

THE BEAVER



Very Bad Things -
Bart Page 2



Dawn of the Replicants -
Music Bart 3-4 Pages



Politics
Pages 15-17



Be My Valentine
Bart 4-5

Monday, February 8, 1999
Issue 495
First Published May 5, 1949
The Newspaper of the LSESU
Executive Editor: Matthew Brough
Website: <http://www.thebeaver.org>

Campus Crime on the Increase

Tom Livingstone

Crime at the LSE has risen by almost two-thirds over the past year, again highlighting the difficulties faced by the under-staffed Porter's Lodge.

The total number of crimes reported in 1998 was 162, compared to 98 in 1997, a rise 63%. These figures include a substantial rise in the number of personal theft, up over 50%, and a doubling in the number of cycle thefts. Cash loss due to personal theft rose from £14,313 in 1997 to £27,369 in 1998. However, there were no instances of serious crime such as serious assaults or theft involving violence. House Manager Bernie Taffs told *The Beaver* 'we were hit very badly over the last three weeks of 1998 - our losses represented in cash value of School property were such that they hoisted the year's loss for 1998 over the 1997 total.'

Concerns have again been raised that the Porter's Lodge is both under-staffed and under-funded. As Taffs says 'these guys work hard, give good value for money and are deserving of support and encouragement.' As our report on page three shows, the Porters certainly do put themselves at risk in the course of their duties.

Nevertheless, there are only 6 Porters per shift, with around 20 buildings to patrol. It seems their work is occasionally made more difficult by the attitudes of some in the School - Taffs told us 'some responsibility for theft of personal property really does devolve upon



St. Clement's Building saw an 81% rise in crime in the last year

Picture: Neha Unia

individuals taking more care of their

Among the items stolen already

a hint that criminals are targeting the

personal property and not leaving it lying around.'

Over 5000 items were handed in to the porters in 1998, and the work of logging and storing these items is

described as 'a real headache and a serious drain on our resources.'

this year are two Laserjet printers, taken on the 5th and 6th of January -

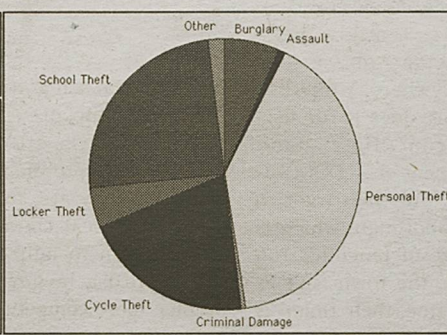
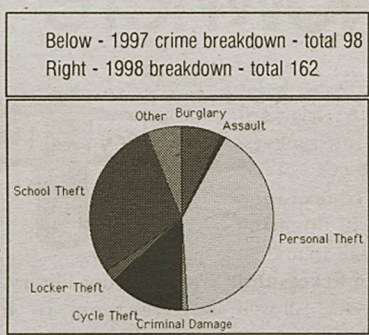
away in an adjoining office. One well-known figure on the LSE

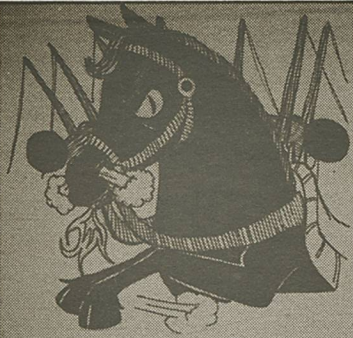
campus who has suffered at the hands of thieves is hairdresser Martin Hay. Having spent 8 crime-free years working in the Quad, Hay has seen three thefts in the past three weeks, the most serious being hair clippers worth £60 - on which there is now a £100 reward for their return. 'It's a big hassle,' Hay told us last week 'hopefully the reward will prompt someone to bring them back.'

SU General Secretary Narius Aga added his concern at the rise in crime and the problems faced by security workers. 'We at the Students' Union feel that the School Security do a good job under very difficult circumstances. We certainly need more uniformed presence around the place, rather than an increasing number of locked and alarmed doors, which in my opinion not only add to a state of slight paranoia, but are extremely inconvenient for students.'

Aga's comments are likely to reopen the debate over possible changes to the school security arrangements - plans such as having swipe cards to enter each building, the norm at other colleges, are known to be opposed by many here. The Gen. Sec. added that 'I would suggest that both the Clare Market and St. Clement's Building entrances should be permanently manned.'

Whatever the answer is to the crime problem, it seems that little will change without more resources being diverted to the Porter's Lodge, and more precautions taken by those on campus, unlike the student who left £2000 in cash in an envelope in a bag - and lost the lot.





Horseman

Ah... there's nothing as good as organised religion to get Horseman's blood coursing through his veins like cholesterol through a Millennium Dome tourist's struggling heart. Don't get me wrong, Horseman isn't saying faith is a bad thing to have; just don't operate heavy machinery under its influence... Whether you want to follow the teachings of a prophet, or some bad sci-fi author with lots of lawyers, it's OK with this rider of the pale horse... just don't expect him to believe too.

But hey, a little thing like atheism isn't going to stop Horseman getting involved in the *interesting* parts of believing in a god. Hell, the end of the world is only nigh thanks to the Judeo-Christian Calendar. And without that Horseman wouldn't be ready to loot himself a nice Digital TV when the Millenium Bug fucks London up like Viagra spiked punch before the swimsuit round of Miss Drag Queen. The Bible might not be much fun if you're given the New Testament by some strange smelling Gideon with thick glasses but the book of Revelations is sure to make any New Year's party swing.

Oh yes, you can't beat a good old fashioned apocalypse. Giant wine presses crushing sinners, seven headed serpents, whore of Babylon... Mmm hmm. I lurve the smell of Brimstone in the morning. And if having your flesh cleaved by demons isn't enough for you don't forget the main man of the hour, the guy without which the party would not be complete, the son of the devil himself; the anti-christ...

Nostradamus (A man so cryptic that he'd be on the National Lottery if he was alive today) made a lot of predictions about the Antichrist, most pointing to everybody's favourite moustachied dictator, Saddam "Nice beret" Hussein. Horseman however hates being cryptic (write your *name* on the Valentine) so here's a quick run-down on his top tips for the false prophet:

- 1) Billie - Horseman thinks any reason to whack this pop starlet like a succesful Kennedy brother is a good one.
- 2) Bill Gates - In binary his name adds up to 666. Plus his Internet explorer crashes so often Horseman can't get any decent porn.
- 3) Glenn Hoddle - Hey! Let's kick him when he's down, the bastard.
- 4) Peter Mandelson - Obvious and maybe a bit out of date too but still; enter his big tent on the Thames at your peril.
- 5) Thora Hird - Horseman admits he's getting desperate...

In the meantime though Horseman is starting his own religious cult. Simply send all your money and personal belongings to him c/o The Beaver and in return you'll receive eternal salvation and a nice "I luv Horseman" T-shirt.

Worship me, you dogs...

SU puts lid on Funding Crisis

Tom Livingstone

LSE political societies have given a mixed reaction to the SU executive's decision not to award them any union funds. Many were under the impression that a vaguely-worded UGM motion had given such a move the go-ahead.

That motion, passed in January 1998, included the clause 'Party political associate societies do have the right to bank outside the Union, though exercising this right forfeits their claim to a budget from the Union,' interpreted by some as meaning that political groups could attain a budget were they simply to bank through the Union.

However, following a request from some members of the executive, the position was discussed a week ago and the decision made not to award budgets. Union General Secretary Narius Aga stressed that the decision was taken on purely legal grounds - 'The SU has, as a matter of law, charitable status. One of the implications of this is that SU funds can only be used in pursuance of the Union's charitable objectives.' Aga made a comparison with the Pepsi boycott case of two years ago, in which the UGM voted to ban the drink from the campus, only for the exec. to overrule on commercial grounds.

Okay, okay - so London might be boring - but only if you're a boring old fart!!! However, our boredom comes nowhere near that felt by students at Nottingham, and Nottingham-Trent Universities. All they have to do is, well lets see, go bowling, go to the movies, and go swimming; wait, I might have forgotten something - oh ya, they get to walk everywhere, while our London Transport does it for us!!! This is all from first hand experience, as I spent one LOOOONG weekend there... but then I got to venture to Loughborough, which is probably the size of Lincoln's Inn Fields... however, the town isn't as bad as the Uni - fine, their Union is quite nice... hopefully this will give some Sabb Hopefuls ideas, but their halls and living facilities are quite tiny...

However, hey aren't the only ones - students at Warwick get to



Aga: 'other universities are breaking the law.'

Picture: Beaver Library

Referring to the UGM motion itself, Aga claimed that, as the seconder of the motion (it was proposed by ex-Treasurer Imogen Bathurst), it was not intended to give the green light to political funding. 'It was intended to clamp down on societies that were wasting money - I don't think that the UGM felt that they were voting to give money to political societies.'

Aga went on to explain that the Exec had to abide by legal guidelines,

laid down by the Attorney General. Having taken advice from the Charities Commission, who advised that they would take a dim view of 'charitable' (i.e. SU) money being used for a political purpose, the Exec. took the decision. Had any student complained about money going to political societies, it would be very difficult for the Union to explain that they had gone against legal advice.

The Gen. Sec. also re-iterated his personal opposition to political

funding, stating that 'the LSE has always had a healthy tradition of political debate, promoted through the political societies. They have always been independent, and that will be lost if we finance them - that would mean that we would have to monitor their activity.'

LSE Liberal Democrat President Jo Swinson, told the Beaver - 'the decision seems a little bizarre, especially given that other universities fund their political societies.'

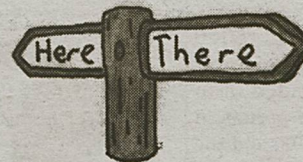
However, Aga responded to this by stating 'as far as I'm concerned universities are breaking the law.' This view was backed by LSE Conservative leader Alex Hartley, who stressed that she had always been against political funding.

Nevertheless, Labour Club chairman Brendan Cox claimed that 'a great opportunity has been missed to revitalize the SU, to get people politically active.' I have spoken to the NUS, and I have been assured there is no legal bar.' Cox added 'I hope there is not any hidden motive behind this decision.'

Whether this is a little fanciful or not is debatable, but it seems that the LSESU will not be pushing its funds towards political societies - for the foreseeable future, at least.

News From Nowhere

pretend that they are undercover cops, and help prevent (Or was it promote...) bike stealing rackets. Warwick comes to the rescue - of Car Makers!!! They are, in co-operation with their local council, donating £3.5 Million to help car firms "... enter onto a larger market and become more competitive..." All well and good, but what about the fee paying students??? And their hardship? And their lack of alcohol? Hopefully, Lse won't plan the same for our hard earned fees - oh, I forgot, they are already usign it to



refurbish our library...

We seem to have a lot in common with Warwick - they have a radio station, creatively called Sation W963; their student's get injured by glass - while we throw it!!! They have Nightline, so de we.

Royal Holloway have some pretty

interesting guest speakers... Anand Tucker, who was explainng how he conned his way into film school, and furthermore, how he was actually giving out notes on how to con one's way through Royal Holloway!!! Oh, and those brilliant minds at Holloway are also planting computre viruses - or at least allowing them to infect the school's mainframe. Those aren't the only viruses going around - someone must have infected someone with something, as the crime wave around Holloway halls seems to be on the continual rise.

You know what, if I keep going on like this for another few weeks, I'm going to be sued for libel, and then you won't even get to see anymore issues of The Beaver, as we'll be paying for Warwick, Holloway, and Nottingham SU parties!!!

Ritesh Doshi

Porter Hero Saves Printers

Shailini Ghelani

A 65 year old LSE security porter showed great diligence and initiative after managing to prevent a thief stealing two printers.

The porter, Derek Tomkins, managed to challenge the offender after a briefing in which security staff were told to be alert after a previous printer theft in which the printer was stolen and then left in a distinct raffia bag for an accomplice to collect. This theft was intercepted after security staff noticed the bag lying in a doorway around the campus.

Mr. Tomkins managed to prevent the second attempt on the 8th of January after noticing a white male in his 30's with a weatherbeaten face in Portugal street holding an identical raffia bag to the one previously used. Mr. Tomkins questioned the man with regards to the contents of the bag. The man claimed that the bag only contained old rubbish, but Mr. Tomkins persevered. After a while the thief attempted to make a scene but was unsuccessful and proceeded to runaway.

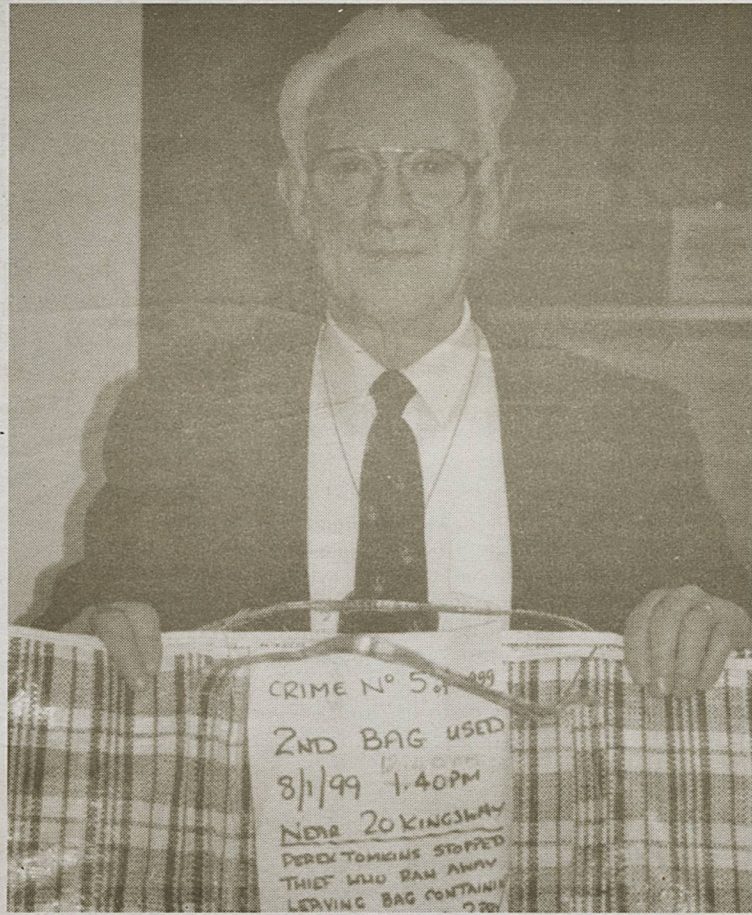
After examining the contents of the bag it was found that it contained two printers and the man had stopped to have a rest as carrying these had proved too much

physical strain.

When asked to comment on his action, Mr. Tomkins responded "It's about being observant and being in the right place at the right time. It is a very hard job to do with such a large campus. Security would be very grateful for all the help that the students can give us. If anyone sees anything suspicious they should not put themselves in any danger but should dial the internal emergency number 666."

LSE House Manager Bernard Taffs commended Mr. Tomkins on his bravery with the words "Derek is a really decent man, he's 65 and never takes a day off work. He is very hardworking and always has a smile on his face." He continued "I am very proud of his actions, he has done his job very well. This incident highlights the difficulties of trying to deal with a theft in an open campus environment. The job of the porters is made more difficult due to the fact that there are not many security staff."

To prevent incidents like those of the past weeks the security team has now ensured that printers, which were previously unalarmed, are now bolted down. Action has also been taken to put time locks on doors around the campus to deter opportunist thieves.



Houghton Street hero and exhibit A

Picture: Laure Trebosc

Unwelcome Holborn Residents Eradicated

Sarah Hartwell

Last week there was an infestation of flying cockroaches in the kitchens of High Holborn halls of residence. But the infestation of insects, whilst an unpleasant experience for the High Holborn residents, may well have been caused by their own lack of cleanliness.

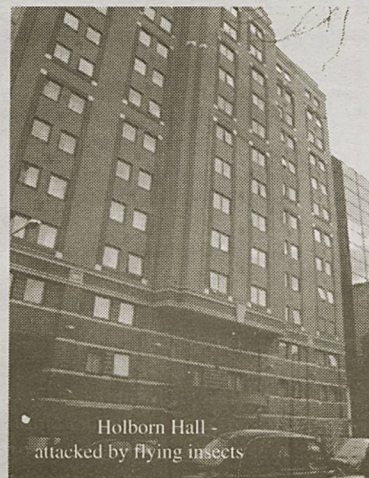
Dr Ed Kuska, the Warden of the Holborn Halls of Residence, described how the flying insects entered through the doors of the windowless kitchens. The cockroaches appeared in such numbers that professional exterminators were soon called in to

get rid of them. Mr Kuska said that it was important that "the problem was stopped before it could spread to the rest of the building".

When asked why he thought the infestation had occurred, Dr Kuska noted that the kitchens were not left in a clean state with "dishes left unwashed for days". However, Soraya Yamada, who worked at the halls of residence during the summer (when the halls double up as a bed and breakfast), said that usually hygiene standards were high. Perhaps since cleaning is now left to the students resident in the halls, hygiene standards have dropped.

Education and Welfare Sabbatical Maria Neophytou told The Beaver 'people are paying for a service - they should expect a rebate and a prompt response if something like this happens. To be fair, the Hall did comply with the second part. I don't really know how cockroaches can get into a Hall.'

Whatever the cause of the infestation, Dr Kuska was confident that the problem had now been resolved. He stated that the building is regularly checked for rodents and that a close eye would be kept on the cockroach situation.



Holborn Hall - attacked by flying insects



Union Jack

By some bizarre quirk of fate last week's UGM audit paper was printed in the wrong format, without any minutes and with the wrong motions. In other words it was half arsed, largely irrelevant and incomprehensible. In a poetic twist, it was sadly a good metaphor for the UGM itself. Jack challenges anyone to come up with a more suitable piece of symbolism, except perhaps for a huge sculpture of Wignall wiping his arse on the constitution.

