

The Beaver

The Newspaper of the LSE SU

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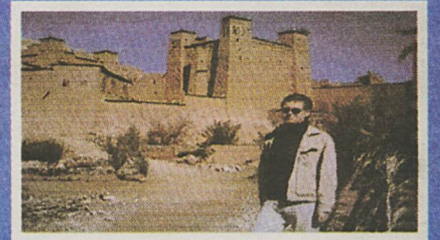
4th February 2003

Issue number 573



For EU, For Me
In B:Link, Pages 8-9

Marvellous Morocco In
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LSE Smashes Strand Poly (and it's not at sport...) - Page 3

Racist Email Sent to LSE Students

El Barham

A racist e-mail has been anonymously circulated to LSE students with Muslim sounding surnames in a worrying attempt to stir up racial tensions and cause distress.

The Beaver feels that it would be inappropriate to reproduce the contents of the e-mail here due to its inflammatory and offensive contents.

However, Mvulane Hadebe, LSESU's anti-racism officer, confirmed that the e-mail is deeply offensive, saying, "The tone of the letter is racist and it cannot be condoned."

This development follows increased levels of racial tension on campus over the past few months. A number of controversial motions have been tabled at recent UGMs, which some believe have served to enflame the atmosphere. Furthermore, as an international institution, the LSE is more likely than many other universities to suffer the consequences of a deteriorating international situation.

The circulation of the e-mail raises three important issues. First, there are bound to be concerns about the origin of the email. It was ostensibly sent from the account of another LSE student. However, the person in question emailed all of the recipients claiming that his email account had been hacked into and that he had "no association with the author or his/her opinions." He added that he had brought the matter to the attention of the police and the LSE authorities, who had started an enquiry. The outcome of this enquiry is likely to be closely studied by students concerned that

the deteriorating situation in the Middle East is fermenting hatred on campus.

Second, the possibility that email accounts may be vulnerable to hacking by those with racist beliefs raises the question of the security of LSE's IT systems. If it does become clear that someone's account can be easily misused in this way then the School may have to consider additional security measures. For example, there are currently no password protected screen savers on the School's computers meaning that any unattended machine could be used to disseminate unattributable offensive material. Such actions would not only allow the perpetrator to escape punishment but would leave an innocent third party in a very difficult situation.

The School's response to racism and racist behaviour will also be scrutinized in light of last week's events. The government has recently introduced new legislation, the Race Relations (Amendment) Act, strengthening the duties imposed on a wide range of public bodies. The RR(A)A makes the LSE responsible for positively promoting racial understanding and harmony. It has prompted a reappraisal of current policies and a final draft has recently been circulated for comment. The Director, Tony Giddens, has established a new Racial Equality Group to monitor LSE's compliance with the legislation.

The activities of this group and the School's reaction to this troubling incident will be subjected to close scrutiny. As Hadebe says "I would like to see what the administration is doing about this and discover the outcome of their investigation which should be communicated to the wider student population."



LSE staff striking for higher London Weighting last November

It's Strike Two For LSE!

Michael Bourke

The LSE will be hit by another strike today as part of the ongoing pay dispute between staff and the School.

The action follows on from last term's one day strike and has been called in support of union demands for increased London Weighting, the payment designed to compensate for the higher cost of living in the capital.

Chris Husbands, President of the LSE branch of the Association of University Teachers (AUT), told the Beaver "It is really iniquitous that higher education institutions in London have left the amount of London Weighting unchanged for more than 10 years. Everybody working in London, but especially the less well-paid, suffers from the exorbitant costs of living and working in the capital." The AUT and UNISON, the public sector union, are campaigning for the weighting payment to be increased to £4,000.

There appears to be little sign of movement from the School. Alison Johns, Head of Personnel, said "The School's position on London Allowance remains the same as it has been for some years. If the School

were to increase London Allowance, even by a relatively small amount, the cost for us an employer would be substantial. This would have to be met from our own resources - in the absence of any additional government funding - and if we did, this would mean savings having to be made from other School activities."

There had been hopes that the dispute was heading for a resolution following the government's recent announcement of £2.3 billion in extra funding for higher education. However, although the higher education institutions have offered to meet union representatives to discuss London Weighting no firm offer was placed on the table. Negotiations are now planned for mid-February. If they are not successful another strike is scheduled for 5th March.

In the meantime students are likely to experience severe disruption today. Many lectures have been cancelled and, as in November, it is anticipated that the library will be running a skeleton service. As Chris Husbands says "AUT and UNISON members hope, by their strike action, to be able to force the suspension of normal activities in the School."

Anti-War Efforts Continue As National Demonstration Nears

El Barham

Last week the LSE was yet again the venue for an anti-war speaker meeting. The meeting was attended by several high profile speakers and was designed to build support for the campaign in the run up to the all important national demonstration planned for 15th February.

Speaking just hours prior to President Bush's second State of the Union address, notorious war critic George Galloway MP, Kate Hudson, vice-chair of Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and the NUS's Louise Hutchins spoke at the event hosted by the LSESU Socialist Society.

Each speaker highlighted a different aspect of the numerous problems the proposed conflict would create with lucidity and precision. They reminded those assembled of the pressing reasons for opposing the war, whilst stressing the importance and potency cohesive resistance would have on the government.

George Galloway opened the meeting by painting a bleak picture of the current world situation. He recalled the horrors

witnessed on September 11th and at Bali, inviting the audience to imagine the destruction in Iraq that the planned 1000 bombing raids a day, followed by an army comprised of 250-3000,000 soldiers, would have on the population.

He added: "War' is not the right word for this level of destruction. The damage [to the Iraqi people] will be considerable and the UK will be in the front ranks of the hated."

He went on to predict that those who caused such wanton destruction and created such resentment could look forward to joining Israel in its experience of relentless resistance: terrorist attacks and suicide bombs.

However, there was a ray of hope in Galloway's gloomy analysis. Stressing the importance of public opinion to a government bound to go to the polls in a matter of years, Mr Galloway said: "We have one shot to pull the UK out of the real axis of evil which starts in Pennsylvania and ends in Ariel Sharon's Cabinet room. Without the UK, Bush's position will be untenable. We must show the government that public opinion is against the war."

Louise Hutchins carried on the discussion by emphasising the hypocrisy of the government's plans to invade Iraq. She argued that, whilst weapons inspectors had failed to unearth concrete evidence of an Iraqi nuclear program, the US and the UK had pledged to use nuclear bombs to

achieve their aims.

She rejected the idea that the core ideology of the war is humanitarian saying, "Blanket bombing of Baghdad will have more serious consequences for the Iraqi people than Saddam Hussain's regime." Hutchins gave details of leaked UN statistics estimating the human costs of a war in Iraq. These included the alarming predictions that 500,000 would need treatment but would have no access to healthcare and that two out of five people would need portable water supplies due to widespread destruction of sanitation infrastructure.

Drawing the conclusion that the primary motivation for incurring the massive costs of a war in the Middle East must be economic, Hutchins went on to predict that there would be a 'smash-and-grab' struggle for oil reserves following the destruction. She also stressed that the US would be unlikely to stop at Iraq in its appropriation of resources, but would proceed to other countries on its hit list, creating a state of permanent war.

She also alleged that the likely expense of the war is creating widespread opposition from public sector workers and students whose benefits and salaries are being cut to finance it. Concurring with George Galloway's belief that a show of public opposition would force the government to alter its position, she concluded: "We need to change the course of history - if we don't we're stuffed."

Kate Hudson, the final speaker, supported Galloway and Hutchins in their assertions that the UK and the US were really the countries posing the greatest threat to world stability.

She revealed that the US Space Command had plans for a 'full spectrum of dominance' showing that nuclear war would not remain confined to the Middle East, but could well extend into the strat-



Stop the War activists are still hoping they can create a roadblock to conflict... sphere.

However, she too saw a possibility of averting disaster, saying, "Our first task is to oppose the war. The main thing is to get as many people as possible."

Hudson went on to add that she had recently had discussions with the police regarding the forthcoming February 15th demonstration. She revealed that the march would now have two separate starting points due to the large numbers anticipated. Protestors will congregate at Embankment and Gower Street for what many anticipate will be the largest political demonstration seen for many, many years.

Late News - This week sees the start of Debate the War Week, a programme of events designed to inform LSE students about the possible war with Iraq.

LSESU General Secretary spoke to a crowd of around 50 people on Houghton Street yesterday. She welcomed the week, spoke poignantly about the Finnish experience of conflict and praised the organisers of the forthcoming events.



George Galloway is sometimes derided as "the MP for Baghdad Central" by his critics. Can't imagine why...

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NUS Plans National Shutdown For 5th March

Sal Chowdhury

The NUS has called for a "National Shutdown" in to be held on 5th March. The move is in response to Education Secretary Charles Clarke's announcement that the universities will be allowed to charge tuition fees of up to £3,000.

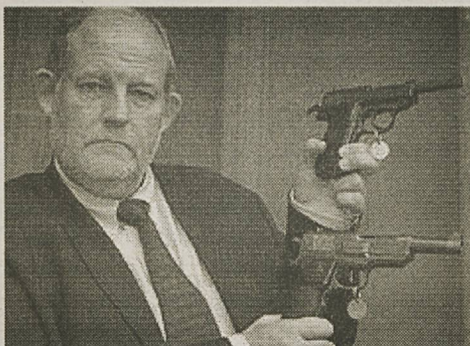
An NUS spokesperson said: "A nationwide shutdown should hit home more than a single demonstration could ... Campuses will be deserted. People will see the feelings are nationwide and that this is not just a demonstration in London."

The aims of the students have also been backed by academic staff. The NUS claims that there will be 'a coalition.' Whether or not lecturers will be standing shoulder to shoulder with the protestors remains to be seen. However, some will doubtless note that - with yet another strike regarding London weighting on Tuesday 4th Feb - many students have supported staff in their wrangles with Vice Chancellors.

In an address to hundreds of students on 27th January, NUS President Mandy Telford raised the rhetorical temperature,

saying, "We must employ every campaigning tool available to us. We will be having a mass lobby of parliament in a few weeks time and are calling for a national shutdown of higher education. This is a fight we can win, but more importantly a fight we must win." Citing the success of the reintroduction of limited grants, she urged students to continue the campaign against debt and hardship.

Top-up fees, claim the government, will allow universities to improve teaching and research. However, this may seem inconsistent with Blair's aim to get "towards fifty percent" of young people entering higher education by 2010. Many young people may be put-off by the idea of going on to university, as under the government's plans, the NUS estimates they will graduate with debts of up to £30,000 once living expenses are taken into account.



Clarke prepares to defend his White Higher Education Paper.

On top of this, many prospective students, especially those from less wealthy backgrounds, may be more inclined to choose universities on the basis of cost. With the more prestigious institutions able to trade on the popularity of their courses and charge higher fees this could lead to a worrying polarization of higher education.

University vice-chancellors are uncertain of what to make of their new freedom to charge students higher tuition fees. The personal opinion of Liverpool University's vice-chancellor, Professor Drummond Bone, is that there will be a temptation to charge the maximum possible fee for courses in high demand (from 2006) and cross-subsidise the less popular courses.

Fears have been expressed that candidates will be chosen on the grounds of their means as opposed to merit - and the

idea of the Access Regulator, who will decide whether universities are doing enough to bring in more students from disadvantaged backgrounds, has been widely derided.

In a further development, the former Education Secretary, Baroness Shirley Williams has ruled herself out of the race to become Chancellor of Oxford University in a protest against top-up fees. The Lib Dem peer claimed that she "simply could not argue two things at once." As political opposition to the White Paper mounts, there have been calls from Labour MPs for the government to publish details of its assessment of a graduate tax. This alternative funding scheme would allow students to pay for their education upon reaching a salary threshold. It is believed to have been the preferred option of the Chancellor, Gordon Brown.

Whether the national shutdown will make a difference will depend upon the unity amongst university students across the whole of the UK, and the government's willingness to listen to the views of the students. Given the current political climate they are not likely to be high on its list of priorities.

LSE Is The Best!

Scientific poll confirms truth

Rowan Harvey

It's official, World Peace is equally as desirable as beating minesweeper, Anna Kournikova and Koolaid but nowhere near as good as Lots of Money. But then nothing is according to the website www.whatsbetter.com, an intriguing site which aims 'to qualify which, of all the things in the universe, is the best thing and to give a meaningful ranking of these things.' A worthy endeavour and much

site has a section explaining how they work out their scores but I have too much pride to go there.

I have a terrible confession to make - I am a curious soul and late one night I fell to pondering that eternal question, which is better, Kings or LSE? This may seem like no contest at all but I wanted to know, once and for all, whether our belief in our own superiority is well founded. I'm sure you can see where this is going and, sure enough, in due course both were posted as linked candidates. Sadly, however, Giddens, even in Lego form, was deemed a little too uninteresting by the moderators, failed to make the cut and is not to be found on the site. A travesty, I'm sure you'll agree.

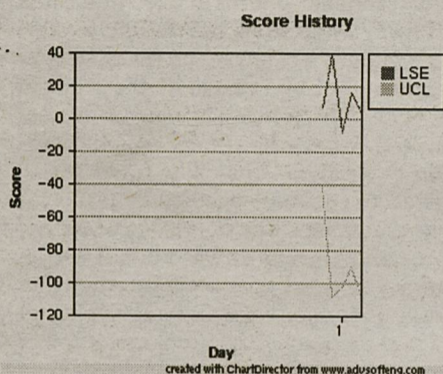
My fears proved groundless. It's finally official - LSE, though hindered by my dismal choice of graphic, has beaten Kings with a score of -138 to their pitiful -145 putting us comfortably in the 'average' score bracket. A somewhat hollow victory perhaps, but what does it matter that we aren't as good as hotpants, sharks with lasers or the George Forman Grill as long as we beat Kings. After all that put us in the same league as Windows Messenger, Esquire Magazine and Interstate 80 in San Francisco. Forget league tables, the school should clearly be closely monitoring its standing in this critical poll.

It seems the site has many profound truths to impart to us - just look at the Top 5 ranked items. It is now official that Lots of Money (ranked 1) is better than Sex (ranked 5). Rather worryingly Victoria's Secret Models are also ranked above Sex indicating that the thought of the act is

more popular than the act itself. I fear this does not reflect well on those that, like myself, are regular visitors to the site.

At the other end of the spectrum we see that among the ten worst things in the world are prejudice, hunger, Osama Bin Laden, Nazi Germany and The Ohio State University. Hmmm.

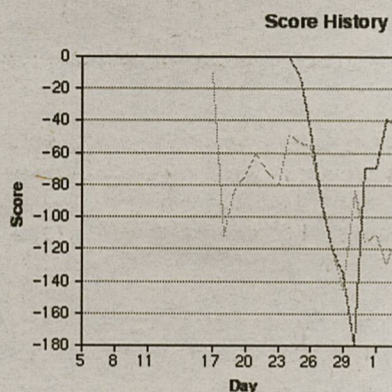
I could go on forever (the site is currently ranking over 11 thousand items) but this fascinating foray into the public



The numbers never lie... UCL plummets as LSE soars like a falcon!

more interesting and accurate than rival site www.hotornot.com which continues to claim that I am less attractive than Anthony Giddens and Tom Packer... much less attractive.

It's a simple concept, when you enter the site you are presented with two images, you then click on the one you prefer and are shown the cumulative scores of the images you've just helped to rank. The



After a worrying moment LSE sees of the Strand children. Too close for comfort tho...

psyche is in danger of getting silly. If anyone posts anything interesting please let me know, it's only a pity we can't do an internal one and settle those nagging questions such as 'Three Tuns or Beavers Retreat' or 'Brunch Bowl or Anything'. But whatever happens we can feel safe living in a world where 'Novelty Japanese Toilets' are rated higher than 'Voting For Your Rights'. Happy clicking.

Crush Changes Cause Controversy

Ibrahim Rasheed

'Crush' regulars may have noticed some changes to their favourite Friday night out. In a significant shift of policy, re-entry is no longer allowed once clubbers have paid and entered. Previously bouncers would hand stamp those who wanted to step out so they could return without having to queue or pay again. Many have voiced displeasure at this move. "I'm outraged. This is a dictat" one student said. "It's a piss-take. What happens if I want to get a breath of fresh air" another said.

'Crush', like the name, is often packed to the brim. The logic of not allowing punters to step outside for a little while is questionable. Indeed, there are suggestions that it could be dangerous to keep them in cramped conditions. Whatever the case may be, it is clear that the changes will cause some degree of inconvenience to students.

SU Entertainments Officer Jimmy Baker stands firm by his decision. He cites the fact that many go into the Three Tuns before 'Crush' starts and then get their hands stamped when they leave and return several hours later and jump to the head of the queue. This is unfair, says Baker, to those who queue for up to an hour in the cold.

There is also a considerable degree of fraud involved, with budding rogue entrepreneurs selling hand stamps at cheaper

prices. This was first exposed when at the first 'Crush' that this policy was implemented, people tried to avoid paying and queuing by displaying their illegally purchased hand stamps.

There are also regulations set down by Westminster Council as to how many people are allowed in for safety reasons. These have to be stringently observed or else there is a risk that the venue in ques-



Jimmy Baker says let me entertain you!

tion faces disciplinary action. Baker says that it was very hard to assess the numbers at 'Crush' while the old procedures were in place. With people coming in and out at will it was difficult to keep track of the total numbers. This created a situation where the Entertainments staff were forced to 'err on the side of caution' and not being able to let in as many as they liked. The new policy would mean that the staff would know exactly how many revel-

ers there were at 'Crush' at any one time.

Health and safety issues are also compromised when the laws of the land are infringed. For instance, two weeks ago a girl was unlucky enough to be ejected from the venue after being caught with an illicit substance. The entertainments staff had to go through much abuse during this unpleasant incident, but Baker reminds us that there is a clear drugs policy at the union and breaching them risks ruining the fun for everyone else.

The police and licensing authorities routinely patrol the venues under their jurisdiction to see that if everything is in order. If they discover anything illegal they have the discretion to shut the venue down without going to magistrates.

Whilst we do not know for sure how often 'Crush' has been checked up on, we do know that some of our neighbouring unions have felt the wrath of the authorities. There have been four checks over the last month at King's College, London. The oldest college in the federal University of London, UCL, has lost their late license for being over their numbers. It is a well known fact that infiltration by drug dealers was the cause of SOAS losing their license.

Jimmy Baker reminds us that if such an occurrence were to happen at LSE he would be accountable. Though the new 'Crush' may not be ideal it is hoped that it will help ensure that it operates within its limits and stays open.



Union Jack

EAGER BEAVER Rishi Madhani stunned and shocked the Union with his debut rant - something about LSE failing to provide enough accommodation for its students - now there's a turn up for the books. Maybe next week he'll inform the UGM that students drink too much, or that Crush is overcrowded.

In the run up to the Lent elections, everyone is so keen to be seen as nice and polite and representing the interests of fellow students that the UGM has become somewhat boring. Those Sabbs who will be running for re-election are desperate to hang on to their loyal voters, and hence are doing their best to meekly please the masses. Exec members with loftier ambitions are eager to show just how much effort they've been putting in, how many parties they have organised, or how they are saving the planet in an effort to prove what a better place the Union will be with them in charge. The less particularly mad trots have finally had it drummed into them that they won't win elections by pissing people off, and lay members of the Union are eager to secure popularity for the more minor positions by either putting forward supposedly funny vote grabbing motions or making 'clever' comments throughout proceedings.

Last week we had death penalties, this week large Brass Beavers - Patronising Dave's oratory prowess has no match. A devotee of the Blackwell 'sniggering' school of speech making, Patronising Dave relishes his weekly crack at wit and whimsy, and the prospect of becoming well known to hundreds of junior UGMers. As evidenced by his sparkling put down of Pisstaker, there's just no stopping the man, and Jack is looking forward to watching his long and illustrious Union career, 'Wignall' style - after all, who else in the history of the Union has managed to make Madway and Pisstaker sit still for almost an entire hour? Jack's not too sure about the prospect of a giant brass rooster however, as suggested by Jimmy B - he thinks there are overly many preening cocks at the UGM already.

The UGM was informed that next week it would have to sit through a Giddens lecture about how diverse and wonderfully multi-cultural the LSE is and how we should all be so grateful for the top-class three or four lectures we go to per term. Jack suspects the chance of Giddens covering the topics of tuition fees, war on Iraq or Tony Blair's position on either matter is about the same, say, as Madway getting a regular column in the Beaver. Perhaps the chap from the cheap seats throwing the oranges a few weeks ago would consider bringing a few bags along for all to share upon this joyous occasion.

The Music Muppet was back this week with his sharp choice of tunes. Jack has a suggestion of his own which he thinks should be given serious consideration - the Muppet is not so much Jumping Jack Flash as "Hit the road, Jack, and don't you come back no more, no more, no more, no more..."

The Beaver's weekly round up of student news with Lyle Jackson



A student from Nottingham turned up to lectures last week with a brand new hairstyle that must have turned a few heads. The as yet unnamed student claims, "we had just returned from a night out at The Bomb and I was trying to light a cigarette on the gas cooker. Unfortunately I must have lit the front of my hair, and only realised when my housemates asked what the funny smell was". Caught in two minds about how to deal with the disaster, the student decided to leave the new style as it was. Unfortunately (for us), no pictures of the new do are available, but it should be available by Sunday if you tune into Sky Sports' Premiership Plus for Manchester United vs. Manchester City. Look for number 7, in the red shirt.

The News of The World job application:
Student gets flaming good hair cut.

Goldsmiths UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

A lecturer at Goldsmiths University has won the coveted 'Third Weirdest Bet of the Year' 2002 as voted for by the bookmaker William Hill. I know what you're thinking, "maybe an ironic wager that Goldsmiths will win something this year"! Sean Hall, a lecturer at Goldsmiths College since 1999, placed the bet that art collector, Charles Saatchi would buy the betting slip for £10,000 before December 2005. Hall notes that the wager asks the question 'what is art?' Hall says, "this piece comments on the role that patrons like Charles Saatchi play in determining what is and is not accorded the status of 'art', and the value that is then placed on the objects deemed art. This is an alternative viewpoint to the one which says art is art because the artist says it is..." The betting slip simply states: "Charles Saatchi, the renowned contemporary art collector, will purchase the original of this betting slip for £10,000 or more on or before 31 December 2005". The upper class turf accountant has set odds of 1/2 on Saatchi making the purchase.

