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The Beaver

The Newspaper of the LSE SU

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Jimmy 'Mullet' Baker explores a night in the life of Crush
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Toilet mugging 'worst in seven years'

Cathy Wallace

Imagine going to the toilets in the Tuns in the daytime and finding yourself face to face with a mugger armed with a knife. A few weeks ago this incident did take place: a LSE student was forced into a cubicle in the men's toilet, the robber took his mobile and demanded money while threatening the victim with his knife. Luckily, just when the victim was asked to get cash from a machine while his assailant took a ring of sentimental value, somebody else entered the toilet and the robber took flight.

This recent mugging was described by Bernie Taffs, LSE's House Manager, as the worst crime that has been committed here in seven years. Taffs was, however, keen to stress that such events are increasingly rare at LSE and that there have been massive improvements to our security since the mid-1990s, when the School did not even have any security teams patrolling the premises.

It's never easy policing a place as large and public as the LSE. With over twenty buildings in constant use, checking crime is a daunting, if not impossible task. And yet the LSE crime statistics show that in 2001 there were only 132 crimes reported throughout the whole university. Even considering the fact that many crimes go unreported, this is a highly impressive statistic for a large

public institution in the very heart of London.

It wasn't always this safe at the LSE. In 1996 there were over 250 reported crimes committed on campus, the majority of which occurred at weekends or at unknown times. This figure dropped dramatically in 1997 to only 98 reported crimes, and has remained between 100 and 140 in the following years. In terms of danger times, the statistics show that in 1996, crime was higher between January and May than the rest of the year, and that in the following years each month has an equal distribution of offences. According to the statistics the buildings most likely to be targeted are the Old Building, St Clement's Building, the Library, the East Building and Clare Market. The highest risk area is the streets around the university, but the majority of crime reported here is bicycle theft. As regards the time of day, between 11am and 3pm is the likeliest time for crime to be reported.

By far the largest cash loss between 1999 and 2001 has been from IT equipment belonging to the school - in 2001 over £35,000 of IT equipment was stolen. Much of this amount was accounted for by theft of projectors installed in classrooms and not locked down properly. Personal property comes a distant second with around £15,000 worth being stolen in 2001.

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Just when you thought it was safe to come out of the toilet...

Rag Week at LSE: it's really about giving

Every year week seven of the Lent term is Raising and Giving Week at the LSE and this year it should be better than ever.

RAG week aims to raise awareness and funds for a variety of good causes, with the three major benefactors this year being UNICEF, Oxfam's Education Now campaign and Centrepoint. The main thrust of the campaign will be a programme of events throughout the week, including a toga party capitalising on the success of last year's event in

which the hockey boys bared all.

Among other highlights of this year's Rag Week will be a Northern Society Yard of Ale Competition, and a sponsored rough sleep in Houghton Street to draw attention to the plight of homeless people in London which Centrepoint aims to alleviate.

Last but emphatically not least, Tuesday will see LSE hold its very first Rag Pub Crawl, which will tour as many University of London bars as possible while collecting for

our charities. A prize will be awarded for the best fancy dress.

In addition collections will be made throughout the week on Houghton Street and around the school.

These events are, however nothing if the student body does not support them, and so now is the time to give something back to the community and hopefully have some fun doing so.

For more information, see our Rag Week pullout in the centre of this week's paper.

Inside : **b:link** - this week's best features, 11 - 18; **B:art** - the latest films, music, and theatre, 23 - 35; **Sports** - editor a sporting legend, 37 - 40

Summer internships just around the corner at Citigroup Corporate & Investment Bank
Imagine no limits: www.citigroup.com/newgrads/recruits

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Digby Jones gives economic forecast

Karla Adams

At the dawn of 2002, the United States, Japan, Germany, Britain and France are driving the world economy. But how are they doing? And what does the future hold?

In an event sponsored by the Business Society, Digby Jones, the Director General of the Confederation of British Industry (CBI), attempted to address these questions.

The head of the influential business group asked his audience to join him on a tour of the world's powerhouse economies, starting with Japan.

Jones touched down only briefly in Japan. Despite enduring 11 years of stagnation, Jones doesn't see much hope for the Japanese, given their reluctance to spend. "The Japanese have been given every incentive to spend, but they still continue tuck money under their mattresses," said Jones. As long as the country continues to keep a stronghold on its purse strings, Jones does not foresee an economic turnaround.

Moving westward, Jones contemplated the economic outlook of the United States, the world's largest economy. There is an old cliché that when America sneezes the world catches a cold, so it was welcome news that Jones predicted an economic turnaround as early as this year: "I believe that America will come out of recession in the third quarter of this year," said Jones.

Jones was less confident about America's free trade and environmental policies, though.

"America believes in free trade, as long as it's American free trade," said Jones. To exemplify his point, Jones pointed to the recent merger discussions between American Airlines and British Airways where America demanded that British Airways surrender 70 slots at Heathrow. Not surprisingly, British Airways declined. "In essence, America was saying no to free trade."

Jones believes the world's richest nation and largest polluter should also revisit its recent retraction on the Kyoto Protocol and set an example for the rest of the world. "I was in Delhi recently and the pollution was terrible," recalled Jones. "I turned to the minister next to me and asked, 'What are we going to do? Both our countries have to clean this up.' The minister replied, 'When the greatest polluter on earth cleans up their act, so will we.'"

Moving some 3000 miles westward, Jones touched down in Germany. Germany has the third largest economy in the world, the strongest economy in Europe, and is Britain's second biggest trading partner, but, like many countries this year, it has taken an economic beating. As Jones bluntly put it, "Eighty million people in Germany are in the s**t."

Jones argued that to revive its econo-

my, Germany needs to address its restrictive employment standards. "It was only last year that they took off the statute book that they put you in prison for working Saturday afternoons," said Jones. Can Gerhard Schroeder turn unemployment around? Jones is skeptical: "Last year, Schroeder said if unemployment in Germany exceeded 3.5 million when he went to the polls, he deserved not to be re-elected. On March 1, unemployment is predicted to go beyond four million."

Jones then backtracked westwards to France. France can boast of the best education system and transport system in Europe, but its centralized approach to wealth creation is hurting the country.

Jones told a tale of a company in the CBI that had operations in France, Scotland and the Czech Republic, and last year sacked 600 people - none of whom were from France. The CEO wanted to lay off employees in France, but it was too expensive to let them go. "This is barking mad," said Jones.

He finally landed in his homeland: Britain. Like France, Britain is enjoying mild economic

prosperity. Jones thinks Britain will grow at a rate of 1.9%, Gordon Brown thinks it's 2.5%, but neither is talking of recession.

But Britain has its own problems, namely, high illiteracy rates, a mismanaged health system, and, of particular concern, a deteriorating transport system.

Half the battle for the British workforce is getting to work. This poses a serious problem to the efficiency needed to compete in today's global economy. It doesn't help Jones' pitch either. "I go around the world fighting for British

business, and people say, don't come here and talk to us about investing in private public partnerships when you can't even get your own railway system in line."

Jones concluded his speech with the holy grail of LSE lecture themes: globalisation.

Jones argued in favour of globalisation—as long as it doesn't turn into Americanisation. "I don't want to stand as I did in a hotel room in Singapore and turn on CNN World News and be told that there is a bus strike in Denver."

To continue to compete on a global level, says Jones, Europe must capitalize on the best that each nation has to offer. "We need the labor market flexibility of Britain. We need the education system of France. We need the systems engineering of Germany. And we should look at the taxation regime of Ireland," said Jones.

As for an overall verdict, the Director General of the CBI is optimistic. "Do I think the world economy will recover and do I think Europe will unify? Yes. Do I know when? I have no idea."



Digby Jones and members of the LSE Business Society

"People say, 'Don't come here and talk about public-private partnerships when you can't even get your own railway in line.'"

LSE BUSINESS SOCIETY

Anita Roddick OBE
Founder of The Body Shop International
'Business as Usual'

Thursday 21st February
6pm, Hong Kong Theatre (Clement House)

Born in 1942 to Italian immigrant parents in the hamlet of Littlehampton, Anita opened her first shop on a tiny street in Brighton in 1976, selling 25 hand-mixed products and with no visions of international success. Today the Body Shop makes a sale every 0.4 seconds, with 1900 outlets in 50 countries stocking over 1000 products.

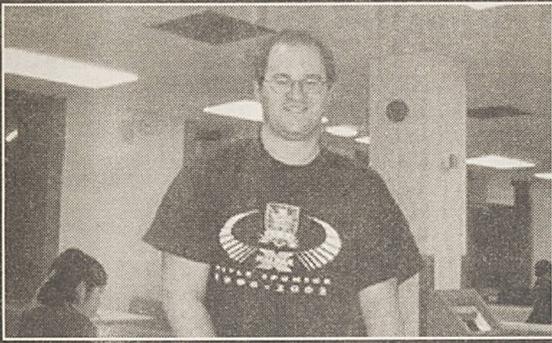
Anita's sharpest focus has been on matters of globalization and on the "free trade at all costs" agenda. In 1999, she flew to Seattle to speak out against the WTO and witnessed at first hand the "Battle of Seattle": 'I came away choking from the tear gas and with a deep sense of shame at the way that multinationals and politicians can behave. It reinforced my resolve to do whatever I can to campaign for human rights, abused and ignored by trade rules, which focus only on profits -- no matter what the human cost.' Consequently, The Body Shop's mission statement is to "dedicate our business to the pursuit of social and environmental change."

The meeting will be followed by a drinks reception in the Hong Kong Theatre, where students will be given the opportunity to meet Anita in person. The talk is open to all students - please arrive early to avoid disappointment, as capacity is limited to 200 and the event is unticketed! A book-signing session is also being organised to follow Anita's talk.

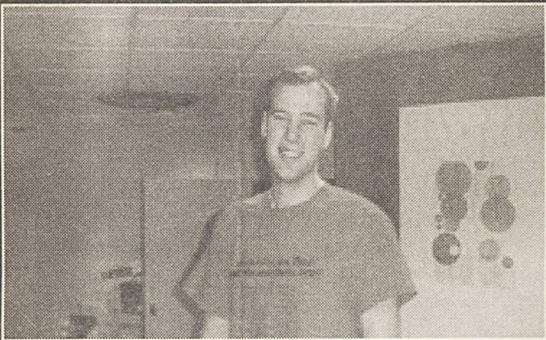
A reminder of our other confirmed lecture for 2001/2002:

Bill Emmott
Editor-in-Chief of The Economist
Chair: Professor Anthony Giddens, Director of the LSE
Thursday 21st March, 6pm, Hong Kong Theatre

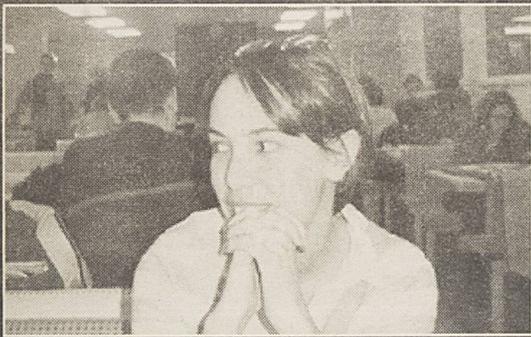
Houghton Street's views on crime at LSE



'We're situated 10 minutes away from Covent Garden - we should look out for each other'
-Peter Taylor



'9 o'clock lectures are a crime against humanity.'
-Paul Benjamin



'It would be a crime to miss the Rag Week pub crawl.'
-Rowan Harvey



'You ain't seen me.... right?'
- Peter Skipwith

Agatha Christie meets The Mummy

May Ling Lee

The British Museum has recently announced its collaboration with the e-learning site Fathom to provide online courses and seminars.

Following the footsteps of others, such as the British Library and the Natural History and Science Museum, it is the latest addition to Fathom. Its first online course will feature a free e-seminar on Agatha Christie and Archeology which is intended to link to its current exhibition and it also has other courses with subject matters such as Cleopatra, contemporary Japanese Festivals and the History of European Currencies in the pipeline.

This move by the British

'This move by the British Museum clearly demonstrates a marked recognition of the accelerating trend in the use of the world wide web as a means of learning.'

Museum clearly demonstrates a marked recognition of the accelerating trend in the use of the world wide web as an means of learning and exchanging ideas and debates. Indeed, Fathom was first created by Columbia University for people to use the internet to find information and gain knowledge. It now works in conjunction with 13 other institutions, which include the LSE, Cambridge University Press, the University of Chicago and The New York Public Library, to provide a vast range of online courses and e-seminars, ranging from Shakespeare sonnets to the biology of venomous animals. The e-courses are provided for a fee of usually £31 while selected e-seminars are free. Together, these 13 institutions boast a total of 800 academics contributing to the course contents. Moreover, this e-learning site allows users to chat

with the professors and to buy books that have been used in discussions.

Dr Carol Homden, director of marketing and public affairs at the British Museum, remarked that with this development of online courses, the museum expects to have more virtual visitors than actual visitors by 2003, coinciding with its 250th anniversary. Although the provision of online education by the British Museum is not novel with its online tours and Ancient Civilisation educational websites already in operation, she emphasized that "the partnership with Fathom will enable a new type of lifelong learning, providing users with the opportunity to explore more widely across and between institutions and disciplines."

Equally delighted by this collaboration is Fathom. Its president and CEO Ann Kirschner said that Fathom welcomed the British Museum's decision to join them and that this collaboration would enable the Museum's visitors to have a unique education experience online.

A survey of the initial e-seminar on Agatha Christie and archeology highlights how such e-seminars and courses are provided virtually. The opening page provides objectives of the course, the syllabus, a description of the course and who is responsible for providing it. Customer support is also given there. In addition, one can call the Fathom customer support line (although a user based in London for example would have to make an international call to the US or Canada). This specific seminar is indeed very useful for those interested in learning more about Agatha Christie. With the range of subjects on offer, Fathom is therefore a great addition to online resources for academics and students alike. The inclusion of the British Museum will further increase its diversity and make it even more valuable.

To find out more about Fathom, visit <http://www.fathom.com>



Union Jack

Jack was disheartened at the start of this week's UGM to find that all the Sabbs announcements have drifted off into the realms of tedium. That said, Dave 'feet of' Clay did arouse Jack out of his torpor by quoting a senior LSE academic. "Exams take precedent over football." For a man of such a high post to totally misunderstand the student population worries Jack greatly.

Questions to the Executive Editor of The Beaver created a frisson of activity. The Balcony Boys hate to be snubbed and felt they were being neglected by Catherine Baker's continued absence from the UGM. Excuses weren't good enough for them, so Rex Walker took the unorthodox step of phoning her mobile. Voicemail. Oh well, maybe next week.

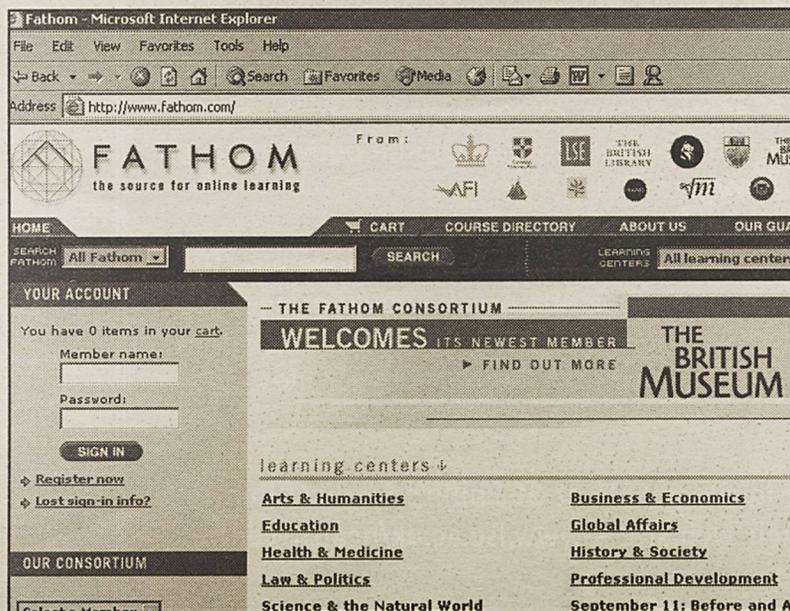
The first motion this week was a request for a microwave oven to be provided for students wishing to give themselves salmonella on the cheap (rather than have to revert to the Brunch Bowl for all their contaminant needs). Conceivably the duller motion so far this year, it was only spiced up by Charterhouse's declaration that students can't be trusted and 'would probably blow them up anyway'. The motion passed, much to the pleasure of all the research students at the London School of Tropical Hygiene. Expect an outbreak of lse-coli anytime soon.

After that the UGM contemplated taking another look at the set up of our Sabbs. Clearly suffering from the previous night's activities, Rex 'the runt' Walker relinquished his role as chair to advocate the need for a fifth sabbatical, although he didn't seem to know what this sabb should be doing. Nonetheless the motion passed, and Jack is sure it'll be swept under the carpet in due course.

Next up there was a call for the SU to use greener electricity. All very rosy. However, James Dearman made the fatal error of actually supplying the UGM with facts. He doubted whether the increased cost of greener energy would have any impact other than increasing our heating costs. In the end the motion passed, due in no small part by to the contribution of a rather comely second speaker.

Finally, in what became a behemoth motion, the European Society wanted to see the School accept tuition fees in euros. However, since the Finnish Prime Minister was set to speak, the UGM decided they'd have a little fun, throwing amendment after amendment up in an attempt to keep the great man waiting. Once the UGM began discussing whether the Thai baht should be adopted in the SU shop it became clear that the whole thing became very silly. The motion managed to pass, despite the lack of input from Finland's premier.

Next week Jack is going to be bound and gagged by the Sabbaticals. On a totally unrelated note, there will be no Jack next week due to the elections. Enjoy - Jack knows he will.



The Beaver's weekly round up of student news
with Ju Li Gan



Three MIT students have joined the 2002 Salt Lake City Winter Olympics...as interns for technical services – what did you think? They are responsible for handling timing, scoring, administrative computing, as well as troubleshooting computer problems. In their spare time, they get the chance to snowboard and watch the events.

At the very same Olympics, their fellow schoolmate has been chosen, out of over 1.3 million worldwide, to join the MacDonald's Olympic Team. The MacD's veteran (he has been working part-time at the fast-food chain since he was 16) claims that qualifying for the team was no easy process. MacDonald's is sending 400 of its best staff worldwide to work in five Salt Lake City branches for the games – air tickets, accommodation and tickets to the games are all provided. Maybe it's time to take your french-fries job more seriously.

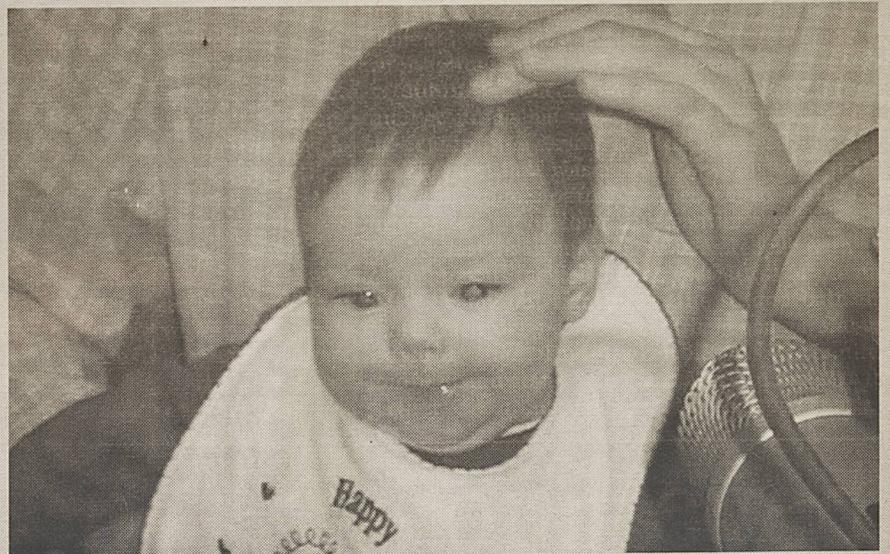


Grades at Colgate are recognised across the United States because of their low inflation levels. Grade inflation is an important issue because it may complicate recruitment and selection processes for careers and graduate studies, hence it was brought up recently by a Professor Bruce Selleck, a professor of geology at Colgate. At Harvard, the concern over the fact that 51% of its students receive A to A-grades has led to one professor giving his students two grades – a "public" grade, which is officially recorded on the students' transcripts, and a "private" grade, which is awarded according to what the professor believes the student should get in relation to fellow classmates – this grade is only seen by the student. This necessarily brings doubt to the credibility of grades on the transcripts. Hence the huge debate on the issue.

Professor Selleck contends that grades are not the most important matter, and that he is more concerned about whether his students are learning. He refers to grades as a "necessary evil" in the education system. For those struggling with class grades, these are words well said.

2002 Sponsored Sleep-Out in aid of Shelter

The annual sponsored sleep-out is taking place this Wednesday night on Houghton Street. It starts at about 1am on Thursday morning, and continues till dawn / the tubes start running. You can pick up a sponsorship form from SU Reception (in the East Building) now, and just turn up on the night. If you need more information, just email the lovely Iain Bundred (I.R.Bundred@lse.ac.uk)



I'm not allowed to go – it's past my bedtime! I'm only 14 weeks old!

Free Meningitis C Vaccination for LSE Students

Are you 24 or under? You should now be immunised against one of the causes of meningitis, with the Meningitis C vaccine if you haven't been vaccinated already.

You can be vaccinated for free during the fortnight commencing the 4th of March (Monday – Friday) between 8 am and 5 pm in the Peacock Theatre, even if you're not registered at St Philip's.

The MenC vaccine has already been offered to people under 20 with tremendous success. The number of people aged 15-19 with meningitis has fallen by 90% since the vaccine was introduced.

Meningitis is an inflammation of the lining of the brain. It can be caused by a number of viruses or bacteria. Meningococcal groups B and C are two types of bacteria that cause a high number of cases of meningitis in the UK. Group B is the most common, but group C causes the most deaths.

These bacteria can also cause septicaemia (blood poisoning). In septicaemia, bacteria infect the blood and may spread through the body to make you very ill. Meningitis and septicaemia can kill.

The vaccine protects you against group C meningitis and septicaemia. The vaccine is not live. It contains parts of the bacteria which should protect you but cannot give you the disease. You only need one dose, which is given in an injection. One injection should protect you for the rest of your life.

For more information, visit the lovely people at St Philip's Medical Centre and pick up a leaflet, or see their web site – www.lse.ac.uk/health-centre

Signs and Symptoms of Meningitis

Early signs can include:

- being sick
- a fever
- pain in your back or joints
- a very bad headache
- a stiff neck

Get medical help urgently if you:

- can't stand bright lights
- become disorientated
- develop a rash which looks like a bruise and doesn't fade under pressure
- start to lose consciousness

Do the glass test - If you press the side of a glass firmly against the rash, it should fade and lose colour under pressure. If it **doesn't** change colour, contact your doctor immediately. If it **does** change colour, and you've got the above symptoms, you've probably just had a good time at Crush.

Keeping track of the teachers... online

Beaver Staff

The Teaching Quality Assurance and Review Office (TQARO) conducted the first full-scale, online survey of students' opinions of teaching by part-time class teachers during weeks 6-9 in the Michaelmas Term.

The survey was heavily publicised to ensure that students were fully briefed on when it was happening and what they were expected to do. Posters appeared around the School, articles were written for *Teaching Matters* and *News and Views*, overheads were sent to all class teachers and a log-in box was arranged for all School PCs.

Students also received a letter from the Chairman of the Teaching Quality Assurance Committee via email, prior to the survey going live, which explained its purpose and gave an assurance of confidentiality. As an incentive to take part, prizes were offered for submission of questionnaires.

Emails, containing approximately 13,000 survey 'links', were sent to approximately 5,500 students over a period of about 1.5 weeks. The survey was 'live' for a total of 3.5

weeks, and a final response rate of 51% was achieved. There were a few minor operational problems, mainly due to the unexpectedly high frequency

could be completed on any PC with internet access and would not therefore eat into teaching time as the previous paper-based surveys had done.

prize was won by Caroline Chassing (Mathematics), pictured with Mary Peschka (Anthropology), one of 15 book token winners.

results very similar to previous years, with the majority of students 'very' or 'fairly' satisfied with their class teaching (84% in 2001, 90% in 2000 and 89% in 1999).

We are fast approaching the next full-scale, on-line survey (the Lent Term Course Teaching Survey, in which students can give feedback on all the teaching they have received this year); this will be conducted during weeks 7 to 10.

Posters will be going up around the School this week to prompt you to complete questionnaires for all your courses and once again prizes - including another weekend break for 2 people - will be offered. Please make sure that you take part!

All students taking taught courses should receive an email linking you to the survey by the end of week 8; if you do not, please send a message to the Teaching Quality and Assurance Office at TQAROSurveys@lse.ac.uk

If you have any questions or comments about the survey you are welcome to contact the survey administrator, alison.taylor@lse.ac.uk.



Caroline and Mary: TQARO survey's lucky winners

with which responses were submitted. These are being addressed before the next survey. However, none of these significantly hampered the survey administration.

The survey was generally well received by students as it

Students completed their surveys during the day and sometimes in the middle of the night!

Anecdotal evidence suggests that the opportunity to win a European weekend for two was very popular with students. The

Aggregate survey results for each teacher and for the Department were sent to Convenors and detailed results, including your general comments, distributed to part-time teachers by Christmas. School-wide aggregates revealed

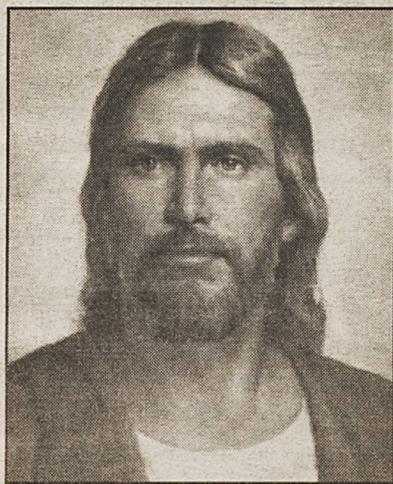
Good God - it's Christian Week at LSE

LSE Christian Union

Being Christian, do you have any friends?" With such utterances of a certain bar manager when asked to open the bar for a jazz concert did the Christian Union's Jesus Awareness Week commence in week five of term! And somehow despite the boring, lifeless people that we Christians are, we managed to pull it off!

