

ROSEBERY FOUR PLEAD THEIR INNOCENCE

Matt Smith

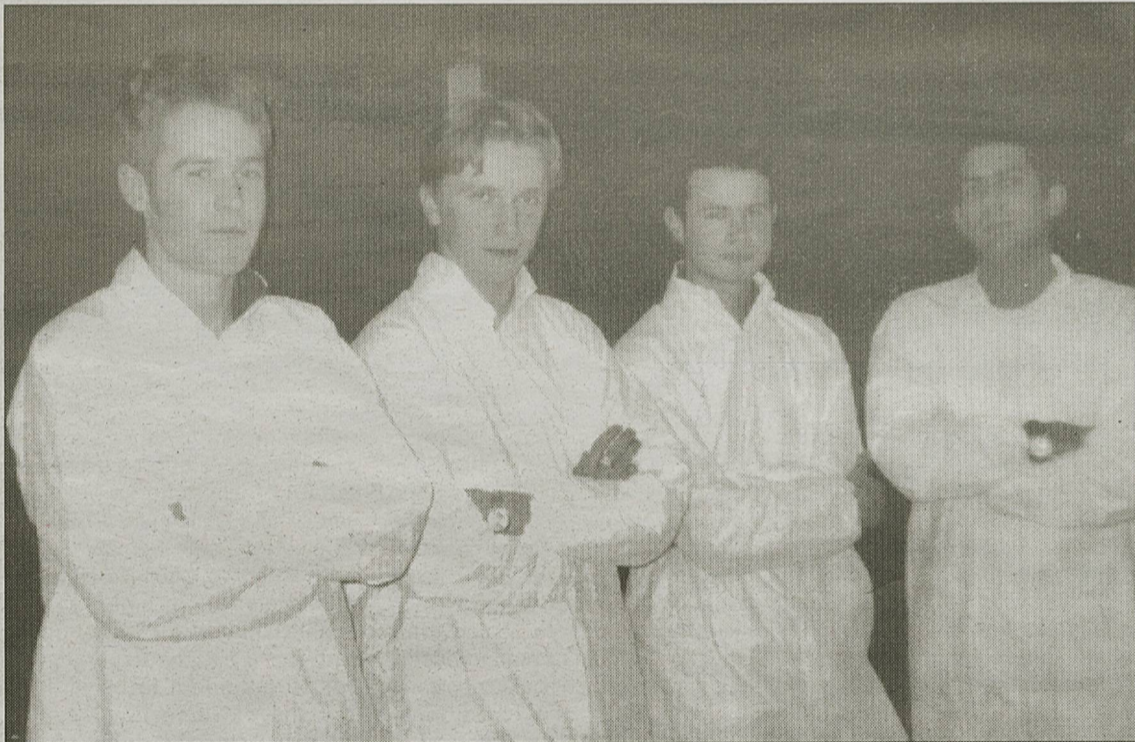
Heavy-handed, racist and over-bureaucratic' is how an LSE fresher described London's Metropolitan Police Force after a strange night of confusion at Charing Cross Police Station. The comments came after the Met moved quickly to act upon an attack and robbery near Leicester Square last Wednesday, arresting four LSE students in the process.

The four, pictured right, are all first-years from the LSE's Rosebery Avenue Hall of Residence and protest their innocence, seeming puzzled and confused at the arrests.

On a routine night out they visited King's College Bar and the Three Tuns before making their way towards Leicester Square. On entering Leicester Square, however, they were surrounded by police and forced against railings, then told they were being arrested under suspicion of assault. They claim that they were not read their rights until around fifteen minutes later.

At this point the sole Asian amongst the group, Accounting and Finance student Nickhill Fakey, was separated from the rest of the group with no explanation being given, before the group were bundled into two police vans. Another member of the four, Economics student Steve Simpson, alleges that whilst in the van he overheard one police officer say: "With young Asians you might have a stolen mobile phone or some drugs," and presumes that this is why Fakey was singled out.

Amidst further confusion the police entourage didn't reach Charing



The Rosebery four

Photo: Trevor Trigger

Cross Station until twenty minutes later, as the Arresting Officer could not be found. Once at the station the group surrendered their personal belongings and had their clothing taken for forensic evidence. They were then provided with white paper boiler suits and taken to separate cells, still, they claim, somewhat unsure of the crime they had been arrested for.

During an estimated five and a half hour stay in the police station the four were examined by a doctor, spoke to their solicitors, who felt the case against them was not particularly strong, before being interviewed by detectives. Very confused, they finally began to discover the reason for their stay

in the station, it emerged that a young male had been found unconscious in Panton Street, near Leicester Square and had been rushed to casualty. The gentleman concerned had also had a mobile phone and cash stolen, in a crime witnessed by an American tourist who pointed the four out to the police. The students protest their innocence, however, saying that security camera footage should place them in a McDonalds restaurant at the time of the assault.

The group were bailed until November 4th and returned to Rosebery Avenue at around 6am on Thursday morning, still dressed only in white boilersuits.

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It emerged that a young male had been found unconscious in Panton Street and rushed to casualty... in a crime witnessed by an American tourist who pointed the four out to the Police

INSIDE News

All systems go in the Quad.

ULU rakes in the cash.

Responses to the Pakistan coup.

Jack gets bound and gagged. And he's not happy.

Features

British politics is Eurotrashed.

Beaver investigates disabled rights.

Sports

Bushpigs fight back. LSE rugby win some games (not drinking ones).

Sexy, er, Badminton.

Far Flung

We read all the rest of the student press so you don't have to. Be grateful.

Bart

CHEAP CLUB ENTRY
!!!!- See Clubbing page

Plus - Shilpa gets high while Jo gets phat; Tammy fights for her rights; a right royal romp at the ENO while Bowie and chums get wired for Chardidee

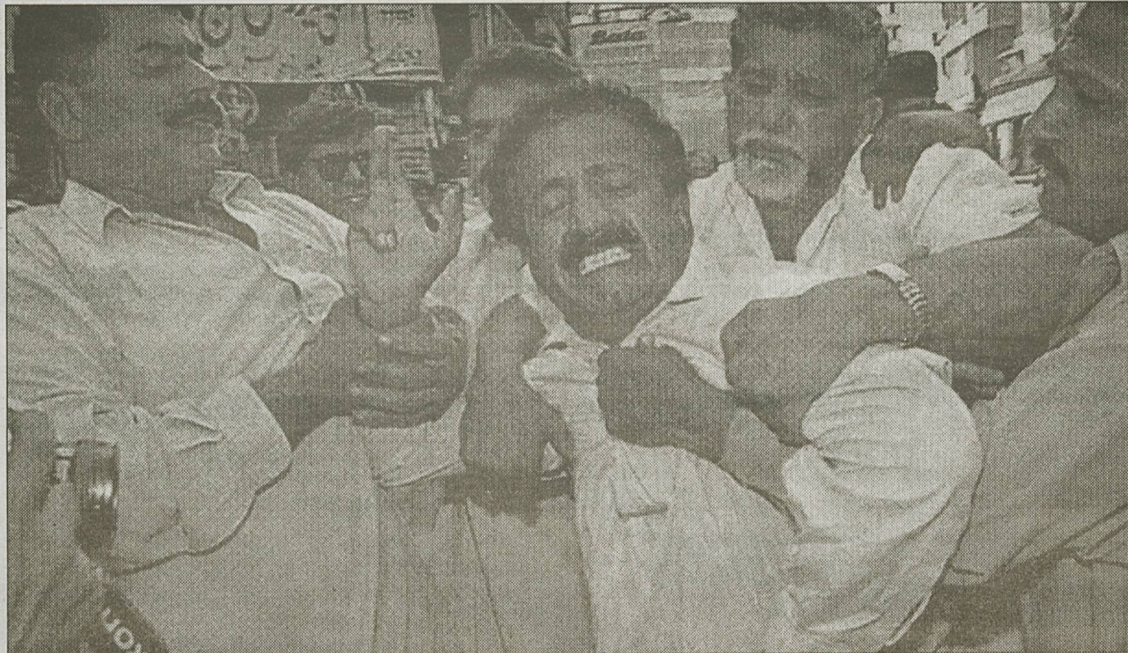
HOUGHTON STREET CONSENSUS: 'LEAVE PAKISTAN ALONE'

Mukul Devichand

Perhaps it's because LSE has lost its 1960s political (man) charms. Or perhaps it's because in this world of disasters and diplomatic crises brought to us on the hour (every hour) we have just lost interest in the events that, as the hype would have it, shape the world around us. Whatever the reason, and no matter how loudly the newspaper headlines scream, it was evident on Houghton Street yesterday that LSE students are losing no sleep over the recent Pakistani coup.

For those outsiders who have no personal connections in Pakistan or around, the coup was just another unread story. "Oh yes, that was in the papers, wasn't it...?" was the response of Fergal Quinn, Vanessa Dietzel and countless others.

Those with some heritage in the sub-continent were the only ones who seemed to take any interest. One American, Sunita Doddamani, said adamantly 'This spells trouble. We must be aware of the intentions of a military leader that promises democracy. That is what they always say.' This is a sentiment echoed by the changes in foreign policy in London and Washington, but if Houghton Street



Will the military coup improve the Pakistani situation?

Picture: Beaver Archives

is anything to go by it is not the opinion of the significant chunk of LSE students connected to Pakistan itself. 'I'm happy, happy' bubbled Farhan Ansari. 'We expected this coup,' said Khurram Mumtaz, 'because Nawaz Sharif failed to tackle loan defaulters. His government were in fact the biggest defaulters. The people want accountability; the West's present attitude is hypocritical.'

No-one seemed to support the idea of Western sanctions. 'They should leave Pakistan alone, and look at themselves!' said Uzma Sa. 'None of the other Commonwealth States are really diplomatic anyway,' claimed Cherine Hamid, 'why don't the West turn their attention to human rights abuses, like in Israel which is also nuclear.'

But even the traditional enemies, the Indians, seemed to

feel indifferent towards events in Islamabad. 'I don't perceive a threat to India,' offered Mandeep Rai. 'The situation is worrying but positive too,' said Summit Saigal. 'It's not right to expel Pakistan, we should give them time,' agreed Subhra Chatterjee, although he added 'it is worrying that Pakistanis seem to be shifting towards extreme parties: this threatens democracy.'

That very idea of a Pakistani democracy was what seemed to interest people more than the present situation. Can democracy really work in a country where the fluctuating political history has been described as 'a soap opera in real life'? 'Pakistan has essentially never been free from its feudal shackle,' said Tariq Qureshi, 'can democracy really exist alongside an extremely powerful army and theocracy?'. 'The people want accountability not democracy,' answers Abdul Hafiz, 'the Islamic state supports democracy but not always the Western ideals such as a human rights perspective. Rather we have accountability and the rule of law.'

Only future events can determine Pakistan's democratic destiny: but will we on Houghton Street really be watching? Certainly those with a direct interest will keep their eyes peeled; and as for the rest of us, our attitudes can be neatly summarised by two comments. 'Where's Pakistan, exactly?' as asked by David Sewell; and in the words of Pavit Singh 'This is the kind of subject I keep to myself about.'

The ULU sports ground, Motspur Park has been sold to Fulham FC for the sum of £2 million. The decision to sell was taken last year when it was voted that the £100,000 annual cost of the site was too great. However, sporting types need not be alarmed since access and usage of the park will remain exactly the same, the only exception being cricket which will be transferred to another site.

Such a substantial injection of cash, along with the annual savings made thanks to the sell-off will enable ULU to vastly improve and develop sporting facilities for all London students. At present, the £2 million was in a ULU bank account gathering a healthy amount of interest and we are assured that when it is eventually

ULU IN THE MONEY

spent, it will go on nothing but sports and recreation. Matt Butt, President of ULU hopes that the extra money will be spent on creating new sporting facilities and that this will go some way towards alleviating the problems of accessibility faced by many London students. According to Butt, 'the trouble with the facilities at Malet Street is that they only get used by students at the surrounding colleges like LSE and UCL. Hopefully the extra cash will go some way towards increasing

participation amongst students from less centrally based colleges such as Royal Holloway and QMW.'

Other plans in the pipeline include channelling more funds into developing sporting excellence (hopefully the 'excellence' of hundreds of previously overlooked LSE sportsmen and women is finally about to be given the recognition it so greatly deserves.)

Getting rid of the financial burden of the ground whilst keeping virtually all of the usage

and accessibility seems like a shrewd move on behalf of the ULU team. However, reactions regarding the new plans from LSE students have been mixed - one issue raised concerned why the money could not be shared out and given to the individual colleges to spend as they wished. But according to Matt Butt, 'this goes against the collective principle of ULU. By using the money to improve sports and recreation in general, all the London colleges will benefit from having access to

better sporting facilities. In any case, if the money were shared out and given to individual colleges, the amount each college would receive would be too small to do anything substantial with.' Meanwhile a second year sportsman welcomed the new plans saying 'this is a fantastic move. I congratulate the ULU council wholeheartedly. The relocation of the cricket ground is a small price to pay for the great all round improvement of sporting facilities available to London students.' But perhaps the final word should go to a particularly eloquent 2nd XV rugby player whose reaction to the sell off was 'Motspur Park? South of the river innit? It don't matter then.'

Laura Hales

FAR FLUNG

FISH SUPPER

Glasgow University students have landed in, erm, hot water after a goldfish was consumed in the culmination of the traditional 'iron stomach' competition. The fresher who actually ate the fish (and thus won the competition) is known only as 'Bob.' The other contestant, a Sabb officer, cunningly let the fish suffocate first, but failed to digest the unfortunate amphibian. The two fish kept in reserve for a possible tie break managed to escape and have now been found good homes.

DOG'S DINNER

A policeman in Staffordshire returned home from a night shift to find his wife preparing breakfast. For some unknown reason, he wrapped a slice of bread around his penis, at which point the dog leapt up and took a bite.

The man needed cosmetic surgery to repair the damage. No it is true, honest.

SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS

Any spare banknotes that you may have lying around can now be put to a new use - according to research carried out on Merseyside, notes make ideal compost. So if you notice a strange smell around campus coming from all the wannabe investment bankers wandering around, they could well be growing some small tomatoes inside their wallets.

SPORTING!

Much moaning at De Montford University, Leicester, after the Sport published a photograph of a female student without her consent. The girl then went on to describe, ahem, a 'rampant sex session' she had enjoyed the night before. Apparently another student known as 'slutler' was busy simulating lesbian sex at the same time, according to the article. Needless to say, lawsuits and the like are flying around from the two as well as from some lads who also allegedly 'performed' in front of a crowd. So the message is clear - before you do anything sordid, make sure there are no hacks in macks hanging around, and definitely no cameras.

TOFFS AWAY

A revealing comment in the Durham paper Palatinate's fresher's guide - apparently the number one gaffe to make at a party is 'let me tell you the story of how was rejected by Oxford.' What a fun place it must be to live and study.

Also in the North, a mass kissathon at Newcastle and Northumbria Universities was cancelled following fears that it would spread meningitis. Spoilsports.

MOAN MOAN MOAN

Who says students are only worried about themselves? At a time when Pakistan is reeling from a military coup, the Northern Ireland peace process hangs in the balance and tensions remain high in Kosovo, this letter arrives at the Warwick Boar:

'Dear Editor

I walked up to Costcutters on Sunday at 3.50pm only to be told that they were closed. The sign says it closes at 4pm, but the lady inside said it was already closing time. Apparently her watch said it was 4pm.

I checked my watch with the speaking clock on the phone and with the watches of my friends and others who were also expecting to get in. The time was 3.52pm.

Either Costcutter operates in a strange time zone that is mysteriously eight minutes ahead of everyone else or THEY ARE LAZY GITS WHO WANT TO SKIVE OFF HOME EARLY.'

Name and address withheld.'



Union Jack

Little did we know what lay in store as we waited for Amar to actually stop goading the balcony boys. 'Try and hit me, I won't move' he muttered. As if that would make any difference.

Amar eventually got his weekly exercise by getting up and moving a foot to the right. Our Chair spent most of the meeting sitting around failing to hit speakers standing six inches away, yet twice berated C and S for not doing anything.

More active was our constantly departing and then returning officer Murad, who caused uproar by denying Crown Prince Vedad of his birthright, i.e. the position of women's officer of the SU.

Aside from the gender issue, quite why he thought that the female population of the school wished to discuss sexual harrasment, contraception and stress with someone who dresses like he's just got back from checking with the pheasants that there are enough pheasants for tomorrow's hunt is beyond Jack's comprehension. How would the conversations go? Female Student - 'How can I get advice on the pill?' Vedad - 'Pill? What is this menace of which you speak? It must be the latest socialist conspiracy to strip me of my land rights! I will not be defeated! Ooh, time for High Tea methinks.'

You might as well have Fat Bob giving advice on diets and abstinence.

Talking of abstinence, there was a distinct reluctance this week on the part of our elected heroes to answer nasty questions. Denial was swift from ULU's Matt Butt that old BurgerBaron Dig-and-exploit himself was offered a senior post in return for undefined wordly pleasures.

Equally equivocal was our services officer, who seems to be rivalled only by (er, you can't mention her, she's er, standing for election - ed) in the power-grabbing stakes.

Anyway, there appear to be no mice at all anywhere in the new cafe. Not even in the sandwiches. Honest. Just to make it clear - no mice. Anywhere.

And due to the Nazi-like censorship imposed on Jack this week, I can't go on about the main star of this week's show. Yes, he's standing for election. So I can't talk about rodent-like scurrying, make jokes about looking like the bastard offspring of Norman Tebbit and a ginger cat or any jokes about public schools and the propensity for people to get medieaval on asses (hence the demand for rape alarms, no doubt). And did anyone else spot the little moonwalk he did on the way up to the stage? Not that Jack would stoop so low as to make any distasteful jokes about Michael Jackson, young looking things and buggery. Oh no.

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News

LIBRARY TAKES ACTION

Controversy about the new library continues to rumble on, although it now seems the problems are beginning to be addressed. 25 Southampton Buildings is still sweltering in a tropical heat, it is still a maze and the basement is still pretty creepy and unpleasant, but the powers that be are aware of these concerns.

At a library committee meeting last Tuesday, these problems, and more, were raised by union Gen Sec Jonathon Black and Ed. and Welfare Sabb Becky Little. Library staff took notice of their concerns, and are planning to take action on a number of issues.

The heat issue relates to problems with the antiquated boilers in the building, and engineers are being called in to deal with this in the coming week.

Secondly, the incredibly confusing layout of the place. The library recommends carrying one of their maps with you at all times. If you get lost, go for a staircase and make it to the ground floor, from where you should at least be able to find where you started from. Over time, more signs, particularly the magic black and white 'this way to ground' notices will be put up.

