

The Beaver

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

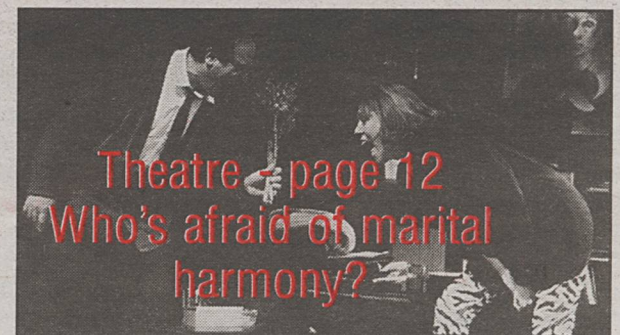
Issue 449

November 12, 1996

First published May 5, 1949



Music - page 14
Boyzone vs Spice Girls - Battle of the bands



Theatre - page 12
Who's afraid of marital harmony?

Shutdown Imminent?

Liz Chong

Ballots were held nationwide last week in all sectors directly related to higher education, ranging from students' unions to manual workers' unions to professional unions. NUS President Douglas Trainer made an appeal to presidents of SUs to indicate approval or disapproval with Trainer's proposed student strike on November 19, coinciding with the planned day of industrial action by the trade unions.

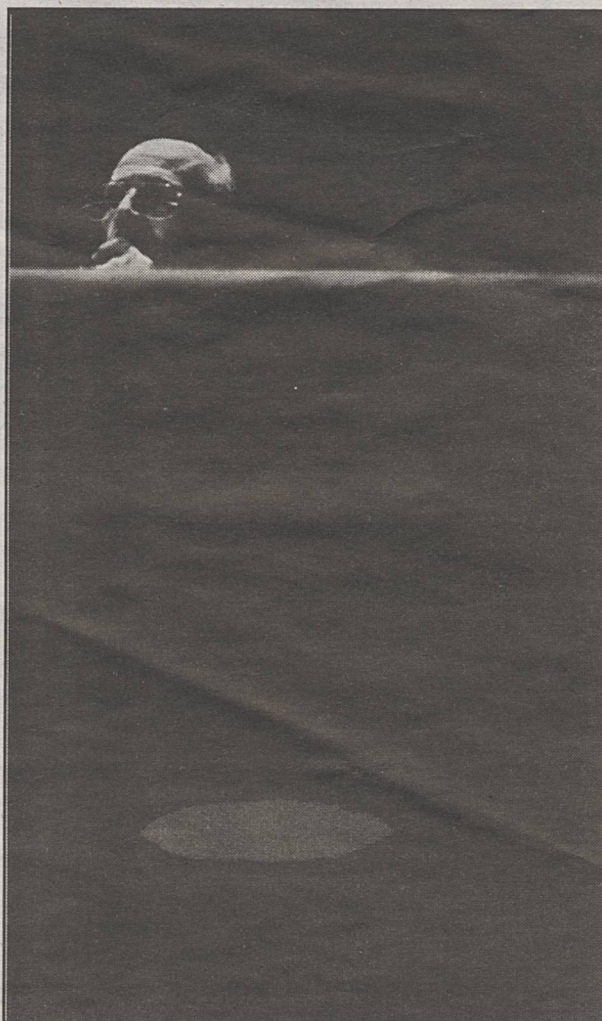
Many sabbaticals ignored a call for wide consultation with their students, opting instead to cast the union's vote on their behalf. This occurred in many cases with no prior notification of students' union members. The democratic mandate, therefore, concerning a 'resounding' Yes vote of 98% support for a shutdown, is highly questionable. LSE's union proved to be an exceptional case, obtaining support for the strike in a motion passed at a recent UGM. An attempt by a small group of students at last week's UGM to overturn the previous motion, calling for General Secretary Dan Crowe to condemn the planned strike action of the trade unions and discourage students from a boycott. It failed to pass, with little support from the audience.

At the time of press, the results of the trade union ballots were subject to a press embargo, due for release the following day (November 8) in a press conference at TUC headquarters.

Due to Thatcherite reforms in the 1980s, closed shops were abolished, facilitating a decline in trade union membership. Despite

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LSE Student's Union comes out in support of the proposed nation wide higher education strike



Tebbit confronts Europe from behind the barricades
Photo: Johan Almenberg

Tebbit tells it

Gerald Khoo

The well known Euro-sceptic Lord Tebbit claimed last week that he was "not anti-European" because he considers himself to be a European by geography. "A Europe for Europeans" was the theme of the speech given last Tuesday by the former Conservative Party chairman and cabinet minister to the European Society.

Tebbit outlined his vision of Europe as one which should include all Europeans, "from the Arctic to the Mediterranean, from the Atlantic to the Urals."

In his overview of the history of

the European Union, Lord Tebbit concentrated on the fact that "the EEC was created by and for the six [founding nations]," and thus today's EU institutions were designed for those six nations. He also pointed out that the Treaty of Rome was designed for the world of the 1950s but has only been revised twice since its creation.

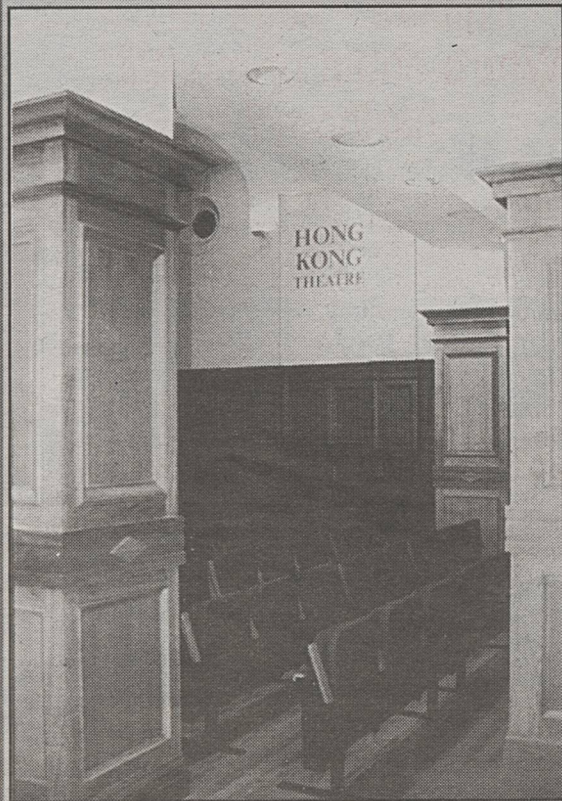
Progression to a Federal Europe could not work because fiscal, defence and foreign policies, amongst others, would be determined centrally, as in Federal Germany, leaving no place for the nation state.

According to Tebbit, Europe should serve and benefit Europeans and the EU must be open to all the states of Central Europe because if we deny them entry, we put their economies and democracies at

Hong Kong Limited invests in LSE

Peter Udeshi

The new Hong Kong Theatre owes its name to the auspicious sum of £338 800 donated by Hong Kong alumni. The 110-seat lecture hall provides the School with "a physical presence commensurate with the intellectual presence" according to Liam Fisher-Jones, LSE Foundation.



A whole new experience in comfort and style.

Photo: Johan Almenberg

The most pressing need at the time the campaign was initiated was decent-sized lecture facilities. Hong Kong alumni decided they would pursue funding as an alumni campaign and received full assistance from the formal alumni association, Hong Kong Friends of LSE.

Most money was raised by the sixty alumni on the campaign with contributions from local companies including Swire, Hong Kong Electric and Hutchison. A large part of the funding for the directorship of the Asia Centre also emanated from Hong Kong companies who contributed a third of a million Pounds.

The official opening ceremony on October 24 was attended by Michael Thomas QC, Baroness Dunn and Raymond Law and Kevin Chan who flew in especially from Hong Kong. The hard working committee was chaired by Charles Yeh Kwong Lee who was chairman of the Hong Kong Stock Exchange.

There were 82 Hong Kong-based students at LSE in the 1994/5 academic year and a present student remarked, "I'm filled with immense pride that LSE's nicest lecture theatre is named after my home. I think it serves as recognition of the great strides Hong Kong has made over the decades and hopefully instills a sense of confidence and loyalty in the face of the handover next year."

Benn on a Bender

Peter Udeshi

Tony Benn exposed his socialist streak and warned of the dangers inherent in our society at this year's appearance at the Labour Club talk. Subtlety was in short supply when he said that "if the entire Tory Cabinet were put in a ship and sunk, it wouldn't really affect us."

Benn criticised New Labour for being "a media creation to win the election" and claimed, "The Labour party has never been a socialist party, it's only had socialists in it." He lamented the fact that "there are too many socialist parties and not enough socialists," in this country.

Benn considers unemployment an absolutely necessary discipline in a capitalist society and reminded the audience that, to keep the population in check, in Britain, "they threaten you with unemployment".

He thinks full employment is not achievable in peace-time because it is not profitable. Referring to conditions during World War II, "If you can have full employment to kill people, why can't you have full employment to build houses...it's not profitable."

Benn gave many moving examples of society's ills afflicting his Chesterfield base and enlightened the audience with selected consequences of Tory rule, like the existence of 40 000 more managers and 20 000 less nurses in Britain and the frightening statistics of one thousand homes re-

possessed every week.

He illuminated the great inequality on our planet with the following facts: 447 billionaires have the same income as half the world put together and, Africa, inhabited by twenty per cent of the world's population, only owns two per cent of the world's wealth. This is exasperated by the fact that

"there are too many socialist parties and not enough socialists"

85% of all weapons sold in the world are sold by the five permanent members of the Security Council.

He warned of the dangers of multinationals and other non-governmental actors and described them as a "system you're up against and not a bunch of politicians you may or may not like."

The only progress the poor have ever made is by organising themselves and thus he warned that the greatest danger is if people lose confidence in the ballot box to change prospects and they will not vote, but instead will riot and cause trouble.

Final Election Results

Voting for the remaining posts in the SU Michaelmas term elections proceeded throughout the week. Francesca Maleree, the Returning Officer, declared the following candidates elected:

Academic Board:

Dan Crowe (LSE Labour Club)

Amal Sandaratne

Dan Lam

ULU General Union Council:

Sri Agnee Pathmanathan

Judith Bentall (LSE Labour Club)

Joy Wangdi

Kshitji Jain

Yuan Potts (LSE Liberal

Democrats) - Observer

Dan Lam - Observer

Health Service Committee:

Swagata Chaterjee (LSE Conservatives)

Libby Holder (LSE Labour Club)

Jon Smith (LSE Liberal Democrats)

Enda Hannan (LSE Labour Club)

External Communications Committee:

Kingsley Kemish (LSE Labour Club)

Georgina Reason (LSE Conservatives)

Catering Committee:

Kingsley Kemish (LSE Labour Club)

Hafsa Ghauri (LSE Labour Club)

Dan Lam

Samantha Means (LSE

Conservatives)

Investment Committee:

Nick Kirby (LSE Labour Club)

Library Committee:

Christian J. Carrillo (LSE Labour Club)

Lisa Thomas (LSE

Conservatives)

By-elections:

Returning Officer:

Joseph Roberts (LSE Labour Club)

Finance Committee:

Anjna Soumal (LSE Labour Club)

The new student representatives on the Court of Governors have agreed amongst themselves who should attend which Governor's Committees. There was some competition for the prestigious standing committee position, to which students were only admitted last year after a prolonged campaign. However, the dispute was settled amicably by a secret ballot among the five.

Standing Committee:

Yuan Potts

Student Support Committee:

Sri Agnee Pathmanathan

Lay Opportunities Committee:

Fred Lamchamkee

Gotz Mohindra

Cyprus Seeks Union

Maria Neophytou

As part of the fanfare surrounding the opening of the new Hong Kong Theatre the Cypriot Foreign Minister, Mr Alec Mihaelidis, spoke on Cyprus' application to join the European Union. Mihaelidis unrepentedly stressed throughout his speech that Cyprus' foremost foreign policy goal is a solution to the Cyprus problem. After twenty-two years of stagnation and failed negotiations the EU has added a new dimension to the debate.

As there is no question of Cyprus joining as a divided island, the accession procedure itself could act as a catalyst for a solution. The EU has already passed a resolution endorsing Cyprus' eligibility for membership which Mihaelidis humbly attributed to the pro-active policy of the present government and his own dedication as Cyprus' roving Foreign Minister, who visited EU capitals no less than 87 times to publicise Cyprus' cause. If anything this demonstrates the conviction and enthusiasm the country has for the EU project at a time when across the continent, public support for the Union's expansionist and integrationist ambitions is waning.

Cypriots recognise the multifaceted benefits to be reaped on becoming a member and are ready to embrace membership. LSE's Cypriot students would gain as it would entail a reduction in their fees.

Mihaelidis stressed that Cyprus would not be an economic burden, for it not only fulfils the economic criteria for membership but also the convergence criteria for EMU, a feat not yet achieved by, for example, Britain or France.

Cyprus' economic prosperity and coveted strategic position at the cross-roads of Europe, Africa and Asia makes her an ideal candidate. He also characterised the island as the EU's bridge to the Middle East, highlighting Cyprus' good relations with Israel and Arab nations.

The potential benefits of EU membership also encompass Turkish Cypriot interests. Mihaelidis outlined the potential material gain for the Turkish Cypriot community from Europe's internal market, an attractive prospect for the depressed economy of the North. He claimed that the Turkish Cypriot leader Rauf Denkash's incessant attachment to the status quo is harming both communities. The Foreign Minister was keen to assure the Turkish Cypriots that their interests would be represented under the Greek Cypriot government's European policy.

The overall tone of Mihaelidis' speech was highly optimistic, if lacking in detail as to what kind of political settlement Cyprus could expect and the inherent dangers of relying on Europe to come up with a desirable solution. "The time is right for Cyprus," was a surprisingly confident conclusion for a man who is the Foreign Minister of such a troubled island.

Loony Lefty

Chris Roe

The popular impression of Leon Trotsky is a rather vague one of a bearded socialist running through the streets of St. Petersburg with a rifle in one hand and some unfortunate capitalist's head in the other. Peter Morgan, the guest speaker at the Socialist Workers Student Society (SWSS) open meeting on Wednesday, gave a clearer and more helpful picture of the revolutionary and his aims.

Trotsky's role in the pioneering St. Petersburg Soviet of 1905 and subsequent influence on the success of the Bolsheviks in 1917 were analysed by Mr Morgan, as well as his other achievements, which include his theories of revolution and his advocacy of a Socialist-Communist alliance against Nazism. He ended by emphasising that it is really a compliment to be called a Trotskyist, as opposed to the more conventional view that Trotskyists are "loony lefty scumbags".

A lengthy debate then ensued between SWSS members about Soviet industrialisation which bore seemingly little relevance to the speech. The speaker's assertion that we should join the Socialist Worker's Party now instead of waiting until the last minute like Trotsky was met by a general lack of enthusiasm and a shuffling for the door...

Continued from page one

this, a number of non-unionised LSE academics indicated a willingness to join in a strike. Participation, however, would be entirely based upon the political sympathies of the individual academic. A significant hint of the ballot results could possibly be drawn from a change in the attitude of a particularly conservative academic at the LSE, who informed *The Beaver* late last week that the strike was highly probable, in sharp contrast to a negative response two weeks before.

The aims of the trade unions and the students' unions, although united ultimately

Positive Prospects

Kathryn Bieneman

Dr Ahmed Mango, visiting the LSE last Tuesday, proposed that peace in the Middle East is feasible if it is solved from within the region. The special advisor to HRH Crown Prince Hassan bin Talal of Jordan presented a talk on the Middle East to the Grimshaw Club, the student society of the International Relations department. Vital to this peace, he argued, is both vertical security between states and horizontal security within states.

Mango gave several examples to "illustrate a way of thinking about promoting peace in a meaningful way, from a regional perspective."

He stressed the countries in the Middle East are struggling with democratization, which creates horizontal insecurity within states. This insecurity is particularly dangerous because "regimes have traditionally promoted opposition to authority. Those in opposition have to use religion to be vocal about their opposition, which has led to Islamic religious trends. Their platform is quite removed from religion, although they use religious terminology."

Mango argued for overt, secular opposition to authority to avoid driving groups to extremes.

Illustrating the promotion of peace in

in a desire for greater wealth within the higher education sector, are divergent. Students' unions are concerned with the continual slashes to government allocations for universities, although their prevalent interests are to prevent an onset of top-up fees. Poor pay levels are serving as the main motivation for the trade unions. Ultimately, however, without regard for which ever way the ballots sway, what should remain dominant in students minds, is the ongoing and worsening crisis in higher education funding. What students see around them at LSE is only a result of the funding that over half of the School's students provide, by nature of their status as overseas students.

vertical inter-state relations, Mango addressed a key issue of the Middle East conflict. He said that both Israelis and Arabs have illogically fought against the migration of the opposing group into the area.

Arabs opposed to immigration of Jews into Israel have claimed that there are not enough resources, such as water, to support a large influx of people. However, Mango said, "If we say there are too many people [in Jordan, the West Bank and Gaza and Israel], it is still true to say there are too few people. There were 11 million people in the area in 1993...and 11 million are too few to provide necessary economies of scale and too few to provide a big enough market...so we have to look at a larger region."

He compared the benefits of binding together the region to the benefits of uniting Germany. In another analogy to Western Europe, Mango commented that the Arabs could learn from Spain's entry into the European Union.

For example, the current per capita income in Jordan is a quarter of what it is in Israel. Therefore, Arabs fear they are not strong enough to cooperate, but will be dominated by the Israelis. However, Spain faced similar problems compared to the other European nations when it joined the EU. Instead of "becoming the unskilled labour market for the EU," their income levels are moving up.

The Israelis have undermined the peace process by denying Arab refugees the right to return to Israel. Mango said Arabs are not willing to give up the right to return to "what they consider their homeland".

However, "There are practical considerations as well" and if Arabs were given the right but told they would have to find housing and jobs on their own, he expects that only a very small number would actually return.

Dr Mango claimed the European Union is aligned with the Israelis. Furthermore, it is worried about the migration of Muslims. "Muslims raise the spectre of conflict between Islam and Christianity," Mango said. "From Jordan's perspective we consider this to be a myth."

Holborn Update

Contrary to last week's report on the High Holborn Ball, 'Holborn Balls-up', *The Beaver* has this week been informed that the Ball actually made a profit of £370. The figure printed last week of a £1000 loss came from a comment made by Hall President, Gotz Mohindra, which he apparently did not expect to be taken seriously. *The Beaver* is happy to clear up this misunderstanding. However, the allegations of mismanagement are under continuing investigation.

