

SU wins teaching battle

Julia Giese

Student protests can change things.

Last Tuesday 16th January, the Council (LSE's governing body) agreed to give urgent priority to improving the quality of part-time teaching after having been woken up by a Student Union paper "Developing Teaching and Learning - long term aspirations and short term objectives".

This paper addressed issues highlighted in the MORI survey ('patchy experience', Beaver No 530) and reflected the growing trend for students to see themselves as consumers.

The original report called for maximum class sizes of 15 for now, although there were promises that classes will be sized down to 12 in the long run. Departments will now not be allowed to run classes for more than 15 students although it is felt that this could cause resource problems.

SU General Secretary, Lee Federman said: "The Council has taken student concerns very seriously. Large class sizes and

uneven undergraduate teaching have a dramatic effect on the quality of academic experience enjoyed.

"Last week's result means that many of the perennial problems faced by LSE student will finally be addressed."

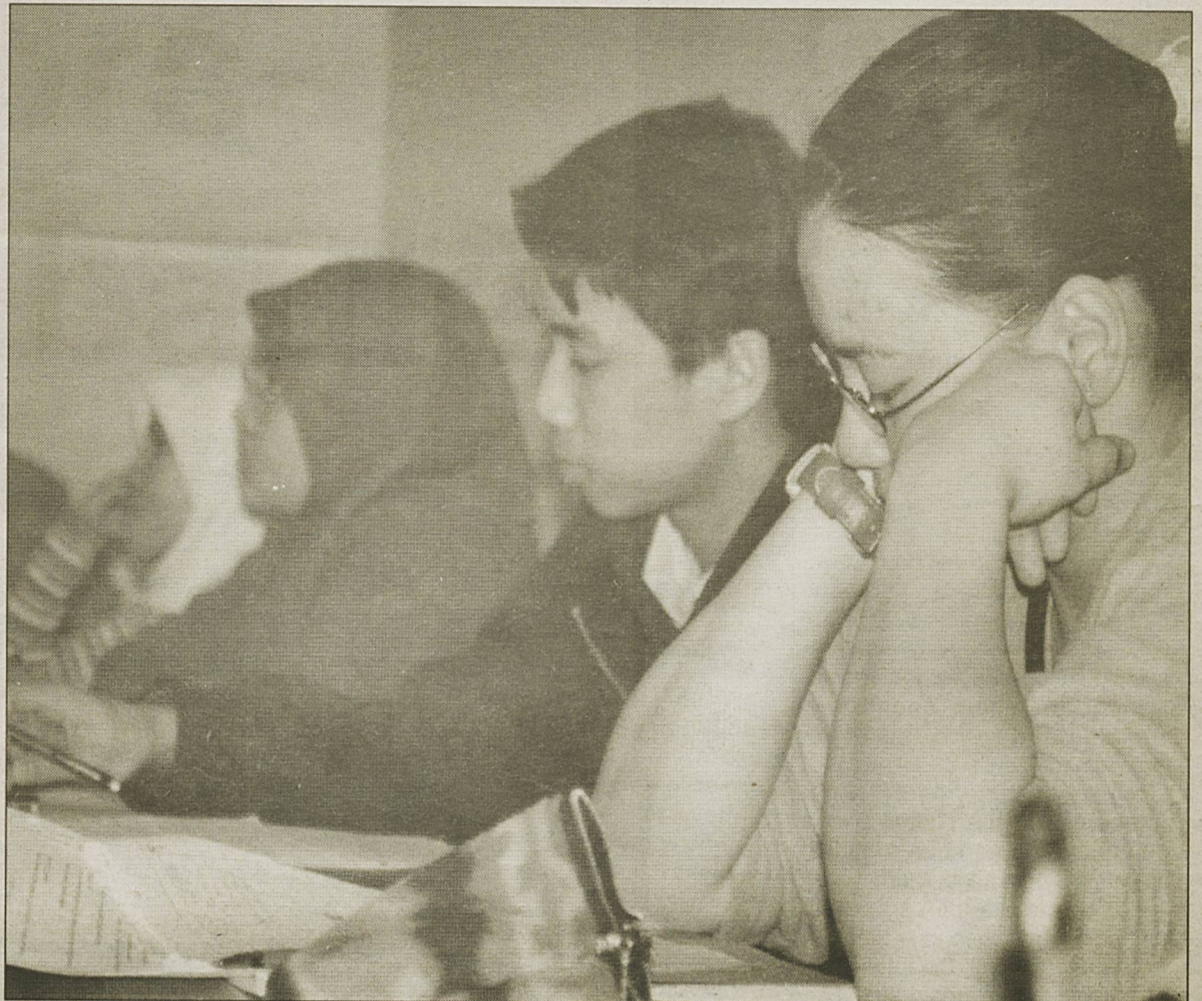
Immediate action is to be taken in setting minimum language standards for part-time teachers and reducing student-staff ratios.

The language centre will be required to assess the level of language ability part-time teachers need for particular courses. It will also provide support, workshops and drop-in visits for part-time teachers.

As for the general quality of teaching it was felt that this should be made more consistent through improved training and monitoring and possibly enhanced remuneration.

There was a lot of support for paying part-time teachers to attend skills courses and involving regular academic staff in the training and monitoring of part-time staff.

"By far the majority of the concerns and complaints I hear



Class sizes: Set in stone?

Pic: Mark Simpson

from students in the course of doing my job are about the quality of class teaching" commented Louise Proudlove, SU Education and Welfare Officer.

"With students paying as much as they do, and arriving at LSE with such high expectations from the 'World's leading social science institution', it has been hard to defend the School against such complaints" Louise added.

The quality of teaching should therefore be viewed as an issue directly affecting the reputation of the school. In this sense smaller class sizes can actually be used as

a strong marketing tool, the SU argued in its paper.

Louise summed up the outcome of the protest, saying "This commitment to increased resources will hopefully mean that LSE students get the value for money they deserve".

However, this should only be regarded as a first step.

The student-staff ratio has to be lowered further to ensure academic quality and we have to fight for the allocation of resources towards this aim.

We must ensure that this is not done through increasing fees,

though! The fee fighters campaign is just as important now as it was before the agreement was reached. Students also have to make sure that the plans work out in practice.

If you still cannot understand your teacher or you cannot find a seat in the room as there are too many students - complain to change the situation as we now have the right to do so.

Anyone who has problems with teachers should contact Louise Proudlove, Education and Welfare Officer, in room E295.

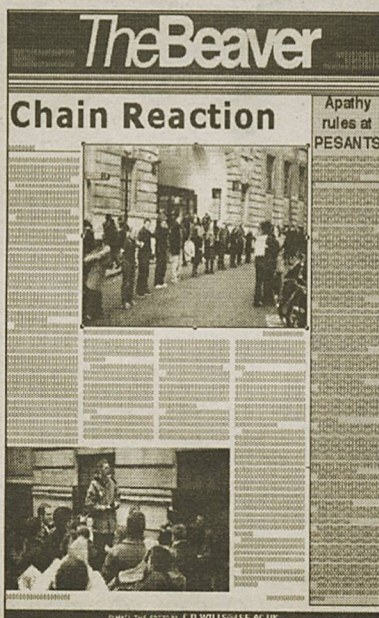
Chain Reaction Too

Last week *TheBeaver* hit the presses with full-on coverage (right) of the Fee-Fighters' human chain publicity stunt.

But we were not the only ones to grasp the opportunity to profile the show of unity by over 400 LSE students against top-up fees.

The London Student gave an LSE event its Front Page focus for the first time this year with a story entitled 'Stretched to the Limit: LSE form human chain in cash protest'

'Congratulations to LSE for staging an independent demonstration against top-up fees,' reported the Student. "It proves that we are not at the mercy of the NUS to decide our strategy for us. Our college identities are great enough to make themselves heard ... May



other colleges follow their example. Top-up fees are still defeatable'.

The Times Higher Education Supplement last week ran with a page 3 headline of 'Cheeky demo'.

'Some 450 students from the London School of Economics formed a human chain encircling the school's main campus to campaign against top-up fees this week' said the THES.

An NUS Press release on the subject included these words of encouragement from Owain James, the NUS President.

"We would like to congratulate LSE on their hard work on the 'Hand to Hand' protest against top-up fees. It is important that we mark our strong resistance to top-up fees'

News team

In November 2000, TheGraduateOnline.com recruitment firm ran a prize for the payment of a year's rent after university. The basic gist was that the first person who registered at TheGraduateOnline.com website and later told them of a genuine job offer with one of the companies advertising on their site would win a year's rent after university. Unfortunately the new year proved unlucky for GraduateOnline, when on January 1st 2001 their computer network crashed. However it was even more unlucky for one student because the contact details of this person were lost by the company. The individual had written an email to TheGraduateOnline.com reporting a job offer from KPMG at the end of November. He or she was the first to do so, and as such ought to be entitled to the prize of 'a year's rent'.

None of the staff at TheGraduateOnline.com remember any of the details about this individual. It is thought that the candidate was male but even this is uncertain. As such TheGraduateOnline team have decided to run a nationwide search for the rightful winner of this substantial prize. GraduateOnline.com now urges anyone who thinks it might be them to write to success@TheGraduateOnline.com. Needless to say *TheBeaver* News team has taken it upon itself to rise to this challenge.

Going global

Mustafa Khanbhai
Chairman, International Society

In just two weeks LSE's annual global show will be hitting the headlines as the centre piece of Global Week (February 12-16).

The Global show contains performances (dance acts, comedies, music pieces, drama acts and the like) that are put together by LSE societies and individuals. Its mantra is to represent the 'diverse culture' that exists across the university.

This year's show has been organised for Thursday February 15 between 7.30pm and 9.30pm.

Last year's event was a massive success: over 500 people attended the show, opened by Benazir Bhutto, the Pakistani staeswoman.

Many societies were represented at the Global Show 2000, although we hope to make this year's event bigger than ever.

For that to happen we need more participants than ever before.

The International Society is co-ordinating the show again this year in conjuncture with the LSESU.

We have made arrangements for societies and individuals that wish to participate this year.

We would like everyone who would like to perform in the show to be present in the Underground on **Wednesday January 31 at 4pm**. If you cannot attend this meeting, please inform us by email.

Also, we have booked the Underground everyday for the next two weeks (January 29 to February 11) to enable participants to rehearse their performances.

If you require any further information regarding the Global show, rehearsals or auditions, contact:

m.khanbhai@lse.ac.uk or
k.sanghrajka@lse.ac.uk

Apologies to all the catering staff

Two weeks ago, *TheBeaver's* front page story ran with a headline declaring "Library good, food crap".

Since that issue was published we have recieved complaints that catering staff were hurt and offended by this statement, seeing it as a harsh inditement against their services.

We would like to apologise for causing any such offence to all the catering staff at the LSE.

We bear no gripe against you and appreciate your hard work and dedication in your jobs.

Have you Hurd?

Saija Vuola

Douglas Hurd is one of those names that people who don't even pay much attention to politics have heard of.

Having held some of the major cabinet posts during the 1980s and 1990s, his pedigree is unsurpassed.

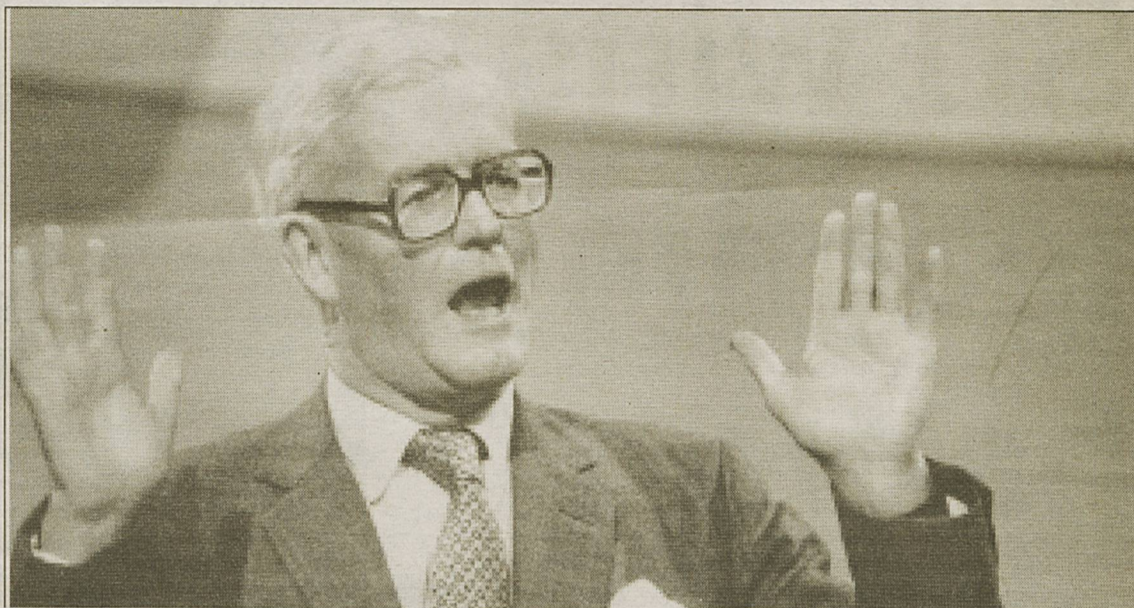
Given this, Lord Hurd's appearance in Clement House on January 23rd, giving a lecture organised by the Grimshaw Society on the "Post-Cold War World" was a rare gem.

Lord Hurd himself, on the other hand, started by saying that he would lecture us nonchalantly without paying much attention to where his claims would lead him. "After all," he said, "I'm a retired or at least a semi-retired politician."

When talking about the reunification of Germany, Lord Hurd stated that the German Foreign Minister Joschka Fischer will have to search his memory well when he wants to analyse the decisions taken in the period of reunification.

For us 20-something people this sounded somewhat strange - how would it be possible for a politician to forget events as important as that?

Lord Hurd instructed us in a fatherly manner: "You'll see when you get older and people ask you about what was discussed in that particular meeting in May 2001." I guess we will eventually see.



Douglas Hurd in full flow

Pic: Archives

Another thing that seemed to worry Lord Hurd was the fact that since the end of the Cold War, the former Soviet satellites have been very keen to join the European Union.

The EU enlargement, in Lord Hurd's mind, is not handled very well by the major European powers as "we let them all in the waiting room but they won't be able to enter for ages."

He specifically mentioned Turkey - saying "we should make the waiting room very comfortable with chairs and even beds because they are going to have to wait for a long time."

After an exhaustive and

somewhat autobiographical fifty minutes of history, we students were rewarded by a chance to ask the Lordwell, anything.

Sanctions against Iraq, NATO policies in Kosovo and the future of the UK-US relations with Bush Junior in charge came up among other things.

But Lord Hurd tackled these challengingly asked questions with experience: "I'm not satisfied with our policy but there was no better alternative."

And, when it came to Bush's character: "Please, it's been only 48 hours, give me a chance."

TheBeaver News section does not usually cover society meetings since it is felt that to give details of one organisation alone can be seen as unfair.

However, this does not mean that we are adverse to covering certain lectures and events, if we feel that they are particularly interesting or important.

Often, indeed, we do not even find out about such events until it is too late, and are thus unable to cover them in any case.

If any society, however, wishes to send details of forthcoming activities they are most welcome. Email: i.r.bundred@lse.ac.uk

Union News

Dev Cropper Memorial Award

James Sharrock

Lee Federman, the LSESU General Secretary, this week announced news of the Dev Cropper Memorial Award.

The award was established two years ago in memory of John Devanand Cropper, an LSE student who tragically died suddenly in March 1998.

The award amounts to £250 per month and is offered to a student entering their final year in recognition of outstanding contribution to LSE student life.

The award is kindly funded by John and Angela Cropper, Dev's parents.

Dev was a member of the Executive, wrote for the Beaver and campaigned against racism.

Outside the school, he was an active member of the GMB and he worked as a volunteer for the charity, Action Against Hunger. In recognition to his service to LSE Students' Union, he was awarded Honorary Student Status, just a week before his death.

The award is designed to recognise in others just the sort of

activities seen in Dev.

Offered at the end of the Lent Term, the panel's criteria includes participation in cultural, education and society based activity, as well as political or charitable activity which provides benefit to others.

The period considered is the students first five terms at LSE. Any student may stand for the award as long as they are going into their final year of study.

Application forms will be available from the SU reception soon. Last year's recipient was Ritesh Doshi (r.s.doshi@lse.ac.uk) who is using part of his award in the Warmer Winter campaign. LSE students will soon be able to donate clothing in drop boxes around the school.



Tory Top-ups

The LSESU greeted last Friday's briefing note, 'A better deal for Universities and Graduates' by the Conservative Party with mixed feelings.

The Tories have done exactly what the Government have refused to do and announced their opposition to top-up fees. Feders, who spearheads the Fee Fighters Campaign, was particularly pleased about this latest development in the great top-up fees debate. Certainly, Mr Hague has yet again found a strong bandwagon upon which to jump.

But the Tory paper covered alot more than just the top-up fees issue that has dominated the LSE over the last year.

Lee welcomed the suggestion that the threshold for the repayment of loans was moved from £10,000 to £20,000.

However, he warned that a

move to commercial interest rates "could have severe consequences for those in lower paid employment".

Public sector workers could have to pay up to 15% interest on their student loan.

Plus, although they gave a firm commitment against top-up fees, there was no mention of maintenance grants.

Possibly the paper falls down upon one enormous assumption: that the Tories will win the next election.

They cannot be discounted, although their odds are not good, if the bookies are to be believed.

Beyond this, however, Conservative policy could force pressure on the government and maybe even encourage a change of heart within the Labour front bench.

And after all, the Tories will be back in power one day. Slackwell as PM anyone - any takers?

Mandy-gone

Whilst most of us were relaxing at home last Saturday, Portugal Street became a media frenzy as Fleet Street hacks stood outside the Peacock Theatre in the hope that they might catch a glimpse of Peter Mandelson, the former Northern Ireland Minister.

Listed as one of the main speakers at the annual conference of the Fabian's Society Annual Conference, Mandelson was in hot demand in the media due to his shock resignation from office earlier in the week.

Catherine Baker examines the second falling of Labour's former star.

If British politics is meant to be turning American, now it's a warning we might be able to test. If John Reid arrived for his first day as Northern Ireland Secretary only to find his computer keyboard stripped of the letter 'M', we'll know that the Brits have been taking the resemblance to the de-Dubya-ing staffers at the White House to extremes.

On the other hand, it's difficult to imagine Peter Mandelson picking the desk-bound Secret Service commander as his preferred alter ego from the world of James Bond. His taste for luxurious living might incline him towards Bond himself: he's popularly supposed to have had his sights set on the Foreign Office, if only for the chance to schmooze at all those ambassadors' receptions (Ferrero Rocher, we can presume, would be out of the question). The difference is that Bond's taste for high society is part of the job; for Mandelson, not only is it hardly the first qualification you'd look for in the nitty-gritty ministerial positions he's held, but it's now undone him twice, presumably for the last time.

First it was the undeclared loan to buy a house in Notting Hill; this time it's a telephone call to check on the progress of a passport application. Rather innocuous, that last one, except that the passport in question was destined for an Indian businessman who'd offered to fund the least popular attraction in the whole of the Millennium Dome - and one of whose companies was under investigation by the Indian government.

A few months later on, one passport is forthcoming, and so is £1 million for the beleaguered Faith Zone. Far be it from me to speculate how familiar Mandelson might be with the works of Oscar Wilde; but it needn't take Lady Bracknell to opine that once may be unfortunate, but twice is verging on the careless.

That's all rather irregular, too, but neither is it clear-cut resignation material. At least, it wouldn't be if the Northern Ireland Office hadn't told The Observer that a private secretary dealt with the inquiry and Mandelson had nothing to do with it. That was the story that went round the media and the House of Commons until

Mandelson admitted, only two days later, that he was the one who made the call and he'd given the wrong information to The Observer, thereby misleading not only the press but Parliament. To put it in nursery terms, 'It's not what you did, it's the fact that you lied about it,' as even Mandelson's mother must have said to

him on finding him with chocolate-covered fingers inside an empty cookie jar. Unless she said, 'Don't worry Peter, we'll get it all tidied away before Daddy comes home,' - which might, come to think of it, explain a lot.

Last Wednesday's was clearly a chastened Mandy: the slippery string-puller and image-maker supreme who won himself the title of the Prince of Darkness (and who didn't, one might imagine, entirely resent the allusion) during the 1997 election campaign would surely have been horrified to see himself photographed with his hair being blown into his eyes - even if all he was doing was picking up the milk bottles off the front step. The dishevelled Mandelson who announced his resignation, however, cut the kind of figure which, if presented by any '97 newbie, would have attracted a sharply-worded message on their pager. Any Westminster-watcher - or indeed, any soap-opera ghoul -

would gladly have changed places with the proverbial fly on the wall when Tony Blair called his spinmeister into Number 10 for what my old headmistress always used to call 'a serious conversation'. 'You've had your warning, Mandelson, I said I didn't want to see you in my office again...'

The way the factions in the Labour hierarchy shake down, Gordon Brown and Robin Cook have never been too fond of Mandy - and we can add Alastair Campbell to that list after the events of the last week, presumably. Yet Blair, possibly on the 'If

Gordon doesn't like him, he must be doing something right' principle, regards Mandelson as a close confidante ('trusted', the usual cliché, may no longer be the most appropriate word), and certainly respects him for his role in a Labour makeover over which the Changing Rooms team could almost have presided. (Mandelson as Llewellyn-Bowen? Any Blair Babe you care to mention as Carol Smillie?)

Ever since Mandy started to get his way in the backroom, the old-style Labourites of whom John Prescott is the highest-profile survivor have gone the same way as anything that could charitably be described as a traditional Labour policy: it's a wonder none

of the party's new intake have ever been filmed doing a John Redwood and mouthing along to The Red Flag in the same way that the Vulcan, at the Welsh Office, couldn't even get his tongue round the words to Men Of Harlech.

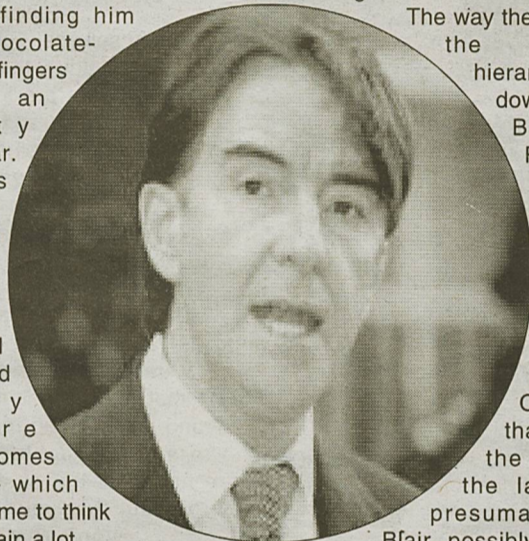
Don't forget, though, that this is New Improved Touchy Feely Labour: it might be more embarrassing if they did have some link with their older, redder cousins. Selective amnesia has tended to be in order here for those members of the government who were at an impressionable age during the radical 1960s: one can only imagine how reticent anyone with Joschka Fischer-style antecedents would be expected to be, and while there may not be any urban guerrillas as such in the cabinet, ministers such as Jack Straw have executed a brake-crunching U-turn away from their days masterminding university sit-ins and boycotting wine from oppressive regimes. Even Mandelson's performed his own volte-face: for a while during the Vietnam War he was a member of the Young Communist League.

And feel free to draw your own conclusions from the rapid disappearance, as soon as his role in the party needed him to go on television, of his 1980s moustache.

In deciding Mandelson was becoming too great a risk, Labour's Lady Bracknells may have been concerned about his vulnerability to attacks from the opposition, or just as possibly worried in case the scandal blew up to include other ministers: six of the cabinet are now known to have met at least one of the Hinduja brothers, and then there's Cherie Booth, who turned up with Tony to one of their parties wearing a sari.

Still, hardly anyone outside the Labour benches will have been concealing their joy at seeing the scheming spin-doctor slip up again: forget M and 007, the requisite Bond connection could just as easily be Blofeld, unless all the white cat-fur would spoil his dark suits.

Of course, Mandelson may be able to take one small consolation from all this. At least he'll be free for the Rio Carnival...



Mandelson with Tony Blair in Commons

Pic: Archives



Union Jack

Willy Whitelaw, of whom Mrs T. said, "Every Prime Minister needs a Willy", once accused the Labour Party of "travelling the country stirring up apathy". Well readers, apathy was surely stirred at the UGM this week.

It all began with some Brummy Balcony Boy supporting a one man comedy act. Come back Oscar Kent and Nils "Schmeix" Moller, Jack apologises for previous indiscretions. This moronic footballer, from a long line of inbreeding Midcountrymen, must still have been drunk from an A.U. Wednesday night as he gushed incoherently from the Balcony in a one way conversation with Mr Vidyarthi.

With "Oh so funny" Kallis finally quietened by his equally witty partner Charterhouse the meeting managed to descend even further. Elections were the issue of the day and a fascinating bunch stood forward. Jack enjoyed the speeches from the hopefuls. "Mmm Bop" Bellini combated a man still squinting from his first experience of daylight in months and Tuns Darling Rowan "13yr old boy" Harvey took on a feisty lass famous for dousing a hockey player in wine at a feminist rally last year. Jack likes La 13yr old for her contribution to the Union last term and sees there being a bright future before her.

Some light hearted relief was provided with a publicity stunt for the School play "Run Chicken Run" a fine production indeed Jack hears. A giant chicken invaded the stage accompanied by two YMCA extras and a toilet for a seat. However, our entertainments sabbatical has apparently lost any appreciation of entertainment and he ordered the chicken slaughtered and the stage cleared.

It is here though that Jack must say a few words. Why, oh why was what felt like the entire meeting taken up with some elaborate voting procedure? The meeting was seemingly postponed while people queued to vote. Some left entirely while others remained in their seats throughout. It was, dear readers, a mockery. This meeting was wasted. The procedure needs to be changed before more is lost.

As a final word Jack is angry, nay appalled, at Tory Sleaze's refusal to sing the traditional song at the close of the meeting. How dare she stand for the position of UGM chairman when she has no respect for the tradition and procedures of the meeting. Jack calls for her resignation. Enough is enough, she must sing or she must go.

Graduates without honour

As the exams come ever closer and graduating students become ever more desperate in their search for gainful employment, Anna Foster takes a light-hearted look at the interview panic that has hit third years.

