

A Raspin

Elephants at the Rainforest Cafe Campus Page 17

BRITISH LIBRARY OF POLITICAL & ECONOMIC SCIENCE

Arts Pages:

LA Confidential

Tuesday, November 4 1997
Issue 469
First Published May 5, 1949
The Newspaper of the LSESU

THE BEAVER

Students Say "Fees, No Way!"

Elections: high turnout, low key affair



Students in fourteen cities around the country took part in the anti tuition fees rallies on Saturday. Passions were high despite the relatively low turnout.

Matt Brough and Dhara Ranasinghe. Photo: Sim Chi Yin

STUDENTS crowded Hyde Park on Saturday morning in order to participate in one of fourteen marches across the country as part of the National Union of Students' national campaign against tuition fees.

The event attracted a number of speakers from Phil Woolas, the Liberal Democrat spokesman on Higher Education to Billy Bragg. The London rally was addressed by left wing Labour MP, Diane Abbott who did not receive a warm reception and Simon Hughes, Liberal Democrat MP who stated that, "if we can't defend Higher Education we might as well go home."

The policy of the NUS' executive was brought into question after a number of universities openly criticised the Union's approach to the 'Say no to fees' campaign, describing it as everything from 'disorganised' to 'deliberately designed to fail'.

The turnout to the marches was varied. 5,000 attended the Sheffield rally compared to the 2,000 at the London demonstration. The relatively low turnout

was seen by some as result of the lacklustre approach of the NUS rather than the media friendly perception of student apathy.

Specific criticism was levelled against NUS President Douglas Trainer. The elusive executive was not present at the main protest in London, but attended the Oxford rally instead. It was reported that Trainer had decided the rally should start at 9am, at least two hours before most other protests were scheduled.

In another controversial incident Trainer was apparently involved in the NUS suppression of Plymouth NUS executive member, Jo Cardwell, who was prevented from speaking at the Plymouth march owing to her open opposition towards the NUS' fees policy.

As a result suspicion was relatively apparent on Houghton Street on Saturday, one source within the LSE SU stating "The NUS appears very much to be toeing the government line. The executive are selling

us out, not trying to upset anybody. They want to get careers out of this."

This view was also supported by the Institute of Education's Student Union President, Seth Atkin, who stated that "the NUS is completely letting us down over fees and grants." As LSE Entertainment's Sabbatical Jasper Ward put it, "the [NUS] leadership is very disjointed. Their priorities are in areas that are definitely not stopping student fees. Not naming any names of course... definitely not Doug Trainer."

The turnout from the individual London Universities was mixed; approximately 250 from Royal Holloway to 30 from SOAS. The Central School of Speech and Drama had 30 of their members in attendance including their Student Unions' President Gareth Miles complete with massive foam skeleton puppet, symbolising "the death of free education".

Miles told *The Beaver* that he hoped

the march would have some effect, "otherwise we wouldn't be here." This was a sentiment reflected by one sixth form student from Leighton College who expressed concern about starting higher education with fees in the pipeline.

Despite this controversy, students arrived for the Hyde Park march in high spirits and the rally was initiated by the release of black balloons. Potential infants' teacher Mr Yuan Potts, Education and Welfare Sabbatical, together with LSESU General Secretary Narius Aga led the LSE contingent from Houghton Street to the underground where the tube was taken to Hyde Park. Suggestions that a taxi should be taken were duly scorned.

Nevertheless, Aga was pleased with the LSE turnout and hoped the demonstration would "make the government re-think" and realise that "students are not going to accept fees lying down."

Despite initial confusion, the overwhelming feelings of demonstrators made up for the minor flaws in organisation.

News Team

THE COUNT FOR THIS YEAR'S SU elections was a relatively low key affair. However, this was not a fair reflection of the impressive and unprecedented 951 strong voting turnout, despite a change of venue. In previous years the ballot box has been situated in the Old Building, but it was moved to the Quad this year, apparently to draw more voters.

First place on the Court of Governors was taken by Independent candidate Baljit Mahal, who seemed keen to get on with the task of fulfilling his election manifesto, promising to "honour the pledges that have been made". Many felt that Mahal's active campaigning had helped to erase memories of his political past.

Dan Lam, who gained the highest votes for the SU executive elections last summer, finished in second place in the election of five LSE student Court of Governors. He reacted to his success by commenting, "I will do my best to repay my supporters and voters".

Lam, who believed that it had been a very "smoothly run election", dismissed suggestions that he would stand in any future elections.

The elections also saw a surprising runaway from the main political parties. There has been speculation over whether this is a reflection of general student apathy or of the current division in national student politics over fees. It has also been suggested that students were voting without any real knowledge about the candidates and any of their policies. Joe Roberts, Secretary of the LSE Labour Club, told *The Beaver* that he was "obviously disappointed" and that it was "a bad night for all political societies, not just the Labour club."

However, LSE Conservative Club Treasurer, Mark Turner, was elated by the only Conservative victory of the night. He responded to Kenneth Clarke's election as honorary Vice-President of the SU with "it's a great day for conservatism at the

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Clear off, Brits

Aruni Muthumala

SOME OF YOU BROWSING THROUGH the LSE home page on the internet earlier this term might have come across a message that indicated that places were still available for foreign students on certain undergraduate and graduate courses. This message might have led you, like Narius Aga, the General Secretary of the Student Union, to believe that LSE was going through "clearing" for the first time. This would naturally be a severe blow to the School's reputation as, like Oxbridge, it prides itself on never having to go through the process of "clearing". However, as the Admissions Office will tell you with alacrity, LSE did not have any places available for clearing in the UCAS system this year, like any other year.

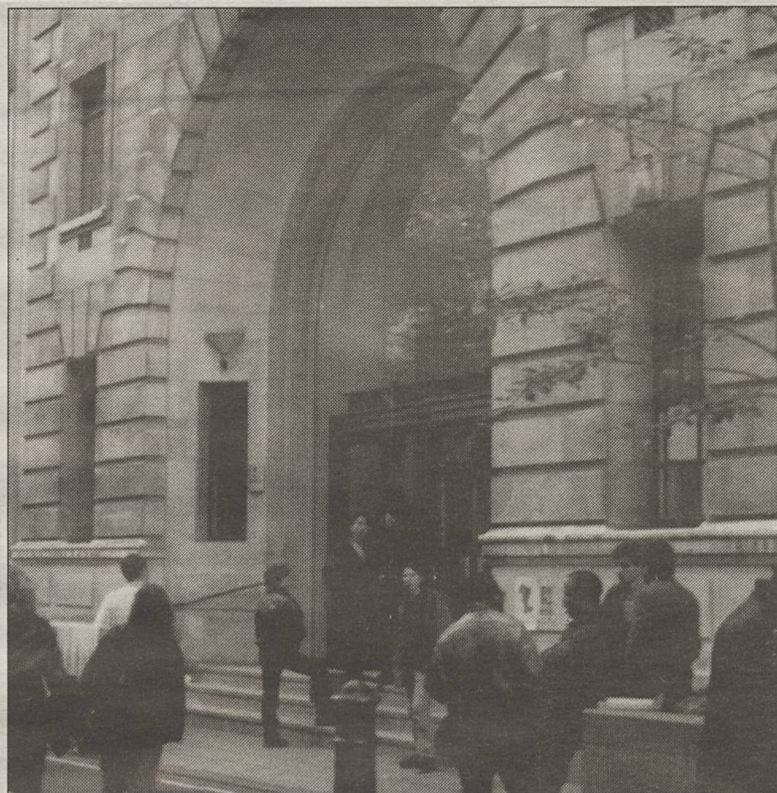
In fact George Kiloh, the Academic

Registrar reported that LSE may be in danger of having more than its government allocated quota of home students and consequently being fined. Although the LSE has to keep to a government quota for home students, it does not face such restrictions with foreign students, where it is free to make its own internal target. The message on the LSE home page indicating that there were a few places available for overseas students was broadcast by the Academic Registrar's Office because it was initially thought that the internally set target for foreign undergraduate students, which was higher than last year, might not be met. This fear appears now to be unfounded as recent information from the Planning Unit suggests that the LSE is not far off its target for foreign undergraduate students. Even the turbulent economic events in South East Asia have not seemed

to deter students, with there actually being a rise in the number of South East Asian students admitted to the LSE from last year.

The message on the LSE home page was therefore not indicative of any significant fall in the demand for places in LSE. However, it does show the problems facing LSE with regard to its admissions policy. With the intake of home students strictly controlled by the government, LSE has to rely increasingly on foreign students for funds. It is vital to correctly estimate the proportion of these students with offers who will take up places in the School.

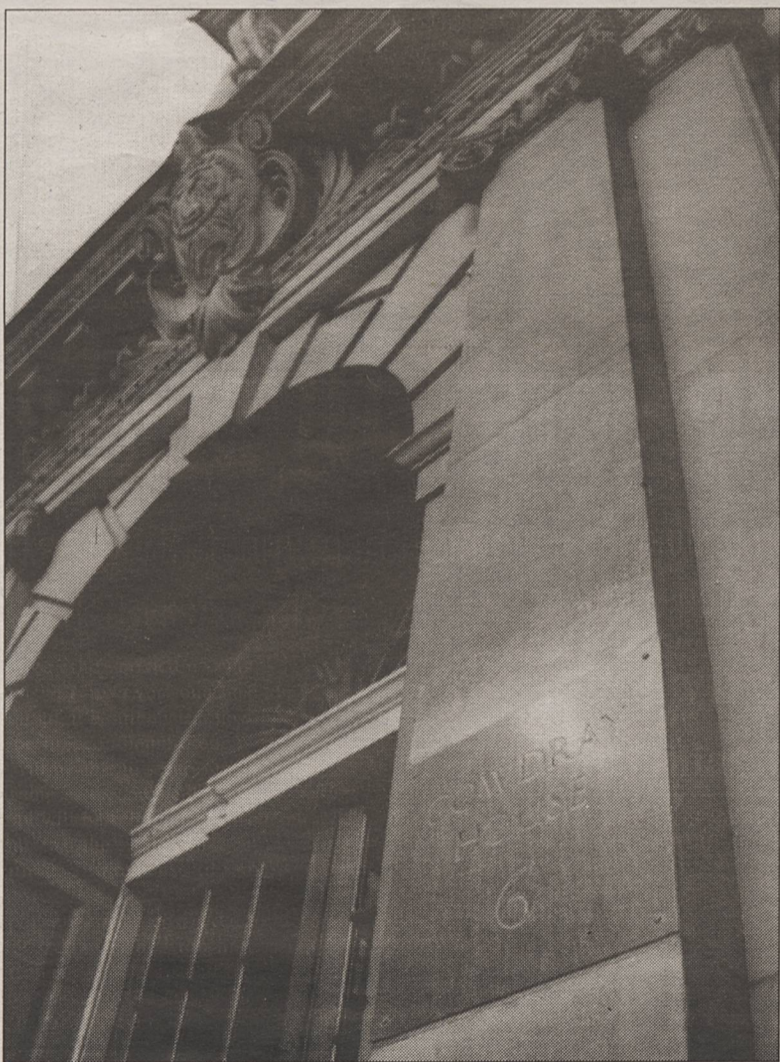
Underestimation will lead to too few places being filled and consequently less money for the School. Over-estimation may lead to over-crowding in what many believe to be an already over-crowded institution.



L.S.E.'s doors open to clearing

Photo : Library

Building for the future



Cowdry House

Photo: Nina Duncan

Zoe Peden

LSE HAVE BOUGHT THE freehold on Cowdry House, the rather elegant looking building next to the library behind the book shop, Dillons.

LSE already owns a small part of the building called Tymes Court and a solicitors office will continue to own the section nearest the library. The School will be taking over the 15,711 sq feet former home of the Federation of Civil Engineering Contractors.

Alas, it will not be used to help ease students breathing and circulation problems in cramped classrooms. Michael Arthur, Head of Site Development Services,

informs *The Beaver* that it will be used as academic offices. He expects that LSE will lose the sixth floor of St Catherine's House next year as it was on a very short lease. The Cowdry House office space is a similar size to that of the academic offices found there.

Mr Arthur also ensures *The Beaver* that the LSE has not suddenly become awash with cash and that the money used to rent the sixth floor will simply be transferred to funds for Cowdry House.

But do not despair, ideas are afloat to turn the basement into a sea of student lockers to ease the stampede at the beginning of term.

That won't do at hall

Rose Rich

A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF controversy has flared surrounding the LSE's perceived policy towards new halls of residence. Two members of the Rosebery Hall Committee have voiced concerns after being shown proposals for a development near Lambeth North tube station by David Segal, the head of LSE's Residential Services.

Patrick Neary, the Secretary of Rosebery Hall, told *The Beaver* that he was disappointed with Mr Segal's apparent predilection for a Bankside style facility, which he felt was beyond the needs or means of many students.

He also claimed that Mr Segal showed a certain blindness to the hazards of the area, which is badly lit and potentially

hazardous for students returning at night. He added that he found Segal's "condescending" attitude towards the student representatives present irritating and offensive.

Mr Segal spoke guardedly to *The Beaver* on the issue, stating that the site in question was only one of several which were being considered by the LSE in an attempt to meet the spiralling demand for university accommodation. He denied that a "Bankside 2" style hall was the specific plan, but was certainly one possibility. The current boom in London property prices has not made the acquisition of moderately priced sites in a central location particularly easy, and Mr Segal claimed it would be possible to provide cheaper accommodation if students didn't object to living further from the LSE.

Segal cited a "fairly comprehensive" survey he had conducted which indicated that students were prepared to pay more money for superior accommodation. However, he conceded that students were generally less enthusiastic to part with the additional money when they received their rent bills. He added that "personally" he would choose to find more lower priced residences in the Carr-Saunders / Rosebery mould, but the decision ultimately rested with the Inter-Halls committee, his role is more that of a "civil servant".

It is true that the more expensive halls provide valuable extra rent during the Summer months owing to their salubrious nature. The question is whether this is adequate compensation for the high rents which students face themselves.

New course guide in the pipeline

Andrew Yule

LSESU EDUCATION AND Welfare officer Yuan Potts has initiated an Alternative Course Guide, to provide a more realistic view of LSE courses.

The guide will be written "by students, for students" said Potts, who hopes that all second year and third year students will complete the form, which asks for comments and opinions on the quality of the teaching and lecturing. Comments are also asked for on the availability of books in the library and materials in general and the requisite workload.

The Alternative Course Guide will be available as a companion to the current

LSE Calendar, provided by the school and written by the individual departments to outline the requirements for and contents of all the courses currently available at the LSE.

While the official calendar is informative, Potts feels that students will have a fuller picture of what the courses entail from students who are currently taking them.

The task of producing an alternative course guide has been outlined within the job description for Education and Welfare

Sabbatical since the position was established in 1992, however, one has never been produced. It is still unclear how the guide will be funded, though Potts is hoping that he will be able to secure some form of sponsorship as the circulation and thus the publicity will be substantial. This would also mean that the guide could be distributed without any expense to the students.

Without sponsorship the cost would have to be met by the Education and Welfare budget, thus meaning a small fee would have to be charged to the student for the publication, to cover costs.

Racists deface Islamic prayer room

Chris Roe

RACIST VANDALS HAVE targeted the LSE's Muslim prayer rooms for a hate campaign. The most recent and disturbing incident involved the scrawling of obscene and blasphemous graffiti in the area set aside for worship by males.

One regular user of the facility, who would prefer to remain anonymous, expressed his regret that "it has come to this." He said that the Islamic society held "forthright" views but stressed that the organisation, like the religion, is of a "non anti-Semitic and pacifist nature". He

blamed the attack on the prejudice and ignorance which has aroused "Islamophobic" feelings in some individuals.

The attack raises the issue of security for those using the worship rooms, which are kept permanently unlocked to allow access for those who wish to pray. King's Chambers, where the rooms are located, already has a security camera on the door, but *The Beaver's* contact questioned whether this was sufficient. He was particularly concerned for the safety of female worshippers, and mentioned the idea of a numbered keypad on the door to the

sister's prayer room.

Narius Aga, the SU General Secretary, told *The Beaver* that he felt the school was already taking adequate precautions against such incidents, and added that it was conducting an investigation into the matter. He also stated that he "utterly condemned those responsible for the cowardly attack." Yuan Potts, the Education and Welfare sabbatical, said that it was "deeply upsetting"; this would seem to be a fair description of this manifestation of virulent bigotry in the centre of the campus.

Elections - continued from page one

LSE and this will send shock waves throughout the nation." This was a view seconded by outgoing Honorary Vice President Bernardo Duggan who expressed his delight at this result.

Sticking with the SU's tradition of electing internationally respected figures as Honorary President, Mother Teresa of Calcutta was elected in memoriam by a landslide. Last year, the union elected Nelson Mandela, rejecting a national trend amongst universities to nominate and elect minor celebrities, such as the Spice Girls. The populist candidate, Shawn the Sheep from Wallace & Gromit, came second after Mother Teresa. Tony Blair, did not even make it through the first count of the voting.

This years elections, however, were not without the usual skirmishes between candidates. On Monday, a complaint was submitted to the Constitutional and Steering Committee by Dan Lam.

Lam alleged that co-candidate for the Court of Governors, Baljit Mahal had breached section CP.9.7.7c of the constitution by placing his flyers "on the wall, on floors of the building over plastic sheets" in the Myddleton Wing in Rosebery Hall. The matter was investigated by the Assistant Returning Officer, Bernardo Duggan, who found that there was nothing on the walls to sustain his complaint and therefore no action could be taken. Allegations of candidates defacing each others posters were also submitted to the Constitutional and Steering Committee.

Nevertheless, it appeared that this year's elections had run relatively smoothly. Narius Aga, LSESU General Secretary dismissed the complaints made earlier in the week as a "hiccup", and on the whole believed that the campaign had been "very peaceful". This was a view reiterated by fellow sabbatical, Yuan Potts, who summed up the general feeling on the elections by stating that they had been "quite unremarkable".



Democracy at the LSE. Photo: Alex Trojanow

Jelly Babies' world goes wibbly wobbly

Zoe Peden

THE UGM IS SET TO HEAR A constitutional amendment in the next three weeks that puts Jelly Babies lives at risk.

