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The Beaver

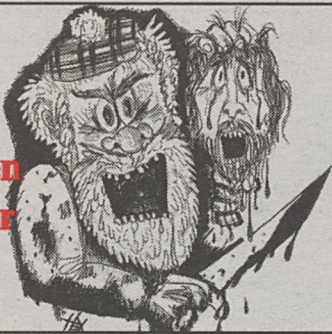
THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

Issue 452

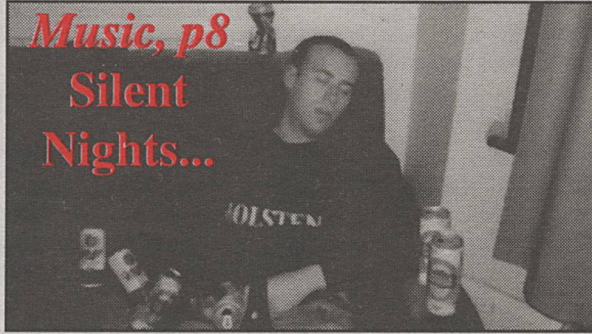
December 3, 1996

First published May 5, 1949

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Next year's sab?**



The £1,000 question

**Dhara Ranasinghe
News Editor**

School set to impose 'means tested' fees for 1998

Last Wednesday in a lengthy two and a half hour meeting the controversial issue of top-up fees was once again discussed by the Academic Board.

A working party under the chairmanship of Professor C. Bean had been established in the summer to examine the implications of top-up fees. After considering a number of options including a loan scheme and a bursary scheme based on a School run means test, the working party has opted for a 'means-opted fee', known as Scheme A+. Under this scheme reimbursement would take place according to the level of the

student's maintenance grant. The working party identifies this as the most viable option, though students who just fail to qualify for a full maintenance grant will still be subject to top-up fees and ultimately fall under greater financial constraints.

The working party has reached the conclusion that any fee below the £1000 per annum level would generate such an insignificant amount of revenue that it would not be worth the burden of administration. Dan Crowe, SU General Secretary, who was present at the meeting, remarked it was unclear as to whether the fee should be set at £1000 or left open.

Another crucial question which arises over the new proposed scheme is the impact on recruitment and the reputation of the LSE. According to the working party's report eight of the sixteen departments, said that they would suffer a fall in student numbers if top-up fees were implemented. The Mathematics department has predicted a fall as great as 50-90%. It was also clear that some departments would require a reduction in entry standards. For the Sociology department, this would mean a fall from BBB to BCC, the Geography department, reported a reduction "to unacceptable levels" (to BCD or even CCD).

However, the Convener of the International Relations Department, Professor Christopher Hill, speaking to *The Beaver*, did stress that the figures produced by the working party should be treated with "extreme caution". Certainly, it does propose to deal with this by suggesting an allocation of 5% of the gross fee income for additional discretionary awards to those departments considered to be exceptionally vulnerable.

At the same time, Professor Hill did criticise the limited time given to "digest"

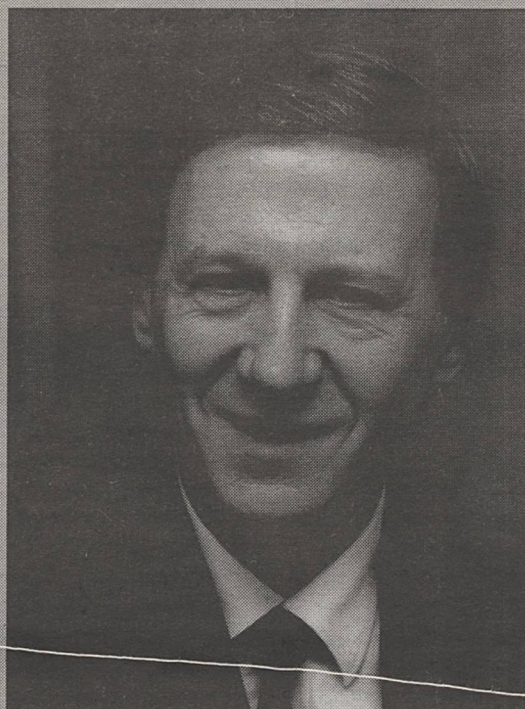
Continued on page two

New Director ...at last

**Chris McAleely
News Editor**

A year long search finally came to an end with the appointment last Thursday of Professor Anthony Giddens as LSE's new director. Giddens, 58 and an alumnus of the LSE, is to take office from January 6 1997 and has already promised to address the first UGM of the New Year.

His appointment has been widely welcomed by staff and students alike. The left wing academic is seen as being more in tune with the needs of the LSE than the previous incumbent, biochemist Dr John Ashworth. It remains to be seen whether or not he will favour top-up fees as he has yet to express an opinion on the issue, but he is unlikely to be as strong an advocate as



Professor Anthony Giddens, LSE Photo: Library Ashworth or current acting director

Leslie Hannah.

Sir Peter Parker, Chairman of both the Court of Governors and the selection committee recommended Giddens to the Court as "a world class social scientist, a successful administrator, an entrepreneur and a man with considerable political and interpersonal skills...he is ideally suited to take the LSE into the next millennium with an enhanced reputation as a world leader in the social sciences".

Professor Giddens is currently on sabbatical leave from his post in the Sociology Department at Cambridge and is also a fellow of Kings College. He is co-founder of Polity Press, a successful academic publishing house.

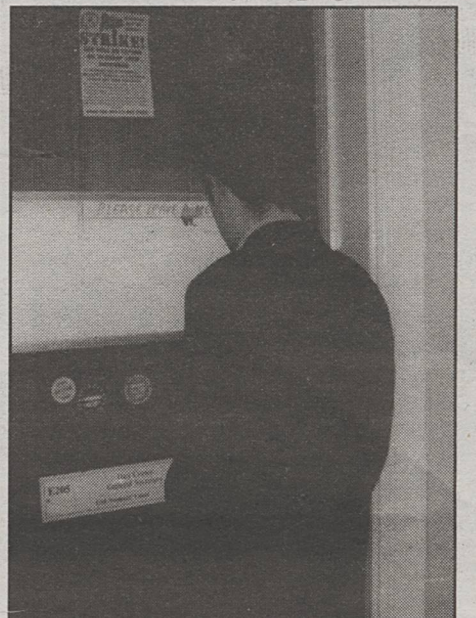
The new director called his appointment an "enormously exiting opportunity". Giddens is author of numerous texts including 'Sociology', the best selling introductory work in his field. A press release from the LSE states that "he is by any token a social scientist of world class stature". Lord Desai remarked "this is the most imaginative appointment this century".

Last week the Schools Academic Board heard the report of a working party looking into top-up fees which, accepted the probability of lowering academic entrance requirements as a consequence of charging students to come to the LSE. It seems ironic in the same week, for Anthony Grabiner, Vice-Chairman of the Court to claim that a benefit of Giddens appointment will be to "attract high quality staff and students".

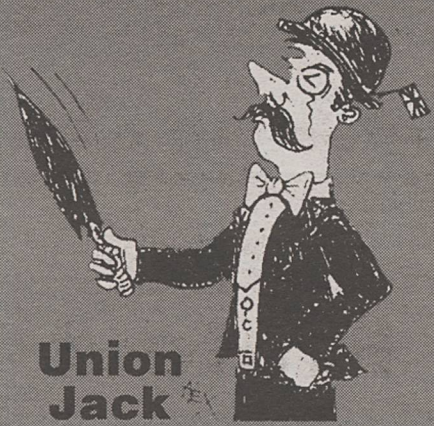
Dan's Back

**Dan Crowe is back as SU
General Secretary.**

Full story on page three.



This is Dan's back Photo: Nina Duncan



Union Jack

Profuse apologies for the illegibility of last week's 'Jack'. In the spirit of abdication which had covered the Union, Jack decided that resignation was the only option. It was time to 'jack' it in. Sadly, realising such steps are now a little passe, the decision was quickly retracted. Jack, as they say, is back.

Hurrah! All hail the Messiah! For, he hath returned! This week, moving amongst the UGM in a mysterious way, was no other than Gen Sex of Old, Dan Crowe. Last week a position was clearly stated: he had been trying to lead the union, people weren't being very nice, it all just wasn't cricket, and he was going home. This week, the UGM's questions to officers saw Crowe swan up to the stand, and act as if the whole episode was nothing but an unfortunate memory. It was left to treasurer Darrel Hare to explain the truth behind the intrigue. Apparently, Crowe (having mulled things over for the weekend) decided that it was all a bit rash. Could he have his job back please? And, knowing they lacked a true leader of stature, the executive council verily wept tears of joy, and ran naked through Houghton St shouting "HURRAH, HE IS BACK!". It was a momentous day. The end of the period that future generations will call 'Crowegate' is now at an end. The lost three days pay are being donated to charity (altogether now - ahhh). Rumours that his reinstatement was due to being spurned by ex-Beaver editor Nicola hobday seem to have been greatly exaggerated.

Jack now recommends that Crowe takes this opportunity to spruce up his environment. What about a 'new, young, Gen Sec' in a 'new UGM'? Even better: "Tough on Parham, tough on the cause of Parham"? Sadly, Parham's rotund girth indicates he to be the only 'steakholder' in the LSE Labour Club. Despite this, such talk could even persuade the Court of Governors in the approaching top-up fees battle. For now, the only trace of the week's machinations is in the new linguistics of the UGM. Chris Cooper announced his resignation, then retracted. Eric Greenman did likewise, but with an earnestness which ensured people listened very carefully. His position is to be filled by Captain Planet - will anyone notice the difference? Shouts of resign! rained from the rafters, and were directed at anyone but Crowe himself. Nick-the-Hair, in fine voice, led the cries of appreciation for our returned leader. Sadly, Jack notes that the Labour club's removal of their motion of censure towards the aforementioned Parham makes any more resignations unlikely. It appears that a bit of unity may be in the offing, now that Means Tested Fees (formerly top up fees) are looming on the agenda.

UGM, post Crowegate, is now being dominated by other faces. This week, Eric Greenman put forward 3 separate motions in aid of world environment. Although Jack would not like to seem un-green, surely the extra paper used in construction of the order papers constitutes incredible environmental damage? Moreover, suspicion was raised about Eric's outside speaker. Supposedly raising awareness of the problems of the environment, the speaker managed to burble unintelligibly for the best part of two minutes. A bearded acquaintance of Jack's suggests the speaker was in the pay of Rob Reed and Stewart Lock, so that their ensuing tirades would both look well paced and reasonable. Reed, in particular, was later to be on top form. Eric, however, is a model and example to us all. His eco-week is well organised, efficient, and interesting. He is rarely (if ever) to be seen in Houghton Street with a cigarette and Wright's coffee. He is impeccably dressed. His resignation is a sad loss to the UGM, (we don't like Captain Planet); Jack is most sincere in the hope of a quick retraction. Stranger things have

Bullock Plays Psychiatrist

Peter Udeshi

In the Old Theatre last Tuesday, Lord Bullock tackled the question of whether the roles of Hitler and Stalin have been exaggerated. Hitler and Stalin stand out even in the violent twentieth century in terms of the human suffering unleashed by them and thus Lord Bullock questioned whether it is possible to hold individuals responsible on this scale.

Were they the product of socio-historical forces or would there have been the same result whoever was nominally in command? "No individual, no matter how brilliant, could have carried [it] out themselves. It's obvious!" However, were they anymore than figure heads whose continuation in office depended on support from their supporters.

In Bullock's opinion, Stalin and Hitler do not share sole responsibility for the carnage as the number of collaborators ran into the millions and there were "thousands of little Hitlers and Stalins who would abuse power without waiting for power from above". Bullock believes the extent of their responsibility was "of a different kind than anyone else's".

Both Hitler and Stalin derived their motivation from a need to dominate and from their belief that they were men of destiny, which inoculated them against any remorse or guilt for their designs. Stalin believed he was the heir to the Tsarist tradition and that the creed of Marxism-Leninism deciphered the secret of history. Hitler believed he was the man called by providence to raise the great German Reich from the ashes of defeat in 1918 and to

power neither had the intention of being prisoners of the system. Hitler took the decisive step of freeing dependence from traditional German elites and was determined that his position would not be institutionalised. Both had their personal elite police force to eliminate opposition.

He ranked Stalin's Collectivisation programme, along with Mao's Great Leap Forward, as the most tumultuous in history. It cost fifteen million lives, of which five million deaths were due to a man-made famine, deliberately orchestrated by Stalin. Hitler continued the war two and a half years after the turn-around at Stalingrad and insisted the German army fight their way, step-by-step back to Berlin. Bullock considers Hitler to be the only one among the Nazi leadership who had the imagination to carry out a Holocaust. He believed that if there were no Hitler the Russian Campaign and the Holocaust would not have happened.

