

LSE READY FOR BATTLE AGAIN

Julia Giese

This week, LSE students will be given the chance to take their fight against fees straight to the government.

After the success of the Human Chain event, the LSESU fee-fighters campaign group is now calling for a demonstration outside of the department for Education and Employment on Thursday, 8th February at 2.30pm after the UGM.

Belgravia police station have already given permission for the LSESU to stage the protest.

To highlight the issues at heart and the

intensity with which the LSE student body is opposed to their introduction, the SU will be forwarding a copy of a petition to the Labour government, calling on them to make a manifesto commitment against the imposition of top-up fees in the next parliament.

Lee Federman, SU General Secretary, believes that it is now crucial to act as "parties are currently preparing their manifestos and are at their most vulnerable to the sway of public opinion."

While both the Tories and the Liberal Democrats have ruled out the possibility of introducing top-up fees in the near future the labour party until recently refused to comment on the matter. On 16th January, the very day of the Human Chain, Malcom Wicks, Under Secretary of State for education and Employment, stated that: "The government's position on top-up fees is clear - we are opposed to them and have legislated to prevent universities from levying such charges. Nor are



At the last fee fighters event...the battle continues

Pic: Archives

top-up fees necessary."

However, "government rhetoric is one thing, policy is another. We should not be happy until Labour follows the other parties, and rules out the possibility of any form of privatisation of the Higher Education sector", Lee believes. "Students have a fundamental right to know what they will be voting for at the next election."

From the actions taken in the last weeks it is clear that LSE students have taken a lead in the Higher Education funding debate. We should therefore seize the initiative ourselves and not wait to be told what to do by the NUS. Besides the petition that will be held across ULU and the demonstration, the SU will provide materials urging students to write

to their MPs and candidates. The hope is to make top-up fees and student hardship a major issue at least in seats where there is a large student contingent - to hit the MPs where it really hurts: in their majorities.

A major boost came last Friday, in the House of Commons. The House stated that it "recognises the serious issue of financial hardship affecting university students and the concern over rising levels of graduate debt ... and calls on all parties to give higher education a prominent place in their manifestos, including a commitment ruling out the imposition of further top-up fees on students."

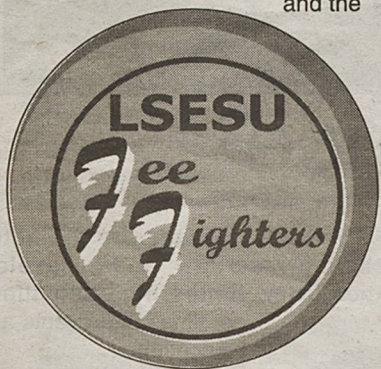
Furthermore, it "supports the University of London Union in its

calls for a favourable review of London weighting on student loans to help alleviate the high cost of studying in the capital."

Feders regards this result as a major development in the campaign in the run up to the General Election: "The LSE Students' Union will be lobbying local MPs to ensure that they sign up in support of these motions."

Other actions planned by the SU include the allocation of one afternoon of term for a mass lobby of the House of Commons and support of the London Regional 'Day of Action' on Tuesday 13th February by the student body.

You can also still get involved in the planning yourself - just join the demonstration!



Smarmy Git...please...pretty please?!!

Candice MacDonald

And your starter for ten is...which BBC gameshow is looking for contestants at LSE? You must know this...I'm going to have to hurry you...No, sorry, it's University Challenge!

If the thought of a bare knuckle intellectual fistfight with LSE reject and Cambridge scholar Jeremy Paxman presses your buzzer you may just be in luck as the SU is holding trials next Thursday to pick the crème de la crème of Houghton Street academic talent (they're going to be very short trials) to represent LSE on the long running student shaming show - I mean student gameshow.

If you want to experience how it feels to be as thick as a Strand Poly student at the hands of arrogant bastard extraordinaire Paxman then drag your text books along to

Room D502 in Clement House on Thursday at 6 pm.

LSE have shown rather poor form on the show of late after reaching the final in 1996 before losing to those specky science twats at Imperial and to Magdalen College, Oxford which is blatantly shameful as they can't even spell their own name properly!

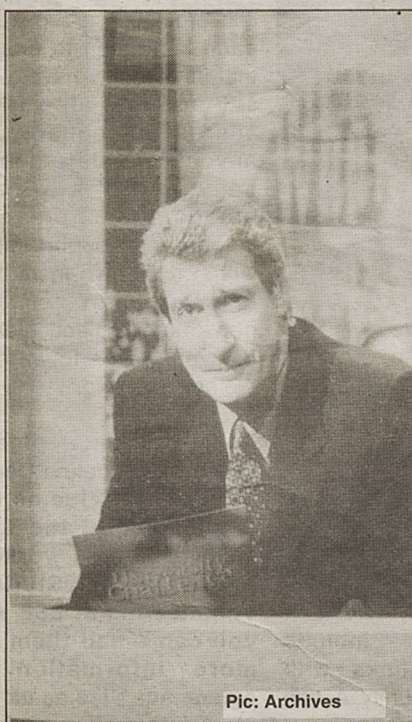
In fact General Secretary Lee Federman confirmed our worst fears - LSE students are indeed too damn ugly to appear on license payer's tv screens. "We've had teams in the last two years but we've failed the screen tests I'm afraid...The fee-payers want beauty, not brains," he sighed.

This year Lee seems to be more optimistic after the influx of fine-young-filly

freshers. "This year we could win. UCL and Kings are no competition at all. Any league table will show Euston Tech and Strand Poly way down the list. No, this year is a good year!"

The trials will be a fairly serious event, which is new ground for LSE Student's Union. Test questions will be read out in exam conditions so if you want any practice for next term, come along (calling all swots!). There are four places on the team and they will be open to continuing students only.

So, if you've got the brains to win the Tuns quiz single-handedly and the sarcy might to swat down Paxo mid-sneer then you too could embarrass yourselves on national television.



Pic: Archives



Your week in focus BEAVER STARS

Aquarius

(January 21 – February 19)

Take a look around you. People will come and go but you will stay the most important person in your life.

Pisces

(February 20 – March 20)

A tall, gorgeous person will walk towards you. You may stop and talk or you may ignore them.

Aries

(March 21 – April 20)

Stop ramming yourself into tight spaces. Try lubrication first.

Taurus

(April 21 – May 21)

You are turning into a man-bull hybrid. BEWARE!

Gemini

(May 22 – June 21)

You'll worry about how your life is going down the s***er. Friends fade into the background and you'll find yourself miserable and in need of support.

Cancer

(June 22 – July 23)

The less said about this the better.

Leo

(July 24 – August 23)

You are feeling strong and manly but come on, shave off that fluff.

Virgo

(August 24 – September 23)

Go out and get screwed.

Libra

(September 24 – October 23)

You are feeling top-heavy. Balance your bitching and moaning. Get a life.

Scorpio

(October 24 – November 22)

Once bitten, twice shy....use aromatherapy to get your guy.

Sagittarius

(November 23 – December 21)

Don't go up onto your roof. You will fall and possibly die.

Capricorn

(December 22 – January 20)

If people try to milk you then tell them where to stick it.

LET US KNOW WHAT YOU THINK....

We are also looking for that special someone with psychic ability!

Moving on

Ruth Molyneux, News Editor

Library Move update: Ossory Road starts things rolling!

The Library's move back to its permanent home – the Lionel Robbins Building at 10 Portugal Street – begins with the 30 per cent of Library stock currently housed at the Ossory Road store.

These lower-use materials will start moving on 22 January 2001, before the Lionel Robbins Building redevelopment is completed, and before the main book move begins in March.

Health and safety considerations mean that Ossory Road Library materials will remain on closed access during the move, until the Lionel Robbins Building re-opens to users on 6 March 2001.



The library's final days at the Southampton Buildings are approaching

Pic: Archives

From 22 January - 5 March a fetch service to Southampton Buildings will continue, for all material not physically in transit. Library users can submit fetch slips by 12.30pm to receive items by 3.30pm the same day, Monday to Friday. (Please note that we are unable to offer a fetch service at weekends.)

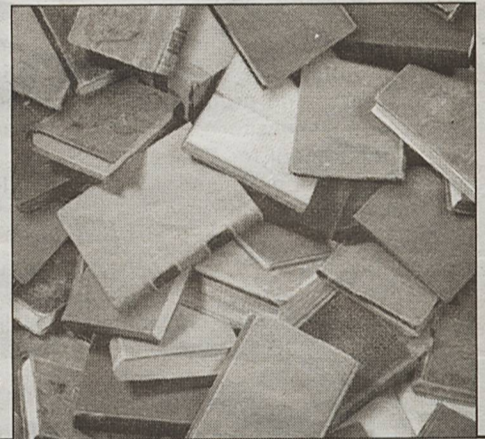
The Library redevelopment provides better access to collections, with a user-friendly layout and primarily open-access approach. From 6 March, browsing in the Lionel Robbins

Building will be possible for most material moved from Ossory Road.

The Library places great importance on its collections being accessible to all users, whether regular or infrequent visitors. If you have any queries about the Library move, please contact them via:

- * the email enquiry form (response time of two working days).
- * telephone: +44 (0)20 7955 7229 during Library opening hours.
- * your department/research centre contacts on the Library staff (if you are a member of LSE staff).

For more information see the New Library pages at <http://www.blpes.lse.ac.uk/newlibrary/>



Volunteer to make a difference

Laura Hales

If you've ever thought about doing something 'for charity' but were put off by the prospect of having to contend with a load of sandal-wearing, bearded do-gooders, then CRSVN might have just what you're looking for.

Whether you want to learn new skills, enhance your CV or even carry out a selfless good deed or two, volunteering is often a good way of achieving one or more of these things. Cross River Student Volunteering Network is a project set up by Student Volunteering Network UK, King's College, LSE, London Institute and Westminster Volunteer Bureau and is funded by SRB - a government source of money.

Co-ordinated by Jacqueline Daniel at the LSE, the aim of the project

is to establish a student volunteering coordination group within each institution which will develop volunteering opportunities, promote volunteering and

projects. At a meeting which took place on the 31st January, it was agreed that that student volunteers would

being sought with possibilities including Charing Cross Station or the ULU building.

Further projects.

encouraged to promote, recruit and develop volunteering activities. Exact times and events are to be confirmed.

Finally, CRSVN requires a coordinating group within each institution to ensure that all students have a fair say and that all work is shared out equally. If anyone is interested in being part of a working group to organise volunteering opportunities within their own institution and as part of the networked project, please put yourselves forward at the next meeting.

For details, please contact Jacqueline Daniel on j.daniel@lse.ac.uk. Alternatively, the LSE already have a working group called Student Volunteering at LSE and you can email them for more information at su.soc.sca@lse.ac.uk for more information on how to join.



recruit student volunteers. These groups will be encouraged to work together twice a year to develop one off networked

organise a sponsored sleep-out to raise money for either Shelter or The Big Issue. A high profile location for this event is

underway include establishing links with Student Community Action Week. This is a national event where students are

Propping up the Dictatorship

James Meadway

This Thursday, LSE students have the chance to take a lead in fighting oppression in Burma.

The Free Burma resolution is up for discussion in this week's Union General Meeting, demanding the LSE Students' Union cut all financial ties with businesses operating in Burma. If passed, this will be the first resolution of its kind approved by any UK students' union; other universities here are planning to follow our lead. By highlighting the role of foreign investments in propping up the Burmese dictatorship, we can have a major impact on the confidence of businesses involved in Burma.

Businesses including Premier Oil, for example. In 1990, this British oil company signed a contract with the regime to explore for gas off the coast of Burma, which was then to be piped overland, through the states of Mon and Karen, into neighbouring Thailand. With the deal struck, the army moved in to secure the pipeline area for Premier, which was previously under ethnic minority control. People were forced to work, at gunpoint, on roads, railways, helipads, military barracks and on the pipeline itself. Villagers were compelled to carry food and munitions for the soldiers, many being beaten to death for tiredness. Forced labour to maintain troops in the region continues. Villagers accused of being resistance supporters are beaten, tortured, and killed. Many women have been raped

by soldiers. Property and food has, and continues to be, confiscated – especially since the military junta ruling Burma suspended pay to soldiers. Mon and Karen are now the most heavily militarised regions of Burma, the soldiers ostensibly there to protect foreign investment.

Investing companies claim they are "bringing development" to the area. The tortures, beatings, expulsions and well-documented human rights abuses tell a different tale. Daw Aung San Suu Kyi, currently LSESU Honorary President, and her party, the National Democratic League, were elected to government in Burma in the last free elections to be held there. The ruling dictatorship, however, refused to cede power, despite the NDL's landslide victory in achieving 83% of the popular vote. Suu Kyi herself, in a recent speech, has issued a direct call to end foreign investment in Burma: "We now endorse the idea of international sanctions because we have come to the conclusion that investments in Burma have not in any way helped the people in general nor has it helped the course of democracy... There are few people who have benefited from those investments. In fact, they have only made the privileged elite even wealthier."

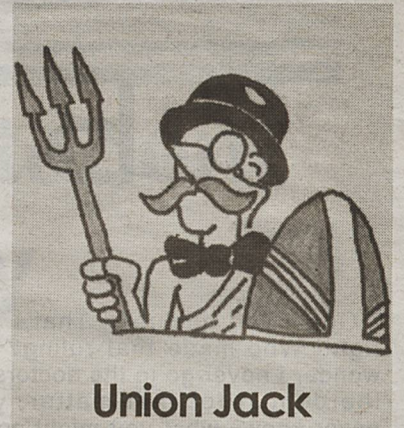
Crucially, all foreign investments in Burma must be made through a joint venture with the regime. Within the oil industry, the Myanmar Oil and Gas Enterprise is a notorious money launderer, a conduit for cash earned by the junta in the heroin trade; outside of oil and gas, all foreign investments operate through Union of Myanmar Economic Holdings (UMEH), which by law must own 40% of all

overseas-financed investment projects. Sixty per cent of UMEH is, in turn, owned by military officials and their families – the remaining 40% is owned directly by the army. As a result, 16% of all profits earned in Burma go immediately to the directorate responsible for weapons purchase. Any foreign investments within the country cannot do anything other than support the dictatorship there.

The resolution up for debate at the UGM this week is similar to ones which have been successfully passed in numerous US universities and colleges. The campaign has already had an effect: several companies, torn between investing in Burma and losing lucrative US contracts, have pulled out of the country. Apple, Texaco, Compaq, Ericsson and Pepsi have all pulled out in the last three years due to this sort of pressure. Our resolution is split into a few stages: the first is a disclosure clause, allowing the Students' Union here to "name and shame" companies operating in Burma. This is not only embarrassing for those companies concerned, but is information students may wish to consider when looking at prospective employers. The second and third stages refer to LSESU bank accounts, requiring the Students' Union to withdraw its funds from companies operating in Burma, and to have no dealings in future with companies known to be involved in the country. The direct financial impact of these clauses are likely to be minimal; however, as a moral stance, and as a means of drawing attention to the part played by foreign investments in propping up the Myanmar regime, their influence could be considerable. The final stages of the motion relate to persuading both the National Union of Students and LSE itself to break financial ties with companies investing in Burma.

This is our opportunity to put LSE at the cutting edge of ethical investment policy and bring pressure to bear on a despicable military dictatorship; we aim to see LSE Students' Union taking a lead in what will be a national campaign against that dictatorship and the multinationals supporting it. The bigger the majority in favour of the resolution, the more chance we have of also persuading the School to adopt a similar policy.

Come to the Union General Meeting this Thursday (8th February, 1pm in the Old Theatre) to show your support.



Union Jack

At last a breath of fresh air. After last week's ponderous nonsense the UGM returned not with a whimper but a bang. Motions were argued and Tories shouted nonsense throughout. Paper was being thrown from all sides of the balcony and there seemed a real sense of enjoyment and student democracy. Jack was happy again.

Even Kallis sulked for a week downstairs with Jack. Well, never mind you poor little Brummy, Jack looks forward to when you get back to your normal cocky self. As you so eloquently whinged, "I've got one word for Jack, 'F**k Off'".

Those Tories just won't give up. First they tried God Save the Queen and now they want some Heavy Metal nonsense to replace the beautifully ironic Red Flag. Tory Sleaze herself even tried to stop the Balcony Boys from talking amongst themselves about which way to vote.

Part of the beauty of the Red Flag is how much they all hate singing it. The meeting traditionally finishes with a little more humiliation for those who have already been ritually humiliated anyway. It really was lovely to see them all up on stage, Tom 'Fudge' Packer, Master Blackwell and Tory Sleaze all getting worked up about our anthem.

After all that excitement it got better still. The meeting turned to a subject close to Jack's heart, lunch. Jack's a creature of habit and his very own midday home came under attack from the Union.

Just what is wrong with the Brunch Bowl? True, the food is terrible, the atmosphere chronic and the people in there make you believe that Econ B is actually a really interesting option but there is something special about it isn't there? Well perhaps not, but you'll still find Jack there every day prodding the fruit for insects and searching for that one fresh sandwich it's rumoured they make.

Feders seemingly laid down as amendments were passed to his motion that seem to indicate that that nice bit of the Tuns, Jack's local, where they sell those delightful sandwiches, is going to be turned into a KFC franchise. This Jack doesn't approve of. Fast food is for our American friends, us British should have sandwiches or pasties not the Colonel's Special Recipe or, heaven forbid, a McDonald's.

As a final word, Jack would like to congratulate La 13yr old and Mmm Bop for their election last week. These stalwarts of the Union always keep Jack entertained and if you look carefully you might just see a glimpse of Sabb in young Bellini's eyes.



Rachel Goldwyn, an LSE student, who was imprisoned in a Burmese Jail for campaigning

Pic: Archives

B a n g B a n g

Good God almighty! That's not right! Who made that ruling? No wonder I never go to the doctors or the dentist for that matter, you never knows what you might come back missing. You might wake up the next day and find yourself dead!

You must have all seen what has been going on in 'our' NHS? They've been stocking up on

rights' and political drollness, the world has hypocritically acted as if it never went to war in 1939 to stop a genetically engineering dictator or that it made all those global laws and mandates that followed. He has a point.

We all said Hitler and the attempts he made to create Super-Uber-man was wrong, and that this kind of thinking ended up with

theirs in privatised train crashes and now, we are cloning bits of humans - when will we see the first fully cloned man? Not long I shouldn't think, unless he is already walking around East Acton somewhere or Pimlico.

They say you should never disturb a grave, well the twisted, devil worshippers in the NHS never even gave those poor,

again), poisoning our food and water supplies, blowing us up, micro-waving our brains and now they're even pulling us apart and chopping us up in the name of 'science' ".

Bighorns has a point. I agree with him on many things, like the fact that politicians lie all the bloody time, and that there are some real nutters out there, but not on everything. Say you could wipe out all our diseases by cloning human cells and doing something scientific with them; I would do it - possibly - well I'm not sure now, and it isn't up to me yet anyway. But the opportunities are supposedly brilliant. Science will be able to prolong our lives so that we will begin to live even longer and do all the things death deprives us of doing, we will be gods amongst men!

Then again, why would you want to live past what nature intended? Surely we have enough time on earth to do a lot of stuff as it is? Besides, if we all carry on the way we are going, living to your 753rd birthday won't be much to celebrate. First of all, who would care because everyone lived that long, so no honorary parties for you Mr Bungles! More importantly, the world might end up looking like a right mess by then anyway. We might have a nuclear war; we might all mutate after eating 'mad-cow' ridden burgers, morph into lizards because the sun disappeared behind all the cities smog or have only manky boiled water to drink.

The state doesn't even give you a decent pension now so I suppose it would cease to exist if I lived to 346 years of age.

Therefore, we would have to work even harder and longer while we lived to provide ourselves with a decent retirement, so you might have to work for a few centuries before you could put your feet up! Therefore, when I come to power, I will ban life prolonging genetic medicine because all it will mean is we remain cogs and bits of the system for a lot longer and have too many birthday cards to buy! BANG BANG!

That's democracy for you! BANG BANG!



people's body parts without telling a soul. I thought Frankenstein was just a story, obviously I underestimated the mad antics of the nation's professors and super brains. The Shipman fella was a complete fruitcake and nobody even knew until he killed his millionth victim! And now this mad story. It's too much I tell you.

I know we have to experiment for the sake of medicine and all that, but come on, be fair! Plucking out a baby's organs just isn't nice. Its so manky I don't even like to put it down on paper - but journalism and the pursuit of truth dictates that I must.

Basil Byrnes, we call him Bighorns Burnside, pointed out to me that in this age of 'human

things like millions of dead invalids, gypsies, Slavs and Jews. We also frowned upon talk of genetics and eugenics, now we are running around selling fertility kits and changing nature's plans like there's no tomorrow. We also said human life was precious and agreed to set up welfare states and all the rest of that socialist clap-trap so that we could all be born into a world of greater human respect.

What the hell happened to all that then? Correct me if you can, but it never turned out that way - dreams rarely do. We grew ears on the back of mice just because we could, made a load of Geep and Sheeple, stuck pig hearts into dying men, grafted dead people's arms on to those who had just lost

innocent children a chance to be buried. What makes me mad is that their employer's working on our behalf, the Government, only responds with 'they will be held accountable'. Who? When? Accountable? What does that mean? Nail the lot of em up I say!

Bighorns says "there they all are pontificating about how we should all respect each other, not call each other disrespectful names and discriminate positively, when the same officials and bureaucrats are running around doing the exact opposite. They are financing global abortions (whether you think its right or wrong, they are still hypocrites carrying out the work Hitler would have done because it's the poor Third World that is getting 'ordered' around yet

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A b o u t M a n k y n e s s

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

with Lyle Jackson



A corroded shelf in a cupboard containing chemical solutions recently collapsed in Biological Sciences department. The accident resulted in a pool of broken glass and a potent acid mixture that released fumes into the corridor outside the laboratory. The returning professor, not equipped with the necessary spillage kit, called for the fire brigade. Minutes later, three engines, two support units and an ambulance were on campus to aid the clean-up operation. No one was hurt. Unreliable sources state that another clean up operation was rushed into action later that day in the art department, when a group of excitable first year students opened a similar cupboard to find two mannequins in a compromising position. The spillage was dealt with internally.

Another world record has been broken at Loughborough University. Some kind of sporting event I hear you cry! No. A 66 hour non-stop radio show.

The event started early on Thursday morning with the intention of running for 80 hours, however after breaking the existing record of 63 hours, DJ Jon Moonie called it a day. After some complex calculator

operations he later called it two and three quarter days and Guinness were happy. "We had broken the record, but we were on shaky grounds medically", said Jon. "It was good fun! I did 66 with no Red Bull, no Pro-plus, no Coffee." he promises "80 hours next time, for sure!". What fun! My opinion? Shaky ground medically is an understatement.



