleaded Danscream desperately.

"Ah... your word, Danscream. That and a pound fifty would buy me a pint of energon from the Three Cybertuns. Besides I have already replaced you with this small Petro-monkey, Riteshacon, Coopersor. Take this gibbering buffoon and lock him in the stationary cupboard next to the three month old glasses of urine."

"No, please anything but that. Nooooooo..." Danscream's cries faded as he was dragged away. Mattotron shrugged and turned his attention back to the motley collection of Beavercons he called his troops.

"Ah, my minions. Time to move onto more pressing matters, namely our impending conquest of this puny campus. Tomwave report."

"Mattotron. Narius Prime no longer commands the heroic students union."

"What??? My arch-nemesis (apart from others I care not to mention) superceded? How? By whom?"

"Narius Prime has relinquished the Matrix of Union Leadership to Ultra Blacknus."

"Hmm... if my knowledge of Transformers extends further than this laboured pastiche I should be able to crush him like something small and very easy to crush. Tomwave, I demand more information! Release the Newsicons!"

"Sinj, Huw, Shalini, Carter... Eject!" The small robots sprang forth from Tomwave's chest compartment.

"Go," commanded Tomwave. "Discover Ultra Blacknus' weaknesses. Oh and pick up some sandwiches on your way back." The Newsicons looked befuddled then went to check their e-mail.

"I think we should consider re-programming them," mumbled Tomwave. Mattotron glared at him. "OK, OK, I'll go do it. Jeez, you want something doing..." He sloped away humming Super Furry Animals' tunes mournfully.

"Right, anyone else got any ideas on how we can stretch this joke any further?" The Beavercons shifted uneasily, mumbling amongst themselves, "OK, How about..." Mattotron was cut off as suddenly as the wall of the office suddenly exploded.

"What??? A Pulseobot attack??? Beavercons, prepare to..." Mattotron's words died in his throat as the smoke cleared revealing two familiar figures...

"Alright? Sorry 'bout the wall but I lost my key again."

"Suttotron? Federtran? Where the hell have you been?" Mattotron stared in disbelief at the two ginger Sporticons.

"Largin' it, selector. Suspect, innit?"

"Well, kind of..." Suttotron mumbled, "Those C&S unionbots cornered us with some new weapon called the constitution. I mean, what the fuck's all that about, eh?"

"The constitution? I see." Mattotron rubbed his large metallic chin, "Well, I'm not standing for that. This situation (like my editorial) has gone on for far too long. Beavercons transform and move out!" And off they flew to their next ill conceived battle.

Sir,

The AU executive was angered, upset and frankly incredibly pissed-off by the article that appeared on the back page of last week's Beaver. It was sad to see such ignorance and arrogance amongst those connected to LSE sport. As the author of this piece of inaccurate and reactionary "journalism" was not named it is difficult to know exactly where to lay the blame. It is the case, however, that anyone connected with the article unjustly criticised the Athletic Union (AU) and showed gross ignorance about the process of Colours' selection.

As is the annual practice, the AU executive met recently to discuss the Colours Ceremony. It must be emphasised that all members of the exec were present at this meeting and therefore criticism which has been directed at the AU President (Maria Friebe) alone is unfair to her and an insult to the rest of the exec. All exec members have equal voting rights and played an equal role in the discussions over Colours' nominations.

As the exec does not know the details of every individual's sporting career it uses the nomination forms, which club captains usually fill in, when assessing who to award Colours to. In the past, Colours have been given bearing commitment, team level, club service, sporting ability, sportsmanlike behaviour and other matters in mind. Those having spent

Economics Versus Ethics

Sir,

This week's front-page article is symptomatic of difficulties and weaknesses in the arguments of proponents of so-called "ethical investment" policies.

The first important point to make is that SU cash does not "prop up the arms trade", the arms trade (although British Aerospace is much more than an arms manufacturer) subsidises the SU through the dividends we receive on the money we have invested.

There must also be a serious question mark over what makes a company ethical. British aerospace is a company that recognises trade unions, is committed to social partnership, pays its workforce good wages, and provides quality training and lifelong learning for employees. By the standards of many FTSE 100 companies the differential between senior executive salary and benefits packages and the pay of the average employee is narrow. By contrast Vodafone does not recognise trade unions, does not give employees a

only one year at the LSE (masters or general course) are considered on a one-by one basis and are not penalised because of the brevity of their attendance here. The executive also reserves the right to operate some discretion over every nominees' "fate".

Whether the AU member belongs to a large or small club is not relevant. Last week's references to the relative sizes of our Rugby and Football clubs were disrespectful to all those who have served LSE RFU faithfully this season and been appropriately rewarded. Fellow AU members should be proud of those who receive Colours rather than displaying infantile jealousy.

Above all, accusations of "the ludicrous arbitrary nature of selection" and the "corrupting [of the] hierarchy of LSE sports" were extraordinarily offensive. These comments prove a total lack of appreciation for the hard work of the AU exec this year and boarder on being libellous. If the selection of Colours was either "ludicrous" or "arbitrary" it seems strange only one complaint has been made following the publication of the Colours' List. There are some people that have played LSE sports at a higher level than last week's Mr. X, for a longer time, and yet they have made no complaints following the exec's decisions.

The article was especially annoying because it misinformed readers of a "disappointing year for

LSE sports" and that "the semi-final defeat for the 2nd football XI saw an end to any hope of an LSE trophy this season". In actual fact despite the LSE FC not matching last year's successes, other sections of the AU have performed admirably this year. The men's basketball team for example reached the semi-finals of the BUSA shield competition where they only narrowly missed getting a place in the final and the rugby 1st XV are still in the Gutteridge Cup. In addition, men's hockey XI are virtually unbeaten this year, netball club has doubled in size and new gym equipment has been provided for non-competitive sportsmen and women.

Let us all hope that this article has cleared up the confusion concerning Colours and that the AU can now get on with playing sport without egotistical and un-sporting behaviour causing trouble amongst its members.

Yours

The AU Executive

The Beaver would like to state that all articles published in the Beaver do not necessarily reflect the opinions or views of the Editors or staff.

However even bearing this in mind, The Beaver still stands by its story.

And Finally...

Sir,

After the untimely end of PuLSE on fm for this year I would like to thank the committee for all their hard-work and dedication.

Without them there would have been no PuLSE. I would personally like to extend my gratitude to Maria, Jon, Ruth and Flo in particular for their efforts to bring life to LSE.

I would also like to thank them for letting me on the air with my partner in slime, Fletch, for our liquid lunch. It has given us a terrific experience and has enabled us to talk shit for six hours a week to more than just a couple of pissheads in the pub.

Again cheers to all the committee and TA for letting me have the last words on PuLSE, namely "Goodbye and piss off."

Jimmy Baker
(Twat)

Yours

Andy Charlwood



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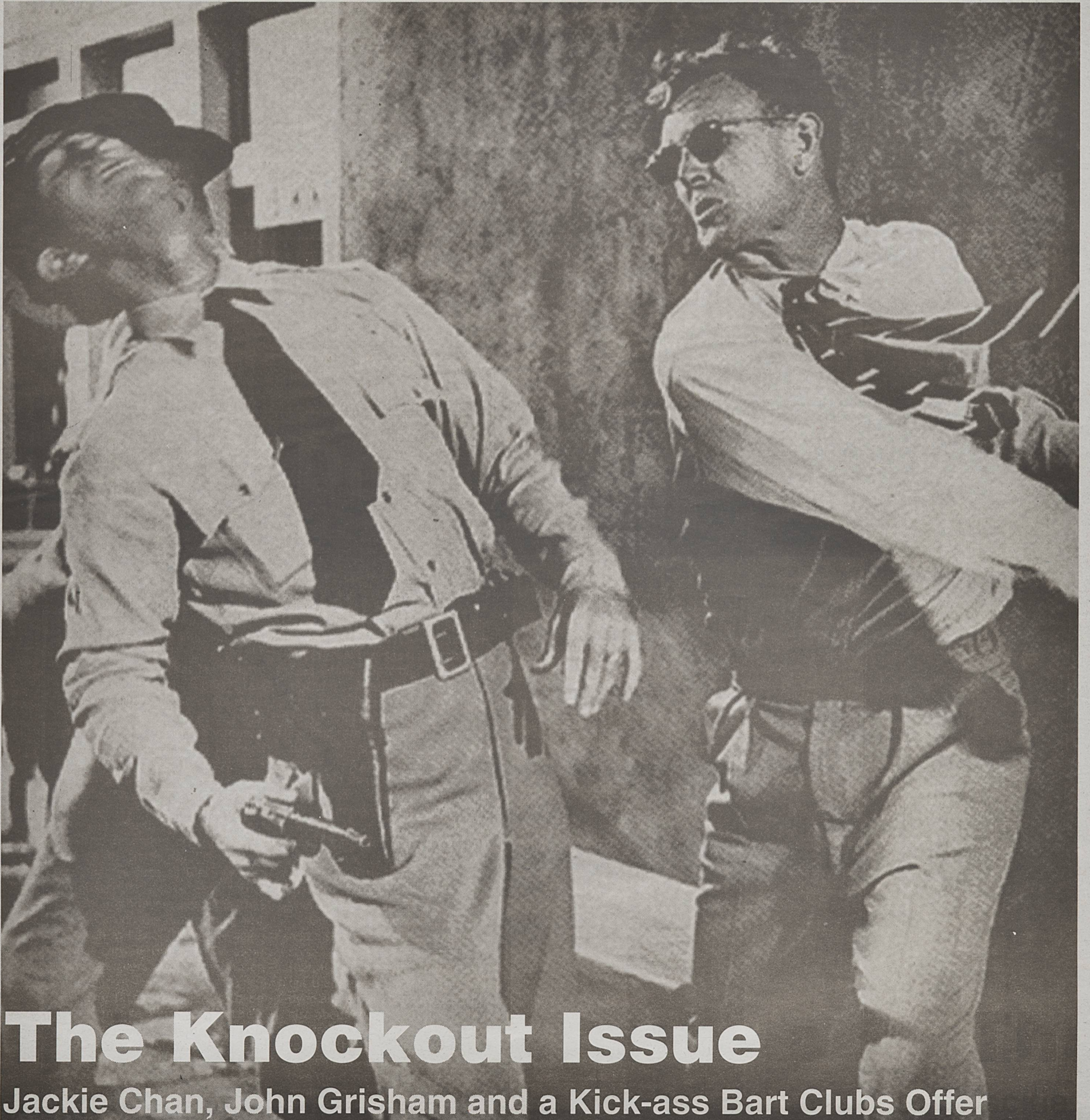
Bart

edited by deputy editor



fuzzy monkey

Beaver Arts Magazine



The Knockout Issue

Jackie Chan, John Grisham and a Kick-ass Bart Clubs Offer

Francis Bacon Studies, With Love and Squalor

by Ned O'Writs

Artist Francis Bacon always maintained that his work was not based on any sketching or notes, and the supposed spontaneity of his paintings gave them, for many people, an added power. That such works could be produced at will gave rise to visions of the tortured inner soul of the artist. However, a new exhibition at the Tate Gallery brings the whole issue of Bacon's approach to the artistic process back to the fore. Notes and sketches salvaged from various sources reveal an artist who thought deeply about the themes he was portraying and the way his ideas would best be conveyed.

Many of the sketches highlight Bacon's obsession with the caged individual - most of the works on display portray individuals confined within rigid lines, unable to escape. This is explored further in Bacon's fascination with boxing, and the exhibition contains magazine photographs of title fights, daubed with Bacon's distinctive human figure. Images of monkeys, the caged animals, are also prominent in the items on display.