Of the seven to eight million people who had to appear before Stalin's infamous 'show trials', one million were executed and a further two million perished in the Gulag. Half of the officer corps and his generation who knew and served with Lenin were wiped out. Thus, Bullock believes that no-one else would have been capable



Bullish Bullock bulldozes history

Photo: Frederik Ljone Holst

create a "racist empire".

Neither of them would have succeeded without luck as neither man created the circumstances that gave them the opportunity to grab power. They had different styles: Stalin was a calculator and a bureaucrat who worked in the shadows, whereas Hitler was a gambler and a flamboyant politician who thrived in the limelight.

Their power was inherent in their person and not in their office. Once they came into

of committing the heinous crimes against humanity they did.

In terms of losses, it was a Russo-German war, as many as 33 million Germans and Russians lost their lives, against 683 thousand US and British deaths.

There are examples of good leaders whose stature was out of all proportion to their situation, namely Gandhi and Atatürk. Bullock is "not convinced that if Hitler and Stalin had failed to seize power someone would have".

Merry Mercosur

On Wednesday 20 Brazil's Foreign Trade Minister, Luis Felipe Lampeira, was at the LSE to give a talk on the future prospects of Mercosur, the South American free trade area.



EMU- the ideal utopia?

Dhara Ranasinghe

Why does Britain need a single European currency? This was the question addressed by the Vice Chair of the European Parliament's Monetary Affairs Sub-Committee, MEP John Stevens. A seemingly appropriate topic, as the issue of Europe continues to rage inside the Conservative party.

Mr Stevens argued that Britain should now "embrace" the single European currency, if it wishes to maintain a leading competitive world role. He identified the failure to create an independent Bank of England as the "biggest error" of post-war governments. This was something which was crucial regardless of whether or not Britain did opt for economic and monetary union. He went on to criticise the Conservative eurosceptics, who he in particular said should be in favour of EMU, as it would place "objective controls on the amount governments can borrow" and this was a traditional Conservative belief.

Top-up fees continued from page one

the working party's report. While he saw the new scheme as the most progressive, Professor Hill went on to say that the LSE would "be crazy" to be the first institution to introduce top-up fees as this would result with only the richest and brightest students, having the privilege of studying at an international university.

The Dean of Undergraduate Studies, Mr Noke commented to the *Beaver* that there would "inevitably be problems" with a means tested fee". However, at the same time the Dean stated that if this was the option the School wished to pursue then the

means tested scheme was "as fair as one could get".

The earliest date for the possible entry of the 'means tested fees' is 1998 and the wish of the working party is that the School decides on fees in enough time to allow other institutions and applicants to respond.

Dan Crowe, speaking to *The Beaver*, commented that it would be unlikely that the Governors would invest the Standing Committee with powers to implement such a scheme. Nevertheless, with less than a month to go to that crucial Court of Governors meeting on 12 December when Scheme A+ will be discussed, it is clear that there will be an intensification in the campaign to stop top-up fees and its implications on the LSE's reputation both at a national and international level.

News from the Archives

This week back in 1966, some 1000 students packed Houghton Street. A boycott by the SU was organised as a show of support for the lecturer David Adelstein who had been called in front of the Board of Discipline after he had written a letter to *The Times* on behalf of the SU. Police were supposed to close Houghton Street, but due to a "misunderstanding" failed to do so (some things never change!)

The boycott motion had been passed, by that bastion of LSE democracy, the UGM with 516 voting in favour and 118 against. The boycott proved to be a success, with the Disciplinary Board agreeing to grant Mr Adelstein his three prerequisites for the hearing; legal representation, minutes of the meeting and the removal of the director of the School, Sir Sydney Caine from the hearing.

On a less serious note, the Union was unsuccessful in its bid to install a coffee bar (Florries Coffee Bar, to be precise) in the Three Funs!!

Dhara Ranasinghe

No go Crowe

Andrew Yule

Surprising virtually everyone for the second time in under a week Dan Crowe has withdrawn his resignation as General Secretary of the LSE Students Union. Last week's shock and confusion turned to "a general feeling of relief among the SU Executive" according to SU Treasurer Darrell Hare, as Crowe changed his mind.

Crowe denied that the whole resignation fiasco had merely been a publicity stunt to bring even more attention to the issue of top-up fees. His initial decision to resign had, he commented, been spurred by what he felt was a "lack of support for my policies" among the rest of the Executive, as well as a feeling that he was isolated in his attempts to rally support for the strike and demonstration. However, talking to *The Beaver* last week he admitted that these were not sufficient reasons on which to base such a huge move as resignation. He now apparently believes that the ever present head-ache of top-up fees can be more effectively tackled by a united and complete SU Executive, rather than forcing his colleagues to increase their workload's to fill his place.

Darrell Hare told *The Beaver* that he had a sleepless weekend due to the worry caused by what he called a "rash decision" on the part of the General Secretary. However, he went on to say that he was relieved, though not surprised, when the following Monday, Crowe informed him of his wish to be reinstated. Hare remarked that it was

unfortunate that the Executive meeting on Thursday 21st was held after the eventful UGM of the same day, in which the General Secretary officially announced his resignation. Hare feels that if this meeting had been held prior to the UGM then a wholly supportive Executive Committee could have persuaded Dan to reverse his decision earlier, without losing face.

Chris Cooper, the Entertainment sabbatical, was less sympathetic in his response to Crowe's U-turn. He suggested that Dan's resignation had nothing to do with top-up fees and was, in contrast, due predominantly to the fact that he was just disillusioned with the job. Cooper explained the sudden reversal as a realisation by Crowe that he simply could not afford, financially, to give up his £12 000 a year salary.

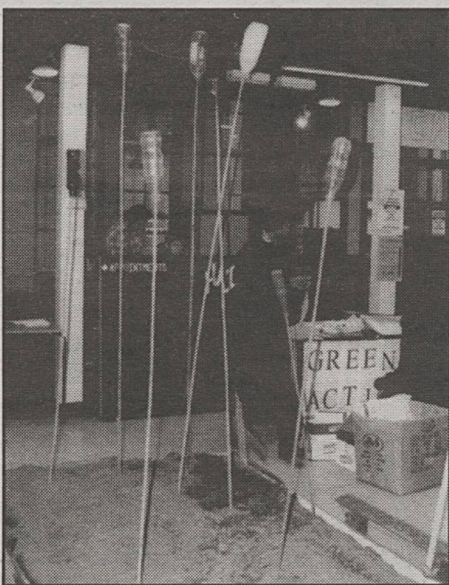
Dan Crowe, now officially reinstated as General Secretary, formally apologised, through *The Beaver*, for 'pissing people off', stating, "I don't normally make wrong decisions but this time I realise I did". He promised to keep on fighting top-up fees, as well as concentrating on making the LSESU's forthcoming centenary celebration one to remember. He is enthusiastic about his plans to represent the LSE in a challenge to the government's funding policy at next year's NUS conference.

After the uncertainty of last week a reassuring feeling of stability has returned to the central office of the LSESU. The Union may even benefit from a new cohesion between Exec members, following their forced recognition of the popularity and support for the General Secretary.

ECO-Winner

Narius Aga

Last week's eco-awareness week generated a fair amount of interest among LSE students. A series of



Mud or Art? Photo: Nina Duncan

lectures and workshops attracted groups small in number at times, but keen and eager nevertheless, as did the stalls in the Quad. Eco-week this year had a much higher profile than the same event last year. "I'm glad it's been quite a success", said Eric Wernevi, the LSE SU Environment Officer. The event was largely the work of Wernevi, ably supported by the Green Action committee.

The highlight of the week proved to be a debate organised by LSE Green Action between the oil multi-national Shell and the environmental organisation Greenpeace on Wednesday evening, when more than 250 students packed the New Theatre to witness an absorbing debate between the two sides.

The Shell representatives gave the opening speech, defending their company's stance as a delicate balancing act between maintaining high profit levels and acting in an ethically and environmentally sound manner.

For his part, the Greenpeace representative lashed out at Shell on three fronts; with Brent Spar as a case in point for the North, the Ogoni issue in Nigeria in the

NEWSDESK

Beaver Finances

If you're wondering why *The Beaver* is a paltry 12 pages this week, it's because of unfortunate financial misunderstandings. A failure to renew our contract with the Isle of Wight printers had led to us paying separately for each issue, a costlier way than under the usual bulk purchase contract. However, according to SU Treasurer, Darrell Hare, the contract has been renewed and is now "exactly the same as last year". Hare had been earlier blamed for not renewing the contract and *The Beaver* has received an invoice for £10 000 from the printers. Our budget is only £9500, and the shortfall is being made up through this shorter issue and increased advertising revenue. We promise a fuller and more fun packed *Beaver* next week!!! dr

Pepsi Protest

Last Thursday's UGM narrowly passed a highly contentious motion to boycott PepsiCo products in the Su shop, vending machines and the Tuns. The boycott is in protest at the multinational company's continued presence in Burma, despite the continuing human rights abuses perpetrated by the ruling military regime. Several other companies, such as Heineken and Carlsberg, have already bowed to consumer pressure and withdrawn their operations in Burma.

The SU Executive, as trustees of the SU, could be held personally liable for any revenue loss, should any student decide to lodge a complaint before the Charities Commission. Furthermore, the SU has a contract with PepsiCo which it may have difficulty getting out of. SU General Secretary, Dan Crowe, commented that the boycott was an admirable cause, but that the LSE alone could make little impact. He suggested putting the motion to the NUS as a whole. csm

Censure sidelined

The motion of censure on Sam Parham, Education and Welfare sabbatical, which was due to be debated at last week's UGM was dropped. Parham has apparently come to terms with his critics and explained more effectively what his job entails. Proposer of the motion, Dev Cropper, said that the motion was withdrawn because the SU needed to be focused on the fight against top-up fees, rather than caught up in internal disputes. csm

Dr Patrick Clawson



Dr Clawson, US Foreign Policy advisor for the Middle East was guest of the Grimshaw Club last Tuesday. Photo:fjh

Increase in 2:1's

Are degree standards improving? According to a recent report published by the Higher Education Quality Council, the number of first and upper second degrees has significantly increased between 1973 and 1993. Those subjects which saw a particularly increase included accountancy, biology, civil engineering, French, history, mathematics, physics and politics. The lower second degree does however, remain as the main award in all these subjects. dr

Open All Hours

Computer facilities at the LSE are now available 24 hours a day. After 9.30pm access is only through the main entrance to the Old building, through the Brunch Bowl and across the 4th floor walkway to the St Clements building. csm

South and Shell's alleged appalling role in environmental degradation in general. The floor was subsequently thrown open to questions from the audience, in which Shell received more than its fair share of attack.

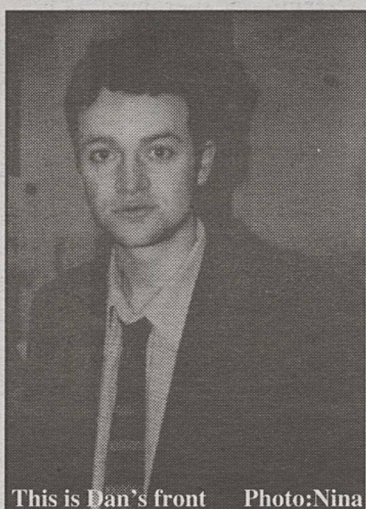
The two Shell reps failed to convince the

majority of those present of their case, although credit should be given to them for voluntarily coming before what they must have known would be a hostile audience. The evening was certainly carried in favour of Greenpeace.

A LETTER of apology

OK, so people sometimes make a bad decision. Fergie being interviewed by Ruby Wax for one, and Margaret Thatcher's introduction of the Poll Tax for another. We are, after all, fallible. Last week, I decided to resign as General Secretary, faced with what I perceived as the near certainty of the Court of Governors ratifying the introduction of Top Up Fees, a move that would destroy the very ethos of the British Higher education system, I thought my only option was to resign in protest, notifying each Governor of my reasons for doing so. I admit now that I

was wrong. The overwhelming support I'd had and the willingness to cooperate and work together in a campaign of resistance lead me to reconsider my rather rash and ill-considered move to quit. I had been called a coward and a traitor, and accused of running away from the problems we as a Union are facing. I realise now that this is a campaign we can win, and that resigning would have weakened the Union in a time when we needed to stand strong. Although I had



This is Dan's front Photo:Nina

been frustrated and angered by the apparent lack of willingness to actually do something, it was myself who had been elected as General Secretary to provide some form of political leadership, and it was

misguided of me to abdicate this responsibility to others. Now reinstated and having the full support of my colleagues I hope by carrying on in my job that I will be able to make an impact in the fight against Top Up Fees. Perhaps now that should read "Means-tested Fees", for in a remarkable act of Doublespeak the LSE has decided to change their name in an attempt to gain wider acceptance for their proposals. Anyway, sorry for rambling and sorry for those people who thought that I'd let them down. U-turning has never been a speciality of mine, but in this instance it was probably warranted. Let's all now pull together, and kick Top Up Fees where they belong: into the dustbin of history. Dan Crowe



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EDITORIAL

The LSE is unique amongst British universities for its high representation of overseas students. 58% of the LSE's students are non-British, the School evidently having adopted this policy based upon financial incentive. It is true that the LSE was forced to do so due to the Thatcherite government's attacks on HE spending and removal of funding from the overcrowded social sciences.