Lord Tebbit - Continued from page one

risk. He believes that the former Warsaw Pact nations would be at risk of sliding into authoritarian rule, either Neo-Communist or Neo-Fascist, leading to an influx of refugees and economic migrants. Tebbit implied that he would be prepared to see an increase in Britain's contribution to the EU if this would guarantee stability in Eastern Europe through EU membership.

In Tebbit's Europe, the European Court would be restricted to being a civil court. This would allow, for example, British Airways to sue the French and Spanish governments over subsidies to Air France and Iberia, respectively. The European

'Europe's elite has lost touch with its people'

Commission would be restricted to being a civil service, and deal with essential regulations only. The European Parliament would be abolished or restricted to sitting on four days per month. It would be "a Europe for the 21st century".

Lord Tebbit's most incisive remark came in response to a question from the floor. He said that Europe's elite has lost touch with its people. Ordinary people do not particularly care about the ideological arguments over Europe. They care about basic issues like employment, education and crime. Europe's politicians would do well to remember this.

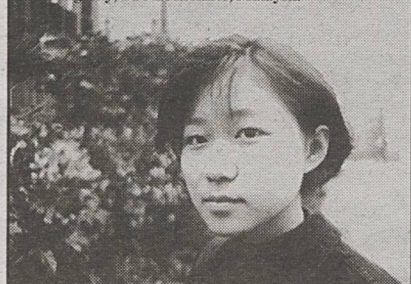
T & ABOUT

Views from Houghton Street

Q How integrated do you think the LSE is?

Compiled by Fredrik Ljone Holst

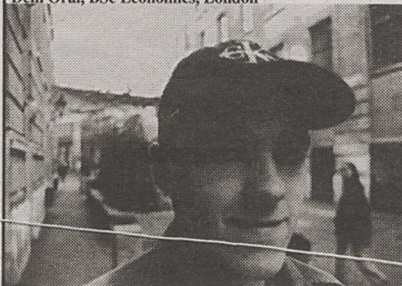
Hun Ling Tay, BSc Economics, Malaysia



Integration doesn't run very deep. Different nationalities tend to form cliques... difficult to get into. Maybe it's partly due to the fast pace that comes from being in a city centre. A campus location would set a slower pace and allow for closer contacts to be made. However, people who share views tend to find each other across nationality and other "barriers".

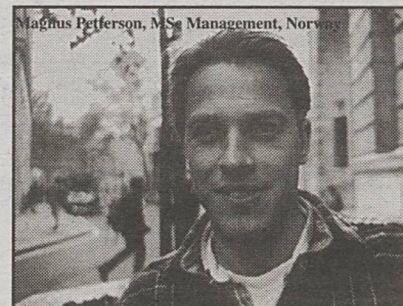
The school is cultural very diverse, but LSE as a place doesn't help in the mixing process, that's left up to you. Also, certain nationalities tend to stay together and form cliques, something which can very easily kill off any initiative to socialise

Dem Oral, BSc Economics, London



Certain ENTS events seem to attract certain cliques. There also seems to be more opportunities to meet people if you're member of a smaller group. People find their niche and stay in it, but on the whole it's more open than many other places. Along with society, it's far from perfect.

Ben Levine, MSc Econometrics, London



Magnus Pettersen, MSc Management, Norway

Even though I don't live in halls I find the school to be quite well integrated. It's fairly easy to meet people here, and certainly a lot easier than in my previous university.



Gauri, LLB, Amersham

You get the impression it is very integrated. At first everyone is friendly and open. But after a while you discover the cliques and divisions. In the end it is mainly up to yourself


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STA TRAVEL

(east building - in the basement through vegetarian cafe)

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EXPERIENCED OR BEGINNER

Fight for your right to Higher Education

Dan Crowe, General Secretary, writes against last week's editorial

If the article last week by Nicola Hobday is a true representation of her feelings on top up fees then students are in for a big fight in our attempts to stop the imposition of the damn things. What hope do students have of defeating top up fees, when our own newspaper, funded by Union money, comes out with such a view? One can only hope that in writing this article what Ms. Hobday was trying to do is provoke a vigorous defence of the anti-Top Up Fees stance and prompt more students to get involved in the active fight against them.

Yet playing devils advocate at such a crucial moment in our campaign could prove a massive tactical blunder. The Court Of

education being a right. According to her it is a "comparative luxury". At the turn of the century teaching children to read and write was also considered a luxury, as they were much more useful cleaning chimneys and working down mines. It was only through the campaigns and struggle of generations that such reforms were won. It was only due to a post-war Labour Government that Education, Healthcare, Pensions and Social Security came to be considered as human rights, not privileges. This was expressed in the foundation of the Welfare State, the remnants of which facilitated and funded Nicola's own Higher Education.

She claims that post-16 education cannot

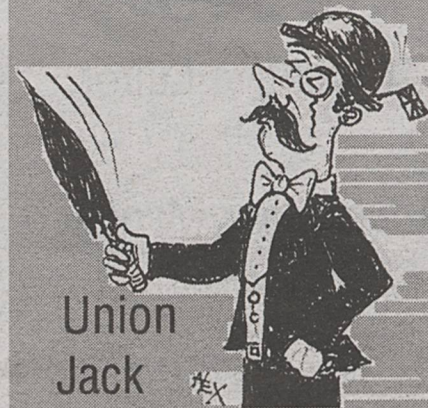
most people pay for it". Utter rubbish. What, when the present government is currently privatising the existing loans scheme? Furthermore, the Labour Party is likely to form the next government and has stated it will penalise any institution that introduces top up fees. This will result in a government clawback of funds, meaning that the LSE would have to increase any Top Up Fee. Once introduced, such fees will inevitably spiral, and there is no reason to assume, as Nicola does, that "it is unlikely we would have to pay the huge fees that the Americans are forced to". She points to other countries, in which payment for higher education is the norm, like America, where, as most LSE academics will tell you, the vast majority of undergraduate education is high-cost, low quality.

Top Up Fees will result in the privatisation of higher education, in a two-tier education system akin to the American model

Nicola suggests that she would be "willing to become a customer" and pay £750 for the "privilege of coming to LSE" if it would improve the quality of education offered. Even though we're probably talking about double that amount, the money raised will not be spent on books, computers etc, but rather on clearing their debts. As she herself states, universities are contemplating Top Up Fees because of their dire financial straits in order to maintain the standard of education. The link between ability to pay and entry to University would also in effect devalue an LSE degree. Substituting high-income students for high-calibre candidates would in no way improve standards in education.

Ultimately, Nicola assumes that everyone will be able to pay for their education, and that no one would suffer discrimination. She is at odds here with Ted Neil, spokesman for the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals, who said that "Some universities feel that they can afford to sacrifice students from poorer backgrounds." Maybe Nicola feels that too. She is after all in the final year of her degree and has already benefitted from the general taxpayer funding her years at university. Maybe now she feels no obligation to those who will need to enter Higher Education after her. Her attitude is tantamount to kicking away the ladder once she's climbed it.

With our political leaders and student representatives telling us that we will soon have to pay for all our living costs while in education, the least that should be demanded by parents, students and future students alike is that our fees be paid. It is our birthright, and as long as we pretend to be a civilised and meritocratic society it should remain so.

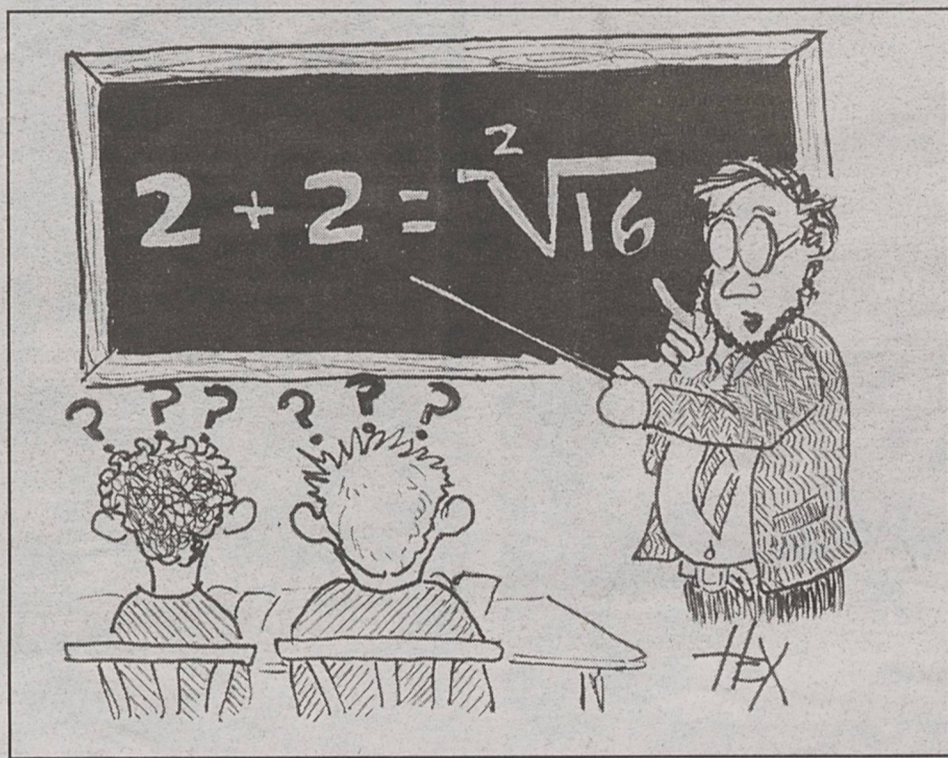


New phenomena at this weeks UGM saw revolutions which may soon dominate the forum. Donning his UGMologist's jacket, Jack would like to officially note that the balcony boys have been replaced. No longer are these pathetic specimens in the ascendancy; bawdy boys are officially out. The majority of abuse and paper coming from their arena is out of their hands. Look to the left of the top deck, and there they are. Ladies and Gentlemen, I give to you; 'The Balcony Girls'. Blonde, curvaceous, and deadly; they have inherited the mantle of their erstwhile masculine colleagues. What differences does this make to the legend that is the UGM? Jack notes that (anatomies aside), the Balcony Girls seem unable to construct a paper projectile worthy of the name - instead they resort to simply throwing an entire copy of the 'London Student'. Due to an obvious lack of aerodynamics, said sorry attempt then falls embarrassingly short of the stage, and dangerously close to the heads of the few wishy washy liberals who inhabit the sparse centre ground of the Old Theatre.

Further, if our new queens of the crucible are seeking a spiritual leader, Jack clearly sees Ms Georgina Reason as the obvious candidate. A new star for the Tories (and clearly a favourite of Chair Tom Smith) Ms Reason's brief foray onto the stage attacking student strikes showed her as a star for the future. Jack judges that general opinion dictates her to be considerably better looking than Samantha Means. How long can it be before the UGM's traditionally testosterone driven environment is assailed by such matriarchal forces?

Away from the gender gap, motions for this week were considerably more varied than has been true of late. The legendarily incomprehensible Rob Reed proposed a fairly humorous skit on the corporal punishment debacle, but his offers to soundly thrash the Tory front bench were lost in the maelstrom of his 77rpm delivery. As mentioned above, the Tories also launched a ringing attack on the proposals for academic strikes supported by students. Jack would simply like to state the obvious; student apathy has now crystallised to the extent that LSE polis can no longer be bother to stay in bed for a worthy cause.

The fiercest debate came in a critique of Jack's own mother figure, Ms Nicola Hobday. In last week's Beaver editorial, Hobday committed a sin so heinous that calls for her immediate crucifixion as a heretic/slag will surely not be long in arriving. The idea that top-up fees should be subject to a reasoned debate is, as alleged by Dan Crowe, now going to sway the Court of Governors into immediate introduction. The CoG must indeed be a vacuous and vacillating body to be turned on such a six-pence. Although Jack does not countenance some of Hobday's comments, he would like to warn against the holding of unthinking dogma masquerading as ideology. Although Top-up fees are ultimately a 'bad thing', a little more discussion of the pros and cons would not be unwelcome. If you cast your eyes to the left, you will see an (ilconsidered) union editorial critiquing top-up fees; more debate like this could even get the government to listen. Could be worth a shot, n'est-ce pas?



Governors is due to meet on December 12 to decide on implementing Top Up Fees for 1998 entrants. It is therefore most unfortunate that all Governors receive every copy of the Beaver in a direct mailing with their "Governors Briefing". Some governors are in favour of fees, some are staunchly opposed to them. Others are as yet undecided. In the run up to D-Day (or should that be Fee-Day) the LSE bureaucracy will be churning out pro-Top Up Fees propaganda by the skipful. What will the wavering governors make of a half page Editorial in the Students' Union newspaper supporting Top Up Fees?

Will they assume that this is the general opinion of most students, or the misguided folly of a loose-cannon? Hopefully they will assume the latter, and see through the poorly posed premises and glaring inaccuracies of this piece.

Firstly, she attacks the principle of

be classified in the same way as "the right to a certain level of subsistence with housing and food". Unfortunately, as it is blatantly self evident just walking down the Kingsway, some people have no access to even these "basic" rights, and many more must struggle to for their very survival. If unable to provide even adequate basic rights, what hope have parents got of "starting college funds from the birth of their child". She seems to forget that we are living in a society where 1 in 3 children are being brought up in absolute poverty. What chance of them ever having the funds to go into higher education? No wonder people hate students! What a kick in the teeth for such parents to be told that they should no longer "become accustomed to having free higher education".

But hang on, perhaps the government will come to the rescue and "be bound to organise some kind of loan scheme to help

Major national demonstration

Stop tuition fees!

End student hardship!

Assemble 12 noon Wednesday November 20

Outside University of London Union Malet Street London

The Beaver

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The Beaver is published by the London School of Economics Students' Union and printed by the Isle of Wight County Press Ltd, Brannon House, 123 Pyle Street, Newport, Isle of Wight, (01898) 825333 and at 112 Bermondsey Street, London, SE1 3TX 0171 378 1579.

What's On

Tuesday, November 14

LSESU Italian Society

Film Night

Il Postino is being shown at 7pm in E171

Thursday, November 14

Shaw Library Concert Series

Evening Recital by Martino

Tirimo at 7pm performing a mini-series of major piano works by Franz Schubert.

Admission: £4 (armchairs), £3 other.

Music Society members: £3, £2.

Shaw Library, sixth floor, Old Building

Friday, November 15

Hayek Society

The debate of the year:

"Is Marxism Dead?"

Dr Ramsay Steel

vs

Lord Desai

with Perlman as chairman

5.30pm to 7.00pm in the Old Theatre

The Cypriot Society

We are taking part in the student protest outside the Turkish Embassy in Belgrave Square. We are assembling in Houghton Street at 5pm to make our way down there together. Anyone and everyone is welcome to join us. See you there!

Wednesday, November 20

The Management Society

Mr Keith Oates, Managing Director of Marks and Spencer, speaks on:

"The Challenges of a Growing Global Business"

Chaired by Professor Leslie Hannah, Acting Director, Old Theatre, 6.30pm.

Reception following

Refreshments will be served

All welcome!

Editorial

Oh dear, who's been a naughty girl then? It seems as though I put rather a few backs up last week. There have been calls for a public flogging in Houghton Street (or is that just the Tories advocating the cane?). I admit that my article was designed with the specific aim of encouraging a response and a bit of debate. No bad thing, I thought. It seems that I was a little naive on a few points. There was naivete in my article - assuming that the government would assist in the paying of top-up fees for one. It has also become apparent that I did not make clear my stance on top-up fees. I stated that if the money was used for improving standards of education, books, computers etc, then it may not be a bad thing, or it would be a worth while cause. The implication being that if the money from top-up fees were not used in this way then they would logically be a 'bad thing'. I thought this was obvious from my article, but some didn't (chose not to) see this. Suddenly I am kicking the ladder away from those trying to climb up to Higher Education, saying, "I'm alright Jack", advocating implementing top-up fees to the Governors and eating

raw babies for breakfast.

My squalid behaviour naturally deserved a stern dressing down by Dan Crowe in the UGM. Dan is a politician and very good at using powerful rhetoric to raise a shout in the UGM. I am not a politician and have absolutely no inclination to become one. I am only able to defend myself as I know how and I'm not so effective in a situation like the UGM.

Anybody who knows me will vouch for the fact that the number one priority in my life is *The Beaver*, it comes over studying, over my social life, over earning money, over boyfriends, over everything. All I care about is making *The Beaver* the very best I can and political intrusions do not make my job any easier. While I expected a few people to be pissed off, I did not expect to be at the mercy of a firing squad. Maybe this was another naive belief on my part, but, like I said, I'm not a politician, and now I am even less inclined ever to become one.

Nicola Hobday
PS. To all the governors who read my editorials, hello!

The big Oxfam break-fast

For those of you who are bravely fasting to help Oxfam this year the students in the Development Studies Institute are organising a party to celebrate being able to eat again. The Oxfam 24 hour fast is this coming Friday.

All those who have fasted are invited to go out for a slap up meal and then back to the LSE for a party in the Quad. There will be nibbles to eat, music and plenty of partying from 7.30 in the Quad so go along and show your support, even if you didn't join in the fast.

For any more information please contact Jenny Willott in the Development Studies department

**LSE MEDIA GROUP
Volunteer Required**

The LSE Alumnae in the Media is being reformed. The Group aims to be a social, networking and intellectual forum for all former who are in the media, advertising, public relations and creative professions.

A volunteer is required to help with clerical/administrative work over the coming year. The post would be useful to any student interested in pursuing a career in the media. It will require a few hours a week work and expenses will be paid.

If interested please call or leave a message for Martin Lewis on 0171 396 5392 by Friday, November 15

The devil and the deep blue sea

Shoshana Buchholz disparages a lack of choice in selecting the leader of the free world

In the end, what choice did we have? Was it a battle between "a curmudgeon and a chimera" as one commentator lamented? Or as the Daily Mail said, an election of a "Republican corpse" or a "Democratic sleazeball"? With the alternatives the American public was given to choose from, the 1996 Presidential Elections seemed to be a choice between the lesser of two evils. A pro-choice, career-oriented, socially conscious woman like myself had to decide between a man I would not trust as my husband or my lawyer but who ostensibly stands for the same issues that I do, or an honest steadfast Republican insider who claims that cigarettes may not be addictive and whose compatriots are Newt Gingrich and Pat Buchanan. Not a winning proposition either way. So regardless of potential scandals facing the Clintons, I and 49 per cent of the Americans who voted, mandated Bill Clinton, making him one of the three Democratic Presidents to hold a second term in office since 1836.