Jesus Awareness Week was the annual week organised by the Christian Union in order to present that in which they put their trust and hope to the rest of the LSE community. Christians believe that God has brought us into a living, exciting relationship with Himself through the sending of his son Jesus Christ to die on the Cross for us. We believe that he has set us free to live life to the absolute full. Through a series of events throughout the week this faith was laid open to the school.

From the Monday to the Friday, an esteemed Christian Philosopher, Michael Ramsden, also director of the Zacharius



Have you seen this man in the Underground...

Trust gave daily talks in the Underground Bar. Touching on the themes of Truth, Certainty, Freedom, Love and Life and with a daily attendance of over 50 people these events proved challenging and stimulating to many, while the questions posed to Michael after he had finished speaking often pushed his philosophical mind to the limit! As well as the daily talks, the underground bar further served as a venue for the Christian

'Every Friday in the Underground Bar the Christian Union will be opening up the coffee bar, so whether you simply want to come and read a paper to the mellow sounds of Sinatra, or to engage in conversations regarding Christianity, this is the place to be.'

Union coffee bar. For some simply a nice place to come and relax with a doughnut and a paper, for others a venue to enter conversations on life, truth, Christianity and other philosophical matters relating



...or even heard this one?

to religion, but for all a welcome alternative to the quad. And while Jesus Awareness Week has now ended, rest assured that the coffee bar lives on! Every Friday in the Underground Bar the Christian Union will be opening up the coffee bar, so whether you simply want to come and read a paper to the mellow sounds of Sinatra, or to engage in conversations regarding Christianity, this is the place to be.

Perhaps though the highlight of the week was the Monday night jazz concert in the quad. With a live band and near on 200 students attending, it proved to be a funky evening of cool jazz, especially surprising in the end to a certain bar manager! While some listened contemplatively to the sounds of the bass and of the trumpet, others boogied the way into the night.

Following on from this week the LSE Christian Union are now running an Alpha course. Already over 1 million people in the UK have attended this course in order to learn more of the Christian faith and seek after the meaning of life. A large number of students have already signed up, but for any others interested in doing so, contact the LSECU at: s.u.s.o.c.ChristianUnion@lse.ac.uk If you're looking for an informal gathering with Christians, agnostics and atheists, accompanied by a meal and some rather meaty conversations, then Alpha is definitely for you.

Margot Light on Russia and the West after 11 September



The war against terrorism presented the Russian government with a quandary. On the one hand, cooperating in the coalition offered the potential benefit of concessions on issues that had begun to cause difficulties in Russia's relations with the West, and particularly with the United States. On the other hand, in the longer term the war against terrorism might threaten Russia's domestic stability, affect its standing in 'the post-Soviet space' and undermine the relationships it has re-established with traditional Soviet allies.

Russian sympathy for Americans after the attack on the World Trade Centre and the Pentagon on 11 September was immediate and very genuine. Ordinary people left bunches of flowers outside the American Embassy, the four national television channels took the unprecedented step of replacing their normal programmes and advertisements with non-stop coverage of the situation in the USA. President Putin sent a telegram immediately to express his sympathy. Like many Russians, he believed that Americans now understood what Russia had suffered at the hands of Chechen terrorists.

When the response to 11 September began to be discussed, senior Russian military leaders, including Anatoly Kvashnin, the Chief of General Staff and the Minister of Defence, Sergei Ivanov, strongly opposed Russia's direct cooperation with the United States in the war against terrorism. Nevertheless, Putin, who had established a good personal relationship with President Bush, offered

to share intelligence with the USA and to open Russian airspace for humanitarian flights. More significantly, he also promised to increase the supply of weapons to the Northern Alliance, the Taliban's Afghan opponents (this was the first public admission that Russia had been supplying them with arms).

He claimed that the Central Asian presidents had sought Russian support before offering the use of their air fields to launch the attack on Afghanistan (in fact, the evidence suggests that he merely acquiesced to a decision he could not prevent).

What were the gains that President Putin

'If the anti-terrorist coalition launched a military attack against Afghanistan, Western leaders would no longer be able to criticise Russia for doing the same thing in Chechnya.'

thought Russia might achieve by cooperating in the anti-terrorist coalition? First, Western political leaders had been very critical of Russia's second war against Chechnya, although Russia has always claimed that this was a war against international terrorists funded and trained by Osama Bin Laden and al Qaeda. If the anti-terrorist coalition launched a military attack against Afghanistan, Western leaders would no longer be able to criticise Russia for doing the same thing in Chechnya.

Second, there were potential financial gains. Some Russian commenta-

tors demanded, for example, that, in return for their cooperation, the US and other western creditors should offer forgiveness or at least a re-scheduling of the huge foreign debt which Russia has been struggling to repay. They also wanted more active assistance in attaining early membership of the World Trade Organisation.

Third, in the security field, President Putin expected that President Bush would soften his uncompromising stance on abandoning the ABM treaty and developing and deploying missile defence, two issues that Russia had long opposed. He also hoped that the Bush administration would agree that the reduction in strategic missiles that had recently been reached should be enshrined in a formal treaty negotiated in the normal way, rather than with the handshake that President Bush seemed to think would be sufficient. He also hoped that further NATO enlargement would be postponed or even abandoned. Overall, he expected that as a result of Russia's cooperation, there would be general recognition of Russia's great power status and of its influence over the territory of the former Soviet Union, an area which Russia has always maintained as a sphere of its vital interest.

At first, it seemed as if Putin's expectations had been justified. Western criticism of Russia's policy in Chechnya fell silent. And although there was no shift in relation to Russia's debt, there was some movement on WTO membership. On the security issues, however, President Putin's hopes for compromise were disappointed. On 13 December President Bush gave six-month formal notice that the United States will abrogate the ABM treaty and there is no sign that the US administration will agree to the kind of strategic arms limitation agreement that the

Russians want. The next round of NATO expansion will be announced in November 2002 and the Baltic states will almost certainly be included.

Disappointing though this may be, cooperating in the war against terrorism presents Russia with longer term dangers that are far closer to home. For the first time in history, the US has a military presence in Central Asia. Moreover, it is likely to be a long term presence, because the war against terrorism is only one reason for US interest in the area; Caspian Sea resources and safeguarding the pipelines that take the resources to Western markets are interests that pre-date the war against terrorism and they are likely to abide. Far from Central Asia being recognized as its legitimate sphere of influence, therefore, Russia now has to compete with the US in its own backyard.

The presence of US forces in Central Asia is likely to cause local resentment in the long term (as seems to have happened in Saudi Arabia). The consequence may well be that there will be new recruits to the small opposition groups (including fundamentalist Islamic movements) that have been attempting to destabilise the Central Asian governments in the last few years. Russians have always believed that their southern border is vulnerable and that there is nothing to prevent unrest in Central Asia from spreading into Russia.

Finally, if the war against terrorism extends beyond Afghanistan, Putin

will be faced with difficult choices. Russia has good relations with the three countries President Bush labelled as 'the axis of evil'. It has a thriving trade relationship with Iran, a number of valuable deals have been negotiated with Iraq, pending the lifting of international sanctions, and Putin has positioned himself to mediate North Korea's return to the international political system. If the United States launches an attack against 'the axis of evil', Russia's international stature will suffer a severe blow unless Putin disassociates himself from the coalition against terrorism. But if he does withdraw from the coalition, he will lose what has always been Russia's primary foreign policy goal - a strong, cooperative relationship with the United States.

Professor Margot Light has been in the International Relations Department since 1987. She has been teaching and writing about the former Soviet Union for the past 25 years. She is currently investigating the consequences of exclusion from EU and NATO expansion for Russia, Belarus, Moldova and Ukraine. Her most recent publications are (with Stephen White and John Löwenhardt) 'Russian Perspectives on European Security' in European Foreign Affairs Review, Vol.5, No. 4, 2000, and Ethics and Foreign Policy (edited with Karen E. Smith), CUP, 2001.

If you would like to comment on this article, please reply, in article form, to j.v.giese@lse.ac.uk.

Grigory Yavlinsky: Russian democrat in a cold climate

Saija Vuola

The Political Climate in Russia after September 11 – an exciting title for a long sold-out event organised by the Grimshaw Club with none other than Dr. Grigory Yavlinsky, Chairman of the Russian Democratic Party Yabloko and former presidential candidate, as speaker.

Yavlinsky, a frank commentator on his own government's policies, started his three-layer analysis with an illuminating cross-cut of the state of the Russian economy. He only stopped dead ("I don't understand the question") when asked about his personal wealth, displeasing the otherwise extremely interested audience. The first thing he mentioned was that the LSE's observations on Russian economy have not been adequate. This remark made the crowd consisting mainly of journalists, LSE, Oxford and UCL students listen even more carefully.

The Russian economy is in a state where economic growth has stopped. It does not help the situation that during Yeltsin's time the businesses were connected to 'the Family' while the economy and politics were in peaceful coexistence. Now, this might be becoming dangerous as 'the Family' no longer holds all the strings in its hands.

Despite the current problems, Yavlinsky has faith in the Russian economy. "Russia has the lowest income tax of all countries I know (13%)", he said. "At the moment, 90% of all spending is covered by tax revenue. Taxes are now easier to collect because they are so low." According to Yavlinsky, Russia should abstain from taking new loans. The experiences with the IMF have been negative and one should learn from them. Instead of giving loans, the West could really help Russia by operating their banks there. "Especially after the 1998 crisis, Russia has been lacking a modern banking system, but if the West gave a hand in that respect, Russia could learn the benefits of high oil prices, for example," analysed Yavlinsky. The situation is in no way helped by the fact that the Chairman of the Russian Central Bank is a banker from Soviet times.

Another major problem is the massive capital flight. The Russian Central Bank states that \$20 billion is lost every year in capital flight, which is rather a lot considering that Russia has a budget of \$60 billion. And although this is not the real figure because the Central Bank exaggerates for

political reasons, the sum is huge, and new ways have to be found to stop the capital flight. Analysis is needed on money laundry, and corruption has to be fought. Yavlinsky is not only criticising his own country but blames the West for its part: "Corruption is a joint venture with the West," he said. If the money could not go to banks in Switzerland and New York, corruption would not be so widespread.

Talking about the political

"Putin did well to support the anti-terrorist coalition: for the first time, other forces were used to protect Russian interests. But Russian domestic policy must change before there is long-term co-operation."

situation, the first thing Yavlinsky has in mind is the freedom of the press. For him, it is particularly important to have freedom of speech because he needs to communicate with his millions of voters. "I have no possibility of expressing my political views on a regular basis," he said. When asked whether the West has reduced the pressure on Russia concerning press freedom, Yavlinsky simply stated that 'pressure' is the wrong word to be used as it does not work under Russian conditions. Western criticism is welcome if it is honest and if the West really knows what it is talking about.

The electoral system is also not open nor fair – manipulations occur, especially in regional elections. Adding to this the fact that the judicial system is used as a political tool, the state of democracy in Russia does not look promising. "The example with TV6 clearly shows that politics is tied too much tied to the judicial system," said Yavlinsky, who obviously suffered a personal setback when the liberal TV channel was closed down.

Yavlinsky compared the current situation to one under a totalitarian system. "A totalitarian system destroys democratic institutions, but a quasi-democratic system adjusts or replaces them as it wishes. This is one of the most difficult situations there is," he said. "At the moment, on a scale from 1 to



10, Russian democracy occupies the position 3, but I am going to raise the number to 10," Yavlinsky promised. One should be aware, however, that the word democracy can be misleading. "Democracy is simply a procedure, more important are the values, beliefs, hopes and education," said Yavlinsky. "For example Stalin's constitution was democratic in the 1930s but the values of the state were not," he pointed out.

The third part of his lecture was dedicated to an analysis of Russian relations with the West. Yavlinsky was of the opinion that Putin did a good

thing when he gave unconditional support to the anti-terrorist coalition. This was good for tactical reasons – for the first time someone else's forces are used to protect Russian interests. However, this was just the first step and for long-term strategic cooperation, changes are needed in Russian domestic policy, in the Western attitudes and quite simply in the whole structure of relations between Russia and the West. Before, the leader and the small group leading the country was addressed by the West and this was enough. The policy of the whole country was identified with one person. "No

Gorbachev, no policy", simplified Yavlinsky. Today, the strategic importance of Russia has to be acknowledged, the 'personal friends'-approach belongs to the Soviet history.

Russia has been active on the international scene. "In March 2001 Putin suggested antiballistic cooperation to Lord Robertson, the General Secretary of NATO. He offered Russian industrial capacity and the use of its territory for this purpose. There is still no answer from Lord Robertson", Yavlinsky pointed out.

His lesson is that cooperation requires practical steps, words are not enough. On the one hand, the West has to acknowledge the fact that environmental or drug trade-related problems cannot be solved without Russia. On the other hand, for Russia's domestic change, some kind of alliance with the EU and the USA is needed. "Rather sooner than later", according to Yavlinsky. The West cannot really do anything about Russia, they can just try to understand and offer advice based on historical understanding. Yavlinsky stated in very realist terms: "We don't want to please anybody, we're not doing a favour to anybody, we act in our own interest."

Ensuring safety after hours

cont. from page 1

Bicycle theft is the third largest category – in 2001 around £6000 worth of bicycles were reported stolen. In terms of serious crime against the person, the LSE would have to register as one of the safest places in the capital – in 2000 there were no cases of robbery or assault reported, and in 2001 there was only one case of robbery and three cases of assault registered. Theft from offices (both locked and open), classrooms, and thefts of bicycles and personal property are the highest categories of crime, while thefts from lockers and cloakrooms and by contractors are very low.

So why the big change between 1996 and 1997, and how is crime kept at such a low level? Students and visitors to the school may assume that as it is a university, it is a safe place to be in, and by the look of the statistics they would be right, but the very fact that this is a university must act as a magnet to opportunistic thieves. How is the public nature of the school maintained while crime is kept to a mini-

mum?

This may sound hard to believe but until 1995 there were no security teams at work in the LSE. Taffs' arrival as House Manager in April 1995 represented a massive overhaul in the security system at the school. Three security teams consisting of six members each were appointed to work early (7am to 3pm), late (3pm to 11pm) and night (11pm to 7am) shifts. This ensures that the school has 24-hour security on patrol, every day of the year. Apart from the appointment of the security teams, probably the most major and influential change was the installation of locks on doors, and the use of the aforementioned locks! The school is a 24-hour-access institution, but students wishing to use the school in the evenings and at weekends must enter via the Old Building, where the security team are based, show their ID cards and access their location via the Old Building. All other buildings' front doors are locked. Swipe cards activate numerous buildings so that academics and students wishing to use them can access them via their cards.

The East Building, Connaught House, St Clement's

Building and Clare Market are all accessible via the bridges in the Old Building, and any other building can be opened by security should it be needed. It may be irritating having to hike to the fourth floor of the Old Building to get to your destination, but it is infinitely preferable to arriving at your destination and finding your computer has been stolen. There was considerable opposition to this policy but the statistics show it has paid off in a big way.

Other security measures have been added to ensure that people using the school have the right to be there, and that people removing or repairing equipment have proper authorisation. The school has also built up a good relationship with the local police, and careful reports are taken of crimes and incidents.

There will always be freak crimes, but in general the school is a very safe place to be. Problems arise when people don't look after their own property – the Lost Property office is crammed full of items students have mislaid – but as an institution the LSE does all it possibly can to ensure that crime is kept at an absolute minimum.

Monologues, Amnesty and vaginas

V-Day is a global movement that helps anti-violence organizations throughout the world continue and expand their core work on the ground, while drawing public attention to the larger fight to stop worldwide violence against women and girls - including rape, battery, incest, female genital mutilation (FGM), and sexual slavery.

V-Day is also a day (on or around Valentine's Day in February) for which annual theatrical and artistic events are produced around the world to transform consciousness, raise money, and revitalize the spirit of existing anti-violence organizations. Each year, V-Day promotes a series of innovative productions, events and initiatives that are identified collectively as V-Day and the year (i.e. V-Day 2001, V-Day 2002, V-Day 2003...).

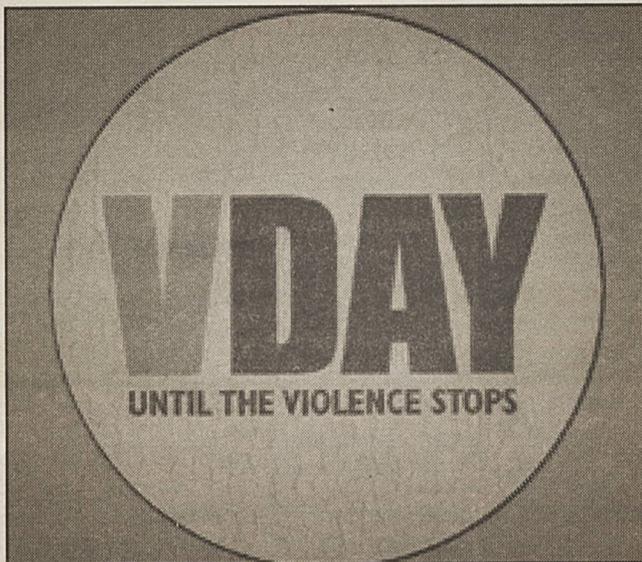
As the LSE contribution to V-Day 2002, the V-Day Society will be producing *The Vagina Monologues* on 28 February, as well as 7 and 8 March in the Hong Kong Theatre. Tickets will be £4 for students and £6 for non-students. All proceeds will go to a local charity.

16 LSE cast members will perform various monologues on women's experiences of their sexuality. Written by Eve

Ensler, the play draws on the experiences of 200 women to create a hilarious and informative night of theatre. The West End production has received rave reviews, and as an added

also be distributing informational materials on certain Amnesty International urgent action notices as well as resources for victims of sexual violence and domestic violence.

does your vagina smell like, if it could talk, what would it say, and if it got dressed, what would it wear?' It should be a great night so keep an eye out for details.



extra for the LSE version Samina Jain and Pia Padukone, the directors, will be performing two brand new monologues.

The LSE V-Day Society has been hard at work organizing events to promote the monologues. These include self-defence classes for both men and women, provided by a martial arts instructor. They will

There will also be a bake sale at the event selling vagina-looking baked goods including vagina cookies.

The Society are also trying to organize an event in the Underground Bar. Everyone is welcome but keep an open mind as cast members and V-Day society members will be going around asking patrons, 'what

"What does your vagina smell like? If it could talk, what would it say? If it got dressed, what would it wear?"

Also look out for pink, purple, and red flyers at halls of residence, on campus and around the Aldwych, with direct quotes from the monologues, vagina facts including statistics on sexual violence, and slogans advertising the monologues.

Check out www.v-day.org for details of V-Day events in London and information on the general philosophy surrounding *The Vagina Monologues* and V-Day.

Jimmy Baker's Mullet

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CRUSH DJ

10.00am - Oh what a joy to wake on such a glorious morn, the birds are singing and Mullet has loads of porn.

10.15am - W**king sock is whipped out from under the bed for a quick polish.

10.17am - W**king sock is pinned up to dry, with a magnet, on the front of the fridge.

10.30am - Quick shave, shit and shower (in that order) and Mullet is ready for the day - a quick burn of CDs in the *Beaver* office should make Crush an interesting night.

11.30am - Came in pants at finding George Harrison's *Got My Mind Set On You* on MP3.

12.00pm - Came in pants at finding Tiffany's *I Think We're Alone Now* on MP3.

12.10pm - An air of silence descends in the *Beaver* office as it is impossible to find an MP3 of the tune from

the Um Bongo advert.

12.30pm - Given coffee and donuts from the Christian Union. How Christian of them. Make mental note to play AC/DC's *Highway To Hell* as a special tribute at Crush.

1.00pm - Set list is written

and includes for the first time, *Sugar* by the Archies, *Hate To Say I Told You So* by The Hives and *I'm A W**ker* by somebody doing a George Formby impression.

3.00pm - Watch an episode of *Only Fools And Horses* on video.

6.00pm - Phone Mama Mullet.

7.00pm - Brush teeth till they bleed then burn mouth on new mouthwash. Second shower.

8.30pm - First pint of Guinness.

10.00pm - Begin set.

10.15pm - Fourth pint of Guinness.

10.20pm - Have a go at George about something.

10.40pm - First bottle of Reef.

10.42pm - Second bottle of Reef.

11.45pm - Have a ridiculous conversation with

a punter - "Can you play something I can sing along to?" "What like?" "Just something I know the words to." "What do you know the words to pal?" "I don't know,

just something I can sing along to." "Name me a tune mate and I'll play it for you." "I just want something I know the words to." "Name me a song then." "I don't know, you're the DJ." "Get away from me before I call security."

12.00am - Pissed.

12.30am - More pissed.

1.30am - Vision becomes slightly impaired.

1.47am - *Sweet Child O'Mine* followed by *Bugsy* and *One More Time*.

2am - The crowd, eager for more, goads Mullet into playing another track. At the risk of being given a slap by the bouncers, Mullet gives in, but what's this? Tina Turner's *Simply The Best?* You certainly are

pissed, Monsieur Mullet! 3am - Several pints of Guinness and innumerable bottles of Reef later, Mullet falls asleep on the floor fully clothed, w**king sock in hand, listening to David Bowie.

FATHER FIGURE!



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The Beaver Letters

Exam papers, EU superstates, Israeli debates and cats in Croatia: so many letters this week there's no room for the editor....

Dear Editor

In her report on examination answer books (14 February) Cathy Wallace is entirely right to emphasise the importance of security. No-one wants the quality of their award to be compromised by the incompetence or the shady dealings of others.

The initial article in *The Beaver* actually referred to an incident last term. [The first exam papers were actually discovered at the start of this term - Ed.] Following that incident we instituted an immediate enquiry. Essentially what we found was that the University of London failed to notify us that the delivery was to be made, and this is why the papers were left unattended. They have assured us that this was a failure in their procedures and that it will not happen again.

The most recent enquiry goes deeper. I can assure Cathy that we have taken steps to ensure that anyone introducing prepared answer books to the examinations will be identified and proceedings taken against them. But by their very nature examination procedures are deeply confidential, and if we were to explain just what we propose to do we should allow those few potential miscreants to find ways round it; and there are probably ways round anything. I have worked in several universities and find LSE much more open with its students than anywhere else, which is pleasing, but none would disclose the information that Cathy Wallace wants. It would be like giving your PIN to someone who might just misuse it!

Yours

George Kiloh
Academic Registrar

Dear Editor

Once again, Blake Bailey has sought to offend as many people as possible, this time turning his attention on Europeans. Whilst no one can argue that the *Beaver* should not be a forum for opinions, it cannot be a home for crass ignorance. Bailey makes no attempt to understand European politics

and I doubt whether he has either the inclination or the mental faculty to do so. Instead he epitomises the America that Europeans loathe: arrogant, jingoistic and woefully stupid.

All sensible and intelligent readers of the *Beaver* will know just how inaccurate his article is. Whilst it is perhaps unsurprising that a sheltered American could come up with something that is not even good enough to grace the wall of a public toilet, I can only feel sorry for educated Americans who are mistakenly lumped into his category. What does amaze me, however, is that you publish this guff and give Bailey the stage to insult whoever he likes. I only hope that you did so with the intention of showing us that such people exist at LSE. Bailey seems to think he is provocative and, I assume, takes pride in it. He should learn that notoriety is no substitute for intelligence.

Yours faithfully

Tom Beazley

Dear Editor

I would like to take issue with the article that appeared in last week's *Beaver*, 'The European union: super-state not super-power' by Blake Bailey. Is this piece of 'journalism' intended to provoke or is this opinion really widely held? The writer's charge that the EU 'does not stand for democracy' is rather unsubstantiated. If the EU does suppress political criticism, then the US with their ideals don't come up to scratch either since one can't even mention the word 'socialism' let alone 'communism' without having the authorities breathing down your neck.

Even the presidential election was a cop-out when the controversy of alleged voting infringements in Florida was buried to ensure Bush was elected into the White House - the debacle even had Fidel Castro sniggering that he could hold a more democratic election. Furthermore, the Declaration of Independence's "all men are created equal" clause was formed at a time when the colony were demanding parity with Great Britain in terms of representation and consultation - after all, the black

slaves of the south were still not free men by 1783. All men are equal? Tell that to the Native American Indians. I would also like to draw attention to the writer's passage on how European troops always travel to the world's hot spots after the Americans have done the job - as I recall, European and British peacekeepers were stationed in Bosnia on the ground before the Americans swooped in and instead of cooperating with their European counterparts, proceeded to follow their own line of action and even bug the offices of high-ranking UN officials.

As to Blake's comments on the lack of European precision aerial bombing - I take it he means the accurate aerial bombing that saw the Americans destroying the Chinese embassy during the bombing of Belgrade, killing an official and his family - what precision. If this article represents the attitude of a majority then I'm afraid the EU has no choice but to band together as a counterweight to the US - if it fails, then we're all doomed.

Yours sincerely

Sophie Pogledich

Dear Editor

In your latest issue, a student describes Israel as a democracy and draws the conclusion that it is "one of us" and ought to be supported as such.

That statement, and the conclusion, is obviously wrong. Forget for a moment the political science issue that there are many, very different, forms of democracy and not all of them are necessarily good. The point is that Israel is not the first "Democratic Republic" which is, in reality, anything but...

Israel is a regime where the life, land and possessions of a Palestinian count for nothing. If a Jewish court decides to take a Palestinian's land away, then that land is taken away and the family home bulldozed.

Israeli soldiers murder Palestinian civilians on a daily basis. (Take a look at the Amnesty International reports or at www.palestinemonitor.org.)

I have been unfortunate enough to see it with my own eyes.) Practically all the Israeli population capable of carrying arms is, in fact, under arms.

No-one has ever been prosecuted for atrocities against Palestinians. This is because these atrocities are state policy. It is a policy which encompasses genocide, expropriation and ritual, daily, humiliation, and has been in existence without interruption for over 50 years.

On the racism scale, Israel is worse than South Africa ever was. In relation to the genocide: we have stopped Serbia and it is clear that Israel must be next. And when I use the term "we", it encompasses decent people and governments all over the world - not necessarily those who apply the label "democratic" to themselves when it suits them.

Yours sincerely

Jan Duesing

Dear Editor

According to a law in Croatia, any cat or dog more than 300 m beyond town limits is consid-

ered strayed and therefore is allowed to be killed. In the last couple of days, cats and puppies have been killed and hung by the branches of the trees in the Medjimurje area in Croatia. However, throughout the last year, there were numerous cases of puppies, dogs and cats being intentionally shot by hunters.