Chaos ensued last week at Warwick Universities' Cryfield Hall Residence as a small fire broke

out in one of the bedrooms. The blaze was quickly controlled and the cause of the fire was found to be a candle that had been blown over by a breeze from an open window. The Warden said that rules were in place to stop students from taking candles into rooms, and he was disappointed that these had been broken. Reports state that later he was appalled to find that candles can be bought from the Students' Union shop - and in more than one size. Unconfirmed rumours have it that the culprit, known to his closest friends as 'The Ultimate Danger Kig' this week took a cup of coffee into his room, but didn't use a coaster. Sheer lunacy. Wardens - keep your eyes peeled.



Has living in Cambridge finally ruined the lives of students at Cambridge University? A recent poll showed that 81% of students are either depressed or know someone in Cambridge who is depressed.

The survey was conducted by a team of students (presumably both

depressed and very bored) who sensationally concluded that Cambridge is a dull place to be. Of course many people who have visited the area could have told the team this without conducting a survey, but over 4/5 of them probably couldn't be bothered to listen.

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!

Chris Wills

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This week Mullet thought he'd treat you all to a step-by-step guide of how to write a Mullet. There's not much to it as some of you, if not all of you, will have gathered. Let the fun commence...

1. Choose a subject of annoyance which you feel you should write a load of crap about: e.g. the library.

2. Embellish said annoyance with a random dose of bollocks: "Some say that some persons have been taking interest drugs resulting in hallucinations and some say it is merely a trick of the imagination but yes, the Mullet has been in the library this term and has been seen."

3. Pick something about the annoyance which you could conceivably write approximately 400 words about. (e.g. the dodgy security guards who insist on going through your bags.

4. Embellish! "What's the fucking point in spending money on a system where every book has a chip in them enabling an alarm to go off on exit, if you're going to employ a trained monkey to rummage through your bag for pinched books.

"Clearly these gentlemen have a problem and enjoy looking through other people's property. They serve no purpose at all. Ask them for directions and they'll scratch their arses. Try to find out where a certain book is and they'll start swinging from a tire whilst eating a banana. But try to leave and they'll give you a colonic irrigation in the search for that elusive hand written first copy of the Bible."

5. Always remember to swear (see above).

6. Never fail to mention what you have done during the day:

"Only this morning, after checking out two books, which the Mullet was carrying in his hands while walking out of the library, did Charlie the Chimp demand that he looked through Mullet's bag.

"Cheeky bugger, has he not got anything better to do? Evidently not, but surely there must be another one of his team that needs a grooming."

7. Remember to pad out the Mullet with random shit that bears no relevance to the general theme of the piece:

"Got pissed the other day down at Cumberland lodge. Ended up having to wee into pint pots because Mullet and his highly dodgy Craig David-esque mate couldn't be arsed to walk to the toilets."

8. Always make sure that the Mullet is based on fact (see above).

9. Remember to make at least one allusion to wanking and/or pornography in the Mullet: "Mullet could have had anything in his bag when that monkey was going through it. The German porn, the masturbation sock or even a piece of coursework."

10. Finish with an irrelevant statement which you would like the readers to take away with them: "Remember you can't hurry love, no you'll just have to wait, love don't come easy, that's why they invented date rape drugs."

With that, I'll leave you lovely readers and remember, too many cocks spoil the brothel, fine words butter no parsnips and a bird in the hand is worth two in a magazine.

That was the week that wasn't

By Ian Gascoigne

Mandelson comes out as straight.

Dateline London January 31st.

Today Peter Mandelson has announced that he is putting himself back into the closet, saying he is in fact not gay. "I just can't help lying," said the disgraced minister in a press conference that began in confusion because Mandelson had lied to the press about what time it started.

The revelations lead to Mandelson being called to an early morning meeting with the manager of the Notting Hill branch of blockbuster video. After spending over an hour inside the former minister emerged to speak to the press.

"After long deliberations I have decided that it is best for me and the club if I submit my resignation," he told waiting reporters. "I would have ideally like to have been forced to resign from something more important than Blockbuster, but at the moment I'm really struggling."

Many political commentators have suggested that the problem lay not in the fact that Peter is in fact heterosexual, but that he lied about his sexuality in order to rent a copy of "The Sound of Music", subsequently causing considerable

embarrassment to Alison Campbell the part time assistant on duty.

This is of course the second time that Mandelson has been forced to resign, the first time being over the scandal that surrounded the £3.50 loan received from fellow minister Geoffrey Robinson in 1998 in order to rent Mission Impossible. This development inevitably leans many to ask the question of whether Mandelson should have been brought back into the club so quickly after the first humiliation.

It now seems that the political and video-rental activities of Peter Mandelson may be over for the foreseeable future but he has pledged to stand at the next election. It is believed that the former Northern Ireland minister will take on a far more low profile role, concentrating on lying in his

constituency and the on back benches..

In other news:

Dale Winton resigns from new job at Camp America after misunderstanding about what the company does.

P Y Gerbot pretends to be ghost to stop closure of the Dome; "I would have got away with it too if it wasn't for those pesky kids" he is quoted as shouting as he was led away by police.

Hague pledges to bring back "Lost Cities of Gold" to CBBC if the Tories win next election.

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DEMONSTRATION 2001 AT THE DFEE WESTMINSTER

WE ARE FIGHTING FOR:
MANIFESTO COMMITMENTS AGAINST TOP-UP FEES
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WEDNESDAY 14 FEBRUARY 10AM - 4.30PM

Registration forms from SU Reception

B:LINK



Forgotten but not gone.
Mukul Devichand
b:link founder (2000-2001)

beaver link

politics/culture/life

rocking bottomley

words by Seph and Sani

Wednesday 31st 2001

What a morning! After the cardiac arrests we had at Holborn Station at 7.00am because we were evacuated [due to a nutter who set off the fire alarms] we caught the train to Westminster, to have a chat with Virginia Bottomley. (No jokes about the name!) However, the sight of yummy firemen even at that time of the morning, was all we needed to put us in a good mood. Despite having lived in London all our lives, we stopped to marvel at THE great structure that is Big Ben. Outdoing the Japanese tourists with their flashy cameras, we hailed PC Plod to take some happy snaps! The novelty soon wore off and Virginia beckoned. Downing Street's neighbour, Port Cullis House was our venue. Three doors- Which to choose? That hurdle down, we were faced with another. Security checks galore, the name Diana Ross sprung to mind. Looking like something the cat dragged in, we dried off and were led by VB's PA, Angela, to Virginia's political abode.

How did you get into politics?

I was brought up in a family where there was a culture to be in the public service. My uncle was a Labour Cabinet Minister. I used to campaign with his wife. Because of the change in situation in the 1970s, I became a Conservative.

What are you working on now?

I'm enjoying my liberation! I try to stay faithful to the causes that I espoused and I give lectures and talks. I also mentor and am Vice Chancellor of the British council. [An extremely busy woman...it's a wonder she had time to speak to us!]

Do you find it a struggle being a female politician?

Newspapers are insufferable; they like pretty pictures and bitchy comments. It annoys your colleagues that women get all the trivial publicity. There are a number of cases where you reluctantly agree to an interview and the entire interview consists of what you look like and were wearing and basic tittle-tattle. There's less chauvinism in the House of Commons than in the media! I think the Blair

Government is extremely laddish. I can't bear all the endless talk about football. I find it extraordinary, this whole Blair babe culture. It's totally insulting to women and the whole thing annoys me.

John Major has the persona of a weak leader, do you think this is a fair judgement?

No, he was a very courteous, deeply honourable, very decent man. He had great depth but he didn't have a swagger about him or any bravado, macho style, but I think that style is dated anyway! So I found him a very good person to work for. His problem was the polar opposite to Tony Blair's problem, if you have a majority of three, you do not have power because it is possible that three MPs could hold you to ransom, over all manner of policy issues. A Prime Minister taking over at the end of a long phase in Government inevitably picks up that it's time for a change. But John Major with a majority like the government has now, would have been viewed in a very different light. The good thing is, I think he is judged more and more kindly, and I think his autobiography was a tremendous success! What I hold on to is that I worked very closely with a man who is totally honourable, with absolute integrity, without so much of the vanity and playing to the galleries that many politicians are thought to demonstrate.

How would you sum up Peter Mandelson?

The whole problem for the Labour government is what goes, in opposition. They beg, borrow, steal and tell tall stories. When you're in Government you are a public servant. I believe we should do more in public life to remind people, that being a minister is a public responsibility, it's not simply going to Parliament and being a politician. A lot of the New Labour MPs and the government say 'We are politicians' as though that absolves them of their position. As far as Peter Mandelson is concerned, the tragedy and irony of the situation is that it was deeply shocking to have taken that loan from a colleague that was three times his salary. I believe it was an improper thing to do. I think it was wrong to then keep his redundancy pay when he came back into government. The incident recently is more like a car crash, a combination of forces, not all of which, in my opinion, were his responsibility. It seems more as though the high command, at number ten, didn't want him anymore. It's the break up of an affair. It's very serious for the labour government as it's a real

hole at the heart of the machine. But we'll all learn more about this. It won't die because its so fascinating and it feels like a human tragedy of a very complex sort, around an extraordinary, extremely talented, Machiavellian personality.

What can you tell us about your time at The LSE?

I did a masters degree at the LSE, in Social Policy and Administration. It was a busy year. I wish I'd done my full degree there. I think it's an extraordinary internationally created institution. To be a governor at the LSE gives me huge pleasure and interest and anyone who goes to LSE is very fortunate. (Virginia fulfils her role as a governor to the max, unlike someone we are having constant problems with!)

Are you sticking to your New Year's resolutions?

I didn't have one! Having New Years resolutions are all about how you're dissatisfied with yourself. My new excitement in life is being an energetic granny. I should have said I'd go on a diet....But I didn't.

If you had one wish what would it be?

I would wish that my granddaughter would go to the LSE!

What would you change about the Tory party?

I'd win!

Do you think that a bald man [William Hague] could ever win the election?



He could win the election, of course he could! The fascinating thing about being an MP is what Alan Clark, who I'm not a great fan of, used to say, and that's that 'It's like having a ringside seat' you just never know! Besides, I never get it right!

What I see in William, is a modern person, not full of the bravado and vanity- a funny person with a great strength, depth and integrity. To stand up in the House of Commons and fight your corner, when you're facing such a massive number on the other side is incredibly brave.

I've never put money on any election! I think that the party is completely over for New Labour. I think their trouble is they were always a marketing campaign, they were always a fashion item. And the trouble is deep down they are empty.

After a few photos, we bid a fond farewell to Virginia.

It was back through security, and out into the cold. we braved the rain and made our way back to SO101 to find we'd missed the class. (Sorry Kirstine!)

Would you put money on it?

B:LINK CONTENTS

as we enter week five, the time has come to celebrate the wonderful thing that is LSE's diverse interests with the spectacularly titled *Equality Week*.

On page one Virginia Bottomley
Camp America
LSE & dieting
an irreverent look
public & private
babies in Iraq
the slave trade revisited
international spotlight

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what state will you be in this summer?

got an internship lined up for this summer? Finally realised your lifelong dream of that coveted job in an investment bank for the 10 weeks of best weather we get every year? Getting well paid - are you? Well, I hope so! Just for one moment consider what else you could do this summer. Are you sure that investment banking really is the job for you, or are you just a humble sheep following the proverbial flock? Are you really being paid enough for all that lost time in the sun while you are stuck in an office playing with spreadsheets? What other options are available for you this summer? What else could you do?

Travelling is often a well-intentioned idea in many people's minds, but very often the main obstacle to this is the cost. How can you possibly afford any travelling this summer when you already have a very hefty overdraft? So, much as you would like to go abroad, the cost means that this is simply not an option. The summer job beckons?

Not any longer! There is a scheme that allows students to travel to the United States of America for the summer and costs almost nothing. This is the Camp America scheme. The main idea is as follows. You agree to go, and pay them a certain deposit in advance. In return they provide free flights to America and all your accommodation and food for 9 weeks. Sounds like a free lunch? Well there is a small catch! In return for the flights/accommodation/etc. you have to work on a children's camp for the time. However, after this you are free to travel as much as you like and then fly back when you are ready (obviously you provide accommodation and the rest for this time!). You are also paid a token amount of pocket money while you are on camp to spend during your days off.

In terms of qualifications that you need to get involved in the scheme it's good news as it's pretty much none. You are generally expected to have some experience in an activity that takes place at camp, to a standard such that you are able to teach. However, this does not require you to be expert. There is almost certainly a position for

everyone as activities offered range from all types of sports to Arts and Crafts, Dance and Drama. Any experience is good experience! Often a camp would prefer a person to be competent in a range of activities rather than expert in one.

The main quality you need for this type of summer is a love of children. And by this I mean that you would be able to live in the same room with a bunch of kids for 8 weeks - because that is exactly what you will be expected to do! No matter how much you do actually enjoy working with children you will be tested by this experience. Apparently, a parent has the hardest job in the world. Now, consider being not only a parent, but also a stand-in brother/sister, teacher, friend, relation, etc. for 2 weeks or more of a child's life. But not only that - imagine being in this position for a group of 10-12 radically different kids at the same time! You will have hard days; you will have good days. Sometimes you will love the kids and sometimes you will wish you could just take a break from them. But overall, once you have finished you will feel a tremendous sense of achievement. You will look back on the experience and will feel seriously proud of yourself and what you have done for the children. The 'thank-you' looks on the children's faces when their parents come to pick them up are worth anything!

Speaking from personal experience, I would encourage anyone to take part in the programme. I first went in the summer of 1999, and was placed on a camp in Oregon in the North-West. My main responsibilities on this camp were to be what is called a 'bunk' counsellor which means that you look after the kids in all periods when there are no activities planned. When there are activities planned you become a specialist counsellor which, although sounding a little daunting, simply means that you then teach the children the activity which you were employed to teach.

I enjoyed my first summer so much that I decided to return last summer for a second experience. This time I went to the camp director's fair (see below) and decided where I wanted to go. I chose to go the Michigan which is slap-bang in the middle of the

States, right where all the Great Lakes are. This camp was a little more commercial than the Oregon camp, and so it meant that in my spare time I was able to use their facilities in order to learn how to waterski and scuba dive.

After each summer I travelled quite extensively. Last summer I actually purchased a car with a group of other counsellors in order to give us more flexibility. We travelled to Chicago, Toronto, Niagra Falls, Boston, New York and Philadelphia. I can assure you that the after camp travel is as memorable as the time at camp!

There are two main ways to apply to the programme. The first option is to fill in an application form, (available at www.campamerica.co.uk), interview with a Camp America representative and then be randomly placed somewhere in the States. By far the better option is to attend the Camp Directors fair where about 120 Camp Directors are flown to Britain to interview and hire you on the spot.

So, still sure that the investment banking is for you? Want to test out if teaching is really a suitable career for you? Whatever the reason, go and try a summer at camp. I can assure you that you will enjoy it.

Camp Director's Fairs:
Sat 10th Feb 10am-4pm
Sun 11th Feb 11am-4pm
Kensington Town Hall,
Campden Hill Road, London W8

You will need to bring:

- 2 passport sized photos
- 2 current references, signed and dated
- deposit fee of £45
- certificates/photos to support application
- completed application form that can be downloaded from www.campamerica.co.uk

Alternatively contact:

Camp America, Dept. NA, 37a
Queen's Gate, London, SW7
5HR
Tel: 020 7581 7333
www.campamerica.co.uk



You may have to make a fool out of yourself...

words by conor mcnelly

...but at least the kids will enjoy it!



fat lot of good

words by eve parish



Have you heard about the latest diet? The chances are if you're a female student at LSE, you will have. We might be basking in the glories of the post-feminist enlightenment, but it seems that we LSE girls are still pre-occupied with our weight. We might all be going to work in high powered city jobs, but we're all still asking if our bums look big in those executive suits.

Why are we so scared of putting on weight? I've never seen an obese person at this school, but everyone I know is dieting. We follow crazy regimes, starving ourselves of basic essentials like meat, milk and cheese and surviving on the odd piece of toast, we calculate our calorie intake as diligently as our accounting homework, and we spend hours in the gym or pool, trying to purge ourselves of every last ounce. And then we feel guilty for eating dinner because we're hungry. Every time we look in the mirror at that winsome, attractive young thing, we still wail, "I'm so fat!" as if it was true, and like it mattered.

Do we do it for the men? Surely any man worth his weight in Cadbury's Dairy Milk is not going to care about what size we take. Most LSE blokes might even be offended if we thought that all they look for in a girl is how skinny she is. Men would rather have a curvy Kate Winslet than an angular Ally McBeal.

Netball Girl, lop-sided love-object for so many LSE blokes, clearly had a healthy liking for her food. One guy at least agrees. The Beaver's Mukul Devichand views it like this: "A woman should have flesh on her. There has to be something for you to get hold of." Girls, you never had a better excuse to go and eat some cake.

What about other women then? Recreational diets have become something we're all on with our mates - part of our social scene. If you're not on a decent diet, what's the matter with you? Haven't you read those women's magazines that give you all the help you need to flatten your tums and beat bloating? Here in the great metropolis, we all want to live the "Friends" ideal, complete with chiselled cheekbones. It feels like everyone's trying to be younger and thinner than the next girl, because if I could just lose that flab then I'll be popular, successful and attractive too, won't I?

We all have a go at the odd weird eating plan now and then, and I confess that I've done illicit diets in the past. All the magazines we buy are full of ads for rapid weight loss - the milk diet, the one that's matched to your blood type, the detox diet. Did you know that Hollywood celeb Goldie Hawn recommends drinking nothing but fruit juice for 48 hours? I did used to think that

"diet" involved at least some food, but clearly things have moved on. Detox-gurus warn that this kind of thing can bring you out in spots, cause headaches and make you smell "slightly different", which doesn't sound very attractive to me.

And what if you overdo it? Dieting to make us thin can get dangerous, especially when we're living demanding student lives.

"When you diet, you often make the mistake of cutting out protein, which will waste your muscles, not your fat," said Nurse Toppa Bredenkamp of the St. Phillip's medical centre, here on campus.

"The most important muscle in your body is your heart. Once you lose muscle there, you can never get it back."

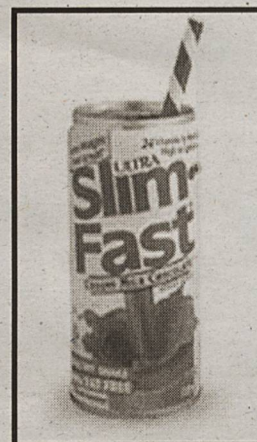
Fad diets now can lead to heart problems once we hit our thirties and forties - it doesn't seem worth it just to be skinny. But why do we want to be? "Models," says Toppa, "boyfriends, pressure from groups." It seems that when we're stressing out about work, far from home for the first time and feeling down, not eating can be our way of showing it. LSE provides a counselling service for us when things get this bad.

But there's no need to do this to ourselves at all. We're intelligent, articulate young women, and we know that people come in all shapes and sizes, and

we love them just the same. Fat is not ugly, beauty does not come in one size only, despite what some fashion shops seem to think.

Healthy eating's a good thing, but it's often confused with minimal eating, and avoiding all the sort of food that we really need just to stay fit. Food is there to be enjoyed and to keep us going - it shouldn't be a source of guilt. We should have the confidence to be ourselves. Our shape is part of who we are, and why would we want to change that?

Eve Parish has written for B:Link before. She has contributed this article in light of the fact that Week 5 of Lent Term is Equality Week.



I CLAUDIA

editorial

So often these days, you hear the words "can't be bothered" and "whatever" cropping up in people's conversations. Frankly, I find them the most annoying thing to hear in a conversation. Sometimes I wonder why all these people are here at the LSE when all they seem to care about is very little.

A few things that LSE students do care about are 1) a career in investment banking 2) a career in consulting 3) at least a 2:1 degree (so that they can get into investment banking/consulting) and..... I can't think of anymore. How depressing!

Perhaps it's just a 21st century phenomenon, this apathy that surrounds us all. Maybe it's just because of globalisation - it seems to be the root of all evil to some people these days. Whatever the case may be, I hope I am not the only person to have noticed the sense of apathy that is growing exponentially around and amongst us.

I am not saying that LSE students are a bunch of robots who have programmed themselves into aiming for the humongous salary in the City (although I can think of some). And neither am I saying that wanting a job as an investment banker is a bad thing. Hey, I would like to be paid that much money too. But at the same time I would like to be doing work that I truly feel about. Even if it's just truly feeling about the money.

It has become more and more rare to find someone doing some sort of activity that they really enjoy at the LSE. Isn't that a shame? We must all be here because we felt some sort of inclination to want to be here. Although I must admit, it would be very difficult to feel strongly about Further Mathematical methods. There are so many things that are taking place around us but no one really seems to care about them. For example, our Students' Union is there for all of us but how often do you see a diverse group of people who are contributing to what they do? At the same time, I do believe that we may be doing better than other universities in some cases.

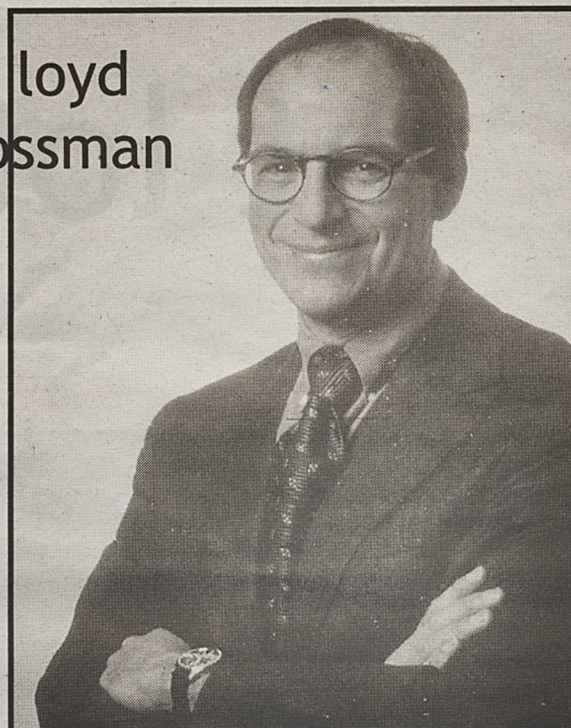
Much too often you hear "whatever" in reference to other people. There is a growing apathy towards other people as well. We seem to have ceased to care about other people; how they might feel about what you say or what they think or how someone might be hurting. The awareness of other people has become increasingly dead (like Kabila).