I slept well last night, confident in my decision and was pleased, albeit unsurprised, to wake up to the same President that I had

fallen asleep to for the past four years. A major part of Clinton's success at the polls is his ability to appeal to women like myself, more particularly, career women and working mothers. Exit polls showed a widening gender gap, with 54 per cent of women voting for Clinton, to Dole's 38 per cent. As retiring Congresswoman Pat Schroeder said on the BBC's election analysis programme, "Thank goodness it's 1996 instead of 1896, because otherwise we would have a Dole presidency based on the vote of white males." Clinton's popularity with women is based on a view, not altogether consistent, that he represents the vote of the women of the nineties. He is staunchly pro-choice while Dole is not, and has supported legislation such as the Family Leave Act that has enabled working mothers to spend time with ill children retaining their jobs in the meantime. Many women feel that he has their best interests at heart, as opposed to the Republicans who tout a concept of family values that seems to leave women at home, careerless.

But Clinton has not been consistent in his presidency mirroring the desires of the

American public at large by moving from the liberal left to the center. This was particularly evident after the Democratic humiliation in the 1994 Congressional elections. In fact, he has out-Republicaned the Republicans, legislating a Welfare Reform Bill despite the opposition of the majority of the Democrat party. It could potentially leave millions, even children, without food or shelter. It appears that he will have to remain in the center in order to get things done in Washington as the Republicans have retained control of both the House of Representatives and the Senate.

Despite his inconsistency, in comparison to his challenger, Clinton is the lesser of the two evils. Bob Dole's distinguished record belied his poor campaigning skills. A highly distinguished veteran of World War Two and an unparalleled leader of the Republicans in Congress, he proved to be a failure as a public speaker, ultimately surrendering his principles in a last-ditch effort to win the presidency.

Dole was known as a man who was reliable and steady in his policies before this campaign, but with little headway in the polls after the Republican Congress shut down the US government in a battle over the budget, Dole turned to gimmicks and voodoo economics. A history of staunch opposition to the Reagan administration's trickle-down economic theories and a firm belief in the necessity for tangible policies to finance tax cuts were abandoned in his desperation. In desperation, a 15 per cent tax cut was promised to woo voters to the Republican camp. The American voter seems, however, to have matured and did not believe Dole's grandiose budgetary claims: the 15 per cent tax cut promise failing to draw Dole any closer to the illusive presidency.

Another handicap for the Dole campaign was his lack

of cohesive policy and often inarticulate speech. He failed to find an issue that the American public was interested in and was left calling, "Where is the outrage in

"Clinton was the lesser of two evils. Bob Dole gave up his principles ..."

America?" to the disinterested voters. Furthermore, the influence of the extreme wings of the Republican party was a disincentive for many to vote for Dole. The Christian Right, led by Pat Buchanan in his bid for the Republican nomination, combined with Buchanan's extremist views to turn swing voters away. Perhaps, if Dole had distanced himself from them more clearly, he would have found more support in the moderate Americans.

Much has been made of the election boredom that blanketed America throughout this campaign. A contention could be made that it was not necessarily American apathy (although few would deny its existence), but American dissatisfaction with choices for a leader. In a country with a quarter of a billion people, we should have been able to do better. In the end, however, this should not be an excuse for Americans to stay at home and remove themselves further away from politics. So I made a choice that I did not want to make, ultimately, not really one at all.

Faced with a candidate of questionable character whose platform I do agree with, and an honest man whose platform I oppose, the only thing I could do was to vote for the man who I think would make the best decisions in America's interest. And I did it. I only hope that a new millenium will bring us better choices.



Extremist Subjugation in God's Name...

Rima White details the return of archaic sexist practices to Afghanistan

The conflict in Afghanistan has been raging for sixteen years and to call it a mere 'conflict' would be putting it mildly - it has become more than that with the seizure of Kabul by the fundamentalist Islamic regime, the Taliban. The extremist Syariah law enforced by the Taliban this September has held a terrifying meaning for women in the capital, in particular, its 50,000 war widows.

Women have been banned from formal employment and educational establishments, and have been fired from government jobs. In public, women must be dressed according to a strict interpretation of the Syariah law, and are also subject to restrictions on their mobility. The regime's officials justify their draconian violations of women's rights with the pernicious argument that the chaos in the country necessitates such action. Putting

aside any comment on the fundamental abrogation of basic human rights for both sexes, the Taliban's current policies towards women make no practical or economic sense for a nation which needs all the human resources it has available in order to rebuild an Afghanistan ravaged by war.

Recent news reports in the British media have revealed the futility of a withdrawal of practising rights from female doctors. Access, therefore, for women to health or maternity care, has become impossible. Given that women cannot be examined by male doctors in the 'new Afghanistan', the consequences for women's health are bleak. Women have also complained that the cost of veils is prohibitive, restricting their mobility in an indirect (and effective) way, when taken in the context of the strict enforcement of public veiling.

Problems have also ensued for orphanages faced with staffing problems since women no longer have the right to work, transferring the brunt of the government's new policies onto children. Staff at one centre for homeless children reported that girls do not come to the centre to be fed anymore. Ironically, the funding for this particular centre is provided by western charities. Western aid organisations are now faced with an enormous moral and practical dilemma - should their activities be continued under the new regime or suspend them in order to pressurize the Taliban to review its sexist measures. Oxfam has chosen to suspend its activities and wants to take a stance on the issue of women's rights. On the other hand, Terre des Hommes, another international charity, continues to operate under the new laws, they argue that

the Afghan conflict has been ignored for so long and therefore pulling out in protest over women's status would achieve little - they would rather help half the population than no one. Both charities emphasise that political pressure at national and institutional levels is needed to bring about a change in Taliban policies.

Withholding any moral comment on the inherent viciousness of the Taleban's anti-women stance and their spurious 'justifications' for such measures, we must ask if such policies make any sense - in economic or social terms? They do so in neither of these senses and can therefore only be interpreted in the context of fundamentalist religious positions that seek to continue patriarchal domination.

(Syariah law is a form of Islamic law stemming from the Koran.)

Students.

The New Under-Class?

Students working in bars and cafés is not a new phenomenon to university life. However a study undertaken earlier this year by the GMB/NUS titled *Students at Work* discovered that rather than work being a means to fund travel and entertainment expenses, more students than ever are working during term time in order to continue their studies and meet basic living costs. As a result of this growing trend the survey revealed that:

1 in 3 students miss lectures due to part time work.

1 in 5 students have failed to submit study assignments because of work commitments.

78 per cent of students working during term-time say that their studies have been affected.

At present debt levels amongst 68 per cent of students average at around £1,548 for 17-21 year olds, £4,301 for 22-26 year olds and £7,187 for students over 26 years old. This may all appear to be depressing news, but surely these figures do not reflect well on a society, when it has difficulty offering education to all those with an ability to pursue their talent? As the debate over the future funding of higher education continues to dominate the education agenda, this is certainly an issue which needs to be addressed. The implications of a greater

a quarter of undergraduates were considering leaving university due to financial pressures

number of students working, sometimes lengthy and unsociable hours are clear. Most of us would agree that the pressure of essays, presentations and reading is great enough as it is, without having to deal with the additional burden of work.

It also leads to the more worrying question of whether this financial barrier would act as a deterrent to those thinking of pursuing a university career. The government prides itself on the fact that one in three go into higher education, but this is not necessarily a direct result of government reforms. Indeed, a vicious circle exists by which economic circumstances dictate a high standard of education in order to get the best job, but to do so, most students are then confronted with this looming problem of finance and debt. Hence the comment by the NUS that "higher education is increasingly becoming the preserve of the affluent". The survey underlined this point further by showing that a quarter of undergraduates were considering leaving university due to financial pressures.

Further more it appears that more students are working longer hours for lower rates of pay and are denied the benefits and employment rights offered to full time workers. Six out of ten term time workers worked nights compared to four out of ten

13 per cent of all students work for less than £3 an hour. Four out of ten students now work during term time. **Dhara Ranasinghe** discusses the consequences of this growing trend.

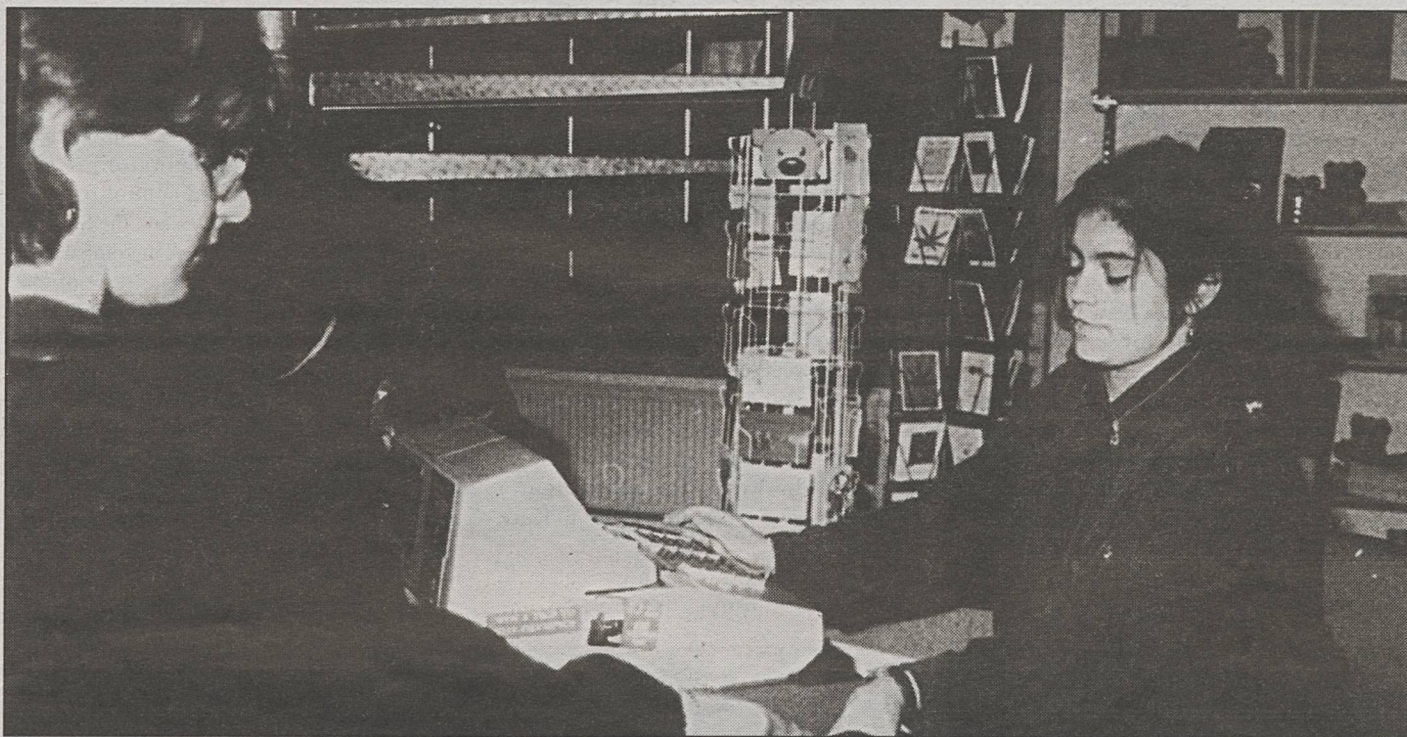


Photo: Johan Almenberg

during holiday time. In addition 70 per cent of students earn less than £4 an hour (13 per cent earn less than £3 an hour).

It was under this backdrop of students working in far greater numbers than they have done in the past, that the union the GMB has extended its student membership to student workers at a rate of 10p a week. Commenting on this issue Karen Livingstone from the GMB remarked that, because students were being pressurised financially to take up employment outside

the traditional holiday times, they were losing out on significant employment rights. As the study points out, these included a denial of lunch and tea breaks. It was the realisation of this 'big gap' between student workers and employment rights, shown so clearly by the report which provided the impetus for the scheme.

Student finances is one area which the committee of inquiry into Higher Education, to be chaired by Sir Ron Dearing will be investigating. The committee

however does not report until after the next election and it appears likely that it will imply greater contributions to University education by parents, students and employers.

This country has always prided itself on its espousal of universal education. As we approach the next millennium however, it is clear that a great deal needs to be done in terms of student finances if we are to stop this principle, both in theory and in practice from slipping away.

Sisters Are Doing It For Themselves!

Yongmi Schibel and Carla Covarrubias report on a conference about young women from ethnic minorities

Nadia aged 25 is half Moroccan, half French, she lives in Sweden, is deaf in her left ear, and is bisexual. A joke? Is she multiply challenged? No, she is someone who studies ethnology at university, DJs, models and works on projects with other minority women.

One occasion for her to do this was at 'Together We Can!' - a conference held in Budapest, in the second week of October. It was organised by 'Young Women from Minorities' (YWMF - an NGO based in Sweden) with the support of the Council of Europe. We discussed matters like identity, ethnicity, and homophobia, bringing out our personal experiences and confronting our own ignorance (have you heard of dental dams?!). Painting and theatre workshops quickly exhausted our creative potentials, but the parties certainly took on a character of their own. Here we learnt each others songs and dances such as Caribbean hip extravaganzas, cross-cultural limbo dancing, as well as tasting our favourite treats!

One of the aims of the conference was networking. Concretely this materialised in

several exchanges, for example between an East Timorese group in Portugal and an immigrant centre in a Stockholm working class area. We also expressed common concerns such as marriage, immigration, the treatment of Eastern Europeans within the council itself, and the situation of Kurdish women in appeals to the Council of Europe.

YWMF was created out of a pilot project set up during the Council of Europe's youth campaign 'All different-All equal!' which began in 1995. It is a reaction to the many difficulties young minority women face all over Europe. Women for instance are requested to 'integrate', but are denied the right and access to integration. They are further pointed out as out as different but the expression of their difference is feared, repressed or simply prohibited.

Maybe this is not a common experience for most LSE women, notoriously successful as we are, but we can still recognise the importance of these issues in real life... Possibly, lighter forms of the mechanisms affecting minorities work here as well? Why is it, that the UGM is so predominately

white and male? Maybe the religious and national societies are so successful at LSE because we need a place to feel at home?

The LSE women's group is a forum to do something about these concerns. We want to give minority women a voice at the LSE. Come out of your ethnic, religious, sexual and national pigeon holes and face the mechanisms that effect us all!

To get to the narrow university perspective we want to contribute to the newsletter of the YWMF which is on an all European level. It informs you about the organisation and features special themes such as Gypsy women, East Timorese women, mixed heritage women and adoption. It also links up coming projects in other countries, which you can get involved in, for example there will be a conference on women and IT in Bulgaria next year.

For further information please contact or leave a note in the women's officer's pigeon for LY Schibel or CA Covarrubias hole at SU Reception.

Tony Benn Old Labour No Danger

Politics Editor, **Simon Retallack**, interviews the old battler.

Are you satisfied with the direction in which the Labour Party is moving?

Well, everybody wants to win the election and we don't want to cause any difficulty, but I'm a socialist member of the Labour Party and I don't want to be asked to give up what I believe in in order to win.

Does it dishearten you that the LSE is one of the chief promoters of free-market economics in Eastern Europe and in developing countries?

Well, I think it is part of the madness that has afflicted our society that the LSE, which was once a great centre of democratic and socialist and trade union studies, should have shifted over. But nowadays that's the way to make money, isn't it? You make money by meeting the demands of the government of the day and of the market.

Why do you still feel strongly about the arms trade?

I made a very strong speech about it during the debate on the Scott report. We sell \$6 billion worth of arms every year and 85 per cent of all the arms that are sold in the world are sold by the five permanent members of the security council. It is a criminal trade and it should be checked and

stopped. Arms should not be supplied to nations that are responsible for tyranny and repression

Is your party committed to do anything about it?

I don't know what Labour policy is on anything really.

Will Labour be any better than the Tories in dealing with the environment?

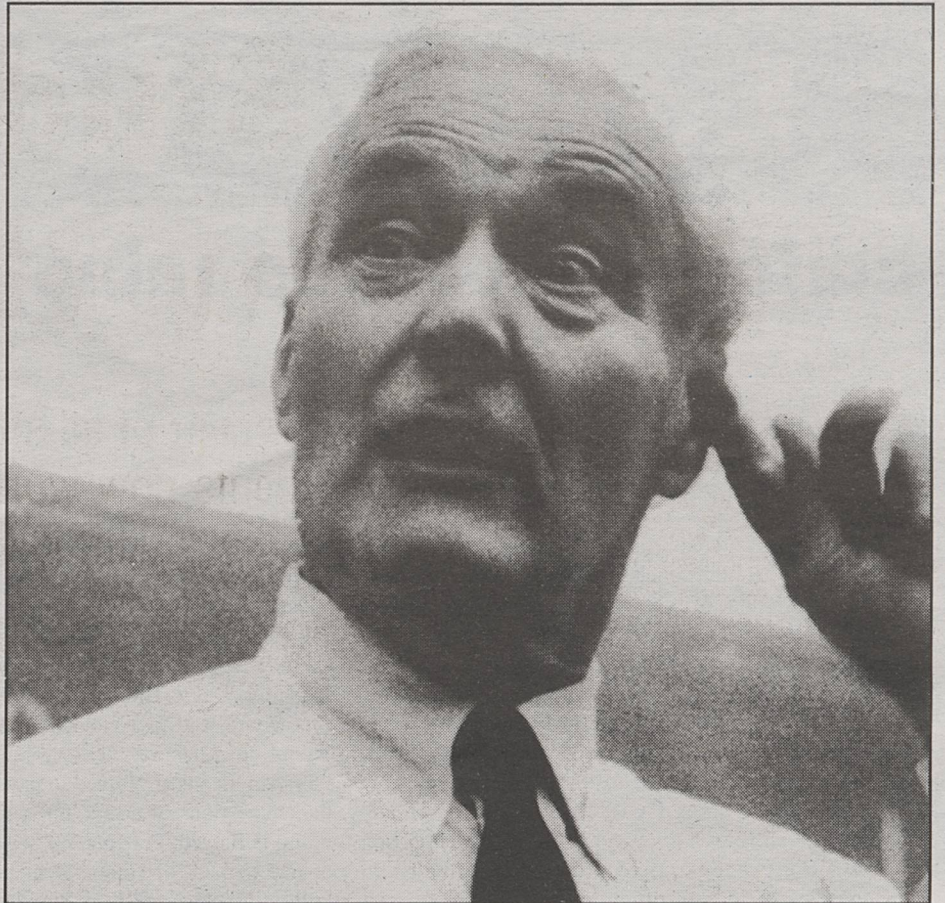
Well... there have been a lot of speeches made about it. But in the end it's all about profit, isn't it? Money, money, everything's about money. If it isn't immediately profitable people don't do it.

