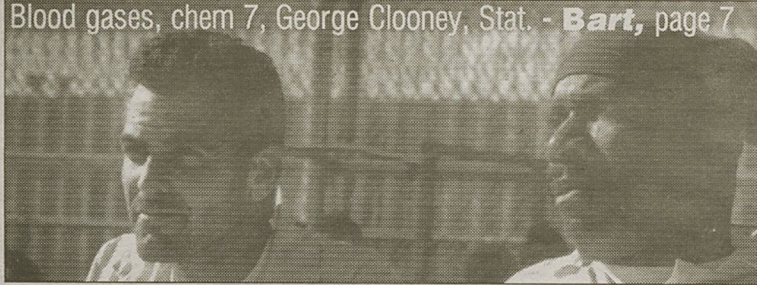


# THE BEAVER

Blood gases, chem 7, George Clooney, Stat. - **Bart**, page 7



Oh No, not Faith No More - **Bart**, centre pages

Monday, November 23rd  
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# Hyde hits back at the LSE two

Carter Johnson

ULU President Matt Hyde has hit back at two LSE members of the University of London Union Executive who resigned rather than agree to a humiliating public apology over the failed LSE disaffiliation referendum.

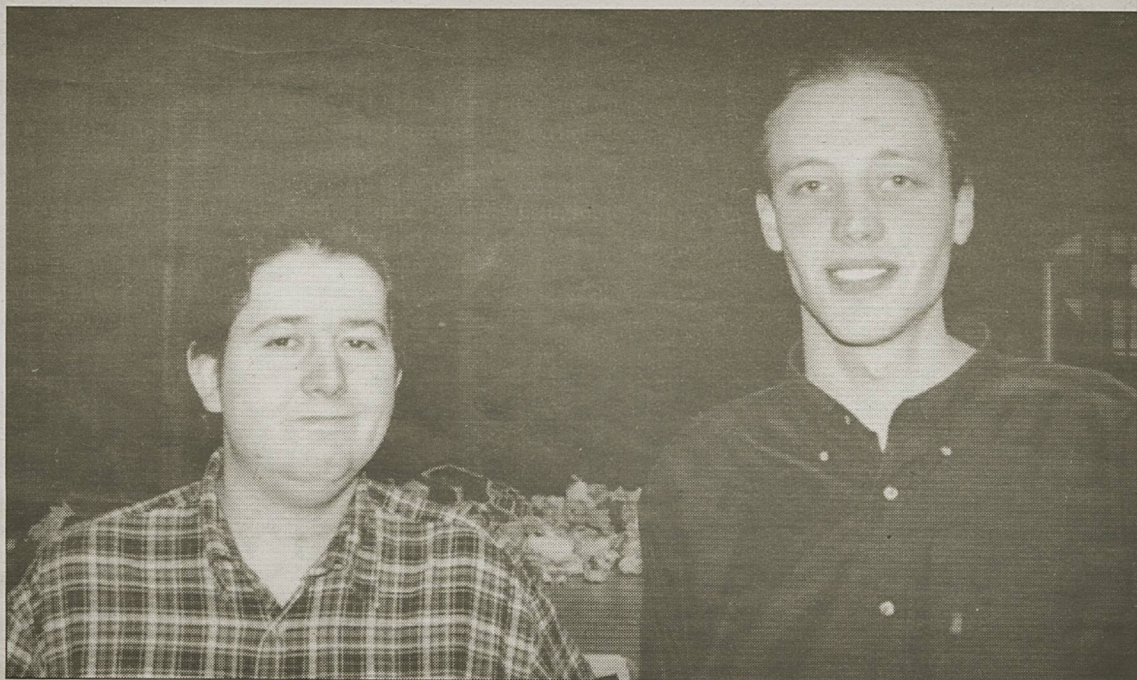
Yuan Potts, current LSE Treasury Secretary, and Nick Kirby, LSE PhD student, both made dramatic resignations from the ULU executive after being asked to apologise for their 'untenable' pro-disaffiliation stance and the 'unaccountable' nature of their approach.

The demand for an apology came from the ULU Executive who accused the two of undermining the ULU organisation without openly informing the executive of their position first.

Potts and Kirby felt the posture they chose was entirely within their democratic rights.

'ULU isn't particularly democratic or representative. Demanding an apology because we supported a 'Yes' vote goes a long way in indicating that,' stated Nick Kirby, who was the Post-Graduate Officer at ULU. 'I've really become disillusioned with the entire organisation.'

While the official line stands that the apology was necessary to maintain a 'cohesive' and 'effective' organisation within ULU, comments made by ULU President Matt Hyde



Kirby and Potts: "Undermined ULU"

Picture: Ritesh Doshi

suggest more vengeful motives.

'Those two officers deliberately took the piss out of ULU the week before the referendum,' blasted Hyde, 'this doesn't show a sense of responsibility.'

Potts and Kirby have both expressed discontent and frustration over the nature of ULU since their work began this year. Viewing the organisation as 'structurally unreformable', the two executives

actively campaigned for LSE students to support a 'Yes' vote which would have seen LSE leave the Union permanently.

'I have nothing against the sabbaticals at ULU,' stressed Potts, 'they have good intentions but they're powerless because of the structure - they don't have the levers of power. I just feel LSE can get a better deal elsewhere.'

While admitting the structural

problems of ULU are genuine, the ULU Executive Council felt the position of Potts and Kirby, 'dramatically undermined the organisation as a whole.'

'The objections raised [by LSE] are justified and we're steadily dealing with them but it's far more effective to make changes from the inside,' professed Hyde. 'I'm steadily dealing with ULU's problems but I need the support of the executive -

here we have two members undermining the whole process.'

Kirby was adamant however, that ULU's structure was defective, 'The ULU organisation is basically stuck in a rut, regardless of what Matt Hyde says.'

Potts, former Lesbian, Bisexual, and Gay Officer at ULU, felt that he had made significant contributions during his tenure of close to a year but saw the necessity to resign after his referendum position had caused a permanent fracture between himself and the executive.

While calling Potts's resignation 'regrettable', Hyde felt his position had been left 'with dignity and without any grudges.' By contrast, a curt, 'No comment', was the only remark forthcoming about Nick Kirby.

Their resignations were tendered prior to a Union General Council, where both members were to be asked for an official apology.

ULU claims that democratic improvements are being pursued through the Council which should help alleviate LSE's most prevalent complaint.

Hyde concluded that while the referendum ordeal had been instructive; he added that he was now, 'Quite anxious to get on with my reform work here and off petty politics.'

Kirby and Potts have their say - page four.

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## SU fund set to combat hardship

The implementation of a 10% fee increase for postgraduate students next year is set to meet with opposition, if immediate measures are not taken to rectify the situation. The increased financial burden of student hardship will have to be offset with new schemes that will seek to help students out with their finances.

Already such schemes are underway, tentative though they might be at this point. The APRC, which is the Academic Planning and Resources Committee, will be reviewing the current operations of scholarships and in doing so, will aim at a more effective and transparent scholarship system being in place to offset the high fees.

Mark Philips, Executive Officer in Planning Unit of the School conceded that even without the fee hike, LSE postgraduate fees are higher than most of its reputed rivals, such as Cambridge and Oxford. Yes, nationally our postgraduate fees are higher, but if we compare them internationally with other universities, especially US Universities, it is definitely lower, and LSE regards itself as an international academic institution.

Maria Neophytou, Education and Welfare Officer for the SU feels that most of the school's spending is just wasteful, and if they are in need of more resources, they should economise more, instead of finding the solution by raising tuition fees for students. In the long run, she added, fee increases are just going to deter students from coming to the LSE to seek further education.

"It is silly too, to say you are going to put more money into scholarships, and raise the fees. It is not going to offset student hardship. Students might work first and delay their coming to the LSE for a postgraduate course, or they might have to work part-time whilst studying. Considering the workload for a postgraduate student, this could affect their work."

To complement plans for improvement to the scholarship system, a new Student Union hardship fund is in the brewing too. At present, the SU hardship funds for students are administered by the school authorities. The SU is drawing up plans to transfer the administration of the funds to themselves, which will give them more autonomy where the funds are concerned. Hopefully this will lead to a more effective and transparent system in place. **Chelsea Phua**

# Giddens to sleep with Sabbs on Houghton Street?

Tom Livingstone

A motion passed by last week's AUGM has opened up the intriguing possibility of LSE Director Anthony Giddens spending the night on Houghton Street.

The move is part of a sponsored sleep-out to raise money for the homeless charity Centrepoint. The event is being organised by the LSE Labour Club, but is being supported by other political societies, such as the Liberal Democrats and SWSS. A spokesman for the Conservative association said that the group 'might' be involved in the event.

As *The Beaver* went to press, it was still unclear whether the Director would join those participating in next Monday's appeal. Although SU General Secretary Narius Aga has been mandated to ask Giddens to be involved, a spokeswoman for the Director's Office stressed that he was likely to be too busy. Nevertheless, it was stressed that the Director would give his full support to the event, whether or not he would actually take part.

Event organiser Brendan Cox urged the Director to bring along his sleeping bag - "His involvement would make the whole project more high profile, and would certainly maximise the amount of money we would be able to raise," he stressed.

More controversially, he added "it would also prove that the Third Way is not necessarily a non-socially

As the majority of us are half way through the first term of university and finally beginning to settle in (Although some never do!), a minority of students at Royal Holloway have decided to call it quits... and why? Well, all because the Japanese Department of the school reduced everyone's exam marks just because one student got over 80% in last year's exam. Interestingly enough, it seems as if certain schools DON'T want their students to pass - hence failing them despite the fact that these people have maintained A or B averages through out the year.

Hopefully, this trend won't pick up here... but if it does, we can all just call it quits and spend our days in the Tuns... along with our nights!!!

Furthermore, I wonder if the lack of Japanese skills within the school causes students to be ignorant about operating foreign cars - a student managed to smash into a PARKED car... and he was described as driving



Would you spend the night here?

Picture: Ritesh Doshi

minded ideology, and that, as I'm sure he does, care about an issue enough to spend one uncomfortable evening out on the street."

Narius Aga added his support to the idea, commenting that the student body would be "very grateful to the Director for his support on this issue."

All four Sabbatical Officers have been mandated to get involved in the sleep-out, and Aga in particular stressed his commitment. "We all

care passionately about this issue," he commented, adding that there was "no reason at all" why anyone should decline to get involved.

Initial indicators point to around 50 students spending the night on Houghton Street, although the current cold weather may dampen the spirits of some. One member of the LSE Labour Club stated that he would not take part on the ground that "it's going to be far too cold on November the 30th - I might do it if

it was in the summer."

Nevertheless, Cox remains confident that he can encourage as many people as possible to brave the elements and get involved, and has set a target of £2000 to be raised, a target that looks much more realistic should the likes of the Director chose to get involved.

Anyone interested in taking part should contact Brendan Cox on B.Cox@lse.ac.uk

## News from Nowhere

a "A Japanese type car" by witnesses; maybe they should finally print those manuals in English, or raise Royal Holloway's Japanese pass rate to 90%.

Durham students manage to get themselves in the news again - something I'm sure will be appalling to the large majority of us... they managed to get the college bar closed down until further notice!!! It happened like this - they went to a "Megaformal" (As they like to call it - but I'm sure is nothing greater than our parties), got pissed out of their brains, puked all over the corridors of the school's buildings and halls of residence, and in the process, broke a number of doors in the men's lavatories. The cleaners that the



school have a contract with charge "Per pile of vomit", and thus the college had a fairly large bill to foot. And the result: A closed bar - what makes me tick is the fact that a college or university is NOT itself with the liveliness of the bar... my deepest sympathy to those at Durham...

For my last trick - back to

Bristol for an update regarding their "Male rape alarms." The University decided to give the alarms to men - but not right away; reason being that the trained counsellors (Which it ironically educated itself) are not responsible enough to issue alarms... and thus the saga continues.

Until next week... keep in mind that our tutors do not make that extra effort to ensure we fail, and thus lowering the reputation of our school (Oops, my apologies to Royal Holloway). Oh, and remember NOT to puke all over the Tuns, and the surrounding areas, otherwise we may face the same fate - BAR CLOSURE... something the LSE cannot live with. Finally, I'm going to keep lobbying for rape alarms for the men, just like our brethren at Bristol - hey, give me some support, and I'll ensure you all get one - actually, I don't think the chances of us getting raped are too high around here - if anyone begs to differ, contact me, okay???

Ritesh Doshi



# Sabbs lobby MPs but radicals head for Downing Street



## Union Jack

Jack's not well this week. His spleen is suffering from over-ventilation, and his black heart is aching from overuse. His condition is not helped by the Beaver office, an environment about as healthy as Black Pudding's tank top fetish. Jack is cheered somewhat to see the response to his appeal for more action at the UGM. This week saw more motions per hour than you'll get from a whole plateful of Veggie Cafe mushroom strudels. This is a dramatic reversal of the trend towards motions so erudite and lengthy that they blatantly took longer to write than they did to pass. Short and snappy, that's the way Jack likes them. (and no, I'm not talking about Michael Blackwell.) Good also to see a fair sprinkling of new talent (well egos) and some virginal souls amongst the mob, gradually turning green and sinking into their chairs as the meaning of the words "as terrifying as Wignall playing pocket billiards in a suit" finally become clear.

Nice to see Narius Anger getting his teeth back into fees. The crescendo of fury as he said the word 'candlelit vigil' brought tears to Jack's eyes. Jack hopes that this piece of silent protest is more successful than last time, when passers by assumed that the brave demonstrators were some sort of outdoor carol concert. Jack is fairly sure that he even saw someone put a handful of spare change in Parhamster's Y fronts. Good also to see Yawn and Eunick standing against the tyranny of Malet Street in their two man crusade for the right of the LSE to occasionally think for itself. It's interesting to notice that no-one has anything to say to their paid representatives, preferring instead to save their vitriol for poor beleaguered Matt Haircut, who looks increasingly like a clip from Hanson: The Drug Years.

Tory motions still seem to be enjoying the same prospects of success as the SWSS candidate in the race for General Secretary. The combined talents of Wignall and Crusty Topping couldn't even persuade the assembled throng that Tony Blair tends to frown on dissent in the ranks.

The annual Cyprus motion crept almost unnoticed across the floor of the Old Theatre before disappearing back into the dark cupboard where it spends the rest of the year. Usually this subject sets pulses running faster than Narius in a santa costume, but this year the debate centred on an almost surreal historical debate between Maria and Wignall, which was only resolved when the latter admitted that he didn't have a fucking clue what he was talking about. Expect not to see the motion again for a full twelve months. Regrettably the same can't be said about Wignall.

M.R..

Shailini Ghelali and Anne Beade

The first national lobby of Parliament against Tuition fees held on the 12th of November saw an appalling turnout of LSE students. Only 9 people, including 3 sabbatical officers, bothered to venture to the Houses of Parliament with an intention to lobby their local MP.

