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A Raspin

Week's edition of The Beaver

BRITISH LIBRARY OF POLITICAL & ECONOMIC SCIENCE

Chocolates Galore: Festive Campus

Section 2



Bart gets the low down on what's hot over the festive season

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# THE BEAVER

## A Bleak Midwinter

## Thousands sign anti-fees petition

Chris Roe

The outlook for the capital's rough sleepers remains dark this winter, despite the best efforts of charities to cope with the seasonal demand for accommodation and hostel facilities.

Worryingly, those closest to the issue fear that young people are increasingly falling through the increasingly unsound welfare state safety net. Official statistics often fail to include the majority of single homeless people, according to *Shelter*, the campaigning group.

This practice tends to lead to an underestimation of the scale of the problem, with a corresponding underallocation of funds and a dearth of interest on the part of the public. A spokeswoman for *Shelter* told the *Beaver* that the statistics on the problem were only "the tip of the iceberg" and that they failed to express the extent of homelessness.

She also expressed concern that young people were discriminated against by housing associations, who typically class single youths as a low priority group for housing benefit. This has been aggravated by legislation brought in by the late Conservative government in October 1996, which drastically tightened conditions for housing benefit for under 25s. *Shelter* were also unenthusiastic about the prospects of the new government significantly relaxing the regulations. Consequently more young people find themselves in a helpless position where they have nowhere to live, and no way to obtain help from the state.

The bitterly unfriendly conditions which rough sleepers face during the winter, and ironically especially during the festive period, naturally places a strain on hostel resources which at the best of times are inadequate. *Shelter* said that hostel beds typically fill up by 11am during the winter period, which is a strong indicator of a supply shortage. Beds are usually available until the evening during the rest of the year.

The charity *Crisis* strives to meet the extra demand with the support of local businesses. A spokeswoman told the *Beaver* that 40 extra shelters had been opened on the first of December, and that a further 30 would open for a week around Christmas Day. Donors include the BBC, whose shelter will provide accommodation for around 1000 homeless people during the week that it will be in operation.

There are still indications that even this redoubled effort will sadly prove to be insufficient to resolve the problem of accommodation over the Christmas period. The *Beaver* spoke to one rough sleeper who was still having problems finding



A Big Issue salesman, here outside Holborn Tube Station, later revealed by the BBC news as a primary school friend of Prince Charles's.

Photo: Alex Trojanow.

space in a hostel. She said that she had already been approached by the BBC, who wanted to spend two weeks filming her life on the streets, a story which has a particularly ironic quality considering the help they had given to *Crisis* in getting

people off the streets. The twenty year old, who preferred to remain anonymous, said that she had failed to obtain a place in a shelter, partly because hostels were reluctant to house her boyfriend as well. This suggests that couples as well as single

people are facing a winter on the streets. She was unequivocal about the prospect of spending Christmas on the streets, describing the prospect as "horrible." For some, the midwinter promises to be very bleak indeed.

Andrew Yule

The penultimate week of this term heralded the LSESU's Week of Action Against Fees. The campaign was intended to raise awareness and concern over the prospect of the imposition of tuition fees looming over the heads of students.

Narius Aga admitted to *The Beaver* that "interest is waning" amongst students over the issue of fees, as they become ever closer and more inevitable with each passing day. However, the LSESU General Secretary is still pretty hopeful of a degree of success as a result of what has been an extensive campaign.

While Aga told *The Beaver* that the government is "not showing signs of ceding," he stated that "it is showing concern." He suggested that this has a lot to do with the pressure exerted on them by the unified efforts of London Colleges and the NUS over recent months, as well as the nation wide marches and high profile demonstrations last month.

Despite this optimism it was clear from last week that new ideas for the anti-fees campaign are in short supply. Neither Narius Aga or Education and Welfare sabbatical Yuan Potts, or any of the campaign organisers at the LSE, were able to raise any hugely impressive protesting displays amongst the apparent apathy of most Houghton Street students.

However, the "Week of Action" did culminate on Friday with the presentation of a petition to the Department of Education in Westminster. The petition consisted of an impressive list of some 2000 LSE students signatures lobbying David Blunkett, Secretary of State for Education, to rethink the governments policy on fees.

Whether this approach will have any direct impact will not be clear for sometime. However, Aga stressed that he felt that the government was unlikely to totally scrap their plans. Nonetheless, he remains optimistic that maintaining pressure on them may well convince them that at the very least the money raised through the collection of fees should be put back into expanding and improving higher education and not just thrown into the melting pot of the Treasury.

When questioned as to what he felt were the most effective ways to protest, Aga told the *Beaver* that he was convinced that directly lobbying those people with the most governmental influence is vital. Thus, he hopes that a petition handed over to Mr Blunkett is a definite step in the right direction.

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## News From Nowhere



Everyone who went to a freshers' fair at the beginning of this year has heard of the Student Pages. They are a kind of *Yellow Pages* aimed specifically at the skanky student market and contain all manner of discount vouchers for all manner of student activities from cinema and club discounts to supermarket vouchers and medical bargains, although who in their right minds would go to a discount dentist surgery for a filling beats me. However, the Student Pages it seems are offering discounts for something altogether more seedy. A piece of stunning investigative journalism from the **Liverpool University** Union newspaper, The Prophet, has unveiled that the Student Pages are carrying advertisements for brothels within its saunas and solariums section, a revelation that has left the student population reeling and all the respectable sauna and solarium establishments being bemusedly inundated with sexually deficient young students asking for hand relief at the discount price of £35.

When asked whether he was aware of the situation, the Student Pages director, Colin Taggart, was surprised but usefully defended his situation by commenting that "stripping is a valuable source of employment for students. Grants are being cut, times are hard and not everyone wants to work at *Burger King* or pulling pints. This actually boosts student income. I mean, say you're a young student, looking for employment in the sex industry, then you could use the listing as a valuable reference." I could say something wittily disparaging about such a blatantly ridiculous comment from an obvious f\*\*k head but I think it speaks for itself.

This is also something that the newspaper serving **Cardiff**'s students did when it published the following er, comment, in its welsh pages this week: "Ac am weddil y flwyddyn, maeparti Nodolig wedu cael ei drefnu yn ogystal a lly o weithgareddau eraill, felly 'watch this space'. I couldn't agree more, and I look forward to future comments on this topic soon.

I also look forward to a time when compulsory euthanasia is introduced for all those who are still banging on about tuition fees. Every uni across the country is jumping on the anti-tuition fee band-wagon and returning to the politically active, rampant demonstrations that hark back to the sixties. I don't know much about the issue but I do know that we object to tax rises and that we, as students have the benefits of free street lighting, free rubbish collection etc, whilst not paying any taxes whatsoever. What the f\*\*k do we want, for God's sake? We all want free education, but it seems as though we want free everything else aswell. I want to know what gives us the right to bleed this country dry of money whilst refusing to put back into the system any of the money we took out as students. Why the f\*\*k should all the old crumbles who probably never went to university and who will all be half dead by the time we are in a position to do anything for them as clever little post-grads, pay for our beer sodden, dope-infested education??

Anyway, if we're poor we can always take Colin Taggart's advice and look up our friendly local sauna and solarium den and apply for a job....

**Tasha Kosviner**

# Degree of Uncertainty

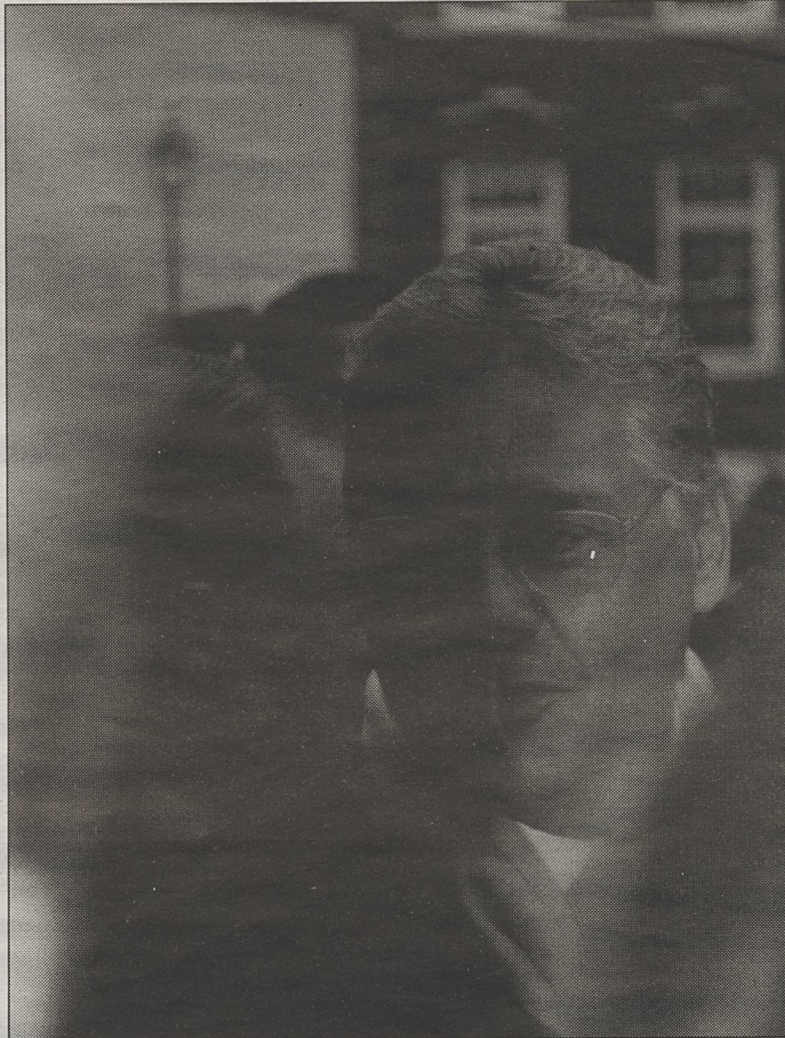
Chris Roe

Protestors made a vocal display outside the Peacock Theatre last Wednesday as they demonstrated against the conferral of an honorary degree on President Cardoso of Brazil by the University of London.

The organisation *Survival* objected to Cardoso's award on the grounds that he has failed to deliver on his promises to grant land rights to Brazil's indigenous peoples. His election manifesto in 1995 pledged the "integral demarcation of indigenous lands" and *Survival* feel that he has not delivered on these policies. Spokesman Richard Garside told the *Beaver* that the decision to grant the degree to Cardoso was "a total disgrace" in the light of his record on rights for the Brazilian Indians. He added that the LSE had been "obstructive" to the protestors, and had attempted to restrict press coverage of the event. Despite the alleged obstacles, the media was prominent, with two television cameras amongst the crowds.

Some commentators felt that the police presence at the scene was excessive. A policeman at the scene refuted these suggestions, stating that the "President of another country warranted close protection." He also added that the protestors "definitely" constituted a security threat, but declined to reply when asked if there had been any specific incidents. Another source said that the police had carried out extensive searches of LSE buildings to determine that there were no suspicious packages in the vicinity, and that such procedures were standard for such a high profile visit.

The decision to honour President Cardoso with a prestigious LSE degree was taken in 1995, when the School was given permission to make five honorary awards by the University of London to celebrate its



The LSE's newest graduate

centenary. Convention dictates, however, that the recipient must accept the award in person, and Cardoso had no occasion to make a state visit to the UK until this year.

Photo: Nina Duncan

Some felt that the decision to make the award had been appropriate two years ago, but was more controversial in the light of Cardoso's record on land rights since that

date. This raised the suggestion that the School felt obliged to make the award, despite declining support for it.

If there was any such reticence about the decision then the School hid it well. Professor Giddens was unequivocal about President Cardoso's qualities in his speech at the ceremony. He emphasised the intellectual, academic and political attributes of Cardoso, and described him as "a man who has succeeded as both scholar and politician." He also commended the President's attempts to "reconcile social democratic principles with some acceptance of market forces." *Survival* would claim that these attempts have not been entirely successful.

According to one source who attended the exclusive event President Cardoso made a reference to the demonstration in his speech, when he showed an apparently sincere desire to talk to the protestors. This was reassuringly congruent with the image of Cardoso as "a firm believer in the democratic process" which Professor Giddens had projected, although others would claim it was a typical gesture from a man who promises one thing but delivers another.

Some students claimed that the award of honorary degrees was degrading to those who had to work for their own qualifications. The LSE Press Office felt unqualified to comment, but it should be pointed out that such awards are rare. Sue Wood, of the LSE resource centre, told the *Beaver* that the official criteria for an honorary degree were that they should be "awarded to persons of conspicuous merit who are outstanding in their field or who have given exceptional service to the university." She added that heads of state are not generally honoured in this way. Whether or not President Cardoso was worthy of such recognition remains a moot point.

## Halls Open Doors



LSE halls will soon accommodate first year London residents.

Photo: Library

Michael Collins

LSE Director Anthony Giddens has initiated a new scheme, to provide all first year London based students with hall accommodation.

Currently only those students whose permanent address is outside the London postal area can be guaranteed a place in halls, with priority often being given to overseas and postgraduate students.

The LSE Director is advocating guaranteed places for London students, which coincides with a new drive to recruit students from London's inner-city schools. The scheme has not originated through the inter-halls committee and is being seen as a new policy to be personally linked to Anthony Giddens.

The inter-halls committee will still take the final vote on the issue, but given

that it has been prioritised from such a high position, it is unlikely to meet significant opposition. The idea has already been endorsed by LSESU Education and Welfare Officer Yuan Potts. He pointed out that London students can sometimes live up to a two hour journey from the LSE. Furthermore he stated that "living away from the parental home is an important part of the university experience that London students should also be entitled to."

As the LSE continues to promote itself as one of the premier international learning institutions, there is a likelihood of conflict over this issue. The clear need to provide home and London students, as well as an ever growing number of overseas students, with hall accommodation is certain to place great pressure on resources in the coming years.

## AUT Prepares To Strike

Matt Brough

The crisis in Higher education funding not only affects students as the Association of University Teachers threatens to resume industrial action over pay.

According to the AUT its members have been gradually falling behind in the pay stakes for a number of years to a point where most university teachers are being paid approximately 20-25% less than other comparable professionals. Although a pay rise of this size has been turned down as an unworkable option by the AUT, if the trend continues it will soon reach a point where pay levels are not keeping up with inflation, effectively a pay cut. As many teachers would not stand for this the threat of industrial action becomes an ever increasing possibility.

Even with the introduction of up front tuition fees and additional funding (which

the government announced in September) the academic year 1998/1999 will see funding per student drop by at least 0.1%. The AUT has expressed concern about this and the increasing fear of redundancies. "Quality is slipping" stated AUT General Secretary, David Triesman.

As a result the AUT has called for a professional pay review body to be set up in order to ensure pay remains at least in line with inflation. Triesman claimed that the establishment of such a body is something that the AUT's members "would fight for relentlessly" and in a press release stated that January could see the start of industrial action.

Pay claims have already been lodged by the AUT with nearly all Universities and higher education colleges across the country and a decision to take industrial action may be taken on the 22 January next year.

## Summer Brain Drain?

Andrew Yule

A report published last week in the *Sunday Times* claims that the time of year in which one is born affects one's intelligence level.

The report claims that the GCSE results of children born in August are on average one third lower than those born in the Christmas months, at the beginning of the academic year. Those born at the end of the academic year are also claimed to be five per cent less likely to go on to do A-levels than their winter born peers.

The *Sunday Times* goes on to suggest that as a result of these statistics parents are "fixing" their offspring's date of birth to

secure their places as mature students amongst their school-day contemporaries, thus increasing their chances of successfully passing entrance exams into high quality primary schools. However, the very fact that parents feel the need to maximise their children's intellectual potential in such a convoluted way seems to indicate a deeper, darker problem.

This problem revolves around the very fact that there is an apparent growing trend to test children as young as three years old on their academic capabilities, a very strange concept to many in the world of education, not to mention numerous parents worried that such a system puts unnecessary pressure on such young kids.



# Student Numbers Slump

Matt Brough

A recent NUS straw poll in *The Independent on Sunday* has revealed a significant drop in the number of applications for higher education courses following the publication of the Dearing report earlier this year. Although varying from institution to institution almost all universities polled reported quite a noticeable fall off from their expected application levels.

At certain universities this fall accounts for almost a 1/4 of their total applications; University College Ripon & York St John have suffered a 23.8% fall whereas Salford University reported a 26.5% drop, equivalent to approximately 1000 students. These falls have been directly blamed on the way in which the tuition fees affair has been handled by the government. The abolition of free higher education, the up front payment of fees and the threat of top-up fees appears to have taken its toll on potential students.

In the midst of the NUS's action against fees week this report adds further weight to the anti-tuition fees campaign. In a statement to the press NUS president Douglas Trainer said that the Figures represented "a clear pattern of fear", claiming that "Tuition fees are devastating access to education" and "are killing ambition and opportunity."

Education and Welfare Sabbatical Yuan Potts, himself integral in the LSE's action against fees campaign, described the results of the poll as significant, illustrating the manner in which up front tuition fees are already leading to a massive reduction in UCAS applications. Potts also went on to state that "Tuition fees are *no* solution to the funding crisis".

Despite the positive effect releasing these statistics has achieved the NUS is still receiving criticism over its anti-fees campaign. The recent introduction of the "Fees helpline" although welcomed has been accused by some as being ineffective. One *Beaver* journalist posing as an applicant was unable to receive any advice except "we can send you a leaflet if you want." The helpline has also been described as "pants" on record by LSE SU sabbatical Yuan Potts. Also reluctance by the NUS to answer certain questions still leaves suspicion firmly on their executive as to whether they are truly doing all they can to stop tuition fees.

# Jasper's Christmas Flashers

Theo W. Bugarht

Once again it's the season of goodwill and peace on earth to all men. The shops are full of Easter eggs, shopping days have been counting down since June. Telletubbies are torn to shreds in toyshop fist fights and Houghton Street has... fairy lights????

Yes, unusual as it is for the 'ever so reserved' character of the LSE it seems as though, without anyone knowing, the School has gone and got some festive spirit. The usually straggly trees that pass themselves off as greenery around the school's buildings have been adorned with a myriad of twinkly lights that come on whenever it goes dark. But how? Has Anthony Giddens been persuaded to part with funds for frivolous decorations by the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come? The *Beaver* tried to find out.

Investigations amongst LSE's various services departments drew a blank. The decorations were neither the responsibility of facilities nor environmental services. The festively decorated Pizzaburger was unable to give any leads despite having the only Christmas Tree on campus. Even the SU shop had provided its own tinsel. So whodunnit?

The guilty party: LSE SU's Entertainments Sabbatical and Santa's little helper, Jasper ward. "Yeah, I'd like to take credit for them. Last year we had decorations in the Shaw Library and reading room. This year we put them outside. They cost very little and they run off their own generator so we aren't even using LSE electricity."

And what's the reaction on the street?

"Why don't we have a Christmas tree?"

Some people are so ungrateful. Merry Christmas everyone.



Are the LSE lights a Christmas cracker?

Photo: Nina Duncan

# Sabbs Budget Bonus

Dev Cropper

The Students' Union's budget was approved by last Thursday's Annual Budget Meeting (ABM) with little controversy, riding on what Chair Philip Hampsheir described as a "wave of apathy". SU Treasurer Imogen Bathurst proposed blueprint for the year's finances was almost entirely adopted.

This was by no means unexpected, since much of the Budget is based closely on last year's, and uncontentious sections such as Administrative Costs and Reception Services went through on the nod.

Perhaps surprising was the unquestioned approval of the Staff Costs section. This raised Sabbatical salaries from £189/week to £200/week, in addition the value of a Travelcard, which will in the future be a 'perk' of the jobs, will be given to the sabs. In the past, moves by Treasurers to raise their own salaries have prompted fierce debate at the ABM.

In her speech, Ms Bathurst explained that sabbatical salaries had been tied to NATFHE's (the Higher Education staff

trade union) pay scales, at the lowest level. This had been suspended while the union negotiated new levels. Sabbatical salaries were now to be raised back onto that scale.

Information was given on changes to the Advice Centre budget. The disabled students fund and the parent students fund were increased and the Hardship fund cut. Additionally the Hardship fund has been handed to the school to distribute as the awards given in the past have not been high enough.

The Treasurer was disappointed by the apathy and disinterest surrounding the budget. It is disappointing to see that LSE students seem to care little about how their union's money is spent.

The only area of the Treasurer's proposed budget amended by the ABM was, as usual, the Societies section. Both the Afro-Caribbean and Modern Dance Societies added to their budget at the expense of other societies. Questions must be raised, however, as to whether anticipation of the fiery Societies wrangling precludes serious examination by the ABM of the other, larger, sections of the Budget.

# Yuletide Books For SOAS

Stuart Lock

On Tuesday 2 December SOAS students marched victoriously from the library they had occupied for more than twelve days.

The occupation, with the support of the SOAS Students Union, was over Senate house Library access. SOAS management this year refused to allow access for all students.

In an amazing climbdown after several "final offers" management caved in to a number of demands outstripping simply Senate House access. SOAS management has not only agreed to provide access to any SOAS student who requires it for academic reasons. In addition SOAS students will now enjoy free computer printing, cheaper photocopying services and the benefits of an increased expenditure on the library teaching collection, (the SOAS equivalent to the Course Collection at BLPES.) A further benefit secured by the occupation is that the SOAS library will also now be accessible on Sundays.

Commenting on the occupation which lasted over 290 hours, and gained support from as far away as Germany and South Africa, a SOAS student told the *Beaver* "this proves that students have the power to change things if they take them into their own hands."

Another SOAS student summed up the feelings of optimism and euphoria making this proposition to the *Beaver*; "LSE '68, SOAS '97, a new era of student radicalism...but this time lets make it nationwide." Some sources suggested that the LSE of today should turn its "week of action" attentions to "concrete, alternative strategies" such as victories such as that of SOAS's. A number of Oxford colleges as well as Kent University have also been cited as contemplating occupations in the coming weeks leading to rising speculation that a national "wave of occupations" may not be too far away.