Most students at the LSE are recovering from Christmas or settling into the new term having already broken those new years resolutions.

But for many finalists this is not a time for relaxation but one fraught with job applications and more importantly those interviews - a time of soul searching as many come to regret all of those missed student opportunities - as the end of a personal era looms ever closer.

Some may be happy that there is light at the end of the tunnel: that they will at last be freed from the slums of Turnpike Lane and Manor House; that no longer will they have to pay the extortionate set text fines for the crime of sleeping in; and that, as the hope of a new job on the horizon approaches, a release from the build up of student debt may materialise.

For others, this is not a time for celebration, they wonder where their university time gone and begin to regret that they never joined the squash team or felt the elation of successfully hitting

Michael Blackwell square on the nose at the UGM often enough.

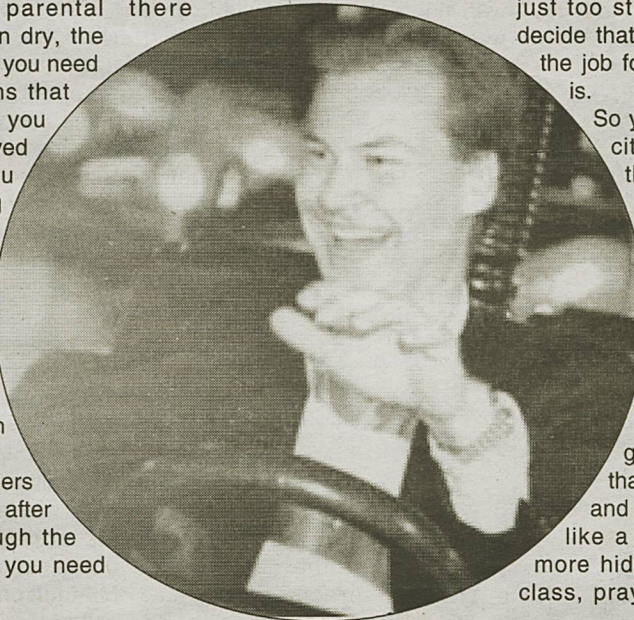
Those missed classes, lectures and the lure of 'The Tuns' comes back like a vindaloo to haunt you in the middle of the night.

Thrown into panic and disorientation, with parental contribution about to run dry, the call of the DSS is strong, you need cash, and fast. It seems that the recurring nightmare you have had since you arrived at the LSE, where you wake up screaming 'Goldman Sachs' with sweaty brow, will after all come true, you must go and fulfil your destiny as every true LSE graduate has before you, you must go and get a job as an investment banker.

So you go to the careers centre for inspiration and after fighting your way through the throng, you decide that you need to spruce up your CV.

You obtain an example of a good

CV and, realising that yours resembles nothing remotely like this, embark on a fictionalising operation. Having not been the chair of your hall committee and an avid table tennis player, you have to add a few white lies here and there



A Goldman Sachs worker: do you really want to become this?

and hope for the best.

You do try to think about other possible careers; but that is against your programming and besides the call of the city beckons you forth and while you try to push against the LSE conveyor belt it is just too strong, you submit and decide that Investment banking is the job for you, no, but really, it is.

So you sell your soul to the city, thinking that whilst the hours are long, the paycheck is fat. "It's OK," you tell yourself, "I'll use it as a stop gap, to earn some money before I really decide what I want to do ... honest."

So you wait and wait and then one day you get a letter and realise that you have an interview and the hits you realisation like a bolt of lightning: no more hiding at the back of the class, praying that your teacher won't realise that you haven't got the

foggiest what is going on.

You realise that you have to make conversation, yes-coherent conversation with an adult, someone over the age of 25, someone who is not nagging you to make your bed or asking you to solve an impossible maths equation.

You must attempt to use real English, not that mutant form of slang inter-dispersed with swear words you have been using for the past three years. They won't know what you mean by a minger, they won't be impressed that you can down a green monster in 7 second on a chair in the Tuns.

The realisation comes that the happy bubble that has encased your life at the LSE is about to burst and its all going to get very messy. Squeezing yourself into your new suit, trying desperately to disguise that beer belly, combing the freshly washed hair that has not been touched by a comb since you got here.

You look in the mirror and proudly test out the time honoured phrase "I work for J.P. Morgan".



So here it is the official Beaver quick reference guide to big no-no answers to those tough interview traumas.

Q Where do you see yourself in 10 years time both professionally and privately?

You tell them that professionally you can see yourself in their job, literally, sitting around on your arse all day interviewing dumb students who don't really want a job anyway just the pay cheque, laptop and expense account that comes with it. Privately, you tell him that you also see yourself in his shoes, pointing to the photo on his desk, you compliment him on how fit his wife is and how he is a lucky bastard. Oh and you also tell him how nice his suit is.

Q Describe a tough decision and how you reached it?

You tell them about the time when your alarm clock failed to go off for your nine O'clock class. You expand by saying that it was tough it was since you had been to 'La Scandal' the night before and were feeling really dodgy but that this was the third time in a row you had missed it and your teacher would get really annoyed if you weren't there again. You made the

decision by turning off the alarm and going back to sleep.

Q When have you set yourself an ambitious target and achieved it?

You tell them about the time that you walked past Benjy's/the Tuns/French Connection and successfully stopped yourself from entering the establishment. The consequences of this were that you were able to not have a minging lunch/stayed sober/did not go over your credit card limit. In your mind you were very proud of yourself since it showed remarkable self-control and determination.

Q What experience have you had experience working in a team?

You set the scenario, the AU Barrel, a boat race between hockey/rugby and netball/football, it has been drawing all the way and now it is down to you to finish the job. Win or lose face, the esteem of the team is on your shoulders. You tell the interviewer that you won by cheating and pouring most of the pint down your top but that the team won anyway and you emerged as the heroine/hero of the day.

Q Describe a sensitive situation in which your personal sensitivity made a difference?

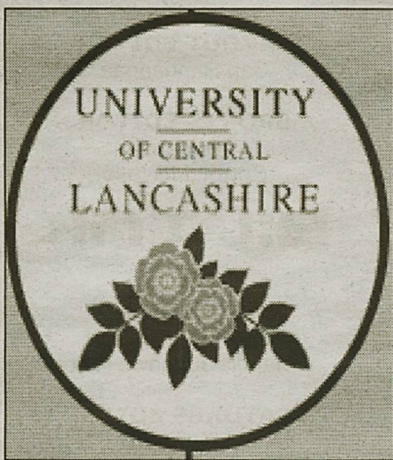
You tell the interviewer that you have a very sensitive disposition and that it is one of your strong attributes. To back this up you recall the time that your best mate and yourself were in The Tuns and the girl that your mate had been pulling the night before came in. As she entered you began gesticulating violently, announced loudly to the group present that she is the munter that your mate was snogging last night, that he had a lucky escape since she had really bad B.O and that you have heard that she is crap in bed anyway. Consequently he dies of embarrassment; she comes over and tips the remains of her pint on him. You inform the interviewer that your sensitivity in this matter saved your mate from this minging girl that you thought he was wasting his time on anyway.

So take heed and let these answers be a warning to you, good luck whether you have interviews or are still applying, just remember the phrase and repeat after me "I work for J.P Morgan"



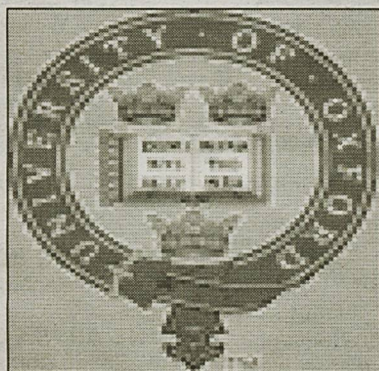
The Beaver's weekly round up of student news from around the country

with Ruth Molyneux, News Editor



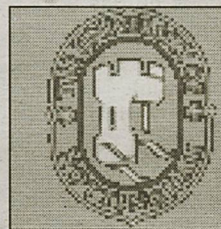
UNIVERSITY OF CENTRAL LANCASHIRE

Students at the University of Central Lancashire have been targeted as a cult tries to boost its ailing membership. The International Campus Ministries of Christ have approached several students on campus and invited them to a "bible reading." One of the students commented, "the guy seemed really creepy and kind of possessed." The religious spokesman for the university warned students that such religious cults "can easily reel in members under a thin veil of Christianity". I can think of better places to try and corrupt.....



OXFORD UNIVERSITY

I think that being at Oxford has finally made Oxford students go mad. Last Sunday students convened to brandish flaming torches, sing a raucous drinking song and chase a wooden duck on a pole around their main quad. An ancient, Vulcan conspiracy? A cabalistic cult? Or as one former prize fellow put it: "One hundred and fifteen of the most distinguished academics and public servants, parading around the roofs carrying torches and singing a very silly song." Personally, I tend to agree with him. Honestly, get a grip on reality.



NOTTINGHAM UNIVERSITY

An impromptu comedy rave came to an abrupt end after riot police were called out to a Texaco garage near the University of Nottingham. After the popular "Funny Farm" comedy night, one comedian, Ross Noble, suggested, "how cool would it be if we all went to Texaco and danced to imaginary music." This idea proved popular as three hundred students went to a local filling station. They had little time to rave before the police arrived and dispersed the ravers with considerable ease.

Sad really, don't they have anything better to do?



UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS

Ambitious plans have been unveiled at the University of St Andrews recently for a new multimillion-pound science block. What makes it so revolutionary is that it will try to power itself by sophisticated energy means. It will utilise solar panels on the roof to harness the sun's energy, although the Scottish town is not renowned for being a sunspot. Professor Gerry Evans commented "If this plan goes ahead it will be a major leap forward in green technology." And a major increase in alcohol consumption.

I think perhaps Burns Night was celebrated very well - how much whiskey?



UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA

A survey at the University of East Anglia revealed that over 50% of students have cheated in some way or another. This kind of activity ranged from making up quotes to taking work from the Internet. When questioned about the findings of the survey, Union Academic Officer, Emma Price was appalled that students at university level would fall into the cheating trap saying, "I think it is shocking that so many students at this level think it is okay to fabricate and cheat." One student didn't seem to care, commenting "There are different ways to get around different things, but I think lifting stuff from the Internet is the easiest way out."

At least he's honest, unlike the other 99.99% of the student population. Be realistic.....

Do you know of any funny stories from the world of academia? Friends passed on some tasty titbits from our rival institutions? E-Mail us the best stories from around the country and share their embarrassment with the whole of the School!

Editorial

The Gospel according to St Phillip's

i) No doctor, having entered the St Phillip's centre, will ever work weekends again. Illnesses are merely a weekly occurrence. There is clearly no need for weekend appointments.

ii) Thanks to modern scientific breakthroughs we at St Phillip's have successfully eradicated flu, stomach viruses, sore throats and all minor injuries. Next day appointments are therefore obsolete and all patients should expect to wait at least a week.

iii) A daily one hour emergency session is a completely satisfactory way of treating 6000 students.

iv) A two week waiting list for counselling is completely acceptable. Just consider the following and you will see why:

Case A) The patient's father has just died. What the patient fails to realise is that they can afford to wait two weeks before seeing a counsellor. After all, their father has gone forever, what difference will two more weeks make.

Case B) The patient is feeling suicidal and desperately needs to talk to a counsellor. Feelings of suicide are the culmination of problems built up over a long period of time; once again, what difference will an extra couple of weeks make.

v) St Phillip's was specially designed by a team of monkeys so as to maximize the humiliating experience that the patient must undergo. We ensured that the reception desk is so close to the friends and peers of the patient that the concept of confidentiality can be completely disregarded. This way patients feel too humiliated to book an appointment with the counsellor or to explain why they need to see the nurse. Thankfully this all helps to reduce waiting lists.

All in all one can clearly see that through the tactics of humiliation, long waiting-lists and misunderstanding patient needs, the St Phillip's centre can create a joyous environment for all.

And a final note for you the reader: If you are feeling any sorrow for the patient who just died over the weekend or that other one who killed themselves because they had to wait so long for counselling, please gently calm yourself. Now book an appointment at St Phillip's and sit down, someone will see you soon; assuming of course that it's not a weekend, or a weekday for that matter.

Baker's Mullet



and the Mullet is on the front page of London Student after harrassing the el presidente of ULU.

Trouble is, if the Mullet's feeling shitty there's not much that can be done, even a rousing version of Satisfaction in the Tuns on Wednesday night failed to lift the spirits of the Mullet.

Getting pissed is always a good option, but only while it lasts.

There's only so many times you can watch Middy Money with Richard and Judy with a bad headache before one day the telly will get thrown out of the window because of a llof the



THE ONLY thing that's gone right for the Mullet this week is the fact that he's been able to get out of bed each day, exactly on time for the Countdown conundrum.

Still haven't got one yet but one day it will happen. Managed to get one of the numbers rounds though. One contestant couldn't get to 312, the other used the most elaborate sum Carol's ever seen in order to reach the target and Whitely got it in the same way as the Mullet.

Everything else this week has been going wrong. We've managed to acquire ANOTHER picnic table, the Mullet has successfully pissed of his mates with his morose mood of late and has spent so long in bed that he's run out of dirty socks to masterbate into.

Things are looking up though. There's a new fruitie in the Tuns

We have witnessed something spectacular right within the confines of LSE. Yes, we have a new director for this term. Our Director and the master of all things sociological, Anthony Giddens (BA Hull), has decided to take a sabbatical term, leaving the helm to one unknown Prof. Stephen Hill. Although this may appear routine, it seems a little coincidental considering the fact an old chum of Anthony needs to win an election in May. The newly elected SE Team hopes he has a successful campaigning session and look forward to seeing him knighted (if his disciples win).

May we take this opportunity, however, to remind him that he is still banned from attending any SE event, including the forthcoming lectures on 'How to supplement your already exorbitant income by re-publishing books already in print' given by ex-Wimbledon star and Gladiator's presenter John Fashanu.

As for the new director, his first few weeks in charge at the LSE have been somewhat turbulent with student disaffection coming to the fore this week over top-up fees. On Tuesday we saw caped crusaders out in Houghton Street in a show of solidarity against the rising costs of education and poor value for money. Professor Hill, just as his compadré Giddens, was notable by his absence. He was actually most angered by the

village idiots they get on there answering simple questions such as "what is your name," "where do you live" and "complete this sequence; one, two, three..."

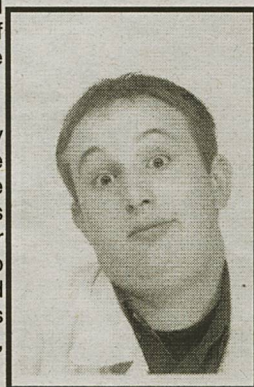
They really are fucking stupid on that show. The one the Mullet saw the other day was some old dear from Idiotville who won 16 grand, 16 bloody grand for answering questions on topics such as the alphabet, the order of the days of the week and what TV channel she was watching. Richard and Judy have more

money than sense, but at least Judy's got a good set of Keith Chegwin's for an old bird. Give it a couple of years and they'll be down past her knees.

So there it is daytime television according to the Mullet, for what it's worth and probably not very much. Bring back Bullseye, that's what I say. It's great seeing people who live in tower blocks winning garden furniture.

I bet Jim Bowen had shares in a powerboat retailer for the amount of speedboats they gave away to people who live in big cities nowhere near the coast.

Remember Mullet fans, keep out of the black and into the red, nothing in this game for two in a bed, unless you've got a video camera and then I'll give you 20 quid for the tape.



2 e Secret Eye

further to last week's results of a survey of students, the newly formed SE Investigation Panel (SEI) decided to carry out some research on catering. The survey had some shocking findings, namely that 37% found the Brunch Bowl 'poor' and that 63% found it 'not poor'. The panel decided to look at the LSE's 'Campus On-line' website where the Brunch Bowl is quoted as offering 'a huge selection of hot and cold foods and drinks available all day long in a buzzy atmosphere.' The team

set out to find out who was telling the truth and what the word 'buzzy' actually means. Their account is given below.

'On approaching the fourth floor, one is overwhelmed by the smell. Through further inspection we are able to determine that it has emanated from the culinary masterpieces on show. These included 'Pasta' and 'Sausages'. Having conducted an on-the-spot chemical test of these dishes we found them to be edible although the abundance of oil did drown out the flavour somewhat. Pricing was felt to be extortionate in comparison to Benjy's but the staff's friendly touch more than made up for that. Students seemed to find the atmosphere pleasant with the stained yellow walls adding a 1970s feel to the place. To conclude, the SEI Panel found the 'Bowl' providing an adequate service for students but sub-standard for anyone else. (N.B. We were unable to determine the meaning of the word 'buzzy').'

If anyone could help the SEI Panel in finding the meaning of the word 'buzzy' they would be most grateful. Write to the fan e-mail address below, marking it 'Buzzy explanation'.

For tickets to the SE lectures mentioned above or just for your comments of praise e-mail the SE Team at secret_eye@hotmail.com

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B a n g B a n g

'BANG BANG' bangs on about a conspiracy:

DTA! – Don't Trust Anyone! Its true, you can't, (well it's not wise to trust everyone at least). But I'll tell you something, if you listened to some of the stuff people say, you really would have to stop and think about what's going on. Listening to 'Old George' down the pub a few months back got me thinking I can tell you. He said: "Bang Bang, a conspiracy theory by its very nature is impossible to disprove; it's easy to spin stories, but how can they be tested for being true? I mean, just because I'm paranoid doesn't mean I'm not being followed does it!" Funny thing is, he's dead right – and

brotherly love, they are busy financing global abortions, genetic purification and the mass construction of road humps just to subvert us all and frustrate us into obedience. Prince Philip, President of the World Wildlife Fund, even said that if he were to be reincarnated, he'd come back as a killer virus to kill a few billion of us off! Apparently, loads of these pagans love 'mother earth' and all around us they are busy spreading their occult images like 'Captain Planet' and 'Pokemon'!

Then there's the big one, the 'New World Order' Agenda. Apparently, loads of top people are involved from

Some (not including 'Old George') claim this attempt at world domination all began when the survivors of the Great Flood that Noah survived came down from the high ground north of modern Israel and began to reclaim the Earth. 'They' then embarked on a plan to take absolute, covert and overt control, and went back to Europe from whence they had fled because it was so low lying and flooded. Then 'They' concentrated on establishing a world order drawing on Babylonian, Egyptian and occultist teaching.

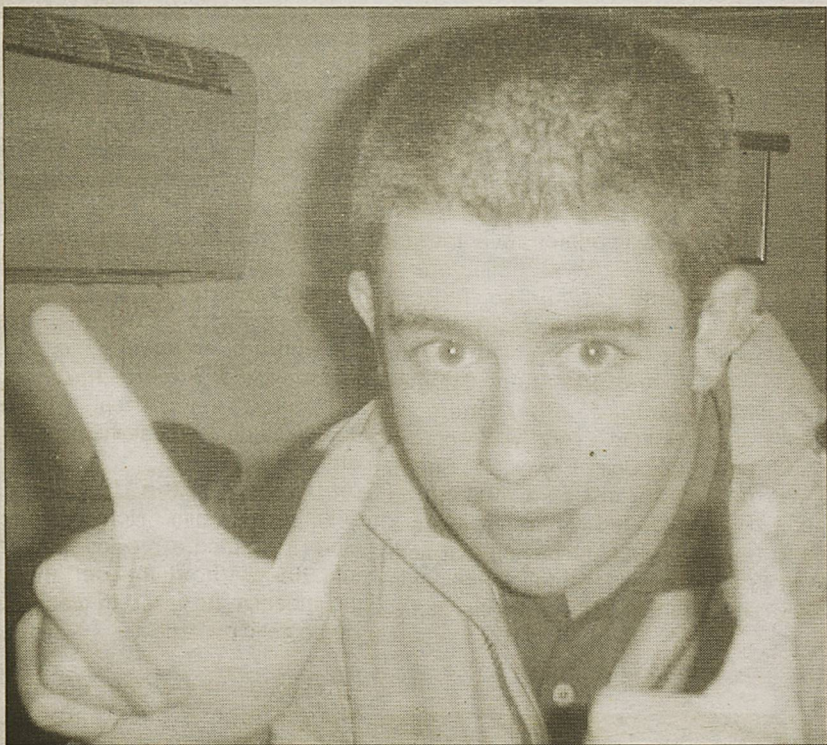
For thousands of years until today and tomorrow, everything that has happened has been made to appear unrelated when in reality, events are all bits of the same agenda's puzzle. At every level of history, nothing has been what it has seemed. Apparently, Shakespeare (an illiterate) never wrote his plays, Francis Bacon, a secret society initiate did, and 'his' plays are really coded devices marked in secret symbolism (we have only six examples of Shakespeare's hand writing, and they are all signatures!). All the Royals have led us believe they are 'families', and we went and fought for them, when really they are 'one' big family. Religions are supposedly all different yet they were all apparently created from the same ancient pagan religion and mystery schools. Da Vinci, Galileo, Newton and many other 'great' blokes learnt their skills from a group of esoteric initiates, mad and powerful 'Venetian' based men who actually began masonry and were not the geniuses we believe them to be.

then created the modern political 'left' and 'right' and began to divide and conquer. WWI was fought to kill off Russia's religious Czar. WWII was fought to bring everything to a head and Hitler's rampage was used to mix it all up and deliver the world the embryonic one world government who could then 'keep the peace' following Nazi pioneering in genetic coding, military power, the atomic bomb and the space program.

The 'story' bangs on and on – this is really only the tip of a massive conspiracy iceberg. So, what do you reckon to it? Merely a product of an over active imagination? Maybe. But what if it isn't? If it were really all true, all the 'facts' our schools, governments and newspapers had been telling us would have to be seen as completely misleading. I mean, what if the great force of the press has fallen into 'Their' hands? Then, you might have to start thinking about who exactly was in on the swindle. You would then have to decide who you really trusted. You might even go crazy and end up knowing more about what you know nothing about than what you thought you knew about.

I mean, we're at the LSE, we're supposed to have open minds and look into things and find out what they are really all about. I don't think we do though, not really, we just read about stuff in our library books and write a few essays. Maybe that's because we aren't interested enough in what we are really doing here. But, if this conspiracy was a book or a story like Star Wars or James Bond, I'm sure you might think a lot more of it.

Anyways, 'Old George' told me most of this stuff so it must be true! He was a wise old goat God rest his soul. You know, come to think of it, he did die in a pretty dodgy way – Tommy Duffnuts reckons someone knocked him off for knowing too much (being ex-MI5 postroom governor he got to know quite a bit), he might have a point. I mean, who commits suicide by hanging themselves on their own elasticised braces thus smashing their head on the ceiling of a police cell? And more to the point, why was he banged up for the night in the first place? So many questions – not enough answers! Why is it that nobody can prove or disprove a good conspiracy! What is true and what is fake? Still, mustn't grumble! Cheer up! Give a whistle! BANG BANG!



he is actually dead now. After all, and I know this might come as a shock to some of you in your very important student societies, who is well connected enough genetically, politically and economically to say the world isn't one big conspiracy?

'Old George' told me about loads of conspiracies from the death of Princess Diana and JFK, to Napoleon's murder at the hands of the FBI and how the real Jack the Ripper was a Royal performing ritual revenge murders– and don't forget the dodgy death of Bruce Lee! But these 'little' ones are joined by loads of 'big' ones.

Apparently there's a 'Green' conspiracy where all these lovely, caring environmentalists are set on doing us all over and letting the planet run free. Despite espousing their

George W. Bush to the Queen Mum. There are many versions of what this New World Order actually is. All, however, are linked by a plan to rule the world absolutely. Some say it is the British Empire, that still exists and is creating a new global empire, with the British elite's having opted for economic imperialism over military action some years ago, and have since covertly wrestled away America's freedom, and now use her as their stooge.

Then you have people like the Masons or the Templar Knights who are said to control all our destinies and rule the globe. You also have stories about how even the LSE's very own Webb's became leading intellectuals in a plan to manage every aspect of human activity. There's loads of 'Them'! It's hard to know who or what 'They' are or what to believe.

All that aside, 'Old George' began by telling us about a top boy for the 'more recent phase' Agenda, a Mr Weischaup; a Bavarian former Jesuit turned Luciferian. He established the Illuminati; a group bent on world domination. His followers reached into all forms of government on May 1st 1776 hence, the real reason why all nations regardless of race or creed across the world now celebrate May Day.

George said the Illuminati organised the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars to topple Europe's religious heads of state. By then, money, the root of all evil, was in their hands and they bought and sold countries as easy as buttering bread. Then Marx got on board the conspiracy train, as did Nietzsche. 'They' had by

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Last Dance for Al and George (Hopefully)

a letter in response to articles written by Ross Sheil

The Beaver's readers are undoubtedly tired of seeing stories on America's recent presidential election appear in their lunchtime fare. However, nobody with any respect for journalism could let Ross Sheil's recent election commentary ("the revolution will not be televised", 15/1/01) trample unchecked over fair-mindedness. Admittedly, an editorial offers the chance to voice one's opinion, but this was the most one-sided report since Liam Gallagher opined on the latest Robbie Williams CD. This partisan slew of partial truths conveniently omits any detail that would undermine Mr Sheil's case, resorts to blaming the election results on alleged racist corruption, and fails to recognise any of the rather obvious reasons why Gore lost the election.

Mr Sheil begins his assault by "describing" the role of the judiciary in deciding the election, asserting that Gore lost due to the "political alignments of the supreme court, a 5-4 split in favour of the Republicans." The US Supreme Court decision was in fact a complicated, unsigned opinion. In the portion about the constitutionality of manual recounts in Florida, seven justices, or two more than strict party lines would suggest, concluded that the recounts would violate the Constitution. The 5-4 count actually dealt only with the expiration of time for any recount. (CNN.com, 13/12/00). Additionally, Gore lost several

other rulings in lower courts such as the Tallahassee circuit court but continued to pursue his claim through the Florida legal system until he found an answer he liked. Mr Sheil could easily have argued that only the heavily Democratic FSC's 4-3 ruling even allowed Gore his last stand in the US Supreme Court.