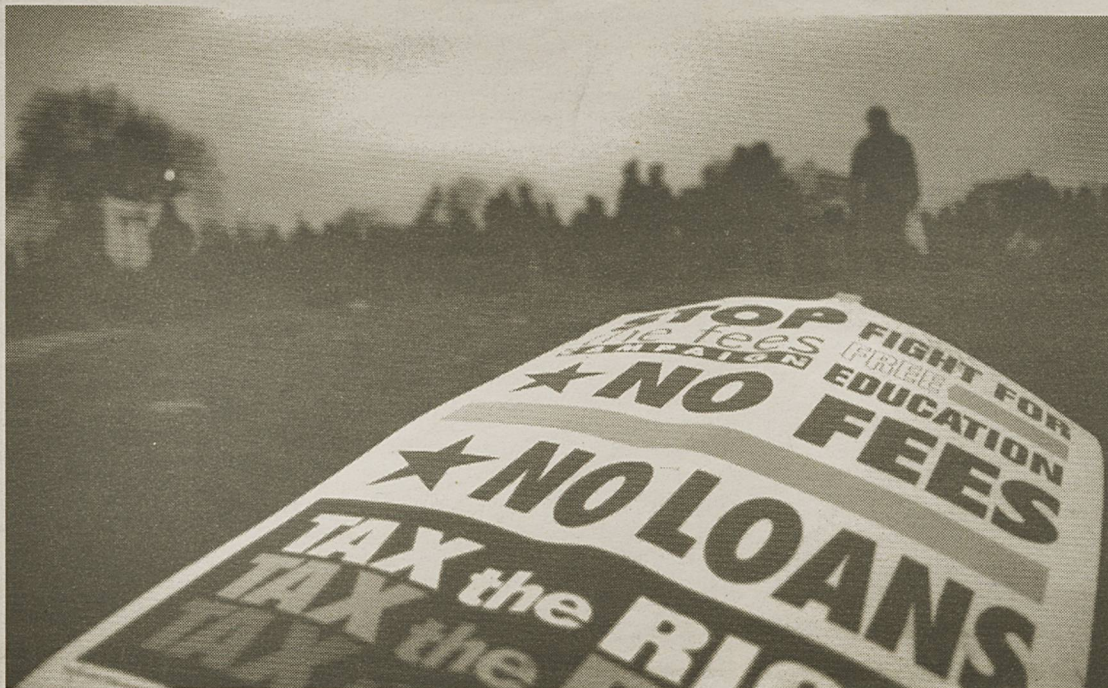
Before the speeches in the Grand Committee room, the NUS had organised a press stunt at which hundreds of cheques, totalling the amount of fees paid by UK students in 1998 were brought together for the media. A token cheque was also sent to 10 Downing Street, but Mr. Blair was unfortunately not present to receive it.

The aim of the event was to raise the profile of the new Student Rights Charter, which among other things demands: "Free tuition paid by the state" and "Study free from hardship." Speeches were made by NUS President Andrew Pakes, Liberal Democrat Higher Education spokesperson, MP Phil Willis, and Paul Mackney, General Secretary, NATFHE.

The comments of Sabbatical officer Maria Neophytou generally summed up the view of those sitting in the Committee room: "While I welcome Andrew Pakes commitment to fighting fees and hardship, all the speeches made in the Grand Committee Room echoed these views to an audience of Student Union reps from around the country. In other words it was a case of preaching to the converted, and there was no opportunity to hear what the Labour Government plans to do to fight the hardship."

The horrid business of money is intruding upon the cosy planet of LSESU. There is a perception that LSESU's ethical compass looks ignominiously skewed. There is something about the sheer perversity and ethical muddiness of the fact that LSESU's portfolio investment, managed by the NatWest, has stakes in arms manufacturing companies, such as GEC and British Aerospace, that make many uncomfortable. Inevitably, this has attracted plenty of critics who say that we have been stoic and tolerant of this shameful status quo for far too long and that it is high time we make a change.

Any guffaws over this are certain to be accompanied by a dash of cheers in that there is now a basic political commitment in the LSESU to actually do something about this. By



A discarded placard at the CFE rally in Hyde Park

Picture: Laure Trebosc

SU General Secretary Narius Aga, offered a similar view, commenting: "In my opinion NUS is merely paying lip-service on this issue. Concrete steps need to be taken to force the government to allocate more funds to higher education."

Following the speeches Miss Neophytou made an attempt, on behalf of the students of the LSE to lobby her local MP and Frank Dobson, the MP for the constituency in which the LSE is based. Unfortunately neither were present, but many other students were successful in lobbying their local MP.

SU Treasurer Yuan Potts still managed to muster up some enthusiasm on the subject of fees, commenting: "It is vital that students

continue to tell the government that tuition fees are wrong. Without pressure not only will £1,000 fees become the norm but we will soon see annual rises. This is the first NUS action on fees we've seen in months; what have they been doing?

I will be suggesting to Andrew Pakes at NUS National Council next week that their next event should feature more action and less talk."

More action was certainly the aim of the CFE, who last week marched from ULU to Hyde Park, with a delegation also finding time to make its way to Downing Street itself.

The march managed to attract around 1000 students from all over Britain, fewer than were involved in similar movements last year.

Kate Buckell, President of the CFE, accused the Prime Minister of betraying "the unemployed, the disabled, the single parents, the victims of Hurricane Mitch," as well as university students.

Addressing the gathering, Labour MP Tony Benn called the Higher Education Act "A rotten piece of legislation," and warned that it was part of an "attempt to destroy the Welfare State."

The delegation then made its way towards Downing Street - whether sit in protests or lobbying prove to be the more effective way of improving students' welfare remains to be seen.

## News Comment

discontinuing the long and ignoble tradition for newly elected sabbaticals to blame every unpleasant problem on their predecessors and to do nothing thereafter, this is certainly a change for the better for all concerned.

Nonetheless, many are privately contemptuous of this belated response to an important issue. On the other hand, some, with their insistence that there are insurmountable difficulties in bringing about a change in the way the money in question is invested, look increasingly lonely. The crux of

the matter remains that there is an unsatisfying moral and ethical muddiness in the eschewing of a clear course of action in this issue. Small wonder that the rattle of sabres is becoming ever louder and that there is an urgent need to raise the debate on this to new levels of vivacity.

It really is tough business, running money. Most concede that the conundrums surrounding this issue will not be solved easily, simply because the precise details of the share agreement will determine what can be done, when, by whom and

under what kind of law. But, it is unlikely that there are any insurmountable hurdles that, given the right political will and support, our sabbaticals cannot overcome. Suffice it to say that, no matter how long it takes to bring about a change, there is a need to add an ethical dimension to our earnings to show greater sensitivity and understanding while, at the same time, maintaining our financial interests at heart.

This raises another issue, ignored in the furore but worth consideration all the same. This concerns the perceived opacity of the Union. It may be relatively more transparent in comparison with many other unions in the country, but with sensitive blunders such as this lying camouflaged in the background for aeons, it is nothing to shout about.





## editorial

The Beaver office took a wild left at normality this week and, like a drunken chauffer, span off in to the dark unknown territory of weirdness.

Amongst the stranger incidents was on Thursday evening when a strange, shabbily dressed man stumbled into the office, sat down and started mumbling incoherently about how he used to be a member of the Beaver Executive. Then after Chris had left (sorry Chris), a real example of the government's oh so successful Care in the Community programme did exactly the strange thing. Between this and the constant Gremlin attacks on our computers I'm beginning to wonder whether the Beaver office is truly cursed or, more likely, that someone somewhere just doesn't like us (No Tom. That's not a reference to you... Though on the other hand... Muppet?! Oscar the Grouch, maybe. I was always more a Sesame street kind of person).

Anyway, enough with the in jokes already. This week the big news is... well... actually... er, to be honest there is no real big news. Well unless you count the aftershocks of the ULU debate.

Nick Kirby and Yuan (or Juan as he's now known to the world at large) obviously got the short end of the stick when ULU decided to start weeding out turncoats amongst their ranks, but at least they stood up for what they believed in. It's strange that for a democracy ULU sees fit to oppose any difference of opinion within itself. Obviously that's what made it such a hotbed of ideas (that's sarcasm, son) and an impotent inbred representative body in the first place. As always it appears you can have any colour as long as it's black.

Apart from that though it seems like it's all quiet on the Houghton Street Front so rather than wasting your time I'll let you get on to reading the more interesting parts of this week's Beaver.

Be seeing you

Matt Brough  
Executive Editor

## Beaver Online

Thanks to support from ex-Editor Ron Voce and the hard work of the Beaver On-line team you can now access the Beaver via the Information Superhighway.

To look at our web page go to:

[www.thebeaver.org](http://www.thebeaver.org)

Beats the BLPES book catalogue doesn't it...

# The ULU saga Continues

The following Letter is a copy of the resignation letter sent by Yuan Potts to ULU President Matt Hyde.

Dear Matt,

I have decided to resign my position as ULU LGB Officer.

Following the treatment I and my colleague Nick Kirby received at last Monday's Executive meeting I feel that my position as an Exec officer is untenable.

The committee demanded that we apologised to Council for our parts in the disaffiliation campaign at LSE.

During the campaign I made it clear that comments about ULU referred to the structure of the organisation and were not meant as criticism of the current Sabbatical team. I appreciate that LSESU's actions were inconvenient for the four of you.

I have no regrets however, that the debate and vote took place and can therefore offer no apologies.

Over the last months I believe I have laid the ground work for real progress on many of the issues I have talked about in the past.

An email network is now up and running.

ULU's LGB Society is ready to go. A committee has been elected and over 100 people have formally expressed an interest.

Last week's LGB get together was a great success with an attendance of over 90.

I look forward to offering my assistance to the next LGB Officer and the new LGB Soc committee.

Please express my gratitude to the other Sabs for their help and support with my role.

I feel that I have made a real contribution to representing LGB students within ULU.

I can only hope for the future that this same level of support and campaigning can be extended for the

benefit of all London students.

Best wishes,  
Yuan.

Sir,

I feel that I must explain my decision to resign from the ULU executive in order to clear up any misunderstanding as to the reasons.

At the ULU Executive meeting of 2/11/98, Yuan and I were grilled on our parts during the referendum campaign in a manner that reminded us of the "Spanish Inquisition". We heretics were given a choice, apologise publicly to the ULU General Council of 9/11/98, or face a vote of no confidence. Rather than face either of these outcomes, I submitted my letter of resignation on 6/11/98. Yuan chose to resign at the ULU General Council.

The reason for my resignation is simple. I am not sorry for my actions during the referendum campaign, and given the circumstances would campaign for a "Yes" vote again. In the referendum campaign, ULU did not address the substantive issues. Their campaign was based on fear, namely that a "Yes" vote meant the sports teams being expelled from competitions immediately. This was effective, but did not give anyone a reason to want to stay part of a federal structure.

I bear Matt Hyde no ill will, and hope he manages to emphasise ULU's credentials as a democratic, student-led organisation. However, I fear that due to the nature of the body, even he will find it impossible.

Yours,

Nick Kirby  
Former Postgraduate, Mature and Part-time Students' Officer (ULU)

## The Beaver Needs You...

The Beaver is constantly on the lookout for fresh faced writers, photographers and editors to compliment its ever swelling ranks of tired, cynical hacks.

If you're interested (or just fancy laying your sweaty palms on some top free stuff) come to our collective meetings every Monday at 6pm in room C023.

Or just drop us an e-mail: [beaver@lse.ac.uk](mailto:beaver@lse.ac.uk)

## Beaver Sports: A Complaint

Sir,

I am writing with regard to the article "Netball Girls Get Guys", published in issue 489.

The article was bought to your attention in the UGM on Thursday 19th November.

I feel that the article was written in bad taste and bears no relevance to sport, let alone netball.

I would like your assurance that this matter will be dealt with formally and such incidents will not be allowed to happen again.

Yours faithfully,

Alexandra Hartley, LSESU Executive Services Officer.

The Beaver, and the Beaversports staff in particular, would like to apologise for any offense caused by the article and would like to reassure those concerned they will ensure it will not happen again.

## And Finally...

Sir,

I noticed recently a small flyer wafting round our hallowed halls from the LSE Christian Union.

It asked the question "Can I ever be good enough for Heaven?" and invited readers to come to one of their meetings to find out.

In order to save my fellow learned leviathans the trouble of attending this meeting and perhaps having to suffer being aurally assaulted by a bunch of tambourine-wielding anoraks belting out the Cliff Richard mix of Guide Me O Though Great Redeemer, I thought I'd tell them the answer.

Heaven as we all know, is a famous disco which is not a million miles from our door. Its owned by Richard Branson and populated by Japanese tourists, and those elegant moustachioed gentlemen who always seem to be accompanied by their nephews.

Given that is the case, then surely the answer to question is 'yes, but only if you are a good dancer who wears Calvin Klien underwear!'

Yours from the pulpit

S. K. Joynson

All letters to be published in the Beaver must be submitted before 5pm on the Thursday before printing.

Letters may be edited owing to space requirements.

Letters published in The Beaver may not reflect the views of The Beaver Editorial and/or staff.



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All letters for printing should be received by Noon on Thursday.



# Bart

*Beaver Arts Pullout*

## George Clooney- Out of Sight

### Inside

Sunset Beach

Guide to Garage

Reduced Shakespeare

Comapany

Faith No More

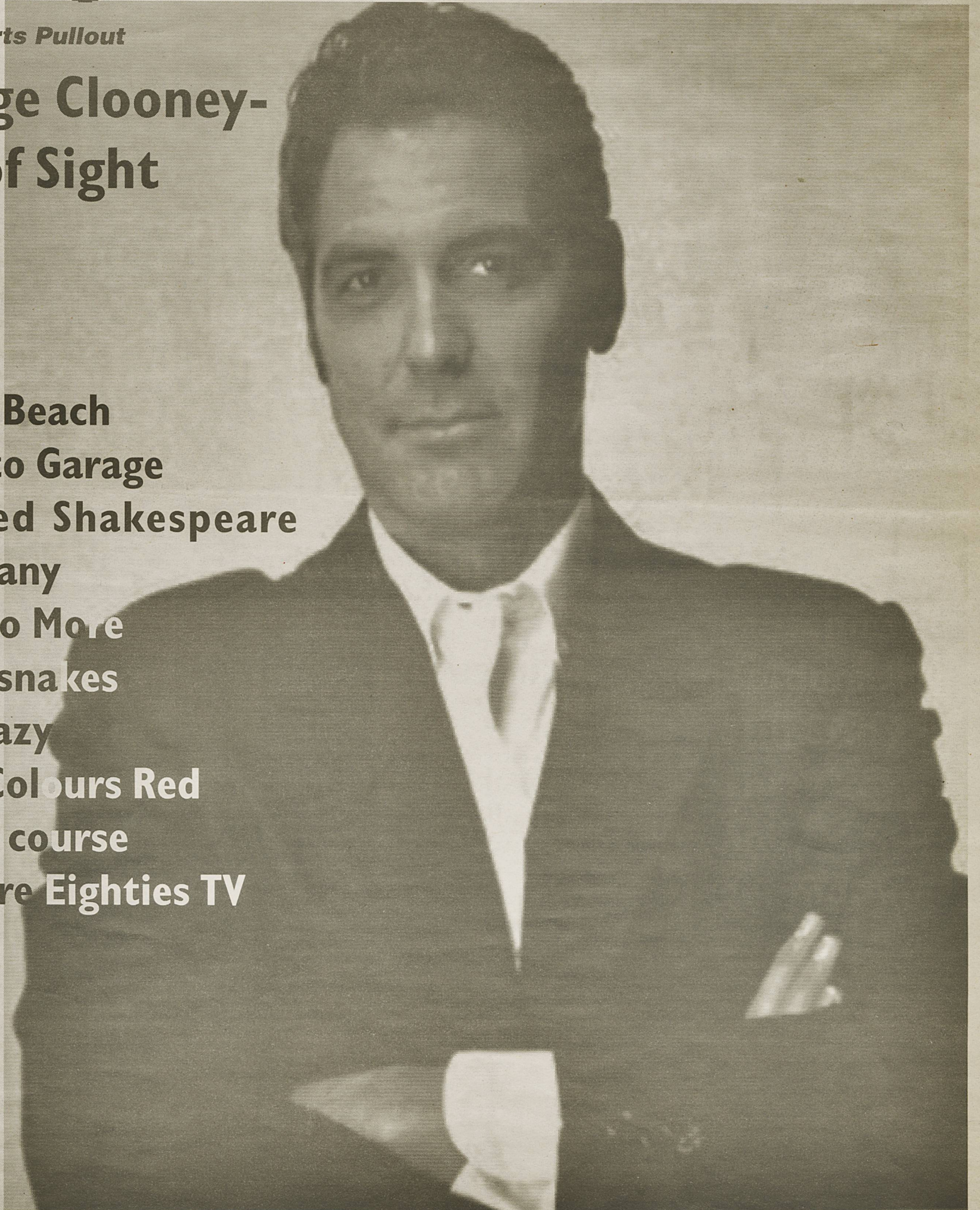
Bordersnakes

Still Crazy

Three Colours Red

And, of course

Yet more Eighties TV





# So... What does this Button Do?

Craig Newsome and Zak Shaikh give us their views on the latest range of computer manuals from Que said to cover "all your computing needs". Surprisingly Craig and Zak agreed.