This week Jack is feeling rather unwell. A twist to the scrotum and a couple of blows to the throat will do that to a man. So he's kindly allowed me to take over his column for a week. That's nice. Now I can stop extracting his toenails and filing down his teeth. What this paper needs is a real man, a man's man, a woman's man, the kind of man for whom Heartbreak Hill means more than Georgina Reason's left breast. And I, Jake Tights, am that man.

Now it may surprise some of you to know that I am a liberal. No really. A card carrying pinko wimp. I like cats and the poetry of A E Housman. At school I'd press flowers while the other guys were doing gym. In barracks I was the one who lost out in the wet towel flicking contests, the one they called "Jake, Jake thin as a rake" 'cos they were bigger'n me. I don't even own a gun.

And I love minorities. All of them. Not just the big ones that bother Stuart Locke. No. I even love the little icky bitty ones like SWSS. I just want to put my loving arms all around the world and give the whole damn lot of you a big hug.

But when I get into the UGM, things change. Everyone wants a fight so much that at first I just wanna cry. But then, I tell you, I get angrier and angrier and angrier and... HEY YOU, YEAH YOU, YOU MARXIST FAGGOT. HOW'S THIS FOR A CLENCHED FIST SALUTE YOU SON OF A BITCH? HEY IMOGEN, BABY, YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT LANDMINES - COME OVER HERE AND TRY TO LAND MINE. HOT LIPS.

I'm sorry, I don't know what came over me. It's just - Jesus H Christ - the people in there, they make me mad. You guys have such a great institution and then you let in these shitheads. Who the fuck is running your entrance policy? Nick Kirby, Bernardo Duggan: imagine if these guys had set up that paradigm of freedom, the United States: "Life, liberty and the pursuit of crappiness" "Bring me your huddled masses". And they're so dull. Even the Tories, I tell you, when those guys hang loose it's like partying with Methodists who drink. Just thinking about it makes my blood boil... AND CAN'T ANYONE IN THIS FUCKED UP COUNTRY MAKE A DECENT ICECUBE? IN THE STATES I WOULDN'T PARK MY CAR IN A PLACE THIS SMALL. WHY DON'T YOU GUYS JUST LEARN NOT TO FUCK WITH THE US OF A? FACE IT DIRTBAGS - WE TALK LONGER. SHIT HARDER AND SCREW QUICKER THAN THE REST OF YOU LOUSY BUMS PUT TOGETHER.

Shit, did it happen again. The doc says I should cut down on the caffeine. That annoys me. The UGM annoys me. Jack fucking annoys me.

But what gets to me most is the fact that no-one cares, not like I do. Maybe I shouldn't mind because, as a liberal, it's my job to care more than anybody else about everything. But I do, because I love the LSE. I LOVE IT WHEN A PLAN COMES TOGETHER. I LOVE THE SMELL OF NAPALM IN THE MORNING. I LOVE YOU, YOU CAN BE MY WINGMAN ANYTIME, AND I LOVE THE TRUTH. DO YOU WANT THE TRUTH? DO YOU WANT THE TRUTH? YOU CAN'T HANDLE THE TRUTH.

# Archives

## From this week: 3 December 1980

The events of the week beginning 3 December 1980 appeared to strangely resemble those of the past term at the LSE.

Another NUS demonstration against Government financial threats took place at Hyde Park with a slightly higher turnout of 20,000 students from around the country. The *Beaver* reported that a "carnival atmosphere prevailed in the sunshine despite the bitter cold." The anti-government slogans of the day were directed at Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher who they wished was "out, out, out".

Despite the high moral of the demonstration most students ended up in pubs. The LSE contingent as usual was particularly high with 60 students. Several members of the union executive were also missing.

Criticism was directed at the NUS for not taking more radical action such as a

nation wide lecture strike.

LSE Labour infighting reached new unexpected levels when an Exec meeting developed into a brawl. Welfare Officer Martin Bential and ex-welfare Officer, Helen Fawcett were trying to clarify a point at the meeting when Overseas Students Officer, Martin Clavane lost his temper and struck Bential three times. Bential had his tooth knocked out, was kneed in the groin and to top it all received a black eye.

The assault was condemned by Gen Se. Jacob as a "vicious assault" and expressed his shock at LSE Labour who did not condemn the attack.

Märk Kirby, ex-Labour Secretary and Union Chairman argued that the episode had been exaggerated stating, "he f\*\*\*\*\*g belted him, so what...it's not a big thing."

More news of a more violent nature after a student was stabbed in Maple Street

Flats. A transvestite disco at Carr-Saunders Hall "turned sour" after LSE student, Guy Stonnet and his friend were stabbed and attacked.

The assault occurred at about 12.30pm after the two students left Carr-Saunders to attend a disco on the sixth floor of Maple Street flats.

Guy and his friend became involved in an argument which led to the fight and resulted with the two attackers fleeing from the scene of the crime.

Guy was stabbed in the wrist and abdomen, and rushed to University College Hospital by a passing motorist. While his friend suffered from wounds in the leg, chest and stomach and taken to Middlesex Hospital. Both were expected to make a full recovery.

Dhara Ranasinghe





# OVERSEAS STUDENTS FORUM

A220 2pm onwards,  
10 Dec, 1997

by Matthias Mennel, LSESU Overseas  
Officer

This Term's Overseas Students' Forum will take place from 2pm onwards in A220 on Wednesday 10 December. It is a meeting designed specifically to make it easier for overseas and EU students to voice their opinions on the School, the Union and the world in general in surroundings less intimidating than the UGM. There will be no paper throwing, no heckling and probably no Balcony Boys (there being no balcony).

It is important that you show an interest in how the Union conducts its business and how the School is run. Often Union Officers are asked, "what have you done for the overseas students?" The reason they sometimes cannot perform adequately for the overseas students is because nobody tells them what to do. Overseas students are seen as apathetic because they do not express their opinions as well as... or as

loudly as the home students. This can change, if only you invest a little time and effort.

The Union is not playschool politics, and participating will not leave you marked for life as a radical anarchist. In fact, most of the people involved at the moment (take a look at the Executive) are reasonable, polite people of all kinds of nationalities, political persuasions and heights.

The Union is the only way students can effectively communicate with the School or outside organisations, whether through the Unions Officers, Societies or Representatives on School committees. It provides facilities and services over which the students, through Union committees and the UGM have direct control. The Union can help you, if you want it to. All you have to do is to speak out. Come to the Overseas Students Forum at do so.

# MARIA'S DIARY

Hello there everyone, I've missed you!

Yes, I'm back by popular demand, but alas, only by limited edition.

So where have I been all your life, sorry wrong audience, for the past few weeks, I hear you gasp in astonishment at my prodigal return? Is it possible that I have found better pastimes than writing for the Union page? Surely not, for there are none. Au contraire, Dan simply didn't want me — he has been flooded with such a wealth of articles for our beloved page that my humble diary has been relegated to the scrapheap of Beaver history. But this week, after much begging, it has staged a glorious comeback (Verve-type comeback rather than Rolling Stones). Its OK, you can stop cheering now.

As an aside Dan, what happened to my Formula One article? You have deprived our readers of my fascinating commentary on the F1 season and my excellent suggestion to form a support group to help distraught F1 fans like myself get through the long lonely months until F1 is back in March. (Fellow enthusiasts should email me and we can get, sorry, grieve, together).

Before I tell you all my goss I must give my usual plug to the Radioclub. We have just published our business plan thanks to the combined efforts of my excellent committee and other Radioclub members who are keeping the dream alive. I'll make copies available at the SU reception so you can pick one up and be immeasurably impressed by our stunning achievement. I'm paying 10% commission on sponsorship or donations of over £100 so if you're a good salesperson here's your chance to make some easy money. Interested? You know the drill, Radioclub

meets every Wednesday, 2pm, E196. This Wednesday however, we are having a party! Free food, drink, good music and some of the loveliest people in the LSE, and I'm only asking for a voluntary donation to the radioclub on the door from non-club members so I look forward to seeing you all there at 1pm, maybe in the Quad but if not look out for the posters, not to be missed!

OK, goss. Last weekend I saw a side to Narius and Dan that remains hidden to the general public inside their serious and upstanding exteriors. At our Greek night the forementioned gentlemen strutted their stuff in an impressive set of moves and gyrations on top of the tables! Narius and Dan dancing on tables, an unforgettable spectacle indeed, we were privileged to witness it. It was such a great night that in the car on the way home Ant and I found ourselves reflecting nostalgically on the wealth of "good times" we've had at the LSE. We realised that time was slipping through our fingers like the grains of sand on Protaras Beach. Very soon we're no longer going to be students, but thrust blindly and screaming like newborns in to the big wide world. The very thought of leaving the maternal embrace that is the LSE was enough to unleash the waterworks, reducing us from the strong 90's women we usually are (well Ant is) to a pair of weepy forlorn girlies. Will life ever be this great again? Do we have to enter the menacing corporate jungle? The passing of time, change, why oh why I ask you?

Enough lamenting. I'm going to mention the LSE 6th football team because a lot of my friends play for them, and despite being the best LSE sports team

## EQUAL OPS- OVER THE TOP?

An opinion piece by Imogen Bathurst,  
LSESU Treasurer Sabbatical

In a University as diverse as the LSE it would seem necessary to have and equal opportunities policy. "No one shall be discriminated against on the grounds of race, sex, gender, sexual orientation or religious persuasion". This would seem to cover just about anything. Just to make sure, when the Societies Constitution was written last year, it included a clause to the effect that all society matters be conducted in English.

When asked if a society could perform a play in a foreign language I decided it would not be in the spirit of equal opps to say no. In order that everyone may understand the play I stipulated that an English translation be provided. I felt that if I said no I would be discriminating against people on the grounds of speaking another language! As far as the constitution was concerned I assumed that society matters included simply meetings to discuss society business and elections. Besides, other societies show foreign films with subtitles and no one moans about that. However I was wrong, by all accounts a play in another language would be contravening the equal opps policy.

I feel inclined to write about this because it confuses me. We are in the middle of what has often been referred to as "a global melting pot of cultures". Are we meant to stifle peoples cultures and demand that they only hold cultural events in English even though in the country of their origin they would be held in a very different language. What can one learn from a fake cultural show? What enjoyment would it provide for the participants?

I am aware of the fact that not everyone in our cultural societies necessarily speaks a foreign language but what of it? We cannot choke the culture of the minority simply to satisfy the ignorance of the majority. Where would that get us?

Students at the LSE have a unique opportunity to learn about other people. In a world which is shrinking daily due to the wonders of technology there is no longer an excuse to be ignorant of other cultures. We have a chance to experience these cultures first hand. If you watch a play acted out in a foreign language, even if you have to grasp the plot by perusing an English translation, have you had a new experience? - Yes. How many times in your life can you watch your fellow students dressed in their traditional clothes, speaking their language and presenting their theatre to you?

When I first arrived at the LSE three and a half years ago I knew nothing about law and could not understand how anyone could have a good night out without getting pissed. Happily I now understand a great deal more about both things! Those of us who do think that a good night out consists of a bottle of vodka and a shag should remember that some of our fellow students have different opinions. Many of the religious denominations represented at the LSE do not believe in drinking or sex before marriage. A British night out is not quite the same as theirs.

Whilst I understand that many people feel that those who come to Britain to study should conform to the British way of life, I must stress that I believe we should all try and learn from the experience of being at the LSE.

Providing an explanation of events can be supplied in English, for those who do not speak the language, I see little wrong with people giving their own time up to perform a play in another language. If we stop this what are we going to stop next: language learning lessons, Mexican dancing, eating curries?

I look forward to the play, it will be a novel experience.

ever, they never seem to make it to the illustrious sports pages. I don't know much about football, something to do with balls and scoring I'm told, apparently they're very good at this and won all of the matches. There, happy boys?

It's time to say goodbye, sob, sob. I wish you all a gloriously happy Christmas and may Santa bring you anything and anyone your hearts desire. I'm hoping he won't have too much trouble giftwrapping a stash of cash for the radio, a time freezing machine and the LSE 6ths for me on Christmas Eve!

Love and kisses, Maria

**Merry  
Christmas  
and Happy New  
Year!**

**-on behalf of the LSESU  
Executive**

## UNION GENERAL MEETING

Thursday 1:00pm  
11 December, 1997

**Come and have fun in the  
last UGM of 1997!**

## General Secretary's Column

And so another term draws to a close. Leaving us time to relax, unwind, reflect on the one gone by and ponder over the next. And recover from the collective hangover accumulated over the myriad of parties in the final week, not to mention the mother of hangovers acquired in the Three Tuns end-of-term bash.

The Lent term promises to be as busy as the one gone by. The campaign against tuition fees for home students continues, as does the one against rise in Overseas students' fees above the rate of inflation. We shall continue to lobby the School for another hall of residence on an urgent footing. Our efforts to acquire a new building for the Students' Union shall be stepped up as well. Increasing library opening hours is another item which has to be placed on the agenda. And (fingers crossed), the radio station will hopefully come through!

SU society events have been splendid this term. Hopefully this will carry on into the next and blend in with the School's initiative in increasing arts, culture and entertainment. The sheer wealth of diversity LSE offers is unique indeed and could be taken better advantage of. The show will go on for our own SC events events, sterling as ever.

The UGMs have been a healthy mix of serious debate and laughter. I know that many students consider them a joke, but it is my firm belief that if the fun element is taken away, attendance will go down to the teens like other colleges. Serious debate has been partaken and the controversies have cropped up. On the whole, we have continued our tradition and will remain the envy of others in this respect.

Throbbing, pulsating and swinging like a pendulum, that's how I'd describe the LSE. Four weeks away from the buzz and atmosphere this place generates is quite a while indeed and withdrawal symptoms will intensify by the third week, I assure you. So return eager and early for more ahead.

On behalf of Imogen, Yuan, Jasper and myself, I wish you warm greetings for a merry Christmas and a happy new year. See you in the new term!

Cheers.

*Narius*



## EDITORIAL

This is the final paper of the year. I hope that you have noticed and liked the changes that have taken place over the recent issues.

I would like to thank everybody who has worked on the Beaver and assisted in some way in making the Beaver as good as I believe it has become. I appreciate all the time that they have given up.

It has been my aim since I took over this position to improve the paper, not just to improve the quality of the

writing or the layout, but to produce a paper that has something that appeals to every student and not just to specific clique of the LSE. I hope to some extent we have achieved this. There is never room for complacency and I will personally always strive to make this paper look better from week to week.

I believe that the look of the paper has dramatically improved. Thanks mainly to the commitment of the editors and sub editors who are constantly

trying to fully utilise the resources that we have at hand.

It is the objective of this paper to provide not only comical articles but to provide serious comment on student life. This more serious approach maybe a change but it is a move that I believe is completely necessary in the development of this paper.

Last week, as you may have noticed, we had colour for the very first time. I hope that in the future, we will be able to make this a more regular feature, but

for this issue at least, we return to using red.

I hope that all readers of this paper appreciate our attempt to make this paper, both entertaining and informative.

Finally, all that remains for me to say is that I hope you enjoy this Christmas issue.

Happy holidays,

CRAIG NEWSOME

## THE BEAVER

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The editor can be contacted by email at [beaver@lse.ac.uk](mailto:beaver@lse.ac.uk)

This week at LSE

LSESU LIBERAL DEMOCRATS  
ED DARCY MP  
TREASURY SPOKESPERSON  
THURSDAY  
2-3PM  
S300

DEBATE SOCIETY  
THIS HOUSE BELIEVES WOMEN  
ARE SUPERIOR  
WEDNESDAY  
2PM

CEEDS  
DR PETER A BOD  
MEMBER OF EUROPEAN BANK  
FOR RECONSTRUCTION AND  
DEVELOPMENT  
"CENTRAL AND EASTERN  
EUROPE: IS IT A GERMAN  
ECONOMIC SPHERE OF  
INFLUENCE?"  
THURSDAY  
4PM  
A220

THE IRISH SOCIETY'S  
CHRISTMAS PARTY  
THURSDAY 11TH DECEMBER  
THE UNDERGROUND  
WITH  
TOP DJ  
&  
MUSIC BY CELTIC ROCK BAND  
'MIDNIGHT SPECIAL'  
DOORS OPEN AT 8PM  
A PUBLIC LECTURE BY  
PROFESSOR BRENDAN O'LEARY  
BASED ON HIS CO-WRITTEN BOOK  
'EXPLAINING NORTHERN IRELAND: BROKEN IMAGES'  
WEDNESDAY 10 DEC  
2PM  
OLD THEATRE

## LSE SU SHOP

HAVE YOU LEFT YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING TO THE  
LAST MINUTE AGAIN?

DON'T WORRY - PROBLEM SOLVED

VISIT US FOR A WIDE RANGE OF LSE MEMORABILIA AND  
CLOTHING AND BUY THE IDEAL GIFT FOR THAT SPECIAL  
SOMEONE

ALSO IN STOCK

A SELECTION OF CHARITY CHRISTMAS CARDS AND WRAP



## News Inaccuracies

Dear Beaver

Having been misunderstood and misquoted by Matt Brough I would like to make a few comments on the article about housing "Home Truths" which I feel may have unnecessarily alarmed readers.

Firstly, it is very rare for landlords to charge 200 per week for a room and it is not necessary or usual to be charged anything like that.

Yes, rents have gone up in "desirable" bits of Camden and Islington but I was trying to stress that students should not be made to feel they should NOT pay substantially higher rents or larger advances than anyone else. Even central accommodation still averages at less than 100 per week (the main problem centrally is scarcity.) If you look at affordable areas (cheapest usually being East or South London not North as you suggest) then rents as low as 50 are more common.

Allowing time and seeking legal

advice on contracts can save most people getting tied into unreasonable contracts.

Next time you wish to write an article about housing matters perhaps you would do the professionals the courtesy of actually listening to what we have to say, the Housing Advisers here work from the SU Advice Office Room E297 (Not the LSE accommodation Office where hall applications are processed) and will be happy to give professional advice about housing matters allay some of the worries students may have about finding accommodation.

Yours sincerely

Sue Garrett  
Housing Adviser

## The Beaver is the best ever

Dear Beaver

I am writing in reply to Ikenna Iroche's plea last week to "make the Beaver funny".

Surely the fact that the paper has taken a more "serious tone" is a sign of the editorial staff's commitment to improving and maintaining a better quality of writing. In the past, the paper's more frivolous nature has reduced its accessibility to the majority of the student body, being full of "in" jokes and gossip about specific circles of people. Many of the Beaver staff hope to pursue careers in journalism and related fields, myself among them, and I certainly

have no interest in participating in your "silly world that is the LSESU newspaper". In my opinion, and also of some other Beaver writers, the step away from mindless piss-taking was a conscious effort on our part. Last week's issue was longer, more informative, and for the first time ever with colour and including a separate Arts section. All of these innovations are a sign of a new era for the Beaver, and I am very proud to be a part of it.

Yours sincerely  
Yasmine Chinwala, Arts Editor

## Apology reply

Dear Beaver

I was inflamed at reading the Apology on the sports pages of last week's Beaver, which expressed the paper's disdain for a sports report on the recent

Brighton vs. LSE rugby fixture. The article, you concede, offended a section of the school's community, on account of its allegedly homophobic content. As such, you now feel it fit to ensure that all items are "vetted thoroughly" so as to ensure that no-one is ever in the slightest bit offended by anything anyone else may have to say. Of this I have three observations to make.

Firstly, the article in question was intended purely as a joke, and it was indeed fairly amusing. However, the subject of humour was not the homosexual community, but rather the bigoted stereotypes that the author portrayed. No-one at the LSE would seriously believe in these stereotypes, and your insinuation that our opinions may in some way be adversely affected by reading such trivialities I take as an insult

Secondly, I resent the fact that certain elements of the school community have been awarded sacred cow status, in which no-one whatsoever is allowed to publish anything which may be to their detriment. Every week your publication is dotted with slights at other groupings in the school (Tories,

Americans, Trots, Cypriots, the list goes on...) yet I don't see you dishing out offers of projectionist censorship to these, and neither should you.

What I would appreciate though is consistency. If you allow good-humoured jokes to be made at the expense of some

groups, then you should apply the same policies to all the others, including any groups which have demonstrated themselves to be particularly sensitive to such remarks.

Thirdly, what I like most about the Beaver is it's willingness to report freely and frankly. If you add to this an over-zealous politically correct firewall then you'll end up with dull, monotonous newspaper which will have a readership on the same level as that of News & Views. At the LSE we enjoy freedom of speech, and subject to certain legal and moral controls this ethos should be reflected in our SU newspaper. While I do not for a second condone writings which incite hatred, I believe that the sport report under scrutiny was merely an exertion of freedom of speech, in light humour and bore no genuine malice towards the gay community. No-one is forcing anyone to read and adhere to the bigoted, narrow-minded views proposed in such articles, and the decision of whether or not to read it should lie with the reader, not the LSESU Thought Police. Just because a contribution doesn't run hand-in-hand with a group's long-running positive publicity campaign, doesn't mean we don't have the right to read it. What would worry me though is if anyone actually believed it.

Finally, just one more thought. If you felt so strongly about the article, why did you print it in the first place? That seems to me to be a quite remarkable change of tune. Surely none of the sabbaticals had anything to do with it. (?)

Yours faithfully

Richard Wignall

## Ikenna reply

Dear Beaver

In reply to Ikenna Iroche's criticisms of my use of the terms "neanderthal ruggers" in my article on gays in the military ("Brothers in Arms").

I apologise if I insulted you obviously sensitive sensibilities. As a "dogmatic, narrow-minded person", I would like to draw your attention to a recent homophobic tirade in this august organ from your precious Captain Jez, in the sports pages a few weeks ago - an article which prompted a motion of censure against the LSE at the recent NUS Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual National Conference in Leeds. If such so-called "journalism" isn't "neanderthal", then I don't know what is.