Mr Sheil also claims that the US Supreme Court ruling raised questions about "the ability of those in power to manipulate and even ignore results." He notes that an "unofficial alternative" showed Gore won Florida, conveniently declining to cite his source. But would Gore actually have won even if those recounts had run out their rope? A columnist for US News & World Report (not exactly a Republican rag) noted that a number of independent studies showed Gore would not have mustered the needed votes (US News & World Report, 25/12/00, see also CNN.com 1/12/00, 15/1/01). While "unofficial counts" may continue to crop up until Gore wins, the independent evidence to date suggests that the ultimate outcome coincided with the Electoral College vote.

What about the Republicans leaders of Florida, whom Mr Sheil all but accuses of ramrodding the Florida election from their positions of power? While properly noting that George's brother Jeb governs Florida, Mr Sheil should also have admitted that Florida's district

attorney, who plays a significant role in the election process, is a Democrat named Bob Butterworth. Ol' Bob just happened to be Gore's Florida campaign manager. Further, the notorious Palm Beach County "butterfly ballots" were designed by a Democratic county election supervisor who thought that the design would allow the candidates' names to appear in larger print for the county's elderly voters (CNN.com, 17/12/00). These ballots, approved by both parties prior to the election, were subsequently determined to be legal by a lower court.

Most alarmingly, however, Mr Sheil reiterates the allegations of systematic African-American disenfranchisement in Florida, with talk of faulty counting machines, election-day roadblocks, and intimidation. This election did reveal that the voting equipment used in several parts of the country, not just Florida, was in embarrassing condition. It's further likely that the worst equipment was to be found in poorer counties, just as most public services tend to be worse in those counties. Claims about roadblocks, on the other hand, have so far proved to be patently false. One "roadblock" near Tallahassee was a routine check for faulty auto equipment that stopped a total of 150 vehicles. (USA Today, 8/12/00, as cited in US News & World Report, 17/12/00). Mr Sheil further cites a Washington Post study showing that one-third of ballots in black

sections of Jacksonville, a large Florida city, failed to record a presidential vote, while he conveniently leaves out the newspaper's further point: "one reason for the high rate of invalidated votes this election was the NAACP's [National Association for the Advancement of Colored People] massive get-out-the-vote effort in Florida, which brought many inexperienced or first-time voters to the polls." (as cited in US News & World Report, 17/12/00). Unfortunately, the media rarely seems to recant allegations of wrongdoing as vociferously as it once made them, leaving the alleged perpetrators guilty upon accusation in the minds of many readers.

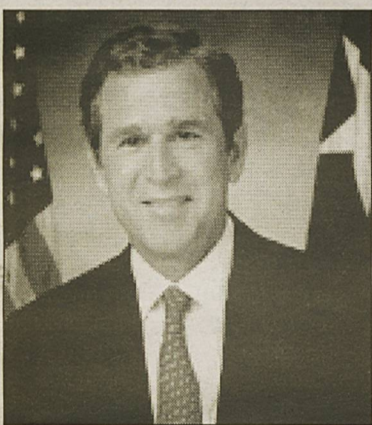
Truthfully, the Brothers Bush are unlikely candidates for minority oppressors. George, while receiving less than ten percent of the black vote, did garner a significant percentage of the Latino vote, particularly in Texas, where he has arguably had the greatest opportunity to oppress over the last six years. Since assuming office, George has appointed the first African-American secretary of state and the first African-American woman to a prominent Cabinet post, among other minority appointments. (And while on the subject of Colin Powell, Mr Sheil's desire to criticise all things Republican led him to disparage a man so widely respected that both parties wooed him to join their side in the run-up to the 1996 election.)



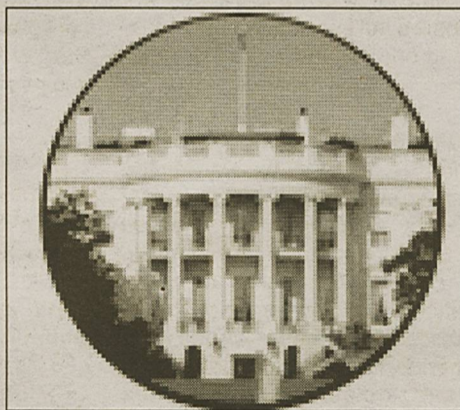
Not since Biblical times have so many Bushes been burnt

Along with the facts that Mr Sheil neglected to mention were valid political reasons why Al Gore failed to convert his narrow popular vote lead into Electoral victory. Most obvious is the candidacy of Green nominee Ralph Nader, who grabbed a significant chunk of votes that otherwise would have gone Democrat. Heck, Gore would have won Florida even if he had taken half of the votes from the Socialist Party in Florida. The Socialist Party! Posh-n-Becks draw more votes in Liverpool popularity contests than the Socialists do in any US state. This is a candidate whose home state of Tennessee, which he represented in the US Senate, didn't vote for him. Notably, when Gore attempted a presidential run in 1988, without the benefit of incumbency, he failed to clear the Democratic primaries.

In reality, the 2000 election aftermath gave each party the chance to display some nastiness, with the potential for partisan oversight and legal rulings on both sides. It made clear the need for standardised voting equipment and an independent oversight process, at least on a state level, and left the two major parties getting along like Montagues and Capulets. However, as the world hopes for the best over the next four years, nobody benefits from bitterly partisan views of the election, particularly with regard to flimsy accusations of racism. It appears, for the moment anyway, that the final outcome in fact did reflect the actual Electoral vote. A truly honourable ending to the affair would have been for Gore to concede long before lawyers got involved. With equal magnanimity, Bush should then have admitted his loss in the popular vote and given the victory to Gore. While nobody could expect such a pie-in-the-sky scenario to occur, we can at least expect to read the truth about what in fact did happen.



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If you disagree with our writers on this or any contentious issue then please e-mail the editor at c.d.wills@lse.ac.uk

To see how Mr Sheil pleads turn to page 5 of B:LINK

Kirk Feely, an MSc Economics student who aspires to one day understand fuzzy math, is indebted to bipartisan editorial assistance.

B:LINK



this week: sponsored by the big guy in Wrights Bar who they don't allow to make sandwiches

beaver link

politics/culture/life

the spy who betrayed me



an interview with David Shayler, the spy who revealed an MI6 plot to assassinate Colenel Gaddafi

words by neelam verjee



It has all the ingredients of a James Bond-style plot. A conspiracy to assassinate the Libyan leader, Colonel Gaddafi; the villains, who betray the principles they profess to protect with their lives and of course, the hero, who saves the day, but in this case, rather unfortunately

succeeds in getting the whole of MI6 after his blood. The self-styled hero is none other than David Shayler, the 'whistleblower' (as he prefers to call himself) of the MI6 plot to assassinate Col. Gaddafi.

LSE was host to the Privacy International 'Big Brother' Awards

2000 at the end of last year, in which David Shayler played the role of 'Guest Rabble Rouser'. I took this opportunity to ask him what led him to take the stance that he did, and which resulted in him being exiled to France for three years and on the run for ten months.

His primary defence is that the MI6 acted illegally and transgressed the principles of justice. They only have licence to kill if they have received explicit permission to do so.

continued on page five

B:LINK CONTENTS

the second week of term, and we all want the holidays back. we think it's about time we visited the library; but when we get there we find that the sad people have been there first and have taken all the books out. crush seems like exactly that: the scents of sweat and vodka mix-up our nostrils.

no more! rise, young lse student, from the misery-hole of self-pity. behold all the good stuff in this week's b:link can too much money stifle democracy? **pages one & eight**
blowing the world to bits **page two**
pinochet on the run **page three**
the secret life of tony giddens **page four**
slobodan on trial (not) **page five**
george dubya who? **page six**
non-governmental... orgies **page seven**

新年快樂

Kung Hei Fat Choi
Happy Chinese New Year
for this
the year of the snake

words by ambrin malik

the london school

of ugly people

If you're walking down the meat market that is Houghton Street, and hear these words being shouted at full volume into the air along with a few shrieks and high-pitched giggles, you can be damn sure my best mates are nearby. And I'm not far behind.

For here lies an example of the desperate measures students are taking at the LSE in order to adequately cope with their frustrations and desires in an institution that isn't exactly bursting at the seams with fanciable folk. Yes, it's true, my fellow intellectuals, and it's fast becoming official. Out of all the individuals at the University of London, our college is supposedly one with the "least attractive." According to both the opinions of our LSE counterparts and those at other colleges, we may possess an undeniable reputation for being pretty clever, but we sure as hell don't have one for being pretty.

"The male talent here is disgraceful!" moaned one female friend.

"There's no birds decent enough to shag unless I'm pissed!" cried a male friend.

And plenty more familiar comments besides. Funny that, eh? Most people I've heard complaining have, on numerous occasions, when somebody takes their fancy, groaned: "(S)he's so fine!"

Despite this, it seems as though the new first years aren't as disillusioned as the rest of us. They appear quite content and satisfied...though they may just be more desperate and subsequently less fussy (a conclusion at which I arrived when one fresher I know momentarily became my best

friend upon learning I was very well-acquainted with three fit birds who'd caused him to dribble at the mouth when spying them in the Tuns)

Yet, even so, our buddies on the Strand in that strange place called Kings avoid coming to the LSE when they're on the pull. "The people just aren't there," declared one such expert. Charming!

Personally, I disagree wholeheartedly and that's even without me (objectively) saying that all of my mates are bloody gorgeous, and my two flat-mates are amongst the fittest at uni. Lately, I've noticed a few stunners gracing the Brunch Bowl with their glorious presence. Not just "all that and a bag of chips" but "all that and a tub of Wright's Bar's chips with vinegar and ketchup." At the stroke of every hour, when clusters of econ pupils descend on the steps of the Old Building, a few fine specimens can be found lurking amongst them. What other incentive do you need to drag yourself out of bed in the morning and into lectures? And when the Tuns is heaving with up-for-it drunkards at Crush each week, the whole LSE population is far too sexy for its own good. (Although the ratings on the scale of attractiveness shoot up then primarily because we have our beer goggles firmly and securely in place).

It doesn't get better than this, guys!

So when I'm strutting my stuff in the Quad, living it up to wonderful cheese amid a throng of sweaty bodies, and smack the butt cheeks of the guy in front of me and whoop: "I see you baby...shaking that ass!" I'm

actually celebrating and rejoicing in the fact that people at our uni ARE good looking! It's not drunken (and, come to think of it, sober) desperation...I promise!

Have I managed to convince you all? Probably not. No doubt the disbelievers are shaking their heads, muttering bitter words about that old-fashioned emotion called frustration. I'm sure there are still some cynics out there standing by the claim that lack of sex objects on which we can focus our perverted attention has led us to become filthy, butt-smacking, jeering freaks (the girls, anyway. The guys have always been filthy, jeering freaks). I'll bet those same people maintain the assertion that memories of arriving at uni only to be confronted by such an enormous lack of totty have scarred them for life.

My advice? Go for those who have, or have once had, curly hair. They're the sexiest. I'm certain a scientific study by our renowned and much-acclaimed research department would prove this. I'd even put money on it...if I had any, but that's another story.



Ambrin Malik is a 2nd year LLB Student - watch out guys she has her eyes on you!

legislating morality

words by prema gurunathan

For my birthday last week, I received a copy of The New Yorker's book of political cartoons and as expected, it put a smile on my face. One cartoon which did not tickle my funny bone but set me thinking about the serious issue it brought up, featured two politicians standing along the corridor of a Congressional building. In the background stood the Vietnam Memorial and the speech bubble read: "You can't legislate morality, thank heaven."

I'm not sure about the exact point of the piece --- was it some ironic statement since much of legislation is about morality? I shan't launch into philosophical debate, aware as I am of my

inadequacies as a philosopher. It did however strike a chord with comments on legislation which the Labour government has been putting through. Many of them can easily be seen to be cases of 'legislating morality': Section 28 (ending the silence on homosexuality in schools), equalising the age of consent for gays, the Human fertilisation and embryology debate (which permitted stem cell research), and more recently the controversial free vote on fox hunting.

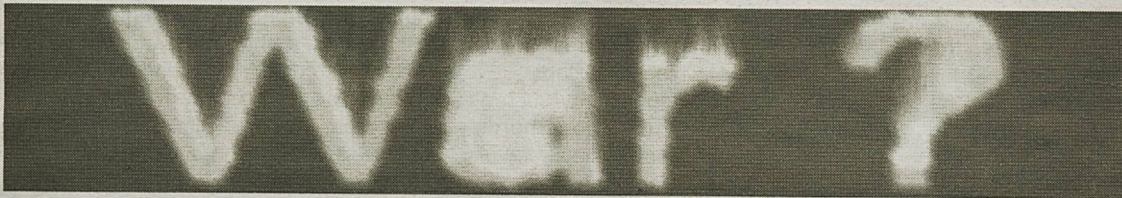
In the first three instances, the argument adopted by opponents of the bills was that they sanctioned 'immorality'. The Daily Telegraph, ever the defender of morality, labelled the government the 'most

irreligious' it had experienced whilst proponents of the bills pleaded for a more tolerant attitude. Conversely in the fox hunting debate, there was a complete U-turn, with supporters of a complete ban assailing the immorality of the sport, and hunt supporters pleading for tolerance and besieging the government with accusations of 'illiberality'. It's a funny old world isn't it? In any case, the fox hunting bill is unlikely to meet the statute book before the end of this session of parliament, if the election is, as is widely expected called in May.

It will be interesting though, to see if the Conservatives attempt to make the case for tax cuts on grounds of 'morality' as William

Hague has done before. Given the break the shadow chancellor has made with his libertarian past, this seems one election battleground where we are less likely to see the morality argument. But it leaves the wider question of what 'morality' is and the extent to which it can, and indeed should be subject to 'legislating'? Are we having to 'legislate morality' because of the decline of the Church --- an institution which had previously defined morality by way of its doctrine? Try fitting your answers on a postcard please.

Prema Gurunathan has written for TheBeaver before.



The Internet as an electronic frontier has become a particularly powerful image, defining many peoples' understanding of cyberspace. Just like the myths of the American Wild West popularised by Hollywood, the Internet represents the unknown, a place that many believe holds great promise, but whose contours and natives seem exotic and strange. Reports from over the frontier seem to confirm that this is a foreign place. Computer hackers and their pursuers can be thought of as the cowboys, seemingly lawless in a land where justice is often non-existent.

The metaphor of the electronic frontier seems to fit comfortably with organisations and movements that try to represent the grassroots of cyberspace. It is increasingly evident that the Internet is a powerful tool. The advantages are clear: there are extensive global resources, networking can be achieved quickly and - crucially, it is an inexpensive method.

Above all, there is variety on this frontier. One common type of protest can be thought of as 'traditional' activism, such as Friends of the Earth mobilising support for the recent Washington and Prague anti-capitalist demonstrations. However, alternative types of protest have emerged in recent years. For example, while the popular image of hackers has presented them as exploiting and attacking computers and networks for the thrill and challenge, another breed is drawing on political agendas. They use their computer skills to make political statements and protest

actions. Thus, they bridge the realms of hacking and activism, operating in a new domain called 'hacktivism'. At the Seattle World Trade Organisation (WTO) talks, for instance, a UK collective called 'The Electrohippies' successfully slowed down the official WTO website. Does this constitute illegal electronic trespass? Or is it promoting openness and accountability? Whatever the case, these attacks have proved difficult to prevent, impossible to anticipate.

As hacking tools become more widespread, the frequency of hacktivist protest can only increase. But what about an all-out cyberwar? One particular cyber conflict has been raging for the past four months in the Middle East and shows no sign of abating. The activity parallels the increase in tensions and violence on the ground, but far from the bloody engagements throughout the West Bank and Gaza Strip. New targets, tools and actors continue to appear daily as Israeli and Arab hackers launch relentless attacks on each other. Targets are not merely limited to slowing down or defacing websites. They include chat rooms and critical infrastructure such as Internet Service Providers. Quite possibly every kind of protest technique is being utilised, with attacks coming in from all over the world.

Who's winning this war? While difficult to judge, attacks by pro-Palestinian supporters seem to be more numerous and pervasive. The official websites of the Knesset, Israel's parliament, and the Israeli Ministry of Foreign Affairs have both been knocked

out for extensive periods of time. If sheer quantity is a measure of success, the Palestinian hacktivists seem to be winning and hitting over 166 websites since October last year. Meanwhile, pro-Israeli attackers have exploited one of the most effective propaganda techniques of the Internet: parody. In a misinformation campaign they have registered and constructed a series of websites similar in name to Hezbollah, the Lebanese movement in solidarity with the Palestinian cause. These impostor sites - hizballa.org and hizballa.com - present decidedly pro-Israeli messages to the visitor rather than the expected Hezbollah message. Increasingly more sophisticated and intricate assaults are expected if the political tensions in the region continue to heighten. One danger is the potential of either side deploying a virus, an infection that would not only spread to their intended targets, but also infect systems worldwide.

It is not only the Israelis and the Palestinians who have taken their battles into cyberspace. Cyber-terrorism is playing a part in other conflicts, from the former Yugoslavia and Kosovo to enmity between China and Taiwan, India and Pakistan. In trying to understand this new frontier, what should be done to monitor and control cyberwars? While some people ask for greater involvement from governments and legislating bodies, there are others who feel there is no solution. The sceptics site the early architecture of the Internet, as a network to withstand post-nuclear communications, as their case. From this perspective, the Internet treats opposition or censorship like damage, it merely routes around it.

This is Matt Pierce's first article for B:Link.

the
MUKUL
empire

editorial

Like most people, I have a mate called Dave. This particular Dave is a musician in a band called Physical Love, who are trying to get signed up to a record label, and have been trying for ages. Now they have stopped writing in their original style and have started writing songs that they think will get them signed. I am not saying that they are any less excellent musicians, but raw rap 'n' rock has given way to poppier songs about love.

I asked my mate Dave about it. "Oh yeah, we sold out," he said cheerily, "you have to sell out nowadays just to get anywhere."

As a 3rd year undergrad, I have reached that time (which comes in every LSE student's life) when all my mates start getting jobs in investment banks. Of course, most of them did not dream of Mergers & Acquisitions, but the money at banks is so very, very good. And we all knew they paid good money before we started University, which is why so many people picked less-than-fascinating courses (Quantitative Methods, AC100, Company Law etc.), specifically to get a super-paid job after graduating. In effect, most of us have 'sold out' before we even got to the selling out stage.

This concept of 'selling out' is a weird one. Who exactly are we selling to? Are we really 'selling out', or are we actually 'buying in' to a lifetime of limitless cash-flow? Are we letting anyone down by 'selling out', and if so, whom?

The most obvious answer is that 'selling out' means selling ourselves to the big evil world of capitalism, at the cost of the common people. Two things strike me about this definition. One is that it just sounds awfully like something an angry 15-year old would say. The second is that this definition is so blatantly the right one.

The modern world screams at our generation to turn ourselves into commodities, to market ourselves etc. Whether this is a good thing is far too big a question for me to answer here, of course (isn't that the point of social science?).

But I would suggest that it's not good when such things as musical creativity and intellectual study are motivated by money alone. Money is important - but surely we can all agree that money isn't *everything*?

So whether we eventually sell ourselves out or not - I for one intend to do so, at least in some ways - do we really have to do so before we actually have to do so?

Perhaps we can't avoid pre-empting the market by selling out well in advance. I wish that the system wasn't like this, though. It'd probably be more fun if we stopped worrying about it until the Sales start.

Mukul Devichand

A final word: I'd just like to add to the mutual back-patting in this issue of b:link. Samer, you reminded me recently that it's OK to be committed and serious while laughing, singing and chilling. Shukran.

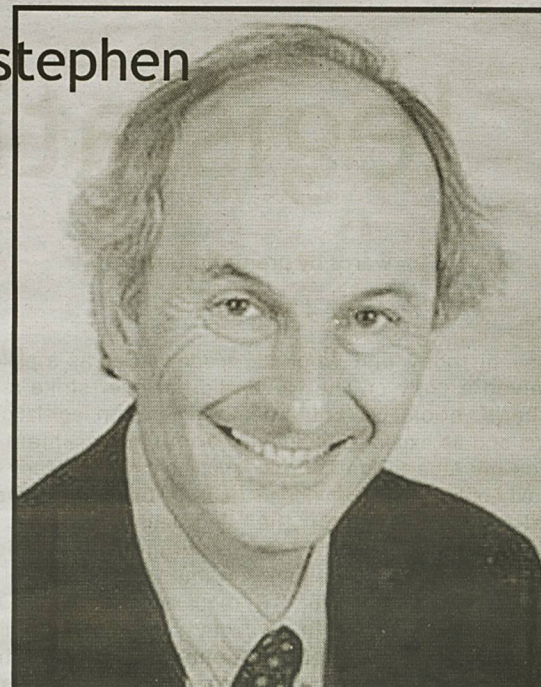
hacktivism

words by matt pierce

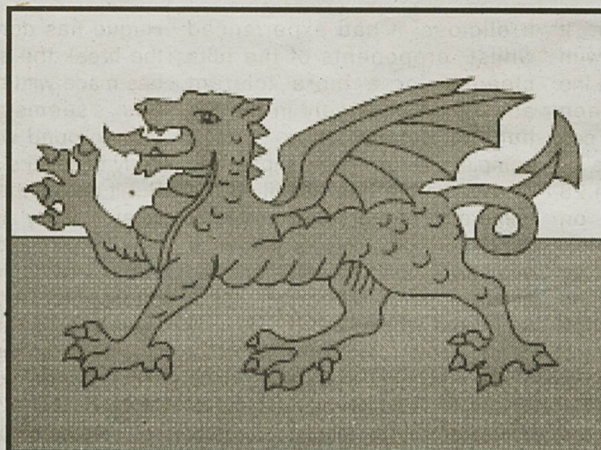


Malice through the looking glass... an irreverent and untrue look at men of influence

mr stephen hill



if the director is meant to be a father-figure, then we should feel like the poor children whose mother brings home a different man every weekend in the vain hope that she can find someone to love her like Dave did before he left her for her best friend - 'Mummy. Who's my real dad?' We're confused, we don't know who to trust, who to love. The new man vying for our fickle affections is Stephen 'Benny' Hill, a man with more skeletons in his cupboard than Fred West. In an effort to check out our mother's new piece of dick, we did a little bit of research and even interviewed the man himself. What we found shocked us to our very core.



Hill began to cackle like a drunk witch before standing up, putting his hands of the desk and informing us.....

"Rohypnol? Ha, ha, ha, no, heavens no.....rohypnol is amateurish and ineffective. For real professionals, byrathic carbonate is the only way to go. Knocks them straight out and dissolves in the blood stream.. .hahahahah HAHAHAHAAH" At this point the interview was terminated as Hill's lawyer entered the room and brought his client to the floor with an unorthodox version of the running clothesline popularised by wrestling carpenter Hacksaw Jim Duggan - "They're not your friends Steve, they're journalists, never forget what happened in Llandudno!" A clearly shaken Hill was then taken from the room bringing to an end what had been a harrowing experience for us; coming face to face with what can only be described as 'an evil Barry Davies'. There was something about his ears, the way they looked straight down into your soul.

His lawyer's final words rang in our hears. Llandudno? What the fuck is that? After a little bit of research we discovered

it is a smallish village in North Wales. Penetrating a closely knit group of sheep farmers (no incest/bestiality insinuated... although probably committed) it emerged that Hill was a Lecturer at the North Wales Institute for the Mocked, Disenfranchised and Welsh under the pseudonym Dyfydd Dryphyd. Hill had left under a cloud when it was revealed he despised the Welsh and had been using his position to mock and disenfranchise the already vulnerable Taffs under his charge. One student who wishes to remain anonymous, called for the purposes of this article Mychyfychylydd Jones confided to us "That man was pure Welsh-hating evil. It was ears.....they just screamed out 'I hate you because of your Welshness and I plan to wipe out all the Welsh people in the world just because....grrr'.

"One afternoon, he kept me behind after class and gave me a lecture on the superiority of the English. He was like Hitler....on bad crack and angry pills. I haven't been this scared since they

criminalised bestiality. He must be stopped' At this point we had to end the interview as Mychyfychylydd had stopped making sense and had begun to cry shamelessly like a f*cking girl. I slapped him, Charlie wanted to go further but thankfully I restrained him and he settled for three rounds of Chinese Boxing.

In a small village community such as Llandudno, despite the obvious hurdle posed by levels of illiteracy, news travels fast. Before long an angry lynch mob, wielding various powertools acquired during a four man ramraid of the newly opened B&Q Warehouse, had surrounded Hill's residence and by sunset he had left Wales for good.

Hill's unease with his own personality lead him to assume that of BBC commentator Barry Davies, to whom he bears more than a passing resemblance, something which he was to exploit to devastating and nearly lethal effect. After his 5-day residential course for middle management "Barry Davies: Commentating for Commerce" was rumbled by the South Yorkshire constabulary Hill moved south. After 14 years stalking Davies in and around London, during which, it is rumoured, he "filled in" for Davies on Match of the Day whilst Davies was abroad 'for tax reasons', matters came to a head. Forcing his way into Wembley stadium during a vital World Cup Qualifier between Wales and Turkey Hill administered an unknown sedative rumoured to be byrathic carbonate to the resident commentator Peter Drury, before taking the mic alongside Chris Waddle. What happened next would not be suitable for the similarly titled round on

prime time BBC quiz "A Question of Sport", unless of course it was a late night version where Sue Barker gets her baps out too.

So what can we expect from the Hill regime apart from Hill roaming around the campus with a sharpened whipping stick, venting his considerable sociopathic rage on anybody who disagrees with his twisted philosophy, well.....not much. He admitted as much to us in our brief interview, "Basically I'm a mean mo-fo. They've hired me as some sort of Barry Davies puppet but that's fine. I just have to sit on my fat overpaid arse, dispensing useless platitudes and signing shit until Giddens gets back and does it for real. They know I won't give any trouble 'cos they've got so much shit on me. I'm scared and they're exploiting that. I'm like a academic whore, working like a dog to hide the past". When we asked him about Wales, he looked down and rubbed tears from his eyes "I loved that place....I want to go back but I can't. They'll lynch my bitch ass! And d'you know what's most ironic.....some of my best friends are a little bit Welsh. It just makes me shudder" It's a sad story, but someone had to tell it.

Kerron Rohrer also has Welsh friends none of whom were connected with the B&Q ramraid.

Charlie Jurd lost the Chinese Boxing 2 -1.