Do you believe that will ever change?

I think a lot of people are thinking this out now in the quietness of their own home. Like the railways for example; people are really beginning to see that something has gone wrong.

What is your solution for creating more jobs in this country?

There would have to be an earlier retirement age and a shorter working week. I think the main thing is doing the things that need to be done; we need to build houses, we need a better infrastructure, we need a better railway system, we need a better health service, we need life-long education, decent pensions. All that costs



Tony Benn, former Labour Cabinet Minister and current MP for Chesterfield

money and that will also create jobs.

Do you think that is compatible with having a globalised, free-market economy?

If I accepted globalisation and the restraints it implies, I would withdraw from politics. But I don't accept that it is either desirable or inevitable. But to change it will require a little bit of effort. Globalisation is the big excuse that New Labour uses for doing nothing. If we tried, it would be a struggle, it would be very difficult, but it

has to be done. I think globalisation has destroyed the Tory Party and the Labour Party. You get right-wing Tories who are just nationalists, and left-wing socialists who are democrats and internationalists, and you get all the people who are at the top of the political system who are all united. You couldn't put a post-card between the three party leaders on most questions.

How will that ever change?

It will change when people change. It's what we do that matters.

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Leading
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19th November 1996

in the Presentation Suite
23 Great Winchester Street, London

Starting at 6pm
Open Presentation/Buffer and Drinks Reception

Deutsche Morgan Grenfell



Letters to the Editor

Editorial provokes rabid response

Dear Beaver,

I wish to taake issue with some of the points raised by Nicola Hobday in last week's editorial.

Why does she imagine Higher Education is free?

As a mature student I have paid taxes for longer than her short sheltered life - an awfully large amount of taxes out of a very modest wage.

It is my hope that an investment of three years of my life (and £330,000 of foregone earnings) will do two things. Firstly, of course, increase my earning potential - which will also be of benefit to the nation due to the higher taxes I will face; and secondly (though I don't know how) put me into a position where I could effectively fight against any penny-pinching, short-sighted government which so starves Higher Education of funds that top-up fees need to be considered.

Nicola, now in her 3rd year, may be willing to pay £750 - most of us couldn't if we wanted to. And would these top-up fees be used to 'improve' the standard of education' at the LSE? It is doubtful.

As for the notion that the government would be bound to orgaanise loans, well Nicola you display a touching belief in the politicians. (Has your education at the LSE not taught you anything?)

Still as for me, it probaably wouldn't matter - I'd probaably be excused by a means test. No big deal, is it Nicola?

Yours
Lee Townsend

Dear Beaver,

We trust that last week's editorial was written in the spirit of the devil's advocate - and as such we feel the need to respond to the argument put forward that top-up fees are not to be "see as a bad or a good thing but just a change".

If top-up fees are to be introduced at LSE in 1998, it is clear that any government would not have established a loan system to help most people pay for them. This will lead to the exclusion of people with inadequate means.

The argument that by each of us paying a top-up fee the LSE will provide us with more computers and books for the library is equally specious. Firstly there is no guarentee the LSE will spend the money on the afore mentioned books and computers. Secondly, David Blunkett is committed to clawing back all top-up fee income, this would lead to a vicious circle whereby as LSE raises fees, the government would be collecting them straight back! We would soon be paying the huge fees the Americans are forced to pay.

Finally, the suggestions of a revolution in attitudes towards towards higher education funding is flawed. Few parents will start college funds on the birth of their children due to lack of financial means. Those that do do will be the informed middle classes. Access for the rest of society to the "Ivy League" universities will be damaged forever. By the way, when would mature students start their funds??

Yours
Katie Fisher, Nick Kirby, Rob Reed, Dev Cropper, Anj Sournal.

Dear Beaver

Having just read this weeks editorial 5/11/96 I feel I must express my admiration for Nicola Hobday and congratulate her for raising an issue which too maany people seem scared to even consider. I do not entirely agree with the line taken by Ms Hobday, but the prospect of top-up fees does require discussion. It is refreshing to see someone constructively putting forward an argument for the other side of the coin.

Yours
Ben Tallis.

Campus clique complaint

Dear Beaver,

Whilst I admire greatly the effort that is being made to turn *The Beaver* into a better quality paper, and certainly it looks a lot better than ever before, perhaps you should maaybe consider the quaaality of the content as well.

Take the top ten in issue 448 for example. Whilst it maybe interesting for the authors' friends to see their names in print, it is probably not that amusing for the 5,990 or so students that have no interest in this blatant act of self-indulgence. Cliqueiness is an accusation often levelled at *The Beaver*, and can be done without, especially when an editorial position is being used to openly abuse individuals. I'm sure Theresa Delaney does not enjoy being subjected to this sort of puerile attempt at humour, and Bernardo Duggan at being called gay. Maybe homophobia is a laughing matter, but personally I don't think so. And using a position of responsibility to slag off an ex-girlfriend who dumped you is just a little bit sad and vindictive don't you think? (especially from an author who appears to like girls who are big and blonde)

As for Houghton Street Harry, having moved it from back page to inside the paper, why not go further and put it on the features page, because that's where I thought serious articles went.

Chris Cooper's HSHs may have been a little over the top and offensive at times, but they regularly provoked debate and response from your readership, rather than the uninteresting and cliquey drivel that passes for satire nowadays. What worries me is that students, eager to contribute, regularly write articles that do not get in to the paper at the expense of this shit.

Yours
Lee Clarke

Tired of tequi-lies? Us too

Due to our tequila sponsors failing to provide £1 a shot all night, the organisers of the last tequila party are now announcing the

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TEQUILA THE TASTE OF THE PAST

VODKA THE TASTE OF THE FUTURE

For further information on the event come and see us on our stall in Houghton Street between the 12th and 19th November.

Tickets are limited and the only guarentee of entry.

Lord of the Pies

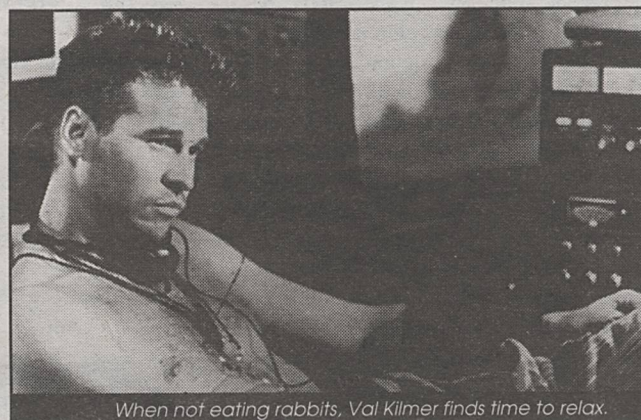


A man in absurd make-up trying to look like a Leopard in 'The Island of Dr. Moreau'

A dreadfully dissapointing remake attempts to resurect the embalmed career of Marlon Brando

Film: The Island of Dr Moreau

The heavier they are, the harder they fall: such is undeniably the case with Marlon Brando. Take the sleeve notes to this extremely poor sci-fi thriller. The cast is listed, and their film achievements are placed in parenthesis. The text reads: Marlon Brando (Don Juan DeMarco). Not a mention of some of the finest screen performances of this century - the likes of Apocalypse Now and The Godfather which will be forever writ large on the walls of cinema history. None of that: Marlon Brando is famous for supporting Johnny Depp in a second rate romantic comedy. Sadly, this may yet turn out to be his most significant role of the 90s: the embarrassment of the Island of Dr Moreau indicates that the fall and fall of Brando continues without relent.



When not eating rabbits, Val Kilmer finds time to relax.

The narrative is loosely based on HG Wells' novel of the same name. However, the way in which Director John Frankenheimer has ignored the main thrust of Well's work and replaced it with hammed up absurdity would surely be enough to rotate the author around a full 180 degree turn in his coffin. The story bears explanation. In the 'not too distant future' Edward Douglas (David Thewlis) is rescued following a plane crash and several days adrift on the ocean.

Film Information

Title: The Island of Dr. Moreau
Starring: Marlon Brando, some pies, Val Kilmer, a dead rabbit.
Released: 15/11/96
Certificate: 15

His saviour, Montgomery (Val Kilmer), is transporting a ship of wild animals to a tropical island for use in scientific experiments. Douglas hopes to get there, and phone home. He soon finds that all is not as it should be on The Island of Dr Moreau. Owned by the eponymous Nobel prize winning geneticist, the place has been used for gene splicing experiments create a superior brand of humanity. The result is a race of peace loving beast-men, who treat Moreau as their god. The story discusses the decline and fall of Moreau's kingdom, as his beasts react against their lord and instigate a bloody period of disorder. The 'island paradise' quickly becomes 'hell on earth', leaving the dismayed audience attempting to find a point between the flurry ham and clichés.

The film fails on many levels. Performances are substandard verging on the laughable. This is intensified by the attempts at horror. The first glimpse of the turmoil comes when Montgomery is seen to gorge upon a nice baby rabbit. Perhaps the only moment of true humour in the movie, the scene is unintentionally hilarious to the point of being ridiculous. Kilmer, personifying the film, is entirely unconvincing, even when not digging his fangs into a nice piece of prime bunny.

Central to the lack of credibility of the experience is the poverty of special effects. The film features the 'make up genius' (it says here) Stan Winston. Winston's true talent seems to lie in making his animal-men seem convincing neither as animals nor men. The make-up, so influential in a film of this

nature, tends towards nothing other than making the main actors figures of ridicule. However, if Winston intended to make his leading man look puffy, bloated, lethargic and entirely untalented, he surely deserves every plaudit. Sadly, it is painfully clear that Brando's performance is unconstructed. From the first entrance to the grand finale, he plays Moreau with neither a hint of menace, or an ounce of effort. Stilted dialogue, poorly delivered, now seems to be the mark of a man who used to own the title of America's greatest living actor. The master of method has become a master of lethargy, and the spectacle is pitiful to behold

Notwithstanding the poor performances, poor make-up, poor dialogue and silly story, there is little positive to say about Dr. Moreau. As if the director is trying to add

insult to ridicule, his handling of the action sequences is laughably inept. Leopard men ripping micro chips from their chests, ritualised executions, pitched battles of man and beast: all express stimulating ideas executed without imagination or skill.

Lumbering through to a Jurassic Park-esque conclusion, the film finishes with many questions raised, and no convincing answers provided. For a movie based on a classic story, and with an essentially strong cast, the entire charade is an

unconscionable mess. The mighty, it seems, have fallen a little further.

James Crabtree



Waving or Drowning?

Film: True Blue

TTrue Blue' is based on a true story of the Oxford vs Cambridge boat race. After suffering a crushing defeat at the hands of Cambridge, Oxford are deeply distressed. Poor them. The film relates one of those rather predicable struggle against adversity yarns with which Hollywood seems so enamoured.

'True Blue' sees strapping young men rowing in a fiercely competitive race - rowing is their life and the race their only goal. This of course allows for plenty of gratuitous butt shots in the locker room and scantily clad muscle-bound hunks, always a bonus for those of us thus inclined.

They have a pep-talk in the pub (during which they all pee into a pint glass and give it to some unsuspecting team member) and decide that the best way forward is to ship in as much foreign talent as possible. The squad is transformed by four multi-medal winning arrogant Americans, straight off the set of some corny day time soap opera with splendidly plastic looks and equally wooden acting. This does not please the regular members of the squad and cracks appear in the team framework as the coach pushes them harder and harder.

Frankie Goes To Hollywood's 'Two Tribes' kicks in for the head of the river race, in which the Oxford boat is placed 28th, so the controversial coach steps up the punishing training schedule creating further dissension amongst the ranks. They go running for miles in the mud and rain and pump weights - but at least they're all sweaty and wearing shorts.

The men may be beautiful, but they certainly can not act. The leads are rather over zealously melodramatic and the confrontations come thick and fast as the coach shrieks "Do you want to win this race?"

The film is about the politics of the race, and the shift of power between the coach and the demanding egotistical Americans. The boat club president, endearingly named Donald McDonald, is asked to step down but stays on after an impassioned plea from his best friend. With only 25 days to go, the president and the coach have a complete rethink and choose a team without the most gorgeous of the trouble making Americans, so their star rower also boycotts leaving the team with divided loyalties. Some more furtive glances, more angst and numerous confrontations later, and finally the team is selected, inspired by the coach's words; "I want Cambridge to feel they came third" - but do they win? If you can't guess you'll have to see the movie.

There are no big names, but a few vaguely familiar faces from adverts and sitcoms, including Penhalligan from "Cracker" wasted as Donald McDonald's wife. The fact that the film is based on the novel written by the coach goes some way to explain the portrayal of the Americans as the villains of the piece. This is more of an early Sunday evening TV movie than a real cinematic experience, the story is predictable and poorly paced with a dull script and indifferent acting.

Yasmine Chinwalla

Film Information

Title: True Blue
Starring: Julian Leysen, Dorninic West, Dylan Baker. No, me neither.
Released: 15/11/96
Certificate: 15



Pass Notes

Number 2: Marlon Brando

Age: Venerable
Appearance: Makes mountains look fresh with vigour, and Solomon seems spring chicken-like beside him.
A tad past his prime you think? All evidence seems to point that way.
Evidence? Do you watch films?
Not really.. So, if I say, 'A street Car Named Desire' you would think of...
Um.. I'm waiting....
...Jeremy Clarkson? What about 'The Godfather'?
This one I know! Mafia, right? My word, the penny drops.
Is this fellow Brando in it? I despair. The man used to be the great living actor of American cinema. His performances electrified and terrified a generation of cinema lovers. His name was synonymous with fine performance as.....
Steven Seagal? I was going to say Robert De Niro, or Gerald Depardieu.
And, I take it he is heading down hill. Yes Sir!. He took a twenty year sabbatical during the 70s and 80s, and returned with stomach and without talent.
Shame, isn't it? Crying.
Most likely to say: Hmm... lunch!
Least Likely to say: You dishonour me, you dishonour my father!
Not to be confused with: Sam Parham, The Michelin Man.



Marlon Brando is trying to manage the decline of his career and expanding of his waste.

Are You Afraid?

Claire Lawrie enjoys an evening of mental masturbation

Mix together Poirot's David Suchet, the Avenger's Diana Rigg with a spoonful of illusion and a dash of truth, then let it sit for three hours. What do you get? The bitchfeast that is Edward Albee's, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* currently on at the Aldwych Theatre.

The play focuses around the two principal character's marriage, George (David Suchet) and Martha (Diana Rigg). Their marriage is sustained and enlivened by fantasy. Both have the capacity for cutting wit, and each uses it against the other regularly. The only stable element in their marriage from day to day indeed, hour to hour, is the constant need for drink after drink. It seems as if George can't stand Martha when she's drunk, and that Martha can't stand George when she's sober. So the cycle of their life keeps on repeating.

Martha is vivacious and sexual with a strong, controlling personality. George is an unambitious history teacher at an undistinguished American university. He is intellectual with a strong command of language and he refuses to be controlled. Martha has always wanted him to succeed and she has pushed him to do better. This is where a large part of the play's conflict comes from. She despises George's lack of

ambition, whereas he only wants to be accepted for who he is. In this backdrop, both characters never miss the opportunity to sharpen their teeth on the others fragile pride.

The play is set around a dinner party George and Martha hold for a new professor and his young wife, or so it seems. What actually happens during the course of the evening is that the young couple, Nick and Honey, end up being used as fodder for their hosts' vitriolic wit. They do this with mental trickery and bald-headed lying, the result is to cut the other down. It is thick stew of vindictiveness, mind games, in which every line seems punctuated with humour.

Martha and George reduce one another to the bare bones of each other's personality by skilful manipulation that neither their guests, or indeed the theatre audience, fully understands until near the end of the play. In a single night's alcoholic binge, Martha gets sexual with Nick, only to reject him as an incompetent lover while his wife lays vomiting on the bathroom floor. At the same time George tells the tale of a boy who kills his mother and father by accident. Martha then tells everyone that it is was actually George. He is pissed off and proceeds to talk about there son. She is equally enraged. The whole evening reveals the deepest secrets of



Another drink? The cast lounge around in 'Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf'

both Martha and George, or does it?

What may seem a catalogue of depressing events actually turns out to be very humorous and entertaining. It also may seem a catalogue of unbelievable events, and it later unfolds that unbelievable and fictitious are exactly what they are. The centre characters' marriage is completely held together by fantasy, poisonous lies and mutually eluding their own problems in some strange attempt to maintain order in their lives. Those who are not satisfied with their present situation either tend to live in the past (George) or try to change it by looking into the future (Martha). It gets to the stage that both of them become so embroiled in their current situation that they are unable to tell the difference between illusion and the truth.

So why don't these character's divorce? Well, the fantasy sustains them. And because George is the only man who satisfies Martha, as he is the only person who fully understands her and who learns the games that she plays as quickly as she changes her games, she keeps him around. In this way Martha knows that she will never be abandoned and left to her own (de)VICES. After much mind masturbation between the

characters, the play gradually knits its way towards the outcome where Martha and George face up to reality. The outcome of which I'm not going to reveal as you'll have to watch the play.

"A
Spoonfull
of illusions"

This American play was first produced in 1962 and Albee immediately became American drama's flag bearer. Almost literally so since he shortly thereafter found himself, paradoxically, enrolled by the US State Department to spread American culture abroad. The paradox lies in the fact that

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? offers a portrait of America as deeply uncommunal, morally corrupt and self-deluded. In suggesting that the two principal characters were named for George and Martha Washington he hinted at a concern for the fate of a Republic in which animating ideals had decayed into mere illusions, and commitments into rhetorical gestures. Anyone who followed the recent US elections, or indeed the LSE Union elections, will see its relevance.

The evening was totally engrossing both because of the actors and the great script. Every must see this play. They are fools not to.