Labour, Conservatives, Liberal Democrats, SWSS, Hayek and the Jelly Baby society are all associate societies. They are not bound by Student Union regulations, they do not apply for a budget and do not bank through the union. This may be about to change.

Some wheeler dealer associate societies have in the past been using the LSE name solely to make profit. To stop any dirty handed dealings in the future the Union Executive have proposed that the associate societies should bank through the union. Through this they will be able to prevent "dodgy" societies from being established, taking Freshers' precious pounds and than doing a runner.

The Exec will be able to keep track of all societies and threaten the withdrawal of their budget if they do not conform to rules. Significantly, it will stop ad hoc payments to people within the society if the reason is not income generating i.e. coffee and crisps all round.

The Exec have the power to enact this amendment to the constitution alone. However, they have decided to raise the issue at the UGM so anyone with any complaints can be heard.



UNION JACK

Onward and upward to the LSE Radio Club. Although Jack dislikes a name that sounds like something the Secret Seven might do on their day off, he is fully in favour of anything that attempts to get Big Bird's cash off him. Hm, Bernardo FM. Jack always thought that Branguano was more of an MF than an FM, but never mind. Perhaps Tank Girl could be put in charge - 108FM-46DD.

Having finally organised his own safe transport from Sarajevo, Renton Potts arrived to save free education as we know it. Jasper announced that he had employed new entertainment for Saturday night. Deciding to bring in cabaret acts who stick large disgusting objects in inappropriate places should not be heralded as an entirely new idea. Jack hears that the Labour club did it just last week by electing Eunick Kirby to lead them back from the Cropper wilderness. Mainstream they say? If they are truly new Labour, why are they off (putting) message and not wearing ties? Mandleson would never wear THAT jumper. Kirby, the Staidpuffed Marshmallow Man of the LSE, looked more like an off duty Tory than a svelte Stephen Twigg. Kirby is a jumper Nazi - he believes in the supremacy of the Arran race. However, he did do a sterling job in both blocking out the sun, and ejecting some anti-social SWSS nonsense about occupying Katherine Pigott. Personally, Jack loves the smell of Occupation in the morning - it smell like bigotry!

Jack would like to begin taking credit where it is due. Nariuszzzzzz is obviously responding to criticisms of somnambulism by cracking bad jokes. As for Tank Girl (tm) - you heard it hear first. Actually, you heard it rumbling down Houghton St papered in Socialist Workers, but this is beside the point. Less Stalin Spice than Tosh Spice, her calls for fiery revolution are never less than garbled: cast off your chains - we have nothing to lose but our syntax. She, like Catheter-ring Pig-OTT, claimed she wasn't taking top-up fees lying down. Jack was unaware that the LSE Lib-Dems are now in the business of supporting occupations, but obviously Katherine's red red cardigan indicates an amazingly quick change of position. Jack had always heard she could do that, but it was nice for once to see it in action.

A quick word about Matheus 'Rommel' Meddler, the overseas officer. We have ways of making him talk, and Jack will soon see him off to be brutally abused by those rioting students in Melbourne of whom SWSS seem so keen. One more insult against England, Jack's England, and we will run him through like the peasant he is. Lying down? Never! Perhaps we could entreat SWSS to occupy his bedroom until he recants.

The last motion before the house showed what a real UGM could be about. An interesting motion (i.e. no mention of fees) was debated seriously along bi-partisan lines. Like the Yank deserves credit for actually putting forward something worth talking about, and the new Labour club for discussing it intelligently and properly. Are you listening Stuart Locke? And did anyone notice how Herr Flick, fresh back from his search for the fallen Madonna with the big Boobies (cf Nick Kirby), contradicted Skid Mark? A Tory Split, they cried! And Jack thought only George could perform such a precarious manoeuvre. Ahh George, the blond leading the bland. Same time next week.

The Results So Far

Honorary President:

Mother Teresa (in memoriam)

Honorary Vice President:

The Rt Hon Ken Clarke MP

Equal Opportunities Officer:

Demetrios Charalambides.

Court of Governors:

Baljit Mahal (Independent)

Dan Lam (Independent for postgraduate and undergraduate unity)

Eric Wernevi (Independent Green)

Sri Surya Pathnamathan

Claire Conan

Academic Board:

Carsten Boers (LSE growing up to its reputation)

Anita Majumdar (LSE Labour)

Karrin J Smole (Independent)

Inter Halls Committee:

Carsten Boers.



Anita Majumdar, Women's Officer and successful academic board candidate waiting to vote. Photo: Alex Trojanow

Pro-Choice lobby makes its voice heard

Andrew Yule

FOLLOWING LAST WEEK'S anti-abortion, pro-life march across London, Anita Goldsmith, the NUS's Women's officer led a pro-choice march from ULU to Red Lion Square, Holborn.

The torchlit march was well attended by a large contingent of predominantly young females, though the older generation and the male sex were far from totally absent.

The destination of the march was

Conway Hall on Red Lion Square, near Holborn. Hundreds filled the main hall of Conway Hall to listen to various speakers representing the National Abortion campaign and the Welfare State Network, as well as influential individuals supporting the campaign in general.

However, despite the pro-choice nature of the event, it was not without internal controversy. Labour MP Audrey Wise, member of the parliamentary Select Committee on health, met with heavy criticism from some of the more outspoken

members of the audience.

Mrs Wise supported the 1967 Abortion Act with the argument that it allowed people to go ahead and have kids even after losing previous children due to what she called "gross deformity". She said that the abortion legislation allowed parents to conceive without the risk of having to raise "suffering and grossly deformed kids." This was shot down by two women professing that her opinions were "disgusting" and that deformed children should in no way be discriminated against

and were as entitled to life as any other child. Mrs Wise reiterated that she did "not like abortion", but that it is essential that the choice is available.

She continued that she could not understand how to raise a "grossly disabled child" could be preferable to a "healthy child".

While these arguments are at the heart of the whole abortion controversy, and she speaks for a large section of the pro-choice contingent, the phrasing of her opinions could be considered insensitive.

Archives

From This Week

12 November 1964

On November 12 1964 *The Beaver* declared that LSE was "bursting at its seams" with the increased intake of students. There was widespread feeling of overcrowding and confusion across the college. The refreshment facilities no longer facilitated refreshment but were described instead as precipitating "tiredness and indigestion"! Lectures were also said to have been so over-attended that learning became impossible and "the sound of the building

construction... [made] the library at times only marginally more conducive to study than Paddington station!"

However, the most pressing question of all at the time was that of secession; the issue of whether LSE should have left the federal structure of London University or not. The majority felt that the School should enjoy more substantial freedom in its development. It was felt that LSE possessed a worldwide reputation in its field and yet "at times there [was] a

nagging feeling that this reputation [was] not fully justified". The reason behind this was mainly that there was no freedom in the making of senior academic appointments, no freedom in determining the curricula and standards and no freedom in assessing the qualification for degrees. In addition, LSE was unable to discuss university matters at the national level. If LSE were to secede from London University, *The Beaver* declared that it would be like "a well developed country



leaving the British Commonwealth and much that is good would probably [have been] lost. Nevertheless, LSE was proud of its virility and adaptability and would not give it up if it meant greater freedom.

Miriam Chalabi

News From Nowhere



DESPITE the government's long overdue ban on firearms, I have received an unprecedented number of reports from the more barbaric and less law abiding of Britain's universities, suggesting that weapons and violence are still very much around and kicking back today. In **Oxford** (god forbid..) a CID raid on a student's room uncovered a handgun and both student and gun have been remanded in custody to await trial. This heinous incident is proving to be something of an embarrassment to the university as is demonstrated by the denouncement of the young offender given me by the uni's newspaper office. I was hysterically informed that the youth involved is a "paranoid psychotic", and to top it all a "complete wanker". In case I didn't catch this phrase first time round, it was repeated a total of four times throughout our conversation. So, he's a complete wanker is he?

Also joining the lauded ranks of the complete wanker society are the **Bristol** Metropolitan Police Force who arrested the entire university's comedy group this summer for possessing an AK47. This, to those uninitiated, non Guns-and-Ammo reading members of our little community, is a gun. Eeeek. The comedy group, Club Seals, were mistaken for members of the IRA. They must be some comedians...

Another case of mistaken identity has resulted in Bristol students being thoroughly skanked by a bogus lecturer from Hawaii. In the absence of further information about this little scandal we are forced to speculate that a grass skirt-toting, flower garland-sporting, Lilt-drinking chap, posing as a lecturer has in some way been accepted to teach (hula-dance classes?) at Bristol. Now that's what I call comedy. If it was up to me I'd un-ban hand guns and shoot the f****r.

By Tasha Kosviner

Quote of the Week

"I've had a lot of shit go through me this week...."

Successful candidate for the Court of Governors election, Dan Lam, commenting on the SU elections.
30/10/97.

LSE Labour Club Split Healed

Chris Roe

Reports of simmering disputes within the ranks of the LSE Labour club have been greatly exaggerated, according to newly elected chair Nick Kirby. In a communique to *The Beaver* Communications Officer Andy Charlwood stressed the "united" nature of the society, which chose a new executive in largely uncontested elections last Monday.

In his inaugural speech Kirby said "whatever our political beliefs there is more that unites us than divides us". It certainly appears that ideological differences have been put aside for the foreseeable future, since Kirby was elected unopposed, after another candidate was disqualified on a technicality. Kirby was critical of the club's previous direction when he said that "the LSE Labour Club finds it hard to get speakers because it has defined itself by opposition to the national Labour party." This is reflected in the club's current list of prospective speakers, which is somewhat less illustrious than that of the LSE's Conservative club. Kirby vows this will change.

He also described the club's start to the new academic year as "slow at best", citing the lacklustre stall at the Freshers' Fayre as one example. Critics have suggested that some of the responsibility for this lies with Kirby, as the only re-elected member of last year's executive. Although it should be kept in mind that he held only a minor, non portfolio position. Whatever the cause, Kirby is now committed to "making this Labour club the best in the country."

Speaker's Corner

Joe Yearsley

Addressing a mainly Bangladeshi audience, Sheikh Hasina, Prime Minister of Bangladesh, spoke about "Vote Rigging and the Solutions" last Tuesday in the Old Theatre.

Bangladesh is a young democracy and a young country. As a part of British India it became known as East Pakistan in 1947. Hasina's father, Sheikh Mujibur, was President of the Awami League which was at the forefront of the campaign for independence from West Pakistan - a campaign that resulted in civil war. Since independence, Bangladesh has been contaminated by corruption, and it is part of Hasina's vision of a "Golden Bengal" to stop this problem.

Subjected in the past to military coup d'etats and martial law, Bangladesh now seems to be moving closer towards democracy, albeit a fragile and fragmentary version, with the advent of Hasina. She has constantly striven for "free and fair elections" and consensual politics in Bangladesh. As Prime Minister since June 1996, she has introduced "Question Time" into Parliament and has attempted to ensure the independence of the judiciary. However, she did not produce any lucid solutions for her crusade against vote-rigging, which still seems to be rife in Bangladesh.

A Bangladeshi sitting next to me informed me that the party who wins the



Sheikh Hasina speaks to the LSE

Photo: Dan Salaman

next election will still be the party who has the most success in vote-rigging and that includes Hasina and her party.

Indeed, Hasina did not command undivided support from the audience as she was questioned about the number of people she has imprisoned under the "Special Powers Act." Similarly, the LSE Islamic Society were distributing leaflets outside the Old Building accusing Hasina of sabotaging opposition rallies and of

sponsoring terrorism in higher educational institutions.

Thus, despite her saintly rhetoric, it is difficult to ascertain the true extent of change towards democracy in Bangladesh. The most densely populated country in the world has a formidable task ahead - Hasina's strong words must become a reality, and the seeds of democracy nurtured to ensure they bear fruit.

Opposition to Trainer Intensifies

Beaver News Comment

In an unprecedented move earlier this month, Leeds University Students' Union passed a motion of no confidence against various members of the NUS movement, in particular, NUS President Douglas Trainer. According to the NUS stipulations, twenty-five university unions must pass such a motion for an emergency general meeting to be held with the specific objective of ousting Trainer, who has been dubbed Douglas 'Traitor' by a number of his critics.

London Institute, Kingston University, the School of Oriental and African Studies, the School of East European Studies, the University of East London, Sheffield Hallam University, Oxford Brookes University, Reading, York and Cambridge, Sunderland, Newcastle, Goldsmiths College and the Institute of Education have followed in Leeds' footsteps.

There has been particularly strong criticism of the failure of the student

movement to resist the Blair government's plans for tuition fees. At the recent NUS Media Conference, *The Guardian's* Education Editor John Carvel remarked on the NUS executive's weak attempts to fight the on-set of university fees. Anger is widespread throughout the student movement over what many have seen as a pro-Labour NUS Executive ignoring student demands. Commentators have accused Trainer of facilitating the implementation of Labour Education policy at the expense of the students for the benefit of his future political career.

A NUS representative has argued that the "certain people who would like to divide the student movement" may not have obtained enough information concerning the role played by the NUS in lobbying the

government, declaring that "we're winning the argument" (referring to the recent government policy debacles over Scottish University fees and gap-year students). It was contended that it was "not necessarily true that the wider audience" would support such a motion to oust Trainer, for the proponents were actually "quite small in the wider picture". An emergency general meeting would take place in January or February.

The LSE was the first university to contemplate the introduction of fees, with a decision by the Court of Governors late last year. The LSESU also considered disaffiliation from the NUS last year, under General Secretary Daniel Crowe. Trainer was re-elected for a second term at the NUS conference earlier this year.

School's Out

This Week's Questions:

- 1) Will you go to the march on Saturday against top-up fees?
- 2) Do you think the march will achieve anything?
- 3) What do you think of top-up fees?

Bromwen Petrie, 2 year Law & Anthropology

- 1 No.
- 2 If many people go it'll show that students care.
- 3 I'm undecided, I can see both sides of the argument.



Dan Hunt, MSc International Relations

- 1 Probably not.
- 2 I think it could, if there's enough protest.
- 3 No, I think it makes sense because it seems the fees will be a small price to pay for upholding the quality of education.



Compiled by Alex Trojanow.

Wilatluk - Ging Sinsrat, MSc Economics

- 1 No.
2. I don't think so; it will mean pressure but nothing will change because of it.
- 3 I don't really mind.



Ulric Nijs, 2 year Anthropology



- 1 I would but I can't
- 2 No
- 3 Yes, I feel the state should provide entirely for higher education.



Rachel Rae, General Course

- 1 No
- 2 Can't really tell
- 3 No, I agree with them. I think it makes it more meaningful and makes you appreciate your education more if you put money into it.

EDITORIAL

And so it's goodbye to Liz and hello from me. May my reign be as long as my predecessor and hopefully as good.

This has been a week of a well attended election and a poorly attended demonstration. Although, the LSE was fairly well represented at this week's tuition fee demo. The fact that just over two per cent of the Student population of London decided to turn up provides little encouragement to those who are fighting vigorously to prevent the introduction of fees.

It seems that most students now see the introduction as inevitable and that there is little point in campaigning against it. Maybe those ardent campaigners should also concede defeat and accept the reality of fees and move on to the wider more realistic issue of who exactly will pay the fees and how they will pay.

University is a choice you make at the end of your school life. In the area where I live, many people struggle to get a decent secondary education, especially those with learning difficulties. They are left to struggle in underfunded schools that do not prepare for the modern society. A point that should not be lost on those of us who are lucky enough to attend university.

In the perfect world, nobody would pay for anything, however, we live in reality where people face a budget. I would much rather pay fees and know that the money that was previously used for funding higher education be spent on equalising education. Those people who want equality in society can surely see the reasoning behind giving to the worst off as opposed to subsidising those minority of us who choose to continue their education.

This issue of fees is one that is expressed solely from the perspective of the student. I believe it is sensible that as students we start seeing with a more long term perspective and look to a time when we will be paying taxes. Will we want higher taxes to pay for a minority of people? I doubt it very much.

I personally believe that everyone should have access to a university education and anything that seriously threatens this is wrong, but I do feel more for those who leave school unable to read than with students who have had a moderately good education and who are currently enjoying the highs and lows of university education.

CRAIG NEWSOME

Letters to the Editor

Dear Beaver,

I feel that I must correct the impression given in last week's Beaver that the Labour Club is close to civil war. Anyone who attended our AGM would have seen a very different Labour Club than the one portrayed, a club determined to shake off its slow start to the year. The Labour Club contains a broad spectrum of opinion. However, I believe, as I said in the AGM that there is far more that unites us than divides us.

Chris Roe's article also makes the serious allegation that while preaching unity I was advocating divisive policies such as Labour candidates standing under "New Labour" rather "LSE Labour". If this were true it would indeed be damaging to my claims to try to unite the club. Unfortunately for the thread of Roe's article I did not propose at any time that we stand for Michaelmas term elections under the banner of "New Labour", a fact he would have known if he had bothered to ask me during the interview.

If Chris Roe has evidence that I made this statement then I urge him to come forward and share. Otherwise, I believe he owes me an apology.

Yours,
Nick Kirby
Chair, LSE Labour Club.

Dear Beaver,

The Michaelmas election 1997 for the SU representatives to various school committees was completed on the 30 October. Congratulations to all the winners, and to the losers, please do not get distressed and try again in the near future. For the list of winners, please see the third page of this issue of the Beaver.

I feel that after running in four SU elections, I should share my viewpoints about the elections with the readers. However, I will try to be as objective as possible, since I myself was a candidate in this election.

Firstly, I was very happy about the turnout of voters: 951 members of the union voted, which exceeded last year's number, 850, by a considerable extent. My explanation of this is: 1) Certain postgraduate candidate and his team campaigned quite vigorously, resulting possibly in a higher postgraduate voting turnout, 2) The Court of Governors election had quite a few seasoned campaigners: these "political heavyweights" canvassing efforts raised the profile of the election to a considerable extent. As Communications Officer, I had to advertise for the election, and was extremely nervous when I learnt that the voting venue had been changed from outside the Old Theatre to the inconspicuous Quad. Now I am happy that at least I can keep my job as Communications Officer for a while.

Secondly, I am concerned about the number of people who voted in halls, which was less last year's Michaelmas election. Hall voting costs the Union money, and this time it does not seem to improve the turnout of voters. There are ideas to replace it with a whole Wednesday of voting. However, in the Lent term election, where the posts contested are of a higher profile than the ones in this election, hall voting turnout will usually improve dramatically. It is not this article's purpose to dwell on this complex subject.