There must be a lot of things that we feel strongly about, be it friends, ambitions, family whatever (whoops! There's that word again, see?). If there wasn't, we might as all turn flat on to our backs and try to stop breathing because we just can't be bothered, right?



Malice through the looking glass... let's go Through the Rabbithole with men of sauce

mr loyd grossman



For some it isn't enough to merely know that their smarter than every f*cker they brush past on the tube; it requires more than just a contemptuous glance towards the Big Issue vendor to really inform him what a lazy, thick little shit he is and just how much more intellectually superior you are - 'Oi peasant! Why do you bother getting up in the morning? D'you see me? I've got here because I'm really smart and you're sitting in your own vomit, strumming a tennis racket and begging me for the change I have left over from my Moccachino purchase because you're not" LSE students may think they're smart, but not quite smart enough to convey all this with a look. No, instead, some choose to use items of clothing with the university name embossed on the front. Malice investigated the phenomena that has regrettably swept over the LSE like a tide of cack.

Our own demographic demagogues Seni and Saph took an informal survey of LSE Alumni Smug Celebrity Chefs who accentuate their vowels in a vain attempt to sound English and every single one of them owned an LSE scarf and claimed to wear it just to rub their degrees in the faces of their stupider friends and passers by.... like faeces. These statistics do not lie.

Malice got hold of an excerpt from the interview with Loyd Grossman that did not make into the paper and we were appalled at what we heard. The interview had been going well and Loyd was chatting freely, giggling occasionally, but generally maintaining the demeanour of a

normal celebrity chef criticiser. Then Seni and Saph made the mistake of asking about his LSE scarf. "Baaaaaaasically, I wear this scarf to prove what a smart motherf*cker I is, homegirls. Chekkit! D'you want me to prove it to you? Ask me a question, go on, ask me one?" - at this point Saph asked Loyd the capital of Estonia - "It's Tallinn. Yeah, wooooo, yeah, me the man, woooooo!!" - Loyd's whooping and jeering attracted the attention of a passer-by who came over to ask whether he was OK. Loyd promptly butted him in the face and said to his prostrate body - "Yo bitch, get the f*ck out of my face before I ride your hiney back to Compton fool!" The police were called, Loyd ran like a scalded cat into central London screaming "I is too smart for you damn fools. You ain't gonna never gonna catch me....I gotta master degree in Home Economics History from LSD. HAHAHAHhahahahahahaha!!!!" Seni and Saph gave chase in vain.....Loyd had obviously had some practise at evading the busies. Malice decided to do a little research into Loyd's past to see what exactly he was running from.

The first person we went to was Sir David Frost - "Yeah, Loyd's a bit tasty when it comes to a rumble. He's been in a fair share of rucks. He used to get involved in bareknuckle fighting in BBC Television Centre. I'll never forget the final between him and Anneka Rice. He beat that bitch into the floor. And I'll let you into a little secret here....we used to get quite a few complaints from the celebrities on Through The Keyhole. Apparently, Loyd was taking more than just fond memories

from some of those houses, and once pissed in Bill Oddie's fishtank. F*cking two bit thief he was. He even stole Philip Schofield's gold-plated dialysis machine. But of course before any of them could take the complaint any further, they'd get a visit from Loyd and his Masterchef crew straight out of South Ken hood.

But it seems Loyd has come a long way since his days as a petty thief and racketeer. Or so you might think. When Seni asked about upcoming projects, without thinking Loyd blurted out - "Well, pretty soon we're going to knock off Ali Baba's Jewellery Mine in Brixton. Depending on how that goes, we might move on Safeway in the next couple of weeks" Seeing the shock in the faces of our interviewers, Loyd realised his mistake and quickly covered his tracks - "I..err, I....mean erm...hopefully another series of Through The Keyhole and some charity work later in the year" Seni pushed the point - "Are you a professional thief Loyd, and if so, where the f*ck is my watch?"

A brief chat with Loyd's therapist revealed some disturbing information about this cheeky alumnus..... information that we could have lived without knowing - "Exactly what Loyd is I can't really tell you. He has a split personality. One of them is a charming American with a keen interest in cooking, charity work and other people's houses. The other is an L.A gangster named Roly Chu Chu Bitchmaker with a keen interest in homicide, theft and grand theft auto. They overlap like twatflaps. It's difficult to say where Loyd ends and Roly Chu Chu begins....at his nipples I think. In my professional opinion, this man is a f*cking

nutcracker" Saph enquired further "Do you have any kind of clinical assessment? Eh? Come on!" to which the malpracticing doctor replied "Yes, he's f*cked in the head....badly"

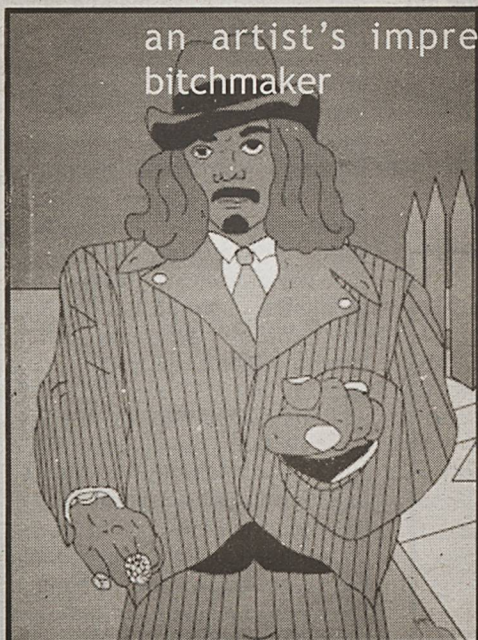
It's difficult to understand what makes a man like this tick without first understanding who wears the pants in his split personality household. From what Seni, Saph, and Interpol describe, Roly Chu Chu Bitchmaker dominates the relationship deciding who to butt, where to rob and when to scarper. Essentially, the real Loyd is buried under a mass of contradictory personality traits. All we must remember is that Loyd is not in control of what he does, but that he is completely to blame for it and should be punished. Though we hold little hope that this sociopathic snooper will be brought to justice, it is imperative that if you see this Anglo-yank hybrid you should approach him and beat him senseless with whatever comes to hand

lies, lies and more lies from kerron nelson rohrer

Kerron Nelson Rohrer writes alone out of necessity rather than choice and is scared of what's going to happen when Loyd reads this.

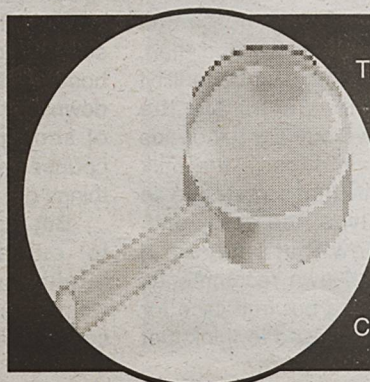
*Charlie Jurd did not help and will be beaten till it f*cking well hurts*

an artist's impression of roly chu chu bitchmaker



DISCLAIMER

The words in this story are not true nor is the order in which they are written. I made it all up but.....believe it if you so desire. Since this article was written, this writer has received several anonymous phonecalls and threats....which were not from Loyd or Roly Chu Chu.....as far as I am aware. All I can say is that I'm scared. Also of note is the excommunication of my co-conspirator Charlie...who is a prime suspect.



b:art

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lechild

SWANASE

I JUST WANT TO SING.



5 minutes with

talvin singh

As Talvin Singh gets ready to release his second album 'Ha', an LP recorded over 18 months in London, Bombay and Madras, including guest appearances from Cleveland Watkiss, Ustad Sultan and Ajay Naidu, B:art clubbing managed to secure an exclusively short interview with the man himself...

Why did you decide to call your album 'Ha'?

The sound that it makes - 'Ha', it's like an omnipresent sound. As soon as you say 'Ha', you're singing, so you become part of the music...everyone becomes part of the music.

After the astounding success of Mercury Prize winning debut 'OK', did you feel under any pressure to perform for your latest offering?

"No, no, I've never really felt pressure. The only pressure I can say that I sometimes feel is not having enough time, personal time. I've been really busy with this album, plus we've got another Anokha compilation out early 2001..."

How would you describe the album?

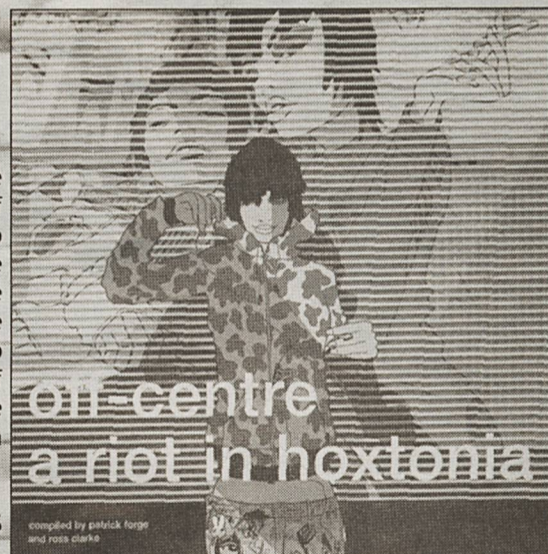
"Can you imagine walking in the winter, and the day is very short and cold, and you're growing up in London...you've got one cassette walkman and one CD walkman with new beats on the CD and Indian classical music on tape...that's very much the vibe I've always aimed to create, bringing the two different elements together. What I've always tried to do is get them closer, and this is the first album where I feel that I've got it right. This album feels very complete. There's a thread which flows through all the tracks and it's like a fabric, a beautiful fabric. I love this album."

'Ha' is out on Island Records in March

OFF CENTRE // A RIOT IN HOXTONIA COMPILED BY PATRICK FORGE AND ROSS CLARKE (BBE)

Somewhere in between the jazz funk heavy compilations of Giles Peterson and the party master Norman Jay lands the second eclectic compilation put together by Patrick Forge and Ross Clarke, residents of the excellent party that is Off Centre's monthly at 333. No good if you're looking for chart cheese or trance beltors, 'A Riot in Hoxtonia' aims to emulate the (tasty) musical stew at Off Centre. The CD showcases many of its regular DJ producers including Mr Forge himself as one half of da lata. The soulful grooves of classics like Shuggie Otis' beautiful 'Strawberry Letter' and The Inner City Jam Band nestle snugly beside bang up to date UK hip-hop courtesy of Mastermind. Stand out tracks include Spinna's funky as funk remix of er...Shirley Bassey and the smooth jazzy drum'n'bass of the Underwolves. There are no real fillers here-just as a good compilation should be-packed with tracks that will stand the test of time. It's an album of the club, it's meant to sum up that club's musical meanderings in the short space of a CD and it does so with ease creating an album that holds its own on the dance floor just as it does chilling with mates at home. A load of up your own ass poncy hoxtonite crap? Nah, if you've got any funk in your soul, you'll love it. Once again, Off Centre hits the bullseye.

TOM DAVIES



FUNK SPECTRUM III COMPILED BY KEB DARGE AND PETE ROCK (BBE)

Keb Darge has spent a significant portion of his life absorbed in the magic anticipation of the vinyl junkie, avidly flicking through the crates of dust-covered records in search of those near forgotten classics of legendary deep funk. Once again, with the able assistance of production maestro Pete Rock, we are taken on an excursion into deep-fried funk history.



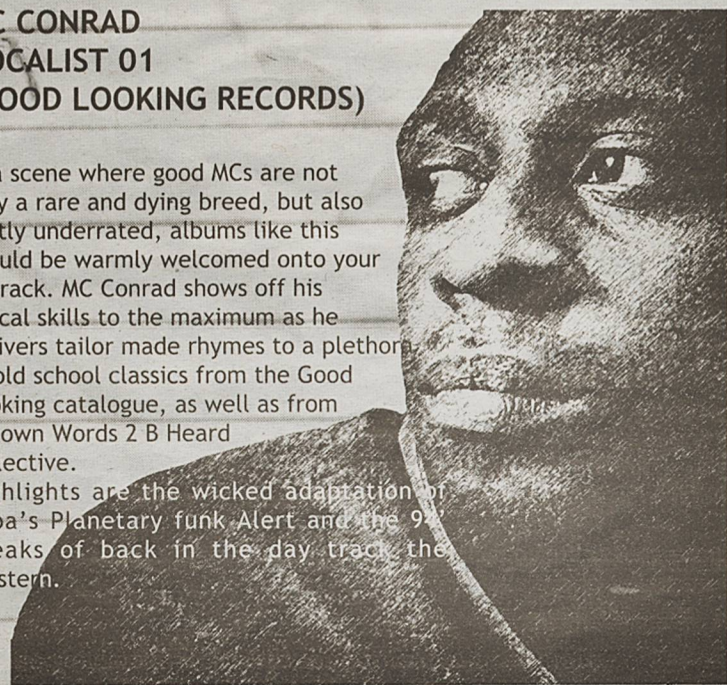
Keb's selection is more of pure instrumental nature with sounds such as The Blenders' 'Nothin' But A Party' and Charles Pryor's 'What They Doing (Funkie Junkie)' to take you strutting out for the dancefloor workout. Pete rock's selection is more diverse in mood but mainly sticks to the uptempo flow, this time with more vocal driven tunes; check out Mutt and Jeffo's 'Soul L-O-V-E-R' and Onyx's 'Break It Loose'.

That said, this is not the most vital funk compilation you'll find amongst the plethora available, rather it's one more small lesson in a vast musical education. The message is stop (at the record shop), look (in the racks), listen (to the tunes); there are generations hooked on hammond, bass and guitar licks ready to shake yo' ass, if you fancy it.

RUTH McCORMACK

MC CONRAD VOCALIST 01 (GOOD LOOKING RECORDS)

In a scene where good MCs are not only a rare and dying breed, but also vastly underrated, albums like this should be warmly welcomed onto your CD rack. MC Conrad shows off his lyrical skills to the maximum as he delivers tailor made rhymes to a plethora of old school classics from the Good Looking catalogue, as well as from his own Words 2 B Heard collective. Highlights are the wicked adaptation of Seba's Planetary funk Alert and the 90's breaks of back in the day track the Western.



HOME GROWN

A DOUBLE WHAMMY OF LSE'S FINEST TURNTALE TECHNICIANS. THIS WEEK..HIP-HOP SCRATCHMEISTER FURIOUS AND PURVEYOR OF THE SOULFUL GARAGE BEAT DJ RICKSTA...



the furious AKA THE F

Real name: Mike Chandler

Year and course of study: 3rd year Social Policy. Currently working on dissertation on race relations in the Tower Hamlets area.

Music: "I'm married to hip-hop but drum'n'bass is my bit on the side"

Djing for: more than five years

Words of wisdom: "DJing is the only job where, not only do you not get paid, but you do all the paying"



If you came down to the LSE heats of the Juice DJ competition a couple of months back

wondering who the unfamiliar figure was who stepped up to the Quad turntables turning them sideways before launching into a vicious hip hop set complete with turntablism tricks galore, then look no further baby, cos The Furious is your man. Though he may modestly confess to his set being 'sloppy', it was still more than apparent to the somewhat awe-inspired crowd that this DJ was a definite force to be reckoned with. Not least because, although Furious has nothing but respect for Ents Officer Amar and societies such as Swing Ting, despite their valiant efforts this year, hip-hop is still underrated at the LSE.

The Furious more than makes up for this with a hectic social schedule outside the LSE which puts the 'Tuns/curry/Limelight' crew to shame (not to difficult though, is it?) Not many students can admit to having TWO national radio shows: one, "Furious Beats and Rhymes" on internet station INTERFACE (www.pirate-radio.co.uk) on Fridays and Saturdays from 4-6pm, with past guests including

ITF champion Plus One, Phi Life Cypher, Mud Family and beatbox extraordinaire Killa Kela. The other show The F hosts is on Itch FM 105.15, pure underground pirate business. As well as all this, AND taking care of his academicshit, The Furious also plays down at Bullit@Dogstar and the forthcoming Wax Lyrical in Camden. With a phat series of his hip-hop mixtapes doing the rounds, already reviewed in HHC, the Fatboss and Knowledge, and plans to enter the DMC championships, The Furious is most definitely a name to watch...

DJ Name: Ricksta
Real name: Ricardo Visinho

Course and year of study: Bsc Government & Economics. 1st Year.

Musical speciality: UK Garage.

How long have u been DJing?: Since August 1999.

First record ever bought: Armand Van Helden-You dont even know me. Cassius-Feelings for you.

Last record bought: Masters at Work-I can't get no sleep. Huckleberry Finn-Funky London. MJ Cole- You're mine.

Ricksta's shout-outs: Big up the UDMS and all its members for educating the LSE on underground music. Big up all my crew, and big up all those bad boy producers (MJ Cole, Tuff Jam, New Horizons, Anthill Mob, and ESPECIALLY Todd Edwards) who have helped shape what is today known as UK Garage.

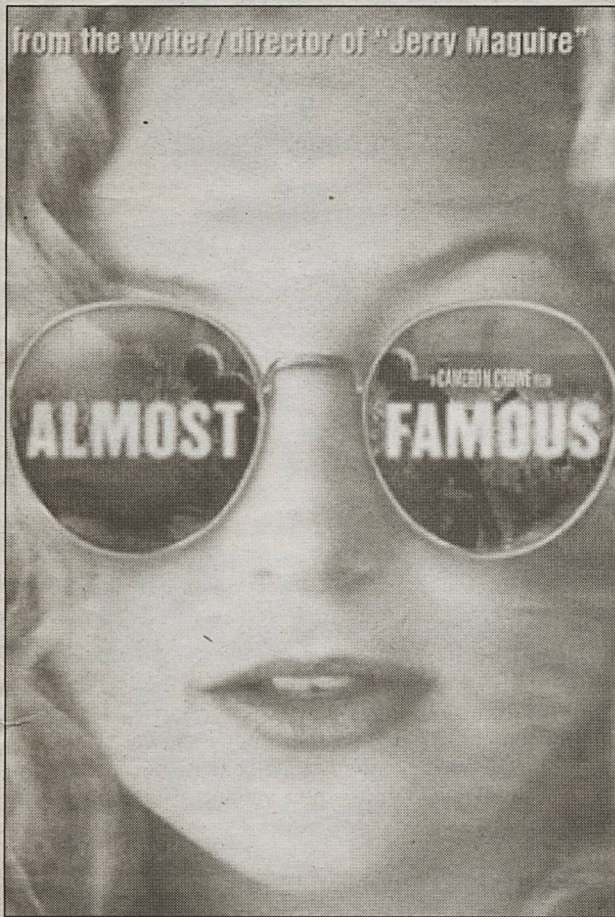
dj ricksta...

Get the kleeex out: this is Jo's last ever issue. If you think you've got what it takes to be the next clubbing editor and you have written at least three separate pieces for The Beaver, then email me on J.Serieux@lse.ac.uk. In the meantime, see you later you crazy kids, thanks for the ride...

Almost Famous ★★★★★

Just The Facts...

Starring: Billy Crudup, Kate Hudson, Frances McDormand
 Directed by: Cameron Crowe
 Release Date: 9th February Certificate: 15
 Website: www.almost-famous.com



a popular band on its tour across the US in the spring/summer of 1973. This much I know is true: Cameron Crowe was also a rock n' roll journalist for Rolling Stone at the age of fifteen. His movie stand-in, William Miller is played by Patrick Fugit, looking as innocent as a little puppy. When the lead guitarist (Billy Crudup) of the 'Stillwater' decides William is someone that the band can trust, the group of not always merry men (including Jason Lee from Chasing Amy) and their travelling women grab hold of young Willy and milk him for all he's worth. The great thing about the story line though is that Crowe never allows a shadow of a doubt to pass that Fugit's character is anything but the most moral, grounded person

imaginable. It is that knowledge that allows the story line to bring all the sub-plots together. In the end sweet William Miller has done just as much for the band, and their girls, as they've done for him.

Above that, *Almost Famous* is a coming of age story without the awkwardness. The audience is never allowed to get caught up in what could have been some very uncomfortable

situations because William Miller doesn't get caught up in them. Life is strange, situations don't always go as planned, but William has an article to write and because he is able to go with the flow, so are we.

To go over all the actors in this film would take an article, not a review, but this much is for certain, Cameron Crowe is a good director, but a brilliant writer, and he uses his words and actors for all they're worth. But even though

movie of the moment

"Cameron Crowe is a good director, but a brilliant writer, and he uses his words and actors for all they're worth."

Crowe rarely wows visually he does have some tricks up his sleeve. He has mastered using the camera to capture

good chemistry and passion. Sometimes he would just frame a shot so that through a hoard of people the only thing visible is the eyes of the actor, and at moments like that, if the actor delivers, the eyes leave an imprint on the mind. Billy Crudup is able to underplay his rockstar persona just enough that

when he is asked to go over the top it feels like he's exploding. Kate Hudson, beyond the seemingly constant backlighting, is asked to embody a goddess on earth with a suspect will, and the confidence she uses to portray her character will just about blow any viewer away. She certainly caught the eyes of the Golden Globe judges, who recently awarded her a Best Actress statue. In fact the ensemble acting, from everyone involved, including Frances McDormand in top form, just works at all turns and fortunately for the audience we are allowed to reap the rewards.

The opportunity to see something that works this well on all the intended levels doesn't come around often. It's also tipped to follow on from Golden Globe success, where it also won Best Picture, at the Academy Awards. But beyond that, just see it because it will put a smile on your face, and a spoonful of optimism in your heart.

Antny Rankin



Competition Corner

Another week, another bunch of free stuff to give away to you lucky, lucky people. First up, we've got some *Almost Famous* goodies: a baseball cap and a copy of the 70s rock-filled soundtrack CDs to the two film fact fans who can provide the answer to our question.

Who directed cock-rock mockumentary *This Is Spinal Tap*?

Those needing consolation for sitting through this week's Golden Raspberry contender, *Dude Where's My Car*, may be interested in our prize packs. We've got two of them to give away, and each of them contain a T-shirt, baseball cap and soundtrack CD, not to mention a brand-spanking new Rubik's Cube, for you fidgeting nostalgia-freaks. But we're not giving them away for nothing. We need answers!

How did Sean William Scott's character die in last year's slick, sick, gory shocker *Final Destination*?

To enter, just drop us an email on beaverfilm@yahoo.com.