And some people just talk to their plants

Death is Good

James MacAonghus goes to the National, again!

Death of a Salesman, by Arthur Miller is the tragic story of a man consumed by a dream that he cannot realise; the story of a man haunted by an identity that is not his; the story of a man who destroys himself by his own guilt. In the Royal National Theatre's stunning production of this tragic play, every emotion is powerfully conveyed and the audience is masterfully led through the imagined rise and real fall of Willy Loman, American salesman.

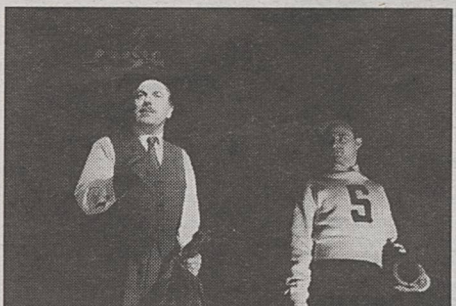
Willy Loman is a man who has tried to live the American Dream, has tried to make a mark in the false world of salesmanship. Falsely believing people like and respect him, he slides from bad to worse. His attempt at fatherhood has resulted in disaster - it was his infidelity years back that disillusioned his eldest son Biff, who then lost all sense of worth. His marriage lacks passion, he has no friends and each day brings new humiliation. Willy Loman has failed to live the American dream, and his failure becomes all the more bitter because he refuses to admit his failure.

The staging is flawless and heightens the fantasy-like flow of Loman's imagination - a tree that hovers aimlessly in mid-air, his mistress lies on a bed suspended well above the stage, the merging of childhood and adult settings, reality and dreams.

Alun Armstrong as Loman, Mark Strong as Biff and Marjorie Yates as Mrs Loman

form a highly evocative cast. The National's production evokes the full raw power that *Death of a Salesman* contains. The audience soon ceases to be an audience, as each member is taken on a personal tour of their own dreams and ambitions, flaws and failings. As relevant today as when it was written in the 1950s, *Death of a Salesman* explores the difficulties in living in a society that relies on false pretences and unrealistic ambitions imposed upon its members. The only successful people in the play are either shunned by society or have escaped to a different country. Everyone else lives a lie, and is therefore doomed to disappointment. *Death of a Salesman* lets us weep for a man who dies friendless, shattered, disillusioned and misunderstood - and then it turns around and shows us how easily this could be any of us.

Death of a Salesman is at the RNT until early next year.



Mother's Uncle

That's what Hattie Sellick says we'll be if we miss Uncle Vanya at the Albery

I was rather apprehensive about my trip to the theatre early this week. My mother, who has quite different tastes than me, had arranged for tickets to *Uncle Vanya* (by seminal Russian play write Anton Chekhov) a play of which I knew nothing about. When I told my flat-mate, "I'm going to see *Uncle Vanya* tonight", she replied, "Oh no, it's so bloody gloomy I'll be giving you counselling for the rest of the week." Well, I'm pleased to say that I was wrong, we were all wrong.

Uncle Vanya is the story of frustration, impotence and discontent. It is a tale of a family stuck way out in the Russian countryside on their crumbling estate. Bourgeois educated and reasonably wealthy, all the characters are fighting the overwhelming frustration of their situation. They begin to get on one another's nerves and tension is tangible beneath the surface of their increasingly strained relationships. The protagonist, Uncle Vanya, is the most vociferous with regard to his feelings. He is the character who explores his own personality most deeply. Consequently, he is also the character who most nearly breaks out of his claustrophobic surroundings in a violent bid to kill his brother-in-law. He fails, and the irony of his failure becomes all too clear: he cannot

even kill someone at three feet with two bullets.

Before the curtain went up my fear of impending boredom was lifted by reading the impressive cast list. The highlights of which are Derek Jacobi as Vanya, best known for *I Claudius* and Imogen Stubbs Yelena of recent *Sense and Sensibility* fame. They are deftly supported by Trevor Eve (Astrov), Dame Peggy Mount (Nurse) and Dame Constance Cummings (Vanya's mother). One critic from a national newspaper suggested that a cast of such 'greats' risked turning this classic into a dry, academic exercise. This play is certainly not a dry or academic. It is wonderfully rich with emotive performances. All the characters are played as Chekhov intended; dark, complicated and depressed. They imbue the whole evening with the heavy mood of a slow death.

The brilliance of this production is all in the acting. Derek Jacobi is so powerful that he holds the play together. His influence is so that those moments when he is not on stage one is waiting for his return. Peggy Mount is cleverly cast as the old nanny and she is such a warm and wise character that you want to reach out and hug her. She is an enduring symbol of stability among this group of people who seem to be losing their grip. Imogen Stubbs also plays her role as a beautiful but apathetic and idle young wife, very convincingly. She is extremely aggravating, to such an extent that you want to shake her violently to motivate her and bring her to her senses.

All the actors succeed in conveying some strong emotions and although the production lasts some three hours, time does not drag.

Uncle Vanya is playing at the Albery theatre until November 16.

Pop art still rocking!

Hattie Sellick goes ape (or is that chimp?) at the Peter Blake exhibition, Now We Are Sixtyfour at the National Gallery

Probably best known for his design of the record sleeve for the Beatles' hit album Sergeant Pepper, Peter Blake became heavily involved in Pop Art, best exemplified by Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein and Tom Wesslemann. In 1994 Blake became the third National Gallery Associate Artist and this exhibition is a collection of works inspired by masterpieces already hanging in the National Gallery.

Pastiche and humour characterise this exhibition. Blake has re-designed many of the most famous icons of the National, such as his series of Madonnas taken from Belini, Bouts, Cima and Correggio. Super-imposed onto contemporary scenes of life in Venice Beach, California, these pictures are rather disconcerting. They juxtapose the old and the new without really saying anything. What is more, Blake does not try to emulate

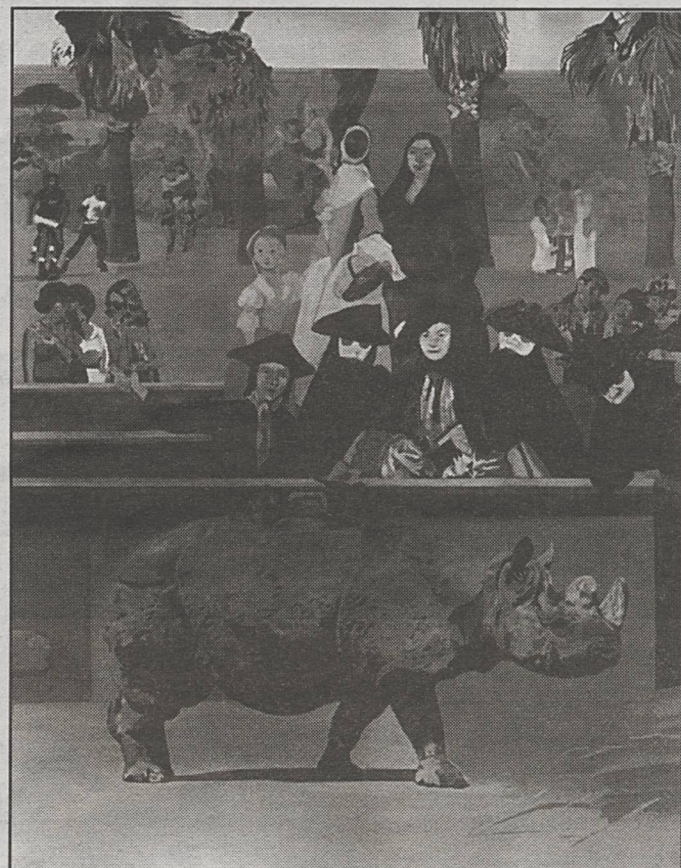
the style or finish of the great masters. The result is a rather disappointing comparison of painting which only serves to emphasize the relative lack of depth in his work.

Perhaps the highlight of the exhibition is a painting entitled 'The Nine Prettiest Bottoms in the National Gallery'. Blake takes nine different rear-ends from Rubens, Veronese and Palma Giovane and compares their sagginess! His ideas are brilliant and witty but should not be taken too seriously.

And of course we must not forget Cheeta, the chimpanzee who is sharing the exhibition with Blake. Star of innumerable Tarzan films, Cheeta's paintings have been

described as 'apestracts', and consist of a couple of swirls of bright colour. The idea of a painting chimp is endearing and it had proved to be a good piece of PR. for Blake, but on balance, Blake's work is the more interesting of the pair.

At the National Gallery until January 5. Entrance is free.



Pause for thought
"La raison n'est pas c'est qui régle l'amour"
Le Misanthrope, Moliere.

Inside the Visible

Inside it's miserable. David Bakstein laments this exhibition of modern women artists

Charlotte Wilkins has more positive comments on the exhibition at the Whitechapel Gallery

The Whitechapel Gallery, usually considered the jewel of the East End (Time Out), currently is the venue of a not so brilliant exhibition titled "Inside the Visible"; one that could lose it its reputation.

Very stunning, indeed, to contemplate the works of modern women artists spanning the last seven decades of this century. Abstract depictions of the female body, role, identify and character by their likes separated into four sections but without any explicit allusions make it hard for the visitor to interpret the sense or to appreciate the beauty of the works. At the beginning the more straight forward art objects like paintings and sculptures so stand out from the rest. But later on mirrors, hair, light beam projectors, porn movies etc, all designed by women exclusively (thirty-seven to be exact) neither convince the experts nor the down to earth customers.

The title is indeed very misleading as well since it is hard to distinguish between the works and the technical inventory of the gallery. The question comes up, "what are the limits of art?". The visitor is inside the invisible unless he or she bumps their head against one of the 'art' object hanging from the ceiling.

To be missed.

Until December 8.

Admission £2, free on Tuesdays.

Inside the Visible consists of the work of thirty-seven female artists and claims to

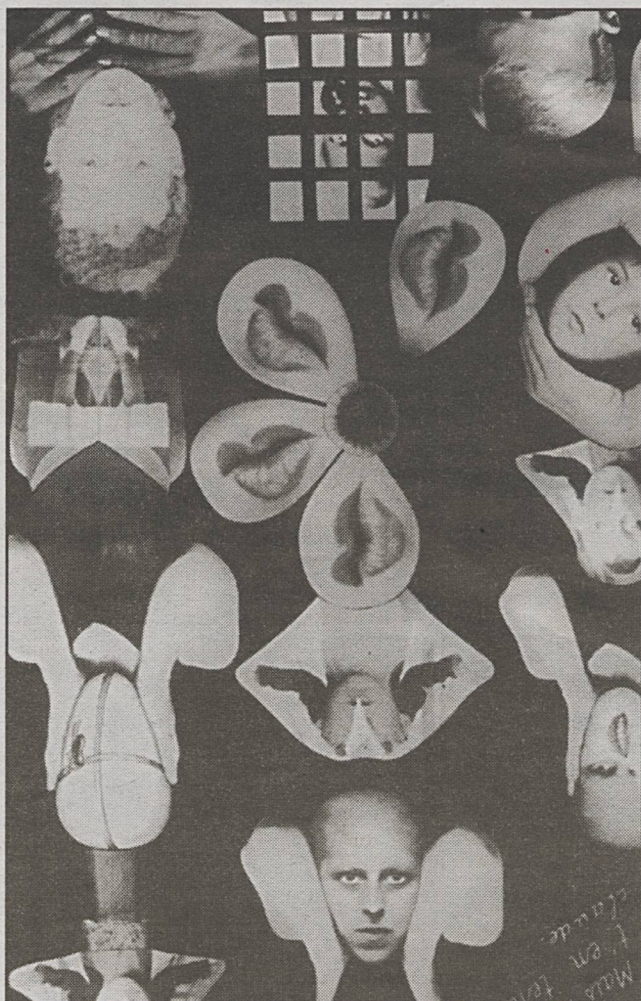
explore hidden themes in twentieth century art through them, especially issues to do with women. But must collections of women's art always be about this? Must women artists always explore their female identities, or might they simply express themselves as artists?

According to the leaflet, the first two sections of the exhibition concern women's identities and the roles they assume. I have no problem with this, except that many of the works in this section appear misplaced, as if they're only there because they didn't quite fit into the other sections. Also, the promising-sounding idea of juxtaposing art from different times and cultural backgrounds somehow hasn't worked out here. Instead of achieving thought-provoking contrast it gives a rather disjointed impression. Incidentally, my favourite in this area is one that seems rather out of place in the whole gallery. Martha Rosler's photo montages criticising the Vietnam war are clever and

very unsettling, but they were created for underground publications, not for gallery showing.

After my weary trudge through the first half of the gallery, the last two sections were a godsend. 'They, said the leaflet, deal with the characteristic ways in which women create art and how their art interacts with the viewer.' To me, they justified the compiling of an exhibition consisting exclusively of women's art. With works ranging from paintings to flour sculptures and installations made with plasticine, string or hair, here I found the fresh, innovative art that upon leaving had me thinking I'd seen something new. Special mention in this area goes to Brazilian Lygia Clark. Her masks, shawls and gloves made from a wide range of materials from muslin to AstroTurf, are meant to be worn. The visitors courage to put on a silly hood in the middle of a gallery is rewarded by the strangest sights and sounds. When I did, I found myself staring back through mirrors attached to the eyeholes.

Inside the Visible is an interesting and highly enjoyable exhibition. My main quibble with it is that the grouping of artworks into different categories often feels somewhat forced. Also, the interpretations which these headings dictate seem to narrow the scope of the works to simply their "feminine" aspect. In the end, the best way to see this exhibition may be to ignore what the curators have said about it and just go with your instincts. The size and variety of it is such, that although many pieces may leave you cold, you are almost certain to find something you like.



This Week's Albums

Boyzone Vs. The Spice Girls

Nicola Hobday, Executive Editor, states the case in favour of Boyzone

Artist: Boyzone

Album: *A Different Beat*

Deep in the roots of a large oak tree that sits by a trickling stream at the far edge of a huge green field in the moist, dark depths of Ireland, lives a group of magic leprechauns. These little leprechauns work day and night to create all the musical talent that comes out of Ireland. They've had a few successful stabs at it in the past: Simple Minds were an early attempt, with U2 they thought they had nearly cracked it, but really only in the past few years have these mystical leprechauns been weaving their magic to its full potential. No, I'm not talking about the too numerous Eurovision song wins, no dear reader I'm referring to those gorgeous Irish popsters known to the masses as Boyzone.

After the departure of the much loved Take That the boy band market has been flooded with numerous pretenders to the crown, however, it seems that the title of top boy band has gone quite rightfully to their Irish cousins in pop. Yes, Boyzone have it all. They have lovely accents, unlike the Spice Girls, they know the value of doing a good cover version, unlike the Spice Girls (although they have a few self penned numbers on this album which are actually quite good), they don't do embarrassing acrobatics, unlike the Spice Girls, they've appeared in an advert with the honey monster, unlike the Spice Girls, none of them have appeared naked in the Sun

(shame!), unlike the Spice Girls, and I'd happily sleep with all of them, unlike the Spice Girls.

So the boyz have come out with a second album, a more mature offering with a few covers and also some numbers written by the lads themselves. The album starts off slowly with a ballad written by Boyzone called *Paradise*, this is a classic Boyzone hit with orchestral backing combining with the



inimitable crooning of Ronan to make a definite number one. Track two shows a departure from the norm with an opening of African chants and tribal drums, the cheeky Irish lads obviously exploring their music origins back to the tribal music of Africa(?). If there is a weak song on the album, heaven forbid (Stop trying to be clever by using non-existent words Nicola! - Music Ed), then it may well be said to be track four which is an unfortunate cover of the Jackson hit *Ben*. Sorry lads but it is just a bit too sickly sweet and falsetto for my liking, one for all the mothers out there perhaps.

All is forgiven with the next track which is a simply angelic, tear jerking, knee weakening, lip trembling, slow dancing hit, *Don't Stop Looking For Love*. If they released this for Christmas then I could personally guarantee that it would go straight to number one as I would buy ten thousand copies myself (to give to my ten thousand friends as presents, yes I do have that many, honest). Ronan is able to demonstrate his superb range with the vocal gymnastics that are required in this song. The next track, *Words*, is already a number one smash hit and needing no appraisal from me. In my view *Words* is not the best track on the album and it was a storming success in the charts. It follows that all further releases from the album should move directly to number one without passing go and stay there until the next album. *Games of Love* is an upbeat tune in the same vein of Take That in it's past greatness. With lyrics such as "We're talking ABC, I'm singing do-re-mi" who could deny Boyzone their rightful place as kings of pop and lyrical gangsters of the highest order. Track eleven is another classic Boyzone hit with Ronan doing what he does best. This one slips down like milk and honey with a pleasing melody and lyrics evoking the beauty of the Irish countryside in the winter. Track thirteen, *Give a Little* shows influence from the George Michael (half of the original boy band) with an upbeat penultimate number to make way for the final track.

Those little leprechauns have obviously been working over time on this album, weaving their magic with their musical shamrocks into the fabric of each track. It's a fine album to be sure. I think I'll just slip off for a nice pint of Guinness. NH

Tom Stone, Music Editor, defends the Spice Girls

Artist: The Spice Girls

Album: *Spice*

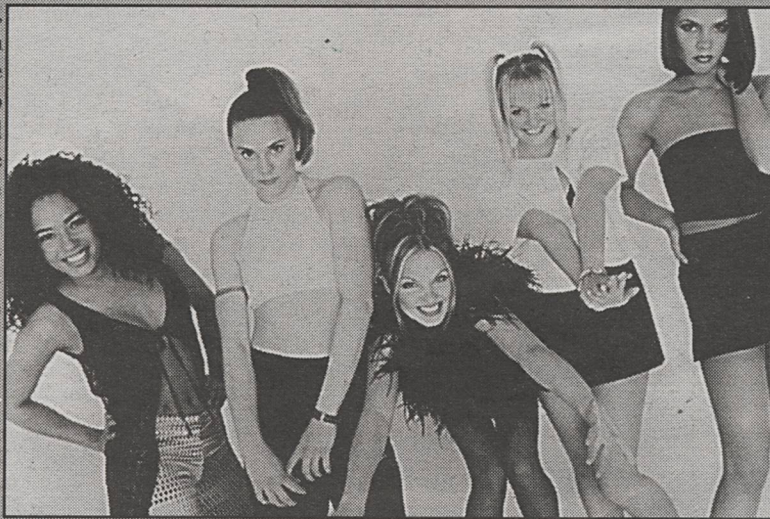
Deep in the bowels of a grimy office block, that stands by a strip joint, at the far edge of Soho, in the dank, dark depths of London, lives a group of record company bosses. These little men work day and night to fabricate a band that will storm the charts single after single, month after month. So, we all know that the Spice Girls are fabricated, but hey, don't write them off just yet, so were Take That, so if your a girl who liked Take That, don't tell me I can't like the Spice Girls because they're fabricated, I know they are, and I don't give a fuck (Well maybe if it was Victoria, the moody one with the dark hair!) No, sorry, I shall continue.