The Croatian Government continues to deny widespread animal abuse and refuses to do anything, at the same time as it is desperately trying to become a member of the EU.

Please help Animals' Friends Croatia by visiting www.pri-jatelj-zivotinja.hr/peticije.html and signing the petition.

Animals' Friends Croatia was founded in October 2001 with the purpose of promotion of the protection of the animals and vegetarianism as an ethical, ecological and healthy way of life. With many actions already behind us, and many, many more ahead, we appreciate any kind of help we can get. Your voice may be crucial - help now.

With thanks

Carol Wain

Bang Bang's Thoughts



"There are many wonderful things to be done, and only you can do them."

To submit letters or articles, please email them with your name and contact details to thebeaver@lse.ac.uk. Letters should be in a text format.

Articles for the News Section should be no longer than 600 words and should be emailed to us by Monday morning. If you require photographs to be taken for your article then please email j.j.kraljic@lse.ac.uk well in advance.

World risk society revisited: the terrorist threat?

Anthony Oruna-Goriainoff

Are we less globalised today than in 1914? Is there a danger of living through 1929 all over again? Is the future bright and does it have a colour? The future and the state are two of the themes that Professor Beck remarked upon during his lecture on risk on 13 February. Risk is something which, according to him, is now boundary-less and uncontrollable. In a way, he argues, it is also timeless.

Professor Beck remarked that the American Government is aware of the risks our society is imparting as a nuclear legacy to future generations and that it looked into finding a way of warning the future, circa ten

"What would be a good signal? The skull and crossbones sign on a bottle spelt danger to a child, but on a poster it meant pirates."

thousand years from now. In the 1990s a commission was set up by Congress to find a way, a language, a signal, that would last ten thousand years and which would warn of the dangers humanity has created thus far. The commission's job was to find something which would serve as a beacon of humanity's present attempt to start a conversation with the future. It was discovered that of all the signals we presently have, the oldest only went back three thousand years. As for speech and language, most spoken languages only go back two thousand years.

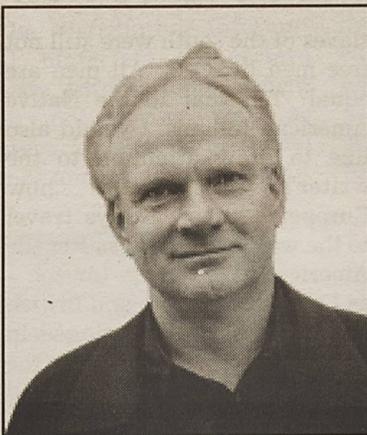
Then there was the whole question of 'what would be a good signal?' They experimented with children and discovered that skull and bones displayed on a bottle or flask spelt danger to a child...but on a poster it meant pirates! So in the end the commission decided that this was not possible. We cannot communicate with the future. Can we at least do so with the present? Professor Beck tried.

Beck posited three ways in which we can feign control over the uncontrollable. We can feign this by looking out for ecological globalised conflict, globalised financial crisis, and

finally globalised terror networks. In doing this, we must be aware from here, the centre, of the impact of our decisions in the periphery since the new world risk society he alluded to continually is, in fact, endogenous and not exogenous - and it emanates especially from the centre. *Id est...us!*

To make a long article short, the problem is the centre - us - since financial risks, for example, originate at the heart of society's structures and it is more individualised than ecological risk - hence more deadly because of its potential subjectivity. You see, a hurricane or an erupting volcano happens to everyone, but losing your job happens only to you. And the centre is to blame for this via terrorism.

Professor Beck argues that the principle of intention has replaced the principle of accident. We need to rely on trust now because it defines time and space; because it includes commitment. And because the terrorist threat has replaced active trust with the inactive mistrust of governments and citizens worldwide. So, slyly, professor Beck entices us to behold the rebirth of the state once more because it alone can overtake our private insurance with State insurance since individual risk is now replaced by systemic risk. Why? Because in the conflict between a State and a transnational terrorist it is the



State who defines its enemy.

So, inadvertently, anti-globalisation terrorism and uncontrollable risk have worked to speed up globalisation and the return of the liberal State given that the neo-realist State lost *vis-à-vis* global risk. There was always the danger that the state could neo-liberalise itself to death and, in the case of the USA, by allowing airport security to fall on private companies, it almost did. And what is this new State which is to promote globalisation and economic integration? The "Cosmopolitan State."

Professor Beck places all his bets on this new type of state to save the world, save itself, save even the whales. He argues that if the world is to survive it must find a way to civilise risk society and he believes that founding this cosmopolitan state will do the trick. To be sure, this cosmopolitan state is to emphasise the necessity of its foreigners inside

and outside its borders. The nationalistic "Westphalian" indifference of states has to be eradicated and the difference is to be embraced. Professor Beck believes that the best way to do this is to re-conceive the European project as an all-welcoming 'Cosmopolitan' state. Because risk politics and society (according to professor Beck) are now 'de-bounded' the difference between us and the others is now obsolete. In our global citizenry, the world risk society makes very heavy demands on the social sciences, transnationalism, ethnification &c. and thus society must be redefined and released from the chains of previous nationalisms - as well as reconceptualised and redeveloped. But first a warning, we must not forget that "The nation-state may be a utopia because we [still] have the ethnic state."

Professor Beck believes that Europe as a concept must affirm different nationalities and head down the path of the transnational state. That the old problematic concept of a Europe of nationalities must be superseded by the 'multilateralism' of a cosmopolitan state; this, he believes, must also counteract - as a postscript - the often unilateral position of the USA.

So in his lecture, professor Beck tried to introduce the state as saviour, the state as defender, and the cosmopolitan state as a

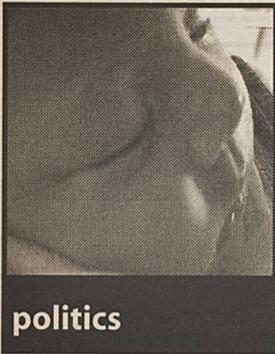
new type of melting pot - in Europe's case - which will help to eradicate global threats which exist because up until now they have been excluded. So by further globalising, by forcing it even more, he believes that our risk society will be diminished.

By incorporating those elements which feel alienated from society, they will stop from harming the very society which feeds them. Rome tried much the same thing with the Barbarians - only to be toppled when the influx of Barbarians was too much for Rome to withstand. Will Brussels be different? Answers in ten thousand years!

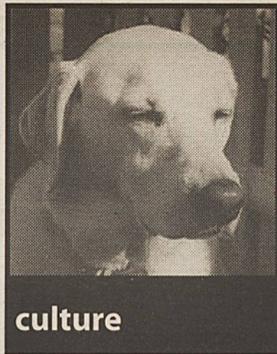
'A Europe of nationalities must be superseded by a cosmopolitan state. This must also counteract the often unilateral position of the USA.'



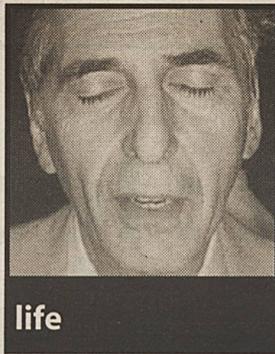
Old-fashioned risk: it can happen to anyone.



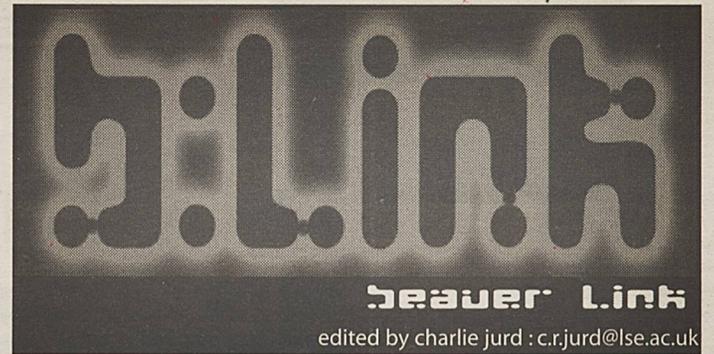
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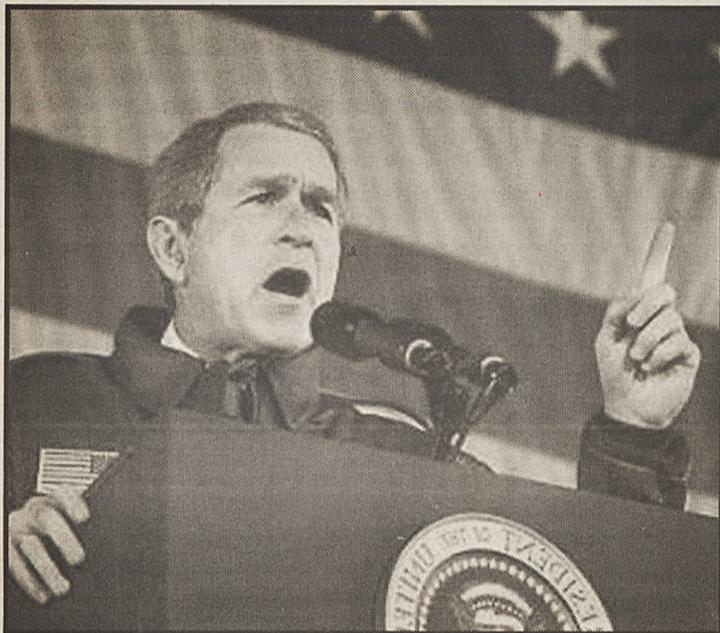


life



the revival of the E-word

words by charlotte steinorth



using it since. Osama bin Laden is "the Evil One", Saddam Hussein is "evil" and in his state-of-the-union speech, Bush talked even of an "axis of evil", comprising Iraq, North Korea and Iran. Unlike other rhetorical glitches - think "Operation Infinite Justice" or the "crusade" against terror, the word evil has not been erased from the administration's vocabulary. Given the religious connotations of the word evil, it seems bizarre to choose this very adjective to describe religious fanatics.

Nonetheless, it is easy to see why the e-word appeals to Bush, a man, who is, after all, not exactly famous for his eloquence or complexity of thought. The e-word sends a clear and simple message. Someone is either good or evil, dead or alive, there are no grey areas, no doubts to grapple with. To some Americans and Europeans the word is too simplistic, painting the world in black and white, creating cultural barriers instead of entering into a serious dialogue.

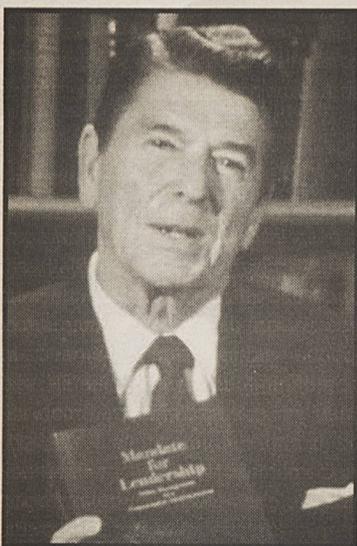
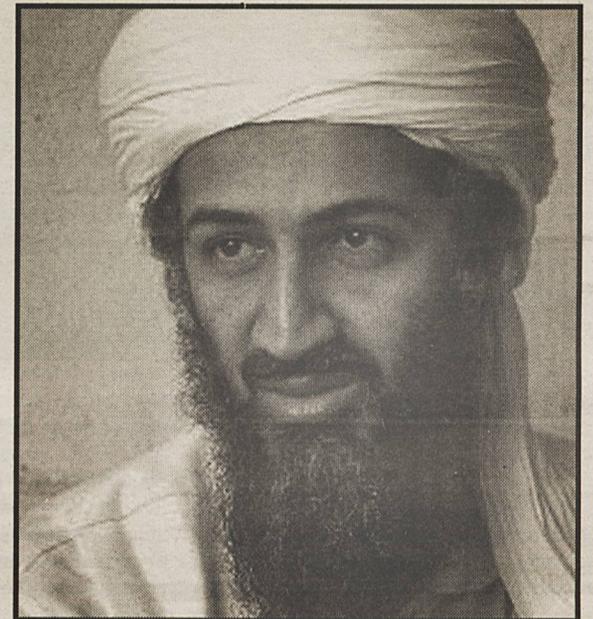
The American magazine *Vanity Fair* suggested that "in the era of Harry Potter, moral clarity may be making a come back." But political conflicts can't be solved by magic tricks. The good guy/bad guy dichotomy of fairy tales and Clint Eastwood movies rarely applies to real-life situations. To be sure, there are no excuses for the terrorist atrocities, but moral clarity can be a dangerous thing when critical voices are shut down and patriotic blindness takes over.

Whatever one makes of the reappearance of the e-word, it clearly marks the beginning of a

new era in political discourse in which judgemental slogans are fashionable again..

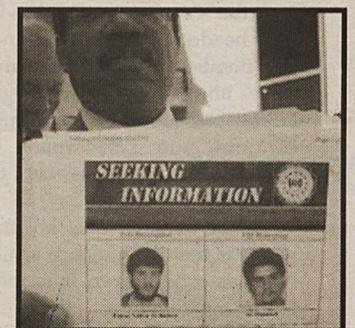
It won't be long before another term politicians loved to hate will be back. Expect to read of "rogue states" in the near future - this time ~~without inverted commas.~~

This is Charlotte Steinorth's first article for b:link



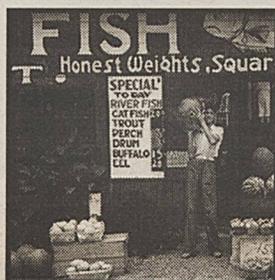
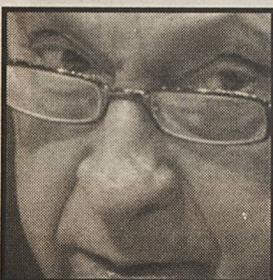
almost two decades ago, Ronald Reagan controversially referred to the Soviet Union as the "evil empire". Back then the Cold War was still pretty hot and harsh dogmatic rethorics prevailed over the language of rationality. The political changes that were to follow in the late 80s put an end to verbal demonizations and the e-word became a thing of the past.

Since the tragic events of 11 September, however, the word evil has made a come-back into the verbal realm of politics. President George W Bush used the e-word in his first address after the attacks and he hasn't stopped



inside

response over israel



a murky shade of grey

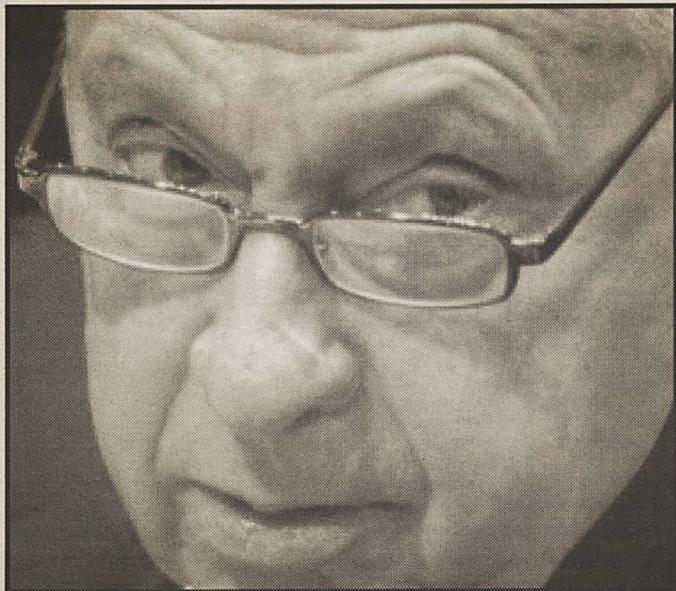


the refugee issue



ariel or arafat : let israel decide

words by ibrahim rasheed



In 1994, on the lawn of the White House, the historic Oslo Peace Accord was formalised through a handshake between Yitzhak Rabin and Yasser Arafat. The Israelis agreed to recognize the Palestinian Authority as a legitimate representative of the people of Palestine, and the Palestinians agreed to recognize the right of the state of Israel to exist. It appeared that peace for the region was imminent. But of course as we know, that was not to be.

With sixteen months of the intifada gone past, and with ultra-hardliner Ariel Sharon in power, it is difficult to be optimistic about the future of the region. Mr Arafat and the PA are confined within their headquarters, Palestinian suicide bombers are detonating themselves all over the place, 'targeted killings' by the Israeli government continue and Palestinians find themselves homeless as their towns are demolished.

What makes this so much worse is that the violence achieves no ends whatsoever. It is merely tit-for-tat revenge. Both sides refuse to back down and it appears that the situation will stay the same, if not worsen, for some time.

Hamas and other militant Islamic groups threaten chaos throughout Israel, the Israeli government launch attacks against them, and Yasser Arafat is caught in the middle. It is clear that he wishes to seek peace. In fact this is the situation from which he stands to gain the most. From a selfish point of view: a country of his own to govern and a sound legacy in the history books. The efforts made by Mr

Arafat to achieve peace are very visible. He has repeatedly condemned attacks against Israel by terrorist organizations and made several arrests in the face of public hostility of his people. In an article in *The New York Times* this month, Mr Arafat even stated that not all 4 million Palestinian refugees had the right to return back to their homeland. If such concessions cannot be seen as attempts to reconcile the differences between the two camps, it is hard to see what would be acceptable to Mr Sharon. It is ludicrous to state that Mr Arafat wants war.

Mr Sharon has not only rejected these deals but has taken numerous steps in the past month that escalated the crisis. The EU has declared that the Israelis have destroyed £11 million worth of EU aid projects to the Palestinians, including a school building programme and an irrigation scheme. No remorse has been expressed over this. Mr Sharon has also been putting much pressure on George W Bush to cut off ties diplomatic ties with Mr Arafat. Apparently he fails to realize that this would make it impossible to engage in dialogue to reach a peace settlement. Most shockingly of all he publicly stated that he was "sorry we did not liquidate" Mr Arafat when he had the chance in 1982 in Beirut when it was under siege.

Thus, it is clear that Mr Sharon has a deep-seated anger, even hatred, towards his Palestinian counterpart. Only this emotion explains why he would want him dead. The obvious question to ask is why such hatred should exist towards a man who has tried

against the will of all the reactionaries who hold influence over segments of the Palestinian people, to try to come to a peaceful solution of the issue. Mr Sharon would claim it is because the Palestinian Authority supports terrorism, and hasn't taken enough action to root them out. Surely even he would realize this is a bit difficult to carry out while being forcibly confined in Ramallah.

The real reason behind this is not that Mr Sharon believes that such an action would stop terrorism or make the Palestinian leader change his mind. This is of no concern to him. What is, on the other hand, is that the PA is the only source that gives the Palestinians international legitimacy. As long as this remains the case, the creation of a Palestinian state is inevitable. The world has finally recognized that these people have a right to self-determination that all other ex-colonies were granted, and as long as Mr Arafat remains a legitimate figure this will come to fruition. This is the central issue regarding his impoundment. By destroying his credibility in the face of the world and by deluding the world into believing that he is responsible for terrorism, Mr Sharon believes that he can reduce sympathy for Mr Arafat and with it the inception of a Palestinian state. The security of Israel is used as an excuse to crush the PA and turn it into a toothless and irrelevant body.

Furthermore, the issue of land in this conflict is far from settled. Mr Sharon does not want to let go of a single settler. While the West Bank and the Gaza Strip have been handed to the Palestinian Authority, settlements continue to be built. This does not appear to be a logical step given that these pieces of land are to be the basis of a new Palestinian state. So why are settlements continuing to be built? Think about another region of the world, much closer to home, where there is violent conflict over territory. I refer to Northern Ireland, which is currently part of the United Kingdom. When Ireland was to be given independence, it proved impossible to do so for the six counties of Ulster because of the large Protestant populations there. The presence of both Catholics, who want to join the Republic of Ireland, and Protestants loyal to the Union, makes the conflict irresolvable. Now think ahead to the West Bank and Gaza in a few years time with larger Israeli populations due to the continued building of settle-

ments. It would give the Israeli government the perfect excuse to put off the creation of a Palestinian state indefinitely.

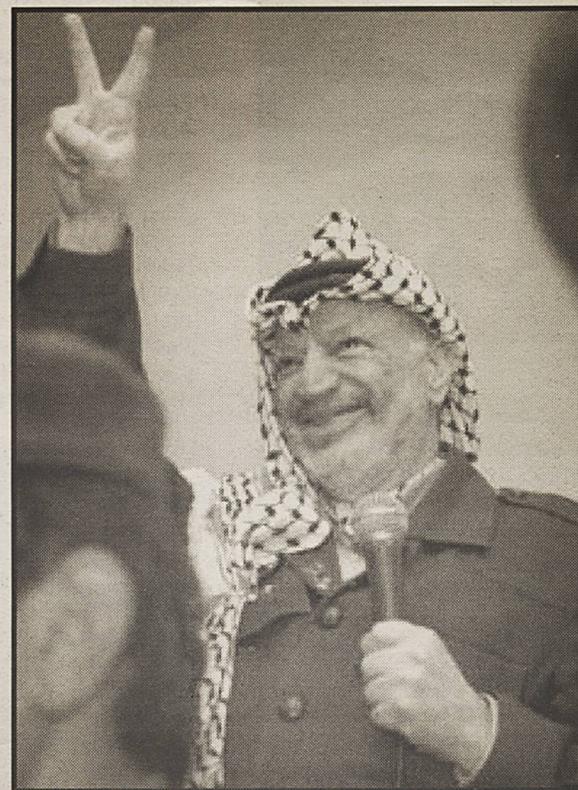
Ariel Sharon is not helping the peace process, but is hindering it. He is part of an old school of Zionism that does not wish to concede any territory that the Israeli flag flies over. Think of Ian Paisley and his promise of "No surrender". Let us take the time to remember that Mr. Sharon is a man implicated by the official Israeli Kahan Commission for his role in the massacres in Palestinian refugee camps in 1982, and thus under the principles of the Fourth Geneva Convention is a war criminal responsible for the deaths of nearly 3000 Arab civilians. As we know, to make peace, there has to be concessions on both sides. He seems hardly the type of man who would be willing to negotiate with the Palestinian side. As the Palestine Correspondent for *The Economist*, Graham Usher, stated at the Fabian Society Conference last Saturday "Sharon and Hamas fit each other like a glove."

I must now stress that I am not

at all implying that the Israeli's are fully responsible for the situation. There is blame on both sides. My intention was to demonstrate that the cosy description of Israel being a haven in 'a sea of despotism' made in these pages a fortnight ago is perhaps not entirely accurate. It is undeniably a democracy, yet this is what makes the case so bad. Attacks made by the Palestinian side are conducted by terrorists who represent no one. An elected government conducts those made by the Israeli side. Some have gone as far as to describe it as 'state-sponsored terrorism'. It is encouraging to note that some Israeli soldiers have recognized the actions in the occupied territories for what they really are. For more information see: <http://www.seruv.org.il>.

The ball is now in the court of the good people of Israel. Their weapon: The ballot box.

Ibrahim Rasheed is a regular contributor to b:link





In Issue 551 of *The Beaver* I read the title of an article: "World War III Over Israel? Absolutely" by Mr Bailey. Why was Mr Bailey writing about World War III? May be was he under the effect of Hollywood's trilogy-mania, and thus expected a third episode for everything? Not a very exciting third episode given some countries' nuclear apparatus... However, I whole-heartedly gave Mr Bailey the benefit of doubt and decided to read his article.

Beautiful! Mr Bailey's scenario about the Middle East conflict is brilliant! You have on the one hand Israel a "genuine democracy" and on the other hand a "sea of despotism". The Jewish state, an "authentic democracy", against "genocidal regimes". In other words: "innocent" Luke Skywalker against the "bad" Darth Vader. I truly believe Mr. Bailey would be a great scenario writer, and I understand why *The Beaver* felt morally compelled to publish his piece. I have humbly decided to complete Mr. Bailey's great artistic work with objective facts.

By no means do I defend the dictatorial and oppressing Arab regimes. These regimes haven't brought but poverty and disaster to Arab populations. However, even a "genuine" person should see that these despotic regimes are not in war against an "authentic democracy".

In 1947, the "members of the people's council" declared "the establishment of a Jewish state in Eretz-Israel, to be known as the State of Israel". In other words, Israel is by definition an

apartheid state where non-Jewish people are second-rank citizens in a country that defines itself as "Jewish". In essence, a "Jewish state" is similar to an "Islamic republic", in that both concepts characterize the superiority vis-à-vis the state of one religious community over another one's. In Israel non-Jews have virtually no powers but are present in the Knesset. In Iran non-Muslim have no powers but are represented in the

Parliament as well. The very Jewish or Islamic nature of the regime cannot be questioned but there is an internal debate between hardliners and doves.

I do not want to lengthen this article by enumerating the almost-infinite list of human rights violations in the Jewish state. I will simply quote Israeli organizations. The Association for Civil Rights in Israel writes that "Arab citizens face

inequality in a wide range of spheres, including the allocation of public resources, problems of land ownership resulting from widespread confiscation in the past of Arab-owned land, and discrimination in housing and employment". Physicians for Human Rights write: "Although the Palestinian citizens of the state of Israel represent 20% of its population, the Palestinian community suffers from institutionalized discrimination that produces severe socio-economic gaps between the Jewish majority and the Arab minority."

The way Israel's politicians refer to Palestinians reveals the racist character of the Jewish state. Rafayel Eytan, the former chief of staff, talked of the Palestinians as "cockroaches"; Manachem Begin, a former prime minister, called them "two-legged beasts". Ehud Barak, another former prime minister, described them as "crocodiles". As Mr. Fisk points out: "Even the South African regime never called the blacks by such names" (*The Independent*, April 17, 2001)

In light of this, I hope to shed some light on Mr. Bailey's scenario - sorry, article - that claims that Arab Israelis are "assured essential freedoms and liberties".

Mr. Bailey's article qualifies Arab regimes as "genocidal". The anti-Judaism prevailing in the Middle East is both unjustifiable and unacceptable. However, a historical perspective would shed a light on the situation.

The so-called western world had a long history of anti-Judaism. This deeply rooted intolerance has reigned for centuries in all "western" populations. When the French journalist Edouard Drumont published *La France juive* in 1886, this racist anti-Jewish book was a best seller in France. In 1922, Henry Ford, the respected head of Ford company, published his own anti-Jewish work: *The International Jew*. This anti-Judaism culminated with the Shoah, the greatest crime in human history. More than six million people were atrociously killed for the simple reason that they were Jews.