But then as a poor simple minority person, what would I know. After all, as you so informatively point out, some of your rugby players graduated with 1st Class Honours, so getting a degree makes you a fine upstanding member of the community (so Carlos the Jackal can rest easy - studying at LSE absolves you of all evil!).

Funny, I thought prejudice was based on attitude, not the degree you got. Oh, and as you are so fond of quoting my words of wisdom, here are two you may ponder over if you have time between all those hours studying for your own 1st Class Honours.

"Grow up!"

Merry Christmas and lots of love and kisses

Chris Rouse

## Postgrad officer

Dear Beaver,

As an LSE student I would like to offer my resignation as a Postgraduate officer of the Union. The reason for resigning is the heavy burden of studying that I have to do for my MSc Economics which is probably the toughest Masters at LSE. I understood that being subject to a trade-off of that kind I would not be able to research, analyse and deliver to the Postgraduates the best service that me as an individual I would like them to have.

I wish to my successor my best wishes and all the best for him to deliver to the students. In my opinion I was able only to deliver an International Potluck cultural event and an Economics Career fair to be held at A85 on December 10. The hours of the fair are from 16:30-20:30.

Confirmed participants:

1) London Economics- Presentation at E171, 3:55PM TO 4:05PM.

2) Bank of England (£19000 and up according to experience)

3) Institute of Fiscal Studies. (£18000-£22000)

4) NEWRO (£19000 and up according to experience)

5) OLIVER, WYMAN & CO CONSULTANTS.

I definitely think that the postgraduates deserve better and so I resigned on 01.12.97.

Yours Sincerely,

Demetrios Charalambides

Dear Beaver,

I am pleased to not that the Postgraduate Officer has chosen to resign rather than face a Labour motion of censure next week. During his all too long stay in office, he demonstrated that he had neither the ability nor the inclination to represent the interests of LSE postgrads. His passing will not be mourned. I would like to thank members of the Exec, most notably Imogen Bathurst, for their support during this episode.

Yours

Nick Kirby  
Chair, LSE Labour Club

Dear Beaver

I am writing to make an official apology. I ran with Demetrios Charalambides during the Michaelmas elections. I was blinded by his enthusiasm and ideas for postgraduates that when he did not attend all but one of the Executive meetings and the UGMs did I realise that he was not exactly the best candidate for the job. In compensation for my mistake I had seconded a motion of censure on December 1 against him with Nick Kirby, which was circulated during the Annual Budget Meeting on December 4, but due to his resignation the motion will not be discussed in the UGM.

Dan Lam

## Land redistribution in all forms is Racist

Dear Beaver,

I would like to congratulate Matthias 'Adolf Dinglemayer' Mennel on his letter condemning the redistribution of corner shops. We were pleased to see that our motion created an outcry even before it was debated; thank you for providing the reaction we hoped for, because this reaction highlights the hypocrisy of people like Dingy in the SU. Dingy is angered by our convenience store redistribution program, yet he was among the many that refused to condemn the blatantly racist land redistribution program in Robert Mugabe's Zimbabwe. Unlike most Asian students, Matthias 'Adolf Dinglemayer' is taking this motion not only too seriously but also out of context. Furthermore, Dingy plunges to new lows by equating this motion with Mein Kampf and gas chambers. Atif Hanif, a friend of mine who happens to be Asian, said of Matthias' reaction that 'it is stupid that someone might be offended by this motion, especially a German.' I would also like to ask Dingy that the next time he decides to launch a harangue against me, to please spell my name correctly.

I know that I'm not the brightest person in the world, but that is no reason to call me a 'sub-amoeboid.' After all, I didn't call Dingy a 'fudge-packing, marmite-mining, cock-smoking sausage jockey' just because he is a homosexual. I realise that to recognise the humour in motions like ours, one should have a good command of the English language. So here are a couple suggestions I hope Matthias takes advantage of before the next time he decides to goose-step over to a keyboard: 1) grow a brain, 2) take a few English lessons, 3) borrow a sense of humour.

Sincerely Yours,  
Jake S. Tyshow

## Italians respond

Dear Beaver,

As President of the Italian society and person responsible for the pasta evening, I am replying to the letter of complaint (Beaver Dec2) made by Peter Udeshi and friends. I accept that whilst the other tables received portion after portion, Peter and friends received only one portion of pasta although wine was being served to them. This oversight was due to the unexpectedly high last-minute turnover of guests which made the job of the waiters more difficult, notably in making sure everybody was being served equally well and equally quickly. It was lack of experience rather than malign intentions that made the service wanting for Peter's table. Our evening was nevertheless a success all the more so because full-time professionals were not organising it.

However what I do find in the letter to be deplorable, irresponsible and of tabloid like quality, were the not too subtle

remarks alluding to racial motivations behind the lack of service ascribed to the fact that the Italian society is nation-based. Ridiculous. Pure cheap journalism.

Sensationalistic. Among the students helping to serve the food there was a Russian, Polish And Pakistani. Many of the 115 guests were non Italians, I would say the Pasta Evening was a real testament to how successful an event organised by a "nation-based" society can be in promoting multicultural events. I do not want a pseudo-journalist to discredit the hard work of the people who cooked, served and cleaned up afterwards and were exemplary in their behaviour and speak on behalf of many who did enjoy it. Five signatures are not enough to brandish the evening as a disaster

Riccardo Squitieri

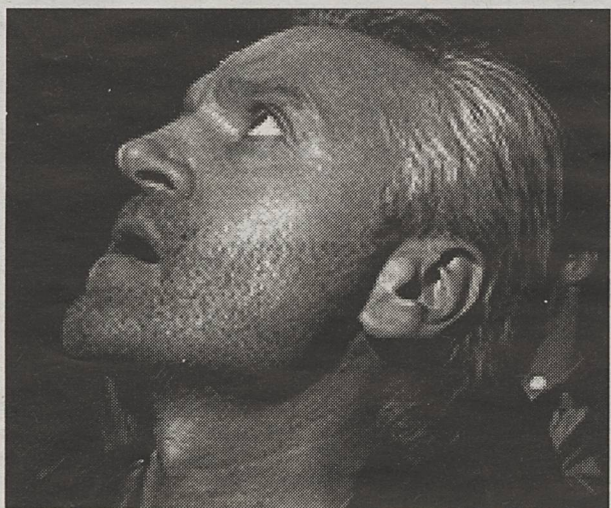
Letters for the first issue of next term must be received by this Thursday. Email your letters to the beaver@lse.ac.uk



# Christmas Digest

Mathieu Robbins gets self-centered and patronising in his apprehensive glance back at the past year.

Wow! The last International section of the year...stuck in this Christmas issue...what can I write about that's that Christmassy? Over the last year we've had the partial collapse of the Asian economy complete with public finger-pointing and exchanged insults between George Soros and Malaysia's premier Mahatir. Even the head of Yamaichi Securities broke down and cried. We've had stable



Goodbye, Gianni Versace.

instability in Russia, with no real change. Further European integration with the Amsterdam Treaty...still without knowing where it all leads to and ends and disagreeing about where it should. In the Middle-East, the peace process continued to flounder on Netanyahu's Israel's intransigence and provocative settlement policy. More massacres in Algeria...newborns

lying dead in the street with slit throats, all over politics. Mass

slaughter of tourists at Luxor in Egypt. Border conflict between Zaïre and Laurent Kabila's new dictatorial "republic" of Congo...hailed only recently for superceding Mobutu's dictatorship. Where was the progress?

I had thought of putting a photomontage of some of the year's atrocities in my section and writing "Merry fucking Christmas" over it in



A loss to the World: Mother Theresa big letters, but "Awesome Newsome", our Executive Editor almost had a stroke and began to choke on the sandwich he was chomping when I presented him with that idea. So to avoid tragedy reaching even the Beaver Office I quickly covered up by saying I was joking.

Why don't you write about Lapland?" was his reply after a few moments' tense silence. I naively kept the idea, until I asked a Norwegian friend what I might find to say about Lapland. "Oh yes, I know Lapland. It's North of Norway and South of the North Pole". Asked what else I might possibly find to say about it, his face went blank and his reply chimed clear: "Nothing, really. I don't know if there's anything there". As the

average reader of this section (hopefully) doesn't believe in Santa Claus, I thought some merry canter about Santa's grotto might be out of place. Hence, you're stuck with this directionless mumbling, injected with a dose of December-in-London-and-I-need-a-holiday cynicism and negativity. To get back to International affairs and to be fair to the World, here's a quick summing up of some of the last year's less tragic trends and events.

This year saw the return of the left in Europe. As well, as the survival through the whole year of Romano Prodi's Olive Tree coalition in Italy, two contrasting new left-wing victories have occurred in Europe. A new left with New Labour in Britain and a more doctrinaire, old style left in France. New Labour came in with after a distinct shift to the right over the past few years. Once in power, it continued to reach out to the right, appointing conservatives such as David Mellor to high-visibility posts and drawing up lists of potential embarrassing members of Parliament who had links to Militant Tendencies-that old 80s left-wing group. The French Socialists of Lionel Jospin refused to intervene to alleviate a crippling truckers' strike, appointed Communist ministers- including the

Transport Minister in charge of administering its response to the dispute. It also agreed, to the huge consternation of employers, to a 35-hour working week.

The death of Diana Princess of Wales in Paris shocked the World, leading to outpourings of grief even abroad, notably in the United States. Almost more shocking was the consequential eclipsing of the death of Mother Theresa of Calcutta on the eve of Diana's funeral. Diana's death, though tragic, at least attracted attention to some of the causes she'd been fighting for, such as the landmine ban. Gianni Versace was shot dead in Miami and the World searched for Andrew Cunanan, his suspected killer, who was being sighted everywhere on a daily basis until he was found dead nearby with the murder weapon.

Anyway, it's no use dwelling excessively on what went wrong, let's be positive and try to make things right. Give everyone great Christmas present and a lot of love. Make good New Year's resolutions you have a chance of keeping. Finally, as most of you are travelling home over Christmas, it only remains for me to wish you all safe travels and a Merry Christmas.



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



# Does size matter?

A guide to help you find the right size. Too big looks funny and strange, too small feels really bad...

This week, we are talking about underwear sizes, especially about how to choose the right underwear sizes for the other sex.

Christmas is coming and except for diamonds, there's no better present for your 'petite amie' than a nice, tiny little bit of underwear. If a cheap, red, synthetic lace Ann Summers bra and straps flies around in your mind now, then don't read on.. I am talking about exclusive satin or silk pieces of little coverage. Small items which feels very sexy on your skin and that makes you smiling only if you think about them.

However there's nothing worse when a boy gets his girl some lingerie and she unwraps it, and then he realises that he bought a bra for a Sophia-Loren-type whilst she is a Audrey-Hepburn-type. Or she buys her boy, boxer shorts, size large, whilst his size is actually small...Is she implying anything by that size difference? ...Hopefully not, otherwise your Happy Christmas break is over...

Let's face it...your friend is the Kate-Moss type...that mean her underwear is size 8-10 and her bra size is 32 A,B,C or 34 A,B,C.

If your lover is a more mature fully women, i.e. very Ruben, curvy everywhere, when you should rather take something like slip 10-14 and Bra size 34-38 A,B,C,D. To be sure about their sizes, check their underwear beforehand.

If you would like to spent a little fortune on the bare essentials of your lover, visit La Perla's new flagship store on Brook Street (Bras from £60, slips £45). Many designers have their own lingerie collection such as; Prada,



Alexander McQueen and Antonio Berardi. The more famous designer labels such as Calvin Klein or Armani are cheaper and available in the big department stores.( Calvin Klein top £16 , slip £6 , Donna Karan Bra £49, slip £25 ). Marks & Spencer has a really nice underwear section and gives you more privacy when choosing some little lace and satin presents for your darling. ( Body £30 , Bra £29 ,slip £10 ). If you like your girlfriend in white, classic designs, then you should opt for either the see-through Calvin Klein or Hanro collections .( Hanro Bra £19.50, slip £12 ).

Knickerbox and Sockshop ( both on Oxford Street) offer a younger and more colorful collection. ( Bra £16, Slip £8). Exclusive, sexy and romantic lingerie can be found at La Senza. Their collection looks great on Ruben wives and is less expensive than La Perla. Their advantage card is a very good deal, which you can buy for £20. This includes vouchers worth £20 and 10 % off of any further purchases.

I hope you find the correct size for your lover and you'll have fun when unwrapping....taht little something.

Daniela

# Your Christmas shopping list

**T**his is the season to run up your credit card bills (courtesy of your summer job at JP Morgan).

**Dad:**

The newly arrived inflatable sofa chairs at Brats ( 624c Fulham Road or the Kings Road), available in orange, green or clear plastic, complete with puncture repair kit. A good investment for the future: it will rise in value!

Cost: £80

SuperPlonk 1998: £5.99

Nigel Slater's Real

Cooking: £14.99

at Books Etc in

Covent Garden

Mum:

Lulu Guinness

Handbag, available

at Debenhams (she

designs an exclusive and

lower-priced line for

them). Priced from £30 to

£40

Audrey Ang at The

Cross: Chinoiserie products

Faux Johnny Loves Rosie

Flower hair accessories at

Accessorize

£4.99 to £14.99

Sister:

The Bridget Jones Diary (Helen

Fielding): £10 with second choice of

novel at The Economist Bookshop

Elaborate feather hairpins by Otto

Glanz: £15 upwards at Selfridges

Molton Brown lipstick£15 at

Selfridges

**Brother:**

Wallace and Gromit evening tickets (for a date he wishes to impress by the display his nineties sensitivity)

**Best Friend:**

A pair of tickets for the Midland's bash

**Girlfriend:**

A pair of tickets for AMP's performance of Cinderella at the Piccadilly Theatre (so they'll take you)

Christmas in Barbados (good chat-up line)...

Thigh-high boots at Pied a Terre (guaranteed to fit all shapes and sizes, unfortunately, not all wallets): £142

**Boyfriend:**

Bruce Weber's recently published collection of photographs:

Oribe Pomade for hair: available in Gold,

Black, Blue, Red, Yellow

at Libertys

Candy Man nail polish £9.95 at

Space NK or Harvey Nichols

A Tattooed Ring (Done in Henna

at Camden Market: wears off

eventually)

**Yoursself:**

Tiffanys Perfume £25 at Harvey

Nichols

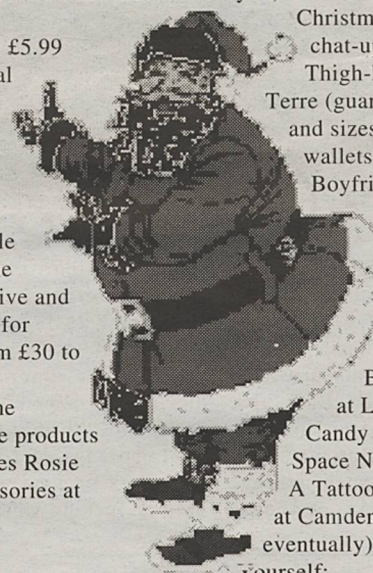
Tiffanys Playing Cards at Tiffanys,

New Bond Street

Annual Subscription to Prospect

Magazine: £19 for students

Liz Chong



# Beaver Style Award

Name: Christoph Derrien Vang Jaspersen.

Degree: Management student.

Year: 1st year

Age: 19 years

Residence: Where do we start?

9 years in Germany,

8 Years in Luxembourg,

1 year in Britain

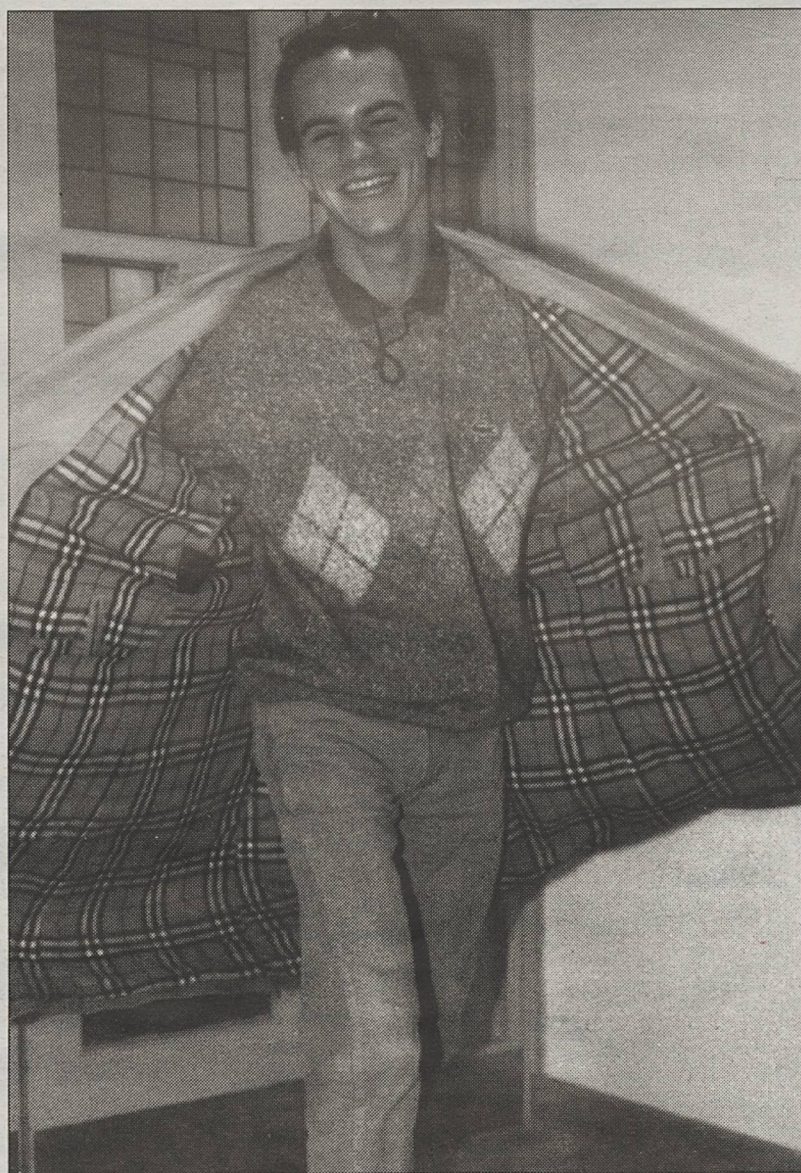
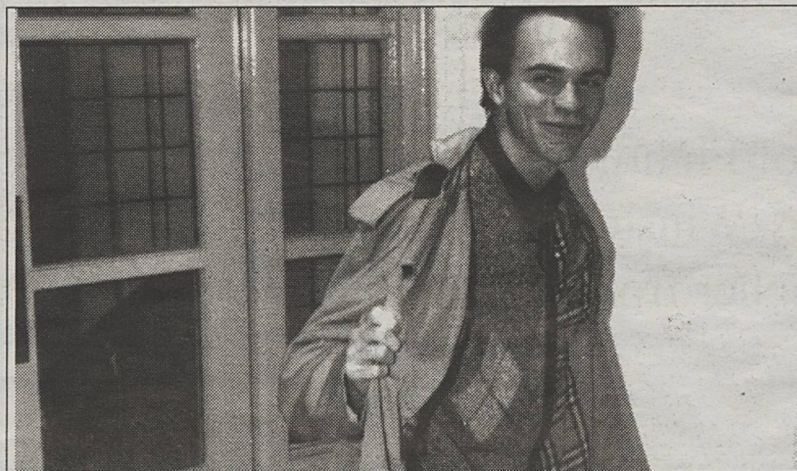
and finally, 1 Year in Spain.

Languages: Danish, French, German,

Spanish and English.

Nationality :Danish/French.

Photos:Ralph Achenbach





# Bart

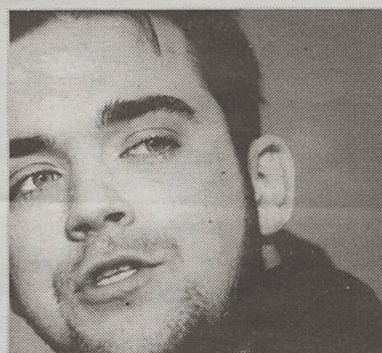
**INSIDE**



**Bad Comedy  
Literary**



**Home Alone - again?  
Film**



**Robbie Williams  
Music**



**Blurred Blur  
Music**

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**ARTS & MUSIC**



# Bad Comedy

A short story by Joseph Cummings

Alfred knew it was going to be a bad day, when he woke up with a splitting headache. He had an unpleasant lump on the back of his head and the vague remembrance of an unpleasant dream.

He felt the back of his head carefully. 'Damn headboard!' he said to himself, as he put on his favourite tweed slippers. He progressed safely past his morning coffee and toast, showered, shaved and was fully dressed. He had prepared to leave his apartment for work. He'd got that far before things started to go wrong.

He looked in the mirror and sighed, realising that he had not changed during the night. He was still plain faced and skinny, wearing those same thick spectacles he had taken off the night before. Today he felt even more socially awkward and inept than usual.

That was the first thing that bugged him. The second, giving him a slightly bigger indication of a potentially bad day was the fact that, just as he walked out of his house, a woman staggered in. She was wearing a short navy blue skirt and jacket with a red blouse and fashionable shoes. She had black hair and was absolutely gorgeous. This last fact was the one that convinced him that, without a shred of doubt, he had never met the woman. Gorgeous women ran from him as a rule. The disturbing thing was that, having thrust something heavy and slimy into his hands, she collapsed on the floor. In shock he realised that her blouse used to be white. She had a horrific, gory bullet wound in her body, gushing blood. She was dying even as he watched. Her eyes glazed over and she lay still. The blood oozed over his floor, making a shiny puddle.