Once the visitor has taken in the mass of information on display,



some of Bacon's finished works are on display in the adjacent room. *Three figures at the base of a crucifixion*, the painting that shot Bacon to fame, is still powerful today in its own right, although the painting needs to be seen as part of the post-World War Two mind. The tortured figures on their orange background had a particular resonance for an audience coming to term with images of the concentration camps. Also on display is Bacon's portrayal of the bestial figure,

the half-man half-dog twisted into a grotesque form. The background of the sea front at Monte Carlo, with its Palm trees and moving traffic adds a further surreal twist to the work. Bacon's sketches give added insight into his concern with the human figure and the way it can be twisted and deformed - the notes are full of figures reclining, in different poses; Bacon seems to be playing with notions of identity, and the points at which a twisted figure stops being human and becomes something altogether different.



The historical context in which Bacon worked also points to a concern for the intellectual as well as the physical decline. A twisted figure leans over towards a dictator-style microphone while sitting in the serene surroundings of a London park - perhaps underlining the way extreme ideas made their way into the lives of ordinary people in the 30's and 40's. Some figures are bound by the rigid lines of a cage, with the progression from the sketches clear for all to see. This was an



artist that thought deeply about his ideas - the cage was not a whim that Bacon added to his paintings, but a well-considered portrayal of the constraints felt by the modern individual. Next door to the exhibition is Damien Hirst's medicine cabinet - whether the curators were making some sort of point is unclear, but there is little in Hirst's clinical tureens to match the power of Bacon's twisted figures. Go and see this rare chance for a glimpse into the way a major artist's mind works.

Ah Just Lyrics To Go

My wack senior high school - no, that's not fair. My erstwhile place of secondary education, Evanston Township High School in Evanston, Illinois, USA is well endowed like seventies-fried rocker Todd Rundgren, the beneficiary of property tax largesse, and has expended hella cash on a snarled synaptic skein of Macintosh computers spliced into the internet. What used to fascinate me was the fact that on any weekday around midmorning you could walk into the ETHS computer labs and half of the browsing students would be scrolling intently through hip hop lyrics transcribed and glowing on their computer screens like pinioned beetles on a board.

The best rap lyrics site, the Official Hip Hop Lyrics Archive at www.ohhla.com, is administered by one Steve "Flash" Juon, who responded to my pulling up alongside him on my virtual paparazzi cycle and importuning him for an interview with an endearingly fatigued email: "John, I'll discuss with you what I can but I can't promise prompt replies. I work a 9-5 days and as you can imagine editing the site takes up a lot of the rest of my free time. E-mail me your questions and I'll try to answer them as soon as I can." I spared him, to my credit I think, because the excellent site's the thing and his motives are evident. He's just a b-boy documentarian getting up in HTML.

Some OHHLA transcribers do be failing, though. Nas said not "gassed up by a cokehead cutie pie", but "gassed to buy a cocaine cutie pie" and "Here's my basis: my razor embraces many faces", not "Here's my bass as my razor embraces many faces", and it matters 'cause there's poetry in those nuances.

There have been ominous soundings from music publishers as a copyright consensus for the digital age takes shape. Juon is calm and convincing: "We ask the music industry to respect the service this site supplies to the public and consider it a valuable source of public information, not merely as a copyright violator whose sole intent is to harm the value of property. The law is clear, but the benefits of the site to the industry and the public are also clear. Ideally, a balance can be reached between the two." (John Sagan, out of space)

The main page and, superimposed, an ill Black Star utterance

add new lyrics corrections Fx



matt berry

The Great War



There's a thin red line between the sane and the mad.' Or so the old adage goes. It's a very apt saying, which smothers all the press materials for *The Thin Red Line*, the first film from reclusive maestro Terrence Malik for 20 years. Malik's absence from the movie world is apparant and the resulting work that is *The Thin Red Line* is certainly a very special reel that will fall into the great annals of cinematic history. This is no ordinary war film. Malik goes further than Spielberg in the most fascinatingly confusing fashion, delving into the deeper questions of humanity and the order of the natural world.

The Thin Red Line tells the story of a group of American soldiers fighting a key battle in Guadalcanal, as part of their Pacific campaign against the Japanese during World War Two. The plot takes a rear seat as the characters guide us mysteriously through their emotions and feelings as they prepare for death's ravenous claws. The near 3-hour epic is a stunning portrayal of humanity at its closest with nature, intensely beautiful yet fraught with irrational cruelty and avaris.

Unique perhaps, for a big studio film (Twentieth Century Fox) *The Thin Red Line* has no focal characters. There are essentially fifteen soldiers, commandeered by Lt. Col. Tall (Nick Nolte) who we follow in solidarity. They include Sean Penn, Woody Harrelson, John Cusack and Ben Chaplin, with

cameos by John Travolta and George Clooney. Malik's 'pulling power' is awesome (he has only made two previous films: *Badlands* and *Days of Heaven*) as he is regarded as one of the great renegades in the movies, a real master. It is certainly a well-deserved reputation.

Terrence Malik is a true artist capable of painting with a camera. With the obvious benefit of some stunning Polynesian backdrops, he shoots perfectly and with ease. It is the most relaxing of war films, not to infer that the audience is lulled into an ugly form of apathy towards the war, but it is highly polished. Underwater dream sequences, shots hurtling through long grasses, and low level wading through jungle rivers are all some of the visual treats accorded to the fortunate viewer.



THE THIN RED LINE



The acting is a superb tribute to the director. Nick Nolte holds the fort. His war-starved colonel stands out in irksome contrast to the new recruits. Obsessed with finally putting thirty years of

training into effect, Col. Tall is less concerned with the loss of life than of the loss of the game. Standing squarely against Tall is Captain James Staros (Elias Koteas) who adopts the rational position, rejecting Tall's orders with his clear understanding of the danger of the situation. Of all the soldiers it is Private Witt played by Jim Caviezel, an excellent but little known newcomer, who takes the prime position. He acts as narrator taking us through the stinging issues being turned over and over in his mind.

Cameo's by John Travolta and George Clooney have varying success. Travolta is General Quintard, commander of the forces in the region. Fully mustached, cool, collected and dry, it is an unmissable performance. Clooney's walk on is, in contrast, misjudged to say

the least. He almost manages to spoil the final minutes entirely. But it is reassuring to know that such mistakes will probably be heeded in the future for this is a film that will almost certainly be studied and discussed for a long time to come.

The Thin Red Line can be seen as a lesson in filmmaking. In some ways its perfection looks rather like any big budget Hollywood epic but Malik's introduction of subliminal thought-processes pushes it beyond the factory tradition. One might argue that *The Thin Red Line* is a glance at the future of film-making. An evolving culture of studios in loose cooperation with independent film-makers in an effort 'to preserve the creative process'. It is right that Malik and Kubrick (*Eyes Wide Shut* - backed by Hollywood but made at SK's whim) should be at the forefront of this movement. Giving directors creative freedom, though financially risky can pay off if the correct balance is struck. Fox appears to have learnt where that balance lies. This summer, need I say it, sees the long awaited release of the first *Star Wars* prequel, *The Phantom Menace*. Like Malik, George Lucas has not made a film for years but his skill is both dependable and commercially viable. Master directors can be relied upon both to create gems and blockbusters with balls. Terrence Malik may seem like a bit of a hippy fruitcake to many but *TTRL* proves there is justice on earth.

Meet Hong Kong's Pint-Sized Nutcase

He's been described as a cross between Charlie Chaplin and Bruce Lee, he has the most number of fan-sites on the internet and his last film was the highest grossing September opening in cinema history. But just who exactly is Jackie Chan, and more importantly what's all the fuss about? With films such as *Police Story* and *Project A*, Jackie Chan has displayed his unique blend of adrenaline-pumping action, balletic martial arts and goofy humour that has won him a huge following the world over. In an age where blue screen is so commonly used to deceive

audiences into believing that Arnie is actually jumping off a skyscraper, or dangling from that jet-plane, it's refreshing to come across an actor who actually does all his own stunts. In his 30 or so years in the business, Jackie has designed and executed some of the most death-defying and original stunts ever to be

committed to celluloid. In *Project A* (1983) Jackie threw himself off a clock tower without the use of any safety equipment, allowing himself to crash head first into

the stony ground below. In 1993's *Supercop*, he can be seen grabbing on to a helicopter's rope ladder as it soars over, and literally into, the Kuala Lumpur skyline. In addition to the stunts, Chan's films always include his trademark fight scenes, which are always stunningly choreographed and furiously fast paced. The whole fun of such action scenes is not just that Jackie doesn't use safety precautions, but it's also that he often gets severely hurt in the process, and the highlight of any of his films are always the outtakes that are played over the end credits. It's at this point that we all get the chance to engage in some real schadenfreude, watching all the failed stunts that ended in Jackie breaking his nose, burning the skin off his hands, getting knocked unconscious and dislocating practically every bone

in his body. His camera crew are quite the sadistic bunch, and rather than going over to help him with his injury, they simply continue filming, making sure to zoom in whenever he seems in most agony. Of course this makes for great eye-candy, and a Jackie Chan film wouldn't be complete without these 'painful' scenes. For years Jackie has tried to crack the western market, but it wasn't until 1995, when a certain Quentin Tarantino insisted that he receive an MTV lifetime achievement award, that westerners began to take notice of his work. Since then, films such as *Rumble in The Bronx* and *First*

Strike have scored at the box office, and the recent success of *Rush Hour* (co-starring the shrill voiced Chris Tucker) has finally established Jackie as a bona fide Hollywood star. He's now lined up a number of US projects including *Shanghai Moon*, *Nosebleed* and *Rush Hour 2*. For my money though, his best work will always be his Hong Kong films pre-1996. If you've got access to a video player you'd be well advised to check Jackie Chan out and see what a true action film is. *Dragons Forever*, *Project A*, Oh yes!



Bart Film Kicks Off Wth Biggest Pre-Oscar Party Ever: Next Week

Singles

No surprises here from the Queen of Slush Mariah Carey. *I Believe* is the usual mix of lovey stuff with a dodgy cocktail party type piano music in the background. There is also a Morales remix which sounds almost like every other Carey/Morales mix. Intended only for hard core Mazza fans. (4) SG

Average rock songs have to be about ten thousand times worse than great pop songs, namely because they disgrace the genre. So Radiator, by offering us cliched dirge with a riff over the top, and then naming it *Make It Real*, should be banished to the world of maths equations and Elton John. Ha. That should teach 'em. (2) SG

Dot Allison's debut single 'Mo' Pop is a mixture of pop, commercial 'dub' and general unoriginality. Unfortunately, this single is more Dot Cotton than anything else. Sounds like the kind of stuff that was being produced f*cking years ago. Dot used to be in early '80s band One Dove, and she must have dropped a couple of doves in the studio if she thought this single was even remotely interesting. It's not funny or clever, alright, Dot? (4) JS

Travis' new single *Writing To Reach You* sounds just how you would have expected it too. A predictable Trav ballad, it is the perfect vehicle for Fran Healy's wonderfully lilting voice, but is ultimately unexciting, a kind of B-rate *Wonderwall*. In a word: standard. (5) AD

Now this is a weird one. The Little Mothers. A kind of beat-less Beck. Stoned strumming and drawling vocals, but *Moody* features no apparent tune. The whole ambience of this record is summed up on the cover which features a picture of an overly-trendy young man asleep in armchair with his headphones on, in a room full of sixites memorabilia. Retro, self-conscious and unoriginal. Avoid. (3) AD

Single of the Week

Yet another angle on the overused Britpop vein, Seafruit do, surprisingly, manage to sound slightly different with *Looking For Sparks*, though in a very Babybird kinda way (ie lots of English accents). B-Side 'Truth or Lies' totally outshines the lead track, however, and if Zoe Ball got hold of it, it would doubtlessly be up there with the likes of Whitney Houston and... er... The Offspring. (8) SG

House Party

Anna Derbyshire has gone to Iceland (and indeed ULU) with GusGus

Mo. Bellatrix. Erm... who Melse? Oh yeah, Bjork. Iceland is famous for its geysers, its phenomenally expensive beer and its wonderfully eccentric, innovative pop music. The latest contenders in a line begun by Ms. Gudmundsdottir's old cohorts the Sugarcubes in the 1980s are GusGus, a nine-piece collective made up of a pop star, an actor, a DJ, a photographer, a computer programmer, two directors, a politician and a teen star. Their debut album 'Polydistortion' was released in 1997 to massive critical acclaim (which was not, sadly, matched by sales): it was a totally modern piece of techno-soul that was reassuringly fresh and imaginative in an era of white-boy indie shite.