During these centuries of intolerance, the situation was sharply different in the Fertile Crescent (the actual Palestine, Lebanon, Syria, Jordan and Iraq). In this region religious communities lived in harmony. As the historian Sami Hawadi writes in his book *Bitter Harvest*: "[During the Middle Ages] North Africa and the Arab Middle East became places of refuge and a haven for the persecuted Jews of Spain and elsewhere...In the Holy Land...they lived

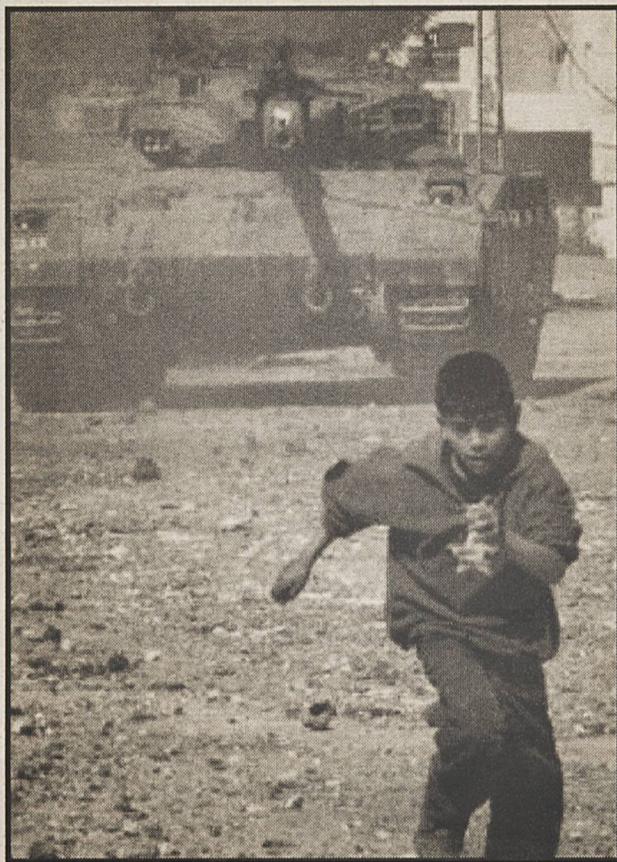
together in [relative] harmony, a harmony only disrupted when the Zionists began to claim that Palestine was the 'rightful' possession of the 'Jewish people' to the exclusion of its Moslem and Christian inhabitants.". I do not assert that acts of persecutions against religious minorities were completely inexistent. However, these barbarian acts were extremely isolated.

This image of tolerance is buttressed by historical facts. For example, during the reign of the Fatimids, the Jew Menashe Ibrahim El-Kazzaz ran the Syrian administration, and he granted Jews positions in the government. Furthermore, today's landscape of religious communities in the Fertile Crescent is the best illustration of this region's historical tolerance: Shiites, Sunnites, Druzes, Ismailites, Alawites, Jews, Maronites, Greek Orthodox, Greek Catholics, Roman Catholics, Protestants, Syrian Catholics, Armenian Orthodox, Armenian Catholics, Chaldeans, Assyrian Roman Catholics, Nestorians etc... How could all these religious communities survive through centuries and even millennia had this region been fanatical and intolerant?

Regrettably, because of the Arab-Israeli conflict anti-Judaism has mushroomed in the Middle East. But, clearly this anti-Judaism is an historical aberration. Undoubtedly, this region has the potential to shatter its intolerance and resume to its natural vocation of forbearance and tolerance.

Mr. Bailey wrote a thrilling World War III scenario. What about scrapping it and writing a peace scenario?

This is Salma Aghi's first article for b:link



words by salma aghi



singapore: churchill's worst disaster

words by charlie jurd

On the 15th February 1942, 60 years ago, the small island of Singapore was surrendered by the British Empire to the Japanese just three months after the Japanese had announced their entry into World War Two with the bombing of Pearl Harbor. In those three months the Japanese had exposed the very worst character of the British Empire, complacency, and tarnished the reputation of its supposedly far-sighted political leader, Winston Churchill.

For the British who had styled Singapore as "The Gibraltar of the East" and "the bastion of British might" the loss of Singapore to a vastly inferior force numerically was a humiliating defeat described not without reason as the largest capitulation in British military history.

The surrender led to the arrest of 100,000 British, Australian, Indian and other troops as Japanese prisoners of war (POWs), suffering three and a half years of inhuman treatment at the hands of their captors. Many were put to work on the infamous Thai-Burma bridge over the River Kwai which cost a human life for every 25 yards of its 260 mile length. It is also worth remembering next time you land at Changi Airport, whether stopping in Singapore or in transit to Australia, that the first runway there was built using POW labour.

If it were not for the shocking suffering suffered by POWs at the hands of the Japanese, the British government's involvement in Singapore and Malaya could be retold as a comedy of errors. In light of the 1936 Pact between Germany and Japan and the Japanese invasion of China in 1937, the attitude of the British authorities in Singapore towards the Japanese in the war years preceding the invasion threat does, even allowing for the benefit of hindsight, seem somewhat lax. The appointment of a Japanese man, later identified as Col Nakajima of Japanese Intelligence, as the official photographer to the Singapore Naval Base does seem to be taking the British idea of fair play rather too far.

Equally the British Empire's own intelligence operations were hardly in safe hands. At the helm of Singapore Special Branch's Japanese Section was Kenneth Morgan, a man who thought himself in perpetual danger of assassination to the point that he and his secretary led a sort of cloak and dagger existence. He suffered from bouts of breathlessness, probably through emphysema, and had the disconcerting ability to drop off to

sleep mid-sentence. Barbara Brown, Morgan's secretary, has recalled one such incidence whilst locked in a cell with Morgan who was interrogating Japanese agent Shobei Goma in 1937: "Goma and I looked at each other - he, I suppose, thinking he might escape, I, thinking of what he could do to me - so I quickly kicked Morgan under the table and the interrogation went on" (from a letter to HP Bryson in the Bryson Collection, XII 26, Royal Commonwealth Library). What could not be said was that Morgan was lax when it came to security. Unfortunately, however, he was somewhat reluctant to share the information he gained even with the British armed forces. Barbara Brown again recalls "HB [Col Hayley Bell; Defence Security Officer from 1936] used to wander aimlessly into my office and try to get me to show him the files without Morgan knowing".

Against the advice of his staff

British Prime Minister Churchill refused to give Singapore much needed reinforcements. He maintained that Japan was "unlikely to enter the war unless the Germans make a successful invasion of Great Britain". The fact that he had served alongside Kitchener in Egypt put the Middle East as second priority for resources and he even committed tanks and personnel to Stalin in preference to Singapore. Instead he sent out Air Chief Marshal Brooke-Popham who was given the title Commander-in-Chief despite being given no power over naval or civilian matters and having a "habit of falling asleep during conferences".

The problem was that the propaganda machine was shouting so loud that even individuals in relatively senior positions could be drowned out. One such individual was General Officer Commanding Malaya William Dobbie who warned as early as 1937 that a

Japanese attack would come down the Malayan peninsula straight through the jungle the British thought "impenetrable". Instead Singapore was an "impregnable fortress" and a part "of an Empire that is as free as the air and as permanent as the sun".

Even during Japanese air raids the fact that estate agents were letting holiday homes and the famous Raffles hotel was holding nightly dances indicates how dangerous a British stiff upper lip can be. If it were not for the Singapore censors and the arrogance of those in power an effective evacuation programme could have saved many civilian lives.

Sadly the dubious conduct of the British, and especially Churchill, did not end with the fall of Singapore. The greatest capitulation in British military history passed without any form of formal investigation. Despite calls for a Royal Commission to be set up Churchill repeatedly made excuses for not doing so - first it was the war effort then it was the government in power when fighting stopped, then, upon regaining the Premiership in 1951 it was that "Years have passed and many of the witnesses are dead". This comes in stark contrast to his attitude towards Crete, which had fallen in May 1941 and had produced an Inquiry Report by July. Whatever the reason Churchill gave it is widely accepted among historians that his motive for sweeping Singapore under the carpet had more to do with the partial responsibility he felt for the disaster.

60 years on the files released under the 30 and 50 year rule at the Public Record Office enable us to understand the inglorious business of Singapore's fall somewhat better. They paint a tragic image of desertion, panic and desperation. Apart from 1917 when tsarist forces on the German front deserted to the Bolshevik cause, Singapore is probably the highest incidence of desertion of any army at any time. The official files finger the "cowardice" among Australian troops; the role that British leaders played in the loss of Singapore will remain unexamined.



Charlie Jurd didn't really have time to lay this out properly... sorry.

whiter than white?

jo moore



To set New Labour apart from the Tories, mired in sleaze at the time, a youthful Tony Blair promised that his government would be 'whiter than white'. A succession of scandals including a dodgy Formula One boss, a suspect home loan between two ministers, and an irregular passport application from the brothers Hinduja have all made Tony Blair look at worst a cheat and at best, a little bit silly.

So where has it all gone wrong for New Labour? While it is generally accepted by most political pundits that Tony Blair is essentially quite a good bloke, why is it that his government is perceived by many to be dodgy? (There's that word again...)

This week has seen two spin doctors from one of the most important departments resign and Blair directly questioned over his ill-advised letter supporting a foreign company. Both these events, while unrelated, show a lack of intelligence and maturity at the

heart of the New Labour government.

Lakshmi Mittal is the founder of one of the world's largest steel companies, based primarily in America and Asia. The company employs around 80 people in Britain. Hence Blair's letter supporting Mittal's foray into the Romanian steel market appears a little odd - what is a British Prime Minister doing lobbying on behalf of a company which has little interest in Britain? An investigation by a Plaid Cymru MP found the link. Mr Mittal donated some £125,000 to the Labour Party after attending a dinner for Labour Party donors where he apparently met Tony Blair.

Admittedly this does not look good for Tony. However, the link between a donation being given and a favour being granted might not be as clear-cut as it appears. Blair must sign hundreds of letters every day, and cannot possibly have knowledge of the implications of the inter-relations of the

subjects of these letters. It is the responsibility of Blair's staff, notably his chief of staff, Jonathan Powell, to maintain the highest level of probity in Number 10.

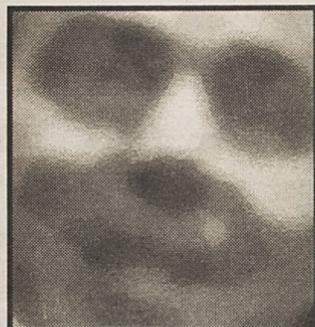
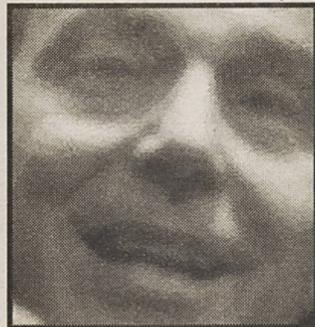
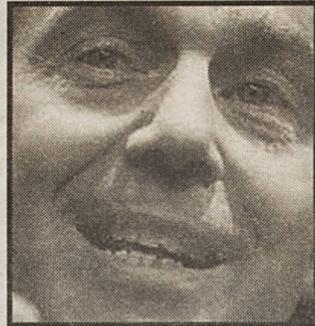
What is most important about the Mittal episode is how badly has been handled by the government. Like the Ecclestone affair and Mandy's foray into the Notting Hill housing market, spin to limit the damage of the story instead became the story and overnight the headlines cry cover-up. Here a link can be seen with the resignation of Jo Moore and Martin Sixsmith, senior press officers within the Department of Transport.

Special advisor, Jo Moore, became notorious following an e-mail she sent on September 11 suggesting it would be a good day to "bury bad news." Somehow she survived the furore that greeted the leaked e-mail, but unsurprisingly the episode left her with many enemies. One of these was apparently Martin Sixsmith, a senior Civil servant and ex-BBC Moscow correspondent. In a highly confused week of spin and counter-spin, effectively Moore and Sixsmith were forced to resign after Sixsmith apparently implied that Moore had suggested the funeral of Princess Margaret as a good day to bury some poor rail statistics. To be honest, outside a few select people no one will ever be sure of the exact events which resulted in what was undoubtedly a major embarrassment for the government.

What must be asked is not what happened....but why did it happen? Who are the people that seem intent on the self-destruction of the Labour government by the means of spin? The government seems to have lost sight of what is most important - the improvement of Britain's public services and the raising of living standards for all - and is now only concerned with perception.

The government's communication officers should not be engaged in finding the best day to publish so-called "bad news" - they should be concerned with finding the means of best explaining to the public new initiatives that the government should be proud of. A quick scan of the Number 10 website reveals good news such as the success of the Action Team for Jobs who in its first year has helped 16,423 people, from some of the most employment deprived areas of Britain, find work. Why is that not front page news? Admittedly the media plays a role in deciding which stories we, the public, want to hear about. Yet if the government communication officers are doing their job they need to find a way of

words by cath warren



more a murky shade of grey

overcoming the media's obsession with bad news. Perhaps what is needed is a change of personnel - it may now be time to say goodbye to those fierce but futile Special advisors who were so effective in opposition but have proved such a liability in government. At the very least the Labour government must ensure that the spin itself does not become the story once again.

lakshmi mittal



21 million refugees worldwide:

the next step

words by lizzie hull and katya nasim

Since the massive increase in displaced people worldwide during the 1990s, and following the racially motivated riots of last summer in Oldham, Bradford and Burnley, the issue of asylum procedure and assimilation has been forced onto the British political agenda. In the government's White Paper *Secure Border, Safe Haven: Integration with Diversity in Modern Britain*, Home Secretary David Blunkett MP outlines the need for radical changes to the asylum system to ensure its effectiveness, fairness and integrity. The thrust of the Government's plans is to streamline and speed up the asylum process. New accommodation centres - set away from local amenities - for asylum seekers are central to the Government's proposals. People will stay there whilst waiting for a decision on their asylum application and, should they be refused, during the appeal process. The centres will be run and will effectively be processing centres, intended to deal with people's claims quickly from start to finish. Those whose claims are rejected will be transferred straight to a removal centre. Clearly the numbers of people moving through these centres depends on the speed of asylum decision-making. If the Government hits its target of six months to complete a claim, 6,000 people will go through these centres in a year.

But will the White Paper recommendations, while producing a high-speed efficient system in fact do so at the cost of fairness to those seeking asylum? Will genuine claimants lose out in a system that tips the presumption against the applicants credibility? The asylum aspects of the White Paper concentrate on the control and the removal of rejected asylum seekers, but the real purpose of the system, to provide protection to refugees, is largely neglected. The government is unclear as to the availability of legal advice at induction or indeed removal centres. Asylum decisions must be legally robust and subject

to proper scrutiny. Fairness means that detention and the removal of liberty should be invoked as a last resort only. Detention should only

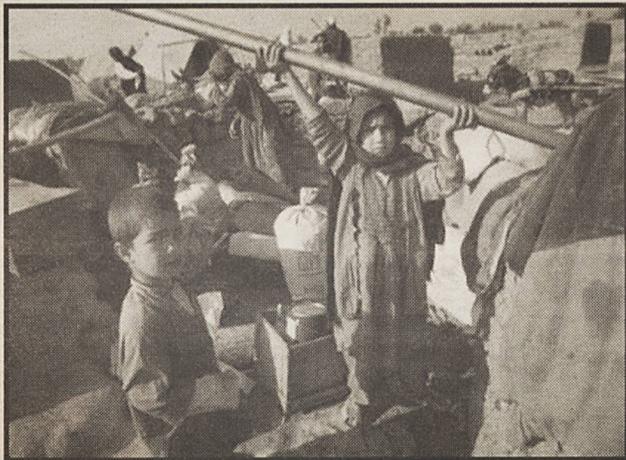
be used when there is sufficient evidence that an asylum seeker has committed a crime or is likely to abscond, and which will stand up in court. An efficient asylum system must be based on realistic and rational objectives delivered through robust management and cost-effective means.

As well as citing EU measures to allow greater co-operation between member states to tackle people trafficking, the Home Secretary's proposals included the tightening up of domestic legislation in this regard. However it is worth pointing out that the UK and its European partners have created a series of barriers that make it almost impossible for people fleeing persecution to enter Europe legally; government policies have driven asylum seekers into the

hands of human smugglers. The unlucky ones find themselves being trafficked. The Refugee Council welcomes the Home Secretary's assurance that "we will continue to ensure that genuine victims of exploitation are treated with compassion". We are concerned, however, that the recently agreed EU legislation on smuggling and human trafficking fails to meet international human rights standards and the requirements of the refugee convention. We urge that the Government considers putting safeguards in place to protect the victims.

For those who are successful in their application for asylum, the government puts renewed emphasis on dispersing people to language clusters and areas which best meet their individual needs. The intention is that language clusters, along with better consultation and liaison with local authorities and other agencies will help reduce

community tensions and manage the impact on local services. The system will be decentralised through stronger regional structures



I came to the UK in May 1991. The refugees today are suffering around the world, in England especially where they have been refused any sort of financial help until their case is heard. What the British government is forgetting is people come here to feel safe and do something for themselves. We would like to contribute something back to the society if we are given the chance.

Hassan Caruus, Somali living in the UK

Thursday 21 February is National Action Day For Refugees. From 2-3 pm in the New Theatre there will be a seminar titled '21 Million Refugees Worldwide - The Next Step.' featuring speakers from the Refugee Council, UNHCR, and LSE. STAR will also have a stall in the Quad all day if you want more information.

STAR_LSE@HOTMAIL.COM

secure borders, safe haven

possible ideal or inevitable trade-off?

words by jane linekar

Last week's fire at Yarls Wood detention centre was a spectacular demonstration of the failure of the spate of reforms to immigration law over the past decade - we can only hope that the approach of Blunkett's recent white paper *Secure Borders, Safe Haven* will represent a sea change.

Yarls Wood is only now being investigated, but press coverage of the story exemplified the bias and myth-making that has become inevitable upon mention of the term asylum: £35 million of damage, local residents told to secure their homes against escaped detainees and claims of a meticulously planned attack were first reported. It was another 24 hours before there was a suggestion that the missing detainees may have been victims of the fire rather than have run off.

These centres have been controversial for a while. Recently, the Home Office won on appeal a case charging them that locking up the detainees was illegal. The Refugee Council, along with many other influential NGOs, oppose locking up individuals who have committed no crime. And it is alleged that the violence at Yarls Wood was sparked by Group 4 employees (who run the centre) insisting on handcuffing to escort her to seek medical treatment.

While facilities at the centres appear adequate, treatment is questionable, and the policy on who is sent to these centres unclear. They are supposed to serve primarily as removal centres to detain those whose asylum applications have been rejected and are awaiting a flight home. But these disappointed detainees share their accommodation with those who are considered at risk of absconding during the processing of their application, and those whose cases are judged as complex (therefore they must be available 24 hours a day for investigation). With such a concentration of desperate individuals the tension in these centres can only be imagined. And indeed, there have been protests and 'strikes' in centres before this recent headline-grabbing event.

So what will *Secure Borders, Safe Haven* do about these centres? While the conservatives enthusiastically



support Blunkett's measures (an almost expected reaction these days), other responses are mixed. This is the first paper that attempts to deal with the whole of immigration and nationality policy, and claims to put a stop to media and politicians' use of asylum seekers as a political football (for which the ECRI, the Council of Europe's anti-racism body, recently reproved British politics and press).

However, some of the new proposals are controversial - to be accepted into Britain a certain standard of English will be demanded, knowledge of British institutions proven and an oath of allegiance sworn. While Blunkett seems to be attempting to reform the processes

for settling in the country, little is done for those still seeking asylum. The vouchers considered degrading by many will be replaced by cash, though the sum will remain low - 70% of normal levels of income support, that is £26.54 a week for a single adult. And in fact, the number of centres is to grow, with no mention of a reform of policy towards them and who is sent there.

So it seems that this paper, while clearing up some issues and even causing controversy, is unlikely to resolve some of the most pressing questions regarding those seeking asylum. And the political football is likely to rise into the air again. Because, if we read the papers, there is a growing flood of immigrants,

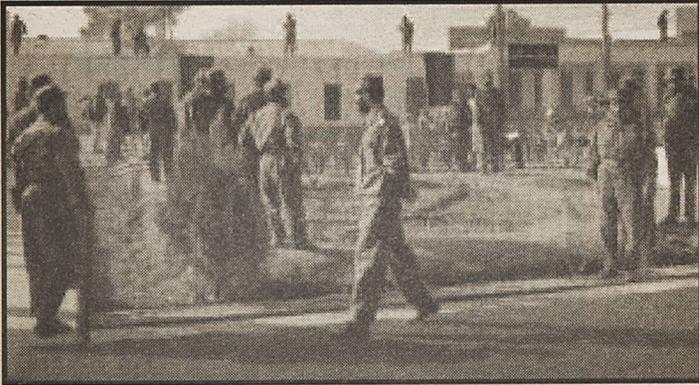
most of whom are 'bogus' asylum seekers, going to ever greater lengths to reach Britain's shores. This paper provides no reassurance either to asylum seekers or to concerned Britons that in fact the flood is a trickle (Britain, despite its vast economy, in fact ranks only 6th in Europe for the number of new arrivals, and 78th in the world), the state is not so generous, and around 50% of asylum seekers prove genuine. And without this reassurance, the issue of asylum will remain in the headlines, and there will be further riots and fires to come.

Jane Linekar is an editorial assistant in b:link.



an axis of evil?

words by brad murg



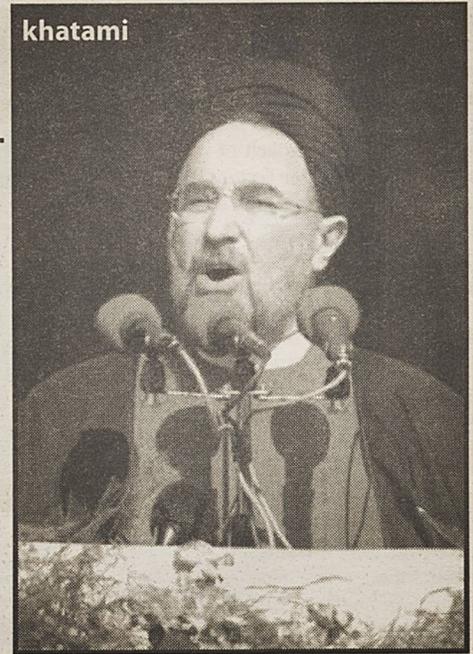
regime's policy towards the United States.

From the time of the Iranian Revolution until the early 1990s Iranian intelligence and the Revolutionary Guard Corps, along with their faithful followers in Lebanese Hezbollah blew up American embassies and Marine Corps barracks as well as engaged in the kidnapping and killing of American citizens and U.S. officials. This has in fact diminished in the past ten years; however, old habits die hard. Many key players from Iran's Lebanon-based terrorist network in the 1980s have found a happy home in the clerical inner circles around President Mohammed Khatami. Ali Akbar Mohtashemipour, Iran's former ambassador to Syria and the former boss of Lebanese Hezbollah security chief Imad Mughniyah, for instance, has settled in comfortably as a so-called 'clerical reformer.' He remains intimately connected to Hezbollah, and adviser to Lebanese and Iranian clerics of all political stripes. Beyond these connections are continued acts of aggression against the people of the United States. Most notably, the 1996 bombing of the Khobar Towers in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia - killing 19 American servicemen - which has been attributed to Iran and Iranian-supported agents. And of course there are the regime's serious attempts to acquire nuclear missiles since the end of the Gulf War in 1991, and Tehran's ballistic missile programme which has existed even longer.

Even more dangerous is Iran's attitude towards Osama bin Laden. It is still too early to know how many members of al Qa'ida have left Afghanistan. The odds are good that much, if not most, of al Qa'ida's leadership has escaped. It would not be surprising to learn that the members of al Qa'ida who originally came with Ayman az-Zawahiri from the Egyptian Islamic Jihad have found friendly sanctuary in Iran. Zawahiri, bin Laden's closest aide, has long been admired in Tehran, which he has visited on occasion.

The alleged 'pro-American drift' (*Washington Post*) of the Iranian government during the recent Afghan war was an illusion - Persian realpolitik, as fear of American military strength dovetailed with Western hopefulness and gullibility. The clerics in Tehran, who understand the anti-American underpinnings of their regime, knew that the American enemy of a Muslim foe must remain the enemy. In the war against the Taliban, the clerics gave little or no actual support, not even

president
khatami

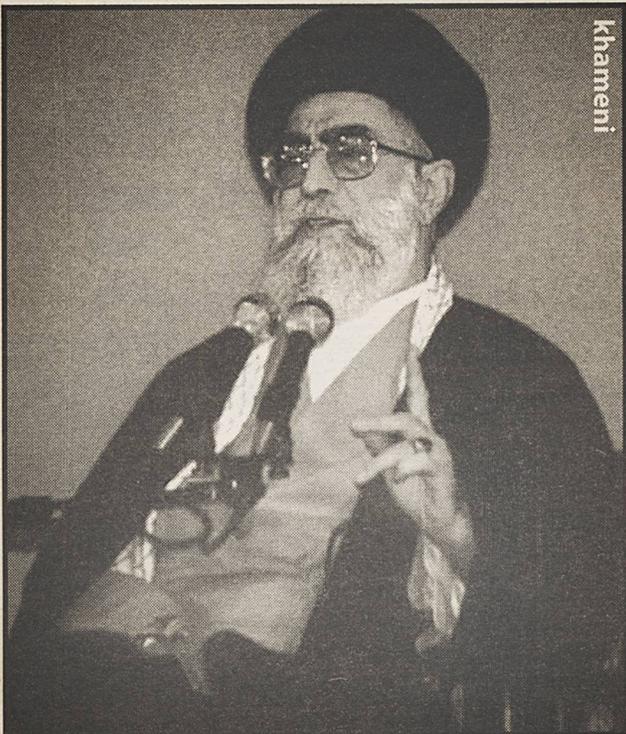


President George W. Bush's reference to an "axis of evil" in the State of the Union speech a few weeks back was the logical extension of the administration's equally historic declaration that the United States would henceforth treat states that harbour terrorists as terrorists themselves. Inclusive in this 'axis' is the Islamic Republic of Iran - a fact which caused such grave concern to a fellow LSE student that he published an article in *The Beaver* condemning the choice and arguing that it was simply due to the long-standing American alliance with Israel. Most disconcertingly, the article was tinged with

the usual anti-Semitic canards concerning control of US foreign policy by American Jews.