Thirdly, an extremely influential individual of the union commented during the campaign that most candidates do not even know what the committees that they are running for do. For example, library opening hours are more likely to be decided by the Library committee, not by the Court of Governors. Hardship funds can be discussed in the Court of Governors, but nothing concrete can be decided. Moreover, a lot of the voters throughout my years at the LSE commented that every candidate had the same policies, and it turned out to be a personality contest between the candidates. I am not going to comment on my opponents, but I do urge the members of the Union to think hard before casting their votes.

All's well that ends well. I hope that all the winners can sincerely carry out their election promises, and do their best for the members of the Union who supported them during the election.

Dan Lam,
Exec Officer

What's On

Wednesday, November 5

Debating Society
A220
!pm

"This house would charge US style fees at the LSE

All welcome, featuring two Sabbatical speakers, Imogen Bathurst and Yuan Potts.

KCL & LSE Islamic Societies
2B18, KCL Strand Campus
3pm
"A mercy for all mankind"
by Sheikh Mohsin Al-Najjar

Everybody welcome.

Public Lecture
Dr De Else Borst Eilers
Old Theatre
6pm

"The Balancing act of a health minister: The role of Government in Health Care."

Admission Free.

Thursday, November 6

Public Lecture
The Hon Jordi Pujol I Soley
President of Catalonia
Old Theatre
5.30pm

"States, regions and transnational organisations"

Admission Free.

Monday, November 10

LSESU Industrial Relations
H216
6pm

Kelvin Yang from Mobil

Organised by the European Society
Location: TBA
1pm

Richard Corbett, MEP

"European Union Matters"

Wednesday November 12

The ASEAN Ambassadors Forum 1997
Old Theatre
2-4pm

Stay tuned for more details

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

The Beaver can be contacted on 0171 955 6705 and by fax on 0171 955 7717.

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JASPER'S LSE ENTERTAINMENTS GUIDE

Now that the frivolity of Freshers' Week is just a distant memory it really is time to get down to some serious partying. From my point of view Freshers' week was a success, other than the Spiced Girls debacle, and was something I really enjoyed; but that's no reason for the fun to stop. In fact, the social itinerary is as packed as ever, so you'd better get that loan out or get on the blower to Mummy and Daddy, for those emergency cash supplies pretty smartish.

This Tuesday, LSESU Ents continues its tour of the capital's clubland stopping off at the Ministry of Sound, for what should be a great night hosted by top DJs, the likes of Judge Jules and the team from Carwash. Tickets are in extremely short supply, so I would not recommend chancing turning up on the door, given that this event is being held in conjunction with City, Guildhall, UCL and Kings SUs. Every Tuesday after that will be Quiz Night in the Tuns with a fantastic £100 first prize. That's a lot of beer!

Wednesdays will now become known as the weekly cocktail night in the Tuns, with fantastic and cheap delights, alongside mega promotions to guarantee that you feel a little bit worse than completely shit on Thursday morning. Also, if all goes to plan, by November 12 LSE should have its own weekly club night at EC1 playing the best in cheesy party tunes every Wednesday; and as if that wasn't good enough, you'll be able to collect FREE TICKETS from the Tuns on the night.

Fridays, as ever, is Crush. The student night with the best variety of entertainment and the cheapest drinks in London. Already, we've had the Double Six Club, Freddy Mercury and that mad geezer who stuck nails in himself and still to come are Quasar, Las Vegas Night and of course the one and only PETER SHILTON.

Saturdays sees the Chuckle Club consistently providing the best standup for miles around with the likes of Mark Thomas, Stewart Lee and Arj Barker all under the watchful eye of resident compere Eugene Cheese.

So there you have it. The fun has just started. Stay away from the Library, if you fear for your sanity. Refuge can always be sought in the Tuns, a few Grolschs and suddenly those essays don't seem quite so urgent. And remember SHILTON IS COMING 14.11.97.

Cheers and up the Rams, Jasper.

SELF-DEFENCE CLASSES FOR WOMEN

**STARTING THURSDAY NOVEMBER 6
3:00PM-5:00PM IN THE GYM
£1 PER LESSON**

**PLACES ARE GOING FAST, SO PLEASE SIGN UP OUTSIDE THE WOMEN'S ROOM
(E198) OR E-MAIL ANITA MAJUMDAR AT A.Majumdar@lse.ac.uk
TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT**

MENINGITIS

**THE LSE HEALTH SERVICE WARNS MEMBERS OF THE UNION TO BE AWARE OF
SYMPTOMS OF MENINGITIS, WHICH OCCUR MOSTLY IN WINTER MONTHS.**

**BE AWARE OF: VOMITING, HIGH TEMPERATURE, SEVERE HEADACHE, RASH,
DROWSINESS OR CONFUSION AND STIFF NECK.**

**PLEASE CONTACT THE ST PHILIPS HEALTH CENTRE AT 0171-955-7016 (OUT OF
HOURS, BETWEEN 17:30-09:00 YOU WILL BE TRANSFERRED AUTOMATICALLY TO
OUR OUT OF HOURS EMERGENCY CARE SERVICE, "CAMIDOC", TELEPHONE
NUMBER 0171-530-5445) OR GO STRAIGHT TO THE CASUALTY DEPARTMENT OF YOUR
LOCAL HOSPITAL.**

**FOR FURTHER ADVICE AND INFORMATION THE MENINGITIS RESEARCH
FOUNDATION HAS A 24 HOUR HOTLINE ON 01454-413344**

General Secretary's Column

And so another election goes by. Fortunately, things went off smoothly this time, the few hiccups aside. Congratulations to all the winning candidates and do not forget your pledges (blah, blah, blah - thought I'd warn you before you incur the wrath of the student population). On a serious note, I look forward to working with the rest of the Student Governors elected. We've got big issues coming up and our representative strength on the Court must be availed of fully. The same goes for the representatives on the other school committees which, as I mentioned before might sound boring on paper, but do have a pivotal role in the School's decision-making process. The voter turnout was impressive as well, moreso bearing in mind that the ballot box had to be moved from 'its usual location outside the Old Theatre due to fire regulations. One factor worth pondering over however is the number of students who do not think twice before registering their voting preference. Speaking to voters on Houghton Street and having helped out with the count over the past five or six elections, it never ceases to intrigue me how so many base a decision as important as this on the appealing potential of the candidate's looks or even name and also how so many just fill up the numbers in order from top to bottom, without giving a second thought as to how irrelevant these qualities are to represent their interests on such powerful committees.

A special word of thanks to Paul Ashcroft, the Returning Officer and all his assistants on a job well done. As pointed out by him, irregularities and loopholes exist within the campaigning and electoral rules within the constitution and these shall be worked on in due course.

I must admit I was pleased with the turnout for the demonstration last Saturday, which went off quite well. As one of the speakers in the rally at Trafalgar Square mentioned however, the battle has just begun and more efforts need to be put in on the part of the students to convince the government to reflect on its policy and rethink, bearing in mind the viewpoint of students and institutions alike.

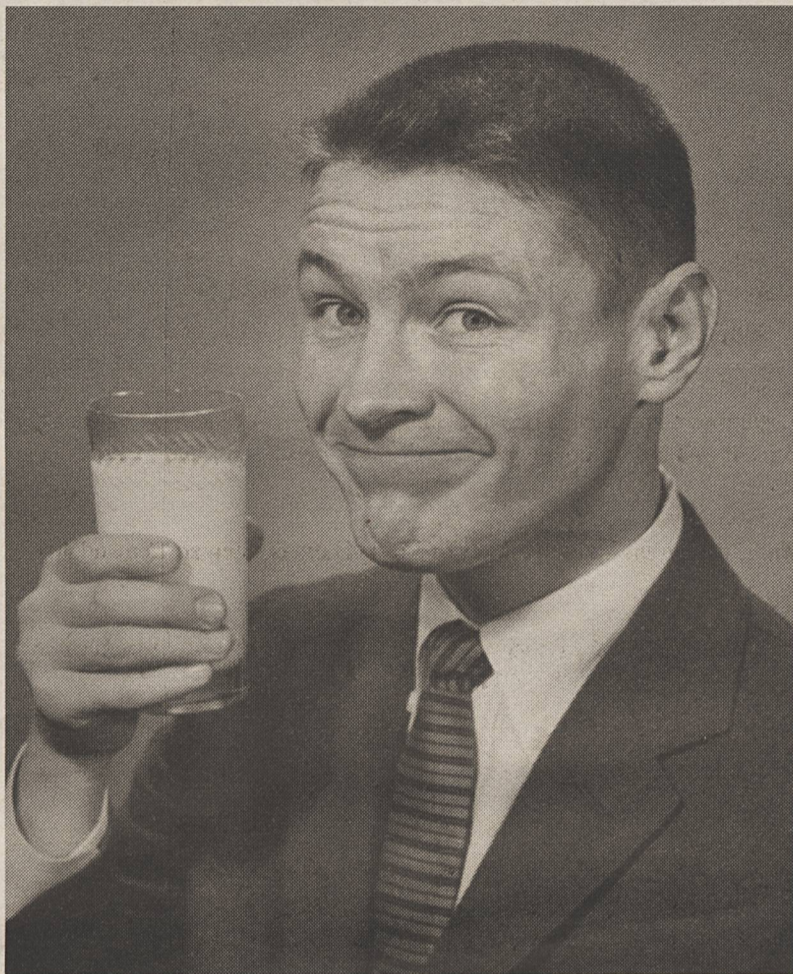
Naveen

Rethinking Anti-trust Rules

US 9th Circuit Federal Judge, Alex Kozinski, asks whether regulation is fair to business and the consumers they serve

It may seem strange that one of the most important governmental checks on efficient competition, and therefore grants of quasi monopolies, are the *anti-trust laws*. Very few, whether economists or others, have questioned the principle of the anti-trust laws, particularly now that they have been on the statute books for some years. As is true of many other measures, evaluation of the anti-trust laws has not proceeded from an analysis of their nature or of their necessary consequences, but from an impressionistic reaction to their announced aims. The chief criticism of these laws is that "they haven't gone far enough." Some of those most ardent in the proclamation of their belief in the "free market" have been most clamorous in calling for stringent anti-trust laws and the "breakup of monopolies." Even the most "right-wing" economists have only gingerly criticised certain anti-trust procedures, without daring to attack the principle of the laws *per se*.

The only viable definition of monopoly is a grant of privilege from the government. It therefore becomes quite clear that it is impossible for the government to *decrease* monopoly by passing punitive laws. The only way for the government to decrease monopoly, if that is the desideratum, is to remove its own monopoly grants. The anti-trust laws, therefore, do not in the least "diminish monopoly." What they do accomplish is to impose a continual, capricious harassment of efficient business enterprise. The law in the United States is couched in vague, indefinable terms, permitting the Administration and the courts to omit defining in advance what is a "monopolistic" crime and what is not. Whereas Anglo-Saxon law has rested on a structure of clear definitions of crime,



No sour milk. De-regulation is good for the economy and nine out of ten consumers would like the taste.

Photo: Library

laying down a cogent definition of monopoly on the market. Hence the chaotic shift of the government from one unjustifiable criterion of monopoly to another: size of firm, "closeness" of substitutes, charging a price "too high" or "too low" or the same as a competitor, merging that "substantially lessens competition" etc. All these criteria are meaningless. An example is the criterion of *substantially lessening competition*. This implicitly assumes that "competition" is some sort of *quantity*. But it is not; it is a process, whereby individuals and firms supply goods on the market without using force. To preserve "competition" does not mean to dictate arbitrarily that a certain number of firms of a certain size have to exist in an industry or area; it means to see to it that men are free to compete (or not) unrestrained by the use of force.

The original Sherman Act stressed "collusion" in "restraint of trade." Here again, there is nothing anti competitive *per se* about a cartel, for there is conceptually no difference between a cartel, a merger, and the formation of a corporation: all consist of the voluntary pooling of assets in one firm to serve the consumers efficiently. If "collusion" must be stopped, and cartels must be broken up by the government, i.e., if to maintain competition it is necessary that *cooperation* be destroyed, then the "antimonopolists" must advocate the complete prohibition of all corporations and partnerships. Only individually owned firms would then be tolerated. Aside from the fact that this compulsory competition and outlawed cooperation is hardly compatible with the free market that many anti-trusters profess to advocate, the inefficiency and lower productivity stemming from the outlawing of pooled capital would send the economy a good part of the way from civilisation to barbarism.

An individual becoming idle instead of working may be said to "restrain" trade, although he is simply *not engaging* in it rather than "restraining" it. If anti-trusters

wish to prevent idleness, which is the logical extension of the WH Hutt concept of consumers' sovereignty, then they would have to pass a law compelling labour and outlawing leisure—a condition certainly close to slavery. But if we confine the definition of "restraint" to restraining the trade of *others*, then clearly there can be no restraint of trade at all on the free market—and only the *government* (or some other institution using violence) can restrain trade. *And one conspicuous form of such restraint is anti-trust legislation itself!*

Sometimes I have a hard time remembering why we bother conducting a trial and pay expert witnesses, just to prove that producers are out to make money while consumers are out to save money...

Take my most famous anti-trust opinion, *United States vs. Syufy*. Syufy was a businessman who bought up movie theatres in Las Vegas, Nevada. And what did he do with those theatres once he bought them? Why, he maliciously renovated them! He made them larger and put more screens in them. Now Syufy tried to pretend to us that he was doing this to serve the public, so that people would be able to see more movies in greater comfort. But he did not fool us a bit. We knew that he subjected Las Vegas to the multiplex cinema for greed, pure greed. No wonder Washington suspected Syufy was creating a monopoly in order to gouge captive consumers. Because, as we know, there is no other form of public entertainment available in those parts.

As it turned out, the public in Las Vegas was paying about the same for a night out at the movies as consumers everywhere else. But those are merely facts, not something that would stand in the way of a good theory.

So the Justice Department studied the situation even more closely, and wised up to Syufy's trick. He wasn't using his monopoly to gouge consumers, he was oppressing movie producers—MGM, Universal, Disney, Fox, etc. Surely if

you're an auto-mechanic in Des Moines, or a maybe a waitress in a diner in Lincoln, Nebraska, you're happy to pay more taxes to make sure Syufy doesn't take advantage of these weaklings. To quell that public outrage, the anti-trust division brought a lawsuit.

Amazingly, the movie producers pointed their finger at Syufy and said, "Leave him alone. This is the best thing that ever happened in Las Vegas." Justice, of course, was not hoodwinked. Sure, movie producers were saying they were not being oppressed, but what do they know? After all, the worst kind of oppression is the kind you're not even aware of. Yet the judge concluded that Syufy had no monopoly power because there were no barriers to entry.

Well, the case came to me on appeal, and I had to scratch my head. What is a movie theatre anyway? It's a big room with a bunch of chairs all facing in one direction with a bed sheet at the end. How many degrees in economics does it take to tell you that if Syufy overcharges, some other guy is going to rent a big room, get some chairs, and get his mother to give him a sheet?

Now all of this got me thinking, why are we doing all this? The answer, of course, is that there are (laws on the books, laws which say vague things like "Thou shall not monopolise or make contracts in restraint of trade." Many cases were dominated by populist notions such as mistrust of "bigness" and fear of predatory behaviour.

Everyone's heard the tale of Safeway coming to a small town and Whammo! the mom and pop groceries are out of business. Notice how they're always "moms and pops" never "inefficient, price-gouging, cockroach-infested, holes-in-the-wall that

Common sense will tell you that competitors will try desperately to capture the levers of governmental power in order to avoid the slings and arrows of competition.

carry off-brands." My mom and pop ran a grocery store, so I know about what I speak. No one forces the townspeople to shop at Safeway, so it must be that they offer better prices or service.

Research has shown that many things we used to worry about are often efficient and pretty good for consumers. Back in the 1980s, there was much hand-wringing about IBM's dominance in the computer industry. Today, this sounds sort quaint. Now the target is Bill Gates and Microsoft, and my guess is that 15 years from now, we'll see that as quaint.

In anti-trust, we need to use a little common sense, and think about the needless harm that anti-trust enforcement is doing to the economy. Common sense will tell you that competitors will try desperately to capture the levers of governmental power in order to avoid the slings and arrows of competition. It is at such government-bolstered monopoly that our anti-trust enforcement efforts should be directed, rather than worrying over whether manufacturers of mascara and fish sticks ought to be allowed to merge.



MIDAS

This is the last in our three week crash course in on the basics to Money Laundering. So, don't complain and say you haven't learned anything useful here at the LSE because Midas is here to give you the knowledge to get by in the world of finance. If you missed the last two parts, go to Room C023 and pick up the back issues of the Beaver.

Now the problem with laundering money through banks is those snoopy bank regulators. In the US., for example, national banks are regulated by an overlapping structure of the Comptroller of the Currency, the Federal Reserve, and the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC). And if you have publicly-traded stock, you also have SEC reporting requirements, and probably have to file financial statements audited by a major accounting firm like Arthur Anderson. All this increases your cost of doing business, especially if you have to pay off a lot of people to get the job done the way you want it done.

Consider poor Christopher Drogoul at Banca Nazionale del Lavoro (BNL) in Atlanta, Georgia. He found a money machine in making guaranteed loans to Iraq. One day Continental Grain came to him and said, "How would you like to loan money to Iraq, so they can buy some of our grain?" It turned out the US. was eager to get food and arms to the Iraqis, and the Commodity Credit Corporation (CCC) said, "We'll guarantee the loans". If Iraq defaulted, the CCC would pay BNL 98 cents on the dollar (the 98 cents coming, naturally, from the American taxpayer). Thus, Drogoul had entered the world of international lending, and there was virtually no risk involved! He kept lending more until one day he gave the Iraqis a CCC-backed \$556 million line of credit that the bank head of finance hadn't approved. They denied approval when asked.

Instead of renegeing on the loan, Drogoul simply made it disappear. At the end of the month when he submitted his report to headquarters, he simply took the loan (and its funding source) off the books. The next day, the loan went back on the books. He called this "skipping". But the loans kept getting bigger, until Drogoul took them off the bank's books entirely, and put them in a separate set of "grey books" kept in a closet. The grey books were a sort of separate "bank within a bank". When auditors were scheduled to visit, the grey books were removed out of the building entirely. Eventually BNL, Atlanta, was able to amass \$2.1 billion in "agricultural" loans to Iraq.