And they're back. With the A proverbial vengeance. 'Ladyshave', the first single from their soon-to-be-released second album (and single of the week in the last issue of the fabulous

Beaver, pop pickers) is just a hint of what GusGus have in store for us unsuspecting Brits,

Here, GusGus are everything that the futuristic elements of the eighties were supposed to

and melodies that are pure pop. What is exciting about GusGus is that you can never be sure what is going to happen next. There is a friendly tension between the band members: three very different but entirely compatible multi-instrumental vocalists, a certain volatility that requires you to expect nothing but the unexpected.

Above all, GusGus are intelligently accessible: perfect pop sensibilities are juxtaposed with teasingly funny lyrics and divine falsetto vocals. All this set against a backdrop of images of the Stones at Hyde Park, of vast Icelandic landscapes; some of the flashing words show up the Manics as the A-level sloganeers they really are, some are wonderfully self-deprecating, illustrating the humour and sense of fun that is so inherent in this band.

The British music industry is staid and motionless, and we need to start looking forwards instead of going on about the New Britpop (Melody Maker, I'm looking accusingly at you). GusGus take the best of pop music and drag it kicking and screaming into the future. If this is pre-millennial tension, then I'm passing on the painkillers.



and tonight at ULU it is a highlight. Pounding bass and tongue-in-cheek fetishism, it is an inspired interlude within the brilliant house-attack that constitutes the rest of the show.

Relentless, stark beats form the foundations of funk harmonies

LIVE

Little Earthquakes

Mark Pallis sees folk-goddess Ani di Franco at the Shepherd's Bush Empire



Sometimes people judge a book by its cover. Sometimes, people judge a singer by her hair-do or by her fans hair-dos.

Ani DiFranco however has had many, many 'coups' from the GI Jane look through the kd lang with peroxide and now, as she said herself, "I'm just the little straight girl." The thing is that despite

changing her image, her music remained the same.

Her new album takes a different approach (see review opposite) and I was very interested to see how many songs she would play from it. In the end, she played a diverse array - the great thing about her is something which I suppose comes from her ceaseless years of touring, she is very relaxed. She is very relaxed, not in the mellow sense but in the 'relaxed and confident' sense. She is happy to totally change the key or rhythm of a song or to stop halfway through and tell a little story - like the time she has a full body cavity search ...

A friend described her as "a little ball of energy" and I'd agree. Seeing her live is

something I'd definitely do again.

The headline says however that she was overshadowed. She was. His name was Paddy Casey. I walked into the hall and I heard this slightly frail Irish voice say, "Just raise your left arm up in the air." He looked totally alone and even perhaps a bit fragile. But then he started playing. How can I best describe it? Well, I think I have to swear: it was fucking, fucking amazing. A rich, strong, excellently toned voice complimented his rhythmic, melodic playing to produce a sound that I've been waiting to hear all my life. This guy is amazing. Paddy Casey. Paddy Casey. Don't forget the name - his album is out on Sony in about two months.



The Teacher Feature

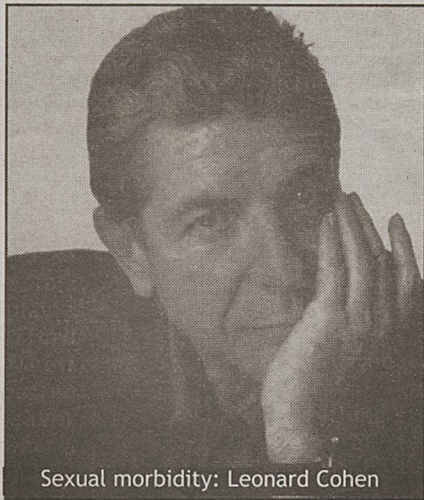
Jo Serieux kicks off a new series of top LSE boffins mouthing off about their favourite music

DR. Barry BLIGHT
Lecturer in Statistics



Expertise:
Probability
Theory,
Control and
Analysis of
Casino
Games.

I really enjoy music; generally my tastes are quite light. You'll often find me listening to the radio or a CD whilst I'm marking homeworks, but I'm not really the kind of person to sit down listening to deep and meaningful lyrics, I much rather prefer for there to be some lovely relaxing tune in the background.



Sexual morbidity: Leonard Cohen

You trendy young things will probably think that I'm stuck in some sort of time warp, but, for me, Frank Sinatra was the king, and like everyone else, I was gutted when he died. I also

love Peggy Lee, Elvis and Neil Diamond who I have already been to see in concert. I find the sexual morbidity of Canadian artist Leonard Cohen captivating. I also very much enjoy the musicals such as Carousel and Guys and Dolls, and I went to see Oklahoma two weeks ago. I want to buy the album soon.

The first record I bought was, er... this is going back a bit, it was probably something by Doris Day or Mario 'The Great Caruso' Lanza.

I'm afraid to say that, generally, I don't like pop groups at all. It's awful when all these new bands do cover versions of classic tunes done by groups like the Bee Gees and the Beatles, sometimes they absolutely murder the songs, don't they? I was still quite young when the Beatles came out, so I would say that that period, with them and

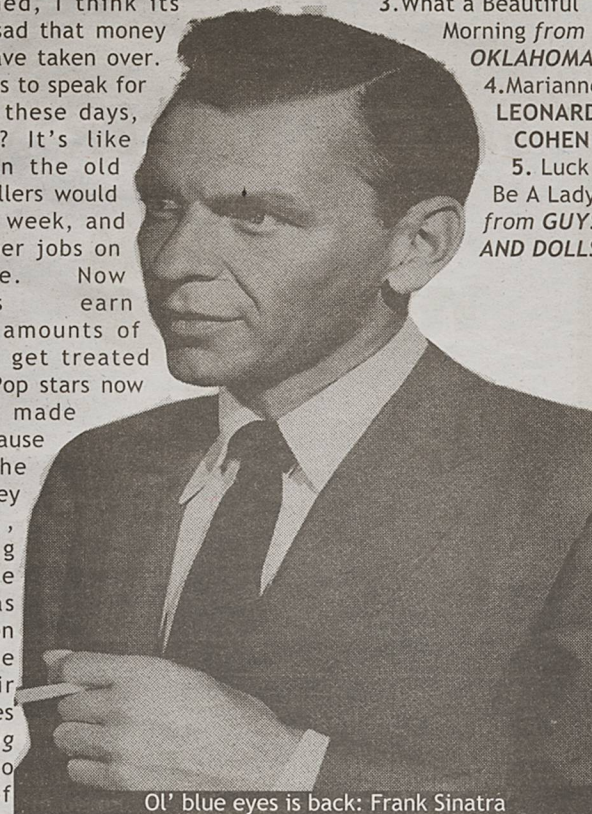
Elvis and Frank Sinatra, was probably the heyday of music as far as I'm concerned. The Beatles were wonderful, and it made you so proud to see these lads from Liverpool doing so well.

As far as modern music is concerned, I think its dreadfully sad that money seems to have taken over. Money seems to speak for everything these days, doesn't it? It's like football; in the old days footballers would earn £14 a week, and still do other jobs on the side. Now footballers earn ridiculous amounts of money and get treated like stars. Pop stars now are only made famous because of all the publicity they get, marketing and the media has totally taken over. Worse still, their performances are *nothing* compared to those of

Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr. and Neil Diamond."

Dr. Barry Blight's Top 5 Tunes:

1. Clarinet Concerto MOZART
2. Young at Heart FRANK SINATRA
3. What a Beautiful Morning from OKLAHOMA!
4. Marianne LEONARD COHEN
5. Luck Be A Lady from GUYS AND DOLLS



Ol' blue eyes is back: Frank Sinatra

Anna Derbyshire's Social Diary



Live spesh! That's what we like...

I've been wittering on for some time about Human League-esque comedy pop kittens the Younger Younger 28's: if you've not got your lazy arses down to Blow Up at the Wag (Wardour Street) on March 20 to experience their gloriously tongue-in-cheek take on eighties council flat commentary.

My personal pop faves Elcka resurrect themselves from the indie graveyard to play a gig at the 100 Club (Oxford Street) on March 11. Their new single 'Pleasure', out on Island, is a former Beaver single of the week, and what a rip-roaring faux-Bowie tune! delight it is. On the up, as Dennis Waterman once said.

The festivals are getting earlier and earlier: the first of this year's crop is the Bowli Weekender which takes place at the self-indulgently ironic Camber Sands Holiday Centre in Rye. For a mere £85 you get a weekend pass and chalet accommodation (cool, let's start practising our Ruth Madoc impressions): bands include Mercury Rev, The Delgados, Divine Comedy, Belle & Sebastian and my personal faves Godspeed You Black Emperor. Knowingly postmodern as it probably claims to be, it looks like a winner...

Mark E Smith will, with any luck, have restrained himself from sacking his entire band before the Fall play the Kentish Town Forum on May 14: I've seen every gig they've played in London in the last three years, and they've only actually been good, in the conventional sense of the word, once. However, they can always be counted on to entertain, inspire, amuse and provoke rioting, so it's well worth £11 in my opinion.

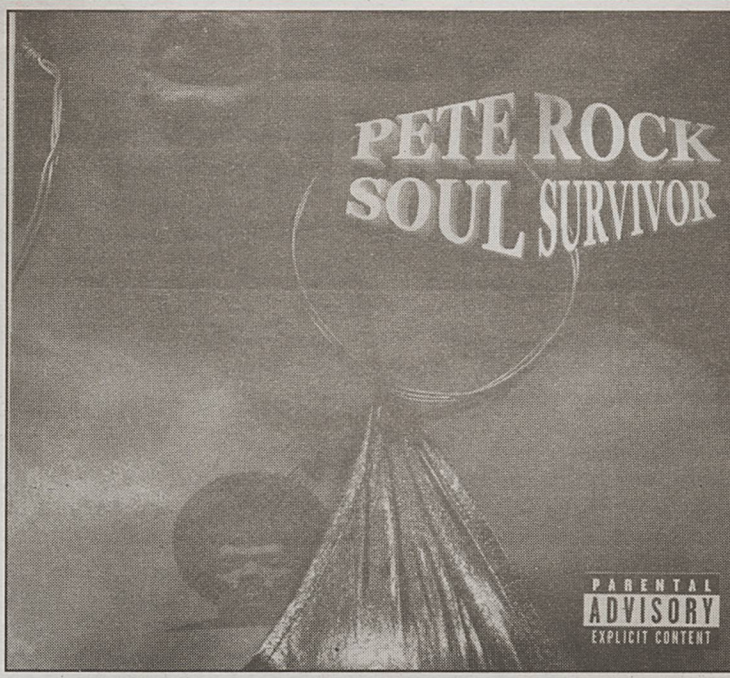
Gigs to avoid in the coming weeks: Kula Shaker @ Brixton Academy (Trustafarians - don't insult my intelligence, please); the GooGoo Dolls @ the Astoria (MOR cack for thirty-something professionals trying to keep a finger in the pie of popular culture. Appaling); DarkStar & Stony Sleep @ Water Rats (indie dirge, see last week's album reviews); Mr Mushroom's Lucky Pants @ The Morden tavern (absolute, intolerable TOSSERS). I'm off to write threatening letters to the busy and talented Meg Matthews...

