

# The Beaver

The Newspaper of the LSESU

First Published May 5th, 1949

thebeaver@lse.ac.uk

Issue number 543



The Beaver's guide to the historic and beautiful city of Durham  
Page 8

The South Bank's very own Melvyn Bragg talks to The Beaver  
Page 15



## Forthright or the Fourth Reich?

Vanessa E. Raizberg

In what is supposed to be the most representative and outspoken body of the LSE Union, the weekly Union General Meeting, in its first three weeks, has definitely made an impact. In the second week of this term, students could not help but notice the Movement for Justice Student Society signs that were sprawled all over campus declaring that the UGM was being dominated by a "sexist and bigoted minority" and it was that time to "take back" the UGM. The neon signs plastered all over campus illustrated the shocking remarks made at the first UGM by a certain group of individuals—ranging from comments about a woman's breasts to a person's epileptic syndrome. These signs surely illustrated that the LSE's "strongest" outlet for democracy is indeed facing grave problems; problems that more broadly and more importantly deal with what the general mission of UGM is in relation to the LSE and its student body.

In a meeting held later on that week to discuss the recent events of the UGM, the Movement for Justice held an open forum to discuss what should be done in light of the recent comments that were made at the first UGM. Students who felt

strongly about what was happening, along with the so-called overseers of the sexism, racism and abuse being heard at the meeting, the "balcony boys" as they are referred to, also made their way to the meeting. In this open forum, people queued for a chance to speak and make their opinions heard. In what was an obvious atmosphere of tension, people made comments about the way in which speakers at the UGM could not even speak without being shouted at or pelted with paper balls. One student quickly noted that, "the UGM is not conducive to a democracy."

Yet, it was particularly the adamant comments made by a member of the Movement for Justice, Karen Doyle, which spurred a great deal of heated comments. Not only did she feel that the UGM was being made a mockery of by the "balcony boys" but that these comments were encouraging the overall harassment of students and particularly women at the LSE. "The Union is a symptom of the greater problem and climate at the LSE now," Doyle says.

To say that the recent comments made at the UGM are promoting greater inequalities at the LSE is taking



The only interesting thing at the UGM or the reason no-one interesting comes? Picture: Margo Rocklin

things to far according to third year economics major Peter Drewienkiewicz, a member of the "balcony boys" and also known as "Charterhouse."

"...to say the UGM shows that the LSE is institutionally racist and sexist and that sexual assault is waiting to happen seems over the top to me. The fact that the "balcony boys" are being criticized really shows a lack of understanding about what the balcony is about. It isn't about rugby boys

*Continued on Page 3*

### What does LSE stand for today?

Mention the name LSE to anyone in the outside world and what is their first response? I bet you that at least 8 out of 10 of those answers would include one of the following replies; a) demonstrations; b) 1968; c) Grovesnor Square; d) intellectual rigour.

If however you said the same three letters to 'insiders', those slumped over a pint in The Tuns, what would they say? Freshers,

you may have noticed this in your first couple of weeks on Houghton Street but the LSE your parents told stories of is no longer the great bastion of socialism, peace and democracy that it was for the first 70 or so years of its life. What LSE seems to be about in the 21st Century is; a) Investment Banking; b) Equity Sales; c) Starting Salary £30,000+; d) Beer.

*Continued on Page 2*

Inside: b:link - this week's best features, 7 - 10; B:art - the latest films, music, books & clubs, 11 - 23; Sports - all the latest news & gossip, 23 - 28

Considered a career at Citigroup Corporate and Investment Bank?

get real world answers at [www.citigroup.com/newgrads/recruits](http://www.citigroup.com/newgrads/recruits)

**citigroup** corporate & investment bank

Schroder Salomon Smith Barney & Citibank

# A war without heroes: America's reaction to terrorism

Claire Loescher

I know a lot of you will pick up this paper, read the headline and think shut-up about the war-it's all been said before! However, I've written this as Tony Blair reminds us all of why we're backing the Americans in this crusade, reminding us of the phone calls made by the terrorized Americans aboard the hijacked planes and the plight of New York's firemen. Let's keep it all in context. I also in part write this as a reaction to the letters printed in the Beaver last week from fellow Americans here at LSE complaining about the "left-wing tosh" printed in the Beaver and asking that we make Americans feel more "comfortable" in this time of war. War is not, and should not be "comfortable" and quite frankly America has nothing to feel "comfortable" about. I want to make it clear that this article is not aimed at discrediting the horror of what happened in the US on September the 11th; rather it aims to put into context, however briefly, the reactions of the US to the terrorist attack of the

11th.

President Bush branded the only two American casualties in Afghanistan heroes. They died last week after losing control of their helicopter in Afghanistan. This is a war without heroes. There are no definitive 'good guys' and 'bad guys'. Groups have shown courage though; those civilians in Afghanistan who have suffered years of war and famine and who now are cutting their way through the barbed wire which separates them from Pakistan as they flee for their lives from US forces attacking a government they did not choose. Those American civilians who struggled for their lives aboard the hijacked planes should also be remembered for their courage.

Despite the horrors in Afghanistan and in America on September the 11th, it is important to separate personal feelings and reactions to the terrorist attacks from a rational investigation into America's international policies and the language and propaganda being used by Bush and his team in order to justify their

actions. Since the end of the cold war America has dominated the global community and has exerted this power liberally according to their will. This is about what America does as well as what it does not do. The refusal of the US to get involved with global initiatives is striking and its isolationist stance has come under much criticism. With power and influence comes responsibility. Responsibility to set an example and work for the greater good of the global community. Ultimately the US has the responsibility not to isolate itself- engagement with the rest of the world is not optional. The US has, for over a decade, not provided its share of financial support for the UN, the US refuses to take its share of responsibility for the global environment. It is vital that this involvement should be appropriate and strategic. The terrorist attacks against the US were called a crime against civilization and democracy- well lets be fucking democratic then and not fight terror with yet more terror. Afghan civilians are terrorized daily. The west

has deemed Afghanistan and the Taliban outlaws for harboring outlaws. But lets not forget that the Taliban is a monster of US and Pakistan making. It was the US who funded and supported this Fundamentalist Islamic group during their anti-Soviet struggle in the 1980s. Why should the US and the UK be making the Afghani civilians pay with their lives and livelihoods for the West's mistakes and conquests of the past?

America seemingly plays with the world at its whims. The list of dictators and those responsible for atrocities who were supported by the US with arms and funds is considerable. Saddam Hussein was supported through the worst of his atrocities before America decided he was no longer serving US interests. Similarly in East Timor in 1975, when Indonesia invaded and committed atrocities resulting in the deaths of thousands of civilians, US guns and political support for Indonesia helped make this a reality. And then there was the war in Afghanistan in the 1980s. How does America get away with making such a

mockery out of international relations? It is one moral crusade after another- smokin' out the outlaws. The idea being to make Americans the hero's struggling to protect the world against the 'bad' guys (whoever that might be this week). It's all so ironic. No wonder they say Americans don't get irony! Afghanistan is the field of America's latest power play. The US has made its bed and now must lie in it. This is not the Wild West and the US could do us all a favour and stop showing off their economic and military might. America has never asked why. What it is that so enraged these terrorists. They have not asked why because they don't want the answer-it's their way or no way. But when you make as many international political errors as the US have during the cold war and since, perhaps it is time to reassess western policies, admit our mistakes and start fresh with terms that benefit the world. I would put it to the US and the UK that there is always time to talk. Terror against terror is not the way forward.

## Is it better to fake it or be alone at LSE?

Continued from Page 1

So what is there left for those of you (us) who came to LSE not with the expectation of landing a job with Goldman Sachs, but with being amongst great minds, people who are going to make a difference to the world? Do you just conform to the stated norm and frantically fill out applications for every city firm you can think of, and plenty you never knew existed? Or do you follow your conscience and try for a job in an NGO, the Civil Service or train as a teacher? Is it better to fake it and do what everyone else around you is doing, or feel left behind by your peers?

This is the state I find myself in as I start the third year of my degree at LSE. I admit that the thought of a starting salary that is more than my parents ever earned is attractive. I could shop in Selfridges, lunch at Smiths and not have to go anywhere near Manor House

ever again (Freshers, you will be introduced to this stretch of the Piccadilly Line sometime around May or June). I could move onto the property ladder, take exotic holidays, maybe get a personal trainer (yeah, right). But would I be happy? What precisely does an Investment Banker do anyway?

It's not just that your peers are all harbouring after the lucrative contracts with CitiGroup. I was present in the Old Theatre last Spring when the Deputy Director of LSE addressed the assembled mass of the UGM and his message was basically to go forth and make lots of money (and then give loads back to the LSE).

Is this how our success as LSE graduates is to be measured? Is it a waste of an LSE degree to do otherwise? I always hoped that my life would be judged by what I had achieved as a person; who, rather than what, I had become. In my

opinion, it would be a waste of an LSE degree to spend my life yelling "buy!", "sell!", down the end of a phone-line to a former Tuns drinking partner on a trading floor in New York. But that's just me.

I apologise to you all for my rant, and there maybe plenty of you out there who are genuinely interested in making companies more efficient, channelling investment funds to the most profitable enterprises and predicting the state of currency markets in 3 years time. This column has not been for you. It has been for all my fellow ditherers out there who face a tantalising moral dilemma. So if in the future you are treading the floors of Whitehall or Citibank Tower, Canary Wharf, or a dirt track in Africa, or boards in the High Court, make sure that you are doing it for the right reasons. As long as you are true to yourself, you will never be alone.

## Austrian Social Democrat Leader at LSE

Having lost a lot of public attention lately - for obvious reasons - the European Union's most far-reaching endeavour in the next decade, its enlargement towards the East and South-East of the continent, is now back on the agenda of debates at the LSE. The Austrian Society, in co-operation with the European Society, invites you to debate the enlargement with a messenger from the frontline: Dr. Alfred Gusenbauer, head of the Austrian Social Democrats, the country's strongest party at present. Austria holds in many ways the most important position in this project, bordering six non-EU countries, four of them - Hungary, Slovenia, Slovakia, and the Czech Republic - being future candidates. Furthermore, Austria and Central and Eastern Europe share a long and deep common history within the context

of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and Vienna is often named as a future centre of Europe due to the EU's new geographical face in the advent of the enlargement. The topics discussed will include the question of Post-Communism and its reconcilability with the European idea, important questions of new employment-policies, and cultural and social integration towards the goal of creating a fair environment for every European citizen. The societies are proud to announce that Professor Paul Taylor, Convenor of the European Institute at LSE, has agreed to chair the event. The Austrian Society has agreed to round up the event with an informal reception. The talk and a discussion will take place on Monday, November the 5th at 4 pm in the Hong Kong Theatre (D1). Everybody is welcome, no tickets required.

**Houghton Street's UGM Views**



**'Nothing ever gets accomplished at the UGM, so there's no point in going to it'**

- Stephanie Carrin



**'It's an essential institution, which in order to work needs a strong speaker for control'**

- Matthew Fletcher



**'The UGM is so inefficient and slow I can't bear it. I'm not used to that form of expression'**

- Erica Butler



**'It's unsafe to talk at the UGM - there's no respect, and it's full of mockery'**

- Angharad Mason

**The UGM: A Real Democracy?**

*Continued from Page 1*

throwing their weight around-just guys who want to get involved without being political about it."

But can this and should this be the case? In light of such issues, it is important that one be aware of the historicity surrounding the UGM. Considered to be the last weekly UGM in the country, with a presence at the LSE for over 50 years, the UGM is supposed to be a meeting of, for and by the people. Out of the three major players of the UGM that I spoke to, all three had the same thing to say about what the UGM should be representing and that is: the students.

In the wake of things, the UGM is far from representing the students and is in many ways making a mockery of the historical role that UGM has played at the LSE. Despite the heckling and bantering that has been an establishment at meetings since the 70's, Gethin Roberts, the General Manager of the UGM for the past ten years, has noticed the recent degradation of meetings.

"The UGM has always been characterised by vigorous heckling...the throwing of papers missiles is however a more recent phenomenon. There have been a number of incidents where students have required medical attention after being hit in the eye by missiles and other incidents where students have had their glasses broken by missiles. ...The most striking change is the reduction of business discussed submitted...there has also been a significant reduction in attendance," says Gethin.

This raises an important question: Can the UGM really be a sovereign and democratic decision making body that gives students a chance to be heard when such chaos continues to reign? More importantly, are the unprolific UGM meetings a result of the banter or are they really due to the lack of business being brought to the meetings by LSE students?

Clare Taylor, General Secretary of the Students' Union, believes it is the latter. "I believe that the only great improvement we will have will be if more people submit motions. There has been very little business to discuss this year-students need to raise issues in order to raise the level of debate at the UGM...the increase in banter is a direct result of the lack of business."

Where the problem lies, however, is in how to attract people and interesting motions to the UGM when people are fearful of standing up to speak or are just distressed by the effort it takes to say something and have it clearly heard. Go to any UGM meeting, and you will see this is the case. Any attempt to be constructive at UGM meetings is quickly thwarted by constant interruptions and distractions, and more surprisingly by the lack of order administered by chairs.

However Justin Jewell, AU Treasurer, disagrees, "The Balcony Boys suffer from a simple affliction - they just want to be funny, and although the line is sometimes crossed, I refuse to believe that sexism or racism underlies this."

Rowan Harvey, the Equal Opportunities Female Officer, notes that the UGM is so special and important to the LSE because it is "a chance for students to directly influence the actions of the Union," yet to say that this is taking place at meetings just because people raise their hands and approve a motion would be a great oversight, for people are seemingly making uninformed decisions due to the heckling and great disorder of the meetings.

When one looks at all the factors involved, one clearly sees that the Union faces an important decision. It must decide whether the UGM is outlet for entertainment or a proper meeting that actually upholds the virtues of democracy. Right now, the UGM often relies on the "balcony boys" for their entertainment value and as a means for bringing people to meetings. "A lot of banter... can also be very entertaining and I'm aware that people are attracted to the UGM for its entertainment value," says Harvey.

While the "balcony boys" have been spoken to about their behavior by various officials of the UGM and while this was called for, it is well time that the UGM also reevaluate their own principles and modes of democratic process. In a sentence on the UGM website for students that reads, "...don't be apathetic," it is about time that Students' Union officials followed their own advice and think about how the poor quality of meetings can be remedied by a change to their own indifference to how Union meetings should be run.



**Union Jack**

It's election time, and that usually means Jack is bound and gagged for a week, courtesy of those kinky boys at C&S. However, since the Beaver has been run-over by the news cycle and left for dead, Jack can continue to bring you his special brand of UGM based slurs and inaccuracies. So, on with the show.

There are four candidates for Honorary President this year, ranging from the ludicrous to the fictional, with two islands of earnestness in the middle. David Bowie's candidature went totally unexplained whilst the logistics of getting a fictional US President to attend the UGM are simply beyond Jack's ken. Clare Taylor demonstrated her fondness for Norwegian Seamen whilst Tom 'Fudge' Packer's stirring speech advocating Rudy Giuliani was ruined only by the outlandishness of his jumper.

For Vice-President, we have a run-off between Sven Goran Eriksson, the saviour of English football and James Maudsley, the democracy loving criminal. James' activities may have dragged some of the world's press to Burma, but in dragging the motley crew that is the English football team to the far-East, Sven has won Jack's vote.

Amongst the Sabbs, Clare Taylor appeared to have a busy, if dull, week, earnestly working to help disabled students, whilst fighting to keep the Webb Room computers in her spare time. How is Jack supposed to breathe without the oxygen of controversy? Scarlet O'Hara, however, openly volunteered that he had done nothing of interest all week, except perhaps, according to the accusations from the balcony, lending himself a hand. Jack's memory of last year's elections may be hazy, but he doesn't remember seeing 'treading water' in Scarlet's manifesto.

By this time the balcony boys had grown restless and, like a school boy who has just learnt to swear, were keen to demonstrate their new found grasp of the constitution. "Can we get somebody thrown out?" they asked, and, without a thought for the consequences, promptly had Rolfie ejected. Why? Jack only knows, but once they'd realised the error of the ways they petitioned for his return, only to be crushed by Ian Curry's iron fist. At times he may have been squeaking as piercingly the balloons the balcony boys were releasing, but he did keep a firm line. Dave Clay, addled by his work on the Drug and Alcohol awareness group, asked if anybody would like to contribute ideas to the Rag Week committee. Jack imagines that his idea of amalgamating Women's week and Rag week - resulting in 'On the Rag' week - would fall on deaf ears and hence will not be attending.

George Iduuno pleased everybody with the announcement of his resignation, if only from Djing duties at Crush. Iduuno continues to provoke the balcony's rage by insisting on organising events on a Wednesday night. Why, they ask, would people not want to spend their evening surrounded by drunk AU boys singing rugby songs and lighting their own farts? Case closed, Jack thinks.

There were a grand total of two motions this week. The first, the Sabbs' first foray into changing the constitution (as far as we are aware) went through in an utterly unremarkable fashion. The second demanded action on the shambles that is the issuing of London underground Travel Cards. Jack has already got his and hence doesn't give a fuck. Jack is off to Zone 6 for no other reason than he can and wishes you all happy travels, wherever you are.

## I Stand Accused of Being American; Guilty as Charged

Mark D. Paustenbach

As a student who is new to the LSE, I engaged in a recent game of, "hi, where are you from?", with someone in the student union. "I'm half British and half Swedish," replied the blond-haired woman standing next to me. "But", she said, "I don't have to guess where you are from!" Feeling a slight anti-American tinge in her voice, I quickly asserted that, "Oh, I'm actually Canadian", to which she offered an even quicker apology for supposedly misinterpreting my California accent.

It is rather odd, considering the events in New York and Washington, that people are upset at the United States. In fact, I have sensed a sort of fashionable dislike for the U.S. and by association, Americans of all stripes. I've never really felt ashamed about being an American. I was upset when I extensively studied the US's role in Latin America during the 1980's and some of the Bush Administration's early decisions on global warming and tax cuts certainly rubbed me the wrong way. But, I've never heard of a country being shunned for being attacked by terrorists. I mean, the U.S. didn't kill 6,000 French or Italian citizens in one hour; our own

citizens were killed and the U.S. is then called an imperialist when it attacks those who committed this tragedy. To be sure, it is important to address the arguments that underpin the assumptions being made by those who oppose the current American and British military response to the terrorist acts.

First, anti-war activists posit that the United States had it coming to them—that their domination of the world would eventually be challenged in some capacity, that this time it was targeted by a highly organized terrorist network operating outside the bounds of normal state-to-state relations. This is a rather dubious argument. At some point in the history of a nation, if you roll the dice often enough, it will be hit by a terrorist attack, goes the logic of such theorists. Ok, fine. But, when you are attacked does this mean that a nation cannot strike back against those terrorists? At the very least, the American domestic constituency would not allow Bush to do nothing. The Republicans would immediately lose their mantle as the party of national defense and would be run out of Washington faster than you can say Al Gore.

Some will also argue that the attacks were a direct result of our support for Israel and our continued condemnation

of Iraq. Again, I think that while these assertions are compelling, they are simply not accurate. As Dennis Ross pointed out in the New York Times two weeks ago, rallying around the Palestinian cause is not a new phenomenon. Saddam Hussein made



the same proclamation when he invaded Kuwait and attempted to gain the support of other Arab nations. The terrorists (I will assume that the al Qaeda network is behind the attacks; either way, they are who the West is targeting now, and so will be the focus of the analysis) are chiefly concerned with U.S.

military presence in a region that they consider holy. The organization has stated as much in its many communiqués. Second, these attacks were planned years ago, well in advance of the most recent Palestinian intifada.

Finally, the most vocal anti-war protestors are convinced that America is an imperialist nation that seeks to dominate the world, and thus the attacks were an attempt to check U.S. aggression. They are probably right to a degree; the U.S. is an imperialist nation insofar as it aggressively promotes its ideals that serve its own self-interests, that of democracy and free-market economics. However, we are confusing two issues. One is the recent historical events that place the U.S. military in the Middle East and in Afghanistan and the other is a general denunciation of everything that the United States undertakes.