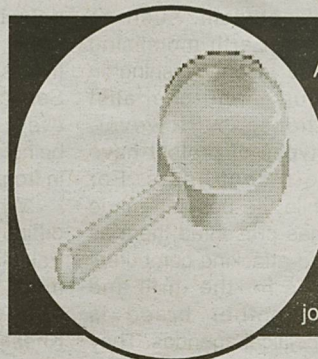
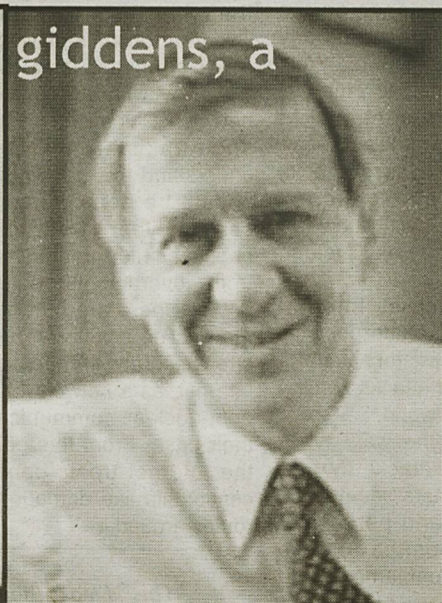
Peter Davies is Welsh and was invaluable to the production of the article.

lies, lies and more lies from kerron rohrer and charlie jurd

hindley, m



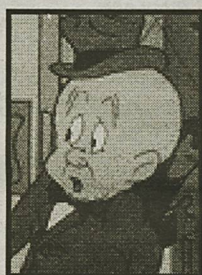
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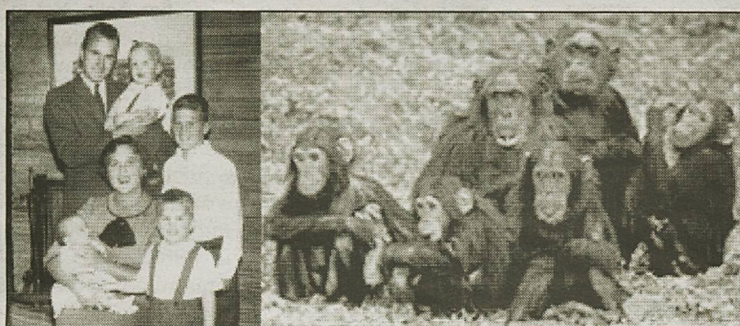
DISCLAIMER

Although this sad story had to be told, it isn't actually based on established facts as far as we are aware. Malice is mere comment and should be read as such. However, if you wish to take it seriously, that it is a choice you are entitled to make. We, the writers, apologise for any harm or offence we have caused, but this is a price we're prepared to pay for journalism.

stupid is as stupid does



with our special correspondent, elmer fudd



arguably one of the planet's finest Americans the late, great Forrest Gump inspired international devotion, bumper stickers and a major motion picture. For his latest novel Elmer has adapted his life story and given it a sublimable twist. "Welcome to Mrs. Bush and my fellow astronauts."

The protagonist, the boy Dubya, is a good-hearted but misunderstood "local idiot", who has to battle against mental deficit and lecherous 'Democrats'. Just as Gump suffered at the hands of Alabama's intelligentsia, Dubya has to survive evil liberal democracy and evade the zookeeper. "Could you believe it, I got to go to college too!"

Gump's influence moulded political events in the sixties and it is the same theme which Elmer cleverly flips, shaping the boy's character through political events, genius! In his acclaimed autobiography 'Life is Like a Box of Chocolates', Gump revealed the anguish he suffered from the absence of a sane father and strange family rituals where "they'd all dress up in their robes and their bed-sheets, and act like a bunch of spooks or somethin". Dubya too has a family who belong to a similar clan called 'Republicans'. Feeling the garb of the KKK a little short of Yale preppy-codes, their clan sport the Emperor's New Clothes and indulge in group urination, although retaining ZZ-Top over Wagner.

Unlike Gump, Dubya must struggle to meet the expectations

of the 'Bush clan', the pressure of which, leads him to seek solace in Tony Montana and Homer Simpson. Similar to Gump casting off his leg braces, Dubya must abandon his (typically Democrat) demons, to seek the Bubba-Gump shrimp of Alaskan Oil, his missionary zeal fuelled by pure and Godly corporate-campaign-finance.

The shrimp metaphor also finds a key role in the boy's law-making when as Governor of Hazard county he has to deal with pesky, meddlesome, mentally-ill convicts. Struggling to find a method "just and generous...to affirm the dignity of every man", he finds the perfect answer in Bubba's shrimp recipes "pan-fry, deep-fry, stir-fry", leaving them rare but not too bloody, shiiii!

Reviving the legend of Gump's dragging Lieutenant Dan out of the savage-filled Vietnamese jungle, Dubya rescues Civil Rights leader, Dick Cheney from his ventilator and emerges unscathed from an election nearly ruined by democracy to take office and foil those nasty Chinese, North Koreans (and Iranians). Joining hands with his sidekick Colin (Bubba) Powell, the boy brushes aside liberal wines of "this seats taken", standing firm against (Lyndon Johnson/ Nasty Kid on Bus #2) Al Gore.

Ushering in a new era, the boy strides into the house of God throwing out the tax collectors and the Pharisee 'Clinton'. A God-fearing family man, the boy opens the White House with famous Gump inclusiveness; "we'd let

those rooms out, mostly to people passin' through like from, oh...Mobil (any ol oil firm, the tobacco industry, millionaire Christians, Rush Limbaugh, proliferers and the NRA), Montgomery."

After reading this tome, I was struck by a sense of knowing, not just that "The vast majority of our imports come from outside our country", but of an awakening that, when faced by long words and confusing issues we should seek the wisdom of our Forrest. If I may, I shall close with the beautiful words of 'President' Dubya; "I know the human being and the fish can coexist peacefully."

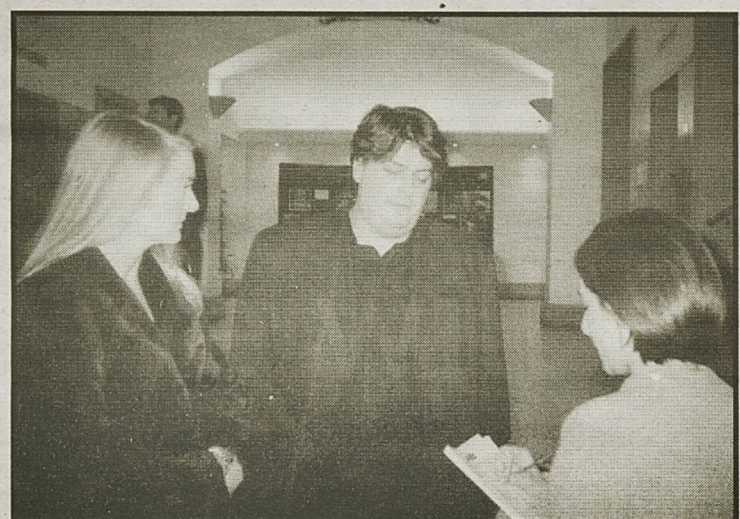
Following a furious bidding war for publication rights, Elmer has been besieged with movie offers, although Oliver Stone is reportedly ahead in the polls with his planned Broadway production starring Charlton Heston and scored by the RZA. Elmer has also announced that due to popular demand he is attempting a Star Wars inspired series following on from 'Dubya'. I can exclusively reveal that in the next episode Bush's niece Lauren will breed with Prince William to produce a Jedi-Idiot to pilot the 'NMD Falcon' to apocalypse- great stuff!

Ross Sheil wrote this, and admits it is all lies.

Ross lives in a white house with a bush outside, in Shepherds Bush, Dubya 6. In his spare time he is an Undergraduate at LSE.

the pay was not enough

continued from the cover



According to Shayler's version of the events, a Libyan military intelligence officer approached the MI6 in 1995 and struck up a deal with them. The MI6 would fund an attempt on the life of Gadaffi and if successful, the officer would consequently seize power of the state. However, MI6 had not received permission for such an operation, which would, in Shayler's opinion, make it a case of murder if Gadaffi was assassinated, as opposed to if the MI6 had actually acquired permission to kill him. In the event the scheme, as we all know, failed and instead an innocent civilian was killed in February 1996.

MI6 called it a 'fantasy plot' and denied all knowledge of any such conspiracy, despite the apparent existence of MI6 documents proving otherwise. They have also accused Shayler of betraying the Official Secrets Act and he consequently faces various charges concerning the

contravention of this Act. However, Shayler maintains that the Official Secrets Act is in itself 'contrary to the notion of honour', which is why he took the information to the Mail on Sunday in August 1997. He stands by his actions, although he does admit that his reasons were more varied and complex than those he has revealed thus far were. He did not go on to reveal these varied and complex motives, but instead disclosed that he intends to be published in the near future.

'The Organization', by David Shayler, will catalogue his personal experiences with the MI5 and those of his involvement in the conspiracy and also apparently shares his vision of a 'reformed intelligence service'. These might be somehow connected to his announcement that 'England is the only country that does not have the basis for modern democracy.'

I asked him how and why he started working for the MI5 in the

first place, which then made him privy to MI6 information. Shayler claimed he had responded to an advert seeking a journalist. Instead, he mysteriously found himself in an unmarked office in London, working for the MI5. He says he thought it would be about 'obeying the law, respecting civil liberties.' 'I joined the MI5 to fight and not support terrorism' he declared.

Finally, I wanted to know what other scams the MI6 had been involved in and that the public ought to know about but Shayler declined to answer my question. He ended by stating that 'treachery is more serious than newspaper articles that don't damage national security.'

Neelam Verjee is former features editor of the Beaver.

She is considering using her Social Policy degree as a way in to being an Operative in the Kenyan Secret Service.

human rights and the turkish prison raids

words by samer srouji



The raids of prisons by Turkish security forces to end a two-month death-fast and silence the demands of political prisoners over the vacation give two reasons for outrage. First was the extent of violence used by the forces, at least 30 prisoners died - some burned alive by flame-throwers, and at least 100 more were seriously injured. Secondly, the bland and indifferent reception this received among the entire European population, too busy with Christmas preparations to notice what was going on in their Anatolian backyard. Only Greece made a critical declaration, while press coverage in this country was content to dismiss the prisoners as 'left-wing' or 'radical' elements. Such characterization blurs the facts of the situation; human rights apply to all individuals no matter what their political affiliations. This indifference is sad considering the

strong appeals for support for two months prior to the savagery of December 19th.

The appeals to support the prisoners, to raise our voices here and in the heart of Europe, were loud enough. Relatives and supporters of the prisoners sent regular email newsletters and used support groups in almost all the Western European nations to inform the general public of the progression of the fast and of the unchanging demands. These were pleas for solidarity. They asked for an end to torture and mistreatment in Turkish jails, for the right to proper medical treatment, and demanded to remain in large dorm-type prisons where the torture and beating of prisoners is less prevalent. They fasted unremittingly for two months.

On December 19th, Turkish security forces were dispatched to some 20 prisons around the

country. Ayla Ozcan, a prisoner and participant in the death fast gave his testimony after the raid: 'At noon, they started to throw nerve gas and fire bombs at us. Most of us choked and lost consciousness. The flames started to cover the dormitory.' Later, two of his friends 're-entered the dormitory to search for the others. When they returned, empty-handed their faces, hair and hands were burnt too. When we went downstairs we noticed that Nilufer, Seyhan, Ozlem, Sefinur and the death fast fighter Gulseren Ozturk were not among us. They were left in the blaze.'

Going through the testimonies and daily reports by parents and supporters of the prisoners since October 2000 paints the inhuman conditions that they face. Many of them are in fact Kurds, some affiliated with the Kurdish National Party, who have been discriminated against and abused in Turkey for many years. Others are members of the DHKP, the 'left wingers.' They expressed their worries in October that their children would be transferred to 'F-Type' cells where they could be severely tortured in isolation. Despite the indifference of European governments, human rights groups did monitor the abuses and embarrassment may have pushed Turkish leaders to terminate the protest. Jonathan Sugden of Human Rights Watch said that they were very 'concerned about the reports of ill-treatment. It seems that prisoners were right in fearing isolation.'

Huseyin Diri, whose brother is in a prison near Izmit in the northwest of Turkey stated that the

head guard would enter his brother's cell every morning and ask him to sing the national anthem. 'When he refused, or if he did not stand up when the guard walked in, they started beating him.' The last time he visited him he said his brother Sabri 'couldn't move the right side of his body.' Many prisoners are not accorded medical treatment when injured or even proper clothing, and are left to suffer for days.

We should be awakened to the reality that in some countries human rights are violated with impunity. They will continue to be violated until as a whole individuals and human rights groups express their outrage publicly and pressure their governments. This is exactly what the suffering prisoners in Turkey appealed to the world for, and they were disappointed. They were imprisoned and tortured in many cases not for what they did, but more for the principle, what they believed in. The right to be free and have the cultural and political autonomy that minorities are legally entitled to. The most disgraceful conduct was that of European governments, who just in November 2000 set out the economic and political reforms that Turkey must make before it can start the EU accession negotiations. Europe, who in fact expelled Turkey from the European Commission in 1981 for human rights abuses, has chosen to ignore the abuses in its own camp. The reason is that Turkey is a valuable NATO ally hosts a strategically important American Air force base in Eastern Turkey, that has been used for the last 7

years to launch constant air strikes against Iraq.

The prison raids have come and gone and the prisoners were transferred to isolation cells. Yet in my mind, those 20 or so protestors in central London that I saw on December 15th, chanting in the rain in English and Turkish represent the voice of human dignity that is unfailing in the face of a silent world. It is a voice shouting for freedom imploring us to pause and think about what force leads a man and woman to give up food for two months and face death with the courage of a lion. It is a disease of our generation that we have forgotten what is important, and what it means to stand up for human dignity and for values we should cherish. In the future some of us may ask where was I? Where was I when UN-sanctions supported by this country resulted in the death of 1 million children in less than 8 years in Iraq? Where was I when 350 Palestinians, young and old, were torn to pieces by Israeli bullets because they want an end to the occupation of their land? Where was I when war criminal Ariel Sharon was called a 'man of peace' at his election rally? Where was I when Iranian students and journalists were given ten-year jail sentences for denouncing the injustices of their government at a Berlin conference? Because those prisoners, and those tortured, theirs are the trials that make history. To be silent is to condone.



This article is dedicated to Mukul Devichand, who with his passion taught me to have a vision (Samer Srouji 2000).

b:art

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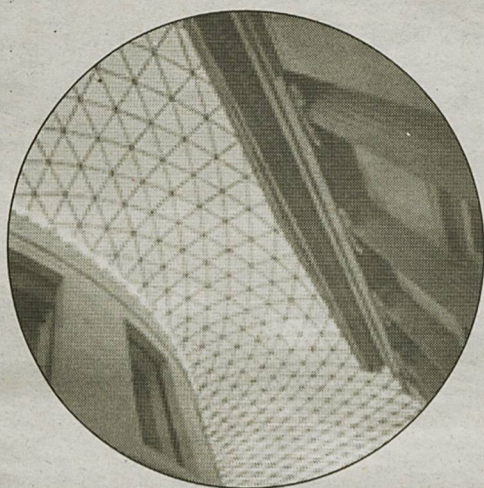
b:ritish museum brings roof
design into the 21st Century!

b:movies - shadow of the
vampire page 5

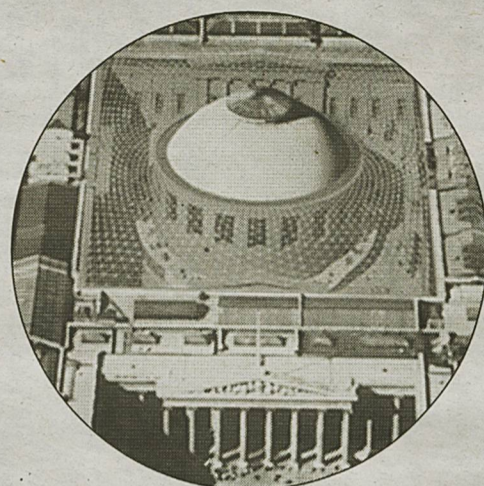
b:fashion on page 4

b:music pages 6 & 7

Holding Court



We have already seen how the British Museum's extension has created a storm of praise and a wave of criticism. Ian Curry takes a trip to Bloomsbury to take another look at the project on its architectural merits.



In comparison with our Continental neighbours, British planners have never quite grasped the concept of 'Grands Projets'. Whilst Paris basked in the glory of its Centre Pompidou, its Louvre enhancing Pyramid and the spectacular Grande Arche de la Defense, London has made do with the South Bank complex and The Barbican. With the turn of the century, however, London may well be catching up in the world of artistic architectural expression.

The impetus for a series of high profile building schemes has been the Millennium. This has provided the necessary inspiration for planners, architects and government to come together with a common goal to leave a lasting legacy to this landmark date. Perhaps more importantly it has given the financial stimulus in the form of generous lottery contributions to the Millennium Commission, which has had a hand in part financing many of the buildings featured on these pages.

Of the many new public spaces, museums and galleries now gracing our capital, perhaps the most important addition has been the Great Court project at the British Museum. It has certainly attracted more than its share of publicity, with a vigorous advertising campaign, a launch ceremony presided over by H.M. Queen Elizabeth, and a plethora of adulatory press coverage. With this high profile birth, its success had almost been guaranteed. Now it just needs to convince the likes of you and me of its worth, not only as an architectural entity, but as the largest public space of its kind in Europe.

The Great Court was originally integral to the design of British Museum's Bloomsbury building. Built to Robert Smirke's neo-Greek design (1823 - 1847), it was a well-appointed central courtyard, surrounded on four fronts by a portico. However with time the needs of the Museum's collection grew, and the pressure for space mounted. The first to suffer was the Great Court. In its centre was built the famous 'Round' Reading Room, to a design by Smirke's brother Sydney. This was constructed to house the Museum's library collection. With the arrival of the British Library's new permanent house on Euston Road, the British Museum was faced with the Herculean task of bringing this vast space back into profitable use.

The result was an international competition

to decide on what to do with the Great Court. The winner was Foster and Partners, whose vision was to cover the Court in a glass roof, bring the entire space into use as a great public open area. Integral to this plan was the redevelopment of the Reading Room, the creation of new galleries and education facilities.

And so to the building itself. The approach to the



Top Left : The Great Court's glass roof **Top Right :** The Restored Reading Room Roof **Bottom Left :** The museum's new exhibition **Bottom Right :** The Reading Room and Roof in panorama.

Museum has been returned to a sense of normality, following years of ravage at the hands of portacabins and JCBs. Walking through familiar galleries, still strewn somewhat haphazardly, does not prepare one for the unreal sensation of passing into the Great Court. It is a uniquely unified project, assaulting the senses, not only because of its great size but also because of the sensitivity and beauty with which the glass roof has been rendered. There is something almost organic about the curves and strands that connect the glass panels together, and yet it is at the same time a geometric abstraction, perfectly calculated and formed.

The space is truly massive, taking up as much space as the Wembley football pitch. At the centre is the Reading Room, which has been faithfully restored to its original 1857 form. The main room, the Kings Library, is an impressive space, which has taken up 25 kilometres of 23.25 carat gold leaf to bring back to its original form. This is once again the Reading Room of Marx, James Joyce and Virginia Woolf. On the floor of the Reading Room it is impossible to feel anything but affinity to those who sought to preserve it as a place of learning. Each desk is bound in a thick green leather, and each is given an extendable reading lectern which folds out of its wooden panelled home. In short it is a sumptuous return to a lost opulence in academia, which will hopefully be mirrored, albeit in a starkly modern format, by our own Library.

The outside of the Reading Room has been handsomely

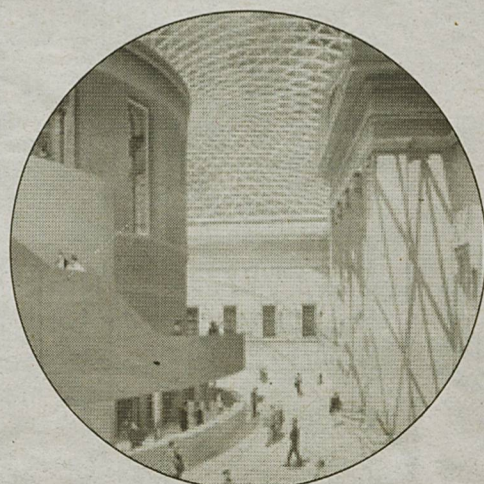
rendered practical. Not originally intended to be viewed, it has been smoothed by the addition of a sweeping spiral staircase that fits splendidly around the curves of the original building. This has allowed the addition of magnificent restaurant built in a strikingly modern fashion, perching at the higher levels of the Reading Room, with a great view of the Court.

The only criticisms that one can level against this admittedly impressive project are two points whose detrimental impact will undoubtedly lessen with the passage of time. The first concerns the rich blue piled carpet that is so thick that it has resulted in whole clumps of fabric being trailed around the immaculate cream marble floors. This somewhat ruins the minimalist chic - the white is tainted by small wisps of Royal Blue pile.

Secondly, and potentially much more worrying, has been the whole debacle surrounding the rebuilt Southern Portico. Originally destroyed when the Courtyard no longer served its public role, it has been rebuilt and integrated into the Great Court project. Unfortunately instead of the dulled crème of Portland stone, the contractors saw fit to install the brilliant whiteness of French stone. I was entirely prepared to be mollified by the Portico, expecting its whiteness to be far less extreme than had been painted in the media. However, when a wall that looks as airbrush white as it does on the front page of The Guardian confronts the visitor, one can't help feel slightly disappointed.

These criticisms are in no way sufficient to spoil the enjoyment of what is undoubtedly an amazing project. It majestically fulfils the true criteria of a Millennium project. It is useful, creating a vast new public area for a city in which such space enjoys a huge premium. It is architecturally stunning and innovative, exciting and inspiring the mind, and leaving the visitor with the correct impression of a Britain at ease with both its rich history and its dynamic modernism. And perhaps, most importantly it will go on giving London pleasure for decades to come. Perhaps in time the glass roof will be regarded as the true Millennium Dome.

Controversy at the Court - The New Portico



Representing Inside Out

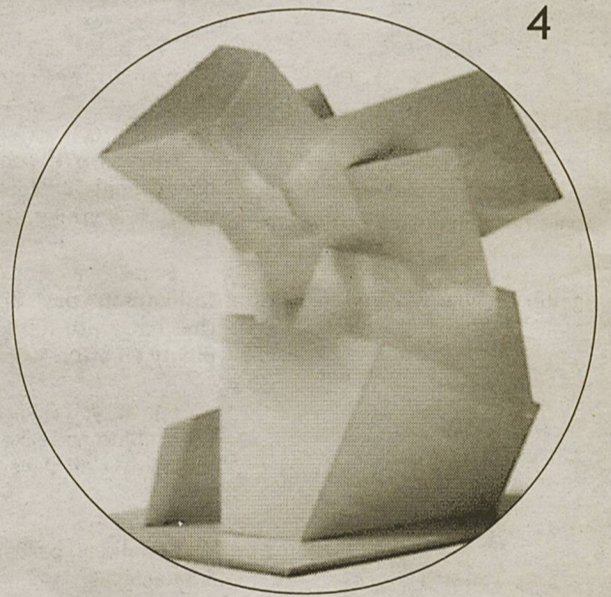
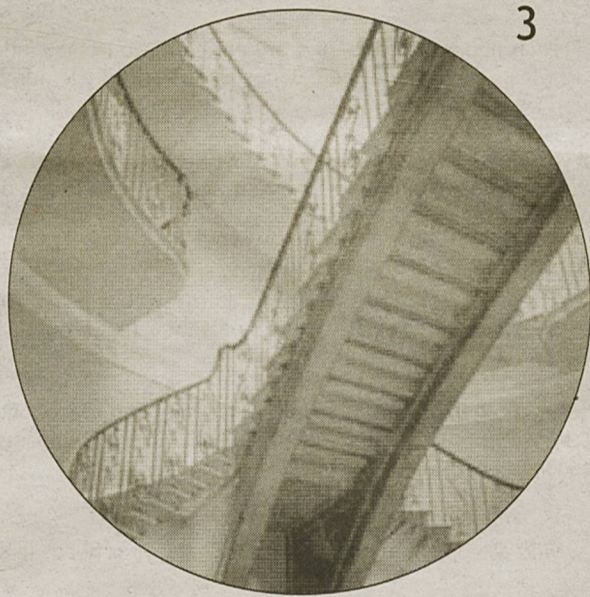
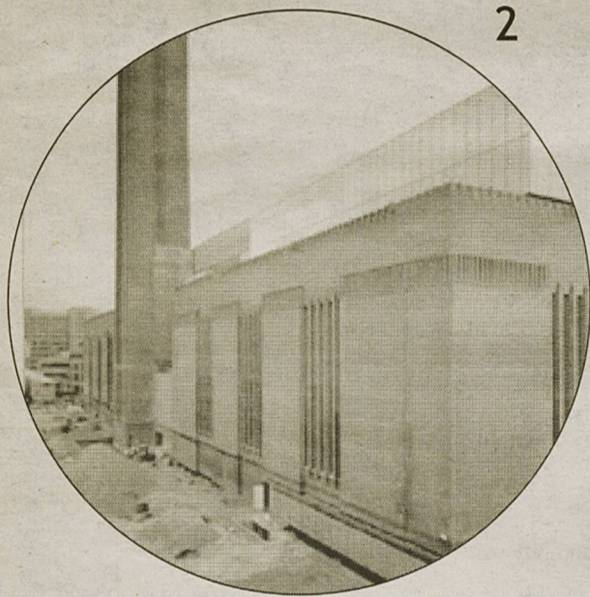
The Millennium has been a spur for countless projects of artistic and architectural merit across the country. In London the impact has been breathtaking, transforming the city's previously uninspiring arts scene with a vibrancy and direction that was unimaginable just a few years ago. Across the Capital the buildings that house the nation's collective culture have been redesigned, reappointed and revitalised. Perhaps the most significant of these, outside of the British Museum, has been the new Tate Gallery at Bankside, now named the Tate Modern. At the heart of revitalised South Bank, connected to The City by the new millennium footbridge, the

Tate has filled a role far beyond that of a repository for our modern art collections. The new gallery was created out of a much older building. The original Bankside Power Station was the product of Sir Gilbert Scott, a man also responsible for Battersea Power Station, the red telephone box and Liverpool Anglican cathedral. The new Tate relies as much on this industrial heritage as anything, revelling in its firm lines and cavernous spaces. The concept and realisation of the Tate project was down to Swiss architects Herzog and de Meuron, who won an international competition. As much as the original building has retained its integrity, it has been

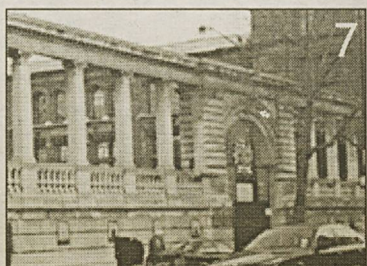
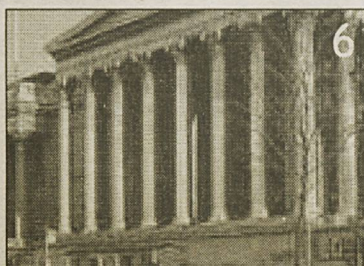
enhanced by thoroughly modern additions. Most spectacular has been the creation of two new floors constructed from a glass structure running the length of the roof. Not only does this provide a café with spectacular river side views, but also gives the collections the benefit of natural light. The project was truly immense, costing £134.2 million, and saw the gutting of most of the internal works. The impact of the building is to give a setting that befits its use as the repository of our modern art works. They are, if anything, enhanced by the industrial setting, creating a whole new dimension for displaying the works of our leading contemporary artists.