Thirdly, the basement. Lots of small, dark rooms and little corridors heading to nowhere in particular, it can be quite disconcerting, and concerns over security have been raised by some. In response to this, more regular patrols by the security guard are being planned, and phones are to be installed, so if you feel spooked at any moment you can call the cavalry down, or just hear a friendly voice.

An SU representative told *The Beaver*: 'We always expected there to be teething problems with the new location, but the library are keen to sort everything out. If you have any concerns at all, let us know and we can pass them on.'

On a more positive note, the school has finally acted to make more study space available within the campus. A study room and large computer suite have been opened in the basement of Clement House, and a very pleasant working environment it is. Student Sally Dudleston commented: 'It's very nice down there, the kind of room you'd expect to find stuffed tiger's heads and old portraits on the walls. I'm very impressed.'

It can be seen that things are getting better. The library is listening to student concerns, and there is finally somewhere available to study on campus.

Gareth Palmer

CAFE FINALLY OPENS DOORS

Eve Parish

The long-awaited opening of the new Quad, cafe and gym took place on Monday morning in a low-key fashion. "Please try us again at midday", said the manager of the new cafe, who was busily unpacking huge boxes full of doughnuts, ready to entice students with the low opening price of 30p for either chocolate or jam flavour. Union Sabbaticals could be seen in huddled conversation as work still went on at the bar.

When questioned on site, builders Rob and Neil revealed that they had been working 17-hour-days to finish the project by Monday. Agency workers blamed the previous contractors for having put the project behind, and also a change of plans that seriously delayed the electricians. They also hinted that, as well as setting off a fire alarm and thus emptying the East building, there had been an incident in the Tuns involving exposure of 'a little man,' although they would not be drawn further on this question.

Jim, the foreman of the site, lamented that work would probably have progressed more quickly, had not labourers been lured away by a rival project being developed somewhere in Greenwich. The Millennium Dome, also slightly behind schedule, has apparently absorbed most of the skilled builders in London, due to the vast amounts of cash being offered for work there. 'Decent metalworkers?' Jim sighed, 'You'd have more chance of getting an audience with the Pope.'

From Page 1

Fakey, clearly angered by the experience, says: "As we were leaving one of the Officers said 'Sorry for the inconvenience', as he sent us away in a cage in the back of a police van with no shoes." Simpson believes that the detective interviewing him became more conciliatory and understanding after he informed him he was a student at the London School of Economics. Since that morning there has been no communication from Charing



Panic in the new cafe as the first customer arrives

Picture: Kristina Balalovsita

However, on Monday morning the completed gym was already busy with students signing up for their first induction sessions. Kevin Chan, supervisor of the gym, was pleased to report that nearly 200 students had joined by mid-way through Tuesday. He said that he was carrying out eight inductions a day (compulsory before students may use the equipment), with ten students attending each one. Chan, who was previously employed at a health club in Victoria, said that he thought the union had invested well in the facilities, and the gym was evidently becoming popular. 'It's the second day of inductions and I'm already tired,' Chan claimed.

Rob 'Fat Bob' Sellers was obviously pleased with the completed development. 'I'm very proud that everyone involved has put in so much effort to make the something that, a year ago, was just a distant dream, into a very successful reality.'

The new cafe was up and running by midday Monday, and has continued to attract a throng of customers ever since. The cafe will not be exclusively vegetarian, although there is a large selection available for those who prefer not to eat meat. Jane Yeomans, manager, claimed business was going very well, although she was having to train the staff on the spot to cope with the demand for

service. She hoped that the students would come and suggest improvements to her, adding, 'We'll try our best.' The success of the cafe is assured, provided it is well stocked with doughnuts, which seemed to be in huge demand.

However, sophisticated student tastes in the Quad were not entirely won over, with opinions mixed as to the quality of the food. A large group of first years on one table thought that the doughnuts were "too sweet", and the Ciabatta sandwiches were "a bit dry", although fresher Amy from Bankside commented: "I think 30p is really good value for a big cup of tea."

Cross Police Station and the students are still on bail. They have been informed that they may not receive their clothes back, even if the case against them is dropped, although they did get to keep the white boilersuits. The Beaver contacted Charing Cross Police Station where a Police Spokesperson gave the following statement "We can confirm that the Police are investigating a serious assault and robbery that took place in Leicester Square on Wednesday 13th

October. At approx 23:30 a 17 year old male was approached by a number of suspects while using a public phone box. He was punched several times and had an amount of money and personal possessions stolen. He received bruising and a cut to the back of the head and was taken by Ambulance to University College Hospital where he was treated and released. We have no description of the suspects available for press at this stage." The spokesperson continued

"Following information from a witness 4 men aged approximately in their late teen to early twenties were arrested at approximately 23:45 in the vicinity of the assault on suspicion of assault and robbery. They were taken to Charing Cross Police station and bailed to return to a date in the future. Enquiries continue and CID at Charing Cross investigate."

The Spokesperson also added that there was no knowledge of a complaint being made about the alleged racist comment.

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Ho hum, election time again. Once more, the Beaver is unceremoniously gagged and barred from mentioning any of the people we usually rely on to fill our pages - namely the hacks and wonks who produce enough nonsense in a week to keep us in newsprint till the cows come home.

So why can't we mention blatant electioneer **** ***** or deal-cutter *** *****? Apparently any exposure gives them an unfair advantage, even if we're trying to highlight something untoward they might be up to, or if we feel they might be, well, a little self-serving. Not only does this impinge on our editorial independence, it makes the whole business of putting the paper together a real pain in the posterior.

Example a) - at the UGM, quesetions were raised regarding a possible rodent sighting in the new cafe. We can't do a story because everybody involved is standing for something (including, one hopes, the mouse), which would make our final article look like gibberish (yeah, OK, no jokes).

We hope that Mr. Black (O God is he running for something? Hang on a sec. [Editor departs to find soiled, graffitied copy of the list of candidates]. No, it's OK) will have a look at this issue when the constitution is redrafted. Frankly, if you're censored twice a year, there's very little point in producing a newspaper at all. I suggest that a clause is added to the constitution allowing us to mention candidates' names if we judge that it is in the interests of news coverage, and not simply an election puff-piece. In a nutshell, the decision should lie with us, not the mysterious (and allegedly unconstitutional - watch this space) C and S.

Take our front page story this week - four lads on a night out wrongly identified by an American tourist (identity unclear but probably standing for Academic Board anyway) and then subjected to all the ineptitude of the Metropolitan Police. If one of the four was standing for the sodding Catering Committee, what would we have to do then? Drop the whole story? Pretend it didn't happen? I think you start to get the point.

The experience of the four is a reminder that we need to remember from time to time that we live in the real world, where chance occurances can lead to pretty unpleasant experiences - something that is all too easy to forget if we live our lives around the LSE, our Hall of Residence and maybe the odd club or cinema. There is life beyond Houghton Street and the Court of Governors, and, the constitution's knife permitting, we'll do our best to bring it to you.

Tomos Livingstone
Deputy Editor

Dear Editor,

Here's a good idea; Why doesn't LSE rent a huge building, fill it with books and call it a library. Then when they've done that can fill it with incompetent staff who don't know their arsehole for their earhole.

While they're at it, design a map that resembles instructions for the popular child's game "Mr. Pop", alarm half the doors you want to go through and make all the signs point in the direction of the ground floor.

I'd love to give Giddens a five-minute Supermarket Sweep style run around to see if he could find one of his over-rated books.

Maybe the new library is run in association with Waterstones, it so inaccessible that we have to buy our books in any attempt to get an essay in before we retire.

Much Love,
Jimmy Baker

Editor: It is undeniably true that the new Library is a bit baffeling and spooky - but to be honest I found that of the old one. I would often find myself lost and/or confused. I guess we all have a period of adaption to look forward to...

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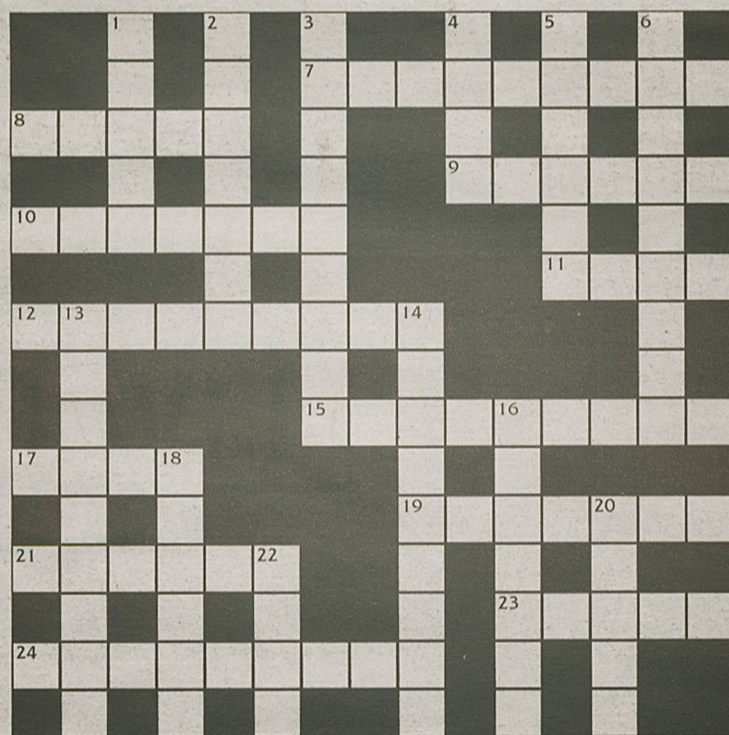
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BeaverWord



Across

- 7 Inhabitant of the earth (9)
- 8 In Hinduism, a life-giving breath (5)
- 9 Form of crystalline limestone (6)
- 10 Muslim at the crusades or nomad (7)
- 11 Nowt (anag.)
- 12 Household insect of the order Dictyoptera (9)
- 15 Going on board (9)
- 17 Court command (4)
- 19 Emblem of Communism (3,4)
- 21 Son of Zeus and Maia, associated with Mercury (6)
- 23 Author of 'The Wasteland' (5)
- 24 Someone who advocates mob rule (9)

Down

- 1 Talent (5)
- 2 Author of 'Troilus and Criseyde' and a few tales (7)
- 3 Reduce in force (9)
- 4 Down (4)
- 5 Type of damage done to timber by fungi (3,3)
- 6 Eve of All Saints' Day (9)
- 13 Respond more than justified (9)
- 14 Remain inactive (9)
- 16 Term for southerner (7)
- 18 Tube station place to worship? (6)
- 20 Eastern society and Welsh literary form (5)
- 22 Unorthodox group (4)

NOTES

The Three Tuns
Cheap Beer and a Sympathetic ear

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TheBeaver can be contacted by phone or fax on 0171 955 6705.

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

A RIGHT OF PASSAGE?

Neelam Verjee looks at the latest disabled rights campaign and asks if the LSE's attitude is up to scratch

Disability: a physical or mental impairment which has a sustainable adverse long term effect on a person's ability to carry out normal day-to-day activities.

Scope, a leading disability charity, formally known as 'The Spastics Society', who provide support services for sufferers of cerebral palsy, has launched a hard-hitting awareness campaign, as to the dismal inadequacy of services for disabled people in London.

The campaign follows a snapshot survey across a range of London neighbourhoods, in order to determine how one of the largest tourist destinations in the world rates in the provision of services to disabled customers. It was noted that 600 gigs, 250 films, 200 clubs and 150 plays, are off-limits to disabled people, with the facilities in Covent Garden coming last in the survey. This is made even more shocking with the knowledge that one out of every four households in the UK, have direct experience of disability.

The survey was timed to coincide with new Disability Discrimination laws that came into being on Friday 1st October. Essentially the laws, which are an extension of the inherently flawed 1995 Disability Discrimination Act, state that it is unlawful to discriminate against a disabled person in two ways. Firstly, by refusing to provide them with a



Not the easiest of places to get into in a wheelchair

Picture: Beaver Library

service, normally bestowed upon those without disabilities. Secondly, by providing them with a level of service lower than that of a usual standard.

Businesses are expected to react to the laws, by altering practices and policies that make it impossible or unreasonably difficult for disabled people to use a service. For example, the disallowing of dogs in certain establishments, immediately rules out a blind person with a guide dog from entering the premises. The introduction of auxiliary aids, such as induction loops for deaf people,

will too make it easier for disabled people to utilise a service.

This however, is just the first step in a lengthy process. Disabled people should see more radical changes in legislation in 2004, concerning physical change to overcome barriers. The two aims, are to draw the attention of businesses to their responsibilities and ensure that all disabled people have a complete and coherent understanding of their rights under the law when purchasing goods and services.

The LSE student union has advocated a policy of equal

opportunities for all. And they do have long term plans for the improvement of facilities and services in order to ensure a more progressive approach towards present and future disabled students. For instance, the pedestrianisation of Houghton Street, as well as the services provided by the new library, which has full disabled access.

The forthcoming constitutional review will determine whether the university needs a specially elected member to voice the woes of disabled students and to protect their interests, or if the job should

be incorporated into that of another member's.

Currently, the gym and the copy shop are inaccessible to disabled students, although Jonathan Black, General Secretary, assures me that attempts are being made to remedy that wrong. 'Like everywhere else, we can be more friendly towards those with disabilities. There is much room for improvement and the issue is being taken seriously. We hope that in the long term, all the services we offer will be accessible to all students.'

This can be seen in the proposed new Student Service Centre, to be built in the summer of 2000, will be fully equipped to deal with the needs of disabled students. The same applies to any new services, in relation to which the overseers are apparently conscious of the need to cater for disabled facilities. Since last year, there has also been the post of Advisor to Disabled Students.

Scope are planning on extending their civil rights campaign to the rest of the country and are being supported by members such as ex-Cabinet Minister Steve Norris, who helped to launch the survey. Their wish is to see every building as accessible to disabled people and no aspect of society closed off to those with physical or mental impairments of any sort.

CROWN DUELS

In recent weeks the papers have been full of reports about the Royal Family's desire to make themselves more popular with the Scots and the Welsh. We are told that Princess Ann will become the new Royal 'Ambassador' to Scotland, and the Prince of Wales will live up to his title. The Windsors are obviously worried about the strong feelings of nationalism that appeared during the campaigns for Edinburgh's Parliament and Cardiff's Assembly.

The situation is particularly worrying in Scotland where the

Royal were once seen as more Scots than English. It was not long that saw Prince Phillip become Duke of Edinburgh, when he married The Queen. Since hunting, fishing, and owning vast acres of land has gone out of fashion, they have come to be seen as more aloof and less representative of a 'Scots' way of life. Princess Ann however spends a lot of time in Scotland and is Patron of Scottish Rugby Union. It is hoped that she will gain popularity for the family as a whole, although it may be a long

time before The National Anthem is sung instead of *Flower of Scotland* at Murrayfield.

Throughout its history the Family has sought to represent the nation both geographically (Prince of Wales, Dukes of Edinburgh, York, Gloucester, and Kent) and demographically (Queen Mum, the young Princes etc). However it is clear that from now on this representation will have to be earned. It was embarrassingly obvious that the Earl of Wessex was given his title because he could not claim to represent any

part of the country.

The Royal Family should not underestimate how closely respect is tied to popularity, gain one and the other follows, lose one and you lose them both. Like many other British institutions (notably The Police, Parliament, and the national cricket team) the Royals have lost much of their respect over the last 50 years. This has been caused by a combination of incompetent decisions, and an inability to deal with the new newspaper and media culture. Winning this respect back will take at least a decade if not longer.

The signs are however that the Palace is fighting back. There have been extensive consultations with Downing Street, and the Palace now has its own media strategy.

The Prime Minister and his Government recognise that it is in their best interests to bolster the popularity of the monarchy. If public opinion were to move in favour of the removal of the monarchy, not only would it present great practical problems but would also deprive the Prime Minister of much of his power that derives from the royal prerogative. There will inevitably be calls for constitutional change in Britain, if Australia votes to become a republic in the forthcoming referendum. However there is little public appetite for abolition in this country and until the monarchy impacts directly on the lives of ordinary people in the street this is likely to remain the case.

Ben Wiseman

LSE GETS TO GRIPS WITH EAST TIMOR

This week, *Gabrielle Menezes and Claire Pryde* are getting the LSE knowledgeable about...East Timor

Compared to last week we noticed that students knew a lot more about the situation in East Timor. Perhaps because the issue has been the focus of international attention for some time.

Of course there was a dummy remark or two, our favourites were 'Who are these people?!' in response to the question 'What do you know about East Timor?' and 'Oh, this is all a bit intellectual, isn't it?!.'

Nevertheless we had Jano Sabo giving his quite accurate version of the facts: 'East Timor was invaded in 1975, it was a Portuguese colony and there was recently a referendum in which the population voted overwhelmingly for independence. However, pro-independence militias were given a free hand to terrorise people.' Additional facts are that the Portuguese withdrew in August 1975 and the Indonesians invaded 4 months later. There have been years of guerrilla warfare and a prominent figure, Xanana Gusmao was imprisoned and then released shortly after this September's referendum. The referendum was held, under UN auspices, to determine whether the people of East Timor wanted to become a part of Indonesia or have a separate state of their own. But as many of you commented the issue of self-determination is complex.

To answer some of our questions, we talked to Professor



An East Timorese man is 'interviewed' by the Indonesian Army

Picture: Library

Chris Greenwood, lecturer in international law. He commented that, according to international law, the people of East Timor have the right to self-determination. However, Indonesia argues that it is a half island and the logic would be for it to be absorbed into the whole archipelago. Given this background, was the deterioration of the situation not predictable? A second year management student posed the question. Professor Greenwood remarked 'looked at with the benefit of hindsight it was madness for UNAMET (the

mission responsible for setting up the referendum) to hold the referendum without being able to keep the peace.'

The EU did not recognise Indonesian sovereignty over East Timor after its annexation, however Australia expressly did. Many of us had questions concerning the legitimacy of Australian peacekeepers being one of the first to be sent in to East Timor. In fact, as Prof. Greenwood pointed out, Australian troops are part of a multinational force that has Security Council authority. This

force, as stated in article 10 of resolution 1264, will be replaced as soon as possible by a United Nations Peacekeeping operation.

Australia's motives are questionable, as a Second Year Economic History Student pointed out 'Australia has economic and political interests in the region, and by going through the UN it turns these interests into a legal operation.' Other students pointed out that it was understandable that Australia should be concerned about the stability of the region as a whole.

A few students made the

comparison to Kosovo, for example, that in the case of Kosovo there was no security council resolution authorising NATO's bombing of the country, whereas in this case the intervention of troops was supported by resolution 1264 adopted on the 15th of September 1999.