The appointment of the LSE's new Director was announced early Thursday evening, as readers may have noted from the front page story. I have found it interesting that Mr. Giddens refused to take a stance on the issue of top-up fees, preferring instead to give a non-committal answer at the Governors.

"The LSE degree will plummet in market value."

This does not bode well for the students of the LSE. Although most overseas students couldn't care less about the implementation of top-up fees because they are already paying exorbitantly and have no great sympathy for those who don't have to, what will catch their attention now is that the LSE degree will plummet in market value if the School implements its proposals. Despite arguments that the School's administration is only orchestrating this in order to force the government to capitulate in the face of an upcoming general election, many have already concluded that this will fail, trapping the School in a web of its own devising.

Leading departments such as Government and Law will see an overall decline in quality after the introduction of fees for home students, while Social Policy, ranked second in the UK, will be halved. No one enrolled here anticipating an administration divorced from the student body, with such a large proportion of alienated overseas students. The implementation of this program will not only create further frustration with the School, but will definitely lead to a fall in the LSE's number of financiers: overseas students not willing to pay for poor quality education which can be obtained elsewhere.

LIZ CHONG

World Liberal Union seeks one or more part-time researchers or political assistants

for 8 - 24 hours per week at its international headquarters in Whitehall Place, London. The candidates will have an interest in international relations, and will have some experience in practical politics or political youth work. An affinity with Liberal values, the ability to work in a small team, proficiency in French, Spanish or German, and word-processing and internet skills would be important assets. The salary depends on qualifications and on working hours, and will be between £2,000 and £9,000 on an annual basis.

Initial employment will be for three months, starting as early as possible in the new year. If you wish to receive an information pack please call Zayda Rodriguez at 0171 839 5905. Applications should be received by December 9.

MISS SCARLETT

OFF-ROAD



OFF-ROAD

Turnmills

63b Clerkenwell Road
(2 mins Farringdon Tube)

Monday 9th December
1996

10.00pm till 4.00am
Tickets £5.00
(£4.00 ENTS)

Luke Neville
(Malibu Stacey)

Luke Pepper
(The Gallery)

Tarun
(Milk n' 2 Sugars)

Mark Chang
(Cream)

what's on

Wednesday,
December 4

Hindu Students' Forum

John Richardson lecturing on
'Hinduism, Transgressional
Meditation and Karma'

6.30 pm in the New Theatre

LSE Conservative Association presents "The Fink!"

Danny Finkelstein, director of the
Conservative Research Department
and mastermind of the Tory general
election strategy
1.00 pm in the Graham Wallace Room
(5th floor, Old Building)

Thursday,
December 5

Political Debate

between
Mike Hall
(National Chair, Conservative Students)
and

Lizzi Watson
(National Chair, Labour Students)
7.00 pm in Room A42

Monday, December 9 Malaysia Singapore Society

End Of Term Bash
£5 Members £6 Non-members
£7 at the door
FIRST DRINK FREE!
Subsequent drinks £1 each.
9 pm - 4 am at Club Eclipse

Art Society

Guided Tour of
Phillips Auction House
Meet in front Old Building
2.10 pm

LSE Drama Society
presents

George Bernard Shaw's

"You Never Can Tell"
Wednesday, December 4
Final Night Thursday December 5
£4 each
7.30 pm at The Old Theatre
and

Shelagh Delaney's

"A Taste of Honey"
Monday, December 9 till
Wednesday, December 11
in the Quad
Tickets available in Houghton Street
£2 Members
£3 Non-members

“Thrilled!” No, not Virginia Bottomley’s response at the prospect of being interviewed for *The Beaver*, but her professed reaction at being told by John Major that he was moving her from her high-profile job at the Department of Health to the relative political backwater of the Department of National Heritage. “I was delighted”, she told me, less than convincingly, “to move from a job where I had been adding years to peoples’ lives to one where my task is to add life to the extra years.” She was particularly proud of this sentence, even going so far as to make sure that my tape-recorder was properly switched on so that it would be faithfully recorded. Well Virginia, here it is – it has appeared in *The Beaver*!

There is, however, more to the Department of National Heritage than might first meet the eye. Yes, it is responsible for under-funding the British film industry, British orchestras and theatres. Yes, it oversees sport and the National Lottery, and yes, it has a tone-deaf Secretary of State who tried to sing at this October’s party conference. But more importantly the department has significant control over the ownership and direction of one of society’s most powerful actors; the media.

For many people, the Conservative Party’s record in this field over the past 17 years has left a lot to be desired. For it was the Tories who permitted Australian-born, ardent free-marketeer and republican, Rupert Murdoch to circumvent rules on monopolistic ownership in the media, allowing him to acquire an unhealthy large proportion of it in this country.

The process began in the early Eighties when the Government decided not to refer Murdoch’s purchase of the Times and Sunday Times to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission, forcing it through the Commons on a three-line whip. Then in 1987, Murdoch bought Today and even the Press Council called for it to be referred. It was not. The same happened with Sky Television in 1989, when the Government allowed Murdoch to get around the rules on cross-media ownership by allowing Sky to be defined as European and not British on the grounds that it was broadcast via the Astra satellite on European frequencies. When I asked Mrs Bottomley to explain why this was allowed to happen, she told me that she didn’t see it as a problem, because “satellite only reaches a relatively small fraction of the population and the Murdoch empire has invested substantially in the broadcasting of this country and it is right that it should get a return from that.” Mrs Bottomley must have been on a distant planet over the past few years, for she seriously understates Murdoch’s growing satellite operation. To quote the Chairman of the BBC, Sir Christopher Bland, “News International and BSkyB [both owned by Mr Murdoch] between them have a monopoly of satellite distribution in the UK, dominate the provision of programmes to cable homes, and have a near-monopoly of those programming ‘battering rams’, sport and movies.” Once again, I put it to Mrs Bottomley that this must surely be an unacceptable state of affairs. In reply not only did she fail to answer the question, but also displayed, once again, a curious detachment from reality. “In a democracy”, she said, “there is a special concern about diversity of view and opinion, and I am satisfied that the principles that we have in place safeguard that.”

The truth is that Murdoch has been allowed to get away with it because he has made ‘a substantial investment’ by having his newspapers openly back the Tory Party and it is thus ‘right that he should get a return from that.’ The return, of course, being near monopolistic control of a colossal slice of our media to the serious detriment of democracy and the quality of journalism.

Virginia Bottomley, not surprisingly, denied this, arguing, “throughout the Government has had a steady approach which is to encourage inward investment in

emerging markets but not to allow dominance in the media.” She must have a very different conception of the meaning of the word dominance if she believes it hasn’t already been firmly established!

But this isn’t even the end of the story. In fact it gets a lot worse. The pusillanimous and self-interested politicians of both main parties are about to hand Murdoch the

terrestrial channels, it is thought by market analysts extremely unlikely that many people will want to buy a second incompatible box with which to receive a competing set of digital services on terrestrial television, including whatever BBC, ITV and Channel Four want to offer. It would therefore be very hard to raise investment capital for such a risky venture.

WHO’S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA BOTTOMLEY?



Simon Retallack ventured to talk to the Secretary of State for National Heritage, Virginia Bottomley, about her party’s role minding the nation’s culture and media.

biggest prize of all – a monopoly over the new realm of digital broadcasting. In October 1997 BSkyB will launch its new digital service. Those who buy a new decoder box to sit on top of their television sets (price around £200) will gain access to some 150 channels. Murdoch has already called bids from manufacturers to make his digital boxes, for which he owns the patent. By next year, within months, they will start rolling off production lines – aiming to supply to at least 30 per cent of the population within five years. Once a huge number of households have the Murdoch box, receiving all Sky’s digital services, plus the usual

Terrestrial broadcasters, though, have no choice but to compete in this new digital world, or face eventual obliteration. But this is the crux of the problem; unless immediate action is taken, the only way the BBC and ITV will be able to enter it is on bended knee to Rupert Murdoch, at his mercy. He will control how much space and on what channels the terrestrials can enter his digital box. BBC1 could be on channel 149 if he so chooses. Most important of all, he can fix the price he charges ITV or BBC.

I put it to Virginian Bottomley that, for someone who purports to believe in the importance of democracy and even the

value of competition in a free market, such a potential monopolistic state of affairs must be unacceptable to her. Her response was mildly encouraging: “there must be fair, reasonable and non-discriminatory access to the new technology,” she told me. “We have set measures in hand and there will next month be further announcements from the Department of Trade and Industry as to how we will deliver that.” By then, however, Murdoch may already have signed his contracts and it will be too late. The game will be over. The Government must therefore urgently regulate the digital decoders, making it mandatory that set-top boxes for digital services are compatible. Broadcast information is far too important to be left to market pressures alone.

Promoting the use of market pressure, however, is precisely what the Government has been doing when it comes to running most of our institutions, including the BBC. By appointing John Birt as Director General, the Tories have ensured that the BBC has been reformed in line with their way of thinking. It is now driven by an internal market in which people who formerly co-operated now compete to undercut one another. Another consequence is that far more time and money is being spent on wasteful bureaucracy rather than producing quality programmes. Now the cameraman prepares an invoice every time a producer rings up for a chat. Also, for the consultants who run the place, all the specialised services that used to be what made the BBC special, look like expensive overheads, and have duly been contracted out. The organisation has been brutally deskilled and has thus lost the synergy which comes from having creative people rubbing along together. When I asked Virginia Bottomley how she could defend these changes, she told me, “Any organisation needs to look at value for money and responsiveness to its users. There is always a danger for an organisation which does not worry about its budgets and which doesn’t need to worry about its customers that it becomes introspective, and fails to move with the times.” Of course, ‘the times’ she refers to represent everything the Tories stand for: the abandonment of non-utilitarian values and their replacement by a system of values derived entirely from the market.

Ironically, it is precisely the Tory, market pattern of economic development which Virginia Bottomley herself said, in an unusually candid admission for a Conservative Cabinet Minister, has led to the marked sense of “economic insecurity” and even “social fragmentation,” which she said had resulted from an increase in periods of unemployment and short-term contracts. Yet, rather than address the root of these problems, Mrs Bottomley suggested the promotion of a sense of national heritage would be sufficient to patch up society. “The arts, sports and heritage all bind people together and give them a joint purpose,” she told me.

Whilst these activities are of course of great importance, it beggars belief that a member of the Government believes they are enough in themselves to make up for the absence of secure jobs and a stable society. But even if a sense of national heritage was sufficient, Mrs Bottomley completely fails to understand that this too has been slain by the market. For the effect of market liberalism has been to run down our common stock of cultural traditions. The regime of incessant economic change under unfettered market institutions devalues traditional knowledge and depletes the stock of historical memory on which cultural identity depends.

It should not, perhaps, after all be surprising that the failings of the neo-liberal view adopted by the Tories have inspired a vain attempt to recapture a lost cultural unity. But we should beware that cultural fundamentalism does not emerge in a vain attempt to shore up the tottering edifice of market fundamentalism. Then, we *should* all be afraid of Virginia Bottomley.



Passionate Embraces

Passionate embraces or rather scared faces?

Geena Davis Attempts to Redefine the Action Movie.

Film: The Long Kiss Goodnight

Recipe for action thriller. Take two, mismatched individuals (one name star, one worthy star), place in absurd situation in which said two protagonists are faced with obscenely poor odds. Add a dash of conspiracy theory, and liberally sprinkle with copious violent but

unlikely action sequences. Season to taste with witty one liners, and a happy ending. Allow for mixed roasting by critics. Serve approximately 1000 cinemas nation-wide, and make a sack of cash. Lovely.