UCE Birmingham

A retired lecturer from the University of Central England, was recently found to be selling essays to students over the internet for rates ranging between £40 and £50 an hour. This has fuelled the 'National Plagiarism Crackdown' that was already in progress. Institutions of higher education are beginning to use a new national plagiarism service. It is essentially a searchable database compiled using essay catalogues on the internet. Any piece of text can be entered and a result is supplied within four hours. The service also provides information on suggested methods of dealing with students found to be guilty of internet plagiarism.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WARWICK

Academics Andrew Oswald and Andrew Clark of University of Warwick's School of Economics, have released a formula to put a price on happiness. Most valuable to the average person's utility was good health, weighing in at a hefty £500,000. The formula, $U = A + B_1S_1 + B_2S_2 + yY + OX + E$, depends on income, work and life events and 'other events'. Oswald and Clark say that the formula could be used by courts to calculate compensation for emotional damage to be paid to victims of crime or tragedy. The results of the study were recently published in the International Journal of Epidemiology (Library Call: WAFL 01) and are the result of a 10-year study. In a study taking considerably less time, an LSE student found that utility at our hallowed institution can probably be modeled more accurately using the following formula: $U = f(\text{min } 2:1) + 35k + XK8 + \text{Eng4Arg0} + [\text{censored}].7/\text{night}$.

BANG BANG BANGS ON

Hello me old chizzwuzzers! I think I'm tuff enough to stick out more than two things at once, but even the Bang felt a little retarded by the end of last week; not only did I embrace 12 bottles of John Daniel's early doors but Wednesday night saw me venture down a place unknown to me, Reef Road. Wham! Through the Walkabout toilet doors! Wham! Into pimps and hookers on the way home! Still it didn't phase me for long. I damn near broke my neck, but I still got up!

Unfortunately, this Starbucks republic of Great Britain did not display the testicular fortitude I did when it was brought to its knees by a bit of snow. Weeping Mary! What in the blue hell is going on when a 21st century nation can't endure a bit of frozen water! We should count are blessings my old mate Saddam doesn't launch a land invasion of his own on us, even on hoarse back his men would render us useless! If I can wear shorts come hell or high water, how can an underground system be closed by something that happens above ground! Where does all the fare payer's money go?! In the pockets of chinless won-

ders I suspect.

Indeed, my reptilian blood boils when I have to see these fat slug like politicians of ours blob across the TV screen, running their mouth's about this and that. The country is freezing up, students are about to take a financial thumping and WW3 is about to kick off and still I have to see creaturines like Mr Prescott dribble and gesticulate across the Commons floor. What a sham; what a democracy of hypocrisy. Those no good modern day barons sell their souls for patronage and burn all they once stood for.

This week's PMQ's really put me in a rage. Anthony Blair is a known 'fake as a snake' face, but we all know that, that's why he is a successful politician. But, having to see Jabba Prescott dishonestly agree with every word his master said just so he maintains his current buttock position is sickening. Compounding this, I have to see the tight lipped, flapped face, dandruff creating monster that is Mr Brown snuggle up to the two of them. I have no respect for any of them. That gutless Scotsman doesn't even have the grapefruits to mount a leadership challenge we all know he craves. I guess he's waiting to capitalise on the

aftermath of Herr Blair's mission to bring the UK into the Euro, at which point he will have achieved his goal and be removed from office by the formerly great British public.

Worse still, those faceless, 'true blues' that sit opposite have nothing in their mouths but corpses. They are a bunch of 'I'm alright Jack' pointless, pompous prats who couldn't lace a road sweepers boots on their best day. Respect the Palace of Westminster? Never! If I were the man I was 5 years ago, I would take a flamethrower to the place!

I ask you: how much longer can the spirit of free inquiry and open debate survive under such conditions? You can forget the socialist claptrap of greater distribution of property as the tool of saving democracy. What we need is a reversal in the decay and abandonment of public institutions in which citizens meet as equals. At the minute, our institutions have been hijacked by a bunch of self righteous zombies whilst the greater public is so dazzled by bread and circuses that there is little democratic exchange and thus no incentive for the public to master the knowledge that would make them capable

citizens. Thus, debate is brown bread. Knowledge is equated with ideology so instead of arguing, you can just reach your conclusions by calling someone sexist, racist, and homophobic or a git (in other words, politically suspect).

The poor mouth's who write books in this ivory compound are so far removed from reality it hurts. Their belief in the social construction of life reflects the fact that they live in an artificial environment rendering everything expendable, which is why they have no love or heart for mankind. Control has become their obsession. There they sit, pay cheque in hand following their study on homeless people while outside in the gutter men and women gather for a bowl of soup in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Shame on you Mr and Mrs 'oh look at me, I work at the LSE'. Give me the chance and I'll burn all your pointless papers and brochures in the biggest bonfire you ever did see!

Well Bang will endure and do what he can only do. The void is born when hope dies. I gotta go now, must dash. Life is racing, anything before or after is just waiting. BANG BANG!

Elliott's Scorching Societies Column

SOCIETIES PARTY

Once again, Rag Week is taking place in Week 7 (24/02/03-02/03/03). To help raise money for the charities selected by the SU I am organising another Societies Party in the Quad on Monday 24/02/03. Last year's event was a tremendous success and hopefully this one will be even better. The object of the Societies Party is to highlight the talents of various SU Societies. For instance, last year featured live music, juggling and break dancing. If your Society would like to get involved, please contact me ASAP at E.C.Simmons@lse.ac.uk giving me an idea of what you plan to put on and how long your show will last.

YOGA CLUB - CLASS INFORMATION

Club invites you to join in the fun. We have four exciting classes on offer this term and are accepting new members.

Second Term Yoga Schedule:

Monday:	6:15-7:45 pm	Yoga Fusion (Vigorous)	Teacher: Lisa
Wednesday:	6.15-7:30 pm	Iyengar Yoga (Vigorous)	Teacher: Shubah
Thursday:	6.15-7:30 pm	Kundalini/ChakraYoga (Relaxing)	Teacher: German
Friday:	5:30-7pm	Vinyasa Yoga (Vigorous)	Teacher: Kevin

Classes are suitable for all levels of practitioner from beginner through advanced. To join, for more information about the LSE Yoga Club, or with any questions contact g.a.puentes@lse.ac.uk

ACS - AFRICA-CARIBBEAN CULTURAL WEEK

DATE: 4th - 6th of February

LOCATION: The Quad, LSE SU

TIME: 21:00-23:00

COST: £5 for the Cultural Show, all other events free.

DETAILS:

Tuesday 4th of February:

Talk Discussion Forum - with Jackson Ogunyemi
@ St Clements Building S78 LSE - 18:30

Wednesday 5th of February:

'The Cultural Show' - "Self Definition".

Admission £5

@ The 'QUAD' LSE - 18:00

Thursday 6th of February:

Pre-Valentine's Day Film Night - Love Jones.
@ The New Theatre E171 - 18:00

LGBT - SPEECH BY SIMON DAVIS

"THE GLOBAL POLICE STATE AND THE DEATH OF PRIVACY - WHAT IT WILL MEAN TO THE GAY COMMUNITY"

DATE: Wednesday 5th February

LOCATION: D702

TIME: 19:00 - 19:30

COST: Free

As part of the LGBT Awareness week: Simon Davies is the director of Privacy International and visiting fellow at the LSE, privacy and a human rights campaigner. This short speech is mainly for lesbian, gay and bisexual students, but everyone else interested is more than welcome.

PEOPLE & PLANET - ALL ABOUT OIL? (PART OF SU DISCUSS THE WAR WEEK)

DATE: Friday, 7th February

LOCATION: D602

TIME: 18:00

COST: Free

This debate will ask: Is Attacking Iraq about Oil? Should Oil Expansion Continue? Speakers from the Kurdish Human Rights Project and BP (with more speakers to be announced). Email su.soc.peopleandplanet@lse.ac.uk for more information.

LIFE DRAWING - DRAWING SESSION

DATE: Saturday 8th February

LOCATION: D002, Clement House Basement

TIME: 12.00 - 14.00

COST: £3 members / £4 non-members

The Life Drawing Society holds a weekly two-hour drawing session with model and teacher. Come to improve your drawing and appreciate the aesthetics of the human form - all levels are welcome from beginners to advanced. You must bring your own drawing pad and pencils. For further information contact a.danilov@lse.ac.uk

HISTORY - CAREERS EVENT

DATE: Thursday 13 February

LOCATION: Int'l History Common Room, E509

TIME: 18:30 - 22:00

COST: Free, with free food and wine

Doing international or economic history? Exciting careers in many fields await you!

Come find out more, from LSE's very own HISTORY ALUMNI! OVER FREE WINE AND REFRESHMENTS

INTERNATIONAL - GLOBAL SHOW

DATE: Thursday, 13th February

LOCATION: Old Theatre

TIME: Doors Open at 19:45

COST: £2. Tickets on sale starting Monday, 3rd February at SU Reception

The International Society continues the tradition with the best Global Show ever. This event celebrates the diversity of LSE through performances by persons from all over the world. There will dance, music, modelling, a few surprises here and there. Come out and support your friends and enjoy the show! Also, enjoy the pre-party starting at 6:30 PM in the Underground on the day of the show.

? To advertise your Society in the 'Societies Page' in The Beaver, the 'Global Email' or the News Section of the SU Website please email Elliot Simmons -the SU Societies Officer- at E.C.Simmons@lse.ac.uk by the Thursday before the paper / global email you wish to advertise in is published. Please send adverts in the format of those above.

LGBT Awareness Week

Brought to You By LSESU

For many LGB students, University is their first opportunity to be open about their sexuality in an environment where it's just not going to be much of an issue and where it's easy to meet other lesbian, gay or bisexual people.

The first point of contact with other LGB students is could be the LGB Society. You can sign up or you can chat to us before you decide to do so. However, if you want to get in touch more discreetly, you can get in contact via email: su.soc.lgb@lse.ac.uk.

Although many students are perfectly comfortable being open about being lesbian or gay, others would feel uncomfortable about most people knowing about their sexuality. There is no pressure to be more open than you feel comfortable with. Some students might prefer to arrange to meet one or two LGB students. For that reason, Nick, the LGB Officer is available for a private and confidential chat: su.lgbofficer@lse.ac.uk.

If you're really troubled about your sexuality, perhaps because of fears of how your family or friends might react or because you feel it conflicts with your religious beliefs or cultural background, you



A rainbow of colours, creeds and lifestyles is what makes the LSE great might want to talk to a member of the Students' Union Advice and Counselling Centre in a totally confidential setting (<http://www.lse.ac.uk/collections/LSESU/welfareAdvice/survival/unadcoce.htm>).

For the week running, the Society and the LGB Officer have prepared a series of events (see relevant poster around campus) where all the LGB students of the school are welcome. There will also be a stall at the school as a point of direct contact with the students and for signing up new members. The stall will be running from Monday 3rd till Thursday 6th

February from 11:00 till 14:00 on Houghton Street or in the Quad.

Whether you plan to come along to every meeting or just want to keep in touch with what's happening through our mailing list, the Society is a great way to meet other people and experience the social gay life in London!

The main events of the week are:

One dated... as "Mind The Gap" moved last night and for one night from the Underground Bar to the Quad! It was the biggest LGBT party organised at LSE ever! From 8pm till 11pm, Rowan, the so successful DJ of Crush, made us sway! Most of London LGB societies joined us! We hope you made it to this yesterday!

One you can still make it to... Wednesday the 5th, at 7pm at D702 we will have the speech of the week. Simon Davies, the director of Privacy International (www.privacyinternational.org) and visiting fellow at the LSE, a privacy and human rights campaigner, will give a short speech on "The global police state and the death of privacy - what it will mean to the gay community". The event is open to anyone interested.

The Grimshaw Club take on Prague by Hazel Mowbray

Praha. Snow. Cold. These were the three main elements faced by some arduous Grimshaw members as they descended into that beautiful, fairy-story-esque city, complete with cobbled streets, a rather famous bridge and even a castle atop a hill. But no - this trip had a highly intellectual purpose: embassy visits - the US, German and UK - and talks from the Delegation of the European Commission and the chief Czech negotiator for accession to the European Union in the Czech Foreign Ministry.

Patriotic LSE students as always, we were delighted that the members of the EC Delegation elected to speak to us were both LSE alumni. I feel sure they will treasure their LSE mugs - our thank-you tokens - much more sentimentally than our other speakers will. Their LSE experience also meant that their prepared hand-outs contained all the facts we might otherwise have felt obliged to note down. Comments on PHARE were particularly enlightening, and their perspective on the effects of enlargements, which differed from some of our later talks, showed just how complexities of definition will hinder the enlargement process. Never wanting to show our general ignorance on the subject, our hastily pre-prepared questions seemed to go down surprisingly well.

One of the recurring themes which seemed to crop up in nearly all our talks was that of the Czech position once inside the EU and whether, due to the extensive number of countries joining in this wave, the newer members will be disadvantaged. Also interesting was their reference to

'mismanagement' of funds rather than actual corruption. The matter of Czech public opinion of the EU was also touch upon, and the various schemes in operation to increase awareness on matters of accession.

Due to a rather interesting evening at what became our local haunt - the Bombay Cocktail bar - some of our group had difficulty maintaining a conscious



A picture of Prague...

position during our informative visit to the British embassy. In a truly British manner, reassurances were given, as they had been at the EC Delegation - perhaps too emphatically - as to the Czech status once inside the EU and unfounded fears about inequality. The deputy Head of Mission also answered questions concern-

ing the Czech entry into the euro, and the effects this will have on the economy and standard of living.

The highlight of the trip was, without doubt, our meeting with the chief Czech negotiator for EU accession in the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, a highly impressive building set behind the castle on the hill overlooking the Charles Bridge and the Old Jewish Quarter. Our speaker's unflinching views on Czech status once in the EU were refreshingly realistic, if verging on pessimistic, and contrasted to the overly optimistic views heard at the embassies. The sentiment that the Czech Republic will be considered of less importance than the 'older' members was certainly a ver provoking viewpoint - justified or not.

Tumbling out of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, the realisation that snow was falling led to an impromptu snowball fight. Scraping snow from the wind-screens and the bonnets of cars, the fighting became progressively more violent as we came down to the castle, yet only three casualties emerged - due to some spectacularly interesting and slightly dodgy aiming.

All in all, the trip was highly memorable, thanks partly to the superb Operational Command - which occasionally became a little unoperational - the laughter over meals, the snow fighting outside the Czech MFA, the casualties suffered and the free riding of the Trams, proved to make the whole Prague experience a hugely enjoyable and successful one.

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Editorial Comment

No place for hatred

The offensive email sent out to students this week is a sick and disturbing indication of the presence of racism on campus. LSE is a multi-cultural institution with the highest proportion of international students anywhere in the UK. Indeed, the school has a reputation built on this fact.

Diversity is a great thing to have on campus and as students here we should take great pride in this fact. Yet those who seek to disrupt and undermine the unity and cohesion of the student body deserve to be severely reprimanded. The university should do all it can to track down the perpetrators and bring disciplinary action against them.

Students are entitled to their own opinions and should be free to express them. It is clear that the actions of the individual who sent out the email are closely linked to recent controversial motions at the Union General Meeting. This is implicit in the

email which we refuse to print it on the grounds that we do not want to give it a wider audience than it already has. It is an insult to the intellectual tradition of this institution to react in such way to opinions we do not agree with. The proper way is through reasoned debate and discussion.

The email was sent through the email account of a student on campus. He denies sending out the email and has since been in contact with the police. We must spare a thought for him as his inbox could not have been a particularly pleasant one to read through following the incident. IT services should take greater care to ensure that our email accounts cannot be hacked into so easily in the future.

We agree with the Anti-Racism Officer Mvulane Hadebe that there should be a full inquiry into them matter and that its findings should be made known to the entire student body.

Strike another one

It has been a hectic time at LSE. The threat of war has seen several attempts by students to engage in direct action to various degrees of success. The teachers are at it now. The dispute between staff and the school is about an increase in wages to compensate for the increased cost of living in London. Sounds fair enough.

But ask yourself this. How much do we pay for our education at LSE? Assume you are a home student paying a thousand two hundred and fifty pounds per year in tuition fees. Two hundred and forty hours of lectures and classes per year for most degrees. Divide 1250 by 240 and you get 5.21. That's right kids, you pay a whopping five pound twenty one for every class and lecture.

By definition this means that for every class you

miss, LSE is nicking 5.21 off you. How shocking is that? The Beaver thinks that some one is to blame and it certainly isn't the lecturers. They work for one of the most prestigious universities in the world. They have brilliant minds and are well published. They could work for any investment bank they choose for. Yet, here they are slaving away working for us. They set us a brilliant example.

Support the strikers. LSE owes us five pound twenty one for every class or lecture we miss. And if you are reading this on Tuesday, go home. This patronizing editorial must now come to an end.

Note: Any pedant who wants to argue over the mathematics above should email giveashit@thebeaver.co.uk

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

Following your story two weeks ago (22 January), can I take this opportunity to let students know more about Management School plans at LSE.

Management education at LSE has been the subject of a comprehensive review over the last three years, resulting in the publication of the Report of the Working Group on Management Studies (the Glennerster Report) in 2001.

Endorsed by APRC, the Academic Board and Council, the Report recommended substantial strengthening of management teaching at LSE. These recommendations have been carefully considered, in consultation with conveners of relevant departments, and have been developed into an initiative to establish a Management School at LSE within the next five years.

A fundamental principle for developing management teaching further at LSE is that it should meet the highest intellectual standards. A solid platform for developing management education within the School is already in place, with a wide range of undergraduate and graduate programmes already being taught. We shall build on these, focussing on the School's existing strengths and reputation.

LSE already has an established position in business and management. It has a long tradition of rigorous study of management, and the application of a social science perspective to the challenges of management and organisational design has been a focus across departments since the School's inception. The pro-

posed management school will seek to embed management teaching in a wider and richer context of social science than business schools offer, with an emphasis on 'management', rather than just 'business'. Additionally, teaching and research on management issues will be placed in their political, social and economic context.

Building a Management School will require major improvements in infrastructure and student support, including teaching and study space. Fundraising and investment by LSE will play an important role in these developments, as will 'evolutionary' developments based on the design of new programmes and the creation of more teaching posts. We are already making significant progress, starting with a proposal for a new MSc degree programme in Management, Accounting and Finance to be offered with effect from the 2004/5 academic year. This will draw on the strengths of a core of outstanding departments in relevant areas.

The success of this project will depend on the quality of the programmes we are able to offer, and the faculty we can recruit to add to our existing strengths. The current excess demand for our existing degree programmes, combined with the high quality of applicants, suggests that we should be optimistic about our ability to realise our plans for this area.

Professor Peter Miller, chair of the LSE Planning Group on Management

Sir,

Mr. Duesing begins his reply to me by presuming to know my motives for writing and by asserting that unlike him who altruistically gives his time to 'giving back' to the LSE community, I only write to protect my 'own interests.' As I have only been at this university for a term, I can't hope to compete with his staggering 20 year commitment to journalistic integrity. But whilst it is certainly very praiseworthy that Mr Duesing gives something back to our community, his letter was so tainted with lies, misinformation and patronisation that we all might be better off without his vitriolic rhetoric.

He continues to assert in a highly insulting vain that Jews brought non LSE students into the UGM in order to pass a motion by issuing them with false university cards!! Not only is this quite frankly preposterous but also highly offensive to those who voted against the anti Israel motion regardless of race, colour or creed. The motion failed because it was one sided and inaccurate, not because the hall was flooded with Jews. To be honest, his accusation is so absurd that I can't actually believe that this point still has to be argued.

If Mr Duesing would have spent as much time looking at history books and reality as he has done concocting fantastical conspiracy theories of the UGM then maybe he would realise that Israel is indeed a democracy (remember those free elections last week, the only ones in the Middle East?)

and has consistently made territorial concessions

to its neighbours for peace. Does he purposefully forget the peace treaty with Egypt in which Israel gave up land three times its own size? Is he not aware of the talks with Syria and the Palestinians at Shepherdstown, Camp David and Taba or does he simply choose to ignore them because they go against his arguments? Why use facts when they fly in the face of a one sided diatribe against Israel?

Not content with these lies, Mr Duesing has the outright insolence to suggest that I will bring up my children to support genocide. Genocide is not a word to be used lightly. I suppose I can't have gone far enough in my article when I suggested that Palestinians deserve a state, that both Israel and Palestinians have legitimate aspirations, and that both Palestinians and Israelis deserve a peaceful future. Perhaps this is too subtle a point for Mr Duesing and others like him who prefer to see the world in black and white and can't bear the suggestion that maybe both sides have made mistakes and that it is not only Israel to blame for the current situation. Only in a twisted world of conspiracy theories and anti-Israel vitriol can this be construed as supporting genocide. How ironic he should taint me with such an allegation in the same week that Britain commemorated Holocaust Day. Having worked and lived with Jews since I was but a young child and having strong personal reasons to be 'pro-semitic', I would have expected Mr Duesing to realise how insensitive and hurtful such accusations are.

Calev Bender

Are you muddled, moved or even slightly miffed
by The Beaver?

Then write a letter to us and let us know what you - the readers - think
email: thebeaver@lse.ac.uk with your comments

A Picture Says a 1000 words....



edited by:
b.chapman
i.m.rasheed

B:Link



features

The UK's
Objectives in
Europe;
Franco-German
Compromise;
Gay is not OK;
Misconceptions,
Lies and Denial;
Fighting Fire With
Fire?

THE UK'S OBJECTIVES IN EUROPE

IF BRITAIN WANTS ITS VOICE HEARD IN THE EUROPEAN UNION, THE BEST THING IT CAN DO IS ADVOCATE TURKISH MEMBERSHIP, SAYS MATTHEW SINCLAIR.

It has often been remarked that Britain lacks a clear vision of its place in Europe. The British do not, on the whole, want the sort of federal European state that appears to be the destination the Franco-German motor is powering towards.

We are a difficult country. We brought the continent to a standstill in 1997 as they waited for Tony; the Conservative party was, unhelpfully, saying no more than a Saudi appeal court. We do not share the other European countries' enthusiasm for schemes such as the Eurocorp, ancestor to the planned rapid reaction force that we boycotted.