## Using HTML 4.0

I have wanted to learn how web pages are created for sometime and when I had the opportunity to review this book I jumped at the chance. The book, a fairly weighty tome and at £37.49, comes complete with its own CD ROM that gives examples of the work outlined in the book and version of Internet Explorer 4.0. After reading the first few pages, I discovered that HTML is a mark-up language that uses tags similar to the old word processors I had used in high school. The format is straight forward and easy to follow. The book develops beyond basic layout quickly and soon shows you how to add lists and graphics to your web site. This is later supplemented by information on how to incorporate both video and animation which allows you to create a state of the art web site.

Although this book appears to be aimed at the corporate and publishing community, it does provide information that is extremely useful for the general user who is only interested in providing a fun, friendly web site. After the simple features have been introduced the book progresses onto Java, which the book provides a valuable insight into. It also highlights the changes that have been added to HTML since the last edition. As well as this it also goes through the concept of dynamic HTML which is used with web browsers, an addition that I found most beneficial.

The book is not only a learning tool, it is also provides a mechanism for you to verify and test HTML documents and as such prevents unnecessary errors creeping in when you are writing the page.

Today on the market, there are programs which allow you to construct web pages without the need for an understanding of HTML. I doubt whether I could find a book which could teach me more in a simple, logical way. A great book for a newcomer to the medium.

## Microsoft Windows 98

I must admit that when I first got this book, I didn't know what to expect. For the last couple of years, I have worked almost exclusively with the Mac OS and so I was hoping that this book would bring me up to speed on what's changed in the Windows. The book starts off telling you how to install and set up Windows 98. It does this in a straight forward concise way although I did find some of the instructions just a bit patronising.

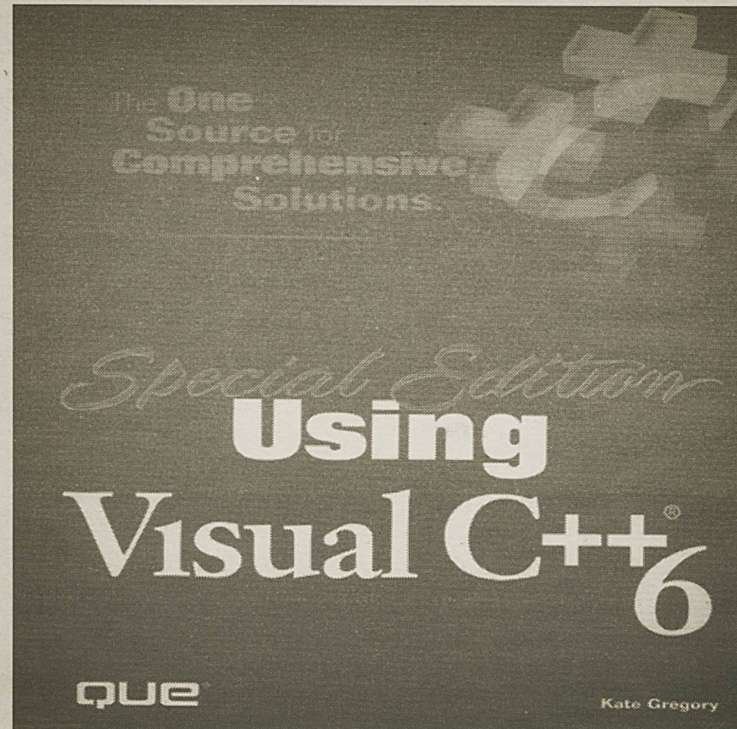
The book develops slowly and gives useful hints to new users of Windows including how to use a mouse. It allows for easy hands on learning and lets you use the computer while developing essential skills. The book cuts through all the jargon and gives it to you in simple, understandable terms.

One of the advantages of this book is that it provides a glossary of computer terms with easy to follow definitions. This resource allows the book to build up slowly as it is very simple for you to look up any term you are not familiar with. Through the use of diagrams and what you actually should see on the computer screen, it allows you to have belief in what you are doing and reassures you that you are not one step away from a complete system shutdown.

The book also outlines the changes that have occurred in the operating system. These parts of the book are,

in my opinion, too short and therefore not entirely satisfactory.

Although, admittedly you are not going to learn everything in one book, if you are a beginner like myself, you will soon get to a level where you feel fairly confident in fixing most of the problems that arise and you are not entirely overtaken by fear when your computer suddenly



freezes and crashes. This book costs £27.49 and at this price you would expect a fairly comprehensive book and that is exactly what you get. Although, simple in places it is a perfect book for a newcomer to computers and Windows.

## Using Access 97

Non-fiction doesn't get much better than this! When alerted to the fact that this was the first introductory manual to cover advanced VBA programming topics, my testosterone levels increased no end. In fact the parallels between the world of databases that is MS Access

manual allows the reader to develop their ability to create, manipulate and maintain Access databases - currently the most common data system to be found on home and small firm users. Question: which LSE undergrads visited a porn website today and how many times? If the raw data is there, then Access can filter down this kind of detailed information. However, the biggest question over this particular manual is that any old Access manual can provide you with the same comprehensiveness, and once you know one version of Access, the updated versions are easy to pick up.

## Using Visual C++ 6

This is a sexy language! Forget HTML and Java: if you want take part in some hardcore programming then this IS the tool you need. It is often forgotten that for any deep development, you need to use C++ ranging from heavy database development, to some Internet programming and, of course, creating those funky games that can keep you amused (on your own) for weeks ... this leads to a dangerous level of wrist exercise - through so much typing, obviously. In fact to a level forcing my eyesight to deteriorate fast!

In the correct circles this manual can be a life-saver. It comprehensively covers Object-Oriented and how to effectively debug (on your own as well!); but most impressive is the appendix on how to *dump your member function*.

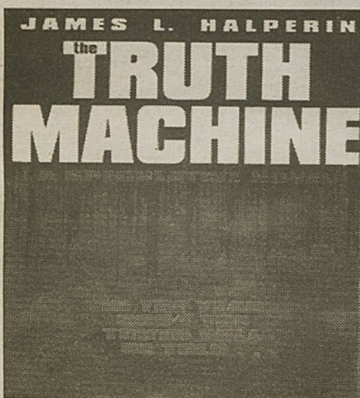
All these books are published by Que at around £30

and the Kama Sutra, the quintessential sensual love-making guide, is quite astounding. Both share similar chapter headings with 'Learning Advanced Access Techniques' - this certainly has enabled me to gain easy access in recent weeks.

To matters more jocular, this

## The Truth Can Sometimes Hurt

Jo Swinson takes a look at the truth and finds it frightening when she reviewed THE TRUTH MACHINE by James L Halperin.



If you've missed the Tube posters advertising this then you've either been too busy reading your set texts during the journey to LSE (not likely) or falling asleep on the way in due to a few too many the night before (much more plausible).

A brief outline of the story: incredibly intelligent guy called Pete is the very unbelievable main character. After the trauma of his younger brother's death, he goes to Harvard (What? Not LSE? Don't let that put you off) and starts thinking about How To Make The World A Better Place. He also becomes best

pals with the future President of the USA, and then sets up a massively successful software company at the tender age of about 17. Between them they decide to build a 100% Truth Machine, which will say goodbye to crime, dishonest politicians, extra-marital affairs and somehow all of the world's evils.

The book focuses on how such a device would affect society, in a somewhat optimistic way. Murder rates fall to nearly zero, the divorce rate is drastically reduced, and the whole world forms a happy smiley government bringing fair democracy to all. And all by halfway through the next century. As a result, science fiction fans and anyone else with a vague interest in futurology will be fascinated by the novel, with all its predictions of when AIDS vaccines/cryogenic freezing/lunar colonisation will occur.

For the rest, however, the characters provide more than enough scope for interest. Four or five characters are well-rounded, although most are either sickeningly perfect or dreadfully villainous, and there are oodles of minor characters with amusing or attention-grabbing

quirks. No one is really normal though. The plot is gripping, and consequently this book has the rare quality of being nigh impossible to put down.

So is there any sex? Well, the main character is the richest, most intelligent bachelor on the planet. He is the man who has everything - except a bird. Apparently that level of intelligence prohibits interest in sex. To be fair, he does manage a relationship for part of the novel, but we are told the sex is nothing special, and it falls apart anyway.

The author clearly believes the development of a Truth Machine would be the answer to many of the world's problems, and this comes out too strongly in the text for it to be an objective speculation of the future.

Personally, I can't think of anything worse than complete honesty. Does my bum look big in this? Fragile egos all over the world would shatter. But don't take my word for it. THE TRUTH MACHINE is a genuinely entertaining read, which I would recommend to anyone who has ever told a lie - honest.

THE TRUTH MACHINE, published by Pocket Books, price £5.99

## JUST ANOTHER FEAR & LOATHING?

Nadezda Kinsky takes a peak at James Crumley's latest novel BORDERSNAKES

The nineties being the decade that fears originality the way public school boys fear the word 'gay', and going for remakes and "revivals" instead, BORDERSNAKES should be perfect for its average audience. With cunning timing this book appears now, when Hunter S. Thompson's name is on everyone's lips, and no-one could miss the striking similarity. Not someone struck by the Gonzo's style, surely, having devoured his books over and over again since the age of 14, until he knew he could write like that. There is more to the book than a decisive FEAR AND LOATHING take on it, though. The style is admittedly somewhere along the lines of a wannabe Kinky Friedman and Hunter S. Thomson collaborative piece, but the book still has more to give than a cheap remake riding high on the waves of the originals' successes.

Milo, a retired cop from Montana, and his ex-partner Shugrue are reunited on a hunt through Texas, looking each for their own reasons: Milo, upon finally getting the money from his father's trust fund on his 53<sup>rd</sup> Birthday (Freud would have had a field-day with this: The money was locked away in this fund until his 53<sup>rd</sup> by his mother to avoid the poor man becoming what his gender inevitably required - a bastard, like his father), found the money to have been stolen through the wonderful modern world of computer fraud. Shugrue, on the other hand, was not too happy when he found himself in a bar backyard with a gun held to his head. Narrowly avoiding death that time, he is now set upon finding his killer and his revenge. Working together, the two do not work simultaneously, however, instead taking the chase one after the other: Milo narrates the first part of the book, looking for Shugrue's assailant, while Shugrue takes over, as the two go on to look for the high tech-bank robber. However, as it transpires, the two searches have more in common than Shugrue's and Milo's old partnership...

A well written and fast-paced book, BORDERSNAKES can take you back to an older era and tradition of writing, and if imitated, at least it is imitated well.

BORDERSNAKES, out now, published by Harper Collins, priced at £6.99



# Out of Sight In Your Mind

## Amish Bakhai notices an emergency room u-turn

First things first. As far as the guy is concerned, Jennifer Lopez looks better in this movie than any actress since Cameron Diaz made here stunning debut in *The Mask*. The Latino, the fabulous bone structure, and that is just her face - you could grate cheese on her cheekbones. Ladies - whilst I can't guarantee you'll love the film, *Georgeous Clooney* does prevail for a full 123 minutes.

Here's the plot. Jack Foley (GC) gets caught during a bank robbery and is sent to a Florida correction centre - Glades Correctional Facility. During his bungled escape he kidnaps Federal Marshall Karen Sisco.



They flirt in the boot. Karen escapes and persuades him (professionally?) whilst he is planning to get his mits on some diamonds belonging to a fellow crook in Detroit. Some other cell mates have the same plan. That's the plot, mediocre, so what makes the film so totally superb? *Out of Sight* is an adaptation of *Elmore Leonard's* pulp fictional tale of the same name and once again Scott Frank (*Get Shorty*) does the screenplay. I the tradition of *Get Shorty*, Jackie Brown, and most of all, *Pulp Fiction* (from which this film's style is heavily

long ceased to have any meaning. Typically Leonardesque, the dialogue is witty and flows like mercury. Sisco on her birthday - "Oh my God, it's beautiful! A .38 pistolero! I love it. Thanks Dad."

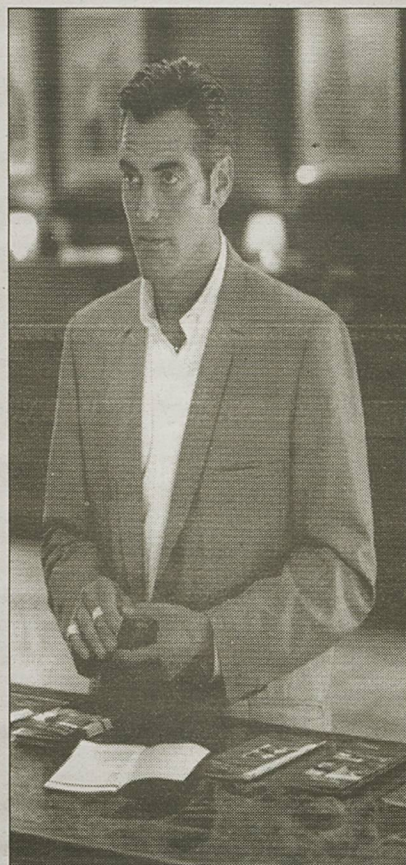
It's ironic how Soderburgh, Clooney and Lopez manage to make such a potent combination after a succession of turkeys (bar *U-Turn*) individually. Although the style of the movie is influenced by previous Leonard adaptations and *Pulp Fiction*, Soderburgh's film weaves the original



story into a series of flashbacks that make it seem wholly original. The most acute example of this technique presents itself in the sex scene between Clooney and Lopez, where a series of scenes in different locations are interlocked with each other to enhance the already sizzling chemistry between them. It was refreshingly unrevealing at a time when most Hollywood actresses are desperate to compensate acting for their Page 3 impressions. Still, this is the most erotic

movie I've seen in ages and what is so good is that the central relationship between George and Jenny is never permitted to upstage the story.

Like Leonard himself, Soderburgh is not keen to tie down his actors with plot restraints; he simply places them in a situation and watches where it leads to. Via such a technique we encounter some exotic characters played by an excellent supporting cast, the pick of which are Steve Zahn, last seen over-acting in *The Things You Do* and Don Cheadle, as a violent hood. In addition there are some wonderfully cast cameos from Michael Keaton and Samuel L. Jackson. The soundtrack by



DJ David Holmes can only be described as 'kicking' and there are some fabulously contrasting images between sun-drenched Florida and the metallic monotony of Detroit.