Last Week's Winners

Crate of Metz: James Lees

Nosferatu DVD: Jamie Roskell

Nosferatu VHS: Will Parker

Posters: Dominique Lim, Saphira Isa, Seniha Sami, James Lees, Jamie Roskell, Will Parker

DVD

Kids ★★★

In 1995, *Kids* was the vehicle for many firsts. Debuts for many of the cast, a directorial debut for Larry Clark and a new take on under-age sex in the 90s. The film follows Telly (Leo Fitzpatrick) and his dope-fuelled friend Casper (Justin Pierce) on a day in their crusade to 'deflower' any teenage girl they set their sights on. Shortly after seeing Telly in action with his first conquest of the day, we learn about another conquest from a year previously. To support a friend, Jennie (Chloe Sevigny) goes along to an AIDS clinic and tests positive for HIV. From her recollections we learn that Telly is the only person that could have given her the disease. Sevigny proceeds to portray what can only be described as a feeble attempt to find the instigator of her death sentence. Fitzpatrick and Pierce meanwhile, spend the middle

part of the film doing their best chat show guest impressions.

The second conquest of the day, Darcy (Yakira Peguero), a 13 year old girl becomes the subject of Telly's attention and along the way is on the receiving end of some of the most clichéd chat up lines you can imagine. He keeps trying while his former conquest slowly gets closer to finding him, unfortunately for



Darcy, her attempts prove to be futile.

Given the subject matter, there was great scope to make a good film to silence the numerous opponents to the film. Unfortunately, this was not quite the case as the script failed to provide an adequate platform for the underlying message. While no doubt highlighting the darker side of teenage life in the 90s, *Kids* caused more of a fuss among over-zealous campaign groups than anyone else. The major success of the film was that by the bad press it received made it a more popular film than it would have been if left to attract audiences in its own right.

As a DVD, *Kids* could have been better. The speech and sound effects were adequately catered for with the two channel stereo sound but the varied and effective soundtrack deserved better. The disc is also let down by a paltry offering of extras which amount to just a two minute trailer.

Noshir Homawala

Dude, Where's My Car? ★

With a title like this, I was wet with anticipation. I mean, Jesus H Christ, how much funnier could a title be? I think maybe 'Dude, Where's My Single Funny Line' would have been a more appropriate one. Yes kiddies, this film sucked worse than a geriatric prostitute.

I can't really describe how terrible this film is without invoking Satan and his minions. Honestly, it's about as funny as a

sitcom about Auschwitz. Basically, Jesse and Chester are a couple of five-star fuckwits who say "dude" and

"sweet" rather too often and get into some less than hilarious scrapes. They wake up, hung-over, unable to remember the events of the previous day. Suffice to say, it turns out that loads of really mad, but painfully unfunny things happened to them after they drank too much at a party.

It's quite difficult to elaborate further without giving too much of this dire film's plot away. It's like watching a 2 hour episode of

Kenan and Kel

"It's like watching a 2 hour episode of Kenan and Kel whilst a crazy murderer butchers your family and shits on your carpet."

whilst a crazy murderer butchers your family and shits on your carpet. There are lots of busty chicks and buff

dudes to fill the screen and help draw attention away from a script that's less funny than testicular cancer, but in the long run, it just leaves a rather bitter taste in the mouth. In the absence of any semblance of wit, the writer resorts to exploiting the female form and even, in one embarrassingly misconceived scene, the blind. I mean, fuck off. Really, fuck off.

Taking the piss out of the blind really is disgraceful.

Apparently, the writer's credits include South Park. All I can say is that he must have typed the credits or something; or maybe he had a serious head injury, and the part of his brain that censors shiteness was obliterated. Whatever happened, this guy should be shot, hung up by his bollocks and taught a lesson about what funny is by forcing him to watch while white rabbits are brutally beaten with pointy sticks by blind children. Not funny? Exactly, you talentless shitbag. Everyone involved should be punished. Dude, where's my fucking chainsaw?

I sat in the cinema, almost weeping with disbelief at how a film like this could

"Maybe they're making a good film over there."



have been made. Something went drastically wrong here, and it should never happen again. People in the cinema laughed. I shot them dirty looks but I think the press screening may have included representatives from Schizophrenics Weekly. So I left unhappy, comforted only by the two cans of free coke they had given me, but ultimately feeling worthless inside. If you see this film, then bear in mind the warning I have given you and never forget that life is better and funnier than this film would have you believe. So, dude, keep it sweet and chill out man.

Kerron Rohrer



Let's Get Tattoos: Seann William Scott and Ashton Kutcher

Just The Facts...

Starring: Ashton Kutcher, Seann William Scott

Directed by: Danny Leiner

Release Date: 9th February

Certificate: 15

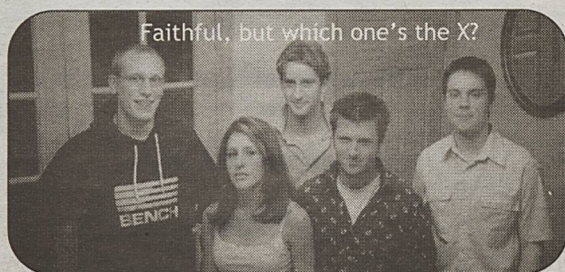
Website: www.dudewheresmycar.com

Dude, where's my paper?
Come and help b:art revel
in loveliness
Fridays, 1pm, C023
lit, films, music, clubbing

X-Citing?

When a band with an LSE front woman headlined the Dublin Castle we, of course, sniffed it out...

Riyan Itani and Andrew Swann tell us if they liked what they smelled...



Faithful, but which one's the X?

My Faithful X
@ Dublin Castle, Camden Town
17:01:01

When I was told that the enigmatically named My Faithful X were described as somewhere between Garbage and the Cardigans, I realised maybe I wasn't the right man for the job. A few pints later and having 'experienced' the first two bands I thought things were on the way down and couldn't get much worse. I haven't really decided whether they did or not but frankly, the band weren't exactly a smash hit, but not a tragic flop either. The individual talent of the members of the band was not the problem as they played and performed admirably. Instead it was a question of their style and presence. The formula was like this: a female lead-singer, half angst half lovey-dovey, backed by what can only be described as 'quite nice' synthesiser laden guitar music, which was, at the same time, catchy but limp. It just didn't move me, except in the direction of the bar. Good luck to them for the future but at the moment it's a bit more on the garbage side.

Pretty much agreeing, I thought the first support band (Kendall Road) were bloody fantastic; they looked, acted and sounded the part. This was where the problem arose, from here on in it got shite. Even Bob Geldof (yes he was there!) left during the second band. And thankfully he missed what was to follow. Dull, drab, uninventive and frankly undeserving of any praise, as much as I wanted to praise a band whose lead singer is educated at this establishment I could find absolutely no reason to whatsoever. A few words of advice from a seasoned critic... get some charisma, get some style, get some coherent idea behind what you're doing but most of all, get some decent songs! Sorry!

Mansun
Fool

Once again the Chester boys have come out with a beautifully crafted piece of melancholic pop wizardry, which for some reason will be completely ignored by the masses, as will the consistently good albums. Oh well, this is marvellous though, if you've got a brain buy it, but you probably haven't...

★★★★☆

Andrew Swann



Anastacia
Not that Kind

Anastacia's new single is absolutely pants! It has a really bad title and after two seconds you get bored. Although she is quite pretty she's got a voice like a bloke.

★★★☆☆

Sarah Swann

JJ72
Snow



Once again re-released, this is a great song from the well touted Irish three piece. BUT, they have only had a few singles out and just keep re-releasing them. Creativity problems? Anyone who has seen them live may think so....

★★★★☆

Andrew Swann

The King Factor

★★★★★

Elvis - The King

★★★★☆

Stephen King

★★★☆☆

King Rollo

★★★☆☆

B.B. King

★★☆☆☆

Jonathan King



Semisonic
Chemistry

New single from genius Amercian craftsmen of vaguely melancholic guitar pop (for the want of a better phrase). For once the lyrics are crap but the tune holds up. Nothing to write home about unless you're a fan... I am.

★★★★☆

Andrew Swann

MoSolidGold
Personal Saviour

Bass, 70s funk riffs and a car-chase organ lead this track to its chorus. It's the Temptations' *Get Ready* with probing, rhythmic soul and vocals to match prominently out in front; a superb start which, sadly, the chorus doesn't live up to. Shit lyrics (You can/Try to fly on the mountain/You can/Try to run on the sea) and a Paul Weller/Tom Jones superficiality to the whole thing weakens what had promised to be a great track.

★★★☆☆

Michael Winner

Dario G
Dream To Me

Remember the delights of Dario G's *Sunchyme*, that huge Trinidadian-inspired summer tune? *Dream To Me* sees more anthemic pop and stomping beats, diligently applied to The Cranberries' old MOR winter warmer. Very granny-friendly trance and a sure-fire Balearic hit. Yawn.

★★★☆☆

Matt Pierce

Lowfinger
Go Go Me A Big Pop

Up and coming pop-punk outfit Lowfinger come up trumps with this single. Despite gibberish lyrics and a nauseatingly repetitive chorus, this is an infuriatingly catchy little number. A grower if ever I heard one!

★★★★☆

Peter Davies & John Powlton

Creed
With Arms Wide Open

Britney can dance, Christina has lots of pretty clothes and Creed can make what we call MUSIC. This is one of the best singles that I've heard this year. (I forgot that it's only January.) Somehow the music reminds me of soft version of Nirvana. It is definitely a top class tune. While we are appreciating Bob the Builder's rare musical talent, Americans were having a better time with Creed. If you are going to buy only one single this month, buy this one.

★★★★☆

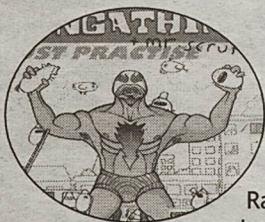
Hye Young Lim

Straw
Sailing Off the Edge of the World

The post-millennial return of the Aeroplane Singing indie-popsters sees them 'doing a Travis'. *Sailing...* is a melancholic tune which has a couple of nice vocal parts but is ultimately caught red-handed at what LSE professors might call "musical reductivism". The sad thing is that if anyone listens to this and calls Straw "this year's Travis" it would be the highest accolade to which they could aspire.

★★★☆☆

Charlie Jurd



Fingathing and Mr Scruff
Just Practice

This is an interesting offering from Mark Rae's (of Rae & Christian) Grand Central Records. Beats, breaks and samples are very much the essence of *Just Practice* which has pillaged vocal snippets from various guitar tuition media. 'So you want to play rock guitar' is the opening line from which the track takes off into relative predictability. Ninja Tune genius Mr Scruff has, without a doubt, made all the difference here and makes the track an engaging listen.

★★★★☆

Michael Burn



Malkmus X

Stephen Malkmus
Stephen Malkmus

Indie Nation, your hero is back but henceforth in the solo sidewalk. Stephen Malkmus finally comes out of his retreat after the scuttling of his band Pavement several months ago. For those who have not heard about them, Pavement of whom Malkmus was the former frontman (singer/guitarist) were the leaders of the 'lo-fi' (i.e. low-fidelity) movement which emerged from the American underground in the 90's. A multitude of bands such as Grandaddy, Nada Surf, Llama Farmers or Blur owe them a huge inspirational debt.

As a matter of interest, the title of this album was originally speculated to be *Swedish Reggae* but for fear of getting filed in 'reggae' or 'world music' sections in stores, Stephen Malkmus was induced to take another name, really stunning. Like Stephen Malkmus.

So what does his first solo offering sound like? According to the Californian musician with an assumed past as a slacker, "you could say it's a continuation of the 'esprit du Pavement' with a different rhythm section". Effectively, the Pavement reminiscences are rather legionary in this album which continues the work left in *Terror Twilight*. Except a few fractured songs (the infectious *Phantasies* and *Troubble*), the melodies are poprock (*Jo Jo's Jacket*, *Discretion Grove* or *Jenny And The Ess-Dog*) and mind-blowing (*Pink India*, *Trojan Curfew* or *Vague Space*). Malkmus' voice is still superbly laconic, his phrasing pretty mischievous and the lyrics remain wistfully cryptic. All songs are far-fetched stories like *Jenny And The Ess-Dog* which relates a romance between a rich 18-year-old and the 31-year-old "son of a Coca Cola middleman"; or *The Hook*, the tale of a kidnapped young guy spending a happy life with Turkish pirates.

Stephen Malkmus is a pleasant trip in the enchanting universe of its author which confirms his artistic maturity but we can miss to a certain extent the crazyness and most of all the magic of Pavement. All the same a tremendous offering.

★★★★☆

Guillaume Pfeiffé

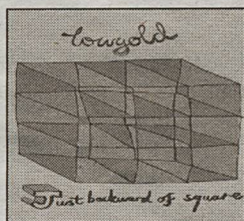


Golden Wonders

Lowgold

Just Backward of Square

Great. Another indie guitar band with a generous helping of angst. This is the most average of average bands around at the moment. If you're looking for a bad imitation of Badly Drawn Boy, then Lowgold are for you. Perfect for the 'Dawson's Creek' soundtrack but not much else, this American folk drivel is out now!



Produced by Tony Lash, the same guy as The Dandy Warhols, the four-piece cite their influences as Neil Young, Sebadoh and Sparklehorse. Although they originate from the south-west of England (they met at the University of Hatfield- nuff said), they try their hardest to sound American and interesting. It doesn't work. All they succeed in doing is including a painful amount of references to mid-America and it's culture.

★★★★☆

Vidadelica

Allow 28 Days for Delivery

28Days
Upstyledown

Heralded as best new band in Australia, 28days have achieved widespread success in their native territory but as they try to break tough markets in the UK and the States do they have what it takes? *Upstyledown* seems to mimic, fairly convincingly, the styles of a cluster of bands of the newly created nu-metal genre. But 28days singer Jay can't decide who he wants to be for certain. He comes across like an amalgam of Fred Durst and Dexter Holland and indeed 28days seem to mainly be a mixture of these two acts.

Whereas the Bizkit and the Offspring do what they do well, however, 28days don't do it quite as good. Lyrically 28days have penned gems such as: "I'm like wolverine / cut you deeper than a fuckin' guillotine" and this compared to the high standard of "Rollin', rollin' rollin', rollin' rollin'" simply won't do.

They also manage to rhyme 'shit' with 'counterfeit' rather cleverly and manage to use misconstrue inventively. All these nu-metal shenanigans are all very well good as an antidote to the popdross but I'd rather listen to Jay from 5ive's prattle rather than Jay from 28days'.

Implicit in being, or trying to be nu-metal, based on my observations is the irrepressible need to crossover genres and 28days are either dynamic and skilful crossoverists and I've

just failed to identify their talent, or they are confused wannabes. Nu-metal riffage mixed with lame scratching doesn't make for a unique sound and 28days really are a hideous hybrid of horrible sounds. Marks are also lost for dissing Faith No More. *Upstyledown* is ashamedly bad but I think ok by nu-metal standards.

★★★★☆

Michael Burn



Frontman Jay

Brothers in Arms

Charlie Jurd gets Marooned with The Webb Brothers

The Webb Brothers
@ Camden Dingwalls
24 : 01 : 01

As the smoky haze envelops the Dingwalls stage two torch beams gaze out into the audience,



the Webb Brothers seek out their trusty bandmates in the sweaty crowd successfully and *Come On Over* kicks off the night's musical proceedings. With a different guitarist this tour *Summer People* is a disappointing kind of "let's get it over with" stroll whilst *The Liar's Club* also fails to live up to the perfection on *Maroon*. However,

COME ON OVER
SUMMER PEOPLE
LIAR'S CLUB
SOUR GRAPES
COLD FINGERS
COCAINE
LOW GRADE
FLO. LIGHTS
DRINKS
FASHION
BELIEVE
MAROON

FILTH
HOT FREAKS
OVER + I KNOW IT

The set list in all its glory

the Webb Brothers are here tonight to rock, and *Cold Fingers* and *Sour Grapes* are delivered with a vigour which belies the reality of this, their thirteenth date in seventeen days. The rest of the sees the Webb Brothers go from strength to strength and as the warped melody of *Maroon* leads the Brothers off stage the Dingwalls have is in a frazzled state of euphoria. Christiaan's vocals hold out superbly through *The Filth of it All* in the encore, ably assisted by a bottle of Jack Daniels, before *Hot Freaks* allows James Webb to dazzle us all with his enthusiastic approach to vocal accompaniment. It was obvious that the Webb Brothers were having a great time tonight, and they were not the only ones.

Charlie Jurd

Walkin In Memphis

Memphis Bleek
The Understanding

At it's best, hip-hop makes up some of the best tunes in my collection. Even so, the albums that accompany the top tracks are often patchy at best. Along rolls Memphis Bleek, then, with something a little different: an album that manages to be thoroughly uninteresting throughout. Well, there's one track that which stands out, but not for a good reason.

More than any other genre, hip-hop is dominated by the attitude and lyrical content of the frontman, and Memphis doesn't score too many points here. Lazy, unoriginal rhymes plod along and flow far less successfully than his boasts suggest. Of course, we've got the usual promise of violent retribution to all the 'haters' (there isn't a single kind of gun he hasn't shot, we're told), and regular cries of "Beeeyatch!" from the homies loitering in the background. The album has a dull, almost R+B style, with only occasional moments of swirling electro melodies providing relief from the general heard-it-all-before tedium.

Still, the album has one track of note: album closer *In My Life* is the obligatory regret-for-all-the-violence apology. Only it's backed by possibly the most ill-advised sample since DMX plundered Phil Collins' back catalogue, for as Mr. Bleek busts his rhymes, the backing track is provided by mulleted 80s cheese-rock heroes, Foreigner, whose hit *I Want To Know What Love Is* is used to hilarious effect. One track worth a listen for a chuckle amongst a sea of mediocre gangsta guff.

★★★★☆

Tom Whitaker

Bladerunner

Mark B and Blade
@ The Mean Fiddler
24: 01: 01

Well, it's taken them a long time, but Mark B and Blade have finally arrived at the forefront of UK hip-hop, or 'Brit-Hop' as it's being dubbed. Although they're been around for quite a time, they're debut album- *The Unknown* is only just becoming available. The first single, and the title track of the album, out now, has been receiving a LOT of airplay from the likes of Radio 1.

The gig was packed out with people who obviously knew the London-based group of old, and so the atmosphere was great. The venue, although notorious for the 'quality' of its door staff, seems to have been cleaned up a bit, and it's a great space. Upstairs is the bar, which has booth-style seating where those not wishing to get too involved with the 'little people' can watch the band from a safe height, behind glass. Those who actually want to experience the gig stay downstairs in the pit area, which has a 2-inch or so raised platform directly in front of the stage.

The gig was fantastic and Blade, the MC, was good at feeding off the audience, so by the end of the set the energy levels were astronomical. The whole group of rappers, DJ's and musicians that were on stage looked really pleased with the reception they got and kept grinning all the way through. Mark B, who produced the album, was also DJ'ing. He was brilliant- well up to the standards of better-known acts - with really good sampling techniques.

One of the highlights of the night was the stage diving. Blade did it quite well a few times, but the other rapper looked a bit anxious (bless) and put it off, then Blade ran off to one side of the stage and came back on asking for the DJ to stop. Rather than the typical "buy our new album" spiel, he said his son had seen a video of him stage diving, and wanted to try it for himself. In walked the son, all of 8 years old, and three foot tall, and ran at the audience. It was worth going to the gig to see Blade shouting at the audience "don't drop him - I've only got one!" and the kid laughing hysterically as he got carried all the way to the sound desk and back again.

This is definitely an act worth catching if you get a chance, especially if you like stuff like Blackalicious and DJ Shadow.



Mark B & Blade

Vidadelica

Cape Horn

Raging Speedhorn
@ The Scala, King's Cross
25:01:01

If your idea of a good night out is getting really pissed and high, having a few beer bottles crash-landing on your head, picking up a fight with the 6ft7 beefcake next to you and ending up doing some dangerously acrobatic crowd-surfing in the mosh, then this is the gig to go to!!! Following a largely successful European tour and a triumphant appearance at the Astoria in December supporting Amen, Raging Speedhorn are on their first UK headlining tour. Supporting them are a bunch of promising British acts, a further proof that the British metal scene is truly resurrected, ready to kick the shit out of those corporate-backed, image-obsessed, limited-life-span bands from across the Atlantic.

Vex Red are one of them, funnily enough the latest outfit to be signed up by hotshot producer Ross Robinson, the mastermind behind the success of Amen and At The Drive-In. Combining melodic guitar hooks with a slight dose of Pitchshifter-style electronica, they sound like a



heavier version of fellow West Country rockers Sunna. They have their slow, lyrically intense moments though, which might make them sound a

little out of place on this bill, but this is not denying their obvious talent.

Next on the bill are Charger, who proudly hail from Stoke-on-Trent, the home of legendary punks Discharge. They play what is known as grindcore or, to use an

American term, sludge. Blending Crowbar's guitar heaviness and Eyehategod's guttural abrasiveness, they play Zeitgeist gloom that makes you feel world destruction now seems right. Add to that a dedication that can only be seen in bands such as Napalm Death.



Miocene are guests for the London gig only. Now here are a bunch that have built up a truly devoted local following. A rare mix of Tool and Rage Against The Machine, they literally set the stage alight. Opener *Fits Like That* and *Rivets*

capture frontman Ben's Maynard James Keenan-like

vocal sensibility, while *Shine* and closer *Free Reign* are absolute rollercoasters. Like rap-metallers One Minute Silence, one of the local must-see live acts.

Introduced by some tramp-like, Griff Rhys-Jones lookalike, Raging Speedhorn play to an already tired and pissed crowd. Existential nihilism is the main subject of their lyrics (what usually detached Guardian reviewers in their "liberal elite" chairs would call mindless thuggery). Well if you come from a shithole like Thatcher-era-recession-hit Corby, there's reason to feel like that! What follows is a highly combustible mix of volatility and thunderousness. *Mandan* makes a thudding, Sabbathesque opener, and the sextet blast through *Random Acts Of Violence*, *Necrophiliac Glue Sniffer* and new track *The Gush* like a speeding freight train. *Thumper* pretty much epitomises their TNT-packed aggression and *Redweed* their jolly Pantera-style 'Whisky, Weed and Black Sabbath' attitude.



A vulgar display of power, you think? Now THAT's an understatement...

Vic Rattlehead

Rock on!