Why is Britain so difficult?

Britain is not like other European countries. We are the origin of the decentralized, liberal tradition that opposes the centralized, social contract heavy systems of many states in continental Europe. We fear that we will lose our freedom to maintain our style of government and be forced into the less flexible system prevalent throughout the rest of Europe. When French politicians talk about a "levelling up" of unhealthy regulation a chill runs down British spines.

Britain has a free trade history that was of immense importance to the healthy functioning of international trend before the world wars. The CAP has ended the effectiveness of our commitment to free trade, costs a huge amount and provides very little economic benefit to Britain. The CAP discourages the third world from developing efficient agriculture, hurts



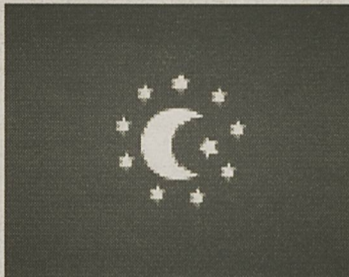
the export income of poor countries and creates masses of ecologically damaging, unnecessary, farming in the EU.

This creates an impression in Britain of a bureaucratic Europe that is in thrall to vested interests that we do not wish to subsidise.

Many nations are prepared to put up with a lot from Europe. They will accept the loss of sovereignty entailed in return for the peace that the European Union is supposed to have ensured. Britain does not have the memories of defeat and foreign occupation that the rest of Europe shares and therefore does not feel the same fear of anything that could suggest discord between Europeans.

Although Britain values the Union it will not sacrifice its principles to create a common EU front. It is not afraid to act without the rest of Europe. It is important, at this stage, to note that Britain is often not alone in its EU battling. Other countries take the British side in trying to reduce the CAP and Britain has found many European states to join it in supporting America over Iraq.

No other nation manages to be quite as difficult on quite as many issues as Britain, however. Britain forms the nucleus of opposition to the Franco-German engine and has a tendency to look west when the world is in crisis. I would argue that Britain does not have a vision of its place in Europe. Britain has a vision of its place in the world, a vision of a liberal democratic bulwark against des-



potism and tyranny and a voice against the vested interests that threaten the continued functioning of capitalism. An experienced voice that can help steer the world to positive outcomes.

Europe is seen to be part of this vision; it is a free trade area and a way to ensure democratic freedom for those within its borders, but this is an ancillary part of Britain's vision of its future rather than its focus.

How should Britain go about achieving its objectives?

I would suggest that the best way for Britain to ensure that the European Union develops in the manner that our nation favours would be to make Turkish membership our prime objective within the European Union extension. As Turkey also has a very different outlook to a lot on the rest of Europe it would provide another nation, with a large and growing population, that would push for a European Union that did not try and clamp down on the diversity of opinion contained within the European Union.

Turkish membership of the European Union has been in the air since the sixties but has been stalled. There are signs that this stalling could continue indefinitely. As the Washington Times reports:

"BRUSSELS, Belgium, Nov. 8 (UPI) -- Former French President Valery Giscard d'Estaing on Friday declared that Turkey was not a European country and should be barred entry to the European Union."

It appears that the root of this opposition is the feeling that Turkey will not be a "good" European member. This is exactly why Britain needs to campaign for Turkish membership. Another member that is not prepared to toe the line of vested interests such as those of French farmers would be of clear bene-

fit to the UK. As well as the decidedly ulterior benefits of Turkish membership to the UK and its cause in Europe, Turkish membership of the EU would also be hugely beneficial in less political terms.

Turkey is a country that has worked tirelessly towards becoming a stable, modern state. It has created a secular vision of an Islamic nation that provides a helpful template for Muslim states that could otherwise become fundamentalist, watered-down theocracies. It has been an ally of the West and, apart from blemishes such as Cyprus, a constructive party in international disputes. It is tackling issues such as the death penalty with commendable energy and helping to end the dispute over Cyprus. Turkey deserves to be in the European Union.

Arguments based around Turkey's geographical position outside Europe do not convince. If entry to the European Union were based around geography then the Balkans and Russia would be members. Through extending membership the European Union can encourage Turkey's continued development along the right lines. Turkey's economy will be improved: a decent incentive for others to follow its example of a secular, democratic state.

The right message would also be sent - the European Union and, by extension, the West are not a Christian club that ignores those outside its own ethnic and cultural norms but rather a meritocratic organization of those who share values such as democracy and human rights.

Matthew Sinclair is a first year student at LSE studying for a BSc in Economics and Economic History. This is his second article for B:Link.

FRANCE, GERMANY AND THE GREAT EUROPEAN COMPROMISE

It was the warm handshakes and radical new ideas that made the headlines at the public reaffirming of friendship between Germany and France on 22 January. In a highly symbolic event celebrating forty years of the Elysée Treaty, lavish ceremonies and a joint session of the two national parliaments were held at Versailles - the site of rather less cordial relations in the past. Ambitious schemes to cement the relationship include regular joint cabinet meetings and possible dual citizenship. Meanwhile, proposals for two European presidents and qualified majority voting on European security policy highlight a shared desire to retake the initiative in reforming and reshaping Europe.

But behind the saccharine smiles, the event raises complex questions, both about the Franco-German relationship, and about the future of the European project. Why, within the extensive structures of the EU should France and Germany need a formalised alliance? What does its existence reveal about the Europe's confused direction?

Clues to understanding the Franco-German "engine" and its role in shaping European integration are easily found in its past. The agreement between Charles de Gaulle and Konrad Adenauer, signed in January 1963, was a beacon of reconciliation after a century of conflict. But behind it lay two incompatible visions of the direction post-war Europe should be heading. The German idea of an ever-closer European federation collided head-on with de Gaulle's model of a Europe of Nations. At the height of Europe's miraculous economic recovery an emasculated Germany knew it could only recover political power within the structures of European political integration. Gaullist France however, enjoying the material benefits of limited economic union, saw no reason to further abdicate political sovereignty. From collision came compromise - a compromise consecrated in the Elysée Treaty.

The early history of European integration, like that of Franco-German cooperation, is less one of starry-eyed visionaries, more the tale of overlapping national interests and of cutting deals. Compromise is the key to the European project, and the deal cut by France and Germany has been at its very heart for over half a century. The emergence of the coal and steel community after the war offered Germany political rehabilitation in return for the permanent pooling of its crucial industrial resources. Four decades on Helmut Kohl and François Mitterrand engineered German reunification and monetary union, allowing a

reunited Germany which relinquished the Deutsche Mark - the key to its economic strength.

The proposal for two European Union presidents reflects this long tradition of striking bargains. German plans for the European Commission's president to be elected by the European Parliament reflect their ongoing desire to strengthen the Union's supranational centre. French (and British) proposals for a president of the European Council further illustrate their wish to safeguard the interests of individual member states. The Franco-German proposal - to have both - is a remarkable fudge. If adopted, the plan will demonstrate that France and Germany can still set the European agenda with proposals which somehow reconcile their opposing interests but produce a system in which the total effect will inevitably be less than the sum of its parts.

But it remains to be seen whether the other members of an enlarging union will adopt the plan. Germany and France must be aware that, as emerging opposition to their line on Iraq demonstrates, they no longer carry the same economic and political leverage on the continent.

The deal breaks from past Franco-German cooperation in other ways. It is, in part, borne out of the two leaders' contrasting domestic political fortunes: Jacques Chirac's unexpected resurgence, compared with Gerhard Schröder's weakness rooted in Germany's economic problems. The French president must be aware that the years of France's unchallenged leadership of Europe are long gone. Temporary German economic weakness, and his powerful domestic position have presented him the opportunity to take the helm. Hence the proposals to end the veto on common security policy: Europe, as Paris sees it, should have a strong foreign policy, and be prepared to act as a counterweight to America. Britain may have to take it or leave it.

The phenomenon is not likely to last. France and Britain cannot retain their political and military pre-eminence for ever. Neither, despite the burdens of reunification and monetary union, is Germany likely to remain economically weak for long. In the long-run it will crawl out from beneath the long shadow of German history and continue moving towards the broader role it began to embrace in the 1990s. It is in the interests of France and everyone else to nurture this development inside joint European structures.

The legacy of Europe's dark



past still shapes its politics today. The uneven distribution of political influence and economic performance that emerged in the second half of the last

WITH THE RENEWAL OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN ALLIANCE, ALEX MARTINOS PONDERES OVER THE FUTURE OF EUROPE

century still mould the compromise deals that drive forward the European project.

The new Franco-German proposals are just the latest in the long line of such decisions which have given EU institutions their Byzantine form. European countries will go on choosing European compromises so long as the disadvantages are outweighed by the benefits of cooperation. In a world where even the larger European nations cannot get their own way on the international stage, cooperation and the fudges that come with it are likely to be around for a while longer. The task facing those struggling with the architecture of a new Europe is to design a system that can minimise the damage of the inevitable compromises that come with wider and further political cooperation.

Alex Martinos is studying for an MSc in History of International Relations. This is his first article for B:Link.

LSE German Symposium - Week 4 - www.lsesg.de

"Old Europe" at its best - Mon 03.02./ 12:15-1pm/ Peacock Theatre
Harald Schmidt (Germany's No. 1 Late Night Talk Host)

German Foreign Politics/ Director's Dialogue - Tue 04.02./ 1-2pm/ PT
Joschka Fischer (German Foreign Secretary)
Prof. Anthony Giddens (Director, LSE) - Chair

Germany's Business - Where next? - Tue 04.02./ 6:30-8pm/ D1
Barry Stickings (Chairman BASF plc)
Max Scheder-Bieschin (Managing Director, Corp. Advisory Group, Deutsche Bank AG)
Senior executive Goldman Sachs

Germany: How to turn Gloom into Growth - Wed 05.02./ 3-5pm
Friedrich Merz (German MP, Dept. leader of CDU/CSU group in the Bundestag)
Prof. Stefan Collignon (LSE) - Chair

Where did the "Wirtschaftswunder" go? - Wed 05.02./ 6-8pm/ D 202
Prof. Norbert Walter (Chief Economist Deutsche Bank AG)
Dr. Bernd Stecher (Chief Economist Siemens AG)
Peter Jungen (Entrepreneur; President, European Business Angels Network (EBAN))
Sir Geoffrey Owen (Former Chief Editor Financial Times) - Chair

EU-Enlargement - Challenges and Changes - Thu 06.02./ 6:15-7/ PT
Gunter Verheugen (EU-Commissioner for Enlargement)
Prof. Stefan Collignon (LSE) - Chair

Germany - A Country's (Self-) Perception in Change - Fri 07.02./ 5:30-7pm/ HK Theatre
Thomas Matussek (Ambassador of the Federal Republic of Germany to the UK)
Prof. Hans Mommsen (Historian)
Dr. Michel Friedman (Vice-President, German Central Consistory of Jews)
Prof. Chris Brown (LSE) - Chair

LSE German Alumni Meeting - Fri 07.02./ from 7pm/ SCR

Schneider Weisse - Oktoberfest - Fri 07.02/ 8:30-1am/ Tuns

Oktoberfest-Party - Fri 07.02/ 1am-open end/ L'Equipe Anglaise Club



GAY IS NOT OK

CHRIS CONNOLLY ARGUES THAT
MORE NEEDS TO BE DONE TO RID
SOCIETY OF CASUAL PREJUDICE.

Your mate has just got a new phone and you don't like it. In fact you think that it's a bit crap. You say to someone "Have you seen his new phone? It's sooo gay". You're not homophobic - you're a well-educated, informed, tolerant citizen (you probably even have a gay friend) and it's not that the phone in question is pink, has a picture of Kylie on it or has 'YMCA' as the ring-tone; you just think that it's crap, naff, inferior, a bit rubbish. Gay.

I used to be fine with the expression. It was on a par with calling someone 'a wanker' - there are few who throw the accusation who are not also guilty of the same crime. 'Wanker': a harmless expression where the substance came from the usage and not the meaning; likewise 'gay' I reasoned. Wrong. When was the last time I heard of someone being bullied at school for committing the Sin of Onan? When have I heard of someone being beaten up in the street for admitting for committing 'self abuse'? It is obviously a large leap to make from calling someone's phone 'gay' to committing homophobic hate crimes, but they both belong to a culture which, even subconsciously, permeates the notion that gay equals bad. Kids around the country are seriously bullied every day by their peers for being seen as 'gay'. It has recently come to light that before his murder Damilola Taylor was being seriously bullied at school because his outgoing and tactile nature (a result of his Nigerian background) was interpreted by the kids at school as being 'gay'. Only last weekend a student from King's was beaten up in a homophobic attack as he made his way home from a popular gay club.

For a gay teenager who is grappling with their sexuality as well as all the other problems we all know come with growing up, this atmosphere can have serious consequences. A study published in the August 2001 issue of the American Journal of Public Health concluded that gay teenagers were more than twice as likely than their heterosexual counterparts to attempt suicide or have suicidal thoughts. Fear of rejection by friends, siblings or parents causes many gay teens to bottle up inside them what they may come to view as a 'dark secret'. Being a gay teenager can be a very lonely experience and because of the lack of suitable resources and fear of being 'discovered' more and more young gay teenagers turn to the internet to meet people they can identify with, and thereby put themselves at risk from people who may not be what they claim to be. Being a teenager is not easy. Being a gay teenager is even more diffi-



Queer calls? If this phone were pink, would that make it gay???

cult.

However, for many young gay people, coming to university offers a unique opportunity for them to 'come out'; to present themselves to other people as who they really are and not as people suppose they are. For the vast majority this is a successful experience, and given the numbers on the LGB email list, LSE is, on the whole, an open and accepting environment in which to do so. But there are still people who, out of fear, hide their sexuality to 'fit in' with the lads/girls. They are scared of a negative reaction, their fear reinforced in small but subtle ways by what they hear people say and the things they see.

You may remember an advert on TV before Christmas for Yahoo! Finance. It showed a man tied naked to a tree in a park - presumably after a stag night - and contained the lines: "You can't trust late nights. You can't trust your mates. You can't trust the kindness of strangers. You can only trust yourself". The line about the kindness of strangers was accompanied by a scene in which a man, dressed camper than

Christmas, turned to stare at the naked man with a glint in his eye and a smile on his face; the man looked concerned and gulped. 24 people complained about this advert, one of whom is a student here, and the Independent Television Commission agreed that "it was an offensive portrayal of gay men as effeminate, predatory and likely to seek opportunities for sex without consent...the use of this stereotype depersonalised gay men, held them up to ridicule and was likely to increase fear and misunderstanding in the wider community, which in turn contributed to discrimination, abuse and physical attack." The idea that gay men are predatory and ready to pounce on any poor, unsuspecting straight man at the first opportunity is, well, wrong and to be perfectly honest a little delusional and self-flattering on the part of those who think it. The people who made that advert are probably well-educated, informed, tolerant citizens too, and they probably meant no harm, but they still played their part in reinforcing homophobic prejudices. This is an example of the 'bums against the wall' mentality that gay men in particular have to face

(including at the LSE) and which forces many people to keep their sexuality hidden. In some quarters homophobia is acceptable when other forms of bigotry are not. Do you think the makers of that advert would have contemplated stereotyping a religious or ethnic group in such an offensive manner? Can you imagine ever hearing yourself describe someone's naff trainers as being "Jewish" or someone's lame excuse as being "Black"?

Both the examples used may seem trivial, and in the big scheme of things are trivial. But the words and the imagery we use are important. The word 'gay' itself is problematic. Before the middle of the 19th century homosexuality was seen as an act, not a state of being. Nowadays, being 'gay' is seen in some quarters as being a 'lifestyle', in others it makes you part of a 'community'. But for many people, it is simply a much less cold and scientific term than 'homosexual' to describe the fact that they sleep with people of the same sex: one facet of their personality. Nothing more and nothing less. Neutral. I have heard people express puzzlement at the notion of 'gay pride' - "what is there to be proud of?" If you take pride to mean satisfaction at achievement, then I agree there is nothing. But there is another definition to pride, one that is much more pertinent - 'A sense of one's own proper dignity or value; self-respect'. 'Gay Pride' sought to give dignity and self-respect back to gay people, a self-respect that was in many cases denied by an often difficult realisation about what their sexuality was (and let's get this straight: gay men and women no more choose their sexuality than straight people choose theirs). You cannot be said to be respectful of someone's personal dignity if you equate their sexuality with inferiority.

LSE has a reputation for being a liberal, open, diverse and tolerant place, and thankfully the reality generally lives up to it. But in the wider environment a lot of prejudice still exists against gay men and women (see for example the Sun's coverage of the Matthew Kelly paedophilia allegations under the headline 'Wish You Were Queer'). So in the spirit of Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual Awareness Week, try to think about the words and imagery you use, and hopefully make LSE an even more welcoming place for everyone - even poofs like me.

Chris Connolly is a currently studying for a PhD in International Relations.

I am writing in response to Calev Bender's well written but misinformed article. First of all I would like to tackle his criticisms of Jan Duesing's article. The Boycott Israeli Goods UGM motion at the LSE, as with countless others across the country was hijacked by the Union of Jewish Students. If Calev needs any clarification, he only need look at the Jewish Chronicle (29/11/02) which takes pride in this fact. Especially worthy of note is the three coach loads of non-Warwick UJS students who 'crushed' the motion there.

I was the proposer of the motion on behalf of a coalition of students (I am incidentally only half Palestinian and a Christian through both parents); we were a mixed bunch who rightfully believes that the treatment of Palestinians by the Israeli government is abhorrent. The main opposition towards this motion was the Jewish Society at the LSE, Calev need only read the anti-motion to see that it was indeed the UJS who had written, produced and dispersed these leaflets. Is Jan then wrong in assuming that the UJS was therefore strongly involved in the opposition to the motion? A ploy commonly used by Israeli supporters is to immediately try and discredit any supporters of Palestine in their search for peace and justice. Not all supporters of Palestine are Arab, Muslim or potential suicide bombers. The Friends of Palestine Society for example has over 120 members encompassing all nationalities and religions.

I would love to believe that both the amendment and the lovely 'coexist' stickers were a meaningful gesture, I truly would. It is a shame however that nothing has materialised from such a poignant gesture. I do not want to dwell on this point, I have nothing against the Jewish Society whatsoever, many close friends of mine are indeed members of the society and I do sincerely hope that the various invitations made following the motion will be accepted.

I would now like to clarify a commonly held misconception, Palestinians who live in the West Bank and Gaza Strip ARE NOT Israeli citizens. There are 1 million Palestinians living within Israel who have second-class rights of citizenship. Jews, Arabs, Christians, Muslims, Russians, Ethiopians, you name it, can all vote yes, as long as they are Israeli citizens. Sadly for the 3.5 million Palestinians who are not citizens, they do not have such glorious rights. Incidentally Calev neglects to mention that two Israeli-Arab candidates for the Knesset were initially not allowed to stand in the upcoming election, it had to take an Israeli Supreme Court ruling in order to finally allow them to stand. Furthermore the land that Israel so generously gave back to their neighbours was at one time seized by Israel through military means. The Palestinian refugees are still waiting for their land to be given back, as are the inhabitants of the West Bank and Gaza Strip. Israel is indeed generous in send-

ing money to stricken countries, perhaps this is out of a sense of guilt for taking it from them in the first place. Israel currently receives up to 5 billion dollars in US aid each year (they are currently asking for up to \$14 billion), this is more than the whole of sub-Saharan Africa receive, so maybe they should feel it necessary to give some of it away. It is however a shame that Israel is still withholding millions of dollars worth of taxes and foreign aid owed to the Palestinians, which could be used to rebuild the homes, hospitals and schools that the Israeli army has destroyed.

Palestine has been under the longest military Occupation of our time, this is illegal under the UN and Geneva Conventions. Yes the UN Resolutions are Chapter VI, but there is still an obligation to fulfil them. The sole reason that they are not under Chapter VII, (like those relating to Iraq), is the role the USA play in the Security Council. The



been re-affirmed 135 times by the UN General Assembly. In the last ditch attempt at peace at Taba, it seemed progress was being made over the status of Jerusalem and refugees, however Barak withdrew at the last minute. He then refused to come back to the negotiation table following televised pleas by Yasser Arafat.

What the Palestinians would have been left with would have been a non-viable state, dependant on Israel in order to survive; peace cannot be brought about this way. Bear in mind that Palestinians have lost over 80% of their land without compensation and that two-thirds of Palestinians are refugees. This myth of a so-called 'generous' offer is nothing but a lie.

Calev is right in saying that before the violence started there were very little troops in the Occupied territories. When the number of Israeli troops increases in the West Bank, so to

Palestine. On the other side is another terrifying prospect which I believe is an even larger blockade to peace. These are young Israeli soldiers. They are taught that humiliating men, women and children at checkpoints is fine, that blowing up people's houses is ok, and that firing at and killing children and foreign nationals is perfectly normal. The actions of the Israeli army are war crimes; collective punishment such as curfews and checkpoints is illegal under international law, and on a day to day basis Palestinians have numerous fundamental human rights violated without anyone in the West blinking an eyelid.

It is true that Israelis live in fear; however Palestinians are dying to live.

Like Israel, Palestinians have the right to defend themselves against oppression and occupation, this again is a UN given right (Resolution 42/159). To this extent the Israeli army and armed settlers are legitimate targets under international law. Of the 700 Israelis that have been killed since September 2000, the majority have fallen within these two categories, whereas the number of Palestinian deaths is mainly citizens, including women and children.

Does Calev know that in the month of March 2002, Israeli state terrorism murdered 234 and injured 486 Palestinians? I guess not. The fact of the matter is that on a daily basis, an average of 3 Palestinians are killed. This may not sound much to you, but in relation to the population proportions, it is the equivalent of 56 British being killed each day.

Israel has to realise that the Occupation is not only hurting themselves, but destroying the Palestinians. An end to the Occupation will bring about an end to the violence, one only need look to history to see this. However, the continuing and increasingly brutal occupation is causing a downward spiral. Palestinians need to realise that suicide bombings are wrong and must respect the human rights of Israeli citizens, but the Israeli government must realise that it cannot continue oppressing a whole race of people in the search for a few individuals, and violating human rights and the Geneva Conventions on a daily basis. What is desperately needed is some international intervention in the region, however one need only read Ellie's article in a previous edition of the Beaver to see that the IDF have no respect for foreign nationals. Moreover, we need a non-bias third party to chair the negotiations (i.e. not America!) to ensure that both sides receive a just settlement. Unless the Occupation ends and Palestine is finally allowed to rebuild herself, there can never be negotiations and so there can never be a just and viable peace.