People may criticise this film for being unrealistic and cliché (cop falling for bank robber, Lopez's on the job fashion statement - silver lipstick?) and the fact that style conquers substance. I'd argue that few films handle substance well these days, but what little substance *Out of Sight* has it handles with terrific style. My disappointment when the picture ended can be summed up by Lopez's statement to Clooney at the end - "I got you a present I thought you might like. But I'm going to have to take it away at the end of the ride."

influenced), the film portrays the world of morally vacant characters whose lives have

# Crazy for all the Wrong Reasons

The British film scene's latest attempt at *Full Monty* glory is the quirky little film *Still Crazy*. Fictional 70s rockers *Strange Fruit* have long forgotten their Glam-rock days, and now the various members are all living separate lives. The sudden rise of retro rock however, gives keyboardist Tony (Stephen Rea) the ingenious idea of re-forming the band to cash in on the craze. The other members aren't too keen however, and Tony has to do a fair bit of begging and arguing before they commit. Even when they reform, things don't run too smoothly, as the band still have many unresolved issues between each other that date back to their split in the early 80s. In addition, the onset of age has physically weakened all the members, rendering them practically incapable of recreating their original rock-star image. This is especially obvious in lead singer Ray, excellently played by Bill Nighy, who constantly pulls muscles and falls over the stage equipment in attempt at recreating his original stage persona. His role provides most of the film's humour, especially the little pop talks he gives

to himself before every gig. Ultimately Ray is there to hammer home the film's all too obvious "old people can be cool" message, but it never gets to the point of tedium.

Billy Conolly has a small part as the band's roadie Hugh, but he seems to be there merely to provide the film with a star name, and his role really



adds nothing to the film overall. Timothy Spall gives a humorous performance as the perpetually drunk drummer, Beano, who's constantly on the run from the tax authorities. Most surprising of all is Jimmy Nail's voice which, unlike its usual nasal drone, actually sounds pretty good. It should be noted that this has a lot to do with the inclusion of some powerful rock songs on the film's soundtrack, especially "The Flame" and the instantly hummable

"All Over The World". The songs were written by former *Foreigner* front man Mick Jones, and *Squeeze* leader Chris Difford.

One slight quibble I had with *Still Crazy* is its lack of cinematic vision. Hardly any of the scenes actually merits viewing on the big screen. It could just as well have been labelled 'Carlton prime time drama' and fit very comfortably between *The Bill* and *News At Ten*. This is not to say it's a bad film, it's just one that doesn't really need a cinema release.

All in all the film has a decent, if paper thin, plot line with a few genuine laughs. *Still Crazy* is a very satisfying evening out, as long as you're prepared for what you're going to see. Though the film may look like a rip-roaring *Spinal Tap* type rock/mockumentary, it's more of a drama that deals with old people discovering how to recapture their youth. In this light it can kind of be seen as a similar film to Ron Howard's *Cocoon* (1985), though the fountain of youth for *Strange Fruit* is the Wizbeeck Rock Festival and not an alien-filled swimming pool!

Mark Tannen

# Alterior Motives WB in NW3

North London listen up. Santa has just given you all a pre-Christmas treat.

Within 0', the spanking new leisure development at Finchley Road tube station sits the ultimate pleasure...a fresh 8-screen cinema. Now, it is a Warner Village, and I guess the usual action is to sigh and watch all your ready cash drift into celluloid legend but realize we're not talking Leicester Square. Key difference numero uno. It's moderately priced for students - £3.80/£4.50 - and hell, do you get your money's worth! Yessiree!

The place is state-of-the-art. Incorporating revolutionary sound and projection systems, the auditoriums are cathedral-like. Stadium seating throughout means that sight lines are never impaired and the screens are enormous filling the walls entirely. All armrests are fully mobile so you can make

(polygamous) love seats. The seats are non flip which means they've gone in for big time leg room adding to the luxurious chilled atmosphere and all you tall problem kids are given a solution. On the munchies front it's a case of whatever you want, baby - ice cream, pick n' mix and a mega popcorn bar.

The greatest difference is the management. Headed by Radek Sali, an ambitious young Australian from the hugely successful Village chain down under, who recently worked on the production side of *Practical Magic* (Bullock/Kidman), it is around 80% student/youth run giving the place a hospitable and lively feel. They're very switched on and professional and it's you who'll benefit.

Honestly, this is no crazy con or some mad marketing technique. Have faith in your film editor. If you've got an ounce of sense you'll know where to go when you want to savour a bit of escapism.

Matt PZB



WARNER  
VILLAGE  
CINEMAS





# Singles

Unfortunately, this EP's title, *Let's Pretend To Be Gay*, is its only provocative feature. Best described as Green Day meets Blur, Griswold clash unfunny lyrics with repetitive guitar riffs to create a wholly mediocre EP. Great Christmas present for teenaged "alternative-music" buffs. (4) DH

You'd better look out world cos nothing's gonna bring me down! The exclamation mark is not optional. This precious ditty of *To Earth With Love* zips along at a fair old lick, it's true and, if you feel like jumping frantically around the living room for just over four minutes, this'll serve you nicely. Having said that, there's no reason why excitement should equal vocals that'll strip the wallpaper. If *Gay Dad* will insist on ripping off David Bowie, they should have the decency to go the whole hog and find a frontman who's halfway pleasant to listen to. (7) NC

Why is it that bands constantly choose monosyllabic names so easy to pick on? *Waste* is a waste and *Hang On* brings nothing new, just another Britpop record. It is an underground sub-Oasis track, followed by a weak imitation of the Verve. Out of three songs, only the instrumental 'Be Good To Yourself' saves the rest from going to the waste bin. (5) CW

Catchers' new single *Come Around* proves that a band can be successful beyond their first album. With a harder edge to it than the singles that came from the band's last album *Mute*, *Come Around* is cool, classy and Dale Grundle plays a pretty mean rhythm guitar. While this single lacks the "natural innocence" (their words not mine) of the last couple of singles, this is still a foot tapping, head shaking kind of song. Alice Lennon is just as cool on backup vocals and this pair make a great duo, well supported by the rest of the band. While Dale may have been influenced by Indie band Spiritualized, the single still holds a certain uniqueness that makes it a good investment. (7) AY

Sunhouse's *Loud and Lippy* EP deserves credit for its title alone. The band sound like a cross between Van Morrison and the Counting Crows. The melodies on tracks such as *Loud Crowd* and *Lips* aren't always at first apparent, but are definitely worth several listens to allow them to sink in. (7) NP

## Single Of The Week

Silver Sun are now at the stage where they can release songs with random themes without having to explain it. *Sharks* is a pleasant, ambling tune of the kind which you could just about imagine yourself singing along to in less inhibited moods. The B-side is an extended guitar version which serves as an interesting, if not dramatically different variation. (8) NP

# Feeling Somatic Yet?

Carys Egan-Wyer on London's newest talent

What sets Somatic apart is their magical ability as arrangers, producers and conceptualisers to turn the cultural overload into great soaring or roaring or romantic or swinging pop.

That's what Universal has to say about them and, judging by what they've done so far, it's pretty accurate.

Somatic are a vibrant new band from London who are destined for greatness. Their diversity and intelligence affords them the potential to break down musical barriers and do something totally different. From a glance at their musical influences, you can tell that they are not the usual run-of-the-mill indie band: Billie Holiday, the Beatles and Big Band Swing to name but a few. The styles of all these great bands are encapsulated in their work and yet they are totally original.

But Somatic are more than just musicians, they are talented producers and an innovative live act.

In fact, on stage Somatic

are brilliant. Their live act includes elements ranging from semi-classical string and brass quartets, on one side of the stage, to an ultra modern DJ

scratching and mixing on the other. They come on stage backed by Pink Panther cartoons on the video wall and even mix the cartoon soundtrack

in to their first song!

Somatic obviously have a very contemporary sound but how can you describe that sound? Well, if you removed all the trimmings, took away the trombones and the violins, the producers and the Pink Panther, Somatic would basically have an indie-rock sound. But, to box and classify a band like this would be unjust. Even without all the extras, Fleur Davis' beautiful and atmospheric vocals would be enough to captivate the unsuspecting listener and set Somatic apart from the rest.

Somatic's debut album (as yet unnamed) will be out soon. If you are looking for something beautifully different and amazingly now, buy it. Somatic are funky and intelligent and challenge their audience. Hey, anyone who samples the Pink Panther is pretty cool in my book!

They are going to be big. Remember where you saw it first!!



## Lance's Leisure Lounge

Dave How has a 'Cocktail 2000' at th' at the Lance Gambit Trio's new album launch

Strolling down Leicester Square with my intrepid colleague Sam Goddard, I was resigning myself to an afternoon of mind-numbing cocktail music. Little did I know that I was about to experience the most surreal musical event imaginable. Down in the sweltering cellars of the Prince of Wales Theatre stood the Lance Gambit Trio with their record exec, and a strange middle-aged woman wearing a sparkling blouse. After being briefed by the record exec that the music was 'quite weird', we sat down, wine in hand, and prepared ourselves for the bliss of comatose.

The trio started off true to form, playing their latest (only?) hit *Left Bank 2* which, in case you didn't know, is the breezy little cocktail number on the VW Golf adverts. Now, none of this will sound particularly

surreal so far but if you could have seen these guys playing you'd never want to take hallucinogenics again: just for fear you might see them and experience the worst trip of your life.

Lance Gambit himself was the perfect epitome of the cocktail lounge pianist. All through the songs he leant slightly back and smiled smugly to himself. The drummer, despite looking closer to the grave than the groove,

managed to keep up the fairly lackadaisical beat whilst the bass guitarist, whose suit looked ready to pack it all in if he indulged in any more snacks, just gave everyone that looked in his direction a glare that would have tamed a tiger.

The Trio then moved on to play a number of current pop hits played in 'that classic cocktail style you know

and love'. These included *Return of The Mac* (their spelling mistake, not mine), *Park Life* and a rendition of *Drugs Don't Work* which Lance hoped would help us all to understand that, indeed, drugs don't work. By the end of the performance we thought we had endured the strangest. Not so: as a last number, Lance's glittery wife joined the band and performed magic tricks in time to the music. At this point you cowardly reporter could take no more. I rushed out and back home to the prison-like safety of High Holborn.

The lesson to be learned here I think is not only that drugs don't work but also: who the hell needs them in a world that can produce the likes of the Lance Gambit Trio?



# Live

## The Revolting Return of 3 Colours Red

Shilpa Ganatra moshes on down at the LA2

3 Colours Red @ LA2

Having not played in London officially for nearly a year and with the music scene changing so rapidly, it would have been easy to forget all about 3CR. They've always been loads better live than on record, but everyone needs a little time to get back in the swing of things, right?

Fortunately that took all of 'How ya doin', London?'. Launching into new single 'Paralyse' with a vengeance to make even Ozzy Osbourne quake in his boots, you realise the experience is like going out for a drink with your old boyfriend in secondary school. You pick up

exactly where you left off, but it feels about a million times better.

Playing an almost 'best of' compilation tonight (with the notable exception of 'Fit Boy + Feint Girl'. The bastards!), they've certainly got the knack of making a perfectly balanced set; crowd favourites, in-between-song chatter, band faves and new songs are all included at their optimum level

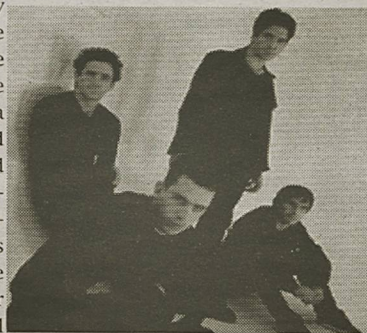
(probably having seen the Stereophonics a couple of nights

before and realising playing a newie every second song ruins the flow totally. The bastards!). And though the stuff from their forthcoming

album 'Revolt' is more listened to by the audience than moshed to, it's as obvious as Pete's Vucovic's good looks that the direction 3CR are heading in is one which can only bring international fame and fortune a plenty. 'Beautiful Day' is only typical as a rock ballad because it

makes you want to cry when the guitars do that little thing (y'know, that little twiddly bit that's found in every good song), and 'Paranoid People' will piss off those whocompiled 'The Best Anthems In the World... Ever!' CD, because now they lie.

So tonight, 3CR manage to impress yet again, and though they probably haven't gained any new followers tonight, they've no doubt resolidified their hardcore fanbase, and reminded us all why it was we bought their first album, 'Pure' on every format on the first day of its release, and plan to buy 'Revolt' in much the same fashion.

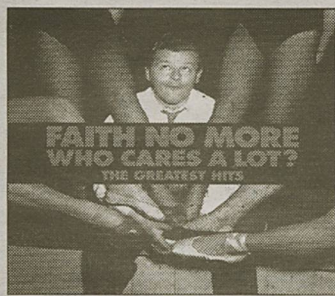




# Even More Faith No More

Malte Gerhold explains why quite sadly there is faith no more.

Faith No More  
*Who Cares A Lot?*



Phew, another half-hearted attempt to join this year's league of desperate pre-christmas releases. Or rather, another hopeless attempt to score this year's big Santa Sell Out. The ageing musician's last straw in the grinning face of a black hole of non-existent inspiration. Carey. Oasis. Weller. Duran Duran. Culture Club. Bee Gees. U2. James. Metallica. Tindersticks. Depeche Mode. Massive Attack. And now Faith No More. Is it age? Money? Pre-millennium tension? Who's next?

Well, maybe in this case there's more to it. If you thought Faith No More are the kind of band that only existed since

shooting a video with a bunch of drag queens for a cover version of Lionel Richie's 'Easy' and that this should hardly suffice to speak of 'Greatest Hits' - think again. Faith No More have been around for 16 years now, released seven albums and... called it a day. So I guess they have some right to release this album. A quick remembrance of the success and frustration of their career, a quiet piece of farewell.

Faith No More were never a band to argue with. They did there shit and that was it. They never particularly liked each other and over its whole

career the band had no less than 14 members (including, for a few days in the early eighties, Courtney Love). I remember when in 1991, just after the success of 'Epic', they and Soundgarden supported Guns'n'Roses on their stadium world tour. Damn, I was young and foolish enough to sod off for some crappy T-shirts while two of the best bands of the last ten years staged a precedent in musical deconstructivism. Seven years later, neither of them exists anymore. I must be getting old.

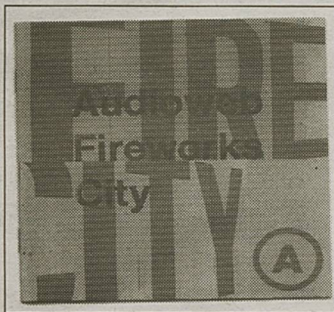
Of course, the album spans Faith No More's whole career. From their

first major single 'We care a lot' to their synthie-post-punk-rock of 'Introduce Yourself', 'Epic' and 'Falling to pieces' (if you ever wondered who were the first heroes of crossover, now you know), as well as 'Midlife Crisis', 'Digging the grave' and 'Last Cup of Sorrow'. Oh, and 'Easy', of course. If only it weren't such an ultimate anticlimax. Great were the 'epic' times, when aggression and pure power burst your speakers, when they used to cover Nine Inch Nails' 'War Pigs'. Acceptable were the 'midlife crisis' times. Excusable the release of 'Easy'. Until they grew up. Became serious and quiet. Cut their hair and wore suits. 'King for a day... Fool for a Lifetime' as a quick reminder of better days. Last year's 'Album of the year' - successful sales, sold out concerts, shit songs. At least that's what I think. So I usually skip back to track one halfway through. Anyway, this is finally a Best Of that somehow deserves its existence. Shame they split up. Maybe the whispering "You might surprise yourself" in 'Last Cup of Sorrow' already predicted their fate. They surprised themselves with success, and faith was no more. (7)



## Albums

Audioweb  
*Fireworks City*



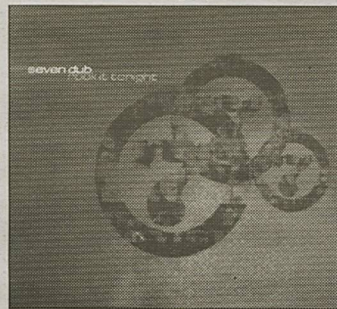
Audioweb are blighted with quite possibly the worst band name ever. Sure it has a few very modern, informed overtones, but it just doesn't work. Even Brian Jonestown Massacre has its benefits - and a lead singer/tambourine player who looks like a monkey, wait, I'm rushing away far too tangentially. I'll return.