London's main art collections have long been housed in buildings that were not as inspired as their contents. Major works, many commissioned



In anticipation of the Millennium. However these projects are set to continue into the new century, with major refits for the V&A and Barbican due soon.



Whilst the Bankside Tate has attracted much of the media interest in the world of new buildings, a similar project north of the river has had just as dramatic an effect. **Somerset House**, located on the Strand, has been totally reworked to provide unparalleled levels of public access to the impressive buildings and the equally stunning collections they house. Somerset House was built on the site of a royal palace, and is the pinnacle achievement of Sir William Chambers. It was originally intended to house government offices, and this tradition continued into the 1990s, with the courtyard being used as the car park of the Inland Revenue offices. With £48 million of Arts Council, Millennium and Government funds, the custodians at Somerset House have been able to open the courtyard to a grateful public. In total 9,500 square metres of space has been opened up. Now housing the Gilbert Collection, The Courtauld Institute Gallery and

the Hermitage Rooms, Somerset House is justifiably transformed into one of the key art attractions in London. Other key projects to keep an eye out for are the **Sainsbury's Wing** at the National Gallery. Opened in 1991, and designed by American architects Venturi, Scott Brown & Associates, it has been an oft praised, yet widely reviled building. It is certainly open to criticism, being at once conservative and yet within the context of the original 1838 Wilkins building starkly modern. Perhaps the most exciting development will be yet to come, if plans at the **Victoria and Albert Museum** reach fruition. The addition is the work of Daniel Liebeskind, and is labelled **The Spiral**. If it reaches the streets of London it will certainly be one of the city's most dynamic buildings. It rivals the Bilbao Guggenheim for stark audacity, and has the capacity to enjoy praise that has been lavished on north Spain's latest architectural addition. The next few years should also

see a significant redesign of the **Barbican Centre**, the almost disturbingly concrete depository of sculpture and special exhibitions. Also worth a look are the redesigns to the Wallace Collection's home in **Hertford House**. Altogether these projects add up to a significant investment in London's artistic heritage, and leave the city with few competitors for the title of most cultured city.

- 1 Hertford House - home to the Wallace Collection
- 2 South-east facing profile of the Tate Modern at Bankside
- 3 The refurbished staircases at Somerset House on the Strand
- 4 Proposed model for the redesign of the V&A Museum
- 5 The current design of the Barbican, due in for redesign
- 6 The North profile of the National Gallery
- 7 The street level view of the Victoria & Albert Museum in Kensington

Fashion Fetishes



Are you a beanie or cap kind of person? Does the Tyroleon tickle your fancy? Or the Fez turn you on?

If you haven't already figured it out, we're talking HATS!

By Seni & Saph, London Style Experts

With the recent bout of varied precipitation, head cover is a necessity not a luxury. Whether you're a Noel Gallagher wannabe, [you poor saddo!] with your fisherman style head warmer, or you're Sue Pollard's niece with your beret and fake Burberry ensemble, I think we all agree, hats are this season's fashion accessory.

Having scoured the shops of Covent Garden and Oxford Street, rummaged through the stalls of Portobello Market and the jumble sale at the local Primary School, [!] trust us, we know the difference between our trilbies and our bowlers!

Hats were there for the taking, so we took! To satisfy our fetishes, we sought out those which we tip-for-the-top, all for you, our fellow fashion victims.

Surprisingly enough, the tea-cosy look is in. Who would have thought that your grandma's kettle warmer has multiple uses?! Yep, it doubles up as the all important bobble-hat. Hey Grandpa! We're not leaving you out either, don't worry. That old squirrel's tail (from your hunting days) that you stuck onto cousin Tom's Beanie is back in vogue! We like to call it.... the Russian spy-style hat!

We sing the praises of the stetson too. With Madonna setting the pace for the Cowboy look, we advise you to create the same effect but with a more affordable alternative from your local Topshop girls!

The beret isn't only for French dudes and dudettes either, pop into Hennes and take your pick amongst from an array of colours and styles....and spend the day posing in front of the mirror.

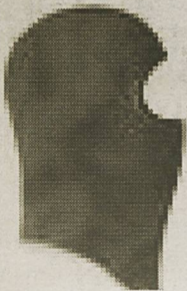
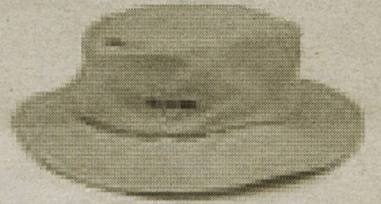
Guys, we're coming to you now! Well, we know you like your baseball caps, but coommmeeee oonnnnnnn! Explore your cheeky-chappy side and invest in a jester-style head-piece. It's all the rage in Italy! If anything, it'll be good for a laugh!

Boyakasha! For all you Ali G wannabes....some advice....don't be. The tight swimming hat garb is a total fashion faux pas. If you're the shy, retiring type and can't do the whole jester thing, what about a desert rhat hat.....to fulfil your childhood soldier fantasy There are only a few around, but we found a site with plenty on offer.

For all you Bikies out there, the helmet counts and is a classic head piece....however you've gotta have the stubble and bike to match. We've found that some of you are under the impression that a helmet [minus the bike] is all the rage. It soooooo not!

For all you party poopers, who are unwilling to participate, hang your heads in shame and buy yourselves a balaclava!

That's all from us this week. If you're having a bad hat day or developing a fashion fetish we'd like to hear from you! Email us at Seni8Saph@hotmail.com



Write for b:art
 come and visit us at our collective
 meeting
 Beaver office, C023, opposite the
 Underground Bar, Fridays, 1pm

Shadow Of The Vampire ★★

Films like this live or die on how well they exploit their main idea. In this case, the idea is nothing if not intriguing; that perhaps the star of *Nosferatu*, the seminal, groundbreaking vampire film of 1921, was a little bit more than just an obsessive method actor. Unfortunately, where this film should have punched, it weakly shoves, and rather than using the tension inherent in the settings and themes to scare the audience or at least induce tension, the inconsequential comic moments only serve to disrupt any tension that might have built up. Comedy or horror; a clever film can combine both. Even *Scream* managed to. *Shadow...*, whilst being an altogether different kind of film, isn't clever or subtle enough to achieve either.

John Malkovich overacts wildly with a script that probably can't be acted in any other way; Eddie Izzard

tries but his uncanny ability to pick stinkers continues. So, did anything redeem this film? Well, no. It isn't terrible, it isn't awful, it's just boring and pompous. I couldn't get over the fact that it was less fun than the overlong episode of *Scooby Doo* which it bears so much resemblance to. A cartoon dog would have offered much needed relief from the

**"The ice-cream man
pissed all over my
head."**

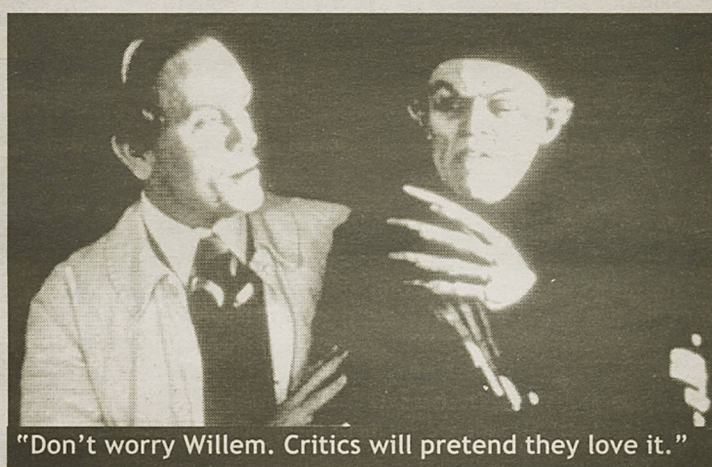
pretentious monologues that occur sporadically throughout the film - "Art is like ice, freezing the memories of our blah di-fucking blah..." It's just so contrived. People, even gifted German directors, do not speak like this and if they do, I'm

sure people are stifling giggles in the background.

Despite what the actors and director claim, I think it

might be useful to watch *Nosferatu* before you sit through this, and maybe it makes a lot more sense if you do. Still, the film shouldn't have

a prerequisite for watching it which entails seeing a black and white, limited edition, 1920's horror film, which maybe one in your average hundred will have seen. It's only ninety minutes long, but it drags along like a thirsty man with no legs crawling towards an ice-cream van giving out free bottles of Sunny Delight. I crawled all that way, and instead of Sunny D, the ice-cream man pissed all over my head. I felt cheated and if you watch this film, so will you. It isn't the film it could have been or wanted to be; no, it's the film I wanted to escape from the moment the ten minute credit sequence started, winding through a picture to some dull music and



"Don't worry Willem. Critics will pretend they love it."

offering a glimpse into what this film was going to be like: slow, tortured and mind-numbing.

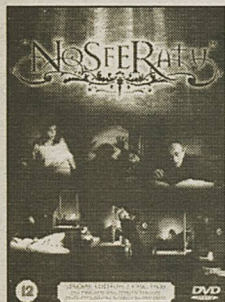
This time last year, Malkovich put his name to *Being John Malkovich*, a film with a similarly out-of-the-mainstream concept. That was a roaring critical success, as it bucked expectations but still had a solid script and storyline. Whilst *Shadow...* has an originality which makes it rise slightly above the quality of the material, it still can't escape the fact that a novel idea is all it has in its favour.

Kerron Rohrer

Just The Facts...

Starring: Willem Dafoe, John Malkovich, Eddie Izzard
Directed by: E. Elias Merhige
Release Date: 2 February
Website: www.shadowofthevampire.com

Certificate: 15



To tie in with the theatrical release of *Shadow Of The Vampire*, the classic vampire horror *Nosferatu* (Rated 12) is being released on a remastered, feature-packed 2-disc special edition DVD, as well as on VHS. Cinema's first shocker to deal with the sharp-toothed, claret sucking demons borrows heavily, even rudely, from Bram Stoker's *Dracula* and is a valuable addition to any film collection. Critically revered and still enjoyable today, it also sheds a lot of light on some of the more bizarre, inspired moments from *Shadow Of The Vampire*.

Luckily for you, we have a copy of this restored gem on DVD, as well as on video, 10 exclusive posters, and even a crate of Metz (for those late-night judders) to give away to the nostalgic film buff who can answer our devilish question.

Which actor conducted the *Interview With The Vampire*, Louis (Brad Pitt), in the 1994 film?
Email us on beaverfilm@yahoo.com with your answers.

Competition

METZ™

The Claim ★★★

Just The Facts...

Starring: Peter Mullan, Sarah Polley, Wes Bentley, Milla Jovovich, Nastassja Kinski
Directed by: Michael Winterbottom
Release Date: 2 February
Website: www.theclaimmovie.com

Certificate: 15

Set in 1849, in the Sierra Nevadas of California, *The Claim* tells the story of a man (Peter Mullan) trying to win redemption about twenty years after he traded his wife (Nastassja Kinski) and child (Sarah Polley) to a fellow 49er for a stash of gold. Nothing like a good wife swap to eat away at a man's conscience and it only gets worse. Into the mix we find a young railroad surveyor (Wes Bentley) holding the power of where the railroad will pass. His true love for the Sarah Polley character, Hope, conflicts with panache for sex with the dirtiest French harlots one could possibly imagine. To tie all the plots

together the fate of the small town in which the film takes place rests on whether the railroad is brought through the town or around the other side of the mountain.

Winterbottom sticks to the basics, and keeps the convoluted storyline in check. His story is about love and betrayal, dignity and redemption. By keeping to those primary colours of emotion he is able create whatever hues he desires. Never are we allowed to forget what the characters feel and that pulls, even drags, the audience into a much more intimate relationship with the people involved. Impressively, Winterbottom frames his actors in frequent close-up, presenting their faces on the screen in a way that allows the actors to share

the film with the devastatingly beautiful and absolutely imposing surroundings of the mountains and not be overwhelmed by them.

Still, the story lacks the mountainous strength it requires, and the script gives away all its secrets early on and doesn't leave much to intrigue. By sticking to some obvious, tired storylines, the film ditches gripping plot development in favour of an often ludicrously tedious pace. Thank god for good acting from the cast all around because otherwise even the most breathtaking of scenery couldn't keep my drooping eyelids open.

The closest filmic comparison I could make to *The Claim* is *The Sweet Hereafter*, but whereas the latter had a heart that practically bled on screen, *The Claim* sometimes struggles to work up a vital pulse.

Antny Rankin

Sarah Polley, Wes Bentley and a thing



Chuckle Vision

Terrorvision
@ The Electric Ballroom, Camden
16: 01: 01

Tonight heralds the welcome return of Bradfords favourite sons, the enigmatic pop-rockers that are Terrorvision. Led by the hyperactive midget Tony Wright, the 'Vision have excelled in writing chart-shagging anthems which have seen them become one of Britain's most popular rock bands over the last decade. With their fifth album due out later this month, the Electric Ballroom is packed with fans eager to check out their new material.

First up though, are Belfast punks Co_Dot, who deliver a mundane performance, the only highlight being the excellent *Big Green Bath*, which could give any of Green Day's songs a run for its money. Great song, shame about the rest of the set!

Terrorvision then enter the fray to rapturous applause, immediately ripping into former single *Pretend Best Friend*. All night they dish out what is essentially a greatest hits set, reminding all and sundry of what a



consistent, top quality band they really are. 'We're Terrorvision and we're from Bradford', announces Tony Wright using his customary Yorkshire wit, before they tear into *Alice What's the Matter*, another crowd favourite from their platinum classic *How To Make Friends and Influence People*. Newer material, such as the Western tinged *Fist of Fury*, stands up well to that of old, whilst other hits *Tequila*, *Celebrity Hitlist*, and the singalong gem *Oblivion* (with its Doo-Wops) are all delivered with aplomb. The madcap encore also gets the mosh-pit going with a bizarre punk rendition of Five's *Get On Up*. They finish on probably their finest song to date - *Perseverance* - a fitting closer to an entertaining evening.

A new year, and a new Terrorvision album which promises to be just as good as the others. Can things get any better?

Peter Davies

Finley Quay
When I Burn Off into the Distance

I Love Finley. He has been a favourite of mine from day one, combining old school style reggae with contemporary production. A killer combination that has made him a respected and generally cool artist. Unfortunately, I don't like this track at all, in the main due to the fact that it is none of the above. It is easy rock mixed with lyrics that a four year old could have, and probably did, write. Come on Finley, you had a winning recipe there with *Maverick A Strike*, don't fuck it up with this offering to the great toilet God. Additionally there was only one track on the single, and that's always a bad idea unless it's a hit. Disappointingly mediocre I'm afraid, but don't lose faith in this guy's ability he is still our last, best hope for neo-reggae to be accepted onto our shitty shores.

★★★★☆
Riyan Itani

Granddaddy
The Crystal Lake

Granddaddy or the dream-like nature. Granddaddy or the modern poetic score. Are you looking for the Crystal Lake? These guys know the way... Delicate tangent vocals, spinning slashing guitars, clear drums, keyboards buzzing from nowhere and hypnotic beeping loops. An epic orchestration. As for *Moe Bandy Mountainers*, it will evoke your soul of trapper-surfer. Finally, *She-Deleter* will dazzle you with its splendid fragile deconstruction. A real chef d'oeuvre, their album *The Sophtware Slump* being of that ilk. "Should never have left the Crystal Lake". Right.

★★★★★
Guillaume Pfeiffé



Muse
Plug In Baby

Teignmouth rock trio Muse return with this up-tempo track from their forthcoming album. With a pounding bass line not dissimilar to that of Air's *Sexy Boy*, the single sees Muse in top form, Bellamy's soaring falsetto on the anthemic chorus out-Yorke-ing Thom Yorke! Expect great things from them this year.

★★★★☆
Peter Davies

The Dynamic Duo Factor

- ★★★★★ Batman & Robin
- ★★★★☆ Morecambe & Wise
- ★★★☆☆ Little & Large
- ★★☆☆☆ Canon & Ball
- ★☆☆☆☆ Saint & Greavsie



Crashland
Waiting For Someone

A fantastic, well crafted piece of indie-pop. Sounding like Robbie Williams and Straw- but in a good way- the song's kind of like The Bluetones or Shed Seven. It's reminiscent of the indie-fest that was the mid 90's- think Pulp premiering *Common People* and Blur releasing *Parklife*. Full of nice little harmonies and guitars, it's catchy and melodic, a great taste of summer in the January weather! It's also fairly short- under three minutes (which makes a surprising change) with typical easy listening style lyrics- "It's a shame that we love you, shame that we love you" and "We like to help you, we'll do what we can" with a generous helping of "nah nah nah". You cannot listen to this and stay miserable- it's the antithesis of Mansun and Suede.

★★★★☆
Vidadelica

Jay-Z
I Just wanna Love U

Jay-Z had become infamous for a short stint of stealing sweet little kiddies to sing well-known tunes from plays like *Annie* and the such. He seem to have got over that and gone back to some good old fashioned hip-hop. *I Just Wanna Love U* is an excellent track helped out by everyone's friend Sean 'Poof Father' Combs, it mixes Jay-Z's traditional style of gangsta rap with the new wave of high pitch chorus pioneered recently by the St. Louis scene. The other tracks on the single are equally good, *Parking Lot Pimpin* features Beanie Sigel and Memphis Bleek who bring a bit of flava to Jay-Z's often monotonous rap style. The finale being the CDRom version of the video as the fourth track, which is again funny and well produced and overflowing with stunning girls wearing... umm...not much basically. Brilliant.

★★★★☆
Riyan Itani

U2
Stuck in a moment you can't get out of.

I really like this track. Which is surprising for me as I've never really paid U2 much attention, they are, for me just that band that has always been around pumping out top ten hits annually. But they never struck a chord in me 'till now. This song is one of the nicest and accessible I've heard, almost anthemic. The actual tune is catchy, and the lyrics demand a sing along. It's the type of tune that you have in your head all day without being annoyed by it. A close friend bought the album recently, and the signs are encouraging although that's probably an understatement to the devoted millions of U2 followers.

★★★★☆
Riyan Itani



28 Days
Rip It Up

Ermm, before you ask, no they're not named after the Sandra Bullock movie. Pretty hard to tag this Melbourne quartet musically speaking. Combining ska-punk's FUCK YOU attitude and the annoyingly moaning bitchiness of Fred Durst-like vocals, 28 Days look like they can have a future, but only if they ditch that contagious corporate rap-metal bandwagon mentality. I must be cruel to be kind, I'm afraid...

★★★☆☆
Vic Rattlehead



Come Out And Play

The Offspring
@ Wembley Arena
21:01:01

The world of punk rock seems to be changing, just as Green Day did last month, Offspring have sold out Wembley Arena not for one, but two nights. What the hell happened to the days when punk gigs were held in underground pits, with all the audience 18 plus? A look around at this audience revealed a sight to make me cringe, an array of 14-year-old trendies wearing skater jeans and hyperactive 8 year olds complete with parents. How things have changed since the heady days of the release of the amazing 1994 *Smash* album (I'm not entirely sure how many members of the audience were old enough to remember it). With 1998s *Americana* album I feared all was lost, with awful singles like *Pretty Fly (For a White Guy)* and *Why Don't You Get a Job?* New album *Conspiracy of One*, however is miles better, with a return to their punky roots, and I was looking forward to seeing it performed immensely. Support band AFI looked more like a Goth band than a punk one, but lead singer Davey Havok immediately endeared himself to me when I realised we were

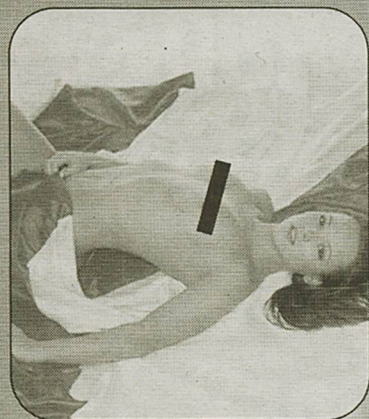
wearing exactly the same pair of PVC trousers, I like to see a man with good taste.



Complete with spooky music, they bounded onto the stage and put out a very good set, with songs off of their *Art of Drowning* album. Increasingly sounding like a hardcore band, they warmed up the crowd nicely for the main event. Then the opening to *Bad Habit* strikes up and the band are on stage, on a cool industrial looking set. After a cracking opener, which left the entire crowd singing along, Dexter announces to the audience

that it is Greg K's 26 birthday so we'd better be a good audience for him. Which of course we were. Running through a good mix of all albums the crowd were not disappointed, old fans and new fans alike dancing and singing along. Songs like *Gone Away*, *Smash*, *Americana* and *Gotta Get Away* followed. As always I waited with baited breath for their interval. In previous years we have been treated to the sight of Backstreet Boys mannequins being decapitated. This year it was the fat man dancing wearing only a g-string routine - comedy at its best. Then back to the show, including a good lot of songs off the new album as well as *Original Prankster*, *The Kids Aren't Alright* and so on. The last song of the night was *Self-Esteem*, surely one of the greatest songs ever made, which sent the crowd totally wild. An encore of *Pay The Man*, *Come out and Play* and new single *Want You Bad* finished off a great night. I don't care that the crowd was irritating, The Offspring have not sold out, they've just reached a wider audience who all left that night smiling.

Emma Corbett



Porn To Be Wild



Smut Peddlers
Porn Again

Fans of Lilith Fair may not like this. Following in the sticky footprints of Slick Rick and Kool Keith this is a much-respected tradition- crap covers, doggy rhymes and warped production.

Having flopped out their debut 12inch *One by One* ('revamped' on this LP) four years ago, this has been a long time climaxing. Meantime, Mighty Mi and Mr Eon as 'Hi and Mighty' released the *Homefield Advantage* album and Cage wandered the streets bothering strangers with his "Eminem bit my..." stories.

Literally Mr Eon and Cage travel a range of emotions from the sick to the perverse. On the *R.A. the Rugged Man* featuring Bottom Feeders Eminem's ladyperson gets more romantic attention: "I got a dog named Kubrick/

its obvious I like his flicks/ filming them with human chicks", charmed. With a nod to more? cornball types on *Amazing Feats* "whose hip-hop birth coincides with em cheesy remakes/ you little emcees playing with ??? go back to your hobby/ Pokemon cards", sound advice to Mr Muff Daddy, who may be trading something more personal than Pikachu in prison.

Other highlights are the banging *Medicated Minutes* and the genre breaking *Beat and Box's*. And with oldies *54* and *One by One* slipping in smoothly, its a tightly finished end product. This is a nasty record, these men may never have had sex with another person and quite probably they have difficulties meeting ladies for free. Outstanding!

★★★★☆
Ross Sheil

Tone Deaf?

The Vegastones
Love Hotel

In the current climate where rock bands have more members than gay porno Butt Rogers in the 25th Entry (Slipknot, Limp Bizkit et al) the sight of a feisty threesome toting guitars and cheap sex is something of a breath of fresh air. However, if its the saviours of good old Rock n Roll you're looking for a trip to the Love Hotel will not be more than a fleeting detour. Whilst *Company* is a chunky anthemic exponent of the quiet verse, loud chorus school of songwriting it proves to be the unfortunate exception to an otherwise disappointing album of docile mediocrity. For a band who come across live as a roaring testament to punk / Stooges / Iggy Pop brilliance this album is limp by comparison. It is only *Nico* and *Company* which keep the spirit alive amidst Bon Jovi B-sides (The Bomb) and tracks the Dandy Warhols weren't stoned enough to release. Admittedly this does somewhat of a disservice to *Drag Queen Eyes* and *Porcelain Skin* which are OK in a kind of Jo Whitley way. At the end of your stay it's been more Rest n Relaxation at the RnR Love Hotel.

☆☆☆☆☆
Charlie Jurd



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**wes bentley & sarah polley
look forward to the next
issue of b:art
monday 5th february**



beyond the fatal shore

words by james corbett

Last Friday was Australia Day, the holiday when Australians celebrate the arrival of that most venerable of Yorkshiremen, Captain James Cook, to their shores. Four weeks earlier was another cause for a beer and a barby: the centenary of Australia's independence from British rule. From Bondi Beach to Earls Court Road the sound of slurred Antipodean voices singing the lyrics of *Waltzing Matilda* was impenetrable.

A century into its short history Australia remains a strange and wonderful place, a web of contradictions utterly unsure of its place in the Global Village. It is one of the most multi-ethnic, multi-cultural societies in the world where tolerance of other races, religions, even sexual preferences is, in the cities at least, almost universal; yet a place where there is no room in mainstream society to accommodate its original Aboriginal inhabitants. Australia is a place where the British are jokingly referred to as 'weeping poms' by the very same people who are unable, 100 years on, to fully shake off the vestiges of imperial rule and cultural dependence imposed by their one time colonial masters ('Tell me what other self-respecting nation has to borrow its head of state from another country?').