Albums

Ani di Franco
UpUpUpUpUpUp

So excited was I to have the chance to listen to Ani DiFranco's new album that my hand trembled as I slipped into my player. Within ten minutes, all my excitement had vanished and I was left thinking "Is that it?" The problem, I think, is illustrated by the title of one of her songs: 'Not Angry Anymore'. She isn't angry and consequently, she doesn't use her considerable vocal attributes to the full. OK, a couple of the songs have good

lyrics but nothing comes near to the coarse honesty and abrasiveness of the "Fuck you" on 'Untouchable Face'. She seems to be trying to move in a new direction, or at least, she's making a foray into a different(ish) musical style. Her sound is unique. She is the mother of PJ Harvey and Alanis Morissette (although perhaps the consanguinity is dubious). Buy 'Dilate' or 'Like I said'. The songs are strong, sexy, coarse, moody, technically excellent and some have what I might wankily call 'anthemic qualities'. (5) MP



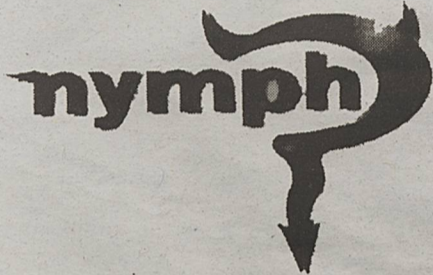
Pete Rock
Soul Survivor

Okay, okay, so this album's not exactly hot off the press, so no letters from die hard hip-hop fans please, but if you do have this album then you'll know exactly why its worth a mention however long ago it was actually released. Pete Rock flexes his production skills to the maximum with Soul Survivor which is a clear demonstration of the wealth of experience he has had within the music scene. What's remarkable about this album is the vast array of talent featured, making

appearances on the album are his partner in crime, C.L.Smooth, Method Man, Noreaga, Raekwon, the one like the Beanie Man, hip-hop heavyweight (literally) Heavy D, and the list doesn't end there. There is an absolutely T for tremendous collaboration with those wicked UK veteran soulsters Loose Ends (Carl McIntosh and Jane Eugene) and 'Soul Survivor' featuring Ms Jones is another tune that'll have you reminiscing of those glory, glory days of '80s soul. In a nutshell, get this album if you haven't already got it cos it's the bollocks. (9) JS

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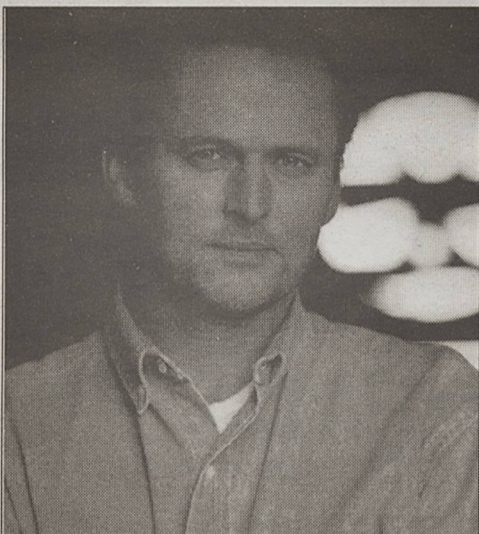
The new testament

After Shailini Ghelani spent weeks begging me to get my hands on John Grisham's latest novel *THE TESTAMENT* for her to review I finally caved in just to get her to shut up.

For die hard John Grisham fans (like myself) his new book will be a great disappointment. For those who have read any of Grisham's past books, you will know that, although he is not always very imaginative with his descriptions, he always manages to compensate with a superb plot.

The first sign that this book was going to be a let down was the fact that I actually managed to put it down, rather than the usual case where I go into seclusion for about two days while I finish the book.

THE TESTAMENT has a promising start, written in the first person, like *THE RAINMAKER*. The first chapter is written from the viewpoint of Troy Phelan, one of the wealthiest man in America. The chapter concerns the writing of his will in front of his greedy, unappreciative



children and ex-wives. All goes smoothly till the children leave and Troy changes the will, leaving all to an unknown illegitimate child by the name of Rachel Lane, who is a missionary somewhere in the Palantial in Brazil. After doing this Troy kills himself, leaving his lawyer with the task of finding Ms. Lane.

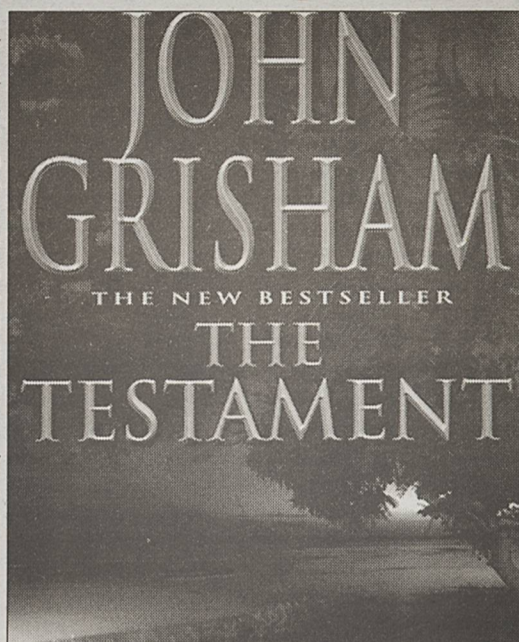
The lawyer sends his colleague, a recovering drunk, by

the name of Nate O'Reily into to the wilds of Brazil to find the unsuspecting heiress. This is where things begin to go downhill. The most annoying thing about the book is Grisham's repeated need to go into Nate's personal thoughts and feelings about alcoholism, these could actually prove quite interesting but then Grisham literally repeats the same phrases at regular intervals which leads the reader to skim read certain parts of the book rather than be totally engrossed in it, as is the usual case with Grisham books.

I have now got to chapter 36, and Nate has managed to find the subject while getting very ill himself. The constant references to medicine suggest that there will be a "Pelican Brief" type

motto in the book, and for the sake of the rest of the book I really hope that there will be more courtroom action than the horrible heirs trying to get their hands on the money and a possible romance between Nate and Ms. Lane. Oh and the medical expenditures of course....

THE TESTAMENT by John Grisham is out now on hardback priced at £16.99 published by Random House



Spanky Panky

Rachna Uppal sneaks a peak at *A DEFENCE OF MASOCHISM* by Anita Phillips and is disappointed by the academic approach taken by the author to the subject.

A DEFENCE OF MASOCHISM, by Anita Phillips is exactly that, not surprisingly. After years of research I bet, Phillips has come to the conclusion that masochism, and sado-masochism, is something we all indulge in and think about regularly; in fact, she even goes as far to say that it is something we can't shrug off, no matter how ashamed we may feel, and thus we should just accept it as a normal part of ourselves. As masochism has been thought of as dirty and disgraceful for far too long, someone's decided to write a modern defence for it, in order for all closet masochists to finally reveal all. As students, I don't think we need much encouragement to boast of our naughty exploits!

The novel is based on ideas first introduced by Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, in his novel, *Venus in Furs*. For those of you who are expecting such a novel to be soft porn or erotica, it is worth noting that the closest Phillips gets to it is this definition of perversion, "a deviation from the "normal" sexual act when this is defined as coitus with a person of the opposite sex directed towards the achievement of orgasm by means of genital penetration." However if this is your sort of thing then there are numerous examples of perverse activity fleetingly described for your reading pleasure. At no point does

the novel get totally kinky, but just analyses everything really scientifically. Thus, at points it feels like you're in fact reading a more interesting than usual biology text book than a novel on sexual fantasies. There are traces of humour and a few revelations too though; did you know that there is now evidence to support that artists are more masochistic than other humans?? Apparently, in order to produce work of such an intense nature, artists need to be very electrically charged and stimulated to achieve a high level of excitement for themselves..ever wondered about all those female nudes you see in galleries? The basic idea that Phillips wants to convey throughout the novel is that of pain; we all have a lot of it in our lives, both physically and emotionally, and pain, according to the author, is always linked to our sexual desires and instincts. Hmm, do we agree, people?? The novel is quite fast paced, and easy to "get into"!, but it is rather text booky and could be passed off as a potential psychology set text once more people come out and admit to their indulgences.

A DEFENCE OF MASOCHISM by Anita Phillips is out now in all good book stores published by faber & faber priced at £6.99

Unhappy Mistakes

James Corbett reviews the latest of Umberto Eco's novels: *SERENDIPITIES* where he continues his foray into the history of language and ideas.

From the writer of 'THE SEARCH FOR A PERFECT LANGUAGE', - Eco's 1995 study in the obsession of European culture that there had once been a language that had embodied "the absolute essence of everything signified in its own grammar and vocabulary," - comes not so much a sequel or a second volume, but more an assortment of footnotes. As Eco informs us in his preface, the "physical limits" of his first book had forced him "to omit many curious episodes." So four years later we have *SERENDIPITIES*.

Umberto Eco is a world famous scholar of semiotics; the study of signs and symbols in language. If anything he is to semiotology what Giddens is to sociology or Galbraith is to economics, a kind of "pop professor", somebody who extends his academic subject to the masses. His typical reader, like many of those who reader Giddens or Galbraith for "fun", is somebody who has no understanding of the subject, and is little more informed after reading their work, if indeed they bother to do so. For them the purchase of an Eco book is something to surreptitiously leave on the coffee table so that their friends can marvel at their intellectual tastes. For these people, the purchase of a book like *SERENDIPITIES* is an act of vanity. If you want an example of how highly Eco is regarded by the chattering classes, I'm writing this review in a cafe in Islington, the world capital of pretension. *SERENDIPITIES* is sitting in front of me, and after receiving several admiring glances from the normally anally retentive clientele, I've just had one old hag come up to me and announce

in a booming Mockney accent, "Umberto Eco is simply marr-veல்ல-ous." What do you like about him, I ventured? She looked at me blankly, absolutely dumbfounded. "Oh he's just marr-veಲ್ಲ-ous." The thing is she has no more idea about Eco, than me or most other people who've ever read anything he's written.

For those of you who have never read Umberto Eco, let me introduce him as a sort of literary version of Tara Palmer-Tomkinson. While she drops the names of the great and the good of the B-list celebrity circuit, Eco drops names of every writer any self-respecting intellectual should have read. They're all there, allusions to Borges, Dante, Darwin, Descartes, et al. Ad infinitum. The book is so thick with the names that Eco liberally drops, it's practically unreadable. He rambles on and on, through page after page of academic angst before coming to such striking conclusions as Marco Polo mistook a rhinoceros for a unicorn, and that Columbus stumbled upon America because he thought that the world was much smaller than it actually was, and by going West he was taking a short cut to China. All of which is utterly fascinating and completely untrue.

The person who loves Umberto Eco most of all, even more than his adoring name-dropping fan base, is Umberto Eco himself. This is probably best emphasised in a note at the end which explains that the typeface used is that belonging to a fifteenth century Venetian printer, and I can't argue here when Eco says that it is indeed "a typeface of classical beauty and high legibility,"

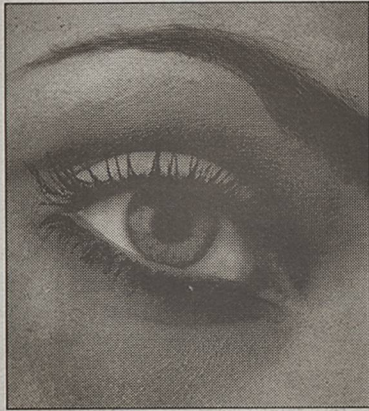
because it is. It really does look a million dollars, and is printed on high quality thick paper. In fact I wish every book was as well set out and bound as *SERENDIPITIES*. But at £12.99 for just over 100 pages, it's obvious who the cost of Eco's self indulgence has been passed onto: yes, you dear reader! Imagine if every writer was as vain as Eco: the average sized book of say 400 pages would weigh in at more than £50!