In the follow-up to their much maligned first album, Audioweb have returned with another excellent piece of work. The album kicks off strongly with 'Policeman Skank' and continues in that vein with 'Personal Feeling' all the way through to 'Get out of here'. Martin Merchant is a quite superb lyricist, oscillating from a form of reggae rap to quite soulful singing - R'n'B without the flittery female backing vocals. The music is extremely funky and melodic, form by an excellent fusion of reggae and more mainstream music, even if it does come across a little oasis-esque on rare occasions.

It is just a shame that Ian Brown is such a ruffian or you'd get a chance to catch them in a town near you. (8)  
Daniel Lewis

Seven Dub  
*Rock it Tonight*

You know that feeling you get, when all music seems to merge into one pile of samey crap and you don't think you'll ever hear another good record? Well I think I've found the annoying trend which consistently contributes to each and every bad record I've heard recently. It's that sickening, pseudo-soulful

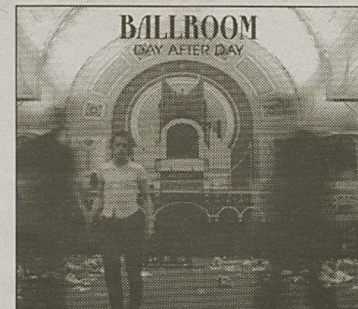


solo black female voice. Aaaargh! Half of the tracks on this album were completely ruined because of it and I was more than mildly frustrated when a good intro was followed by this almost incessant wailing.

Luckily not all the tunes included 'her' voice and two or three of them were pretty promising. Tracks alternated between wonderfully blood-shot dub and elegant deep house, in what has become the typical style of French dance music. A bit of shady garage and piss weak drum and bass manages to creep in, but all is forgiven thanks to tracks like Chateau Rouge and Lego (classy, controlled and funky). This album is perfect for those chilled out, late night sessions. (7) Helen Gibson

Ballroom  
*Day After Day*

The boys from Ballroom want to sound serious. Very serious indeed. Just try listening to the opening track of their debut release Day After Day, you'll see what I mean. Take It is a feeble attempt to write a rock epic, which quickly turns into a nothing of a song. The music is annoyingly depressing and so are the



lyrics. Not that melancholic music is necessarily bad but this collection of songs can make you want to throw your stereo out of the window (although it's arguable if this album is worth the sacrifice).

The running theme of the ten songs featured on this album? Not getting what you want and being fed up with life. In other words nothing new under the sun. It is clear that the band have carried along with them the cold and rain of Manchester. It is also clear that we are used to seeing much better offerings from the North. The bottom line is that there is no soul in Ballroom's music and this is really where the album falls short.

Grand like a Ballroom? Yeah right. (2) Dimiter Bratanov

Meja  
*Seven Sisters*



You've probably already tried to slit your wrists after hearing her first top twenty hit 'All 'Bout The Money' for the ten millionth time on commercial TV and radio, and this here is the album that it came from. Meja is already massive in Japan and her native Scandinavia. (but, come to think of it, who isn't?). The album is in part a collaboration with 'top' producer Douglas Carr, responsible for the likes of Dr. Alban of 'It's My Life' Tampax tune fame and Ace of Base of crap tunes fame. Meja has classic Swedish porn star looks, which explains why her debut album is named after a dodgy prostitute-ridden street in north London. Her album is a collection of irritatingly infectious happy pop tunes, infectious in the sense that you won't be able to stop singing them, like, ever, then all your friends will hear and point at you in a big circle and declare you a sad, sad loser and that they don't want you in their gang anymore. This could potentially serve as an album to cheer you up if you're feelin' blue, however if you're on the brink of suicide this album might just push you over the edge. (6) Jo Serieux

Anna Derbyshire's  
*Social Diary*



I have managed thus far to write endless streams of drivel about modern music without once mentioning Morrissey, and think I have done remarkably well. However, the news that La Moz has lost his court appeal to one-time teaboy - sorry, drummer - Mike Joyce filled me with such rage that I had to have a sit down for a couple of minutes. Devious, truculent and unreliable he may be - the very qualities I look for in a man - but Morrissey is also responsible for some of the most original, intelligent, witty and moving lyricism in the history of rock music. Likewise, Johnny Marr is still, quite rightly, one of the great guitar heroes, and is almost single-handedly responsible for Oasis (when they were good). That a one-time session drummer thinks he is entitled to a quarter of the profits made by the two geniuses of the Smiths when he was too stupid to look at his contract properly in the first place is nothing short of ridiculous. Should Philip Larkin's proof-reader be earning as much as the genius poet? Methinks not. Joyce, you are a wanker. I hope that you come to a sticky end in a freak AmEx/drum stool accident.

News has reached my ever-open ears that miserable Manics escapee Richey James has been spotted in the Canary Islands. Apparently he is still registered with the police as a Missing Person™, and the sighting is to be investigated, although the rumour that he was seen downing Pina Colodas and shouting "Come and have a go if you think you're hard enough" are unconfirmed at time of going to press.

Plonkers the country over are dribbling in anticipation of the new Fat Les single, 'Naughty Christmas (Goblin In The Office)'. Consisting of the usual inane lyrics and musical ineptitude, it is set to be this year's biggest festive flop, as it is neither good nor funny. Recent photos of Keith Allen have been bought up by the government for use in next year's 'Don't take cocaine: it puts years on you' schools campaign.

Gigwise, I am particularly looking forward to Marilyn Manson's only UK date on their current tour: Dig out your grandmother's surgical truss and get on down there for a pleasant evening of drug abuse and Satanism.: Brixton Academy, December 17th. Their new single 'The Dope Show' is out now, and rather marvellous it is too: Ziggy Stardust meets Alvin Stardust in a boxing match compered by the Devil himself. That's how we like it round here...

Till next week, darlings: I'm off to stinkbomb the Met Bar



# The Bart Guide to... ~~SPEED~~ Garage

Big up all the LSE party people-you know who you are...This week we're bubblin' under bubblin' over with the one like the Jo Serieux...Giving you the lowdown on garage music...

## Don't Believe the Hype...

Despite all the crap you may have heard about 'speed' garage (and please note, if you will, the distinct lack of the word in the title of this page), the music itself is no new thing. Okay so garage might be experiencing something of a 'heyday' in the UK at the moment (pop down to any record store and you'll find a million 'Now That's What I Call Speed Garage' / Speed Garage Greatest Hits' compilation albums, pop down to any club and you'll find a million bandwagons parked on the curb), but the whole scene has actually been around for many, many years.

## Garage is Born

Chicago claims to be the ancestral home of garage, but as ever those annoying, I mean, lovely Yanks just can't seem to agree with each other and many a drive-by/gang-bang (*what kind of gang-bang?!-Ed*) has taken place by frustrated youths in their respective 'hoods' over the issue of whether garage originated in Chicago, New York, New Jersey or Philadelphia. The music apparently takes its name from the 'legendary' New York club, 'Paradise Garage' where DJs such as Larry Levin in the late '70s played underground black American disco; a fusion of mainstream disco and 'electronic' soul on 'legendary' sound systems that would give The Underground a run for its money. Key names of the moment were Frankie Knuckles and Danny Morales.

Garage was characterised by its complex melodies with richer arrangements and more soulful sounds than house, but at the same time it was harder and more abstract than the old disco sounds. Producers began to experiment and fiddle about with their equipment (okay, that's enough of that) and by the mid '80s garage labels began to appear.

## UK Explosion

In the UK, US garage dominated the scene for a long time with, more recently, US producers such as Kerri Chandler, Roger Sanchez, Masters at Work (wicked) and Todd Edwards (absolutely baaad- Todd is god- and I sure as hell don't mean Todd Terry) becoming the toast of the town. But the empire strikes back and producers (such as MJ Cole) and DJs (such as Tuff Jam and The Dreem Team) are showing that the UK can give as good as it gets. The kind of garage that is getting the UK hot under the collar right now is a fusion of sounds with elements of jazz, latin, jungle, reggae, techno and hip-hop breakbeats. Okay, I'm the first to admit that there is a lot of shite out there e.g. the blatant rip-offs going by the name of remixes of jungle classics like Jonny L's 'Hurt U So' and Mickey Finn's 'Some Justice', and crappy TOTP tunes like 'Destiny' (Dem 2) but there is also a heck of a lot of talent coming both out of the UK and the US the scene in this country is still growing. Get down to Garage City to hear the FULL spectrum of music being made. Garage is music for the millenium so open your ears and let it take a hold of you- alright?

## LONDON GARAGE CLUBS

Fridays  
**XCITEMENT**

@ **Gass Club**  
Whitcomb Street  
Leicester Square  
WC2  
10pm-5am-£10 all night

Saturdays  
**GARAGE CITY**

@ **Bar Rumba**  
36 Shaftesbury Avenue  
London WC2  
9pm-6am-£5 b4 11/£10 B4  
12/ £12 thereafter

Sundays  
**TWICE AS NICE**

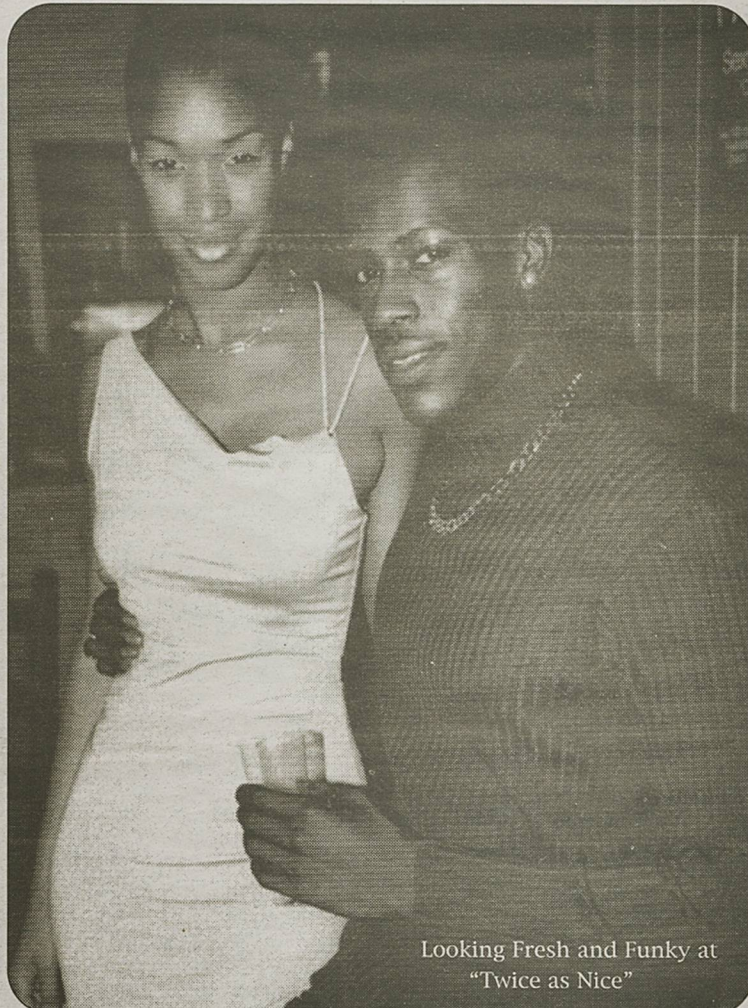
@ **Club Colosseum**  
1 Nine Elms Lane  
London SW8  
9pm-3am-can range from  
£4-£12 depending on night.

Dress codes usually  
enforced: No  
jeans, caps or trainers!



**WILLIAM  
STRAW-  
HE KNOWS  
THE SCORE!**

Don't smoke  
weed kids! It's wrong  
and it's not clever-that's  
what my dad says anyway.



Looking Fresh and Funky at  
"Twice as Nice"

## "TOP-ONE OR NIGHTCLUBMARE???"



### NAME

Joakim Tideman

### DETAILS

1st Year International Relations

WHAT WAS THE LAST CLUB YOU WENT TO?

"The Hop" @ The End

WHAT KIND OF MUSIC WAS PLAYING?

Hip Hop - some recent stuff and also Old Skool

HOW MUCH?

£4 with my NUS card

HOW LONG DID YOU HAVE TO QUEUE FOR?

Only 1 or 2 minutes but we got there quite late-about 12.30pm

WHAT MADE YOU GO THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE?

We met the promoter in Houghton Street! He asked us the way to the Tuns and told us about the night

WERE THE BOUNCERS FIERCE?

Yeah, very. We had to empty our pockets and he confiscated my miniature pen-knife. I got it back later but they were the fiercest bouncers I've ever seen.

WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE NIGHT THEN?

Really great atmosphere! There weren't many "passers by", everyone was really into the music and there were people breakdancing in circles and stuff. Yes, they were much better than the twats in the Jason Nevins video.

THE CROWD?

There were a lot of puffa-jacket wearing rude boys with gold chains- but they were all there to have a good time. I love watching those guys!

CLOAKROOM/ DRINKS

Don't know/ Water was free- excellent!

DID ANYONE OFFER YOU DRUGS?

No, but there was a lot of smoking going on.

RATINGS

Music 8/10 Crowd 7/10 Atmosphere 9/10

CHEERS JOAKIM SOUNDS LIKE A MAD NIGHT. MAYBE I'LL CHECK IT OUT MYSELF SOMETIME...

If you've been out clubbing recently and want to see your ugly mug plastered over this page then come to the Beaver meeting 6pm on Mondays. Alternatively look out for us in Houghton Street on Tuesdays around about 12.30pm.

## HARD BLACK TWELVE INCHES

Three sets of fantastic plastic for you to get your hands on this week. First up is the 'Recycling The Blues EP' by Luke McKeehan formerly of Mo' Wax, sorry, Mo'Funk fame, now recording on the recently formed Nordic Trax label. The EP has four strong tunes going under the heading of 'acid-jazz' but there is a fusion here of '70s Shaft style funk, deep house, latino sounds and hip-hop breakdancing breakbeats. 'Funk Mee' and Work It Out' stand out way above the other two tracks. (8)

Next up is 'Fug' on the Sessions Recordings label-two tracks produced by Bob Sadler. This one's very electro, jazz with an '80s techno feel. Nice sax on the 'Pest Mix' and a phat b-line on 'Sola Sonique'. Hardstep tech-funk with an urban twist. (7)

Last but not least is the three track EP by Demon. Following on from the kickin' sounds coming out of France at the moment, the tunes 'Regulate' and Last Night are very old school and a bit Daft Punk. 'The Lost Highway' is absolutely tremendous with its laid-back, deep grooves; it's worth buying the EP just for this tune. Wicked. (8)

## SOUNDS OF THE UNDERGROUND AT LSE!

Well done to the Underground Dance Society for getting LSE rocking to the sounds of dance music a couple of Thursday's ago with their party "Journey into the Underground." The highlight of the night was undoubtedly being able to watch badminton badboy Lee Federman's unique style of dancing all night. Well done Lee for keeping us all entertained. All the DJ's did a stirring job despite the difficulty of not having monitor speakers next to the decks. "Journey into the Unknown" featured loads of different styles which worked really well, giving the LSE massive a nice variety of sounds to chill, drink, chuff and dance to. The night kicked off with some House and Garage, moving onto some accessible Techno madness and peaking towards the end of the night with Old Skool Hardcore and some chilled out Drum 'n' Bass business. Perhaps suprisingly for LSE there were a reasonable amount of people in there but unfortunately not quite enough to raise the roof-maybe next time...