Boy bands are an old, boring, worn out concept that nobody whose got any sense of music taste should be interested in.

Music is all about new ideas, and variation. If music was all one note it would be almost as dull as the US presidential elections, thankfully it's not. Similarly, however, if music is all written by one band, or a variety of bands which are all essentially the same then we'd ultimately reach the situation where all of Boyzone are killed in a drive-by shooting. The Spice Girls are the ultimate hedonistic band, every male in the country who has ever been pissed off by a girl liking Take That, despite the fact that all their

songs were utter shite, and for the sole reason that they fancied them, should love The Spice Girls on principle. Revenge is sweet!

There's one huge great reason for liking The Girls, but what of the album? Well, their accents will keep you smiling when you're feeling glum, unlike Boyzone, whose accents leave you asking "Where did you say they were from?". They know that to do a cover version is to prove that you are



completely void of song writing talent, unlike Boyzone. Okay, so Melanie C's acrobatics aren't the greatest thing in the world, but it has to be remembered that although she is essentially the ugly one in the band, her role is central in their hit *Wannabe*, as she brings the song to it's orgasmic climax with all that "ahahhing". Nicola, since when was Honey Monster cool? If we're talking cool puppets then I have it from a reliable source that all of The Spice Girls have given Kermit T. Frog

himself a blow job that lasted a grand total of 36 hours, and if you don't believe me then look carefully at Melanie B's teeth next time you see the Video for *Wannabe*... yes it's unmistakable... green felt.

I think a rule should be made that all girl bands from now on should appear naked in The Sun, or better still in The Beaver, shortage of photographers was it Nicola?... Sorted! As for sleeping with them, well I'd sleep with The Spice Girls even if I was a girl, well except for Melanie C. of course.

Listening to the album with my house mate Ruthless Rich we were stunned... Rich's jaw dropped open and he actually put down his gun. I had to find a seat and prepare another bucket so that I could fully appreciate the vibes. Rich noted the Hip-Hop influences in some of the tracks, and I have to admit that some of those basslines, and some of the production is slicker than something that's really quite slick actually. My fave bit on the album has to be the Spanish rapping on the final track, it's just too cool! A close second for favourite bit is the harmonica solo on *Say You'll Be There* which kicks arse.

As for Christmas number one? Well Nicola I know that Boyzone are complete crap, and as far as Irish music goes *My Lovely Horse* by Father Ted is ten times better, but surely you must be more confident of their success than to have to go out and buy 10,000 copies yourself? I personally guarantee, and what's more bet you £20 that The Spice Girls will be number one, and I won't buy a single copy! TS

Retro

Renegade

Artist: Renegade Soundwave

Album: *1987-96*

In the good old days RSW swam the waters of industrial and drank the weeds of dance. They were outsiders with insiders knowledge, very cool and very influential. Now after nine years and four LPs they've left Mute and to celebrate is this comprehensive double CD collection. Covering such a wide time scale means this CD is not perfect and sadly the 87-89 tracks don't fare that well. The emphasis on big crime; Kray Twins, dirty sex and drugs *Cocaine Sex*. Violence: *Biting my nails* and urban hell in general seem crass and tired today. In the harsh, wise and multi styled light of 1996 these groundbreaking tracks seem badly dated. They tend to come across like a nastier Pop Will Eat Itself or a poor man's Meat Beat Manifesto. While innovative (News at Ten samples and clanking beats) they nevertheless tend to flog a single idea and sound. Of course this is all with hindsight and I'd probably loved them at the time. But now through imitation and overtaking in styles all freshness is lost from these tracks. They leave only a respectful affection and abuse of the fast forward button.

After a two year gap the band returned with the excellent self titled single. Similar to Lionrock's *Packet of peace* it's a beautiful comedown of a song with gentle rapping over a swish urban backing. It's that feeling of walking the early morning sun washed streets wired and tired after that mad night out. The next few tracks are similar with guitars, dance beats and vocals. Things change with *Packet of porn* which is more laid back, menacing and epic in a versatile way. The songs then become more unusual and enjoyable in themselves. They head more towards house and a *Screamadelica* like mix of dance and rock. Even *Probably a robbery* evokes the cockney violence of the early days and makes it listenable. These songs are far more fluid and enjoyable with beautiful piano, guitar sliding, smart rapping and subtle, deft dance beats. Clued in, chilled out, clubbed up and honed down this is the band at their best. A definite appetiser for their later LPs: *The next chapter of dub* and *How you doin'*, it's these I'd recommend along with a quick change over to CD2.

The second CD emphasises the more varied and dance oriented side of RSW. On these remixes the massive influence they've had becomes clear. It's like a journey through the night sounds of a city. Imagine Transglobal Underground speeding down the road of urban chaos. The blend of styles makes for a massive soundclash of deep dub, crashing rhythms, scratching, twisted brass and vocal snippets. The funky abstract jazz recall Sabres or Portishead. Meanwhile *Thunder* and *Transworld siren*, are all epic piano and rising beats that embrace the joys of house. Things get better the more you go on. *Renegade Priest* is stunning, mixing classical effects and driving dub. However the standout piece is one of my favourite ever dance tracks; *RSW-the Leftfield remix*. This is a regular on the Chemical Brothers mixes and it's obvious why: it's utterly brilliant. Funky beats, deep thumps and hard tense techno bleeps build, drive relentlessly forward and burst in breathtaking glory. It's music that club nights are made perfect by.

This is a diverse, interesting and at times excellent compilation. What happens now for RSW is anyone's guess. In the meantime I'd advise you to check this out.

Alan Mustafa

Single Minded

Artist: Peach
Single: From This Moment On

The original version of this sounded too much like an Ace Of Base hit, ie best forgotten. The first mix was better, with a more energetic, trancey vibe. It almost began to look promising - until the vocals began - and the Ace Of Base influence was well and truly back. The other mixes continue trying to shed the original's pop image. It verges on being pretty happening, but is never bold enough to escalate into the heady heights of true trance or techno. They even try a jungle mix (my favourite) and it's pretty good, especially as their lead singer doesn't sing any words in this one - she just "do...do"s a bit. Ultimately the track's too slow to sound satisfyingly junglistic.

Basically it all sounds too raw and tentative to be distinctive. On the basis of this single Peach need to decide whether their outfit is cheese dance, hardish house, jungle, or Ace Of Base. Methinks they've got some ripening to do. **Shabnum Hasan**

Artist: Komputer
Single: Looking Down On London

Swish synths. Cold and rigid beats. Robotic backing singing. This is Kraftwerk, right? Hang on because there's something else. Deadpan vocals describe a journey across London. This mixes the steely ethereal nature with an earthy cockney warmth. Yes this is a blatant, veering on satirical copy of Kraftwerk yet harder beats and surges drag the style through the innovations of techno to make it relevant for today. It's a beautiful and timeless sound.

It's odd to hear a band resurrect an outdated view of the future. In the 70s Kraftwerk were visionary sonic innovators and remain one of the most important and influential bands ever. However today many draw on the Germans sound but few replicate it. Perhaps that's why this single sounds so damn exciting and so.....FRESH AND BEAUTIFUL. It's a joy to hear something retro nicking from something other than the sodding Beatles. It's also a joy to hear something with so much style, grace and promise. **Alan Mustafa**

Nothing To Say

Artist: Jocasta
Single: Something To Say

Jocasta paint a gloomy picture about life. They are an indie-style guitar based rock band who make songs about how life has hurt them. They think it's cool and clever, but it's just sad. We've heard it all before, and we're bored! They sound like a bit like Radiohead, or a quieter version of the Manics. Their music is just average - nothing special. The only track on the CD that is remotely interesting is Mesmerising Milla: It seems like a normal mellow song until they



transform into The Sex Pistols halfway through.

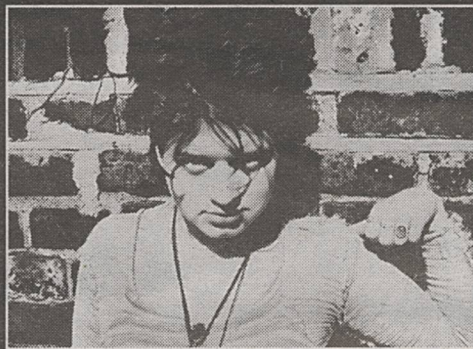
Unfortunately, for their third single *Something To Say*, they chose to play it safe, appealing to the masses with a commercial sounding tune. That's the trouble with the world today - people are always trying to be like everybody else. Why are people scared to be different? There is no room in the already overcrowded music market for Jocasta until they start playing songs which have choruses containing more than two chords.

Sunil Sodha

Going Crazy...

Artist: Nut
Single: Crazy

"Am I bored, am I shy, am I scared, am I mad, Am I crazy, goin' crazy, goin' crazy, goin' crazy" Damn it. Can't get it out of my damn head. I'll probably be humming this to myself everywhere I go: in the loo, in the shower, in the tube, in class... All those jangly guitars, that wonderful beat, that strange, lilting voice... Shit, I never thought I'd get hooked on to this kind of stuff. Whatever my previous thoughts were about Nut (Nut?! Who in her right mind would call herself Nut?! What kind of music would a Nut play? etc), I was forced to do an about turn and admit the impossible. Nut is good, much better than good. Nut is destined for great things. Great songwriting, catchy rhythms, great music... she's got it all sorted. The second song 'Junk', however, is a bit junky, if not

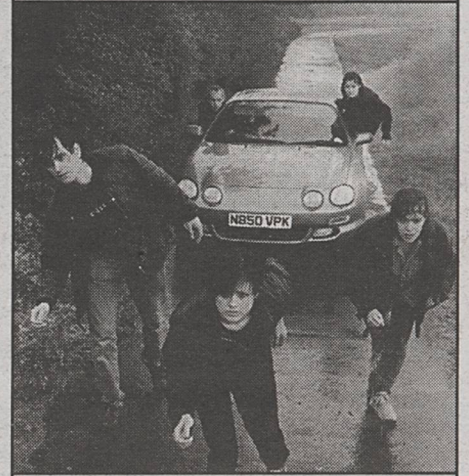


altogether crappy. Too psychedelic /experimental for my tastes. She shouldn't do these types, they just don't fit in. But then everyone's got a bit of weirdness in them anyway, so, to each his/her own and all that crap. However it is kinda funny trying to imagine Jesus in a junk shop. 'Damn' is again all jangly guitars, but with more crunch with the electric guitars pushed to the fore. Catchy song, but for the damn life of me I can't remember any of the lyrics.

Love it anyway. Actually, all these songs sound very Lemonheads-like. Could that possibly be Evan Dando, being the mad nutter that he is, trying to impersonate a woman? Hmm...one wonders. Well, whatever the case, try to catch a bit of Nut on her way up, and crunch down on some great head-bopping, toe-tapping tunes. Shit, I still can't get it out of my head. **Riezal Sufian.**

Artist: Tiger
Single: My Puppet Pal

This is Tiger's second single, and it's not bad at all. They won the 'best new band' at this year's 'Camden Crawl', apparently (which isn't too much of an



accolade, judging by some of the crap that's come out of Camden over the years). However, this motors along quite nicely, despite the inconsequential subject-matter - unless I'm missing some deep allegory, it's about a puppet who is "made in heaven with hair from Notting Hill". A little lo-fi for my tastes perhaps, but they should be pretty good live - watch this space for a review in the New Year. **Toby Mason**

Artist: Stereophonics
Single: Looks Like Chaplin

Oasis, take a step back. Make way for the new British and world indie kings. They will take the world by storm when they release their debut single on November 11. World, get ready to be rocked. Nirvana is not dead after all!

This single is just so bloody great! I can just sit here and praise them all day. They won't only be 'stereophonics' but also radiophonics, carphonics and every other kind of phonics. I would say though, that they had loads of practice. The ten year old drummer Stuart and bass player Richard met singer/guitarist Kelly when she was only six!! Well there will be definitely more to come out of them in the future.

Amir Absoud

More Albums...

Artist: Various
Album: Shoot tha Pump

Yes y'all, it's hip hop, but it's not shit hip-hop. Because Gangsta-rap is heavy metal. Strip down all that ho-bashing guntalk and you're left with the same power-dreaming macho posturing. Listened to by sorry innadequate wannabees (usually middle class white boys) without girlfriends. Too much hip-hop is full of this small phallus over-compensating nonsense. Hence this fresh and most downright dynamic musical form is wasted on sorry tales of hos, crack, bitches, rocks, guns, weed and more hos (plural of ho, by the way). Usually the more sensationalist the lyrics, the less sensational the music. Attention-grabbing bluster to divert the listener's attention away from the poor quality of the DJ, and the music itself. Like, fuck G-funk.

So this is where "Shoot tha Pump" comes in. Ditching the soap box OG guntalk and just getting down. You see, it bounces, shuffles, grooves, beats, pumps and just chugs along like you would not believe. There are no lyrics: it just rocks like a bastard.

Like, no-one cares that Cypress Hill smoke marijuana. Because it's not a) hard, b) interesting c) unusual. Instead of the sound

of a load of old men squealing in ridiculously high-pitched voices "Yes, I smoke some shit, and then I sit down, and then I smoke some more shit", this is the sound of something far better. The sound of an underground New York Block Party where the tunes are superfly perfect, the beer is cold, the girls are beautiful, the chaps are cool and the drugs are wicked. Hurrah!

The tracks are all fairly obscure, but this is fine. They're very competently mixed by DJs Rizz and Sizzahands, so the whole thing flows along like a very smooth thing. The beats and breaks are handled with the flair and panache of the immensely talented but the restraint of the self-aware: with the timing of a bomb disposal expert, and the god-damn soul of James Brown, were he dead and not a fat passed-it bastard.

You haven't experienced rocking andrenalin headfunk until you've heard the triumphant finale that is the "Shake It Baby" mix of "Shake What Your Mama Gave Ya". It's all sampled brass section spy themes, superfly cranky old funk guitars, lolloping fat bass, squelchy noises, hard edged rapid-fire breakbeats and some bloke shouting the title of the song, very loudly, over and over again. It is of course, gloriously fantastic. C'mon, bounce, as the record says. **IH**

Artist: Tricky
Album: Pre-Millennium Tension

Tricky's new album Pre-Millennium Tension is likely one of the most widely-anticipated follow-up discs of the year, but its also one that might cost him a good deal of mainstream support. Not that I think that will bother him.

Loyal fans might get a shock straight from the lead track, *Vent*. At first, you might even think the song was put there just in case anyone was thinking of pigeonholing the band. Its not exactly the most accessible way to start off an album, but then, this isn't a particularly accessible album. The best way to describe it is that its something like the state you can reach at about three or four in the morning, when you're winding down after a long night and your mind is simply travelling in an alternate dimension. If you like that state of mind, and you want to achieve it with out loss of sleep or chemical expense, then you can throw this disc on at any time. Its hard to believe that the album was recorded in rural Jamaica; you wouldn't think that an album this frantic and tense could be made anywhere but in a dark, sprawling metropolis, say Gotham City. Speaking of tension, even though the record company claims it is "fantastically titled",

the disc name is, luckily, the only unoriginal thing on the album. *Pre-Millennium Tension* is moodier than debut album *Maxinquaye*. Its also more textured, with more going on at once; fuzz, feedback, distortion, backwards and unexpected samples, and beats that seem to fade in and out of syncopation. What seems at first listen to be mellow and subdued is in fact continually edgy and off-balance. There aren't the driving melodic tunes of some of *Maxinquaye*'s more notable tracks. In fact, the first single, *Christiansands*, is perhaps the only track that is any sort of throwback to *Maxinquaye* at all, and you can just picture record company execs seizing upon it with relief. Comparing new albums with old ones too closely is clearly dangerous. This is the perennial dilemma of the avid music fan - we want our bands to evolve, but well, maybe not too much. On the other hand, after a few listens of *Pre-Millennium Tension*, you may begin to think that what you're hearing is not just tinged with chaos, but with actual genius. I think this album clearly establishes Tricky as a musician's musician. If he can drag some of his mainstream audience down his own particular twisted path, then more power to him. **Jennifer Prittie**

Gigs Around Town

Feeding us Rock

Exclusive Interview with Rock Gods Feeder

Feeder @ Dingwalls, Camden.

It was a cold, dark wintry night, when perchance we stumbled on a really dodgy place called Camden Dingwalls, and it is very dodgy after dark. The purpose of our visit was to check out the *Future Sound of Music* tour, sponsored by Kerrang. (Bible for all moshers everywhere). The idea behind the tour was to showcase new up and coming British rock. What's more one of the 'metalhead' bands had agreed to be interviewed, namely Feeder, headliners on the last night of the tour.

Our entry was less than dignified; we sneaked into the building where the bands were by following some guy with a mobile phone, like you do. The venue was suitably dark and 'atmospheric' and we found ourselves surrounded by groupies, not for us though I hasten to add. Then out of the dark came Grant Nichols, lead singer with Feeder and a thoroughly nice chap. First impressions were, he's cute and looks like that bloke from Bush. (Gavin Rossdale the lead singer for those not in the know). Through our intrepid questioning (!) we found out that he was from South Wales, though the sheep skin jacket did give it away somewhat, and that he had been in London for the past seven years firstly as a sound engineer, then as a member of Feeder. As we squatted at the back of the building (the glimmers of rock and roll eh?) he was soon joined by the drummer Jon who was also Welsh and Take the Japanese bassist. So I cried 'musical influences?', and got a suitably strange reply which included Abba, the Carpenters, Kiss and general 70s rock. As it turned out they would like to be classed as a 'heavy pop band', and in all

fairness they do have a poppy kind of sound but still with a big emphasis on heavy.