If anything, the U.S. didn't have the forethought to stop this war before it started. When Russia decided to give up in Afghanistan more than ten years ago, the U.S. declared itself the victor and went home. America essentially left the remaining groups, whom they had assembled to defeat the USSR, to duke it out for control of Afghanistan. It is not

as though the U.S. Congress took it upon themselves to go in and attack Afghanistan in order to extend its military might into Central Asia. No, they are simply responding to the worst terrorist attack in American history and those who claim it is instead American imperialism at work, are simply wrapping anti-Americanism around a totally unrelated event.

Most criticisms of the war are criticisms of America in general, and the conflict has given those who habitually pounce on the U.S. a new vehicle for their arguments. If you think that the United States is only looking out for itself when it makes most decisions, you are probably right. I don't necessarily agree with all of the decisions made in Washington, but remember that every nation engages in the same self-centered fashion. It is, however, important to delineate between the arguments made by those who seek to point out America's short-sightedness, especially because its size and economic influence unduly affect the rest of the world in some way, and legitimate reasons why the conflict in Afghanistan is immoral and should be halted. On a lighter note, if you meet an American, smile, and remember, not even half of us voted for Bush.

## Chief Minister of Gibraltar rocks the LSE

On Wednesday October 24th the Chief Minister of Gibraltar, The Hon. P R Caruana, gave a talk to the Grimshaw International Relations Club here at the LSE. In a lecture LSE students poorly attended, but at which there were many guests from outside the student body, Mr. Caruana spoke passionately of Gibraltar's continuing struggle to achieve self-determination. He first outlined the historical context of the issue, explaining how a joint Anglo-Dutch force had taken Gibraltar in 1704 during the war of the Spanish Succession. It was ceded to Britain 'in perpetuity' at the end of the war through the Treaty of Utrecht of 1713 and has remained under British sovereignty to this very day.

The reason why it has not achieved independence is because Spain has a claim to the Rock of Gibraltar (which is connected to the Spanish mainland by a narrow isthmus). This claim is supported by a clause in the Treaty of Utrecht that states that Spain would have the right of first refusal should Britain relinquish sovereignty over it.

It became clear that what was even more distressing was the way in which the Spanish government

tries to influence policy over Gibraltar. Boycotting international sporting events that Gibraltar takes part in and excluding her



The Hon. P R Caruana

from key EU measures were just some examples offered. Mr. Caruana also expressed his frustration over Britain's apparent reluctance to assist Gibraltar achieve self-determination.

The talk was extremely informative on a variety of levels, not least because it demonstrated how in

modern times a European country was being denied the 'inalienable right of all colonial people' due to a petty dispute dating back to a time when war was the means by which most international relations

were conducted. Mr. Caruana has plenty of reason to be unhappy. The rest of the world has looked away while his people have been denied a basic freedom. It can, of course, be argued that this is a relatively insignificant matter in comparison to events such as the terrorist attacks on the U.S.A and the humanitarian crisis in Afghanistan. However it is not as difficult a matter to resolve. As Mr. Caruana so clearly put it: 'principles were put aside for political expediency'.

During the question and answer session, Mr. Caruana was asked why he did not favour maintaining the status quo, as it had no detrimental effect on the country, which has a thriving economy. The response was that he did not necessarily oppose the country's current political situation but what he opposed was the fact that Gibraltarians were denied the right to decide their own future. It is exactly this issue, which causes angst at grass-roots level in many countries across the world, and this is what made the talk especially relevant given recent developments in the world.

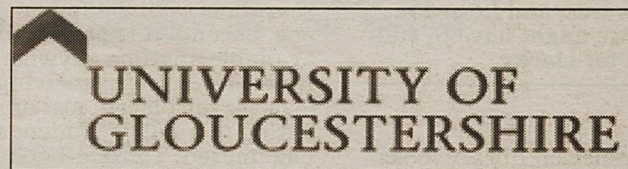
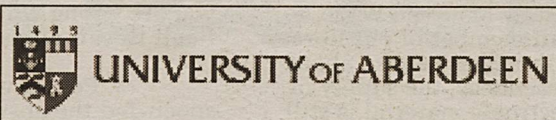
## The Beaver's weekly round up of student news from around the country

with Lyle Jackson

Sociable students who would rather spend more time in the student union than trawling the campus for their friends are on course for success at The University of Aberdeen.

A new service called BT Buzz-In promises to save them hours by allowing up to twenty fellow students to compare notes on the same telephone call.

Calling from halls, mobile or payphone, one buzz-in call will leave students more time to enjoy the highs of uni life, connecting them to the rest of their college mates via a single phone number. Ohhhh. What a fun world they live in - I wish I could randomly talk to anyone and everyone at uni. Money well spent I think.



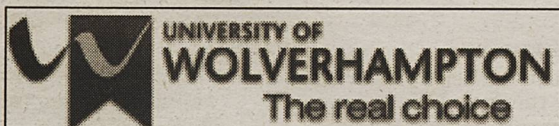
The University of Gloucestershire has become the first new university in 10 years, the government announced last Tuesday.

Cheltenham and Gloucester College of Higher Education has been granted university status by the privy council. The university's principal, Dame Janet Trotter, said: "We have been waiting a long time for this day and are all absolutely delighted with the news."

The new university operates from three campus sites in Cheltenham, with a fourth opening in Gloucester next year. There are just under 10,000 full and part-time students and 1,063 academic and support staff.

Despite the fact that the first 'University of Gloucestershire degree' will not be awarded for over three years, unofficial sources tell me that the average alumnus is already 20 times better looking than that at Warwick.

Aberdeen



For Him Monthly recently produced a free magazine for students which caused some consternation among Students' Unions, especially at The University of Wolverhampton.

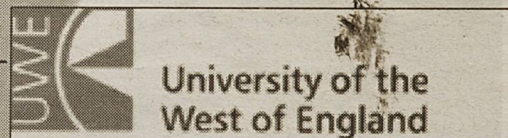
Subjects such as cheating, suicide and student sex were covered which some people found 'grossly offensive'. (Not SEX??!! Shock horror) The University of Wolverhampton Students' Union executive took a recorded vote and agreed that students are generally mature enough to recognise tongue-in-cheek humour and deserve the chance to make up their own minds.

I reckon that's a pretty close call - mature is hardly what I'd call anyone who had to take a vote on a magazine. I wonder why we didn't get it here? We must be far too mature for anything as trivial as FHM.

Wolverhampton

Gloucestershire

Bristol



The University of the West of England has just launched its first business plan competition. With a prize valued at £20,000 for the winning team or individual, the competition is open to all students and staff who have an idea they want to develop into a marketable business plan.

The competition's aim is to act as inspiration for students and staff to pool their talent, energy and ideas to create the companies of the future. The UWE Student's Union describes the University as 'very close knit community, with well over half of students coming from the Bristol area'. Very cosy.

As for my business plan, if they want to continue running as a successful university, a few more students from outside the local area will insure the next generation of students will be born with the correct number of limbs.

The Dean of St. Catharines, Cambridge has attacked members of the college for "bad behaviour" and "rudeness" and has placed zero-tolerance rules on drunken conduct in college. Following the hospitalisation of several students incidents such as those which Senior Tutor, Dr P.N. Hartle terms "excesses of drunken naked girls running across college" are no longer to be tolerated. Definitely intolerable.

On Wednesday last week a letter was sent out from the Dean to the student body highlighting the college's concern at the behaviour at Formal Hall and drinking at the college in general. Drinking games were singled out as being "silly" and "not allowed."

The letter stated, "at Formal Hall on 14 October, one first-year female undergraduate had to be virtually carried out of hall because she was so drunk. Another male student at the same Dinner would not remain seated". Fucking outrageous.

Unreliable reports tell me that this particular student was runner up in last years' RaaRaa sponsored Barbour Waxing competition.



Cambridge

# Beaver Letters

thebeaver@lse.ac.uk

Letters and contributions to **The Beaver** are welcome at the address above. Please keep letters under 100 words, and be aware that we might have to edit them for clarity.

Sir,

The renewed library looks great and feels good, particularly if you can remember life in the library before the renovation. However, whenever I enter it I keep thinking whether the money might not have been spent in a better way.

A library is always about books and what you expect from a library is to be able to locate a book easily, find out that it is available and enjoy access to it for as long as you need it. The renovation funds were spent on bricks and mortar. The ease of book availability was not addressed. Clearly, with limited resources not everything can be done at once. But the result is that we have a nicer environment but with the same problems as before when it comes to using the collections.

This, however, need not be so thanks to the IT (Information Technology), which has significantly affected the book sector. An

e-book does not take any shelf space, which for a traditional book costs a good few pounds (not pennies!) a year; thus saving number one. Second, it is potentially available anytime anywhere. It never requires reshelfing, is never misplaced, lost or sitting in a fellow student's bag unused. Third, e-books could be searched electronically, which means time saved for the reader. Finally, as most books have a limited life (just think when you ever used a monograph published in the 1970s) one can expect that one day e-book licenses would be issued for a limited period as opposed to purchasing them. So, if the LSE library had invested into e-books (and became an e-library), it could save on space cost and the cost of purchasing multiple copies. To make an e-library possible the university would have to set up a large number of electronic access terminals and the students would have to buy laptops. Given that fewer computer stations would be needed then, further savings would be made, which, added to the savings I numbered above, could translate into lower tuition fees (possibly more than) compensating for the cost of laptops.

I recognise that reading

longer texts on screen is tiring therefore paper books will remain in demand. I also realise that, as I was told by Maureen Wade, a staff member of our library with whom I spoke about these ideas, the supply of electronic material is still rather limited. So perhaps the renovation was the best way of spending the money at this particular point of time. But I hope that someone somewhere at the LSE is thinking about the issues I raised above, and one day, with a little help of IT, using books in the new library will be as enjoyable as being there is now.

Jerzy Celichowski

Sir,

I am a 3rd year law student, and am finally feeling bit ticked off enough to write. I am disappointed with the lack of class participation and intellectual debate amongst the student body. I have come up a few theories to explain this particular phenomenon in somewhere as intellectually reputable as the LSE.

1. The LSE does not provide enough coaching to encourage people to speak their opinions.

2. People are too afraid to speak their mind

for being laughed at or wrong. I have never witnessed anyone being laughed at in a class and if you are wrong which is difficult then it allows you to learn.

3. People want to be spoon-fed the answers to exam questions and don't care about intellectual growth.

4. The majority of people do not think their English is good enough to express themselves properly.

5. It is a conspiracy between the LSE and the city firms that sponsor it. The milk round firms don't want people to question their motives or their dubious moral behaviour. They just want automatons who don't think and will just work the requisite 70 - 90 hours a week.

Jeff Smiles

Sir,

For your future edification, only three of the four US schools you mentioned in your article, "Oxford: Worse than Strand Poly?" belong to the Ivy League. (Harvard, Yale and Princeton)

A Orloff

## Baker's Mullet

IT HAS come to the Mullet's attention that during this term he has failed to piss anybody off within the school, or indeed outside of it.

Who could forget Mullet's scurrilous rants on the library staff, on the state of the LSE and on the consistently rubbish 'Bang Bang Bangs On' column?

The time has come for Mullet to turn his wrath onto something else. Yes, it is the time of the Beaver to receive Mullet's derision and scorn.

Last week saw this paper hit a new low in informative journalism. The lead story revolved around a writer waxing cynical about Oxford University. This 'story' was based on the writer's opinions about the said prestigious institution (the one we'd all give our left bollock to get into).

The headline read 'Oxford: Worse than Strand Poly' then failed to mention anything

about the Strand Polytechnic in the main body of the text. While this writer, John Baylis, is clearly talented - and there is no doubt about that - the editor and his cronies should have realised that his story, although well written, did not warrant being the lead. This story being the lead makes as much sense as this reference to Patrick Moore.

Why not give the Mullet a front page (Hint. Hint.)

Far Flung last week was also a joke. The column seems to have gone from several humorous stories about other universities to a few mildly amusing anecdotes about three specific and

recurring institutions. There is only so much information we need to know about Warwick University.

A lot seems to be wrong with the Beaver at the moment. Last week the copy on the cover was blue. BLUE! This is not a paper for primary school children, come on guys. The banner was also in a claret which resembled

the cheapest of the Tuns' large selection of fine red wines and made Mullet feel slightly ill.

Let's hope that this issue you're reading looks more like a student newspaper and less like the instructions for the popular children's game Connect Four.

As much as Mullet moans, we have to remember that there is no elected sabbatical officer to edit the Beaver. Everything is done out of love for the LSESU and the love of this paper. It is a great achievement for the Beaver to come out once a week.

The London Student, comes out fortnightly and has a paid editor, compared to that load of rubbish the Beaver is the student equivalent of the New York Times.

After this slur, this will probably be the last ever column from the Mullet. Sexual Chris can only take so much shit. Coupled with Mullet's continuing erotic advances old SC may have had just about enough of this Yorkshire gobshite.

So join Mullet next week (maybe) for a fresh injection. And don't forget with it being Halloween to do the mash, the monster mash, it'll be a graveyard smash.

## The Beaver

EXECUTIVE EDITOR  
Chris Wills  
c.d.wills@lse.ac.uk

DIRECTOR  
Nicholas Stoker

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR  
Mark Simpson  
m.j.simpson@lse.ac.uk

TRAINING EDITOR  
Ian Curry  
i.d.curry@lse.ac.uk

### NEWS

NEWS EDITOR  
Ruth Molyneux  
r.molyneux@lse.ac.uk

### B:LINK

B:LINK EDITORS  
Charlie Jurd  
c.r.jurd@lse.ac.uk  
Catherine Baker  
c.e.baker@lse.ac.uk

INTERNATIONAL EDITOR  
Maidah Ahmad  
m.ahmad@lse.ac.uk

LITERARY EDITORS  
Saphira Isa  
Seniha Sami  
seni@saphira@hotmail.com

### B:ART

B:ART AND FILM EDITOR  
Tom Whitaker  
t.e.whitaker@lse.ac.uk  
beaverfilm@yahoo.com

MUSIC EDITORS  
Peter Davies  
p.b.davies@lse.ac.uk  
Andrew Swann  
a.i.swann@lse.ac.uk

CLUBBING EDITORS  
Tom Davies  
t.w.davies@lse.ac.uk  
Ruth McCormack  
r.m.mccormack@lse.ac.uk

STYLE EDITOR  
Amy Williams  
a.c.williams@lse.ac.uk

LIVING SECTION EDITOR  
Ian Curry  
i.d.curry@lse.ac.uk

FEATURES EDITOR  
Kerron Rohrer

### SPORTS

SPORTS EDITOR  
Justin Jewell  
j.j.jewell@lse.ac.uk

Matt Trenhaile  
m.s.trenhaile@lse.ac.uk

Have you written 3 articles for The Beaver? E-Mail thebeaver@lse.ac.uk to be included in our writers list

Thanks to:  
Yuri Prasad at East End Offset  
Evgeny from the best IT helpdesk in the school  
All our writers, photographers and helpers

Printed by the ever-cheery  
East End Offset, E3  
Tell them the Beaver sent you

# Curriculum vitae prosperae

eFinancialCareers Graduate Centre is your essential guide to jobs in the financial markets, including sector and employer profiles, job hunting and internship details.

By 'shadowing' people actually working, you can even experience the day-in-the-life realities of the corporate finance, equity capital and securities markets.

eFINANCIALCAREERS

[www.efinancialcareers.com](http://www.efinancialcareers.com)

THOUSANDS OF LEADING JOBS IN SECURITIES, INVESTMENT BANKING AND FUND MANAGEMENT

# Exclusively yours.

LSEjobs is a brand new recruitment service exclusively for the School's graduating students and alumni.

LSEjobs enables employers to recruit from a community of the world's brightest and most able graduates.

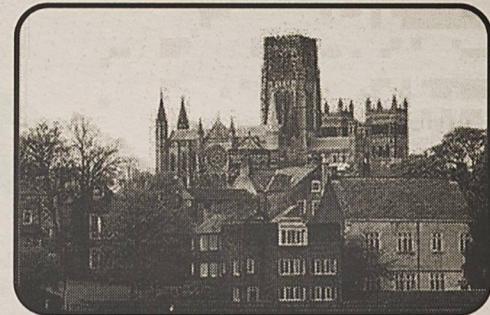
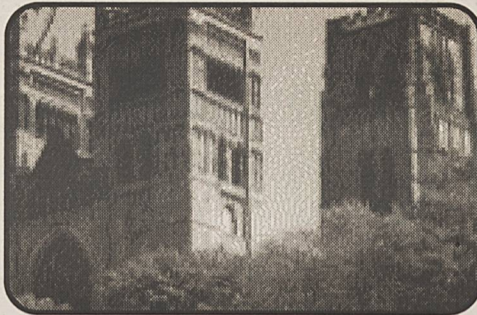
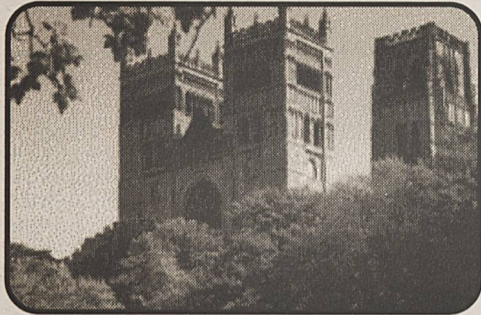
10 Bedford Street, London WC2E 9HE T 020 7420 8097

[www.lsejobs.com](http://www.lsejobs.com)

**LSE** jobs

# Doing Durham

Ian Curry wraps up warm, and goes north for a taste of Durham hospitality.



"I got off at Durham... and fell in love with it instantly in a serious way. Why, it's wonderful - a perfect little city... If you have never been to Durham, go there at once. Take my car. It's wonderful." Quite why the words of a forty-something American travel writer should induce 17-year-olds to want to spend three years of their life in Durham is a mystery to all but the admissions officers of the ancient university. However, in many respects this Bryson man has hit the nail on the head. The town is well worth a visit, a fantastic break from the hustle, bustle and lung grating pollutants of our fair city. As another place popular with Oxbridge rejects, LSE students will have something of an affinity with Durham. It is there that the similarity ends. London is a world city, with a population exceeding that of many other European countries, whilst Durham is somewhat smaller. How much smaller will only become apparent if you visit the place. Time to dig out old school friends there, wander up to Kings Cross and go north.

## Restaurants

One would have to assume that Durham was the welcoming recipient of an Italian diaspora. Little else would explain the fact that the little town's culinary establishments are almost uniquely dominated by pasta, pizza and other delicacies of the Mediterranean. Some are well worth a visit. La Spaghetata is bright, cheap and very cheerful. The food is surprisingly good, and the service is friendly. Pizza Romeo is another choice very popular with the locals and students alike.

There are other eateries apart from Italian - you will just have to look a bit harder. Try the Dragon for Chinese and Raj Pooth for Indian. If you or your host is feeling flush, then why not eat at one of Durham's more expensive eateries, Bistro 21.

## Going Out

Much of the social life revolves around the colleges and the universities. Each of the colleges has its own bar, and its own socials. The university has a large complex at Kingsgate, featuring regular club nights and very cheap bars. The town itself is studded by cosy pubs, but be warned. Some are less than friendly for students. The best example is the Fighting Cocks, which students are advised by the Union not to enter on Fridays and Saturdays. Fighting talk, indeed. Town / Gown relations, between the students and locals, are not the best, so be warned. Club life is not exactly Durham's strong point. Klute and DH1 are the only offerings. Klute has allegedly been voted the UK's worst club. Enough said.

## Shopping

Durham's preppy students are well catered for by Van Mildert. Don't get confused by the asbestos stuffed, mind bendingly psychedelic college, instead head for the designer clothes shop that shares the name of university's illustrious founder. Located on Elvet Bridge, it is stuffed with a limited selection of pricey Durham student wear. Besides breaking the budget on clothes you could buy in more spacious surroundings on Bond Street is no reason to visit the town. Other shops pretty much

stick to the standard English town model, Marks & Spencer, Next and Woolworths.