# The Birth of a Monster

Diana Rigg continues her run at the Almeida with a tale of power and passion in Ancient Rome. Andrea Woodhouse finds it worthy of such an illustrious reputation

Margaret Thatcher never came close. Imagine a man whose party tricks involved wrapping himself in furs to mutilate the genitals of unfortunate slaves; who murdered his younger half-brother, Britannicus - at the dinner table; who committed incest with his mother while riding through the streets of Rome; and who set fire to a capital city because, well, it just wasn't stylish enough. Consider that this man, Nero, was the leader of the Roman Empire, and you have a pretty good character on which to base a play.

The Almeida Theatre's production of Jean Racine's *Britannicus*, in contemporary translation and dress, is a skilful and sophisticated account of the power struggles of the Roman court and the psychological basis for tyranny. The Emperor Nero has kidnapped Julia and holds her prisoner. Julia has been promised to Britannicus by Nero's mother, Agrippina who, until now, has been the power behind Nero's throne. In this game, power is zero-sum, and Agrippina knows it: she is both disbelieving and terrified, and plots with Britannicus against Nero. The tragedy culminates with the poisoning of Britannicus offstage, Julia flinging herself to the gods and Agrippina, stunned, waiting slowly for her death.

The production is stylish enough that Nero, presumably, would not have set fire to it. Maria Bjornson's set

combines proto-fascist Art Deco design with touches of the ancient regime: empire reds and arching ceilings. On one wall there is a string of sculpted masks, watching the terror unfold. On the other, there is a large fish tank. Through its gloom, we see Nero's head illuminated as he watches Julia: a menacing deep-sea predator. Towards the end of the play, our eyes are drawn up towards two central towering doors, which signal manifold offstage horrors.

Diana Rigg plays a drawing and manipulative Agrippina. She swigs Scotch out of square glasses and smokes cigarettes in long, nonchalant drags. Her performance is sometimes restrained, and is the better for it; it points to the subtler mechanisms of power, which in Agrippina's case is exercised through language.

In contrast, Toby Stephens' almost camp Nero smokes his cigarettes in

short, hurried intakes. He twitches and narrows his lips when nervous, a bit like Peter Mandelson. At times the tension surrounding him is electric. He conveys glints of madness and paranoia, but also vulnerability: although he is all powerful, he cannot

at the audience and not Mother. At one point, Mother and Son share an ambiguous kiss. At this point Agrippina thinks she has won. She has not.

Joanna Roth's Julia is the startled focus of all this power play. Wide-eyed and coy, she seems like a rabbit caught in the headlights of the state machine, clawing incessantly at herself. Julia seems a little too fragile, sometimes, in her floaty dress, to have us believe that two men

Opposite him stands the deceitful Narcissus, played by Julian Glover, whose smooth, good-natured charm conceals a lurking evil. He is the advocate of tyranny, playing on the darkest impulses of Nero's psyche and persuading him to fratricide. A role of somewhat less grandeur is Albina, Agrippina's faithful but slightly naive confidante. Barbara Jefford's performance, however, is impeccable. If there is one performance in the play to single out, it is her magnificent monologue at the end.

Jonathan Kent, the director, should be praised for bringing Racine to the West End and making it such a success. Racine said that *Britannicus* was about the birth of a monster. It is also about the monstrosities latent in all of us, and the Almeida Theatre, through a production powerful enough to involve and almost implicate the audience, does an impressive job of showing this. Go and see it!

*The Almeida's Britannicus is in rep at the Albery, St. Martin's Lane until 28th November.*

Wed-Fri 7.30pm

Sat Mat 3pm

Box Office: 0171 369 1740

Student Standby (£10) available half an hour before performance (excl Fri ad Sat nights)



force Julia to love him, which fuels his desire even more. He also cannot completely break free from his mother's influence.

It is the multi-layered struggle between mother and son that powers the play. When they are together, this struggle is palpable. Agrippina lounges on a leather recliner, a woman slightly deluded but conscious of her mature and seductive power. Nero sits with hands on knees like a petulant schoolboy, looking defiantly

could be so overwhelmed by her, but gives a good overall performance. Her would-be lover Britannicus, played by Trainspotting's Kevin McKidd, comes across like a passionate public schoolboy, loose and unrestrained. His performance is breathless and eager, which means, though, that occasionally he fumbles. The supporting roles are pivotal to the power games. David Bradley's Burrus, Nero's tutor, is perhaps the only voice of conscience throughout.

## Reduced to Laughter

Can the Reduced Shakespeare Company still be spontaneous after all this time on the London stage? James goes to find out.

Rarely do shows other than musicals last for years in the West End. This is even more rare when the show in question is a comedy revue show. This is testament to the extraordinary quality of the Reduced Shakespeare Company's 'Complete Work of William Shakespeare (Abridged)'.

This irreverent, yet highly literate, take on the hallowed texts of the Bard is as incisive as it is comprehensive. We are taken through the show by a narrator, who carefully weaves the different sketches together; from the hilarious *Romeo and Juliet*, performed in drag by the all-male cast, to the ingenious *Othello*. *Othello* is without doubt the highlight of the first act, with the cast spinning together a rap to tell the story of the unfortunate cuckolded Moor.

At the same time as providing real light-hearted entertainment, the genius of this production is that it also sheds a lot of light on Shakespeare's work itself. Too often his work is treated with kid gloves, but the 'RSC' pulls it apart, and actually illuminates the audience in the process. Their intention may well be pure comedy, but this is surely a

welcome by-product which adds depth to the experience.

The second half of the show continues in this light, but gives the repertoire a little more focus. This half is a kind of pantomime *Hamlet*, with a good deal of audience participation. An initially reticent audience is encouraged to spilt into the two sides of

Ophelia's conscience, both tempting her and pulling her back with shouts of encouragement. Ophelia, meanwhile is cast from the audience, causing enormous embarrassment to a poor middle-aged American tourist, who was encouraged to display Ophelia's frustration by ejecting a piercing scream at the tugs of her conscience. Piercing scream was not forthcoming however, in fact whimper would not really be an understatement. They had, it seems, not picked the most outgoing good sport in the audience.

This episode is great fun nevertheless, and is in the spirit of the whole show. The three actors themselves are all young, male and American. The audience is primarily middle-aged American couples, although there are some 'in' British



jokes peppering the dialogue. You do need a bit of knowledge of Shakespeare to really appreciate the full impact of the wit, but the show is funny in its own right, so don't be put off by your C in GCSE English - this is something with universal appeal. Undoubtedly the greatest thing about *Complete Works (Abridged)* is its energy. The three young American actors who take the stage look like they are really enjoying what they are doing, and this enthusiasm is extremely contagious.

You leave the Criterion at the end of the show feeling like you are the first to have seen it. For a long-runner, that is no small achievement.

*'The Complete Works of Shakespeare (Abridged)' is continuing at the Criterion Theatre, Piccadilly Circus.*

Wed-Sat 8pm. Thur Mat 3pm, Sat Mat 5pm, Sun Mat 4pm.

Box Office: 0171 369 1747



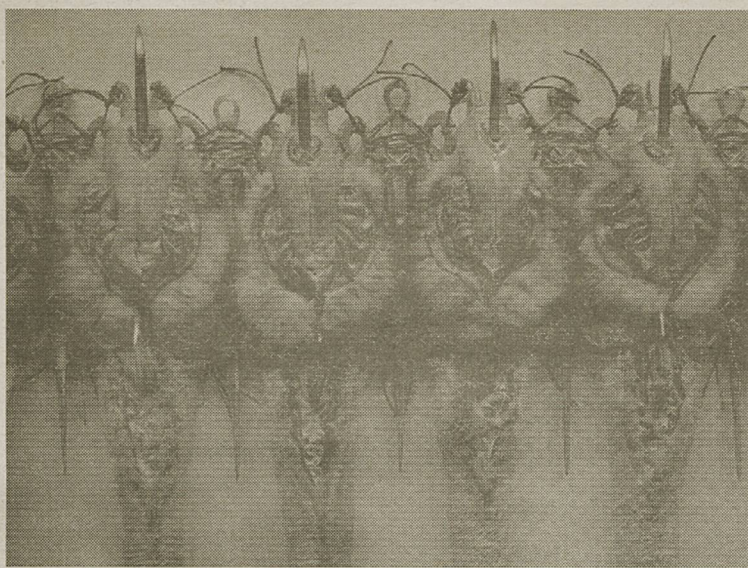
# Turned On: The Turner Prize 1998

By Helen Gibson

This month sees the opening of the annually held Turner Prize Exhibition at the Tate. A five-member jury have shortlisted four working artists, Cathy de Monchaux, Tacita Dean, Chris Ofili and Sam Taylor-Wood, one of whom will be lucky enough to win the £20,000 prize awarded to them for 'an outstanding exhibition or other presentation of their work' during the last year or so. Previous winners include Howard Hodgkin, Gilbert and George, Antony Gormley and of course, the infamous Damian Hirst.

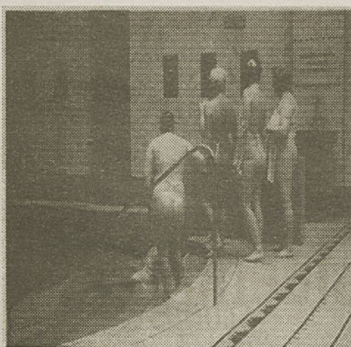
A wide range of media has been entered this year including sculpture, film, painting and photography. This makes for a vibrant and interesting show. Cathy de Monchaux's work explores the themes of [dark] sexuality and death, two rather disturbing topics which give birth to some pretty unpleasant sculptures. Her use of contrasting materials (rusted steel, fur and leather) creates a sensuality which is coupled with intense anxiety.

These are good sculptures, but I felt that the humanistic element which is obviously so integral to her subject matter, was lost in the finished products. These pieces are so alien-like that there is no sense of the psychological drama which she strives to achieve. I was impressed by Tacita Dean's film 'Gellert', shot in the women's thermal baths of a hotel in Budapest. There was a certain serenity and obvious trust amongst the women in the baths, which did not appear to be disturbed by Dean's documentary-style film-making. Her

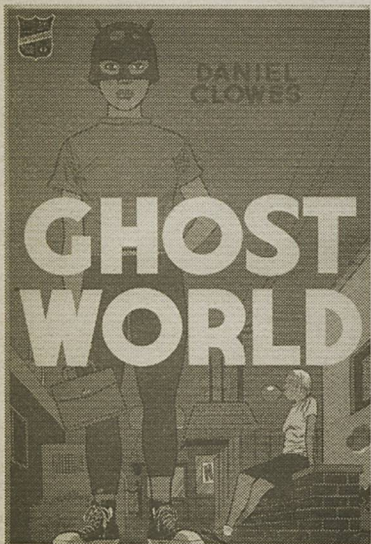


tactile approach to film in conjunction with smooth editing, made an important contribution to this sensitive piece. Chris Ofili proves that there's much more to his work than hype. He manages to represent both the darker and lighter sides of black culture, using materials such as elephant dung, glitter and magazine cuttings to produce beautifully colourful works which exploit the growing popularity of decorative painting. Importantly, Ofili maintains a thoughtful delicacy which can be over-looked when viewing these glamorous show-sellers.

But don't take my word for it, go and see it for yourself. The exhibition runs until 10 January 1999. If you don't get to see it in person, for one reason or another, the result is to be broadcast live from the Tate on 1 December.



## We Still Read Comics. What?



By John Sagan

The distinctive shelf-row scent of massed books on sale hits me in the heart every time, and so it was when I trundled into Forbidden Planet Comics out of last Monday's rain. Everything I've come to expect from comic stores was present: anoraky-in-the-eyes-of-shook-ones kids loudly debating the aesthetic import of a recent plot twist in their favorite book, an utterly profligate assortment of memorabilia to entice the giddy into full accessorizing mode, pony tailed shop attendants, all that shit, and it was good. I picked up a copy of "Ghost World", a Fantagraphics Books graphic novel by Daniel Clowes, who has been praised in the unlikelyst places for the depth

and veracity of characterization of its twin teenage protagonists, not least because they are two girls named Enid and Rebecca. I had been wanting to read it for a while, and I'm bringing it to your attention because I want you to decide whether or not you see yourselves and your friends in it, since Newsweek and other more-and-less mainstream organs of the popular opinion of our perplexed parents' generation have decided that they do.

I enjoyed "Ghost World" despite myself, on balance. I'm not going to front on the quality of my man's work. Dan Clowes draws "Ghost World" very well, in a haunting pen, ink, and pixel style, and spins out an elegiac parabolic narrative of the tail end of a dynastic high school friendship. It's just, you see, that I have much love for determinedly untamed oversensitive slangy warrior women like Enid and her homegirl- I could talk to them for hours- and didn't feel like watching these two suffer through a rather wrenching denouement. As you've seen in these pages already, I'm on a quixotic crusade against Joe Schumpeterian creative destruction of dramatic archetypes by their implacable creators, and I'm ready for some dramatic artists who resist the urge to sell out the spirited vitality of their creations with a stylized razing of their words and deeds, back to zero sum square one.



Suffering from delusions of grandeur, I spent a little time this summer sketching out a scenario for a sexually frank comedy film about Indian-American girls around my age approaching their arranged marriages as femme fatale missions, so I was mad hyped to learn of the existence of "Fire", an Indian-Canadian movie that's newly released in the UK and playing at the nearby, quite hoity-toity Curzon Soho and at the local cinema in Feltham, in a series of review blurbs in the "be here now" press that all made reference to the transgression of the usual mores of films about Indians that was to be found in it. Time Out's review typified Fire's advance press: "Adultery, masturbation, lesbianism...this taboo-breaking Indian-Canadian film has 'em all". Me, I'm all for prurience in the movies if it's sexually graphic and compassionate, a tall order to be sure, but that's my bag, and so it was interesting to watch director Deepa Mehta normalize the sexuality in her film as a crucial aspect of its thematic meditation on the conflict

## Art House on Fire

between ritual responsibility and prosaic desire in Hindu society while stopping well short of the explicit eroticism I must admit I still want to see in an Indian film.

We are introduced to newly married bride Sita and groom Jatin on their honeymoon visit to the Taj Mahal. As a tour guide sweetly prattles on about the extraordinary love of the great monument's patron for his wife Mumtaz, it is made apparent that things are in fact rather salty between the couple we're concerned with as Jatin is shown awkwardly rebuffing Sita's overtures to light-hearted conversation about their respective favorite movies with scowls and curt answers like a herb would do. Back at the rest we are introduced to Jatin's family, with whom he runs a combination video store and takeaway restaurant: the grandmother they all care for, his considerably older brother Ashok, Ashok's wife Radha, and their servant. Each of these people, in their own way, has had to work out a compromise between their personal desires and the duties attending their social roles under the scrutiny of the rest. Ashok must get along as a shopkeeper in the world that he has renounced spiritually as a disciple of a beloved guru. Jatin, as it turns out, loves another woman, who he continues to consort with despite his being married. Radha and Sita fall in love, but for them it is very much more difficult to devise a similar *modus vivendi*.

"Fire" was shot with real naturalistic artistry and is quite well-edited. Small continuities with workaday Indian-ness in this film kept catching my eye. For

instance, the first thing Sita does when she gets a moment to herself is to doff her sari and, clad in a midriff-baring top and a pair of her husband's pants she stepped into, caper before the mirror to the accompaniment of hard-driving film music. This scene celebrates a distinctly Indian "midriff aesthetic", if you will. Sita's stomach is plump with the soft underskin fat that is a hallmark of female beauty in India, which contrasts starkly with the armored-looking abdominal musculature of a certain kind of Hollywood heroine. Jatin swears in English in a quintessentially Indian way. Radha and Sita wear stick-on bindis and keep their bangles on console-top bangle rods. The set decoration is spot-on throughout.