Not everyone, it seems, shares Jack's taste for gutter journalism. In the week that Tony Blair launched his campaign to kick trivia out of the media by talking to Richard and Judy about Cherie's cellulite, it was perhaps appropriate that the UGM should follow his lead and debate the ethics of dragging personal abuse into the Old Theatre. This seems a bit like taking the alcohol out of beer: what you're left with doesn't put a smile on your face and leaves a taste in your mouth like stale urine strained through skid marks. This didn't deter two of the UGM's moral guardians (also apparently members of the Council for Crimes against Fashion) from staking their claim for a spot on Mary Whitehouse's high horse. Jack was relieved that the motion was as well received as Glenn Hoddle's take on reincarnation, or he might have found himself reporting on the antics of the Standing Committee on Drainage and Vitreous China for News and Views.

For anyone who lives outside Zone 1 and isn't equipped with a police radar tracking system PuLSE fm is now up and running. So far Jack has only been able to get any reception if he tunes the radio to the Crouch End Massive pirate station, then sticks the aerial up his arse and does star jumps. Nariuzzz was glowing in his praise, and described PuLSE as 'the best thing that's happened to the UGM for a very long time.' (presumably including his reelection.) In his boisterous excitement he kissed Maria on the cheek. Jack thinks he should get a role in the new Star Wars film, with Luke Skywalker crusading against his arch foe, Library Decanting, while ruing the fact that he might never be in anything as good again. Maria could be his secret sister...enough.

Jack heard reports that an old man had been found on a hilltop in Tibet who could remember the last time that someone had a question for a serving sabbatical officer, but it turned out to be a hoax (and not Bernardo as was first thought.) The Beaver seems to be the only target which merits such attention, even though editor Matt Bros had taken the week off to recover from his close relationship with PuLSE.

Cries for Wignall to sing gradually turned into agonised screams as everyone's favourite argument for World revolution began telling anecdotes about Conservative Future.

Di loses out the great and the good

Ah, a fickle bunch, students...the Annual Christian Union Survey highlights the demise of Di and a shift to more traditional figures of adulation. **Chelsea Phua reports**

Princess Diana has been ousted from her position as the greatest person that ever lived in the annual Christian Union survey. While she came top in last year's survey, virtually no one mentioned her in this year's, which was conducted amongst 150 students in Rosebery and Passfield halls.

By contrast, one who lived two thousand years ago is still topping the chart this year, however much his claims and identity are being disputed. Jesus Christ is being closely followed by Gandhi, whose faithful following has continued to secure him in second position from last year, even though the percentage of votes he received this year have dropped by a near 10%. Buddha, Confucius, and Mohammed remain as old time favourites too, although there was about a 9% drop for Buddha and a 4.5% drop for Mohammed. Confucius has risen in popularity by a marginal 0.6%. Religious figures aside (although one can argue whether Gandhi or Confucius was more of a political or philosophical figure than a religious one), Einstein, Louis Pasteur, Keynes, Napoleon and Shakespeare are in the list as well, not to mention interesting names such as Colin Mackenzie and Jimi Hendrix. Fifteen people from



A storm in heaven?

Cartoon by Louise Stanley

Passfield hall named "Nobody" as the greatest person that ever lived, while one thought that "Anybody" could be the greatest person that ever lived. The latter is a more attractive notion, because it might/could just be you! But then again, you could be the most intelligent, charitable, beautiful and/or famous person on earth in

your age and time, and be almost forgotten in less than 2 years after you die.

With regards to the most important issue in this world for students of the LSE, peace has won a resounding victory once again. This is not surprising, given that much of today's world is still embroiled in

inter-state conflicts and civil strife. Economic development and humanitarian issues such as poverty, hunger, inequality and human rights come next in the line-up of important world issues. These are "big issues", close to the hearts of many in the LSE. However, included in the list of "big issues" is one surprising answer that

considers Monica Lewinsky as the most important issue in the world today. Considering the extent to which she has drawn attention to the moral integrity and political capabilities of "the world's greatest sinner" (as how one newspaper refers to Bill Clinton), and the generally amoral response of the American public, the suggestion appears less ludicrous than it first seems. It reflects how economic and political issues have taken precedence over moral (and spiritual) ones. As long as the economy is doing fine, it does not matter how the President behaves in his private life.

The majority of people expressed their belief in the existence of God, even though some were either 'not sure' or vacillated between believing sometimes and not believing at some other times. About 18% of the people surveyed are atheists, and a number of people believed in some "higher power" but wouldn't call that 'God'. About their afterlife, 40% expressed uncertainty as to what happens when they die. It is not always a comforting idea to wonder about death, but paraphrasing one famous American politician, death is as inevitable as taxes. But on the question of what happens then - only about 23% believe that they will either go heaven or hell.

Finding My Religion?

In a week when the Word of Hod was deemed too much, Tom Livingstone asks if spirituality is relevant in 1999

What do you believe in? Are you a nihilist hedonist or follower of something more metaphysical? As Britain hurtles towards a new millennium people are considering what - if anything - they believe. What seems to be apparent is that more and more people want to believe in something, although what exactly is on offer is a little vaguer.

It may well be a product of hey-do-what-you-like attitude that grew from the individualism of the eighties, but now it seems that it's cool to just believe what you like. There has also been a trendy shift towards alternative beliefs among the richer set - hence Mick Jagger's Hindu wedding and numerous celebrity conversions to Buddhism.

Nevertheless, what you believe in private may not be compatible with what you do in public - as Glenn Hoddle found to his cost last

week. Hoddle's comments reveal something interesting - a replacement of traditional beliefs with a more pic-and-mix attitude: take Christian reincarnation, but have it on earth and not in heaven, and then put some karma sweeteners from Hinduism and Buddhism in the bag. Part of Hoddle's problem may have been that no-one seems to have had a clue exactly what he did believe.

That other great hate figure of our times, Peter Mandelson, has been associated with the other bizarre spiritual phenomenon of the age - the Dome and its mish-mash contents. The whole debate over the 'spiritual' zone and what it should contain seems to have revealed that no-one believes the same things as the next man/woman - there's no way you can represent everyone's beliefs in that zone (how would you represent Hoddle's beliefs in a

tourist attraction?).

But is all this relevant to the average Tuns drinker? Opinion there seems to revolve around the 'Hoddle - what is he on?' axis, with numerous 'I don't believe in anything' tangents. Nevertheless, there is plenty of religious activity around the campus - Jesus Awareness Week (a slightly strange title, as it's difficult to think of anyone who was asking 'Who?') has revealed the existence of traditional belief systems amongst the student body. The international nature of the University means that most other religions are represented. The Islamic society claim that more and more people are turning towards Islam, which comes with an entire way of life attached - no trendy flirtations with this religion. It seems that people are willing to engage in debate on the issue, with ignorance and xenophobia - despite last year's

scare stories of Islamophobia - described as 'very unusual.'

Other developments at the LSE have drawn attention to the search for meaning in people's lives - the demise of Inform means that no-one is monitoring cults in the UK; if you want to start your own sect, now is the time to do it. Students are apparently susceptible to the influence of spiritual recruitment agencies, which could well point to a general crisis of belief in what is a very secular society.

What seems certain at this campus is that there is a definite divide between those searching for something to believe in - whether it's Hoddleism, Buddhism or Paganism - and those who just want to drink their beer and have a good time. As long as there are no pitch battles in Houghton Street, we could just live together in belief-system bliss.

Selected Survey Results:

* Who in your opinion is the greatest person that ever lived?

Jesus 22% Gandhi 11%
Confucius 3% Mohammed 5%
Buddha 3% Einstein 5% Others 49%

* Who do you think Jesus is?

A good man 18% A legend/myth 13%
A religious lunatic 1% The Son of God 26%
A teacher/prophet 34% Others 3%

* Which of the following best describes your beliefs about God?

I definitely believe in God 38%
I think I believe in God but I'm not sure 23%
I believe in God at times but not at others 10%
I definitely do not believe in God 18%
Others 10%

* Which of the following best describes your beliefs about what happens when you die?

I believe I'd go Heaven/ Hell 22%
I believe in reincarnation 10%
I don't know what happens 40%
I believe you cease to exist 20%



Editorial

In order to succeed in Finance, a silken-tied trader would say in Michael Lewis' Liar's Poker, you have to wake up every morning ready to bit the ass of a bear. Fortunately, in order to make it as a journo all you need is a mind for wit and a stomach for copious amounts of booze. Unfortunately I've been taking a week off the black stuff due to illness and the aversion therapy that last weekend provided so any loss of quality in this weeks paper falls squarely at my door, and my recuperating liver. Perhaps however this will prevent any drunken rampaging that I must otherwise have indulged in and temper the LSE's accelerating crime stats.

Figures just out show how crime at the LSE is growing far faster than inflation. Theft from students is costing the student body nearly £28,000 a year - a huge amount, especially given that that purely covers on-campus crime. The total number of crimes has grown 63% to 162, a clearly unacceptable figure. To some degree it's a matter of students being naive or simply dumb - one chap left £2,000 cash in his bag, D'oh - but there must be some security issues here. We have good people here, but perhaps not enough of them.

One case in point in Super Porter, Derek Tomkins, who beset upon a man half his age to save valuable computer equipment. However, this case (featured on page 3) indicates a sense of organisation in all of these crimes, something the LSE must be swift to stamp out - every £1 stolen is £1 to be recouped in fees.

In the meantime, Valentine's day is just around the corner. Fortunately both sectors of our populous are catered for - Alison Tyler in defence of cuddly, snuggly couples and Matt Brough on the offensive for all you cynical singles out there. Perhaps the more scientifically minded of you will appreciate the scientific breakdown of the human heart featured on the cover of our arts pullout, Bart, this week. Those appalled need complain to Bennetton, they started it

Before I leave you to this week's bumper issue, I feel I must draw your attention to a letter I received from a general course student this week. Space prohibits its inclusion here but it pretty much asks the question - Given we are being deluged by hordes of pigeons on Houghton Street is it OK to kick them?

This particular student is a New Yorker, born and bred, where the pigeons are harded and more intimidating than a rugby player with a sore head, and advocates that these creature, described as 'flying vermin' are a blight on Houghton Street.

Well, this may well be the case, but such cruelty is unlikely to reap the deserved benefits - they are not the smartest of animals and will probably come back stronger and more pissed-off. Perhaps with a little love and consideration our species' can all live together in perfect harmony.

I'm off to listen to some Stevie Wonder, so enjoy the rest of the paper.

Daniel Lewis,
Acting Editor

Sabbs Get Set for Y2K

Jeannie Gu

With the talk and speculation of candidates for the new sabbatical team gathering pace, it is easy to forget that there is 6 months to go of the current term. Thus a timely reminder from the current sabbatical team that they are still here and working hard for us.

The sabbatical team is keen to use the period productively and and go out with a bang. "Union 2000," a consultation project involving the whole student body is to be launched next week.

Especially close to the treasurer, Yuan Potts' heart, the aim of this project is to discover exactly what we want from the Union. It is stressed that this is very much a project for us and will be totally interactive. The team would be asking our views on a whole range of matters including campaign issues and services with the now redundant Veggie Cafe high on the agenda.

It is an opportunity for all of us to air our criticisms, suggestions and desires to ensure that the Student Union will work more effectively for us.

With the money that is available and the input from students it is hoped by Potts that "many exciting things can be achieved." The name of the project points to the ambitious nature of the task, it is very much student orientated as it should be, with the team wishing to include all members of the LSE student community in its aim of improving the life of the student at the LSE into the next century.

The team will be visiting all LSE halls today, Wednesday and Friday. For those who do not live in halls, two meetings will be held at the LSE tomorrow and on Thursday. Not wishing to exclude anyone, it is also possible to e mail Yuan at SU.Treasurer@lse.ac.uk

School unsporting over lecture deal?

Sinj Mukherjee

Wednesday afternoons and Thursdays 1 o'clock, what do these two time slots have in common at the LSE? For those of you who didn't know, no lectures or classes are meant to be scheduled at those times. An informal agreement exists between LSESU and the School that students have the right to be able to attend UGM's and sports matches, so the Timetables office is meant to prevent clashes occurring. However, this year there are over fifty classes on a Wednesday afternoon, on obvious breach of the agreement.

Narius Aga, LSESU's general secretary, feels that enough is enough. He has raised the issue with the Academic committee and at various other committee meetings this week. Although Wednesdays are primarily thought of as being 'sports days', lectures and classes scheduled at this time also tend to clash with outside speakers and society events organised because of the assumption that most people are free in the afternoons. Thus, as Narius points out 'those affected are not just sports team members, but also anyone who's in a society at LSE.'

One of the reasons for the increase in classes being timetabled on Wednesday afternoons is that the overall number of classes has grown. This, of course, has made it more

difficult to keep the afternoon clear. Nevertheless, there are still some times which are underused by timetabling as lecturers don't like them, notably Friday afternoons.

However, for those of you who have lectures or classes on Wednesday afternoons think carefully before complaining. You may have thought that the fact that there exists an agreement between the SU and the School would make lecturers/teachers more inclined to change times. They may, but you might not get the time you desire. Last year International Economics was initially meant to be at 2 o'clock on Wednesdays. After complaints from those on the course, the lecture was moved. Unfortunately, the course lecturer decided that the only other convenient time would be 8am on Wednesdays, and that's where the lecture stayed for the next two terms.

When interviewed by the Beaver, both Narius and Yuan stressed that if it came to extending the teaching day LSESU would favour having 6pm classes/lectures rather than 8am starts. It was even pointed out that this might actually enhance the social life of LSE, with more students around later in the day attendance at LSESU events might actually be increased. Hopefully, the matter will be resolved without having to extend the LSE day.



THE BEAVER

Executive Editor
Matthew Brough

Deputy Editor
Daniel Lewis

Managing Editor
Ritesh Doshi

Photography Editor
Laura Trebosc

Advertising Manager
Sam Goddard

Section 1

News & Features Editor
Tom Livingstone

News Editor
Shailini Ghelani

Political Editor
James Corbett

Economic Editor
Andreas von Paleske

International Editors
Hiroko Tabuchi
Ee Loong Toh

Sports Editors
Matt Sutton
Lee Federman

Section 2 - BART

Literary Editor
Anna Yacoub

Film Editor
Matt Berry

Theatre Editor
James Savage

Music Editors
Malte Gerhold
Anna Derbyshire

Clubbing Editor
James Cooper

Fine Arts Editor
Jan Sagan


Collective

Amir Absood, Anton Sebi Ahmed, Shaista Ahmed, Mark Antony, Sherrina Anwar, Shama Aslam, David Bakstien, Mark Baltovic, Anne Beade, Laure Beaufills, Christina Beharry, Jonathan Black, Naomi Colvin, Liz Chong, Peter Clegg, Michael Collins, Jonathan Cooper, Amit Desai, Nina Duncan, Michael Epstein, Lee Federman, Shilpa Ganahra, Helen Gibson, Deborah Goldemberg, Shabnum Hasan, Katherine Jacob, Helen Jamieson, Dana Johnson, Tasha Kosviner, Nadezda Kinsky, Philip Lam, Becky Little, Fredrik Ljone Holst, Kenneth Lo, Dan Madden, Sinj Mukherjee, Craig Newsome, Ben Newton, Daniela Ott, Mateo Paniker, Mark Palls, Neel Patel, Chelsea Phua, Mannan Raja, Zaf Rashid, Loretta Reehill, Chris Roe, Da Roche, Silvia Santoro, Susannah Sava, Vicky Seabrooke, Zak Sheikh, James Simpson, Sunil Sodha, Louise Stanley, Graham Stevenson, Matthew Stoate, Chris Sutcliffe, Jo Swinson, Jamie Tehrani, Damian Thong, Stephen Topping, Gulshan Verma, Julia Vowles, Julius Walker, Matthew Wilkins, Andrew Yule.

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

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

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



Interested in a career in International Consultancy?

Transfer Pricing is a new and fast growing business which demands pro-active, intelligent and assertive people who are not afraid of taking on responsibility

KPMG needs MSc and BSc Economists to pursue careers in this field of international business economics

Competitive salary

International travel

Come along to find out more!
Free drinks and food afterwards

Room A86 Wednesday, 10 February 6:30pm

CAMPUS CARD

This notice is for all undergraduates planning to continue into their second and third years in 1999/2000.

We have redesigned and combined the old registration and Library card.

The benefits are:

- You will have a single card instead of two
- You will not have to renew it completely each year - just update it - so registration will be quicker
- It will be robust, like a credit card - easier to store and use
- You will not have to pay for your own photographs

It means that we need to photograph you. We don't want to interrupt revision and exams, so we have set aside weeks 5, 6 and 7 of this term for this purpose:

Please come to the Undergraduate Office, Room H310, between 10.00 and 17.00, according to the first letter of your family name, in order to be photographed, as follows:

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------------------|
| A Tuesday 9 February | N Monday 22 February |
| B Wednesday 10 February | O Friday 12 February |
| C Thursday 11 February | P Tuesday 23 February |
| D Friday 12 February | Q Wednesday 10 February |
| E Monday 15 February | R Friday 26 February |
| F Tuesday 9 February | S Thursday, 25, Friday 26 February |
| G Monday 15 February | T Wednesday 24 February |
| H Tuesday 16 February | U Monday 25 February |
| I Tuesday 16 February | V Tuesday 23 February |
| J Friday 12 February | W Monday 22 February |
| K Wednesday 17 February | X Wednesday 10 February |
| L Thursday 18 February | Y Wednesday 24 February |
| M Monday 19 February | Z Tuesday 16 February |

We shall give a book token of £25 to each of ten continuing undergraduate students who attend the photographic sessions before the end of week 7 of the Lent Term. The winners will be randomly selected.

ESSAY COMPETITION

As part of the School's continuing planning activity it is developing a number of alternative future scenarios for the School's external environment over the medium terms (i.e. 5-10 years). The School would be interested in students contributing to this process and hence is offering two £50 prizes for the two best 800 word scenarios.

In this context a scenario is a distinctive account of the most significant external factors shaping the School's environment. It is not about what the School's response is or should be. In thinking about "external factors" you should consider a wide range of influence from the hard and specific to the soft and emergent.