## General Information

A little background information for those of you not fortunate enough to be familiar with this northern oasis of civilisation. Durham is rightly famous for three things. The first is the cathedral. Durham Cathedral is arguably the finest in Christendom, and even if you wouldn't extend your hyperbole this far, it certainly is an incredible sight. The medieval planners were thinking more about its defensive capability when they located the town on a hill surrounded on three sides by the rushing torrents of the River Wear, but as an afterthought it also provides some of the most stunning views in England. The sight of the thrusting gothic towers rising above the tree swamped bluff lapped by the river adorns many of the town's postcards, and for good reason. The town is also famous for its castle. Combined with the cathedral and surrounding grounds this area was designated a World Heritage Site, so some measure of its cultural, architectural and historical significance can be gauged. The castle was originally home of the third factor in Durham's continued importance, its university. Today it is home to students of University College, making it the oldest halls of residence in the country.

A word on the university, for those uninitiated in the ways of the collegiate system. Durham is one of the oldest universities in England. Still a young pipsqueak in comparison to Oxford and Cambridge, but something of an old timer by the time the Fabians got round to establishing the LSE. It decided to mould itself rather faithfully to the Oxbridge models, replete with colleges, copious gown wearing and odd traditions. Its steady growth in the sixties, however, made this model sit somewhat uncomfortably with the new colleges of this era. So there you have the settings of the split in Durham that exists today - the older colleges of the Bailey and the newer colleges of the hill. The old colleges have character, tasteful buildings and central locations. They are also stuffed with the green welly brigade freshly cast out of the finest English public schools, where they come to feel at home in the rugby, beer and provincial setting of Durham. By contrast the hill colleges are brashly modern, with all the best architecture concrete can buy, but have modern amenities, modern attitudes and post-modern attitudes to life. With the long walk back to college up a hill in the bracing Durham winds, how could you be anything but cynical?

And that leads neatly to the final point. The weather. If you are planning a trip to this most northerly outpost of England please pack warm things. Lots of warm things. I can't realistically paint a picture of how bitterly cold the north east can be. Take fleeces, jumpers, jackets and woollens. Then add hats, scarves and gloves. The weather might be cold, but the hearts are warm, especially after a few pints. But don't say I didn't warn you.



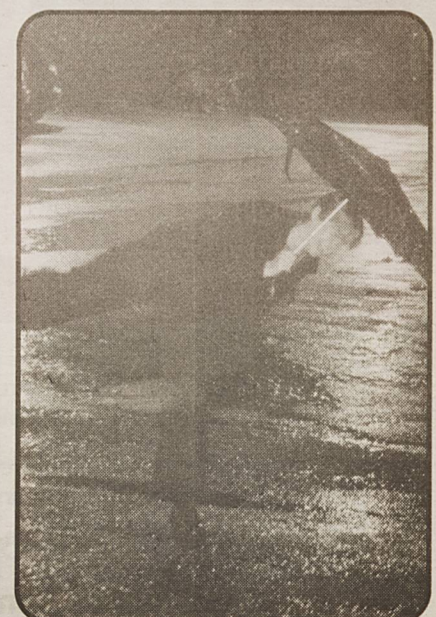
## Getting There

Durham is a highly accessible town. Get there by rail, on GNER from Kings Cross, or by coach from London's Victoria.

The train takes 2 hours 30 minutes, and costs £50 with a railcard for a standard,

saver return. Book in advance for to save a tenner.

The coach, with National Express, will take 6 hours 20 minutes, and cost £27 return. Book in advance to save £3.

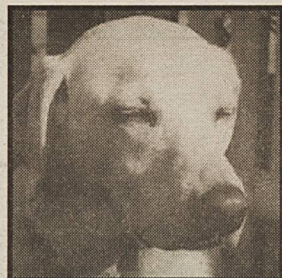


These photographs are the work of **Mark Williams**, a Durham student and photographer. The evocative portrayals form part of a broader piece entitled "Water - Pleasure and Ritual."

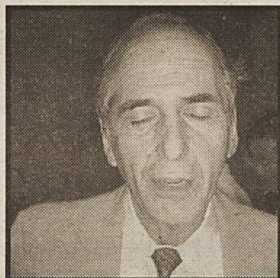




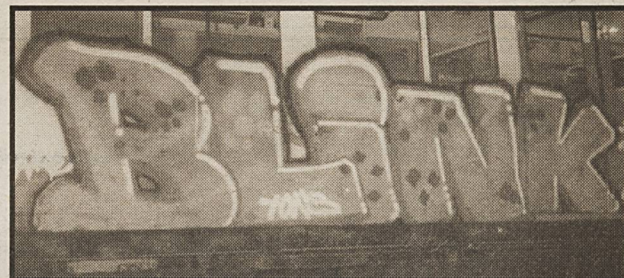
politics



culture



life



edited by charlie jurd  
and catherine baker

beaver link

# taking over the asylum



The Department of Education seems to be suggesting that's what will be happening with student loans, but this week the floor exercises are being performed by David Blunkett with his announcement of the government's new policies on asylum. New Labour couldn't be summed up more succinctly with a recipe for Islington polenta mashed into the shape of their red rose logo: reverse an unpopular measure that had threatened in any case to become an administrative nightmare, throw a sop out to the liberal lobby - with much the same disregard, one imagines, that Madonna's Evita leans out of the steam-train's window and tosses banknotes to the Argentinean peasants - and still have something left to wave under the nose of excitable Daily Mail readers as if reviving an Edwardian lady with smelling-salts.

Possibly only this government, accustomed as they are to treating their opinions the way Michael Schumacher treats the Silverstone chicane, could devise an asylum and immigration review that has been welcomed by two organisations so similar in outlook as the Transport and General Workers Union and the Conservative Party.



Some months ago the Labour government showed so many signs of cosying up to the biochemical industry that it was becoming only right and proper to wonder how long it would be before the partnership reached its logical conclusion: the genetically modified backbencher.

In case trials of these organisms have already been rolled out in trials in docile Labour seats in south-east

England, here's what, judging by recent events at Westminster, you ought to be looking out for. Keep an eye open for the techno-organic audio jack behind one ear where the prototype can plug itself directly into the latest pronouncements from the chief whip, and report all sightings at once should you observe a member of the 2001 intake displaying the proficiency of Svetlana Khorkina at bending over backwards.

continued on page eleven >

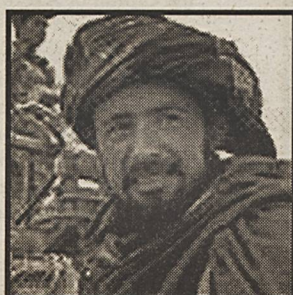
## inside

from moscow to baqu



page ten

friends or foes?



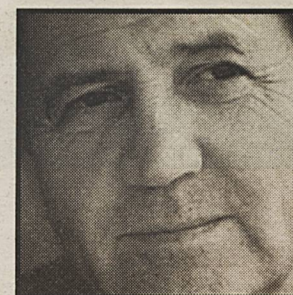
page thirteen

sudan reacts to war



page fourteen

the governor



page fifteen



# from moscow to baku in a morning



words by sue anne tay

**6**:13 AM When I left my dormitory at Prospekt Vernadskaya, there were 3 very drunk Swiss, a semi-drunk Russian and a comatose Japanese in the kitchen. I was waiting for my taxi to pick me up when the weather got all the better by drizzling. The driver was late. When he arrived, he hurriedly waved me in. He had other customers, you know.

The car roared down the expressway at about 100 kmh with the windows down. I watched Moscow zoom past me, and bade a mental farewell to one of the best times I had. But when

you're in a typical Soviet made Lada car that was shaking at 110 kmh on roads that were wet as hell, you'd begin to hallucinate. I felt for the safety belt and to my discomfort found it broken. The driver smirked and told me I didn't need it. Oh well, I guess you'd die a quicker and less painful death flying through the window than getting trapped under a seat belt if the car were to crash.

6:56 AM I found myself sitting on a suspiciously sticky chair at the Sheremetovo Airport, with a crumpled plane ticket bound for Baku sticking out of my shirt

pocket. I knew I was too early for check-in but I didn't want to take any chances like my arrival in Moscow. I was pulled aside over my visa at immigration for half an hour, which had really scarred me. Since I wasn't linguistically equipped to talk myself out of any messes, I couldn't afford to miss my flight. I was clutching my pounding head courtesy of a hangover from the farewell vodka party last night while busily filling out a customs sheet with the other hand. It was printed all in Russian since the English translations had run out. One month's worth of Russian classes didn't get me very far. "Well, it couldn't be that bad if I filled some parts wrong," I thought. I later found out I had declared carrying with me 2 children and 0 luggage. I didn't appreciate having the Aeroflot counter ladies pass the sheet around and laugh at me.

7:30 AM The customs officer scrutinized me from head to toe. In a heavy accent, he asked with a gleam in his eye "You carrying US dollars?" I gave him a baleful look and replied, "No, sir. I'm completely broke." He frowned.

Maybe he didn't understand what I meant, but I sure didn't look like I was leaving Russia monetarily flushed in my scruffy outfit. And so I was dismissed like a peasant with a slight wave of a hand.

8:14 AM I've heard some disturbing stories about Aeroflot operations within the CIS, quite unlike the standards international airlines have to abide by to stay in business. I was too tired to care and figured I could possibly sleep through any "unexpected turbulence" should they come my way. I looked around the plane, and observed that the passengers were mainly split between Russians and Azeris. But I could have sworn that everyone was carrying all their stuff in plastic bags, a common Russian habit I had observed.

Next to me was a Russian businessman who was returning to Baku with his young blonde girlfriend. To pass time I engaged in conversation. We began to discuss the booming economic prospects in Far East Russia as a result of an increasing inflow of Chinese entrepreneurs, which inevitably created some resentment over their growing economic dominance in that region. I caught a dirty look from his neglected girlfriend while he began to boast about his vast business operations in Azerbaijan and Georgia. I listened politely as I sneaked a peak at my watch. When they hell were they going to serve lunch?

1:03 PM Thumbs up for the smooth and pleasant Aeroflot landing! I began to perk up at having arrived in Baku. It was a newly renovated airport, with less than 15 gates, which spoke of how little foreign traffic it received. A 3-hour flight south from Moscow, the capital of Azerbaijan is located on the eastern end of the country next to the Caspian Sea, with a 7.5 million population. Azerbaijan was an ex-Soviet Republic till October 1991. Azeris are mainly Muslims. They look more like their Iranian counterparts south of Azerbaijan but after so many

years under Russian and later Soviet rule, Azeri society was more secular especially when it came to religion. I was going to be working for a NGO called Relief International, whose headquarters were in Los Angeles. Their field office was in the capital and projects were spread out all over the country, mainly dealing with Internally Displaced People (IDPs) from the Nagorno-Karabakh conflict in the early 1990s.

1:35 PM I was picked up by the driver, Javanshir, who looked eerily like the Malay cook in my old high school back in Singapore. I wondered why the organization was spending money frivolously hiring drivers. We attempted conversation in broken English and Russian as we walked doubting whether we made any sense to one another. The moment I stepped out of the airport, the heat wave slapped me right in the face, all 37°C of it. It was almost surreal feeling your skin melting off your bones.

Once when we got on the roads of Baku, I came to a conclusion that I had taken Moscow traffic conditions for granted. My knuckles were turning a subtle shade of white on the door handle. Do the traffic lights or the lines on the road mean anything to these people? Like many other cars on the road, we were in a Soviet Lada car. Enough said. I always wondered why I still get occasional nightmares about car accidents.

2:06 PM I was dropped off at my rented flat downtown. I looked around. Azeri life moved around me, oblivious to my presence for I am now one of them. I was finally in Baku. As to the adventures that lay ahead of

*despite her near death encounter and several white hairs Sue Anne loved Baku and thought it was an amazing experience!*



&lt; continued from page nine

Let's turn first of all to the part that Blunkett's spinners hope the TGWU will lap up and the Tories conveniently forget, rather than the other way round. The system of vouchers with which refugees are currently, in theory at least, supported has been a focus of discontent ever since they were introduced, and with good reason: while the Department of Social Security estimates that the minimum amount of money an adult needs to live on is £52.20, the standard level of income support, the Home Office believes the refugees for whom it is responsible can manage on £36.54. It's not the best advertisement for that other much-heralded Blairite initiative, 'joined-up government'.

The vouchers, whose administration is (of course) contracted out to a private company, Sodexo, can't be exchanged for cash, and are only allowed to be used in shops specified by the National Asylum Support Service. As refugees' spokesman Mohammed Asif complained on the eve of Blunkett's announcement to Parliament, the prohibition on exchanging the vouchers means that shops are banned from giving customers their change when they have purchased goods. In 1999 a leaked Sodexo memo reminded managers involved in the scheme of the profit-making opportunities this restriction entailed: those 50ps can add up.

Vouchers are now to be phased out, Blunkett has told the Commons, with Lucy the dog instructed to keep her paws crossed and hope that this announcement, rather than the fine details to come, is the one that makes the headlines of the left-wing press. So far, so liberal. Carry on like this, and they might even avoid the TGWU upping sticks away from the Big Tent and hitching their star to the Liberal Democrats (or, given their winged yellow emblem, Big Bird). Don't mention that doling out cash is likely to be far less expensive than printing, distributing and redeeming thousands of vouchers. Don't mention that refugees, no matter how highly skilled they might be and how much they might contribute, to the NHS to name but one, they will still not be allowed to work for their first six months. Don't mention, either, that the reason refugees won't need the vouchers in the first place is because, under the

Blunkett plan, they'll be housed in reception centres around the country.

It's such a third-way idea that the wonk responsible surely deserves a people's peerage. You can spin it either way: one moment, reassure Simon Hughes, the Lib Dems' indomitable opposite number to

camps - or on her battier days, latter-day prison hulks - is at last a step closer. They're the ones who'll want to hear about the identity cards - sorry, 'entitlement cards' - carrying photographs and fingerprints which refugees will be issued with when they make their application. They're the ones

no other legal way for them to do so. What we haven't yet heard is whether these provisions will end the circular reasoning that undermines the immigration system as it stands: visa requirements imposed on many states from which the majority of refugees come make it impossible for them to arrive legally, often



David Blunkett, that his calls for open reception centres which will ensure refugees have full access to support services have been fulfilled. Certainly, refugee pressure groups will take it as an overdue vindication of their complaints that, as long as the new scheme functions as well when implemented as it does when laid out as a series of PowerPoint slides on a policy adviser's laptop, those fleeing from persecution will no longer be decanted into otherwise-unfillable housing estates such as Glasgow's Sighthill, where a Turkish Kurd was knifed to death in August. Then put it to the Tories that Ann Widdecombe's vision of asylum-seekers housed in detention

who'll clap their hands when they work out the implications of refugees who leave the 'open reception centres' being denied benefits.

Meanwhile, the strain on asylum services that might have made the Home Office computers overload even if they hadn't been provided by a Private Finance Initiative is intended to be relieved by the introduction of green cards for economic migrants, otherwise known as 'bogus asylum-seekers' and denounced by junior Home Office ministers and local Dover newspapers alike: those escaping poverty rather than threats to their life will no longer have to use an asylum claim as a back door to enter the UK, there being

forcing them towards human smuggling rings or midnight treks through the Channel Tunnel. Since entry without a green card will presumably be just as illegal, and UK green cards are hardly the easiest things to come by when you live under a regime with your name on its nightstick, the asylum policy may take the strain off the British bureaucrats and the refugees who make it here, while doing nothing to ease the journey for those still on their way.

*this was written by Catherine Baker, editor of b:link*

# taking over the asylum

# it's my party (and I'll cry if I want to)

words by jo kibble

It would have been inconceivable to the small crowd outside Millbank Tower in the early hours of June 8th this year that the Labour conference just three months later would be anything other than an extended victory celebration. For the first time ever the party would be gathering having won a second consecutive election with every chance of governing for a full term. Yet a combination of international crisis and internal dissent ensured that the assembly in Brighton was distinctly lacking in triumphalism. Whilst September 11th has inevitably changed agendas across the political board, there had been rumblings of unhappiness from the heartlands ever since the general election. The party's more traditionalist elements may have been kept quiet throughout the first term by the shared desire for that elusive second term, but the shortcomings of the last four years are now coming home to roost as Labour activists start to demand some kind of payback for all those hours spent pounding the streets and front doors.

There is not, of course, a single party member who wanted this second term in order to fight a war in Afghanistan: only the most loyal of Blairistas will not have suffered a few dark nights of the political soul over some of the Prime Minister's more bellicose moments of support for American military action. The party retains a strong quasi-pacifist core membership and many others are sceptical about the benefits of air strikes, yet the level of outright opposition to the 'war' must not be overestimated. On the whole, the mood remains one of grim determination in favour of limited action, a position at least partially assured by Blair's willingness to

talk about tackling the core causes of terrorism, in comparison to Bush's apparent preference for a purely military solution. Blair's conference speech, whilst widely attacked as messianic, contained much of the language Labour activists like to hear, especially when they are trying to convince themselves of the morality of policies to which they are instinctively opposed. Support for military action is not, however, without reservation. A party becoming increasingly tired of centralised control expects a much greater tolerance of dissent: the row between Chief Whip Hilary Armstrong and Paul Marsden does nothing to help relations from the leadership and supporters. Even amongst those who support leadership policies there is a hope that the awkward squad will keep their seats warm for them in case of a severe escalation of the war, particularly beyond Afghanistan. The high-handed dismissal meted out to those calling for a greater concentration on getting aid to the Afghans ('The Honourable Gentleman has no monopoly on compassion', a defence minister rebuked backbencher Jeremy Corbyn last week) is equally damaging.

Perhaps what worries the average activist most about the current crisis, however, is the way in which it threatens to hijack the entire second term. This is not to suggest that their reaction to all this is 'Well, solving the Middle East conflict is all well and good, Tony, but what's that going to do for the Hangar Lane Gyration?', but rather that there is a suspicion of the extent of the leadership's commitment to a radical solution to domestic problems. There are good grounds for this given the lacklustre performance on so many

fronts during the first term; the contrast between Blair's swift and decisive reaction to the international crisis and his endless procrastination and failure to make domestic decisions is quite astounding. The importance of domestic issues to activists is also due to their closer ties to the

been a noticeable increase in the pace in certain areas of domestic policy since the political elite returned from their summer holidays, in some cases spurred on by fresh blood. In particular, David Blunkett has proved to be a Home Secretary infinitely more able and more in tune with Labour

Labour in this difficult time? More importantly, will the voters? If the war expands to Iraq, if millions die from starvation in Afghanistan this winter, if a British bomb hits a Kabul shelter and kills hundreds, if the coalition begins to crumble, then we can expect to see a number of high-profile defections



electorate on the ground, knowing that it is the state of the local school or hospital, rather than the state of Afghanistan, that wins or loses elections. We can expect Blair to spend even less time on domestic issues in the coming months or years, a situation which will be at least partially forced on him by a political system which demands that the Prime Minister does what is in most nations two jobs. Compare, for example, Blair's responsibilities with the foreign/domestic policy split of the French Presidency and Prime Minister, or the US President whose domestic agenda is so strongly led by Congress.

To be fair, however, there has

values than Jack Straw. Regrettably, whether Jack Straw will prove to be a more able Foreign Secretary than Robin Cook is heavily in doubt. Many ministers know that to prop up flagging enthusiasm and numbers, a number of big domestic gestures are needed, which may explain some of the recent U-turns. In the last month, we have seen what are perhaps the government's three most unpopular right-wing policies reversed: the inaction on Railtrack ended with its near re-nationalisation, student tuition fees reviewed and an end to vouchers for asylum seekers. For some, this apparent leftward trend has been confirmed by last week's de-classification of cannabis. Labour's critics on the right claim this is the revelation of the party's true agenda under cover of global crisis, *a la* Jo Moore; the left-wing critics see it as a *quid pro quo* to keep the heartlands onside during the war and the crackdowns on civil liberties. It is true that there has been no change in 'New' Labour's core politics, as espoused by Blair in the B-side of his conference speech. On public-private partnerships, he remains as bullish as ever, nor are there plans to adopt more redistributionist policies to combat the growing rich-poor divide. The threat of a recession will prove whether the low unemployment and inflation really is by Brownian design, as claimed, or simply due to economic accident.