Then I discovered that they had played at CBGBs, that famous rock palace where anybody who is anybody has played:

"The first thing we saw was a cockroach and there was no door on the toilet, but the sound was great!" Still in a little awe I ventured to ask how it was that they had got to work with Chris Sheldon, producer with Shed Seven, Terrorvision and the Almighty. It turned out that Grant had worked with him in the studio and had progressed from making him tea to co-producing their album



with him. My other main area of personal concern was the state of 'Britrock' today, and their views were mainly reassuring as they pointed to Shed Seven, A. Crazy Gods of Endless Noise and Lodestar, the latter two touring with them currently. Finally the question to weed out the one hit wonders from the bands who will really make it: Do you want to be Famous? "Yes we want to make our mark on the world but through the music." A refreshingly honest and simple answer, from a honest band.

Later we stuck around to see if they could cut it live. The first band on stage was Crazy Gods of Endless Noise, a hard funk/punk outfit and thoroughly enjoyable. Not to mention the fact that the lead singer Ant, had a perfect body and kept diving into the crowd, oh how I wished I was standing at the front! However he could do little wrong in this reviewer's eyes as he later gave me his autograph and his phone number! Okay, okay, so he only gave me his autograph.

Lodestar was the next band and they included some ex-members of Senses. They were much more experimental and dark in their songs. Even though the lead singer was dressed in a suit, taking a leaf out of Morrissey's book maybe? They managed to belt out some very Gothic numbers. One of their songs was so low that they ended up using two bass guitars. They were an acquired taste. Then came Feeder and the place became packed tighter than Pamela Anderson's swimsuit. They played their most ferocious track first, *Descend*, and we were all in mosh heaven. However they also played a couple of slower tracks, and the bassist Take, even with the flu looked rather fetching in his orange boiler suit and his antenna hair! As for the drummer, throughout the interview and even before walking on stage he was seen with beer in his hand, and therefore was playing at his most energetic. They played the songs fast and furiously, yet with enough emotion to touch a girl's heart! Grant's sublime and disorientated views on life came out in through his lyrics, accentuated with deceptively simple guitar riffs. All in all just like their final encore song it was a *Perfect Day*.

Anita

Artist: Phil Campbell
Mini-Album: Freefall EP

Being born and raised in a strictly Christian household seems to have a major impact on your musical career. Maybe once you know what it's like to sing in church you're especially tempted to go out and show the world that music can be much better than that. Whatever, Phil Campbell is surely one of the above species (as are Heather Nova, Tori Amos, Bono and Lenny Kravitz). Making music since the age of nine it took the Glasgow boy only twelve years to finally end up with EMI and it shows.

With his eponymous six-track EP released last week multi-instrumentalist Phil Campbell gives a taste of his talent, both vocally and in composition. Backed with solemn piano accords the beautiful *Freefall* reminds of some sad John Lennon song, carrying the listener away on an emotional wave. In *This Is History* he walks over to his acoustic guitar and finally in *Funride* brings piano and guitar together, all in never-ending harmonic tension - though not for a single moment does Phil step away from his underlying sadness, giving his songs a unique touch somewhere between Tom Waits and Stevie Winwood, both of whom he admires.

Whether he's a big talent or just plain blessed (go to church and you'll become a star!), Phil Campbell is on his way to the top and with his debut album, released early next year, we'll hopefully hear more from him soon.

Malte Gerhold

A Dream of London

Dreams can predict the future...

Artist: Future Sound Of London
Album: Dead Cities

This is a dream. It's disturbing, exhilarating and ever so strange. I'm being dragged in and I think I like it. My journey is accompanied, indeed dominated by sound. It is a magnificent and unique sound. It is literally the stuff that dreams are made of. It is the Future Sound of London. It is both sound and vision and something much more.

(Reality check: The FSOL are the ultimate in techno in every sense of the word. Faceless, perverse, alien, futuristic but tied to the ancient power of nature. Their tour is via ISDN digital phone lines on the radio. They won't play live in the conventional way. Technology is their voice. It matters not who they are or what they say. They just are. They are indeed the future of sound.)

I'm in a huge web of audio power. I hear snatches of desperate shouts. There's dark twisting and deep primal drums over there. Things shift. Discordant organ bursts throb, adding to the tension. Sometimes there's injections of melancholic wails and a lonely flute and piano. At one point there's explosive searing techno and robotic vocals. At another is sublime trip hop and tense

drum and bass. I dance in joy and stand in awe all at once. This is a good dream.

(Sadly reality creeps in as recent magnificent single *My kingdom* is a point of familiarity. It's weaving melody and soaring vocals sound even better in the context of the album. Like the amazing 'Independence Day' style video it holds the beauty of some otherworldly deliverance that mixes with the threat of harsh domination.)

I'm drifting and swaying to this orchestration of urban hell. Dusty sunlight filters through the shells of discarded skyscrapers. People huddled in the ruins gaze skyward and raise their hands in desperate salvation. This is the soundtrack to the sunset over the urban dream. This is the beauty in apocalypse. The sight of flowers blooming in the wasteland and new shimmering lifeforms floating in the grimy air. This is the sound of existence swallowed whole, chewed up and spat out as some glorious chaos.

(I wake up even though I've not been asleep. You don't need to dream to hear these glorious sounds. Just buy the faultless and utterly amazing new FSOL album *Dead cities*. You know it makes [non-] sense.)

Alan Mustafa

Video Culture

Faten enjoys Neneh Cherry's new album, but begins to wonder why...

MTV, VH-1, Video Soul and The Box are, to the ever increasing amount of cable watchers, their first taste of any new single. So it's often the first impression you get on the screen in front of you that keeps you watching - and listening.

Take Buster Rhymes - seeing men jumping around in a claustrophobic box, wearing straight jackets and yelling "yaw, yaw, yaw. Yaw, yaw" in my face, left me unable to bear listening to them on the radio for a good three months. Watching Whigfield in a napkin-size towel bouncing up and down as she prepared for her *Saturday night*, was an immediate reach for the remote control. And even Mariah Carry, swinging over a lake in her video for *Always be my Baby*, leaves you wishing that she and her doleful eyes would take a plunge and drown all our sorrows.

Yet, tucked away amidst this mass of music videos are those that tell a story or attempt to reveal some 'deeper meaning' than the shake-your-butt-in-my-face craze that's currently going around (take any video from Naughty by Nature). Finding these can be difficult since, as my younger brother put it so well: "there's no such thing as a deeper level and, well, you're not supposed to understand the lyrics to Cypress Hill".

Forgive me for being a little old fashioned but groundbreaking videos such as Queen's *Bohemian Rhapsody* or even Jackson's *Black & White*, can play a dual function: not only do they addict you into repeatedly watching them (in the hope that you then buy them) but they also manage to fuel the music industry (and perhaps your own sad cable-viewing life) with both originality and state of the art graphics.

On that note, I draw your attention to Neneh Cherry's latest release - *Woman*, from her album *Man*. I love the song, I love the album yet, since I'm about the only person I've met who does, I'm struck by the funny feeling that I'm hooked for the simple reason that I was awe struck by my first impressions - the video. Shallow really but I'll try and give my reasons by setting the scene to the song.

A grim and sparsely filled pub, silent men all staring vacantly as they mimic actions such as drinking beers, smoking cigarettes or pouring drinks. (Note the word mimic - any item of any value or warmth has been removed from their possession). A man enters the pub groping all over a (non-existent) woman and, as you start to wonder where everything is (since stroking an imaginary woman looks kinda weird when shown outside of a fantasy), the lyrics zoom in on you: "There ain't a woman/girl in this world that can't deliver love in a man's world" and just as men get kicks of superiority by listening to James Browns *Man's world*, so every woman should be left empowered with the thought that "her blood flows through every man".

So chicks, the overall vibe here is that it's the women that complete men's lives. Just as women are renowned for making a house into a home, this theme is strongly portrayed here - the men can perform the act of drinking yet they only do so from an empty glass. So the video and song go hand in hand introducing you to the album. Including the hit *7 Seconds*, this album is full of powerful lyrics matched with mellow tunes befitting of any Sade CD.

Man is an album that reaches out to both sexes from the perspective of a woman strong on her own sense of identity and offering us all a part of that. Or maybe I'm just blinded by the video. **Faten Bizzari**

Wind of change

Nina Soteri looks back in anger

To those observant LSE students who made it safely back from the summer vacation to the confines of the various LSE owned buildings scattered along Kingsway, it would appear that "a wind of change" has swept our reverent institution in the time we have been away. With it has gone the familiar name of the "Royalty Theatre" and the dull colours of our homely Brunch Bowl, and in their place, the awkward title of the "Peacock Theatre" and the funky (NOT!) brown and orange colours that now adorn our famous ('cos it got mentioned on University Challenge!) LSE cafeteria.

In addition, the LSE has taken possession of another building (we'll own the whole of London by the millenium!!) confusingly for some, entitled "Clement House" (which many a fresher has mistaken for St Clement's in the first few weeks of term! - maybe there is some truth in the rumour that the A-level gold standard is slipping!!!) The highlight of which is the new "Cafe Pepé", which was promoted with the description that it has "a view of the Thames", though anyone who has ventured up to the third floor will have

discovered that whilst there is a spec of truth in this, it is only if you hang between the cafe's two windows at an angle of 45 degrees, with the wind blowing in a certain direction forcing the trees to bend and if at that precise moment an atom bomb happens to go off, knocking down all the buildings that find themselves placed between the Strand and the river bank, then, and only then, will you have a view of the Thames. By which point your coffee will have probably gone cold.

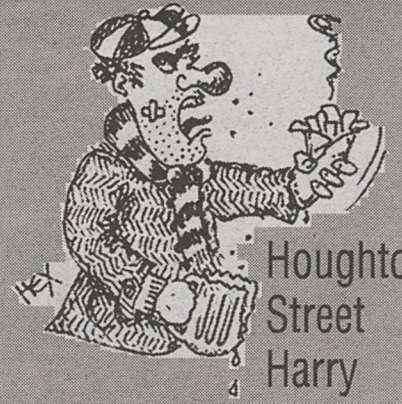
None of these developments however, are as disturbing as the changes which have taken place in our much loved Brunch Bowl. The colours I can just about stomach (certainly more so than the food that is on offer!), but what I find completely unbearable is the laboratory style, quarantine area smoking section which has been erected. Not only does it cast the image of a seriously contagious disease observation clinic, but it also has very poor ventilation, and at the height of the lunch hour visibility is restricted to a grand total of 10 cms, with respiration being a non-event.

The greatest void of all however, has to

be the lamentable loss of our riotous balcony boys; the UGM this year unfortunately bordering dangerously close to being civilised! - perhaps a new sabbatical post should be created for these finer elements of LSE studentdom that have sadly passed from our midsts, in search of greater heights. (nay! could there be such a thing!!)

When will all these distressing changes cease? Perhaps it would therefore be prudent, in light of the rapidly changing character of the institution that we once knew and loved, to call on the powers that be to leave the Three Tuns as it is, as entertaining as the thought of our sexy ents officer down on all fours cleaning the bar's carpet with his toothbrush. There is only so much change that we LSE homies can tolerate! After all, at heart we truly adore the Tuns in its present state with its shabby decor - it makes us scruffy students feel at ease with our surroundings and anything too upmarket would be thoroughly intimidating in comparison!!

Nina Soteri has several other bizarre fantasies involving sabbatical officers and toothbrushes.



The start of the academic year inevitably sees widespread panic across the country as students everywhere realise that a summer of excesses has left them resembling Roy Chubby Brown on a rapid weight gain scheme. Look around you at LSE, for example, and a large proportion of your friends will be desperately joining every gym in sight in a frantic and somewhat forlorn attempt to become the spitting image of their Baywatch favourites. Biceps like David Charvet, a washboard stomach like David Hasselhoff and boobs like Gina Lee Nolin are what they all aspire to (although I would be more than satisfied if any girl that I knew had tits like David Hasselhoff). What our sweat-infested friends fail to realise is that the silicone valley (Pamela Anderson's chest) is an impossible aspiration, the domain only of Californian beach babes and dudes that come from an entirely different gene pool to mere mortals like the rest of us. I've therefore come to the conclusion that the whole exercise imperative is a massive waste of time.

I too was one of the exercise crew and spent the whole of last summer killing myself on a treadmill and eating a diet composed of lentils, cabbage and low fat celery sticks in order to lose about one pound, which I put back on as soon as I returned to LSE and sucked on a polo mint while smelling a bacon sandwich in Wright's bar. Even if I followed Slimfast's advice, consuming a delicious diet consisting only of no-cal milkshakes, I'd still need about twenty sessions of liposuction treatment a day in order to resemble a beach god (or in truth even to resemble Sam Parham).

I take great solace, though, in the indisputable observation that British people that exercise are always hideously deformed anyway, thus explaining the need to go to the gym in the first place. Go into the LSE gym in the basement of the old building, and witness in awe the procession of gremlins and ET clones that run rampage down there, proof if ever it were needed that beauty is a state of mind rather than a state of gut...honest.

Gymnasiums are places of torture for men especially, because male pride does strange things to you whenever you approach a bench press machine. If we spot a pretty woman (or the gymnasium equivalent of a pretty woman...somebody that doesn't resemble the love child of Andrew Lloyd Webber and Esther Rantzen) then we are immediately prone to hormonal rushes. We all assume that we should act like Arnold Schwarzenegger, when acting like Arnold Palmer or Arnold from Different Strokes would be entirely more appropriate. The problem is further compounded by the fact that I'm only a little fella (although don't worry ladies, I'm plenty big enough where it counts etc etc).

So ignore the pressure to exercise against your will, and instead go on a crash diet of pies, burgers and beer. Look at David Mellor as a positive role model. He's a fat, cockney, balding, smelly twat (allegedly, please don't sue) and yet he's still beating them off with a shitty stick. If he can pull, then there has to be hope for the rest of us. Even for you, Coops...

HSB is currently on a shopping jaunt at High and Mighty.

Meat me half way!

Jonathan Black has a major beef

Fresh from two hours of political theory, I passed a poster for the LSE Vegetarian Society. Being the novice philosopher that I am supposed to be, I found myself asking a very simple question. Why? Why, would anybody wish to be a vegetarian?

There isn't a reason, just a pathetic excuse. For this so-called reason is an attempt by veggies to claim a moral high ground. The reason I am talking about, of course, is that it is cruel to eat animals. What absolute rubbish. Why is it cruel - that is what they are there for. Cows have virtually no other functions, other than to be served up with roast potatoes and two veg for my Sunday dinner. Cows, sheep, chicken and whatever other meat takes your fancy are designed to be eaten. Moreover, we are designed to eat them. For the benefit of veggies, the two sets of pointy teeth in our mouth are designed for the consumption of meat. If we were meant to eat lettuce and grass we would have an appendix the size of a rabbit's. What would we do with all our cows if we didn't eat them? There is no practical argument against meat, and no moral one either. Although it must be said that the way we go about bringing meat from the field to our dinner table is at times appalling. So, we are still left asking our initial question - Why? Simple. Veggies are

fussy. They don't like meat, and rather than confessing to be fussy, they claim some sort of moral 'opt-out'. Fussy people masquerading as moral objectors. Evidence for this is everywhere. How many veggies regularly eat dairy products? Most. Why? Because they like milk in their tea and are rather partial to a bit of chocolate now and again. Even worse, look how many eat fish and chicken. Being a vegetarian has nothing to do with moral statements but with down right fussiness.

Because so many of us normal eaters have failed to see through this 'opt-out', we sympathise and make an effort. Rather than dishing them up roast beef, we produce aubergine mousakka. How do they react to our thoughtfulness? Do they thank us? No, of course they bloody don't, they tell us that they are allergic to aubergines. Do they repay our efforts by preparing meat for us? No. They expect us to give them vegetables, but wouldn't dream of serving us meat. It's utter hypocrisy. I have come to the conclusion that it is time to retaliate. The next time I am dished up chick-pea curry by a veggie, I shall claim to have a moral objection to eating vegetables, or that I am allergic to anything other than red meat. I shall become a 'carnivarian'. Plants do have rights as well you know.



London's premier veggie institution

LSE Top Ten: The best of our toffs and scruffs

1. Dan Crowe: Closet toff and Garrick club member.
2. Jonathan Black: Sounds like Johnny Briggs, acts like Johnny Major.
3. Dev Cropper: Rolf from the muppets in disguise. Is he a slaphead beneath that hat?
4. Samantha Means: High class Tory escort girl.
5. Garth Mullins: Newly dreadlocked old Etonian.
6. Pron Bose: Overly pierced ugly bastard and daddy's boy
7. Jason from Passfield: Wannabe ghetto boy that can't shake rich boy roots.
8. Nick Collins: Blundells head boy and soggy biscuit 1st team captain.
9. Nicola Hobday: longs for a double-barrelled surname.
10. Carrie Brecht: Essex slapper in public school facade.

Stick that up yer arse, Royal Free

Medics need equipment surgically removed

Lse 2nd XI 2 - 1 RFH 2nd XI

James Sullivan



Royal Free's Keeper gets it where he likes it

The second XI gathered in Houghton Street looking ill-prepared and ill-organised as ever. Shit was filling the pants until 'Jumperman' Foot was collared outside the Old Building with neither kit nor stick, and persuaded to strengthen the LSE squad to ten! Our arrival via two tubes, aimless walking, a train and a Ford

Montego, while leaving two players at Finsbury Park tube station could have been construed as taking the scenic route. Much thanks must go to the opposition who stuck around for an extra hour in the vain hope that they could perform alongside the star studded cast of the LSE's international packed line-up.

Of course, the problems did not end there. The opposition had entered into the dastardly plot of trying to deceive us by playing in an identical kit cunning swines. Not cunning enough though, as LSE dominated the first half with dazzling defence, blistering breaks and amazing attacks.

But that was merely foreplay, as the superior penetration of the LSE strike-force drove a gaping hole in the Royal Free defence; culminating in the corner from which Rau "The God" Shah banged home the opener with the touch of a man in form.

Unabated and with renewed vigour a second goal was created for wonder winger James Sullivan. A probing passing movement led to crisp through ball by that man Rau again, the final touch of class being added with a deceptively good finish from the edge of the area.

Netball queens divorced by Kings

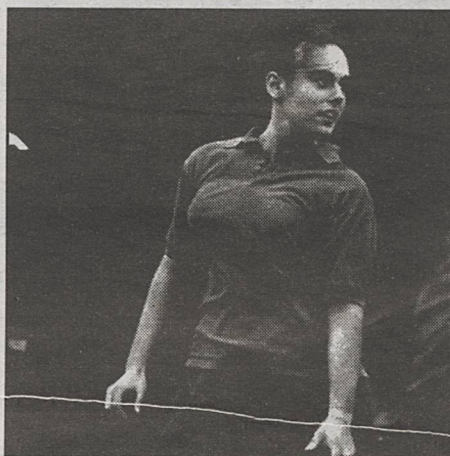
Kings VII Plenty - Hardly any LSE VII

This week, our lovely leggy ladies, queens of the pitch and veritable beasts of the party, wandered their weary way to Kings, Berrylands, in a desperate quest for the lesser-spotted tall, dark and handsome.