Scenarios should be submitted to Graham Morrison by email (G.Morrison@lse.ac.uk) as a Word attachment, entitled "Essay Competition" by Friday 12th February, 1999. Prizewinners will be notified by the end of term.

General Secretary's Column

Funding for SU party political societies has been a contentious issue throughout this year. The matter was finally settled by the SU Executive Committee who after a prolonged and vociferous debate voted by a vote of six to two that this would be ultra vires and hence illegal.

This decision was taken in a purely legal context. The Students' Union is registered as an unincorporated charity and while a charitable organisation can engage in political activity, it cannot pursue a political purpose which furthers the interests of a particular political party. The Charity Commission advised that they would view any activity undertaken by a Student Union political society as pursuing a political purpose and any expenditure of SU funds on this as ultra-vires. It had been argued by some supporters of funding the political societies that it would be possible to distinguish between activities of a political society that were party political and those that were more broadly political activities of a permissible kind. But while it was clearly open to the SU Executive to take that view, to do so would be to ignore the explicit advice of the Charity Commission. If SU funds were made available to party political societies and a complaint made to the Charity Commissioners or the Attorney General, there would in such circumstances be little sympathy from the courts if the complaint were upheld. In the position we are placed in, where each Executive member is personally liable for Union funds, the decision was indeed a prudent one.

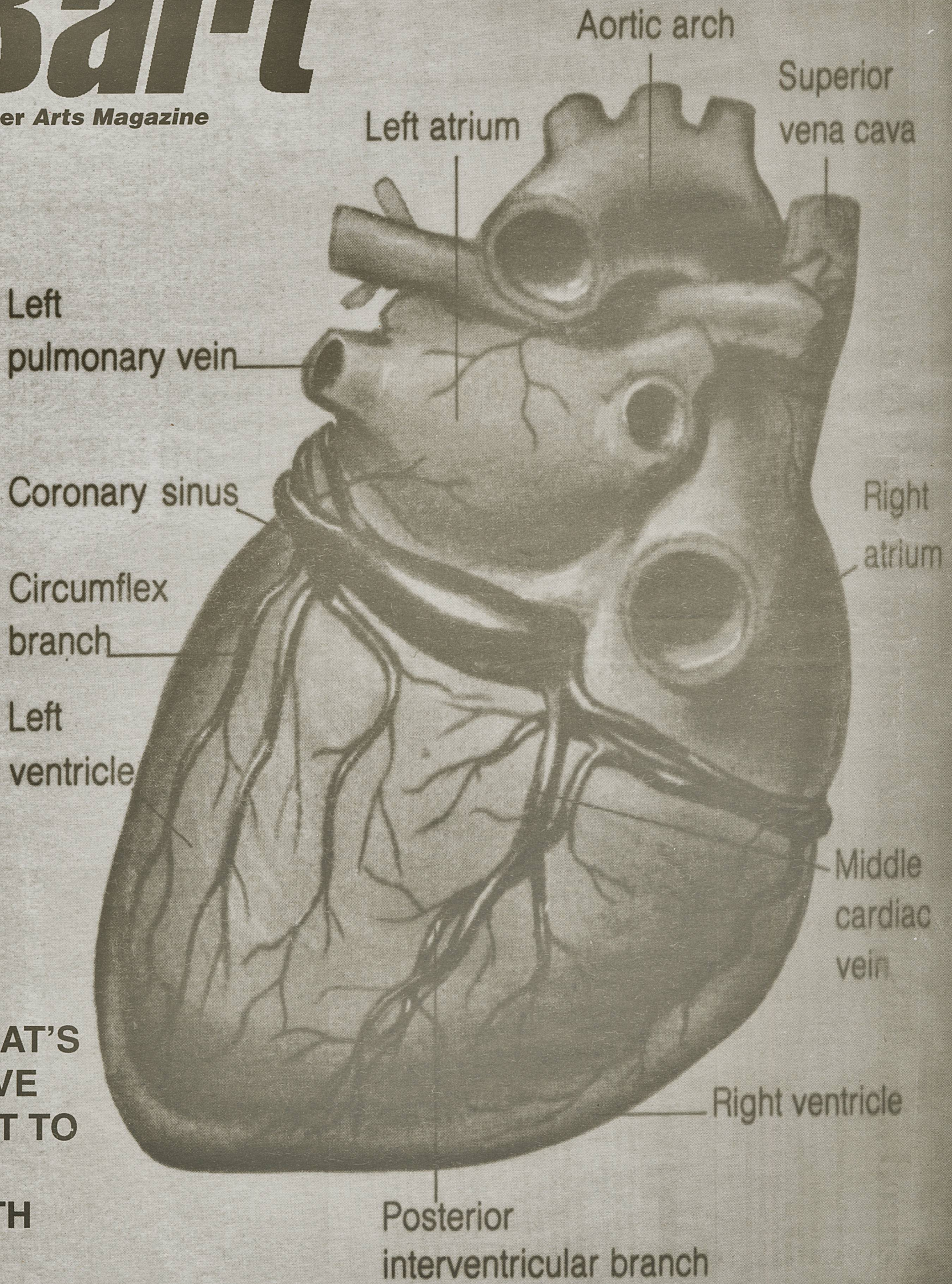
Wednesday afternoon classes have been the focus of a Union campaign this week. The argument behind this debate is simple; under an agreement between the School and the Students' Union, Wednesday afternoons are to be kept free for sport and physical recreation and this phenomenon extends country-wide. Over the past few years, there has been an increasing trend of more and more classes being held, until it has reached the point where over fifty classes take place on Wednesday afternoons this year, which I think is quite out of order. The issue was on the agenda for discussion in the Academic Board where the students' view put forward and we shall continue our lobbying efforts in this regard on the relevant committees. But as in the past, we need your help to make this campaign a success, so please sign the petition and speak to your tutors about it. Sport and society activity is not only beneficial for health and social reasons, but also inculcates leadership, communicative and team-building skills which are important in improving career prospects these days.

Cheers,

Narvisky

Bart

Beaver Arts Magazine



WHAT'S
LOVE
GOT TO
DO
WITH
IT?

VALENTINE'S
PAGES 4&5

ZAPATISTA!

Hey LSE kids! Wanna change the world?

January 1st, 1994. An 'army' of indigenous Mexican Indians - the Zapatista Army of National Liberation (EZLN) - rise up from nowhere, seizing four towns in the southern state of Chiapas. Their demand is basic - democracy, liberty, justice and dignity for Mexicans and for humanity. The military of the 70-year old institutionalised regime floods into the region, swiftly driving the peasant-led rebels back into their homelands. Appalled by the government's treatment of its Mayan descendants, Mexican civilians flock to the streets in protest. After 12 days a cease-fire is announced.

February, 1995. Stale Sandberg, a Norwegian LSE student is travelling through Chiapas with a couple American friends, Ben Eichert and Rick Rowley. Bemused by the massive military presence in the region, they travel up to Mexico City where they receive news that the government has made a second unprovoked offensive against the Zapatistas in an attempt to annihilate them. "Marcos' communique's on the front page, demonstrations led by the students there; it's like Paris '68; we'd never seen anything like it! How normal people reacted and how strong they felt about it made such an immense impression

which stayed with us"

The following summer they regroup and travel to Chips, pumped with adrenaline, armed with recording equipment. They attend a massive international

support conference in the jungle. here we were, two weeks later. I'd never held a video camera, just done Super 8, and they were there with digital cameras, a list of interviews a stack of credit cards and we had no fucking idea

and Noam Chomsky the film is somewhat unique. Shunning the traditional for/against format, Zapatista is purposely subjective. "We wanted to provoke a reaction. On the one hand we

piece, embracing exciting camera angles, extreme visual contrasts, variations of speed, giving it a raw, cutting-edge feel, constantly pushing the barriers of cinematography and editing. Its purpose is MTV at LSE. Give hype and creativity to an issue and you can throw it into the spotlight, venting it and questioning the status quo. The mandate of Big Noise, their film company is "to combat the corporate media monopoly, to develop alternative channels of communication and fight the apathy and fear that grow out of cultural isolation." Apathy is a Western disease and guys like these see a solution. Fight the fight of others but do it on your own turf and toughen up your fists if you want to see real results.



Stale Sandberg (right); a Mexico City demonstration following the Chiapas uprising

support conference in the jungle. "It was like a Woodstock. All these activists and speeches. It was intense."

"I was sitting eating cornflakes one morning and thinking about this one production company we know in Canada... maybe they'd be up for it and

of what we were doing!"

A year later their forty plus hours of footage has been imaginatively processed and cut together into a revolutionary new documentary - Zaptista. With vocal contributions from big shots like Darryl Hannah, Zack de la Rocha (Rage Against The Machine)

want to re-introduce propaganda as an aesthetic art form, it's a funky thing; at the same time we're not idiots, duped by someone, it's not a Soviet style. It's our opinion, our view. I hope some people disagree, that way we create a discussion."

It's a stunningly creative

Following a number of highly successful screenings at The Director's Guild in Los Angeles, The Karl Marx Theatre in Havana, and a number of American universities, Zapatista will be screened at the LSE on Tuesday 9th February at 6:30pm in the New Theatre (E171). Stale Sandberg will introduce the film and will also present a slideshow. Proceeds from ticket sales will go to the Zapatista people who have been given the rights by the film-makers.

Very Bad Things



Kyle's (Jon Favreau) getting married, but before that he's off to Vegas with his four buddies for his bachelor's party. There's the usual drinking, gambling, drugs, and a prostitute. Then one of them accidentally hangs the girl on a towel hook. The fun stops, and now there's a dead woman on the bathroom floor and a widening pool of blood.

What does a middle age suburban guy to do? Adam (Daniel Stern) wants to call the police, but Robert (Christian Slater) reasons that it's only a 105 pound problem.

Back in Los Angeles, the guys start unravelling as guilt and panic consumes them. Their psychological states alternate between stunned calm and hysteria. Then there's Laura (Cameron Diaz), the demented bride to be. She's determined not to let anything, not even death, spoil her wedding. Meanwhile, the body count spirals out of control as Robert takes to homicide with a vengeance. There is a fine line between love and loyalty, and both are tested to the very limit here. At the end of the day, when the chips are down, friendship does not mean as much as saving oneself from damnation.

This is Peter Berg's first time at writing and directing, and it's

not a bad stab. He brings wit, energy and a twisted kind of joy to a story that's little more than tasteless tale. The film makes no apology about its lack of humanity and morals, and there's a certain delight in the film's shocking audacity. But before long, you get the sense that the film is just being grim for the sake of being grim. Despite its many twists the film is rather predictable, and all you are waiting for is to see how Berg wraps things up at the end.

Ye-Her Wu



A Streetcar Named Desire

Hannah Bryce gives a completely impartial view of the Drama Society's latest production

So, let's see... three hours of one of my 'A'-level texts reproduced in a theatre in which dissociation with tort lectures is impossible.. Yep, it was always destined to be a winner. 'So', I hear you bellow, 'how did you cope'. Stocked up with all the important features of a boredom-defying night-playstation, knitting, Modernising Justice Bill (honest) - I was disappointed to discover that I needed none of it (except my knitting needles to get into the Tuns afterwards) That's right: to my God-honest, wholesome surprise *A Streetcar Named Desire* became not only endurable but, dare I concede, enjoyable.

Tennessee Williams' classic play, later a film with Marlon Brando, reveals the somewhat tragic life of Blanche Dubois. Blanche pays a visit to her sister Stella, married to the 'bestial Polack' Stanley. The revelation of Blanche's less than pure existence and the haunting presence of her macabre past places strains on all of them and has tragic consequences.

The chasms between the characters, their strengths and their weaknesses, are clearly depicted by their interaction with each other: Blanche's power over Stella which becomes increasingly farcical and Stanley's unrelenting physical authority over Stella. However, it is Stella's strength which becomes overwhelmingly apparent and greater than that of either

Blanche and Stanley. It is Blanche who I enjoyed the most. I think it was perhaps because I could see a lot of myself in her (an alcoholic wretch with a penchant for young boys who ends up in an institution

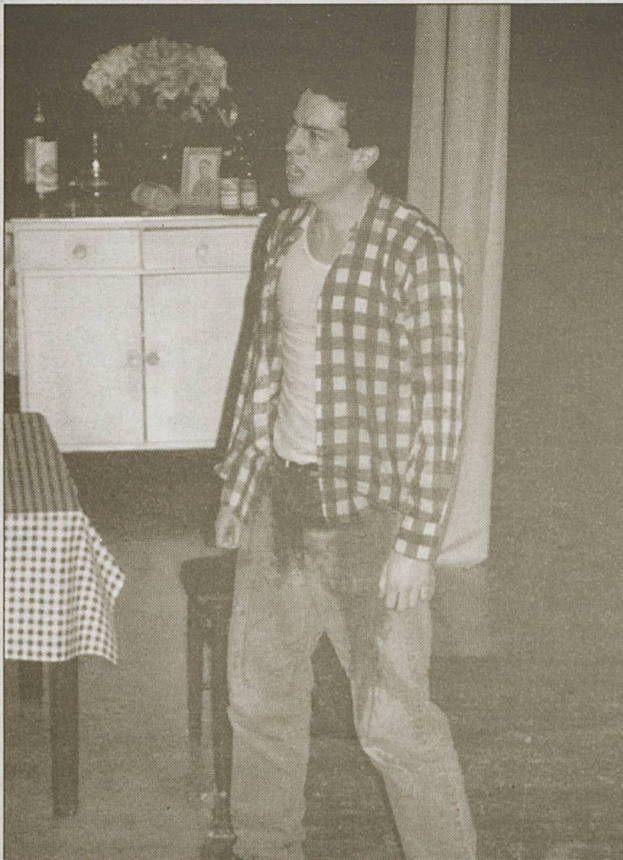
foil - calm, steady and balanced. Portrayed by Dominique Fyfe, who gave an excellent performance, she made an excellent wife of Stanley.

Stanley, played by Wilson barmeyer, made a good bastard, which surprised me as I live in the same hall as

affected a laugh that in turn proved infectious to the audience. The scene after the poker game where he hit Stella was particularly good. The rest of the cast supported well - Mitch (Charles Pignal) was suitably awkward and dull and Steve (Ben Kibati)... well Steve was so cute (How's that Ben?!). Nicolas Douillet as Pablo kept up his part well (although the same cannot be said for his moustache), as did

performance, it would have to go to director Matt Berry in his cameo role, and Kate 'Psycho' Lowes was definitely the scariest-looking actress in her role as the psychiatric nurse.

I do have to say that the directors are owed much praise ('have to' because they bribed me). With what was a potentially tedious performance, they transformed it into an enlivened, skillful and entertaining one. The



music was utilised well, when indicating Blanche's past, and let's face it, even the posters were good. Being a committed hater of amateur dramatics - it dates back to my mother's lame attempts -

where they hire psychotic nurses) All credit to Beth Ahlering for sustaining her neurotic flapping and keeping a consistent Southern accent. She certainly proved herself worthy of the lead role. Her sister Stella made a perfect

him and would not have thought him capable. However, he yelled at, beat up and raped various people with infinite skill, so much so that I'm scared of him now and tremble in his very presence. He really was superd and had

Eunice (Ayesha Abiola). Both of them had long periods on stage and they kept up their characters throughout.

I have to make some criticisms, however. If there was a prize for worst accent of the

I can honestly say I was deeply impressed and even, dare I say, converted. However, don't get me wrong: Playstations are better.

Brief Candle Shines Brightly

Kripali Manek and Ritesh Doshi give you the Brief, on Brief Candle...

From the moment you walk into the cosy eighty-seat New End Theatre in Hampstead, you are immediately drawn into the time and life of young Marie Bashkirtseff, an aristocratic Russian girl who lived between 1860 and 1884.

The play *Brief Candle*, is based on her journals, which were released upon her

untimely death at the mere age of 24. This tragedy draws on the theme of living life to its fullest, as Marie did herself. From a young age she displayed a devout ambition to succeed, and devoted her life to the study of numerous languages, music, and the arts, eventually becoming a renowned artist.

In addition to being presented with the interesting scenes of her life set in Italy, France, and Russia, a superb performance of a cast of only six actors makes this play all the more enjoyable.

Marie is played by Celia White who without doubt vividly brings out the true vibrance of a character in love with life. Taking centre stage for almost two hours, she captures the audience's attention through her remarkable voice and apt

facial expressions. She is definitely the star of the play and you will certainly be impressed with her performance.

The other main role is taken by the Narrator, the famous Denis Quilley, of Agatha Christie films *Evil Under the Sun* and *Murder on the Orient Express*. He plays not only the Narrator, but also takes up the roles of the men who influenced Marie's life. His talent is well displayed as he is able to easily switch roles and present different characters. It is quite incredible to be in such close proximity with such a great performer.

The lighting, although only a minor factor, was deathly accurate, and no sound props were used, other than the actors' voices.

The candle referred to by

the title is symbolic of Marie's life, one burning brightly but blown out by a sad and touching death, effectively brought out by the characters; but the play is not without its humour and wit, which does provide some relief to the tragedy. Although some characters play minor roles, all are rounded and realistic.

So venture away from the glitzy and glamour of the West End, to a small theatre in Hampstead. This play is recommended without any given reservations.