Omar Srouji is a Second Year student and President of the Friends of Palestine.

MISCONCEPTIONS, LIES AND DENIAL

BY OMAR SROUJI

US refuses to criticise virtually any aspect of Israel's policies and vetoes UN resolutions that seek to pressurise Israel towards recognition of its legal and moral responsibilities. If you don't believe me, look at the UN website, read the resolutions, and then look at the abstentions. Speaking of the topical issue of Iraq, did you know that Israel has the 4th largest nuclear arsenal in the world? These weapons of mass destruction are uninspected by the UN.

Calev is incorrect in his belief that ending the occupation won't end the violence. He also talks rather vaguely about the various generous peace offers that were made to Arafat. Let's have a look at these more closely. Barak's 'take it or leave it' offer stipulated that the Israeli army was to remain in overall military control of the West Bank and Gaza; the capital would be Abou Dis (used as a rubbish tip by Israel) not Jerusalem (which has religious significance to all three of the major world religions, not just Judaism); that only a tiny proportion of the 7 million refugees would be allowed to return; that no compensation would be granted to those who lost their homes in 1948 and 1967 and that Palestinians would have to relinquish their fundamental, UN based right to return forever. This right of return is considered inviolable under the UN Declaration of Human Rights (Article 13(2)) and has

does the violence. It is therefore obvious that the violence is linked to the illegal occupation. End the occupation, end the violence.

I would now like to talk about a rarely mentioned concept known as State terrorism. Hundreds of Palestinian towns and villages have been wiped off the map since 1948 as a result of it, 2100 Palestinians have been killed and 41,000 wounded since September 2000 because of it and Palestinians now live in what is basically an open prison due to this concept.

Everyone loves to shout about suicide bombers and how Palestinians are all terrorists wanting to bring about the destruction of Israel, but this is a misfounded, ignorant assumption to make. I unequivocally condemn all actions that cost the lives of innocent citizens, suicide bombers are included in this category as are actions of the Israeli army who shoot children, blow up homes without checking that anyone is inside and prevent ambulances from getting to hospitals, to name a few.

There are two very frightening aspects to the conflict. On one side are the fundamentalists who brainwash desperate people into killing themselves. These people have no care for Palestinians (or anyone in general) and are not the majority consensus within

FIGHTING FIRE WITH FIRE?

GUN CRIME IN THE UK IS RISING. WHILE THE DEBATE AS TO HOW TO TACKLE IT RUMBLES ON, BEN CHAPMAN TAKES A LOOK AT HOW THE POLICE - SO OFTEN IN THE FIRING LINE - DEAL WITH FIREARMS ON BRITAIN'S STREETS, AND ASKS IF MORE NEEDS TO BE DONE TO PROTECT THEM.

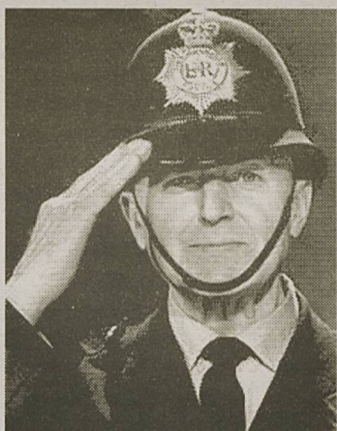
Back in 1955, British television viewers would have been able to tell you of a rather ordinary, father-figure-like copper who went by the name of PC George Dixon. Dealing with everyday, human experiences in the reassuringly quaint and cosy area of Dock Green, PC Dixon represented the warm and friendly nature of the average British bobby. A pillar of every neighbourhood, the local policeman would always be on hand to help elderly ladies across the road, open community fêtes and ensure good old British justice found its way into the lives of vagabonds up to no good. With the faithful truncheon at his side and the tall police helmet atop his head, a British bobby commands enough respect to ensure no harm should ever come to him; as such, he of course has no need for a firearm.

It may surprise many to learn that Dixon of Dock Green remains the longest running TV police series in the UK, with 21 years under its belt. That immortal image of the British police officer is still referred to today by many traditionalists as the way policing in this country should be, and should remain. It has become the embodiment of an ideal state of law enforcement that we should cling to in spite of a clear disappearance of innocence in our way of life over the past half-century. Note if you will that perhaps the very last vestige of that state of affairs is the fact that British police officers today are still routinely unarmed. Note also the poignant irony of the fact that the TV series was initially spawned by a film, *The Blue Lamp*, in which PC Dixon was shot dead by an armed robber. And that was 1950.

It's clear that gun crime has soared since those heady days. Indeed, it has risen by 35% in the last year alone. Yet the 'Dixon of Dock Green' ideal of British policing is still applied to today's society, and talked about as a serious goal. The watchword of most police chiefs is "policing by consent" - working with local communities, getting to know residents, reassuring neighbourhoods and arresting villains. In many cases it still works, and there is no doubt it exists: visitors to the UK often comment on the pleasant, helpful nature of police officers here, compared to many abroad.

Of course, there are deeper issues to consider. Britain, and particularly inner city Britain, is now more

dangerous than it has ever been. Crime is higher, the nature of crime generally has become more violent and members of the public are more likely than ever to get caught up in it. Crucially, criminals are also more likely to be carrying guns than at any other point in history. Is it finally time to arm our police officers?



Dixon of Dock Green

Arguments for the yes camp generally centre on the issue of reassurance for a nervous public, while the adamant no campaigners tell us that a gun culture would develop, whereby criminals would be more likely to arm themselves if they knew the police carried guns. One can of course argue, as I have, that we are facing a criminal gun culture despite not taking that step, while the type of criminal we're increasingly dealing with generally doesn't take the police into account anyway when tooling up for a job or turf war shooting.

Regardless, what is striking is that violent incidents involving police officers have risen sharply. The number of officers killed by criminal acts between 1960 and 1980 was just 29, while the figure for 1980 to 2000 is closer to 50. More recently still, between 2000 and 2001, assaults on police officers rose by over 12%. The Chairman of the Police Federation, Fred Broughton, has said that the "bobby on the beat faces sudden death routinely in these days of nationwide drug-related crime". There is certainly a case for affording our officers greater protection.

As far as gun crime itself is concerned, the question is whether or not routinely arming police officers would act as a deterrent for criminals contemplating using guns. Sceptics would point to the US as an example of how an armed police force can be bad - images of gun-toting officers in shootouts with armed criminals spring to mind, while in terms of homicide, the US has an appalling thirty gun deaths a day to its name. Yet, the International Crime Victimization Survey shows that someone is far more likely to be a victim of violent crime in England than in 15 of the other 17 countries surveyed, including the US. Closer to home, proponents of routine arming can point to Operation Real Estate in Nottingham, which attempted to halt a spiralling level of firearms crime in certain areas of the city. For the first time in mainland British history, armed officers were deployed on beat patrols to reassure the local community and deter would-be

criminals. By the end of the scheme, a Channel 4 documentary was reporting "a marked decrease in the level of gun- and drug-related crime". Similar trials have since begun in other UK cities. If successful, it will provide the most powerful argument yet in favour of arming our police officers.

Nevertheless, the potential deterrent effects of armed police are difficult to gauge, and it is perhaps more a question for academic study to speculate on than for B:Link. It is worth remembering that the police do indeed deal with gun crime every single day, and they do so, on the whole, quite effectively. Each police force has one or more 'Armed Response Vehicles' (ARVs). These are full-time units, exclusively designated to dealing with gun crime, each carrying three officers highly trained in the use of firearms. These officers must complete a total of six weeks intensive training to get on an ARV team, and must refresh their training every year. Firearms officers account for less than 1% of the total force, allowing really specialist training to be provided, especially in state-of-the-art virtual decision-making exercises, in order to ensure shots are only fired when absolutely necessary. A much-overlooked issue when considering arming the police is training - there is simply no way every officer in the force could be coached to this standard without a substantial increase in funds from the taxpayer.

When called out, an ARV can be at the scene quickly, and incidents dealt with effectively. The vast majority of confrontations are resolved without a shot being fired. This is because, as Chief Inspector Alan Bailey explained, if confronted by armed officers, "they will be better trained than you are, they will be better equipped, and there will be more of them. You will come out second best." There is no question that ARVs provide a near-to best-of-all-worlds solution in that they can respond relatively quickly and deploy officers with a supreme level of training to deal with armed criminals. The criticism is that sometimes they can take up to ten minutes to arrive, either putting officers or the public in danger in the mean time, or allowing the assailant to escape.

In addition, it should be noted that even with such stringent procedures, high profile, tragic mistakes have occurred which call into question the whole issue of police accountability. The Harry Stanley case, where a man walking home armed only with a wooden table leg in a plastic bag was mistaken for carrying a sawn-off shotgun and fatally wounded by an ARV team, is especially fresh in the mind. No officers were prosecuted after that incident, and no others have been in all the controver-

sial shootings of the last decade. Logic denotes that by arming all officers, and thus undermining their training, more of these incidents will take place, and more innocent people will die. As a result, there are many that understandably take the view that routinely armed police can never be justified.

They point instead to a range of newly-developed, less-than-lethal alternatives to firearms widely used in many cities in the United States, such as the 'taser' electric stun gun and the 'bean-bag' rifle, which fires a bag of lead shot instead of a bullet to temporarily disable the victim. Effective, and far safer than guns, these weapons seem like a plausible substitute for lethal firearms, providing perhaps both the protection and the deterrent required for our police officers.

It should be stressed also that there is great opposition to routine arming, amongst both police officers and the public. A 1995 Police Federation survey showed that only one in five officers supported the regular carrying of guns, while a BBC poll put public support for routine arming at just 34%. However, the need for greater protection is plain, as 42% of police respondents said they "had felt that their life had been in danger as a result of serious threat" in the year before the poll, while 39% had been personally threatened with a knife or firearm. Rather worryingly, 38% thought that the cover provided by ARVs was inadequate.

Times have certainly changed since the days of Dixon of Dock Green. Whether or not we go down the road of routine arming of the British police, even partially, we have to recognise the huge increase in the level of threat posed by armed criminals over the last few years. As I have tried to show over the last two weeks, gun crime is on the rise. In some areas of the country, notably some areas of London, we are dealing with a gun culture on a scale unprecedented in British history. The police are our first line of defence, and the first priority must be their protection, whether that comes through carrying guns or suitable alternatives. Like it or not, the days of helping old ladies across the road are long gone. It's time to face facts: gun crime is a problem that needs to be solved through careful thought and coherent action, and while the politicians and the press debate how best to proceed, today's Dixon of Dock Green will carry on treading the very daunting beat of often lethal reality. And his most powerful weapons continue to be the faithful truncheon at his side and the tall police helmet atop his head.

Ben Chapman is B:Link Editor. In his spare time he studies BSc Government and History.



nolan's arty fringe

Sometimes this country can drive you to despair. Remember when you used to tune into Top of the Pops, feverish with excitement, as you thought what you watching was history? I remember when the Stone Roses and the Happy Mondays appeared on the same show in 1989, appearing as something new and fresh, appearing as though they were heralding a new sea change not just in music, but socially as the rave revolution started to take hold. What chance TOTP creating a similar feeling now? Very little as we drown in straight-of-the-assembly-line pop drivel, prostituting and degrading itself in front of the general public in order to achieve number one in the charts, and thus degrading even further what was once a proud and relevant position. Nowadays the only way any decent, credible acts can anywhere near the top of the charts is if they try and play the game themselves, by releasing and deleting singles on the same day, as the Doves and The Music did. Mind you its not of this the charts have ever been a barometer of where music is heading. The general public only really pick up on shifts in taste when its too late anyway. None of the great bands in history have ever made music for the charts or for the public. Sid Vicious was once asked whether he made music for the man ion the street. He replied, 'No. I've met the man in the street. He's a cunt.' Its just that the disparity between what is credible and what is chart-worthy has never been as wide as it is today. Still it could be worse, we could live in Germany and be forced to put up with David Hasslehoff and Ramstein.

This week in b:art we have a live special in music, punch drunk love in film, Ricky gervais, Morroco and Bob Carolgees. We also have possibly the most beautiful looking space filler that I have evre seen, in Clubbing. Fuck dance lets art.



Get in touch with b:art at beaverart@hotmail.com.

b:art top ten

Yes, yes, yes. top ten time again, and this week its my close personal friend Fox Daytona (Not his real name) with his top ten albums of the eighties. What no Candy Flip? Sacriledge I say! Think you can do better? Than mail in to the usual address you lazy swines.

1



CLOSER
1980

JOY DIVISION

The tragic genius of Ian Curtis was never better captured than in Closer. Its atmospheric production, spine tingling synth lines and songs of fear and isolation influenced a whole alternative generation, from the Smashing Pumpkins to Radiohead to Moby. Not simply the greatest album of the eighties, it has possibly the greatest denouement on any album ever, with the classic Decades. A fitting epitaph for the tortured Curtis, who committed suicide soon afterwards.

2



THE STONE ROSES
1989

THE STONE ROSES

The moment underground became overground, alternative became popular. The Roses seminal debut changed the face of British Indie music forever. *I am the Resurrection* still amazes.

3



THE QUEEN IS DEAD
1986

THE SMITHS

The electric chemistry between lead singer Morrissey and guitarist Johnny Marr was never better captured than here. Features the beautiful *there is a light that never goes out*.

4



IT TAKES A NATION OF MILLIONS TO HOLD US BACK
1988

PUBLIC ENEMY

Probably the most important hip-hop album ever made, it made what had been a musical novelty into a political statement.

5



SIGN 'O' THE TIMES
1987

PRINCE

Prince's eclectic fusion of soul, funk and pop, together with socially aware lyrics about sex, drugs and AIDS, set a standard whcih he never bettered.

6

THE PIXIES
1989

DOOLITTLE

Classic American alternative that, blended pop, rock and arthouse, as illustrated on the wonderful *Debaser*.

7

THE JOSHUA TREE
1987

U2

The Irish quartets finest hour, from the epic *Where the Streets have no Name* to the yearning *I still haven't found what I'm looking for*.

8

THRILLER
1985

MICHAEL JACKSON

Massively successful album from the begloved one. *Billie Jean*, *Beat it* and the title track have all reached iconic status.

9

APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION
1988

GUNS AND ROSES

The best straight rock album of the eighties. Dirty and Dangerous like a flopped on release. the men themselves.

10

REMAIN IN LIGHT
1981

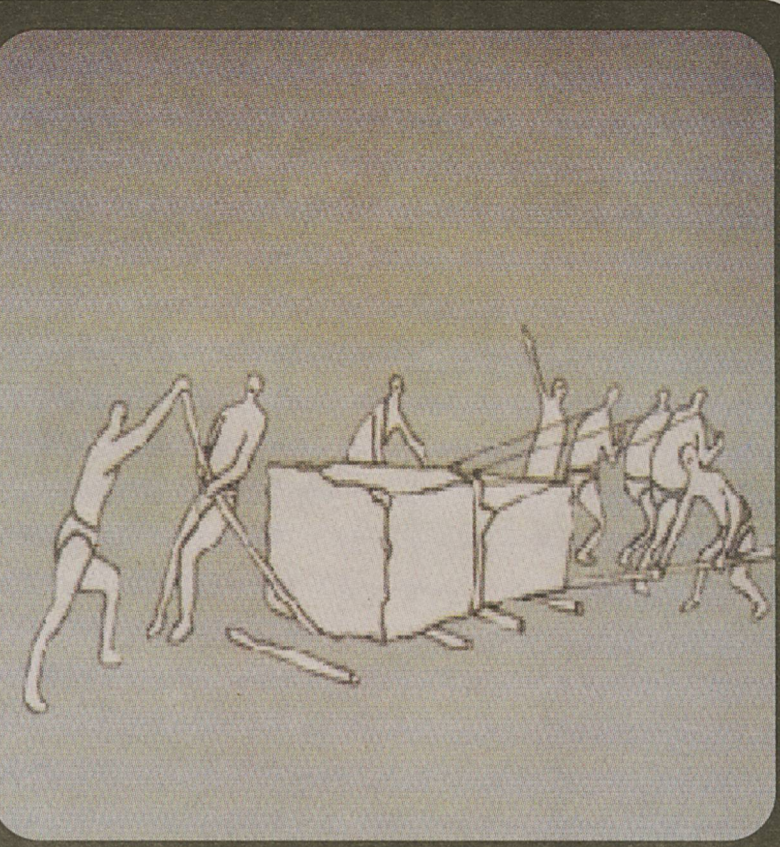
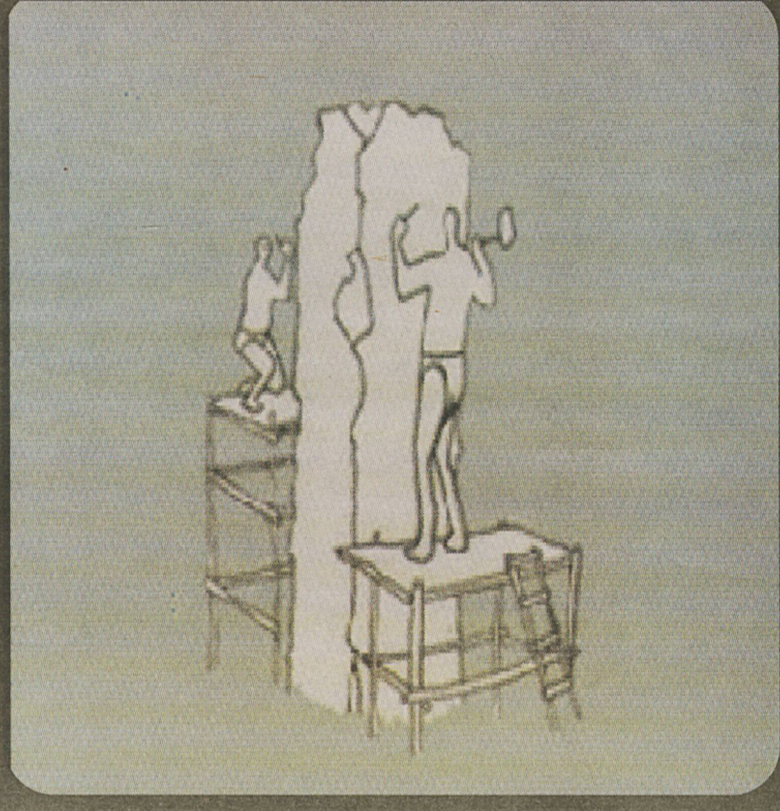
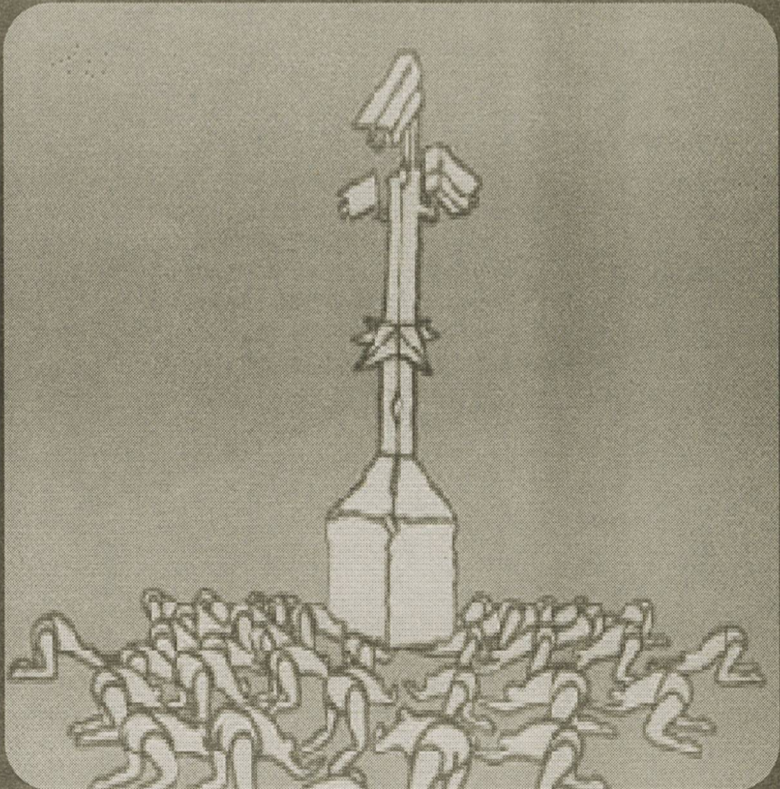
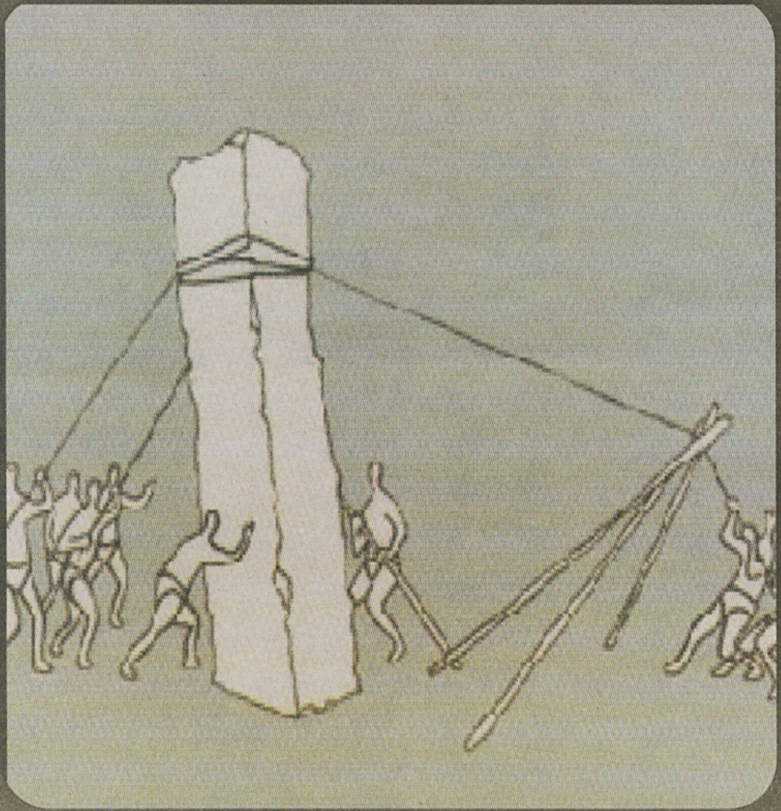
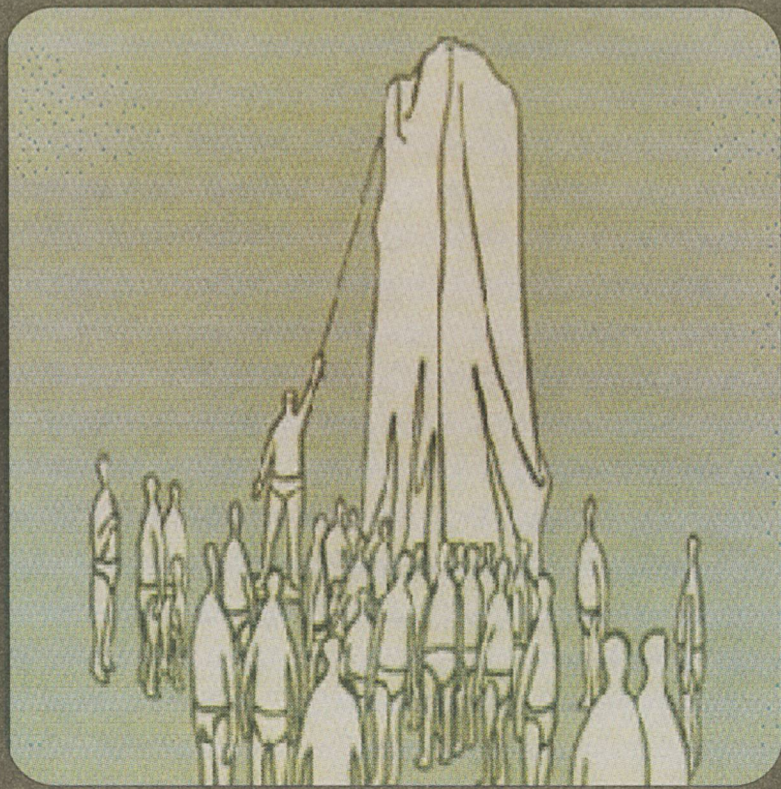
TALKING HEADS