So, will the activists stick with

to far left parties. Overall, however, numbers are unlikely to fall much below their current levels, perhaps because they are already down to the core minimum. Many, myself included, are put off by the endless sloganising and lack of influence of the contemporary left: they would never have managed to introduce the minimum wage, devolution in Scotland, signed the Social Chapter or brought even a shaky peace to Northern Ireland. There are always some of us who will make hard sacrifices in order to achieve significant reforms, even if we wish they happened faster and more often.

For the moment, however, the focus is bound to remain on the fight against terrorism: nevertheless, one of the best methods of achieving its defeat is to begin once again discussing those subjects that seem at best irrelevant or at worst frivolous in a world in which 'everything has changed'. For this reason, my next article will discuss Iain Duncan Smith...

**Jo Kibble is a member of the LSE Labour Executive and an activist in the national party. His principal hobby is plotting the downfall of Blairism.**



# the northern alliance allies of the coalition against terror?

words by jane linekar



As the US and its allies rain bombs upon Afghanistan in their mission to eliminate the terrorist Al-Qaeda network and the Taliban leadership, there are journalists on the front line of the ground war between the ruling Taliban and their opponents, the Northern Alliance. It is thanks to the Northern Alliance that journalists are able to provide coverage of the war, as only they permit foreign journalists to enter. As the enemy of the Allies enemy, the Northern Alliance is surely 'our' friend. But is it this simple? Who exactly are the Northern Alliance, and what do they represent?

On our screens, the Northern Alliance are heroic. We watch under trained and ill equipped resistance

fighters battle on against the enemy as they have for over 5 years. NA soldiers are not afraid to speak to foreign media or to let these journalists speak to their Taliban prisoners of war. They are on the right side - they want the Taliban out too, but they do not fit the rhetoric of the Allies' leaders.

Before the tragic events of September 11th, the Taliban were probably most notorious for being Islamic Fundamentalists of the most extreme kind, especially regarding the status of women (who are not even allowed out of the house unless accompanied by a close male relative). The punishments for breaking such laws include beating, amputation and execution. How would a woman fare under NA rule? In NA territory, girls can attend schools taught by female teachers, as long as they are not seen. At age 15, an Afghan girl must still exchange her veil for a burqa that covers her from head to toe. It was not the Taliban, but their predecessors (now NA members), who imposed the hejab (scarf) and banned women from appearing on television. Such fundamentalism also meant that, even before the Taliban, books were

burned, schools were termed 'the doors of hell' and radio the 'devil's box'.

However, they still compare well to the Taliban, and perhaps the NA is different now. Women are now apparently seen (seen?) representing the views of the NA, and Haji Muhammed Muhaqiq, leader of one of the Alliance's members, played the part of the true, tolerant democrat when he told RFE/RL's Tajik Service on October 10th that "we want a government attended by all ethnic groups of Afghanistan. It should be like a mirror, the whole of Afghanistan should see themselves in it, Pushtun, Tajik, Uzbek, Hazara, Turkmen - all ethnic groups. We want a government which respects human rights and democracy and prevents all this killing".

Past evidence doesn't tell the same story. The factions of the NA have not always been such advocates of ethnic tolerance, pluralism and democracy. Or even human rights. From 1992 until the Taliban's takeover in 1996 President Burhanuddin Rabbani's government (Rabbani is now a leader of the Northern Alliance) was composed almost entirely of ethnic Tajiks. It excluded the Pashtun, the dominant ethnic group in Afghanistan. Earlier this month Human Rights Watch released a report warning the Coalition not to cooperate with the NA whose commanders' 'record of brutality raises questions about their legitimacy inside Afghanistan'. Set up in 1997, the United National and Islamic Front for the Salvation of Afghanistan (as the NA is formally called), presents no guarantee of peace or freedom in Afghanistan. According to HRW, the NA is guilty of ethnic violence and abuse, execution of prisoners, rape, looting, and in a tragic irony, the bombing of civilians. These crimes are targeted mainly on the Pashtun and those suspected of supporting the Taliban

(who are predominantly Pashtun), but there is also violent infighting between Alliance members. In 1994, it is estimated that 25,000 people, mostly civilians, were killed in rocket and artillery attacks in Kabul as the factions fell out over sharing power. According to the HRW 'there was virtually no rule of law in any of the areas under the factions' control'. Even the Revolutionary Association of the Women of Afghanistan [www.rawa.org](http://www.rawa.org) recognises that 'presently the rate of murdering, raping young girls and boys, and looting houses by the Taliban has been somehow less than jihadi fundamentalists'.

So what could be the future for Afghanistan? The Coalition's idea of an inclusive Grand Assembly, with representatives of all factions and communities (except those that are deemed terrorist), is attractive, but how likely are the probable 'winners' of the war to accept it? Clearly, the policies of the NA do not indicate support for a multiethnic government. Senior leaders of the Alliance have reportedly been in talks with the Taliban, so opposed are they to the idea of the exiled monarch, Zahir Shah (who also supports the Grand Assembly), returning. With the elimination of the Taliban, the prospects of Afghanistan do not seem any brighter. Just how legitimate are the Northern Alliance as allies of the Coalition Against Terror?

*this is Jane's first but not last article for the beaver. watch this space because she will be unravelling more misconceptions.*



words by catherine mahoney

# interpreting the message of the burning Bush

This week in Khartoum two thousand people, or eight thousand people, depending on which report you read, demonstrated in Khartoum against the US bombing of Afghanistan, chanting, waving banners and burning effigies of the American President and his flag. I knew nothing about these demonstrations until the next day, despite the fact that they were unusually large and in the center of Khartoum. When I bought the only independent English language daily newspaper sold in Sudan there was no reference to any disturbances at all. This is probably because the newspaper, despite its independent status, exists through the grace of the government. In the four months I have been here there have been three separate three day bans imposed on the paper for printing articles that were critical, or that implied criticism of the government. Public displays of discontent, partly aimed at the Sudanese government for the support that they have lent America in the war against terrorism, are not the sort of news items that the Sudanese government want to see. For detailed and reliable information (or partially reliable, given the discrepancy in the figures quoted above) one needs to have access to the internet.

The students I teach at Sudan University did not mention the demonstrations either, possibly because demonstrations, or attempts at them, are fairly commonplace in Khartoum. However it is unusual that the government, which has been seeking to improve relations between Sudan and the US, should let a demonstration of this size and nature go ahead. Normally a vice-like grip of control is held over the people. Last week a group of students from my university attempted to march to the American Embassy with a list of grievances to hand to the Charge d'Affaires (there is no longer an American Ambassador to Sudan) but only got as far as the road outside the university before they swiftly doubled back, still chanting valiantly but hurrying people inside the grounds of the university. Hot in pursuit were three truckloads of security forces armed with sticks, whips and shields to impose order on the students, who were actually far from rowdy.

Though the Sudanese government may seek to improve relations with America, anti-American sentiment still burns strong with the people. The memory of the American bombing of the Shifa

Pharmaceutical factory in 1998 still lives on. This is largely because its effects are still felt, the rise in the cost of anti-malarial and other essential drugs since one of the main production sites was destroyed has been hard hitting for an already impoverished people. Shifa was bombed on suspicion of manufacturing chemical weapons, though there was no evidence of

injudiciously called the American response a 'crusade', connoting a righteous Christian war. It is hardly surprising then that some Muslim clerics have responded by calling a Jihad against America.

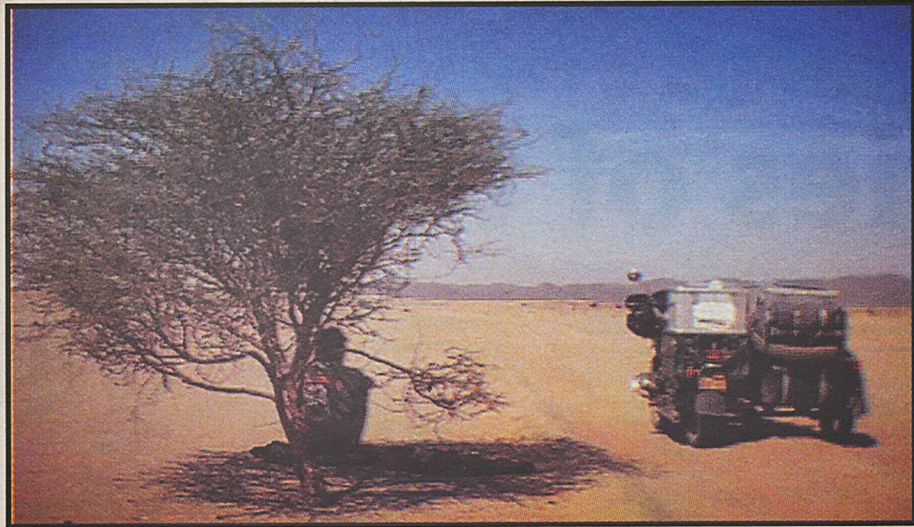
But it is not simply the semantics of the rhetoric exchanged that colours the views of some people in Sudan, it is the wider context of this 'new' war. The present conflict is seen by

victims, but add that many Muslims have been dying in Palestine at the hands of the US sponsored Israelis. They believe that the current attacks on Afghanistan are merely a continuation of the on-going American persecution of Muslims. Some seem to think that the 11th was a necessary lesson and perhaps a meting out of justice in order that US policy in the middle

Sudan Peoples Liberation Army (SPLA), forcing the rebels and many civilians to flee. This is the Sudan government's own war on what it describes as terrorism, but these 'terrorists' have been generously funded by the American government over the last few years, to the tune of several million dollars. The 'terrorists' are the people of the south who seek autonomy from the Islamic Sudanese government based in the north. They pose a threat to the unity of Sudan and attack the oil pipelines that bring investors to Sudan. They are the Christians and Animists who reject the imposition of Islam and Arabic language on their traditional religions and languages. These 'terrorists' attack pipelines to scare off oil investors because villagers are forcibly cleared off their land so that it can be mined and the oil sold for money that will be channeled back into Sudan's 'war on terrorism'. Understanding America's plight, Sudan has supported the coalition against terrorism.

This latter-day burning Bush gives us the revelation that we must fight a war against terrorism. But how are the faithful to interpret this message? Who are the terrorists - those who believe they are fighting for freedom and survival under persecution, like the Palestinians and the Sudanese in the South? And how do we fight these terrorists - by hitting the governments known to support them, like the Taliban and the Sudanese government for their links with Bin Laden, or like the America for its support of the SPLA and Israel? The problem with revelations is that they always seem to tell you what you want to hear.

*this is the second in a series of occasional articles Catherine is writing during her year in Sudan.*



## in the desert



this and most European diplomats in Khartoum advised against the bombing. Since then America has refused Sudanese demands for a UN investigation into the attack. Now the Sudanese see the Americans throw their weight at the innocent Afghanistan civilians. But more than this, there is added bitterness because the Afghans are Muslim. Many people I have spoken to genuinely believe this is a war against Islam under a pretext of a battle against terrorism. President Bush

many as a direct result of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. One theory that seems widely held here is that the disaster of the 11th was a Zionist plot to besmirch Muslims, evidence of which is believed to be the rumour that 400 Jewish people were absent from the Twin Towers on the day of the tragedy. Many say Osama Bin Laden could not be responsible as he lacks the resources and intelligence. Some express their condolences for the American

East is reconsidered. It is for this reason that some people sympathise with Bin Laden, they believe he alone criticizes and punishes America for the Muslims in Palestine the Americans have helped to kill.

In the last week the government of Sudan held a series of bombing raids over a village in the south whilst the World Food Programme was distributing aid parcels. The government also succeeded in regaining a strategic town that

# the mill bank show



words by dominic ponniah

Usually running late for things, it was a relief to be waiting on someone else for once, as myself and photographer Ian Gascoigne waited in the lobby. There is always a certain buzz about television centres, and LWT on London's South Bank is no exception. Melvyn Bragg is one man I have always wanted to meet - he's highly political, some would say a "Cronie". He's definitely an intellect. But is he boring? I decided to go and find out...

His office, the corner one on the top [22nd] floor, has one of the best views that I've ever seen of London - encompassing a spectacular panorama. Apart from the view, the first (should I say second) thing one notices, is books - everywhere one looks in the room.

Bragg had no idea what he wanted to do in later life whilst at Wigton Grammar School. His career started during his degree course at Oxford. His interest in journalism started during his second year when he also started writing fiction. Having finished at Oxford, like most of us, he sent off numerous applications for jobs, including British Steel, Marks & Spencer, Unilever and the BBC. Take heart, he got some interviews but no job offers, apart from one at the BBC. Not the best job in the world, even Bragg admits, but he was on the ladder. Crucially, he could also keep writing novels, and eventually, some four years later, his first novel got published. That is pretty much what he has done since - "write fiction and make arts programmes", which he himself describes as an "extremely boring biography". I would perhaps say monotonous, rather than 'boring'.

Being a staunch Labour supporter, and a former grammar school pupil, I decided to see if Bragg was in tune on Labour's grammar school policy. He says he "agrees with the comprehensive school principle", but isn't that what all ex-grammar school attendees say? It's easy to

say of course, once you've been to a grammar school and are now 'doing alright'. He blames most of the problems in education on social problems, and on the pay structure, stating that the unions "have to bite the bullet" and ensure teachers are paid more, or there is a serious danger of them leaving the education sector for better paid jobs. I'm sure Tony [Blair] would agree. Bragg claims that his old school, having now turned comprehensive, "does much better at what matters". But what's the proof? He claims it does better academically, that it has knitted into the town a lot better, that its spectrum of acceptance in terms of people coming in is wider and healthier. That's all very well. Although he does point out that he's no expert on education, he claims that from his own experience, the comprehensive system works. What about the failing schools in the north-east of England, such as the Ridings school? What about the schools in south and east London where many teachers work in fear? These are schools which I encourage Bragg to visit, and then perhaps he could re-

assess his view. I am not the first to disagree with Bragg's views, and won't be the last either.

I also thought I would put to Bragg the charge of being one of 'Tony's Cronies', to which he replies, "I think it's a very good phrase 'Tony's Cronies', it trips off the tongue, it's irresistible, isn't it?". He proudly says "yeah, I'm a friend of Tony Blair's", and goes on to say that he was happy to become a peer. He says he "believed in a lot of what the Labour party were going to do in 1997" and decided to become a peer, partly to, even out what Bragg sees as an in-built Tory majority. He points out that it was only with redressing this 'imbalance' that the Labour government could pass through their legislation. On reform of the House of Lords, he also believes that Labour "has done more in four years than anybody did in the last century". For Bragg, the best thing Labour has done since coming to power in 1997 has been their attempt to "make the really poor less poor", some may place the emphasis on 'attempt'. The biggest let-down, or "disappointment" as Bragg puts it, is "the resistance of this country to change", particularly the health service.

On the career front, Bragg can indeed brag about his awards, claiming that in television and radio he has won "nearly everything". He is an accomplished writer too, having won some prestigious awards during his career, including the W.H.Smith literary award, which he cites as one of the most special. It has been going for forty years, and has been won by numerous and equally talented friends of his, including Seamus Heaney,

Ted Hughes and Philip Larkin. But how does Bragg find the time to do as much as he does? - his immediate response is that he does not know.

He says that he works seven days a week, something which he has always done. He had to keep working, for at least twenty years, "to pay for the groceries"! A writer's salary, at least in the 1960s, was not huge. It was not even modest. The advance for his first novel in 1965 was just £150- (less 10% for the agent). No wonder he kept working. The big advances for today's writers is "very, very new", Bragg says. He may be doing alright now, "but it's hard work", he concludes.

Amongst his many outside interests, Bragg is a governor of the LSE. Although he admits he does not attend enough governors meetings(!), he is currently involved in the setting up of a media department which he says has been "very interesting to do" and is "badly needed". Like most LSE governors, he is happy to offer his expertise, which is a very welcome gesture. Good luck with the project, Melvyn. [He prefers Melvyn Bragg, to Lord Bragg! With his leftist political leanings, I should hope so too.]

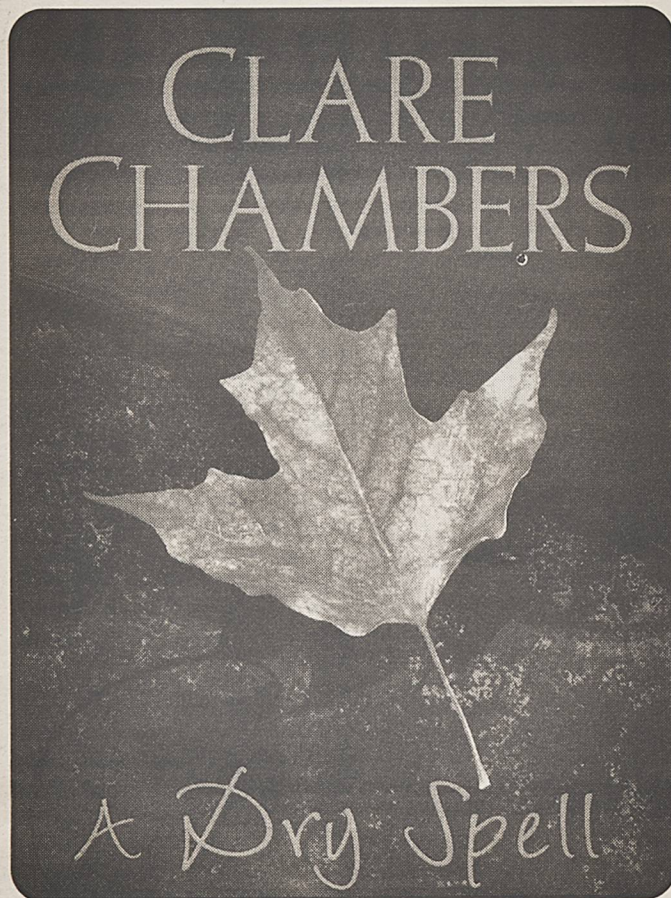
*this is Dominic Ponniah's second article for b:link.*

*he also chairs the Question Time Society debates and, as well as meeting Lord Melvyn Bragg, he got to sit next to Melinda Messenger for an hour last friday.*

portrait by huw jones



# A Dry Spell



Claire Chambers - A Dry Spell

Verdict: Funny and an original piece of work

Plot: This fiction is centred on four main characters each trying to survive their various hurdles in life. Three of the main characters have their lives turned upside down with a visit from the fourth character that is seen as a long-forgotten agent of misfortune.

Guy, a head teacher, tries to come to terms with the burdens of his occupation as he blends chaotic work with a more confusing home lifestyle. He has concerns when he feels God has gone quiet on him. It was the birth of his first child which made him look beyond himself to a higher, better Father who would protect his fragile treasure from all the horrors of the world. He can't seem to hear Him anymore.

Jane, Guy's wife, is going through a life crisis of her own. In between 'Going Off IT' i.e. sex and having to survive the tantrums of her three year old daughter Harriet, she doesn't know if she's coming or going. She has tried all ways to get back into sex with no avail, from talking to a doctor to sending a letter to an Agony Aunt in a local paper! She's really having a hard time because she still finds Guy attractive and she's running out of excuses.

Nina, a worrier of sorts has plenty on her plate with her seventeen year old son. She sells her car to ensure he does not drive and kill himself in it once the law allows him to drive then finds him dating the girl who bought her car. The day she finds them in bed together is the first she is aware of her son's sexual experience. Now she's worried about diseases and all sorts. To boot, he has exams looming.