The Beaver's own Zack Sheikh said he didn't think "Fire" was going to help break new ground in Indian film when I fatuously exclaimed it would in the Beaver offices on Tuesday afternoon, simply because, like the films of the venerated auteur Satyajit Ray, it is not a product of the Bollywood studio system. I would agree to a certain extent, since I definitely expect the hardy tropes of the Bollywood film to persist for a long while. I'm a hopeful judge of harbingers, though, and quick to champion rag-tag vanguards in the arts. Indian films like "Fire", films that portray Indians in new situations onscreen, are films that pioneer by definition, and their slow accumulation on the fringes of the market continues to accelerate

Reviewed by Johnny Twotime



# Sunset Beach: Trawling the Depths

A Mystery woman walked into the newspaper office this morning, handed in the article and disappeared, saying something about a kidnapped evil twin baby trapped in a burning building....

At the LSE we are disadvantaged by the fact that it provides only social science courses and sod all in terms of the real arts and 'natural' sciences. Well, there is a way of coping with this by watching the finest piece of drama that features tragedy, comedy and real science. It is of course, *Sunset Beach*, on that divine Channel 5.

So how can I argue this? Well, for the science bit, you have the tragic tale of Vanessa who has always lived in fear of developing the Martins Syndrome, that has caused her mother to lock herself away. This tragic syndrome is sympathetically dealt with in the following ways. Firstly, someone who fancies Vanessa's lover Michael discovers this information and goes to a witch doctor to create a spell that will cause her

love rival to develop this Syndrome. Vanessa develops this syndrome which causes her to look as though she has bathed in rice crispies, is too afraid to reveal the loss of her beauty to Michael, and as a last resort runs off with a Dr Tyus, who wants to cure her, but is in love with her at the same time. Michael eventually finds Tyus and discovers the truth, drinks a replicated form of the syndrome, causes him to almost die, just before Tyus gives him a cure he has made. During his illness, Michael proposes to Vanessa, and after wards discovers when cured that he could be infertile as a consequence of the syndrome.

Other tragedies include a "liddle ol' Kansas girl" Meg leaving her home town after ditching Tim the tosser at the wedding altar. Fortunately, on her arrival to

Sunset Beach, she is swept off her feet by Ben, a man who seems to bathe in brylcream (what is it with this lot and their bathing habits?), and wears black all of the time. But unfortunately, for the audience, we have to spend two months watching Meg gradually realise that her husband has an evil brother Colin, who tries to kill her off. Eventually, his mischief is realised, and the unlucky brother meets his fate. So do the couple live happily ever after? Well, no. What happens is that Meg befriends a young woman patient who has amnesia, and she does not realise that this is Ben's previous wife, who was thought to have been drowned mysteriously. Meg's dreg from the past, Tim, is aware of the patient's true identity and is planning on using it as a way of making Meg return to him.

As for humour, well the funniest part has been anything to do with the Richards Family. First of all, we had the alcoholic wife Olivia who has a fling with a certain Cole DeChanel (son of her husband's business rival). The future unveils, Olivia's daughter Caithlin falling in love with Cole. Parents disapprove, so Olivia drives Caithlin when pregnant for an abortion for her sake. On that journey, there is a car crash, and Caitlin loses the baby, but does not reveal this to anyone. So the audience has great fun in watching everyone pat the cushion under her frocks. Incidentally, Olivia discovers that she is pregnant from her fling with her future son-in-law, who her husband thinks is his



So shallow they won't even come up to your ankles

child. So what happens? An evil Annie who hates everyone helps Caithlin by drugging Olivia, gets an evil Dr Crock to induce the labour gives the baby to Caithlin who does not know the mother's identity, while Annie pretends to Olivia that she has lost the baby. What makes is worse is that the poor child is named "Tray" and has a whole load of bimbos surrounding him. Thus, what seems to come around goes around....

Other disasters for all include trip to an Island that ends up in half of the holiday-makers getting killed, an earthquake and of a cheap imitation of the Clinton/Lewinsky saga, except in this case the Linda Tripp-type manages to survive having her leg being bitten off by a shark, so she can survive to tell all of the dirty deeds. Another bonus of watching this programme is the credits. They feature a beautiful sun-set, lucious soft sand and an oil rig in the middle of the water-how romantic. The programme announcers also

read out various letters sent in about the prog. One involved a joke about Meg: Why does she remind you of a school dinner?

Mash for brains and bangers for legs-as you can tell, their audience is of a very high calibre. Finally, there is nothing more to say, except that the omnibus is on Saturday afternoons. This is the only option, since weekday morning editions are impossible to watch, since the LSE has introduced 9am classes...

*The Bart staff would like to reassure all their readers that no one in The Beaver collective has ever actually watched Sunset Beach or would admit it if they had. Well, except for those episodes when they were on that island being hunted by that serial killer. Or that entire Poseidon adventure story arc. Or [snip. - Bart Ed]*



Yet more cases for relaxed hand gun laws

## Classic Eighties Television

### Number 2 - The A-team

The Beaver office. 5.30pm:

"Yeah OK, Matt, the Art pages are done. All you have to do is make sure the pictures are there, alter the spelling mistakes, layout theatre again, fill in all the headlines and type 500 words on the A-team..."

"Whuh?... Dan?"

"I'm off now. Me an my woman are gonna get us some hot lovin'..."

[SLAM!]

"Dan? Dan! Dan, get your dodgy cockney ass back here you bastard!!! The A-Team?!? oh... Arse!"

Continuing the series of space-filling... er... thoughtful and probing analyses of 80's television, this week Bart takes a look at one of the most fondly remembered series of the decade time wishes it could forget. Yes ladies and gentlemen it's those notorious soldiers of fortune, The A-team.

While other shows depended on talking cars, advanced helicopters or

um... computerised police motorcycles, the A-team didn't need fancy technology to help them fight for freedom. All they had to defeat the biker gangs/mobsters/redneck militia members (them again?) were their wits, welding torches and souped up custom dodge van. Oh yeah, and more military hardware than most South American guerilla forces get through in a five year uprising.

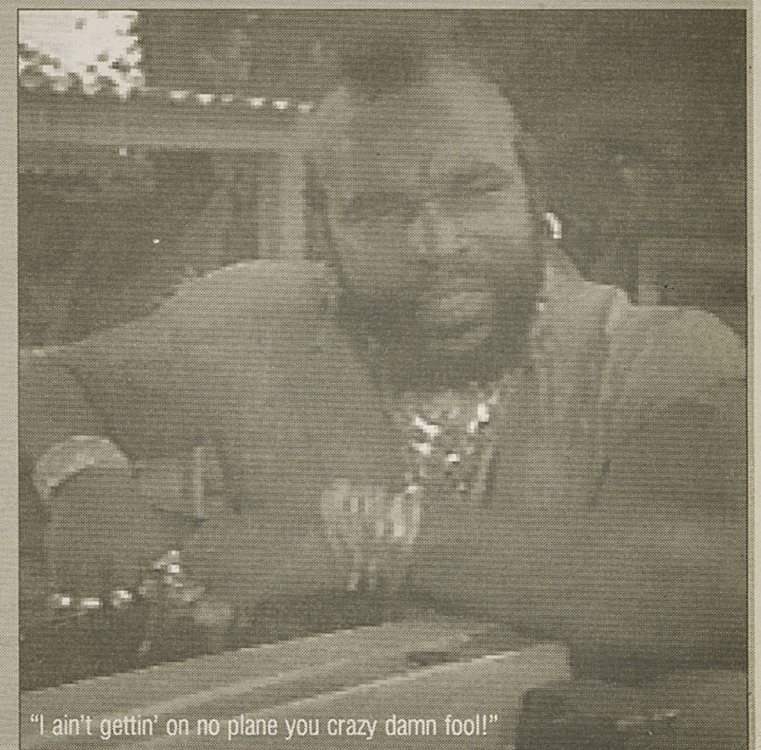
Never in the history of television have more machine gun rounds been fired without casualties (well, unless you count CNN's coverage of the Gulf War). Every Saturday teatime children, too young to understand the term "de-sensitizing violence," gathered eagerly around the cathode light in the living room, awaiting the weeks requisite amount of gun fire, car chases and, of course, more explosions than a similie I really can't be arsed to come up with.

Of course it would be foolish to believe it was only the action that made the show run for season after

season. If it wasn't for the sparkling character interplay between the stars the A-team would have been surely canned faster than Nowhere Man (Uh... what? - confused Bart Ed).

Whether your favourite was the brilliant strategist and master of disguise "Hannibal" Smith, slimy womaniser Templeton "Faceman" Peck, Howlin' Mad Murdock or, of course, the big man himself, BA Baracus you could always guarantee that if you had a problem, and if no one else could help, you could depend on the A-team to get the job done.

Although the 80's were a time of change the A-team were a bastion of certainty in a maelstrom of confusion. No matter what happened there was no bad guy so big that BA couldn't throw him over a car bonnet. No tricky situation Face couldn't talk his way out of. And no villain smart enough to realise that if you lock the team in that warehouse with all the tools they'll be breaking out within 10 minutes, driving a tank



"I ain't gettin' on no plane you crazy damn fool!"

made of old car parts, all ready to open a can of whupass on any hoodlum stupid enough to get in their way...

Ah, yes the A-team is truly a fine televisual wine when compared to the desalinated urine of modern TV. And I pity the fool who doesn't watch it.

*The A-Team is not being shown on any terrestrial channel. But if you're rich and have cable give the Beaver a ring and we'll get the beers in.*



# Mature Students Survey

For all undergraduate students over the age of 24

Please take the time to complete this survey-YOUR VIEWS COUNT - BUT ONLY IF YOU KNOW ABOUT THEM.

Please return to Christine Bayliss, Mature Students Officer, SU Reception

## LONDON TRANSPORT SCHEME

The Students Union is currently running a campaign to have Mature Students included in the concessionary card scheme. We need information in order to carry on the fight.

Would you apply for a concessionary card if you could? YES/NO

Approximately how much could you save through the concession of up to 30%? £\_\_\_\_\_

Are you in receipt of a salary from an employer whilst a full-time student at LSE? YES/NO

What would you tell London Transport-about being excluded from the Scheme (Keep it clean!)

## LIBRARY

Some students who commute into the LSE have asked about the possibility of opening the library from 8am during the week (although not necessarily the Service desks)

Would you support this request? YES/NO

How many mornings would you use the Library between 8am-9am?

## OTHER COMMENTS

How can life at the LSE be improved for Mature Students?

How could the Union improve its services to mature Students - i.e. Entertainment's, Shops, Welfare Services?

## ABOUT YOURSELF

Your name \_\_\_\_\_

Year of Study \_\_\_\_\_ Department \_\_\_\_\_

E-mail address \_\_\_\_\_

I would like to be kept informed of events for Mature Students? YES/NO

ANSWERS CAN BE WRITTEN ON A SEPARATE SHEET OF PAPER IF NECESSARY

Thank-you for answering this questionnaire

# NUS Media Awards

I went to an awards ceremony this weekend, two in fact. I love awards ceremonies: the Oscars, the Brits, the Brats, the glitz, the glamour, the stars, the agony, the ecstasy, all the right ingredients. The Guardian NUS Media Awards were a very civil affair, if you please, a bit of hush for the nominees, as we reward incisive and penetrating reporting, striking and innovative design and layout, a jolly good read chums. The best bit was that not everyone who turned up to witness this camaraderie among the press darlings could be fitted into the Awards venue, so as hundreds of students were turned away with promises of free entry into QMW to make up for their disappointment, NUS denied all responsibility as the Guardian simultaneously thanked them for their help in organising the event! I think a bit of incisive penetrating the reporting set against a striking and innovative layout is called for here to uncover the truth.

The Radio One Student Radio Awards were altogether a different affair, with the radio lot thoroughly living up to the label "students". They had sat through the Media Awards sighing that the press people couldn't organise an orgy in a brothel let alone a decent performance at an Awards Ceremony, now it was their turn to show them how it was done. Alas, by this time the media darlings had gone home to bed.

Respect for our eminent host Chris Moyles? Not us. All members of "the establishment" were to be treated with the utmost suspicion. In a classic moment of Awards history, Moyles took the stage to a rousing chant of "You fat bastard, you fat bastard". What had begun as a gentle

piss-take by those naughty boys from Manchester had crescendoed until everyone in the room seemed to be screaming that immortal line interspersed by the odd cry of "who ate all the pies?" It could have gone either way. But Moyles did not disappoint. "I may be a fat bastard" he cried, "but I am a rich fucking bastard so fuck you!" It was a classic, it was glorious, Moyles had passed the test, he was cool enough to be accepted into the world of student radio, cheers of approval ensued. We cheered the nominees, we cheered the winners, we cheered the losers, hell, and we even cheered the categories as they were announced. However many Awards ceremonies you've seen on TV, you can't begin to imagine the tension in that moment between tearing open the envelope and hearing the winner announced. The anticipation is immense, in that moment of pure emotion it is impossible to disguise how you feel when you do or do not want to hear your name. And the PuLSE gang weren't even up for anything; I foresee various breakdowns at best if we ever got nominated for anything. As the winners leapt out of their seats screaming with joy, others bore the heartache well. STORM (Manchester) won the best student radio station, but the best male and female presenters both went to URN (Nottingham). As I watched the celebrations, it made me, and our team, even more determined to make PuLSE the best that it can be, as all my radio friends said encouragingly, "It could be you next year." Here's hoping.

Maria Neophytou

## ANGELO'S

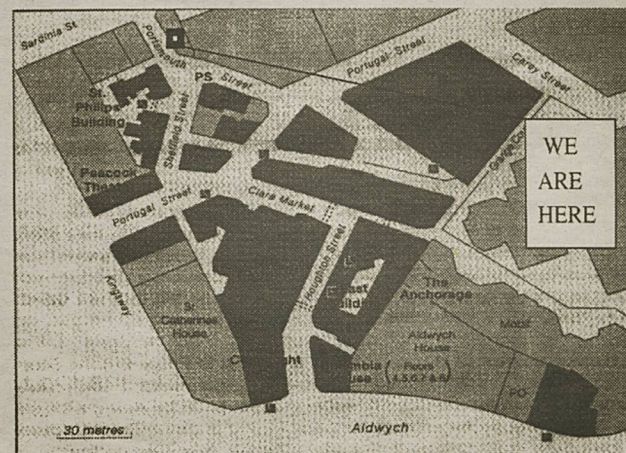
GENTLEMENS' HAIRDRESSERS

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If you are not already a member of Lse-Conservatives,  
join by e-mailing Lse-Conservative@lse.ac.uk



# SKIP: "I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS. I RESIGN"

MATT: "Oh shit. I'll have to run that old people's game"

LSE Vths 1 - 2 Birbeck  
James Mythen Reports

Elemental rather than opposition force lay behind a slender defeat for an LSE side expecting little from their first match. Gale force winds contributed to a condensed game where flowing football was the exception rather than the rule. LSE fought gamely, but a howler from Nick Emmett in goal and a penalty area scrap proved too much to come back from, despite Captain Panos' late strike.

Saturday afternoon started off as a dreamy autumn day, with no illusion to the surging tempest that we were to battle throughout the match. Getting to Birkbecks' ground is always a chore but

thankfully they provided us with instructions; "Follow the Homerton Road, follow the Homerton Road, follow, follow, follow the Homerton Road." As we arrived the calm tranquility disappeared and suddenly transformed into a writhing, swirling wind. The Greek players huddled round muttering that the Gods have been angered.

