

The Beaver

18th May, 1992

Collective's Choice:

Newspaper of the Year, 1992

Issue 360 and a half

Oo Err!

Government Health Warning:

This publication can seriously damage your sanity

Cor! What Scorchers

Turn to page 3 and eye up our Beaver Beauties

Beaver Exclusive! European Football Pullout Section

Pages 14-15

For This Week's TV Listings, see Back Cover

ASHWORTH'S AFFAIR WITH TOP JOURNALIST

The Beaver can exclusively reveal that Dr John Ashworth is having an affair with a woman who is to be the next editor of The Times Higher Education Supplement.

Auriol Stevens is a woman who has been closely linked to the LSE Director for many years. Their liaison was certainly known about during the time that he was the Chancellor of Salford University back in the 1980's.

Steven's presence is normally kept quiet in the interests of LSE protocol but it is understood that the couple are very close. In fact, sources close to **The Beaver** can reveal exclusively that Ms Stevens was present in the Senior Common Room last Tuesday when Terry Waite came to address a select group of former and present LSE students and staff and to receive his Honorary Presidentship.

Doubt has been cast

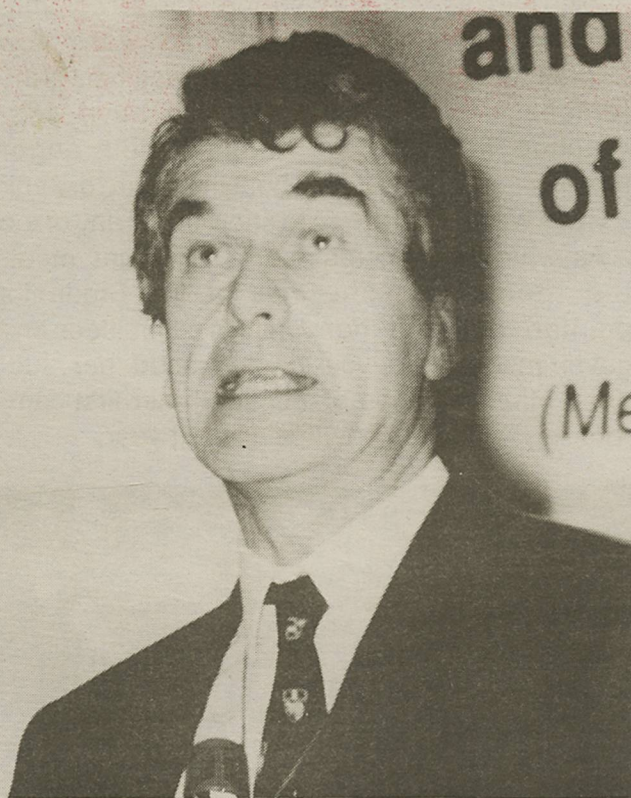
upon whether or not the Times Higher Education Supplement (THES) will remain unbiased in its coverage of LSE's activities when Ms Stevens takes over the role of Editor. The THES has long been held as the bastion of higher education coverage for the rest of the media to use as an example.

However, rumours are at present circulating to the effect that Dr Ashworth will use his latest appointment to the hierarchies of the media establishment to ensure that his activities within the LSE receive constant and favourable coverage.

Thumbs Up

Despite all of this, **The Beaver** can confirm that Ms Stevens certainly has the thumbs up from us. One postgraduate student in the college, having spoken to the lovely lady herself gave us his reaction to Dr Ashworth's leggy lovely.

"Auriol Stevens is, in my opinion, a superb woman. She is forthright but at the same time she knows how to maintain



LSE Director John Ashworth yesterday.

her sexuality. She knows her opinions and is not afraid to speak her mind. I admire women like her. To me they are infinitely attractive.

"The only doubts I have are to whether or not the LSE will appear constantly on the front page of the THES. It certainly seems as if this is the case at the moment however trivial the news.

'Ashworth is a boy'

"Let us hope that we

can successfully manage to move into County Hall and then she can really have some news to print on us. John Ashworth is a boy. There is no doubt about that. He's sure managed to pick a corker this time!"

The Beaver would like to add to the comments of that particular postgraduate student by wishing Ms sexy Stevens all the best in her new job. May she continue to charm Dr Ashworth and to keep the publicity rolling.

AU: Cultural Heritage Centre

In a unique move announced by David Mellor last week, the LSE Athletics Union is to receive a cultural heritage grant.

The move was announced under pressure from the National Trust, an organisation committed to maintaining the ideologies of British culture within our society.

The grant is to be aimed particularly at the AU Barrel, an annual event full of frivolity and fun which the National Trust says reflects "the level of sophistication and humour prevalent within British society."

What's more, the cultural heritage grant will place the AU Barrel on the "cultural tour of England" map. The plan is that tourists will be able to visit the historic centre at a cost of £5 for children and £2 for adults. They will then be invited to take part in the festivities of drinking a pint of beer down in one whilst standing in the table in the AU office to their favourite song.

Mr Mellor is confident that this excursion in the present cultural tour of England will be a pleasant detour for all the partaking tourists. Mr Mellor is also convinced that, for the special value price of £1.50 tourists will be delighted in the opportunity to take part in a naked congo through the middle of the Old Theatre whilst the lectures are underway.

Mr Mellor is aware that this congo diversion through the middle of lectures may not be popular with all the tourists who take part on the tour as they are largely unwilling to experience the joys of students working. However, he is confident that these initial worries will soon be overcome.

In the meantime, the AU has made a special offer of its own to encourage more tourists to take part in the first Barrel in December 1992. They are offering a free pint of vomit as a speciality drink to the first fifty sightseers through the door. So, good luck and happy vomiting!

Gen Sec to campaign in support of homeless

Next year will see a big campaign in support of the homeless, Fazile Zahir has promised.

She has pointed out that her election campaign had "chartered unknown waters" in that context.

No other student before had "demonstrated to what good uses homeless people can be put with so little effort and cost."

Schemes

Different schemes are under consideration. In order to "increase student participation" as she promised in her campaign, Zahir plans to use the homeless at Lincoln's Inn Fields to advertise for the Union General Meeting on Thursdays.

One other student at the LSE said that this was a "brilliant idea". He added that "if walking billboards work for Faz'

election, they will surely help to alleviate student apathy and put some meaning into the life of those poor men who have no homes."

While it seems certain that this scheme alone would not be strong enough to quell the problem of the homeless living around the LSE, other plans will probably ensure that all homeless around the LSE will be well off in the future.

Promising

There are several very promising plans. Zahir has already told most people at the LSE, including the administration and the porters, that she plans to launch balloons in support of the homeless in the Old and New Theatre. When asked on this point, which created some controversy during her election campaign, Zahir insisted that she had obtained permission from the school.

Another plan is to hold

Zahir to live in Lincoln's Inn Fields to 'create feeling of solidarity'

public sessions of a game called "Cheats".

"Cheats" is a game directed at cheating other players and not getting caught and suspended. The game will be played at several levels of difficulty. Zahir has promised to take part at the highest level of difficulty as a referee and has sent invitations both to George "Read-my-lips" Bush and to Saddam "Mother-of-All-Battles" Hussein.

Proceeds of the game are going to be used to buy a red car for the homeless.

On the other hand, Zahir has strongly rejected suggestions, that she used her connections with the Turkish government to offer new settlement to the homeless in the Turkish-occupied part of Cyprus, in homes left by Greek Cypriot refugees. "What refugees?" was her reaction to such rumours.

Backward People

As what concerns the homeless she pointed out that her government had developed other methods of "dealing with unhappy,

backward people". But she admitted, that it "might be impractical to transfer these methods from Kurdistan to Houghton Street."

According to different sources Zahir plans to live the first few months of the next academic year on Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Altruistic

One source, which insisted on confidentiality, said that Zahir is not prepared to admit her plans in public, "as she does not want to give the impression of being too altruistic, too caring". Nevertheless she is planning to call off several personal holidays and other obligations to stay with the homeless to "help create a strong feeling of solidarity."

After hearing from the strong social commitment which Zahir now displays, members of the Executive have suppressed their anger about the failure of Zahir to show up for any of the more important meetings of the Student's Union's committees and have wished her success with her first campaign next year.

Tuns to be wine bar

Fagan announces plans for 'Jimmy's'

Jim Fagan has recently announced plans to upgrade the Three Tuns Club into a wine bar.

It has been known for a long time that the Tuns has sunk in the popularity polls of student haunts since the hugely successful Underground opened last term. Therefore, he has unveiled plans to turn the Tuns into the latest in wine bar chic with the technology to match.

Gone will be the wooden finish bar sur-

faces and the wooden tables.

Everything will be kitted out in the latest in,

fashionable formica and adorned with neon lights.

As Jim Fagan so rightly said a few weeks ago, "It's a jungle out there. You've got to give the punters what they want."

The change of style will not come cheap though. Apparently, it will cost Jim £200 to buy all of the equipment from MFI and the labour charge is estimated to be in the re-



Jim Fagan celebrates his plans for the Tuns

gion of £10,000. The work is only expected to take a week though and so the new "Jimmy's" wine bar should be ready to open its doors after the exams.

Another new innovation that is being tried by the young and dynamic Mr Fagan is that nothing is going to be served in pints anymore.

Everything is going to

be in bottles with fancy shapes and fancy names. After all, Jim said, "The students can afford it. All this grants stuff is a load of bollocks. They drink enough here anyway. Why not charge them double for the same amount. I thought it was called demand and supply economics, or something like that!"

Tory Gov't to double student grant

According to members of the LSE Conservative Association the Government is going to double student grants.

The main source of information is a member of an unspecified ornithological organisation within the LSE Conservatives, who wished not to be named.

There is some uncertainty as to what has prompted the move.

Rumours suggest that some high-ranking Tories were exposed to a photograph of Steve Prince and decided that cutting down government expenditure at the expense of students had finally done too much damage. In their view the government could not go on starving the brains of students at Britain's top universities.

Reactions to the announcement were mainly negative. Members of the Conservative Association have said that they regretted that the higher student grants would enable "uneducated, poor little students from the lowest classes to continue staying at university, where they did not belong in the first place". In their view it was to be hoped that "all schools should be privatised so that the doubling of the grants would not have too much pernicious effect".