Hugo, a long forgotten friend of all, decides to come and pay them a visit. Hugo means impending disaster for different reasons to each character and right now neither Guy, Jane or Nina has room for any more obstacles in their lives but Hugo is like a runaway train, he can't be stopped. So ready or not, they have no choice but to receive the unavoidable disaster!!!!

Shola Babington-Ashaye

\*\*\*

# The Painted House

As a devoted John Grisham fan, I opened *The Painted House* with great anticipation. Having successfully dodged all reviews, hype and even the blurb of the book- I began.

Fully expecting a hard-hitting, fast paced court room drama full of mystery, intrigue and suspense, I was surprised to find none of the above.

If you've ever read any of Grisham's Bestsellers (*The Firm*, *The Partner*- reviewed last week, *The Pelican Brief*) you'll know that Grisham has a fixed, perhaps commercial, yet gripping style. *The Painted House* lacks the John Grisham je ne sais quoi, yet remains an intriguing read.

Based on a story inspired by his own childhood in Arkansas, it's more of a Sunday afternoon read than a book to tuck yourself into bed with.

Grisham himself writes that "*The Painted House*, is a moving story of one boy's journey from innocence to experience".....I'm not quite sure about that. The story is told from the perspective of 7 year old Luke Chandler, a farm hand who works day and night under the blazing sun picking cotton. Although his descriptions are vivid, the shenanigans, mischief and twists of the tales aren't up to Grisham's usual standards. For me there lacked that 'OH MY GOD!' moment and

there was also an absence of that 'How fast can I read' page turning race. It was an altogether surprising read.

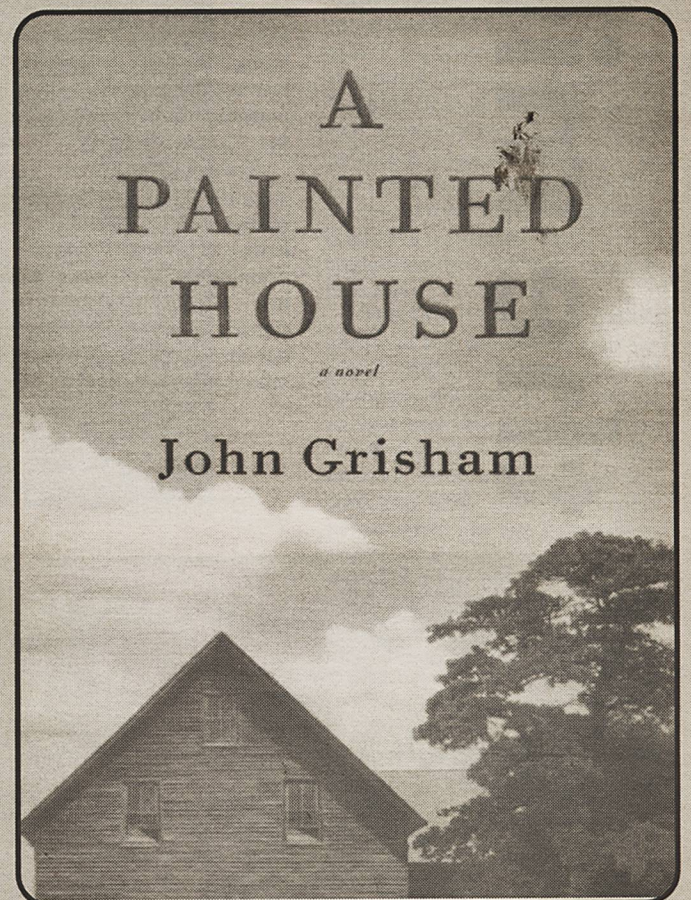
Although the story is a little slow, Grisham's wordsmith-ery is second to none. Even if you don't expect much from this book, I suggest you read it- otherwise you'll always wonder!

Perhaps I've given you the wrong impression. Don't get me wrong, the book is well worth the read in its own right, but I don't think it really has a home with Grisham's other stuff.

Saphira Isa

## Just The Facts...

Author: John Grisham  
 Publisher: Arrow  
 Year: 2001 Price: £16.99 [hardback]



\*\*\*\*



# The Trial Of Love



The knock on the door went unnoticed. The knock became more persistent and gradually louder until it caught the attention of the occupant of the flat. Daphne lowered the volume of the TV and heard the firm loud knock on her front door.

'Coming!' she hollered.

Daphne opened the door with the door chain on and came face to face with a very attractive dark haired woman who was nicely but simply dressed. Her face looked quite familiar.

'Daphne Green?'

'Yes'

'I am Mrs Melanie Blackwell-Crowther' she said coldly. Oh God, his wife! Daphne's initial reaction was confusion but this woman, standing in front of her, looking cool and confident did not appear confrontational. The only odd thing was how tightly she clutched her handbag. None of these assessments of her visitor showed on Daphne's face as she shut the door. For a moment, Melanie lost her nerve. Her fingers clutched her bag even tighter, causing one of her nails to break. In the mini seconds they had spoken, she had taken in the tall slim body of her husband's mistress. She had long blonde tresses and was indeed as attractive as she had heard. But for her to shut the door in her face, the indignity of it! Tears wanted desperately to spring to her eyes, but she refused, shaking her dark mane indignantly. Anger rose in her and she raised her hand to knock again when it was suddenly opened. Before she could speak, the woman said,

'Please come in'

Both women looked at each other, then Melanie walked in following Daphne into the living room.

'Please sit down. Would you like a drink?'

'Dry martini, please.'

It was a large airy room, which was well furnished. Expensive furnishing, Melanie thought as she sank into a soft leather sofa. She took in the expensive leather chairs, paintings, wood furnishings and other expensive gadgets in the room. But Melanie had to admit the room was tastefully decorated. At least she uses his money well, she thought bitterly. Daphne watched Melanie as she poured the drinks through the huge mirror she had hanging over her wine cabinet. She turned round and handed her a glass of dry martini and then sat on the leather chair to Melanie's right. There was an awkward silence as they both took a sip of their drinks. Daphne said nothing, sat back in her chair, and waited for the inevitable. Melanie appeared calm as she took a bigger sip of her drink. She cleared her throat, faced Daphne and said,

'Are you going to marry my husband?'

Daphne almost choked on her sherry and looked bewildered at Melanie. Of all the things she expected it wasn't this. The woman sitting in front of her spoke with a cool and detached attitude, but her eyes gave her away. They were a deep pool of brown mass revealing all its owner's emotions and heartache, she still loves him, Daphne realised.

'No, I am not going to marry your husband' Daphne said quietly as she put down her glass

Melanie looked at her for a full second before finishing her drink.

'So he asked you then?' the question sounded painful

'Yes, he did once' Daphne admitted

Melanie kept quiet, nodding slowly to herself as though confirming this piece of information. I should be confronting her, calling her names, doing something! Not sitting looking like a fool! But she no longer had the strength. I have been married for 10 years, half of which I've spent putting up with his 20-year relationship with his former mistress, who he dumps for Daphne. This is pointless, I have done my best and tolerated more than most women would. Enough is Enough! Her right hand reached out for her handbag and brought it to her knees. She looked at Daphne with a sad tired smile and said,

'You are welcome to him. I am leaving him. Thank you for taking the time to see me.'

She got up, with her back straight; she nodded slightly to Daphne. Daphne felt terrible. She took the step that would cause her own heartbreak and dash her future hopes.

'Please wait!' Daphne said getting up, 'Melanie . . . I'm sorry Mrs Blackwell-Crowther' she corrected herself when she saw Melanie stiffen 'I have no intentions of marrying Richard . . . your husband, you see we don't have that kind of relationship'

'I see, so what kind of relationship do you have with my husband?' her question full of polite sarcasm. What other kind of relationship would you have with a man as his mistress for 5 years, thought Melanie.



'Please sit down'

'Why would he ask you to marry him?' Melanie asked fearful of the reply.

'Richard is not in love with me, he loves me as a friend' Melanie got up slowly, and said, 'You must think me stupid, Miss Green. I would not take anymore of your time.'

Melanie made to leave.

'You love Richard so much don't you?' this stopped Melanie in her tracks, 'I saw it, all those years ago and that was the turning point of our relationship' Daphne could see she had Melanie's full attention, 'Won't you listen to me? Sit down, please' Daphne beseeched. Melanie obliged. Daphne sat next to her.

'When I met Richard, I wanted him only for his money and he knew that. But a mutual friendship grew from there. Nothing in this flat belongs to him. It's all mine. I started my business with his money, but I paid him back every penny, plus interest. At the time he was still with his old mistress Clementina, but we began a relationship that was based on friendship. Our relationship grew from there. He left Clementina not for me but because he was tired of that stage of his life. He respects me and has supported me in my career in every way. I have been there for him as a friend. I know people see me as his mistress, but I am not that in the true sense of the word. I love Richard as a dear friend and he feels the same about me. We could never marry.

'So you prefer to be his mistress, sleep with him and use his money!' Melanie said harshly

Daphne stared at Melanie for a while, then told her the truth, 'I have never slept with Richard'

'What?' Melanie was dumbfounded.

'Richard and I have never been sexually involved. It was

hard at first. He asked me to marry him. He thought that would tempt me. He even gave me a lot of money but nothing worked. That was 5 years ago! I knew it could never be physical the day I went to the Orange Festival. You were there with your children. Richard didn't know I was going to be there neither did I until that day. The sun practically shone out of your face when you looked at him. Your love for him was so obvious. Your children are beautiful. You looked like the perfect family. I made up my mind not to do anything to damage your marriage, which for me means, no sex. I know what love is' Daphne felt her heart break at that moment but she continued, 'It was difficult, Richard almost left me but he came back. He left Clementina. She was furious, I can tell you! That was when he came back to you.'

'What do you mean?' Melanie asked unsure

'He doesn't spend the night here, Melanie, he never has. He goes home to you and has been doing so for the past 4 years since he left Clementina. He's always talking about your cooking and never wants to miss dinner with the kids. He loves his family. I still see him regularly but as good friends.'

Melanie looked unconvinced.

'I have no reason to lie to you. You are not exactly threatening to beat me up. Listen to me, Richard loves you and the family you have both created. He loves his three sons and daughter. You've given him something he did not have in his first childless marriage. He is 50 years old, a good 20 years older than you and I. He's gone through the phase of girlfriends and mistresses. He told me all this, please believe me when I say Richard is yours.'

Melanie believed her. She felt such relief that she started crying. Daphne felt a rush of warmth fill her for this very attractive woman.

'I'm sorry for any pain I may have caused you but let me assure you Richard and I are no more than friends.'

'I was going to leave him for good but I wanted to be sure. He is always home and the kids and I see him more. He is more affectionate to me. But I heard different. Clementina made sure I heard different. Doubts filled my mind because you were still there. I started to think he was finally going to leave me or else why would you still be there if not as his mistress.' Melanie said blowing her nose, 'I love him' she said quite simply

'I know' Daphne replied

'Please don't say a word to Richard about us meeting' she begged

'You have my word'

'Thank you'

With that Melanie got up and walked out of Daphne's apartment. When she shut the door, Daphne cried. Her stifled sobs sounded strangled on the sofa. Everything she had said to Melanie was true. She had left two things out; she had fallen in love with Richard Blackwell-Crowther and she knew he still loved her, more than a friend should. She had pushed him away to his family at first because she hadn't wanted any emotional attachment. He had accepted, returned to his family and became the best friend she could ever have and eventually her heart's love. He didn't know and now would never know.



# Single File

**Baz**  
*Believers*

Baz dedicates her single to those "...who have believed in me." To do what? Make wallpaper music? The lyrics to this 'song' are unbelievably clichéd ("there a'int no game sugar cane"). Baz sounds like everyone - Gabrielle, Janet Jackson etc- and no-one at the same time. This R & B derivative has been so sparsely produced, it sounds like the guitarist forgot how to play. Don't approach this, even in the most extreme case of insanity.

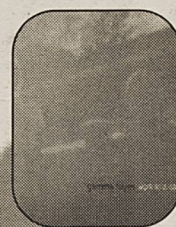
**Nazia Rahim**

**Playgroup**  
*Number One*

One-time sleeve designer, one-time record label boss and remixer, Trevor Jackson gives us Playgroup. Essentially a soul-funk sound with house beats Playgroup come across like a contemporary ESG (highly influential early 80's all girl disco funk band, credited with inventing house music). *Number One* is chilled and funky disco chic. Luca Santucci, who has worked with Replex records' Leila, provides a laid back, confident, sleazy and seductive vocal, sounding like a more animated Prince. A bagful of fantastic remixes on the flipside including So Solid Crew and Felix Da Housecat make this an exceptional release. Playgroup make me think that the 80's revival might not necessarily be a bad thing.

\*\*\*\*\*  
**Myke Burn**

**Gemma Hayes**  
*Work to a Calm*



While, as a rule of thumb, bar-chords + distortion + angry female vocalist can be enough to get a nation's worth of 17 year old girls into a frenzy, Ms. Hayes has missed the target with her rendition of this timeless formula. Her single, *I Worked Myself Into a Calm*, is too friendly to be pop, but lacks the angst-ridden soul of the more successful chick-rock acts. The single shows a variety of melodies and ideas, but lacks a cohesive element. Unfortunately she fails to convince the listener of her tragic, bleeding heart.

\*\*  
**Matt Elek**

**Adam F featuring MOP**  
*Stand Clear'*

With his stunning portfolio of classic drum 'n' bass, Adam F has crossed the Atlantic to take on the U.S. hip hop scene. *Stand Clear* is taken from his 'Kaos compilation, which brings together rappers of the stature of Pharoah Monche and De la Soul. *Stand Clear* is a fair track, featuring M.O.P. delivering predictably threatening vocals as loud as his lungs allow. Adam F's production is neat enough, but lacks the brilliance of some of his earlier work.

\*\*\*  
**Mark Maclean**

**Slipknot**  
*Left Behind*

Let's face it - clowns are scary. But clowns who try to act tough while prancing around playing hard-core metal and taking themselves much too seriously, well that's just funny. Slipknot's new single, *Left Behind*, must be referring to the absence of the band's talent, originality, and sense of irony, all necessary ingredients if you want to pull off the whole band-in-costume motif (à la KISS). Instrumentally, there's nothing noteworthy about this tune: heavy drums, thrashing guitars, attempted melody, lame lyrics, but it's by no means the worst song in Slipknot's catalogue.

\*\*  
**Rob Banerjee**

## The Barry Factor

- \*\*\*\*\* Barry Chuckle
- \*\*\*\* Barry Norman
- \*\*\* Barry Island
- \*\* Barry George
- \* Barrymore



Doesn't need ashtrays because he puts his fags out in the pool

**Weezer**  
*Island in the Sun*

Geek rockers Weezer follow up their *Hash Pipe* single with a track which shows the mellower side of their superb *Green* album. With an infectious chorus to die for, this orgasmic piece of work is a must for all music lovers. Buy!



\*\*\*\*\*  
**Peter Davies**

**Muse**  
*Feeling Good / Hypermusic*

Given the current shenanigans going on in Afghanistan, and the band's tendency to rehash their former singles, surely it would have been more apt if they had re-released *Cave*. Nevertheless, this double a-sided single still shows a band on top of their game; a resounding version of the Nina Simone classic which has become a live favourite, and the rocking gem with the galloping bass line from their extravagant sophomore effort *Origin of Symmetry*. Feel good hit of the Autumn!

\*\*\*\*  
**Peter Davies**

**Block 16**  
*Can't Stop with Robert Owens*

Not wanting to come across as intolerant here but... this is awful. Stirs nothing inside, leaves me cold. Don't want to sound like a snob but... there really is no excuse for this kind of piss poor drivel. Not wanting to be prematurely critical I listened to the whole 7 minutes 29 seconds but... I only had my initial opinions, which I'd formulated after 30 seconds, corroborated. Don't want to seem disillusioned by this sort of music but... it's shit so I am. The antithesis of Playgroup. Awful Awful Awful. So awful I said so 3 times. Point made.

\*  
**Myke Burn**

# Hefn Help Us

**Hefner**  
@ *Shepherds Bush Empire*  
26.10.01

With a terrible sense of foreboding I entered the Shepherds Bush Empire, fearing at best, a gig consisting of songs from the new and tragically ill-conceived album *Dead Media* and at worst, an indie electronica experimental set. When I interviewed Hefner around the time of the last album *We Love The City* they told me of an intended new electronic direction. At the time I thought they were just taking the piss but when this actually came to fruition I nearly cried. With Hefner you have a band that in their lyrics convey the sentiments of the indie kids of a generation, they manage to capture the heartaches and frustrations of loving and living beautifully; so needless to say I little wanted them to change. Opening song *Hymn for the Alcohol* relieved my initial fears and stirred up my emotions. Front man Darren Hayman was in fine form, flexing his own particular brand of sardonic humour. The crowd were whipped into a frenzy by the early performance of *Pull Yourself Together* (a Hefner anthem). The pogoing started here and continued relentlessly until the end of the gig. All the songs that are normally put aside for occasional performance were played much to the surprise



The Geeks

of the audience. Normal circumstances would not merit *Hello Kitten*, *The Hymn for the Cigarettes*, *We Love The City* and all of the band's most memorable tracks. Then Darren started to hint at something, not with any clarity but it was generally interpreted that a split may be on the cards. Suddenly feeling privileged and saddened the gig took on a new significance. Here were a band gigging on the back of a new album but only playing one track from it. It seems like they conceded that *Dead Media* is an abysmal effort and resolved to give the dedicated Hefner fans a performance never to forget. The final song was a glorious rendition of *The Day that Thatcher Dies* which left the crowd dancing and singing all night. If this indeed was Hefner's farewell gig then it couldn't have been carried off in a more suitable way. No dodgy indie electronica elements in sight, just a superb evening with the Hef'.



**Myke Burn**

## Swann's Song

This carries on somewhat from last week's ideas concerning how the media can tell us what is 'good.' In the spotlight this week though, is why most people *need* to be told a song is good before they see it themselves.

Consider the current Vodafone advertising campaign. These adverts use a song by the **Dandy Warhols**, *Bohemian like you*, from the album *Thirteen tales from urban Bohemia*. This album was released in early summer 2000, well over a year ago. The first single 'Get Off,' panned and the album slid into obscurity. The fact it was a fantastic album was completely overlooked.

However, all of a sudden the song appears on an advert and the world proclaims it a masterpiece. Jo Whaley on radio 1 dribbles over said piece of music with every airing she gives it. She was broadcasting when it was first released although spoke not a word of it then. Radio 5 Live have also adopted both *Bohemian like you* and *Get off* as the themes for certain sports programmes. It looks like the Dandy Warhols are set to score a hit.

This is absolutely crazy. Do we live in such a commercial society that we are all slaves to the media machine that chews up and spits out whoever it feels like, whenever it feels like; single-handedly taking any choice out of the hands of the masses. Why is it too, that the same media often slate bands to the point of extinction too, over their songs appearing on an advert, classing them as selling out or having no soul? When the media whores spinning the records don't give them a chance on air, they need to replace royalty money with something.

*Bohemian like you* is a great song and by all means buy it, it's about time the chart had something decent in its upper regions. But, when you do, remember the story behind it and wonder to yourself how much you are free to make your own choice and, by deciding what choice you receive in the first place, how much the media monster is guiding you through your life.

**Andrew Swann**

## The Seven Wonders

As one of the last few with any faith in the good old boys, **Andrew Swann** took a night out in Bristol to sample the delights of the best of British, old and new...

**Shed Seven**  
@ Bristol University  
23:10:2001

Upon finally finding the venue in the gang rape capital of England, it was pleasing to see it was not some tiny corner of a bar and even more so to see it fill up considerably, sticking two fingers up at those who through the years have repeatedly tried to kick Shed Seven in the bollocks. Tonight was about Shed Seven; telling us what they are, what they were but more importantly who they are.

Striding on stage, Rick Witter looked like a man on the edge, and rightly so. With their latest album '*Truth Be Told*,' Shed Seven have created a masterpiece, mixing signature upbeat rock-outs with moving, slower songs like the indescribably brilliant 'Cry for help.' However the album has sold badly and the press have turned up their aggression.