Tricky play on the left from James Mythen (But you would say that - ed) created numerous openings for the front two but all were wasted.

It was the wind that made the most telling contribution on the game as it swept across Europe. Forward passes went backward and goals quickly became corners as the precision flow of

the game that had dominated the opening gave way to chaos. Its chimeric power was illustrated by the debris that littered the pitch. Players were bombarded by naked Swedish people, Dutch tulips covered the area and supporters fed on Bread and soup from Russia. The first half finished even as both teams failed to score.

Fresh lags and renewed confidence saw LSE create some good chances but none proved decisive. Indeed, it was one way stuff until Birbeck scored a breakaway goal that Nick Emmet failed to save, distracted as he was by the surprising sight of Birkbeck players in his area.

Disbelief was followed by disaster as two minutes later the rattled LSE

defence conceded again. The ball rebounded off four LSE defenders and fell to the only Birkbeck player in the half, who promptly smashed it home gleefully. It was a surge forward from midfielder Alex that eventually brought the breakthrough. His weighted through-ball to Fran Stevens was flicked perfectly to Panos, whose turning volley invoked memories on certain David Platt on a balmy night in Italy.

It was too little too late, it's a game of two halves, its not over to the final whistle and Jimmy Hills got a fucking big chin. As LSE left the ground, the wind dropped and all that could be heard was the relentless cackle of an old woman.

## WOMEN'S HOCKEY 'GO DOWN' FIGHTING

LSE Women's Hockey 0 - 1 UCH  
Katy Pratt reports

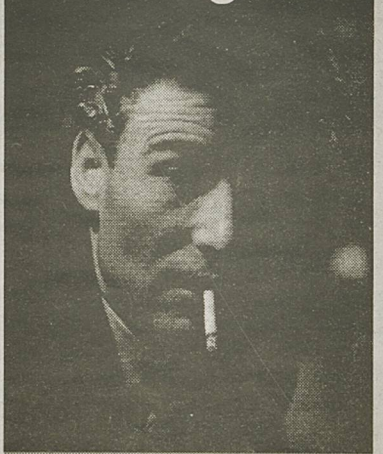
Now I know hockey can be a very violent, aggressive game, I've had the stitches, I've got the scars but I object to being pushed and shoved like a little kid in a playground. That is what the (Unfriendly, Careless, Heartless) UCH bullies did. I am aware of the rules; hockey is not a contact sport, although I am equally aware that this is a little unrealistic. Yes, I have been known to injure a few people, just have the rest of the team, and we've all been injured, but when some bitch shoves you in the back when you're no where near the ball, I do believe that's called cheating.

We're not soft by a long shot, Saucy Sarah turned into Scary Spice after a few shoves, Kinky Kersten looked ready to kill the main protagonist, whatever she was called, and me well I just decided to main mark her out of the game. Was she pissed, oh she certainly was, with a figure that can only be described as Chunky there was no way she could get away. Whenever she turned around there I was ha ha ha bitch, just remember how annoying

that is next time you try to kill the two smallest members of the team! Last season she tried to kill Bossy Becks, who consequently turned round and tripped the bitch, I'm already planning what we're going to do to her next year! Or better yet get one of the lads can smack one at her in a 'friendly'!

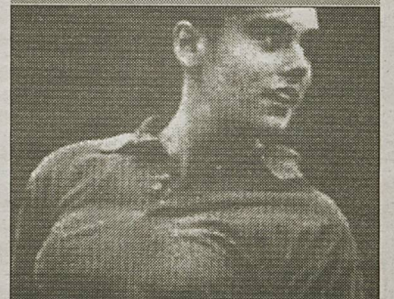
In all honesty though it was a very defensive match, they were a strong side and we found at the end of the day had ten girlies behind the twenty-five yard line defending the onslaught. Girlie number eleven, Kelly was our lone attack on this occasion, bored as hell she hope just once we might get a ball beyond half way. We did manage this a couple of times, and literally on the whistle of half time we had a really good shot at a goal. That was it really, we dug in and held out for the one nil score line, oh yeah, I forgot to mention they scored didn't I well they did. It was a non-descript hack at the keeper after a dozen or so attempts, a messy, unskilful, blatantly crap goal. Bitches like, whatever she was called don't deserve to win; they deserve to burn in hell. Bitter? Me? Never!

## Tracy Bullet Investigates



I removed the ferret from the end of my penis and let it scurry between my heaving breasts. It swung on my nipples like a great trapeze artist, running from one to the next and back. Again, again, again, again and... blackout. The life of a P.I. is a lonely one. Five highlighter pens, two Pritt Sticks, a bottle of JD and a bowl of shredded wheat. I parade proudly down Houghton Street. I can feel her there with me. My skirt flows in the cool wind, my breasts heave as I struggle to keep control of the netball, but Damn it. I look convincing. I see a few people staring at me and I know they're thinking "It's netball girl, it really is!" It's all a little blurred. In the corner I see a wily Irish bloke touch up a girl who I gather is known only as shirty, or was it dirty. I'm sure she knows who she is.

I follow my P.I. hunch and head for the centre of the establishment. A few scabby looking students direct me to Giddens' office, deep in the recess of the building. The stockings begin to rub my inner thighs. My mum had a fine pair but her paisley brassiere creaks and moans under the pressure of my fine bosoms.



His office is locked and key-coded so I negotiate the air-vents, squeezing my now ample body through. I emerge into Giddens' room at speed. Paisley bra flies everywhere. Breasts beat me around the face. Blood runs down my skirt. For a second I lay on the floor semi-conscious, unable to breathe or think properly. I drift from one place to the next unaware of the time that is elapsing.. Regaining my composure I rise unsteadily to my feet, blinking quickly, I give myself the once over and adjust my eyeliner. As my vision comes sharply into focus I'm amazed at what I see. Not giddens, no no, nooooooooooooo... What is Bullet seen to shock him so? are we long overdue a Giddens vs Bullet showdown? Can we feasibly use this tired old formulae next week (Why? What are you going to run? Sport? - - Big bad Ed)?

Join Bullet and his bouncing Boobs in the next weeks sensational Skip-free Beaversports!!!!

## SKIP: A LIFE IN LEATHER

This week BeaverSports is sad to announce the departure of sports editor, and style guru, Skip. Once a clean-living Christian youth, Skip made dubious associations with Tracy Bullet and his cronies, and his increasingly rock n' roll lifestyle soon took its toll. Housemate Michael Sisson commented: 'I first knew Skip was out of control when he got recognised at MacDonalds - I mean, the girl even knew his exact order...'

His other friends quickly noticed this tragic transformation. Tim Spooner confessed when interviewed: 'Skip was getting so pasty he started to believe he was pregnant - the swollen ankles were the final straw.' Looking like something out of Last of the Summer wine - although Federman commented 'he seemed more like something out of Birds of a Feather to me' - Skip became a broken man, living only for the next fix of alcohol or lardy food.

Skip was down, but not out. As the great philosopher Kevin Keegan said: 'The best way to win a match is to

score a goal', and it was with these noble sentiments that Skip sought to reconstruct his shattered life.

After hearing wild stories of orgies and mutual masturbation eminent psychologist Dr. Mark Ashburn informed Skip: 'You must cut all links with the Beaver. If not, you risk becoming a retarded, cretinous dwarf.'

Thus, the Beaver bids farewell to its Vera Lynn, although 'We'll Meet Again' seems ridiculous judging Skip's frequent presence in the Tuns. Matt Brough, the Beaver's Executive Editor, summed it up: 'Skip's a far better man than I, and I'll forever live in his shadow... Was that sincere enough for the whining little cock-sucker?'

*Skip would like to thank: Alan Buckley and the Grimsby Town team, Johnny Vaughan, Gazza, Netball Girl, and Carlton Palmer, without whose influence such a change of heart would not have been possible.*

## SPORTS EDITOR WANTED NOW!

Itchy, flaky scalp? Flabby, pasty, skin? sweaty, sagging ass? Yes, Skip was a fine figure of man but alas, the pressures of the cut-throat, seat-of-your-panties journalistic world have finally got to him. One too many JD's maybe? Who's to say. Certainly, it takes a man with alarming qualities to fill this role. A man with panache, flair, looks and the ability to insult with little moral repercussion. A man who doesn't cave in under pressure and can live under the glare of admiring women. Aman who understands the

necessity of kebabs and lager, yet has a feel for more sensitive demands of everyday life. A man most unlike Skip. Some form of computer skills are helpful and a knowledge of sport is a bonus, although these are qualities the average Sports Editor can only dream about.

Think you're up for the job? Speak to Matt Sutton or venture down to the Beaver Office, just don't expect him to be there.

## BUSA Classified Results

Wednesday 19th November

Football	LSE 1st XI	v	Imperial 1st XI	0 - 1
	Goldsmiths' 4th XI	v	LSE 4th XI	3 - 3
Badminton	GKT 2nd	v	LSE 2nd	0 - w/o
	LSE Women's	v	Imperial Women's	w/o - 0
Basketball	QMW 1st	v	LSE 1st	0 - w/o
Golf	LSE 1st	v	Imperial 1st	w/o - 0
	LSE 1st	v	St. G 1st	1 - 2
Hockey	LSE Women's	v	UCH Women's	0 - 1
	Kent 1st XV	v	LSE 1st XV	33 - 7
Rugby Union	Kent 2nd XV	v	LSE 2nd XV	44 - 6
	LSE 1st	v	St. G 1st	0 - w/o
Squash	LSE 1st	v	St. G 1st	0 - w/o



1st XI Claim Victory..... 1st XI Claim Victory..... 1st XI Claim Victory..... 1st XI Claim Victory.....

# LSE FALL TO IMPERIALIST SCUM

What's gone wrong? Fonzy down, no score at Lime lights and Mandy off his food

LSE 1st XI 0 - 1 Imperial 1st XI  
James Mulligan reports

Championship favourites Imperial College taught LSE 1st's a harsh footballing lesson in a match that sent the strictly boy's only university to the top of the league. LSE on the other hand were sent back to the drawing board with Super Kev facing an uphill struggle to mould his band of wayward geniuses into a crack footballing unit.

Last summer LSE gave IC a lesson in total football in the Challenge Cup final running out 4-0 winners. Over the summer the IC boy's have obviously benefited from having no distractions such as girls to get in the way of their training. The LSE studs on the other hand are having to beat birds off with a shitty stick and this is affecting their game immensely.

However, early doors, LSE looked a confident side with some moves straight from the training ground. Neat passing triangles, one touch, pass and move, follow your man, lovely stuff. Before long though cracks began to appear in the LSE football machine and IC took control and during this brief period of IC having the upper hand, they fluked the only goal of the game.

Before then though LSE were on fire, with Nader 'The Monk' Fatemi and Andreas Guddmann's constant running causing more havoc than a

well placed hand on Georgia's arse.

However, LSE were further hampered by the injury to Filippo 'The Fonz' Venini who twisted his knee falling off his Harley as he drove from Big Al's diner to the match. The knee injury will keep him out until January although on a more serious note the 'Fonzy Swagger' will not be the same for the foreseeable future.

With Fonzy out of the match it was left to Matt Cole to forage alone up front. Coley wasn't at his best though as he was still recovering from his now legendary 'wild' house party last Saturday, the rumoured highlight of the party being the end.

Other poor performers included a tired performance from Rob Allen, this being blamed on the fact that he's shagging that 1st year bird from Rosebery, with Super Kev's performance also blamed on the fact that he's playing 'hide the hockey stick' with some fresher.

It seems the firsts are crying out for the return of fairweather playboys Pie-Mandraker and Mulligan, out respectively with a pulled hamstring and a severe bout of Tropical Saturday Morning Flu.

So after 'running the line' on Friday night Mulligan failed to turn up to do the same the next day. This meant a severe dressing down from Kev and relegation from the firsts, although replacement Vin failed to



Mandy.....



.....He ate all of these!

impress.

If confirmation were needed that the result was a freak, the strange goings-on in the post match booze-up at trendy watering hole 'The Tuns' and exclusive nite-spot 'Limelight' supported this.

It definitely was not an ordinary day.

With the night doubling up as a send off for Chris Camp (yet again flying abroad for another sun, sea, sand and masturbation holiday in

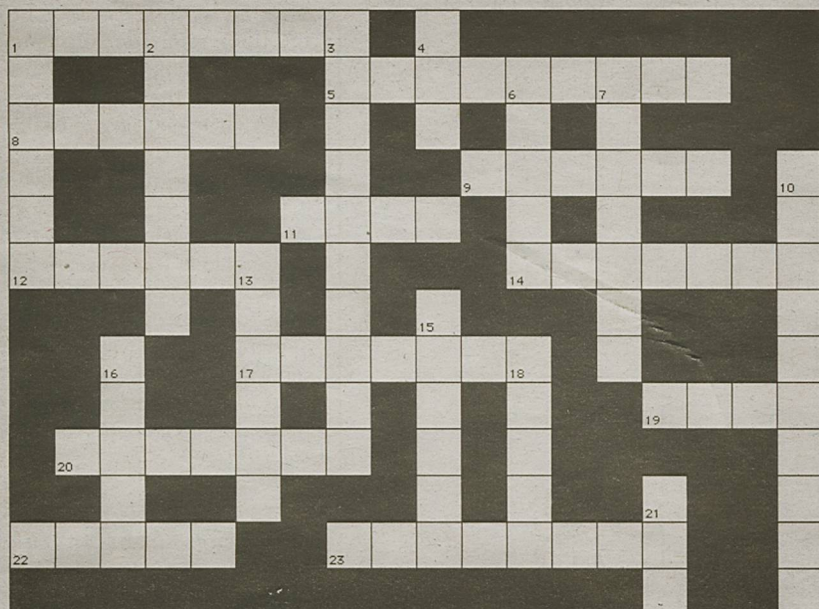
pursuit of some girl who should really think about getting some sort of restraining order) none of the LSE footballing legends had any luck in the sharking department with the first team big gun's having a 'Lucy Blair'(nightmare). This was even with first team football groupies Beth, Alex Hartley and Charlotte literally on a plate for any of the football lads to tuck into.

The only two successful missions were from 'Dirty Lolita Alex'(tm) who

pulled Kyle Breegen's dad and previous unshown form from Colm who put a few noses out of joint with a well executed pull of some dirty looking blonde bird.

At the end of a long day, fisticuffs between McLaughlin and Mandie in Drury Lane proved once again that there have been saner Wednesday's in the world of university football.

## SportsWord: The Quest for the Free Pint Continues



Across	Down
1. (And 11 Across) Home of the legendary Grimsby Town (8)	1. Ex-Tottenham dwarf (6)
5. First Division sponsors before Nationwide (9)	2. Tottenham goalscorer in the Liverpool rout (7)
8. Doncaster -----, shit-tip Yorkie outfit (6)	3. Liverpool donkey with shite right foot (10)
9. Midfielder contemplating his England future (6)	4. --- Akinbiyi, Bristol City star striker (3)
11. See 1 Across (4)	6. David O'Leary's new stamping ground (5)
12. Tony -----, former prolific scorer for Leeds (6)	7. They play at Portland Road (7)
14. Ex-England goalkeeper with gambling problems (7)	10. (And 15 down) Premiership toss-pots
17. Shocked in the 1987/88 Littlewoods Cup Final (7)	13. Winners of the 1998 Scottish Cup (6)
19. Brazilian legend (4)	15. See 10 Down (6)
20. The Toffee-men (7)	16. Day when Fulham reach the Premiership (5)
22. Geoff -----, England legend (5)	18. Skip's football skills are comparable to one (5)
23. Only England player who looks knackered after ten minutes (8)	21. Karol Poborsky's international goal-count (3)