Alfred, unaware of her demise had picked up the phone, phoned the police and garbled confusedly about women, murder, blood, and ambulances, when he looked down at his hand. He was holding his own gun covered in blood. He knew it was his, because he could still remember his father buying it for him and enthusiastically pointing out the way that his name was engraved on the ivory handle. He could remember waiting for his father to leave before he had thrown the

tasteless thing in the bottom of the wardrobe,

hoping he would never see it again. Now it sat in his hands, grinning up at him, and he realised that he was in serious trouble.

He slammed down the phone and noticed too late that the door was still

open and that his landlady was across the hall. Her little eyes widened with horror as she saw the body, blood and revolver in his hand. He started to say something, but she ran inside and slammed the door behind her. He heard her fumbblings as the locks clicked. Alfred, having seen her spiteful face, afraid, but full of eagerness, realised that despite his long peaceful stay he was now just an event, a thing she could now relate to her cronies; 'the day I had to call the police because...'

He left his apartment and walking swiftly down the stairs stuffed the gun into his coat pocket. Once out on the bustling street he felt better. The headache faded and he tried to sort out the muddle in his head, but he was tired, confused and craved coffee. He went into a little cafe.

The only person inside was the cook, whom Alfred remembered seeing there before. The man turned from his cooking to ask what Alfred wanted but then suddenly, without warning, ran at him with his carving knife. Alfred backed away into the corner in terror and disbelief, knocking over a tasteless artificial plant.

At the last moment the cook stopped, gave Alfred an engaging grin, took hold of the knife with both hands, reversed it and thrust it through his own ribs. His body spasmed in pain as he ripped out the knife and dropped it. Alfred caught the knife reflexively as the cook sank to the floor, hitting his head on the wall, leaving a trail of blood. Too late Alfred saw the staring face of a figure in the shop doorway. It was a young woman, who started screaming as though someone had just been murdered.

This was too much for Alfred. He ran out of the back of the shop and didn't stop, following the alley till he found a main road. He hailed a cab and, hiding his bloodied hands, asked the driver to go to the park.

Having cab, he walked into the woods in a daze. His mind was verging on madness. Everyone he met recently seemed to quickly die.

This, he realised, was not good. He felt the gun in his pocket, heavy and now familiar and faintly wondered whether this was some sort of sinister communist plot.

Suddenly he heard a rustling sound. He turned around to see a ragged individual with a knife running at him. Alfred stared at him in disbelief. The gun went off, almost by accident, hitting the mugger in the chest. The man dropped the knife and collapsed backwards in a heap. Alfred looked around him and saw that, in this deserted place at least, the death had gone unnoticed. He collapsed down into the grass for a moment, exhausted.

Alfred's head was aching again and he felt groggy. He hoped desperately that there was some sort of a logical explanation to all of this, but he had the horrible nagging feeling that his life was spinning outside his control and that some strange force had decided that he had been too happy and that he must be brought down to a reasonable level of misery. He didn't remember being particularly happy before, but that's what he felt like.

He got to his feet and put the gun back into his pocket. He walked slowly towards his apartment, not knowing what he would find there, but sick of running. After all, he hadn't done really done anything. He only got halfway there before the police caught up with him. They removed the blood encrusted gun, and having handcuffed him, threw him in the back of the patrol car. Back in the station, he was interviewed intensively.

Alfred, having completely failed to come up with a sufficiently plausible story to account for the days events, naively waived the right to a lawyer and thus told the truth. Unsurprisingly, they didn't believe a word. In fact, they threw him into a cell and sent for a psychiatrist.

Alfred sat in the bare interview room. He was, despite the rough treatment by the police and his continuing headache, feeling much better. People had ceased dying in his presence, at for now, and he hoped that the

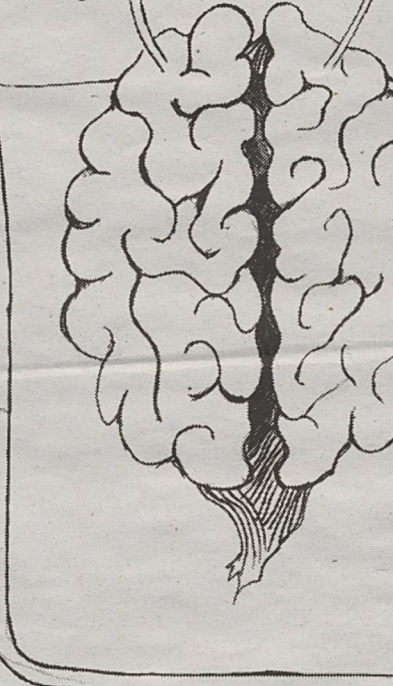
would be able to offer some explanation of what could have happened, at least in the case of the cook. The man came in and sat down, motioning the guard to leave them in peace. He explained to Alfred, who was sitting at the other end of the long table, that he could summon the guard at the touch of a button.

The interview began, and ended. Alfred could tell that the man thought he was a complete nut. He kept asking whether Alfred really had no recollection of killing those people.

Alfred, in increasing frustration, yelled at the man.

"Look...", he said and then stopped abruptly. The psychiatrist had suddenly stood up. So suddenly, in fact, that his chair had toppled over backwards. As Alfred watched, the

man grinned with glee



and reached forward to the desk. He picked up his fountain pen, with which he had been making notes. He paused before stabbing himself repeatedly in the jugular with it. His blood gushed out and he collapsed onto the desk, giggling to the last. Alfred collapsed back into his own chair. He held his head in his hands, weeping for his fast disappearing sanity.

He looked up when he heard a sound coming from the end of the table. Surely the man was not still alive? The nature of the injuries had been pretty severe. Nevertheless the psychiatrist raised his head and stood up. As a horrified Alfred watched, the rents in his neck healed up and he laughed.

Alfred began to smile, now safe in the knowledge that this was some surreal dream. As he began to laugh hysterically himself the wall to the interview room gave way, and a bright light burst in from the gaping hole. Alfred's headache began to return, suddenly intensified. He fell down, clutching his head and writhing in pain. He passed into unconsciousness.

When he came to he was lying on a couch. His headache was gone, so too had the lump on the back of his head. The room he was in was quite small, and very sparse: square with no decoration, but it did have a window. He went to look out and immediately knew where he was. It was deep space. In front of him was a huge nebula, its clouds of hydrogen reaching out. As he stood there stunned, a voice sounded in his head. It said "Dear guest, please leave the room and follow the blue line on the floor to the end." Alfred, turning to

see that a door had appeared in the wall opposite the window, decided that since there was no real prospect of escaping as yet he may as well follow the instructions.

He arrived in a large room where a man, nondescript except for his unusually broad and apparently permanent smile, greeted him and invited him to be seated. "Now, sir," he said politely

"I know that you are wondering what's been happening, so now I will tell you." He then proceeded to do just that.

Barely able to control his apparent hilarity he described the events of the day and explained that his people had engineered the whole scenario of horrors, and to manufacture just the suffering it takes to make a human break down in the way he had done. All in all, it was a little practical joke to help the two species join together in shared mirth. The alien looked at Alfred, still grinning broadly, as though he was expecting

Alfred to join in the general hilarity of the situation.

Alfred listened to the words apparently without the man, or whatever it was, realising the effect the narrative was having. He became very still, and lost his look of confusion. The nondescript man stopped talking but continued smiling as though expecting some response.

Alfred grabbed him and ran with him to the nearest window, smashing his head against the surface. The man continued smiling as he pulled out a flat rounded silvery object. Alfred reached for it and they struggled. The weapon started firing wildly. The window to the room gave way, shooting them out into the vacuum of space.

As they rushed away from the spacecraft, Alfred looked back and even as the vacuum destroyed him he saw the spacecraft explode. The force of the blast ripped both him and the alien apart, vapourising them.

As his last breath screamed silently and hysterically into the void, Alfred heard a little voice in his mind saying: "It was a bad joke!"

The Literary page would like to regularly feature short stories by students at the LSE. If you are interested in getting your own work published, contact the Literary editor at the Beaver office, or come to the collective meetings on Mondays at 6pm.



# Kills King in Macbeth Regicide

So this Christmas... another year of being a theatre hack. The approach to x-mas feels me with dread, because with this festive season usually comes a dirth of bad drama and amateurish panto's pleasing the old and pacifying the young. Two or threes plays a week takes its toll on the sensibilities. Another production of *Midsummers Night Dream* or *Dick Whittintont* and *Dunblain* will look like an act of humanity. It was with heavy heart and that I ventured into **MACBETH AND THE BEANSTALK**.

To say the least I was completely blown away. Following the success of *Oepidus the Pantomine* at the Pleasance London last Christmas, the same masters of sketch comedy return with *Macbeth and the Beanstalk*. This Young Production Company full of ex-cambridge footlights, approaches theatre in such a fresh and exciting way that energy radiates from every aspect of production. In the bar afterward writer and actors David Mitchell and Robert Webb told about their approach to theatre. David said "With *Macbeth and the Beanstalk*, we were trying to push the edge of comedy by incorporating and paroding to types

of theatre. The mixture of Shakespearan Tragedy offers a large room for reativity, as does the Panto. I mean, what other excuse could you give for dressing someone up in a cows suit?

.... Generally with this show were to looking to the audience a good time, and that for us is achieved when we are having fun." When asked whether they were doing it just for themselves, David commented, "Well look at the ticket sales were obviously not doing it for anybody." Judging by the size of the audience on the preview night it was evident that more people than just the actors were enjoying the show. The laughter was so big that the show ran over by 15 minutes. Incredible. At this point Robb raised his head and mumbled something sodding the enjoyment and being only in it for the money.

What makes this production special is that it would have been able to go on with out the support of several very generous benefactors. Chief among those supporting the show, is the Arts for Everyone, which is an organ of the National Lottery. The grants given by the National Lottery and its organs have come under a lot of pressure recently, but if half the projects are as

## SHOCKER!!

other part owner of a dying cow- seek wealth and power. One through regicide and the other through an uncannily fortuitous piece of bartering.

The acting was sublime in its buffonery. The dancing comically professional. One of the most exciting parts of the show however is the set...designed by Christopher Richardson, the father of the Pleasance, they are brilliant combination of Panto confection and RSC tragic spectacle. Must be seen to believe. However, the star of the show is the script, which is full of classical allusions and modern satires. Absolutely brilliant

*Macbeth and the Beanstalk* tells the family story of murder, betrayal and guilt (with a bit of traditional British cross-dressing thrown in too). Sweeping aside giants, Kings, ghosts, cows and witches, two men - one a scottish nobleman, the

### XMAS OFFER

special offer, just for Bevaer Readers. two tickets for the price of one. When purchasing your tickets, show your LSE ID and get this festive freebie.

Pleasance London

16-23 December

2-17 December

Mon-fri 8pm

Sat and Sun 7.30pm

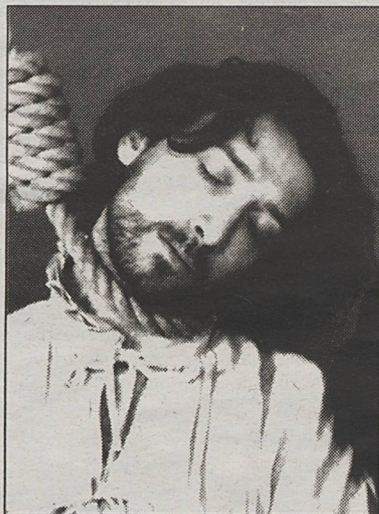
Tickets: £10

Box Office: 0171 609 1800

Tube: Caledonian Road on Piccadilly Line. turn left out of station and then left again at the first intersection.

## The Spanish Tragedy

"Not for the faint hearted"

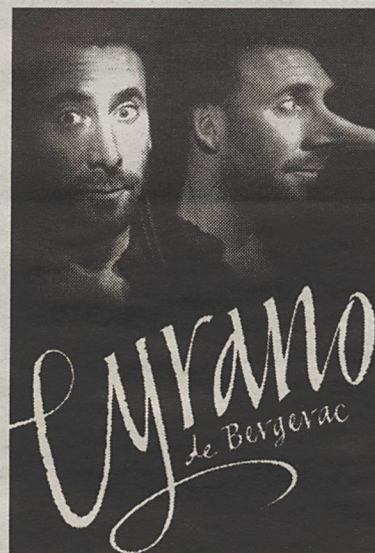


If you're on for a three hour binge of brutality, then this is the play for you. In good old tragedy style, the most ruthless of human emotions - bitter jealousy, betrayal, and raw lust unfold in a gruesome world of cruelty and violence. The figure of Revenge is ever present and even love soon distorts into vengeance. Blood and gore fill the play with unrepentant misery.

Although this intense tragedy may not be to all tastes, the production is powerful and stylish. Underground and intimate, the Pit itself seems the perfect venue. The set design and lighting and music provided the dramatic setting needed for the raw passions which were displayed. Sombre yet rich, the costumes were ideal and scenes were often breathtakingly staged. Powerful acting succeeded in capturing the audience in scenes of intense emotion, ranging through terrifying brutality and despair to the deepest sympathy for a grieving parent. Robert Glenister as the deceitful Lorenzo and Peter Wright as grieving father, Hieronimo, were particularly notable.

However, one cannot help but sympathize with the bawdy Restoration society for having buried 'The Spanish Tragedy' for a few hundred years. Supposedly the precursor to 'Hamlet', neither the convoluted plot nor heavy sixteenth century language can match the Bard. The RSC have revived it in a powerful performance, but not for the faint hearted!

## Don't miss this christmas



### Cyrano De Bergerac

A superb production with excellent supporting performances. A swashbuckling night out which I think is perfect for that afternoon when you want to show your parents and relatives how cultured living in London has made you. You cannot go wrong with this production.

For details of student reductions or to book call the Lyric Theatre on 0171 494 5045

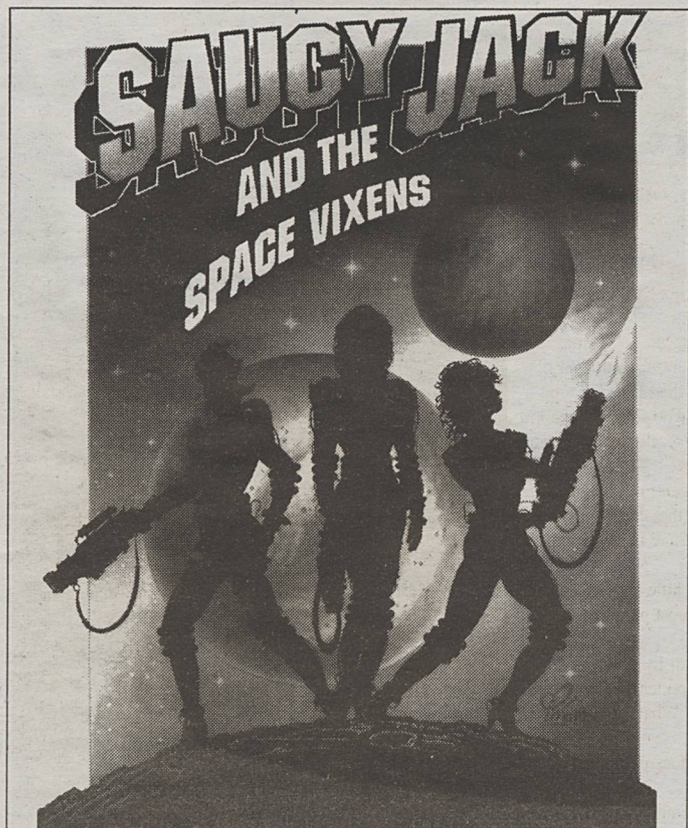
## Naughty naughty, very naughty

When Mark, the kind and generous bloke who dishes out all the free stuff asked me whether I wanted to go out and spend the evening in the company of loads of fit women all wearing rubber I thought that maybe he was inviting me to one of his parties but no, he wanted me to go and see *Saucy Jack and the Space Vixens* at the Hackney Empire. With a little more than a little bit of trepidation, I set out. I tell you what, I'm glad I didn't bring my grannie (but my grandpa would have loved it)

Basically, it's an all singing all dancing extravaganza. The recipe for it's success is that it manages to perfectly blend a fleshy plot, a smidgen of sex, a pince of sauce and about four ladles of camp!

Because I'm such a shitehead, I didn't give Mark this review in time so sadly, the last performance was on the 3rd of December. If it comes back for another run though, go and see it.

P. Nis



### Cinderella

The Royal Festival Hall (0171 960 4242) plays host to a stunning new ballet version of *Cinderella*. I can't promise Lionel Blair or Christopher Biggins but an evening with The Royal Ballet would be an evening well spent.

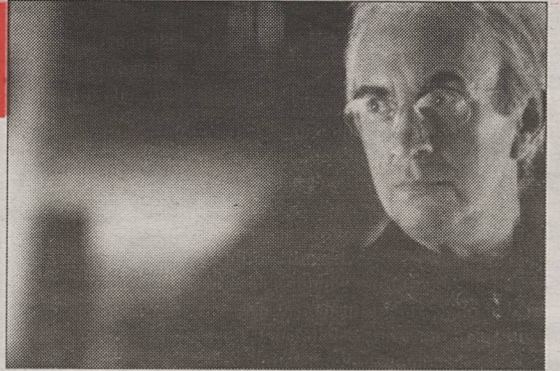
Don't forget that the Royal Opera's new production of *Paul Bunyan* is on at the Corn Exchange, on December 19th and 20th. Call the Royal Opera box office on 0171 304 4000

Just because everyone is slating everything to do with the Royal Opera at present does not mean the shows are bad - try it, you might like it!





## Bond is Back



Having relinquished all hope of ensnaring James Crabtree, the *Tomorrow Never Dies* preview was to be my first date with Sparky Marky, and much to my joyous amazement, he showed up, and on time.

As we settled in, an organ (of the musically instrumental rather than the throbbing kind) emerged from the pit in front of the screen, and we were treated to a live Bond-theme medley. It was one of those big fairground-type sounds, the sort that play during silent movies from the 20s. Ten out of ten for novelty. Without a doubt, the Bond movies have come up with some of the best action-picture soundtrack music in cinematic history, each song written specifically for each movie, and echoing the trademark Bond theme tune, here innovatively remixed by Dave Arnold. Sheryl Crow's *Tomorrow Never Dies* is no exception. I am not much of a Sheryl Crow fan, having a naturally jealous aversion to any attractive famous woman, but this song is definitely cool, accompanying the beautifully designed credits, with the typically Bond-esque outlines of lithe naked girls and guns writhing. But back to the movie.

The opening sequences launch the audience right into the action - our hero is spying on an arms bazaar somewhere on the Russian border, where he has to fight numerous knaves in his endeavours to steal away a fighter jet armed with nuclear missiles before the whole place explodes.

Now, despite comments referring to the totally gratuitous Brad Pitt photos in last week's issue, I am not the sort of person who can be easily swayed by a pretty face. I was not particularly impressed by *Goldeneye*, Pierce Brosnan's first outing as James Bond, but he really does look too fantastic in this film. He is so ultimately smooth, he makes silk seem like sandpaper.

After managing to dismiss his first brush with death of the film, Bond of course takes some well earned rest, learning Danish in Oxford i.e. shagging a stunning blond, when he receives a call from the ever faithful Miss Money Penny asking him to report to M (Dame Judi Dench). Bond dutifully replies that he will return in an hour, as he's currently "brushing up on a little Danish", to which Money Penny retorts "you always were a cunning linguist, Bond", and the audience roared with laughter.

*Tomorrow Never Dies* is the welcome return of such classic puns and one-liners that were the hallmark of the early Bond movies.

Bond is back, and oh what a come back. *Tomorrow Never Dies* is a high octane, action-packed roller coaster of a movie. The producers of *Goldeneye* certainly seem to have listened to their critics, as this script was rewritten even after filming had begun.

Although the plot is somewhat predictable, who cares? It is still so fantastic.

Jonathan Pryce plays Eliot Carver, the meglomaniac media magnate, intent

on starting World War 3 simply to boost his ratings and acquire exclusive broadcasting rights in China. He sends a British ship off course into Chinese territory and thus causes an international incident. M however, has information that the ship received a signal from one of Carver's satellites before it sank, and it is Bond's mission to find out what he is up to before it's too late... Sounds familiar? Yes it does, but that really isn't the issue. It is nigh on impossible to come up with an original plot for a big budget action movie that has to entail international espionage in order to have as many exotic women/locations as possible. It is the action sequences that are original, and they truly are captivating.

007 attends a glittering event staged to mark the launch of Carver's new satellite, encountering both trouble and Mrs Carver, played by Teri Hatcher. OK, so as I said before, I am not the first to compliment a stunning woman, yet I do like Teri Hatcher, and watched *Lois and Clark - the New Adventures of Superman* religiously. She was three months pregnant during filming, but this is not the reason why she looks so absolutely terrible in this film. She looks amazing in the posters plastered on every available surface about town, but the dress she wears is just so monstrously hideous, and her hair and make-up so badly done that no amount of charm and sex appeal can salvage it. Her name is Paris, and she is an old flame of Bond's. No prizes for guessing what happens between them...

Paris tells James about a secret lab on the top floor of his skyscraper, so, donning a perfectly fitted suit he breaks in, and meets our heroine, Wai Lin, an agent of the People's External Security Force kung-fu kicking a door down, and bursting out clad in a leather cat-suit.

There are plenty of interesting gadgets on display, and then there is the remote controlled BMW, with voice assisted navigation, GPS tracking, a bullet-proof body, self-inflating tyres, jets emitting tear gas, rocket missiles, and much more.

Oddly enough, the car chase around a car park was filmed at Brent Cross, North West London. The most spectacular chase takes place on a motor bike (BMW of course) through the streets of Vietnam. The stunts are extra-ordinary, and fulfill all expectations of James Bond. The climax aboard Carver's stealth ship in the South China Sea is dramatic and thoroughly enjoyable.