Members of the DSG have said that they "did not really care", as student poverty had never been one of the priorities of the DSG anyway.

"Life is mainly a matter of the School and the Student Union working together", was the comment by one of the DSG's leaders.

It is reported that the radical Left at the LSE has strongly protested against "these new machinations of a fascist-reactionary government."

The doubling of the student grant is seen by the Left as an attempt to "rob the students", as it "will be hard to find new fictitious problems to protest about."

In the meantime Jon Bradburn, who should be sober this summer to become the next Entertainments and Societies Officer is planning to move the Three Tuns to the current Brunch Bowl premises, to cope with the expected increase in demand. He also hopes to make sure that medical staff are on duty until closing hour.

Jon Spurling, Finance and Services Officer from August onwards, reacted jubilantly. He hopes to introduce Student Union top-up fees and to charge money for the Union General Meetings in autumn. Together with Jon Bradburn he plans to engage Razia Shariff as the chair to "increase entertainments value."

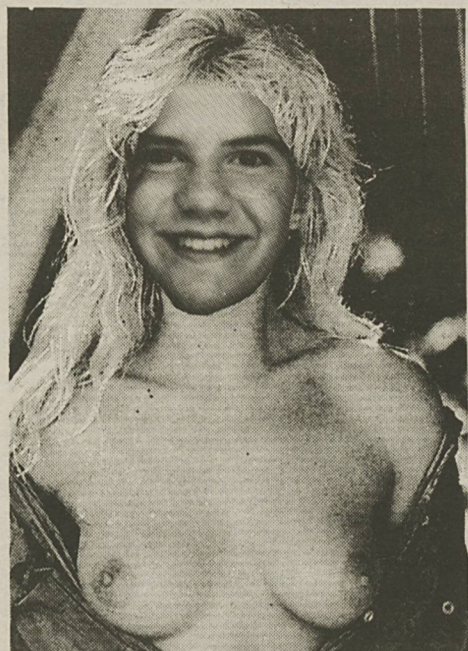
Peter Harris, who will be responsible for Equal Opportunities and Welfare at the Student's Union, was not available for comment as he was at home to have his new sweater fitted.

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LSE's Luscious Lovelies

The Beaver exposes its beauties for the first time, and we hope you'll enjoy them as much as the rest of the LSE did



• MARVELLOUS MINE, 19, a fabulous fresher of tantalising Turkish stock, is just waiting for your call.

• MULTI-TALENTED MONICA, 21, the original American Beaver, has a month left in the UK & wants to share it with you!

• FABULOUS FAZILE, 21, has a passionate pout and a penchant for power. If you can supply her needs, call now.

• APPETISING ANTONIA, 21, wants to be the apple of your eye. If she fits the bill for you, call and let us know.



• MOUTH-WATERING MADDY, 20, can help you take your mind off those exam blues. For fun and frolics call her now!

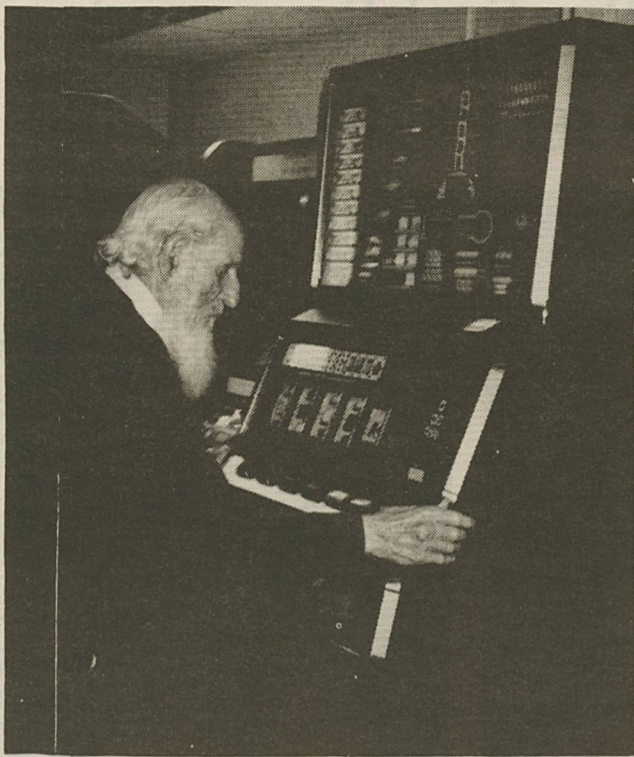
• KISSABLE KATE, 21, is a perfect English rider who is willing to lead you anywhere. Call her for miles of fun.

• SEXY SARAH, 21, is sure to leave you feeling seduced and sighing for more. To relieve your tensions, seek her out.

• FUN-LOVING FIONA, 23, is always on hand to calm your frazzled nerves. Her massage is a must; to try it out, call now.

We think all these girlies are corkers, but if you think any one of them is your dream woman, then phone in on 0898-405-7686, or freefone from the LSE on ext. 2870 and place your vote for our prize **Beaver** of the Year competition. If you're brave enough to leave your name and number, you could even win a prize -- a year's supply of **The Beaver**, voted Newspaper of the Year 1992 (by us, of course!)

SU embezzlement uncovered



Playing the fruit machines can become a long-term habit and cost thousands of pounds.

Johnson finds means to fund gambling

An in-depth **Beaver** investigation has uncovered allegations that Students' Union Senior Treasurer Toby Johnson has been attempting to embezzle Union funds to support his fruit machine habit.

When asked how much he believes he has lost on his highly addictive habit, Johnson said he would approximate it at "at least £200 this year alone."

However, anonymous **Beaver** sources claim that there has been another investigation recently into the ultra-

vires embezzlement of up to £1500 of Union funds, which could possibly be linked to Johnson.

More likely, though, Johnson is assumed to have financed his gambling losses by falsely reporting the estimated funds needed for the Union's budget next

year. The costs listed in Johnson's annual Union Budget Submission were apparently recognised as overly steep, and the finance subcommittee which received the report is therefore seriously considering what action to take.

Jon Spurling, next

year's Finance and Services Officer, was present when Johnson made his budget submission. He said afterwards that the difference between Johnson's estimate and the School's was fairly large, and that "it didn't look too good" for Johnson.

MacDonald Moonlights

Friendly Fiona, Social and Services Sec, redefines Sabbatical role

Considerations about increasing sabbatical's pay have come under heavy scrutiny when it became public knowledge that SU Social and Services Secretary Fiona MacDonald has managed to earn considerable amounts by providing personal services to other students.

Michiel van Hulten commented that it seemed hardly necessary to increase the pay when such convenient

methods of "earning the additional quid without paying tax" could be found by the sabbaticals.

But van Hulten, whose sales techniques have had success but included only a 24-hour warranty, added that "sometime sabbaticals' emphasis of work had not been on their brain."

The Beaver declined to ask further questions in that direction. MacDonald hoped that business, which has been rather slack lately,

will pick up new momentum in the near future. She was not prepared to say more and refused to give details on her financial situation.

Concerning personal financial matters, van Hulten said that MacDonald had "got around to earn a lot."

He nevertheless has denied suggestions that in the future sabbatical's offices are going to be provided with beds by the Student's Union.

'Bishop is my Father' says Love-Child Michiel

As scandal rocks Irish Catholic Church, SU leader is caught in the crossfire.

As the time of Michiel van Hulten at the LSE draws to a close, more and more new information is being obtained by **The Beaver** concerning his background.

Recently it was discovered that Michiel covered part of his living costs with a large sums of money which he received from obscure sources.

New evidence suggests that this money might have come from

Irish sources and there are even some indications that a specific Irish bishop might be responsible for the payments.

Apparently large payments have also been forwarded to an unnamed Dutch politician, who insisted that his adoptive child stay abroad as long as possible.

This in turn is offered as one of the explanations for van Hulten's/Casey's eagerness to find a job outside the

Netherlands.

The recent attempt by the General Secretary to cut down on his drinking habit and thereby to reduce his monthly expenditure by £1000 is now also seen far less as a laudable exercise in self-restraint but rather as a highly necessary preparation for a life without support from Irish Catholic taxpayers.

Van Hulten/Casey has not yet decided how he is going to be named in the future and was not available for comment as what to concerned his ancestry.

Crawford denies scandalous rumours

Last night, the LSE Press Officer was facing the toughest moment of his career as a scandal threatened to wipe out all of the hard work that he has done for the School since joining them as a glorified busy-body.

Iain Crawford, known with fondness throughout the School, was said to be reeling from the shock of allegations naming him to be "celibate and a teeto-

talder". Understandably, Crawford was deeply upset by the news and was said to be seeking the advice of his lawyer until the early hours.

(Of course, it goes without saying that she was female.)

A Gesture

A press conference was called by the Director on behalf of Mr Crawford so that he could refute these allegations. In a gesture intended to show the press how wrong they were about his character, he

turned up with a whiskey bottle in his hand and proceeded to drink its contents within the next 10 minutes.

Despite the fact that this was only for show, Crawford managed to stay remarkably upright during the proceedings and was only heard to slur his words 17 times.

'Only in it for the sex'

When commenting on the charges of celibacy brought against him, Crawford replied that he "could not understand

why someone could put such a slur upon [his] character for any reason. I am well-liked and well-respected amongst women. They know what I think about them and they know I am only in it for the sex.

"To say anything else would be grossly offensive to me and would reflect badly upon my position within the school."

Horizontal position

When asked what exactly that position was,

Crawford replied that it was "strictly horizontal".

The Beaver then asked him whether he drank and had sex at the same time, as he had claimed to do a year ago. On this occasion, he did admit that he had lied previously but was "working on it so as not to disappoint the punt-

ers".

The rest of the School administration refused to comment on the future of Mr Crawford within the LSE establishment. However, it is known that, with such a scandal currently going on, his position within the School will have to be reviewed.

The Beaver

would like to thank for printing this spoof issue, PDC Copyprint for producing all the photos, and all the staff members who worked ever-so-diligently (if anonymously) on this issue.