Kripali Manek & Ritesh Doshi

Until February 14, 1999
New End Theatre
0171 794 0022
27 New End
Hampstead, NW3 1JD



Singles

Wake Up, Time to Die

Singles

Good Vibrations-era Beach Boys. The Stone Roses. The Jesus and mother-fucking Mary Chain. Admittedly Sebadoh's new single, *Flame*, sounds like a lot of other stuff. Nevertheless from its catchy guitar loop to Lou Barlow's heartfelt "You can feel anything you want to feel... and call it real," it has to be said this is a great piece of Lo-Fi rock. Decent... (8) MB

Delakota... uh-oh. I sense an music press backed bandwagon style success. Urk... run away! OK that's a touch cynical maybe but we got Embrace and the Lo-Fi's thanks to the A&R men sleeping with the NME. "The Next Big Thing™" is an overused concept at best. Delakota are nicely listenable in a Pavementy kind of way but 555 ain't anything really spectacular. Give it a whirl if you want but it won't blow you away. Besides, everyone knows the devil is 66(6). DL

Brit award nomination for the *Spawn of Satan* that is *Another Level ... but why? I Want You For Myself* is soulless r'n'b tripe that is criminally lacking in any of the humanity or spirit that the genre should by definition incorporate. I never thought anything could make the East 17 comeback seem intriguing, but even their "down wiv the homeboyz" cod hip hop is infinitely superior to this instantly forgettable product. In fact, the *New Kids On The Block* remix album was superior to this. (1) AD

Fused's This Party Sucks is just another hopeless effort to come up with a nice house track. Uplifting beats - fine. Catchy melody somewhere inbetween - fine. But who the hell ever thought that the most untalented and most uninspired vocals (girl, you can't even sing!) would improve on this? It could've been quite good. But this is just sad. (3) MDG

Crazy is a cool, funky dance tune courtesy of *Lucid* with the potential to go very far indeed. Original, interesting and with a touch of Garbage to it, this could be very popular with dance clubs across London. The vocals are not bad, she has the kind of sexy voice that'll find you standing in front of the bathroom mirror hairbrush in hand belting your heart out. Well worth the investment. (8) AY

Single of the Week

The maverick, wry, bloody sexy talent that is Stephen 'phwoar' Jones and his wonderful creation *Babybird* returns with a new single, *Back Together*, taken from the criminally under-rated album 'There's Something Going On'. A sweeping, delicate plea to lost love and the male condition in which Jones yet again proves that he has made sounding both vulnerable and powerful into an art form. (9) AD

Matt Brough finally finds someone crazier than him - The Replicants

Glenn Hoddle. Martyr or completely whacked-out mental fuck-up? As we walk through Lancaster Gate it's clear the media is pretty intent on finding out. Especially when the ubiquitous Dan is nearly permanently KO'd by 3 tonnes of outside broadcast van ("Next time Lewis, next time,"). However, the carnage caused by Mr Foot-in-Mouth-Disease is not nearly as terrifying as the task awaiting us; an interview with Dawn of the Replicants.

They are a band so scary that even their own Press Releases call them psychopaths. A band who to listen to their music sound like they'd grind you between breezeblocks if it would make a nice sample. A band who... look like five nice, normal, cheery Scottish blokes drinking beer and smoking Silk Cuts... Huh? OK maybe we were misinformed. The Replicants (as they're known to their friends) may produce some pretty extreme music but right now Paul, Roger, Grant, Ed and Donald are sat in the lounge of The Columbia Hotel



looking exceedingly bored. Not surprising really. They're only in London for interviews and apparently the rooms here are "like something out of Tenko." Uh oh. We're students, we're boring, we're dead...

It's not been all that long since Dawn of the Replicants released their first album, *One head Two arms Two Legs*. In fact the 2nd album syndrome seems to have been quite significantly killed off by their antibodies. So what happened?

"You could say we had our difficult second album first. We had no high expectations for our first album. it went in the shops and it sold. We'd recorded

it in the March before it went on sale and released our EPs in the meantime..." The first single from the new album, *Gasoline Vine*, was actually recorded on New Year's Day last year. We like it for its brutality." (Mental note: remember where the exits are...)

Anyway back to the last album, *Windy Miller*. What was that about? Are you guys fans of Trumpton? "Well," says Paul, the

band. Although the manager who came up with us must have been a psychopath. We're kind of like an anti-mould for boy bands."

Do you have much choice over who you support? "Not really. We toured with Ultrasound when we didn't really know much about them but by the end of the tour we'd really got into them..."

Any tour plans for touring in the near future? "Well we're on tour with Gene in

March..." Uh, do you like Gene then? "Um... we actually haven't heard them before..."

So you don't like Martin Rossitter's cardigans then? "I'm sure he's got really nice cardigans..."

Are there any bands around today that you really rate? "Roger went to see Nick Cave a while ago..."

"Yeah but it was a bit heavy so I ended up at the bar drinking with Arab Strap all evening."

It was then that their manager signalled to

us that it was time to fuck off and let PuLSE's intrepid reporter to have his turn placing his head in the lion's maw. But one last question; Do you guys like monkeys? "Yeah. We went to the zoo today and saw this magical gibbon..."

Ok a bit strange but not as strange as Dan's idea to adopt his own chimp and raise it as his child.

And on that note we made our excuses and left with the distinct impression that The Dawn of the Replicants have been misrepresented. Their music may be strange but they're really nice people in person. Light years better than Glenn Hoddle anyway...

Replicant's lead singer "I can't remember anything about that song. I think it's some old traditional song passed down from generation to generation. I didn't have anything to do with it..." Uh, yeah. Paul is currently drunk... "The children's programmes you grew up with always hold a special place in your heart like something magical... Like the Clangers and all those one's from the 70's with Brian Kant singing too high..."

So no Bagpuss must die EP then? "No, Bagpuss must never die!"

Hmm... do you like touring? "The thing is we'd never actually played live until after we released the album. We're kind of like a manufactured

Yippee! Yet another Placebo wannabe - how authentic. *Know How* by Serum is tediously uninspired although the background guitar is nice. But then who wants nice? We demand something great. Word of advice Serum, keep producing songs like *Thrush*, the other track on your single CD and you might do better. (4) AY

Jesus Christ, could this be more boring? Between the *Disconnected Child's* album version and Canny's tail wagging mix (?) we are talking about over 15 minutes of utter, fucking tedium. OK, I could have dealt with about three minutes of the song but obviously Tin Star are not of the belief that less is in fact more. Piss off and don't ever, ever make a song longer than 3 mins. (1) AY

It's as freezing as shit outside, I've just gotten over the flu, three essays due in tomorrow, but today, I'm the *Jellys' Lemonade Girl* and I couldn't be happier. Whereas most punk bands bore us to death with their oh-so-PC stance, this punk band follow in the footsteps of Snuff and their ilk, and sing with a cheeky grin on their face rather than a sombre please-buy-our records pout. Play this song really loud in its full three-chord glory, and if you're not jumping around, hugging pillows etc, then consider getting a life. (9) SG

The title track of *Mansun's* second LP, *Six*, now has a 'Baker Mix' and if you though that song couldn't get better, the justice that this mix does to this track is similar to what Norman Cook did for *Cornershop's 'Brimful of Asha'*. Epitomising *Mansun* stylee, the serious but groovy chorus is sung with nonchalant emotion by our resident (well, resident on my bedroom wall, anyway) Paul Draper, and once again refreshes parts that other songs can't reach. Do we like, or do we love? (9) SG

Is it that *Rae & Christian* don't have enough ideas of their own, or is it that vocalist Veba sounds exactly like *N'Dea Davenport* - a new *Brand New Heavies* single wouldn't have been any different from *All I Ask*. Soulful, swinging, nice, yet heard a million times before. The B-side *Premonition* doesn't give any more credit to the duo: It's not like the *Heavies*. But it's utterly monotonous. (5) MDG

Suddenly it is 1991, and *S2Unlimited* are hot property. Ibiza is the place to spend your summer getting pillled up and sleeping with a load of football fans from *Todmorden*. *Wired's Transonic* is a godawful reworking of some old Yazoo track that was shit in the first place wuld have been the perfect soundtrack to such a time. Unfortunately, it is 1999 and, with any luck, no one in the will give a monkey's scrotum about this dire house nonsense. (0) AD

DAWN OF THE REPLICANTS

Desert Eagle/Luciano

Jan Sagan



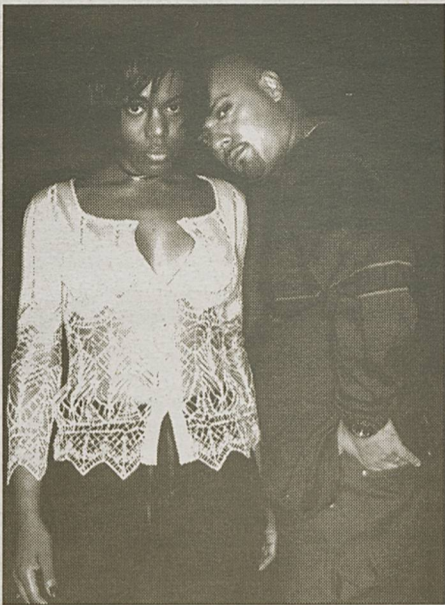
My man, my MC hero MF Grimm summed the whole shit up as far as I'm concerned on his dope-ass 12" of last year: "I heard beats that sound like karaoke/ with monkey rhymers on a leash like 'don't let this DJ choke me'". That's just how I feel about most of these kids, the basically bobby blue bland calvacade of bands or beatmaking collectives riding under the aegis of the trip hop movement- forgive me for my cringe-worthy use of such hackneyed music criticese if it offends. Trip hop as we know it is really wack, sad to say, because this music has largely been your own little home-grown, Britain-centered thing, but so many of these groups have driven the Lalo Schiffrin and Ennio Morricone versus DJ Premier and Cassandra Wilson 'longside Brian Eno

revelation of eclecticism that seemed so dope at first right into the ground. Desert Eagle Discs have simply arrived at the soundclash too late, with too little to offer, entirely undistinguished.

There are essentially two sorts of song on this album, as in the now ossified genre itself. First there's the midtempo-beats-with-

are midtempo beats-with-a-fly-in-real-life-female singer-belting-out-perfunctory-loss-lyrics cuts. I digress, maybe, and perhaps succumb to the paranoiac timbre of the times, but the uniform flyness of trip hop chanteaux is a little suspect if you ask me, 'cause it suggests that the video light's been factored into record deal

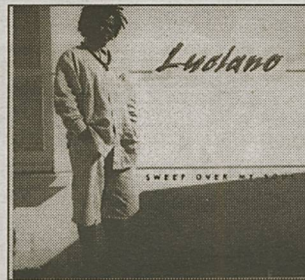
tastelessly chosen-American-rappers-of-little-distinction-song, in this case a twosome known as 21 Soldiers from the same projects as the minor but established AZ, as the band's press biography informs us by way of garnering associative prestige for these phony rappers. Then there



employ some of the superficial signifiers of banjee boy realness in

and lineup decisions a little too heavily.

So Desert Eagle Discs doesn't sample anyone out of the ordinary or do anything of real interest with the tried and true building blocks of cut and paste MIDI beatmaking, these Minnie Riperton and Sade samples and such. They rather cluelessly



much the same way as the Prodigy did with "Smack My Bitch Up" and in so doing managed to make me squirm...picture that!!

Basically, in the final estimation, Desert Eagle Discs can get the Desert Eagle dick.

Now, Luciano is on some whole 'nother other. His new joint is called "Sweep Over My Soul", and while I'm not mad at it- I ain't mad at ya, Looshy, like Tupac Shakur said- it is typical of Luciano's albums, being an oversteered, mannered amalgam of Dobby Dobson-style crooning, early '80s lovers' rock tinny drums, and Rasta speechifying. Luciano is dope, dope, dope on dubplates in the dancehall, where he really comes into his own and gets nuff forwards, but fails on CD.

Anna Derbyshire's Social Diary



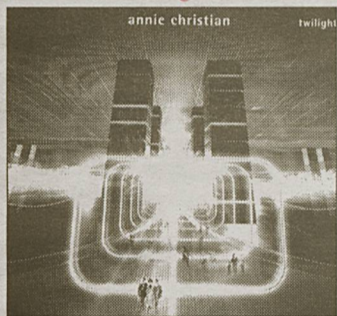
The NME Premier Awards party last week was something of a success: taking place in a cavernous curry house in Marble Arch, special guests arrived in double-deckers and were greeted by Blakey from 'On The Buses'. God knows what he made of it all... Inside, the booze flowed freely as though it was being poured from the milkurns of the good Lord himself, although the free curry was perhaps not such a good idea: doubtless the pavements of Oxford Street were carpeted with it by the early hours. Neil Hannon, Stewart Lee, Zoe Ball, Placebo, James Lavelle, ADF, Space, Idlewild, Massive Attack and Alisha's Attic (Kill! Kill! Kill! Wailing bloody hippies...) all put in an appearance, although the funniest moment was seeing the girls who were once part of Kenickie being interviewed by the Big Breakfast, who asked them what the band would be up to in '99. "Er, we split up last year" came the tired reply. I managed to convince Jamie from Space that I was the lead singer of a band called Cats R We, that we were going to be the next big thing (or at least as famous as Republica, but without the 'being a twat' element), and was close to getting a support slot on the next Space tour when I was interrupted by my mate Poppy who wanted to challenge Shaun 'Oil Painting' Ryder to a 24 hour ketamine session. She was immediately ejected from the building... by me. All in all, the NME proved that you can only avoid industry tongue/arse bonding for so long, but as long as IPC are paying for my gin I couldn't care less.

Black Star Liner, never ones to do things by halves, performed a truly brilliant set at their Jazz Cafe showcase, an evening that was certainly not hindered by the vast amounts of free lager and Indian food: chunks away, as it were... Frontman Choque Hussein is a born star, his band a thumping rush of pure anger and energy, although the moment of the night must go to Choque's interpretation of the theme tune to Transformers. Not a lot of celebs turned up - the fools - apart from Suggs, and he doesn't count cos he dances like a tosser on TOTP.

Highly recommended are the Flaming Stars, playing the Garage on March 5th, and the new album by Smog. C'mon kids, be cool and do what I say...

Albums

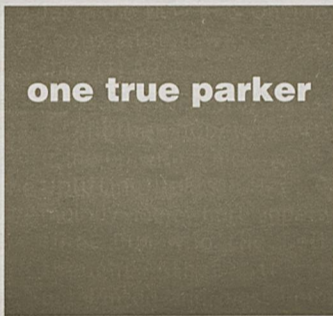
annie christian
Twilight



Oh-so sincere rockers annie christian's first album sounds... well, exactly like you would expect it to. Jerky, thrashing guitars and frowning, black leather-jacketed vocals combine in an album that completely fails to inspire. Opening track 'Love This Life' and single 'The Other Way' are Marion-style whirlwinds of suburban yearning and ennui, whilst 'Nothing Is Real' features a confrontational guitar attack that will doubtless have greasy-haired youths pogoing like bastards in rock nights the length and breadth of the country. 'Twilight', although musically superb and lyrically intriguing, is ultimately unsatisfying. The fast one/slow one structure of the album is predictable and unexciting, and with every track comes some vague recognition: a bit of Strangelove there, a bit of mid-period Manics there... annie christian, like the aforementioned Marion, may have been phenomenally successful had they been around in the heyday of Echo & The Bunnymen, but in 1999 they sound utterly dated. (5)

Anna Derbyshire

One True Parker
Will I Dream?



Giiiiirpooooer! Let us generously ignore the considerable time-lag it took female emancipation to finally sneak its way into the male dominion of dance music. With One True Parker we can now praise the first queen of drum 'n' bass. At last. 'Will I Dream?' is her promising debut album, and what a glorious one it is.

Over the last years, the true Karen Parker quietly made her name in the clubbing scene as DJ alongside Talvin Singh and Grooverider and had DJ slots with Primal Scream, Stone Roses and the Chemicals. Supporting The Orb at Royal Albert Hall last year, she should've headlined and given The Orb a formal lecture in contemporary dance music. Now, finally out of her recording hole, she delivers a powerful blend of drum 'n' bass, jungle and big beat. Openers 'Bubblegum' and 'Stop' thrill with bass lines from hell (turn it up, yo!), fierce vocal bits thrown in to burn in the devil's fires. 'Tree Top' slides in electronic mysteries over subtle scratches, 'Keltik' gives us the raw force of bass without drum. If this is her dream I wouldn't dare to wake her up. (7)

MDG

Julian Cope
Leper Skin

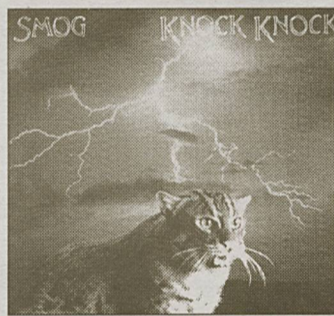


Who's Julian Cope? Oh wait, he's that crusty-looking fellow whose albums look like they came from the back of your local library's audio collection. Fortunately for us, as this fifteen track compilation from Island Records shows: the man may look like but he doesn't sound like Catweazle.

The first eight songs cover Cope's 1986-1988 period which contains the thumping 'Shut Down' and of course, the obligatory "oh that's who sings it" track. Smooth numbers like 'Planet Ride' are spoiled by crap such as 'Transporting' (a mind-numbing experience which sounds like it was created by someone under the influence of mind-expanding substances) but otherwise, 86-88 is well worth looking into. Roll on 91-92 and the mood is distinctly more reminiscent of the Levellers. 'The Mystery Trend' is pure silk, followed by the stirring, beautiful rhythms of 'Pristeen'. Overall, what we have is a collection of some pretty impressive music mixed in with stuff that can only be described as psychedelic. Fine as it is, but if that's the greatest hits... (6)

Neel Patel

Smog
Knock, Knock



Smog is one of those people who sounds so depressed he should tied down and force fed prozac in the vain hope that maybe, just maybe, he'll cheer the fuck up.

In the meantime though he's more than happy to turn out crafted songs of love, hate and all those other cliched emotions that plague you throughout life. And quite good he is too. Although not quite as depressing as his last album, Red Apple Falls, Knock maintains the right level of melancholy through even the happiest songs to leave you feeling disconcerted and unnerved... Even 'Held', one of the more lifting songs on the album, still manages to make you feel lonely and heartbroken. Great, huh?

Well, not really. Admittedly there is a comfort in being sad but there's also a hell of a lot of monotony and tedium. Listening to this in full could drive even the sanest person under the wheels of a passing juggernaut. At least people like Sparklehorse smile occasionally. Smog deserves a quick slap and a "pull yourself together" talk. A good album if you're a miserable bastard. (6)

Matt Bro

I Love Valentines Day

Alison Tyler suggests you become a Valentines Vixen

Pink, fluffy, kisses, red, hearts, feathery, scarlet, velvet, roses - love is definitely in air. But behind the lip gloss and glamour Valentine's Day is a day of love, a day when we stop taking our partner for granted and do something special to show our appreciation and commitment for that person. Or, as a male friend of mine put it, a day when "you can get a shag for the price of three roses and a cheap bottle of plonk." Either way Valentine's is a day we should all enjoy.