True, support for Israel, the only democratic state in the region, is a factor in the American decision. However, the facts that the Tehran government still supports terrorism against the United States, is working to gain renewed influence over the nascent government of Afghanistan, and has managed to thwart all attempts at democratic reform were also vital elements in the President's decent. Starting with America's greatest concern at the moment, national security, let's take a brief look at the Tehran

ayatollah



khamenei

use of Iranian air space. Furthermore, Tehran's arming of Afghan warlord Ismail Khan brings the region around the city of Herat (Khan's base of operations) back into the Iranian orbit, allowing the mullahs to once again become players in Afghanistan's hardball internal politics.

Beyond the issues of American security and the protection of the new Afghan government is the issue of Iran's own internal politics, most notably the perceived conflicts between President Khatami and Iran's spiritual leader Ayatollah Khamanei. The view of 'good-guy-Khatami-versus-bad-guy-Khamanei' took hold during the Clinton administration - President Bush has rightly eliminated it as too simplistic. However, this view continues to be held by many, despite the Iranian president having been politically irrelevant in Tehran and the clerical town of Qom for quite a long time now. He has consistently failed to throw down the gauntlet at those in the regime who have been increasingly harassing journalists, students, civil servants, and women - all key participants in the 'coalition of civil society' which elected him. With Khatami in the presidency, there will be no radical change.

Finally, there is the issue of Israel - at this point, one more thing to add to the ever-increasing list of charges

against the Tehran regime. The fatal flaw in Western policy towards Israel has been the constant attempts to separate Israel from the West, denying it the fraternity, association, and security guarantees that are natural, for example, among NATO members. By allowing Israel to bleed through terrorist attacks - by failing to state unequivocally and emphatically that the West does not recognize terrorism against Israelis as legitimate, and by not bringing Western arms to bear against Hezbollah and the PLO when they engage in outrageous acts of terrorism - the West encourages the Iranian clergy, among others, to view terrorism as a legitimate foreign policy.

American foreign policy does, and indeed always will, support the existence of the State of Israel. However, the recent change in policy towards Iran is not due to Jewish influence over US foreign policy or blind support for the government of Ariel Sharon - rather it is a simple confluence of American and Israeli interests, i.e., the basic right of the peoples of both countries to live without fear of terrorism.

This is Brad Murg's first article for b:link

rag week

isesu - raising and giving

r e a l l y a b o u t g i v i n g

Let's get ready to Rag!!!

Franksly, Rag Week at the LSE has always been something of a non-event. At so many other universities, Rag is one of the highlights of the year - a chance to get lashed while raising valuable funds - and yet here the entire week can go by with students blissfully ignorant. So what can be done?

Last year Rag Week began what we are sure will be a meteoric rise to prominence in the LSE social calendar.

On the Wednesday night the Quad played host to a Toga Party - featuring a slave auction that saw Amar, our beloved Ents Sabbatical, shave his head for £150 - plus, the hockey boys revealed all, and members of the union agreed to clean bidders' bathrooms! It's amazing what people will do for charity.

Also, as part of Rag week, Ali G (AKA General Secretary, Lee Federman) made a remarkable appearance in the Tuns, hosting Thursday's Blind Date, where, lucky contestants won dates to the Gardening Club, the cinema, the Robinson Room and - best of all - a mixed grill at Wrights' Bar!

This year, the Rag Taskforce has been beavering away to bring you yet more fun and frivolity in the name of charity. Highlights for this year will include the Rag Pub Crawl, the Northern Society Yard of Ale Competition (Southern softies welcome to dispel their 'shandy' reputation), Blind Date Revisited and the return of Amar for the Wednesday Night Toga Party and forfeit market.

It's a long way to go before LSE Rag can compare to such weeks at universities such as Durham and Bristol, who last year hosted a Rag marathon and a Rag procession among their other events. For research purposes only, we pulled this gem off the Durham Duck website explaining why they're no longer called Durham Rag:

'Quite apart from not wanting to be called DRAG instead of DUCK there is a story behind this one.

One night many moons ago some lively students from what was then Durham RAG broke into the Durham (high security) Prison and left a box of Milk Tray on the Governor's Desk (token of their appreciation). The Governor and Vice Chancellor (already a bit grumpy) became further enraged when a few days later a group of prisoners broke out of Durham (high security) Prison using the same route that RAG had used to break in. The Home Secretary (no less) was not too impressed and coincidentally Durham RAG was banned (what a drag).'

That sort of commitment is what we're up against. Last year DUCK week alone raised a whopping £35,000. That's 20,478 pints of Grolsch in the Tuns.

So what are Unions closer to home getting up to? Kings impressed us by hosting a fire walking event where 38 hardy (read drunk?) students walked across hot coals. Less impressive was their performance in the Rag Boat race against UCL and St. Barts. The boat race is a drinking competition where the winning team is the first to down 100 pints. The running score is now UCL 4 - Kings 0... Impressive. The times for last year were UCL in first place on 9 minutes 8 seconds, St Barts second on 10 minutes 19 seconds and Kings finishing last on 15 minutes 45 seconds. St Barts

The Governor and Vice Chancellor (already a bit grumpy) became further enraged when a few days later a group of prisoners broke out of Durham (high security) Prison using the same route that RAG had used to break in. The Home Secretary (no less) was not too impressed...



achieved their time with only fifteen people, which was apparently an awesome sight. Needless to say we have asked if LSE can join in next year - we have a lot of heavy drinkers and it's about time they did something useful.

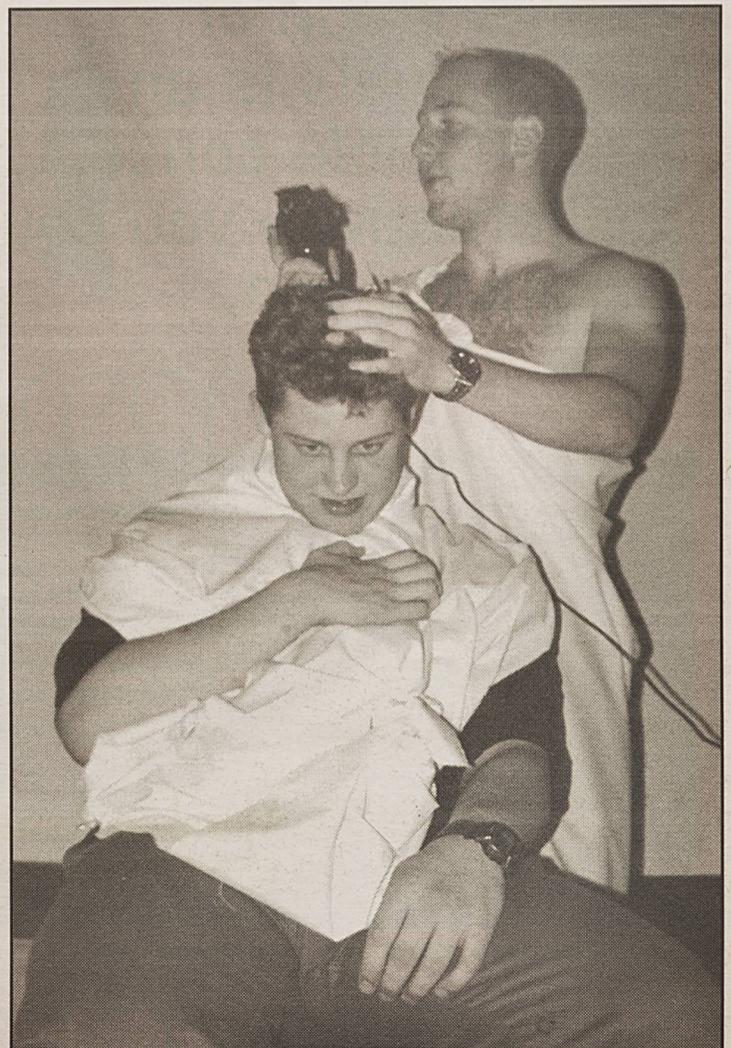
UCL also hosted ENDURANCE where students watched their fellows perform amazing feats of strength (of stomach). Their website tells us that the event is 'possibly' based on 'some Japanese TV programme' and that 'last years winner drank a lot, ate a lot of incredibly hot chili, licked marmite off a stranger's foot and then did some really revolting things.'

Imperial hosted the impressively titled 'Londinium Rhapsody Megaraid' where 'Raggies' from across the country joined IC students to raid London's streets and raise money for the Mercury Phoenix AIDS Trust. With a live MegaRaid broadcast from IC Radio and prizes for all the collectors, the day raised nearly £600 for AIDS victims in the UK and Africa.

So consider the gauntlet well and truly thrown down. I cannot and will not believe that LSE students care less than those at other Unions. Make us proud and give generously. Amen.

Rowan Harvey

Rag Week 2001:
left: Cute Americans get into the swing of the Toga Party, top: The Full Monty, hockey boy style, right: Chartergouse gets the snip.



UNICEF

UNICEF (the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund) was founded on 11 December 1946, by resolution number 57(I) of the UN General Assembly. UNICEF is mandated by the United Nations General Assembly to advocate for the protection of children's rights, to help meet their basic needs and to expand their opportunities to reach their full potential.

UNICEF hopes to achieve these aims by means of programmes operating in over 161 countries, areas and territories on solutions to problems facing children and their families and on ways to realize their rights. Work is carried out in partnership with governments, civil society organisations and communities to offer children the best possible start in life, helping prevent childhood illness and death, making pregnancy and childbirth safe, and cooperating with communities to ensure that education must be available to all children without discrimination. Programmes focuses on policies, legislation and programmatic support to protect children in vulnerable situations. Our work reaches out to those who have been traditionally un-reached, including working children, children affected by emergencies and HIV/AIDS, and those with nomadic lifestyles.

UNICEF works to protect vulnerable groups which include children affected by armed conflict or by other situations of emergency, children engaged in hazardous or exploitative labour, including those who are trafficked, children deprived of parental protection due to AIDS, children subjected to sexual exploitation and abuse, children living with disabilities and children in conflict with the law.

Education is also central to UNICEF's work aiming for rights-based, child-friendly learning environments, which are inclusive of children, effective with children, protective and healthy for children, and gender sensitive through comprehensive early childhood care, primary schools and equivalent education programmes of good quality; expanded opportunities for adolescent education, participation, and development and supportive families and communities that enable children to acquire a quality basic education.

If you want to learn more about UNICEF and their work please take a look at their website at www.unicef.org



CENTREPOINT

Centrepoint is the national charity for homeless young people. It houses over 600 young people each night in its emergency shelters, hostels, foyers and flats across Greater London and, in doing so, prevents them being exposed to the dangers of sleeping rough. Nationally, Centrepoint works to prevent youth homelessness by helping local groups and agencies provide housing and support for young people at risk. Centrepoint knows that accommodation alone is not always enough which is why it also provides access to education, training and employment, as well as help with finding and keeping a permanent home, so that young people can get back on their feet for good.

Centrepoint's work with young people has shown the vital importance of placing emphasis on preventative solutions that support young people at risk with well-coordinated local services, rather than picking up problems when they have become crises. As Centrepoint moves into its fourth decade, it warns of the need for permanent solutions to the problems of homeless young people. This means recognising that any young person at risk may have a jigsaw of needs. For many young people, housing is just one of them. That is why Centrepoint has an holistic approach, providing access to life skills development, education, training and employment to help homeless young people back on their feet for good.

Says Victor Adebawale, Chief Executive: 'Getting a young person off the streets is crucial, but is only the first step. At Centrepoint we're seeing young people with health problems, those damaged by emotional trauma, those with no qualifications, those who have slipped the benefits net. Long-term problems need long-term solutions. At Centrepoint we want to ensure that homeless young people don't just sleep safe for the night, but sleep safe for life.'

Centrepoint provides a range of supported housing services for young people ranging from short-term emergency shelters through to long term supported accommodation. Centrepoint will try to provide services for young

people at their projects to ensure they have the best chance of getting back on their feet for good. Centrepoint runs a specialist project for young people who have experienced severe emotional trauma. This project aims to give young people the support they need to address their issues and enable them to get back on their feet. Centrepoint also runs a specialist project for young pregnant women.

Centrepoint's specialist rough sleepers projects aim to help young people who have a history of sleeping on the streets. Their floating support services ensure outreach support for young people who have experienced homelessness. Centrepoint also works nationally with local government to investigate ways to increase the affordable housing options for young people and provide their own affordable housing. They campaign on behalf of young people to ensure that these issues stay on the Government's agenda, and that young people are not forgotten. For young people who do find themselves in crisis, Centrepoint runs an emergency direct access shelter in Berwick Street, as well as Safe Stop. Both these projects help young people when they reach crisis point and aim to prevent long-term homelessness.

Centrepoint's education team work both in London and nationally to deliver peer education programmes in schools. The team also deliver sessions in schools that target at risk areas and help educate young people in the dangers of leaving home.

For more information on Centrepoint or to sign their online petition visit www.centrepoint.org.uk.



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Where your money is going...

rag week
really about giving

Education Now

Right now 125 million kids in the world can't go to primary school, even if they want to - and they really want to. Today, 125 million children are denied a basic human right - the right to an education. Without an education, children, families and countries are consigned to poverty, let down by a string of broken promises from the international community. Oxfam is campaigning for governments and institutions to really put their money where their mouth is and make the dream of education for all a reality.

Imagine all the 6-14 year-old children in north America and Europe. That is the number of children in the world who never see the inside of a school. Now imagine what the consequences would be for north America and Europe, if our children never went to school. That is the scale of the crisis.

In Africa the crisis is getting worse. In the first five years since the call for Education for All, an extra two million African children joined the ranks of those out of school. By the year 2015, a further nine million African children will be without an education. Their numbers making an estimated total of 54 million African children deprived of even the most elementary education.

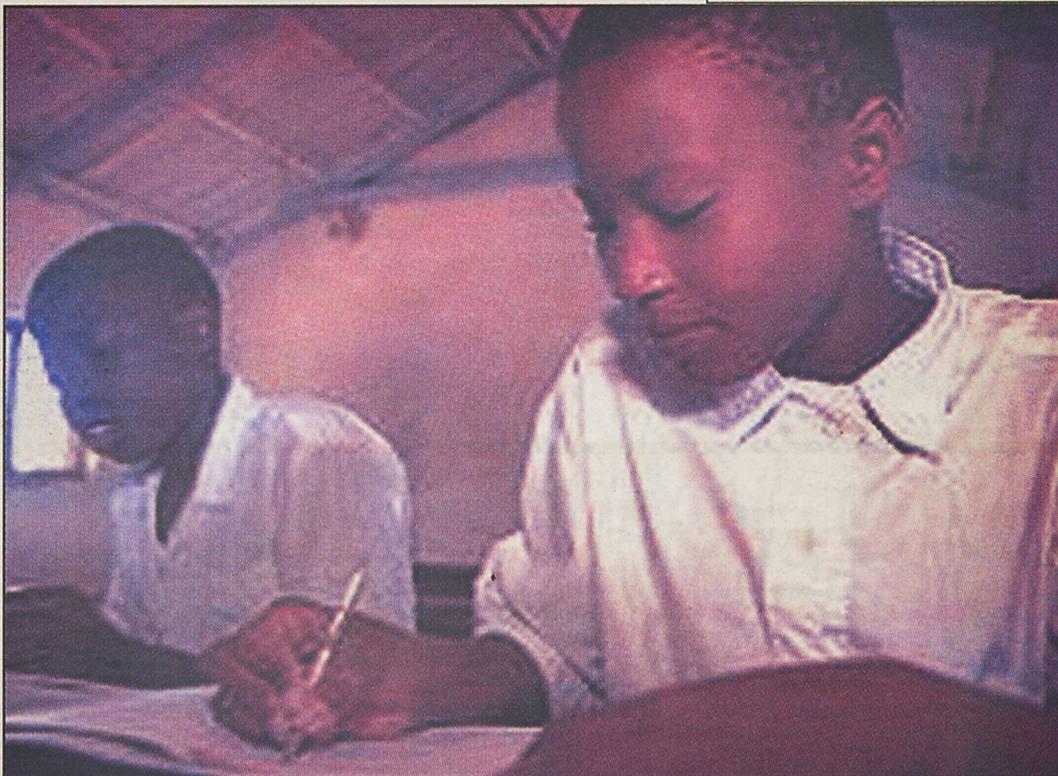
For poor kids in developing countries, primary education is their one chance to break out of poverty and to take control of their futures. At the 1995 UN Social Summit, governments promised to provide primary education for all by

2015. Action now is essential to keep that promise, because so far, targets are not being met.

All too often governments can't afford to provide free primary education. This means that parents have to pay to educate their children. When they can't, their children are prevented from taking their place in school. In many cases, parents manage to send just one child to school. It's usually the girls who miss out, because boys tend to be given priority. Some parents manage to keep a child in school only because they go without food, or basic medicines.

No child should have to pay to go to primary school. Deprived of their basic right to learn, children will never break the cycle that has kept generations of families in poverty.

In April 2000, representatives of 180 countries convened in Dakar, Senegal for the World Education Forum. They promised that: "no country seriously committed to education for all will be thwarted in their achievement of this goal by lack of resources." At the summit of G8 nations in Genoa in July 2001, leaders recognised that, without more effort on their part, they could still fail to reach their goal of free universal primary education by 2015. They must not fail. Oxfam believes that the first urgent step is to abolish education charges by 2005 - at the very latest. Abolishing education charges in developing countries requires a huge increase in funding so that



governments can finance their own plans for national education. Rich countries, like the UK, must give extra aid for education.

As part of Oxfam's Education Now campaign, they are calling for Gordon Brown, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to announce substantial increases in the UK's contributions to international aid - particularly for education - when he presents the Government's next three-year spending plan in Spring 2002 and press other governments to

increase their aid budgets, and secure the abolition of education charges by 2005.

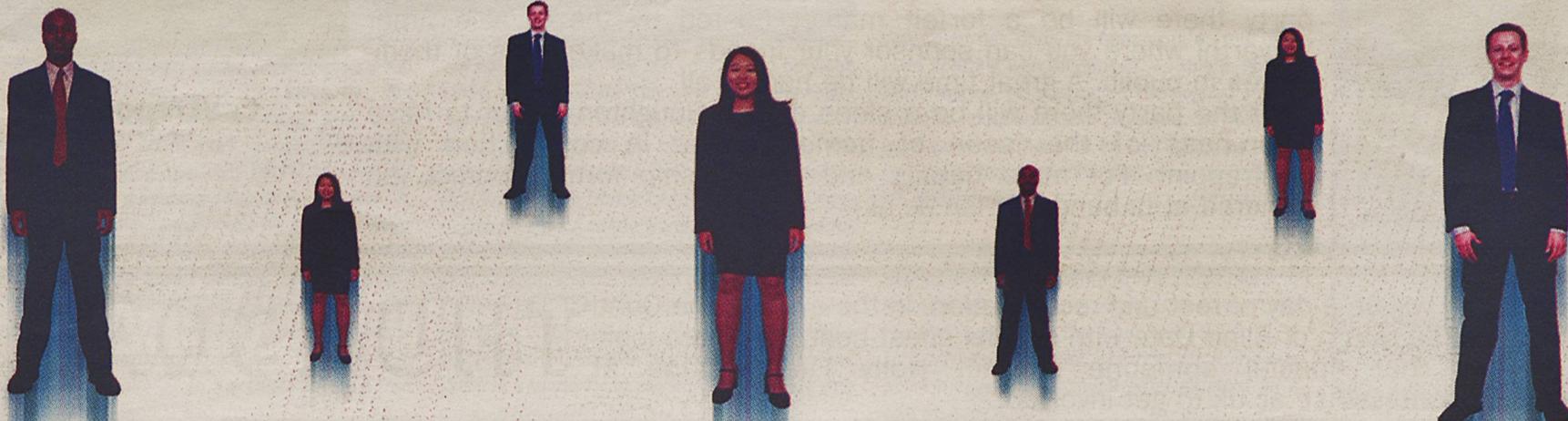
You can help! Email Gordon Brown before 1 March 2002 using the form on the Oxfam website at www.oxfam.org.uk, and tell him in your own words that:

-You are concerned that 125 million children are denied their basic right to an education.

-You are calling for him to increase the overseas aid budget, particularly for education, in 2002 -

and that his three-year spending plan in Spring 2002 is a crucial opportunity to do this.

-You wish to see him lead by example: if he can influence his international counterparts to follow his lead quickly, the abolition of universal primary education charges by 2005 is an achievable target.



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LSE jobs

Week 7
 Monday 25th February -
 Saturday 2nd March

rag week

really about giving

MONDAY

Rag Week will begin by hosting the National Blood Service in the Underground Bar throughout the day. In the evening the Northern Society will take over the venue for their 'unique cultural mix'. There will be a yard of ale contest - £3.50 entry - and they have thrown down the gauntlet to the rest of us so come on down if you think you're hard enough.

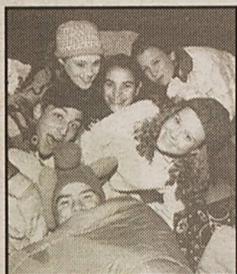


Tuesday will kick off with the first LSESU Rag Pub Crawl. The idea will be to visit as many University of London licensed premises as possible, collecting money as we go. Prizes will be awarded to the most successful team and there will be a special prize for the best fancy dress. For a copy of the team sign-up sheet e-mail r.l.harvey@lse.ac.uk. At 8pm our very own Jimmy Baker will be hosting a special Rag Pub Quiz in the Three Tuns with a £50 first prize. All welcome.

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

Wednesday night sees the return of our ever popular Toga Party in the Quad. Jimmy Baker will be on the decks till 1am with all our cheesy



favourites. Entry £2 and togas can be bought on the door for £1. A bar subsidy will be available for all those in fancy dress! During the Toga party there will be a forfeit market hosted by the lovable Amar Vidyarthi where you can sponsor your friends to make fools of themselves in public. A great time will be had by all.

After the party there will be a sleep out on Houghton Street to raise awareness of the issue of homelessness in conjunction with Centrepont. For more details and sponsorship forms contact Ian Bundred at i.r.bundred@lse.ac.uk.



Centrepont
 Housing young people at risk

Thursday will be a day of rest and recuperation. In the evening the Quad will see the return of Blind Date with special guest host. If you are looking for that special someone contact Holly Featherstone at h.featherstone@lse.ac.uk to get involved.

THURSDAY

FRIDAY



On Friday morning we will be trying to break a World Record in the Quad so come along and give us your support. In the evening we'll be trying to relive those boogie nights with Retro Crush. A prize will be given for the best 60's, 70's and 80's costumes.



Saturday will see old sporting rivalries renewed with the ultimate battle for supremacy in the Rag Week netball challenge. If you are in halls get involved with Inter-Hall football by contacting Felix Witte on f.witte@lse.ac.uk

SATURDAY

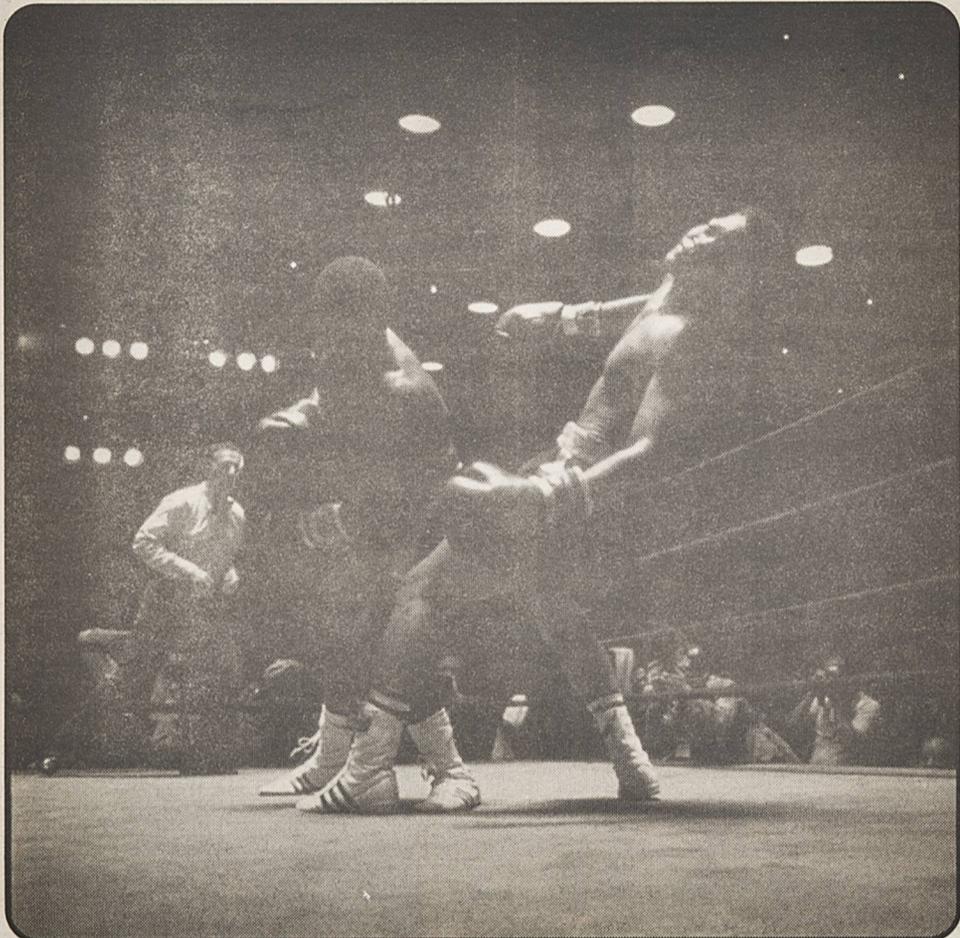


educationNOW



unicef

Ali 15



The tag line says "Forget what you think you know". I'm not sure why, since the film doesn't deal with anything that isn't already known about draft dodger, influential personality during the civil rights movements and a known associate/friend of Malcolm X, Cassius Clay aka Muhammad Ali. The film stars Will Smith (*Wild Wild West*) as the man himself, Jamie Foxx (*Any Given Sunday*) and Jon Voight (*Mission: Impossible*). Michael Mann's direction lets this film shine, or more accurately lets it blind you with blues and realism. The look, feel and style are similar to his previous opus *The Insider*, which isn't a bad thing.