Ashworth knighted for services to higher education

It was revealed last night that our ever popular Director, Dr John Ashworth, is to be knighted in the Queen's Birthday Honours List for his services to higher

education. Already the news has leaked out to students on the streets of LSE and they have been seen revelling in the moonlight, congratulating the work of their secret hero. Sir John, as he will be

called, was honoured for his tireless work to try and rescue County Hall for the better good of future students.

'Revel'ation

His philanthropic work has been particularly admired, not just by the

students that he governs at the moment, but by other students in other universities throughout the country.

Many have joined in the revelling, glad of the attention that a fellow university is enjoying. All that is, except for Sal-

ford, the former home of the Director.

Visionary

Students there are heard to be on hunger strike, trying to win back the heart of their former Chancellor who chose to have his vision at the LSE over them. Salford students are disappointed that Dr Ashworth was not able to see them into the next century.

They wanted very much to be privatised but he was unable to stay at the university long enough to be able to fulfill this commitment.

At the moment, Dr Ashworth is unable to

talk to the press as he wishes to spend more time with his family. However, in an earlier interview with **The Beaver**, he did state that he did not spend enough time with the LSE as family and private business matters directed his attentions elsewhere but that he hoped to rectify this situation soon.

First Love

County Hall has long been his first and only love and Dr Ashworth has frequently had to suffer the glare of the press for this. However, Ash-

Please See Knight, page 6

Bradburn sobers up

Jon Bradburn has asked the Beaver to mention that he will spend the time after his exams attempting to get sober before starting off as a sabbatical in July.

He plans to "mentally catch up with the last few years which I missed due to alcohol".

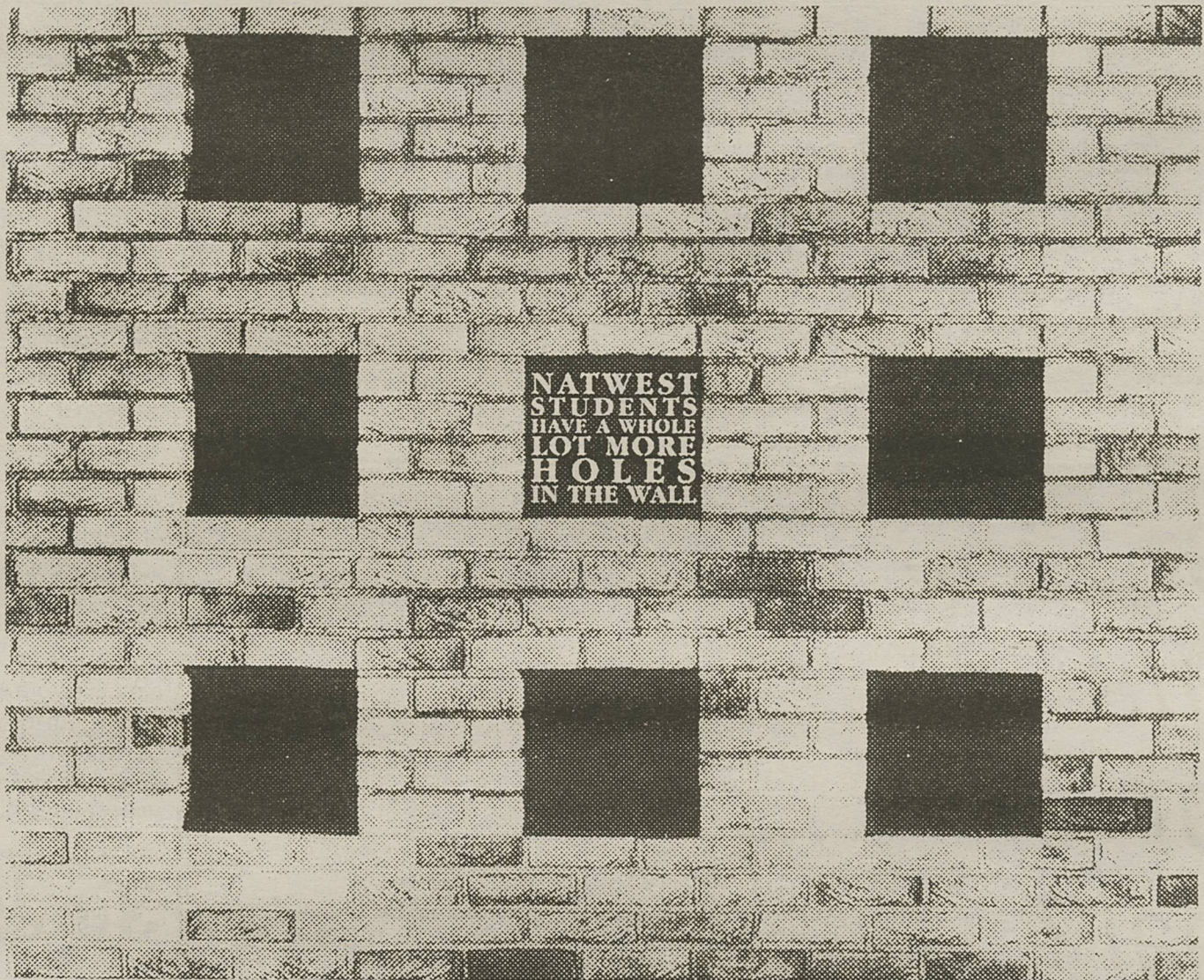
It is reported that Bradburn will also undergo psychiatric counselling directed at overcoming the shock which he suffered at the end of March when he got to know that even sabbaticals have to pay for their beers in the Three Tuns.

Vegetarian Cafe goes for animals

The Vegetarian Cafe is going to offer meat from the next year onwards.

At the time of writing it could not be ascertained by **The Beaver** staff, whether this was just a joke or reality. Students are divided on the issue. Some said considered this move to be outrageous, whereas other overseas students hoped that soon furs with a LSE-logo would be sold in the Union shop. Suggestions by Ron Voce that the disused Underground could be turned into a slaughterhouse have been rejected unanimously by all students

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Van Hulten to receive Golden Globe?

Rumours at the LSE has it that Michiel van Hulten will be awarded the Golden Globe Award for his contribution towards comedy.

Students at the LSE were left bewildered at the news that "silliness pays off that well".

In the meantime serious doubts have surfaced about the validity of the rumours, as it was pointed out that most of the entertainment provided by van Hulten was enacted in a state of complete drunkenness and as such may not have constituted acting



Michiel van Hulten is rumoured to be up for a Golden Globe nomination, as well as an award for Best Country 'n' Western solo act at all.

Nevertheless van Hulten has good chances which was the promise of "imagination and creativity as a General Secretary" during his election campaign in 1991.

LSE to put customers first

Director puts forth plans to privatise the School

The LSE, in an attempt to become Britain's most profitable university, is to dramatically change its way of working.

The fundamental change will be the desire to put Customers first, as the Director, John Ashworth-a-lot, insists Students should now be called.

Ashworth-a-lot's research has shown that LSE Customers do not enjoy Exams so they will be abolished, and replaced with much more user-friendly Tequila Parties. "Customers' Degrees will be marked on their ability to enjoy

themselves - this is what the market says it wants, so this is what we will give them" says Ashworth-a-lot. A special working party looking into degree marking under the new scheme, led by Professor Magnanimous Decision, has agreed that special marks will be awarded for those who interpret the purpose of the Tequila parties best. The toilets are going to be doubled in size and newly equipped in line with these proposals.

Those who wish to continue with the more traditional approach to study will be able to do so in the new Department of Ye Olde Style-of-Study, led by Professor Karl About-to-Popoff, aged 106.

Professor About-to-Popoff has accepted the directive from Ashworth-a-lot about the customer being always right, and so will be giving all students in the Olde-Style-

of-Study full marks for everything they do.

Asked about the plans for the Olde-Style-of-Study department, the professor told **The Beaver**, "Err, Piles of Studs..... well.... err, no I haven't been put out to stud yet.... can you pass me my teeth."

Ashworth-a-lot's plans are designed to eradicate the space problem.

Nothing will be compulsory, so that customers can choose their own bundle of goods, and do not have to crowd into uncomfortable lecture rooms because of unpopular timetables. As a result, the Head of Site Development and Services, Michael Cooped-up, will be leaving the School. To improve productivity and remove the need for attendance at the School by students, degrees will be given out at registration on the first day.

The plans have been welcomed particularly by right wingers Alan Skidmarks, and Michiel Van Ashworth-Lover. Van Ashworth-Lover described the proposals as "a good example of the students union and the School working together." When asked about his imminent departure, Van Ashworth-Lover described this too as "a good example of the Students Union and the School working together."

Sir John of LSE

Knight, from page 5

worth remains unabashed now that he has been nominated for his knighthood.

It was clear to all those at the LSE that County Hall held a special regard in the eyes of Dr Ashworth and now that his endless efforts have been rewarded both he and all of his students are said to be delighted.

Brown Nose

One LSE student, when commenting on the happy news, said to our reporters, "I think he's a real boy. Top class stuff, you know. It's really

great what he's doing for LSE and all that crap. I hope he can make us private, that's all. If he does that, my wishes for the place'll be fulfilled, you know." This comment seemed to reflect the popular sentiment on the streets as the rumour of his nomination spread across London.

Boring

Michiel van Hulten was also happy to comment on the recent news.

However, because he is such a boring bastard, we decided to not bother with him and to save you the pain instead!

STUDENTS REQUIRED for part-time work in the Union Shop (basement of East Building)

This is a real advert

8-20 hours per week, starting Sept. '92
See Ruth in Shop for application form.
Closing date for applications: 9th June

This is a real advert

Is this for real?

Director John Ashworth apparently thinks that his staff needs to show a bit more altruism concerning the plight of the homeless student.

Along those lines, **The Beaver** thinks the Director might do well to set a precedent for any of his reluctant employees by offering up part of his home as well.

As a matter of fact, it is rumoured that the LSEAU's First XV Rugby team are looking for a place to live next year. How about it, John?