Forget Smooch, Go For Sex

Valentine's Day isn't just about cutesy public displays of affection, heat up your romance - become super sexy (if only for a day), make an effort and you'll feel fabulous.

For couples Valentine's is a day for being gratuitously coupley. Spice up your love-life by doing something a bit special and different, go all out for one night. Try chocolate body paint, or just eating off each other - no cutlery allowed, 45 minutes of wild sex will burn 350 calories so you can afford to indulge. Body massage, red underwear and fluffy handcuffs make for a

raunchy night in, or better still go to a hotel - it's much more sexy. Whether it's a meal for two or a bath, candle light is the only way to go, very romantic, try the Body Shop's aromatherapy 'Passion' candles.

with a capital F. If you want to pull, phone bars like Caspers, Hanover Square, make it so easy for you, there TV screens show the other dinner tables, when you spot someone hot just pick up the phone on the table, dial their

(delete as appropriate). And if you must stay in remember Woody Allen once said "masturbation is simply sex with the person you love most".

Card Bored

Single people are much more likely to get Valentine's cards, or at least ones that count ie - not from your other half. It stands to reason, sending a card to someone attached is frankly a waste of money. And at least there is some sense of mystery (for both single people

Valentine's is the perfect opportunity to let that someone know how you feel. Plus if it back fires you can always use the "I felt sorry for you" or "I've been set up" lines to get out of it, you have nothing to lose but your dignity!

If you're really desperate then, like me, you'll make a pact with your best mate to send each other a card so that you can guarantee at least one card.

Think:

Flirting, seduction, la Perla, Moet, indulgence.

Don't think:

Can I afford this, It's not sexy but it's warm, TV, I'll do it another time.

Make Over Alert

Get yourself down to Shu Uemura, Thomas Neals Centre, before Valentine's Day for a free makeover, but be quick as they are booking up fast.



Whatever you do, spoil your partner - that's what it's all about.

Single Is Sexy

Valentine's Day can be just as cool for single people, and at least bars are not so full since all the couples are off having meals or shagging somewhere else.

February 14 equals Flirting

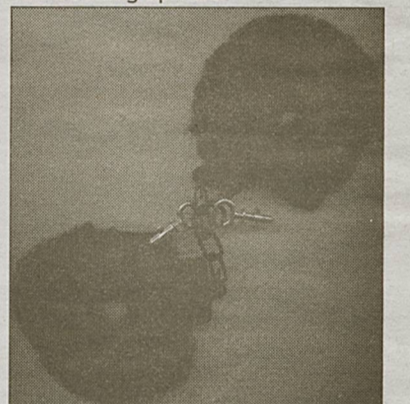
table number, et voila! Flirting is much more thrilling than a stable relationship and has all the fun and sexual chemistry but without fights and commitment that couples are chained to.

Be brave and go on a blind date, at least you'll look like a couple.

Look at it another way, anyone out on Valentine's night will be single so go out and find somebody to buy you a rose/pint

and those attached) when a card arrives at your door - of course not many people know my university address, so I can eliminate several possibilities, but I also have an excuse when I only receive a visa bill comes through my door.

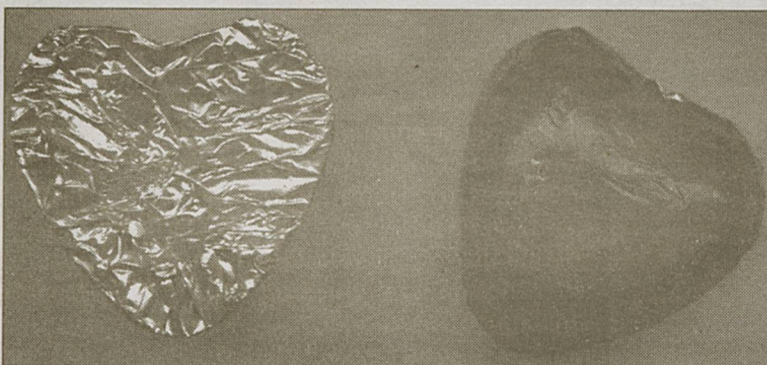
But anonymous cards aren't very original or especially 90's, if you like someone enough to send a card then at least sign it, it's much sexier to be bold and



Pucker Up

Partner or partnerless, you can't escape it, February 14 is Valentine's Day. If you really want to say "I love you" then you'll have to do more than just a card. If you're in need of some hot ideas for one or for two to make the most of this Valentine's Day then read on...

•Whisk your valentine away to Paris for a romantic weekend, or, if you're single and can stomach the cooing couples, go anyway to avoid waiting by your letterbox all weekend. But hurry, you won't be the only one to have thought of this, call Eurostar on 0990 186



186, £99, £79 if under 26.

•Who said diamonds are a girls best friend, it must have been before chocolate was invented.

These dark and milk chocolate heart-shaped champagne truffles came from thornons, also available are huge chocolate hearts that you can have your valentine's message iced on to - yum.

•Who could resist Penhaligons Love Potion No. 9, £15. These His and Hers fragrances come in

gorgeous dinky bottles tied together with velvet ribbon. Best of all you get a gift for yourself as well as your partner.



Call 0800 716 108 for mail order.

•Bathe in decadence with this beautiful heart-shaped rose bud bath bomb. Great for one or two. This bomb was apparently inspired in memory of Audrey Hepburn, Tisty Tosty, £1.95 from Lush.

•Red lippy is a cliché but then isn't Valentine's Day? Try molton brown's, £11, South Molton Street.

If none of these appeal then take heart, valentines day falls on a Sunday this year so you know you won't get any post!



TOP VALENTINES TUNES

1. Boys, Boys, Boys - Sabrina
2. Girls Just wanna have fun - Cindy Lauper
3. Horny - Mousse T
4. Love fool - the cardigans
5. You and me song - the wannadies
6. Killing me softly - the fugees
7. Venus as a boy - Bjork
8. It had to be you - Harry Connick Junior
9. With or Without you/Desire - U2
10. We Have all The Time in the World - David Arnold version

by Mizz Scarlett



I Hate Valentines Day

Love? Romance? Happiness? Yeah Right. Matt Bro thinks Valentines Day totally sucks ass

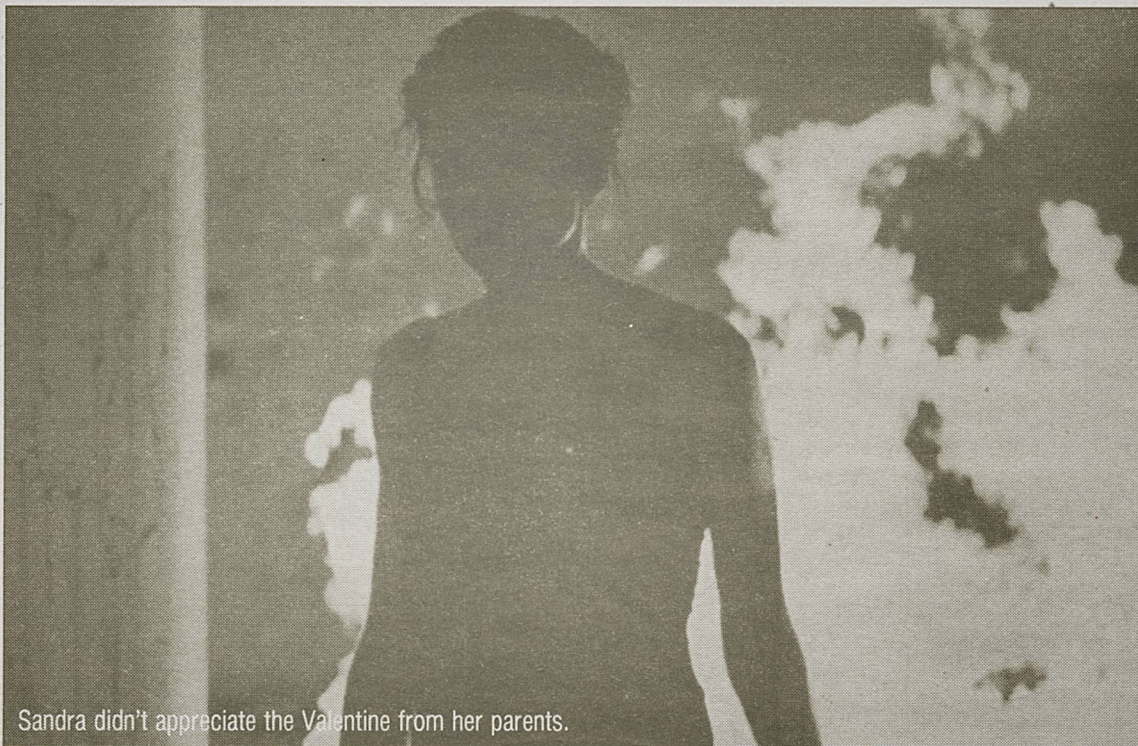
Valentines Day... what a bunch of half-assed, Indian-giving bull cookies. Oh yeah it's great if you're in a stable, warm, loving relationship ("oh darling, let us stare deep into each other's eyes and dribble like lobotomised morons") but what, if like most of the population of the LSE, you haven't had any since parachute pants were fly and are now more bitter than a lemon dipped in alum?

Well join the club. As a card carrying cynic it's my duty to point out that Valentine's day is just a crappy religious festival adapted by the fat sweaty paws of consumerist society into the only day that the single person is forcefully ground underneath the roughshod boot of their own lonely pitiful sadness. St. Valentine is now the patron saint of making single people feel like utter shit and I for one am fed up with being depressed. So hey, if you're bitter and twisted by the whole affair and would rather donate your kidney's without anesthetic than look at yet another cuddly toy clutching a fuzzy heart to its chest, then why not follow our guide for having a fabulous Valentines Day at someone else's expense.

Revenge is a dish best served with a dry chianti

Now we can't condone violence and even the blackest heart would stop short of firebombing an ex's house. However there's lot's of legal revenge tactics that can make you feel reeeeeeal good.

Ex-boyfriend pissed you off significantly? Then send his personal details to a fetish contact magazine. Woman of your



Sandra didn't appreciate the Valentine from her parents.

dreams played hackysack with your heart? Submit her name to one of those foriegn websites where fat sleazy business men try to buy themselves a wife.

Stalking is way out of order but pretending to have a friendly dinner and secretly sellotaping kippers behind their radiator is always fun ("Jeez, smells like someone died in here.").

Of course if you're feeling really adventurous why not adopt a monkey, pass it off as your ex's love-child and try to charge them maintenance...

If you're not happy, then no-one's going to be happy

With the possible exception of a Michael Barrymore telethon, there's nothing worse than seeing couples having fun when you feel like an emotional car wreck. So

why not ruin Valentines Day for someone else?

Places that are likely to be packed on Valentines day include areas of scenic beauty, romantic comedies at your local cinema, musicals (yuck), and restaurants specialising in romantic candlelight dinners.

Now turning up to any of these with a high calibre firearm will probably result in incarceration unless you can run away really quickly, so don't do it. But you can not wash for a week before and turn off all those "touchy feely" people with pungent odour. Stink bombs work equally well.

Running up and smooching one half of a particularly annoying couple in a public place, then legging it works well too.

Why not phone up a couple you know and pretend to be the paramour of whichever half

doesn't answer the phone ("Oh hi, Clare baby... uh... sorry is Clare there?").

Either way use your imagination and make them pay for having fun. The gits.

Alcohol is your friend so spend some time with Jack

OK so none of the other ideas worked, so what's left? Well, you're going to have to bite the bullet and spend time having fun by yourself.

Now drinking a quart of Safeways' Glen Telford own brand whiskey and watching cartoons may sound like a good idea, it isn't.

Go outside and have fun. Make friends with that strange homeless woman and share her bottle of medicine. Talk to the man in your local and pet his scruffy mongrel

(The Dog! The Dog!!! Weirdos...). Ring up your mates and go to the football or something. Don't mope around in your room eating chocolate until you technicolor yawn all over your Matt Damon poster.

Get drunk. Pick a fight. Spend the night in casualty. At least the pain from your internal bleeding will take your mind off all that lovey dovey crap everyone else is indulging in.

If all of this doesn't work and you still find yourself waking up on Valentines Day with a mailbox more barren than a script for Gimme Gimme Gimme (possible, it is on a Sunday this year) don't resign yourself to the fact that the entire world hates you and getting horizontal with a dream lover is about as likely as Bernard Manning winning Miss Tight Buns, Florida 1999. Although you may feel out of place as a loser in a world full of happy shining bastards, just remember one thing; Nothing lasts forever.

That swarthy meditaranean who's dating your ditzy flatmate will be out the door as soon as he finds a cheaper piece of... um... well you know. And that blonde bombshell Dave's seeing will leave as soon as he forgets to shave for eight hours. Everybody gets dumped eventually and then it's your turn to mock them... Ahahahahahahaha...

The Beaver would like to point out that Matt is a very bitter, twisted and hate filled personification of a bile gland and all his suggestions should be taken with a pinch of salt...

Getting Over Those Valentine Blues

TOP VALENTINES TUNES

1. KKK Took My Baby Away - The Ramones
2. We Are All Prostitutes - The Pop Group
3. King Of Pain - The Police
4. On a Rope - Rocket from the Crypt
5. Heart Shaped Box - Nirvana
6. Self Esteem - The Offspring
7. Just - Radiohead
8. Reptile - Nine Inch Nails
9. Fairytale of New York - Shane McGowan & Someone Else
10. You Oughta Know - Alanis Morissette (It was late. I was tired.)

by Dr. Black

1. Watch Bambi and laugh when his mother gets turned into 72lbs of prime venison.

2. Rent any movie with Lee Marvin in (except Paint Your Wagon) and revel in the man's violent tendencies.

3. Rent a wood-chipper, place it outside a Nursery school and proceed to mulch Winnie the Pooh cuddly toys.

4. Find an arcade with House of the Dead. Play it but

refuse to save innocent people from the flesh eating zombies. Giggle as they die in pain.

5. Read American Psycho by Bret Easton Ellis but skip the first 150 pages. Inform people you want to get to the "best bits."

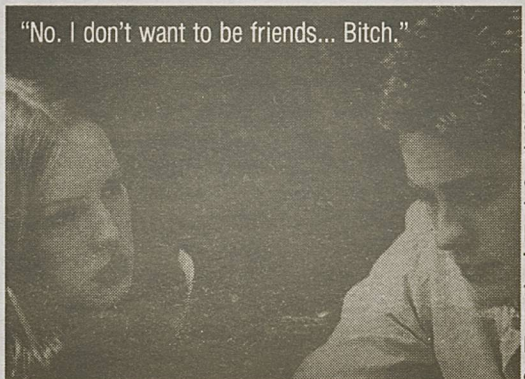
6. Tell a sensitive medical student that their only chance of a career in

medicine is the role of "organ donor."

7. Write a children's lift the flap book called Spot Gets Put Down.

8. Order sixty anchovy pizzas with extra garlic under an ex-lovers name and have them sent to their address.

9. Resort to voodoo in an attempt to torment those people who have crossed you in the past... who knows it may work.



10. Ask all your friends and family on a holiday to the Bahamas. Tell them the plane leaves Heathrow at 4am. Then just don't show up... Heh heh heh...

Hard Hitting Himes

Lasting Words

RACHNA UPPAL reviews one of Chester Himes's novels "If he hollers let him go" which also got made into a film and finds the book depressing yet evocative. Chester Himes could truly be "one of the best black novelists" of our time.

James Corbett takes a look at the controversial bestseller "Intimacy" by Hanif Kureishi

This novel describes the story of Robert Jones; a workers' leader of a major shipping construction company, in 1940's LA. Bob Jones seems to have it all - a successful job, a steady, loving relationship, a trendy car, nice friends...sounds almost perfect right? Well, he's also Black, struggling for freedom and survival in a nation still largely prejudiced.

Even though Bob's story unravels the sheer reality of everyday racism in pre-WW2 America, a large part of the novel focuses on his attempts to carry

on with as normal a life as possible. Hence, he makes plans to marry his girlfriend, Alice, even though she is a wannabe "white girl", desperate to fit in with the white culture, of which Bob furiously disapproves.

However, the tale takes a predictable, yet depressing turn; Bob is accused by a fellow female white worker of raping her. Having lived with the fear of being called up to the Army, Bob panics as this accusation threatens to ruin his chances of Law School, and of marriage to Alice. The novel ends dismally.

However, the outcome for Bob is at least hopeful, for the future. Read it, and form your own opinion.

The structure of the novel is effective: Himes switches from dream surreal dream sequences to reality effortlessly. The dreams are always exaggerated, and reflect Bob's insecurities about the deep rooted prejudice in the society in which he lives.

However, I did find the story rather slow moving until more than halfway through when it became superfast, and frankly, got a bit over my head. I guess Himes didn't quite get the speed thing going so well.

Another aspect of the novel which I found more positive was the use of the dialects. Although at points it was difficult to fully grasp what the characters were saying as the speech was written phonetically, Himes made quite an admirable attempt at the Texan, Alabaman and Ohion accents. It's difficult to fully describe what I mean, but if you read the book, you'll get it!

What also impressed me was the ironic comedy in the story; the ability of Black people to laugh at themselves. There's a particular passage which is solely a joke about blacks in America, told by a "coloured man himself". However, it is clear that in essence, the novel shows the struggle for equality in "white" America.

Some of Chester Himes's novels have been made into films including this one and he has been hailed as one of the best black

novelists of the era. His style isn't that shocking and the prejudice is muted as its written from lower class view point who have come to accept this prejudice and live with everyday. The back cover calls the book brutal, violent and revolutionary but Himes could have made the language more personal, more powerful and thus affect the reader more. A depressing yet interesting book, but Himes could have had the same effect if he had condensed the novel more; been more concise.