In fact, compared to Kosovo, the situation, as we discussed with Prof. Greenwood, is quite different - the situation is in fact similar to that of Goa in the sixties, which was also a former Portuguese colony that was annexed by India right after the Portuguese left. The difference was that there was no international outcry, and Portugal accepted India's annexation of their former colony. Portugal did not accept the annexation of East Timor and Indonesia's title over the territory has always been questioned.

At the moment there is a severe humanitarian crisis with the Timorese refugees who are starving and sick in the West. Mass graves have also been discovered. Kofi Annan has asked Mary Robinson to set up a Commission to investigate human rights abuses.

To conclude by answering the big question: as Greenwood said, East Timor will eventually reach independence. However, remember that once independence is announced this does not mean that all the issues are resolved.

INTERNATIONAL ROUND UP

The US Senate has failed to ratify the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty, to the utter humiliation of President Clinton. It is the first time the Senate has vetoed a nuclear treaty. Some say it is the most significant irony of American foreign policy since the failure to ratify the Versailles Treaty. President Clinton made no effort to hide his disgust and anger and criticised the Senate's action as being 'partisan politics at its worst.'

Julius Nyerere, the Tanzanian independence leader, died on 14 Oct. in London, aged 77. The much respected and iconic African leader had been diagnosed with leukaemia last year. He will be remembered with great affection by many, not least, his own countrymen. Although his economic policy was a failure, Nyerere was responsible for the establishment of the high literacy rate in his country. Most importantly, he was responsible for peace. After his retirement in

1985 he acted as a pan-african diplomat until his illness grew too severe.

Meanwhile, Colombia has experienced one of the biggest drug-busts in recent times following a high-level of co-operation between the US officials and Colombian police. Almost 30 people were being held and extradition to Miami is to be expected. The drug ring was shipping up to 30 tonnes of cocaine to various countries in

Europe as well as the US. Concern over the drug industry is great since it is alleged that the drug trade finances left-wing guerillas and right-wing paramilitaries. Perhaps the recent development will help the Colombians in their quest to seek \$1.5 billion in aid from Washington to fight the battle against the drug lords.

The Chinese President, Jiang Zemin visited Britain on a historic state visit, the first in the histories of the two countries.

This event follows the equally historic celebrations of the 50th anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China held in Tiananmen Square, Beijing. It was reported that President Jiang had expressed a wish to see the Millenium Dome. Despite the fact that President Jiang shows such an interest in Britain, his visit is marred by criticisms against China's poor human rights record and the issue of Tibet.

Claudia Kim

VOTING IN THE MICHAELMAS TERM ELECTIONS IS BEING HELD ALL OF THESE WEEK. HAVE YOUR SAY AND VOTE IN THE QUAD (LUNCHTIMES AND ALL DAY THURSDAY) OR AT YOUR HALL. GOOD LUCK TO ALL THE CANDIDATES.

UNION POSTS

Honary President

(Elected Unopposed)

Rachel Goldwyn

Justice for Former LSE Student

Honorary Vice President

Mo Mowlam

LSE Labour

Mo has made a real difference to Northern Island and the lives of the people there. She has helped the province come this far and as a testament to her success and as a sign of hope for the future I think it would be fitting for us to elect her honorary Vice-President of our Union. Mo Mowlam is a great and brave woman who I feel we owe a lot to.

Richard Wignall

Come Back, All is Forgiven

He ranted. He raved. Now that he's gone UGM's will never be the same.

Yes, Richard Wignall is sorely missed. No one else is such a perfect target for paper missiles and abuse. No one else is so right-wing that Thatcher looks like a bleeding heart liberal. No one else can turn every UGM into a cross between a bearpit and a circus.

Yes, come back Wignall, all is forgiven. We'll elect you as Honorary Vice-President, on the condition that you come back and speak at the UGM.

DJ Judge Jules

Ex-LSE: Lets Bring Him Back

Postgraduate Officer

Solomon Ako

The Independent Voice for Every Choice

Hi All,

Being a postgrad means pressure, but who takes care of our needs or communicates our views? By voting Solomon Ako for Postgraduate

Officer, you will have a voice for the following issues:

- * More course texts in the library
- * Appropriate study rooms
- * More Information technology

facilities

I promise to:

* Have dialogue and not monologue with you. This means listening to your views and acting on them.

* Bring postgrads to the fore

* Equally important is a pledge of my loyalty and dedication

Andrew Cornwell

Green International

Vote Green for better representation for postgrad students, better services, and CHEAPER BEER! With more environment-friendly policies the LSE Students Union could save £10,000 a year in running costs. The Greens propose to spend half of this on bar subsidies and half on improving Union services. So if you feel like a £5,000 drink on the Union, vote Green!

Paul Guest

Ashton McGregor

LSE Labour

I am standing for postgraduate officer because I believe that there

are many issues that effect us specifically as a group at the LSE. For too long our needs have been ignored, we are massively underrepresented and discriminated against. I will not let this continue, I will fight hard to ensure that finally the school listens to our needs and at last does something to address them.

Womens' Officer

Parul Barishi

Free Condoms with Financial Times

Louise Brodersen

The Independent Choice for Every Voice

Hi everyone, I'm LOUISE BRODERSEN and I'm running for WOMEN'S OFFICER.

I've got various ideas some of which include arranging networking events with career women to discuss issues like the "glass ceiling" and how to

juggle a career and a family. I also thought it'd be quite nice to invite editors/journalists from mags like ELLE and Cosmo as well as other media to discuss contemporary women's issues.

In the end the possibilities are endless.

I PROMISE to represent YOUR views, so let YOUR voice be heard and VOTE LOUISE BRODERSEN FOR WOMEN'S OFFICER

Chloe Hartnell

Independent

If you want your views heard and represented in an honest approachable manner vote for Chloe Hartnell. I am experienced and sensitive to many of the problems faced by women, for example sexual harrasment, health issues and child care. Moreover, I am very aware of womens' legal standing within the EU and will distribute this plus a list of firms with good equal opportunity policies. I plan to implement projects involving LSE with womens' issues in developing

countries and arrange visiting speakers. Most importantly, I aim to embark upon strong campaigns and allow LSE women a greater voice within the Student Union.

Lizzie Knight

LSE Labour

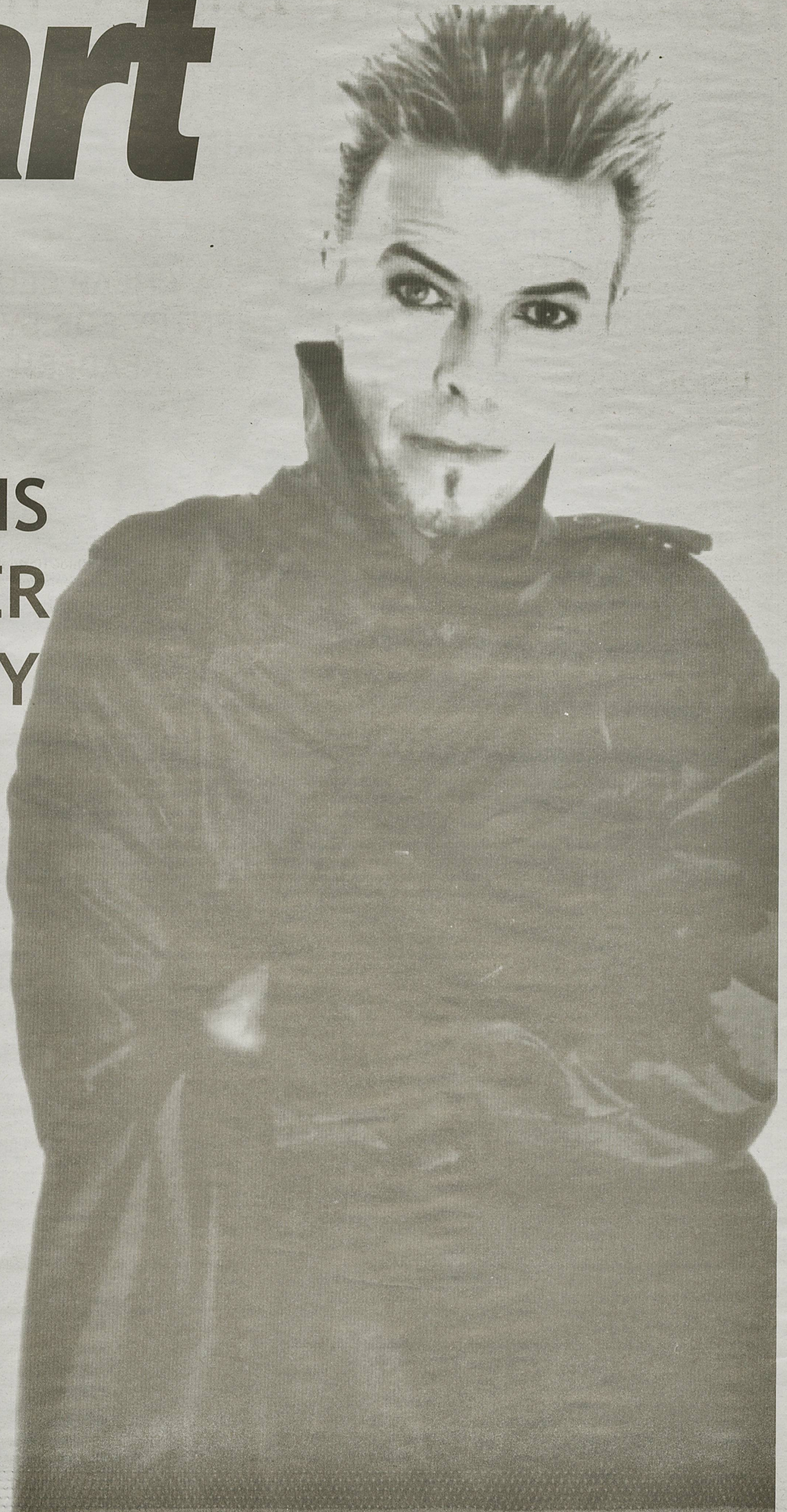
Even today, after years of Women's struggle there remain real issues that must be tackled; we are still not equal in terms of pay or legal rights and this must be addressed.

If I am elected as women's officer I will campaign for free rape alarms, to maintain the right to free contraception and for a safer campus. On a broader level I will do all I can to ensure that equality prevails at the LSE and that we at the LSE are at the forefront of breaking the 'Glass Ceiling' of descrimination that still pervades many areas of our lives.



Bart

**BOWIE
CASTS HIS
NET OVER
WEMBLEY**



SOMETHING FOR THE WEEKEND...

THE GALLERY @ TURNMILLS

Friday Nights
63 Clerkenwell Road EC1
Claire Hill dons her high-heels and missions on down...

If you're wondering why Turnmills is reputed to be one of the best clubs in the country help yourself to a large slice of "The Gallery". This Friday night of textbook fabulousness does not come cheaply at a tenner a head and be prepared for an average queue of about 40 minutes. The door is friendly but firm so look your best and prepare to be searched (ineffectually) by someone large and hairy.

The first things that hit you upon entry are the superb lighting, decor and layout. Deceptively roomy and great to explore the Gallery setup maintains a spacey underground theme with the right balance of partying space and private little spots. One can hang around like fine art upstairs in the candle-lit chill-out room or alternatively get up stand up and go downstairs and get what you paid for- stompin choons! (Sadly booze is not included and will set you back £3 a bottle - London definitely ain't a student town.)

The Gallery is often described as "two clubs in one" and the smaller Electronica room pours out deep and distinct dance beats for a chilled crowd, while the main room dishes up banging house to the most undisputedly upforit set of clubbers outside of Gatecrasher. (*fuck Gatecrasher- Ed*) Last Friday Seb Fontaine along with residents Steve Lee and Lottie had the crowd bouncing with top sets growing progressively harder as the night drew on. So despite the dress code the music still pumps out hard.... Unlike many clubs the dedicated followers are sweaty, carefree, goodlooking AND stay through till the end- 7.30 am.

So- a crowded and fantastic venue, the best house DJ's in the game, a throbbing atmosphere of delirium with gorgeous clubbers and almost northern friendliness. The Gallery is without doubt London clubbing at its very tippy toppy best!

CHEAP CLUB ENTRY FOR EVERY READER!!

Bring a copy of the Beaver along to the following toppy-top night this Friday and get in for a mere £5! Yes only £5! All night! Is that a fucking bargain or what! Forget Crush and head on down to Soho!

MILK 'N' 2 SUGARS
Presents
THE WEEKLY SESSIONS
@ THE ANNEX
1 Dean St. Soho London W1
Friday 29th June
10pm-5pm

Telephone: 0181 767 9923

Milk 'n' 2 Sugars are renowned for producing quality nights out, showcasing the best in underground house. They bring in top international DJ's to create a truly storming vibe. This is a trainer-friendly night.

THE LINE UP:
Jamie Lewis (Switzerland's No. 1)
Miss Jools; KCC
and Residents

BRING YOUR BEAVER FOR £5 ENTRY ALL NIGHT!!

TEQUILA MAYHEM AT CAFE DE PARIS

-Our anonymous foot-soldier reports back from a night of Tequila Madness....

You might have expected the usually glamorous Cafe De Paris to be infested by a crowd of drunken students. Well, in fact the evening was far from it. If you were one of the lucky ones to get a ticket, I am sure you had a cracking night. For those of you, who either spend the whole night in the queue, trying to buy a ticket at the door or were too burnt out after freshers fortnight to make it to the party, let me give you a brief rundown of the evening. Due to the fact that everyone made an effort to dress up, the atmosphere created was rather exceptional for a freshers fortnight party. Even though the venue seemed to be at capacity and the alcohol was flowing, the crowd was well behaved and friendly. The immediate impression as you entered the main room was that of a sea of people pulsating to the beats of the music, which was complemented by two rather unprofessional GoGo dancers.

The vast seating areas on the balcony and around the dancefloor gave everyone the chance to take a break, have a drink and be merry, whilst watching out for prime quality totty. The extent of the party was clearly visible on the morning after, as party veterans showed up, still wearing what they wore on the night before. In general, I think the party was a great success, and I am looking forward to next year.

FRANNY AND VICTORIA'S SOCIAL DIARY



How do you meet all these freaks?" our flatmate, Olive "Do you think it's dangerous for someone to go to bed permanently at five in the morning?" I (Victoria) asked my mother tentatively over the phone. We both hope not because, for us, London is always in a state of eclipse. Our frequent partying brought problems though, as our wardrobes were simply not extensive enough to accommodate so many parties. L.K. Bennett came to our rescue as we left the store donning new pairs of shoes, which reinforced our reputation as the Imelda Marcos' of High Holborn.. Neither of us have ever spent so much on a pair of shoes, but, as economists, we deemed it a good investment.

Sure enough, our magic shoes worked wonders and we waltzed into the Café de Paris. Air-kissing us hello like old friends, the doorman stamped our hands for the VIP room, even though he knows us as the "troublemakers." The VIP room, with its squidgy leather sofas, was an oasis of serenity, so much so that I (Victoria) almost fell asleep. I (Franny), networking frantically as always, managed to meet possibly the richest and youngest man in the venue. He didn't look a day over 15, but no one seemed to mind, as he often pulled out his three inch thick wad of fifty pound notes to purchase 500 pound bottles of champagne.

The next port-of-call was a friend's party at the infamously posh K-Bar Chelsea. As always, I (Victoria) got stuck with the shortest man in the room; this time, however, he happened to be a drunken lord who insisted on my visiting his estate in Africa, where I would never have to do such horrible things as cook my own meals. I (Franny) was introduced not only to a guy called John, but also to "Charlie". When asked where my "Charlie" was I replied that he was at home with my friend Chris, thus confusing everyone.

Getting a little too comfortable with the high life, we decided to sample student activities yet again. We attended the Law Society's Boat Bash, where reality bit us hard. Five minutes after boarding the trusty "piece of wood," we debated whether my (Franny) lifeguarding skills were strong enough to brave the currents of the Thames as I (Victoria) was beginning to behave like a caged animal. Luckily, we were entertained not only by the beautiful views of London, but also by Dean, "the inebriated Stud Muffin of Holborn," who enthusiastically threw himself upon every man, woman, and inanimate object at the party.

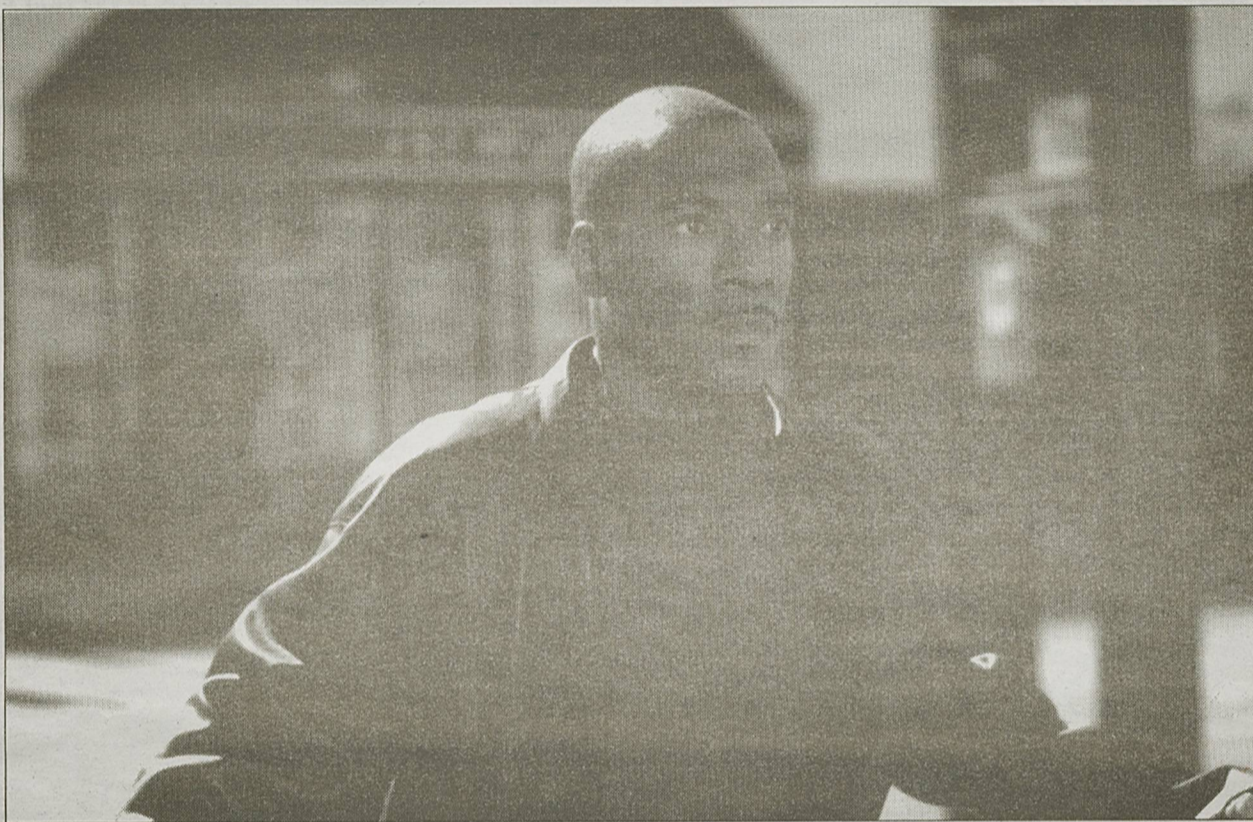
Having hit rock bottom with the boat party, we knew the only way to go was up. The Tequila Party at the Café de Paris somewhat renewed our faith in LSE parties. The evening was a great success, but we have three questions: Does LSE want to kill its own students? (Six shot glasses for 500 people! Does herpes, meningitis, or hepatitis ring a bell?) Why were guys chatting up transvestite podium dancers? (Yes, she was a man; one of her high kicks revealed the taped down evidence.) And, who left that piece of toilet paper hanging out of Dan's trousers? (You must have been really drunk not to notice someone reaching down your pants.)