I can't really think of any good reasons to read *SERENDIPITIES*. Except maybe Eco, brought up a good Catholic boy, has been accused by the Vatican's official newspaper "L'Observatore Romano" of "profanations and blasphemies, buffooneries and filth, held together by the mortar of arrogance and cynicism in which the man of letters in his lofty dignity delights." He's also been publicly vilified by the Pope himself; that in itself, I suppose, is a good enough reason to read him. But take that away and you've got someone of enormous and infuriating pretension. The person his irritating self-obsessive style reminded me of most was Salman Rushdie. Oddly enough, while researching this article, I came across a criticism of one of Eco's earlier works, by Rushdie. "Humourless, devoid of character, entirely free of anything resembling a credible spoken word," it went. "Mind-numbingly full of gobbledygook of all sorts. Reader: I hated it." Reader: I say, I quite agree.

SERENDIPITIES by Umberto Eco is available now, published by Orion Publishing Group priced at £12.99

Eye'm Dying

Alison Tyler gets her eyes tested the alternative way



Like fingerprints, the markings of the eye are unique, and rather like individual palms can be read, so too can the iris. According to Iridologists, the iris of the eye reflects the state of one's physical and mental health. Since the markings of the eye are hereditary, tendencies towards certain diseases and future illnesses can be seen in the iris before they become physical.

Iridology was developed in the nineteenth century by the Hungarian Doctor Ignatiz von Peckzely. He noticed the changes in the eye of an owl as it recovered from a broken leg. It was not until 1950 when Doctor Bernard Jensen published a chart that showed the location of every gland and organ reflected

in each eye that iridology as it is known today became popular. The iris is said to represent a body map, charted like a clockface in both eyes - each one mirroring each side of the body. Problems show up on the iris as spots, flecks, white or dark streaks etc. Texture and colour indicate the person's general state of health.

Having always been rather smug about my better than 20-20 vision, I decided to give iridology a go - after all, I'd know if anything was seriously wrong,

surely? **The Diagnosis**

Weak kidneys. Weak kidneys! This can't be right, I would have noticed if I'd had weak kidneys. In order to combat this horrific infliction I am told to stop eating dairy products (milk!) and tea... but I LOVE tea. I'm growing less and less convinced by this iridology lark. Apparently I should be dry skin brushing daily to aid lymphatic drainage, this is shown by the dark ring around the

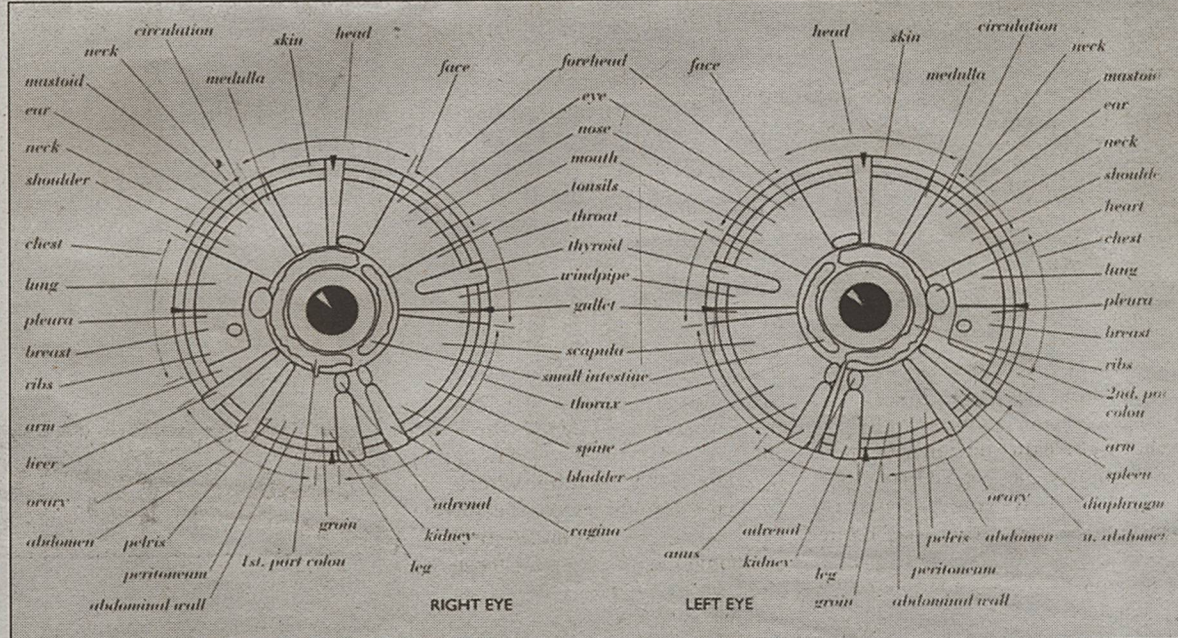
periphery of the iris. She referred to back problems, bladder and breast problems. I don't think so love. She then asked if any of these may have occurred at any time in my life or were hereditary in the family - the markings in the eye can be there for life, not just the length of the illness. Tenuous? Yes.

Finally I am told that the pale streaks in my eye are in fact manifestations of high levels of acidity in the body - scary. At this point my iridologist

recommends Slippery Elm Food ?!?. She then asked me if I had any, and as if by magic produced a packet for me to purchase. Hmm - now I am highly sceptical. This could be icing sugar for all I know, except it's not, it tastes much, much worse. But then, in a mad panic that some of this just might be true, I buy some anyway - to be sure.

Whilst it does seem reasonable that the brightness and colour of the eye may be a rough guide to one's health, the idea that the iris is a detailed map of the body seems more circumspect. And whilst I've taken all this with a hint of scepticism I have cut down on tea (I do drink far too much of it), and I now have a packet of soya milk sitting in my fridge - unopened of course, I'm not *that* concerned.

For more information, call the Society of Iridology on 01202 518 078.



DIY Denim



Embroidered wide-leg trousers by Seraph, £145

As jeans get the DIY treatment on all the catwalks this season, just which jeans should you be cutting up Bros style (the ripped look is back by the way) and which are worth saving?

We all know that Levi's have had a rough time recently, last week closing half of it's American factories due to lack of demand, for every pair of combat trousers you see walking around LSE well they're not jeans are they? This amounts to a helluva lot of unsold denim. In Europe last year sales fell by 11%.

The search for a 'different' pair of jeans has created plenty of competition for Levis from companies such as Diesel, whilst highstreet stores like Topman/shop are realising that they can do the denim thing just as well as Levi's (they have some great catwalk rip-off this season) and designers also cashing in on the market.

The latest cult jeans to be seen in are Evisu, with their distinctive seagull-shaped stitching. Just as sales were exploding B*witched were seen sporting the label and sales plummeted - no self-respecting

style diva would want their derrière inside a pair.

Evisu's loss was Earl Jeans gain. And they're worth this accolade, however short-lived it may be, they fit well and sit nicely on the hips, and unlike Levi's they don't bag around the bottom. Available in loads of colours but at £95 you'll hope they're hip for a while.

The sure thing is that denim is back. This season's denim comes faded, torn and tattered, or dark, crisp and sharp.

Go with the designers and give your jeans an art attack, cut them, sew on coloured patterns and applique anything and everything you can, from rhinestones to feathers. If you are going to experiment with your jeans, go for old ones.

Gucci style equals feathers, or add a section of fabric - hippie-style. Add beads for an ethnic feel, if you're feeling super cool cut them to calf-length. Tie-dyed and dip-dyed jeans were also about on the catwalks.

Don't forget to team your jeans with all the right accessories - denim of course, I love the denim bags and vintage denim jackets.



Feathered jeans by Gucci. £1,910 - Tempted to make your own now?

LSE Students in Fight to Put Third World First

Features Editor Michael Collins looks at the student campaign for debt relief in the Third World

On Thursday of last week the LSE Student Union voted to give its support to the campaign for third world debt relief in the next millennium. The motion to send a letter of support for debt relief to Prime Minister Tony Blair and the Secretary of State for International Development, Clare Short, was passed by an overwhelming majority.

Students at the LSE are leading the way in the debt relief project with a number of different organisations taking part, including LSE Labour, Amnesty International and Third World First, working under the national umbrella organisation Jubilee 2000.

Jubilee 2000 are calling for a cancellation of the third world's 'unrepayable' debt on the stroke of midnight 1999. The current debt stands at two trillion US dollars, the servicing of which costs the developing world approximately 80% of its GDP per year.

Furthermore, for every one US dollar that Western nations give to the developing world in aid, three dollars come back in the form of debt repayment. Supporters of debt relief argue that this is in effect akin to administering the blood

transfusion without sealing the wound. The aim of the Jubilee 2000 coalition is to put a stop to what they see as a never ending cycle of debt.

Thursday's motion was put forward by Kelly Graber, Chair of the Third World First Campaign at the LSE, who believes that it is important to make politicians realise that the student voice really does count:

"Our goal is to make debt relief an election issue and to make those who are in office, and wish to remain in office, aware that they need to address the demands of students."

However, some senior politicians have expressed concern over the use that debt relief may be put to. With much of the developing world torn by Civil War, members of the debt relief campaign are keen to stress that they are not being overly sanguine about the beneficial effects that debt cancellation will have. Kelly Graber commented that:

"This fear comes from the misguided perception that Jubilee 2000 are planning a one off debt cancellation across the board. In actuality, it will be a case by case approach, part of which will involve a screening of the human rights background of the country. Debt will only be forgiven on the condition that it will be ear marked for poverty

relief projects and the building of infrastructure."

To this end, an amendment was attached to Thursday's LSE Student Union motion, stating that any debt relief will have conditions attached to it and will be overseen by an international organisation such as the World Bank or the International Monetary Fund. However this may cause further alarm from left wing commentators who have criticised the IMF's economic conditions, linked to Structural Adjustment funds, which many feel have often done more harm than good.

The Third World First group have been collecting chain links at the LSE, which they will join with all other Third World First campaigns at other universities across the country and take to Downing Street as a show of student support for the campaign.

On Sunday 7th March there will be a day of action at St. Paul's cathedral in London where all affiliated groups under the Jubilee 2000 umbrella, including student groups at the LSE, will gather together to raise public awareness.

On the following Monday, students from LSE will take part in a mini marathon around the embassies of third world debtors in London. On the way they will collect the national flags of the countries and end their



Jubilee 2000 hope that debt relief will make a real difference in people's everyday lives.

run with a presentation at Downing Street.

In the light of Chancellor Gordon Brown's announcement last week that Britain will cancel up to thirty-two billion pounds worth of third world

debt, all members of the Jubilee 2000 campaign are hoping that the G8 summit in June, the meeting of the world's eight most industrialised countries, will produce a positive response.

Absorbing Ideas is Process of Oz-mosis

Michael Collins

Last week saw a visit to the LSE from the Inaugural Delegation of the Australian Political Exchange Council, organised by the Foreign and Commonwealth Office.

The main purpose of their visit was to gain a greater understanding of the British political system, and in particular to exchange ideas on the 'Third Way' and the relationship between the public and private sectors in the provision of public goods such as health and education.

Led by Senator Sue West, Deputy President of the Senate and Labor Party member for New South Wales, the five strong party had talks at the LSE with leading academics, including Dr Nick Barr of the Economics department, a specialist in welfare economics. Dr Barr has been a frequent visitor to Australia, where he has studied education reform and funding.