The London School of Economics and Political Science



From the Director:
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Direct line: 071-955 7007

28 April 1992

Dear Colleague,

Student Accommodation

I am writing to seek your support in helping the School provide more residential accommodation for its students. The cost of accommodation is consuming an ever increasing share of students' very limited resources. It may be that you have a spare room or other accommodation which could be let to a School student at a fair but nevertheless below market rent. Please consider whether such an arrangement could be of mutual benefit. Obviously, from the students' point of view, location is an important factor: accommodation should not be more than about one hour's travelling time door to door. The Student Union Housing Adviser, Susan Garrett, Extension 7145, would be pleased to give advice and accept details of accommodation which may be available.

On the same subject of student accommodation, work has recently commenced to build the 140 place Annex at the Rosebery Avenue Hall. With the completion of this development in June 1993, the School will have increased its accommodation stock by some 70% over a 3 1/2 year period. Nevertheless, 200 places elsewhere are likely to be lost with the expiry of leases in 1994; these places must be replaced and other accommodation provided so that the School may have sufficient accommodation to help attract the best quality students. In this connection, it may be that you are aware of sites and buildings in central London which could be developed to provide additional places. If so then please get in touch with Robert Smith, Assistant Secretary, Extension 7083.

*Yours sincerely,
John Ashworth*



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Apparently, it is.

Let's See Europe

Joe Lavin trips lightly across Europe in Sex-crazed, Drug-induced frenzy, meets the Pope and falls madly in love with a Spanish Flamenco dancer.

Like many others at the LSE, I spent my Easter holidays travelling around the continent. And also like many others, I have this deep desire to tell all people about my European trip. People will come up to me to ask for money, and I have to fight back the urge to respond, "No, but you know the ten pence piece you have in that bucket can buy an entire meal in Czechoslovakia."

I also have pictures, plenty of pictures, over two hundred of the little expletives. You see, Mom said she wanted pictures, so she got pictures, some pictures that I don't even remember taking. I was showing them to a friend the other day, and sometimes I just had no clue. "Well, that there is some sort of castle type thing just outside Copenhagen. I think." "Ah, Joe, that's the Eiffel Tower." "Oh, yeah, I guess you're right."

Dave Barry once said that the great thing about travelling around Europe as an American is that you get to broaden your cultural horizons and "meet people from completely different states." And boy was he right. I met people from Nebraska, Alaska, Tennessee, Montana, and occasionally a real honest to goodness actual European person.

Unfortunately, these Europeans kept talking in these funny foreign languages in which the consonants had managed to overthrow the oppressive yoke of the vowels. So mostly, I stuck to the Americans, Aussies, and Brits.

Still, it was a rewarding experience. And I did learn many valuable lessons that sadly will not be appearing on my exams. For example, the world really isn't that

large a place. And the boundaries of countries no longer really matter. We are all really one. And then there's the final and most important lesson I learned. Stupidity is everywhere.

Yes, that is what the rest of this column is about. Stupidity. All kinds of stupidity. Individual stupidity, Institutional stupidity, Papal stupidity, and even my own stupidity. You can't escape stupidity. It's lurking, everywhere.

For instance, there was the Nebraskan I met in Prague who informed me that "My grandfather was on the Mayflower, you know." As my friend Tim responded, "Wow! He must be really old," well into his fourth century by my count. I think after a short time she figured out her mistake and realised that maybe it was her great grandfather instead.

This is the same person who later exclaimed, "You know, I really like Mariah Carey. She's like my idol. I mean, she's probably the best artist of the nineties. No, not the nineties! The latter half of the twentieth century." I, of course, disagreed. I thought New Kids on the Block were much better. Not to mention Cher.

Or there was the girl I roamed around Rome with for a couple of hours.

She was just starting her trek through Europe and had it all planned out. I asked her if she had some sort of train pass,

may not have been that bad an idea

I also ran into a fair amount of institutional stupidity, mainly in those institutions which have something to do with trains. For instance, there was the eleven o'clock train from Copenhagen to Berlin on which we had seats reserved that suddenly around 10:30 got boarded and decided to leave early without us. Or there was the 9:55 Budapest-Munich train for

which tickets were sold at the train station. The only problem was that the train didn't actually exist, and so I didn't

and she actually responded, "Well, no, I'm not planning to take many trains. I plan to do a lot of walking." I tried to

introduce the topic of distance into the conversation, and she did concede that she would do a little hitchhiking. But mostly she was going to walk.

She also talked a lot about "sleeping in fields." Seeing as the hostel we were staying in was completely filthy and didn't actually possess any toilet seats, it

make it to Munich.

We had a similar problem in Brno, Czechoslovakia where we attempted to catch the 7:40 train from Brno to Vienna

leaving from track number six. It was around 7:39 when we finally discovered that the station had no track number six. As you can imagine, this caused considerable difficulties.

And yes, I even came across Papal stupidity on my travels when I ran into the Pope. You know, he heard I was in Rome and called me up and said, "Hey, Joe, how have you been? You know, the hell with this holy week thing. Let's do lunch."

O.K., so I'm lying. But I did really see the Pope. It was on Holy Thursday, and I was wandering around St. Peter's while the Pope was giving a mass. The stupid thing is that this was allowed. It was not a sin. In fact, the Vatican people encouraged stupid tourists such as myself to wander up and down the aisles of St. Pete taking pictures. For future reference, it really ruins the effect of a Papal mass when camera laden tourists are busy exclaiming in fifteen different languages, "Hey,

Vienna to Budapest, via Paris. Granted, I never have taken a geography class, but I did kind of gather that Paris wasn't real close to Budapest. You see, it was one of those wild irrational decisions that we made in under five minutes when we realised that we had missed the Budapest train and still wanted to leave Vienna. Paris was the only choice, so we went to Paris, saw the big sights, and nine hours after arriving took a night train to Budapest. Yes, it was stupid, irrational, and senseless, but it was also fun.

Well, other than that I did absolutely nothing else in any way stupid. I mean, it's not as if I left my luggage unattended in the currency exchange of the Zurich train station and then walked around for two hours trying to figure out where the hell my luggage was. Well, actually, I did do that, but that's entirely beside the point which happens to be that I did nothing stupid on my travels, except for that time when I --

Oh, hey, look! I've run out of space. Oh damn, I'll have to save that story for later. Wouldn't want to impinge on the space of the Busy Beaver (who is nowhere to be found - Ed.). So I'll talk to you all later. Unless ... does anyone want to look

at my pictures?

No, but you can read more about the Spanish Flamenco Dancers, et al, in the next, ever-exciting installment of "Joe's Journeys"



The Eiffel Tower in Paris



Schloss Charlottenburg in Berlin, one of many sites Joe may have visited

News in Briefs

Dates for your Diary this term:

8th - 14th June is National Drink-Well Week, and it is Students Union policy to educate all LSE students to the joys and benefits of alcohol consumption. Events include a display all week in the Quad with posters and other information promoting rapid and excessive alcohol consumption, a sponsored "Drinkathon" on Thursday in the Tuns, and a free pamphlet (available from Students Union reception, East Building) describing how much drink is too little, entitled "Alcohol, the best Lubrication".

Co-inciding with this is National Start Smoking day, Wednesday 8th June, as organised by the Tobacco Advisory Council. The aim of this day is to introduce non-smokers to smoking and the issues surrounding it (like why can't you smoke anywhere nowadays?), whilst providing moral support to reinforce the habit of existing smokers. A limited number of vouchers for free cartons of cigarettes are available from the Social Secretary's office.

Penultimately, in support of men's groups worldwide, Tuesday 7th June is the first International Heterosexual Mens Day (IHMD), events include the showing of a film in the Old Theatre, a special meeting of the debating society to debate "THB that men are superior and generally get shat on by women and no-one understands us properly", and all day videos of snooker, baseball, and sleazy Madonna videos.

And in a similar vein, the Silver Walk committee have organised a Walk-in-and-get-laid Keg-party on Thursday 9th June, it is for the benefit of American students who spend all fucking day complaining that the parties here are not as good as the ones back home in the States. Well this one is heralded as the best party of the year and I for one will definitely be going, to find out if the Americans actually party or if they just think they do, and I wish them luck.

Finally, **The Beaver** is organising a Drugs Amnesty for all LSE drug users. As the term ends, we're sure that many of you have illegal controlled substances which you do not want to take home, yet which you would not like to fall into the hand of sweet innocent young children. These drugs may be given in confidence to the **Beaver** Office in the East Building where you can be sure we will dispose of them safely and efficiently.

But on a lighter note, there's this guy flying TWA from Heathrow to New York, and as he settles down to read his newspaper the stewardess comes up to him and asks: "Would you like some of our TWA coffee sir?"

To which he replies: "No, but I wouldn't mind some of your TWA tea."

It's Summertime

Stars love their Beaver



Left: Wayne and Garth (Mike Myers and Dana Carvey) are avid **Beaver** lovers. On Top (always): Pop star Madonna also loves her **Beaver**. Photos: The Observer

continued from page 3

When asked about their reaction to **The Beaver** scooping the Pulitzer Prize, cult TV and film actor Mike Myers said: "No way!" In response, his co-star in the new hit film *Wayne's World* Dana Carvey said: "Way!"

Popstar Madonna was more enthusiastic and even claimed to have read our paper, saying: "On hot summers evenings I like nothing better than to curl up in bed alone with my **Beaver**"

Sharon Stone (photo on page 19) was given a copy of **The Beaver** by one of our reporters at the recent premiere of *Basic Instinct*, she said she was sure it was a "Cool" paper and autographed it for us.

We are offering Sharon Stone's autographed copy in a competition, the winner is the person who best completes the following caption:

"I want to own Sharon Stone's **Beaver** because ... (no more than 20 words)" Closing date 3rd June 1992. The editor's decision is final.

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THE BEAVER

The Beaver is looking for a new Busy Beaver gossip columnist, as the old one graduates this year (and we all wish Paul the best of luck in his new job at **The Sun** newspaper), if you think that you could do as well or better then we'd like to hear from you. Tell us (in 2-300 words) why you think you'd make a good Busy Beaver, and send it to: The Campus Editor, **The Beaver** E197.

No Salary, but blackmail opportunities in abundance.

On The Campus at LSE!

Horrorscope

What do your stars say? Mr E tells all!