Having carried out an exhaustive search on their home 'manor', and discovered that the only inhabitants were of the squat spoddy variety, it was most definitely time to try further afield. So, the pert pixies went to pastures new, which were reportedly rich with fresh young talent, ripe for picking.

As you know, pets win prizes, and so it was that our little chipmonks were not to go home empty handed. They made hay while the sun shone, but the sun didn't last and the seasons went too fast. Finally the time was nigh to return home, where the lads were waiting, wet, wild, pimply and podgy, but at least there's Ben, who said "If I was to re-

write the alphabet, sweetness, I'd put U and I together!"



Back by popular demand: netball's popular pair

IC twatted by Smith's Sixths

LSE cruise to victory

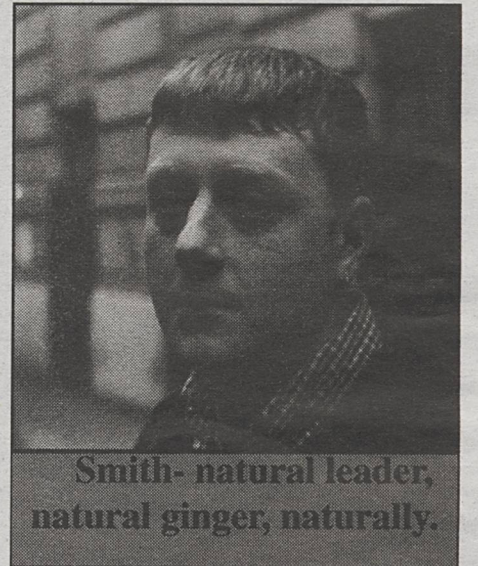
LSE 6th XI 8 - 1 IC 6th XI

Ben Newton

As we stepped onto the Berrylands pitch in our luminous orange bibs to face the worst team in London, you could have cut the tension with a knife. We had ten subs for the game due to new FIFA regulations which stipulate that the team must have one person in the squad for each ugly minger the captain has pulled during his time at LSE (you'll need more than ten reserves to do that- Sports Eds). The squad was strengthened by new recruits Chris Camp (who is the Kerrie Henderson of the team) and Gavin Freeman (playing in the Christine Wright role).

When Imperial finally turned up half an hour late, they claimed that they had been stuck in traffic, but we later heard that they had all been queuing for the toilets (so intimidating is our team's reputation). Straight away LSE's mighty team sensed the referee was going to struggle to keep up with the pace of the game. It was just a gut feeling the lads had after the 67 year old silverbird was wheeled on to the pitch. This feeling was proved correct when he gave a penalty after 10 minutes. Gavin Freeman (representing the Three Tuns Furniture Company) was clearly fouled by an Imperial defender who harshly and unfairly kicked the ball. Decathlon world record holder 'Captain Ginger' stepped up to take the spot kick and clinically buried his foot in the turf, and the ball trickled in under the helpless keeper's arms.

A second goal was to follow after a mistake by Stevie Wonder in the Imperial



Smith- natural leader, natural ginger, naturally.

goal presented Freeman with a tap in. The third goal was scored by Shahin and was brilliantly layed on by Newton with skill reminiscent of his lookalike Rudd Gullit. Imperial managed a goal in reply, but a super strike from Sergio made it 4 - 1 by halftime.

The second half belonged to Freeman, as he netted three more times, including a cracking 20-yarder. Sergio added his second which left the final score at 8 - 1. Man of the match was given to the brilliant Gavin, and if you want to know more about his performance, contact Hannah Slattery in Rosebery Hall. So Tom Smith's army frogmarch on towards their second win of the season and then ultimately, world domination.

Magic Mulligan can't stop scoring

"You thick twat!" screams André Granditsch

LSE 3rd XI 4 - 2 QMW 3rd XI

James Mulligan

With confidence at sky high levels, and with an air of invincibility about them, LSE 3rds swaggered into this game just knowing that they were not going to lose. Theeapan's troops cannot put a foot wrong at the moment, and on a wet Wednesday afternoon in Walthamstow it was business as usual.

Since Theep's STD had not cleared up, he was forced to sit this one out again. The fact that the team has improved tenfold since he stopped playing should set alarm bells ringing in his ears.

Players like Chris 'three in a bed sex'

Kuchanney make the LSE defence tighter than a gnat's chuff with able assistance from Jon 'Waldorf Blow Job' Simons: it was always going to be tough for the Queens.

Shimin again produced a vintage performance, scoring twice, other goals being scored by Hon Yu with a powerful header, before Mulligan sealed it with a 'Roy of the Rovers' style run and shot. The game's only black mark was Andre's sending off. The intellectual giant called the referee a "thick twat", repeating it after the ref didn't hear the first time- perhaps it influenced the decision. Even with 10 men, LSE 3rds proved that no one out there can touch them.

For more information on the Athletics Union, please see the noticeboards in the AU Common Room, situated directly above the Veggie Café.



Fantasy Beaverball™



It's that time of the year again, when the season is in full swing and through your regular read of your award-winning Sports pages you feel as if you already know the majority of LSE's sporting greats on a personal level. So dubbin your boots of tactical expertise, put on your shin-pads of managerial success and be prepared to do battle on the hallowed turf that is the now legendary ...

... Fantasy Beaverball.

As a London student you have a combined grant and loan income of £3,150 on which to gather LSE's finest footballing personnel into your team. However, you must include the following:

You must not exceed your budget of £3,150

You must include players from a minimum of four sides

You must pick at least one player from the Women's team

You may have no more than three players from a side

You must pick one **captain**

You must pick: 1 Goalkeeper

4 Defenders

4 Midfielders

2 Forwards

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

POS	Name	Team	Price
GK	Svein Michelsen	1	350
GK	Richard Tibble	2	300
GK	Arjun	3	200
GK	Guy Burton	4	200
GK	Leigh Porter	4	250
GK	Alain Stambouli	5	150
GK	Nigel Geordie	6	300
GK	Erica Lehwing	W	250
DEF	Steve Curtis	1	350
DEF	Danny Fielding	1	350
DEF	Mandie	1	300
DEF	Matt Miller	1	350
DEF	Kevin Sharpe	1	350

POS	Name	Team	Price	POS	Name	Team	Price
DEF	'Diesel' Ericson	2	300	MID	Ijlal Naqui	4	400
DEF	William Hague	2	350	MID	John Parkin	4	400
DEF	Naveen Paul	2	250	MID	Petros	4	300
DEF	Mick Tatterstall	2	150	MID	Rob Rowlands	4	300
DEF	Zed	2	200	MID	Chris Williamson	4	300
DEF	John Epidus	3	300	MID	Brian Hoffman	5	350
DEF	Francesco	3	250	MID	Steffan Kossoff	5	400
DEF	Theepan	3	350	MID	Jon Parr	5	450
DEF	Koochie Kuchany	3	300	MID	Jonathan Webb	5	400
DEF	Hinal Patel	3	400	MID	Sharma Charma	6	150
DEF	Jon Symons	3	250	MID	Gavin Freeman	6	450
DEF	Peter Clegg	4	200	MID	Ben Newton	6	300
DEF	Enda Hannon	4	300	MID	Sergio Roman	6	350
DEF	Gideon McLean	4	250	MID	Tom Smith	6	350
DEF	Aussie Simon	4	350	MID	Francis Stevens	6	200
DEF	James Allard	5	300	MID	Dave Badger	6	350
DEF	Paul Drew	5	350	MID	Amee Chande	W	350
DEF	Chris Eabs	5	300	MID	Padma Goeke	W	200
DEF	Chris Gaskell	5	200	MID	Khalila Hassouna	W	150
DEF	Peter Loukas	5	250	MID	Catherine Murray	W	350
DEF	Dem Oral	5	250	MID	Anna Zanghellini	W	400
DEF	Chris Camp	6	350	FOR	DJ Mark Chang	1	400
DEF	Danny Knight	6	450	FOR	Ben Levine	1	300
DEF	Tobias Tolle	6	150	FOR	Tom Thorne	1	350
DEF	Panu Long	6	150	FOR	Filipo Venini	1	400
DEF	Nicole Haberkorn	W	350	FOR	Amy Sajjan	2	450
DEF	Fran Malarée	W	350	FOR	Francois Verlaine	2	250
DEF	Astrid Nelleman	W	250	FOR	Duane Allen	3	250
DEF	Madalina Serban	W	300	FOR	Andre Granditsch	3	350
DEF	Vanessa Wolfman	W	450	FOR	Stuart Martin	3	300
MID	Gareth Arthur	1	300	FOR	Ralph Banks	4	250
MID	Chris Cooper	1	450	FOR	Steve Segget	4	350
MID	Derek Crump	1	300	FOR	Ian Vollbracht	4	150
MID	Stuart Fry	1	350	FOR	Rob Bush	5	400
MID	Andy Goodman	1	350	FOR	Zak Hirt	5	300
MID	Roy Husby	1	400	FOR	Mark Spiteri	5	250
MID	Nadar Hussain	1	300	FOR	George Hotar	6	250
MID	Werner Colangelo	2	400	FOR	Rafael Italiano	6	300
MID	Tom Grace	2	350	FOR	Shahin Smashin	6	200
MID	Kung Young	2	300	FOR	Vicky Plaut	W	400
MID	Matteo Moterllini	2	450	FOR	Sienna Rogers	W	400
MID	Danny Walker	2	350	FOR	Julie Sheppard	W	450
MID	Demetri	3	250				
MID	James Mulligan	3	350				
MID	Hon Juh Ong	3	300				
MID	Shimin	3	400				

Freemans, Knights (on account of the fact he's best mates with Big Dave) Motterlinis, Parrs, Sajans, Sheppards and Wolfmans of this world to grace your side with their boundless class and unequivocal ability to accumulate Fantasy Beaverball™ points, then you may find yourself paying dearly elsewhere. However, never fear for there are bargains a plenty in the various guises of Charma, Hassouna, Long, Stambouli, Tatterstall, Tolle and Vollbracht.

The points scheme is far more complex this year and points are awarded to players as follows:

per appearance	1 per Player
per goal conceded	-1 per Goalkeeper
	-1 per Defender
per own goal	-2 per Player
per booking	-3 per Player
per sending off	-6 per Player
per clean sheet	4 per Goalkeeper
	4 per Defender
	2 per Midfielder
per assist	4 per Goalkeeper
	3 per Defender
	2 per Midfielder
	1 per Forward
per goal scored	5 per Goalkeeper
	4 per Defender
	3 per Midfielder
	2 per Forward

Applications should be placed in the **Sports pigeon hole** in the Beaver Office (beneath the Three Tuns) or in the **Men's Football pigeon hole** in the AU Common Room clearly marked "**Fantasy Beaverball**" by **Friday 22nd November**. Or give them directly to **Danny Fielding, Steve Curtis** or **Kevin Lui** (your ever-loving blue-eyed Sports Editors).

As you can see, players vary dramatically in price. It's up to you to choose carefully which star players you invest in. If you want the Coopers,

BEAVERBALL™ APPLICATION FORM:

NAME: _____

DEPARTMENT: _____

TEAM NAME: _____

POS	NAME	TEAM	COST
GK	_____	_____	_____
DEF	_____	_____	_____
DEF	_____	_____	_____
DEF	_____	_____	_____
DEF	_____	_____	_____
MID	_____	_____	_____
MID	_____	_____	_____
MID	_____	_____	_____
MID	_____	_____	_____
FOR	_____	_____	_____
FOR	_____	_____	_____

TOTAL _____
(must not exceed £3,150)

BeaverSport BeaverSport BeaverSport

They Came From Beehiiiiinnnnndd...

“Patience you must have, only then League Champions can you become” - Yoda, Jedi Master

LSE 1st XI 2 - 2 QMW 1st XI

IC 1st XI 1 - 1 LSE 1st XI

It was only a few months ago that QMW swept away all before them on their way to the Premier League title. Unlike the Blackburn Rovers of this world, they experienced no championship hangover, fielding a potent side of die hard defenders, die harder midfielders and die hard with a vengeance strikers. How would LSE's new and improved total liquid football machine fare against last years' box office/ penalty box sensations?

A confident LSE side took to the field, ready for the BUSA battle, piling on the pressure as easily as big Kev Sharpe piles on the pounds after many Passfield pies. Neat passing triangles, early doors, straight from the training ground, set the standard for this high octane thriller.

LSE who broke the deadlock after seventeen and a half minutes. Derek 'doesn't date' Crump centred the ball from the right with scientific accuracy. An audacious back-heel from Filippo 'the Fonz' Venini wrong footed the defence in the crowded box, leaving DJ Mark Chang to lash the ball home with aplomb. It was no more than the LSE studs deserved, for dominating the first half. That is why the equaliser that QMW netted on the stroke of halftime proved so devastating. An unstoppable shot, from the edge of the area after a neat exchange, by their striker left the defence with no chance.

The half-time interval gave LSE the chance to re-organise. After five minutes of tidy LSE possession, QMW went ahead

as they scored on the counter attack with their third touch of the half, an audacious job which left Svein Michelsen looking as exposed as Peter Schmirchael.

It would have been the biggest miscarriage of justice since Manchester United achieved the double double last year, were it not for the persistence of Man of the Match DJ Mark Chang. The Happy House Hot Steppa continued to plague the QMW like a swarm of locusts, eventually earning a valuable penalty as he evaded their bewildered beasts in defence, before being cynically scythed down.

Dirty Iceman Cooper stepped up with the composure of a dead man walking. True to form, he rammed the dirty ball home without touching the dirty sides of the dirty net as the keeper spread himself with alarming ease. The defence remained impenetrable for the rest of the game and both teams went away content with a well earned draw.

LSE 1st Team Rebel Alliance Mount Fierce Assault on Imperial Forces.

A long time ago, on a football pitch far far away, two sides waged war against one another to gain supremacy of a little known

planet moon of Premier. With a strong desert wind at our backs LSE relentlessly pressed home on the poorly defended opposition goal, looking to avenge the narrowest of defeats in the skies of BUSA.

With more fire-power than a fully operational death star, the LSE strike force of Purple nine Ben Levine and Purple ten Filippo Venini came close time and time again.

The fierce gale lent added venom to the set piece ball, whipped in with the tenacity of a keen bounty hunter after Han Solo's reward money, by Gold Leader Steve Curtis and Gold three Chris Cooper. Meanwhile, Gold five Danny Fielding and Gold six Matt Miller kept things tighter at the back than a Jawa's arse in a sand storm.

As halftime approached the Imperial forces made their first foray into our territory and scored from a corner which Black four Andy 'pissed up, lairy and shit at pool' Goodman only just failed to clear.

After the second half, despite having the wind in our faces, the LSE rebel alliance continued to pressurize as Black seven Gareth Arthur controlled midfield planet of Hoth.

In a bid for greater fire-power Gold Leader Curtis brought Black twelve Roy Husby and Jedi Knight Stew Fry into the fray. After a year's Jedi training in the Dagoba system with Jedi Master Yoda he returned transformed from pupil to master. As Purple 10 Venini delivered the plans to blow up the Death Star it was Jedi Fry who put them into action and exposed their defences with his trusty light-saber of a right boot.

As Imperial found at their cost: If you strike us down we will become more powerful than you can possibly imagine.

Happy Birthday Brendan!

Seconds ask the question

“QM double-who?”

LSE 2nd XI 2 - 0 QMW 2nd XI

William Hague

Such an emphatic victory over renowned opposition goes to show how the 2nd team has gone from strength to strength this season, while their squad was depleted at the same astounding rate. The 2nd's injury crisis has deepened since the news broke that their heroic keeper, Richard Tibble, is suffering from Glandular Fever. Lately Tibbs has been drained, lethargic, and unable to play, hardly surprising then, that it took so long to diagnose. In the face of such adversity the second team has been forced to rely on healthy robust characters such as the mesmeric Matteo and Aryn 'fast as shit' Sajan. No astonishment then that these two foreign imports did the job and scored the goals to secure the team's victory.

The first fifteen minutes were scrappy with neither side getting hold of the game,

although Tom Grace for the second match in succession decided to get hold of the opposition's hardest midfielder to beat the crap out of him. Only the timely intervention of **Captain Will Hague**, with his calming northern tones, prevented Grace from taking an early shower.

Once the game had calmed down, the seconds began to take control with magic Werner Colangelo running the midfield with Eric Cantona confidence (how come you didn't get shat on then? - Sports Eds). He was helped in his task by newcomer Kung Young whose Schwarzenegger-like build had the opposition weak at the knees.

The first goal typified the seconds' style of play as **Captain Hague** calmly dribbled the ball out of defence. The midfield then took the initiative by steamrolling down the right and finally, with pin-point accuracy, the ball was played to Matteo. With only the goalkeeper to beat he managed to scuff

his shot which fortunately dribbled lamentably through the keeper's legs for LSE's first goal.

From that minute onwards the game was never in doubt. The seconds, inspired by Mick Tatterstall's foraging runs down the right, made sure that the outcome was inevitable. With chances a plenty it was simply a question of how many the seconds would win by. The braying crowd had to wait twenty minutes into the second half before they were finally delivered what they wanted.

Hot-shot Werner Colangelo picked up the ball forty yards from goal and crashed a formidable shot towards the top corner which hit the cross-bar. It was a routine job for top marksman Aryn to slot home the rebound.

With players due to return to the second team family this week, one is left to wonder how high the LSE seconds can climb.

LSE Athletics Union.

- Aerobics
- Badminton
- Basketball
- Boxing
- Cricket
- Football
- Hapkido
- Hockey
- Judo
- Karate
- Kendo
- Kung Fu Nam - Pai Chuan
- Muay Thai Boxing
- Netball
- Rock Climbing
- Rowing
- Rugby
- Skiing
- Squash
- Table Tennis
- Tae Kwon Do
- Tennis

Anyone interested in joining the Athletics Union and participating in any of the above sports should consult the noticeboards in the AU Common Room or see Liz Petyt (AU Officer) in the AU Office.