David Byrnes idiosyncratic genius was perfectly captured in this classic, which intially

b:art edited by justin 'the fringe' nolan

b:clubbing

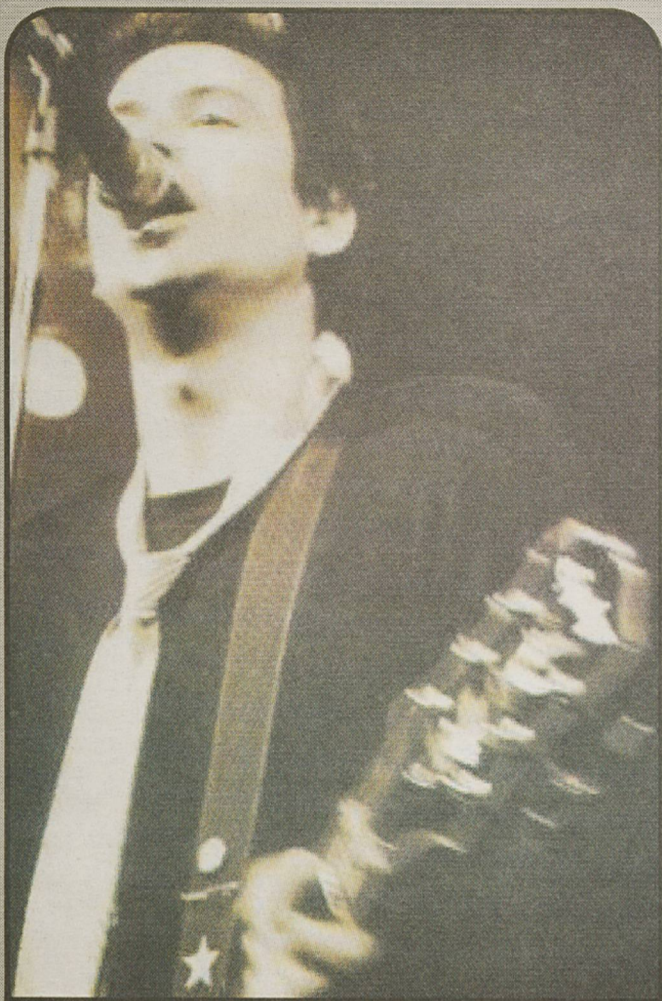
edited by tom miskin



LIFE IS SHORT- GO OUT MORE.



Sugarcult



VALERIA SEVERINI checks out Epitaph punksters Sugarcult @ The Astoria 31.01.02

Last Friday the Californian Sugarcult played their very first London gig opening for Reel Big Fish at the Astoria. Very catchy pop punk permeated the theatre as they sang "Debbie was a lesbian" and "Hate every beautiful day", whereas a more serious tone was adopted for "Stuck in America", an invitation to escape neighbourhoods you want to burn down.

Elvis Costello was resuscitated and accelerated in their cover of "No Action", followed by an invitation to try German kebabs, the best in the world according to lead singer Tim Pagnotta.

After a jokingly intro to La Bamba, I noticed the drummer had ridden himself of all items of clothing except his underwear, too many kebabs perhaps? Or maybe just an prelude to the slutty nurse that would be introduced on stage to serve Reel Big Fish some Jack Daniel's in between songs.

References to unhappy relationships were made on "Pretty Girl", the only slow song they played and perhaps the least innovative amid their refreshing set list.

Before leaving the stage, Sugarcult made sure to gain some extra fans through the performance of their best song of the night, "Bouncing off the walls". And everyone at the Astoria bounced....

(Sugarcult's new album *Start Static* is coming out on March 24th on Epitaph Records)

Doubledown



ELEANOR KEECH and **ELLIOT SIMMONS** went along to support LSE's very own Doubledown at the Dublin Castle.

Straight lines go nowhere. LSE's Doubledown understand this. These friendly boys are so friendly that you probably drink with them on Thursdays in the Tuns without even realizing their musical potential, so modest are they.

Hoads of brave students trekked up to Camden on a cold Wednesday night a few weeks ago to witness them in their full glory. Sound? The Coral? That's just lazy. The Bandits? That's better. In fact we're convinced.

A Spanish love song that transports you a million miles from this Camden hole is placed alongside heavier guitar numbers that remember the need for melody. Everyone wants their own "Juanita, my Spanish senorita", with a melody that enchants (and gets sung in Eleanor's kitchen in her own warbling style, that song is infectious). Kula Shaker, and even a tribute to Mr Justin Timberlake (god, these boys are diverse) are all in here somewhere we're sure.

They should be from Liverpool. In fact they are (well not really). After all with songs like these the truth is irrelevant. We left feeling warm. There is hope that the LSE has its own fair share of musical talent. Catch them when they play Carrossell this week. If you haven't been then what the hell else are you up to on a Thursday night!

Doubledown play Carrossell on Thursday 6th. See Page 17 for more information.

**DONOTS
BIG MOUTH**

Donots are a lumbering beast of a punk - and I use the word 'punk' in the loosest sense - band from Germany. Luckily, they have already developed a substantial and devoted fanbase, which means that a) I can be as rude as I like (it's awful) and b) there is no need for anyone with an ounce of sense to waste their hard-earned cash.

VICPECKETT

**MULL HISTORICAL SOCIETY
THE FINAL ARREARS**

Mull Historical Society are so polite and well-meaning and generally librarian-like that their idea of a good time would probably involve a nice game of scrabble to the accompaniment of the Beatles' Greatest Hits album (Volume 5000). Consequently, I am unable to review this single, because every time I listen to it, I fall asleep, pipe in one hand and cup of cocoa in the other.

VICPECKETT

**SHAKE B4 USE VS ROBERT PALMER
ADDICTED TO LOVE**

It worked well with Bob Marley and Elvis, but sadly the remix bandwagon has been scud-missiled into oblivion by this latest offering. Despite staying lyrically loyal to the original, the insipid monotonous dance beat grates on you within the first 10 seconds and brought my mother (a huge Robert Palmer fan) to tears.

OMARSROUJI

**FC KAHUNA
HAYLING**

FC Kahuna's Hayling is a lush and ethereal track which is as enchanting as it is mesmeric. A track of subtle electronics which combine with live sounding drums and other instruments for maximum effect. It is something of a dirge, however, and is highly unlikely to be immensely uplifting. But as a slab of post club chill out electronica it excels. This track has that ethereal quality carried by most Icelandic dance despite being from Leeds via London. Former Gus Gus singer Hafdis Huld guests here and adds considerable beauty to the track lifted from the wonderful Machine Says Yes album.

MIKEBURN

**THE CORAL
DON'T THINK YOU'RE THE FIRST**

If you don't have the Coral's eponymous album then you really need to go out and mug some knowing-looking indie kid. That said, Don't Think You're The First isn't the strongest song, and doesn't touch on the merseybeat cool of previous single Dreaming of You, but is still an open chorded little blinder. Something to quietly nod to when stoned amongst friends.

EDBARLEY

**THE DARKNESS
GET YOUR HANDS OFF MY WOMAN**

Set to tour with the almighty Def Leppard this February, The Darkness rock. Think AC/DC, Queen and Led Zeppelin, and you're almost there. Vocalist Justin Hawkins would give Mariah Carey a run for her money. Hide your glasses and lock up your dogs, as the multi-octave talent of the Darkness comes your way.

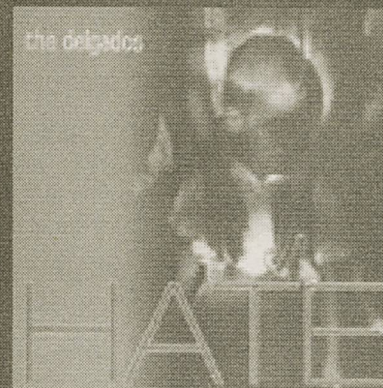
OMARSROUJI

**THE ROCKS
I WON'T NEED YOU WHEN YOU ARE DEAD**

Riiigghhhht. This vocalist has issues. Despite the title the song is surprisingly mellow. Recommended for anyone who has been shat on by a former boy/girlfriend.

OMARSROUJI

single of the week



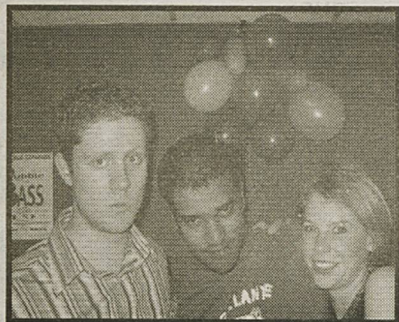
**THE DELGADOS
ALL YOU NEED IS HATE**

Although, The Delgados' recent hiatus from the music scene almost consigned them to 'great but now forgotten' category, the release of their fantastic comeback album 'Hate' proved that The Delgados are still one of the most cutting edge Scottish bands around. In Delgados terms 'All You Need Is Hate' its more 'Peloton' than 'The Great Eastern' - consisting of muffled yet charmingly endearing vocals and a brilliant combination of guitars, brass and pianos. Although, Alun Woodward sings in the chorus 'Hate is all I've seen', on the basis of just this track, it shouldn't be long before the Delgados start seeing a LOT more love....

JAZMINBURGESS

the best puLSE party in the world... ever!

as puLSE prepare to move homes they celebrate in legendary fashion. If you weren't there you missed a classic. "What a party!": Duncan Adams.



Station manager Duncan Adams and minions. Sober?



MC Protégé on the mic. No party is complete without him.

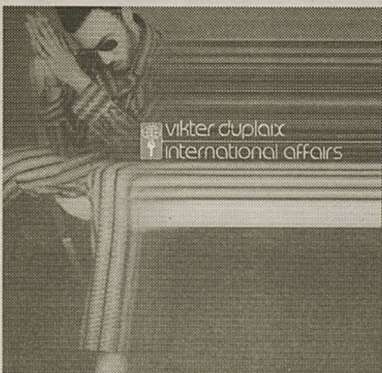


Controller of programmes and puLSE party organizer: the delectable Amy Cooper.



The highly exclusive puLSE office party. Moving on to bigger and better things. Cocaine and prostitutes out of shot.

b:music wishes PuLSE all the best for their new move. even though they are rubbish.



VICKTER DUPLAIX
INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR

The vast acclaim of Vikter Duplaix as a writer and producer and DJ should alone be justification for great optimism concerning his debut long player. The man is multi-talented, almost to the point of being annoying. International Affairs showcases his immense abilities and will not disappoint his optimistic fans.

This album has great depth and the tracks are emotive gems. 'Looking for Love' is the highlight. "I was looking for love in all the wrong places / I should have been looking for you" Sings Duplaix in his unique soft, breathy way. It is a song about an aspect of love most people can identify with upon actually finding it.

Duplaix's voice is his true asset. He seems to convey so much emotion. Unquantifiable amounts.

Seductive songs of love and devotion cannot help but strike chords of passion in the listener. And it is not difficult to find appeal somewhere on this album.

He is an antithesis of Craig David's self cultivated, seductive lover boy, ladies man image in the sense that he is a genuine star with a truly great voice.

A truly great album of soulful tracks which actively insult, through their sheer beauty, the majority of modern soul which has lacked that raw emotion which popularised the genre. And with the addition of some fantastic beats and instrumentation this record is every bit the classic his fans would be hoping for

MYKEBURN



ERLEND OYE
UNREST

As part of Kings of Convenience Erlend Oye championed a movement which became known as NAM. It died a certain death as a genre but Oye's talents were clear.

Most recently Erlend Oye has been known for provide the vocals to the highly acclaimed Royksopp. Poor Leno and Remind Me featured his unique talents.

Here though, on Unrest, Erlend departs in a slightly new direction. 10 tracks, recorded over 10 cities with 10 different producers from the electronic realm.

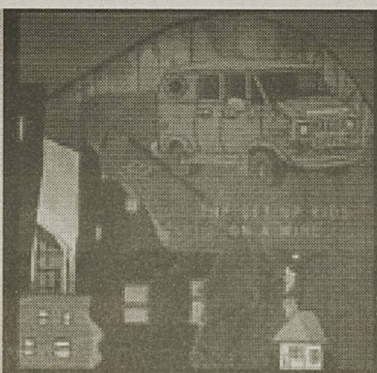
This is an accomplished album which showcases the Norwegians talents. The guests include: Morgan Geist, Soviet, Schneider TM, Jolly Music, Bjorn Torske, Prefuse 73, Kompis, Mr Velcrofastener, Minnizaand Timo and Villunki.

Despite some of these artists being known for the experimentalism Oye manages to maintain a pop spine to all of the tracks featured on Unrest.

It is an album of simplicity, much like Kings of Convenience in many ways. But with the electronic its takes Oye to a different plateau. No longer just indie kid, his electro tracks here are just as strong, if not stronger than with the Kings'.

An album more than worth a little indulgence if you like you electronic fragile and poppy. (8)

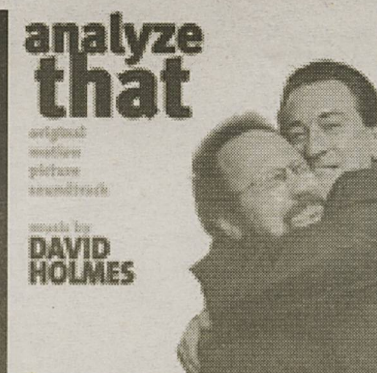
MIKEBURN



THE GET UP KIDS
ON A WIRE

If there is one album that has been beyond eagerly anticipated in the emo/punk camp in, it is undeniably 'On A Wire'. Because, with their first and second albums 'Four Minute Mile' and 'Something To Write Home About', Kansas' The Get Up Kids have shown themselves to be the most talented, original and lovable band to be lumbered with the 'emo' tag. With their previous albums being exceptional beyond description- oozing infectious vocals, hyperactively energetic guitar riffs and melodies to make even the most passive smile, it was pretty much expected that 'On a Wire' would be much of the same. But having had three years between albums, The Get Up Kids have done what all multi-talented bands do and thrown a curve ball. Because 'On A Wire' couldn't be more different from Something To Write Home About if you tried. It's still unmistakably trademark Get Up Kids-thanks mostly to Matthew Pryor's distinctively original vocals and James Dewees' crazy-ass keyboards- but it is also noticeably more 'mature', and musically more developed. Perhaps what is most poignant is that On A Wire adopts a much slower, more melancholic pace than all previous releases-the punk edges of the band's style has been eroded and replaced with impressive melodies and mellow guitars. There are some tracks on the album which are sub-standard, such as the horribly pscadelic 'Grunge Pig' and 'All That I Know'. However it is tracks like the wondrously upbeat 'Stay Gone', light-hearted 'Campfire Kansas' and the beyond describably beautiful 'Hannah Hold On' that by far make up for such glitches, and help make the album both complete and overwhelmingly endearing.(9)

JAZMINBURGESS



ANALYSE THAT
OST BY DAVID HOLMES

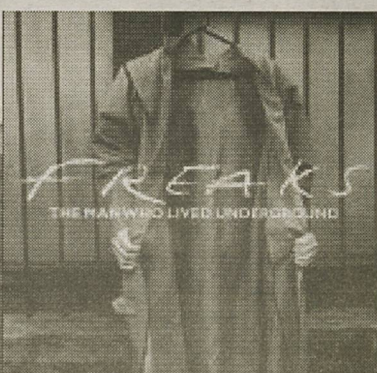
David Holmes is fast usurping the likes of John Williams and friends in becoming one of the most highly desired film soundtrack producers in the Hollywood. What Holmes gives a score is a snazzy and debonair air of cool; his work on the remake of the Rat Pack classic 'Oceans Eleven' exemplifies this.

His rare groove obsession and education has seen Homer achieve replication of that sound with infallible precision and accuracy. His recent mix album Come Get It I Got saw him blend those ebaylicious collector 45s with his own studio produced material.

So what we have here a far from engaging soundtrack to a film which in all likelihood has even less appeal. And it is not so much the music which is especially interesting here; yes it is well produced, cinematic in David's imitable style, yet it lacks anything of substance which his solo material has had to offer. So why has Homer done something so potentially reputation damaging? This is a coffee table sound track album.

Not one to subscribe to the credible vs commercial correlation, David Holmes has not sold out; although undoubtedly some critics will say so. Looking at his sound tracking in purely practical terms it has financed David's considerably fantastic record company 13 amp. I'm sure a small factor in doing Analyze That was hero worship of Bobby De Niro but true fans are going to overlook the bland and uninvigorating nature of this album and look to Holmes other work for appreciation of his considerable talents. (5)

MIKEBURN



FREAKS
THE MAN WHO LIVED UNDERGROUND

An album from a collective of electronic freaks, musicians, artists and singers. It is difficult to see where this record is coming from or where it will go but it is certainly intriguing.

This is a schizophrenic m el e of beats and processed vocals. Sometimes the album delves into tradition, Chicago style house- a clear influence here, but at other times the sound is frenetic and frighteningly eclectic.

I sure there is also a concept lurking here somewhere but trying to extract that is like getting blood out of a stone. There are references to modern appliances such as washing

Obsessions which are manifested in this album: house, domestic objects, computers and general weirdness. They all prevail on various tracks. Sadly, despite the clarity of the creativity behind it, The Man Who Lived Underground lacks any coherent thread to make it a better than average album.

The key attribute of this record is its randomness and its eccentricity. Two endearing qualities indeed but at the same time they detract from the album as a whole. Certain tracks stand out, others pale into insignificance. Nothing less, or more than interesting. (6)

MIKEBURN

CARROSSSELL, LIVE MUSIC @ LSE

DATE: THURSDAY, 6TH FEBRUARY

LOCATION: THE QUAD, LSE SU

TIME: DOORS 20:00

COST: £3 LSE STUDENTS

MORE INFORMATION: CONTACT ELLIOT SIMMONS AT E.C.SIMMONS@LSE.AC.UK For more on LSE's Doubledown turn to page 15.

THIS WEEK FEATURES LIVE PERFORMANCES FROM NEW INDIE HOPEFULS **ARTICHOKE**, LSE'S

DIVERSE **DOUBLEDOWN** AND

FEMALE ROCK OUTFIT **SONIC 20.**



FILM NEWS

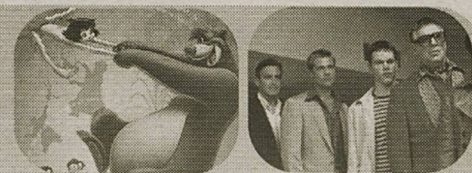
Brought to you by the power of SHOHELLUNAT

Firstly and most importantly, reports suggest that the screenplay for **Godfather 4** has finished! Lets hope that the film will give us an offer we can't refuse... anyone who regularly deals with the criminal underworld can also pick themselves up a cloned copy of the **Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers**. Apparently a copy was nicked for that was produced for an Oscar screening... Speaking of theft, Winona 'five-finger discount' Ryder will attempt to revive her career in February starring in **Eulogy**, a film following several generations of a

family convening for a funeral who are surprised to find they don't get on...

Director Steven Soderbergh and star George Clooney are to be reunited in **Ocean's Twelve**. Warner Bros are hoping that the film, which may also star other members of the **Ocean's Eleven** crew, will be ready for a March 2004 release... If 'slicker than your average' Brad Pitt doesn't star there's no worry for his fans as he will produce and may star in **The Madman of Alcatraz**, a film based on the true

story of the psychiatrist who treated Alcatraz's infamous Birdman, Robert Stroud. Screenwriter Ned Zeman reveals Stroud was a dangerous sociopath who may not have had a fondness for our feathered friends after all... animal lovers are not to despair as the **Jungle Book II** is released in spring. The sequel has Mowgli returning to the "bare necessities of life" visiting Baloo and Co... There's even more delight for animation fans as the productions of **Shrek 2**, **Mulan 2** and Disney's **The Three Musketeers** are all underway.