BOW WOW BOO FINGER

IS THIS COMEBACK TIME FOR EDDIE MURPHY?
JOHN RICHARSON EYES UP THE FUTURE

Even in London six pounds has tremendous purchasing potential. One could pay for a student rate ticket at the cinema, or engage in a host of other activities including taking a taxi halfway home after a late night or buying a pint at Cafe de Paris. If you decide to spend your money on Bowfinger (and it will probably be a Tuesday or Wednesday matinee given the restriction on student concessions) you'll be in for a moderately amusing satire of budget film making and the excesses of contemporary Hollywood.

Steve Martin stars in the film as Bobby Bowfinger, a washed up director who enlists a host of characters including Kit and Jeff Ramsey (Eddie Murphy) and Daisy (Heather Graham) to help him take one last shot at hitting the big time. Bowfinger cuts every corner possible, from using migrant workers as stage



hands and to stealing cars and credit cards, to complete his film titled "Chubby Rain." Kit Ramsey, the star of Bowfinger's film, doesn't

even know that he is in the movie till after till after the filming has ended.

The film is filled with quite a

few genuinely humorous moments, including an intimate encounter with the Laker Girls and a car-boot born extraterrestrial, but as a

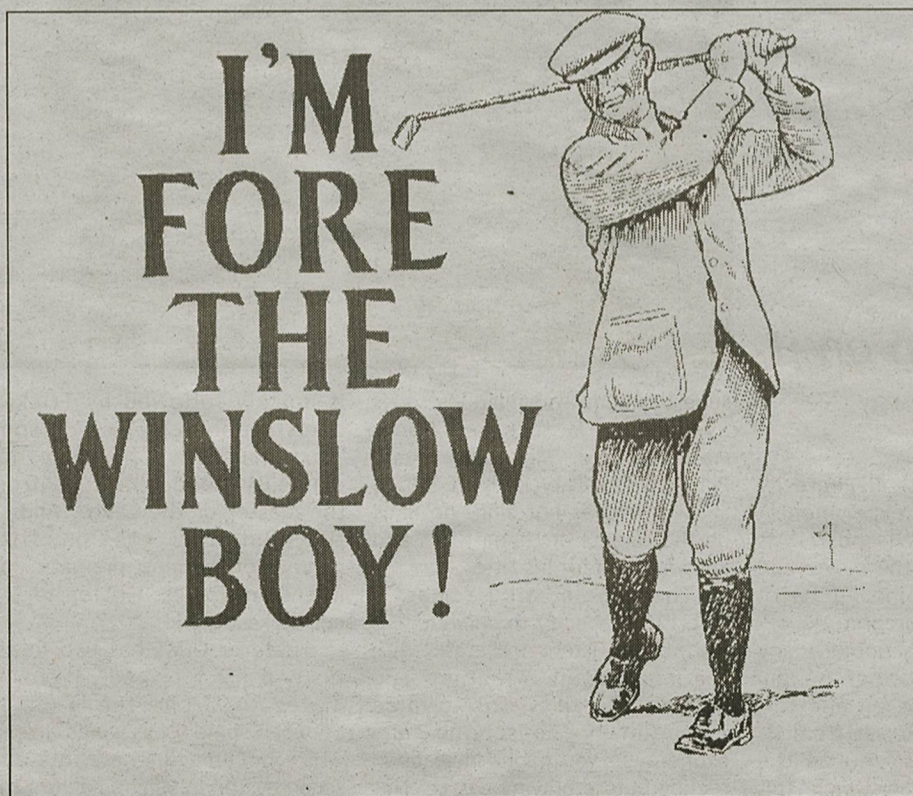
comedy it comes up short. Bowfinger is a classic example of Hollywood films pasteurised for family enjoyment. The good scenes in the film, like the one where (Eddie Murphy) accuses his agent of being a racist are few and far between. Murphy is funniest when he is being a tad outrageous, and Steve Martin amuses when acting insane, but they fail to take their performances to that level throughout the film. Heather Graham doesn't even get naked, where her talents could truly be recognised. Instead of leaving the film satisfied having had a good laugh I walked out made uncomfortable by its cuteness, especially the painfully hokey ending. If you demand more from your cinema then the Hollywood status quo I would wait for this one to come out on video and spend all the money you save on a half pint or something else entirely overpriced.

NEW KIDS IN THE DOCK

TAMMY BEHR SHUNS APATHY WITH DAVID MAMET

One might argue that the purpose of the cinematic medium is that of fulfilling a primarily social function - that of popular 'moral' or 'issue' generator. As a relatively simple medium with the ability to reach a truly global audience, film is ideally placed to impart ideas and messages of importance to mankind. Thus while *The Winslow Boy* is perhaps of an incidental nature, it is in its message of social concern that it finds its vocation.

Directed by the exceptional writer/director, David Mamet, and based on a play by Terrence Rattigan, *The Winslow Boy* tells the real-life story of a 14-year old boy's expulsion from a naval academy for alleged theft, and focuses upon the landmark legal case that swept up a fervour in the national opinion and caused the machine of government to grind to an embarrassing halt. It examines the motivation of a family bending backwards in



their search for justice and their fight to clear their son's name. It presents a telling picture of family and public life in the early 1900's, tying in very conveniently the escalating drive towards women's suffrage through the female lead, Catherine Winslow, the boy's elder sister, played accurately, if a little awkwardly by Mamet's wife, Rachel Pidgeon. Nigel Hawthorne and Gemma Jones play the Winslow boy's parents with laudable dignity and excellent

casting enables Jeremy Northam to shine as the defendant's barrister.

As usual, Mamet's script is spot on, with the two most memorable moments being the gripping and intense legal interrogation by Sir Robert Moton QC (Northam) of the boy (Guy Edwards), and the knife edge portrayal of the flabby-mouthed maid, Violet, who is inclined to spit out red box information at just the wrong point.

Above all, it is refreshing to find a film that reminds our apathetic selves that a bit of justice and governmental scrutiny never does anyone much harm, and to reassert that state problems do not necessarily have to be federal conspiracies if they are to grace anything more populist than the drama video section at your local library.

LEFT BEHIND?

JO witnesses the Second Coming of the laid back lords

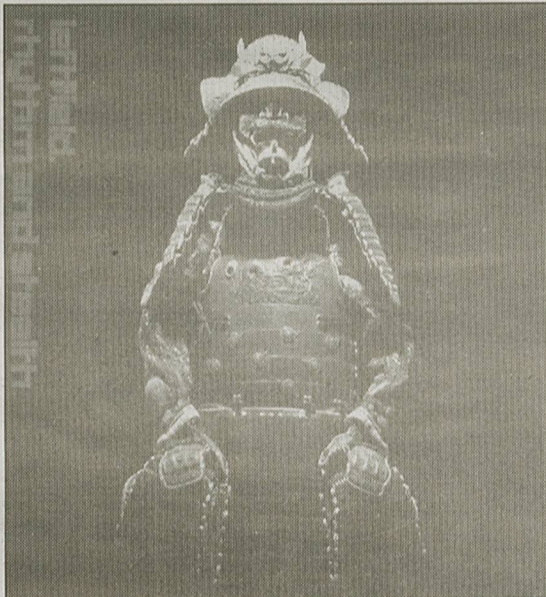
Leftfield
Rhythm and Stealth

The commercial underground's finest return for a long awaited and even longer overdue second album which boasts an impressive array of collaborative talent in the form of Roots Manuva, the dub plated vocals of Chesshire Cat and the mighty Afrika Bambaata. Rhythm and Stealth manages to combine the laid back chilled out grooves of the 'Field's debut Leftism, while incorporating the electro influences of the glory, glory days of '80s breakbeat.

The album starts as it means to go on with the phat, heavy basslines of Dusted and the organised chaos of sounds that is Phat Planet, best known for being featured in the horses and scary blokes Guinness advert, but if you think the rest of this tune sounds as whack as it does on the box then prepare yourself for a pleasant shock. The '80s meets the '90s once again in the oasis of grooves and heavenly chords of El Cid but the plot goes a bit pear shaped with the bontempi beats and computer generated cheerleader chants of Africa Shox ("Z-U-L-U, that's the way to say zulu"-surely some better use for Afrika Bambaata?) . Leftfield show they'd feel at home in Jeremy Healy's record box with the distinctively house vibes of Double Flash, but they're not just pretty faces you know cos they can also cater for the reggae masses (or at least the UB40 crew) with the

ragga b-lines of Chant of a Poor Man. Good stamina and staying power matter, and the Leftfield album, after a good start, goes disappointingly limp after a 30 minute spell. The track Dub Gusset proves to be aptly named as its synth pop rock turns out to be, quite frankly, absolute pants and despite the vocals, Swords and Rino's Prayer show that a Fisher Price keyboard will often suffice when producing chart-heading tunes. A good mix of sounds, maybe a change of track sequence would have been its saving grace.

★★★★☆



ECOLOGIST CLEANS UP

Will CHARLES JURD bin this filthy album?

Ecologist
Hot Filth

So this is where our hard earned lottery money is going; the little emblem on the sleeve indicates this album has been helped financially by the "National Lottery through the Arts Council of England". So is it as big a waste of public money as the Dome and the Covent Garden Opera House? Far from it.

For in "Hot Filth" the mysteriously monikered Tom Ecologist has created the perfect Millennial album (the inclusion of "21st Century Love Song" helping this case further!).

"Hole in the Sky" effectively fails to start this album in any obvious fashion, it

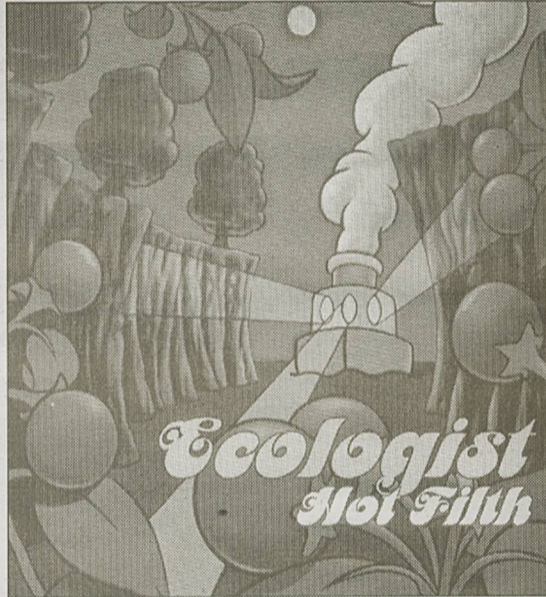
tears the listener, radio band flickeringly, between laid-back lounge music and the scuzzy guitar backed chorus whose melody is threatened constantly by the sum total of 20th Techno-Century life, telephones and electronic whirrings breeding confusion.

From the schizoid meanderings of "Hole in the Sky", "She Loves You" is a Beatles-esque melody laid over a Prodigy backbeat with a very polished and impressive outcome. "Supernova" too is outstanding, individual, yet with definite signs of the progress made even within the last ten years in the ability of modern musicians to mix guitars with electronica.

The fusion of sampled beats, keyboards and Tom's enthralling voice (a cross between Stephen Jones of Babybird (Kinky, Mermaid Song), Neil Diamond (No really) on "Fuct Up Friend" and the Wrecked Train once of the Lo-Fidelity Allstars (21st Century Love Song)) is the staple diet the album but the variety the three afford is quite incredible. This variety and lack of repetitiveness is shown on the violin backed ballad "Poor Sad Lonely Cow" which fits well in the post-Britpop melancholy of the late 1990s.

With practically 50 uses of the f-word some may say the album is Filth, but it's also fucking Hot.

★★★★☆



IN THE MEANTIME....

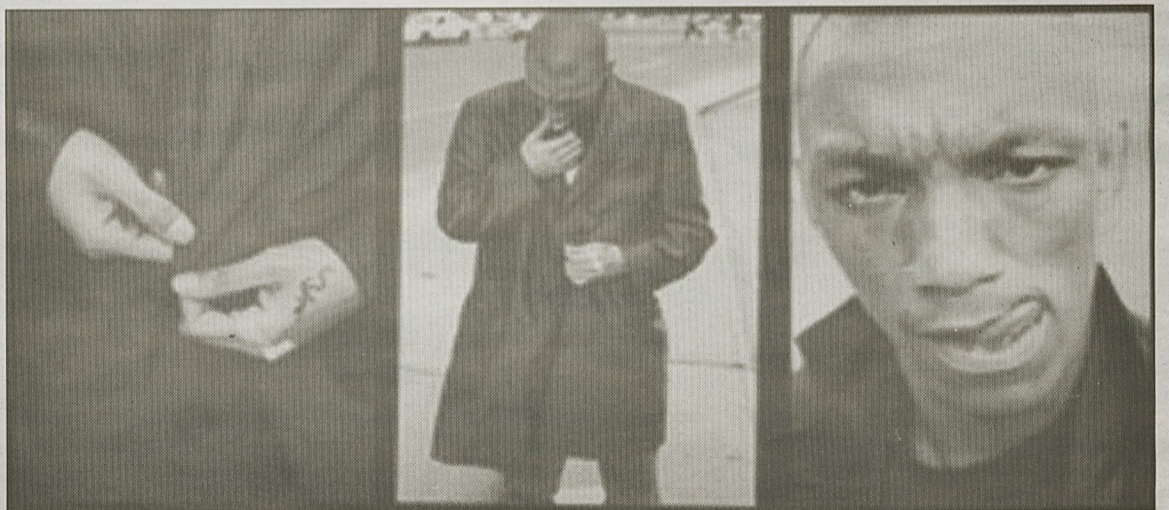
RICARDO VALE gets down on it in the back row

Soundtrack to
Greenwich Meantime

Guy Sigsworth wrote and produced nearly all the songs on this soundtrack to the British film Greenwich Mean Time. The film, directed by John Strickland deals with the career of a band from South London and endeavours to

revitalize the musical genre by introducing us to 'experimental jazz jungle' (this is how it is described in G:MT the movie and it is hard to come up with something more appropriate).

The soundtrack, unlike many others, is the lifeblood of the film from which it is taken and this definitely dissociates it from its counterparts. As well as the already mentioned Sigsworth, this



superb album also includes songs by Tricky, M.J. Cole, Roots Manuva and Mercury Music Prizewinner Talvin Singh. Since Sigsworth does not sing, he calls on the talents of Hinda Hicks and Imogen Heap for his titles.

The whole album has a surprising capacity to encircle and disturb the listener. It starts with the magnificent 'Meantime' and Imogen Heap's soft voice immediately consuming any exuberance you might have been feeling before playing G:MT. This

is quickly followed by Tricky's claustrophobic song 'Christiansands', another eminently saddening tune from the master of the genre. And so the soundtrack goes on, fifty minutes of the most dramatic and intense melodies, written for all our darkest moods...

However G:MT has two flaws: firstly it has supposedly profound dialogues from the film in between some songs which after a while become unendurable and secondly Talvin Singh's 'Vikram the

Vampire' although a relatively good song seems a bit out of place in the concept of the album.

G:MT is still on the whole an outstanding soundtrack, so intrinsic to the film that both Talvin Singh and Hinda Hicks make cameo appearances there, demonstrating that not everyone can be Jennifer Lopez. This brings me to my conclusion: don't go and see G:MT, just buy the soundtrack and you'll be getting the best out of the film.

★★★★☆

SKINNING UP WITH SKUNK

SHILPA gets high at the Academy

SKUNK ANANSIE
@ Brixton Academy

I swore I was going to give this a bad review. I've seen them before, was impressed but since then they've released some dire singles that have been played to saturation point on MTV. I feel like hurling every time I hear 'Lately', with its radio friendly chorus and vocal acrobats with no point at all but to point out the fact that they have a lead singer who can sing (and admittedly, she can sing). Nope, not interested, me.

But my plan was failed as soon as they ran on stage, with the crowd almost as loud as the speakers. Launching into 'Charlie Big Potato' with a pent-up energy similar to an atom bomb, you have no choice but to fall in love instantly. All frontliners: Skin, Cass and Ace, run round the stage like hyperactive kids in a playpen, so you feel tired just watching them.

If anyone says Skin can't perform (insert your own dirty joke here), then don't trust their judgement in the slightest. She runs around the stage as confidently as if it were her own home, and makes sure everyone from the people in the balcony to the people in the front making weird tongue gestures at her, are included and feel part of their live experience. What helps is that Brett Anderson-esque gift of being able to run, jump, do cartwheels or sing in

the crowd, and still be able to hold her notes perfectly. Crowd-surfing whilst not missing a note deserves copious amounts of admiration, even from shits like me who normally hate them.

But we'll forget about the chuckworthiness of some of their songs. Indeed, their select rocking tunes sounded even more rocking in their live format. 'Little Baby Swastika' allowed them to leave the stage on a perfect high note at the end of the night, and somewhere in between 'Hedonism' made many a punter lose brain cells by headbanging too much (you have to. You just have to).

Easily accessible to those into pop as well as to rock, it's pretty important that you see Skunk Anansie at least once. And don't pay the slightest bit of attention to what you think of them on record; whatever your former views are you'll end the night begging for more. Stop it with the dirty jokes, you.



BRITISH ROCK IS MOVING ON...

SHILPA just can't get enough of it, baby!

WILT
@ Monarch, Camden

A few years ago, Planet Rock was having a major crisis. Bands with a future as bright as a supermodel's teeth were being dropped or forced to split, and a nation was in mourning. Kerbdog were one of those poor unfortunates, but rather than accept their injustice and resign themselves to a life in a factory, they prove that rock music will not go down without a Tyson-style fight. Welcome to Wilt.