Multiculturalism is the byword for urban Australian life. In Glebe, the elegant suburb in Sydney's inner west where I lived for three months, I remember counting the different nationalities represented in the restaurants down its main drag one lazy morning as I idled my way to work. There were fourteen. I remember grinning wryly at the Turkish café that sat peaceably next to its Greek rival and thinking: where else? Sydney wasn't alone. Visiting Melbourne, Adelaide, Newcastle, Wollongong, Geelong and Cairns – in other words most of the big settlements on Australia's eastern and south-eastern seaboard – I was immediately struck by the different cultures and nationalities represented in these towns and cities. I'd naively expected bronzed surfer dudes and their sun bleached beach babe girlfriends; craggy faced akubra-donning bushmen visiting the city and, well, to be honest, people like me – first and second generation English, Scots or Irish immigrants. What I was greeted with was a medley of European, particularly of Mediterranean origin, and East Asian settlers. They were as Australian as their accents and intonations. You knew as soon as they greeted you with a "Yowarright mate," in that all familiar Australian lilt that they had left their past in the dustbin of their mother country. Immigrants are encouraged to take out Australian citizenship and anti-immigrant groups are treated with public

contempt. The infamous One-Nation Party, an anti-immigrant political party, was a brief phenomenon in the mid-1990s which met mild success in small town Australia and gasps of horror in the cities. There are no Daily Mail-esque headlines registering fear in the heads of a small-minded but influential middle class nor calls for asylum seekers to be treated as felons as in this country. As befits its huge size, there is endless room and opportunity for anybody wanting to make a fresh start in the New World.

Yet scratch under the surface of this expansive Garden of Eden and you'll soon see that all is not as it should be. I remember thinking after a few days, that, in amongst all the white and bronzed and yellow and olive complexions there were no black faces. In Sydney, this multi-ethnic paradise, there is no evidence whatsoever of Aboriginal life expect for the ludicrously tacky Aboriginal Cultural Centre in Darling Harbour, which caters in faux didgeridoos and suchlike for the endless stream of tourists eager to gain the 'full' Australian experience, and the occasional drunk or beggar who crop up as intermittently and are treated with the same derision as Eastern European gypsies in London. In Sydney the aborigines are mostly ghettoised in a place called Redfern, which is vaguely reminiscent of 1980s Soweto. Despite the claims that it will be the next of Sydney's inner suburbs

Country.' For until that year, like the serfs in Russia a century before them, the Aboriginal people were not Australian citizens, their land declared *Terra Nullius* (empty land), the fertile tracts of it handed out to immigrant farmers, to uranium and tin miners, even the US government who were ludicrously allowed to drop atomic bombs on it in the 1950s. This came long after the British colonisers and first settlers had waged war on the aboriginal people both by the conventional methods of battle and by introducing a plethora of European

Russian serfs. There was recognition, there were voting rights, there was even limited land redistribution and acknowledgement of land rights, but this has largely come with reluctance and at the instigation of an urban liberal elite. Quality of living *per se* has remained stuck, in many instances, at developing world levels. Life expectancy is 15 years lower amongst aborigines than of the rest of the Australian population. Infant mortality is several times higher, unemployment four times the national average. Australia is the

of deaths in custody of black youths in apartheid South Africa was *thirteen times* lower. In the face of such shocking figures and statistics it can be easy to crudely compare Australia to apartheid South Africa or the Arab-Israeli dispute. The three are all clearly different conflicts, but in the instances of South Africa and Israel at least there is a semblance of reconciliation. The current Australian premier, John Howard, is resolute in his refusal that the current generation should not be asked to accept guilt and blame for a past over which they had no control.

And herein lies my confusion. How is it that in this wonderful big sunny country where everybody is welcome, its original inhabitants are sneeringly referred to as lazy, or drunks, or good-for-nothings, are treated as an underclass and, what's worse, often live as an underclass? Why is it, that in a country where there is room for everybody, the only place aborigines will have in the consciousness of most Australians and visitors to Australia will be if they have visited the monstrous Aboriginal Cultural Centre where museum guides endeavour to show you that, no, these people are not savages, despite always being treated as such by those who have taken their country?

The Australian social commentator, Robert Hughes, made much play on the concept of 'mateship' in a recent TV series documenting his home country. The idea was based on the idea of kinship, supporting the underdog, a shared understanding of ones past and past struggles. Of course it was a white concept Hughes was talking about. When I was researching this article I came across another much clearer explanation: 'It means the sense of *belonging* to family, to where you've come from and of knowing what your spirit is, that has given you life, and knowing the tradition that relates to the area of the country you come from. It's a bond between people from one part of Australia and people from another... a sense of rapport, a sense of understanding and of brotherhood... a sense not just brought about by common suffering and oppression, but the fact that we are unique survivors.' Yet this was an aborigine called Pat Dobson trying to find an explanation for aboriginality. How apt, I thought, that two concepts of culture were at once so close yet far apart. Until they are reconciled the Australian mystery to me at least will remain unsolved.

James Corbett is the former political editor of *The Beaver*.



to undergo gentrification, there is an aura of decay and despair about the place: children sit alongside dogs in the street, their parents and older siblings look at you with an understandable degree of fear and suspicion.

Until 1967 these people didn't exist. They'd lived in Australia for 50,000 years; they were amongst the oldest peoples in the world; yet they were a nonentity, a hidden population in what one writer calls 'A Secret

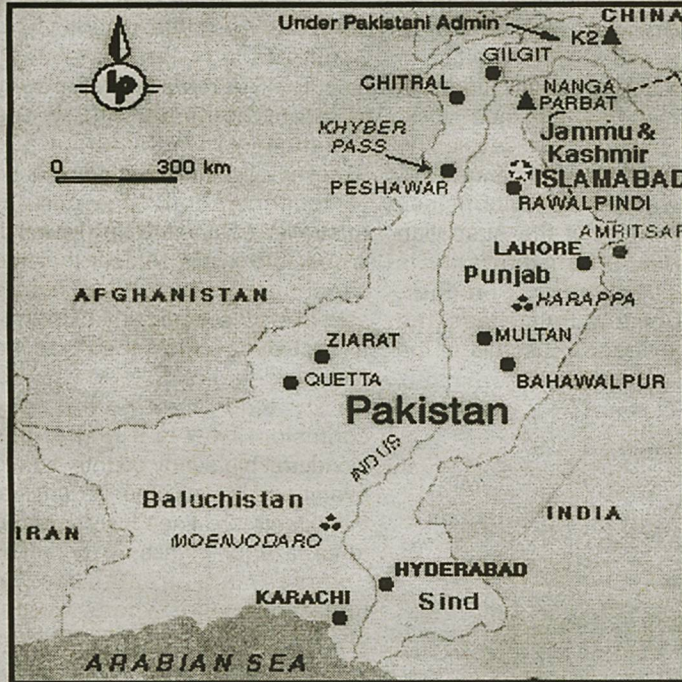
diseases on the native population that proved an utterly devastating and far more deadly weapon than the flintlock musket. As one aboriginal schoolteacher told the journalist and broadcaster, John Pilger, 'Who cares about Ataturk, Mussolini and Hitler when one's own country has a rich "history" of invasion, dictatorship, genocide and inhumanity.'

1967 marked a turning point only insofar as 1863 proved to be a turning point for the

only first world country still to have high levels of trachoma – an optical disease that scars the eyelids, causes ulcers and eventual blindness – amongst children. Alcoholism, often funded in a bizarre, but sad irony, by the monies gained through allowing mining rights on aboriginal lands, is endemic. Deaths in custody of aboriginal prisoners has been the subject of intense criticism from a Royal Commission and the UN who noted that comparable rates

divided we stand

words by maidah ahmad



When one sees a glimmer of hope for Pakistan, it fades as quickly as it emerged. The latest controversial decision by the General to exile the former Prime Minister, Nawaz Sharif and his family lays counter to the rhetoric talk of establishing good governance. It was claimed that the Sharif family was exiled in the best interests of the people. Were those the same people whose children had died because of a lack of medicine and food? Or those families that work from the first break of daylight until the last ray of light has disappeared just to provide enough food for their families? Or the mothers of sons who have been murdered in the name of Allah? The people of Pakistan were and still are the victims of the Sharif's corrupt practices and abuse of power. So, therefore how can the Sharif family be released under the pretext of achieving the best interests of the people?

The decision is an example of and the root cause of the many perils Pakistan is suffering from; weak governance and a shortsighted leadership. Improving governance is the foundation for a prosperous and stable society. Pakistan is the product of centuries of poor governance. It faces serious problems of poverty, slow growth and vulnerability in the balance of payments. Governance problems have inhibited the

development of the private sector, led to minimal tax revenues and consequently, high debts have generated. Corruption and mismanagement have hampered the effectiveness of public expenditure and led to large-scale inefficiency within public enterprises. Furthermore, sectarian violence and law and order problems are hindering economic activity. Pakistan has created a situation where fears of personal security and an uncertain policy environment are discouraging domestic as well as foreign investors.

Policies to improve governance need to be focussed on three aspects that contribute to achieving a stable and successful society: politics, economics and social well being of the people. Contrary to previous attempts, there are no short cuts to accomplish these goals. A strong and sustained commitment by the government is required to strengthen governance. This will primarily involve reducing corruption.

Corruption is one of the world's oldest and best-established vices. It is a manifestation of poor governance. Corruption depresses economic growth by lowering investment and distorting the composition of public investment, hence it hurts the poor as it diverts public services from those who need them most. To combat this

problem, development issues need to be addressed, for underdevelopment encourages corruption. Low wages in the civil service encourage petty corruption. Due to limited opportunities in the private sector, individuals pursue careers within the public service, thus increasing the likelihood of their involvement in corrupt practices. Another major reason is the low level and quality of education that produces citizens in a state of ignorance of their rights, barring them from participating and demanding accountability within politics.

The most important long-term development strategy the government can implement is investment in its people. As we enter a new century fundamental changes have and will continue to occur. One of the most important of these is the emergence of a new 'Knowledge Society'. Today's economy is knowledge based, and to participate in it requires increasingly complex skills.

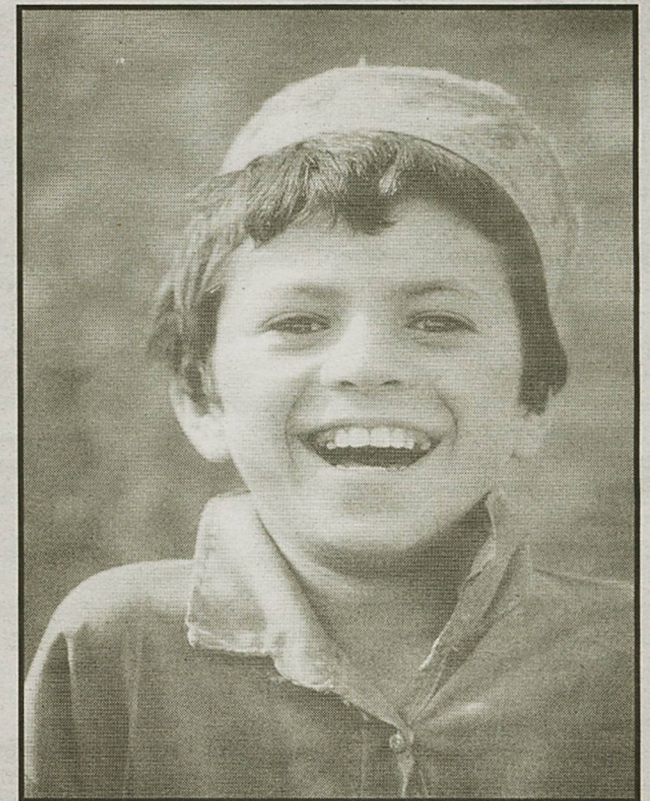
Due to several and direct links between the economy and literacy this issue is too serious to ignore. High literacy skills are determinant of individual economic potential: higher employment participation, lower unemployment levels and higher skilled employment. A number of social benefits are also observed. This is especially relevant concerning female education. There is an old saying that an intelligent family has an intelligent mother. Studies suggest that education can empower females economically as well as enhance social development. Female education is a social policy tool with immediate benefits for individuals, the family and society. It contributes to improved family planning, nutrition, health and economic activity, as well as social and political participation. As more and more governments realise the importance of closing the gender gap in education, the Pakistani government must ensure it does not remain behind in this process, for the future of Pakistan's most precious resource: human capital is at stake.

For even if these two problems

are addressed successfully, Pakistan's fiscal situation will not improve until inter-hostility violence among the population ceases. For how can you portray a country as a safe haven for foreign investment when the people are not united? Not only is sectarian violence a tragic waste of life, but in a country where resources are scarce, human investment is priceless. The amount of time, energy and money that contributes to raising and educating a human being only for it to be wasted in mindless shootings are devastating. The country is losing much needed Doctors, Engineers and Academics, all of which work to improve their quality of life as well as others. Can't the people who order and condone such behaviour, see that the ultimate loser will be Pakistan? National morale needs to be strengthened and emphasised over tribal, ethnic and religious affiliations, for only then can Pakistan stand untied and become an effective payer in the global arena.

Underlying all remedies is the need for bravery, unlike every

previous regime; the government has to be willing to risk confrontations. The backing down of the 15% sales tax and blasphemy law, illustrates policy inconsistencies and resistance to new policies. Similarly, the National Accountability Bureau has failed to live up to its purpose. Created to reduce and punish corruption, it has strategically avoided corruption allegations within the army and judiciary. For if the objective was to punish all those that had destroyed the country, then the process of accountability should be carried out indiscriminately, only then can it be called justice. The government must avoid these contradictory actions, if policies are not implemented in a consistent, sustained manner, or backed up by strong political will, reform efforts will fail.



united we will fall

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security seat for chechnya

words by nafisah ermes

As history turns the pages and the race against time continues, somewhere the future is slowly being built and somewhere the future is quickly being destroyed.

Consider the plight of the Chechens; it is difficult to imagine the suffering of the average human being in Chechnya, more over to stand idle, while thousands of fleeing refugees, most of who are women and children, are freezing to death on the hills or on the borders of Ingushetia. The people unable to flee are no better off; the old and the frail, the sick, the disabled, with very little food, very little fuel and no medicine, crammed in their cold, damp and dark basements with nobody to feel their pain, to hear their cries and to treat their diseases.

These powerless people have been left to face up to the power of the drunken rage of the savage, unruly army of Moscow. Who spend their leisure time between drinking and bombarding everything in sight and scavenging at what is left of the property destroyed by their gun ships' missiles after killing women, children, the old and everything that moves.

Weighing all sides, and for what its worth, I felt as most reasonable people do, that the Chechnya conflict is the blatant murder of the innocent. A whole ethnic group will be annihilated as long as this Russian war machine

is able, and as long as the trembling soldiers of Moscow and their drunken generals can order the next firing order.

The clear genocide mandate obtained by the Russian generals to cleanse Chechnya from its people is equalled only by what Russia already did twice before. Russia has ethnically cleansed this part of the world twice in the recent past.

History reveals that Stalin managed to cleanse millions of Muslims from the Caucasus and the Crimea and scatter them all over Siberia and other parts of the Soviet Union, managing in his stride to liquidate millions in the process, all with the full knowledge of the 20th century West. Before Stalin, the Tsars of 18th and 19th century Russia were also following similar practices.

Thus the glory of the Russian empire with its 150 million plus population, 17 million square kilometres of land, and its million and a half army. All this is hanging on a thread while Russia is indulging itself in conquering a few square kilometres in Chechnya less than a stamp size land in the Caucasus, destroying everything in sight.

None of the tons of fire works burnt off in the last few weeks, neither all the millions of gallons of beer, wines and spirits drained by millions of feasting lads and lasses, are able to smoke screen this aggression against Chechnya.

More and more we learnt about Yeltsin's desperate search for a cover up successor, to rescue himself and his family from the mess he made of Russia, and the brute force used against small ethnic groups like the Chechens (somebody has to pay).

Not forgetting the financial mismanagement, and the corruption he protected if not created. The more we knew about that, some cynics might say, the more we are able to guess who was behind the staged act of bombing some residential areas in Moscow and other cities and the more we were capable in understanding why the mighty KGB was not able to find the people who were behind these savage and inhumane acts.

Conventionally they were able to accuse the Chechens without a shred of evidence, hence some analysts suggested in the news that, president Yeltsin wanted to create the chance for someone to take over power after him in Russia who was willing and able to cover his tracks after he left the Kremlin, and protect his interests against future retributions. Of which he was successful.

Finally let us put this into perspective; we have two clear conflicting situations. The first one is that a big and mighty power called Russia, with its 150 million population, 17 million plus kilometres square land and its powerful army of one million and a



half soldiers, well equipped with conventional and nuclear powers; blasting away a small ethnic minority, in their own country: Chechnya, without anybody raising a finger in objection or an eyebrow in anger which must be read as another sign of Russia's power.

On the other hand, we have a very small country with half to one million people living in very harsh mountainous areas; the size of the whole country is less than twenty thousand kilo square metres, with a fighting army estimated (by the Russinas) at 1500-2000 ("the rebels") equipped with light personal arms plus whatsoever they could capture from their enemy of light weapons, and Russia still calls this a war!

Therefore, on what moral or objective basis can a superpower give herself the right to attack a small and poor region. Are the Chechens at fault when they resist Russian occupation of their land? (Here I am tempted to mention the East Timor case to show the double standard - blatant and ugly, between these two cases, so close in time and circumstance).

The question still stands on what moral or objective basis can the international community or if you must, the super powers, allow this to occur and what is worse to continue. The point is: the leaders of this world are fully aware of what is occurring and yet they do nothing, some old hand might say, do these big powers know the right thing, or are they willing to do it?

If not redressing the unbalanced military power between Russia and Chechnya, can't we readdress the political

decision making tools?

Therefore, if it is the same to you and in the name of sanity and in the name of all decent human beings who supposedly are equal citizens of this world - we demand, a Security Council seat to be given to Chechnya immediately. And furthermore a seat with the eight most wealthy nations of the world as well (what is so funny??).

That is of course if we can rescue Chechnya before the big man in Moscow blasts it out of the map and with it all hope of peaceful coexistence, otherwise we can always dismiss or conveniently 'forget' about these thousands of civilians, better still, we could blame the weak. It is free to blame the weak.



Nafisah Ermes is a second year BSc Geography with Population Studies student who feels Chechnya should not be forgotten.

an exceptional circumstance

in response to Maidah Ahmad's article in issue 530
words by serif alp atakan

a common misconception about Turkey among European intellectuals is its perception as an "alien" country, mainly due to its cultural and religious differences and also as a result of its once serious challenge to Western powers. Therefore, many European politicians, from Helmut Schmidt to Jacques Delors, still do not see Turkey as a part of the Western world. This misconception is also widely influential among Middle Eastern (predominantly Islamist) intellectuals, but the other way around. They perceive Turkey as a country which turned its back on its Islamic past. Maidah Ahmad, the International Editor of *TheBeaver*, recently expressed the latter point of view in a previous issue of the newspaper.

Firstly, I would like to state that these two contradictory but nevertheless similar views are the results of the unique composition of the Turkish national identity. As a country at the crossroad of civilizations, Turkey never belonged to only one cultural sphere; rather, it provided an excellent ground for the combination of these cultures. Islam was also influenced by this distinctive blend of civilizations and within centuries, the Turkish people took Islam as a tolerant, progressive religion. Even the Ottoman Empire was not solely ruled by the Islamic Law (Shari'a). Customary law and, with the late

18th century, secular law began to be widely practised. This reformation process reached its peak with the founding of the modern, secular Turkish Republic by Kemal Ataturk in 1923, and since then it has been continuously developed.

The controversy facing contemporary Turkey is neither between secularism and Islam nor between the state and the people, as Ms.Ahmad seems to think. Rather, it is a problem of an attempt to destroy the essential pillars that the modern republic is based on. As Frèd Halliday aptly notes, "Islamists today deny the separation of politics and religion...The oft-repeated phrase that 'Islam is religion and state' (al-Islam dinun wa dawlatun) has traditionally served as the basis of authority, legislation and repression in many Islamic states. Islamist thinkers regard 'secularism' as un-Islamic, and indeed as one of the sources of Western decadence...Democracy, apart from other preconditions, presupposes secularism, since only on that basis can a state operate according to the rule of law, respect for the rights of individuals, tolerance, and pluralism of ideas and political organization."

In this context, it is essential to point out that the allegations put forward by Ms.Ahmad are misleading. Contrary to what she says, the teaching of the Qur'an

and Islam is not forbidden but is safeguarded by the governments. As a secular state, the Turkish Republic remains equal to different faiths and guarantees the religious freedom of its citizens. All religious affairs are carried out by a central government organization affiliated to the Prime Ministry, the Department of Religious Affairs. Financial aid for the renovation of holy places, not only for mosques but also for churches and synagogues, is provided. The holy month of Ramadan is celebrated countrywide and most of the political leaders and generals, who are accused by Ms.Ahmad as being "fiercely opposing to Islam", are individually participating in the feast.

Unfortunately, hijab (a head covering often referred as Islamic) protests were taken by the fundamentalists as a method in order to challenge the authority of the state. Demonstrations claiming the right to wear hijab took place across the country and this head covering was represented as a "sine qua non" for an Islamic way of life. Despite an obvious Order given by the holy Qu'ran, which commands obedience to higher authorities ("O ye who believe! Obey Allah, and obey the Messenger, and those charged with authority among you."/ an-Nisaa-59), it was taken as a symbol for attempting an uprising

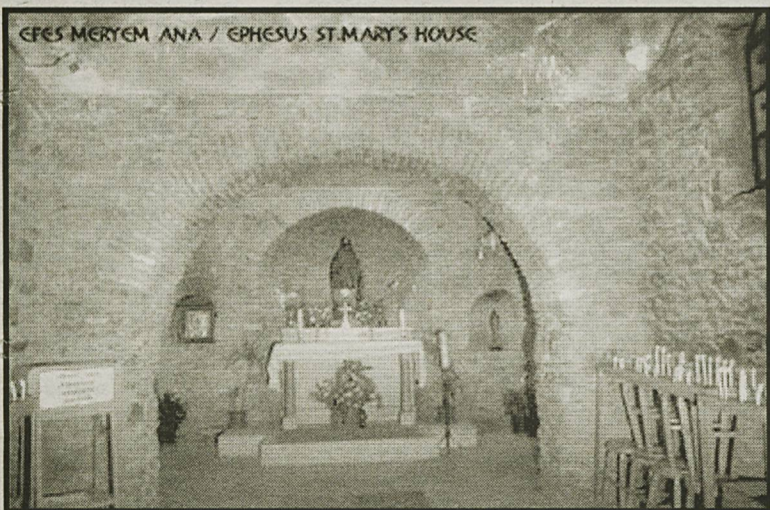
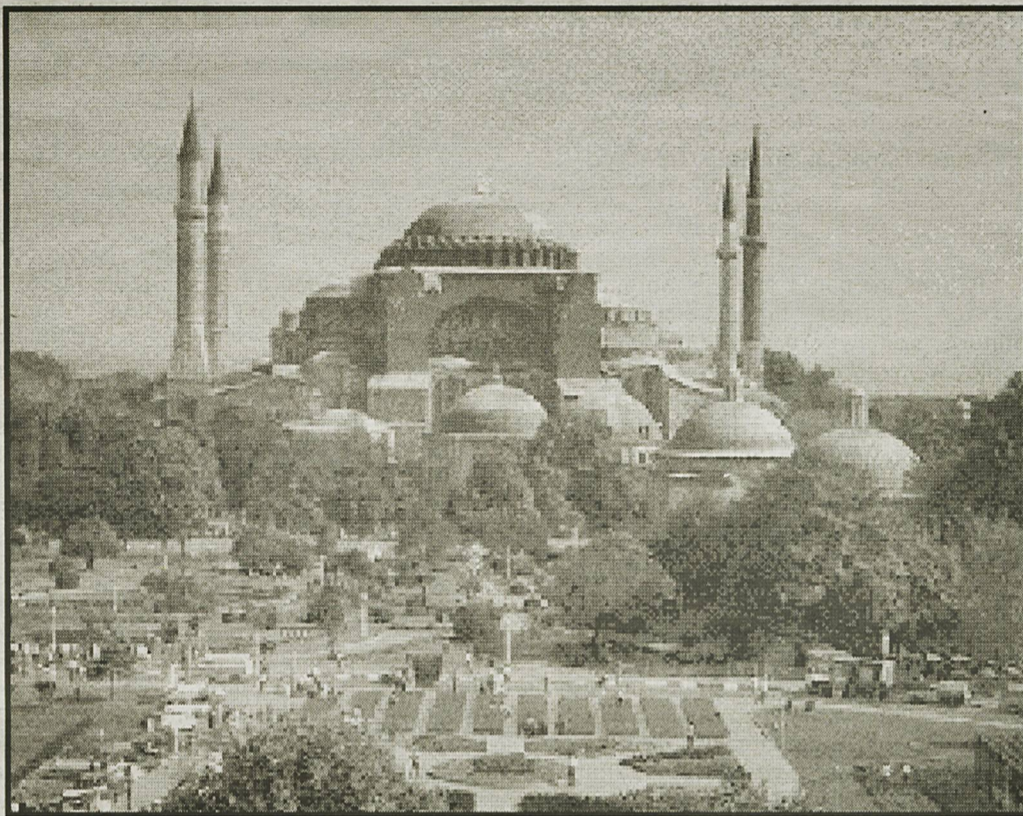
against the secular republic. However, there is no article in the Turkish penal code that forbids wearing hijab. People can freely wear what they choose in their private lives, but it's natural for a state to bring some regulations and certain dress codes for its offices. Once again, the fundamentalists perceived this as the hostility of the state to Islam and they tried to create artificial divisions among people. The tension in the society increased when some female medical doctors wearing hijabs refused to treat their male patients by insisting on their religious beliefs. Certainly, this ill-minded approach is by no means acceptable for the universal ethic of medical treatments and legal actions were therefore taken by the state.

It is also important to clarify that there are no journalists in prison "for writing a critical article about Israel". Bekir Yildiz, the mayor of the Sincan district, was not sentenced to 4 years for supporting the Palestinians, but for explicitly praising illegal terrorist activities in Turkey. The fact is that the political Islamist trend in the mid-90's did not really aim to strengthen the Islamic bonds between the Muslims. The only thing it achieved was bringing discord into society by causing divisions between various sects of Islamic communities, and

separating the citizens by the criteria of "believers" and "non-believers".