Sludgefeast
Rock 'n' Roll

Sludgefeast are dirty and fuzzy, sleazy and succinct. Their ethos is Rock 'n' Roll to the extreme. On paper many may delight at the prospect of Sludgefeast as it's all there in their ideology. Noisy fuzzed up guitars; short punchy tracks; the energy of the MC5 and the Stooges. But in actuality the songs aren't quite as good as they should or could be. Sludgefeast have made an album of 16 songs with a duration of a mere 18 minutes and with track titles like: "My God We Got Some Rockin'" and "Give It Some Shit Man". These are positive attributes for sure but unfortunately they fall somewhat short of being a twenty first century band recapturing the power and energy of the aforementioned greats of the garage rawk genre. The 16 tracks, upon a slightly analytical listen, are a compendium of predictable clichés. Musically and lyrically Sludgefeast seem to lack the vital components of what they are effectively trying to mimic. But perhaps Sludgefeast aren't copyists after all and are trying to parody the genre but this isn't Spinal Tap. 'Rock 'n' Roll' suffers from a lack of context in this contemporary culture of the nu-metal loving generation. Where bands like Limp Bizkit and Papa Roach kick out the jams for the kids of today there is, perhaps, little room for Sludgefeast but that said, there is a certain appeal somewhere. Maybe it's that it says: "Play as loud as god damn fuckin' hell" on the spine of the CD? Or maybe it's that they come across in a laughable, comedic way? Wherever the appeal may lie Rock 'n' Roll is very much alive in Sludgefeast.



★★★★☆

Michael Burn

Spook Off!

Spooks
S.I.O.S.O.S.

Standing for 'Spooks is on some other script', Jo Whiley's favourites release their debut album in the UK and whilst last year the likes of the Wu-tang Clan, Mos Def and even Kelis, released some superb records Spooks seem completely sappy by comparison. Their sound, we are told, is "conceptual hip hop and ethereal rapping". Yes readers it really is that bad.

Within all that "conceptual hip-hop" and, oh yes, don't forget the "ethereal rapping", (what kind of a person uses that word anyway?), it is hard to know who S.I.O.S.O.S. is actually aimed at. Definitely one for hardcore hip-hop fans to avoid, Spooks seem to be trying to occupy the middle ground for people that like to pretend that they are 'liberal' enough to like hip-hop but don't want to listen to all that nasty talk about sex and guns you get from Eminem and Dr Dre.

Backing singer Ming-Xia constantly upstages the MCs throughout the record and you get the feeling that the record would be much better without the rapping on top of it - surely this should be the opposite way round? The only real standout track is the radio friendly single *Things I've Seen*, a quite mellow, soulful pop song written for inclusion in Lawrence Fishburne's new film 'Once in a Life'.

Generally S.I.O.S.O.S. aimed high but was disappointing in comparison with the level of music that was consistently churned out of the US last year. Hip-hop lite for juniors.

★★☆☆☆

Sarah Peet

Join the Cult of The Blue Bear

James Sharrock explores 13.5 Lives of Captian Blue Bear...
Even cat has only 9 lives...

Who is Walter Moers and why should I enjoy a book seemingly written for children? The wonderful resource of the internet told me that Moers and Bluebear are big in Germany (but that's not always a good sign). Julius from Rosebery Hall said Moers was "wicked" (so things are getting better). I then found he'd managed to upset the right-wing in his homeland by producing amusing comic strips entitled "The Little Asshole and Adolf" (great).

Now the book itself. Moers writes over 700 pages of narrative from the perspective of a blue bear who tells the story of his first 13.5 lives in the mysterious continent of Zamonia. The book is full of several funny cartoons and maps. Amazingly German humour can be universal.

"The Little Asshole and Adolf."

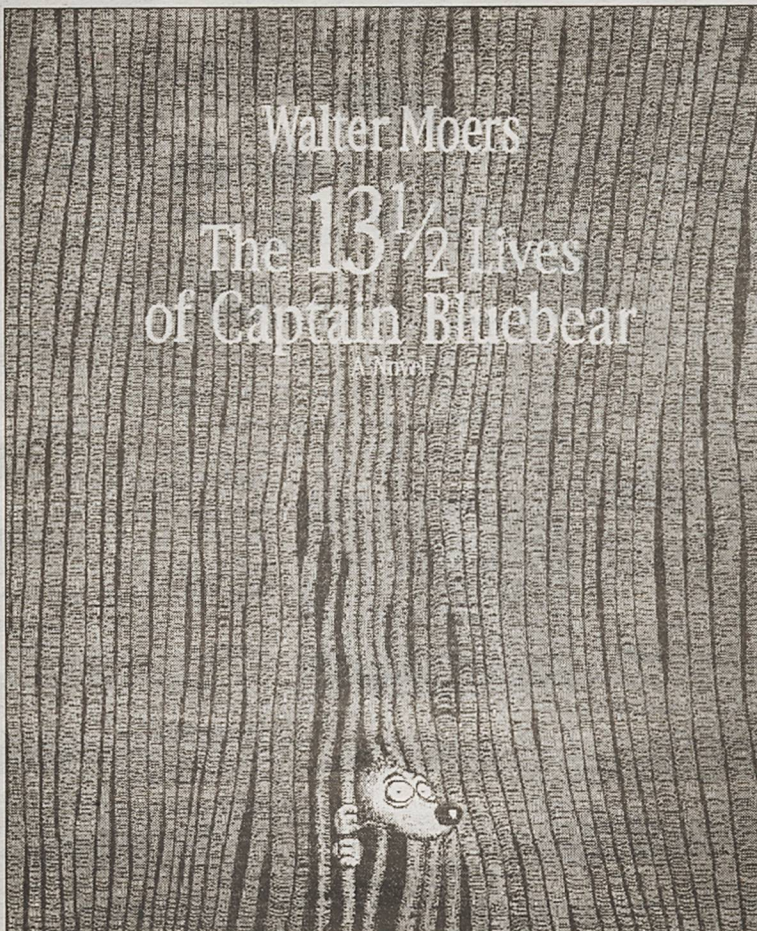
Bluebear's various scrapes with the minipirates, natural disasters and numerous weird groups appeal to humour on different levels. Like the Simpsons, the humour is inclusive. Zamonia is a parody of the world.

Familiar phrases, stereotypes and debates reappear in a distinctly surreal form. For example Bluebear helps out a roving reptilian rescuer who is nearly up for retirement and fears he's past it. This book is excellent reading if you want to disappear but don't want to go too far.

Buy it, read it yourself and then sell it to your spotty cousin who's into Star Trek, Buffy and Terry Pratchett. The writing is good enough for you both to enjoy. Cult-like status for Bluebear is bound to occur. Which means another group to study for Eileen Barker's sociology crew.

May Captain Bluebear bless you.

Hardback: £18
AVAILABLE NOW



What's in the throat?

Smantha Rea experiences what's like to have a
BONE IN THE THROAT...

Bone in the Throat, despite its title, is neither a top shelf publication nor anything else you'd feel embarrassed about buying in front of your mum. It is, in fact, a very funny novel that combines gangster antics with detailed descriptions of food preparation - sometimes depicting gangsters using the tools of food preparation to carry out their antics. The portrayal of the junky chef's face in the rotary slicer would not have been out of place in *American Psycho*.

The characters generally, like Frasier from *Cheers*, could each be given their own show. There is Harvey, the profusely sweating Jewish ex-dentist restaurateur, who believes his ex-wife is scheming to raise their daughter as a Protestant, and who gives the waitresses dental work in exchange for sexual favours.

There is Charlie Wagons, who, as the head of the mafia, has to

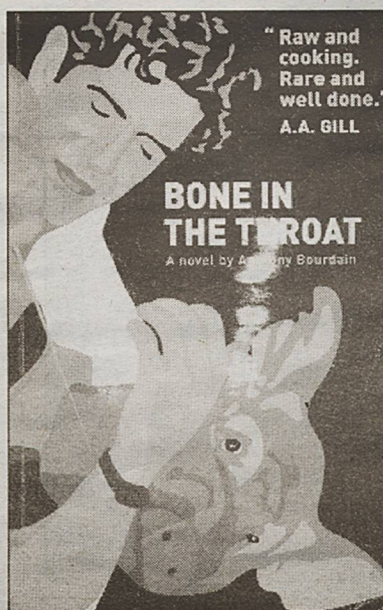
pretend to be off his trolley as a cover, and is therefore reduced to standing in the street in a dressing gown, slippers and boxer shorts, talking gibberish and doing a convincing impression of someone with Tourette's Syndrome.

There's Skinny who carries out his killing naked, apart from a pair of blue rubber gloves and a rubber nipple. No fore play indulged in.

"It is, in fact a very funny book."

There's Tommy who has a really nice girlfriend but who is led by his dick to the store room and Stephanie (not his girlfriend); and there's Sally Wig, Tommy's uncle, who is depicted as an ineffectual American gangster version of one of Harry Enfield's medallion wearing and shellsuit wearing, perm-haired Scousers. Although Sally Wig, (named after his hair), would not be seen without his tinted aviator sunglasses.

The language is excellent and I have learnt several new descriptive phrases with which to impress my family and friends. Unacceptable food may be written off as 'foreskins in afterbirth', whilst as regards food which is pleasing to the palate, one might wonder aloud whether



one should 'fuck it or eat it'.

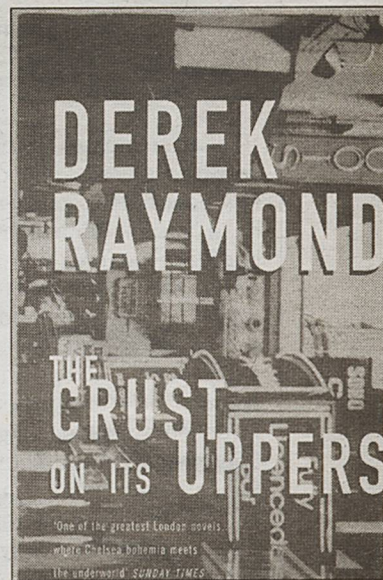
I am actually considering the possibility that this book was

"The characters generally, like Frasier from Cheers..."

written under an alias, by a girl who I used to work with, whose obscenities were on a par with those in this book, and who once said, on the subject of the canteen food, "It's disgusting, I'd rather have, fucking, ten blokes come in my mouth than eat that shit". Which is another expression I shall have to try out as soon as I get the opportunity, perhaps I'll pop into Angus Steak House on the way home.

Who did a review for this book?

Please come to the Beaver Collective Meeting on Friday or e-mail me at h.y.lim@lse.ac.uk



Enjoy A Good moan? How About Praising Wark?

Then become a Beaver Literary Reviewer!

If you are interested in writing for us, please come to the **Collective Meeting** on **Fridays at 1:00 pm** in our **C203** office or e-mail me at **h.y.lim@lse.ac.uk**

Who wants to review

Carol O'Connell's *Shell Game*?

"Carol O'Connell is a consummate story teller... a Unique talent who deserves to be a household name." says *Express*
What do you say?



Corruption, Prostitution, Drugs, Murder, and US Military...

Sonal Shah thoroughly enjoys herself with **BUDDHA'S MONEY.**

Set in Seoul, this book focuses on the cases investigated by two US military police officers, Ernie Bascom and George Sueno. Most of the cases the duo encounter are connected to their prime concern- saving a kidnapped young girl, the foster daughter of a retired US Army officer. If the ransom, a priceless skull made of jade, is not paid within a few days, the young girl will be killed. There is a problem in acquiring the jade skull as it is hidden in the depths of a mountain in a nearby island, guarded by a giant beast. To complicate matters further, there are other groups of people looking for the

priceless skull, and they will try anything to gain possession of it.

The plot is fast-moving, but easy to follow. It incorporates the common themes of crime fiction: treachery, violence and evil. The graphic description of cruelty, especially towards the kidnapped girl, is on some occasions apprehensible. This is magnified once the identity of one of the culprits is uncovered. However, the book brings lighter touches regularly to diffuse the gravity of the plot.

Martin Limon has created a wonderful piece of crime fiction which makes entertaining reading. Having

done military service for the US Army in Korea, he demonstrates his knowledge of the country, the culture, the people, the politics and the US Army. He manages to capture the reader's attention with vivid descriptions of the setting and characters of the story. Exploring the relationship between Bascom and Sueno makes interesting reading as they believe in totally different approaches to their work, but form a classic partnership.

The pace of the plot, coupled with its originality, makes Buddha's Money a striking novel that provides a distinctive flavour into crime fiction.

Info: Buddha's Money 6.99
Crime Fiction

Written by Martin Limon
Published by Serpent's Tail

Martin Limon also wrote highly acclaimed Jade Lady Burning, and Sicily Boys.

About the Author:

Grew up in Los Angeles. He retired from military services after twenty years in the US army, including 10 years in Korea. His first novel, Jade Lady Burning, was a *New York Times* Notable Book of the Year.

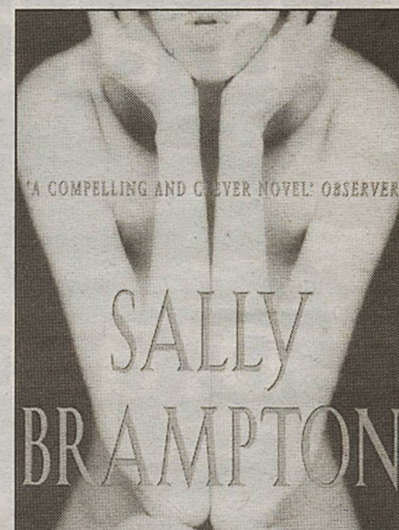
Get a Free Book,
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Review,
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Writer.

E-mail me at
h.y.lim@lse.ac.uk

LOVE, ALWAYS

by Sally Brampton

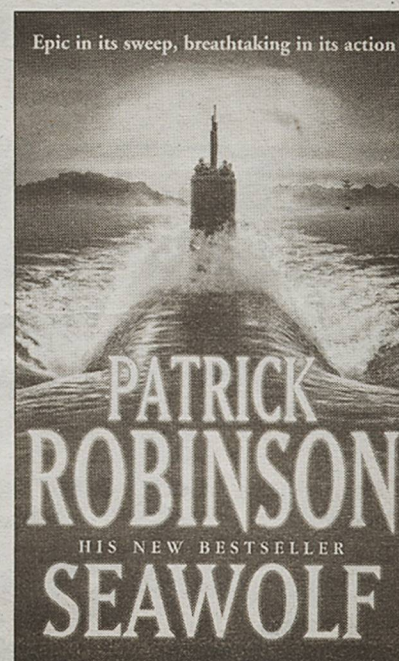
Who would like to review this "compelling and clever" thriller? "I haven't enjoyed a book so much for a long time." says Mail on **SUNDAY**. We want to know what you think?



SEAWOLF

by Patrick Robinson

Robinson's new best seller! Get this for free and tell us what you think! Stephen Coonsts, best-selling author of CUBA praised Robinson as "one of the crown princes of the beach-read thriller. So come to Collective Meeting, GET THE BOOK!"



Emperor's Code Breakers

Antonio DiAngelo goes behind-the-scenes of WWII with Michael Smith's Masterpiece "Emperor's Code".

the way in code breaking, which was promulgated in the film U-571.

The story starts off in Singapore where life is peaceful and then dramatically changes with the invasion of Japanese forces into Singapore and the surrounding region. The story focuses on Bletchley Park, the centre of British code-breaking activity and the hub of military and security intelligence. The central characters are Captain Erni Neve, who was recruited to work for the British and was in charge of one of three sections of Bletchley Park. The author also tells the story of British soldier John Tiltman, who turned code breaker and made many early advances towards breaking the Japanese military codes. John Tiltman's dedication to code breaking was exemplified by his keenness to learn Japanese, which he did in only a few months.

The Japanese Ambassador

Oshima Hiroshi, plays an important part, as unknowingly to him, the reports which he sent back to Tokyo, were deciphered and found to contain valuable information on conversations between himself, Hitler and senior Nazi figures.

The deciphering of Japanese codes resulted in intelligence gathering of the Emperor Hiroshito's messages. In 1945, the code breakers intercepted a message, indicating the Emperor's desire to make peace, but only if there was unconditional surrender without any future liability for the Emperor. Unfortunately, the proposals for a possible future peace declaration didn't include reference to unconditional surrender and the atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

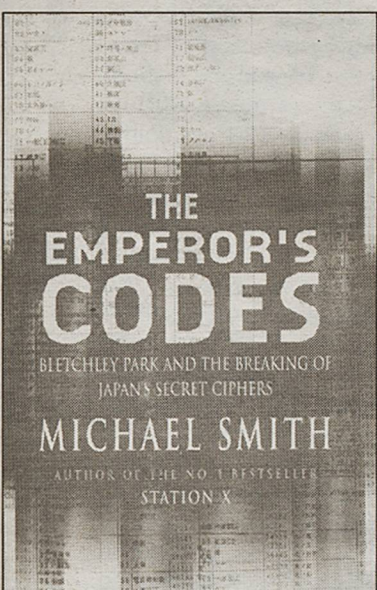
It is interesting to note that most of the code breakers were women. Let no one be in doubt about the enormous contribution of our female

counterparts made to war effort!

The story is well structured and covers in depth the breaking of Japanese ciphers, with many detailed accounts from Navy Wrens in Singapore and MI6 Officers, to soldiers in combat and on the front line. These accounts not only compliment the story, but also give the reader a comprehensive and first-hand account of life in 'The Great War' and an understanding of the true unfettered dedication of the code breakers.

This book contributes to understanding the military history of the 2nd World War. It is a captivating and gripping story, which takes you to the heart of the action, and gives you a unique insight into the 'behind-the-scenes activities' of WWII.

Book Info: *The Emperor's Code*
By Micheal Smith
Published by Bantam Press
Price: £16.99



The Emperor's Codes is the follow up book to Station X. (Station X detailed how British code breakers at Bletchley Park deciphered the Nazi Germans enigma coding.

The Emperor's Codes deals with the often forgotten story of how the British broke the codes and ciphers of the Japanese; it also attempts to dispel the presumption that it was the Americans who led

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public : private partners in crime

words by james meadway

When, according to the Times Higher Educational Supplement, around 450 protesting LSE students surround the Old Building, you know something is up. "Student apathy" doesn't seem to be quite the all-smothering blanket it once was. Suddenly, LSE looks like it's getting interesting. The discontent we saw on that Tuesday has been festering away for some time; it's finally starting to come to a head. The combination of arrogance, incompetence and smug moral rectitude that LSE management are so good at producing, as it were, its own grave-diggers. Arrogance? Very much so - take for instance, this incident from last term. The planned visit to LSE of a brutish dictator, President Nursultan Nazarbayev of Khazakstan, came as a surprise to many. Over the heads of staff, the student body and without any pretence at accountability, LSE management invited a man to speak here whose chief talents consist in rigging elections, arresting political opponents and taking bribes from western oil companies. Khazakstan sits on an enormous mineral wealth; Nazarbayev has been accused of taking at least £25million in direct bribes from three oil firms, whilst some \$530million (equivalent to more than a quarter of the entire Khazak money supply) has rather mysteriously piled up in various Swiss bank accounts. Possibly Nazarbayev wanted some of that Third Way feel-good vibe to buff up his tarnished democratic credentials - and who wouldn't want to be feted by the "world's leading social science institution"? But the haste and secrecy with which his LSE appearance was arranged - unusually for a visiting head of state, his talk was not publicised around the school - suggests LSE management were not overly proud of their distinguished guest and had a good idea as to the reaction he might provoke. Yet the room was apparently booked for Nazarbayev by the Director's office itself - clearly, important people wanted this man here.

One of the oil companies accused of providing bribes to the esteemed President is Amoco, which recently merged with BP. BP itself has been developing a huge interest in Khazakstan - another highlight of Nazarbayev's state visit to Britain was meeting representatives from the firm. BP, of course, have also been developing interests at LSE - like the recent appointment of a BP "Distinguishing Visiting Fellow" in the Centre for the Study of Global Governance, for which privilege the company paid £1.5million. A

vice chair of the LSE Court of Governors, Bryan Sanderson, is also a non-executive director of BP. Draw your own conclusions; we all know rational businesses like to see a return on their investments, and as there seems to be no good reason for allowing a deeply unpleasant dictator to use LSE as an ego-boosting platform it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that BP's involvement in both LSE and Khazakstan was the primary motivation behind his appearance here.

Or non-appearance. In this case, student protest forced the cancellation of Nazarbayev's speech, half-an-hour before it was due to start. The above is just a small example of the extent to which private money obfuscates what should be the open, democratic and accountable operations of public institutions. Once we start accepting private money, we must also accept the private interests that accompany them. If large companies like BP were sincere about providing funding for what they say is valuable education and research, they would have no objection to paying the money into public funds through taxation and allowing some degree of democratic control over the allocation of those resources. Instead, we hear only constant squealing from pampered corporate giants over the "excessive" burdens of public expenditure, whilst, behind our backs, they continue to undermine the principles on which that expenditure rests.

Top-up fees are the thin end of the wedge at LSE. They represent the total privatisation of the school, as it cuts itself off from what limited public resources it still uses and relies solely on what private finance it can garner. Not a victory for "freedom" and "choice", as some would claim, but a victory for the rapacious furies of corporate interest. What happens to the principle of unbiased academic research when private concerns are clutching the purse-strings? What of a clear and unbiased admissions policy, dependent solely on ability, when an extra financial hurdle is introduced? The principle of equal access to educational opportunities, regardless of wealth, has already been severely undermined at LSE through the extortionate levels of overseas fees. Once the restraining influence of capped home fees is removed, there is nothing to prevent all admissions charges rising to the absurd heights seen, for example, in the USA.

LSE management will claim

that there isn't enough public money available to finance the school. In part, they are right: UK higher education generally is in dire financial straits. The conclusion reached by LSE as a result of this is, however, quite wrong. The students are caught between two prongs of a neo-liberal agenda: on the one hand, the government's refusal to adequately fund public services like education; on the other, LSE's market solution to its perceived financial difficulties. LSE, at present, is unwilling to confront the government on the issue - perhaps hardly surprising when it is run by "Tony Blair's favourite intellectual", although the institution's close links with government run deeper than that. Examine the make-up of the Bank of England's Monetary Policy Committee, for instance.

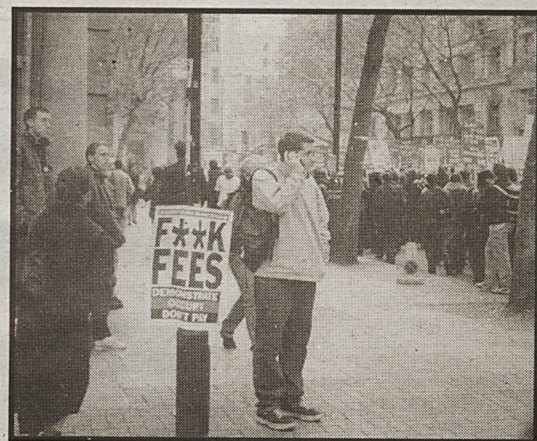
We can, however, force LSE to take a stand - not for privatisation and privilege, but for access and equality. We can force it to tackle the consensus that says only markets have the answer and that private hoards of wealth remain inviolable whilst public services are run into the ground. We can also show up some of the hypocrisies of that consensus: if we are serious about "globalisation", then access to LSE (and any other university) should be free for all, regardless of nationality. This, ultimately, is the only way to ensure equality of access and transparency in the admissions process. Let those who benefit from public education pay for it when they are able, through a progressive income tax. At present, the giant corporations receive a massive implied subsidy through the provision of public education - they could not function without the steady provision of trained workers, and yet they contribute very little in return. It's time they started to pay back some of what they owe society, through accountable public taxation.