The film deals with the ten year period between 1964, when Cassius Clay wins the heavyweight championship for the first time, and 1974 when Ali faces Foreman in the now legendary Rumble in the Jungle. In act one, the 22-year-old Cassius Clay has beaten Sonny Liston to become heavy weight champion of the world. From there we follow the ups and downs of Ali's life, his conversion to Islam and his refusal to participate in the Vietnam War. The film is slick, the fight scenes are superb. Emmanuel Lubezki's cinematography makes you want to flinch with every punch. There is a tendency to slip into *Rocky* mode with some of the shots, but this is no *Rocky* film: it's

Just The Facts...
 Starring: Will Smith, Jamie Foxx, Jon Voight
 Directed by: Michael Mann
 Release Date: Out now West End, Elsewhere 22/02/02 Running Time: 159 mins

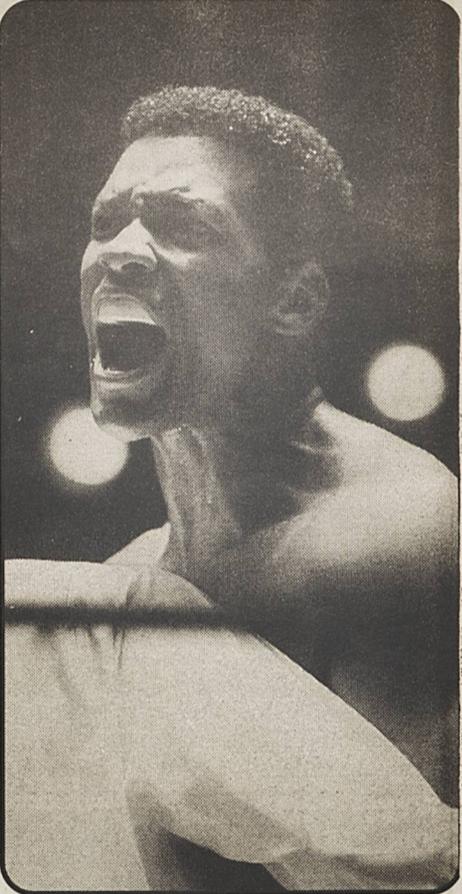
not hard to believe that these two giants really are beating the living daylights out of each other. One major criticism of the film is that it's too long. For periods of the film we have to sit through superficial drivel before anything happens. *Ali* suffers from the same fate of *The Insider*; in seeking realism Mann has given the audience every nuance of Ali's behaviour. It's not necessary, for example, to have endless shots of Smith running in Zaire. We get the point; don't shove it down our throats.

Mann tips his hat to some of the darker facets of the Ali personality; his womanising and poor personal judgements about those who work for him but none of these things really come off. This is not a warts-and-all portrayal, more of an ode to a legend.

"Rumble, Young Man, Rumble!"

★★★★☆
 reviewed by Terance LI

"...but this is no Rocky film, it's hard not to believe that these two giants really are beating the living daylights out of each other..."



Will Smith has done his homework on this one, even sparring with Ali himself, so this is no *ID4* performance. He has nailed The Legend's mannerisms, eloquence and physique. He may not be a boxer but he sure as hell looks like one. Outside of the ring Smith also manages to keep his acting hat on.

Jon Voight throws in a terrific supporting role as real life sports commentator and close friend to Ali, Howard Cossel. Possible Oscar for Best Supporting Actor on the table here, folks. He is Ali's verbal combatant sparring on numerous sport broadcasts as much entertainment as it was an interview.

Monsters, Inc. Competition Winners!



Thanks to all those that entered last weeks Monsters, Inc. competition. Well done if you replied with answer A) Finding Nemo (and bonus point to all those that pointed out the spelling error!)

The winners are:

- Jamie Roskell
- Jeff Stephenson
- H.Tham
- Ming Leong Kuam
- E. Oreggia
- Bill Carr
- Jane Edbrooke

Prizes haven't been allocated as we don't actually have them yet. If your name is printed above keep checking your mail as winners will be contacted as soon as the prizes arrive!

Don't Say A Word 15

Just The Facts...

Starring: Michael Douglas, Sean Bean, Brittany Murphy
 Directed by: Gary Fleder
 Release Date: 22/02/02 Running Time: 113 mins



And it looked like he was getting away with it. After gracing the indie hit *Wonder Boys* and last year's Oscar darling *Traffic* with his presence, it appears that the Hollywood big-wigs decided that Michael Douglas was getting too interesting. "How best to reel him back in?" they presumably pondered. The answer? A workmanlike book-to-screen adaptation of an airport thriller.

Douglas plays Nathan Conrad, a well-to-do psychiatrist who has successfully risen above dealing with the state's supply of nutters and now relieves the psychoses of New York's high-fliers. What with his plush job, beautiful wife Aggie (Famke Janssen) and oh-so-perfect daughter, he's quite a happy guy. Sadly for him, bad-guy Patrick Koster (Sean Bean) is a little miffed at the way a bank job of his went sour. And ten years on from this robbery, only one traumatised teenager knows the secrets of the double-cross which ruined it, and where the stash now lays hidden. To this end, Patrick enlists Nathan's help to unlock the secrets of her fragile mind. And how might this encourage our Nathan to help? By kidnapping his daughter, of course. And so begins this hotchpotch of a *Ransom* remake with a smattering of psychiatry.

Director Gary Fleder has trodden similar territory before, with his rather more successful adaptation of *Kiss The Girls*. Whilst that was nothing extraordinary, at least it maintained the tension (not to mention its links with reality) until the credits rolled. *Don't Say A Word* has no such intention of making it to the final reel with its logic in tact. And that's a shame, given a solid opening. Douglas is well cast as the lead, turning in a perfectly believable performance as the pressured doc and Famke Janssen does what she can with a role that keeps her bed-ridden with a broken leg whilst under the watchful eyes of a surveillance-savvy group of bad guys.

The real success, however, is Brittany Murphy, who plays the distressed witness as an intriguing well of untapped emotions and hidden motivations. Furthermore the plot serves the tension admirably for the first half, as our hero is pushed into an impossible task whilst also trying to alert the authorities, and Janssen's inability to flee her bed leads to the film's most exquisitely pulse-pounding setpieces. It's a shame that the second half sees all that was so carefully built up unravel into an incoherent mess.

Once the action leaves the hospital, all manner of flaws become apparent. The film, seemingly aware of the implausibility of curing a violent psychotic before Sean Bean's irrationally imposed deadline arrives, drags the patient outdoors where she miraculously recovers all of her repressed memories through a simple walk in

"Why stick with the claustrophobia of the hospital room or the he's-behind-you paranoia of the Conrad's apartment when you could set your show-down in... a graveyard! Whooo, spooky..."

the streets. The kidnapers ruin any impression of efficiency they've given off as they allow themselves to be outwitted by a six-year-old, and choose a desperately flawed hideout for no logical reason. And that's before the finale. It's not just that it features a frighteningly transparent twist. No, the problem is that it ditches everything that's worked so far. Why stick with the claustrophobia of the hospital room or the he's-behind-you paranoia of the Conrad's apartment when you could set your show-down in... a graveyard! On a misty island. Whooo, spooky. And why maintain the psychological game of cat-and-mouse established between Michael Douglas and Sean Bean (who's amusingly s**t throughout by the way, confirming his impressive turn in *The Lord Of The Rings* as a fluke) when you could have them... scrap? Near a gun! That one of them can't... quite... get... to.

I'll tell you why not. Because in succumbing to the test-screening driven, audience-friendly all-action ending, Fleder and co piss away the chance to provide a taut, intelligent thriller and instead provide us with a deflated also-ran. It's the kind of futile stupidity that almost leaves me speechless.

☆☆☆☆

reviewed by Tom Whitaker

Just The Facts...

Starring: Cate Blanchett, Billy Crudup
 Directed by: Gillian Armstrong
 Release Date: 22/02/02 Running Time: 121 mins



Normally, I am not very keen on epic-wartime-romance, I barely survived through *Pearl Harbor* and wasn't planning on watching yet another. Well, the one thing really tempted me to back to this genre was Cate Blanchett. I think that she is one of the most

beautiful and talented actresses of our generation and is always a pleasure to behold. But I was rather disappointed with this one.

First of all the storyline is rather dull. Charlotte Gray (Cate Blanchett, whose Scottish accent

Charlotte Gray 15

sounded odd to me, and I am not even British...) travels to London. On the train, she meets a civil servant who invites her to an official party where she meets dashing RAF pilot, Peter (Rupert Penry-Jones). They soon fall in love and when Peter goes missing in France she volunteers to join the Special Operations Executive to go in search of him. The movie is basically about what happens whilst she's abroad: the only problem is that not much really does. OK, to be fair, there are some moments of excitement, but when the movie lasts more than 90 minutes, a couple of "oh, be careful" moments are not really enough. Director Gillian Armstrong described it as a "a tale about what it's like to really be undercover, to truly lose your identity and try to keep yourself together at the same time" and "a wonderful of mix of human journey, love story and action thriller". I would not have known that it was meant to be an action thriller if I had not read the press notes before the movie.

As I mentioned before, I do think Cate Blanchett is such a talented actress, but somehow her acting in this movie annoyed me. She is too calm and impassionate; there is no sense of urgency in her acting. To compare it to music (I am not

claiming to be an expert at classical music!) watching her acting is like listening to Chopin: all technical and beautiful, but there is no passion that moves you to tears. One saving grace is Billy Crudup of *Almost Famous* fame who was very good. He is not that well recognized in mainstream cinema yet, but do check him out in *World Traveler* where he stars opposite Julianne Moore.

The movie is worth watching, if there is no other movie that you would really like to watch. Also, I might be too cynical and unromantic to appreciate this kind of movie. There were a couple of girls who were literally weeping throughout the movie and I have to confess there was couple of moments when I felt like crying too (possibly because of boredom rather than anything else). If you are into weepy romance and thought that *Pearl Harbor* and *Stepmom* are the two best movies you have ever seen, then it may well be right up your street. But other than that, wait for the video.

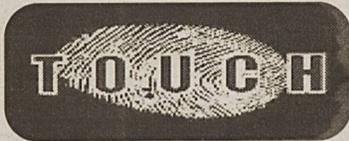
☆☆☆☆

reviewed by Hye-Young Lim

'Troubled' Anderson

hullabaloo @ the rhythm factory, 16-18 whitechapel road, E1

Touch FM, London's most 'on it' pirate for funky house and garage came out in force to celebrate their third birthday. What better venue than the Rhythm Factory, and the respected funky house monthly Hullabaloo?



hands in the air style.

The night's big guest, the legendary

was enjoying it, gurning like a granny with no teeth. The dancefloor had been rammed on his arrival; the exodus to the back room was not long coming. Those that did stay were a little more forgiving; 'He's hammered, but that's our Paul - he's keepin' it real' said one

non-deserter. Doubtless his buddies at Touch will let him off; it was fairly amusing and at one point he did blame the 'merchandise', though it was fine until he stepped up. The biggest props have to go to the DJ in the back room who took the oppor-

tunity trolleyed 'Trouble' had given him and cranked up the party atmosphere to hot. Everyone bundled into the back room as the bemused DJ, Touch's **John Ludo**, belted out the funky house.

Certainly a good night, a great atmosphere and some amusing DJ antics. If you like funky house and U.S. garage you can't go wrong with Hullabaloo...it's the phattest little night in London... **Agent Sumo** are the special guests next month.

You can listen to Touch on 99.1 FM. Monday, wednesday and Friday 6pm - 2am, Tuesday and Thursday 6pm - 12am and Saturday and Sunday 10am - 12am. Keep it locked!

TOM DAVIES

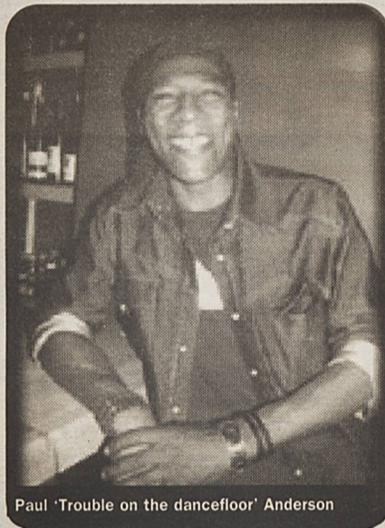
"At least 'Trouble' looked like he was enjoying it, gurning like a granny with no teeth"

With its seamless mixes of the sexiest soulful house and garage lubricating the dancefloor, it's no surprise by half twelve the place was packed. A fashionable but not pretentious mid-twenties crowd came determined

to party and the vibe was certainly there. The main room saw **Jay Hannan** take the helm - perhaps the happiest DJ I've ever seen, getting the main room going with bubblin' house and an enthusiasm that the crowd fed off,

Paul 'Trouble' Anderson was next up, all set to wind up the night in the way only he knows how. Wind it up he did; just not quite as the crowd and promoters might have hoped. 'Few beers, Paul?'. 'Trouble' proceeded to clear the dance floor with some of the most bizarre DJing antics I've ever seen. Long periods of silence where he struggled to work out which deck was playing, some what can only be described as clanging mixing and, most amusingly, attempts to get on the mic for a bit of Robert Owens-esque singing. Perhaps he thought that working with Jocelyn Brown so much would boost his own vocal doodlings!

His incessant looping of 'I am the magnificent' reeked of coke and his signature 'Trouble on the dancefloor' sample looped to infinity as Anderson went into his own little world, time and time again. Still, at least he looked like he



Paul 'Trouble on the dancefloor' Anderson

THE TOP FIVE

THURSDAY 21 FEBRUARY

TWISTER @ TURNMILLS, 63 Clerkenwell Road, EC1 020 8746 4072

Acetate Records and Kilowatt Recordings launch a new breaks night with a twist of house. The line up for the opening night includes Way Out West's Jody Wisternoff, Bedrock's DJ Hyper and DMC champion Chad Jackson. The second room plays host to Acetate DJs playing tribal and progressive house; could be quite a tasty way to kick start your weekend.

FRIDAY 22 FEBRUARY

NORMAN COOK @ MEDICINE, 89 Great Eastern Street, Shoreditch 020 7739 4996

It would seem that he of the many pseudonyms, Fat Boy Slim being the most commercially successful, has decided to be just plain Norman for a night at the latest addition to the Medicine Bar chain in Shoreditch. His real name isn't Norman, it's Quentin. Straight No Chaser's Crispin Dior completes the line up.

SATURDAY 23 FEBRUARY

BREAKIN SCIENCE @ THE REX MUSIC ARENA, 361-373

High Street, Stratford, E15 07930 733 606 £13.50 adv/more on the door

They're promising the 'ultimate drum & bass experience'; with four arenas and a line up including Hype, JJ Frost, Andy C, Zinc and Micky Finn you could be in for a big phat junglist treat. Also featuring a UK garage arena playing host to Mike 'Ruff Cut' Lloyd and the Pied Piper amongst others.

CLOCKWORK ORANGE @ THE CAMDEN PALACE, Camden High street, NW1 020 7344 4444 £15

With nine years of experience behind them you'd guess they know how to throw a party. Danny Clockwork is joined by Sonique, Tall Paul, Brandon Block, Alex P and Sister Bliss for a riotous night. So if you like that sort of thing, you and your droogs best get down there.

TUESDAY 28 FEBRUARY

LYRICAL LOUNGE @ SCALA, 275 Pentonville Road, N1 020 77712000 £10

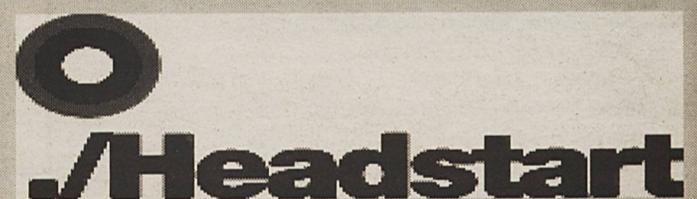
The monthly hip hop session is set to body-rock the Scala once more. If you love your beats and breaks and you just don't stop, this one's for you.

ANOTHER FABULOUSLY PHAT COMPETITION BROUGHT TO YOU BY BEAVER CLUBBING AND



We've teamed up with Turnmills, one of London's most respected and long-running nightclubs, to give you the chance to win two VIP tickets to **Headstart's third birthday party on Saturday 23 February.**

Headstart's monthly night at Turnmills has been a major success over the past three years and who better to help them celebrate than the legend that is **NORMAN COOK aka FATBOY SLIM**. Ample support comes from Medicine, FC Kahuna, DJ Anderson Noise, Ladytron, Carl Clarke and Reality Check.



If you want to win and take advantage of this immense opportunity to have a monster night out for free, simply

answer the question below and **email us with your**

name and phone number by 2pm on Friday 22

February to

lseclubbing@hotmail.com

Which of these is one of Norman Cook's pseudonyms?

- a) Skinnyboy Fat
- b) Chewin' The Slim
- c) Fatboy Slim

TEN RUNNERS-UP PRIZES OF HEADSTART MEMBERSHIP ENTITLING YOU TO PRIORITY ENTRY, REDUCED ADMISSION AND TWO FOR ONE DRINKS B4 11pm (on selected beer)

Beaver Sounds

MIKEBURN plays Bruno Brooks

You may have noticed this grey oblong box in recent weeks. Well pay attention because this is the **BeaverMusic** editorial column.

This is where we keep you up-to-date on all things music. Our editors and writers have their fingers well and truly on the pulse and are at your service.

This week we're having a chart feast with several **BeaverMusic** writers' top ten charts. A true indication of what's going on in the world of music.

BeaverMusic particularly recommends: The Faint, The Icarus Line, 80's Matchbox B-line Disaster and Ikara Colt.



Beaver Sound System

CHARLIEJURD

1. The Faint - *Danse Macabre* (lp)
2. Darius Danesh/Pop Idol - *Songs By Darius Danesh* (bootleg)
3. The Soundtrack Of Our Lives - *Behind The Music* (lp)
4. Black Rebel Motorcycle Club - *BRMC* (lp)
5. Tiga & Zyntherius - *Sunglasses At Night* (ep)
6. The Beta Band - *Broke/Won* (ep)
7. Super Furry Animals - *Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwynobwllan-tysiliogogochynygofod* (In Space) (ep)
8. ...And You Will Know Us By The Trail of Dead - *Madonna* (lp)
9. Foo Fighters - *Foo Fighters* (lp)
10. Les Rythmes Digitaes - *Music Makes You Lose Control* (ep)

JAZMINBURGESS

1. Fugazi - *The Argument + Furniture* (Special Edition Album)
2. Labradford - *Fixed Content* (lp)
3. Les Savy Fav - *Go Forth* (lp)
4. Cornelius - *Drop* (single)
5. Rival Schools - *United By Fate* (lp)
6. Saves The Day - *Stay What You Are* (lp)
7. Hey Mercedes - *Everynight Fireworks* (lp)
8. Icarus Line - *Mono* (lp)
9. Felix Da Housecat - *Kittenz And Thee Glitz* (lp)
10. Kids Near Water - *There's No 'I' In Team* (five-song ep)

VIDADELICA

1. White Stripes - *Truth Doesn't Make A Noise* (lp track)
2. Hairy Diamond - *Givin' Up* (single)
3. The Strokes - *Is This It* (lp)
4. Missy Elliot - *Get Ur Freak On* (single)
5. Earl Zinger - *Song Two* (7")
6. Queens of the Stone Age - *Lost Art Of Keeping A Secret* (cd single)
7. Charlatans - *Belle And The Butterfly* (lp track)
8. Electric Soft Parade - *Holes In The Wall* (album)
9. Ian Brown - *My Star 2002* (b-side of *Whispers* single)
10. The Music - *You Might As Well Try To F**k Me* (single)

Next Week: The End For Peter Davies...

submissions to m.r.burn@lse.ac.uk

Doctored Who?

ANDREWSWANN views The Who @ the Royal Albert Hall 7 Feb



When a bunch of men in their late fifties take to a stage, it can normally be assumed it is karaoke night and that what will follow will do terrible things to the will to live of various people. Not here though. This is the Royal Albert Hall, a venue esteemed beyond all others and the same venue that a young band from London were banned from for life over thirty years ago. That band was The Who: mod gods, rock legends, Woodstock heroes, Isle of Wight conquerors. Call them what you will, but this band remain better than any in Britain.

Tonight, three old men take the stage. Unlike the Rolling Stones, there is no pretension in The Who; they know they are getting older and don't try to act otherwise. Graceful in ageing, such honesty has been the appeal of The Who since the mid-sixties. Pete Townsend, wearing what looked from the gallery to be a grey cardigan, shuffled around with shoulders hunched. Roger Daltrey, flowing locks cropped close, smiled like a happy uncle and John Entwistle stood in the corner.

Yes, this band has not changed. Despite the enormity of what they have been through as a group, these men can still suffer each other's company and perhaps look happier together now than they ever were in their heyday. The performance showed this for itself. Holding nothing back, the 'oo screamed out song after song, classic after classic at ferocious pace and volume. Daltrey, still

singing with the lungs of a man possessed, shirt torn open, swung the microphone wildly - catching it every time. Townsend, although admitting he deserved to die before he got old, played longer, stronger, louder and better than any modern guitarist; it is all too easy to forget that during the late sixties Townsend was not only Hendrix's main rival, but Jimi stole a lot of his ideas from Pete. Entwistle, the Ox as ever, stood statuesque with fingers flying up and down the longest fretboard in rock. With the obvious absence of the late, great Keith Moon, Zak Starkey (son of some bloke named Ringo) more than adequately filled in, if being slightly too modern a drummer for personal taste.

Churning out hits from old to new, The Who spanned music from their early days of mod popularity (*My Generation*, *Substitute*, *Anyway Anyhow Anywhere*), to their late sixties live heyday (*Young Man Blues*, *Summertime Blues*) and beyond. All in all around two and a half hours plus an encore were thrown in the faces of an awed audience ranging from old faithful to young learners. Everything was crammed in, from the genre-defining classics of *Won't Get Fooled Again* and *Baba O'Reilly* to the fight-talking *Who Are You*. The musical and personal journey of the band was laid out for all to see. But this would mean nothing to most of you unless you understand the importance and sheer scale of the abortive *Lifhouse* project, the revolutionary impact of *Tommy* or had your life defined

by *Quadrophenia* aged 17.

Elements of all of these important moments was here tonight, with too many highlights to even begin to list. Playing for so long, the band put to shame modern pretenders to any musical throne and once again showed Britain the importance of rock and roll within the fabric of society. Rock and roll can make a difference, it is just thoughtlessly misused in the modern climate,

"Mod gods, rock legends, Woodstock, heroes, Isle of Wight conquerors. Call them what you will but this band remain better than any in Britain"

something put to rest by The Who today. The only shame was that more were not there to see it. Had the hall been five times bigger, it would still have been packed to the rafters. That is the importance of The Who. Try and show me any band of the present that will be able to not only pull in such a crowd in thirty years time, but give such an amazing performance. Rock is certainly not dead, far from it; Long live rock.

News

Vampire T*t

Marilyn Manson is amongst the acts set to voice the character of Lestat the vampire in a new film, *Queen of the Dead*. The original tracks are written by Korn's Jonathon Davis and soundtrack composer Richard Gibbs, while other music used comes from Papa Roach, Deftones, Tricky, Disturbed, Static-X, Godhead, Earshot, Kidney Thieves and Dry Cell. *Queen Of The Dead* sees Lestat, played by Stuart Townsend, rise from centuries asleep and attempt to be a rock star. The film also stars the late Aaliyah as Queen Akasha, the mother of all vampires. She is awoken from her crypt underneath the arctic ice by Lestat's music. The film's soundtrack is released on 11 March through Warner Brothers.

Recommended Gigs

Six By Seven @ Bull & Gate Friday 22 February
Black Rebel Motorcycle Club @ London Astoria Tuesday 26 February

Trails Blazing!

MIKEBURN on *Source Tags And Codes*, the third album from ...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead

For fifteen seconds of the opening track, *It Was There That I Saw You*, you are gently lulled by soft and quiet guitar arpeggios only to be blasted away by a sudden wall of warm, fresh noise. The song, as does the album, proceeds to fluctuate between lulls of tranquillity and riots of noise. ...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead are masters of the dynamic, only truly rivalled by Mogwai and Godspeed You Black Emperor!

They are perfectionists of the quiet/loud dichotomy. This, their third album, however, chases a more melodic sound. The guitar melodies are more distinct, and their primal angst appears to be watered down; possibly the sound of a more mature band, perhaps an attempt at a more commercial sound? *Source Tags And Codes* does have a more mature feeling to it. Not necessarily a bad thing. Here it seems to add another dimension to the 'Trail of Dead. It adds a layer of sound reasoning, reasoning which isn't quite rational but slightly more persuasive than pure violence.

A pseudo-glam glow oozes off of *Baudelaire*; like T-Rex only punkier. *Homage*, however, is more reminiscent of the sound of their eponymous debut. Riotous ferocity spiralling downward into melody then sweeping up in a whirlwind of angst fuelled rage. If it sounds awesome, that's because it is. *Heart In The Hand Of The Matter* is a driving, proto-punk epic with an awesome crescendo of a chorus which chimes around your head. Picture 'Trail of Dead as the orchestra of an insane conductor who maniacally dictates their sonic direction. The glam is back on *Monsoon* with a warm, deep guitar chug. The crashing symbols and drum rolls make it a stampeding anthem of a song. A song to which I would like to drive a car into the ocean.

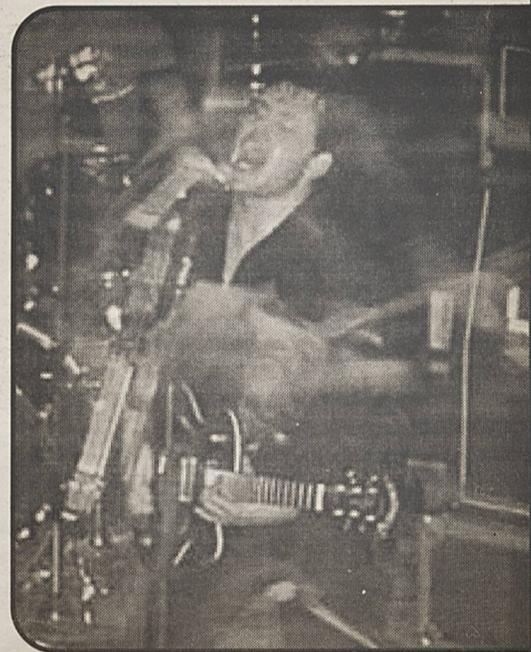
...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead are not compromising types. Signing to Interscope from Domino does not suggest a selling out, more a realisation of viability, and what it takes for band, who's commercial qualities are not its prime concern, to continue. *Source Tags And Codes* retains the band's artistic integrity whilst, although slightly oddly and uncomfortably, sliding onto a major label's roster. 'Trail of Dead's importance should not be underestimated. Bands which challenge and confront are needed more than those who follow and accept, heed and obey.