IF HE HOLLERS LET HIM GO by Chester Himes on paperback priced at £6.99 published by serpent's tail is out now at all good book stores.

In honour of Valentine's Day the Literary Page is having a LURVE COLUMN. If you want to give a special message for a loved one or just tell a friend how much they mean to you then come to the Beaver Office and leave a message in the Literary Box.

It is the saddest night for I am leaving and not coming back." So begins Jay in Hanif Kureishi's semi-autobiographical novel about the night before he left his family. Essentially it is a stream of consciousness and as such it smacks of self-pity and hypocrisy. Jay's apparently abhorrent wife, Susan, is barely considered; neither her feelings, nor even a full account of her apparent awfulness. The reader simply never discovers why Jay can't live with her any more, why he loved her in the first place, and what makes her so utterly unlovable. His previous lover Nina is referred to in glowing terms, but this only causes the reader to wonder what made him leave her in the first place. In this sense the book is wholly unsatisfactory, it leaves even the most basic questions unanswered, but on second reading you realise that that is the whole point. Jay is a flawed character, he's a pig, and, since this is narrated wholly in the first person, he's allowed to leave things unsaid.

And Jay is an utterly horrible character too. His crimes range from infidelity to child battering. INTIMACY was published after Kureishi, like Jay a successful forty-something writer, left his wife, who, like Susan, was also in publishing. He speaks of his atheism, his time studying philosophy at Kings and his father, the failed writer. In short, most of what we know about Kureishi comes out in Jay. Absurdly, knowing this you feel oddly sympathetic towards Jay (or Kureishi) because they are patently aware of their own shortcomings. He is aware of his lack of staying power, as his friend Asif tells him, "You remind me of someone who only ever reads the first chapter of a book. You never discover what happens next." His friend Victor, who himself had walked out on his wife and children two years earlier tells him "after I left I was aware at the back of my mind what had happened. I knew that not far away, people, my wife and children, were suffering as a result of what I had done." Pondering his children, he writes, "if I tear myself from the boys, don't I tear them too?" Ultimately though, showing "loyalty... to himself" he sneaks away from the house forever.

INTIMACY is not a pleasant book, though you can hardly expect a "nice" book about a separation. It is, however, well written, powerful, perceptive, and most of all thought provoking. It's not a long book, something you can read in one sitting, but which will have you thinking long after you've put it down.

INTIMACY by Hanif Kureishi out now published by Faber & Faber priced £6.99

Get EU-Self Travelling

RACHNA UPPAL starts swotting up for her summer holidays by reading the perfect guide to Europe: "Travels as a Brussels Scout"

by Nick Middleton *alike*

TRAVELS AS A BRUSSELS SCOUT is described on the cover as "a must for any Euro citizen, cynic, and sceptic alike." Since I consider myself to be at least two of the above, (but which two??), I decided to give the book a read.

The format of this non-fiction book is straightforward: the author, Nick Middleton, takes it upon himself to take a year off from his more exotic travels, and travel through each country of the EU in turn, spending a sufficient enough time there to assess the people and the culture. The result? An amusing and quirky account of this continent we call "home". The eventful travels begin in Denmark, where Middleton is assigned on a thrilling mission...or so he believes. Little does he know that his first Euro mission is in fact to research the efficiency of wet appliances in the EU.

Being non-fiction, this book has the added advantage of being practical in its usage. Anyone considering taking on a Grand Tour of Europe this summer will find, in this book, the essential "what to see's and do's", from Dublin to Denmark, Milan to Munich, and all points in between. For example, Greeks proudly proclaim to being residents of the second most mountainous country in the EU. And, did you know that THE place to be seen in Milan is the club, "Killer Plastico"? "Other "in" places came and went but Killer Plastico was always THE place", said one resident of Milan. If any Milanese readers have any feedback on the place, I'd be grateful for it. Please come and inform the Literary editor at the Beaver office.

Another interesting item for me was the consistent commentary on drinking habits in the various EU countries. Being a student, does this actually surprise you?

Having travelled the whole length of Europe, Middleton comes to the following conclusion: "I have often wondered about those people you see drinking beer in the early hours of the morning at international airport terminals...now I think most of them are probably Swedes and Finns." However, so as not to offend, if any Scandinavian natives wish to contest this assumption, please contact the author himself.

Finland was described as a country severely lacking self confidence; Middleton thinks with good reason too:-

- 1) Finland is BLOODY cold in winter.
- 2) The rumours don't give older Finns sufficient credit for their drinking abilities.
- 3) It's difficult to think about sex when you're dressed like a polar bear.

Intrigued? And he hasn't even got to Germany yet!

Thus, I feel it is not advisable to avoid reading a book so full of absolutely useful facts on the bureaucracy that is the EU. This is also an extremely insightful book for inhabitants of one of the member states to see what our loyal(!) neighbours think of us.

Everybody should consider giving the book a go... IT IS NOT FOR EURO EYES ONLY!

TRAVELS AS A BRUSSELS SCOUT By Nick Middleton, out now, published by Phoenix priced at £6.99

NICK MIDDLETON

Tiananmen Square Revisited

John Smith recounts his visit to the capital of the People's Republic of China

I sat on the plane eagerly glancing through the pages of my guidebook. The promise of a tranquil tea listening to Chinese opera in the gardens of Prince Gong's mansion eclipsed my slight nervousness at the thought of entering a communist country. 'Co..mmu..niis..mmm' I said to myself, as we crossed the dusty hills of the Gobi desert, a word that has today lost its aura, its mystique, its iciness. And, after all China today is hardly 'communist'.

My eyes wandered off my book and settled upon the headlines of the 'South China Morning Post': two democracy activists had been detained for trying to register the 'China Democratic Party' in the provinces and cities - which the authorities saw as an attempt to overthrow the state. They were to be tried today, a closed trial, that meant no lawyers representing them.

The chill returned.

Later I found out that one received thirteen years of imprisonment, the other eleven.

Beijing stunned me. I was here only two and a half years ago when a donkey plodding down Tiananmen Square was not an uncommon sight. Now only cars compete against the bicycles and the many private cars.

Autobahns provide the main routes in and out of the city, sadly depriving one of the bustling 'hutong' life. These are little stone-walled neighbourhoods where life is lived in the tiny alleys filled with stalls selling fresh meat and vegetables, sugared



Chinese protesters rally for democracy in Tiananmen Square

Photo: Christus Rex

sweets, hot steamy dumplings. Once upon a time the view from the 'Beijing Hotel' offered a panorama of tiled roofs and pagodas, today the city is studded with new buildings of gigantesque proportions and a 'Fritz Langian' imagination.

The changes are impressive. Today's new generation have it all: MacDonalds everywhere, shopping malls galore, a wild nightlife ranging

from punk bars to Irish pubs, restaurants, electronics, the chance of getting a job with a 'joint-venture' company and the possibility of travelling abroad. I was exhilarated by the feelings of openness and energy in the air. But are the youth the barometer of China's state of affairs? On the 18th and 23rd of December President Jiang Zemin delivered a sobering speech to party

officials in which he warned against decadent thinking and vowed never to copy Western-style democracy. 'Stability' was to be China's number one priority legitimating the new 'Two-fisted' campaign against corruption and pro-democracy activists.

The fear of instability is strongly embedded in the Chinese psyche as a consequence of its long history. The

collapse of imperial dynasties were sometimes followed by decades of chaos and civil war. Together with its sheer size and population, the picture becomes all that more terrifying. Just imagine an uprising in China, the tens of millions of unemployed and dissatisfied revolting. There is an additional nervousness in the air since 1999 marks the 50th anniversary of the People's Republic of China, the 10th of the Tiananmen Square incident and the 80th of the May Fourth Movement. Each one has been a momentous moment in Chinese history...

On Tiananmen Square, one is flanked by so many centres of authority, both ancient and modern. The Forbidden City - bastion of the Emperors. The Great Hall of the People - its massive red star hanging above the heads of the Party's delegates. Zhongnanhai - heart of the Communist bureaucracy. Standing there, on a Square that saw the changes of the dynasties, the proclamation of the People's Republic by Chairman Mao, a square that was stained with the blood of China's own young as they were massacred by their own People's Liberation Army - I felt the fearful nature of power: stronger walls, taller walls, wider moats, deeper tunnels, video cameras, secret police. The paranoia doesn't end but neither does Man's efforts to be free.

Speaking Out in Singapore

Ee Loong Toh describes the trials and tribulations of Dr Chee

Littering. £150. Spitting. £300. Not flushing. £300. Unlicensed public speaking. £450. They say that Singapore is a fine city - and someone has just refused to pay.

Dr Chee Soon Juan made the news recently with his attempt to challenge the Singapore government over free speech. He has chosen to serve a seven day jail sentence rather than pay a fine after being found guilty of an offence under the Public Entertainment Act. His particular offence was to give a street talk, on 29 Dec 1998, without a permit. He also happened to criticize the government during his speech.

The Environment Ministry is now preparing a case against him for selling his new book at his talks without first getting approval. Entitled *To Be Free: Stories of Asia's Struggle Against Oppression* (Monash Asia Institute, Australia, 374 pages, A\$24.95), it deals with six of East Asia's most prominent activists or prisoners of conscience: Taiwan's Shih Meng-Teh; Myanmar's Aung San Suu Kyi; the Philippine's Benigno Aquino; Indonesia's Pramodya Ananta Toer; South Korea's Kim Dae Jung and Singapore's very own Chia Thye Poh. Coincidentally, his book is not carried by the major Singapore book retailers.

In an open letter to students of the National University of Singapore dated 21 Jan 1999, Dr Chee, the

secretary general of the Singapore Democratic Party (SDP), complained about the "authoritarian controls" imposed on political expression by the Singapore government. He criticized permits for public speeches, bans on political videos, restriction of the use of the Internet for election campaigning and the attitude of the local media as "unjust", "undemocratic", that "violate the fundamental principles enshrined in the Singapore Constitution."

Apparently Dr Chee didn't read the Constitution carefully. While Article 14 guarantees freedom of speech and assembly, later articles make it clear that this is subject to inherent limitations, such as restrictions imposed by Parliament to safeguard national security or public order.

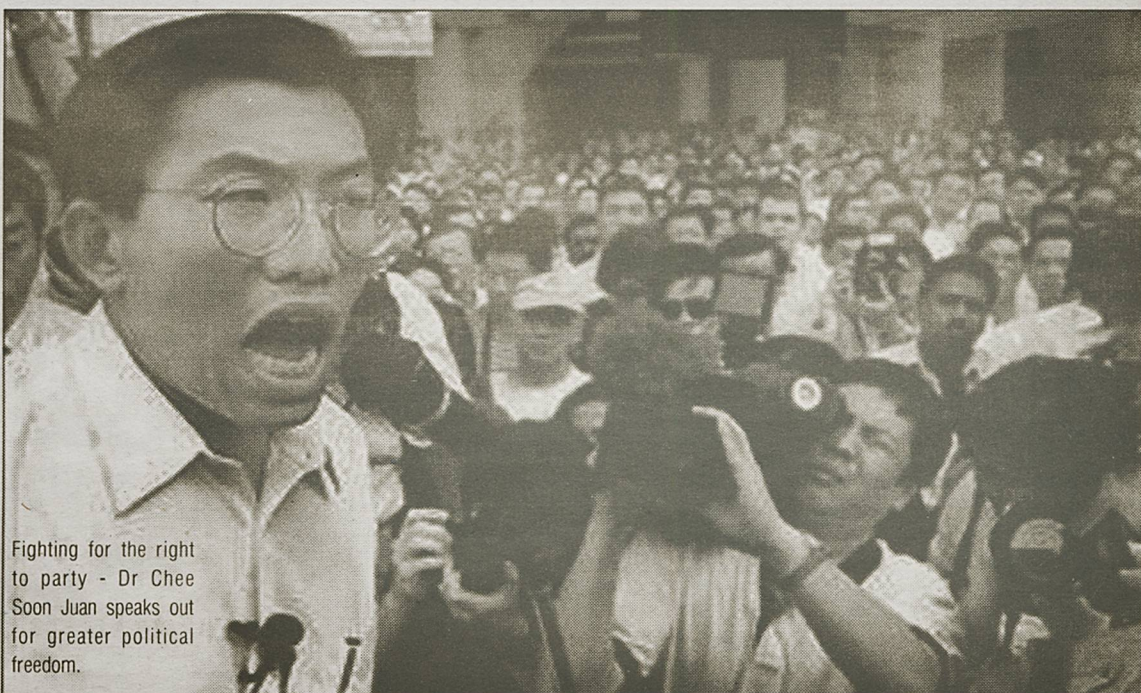
The problem is that while some Singaporeans might have sympathy for Dr Chee's message about the need for a more open society, the majority generally disapproves of his methods. In the public mind, he has acquired the reputation of being an attention seeker and political opportunist. His dismal performance before a Parliamentary committee on the cost of living did not inspire confidence in an opposition alternative to the ruling People's Action Party (PAP). He went on hunger strike to protest about his dismissal from his

university job, only to have splashed all over the papers that he was taking glucose at night. During the last general election, it didn't help at all that the MacPherson constituency's electorate found it difficult to tell him and Mr Mathias Yao (the PAP candidate) apart. Must have been the thick black plastic spectacles frame that both favoured at the time. Both have now switched to trendier slim metal ones.

Dr Chee also might have damaged the opposition in Singapore when he seized the SDP leadership from Mr Chiam See Tong, one of the only two elected opposition Members of Parliament who had been his mentor. Mr Chiam later joined a SDP splinter group that formed a new political party. Opposition parties in Singapore already tend to be small and weak. Further fragmentation cannot possibly help their cause.

Despite Dr Chee's stab at political

martyrdom, his greatest challenge probably lies convincing in the more conservative, Chinese educated majority of the population. People like my grandmother who insists the entire extended family votes for the government party. She was saved the trouble of reminding us to 'do the right thing' during the last election when our ward was uncontested. The opposition didn't dare contest Prime Minister Goh Chok Tong's own home turf.



Fighting for the right to party - Dr Chee Soon Juan speaks out for greater political freedom.

The Good, the Bad, and the Indescribably Stupid: The Cartoons of Louise Stanley

Lo, LSE politics hacks, there's a political cartoonist of burgeoning brilliance in our midst. My fellow first year student Louise Stanley began to submit timely comic strips to the Beaver this fall, and I was sure that these were dispatches from a richly realized private world of satire. I greatly envy capable artists' ability to channel their fantasies from mind to mouth and hand without succumbing to the radical untutored technical fallibility that hampers me and you. Don't you understand the allure of artistic biography, the genre that as a corpus comprises a vast Butler's Lives of the Saints for our time? I interviewed Louise one dark afternoon in the Shaw, and she has generously allowed access to her archives, so yo: watch the style. Lovely how her mind floats, grand the tradition, grubby the ink-stained fingers and white-out dappled leaves of A4.

J: We'll do the LSE dance of introduction: hi, I'm John Sagan, I'm from Chicago in the United States and I'm studying Anthropology and Law.

L: I'm Louise Stanley from Bedford in East Anglia and I'm studying Government in my first year.

J: The reason I'm interviewing Louise is because she's generated a series of cartoons for the Beaver and I had a hunch that these cartoons were coming out of a larger oeuvre and so I had to know more.

L: Okay.

J: So what is your current relationship to cartooning? How much of your time does it take up? Do you tend to do it to the exclusion of other things?

L: I think sometimes it is to the exclusion of other things. I think my most creative period coincided not surprisingly with my final school exams. I think it's just whenever I think of a good idea that's reasonably topical I just sort of draw it without thinking where I am. I carry a sketchbook around and if I've got any

ideas I just jot them down...

It's not systematic. I sometimes can go for a week without thinking of anything and then sometimes I do pages of A5 in one evening. It depends really.

J: Do you find generally that your ideas are entirely out of pace with the sheer time it takes to get them down, or have you reached a level of accomplishment that allows you to pretty much get them get 'em down? Personally, I'm haunted by ideas; I live amid a sea of jotted down ideas, on post it notes and the backs of menus and things like that and so my problem is having more ideas than I have the time and technical ability to realize.

L: Well, I get it down usually in pencil first, and then the inking over comes if I've got a spare few minutes without any ideas. I'll use that and go over the drawings in pen. The dialogue usually comes first because that's the trickiest part in a way. I've drawn them with blank speech bubbles and then suddenly forgotten what I was going to put in them, so I always make sure I get the dialogue first.

J: So oftentimes it's a verbal something that you want to capture, and you need to get that right for the moment, and that's what you're in danger of losing.

L: If it comes when I've got my pad on me I will write it actually on to the pad, but if I haven't I usually jot a dialogue down. It usually comes spontaneously.

J: So generally you don't go back into a fund of ideas and fully realize an idea that you didn't have the chance to fully realize before, you just sort of realize them as they come, when they're fresh in your mind.

L: The strip that I normally write is supposed to be a long sort of narrative, so sometimes if I think of some way I can continue the narrative in relation to events- the most conspicuous example was when I was doing Pinochet cartoons one week,

and suddenly we had the Ron Davies affair. Because I wanted to try and make a narrative, that's where I got the idea of Pinochet trying to lure him onto Clapham Common for some bizarre reason. Normally they sort of generate themselves. Sometimes I have to think quite hard. When I think quite hard about it they usually come out being rather contrived and rather abstract, so...

J: "First thought, best thought", as the dictum goes.

L: Yeah.

J: Also, I'm really interested when I meet people like you in finding out what your interests in literature and popular media are right now. Do you also have voracious personal reading competing with your other interests and responsibilities? Do you read books a lot, are you a religious reader of the paper?

L: I definitely read the paper. I read the Guardian, probably because it fits in with more of my own views and generates ideas- I have to keep up with politics. As for other literature, I tend to read fiction. Novels from the classics, not specifically because they're classics, but sometimes they have really strong plotlines. Some of the novels of Emile Zola are quite graphic-

J: Oh, yeah

L: -and they-

J: I think they really help a humourist as well, it's all about close observation and the foibles of-

L: Yes definitely, and things like the writings of Sartre. I read one of his trilogies recently, the "Roads to Freedom" trilogy. I haven't gotten into his philosophy yet.