When LSE was occupied by its students back in the 'sixties, it sparked a wave of student protest across the country and later bolstered the anti-Vietnam war movement immeasurably. It caught the public imagination, and forced the management here at the time to accede to student demands. If anything, the situation at LSE at the moment is potentially even more susceptible to mass student action; management here are desperate to shake off the "radical" image of the school, and are terrified of student dissent, let alone protest. We challenge LSE's hierarchy most effectively when we have a position of strength, when the

smooth running of their machine is disrupted and when we assert our authority over what is, after all, our school. Occupying - moving in and taking over en masse - some area of the school "not ours" is the best way to do this. LSE students can - and should - once again take a lead. We will have the support of all those other colleges threatened with top-up fees and privatisation; we will have the support of all those who oppose the rampages of the free market; we will have the support of all those who see education as a right for all, not a privilege for a few. It remains only for the students here to take the initiative.

James Meadway has written many times before for TheBeaver.

He urges all students to go to the Fee Fighters campaign meetings on Friday afternoons. These are held in the Societies Room and meet at 12pm.



sugar babies



a country once prided for being the fastest developing and most highly educated in the Middle East is experiencing a situation where one third of its child population are suffering from severe malnutrition. The World Food Programme in 1994, reported a lower caloric intake than the average consumption in Mali "Time is running out for the people of Iraq". Women are now finding themselves too malnourished to breast-feed, too poor to buy milk powder and thus it is common occurrence for babies to be fed on sugared water (and lets not even begin to look at contamination statistics). Chronically malnourished, they are now rather "comically" being referred to as the "sugar babies". As surely anticipated, these sanctions have had an absolutely devastating effect on these people.

Unreported, we are allegedly

still bombing Iraq daily and the usage of uranium treated missiles has meant a surge in diseases almost alien to Iraq prior to 1990. Cancer cancer and more cancer, we are presented with statistics proving the shameful reality of 250 deaths every day directly as a result of economic sanctions, mostly of children under five.

Disgusted with the appallingly low price placed on "life", UN assistant Secretary General, Dennis Halliday resigned in October 1998 to protest at what he later called the "Genocidal impact" of economic sanctions. His successor, Hans Von Sponeck barely lasted a year in the same job stating the sanctions were "devastating" the people, and they, not the Iraqi government, were his concern. The World Food Programme says more than 1.2 million Iraqi children have died due to the embargo between 1990-97, a generation sanctioned into non-

existence. And that is making no mention of all the severely disfigured "beings" unnervingly born to even weaker parents.

To understand how such injustice occurred it is important to turn as yet again to the history books. It's ten years ago now, August 2 1990 and the US thunders into Iraq, Bush promising to save the world from the evil empire.

Long before the invasion of Kuwait, one might have wondered about the US-Iraq alliance. It certainly reflected the three long-standing goals of US policy in the Middle East: protection of Israel, control of access to oil, and stability. Indeed, one might question why US officials remained oblivious to the Iraqi regime's crimes. Surely they couldn't have failed to notice the active depopulation of Kurdish villages and its use of internationally outlawed poison gas against both civilians and Iranian soldiers as only one example of a brutal regime? Perhaps the alliance shouldn't have been surprising though. For years, Baghdad's power relied on ties with the US and its European allies, as well as Russia and others, to provide arms. The biggest irony in all this is that the weapons America are so adamant in destroying are the same ones that they provided! As per usual, for the US, the commercial advantages punctuated any hesitations regarding the sanctity of human life.

So what exactly changed? Soon after the Iran-Iraq war ended in 1988, the world's bipolar centre could no longer hold. With the Soviet Union crumbling away, US strategy turned towards trying to justify a superpower's hegemony while lacking a strategic

challenger. Then voila, Iraq's invasion of Kuwait, surely a perfect opportunity to reassert its international status. Using threats, bribes and punishments to assure UN compliance it would surely be fairly straightforward to lead the world against the "new Hitler". Indeed, if the US was to be viewed as a world-class "hyper-power" it had to defeat a villain worthy of the fight.

Iraq had to be elevated to the status of a first class threat. We all remember those 'frightening' rumours: "Did you hear that Saddam has enough Nuclear power to wipe out the world twice?" Justification. That is all that was needed. A good enough reason to sacrifice the lives of innocent civilians. This 'demonization' would set the stage for widespread acceptance of the economic sanctions and years of illegal air strikes. For myself, aunty Blossom and Great aunt Ingrid, our general passivity was largely rooted in well engineered lack of information about civilian suffering, exacerbated by a subconscious belief that Iraq is really populated by 23 million Saddam followers, so anything done to Iraq is really against "him".

It would only have taken one look at nearby Israel to recognise the true lack of congruence in US foreign policy. Israel has occupied territory illegally for thirty years, has roller coasted over 37 UN conventions at will, and regularly conducts terrorists activities much that we have witnessed in the last few months. A nation guilty of the possession of an abundance of nuclear, biological and chemical weapons should surely be viewed

with the same vengeance? Unless of course US-Israeli relations have become so much entwined as to be one blurred line.

Further, if the "true" purpose of sanctions is to penalise and finally annul the Iraqi regime, the world super-power is doing a very good job of not getting it done. Lets face it, if Saddam were a threat to the new world order, surely he like so many before him would be well perished by now: Malcolm X, JFK, Martin Luther King to name a few! Indeed, paradoxically, the sanctions as pointed out by Dennis Halliday, have had the opposite effect (to what was intended?). Rather than quashing the regime, they have in fact strengthened Saddam's position and undermined potential resistance to him among people too weakened to fight.

The high morals and humanisation ideals of this policy towards Iraq are perhaps best illustrated by US Secretary of State, Madeline Albright. When questioned on 60 Minutes about her thoughts on the inhumanity of the sanctions resulting in the deaths of half a million Iraqi children, her words "We think the price is worth it" highlight many truths. Indeed, I wonder how hasty her reply would have been were it the children of Tel Aviv we were talking about.

If this is not a holocaust of a people dear reader, maybe it's time we updated and reassessed our definition. The preoccupation with holocaust Remembrance Day seems inappropriate when we have a present genocide unfolding before us. Let us take more than humour from the coincidence of dates of the imposition of the Embargo, 6 August 1990, with the atomic bomb thrown ruthlessly over Hiroshima on 6 August 1945. It would be sad if, yet again, we had to leave it to our history books to record this tragedy as one of the great crimes of the twentieth century.



The writer of this article is a LSE undergraduate who wishes to remain anonymous.

buying freedom

"that was an incredible mission." christian missionaries and redeeming slaves in today's sudan

words by Ross Sheil

The Guyanan academic Walter Rodney wryly observed that the pressing concern of imperialist missionaries, was "blessing Africans as they were about to be launched across the Atlantic into slavery." Sudan is the sole remnant of this traditional slave trade and has attracted the concerns of groups, such as Baroness Cox's Christian Solidarity Worldwide (CSW). Echoing a bygone age of Rourke's Drift and afternoon teas, the Baroness admits: "I try to play tennis to keep fit because one never knows when we are going to have to run for our lives". At an age where others consider retirement, she and her 2 colleagues, find themselves in Northern Bahr-EI-Gazal, Southern Sudan, armed with a suitcase stuffed with US\$24,000 and a mission to "redeem 300 slaves".

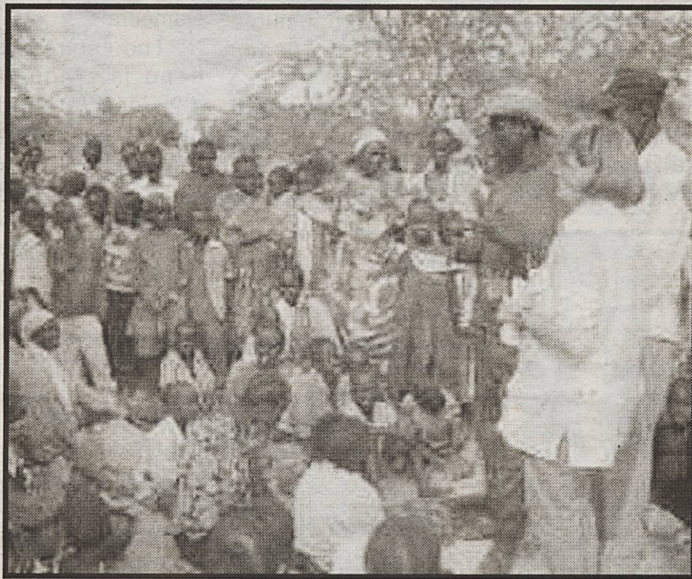
Slavery, the concern of CSW's mission, predates colonialism by hundreds of years and became most prevalent in the early 19th century, when a group of northern Muslims known as the Jallaba moved south, to exploit its most precious resource, the people. The international abolition movement reversed the growth in Sudan's slave trade, but it has survived throughout the 20th century, until the imposition of Shariah law in 1983. This sparked the bloody civil war with the Sudan People's Liberation Army (SPLA), which the country is still suffering. The government was able to manipulate tribal hostilities and consequently, "thousands were killed, captured or enslaved before the end of 1988, when the Dinka and the SPLA...reached local agreements with the Baggara chiefs" (Peter Verney, Sudan Update and Anti-Slavery International, 1997).

At the time, the West regarded it as a typical example of African inter-tribal conflict and not a recurrence of seemingly 'historic' practices. In his 1996 report, to the Commission on Human Rights,

Gasper Biro (former United Nations Special Reporter), contests this assumption: "Even in the cases involving members of different tribal militias, the slavery occurred within the context of war and there are the same perpetrators (Arabs) and victims (Nubians and southerners)". The report is equally forthright, regarding "the direct involvement

displaced a further 5 million (Hansard, Vol. 620, No. 7). The conflict is not the archetypal Christian versus Muslim confrontation as the SPLA also includes Muslims opposed to governments ideology.

"The reality is that people being abducted from communities in Northern Bahr Alghazal by government backed militias are



of the government, army, PDF, government-armed militias and mujahadeen groups...backed by the Government of Sudan...in the abduction and deportation of civilians from the conflict zones to northern Sudan".

The conflict escalated hugely in 1994, when the National Islamic Front (NIF) government, declared a Jihad against African peoples in the south, in particular, the Dinkas. Encouraging Arab tribesmen to join the Jihad, the NIF supplied armaments ranging from automatic weapons to tanks. Supported by government troops and aerial bombing of civilian targets, these raids have enabled the Arab tribesmen to overwhelm villages in the south, capturing women and children for use as domestic slaves. The war has cost the lives of over 2 million people and

being exploited as slaves in the households of militiamen and others." (Mike Dottridge, Director, Anti-Slavery International)

Like most conflicts the realities are both fractured and disputed; CSW is further concerned with the impact of oil exploration, the alleged use of chemical weapons and improved access for humanitarian workers. The chief focus of CSW's work, the freeing of slaves by payment, has created intense controversy in the International Aid community. In the last 7 years they have visited Sudan 25 times and during this period Baroness Cox claims to have bought and freed 1,500 people. Whilst acknowledging that paying slave traders is "utterly tragic", she claims that "she would rather die", than comply with more mainstream policy.

The UN, together with CSW and Anti-Slavery International, believe that up to 14,000 people are living as slaves in Northern Sudan. Locating them is near impossible, as Sudan is Africa's largest country and it is also alleged that slaves have been sold on to other Arab countries such as Syria and Saudi Arabia. Consequently, Baroness Cox has to rely on traders, returning to the home areas of their captives. The UN questions the reliability of

CSW's information, stating: "There has been no independent monitoring of these releases to confirm that all those for whom ransoms have been paid were indeed held in slavery or any similar form of captivity."

Anti-Slavery International, formed by Abolitionists in 1834, are strongly opposed to CSW's redeeming of slaves claiming, that when "activists have paid...to secure the release of individual slaves...the same 'owners' used the money they received to acquire more slaves, replacing those who had been released." Responding to the accusation that they are perpetuating slavery, CSW reply that: "The simple laws of supply and demand cannot be applied to so complicated a process in which the main 'demand' is created and driven by the government's call to Jihad against the south".

Whilst Baroness Cox, identifies the Jihad as the main cause of enslavement, the United Nations draws attention to the railway, from southern Kordofan to Bahr al-Ghazal. The railway is the major supply route for army garrisons and according to the UN, trains using the line have "routinely been accompanied by horse-mounted, armed Misseriya civilians who have carried out raids on Dinka settlements. The UN believes that despite the efforts of NGOs, the easy access the raiders enjoy to the villages, will ensure the continuation of the trade.

Witnessed by the BBC, Baroness Cox was recently successful in freeing 353 slaves at a cost of US\$60 each. The Arab traders were also successful, securing a higher rate than the usual US\$45, arguing that amongst other expenses, they needed to be compensated for the loss of US\$200 camels. Whether the Baroness's investment will prove sustainable, cannot be statistically measured. Testimony of the people may be a more genuine measure, commenting on the return of his maimed wife and son, Mamut told the BBC: "I was convinced that my family were dead- I was a man without hope."

Ross Sheil worked as a volunteer at Anti-Slavery International. He is a devout Agnostic. 'Everyman: The Dangerous Adventures of Baroness Cox' was shown on BBC1, 29.01.01

*For More Information:
csw@csw.org.uk
www.antislavery.org*



Last Christmas not only did I give you my heart but I decided to phase out my involvement in the LSE's premier organ *TheBeaver* to give myself some more time. I quit as Music Editor but within about 72 hours, due to my persistent loitering in the *BeaverOffice* I was given a position on the b:link panel and now I am editor of the bloody section. What is going on? I haven't got time for all this!

During an extreme bout of insomnia brought about by excessive exposure to the Sega Dreamcast title *Virtua Tennis* I realised that, after months of thinking "aaargh, I am over half the way through my degree" that I couldn't care less.

To be honest if you are anything like me I find being a student a 24 hour responsibility. Anyone who actually goes out and earns a living, regularly getting up before Midday Money probably thinks I am a fucki*g retard but I can't wait to get the academic monkey off my back. There is nothing worse than going home after lectures and feeling that you should do some reading for tomorrow's classes or knuckling down to a chapter of Craig and De Burca's *EU Law*. By the way guys, why write so fu*cking much? The book is basically nothing more than an expensive wedge to trip over when you have sought solace in drink.

I don't know, maybe I am being naive to think that come two years I will be able to exit from whatever office I am working in at 5 o'clock, well, OK, if I sell my arse to the city 9 o'clock, and need to think no more about it. But to be honest it can't be worse than going back to my hovel at Rosebery to see essay titles on my noticeboard and a pile of solicitors graduate recruitment brochures on my desk.

It's not that I don't like my work or course but I never seem to get time to do myself justice, what with commitments to *TheBeaver* and drinking.

The money will be nice as well. Nice as it is in its own Rocket Fuelled way the prospect of spending four years of Friday nights at Crush or another uni's equivalent is not going to prompt me to take a masters.

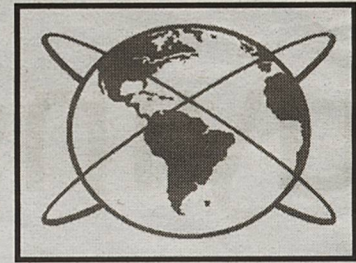
But what can you do? At the end of the day when even the football cliches have been exhausted you just have to sit back and laugh at yourself. So here's a joke.

David Beckham had a near-death experience the other day when he went riding. Everything was going fine until the horse started bucking up and down out of control. He tried with all his might to hang on but it was no good. With his foot caught in the stirrup, he fell head-first to the ground. His head continued to bump on the ground as the horse refused to stop or even slow down.

Fortunately, however, there was a happy ending. Just as he was giving up hope and losing consciousness, the Woolworths' manager came along and unplugged it.



focus of the week: elections



Israel has its prime-ministerial election on the 6th of February. The current prime minister, Ehud Barak, the most decorated Israeli soldier ever and leader of the One Israel bloc that includes Barak's Labour Party and other leftist parties, is pitted against Ariel Sharon, another former general and leader of the mainstream Israeli Right, the Likud. Ehud Barak's popularity within Israeli public opinion has steadily waned throughout his term in office as promises of a quick peace with the Palestinians were not met. Given the deep divisions within his own alliance, which includes the Orthodox Shas Party, recurrent rows were common with Barak over state funding of religious schools resulting in threats to leave the ruling coalition. Barak has not been able to impress at all on domestic policy, and the peace process with the Palestinians is lagging far behind the Oslo timetable.

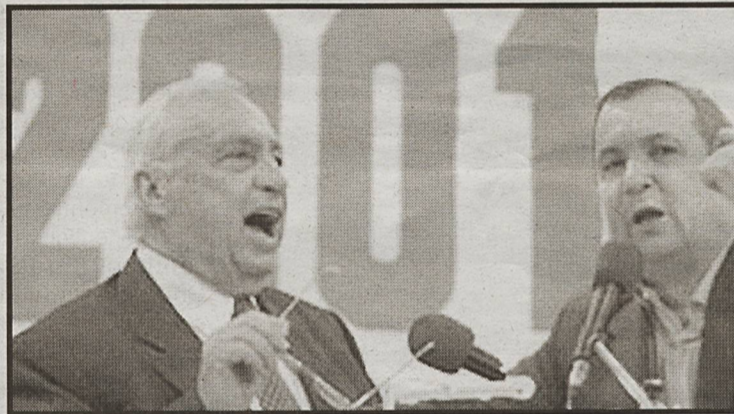
It could be argued that Barak was at the wrong place at the wrong time. When Barak came to power the peace process was entering its final stage and the touchiest issue, the status of Jerusalem, was left unresolved. Eventually, Barak bowed to public opinion opposing any concession to Palestinians and refused to discuss the division of the city, but reluctantly agreed to yield sovereignty of some Muslim Holy sites to the Palestinian State. The humiliating Israeli retreat from Southern Lebanon that took place months before schedule further added to bring Barak into disrepute.

Ehud Barak made history in the Israeli Army by secretly murdering exiled Palestinian freedom fighters. Ariel Sharon, on the other hand, rose to prominence by gaining the reputation of being a fierce and fearless army general. It was he who, as Minister of Defence in 1982, ordered the Israeli invasion of Lebanon, thus escalating the civil war that destroyed the so-called "Switzerland of the Middle East" in a major regional confrontation. Sharon is most remembered for the brutal Sabra and Chatila massacres, when he ordered the pro-Israeli Christian Phalangists to cleanse the two

refugee camps of "Palestinian terrorists". With the tacit approval of the Israeli Army, the Phalangists massacred 2000 Palestinian civilians in a single day. Always considered to be one of the most right-wing members of the Likud leadership, Sharon was effectively sidelined during Netanyahu's government, but

clinched the party leadership once the latter lost the election to Barak in 1999.

The fragile Barak government had its final moment of misery in the violence that exploded in the Occupied Territories at the end of September, when Barak naively gave way to Sharon's plans to visit the Al-Aqsa Mosque in Jerusalem. When Ariel Sharon made his infamous walk to highlight Israeli sovereignty over



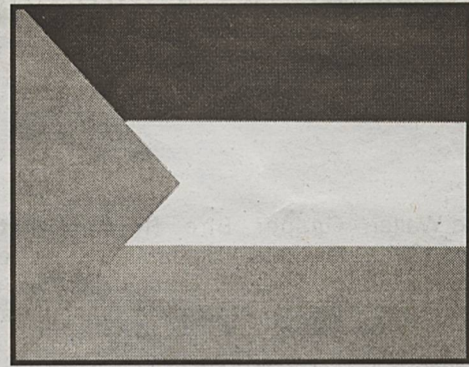
the Muslim compound, the riots that broke out showed just how superficial and ineffectual the peace process was: eight whole years of negotiations had proved worthless to the Palestinians. The present intifada has ultimately led to a total Israeli Arab boycott of next week's election, that can prove very costly for Barak, given that Israeli Arabs make up around 12% of the electorate.

Tension in the Occupied Territories has been to Sharon's advantage, who immediately accused Barak of being unable to guarantee Israel's security. He promises the fortification of Israel and the West Bank (he is opposed to giving up more than 42% of the West Bank to Palestinian rule) against future uprisings and is ready to unleash Israel's military might, to safeguard national security). The Knesset's refusal to break up helped Sharon to effortlessly fend off an attempt by former Prime Minister Netanyahu to win the Likud nomination, paving the way for a tough right-wing government if Sharon wins. Cast in a grandfather-like role of Patriarch and protector of the Jewish State and seen by the Israeli public as a return to order and security after the fragility of

the Barak administration, Sharon has even gained the crucial support of the Russian community, that make up 20% of the electorate. Surprisingly enough, Nathan Sharansky, former leader of the Soviet-era refuseniks and Barak's Interior Minister has switched sides, and is rewarded with a guaranteed place in the new Sharon administration, as far-right politicians such as Avigdor Lieberman and Yitzhak Levy are.

Having lost 32% of the electorate at the start, Barak faces a seemingly impossible task and prospects for peace look severely dented by the rise to power of a man who refuses to shake the hand of Yasser Arafat, let alone yield any land to the Palestinian National Authority.

Over to Italy now where legislative elections are due in less than two months. Although the political spectrum is amazingly fragmented (Italy has around 35 political parties), there are two main coalitions fighting the elections: The right of centre 'Casa delle Liberta', led by the media magnate Silvio Berlusconi and the centre-left 'Ulivo', whose Prime Ministerial candidate, Francesco Rutelli, visited the LSE just two days ago. Berlusconi has a long history of judicial problems, and is still appealing a custodial sentence. He owns three national TV channels and a plethora of newspapers and magazines, a fact that would make anyone unfit for government in most European countries. His brief experience as Prime Minister in 1994 ended abruptly with a no-confidence motion to which one of his key allies, the Haider-like Lega Nord leader Umberto Bossi adhered. The extraordinary thing is that now Bossi and Berlusconi are allies again, and the populist Lega Nord has shunned most of its past anti-Southerner rhetoric, making it one of the countless "transformist" political parties in Italy that get elected on one agenda and pursue a completely different one once in Parliament.



Besides Bossi, Berlusconi's allies include the post-Fascist Alleanza Nazionale led by Gianfranco Fini, that has never managed to escape its Fascist past, and a small group of die-hard Christian Democrats.