And finally, Nicole Kidman has agreed to play the mother of **Alexander the Great**, Olympia, in Baz Lurhmann's epic film on the Macedonian conqueror. Leonardo DiCaprio will play her famous son. Filming is due to start this year in Morocco, where King Mohammed VI is handily providing 5,000 soldiers and 1,000 horses for the battle scenes. (I guess the spare nuclear arms inspection can be spared).

Shohel Lunat: Made you look, now your a page in my rhyme book.

Stories have reached B:Film from the United States that four teenagers in the US have died this week, allegedly after watching mysterious un-marked videotape. Apparently, Katie Keller and three friends watched the tape together, and died exactly 7 days afterwards. This is the latest incident in what has long been believed to be simply an urban legend. The story goes that mysterious unmarked videotape exists, that has been passed around unwittingly for years. When a person views the tape, they receive a phone call as soon as it ends, and are told that they have 7 days to live.

may be some substance to this 'legend'. It is known that the four dead teenagers watched the film together, as they discussed it with friends during the last 7 days of their short lives. Their deaths were apparently unlinked, and seemingly brought on by huge levels of trauma, reflected in the corpses' terrified facial expressions. And they all occurred simultaneously, one week after the tape viewing.

Investigations into the deaths and the videotape are being undertaken in the US. For more information visit www.moeskoisland.com.

With the death of Katie and her friends, people in the US are beginning to believe that there

More news on these strange occurrences in next week's film section...

Punch Drunk Love

JONCLEGG: PTA delivers again

Director: Paul Thomas Anderson
Starring: Adam Sandler, Emily Watson, Phillip Seymour Hoffman
Running Time: 94 mins
Certificate: 15
Release Date: 7 February

When Paul Thomas Anderson announced that his much-anticipated fourth project was "an arthouse Adam Sandler film", and clocked in at just 94 minutes, I was worried. Why exactly had the director of *Boogie Nights* and *Magnolia*, both epically long and in their emotional power the very antithesis of Sandler's puerile comedies, teamed up with *The Waterboy*? Needless to say, *Punch Drunk Love* provides a plethora of answers. Despite often appearing to be an unsubstantial romantic comedy, Anderson's forte for peopling his films with peculiar and apparently unlikeable characters, and yet always maintaining the audience's sympathy, is again on show. Indeed Sandler's Barry Egan is perhaps the most bizarre and uncomfortable character Anderson has yet created, an uneasy mixture of relentless fidgeting and painful shyness masking a torrent of rage and obscenity, who somehow manages to inspire pity and humour in equal measure.

Much of the credit for this must go to Adam Sandler, who displays surprising depth as a serious actor, and to Anderson, of course, who as with Tom Cruise in *Magnolia*, manages to coax a subtle and nuanced performance out of an actor unaccustomed to such a role. Even the romantic dialogues are typically strange, and yet somehow Sandler and Emily Watson, who excels as Barry's first love, are able to deliver exchanges such as "You are so beautiful. I love you so much I want to smash your face in with a sledgehammer" with an unexpected and touching affection. Alongside Anderson favourites such as Luis Guzman and Phillip Seymour Hoffman, who almost steals the show with his sleazy phone-sex owner, and whose obscenity-filled conversation with Sandler provides the film with an hilarious highlight, and with typically bizarre and yet unexplained occurrences happening with alarming regularity, *Punch Drunk Love* manages to keep the feeling of a Paul Thomas Anderson film, while also providing the best bits from Sandler's usual fare. A seemingly uneasy compromise which somehow works. Just as Anderson promised.

HHHHH

Narc

JIMBOALLEN: Does 'Class B' films

Director: Joe Carnahan
Starring: Ray Liotta, Jason Patric
Running Time: 102 mins
Certificate: 18
Release Date: 7 February

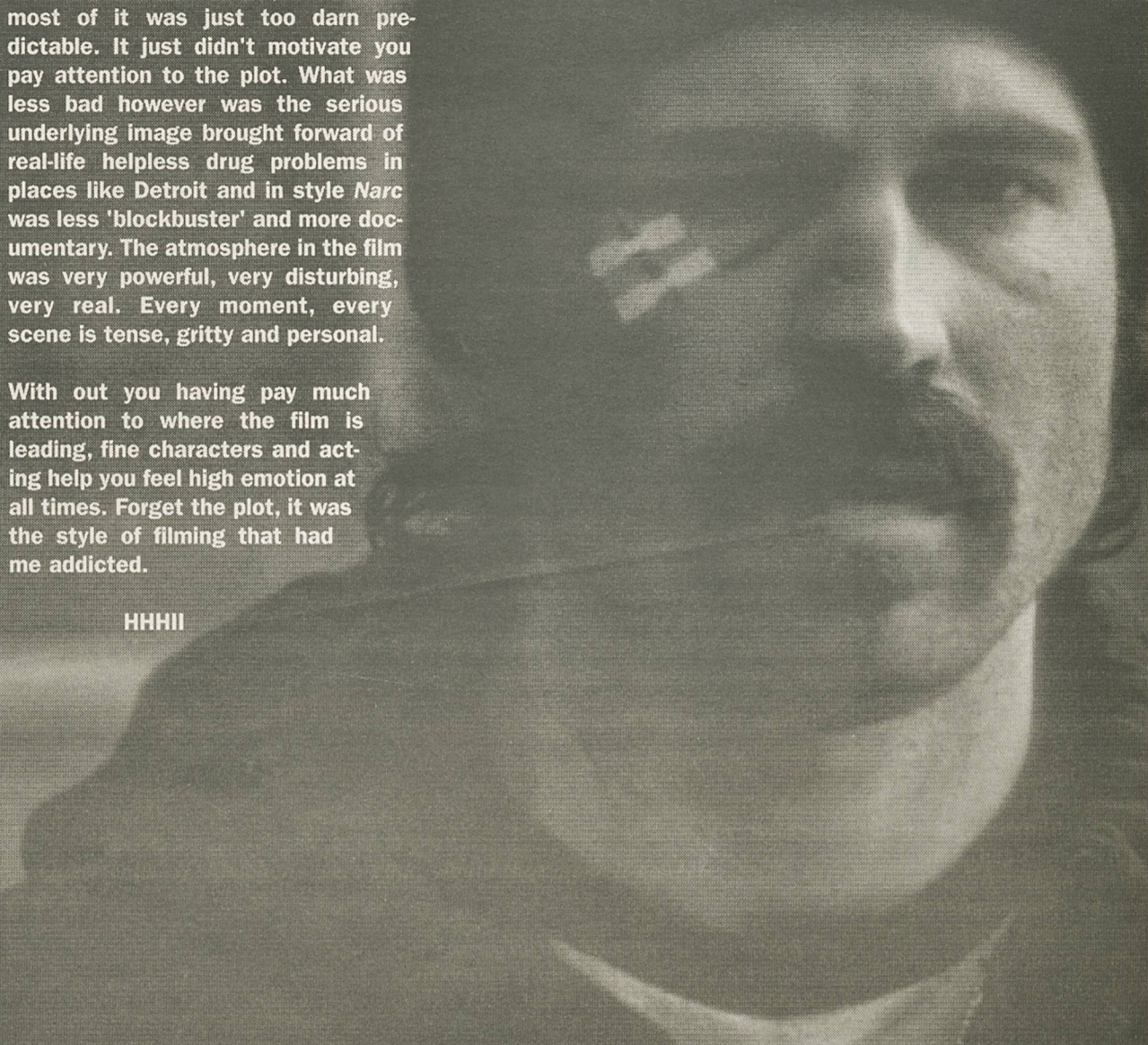
Narc paints the dark picture of a police narcotics team in Detroit, and an investigation lead by Henry "on-a-mission" Oak (Ray Liotta) into the murder of a fellow police colleague. Jason Patric is his less fiery partner. The opening sequence beats around no bushes. The audience is dumped at the wrong end of town, with Patric attempting to restrain a junkie from running amok. A pregnant woman gets shot.... it's a messy and uncomfortable start, and sets a tone for the rest of the film. The amateur style camera shots do justice to the scene. The camera man (or woman) joins the opening chase through the gardens of a housing estate. Only the camera person knows the amount of garden furniture and sand-pits that were trampled on to make this, because, quite frankly no one else could keep up. (Except Linford Christie - but he probably chose to be absent).

The middle part of the film however feels like a blur. Sadly, Director Joe Carnahan must have hoped that the audience would be OD-ing on the fast-moving action supplied at the beginning and we might be on a high until it was time to go home. A Class-A plot, it was not to be. Liotta and Patric then go about interrogating a bunch of vegetables in the hope of finding the murderer of their colleague. Unsurprisingly they extract little information their subjects, whether alive or otherwise. *Narc* shows us a bit more about the shit life of a police narcotics chap, and the highly credible acting abilities of Patric and Liotta, but where was the tight, clever storyline in the middle? It was simple and 'safe'

enough, and therefore could have been a good and believable tale, but it turned out to be too simple, with most of it stuffed into the last eighth of the film. The twist in the tail involves Liotta's character, which you could probably have guessed from the start anyway. To adapt a cliché, it was a case of too much, too late and most of it was just too darn predictable. It just didn't motivate you pay attention to the plot. What was less bad however was the serious underlying image brought forward of real-life helpless drug problems in places like Detroit and in style *Narc* was less 'blockbuster' and more documentary. The atmosphere in the film was very powerful, very disturbing, very real. Every moment, every scene is tense, gritty and personal.

With out you having pay much attention to where the film is leading, fine characters and acting help you feel high emotion at all times. Forget the plot, it was the style of filming that had me addicted.

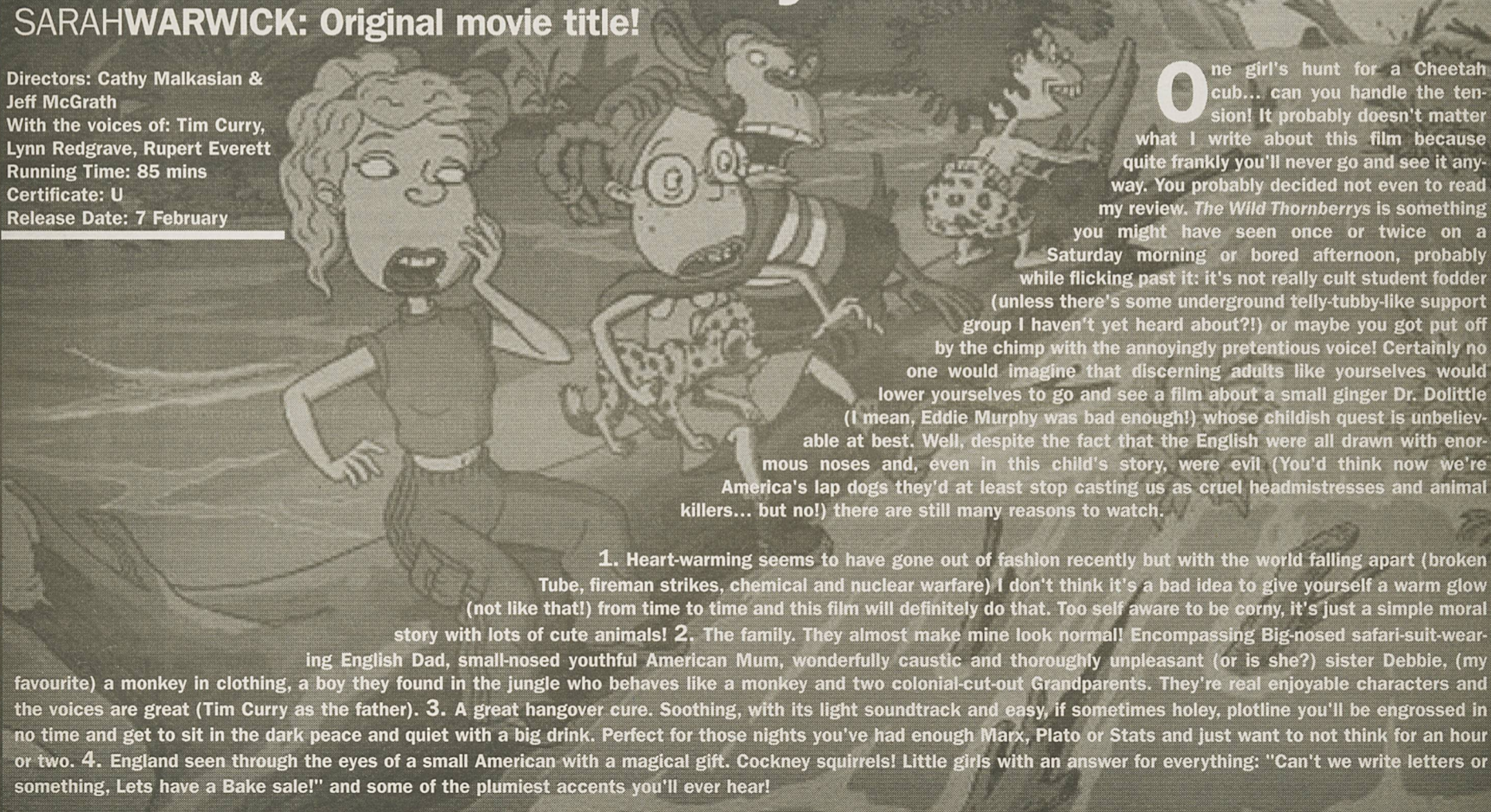
HHHII



The Wild Thornberrys Movie

SARAHWARWICK: Original movie title!

Directors: Cathy Malkasian & Jeff McGrath
With the voices of: Tim Curry, Lynn Redgrave, Rupert Everett
Running Time: 85 mins
Certificate: U
Release Date: 7 February



One girl's hunt for a Cheetah cub... can you handle the tension! It probably doesn't matter what I write about this film because quite frankly you'll never go and see it anyway. You probably decided not even to read my review. *The Wild Thornberrys* is something you might have seen once or twice on a Saturday morning or bored afternoon, probably while flicking past it: it's not really cult student fodder (unless there's some underground telly-tubby-like support group I haven't yet heard about?!) or maybe you got put off by the chimp with the annoyingly pretentious voice! Certainly no one would imagine that discerning adults like yourselves would lower yourselves to go and see a film about a small ginger Dr. Dolittle (I mean, Eddie Murphy was bad enough!) whose childish quest is unbelievable at best. Well, despite the fact that the English were all drawn with enormous noses and, even in this child's story, were evil (You'd think now we're America's lap dogs they'd at least stop casting us as cruel headmistresses and animal killers... but no!) there are still many reasons to watch.

1. Heart-warming seems to have gone out of fashion recently but with the world falling apart (broken Tube, fireman strikes, chemical and nuclear warfare) I don't think it's a bad idea to give yourself a warm glow (not like that!) from time to time and this film will definitely do that. Too self aware to be corny, it's just a simple moral story with lots of cute animals! 2. The family. They almost make mine look normal! Encompassing Big-nosed safari-suit-wearing English Dad, small-nosed youthful American Mum, wonderfully caustic and thoroughly unpleasant (or is she?) sister Debbie, (my favourite) a monkey in clothing, a boy they found in the jungle who behaves like a monkey and two colonial-cut-out Grandparents. They're real enjoyable characters and the voices are great (Tim Curry as the father). 3. A great hangover cure. Soothing, with its light soundtrack and easy, if sometimes holey, plotline you'll be engrossed in no time and get to sit in the dark peace and quiet with a big drink. Perfect for those nights you've had enough Marx, Plato or Stats and just want to not think for an hour or two. 4. England seen through the eyes of a small American with a magical gift. Cockney squirrels! Little girls with an answer for everything: "Can't we write letters or something, Lets have a Bake sale!" and some of the plumiest accents you'll ever hear!

It really was a lovely film. So what if there are more intelligent, fast paced, sexy films out there: if you've ever been a kid with pets or an imagination you'll enjoy it.

HHHII

CLASSIC FILM REVIEW

Se7en (1995):

SIMONCLIFF doesn't sin

You hear *Se7en* before you see it; an aural montage of car horns, police sirens and the driving rain act as background noise to a blackout, a grim canvas upon which the rest of the movie is mournfully painted. And as the picture fades up to Detective Somerset (Morgan Freeman) dressing for the first day of his last week before retirement, a sense of dread fills us for fear of what is yet to come.

After meeting his young and over-enthusiastic replacement, a transferred Detective Mills (Brad Pitt), the two are witness to what unfolds as a series of chilling murders, based upon the seven deadly sins; the gluttony killing involves an already obese victim being forced to eat until his stomach ruptures. This is Monday, the beginning, and but a bitter taste of what is to follow. Greed, sloth, lust, pride, envy and wrath, the killings all delve into the worst imaginable manifestations of one man's crusade to cleanse the wrongs of his world and ours.

The story is set in an unnamed American city, a soulless urban locale reminiscent of *Blade Runner*. Police corruption is rife, leading both to a frenzied chance meeting with the killer (a cold and menacing turn by the ever brilliant Kevin Spacey) and the story's eventual climax, a scene which ranks as amongst the best in modern cinema history.

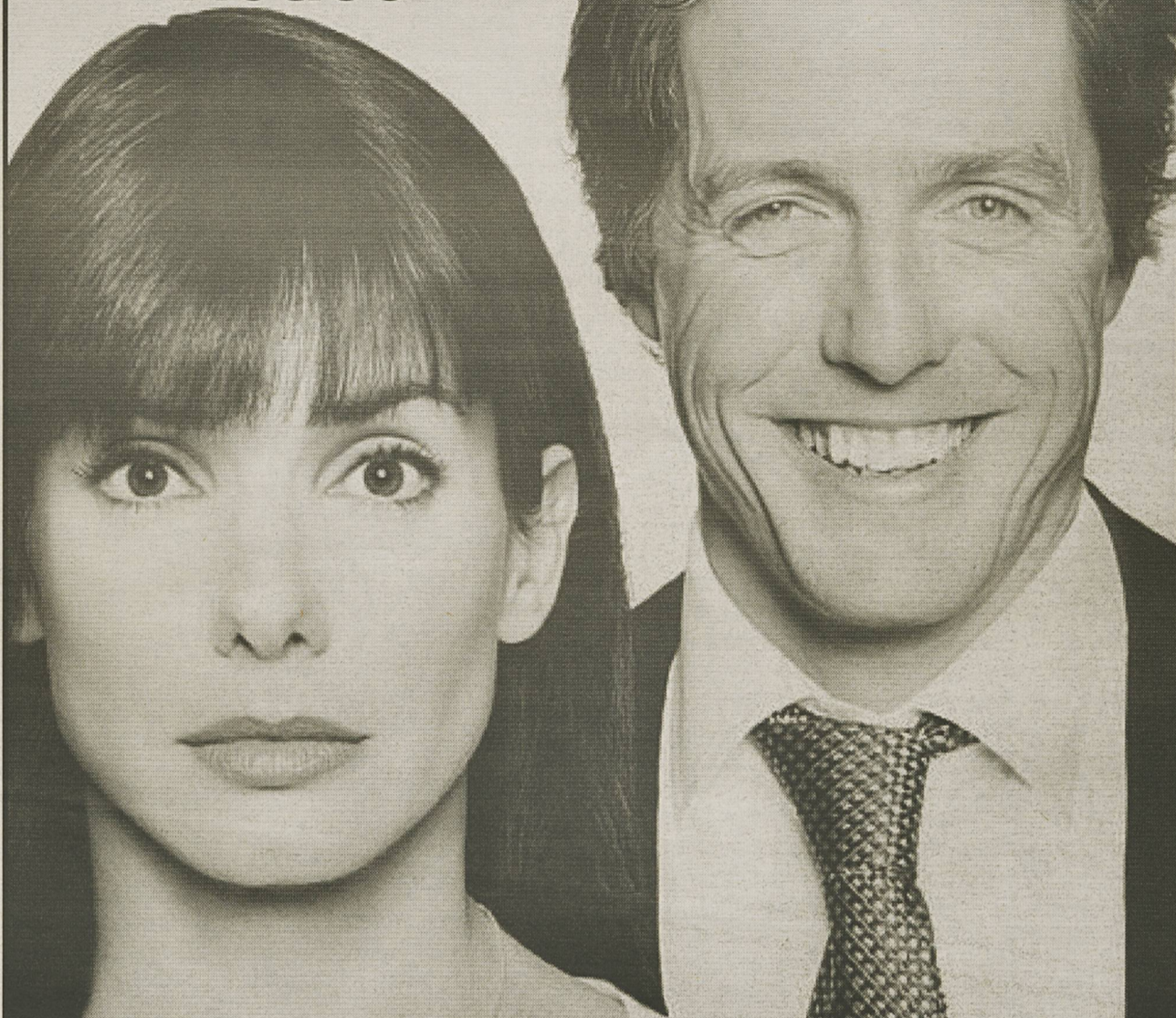
If you saw *Fight Club* and marvelled at how Director David Fincher successfully created such a disturbing underground world beneath what we like to think of as normality, then this will not disappoint; *Se7en* is far better by being much, much worse. He and an evidently talented crew, particularly those involved in creating the gothic melancholy of production design, conceive a tone of inhumane depravity that is this film's trademark. Coupled with a script that never falters (full credit to Andrew Kevin Walker) and a cast at the top of their game, *Se7en* emerges as a cinematic masterpiece from start to horrifying end. As an Epilogue, the voice of Somerset reflects with a weary despair, and after seeing *Se7en*, you will struggle to disagree with him.

"Hemingway once wrote: 'The world is a fine place, and worth fighting for.'

I agree with the second part."



Two Weeks Notice



BRIANKELLY: A pleasant dead end job

Director: Marc Lawrence
Starring: Hugh Grant, Sandra Bullock
Running Time: 101 mins
Certificate: 12A
Release Date: 7 February

Oh, you crazy opposites, why do you attract each other so? Can't you see you're from two different worlds with different histories and values? Well, love is a level playing field once again as the principled Harvard-educated lawyer-cum-social-activist Lucy Kelson (Sandra Bullock) slowly - and against her better judgment - falls in love with her boss: the self-absorbed, multi-millionaire George Wade (Hugh Grant). Is it formulaic? Of course! This is a romantic comedy after all. But, despite the familiar plot the film manages to be entertaining nonetheless.