The current state of the Australian higher education system may be suggestive of things to come in Britain. The 1989 education reforms in Australia were some of the first in the world to introduce

'income contingent' loans, where students do not repay their debts until they start to earn a certain salary, and provided much of the practical justification for Nick Barr's arguments in favour of an income contingent system over the last decade.

The system set up in 1989 required students to pay a flat rate tuition fee equal to 25% of teaching costs, similar to the £1000 that British students currently pay. The student could either pay up front and receive a 15% discount, or defer their fees and pay it back on a strictly income contingent basis in the future.

However, the present Australian Government, a liberal coalition led by John Howard, introduced further reforms to the system in the mid 1990s, which have provided for a greater degree of 'up front' private fee paying. The Government's reforms allowed Australian universities to take a certain quota of government funded students using the income contingent repayments system, but also authorised them to take a further 25% of that quota in students who would pay privately and up front. Crucially, these students are not

subject to the same meritocratic selection process that government funded students are.

Bruce Billson, a member of the visiting Australian delegate and a Liberal member of the Australian House of Representatives, was keen to argue that the system that his Government have introduced maintains the balance between public and private good. In rhetoric bearing a remarkable similarity to Prime Minister Tony Blair's emphasis on "reciprocal rights and duties", Mr Billson spoke of a "mutual obligation between the state and the individual" for both provision and payment in higher education. Further, he added that:

"Deferred income contingent loans and the existence of private up front fees means that the individual can take responsibility for his or her own education, but the public still benefits from a higher degree of skills and learning within society at large."

However, Senator Sue West expressed her concern at the present situation, stating that:

"The Australian Labor Party are totally opposed to up front fees and believe that university places should be provided purely on a meritocratic basis."

Rebecca Newton, an Australian Student currently studying for an MSc in Social and Organisational Psychology at the LSE, showed a degree of ambivalence about her native education system:

"There is always going to be a disparity between what people can afford to do and what they aspire to do and for this reason the introduction of income contingent loans is a very beneficial move. However, the continuing problem of under funding in Australian universities means that up front fee payers are given preferential treatment and this is clearly unfair."

As illustrated by the visit last week of the Australian delegation, the reality of the situation for British students is that we are importing many of these 'progressive' market ideas as solutions to the problem of under funding in British universities.

This sharing of ideas is welcomed by academics on the left of the political spectrum such as the LSE's Nick Barr, who believe that the end of universal education funding will also end the "free ride" that the British middle class has enjoyed since the war.

Dr Barr argued that although "the

expansion in British higher education in the last thirty years has been a great and wonderful thing, the taxpayer simply cannot afford to pay for it all. Therefore the only equitable thing to do is to have income contingent loans."

Although Dr Barr added that he took "deep exception to the unfunded private students" in the Australian system, British students will be concerned over how fastidious the Government may be in its future adoption of ideas from abroad. The income contingent system, already with us in the form of student loans, is likely to be extended with the introduction of 'top-up' fees in the near future. However, the acceptance of market forces in normative areas such as health and education always brings with it great complications.

If the Government also allows universities in Britain to charge differential top-up fees, which would see the LSE and other 'ivy league' universities charge considerably more than they currently do, the possibility of universities also taking advantage of the money to be gained from 'up front' and private fee payers, as seen in the Australian model, may not be so remote.

Murder in the dark

James Corbett

What was remarkable about the 'Daily Mail' on May 8, 1993? Was it a sensationalist tabloid scoop? Another royal scandal? A piece of groundbreaking journalism that the British press was once famed for? The answer lay tucked away in the 'News In Brief' column on page 19. It was one paragraph long and read, "Three white teenagers were being questioned about the killing of black student Stephen Lawrence after being arrested in dawn swoops. Stephen, 18, of Plumstead, south-east London, was stabbed to death after being ambushed by a gang of six two weeks ago." That was it. Seemingly unremarkable, yet brimming with significance in that it marked the beginning of what was to develop into a crescendo of newspaper articles, radio and TV programmes and, later on this year, several books. As "The Guardian" put it the day after Sir William MacPherson's report came out, 'From that quiet start, a murder in a London street has become a marking point in the relationship between black people, television, the press and middle England.' In the last year alone, the "Daily Mail" alone has run 170 stories that either mention

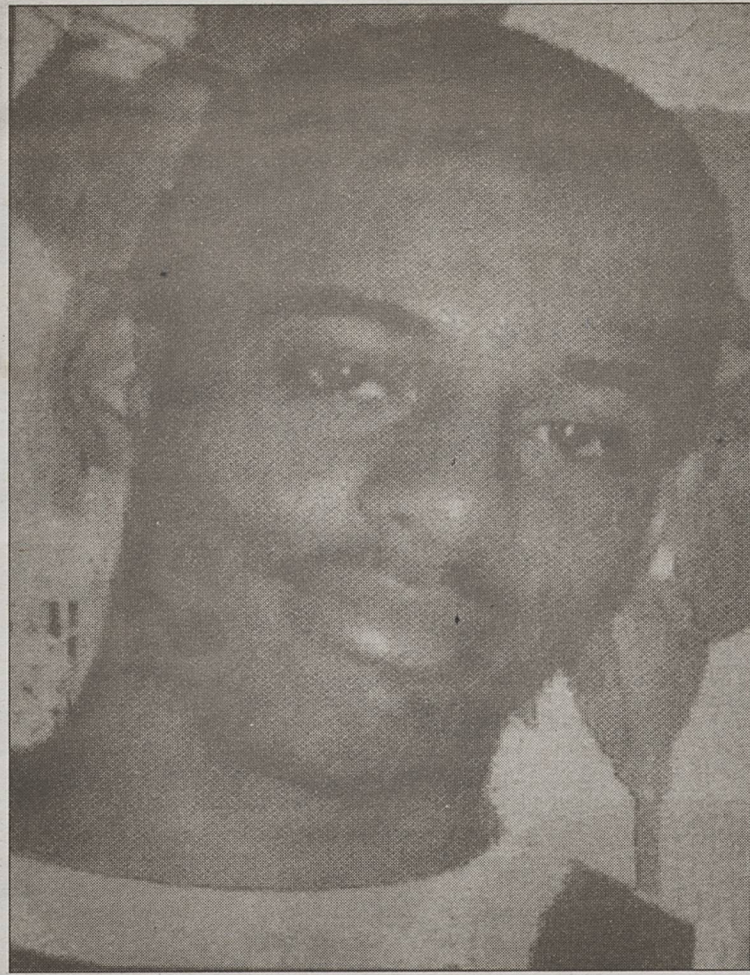
The first report on the Lawrence killing came a whole two weeks after his murder. It was one paragraph long.

Stephen or are about him. That's an incredible amount, more than most members of the government. Putting it into some kind of perspective, Britain's latest media darling, Robbie Williams 'only' got 72 stories.

So what makes Stephen Lawrence so remarkable? There are after all nearly 100 racially motivated attacks in this country every single day, and that's just the reported

figures - it's estimated that that figure could be doubled when unreported attacks are included. There have been other racist killings, some even more barbaric than the Lawrence murder, and there have been other serious policing errors by the Met which have had racist undertones. The most notorious of these was the death of Michael Menson in January 1997 who was set alight by a group of youths in Edmonton, North London, and despite his own testimony in the two weeks before he died the police initially believed he'd set alight to himself, and then took a year to accept it was a racist murder. So why has the Stephen Lawrence murder captured the attention of the country so greatly? Is it through genuine disgust at his death? Is it because his killing has brought to the surface the racial tension, which has been bubbling under for years? Is it through the sense of injustice at his killers walking away without charge largely because of police incompetence? The answer to all these questions has to be no. There is little which sets Stephen's death apart from Menson, or 14 year old Liam Harrison who was run over by a car while running to escape racist bullies in Maida Vale. Or John Reid, a white man married to a black woman who was beaten to death and set on fire after a long running racist campaign. Or Ali Ibrahim who was stabbed by a drunk shouting racial abuse in Brighton. Or Fiaz Mirza, a minicab driver, who was abducted, beaten and dumped in the Thames. Or Musthaq Hussein, or Siddick Dawar or any of the other 18 racially motivated murders since 1991.

What makes the Lawrence case different was due to the fact that he was seen as 'normal.' He was 'a hard-working sixth former with everything to live for' wrote the "Daily Mail;" he was 'not involved in drugs in any way,' wrote the "Sunday Telegraph." 'It would have been different if Stephen had had dreadlocks or had been a member of the Nation of Islam,' Patrick Younge, executive producer of 'Why Stephen?' told "The Guardian." 'You wouldn't have seen his face on the front pages then.' His father, Neville Lawrence, showed the zeal, intelligence and articulation of a



latter day Othello throughout the six years since his son's death. In many ways he was just an ordinary Englishman, a man whose dignity moved police officers and hardened politicians. This was a line the broadcaster and journalist Darcus Howe took up in his "New Statesman" column recently. Neville Lawrence came without baggage, he argued. 'No national dress, no Koran, no Bhagavad-Gita. Neville Lawrence talks and behaves like an ordinary Englishman so the general white population identified with him quite easily.' It was this, and this fact alone

What makes the Lawrence case different was due to the fact that he was seen as 'normal.' The Lawrence family were seen as 'deserving' black victims - which galvanised the media into action.

- that the Lawrence family were seen as 'deserving' black victims - which galvanised the media into action. If the media had not been so vocal it is unlikely that the Lawrence family would have been able to take their case so far. Their story carried such momentum because it had all the ingredients - a rotten investigation, a failed private prosecution, an inquest, an inquiry and then a groundbreaking report - which add up to good copy. As the Guardian's Kamal Ahmed put it, 'The Lawrences have been a convenient bandwagon and the media have clambered aboard with gusto.'

But for all the questionable motivations of the media, they have undoubtedly assisted the Lawrence

family in bringing about a report into Stephen's death which, if its recommendations are carried out, will provide important steps towards a new police culture. The government, despite Sir Norman Fowler's pathetic attempts at making political capital at Jack Straw's expense, has been one of the few institutions to emerge with some credibility in the wake of the inquiry. However the real test will come over the next few years, not only in providing 'the police force we deserve,' but in providing the multicultural, multi ethnic society all of Britain deserves. The metropolitan police force may be 'institutionally racist,' but overcoming their prejudices will be merely scratching the surface. From the top of society down to the bottom Britain is still dominated by white, middle class, middle aged males. You can include the civil service, the NHS, the armed forces and much Britain's administrative muscle in this equation. Britain's never had a black cabinet minister, in fact, even today there are but a small handful of MPs from ethnic minorities. Even in football, a sport where blacks and foreigners have provided many of the best players, particularly over the last two decades, was deprived of a black top-flight manager until Ruud Gullit was appointed Chelsea boss two and a half years ago.

Until racism across British society is tackled with the same verve with which the MacPherson report promises to rid The Met of racism, then the attacks, the killings, the harassment, the prejudice and the limited opportunities of ethnic minorities will continue. The real test of the Labour government will be overcoming such adversities and implementing the legislation necessary to do so. If radical moves aren't made soon, then I fear it could take another Stephen Lawrence to spurn the country into more action. Given that we've already had one martyr too many for a more equal and just society, that would be an appalling tragedy.

Tory Boy

Toryboy settled back into the comfort of his cinema seat. He was looking forward to watching "The Euro-Titanic" - the latest blockbuster from Hollywood. The lights went out and the film began.

It was 1 January 1999, and the Euro-Titanic was being launched. A small crowd cheered on the quay as the great ship set out to cross the twenty-first century.

"Hurrah!" shouted a French man. "This ship is unsinkable!" And he threw his beret into the air.