The centre-left on the other hand is plagued by internal divisions (around 15 different parties make up the Ulivo) and the wideness of its own internal spectrum that includes die-hard Christian Democrats (they indeed monopolise the centre in Italy) and neo-Stalinist Communists under the same flag. Although there have been some attempts to quell these divisions after the official appointment of Rutelli as candidate, the failure to reach an agreement with the orthodox Marxist Rifondazione comunista party might prove costly to Rutelli, given that Romano Prodi had to rely on their support to win the 1996 elections. The centre-left can however count on efficient cabinet members such as Finance Minister Vincenzo Visco, Foreign Minister Lamberto Dini and Prime Minister Giuliano Amato to win back 5 more years of office and continue to reform one of the EU's biggest bureaucracies.

The Right has however gained popular support throughout its opposition period as a stable and less fragmented alliance and has made constant use of the magnetic charm of Mr. Berlusconi and his television network that is especially tailored for the youth and the elderly. The Casa delle Liberta crucially thrashed the Ulivo in regional elections last year, prompting the resignation of the then prime minister, Massimo D'Alema. From what can be inferred by the visit of Rutelli to London, the Ulivo candidate must build a powerful media image of himself as he lacks the confidence and straight-talk attitude that Berlusconi masters in front of TV audiences and reporters.

It will be a long campaign but perhaps the Right has already grabbed the upper hand in Italy as well.

Siavush, a second year BSc Econometrics and Mathematical student, is international analyst for the beaver.

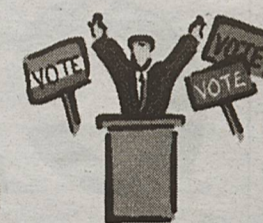
Lent Term 2001

Looking Ahead...

LSE
students'
union

Week

Theme

5 *EQUALITY WEEK***6** **GLOBAL WEEK****7** **RAG WEEK****8** **ELECTIONS****9** *ANTI-RACISM WEEK***10** **AGM WEEK**

Lent Term 2001
COME ON, COME ON LSE



**Are you clever enough?
Are you fit enough?**

**Test Your Brain
Against The Best**

***UNIVERSITY
CHALLENGE***

**Trials for the LSE Team
Thursday 8th February
6pm in Room D502**

NOTE: YOU MUST BE A CONTINUING STUDENT TO TAKE PART



Lent Term 2001
Say No To The Top-Ups

**Fee
Fighter
Campaign
Planning
Meeting**



**EVERY
FRIDAY**

@

12PM

IN

**THE
SOCIETIES
ROOM**



Lent Term 2001
Equality Week

EQUALITY WEEK

5TH - 9TH FEBRUARY

ENCOURAGING OPEN MINDS

**MONDAY
MATURE STUDENTS PARTY
CONTACT C.M.BONNER@LSE.AC.UK**



**TUESDAY 4-5 & THURSDAY 3-4
FREE SELF-DEFENCE CLASSES
EVERYONE WELCOME
BADMINTON COURT,
OLD BUILDING BASEMENT**



**PLUS
SPECIAL REPORTS IN UGM
ARTICLES IN B:LINK
NIGHTLINE @ CRUSH
LOOK OUT NEXT WEEK FOR
MASSIVE LGB PARTY**



Gen Sec's Column Inches

Key issues, which the Union has campaigned for this year: value for money in teaching and learning, Wednesday afternoons for sport, student hardship and much needed government investment in universities, all affect LSE students equally.

LSE overseas undergraduates already pay a fee £3000 in excess of the national average, and so as consumers have a fundamental right to expect a minimum service. This is what The Union is here for. This year we have successfully campaigned for the teaching and learning experience to be made the school's primary priority. We have also managed to secure a commitment to peg any rises in overseas undergraduate fees to Home/EU undergraduate fee levels - a rise of 2.5%.

In terms of some of the proposals for top-up fees, the message is clear - this is an issue that affects everyone. Uncapped fees across the board can only exacerbate what is already a high fee culture. They would take away the safeguard of government scrutiny in the form of The QAA (Quality Assurance Agency) and leave LSE to administer and maintain standards on their own, through what has been phrased an 'internal gold standard.' Total privatisation would exacerbate problems faced by all students - mounting debt, increasing dropout rates term-time working. In this respect, The Fee Fighters campaign is one we should all feel part of.

Unquestionably, the aim of any SU should be to make all its students feel at home, comfortable and cared for during their studies.

For international students, we promote year round involvement in all-Union activity. We have the biggest range of cultural and national societies of any UK Union, an International Students Officer and an International Students Forum to ensure representation.

Our political and decision-making structures have also come a long way since last year. Although The UGM still may not be everyone's cup of tea, the resurrection of the previously defunct Union Council has proved effective in making The Union more accessible, and its new taskforces have been very well attended, and brought a lot of new ideas to the fore, with societies taking the lead in organising events.

In two of the last four years, The General Secretary has been an international student, while there are currently four international students on The Executive Committee. We also now for the first time have a General Course Student Representative. The Union is reaching out to more people, more often.

Last year in the constitutional review, The Union pioneered the first ever diversity statement in UK, a feat that many other Unions are hoping to emulate.

And next week is Global Week, the biggest celebration of the cultural diversity of the LSE student community. With film shows, food fairs, the Global show, International Crush and many other events in the pipeline, it should be the best yet.

Nationally things are developing too. Recent successes in NUS's 'Modernising the Movement' campaign include securing international students the right to stand in sabbatical elections, speedier visa application processes for families visiting students studying in Britain, and fairer immigration controls to make studying in Britain for overseas students much more accessible.

All the structures are now in place to maximise our efficiency in representing the masses. It's up to us as a Union to ensure their smooth operation.

University of London Union

Election Notice

Nominations will open at noon on 1st February 2001 for the following positions:

Full Time Executive Officers

President

Vice-President (Finance and Societies)

Vice-President (Welfare and Student Affairs)

Vice-President (Sports)

These are sabbatical positions and run from 1st August 2001 to 31st July 2002

Nominations open at 12 noon 1st February 2001

Nominations close at noon 20th February 2001

Manifesto deadline at noon 20th February 2001

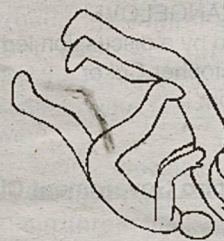
Nomination forms and regulations are available from the President's PA, Adriane Thompson, ULU, Malet Street, London WC1E-7HY.

Tel 020-7664-2003 e-mail:
a.thompson@ulu.lon.ac.uk



Free

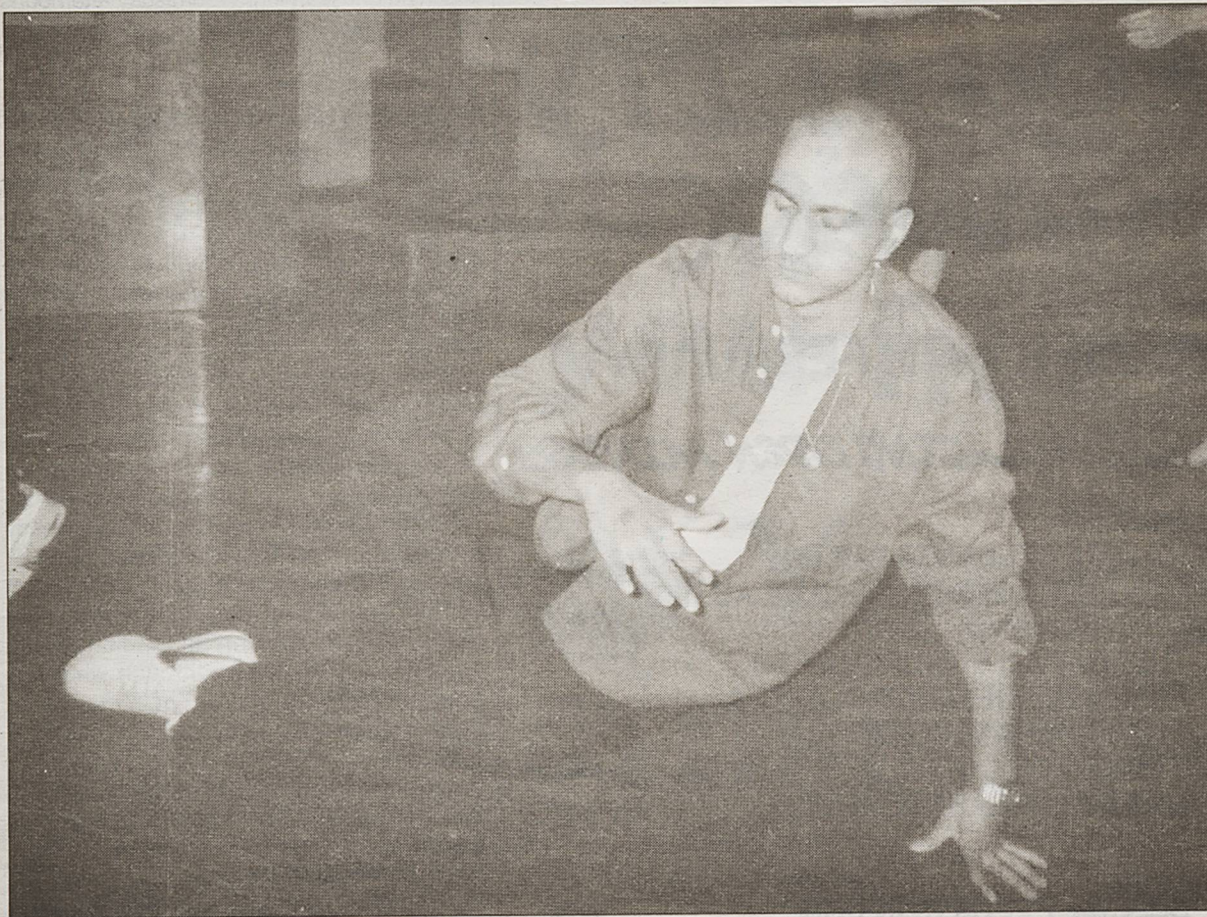
Self-Defence Classes



**Tuesday 6th Feb 4 - 5pm
Thursday 8th Feb 3 - 4pm**

All courses free, open to all and
in the Old Gymnasium/Badminton
Court, Basement, Old Building

Prakash's Diary Where will you be?



TUESDAY 6TH FEBRUARY

Geography Society Event

The Geography and Environment Society is having elections for 2001/2002 committee next week - Place: Societies Meeting Room in the Quad
Time: 12-1pm
All welcome! Membership at the door - £1
Nominations to Sue - N.Cheang@lse.ac.uk, to be in by Monday 12 noon. Members only vote by email from Tuesday to gesocvotes@hotmail.com

Free Burma Coalition Event

Free Burma Resolution 'Teach In' 13.00-14.00 Societies Room
This week the students at LSE will get the chance to take the lead in the fight against dictatorship in Burma, and set the pace for student activism across the UK. The Free Burma Resolution will sever any financial ties of the LSE Students Union to companies that help prop up the military rule in Burma. It is the first of its kind in the UK.
Come and learn about what the resolution means for Burma and for LSE students union:
And don't forget to come to the UGM on Thursday the 8th February at 13.00 in the Old Theatre to register your vote.

Music Society Event

LSE Choir and Orchestra
The Music Society apologises for the mistaken announcement on rehearsals last week, this time it is for sure:
rehearsals for Lent Term concert start on Tuesday, 6th February in the Shaw library.
Choir: just come along and join, weekly 6-7.30, Shaw library.
Orchestra: if you want to join, sign up with Shaw library office for a auditions slot (6th Feb 4.30 to 5.45), everyone who played before, please come to rehearsal at 7.40 to 9.30. We have a new conductor!

Grimshaw Club Event

'DR STRANGELOVE'
- followed by a discussion led by Dr. Christopher Coker - D302, 6pm

Schapiro Government Club

LENT TERM PARTY @ FREEDOM BREWERY COMPANY TUESDAY 6.2.01
tickets on sale now in quad and Houghton street free food!

WEDNESDAY 7TH FEBRUARY

Conservative Association Event

Lord Tebbit will address the LSE Conservative Association at 1pm in the SU Societies Room.

Hayek Society Event

Speaker: Professor Norman Barry, University of Buckingham
Topic: Business Ethics
17:00 to 18:00
Venue: S50. Professor Norman Barry is a distinguished liberal scholar from University of Buckingham. He will address the issue of corporate responsibility and the ethical aspects of insider tradings and mergers and acquisitions.

Destin Society Event

DESTIN SOCIETY GUEST SPEAKER SERIES PRESENTS A SEMINAR BY: Mr. Poul Nielson
The European Commissioner for Development Co-operation and Humanitarian Aid.
"Rediscovering the regional dimension in development co-operation" in room D302 at 5:30pm. All welcome.

Grimshaw Club Event

'BATTLE FOR ALGIERS'
- to look back at wars of the last century in the context of decolonisation and the rise of new states - D602, 6pm

THURSDAY 8TH FEBRUARY

The Union General Meeting Democracy in action at the LSE 1pm in the Old Theatre

Demonstration at The Department for Education and Employment
Make the Labour Government Rule out the threat of top-up fees. Make them take the question of student hardship seriously. 2.30pm Abbey Orchard Street, Westminster (nearest tube, St. James' Park)

Trials for University Challenge

Come along and test your brain power against LSE's finest. 6pm in Room D502

Business Society Event

UBS Warburg Corporate Finance summer internship recruitment event 18:00 in A85.
Interested persons should register by emailing business_society@lse.ac.uk.

Grimshaw Club Event

'WELCOME TO SARAJEVO'
- to lead into the 'New Wars' of Balkanisation and nationalism - A42, 6pm.

Internet and E-Commerce society event

How to build an e-Business in 1 hour... and win £1000!
Time: 19:30. New Theatre, East Building
Speakers: Tom Bentley, Director, Demos Think Tank, John H. Winchester, Vice President, UK & Ireland, Avaya Communication

The one-hour lecture will see John Winchester, MD of Avaya for the UK speaking on the subject of 'how to succeed in e-Business' and Tom Bentley, Director of Demos on the subject of 'how a vibrant and prosperous society should look like in the age of electronic commerce'

(Avaya is a spin-off of Lucent Technologies. Demos is an independent think tank and research institute based in London, recently praised by the BBC. Launched in 1993, its role is to help reinvigorate public policy and political thinking and to develop radical solutions to long term problems.)

In addition, the evening will also see the launch of the 'Avaya Award'. Avaya will be throwing down the gauntlet for the assembled students to go away and produce a white paper on a subject of e-business.

A confirmed panel, including John Winchester, Ross Bentley (Management Editor - Computer Weekly) and Daniel Steadman

Jones from Demos will judge these white papers and decide who will win 'The Avaya Award' and £1000 which will be presented at an awards ceremony in March.

Entrepreneurship and eCommerce Course

LSE offers a new unassessed 6-week course on Entrepreneurship and eCommerce led by a visiting professor Mike Smith. Unlike most LSE courses, this one is very down-to-earth and gives practical steps as to what you should pay attention to when you set up your own company. We highly recommend it.

Open to everyone. Lecture notes as well as audio recordings of previous lectures can be found at <<http://www.iesonline.org/smith>>

Colombian Society Event

The best 'Latin' party of London's Universities!!! "Parranda Latina" party Salsa. Vallenato. Merengue. Salsa!!! 9 p.m. Venue: The Yatch Club (next to 'El Barco Latino')
Tickets: £ 5 (members: £4)

FRIDAY 9TH FEBRUARY

LSESU Fee Fighters: Campaign Planning Meeting

Get involved in The Union's biggest campaign this year 12pm in The Societies Room

Plus, in the SU Shop

Special Offers commencing 5th February.

TWO GREAT PILOT PEN OFFERS

1. Pilot P.700 & P.500
2. Pilot V2000
0.7/0.5
Buy 1 - get 2nd 1/2 price
Only £1.99. Only £2.38 for 2
Buy Pen get a Pilot Automatic Pencil FREE
(normally £1.59 each) (worth £1.25)

LSE Arctic Fleece Jacket reduced by 20% (For 1 week only)
Normally £42.50 - Now only £34.00
Colours available: Navy, Maroon
Sizes: med. large. xlarge.

Super Bowl Party Ends in Violence

Men's 'soccer'
LSE 'Ravens' II
IC 'Giants' II

2
1

Saturday 27 January 2001. Some mornings it's just not worth chewing through the leather straps, but today was a true and glorious exception to the rule for the LSE Football 2nd XI. At least it was well worth it after the 2nd's Canary Island-bound amphibious airplane crash-landed near the marshlands of Hatton Cross for a victorious quarterfinal match against IC. IC, it should be noted, stands for "I, Cunt."

The Heroes: Oft-ridiculed Tommy C redeems himself, Library John stalks the pitch, Porn Star Henry plays in the puddles and Der Winger Alex cries wolf. All apologies but no limerick springs to mind this week. The story of the match is this: Mark "ICBIN" Buttery, cigarette clenched firmly between his teeth, receives ball at midfield from the defense. Buttery proceeds to light up and have a go at IC. Buttery distributes to the wingers, takes a drag, and smiles at the ensuing action while standing knee-deep in the peat bog near the IC area. This was absolutely the worst pitch

we've seen since working our way up through the London Penal League during Summer '97. There was barely enough grass on the pitch to play ball, and we all know that's a statutory crime in this fair city.

The highlight of the match for me occurred in the first half, when, due to a ferocious hangover, I was forced to run the line. Using this shortsighted political appointment to our absolute advantage, I instantly forgot all the rules of football by taking the red pill. Someone from IC realized something fishy was going on (and I'm not talking about the contents of the IC female fans pants) so some geezer approaches me and says "Mate I don't mean to take a piss but do you understand the offside rule?" So I replied, "of course you twat, and your man was offside on that throw-in." End of story.

Judge Jules manhandled his opponent striker and special Canadian guest Antny dominated left wing with a vengeance after Porn Star got kicked out of the

pool for playing dirty. Hereafter the pitch will be referred to as the pool.

Anyway, on to some serious reporting. About 25 into the first half, Tommy C guided down a bouncing cross from one of our more generous midfielders, shielded off his defender and launched a 25-yard missile into the upper right. It was fucking awesome. We preserved this 1-0 lead through to halftime, at which point we realized, hey, we're playing pretty damned well today. Keep it up, Captain Scottie's got the Poultry in Motion socks on, we're destined for sweet minging victory within 90 minutes. Then we can all go out and get lashed.

Dammit dammit dammit. Pittie. Don't do that. Ever again. Please. So we move onto overtime with a 1-1 draw. It's very dark and cold by Heathrow airport by now and the IC players are pissing themselves just to stay warm. Disgusting. One over-time done, we switch sides, pleading with Mason to shoot the frickin ball and pleading with the sun for a few

extra minutes.

Which turns out to be all we needed. The game ended 2-1, red card being handed out to an IC defender, meaning he had to toss G's salad and pay a fine to the league. Tommy C buried the winning penalty in the lower right for a dramatic victory with mere seconds to go.

It was, in a word, perfect. Tommy C was the man today. In the best performance we've had as a team all year,

in public, we all ought to be proud of ourselves. Well done, boys.



Concrete proof that despite his claims, Scottie did not score the winning touch down

Chichester Climax as the LSE go Down

Men's Hockey
LSE
Chichester

1
2

Unbeaten since November, the LSE hockey team made their way to fortress Battersea. Their task to defeat Chichester and go top of the BUSA league, only a win would do to qualify for the final stages. A few heads were still aching from the aftermath of Stripjoint's 21st and the LSE's glorious boat race victory over Strand Poly.

With a capacity crowd on the sidelines (around 10 actually) the game began. LSE were initially pinned back by the attacking thrusts of Chichester, however, Uncle Arthur looked a lot more solid this week than he had in previous games, obviously the diarrhoea had worked its wonders. However, disaster soon struck, the Fuhrer, distracted by a

small boy on a neighbouring pitch missed his tackle and Uncle Arthur came in with a scything challenge on the edge of the D, missing the ball but smacking his man across the knees with a satisfying thump.

Unfortunately this was deemed by Mr Muff, our umpire whose pube-style facial hair must have obscured his view to be a penalty flick. The Chichester forward stepped up, Rolfy sold himself a dummy and it was 1-0 Chichester. LSE were stung and they stepped up a gear, launching several great attacks but unfortunately their forwards showed the finishing prowess of Jason Lee with one leg.

Eventually LSE levelled it, a low drag flick from the Fuhrer beating the Chichester keeper, 1-

1. It was at this point that dick of the day was secured, a beautiful move began with Psycho beating several players down the right, looking up he saw Pistol Pete marauding into the D, Pistol Pete skinned the keeper and then flicked it towards Chunks.

This was a key moment in the game; it was a battle of equals, Chunks 3 yards out with the ball against.... An open goal? Chunks shot had all the attributes normally associated with a concussed tortoise. The man who warms Rolfy up before every game by rocketing undercuts into the top corner of the goal produced a slow shot with no clear sense of direction. It dribbled very very wide.

The second half began with

LSE probing forward with Psycho and JCYC running Chichester ragged. Then suddenly Chichester counterattacked charging through LSE's defence with just the Fuhrer to beat, their centre forward was tackled and then in frustration wrapped his stick round the Fuhrer's knees. "Do not ever do zat again" bellowed the Fuhrer squaring up to his assailant who feebly pushed him away.

The Fuhrer, obviously having learned the trick from his pal Herr Klinsmann threw himself to the ground and lay there spread-eagled for several minutes feigning injury so as to be able to sneak a look up the umpire's shorts. Two yellow cards were produced, both players were sin-

binned. Soon after both players returned, Chichester scored a rebound despite several good saves from Rolfy (for once).

The LSE tried in vain to level it and were horrendously unlucky that it ended 2-1 Chichester. It has been a promising foray into BUSA for the LSE this season, but barring a mathematical miracle we will finish second in our league this year and so will not qualify for the finals.

At the time of writing I can remember almost nothing about the tuns afterwards, however the attendance was poor, lets improve it next week lads (especially Rasta). We can still do the double: ULU cup and ULU first division title. Strength and Honour.

As from this week any sports reports
should be e-mailed to:
J.J.JEWELL@LSE.AC.UK

The Lightning Strikes 4C

LSE C(u)C(n)C(t)C(s)

5
2

It is now customary for most LSE sporting teams to whine and complain about the distances and expense of travel to away games. My personal hate is Chislehurst (previously named 'The End of the Earth'), although other voids such as Hatton Cross ('The End of the Earth2: The Sequel') and Egham ('The Hole of Holloway') do exist so as to piss off many an LSE rugby and football team. However, these treacherous journeys all pale into insignificance when you consider the distance travelled to get to Canterbury. Think of the distance to the moon and back and you'll understand how far it was.