What saves this film is the chemistry between Grant and Bullock. They appear to get along well and it isn't unbelievable that they genuinely like each other. Grant's lines range from witty to inane but he executes each of them with impeccable timing. Bullock's manic dialogue successfully maintains a running banter between the two throughout the film which is punctuated by her patented clumsiness. Once again, she showcases her ability to do physical comedy as we see her receive a tennis ball to the head, and get caught in a compromising position with Grant in the gentlemen's room. The dialogue overall isn't particularly atrocious and does coax laughter from time to time. June Carter (Alicia Witt), Lucy's unconventional rival, is particularly refreshing. Rather than facing a devilous femme fatale or icy snob, June Carter is instead the naïve neophyte who is hired to replace Lucy following the

issue of her two weeks notice. While the stunning June is making a play at George, it isn't a simple rung up the ladder she wishes to climb... she actually believes a relationship with her boss can work. It's hard to hate June and that is what makes Lucy's predicament particularly frustrating. Speaking of likeable characters, there aren't really any bad guys in this film. While some caricatures exist the cast as a whole is fairly human.

The setting, New York, is as much a part of this film as the cast. New York's skyline features prominently in this story of the real-estate mogul and his slightly odd choice for chief counsel. There are some beautiful shots of the city in this film but it begs to wonder whether an American romantic comedy can take place anywhere but New York? For now, at least, it appears that this genre's films are meant to be made in Manhattan. This film is an inoffensive diversion and is surely destined for night-time rental success. If you enjoyed *Miss Congeniality* and *Forces of Nature*, you might as well see this newest installment of the Lawrence-Bullock trilogy. *Two Weeks Notice* is the latest script by Marc Lawrence (who makes his directorial debut here) for Ms. Bullock. As a modern romantic comedy, this film is rather decent. It is not, however, *When Harry Met Sally* (hmm... maybe it needs Meg Ryan). Anyways, while *Two Weeks Notice* does not achieve date stardom it at least manages to entertain.

HHHII

Also currently at the cinema:

8 Mile (15) - The Eminem Show... no, sorry, I mean actually quite good acting and the best rapping contest ever on film

Gangs of New York (18) - Only go and see this for Daniel Day Lewis's fine performance, Leo and Cameron are annoying

Catch Me If You Can (12A) - A better reason to see Leo on the silver screen at the moment

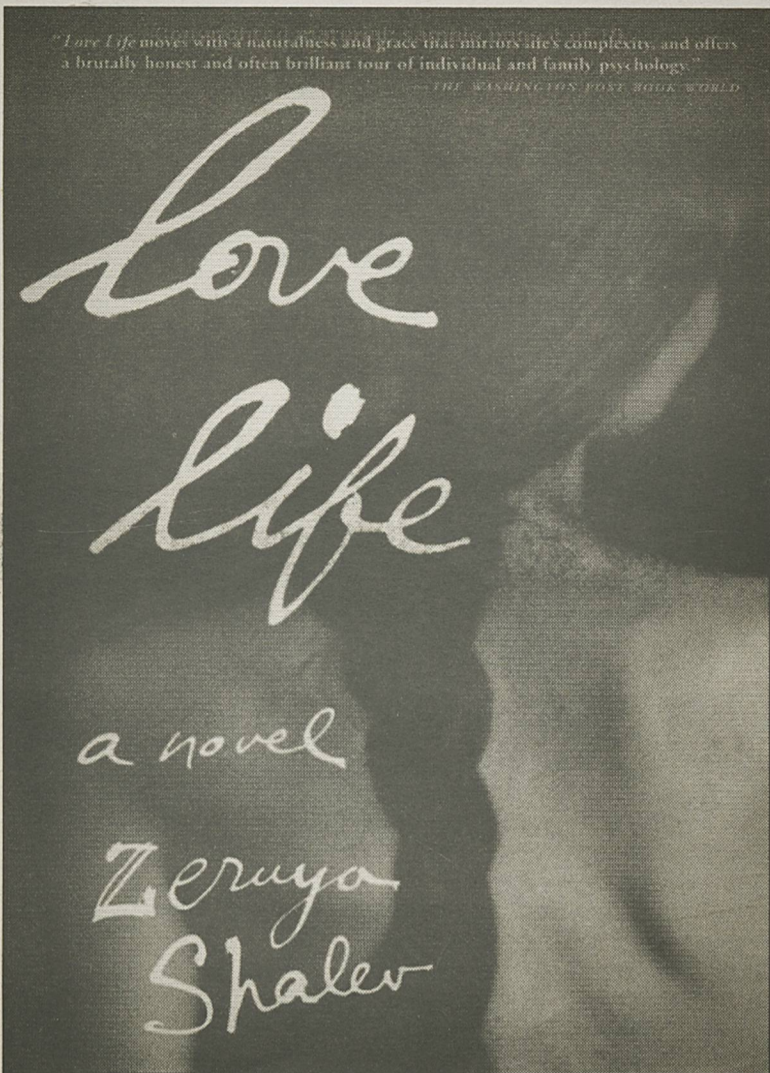
The Banger Sisters (15) - Goldie Hawn and Susan Sarandon get a bit horny in their glamorous old age

LOVE LIFE

HANISHAUMANEE reviews a remarkable international best-seller

Just The Facts...

Author: Zeruya Shalev
Publisher: Canongate International
Date: August 2002
Price: £7.99



Love Life, the Winner of the Corine International Book Award 2001, deserves much praise and credit. Sensitive issues are dealt with in such a way that the readers embark on a trip at the end of which they feel enlightened from the experience. In Love Life, a young married woman leaves her loving and devoted husband for her father's boyhood friend. We are made to question the sudden attraction for this man. The only explanation given is the power and assurance which the man embodies. With great intelligence, the author guides us to the different stages of the relationship until the point of self-realisation whereby the aura of admiration which surrounds this man turns all bitter and sour. We are definitely not invited to turn into passive readers: on the contrary, we are made to question the existence of such a relationship. What was she trying to gain from this transient experience? Does she feel the need for some kind of protection or does she crave the need to feel like a 'real'

woman? All these thought-provoking questions are given clear and distinct answers so that the readers do not feel overwhelmed by the mass of details.

Far from being didactic, the novel captures the very attention of the reader since we can probe into the psychological turmoil that Ya'ara goes through. With great mastery, Zerya Shalev illustrates how a relationship which prima facie seems rosy can turn undeniably sour. This novel marks the debut of an important new voice. Undoubtedly because of the frailty of human nature, we are prone to errors and failings in life. It is important to bear in mind that the author in no way condemns Ya'ara's attitude and I don't either because at the end we are strongly reminded that she has grown out of her own mistake. It has transformed her into a new being.

Highly recommended novel depicting the psychological insight into the complexities of human nature!

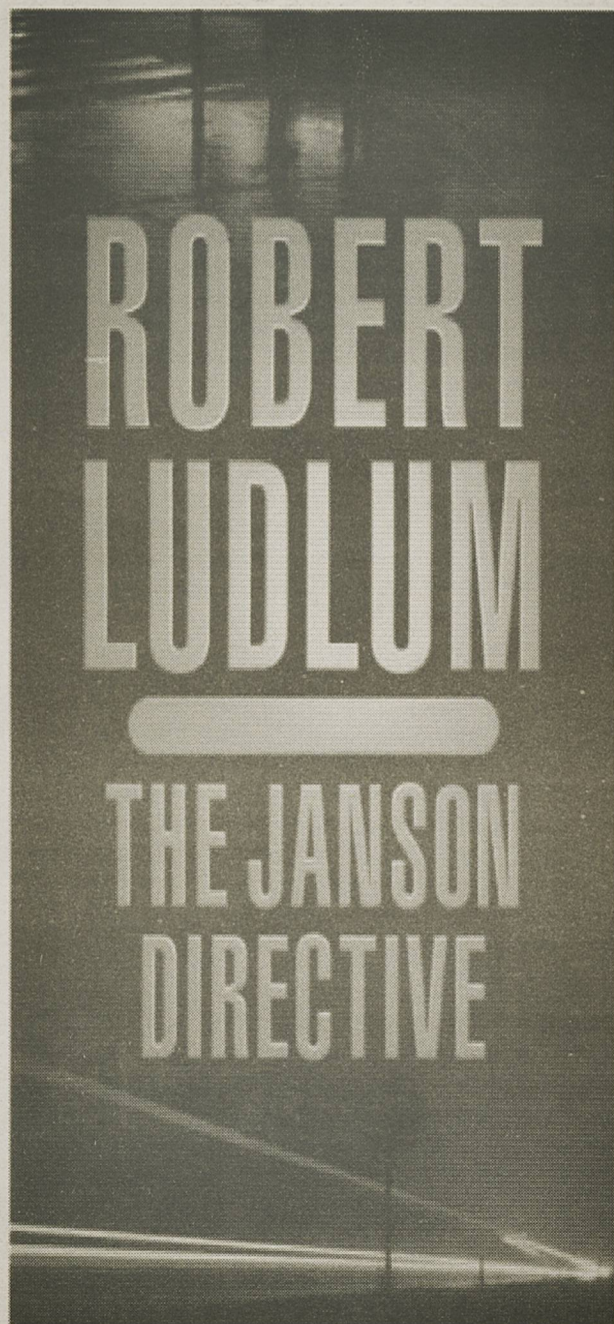
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THE JANSON DIRECTIVE

DALIAKING is an old fan of Ludlum...movie remakes

Just The Facts...

Author: Zeruya Shalev
Publisher: Canongate International
Date: August 2002
Price: £7.99



When I think of Robert Ludlum, I think of Matt Damon. There's really no excuse and I'm rather embarrassed but there you have it. I could try and redeem myself and say that it's not as if I've never read a Ludlum thriller (because I have!) but then I who cannot lie (or in truth, who cannot lie well) would fess up within the minute and say I've only read The Bourne Identity and that was because I saw the movie and I think Matt Damon is hot. There you have it - my age and my sex speaks.

So here I am, two years after the great man's death, reading The Janson Directive and hoping it isn't too much of a 'guy book'. Well it isn't. It's full of testosterone most definitely, but I can handle it. Thank goodness.

Nobel laureate, philanthropist, international financier and all-round good guy Peter Novak has been kidnapped; captured by extremist forces and is hours away from being symbolically sacrificed. The world isn't weeping yet because largely, nobody knows. Novak's people are understandably anxious to get their lifeline back on civilised ground, breathing free air again - but the U.S. government's hands are tied and they say they can't help. Who to turn to?

Paul Janson, ex-covert operative and current security specialist is nearing the big 5 - 0 (boo hoo, no Damon coming to a cinema near me) and whether he consciously feels it or not, is beginning to wonder just what his life is all about. After his wife and unborn child were killed by extremist mad men (the same men who now hold Novak) he left his job as operative/assassin and settled into a significantly calmer career. It would take a lot

of quality pleading to get him back into the spy game - either that or an indirect plea from a man who had once upon a time saved his life - yes, Peter Novak.

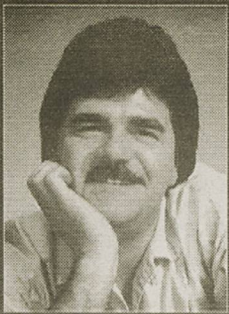
With that personal debt hanging over his head, Janson assembles a team of the best to rescue the prisoner. They accomplish what was largely an impossible feat by infiltrating a fortress, killing the enemy and rescuing not just the philanthropist but another female captive. However, something goes wrong and all but Janson are killed when it seemed as if they were well clear of any danger.

Now Janson finds himself as the prime suspect and becomes the prey of the finest operatives that intelligence services can find - operatives who learnt all they know from Janson and thus are well equipped to not just keep up with, but outsmart him. In order to survive, Janson must unravel the conspiracy and uncover the truth; a truth which has the ability to fuel the fires to war, crumble governments and change the very course of history itself. Heady stuff.

Being the excellent operative that he is, Janson begins to piece together the situation from the get go, but the readers are left hanging till the very last chapter when everything is exposed. And it's a whopper - but not one of those surprise endings that has you rolling your eyes and wondering why you bothered to read this far. It's amazing, but still believable.

I liked this book - it kept me interested and reading when I really should have been doing something else (that little thing called work), and I don't regret it. I still prefer The Bourne Identity - though not for the reasons you people are thinking! Well...maybe. Okay, yes.

bolit edited by dalia king



Ricky Gervais - Animals
Bloomsbury Theatre, Tuesday 14th
January.

As I stood in the plush surroundings of UCL's Bloomsbury Theatre, where FTSE boys brokers and MTV's Edith Bowman pushed in front of each other at the bar to get "A glass of still water, chilled but no ice", I could almost smell the disappointment before the show began. The support act was some knacker (ie. Townie) from Dublin, in one of those terrible Top Man checked shirts that are vital for entry to any city centre Wetherspoons in Britain today. He told a few lame jokes involving subjects as diverse as Australian men's cocks and why masturbating over Marie Clare is great. To say the least, it was with anticipation I awaited the main act.

To be honest I'm not a massive fan of the Office, feeling that its main strength lies in the fly-on-the-wall documentary style of it, rather than the jokes themselves. However, I felt the fact I don't really like the program would give me a fresh perspective on Gervais in standup. At least a different perspective from those who stood in the foyer repeating, "I think there's been a rape up there!" and had probably come straight to the theatre after watching the DVD on repeat all afternoon. Gervais evidently knew that a good percentage of the people in the theatre were there to see him on the back of his success in the Office, and made many references to the BBC series throughout his act, and reminding us that he had received not one, but two BAFTAs for his performance. Give the boy a medal.

The format of 'Animals' itself was akin to that of a university lecture, in which Gervais informed us of the bits of Wildlife on One that "David Attenborough left out". After viewing Gervais' show, it is clear that the reason Mr.



Attenborough left topics such as hedgehogs performing cunnilingus on one another and bald cats is that such themes are, quite frankly, rubbish. It was clear to see Gervais' lack of experience doing standup, when several hecklers were merely ignored rather than put down. You'd see sharper, more intelligent and generally funnier comics down the Chuckle Club in the Tuns.

Leaving the theatre I observed that on the back of my ticket for the show, that bastion of educational excellence, UCL, informed me of their 'unique satisfaction guarantee', in which if I did not see a piece of "excellent live theatre" they will give me a free ticket for a different show. To be honest the forthcoming UCLU Musical Society performance of 'Cabaret' doesn't have me panting with anticipation either.

Paul McAleavy.

b:theatre edited by 'crazy' keith postler and dani ismail



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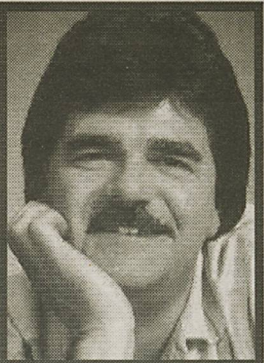
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And Now For Something Completely Different: Goats in Trees!

SARAHWARWICK discusses the sights, sounds, and smells of a euro African urban adventure.



Driving down the empty road, dusty argan trees on both sides and heat haze shimmering on the asphalt, through scrubland punctuated by rocks and, in the distance, impressive tors rising from the swollen ground. We've been heading out to the coast from Marrakech for about 2 hours when our driver pulls over and opens the van door. Two small Burba shepherd boys grab us and force something into our arms, something warm and soft that is bleating plaintively. It's a baby goat, a kid: my sister and I, young girls with an immediate devotion to anything small and fluffy are delighted; my father, a middle-aged man with an equally strong suspicion of anything that smells of farmyard, is not, and declines his share of the goat holding! Glancing at a roadside tree, we notice that it seems rather too alive; at closer examination we realise that for some reason the trees here seem to contain a rather large quantity of goats!



Unfortunately, despite the fact that we have been told by many people that goats do actually enjoy climbing these trees and eating their leaves and berries, these particular goats have very obviously been placed there. They seem happy enough, chewing on the last few argan leaves, but not too stable and I did not want to stay to see any of them make a sudden lurch for the last batch of leaves above my head! We pay

the goat-herds for everything and clamber back into the van and it occurs to me that this sight sums up our time in Morocco perfectly: something completely different, you never know what will be around the next corner. The narrow twisting lanes of the kasbah, aging hippies on the beach at Essouira, huge mosques, film sets, mountainous tribal peoples, exotic floor shows, those wonderful souks (markets) and the storks nesting on the walls of the city.

I went to Morocco for a week with my Dad and sister and found myself in a 5* Hotel on the outskirts of the Marrakech Medina, a nice change from the usual hovels I stay in when I'm being a traveller and not a tourist! It was very strange being a tourist for a change: when you're a traveller you don't get asked for money all the time because you don't have any, you eat what the locals eat and get disgustingly ill, you don't even sightsee, not the way that tourists do anyway. You're far more visible as a tourist; you have tour guides and big cameras and matching suitcases! Oh, but the luxury, the rooms were huge, we ate huge meals in actual restaurants: entire legs of delicious roast lamb with breads and dips and a nice Moroccan red wine, our toilets had toilet paper and flush, and the hotel had a pool!



Marrakech itself is an intriguing place; towering mosques dominate the skyline and the call to prayer punctuates the afternoon air, yet it feels more casual than many Muslim places. Our guide told us that rules against drinking are not very strictly enforced, and some women we saw wore no head coverings at all, though there were those who were completely swathed. My sister and I got a lot of attention from the men but unlike in Tunisia, where my Dad had been offered 80 camels for me 5 years ago, it seemed this was mostly appreciative admiration than hungry hatred. It is a mish-mash of cultures with French, Arabic and Burba traditions clearly visible. This makes for an interesting mix of architecture and design from different ages and eras. The winding streets of the kasbah: little houses and shops with their wrought iron windows, reminded me of French provincial towns but smelled like nowhere in Europe: the intricate mix of spices, freshly sanded wood, dirt and raw meat was a heady and almost overpowering treat for the senses. (I got in trouble with my sister who died of embarrassment when I started singing 'Rock the Kasbah' in my best Clash impression!) The Moroccans say Marrakech has four colours: the dirty-salmon-pink mud of the Medina walls and many of its buildings, the dusty green of the veg-

etation, clear blue of the sky and white of the mountains in the background. I would add to this the gold of the minarets that rise above the horizon as you look down from the old palace. This is one of the best views of the city and has the added excitement of watching the flight paths of the huge storks that migrate to Marrakech and nest on the walls of the palace every year. The English translation of the Moroccan word for them is click-click as they click their beaks at each other in greeting.



On a walking tour around Marrakech you must visit the Majorelle gardens; even if you hate plants these gardens are beautiful, exotic and peaceful, especially in the early morning sunshine before they get busy. There is a Moroccan art museum there that's worth a browse too. The 2 main mosques are breathtaking on the outside but visiting is Muslim only. The smaller one does contain tombs of ancient kings which you can visit for a small fee but it's not overly impressive. It feels almost like a monastery in the walled part of the city; for those people who are not attempting to kill you on mopeds or pushbikes driven at 50 miles an hour down a narrow winding streets, are dressed in habits-like-ropes of all colours and materials. The most important parts of Marrakech for me were the central square and the extensive souks in the surrounding catacombs. My Dad said the square looked more like a film set than anything he'd ever seen. Men in Turbans beckoned you in to where snake charmers and fire-eaters gathered crowds around them during the day, and at night brightly coloured stalls lit with multi-coloured lights sprang up, with their accretion of smoke, unusual smells and unusual food, bringing sustenance to hungry travellers and Moroccans alike. We saw people eating sheep brain and entrails but didn't stop to try! We loved the souks which sold all sorts of things; you'd turn a corner from stalls selling intricately woven silk scarves and embroidered Arabian-nights style slippers and come face to face with stalls selling hundreds of tiny tortoises and chameleons; wander away from the section selling multi-coloured leather handbags and footstalls and you could find yourself wending your way out of the covered areas onto a narrow winding slope where the worked metal sellers could have even sold Aladdin his lamp!



For excursions out of the city the Atlas mountains are a must but they're not for the carsick! Our journey through the mountains was accompanied by the woman behind us retching out of the window! It is a very winding road to Agadir but the views are stupendous: an early morning start will mean catching first light on the mountains: mist rising off the high blue peaks and streaks of sunlight highlighting pink scars in the rock. On the other side of the mountains you can visit Ben Addou, a still inhabited 11th Century mud built village that has been used as a set for countless films such as *Gladiator* and *Lawrence of Arabia*. The other trip I'd recommend takes us back to where we started. Past the goats in trees we ventured down to Essouira on the coast. Once a hippy haven where Hendrix wanted to buy a house, now a hot spot for Burba artists and wood carving artisans, this place has everything: a beautiful beach, an extensive market, baths where part of Orson Wells' *Othello* was filmed, a harbour where one can watch endless sardines being hauled in. You can choose fish, seafood or even eel, straight from the harbour side and have it cooked for your lunch before your very eyes. Wandering through the medina is very engrossing, and shopping is good, if you can avoid being grabbed by the overly enthusiastic and toothless carpet sellers. I was sold a beautiful old poison ring by an aging hippy with a penchant for Neil Young!



As a tourist or a traveller it's clearly a wonderful and exciting place to be: chilled out yet lively; beautiful but rugged. An intriguing mix of European and African, prepare to be surprised and you'll love it.

Do You Wanna Be In My Gang?

After the departure of Jan De Cock the hockey team are searching for a new kiddie fiddler

This week my lazy bum tendencies meant that I delegated the responsibility of writing a hockey article to one of the freshers, on the understanding that if it was shit I would step in to restore order. And so it is that I came to be writing this article. Not that I claim any higher authority in such matters, but trust me, he made no sense whatsoever. His attempt fell between two stools in that it was neither a summary of the match; the only reference he gave was the fact that he couldn't remember much about the match. Nor was it an introduction of the team, as it only mentioned half the players. What's more, he seems to have an unhealthy obsession with both the 'Lord of the Rings' and my good self, neither of which are a good idea to display publicly. Nevertheless his article has inspired me to give a brief introduction to the eclectic mix of specimens that make up our hockey team (it also means I can nick his best bits whilst still slagging off the bulk of his article).

I will start off at the back with our goalkeeper; the sturdy base on which the rest of the team is built upon. At least that's the theory. As far as goalkeepers go, Sharon is an 'interesting species'. Straight from Russia (via Essex), this guy does a superb Cossack-dancing impression in the goal-mouth. Often likened in appearance to Rolfie, our previous goalie, we only wish he played like Rolfie. In all seriousness, considering he's had little experience in goal, he's done an excellent job and it's a credit to him that he's stuck to the task despite getting a lot of stick. You wouldn't see many people (except maybe in the world of Jackass) volunteer to have balls hit at them at speeds approaching 100mph. The frustrating thing is he saves all the hard ones, but lets the easy ones trickle through his legs.