The 'Long Kiss Goodnight' has run a high profile marketing campaign, in which it claims to spell the death of the traditional action movie. What the film truly does, is take all of the elements ever present in the genre, and magnify them. Magnify them A LOT! The story (that's the bit in-between the set pieces) tells of small-town wife Samantha Caine (Geena Davis). Ms Caine leads an amazing double life! Suffering from amnesia, she has forgotten her previous life

as Charly Baltimore, a deadly CHARTER special operative engaged in devious, unscrupulous 'government affairs. This begins to shine through when she suddenly discovers a talent for wielding knives in non-aggressive kitchen-situations. Oh, and then a man bursts into her house and tries to shoot her. Little clues. Into the mix comes Mitch Hennessy (Samuel L. Jackson), all wise-cracks and sarcasm, as the dodgy PI she hires to uncover her past life. It soon transpires that parts of her past (specifically the angry, highly armed parts) have a score to settle. Thus, dodging tortuous plot-twists and flying

bullets, the dynamic duo are engaged in a frenetic chase to discover the truth, avoid getting killed, and stop the CIA carrying out a dastardly act of government sanctioned terrorism. And, they have to rescue Caine's kidnapped daughter. And it all has to end happily ever after.

So many demands, and so little time.

In magnification, however, comes benefits. The film, moving at a pace which would make even the most hectic action

movie look tawdry, is FUN! Allowing for the fact that neither the calamitous absurdity of the plot, nor the inanity of the general idea ruffles your intellectual feathers, 'The Long Kiss Goodnight' will prove a satisfyingly bracing experience. The action is strong and relentless, if not exactly original or well handled. Jackson, armed with some genuinely amusing lines, provides a fine foil for Davis' unconvincingly schizophrenic lead. There is sufficient intrigue to drive the imagination, and just enough conspiracy to keep in with current Hollywood tradition. But, it ain't all good news. Badly drawn cartoon bad-guys fail to entice when combined with a lead actress bereft of charm. Davis, convincing as the dowdy mother, fails to pull off the hard-drinkin, all-swearin, bad-ass, bitch from hell. Sadly, her attempts to wrestle with the script prove more laughs than her battles with foe, and her heroics at the battered and bruising finale cannot fail to draw a wry, ironic smirk.

Truly, its a bit of a no brainer; no number of high speed chases can drive over the mile-wide cracks in the film-making. Sillier than 'True Lies', less dramatic than 'The Terminator', and not as well made as 'Lethal Weapon', 'TLKG' is a Geena of all trades, but Schwarzenegger of none. A twist on the old idea, this is still an action-movie-by-numbers. Luckily, the numbers add up to make this thoroughly enjoyable.

Film Information

Title: The Long Kiss Goodnight
Staring: Geena Davis, Samuel L. Jackson
Released: 29/11/96 (cert. 15)
Director: Renny Harlin

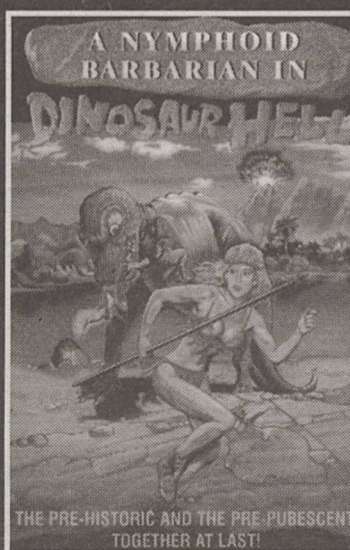
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Surf Nazis Must Die!

All This And More In the Wonderful World Of Troma Films

Troma movies are a cultural phenomenon. They personify the theory that a movie can be 'so bad its good'. In a list of the worst movies ever made, you would be hard pushed not to fill the entire top ten with choice selections from their back catalogue. But then, some people just don't appreciate the ironic post-modernism of Troma. Or, maybe, they just think its shit.

What do you mean you have never heard of them? Surely, you must have! Who else would have the temerity to take poor plot, no budget, just on the edge of soft porn trash, and lump it with the title "Surf Nazis Must Die!". Indeed, even Kevin



The Toxic Avenger

Costner has starred in one. Before fame, Oscars and 'Waterworld' had befallen Mr Costner, he attempted to get a 'leg up' in the Movie Business by starring in 'Sizzle Beach USA'. Known as a 'Tits and Ass' (T&A) flick, it is considered by many to be his finest hour.

Set up by Lloyd Kaufman and Michael Herz in the mid 70s, Troma denied traditional Hollywood demands, and proceeded to elevate trash to the level of art. The acting is dreadful, the plots are absurd,

the cleavage is burgeoning and the violence is plentiful. This is not the stylised violence ushered in by Tarantino, et al; it is a style which owes more to Hammer Horror for adolescents: splatter-horror with the comic sensibility of Benny Hill. This Christmas, Troma is launching an aggressive marketing campaign. In honour of their rise and rise, The Beaver brings you a brief over-view of some of their finest moments. This Christmas - prepare to be Tromatised!

But, Which Ones Are Best?

'The Toxic Avenger'

Their most famous creation, this classic tells of the tale of nerdy mop-boy Melvin who is transformed into a mutant hero after falling into a vat of toxic waste. Moralistic, and with a slant at eco-awareness, Toxic defends 'Tromaville' from terrorists, bad kids, and drug dealers. Lots of goo, lots of violence, and lots of fun. An acknowledged classic.

'Surf Nazis Must Die!'

The most bizarre post-disaster future you will ever see. An earthquake strikes future LA, and the beaches become the

domain of 'Adolf' and his killer Surf Nazis. Really, the title says it all. The Surfers go to far, kill an innocent youngster, and revenge must be had by his "colossal cigar-chomping black mama". She loads up, and kicks some fascist butt. The best of the lot.

Chopper Chicks in Zombie Town!

Sub-titled "Whips, Chains! Rock 'n' Roll", this is the soft-porn fetishism side of Troma writ large. A gang of leather clad, bikers (known as the 'Cycle Sluts'!) roar into town. All they find is a town of badly made-up Zombies, you can imagine the cleavage-spilling climax which occurs.

Warhol Silver Screen

Is This Film Worth 15 Minutes, asks Toby Mason?

Film: I Shot Andy Warhol

I'Shot Andy Warhol' is a timely biopic of the radical feminist Valerie Solanas, as well as a glittering portrait of the late-60s scene which surrounded Andy Warhol and his legendary Factory. Solanas was always a peripheral figure on this scene, never even rising to Warhol's invented rank of superstar. However, this film shows that she was a far greater intellect and innovator than her marginal status gave her credit for. Until now, she has been mainly remembered for her 1968 shooting of Warhol, for which she was sentenced to three years in a psychiatric institution. This film paints in a great deal of the backdrop to that act, as well as illuminating much of the hitherto obscure content of Solanas' thought via regular quotations from her seminal polemic, the SCUM Manifesto (SCUM stands for the 'Society for Cutting Up Men', of which Solanas was the only member.)

Lily Taylor gives a compelling portrait of Solanas, playing her with enough anger to give a convincing portrayal of the author of such lines as "To call a man an animal is to flatter him; he's a machine, a walking abortion." The anger is kept in check, although one is constantly conscious of her fury at being misunderstood

and ignored by those around her. The focus of this anger becomes Warhol (a brooding performance by Jared Harris), who uses her and then casts her aside as her relentless intensity becomes wearing. Despite these two excellent performances, Stephen Dorff steals much of the limelight with his camp-beyond-belief portrayal of the trans-sexual Candy Darling. A true Warhol superstar, he's worth the admission on his own.

'I Shot Andy Warhol' is beautifully photographed - especially the scenes at Factory parties, brilliantly capturing the hallucinogenic, psychedelic effects. Further, the minor characters in Warhol's entourage create just the right druggie-bohemian atmosphere. The film provides a case-study of the fate of radicals everywhere - desperate for her ideas to be spread, Solanas is forced to compromise with the men around her - a male publisher offers her a book deal, and in one memorable scene, this male-hating, nihilist feminist covers her face in makeup and quibbles with Candy over which dress would most impress him. Warhol's indifference as she begs him to produce a play she has written also adds to her sense of futility, and eventually leads to her failed assassination attempt.

Warhol appears as a charlatan, hiding mediocre art and film-making behind attitude and mystique, a monosyllabic, self-important figure surrounded by sycophants.

It's a film well worth seeing - especially for any Warhol fans, but it also acts as a decent introduction to Solanas' difficult, challenging work, as well as a snapshot of the world Warhol created during the sixties.



Is this arty enough for Andy Warhol?

Film Information

Title: I Shot Andy Warhol
Staring: Lily Taylor, Jared Harris, Stephen Dorff
Released: 29/11/96 (cert. 18)
Director: Mary Harron

Toby Mason

MacDeath

Mad, Brooding Scotsman takes over RSC!!!
Shama Aslam and Sonal Patel Report

Macbeth is the darkest of all of Shakespeare's tragic plays, combining greed, manipulation and a good helping of witchcraft. It was written in 1606 for the new Scottish king James I to reinforce the legitimacy of his reign, successively reflecting much of the anxiety of times. People were not sure what kind of king he would be and this play hints that he could be a tyrant.

With 'Macbeth', Shakespeare creates a barren cold world which is dominated by a man's lust for power. It is set in the heart of Scotland with its wintry, cold, dark days providing a fitting backdrop to this bleak view of human nature. The play opens with two feuding generals, Macbeth and Banquo who are under the command of Duncan, king of Scotland. Macbeth has a very ambitious wife that wants nothing less than for her husband to be King of Scotland. Over the course of the play Macbeth, with the urging of his wife, kills both his rival Banquo and King Duncan. Some of the other Scottish nobles who had earlier fled to England raise an army and come up after Macbeth. Macbeth wife kills herself leaving him to descend into the depression of his own guilt. It ends the only way it could, in a bloody showdown between the young knight who is rightfully king, Macduff, and Macbeth. The RSC production is the first major revival of this play in London since 1992. Then, it played

with Alan Howard at the National - who is currently playing the title



role in it's mind-numbing production of Oedipus. The National's 'Macbeth' was a dire affair in comparison with the RSC, the latter having proved their pre-eminence in London theatre with this great and thrilling production. The maniacal part of Macbeth is convincingly played by Roger Allam. He meticulously shows

Macbeth's transition into his state as a greedy power-monger and then his descent into madness. Having studied this play, it must be said that his performance is so enthralling that he makes the words jump off the page. Lady Macbeth, Brid Brennan, is perfectly conniving and manipulative, so good the audience almost hisses whenever she comes on stage. Allam does not, however, play Macbeth as a tragic victim of his wife's plotting, as Howard did. She merely helps to plant the idea of his Kingship in his head. All the murders are done willingly by him.

The play is very dark and brooding, but there are a few moments of comic relief. The most entertaining instance comes in the second act when a rather inebriated porter fumbles around stage, only to fall down a pit. The humour is not out of place. It provides a good relief from the rest of the serious play. Moreover, it provides a witty comment on the pathetic state of human nature.

The set and production values are very austere and clinical. This helps visually display the emotional emptiness of the Macbeth's tyranny. The only thing that honestly deserves criticism are the lights. They totally contradict the mood of the actors. The lights are summery pastels, light yellows and baby blues. The actors were very dark and cold, surely white light would have been better. Maybe it was supposed to mean a comment on something, but I think that would be reading too much into it. Other papers have called this a neo-Expressionistic 'Macbeth'. That seems like some luvvie bollocks trying to detract from a thrilling theatre experience.

'Macbeth' is on until mid December at the Barbican Centre Main Stage.

It must be mentioned that this absolutely fabulous cartoon drawn by the inimical Hector Birchwood might be his last for the Beaver. It will be a huge loss!!

Editor's Pick N' Mix

Free Tickets!

This week we are giving away free tickets to plays at the National Theatre. All you have to do is write your answer to the following questions on a piece of paper with a contact phone number or your e-mail. Then put that piece in the Arts Box in the Beaver office by 5 pm on Friday 6. The Winners will be contacted over the weekend.

Brought to you by the kind folks at the National Theatre.



1. Name both stars currently in the West End Production of 'Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?'
2. How many couples were unofficially married for twenty-five years in the JB Priestly's 'When We Are Married'?
3. What rock-opera, which originally opened in 1971, re-opens this month at the Lyceum Theatre?

Pause for thought....

Inside, even the most paranoid suspicion, the sense of humanity and the desire for contact are waiting to emerge.