The film has been criticised for its excessive and blatant use of brand names - but if the advertising money is going towards the creation of such astonishing effects, who cares? Despite a surprisingly uncharismatic performance from Jonathan Pryce, a somewhat predictable script, and some cringe-worthy corny moments, this is a brilliant movie. Not exactly intellectually stimulating, but so brimming with energy that you laugh and ooh and aah along with the rest of the audience. YC

## Tomorrow Never Dies

## HOME ALONE 3

If you were to take classic piece of Hitchcock paranoia *Rear Window*, swap the murderer for a team of professional criminals searching for a microchip and replace James Stewart with an annoying chickenpox-ridden 8 year old, the heretical bastard film you would have created would not be too dissimilar to *Home Alone 3*.

Well... except for the saacharin sweet Christmas goodwill overtones... And the cringingly lethal booby traps... And the tactless "spend more time with your children, you twisted evil working mother" message. Apart from that it's exactly like *Rear Window*. Only crap.

*Home Alone 3* is a perfect example of milking yet another sequel out of a film series in order to grab the Christmas box office. H.A.3 retains very little of the original. There's no Macaulay Culkin (Thank God!), no Joe Pesci, and to cap it all new 'hero' Alex isn't even left 'Home Alone' that much (A better title would be "Mum's just popped down to the office for a bit"). However director John Hughes does keep the essential factors of H.A.1&2's plots; The grouchy old person who finds out the kid they hate has a heart of gold ("Please Mister, Mrs Hess is very old she shouldn't be so cold") and of course, the all important, sadistically violent, booby traps.

The plot, as such, concerns Alex who accidentally ends up in possession of a toy car containing a top secret missile guidance chip that actually belongs to a team of four international criminals. When Alex gets chicken pox he finds out that the criminals are breaking into all the houses on his street to find it. When no-one believes him it comes down to Alex to save the day and old grouchy Mrs Hess across the street (puh-leeze!).

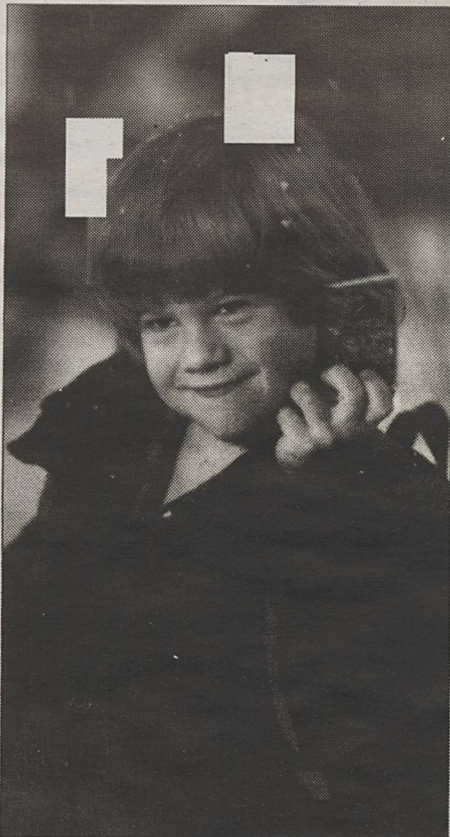
Naturally this results in the first 3/4 of the film being the most mind numbingly banal series of events as little (ugh) Alex tries to work out what's going on while the last 1/4 is Alex getting his revenge on the big bad bad guys in the most painfully violent ways imaginable.

Watching the methods in which Alex tries to dispose of his potential assailants makes a Christmas with Lt. John McClane look like peace on Earth and goodwill to all men. If you're keeping track of the injuries, by the time the police show up there should be four crippled, blind, haemorrhaging cadavers all awaiting a meat wagon from the coroners office. Whatever your view on violence in films this surely must be the worst example of how to do it.

*Home Alone 3* is not only an appallingly bad film it is truly sickening. If the nausea inducing violence doesn't get to you the cloying whitebread American sentimentality will.

Do not go see this film and I'd advise against taking any younger relatives. It is not funny and it's definitely not worth the time or effort.

Matt Bro





**S**o you're a strung out heroin junkie named Amanda. You need cash for your next fix but you just can't seem to remember the PIN number for your cash card, or even that you don't really have one. What to do, what to do? Brain storm! Get your wheelchair bound sister Molly to help you seduce another junkie and his



not look to be his next. In fairness, and in hindsight, the plot is a fairly interesting and intricately woven tale. The problem is that the twists and character secrets are revealed so slowly that by the time they arrive the audience is thoroughly confused, thoroughly bored, and possibly more interested in identifying the sticky substance beneath their feet in the theatre than

# Strangers in the Night

loser friend in order to con them into helping you rob the drug dealers at the crack house you're been buying your heroin from. But before you do that, you have to sleep with an ex-cop who installed the security system in the crack house in order to loot his files so that you know how to break into the aforementioned crack house.



**Mike Kugler investigates**

This goes like clock work, except that the ex-cop you slept with is on your trail, you end up having to kill the drug dealers for their money, which you hide in trash bags in a garage, which of course the ex-cop you slept with steals from you in order to pay off his bank loan and buy his dream fishing boat. Now the drug dealers' associates are looking for their money, the Drug Enforcement Agency is somehow interested in your whereabouts as well, and the only person who can help you escape all this mayhem is the same ex-cop who stole the money you originally stole from the drug dealers. He's suddenly had a change of heart and wants to help you because he's sort of in love with your sister.

If you're not confused yet, you will be by the time you finish slogging your way through *Persons Unknown*. The film is actually full of actors who are at least semi-known persons. While Courtney Love was either unavailable to play the role, or perhaps was busy shooting up herself, Kelly Lynch (*Drugstore Cowboy*, *White Man's Burden*) does an adequate job of portraying the heroin addicted Amanda. Naomi Watts (*Tank Girl*) and Joe Montegna (*The Godfather III*, *House of Games*) go one better by turning in fairly good performances as Molly and the ex-cop Jim Holland. Tossed in for spice and good measure is J.T. Walsh (*A Few Good Men*, *Tequila Sunrise*) playing his usual brand of bizarre and slightly twisted character in the form of Holland's former boss on the police force. All these actors brought to you by director George Hickenlooper, who has at least two critically acclaimed films under his belt already (*Hearts of Darkness*, *Some folks call it a Slingblade*). Unfortunately, *Persons Unknown* does

Still, I couldn't help laughing as the drug dealers frantically search for Amanda, Molly, Holland, and the stolen money. They run around smashing people's apartments for no apparent reason or with any discernible method of search. When they do encounter anyone who might be able to tell them where the money is, they shoot them two seconds after shouting, "Where's the money?" Now I haven't enrolled in Heroin Dealing 101 yet, but even I know you might have to actually wring some information out of people instead of pumping bullets in them if you want to get your drug money back.

The real low budget woes of this film come through in the soundtrack. Acting salaries for even semi-known persons can cost money. The leftover money was apparently spent on a movie soundtrack of synthesised, monotonously eerie, new age mood music that only serves to give you a headache. It reminds you of the relaxation tapes you'll be listening to at the massage parlour while working out the kinks that have formed in your back from squeezing into what cinemas claim to be seats. The real tragedy here is that this is a talented director, working with talented actors, with an arguably interesting story to tell. Sadly, *Persons Unknown* ends up being too confusing, too slow, too ludicrous, and worst of sin of all, too underbudgeted. Hickenlooper should apply for a Quentin Tarantino grant, and audiences would spend there money better simply renting *Red Rock West*, or any of the other arguably better plot twisting movies J.T. Walsh has frequented recently.

# Battleship Potemkin

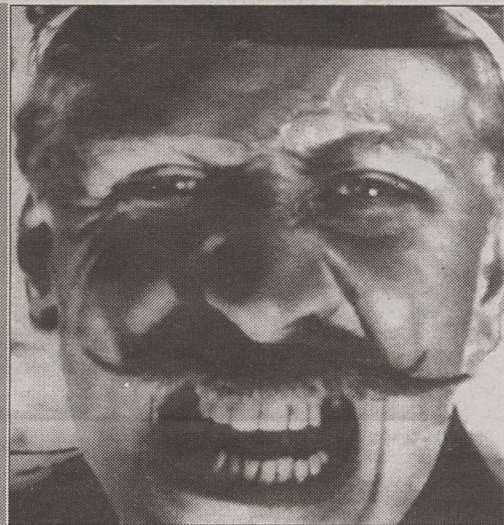
The first all-talking picture came in 1928; only by 1936, in Chaplin's *Modern Times*, did speech accompany synchronized sound effects and music. Why should a silent black and white film made in 1925 to celebrate the 20th anniversary of the 1905 Russian Revolution rate as one of 10 top films of all time? And its creator, Sergei Eisenstein (1898 - 1948), perhaps the greatest film director ever? He completed only 7 feature films over a 20 year period. The answer lies in art, not politics. Cinemasts consider him the most important figure in the history of cinema.

Eisenstein told stories through film and projected the sheer power of the medium with unparalleled force through film techniques he pioneered. This, his first full length movie, has the most famous sequence in cinematic history, The Massacre on the Odessa Steps. Eisenstein presented visually conflicting images, the montage, as a stimulus to think rather than a stimulus just to react emotionally. He saw the conflict of images in Marxian dialectic terms. His emphasis on montage diminished the role of the actor and increased that of the director. He didn't rely on sets and stars; he used amateur actors or ordinary people, as in the Steps Massacre scene. *Potemkin* has a collective hero - the Russian masses.

The montage in *Potemkin* creates incredible excitement and tempo. The first type of montage builds a metric increase in editing tempo, evident in the Odessians gathering at the Steps. The second, rhythmic montage, contrasts the inexorable measured march of the soldier death squad with the scramble of the crowd to avoid the squad's rounds of fire. The third, intellectual and visual montage, shows in the 3 shots of the lions on the steps: one sleeps, the next wakes, the third rises - a clear metaphor for the rebellion of the Russian masses. The fourth, tonal montage, appears in the conflict of angles on the steps as seen, for example in the angle of the soldiers' rifles.

Besides its technical importance, the film demonstrates the power to create myth from events, in a documentary. Leni Reifental in the Hitlerian Triumph of the Will inherits this trait with politics on an opposite scale. Eisenstein put the USSR on the cinematic world map with this film. It furthered the soviet idea of film as education and propaganda. Its impact and artistic methods has influenced directors past and present, not only of films. The aim of intellectual reflection in his films reverberates in playwrights such as Brecht. His film gains weight from his marriage of visual technique and his theories of film, such as the primacy of montage. His background as director of theatre and opera, as a critic of the arts, and as a film theoretician in his capacity as professor at the Moscow Film Institute lend his films a weight that few others have achieved. KP

**A major retrospective at the NFT to celebrate the 1998 Centenary of Sergei Eisenstein starts in Jan. *Potemkin* opens at the NFT and Curzon Phoenix, West End Friday, 16 Jan 1998**



## Exhibitions • Exhibitions • Exhibitions

### Fairies

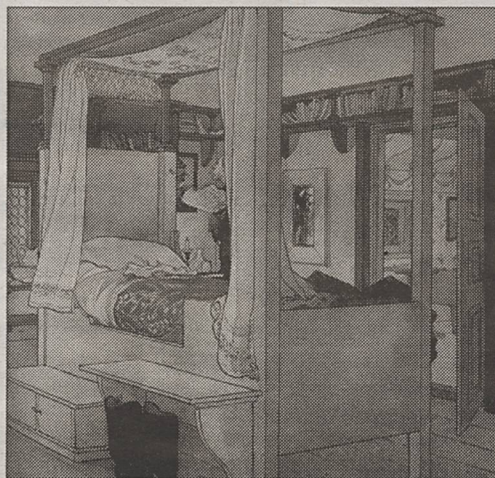
at the Royal Academy

If you are actually interested in Victorian painting and in the 19 Century fascination with fairies, you would be better off reading a review in the Guardian Arts supplement. There are a number of reasons for this :- one of them is that I know nothing about painting. Another is that I do not believe in fairies. The third and perhaps most important reason is that I lost my glasses two days before the press preview. The following may therefore bear little resemblance to the exhibition in Piccadilly.

Needless to say, the whole exhibition was seen through a haze of mystery. I thought first of all that I had been led into an exhibition of impressionist paintings. When I moved close enough to squint, however, all sorts of odd things seemed to be sprouting out of fields, trees and flowers. These were small, naked and numerous, with lithe bodies and welcoming faces. I recognised them immediately as the fairies, as I had dreamt about something similar the night before.

Although warned three times by the exhibition curator to step back from paintings, I did manage to get some sort of impression of the exhibition as a whole. The paintings are characterised by a continual seeking for depth. Layers of features of grass and trees, then people, then fairies give a mysterious appearance. The sensation is like peering through a window; as an observer looking in to a foreign world. It was all rather comforting, with a strange feeling of fullness. At the same time the paintings appear delicate, drawing upon reminiscences of childhood.

A couple of weeks ago, the Turner Prize exhibition was greeted with the usual melodramatic reaction. Many reviewers criticised the entrants' self conscious desire to shock. After viewing the Victorian-fairy painting exhibition, I feel slightly relieved that today, modern artists deal with adult and controversial themes. The Victorian exhibition, on the other hand, reveals the repressed nature of their time. Limpid pictures of women are explained away as innocent depictions of young fairies. Hidden personal fantasies are woven into the background scenery. Sexual acts are hinted at but never exposed. The paintings seem to pander to a Victorian standard of decency which is itself closer to childish perversion than controversial exhibitions in our more liberated age. Emmet B



Larsson's creative production. Carl Larsson (1853-1919) and wife Karin, both trained artists, as a team redesigned its architecture, furniture, paintings, rugs, wall hangings and every bit of domestic paraphernalia. They also designed clothes for themselves and their family, in which there were 8 children. They created and lived, as it were, a totally designed domestic environment. In order to make money, Carl pictured this environment in the commissions he received to illustrate books. An acclaimed watercolorist, he painted many aspects of his home environment. He published these pictures in collections and magazines, which spread his work and created his fame in Scandinavia and Germany. His home, commissions, illustrations, paintings and autobiography have created a lasting and continuing impact on artists, architects and the general public. Yet the artist pair behind this influence has had a low profile. While standard design and decorative arts reference works make little or no mention of them, the exhibition makes them accessible.

Their influence is manifold - Karin's fashion shows through in the work of many international clothes designers. The pair gave a clue to if not introducing the modern way of living and the objects that accompany it. They showed how to decorate homes and established widespread awareness of their concept of such decoration. Their work evoked a classic and timeless ideal of domesticity and created a romantic image of the family upon which many Swedes today look critically. What male artist father today could or would dare illustrate his pre-pubescent daughters naked as Carl did? It shocked the public in Carl's and Karin's time that his children could and were encouraged to visit any room of the house, let alone go about there partially undressed. An irony lies in the political incorrectness of his art by today's standards when Carl promoted an arch conservative family idyll and vision of innocence.

### Suave Swedes

Keith checks them out

The exhibition shows examples of self-designed furniture that the Larsson couple painted white. A notice beside a modern IKEA white chair in the exhibition says that the Larsson couple inspired thousands of people to paint chairs white. Yes. Precisely. Quite. If you like such information and seeing the objects on which it is based clearly and imaginatively displayed, then this exhibition is your cup of tea. If not, then the exhibition has little to offer you.

The exhibition of the Larsson's production is important for several reasons - it is the first time their work has been exhibited in a major showing outside Scandinavia. The exhibition is large, with over 400 objects spread into roughly 6 areas. It also recreates parts of 5 rooms of their home, originally a summer cottage, in Sunborn near Falun, Sweden. This home provided the basis for the

### Merry Christmas!

from the Arts Team

**The Larssons: Creators of the Swedish Style at the V&A until January 18th**



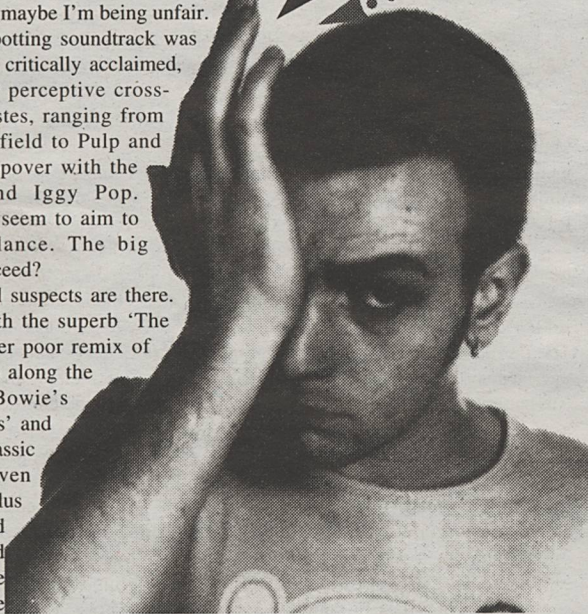


# Just One More Hit?

Trainspotting #2  
Various artists

How do you spell shameless cash-in? Is it hyphenated? OK maybe I'm being unfair. The first Trainspotting soundtrack was incredibly popular and critically acclaimed, seen to take a highly perceptive cross-section of musical tastes, ranging from Underworld and Leftfield to Pulp and Blur, with a brief stopover with the retro Lou Reed and Iggy Pop. Trainspotting #2 also seem to aim to strike a similar balance. The big question is, does it succeed?

Well, all the usual suspects are there. Iggy Pop features with the superb 'The Passenger' and a rather poor remix of 'Nightclubbing'. Also along the rretireside is David Bowie's brilliant 'Golden Years' and my favourite kitsch classic 'Temptation' by Heaven 17 - I love that tune - plus some barely justified Fun Boy Three and Primal Scream, there only if to raise indie



pulses.

Dance wise the album kicks off with the current PF Project pile of wank 'Choose Life' and the weak Darren Price mix of Underworld's Born Slippy (how can anybody called Darren contribute to this world in any way?). But the dance side is raised by Goldie's amazing 'Inner City Life' - shame I can't remember it from the film (maybe because it wasn't there!) - and the baby on ceiling theme music provided by Underworld's 'Dark & Long' which is as haunting with or without the celluloid to back it up.

I'd like to drive everybody away from buying this album, this kind of cash-in is just as much of a piss take as the CD2's that seem to proliferate modern singles charts. But to brutally honest this is a good album and whilst you might only buy it for a few of the tracks - I only bought #1 for Born Slippy and Perfect Day - the other tracks do grow on you. This is yet another example of the Trainspotting team attempting to broaden our musical horizons. Aren't they nice? (7).

Daniel Lewis

## Ether Album Sample

Ether are described by their promo company Beatwax as "our Welsh trio." This is not necessarily a bad thing, but you get the impression from that rather bland and patronising description that they have squeezed their way onto the indie rock scene by virtue of the fact that they belong to a national group which has recently become "cool." Images of some dire Manic Street Preachers tribute band immediately flooded into your reviewer's brain, and this horrific possibility was reinforced by the fact that Ether also hail from Blackwood, home of the Manics. Such suspicions are fortunately unfounded. Ether are a force of their own.

The next single, "Watching You", is perhaps the least accomplished of the songs on the tape. Even here, however, they display a rare ability to sound quirky and yet still retain the ability to write compulsively rocky music. Their frontman cites Zappa as a defining influence, and Ether's eccentric blend of driving weirdness reflects this debt. Rock bands who use strings in their music are generally preparing to hang themselves Hutchence-style from a rope marked 'MOR Bollocks'. Ether, by contrast, manage to do it with consummate style on "The World That She Sees."

The mystery remains why this obviously talented band are supporting the likes of Ben Folds Five (what's wrong with Ben Folds Five? - Ed) and the Supernaturals. If Ether want to be associated with bland Americana and the dogends of Britpop then that is their business, but they really should set their sights a little higher. (8)

Chris "no news is good news" Roe.

## Gary Numan

Exile

Oh God, somebody please save me from this shitster.

The noise created when you decided to cut down your zimmer frame, Mr. Numan, and pick up a guitar just because you could once, does not constitute as a good album, you must realise. A good album is not the soundtrack to being bored out of your brain on a Sunday. A good album does not on and on like this one does. And you can tell he's dragging this album, because it sure ain't going anywhere itself.

Cloaking in at about 47 minutes with only nine songs, the average song is 5.2222222 minutes long each, which is about three minutes longer than this generation's attention span, I'm afraid. Forced, we can handle a five minute song if it's got, you know, like something to keep up interest. Listen to 'Dark' for example, and try to figure out how Gary sat in the recording studio and thought 'yes, this is good. I'll put this on my new record and it will be so good, it will lift up my career'. This man must be out of his mind to make a record this shite. Where's the melody?? Where's the witty lyrics?? Where's that really twiddly guitar bit which you only notice when you've listened to several times (and I've had the misfortune)?

I can't believe doctors have been

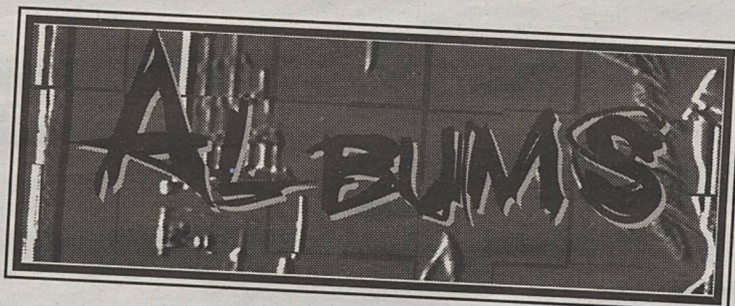


struggling with a cure for insomnia when we've got out very own biological tranquilliser roaming the pages of 'Q'. It has nothing whatsoever in it to give something to the music spectrum. It doesn't even steal off another band blatantly; and that's either because Gary doesn't have the cranial capacity to copy, or he doesn't listen to any music, and therefore thinks his is halfway decent. Worrying on both counts.

It kills me to go down on an album this hard, but when there's this to contend with, it's very near impossible to pick up on any good points.

To reiterate, it's craaaapp. Save your souls, people, avoid this album. Go and listen to your Wonderstuff album and be happy. (2)

Shilpa Ganatra



## Various Deceptive 50

Ask anybody what their favourite band on Deceptive records is and they'll probably stare back at you like you're some incredibly sad person with no life. That's if they don't know who Deceptive are. However if this compilation is anything to go by the reaction will be pretty much the same even if your bored pub friend is familiar with the label.