Featuring the aural delights of Cormac Battle and Darragh Butler, both of said band, and Mick Murphy in charged of bass Wilt could be seen as a poppier version of Kerbdog. Both Kerbdog and Wilt share the same riffs so infectious, the vaccinations will no doubt be in short supply and given to first-years only. And like Kerbdog, their guitars are turned way up, like what Machine Head would sound like if they played Stereophonics covers (dream on...). Previewing songs from their forthcoming album, 'Bastinado', Cormac shows off his fuck-off-wow voice. Shut your eyes and you could imagine him screaming down the mic in pleading kinda fashion, but open them and you see him effortlessly pouring out lines, while concentrating on playing his gear. Brilliant stuff.

The only criticism that can be levied, if you were feeling reeeeeeally cynical, would be that their songs are a little too similar to stomach in one go. They're each brilliant in their own way, y'understand, but what happens with a set full of vaguely similar songs, is that hits like current single 'It's All Over Now' and the orgasmic 'No Worries' take the front seat which makes other songs like 'Moving On' sound substandard.

This tiny, ickle, nanometer of a problem will no doubt be sorted as soon as they have more than one album's worth of stuff to play. Wilt have the brains, the songs and best of all the determination. Sit back, relax, and witness the rebirth of British rock.

THERAPY?

Therapy
@Camden Electric Ballroom

Therapy? arrived at Camden's Electric Ballroom nearing the end of their promotional tour for the new album "Suicide Pact- You First". The album sees the band move yet further away from the poppy "rock-lite" of their hugely successful Troublegum album towards an altogether darker, more menacing sound.

This musical progression, coupled with the continuing popularity of the older material ensured that the performance was always going to be eclectic. The band opened with 'Big Cave In' from the new album before playing 'Tightrope Walker'.

The performance was polished and band seemed to enjoy playing the new songs, but you got the feeling that the band were merely going through the motions when they played their older material. Despite this, it was only the older songs such as 'Nowhere' and 'Screamager' that managed to really enthuse the crowd. Although this is undoubtedly partially due to the fans' unfamiliarity with the band's new material, which had not been released at that time, it seemed that Therapy? are stuck in something of a dilemma; a large section of their existing fan base wants to see them return to their older poppier style, whilst the band themselves and their hard-core fans seem happier to play less commercial, more experimental music. Although the new material is excellent it is hard to see it making much impact on the charts and this begs the question where do they go next? It is equally hard to see the band happily trawling round smaller venues playing to a committed band of die hard fans as it is to envisage them altering their style, becoming a parody of themselves, in order to achieve sales.

All this said, the set was tight and for the most part well received, although as many questions about the bands future direction and importance were raised as were answered.

Alex Haylett

SINGLE FILE

Ocean Colour Scene
So Low

No matter what you think of them (I can probably guess!), open your ears and sit back and listen to 'the scene' for once. There that wasn't too bad, was it? Yes, OCS are actually quite good. Not the soundtrack to a big night out, but definitely one for a quiet night in. The album's not bad either.

7/10 AS

Coldplay
Blue Room EP

Oxford's 'next big thing,' release EP in maximum credibility, no chart position shocker. Think Embrace meet the Manics with Bernard Butler on guitar. Low, low verses, some soaring choruses; beautiful, melancholy, triumphant. Strings, sound effects, silence and adjectives a-plenty. 'Bigger Stronger' is the standout of the five tracks. It seems destined to become an unsung classic.

9/10 AS

The Crocketts
Nintendo Fallacy EP

We like the Crocketts, we do. Mad Welsh guys who like screaming a lot and playing weird rock music that actually sounds quite good at the end of it all. This ain't no exception, baby. 'Smoulder' and 'Mrs Playing Dead' are particularly fan-fucking-tastic toons, and thus this Maxi EP get the thumbs up and a friendly wink.

8/10 SG

Robbie Williams-
She's The One/ It's Only Us

The boy wonder Robbie pines for his lost kitty with She's The One. Meg 'the minging mog' was a clear soulmate, as this emotive ballad mournfully insinuates. It's Only Us, the second of this double A-side, is a Robbie-pop rock-shack of a track. No more than a simple 'little black dress' number, "baby, it's all right".

MB 7/10

The Goo Goo Dolls
Dizzy

If fans are expecting another ballad in the mould of their hit single 'Iris' from the 'City of Angels', they will be disappointed. In 'Dizzy', the Goos prefer instead to perfect the power pop formula with guitar driven songs, unadorned melodies and raspy voiced lyrics. Yet, something is missing in this song, a spark of genius, a flash of individuality and in the end although it is hard to dislike it I can't see too many people thrilled by 'Dizzy'.

6/10 RV

Cat
Forgiveness

'Forgiveness' is the kind of single that you may find in a 20p sell-out section and wonder why it's got there. The songs are complete, well thought-out pop-indie with some good tunes. It does get very reminiscent of Cat-atonía at times, maybe too much, but we forgive them as they are searching for their musical identity, and since they do seem to have potential.

EC 8/10

VIRTUAL CHARITY

Jimmy Baker and Co *log on, tune in and chill out at Net Aid*

Net Aid
@ Wembley Arena

It all began last year with Bono getting on his high horse about how poverty could be eliminated by the internet. So, cue Net Aid, the six hour Live Aid stylee spectacular to end world debt. The Band Aid of the 90's. The concert of the millennium with the superstars of the rock world appearing.

The schedule was tight. Nine acts in five hours. Each band were to play a five-song set with a fifteen-minute break between each act. These 'gaps' were filled by Hollywood has-beens, via the satellite link; children's TV presenters, 'pop' stars and Gail Porter turned up with her clothes on! (Miaow). The point of all this was to educate the masses and remind them that they were not just there to drink beer and enjoy themselves. It was a 'charidee' event with nothing to do with computers.

New York saw Sting, Wyclef Jean and the king of all rip-offs Puff Daddy. Geneva saw Texas, Des'ree and the excellent Bryan Ferry. Our very own Wembley Stadium was however the one which did the business.

The star-studded line up did not disappoint the capacity crowd but David Bowie's dodgy hairdo frightened a few children prompting an outcry on the subject of animal cruelty. On top of this we had to learn the anthem (available in the shops now) sung by Wycliffe John and Boney M. (We think that's who it

was, the sound was a tad muffled, it must have been a satellite delay or something!)

The Eurythmics opened up the whole shebang with a triumphant return. Lead by the sexy Scots diva Annie Lennox they started off with Sweet Dreams, pelting out classic after classic and really getting the crowd in the mood! Dave Stewart, bless him, did his bit in between each song, starting his riffs before Annie Lennox had finished her little "it's for charity" speeches.

Catania were fab, although a tad predictable. Cerys Matthews appeared in a suit which could be only described as obscene, clearly more tanked up than the US army and rattled out all of the hits you would expect. Cerys' little love box was a definite cause for concern, certainly the most eye-catching accessory we've ever seen.

Change of mood, time for The Corrs. Fiddle-de-dee, load of bollocks, went and got a hotdog. The middle aged male section enjoyed a good perve though. 'Everybody Hurt' with a mediocre rendition of an REM classic, there should be laws against such things.

Then came what everyone seemed to be waiting for. With his first live appearance in over four years, George Michael made a most spectacular outing (second only to a certain LA toilet incident). He was brilliant, was the first act to get the whole crowd going and went down really well (ahem). A rampage through Fastlove, Father Figure and Freedom '90 saw the mass of us asking for more. He even

appeared in his famous Fastlove chair and wore what seemed to be barbed wire around his neck. Must be a statement of some kind.

Looking. I never realised what a big gap Kelly Jones had between his teeth, you could fit a 50 pence piece in there. Suffice to say, they delighted the 'welly and Velcro glove brigade' They really were the sheep's testicles. Then came Robbie. Why the fudge should he headline you ask when Bowie, Michael and Adams are on the bill? Because he entertains. While the rest of his old crew have become porn stars, paled into insignificance or spend their life being Gary Barlow, Robbie had all 75,000 punters going mental inspiring a mass synchronised semaphore sesh. He may be annoying with his bad lad made

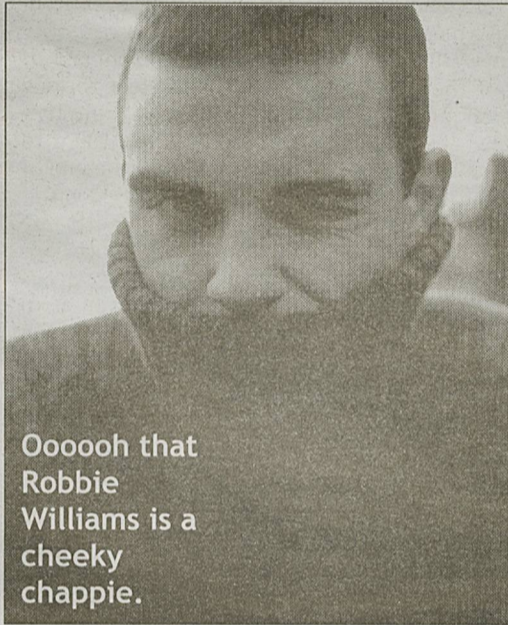
a drive home safely speech which left the crowd feeling empty. We wanted a Live Aid-esque ensemble singing Heroes, Hey Jude or even U2's One. What was not wanted was fat Harvey telling us to get out before the dogs were released.

The highlights were clearly Bowie, Adams and George Michael. We'll have to wait a while for anything like this to happen again at Wembley, or at least until they re-build it.

All in all, Net Aid was a top-notch bash, good excuse for a piss-up and all for a bloody good cause too.

Jimmy Baker and Carrie Myers, Jess Myers, Becca Stephenson and David Joyce

P.S. For a more detailed review visit the Net Aid website at <http://www.netaid.org>.



Ooooooh that Robbie Williams is a cheeky chappie.

Old George though wasn't happy with his performance and has had it banned from being shown on the telly. I thought he was alright.

Now for something completely different- Bush. We liked them, shame about the other 74,996 people! But at least they always 'Swallow'!

Mullet alert, the Spider from Mars has re-entered the Earth's atmosphere. Yes, the legend that is David Bowie stormed through songs that he never normally touches. A surprising set contained China Girl, Life on Mars and a shirt-lifting, sorry, roof lifting Rebel, Rebel.

His new songs were also very well received notably Survive and The Pretty Things Are Going To Hell from the new album "hours..." a welcome return to his Hunky Dory and Diamond Dogs days.

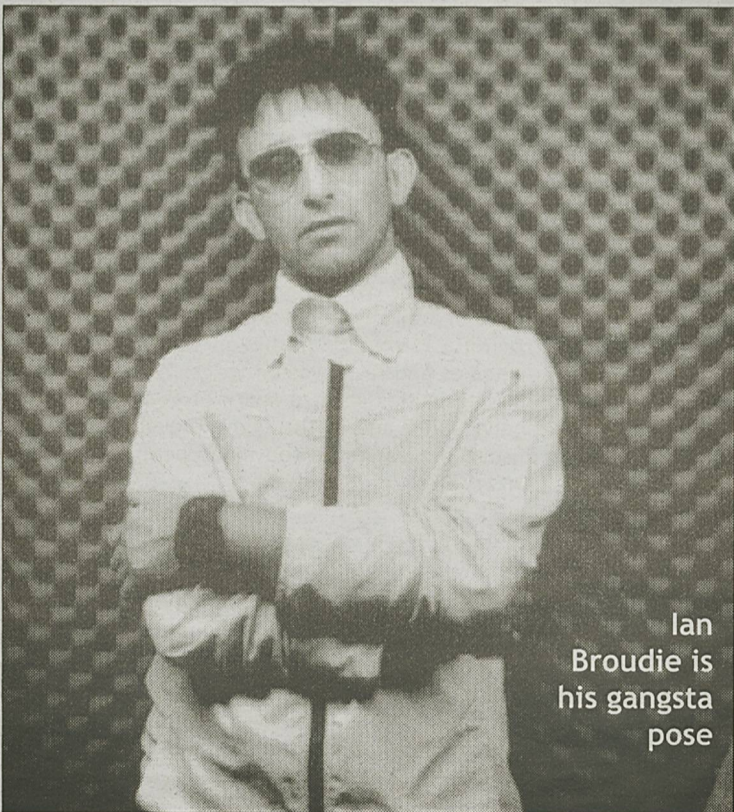
Bowie's performance really was out of this world, but how his hairdo survived re-entry is beyond us.

Bryan Adams took us back to our school discos with Summer of '69. That is THE song that must remind you of trying to sneak bottles of 20/20 into the hall and paying the caretaker to go to the off licence. When You're Gone was fantastic, mostly due to the absence of Minging Sporty Spice. Adams was blinding, literally, his sponsorship deal with Daz and his 'all-white' band had the front row reaching for their eclipse glasses once again. He got the crowd back on form and enjoying a good singalong.

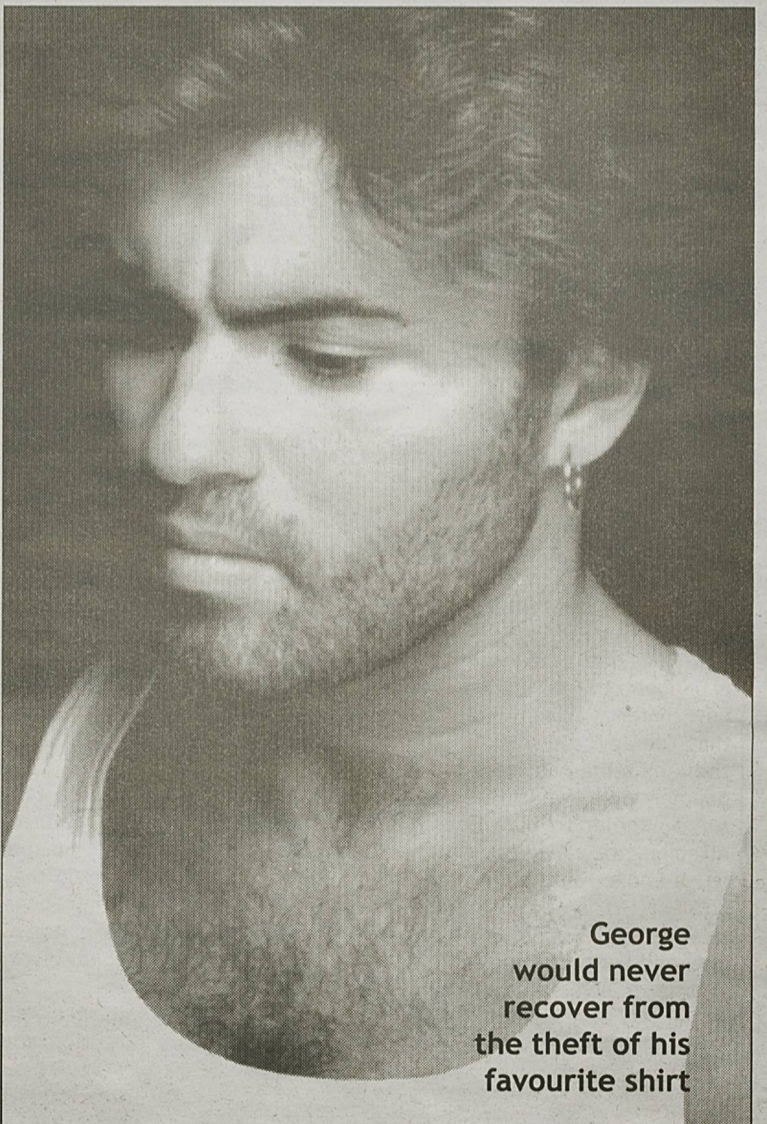
Welsh wonders the Stereophonics snarled through a collection of hits. Finishing with a passionate rendition of Just

good story but that fella can get a crowd going. His six-song-set contained Strong, Old Before I Die, the predictable and vomit inducing Angels and a spectacular version of Let Me Entertain You. Pity Sure didn't sponsor the event.

The fat promoter Harvey Goldsmith ended the evening with



Ian Broudie is his gangsta pose



George would never recover from the theft of his favourite shirt

KING OF THE COLLESIUM

King Priam @
The English National Opera

On a Wednesday night I went along with a friend to see King Priam. To be quiet honest, I never heard of this specific opera before, but while reading the program, realised that distant memories of Mythology from secondary education were still found somewhere within my brain. When an opera does not have the most brilliant music, it is extra important to know the plot in order to find it interesting and not fall asleep while loyal Tories stare at you with disdain.

So to summarise the plot, Priam's second son (in total Priam had 50 children; speaking of someone that did not stand for contraception!) Paris was born; was said to cause by an inexorable fate his father's death; ordered child to be killed; but of course not (well duh, that would have ruined the plot, or conversely made for a very short plot), he is given to a shepherd; somehow (as always in Greek Tragedies) meets his father after several years; after some more years he has to give apple to the most beautiful of three

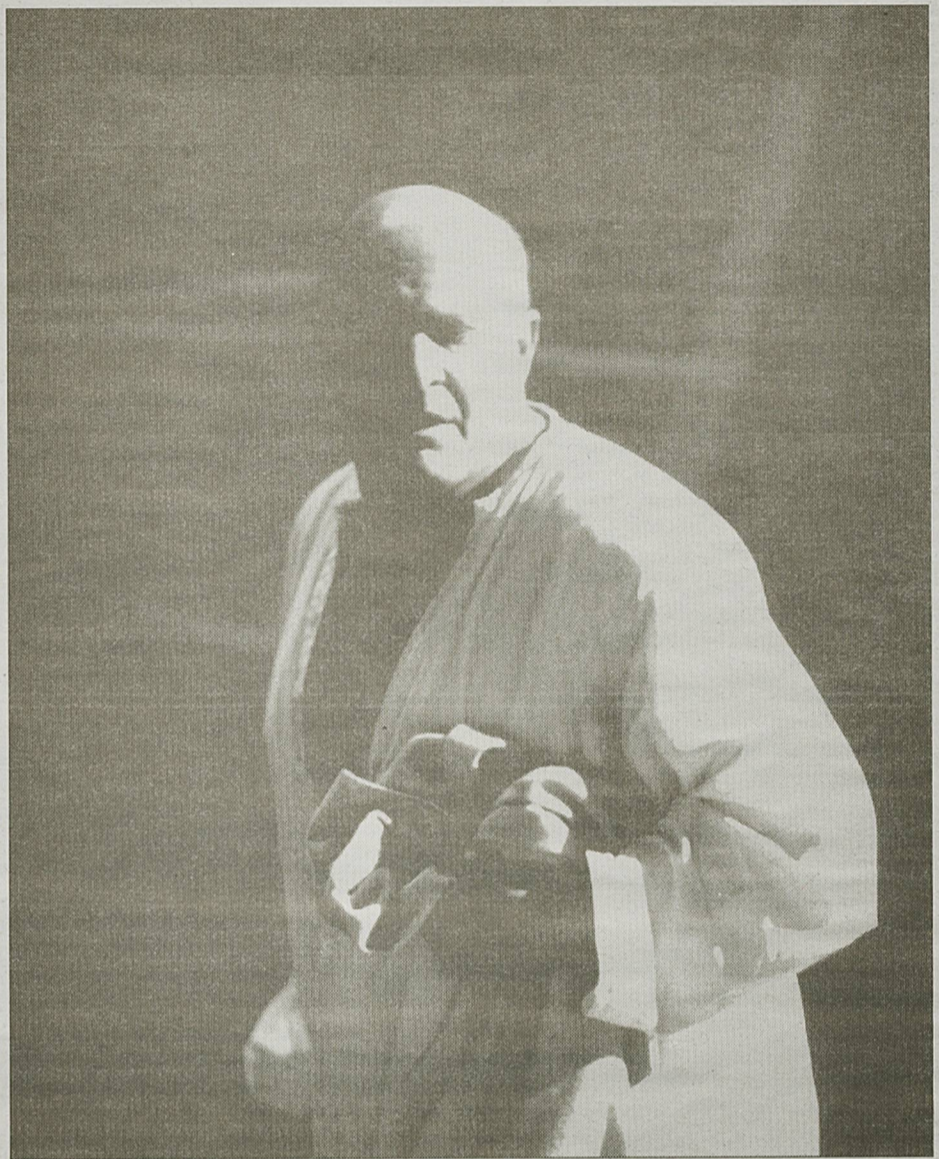
goddesses (they, in turn, symbolise the three women in his life) and so by giving it to Aphrodite he chooses Helen, hence war of Troy to ensue... Priam killed by Achilles' son.