Inside the Captain's quarters, Wim Duisenburg was taking off his hearing aid. As he didn't intend to listen to anyone (least of all that silly lookout man at the front), perhaps this didn't make any difference.

The Chief Mate, Oscar Lafontaine, was busy drawing up a plan to harmonise the amount of mustard that passengers put in their ham sandwiches.

With an arrogant blast of the horn, the great ship disappeared out of sight.

Moored at the quayside was another large ship, the Pound Sterling. Its Captain was a shifty-looking creature called Toadie Blair.

"Why didn't we all go on the Euro-Titanic?" he moaned to his passengers.

"What's wrong with our ship?" said Will Hague, a young man who secretly wanted to be Captain himself.

Captain Toadie scowled. "We're only the fifth largest economy in the world, so we're far too small to have our own ship. We cannot afford to pretend that the Euro-Titanic does not exist."

Two days later, Captain Toadie presented his passengers with a National Changeover Plan. "We will install extra engines," he insisted, "and speed after the Euro-Titanic. We'll all change ships, and then we'll scuttle the Pound Sterling. Then we'll have a referendum to see whether you want this changeover."

Before long the Pound Sterling was going full speed across the ocean.

On board the Euro-Titanic, Chief Mate Oscar was implementing a plan to harmonise the size of socks. "If we make everyone wear the same size socks," he explained to passengers, "then everyone's feet will grow the same size as well."

One stormy night the lookout knocked on Captain Duisenburg's door. "Help!" he said. "We're in the middle of an economic storm and heading straight for an iceberg."

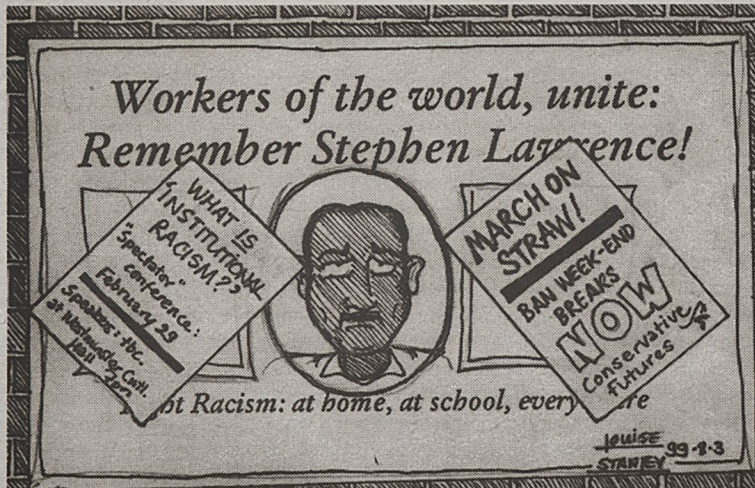
After this had been repeated five times, the message finally got through. "Don't worry," replied Wim Duisenburg, "This ship is unsinkable." And then he went to bed.

"Look," said Will Hague to Captain Toadie. "They're heading straight for an iceberg."

"Stop worrying," muttered Captain Toadie, "this ship is unsinkable."

But as they watched, the Euro-Titanic crashed into the iceberg with an awful rending sound. Water poured through the gaping side. The design of the Euro-Titanic was so poor that within a few minutes the great ship had sunk beneath the waves. Only a floating croissant was left bobbing on the surface.

Relieved at their escape, the passengers on Pound Sterling replaced Captain Toadie with Will Hague and finished their crossing.



HOCKEY BIRDS PEEVED BY GOOD HARD SHAFTING

NAUGHTY NYMPHOS TAKE A SPANKING!

NO SCORE,
JUST PURE UNADULTERATED LIVE SEX
THE JESSTER REPORTS

Crunch time for the hockey birds-a win was a must to stand any chance of acheiving the dizzy heights that is the first division. Having beaten this androgenous bunch recently the birds were feeling confident despite the absence of Sweeper Becks and Killer Prattle who were both on courses teaching the finer points of the perfect blow job to Kings girls! We knew we were in for a rocky ride almost immediately as the umpire looked like she was practising semiphore and the whole notion of actually watching the game seemed to elude her. Despite sterling play, Georges managed to penetrate us and left Bossy, Leggy and Rage wondering how the little bugger had got through to their hole(s). while our forwards were being very loose, the brown wing holders that were the opposition decided that they would barge, foul and generally play a dirty old game. The refs, however, armed with NHS issue specs seemed totally oblivious to these illegal shinanogans

The only silver lining of the day came in the form of Randy Rhi who pumped up and down the wing, foxing the opposition at every turn and looked very comfortable with a. loooong, haaaard, stick in her hand! Half time saw a dejected flock of birds slagging off anyone and everyone- we 'came out' to a second half of pure shite. the birds played



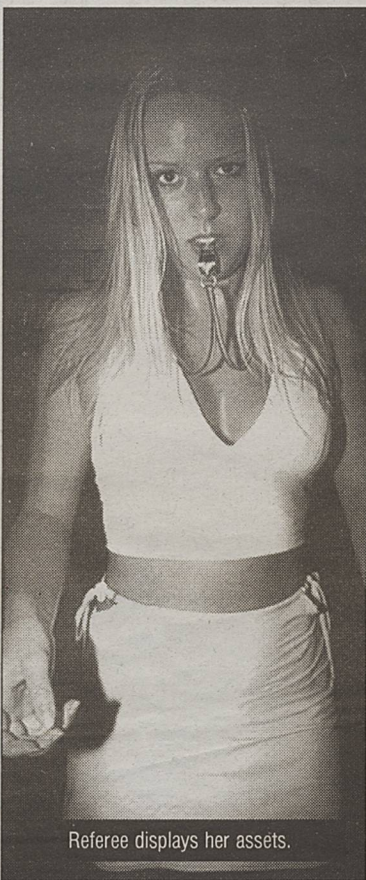
better football than the LSE V's and suffered the consequences of broken toes. Jesster and Rage became increasingly hoarse due to the over use of their vocal chords which came as a shock to the rest of the team- nothing naughty normally comes out or (cums in) our mouths. Full time arrived and the birds stormed off the pitch and continued to fume over liquid refreshment in the pub. A crap Victory by georges may have dashed our (slim) chances of promotion but you can't keep these birds down (on anyone!) for long!!!

RUGBY LADS PLAY LIKE NETBALL GIRLS

RAG WEEK FRIENDLY GETS A LITTLE HOT AND STEAMY

FAT BOB GIVES US ALL A LARGE PORTION OF HIS MIND

The last Friday of February saw a complete degradation of the name of sport in general, and mocked any connection that certain



female sportswomen at this institution may have with fair play. The hallowed Tarmac of Lincoln's Inn was desecrated in the name of onepmanship and a cheap excuse to

humiliate certain stalwarts of LSE Sport. Not only this, but the birds weren't even wearing make-up.

In the name of charity, the footie lads and the rugby boys agreed to the begging pleas of the netball lasses to play them at their own sport. Netball, it has to be said the THE most futile, frustrating and fucked-up sport that I have ever had the sorry misfortune to play. And that's not because we were absolutely shit at it, but because we didn't actually get an opportunity to play. Every time a rugby player attempted to catch the ball some little bird would deliberately run into us and fall over. Then one of the ickle hitleresses with a whistle would blow (the whistle) and shout at us. At one stage Magic Ernie Hanson, strait from the NBA, was actually kicked in the plums by a Juicy Lucy Blair Beckam-like display of petulance. Poor lad, he's only 6'5" and 15st., no chance against a feisty ickle woman.

Netball is definitely a bird's game, and therefore it was little surprise when the 'hunky' football lads were actually very good at it. They used every silky trick in the business, usually reserved for Wednesday nights limelighting, and sharked persistently, putting the girls in positions more vulnerable than Maria Freebeebe could ever possibly fantasise. Richie Wright had the highest shoot and score ratio, but you have to think that some birds were too busy drooling than trying to play.

All in all, it was fairly obvious that the girls used this exercise to vent several frustrations that beer and dark rooms can't seem to help. Next time they want to rub up against sweaty men and play by their own rules, all they need do is ask nicely.

MUSINGS OF A BEHAVIOURAL PSYCHOLOGIST SPORTSMAN

FEDERMAN ON PYROMANIA

The plight of a pyromaniac is one of both despair and rejection. Engulfed in a society in which man has come to abuse the opportunities given to him, he seeks to clarify his own predicament. The steady absorption of pyromaniac tendencies into our daily lives is something which we must beware of. In the meantime, it is imperative that we seek out and institutionalise those who by their very being, menace the environment in which we live.

Undoubtedly, it is not easy for the individual to admit that he is a pyromaniac however if the qualities below apply to you, please think again!

1. Deliberate and purposeful fire setting on more than one occasion.



2. Tension or effective arousal before the act.

3. Fascination with, interest in, curiosity about, or attraction to fire and its situational contexts

4. Pleasure, gratification, or relief when setting fires, or witnessing or participating in their aftermath.

5. The fire setting is not better accounted for by Conduct Disorder, a Manic Episode or Antisocial Personality Disorder.

Please seek help if any of this applies to you. Don't continue the self-denial.

BEAVERSPOITS AGONY UNCLE

This week Beaversports asks you the reader, "have you got a fucking problem?" Such provocation has been met with a terrific response by our readership. Our very own resident Agony Uncle, Jimmy J. has sifted through the barrage of mail and come up with his favourite queries.

Dear Double J.

I think that I'm falling deeply in love with a senior member of the LSE AU committee. I've always had a fetish for women in authority but she doesn't seem to want to give me the time of day. How can I catch her attention?

Dave (Development Studies)

Alright mate. Take a deep breath. Approach her slowly. Tell her you've got a bit f class but prefer to hide it. Make and sustain full eye contact. Don't waver. Put her under your spell and occasionally murmur in her ear the sexual sounds you envisage making in her company. Convince her of your masculinity. Prod her with your groin in an unassuming and completely innocent way. Then you're in business.

To whom it may concern,

I am worried about my bird. She loves football so much that it has completely taken over our sex life. Recently, during intercourse, she has asked me to deflate her Ryan Giggs signed football at bedside. Then she begs me to insert the leather inside her and use my fathers bicycle pump to inflate it (at a pace dictated by her) until she reaches orgasm. Is this normal behaviour?

Sam (Russian studies)

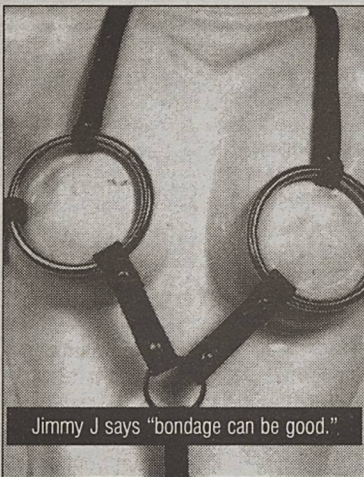
Entirely mate. Women enjoy the feel of football related objects inside of them, corner flags, whistles and especially footwear. Congratulate her on her daring sexual nature and by

her some sexy lingerie and animal lover pornography.

Dear Jimmy,

My boyfriend Danny, an art student at St. Marys, has a multi coloured scrotum. He assures me that it is a temporary decoration for the month of March but something seems a bit suspect. He had it in February.

36DD (Industrial Relations)



Certainly a bit dodgy. Is he a pyromaniac? If so, then this is a common side affect. If not, take him to the doctor. Certain scrotum paints can infact impregnate a woman only through the slightest lick. Be careful baby and don't go down on him.

Dear J.J

Beaversports is the most politically correct publication that I have ever read. How do you ensure such consistency?

Eugene (Binocular engineering - In.perial)

I think you're living on another planet mate but if that was supposed to be sarcastic, you'd better watch your back!