Calling them "agricultural" loans allowed for CCC guarantees, but in fact loan proceeds can be laundered just like money. The transshipment point for goods going to Baghdad was the port of Aqaba in Jordan. The port was controlled by the Jordanian commodity trader Wafai Dajani, and he would simply swap the grain for weapons, electronic goods, or whatever else Iraq was in the market for. (Other purchases would simply be mislabelled, such as the "300 tons of yarn" that Entrade shipped to the Iraqi Atomic Energy Commission.

Well, this wraps up the basic course in Money Laundering, so by know you should have enough information to provide laundering services to drug dealers, arms smugglers, and the covert agencies of the US. and foreign governments. Just remember, if you get caught, Midas didn't tell you to do it.

Next Week: What to you NEED to read to stay in the game and think like a top corporate executive.



The symbol of freedom has its wings clipped as the US favours trade over human rights

American president Bill Clinton and Chinese premier Li Jiang met last week in the first US State visit by a Chinese head of state since President Li Xiannan in 1985. The two leaders held an impromptu informal meeting on Tuesday night at the White House, where they held a "long, almost philosophical" talk, which was, according to National Security advisor Sandy Berger "very direct, personal and substantive". Li Jiang was then officially welcomed to the White house on Wednesday, where high-profile celebrations of his visit took place, including American revolutionary-era reenactments and a welcoming speech on the White House lawn in which Mr Clinton called for a "new era" in US-China relations. Getting even more

carried away, he later added "together, we can make this new era the brightest chapter in China's long and rich history, the best days America has ever known, and a new age of unprecedented prosperity for all the World". In a clear effort to reciprocate the thawing in relations, the Chinese leader delivered a speech in English advocating that the two countries should "join hands and, together with people around the World, work hard to bring about a new century of peace, stability and prosperity".

Among measures agreed at the Summit on Wednesday, was the repeal of US laws preventing the sale of US civil nuclear technology to China, after Jiang's assurances that China was not assisting other countries' efforts to develop nuclear weapons. This market is

worth tens of billions of dollars, and it is thought this measure was taken to boost US business with China. In the same vein, Li Jiang on Thursday signed a \$3bn order for 50 Boeing aircraft. Mr Clinton made only passing reference to human rights, in a clear move to try to overcome the memory of the Tiananmen Square massacre of 1989, which had long poisoned US-China relations and trade. In the meanwhile, several hundred protesters gathered outside the White House to loudly voice their protest, with the pounding help of loud beating drums, at China's continuing Human Rights violations, including forced labour and the persecution of Tibetan culture. Among the protesters was film star Richard Gere, a buddhist, who gave a speech denouncing Chinese treatment of the Dalai Lama and his followers in the territory.

As part of the general tendency towards appeasement shown during the summit, US Secretary of State Madeleine Albright said in a much stricter tone on Tuesday that China had invited three US religious leaders to Beijing to "discuss

the climate for religious freedom for all religions, including Buddhists, Christians and Muslims in China". Though Albright hailed the announcement, she made clear that there were still differences between the US and China on human rights issues, and said that Washington's engagement with China did not necessarily mean endorsement.

This apparent duality between Clinton's embrace of China and Albright's reservations is representative of the US's new approach to China. As trade has become a big prerogative in US international relations over the near-decade since the end of the Cold War, it is important for Clinton to guarantee access to the Chinese market to American companies. As companies from all developing countries are queuing up and competing for the same slice of the pie, the Chinese government is in an enviable position of power in being able to choose who gains access. Clinton is under pressure from big US business, and the interest of the American economy, to assure the US obtains this access. It is therefore in

Clinton's best interest to appease Beijing. As Jiang also needs to gain political capital at home from this visit, all official engagements with the President have been made visually spectacular and all direct public contact between the leaders has been orchestrated to look harmonious. This makes for great pictures and soundbites for the government-controlled press in China. At the same time, US public opinion has not been as quick to forget Tiananmen Square as has big business. Hence, with a potentially hostile Senate, whose foreign Affairs Committee is led by rabid republican isolationist Jesse Helms, it was important for the Human Rights issue to be brought publicly up by the government during the Summit period, to fend off any unnecessary controversy over it. Madeleine Albright was probably trying to fulfil this function. In the meanwhile, the summit highlights the potential unease between economic development, specifically with regards to trade and the maintaining of an 'ethical' foreign and trade policy in today's highly competitive globalised economy.

Mathieu Robbins, on the conflict between US business and US public opinion expressed during the recent Sino-American Summit.

The dawn of a brave new world



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We have complimentary copies of *Fighting with Figures*, the statistical digest of the Second World War, commissioned by Winston Churchill himself, to give away to the first 100 customers who produce the voucher from our free instore magazine, *Student Choice*.

Hardcore: Know the Score

 The hardcore scene in Britain is at its peak. Every weekend ravers gather at massive venues around the UK to sample this feeling of heaven known as happy hardcore. Whether DJ Vibes is mixing up his own brand of happy grooves or Sy is knocking out his timeless classics or Billy Bunter is attacking you with his rare breed of trance core, you know that the excitement is unique. When the music hits you, you become possessed, unable to think rationally as your body begins to react rhythmically to the angelic sounds which you are hearing.

The increased popularity of organised raves, the abundance of hardcore compilation albums available in HMV, and other leading record stores and the fact that DJs such as Jimmy J have been receiving air time on MTV and the Box have led the fans to ponder the commercialisation. The godfathers of production, Force and Styles look ready to take the charts by storm with their own kicking brand of underground magic but is this the direction in which we should be heading?

Magika, a leading hardcore MC and journalist is worried that the scene would

self destruct with a massive influx of greedy and inexperienced record companies producing sub standard "rave" tunes, similar to the situation of the early nineties. When the jungle scene arrived in 1994, a few crap tracks made the charts but the public were exposed to an inaccurate interpretation of the music. Drum and bass music offers the individual more than the annoying squeaks and jittery dancing of Incredible General Levy.

Hardcore must never lose its identity and proposals for commercial house mixes of hardcore tracks should be obstructed immediately. DJ Dougal is unclear as to what the view of the commercial radio stations would be. Obviously we are all concerned that some arrogant wanker may just sit back and take the piss out of the music while continuing to play Oasis every second of every day although the hardcore track may be sitting higher in the charts. Key individuals on the scene also remain fearful that the loss of hardcore's underground status may lead to it being trapped between a world of wonderful pop music and a new, perhaps more versatile underground explosion from abroad.

On the other hand, commercialisation would leave the door open to DJs like

Slipmatt and Dougal to show the world just how real dance music should sound. It would also offer them the opportunity to dethrone the supposedly messianic kings of house and techno with their basic mixing techniques and only a handbag full of overplayed, uninspiring, trashy anthems.

When SL2's "On a Ragga Trip" charted in 1993 it proved a great boost for the British underground music scene but there wasn't enough quality tunes around to back it up. Today, nearly every track is of a quality never experienced in hardcore's glorious past. If the same mistakes are avoided this time around, commercialisation would lead to an increase in record sales, more venues for the raver and a safer and more secure raving environment.

Commercialisation would allow the top DJs to travel the world with great ease, exporting this British phenomenon in countries like Japan, Malaysia, Australia and America.

Every year millions of tourists flock to Amsterdam for the open availability of drugs. However, the Dutch hardcore scene is shit compared to ours and the buzz gained from the hardcore sound is better



James I hope that you have been using this within the plastic bag. If not, I will get the doberman to bite off your nuts, again

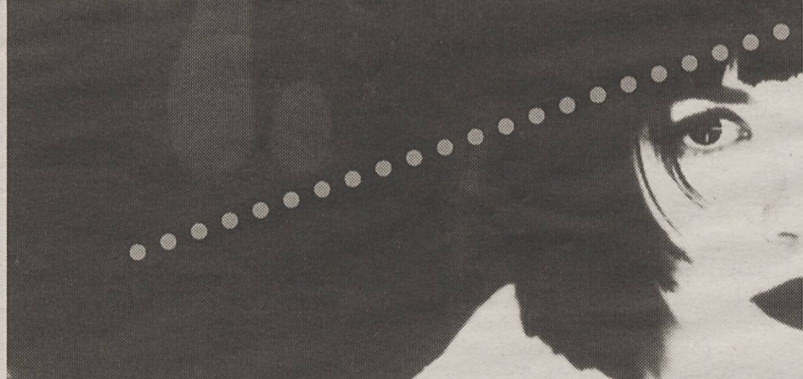
than that gained from any marijuana plant. If our scene becomes more sought after then more people will want to come and experience it. 90% of foreign students and tourists have never heard our hardcore music. This is because up until now, it has been kept behind closed doors. Let us open these doors and unveil the distinctive vibe! Let us make the breakthrough which we

have all been awaiting! Let us show the world the undisputed amazement of the kicking bassline and the uplifting pianos! Let us breath an air of superiority back into the commercial British dance scene!

Enuff respect to all the raving massive.
Lee Federman.

miaowwww

Feline - next week's featured band. Hence the headline. Ahem.



Recoil

Unsound Methods

While Dave Gahan recovers from life without heroin and Martin Gore got a new haircut, the speccy one out of Depeche Mode. Alan Wilder, took his synths home and now attempts eternal revenge for last year's 'Ultra'—boredom. Seems as if they didn't really need him there over the last year. So what do temporarily unemployed musicians with shitloads of money do? They sulk off to lovely Sussex studio The Thin Line, take all their technology with them, add a few guest instrumentalists and vocalists and record an album.

His solo project 'Recoil' isn't new, however, but exists since several years. With changing line-up, of course. This time, as the NME sharply observed, Alan Wilder discovered the exciting button marked atmospheric effects on his synth,

pressed it and was bewildered (haha). He added slow breakbeats, paid a breathy woman who smoked and drank too much to do the singing and came up with some kind of sloping low level trip-hop. The result, surprisingly is most impressive. Somewhere between Massive Attack, Portishead and Tricky he put his faith and found his master. Sure it's by far not as good. But it's still pretty damn good.

All in all 'unsound Methods' is an incredibly disturbing album. Dark and moody, it conjures up images of deserted places you wished you'd never seen, piss-stained subways, lonely backyards at three o'clock in the morning, face to face with your murderer.. It's all there. Oh, and sex, of course. No piece is shorter than five minutes, to speak of 'songs' would completely miss the point. They're short constructs in themselves, evil and bitter, the soundtrack from hell. Lyrics are often more spoken than sung, slowly, intensely,

sexy. And they tell stories. Desperate stories, angry stories. Stories about sex, the copulation of voluptuous flesh for the sake of the flesh, in 'luscious Apparatus'. Stories about the dark past, inevitably grabbing you from behind and breaking your neck in 'Stalker'. Stories about death, the paradox making life worth living, in 'Incubus'. Alan Wilder adds a bit of scratching there, a bit of computer samples there and makes his bizarre vision complete.

'Unsound Methods' is a great piece of art and sick at the same time. It's the ultimate breakdown of insanity into low-fi trip-hop beats, a traumatic experience at its finest. If you're getting nervous every time you're near a high cliff or feel attracted by sharp knives stay away from this. Maybe it's where Stephen King gets his kicks from. You have been warned. (7)

Simon Raymonde

Blame someone else

The Cocteau Twins are all in a bit boring, aren't they? I mean, they're quite nice and all but still far from exciting, eh? Maybe exactly that thought bothered their bass player Simon Raymonde for all that time and so he finally decided to take a break from his family ties and launch his first solo album 'Blame someone else'.

"I don't know where I'm from but I know where we're going," it says in the rather stylishly designed three-page booklet, and "if he asks will I tell him to fight the thoughts in his head" as well as "who do you want to save today?" As cryptically as the optical part of the album reads, the audible part sounds - melancholy and intense, the soundtrack for a rainy summer afternoon full of thoughts and worries.

Throughout the fifty-five minutes of the longplayer Simon Raymonde deserves credit for being an exceptional songwriter and singer. Apart from drums he played nearly all instruments himself, wrote most of the songs and produced all of them. And skillfully he avoids to commit himself to any particular musical classification. He's very mainstream pop here, adds a touch of indie there, drifts into traditional folk elements or even messes with some electronic devices one wouldn't really expect from him. However, one common underlying element is the balladesque, melodic character of all his songs - with one or two exceptions maybe. But never does he become loud or aggressive. This man is soft as soft can be, like melting ice-cream in the tiny hand of an innocent four-year-old. Sometimes his voice reminds of Sting and his last (crap) album 'Mercury falling'. But overall he can't get away from his roots - it's still the Cocteau Twins! Hardly surprising, as the Twins' drummer Mitsu Tate and guitarist Robin Guthrie join for a few songs as does their singer Elizabeth Frazer. Just listen to the beautiful highlight 'It's raining today' and I bet you couldn't tell the difference.

A remarkable feature of this album, probably in contrast to his work so far, is its apparent selfishness: A self-portrait, self-tormenting and self-confident. Simon Raymonde created an album by and about himself, a very personal experience of lyrics and song-writing, as is reflected in songs like 'It's a family thing', 'If I knew myself' or 'A fault of mine'. The best sign for passionate music is music about one's own life, emotions and thoughts. Simon Raymonde did exactly that and in no way disappoints the principle: His songs are tragic and sad, sometimes struggling with their own existence and fate, sometimes claiming their right for respect. Try the understatement of 'Love undone' or the marvellous duet with Elizabeth Frazer 'Worship me' and you'll understand. It's all these thoughts you're alone with, whirling through your head on a rainy summer afternoon while watching the raindrops running down your window, leaving funny shapes behind in the dirt of the uncleaned window sill. Unfortunately this might become a bit boring after a while since it's not really too exciting. And so does 'Blame someone else': though rather promising it lacks a certain character that makes you listen to it again. In the end it's just... very nice. And well, it's still the Cocteau Twins then! Maybe that's why Simon Raymonde finally wants to 'Blame someone else'? Maybe them? (6)

Malte



Black Grape Get Higher

Fuck, yeah. Black Grape, the bastard Happy Mondays, storm back to force with a stunner. No longer ranting about religion, this time they turn their sights higher. Ronald Reagan: "Nancy has been taking Cannabis for the duration of our administration". A low chart position, and the lack of a total pop hook do not go anyway to stopping this being one of Shaun Rider's finest moments to date.

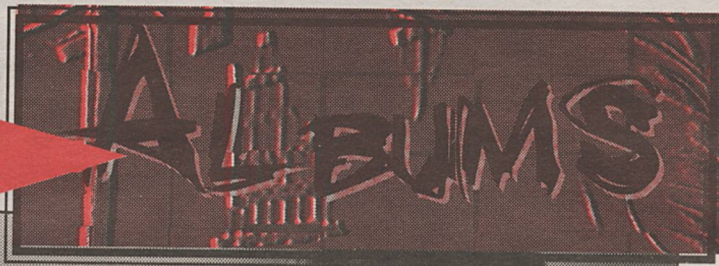
Ether 'Watching You'

Ether sound like The Rembrandts (that's a compliment!) They take Beatles style jangly guitars, inventive music with catchy tunes, and combine them with almost punk rocker style singing to give energetic, fun, feel-good music that is a refreshing change from the drab and dreary depressing songs other bands insist on ramming down our throats. Excellent.

The Soundtrack of Our Lives 'Mantra Slider'

I was expecting 'Hare Krishna' chants in this, but all I got was meaningless rubbish over a sea of loud electric guitars and tambourines. These hippies are so superficial and false. They can shout 'til their teeth fall out, but they still won't sound good. Sunil

The Space Cadets



Space

'Invasion of The Spiders'

Just when you thought it was safe to step into the shower out pop Space from the depths of the sewers. The greedy little creepy-crawlies have released a special 3D-edition double CD containing 'remixed and unreleased tracks.' Well, that's what the cover says, but you should never judge a CD by its cover. This cheeky attempt at stealing money from the record buying public should not be allowed. Space and their record company should be prosecuted under the Trade Descriptions Act 1968.

Looking at the list of 'remixes' on the first CD you will find all the favourites from Space's back-catalogue (extensive as it is) including Neighbourhood, Female Of The Species and Me & You Vs The World. However, there is a catch: the only similarity the songs have to their originals

are their names! They are just dance music tracks, and mediocre ones at that. The only vaguely interesting one is a psychedelic (out of tune) alternative version of Dark Clouds, which at least has the lyrics from the original.

The second CD is of 'unreleased' songs. So you wouldn't expect released tracks on it, would you? So then why does it contain all four tracks from the CD2 single of Dark clouds? (These, by the way, are the only good tracks on the 'unreleased' CD.) If the other tracks are indeed unreleased, I wouldn't be surprised as there was a reason why they weren't released... they're rubbish.

How gullible do the record companies think we are, releasing cheep and gimmicky tosh like this? Even die-hard Space fans (are there any?) should stick with the Spiders LP and NOT buy this.

Sunil Sodha



Northern Uproar

Yesterday, Tomorrow, Today

Little has been seen or heard of Northern Uproar in recent times. Often viewed as a band of some potential, their quick rock style won them many plaudits. Then they seem to go the way of many 'promising' bands; they never made the top grade and inevitably lose their way.

So it was with surprise and delight that 'Yesterday, Tomorrow, Today' landed on my desk. The boring album cover of deckchairs lined up in a row was about the most negative feature that I could find on the album, given the quality of the music that I found inside. The beauty of the album lies not in the vocals, which at times seem a little flat or emotionless, but in the composition of the tracks, and the use of harmonising, which is a switch away from the rock/ guitar/ vocals style of music. The track, 'More Than This' is a perfect example. There is an excellent use of drum style, whilst the backing from the violins add some quality and the vocals stand up



well. Sadly, this format is overlaid in 'Goodbye', where the blandness of the lyrics are exposed quite badly and the harmonising is reminiscent of boy bands such as Boyzone which is fine but not what you expect of a gritty northern band.

However, the use of harmonising would indicate that Northern Uproar had lost a bit of their edge. Not a bit of it. The band still produce rock style hits of some flair; 'Down to Me' has a quick and loud opening style, with the use of decent drumming and powerful lyrics makes the single a quality hit. A balance is struck in

the opening track, 'Any Way You Look', which combines the harmonisation of backing lyrics and an energetic chorus style to produce a little gem.