J: It's probably best absorbed through his fiction anyway.

L: I could visualize one of those books as a graphic novel. "Iron In The Soul"- apart from when he gets into a long conversation at the bar which takes about fifty pages. That might be very boring to draw.

J: You could actually lampoon

that by filling whole panels with words with just like a little head in the corner, or one huge panel. Are you a one newspaper person?

L: I read the Times, but mostly just because it gives a different slant on it and it's not as obnoxious as the Telegraph.

J: Do you do the Wall Street Journal, do you do the IHT?

L: Not really. I read the IHT to get an American perspective on things, but I don't understand a lot of American politics yet, though I hope to understand a bit more during my course.

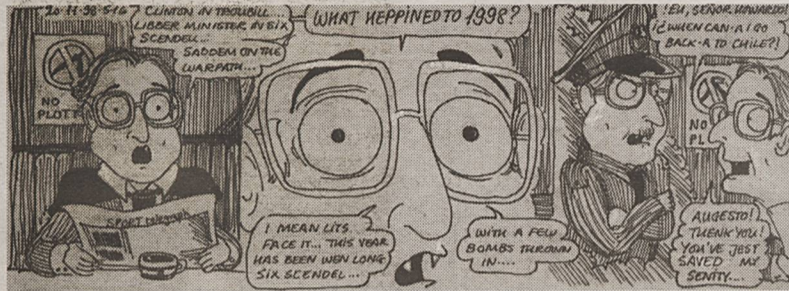
J: This is something that really makes it difficult for me to fully understand a lot of your humor. I'm not yet fully appraised of what's going on.

L: I find it difficult. I've done a few cartoons of Kenneth Starr and Bill Clinton and Monica Lewinsky, but that's easy. I tried to draw Newt Gingrich because the similarities with the infighting in the Republican movement and the potential infighting in the Welsh Labour party have interestingly come at a coincidental time, but it didn't work because I didn't know enough. What I knew about Newt Gingrich is what I read in Doonesbury.

J: We're going to have to talk about Doonesbury in a moment.

L: Brilliant. Anything that increases my knowledge about something or other has got to be... anything! I do try to have sort of serious discussions through the cartoons. For example, there's one that's a dialogue between a journalist and the resigned welfare minister about pension policy that classically opposes a liberal view and a conservative one.. It quickly and succinctly sets out the basics of the thing, which could after all consume countless hours of debate and fill whole books. You see, that's what political cartooning is good for.

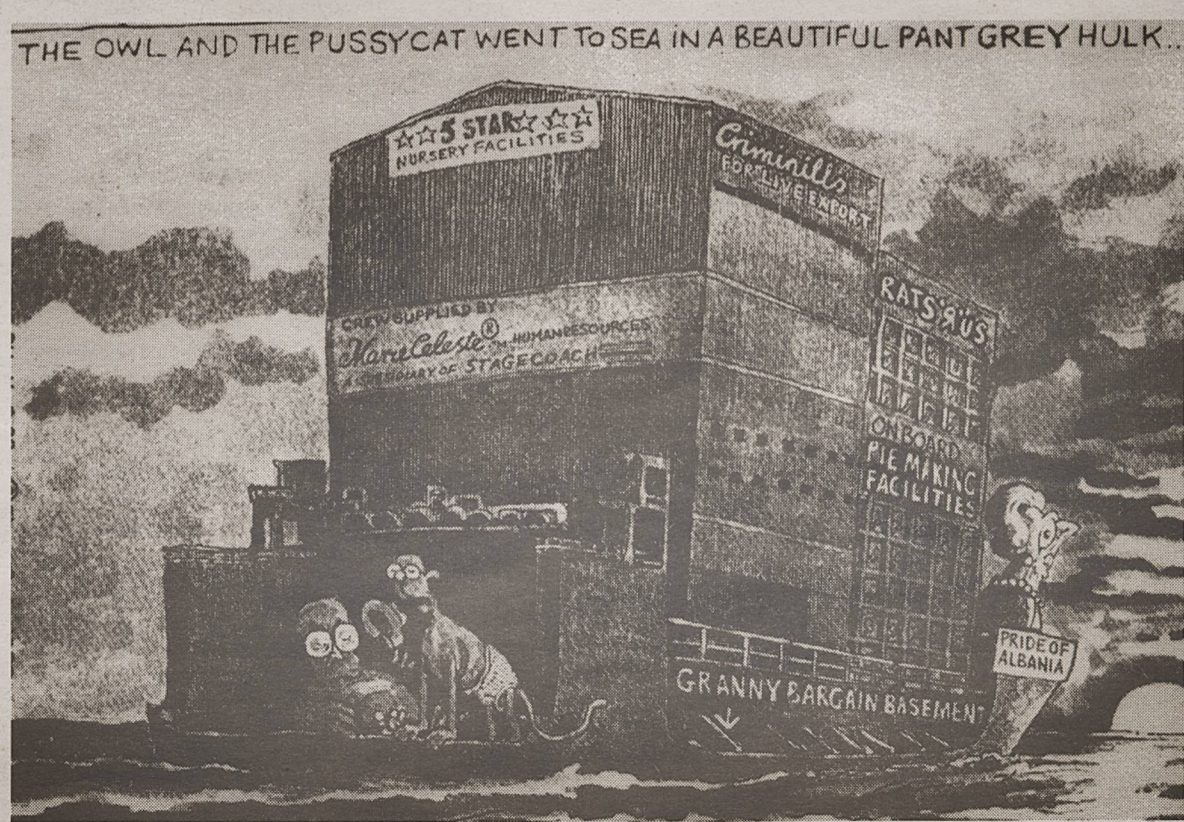




"Which cartoon was given an honour for 'services to journalism'?"
 "Erm... Steve Bell?"
 "Um, I don't think so... City?"
 (University Challenge, Wednesday 6 January)

Who inspired me to start all this? I can't claim Steve Bell was the first cartoonist I ever appreciated - that award goes to good old Nick Garland in the *Torygraph*. (This is only because my parents read it religiously and I never really grasped the fact that it was a reactionary rag until it was too late.) But having graduated onto the *Guardian* I never looked back, especially when it comes to cartoons. Bell's sly use of a combination of toilet humour (who else would call a former cabinet minister "Mickey the S***house rat?") and grotesque caricature makes Garland's genteel penmanship pale into oblivion. The Brighton-based Blair-basher once compared Kenneth Clarke to a dinosaur doll on live TV and got away with it. The combination of mischief, expertise and the odd penguin (a relic from the days of the Falklands) inspired me. I have taken ideas from songs, TV shows, and my own warped imagination, but never from Bell himself: he once replied to a desperate letter I wrote two years ago - before I got my own strip off the ground (or the wall) - "the best advice I can give is to keep trying and look at politics sideways". However, he is my benchmark in matters of taste - if he can get away with it, so can I. (One cartoon showed Harriet Harman as a decapitated HMV dog. I almost spilt my coffee.) My favourite cartoon, 'Who Hits the Hit Squad?' is Bell in a nutshell - tasteless, tawdry and terrific. The one that inspired me the most, 'Creatures of the Night', remains sadly outside my price range. The story goes that Michael Heseltine, when Thatcherite Defence Secretary, asked to buy an unusually flattering cartoon of him leading the charge at Greenham Common. Bell, a staunch socialist - "I left the Labour party at the last ideological clearout" - asked him to make the cheque out to CND. Heseltine refused. At least that way Bell could still keep his iconoclastic reputation, although despite John Prescott's protestation at his own caricature as Tony Blair's bulldog sidekick, Mr. Prescott displays Bell's offending material on his own bedside table.

These pens are indispensable for those not enamoured of the traditional cartoonist's dip pen and ink. Thanks to my mother- who uses them for marking her pupils' geography homework- and a strategic Christmas present circa 1992, these pens have enjoyed pride of place in my pencil case ever since. They have willingly drawn everyone from Jarvis Cocker, the lascivious lead singer of Pulp, to their current obsession with Peter Mandelson and Michael Howard. Thankfully I discovered they came in two nib sizes (as well as myriad colors: I really want a pink one) so instead of having to use black felt tips for large areas, these V7s fill them without fear of the ink soaking through to the other side. The problem is that tempting cheap imitations have been spawned, so I have to make sure I go and buy my own instead of relying on Mother's generosity.



Valentines Gifts in Victoria

Jo Swinson

Situated in the heart of Westminster, Politicos is an enchanting little coffee shop with a difference. The theme is politics, and as much of it as you can take. But it is not at all tacky; in fact the atmosphere manages to be intimate and rather quaint.

The cafe is found on the top floor, overlooking the bookstore below. The tables are surrounded by bookshelves, containing dusty old leather-bound volumes, as well as some newer reads. Visitors can peruse the books at their leisure while being served what is claimed to be 'the finest coffee in Westminster.' A selection of newspapers is also available, and television screens show the current state of affairs in the House of Commons just five minutes down the road. Various caricatures of a wide range of politicians (old and new) meet the eye, next to the paintings of London scenes hung on the walls - about the only exhibits not directly related to the world of politics. All in all the surroundings are pleasant, and anyone who takes an interest in politics will find something to keep them occupied over coffee. As a result of this many people seem to go alone, to work or read, or just relax.

The selection of food is not large, but appetising all the same. They

have savoury eats such as filled baguettes and sandwiches, and far more enticing treats such as home-made cakes and sweet, delicious-looking nibbles. I opted for a croissant, and was impressed to be offered a wide choice of jam. Another lovely feature of Politicos is that despite being so small they have table service, so you can go and tuck into some political literary feast while you wait for your order. I seated myself so as to look over the balcony onto the shop floor. Immediately I felt at home when I saw a poster beside me advertising Tony Giddens' thrilling read and latest stroke of genius 'The Third Way.' According to the promotional poster, our main man Giddens is Tony Blair's favourite intellectual. Presumably he doesn't know many then.

I started taking some notes about my surroundings, and I think the staff must have clocked this, because when they brought my order I had two croissants and they apologised for it taking so long, when it had only been a few minutes. This is supposedly a good trick to pull if you're ever eating out alone, take notes and they'll think you're reviewing the restaurant for some guide, therefore they'll give brilliant service. Or maybe they knew exactly who I was writing for, and feared the wrath of eager Beaver readers should they get a bad write-up. As for the quality of food, it was pretty good - far better than anything at LSE (though the gastronomic

delights of The Brunch Bowl obviously take some beating), and the bill not too steep.

It's definitely worth checking out the shop downstairs as well, especially if you're looking for a Valentines' gift to suck up to your favourite Government lecturer. You'll find all the current political magazines and such like on sale, along with a very specific collection of political books. Such a vast array of autobiographies, satire, parliamentary records and political analysis would make the likes of Brendan O'Leary come on the spot.

If you're having a gift crisis moment (for those people you hardly know but need to give a present to) and don't have a clue what to get; go for the safe option - a mug. Everyone uses them, the slogans can be funny, and best of all they don't break the bank. Bright and funky New Labour mugs are available with different unfulfilled election promises, or you could opt for commemorative mugs for each election and reminisce over your morning cuppa.

Bargains can currently be found in the clothing section: Liberal

Democrat T-shirts and sweatshirts have been reduced to half-price to clear - can't imagine why there's still any left. Watch out for more slashed prices in June as old Paddy stock needs to be shifted to make way for who knows what new face. Failing that why not get a video for the special someone in your life? Choose between the best bits from party political broadcasts over the years (John Cleese, LSESU's Honorary Vice President stars) or a complete hour-by-hour video of Election night 97. Relive the celebration/night of suicidal torment/general

drunken stupor! (delete as appropriate). Admit it, you'd like to see Mellor, Rifkind, Portillo et al squirming again.

For those on a tight budget, why not spread some merriment and laughter with a simple card? A highly diverse range of postcards and greetings cards is available, so there's bound to be something you find amusing. The more adventurous may like to consider a well-chosen card as a Valentine to your favourite MP - Toryboy could perhaps send one to Ann Widdecombe (she looks like she needs cheering up).

Of course, instead of this politics-Westminster-crap, you could always just go down Oxford Street, pop into Borders for some literary stimulation and then end up in Seattle or Pret. The cosy, calm, charming atmosphere would have to be sacrificed for a bustling, hectic thoroughfare peppered with irritating blokes in suits and bright ties, clutching their FT or Economist (or even worse, both!) talking loudly into their mobiles, darling. But then if you're looking for that, just stay in Houghton Street.



Tory Boy

Toryboy was waiting for a taxi. Suddenly a funny man with a funny beard ambled up and joined the queue.

"Good morning," said Toryboy politely, just in case this was a floating voter.

"An' a goo'day to yer too," mumbled the funny man, stroking his beard and scratching his head. Obviously he had only just had breakfast, because traces of rapidly congealing scrambled egg were embedded in his whiskers.

"How are things going?" continued Toryboy, doing his best to be a caring Conservative.

The funny man bit his fingernails before spitting in the gutter. "Awright, I fink," he said at last. "But ah don't like this crisis, ah can tell yer. The one in the 'ealth service. It gets me down."

"Yes, the government has mucked up the NHS, hasn't it?" said Toryboy. "By the way, have you heard the latest Frank Dobson joke?"

The funny man looked puzzled. "But, ah am Frank Dobson."

"Really?" said Toryboy, somewhat surprised. "Oh well, I'll just have to tell you the joke more slowly. I think you'll still understand."

Frank Dobson scratched his whiskers in bewilderment. Tendrils of egg breakfast fell from his beard onto the pavement.

Getting no reaction, Toryboy began the joke. "One day, Frank Dobson went to an antique dealer and asked to see something really rare. The dealer went round his warehouse and pointed out a table used by Oliver Cromwell (circa 1650), a wooden bench used by Admiral Nelson and a hospital bed." Toryboy paused for breath.

"What's a 'ospital bed?" asked Frank Dobson. "Ah've never 'eard of one of them. At mah local 'ospital they use trolleys. All lined up in te corridor, like. Ever so cute, it looks."

Toryboy was so stunned he forgot all about finishing the joke. "That's not cute!" he squawked. "It's all part of the crisis! Weren't you listening to what Ann Widdecombe told you in the House of Commons?"

At the mention of his opposite number, Frank Dobson pouted. "Right," he mumbled moodily. "If that womin is gonna keep criticisin, she can jolly well try runnin the 'ealth service 'erself. We'll see if she can do any better."

Toryboy patted his arm. "That's right, after the next election it will be Ann Widdecombe running the health service. Until then, just do what she tells you."

lucky enough for him to have a crime committed against him and circumstances around it which would just have confused the public if left unexplained. The media was able to discuss the possibility of Gordon Brown and Prince Edward being gay when a girlfriend came onto the scene allowing them to discuss how this would affect past speculation on their sexuality. The recent 'outing' of Peter Mandelson could be covered by discussing not his sexuality but the Labour Parties attempts to control the BBC by forbidding discussion of Mr Mandelson's sexuality.

Essentially what all of this tells us that is all of us like to be privy to 'secret' information, all of us (including me here) like to pass it on, and the media loves to - as long as isn't seen to be 'gossiping.'

Sex, Lies and Parliament...

Phineas Skipper

As Tom Spencer's unconventional marriage has been revealed as the latest in the constant flow of sex 'scandals' that fill the pages of the British press another excuse appears to have presented itself for the discussion of Fleet Street's relationship with the private lives of politicians. I thought I had missed my chance when the Ron Davies affair blew over, I should have known that I would not have to wait long for such a story to become topical again. Indeed it is not at all unlikely that another scandal will have appeared by the time this story has a chance of going to press, breathing new topicality into it as the Spencer story begins to look a bit old.

Tom Spencer is just a Euro MP, not something that the British press tends to get excited about, it seems very unlikely that, had it not been for the unlucky baggage mix-up at Heathrow which revealed gay pornography in possession of a man in a heterosexual marriage, his particular life style choice would ever

have been revealed to the public. However the 'private' lives of Westminster MP's, especially those who attain ministerial, or even more so, cabinet, posts are much more regularly scrutinised by journalists - an important Politician's sex life can sell a lot of papers when shared with those who have 'a right to know.' A question that it might be pertinent to ask is "How much does 'Fleet Street' know about the sex lives of our politicians that it doesn't print?" Asking this question might not seem to be leading us towards any great enlightenment, but it does give us a slight insight into the habits of the creature commonly known as a journalist (by its kinder acquaintances anyway.) Or the minds of Britain's chattering classes.

I seem to know almost no-one who can't claim some kind of connection to a journalist, I don't think that this says anything particular about the kind of people that I hang around with other than that most of us tend to have been reared in the comforting bosom of the aforementioned chattering classes. I am fairly sure that of all

these people with their connections there is not one who has not confided in me at one time or another something which is apparently 'common knowledge on Fleet Street but no-one dares print it.' Recent favourites have been based around one prominent politician (but current non office holder), who has apparently had a homosexual affair with another prominent politician and then fellow cabinet minister, and jointly imported with him large quantities of illegal sado-masochistic pornography, and, further, on one occasion beat an Amsterdam prostitute to within an inch of her/his life. Finally, added to these stories I have been assured that the Daily Mirror has a whole file of similar allegations.

While I personally choose not to believe most of these stories, putting them down mostly to urban myth, or journalists having a bit of fun trying to make their jobs seem more interesting than they really are, or indeed carrying out personal or political vendettas, this has not deterred me from passing on these stories as if they were the gospel

truth. This as it may be I think that it is undoubtable that 'Fleet Street' is bursting at the seams with hacks praying for an excuse to print stories about prominent politicians that are true. The press does not feel that it can print anything that comes its way, two obvious criteria restrict it, the need to be able to prove the veracity of the stories it peddles in a court of law (if it wants to gain money through publishing the story rather than loose it), and the need not to appear prurient, the second is particularly true in cases where homosexuality is involved. The press is aware that homosexuality is not a crime, however much some elements might wish it to be, nor for that matter is adultery. The press has found many excuses for outings and revelations of infidelity in the past. Favourite for infidelity was the whole 'Back to Basics' debacle - that misinterpretation of a policy allowed a slew of revelations, all of the stories about toe sucking were in fact of course about hypocrisy not sex. The press has found many devious ways around the legality of homosexuality, in the case of Ron Davies they were

CLASS 'A' DRUGS FOUND IN MARWA'S KNICKERS SHOCKER!