Releasing an album like this is usually a great money making scam, especially if you're trying to pass it off as a celebration of your 'best' bands. What will damage your money making potential however is putting all the half assed shit acts you own on it in a vain desperate attempt to move the burgeoning mountains of their unsold albums that are currently cluttering up your office.

Oh and, surprise fucking surprise, that's exactly what Deceptive have done.

Remember annoyingly voiced, coke endorsed one hit wonders Collapsed Lung? Well you will, they're here twice.

As are "The press loves us so why is no one buying our grating indie by numbers garbage" band, the crappily named Scarfo. Do you like lo-fi cardigan band Gene? No! No-one does!! But Deceptive still inflict them on us.

And why so many sound alike tracks? Play swap around the bands with Unun, Snuff, Spare Spare, Angelica, The Prisoners, The Meices and Idlewild and you'll end up with Radio 1's evening session on one of those nights where absolutely nothing stands out. The only decent new track here is Colouring Lesson's excellent Ska (huh?) piece "Mea Culpa Blues (It's My Fault)", which you'll be sure you've heard somewhere before.

In fact there are very few reasons not to fall asleep on this album. OK so there's a Placebo track from before they made it big at Hut and the excellent 'Give me

soulful as those that have gone before, they did, in this context, sound a little similar - my only fear for the new album now only a few months away now.

Then Danny really tested his voice, and whilst the Bassist and Guitarist had a fag in the background, he, accompanied only by keyboards, treated us to 'Free Ride', sounding more beautiful than ever. Sure he says fuck a lot (we'll put that down to nerves) but he can write some superb ballads (if that isn't viewed as a dichotomy these days). Then fuck all that, as the eclectic 'One Big Family' commences. And the band wander off.

Why arse about with the crowd? We need 'Fireworks', right now. Back, a few more new tracks, maybe the new album does bode well after all, then the If-anybody-fucks-this-up-for-me-I'll-kill-them 'Fireworks'. But as it emerges, even some bloke with some daft bint on his shoulders can't detract from this song's immense beauty. They should have left it there, but one re-emergence to 'One Big Family' left the crowd scorched. Maybe Danny was right, this could be the last time they ever play to somewhere so small, which will be a crying shame because in this small, sold out, venue we took our last



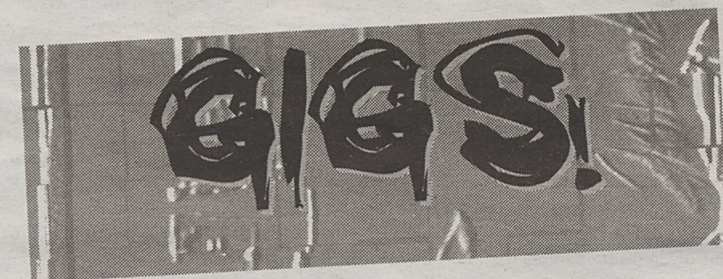
Daughters' by Johnathan Fire\*eater but then these bands are nicely established already. And as for the Elastica tracks... well it's been ages Frischman! Stop arsing around and get some new music out. You think your fans will be happy with the stop gap b-sides here? Come on from this CD it looks like your Deceptive's only defence against going under.

Deceptive have a good reputation in the music industry. From this album the question is why? Don't buy it. Unless you bought c\*\*ler and wonder what Collapsed Lung have been up to...(3)

Matt Bro

chance to truly sample a band destined for so much it's untrue. Next Oasis? Lets not be rude, these guys are the next Embrace and that's all you good good people need to know.

Dan Lewis



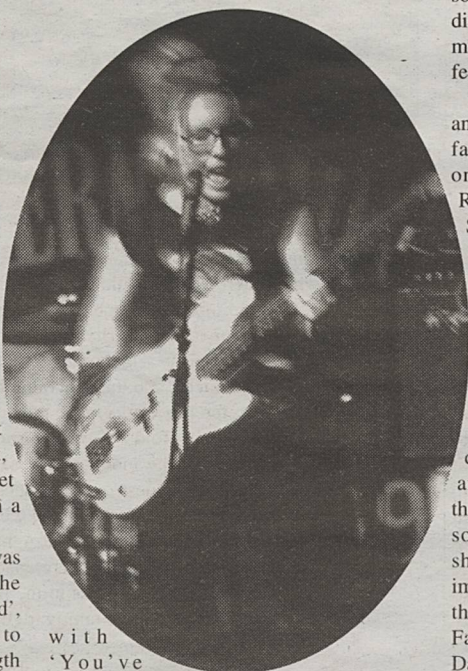
## Embrace @ The Astoria

The worst thing about going to see indie bands is that so many people are Liam Gallagher or Mark Morris wannabes, and generally they're wankers. The best thing is that on the odd occasion a band comes along that sounds so good it makes the expensive beer and bouncing 14-year olds worthwhile. Embrace are one of those bands.

Even though they've only realised 3 EPs, a total of 12 tracks, this was a rip-roaring set worthy of the best. Swaggering onto stage (no giant phone-boxes necessary here) giving "C'mon" gestures to the crowd, Danny McNamara covers any

nervousness with his fuck-off attitude and rips into 'Blind', off their brilliant first 'Fireworks' EP, closely followed by the guitar tumbling 'The Last Gas'. Then comes their biggest hit to date 'All You Good Good People'. But don't worry, they haven't wasted their best, there is so much more to come as the set takes a quick breather and slows down a little.

My biggest fear entering this gig was over Danny's voice, especially after the rather feeble 'Later...' with Jools Holland', aired a few weeks ago. Well I'm glad to report that his voice is going from strength to strength as he serenades through 'Dry Kids' and new track 'My Weakness Is None Of Your Business'. Up tempo again



with 'You've Only Got To Stop To Get Better' and a few more of the new tracks, which whilst they sounded as

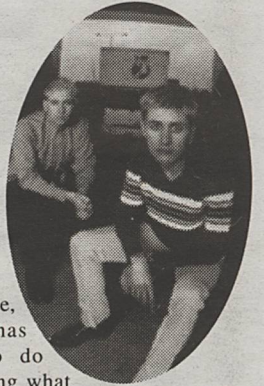
**Cracking Christmas Concerts ... mate!**

**The Chemical Brothers**

- blur @ wembley arena (9/12)
- @ brixton academy (11/12)
- morrissey @ battersea power station (10/12)
- ben folds 5 @ sb empire (11/12)
- courtney pine @ jazz cafe (21/12)



# Food for Thought: The man with the blurred plan



An Interview with Andy Ross, the man who made Jesus Jones, Dubstar ... er ... the Supernaturals, and of course Blur. And by the way, he has a degree in economic and social history.

Food Records has recently released a CD celebrating a milestone: they have released 100 singles, but have been going since 1984. It started as a small partnership between Dave Balfe and Andy Ross, and to this day remains a small sized label, signing small acts then making them big; Ross is now, however, sole head honcho. He could clearly have increased the capacity and staff, especially after he sold ownership to EMI. But that really isn't the point of Food's existence. He claims

that some A&R people, such as Alan Mgehee from Creation, consistently sign a multitude of bands, knowing full well that only one or two will make it beyond a first album. He prefers to be absolutely sure, and in a practical sense does not have the time to sign dozens of bands at once.

When at Leicester University, his aim was simply to have a laugh, play in a band and become a pop star. What went wrong (or right, depending on how you view being a pop star)? After graduation, he started working for the Inland Revenue - "...well paid, but dull." During the evenings he would review gigs for Sounds and then fell into managing a band. This eventually evolved into Food, and the signings of Jesus Jones and Seymour (he made them change their name to Blur) introduced them to the big time.

It was only a few months before the release of 'Parklife' that EMI bought into Food. Obviously, if Andy Ross had held on



for a little longer, his wealth would now be in a completely different league. He says

that overall in the music business, the pay is pretty poor. Even Supergrass, at their height were only on £200 a week (net, per person). This, he says, is due to royalties: the wealthy musicians are those that last for a while, as profit from the sales of previous albums always take a while to come through. It's the heads of the large labels that often rake it in. Blur themselves are now a big pull; has he ever dictated or advised them on how future records should sound? "No. The actual progression of a band lies in their own hands, and advice will be given if they ask." Blur are big boys, but only represent one corner of the spectrum that Food represents. Why so broad? Simply because the artists that he signs highlight his own personal (and

diverse) taste, ie: it has nothing to do with thinking what will sell to the British public. That gives us all some hope!

The underlying impression given by Andy Ross, was of a man who's achieved much in music but by still wanting to achieve more, has his feet clearly on the ground. His approach is music first, money second (when that is practical), and for a man in such a position is admirably spontaneous in planning and direction. Who should we look out for? Fungus and Idolwilde are his hot tips - you read it first here in 'The Beaver'.

"Can I have a job?" "Write to me and I'll see what I can do." Now that's what I call a 'Charming Man'Zak

## Echobelly, Rialto, Bennet @ The Astoria

Early opening at the Astoria tonight as Bennet kicked off their set at 7.30 with their single (not that many people would know that) 'Someone always gets their first'. How true. But that was all their first album had to offer - a shame for all the people shouting Wanker at them (trust me, it's one of their songs). The Reading geek-pop quartet played mainly from their second album 'Street vs Science' including their largest hit to date 'I like Rock' and the partially intelligent 'The Horse's Mouth'. Playing live their juvenile material gains a new level that was lost on their album, and the lead singer's story about how he sang on the new Cherrios advert - 'Do you like Cherrios?' 'No but I like £300 for 1 hours work' - Bennet made for a great live act and a strong support.



Anyway, moving on to suede-wishtabe's Rialto. Two singles down the line and they've already amassed a bit of a cult following, whether that is justified is a different matter. Although it took one and a half song for the lead's microphone to work, once they got into the swing of things they set at least a few feet tapping, especially once their "Top Forty Smash" 'Monday Morning 5.19' took hold. Some people I was with really loved 'em, but to be brutally honest the odd rehash of Suede's 'We are the pigs' (times twenty) isn't really my idea of fun.

So then came Echobelly. Their name's on the ticket so I'd best give them a listen. Starting off with music from their latest, and shittest, album Lustra it took a while for them to effect the crowd. That said they sounded good enough, but the problem was that their were a little uninspiring, a perennial problem for them. Sonya's voice remains as great as ever, and she's still very fit (like that's relevant in a music review! ("It is these days" - Ed)). Meanwhile the band strummed along well enough. The new singles ('The World is Flat' and 'He comes the Big Rush') came and went and caused a modicum of bouncing from a rather mature crowd (not a good sign chaps and chapes!). However it all really kicked off when the old stuff started. Nearly embarrassed to do so Sonya introduced 'Great Things' and I feared that the Astoria floor was about to cave in. 'King of the Kerb' stormed in and proffered little respite for the now knackered middle-aged crowd but 'Dark Therapy' slowed it down perfectly - quite simply one of the greatest songs ever created - and 'Insomniac' for those with a long enough (or shallow enough) memory.

The encore was simply devastating, a whirl of guitars and electronic lulled me into a beautiful sleep - I do mean that in a good way- and Echobelly left their home. All together the whole gig was really gig, Bennet proved that they do have some potential to move on and Rialto showing that they won't end up as a one hit wonder. The greatest disappointment was Echobelly, simply because the only music that really managed to rouse the crowd was from their earlier albums. But, all in all, a fun night out - Thanks Echobelly, you've served us well.

Daniel Lewis

## Christmas No.1 Predictions

Editor: Diana Tribute

Music Editor: Spice Girls

Ex-Music Editor: Teletubbies

Dirty B: All Saints

Da Roach: Insane Clown Posse (66/1 outside bet)

## Mover Move Over

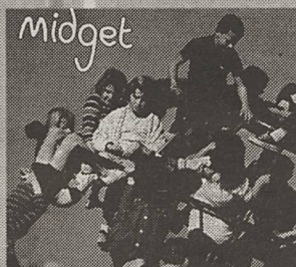
Mover manage to make marvellously good music to put you in a mighty good mood. Their instantly likeable speedy pop-rock song 'Move Over' combines Beatles-style harmonies, catchy melodies and cool chord changes. The other two tracks are just as wonderful. 'Get A Hat' gives Little Richard a run for his money in the throat-shredding stakes, and 'I Think I've Found The Girl' reminds us that the blues are not just a state of depression. I can't wait for the album! (9) (SS)

## Catherine Wheel Delicious

Some bands are destined never to hit the bright lights, regardless of their merit. And anyone who's heard the Wheel's former singles will know that this applies aptly to them. 'Delicious' is a whirly feast of music with a cherry, no, sod it, a whole fruit cocktail on top, hidden from the masses for a reason unknown.

You probably won't buy it, this'll probably chart low, and Catherine Wheel will probably be upset, go away and come back with a song twice as good. But its nice to know that there are some things in life you can rely on. (6) (SG)

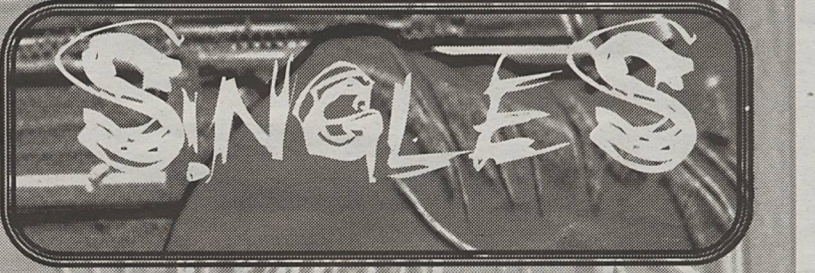
## Midget All Fall Down



You know chocolate? Well, if you have a favourite chocolate, you'll eat it again and again, right? So if you have a favourite style of music, wouldn't you play it again and again? Exactly. So there's no point in moaning 'All Fall Down' is the same old shite that Midget always churn out (along with Radish, Symposium, 30 Amp Fuse...). Just listen to the frigging thing and enjoy it. You moany bastard. Sorry. (3) (SG)

## Bullyrag Frantic

This song is frantic by name and frantic by nature. Prodigy style shouting is followed by mad metal rock guitar blasts in between periods of calmer ska-style ditties. A well-deserved break from the savage singing comes towards the end with Bullyrag doing a Paul Weller impersonation. (6) (SS)



## Life of Agony Desire

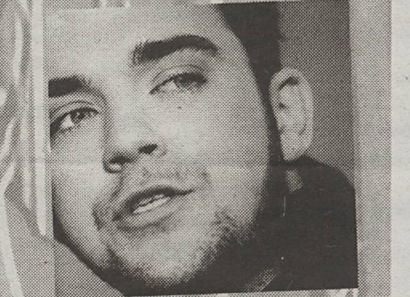
An amiable, but instantly forgettable rock song that shows promise leading up to the chorus, but suddenly lets you down by missing it out and going straight to the next verse. The other live tracks on the CD are far more enticing, exhibiting Life of Agony's raw energy. (7) (SS)

## U2 Mofo Remixes

Those of you who read The Beaver two weeks ago might remember that 'If God will send his Angels', U2's fifth single from their highly acclaimed Pop LP, wasn't a very good choice for a single outtake at all - but that the remixes of the excellent album track Mofo would probably make up for it. Well, unfortunately, they don't. The Remix CD comes along with the Grand Jury Mix of If God will send his Angels, that is actually quite cool, and two mixes of Mofo. The Phunk Phorce Mix by Matthew Roberts is a substantial house remix that basically gets rid of the best bit of the whole song, Adam Clayton's incredible bass line. The Mother's Mix by Ronni Size, surprisingly, isn't much better. (4) (MG)

## Robbie Williams Angels

Angels is the latest installment in the bid to launch Williams' solo career, following the success of 'Old Before I Die'. Unlike Robbie's other offerings,



Angels displays a slower, smoother edge to his talents. As with some of his work, you will either love it or hate it. You may love it because the single in particular displays a great deal of talent, both vocally and in the composition of the song. But the chances are you will hate it because given Robbie's infamous and well publicised past, the lyrics, despite being well written and delivered, just seem too cheesy and self righteous. (7) (ME)

## Single of the Week

### Bjork Bachelorette

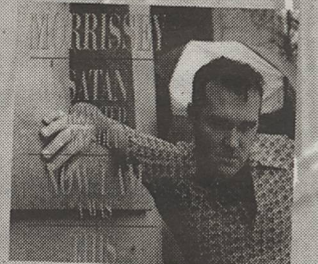


This is a surprising choice for a single, as it is not that catchy on the first listen. But, with typical Bjork-esque whining and gasping, and an original mix of innovative tribal drums and strings, the single grew on me and it is undoubtedly trademark Bjork. Very cool, but you can't sing it in the shower. (9) (YC)

## Morrissey

### Satan Rejected My Soul

Ever the depressive, our Steven shows off his lyrical genius - he is a musical poet - and displays vocal variety reminiscent of Vauxhall and I. There is a



degree of self-indulgency, but nowadays that's always the case with the Moz. The b-sides, 'Now I am a was' and 'This is not your country' are even better, as he manages to find decent instrumental support to supplement his unique voice. An impressive single, but when you've produced such brilliance in the past, this does not quite match those dizzy heights. (8) (ZS)



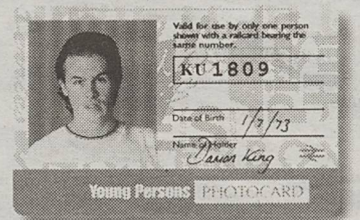
# GET HOME THIS CHRISTMAS WITHOUT GETTING STUFFED

Getting home for Christmas can stuff your finances, so if you haven't already got one – and don't want to feel like a turkey – why not get a Young Persons Railcard?

For just £18, you'll get a third off almost all rail fares. On top of that, you'll also be entitled to money off stuff like CDs and pizzas. You can even get two ferry tickets for the price of one (perfect if you fancy hopping across the Channel next year for a spot of backpacking or to go to the World Cup).

All you have to do is get down to your local staffed rail station with two passport photos, valid ID and £18 and fill out the form you will find there (see below for ID and payment details).

You'll have a merrier Christmas – and a happier New Year – with the Young Persons Railcard.



**Terms & Conditions** If you are under 26 years of age, only your birth certificate, driving licence, passport, NHS medical card or ISIC card will be accepted as proof of identification. (Please note that your student identity card or NUS card will not be accepted as proof of age). If you are a full time student of any age at a recognised educational establishment, your ISIC card will be accepted. If you do not have an ISIC card, the application form and one of the photos must be signed and stamped by your tutor/head tutor/master/head of department/head teacher. Stations and Agents accept cash, cheques, debit cards and postal orders. For full terms and conditions relating to the Young Persons Railcard pick up a leaflet at your local staffed train station or rail appointed Travel Agent. For full details on the various offers available to current Young Persons Railcard holders pick up a Cheap Thrills leaflet at your local staffed rail station or rail appointed Travel Agent.



Pineapple

# Aerobics with Style

The new Pineapple Clubbing and Dance Collection, worn by Jessica

you need a Shiatsu-Do clinic - no problem - Pineapple offers all these services. There are also, gym facilities, sunbeds, a cafe, a psychic consultant and a Body Maintenance Studio.

And I have still left out the best part: As students, we get concessions, which means a membership cost of £40 a year, which covers the payment to the reception. A second payment has to be made to the teacher ( 4.00 to 5.50 pounds on average, although singing lessons cost £10).

Pineapple clothing will give you a new insight in what sporty fashion can be, as well as some new clubbing outfits!

So get out there, take two passport photos and become a member and get the feeling of Flashdance!!!!!!

Pineapple Dance Studios, 7 Langley Street, Covent Garden, London WC2H 9JA

Tel NO: 0171-836 4004 or Fax NO: 0171-836 0803

### Pineapple History

Pineapple studios were founded in 1979 by Debbie Moore and keeps a memberlist of several thousand members. In the same year Pineapple clothing was launched in response to the demand for fashionable Dance wear as dance wear was worn not only in the dance studios, but also on the streets. Debbie pioneered body-conscious fashion through the eighties into the nineties with the use of stretch cotton/Lycra. The success and demand of the collection asked for expansion and now there are many outlets - including around fifty 'shop in shops' in Miss Selfridge nationwide.

In Recognition of her achievements, Debbie was awarded the V E U V E CLICQUOT 'BUSINESS WOMAN OF THE YEAR'

If I say pineapple, most think about exotic fruits and palms. However you could also think of Pineapple dance studios - a proper alternative to all these

typical, stereotype, uncreative fitness studios or gyms...

Situated right in the heart of London, 30 seconds from Covent Garden tube station or 5 min from LSE, they offer a huge range of services including superb dance classes.

So what can you do...Ballet, Street Jazz, Contemporary Jazz, Jazz Tap, Funk & Jazz, Tap, Box-a-Cise, Salsa & Merengre

Arts, American Street Locking, Egyptian Class, Singers workshop, Karate Class, Modern Jazz, Modern Soul Jazz, Indian Dance, Body Conditioning, Flamenco.... Just to give you an impression of what you have missed so far each week. I should mention that these classes are unisex -and if you are thinking about if there are any funky, well proportioned boys and girls - then you would be right!

All these classes are held each week with different levels which range from Beginners to Professional. So for example if you take part in Oke Wambu's Jazz class, each day at 4.30 p.m., you could happen to meet dancers from the big shows in Covent Garden, who do in Pineapple their warming up...

However this is not all, if you want Aromatherapy, Acupuncture, Massage, Reflexology, Therapeutic Massage, Osteopath or if

Year' at the BRITISH FASHION AWARDS.

Other products by Debbie Moore include her own line of lingerie called 'WE'LL MEET AGAIN'; PINEAPPLE HOSIERY; a Swimwear line and a 'PINEAPPLE SURVIVAL KIT' which includes a range of toiletries made from natural homeopathic ingredients.