Ok, now that the quick details of the infamous mythological tail are out of the way, let's return to the purpose of this piece (yes, there is one), the opera. It was a good attempt by the good people of ENO to try to be creative with the set and the acting, but it failed miserably. People singing behind what seemed like a kindergarten slide right from the start didn't do it for me. I got only more critical of the direction, when at times characters when singing along (as was originally composed) were told to act as if they were in a Broadway musical, all standing in front of the crowd, doing what appeared to be Saturday Night Fever (or was it Rocky Horror after all?) Jean Rigby (Helen) was magnificent, but why in the name of Hell did they choose Gregory Monk to be Paris?! Well Gregory, you might think you look real cute with your curly blond hair, but rest assure that even my voice is louder than

your feeble voice.

So this opera was not the best, but remember that other operas (including those currently playing at ENO) are excellent, and cost only £2.50 (bought on the day of the opera). Not taking advantage of such cultural events while in London for this kind of money is outright foolish. And for those of you that think they do not like the opera, fear of being bored, etc., go after five pints or so, and I guarantee that you will surely see the magic of opera.

S h u m i
O'Brasky



A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

VANESSA ACKERMAN REVIEWS A STORY OF TECHNOLOGICAL CRISIS AT THE NATIONAL



Stephen Poliakoff's Remember This at the Lyttleton Theatre is a fascinating story which provokes the question: does mankind rely too much on technology?

Rick, a middle-aged man, discovers that his video collection is fading. He blames the incident on the cheap camera equipment but soon understands that historic video archives are fading as well. At first he childishly wants to exploit this sensational piece of news in order to achieve fame and fortune. However, he quickly realises that his emotional and personnel life is inextricably linked to the disintegrating

technology around him in the most unexpected ways.

Geraldine Sommerville (Hannah) gave a powerful and intriguing performance as the sleek and sexy sister of Rick's fiancée. Although quite cold and aloof at the beginning, after the interval she gave a very warm and moving performance.

Stanley Townsend (Rick) was both funny and touching - at times even poignant. He made the occasionally dry dialogue sound poetic. He is an outstanding and compelling actor.

The writing was slightly heavy but so well supported by the actors that it never got tedious. The direction was

clear and did not overcrowd the story with unnecessary symbolism.

Thought provoking and touching, Remember This is a highly enjoyable play. It is very human and sincere although it deals with problems and questions which arise in a dehumanised society. In any event, Stanley Townsend is worth watching in any play.

Remember This, by Stephen Poliakoff; Royal National Theatre, South Bank London SE1.

Call 0171-452-3000

LIGHTING UP THE BLUES

ALEX KRANZ gets through the blues reading Walter Mosley, author of *Devil in a Blue Dress*: a film starring Denzel Washington, and his latest offering *Blue Light*.

Walter Mosley's BLUE LIGHT intrigues from the outset by the very melange of ingredients. The environment and the sentiments of 60's counterculture Berkeley, the nature of history, of good and evil, of the direction of humanity, are all its purported elements. Such ambitious and uncooperative subjects go hard together, and perhaps Mosley mixes them in the only way possible, as the touchstones of an extended fantasia, an adventure tale that starts mysteriously and grows steadily epic, that roams the forests and deserts of Northern California, climaxing as a traumatic conflict between good and evil, life and death. BLUE LIGHT faces such melodrama unabashedly, but tempers it thankfully with a philosophy of community, and, more overtly, a philosophy of history.

The narrator, Lester 'Last Chance' Foote, is more responsible for the book's dedication than Mosley: 'This history is dedicated to Thucydides, the father of memory.' Chance's Blue light, distinct from Mosley's, began as *The History of Love*, his assortment of observations on the Haight in its 60s heyday from his perspective as a half-black, semi-aimless, suicidal Berkeley dropout. Chance has abandoned his thesis on the History of the Peloponnesian War but maintains his admiration for its author, someone who played a role in a turbulent history and then ensured that that history was not forgotten, by writing it down. Chance's position comes to reflect Thucydides' when his

History is revised to chronicle the Close Congregation of Blues, a band of people, of which Chance is one, given enhanced strength and perception when San Francisco is struck by a cosmic blue light. Their leader is Orde, a hobo-prophet of the real Haight variety, who announces a new stage in human development, and their nemesis is Gray Man, alternately referred to as Grey Redstar or simply Death, and a specimen of what happens when Blues go bad. Chance and the Close Congregation must battle Gray Man as life must battle death, and their desperate struggle becomes the central subject of the History.

Needless to say, *Blue Light* is something of a departure for Mosley, best known for the Easy Rawlins novels (*Gone Fishin'*, *Devil in a Blue Dress*, others). The strangeness of the story is perhaps more entrancing than the unfolding of the action. Awash in countercultural and unrefined notions of 'enhanced understanding' and 'humanity's next stage' but never quite beholden to them, the adventure is repeatedly engaging, but in unexpected ways, and the frankness of the theme of good-vs.-evil in epic battle is as unsettling as the actual depiction of the villain, the body-snatching zombie, Gray Man.

Mosley can be rather static with his action descriptions. A story with as many people running around and hitting each other as this one features on occasion requires more refreshing ways of telling about it than to wit: 'Orde shouted, 'No!' and ran toward Gray Man. He was fast, but not quick enough to save Barber's face from becoming pulp.' And it

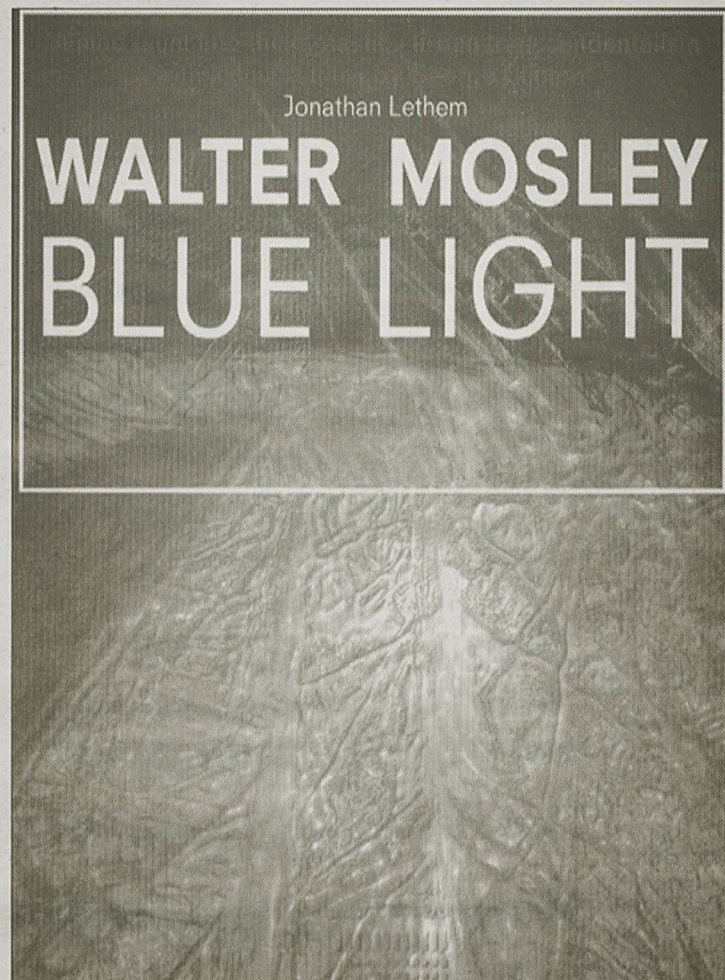
is recurrently difficult to know what to make of the book's Age on Aquarius tendencies. Orde is introduced amusingly and convincingly: "Philosophy school dropout and compulsive liar, he had changed his name to Orde and took to begging and living off young women who were temporarily fooled by his lies and handsome blond features." But post-cosmic-blue-light, he is held up as an authentic teacher, and Chance opens his History with an extended excerpt from one of his vague, if generally eloquent, sermons.

The story grows beyond its Haight roots and seems most confident at its most epic.

To hide from Gray Man, the Blues form the commune to beat all communes, and name it 'Treaty: 'A congress of outcasts sitting on the precipice of infinity, under the threat of death and living each day more primitively and more magically than the last.' But their adversary is persistent, and they are eventually forced to an apocalyptic confrontation.

The good and evil thing can seem almost comically blunt at first, but, if nothing else, Gray Man is pretty damned scary: 'Grey Redstar, the Gray Man, the reaper of lost light. The one creature to cleanse the soul of its body. The harbinger of a newer and higher form of being.' Explanations about him are never any clearer, and the blanket association of evil with death seems pretty shallow, but he kills people pretty readily and easily, so I will at least stipulate that Gray Man is very bad news and a villain deserving of comeuppance.

So what exactly is the Blue Light, anyway? Chance calls it



Jonathan Lethem

WALTER MOSLEY
BLUE LIGHT

'the Radiance,' and, at other times, 'God's tears.' The answer is really in the book's struggle, the desperation and casualties of the fight with Death, and in Chance's need to get the History down in words.

Chance's melancholy tone pervades every page of the book. This is the poignant and valuable crux of the book: Chance's book is not a history of merely ephemeral blue light, but of him and his friends, and their terrible war. As

Thucydides excised his own debt to the war he participated in, and that haunted him, Chance ultimately writes his History to excise it from himself, to be free of the attendant pain without abandoning his responsibility to it. A valid and heartfelt idea of history.

BLUE LIGHT by Walter Mosley. Published April 1999 on paperback by *Serpent's Tail*, price £9.99

A GIRL FOR ALL SEASONS

Calendar Girl: a modern detective thriller with a feminine twist.

A fast, witty and clever crime story" was how some critics have described this novel, and its all of these things and more. Set in between London and New York, it rushes through two different stories, told along side each other, separate at first, but menacingly merging as the climax reaches its end. First the story of Maggie, a stand-up comic, who meets the woman of her life, in the form of the "the girl with the Kelly McGillis body", and "cheekbones to cut bread on". They have a great time, great day-trips and even better sex, until Maggie begins to become suspicious of her lover's Friday nights visits to

her parents. And then there is Saz Martin, a private eye, searching for a missing woman, called September, who meets men "the first and third Friday of every month", is involved in drugs and Trans-Atlantic gambling. As Maggie confronts her lover and Saz gets closer to her pray, their worlds intermingle, questions appear about who is the victim and who is the villain. Stella Duffy has a fast-paced style, using many of our own associations from modern life, on the way ridiculing plenty of stereotypes about lesbians, house sharing and sex. She is funny, tender and furious at the same time, obviously calling on her experience as an actor,

improviser, comedian and radio presenter.

As a thriller it is interesting with a great mystery driven plot, but it is the depiction of the human relationships which makes this novel especially gritty. It is through the continuous jokes about the Jewish holidays, the quirky comments about each others outfits and the warm jealousy of the many ex-lovers still at the forefront, that Duffy creates the warmth and joys of this book. The fast blond wigs, the cocaine trade using antique furniture and the high power gambling with men who will pay for anything but a woman are great, but it seems that by using such cliches and glossy twists,

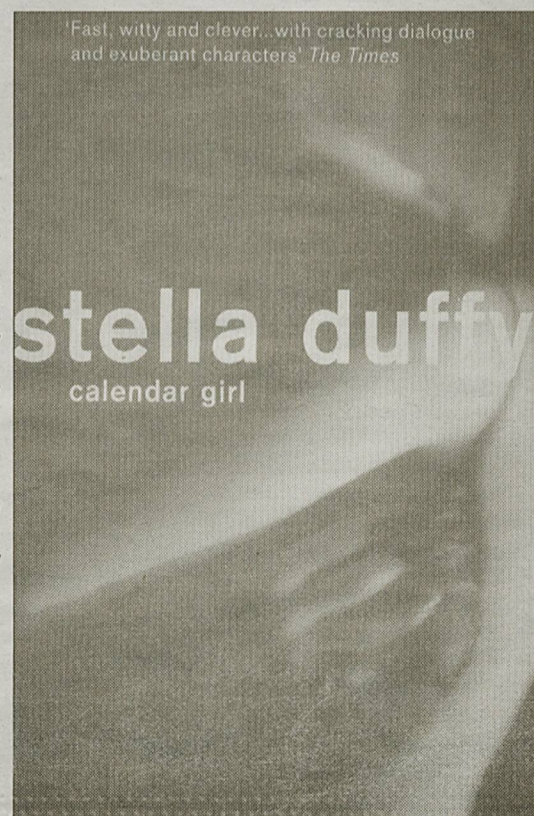
Duffy is great at making the point that love, sadness and friends is what this book is really about.

AGLAYA SNETOV

CALENDAR GIRL by Stella Duffy. Out now on paperback published by *Serpent's Tail*, price £6.99.

'Fast, witty and clever...with cracking dialogue and exuberant characters' *The Times*

stella duffy
calendar girl



LSE BODIES

Court of Governors (5)

Saleem Ahmad

Think, Consult, Be Heard!

Ensure that your problems, issues and suggestions are taken notice of by the governing body at LSE. Asian representation on the Court of Governors.

The only Asian/ post-graduate candidate. Please email any issues/ suggestions to S.Ahmad@lse.ac.uk

Andrew Cornwell

Green International

Globalisation must be Green! My aim is to raise environmental issues at the highest level within the LSE and also to reflect the international nature of the student body.

Vote for the experienced candidate! I am the only candidate who has served on the Court of Governors before...so I know exactly how to make sure your views are heard.

Brendan Cox

LSE Labour

I am standing for the Court of Governors because I believe that the LSE must deliver more for its students. Teaching is not good enough, resources are scarce, computers are a rarity and to top it all the library's too hot. I will press hard for better teaching, for better access, for more resources and for a cooler library.

I am proud to be standing with the LSE Labour team all of whom really are committed, all of whom really do believe they can make a difference and all of whom really will stand up for Students.

Jon Frewin

Independent - Ensuring your money isn't wasted

As Sabbatical Treasurer of the Students' Union, I am in a strong position to try to ensure that the campaigns of the Union are looked favourably upon by the Court of Governors. One of our main aims is to improve the academic experience for students at LSE. If elected, I aim to make sure that the interests of fee-paying students are seen as more of a priority than those of the paid academics and staff. In short, I feel that I am one of the few candidates with the knowledge to make a difference. Please support me on Thursday.

Jacob Gittoes

Making LSE work for you

Becky Little

Independent

You may know me as the Education and Welfare Officer at the Students Union. So, why am I standing for the Court of Governors? Do I not sit on enough committees all ready? Well... The Court is the most important School forum of them all, and as students we should make sure we are represented well. As the E&W Officer, serving on School committees at every level, I know the bigger picture. My job makes me familiar with the issues students are concerned about, and the issues that the School will raise this year.

Nils Moller

Schmeix, the one and only!

Hi everybody, my name is Nils, but I am generally known as Schmeix round the LSE.

I like to think of myself as a very confident, and straight forward person. I am reliable and certainly competent in various skills, not necessarily academic ones. I am generally getting on with people very well, and that's why I think I am suitable for the Court of Governors.

So, Ladies and Gentleman, vote for me, then you know: Schmeix is the One and Only Choice!

Eddy Murray

Atlantic Tiger Party

Jo Swinson

Listening to Students - Making a Difference

Do you believe...

- class teaching should be improved?
- we need more IT provision?
- library problems must be resolved?

I do.

I believe that these shared concerns must be raised at the highest levels of LSE's decision-making. As a Governor, I will:

- listen to YOUR opinions
- be approachable and accountable to YOU
- make a difference for YOU

Feel free to email with any questions you have - j.k.swinson@lse.ac.uk.

Have fun, and remember:

Vote Jo Swinson 1 for Court of Governors

Academic Board (2)

Graham Ball

Independent

Want to add More Balls into getting a better teaching and learning deal for All students at LSE?

Then vote for Graham Ball.

As we all pay fees to come here, we should demand and get the best. I bring three years experience as Student rep at the University of Leeds. I can offer a fresh and innovative approach to old problems.

Having just finished my undergraduate degree and started a Masters degree, I am sensitive both to the needs of undergrads and postgrads. More Balls in combatting complacency

Michale Blackwell

*Common Sense Revolutionary - C*SR*

Steve Farrington

LSE Labour

The Academic board is the forum where all your academic appeals are heard and it is vital that there is a strong student presence on the board committed to representing and supporting your views not simply accepting the intransigence of LSE professors.

I will push for a more favourable treatment of students in all hearings and ensure that greater attention is paid to the non academic issues which affect and influence students every year and are often simply ignored by the academic staff.

Most importantly I will campaign and pressurise the LSE continuously throughout the year until resits are finally introduced.