By: Marwa El Borai

The rugby lads weren't the only winners this week, LSE's women's volleyball team made it through to the second round of the tournament (forgot which one it was hey who cares? We won!). It was one hell of a powerful game. There were tears, screams, catfights and of course a lot of blood spilt. Whoever said Volleyball wasn't a tough sport is a fucking liar. We lost the first set (which was a planned move, you know to make them think that they are in control and all that psychological bullshit). They got cocky and we whipped their ass. We let loose our most powerful player and they just couldn't handle it.. LOSERS!

Elaine (who happens to be shorter than I am and I love her for it) kicked us off to a good start, by placing beautiful sets for our spikers. Kent didn't know what hit them. Tamar battled her back pains and jumped 4 feet into the air to place the ball elegantly in the face of one of the Kent players (this helped improve her looks since they couldn't get any worse.) Hence the catfight and the

blood. The ref had to intervene and was rushed off to the hospital after having his face accidentally kicked in.

It was lucky for us we had a second ref on call. No one was hurt in the fight (except for the ref), and we all decided to go ahead with the game. Heather 'super woman' showered the opposition with spikes, that almost caused the court to crack. Dale, Lotta and Kjersti signed autographs to the masses of fans assembled outside the court. They then returned to wreak havoc upon Kent. Those suckers soon wished they had stayed home. Big Maz watched these events with tears in her eyes knowing that her little girls were all grown up now. She really enjoyed the sight of blood being the cruel calculating captain of the toughest volleyball team around (we still need a uniform any donations are acceptable). She then ordered her troops to assemble for massive feast of celebration on Friday night @ archway.

All the events in the previous segment are purely fiction any resemblance to reality is purely coincidental. OK the truth is Kent chickened out of the game due to our fearsome legendary reputation.

We are too tough. We made it through to the next round, and boy are we ready to play volleyball!!!!!! Kingston watch out, because we are going to kick some fucking arse.



CLEGGTASTIC MATE!

By: Peter Clegg

LSE 4ths 3
RHUL 4ths 1

After a run of results more disastrous and tragic than Chris Irwin's beard, the fourths finally won a game against Holloway.

The build up to the match was not good however, due to the lack of fitness displayed by 4th team veteran Clegg and star striker McGuinness. This was the result of the previous nights antics in top London nite-spot Les Scandale where McGuinness was determined to start a fight with anyone in the club slimer than himself. Therefore by the end of the night Clegg had had to break up at least 270 fights. (capacity of Les Scandale=270).

The team was also weakened by the non-appearance of Ben Newton. Newton no longer plays football on Wednesday's due to his wild lifestyle in Harpenden, as well as the fact that his mummy tells him it's too cold to play football in winter. However, such losses were offset by the call-up of 5th team hardman Simon, and the transfer of Chris Irwin to linesman F.C.

30 seconds into the game LSE were ahead, another notch on the goalpost (the bedpost remains intact). Zed was making his first appearance since admitting to a channel 4 documentary that he is one of a growing number of men who suffer domestic violence at the hands of their female partners. However, in this instance, Julie, Zed's partner, has a legitimate excuse in that her anger grew from frustration with Zed's inability to perform between the sheets.

LSE dominated the majority of the first half, the defence of Clegg, Stoate, Simon, and ginger Mike looking particularly solid, being ably assisted by hardworking midfielders Ollie and captain marvel himself 'Wildman' Will Paxton. The halves skillful touches were provided by American Eddie and Ross, whose close understanding and mutual admiration for one another is developing into a strong relationship, both on and off the pitch. Midway through the half however Holloway equalised. Recent goalkeeping recruit Mike blemished an otherwise faultless performance by allowing a weak free-kick to slip through his hands into the goal. Fortunately, just before half-time Paxton led by example by putting LSE 2-1 up. Despite his committed Socialist beliefs, Paxton demonstrated all the compassion of a Tory welfare minister by mercilessly smashing the ball past the helpless Holloway goalkeeper.

The second half saw the introduction of goal machine Ralph Banke for McGuinness. Banke's demotion to the bench was a surprise until the team learnt that Paxton had caught the Bolton fanatic masturbating over a picture of Dean Holdsworth in the toilets before the game. LSE scored a third just before the final whistle when Simon connected with a corner and headed in. Joint man of the match award goes to Simon, who proves that the fifth team have actually got some good players, and Eddie, who proves that not all Americans spend Wednesday afternoons blocking the entrance to the Old building whilst shouting loudly and annoyingly into their mobile phones.

ANY HOLE'S A GOAL FOR HOCKEY BIRDS

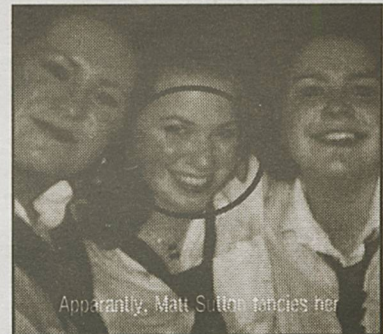
Report: By Rage™ & Jesster

OUR GIRLS 2
THEIR GIRLS 1

Wednesday, 12 o'clock; the gov'nor decides we will leave with just 9 birds.

Time was a major issue as we piled on the bus to Waterloo, only to be waylaid by a huge entourage of footballers and rugby boys. Our Linford esque sprint to the train startled some passing motorists but obviously caused no problem to the Goddesses of fitness; who are the hockey birds.

This odyssey took a turn for the better at Clapham Junction, when we



were joined by 15 adonises who had foolishly stayed from the University of Reading straight into our (Louise Dixon's) mighty clutches. They followed us like little lambs to the wilds of Hotspur Park and our encounter with St. Georges.

George's gins were all too cocky in the first half despite excellent intercourse, sorry interplay, between

kinky and savvy. Armed with KY jelly, they displayed some smooth moves for the ogling supporters. However the lubrication seemed to wear off onto the other side and a cheeky little ball dribbled into our hole (goal) before the end of the first half.

The arrival of our Super Sweeper Becky Little at half time, heralded a change in form. Leggy and Jester enjoyed firing a number of blanks on all cylinders much to the amusement of the rowdy and excitable supporters made up of Reading and UCL.

Lov's disappearance with both refs at half time ended our 'cum' back, though the astro-burns on her knees will take a while to heal! Don't forget, hockey birds will do ANYTHING for the right result. (Gulp) (Swallow? Fat Bob).

Before long, the kinky saucy combo started to work wonders, they managed to find their way through the maze of minging medics to two glorious goals. the deafening applause from the merry band of supporters made communication more difficult, but the mutants were kept at bay.

A 2-1 result ensured that post-match celebrations were enormous. Hockey birds do EVERYTHING with style.

PS. OUR GIRLS NEED YOUR SUPPORT. BEAVERSPORTS LOVES THEM AND SO SHOULD YOU. SEE THEM AT BATTERSEA PARK, THIS WEDNESDAY AT 2.30PM

Houghton Street Hard-Men No. 5



It involved 4 pots of vasoline and so much screaming that the council came round and done me for noise pollution.

Have you ever turned fantasy into reality?

After several pints of strong continental lager, I sometimes find myself copulating with various members of the animal kingdom.

Fucking hell, you mad bastard.

One night, I broke into Windsor Safari Park and grabbed the nearest sealion. I had to put it down as it reminded me of my ex, Julie. So then I turned on the zebra commodity, ripped those kinky stripy pyjamas off and Bobs your uncle. I was well satisfied.

What about women?

What about them? They're like a condom, they spend too much time in your pocket and not enough on your dick.

Shocking! Describe the most perverted sex game that you have ever been involved in?

Drunk Twister with a women's ice hockey team in the back of my XR31 while wearing a French maids outfit which my transsexual lap dancing sister-in-law bought me for my welcome home party from Wormwood.

The scrubs?

No. Wormwood in Bristol, you fucking idiot, ofcourse the scrubs.

What's the biggest ruck on a football pitch that you have ever been involved in?

One time, I was taking a corner, this team's sub tried to trip me up. After putting the boot in, I gave him the treatment with the corner flag. The filthy bugger enjoyed the

penetration. He walked like John Wayne for weeks.

Tough guy of the team?

"The governor." Enough said.

Have you ever assaulted anyone in authority?

I tried to kick it off with a penalty fares inspector at Liverpool Street station, one time.

Pussio, my selecta. What happened?

He came at me wielding a blue biro and asking for my address. Something was suspect so I bit his nose off. I've still got it as a souvenir on my mantelpiece.

Who's your hardman hero?

Dennis Wise, legend mate. The pearly king himself. He's angrier than a pitbull that has just been taken from behind by Nelly the Elephant.

So Nelly didn't go to the circus?

No, she went to Willy Wonker's Chocolate factory for an everlasting gobstopper and some cotton candy no doubt.

You've gone fucking mad mate!

I've just done 12 lines of coke to get me through my Econ B lecture. My nose is fucked as will you be if you grass to the pigs.

Don't worry brother. I'm sweet as a nut me.

I don't fucking care you Cilla Black lookalike.

Ot oh. I think I'd better split this strip joint

(The terminator quickly changes into his favourite French Maid's outfit and follows suit with a petrol driven chain saw and yet more pots of Vasoline)

This week Federman checks out the statistics of 3rd team Footballer, Nick Wogan and uncovers his private fantasies about Nelly the Elephant, Zebras and French Maids which he probably now wishes he had never revealed. Name: Nick Wogan Age: 419 this year. Immortality maintained by immense quantities of Kronenburg. Dept: Doss and Dodgy Haircuts, otherwise known as Economic Hsitory. Aka: "Terminator," all other nicknames unprintable. I'm going to cut the crap immediately and get straight into the stuff that I know the readers want to hear. What is your most outrageous sexual fantasy?

Alright. I own an allotment, Arthur Fowler style. One night I dreamt that I used my award winning 24 inch mammoth cucumber to pleasure two Kings students simultaneously.

SECONDS CAN IT GET ANY WORSE?

Exclusive: Bi - James Mulligan

LSE 2nd XI	1
GKT 2nd XI	2

An eventful week for the seconds. A stuffing by GKT (twice) was preceded by an even bigger defeat by top of the league ICSM.

Suddenly the seconds position as top dogs of the 1st division are just a distant memory and they are now languishing perilously close to the danger zone. If they go down there may be the interesting match up between the seconds and the inbreds that make up the back bone of the third team. Barnsey has gathered together what can only be described as the dross of the LSE and it beggars belief how some of them can walk in a straight line, let alone make into a university.

Even so, players with ludicrous monikers such as The 'G'man, The Rock, Lala, Dipsy and Po, hard men every single one, have garnered a reputation for picking on the smallest but perfectly formed thoroughbreds in the LSE football team.

It has to be said that Barnsey's selection policy leaves a lot to be desired. Quoted as saying 'They're the crowning turd in the water pipe that is the LSE third team. Even so, you'd have to be mad to tell them that they're not playing', it seems that the third team is destined for another season of outstanding mediocrity, a worrying pattern that seems to have seeped into the upper echelons of the LSE football.

The second team is the case in point. From the outset a promising side but when you go through the team one by one (not in the Dirty Alex™ sense) some worrying holes begin to appear (more like the Dirty Alex™ sense).

Pete the keeper may be good between the sticks but that doesn't mean he's any cop as a singer in his two bit indie pop combo whose idea of fame is third on the bill at the Camden Flea Pit.

Gideon, the moaning scouser, upset at being in and out the side wants to join Pete in the band on the basis of his feeble Ian Brown impression. This parody is not as feeble however as his clumsy attempts to woo the lovely Chloe. According to the BeaverSports Irish Sex Correspondent though she's worth the effort as long as you wear ear-plugs.

Talking of sex, or the distinct lack of it, Captain Naveen's success perfectly mirrors his pulling power off the pitch. The stumpy, shaven headed sexual inadequate has recently grown a beard although the wispy tuft on the edge of his chin is still shorter than Ajanta's facial hair.

Captain Calamity for the GKT match was Aussie Matt Raftery. His only contribution unfortunately was his pin point passing to the opposition which resulted in one of the goals. This could explain his rapid descent into alcoholism. However some argue this could be down to Dirty Alex™, the Tuns man eater who puts the 'ooze' into boozing.

Rafters partner in the centre of defence was the man mountain Damo, the man with more chins than a Chinese phone book. Fellow Aussie Damo is an anomalie within the team as he can actually play some quite decent football. Unfortunately he weighs more than Matt Coles last two minging pulls combined, thus mobility is a problem.

The best player on the pitch during the GKT match was third team ringer Kyle which says something about the state of the team. A less professional performance has not been seen since Pulse FM started polluting the airwaves.

The epitome of the dreadful show was John Domacos. Word association: Domacos-Oaf. if you believed everything that came out of John boys mouth he'd be playing for Juventus, snorting coke with Liam Gallagher and shagging Patsy Kensit-all at the same time. Unfortunately, in reality he's in and out of the second team, hasn't had it for so long he's forgotten which armpit the crack's under and is heading for a pass degree.

With Mulligan unable to play due to intensive counselling after a nasty accident a couple of Wednesday nights ago, flair was sadly lacking. Flares wern't sadly lacking though as Rob Rowlands and his fantastical blue trousers turned up to play. Looking at his top as well the summer fashion appears to be to wear a fruit salad. That is to say the summer of '77.

So two games, two thrashings, what better way to recover than to go and get twatted at the Tuns, or to give it it's new name 'An Audience With Fat Bob'. Fat Bob can belt out a decent tune though, which is more than can be said for the Netball girls. Mandie had to resort to downing a ten shot vodka to dull the senses enough to stomach the netball girls murderous rendition of 'Never Ever'. However one of the girls up on the stage did look like Melanie Blatt- a lactating, nine month pregnant Melanie Blatt, but her none the same.

The song may have been a crime against humanity but it pales in comparison to the actions of one Peter David Clegg, the Geordie tightwad. Without putting his hand in his pocket to buy her a drink Cleggy pulled some swamp donkey who's identity BeaverSports have kindly withheld to save embarrassment for all concerned. Thus we have changed her name so no one knows who we're talking about. Clegg is understandably upset by his actions and talking exclusively to BeaverSports stated that he has no intention of getting in contact with Nicky Peabrooke.

Next week Hoddle explains what Mulligans pre-life sins were



IK: Goes like a steam train (allegedly)

FAT BOB'S ARMY MARCH ON

Exclusive By Fat Bob

LSE 1st XV	26
UCL 1st XV	24

How can I summarise history in five hundred words? As Hegel would suggest, at 4:00pm on Wednesday the 3rd of Febuary, 1999, history, as you and I know it, came to a sudden end. All constants were dismissed, and averages wiped; the very fabric of the universe was shaken and scattered in a new, glorious order. David had felled the giant Goliath, and the wealth of joy felt by the slayer was only matched by the thunder as his victim's limp body thumped the dry earth. *Que sera, sera.*

The world of rugby is rarely blessed with the excitement of a true cup upset, let alone one of this magnitude. Let me give you the match-up: University of London and Middlesex Hospitals are the largest Student Rugby Club in London. They are two leagues above us and were second favourites for the UL cup. LSE are real minnows, with a skeleton squad and came bottom of BUSA south-east league H. In all fairness, we are shite. However, when the match kicks off it remains fifteen men against fifteen, and it just happened that the fifteen men from this particular institution had a bit more character, and a lot more guts, which in the end was worth the two points that separated the two teams. Whatever will be, will be.

From the kick off we new that this game wasn't going to be about rugby, but about the sodding referee. He had obviously got a new whistle for Christmas because he was very keen to use it. The play was turgid and interrupted with neither side being able to play the game they

wanted to. They tried to run it, we were looking to keep it tight, but at every breakdown there was an apparent infringement, and whereas they would tap and go, we banked on the reliability of 'Scud' Scott Jones to find the corners.

We were fortunate that our lineouts were working a treat, with Magic Hanson giving it 'Who's yer Daddy?' on more than one occasion. The drive that followed these possessions were led in true bullocking style by our short fatties-Naughty Niel Elliot taking out his frustration of certain situations in the soft underbelly of the UCH pack. Poor little lad.

I have to be fair in saying that just about everybody on the pitch was so shit they'd be lucky to get picked for Scotland. It was just three moments of individual brilliance that kept us in the game. Sicknote Iroche had a typically quiet afternoon until just before half-time when he found a gaping flange in the UCH defence which he squirted into, showing that 3 weeks in bed hadn't affected his fitness. Ta, Bromwyn. But with ten minutes left we were still trailing by ten points, and its situation like that show who the real men are. Therefore, it was highly ironic that Mong Phillips found some gas and some space to set up "my girlfriend cuts my hair" Macfarlane to waddle over from five yards.

But the screaming, multiple climax of the afternoon came when the Purple Warriors' own versions of the 'Dream Boys' came into there own with less than five minutes on the clock. Firstly, that man Jones showed he is more than just a metronome, and ran in a great solo try. Then, with the scores level, Bruiser Boris Olvjic stepped up to take the decisive conversion. It was too hard to watch, and there were more farts dropped waiting for that kick than at a sprout curry festival. It sailed through the

middle of the posts. (You'll never be LSE)

The next two minutes seemed longer than an Econ.B lecture, camped on our own line, using any bodily part possible to stop UCH from popping our cherry. But the whistle went, and we won, and sang. UCH went home and sulked. Mead and Chablis, que sera sera.

NETBALL GIRL + Co.



MUAY THAI KICK BOXING

PRACTICAL SELF DEFENCE IN A FRIENDLY, RELAXED ATMOSPHERE

Look good and feel great whilst boosting your self-confidence..

TUES&THURS
20.00 - 21.30
GYMNASIUM
OLD BUILDING

ALL WELCOME, £3

CONTACT:
FLJ69@HOTMAIL.COM

Warning : Sports can Seriously Offend