Fortunately, those tense days came to an end thanks to the civil resistance formed by millions of pious but open-minded people. The Islamist party lost its public support in the 1999 elections. Today, the great majority of the Turkish people and the government are willing to take their part in the Western world by joining the European Union, yet they are also proud of Turkey's profound Islamic heritage. The Turkish Republic, which genuinely resisted the attempt to reverse the secular-democratic orientation of the country, will continue to be an exceptional model for proving the compatibility and the peaceful coexistence of democracy and Islam.

*Serif Alp Atakan is an MSc
European Studies student.*



Kabila: reports of death not exaggerated

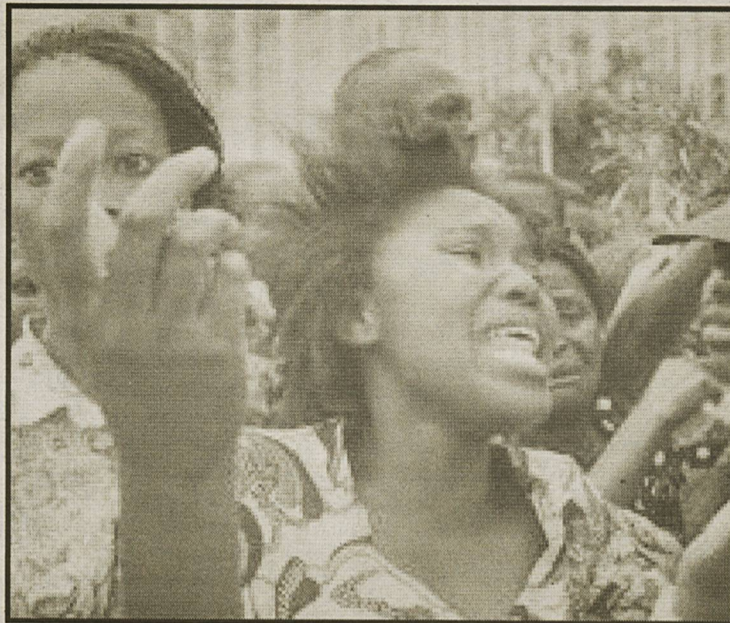
words by eve parish

President Laurent Kabila is dead. But for a while, no one could say for sure. Despite the difficulty of being shot at close range by one of his own bodyguards, Kabila was very much alive and well, claimed his government in the Democratic Republic of Congo.

The official story was that he'd taken at least three bullets, and been flown to hospital in Kinshasa, the capital. The doctors there didn't have the equipment to care for him, so Kabila, still moving, breathing and alive, was flown to Harare in Zimbabwe to receive treatment. For at least two days, according to his government, he was resting happily in the care of nurses, his family around him. According to Zimbabwe's foreign minister, he was lying in a morgue.

Officials in Congo continued to maintain that Kabila was alive, even after governments around the world had declared that they thought him to be dead. In an Elvis moment, Kabila was even sighted in Kinshasa by a British diplomatic source. However, suspiciously, Kabila had not publicly appeared since the shooting, and his government finally admitted last week that he had been assassinated. At the early hour of 10am, a lone bodyguard shot Kabila. He is thought to have died even before he was put on a plane to Zimbabwe, making medical treatment there seem fairly belated.

To confirm it once and for all, Kabila's body was flown back to



Kinshasa last Monday, to be buried the next day. The streets of Kinshasa reacted to his funeral cortege with carefully staged hysterical public grief. Kabila's coffin was borne through the streets on a gun carriage, and women threw themselves into the road, tore their hair from their heads and screamed, having been carefully instructed in how to do so moments earlier. One of them later recovered enough to explain, "It's always sad when someone dies". Kinshasans decorated their city with palm fronds, a traditional sign of welcome for a President that

most had come to hate.

"Everybody is really happy that Kabila is dead. There could be no peace under him," said a businessman, referring to the war that Kabila began in the Congo.

The Congolese government had kept up the crafty pretence long enough to install a suitable successor. Kabila's son, Joseph Kabila, is taking over as President, at the tender age of 31. With a reputation for being less than bright, though believing himself to be a great military commander, Joseph has been publicly scorned by his own military men as the "little chief". Conspiracy theorists have suggested that Kabila's son may have taken a "grassy knoll" role in the killing of the President, given his smooth take-over of power, but this cannot be confirmed. He will be continuing the hugely unpopular civil war in Congo.

War began in 1997 when Kabila overthrew the dictator Mobutu Sese Seko, and was supported by neighbours of, what was then known as, Zaire. He became the new President after his forces captured Kinshasa following a ten-day fight. However, rebels continue to hold a huge chunk of the country, which is the size of Western Europe. Among

the many fingers in the pie of Congo's bloody civil war are those of Robert Mugabe, Zimbabwe's much-reviled President. He gains both mining interests and arms contracts from the war, as do several other foreign powers and companies. All wanted to ensure that Kabila's death would not mean a change of regime, which might have ended the war. This is not a fear shared by the people of Congo, who, with hundreds of thousands dead and more than 2 million homeless, suffered terribly under Kabila's regime.

Admitting to the nation that the President was dead in a televised address, Congo's communications minister, Dominique Sakombi, said that "Congo is in mourning". Putting quite a good spin on the 4-year record of the unelected President, he said that Kabila "...gave entirely the best years of his life for the freedom of the Congolese people."

Kabila was buried last Tuesday to sounds of appropriate wailing and chanting of his name. Groups of mourners even had Kabila's portrait imprinted in their clothes for the occasion. Kabila's son Joseph regally greeted Robert Mugabe of Zimbabwe, and other dignitaries to the sounds and displays of tribal drums and military parades, commemorating the definitely dead President.



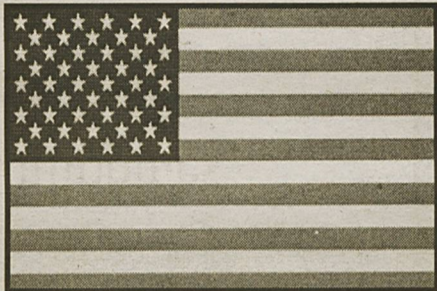
Eve Parish has written for the News Section of TheBeaver and also written for B:Link previously.

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focus of the week: world leaders.



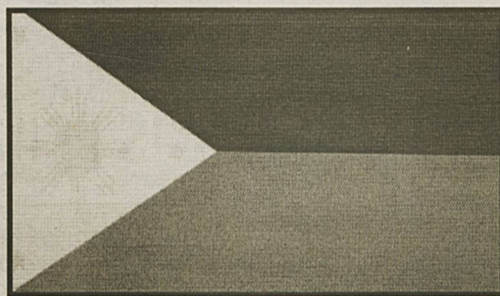
After what amounted to be the most exciting American presidential elections in living memory, George W. Bush finally took up his job at the White House this week. The Bush administration has already had to face some intense opposition from the Democrats over a couple of proposed Cabinet members: a proposed Cabinet member, Linda Chavez had her nomination withdrawn after it emerged that she employed an illegal immigrant as a babysitter, while John Ashcroft, the proposed Attorney General, was attacked by Democrats for his excessively conservative record, that includes deliberate attempts to keep black off high-ranking judicial posts in his home state of Michigan. Noting that he lost the Senate elections in Michigan to a dead man, Democrat Mel Carnahan, can perhaps best sum up the popularity of John Ashcroft.

Overall, George Bush's cabinet seems a return to the past: Gulf-war veterans such as Secretary of State Colin Powell, and National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice, Nixon-era veterans such as Defence Minister Donald Rumsfeld all seem to point at the need to make sure the former Texas Governor does not fall prey of his manifest inexperience too much.

Following the Cabinet hubbub and the expected confirmation of all remaining Cabinet members, the US Senate will have to undertake a firm review of the US Electoral Law. The bizarre Electoral College system that effectively rules out victory for the candidate with most votes, has to be replaced with a more democratic solution. Although some politicians insist that nothing should be changed and that the Electoral College system has worked fine for more than a century, it is high time to get rid of this rule that made a couple of hundred ballots in Florida decide the outcome of a hundred-million voter election. Given the balances of forces in the Senate (50 senators each for Democrats and Republicans), there is little

chance that anything is going to be changed in time for the 2004 presidential elections.

Another touchy issue that George Bush will have to tackle is the resentment of African-Americans towards his administration. Many blacks, especially the ones in Florida, were frustrated by alleged episodes of voter intimidation and many African-American members of Congress have sorely attacked the new president throughout the transition period. To add to all this, the civil rights leader Jesse Jackson has been heavily dented by revelations of an extra-marital affair and of suspect financial dealings. The presence of heavyweight conservatives such as John Ashcroft only adds to the resentment: it will be interesting

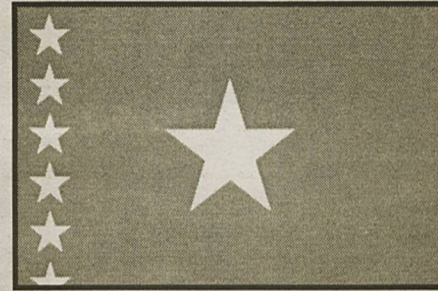


to note how "inclusive" George Bush's policies shall be.

While it must be party time for the new Republican administration in the United States, the same cannot be said for the now former president of the Philippines, Joseph Estrada. This former actor, now gambler, heavy drinker and man of the people has been accused of accepting bribes from illegal gambling syndicates and plundering the Philippines' Treasury to his own benefit, leaving the State coffers virtually empty. The Senate started impeachment proceedings for embezzlement and corruption, (which seem to be an almost hereditary disease among Philippine presidents), only for the charges to be dropped catalysing massive street demonstrations. Led by the middle-class, frustrated by the severe economic recession, crowds of up to half a million people marched for days on end in the capital, Manila. Consequently, the staunch former actor Estrada lost key

support among Senators and top commanders of the Army, and had no choice but to flee the besieged presidential palace. The new president is Vice-president Gloria Arroyo, who, typically enough for Philippine politicians is the daughter of former president Macapagal Arroyo. She promised to heel the disastrous Philippine economy, seek a peaceful settlement with breakaway Muslim factions and freeze the illicit assets of Joseph Estrada, who has been barred from leaving the country. One of her first moves was to appoint Fidel Ramos, a rarely untainted former President, as special international envoy, in a bid to rebuild Philippines shattered international image. The US has, as usual pledged full support for the new President.

The article continues with



threw their lot behind a heterogeneous group of new rebels, some being Mobutu's henchmen, others being businessmen who fell out of favour with the new leader. The rebel factions, who now control roughly 35% of the country, have split into warring factions contributing to Kabila's holding on to power. The intervention of Angola, Namibia and Zimbabwe (after all, the three countries' leaders came to power on the same leftish-revolutionary way as Kabila himself did) on Kabila's side has however escalated the civil war into a major Central-African conflict. With the death of Kabila senior and the staggering cost of a protracted war taking its toll, there is rising optimism among international circles that the new Congolese president and his allies might honour the 1999 Lusaka peace agreement, that called for a cease-fire and the start of negotiations. Another concrete possibility is the deployment of UN peacekeepers along the Congo-Rwanda-Uganda border, thus containing the flux of military aid reaching the rebels. At the same time, the international community must work for the establishment of a true parliamentary democracy in Congo, marking the end of one-man dictatorial regimes, so typical of that part of the world.

The time is ripe for an organised peace effort to bring an end to a civil war that has impoverished one of Africa's potentially richest countries.

Siavush is a second year BSc Econometrics and Mathematical Econometrics student and this is his first article for the Beaver.

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Prakash's Diary Where will you be?



Tuesday 30th January

**LSESU Slavonic Society with
LSESU London Arts Society**

.....**Movie Night**.....
Jointly presenting a Movie
Marathon of three fine films from
Eastern Europe...

Tuesday 30th January, starting at
6pm (until 11:30).
New Theatre (In the East Building).

PROGRAM:

1. Kolya by Jan Sverak 6:00-
8:00pm <http://www.film.com/film-review/1996/8946/23/default-review.html>
2. White Cat, Black Cat by Emil
Kusturica 8:00-10:00
<http://www.film.com/film-review/1999/13124/18/default-review.html>
3. List of Adulteresses by Jerzy
Stuhr 10:00 - 11:30 http://www.ce-review.org/99/10/ondisplay10_horton.html#pol

Fifteen minute intervals between
films...

Join us for one or all of these
presentations. We hope to create a
relaxed, comfortable and enjoyable
atmosphere for you to enjoy these
fine examples of the cinematic
arts.

**MEMBERS FREE: MEMBERSHIP
AVAILABLE AT THE DOOR £1.**

Colombian Society Event
The event will be held from 6:30 to

8:00 in room S50. The Colombian
Minister for Foreign Trade and
Development is going to give a
lecture on "Peace, Trade and
Development in Colombia". The
lecture is open to all and will be
given in English.

UN Society Event

Name: Film night showing
'Schindler's List'
Time: 17:00 to about 20:00
Place: D202

The Music Society would further
like to announce the start of
rehearsals for Choir and Orchestra
again, which should start Tuesday
29th: weekly Tuesday 6-7.30 for
the Choir, 7.30-9.15 for the
Orchestra. We start rehearsing the
program for this terms concert,
therefore any one who wants to
join, please come along or email
us on su.soc.music@lse.ac.uk

Wednesday 31st January

The Music Society

Members of the LSE SU Music
society play a free concert @
Swiss Church, Endell Street (WC1)
7-8.15 p.m. music for
soloists/duetts/trio/quitett by
Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms,
Weber, Chopin, Rachmanninoff,
Britten, Dvorak, ...
players involved: Carl Brewin, Alita
Byrd, Kyra Freestar, Ploy Jensen,

Lee Khvat, Vanessa Lau, Simon
Lim, Hong Li Min, Joyce Liu,
Teruhiro Ozaki, Andrew Pak, Amy
Ponnampalam, Philipp Thiessen &
Sam Wallis.1. Indonesian Bruneian
Society elections - time: 1-3 pm,
venue: S50. Positions: President,
Vice President, Treasurer,
Secretary and Entertainment
officer. Free fried noodles and
banana fritter.

Global Show 2001

After the huge success of Global
Show last year, Global Show 2001
is being organised for 7:30 -
9:30pm Thursday 15th February in
the Old Theatre. The Global
Show, is a show that the LSE puts
on every year in Global Week
(12th-16th Feb). It contains
performances (dance acts,
comedies, music pieces, drama
acts etc.) that Societies/Individuals
from LSE have put together, and
represents the diverse culture that
we have here at the LSE.

It was extremely popular last year
with 500+ people attending and
contained acts from many different
societies, as well as Benazir
Bhutto as the Opening Speaker.
The International Society is
coordinating the show again this
year (in conjunction with LSESU)
and has made arrangements for
Societies/Individuals that wish to
participate this year, as follow:
We would like all
Societies/Individuals that would
like to perform in the show to be
present in the Underground on
Wed 31st January at 4pm.

If you can or cannot attend this
meeting then please inform us via
email. We have booked the
Underground everyday for the next
two weeks (Mon 29th Jan to Tue
11th Feb) between 4pm-6pm.
This is so that Societies/Individuals
that wish to perform in the show
have somewhere to rehearse their
performances. Please make use
of this booking if you need to.

Thursday 1st February

**Mexican Society Party in the
Underground - salsa music and Sol
Beer for only £1**

The LSE Cypriot Society Presents:

The Minister of Finance of Cyprus
Mr. Takis Clerides
in a speech on "European Union
Enlargement and Cyprus." Chaired
by Prof. C. Pissarides. Drinks and
snacks will follow in E171- New
Theatre 17:30

7:30pm, D202
in cooperation with the **London
Young European Movement:**
an event on europe and the
environment after Kyoto and the
Hague speakers: Damien Green
MP (Conservative, Shadow
environment minister) Mary
Honeyball MEP (Labour, London),
Jean Lambert MEP (Green,
London), Louise Bloom LAM
(Liberal Democrat GLA
environment spokesperson) after
an introduction by Philipp Souta,
chairman of the london yem, the
speakers will answer questions
from the floor. Free entry,
everyone welcome.

Oikos:

Society for sustainable economics
and development.
18:00 D202
Dematerialisation and
employment. Friedrich
Hinterberger, Director SERI
Vienna.

Friday 2nd February

12:00pm, A86
in cooperation with the **Sharpiro
Government club:** Neil kinnock,

Vice-President of the European
Commission
Free entry, tickets can be picked
up behind the SU reception next
week.

UDMS @ crush

8pm-2am in the underground
line-up:
8-9pm Banflex - Ragga
9-10pm Ricksta - UK Garage
10-11pm Kang - Old Skool
11-12pm Sharkie B2B Banflex -
DnB
12-1am Malti - liquid DnB
1-2am Dan D. - Hard House

CU There

This week (Mon 29 Jan - Fri 2 Feb)
the CU is putting on JESUS
AWARENESS WEEK, with a
series of events in an attempt to try
and challenge people to think
about their identity and what part
God and Jesus in particular plays
in this. Michael Ramsden from the
Zacharius Trust is going to be
giving a series of talks on this
subject next week from Tues to
Friday in the Underground Bar at
1.pm:

Tues 30 Jan: Who do you think
you are?

Wed 31 Jan: Loving God -
Suffering World. Contradiction?

Thurs 1 Feb: Christianity - the
truth, the whole truth and nothing
but the truth?

Fri 2 Feb: Rushing through life and
missing the point?

There's also going to a series of
grill - a Christian panels for people
to investigate the claims of
Christianity further:

LSE - Tues 30 Jan, A42, 6pm.
High Holborn - Wed 31 Jan, 2nd
TV room, 8pm
Bankside Thurs - Thurs 1 Feb, Old
Gym, 8pm

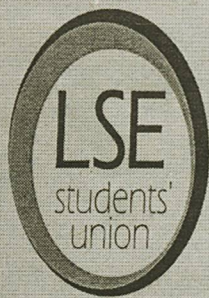
Throughout the week we are also
going to be offering cheap coffee
and dognuts (free if you get one of
the many vouchers that we're
handing out around school) in the
underground bar.

We hope to see as many people
as possible! In an age of mass
media and globalisation surely our
own individual identities still
matter!

LSE Free Burma Coalition Teach In

Tuesday 6th February 13:00 - 14:00 in the Societies Meeting Room
Exploring what the Free Burma Revolution is, what it means for Burma and what it means
for the LSE Student Union. All welcome.

The Free Burma Revolution will be put to the UGM on Thursday 8th February



Confidential Counselling Service

Life at university can be stressful and, at times, very worrying...

Sheila Gill is a professionally trained and experienced counsellor available two days a week at the Students' Union Advice and Counselling Centre.

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CRUSH

Friday 2nd February

Quad The Father Figure

Jimmy Baker returns to the Quad playing an eclectic mix of cheese, rock & indie

UDMS

The boys from the UDMS play their usual blend of Garage, House, Techno and Drum'n'Bass

Tickets Before 11 pm - £2 (LSE), £3 (NUS)
After 11 pm - £3 (LSE), £4 (NUS)

LSESU ENT Feeding the Party Animals

Gen Sec's Column Inches

I hate the way people see students as a 'soft touch'. Has anyone ever spoken to the landlord of the pub with the sign 'No Students' in the window? Who does he think he is? I reckon we should put together around 100 of us - a few Purple Warriors, some members of the Muay Thai kick boxing club and maybe a couple of Scorpion security - and go for a few pints there. It's just plain rudeness, and as it says in Union standing orders, rudeness will not be tolerated.

In the 1990s, The Spice Girls brought you girl power, now in the new millennium, LSESU will bring you 'student power'. No longer will the student be pushed aside and bullied. It's time to act. It's time for students across the country to assert their agenda on the Labour government.

Some pundits argue that the general election may be held as early as the end of March - that's less than two months away. Both the Tories and the Lib-Dems have ruled out top-up fees, yet the bookies favourite for the win, Labour, have so far remained silent. Over the coming weeks, a petition will be circulated around campus calling on Labour to be honest about their policy on top-up fees. On Thursday 8th, The LSE Students' Union will deliver this petition and stage a demonstration outside The Department for Education and Employment in Westminster. Then on February 13th, there will be a London regional 'day of action' - the details of which have yet to be disclosed.

The student vote is crucial. Over the coming weeks, ULU will be launching a campaign to register and mobilise students to vote. With so many marginal seats and so many Halls of Residence in London boroughs, the student vote could easily swing things.

Things are really starting to hot up now - Equality Week, Global week, Rag Week, Elections, Anti-racism week - there's lots to look forward to.

There's also the prize ceremonies. Among those awards to look out for, are the Dev Cropper Memorial Award, given to an individual who has given exemplary service to The Union in his/her first five months at university, LSESU Honorary Studentship, Athletic Union Colours and Honorary Life Membership of ULU. Details of all these awards will be given nearer the time.

So, until next week. Look out for the battle between The Baha-Men and Marilyn Manson at this week's UGM. Keep posted for University Challenge trials (provisionally Thursday 8 February in the evening). See you at the UDMS @ Crush bash on Friday. Respect to PuLSE fm!

international society

contact: mustafa
m.khanbhai@lse.ac.uk
su.soc.international@lse.ac.uk

G32K1
15 - 02 - 01



rehearsals

g l o b a l s h o w 2 0 0 1

rehearsals
everyday

mon 29th jan - tue 11th feb
in the underground
between 4-6pm

Let the Underground Dance Music Society "EXPAND YOUR MIND"

setting off the UNDERGROUND BAR like a bonfire @CRUSH FRIDAY 2.02.01
with a deadly dose of Ragga, UK Garage, Old Skool, Drum & Bass and Hard House.
Featuring "THE UDMS HIT SQUAD" DJs BANFLEX, RICKSTA, KANG, SHARKIE, MALTI,
DAN D & MC JIGGY V! GOOD VIBES GUARANTEED!

international society

contact: mustafa
m.khanbhai@lse.ac.uk
su.soc.international@lse.ac.uk

G32K1
15 - 02 - 01



auditions

g l o b a l s h o w 2 0 0 1

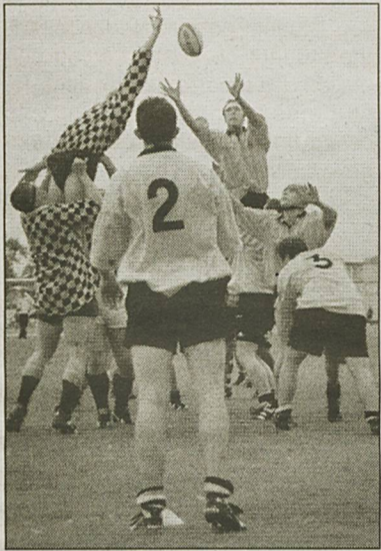
auditions

wed 31st jan
in the underground
between 4-6pm

Who wants to work in the City?

Mens Rugby
LSE 'Top Guns' 2nds
City 'Bogeys'

22
14



With a name that makes most LSE students come in their pants at the thought of working there, there was a little something extra in the air, as we waited for City to arrive. But once again Fortress Berrylands lived up to its reputation as the outer defences (New Malden) kept out the invaders until gone three, so we were reduced to thirty minute halves. Amidst the sighs of relief from the fat men, Jim, now reduced to a management role and poor Tom Cruise impersonations, released his first crushing psychological blow: FC and 'the Gimp' posing in tight little shorts, straight out of Take That's 'bad' years.

However, it was LSE who struggled to come to terms with two Gary Barlows as the game kicked off. The 'Penalty-machine' Tall Paul quickly found a kindred spirit in the Referee, who was as happy to award penalties as the 'Penis-headed one' was to concede them. After two hard minutes of 'retreating ten yards', City had an easy kick in front of the posts. The kick flew wide and while LSE were still undergoing counselling by listening to the Beatles, one of the City boys had jogged in and touched the ball down. Recriminations set in and were only solved when Dave explained that East 17 were artistically the superior group of the era.

From then on the natural order re-established itself- what LSE gives, the City takes and gives bonuses too. Tactical orders from the bench resulted in F.C. taking a crash ball from a penalty. Some

would say it was a bullocking run, but most accept that stampede was more appropriate. The City forwards crapped themselves as he began his run; but by the time he reached them they'd had time to clean themselves up and wash their hands and knock him down. The resulting ruck gave Porn-King the space to score down the blind side. While the subs celebrated with a bizarre bout of nipple twisting, the Landlord now trying to recast himself as a Bond villain - first as Scaramanga (three nipples) - slotted over the conversion

Pressure continued on the city line as the LSE boys charged forwards CVs raised, looking for THAT job. Doctor No (points) missed a difficult penalty kick as the kicking tee seemed to have disappeared - it was later discovered on Jay Legoman's head being used to attach his scrumcap. City had their backs to the wall for the rest of the half (and not just because of the ref), so it was only time before injuries took their toll, courtesy of 'chopper' Tristan. A fully clad Piers was press-ganged into City colours- which even LSE footballers would have balked at wearing.

The half time team talk was neatly summed up by Epsy; 'They're shit, they're fat and they're a bunch of cunts'. And thus rejuvenated we immediately let in another sucker try. Behind again, LSE actually started to look good. Total rugby was the name of the game as long as total rugby meant a penalty every two minutes. This suited us fine as we kicked our way up the pitch and linked up some excellent backs moves. Ikea-

boy pulled us level with a cheeky little try brought on by City incompetence and more than a little bit of pace from the back of a scrum. Blofeld stopped stroking his pussy long enough to kick another 2 points.

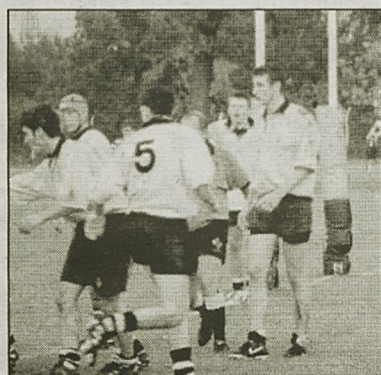
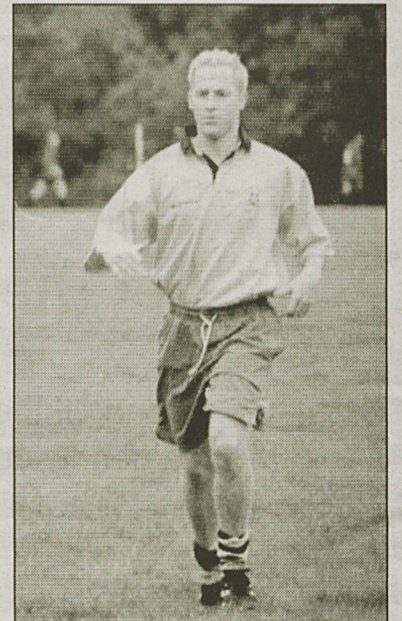
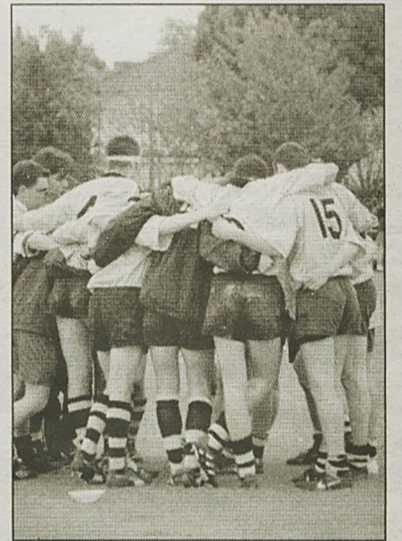
The last ten minutes were played entirely in the opposition 22 and with added vocal support from the 1sts, Nick scored the winning try, breaking through about five tackles and reached that dream job in credit assets. Goldfinger was feeling the pressure (well, he was sucked out of an aeroplane) and missed the conversion.