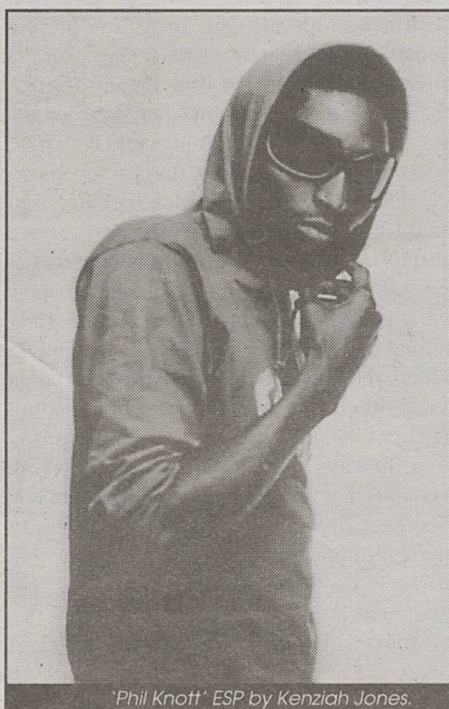
Peter Hoeg
Miss Smilla's Feeling for Snow

Jammin' at the Barbican

Hattie Sellick seeks out virtual reality and beats from the streets at the Barbican Art Gallery

The Barbican experience is surreal: from the windy corridors between the ghost like blocks of buildings, to the multi-level walk-ways and deserted staircases, the Barbican Centre feels like something out of a film by Anotonioni. And although it is not easy to find, a trip to the Barbican Art Gallery to see their current exhibitions is well worthwhile.

The first is entitled JAM, and describes itself as 'unorthodox, eclectic and interactive.' It sure is. Loosely grouped around urban style as a theme, JAM includes aspects of fashion, music and the latest in media developments. And it really does encourage interaction. A visual and aural feast, JAM offers the opportunity listen to beats from the streets, watch videos by the cult design team Tomato, peer into boxes at 3-D photographs from the 'in' clubs such as the Blue Note Cafe, and while away your time at the JAM web site or tour a virtual nightclub on cd-rom. This exhibition is about all that is best about 'new art': it is



'Phil Knott' ESP by Kenziah Jones.

groovy and fun, but at times can be a little shocking and deliberately iconoclastic.

The second exhibition is entitled, Blumenfeld: A Fetish for Beauty. Erwin Blumenfeld was one of the most prolific and most published fashion photographers in the first half of this century. His work included numerous commissions for Vogue magazine from 1938 onwards, and work for Vogue's rival, Harper's Bazaar. His images are striking and he catches the glamour and beauty of his subjects in a most unusual way. Although this is a fascinating show in its own right, it is not as challenging and innovatory as JAM, and if you are short on time then I would recommend the all-round multi-media experience. Until December 15 at the Barbican.

Hattie Sellick

'Jam' will be on show at the Barbican Art Gallery from September 12 to December 15

Bonkers for Borkman

Henrik Ibsen's plays have a habit of knocking you off your feet with their brutal directness, and the National's John Gabriel Borkman is no exception. The three main characters in the play - Borkman, his wife Gunhild and her twin sister Ella - travel down a road that leads them to a deadly glimpse of how worthless their lives are. John Gabriel Borkman (Paul Scofield, yes, the Paul Scofield), is ambitious and craves the recognition of the world. In order to satisfy his ambition he sacrifices his love Ella (Vanessa Redgrave yes, the Vanessa Redgrave) so as to advance his career at the bank. Successful at last, he inevitably pushes the boundaries of ethics too far and is eventually sent to prison for embezzlement (LSE take note). To add injury to insult, the man who handed him over to the fraud squad was a trusted friend. Ibsen knew the depths to which friendships could plummet. Over the course of his life time many of his friends abandoned him in times of trouble.

As a further punishment for his ambition, Gunhild and Ella keep him in a world of unforgiving emotional austerity. The three characters behave as models of lifeless bodies sleepwalking through a prison of life. Under such destructive influences, Borkman asks whether he actually achieved his dreams about money and career or whether they have become a nightmare.

Paul Scofield is surprisingly better than I could have thought. However, I could not shake the image of Scofield's Quest from my mind. Unfortunately, Ms. Redgrave is as annoying as ever. But it fits the part well.

Heavy weight play, heavyweight actors, the result heavyweight theatre. You'd better have a heavyweight excuse not to see it. It plays at the National until December 21. James MacAonghus

Single Minded

Artist: The Big Blue
Single: Live and Learn

Liked Duran Duran? Loved Japan? Adored Tears for Fears? Then this is the right stuff for you! Live and learn, the debut single from London based duo The Big Blue, taken from their forthcoming album *Theory Of Everything*. Formed two years ago they made it their dear mission to keep alive the classic pop-style of the eighties and drag it across to the current decade of britpop, triphop and house. An honourable mission indeed. And, surprise, surprise. The Big Blue succeed.

Live and Learn is one of those classic pop songs with huge production: Voice and heavy chorus with loads of echo and vibe dominate groovy disco rhythms and all kinds of synthesiser sounds - from strings to flute and saxophone as well as undefinable atmospheric noises. No doubt the Pet Shop Boys and Tears for Fears are their shining idols. It seems, however that The Big Blue admire them so much that they nearly start copying them. And that's not really what we want, is it? More creativity, please, and you might become the popstastic eighties heroes

of the nineties! Malte Gerhold

Artist: Neneh Cherry
Single: Kootchi

Oh...dirty, funky guitars, laid back beat and a chorus that goes 'All I wanna do is kootchi-coo with you'.... Horny with a capital E, fer sure! Damn, this single would make anybody start rubbing themselves against the nearest human being (or whatever, depending on your sexual preferences). Not much in terms of quality lyrical content, but hey, the lady's talking about the sudden overwhelming desire to grab a particular person and shag him silly (or to kootchi-koo, as she puts it). How much quality lyrics can you get out of that scenario? I think she puts it rather eloquently, lays all her cards on the table. Better than most love songs which try (miserably) to put 'I wanna shag you' in a pe-ish kinda way. Maybe we should call this a 'lust' song?

'Some Days' is slow and melancholy, sung very melancholy-like with an equally melancholic piano intro. "Some Days are better than some days". That totally makes

no sense and a lot of sense at the same time. Not bad. 'Crack Baby' has her dissing addicts who would do anything for a fix. Lyrically, it's emotional and full of moral advice, but not much of a song I'm afraid. Gotta give her credit for caring though. The re-mix is utter shite. It's the scuzzy guitar that makes the song. Stick with the original.

Riezal Sufian

Artist: Ragga and the Jack Magic
Single: Shot Orchestra

I'm not entirely sure that the above names I attributed to the band and song are correct, but they weren't any good so it doesn't matter. However because the music editor's a tyrant I'll have to write something about them whoever they really are. They're from Iceland apparently and the lead singer sang on a Tricky track from *Nearly God*. So the credentials could be worse, the music however would have to try extremely to be any worse. Well to be fair that's a little harsh, but after Portishead, Tricky, and the rest moody electronic music sounds a tad dated. The title track's not too hot but one of the B-sides [Mama] is verging on

presentable. Stay away from this one unless you're a real trip-hop freak. Any other Beaver writer would no doubt finish of the article with a stunningly amusing barbed comment, but I can't be arsed 'cos I'm off for a "swift half"

Daniel Gallagher

Artist: Mulu
Single: Desire

Imagine Gloria Estefan singing for *Everything But The Girl*, and you get a rough idea of what Mulu sound like. Desire. Their first aural offering has soft sensuous vocals on top of a mellow, relaxing beat. It is the kind of song that could be the theme tune to a dark, spooky TV detective series. It's addictive and grows on you. Also included are two standard re-mixes without vocals - one dance and the other more trance. The last track, *Tea Party*, is a beautiful acoustic ballad. Taking some inspiration from *The Beatles' Anthology* albums it breaks down at the end with fits of laughter, and the singer says, "It was brilliant up till then!" It adds a nice personal touch to this pretty good single from a very down-to-earth band.

Sunil Sodha

F*** Off Trip-Hop

Tricky @ Brixton Fridge

Oops, I think I have to be careful what I write about this man. Or otherwise he will do to me what he did to Andrew Smith (The Face) after he criticised him a bit too much: that is, writing a song about how he would like to shoot him in the face in the back of his car! But maybe there's a chance to get away with this article if before everything else I quickly stress that I respect and adore this man, not to mention his music. And to be honest, having seen him live, I even do not know anything negative I could write (maybe he is not reading *The Beaver* anyway. (That's a little far-fetched don't you think, everyone knows that all rock stars read *The Beaver!* - Music Ed).

Trip-hop pioneer Tricky from Bristol (now living in New York) is one of those musicians you either love or hate. Even more so after his new exercise in uneasy listening; *Pre-Millennium Tension*. It is abstruse, loud and confusing - and in no way to be labelled trip-hop anymore. Thus it is hardly surprising that during one of last year's gigs having asked whether there were "...any fans of trip-hop in the house?" there were loud cheers from the crowd. Tricky then barked: "Well fuck off then!" This year he left no doubt that (at least for him) trip-hop is dead. Playing nearly two hours he ran through most of the songs of *PMT* and backed away from any songs that would have reminded us of his former successes. His chart stormer *Hell around the corner* he completely ignored.

The Brixton Fridge being the perfect venue for a dark and mysterious artist such as Tricky, was sold out days before the gig. Tickets were being sold for as much as £30. The show was kicked off by two DJ's who, with Drum 'n' Bass and Jazz Dance-floor struggled hard to get the crowd in the mood. Maybe beer prices of £2.70 a can were part of their failure. Finally, at about 10 o'clock Tricky came on stage, with the vocalist Martina Topley Bird. Whoever thought that

his songs' somnambulant drum loops and atmospheric arrangements could not be maintained on stage was proved wrong; his band's excellent musicians (guitar, bass, keyboards and drums) turned every song into a piece of art.

You cannot say that Tricky is very communicative with his crowd at all. While performing, his eyes are closed, concentrating on his songs, holding the mike tight as it were the only thing he could rely on. While not singing he turns his back to the audience, swinging to the music in mysterious movements, lost in his own

sounds. Above all, the front stage was covered in darkness during the whole set, only allowing us a few brief glances on the artist's face. Of course you cannot expect him to talk as well. And why should he? His songs speak for themselves. Never have I seen a concert so full of anger and fear, power and strength. Tricky is a sound terrorist and he knows it. Songs like *My Evil Is*

Strong or *Makes ME Want to Die* he extended to ten minute symphonies of never ending tension. The thunder of noise and melodies dragging you down; Tricky's most powerful weapon, his incredible music. *Black Steel* or *Aftermath* take you like a drug, spin around in your head, fight against the resistance of your brain and suddenly are gone again. With not a second to rest he breaks into *Vent*, *Bad Dreams* and an explosive version of *Strugglin'*.

"I make your nose bleed" it says on the merchandise T-shirts and somehow you feel they are right. Tricky once said that with music "...I can do anything I want. I can kill you, I can beat you up, I can kick you in the head, I can voodoo you. And then it's gone." This is exactly how I felt the moment Tricky left the stage. I am beaten up, stoned, suffocated by the musical magic of this man. If you thought *The Prodigy* were evil, you completely missed the point. Tricky is more than evil, he is fucking wicked, a reincarnation of anger and chaos impossible to resist.

Malte Gerhold

Talking Komputer

Alan Mustafa finds beauty in beeps

Komputer interview by Alan Mustafa

Komputer are beautiful. Their music is a breath of fresh air. They make swish electronic music that draws heavily on Kraftwerk. They connect it to the simple pop sensibilities of the early 80's and the technological innovations of dance music to produce a stunning result. The group's first self-titled E.P. contained four different songs of such quality it seemed as though they had been doing it for years. Their most recent *Looking down on London* single built on this and produced a catchy, innovative and memorable song.

Their music sounds dated and futuristic all at once. It's sleek, clean and very uplifting. Cold and harsh yet with a warmth all of its own. The perfect soundtrack to the gentle rain falling over the rigid city skyline. They've already fulfilled their mission of bringing their love of the golden era of electronic pop into the 90's. Now it's time to make their own mark.

They supported Erasure recently, but sadly travel problems meant that I missed their set. Anyway, I got a chance to chat with the band. Apparently the shows have been going well, but people are constantly telling them to cheer up on stage. Actually it seems the band don't like the live situation very much and prefer the studio. Robot replicas to play their next tour perhaps?