Hi, I'm the resident **Beaver** astrologer, and I'm here to drop a few hints about what is going to happen in the future, to fill you with my wisdom, with the fruit of my labours and penetrate your souls.

If you're an **Aries** then don't fly anywhere between 25th June and 15th July, the spirits forecast that this will be a time of disaster for you.

Taureans will get no sex at all whatsoever during the summer (Mars in Uranus).

Geminis are going to find job-hunting very difficult this summer (Mars in Jupiter).

Cancers will suffer some kind of severe illness over the summer (Pluto in Euro-Disney).

Leos must watch their food intake; a typically hungry sign, the lion eats and eats, but now could be the time to watch what they eat as some kind of virulent food poisoning could be on the horizon (drinking, of course, is fine).

I feel that **Virgos** will have problems with water over the next few weeks, I'm not sure whether it's drowning, being attacked in the shower, or just plain incontinence - but beware, this is not a good

time of year to get wet.

Typical **Librans** will be in unusual financial difficulties by the end of this term. Now might be the time to cut back on your expenditure and try to get back some of those drinks you've been buying everyone else all term.

This one may sound strange, but **Scorpios** must avoid four-legged animals in the third week in June, as the conjunction of Mercury with Neptune will make things harsh for you if you anger for example, a dog or a cat.

Sagittareans are re-known for their low self

esteem, now summer is here it is time to stop mentally and physically abusing yourself, go out and be friendly, find a partner, dance in Hyde Park at midnight, just stop thinking that your life revolves around *Neighbours* and the local bar.

Capricorns are typically disliked by the other signs as a result of their selfish natures. Now might be the time to heal old wounds and make up with friends which you have lost during the year.

Aquarians should take advantage of this month to sow new seeds, if you are bored with life at present then now is the time to branch out and meet new people. However, beware of a man with a large stick on the 13th, he means you great harm.

Pisceans should shield themselves from emotional harm in the first week of next month, as there is great turbulence in the cosmic pathways which bodes ill.

Quote of the Week:

"All Americans want to do when they go abroad is meet other Americans so they can complain about how difficult it is to get a decent burger."

- Naked Lunch

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The "Offensive" cartoon which Miss B. Eaver received from her economics professor. Courtesy: Mr C. Shultz

'Econ Prof tried to get into my knickers!'

continued from page 2

She was overheard saying "If that fucking cunt gives me any more of his shit, I'll ram his fountain pen so far up his arse that he'll have to mark my next essay by sitting on it!"

Other female students taking the course described him variously as

"slimy", "creepy", and "a leech with dandruff"; the general consensus was that he should be held up in front of the board of Governors by his tes-

ticles. The student's tutor was yesterday unavailable for comment as a result of the forthcoming disciplinary action.

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An Inquiry into the Realms of Meaning

Paul's Poetry Corner

It penetrates the most inner chamber of your sanity, evoking an eruption of desire, lust, passion for what is eternally a paradox: the physical hunger of the mind.

Neo-Freudian? Perhaps. Or is but an elaboration of the most fundamental of human instincts? Progress, development and evolution: the only true tradition is that things do and always will change.

This picture defines hope in its perversely naked reality.

Hope or desire? Mother of God or Satan? It's hard to say but one thing is for sure, one ultimate fact

of our anarchical, yet astonishingly harmonious existence remains, a truism, an axiom, an undeniable verity: Teddy Sheringham scored 38 league and cup goals for Millwall last season.

But is that relevant? Is that a chair? Am I bold an can you pass the salt, please?

Bollocks

The purpose of this discussion is to develop a comprehensive analysis of the meaning of life. The picture is a catalyst, if you will, a spur inciting us to think. But is all this really necessary? Does Sinead O'Connor have more hair on head than on her nipple? How does a banana split? How does a cake crumble? How does a milk shake? Funny, ha ha ha, is your brain's slow drowsy

reaction, but its not a laughing matter. No, this is serious.

Βολλοχκσ

A lot of us forget the ancient Greek tale of a young man named Amolis. One sunny, summer morning, Amolis, his torso laden with muscles and his mind on Elsia, queen of the birds, approached his father:

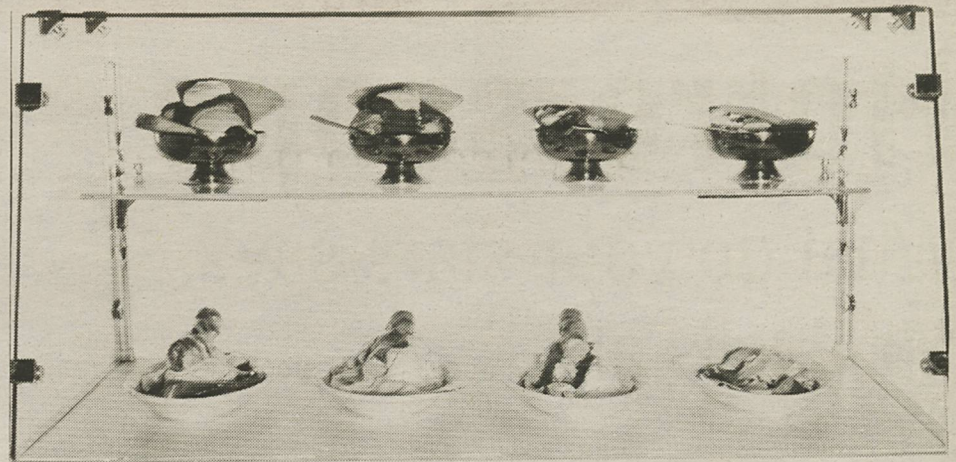
"Father, I must leave this island for it is time for me to see the world", said he, his nostrils flaring.

"My son, you may go and may the winds of the sky blow in your favour", replied the old man.

Amolis left.

A Vision

Perhaps now it has become clear to the reader that we can only find solace in departure. Departure, however, is



What does this picture mean to you? (We think it's ice cream, Paul)

no longer physically possible. This brings us back to the picture. The artist attempts at departure. Does he succeed? yes, but only partially: a sorrowful fact assaults itself upon us as we stare compassionately, perhaps with tears in our eyes, at this monument of art: the existence of choice. Choose for yourself, for living life is like

breezing through a third rate canteen. You, the customer, nervously pick and choose as the customer behind pricks you on the shoulder and asks, "excuse me, do you know what the parallel quotient of an hyperdometric vector's numerical value is?"

One must give up. The search is absurd and the canteen will never end.

But at least the possibility of departure, escape from the canteen is now with us.

Before you leave us, you'd probably like to bring a snapshot of life, of the canteen. I'm sure this picture will do: it did for the artist.

Basic Sex

By Charles Chaplin

Basic Instinct, what could this refer to I wondered before going to see to it, its got Mickey Douglas (speciality: dodgy, potboiler, action-thrillers, and double chins), and Sharon Stone (speciality: dodgy action films with hardly anything resembling a plot, playboy centrfolds, and a tendency to bear that not-really-very-ugly body of hers to the full extent at any cinematographic moment), and Paul "blood-and-guts, sex and violence" Verhoeven. Probably just a harmless piece of family entertainment. Harmless enough if you family consisits only of yourself and your partner-in-bed and you're not quite sure how this 'sex' thing works.

Anyways, the script apparently went for a more-than-generous

sum of \$3 million to that well-known scriptwriter and con-artist Joseph 'Why don't I regurgitate the plot from one of my earlier films and add lots more sex and violence' Esterhaz. Was it worth it? Well frankly, as far as the script goes my little sister could have done a much better job by simply picking words randomly with the use of her 'Speak'n'Spell'. Classic lines are not to be found in this film, and were not the purpose of said film anyway. Well not unless I missed something.

But then again who cares right? I mean let's face it we're not going to go and see this film to be culturally enriched are we. NO. We're only going for the sex. That's what we've been told about isn't it (oops Freudian slip). Sex. Hmmm. Hmmm, well...actually....

Oh sorry my mind just started wondering. Sex. Is that what you want?

Cost that's what you get when you watch this film, and plenty of it. The plot

is incidental to Mickey's humping, but for those of you who want to know about it, this is it: Bloke gets killed during mid-orgasm/cocaine trip by mad ice-pick wielding woman, mad ex-druggie cop comes in on the case, sick jokes about about corpses feelings at time of death etc., main suspect is Sharon Stone a bisexual sex-goddess/best-selling writer, cop falls for her, begins to suspect other people (as do we), so who dunnit?, we don't know till the end etc.

Paul Verhoevens directing is up to scratch, pulling no punches and holding nothing back, and manages to keep the film alive despite a

Blood, guts, Michael Douglas' chin, and Sharon Stones' tits

plot so full of holes that Condom manufacturers have actually had nightmares about it. With the essential bloody deaths, and car chases, the action, when it comes, is good enough.

So, to recap, this is what you get when you go to see the film: you get blood, sex, and ice-picks, Mickey Douglas and his amazing multiple chin, Mickey's ex-lover/shrink, and a sex/rape scene, Sharon Stone and Mickey Douglas out at the beach house, Sharon and Mickey getting close, Sharon and Mickey dancing, Sharon and Mickey bonking, Mickey's head in Sharon's nether-regions, and vice versa,

HANGOVERS

By Jonny Bradburn

Hangovers are a subject very close to my heart, never will a week go by without me acquiring one many times without even trying too hard to do so. Financial, emotional or educational failure have nothing on the gut wrenching feeling of waking up with your tongue stuck to the pillow, a head that feels like its gone ten rounds with the Los Angeles Police Department and a stomach that at any moment is likely to return the Doner kebab you deposited in there only the previous evening. No matter how bullet-proof, in-

visible or sexually attractive you may have been the night before with 12 pints of Old speckled bullfrogs bowel-basher swilling around inside you, you are faced with the grim realisation that you are faced with hours of hot sweats, shakes, inability to concentrate on anything above the intellectual rigours of Turnabout, Richard and Judy discussing Richards vasectomy and his light of fingered activities (Honest your Honour I completely forgot about those two

Please see Hungover page 12

Mickey groping Sharon's tits and Sharon doing things to Mickey's John Thomas, Sharon wincing (but not visibly) at Mickey and his flabby bottom-from-hell, bit more sex, Sharon Stones' tits, bit more violence, Sharon

Stones' tits, total confusion, Sharon Stones' tits etc.