All the tracks off the album are notable. *Days Of Being Wild* is a raw and primal example of 'Trail of Dead's vindictiveness. *Relative Ways* is the single like *Mistakes And Regrets* from *Madonna*. And the final track, *Source Tags and Codes*, which sprawls delightfully to the album's close, is a melancholic epilogue. Enchanting and bewitchingly gentle strings end this delightful cacophony and the sounds of silence regain control after the struggle but with a trail of noise still resonating.

★★★★★

Source Tags And Codes by 'Trail Of Dead is out February 25 on Interscope Records

"You are gently lulled by soft and quiet guitar arpeggios only to be blasted away by a sudden wall of warm, fresh noise."



The Sin Bin



The De-bin-itive guide to the week's sin-gles

Brancaccio and Aisher

It's Gonna Be... (A Lovely Day)

This house tune by duo Brancaccio and Aisher is quite groovy, with that background beat reminiscent of most house music never failing to get you to nod in time. However, the main voice sample in the radio edit is very commercial, and is used too often as a loop, making the track pretty redundant. The original mix is much better, though.

★★★★☆
R.LEFROGGE

Allzee

Moi... Lolita

Slight problem here, as I can't understand a word of French. Well not really a problem, as the single sounds like one of those well-produced happy-clappy dance-pop tunes that types like S Club 7 might sing. Pile of s**te then, pardon my French.

★★★★☆
NAZIARAHIM

Capitol k

Pillow

Bubbles and zephyrs of bleeps and beeps float around with a distinct upbeat motion. *Pillow* deals with a concept: sleep is neutral - sleep is the perfect state. The pillow is where we rest our heads and our thoughts and achieve tranquillity. And sleepily and playfully Capitol K works melody around the general warm fluffiness. Close your eyes and you are in a world made only of clouds; a world of total comfort and relaxation and the blowing of a gentle breeze is your only concern. *Pillow* is a lovely otherworldly experience; delicate and romantic, fluffy and warm and enduringly peaceful.

★★★★★
MIKEBURN

Tetra Splendour

Pollen Fever

Spraying out of Porthcawl in Wales like indurated green mucus from a tissue-reddened nostril, Tetra Splendour remind us that hayfever is not an affliction to be treated lightly. Not averse to an increase in volume, "The Splendour" do angst-guitar rock in the style of a poppy Idlewild which tickles the nose without prompting a sneeze.

★★★★☆
CHARLIEJURD

Hefner

The Hefner Brain

A slightly improved remix of a track from the ill-conceived Hefner synth album *Let Me, Let You, Let Me Down Again*. Darren Hayman softly speaks like an adorable old man. Fortunately two of the five tracks on this ep are a return to form. *Can't Help Losing You* is a twisted love tale of loss and whiskey and *All I'll Ever Need* is an ode in the form of an analogous list: it stirs and is beautiful in its simplicity.

★★★★★
MIKEBURN

Nickelback

How You Remind Me

Multi-platinum rockers Nickelback are currently going down a storm in the States with their brand of commercial post-grunge, and *How You Remind Me* is certainly a passable slice of radio-friendly rock. More reminiscent of Loaded-era Metallica than peers such as Live or Stone Temple Pilots, this nevertheless plods along nicely, without ever threatening to become great.

★★★★★
PETERDAVIES

Public NME

Yes it was that magical time of year again. The NME Carling Awards were in town, and *theBeaver* eagerly made its way to London Astoria to get a taste of the action.

New Adventures in Lo-Fi

Lo Fidelity Allstars

@ The Scala, Kings Cross

31 :01: 02

of their authenticity, they shift into *Blisters In My Brain* and the Scala nearly turns into a moshpit. across the spectrum. In attendance tonight we have the obligatory man in camouflage jacket

"We've been away a long time, London" says The Albino Priest, eyes virtually closed, taking a well earned rest from his saunter from stage left to his decks and console stage right. With a new album, *Don't Be Afraid Of Love*, on the way, much of the early-set material is unknown, but instantly familiar. The heady mix of cowbell-tipped drum breaks and earthy bass loops force the Scala crowd into a sweaty funk-stained mass well within the 10 minute mark. The loss of The Wrecked Train from vocals duty can only be said to have helped the band's live performance. Now we get A One Man Crowd Called Gentile thrusting his silver bass heavenwards and goading the crowd. Then, as if we needed convincing

"The heady mix of cowbell tipped drum breaks and earthy bass loops force the Scala crowd into a sweaty funk-stained mass"

Through *Battleflag* to the warped psychedelia of *Vision Incision* the mad-for-it posturing of the Lo-Fis lead singer incites the powerless congregation through a raucous testimony. Criticised as dance music for Oasis fans in the past it is clear the Lo-Fi's message is converting believers

and two bald-headed vest-wearing predatory homosexuals direct from the set of *Queer as Folk* *The Beaver* even attends the aftershow to go celeb-spotting but (apart from the band themselves) a more barren wasteland of celebrity could not be found at the *Crossroads* Christmas



Hi or Lo?

party. In the end *The Beaver* succeeds only in spending an hour trying to avoid the predatory homosexuals and shaking the hand of camouflage man (now coked and Red Striped to the eyeballs) and capable only of giving a thumbs up. Whilst the rest of Big-beat seems to have laughed itself to death at its genre-confusion, which is no bad thing, but the Lo-Fi's live on. Tonight, 400 people witnessed why.

CHARLIEJURD

Sweet War-Child O' Mine

Travis / Ryan Adams / Starsailor / Remy Zero

@ London Astoria

04 : 02 : 02

Tonight sees the NME awards go all altruistic on us with its War Child Benefit theme, where all proceeds go to the charity made famous by the *War Child* album released during Britpop's heyday. With an impressive line-up, including Scottish indie darlings

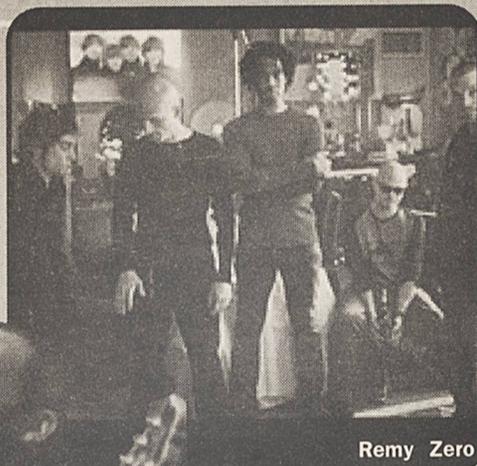


Travis, and America's flavour of the month Ryan Adams, the gig was sold out weeks in advance.

First up are Alabama rock quintet Remy Zero, and having been lauded by the like of Courtney Love, Thom Yorke and Billy Corgan, and with a new album *The Golden Hum* out next month, the band were eager to showcase their new material. They begin by ripping into former single *Prophecy*, and it becomes instantly clear why they have gathered such a cult following Stateside. Coming across like Radiohead on heat, *Prophecy* mixes textured guitar riffs with beautifully craft-



ed hooks, and this is followed by more awe-inspiring gems from their forthcoming album and their sophomore effort *Villa Elaine*. The main focus of the band is the suit-clad front man Cinjun Tate, a man who somehow manages to combine a Stipe-esque stage presence with the vocal talents of Freddy Mercury and *Joshua Tree*-era Bono. *Perfect Memory*, a beautiful, poignant acoustic affair, is delivered with style and panache, and is followed by the epic *Gramarye*, a Queen-esque masterpiece which stretches Tate's vocal talents to the full. The band finish on the soaring *Save Me*, and the performance suggests that Remy Zero could well become one of the most important and influential rock bands to come out of America for years.



Remy Zero

After the glory of the Remy Zero set, the remainder of the gig is quite frankly a bit of a let down. Up next are Wigan's second

"Remy Zero could well become one of the most important and influential rock bands to come out of America for years"

favourite sons Starsailor, and they bore us all to death with their droning NAM shenanigans. Even worse is Ryan Adams, who delivers a mundane acoustic set totally devoid of any thrills spills or memorable songs.

Thankfully, headliners Travis get things back on track with an inspired performance. Having previously (mis)judged the band to be bland, monotonous and uninspiring, I was taken aback by the sheer quality of their live show. Songs such as *Why Does it Always Rain on Me*, *Turn* and *Blue Flashing Light*, come alive in this setting, and they are ably led by the charismatic Fran Healy, whose jovial behaviour goes down a treat with the audience. The frantic set closer is a great end to the evening, which should hopefully raise a bit of money for the impoverished victims of wars throughout the globe. The real heroes, however, were Remy Zero, who undoubtedly stole the show.



PETERDAVIES

Number One

The 'Dead: See!

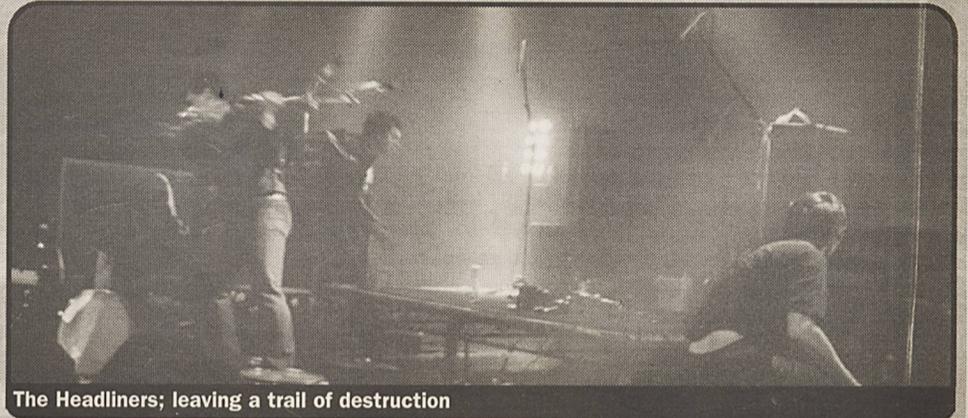
...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead / Clinic / The Faint / British Sea Power
@ London Astoria
07.02.02

Like a storm or an earthquake the apocalypse begins on Charing Cross Road. ...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead take to the stage and the aural assault begins. 'Trail Of Dead are so incendiary arson allegations could ensue; these men from Texas are noise mongers most high. Like outlaws in old westerns, the band have a reputation which precedes them and tonight the audience expect.

However, the twee eccentricities of British Sea Power open up. Stuffed animals and branches on stage, pop-prog-rock at it's very best, with a final song lasting in excess of ten minutes. Also Nebraska's The Faint won over the Astoria crowd this evening whetting the appetites of 80's revival fans with considerable synth rock greatness.

Immediately underneath 'Trail Of Dead on tonight's bill are however, Clinic. Clinic are quite simply the most original band the UK has produced in years. Costumed as Pearly Kings, they deliver a short and clinically controlled set of their brand of psychedelic, soul tinged, proto-punk. Well received by the audience although the majority craved the old rather than the new Clinic material which was delivered in equal measure. Everyone should have a dose from Clinic.

Back to tonight's main attraction: 'Trail of Dead possess this roguish charm, they are lovable but brutal. With one hand they shake yours, playing beguiling melodies but the other pulls the trigger of the gun which shoots you in the back with tapestries of noise. The sound of 'Trail Of Dead is the sound of a riot. The



The Headliners; leaving a trail of destruction

band perform like they are the marionettes of destruction, in the hands of some other cause. When Jason Reece slams his guitar against the stage floor it's as if holds the utmost contempt for the instrument. Discovering the fatal damage he caused, he hands out the pieces to members of the audience who are awash with awe. "If something's broken, you might as well break it more!" he says with a wry nonchalant arrogance.

Tonight ends on the anthemic *A Perfect Teenhood* and with echoes of the 'f**k you' chorus reverberating around the Astoria, 'Trail of Dead trash their equipment. The drum kit skids into the photographers' pit, kicked from underfoot. Feedback loops and the white noise builds; so incandescent it could burn you from a distance. No kit means no encore but the show is over anyway. Feeling thrilled and aurally violated, the audience depart, 'Trail of Dead not falling short of expectation: a riotous show.

MIKEBURN

Back to the Future

Nickelback / Rival Schools / Backyard Babies / The Parkinsons
@ The London Astoria
12 : 02 :02

Last Tuesday night at the Astoria featured one of the heavier line-ups as part of the NME Carling Awards series. First up were The Parkinsons, a completely un-noteworthy, boring punk band whose sole interesting feature was that they did not get drunk enough on stage to forget to help the roadies clear their gear after the set. The Parkinsons, ladies and gentlemen - the people's punks.

Not that it mattered to most of them, but the mosh-happy crowd got to sacrifice their bodies to markedly better music once the Backyard Babies took the stage. I'm thinking they got their name from ripping off the Backstreet Boys, and if that's the case they failed at reproducing any other Backstreet trademarks. Lost in all the energetic metal and classic rock guitar riffs were the choreographed dance moves, the looks of lost-love anguish, and the lip-synching. Despite not being the boy-band that their name had me expecting, they were still

OK. But seriously, where they suffered from being a bit contrived and from trying a bit too hard to be bad-ass, they made up for it

with great guitar work and the lead singer's modified Strokes shirt which asked rhetorically, "Is this s**t?"

Speaking of which, New York's Rival Schools were next. Having heard good things about them

and following a relatively decent set, they were a double disappointment. A few songs in Rival Schools had the youngish, metal-loving crowd reaching deep into their vocabularies, pulling up such verbal assaults as "You suck!", and hurling them towards the stage. To be fair to all involved, they really did. Now apparently what they were going for was something Co-Editor Peter tells me is called 'Emo-Punk'. Right. Well, what I heard was a wannabe sensitive pop-rock band trapped on a hard-rock bill and floundering with a lack of talent, melody, and a guitarist so hell-bent on self-indulgent distortion that he consistently drowned out the thin-voiced lead singer. In a way I suppose it was really the lesser of two evils considering singer Walter Shreifels was

never, ever, in tune. At least the Parkinsons celebrated their own badness. Amidst their blizzard of tuneless whining, failed

"When at their best, Nickelback's unoriginal fusion of pop-music with a hard-rock veneer stands up to anyone else"

melodies, and wah-wah guitars, you could make out the members of Rival Schools smiling, blissfully unaware of how bad they were.

Canadian rock quartet Nickelback capped the bill. When at their best, Nickelback's unoriginal fusion of pop music with a hard-rock veneer stands up to anyone else in the genre. Like all good pop, their songs, namely *How You Remind Me* from 2001's LP *Silver*

Side Up, and *Leader of Men* from 2000's *State*, are really catchy. One mildly poignant moment was when lanky frontman Chad Kroeger commented that London crowds were notoriously hard to please and that fortunately the Astoria audience did not seem to fit the stereotype. I wondered if the Astoria's leniency was really fortunate. Was Nickelback being cheered because they were that good or because *Silver Side Up* is a top five album in the States? I prefer to accuse the crowd of succumbing to celebrity over being suckers for mediocre music. Nickelback did do their best to please and knew their way around their instruments, but outside of some of their more catchy tunes, they would've needed a stage set-up like KISS to keep your mind off the repetitive drudgery. Oh and one final authorial admission: as a fellow Canadian, maybe I'm just a little bitter that of all the superb bands in the country, this one had to be one of the few who have made it big. Not the worst ambassadors, friendly and hard-working as they were, but not nearly the best.

ROBBANERJEE

Sweet Shop?

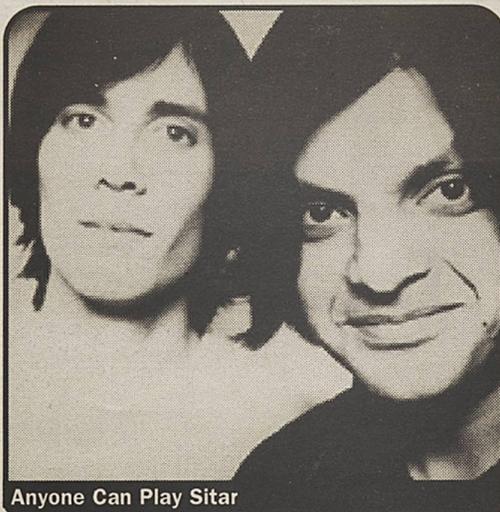
Cornershop

@ The Scala, King's Cross
13: 02 :02

nestled into the cosy territory of King's Cross lies the Scala, an (and the sarcasm ends here) intimate venue that marked the perfect location for the showcasing of Cornershop's new material. The new album, *Handcream For A Generation*, doesn't come out until April Fools' Day. That's an interminably long time away for those lucky enough to get a taste of it live last Wednesday and for the long-time fans who have been waiting for a follow up to *When I Was Born For The 7th Time* for nearly five years.

Calling bands like this eclectic is the common cliché. They've got a sitar, a Punjabi lead-singer, dubs, and a video screen behind them on stage blossoming with stream-of-consciousness imagery- how very eclectic. The problem with the term is that it seems to imply a stunt, as if the band is being different for difference's sake. In the case of Cornershop, that description couldn't be further from the truth. Their funky blend, musical and cultural, is not a forced conglomeration. Cornershop has a natural groove that comes only from musicians who are diverse and creative to begin with, without trying.

Cornershop's live sound is just as full as it is on the albums. Certain songs like *We're in Yr Corner* which starts off with the sitar and builds a solid groove with the addition of bass and drums are at their best heard live. When the band takes liberties with their songs and improvises, they never reduce to an airy jam. They are a tight, talented band intent on sounding great and successful in doing so.



Anyone Can Play Sitar

to dance. His on-stage solemnity belies a quirky personality and genuine sense of humour. The name of Cornershop's new album

"Cornershop has a natural groove that comes only from musicians who are diverse and creative to begin with."

Lead singer/song-writer Tjinder Singh is known for his emotionless presence on stage, but his music speaks for itself, and the band's beats are so infectiously groovy that the crowd doesn't need any prompting

and especially their upcoming single, *Lessons Learned From Rocky I To Rocky III*, are not the product of a band that is overly serious. Besides, when he looked into the clearly entertained audience his poker-face more than once broke down into a sincere smile. One bio I read described Singh as solipsistic, and while he clearly does not write songs to sell records, he and the band are fan-friendly and intent on pleasing the crowd. From 7 p.m. on 12 February to the same hour on the 13th, they took the term epic to new proportions with the webcast of a 24-hour mix of their new song *Spectral Mornings* (yes, one song, 24 hours), the original version of which is 14 minutes, features Noel Gallagher, and will be on *Handcream For A Generation*. *Spectral Mornings* comprised the encore, and it was most unfortunate that they kept it closer to its original 14 minute length.

The show genuinely was one highlight after another, but featured fan-favourites *Sleep On The Left Side*, *Butter The Soul*, *Good S**t*, and their own version of *Norwegian Wood*, all from their last album. Their new songs were at least as well crafted and featured equally addictive hooks. Cornershop obliged fans with a perfect version of *Brimful Of Asha*, and immediately followed it with *Rocky*, single number one from the new album. The single, definite hit material, had me severely missing my car. *Rocky* is a driving song, no question about it, but fans of good music, with wheels or not, will want the album and will not want to miss Cornershop live.

Fan-f**king-tastic.

ROBBANERJEE

Brace Yourself

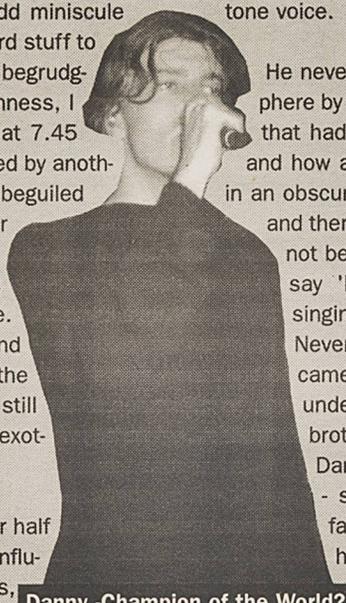
Embrace

@ Royal Albert Hall
01: 02 :02

Arriving at the over-praised Royal Albert Hall (it did not look that magnificent), I was excited to discover that Embrace would be supported by the very talented, but underrated, Witness and so I was rubbing my hands in anticipation at the thought of the two groups playing at the same venue. Before entering the auditorium I paid a visit to the bar, only to discover that it merely served alcohol in cans and worse still: only bitter and Guinness, except for the odd miniscule bottle of white wine - where was the hard stuff to get you in the mood for the gig? After begrudgingly handing over £3 for a can of Guinness, I found my seat. Witness were due on at 7.45 for 45 minutes, which was to be followed by another interval so the bars could rip off the beguiled punters. Soon I was left with a bitter taste in my mouth (and it was not just from the Guinness) as Witness stepped on stage fifteen minutes late. Nevertheless, they gave it their all and were hard done by when less than half the audience turned up to watch them, still propping up the bar with their range of exotic drinks...

Witness belted out a string of songs for half an hour, starting off with a few folk-influenced tunes and on to heavier pieces, injected with wistful notes that briefly made me think of Nick McCabe's handiwork. However, I was disappointed when they cut their appearance short due to the late start - and they did not even play the haunting *Audition*, their best release to date. After having bought a cider for the bargain price of £2.80, I returned to my seat. By now the Royal Albert Hall had been filled, mostly with twenty-somethings, although the auditorium lacked the electric atmosphere that accompanies the build-up to a band's appearance. Soon enough, Embrace

sauntered on stage and began the show with the rather down beat *Over* from the latest album *If You've Never Been*. I convinced myself that the boys would soon get going, yet after a while, as Embrace worked through their string of hits - *My Weakness Is None Of Your Business*, *Come Back To What You Know* - I began to realise just how many of their songs ended on 'la, la, la' and 'ba, ba, ba.' The absence of an orchestra (which I was naively expecting due to the operatic location) only reinforced the sense that many of Embrace's ballads were sounding the same, as the lead singer Danny McNamara persevered in a monotone voice.



Danny - Champion of the World?

He nevertheless tried to jazz up the atmosphere by spouting drivel about the big names that had appeared at the Royal Albert Hall and how a 'bloke' owned a few of the boxes in an obscure tier and so they couldn't be sold and therefore, it looked like the concert had not been a sell out... bla bla - or should I say 'la la la'. By the time they were singing *Save Me*, I was thinking just that. Nevertheless, one of the few high points came when Richard McNamara, Danny's underrated guitarist and song-writing brother, sung *Hooligan*. Yet even then, Danny had to parade around the stage - shaking his butt in the audience's face and wrapping his arms around his brother's neck when he was trying to sing. I couldn't help but think the droner hated not having the limelight on him - a case of sibling rivalry perhaps? I decided enough was enough and before the group ended their performance with *Wonder* (...what I'm doing here), I'd made it out the door. It was no 'wonder' that *If You've Never Been* had been reduced to £6.99 in Virgin Megastores after Christmas.

SOPHIEPOGEDICH

Their Name Is Mudd

Puddle Of Mudd

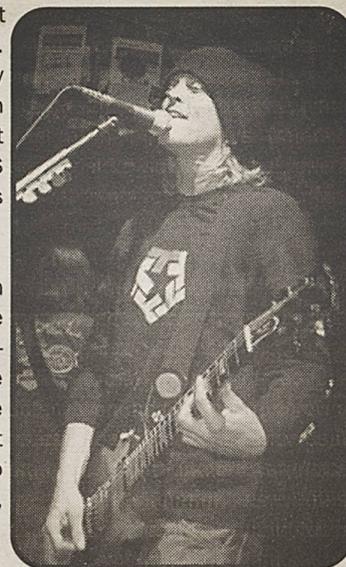
@ Mean Fiddler
08 : 02 : 02

Puddle of Mudd (POM) are one of the few bright hopefuls coming out of the American rock scene. Surprisingly signed to Flawless records owned by the irritating Fred Durst, the band have taken America by storm, with *Come Clean* being the most successful rock debut album of all time in the U.S charts. So I was definitely looking forward to this gig.

I have never been to the Mean Fiddler before or in its previous incarnation as the LA2. Small but the advantage being that you are up close and personal to the band you have gone to see. Places like Brixton academy, you have to push your way to the front or queue up early to get a prime position. At the Mean Fiddler we were one of the last people to enter and we nearly got ourselves next to the rail, not bad for a sold out gig.

Quite often with gigs like this the crowd is impatient for the main act and basically jeer the support off the stage. Here it was different, the young audience was appreciative of the efforts of the support band called I think Nutonic, who though lyrically not great were energetic enough to keep the crowd happy. Nutonic, given this opportunity by Kerrang magazine surprised me as I usually am pessimistic about unheard of support bands but they did their job and they themselves were taken aback by how well they were received.

Half an hour later and POM finally arrived stage centre, launching straight away into their current album. POM's style of music is very much of the grunge era with heavier guitars. Some of the tracks on the album sound very alike to Nirvana though there is a streak of optimism and light heartedness running throughout POM's tracks. The music might not be original but it is infectious with anthemic songs leading to the crowd singing back at any opportunity given. POM were over in England supporting Staind, but next time around they will be the headliners, so seeing them in a small environment, whilst they are relatively unknown was indeed a pleasure. POM probably will not go down in history like Nirvana or Soundgarden but they are a standard above the usual crap that is coming across the Atlantic. To sum it all POM are a great new band but with a god awful name.



RYANCOORAY

Album Round-Up

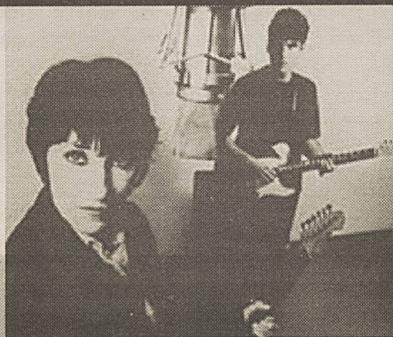


The Notwist
Neon Golden

The essence of *Neon Golden's* songs is a brittle spine. There is a fragile framework around which the songs are built. Drum loops and electronic elements flesh out the ten skeletons into things of considerable beauty. Without this the songs would feel raw and exposed; almost uncomfortable to listen to. The lyrics are tender and poignant. From tentative banjo twangs to heady dub bass Neon Golden is an album of subtleties. "No matter what we say, no matter what we think, we'll never, we'll never leave this room - what are we going to do about this?" questions singer Markus Acher's on *This Room* with a cool and aloof vocal. Like Lali Puna and other bands of their ilk, The Notwist seem to be able to convey an incredible amount of emotion whilst using electronic elements which can so often leave the listener cold. The warmth of the blips and pops combining with the natural warmth of the organic element; instrument and human, is what gives *Neon Golden* its charm.