BEAVERSPOITS: WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Our intrepid reporter, Billy. B. has been back on Houghton Street this week to find out what the students think of the back pages. Here are some of the responses.

"Even better then Steps." - Alex Haylett

"Top quality." - Peter Clegg

"Pile of shit. I wouldn't wipe my ass with it. But having said that, it is slightly better than Johnny B. election leaflets." - Will Paxton

"I'm down with it." - MC Low Ebb.

"Pretty funny. better than a mobile phone up the ass." Darren Bradley

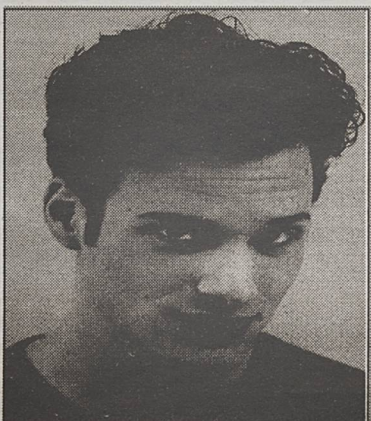
"I wanna shag Beaversports." - Anon

"Reading it won't help to get me a job in the city so why should I give a fuck." - James Cooper

'Beaversports - mae'n well na shelfo dafad' - LSE Welsh posse.

"Wanktastic, mate!" - Homie C.

HUNKY HARRY



Oh my gosh Devious B! Who is this absolute spunkmaster. An LSE journeyman who spends just as much time pursuing his modelling career as he does working on his Econometrics homework. A stalwart on a certain racquet sports team., this guy is on the look out for a pretty lady. He's not too fussy about their appearance and ensures me that "personality and sense of humour" are the qualities that he desires. I don't trust him but I have heard that he packs quite a punch. For more info call 09865-475-256 whenever you fancy

BEAVERSPOITS CLARIFICATION

Last week, the Beaversports crew took a licking off of certain members of the LSE constituency. Regardless of this article titled "Is Friebe Colour Blind?" was in no way intended to throw into question the achievements of certain LSE sporting legends. We apologise for any controversy or ill feeling caused by this article and we assure you that it was never meant to cause offence.

THE LSE UNDERGROUND DANCE MUSIC SOCIETY

HEREBY GIVE YOU EARLY WARNING OF OUR NEXT EVENT OF 1999

"THE PAYBACK" KEEP LOCKED ON FOR FURTHER DETAILS

FAT BOB HAT-TRICK SEES WARRIORS THROUGH TO SEMIS

LSE RUGBY BACK ON THE GLORY TRAIL

McGUINNESS IN A SPIN AFTER CRAZY SEX ORGY

BACKDOOR ANTICS LEAD TO BORE DRAW

LSE IV 0 - 0 QMW III
"CANNY" PETER CLEGG KNOWS THE
FUCKING SCORE

LSE misfits Bankes, Newton and 'Jesus' Irwin all missing. LSE legends McGuinness, Goodman, Mandrekar and Clegg all playing. The signs were promising for LSE 4th's before their game against QMW. However, the pitch at QMW was a serious handicap. To say it was in a worse state than either McGuinness on a Wednesday night at limelight or any of 'mingers' Newton's ex-birds gives you some understanding of the atrocious conditions underfoot.

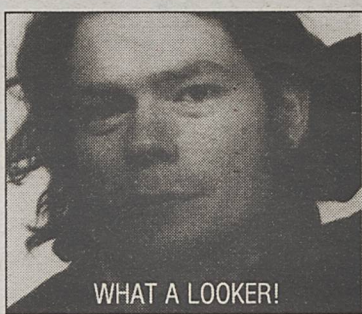
QMW had the advantage in the first half of a 90 degree slope, a 100 mph wind at their backs, as well the appearances of Matt 'I've got a girlfriend with massive tits but I fancy a dodgy ginger haired bird from Bankside' Stoate in defence and Matt 'bring back Jesus Irwin because I'm even shitter than him at football' Mowbray up front, and as result LSE had to contend with constant QMW pressure. Fortunately, Tom, Mandie, and Limelight ladies men Ollie and 'wildman' Will defended resolutely and goalkeeper Mike dealt comfortably with any QMW shots. LSE did have a great chance to score when Clegg had only the keeper to beat. However, unfortunately for the team, Clegg's scoring record on the pitch is nowhere near as prolific and impressive as his scoring rate off the pitch, and once again he failed to beat the keeper. Thus at half time the score was 0-0, with the first half almost as exciting as spending a full day in the library, studying

economics, whilst discussing student union politics with Jonathon Black.

The second half saw a turnaround in the LSE's game with the team unrecognisable from the shambolic first half offering. Balding midfield dynamo Andy Goodman began to run the game, dominating proceedings on the pitch in the same manner as he likes Pru to dominate proceedings in the bedroom. Goodman was ably assisted by third team reject 'G' man who proved unbeatable in the air. With Clegg and Paxton supplying chance after chance for McGuinness it seemed only a matter of time before LSE's favourite leading goalscorer and all round sex machine grabbed his seventeenth goal of a highly productive season. However, this was not to be McGuinness day and he proceeded to miss 46 chances. This is something of a coincidence as the number 46 is also McGuinness' weight in stones, as well as the number of pints and kebabs which he consumes with ease each day. In his defence McGuinness claimed to be suffering from FATique after his previous nights sex orgy with 'Dirty Alex', Matt Raftery, and the aforementioned Goodman and Pru at the notorious sex den, otherwise known as 111 Sydney Road, Turnpike Lane. Rumours that Jimmy, Paul and Gideon are to soon join in proceedings are as yet unconfirmed. By the way, the game finished 0-0 and overall was almost as exciting as spending a day in the library, studying economics, whilst having to listen to Jonathon Black whine on about student politics.



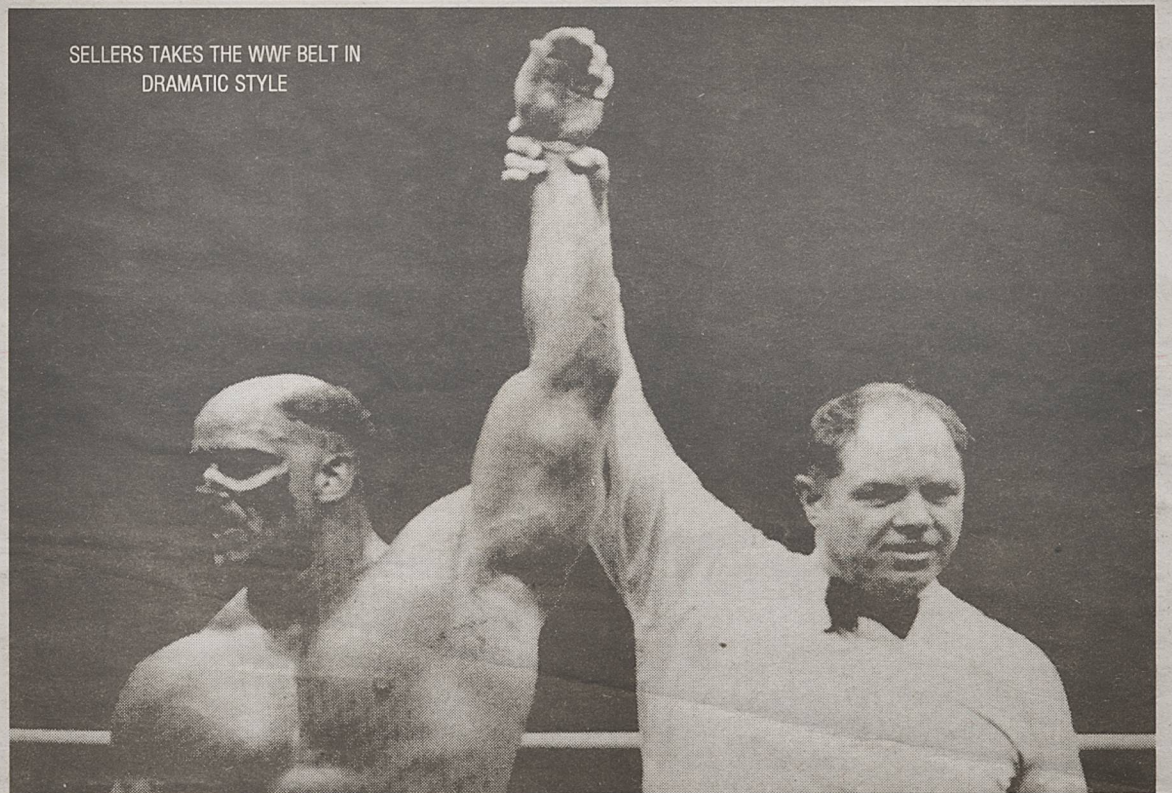
CLEGGTASTIC MATE!



WHAT A LOOKER!

QMW 0 - 27 LSE - WHITEWASH!

SELLERS TAKES THE WWF BELT IN
DRAMATIC STYLE



Fat Bob Reports

It's happening again boys and girls. Oooh yes it is. After our shock BUSA defeat at the hands of a bunch of woofies from the south coast a fortnight ago, the Purple Warriors shrugged off any worries of a Wales-style slip into rugby obscurity by trouncing the queens of East London, QMW. It is clear from the form book and our performances on the pitch that we have far from shot our load, and have cum good when it counts.

The first thing we noticed about our opponents was that they were going to try and beat us by drowning any our decent players in the swamp that was supposed to be their pitch. It was soft, dank and most offensive of all, smelt like Tim Brumshaw's arse during that dead animal incident on the way back from Sussex. Every time we were tackled it was like landing in a large puddle of freezing excrement, and throwing the ball was akin to trying to play catch with a fair size turd. Dave Ampaw excelled in the conditions, which is somewhat disturbing.

Also, there was a force-ten gale blowing like a high class whore from

one end of the pitch. Luckily (but I like to think that the skillful man makes his own luck), I won the toss, and it meant that the first half was all us. There's only one way to play rugby on a day like that, and that's to kick it close to the opposition's try-line, and then give to your fattest bloke and push him over the line. That suits us fine, because Scotty can kick, and we have more fat blokes than a sumo-convention. The best example of how the conditions affected us was seeing 'Dancing' IK Iroche try in vain several times to splash through puddles to get to the line. Even he can't walk on water. Hightower Hanson was da man who played the biggest part in winning us ball from the line-out; not necessarily by jumping and catching, but by splitting his opposite man's head open with his boot, leaving them without anyone capable of catching anything.

As it goes, we scored 5 very fat man orientated tries. The 'Waxed' Mong, renamed thanks to a recent trip to a North London beauticians, led by example by throwing his massive love-handles at the opposition and flopping over the line like a clubbed elephant seal. Then

Brumshaw decided to get in on the act and used his immense backside as protection to claim a try at the back of another awesome scrummage. However, if it's fat that counts, there can only conceivably be one man involved: me. Fat Bob, captin fantastic, the lad with the flab, scored a hatrick that will go down in LSE Rugby History as the most complete display of weight distribution ever seen.

At 27-0 up with ten to go it looked in the bag, and frankly, it was. But from somewhere QMW found some aggression and a bit of fucking spunk, and it seemed as if they were determined get some points on the board. However, it seems to summarise the lads' new-found winning spirit that they were held short again and again by a viscous foray of tackles from everyone in an LSE shirt, even with the result not in question. Watching from the sidelines, having subbed myself for Beavis Mischeivous, who has now, at last, won his first game ever, I felt, through the cold and aching limbs a warming sense of pride. Call me a fanny (if you dare) but I really was a happy man.

**WARNING : OVEREXPOSURE TO BEAVERSPORTS WILL
RESULT IN UNTOLD AMENDMENTS TO YOUR CONSTITUTION**