So a porno film with a plot. A definite must-see: as Mr. Verhoeven said "fuck political correctness". And Sharon Stones' tits are bloody good, aren't they?

Shields on Chelsea

A critical, and by the looks of it a very creative analysis of the football team that is ...Chelsea.

By James "Chewbacca" Shields

I'm sure that many people glancing at the final standings of the league tables this season will take great satisfaction in seeing Chelsea resting in 14th spot. However lets take a look at the real facts. All season we've had to put up with whinging

scousers moaning half the team not fit. So fucking what? Chelsea have had to put up with real problems this season and we stil managed to beat them at Anfield this season without the Leagues' greatest centre-half Paul Elliot. We squared up to battle with Cabra Estates over Stamford Bridge and took an inflated valuation for the grounf squarely on the chin.(take note scousers) even though

we knew the real reason for this hiked up price was because half the stock market want a piece of the hallowed turf.

Just take a look at the footballing greats that Chelsea are currently giving the league the privelage of accomodating. Such luminaries as Andy townsend, Paul Elliot, Vinny Jones (when will people stop mistaking passion and commitment for thug-

gery?), Dixon and Wise, without whom England would have not been playing in Sweden this summer, would grace any side in the world. Young players such ase Graeme LeSaux, Graeme Stuart, Frank Sinclair and Andy Myers are future world beaters, Myers taking that Manc. shit Kanchelskis out of the game at Old trafford. So shut up moaning and pay your respects. Let's face it, I don't think there's a player in the league fit to wipe their arses.

Not only have we got the greatest players, but also the greatest fans, with the greatest songs. Own up Arsenal, why do you keep nicking our songs? I can't remember us not filling an away

end this season. Tottenham fans are always going on about how their averages are better than ours, that might be so at kick off but what's the attendance after half the crowds fucked off half-way through the second half. Half the scousers I know can't even be arsed to get out of their armchair on match day, yet still reckon their fans. Mind you, I suppose they don't want to crease their shellsuits. Let's face it we've also got the hardest fans in the world as well, if you don't believe me just ask Middlesboro'. Millwall are just a bunch of brain dead dockers, so it's obvious, **Chelsea own London.**(Not-NA)

If we take a look down memory lane we'll also realise that all of the games greats learnt their trade at Chelsea. Take Jimmy Greaves, Bobby Tambling, Chopper Harris, ray Wilkins and the nations greatest ever forward Peter Osgood, to name but a few. The Yids and the greeks

wouldn't even have managers now if it wasn't for us.

Obviously after reading this article many will finally have to admit openly what they have previously only admitted to themselves. Chelsea are the greatest the world will ever have the privilege to be graced by. Even if they don't as Vinny and Wisey so eloquently put it at Anfield "Huh, we're bothered." Everyone knows we're the glamour club of the league.

Oh, and before I sign off, a little message for tottenham. I'm quite pleased that you didn't go down, you're always worth six points a season to us.

A reply from Uncle Bob Hick:

Q. Who knocked Chelsea out of the F.A. Cup?

A. Sunderland.

Q. Who beat Sunderland in the F.A. Cup Final?

A. Liverpool.

Enough said- Chelsea are shite.

No Talent!

Kylie's Krap: it goes on and on.

By A. Scouser

News has just arrived in **The Beaver** office of Kylie Minogue's new film, "No Talent". She co-stars with Jim Davidson, and the film will be directed by Bruce Forsyth. Kylie's role is that of hardened female wrestler Rip Doff, who after forty-five years on the tough professional circuit decides she wants more than cheap motels and takeaway food. Wanting to achieve something with her life, she embarks on a courageous journey across town to find the hottest vindaloo possible. This bout of guilt/aspiration to her true vocation /what-ever you call it is sparked by Bill Werbenuik's failure to re-appear on the professional snooker circuit (at top level), and she makes a tearful vow to him and pledges to drink as much beer as possible on her quest.

This sad beginning to the film though is short-lived, as Kylie battles across London (the town in question), finding hope and love in the cities best curry-houses. Along the

way she meets many wandering wayfarers, including Chair Pee-cochnee (Jim Davidson), whom she falls in love with over eighteen pints of lager and a Keema-Nan. Jim is an out of work comedian, reduced to such levels as playing a chauffeur in a poor ITV sitcom also starring that bloke from Allo' Allo' (terrible level of degradation). Jim is forced the Christmas before to play the Dominion Theatre (have you ever seen anyone going in there?) and to voting Tory. Through Kylie he finds his true self again, and starts life again by hosting Turnabout and re-making the whole of The Sky at Night.

Our budding couple then go through the trials and tribulations of living with his parents on a barge on the Thames. This provides some delightful scenery for them to dive into as they go for their early morning swims. His parents are played by Chris Patten (unemployed nobody) and Ed the Duck (also unemployed nobody). Things begin to go wrong for the young lovers

when they realise that their meagre earnings (i.e nothing) won't support their beer drinking/curry-munching habits at the Four-Kings Hot Curry Store (which they decide is the location of the ultimate Vindy). Thus they are both forced to find work.

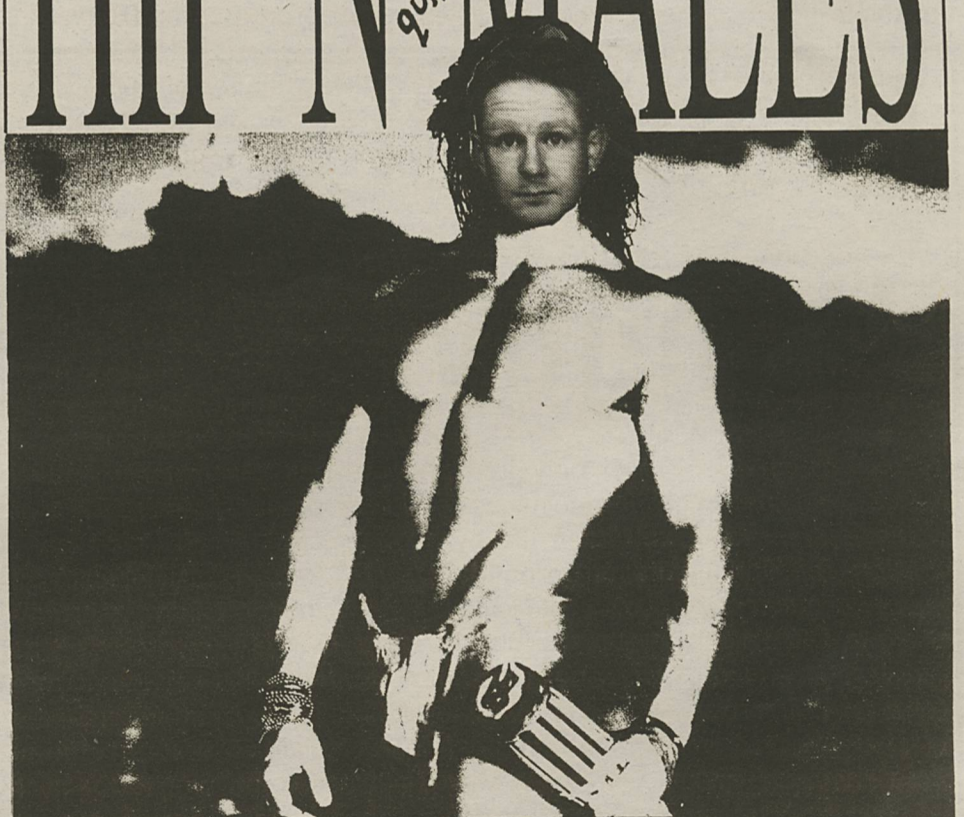
Jim becomes Hilda Ogden's toilet roll holder, and is lucky enough, er, sorry, unluckily apart from his love most of the time. Kylie, however is not as fortunate as Jim, and can't even find work as Frank Bruno's punchbag, or Robert Maxwell's lifebelt. Eventually, unqualified and peniless, lunatic, demented, and drunk half the time due to her terrible habit, she is forced to become a politician. Elected in by talking crap and making promises she didn't keep the last time she was voted in, she quickly grows close to Paddy Ashdown and (quite predictably I thought) has an affair with his secretary.

Thus our saucy couple experience difficulties, made worse when Jim

Please see On and On... page 12

HIP 'N' MALES

not quite



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You call *that* art?

A Pretentious Critic waffles (what's new?)

Have you ever been to an art gallery, stood in front of some so called abstract painting or object and thought "what the hell is that?" Furthermore, what the fuck am I doing here? I mean the things people call art these days leave me wondering, if they are bordering on the very very limits of sanity itself or even whether or not they actually originated from the same planet as the rest of us terrestrials. Not being singled-minded, in any way at all, I recognise that art encompasses many different fields and therefore I do allow for some elasticity of interpretation but crying for loud they're taking it too far. I remember watching the news one night and one art student, for her finals, decided to place six heaps of hay on a floor in apparently no significant order, by her own admittance, and then had the nerve to call it art. Now I ask you, how can the

civilised society in which we live, possibly conceive that such a display has any artistic merit whatsoever. To anyone who knows about art, and I know my art, that a was quite simply a big load of boll**ks!

What makes the situation even worse, in my opinion, is the fact that, in this world there are people who have nothing better to do than support this supposed art by paying huge sums of money for it. This only results in the people concerned producing even more crap. Take Jackson Pollack, for instance, who simply throws paint at the wall whether it be with a brush or the paint pot itself and that for him constitutes a serious piece of art. I'm sure a little four year old child with a paint brush could achieve the same effect. What's more his parents would have a serious sense of humour failure if he or she did so. Quite frankly,

I pity the poor person who has to clean the mess off afterwards. Then there are what I refer to as the 'morally reprehensible artists' who set out to shock us all with the extent of their perversion. Max Ernst, whose painting, *Men Shall Know Nothing of This*, basically depicts a sculpture of copulating couple. Stupid or what? Anyway, I don't know what you think but to all intents and purposes I reckon that position is impossible.