We travelled and travelled, then travelled some more. Admittedly it did not help to have Bisexual Billy Muppet giving the driver directions, although he was aided at the end by the Playmaker Lochrie (who couldn't find a Chinese in Soho), which added on around 20-30 miles to our journey. Indeed, the journey was so long that some of the boys had to amuse themselves by verbally abusing Billy, farting (primarily by the Ginger Monkey), sleeping (Super Grigg), free styling (The Lightning Darius) and trying to kiss his team-mates (Callas). The only player who was not bored was Tweedle Dee Loz who, two weeks previously, was told by Callas never to speak again. And he hasn't. Eventually we arrived.

We disembarked and were told in a rather rude manner to get changed get our asses on the pitch and prepare for the beating of our lives. What was even worse was that it was from the referee.

Now there are few things that the 1st team hate more than rudeness. I personally abhor it. It

was decided there and then that we should beat them, and beat them so badly that their ugly geezers up front would retreat, tail between their legs, back to their mothers' bosom to cry.

Admittedly, the beating did not start straight away. With the back four the only unit of the team intact from the disappointing draw with Holloway, it was thought that we would build on our strength from the back, until we let in a goal after 5 minutes.

A break down the right past the Ginger Monkey (he made an "executive decision" not to track his midfielder) resulted in the ball being squared and an 18-yard screamer being deposited into the back of the LSE net. Shit.

However, within a minute, the 1sts were back on level terms. The 1sts were playing the ball around very nicely from the back via the Tweedles and Billy up to the midfield through Sutton, The Lightning and the Playmaker up to Ickle Deano. The Ickle wonder has been strangely off colour of late, having not scored this term, until now. From 30-yards out he hit a curling dipping, Beckham-esque shot which flummoxed the 'keeper and ended up in the net. Lochrie, who was following in, made sure of it and even tried to claim the goal himself at which point Ickle stamped his feet and threw all of his toys out of his pram until Lochrie folded and gave him the goal. 1-1.

However, any regular Beaver readers should know that the 1sts can never win a game simply. We do it the hard way. Callas had been conspiring, together with Loz, to gift 4C a goal. They tried and tried but to no avail. So therefore Bisexual Billy Muppet

stepped up and did what two players could not, gave 4C a goal.

A hand-ball on the edge of the box by the afore-mentioned Muppet resulted in a point-blank free-kick and, with the referee demanding the wall be placed 20 yards back instead of the usual 10, Super Grigg had no chance. Admittedly it was one of the worst struck free-kicks I have ever seen, but Super Grigg could not be blamed for allowing the ball to trickle in.

For the second time in the game, however, LSE hit back straight away. A flowing move on the right involving Jamie 5th team reject, Tweedle Dum Andy and The Lightning resulted in a corner which Ickle Deano took.

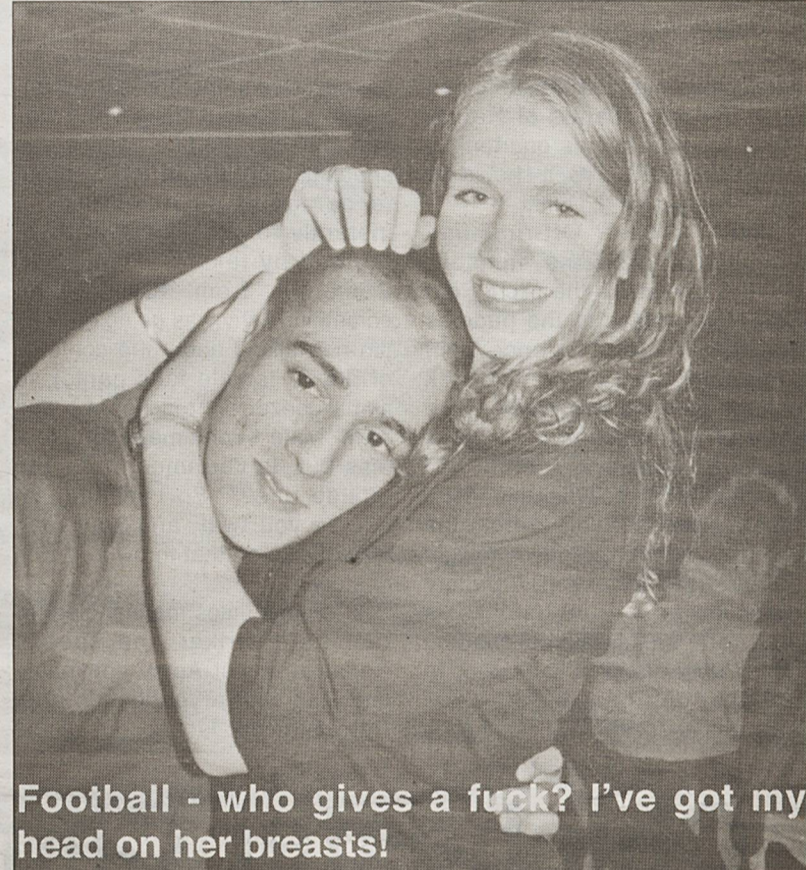
In rushed the Playmaker Lochrie to power a bullet header straight into the goal. Within 5 minutes the same combination from another corner worked again to score a carbon copy goal. Deja vu? No, just class on the part of the 1sts! Half-time and the 1sts were up 3-2, to the great annoyance of the C(u)C(n)C(t)C(s) players and their (very quiet) supporters.

Everyone was really up for the second half. Despite having shockers in the first half, Sutton and Callas battled on to aid the team in one of their finest hours. We all knew that 4C would come at us in the second half, but the defence stood resolute. "None shall pass" (PS this is Bisexual Billy Muppet's theory when he has the ball also).

Super Grigg made a number of quality saves, one low down to his left, a double save (from an initial shot that was going wide anyway, you dickhead!) as well as a point-blank stop from 4C's wanker of a right winger, who Loz and Sutsy dicked on all game.

Bisexual Billy Muppet used all his sexuality and animal instinct to completely obliterate any attack from 4C and Tweedle Dum Loz and Tweedle Dee Andy were at their very best, marking their wide men out of the game as well as applying passing techniques which they have obviously not learnt from the Muppet. Admittedly Callas was not at his best (has he ever!?) but despite this the defence held strong for the rest of the match- even after they had thrown around 4 men up front.

In the second half, the midfield dominated. The headline suggests that one player in particular was absolutely magnificent throughout the game, but particularly in the second half. The Lightning Darius covered just about every blade of



Football - who gives a fuck? I've got my head on her breasts!

grass on the 4C pitch- and then some more. Whilst free styling with the ball, he hardly ever gave it away, won countless headers, tackled like a tenacious little tiger and even had enough time to advertise that HE WILL BE MCing AT Q-BAR ON FEBRUARY 23RD!

The performance was made even more impressive by the fact that he has been playing wide-right all year (superbly) and has only played for LSE in the centre once before. All the team agreed on the way back that it was a match winning performance by the little MC, as well as agreeing to visit the Q-Bar on the 23rd.

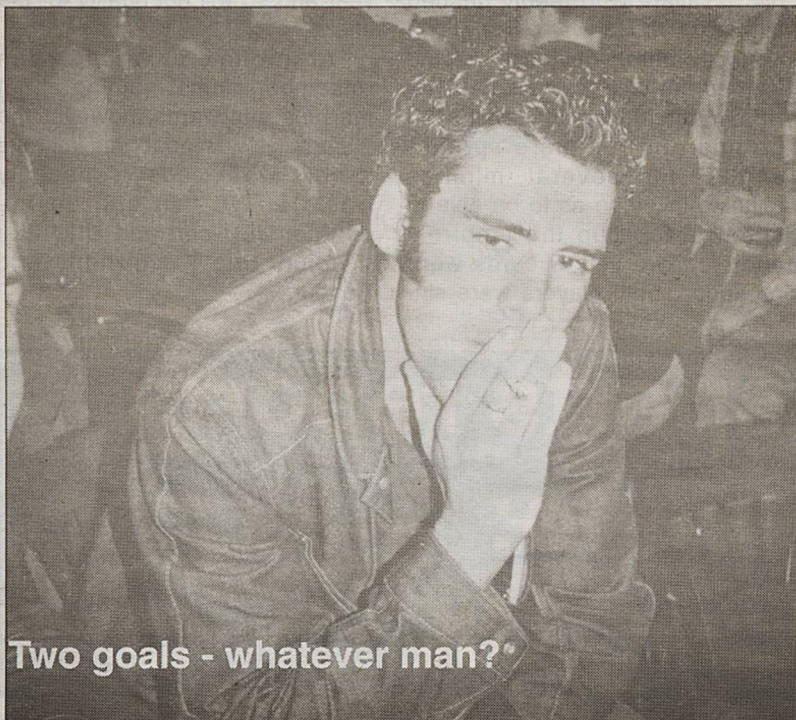
Tommy C (on loan from the 2nds) showed the class he has been displaying in training with two exquisite finishes. His first came courtesy of a move starting with Tweedle Dum on the right, through Jamie, the Playmaker and The Lightning onto the Ginger Monkey who crossed superbly for Tommy C to finish in the bottom right hand corner. Renditions of Hound Dog rang out to the delight of the Elvis adoring fans (who by this time didn't know whether to laugh or cry at their shambles of a 4C team).

His second, near the end, came courtesy of a Wright's Bar mixed grill-iant through ball by Lochrie where Tommy C, face to face with the 'keeper in a battle of wits decided to chicken out and embarrass him by chipping the ball in a Cantona-like finish, leaving 4C to lick the considerable wounds which the 1sts had inflicted upon them.

If this sort of performance continues, there is a large chance of success for the team this year. Riding high in ULU, in the cup semis, everything is looking rosy. However, complacency must be avoided, at all costs.

The game against Canterbury was a great victory for the team. Several players shone as well as The Lightning. Tommy C marked his 1sts debut with a clinical brace and Ickle Deano got back on the scoring trail, as well as providing a great link between the midfield and attack. However, Lochrie, the playmaker and captain, also had one of his best games for the 1sts. He was here, there and everywhere, won numerous tackles (and gave away numerous fouls!), won every header, scored twice and showed passing and vision equal to any recent 1st team centre mid.

All that was left was for us to rub 4C faces in our victory by playing on their pool table, eating their food and being leary in general. Super Grigg and Callas legged it down to Safeway to pick up the post game crates (about the only useful thing Callas did) and everyone (except Darius and Sutton) drank until the Tuns beckoned with her Amber Nectar and easy women (neither of which any 1st team player needed). Songs a plenty were sung: "You'll Never Walk Alone", "Living on a Prayer". The 1sts were in their element. Have fun. Drink. Be merry. But overall, WIN!



Two goals - whatever man?

ULU conspiracy robs Fifths

LSE V
Holloway V

0
1

LSE V
RCS
Match Abandoned

2
2

It was crunch time in our season, in the space of three days we had to play the quarter final of the cup and then a vital league match against one of ours and the sixth team's main challengers for the title. My how we fucked it up. In the words of Bill Shankly, it is better to be anything than Dutch. Oh wait, that's not it, it's better to be a lucky team than to be a good team, and we have based our entire season on proving this theory.

First up were RCS. Second up were all the excuses from previously committed amateurs. Grandmother's 80th birthdays, weddings, Chinese New Year and failure by the captain to inform people we had a game (about as likely as a Matt Barnet goal I know) were all cited as bullshit seeped from the pores of the 5th's stalwarts.

Still, a full team was produced, seeing the Mythen brothers reunited and John Hopkins dragged out of hash-induced winter hibernation to do battle in another garden suburb. Thanks to a goal from Mythen (J) we were still in the game despite a dodgy penalty and our keeper, Ash, being a vampire (scared of crosses... It's funny. Honestly.) Then Mythen (J) instigated a smooth flowing attack

that resulted in Mythen (T) scoring and the RCS centre-back lying on the floor in agony.

His mistake was to get in the way of Mythen (J)'s legs which were genetically modified by NASA and are the width and strength of a mature redwood. Needless to say he needed some attention, and my generously offered magic sponge was not appreciated "fuck off and give me some space".

Tension was already high at this point, between the teams thanks to the "Gypo tosser" (according to Mythen J) in a shell suit posing as linesmen and the complete tosser who'd kidnapped the referee and was trying to pass himself off as a vaguely competent twat in black.

Their penalty was top draw cheating by a ref who would make Hansie Cronje proud, and their actions after the injury would have embarrassed Peter Mandelson into admitting he'd made a mistake. People get injured all the time in matches up and down the country, some serious, some not, and never have I seen a match stopped because of an injury, but that is exactly what happened.

Their team left the pitch, got changed and went to the pub, on the pretence of waiting for an

ambulance. Whether this was because they felt that being down to 10 men with no subs left after finally relenting to 50 minutes of pressure to concede a second equalising goal that their chances in the match were now somewhat limited, we'll never know.

ULU however feels it is perfectly acceptable to abandon and replay a match when your best (or indeed any) player suffers anything worse than a dislocated thumb, so take note everyone. Well, after the disappointment of our Saturday, Egham beckoned.

Holloway away: possibly the worst fixture for anyone's season: nasty cramped pitches, and fucking miles to go at vast expense: we were ambushed by a ticket inspector who charged a princely £8.40 for the train; value not seen since Soup Opera first opened its doors. This was the big game, and Ash (our preferred keeper) couldn't play. Simon deputised, but to no avail.

With Justin D playing like a roller-blading epileptic under strobe lighting, and Matt being, well, very short, Holloway's intricate long-ball game caused us all sorts of problems at the back early on, and after around 15 minutes we conceded possibly the most wank goal ever. A tactical

master-plan at half-time reversed the fortunes of the side massively, that along with inspirational motivational crap. The new style confused the slightly simple lads from-Holloway, and domination of epic proportions followed.

Ricardo must be mentioned: he has taken his fair share of shit, but has been in fantastic form for some time now and he adapted to his new role with style and control. However domination did not become goals, we had goals disallowed, we hit the post, we saw the ball stop in the mud on the goal-line, we saw everything except the ball in the net.

We were all over them like a cheap suit, like a bad rash, like Johnny Beer on anything female, describe it how you

want: they were our bitches. The attacking trio of Noel, John and Tom was doing everything except score. Much like Crush in fact. Everybody was guilty of misses, and as Ricky said, any game in which he had 3 shots (admittedly my great-grandfather could have done better; and he lost a leg at Ypres) is a game we should have won.

Yes, well we didn't and now we have only pride, the Cup and beating the sixths to amuse us.



netball girl: no stranger to double figures

Fourth's Smash LSE Record

LSE IV
QMW III

a couple
shit loads

What.. surely not.. LSE 4th team are making history? He said it couldn't get any worse... but it did. 9-1 at the weekend was a good hammering considering we scored first and the half time score was 1-1. However, along came QMW for the third time this season (they pissed on-us the other two times) looking to score double figures and guess what they did.

With a new formation, Antti deciding to return to the beautiful 4-4-2 system and two new players, Indy and Adi we were ready to avenge the previous beatings. We had the kick-off so we looked good for approximately 5 seconds. Then they scored. Then they scored again.

After this we decided to play a bit of football. We made a few quick passes culminating with a delicate 50-yard pass by the 'tall

shy blond of holborn' releasing Karl towards goal. Then the amazing happened: Karl discovered his right foot, at which point most of the team fainted and he allegedly slotted the ball into the net. Then the ref decided to make his impact.

Their player ran off the pitch with the ball, ran around the cricket strip up to the pavillion, had a shower and then ran back onto the pitch and the ref called play-on. We were outraged so when Stoaie chopped him into two in the penalty area it seemed only fair. Stoaie was promptly booked (nothing new there) and Antti got a lecture from the blind wanker masquerading as a ref about Stoaie's actions reflecting badly on stoaie, Antti, our team, the LSE, her royal majesty the queen and the economic market in America. They scored, 3-1 down

at halftime and another (un)inspiring team talk consisting of 'Stoaie, the ref hates you, dont do anything stupid and get yourself sent off, this ref is clearly a wanker, boys, these lot are shit we shouldn't be losing to them, etc'

After the restart, Antti decided the game wasn't providing enough excitement for the TV cameras so chucked the ball to their striker, Paolo Wanchope who completed yet another hat-trick against us (what is a hat-trick of hat-tricks?)

Adi, who along with Indy provided the team with a bit more creativity, got injured so we were down to 10-men. Our formation changed to 4-4-1 and just when you thought it couldn't get worse it did.

One of their players booted the ball at Ross and the ref gave another penalty. Stoaie said 'oh

no way' which the ref translated into something very different and Stoaie was red-carded. WHY?. We now had 9 men, 4-1 down and they had a penalty. Are ref's obliged not to have any common sense once they walk onto a football pitch??. Antti saved the penalty but the celebrations were short lived, as within 5 minutes they scored.

So in the true spirit of the game we tried to make a fight of it which the opposition did not seem to like. Dave standing on someone's foot then telling them it was to even the teams didn't go down well. Did I mention they scored again.

It got comical. Swedish Pornstar Martin used his tackling to good effect stopping endlessly many chances and helping us keep the score below treble figures. Stewart caught the ball

outside the area, dropped it just to let Antti swat it away while outside the area (what is that, 3 red card offences in 2 games) only for the ball to land on Paulo Wanchope's foot, who missed an open goal. Then they scored again.

So in the last 5 minutes they scored a couple more but Anish capped our efforts with a well taken finish from a superb run by Ross.

It was a good thing that the game was only 80 minutes long or we could have been really embarrassed! The game ended with the ball, predictably in the back of our net and we headed back to the Tuns to explain why we have been unlucky to let 19 goals in two games, or possibly get so drunk we'd forget we even played football.

2nds Warriors Break Rugby Terrorism Ceasefire

LSE 2XV

Quaff Mead Wildly

Matron Jim reports a success for care in the community

52
0

It'll begin at the beginning: it was eight o'clock on a Wednesday evening and everyone was pissed. No one could remember why. All we had were the facts. a) Max Zorin was about to spew all over his little model of Silicon Valley, b) The Ears had already said hello again to his mixed grill, c) terrorism had returned to the Tuns, d) we were all going to Limelight, and e) Andy Gold must be destroyed.

The next morning as the mists parted, the true reason for our monumental drinking session was realised. The Yellow Warriors, armed with a huge assortment of beer goggles, had won a famous victory. QMWank (oh the cliché, but what wank they were) were shown exactly how they should bend over and take it. But nothing can detract from the fact that everyone in an LSE shirt had a blinder.

Truly the Dark Side had arisen, filled with class-A pies, no longer were we the good guys, the plucky underdogs or the guy who always remains just good friends with that fit bird. As everyone knows Alan Rickman is better than Kevin Costner. If we were to merge with Imperial, we could even be storm troopers, but there was slight concern when our drills before the game looked more like something the Ewoks would come up with.

Once the game started, however, we looked better than Han Solo in an asteroid field. With Baron von Munterhausen still recovering from repeated beatings from midjets and women, today saw the return of Stephen 'nothing comes from Texas but queers and steers' Gelb partnering the 'Big Daddy' FC in the front row. With our scrum as solid as Oscar's bowels after 13 days on mixed grills, and their lineouts even worse than ours, the first try was only a matter of time. Porn king,

well lubricated with KY jelly, slipped from the back of a ruck to score number one. Evil genius, Max Zorin stepped up for the kick, but found himself calling Mayday as he missed his first of many for the day.

Luckily the tries continued to flow like Oscar after 13 Mixed Grills and a Chinese. For the first time this season our wings actually got hold of the ball. Outstanding combination play, pace, plus a touch of outrageous greediness (but not as much as with Zorin) allowed Kelvin to run in two tries, while Tristan and Zorin got one apiece, before halftime.

The only time the muppets from QMW got a look in was when Tall Paul did what he does best (apart from singing YMCA) and gave away penalties. Ikea-boy had obviously been taking lessons from the big man and attempted to emulate his hero by getting caught offside repeatedly before going off with a cramp -you big girl's blouse.

Up 28 points at halftime a load of subs were brought on. The Gimp, (un)dressed as the half time entertainment did a lap of the pitch before being escorted away by a policeman and his strategically placed helmet. JP in his white boots (are you an Italian footballer?) and JB in his white shorts (In the Navy, you can sail the seven seas, in the Navy) took up their places on the wings while Diamond made a joyous return to the 2nds selling more dummies than Mothercare. Epsy reverted to his true calling of baiting the opposition from the touchlines so mercilessly that the ref had to smack his bottom for being a naughty boy.

With a substantial lead, LSE sat back for the next twenty minutes defending hard off the set pieces, with special credit to Excalibur who nailed anyone on

the blindside back into that stone. But like the British at Rourke's Drift (don't frow those bloody spears at me), each attack was swiftly repelled. And like the Zulus, QMW got nothing and was eventually totally shafted by British Empire.

Goaded by Epsy, QMW started to get a little bit upset. To say the game turned dirty was a complete overstatement since the best they could do was attempt to give Jim a Chinese burn, but the coordination required to move two hands in different directions proved just too complicated for any of them.

The last twenty minutes saw a return to the champagne rugby of the first half despite 'the littlest psycho' continually ignoring the overlaps. JB flew over the line not once, but twice, tripling his try scoring record at LSE while the Legend (God bless America) then proved true to his name with a

fifty-yard chip and chase to touch down under the posts. A final try courtesy of King Arthur's 'big weapon' finished off five minutes of glorious open play starting on our own 22'.

In the Tuns, the clock was turned back to the heady, drunken days before professionalism took hold of the sport. While fraternisation was certainly not allowed, terrorism certainly was. The arse-holes of society lived up to their name as pints were quaffed with furious abandon and the placid atmosphere was rent asunder by war chants. The footballers were visibly scared, while hockey cowered behind their Coca-Colas; women just fled.

With possibly the biggest league win ever posted by the seconds, it was only right that a new drink had to be created. Fifteen shots later a blue-coloured confection was produced. The

team put their head together and came up with a stunningly original name, (drum roll): the BLUE MONSTER. Never again will a genetically engineered, KGB-trained, ginger glory boy try to flood San Francisco (or not pass the ball). By ten the question was asked, "Anyone else care to drop out?"

For the survivors a few questions had to be asked: Why does Tristan 'nice but dim' find twenty-one so difficult to understand? Why can't Duncan down a Tuna and Cucumber sandwich? Why doesn't Andy Gold let any of us sing? Where was Legoman (stealing kiddies toys)? Why is it bad to drink too many flaming sambucas? By closing time the most common questions were, who am I? Where is Limelight? Why don't my legs work? And why are there so many beautiful women around?



Pick Me Nigel !