At last the ultimate high-class villain stepped forward, in the shape of Max Zorin, for the last kick of the game and added another three points. Victory was ours; dream jobs were ours, all except Hatchet Dave and John the Baptist who were still intent on building their own porn empire in the Aldwych - £10 for a full CD guys. All that was left was for 'the Sword' to rue the day that he met 'Sister of Stumpy' and for the ref to teach Tall Paul how to ruck - if only it works!

The truly victorious celebrations were cut short by crapi-oke, but a rousing, and wet (spillage) rendition of Bohemian Rhapsody and the Shores of Goldsmiths College ensured the party continued to Slimelight and beyond. As the dialogue may have run if Goldfinger had been a rugby man,

'Do you expect me to talk?'

'No Mr Bond, I expect you to get pissed, chat up some munter, pass out and feel like death in the morning.'



Pies - the new designer drug

Men's Rugby 1sts

LSE First XV

Goldsmiths College

43

10

Designed as a bit of a warm up for bigger prey we were a little taken aback by the seemingly lax pie laws that exist in South East London, seems anyone can get hold of them. One chap ate so many he was 50 minutes late for the game. A steady and intense addiction allowed him to score two tries, quite impressively he did it with Macie and Aborisa on his back. Suffice to say that I will be writing a very stern letter to the Old Farts at Twickers complaining about this performance enhancing drug (seems the seconds had no problems getting hold of it though).

Pies are not the key to life though, good old fashioned values like: wit, speed, skill, and Fairbairns fists can still win you rugby matches. Again we won no lineout ball but used what we had in the loose to good effect and Le Petit Francais sailed in for two tries without too much hassle. Plenty of solid hits and snide remarks about Mick Hucknall kept us going and our full back (or was it wing?) Aborisa was shown a

little bit too much of the outside to trip and fall over the tryline holding the ball firmly in both hands.

However, a distinct lack of pies left the black warriors somewhat adrift for large parts of this game, despite an intensive Christmas training period. Macie did his best to fill this dietary void with his regular pre match fill up of grease sandwich and donut but what we clearly need is stronger stuff, not the Wright's bar stuff but proper under the counter stuff that'll kill us off by the time we're 30.

Speaking of which a slimmed down Captain Cook, sensing victory in Limelight wasn't too far off, took himself out of the action and let a resurgent poison dwarf loose on the unsuspecting pie eaters. Seems he'd got angry when the pie eaters asked him if he was still dealing. The smokers then followed their leader: GI, Barney, and Ari made some nice hits as did Rex, who started to clean up at the back. It just left the backs to add their familiar, sexy, and quite effortless shine to yet another victory. Despite being

restricted by the new "lets practice line outs" law they still stuck tries on through the Francais (again), Aborisa (again) and then Alex with what was probably try of the season. Some fat Scottish bloke got one as well.

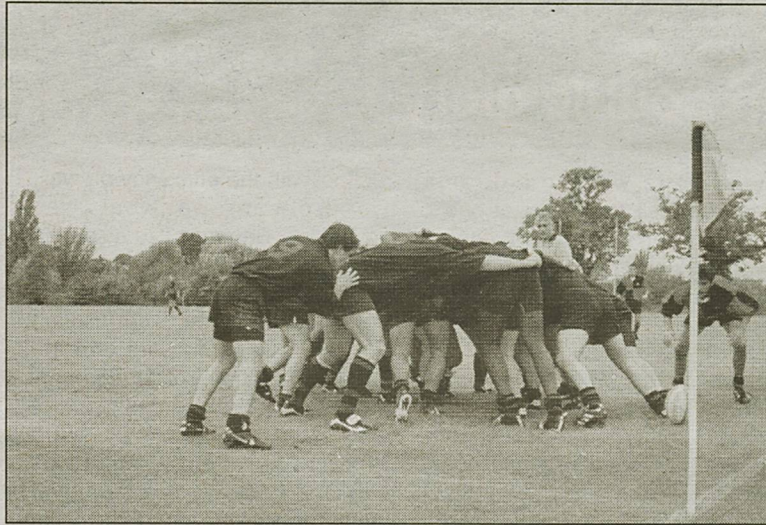
In the end despite, the practice match feel, uncontrollable laughter at their fly half's haircut (if you're ginger and South African do you a) Grow your hair long b) Perm it and

c) Act like a cock for an entire rugby match? I think not), the pies factor, and the silly mistakes I have to say that we really did give them a pretty good fisting. As Diamond "Butterfingers" Sinclair succinctly put it "when you enjoy being raped you ultimately stop being raped," in other words they knew their place and they stuck to it - home with you to the gates of Goldsmiths College for the

completion of more worthless degrees!

Unfortunately the after match "piss up" was another poor affair with the 1sts only being represented by me, Rex, Tim and Stumpy. Please get your arses in gear you lot - especially Shanayer, otherwise I might have to get dirty. Cookie - bears do shit in the woods but they don't do it two hours late.

Following this poor show, and indirectly linked to it, is the sad news that our "rock hard" team is actually pleased to hear that there's no match scheduled for Valentine's Day, a "rock hard" man's worst day of the year. You see I got the chance to talk to Fletch in the thumb shop over the weekend as it seems he's worn out his bird's and needs to buy her a new one - special anniversary present or something. He was explaining just how much he's looking forward to the big day, as a special gesture he'll be wearing a big girls blouse. Good luck, oh retired rugby player!



Shock news as Sixths discover ULU is rubbish

Men's Football

LSE 6ths

IC 5ths

6

2

In what has to be the biggest news story since Hannibal's elephant antics across the alps, sixth eleven sources have managed to obtain actual proof that ULU are rubbish. The news comes as a shock to the millions and millions of ULU fans, who have, for a long time, believed that ULU are not only the greatest thing since bread, but also uncovered a way of marketing it already sliced. The truth, however, is very different.

The sixth eleven have had a relatively successful season thus far, and headed into Christmas confident that they would head the 'league of death' that is ULU Men's Division 4. However, due to some bumbling idiot (rumoured to be of Dutch origin), the table -

supposedly updated regularly - shows the sixths lying in second place, having had their latest victory ignored. The sixth eleven have obviously been outraged at this development, and have been seriously considering asking someone to make polite enquires as to whether or not they might be able to gain a first opinion of a LEGAL EXPERT.

Upon first hearing the news of ULU's actions, it is rumoured that Klaus Harleman's jaw filled with rage, and swelled to fifteen times its usual size, leaving him little room to grow a moustache. An unnamed team veteran, who is now in his third and final season for the team said, "When I was a first year, I voted for the LSE to stay in ULU, because, as far as I

understood, it was good for sport. Then they go and pull a stunt like this. I feel as if I've just received an anal fisting from a large, kak-handed wanker. They couldn't be doing this on purpose, could they? Could they? Or could they?"

The event that appears to have been erased from the record books was the sixths beautiful 6-2 victory over Imperial fifths. In a highly charged game the sixths had far too much class for their leperous opponents. Garret Martin, who did not wear his filthy tracksuit to a match for the first time in 3 years, scored thrice, to add to goals from Stone Cold Steve Morrow, an own goal and one scored by the Kebab. All these were overshadowed, however, when Ben Wheeldon,

our talismanic captain curled a wicked free-kick onto the bar and down onto the line. Had it crossed, Colombo Garahan would have had to furnish Ben with the hottest vindaloo in the United Kingdom. In fact, the importance of this bet has escalated in recent weeks, and is expected to gain national press coverage when Wheeldon unveils a sponsorship deal that will see the sixths take the field wearing shirts sponsored by Patak's Lime Pickle. Ben is rumoured to be thinking of spending the money on a hitman to take out various ULU officials, and his own brother - after a failed attempt back in the 1990s.

As for the new year, the sixth eleven are hopeful of repeating the form of last term, especially in the

idyllic Berrylands, and possibly matching the £130 spent in the Beaver's Retreat in "dirty pints" (our glorious captain downing one that contained a shot of Tabasco), an incident that led to certain members of our team borrowing and wearing decorations from the Christmas tree in the quad, and walking around with traffic cones on their heads, and culminating in Fred Stoa teaching us various Norwegian drinking anthems.

However, you can be assured of one thing:- the sixth eleven will certainly not be drinking at ULU not only because of their disgraceful incompetence, but also, rather more sickeningly, of their discontinuation of their popular evening Nachos.

Second team muppets still pull strings

Men's Football
LSE 2nds
Strand Poly 2nds
Tommy C revels in double glory

4
0

It usually follows that universities make up in sport what they lack in academic ability or vice versa, as, for example, Luton seem to win everything going and Cambridge don't know what a football is. You would think, therefore, (as its not a secret how stupid they are) that Kings Polytechnic would be shit-hot at football. They're not. In fact, for some cruel (but ultimately amusing) reason, God decided that Kings would have absolutely nothing going for them whatsoever, and with this in mind, we were pretty confident before last Wednesday's league match.

This confidence was proved to be justified as we managed to beat them 4-0 by playing a style of football that is somewhat unusual to us. It wasn't Scottie's plan for us to play like rugby players, nor did he tell us to "just go out and do your worst", but for some reason that's exactly what we did. Had the opposition not fielded eleven apes, I feel sure that the victory would not nearly have been so comfortable.

Anyway, the game started with no-one from either side making

any effort to win the ball, but finding the ball accidently at one's feet, not wanting to pass it either. It was only after about 20minutes of this farce that we felt enough was enough.

For three glorious minutes, we were changed men. We were the epitomy of the word 'Football'. Perfect, Total football. Within two touches, a perfect midfield pass from Mason and a delightful first-time through ball from 'I cant believe its not' Buttery, Lord Henry had rounded the keeper and slotted home from an insanely tight angle. We were back, but not for long. Quite frankly it was just far too much effort to continue with this exquisite passing and we returned to playing absolute shite.

The second goal came just five minutes later when we won a corner and filled the box with defenders. The plan was that perhaps their failure to head the ball at any point so far in the match (not for want of trying) could be explained in that they were saving their headers for attacking purposes. Surprisingly, this was in fact the case and when our two Germans pulled off a corner

'routine' with the efficiency of, well, two Germans, a goal was inevitable. Ben rose like a salmon to head goalwards Alex's fine cross, only to see it rebound off the bar (ok, so a defender scoring is slightly too optimistic) and the lightning reactions of Mason saw him put the goal across the line with his..... God knows, but it went in. By now the game was over and it was just a matter of seeing how many more we could score. The answer to this, seeing as we were playing so badly, was not many.

Another goal did, however, materialise (just) when it emerged just how bad Kings were at defending corners. This time Alex delivered a (totally planned) knee-high corner that somehow found its way to the back post where Yours Truly was waiting to stick out a boot. Arguments about whether the ball had crossed the line before the keeper scooped it out have subsequently developed, but to save 35 years of debate and computerised TV evidence, I smashed the rebound home with the grace and style of Dean Windass.



Alex Pitt: Clean Sheet ... dirty tissues?

3-0 at half-time and we were laughing. Or, we would have been laughing had Captain Scott not commenced in giving us the biggest bollocking of our lives. Fair enough it was deserved, but some say that there was actually steam coming from his ears and spit was flying through the air at speeds that could quite easily have taken an eye out.

So, shaken and with some of us needing therapy, we battled our way through the second half. I have seen teams in the Premiership respond to half-time team talks with astonishing change-arounds, we however simply ignored it.

Perhaps it was because no-one actually understood it, or maybe because Kings' tactics were to drag the game down to an unretrievable level, but whatever the reason we made no improvements whatsoever. Ben, Gav and Sham continued to miss headers, Scottie connected with his headers but where they were

going was a complete lottery, Henry and Alex swapped wings and became completely confused about which team they were playing for, Buttery continued to play passes as if he'd eaten 600 shredded wheat and I just stood up front and did bugger all. Thank fuck for Pity, Chris and Mason who all played pretty well.

When Pity's long hoof landed at my feet on the left wing in the last few minutes, I felt rather sorry for Buttery who isn't going to score much this season, so crossed it for him to slot home left footed, from 10 yards. Game over.

So what can we take from this game? Not fuckin' much. We could carry on like a professional manager and claim that its good to pick up points when we aren't playing well, which is, I suppose, true. However, should we decide to carry on playing like this, we'll become the whipping boys. Knowing what the lads are capable of, I guarantee we won't.



Netball Victory - What was the score?

Okay, so judging by the fact that most of those people who are likely to read this article made some comment about our game in the Tuns on Wednesday night, it would appear to me that you probably already know that WE WON!

Now I know to most of you teams out there this is nothing overly amazing, but to us this was quite an achievement and we are proud of ourselves, so do let us bask in the glory for just a short while before bringing us down a peg or two.

It went something like this. Nerys and Lucy spent most of their waking hours on Wednesday being molested. Now in the Tuns this came as no surprise but on the netball court it was not pleasant. Had their opposition got any closer to them it could have been considered indecent.

Lucy, ever the young Lady, remedied this problem by holding her opponents hands behind her back and removing the ball from her possession. Unfortunately the particularly efficient referee caught this technical manouvere and broke up the slanging match that had ensued.

Caroline, despite being considerably smaller than her opponent handled the pressure

well. I know I certainly wouldn't have caught some of the balls that came her way! I was also pleased to learn that someone appreciates my orange effort on behalf of the team. Thanks Caz.

Sarah, (ever conscious that every team needs an image), arrived at the game in pigtails and pink bobble socks - very classy. The manicured nails also went down well; we were all amazed at just how well she could catch the ball in the gloves she convinced the referee were essential. Those nails afforded us the luxury of having an extra inch above Sarah's head to which we could throw the ball!

In defence we appeared to lack something or someone. Foster managed (with some assistance) to do herself an injury during last week's bout with UCL and was once again on the injured list. We shuffled ourselves around and battled it out.

Lay Keng was all over the court. Just as her opponent thought she had found her, off she went again. Not even the random calls from the 'qualified' referee perturbed her, she fought for everything and once she had figured out which bits of the court she was not supposed to be in everything was fine.

Fab's game got off to a great start as Miss Blair almost took her head off while we warmed up. I think what we can all learn from that experience is that you only get two warnings before Lucy hits you with a ball travelling at high speeds.

Taking this lesson with her, Fab was everywhere at once and constantly watching the ball. As Paula observed she "made a significant contribution to the game". She intercepted balls from all over the place and even managed to make polite conversation with her opponent, right before preventing her next shot.

Despite the fact that standing on top of your opponent seemed the norm, Fab and I did the decent thing and provided them with enough room to breathe! That was all they got though and in return for that I received several bruises and a mouthful of abuse.

And now to the secret weapon. Those of you there at the game know who I am talking about! And I have only one thing to say about her - she was worth every penny. And I shall of course be forwarding a copy of her qualification to Holloway and plan to offer her assistance the next time we meet them!



Scoring's no trouble for this foxy lady...

Boring Boring Arsenal Go Top

LSE 3rds

GKT 2nds

Report by James "Jonathan Woodgate" Healy

1
0

After a first term packed with free-flowing football and glorious victories (which you undoubtedly have no idea about- cheers for all those reports Gav), the 3rd XI approached the new 'season' with more than a little trepidation.

The loss of two key players to pastures new appeared likely to

The story of the game is a dull one, essentially 8 minutes of last ditch defending, a flukey break away goal (finished by.....Nihar!), followed by 82 minutes of desperate, heroic defending."

impact heavily on our double title bid- defensive lynchpin Jason having elected to move back to sunny California, and Pikey Dion choosing to return to sunny, erm, Surbiton left us reliant on El Presidente Wogan for defensive security (help!) and Nihar "couldn't score in a brothel" for goals. Oh shit..... However, such doubts were soon dispelled by Mystic Gavin's inspired wheeling and dealing in the transfer market- how he persuaded Arsene Wenger to part with Thierry Henry (henceforth known as Bolu) or a Bosman we don't know, while the recruitment of American Brian (why do all our players have to be American?) also seems a tactical masterstroke.

And so to the second game of our new era (Gav didn't write a report on that one either). After Saturday's epic victory over some top of the table outfit- don't know who- we approached GKT with confidence. The return of James and James from exile in Leeds (why were we so shit against Newcastle?) meant a more or less

full strength side- the less being Gav's woeful physical state, which he repeatedly blamed on the previous night's exertions - apparently stealing other people's girlfriends is a tiring business. We could always ask the residents of a certain 3rd floor flat in High Holborn for their opinions, but they're probably too busy rebuilding their kitchen table.

Anyway, spirits were boosted still further by the sighting of a bespectacled man of Scandinavian origin sporting the entire Lazio coaching kit loitering outside our changing rooms. Had Sven come to his senses and realised that Woodgate and Ferdinand aren't the only Leeds centre backs vying for international recognition? Apparently not- Healy will doubtless be plying his trade with the 3rds for the foreseeable future. Still England's loss is LSE's gain, with said centre back forming an impenetrable defensive wall in combination with man of the match Hugh, Sicknote Will, and Babak. While we're on the subject, Babak, why can't you,

or anyone else in the team for that matter, take a fucking throw-in properly? Idiots.

The story of the game is a dull one, essentially 8 minutes of last ditch defending, a flukey break away goal (finished by.....Nihar!), followed by 82 minutes of desperate, heroic defending. At this point, some mention must be made of Wogan's legendary performance. After missing the train (and this man runs the AU?), and arriving late, Nick managed a whole 8 minutes of fighting through the pain barrier, before eventually succumbing to a broken nail (you think I'm joking) and being forced to run the line in an entirely unbiased fashion. Still, Nick must gain some plaudits for balancing the atrocious display of the referee (henceforth known as Fat Scottish Git), who shamelessly booked Healy for what was definitely (shut up- it was) a clean tackle. Well, clean in the Taekwondo sense of the word anyway.

Fat Scottish Git endeared himself even more to the away

fans (Wogan) with another totally unmerited caution; after enduring immense provocation (i.e. they tackled him), Bolu merely suggested what he might do to GKT's scrawny left back and had his name taken. Some revenge may be had, however, when the ref discovers our star striker is not in fact widely known as Michael Jackson. Still, we're "top, top, top, top of the league", so sod off back to Dundee you fat git.

The only other notable incident of the game was an appalling miss by our other new signing, my grandma, (or was it Rich?) who is apparently playing up front with Bolu. The real shocker was of course after the game, when the entire 3rd team managed to escape Limelight without pulling someone else's girlfriend- surely a first? I have also been told to inform the rest of the team that Gav was in fact playing on Wednesday, and had not been kidnapped by aliens. To be honest, I didn't realise either- did anyone else see Gav on the pitch?

LSE warriors triumphant in battle of Battersea

Men's Hockey

LSE

Strand Poly

The Fuhrer reports another Poly Humiliation

5
3

Leg two of the three match series against King's, and an important one for potential promotion to the UL Premier League. The Fuhrer had returned from his 'South African' escapade and in his over efficient Germanic fashion made us meet 2 1/4 hours before the eventual push back. Departure was delayed by Uncle Accenture's bowels, as constant visits to the toilet were needed - perhaps a butt plug would have been more appropriate?

This week's warriors, in a changed virginal white strip, exploded into a pretty shite start against the muppets across the Aldwych. Rasta kindly gifted the ball to their centre forward, who strolled into the D. Rolfie was too busy concentrating on taking the player out, and totally forgot to cover the other side of the goal. A very easy goal for those intellectually challenged individuals from King's. 0-1. The second goal was little better, as the LSE team had momentarily forgotten that they had to defend. Two nicely unmarked players. A sneaky 2 on 1. Rolfie beached. 0-2. Taking the piss!

Well enough of that bollocks, with some 'inspiring' sideline comments from the Beast the LSE started pushing forward. Our cause was not helped as Pistol "I-can-take-flicks" Pete sent a hayward penalty desperately wide. The words 'barn door' and 'couldn't hit a' spring to mind. Uncle Accenture's ring was obviously beginning to sting, and he clearly felt like a quick break as he casually pushed their forward to the floor, as he skinned him, again. His cheeky little smile and the 'it wasn't me gov, honest'

wasn't enough as the yellow card was brandished and ten minutes sin bin followed.

Just before the break, Pistol pulled a combination of champagne moments as he withdrew his wooden willy and pissed all over their defense. A little square ball to Sharkie and we pulled it back to 1-2. Half Time.

An event filled second half lay in the sleeve. LSE pilled on the pressure, much like what was building up in Uncle Accenture's lower bowels, with short corners being given to LSE in abundance. It was as a result of one of those when the rebound landed in front of JCYC's feet, who had no problem driving the ball through their keeper and the man on the line. 2-2, we were back in the game.

A little later, JCYC awarded himself 'hattrick avoidance' status, as he scored another one. (Note of the author: Due to the large consumption of beverages in the Tuns later in the evening, I do not have any memory whatsoever about this second goal.) 3-2. Come on! It was now that the Strand Polynesians really showed their frustration, as the game got a little rough. To summarise this quickly: Psycho yellow carded for tackling someone from behind (£3 + VAT); Fuhrer yellow carded for an impression of Shrigar (£3); Uncle Accenture sent off...again (£6). Luckily the umpire was so unaware of the rules that he forgot to give him a yellow-red card.

At one point, LSE only had nine players on the pitch, but Sharkie wasn't bothered by this as he finished off a brilliant combination. 4-2, but the game did not really seem to be in the bag.

King's came back at us using their overload of players, and it was not long before Rolfie received another controversial goal through his legs. Pass into the LSE's D, a strand muppet tries to get a touch on the ball (but misses it), and then goes on to do his goal celebration.

The umpires consolidated and decided to give the goal which wasn't. What cunts - they wear disgusting pink jumpers and cannot do their jobs properly. 4-3. The Poly's captain couldn't cope any longer with the our pressure, and decided to join the Fuhrer for a 10 minutes break in the sin bin. With only minutes to go Stripjoint finished his 4 month long search for the box. A strong penetrative strike, and the ball was inserted into the goal. 5-3. Final whistle and a fucking great game came to an end, as Uncle Accenture quickly ran towards the changing rooms to relief pressure.

After the match, it was off to the Mason's Arms, where fine levels went through the roof due to the high frequency at which the yellow card had been waved about by the umpires. Then to the nearby Kebab shop, where Rolfie proved to us once again why we call him a fat bastard, as he finished off half a chicken and a huge Shish-Kebab before the rest of the team had been served.

In victorious mood we made our journey back to the Tuns, only disrupted by some twat who refused to let us on the train because we didn't have "the right travel card". Yeah right - he must have gone to Strand Poly to be so incompetent! Once back at the Tuns, the Queen and the Bottle-bongs were out, resulting in the

worst possible carnage. Nosh nearly made it back into his room at home, but then fell asleep in the hallway, a hell of a lot less comfortable than a nice, warm hospital bed.

The rest of the team are still recovering, apart from Rolfie who sat there all night long sipping Diet

Coke in an attempt to lose weight. The Strand muppets once again slipped into the Tuns, where they were greeted with the Hockey team singing "We Are The Champions" right in their faces.

Better luck next time, Poly!

ULU											
University of London Union Mens Hockey League											
Home Team: <u>LSE</u>						Away Team: <u>KCL</u>					
League division: <u>DIV. ONE</u> Cup Round:						(delete as applicable)					
Date: <u>24.1.01</u>											
Pushback Time - Actual: <u>14.40h</u>						Scheduled: <u>14.45h</u>					
Reason for Delay											
Minutes each way <u>35</u>											
Match Ball						Good / Bad / Not Provided					
Pitch Condition						Good / Adequate / Poor					
Pitch Markings						Good / Adequate / Inadequate					
HOME TEAM						AWAY TEAM					
NAME (PLEASE PRINT)	Shirt no.	I.D	GS	NAME (PLEASE PRINT)	Shirt no.	I.D	GS				
<u>M. STEFANINI</u>				<u>Ralph May</u>							
<u>J. RATLAY</u>				<u>Patrick Holmes</u>							
<u>D. TOVAR</u>				<u>Adrian Valtanov</u>							
<u>T. SCHIPPORETT</u>				<u>James Thomas</u>							
<u>J. GEIGER</u>				<u>Chris Matsumoto</u>							
<u>J. SHERIDAN</u>				<u>Simon Cordery</u>							
<u>A. BUCKLE</u>				<u>Ed Fuller</u>							
<u>J. MILSTED</u>				<u>Chris Price</u>							
<u>T. MOORE</u>				<u>Hugh Wilson</u>							
<u>J. CHAN</u>				<u>Oliver Bell</u>							
<u>P. RILEY</u>				<u>Oliver Kimberly</u>							
<u>V. HONAWAYA</u>				<u>Nick Burns</u>							
<u>A. KANE</u>											
I certify that the information on this card is correct.											
Signed <u>[Signature]</u> (Captain)				Signed <u>[Signature]</u> (Captain)							
FINAL GAME SCORE: (Home) <u>5</u> (Away) <u>3</u>											
Home Umpire's Name: <u>MARIE BONDEN</u> Qualified/Non-Qualified											
Umpire's Signature: <u>[Signature]</u> SHUA 2A											
Marks for away teams fairplay (out of 10) <u>7</u>											
Away Umpire's Name: <u>Alan Ledden</u> Qualified/Non-Qualified											
Umpire's Signature: <u>REDSHAW</u> SHUA 2A											
Marks for home teams fairplay (out of 10) <u>7</u>											