Lee Federman

Hardcore Ginger Warrior Fighting for Freedom

The ability to instruct adequately and effectively is very rare. However, LSE encompasses a diverse mixture of expert academics who possess this quality in abundance. Yet like in all human experiences, consistency of performance must be regulated and closely monitored. Provision of new technologies, importation of added field leaders, flexibility and extension of degree programmes, growth of language facilities, separation of sport and study, and the nurturing of our future generations are fundamental to my mindset. Such a set of targets can only be attained with the necessary insight, motivation and practical ability that I hold. Only one option exists.

Daniel Lewis

Independent for a better LSE

Academic standards are on the slide, Wednesday teaching is encroaching into our sport's time and resits seem to be a distant hope. That must change.

We need a strong voice on the Academic Board to tell the School that we will not accept their erosion of student life. I will be that strong voice. Vote for somebody whis prepared to stand up to this onslaught.

Vote Dan Lewis No. 1.

Sope Williams

ULU

COUNCIL (4)

Parul Bavishi

Independent

Jon Frewin

Independent: Ensuring Your Money Isn't Wasted

Philip Granville

LSE Labour

Su Jin Chan

Independent

Sundeep Kumar Nayak

Stephen Topping

*Common Sense Revolutionary - C*SR*

Accommodation (2)

(Elected Unopposed)

Waheed Saleem

LSE Labour

Peter Francis Bellini

Common Sense Revoultionary

*- C*SR*

Careers Service (3)

(Elected Unopposed)

Oliver Pearce

LSE Labour

JB Brom

Louise Brodersen

The Independent Choice for Every Voice

Catering (3)

(Elected Unopposed - still 3 vacant places)

Pihneas Skipper

LSE Labour

Inter-Halls (1)

Ritesh Doshi

Independent

Jacob Gittoes

Making LSE Work for you

Safety (3)

(Elected Unopposed - still 2 vacant)

Eve Parish

Site

Development (2)

(Elected Unopposed)

Jon Frewin

Independent: Ensuring Your Money Isn't Wasted

Elizabeth Knight

LSE Labour

Investments (1)

Nick Kirby

LSE Labour

JB Brom

Nursery (1)

(Still vacant)

Library (2)

Michael Blackwell

*Common Sense Revolutioary - C*SR*

Graham Ball

Independent

Joe Gill

LSE Labour

Louise Stanley

LSE Labour

Jo Swinson

Listening to Students - Making a Difference

LSE Health

Services (3)

(Elected Unopposed - still 2 vacant)

Philip Glanville

Investment
Banking

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A presentation is being held on:
Tuesday, November 2nd at 12.00 p.m.
Room A85, Ground Floor, Old Building,
Houghton St.

IN EUROPE BUT NOT RUN BY EUROPE

Sparked by controversy at this week's UGM, the Euro argument continues...

Europe will dominate the next general election. It is one of the few issues which genuinely divides the main political parties. While Tony Blair has cautiously committed himself to the pro-European cause, William Hague has rallied his party around a stridently eurosceptic message.

For the last decade, the eurosceptics have made most of the running. Every European farce, from the collapse of the ERM to the beef export ban, has been milked to the full by eurosceptic politicians and journalists. Some of the highest selling papers, including the Telegraph, Times, Mail and Sun, have consistently campaigned against European integration. The public too has increasingly become sceptical of Europe. This was shown in the 1997 election when two anti-European fringe parties (Referendum Party and UKIP) gained a million votes. Since the election a whole array of pressure groups from New Europe to Business for Sterling have been set up to keep Britain out of the single currency.

This rising euroscepticism has been mirrored within the Conservative Party. The party that took Britain into the EEC under Edward Heath has grown progressively more hostile to European integration. Perhaps the fundamental reason is that the European Union has shifted afterwards: it is no longer just concerned with creating a single market, but with promoting "social welfare" through areas like the Social Chapter. EU directives on social issues increasingly threaten to de-Thatcherise Britain. Mrs Thatcher's anti-European Bruges speech in 1988 summed it up when she said: "We have not successfully rolled back the frontiers of the state in Britain only to see them reimposed at a European level."



British relationships with Europe continues to dominate political discourse

Picture: Library

Tory splits on Europe have dominated the 1990's. They were a key factor in Mrs Thatcher's fall from power. John Major's years as Prime Minister were made a misery because of feuding over Europe. The issue was not resolved until after the 1997 defeat, when the party chose a eurosceptic leader. The few remaining euophiles have since been marginalised, although heavyweights like Heseltine and Clarke regularly use the media to attack the party's European policy.

But what exactly is William Hague's policy on Europe? The Tory leader has campaigned under the slogan, "In Europe, but not run by Europe." A key part of this is his promise to keep the pound. This message delivered an unexpected victory in the European elections when it motivated Conservative voters to turn out to vote whilst Labour voters stayed at home.

Since then, Hague has extended his policy by promising a "flexibility clause" in any new EU treaty. This would allow member states to opt out of any new rules outside certain "core areas". Clearly such a change (if other countries were to agree to it) would fundamentally change the nature of the EU.

Despite this enthusiasm for Europe, the party equivocated on the central issue of the euro, aware that public opinion was hostile to giving up the pound.

British euophiles have started to fight their corner more vocally, notably with the launch of Britain in Europe. This cross-party campaign group claims to "restate the case for Britain in Europe", although ultimately it hopes to persuade the British people to join the single currency. Britain in Europe is supported not just by Tony Blair and other Labour heavyweights, but by Charles Kennedy (Liberal

Democrat leader) and Tory dissidents like Heseltine and Clarke.

The Tories are not alone in wanting to make radical changes to the European Union. A recent report written for the European Commission argued for a "Common Foreign and Security Policy" decided by qualified majority voting. It also suggested rewriting the EU treaties so that member states would lose their right to veto all but the most fundamental of future treaty changes. Although Tony Blair was keen to distance himself from some of these more extreme ideas, the report was co-written by Lord Simon, one of his trusted allies. Predictably, the report outraged the eurosceptics: the Telegraph denounced it as a "blueprint for an EU superstate" and Hague accused the Prime Minister of giving away Britain's

independence "slice by slice."

So the battlelines over Europe have been drawn for the next election. The election itself will be decided by lots of factors, but who will win the argument over Europe? Opinion polls suggest that most British people would opt for the status quo: to be in the European Union, but to keep the pound. Theoretically then, Hague's slogan of "In Europe, not run by Europe" should be more attractive. The problem for the Tories is that the stridency of their anti-euro message may put off voters and leave them vulnerable to the accusation that they secretly want to withdraw from Europe. A recent NOP poll for the Express found that 56% of respondents would be less likely to vote Tory because of their European policy. Tony Blair is trying to take advantage of this by playing down the euro for the time being, and instead portraying the debate as a choice between "in or out" of Europe. The battle is hotting up.

What about the Labour Party? Here again there have been major changes. In 1983, Labour actually went into an election promising to withdraw from the EEC. It was in this election that Tony Blair first entered Parliament on a platform promising to "negotiate a withdrawal from the EEC which has drained our resources and destroyed jobs." Gradually Labour became less hostile as the European Union shifted to the left. By the 1997 election, the Labour Party had committed itself to the pro-European cause, arguing that Britain's interests were best served by participating fully in Europe and wielding influence from the centre.

What do students at the School think of Europe, are the Tories right to take such an extremist stance? Where will Labour policy move to in the future? If anyone would like to express their views in the paper mail them to T.J. Livingstone@lse.ac.uk.

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Excited.
Proud?
Concerned!

**Nobel Peace Prize Laureate
SIR JOSEPH ROTBLAT**

*Pugwash:
The Social Conscience of Scientists*

Monday, 25 Oct. 1999, 6 PM

**Lecture Theatre 220 Mech. Eng.
Imperial College, Exhibition Rd., SW7**

*Student Pugwash Group, Imperial College
<http://www.su.ic.ac.uk/pugwash>
Contact: Carsten, 0171-5946676, c.rohr@ic.ac.uk*

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EQUAL OPPS AT LSE

SEXISM,
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... or just plain twaddle...

Equal Opportunities : What's it all about?

Whether you believe it's about:

Combating intolerance in our Students' Union

OR

Increasing its accessibility to
the student community.

WE NEED YOU!!

LSE Students' Union is setting up a group to look into Equal Opportunities and update our policy.

GET INVOLVED. MAKE A DIFFERENCE

If you're interested contact either:

Equal Opportunities Officer
Education and Welfare Officer

WELFARE CARDS

Welfare Cards are now available from the Students' Union. These wallet-sized cards give loads of useful information on the welfare services offered by the SU as well as contact numbers for welfare organisations. They also tell you how to get free condoms from the Union!

So, come and get your welfare cards and free condoms from the Education and Welfare office on the 2nd floor of the East Building.

LSE
students' union

Welfare Card

www.lse.ac.uk/union/welfare

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London Nightline 0207 631 0101

Free Condoms available from Ed & Welfare Officer Room E297

C-CARD

CONSTITUTIONAL REVIEW TASKFORCE

Under the 1994 Education Act the Students' Union must conduct a constitutional review every 5 years. One is due this year.

It may sound dull and it probably will be, but this is a chance to decide how the Union will work over the next few years.

The taskforce is open to all

LSE students - we are looking for a diverse range of people so that the review produces the best results.

If you would like to sit on this taskforce please contact the General Secretary at su.gensec@lse.ac.uk or via Union reception by Wednesday 27th October at 5pm.

SOCIETY ADVERTS

Bridge Society: A Chance To Learn The Important Gambling Techniques That Your Fathers Never Taught You....
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History Society AGM
& Program Plan
& Elections

1PM Wednesday 27th October
History Study Room
6th Floor,
East Building

GERMAN WEEK,
all this week,
Check posters for details

All MSS members
are invited to the AGM at 2.30pm on
Wednesday 27th in A42
See you there!

LGB Meeting -
Every Monday,
7pm in A220
email i.d.curry@lse.ac.uk
for more details

GEN SEC'S COLUMN

Who'd have thought it. If I'd announced a taskforce on tasting food for the new café I could understand it. A taskforce on tasting beer for the new bar even more so. Even a taskforce on how the Union should invest its money. But a taskforce on a constitutional review?

What I'm actually talking about is interest. I admit I was expecting the main task of this taskforce to be finding members, but I was wrong. I've had interest from everyone - sports clubs, societies, political parties and, yes, even 'normal' students.

Now I know, rather like a five-point plan, my taskforces have caused some amusement to those around me. But, I hope that isn't the explanation. What I hope the explanation to be is that people have taken at face value the posters claiming this to be the best chance to shape what the Union is and will be over the next five years.

A constitutional review is a legal requirement. Its something we have to do every five years. But it's also something we should want to do.

Why? The constitution is our foundation. It's what the Union is built on. Without it we'd lose our structure. We'd fall. It sets out what we are, what we should be doing and how we should do it. It's where you can find our equal opportunities policy, the base for our unique Union General Meetings, the way in which we make sure students hold key positions within the Union and ensures The Beaver's autonomy.

It also provides the structure which enables the Union to represent you, the structure which enables us to provide our services for you and structure by which you can hold us to account.

So it's really vital that it remains relevant, remains modern, remains legitimate. That's what the review is about. The review may conclude that it's happy with what we have. Now I don't want to prejudice the review at this stage, but I doubt it will come to that conclusion.

There is much we need to look at. Is the Executive structure right. What's there that shouldn't be. What isn't there that should be. Are the election rules the right ones?

Possibly most vitally, are our accountability processes adequate? Do enough students get their voices heard? Do our current structures act as a bridge or a barrier between the Union and its student members?

I simply raise questions here, I don't suggest solutions. Nor do I even suggest these questions need solutions. That is for the review to decide. For you to decide if you want. The deadline for anyone wanting to sit on the review is this Wednesday at 5pm. The taskforce really is your chance to shape the Union for years.

Jonathan Black

FORGET SEXY FOOTBALL LSE BADMINTON GETS A FACELIFT

HIT AND RUN CAVEMEN POUND UCL TO PIECES

LSE 1st 9
ICSM 1st 0
The Ginger Magician tells no lies

Some people say that the leisure time activity of badminton bares many resemblances to sex. The solidification of the cock, the thrusts and lunges, the physical exhaustion that follows the game and of course the nifty footwork in the morning.

However here at LSE badminton we do not promote the kama sutra or any of that bollocks.

By advocating hard and clean sex we believe that good badminton will follow.

First up were LSE legend 'Deadly' Dennis Wright with his partner and long time sex aid, captain Suhail Shaikh. Wright had failed to turn up for the last match on account of a 'communication mix-up' but he was given the chance to reprieve himself due to his passionate off court relationship with his partner. In true LSE badminton tradition the boys tossed eachother off before the game and then offered to do the same for the opposition. Very gentlemanly. Without delay the opposition obliged and handed Shaikh a pot of vasoline. They seemed undaunted by Shaikh's notorious tight grip and his quick fire technique, not to mention the jealousy which erupted in the eyes of Wright.

After a quick towelling down the lads were in action and Wright was feeling horny and at the top of his game. Punishing his opponents on all sections of the court, this

gang bang had become quite uncontrollable. 'Wright's stamina is amazing' stated one spectator, 'I'd love to have a go with him sometime'. No chance son, Wright's mine and if I can't have him then no-one can!

Wednesday also marked the

The Magician focused his anger at the Imperial medics, who had by now soaked their pants at the thought of a one on one with the LSE crew.

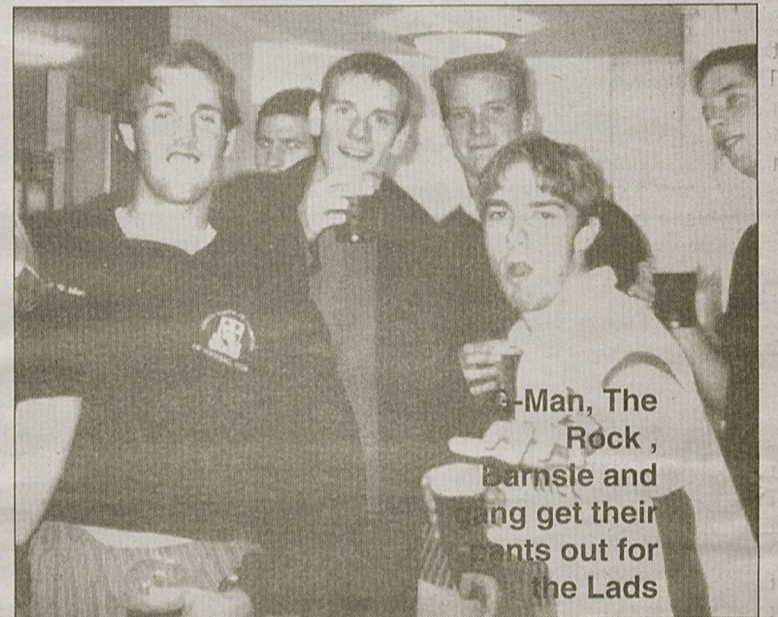
debut of Winnoc Lui, former Hong Kong international and friend of classy porn stars. Lui's lovebites have faded somewhat since his encounters last week with a Columbian pansexual while his infatuation with the jazz class in the adjacent sports arena was a constant cause of distraction. Alongside the Ginger Magician, the pair lost only two rallies in six sets. Such was the determination of the pair that Lui went bollistic at the magician when he missed an easy net shot during the 29th rally. This was possibly Lui's worst tactical decision in a badminton career which has spanned two decades. However instead of

retaliating on his partner, the Magician focused his anger at the Imperial medics, who had by now soaked their pants at the thought of a one on one with the LSE crew. Wright was sent to the local grocers for a variety of vegetables while the Magician removed some equipment from the hockey locker. The following scenes are unprintable.

At about 3:30pm Flavian Octavian stepped into the match to join forces with Kuo Wee as the LSE third pair. Octavian had forgotten his kit so Shaikh made him play in just his underwear, regardless of the visible erection aroused by his attraction to the LSE captain's masterful nature and his no-nonsense attitude. Both played well despite only holding the 69 position for a matter of minutes yet the penetrative action was well worthy of note. 'I really enjoyed that' said Ginger monkey Matt Sutton as he watched naked courtside. The former Beaversports editor really has changed over the past few months. Gone are the wild days of the Ginger James Bond and in is the secluded and peaceful life of a vegetating nudist ('although his rugged looks and large member still manage to attract the cream of the female population' Quote Sutton). The opposition actually took to the Ginger monkey and are planning to picnic with him in the near future.

To call these trainee surgeons opponents is unfair. In reality they were nothing more than guinea pigs, experimented upon for our own personal gratification and the future of LSE badminton. 'Frankly I can't be bothered waiting around this tiny court for games in which we stand no chance of winning,' squirmed one pathetic medic as he contemplated raising the white flag. 'Fight on and be strong' shrieked his captain as he missed yet another backhand. But honestly these medics had wasted valuable reading time that wednesday. I asked them why they bothered. They were unable to reply.

LSE 3rd 5
UCL 3rd 3
Shaft sticks it up his arse

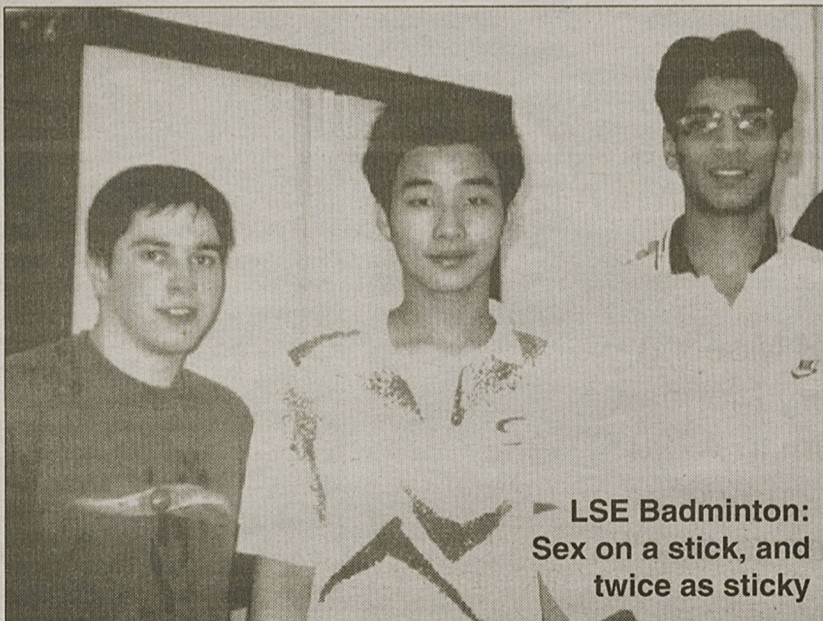


G-Man, The Rock, Barnsie and Shaft get their pants out for the Lads

On a shit, crappy afternoon in the murky depths of Hertfordshire and after a long, expensive journey the neanderthals again lived up to their growing reputation. Despite missing a few players they picked up a hanger on in the form of James "I won't head a ball in case I damage my good looks" Mulligan. Having been axed by the firsts he desperately begged the Rock for a game so he could show the skill and finesse that would complete the thirds and turn them into the master outfit. However due to the weather being somewhat cold he spent the first half playing with himself in the changing rooms and counting his vast amount of pubes. The game itself was a pile of w**k due to the fact that the ref was as bent as a u-shaped drainpipe and probably counts Hans Segers and Bruce Grobbelaar as close friends. The front line was led by the Lightning Lad and the G-Man who stormed off the pitch at halftime due to being touched up and fondled by the United College of Losers fullback. He was later found muttering something about taking up a more manly sport such as female mud wrestling. The fullbacks eyes immediately lit up though as Mulligan was sent on in the G-Mans place and the fondling continued much to Mulligans joy.