Overall, 'Yesterday, Tomorrow, Today' is an album well worth buying. Those accustomed to Northern Uproar's previous efforts may be surprised by the very reflective nature of the collection, but don't let it put you off. A flash in the pan? It depends on whether the band can keep the Boyzone-esque harmonies in check. But when All Said and Done, a successful comeback. (7)

Michael Epstein

some more albums perhaps...



Bennet

Street vs. Science

These guys got another album? One year after the mediocre Supernatural made no impact what so ever, wait, you might have been annoyed by 'Mum's gone to Iceland' once or two, the Reading Rockers Bennet have returned. Simon Mayo's pet band have become ironically post-modern, jaunty tunes with more fiendish lyrics. 'Irony, the last refuge of the scoundrel'. If only these guys had the intelligence.

I only managed to pick out 2 songs that have any kind of positive attribute. 'The Horse's Mouth', the live fave Generation Pepsi renames, attempts a US piss take, but really misses it a bit. 'Built to Last' is the only song with any near beauty, but again it doesn't really hit the spot.

The problem with this band is that the rocky stuff is too wimpish and the slower, supposedly more sentimental, songs are too juvenile. The singer's, Jason Applin, voice is too weak. This is real wuss-rock. I mean, the recent single, 'I Like Rock' - if sincere - makes them all sound like 12 year olds. But, most of these guys are married. If it's supposed to be ironic, then it isn't. It was simply crap. How can you possibly respect a band who has a sample from Shane Richie in their first track?

The music itself it incredibly basic. Lead, Rhythm, Bass, Drums and the odd bit of synth in the background. I thought music was moving on? As a result the album becomes a little repetitive. But to be fair, that simplicity does sometimes make for some good head shaking and banging, and I can see the odd track playing well at 2am in a club, but the album as a whole can get quite tiring, quite quickly.... (4).

Daniel Lewis



Junkie XL

Saturday Teenage Kick

At 2 0' clock in the morning anything sounds 'mad', but this is sure to wake you up. This CD comes with a health warning, wake up your neighbours and have a party feel the music and go crazy!

The music is very 'club land' with a striking beat, the kind of music any 18 year old would listen to when high (on coca cola that is). The fact that this album is produced by Junkie XL and subtitled 'Saturday teenage kick' really does say it all.

Each song has its own message, whether it be about 'underachievers' (unite don't hide) or a 'future in computer hell' (LSE e-mail system). The lyrics to the main song 'S-T-K' definitely has something to say to your average LSE student "you've been living in rot, but you can say you're not, but in ease you forgot, you gotta give it your best shot"

This cyber-tech hard music is not easy listening it's meant to shake you and have you jumping around, if you like this type then I recommend this album otherwise stay well away (feel free to come and get this from me anytime).

I end by quoting from the inside cover warning:

DO NOT INSTALL THIS SOFTWARE IF YOU ARE 1)EASILY FRIGHTENED. 2) ARE OF WEAK SPIRIT.3)UNABLE TO COPE WITH L/M SATURATION (WHAT?????). DON'T SAY YOU WEREN'T WARNED

Have a nice day

ant

<http://www.malte.comes/up/.be.va>



Bio.com

Coming Up For Air

A warm, dark summer Friday night, just past midnight. The stars above are shining bright like small silver jewels in the halls of gods. The great lake stretches its vast shores silently across the land, dark blue and green water suffocating every little noise of the night. A light breeze ripples the tiny waves running ashore. The leaves rattle as they carefully float to the ground, far too early for late September. A lonely shadow stands by the sea, dreamily staring at innocent dark. Silently, he takes his shoes and shirt off and slowly walks into the water. With a smile he dives, the sea closing its quiet surface above him. Down there, in the shades of moonlight fading through the water, it's peaceful,

majestically calm. He dives deeper and deeper, joining mermaids and sirens. And then he hears the music, the music of the sea. Sounds of never-ending freedom, of true life.

(- bio.com are north Londoners Andy Sherrif and Simon Gotel and their first longplayer 'Coming up for Air' could perfectly provide the soundtrack for the above scenario. Already, bio.com have a bit of history between them, if you're into the scene, that is: Andy long ago graced the ranks of the mighty Chapterhouse and Simon produced and remixed work of the Well Hung Parliament. Both also worked on soundtracks for a selection of avant-garde films for the 'Score'-event at Royal Albert Hall end of last year. Now they teamed up again and release their debut album on Deepstar records.

Not the typical techno chomping but modern alternative dance music it is what bio.com focus on: Harmonic electronic music, relaxed and calm. Full of samples, heartbeats and waves. A piece growing on

you. A piece for stress-free living. High above the clouds or deep down the sea - where men can't go, where life is pure. An ambient piece, the perfect chill-out. At least that's what bio.com expected it to be. And to a certain extent it is. A low beat, dreamy epic of electronic ambient tunes, climaxing in the twelve-minute odyssey 'Pas De Deux', taking you to another sphere of sound. Deep down the sea. But, for heaven's sake, as so many others bio.com fail to stand out from the crowd. Nothing fascinating in particular, as heard before a thousand times. Good, but simply not good enough to be successful. -)

From deep down the lake a shadow emerges, his body pale in the moonlight. The water was fine but was it really the beautiful tunes deep down the sea he expected? Slightly disappointed he's Coming up for Air. (5)

Malte Gerhold

Piss take?

Brough

@ LA2

As this Yorkshire combo take the stage to support up-and-comers the DJL's you fear you're being ambushed by a twisted Hanson cover band. The Lead singer, imagine Isaac Hanson going through his Nirvana phase, walks on, apologises for being late, nods to the guitarist and rips into the new single, a cover of 'Jesus doesn't want me for a Sunbeam'. Their own material seems to be without direction, some of the lyrics sounding like the random jabbering of a madman. A confused group. I tried to grab an interview backstage by the dressing room was full of young, fanatical groupies. I spoke to his manager, who only wishes to be referred to as JC who said "It's strange, they don't get this much attention when they play their hometown". Yes, quite. Brough, interesting enough, worth giving a quick peek.

Riding High
Riding High
Riding High

RED MUSIC →



Andy Bell, ex of Ride,
struts his stuff for
Hurricane #1

**Hurricane #1, Sargent, The soundtrack of our lives
@ The Astoria**

You the man, You da fucking man'. Yes quite. Marginalising Finley Quaye to the Astoria 2, Hurricane #1 and a group of misfits politely referred to as the support acts take over the big 'un next door. First up a very weird collection of individuals entitled The Soundtrack of our Lives.

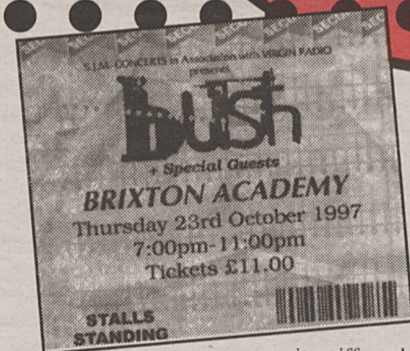
Soundtrack, the psychedelic Swedish insanity basket, all look like they've just escaped from a west-country Firkin Mental Hospital, with a singer reminiscent of a 70's retro Chas (of Chas and Dave fame) arsing around the stage in his muumuu, taking out the bassist on a regular basis with his drunken flailings and a drummer looking like a schoolteacher and a potential child molester, tossing his sticks in the air, pointing at the crowd. But they were far more interesting than their music. Exciting but trite.

The scousers Sargent look like a re-jig of the Beatles, and sounded to a great degree identical to them. Tribes on the Amazon, yet untouched by civilisation would have recognised their second song as Come Together. Blended with a little Ocean Colour Scene, some Cast and a dash of Oasis - So 7/8ths Beatles then - every song was vaguely familiar and adequately head shaking to provide fair support for #1.

The first man to appear on stage for Hurricane #1 was the lead guitar, the freaky Beck/Graham Coxon combination known as ex-Ride Andy Bell, followed, at a fashionable distance of course, by Alex Lowe (da man). The management guys have given him a little bit of a make over since I saw him last, the Liam swagger has become more pronounced, the hair shorter and spikier, but the little wry facial expressions at the crowd remain. He's loving it up there. At least once the crowd starts getting into it.

This takes about three songs. By then the 'moshing' gang has started bouncing like fools, crushing small oriental women. Then da man approaches the Mic, and announces 'this is, erm,' he peels away as he says, 'Chain Reaction'. Chain reaction indeed, ripples of excitement expand to the back, bounce back and everyone finds themselves crushing forward for the first few powerchords. A great rendition. A few more songs that I've never heard then the latest single 'Step into my world' kicks off, varying from the album, this is the fresh, dancier version. A bit of 'Just an Illusion' goes down bloody well, then they stroll off to cliché, 30 minutes my arse. A brief minute behind stage, refreshing their Evians (I thought this was Rock and/or Roll), hand to ear. 'More', a couple of drunk people scream. More there is, including the passable B-Side 'Keep Walkin'. Then they finally leave.

Andy Bell has stated that every track on the debut album could be a single. A little exaggerated perhaps but on the evidence tonight they do have potential. These guys are no oasis - I could get tickets for these guys - but I'm sure we'll hear more of them. Worth a listen...if you've got nothing better to do
Dan Lewis.



**Bush & Three Colours Red
@ Brixton Academy**

Hands up who fancies Gavin Rossdale? Yeah, me too. But unlike America, where they outsell Oasis, the Brits seem to realise that they haven't got a hope in hell of shagging Gavin, and as such response has been much more tepid on these shores.

But you poor lads, you must be either very stupid or very brave to choose Three Colours Red as support. 3CR are always a phenomenal live act, and tonight is no exception. They deliver the goods in the quantity you want them, and gift wrapped in a plethora of guitar riffs and melodies that leave you thinking that this should be the true definition of music. Each of their songs seems to have been formulated specifically for their live act, and current single, 'This Is My Hollywood' is a typical example: simple yet mind blowing pop-punk rock. Guitarist Chris McCormack does well in his job of eyeing the crowd and pogoing around like some deranged madman, whilst singer Pete Vuckovic delivers the passion, singing the lyrics with a venom that could very well be fatal.

My only criticism (and believe me, I'm clutching at straws) is the omission of live favourites, such as 'Sunny In England' or 'Love's Cradle'. Ripping through a set is where 3CR excel, so slower tunes like 'Throughbreeze' seem a little out of place. But as I said, I'm clutching at straws, and once again the guys perform like they were born with a guitar strung around their shoulders.

By contrast, headliners Bush seem not to go in for the in-er-face style that has become synonymous with 3CR, and instead spend a set amount of time devoted to jamming around. Although this may be very well with bands that can, Bush...er...can't. Other than this fault, it's the songs that let Bush down. The Nirvana likeness is too significant to think they're doing anything original, and after the punch that 3CR packed, mediocre rock songs are less than what we expect.

But there's an exception to every rule, and while songs like 'Come Down' come close to being fuck-off fantastic, the winner tonight is 'Machinehead', a song that electrified the Academy so much, that with the sweat coming off the enthusiastic crowd, there was sure to be an electrocution somewhere in the audience. Another plus point was the enthusiasm of lead singer and the aforementioned heartthrob Gavin. Throwing himself around the stage like the music was possessing him, and seeing his eyes squeezed tight whilst singing in an attempt to contain himself helped to increase that all important stage presence, and they way in which he sung the lines 'There's no sex in your violence' during big-hit-single 'Everything Zen' made you want to check him for scars.

Why this momentum wasn't present in their whole set may have had something to do with the fact that they were on for nearly two hours. It would have been much better if they had played a shortened set as support, whilst 3 Colours Red needed more time to get in the 10 or 11 needed songs of theirs to make a perfect set. Swap their positions on the bill, and you would have had a faultless night.

shilpa ganatra

**Carrie
@ The Monarch, Camden**

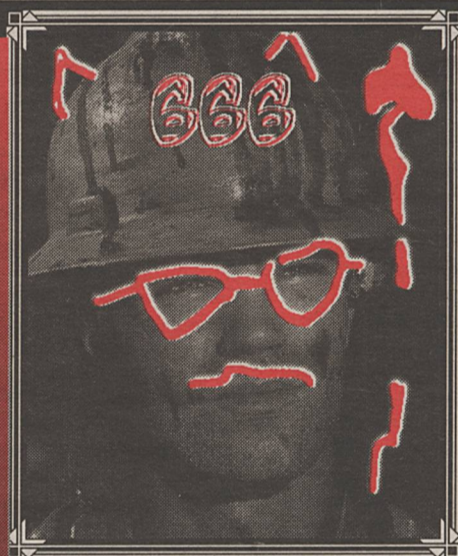
Carrie are probably hoping no-one rash from their record company was in Camden last night. Although The Monarch isn't exactly the largest venue in London any band tipped as "going to make it big" should really be aiming to get it slightly more than a third full (The expanse between stage and crowd suggested that Moses was working security). Looking at the crowd, or rather the absence of one, it would seem that very few people seemed willing to pay a fiver to check out the West Coast's latest guitar based exports.

At least Carrie had the aid of PR to drag their potential fans out of the woodwork, support act Grouch were denied even that. And it's a shame because Grouch really do deserve to get a wider audience, definitely one bigger than Carrie's. Although at times they drifted into almost 80's mullet rock territory, Grouch still managed to produce some very impressive chunks of post-grunge a la Foo fighters and some surprisingly memorable tunes (If you ever end up seeing them check out 'out of the blues').

Carrie, on the other hand... well. From the outset it appeared as though the lead singer's ego travelled to the gig in a separate coach. Every song of the evening was graced by at least one cringingly unfunny link ("Only Carrie would've thought of fusing Black Sabbath with Simon and Garfunkel"), each greeted by silence from the audience. Throughout the set it seemed as though he was more concerned with getting his attitude right rather than his music.

And that can really piss you off when it turns out that music is Carrie's true strength. Despite the odd blip, (surprisingly their first single, Breathe Underwater, doesn't come across well live) Carrie really do kick out some impressive tunes, coming across as a heavier version of Fountains of Wayne. However at times you do have to wonder whether are all those guitars really necessary for relatively basic melodies. I like Carrie but maybe they're not suited for live performances.

Overall Carrie are still unsure of themselves. Well apart from the singer but then he's a dick (C'mon kill me with your mind powers, I dare ya, Carrie)
Matt Bro!



**Dirty
Balfour's
Filthy Poetry
Corner.**

- or -
*Shall I
compare thee
to an Anne
Summer's day*
An ode to Aggie(and

her legs) - or -
The Earnestness of being Important
Even though I'm dirty...
I'm so glad you're flirty.
You're the girl for me,
Although I'm only 4'3".

Don't misunderstand me please...
Just get down on your knees
Cos I've got a big surprise...
I can look you in the eyes.

I'm dirtier than thou
I'll be the bull, you be the cow.
Run my fingers through your hair -
I'll be Sonny, you be Cher
OOO I've got you babe.

I've only got one caution,
Alas, I'm built all in proportion.
Straighter than a broken arrow
Get your hands on my marrow
If only you were a child
We could go Oscar Wilde.

**Why I luv school
(by Dave age 20 1/2)**

Filthy is my middle name
Take me now
I have no shame
any labour law
I abhor

give to me
only under three

Call me depraved
I tell you what I crave.
I'm a short Marquis de Sade
Fisting makes me really hard.

Animals, children, holes in the wall,
Give me something new,
I've done them all.

Playing at Lego-ver

Barbie, Ken, and Action man,
If I can't do it, no one can
at night I'll keep you warmer
If I can play with your Transformer

You never make me gladder
Than when we play snakes and ladders
And super ted
Is in my bed

And, you happy eater,
I'll show you my Blue Peter.
Please don't frighten,
Cos I hate it when you tighten.....

Come on barbie
Lets go party

More 'hanky' panky next week, poetry fans.



Lost

L.A. CONFIDENTIAL

Kevin Spacey, Guy Pearce, Russell Crowe, Danny De Vito, and the aging yet still one wood in the morning Kim Basinger

A- *The City of Angels shows that it can raise a little hell*

Daniel "Night" Lewis

Regular readers of this page would have spotted a preview of this film a month ago. You see, we were right, this film is damn good. Set in noirish fifties Hollywood this film has everything, the complete entrails of crime's underbelly. Starting with the large intestines of drugs, down to the small intestines of mobster assassination and sleazy Hollywood hacks setting up busts, further down to prostitution. But each cliché comes with its own twist. Did they really have heroin in the 50's? Were prostitutes ever given cosmetic surgery to resemble celebrities? Were there so many bent cops? Well now I believe so.

All the acting is top notch. Kevin Spacey plays a celebrity copper, advisor to a top crime show, who gets juicy busts set up by Danny De Vito, a dodgy hack who writes the Hush-Hush crime magazine. Back at the Police House leading the mob of policemen who go all out for truth and justice (however it's accomplished) is Bud White, played by the excellent Russell Crowe (an excellent piece of casting, even if his similarity to Spacey left me quite confused for the first 30 minutes).

At the other end of the spectrum is Ed Exley, a golden boy policeman who does everything by the

Sleaze and disease in 50's Lalaland

book, played by Guy Pearce (a bit of a change from Priscilla Queen of the Desert and, erm, Neighbours and Home and Away). The leading lady, who doesn't play as large a part as all the posters seem to indicate (you know, the ones where her breasts are bigger than the rest of the cast put together) is hooker Lynn Bracken, played by the 'still got it' Kim Basinger. Her acting is probably the least impressive and no, I'm sorry to relate, she doesn't get naked.

Basinger is merely peripheral to the plot, which (cliche alert) follows Ed and Bud, two cops who hate each other but end up having to join forces to try and get to the bottom of the Night Owl case. All the supposedly disparate strands intertwine on their way to a thrilling conclusion. At over two hours long this is a big movie, but don't worry you won't look at your watch once. It may be a little hard to follow in parts, but it flows smoothly enough.

At times, especially during the first half there are some very humorous moments, which detract a little from the gravitas the film so richly deserves. Here too the cinematography is a little disappointing, the atmosphere needed to be darker like 'Seven', but then again how can you make L.A. dark? The sound is superb, and I strongly suggest you see the film in one of these new fangled cinemas with THX, because it really does add to the film.