Remembering V2001 in Chelmsford, the NME decided those of us who watched the Sheds in the pouring rain deserved shooting, despite the fact that they put on a far better performance than anyone else at that particular event. Shed Seven never give less than two hundred percent and tonight was no exception.

With the constant reference to Witter's ugliness, as a front man he had a lot to prove. Were he to be gifted with the surname *Ashcroft*, despite being one of the ugliest men on the planet, he would be deemed a sex symbol and classed a genius. That aside, Witter proved tonight that it is not who you are but what you are that cuts it. Here tonight he was an animal, baying for blood armed with rock and roll.

With him was a band who have improved continuously over the last few years and together they paraded glories past and present musical martyrpieces telling us that Shed Seven can put on a show. However it goes deeper than this.

Although the mosh pit goes wild for the old hits, it is the new songs (which Witter tells us are the purpose of tonight's show) that really throw new light on the band. These songs are darker, charting their struggle to remain the right side of sanity. Still there to some extent is the trademark black humour, but now Shed Seven are



prepared to open their souls. This shows in the performance. Witter snarling, Jagger-esque, looking at times ready to snap is the all-round front man. The songs too, cannot be ignored, giving depth and feeling and played in such an order that the anxiety is laid out for all.

Every song, old and new, is played to a standard better than record. There is so much to take in it seems incredible that anyone, least of all now, can write Shed Seven off as nobodies. This is a band setting an example, the real britpop survivors and they're prepared to fight to prove it. No posing, no pretentious bollocks, no arse kissing, just a blinding setlist, blind faith in their songs and commitment second to none. This is what having soul is all about.

Forty-Five  
Alive

**The 45's**  
Bristol University  
23:10:2001

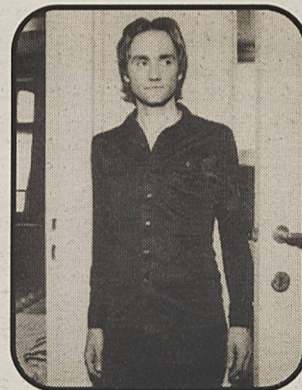
With a song about to be included on a Europe wide Mitsubishi ad campaign, things are looking up for the 45s, support band for tonight. Indeed, on hearing the first song of a brief set one would be fair in thinking that here was being witnessed a bigger, better, British version of the Strokes. Alas not. To be fair they weren't bad, the songs all just got a bit samey and convoluted as the gig progressed. One for the future perhaps, their time is just not now..

**Andrew Swann**

## Spoon Man

**Ben Christopher**  
*Spoonface*

This is one of the few records that caused my CD player to suffer from severe convulsions and laser ache. Lovers of acoustic guitar music should stay away from *Spoonface*, or they will be highly disappointed by a wannabe Leonard Cohen (who is miserably failing in his attempt). The lyrical content might appeal to fans of cheese pop bands, since vocabulary such as "moon", "love", and the never heard before "i feel so bad inside" fill up each of his songs. Nonetheless, some innovative sounds are to be heard if one does not remove the album from his record player after the first twenty seconds of *Leaving My Sorrow Behind*. These include a broken carillon and a hippie organ with the hiccups. Distinguishing the songs from one another is quite hard as the range of chords and rhythms used to compose this record doesn't exceed the dozen. The key to understand-



ing the concept behind *Spoonface* lies in the album booklet. *Song 10. The Opium Willows*. This explains not only why Ben Christopher's voice sounds whiny and spaced out but also the tedium of the melodies. The one advice I could give him for his next album is to read the instructions for a computer music making programme. It might be useful and could provide a broader variety of sounds and harmonies.

\*

**Brisk Pixie**

News  
'Solid' Crew

A teenage girl who suffered a badly broken jaw after being punched by **So Solid Crew** member Darren Weir, is to appeal for her attacker to be re-sentenced. Cardiff Crown Court heard that **Weir** had punched the girl after she had spurned his sexual advances. The rapper, who records under the name of **Skat D**, escaped with a £1,500 fine. The 16 year old Cardiff schoolgirl says she wants the court to reconsider the original sentence and send Weir to prison.



## Rock and Grohl

**Foo Fighters** will enter the studio in November to begin work on their fourth album. Speaking exclusively to a magazine, frontman Dave Grohl revealed that the band's new material would be their heaviest yet. According to **Grohl** 'I think it's time to make an album that people can knock each other around to'.

## Recommended Gigs

**Starsallor** @ Kentish Town Forum, Thursday 1st November  
**Mercury Rev** @ Shepherd's Bush Empire Friday 2nd November



**LSE DJ Competition, The  
Underground Bar @ Crush, Friday  
26<sup>th</sup> October 2001.**

Jus' a quicky to say well done to all the entrants of this years LSE DJ contest, all the DJ's were rinsing and kept the underground bar bangin till close. DJ Multi was the eventual winner with his 'Multi experience' mix taking it across the board and taking home a spanking Numark record box for his efforts. Ricksta and Sharkey were second and third respectively in a tough fought contest with more bassline calls than Wimbledon?! Respect.



## THE TOP FIVE

**THURSDAY NOVEMBER 1st**

**Bedrock @ Heaven**, The Arches, Villiers Street, Charing Cross. £6NUS/8  
The first in a pair of massive nights at Heaven; the clubbers favourite Bedrock takes on the DJ Magazine Top 100 Poll Awards; residents 'Diggers' and Phil Thompson are joined by special guests (Sasha? Tenaglia?) Just go.

**FRIDAY NOVEMBER 2nd**

**The Boutique meets Bugged Out! @ Heaven**. 01273 323055  
£13/12

Brighton's beat-crammed Boutique clashes with Manchester's house-fuelled Bugged Out! for a night of madness in the capital. The star-studded line-up includes Armand van Helden, Dave Clarke, the new Mr Cox Jon Carter, and doyen of twisted funky beat soundscapes David Holmes.

**Rotation @ Subterranea**, Acklam Road, Ladbroke Grove. 020 8993 7377  
£10/15

Never been to this one, but it sounds like it's worth a visit for some MOBO award-winning jazz, funk and hip hop from Femmi Fem, T-Money, Dodge and Manny Norten.

**SATURDAY NOVEMBER 3rd**

**As One @ The End**, West Central Street, WC2. 020 7419 9199 £15/12/10  
I've said it before and I'll say it again: get yourself down the End of a fine Saturday night out, this time in the company of End supremo Mr C, tech-house maestros Layo & Bushwacka!, Evil Eddie Richards, Red Planet and more.

**Flux @ Electrowerkz**, Torrens Street, Angel, EC1. 07790 425131 £10/12  
Mad bastard techno in a big, dirty venue. Nice.

**Pulse8 @ some dodgy warehouse in Ipswich**

Saturday October 27th 2001

'We all going to a big stinky rave, stick together and use your noddle and we'll see you there...' came the recorded greeting; the first meeting point was Sainsbury's car park Colchester. Turn it up.

Pulse8, purveyors of quality illegal raves in and around the Essex countryside, provided the perfect antidote to another weekend of (relatively) mild London (super)clubbing. Half the fun of these raves is in the getting there, and it turned out to be quite a mission.

At ten thirty sharp, the diverse - the girls wore black OR white miniskirts- and definitely Essex crowd, got their swerve on. Until we hit a police roadblock 200 metres down the road. 'Just easing the local traffic congestion' sniveled a very apologetic (no typo!) copper; they were blatantly splitting up the convoy, leaving two minute gaps between cars and in doing so hoping to halt the mass of beat hungry ravers heading to the Suffolk borders. Pulse8 had got their shit together though, minutes later the phone message had changed announcing a new meet point - meagre police roadblocks weren't gonna stop their party and low and behold a mile further on from the 'Five - 0' was a geezer shouting directions to the next stage; Toys R Us car park on the outskirts of Ipswich. We were entering new, uncharted territory.

By now copious amounts of beer and puff had been caned by all (drivers excluded) and the mood for a party was brewing. At quarter to midnight, the convoy had swollen to around a hundred cars and we were on the move again - 'follow the blue Saxo' was the helpful advice as we moved off into the Ipswich suburbs. Finally, at around 12:30 and after a bit more cat and mouse with the Rozzas, the venue was discovered; a disused warehouse next to a very much in use Gala bingo hall, five minutes from Ipswich Town's ground, Portman Road.

Thick Suffolk drawl from noticeably more aggravated police warned us not to bother, that our car would be clamped, that the rave was off. Scare tactics; we rounded the corner and were greeted by a heaving mass of people trying to get in. The queue took some time but light relief in the form of Suffolk boys trying to gain entry with potatoes not pounds and the police helicopter hovering overhead (an extended shine on the queue got the biggest cheer of the night!) and we were soon in. Door damage was three pounds and the cavernous warehouse provided room for three sound systems; jungle, trance and funky tech house. Despite a disappointingly small crowd for the size of the venue (and the fact Mixmag had done a report on the last one) the atmosphere was good - the mix of Essex boyz and Suffolk carnies didn't cause the friction it might have, all very much in keeping with Pulse8's 'One Love, One Vibe' mantra. A welcome change from the big smoke, pulse8 have it sorted - check pulse8party.co.uk for details of the next big un

**Orange enjoymusicv.2 @ The Arches, Southwark Street,  
SE1**

Wednesday October 24th

As launch parties go, I suspect this Wednesday night south of the river was not quite the resounding success Orange may have hoped for to kick off their forty date tour of universities around the country. It seems a little surprising that Orange, who you would assume were quite adept in the art of communication, promoted the night so poorly, resulting in near empty dance floors: 38 people watching the Stanton Warriors at the peak of their set to be precise. The majority of the crowd consisted of fluffy Orange PR girls, photographers desperately searching for something vaguely exciting to shoot, and student journalists blagging free drinks. Whilst free drinks are lovely, and I'll quite happily imbibe any that come my way, they don't of themselves create an atmosphere.

The whole experience was a little odd to say the least. On the approach to the venue there was a projected 'enjoy' bouncing across empty office buildings opposite, whilst the disorientating blue smoke filled entrance to the club was probably more exciting than what lay inside. Orange seemed keen to promote their 'interactive technologies' with 'cutting edge installations', but whilst a black tent with a green glowing wall and a strobe light inside may be quite amusing for a couple of minutes, it isn't exactly at the forefront of technological development.

On a more positive note, the line-up and the tunes on offer weren't at all bad, although they were let down by a weak sound system. In the back room bbe records' Kyri P and Peter Adarkwah provided some funky up jazzy sounds for about ten people. Meanwhile, main room duties fell to the Deadly Avenger and The Stanton Warriors, who kept the genre-trashing mix-up of street tunes rolling, despite the sparsely populated 'crowd'.

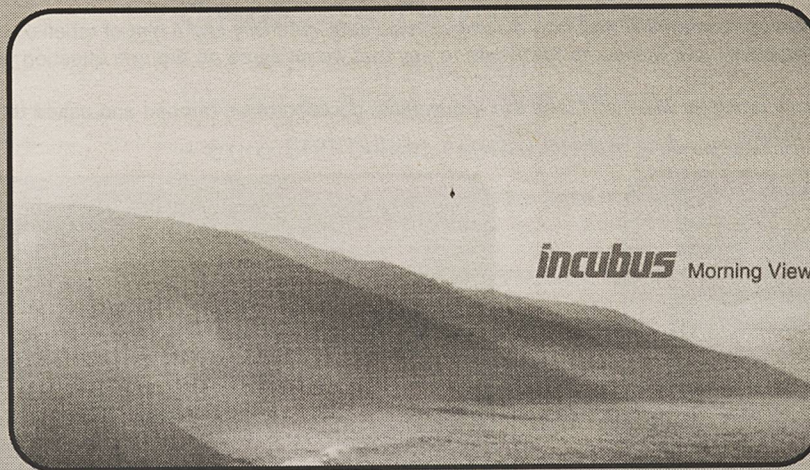
Overall it didn't quite work out, I think primarily because there simply weren't enough people there to bring the night to life. All of which meant that, free booze consumed, we headed off early to catch the last tube. The future of clubbing is bright, but it's certainly not orange.

enjoymusic

# Poor Morning?

**Incubus**  
*Morning View*

With *Morning View*, Incubus continue their stellar path in the universe of crossover. Predominantly a collection of introspective melodic tunes, their new release is more of a continuation of *Make Yourself* than a new *S.C.I.E.N.C.E.* Poignant tracks such as *Mexico*, *Just a Phase* and *11 AM* (the latter being somewhat reminiscent of Nirvana's *Something In The Way*) cover the themes of egoism, indecision and regret while the otherworldly beauty of the lyrics and of Boyd's voice contribute to making this contemplative quest for a phantom lover fully spellbinding. Hit potential is to be found in *Echo*, a tender ballad describing a visionary self-sufficient relationship and in *Warning*, the slow-paced tale of a wasted life. Fans of the harder rocking pre-*Make Yourself* Incubus will mostly enjoy *Circles*, *Blood On The Ground* and the grunge-sounding hymn against judgemental know-it-alls, *Have You Ever*. The

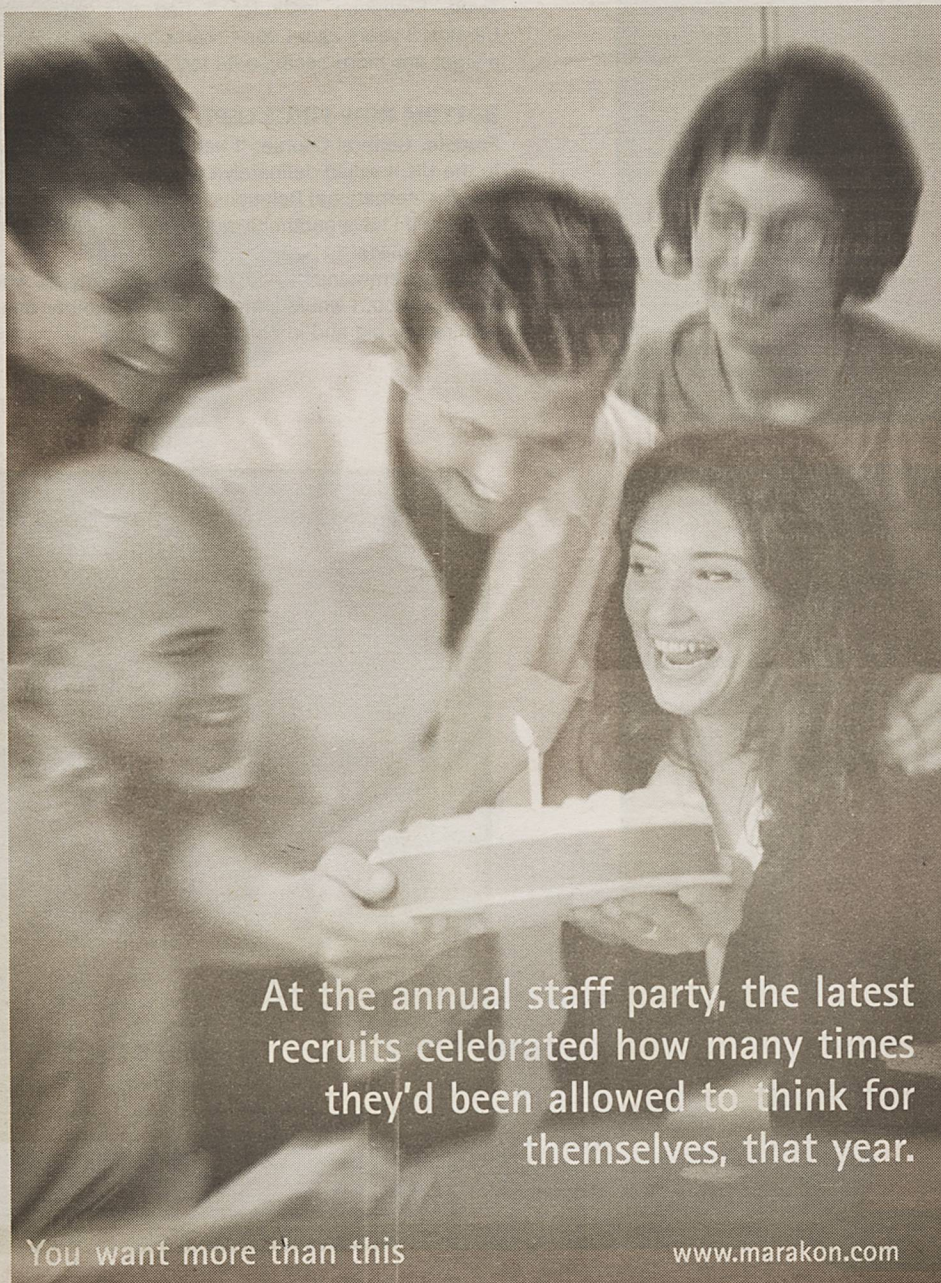


experimental ghostly beats of *Under My Umbrella* and the oriental sound of *Aqueous Transmission* provide an innovative touch to the album, whereas the only mediocre song on it is the neither hot nor cold *Are You In?*. Overall,

*Morning View* is a magnetic, soul-touching record which is definitely worth spending your money on!

4/5  
Brisk Pixie

8



At the annual staff party, the latest recruits celebrated how many times they'd been allowed to think for themselves, that year.

You want more than this

[www.marakon.com](http://www.marakon.com)

Marakon Associates offers final year students the opportunity to participate in one of our two

## Consulting Skills Training Days

on the 16th and  
23rd November 2001  
London Office

The day will include an introduction to Marakon and strategy consulting, along with an 'on the job' case study

Please apply by CV and covering letter, stating your preferred date, to Nicola Smith:

[ukrecruiting@marakon.com](mailto:ukrecruiting@marakon.com)

Marakon Associates  
1-3 Strand  
London WC2N 5HP

Applications to be received by 9th November 2001

# Tats Out!

*Skin and Ink on Houghton Street? Whatever Next?*  
 Photographs by **Riyan Itani**. Words by **Amy Williams**.

When you think of your typical LSE student you probably imagine the good old preppy styled, Hoxton fin wearing, big turn-upsporting, book reading studious individual, so this week in true Beaver style we challenge the stereotype and persuaded some willing individuals to peel of the protective layers and expose what lies beneath.

Everyone has their own opinion on tatoos; some think that they display individuality, creativity and a hint of rebellion. Others think that they belong solely in the sphere of drunken mistakes, teen angst and midlife crises. But whatever your stance its fairly safe to say that we all agree on the one question we love to ask: "Giz a look"

We scoured Houghton Street for boys and girls who had made the irreversable decision to be tatoored and asked them a few key questions: When? Where? What? Why? And of course we got a couple of snaps for the Style album...



#### TOP ROW FROM LEFT

**Andy**, Social Policy: 'I have two tatoos but I had Tweety done 10 years ago to celebrate the tenth anniversary of my first one! I'd like to have another one, perhaps of Sylvester on my back, but the bloke who did this one isn't around any more'

**Annina**, European Studies: 'My tatoos means 'Peace of Mind'. I had it 3 years ago but I wouldn't have any more because its too addictive!'

**Chris**, History: 'I had my tatoos 3 years ago when I was travelling in India - its Om. I'd love to have some more tatoos and am contemplating getting an Egyptian symbol on my arm.'