Next is Mayur 'every girl's best friend' Patel, aka 'Skippinda the Punjabi bush Kangaroo'. A native of Zimbabwe, Mayur obviously didn't fully understand the tradition of nicknames in British university sports teams. He therefore asked to have 'Patel' emblazoned on his hockey top, leading many of the opposition to think we were a bunch of racist c*nts. It is an inspiring, perplexing, but most often comical sight watching Mayur play hockey. He's a very tall chap (at least that's the way it seems to me) and is about as flexible as a large lump of lead. This unfortunate combination means he's more cut out for lawn bowls than the delicate art of hockey, and requires a five foot stick to compensate. But watching him somehow manage to leap, bound and bungle his way past opposition, whilst never being fully in control of his limbs, is certainly a sight to behold and something that we have seen increasingly frequently over the past few games.

Another native of Zimbabwe, Wacko Jacko is the inspiration for this article. This guy really knows how to let his hair down. Always in the library, he is one

of a few in the hockey team that work way too hard. He is constantly finding ingenious ways of not paying fines; both monetary and drinking. It was the latter that gave him a date with the Kangaroo court at the barrel. Although he must be congratulated for tackling the court's fine with a certain aplomb, he then embarrassed us all by doing some sort of 'Cowabunga Dude' sign with his hands in celebration.

Our central defensive pairing are James 'twice as nice' Porter and Rasta. They are our rocks at the heart of defence. James is of the strong silent type and

chatting to a member of the opposite sex, Rasta feels it his duty to come over and have a quiet word in her ear to the affect "Who do you prefer? Me or him? Me or Him?" Again, in all seriousness, Rasta is one of the key members of the team, and it is a credit to him that he plays week-in, week-out, despite always being half injured; and that he takes so much crap from a little shit like me.

Next is our German captain, Phillip 'the monk' Raddant, aka BB Dancer. Whoever, coined the phrase 'German efficiency' had obviously never

plays on the pitch can be blamed on his poor reading of the game (he's dyslexic). He's another one that works slightly too hard for a fresher. Fitzpatrick (aka C*nt) is from Belfast, so I'm going to be very nice to him for fear of reprisals. He got very drunk on the first Wednesday night and was an instant hit with the ladies (particularly Nicole). Loves to try and make you look foolish by offering to shake your hand and then whipping it away (crazy I know, but give the lad a chance: comedy has only recently found its way to Belfast. Watch Patrick Mckielty and you'll understand). He has recently got his comeuppance argument with a wall.

Our forward line is dominated by Vish Suppa, our goal-scoring machine. Suppa is an extremely fashionable guy, and can often be seen sporting the latest fake designer goods from Camden market. In his first year he was an extremely unreliable character and rarely made it to a match on time. Yet he almost managed to pluck the captain's armband from Phillip's unsuspecting arms, and still likes to pretend he's our vice captain this year. Suppa also seems to be allergic to the Tuns, but loves to strut his stuff at Walkabout on a Wednesday night.

Mikey 'the Pikey' Shah, aka 'The Mullet' sits on Suppa's right-hand side. He is, or at least was, the mini-Mayur of the team; with his bead necklaces, gay highlights and strictly non-sexual relationships with women. Picture Mowgli from the Jungle Book in a pair of Bermuda shorts after having discovered hair wax and you've got Mikey. This guy's so laid back he's almost horizontal, lacks any sort of first touch, and is still yet to get on the score sheet this season.

The third person in this unholy trinity is Nayan Patel, aka 'Bangra Man'. Everywhere he goes he moves to the rhythm of the Bangra. Suppa, Mikey and Bangra Man are inseparable, and can often be found wearing each other's clothes. Bangra Man's chief pulling tactic is dancing up behind a girl and wrapping his arms tightly around her, much like a boa constrictor would wrap around its prey. The poor unsuspecting fool is then unable to get a good look at her assailant, but equally Bangra Man is thankfully unable to do too much damage.

Lastly I should include myself; Pistol Pete. Although I am honoured to be called after perhaps one of the greatest tennis players ever, he is essentially a hairy ape; I am not. Mainly I would like to apologize for subjecting you to three years of quite awful, yet enthusiastic, karaoke. I meant well. You see, I'm a complete light weight, and a few drinks is enough to see me acting like a complete knob. I apologize for this also. Yet perhaps one of my proudest moments came when I took on the might of the rugby team's dirty pint (whatever they call it), and won. The fact that my night ended shortly afterwards (but not before subjecting my girlfriend to a torrent of foul-mouthed abuse) is neither here nor there.



doesn't tend to say a great deal. This probably has something to do with him being from the 'Republic of Mancunia', a nation state all to itself, with its own language and code of conduct. He generally has very steady matches, making few mistakes. He also has a fit bird who can do the splits both ways and has massive breasts, and doesn't care who knows it. Top lad.

We all wish Rasta was of the strong silent type. He is the only other third year in the team, and as such I could tell many a story about him; if I could be bothered. In summary, he got his nickname after mutating into some sort of white middle-class Bob Marley creation following a run-in with a purple-headed love warriorTM, and then did a remarkably good rendition of 'No Woman No Cry' on karaoke. Rasta has great aspirations of becoming a top equity analyst in The City. On being told that he wasn't arrogant enough for the job, he has subsequently set about correcting this perceived fault in his personality, much to the detriment of the umpires and certain unsuspecting members of the public. Honestly, you've never heard anyone moan as much in your life. He also fancies, himself as a bit of a ladies' man, so maintaining eye contact with him is not a good idea for the females at LSE. Indeed, on seeing any other member of the team

met Phillip. I thought my stint as captain was chaotic. Phillip got his nickname after a particularly poor, but hugely comical attempt at break-dancing, which looked more like a traditional dance one would perform in their Lederhosen, than the 'fucked up freaky shit' you would expect. Phillip's first sport is tennis, at which he is very very good. He almost joined the tennis team until it was pointed out that they were queer limp-wristed fellows who enjoyed shooting tennis balls out of their rear-ends. He also happens to be a very good hockey player, and is equally at home whatever position he plays. Phillip has got a rather strange sense of humour, which isn't quite German, in that he can be quite funny. He also has a habit of laughing rather sadistically after making a 'joke', which convinces you that it is a good idea to laugh heartily, for fear of being in some way maimed by him. Loves pensioner porn.

Fitzjeffery and Fitzpatrick are our gay twins, and live together in a hedonistic wonderland underneath Rosebury halls. Fitzjeffery (aka FT Boy) got a detailed write-up last week, so I shall be brief here. Basically, this boy lives to insult people; his mother, team-mates, the regions. A recent meeting with 'Nasty Nigel' left the former Popstars judge with a coronary. Crap dis-

LSE Netball 2nds In Eventful Win

LSE Netball 2nds

19

Prue Kingsbury reports on her return and the victory against all the odds, well some of them!

St Georges

10

The second team have been mildly successful this year and with me now returning from a broken foot we were hitting full strength. The first quarter began in a frenzy as the first centre pass lead to a goal instantly for LSE. This set the entire tone of the game. As ever Fiona dominated the centre third always being ready for the passes making it almost too easy for Krystal to score.

During the second quarter the attack were on lightening form. Nothing could stop the flow between the centre Fiona, straight to Ash the Wing Attack and into Krystal and Ksenia who comfortably and easily placed it in the net. By the end of the first half they had only managed to scrape three goals while we had easily gained nine. This was the quarter where we had created our lead. This was a good job as we couldn't have foreseen the two injuries to come that would

stretch us due to the fact that we had no subsistutes.

The third quarter started eventfully with a ball in the face for captain Keeley who was thrown to her knees (not for the first time!) resulting in mild concussion and bent glasses. The game was the suspended for 5 minutes while she recovered as we only had seven players so we all needed to be on top form. Keeley, however, came back on with no visible problems. This we soon realised was not true as when someone threw her the ball she ended up grabbing and swinging at thin air. Apparently the slight knock to the head has caused a few interferences with her seeing abilities. This can never be a good sign.

Although our winning streak had been interrupted this could not hold us back. We all pulled together to make up for Keeley's temporary blindness and man-

aged to hold on.

In addition to Keeley being deemed useless for a short time, Krystal then fell over the mats at the side of the sports hall and felt something snap in her leg, again, not a good sign. This meant that for a short time we were down to six players. We were all getting tired and really didn't want to have to run around any more. Me and Laura at Goal Defence had to work doubly hard to hold the defence strong. We managed to only let two goals through in this time which set us up nicely for a good victory.

The final quarter saw St Georges' finally wake up and their attack came back at us strongly but the lead we had built up before could see us through. Krystal battled through meaning that we could finish the game with a full team.



We play them again next week. Hopefully we won't suffer quite so many injuries and we will be victorious again.

Lookalikes: You Love 'Em!



Piers Sanders



Pob



Joss 'Not Number-2' Sheldon



Some Random Ugly Bloke



Dean McLochrie



The Sugar Puffs Honey Monster



LSE Barrel 2003



Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band

LSE Women's Rugby in Animal Farm Re - Run

The Orwell Version, Porn Afficionados...

University of Kent

Who cares?

Hestor reports on the packed day of the Women's Rugby team

LSE Lovelies WRFC

5

Well here's how it all started...

1140- LSE Lovelies are in the Tuns. We were psyched. We were ready to kill the Ugly Kent C*nts from the University?? of Kent.

12Noon-We are outside the Natwest, waiting for the bus. It's cold.

1214- We are outside Natwest. It's still cold. Still no bus.

1222- Bus is apparently driving round 'the block'. Half of the team now sheltering in Columbia Bar Entrance.

1231- We are outside the Natwest, yes the same one. It is still cold, now been kicked out of shelter. Phone call from driver to inform us that the traffic is very bad on the block. We begin to wonder if he is actually driving round the M25.

1238- Bus driver now informs us he is on the Aldwych. We cannot actually see bus.

1252- Bus finally arrives. 16 ice blocks, formerly known as the LSE WRFC, are allowed to begin journey.

1301- We drive past 'Windsor Castle'. It is perhaps better known as The Tower of London. What with it being in Central London and all. Unfortunately, I have to confess it was me who thought it was really Windsor Castle. It looked like Windsor does on T.V. and was also a little deluded

about Windsor's exact location.

1343- Bus nice and warm. Lovelies would like to sleep. No longer quite so psyched.

1406- Informed by Steve, the bad bus driver, that we are about 10-15 minutes away. He also informs us that the map he was sent is a little bit 'unclear', the written directions 'a bit complex'. Could someone read them to him please?

1419- Finally arrive at a place we are informed by signs is Kent University. Resembled a farm. 20 minutes later than the scheduled kick off. Our lovely leader, Helena, is then subjected to a tirade of abuse for our lateness, by something that can only be described as a horse. And I feel a bit mean to horse using that comparison. It informed Helena that they had been there since 1230. Their student accommodation was just across the road from the ploughed field, sorry I mean pitch, how could they possibly be late? I know that walking must be difficult when you are that size but really...

1424- Their rudeness had us psyched again. They were still as ugly as we remembered them being but Xmas had not been kind to them. We wanted to see them suffer (well, Hannah did, and despite each member of their team being as broad as a double decker bus, Hannah is still scarier!!)

1445- Kick off. Next 70minutes becomes a

blur of pain, aggression and UKC Bitchin. Will now leave time line idea and recount what I can remember of the painful experience.

We welcomed two new players to the team, Emma and Jessica. Jessica, playing her first ever full rugby match, performed well at the back making some good runs and putting in the tackles when required. Emma, who has finally given up playing Frisbee in the park, sorry ultimate, was outstanding as scrum half, placing the ball beautifully so our 'exceedingly good' scrum were able to win all of our scrums. In fact, all the scrums.

Kay and Sarah were, as always, linking up well, causing the donkeys some problems with their speed and ability to think on the rugby pitch. (Well, think at all). One of their unlucky players felt the full blow of Kay's Welsh fury as she charged head first into one of them. Well, if they would get in the way... Sexy Kate was kicking for us, and managed repeatedly to confuse them with her skill of making it back from the touchline to the centre in less than 15 minutes. It was more than their tiny brains could manage. Maybe Helena's 1970s Swedish tactic book was working!!

In fairness to UKC, they were putting in some good tackles but our rucking was improving with some good driving by our second row, Meghan and Tanith, and Emma's ability to reach the ball from virtually anywhere. However, their tackles did not compare to those put in by our very own Americans, Lauren and Kristie, who had, over night, developed the powers of the Incredible Hulk, and were happily putting the pigs in their rightful places. In the mud. (For those of you who don't know Lauren and Kristie, imagine Kate Moss flooring a Sumo wrestler, and you're getting a fairly accurate picture.)

Becks made us some good ground with her speed and textbook way of placing the ball when she was tackled, meaning we stood some chance of retaining possession.



Vanessa flanked well, and with the help of our super strengths, Meghan and Hannah, managed to fly through the air claiming most of the lineouts. Ever heard of the saying fat girls can't jump? Yeah, well it was invented for UKC.

Mutiny broke out in the opposition as their captain and a couple pf players had a brawl about their lack of focus. On the other hand, Helena kept her cool, providing us with praise and encouragement. Oh, she also managed to 'accidentally' boot one of their players in the back. Am personally surprised victim was able to feel it beneath the rolls of fat that were amply covering her body. And just as Helena did not mean to boot anyone, I was not intending to knee one member of their second row repeatedly in the face during the scrum. I was, in fact, merely trying to save her money on the desperately needed plastic surgery.

Have been saving two particular players until last. Jojo, having arrived at the Tuns complaining bitterly of a hangover and impending death on the rugby pitch, managed to 'pull off her best ever performance', charging up and down the pitch and throwing herself at the heifers. That just leaves Hannah really, who developed the potential to take on Morris Greene in the 100m sprint, as she stormed the length of the ploughed field to prevent their only player capable of running from scoring a try. Not only that, but minutes later, she was down the other end of the pitch scoring for our beautiful, sexy selves. The words "Ref, its on the floor, its on the floor!" rang out across the Kent scrub land. The Ref quickly awarded us the try, despite UKC's protests and promptly blew for time. In true rugby spirit the team then got wasted. Did I mention they might have scored a couple too? Still not sure about that, my memories a little hazy...



LSE Women's Hockey in ULU Cup Victory

LSE	0	LSE win 2-1 after
SBLH	0	penalty flicks

The yellow fireball in the sky shone over us as we traversed the lush green pitch to change into our hockey gear. Who the fuck are we kidding?! It was pissing with rain, we were all hung over and we only had 10 bloody players. What a great way to start a ULU Cup match, especially at 9:45 on a Sunday morning.

After having gotten drenched walking to the pitch we were dismayed to discover that this retarded part of London had not heard of changing rooms. No not the show on the telly you smarty pants. As proud as we are of our bodies we were upset at the fact that our white t-shirts were by now not only wet and clingy, à la wet-shirt contest, but completely see-through as well.

Let us evaluate the opposition. They were two leagues above us which did not bode well as we only had 10 players. And, you would also think that being medics they would be aware of the dangers of obesity, but unfortunately seeing their team walk onto the pitch this fact was quickly dispelled. There also sounded like there was a cow or two on their team as one

of our girls kept on hearing a mooring sound, but upon closer investigation we discovered that was only the neighboring donkeys in the petting zoo next to the pitch. Yes we were truly amongst animals.

Finally the match started after their team managed to lumber onto the pitch which was enclosed by a stylish prison-esque cage and even more stunning dead foliage. There were many breaks in the game when people had to go into the jungle in search of the hidden balls. At one stage we thought we would go down a player when Cheryl did not emerge from the throes of the jungle for more than 5 minutes.

Aaah let's get to the game. It went on and on and on. And, alack, oh woe is us, no one was scoring. We don't understand how they are two leagues above us. We believe this is a definite case where sleeping to get your way to the top has paid off.

In the second half of extra time our fearless leader had a bullet of a shot disallowed on a short corner. We were pissed (no not drunk (that was a few hours later) but very very mad) off as this meant we

had to spend another 10 minutes in the pissing rain. After no score in extra time the match went to flicks. Having won the toss we elected to go first. So it fell to Nicole to take the first flick which she dispatched into the bottom right corner. Kristina our super goalie then made a spectacular save to keep us up one. Funky then stepped up and converted her flick with a little help from the opposition goalie (Funky: HEY it went in :). Our next flicks missed due to the

strong odor emitting from their goalie-it was overwhelming, whilst they managed to score one. So, it was left to Kristina to bring the game home BAYBEE with yet another awesome save to win the match! The man of the match performance, however, goes to Nellye who in the rush to celebrate decided to do a victory dance on her already broken mobile phone. Nice one.



Wind-Swept Swaggering From O.Slo's Viking Army!!

LSE Football 7ths	2
Gimperial Football 7ths	1



This boy is rubbish, and doesn't deserve to go on tour. Unless he foregoes his claim to the much-coveted number 2 shirt of The Pirate.

What a team. Between Monday and Wednesday the cancellations hailed on poor Oslo, starting with Jeremy, who mistakenly put Tottenham ahead of the sevenths. Simon Lopy had to pick up his mate at Stansted, and we could not fathom why his mate couldn't hijack the plane and land it at Heathrow instead. Our game was played on runway 2, sector G. Tall Tom cancelled because he went to visit his aunt in "Pupney", the weakest excuse ever. And Owen, who gets a taxi to school because he thinks they can somehow bypass traffic that buses get stuck in, had to leave his driver an extra tip as he fled to take a particularly liquid shit in an Oxford Street restaurant.

What a team. Without some key players, and with some reserve recruitment, notably Sir Anus of Camberwell and Sir Glenn of America, we showed that depth in the squad is important, as is the versatility of individual players. With the angry ginger one on the right flank and the golden one up front to partner the Grafter, we were helped by 60mph gales to two goals in the first half. Joss and Kevin pushed deep into midfield, and the Grafter intercepted goal kicks in the penalty area, as the wind made clearances difficult. Indeed, the second

goal, bang on 45 minutes, came from a goal kick snapped up by the Grafter on 17 yards, and elegantly curved around the fat man in goal.

The first goal was perhaps even more memorable. Doug's goal kick took two heavy deflections before bouncing twice, the second time over the keeper and into the net. A 90 yard strike. Nice. What a team.

But 2-0 wasn't a great result from pure domination in the first half, and we knew defending against the wind would be difficult. So we decided not to defend much, and attack instead. With will.will and Cunt Lee coming forward to assist the assaults of the Grafter, Sir Glenn, Sir Anus and Oslo, we came to much better opportunities than Gimperial had managed in the first half. Without scoring.

[NOTE: Ten minutes into the second half Oslo beat up a fat bastard.]

It was demoralising when we conceded half way through the second period, especially because the Gimpish strike force consisted mainly of Ivan's brothers, who wear glasses and thus are mildly more rub-

bish than Ivan. But with the security of Francis and Wondergoal at the back, we bounced back, and managed to keep the ball in safe places for most of the game. With the referee, a Gimperial student, constantly cheating his own team for corners, the score remained 2-1. A pivotal victory for our quest towards promotion, and a triumph of spirit, will and determination. What a team.

[NOTE: Ten minutes past the first hour of Thursday Oslo beat himself up with a wine glass and was ejected from Limeabout.]





"If you stand still, then there's only one way to go, and that's backwards" -Peter Shilton
BeaverSports, always moving forwards...

Love At The LSE: Why We Should All Read The Football Articles

"Remember: three years wasted will never be three wasted years"

Victor 'Pikey' Fleurot on the finer aspects of football and the AU.

Part from the idea that "investment wanking" is an exciting career prospect, the greatest misconception among LSE students regards its football elite, known as the LSEFC. Whether in the Tuns or in the Beaver, their presence is always treated with scornful disdain, the general opinion ranging from "pathetic but harmless losers" to "annoying wankers". As an objective and critical member of the club, I think it is high time to put the record straight.

First of all, and least important to all LSEFC "legends", they are real legends. Last year, three out of four ULU cups went to the Old Building, while UCL, Kings, Imperial, Royal Holloway and many other universities were left fighting for the remaining (and lowest) trophy.

Performances by all seven teams make LSE "la crème de la crème" of university football. At the highest ULU level, our first team's Arsenal-like domination led them to a historical League-Cup double last season.

But what really matters is what goes on outside the football pitch, from the changing rooms to the Tuns, from Berrylands to Waterloo, from Hombres to Crush. Partially reported in the Beaver's last pages, this LSEFC lifestyle cannot be fairly judged from an outsider's point of view. True, they are an immature bunch of alcoholics who stumble their way down to the scum of London nightclubs. True, they cherish silly behaviour and call the most pathetic of themselves "legends". But



there is much more to the LSEFC than this basic description.

At a time when national cultures are trying to survive globalised uniformity, the LSEFC has a role to play as a unique and traditional English institution. Coming from the continent myself, I was very impressed to learn that events such as the AU Barrel (fancy-dress drinking marathon) had been created long before Anthony Giddens came to this world. Football is at the heart of the English nation (the real nation, not only City bankers and London academics), and it is a universal means to share cultural differences. Foreign players will all tell you how important their LSEFC experience was in their understanding of English culture.

Despite its typical British atmosphere, the football club represents and warmly respects all nationalities. In no other LSE society will you find more generosity, more love and more humour. Anyone can become an LSEFC legend: all it takes is character, average drinking ability and a lot of modest irony. There is no form of discrimination,

whether intellectual or physical. The worst football player can be the leader, provided he has enough energy to share everything with the lads and knows how ridiculous he is. Nicknames, songs, hugs and smiles form the basis of this happy and united community. As a group, they can often be silly, but never offensive. Individually, they are just students who enjoy drinking and playing football to forget about exams and internships.

So next time you feel annoyed by football chants in the Tuns, think again. Are they really harming anyone? Is it such a terrible way of enjoying yourself, if you are simply there for the fun of it and without any pretension? If you give them a chance, you will also find football articles much funnier than most Beaver pages. I think LSEFC legends deserve more respect and support for their work as LSE ambassadors on all pitches and crap clubs of London. I have a dream, that one day all LSE students will come and cheer up their sport teams before joining them on the way to celebrative wrongness. And remember: three years wasted will never be three wasted years.



Not Long Before Calellafest: You Know You Want To...