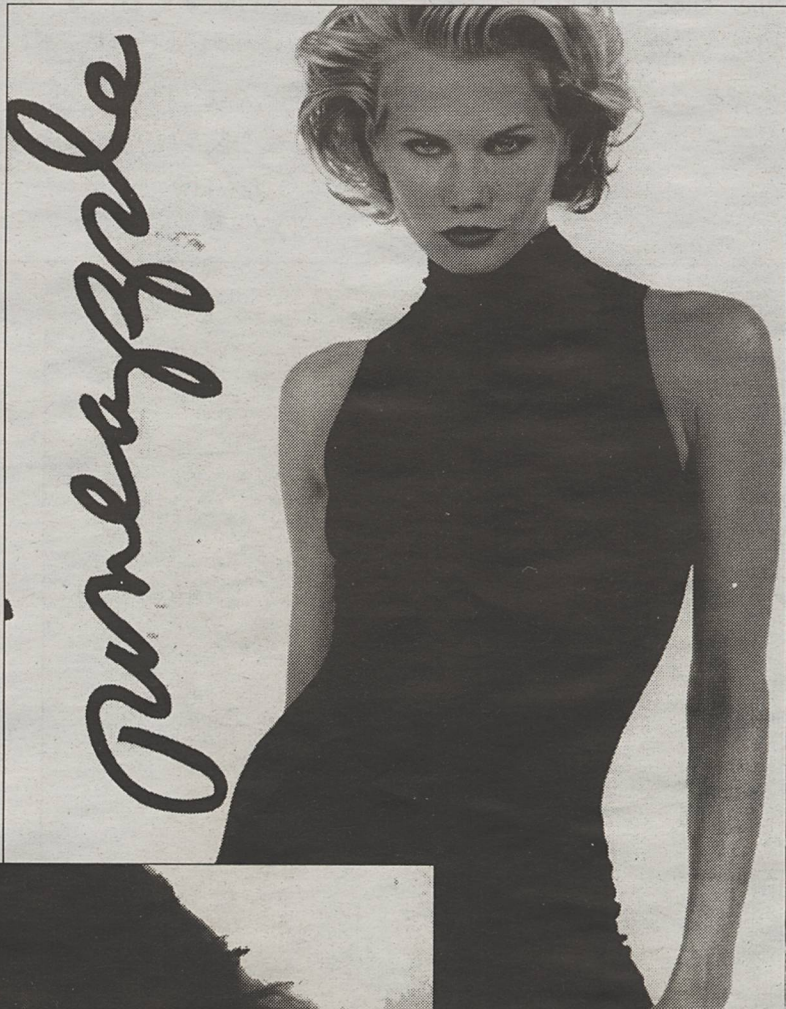
In 1996, Debbie ventured into a different Fashion Clothing market, by acquiring the TWIST Chain of shops. TWIST Clothing is a range of coordinated Jersey Classics - with six shops around the country, one of which is in London, and several more are opening shortly.

Today Pineapple continues its ever popular Dance Wear including bodies, leotards, leggings, tracksuits, and bra tops. As you can see on our photos, Pineapple fashion wear offers leisure & sports wear as well as club wear including evening dresses, tops and pants. All these nice clothes are available from

Covent Garden, 6a Langley Street, London WC2

Selfridges - Pineapple, 40 Duke Street, London W1

Miss Selfridge - Pineapple, 42/44



AWARD in 1985. In March 1988, she led the trend for Management Buy-outs by acquiring the Pineapple herself. In the following year, in 1989, her book 'When a Woman means business' was published. However the successful track continued, so in the same year Debbie and pineapple were nominated for 'Contemporary Designer of the



Dear Santa,

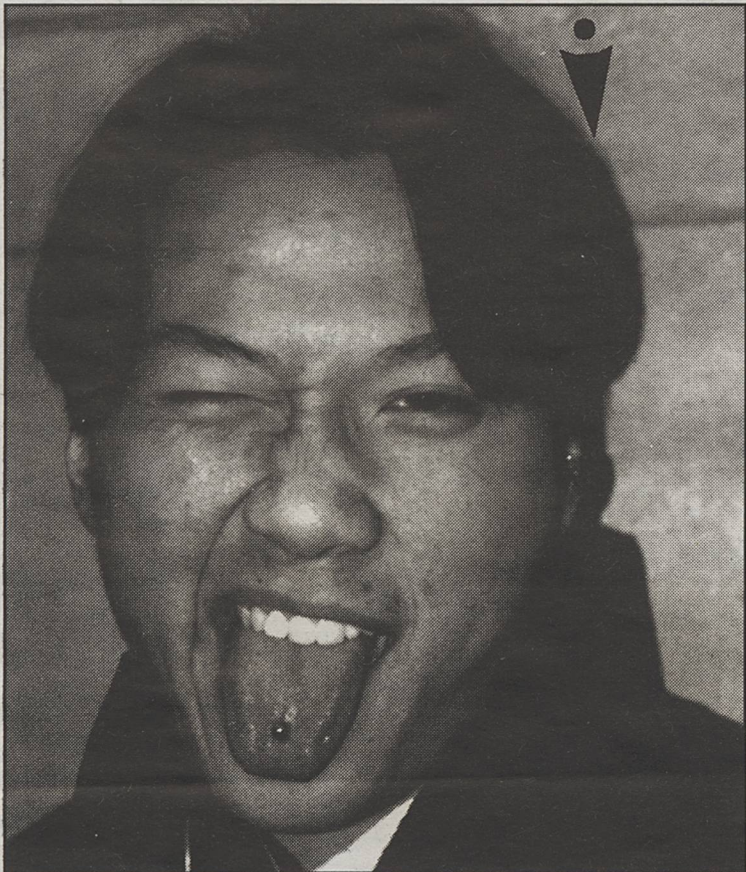
All I want for Christmas is...

A Lamborghini Diablo, a Ferrari F355, Chelsea Football Club, Denise Van Outen, a Spectra R46, a submarine with 6 Trident missiles, a pair of Gucci shoes, that bird off Baywatch, Sporty Spice, Hamleys, a meal for 2 @ Aubergines, Stringfellowz, 20,000 pounds worth of premium bonds, a CM3, a Eurostar train with 3 miles of track, a Challenger tank, the Miss World of 1990 - 1997, the LV shop on Bond Street, the winning ticket for National Lottery for a roll over week & anything else decent you can think of...

Thanx Santa me old mate

Love Timothy

XXX ●



# All I want for Christmas is... By Nina.

Dear Santa

I know you're out there somewhere and I know that you're all dat so please please send me the answers to these crucial questions that have puzzled me for as long as I can remember. All you have to do is just put them under my Xmas tree Ok? Thanks

1. Why, oh why were the male species put on this earth to torture us?

2. Why oh why does it hardly snow in London when it's freaking cold enough?

3. Why oh why do they chuck balls of paper (sometimes spitballs) every thursday at the UGM?

4. How can we stop other universities calling LSE students snobs (I mean come on we are the best)

I have so many more questions to ask you, Santa, but I know that there'll be at least a dozen inquiring minds that need to be eased. If you don't have time to answer all 4 questions please just answer the first - and do one more thing for me - tell all men on your way down that size does matter

Love Didi ● ● ● ● ●



Dear Father Christmas,

What I would like for Christmas is...

1. For Arsenal to win the premiership

2. Sex; however i would hope he doesn't come down the chimney! (This is interchangeable with No. 1 either shall result in an orgasm.)

3. To not put the black on my first shot (my partner would like this also)

4. Sex

5. I would like to think of something other than sex or Arsenal

6. I can't...

7. Arsenal

8. Sex

9. An imagination

10. Ian Wright waking a Christmas stocking at the end of my bed with a mince pie of course.

Thanks

Love from Jane XXX





Dear Father Christmas

It's that time of year again and I know you're kind of busy, but I just thought I'd send you a small list of things that I couldn't possibly do without in 1998

1. Contact lenses, so I can finally read the overheads in my lectures, and to check out any LSE talent
2. A brand new Motorola StarTac phone (you know, the one from the advert where the girl in the bikini walks across the beach), could I also have her body please!
3. A new LSE standard brain so I can understand some of my teachers.
4. A car for the man in my life, so he can visit me for a change
5. A decent bloke for my friend Nada so she'll stop moaning at me!
6. World peace and harmony (if possible)

Cheers FC  
Love and hugs  
Cathyxxx



Dear Santa

Please can I have

1. Leggy Asian brunette, ex model /actress Bankside 4th floor
2. A waterfall in my room
3. Toad and whale
4. Compulsory English lessons for LSE teachers
5. fewer freaks and frigid girls at LSE by law

Lots of luv Ali



Dear Father Christmas,

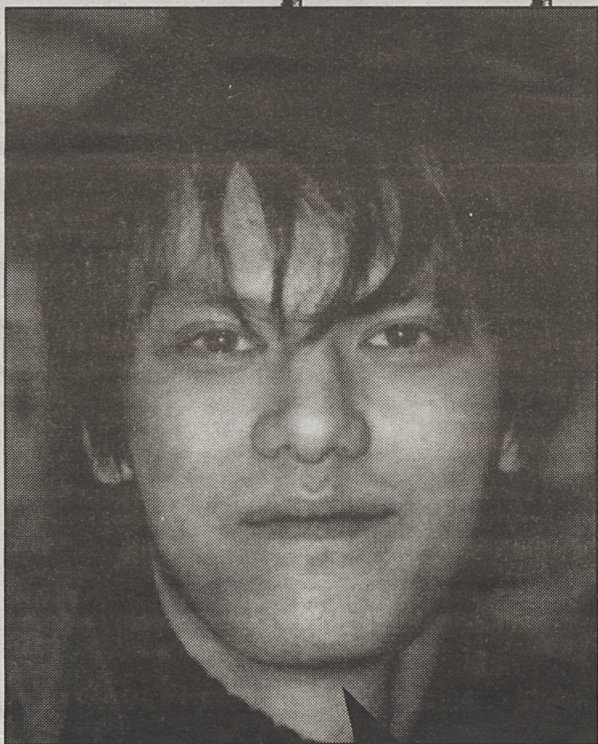
I'll tell you what I want, what I really really want :

MICHAEL OWEN,

so he can Spice up my life and we can Zig A Zig AHH...

Love Alice

P.S. preferably in his kit, but I'm not that fussed!!

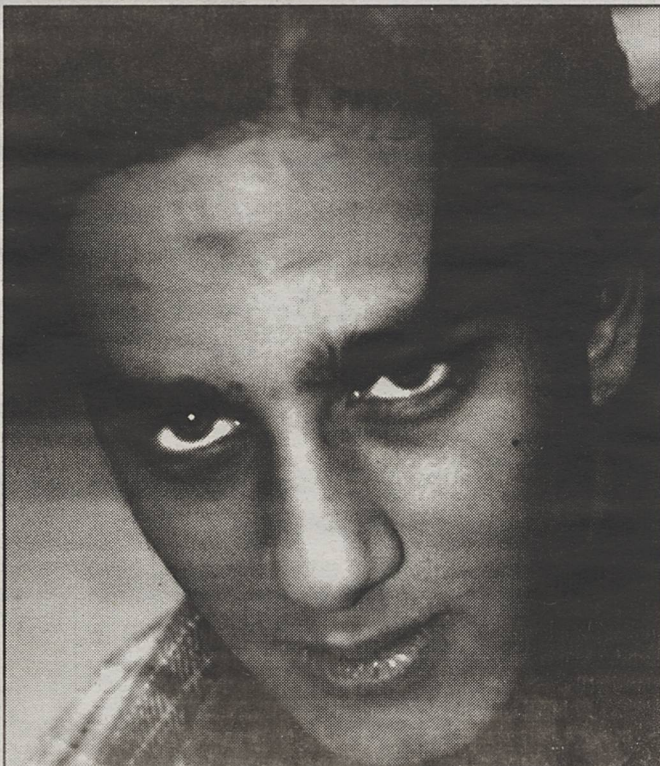


Dear Santa,

For Christmas I want:

- Satzuma
- Brazil nuts
- Chocolate Money
- Novelty Sponge
- M & S Socks
- Hanketchief with initial 'C'
- Soap on a rope
- 1998 pocket diary
- Princess Diana Tribute Album

Thanx  
Charlie



Dear Santa

Please can I have....

1. A selection of farm animals (preferably not chickens)
2. Teletubbies replica kit (Lala or Po only)
3. Toad and Whale
4. A finger of Fudge
5. Peter Shilton

Lots of love Neal xxx





# The Xmas Chocolate Taste Test Challenge!

## Round One

### ~ Christmas Puddings ~

#### Cadbury's Puds

The testing panel liked the design of these as they come apart into two halves which makes them a lot easier to eat! They were described as 'heavy' and tasting 'nutty' but were criticised as containing too much chocolate and nothing else.

5/10

#### Thorntons Christmas Pudding Truffle

These tasted of Christmas Pudding (but not as good as the real thing), with an added twist, they smell of Rive Gauche! The splodge of icing on top of the truffle wasn't liked by the panel but the rest of it was!

7/10



As a special Christmas treat for the rest of the Beaver Crew, *Campus* arranged a Christmas Chocolate Taste Test Challenge. All participants were given a strict briefing before participating in this grueling event and pledged that chocolate tasting was to be the only thing on their mind for the next 90 minutes...

#### Thorntons Brandy Butter Cream

This certainly lives up to it's name, it tastes wonderfully of Brandy and is very buttery.

7.5/10

The Round One winner, Thorntons Brandy Butter Cream!



This is Yasmine stuffing her face with chocolate...

photo: Alex

## Round Two

### ~ Gift Selections ~

#### Thorntons Gigantic Chocolates: Peanut Crunch

The texture was good but the peanutty taste was too slight and overpowered by an unidentifiable 'creamy' taste.

6/10

#### Green Apple Caramel

This can only be described as syrup maskering as caramel, surrounding a lump of off-tasting apple.

-10/10

#### Choc Choc Sundae

This smells good, but this is misleading; the white chocolate tastes 'cheap' whilst the chocolate sauce tastes like 'public school chocolate sauce'. The only vaguely good thing that can be said about this is that it is very sweet!

2/10

#### Maine Maple Caramel

A must for maple syrup lovers but you wouldn't be able to manage a whole box!

8/10

#### Double Mocha Float

A creamy coffee taste which everyone liked, a good safe bet.

9/10

#### Happy Hour: Bourbon Manhattan

These would be good if they didn't contain a chery tasting more of chemicals than anything else.

4/10

#### Pina Colada

These had a wonderful 'sensual' texture, and although there was too much of a false coconut taste, they were well received by the panel.

6/10

#### Marguerita

Quite why these are described as 'hot tequilla truffles' I don't know. These were rather mild with no taste of salt or lime that we could identify. All that we could taste were 'dodgy oranges'; these will certainly be the ones left in the box.

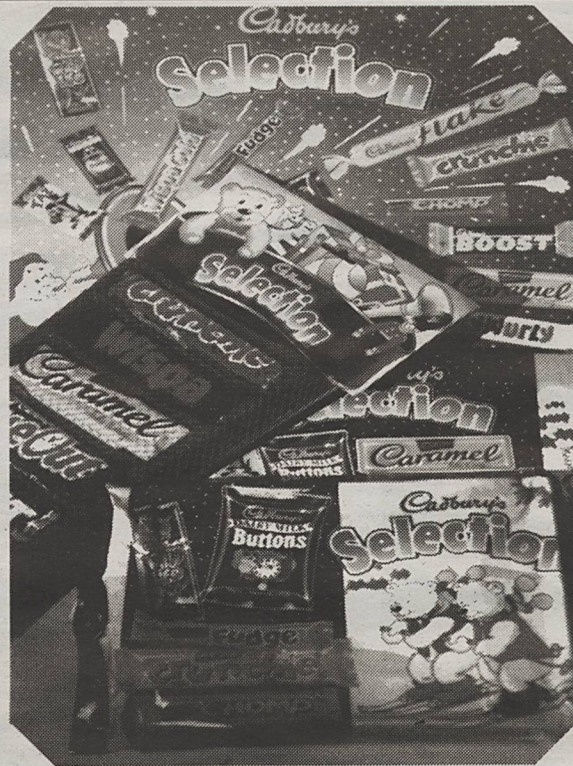
3/10

## Selection Boxes

OK, we admit that these are all Cadburys selection boxes, but there is a difference between them all!

The Round Two winner, Double Mocha Float from the Thorntons Gigantic Collection.

## Round Three



box. The only part of this selection box that we weren't sure about was the design on the back of the box. Here we found 'cut out Christmas Santa and Rudolf glasses' that looked rather horrendous! (But you never know what might amuse you all after that 10th glass of sherry with your relatives on Christmas Day!)

### Stocking Selection (middle left of picture)

This is a serious stocking selection of seven chocolate bars including a Boost, Caramel and Wispa bar. This, of course, contains the token Wildlife bar. We couldn't understand why this was included in a stocking full of large chocolate bars as it is such a dull chocolate bar and a Dairy Milk bar would have been much more welcome in it's place. Much to our surprise this had an even worse design on the back of it as it had printed on it: 'cut out Christmas Santa and Rudolf decorations'. The idea is to colour them in and stand them up to (presumably) add to your Christmas decorations!

### Selection box (largest, top of picture)

For the variety of chocolate bars in the box this scored top marks. It contained every Cadburys chocolate bar that we would want in a selection box at Christmas. Perhaps the only problem with this is that by the end of Christmas, whoever you give this to will have felt compelled to have eaten all of the contents and come to the same conclusion as us; Cadbury's chocolate is great until you have eaten half a selection box in one go and then all you can taste is sugar and feel rather ill...

### Selection box (front of picture)

This would be a great selection pack to give to children (or to those who like children's chocolate ranges). This contains a Wild Life bar, Dairy Milk Buttons, a Fudge bar, Crunchie bar and a Chomp bar.

### Selection box (middle of picture)

This was larger than the last pack and had the same contents as well as a Caramel, Wispa, Curlywurly and Taz bar. This would make a great present for a friend as the tasting panel agreed that it contained a good selection considering the size of the

RIP Wild Life bar?



#### Tom Collins

These were good as we could actually taste the alcohol in them, but they have one serious flaw, the filling glows rather like nuclear waste!

4/10

#### Godfather

Very sweet almond taste, a well-liked chocolate by everyone.

8/10

#### Thorntons Double Cream Mints

Their taste has been described as 'reminescent of toothpaste' and 'like they've been sat in a cupboard since last Christmas'. We would have been delighted to receive these as a present but would have been a little disappointed with the contents.

1/10

Photographs by Alex Trojanow



# EROTICA™

FOR YOUR IMAGINATION

## Zoe Peden fails to find anything mildly erotic at this event

I spent last Saturday looking at vibrators, leather whips, poor models, male strippers, I could go on and be more explicit but this newspaper has 'some' standards.

I was not at an Ann Summer's party, nor was I at a sex club or orgy (shame), I was at the highly respectable National Hall, Olympia, Earls Court, reviewing the very first national exhibition of its kind - Erotica.

Erotica had exhibitors from within the industry selling their products ranging from erotic art to well known clothing names, providing static and live entertainment. My curiosity was looking forward to this event, but as it killed the cat, it killed me off in boredom. Erotica is billed as "For your imagination" and aiming to create a unique erotic environment working within the parameters of UK law. In other words it was tame. You could tell it was created by men for men, as womens' imaginations are far more adventurous.

It was an amusing afternoon but not worth the £15 pre booked or £25 on the door. The management of the event was a shambles with hundreds of people already with tickets having to wait half an hour in the rain, while those paying on the door simply waltzed in. By the time people entered the venue they wanted their moneys worth, especially my impatient boyfriend.

The clientele was mostly male - beered up



The very latest in Fantasy Liquid Latex!

photo:library

30-somethings helped along with Pineapple Pussy Cat and Perfect Pecker cocktails, the dirty mac brigade with their standard issue Superdrug plastic bags no doubt filled with tissues, and of course regular people like my partner and I.

The stands varied from high street plastic underwear, art and sculpture, magazines, videos, sex toys and various contraptions and of course porn mag models. It was interesting seeing ugly men have a pretend cover shot with two ropey birds on a bed, with the intent of showing all their mates down the pub. Prats - as if anyone would think it was a real cover, these stands were for the ultimate sad bastards. Some of the toys were

interesting and confusing such as the "anal wand", consisting of a nobbled 10" plastic stick. There were plenty of girls in skimpy wear but a marked shortage of men minus beer belly, bald head, bad breath and sweaty palms. The Dream Boys put on a show to my 'relief', very good, very professional and made all the men feel one inch high and one inch below. But the rest of the shows with male and female dancers were anything but erotic with people taking a glance and walking off.

It was an interesting way to spend a saturday afternoon but my curiosity required more weird sex not 'yes I've got one of those, and my boyfriends got one of them, I see them everyday'. I wanted mass piercings, loads of tattoos, weird and wonderful sex, disgusting sex, yes I know a bit sick but for £15.....

The highlight of the day put a big smile on my face and enlarged my ego - the spotting of Linzi Dawn MacKenzie, the marriage splitter of Dean Houldsworth of Wimbledon, A.K.A porn model, prostitute, coke fiend, she of the famous GG breasts. Boy, did she look rough. Spotty, lank hair, corn beef legs and selling her own videos - the price of fame. My boyfriend will perhaps watch her videos less intensely and less frequently, now that is worth £15.



HOUGHTON STREET HARRY

(This week, a short story of Yuletide cheer.)

It was the night before Christmas and the clocks were striking thirteen. Little Winston lay wide awake in his bed and listened. All the house was quiet, from attic to cellar. Not a mouse was stirring.

Winston got out of bed and went to the door, taking care to avoid the squeaky floorboard and the infra-red sensor device. He went out onto the landing. At the top of the stairs was a huge poster of a bloated red face, with little blue eyes that followed you wherever you went. The picture frightened Winston every time he saw it, which was of course its purpose. The words underneath said, SANTA IS WATCHING YOU.