LSE commanded the game from the start and scored goals of quality, power and accuracy but mainly down to dodgy goalkeeping. They went into halftime 2-1 up with strikes from Tom and the Rock and finished the job off early in the second half. The Dynamo, Hightower and Mulligan all got on the score sheet although it has to be said that Mulligans mishit that found the back of the net was the result of his attempt of getting out of the way of a header in case he damaged his good looks that he is so keen to preserve. The win would have been even greater if the Rock hadn't balloned half a dozen shots the height of Canary Wharf over the bar and if Buffy the Virgin Slayer had shown more composure in the box which he/she normally does. The defence was solid as the Governor showed he is finally over his toe nail injury by boring the fuck out of the UCL forwards with his latest theories on accounting and spreadsheets. He did allow some rebates though as UCL added a few dodgy goals to stem some of the one way traffic.

The thirds march on though looking forward to the crunch showdown with the fourths in the ULU Cup which has all the makings of a classic. With players such as Terry "the third team reject" Wogan, Matt "Gobshite" Stoate and Michael "I really am a man not a cub scout" Epstein, the thirds are shitting themselves at the talent they will face. Third team quote of the week from Jarlath "The Rock" O'Hara: "It's not what the referee sees, it's what he doesn't see that wins matches".



LSE Badminton: Sex on a stick, and twice as sticky

KATY'S KADETS CRUISE TO VICTORY

LSE 3
Wye College 1
Katy Pratt sticks it where it hurts

What was Amar doing taking a rather worse for wear Sarah home? Was Kate Herbert really wearing a bra? How is it that third team footballer 'The G Man' ended up with such a name and admits to not knowing where it is? Is Richie Wright really RUTHless? Why won't Becky Maggs down anything? Wye did we bother playing Wye?

We sat on a freezing minibus for 2 hours only to find no changing rooms or even toilets at their hockey pitch disguised as a sandpit excuse for a playing ground. Now we're resourceful girls so the nearest bush became the dunny and the minibus a changing room, pity the girls from the Wye weren't clever enough to think to get a key for the clubhouse! The comment from their captain being, 'I'm sorry this happened last time too.' Well duh, stupidity once is forgivable but this meant we were just a tad pissed off and fucking freezing by the time we started ready to kick their hefty countrified arses I'd say.

All started stunningly well I think it was about a thirty seconds from the whistle before Su's beautifully angled shot hit the backboards. Problem was that they got scrappy after that, just once I'd love to play a team who knows the rules, but I shan't start ranting about that now. Let's just say that contrary to common opinion sticks between legs are neither welcome nor desirable, especially when it's being held by a scary looking farmer's wife. Ask half the sportswomen in the Tuns it's worse than Tim Bradshaw holding one I assure you!

Now there's a blast from the past. Who will fill the lovely Tim's shoes in corrupting our virginal freshers? What with Marina, MJ, Sarah and Su they certainly have a tough job ahead of them. A word of warning though, Marina's Russian and has nails as long as her legs ñ DOWN BOYS!

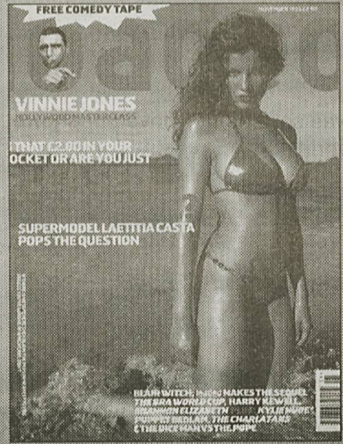
Sorry I digress. Umm... after Su's they scored one that should have been disallowed for dangerous play, ten players in the D and a ball flying over people's heads is not a good idea. Poor Sarah didn't stand a chance but hey you have to let crap teams have one to write about! Su scored our second, again beautifully placed. The third, didn't really want to go in, I counted at least six strikes, even my diving last ditch effort failed. The only reason it went in is because Marina got pissed off with their blatant flouting of the rules and etiquette and blasted through about four defenders. Three to us one to them and a mega boost for our confidence. And yet again we were without the German national Annika who still has flu and Ruth our keeper is still injured. Girls we await your debuts with anticipation.

As for player of the match, this is a tough one. Woolly was a solid as ever, MJ had a storming match (I'm loath to admit it but the score-line would probably have gone the other way without her) and Rhiannon tackled brilliantly. But for sheer guts, energy and determination the award for Babe of the Day has to go to Su for her two fantastic goals and the three others she nearly got.

Update on Loaded Competition

Congratulations to Mavis Pring, 3rd Yr. Econ. for correctly identifying last week's arse as that of Geoff Capes. This week, our friends at 'Loaded' have granted us another years subscription to their magazine which one lucky reader must win. To win simply answer the following question:-

What are all the 7 positions in Netball called?
Answers on a postcard to C023.



SECONDS BOLSTERED BY GIMPS & MONGS

LSE 2nd 22
SOAS 2nd 5
Jimmy Mac : When is he coming back?

Last Wednesday the mighty LSE 2nd team travelled to Fortress Berrylands for the first home game of the season in determined mood. On the back of an embarrassing hammering from the filching Battys of Brighton the 2nds were not in the mood for another ravishing at the hands of SOAS. Still, the day did not begin well with three players and all the kit going missing between Waterloo Station and Berrylands. However, the fines for this stupidity (the stupidity being the inability of three unnamed team members to catch a train that they had caught twenty times before, and the fact that they were with the rest of the team, and we were all going to the same place at the same time) were to come much later on in the Tuns. All was well when, five minutes before kick-off, the kit finally arrived and we were able to don the hallowed yellow and black.

The team was bolstered on the day by the unsurprising cancellation of the terrified SOAS 1st team in face of the LSE onslaught. Brought in were Jez "the hairy mong" Philips and Battering Ram Connor Welshman (if you take meaning). The infinite wisdom of Grandad Ike whose ironic and cynical twist on life, something that can only come with age, lifted our spirits to a higher plane. We knew we were going to win.

When the game kicked-off it was clear from the start that the training we had been doing in the last week after the Brighton fiasco was going to pay off. The scrum was solid and the lineout was operating well. The first quarter the game was tense, both teams knowing that to concede in the first ten minutes could lead to capitulation. As the half moved on LSE really began to exert their dominance through determined rucking from Captain Epps and Big Ralph and good tackling out wide from the little Frenchman and Duncan Harris, but soon disaster struck as Alder damaged his thumb in a freak accident, reportedly involving Oscar "the Gimp" Kent, although nothing is confirmed. Still, neither can bring themselves to talk about the incident. Best left I feel. Soon before the whistle went for end of the half we had breached their line. With the slippery running power that can only come from excess body hair, Big Jez managed to put the first points on the board, Hefin failing to convert

after a spunky stroke from the touch line. At the turnaround the team was much changed, the Gimp a notable absentee from the second half after being injured by one of his own players. Could this have been some kind of retribution for the earlier incident? Again, best left. Also on the pitch was the Welsh Battering Ram that is Connor. With the extra big licks he likes to give people we were set up to win the game. A blast from the past also came onto the pitch to help with the effort as Grandad Ike took to the field. However, his contribution was a little tainted by a dismal display of box-kicking. Ike, if you're reading, don't kick the ball into your own men, it really doesn't help at all.

And so the second half started much as the first had ended with LSE on top but with the game still

after the ball passed through at least ten pairs of hands with no fumbles.

By this time the game was over, LSE rampant and SOAS only managing a consolation try by way of uncharacteristic bad defending. We added two tries before the end, one from the Welshman Hefin (having recovered from Wales's dismal defeat at the hands of the Samoans) who selfishly dummied a fat prop to cross the line under the posts instead of passing to his infinitely more deserving team mate. Big Jez also bagged another in the left corner after what he called in the Tuns after the match "a try Lomu would have been proud of. Handing off three men and sticking it in the corner, just like he did against England!". Well, he is captain of the 1st team so who am I to argue, even though anyone who saw it knows that it is all lies.

Then to the Tuns it was for the post-match drunken debauchery that marks LSE sport (at least rugby and hockey). The traditional LSE rugby song reverberated to around the Tuns to the joy of all the drinkers there. The games began with man of the match Big Ralph necking one of the delicious green monsters, then moving onto the thunderbird and something about "la la de da de de lah". By this time the night was becoming hazy, beer flying and fat men jumping (or "dancing") the night away. It had been a very good day.

Soon disaster struck as Alder damaged his thumb in a freak accident, reportedly involving Oscar "the Gimp" Kent.

very much alive. Then came a fine moment of champagne rugby not to be forgotten. The move started in our own half, with an incisive pass to the Battering Ram Connor, who strongly broke the SOAS defence, charging into the opposition half. To cut a long story short, we scored in the corner,



Fat Bob puts in extra training after cancelled match

GEEKS OUTGUNNED BY BLAIR'S BUSHPIGS

TREASURER FOSTER SCARPERS WITH MATCH FEES

IC 1st	29
LSE 1st	33
Barts 1st	10
LSE 2nd	14
Anna Foster takes control	

OK kids, since this is my Beaver Sports debut, I'm going to try to preserve my journalistic integrity by being nice to every one. No scandal or bitching this week. However there are a few personal gripes that I would like to get off my chest. Swamp Donkeys? Bush Pigs?!! I find it hard to believe that so early on in the year a netball backlash has begun. And if so why? O.K, so netball girl has been sacked but is she not an LSE legend? Are we not the same adored birds that have sustained the Tuns faithfully on Wednesday and Friday nights? Do we not still shake our funky thangs at Limelight each Wednesday night? But most importantly are we not the only birds at the LSE that you are able to pull?! Do we not laugh at your childish banter? Do we not stroke and bolster your fragile egos? Lads, do not bite the hand that feeds. Bush Pigs my arse!

And another thing everyone loves a good bitch fight, a nice bit of hair pulling always goes down well, but seriously there is no animosity between the netball and hockey teams so far this year. O.K admittedly they dick on us in the lager drinking and loudness stakes and they have signed up an Andrea Corr look alike (who might I

add did not look so hot in the Tuns toilets on Wednesday night after a cheeky few. Hmm... having said that nor did I or the rest of the AU ... I apologise and I digress. We do still have our fair share of stunners, I'm not going to mention any names because you know who I'm referring to. Comments from token Isle of Man footballer who shall remain nameless like 'Why are you lot so dressed up you're only going to limelight. Besides you're still more mingling than the hockey birds.' Unnecessary and rude. Whether you think we are mutton dressed as lamb, is beside the point. Keep your unwanted options to yourself and we will get along just fine. To cut to the chase, my point is that causing excessive hostility between netball and hockey is dated darlings, so last season.

And so to the netball courts, netball 1st bush pig litter dragged themselves out of their styes to run their trotters off and go wee wee wee all the way over to Imperial. Considering that they have no birds the standard of play was quite good, no match for the Tuns totty though. Squad selection was the stunning combination of Lucy, Ralphy, Laura, Myself and new recruits Kristy, Catherine, Jacinta, Jenny and Sherry. Play at first was



LSE Netball:
The Beautiful
Game

goal for goal making it a tense start. However Blair on top shooting form and with Jenny unphased by Imperial defence the shots soon began to tot up. Jacinta holding it together in the centre and Kristy and Laura in defense making up for my inadequacies because lets face it, I was ineffectual. Respect to Ralphy who despite temptation of Rafter's being in the building next to the court, stuck around playing well in new position as WA. In the last quarter we broke ahead winning 33-29.

Louises 2nd's trawled themselves out to Mile End to play BARTS and despite their irritatingly late start and hostile reception they took an early lead. The team consisting of Peggy, Ruth,

Charlotte, Paula, Hannah, Sam, Louise and Ley Kay. Peggy and Ley Kay proceeded to dominate the centre and Paula's sound defense running rings around BARTS attack. The Match was not trouble free as the opposition had cunningly disguised an 8th player as an umpire. Clever but not clever enough to fool our girlies who taught them a lesson by winning 14-10.

So to sum, 1st little bush piggies went to Imperial, 2nd little bush piggies went to BARTS and all the piggies got dressed up and went wee wee wee all the way back to the Tuns to get drunk. Excellent evening turnout and may I take this opportunity to welcome the new recruits to the litter, looks

like this will be a truly outstanding year. I for one can't wait. Nice one girls!!

**Despite being
dicked-on Imperial
politely gave us a
complimentary
feed, before
returning to their
bunsen burners
and calculators.**

SMITHS HIT FOR SIX AS IMPERIALIST SHIP SINKS

LSE 4th 3
IC 4th 2

LSE 4th 6
Goldsmith 4th 0

Once again, the fourths were involved in a classic encounter, both on and off the park. Travel arrangements again dogged the side, though not because of 'Simba' Paxton this time, but because of first team star Fred 'Bomber' Harlemann preventing the trio of stars that is Paxton, Wogan and Tommy C getting to Berrylands by planting a suspicious package on the Hampton Court train. Next time you see a ticket inspector Fred, don't piss yourself and sprint off, leaving your bag behind so everyone thinks it's a bomb - just pay the fucking fine.

The game itself was a testament to the English game - fast, furious and plenty of goals. LSE once again dominated the opening 45 minutes, with 'Orson' Wells again outstanding at the back and the five man midfield of 'Simba' Paxton, Ross, Omar (who sells fake Rolex watches - £10 a pop, get them while stocks last), Al and some lazy tab smoker generally running the show against a weak IC side. The breakthrough came just before half time, the ball breaking to the lad Epstein who dragged it away from a defender and slid it across the keeper. Except the fat lardarse that is Terry 'nul points' Wogan decided to steal the goal instead by whacking it in on the goal line (Don't fucking do that again, son). 1-0 at half time.

IC came out fired up for the second half, and soon equalised with a sweet 20 yard strike, and promptly took the lead with a thumping header from a corner. Time for the intervention of a matchwinning performance from our skipper, Mr Stoate. Not as a player you understand, but as the match referee. Stoaty had no hesitation about pointing to the spot when the IC full back innocuously tugged on Tommy C's sideburns in the box. There is only one person who was going to take the spotkick and only one place it was going. 2--2. A minute to go and Wogan popped up in the box to nod home a corner from Al's left boot. All that was left was for Stoaty to leg it with his weasaly tail between his legs from an irate IC team and for 'bomber' Harlemann to retrieve his bag from British Transport Police after revealing that there was no bomb, just some filthy Dutch porn stashed in his swag bag. Come back Fred -- the Firsts need you.

Amazingly, the scoreline above is not a misprint. Stotie not only managed to assemble a full team of players, on time and complete with kit, but they actually played some top dollar football as well. Every single member of this band of merry-makers covered themselves in glory, with the following exceptions.

Due to the strong wind, the vertically challenged midfield dynamo that is Mike Epstein had to be anchored to the goalposts; this prevented his usual inept prancing around the pitch. Just before the break, the great Adolfo unleached a free kick with more curl it in than Paxton's hair. Unfortunately, London Transport's most wanted was arrested at half-time by the hair police. Apparently, several bystanders had complained that they found his 'Ronald MacDonald' tribute barnet offensive & outrageous. Paxton's departure was the cue for an onslaught of goals. The demi-god of football and radio broadcasts Terry Wogan struck twice in as many minutes and was subsequently forced to play centre-half for the rest of the match by El Capitano, a decision clearly based on pure malice.

Tom C opened his account for the season with some fine finishing. I don't know (or care) what they teach down at Goldsmith's but the concept of offside is one that is completely meaningless. Tom C was denied a hat-trick, Stotie was denied the opportunity to launch another ball into orbit because of a flag-happy linesman. Jesus Irwin stopped tackling members of his own team in order to add the final goal, and there was much rejoicing in the Tuns afterwards.

*Paxton's
departure was
the cue for an
onslaught of
goals.*

BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND!!

CLASSIC QUOTE 3

**MATT SUTTON
(FOOTBALL 1STS) -
PROFESSIONAL PLAYBOY**

"Guys today don't know how to treat a lady. You've got to wine them, dine them, roses, chocolates, champagne, shagpile carpets. Fantastic breasts love, would you like to dance in my club?"



**Netball Girl:
Triumphant
Return!!!**

GHELANI ON BRAS

Every woman suffers the perils of bra buying. Often a humiliating experience as forty year old lesbians stare lustfully at your chest. In the case of one young LSE babe, being measured in the middle of Marks and Spencer for all and sundry to see left her suitably traumatised from the age of 11.

Another equally fit babe was told that she was measured as an A cup, but after the woman took a good long stare at her tits the verdict was that she was obviously a B or a C but should buy an A cup anyway. This conclusion was FOUR sizes wrong. The chick in question is actually a buxom DD cup. All you not so well endowed girlies will be happy to know that you are probably wearing a size two cups too small as the 'bra specialists' always estimate it too small. Oh and 50 per cent of women wear the wrong size, this is important to know as this can lead to unsightly sagging in later life, and we don't want that do we boys????

Another mate, who shall remain nameless, thought that everyone was a 32AA cup when they bought their first bra after reading 'Are you there God, It's me Margaret' in which the lead character and all her friends buy this size. The same chickie first discovered her breasts when she first looked down at her chest and saw two volcanoes. The who gym class knew as well when she exclaimed 'these weren't here this morning!' So maybe the stories about Britany Spears having implants are false and they did just appear over night?

Anyway, the whole point of this little article is to tell everyone a little fact I found out today: when you buy a new bra you should always hook it on the outside hook, that way when the bra stretches with wear and tear you just hook it on the next set etc and hence save lots of money. If you buy a new bra and it is too big on the last hook then you should move a number size down. Had netball girl known these little bits of information then maybe she would not have been caught in such an unsupported position. Sorry lads. The best investment that netball girl could have made would have been a sports bra, I discovered these little gems last week when I decided to get sporty and they are fab.

When word spread that I was going to write about bras many asked me to include the following question: Do blokes care if we are wearing matching underwear? Do they even notice in their struggle to get it off??? C'mon lads. Bring down your answers and suggestions to the Beaver office...



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