Anyway, the band are Simon Leonard, David Baker and JJ. The band members are, however, more concerned with the entity that is Komputer than any individuals within it. There is no ego or lust for fame here: just an honest love for their music. As the lyrics to their self titled song say: "*Work is pleasure, pleasure is work.*"

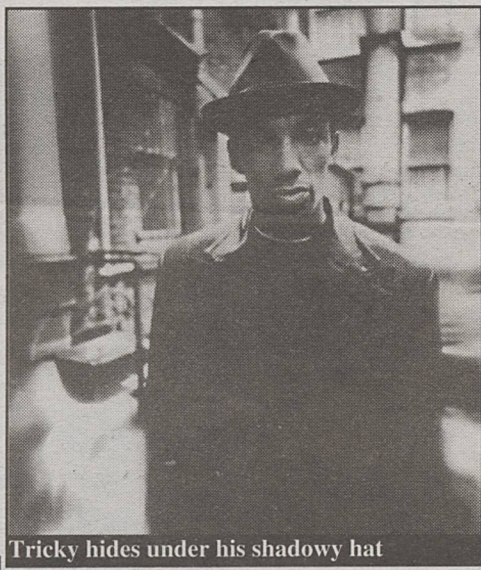
The band have been together for a year and a half. They mentioned that they've been involved in various projects in the past, but Komputer is their sole concern now. They formed because they were fed up with guitar music, desiring to make and hear pure electronic pop music. This is exactly what

they do, it's pop in every sense of the word. Their music is clearly meaningless and disposable, but fresh, exciting and very, very good on the ears. Although the band have an idea of the subject matter the band write, the lyrics last to fit the mood of the track. The emphasis is on the whole song rather than any individual component. The band's deadpan style of singing

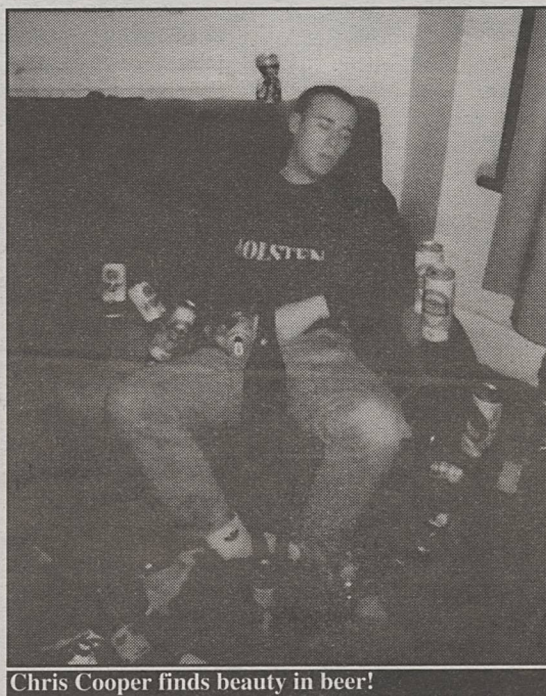
is admitted to being due to the result of vocal limitation as well as fitting the nature of the music.

The band also adopt a surprisingly fresh attitude towards remixing. They don't want to lose their own sound to some DJ who will only be making a name for himself. Only if a re-mix can enhance the song, will it be considered. Their own re-mixes of the latest single are the result of record company pressure. It makes a change to see a band avoid the equation of song + reworked and unrecognisable re-mix by trendy DJ= success. They want to succeed on their own terms and bloody good luck to 'em. The new album will be an evolution of their sound as they don't just want to churn out the same old thing. Hopefully it'll be out early next year accompanied by some live events. Well, the singles were excellent and the album should be mind blowing. This band has promise. This band has a future. Join them in it. It's going to be beautiful.

AM



Tricky hides under his shadowy hat



Chris Cooper finds beauty in beer!

This Week's Albums

Artist: Tiger
Album: We are puppets

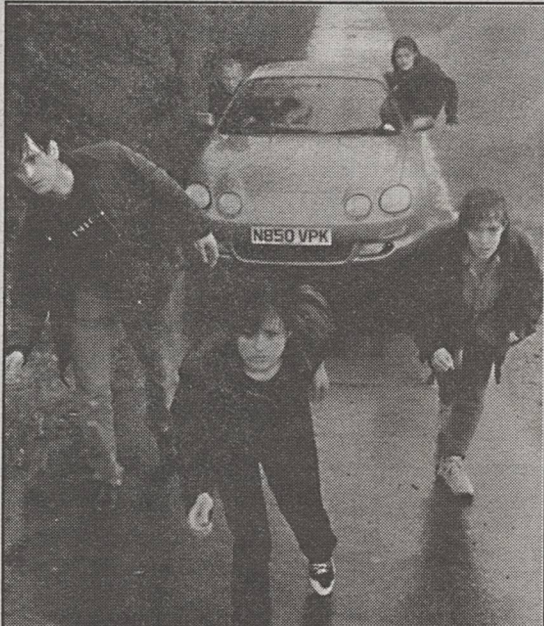
This is genuine 100% indie music, very basic chord patterns on a distorted guitar, simple drums, and a nice little keyboard. On top of this, there is a bloke singing in what can only be described as a bit of a weird if not crap way. The only thing that can save it from being just another run of the mill shite record that only spotty faced teenagers think is cool are the tunes and even then they would have to be pretty damn good to save the band being tossed into the garbage bin like Super Ted never to see the light of day again. (But then Super Ted turned out to be a super hero didn't he? It makes you worry, doesn't it? - Music Ed) let alone any of mother nature's magic powder.

The style of music dictates that they're not likely to be the next big thing, but after two top 40 singles; Race and the current single My Puppet Pall, and confirmed Christmas concerts with Manic Street Preachers you have to be slightly impressed. But the fact that people buy the

music doesn't make them any good (see most of the top 10). The singles must be amongst the best songs on the album even though they do sound somewhat similar in terms of the tunes anyway. The other songs aren't bad though, especially Storm Injector which at least tries to be different half way through instead of just running along the same old lines as most other things. Depot, for example, does this for just a bit too long and when it finishes there is a sense of relief rather than of satisfaction. Unfortunately this can probably be said of most of the album: that it all sounds similar. Whether that is just a problem with this kind of music is debatable.

The first half of the album makes really good background music, the second is a little more noticeable with the keyboard part on 'Catender Reddle' and the whole of She's OK' are defiantly high points on the whole record, but it is summed up by the final song which at six minutes is just a little too repetitive. If you like this kind of thing, then you'll probably think it's a treat. If you hate indie you will probably hate Tiger, maybe you should get a dog, ever heard Madonna?

Jon Smith



Tippy-toe Tiger, protecting their boss' car!

Go Faster...

Friday Night at the Leisure Lounge

'Popstarz' is one of our favourite nights out, so don't expect any objectivity or actual factual information, but then you probably won't anyway. The Leisure Lounge provides a seedier, sassier venue than the Hanover Grand, comprising two rooms, one with the best indie pop plethora, the other with the worst eighties disco digression. We suggest drinking lots, wearing a frankly heinous tie and watching the queue to the ladies growing increasingly longer as you cunningly empty your colostomy bag into the nearest pint glass. And Jarvis Cocker was actually there, in fact, like Michael Keaton, he has the admirable ability to clone himself and thus appear in triplicate, or maybe it was normal folk trying to emulate the most unattractive, angular man in pop. The mind boggles. The crowd are a diverse selection of trendy young popsters, androgynous, vacuous, ill-fitting suits-R-us. We have two style pointers worth mentioning. Firstly, fringes should not be more than twenty-two inches high, this is when they cease to be a fashion statement and become an offensive weapon. Secondly, a word about moody looks, have you ever been turned on by anyone with a face like a cats arse (or indeed a cats arse?) while trying to knock back alcohol through pursed lip: it's akin to attempting to shit a melon.

Such bizarre observations lead us to the crotch of the matter, with no celebrity D.J.'s, no stupid velvet beds, no witless people: this club has a much more spontaneous feel. Musically, if it has floppy hair they play it, as well as the odd Portishead tune to give you a break from bobbing effervescently which can seriously aggravate either: 1) The feeling you are on a dodgy Dover to Calais ferry or 2) R.S.I (Recent sexual injury, dumb ass)

A word about gay folk. Some of them are rather nice, and as long as you make no sudden movements or loud noises around them, are liable to be quite harmless. In fact some of our best friends are rampant homosexuals, but not the ones that cavort in the Tuns. (Nothing to do with us, guv)

As for our sexual conquests, for your ears only, I tried in vain to pull a short minger kiwi (the worst kind) and still managed to get knocked back, whereas C resorted to the age old chestnut of flinging herself onto hitherto contented victims, which sent vast numbers of Popstarettes running for the purported security of the cloakroom. Desperate? Us?

To conclude, this is a spankably good night out and is easily the highlight of our week, although, to be fair, it doesn't have much competition as we don't venture out of our luxury penthouse apartment very often. That said, we feel sure that if we did, we could cause much more offense than we can pack into one night out, as some people seem to take offence at two highly intoxicated, rubber-clad, hip-thrusting dynamos sashaying amongst the general populace. We have also been known to fall over, swear heartily and, on occasion, shop-lift. Soz, we were talking about Popstarz weren't we, it's fab, go.

Most likely to say: Will Tom ever get laid? We don't think so.

Least likely to say: Claire's method of pulling by launching herself onto unsuspecting victims is so effective. We don't think so.

Tip of the week: Big thighs and overly made-up eyes cause sharp cries and goodbyes. Trust us, we know.

Dress: Smart, sharp, bit of a tart.

'Popstarz' is at the Leisure Lounge, Holborn and Chancery Lane Tubes. 10pm until late, about £7.0

Super Succulent Smalltown Soup

...but watch out for those nasty chewy bits!

Artist: Smalltown Heroes
Album: Human Soup

Sunderland's Smalltown Heroes are too...sterile. I can't exactly put my finger on it, but somehow they just sound 'safe'. Not too dark, gloomy and trudging-along like Alice In Chains, not too poppy like Nelson (ugh!). Not enough anger or emotion as other prominent bands (Pearl Jam, STP etc.), but not exactly as mindless as your typical 80's poodle rock, lycra bound, screaming-cos-me-pants-are-too-tight raw n' roll band. But that's exactly what they sound like, vocally at least, which I guess is what really grates my ears. The chorusing on the album is reminiscent of Poison/Warrant all-together-now (dare I say it?) harmonising. Other than that they're absolutely fine.

Chris Warne has an excellent voice, clear and floating when it should be, growling and snarling when appropriate, and even banshee wailing when required. Brother Baz's guitar is playing is superb (okay, so this is a biased opinion from a guitar freak, so?) the acoustic tones ringing openly, the riffing intense, and the leads smoking. Personally, I would have chosen a heavier, chunkier sound. Tony Roffe's bass lines are spot-on, complimenting, and at times leading, baz's guitar work. Kevin Scott's drumming should also be applauded, with some snazzy hi-hat trills and laid back beats (rather than all those OTT pounding I hear from most of the bands around now). Sounds like a really laid back Dave Abruzzes-whatsisname formerly of Pearl Jam.

The album opens up with Moral Judgement, with its' great opening riff. However, once the chorus kicks in, images of people in spandex start to flash before my eyes. Thank God for the verse and the excellent pause/ bridge with the cool bass line. Losing My Balance has a great intro with great rhythm work. Chris' voice sounds too poppy here, but only on the first lines of the verses. Overall, quite a good song. Spin has cool power riffing throughout it, and a

Artist: Various
Album: The future is in your hands

This is a promo tape of up-and-coming bands on the Virgin Records label. I may be wrong about the up-and-coming bit because it opens with Setting Sun by The Chemical Brothers (a rip-off of The Beatles Tomorrow Never Knows, by the way) which of course has already been a No. 1 hit. Side A is mainly dedicated to Brit-Pop, of which Placebo's Teenage Angst is my favourite, "Since I was born I started to decay; Now nothing ever ever goes my way." That'll teach him not to make the most of life. Most tracks do not cover any new ground. The Slingbacks' Hey Douglas is very catchy, in an Echobelly kind of way,

decent sounding chorus. Nice additional lead work by Baz. Chris is in his element here. Mosher-bible Kerrang! gave this single a great review, and it's easy to see why. Things go all shiny and happy with One Man Show, with nice piano fills. Can't stand the "Love somebooooooodyyyyyy" refrain in the chorus though. Eugh, sloppy. They bring the Hammond organ out for Rips In My Heart, which is a great deal better than One Man Show. With fluent bass lines and laid back beats, it sort of grows on you.

'People Ladder' however, is totally different from everything else on the album, well initially anyway. Thundering bass, a more aggressive beat with weird guitar noises, it stands out like a rare gem. Ghost Of A Chance is another one to look for. The slide guitars and the drum fill in the intro are so Aerosmithy that you're just waiting for Steven Tyler to start yowlin'. The song hits you hard and fast and doesn't let up. The last line says it all, "One thing I know for sure this has to be my finest yet." Ace.