The ending might be a little obvious, but trust me, there are more twists here than a pile of writhing worms on a helter skelter on a mountain road. I won't give away the ending, but I blame Hollywood. If your grant can stretch to a night at the cinema this is the one to see. Superb.

HELFGOTT SHINES THROUGH - EVENTUALLY

BY DAVID RAMROOP



You've seen the movie, bought the CD - and the man himself has come to town. On Monday 20th October, David Helfgott played the Rach III that precipitated his nervous breakdown, for the first time in public, in Britain. The general critical opinion is that Helfgott's own emotion transcends the pieces; the composer's spirit is lost somewhere in the midst of it all. However, the Royal Albert Hall was sold out and was treated initially to three classical pieces beautifully performed by the London Philharmonic Orchestra. This set the night up impressively for the now world renowned pianist. The atmosphere in the interval before Helfgott came on was one of tension, expectation and hope that he hadn't buckled. The audience had obviously thought, sod the critics, but were there mainly because of the man and not the music - like myself.

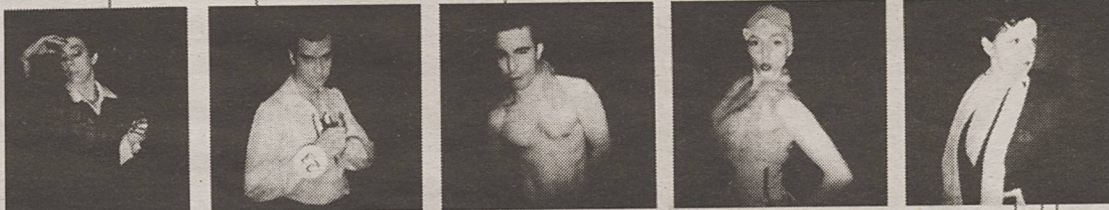
Helfgott's entry was both comical and inspiring. He was full of nervous excitement and was continually mumbling to himself. He shook hands profusely with the members of the Orchestra in his immediate vicinity and not so much bowed, but rocked continually directing pelvic thrusts towards the audience. He was enjoying

himself. Having made a fuss in adjusting his chair he played the first part of the Rachmaninov piano Concerto No.3. It was pretty ordinary. Any power that the music had was submerged by the mutterings of the pianist. Okay, he's not quite with it mentally, but it just spoils the music. Furthermore, the co-ordination between piano and Orchestra seemed disjointed. In contrast, part two of the Concerto was simply brilliant. The Rach III contains more notes per second than any other piano piece and Helfgott's execution was superb. His fingers caressing the keys, the conductor's gold ring occasionally glistening in the stage lights and the sheer beauty of the Orchestral accompaniment ensured all was forgiven, and made the tortuous Albert Hall seats comfortable again.

The climax of the Concerto will remain long in the memory and so will the seemingly endless standing ovation. He returned to the stage four times in response to the calls of the audience, but there was no encore. One felt sorry for the two gentlemen from the violin accompaniment, whose hands were shaken about twenty times by Helfgott as he basked in the audience's appreciation.

This page has been brought to you in association with Yasmine Chinwala, (first time her name has ever been spelt right in the Beaver). new Arts Editor

If you are interested in reviewing i.e. getting free tickets to previews, come to the Collective every Monday at 6pm



I.D.

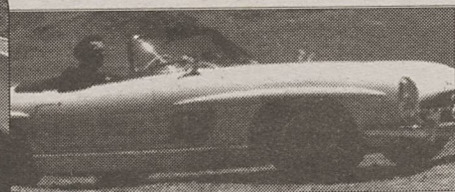
If I said, "It's got tit sucking, masturbating and lesbian sex", not only would the wrong type of person go and see this, but I would have missed the point. I.D. is not a play, it is a total sensory assault. Physical, visual, aural and mental stimuli slap you around the face and make what is essentially a discussion of sexuality and the popular gay and club culture one and half hours of pure and total entertainment.

**Riverside Studios
Hammersmith
0181 741 7255**

Mark's advice:
Don't take your granny.

Here we go: Five chairs. A long table. Glasses of mineral water. A lesbian, a gay man, two bisexuals, a straight woman and a mass of paper. It starts as a seminar (or seamanar as he said) on gay identity but intermeshed with this are dances, sketches and prose all inviting us to re-examine our views of 'deviant' sexuality. But again, saying it has just one aim would be unjust. The above is a straight blokes view. Gays, lesbians and bi-folk may have different ideas. One guy said "No closet in sight. This is me, it's in my face and I f**king love it."

It's hard to sum up exactly how I feel about it. It made me laugh (although there were quite a few 'private jokes' which went way over my head) and it made me think. The one thing I'm not sure about is when someone says "We're all different" and then professes to speak for "all gay men" and "all bisexuals". (Hmmm - Ed)



Nina Soteri
soaks up iced tea with Jason P

Love and Death in Long

The story follows a recently widowed reclusive writer Giles De'Ath (John Hurt) as he discovers the realities of the 21st Century after walking into the wrong screen at the cinema. He sees a seriously dodgy movie and as a result becomes obsessed with American teen idol, Ronnie Bostock (Jason Priestley), eventually pursuing him to his Long Island home to fill his head with dreams of Europe and a cultural career.

De'Ath compares Bostock's work with that of Shakespeare, and tries to convince him that they are in the same line of business; entertaining the masses in the pit with their skills, whilst sending out a subliminal message. An interesting and rather dubious perception, especially after considering the clips from Bostock's acting career which are revealed to the viewer through the course of the film. This collision of culture involves an attempt by Giles to woo

Ronnie from his fiancé, Audrey (Fiona Loewi).

Ironically, the story could so easily have been about Jason Priestley's own acting career to date - aspiring actor repeatedly type cast as the all American high school hunk, despite the fact that his teen days have long since passed him by - possibly a fact that Priestley himself has recognised in accepting the role of Ronnie. Full credit to him though, as he certainly delivers a credible performance, as does John Hurt playing the disturbingly obsessive and manipulate Giles.

A classic comic line appears in one of the many dubious films in Ronnie's portfolio, where he refers to a kid that falls for one of his pranks as "just another skid mark on the underpants of life". Profound. Aside from that though, the laughs are few. This is a thought provoking movie, tackling one's individual perceptions on the basis of life experiences.

London Film Feature

Starting on Nov. 6 and running to Nov. 21 the worlds largest non-competitive Film Festival takes hold of London. In this the 41st year of the Festival it is again centered in Leicester Sq. Where over 400 films will be shown. Executive Arts Editor DH Balfour has obtained - by the most dubious and dirty of methods- access to all the goings on. What follows is merely a precursor to two weeks of film madness. Groovy Baby.

Clubbed to Death

Thu 13 @ 9:15 Odeon West End

Previewed last week, this French flick, takes on all the baggage of underclass france, from ethnic minorities and gangsters to all night raves and drug addiction. Pretty bold for a love story.

8

La vie de Jesus

Fri 21 @ 1:45 & 18:30 NFTI

Having missed the Catholic Society meeting I saw this film in an attempt to get closer to my god. Instead of getting the body of Christ, my mouth opened to the sight of amazingly fit French birds. Very engrossing tale of lust, motorbikes and the tedium of a small town in France.

6

Keeping The Aspidistra Flying

Thu 6 @ 20:15 Odeon Leicester Sq.

Hands up all those who wanna shag Helen Bonham Carter. Right there you have the audience of this exquisitely professional 30's period film. This semi-autobiographical story by G. Orwell is eminently watchable if a little less than subtle in its intentions.

5

The Edge

Fri 14 @ 8:30 Odeon West End

This is the kind of movie Craig would like. If you know Craig, you will know to stay away from it. For the rest it needs to be clarified how shit this is. This is tawdry pile of yankee wank. Hopkins and Baldwin would have done better to make a snuff movie, preferably about the scriptwriter.

3

Foreign Bodies

Fri 14 @ 1:45 & 6:15 NFT2

Called a French family drama of the 'intimist' school it really lies in the incest school. Incidentally where Zak Shaikh just graduated from. The only real reason this film is included here is the picture. What is he looking for? Actually, its exceedingly engaging.

7

Twenty four Seven

Wed 19 @ 8:45 Odeon West End

Feature Film debut with Bob Hoskins. Sounds a bit like Bob's American Accent in Roger Rabbit? Not a bit. This flick is deeply touching and strangely cool. Hoskins battles gangsters and local financiers to open a boxing club to give direction to unemployed youth. Not nearly as simple as it seems.

7

Sling Blade

Sat 15 @ 1:15 Odeon West End

A gentle innocent tale of decapitation and cranial splitting. Using the age old narrative of a really long lawn-mower blade. Set in an unrepentantly backward town in Georgia, the ascetically numb amongst us would find it slow. 70's sex stallion Jon Ritter co-stars as ageing southern "fudgepacker".

9

Cop Land

Sun 9 @ 8:45 Odeon West End

The worst thing about this movie is that is actually very good. We all want Stallone to fail, but he comes up trumps. Small town New Jersey made to feel as desolate and lawless as the Old west. Star studded this movie has every hard man in Hollywood in it, De Niro, Liotta, and Keitel.

8

Regeneration

Sat 8 @ 3:45 & 8:45 Odeon West End

Had hair jokes aside, this naive take on Pat Barkers novel completely fails in attempting to convey the relationship between Vida Sasson and Wilfred Owen. Oh,shit Ziegfried Sasson. That aside, it focuses on other issues of book and handles them very well. Especially worth it for the Trench scenes, and J. Price's army doctor.

6

Topless Women Talk About Their Lives

Sat 8 @ 4:00 & 8:30 NFT2

New Zealand- Land of sheep and mountains? Not quite. This south of the equator flick is one of the most original movies of the year. Quirky, awkward and exciting. Features real live human birth in animal hospital. Rolf even couldn't guess what it was.

8

Love Can Seriously Damage Your Health

Fri 14 @ 12:45 & 6:00 Odeon West End

Director of last years saucy Spanish sex-comedy, Mouth to Mouth, returns with a spicy tale of a love that never happens, even over thirty years. Anti-chronological this film cleverly weaves it bizarre story together, but spends a bit too much time on the characters in middle age.

6

Kissed

Mon 10 @ 16:00 & 21:00 Odeon West End

New meaning is given to the age old phrase, "getting a stiffy" in the subtle tale of fucking dead people. It would seem that all morticians enjoy the pressing the cold flesh with their clients. They don't even care how they died, but they sure like better if the smell of formaldehyde.

9

One Night Stand

Sun 23 @ 19:00 EMPIRE Leicester Sq.

Mike Figgis's new movie, it is stylish and sophisticated and proves that Shipes can really act as human instead of the twisted ball-crushing steroid junkies he usual plays. Playing on filmic conceits and making them seem natural is Figgis's forte.

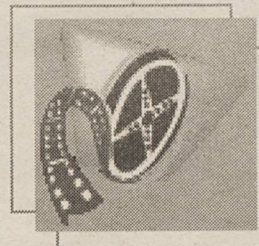
7

Mimic

Fri 7 @ 23:45 Odeon West End

Suffer the Children I always say, and finally here is a film that does just that. Gigantic genetically altered insects provide the gore in this Mira Serving flick. Not bad, but not enough cot death for my liking.

5



James could never have me!!

Hello, Welcome to the best page of the Beaver.

Sorry I don't eat meat!

Donuts

Yeah..Donuts!!

So..uh..when do we have the cake?

I'm fucking dead.

I'm dead.

Zak I am waiting!

The last known pictures of the expedition to find the end of the dark passage known Crabtreanus.



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Thank God, for Oxford Street.

Shoppers haven, Street of tack, call it what you like it is the busiest street in the country and the most prosperous. It starts at Tottenham Court Road tube station and continues all the way to Marble Arch, and you had better wear comfy shoes as it takes a good forty minutes without stopping. Plus you would be a fool to do so, as with this supreme guide you can find what you want where you want in the minimum time and for those who already know it all you'll just have to endure.

I know shopping is supposed to be relaxed and fun but Oxford Street at anytime is an absolute nightmare - getting wedged between people around Oxford Circus and tourists abruptly stopping in front of you to ponder while thousands walk past - time is of the essence.

There are a number of facts about Oxford Street you must learn before attempting to

master the crush.

1. The majority of shops at the Tottenham Court Road end are trash, avoid them at all costs as they will seriously rip you off on a "dodgy" rolex and try sell you a shell suit.

2. At the crossing between Top Shop and Hennes do not wait for the traffic to stop or you will be crushed underneath a human pile up, just take the plunge and cross - hundreds of others will join you and the cars will be forced to stop.

3. There is no need to walk the length of Oxford Street as the shops repeat themselves, I have lost count of how many Boots there are.

The majority of the High street clothes shops I am about to mention are for women, but I will mention some for the boys at the end. The reason for this bias is

that it seems that the majority of men do not understand fashion and detest shopping, the *Beaver* office confirms this.

For ease of understanding I have categorised the most popular clothes shops into cost, style and reputation, starting with the worst.

Category 1

Mark One, New Look
One small step above the dodgy shops.
cheap - plain t-shirt £4.99
- trousers £10-15

casual wear, suits, lots of Spice Girl on a budget. OK, if you want something plain and don't want it more than 6 months as it is likely to fade or fall apart. These are definitely "keep the receipt shops" and provide an embarrassment factor of 10. I used to wait outside while my mum hunted for a bargain.

The Beaver on... Oxford Street

Zoe Peden takes a walk down London's busiest shopping street

Category 2

Miss Selfridge, Top Shop, Hennes

High fashion within a couple of months
Trousers £25-50
Dresses £15-70

Hennes is the cheaper of the three, with masses queues and seams that frequently come apart. The underwear is very nice.

Top Shop has got a lot of separate franchises inside and is full of variety and even has a petite section and a great range of coats at the moment. The club gear isn't bad too but beware of copy cat spice.

Miss Selfridge is similar to above but smaller and the make up section is great with hundreds of wacky colours.

Category 3

Morgan, Jane Norman, Kookai, French Connection, Warehouse, Oasis
Skirts £25-60
Dresses £40-100

All of the above sell similar types of clothes with French Connection being slightly more expensive. In comparison to 1 and 2, they are much more classy, well fitting and will last. Morgan can be a bit tacky with its huge labelling and Warehouse uninspiring. French Connection

have an excellent new range of charcoals and silver greys, lilac, baby pink and grape. They also have plenty of knee length skirts, with shiney and silver thread. I would buy the place out if I had a few spare grand. Embarrassment factor of a half for Morgan t-shirts and bags.

Shoe shops can be put into the above categories too.

Shoe Express definitely goes into category one

Shelly's, Sacha, Faith and Dolcis, all a bit platformy and so go into category 2.

Office and Ravel offer a classic range and so purchases here are definitely in category 3.

Last and not least, the boys

Mr Byrite is a definite 1 and should be avoided at all costs - you can buy a polyester suit for £40.

Top Shop has a decent section called Top Man, large and varied. Madhouse has a great range of designer jeans and shirts, but avoid the coloured ISL shirts as they bring images of Grant of Eastenders to mind. French Connection has a very creative and attractive menswear section. Men take the hint.

There are many, many more shops to see - if you have the hours and days.

The Beaver

Collective is moving

From November 10, the collective meeting will be held on a Monday

at 6pm in Room C023

All are welcome

Put the Boot in, Blunkett

Alex King on the privileges of a Cambridge education and the price of excellence

Last week's Beaver carried the news that the University of Cambridge was to set targets for the proportion of state school students to be admitted, and was to appoint an "access officer" who would put the policy into action.

Well, actually Cambridge is doing neither. Mind you, the *Financial Times* got it wrong too, as did *The Times* and *The Telegraph*, so perhaps we shouldn't browbeat our local newshounds too

Cambridge proclaims its excellence and demands extra financial support to ensure its future

harshly. To let you into a secret, eager reader, the fact of the matter is that one committee thinks these would be good things to do. The rest of Cambridge's willing gerontocracy has yet to decide. There's still a good story to be sniffed out here, though.

The national focus on Cambridge's admissions statistics comes at a time when the fusty fenland institution is being investigated by Sergeant Blunkett and his trusty officers on the beat. The girls and

boys in purple are trying to decide whether they should continue to shell out £35 million *extra* to Cambridge on top of its allocation through the national funding formula for Higher Education institutions. At present this little nest-egg is distributed directly to the colleges of the University, in order to pay for their somewhat pricey small group teaching systems.

At present this debate is being conducted in the banal terms familiar to all watchers of British politics. At least, the parts of the debate given an airing by the media are. Perhaps, in smokefilled Whitehall rooms, politicians, academics and accountants are thrashing out the philosophical and practical arguments for and against the college fee system.

Sadly, I think not.

To this observer at least, the government seems to be concerned only with a static situation, one in which Cambridge proclaims its excellence and demands extra financial support to ensure its future. The government is faced with important issues of excellence and equity, yet the only choice Blunkett and cronies seem to have set themselves is a simple yay or nay.

Not good enough, I say. Anyone who is (a) a one-time Cambridge student or (b) a reasonably intelligent individual might

wish the claim of excellence to be examined a little more closely. Opinionated little snot-nosed student I may be, but if Cambridge wishes to bag more cash on account of its "excellent" teaching system, it would seem reasonable to say: show me excellence and I'll show you my cheque book. Or in short: prove it.



Is good teaching for good money that much to ask?

The reports produced by the national university inspectorate, HEFCE, generally praise the windy city's departments. There are, of course, ways and means of shielding the "still standing-but-only-just" kind of lecturers from the beady eye of the inspector. So maybe we should look to a pop-sociology assessment of Cambridge "excellence".

An ex-Cantabridgian myself, I got Jeeves to plug himself into the old boys' network and get a few opinions on the

matter. Here's what he came up with: one recent graduate said, "There was precious little *teaching* in Cambridge. There was the odd inspirational lecturer, various charismatic academics, but the idea of actually learning anything from those on high remained an idea". Another recipient of excellence thought that, "Most of my

supervisions were, frankly crap. The one or two that weren't could hardly be said to be a product of the unique structure of Cambridge funding. A lot of the time I felt intellectually unsupported."

Of course, these were both social science students, who would doubtless have a few words to say about Jeeves' sampling methods, but you get the idea.