#### CENTRE

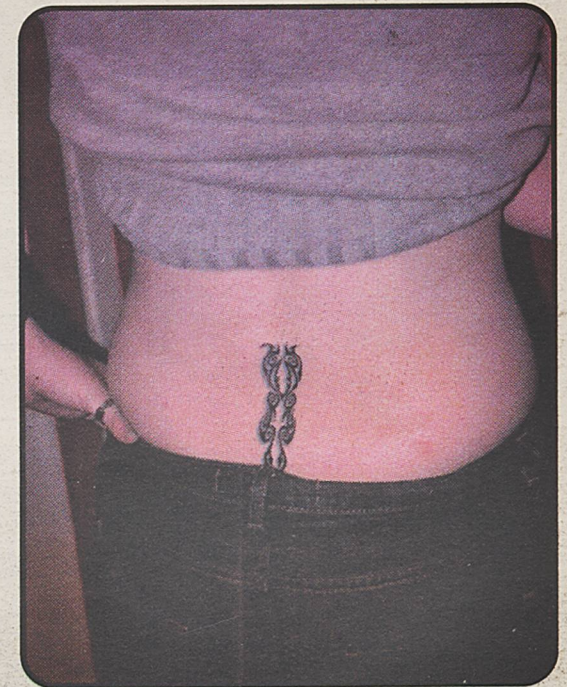
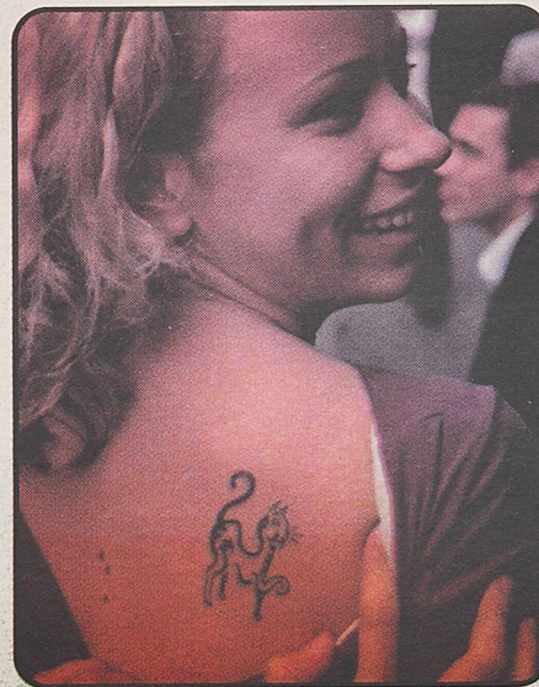
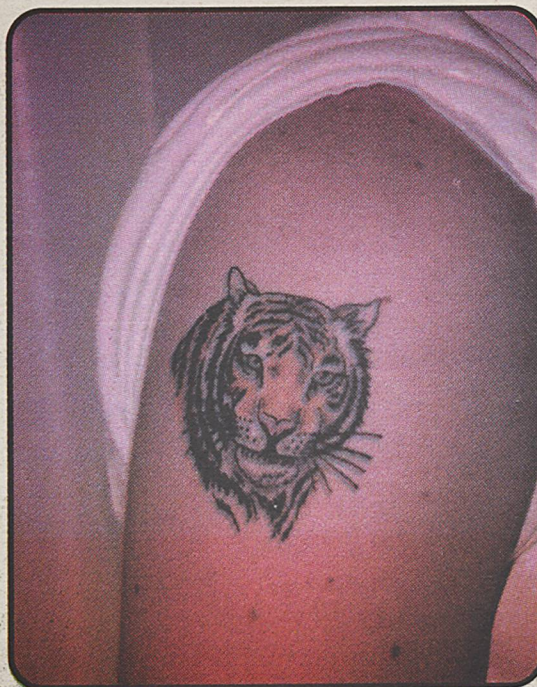
**Janie**, European Institute: 'I had this tatoos in the Ukraine 3 years ago. I don't regret having it but I wouldn't get any more because its too complicated!'

#### BOTTOM ROW FROM LEFT

**Freddie**, General Course: 'I had this just before I came to the UK. I would definately consider having a second'

**Peppl**, International Relations: 'I had my tatoos 3 years ago and if I have another it would definitely be in a more personal place'

**Ruth**, Government: 'I had this done in August when I was in Cuzco. I would consider having another one but nothing too big and in black'



# Take your next big step

## Deutsche Bank Asset Management Graduate Opportunities

We are an asset manager with true global scale and reach – Euro 600 billion assets under management and over 4000 employees in 20 offices around the world.

But scale on its own counts for very little. A number of our competitors also have scale. What counts is scale and quality. Being able to offer superior solutions based not just on scale and reach, but also on resourcefulness and innovation. Being strong but also being flexible. Having discipline but also encouraging creativity. Providing local solutions within a global framework. And recognising that true business excellence means more than excellent investment management. It means having excellent infrastructure and distribution capability as well.

This is why we recruit a diverse mix of people to our business. They have many things in common, of course. Intelligence. Ambition. And a passion to succeed. But you will also develop different skills through your career development with us. Skills, which when blended together as your careers progress, will provide us with a powerful management capability. We offer specific skills, but broad perspectives.

We offer 3 distinct career paths within Asset Management:

- Investment management
- Business management
- Sales and marketing

Interested? Please visit our graduate recruitment web site at [www.db.com/careers](http://www.db.com/careers) where you will find further details as well as an online application form. The closing date for application is **1st December 2001**.

**Teamwork.  
Leading to results.™**

**Deutsche Bank**



## Rampant 3rds produce poly facial

### Harry Stoakes stands in for Pele who is attending the funeral of Healy's right leg

### The Houghton Street Legends

2

### The Strand Poly Smegma Scrapings

0

### Harry Stoakes stands in for Brazilian legend Pele who is attending the funeral of Healy's right leg.

Match preparations began at Crush when we realised we had only 9 men to travel to demolish XI retards from the STRAND POLY who called themselves the fourth team. Mr Russell was spotted trying to recruit random females (that is generous), but ended up giving them his STDs instead. We did manage to yield the cull of the season, young Keith.

Having reached their gaf, and introduced ourselves to Mr Kipling, the match referee, and then emptied our loads in Mikes girlfriend Jem, the third team saga continued with a scrappy first half per-

Nick had this great idea of adopting 4-4-2, what pioneers we are.

Anyway, Gav and Ross turned up this week and both played absolute blinders, outclassing and out competing the dumb opposition, while the Lithuanian import

Caspar was stunning on the left. There was a little panic early doors when Nick the keeper didn't realise he couldn't handle his balls outside the 18 yard box, a Strand free kick predictably came to nothing.

The first goal involved a tremendous build up which really excited the crowd and frustrated the illiterate opposition. Nick, with freshly plucked eyebrows launched one of his kicks into orbit, having come down a few minutes later, it landed on Simon's head and 1 nil to the 3rds. Bonjour triestre. Keith's debut aroused mixed feelings from the terraces, moments of beauty and flair were tarnished by two one on ones with their half

been photographed by Hello magazine wearing sleeveless shirts) following. 10 minutes into the second half, Bosnian Tom was seen digging up the sideline, looking for his family - very disturbing for the lads.

A throw in resulted in Caspar skinning Song, who was quiet from then on, and brilliantly diving for a penalty. Mike - thinking of the sucky sucky he got from Healy the last time he scored - excitedly stepped up and slotted it cleanly into the side netting. 2 nil to the alcoholics. Mike, thinking more of Jez, stepped up for what was now a very red faced Gav Russell corner. It found Mikes head only for the upright to deny his anal probing from Jez - tears all round. Minutes later Will went on a dazzling run from right back, took it round 3 only to produce a pathetic shot not even worthy of Michael Owens left foot. 10 minutes before time, Young Ross clashed with a small Tupac look alike from the opposition. Ross squared up to him casually, and when the aggressor felt a huge shadow swallowing him up, he shat it and walked away.

Not being biased in any way, we continued to dominate the game and denied Kings their first shot of the game. The eldest player in the set up - Rob, who displayed a great engine all day came off for Markus, who added some German efficiency and a slick performance that matched his hair.

When the whistle went there was deep



The Chinese love ball is

concern over Simon who only got one goal, and looked uncharacteristically slow up front after investing in some shin pads that morning. Stand-in s kipper Nick was happy with a dominating performance, as well as the fact that he didn't get his clothes dirty or damage his new hair-do. Bring on the 2nds.



A sad LSE 3rd team cripple?

formance. We were clearly missing the geezer we helped off the EUROSTAR at Waterloo the week before. After initiating him into the side with 6 rocket fuels on Wednesday night, the lad has been branded "the stupidest man alive" from some Greek bloke called Callas. Rumour has it that BOSNIA smashed a bottle on his own hand and ended up with sixteen stitches. Another mentally unstable member of the side, Chris the Gremlin, was spotted by the morning papers entering re-hab. With Jez (I fucked Margo last night and can't be bothered to show up) also out, we were forced to say bollox to the continental wing back shite and fit



Brazilian Sporting Legend?

pint of a keeper which ended up in the stands.

At half time, we relaxed, had a snout and talked about last night's mingers, Gav was particularly vocal at this point.

The second half was a different ball game altogether, they brought on Rigoberto Song and Caspar was left the task of nailing him up the derriere. The defence was solid as always, with Mike leading the charges, with Will (the veteran from Goldsmith thuggery the prior Saturday), Stoakesy (the scrappiest player in 1st division football) and James (from Chigwell and drives a Ford Capri Gear, endorses Reebok Classics and has

## SOAS Spanked

### Isabel Albiston

Who let the dogs out? They shouldn't have bothered, because they were slaughtered 12-0 in LSE's first game of the season. In a game of many fine goals, the first was scored by Claire after 20 min-

### LSE Beavers

12

### Soas DOgs

0

utes.

From then on, the Beavers controlled the game, with the play rarely involving the defence, and goal keeper Jess failing to touch the ball once during the full ninety minutes. The goals kept coming. More for Claire (four in total), hat trick for Jen, and some for Holly. In the second half Beth scored a screamer, and Michi chipped the keeper with a fantastic shot. So how many is that? If I've left you out I'm sorry; Lucilla might have scored - even though I was a spectator on the pitch, playing right back, I lost track of

all the goals.

It was a memorable match for the Beavers, one to be discussed after every defeat, such as our second game, away to GKT the following Sunday. In the pouring rain, we watched goal after goal slip into the back of our own net, as triumphant Guy's celebrations became more and more extravagant. I don't remember the score. I would like to put this miserable defeat down to the

Beaver's first piss up of the year the previous Friday night, but I would quite blatantly be lying. With the noted absence of fancy dress (except, of course, for muggins here) we met for a few rather sophisticated, and frankly tame beverages in the Shakespeare's Head. A good night, but you know things haven't really got going if the night ends and Michi hasn't mooned.

Our next match is against Imperial, where Michelle's personal mission of vengeance will be taken on by the whole team. Remember ... we still have a posi-



# Essex Totty? It's all LIES!

**Pete Callas - even he is now bored of listening to himself**

## Men's Football

### LSE 1st XI

### Essex Virgins

Trains are the bane of all LSE AU existence. They're never on time, are frequently cancelled and it's always the 'wrong type of leaves' that are left on the line. Despite only needing to catch four trains so far this season we have had 8 delays and 32 cancellations.

You might as well fucking walk. Or get the party bus... which is exactly what the 1sts did as they travelled in the Mystery Machine down to the fantastic totty filled Essex marshes!

The journey was a tale of two countervailing powers. Callas' mouth versus the pain threshold of the remaining 12 members of the squad as the self proclaimed Prince of Style™ preached about such farcical ideals as flying buses and sex versus warm feet. The journey was endless and by the end of it most players' ears were bleeding- and arses after

Bisexual Billy Muppet had had his wicked way with the virgin freshers Gaz (known in these hallowed pages as The Pirate), Mike (Peter Pan) and Phillippe (The Phantom Finisher). We arrived and Callas shut up just enough to let the Ickle Boy Wonder give his rousing chorus of "I've dropped myself and Lochrie so you've got no hope of winning- just make

vain to muster more than a light jog to win it back. He was begging to be subbed.

Sadly losing the ball in key areas was catching. Callas and the Bisexual Billy Muppet both contrived to let the Virgins penetrate the defence at every opportunity. Thankfully Nick "The Model" Hill (dropped by the 3rds for a game for managing to pull birds that didn't ming) pulled off countless saves to prevent the muppets at the back embarrassing themselves still further with their crazed lunacy.

Lozzer- the Waterloo Minger Menace - had a fantastic game at left-back. Despite not being allowed to speak whilst travelling to and from games, when on the pitch he doesn't stop. He had a number of quality quotes but my personal favourite was "Callas you're shit. Billy you're shit". This summed up the game for LSE's premier centre-back partnership.

Up front all guns were blazing. Stanton - he of the Jane Fonda fitness - fired shot after shot wide and high and long and short and blocked and... well you get the picture. The Phantom Finisher on the other hand was the complete opposite. "Shoot Phil. No really shoot. Shoot you muppet. Shoot, you might score. Shoot damn you. SHOOT!". We discovered later that Phil had just returned from his native French homeland where "SHOOT!" quite clearly means "hold onto the ball as long as possible without trying to score until one of those Essex Virgins takes it off you". Having consulted the language department at LSE we have now ascertained that to get the Phantom Finisher to shoot we have to poke him with a very large stick while Ickle runs up behind him and kicks his bitchin' ass.

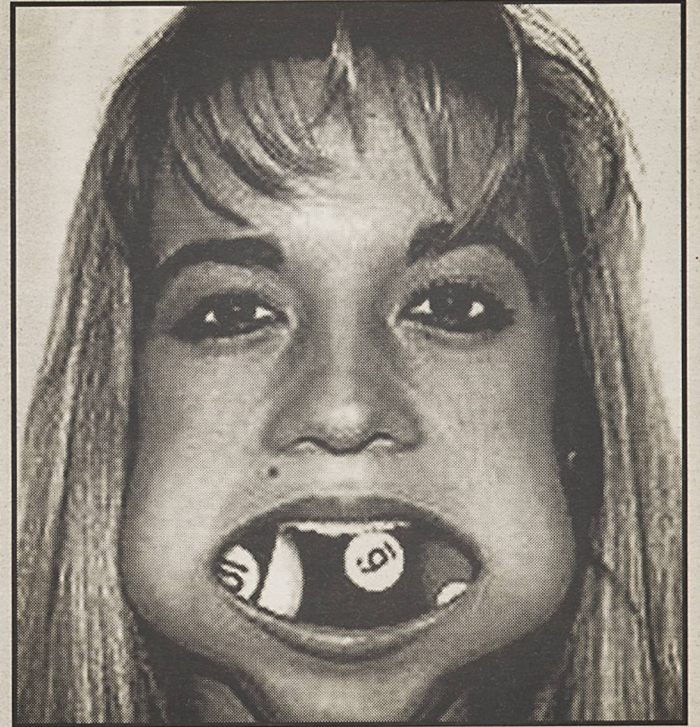
Half-time and somehow we contrived not to concede. After the rousing Ickle speech at half-time consisting of "You're so lucky not to be 80-0 down you muppets. You're all wank. Apart from you Nick... maybe we can have a drink sometime. You, me, the chardonnay. What about on Thursday? I'll cook a lovely veal supper followed by profiteroles and cream...". Worrying.

Second-half and Callas and Billy were up to their old tricks. "Is it your turn Billy to let them through, or is it mine?" Quite clearly it was Billy's as one of the little Virgins stole in and rifled one past Nick's face. (Ickle was in close attendance).

There commenced wave on wave of attacks. However the storm was soon weathered and on came Lochrie and Ickle in a blaze of glory for Stanton (who had

sure they don't make double figures". Filled with optimism the battle commenced...

With The Lightning™ Darius back in the heart of midfield with Deej, LSE found time and space with ease. Stroking it about from the back we managed to string at least three passes together before losing the ball and spending the next 10 minutes trying to retrieve it from the Virgins of Essex. Peter Pan looked good on the right... until he received the ball whereas Buttery looked good all the time as he never got the ball. Buttery, LSE's very own gay icon, was so incensed by this sad state of affairs that he demanded the ball in the right-back position and proceeded to try and skin every Essex Virgin he could find... Unfortunately he came to the first one who dispossessed him and then tried in



The first team loved their half-time talks from Callas' mother

run himself into the ground (!) and Deej who was injured by the marsh of the pitch we were playing on. Within 10 minutes LSE were flying and had equalised thanks to their keeper letting in the softest of shots from the little tyke. 1-1.

It was all LSE from then on. Lochrie raped most of their midfield (and the ref) with his typically dirty display and The Lightning was everywhere again. Buttery decided that the ball was his friend again and old twinkle toes Peter Pan on the right managed to team up with Captain Hook, the Pirate, behind him who settled their differences and went marauding forward to find Wendy and the Lost Boys. Essex were in trouble. They should have definitely lost their virginity. However being virgins they didn't. Quite clearly the ref felt sorry for them and gave them ridiculous decision after ridiculous decision. At one point I myself even gave away a free-kick. Scandalous.

With the game over aggrieved handshakes were exchanged between all apart from Lochrie and the ref. The boy had been on 23 minutes and had managed in that time to almost have four fights and antagonise the ref to such an extent that the ref told him in no uncertain terms to "fuck off" when he offered his hand. Quality.

We each showered individually with Nick and gave him our phone numbers just in case he wanted a bit of manly 1st team loving later and boarded the party bus. Up until this point the 'Party' bus had been more of a bus but, with a Tesco's on the horizon there was always scope for the party to commence. And commence it did. Like rabid wolverines Callas and Billy disembarked; their mission to seek the amber nectar. One crate of 24 Stella's, two crates of 24 Stella's couple of Switch cards, Bob's yer Uncle the Party Bus was ready to set sail. Stories were traded. Fun and merriment were had by all. Each and every one of the players was mocked by Callas in turn- and they repaid the favour with interest. One player who shall

## Sixths Bounce Back

**Kebab writes**

Fresh from our brilliant victory against the 5ths, the beautiful 6th had to pass under the shadow of death and move deep into east Berrylands to face the Strand Commune of Uneducated Migrants( S.C.U.M).

It was shortly after the Second World War that Berrylands became divided. In the 1930's, Berrylands had been a peaceful, guinea pig loving, fascist state under the iron grip of Ben Von Wheeldon who enjoyed brutally murdering children while playing the ukulele. Wheeldon, in charge of Berrylands since the dawn of time, had seen it blossom with the bumbling garlic sidekick Garret Martin. Troubles began when Garret Martin gave in to the temptations of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, discovering not only the complete discology of the Village People but also widely circulated internet videos of Wheeldon copulating with a yak.

When, in 1946, Wheeldon's position became untenable, an international whirlwind of politics and ideology descended upon Berrylands. The world

held its breath as the atomically unstable clouds parted, only to reveal two diametrically opposed forces that would turn Berrylands into the platform for an ideological game of Shove-Halfpenny. The west of the city fell under the control of the great, prestigious London School of Economics. The east side suffered the intolerable fate of being ruled by Kings. They quickly imposed their constitution including Morris Dancing, theft and illiteracy.

It was under these conditions that the 6th XI had to scale the Berryland's wall and hunt out the pitiful, medieval changing rooms, clearly designed for midgets. After an initial delay, caused by new Spanish striker, Miguelito Sanchez Gonzalez de la Playa del Jason Lee del paella del cerveza de la Costa del Sol failing passport control and being ritually executed, the 6th XI proceeded to shit on Kings scum 3-2 despite the latter's cheating manners.

The game was the final step in the West's war on Communism, vagrant behaviour and plane ugliness, known as operation "infinite justice in your face". The 6th XI then wiped their asses on the keepers beard, before whipping their feet and safely returning to the beautiful west side, where they were given a hero's welcome by Brian, a.k.a Captain Bird's Eye.

# LSE Sporting Legends: Rex Walker



## "Just one pound for a Big Issue"

After an absence of far too long, the Beaver's favourite column is back with a bang. That's right, it's time to elevate a minor AU figure to the status of Hollywood celebrity that is an LSE SPORTING LEGEND. The object of this week's random offensiveness is a member of those shandy-drinking (We all know a Purple Monster is just Ribena), childish song singing queers known as the LSE Rugby Team.....

**NAME:**  
Rex "Big Issue" Walker

**ALIAS:**  
"Sabb-shagger, tramp, Wurzel Gummage."

**FAVOURITE ITEM OF CLOTHING:**  
"LSE rugby gear, LSE rugby gear, LSE

"I used to play rugby for the LSE, now look at me. I knew I should have never



rugby gear, LSE rugby gear, Oxfam rejects, pretty much anything stolen from refugees. Oh, and LSE rugby gear."