The ballads start rolling in again with 'Can't Stop Smiling', which is kind of a let down after two great songs. Ditto for 1,000 Smiles. The title track, Human Soup leaves you with a feeling of yearning. Just as you're about to write them off as a band with just a handful of good songs, you see a glimmer of promise. Poignant lyrics with just the right doses of humour sung over a superbly written song, showcasing the best of each member's respective talents. As Chris puts it, 'I believe in giving credit to where that credits due.'

There's a weird song at the end after Human Soup with the band singing along with a piano on one speaker and on the other, a frantic guitar riff, going all widdly-widdly. Weird. Anyway, this band can go far, but they've really got to look into their songs. Gems like Spin, People Ladder and Ghost Of A Chance show that they have the talent. Don't buy the album, but I'd definitely recommend the singles of the three songs (if they're out).

Riezal Sufian

and These Animal Men sound amazingly like Suede. Fluffy, however, are trying out a new Brit-Grunge sound. I expect that Kurt Cobain is turning in his grave. ROC, too, make a good attempt at a jazz-funk-pop stir-fry with Hey You Chick.

Side B of the tape is full of jungle, ambient and techno music by the likes of Photek. There is also a cool track called Sure-As-Not by Afro Celt Sound System, which sounds like it escaped from the Fiddler On The Roof soundtrack.

I'm afraid that the future is in the hands of bands on Side A and not in those of Side B. Real music for intelligent adults have tunes, words, and real instruments, not computer-generated noise.

Sunil Sodha



The Chemical Brothers, what a nice shiny car!

Healthy Lungs

Rob Reed shoots from the lip. Still, no one understands him anyway...

I smoke. I'm cool. Therefore smoking is cool. Syllogisms aside, Graham Stevenson's proposal to ban smoking in Houghton Street is just another attempt to break the spirit of LSE's proud tradition of lung cancer and stinking clothes. The LSE has over many years tried to drive us to extinction (as if we weren't doing that ourselves fast enough already) by banning smoking in every nook and cranny. By forcing us to have our fix in the Tuns the school has ensured that we're all alcoholics as well.

But what these nico-fascists do not realise is that it may be an unhealthy life but it leads to a healthy society. Just look at the evidence. Today Britain is a morally bankrupt and crime-ridden society. Is this just due to seventeen years of Tory government? I think not. Seventeen years of decline in the number of smokers is surely the hidden reason. The BMA attacks

smokers at every possible moment yet the BMA were opposed to the formation of the NHS. Judge for yourself. Would you trust these people?

My grandad smoked around a hundred a day. True, he died at 40, but this was more to do with the Blitz than any still unproven link (I get paid to say that) between smoking and lung diseases. Coughin' to the coffin? More likely smoking in ... Woking.

My other grandfather died for the right to smoke. Unfortunately he died of lung cancer. Still, he was cremated.

Yet another of my grandads never smoked. He did once have a fag, but that was at Eton. My grandmother, on the other hand, smoked all of her life. Which is probably why my uncle is a retarded dwarf. In the proud tradition of Reed smokers, he's a pipe man. Like me, he appreciates a good rough shag. Preferably ready-rubbed.

My family's deficiencies aside, do we

really want to live in a smokeless world? How would you strike up conversations if you couldn't ask people for a light? No more matches made in heaven. Boom, boom.

And what about the staff in pubs whose lives consist of emptying ashtrays? Is Stevenson really prepared to take responsibility for their careers going up in smoke? Do we really want to see children injecting heroin into their eyeballs because they can't get an Lambart & Butler Gold Pack?

So all you anti-smokers out there, I hope this article has given you something to think about. Next time you want to come out with arguments against smoking, forget all your reasonable, logical medical and economic stuff and remember, the only thing that'll stop us smoking is death itself. So it won't be long then.

Rob Reed is currently trying to work out why he has three grandfathers...



As Harry sits and surveys the world around him, it becomes increasingly obvious that standards in society are slipping at an alarming rate of knots. Pensioners being battered by toddlers, violence and alcoholism being increasingly commonplace and the Spice Girls getting their tits out for the lads at the drop of a hat... it's a good thing too, otherwise we'd have nothing to look forward to.

Now various theories have been glibly bandied about as to the reasons behind this alarming decline, but Harry has at last uncovered the real truth. Kids' TV. That's it. Think back to your childhood days and the influences that shaped you: Johnny Briggs, TJ Hooker, The A-team, Dogtanian and the three muskashounds (even though Dogtanian's bird, Juliette, was a mad minger from hell and not nearly as fit as the sultry stunner on mysterious cities of gold). When I was young, TV reflected life. Witness the storyline in Jossy's giants. Jossy took charge of a bunch of Geordie no-hopers (true by definition, really) and turned them into champions. In the second series, however, in a storyline that could be entirely reflective of the fortunes of the LSE first team, the boys' footballing fortunes took a tumble when women began to dominate their lives. The dirty wenches took over their squalid lives in a degrading, gruesome filth-fest of a lurid plot and they soon murkily tumbled down the sordid league in a hideous, foul and degrading (shit-ran out of adjectives) example of the effects that women can have.

Johnny Briggs was magic too. Remember his dog, Razzle. You've got to be really very hard to be nine years old and name your pets after porno mags. Things just aren't the same anymore. PC instincts have overwhelmed the storylines on children's programmes... nowadays, cartoons are about environmentalist lepers from China that suffer from at least seven disabilities as well as having learning disorders which they cope with due to the love and support of their homosexual lover(s).

Even Grange Hill has decided to deal with 'issues', meaning that kids are just growing up to fast in the modern world. Time was when life there revolved around Gonch Gardiner trying to set up a toast business while Zammo painted graffiti everywhere. Then, all of a sudden, Zammo becomes a drug addict and there are flavoured condoms, abortions, murderers and Boses flying around all over the place.

It's just not on, and Harry's sick of it. From now on, University entry should be based on an ability to recite the words at the start of the A-team ("In 1972, a crack commando outfit were jailed for a crime they didn't commit...") and to hum the tune to The Red Hand Gang. Anyone who can't do it should be systematically forced to watch every episode ever made of Bertha until they can sing the words to The Family Ness... that'd show the bastards.

HRH is currently watching re-runs of the 'Mysterious Cities of Gold' in a darkened room.



Aspiring photographers are invited to submit their work for The *Beaver's* photo of the week. Student photographers are also invited to enter for the Observer Hodge Award for 1997. Further details can be obtained from the Executive Editor.

GUY(s) in DESPAIR...

The great thing about Vivian Wu in the Pillow Book was how sex-starved she appeared under her calm virgin-like exterior. Leave her alone with a man for five minutes and she'd be tearing her clothes off while demanding him to write on her backside.

Why is it, I wondered, as I left the theatre, no one ever does that to me when I'm trapped in the lift in the Old Building, with only VJ Nonie for company? Why are Asian women at the LSE so placid in comparison to those nymphettes on the screen? Have I been wandering around the college blind as a result of shooting too many aeroplanes?

And another thing: how come these banyan beauties always end up with what looks like the back end of a bus? What is it about Asian men that drives these dim sum dollies dotty with desire? Could it be their Wu-man like cheeks or their Bruce Lee chilseled chests?

I think not. After all, haven't you ever wondered why most Asian women at the LSE all wear thick horn-rimmed spectacles? Otherwise how could they even begin to find the Asian male remotely attractive? Gangly, underfed and fated to strut up and down -

Bugis Street's own barmy bloke explains all

Houghton Street, with the labels on the outside of their jackets. When not engaged in gutteral hawking and spitting they can be found prolonging their childhood with infantile glee as they absorb the contents of their Dragon Balls comics from cover to cover.

There must be an attraction. What it is I'm not too sure, but I do have a suspicion. Perhaps it's because these sad specimens of masculinity can be convinced to stump up extortionate amounts for their girlfriends to shop at DKNY, allowing them to change their wardrobe more times than Faye Wong changes her music style. Money. That must be it. Otherwise how can I account for my lack of form in the bedroom gymnastics department with these kinky kampong kittens? Is the reason why I get rejected by even the dregs of Patpong because I'm skint? Or is the real reason the fact that I don't have an unhealthy interest in manga and haven't sprouted a few hairs on my upper lip?

This frustrated Ewan McGregor wannabe shall remain anonymous.

The World's Best Top Ten Chat Up Lines

1. Can I borrow 10p? I want to call your mother and tell her you'll be staying elsewhere tonight.
2. Is your Dad a thief? ('No') Then how did he steal the sparkle of the stars and put it in your eyes? (be ready with a snappy answer in case they say 'yes').
3. Would you be my lover buffet, so I can lay you out on the table and take what I want?
4. Let's go to my place and do the things I'll tell everyone we did anyway.
5. The word of the day is 'legs'. Lets go back to my place and spread the word.
6. Do your legs hurt from running through my dreams all night.
7. My name's (your name), that's so you know what to scream.
8. (Look at their shirt label.). When they say 'What are you doing?', say: 'Checking to see if you're the right size' or 'Checking to see if you were made in heaven'
9. All those curves and me with no brakes.
10. If I told you that you had a beautiful body would you hold it against me.

LSE WOMEN SHEPPARD-ED INTO NEXT ROUND

Fran's barmy army 'Plaut' all the stops to turn over Kings' footballing queens

LSE Women 2 - 1 Kings Women

Fran Malarée



Fran Malarée 'Leader of Women' keeps smiling despite dating Simesy

The women's football team kicked off their London cup campaign in style (of some kind) in a close match against cheating rivals Strand Poly. Charming goalkeeper Erica absent, captain Fran did the decent and noble, but extremely foolish thing by putting herself in goal for the first half, with the inevitable result that there was as much chance of Sam Parham winning Slimmer of the Week as there was of her making a save when King's forward chipped the ball from ten yards.

The heroine of the match was without doubt the teutonic hard woman in defence, Nicole, who had to defend on the left practically on her lonesome and was the creator of LSE's equaliser. 'The Tank' blasted her way through the King's scrawny midfield and terrified defence to deliver a

bouncing bomb, sorry ball, to Vicky, who struck it home. In fact LSE had no trouble getting the ball into the penalty area, but like some sad specimens in the Tuns on a Friday, they just couldn't score.

After half time a revitalised Strand Poly gave LSE more to think about. In fact the winning goal (characteristically orchestrated by the US combination of Sheppard and Plaut) was somewhat against the run of play.

The LSE back four had their work cut out but mercifully Fran was back in her customary position, and the team breathed a collective sigh of relief. Thanks to the unsurpassable Vanessa and Aussie Meg in goal (there end all similarities between her and love-rat Bosnich as she kept a clean sheet) King's were kept at bay. Everything is coming up roses. Next week: Skipper fails to choose life in match against QMW/London Hospital, the league leaders.

Sixths stuff QMW

Slattery challenged from behind by Sharma Charma. "He's a real ninety minutes man!" she enthuses

LSE 6th XI 5 - 1 QMW 6th XI

Ben Newton

This was a grudge match for LSE having been beaten 6-2 by QMC in the first week of the season. But this was to be an altogether different day - for a start we had a kit to wear for the first time this season, and our opposition showed about as much organisation as the LSE timetables office. Within minutes of the kick off we had set the tone for the game, with LSE camped in the QMW half. It took half an hour for the reward to come when Panu Long (just back from a modeling assignment for Mothercare) hoofed a hopeful ball forwards towards the QMW box. It was brilliantly controlled by George Hotar who turned and then blasted the ball home. There then followed a ten minute delay while the groundsman (Brian Whitworth BEM) tried to repair the damaged net and the keeper was treated for shock.

Just before half time QMW scored an equaliser, totally against the run of play. It was the result of a defensive blunder by Camp where he tried a Cruyff turn around an attacker whilst in his own six-yard box. Unfortunately the result was more reminiscent of Jordi Cruyff than his father Johan and QMW's elephant-man of a forward tapped in this early gift of a goal. So far this year Camp's failure to score has extended far beyond the boundaries of the football pitch. With such a drought (the world's worst natural disaster since Ethiopia in 1988) one wonders if his surname should be taken literally. A rock concert is planned

for January in the Tuns. "Cherry-Aid" hopes to raise funds for Helen Squires' rose-tinted beer goggles.

At half time we were given a team-talk more inspiring than an evening with Danny Knight's sister by our own 'Ginger Gazza', Tom Smith. It had the desired effect and soon after the break Knight's pass split QMW's pathetic defence leaving Rafael Italiano to coolly slot home. We were lucky to have Raf on the pitch following threats to return to his native Rome. His family have had trouble settling down in London and selection squabbles have not helped the situation.

The third goal followed soon afterwards when Smith's pass found George with pinpoint precision and the big German rifled home a thunderously teutonic volley. Minutes later Freeman slid the ball through to George who chipped the diving keeper with all the grace of someone a quarter of his size. It seems German's have all the footballing skill. Still, we won the wars didn't we!