Photo: Library

If the state is to spend oodles on Cambridge noodles, it surely has the right to ask where its hard-earned money is going. This is the era of added value after all. Maybe we could look to that bastion of radical politics, Cambridge's erstwhile Student Union, to come up with a dynamic, modern yet realistic answer. Surely the next generation of Harmans and Browns could get together in their impressive three-room, two photocopier, no-staff building to beat out a New Deal? Er, no. The mighty CUSU

thinks that the colleges should be made to publish their accounts. This is all well and good, except that as private institutions the colleges don't have to and have no intention of doing so. It is possible that a five-person rally or a six-egg attack could change this, but the college bursars don't look too worried.

Put me in Blunkett's size tens and I

"There was precious little teaching at Cambridge"... "A lot of the time I felt intellectually unsupported"

would say this: colleges, friends, countrymen, on what grounds should I stump up? Will you spend my millions on that '47 Chateau Lafite you've had your eye on? On a new hunting outfit for the master? Or will you (for the first time) invest in training, that's TRAINING, your teaching staff? What about modernising (sorry, the m- word) your assessment system? How about some accountability - in five years show me how much better the teaching is? Don't put your foot in it, Blunkett - put the boot in.

The Beaver
Collective Meeting
has moved!!!
From November 10,
we will be back on
Mondays at 6pm,
in C023

Friendly Germans

Ruth Harte presents the German association of friends of LSE

The German Association of Friends of LSE and its work have taken a rise since the centenary week of the School in 1995. In November 1995 a new national committee was elected, the Association was reorganised and new activities were initiated. The Association today has about 120 members and wants to offer all former German LSE students an interesting platform to meet.

The Association was founded in 1985 on initiative of Sir Ralf Dahrendorf, the director of the School from 1974 to 1984. The intention was in the first place to give former German LSE students an opportunity to meet, to share common experiences and come together for certain events. It is also intended to keep contact with the School and to give ideal support to the plans and activities of the School. Furthermore, the Association initiates contacts and links to other Alumni associations in nearby countries (i.e. Belgium, The Netherlands, France, Switzerland, Poland).

The main work of the Association takes place in the different regional groups which exist throughout Germany: in the Southwest, in Munich, in Frankfurt, in the

Duesseldorf/ Cologne/ Bonn region, in Hamburg and in Berlin. The regional groups are independent, this means that they decide about the events they offer, for example lectures, seminars, sight-seeing tours etc. Once a year the Association invites all members for the general meeting; a new committee is elected and a discussion takes place on next year's plans and activities. Usually a speaker is invited to the general meeting to host the members. This year Dr Anthony Giddens, the new director of the School will be our guest speaker.

If you are curious and interested to get more information about the Association, its activities, its members etc, we would be happy to get in touch with you. Please write or call

Mr Christof A Marre
Kapellstr. 42
40479 Duesseldorf
Tel: 0049-211-1383157 (day-time)

He will be happy to answer your questions and of course we would like to welcome you as a new member. The annual fee is 100 DM. For those who are still studying or not yet in a working position, the fee is only 50 DM.

That totally tropical taste

Julia Vowles reports back from her adventurous night at the Rainforest Cafe



Lured by the prospect of a tropical and exotic night out (although in Vicky's case it was the 'live and animated wildlife' which proved truly tempting) we found ourselves indulging in the culinary delights of the Rainforest Cafe, Shaftesbury Avenue.

In the annoying style of all good theme restaurants, you are subjected to the merchandising outlet on entering the cafe, (and exiting, as you are bound to change your mind about the necessity of a souvenir after you have experienced 'the adventure'). Cynicism aside, the retail village is actually quite impressive and surprisingly not too pricey. Even if you are not dining, it is worth a visit, if only to have a chat with Tracey the Talking Tree or to witness the would-be fit man being paid to look like a prize prat by greeting customers with a stuffed gorilla on his head. The shop also boasts a splashing life-size crocodile along with live parrots, although typically when we visited they had 'gone to bed'.

The restaurant, which occupies the lower two floors of the building, allows you to feast whilst being surrounded by the "sights, sound and smells of a tropical wonderland". The authenticity of the simulated tropical rainforest is added to by animatronic inhabitants such as the fluttering butterflies, swinging monkeys, trumpeting elephants and chattering gorillas, along with the occasional thunderstorm for good measure. To be quite honest, we found the plastic vegetation to be a little overwhelming and the thunderstorms off-putting. Furthermore, considering that we were under the illusion of being in the tropics, it seemed odd that the air conditioning was set to make everyone shiver. As for our 'Safari Guide' waiter, the title of 'parasite' would have been far more appropriate, and our meal would have certainly been more enjoyable if his back-side had not been thrust into our faces periodically as he tried to pass (a result of utilising every last square inch of space to achieve the 340 seat capacity of the restaurant).

However, when it comes to the food, the Rainforest Cafe really cannot be faulted. The meal was excellent, the only problem being that there was just too much to choose from. We each managed to consume an appetiser that was intended for sharing, with the 'Pieces of Ate' (£6.75) and the 'Amazon Bruschetta' (£5.75) that we sampled definitely getting the thumbs up. For the main course there is an extensive choice of salads, sandwiches, burgers, flatbreads, pasta, or the ultimate

'On Safari entrees'. In total no fewer than 40 dishes to choose from, with prices ranging from £5.75 for a 'Garden of Eden' or 'Islander' Salad, to £13.85 for dishes such as 'The Primal Cut' 120z sirloin steak, 'Tree Top Tenderloin' (which apparently brings out the Tarzan or Jane in you!?) or 'Jamaica, Me Crazy', one of the speciality signature dishes which comprises of grilled pork chops dusted with Jamaican and Cajun seasonings, nestled on a bed of spicy red beans and rice, and served with apple chutney! After spending what seemed like an eternity pondering over the main course menu, the 'Journey's End' dessert list seemed rather limited. However, there are always the Smoothies (made with non-fat frozen yoghurt you will be relieved to hear), or the fresh juice bar if you want to be really good.

However, despite the excellent food, the highlight of the menu, even if you are not a raving alcoholic, had to be the list of enticing cocktails. The Jungle Runner (£4.25), as recommended by dear William (our personal Safari Guide), was nothing short of fabulous, and is a must (especially if you like rum). Certain cocktails such as the Speckled Forest Grasshopper (£4.55) are almost a meal in a glass, and could certainly act as a substitute for dessert. The sangria was a little uninspiring (although again our well informed Safari Guide did warn us of this), but if you really have the urge to try some, the best advice is to sample a glass (£2.75) before committing yourself to a 2 litre jug (£14.95).

Incidentally, for that added bit of excitement, you could take a visit to the 'Magic Mushroom Juice and Coffee Bar' afterwards, where you can happily sip these cocktails to your heart's content, whilst perching yourself on funky animal leg bar stools (they really have to be seen to be appreciated!).

So, can we accuse the Rainforest Cafe of cashing in on one of the major environmental issues of this decade? Well, yes - but they do attempt to justify this by 'supporting rainforest and wildlife causes', which apparently does stem further than just donating the 'proceeds' (and silly me thought that they were wishes) from the 'Wishing Pond', as well as money from specific parking meters to relevant organisations. The free Educational Outreach Programme offered to schools and other interested parties is impressive: a full time curator will take a resident parrot to schools within Greater London at their request and talk to them about vanishing habitats and the environment (or alternatively a visit to the cafe for the on-site educational programme can be arranged). Therefore, when the evening is over, and you have to undo the button on your trousers to be able to breathe, console yourself with the fact that it was actually an educational experience and all in aid of a good cause. Umm...

The Rainforest Cafe is open 11 am to 12 midnight daily Tel: 0171 434 3111 Fax: 0171 434 3222 www.rainforest.cafe.com



Houghton Street Harry

It's not often that Harry has a conversation in the Tuns. There are so many other pressing demands on his time: beer to drink, kicking jukebox tunes to listen to, breasts to oggle. But the other night he did.

Harry was in the Tuns with his mate Giddy Tony. Tone's not usually seen in there much. He's one of those who only come in on Fridays for the weekly meat market, and then stand around the bar clutching their plastic half pint glasses and putting Oasis on the jukebox.

But for some reason Giddy Tony was in on Thursday. And there was nothing to do. The beer was rancid, the jukebox was broken, and all the local talent were either washing their hair or consulting their lawyers about sexual harassment suits. Absolutely nothing to do. So we had a conversation.

Giddy Tony's a weird bloke. You find out all sorts of things about your mates when you talk to them. Tone has all these ideas about the LSE and its future. It's a good thing no one will ever take him seriously. Nevertheless, Harry believes in freedom of speech. So judge for yourself...

Practical Academics

Tone reckons the LSE used to be known for academics who had a real effect on the political world, whereas now all we have is Alan Skedd and David Starkey. Tone wants these Prac Acs back. Harry reckons its a great idea. He'd love to do courses on practical things, like how to explain to his girlfriend (he lives in hope) that he's had a hard day and is very tired and relationships shouldn't be purely sexual...

LSE Risk Programme

Harry's not so sure about this one. Face it, Tone - it's a fucking shite game. All those stupid bits of plastic and cards and a map of the world. How about an LSE Monopoly Programme?

Community of Students

Tone wants to make the campus more attractive to students, and get them to spend more time around it. Now I know what you're thinking - more of those pretentious twats cluttering up the place cannot be a good thing. But the idea's got potential. We've already got a system for keeping people out of the Tuns during the day - they're called lectures. What we need is somewhere to hold them at night. Cages, maybe, with guards and dogs and barbed wire. And nothing to eat but those sandwiches they sell in the Tuns.

Top-up Fees

Giddy Tony hopes it'll never come to this. Harry thought the same about his exams.

Director's Lectures

Harry has to ask - has his mate Tone ever had Director's Bitter? It's watery, old, and tastes like it's been strained through footballers' socks. No one ever drinks it.

Like I said, Tone's a bit of a weird bloke. He's a good laugh though. Since the jukebox wasn't working, he decided to sing. And he composed an LSE song, right on the spot.

LSE, LSE, LSE.

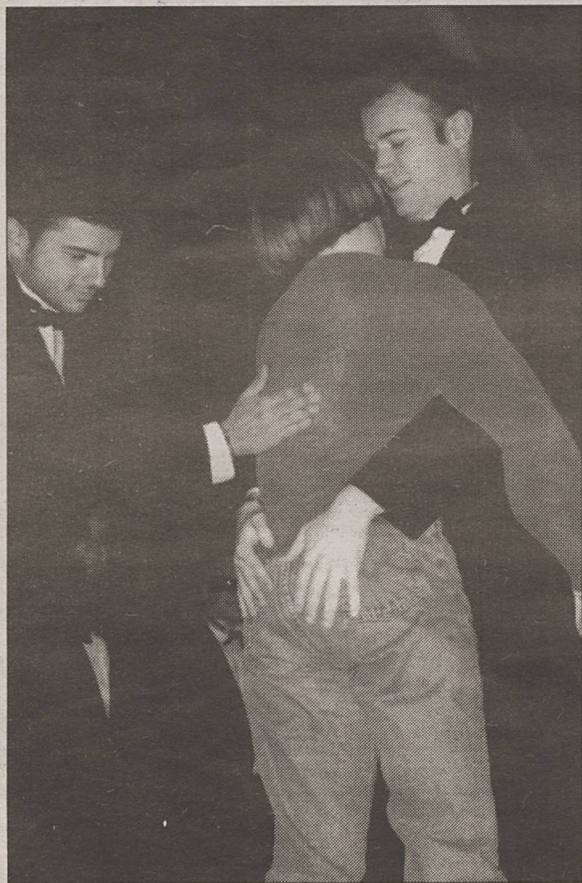
*It's most certainly the place to be,
If you want a good job,
Even if you're a thick sod,
Just so long as you can pay the fee*

*The elevators talk to you,
Computer rooms are far too few,
The beer in the student bar is flat,
The local 'babes' are far too fat,
And I can't even describe the men.*

LSE, LSE, LSE.

*It's most certainly the place to be,
The Director likes post-modernism,
Which is all a load of jism,
But that's another story*

Caption Competition



'Coops stoops and checks for poops'

Hank Baines

Exclusive!

Yuan's survival Special

Yuan Potts (Education and Welfare sab) returns from his adventures in Sarajevo to brings us this combat zone concoction, guaranteed to bring out the gorilla warfare in you!

Camouflage Cheese on Toast

The Beaver Briefing

Get suited up! Don that flak jacket, bullet proof vest and pair of combat trousers - for you are now entering the combat zone!

Prepare your equipment! Ensure that you have a spit-polished grill ready to hand along with that essential box of waterproof matches. (If you are unfortunate enough to live in a student house that requires matches to light the gas cooker which isn't aided by the leaking roof directly above the said appliance).

Gather your ingredients! Acquire two slices of bread (white or brown just

as long as its not too mouldy), and a block of cheese.

Cut fat slices of cheese, (enough to cover the two slices of bread).

Start the cooking process! Put the two slices of bread under the grill until toasted on one side.

Lay the slabs of cheese liberally (democratically) over the two slices of bread and return to grill.

When the cheese has melted remove from grill and season with salt and pepper to taste



Fantasy Beaverball™



Kevin Lui

Unless you've had a bucket on your head or your head happens to be a bucket you can't have failed to notice the beginning of the new football season. Regular readers of the award winning sports pages would have followed the mixed fortunes of all the LSE teams. Gavin Freemans 3rd XI and Raffael Italiano's 6th XI currently setting the London Leagues alight. The celebrity XI that is currently the LSE first team have shown indifferent form, not getting the results their trademark free-flowing passing game deserves. If you think you can do better, here's your chance to put your sporting knowledge and tactical expertise to good effect without having to don those Bryan Robson Sondico shinpads, moulded Addidas Predators and set foot on a single blade of sacred Berrylands baize.

The rules this year have been simplified on the account of the last sport's editor having gone down with a functional brain disorder, due to last years complicated system and his inability to count past eleven.

As a student in London you have a combined grant and loan income of #4,250 on which to bring together your selection of LSE's finest footballing talent.

You must not exceed your budget of #4,250 though you may be under it. Your side must include: 1 goalkeeper, 4 defenders, 4 midfielders, 2 forwards. You must pick one captain. You may have no more than 3 players from any one side.

The points system is as follows:

- per appearance** 1 per Player
 - per goal conceded** -1 per Goalkeeper
-1 per Defender
 - per clean sheet** 3 per Goalkeeper
3 per Defender
2 per Player
 - per assist** 2 per Player
 - per goal scored** 3 per Player
- (For a player to qualify for an appearance point he must have stepped onto the pitch for competitive games only.
For a defender or goalkeeper to claim 3 points for a clean sheet he must have played for at least 45 minutes).

Right you know the rules, feast your beady eyes on this little lot:

NAME TEAM PRICE

GOALKEEPERS

Tibble	1	450
Gavin Ellison	2	250
Fiancesco Dionori	3	400
Leigh Porter	4	450
Manuel Herrera	5	300
Charananbos	6	350
Darren	7	350
Lindsay	W	400

DEFENDERS

Mandie	1	350
Rob Allen	1	350
Matt Miller	1	650
Richard Wright	1	450
Naveen Paul	2	300
Kieron Smith	2	250
Kung Young	2	350
Will Hague	2	450
Matt Rafferty	2	450
Chris Camp	3	350

NAME	TEAM	PRICE
Roshan Jain	3	450
Marco Bardetti	3	400
Chris Kuchanny	3	350
Jon Simons	3	350
Theepan	3	350
Ellson	3	250
Zed	3	300
Gideon McClean	4	450
Will Paxton	4	450
Kenny Kyazzez	4	450
Marc Toonie	4	600
Pete Clegg	4	450
Guillermo de la Mora	5	300
Nigel Swinbank	5	400
Sargon Nissan	5	500
Pronoy Bode	5	250
Panos Loukas	5	700
Andy Wynn	5	600
Andy Olymios	6	450
Alexis	6	350
Tobias	6	400
Miquel Limo	6	500
Panou	6	300
Markos Haacker	6	300
Albert	7	400
Anthony	7	250
Rico	7	600
Big Fat Kid	7	350
Sarah Adams	W	300
Catie Grimes	W	550
Catherine Murray	W	550
Silke	W	550
Marti Deneravs	W	600
Meg Mitchell	W	550

MIDFIELDERS

Andy Goodman	1	400
Nadar Hussein	1	550
Scott Forsyth	1	500
Kevin Sharpe	1	500

NAME	TEAM	PRICE
Matt Sutton	1	600
Danny Walker	2	400
Rob Rowlands	2	450
Antoine Fraser	2	350
James Mulligan	2	650
Solly Nathan	2	400
Chris Barnes	3	500
John Rees	3	500
Kyle Breegan	3	750
Che Singh	3	400
James Muthana	3	250
Rodrigo Jolivet	3	500
K. Wiyomohamicit	4	550
Dave McGuinness	4	650
Steve Segget	4	550
Stig Rasmussen	4	550
Andy Logan	4	350
Rabu Munabutu	4	750
Ben Newton	4	250
Cameron Anderson	5	300
Francis	5	300
James Mythen	5	250
Sergio Roman	5	500
Carl Mauger	5	450
Jim Allard	5	550
Niel Bond	5	400
Nick	6	550
Linos Mavromatis	6	450
Dimitri Mavromatis	6	600
Tom	6	400
Ahmet Mesinoglu	6	350
Nick Morandi	7	500
Jamie Tehrani	7	600
Katarina Bjork	W	650
Meredith Fascett	W	400
Liz Stapleton	W	400
Erica Lehwing	W	350
Suzanne Reisman	W	550

NAME TEAM PRICE

FORWARDS

Stef Michalis	1	750
Filipo Venine	1	650
Pete	1	350
Amyr Sajan	2	750
Matt Cole	2	500
Matteo Mortelinni	2	450
Gavin Freeman	3	750
Michael Epstein	3	400
Chris Irwin	4	450
Ralph Banks	4	450
Stu Martin	4	550
David Ramroop	5	250
Gang Trinh	5	300
Zak Hirt	5	700
Alessandro	6	450
Bambos	6	500
Raffaele Sadun	6	450
Paolo Benedetti	6	300
Chris Sutcliffe	7	750
James Semple	7	650
Ben Goodyear	7	500
Ellen Gulbndansen	W	500
Anna Schmid	W	600
Bridget	W	550

Application forms should be placed by Friday 21st November in the Sports pigeon hole in the Beaver Office (C023 - below the Three Tuns or in the pigeon hole in the AU common room clearly marked "Fantasy Beaverball". Alternatively give them directly to Kevin Lui, Ben Newton, Jamie Mulligan or Matt Sutton (your ever loving blue-eyed Sports editors).