**WORST ITEM OF CLOTHING:**  
"Last year's LSE rugby kit. It's just soooo last season dahling!"

**AMBITION:**  
"Since I will never reach the dizzy heights of super tramp I will have to be content with being just a simple blackfriars bridge bag lady."

**FAVOURITE TOTTY:**  
"Usually I go for those older women known affectionately to the world as 'sabbs' but this term I've only had eyes for one lucky lady, Helena the women's rugby captain. It would, sniff, seem, sniff, though, that she's had eyes for pretty much everyone else, except, sniff, poor little me." Oh poor Rex.....

**PAST CONQUESTS:**  
Louise Proudlove, Emma Walsh (a recurring feature in this section, our sources suggest), but certainly not the women's rugby captain.

**FAVOURITE HOBBY:**  
Rex has been trying to fund his white lightning and special brew binges with regular playing of the Disco Inferno machine, which is sadly still to yield its elusive repeat jackpot. This terrible addiction once led to the embarrassing situation of a tramp having to share a can of spesh with rex in the doorway of HMV, a situation brought to our attention when another AU member in fact pissed on the pair of them. (Keep going Rex, the jackpot's just around the corner)

**BIGGEST MISMATCH:**  
"Me versus the damp toilet floor in lime-light after too much white lightning. Ended up with your otherwise respectable 2nd team manager lying in a pool of my own piss and sick after going arse over tit."

Nice work fella. We at the Beaver, however, feel this mismatch is run very close by the epic Rex v Charterhouse contest for the affections of the (not so) lovely Helena. Come on Rex, the man can wrap his testicles round a pintglass-how could you hope to compete??

After this interview, Rex pushed his shopping trolley laden with special brew and white lightning over the hill and into the sunset, safe in the knowledge that he has now entered that elusive and illustrious realm, the realm of THE LSE SPORTING LEGEND. Tune in next week as another AU member shares his most intimate secrets with the Beaver

# Hush-Hush

Not many people are writing articles for the Beaver and they've said that they'll print pretty much anything. An anonymous reporter sees just how close to the truth they're willing to allow the paper to go...

Rumours of corruption at the top of LSE's finest committee are not unfounded. Justin "Julf" Jewell, know for his low moral standards, especially when it came to bribery and homosexual acts committed while on a foreign jaunt with some of his "boys", is up to his old tricks again.

Thousands of pounds of UBS Warburgs money are being slowly embezzled by various members of the AU Exec. On one occasion three members were heard discussing opening up the AU Welcome Party bar subsidy a day early for a few sneaky warm up halves. They were later seen drinking champagne, and there are allegations that they may have ended up in, what one of them described by over pronouncing the 'H', Hombres.

It does not stop there, plans are afoot by the AU Exec for a weekend bender with young never seen before teen XXX ballerinas, all at the expense of those fivers that we, the public, had to pay. Scandalous Jewell has been lobbying new-boy Matt "No one can spell my sur-

name" for exclusive rights to wrongness with these underage hyper-flexible girls. "Where will this all end?" I hear you asking. Well look no further than this very newspaper.

An unidentified sauce (apparently apple, but this may just be rumour), found that The Beaver is just a cover for a far more sordid reality. The Sport Editor, none other than Mr Jewell himself, is using these fine pages as a pretence to cover a porn racket. Jewell and his sidekick who cannot be named because he's bigger than me (and everyone else at the LSE), have



been downloading sex-videos and copying them onto CDs for sale in the SU Shop. Behind all of this lies a complicated web of deception and blackmail, they are forces to carry on these illicit acts, at pain of being exposed. AU Money and bad Britany Spears videos have been sold for silence, but no

more - Jewell, we know who you are, we know what you do. I call on the AU Exec to stamp this out. Weak leadership has resulted in this horrendous train of events. There is only one man who is, at the end of the day, responsible, Pete Callas - I call on you for your resignation.

Next week - how did the AU piss-up with the 14 year-old ballerinas go. Until then, dear readers, keep it Hush Hush.

## The Battle of Berrylands, continued....

Pride of place must however go to Stefan our efficient german midfielder who has restored some pride to his nation with a series of high-octane performances in the middle of the park. He has even managed to avoid a mullett.

The scoreline doesn't really tell the story of this victory; cruelly robbed against the sixth team last year by an off-side decision worse than Davda's mum's not to go and get herself a morning after pill, the fifth team dispensed the iron fist of justice with only ten men, and could easily have had loads (well one) more.

The consolation for the sixths gave them a brief glimmer of hope, but coming, as it did only five minutes before the end of the game the immense centre-back pairing of Simon and Davda were never going to allow Chris the chance to fluff his lines in goal more than once in the game.

Justin Davda has somehow graduated from the Justin Edinburgh school of defending into a player with some foot-eye co-ordination. This fits in with recent miraculous off-pitch events; Dan Poulton getting laid, Nick Reynolds pos-

sibly getting laid and Captain Unfaithful making it all the way through to 11pm in the tuns on a Wednesday night. Who knows - I may even play a game of football soon.

With the cripples on the sidelines chanting a rendition of those old classics "can we play you every week?" and "Danny Poulton likes it up the arse, up the arse, up the arse" in honour of his goal the legendary fifth team walked off with the heads held high.

The only downside to this game was Tom Mythen strutting about the tuns after his admittedly decent goal in this game - even Bruce Forsyth would have considered his posing as a step too far.

There was much rejoicing back at the Chateaux, and in a clear sign of the fifths-sixths détente several of the sixth team showed up to join us in a quiet shandy in the peaceful surroundings of our favourite bar. All that is left to explain is the bizarre patchwork of lovebites on Dan Poulton's neck and why Nick wanted to take part in the sweep-stake on which team members would be the first to make his sister airtight.

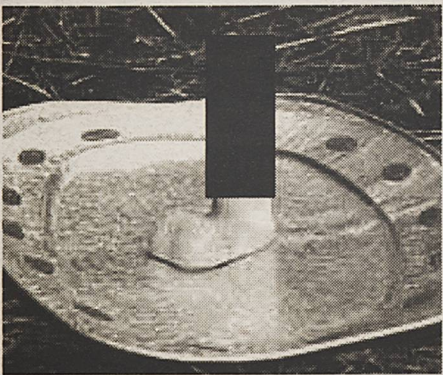
## Squash = Shit: It's official

The 1st team's poor performances this week do not warrant any column inches in this esteemed publication. Ditto the 2nd team, who don't deserve anything either this week. Apparantly the girls

played poo too so they are not worthy of gracing the Beaver this week. Lets hope for better performaces next week. El capitano Will

# The Beaver Sport

## A Fat Angry Man's Karma Sutra!



Would Madame like some throbbing member?

This article is written in the style of all good porn movies meaning it is from the perspective of a man and designed to appeal only to men. Where do I start on this illustrious topic, I think we should start by analysing what blokes really want from their sexual partners.

First we must dispel some myths we don't necessarily all want to shag slim blonde super models although we wouldn't kick them out of bed for eating biscuits. We want porn stars big firm tits big firm arses golden tans and an insatiable appetite for the milk of our human kindness (preferably all over their face and tits). Brown hair, black hair blonde hair we don't care just as long as there is

none below the waist it doesn't matter.

A little over weight hell it just makes me try harder so why don't you, we all love a little cushion for our pushin'. Essentially though all physical attributes are entirely irrelevant if you are enthusiastic. Which leads to what we want in bed, this will be based on what I want in bed and if it is not in line with male readers then you can just fuck off. First of all personal hygiene now I go out of my way to spend 2 hours a day washing every inch of my manly frame (the Phillipino girl who helps me normally is on sabbatical so the process takes longer than it used to) so I expect women to indulge me with the same courtesy.

I don't care if you need to use a pumice stone and hedge trimmers get your gash looking flash if that's not a memorable catchphrase I don't know what is. Next we need to talk about the big three the

hand job, the blow job, and the shag. A hand job is easy to perform all you need to do is grab the man's tackle (not too rough mind) and run your tongue all over it while sucking until climax. For those of you who think this is a blow job well observed this is because no girl can give a hand job (any girls who reckon they can I will be holding auditions but I

guarantee not a drop of my precious love juice will be spilt). As for blow jobs remember not to leave the balls out include them in your repertoire and see your man smile. The digitisation of the mans anus while performing a blow job is almost as controversial as a pro war demonstration some men love it others hate but let the girls do it as it gives you leverage for getting her to allow you a spot of up the batty action. When your man does ejaculate never

waste any of his precious produce - smear anywhere on your person, the more inventive the better or swallow twice a day with a proper meal in the evening for a well balanced diet. Also please be enthusiastic exclaim how you have never seen such a big one nor such a vigorous eruption of effervescent and bountiful beauty. Finally the shag well if the first two have been performed sufficiently well you should get used to the fact that the man may not be interested in you or what you have to say anymore. However if he is one of those randy sorts it is your duty to assume the position on all fours and beg for him to penetrate you as roughly as possible because you and I quote "want to be Willy Wonka's jizz glazed lollipop whore".

Finally I want to broach a little taboo: anal sex. Some would have us believe that is a painful unpleasant experience. The truth is it is actually the secret to attaining Nirvana but only if done with a man with a small and therefore comfortable penis. Oh by the way ladies my Buddhist classes including the key to spiritual enlightenment and reincarnation begin later on this week at 2:00am Saturday morning in Houghton street. Yours truly fat angry (karma sutra master!) man. The word of the day is Jizz.



Some bird I taught spiritual enlightenment to!

## Rugby Brandish their mighty helmet!

**Ed Cook**  
"An epic saga of the evil empire moving forward while in reverse!"

Kent who's university campus can only be described as an out of town old peoples home was the second fixture for the might Purple Warriors. Playing on a waterlogged pitch, which was to be expected as this is the fucking countryside, given that and the home field advantage (the refs one good Jap's eye) we lost 15-0. However we now know what it feels like to be Netball week in week out.

Closer analysis of the match: it is fair to say that our minds weren't really on the game. Point exemplified by Chris (fat arse, Bacon, Crunch) Brierley going up to Morgan and giving him a tap on the arse and a kiss on the lips. Morgan enraged by this shouted at Richard the 17 stone genetically mutated rugby Prop: "Richard you are a fat bastard and you have done nothing all game take this ball and crash it!!!" Instead of a crash we heard a crack as Shrek fell to the ground with what was a broken ankle. This severely pissed Fletch off because he to put out his fag before replacing the injured man.

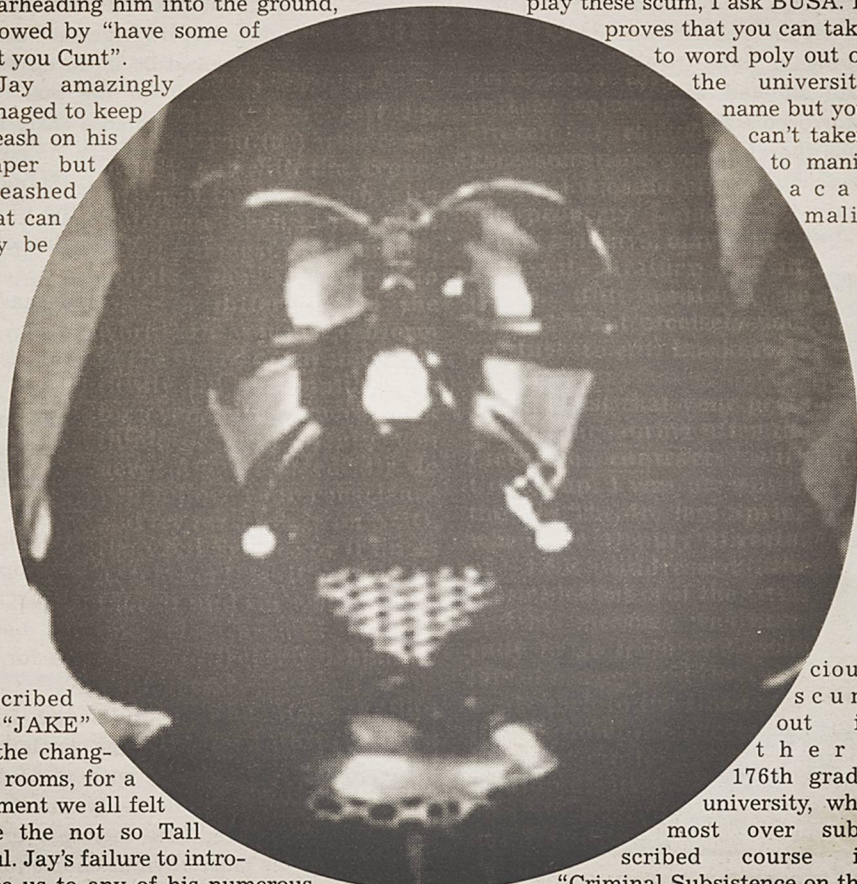
Craig's (POOF's) mind was really not in the game, as he was still trying to doc-

tor the fatal punch he received for cheating on his girlfriend. However there where some good plays in the game, notably Brierley punishing the pie child centre by uprooting his fat arse and spearheading him into the ground, followed by "have some of that you Cunt".

Jay amazingly managed to keep a leash on his temper but unleashed what can only be

that have been Bounty-ed.

Following the humiliation of being beaten, we came back to the changing rooms to find that the thieving gypsies had stolen our cash. Why do we have to play these scum, I ask BUSA. It proves that you can take to word poly out of the university name but you can't taken to manipulate a call mali-



described as "JAKE" in the changing rooms, for a moment we all felt like the not so Tall Paul. Jay's failure to introduce us to any of his numerous girlfriends, begs the question: what did you do to them??? As a result the Rugby club has set up a relief fund to the victims

Further rudeness continued when we went into there highly overpriced bar. The dared to name Woodies. To me this is rudeness, I think we should divert a couple of those B52 bombers from Afghanistan and drop it on those thieving, cheating, lying scum. There only one Woodies and it is in Fortress Berrylands and not in fucking Kent. Lastly all I have to say is that we had nicer kit than them, but given half the chance they would have, probably also nicked that as well. Back on the Bus: I have to tell you about the bus driver. This guys (well I am not sure if he passed for a human, I would have to say Mutant myself) claimed that he had a Masters in Business, played rugby for Gloucester, and was best mates with Ronnie Size. Mate you are a fucking bus driver "shut your face". He had such bad Halitosis that Chris nearly passed out. However he did let us drink on the bus and by god did we rape that. Fletch and Lambo's lame attempt at drinking game raised doubt as to whether a law degree involves any intellectual ability. We pleasantly sang and consumed our way home. An till Neil stepped over the line and started singing about Necrophilia, Syphilis and some thing called Burt Control?? Back at the Tuns the boyz rocked in to the chants of the LSE RFC anthem. Whilst being presently greeted by the women's rugby team whom "aroused our minds without letting them settle". Ahhh "that is the most awesome thing ever". Seconded only by Helena downing a monster faster than Darius ever did!! Whaaannnnnnnnnn

# "The fist of justice"



Garrett skins Ricky - a sixth team match highlight

## Men's Football

LSE 5th XI (Champagne Drinkers) **2**  
 LSE 6th XI (Champagne Enemas) **1**

### Justin Jewell

Commander Unfaithful, Ricky Steele, was nervous. The grudge match of the season was upon him and the team seemed to have lost its focus. Whereas the fifth XI are normally a dedicated group of highly trained professionals, he could not budge the team talk away from Nick Reynold's little sister's recent appearance in the tuns (and a myriad of "rhythm magazines"). Where was the bite that would drive us to a glorious victory over the formidable sixth XI?

Things had started very well - Barnett and his bird had made up from their tiff ensuring that our kit would be washed as usual and Ricky had remembered to send out an email request for players. On arrival at Waterloo, not only the captain, but also 11 other members of the team had remembered to set their alarms and drag themselves along in time. Inevitably Johnny Beer had smoked his own bodyweight in Morrocco's finest the night before and was therefore somewhere between nirvana and vomiting into his lap on the train, this may seem like a bad sign but Johnny Beer's best performances are

often produced when he has sacrificed 2 or 3 of his senses to his previous night's late night caning.

With previous year's captain and lynchpin STILL suffering from what is described, through scoffs, by his team mates as a "dodgy knee" and the medical profession as "an utterly fucked up cruciate ligament" the team was missing the dynamic driving force that would have eased them to a simple victory. Added to that gaping hole in midfield the fact that Noel had not showed up yet again, despite vigorous assurances that he would be more up for it than Barnett's bird on the bus back from Bristol, the team had a rusty look to it. (he was undoubtedly holed up somewhere in Chinatown trying to understand the meaning of the phrase "milking the prostrate" with his other half).

However the fifth team had made it through more sticky situations than this before, (specifically the occasion when only four people had shown up) and there would be no holding them back, especially with the referee on their side.

The warm-up was less than promising: Barnett pulled up clutching his hamstring and quite frankly yelping like a ten year old girl in the company of Gary Glitter. So twelve became eleven. At least there would be no tricky team selection decisions for our hero, Commander Unfaithful.

The game began in classic fifths sixths ferocious style. The sixth team were clearly unhappy with their captain's choice of referee (yours truly) who as an injured fifth team player did not seem the most obvious choice for an impartial law enforcer, and had clearly

decided to vent their frustration on anything and anyone, except of course, the ball.

The fifths however eased in and began to play the sexy football for which they are renowned throughout



"I can see right inside FC's anus horribilis. Nice."

the ULU league. Revelling in their position as the official second best team at the LSE they began to make a mockery of their opposition, the fifth best team at the LSE. (everybody's better than the fourth team).

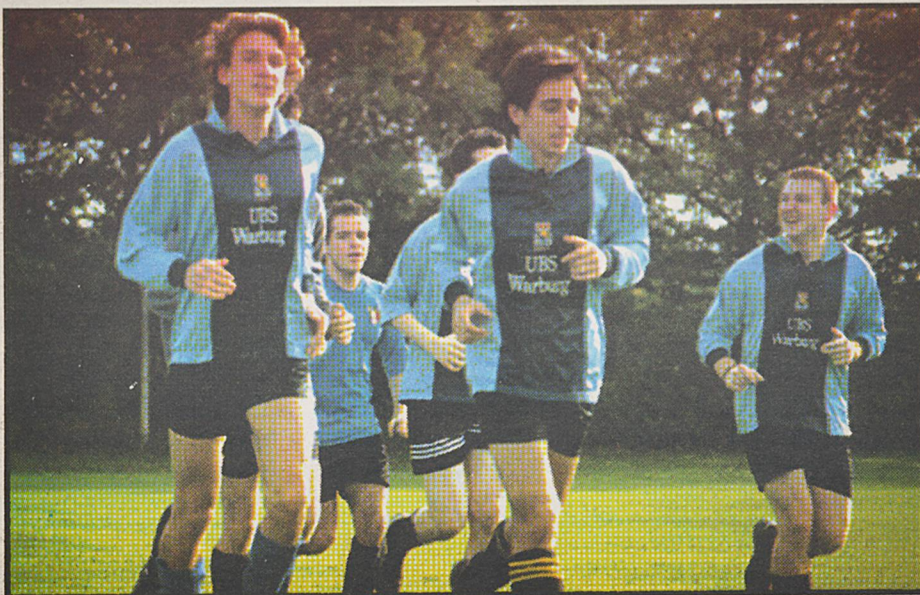


Screech from "Saved By The Bell": captain of LSE 5th XI

After 5 minutes disaster struck, Nick (clearly riled by the jokes about his sister that had continued on to the pitch) feigned injury and limped off leaving the fifth team with only ten men, and a lot of football to be played.

In to the breach stepped our new recruits: Mark Bijoux, arguably the least mobile player in the history of world football, trudging up and down as left back and Francis our long haired "flair player" sliding into his new central role like a vigorous facial onto

Continued on page 26



So proud, so confident, yet their fate was a champagne enema