To be fair this sort of exploitation does not only occur in paintings and sculpture, it occurs in all forms of visual presentation. Take any film that has come out over the past few years, which is so shit it would not be able to stand on its own two feet in main stream cinema, put it into a cinema hardly anyone goes to and then you're guaranteed to get someone calling a great work of art. Bertrand Babié's,



Oo Err Missus!

Trop Belle Pour Toi, starring Gerard Depardieu is a classic example of this phenomenon as is *Blue Velvet* directed by David Lynch of *Twin Peaks* fame, I rest my

case.

In the end I believe people should stop pampering to the pretensions of these artists, I use the term in its most generic sense, and tell

things the way they really see them. If its crap, say its crap!

(This article is a load of CRAP! - Ed)

Bradburn's article is Hungover

From page 10

bottles of gin and the dozen cans of Ten-nents Super) or 'The Word' (shag ya later, bollocks) and of course you don't overly relish the prospect of knowing that the feeling you would experience being on the inside of a Sumo wrestler's jock-strap would be more pleasurable. So the question would seemingly be how does one prevent the onset of a hangover? Many a remedy have sprung,

not only from the de-ranged minds of sad old women (in my day we used to drink 2 gallons of tomato juice then disembowel ourselves with a rusty teaspoon) but also from the multinational pharmaceutical companies who honestly expect us to believe that drinking a glass of rehydrated lemony powder that looks and tastes like wee-wee is going to make you feel better. Indeed the very thought of drinking a glass of 'Resolve' is more likely to

send me racing for a chat with the nearest U-bend than make me feel alive and kicking again. Perhaps the soundest two ways of avoiding the dreaded hangover are 1. Don't get drunk in the first place (effective but exceptionally boring) and 2. Remain inebriated for the rest of your life. This second method is both very expensive and also a little impractical, especially if you are a neurosurgeon, but positively encouraged if you are a high court judge or a first division footballer. Having considered and rejected these two options I'll move on to more 'tried and tested' remedies. The old 'drinking a pint of water before you go to

bed' trick is a popular one to quote but not to use. Funny really but there's nothing that appeals to me more after consuming ten pints of Lager than flinging another pint of water down my throat. Another popular one is the tactical vomit before you go to sleep. This tends to be used rather spontaneously by some people, notably one James Brown the financial mastermind behind **The Beaver** who in a little recorded incident managed to bring back his chicken curry, red wine and poppadums all over my leg at Camden Palace and then had the audacity to expect us to carry him out and transport him home. To press on (as Clare Raynor would say) The best cure I personally have found

is the 'greasy fry up' which will either cure you or make you throw up which will also make you feel better. Under no circumstances drink Isotonic Lucozade, undoubtedly the most evil creation since 'Cheggers Plays Pop'. This concoction is deceptive. It will lull you into thinking that you feel better 'replacing lost fluid' however it will then make you so violently and copiously sick that the contents of your stomach could have realistically been used to sustain the population of a small third world country. In the end there is little you can do if you do have a hangover perhaps that'll teach you not to drink so much, but then again perhaps not.

... & on & on...

Kylie's Krap Continues from page 11

takes a new job as Julian Clary, and goes on to inherit the costumes from Dame Edna's wardrobe. Kylie, jealous of Jim's anonymity, decides to go into football management, as boss of Beazer homes side Manchester United, where she tries to buy a successful team. However, the plot takes another twist when her star striker, Inspector Morse, goes completely sane during the last match of the season, and scores the own goal that stops the team from being promoted.

Life is the Name of the Game

Singles reviewed by Colin Bell

Single Of The Week
Popinjays: Monster Mouth (One Little Indian)

A record which flies of the turntable the moment you connect the needle with vinyl must have something going for it. This record strives for majestic glorification with all the pomp and ceremony but lacks that final touch to lift it off cloud eight. Swirling melodies are always a welcome shot in the arm. The perfect antidote to shoe-gazing. Probably.

25th of May: Go Wild (Arista)

There is little doubt that 25th of May were pissed off when the Tories won yet another election, but they have to look on the bright side really. If the Tories hadn't won then both themselves and Billy Bragg wouldn't have had anything to gripe about. This single, complete with the sticker bearing the legend 'Warning: Offensive Lyrics' on the cover, leaves nothing to the imagination because of the four different mixes provided. A more cheerful record



25th of May watch the 1992 Election results come through

than it's predecessors, 25th of May nevertheless lack that final blow which will send them screaming and kicking into the never regions of the charts.

Spectrum: How You Satisfy Me (Silverstone)

With Spacemen 3 banished into the history books for ever more, Sonic Boom tries to outdo his erstwhile colleague Jason by establishing a band to rival Spiritualised. With Richard Formby, producer of the Pale Saints and the Telescopes, and Mike

Stout, one-time Wedding Present, Boom is set to storm the Indie Charts as Silverstone try to recoup their losses incurred through fighting endless court battles with the Stone Roses. A typical Spacemen 3 record, the album, 'Soul Kiss (Glide Divine)', is due for release in June.

Radiohead: Drill EP (Parlophone)

When posting records to be reviewed it's always advisable to supply the title of each song otherwise the collection will become known as

crap, shite, even worse than the previous one and what a load of bollocks this one is. Actually, there not that bad. Except I've heard them all before by bands who do them better.

The Heart Throbs: She's In A Trance (One Little Indian)

Phew! Indie guitars. You can't beat them.

Kingmaker: The Killjoy Was Here EP (Scorch)

An excellent record. Full of classic tunes, harmonious singing, tuneful guitars and really profound and meaningful lyrics. It will become an anthem for today's generation. Something with which the Kids can unite against the man. A masterpiece of genius on par with the greats of yesteryear. A real winner. Number One for sixteen weeks. I want to marry you and have your children.....NOT! Why don't you just fuck off and die, Kingmaker. You're Shite.

Is There Anybody Out There

The Scorpions unveil their new album

What do you do when you finally have a hit single in Britain and you have no nothing to release? Well you allow your record company to release a tacky compilation album. So when Blunder Boy gave me this C.D by the Scorpions I nearly didn't bother playing it, after all I first heard the Scorpions in 1979, when I spent 8 weeks in Germany on a school exchange and I saw them at Wembley last year, before "Winds of Change" ever got on the crappy old play list at

Radio 1, so don't tell me, about this great "new" German rock band!

The title of this C.D., 'Still Loving You', made me think bollocks, it's ballads, but this album 'aint just about ballads its about rocky ballads and most of them have been noticeably re-mixed.

One thing is certain, the Scorps, don't write short songs. There are only 11 songs on this CD, but the music goes on for over an hour and it leaves you wanting more. The track selec-

tion is culled from various albums back as far as the sexist cover of 1979's 'Love Drive', bubblegum stuck to left breast stuck to mans hand, to the recent 'Crazy World' album. Classic tracks such as 'Holiday', 'Is there Any Body There?' and 'Lady Starlight' are included as well as the title track. These songs feature some of the old lead guitarists such as Uli Jon Roth and Rudi's brother Michael Schenker, but the stability of the last few years have brought

a more cohesive unit and they deserve the success they have had.

Gripes apart, if all you have ever bought is 'Crazy World', then buy 'Still Loving You'. But keep in mind 'Best of Rockers and Ballads' It has a better selection of tracks, and goes on for 75 minutes, and it is probably cheaper. So shove any thing by the Scorpions in your player and say "Here I am, Rock Me Like A Hurricane"

Conway Twitty

Bobby's Letters

Bobby Charlton answers this week's mail

Dear Bobby,

In a recent FA Cup encounter, my team, Millwall, went a goal down against the home side Chelsea. The bloke standing next to me sported Chelsea's colours and was naturally delighted. Imagine his surprise when I hit him over the head with a bottle.

Yours truthfully,
T. Hurlock
Southampton.

Vibes-BC

Dear Bobby,

In a recent FA Cup encounter, my team, Millwall, came from a goal behind to win 3-2 against the home team, Chelsea. The bloke standing next to me sported Chelsea's colours and was naturally disappointed despite his bleeding wound. Full of emotion, he tried to hit me over the head with a bottle. Imagine his surprise, then, when I pulled out a gun and shot him in the balls.

Yours truthfully,
T. Hurlock
Southampton.

Vibes-BC

Dear Bobby,

I think Aston Villa are crap, like many other Northern and Midland teams. Don't you agree?

Yours askingly
T. Sheringham,
Nottingham

Vibes-BC

Dear Jim'll Fix It,

I wondered whether you could fix it for me and my friends to play for a decent team like Millwall, because all the teams we play for are crap.

Yours hopefully,

Gary Lineker and his friends in the Premier League

Now then, now then. How could we fix this? Well, we rang up Mick McCarthy, Millwall's excellent manager, and asked him whether he could help us fix this wish. Unfortunately, he told us to fuck off stating that all those players in the premier league are shite. We did however manage to fix it for Gary and his chums to watch Millwall in action so that they could watch and learn something about the game.

Sir Jimmy Saville OBE

Vibes-BC

Your Beaver Guide to Sweden 92Your Beaver Guide to Sweden 92

Player Profile

European Footballer of the Year Alan Sked

Full name: Alan Edson Arantes de Nascimento Sked.

Date of birth: 3rd September 1939.

Place of birth: Unknown.

Current club: "Not Inter" Europe F.C.

Political honours: Bath 1992 ; 1 appearance, no goals, 117 votes.

Football honours: European Footballer of the Year 1991-2, World Cup Winner 1966.

Best goal scored: "Well, it was the one wot made it 2-2 against the Jerries in '66. I just twatted it and it hit the bar and bounced over the line and bounced out again. The wanker in the black tried to disallow it but Hunty had seen it all and told him not to fuck with the Brits cos we're always right which we proved because we beat 'em in the end and I got three if I remember rightly."

Favourite ground to play at: "I like Wembley but I suppose it's probably the Heysel Stadium in Brussels. We buggered the Europeans there, didn't we? Pity about Maastricht really. We should've sent the Headhunters, the I.C.F., the 6:57 Crew etc. Not that wimp Major. Up yours, Delors!"

Who's going to win the European Championship?: "Fucked if I either know or care. If we do it's one up for Blighty and we can tell them to go stuff their Ecu and make them use good old Sterling not this 'Bank of Toytown' or Frankfurt or wherever shite. Rule Britannia evermore!"