Smith almost disgraced the team late in the day when over reacting to a bad tackle on Freeman. We've heard complaints about the state of Freeman's tackle ever since term began, and this particular effort from behind blew Ginger Tom's own short fuse.

The final goal in the dying seconds was a classic by Freeman. I'll have to take his word for it as by this stage I was in the showers. It was set up by Francis, apparently.

New recruit Tragic Ben 'Shandy'

Wimbledon was a revelation at the back, having been enticed into the team upon hearing one of his team-mates was 'Camp'. A Colossus at the the back he cleared up a large portion of the play with his balding pate, saving his one and only trick of standing on the ball and falling over for future games when first teamer Matt Miller will be available to take notes and improve his own oaf-like technique. I must say that Camp and Shandy quickly gelled into a worryingly tight unit, keeping everything very firm 'at the back'.

Hard Man of the Match went to 'Hard' Danny Knight for his skillful and determined performance and his classic technique for bottling fights when Big Dave isn't around. Danny easily justified his £450 Beaverball™ price-tag and this performance netted him a season best total of nought points, keeping him on an impressive minus nine for the season.

Finally I feel the performance of Sharma Charma last Wednesday shouldn't go unheralded. He battled his way through a crowded Underground Bar and after a brilliant link-up with Filthy Slattery™ he managed to score with consummate ease. As the evening's proceedings entered extra-time at Rosebery Hall Sharma apparently misfired and hit the side-netting but it seems her bedroom floor is surprisingly comfortable. Slattery has recently been annoyed by several people entering her room thinking it was the men's toilet.

In their defence, they were undoubtedly confused by the continued flow of men leaving the room, many in the process of doing up their flies.

Spot the Biggest Sporting Tit™ Competition

Inspired by our flat-mate's 21st birthday celebrations, your blue-eyed Sports Editors are introducing yet another fantastic feature to your Perrier Best Sports Section Award winning pages. Yes folk, welcome in the era of 'Spot The Biggest Sporting Tit™ Competition'.

Winners of the Beaver's raciest, mad-as-you-like, devil-may-care, shoot from the hip competition could take home a no expenses paid trip to the hallowed turf of Bristol-tastic Berrylands to watch their hero in action.

All you have to do is nominate who you regard as LSE's Biggest Sporting Tit™, if you answer matches that of our panel of television sporting pundits and London's leading groundsmen you could find yourself at Waterloo's platform 4, heading Raynes Parkwards in a plush Network South-East economy class train carriage.

Send your answers on the back of a postcard or stating your name and nominations in descending order of mammary-mongousness. Go large...



A: What sort of man is the infamous 'Sabbatical of Sin' and 'King of Ming' Dirty Cooper™? A tit? You decide...



B: Raj 'the Prince' Paranandi (who used to play football before he got 'out and about' with his bird).



C: Wise man of MSc Econometrics, Ben Levine, who certainly felt a right tit with Helen in the Tuns last week - allegedly.



D: The ever impressive gravity-defying antics of the Sports Section's bouncing bird.

BeaverSport BeaverSport BeaverSport

Vote DJ Chang

LSEFC's massive striker decides to big up in the race for Ents Sab

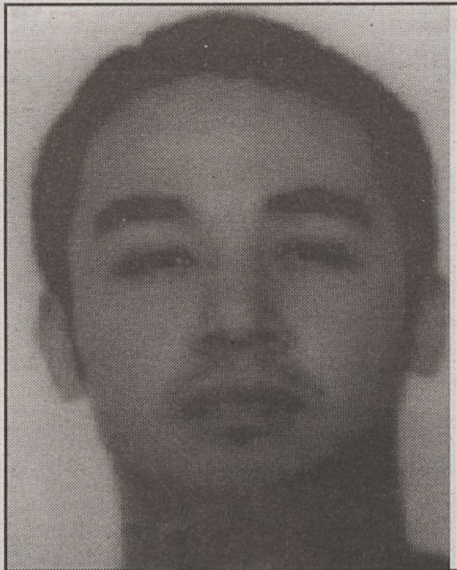
RFH 1st XI 3 - 4 LSE 1st XI (aet)

Dirty Cooper™

The Firsts made an impressive start to their quest to go one better than last year and win the ULU cup with a resounding 4-3 thrashing of Royal Free on Saturday. In a brave display of battling from Stevie Curtis' table-topping troops, all odds were overcome to defeat the giants from two divisions below us with the sort of professional display on which doubles are won.

Such was the confidence in victory that the gaffer chose to enter battle without Svein in nets. The big Norwegian is perhaps the only member of the side who cannot pull in the Tuns with his eyes closed, and therefore pissed off to Wales for the weekend, possibly the only place in the world with uglier, easier birds than the LSE, and also home to Tom Grace, his new blond lover-boy since Matt '3 months = 0 shags' Miller spurned his amorous advances for a bit of Burnley rough. Stewart Fry took over the no. 1 jersey but was left helpless within minutes when audacious skill and vision from Miller put their striker in for a shock lead. Normally this would be the catalyst for improved effort, but with the boys seemingly enjoying having the piss ripped out of them by a load of fat talentless no-prospect doctors, there was none. Kevin Sharpe tried to make an impression down the left flank, but, in a tragic reflection of his attempts at pulling at the LSE, he had no joy whatsoever, and was kicked on for the entire half by Short Round.

Just when heads were dropping, DJ Chang rounded the keeper only to be flattened in the box for the second time that day, following his narrow defeat at the hands and feet of a five-year-old in the chip shop. Up stepped Dirty Coops™ to dribble the ball home with the worst penalty since Matt Miller said 'I'll take the fourth one.' The fact that he was playing after another record-breaking feat of sexual performance with stunning Dirty Alex™ is a testament to his level of fitness, as witnessed by filthy pervert Gavin 'sliver' Freeman. Hopefully Gav will improve on his own puny efforts by learning from Coops' technique, as witnessed by the fact that he has traded in his Fiat Uno for a kayak so he can leave Dirty Alex's dirty wet bed on Saturday



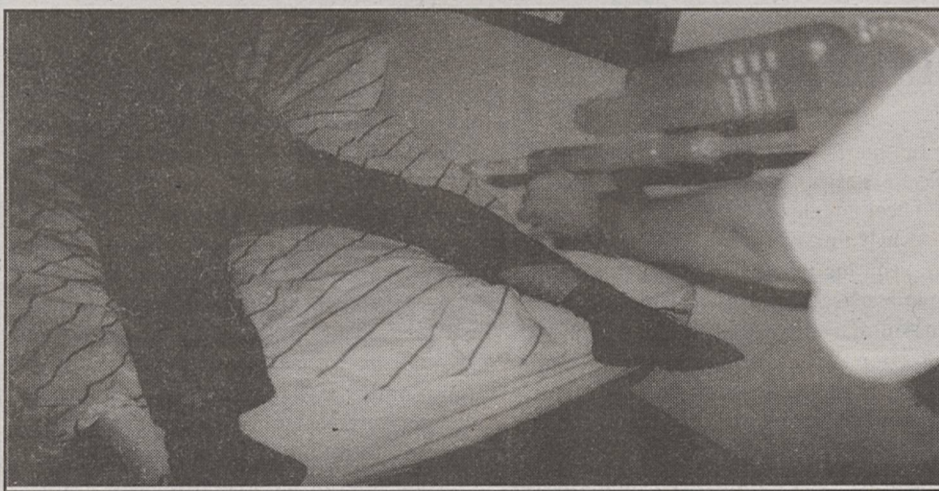
Chang - a sure-fire success as Ents Sabbatical

mornings. Level at the turn, Ben Levine and Gareth Arthur came on for Chang and Husby in an attempt to improve matters, while Coops took over the dirty gloves from Fry, only to be left with no chance by a perfectly placed chip after good work from Miller and Danny Fielding had set them up once again. Parity was restored soon afterwards when Miller headed home his second goal in successive games from Fielding's long free-kick, the two blundering oafs making amends for their catalogue of errors.

It needed something special to break the deadlock, and a glimmer of hope came when Derek 'Forrest' Crump ("Life is like a box of nutmegs - you never know how many

you're gonna get!") dived in the box to earn another penalty. Cometh the hour, cometh the dirty iceman, and Dirty Coops strode the length of the pitch to thump home his filthy fifth of the season, making him top scorer, with one more than Levine and Husby, and five times as many as Chang and Venini combined. Levine almost saw red soon afterwards with a display of temper and frustration that can only come from having the same girlfriend for four and a half years. This short fuse may well put la Ralph and les Osbourne off throwing themselves at him every Wednesday night, and surely it was only the fact he never has a wash after the game that prevented him from taking an early bath. With victory in sight, Fielding continued his excellent form, giving away a last minute penalty to send the epic into extra time.

LSE dominated this period, with both Gareth Arthur and Andy 'King of Clubs/stunner back home' Goodman, now awake from his Hippodrome jaunt, rattling the crossbar, but to no avail. With penalties looming, and the pants of Miller and Curtis filling up with more shit that Ben Levine talks in the Beaver, up stepped Forrest Crump to drill home a last minute winner. The calm and composed celebrations showed the ease at which victory had been sealed, and the tobacco-chewing, squeaking, cheating Crump was the toast of the town, as the mighty Firsts took the first inexorable step towards cup glory. Providing Goodman remembers the kit, Levine can go straight and Miller can 'go straight' and show more commitment to the team than he does to a weekend's mattress-munching popper-fest with Tattersall, then surely silverware is heading towards Houghton Street once again.



Miller and Tattersall celebrate as only they know how

Rugby Win Shocker

Some people said it could never happen, but last Wednesday the First XV took their tally of victories to an amazing two for the season. As the mighty LSE warriors took to the field, their reputation preceded them, which would undoubtedly explain the fits of laughter which greeted them. But he who laughs last, laughs longest, and this week the laughter flowed long into the night.

The tigers of Thames Valley proved no match for a rampant outfit bolstered by the return of Johnson, Houghton and Howard after their course in 'how to win at rugby' with the ULU team. Their renewed confidence was at once conveyed to the team. Once the slaughter was over,

the LSE heroes stood back and admired their display of champagne rugby, culminating in a memorable 24 - 12 triumph.

Skipper Tom Jeans paid a glowing tribute to his team later on in the Tuns. "I was by far the best player out there today. I found I could dominate the line-out as easily as I dominate twelve year-olds visiting their sisters at university. Unfortunately, the serious shoulder injury to Ben Johnson, keeping him out for up to six weeks, has robbed the back line of the only player who can catch, and means that the Second XV will once more have to revert to picking Ben 'wank-hands' Tallis to ply his appalling trade in the key position of scrum-half".

Meanwhile the Second XV suffered the

shame of losing to UCL 3rds. Even though star player Ranj 'flange' Bajway wasn't playing, he still managed to lose the game by awarding UCL their first try a good five yards off the pitch. The forwards played as a unit, and were outstanding in all departments (except for Mike Lee who only stood out because he has ginger hair).

The moment of the match, that will be passed down through the generations of ugly children, included a burst by Rupert (similar to his previous night's 'burst' while rutting blond Kirsty). As he passed the ball down the backs it was Tom Twat in the line (behind the forward play as usual) who scored in the corner. It truly was poetry in motion, or was it something very different?

Social Comment

on Crime with Ben Levine (MSc Econometrics)



Your own favourite post-graduate student reflects on the negative socio-economic and political implications of crime in contemporary-

society:

"There seems to be more opportunity to meet people if you're part of a smaller group. People find their niche and stay in it, but on the whole LSE is more open than a great many other places. Just like crime: along with society it's far from perfect."

Next week: the LSE's guru of thought Ben



Appreciation Corner

Each week, a tribute to LSE's finest sporting heroes

Sadly 'Ode to Mike' is the last piece commemorating LSE's finest sporting heroes. Chang, Fielding and Lee. There are no other men worthy of the accolade that is 'Appreciation Corner'. Mark, Danny and Mike, we salute you.

P.S. the word 'pert' was missed off last week to describe Danny's 'sexy arse', which is a pity because it is rather.

Ode to Mike (Ginger)

Whenever you're injured I'll sponge you down,
A tube of soothing coconut oil to rub all around,
Whenever you're sore, I'll massage your groin,
We can hoola all night 'til you ache in the loins.
Let's assume the scrum position so I can molest,
Your beastly hulking thighs, your rippling, flame-haired chest,
But my body really longs to examine your ginger pubes,
Word from the locker room is that Mike baby, you're huge.

A. Nonymous (Mount Pleasant)