Beaverball Application Form

Name: _____

Department: _____

Year: _____

Team Name (not more than 24 letters): _____

Position	Player Name	Team	Price
GK			
DEF			
DEF			
DEF			
DEF			
MID			
MID			
MID			
MID			
FOR			
FOR			

TOTAL TEAM VALUE (MAXIMUM £4,250)

Phantom Haunts UMDS

Freemans filthy army triumph with the signing of the man with no name

LSE 3rd XI 3 - 1 UMDS 1st XI

'The Phantom'

There was certainly a Halloween feel about the thirds game against UMDS last Wednesday. Not only because of the continued presence of Gavin "Pumpkin face" Freeman, but also the reappearance of 'The Phantom'. This athletic superhero had earned a call-up after a promising debut two weeks earlier following a close season transfer from Britelite Windows, and proceeded to inspire the thirds to a surprise victory over the powerful medics.

The omens were not good as the 1.15 to Cobham was missed due to complications with the operation to surgically remove Freeman from the Olympic Gold fruit machine in the Tuns. If Gavin spent as much time and money on Chantelle as he does on David Coleman and Des Lynam he would surely get the chance to work his own unique brand of disappointment on her slot and buttons, and even his naive sexual limitations would appear to be appreciated by her permanent cross eyed looks.

As the game started a familiar pattern

ensued with The Phantom running the centre of midfield. Like most superheroes the phantom has a sidekick, and very soon the quiet, badly dressed, bowl-headed, dwarfish Kyle Breegen transformed into "Lairy Boy", snapping at heels and abusing the medics with his Manc whining. LSE were well in control and the only danger came if the ball went anywhere near Chris "Hawaii 5-0" Camp, or John "simple" Simons - the two oafs putting on as bad a display that it could only be compared to Will Hague and Matt Rafferty having the game of their lives. To be fair, both had their minds on other things, with Camp thinking of sun, sea, sand and masturbation over Kate from his Hawaii trip (5-0 being the year that the podgy Fred West lookalike will finally pop his by now mouldy cherry), and Simons still finding his feet after a shock loan move from under his girlfriend's thumb F.C.

It took half an hour for LSE to take the lead. After the mere mortals had squandered a number of chances, Freeman got on the third team Gavphone (as opposed to the Gavbone, which is seldom got on) and requested The Phantom's help. A good move down the left involving Gav,

the impressive Roshan and the skillful Che fed the muscle-bound saviour who drilled home with consummate ease.

One-nil at half-time, LSE took further control and had the chance to wrap things up when a penalty was awarded. Up stepped Gavin Freeman. It could only have been bravery that made the little soldier forget his two league-costing penalty blunders last season, or his catalogue of misses in this match, or the fact he can't actually kick a ball 12 yards. Even with these odds stacked against him, he unselfishly and generously took on the burden of such a high pressure kick, and hit the post. "A good penalty" - © Gav 1997. "What a useless tosser" - © everyone else 1997.

Gav had the chance to make amends soon afterwards but missed a one-on-one with the keeper and was tragically winded in the process. There was genuine concern as the impact had burst through the cobwebs on his genitals and reached the parts that only the very privileged few had seen (i.e. Mrs Freeman during weekly bathtime, Hannah 'Babe' (as in the film) Slattery and the bloke who takes photos for Euroboy). Fortunately for the swarms of

girls who flock to the Tuns just to catch a glimpse of the dreamy gambler, no damage was done. Unfortunately for the 3rds, he was able to carry on.

The lead was doubled when The Phantom's measured pass was taken on by Michael "Robbie Williams is my God" Epstein managed to find time between anonymously writing shit music reviews to slot home from close range.

UMDS replied late on after the otherwise impressive Chris Barnes lost possession and Camp's attempted piece of Brazilian skill surprisingly gifted a goal, but, in the final minute, after UMDS had gone to the showers, Gav scored a wonder goal - a toe punt from fully two yards. What a player. "My worst game ever!" whined the stumpy, hard-core porn selling Nat West cashier (Yes kids, your overdraft charges are going directly onto Olympic Gold). Quite a statement, when he clearly has so many to rival it.

So what next for the Thirds. When James "benchwarmer" Mulligan finally gets dropped from the mighty seconds (obviously not as good as Will or Kieron) and makes his return, surely league honours can't be far away. But much still depends on The Phantom. My work is done here...until next time.

LSE Women strike down Imperial Forces

LSE Women XI 12 (twelve) - 0 Imperial College Women XI

Catherine Murray

After a somewhat slow start to the season LSE's Women's football club proved what they were made of this Sunday beating Imperial College 12 (twelve) - 0. It took Beth only minutes to find the back of the net and open the flood gates for Suzanne, Bridget, Katarina and Anna's first half goals. Solid defending from Marti, Catie, Meredith and Catherine meant that Lindsay - making her debut as goalie for the team had nothing to worry about. At the half time whistle LSE were leading by a convincing 7-0.

After Franks pep talk and the half time oranges it was back to the field. Excellent passing and conversation from Meg, Liz, Katarina and Anna in the midfield led to a further 5 goals. After 90 minutes it was all over (Really? - sports eds). The prize for the peachiest goal going to Katarina for her incredible -from-the-half-way-line-wonder-shot and the extra sandwich going to Liz.

All credit to Frank from his on the side banter.

Guys no match for Babes

Another appalling and excruciatingly unfunny match report from the netball team

LSE netball VII 20 - 17 Guys netball VII

Zarrine Ghiassi

Despite the absence of the LSE's recently selected ULU star, and team mentor, Gemma (I've got a house) Wicks, the babes succeeded in shattering the dreams of another set of young doctors last week. Despite Guy's hefty centres and godzilla-like keeper the LSE stormed to a 7-1 lead during the first quarter. The opposition were obviously scared and reshuffled the team, drafting in bigger and fatter players at every possible opportunity. The fragile blossoms (We haven't seen many of them around the LSE - Sports Eds) of Houghton Street were momentarily traumatised and by the end of the third quarter the score was back to 14-14.



Compliments of the new sports editors

But when the going gets tough the babes get going (to the Tuns usually). Maria 'Carey' Friebe's young prodigy '7-up Sam' led the LSE revival (despite her intriguing allergy), and began to score like a demon. Dirty Alex™ followed suit (ignoring godzilla) and things were set for a nailbiting finish. Assisted by northern cheer, thanks to Zarrine's reformed cousin and unhindered by Guy's renditions of Tammy Wynette the babes first quarter style resurfaced and the match ended in a narrow LSE victory. We played good, we played hard. Be grateful, be proud. Oh la la! (??). Congratulations to Gemma and Emily (go gadget go) on their ULU selection.

4th's hit Strand Poly for six (and let in four)

'Machine gun' Clegg's fourth team march on in style towards BUSA glory

LSE 4thXI 6 - 4 Strand Poly 4thXI

Will 'Wildman' Paxton

The rampant LSE fourths maintained their 100% record in the highly coveted BUSA (Bad Use of Saturday Afternoon) Cup. A splendidly majestic LSE dreamteam clinically scraped a lucky victory. Although star defender Kenny 'no. 28 with egg fried rice' Kyazzez was out injured (again) the fourths proudly displayed their latest transfer coup. They had managed to haggle the price down from £15m to 26p and a half empty bag of cheese and onion Discos, Dennis "Derak Beech" Bergkamp made his debut on the hallowed turf of Berrylands. As it turned out it was the established crowds favourites that came up trumps. Stuart 'dumped by a 16 year old' Martin emphatically rammed home a first half hatrick. With his second half strike that's seven goals in five games for the little goal machine.

LSE looked certain to romp home with the score at 3-0 after 15 minutes. It all seemed too good to be true and when Ralph 'books please' Banks finally opened his goal account for the season half the team

fainted in disbelief. However disaster soon struck. The master tactician and gaffer Peter "score an early goal and anything could happen" Clegg was forced from the field with a heel injury. Much frantic reorganisation ensued, and the inspired, if somewhat radical plan, was to have no defenders. There's nothing wrong with innovation but this one didn't seem to work. Kings, with a seemingly endless stream of runners from midfield crashed back into the game, to bring the scores level at 3-3. Leigh 'the less about the third goal the better' Porter ear-bashed his defenders with the force of a sheep with no tongue. Despite this something did stimulate a revival in fortunes, in the form of another LSE goal and a joyous 403 halftime lead.

After munching oranges and looking total beggared at half time it was back to business. Wily Sucker Will Paxton was switched into midfield and ordered to pick up the runs (are there lots of curries in midfield?) while Kwon 'unpronounceable surname' Niyohamicat slotted neatly into defence, and thus the foundations of glory were built.

The effect of Cleggs team talk was evident as Kings soon equalised again.

Unruffled by this the filibustering fourths then grabbed the game by its scraggy untidy neck and never let go. With the runs well and truly picked up all that remained was for the LSE to get a few goals. The pleasure fell to the magical feet of Rabu 'Rabu Rabu, brings the Italian out in you' Mumbuto. Having dispatched the goal of the decade last week (both of) the spectators had to make do with a mere goal of sheer genius this week. He bewildered half of the Kings' defence and after leaving the keeper sitting on his arse he coolly slotted home the vital goal. LSE were not about to surrender the lead again and in fact we added another goal in the last few minutes. Afterwards the changing room was buzzing and alive with - oh sorry, that's not right - now I come to think of it everybody was half dead and totally shattered.

Overall it was a satisfactory result which leaves LSE well placed for cup glory. Peter 'Canny' Clegg's verdict after the game was "I hear it's 60p a pint at Carr Saunders tonight like, anyone coming like". But seriously if there can be one criticism of the display it would just be the mirror problem that the team played totally crap.

First team in Cup triumph

LSE specialists dump pre-season favourites out of London Cup as they take first step on the road to Motspur Park

LSE 1st XI 4 - 1 QMW 1st XI

Chris McLaughlin

It's difficult to quantify the unique performance of the LSE first XI against last years league champions, QMW. Every week you yawn and cast a disapproving eye over the Beavers hallowed back pages as yet another mediocre side is buried beneath the Berryland fortress, and yet more tired, (b)anal alliterations are thrust upon an unappreciable public. Yet last week, the LSE's ability to stroke balls around was comparable to Gavin Freeman's bird after several pints of lager, a kebab, or a shifty tenner.



Forget the 1966 World Cup victory, pretend the valiant efforts of England's '96 campaign never took place. Berrylands, home of legends, maker of men and graveyard of mere mortals, saw a victory that transcended known football boundaries, inspired by the surprise punctuality of Italian Stallion, Veneral Vennini. Granted, Mandie's still a fat

bastard, Sutton's still a lazy bastard, and Goodman's just a bit of a bastard but such trivial quandaries fall by the

line flying for a penalty, despite Tibbles valiant dive. Yet good work down the right from Scott and consistent pressure from wonder strikers Steph and Fil saw

the Greek God latch on to another Sutton throughball to level the score. With this spingboard, LSE took control. Steph bagging his second of the match and Goodman making it three. Scoring for the first time in two years, he thrust through the back passage of the unsuspecting defenders, a technique mastered with questionable late night sessions at Limelight. The second half saw the LSE consolidate their position with Tibbles performance in nets resembling Sharpe's mother hard at work, striving to keep a firm grip of the wet and slippery balls thrust in his direction. The excellent work of Nader and Goodman was equalled by the defensive prowess of Miller and Venini's tactical switch of Sutton and Steph for Rob and Andrea saw the game secured and a memorable victory was ours.

wayside after such a memorable performance.. LSE's middle pair were as strong and supple as those of Mandie's hungry girlfriend. Yet, the spirit of the lads was put to the test when Silky "Dumptruck" Mandie once more found the confinements of the pitch too constraining for his ever increasing extra value pack, sending the QMW forward

LSE Second XI humiliate Strand Poly

Amin and Coley return in style as the seconds dick all over the pathetic Poly

LSE 2nd XI 9 - 1 KCL 1st XI

James Mulligan

Before this game LSE seconds had not made the greatest of starts to the season. Injuries, lack of form and on a personal note, a complete and utter lack of fitness were all mooted as reasons as to the decline of the once mighty seconds. Alas, the team itself never seriously entertained the idea that the decline was terminal and proved so last wednesday with this emphatic victory.

The key to this success was the return of one of the deadliest partnerships in world football, that of Amin and Matt Cole. Even in a game that was so ridiculously easy, the pair provided a Masterclass in the art of finishing. It was Coley who started the rout with a clinical finish after being sent clear by Solly. Within minutes of the restart, 'Aussie' Matt had made it two with a towering header, following a cross by the impressive

Antoine. Diesel took this as his cue to sod off and buy a bottle of whiskey leaving the team in the less than capable hands of vicecaptain and full-time lecherous bastard Naveen Paul. The fact that Nav failed to get on the scoresheet was of no surprise, especially if you've seen him in action at King's college on a Friday night. The link here being that his goals ratio mirrors perfectly the number of girls he's pulled; 0.

Even with the uninspiring Nav at the helm, the LSE boys strode on, scoring another five times in the first half with the awe inspiring figure of Amin leading every wave of LSE attack. With the half time score of seven-nil, Diesel decided to introduce the twin midfield force of Rob Rowlands and James Mulligan. Diesals shock (and some may say fool hardy) decision to drop the pair caused consternations in some LSE footballing quarters. Disciplinary problems on and off the pitch amongst both players were reputed to be the reason for their absence,

although it is probably their complete lack of interest in anything training related that forced Diesel to make this move.

The second half consisted mostly of the sorry Strand Poly trying to add some semblance of respectability to the score line and although LSE only managed to score twice more it was their willingness to battle to the end that impressed most. Matt Cole, already a footballing legend at the LSE started as he finished the match scoring the final goal with an exquisite twenty five yard curler that was as almost impressive as the ball Mulligan played to set up the chance.

With the spine of the team playing so well: Will Hague, Danny Walker and even the notorious 'Bon Viveur' Kieron Smith, it is certain that the seconds will gain strength from this result and come the end of the season it is likely that they will be in contention for at least one piece of silverware.

LSE Hockey battle for draw with Marys

LSE Mens Hockey team goes through the motions but fails to climax

LSE Mens 1st XI 1 - 1 St Marys Mens 1st XI

'Ewe' Jones

LSE's sexiest sports team met in Houghton Street on a chilly wednesday afternoon hungry for success. After a spell of poor results LSE were hoping to dick on the arrogant medics. The team was consolidated with the return of Matt "designer stubble" Marsh and Rob "stress-head" Allen.

The first half started well, Christian (vicious German Bloke) and Malte (equally vicious German Bloke) starting the attacks from the centre of defence with creative passing. Any penetration from the medics was thwarted by classy defending from Tom Tosser and Dan "Book him!" Powell. Whilst the one attempt at goal the medics made was saved with ease by **Kingo QC**.

The midfield combination of Pete "the gaffer" Alexander, Rob Allen and Matt Marsh provided a solid platform on which the LSE could attack. Vincent "Belgian Bloke whose surname I don't know" teased the medic defenders with sublime skill and steroid injected speed. With five mins of the first half left one of the medic defenders f**cked up allowing Hywel "where's me sheep?" Jones to have a shot on goal. In line with his performances of

the pitch, he shot wide of the goal.

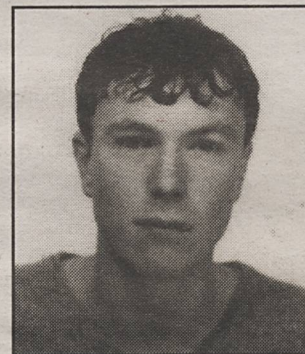
At half time Malte gave his infamous speech, telling the team that they had to take the million dollars to the bank and nail the virgin. Innocent Kev "the magician" Lui asked the others "what is it to nail virgins?". His level of carnal knowledge was evidently poor (anybody's is compared to the other sick, depraved bastards in the team). The team are offering £50 to anybody willing to enlighten him. Malte's speech gave the team more enthusiasm than John Holmes shows in a whore house.

The second half started well with Hassan and Dan "Homer" Climpson applying continual pressure. The medics defence buckled resulting in a short corner which was stylishly put away by Hywel "sheepstroker" Jones. Causing scenes of adulation not seen since Jesus rode into Jerusalem. However, complacency set in the LSE team, allowing the Medics to score a pants goal. LSE rallied at the end of the second half, but to no avail.

Malte gave another philosophical speech at the end of the game " We made it as far as the bank boys, but failed to make the transaction. We penetrated the virgin but failed to shoot our load". However, there was always the night at the Tuns to do that.

Player Profile

Introducing Matt Sutton, new Beaver sports editor and First team fresher football legend. Today we question the man they call 'The Heartbreak Kid' on his football talents, rather than his pulling talents, without once mentioning his ex-girlfriend...doh!



Name: Matt Sutton
 Nickname: 'Sutty' (Anything but 'Ginger')
 Age: 18
 Date of Birth: 22.01.79
 Weight: 11 3/4 stone
 Height: 6 ft
 Department: History
 Favourite drink: Lager - and lots of it.
 Favourite food: Kebabs - and lots of them
 Favourite film: Jerry Maguire - ooh,

get a load of Tom Cruise.
 Last CD bought: Oasis - Be Here Now
 Sporting Hero: Jamie Redknapp - "He's so dreamy"
 Three things you would want on a desert island with you: A plane, a runway and some fuel.
 Last book you read: Peter and Jane
 Favourite Spice Girl: Posh Spice.
 Favourite Boyzone member: Mikey
 Most like to be stuck in a lift with: Jamie Redknapp - "He's so dreamy"
 Least like to be stuck in a lift with: "Dump truck" Mandy
 Favourite Nightclub: Gardening Club
 Y-Fronts or Boxers: Boxers.
 Favourite chat up line: Are you swedish?

Next Week- He may be a tight-fisted Northerner and possess the most annoying laugh ever, but next week it is the turn of 4th team football captain 'Canny' Pete Clegg to bare his soul to the world.