Nickname: "The Wizard of Drive", "Ol' Blue Eyes".

Best moment in career: "When we voluntarily left European club competitions in 1985, I think."

Worst moment in career: "When they stopped the Home Internationals I was very upset. It's a great feeling playing to a Wembley crowd full of drunken Scotsmen, in the game which will decide the champions of the world's greatest tournament. But I think the worst moment must be when they bribed us back to Europe. We had great competitions : The Full Members/Simod/ZDS Cup, The ScreenSport Super Cup, The Dubai Cup, and then they con us into this European Cup lark. We should tell them to piss off, I reckon."

Is there anything you feel which could be done to improve the game?:

"I don't know what can be done now, it's too late. We should have patented the game when we invented it so we could tell Brussels to poke off when we get this UEFA directive cack. Or EEC, for that matter."

Favourite singer: "Frank 'What's the Cosa Nostra?' Sinatra, of course."

All-time favourite XI: "Nick Ridley, Enoch Powell, Winnie Churchill, Norris McWhirter, Oswald Moseley, Geoff Thomas, The Queen Mother, Norman Tebbit, Me, Dave Waddington, Ken Baker. A nice uncompromising line-up."

Who do you rate in the game now?: "Ron Noades. He's very tactful, I think."

Do you have any plans for the future?: "I think I might run for Governor of Hong Kong."

Interview: Derek Dougan

"It's Yours For

Taylor's men are on course for European and Nat Lofthouse as they talk

With only another month to go before the start of the European Championships, Graham Taylor has some tough decisions ahead of him after the inconclusive build up of the last few weeks, like who's going to sing on the official team song. One thing's for sure, its going to be tough out there. In this preview we look at the players who we feel are the danger men of the eight teams competing for the second greatest prize in football.

Ability

Germany are the strong favourites to take the title for the third time. With their outstanding squad and their ability to play total football, key players are likely to include Lothar Matthias, Andreas Brehme and Rudi Voller. But a strong challenge has been mounted by Simon Reidler. His ability is obvious. On the field he dictates proceedings with a cool, calm authority on the right wing but is never dull and afraid to speak his mind. His performances for UGM Dortmund were outstanding, although his

appearances were limited due to tough competition from outside right Rizla Sheriff, the Irish international. Team mates are quick sing his Praises. Ron Voss, who is unfortunately injured and misses out on the championships, called him "A pain in the arse....for the opposition." Ashy, retiring chap, he should do well this summer in what could be his finest season yet.

Cabbage

Sweden's hopes of success on home soil seemed to be all but diminished thanks to the injury to MadQueen Beaver. Beaver, who is said to possess a pair of Sweden's greatest assets, unfortunately received a nasty gash on one of these assets during a domestic game or two. His/ her decision to undergo a sex change operation last season has not affected her performance and has laid on some of the greatest balls seen this season. Her place is likely to be taken by teen-pin up, the gorgeous Paul Bou-Habib-Dib-Dib-Dob, who's prepared to sacrifice any game so long as

it does not damage his perfectly formed hairstyle.

Mine's A Pint

Probably the greatest surprise, selection wise, from England's point of view, is Graham Taylor's decision to include George McCloud-Castles. Taylor defended his decision by stating "If you don't experiment you don't find things out, do you, Brian?". McCloud-Castles, a veteran of two World Wars (shurly cups? - Ed.), was an outstanding left winger



prominent member of Churchill's England Squad of 1939-45. However, fitness worries and his inability to last the full ninety minutes cast doubts over his selection plus his need to take a walking stick onto the field of play. He never-the-less gained 38 caps for England during his



George McCloud Castles: Relax, girls.

during the 'Thirties for Accrington Stanley, Barrow, Southport and Aldershot scoring 368 league goals in only 128 games and became a

career and his knowledge of the game could be vital. The boy should do well.

Hancock's Half Hour

Another addition to Taylor's squad is the dark-haired destroyer Dr Alan Sked, who recently picked up the European Footballer of the Year title. Sked, an inside right, may also be made captain in order to further Inter-European cooperation between the teams. His inclusion means John Barnes is left out while McCloud-Castles partners Gary Lineker up front. Sked, on his selection, said "It's a game of two halves, Jimmy, but at the end of



George McCloud-Castles scores the winner in the 1938 Cup Final

**** Your Beaver Guide to Sweden 92 ** Your Beaver Guide To Sweden 92**

The Taking, Graham"

Championship Success say Ex-England stars Bobby Charlton exclusively to **The Beaver**



the day it's being cooperative that matters."

George Harrison

Yugoslavia have a surprise package in the guise of Andy Kikezhedin-Baly. A mere youngster with the mental age of nine, he was discovered playing for Wimbledon two seasons ago where his modest behaviour went down well with the fan, a certain Mr Arthur Smith. His brilliant body swerves and amazing left foot are well known in the game and, keeping in the tradition of the modern footballer, he even has his own fan club which he runs himself from his villa in the south of France. He has yet to score in the Tuns.

Hello Mum

Left Winger Suke Woltonovski could be the key to the CIS's hopes of victory. Operating in a strong forward line, she argues her case for inclusion on the grounds that she really isn't a communist-Marxist and it was just a phase she went through during her early career. Forever protesting with the ref on the grounds that he is a capitalist bastard who is simply persecuting her for her beliefs in that "Yes, that forward really was offside you blind wanker". Like Gullit, she can be distinguished on the field of play by her locks. Or rather by her lack of them. Her only

fault is that she refuses to cooperate with the rest with the rest of the team and will never cross to the right. Which makes her pretty useless, really. Travels well. Especially to conferences.

Cheese On Toast

Michiel Van Baston has held his position in midfield well all season after his departure from MSC Amsterdam to C.R.A.P Sabbatical Academicals. His man to man marking of "Worr" Johnny Ashworth brought cries of derision from team mates Steve Prince and Dominique Dee-Fender. His work for the PFA saw the introduction of a new "constitution" for the players, but when it was published no one gave a toss. Except Germany's Ron Voss. The championships will be Van Baston's swan song as



Van Baston: Flying Dutchman

he hangs his boots up for the last time and moves to a new position in the Dutch army where his chances for promotion augur well as he is an experienced arse-licker. After his retirement the job of steering C. R. A. P. Sabbatical Academicals to their third successive championship falls on the

shoulders of the current Cypriot reserve team Captain, Fazile Zahir, who have to work hard at her new position to prove she isn't a sleeping beauty.

Tits

Of course the Dutch side would be hard pressed to achieve anything without the commanding presence of their distinguished goalkeeper, Robbie Gross. The man they simply call "Bob" is synonymous with the Dutch football renaissance and has kept a clean sheet (oo-er) throughout the qualifying tournament. Gross has built a fearsome reputation over the years first appearing for the Honk Kong second division side Sanyo Tigers before transferring to first division giants Mitsubishi Warriors for a record 253 billion Bung (£2.65) fol-

lowed by move to the top French side Dynamc St. Germaine (DSG). Known as the safest hands in soccer, Gross is looking to stamp his authority in the opening games.

I'm A Plant Pot

Scotland's hopes of success looks to be fal-

tering after FIFA ruled that they are only allowed to have one goalkeeper on the pitch at anytime instead of the three that they requested. Even so, the new Scottish wonderkind, John Bannockburn, looks a promising young talent. Renowned for his runs from deep midfield straight to the bar, he is the darling of the tabloid press and hopes to keep the masses entertained with his attractive dribbling skills. Bannockburn only made the squad after the withdrawal of Gordon Strachan and pipped six other candidates, including promising Goalkeeper BoyBlunder Andrews and the unknown Frankie Denny, to the place for Sweden. He also hopes to establish himself in the C. R. A. P. Sabbatical Academicals side next season despite the shite new hairstyle which notably lacks the quality of a bubblegum perm, Brian.

Neil Webb's Got Two Left Feet

France's hopes rest squarely on the shell of Brian L'Escargot, the slow moving full back who leaves a silky trail behind him whenever he plays. Forever in danger of being eaten by his team mates, Brian has waived this aside to produce some of the best football ever seen on the field of play from a mollusc. His agent Dougall can tell you more shaggy dog stories than your average Sun reporter but he became entangled in a drug scandal last year when it was revealed that the sugar cubes he ate was in fact speed, which explains why he used to whizz around in circles. Brian



Dr. Alan Sked : European Footballer of the Year

has been a clinical finisher for FC Magic Roundabout all season during their campaign in the Hector's Homes League. Despite his slow pace, he scored an hatrick against both Nutwood City, where Rupert Bear had a very bad game, and completely destroyed the defence of Trumpton Town, which included Pugh, Pugh, Barney Mcgroo, Cuthbert, Dibble and Grub. His torrid relationship with Florence has kept in the tabloids all season but he's pulled through to claim a place in the French National side. Andy Pandy was said to be delighted while Windy Miller, the scout who first discovered this excited talent for the then unknown Camberwick Green All-Snails, stated "I always knew Brian would make it. Brian is the first slimy creature to play at international level since Bernardo Duggan came on as a substitute for Argentina against Peru last season.

Wedding Present

France have also controversially given a vote of confidence to the two veteran half-backs

Pi rre Harris  and Jean Spurloigne, whose unimaginative style of playing leaves a lot to be desired. Back passes, square balls, and a lack of pace when the going gets tough has let France down on many occasions, particularly in the friendly against Latvia where their dull approach allowed Freedonia, the Latvian striker, to score a hatrick within the first minute of the game. Despite the presence of Brian L'Escargot at right-back, France lost 8-0. With them in the side, France have leaked more goals than ever before, but then it's a funny old game.

Bob Geldof

With so much going for him this summer, Graham Taylor should, we believe, come home with nothing as usual. A brainless, witless, couldn't-pick-his-own-bottom type of guy, Taylor is basically a wanker and they should have given the job to Brian Clough, but at the end of the day they should change the offside rule. Isn't that right, Jimmy?

BBC 1

BBC 2

ITV

Channel 4

**Taking a break from
revision?**

There's fuck-all on.

Rent a video.