Winston crept downstairs, pausing at every step and listening. All was still quiet. Halfway down, however, there was suddenly a gigantic sound. Poor Winston almost jumped out of his skin with fright. Then he relaxed: it was only the quarter-hourly announcement. The house speakers boomed HE KNOWS IF YOU'VE BEEN GOOD OR BAD.

Winston reached the bottom of the stairs. Now he was very close, and quite suddenly he began to feel scared. He swallowed, and thought of his sister, taken by the Elves.

He went along the corridor to the Door. Behind the Door was the Room, and in the Room was the Tree. The thought of the Tree made all the hairs on the back of his neck stand up. On the Door was another portrait of Santa. The words said, SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN.

Winston opened the door. The light dazzled him. The balls that adorned the tree were fiercely bright, with lights of many colours. But brightest of all was the star atop the tree, the beautiful crystalline star that every second transmitted all the information from all the monitors in the house back to the local grotto.

The Tree seemed alive; it seemed to be looking at him. His blood roared in his ears - he seemed to hear his class at school chanting the names of the guardians ... Prancer Dancer Rudolph ... the Reindeer.

Winston thought of his sister, condemned to serve as handmaiden at the Sleigh's wild rooftop parties for the rest of her life, and found courage. He picked up an ornamental coal from the ceremonial chimney that stood always ready to welcome Him, and threw it at the star. There was a flash, and a tinkle, and the light died.

The speakers boomed SO BE GOOD FOR GOODNESS' SAKE.

There were sounds from the street outside. Winston ran to the window and peered out. The street was full of children, with their parents watching from doorways. The children were dancing, and dancing among them was a huge figure in red. It turned, and looked into the darkness straight at Winston.

For a long time they looked at each other. Then its head tilted back and it laughed: long and loud and exultant and evil. HO HO HO HO!



## Competition!

Southern Comfort with its deep South heritage, originating from the Southern States of America, has a sociable character and is the perfect spirit to be enjoyed by those serious about partying.

Southern Comfort is distinctive, smooth and merits respect for its independent attitude. It's easy to drink, and therefore easy to party with, enjoy it neat over ice, or mixed into a long measure, but above all, enjoy it with friends.

We are offering 3 lucky readers the chance to win:

- A Southern Comfort T-Shirt
  - A Southern Comfort Gator Lighter
  - A Southern Comfort Keyring
- AND
- A bottle of A Southern Comfort

Simply answer the following question:-  
(To enter you must be aged 18 or over.)

Q. Where does Southern Comfort originate from?

Post your answer in the envelope on the Beaver door (room C120) by 6pm on Wednesday 10th December 1997, and don't forget to include a your name, address and phone number!

# SOUTHERN COMFORT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Southern Comfort and Firkin Pubs have got together and developed 'The Firkin Games' and 9th December is the finale night of several Big Events which have been held around the country in November.

The finale night takes place tonight (Tue 9th Dec) at:  
Pharaoh & Firkin  
90a High Street  
Fulham  
SW6 3 LJ

The evening involves playing giant versions of Hasbro games like Jenga, Battleships, Twister, Connect 4 and lots more. Local radio stations will be there and giving away free prizes.  
Remember: Southerners have their own rules!

## Top Ten: Things to do before the New Year

1. Sing a Christmas carol whilst inspecting the Christmas tree in Trafalgar Square
2. Snog any random person under a piece of mistletoe
3. Have a snow ball fight with small kids (it helps to wrap snow around a stone for added effect)
4. Build a snowman, and why not make it politically correct (we'll leave this to your imagination)
5. Buy a Teletubbies doll and be the envy of all your friends (you could even put it on the seat next to you in your lectures)
6. Buy a present for someone you really don't like from the the previous Campus Top Ten list
7. Gatecrash a New Year's Eve party
8. Become an authority on Quality Street/Roses chocolates and be able to identify them (at distance) by their wrapper alone!
9. Visit a Santa's Grotto, sit on his lap (no under-lying connotations here) and tell him everything that you want for Christmas.
10. Start queuing for the January Sales (have you got your sleeping bag ready yet?)



# Violence against women ?!

November 25th was the International Day for the Eradication of Violence against Women. Sam Klein reports on the events that marked the day

Before Kate Adie was the Chief News Correspondent for the BBC, she worked in her parents' chemist shop. Strange people came in then, people with doors that opened into them, and furniture that always got in

the condition of women all over the world.

The Minister for Overseas Development, Clare Short, recalls the strange contrast she experienced in Northern Ireland. On one hand, there

were the tense peace talks,

world it is dowry killings, female infanticide and genital mutilation. Whatever form it takes, Clare Short and Kate Adie would like us to see it not just an attack on women, but a violation of Human Rights. On November 25th they were among a group of prominent women from Britain and abroad brought together by Womankind Worldwide to mark the International Day for the Eradication of Violence Against Women.

The event was held in the heart of Westminster, where the new government has opened a window of opportunity for traditionally marginalised issues, such as poverty and women's rights, to be moved to the centre of government consideration. The assembled group was unanimous in their desire to see measures to improve the lives of women enacted not just by the British government but by governments world over. What they called for was no less than the recognition of violence against women as a human rights abuse, deserving of the same attention and action as other such abuses.

If ten to fifty percent of an ethnic group were regularly violently attacked, wouldn't they be considered a group at risk and the object of international mobilisation? This question was put forward by Charlotte Bunch from the Global Centre for Women's Leadership, who described violence against women as a hidden business tucked away in the home, and treated as private, trivial, inevitable. A private but deadly business; in the United States, one woman is raped every six minutes. In Palestine one in four women are physically abused in their homes. In Israel, it is one in five. In south Africa, forty per cent of women are subject to marital rape and assault. Even in idyllic Sweden, fifty women are beaten to death each year.

Violence against women, for those who survive it, leaves not just bruises but also a lessened ability to deal with the world. The quiet violence afflicted on girl children in the form of lesser

amounts of food and medical care leaves them small, weaker, and less able to lead fully-productive lives. Violence in public transport and public places affects women's ability to earn an income. Without an empowerment of women, their role in economic development will be limited.

What, if anything, is going to change our violent world and ways? The first step has been bravely taken, women are speaking out on violence even in cultures where a woman's voice should not even be heard. Women are stepping out of the realm of the private and invisible, to claim the common language of humanity. Now it is time to take it further.

Involvement needs to occur at many levels; grassroots organisations, social services and school at the community level, and state departments concerning health, welfare and legislature at the national level.

Constant research is needed. Without clear information to back up the issues it is difficult to mobilise support or financing. Kate Adie pointed to what had happened in Bosnia, where everybody knew that mass rapes were occurring, but nobody thought to document more than the stories of the victims. As heart-breaking and persuasive as they were, they could not justify an international intervention.

Non-governmental organisations need to keep the pressure on governments not to sacrifice women's rights for the expediency of realpolitik. How the world treats the outrageous behaviour of the Taliban regime in Afghanistan will set a message about whether the international is serious about women's rights. International organisations are making efforts to condemn the regime, but this can easily be set aside by governments looking for a political settlement.

Governments can provide assistance as well as applying pressure. The British government is currently supporting specific initiatives to assist other Commonwealth nations. Lessons learnt in Britain about sensitising the

police force to gender-issues are being transferred to Pakistan and Kenya. In Palestine and Fiji, village women are being trained in legal rights. In Jamaica, income-generating projects address the poverty that pressures women to stay in violent relationships. All of these projects are financed by foreign aid.

The resources to fund such initiatives are ever short. One of the more vocal institutions in support of Women's Rights and the ending of violence has been the United Nations. However, the UN constantly claims that they don't have the resources. The Global Centre for Women's Leadership is calling for them to put their money

Violence against women, for those who survive it, leaves not just bruises but also a lessened ability to deal with the world.

where their mouth is, and dedicate half of the one billion dollars donated by Ted Turner to women.

Ultimately, what is needed according to Clare Short, is a revolution in every area of life, a transformation in the relationship between men and women. Each of us as has a personal responsibility to create the society we want to live in. Nor is this just the task of women. Again and again, the speakers and audience outlined the importance of men in removing violence from their societies. In the end, we need to ask, who is the weaker sex, those who receive the blows, or those who give them?



Clare Short was one of the speakers present at the day aimed at the support of women

their way. They came in embarrassed and hesitant, looking for something for their bruises and sprains. Those people were always women.

Later on, when she was starting as a journalist, reporting on the daily life of policemen, there were always certain crimes they walked away from, saying that it was only a domestic, and as they left, the sounds of shouting and cries would continue.

Covering the war in Afghanistan, she was sent to eat in the women's room. The male cameramen next door wolfed down huge quantities of mutton and rice. The thin, malnourished wives and other women waited for the scraps left over. The women didn't even apologise to her, they thought this was

attempting to end the sectarian violence. On the other was the festive opening of a women's shelter, where an end to violence against women wasn't even on the agenda.

Rose Coxe, a survivor of domestic violence from South Africa, the country with the highest rate of reported domestic violence and sexual abuse of children, hoped for the day that the shelters she had taken refuge in would be a thing of the past. When a man like her husband, who attacked her and her children with a machete, would be the one turned from the home and condemned by the community, and not the other way around.

In Britain there is domestic violence and rape, in other parts of the

## Just what is Art?

Lachesis January looks at modern art, its purpose and its meaning.

By now, a good many of you will have viewed the Sensations Exhibition at the RA, I should imagine and if not, it's certainly

mainly because modern art looks so ridiculously easy.

Back, way back, to GCSE, I managed to avoid still-lives, portraits or anything that required much artistic skill for that final piece. Of course, I needed evidence that I could draw and, being a depressive teenager, many gravestones and churches were sketched to prove that I could use a pencil. The final piece, which was to take hours of laborious skilled labour for everyone else, ended up to be an enjoyable experiment in acrylics. The theme was opposite so I splatted white, black and red paint onto a couple of boards, covering them completely, to show the Void between Opposites. I stuck on glitter, beads, dried bits of string and wool and the final thing was a mess. A beautifully easy mess. Hanging next to masterpieces which looked like stuff, these boards hung. I explained them in an essay and had to talk to the moderator and managed to get an A for what was essentially bollocks and talking bollocks.

Modern art seems a bit like this. The artist thinks of a concept, something to communicate, and produces it, very rarely

using a paintbrush. Sure, there were the horses (Mark Wallinger), but they were dull.

Damien Hirst's dead things are so much more than that. It's odd, people either get it or they never will. It's not just a dead shark floating in gloop. It's *The Physical Impossibility of Death in the Mind of Someone Living*. See?

The problem with modern art is it's getting all a bit samey. In general, the theory is to communicate a feeling, to provoke thought and a reaction, to disgust, repel, scare. Where do we go now?

Marcus Harvey's *Myra* created some discussion in the family. My aunt, arty as she is, flatly refused to go to the exhibition because of this one painting. Why? Because she felt that the Moors murderer was being given iconic status, that the painting was somehow revering her and that the medium, children's handprints, was plain sick. Well, no. The painting wasn't about Myra at all. It was about the reaction the artist knew it would provoke. It was questioning the image that people would give it, the fact that the painting would be a celebrity while the subject was

hated.

Two guards stood either side of it, a glass screen across it and white tape around it. Even as a painting, Myra is in prison. How very beautiful and ironic. I loved it myself. I know she was an 'evil' person, whatever that actually means, but I loved standing there with others and thinking about what they were thinking.

Sarah Lucas's *Au Naturel* was an entertaining piece. I like her stuff exhibited here because there is more than a confrontation of values and a questioning of itself, there is humour. In case you're not familiar with the piece, it is composed of a mattress, two melons and a bucket, two oranges and a cucumber. Use your imagination for the positioning of these!

I have to say, I do like the self-questioning aspect of modern art because I like how it affects people. I like to hear people say, 'That's not art!' in outraged tones.

But conceptual, shocking images are getting a little tedious. There seems no new movement. People are trying to say things and provoke emotions and thought but there seems nowhere left to go. I mean what comes after this? What is there left to do? Sure, most of us can come up with a clever and challenging concept and, given the funds, produce it but can any of us create the New Wave?

Art's not that easy. I'm looking

forward to what comes next. Perhaps a move into virtual reality will mean that worlds will be created that continue to challenge us and our perceptions. Perhaps complete sensory immersion is the next step to communication horror or fear. Perhaps art will be living someone else's nightmare. *Myra II* might be being a victim of hers, murdered by her and not knowing that it isn't real. But we're still on shock/challenge territory.

If I had a house and too much money, I wouldn't exhibit many things from Sensations within the walls. In the end, I'd probably opt for abstract stuff. Perhaps Jason Martin's works such as *Trump*, a neo-minimalist affair, pure red but with a brush stroke that make the flat canvas look undulating, I could live with. I also like those white canvases with white paint (artist forgotten). I don't want to be challenged on a day-to-day basis while I'm eating my breakfast. Once or twice is plenty.

Art is everything, artefact or ecofact, the whole fucking world is art. But what you like, is completely different and quite irrelevant to the question. Every sound is music, every movement is dance. The boundaries are not limited to sensory input, the boundaries are at the limits of the mind, if there are such limits. Art has nothing to do with taste. (Just as taste doesn't seem to affect art...)

In general, the theory is to communicate a feeling, to provoke thought and reaction, to disgust, repel, scare

something I would recommend. Some of the exhibits bring about an overwhelming feeling of hope and optimism, looking to the future and thinking, 'One day...'



# 'Girls can't write netball reports'

Sorry, can't argue with that one!

Maria Friebe

Christmas nearly came early for the babes last week in the form of a thrilling encounter at Lincolns Inn Fields. The excitement was tough to deal with because, being students at the LSE, we're just not used to it. Even without Zarrine who was busy attending to the needs of a man she just can't stop lovin', the babes were equal to the task. However, a worrying moment came 10 minutes before the start of play when it was apparent that a second player would be missing from the all star line up; the sober, emotionally (un)stable and delightful captain was ill. This was not helped by the mystery absence of Kate Griffiths. Rumours that she has succumb to the

charms of two unknown freshers with sexy Northern English and Northern Irish accents are as yet unfounded, but reliable sources indicate that she is struggling to resist their 'lightning wit and tight, pert butt-cheeks'

responsibility, but it didn't matter as Dirty Alex™ played a blinder and the babes were on form. (At this point the Sports Eds would like to stress that Dirty Alex did infact 'play a blinder' but the continued repetition of the term 'play a blinder' failed

to amuse. So, instead, it's here, it's official, Dirty Alex™ 'played a blinder').

The quality of play proved that the early nights and excessive training regime followed this term had been worthwhile. It didn't matter that wen only nearly won at the end of the day, it's the taking part that counts. Much is expected of the babes next term as they progress into the second round of the



The gorgeous gals that make up the LSE netball team

Most revelations came this week in the form of ON court activity. Dirty Alex™ played an absolute blinder. Gemma was supreme. Charlotte was knackered and deeply traumatised by the rush of

ULU cup having climbed down from the dizzy heights of having to qualify for the BUSA plate. Teams nationwide have recieved their warning: 'Watch out, the babes are coming to get you.'

# Sports

## Noticeboard

Did any-one play any sport last weekend? If so, why aren't your results listed? As a consequence of this, the sports pages once again present a ridiculously uncomprehensive guide to the trials and tribulations of LSE's sporting heroes:

LSE Football 3rd XI 1 - 3 UCL Football 3rd XI

LSE Mens Basketball 44 - 39 UCL Mens Basketball  
LSE Womens Basketball 24 - 13 UCL Womens Basketball

LSE Mens Squash 1st's 1 - 4 UCL Mens Squash 1st's  
LSE Mens Squash 2nd's 0 - 3 UCL Mens Squash 2nd's

# 'Girls can't play football'

.....well the girls of LSE can!

LSE Womens 1st XI 2 - 2 St Georges Womens 1st XI

A.Bird

Against all the odds LSE's lovely football ladies managed to give St Georges a glimpse of their footballing excellence last Sunday and hold a 2-2 draw.

After an hour of waiting at Waterloo station it became clear that five members of the team had either spontaneously combusted or just weren't going to turn up. The remaining six craved the comfort and warmth of their beds and would have succumbed if it wasn't for Merediths Jerry Maguire style 'Come with me .....we can do this' peptalk

LSE's 1st VI desperately began plotting ways of getting another player so that the match could go ahead. The initial plan was to completely shave Frank and put him in a skirt, but there simply wasn't enough time. Emotional blackmail didn't work on the stray members and Caties attempt at getting someone to knock on all the doors of the corridor and ask if anyone fancied a game of soccer failed to gain the vitally needed seventh man. In the end they did the only thing that could be done and kidnapped a member of the Hockey team. The arrival of the 7 female warriors obviously intimidated the girls of St Georges and the sight of Emma's hockey stick threw the opposition into a state of panic and confusion.

After this pysching out the enemy, LSE did their best to fill out as much space as possible using their dangerous 3-3 formation. Georges goal after 20 minutes woke our girls up and was quickly followed by Katherine's first goal of the season: proving that by the laws of averages after taking so many shots one of them was bound to go in.

Although the defence fought hard, Susana didn't have much chance to rest her thighs in goal and did a great job ensuring that the score at half time was still 1-1.

By the second half the green meanies looked to be getting tough and by some fluke another goal was scored. Ellen, by this time over the disappointment of there being no chance of meeting any 'studs' in the bar afterwards, was looking mean as she ploughed through the gang of green defenders to score the second goal.

After 80 minutes (check the ULU regulations re late starting matches) it was all over, Lse having gained a moral victory over the defeated medics - Thanks to Frank for all his whispering of sweet nothings from the sideline.

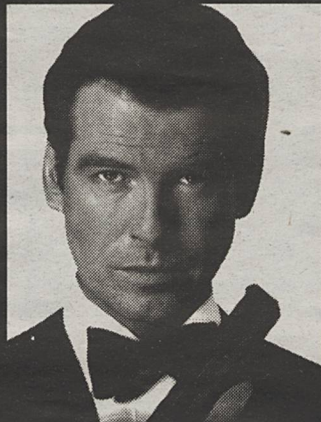
After a final sprint, navy-seal commando style scramble over the 10ft (well maybe) fence and leap onto the already moving train it was home to sleep for the team.

Thanks a lot to Emma for saving the team in its hour of need and watch out for the thrilling conclusion to the Mars bar / Milky way / Topic debate.

# Special Agent Player Profile



Bond



007 Tibble

Following the heavy defeat the (usually) tremendous 1st team suffered at the hands of the (usually) shite Holloway, Nader is alleged to have drowned his sorrows with half a pint of eider, several grammes of Sherbert Dip, and a sneaky peek in the lingerie section of a particularly well-thumbed catalogue. Subsequent to such an intensive session of "naughty behaviour" he was unable to satisfy the rigorous interviewing of the player profile. Yet, never fear. 1st team goalie 007 Tibble has yet to calculate the meaning of the term 'shame' and actually "quite enjoys" showing his ass as he bends over to pick the ball out of the net. So, in an attempt to finally 'grab' the limelight (a task which he inexorably fails to achieve

on a wednesday evening) we proudly introduce Tibble.

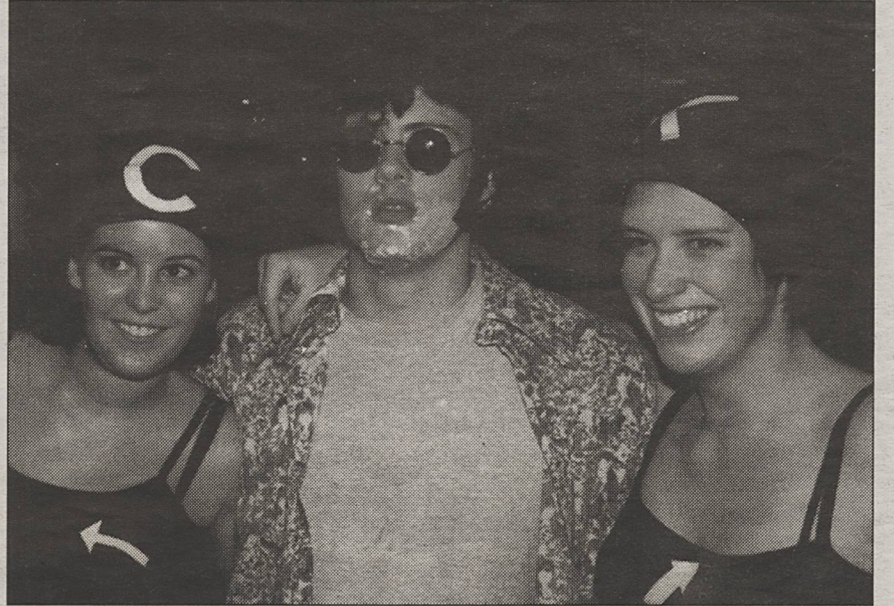
Name: Richard Tibble  
Nickname: Bond.....007.....Agent Tibble  
Age: 20  
Date of Birth: 12/03/77  
Weight: 12.5 Stone (and falling)  
Height: 6 foot (just)  
Dept: Statistics (I think)  
Favourite drink: Vodka Martini  
Favourite food: Weetabix  
Favourite film: Tomorrow never dies  
Last CD bought: I only buy vinyl.  
Sporting Hero: Steve Bull  
Three things you would take on a desert island with you: A Football.....Some goalposts.....Steve Bull.....Louise.....a

double bed.....How many's that?  
Last book you read: Topsy and Tim go to the zoo  
Most like to be stuck in a lift with: Anyone from Wolverhampton.  
Least like to be stuck in a lift with: Anyone from LSE.  
Favourite nightclub: The Canal.....Limelight (if I don't get too pissed and go home)  
Y- Fronts or boxers: Whatever's clean  
Favourite chat up line: I love every bone in your body.....Especially Mine.  
The Sports Eds would like to congratulate Tibble for completing the interview without mentioning the words Kate, I and Love in one sentence. Three cheers.





Photos: Rude Ralph



# Fun and frolics at the AU Barrel