Unlike previous album *Shrink* which was put out on Stereolab's Duophonic label, *Neon Golden* is free from a certain rawkus element which manifested itself with intense passages of free jazz. The album is more refined, indeed it is their sixth. It is a departure from their previous efforts, not least their post-punk debut from over ten years ago. *Neon Golden* is a thing of beauty.

★★★★☆
MIKEBURN



Birdie
Triple Echo

If it wasn't for JVC being absolute crap manufacturers and rip off merchants, I probably would have really enjoyed this. What I did get from the brief minutes I heard before my stereo mercilessly packed in was an album promising depth and beauty. A voice to die for seemed to be combined with songs of sweetness in lyric and music. The immediate feeling is of the summer air, lying in a field, sunshine, laughter, happiness; but like anything this could also have problems... hay fever, wasps, ant's nests, you get the idea. I'm not saying that this particular album had such health threatening problems, merely suggesting that from what I heard of this there may be too little variation within the LP to make it an essential keep-on-the-stereo (if it's working) record.

However, do not let such notions keep you away. Birdie have produced here an album of promise. The saying 'one for the future' comes to mind, an investment. Invest in Birdie and they are sure not to disappoint; this album offers a spark that others working within the same realm cannot produce. Where Travis try to be wistful and melancholy whilst ending up looking like a bunch of crapfoots, Birdie remain the same - unheard of and little praised, left to do their stuff and perhaps one day get a lucky break in the big time, although one is led to believe they may not want this, all the best music comes from nowhere.

★★★★☆
ANDREWSWANN



Various Artists
Shallow Hal Soundtrack

This soundtrack to the new Farrelly Brothers' comedy is like most film soundtracks, a much of a muchness. Very few soundtracks are ever that good anyway, as, understandably, filmmakers just want background music to keep the story flowing. This is exactly what this soundtrack is, background music. Nothing radical, nothing special.

There is a very good PJ Harvey track, *Good Fortune*, one classic Motown number, *Baby, Now That I've Found You* by the Foundations, a Neil Young song, *After the Gold Rush*, a typically average offering from Sheryl Crow, and Shelby Lynne belting her usual dose of country loving. The rest is a whole host of tedium from lots of whiney American Indie bands with names such as Rosey, Paloalto and Ellis Paul, and whose sound suggests that they were the ones who got picked on at school the most. Aaah bless, what a hard life they must lead, what with all the money, parties and groupies. Angst, my arse.

So this soundtrack is not one I'd recommend, but it is so undemanding and easy to listen to that it would make a great present for your Mum or girlfriend. After all two female friends of mine, Holly and Amy, thought this album was "really great" and "uplifting". Which means it must be s**t.

★★★★☆
JUSTINNOLAN



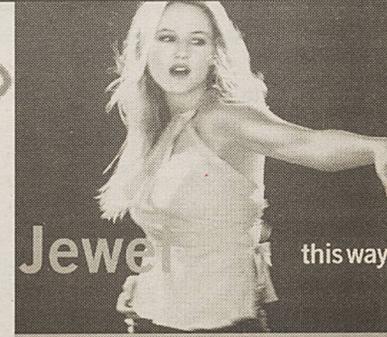
MTV The Lick
Volume 2

This is another compilation album by R n' B presenter Trevor Nelson. Cool and slow tunes mix with hip-grinding, arse-butting and head-bobbing tracks. It is a winner.

The album includes track hits from artists such as Beverley Knight with her soul popping *Get Up!*; Mary J Blige's swinging *Family Affair*, City High's *What would you do*, Outkast's *So Fresh, So Clean* and Jay-Z's *Izzo*. My absolute favourite artist on this album is Ja Rule. Two of his songs are on this album, *Living It Up* and *I Cry*.

Ja Rule's *Living It Up* from his album *Pain Is Love*, is a swinging get-up-and-dance tune. Rhyming from the age of 16, Ja (taken from his initials Jeff Atkins) made his first vocal appearance on Mic Geronimo's 1995's *Time To Build*, the B-side to Mic Geronimo's *Masta IC*. Juggling roles within DMX's Ruff Ryder camp and Jay-Z's Roc-a-fella imprint, the 21-year old native of Hollis, Queens has been responsible for some of today's hottest hip-hop verses. Ja's distinctive gravel-stone voice and fiery presence has made him a street favourite. He worked on Jay-Z's *Can I Get A...*; and *Gangsta Shit* from DJ Clue's *The Professional*. Ja Rule has established his place as a force to be reckoned with in today's competitive environment.

★★★★☆
SHOLABABINGTON-ASHAYE



Jewel
this way

Jewel
This Way

On receiving the new album from one of America's favourite country-tinged folk-bints, we flicked to the track listing and saw that the second one was called *Jesus Loves You*. Barely able to contain ourselves, we hurriedly whacked it on to see if it was ironic. It wasn't. Sadly this poppy yet slightly dull tune was a half-arsed attempt at pro-choice croonery; an exercise in middle-of-the-road, bland-as-lettuce liberal soapboxing that even Neil Young would flinch at. There was a little bit of Charlatans-esque Hammond organ though, so we carried on.

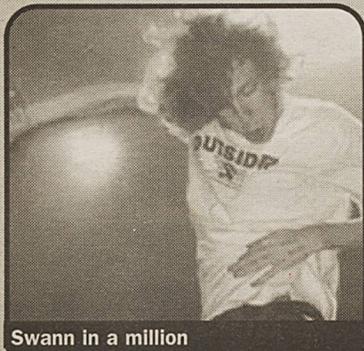
The next track, *Everybody Needs Someone Sometime*, starts like Genesis' *I Can't Dance* would have if Collins, Rutherford and co had comedy-walked through Thelma and Louise's favourite bar. To steal a joke from *The Simpsons*, this album appears to contain watered-down versions of both kinds of music: country and western. And then the rest of the tracks seem to blur into one.

To be honest, we're not trying to be clever or anything, it's just that Jewel's latest offering did very little for us. Without the bite of mad-as-a-mushroom Morissette, or any real stand-out moments, we can hardly recommend it. It's not that it's a particularly bad album, but the prospect of listening to it again is about as appealing as anthrax.

★★★★☆
JEFFSTEPHENSON

Where Are They Now? (this week's space filler)

BeaverMusic's brand new (and one off - MB) feature on stars of the past, and their current whereabouts. This week is former *Beaver* co-music editor ANDREWSWANN



Swann in a million

Since stepping down as music editor of *The Beaver*, Andrew Swann has not been content with just preparing for his finals. Oh no! The sideburned Shed 7 devotee has got himself a job singing for the promising rock upstarts **Hundred Reasons**. Indeed, Mr Swann was recently spotted in action at the NME Carling Awards (see pictures), showing what a great frontman he really is. His band were supporting **Ash** at the London Astoria.



Woman In Black

Woman in Black is a ghost story effectively played on stage. The brilliant thing about this play is that it does not have grand expensive stage special effects. It uses simple psychological illusion, which sends spine-chilling tremors round you as you stare amazed that what looks like a little production is an amazing work of art both in its substantive form and in its theatrical display. The screams especially I recall with a shudder.

The story starts with an old man, a lawyer, who wants to take lessons to be able to deliver a story to his family. The actual matter is that this story is a true one that caused him personal tragedy and for all those who have come to hear it or being associated with it. Christopher Ravenscroft plays the role

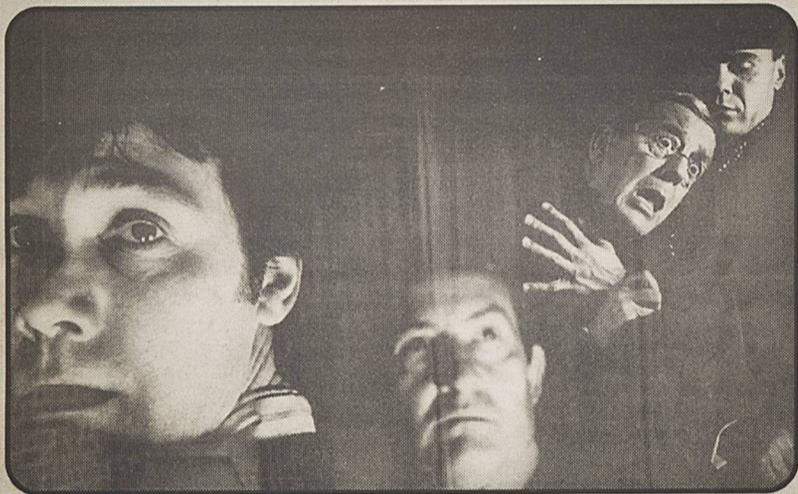
of the old lawyer, Arthur Kipps while Sebastian Harcombe plays the role of the Actor who teaches him to deliver his story. The play is from the novel by Susan Hill and adapted by Stephen Mallatratt.

This is honestly a good show, I had my doubts in the beginning of the play but I was delightfully surprised at the end of it. Truth be told, I was so convinced by the show that I was thoroughly scared.

★★★★☆

reviewed by **Shola Babington-Ashaye**

Fortune Theatre, 02078362238, tube-Covent Garden/Holborn, £10-£29.50



The BFG

The action begins on Sophie's birthday, when her big brother gives her Roald Dahl's classic, giant-ridden children's novel *The BFG*. Sophie decides it a marvelous idea to act out the tale with all her friends and family as a birthday activity - and so goes the adventure...

When kidnapped by the BFG at the witching hour where all human beans are sleeping, Sophie is about to embark upon a world of rot-some human eating giants and snozcumbers. Luckily she will be protected by the immense hands of the only non child-eating giant in Giantville. As more and more children turn up missing from boarding schools (the giants especially like the sweet and sour Swedes) it is up to Sophie, the BFG, and yes, the Queen of England to change the world.

Like no other writer in the history of the children's novel, Roald Dahl is able to capture the freedom of a child's imagination. He empowers children by giving such scenes as when the president of the United States calls a little boy for advice, to the disbelief of his grumpy, gum-frog father. In this Saddler's Wells production, one of Roald Dahl's many worlds is brought to the stage via an ingenious creative staff, including set and costume designer Susie Caulcutt who with her simple designs truly brings the magic to the stage, and David Wood (AKA 'the national children's dramatist'), the adapter and director, who has written over fifty children's plays performed in the West End and all over the world. The giant is actualized via the theory of relativity, and Anthony Pedley bears a striking resemblance to the original illustrations of the BFG in Roald Dahl's book.

As Sophie, Rebecca Rainsford encapsulates the youthful charm of an innocent, excited girl to whom reality holds no boundaries, and Verity Anne Meldrum's enactment of the Queen of England parodies the bemused charm, and classic grace of royalty.

This play is a far cry from gobblefunk, and the last time I saw members of the audience crawl beneath their seats during a play it was a group of students returning from an evening a free cocktails. Unless whizzpoppers make you squeamish, this play will take you back to childhood, make you beg your friend to buy you an ice cream during intermission, and give you sweet sweet flungaway dreams. As one can assume, this is not exactly a show for hip twenty somethings to impress their girlfriends. I recommend using a little brother or sister as an excuse.

★★★★☆

reviewed by **Sarah Greenberg**

Sadler's Wells, Box Office: 0207863 8000



Humble Boy

A comedy about life, the universe and bee-keeping!

Felix Humble has his head up an ivory tower and is looking for a unifying theory for life, the universe and everything. Unfortunately he can't find it. To make matters worse, his father has just died. Instead he is forced to ask himself the perennial questions that dog us all: where we are going, who we are, and what we want from life.

The first half took quite some time ensuring that we understood the characters. This was done well, but could it have been done faster? Also some of the earlier jokes felt rather planted. This was totally made up for after the interval, the action is non-stop, the jokes are far more natural, and there is a much higher level of passion and feeling evident.

Felicity Kendal as Flora, Felix's mum, really stole the show. Her character has a lot to deal with on top of the death of her husband and manages magnificently. All the characters gel together round her wonderful self-centred and assertive presence. Mercy, the annoying clingy friend played by Marcia Warren, had good moments but felt a bit too peripheral. With this little exception the cast performed admirably.

The scripting by Charlotte Jones was excellent, making light work of the complex world of astrophysics. It seemed a strange fit at first trying to mix comedy, bee-keeping and a hard science together in one pot, but the result is first class - even the 'science bit' made sense!

The extravagant set, which looked to be real grass, really brought the garden backdrop to life. However I did wonder how it was kept in such a wonderful state as none of the characters seemed to pay it much heed.

Economics may be called the dismal science but surely there can be nothing so boring as theoretical astrophysics. How wrong I was. I left the theatre feeling - as I suspect was the inten-

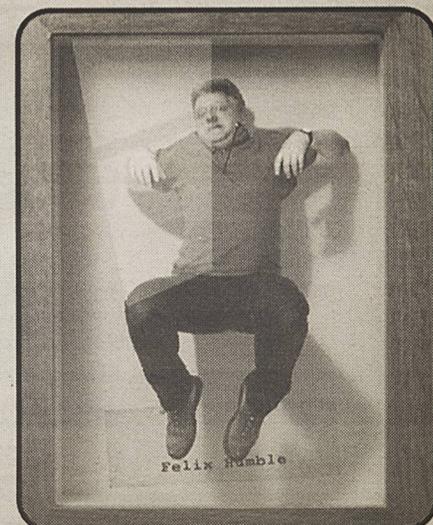
tion - just like a little bee, racing around blessed with only a finite number of wing beats with which to savour life.

A very clever comedy for all you busy-bees in Houghton Street.

★★★★★

reviewed by **Robin Noble**

Gielgud Theatre, Box office: 020 7494 5399, final performance: 18th May, £15 to £37.50



Overload

undershoots

Drinking and trying to forget, that is the theme of *Overload*, the latest production at the small art-house Courtyard Theatre. Unfortunately I felt like doing exactly the same after seeing this production. This isn't the worst play I've ever seen, it does have some interesting moments, but on the whole it doesn't rate highly.

The story is about four friends who are achieving less than they would like, their remedy is alcohol and clubbing (a strategy that many regulars at Crush will have sympathy with). The problem is that the story is so bitty that it would have been entirely feasible to mix up many of the scenes and I wouldn't have noticed. This approach meant that the whole production lacked focus; it was very unclear what or who was central.

There are too many attempts at dramatic tension that... wait for it... don't work... wait some more... and are really annoying into the bargain. The characters also resorted to the horrible tactic of being loud when they couldn't be good. The wonderful exception to this rule was Alex, played by Paul Oliver. He plays a guy whom on first impression 'has it all', but on closer inspection things aren't so rosy. Mr Oliver has only recently graduated from the Academy of Live and Recorded Arts; he displays real

talent and promise, therefore deserves to go far. The other good point to note is the well choreographed use of the small space available, this together with clever props and lighting meant that the suspension of disbelief was not hard.

It could be argued that I've missed the point of the whole play. That part of its aim was that the scenes could be mixed around without much trouble, as this reflects the drifting feature of the characters lives. The same could be said of the shallowness of the whole event. Was this true I should have left with a greater understanding of group's culture and its values. However it is not true and I left the theatre feeling as though I had watched something very shallow that had ended up being a bit predictable and boring.

It could have been an interesting story, but just doesn't make the grade.

★★★★☆

reviewed by **Robin Noble**

The Courtyard Theatre, Box Office: 020 7833 0876, tube-Kings Cross, final performance Sunday 24th Feb at 8pm, £6 with Student Discount

The Other RSC

The Complete Works of William Shakespeare

The Complete Works, by the Reduced Shakespeare Company, attempts what no other group has before: to represent Shakespeare's entire body of work in approximately 97 minutes with only three actors. What this entails is creative adaptations of the tragedies, a ten-minute condensed version of the comedies (including a George Bush pretzel joke) and the progression of the crown through Shakespeare's plays as an American Football game. This play, created by a group of Americans in 1987, is now one of the four finalists for the new Laurence Olivier Award for Most Popular Show, up against *Mamma Mia!*, *Cats*, and *The Phantom of the Opera*. It distinguishes itself from the others by bringing low-brow American humour to the theatre.

I accepted the assignment to review this show on the glowing recommendation of a male friend of mine. I did take into account that his favourite movie is *American Pie*, so I thought this play might be along the same lines of humours stupidity. It was, but unfortunately not so humorous. Entering the show I was not quite sure whether I had magically been transported back to a

third grade assembly where the performance-art group brought in amused us all with audience participation and excessive fake puking. Although I found many of the jokes forced, I enjoyed the finale where the company performs *Hamlet* in three seconds which results in them all dying and falling to the floor, with Richard Lyndon dressed up as a woman throwing water on himself to represent Ophelia's drowning.

Gary Fannin and Mathew Hendrickson did bring some humour to the play, but I felt that most of Lyndon's antics were over-the-top. However, eight year old children or males in their early-twenties might enjoy his perverted humour much more. The play was mediocre for what it was, which is merely silly dirty slapstick. For free, I would go gladly. For £29.50, I would rather rent *American Pie* 10 times.

★★★★☆

reviewed by **Ellen Correla**

Criterion Theatre, Box Office: 020 7413 1437, tube-Piccadilly Circus, £8-£29.50

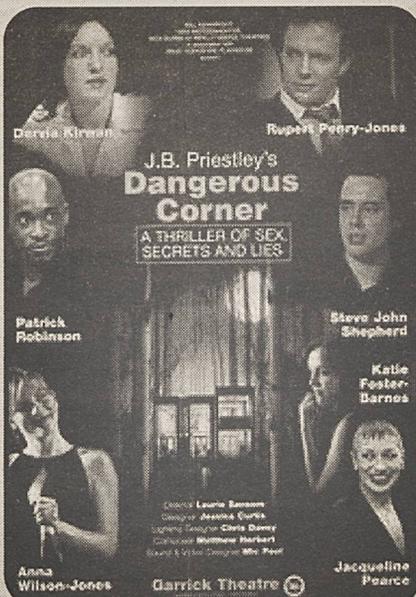
Dangerous Corner

This readaptation of JB Priestley's 1932 thriller *Dangerous Corner* is jump kicked into the present with business suits, designer cocktail dresses, tequila shooters, and a sleek modern backcountry home.

The circular mystery tour begins when Maud's (Jaqueline Pearce) comment about a cigarette box triggers new questions over the suicide of Martin that occurred years before. 'Let Sleeping Dogs Lie' is the message that Alwin (Derla Kirwan) continuously tries to get across to her close knit group of friends from the publishing firm. But of course, once Pandora's box is opened, it cannot be shut, and nobody escapes once hidden truth.

While this is certainly not high art, it is thrilling fun, and attention grabbing. Unfortunately the recent announcement of its early closing doesn't give you much time to catch the action.

Dangerous Corner combines the melodrama of 'Melrose Place' in its height, with the sleek style of the latest Steven Soderbergh flick.



★★★★☆

reviewed by **Sarah Greenberg**

Garrick Theatre, Box Office: 020 7494 5085, tube-Leicester Square, Final Performance Feb 23, £17.50-£35.

Win big time!

come see Willy shake his speare FOR FREE!

1) For free tickets to *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*, please tell us which of the following words Shakespeare didn't coin:

- a) zany
- b) undress
- c) lump
- d) globe

e-mail your answers to us, Sarah and Shola, at ssstheatre@hotmail.com tickets are subject to availability.

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Contact us Shola and Sarah at ssstheatre@hotmail.com

When She Finally Wakes Up.

This is the irony of the clean-living girl
Who gets high on one cup of coffee
And spends whole afternoons
Hiding in toilets
To see if anyone notices she's gone.

I have nothing to show for my life
Except books and empty words.
They think I work hard.
Mostly I sit alone,
Screwing up sheet after sheet of paper
Because there's nothing left to say.

Are you wishing you were somewhere else?
What does it feel like
To be so certain of your social power
That missing out is
No big deal?
The number of parties I have missed
Is exactly equal to the days I have spent
Fathoming my invisibility.

written by **Victoria Peckett**

competition winner

The Winner of a copy of *Love, Sex and Hedonism* by Amy Mandeville is O A Adeniyin. Come on down to collect your prize!

If you would be interested in reviewing any of the following email us at seni@saph@hotmail.com

THE BACKPACKER - JOHN HARRIS
SUMMER ISLAND - KRISTIN HANNAH
ALL BONES AND LIES - ANNE FINE
MONKEY'S BIRTHDAY - SIMON CRUMP
RED ROSE BLUES: THE STORY OF A GOOD LABOUR MAN - JOE ASHTON

Organix.

Flayed alive from the insides
Out, yet betraying nothing, I wait
To present myself to you anew.

All this summer living as Animal,
As hunger, taking in and storing up:
A slow osmosis of other lives.

Watchful; ticking away the procession
Of virtues, of emotion, time and tide,
Fortune, deception, hidebound

For the future. For now, I live
Inside myself, given over to rudimentary
Cells and circulation, pulmonary desires.

I am hormone. Awake to nothing
But the stewing of energy and intent,
While, in a balloon overhead, manners,

Forms of personality collect, taking shape
Anew, ciphered and funnelled, as required
Ready to meet you.

Stripped out, I feel light and unaware
Of spatial matters. A time to bide
And collect, sifting through endless shifts

In beat and fluctuation, measuring
Pulse against pulse, warmth and perception
Of light in self-regulation.

Most of all it is anger which we cannot
Control; which threatens to run amok,
To stop dead work in progress.

In a flash, leaden thoughts could charge
And rise to life, conducted by hate.
I must watch and wait -

Stalk and strive to keep in check.
I will not rupture peaceful veins,
I will slumber under fortified skin,
Outside-in.

written by **Victoria Peckett**

The Bird and the Man

For a winter's day, the weather did not seem to be so bad. In the park, there were grey flurries of pigeons casting about in the air and the leaves on the trees looked ridiculously green, with a luminosity borrowed from the sun. There were not many people there at this time in the afternoon and it looked very neat and tidy, what with there being no litter on the floor and all the bronze sculptures scrubbed and polished by the handyman.

I often came to the park at this time and would sit there a little while, watching the

pigeons
and the
people
walking by.
It was a
very peace-
ful little
place for
the centre
of London

and the only distraction was the distant sound of cars rushing in the ears. The thing that I especially liked about the park was the way in which they had mixed the asphalt and the greenery, making it a very urban style of gardening. The sculptures I did not like so very much, because they were all of the Victorian politicians and looked very disappointingly at the generations that had followed. John Stuart Mill, in particular, was my least favourite.

I was sitting on the bench watching a pair of pigeons fighting. Of course, they weren't really fighting, it was more of a game. They really were a very amusing little duo. The larger one seemed to be the aggressor and he was the uglier of the two. I idly wondered if he was very angry and was reflecting on how little I knew about pigeons after all, when I noticed that someone was lurking about in the shrubbery before me.

I found it peculiar that I had not noticed his entrance, but now that I could see him, I thought him an arresting sight. He had a long, lank beard, which was a pale red colour and he was altogether not much of a man, barely reaching five feet in height. He was wearing a green cap and the rest of his clothes were green as well. He looked very dirty and I presumed he was sleeping rough on the streets.

I wondered what he was doing in the shrubbery. I looked around, but there was no-one but him and me and the pigeons in the park and the handyman had disappeared somewhere for lunch. The man was pulling out something from his jacket pocket, but I could

"The larger one seemed to be the aggressor and he was the uglier of the two"

not quite see from the distance what it was. I thought I saw a little, hard, metallic

glint, but I was not so sure. I was watching him now with a vague feeling of apprehension. The man was making lithe, cat-like movements in the bushes now and he was edging towards something and suddenly I could see what it was. He was moving towards a pigeon on the asphalt.

I wanted to move, but the sinuous motions of the man were having a mesmerising effect on my body, he was getting closer and closer, very slowly until it seemed almost like he was covering the distance without moving at all. The poor little pigeon was just pecking away at something and I felt very sorry for her, so I shouted out as loud as my lungs would let me. The pigeon flew away, the man was looking at me now and he looked very cross, so I flew away too.

written by **Suneel Mehmi**

The Cocoon

Ever since he had been a little boy, his ambition in life had been to write. Throughout the years at school and then at college and university, he had seized upon every opportunity to read and read and hone his talent. Eventually, he had become famous, but not by the typical routes of patronage through which most authors managed to find success. Instead, he had slaved away at the English idiom in the papers, eventually published by a small, independent company. Over the years, he had perfected his own special technique of delivery and it was an especially ascetic and self-denying one.

He would sit in a darkened room, with just a desk lamp for light. There was to be no interference with his thought processes from outside media. He sat with a clothes peg on his nose to deny him the sense of smell and wore ear plugs. He severed all outside contact and personal relationships, so that he would not be disturbed. This method gave him the focus that he needed to produce his seminal mastery of prose. His opponents had levied at him the criticism that

writing was a social process and he had intentionally starved himself of any such thing and this impacted his work detrimentally. They had tagged him 'the cocoon writer' and savaged him in their literary magazines, but he had become the locus of a powerful literary faction and school.

He was at the close of his career and had produced three masterworks, which his critics had to admit (even with all their faults) were among the most powerful and original in the realm of the English language. There was not one author that could touch him in the living world and many thought that the dead could not compete with him either. But he was not complacent, he did not know what the world thought of him. He was working on his fourth and final novel, now that he was grown old and his mental faculties were going. He knew that it was his great-

"He had not seen another human being for so many years and now he could see a cradle above him."

est work and that it could never be rivalled. He had worked at it with tremendous industry, had finished his first version and was now painstakingly revising the first draft.

His hands and fingers hurt with the writing, and his mind was weary with the writing. He paused a little and massaged the back of his neck with his hand, stared at the white ceiling. He had painted the whole room white, because he was sure that any other colour would impress its mood upon his writing. There was a little crack in the ceiling, he noticed. He had not seen it before, but it was clearly visible now.

In fact, as he looked at it, it seemed to get a little bigger. He reprimanded himself for being such an old fool and looked away. He was think-

ing about the main character in his novel, Catherine. He had called her a tawny blonde in the first chapter, but had changed her latter to a golden blonde. He was wondering what the effect of each description would have on the overall meaning of the work. He looked up again and suddenly gasped. The crack was bigger. He was sure it was bigger, he was not so sure about how much bigger, but that it was bigger he could be certain. He stood on his chair and looked at it more closely. He had not seen another human being for so many years and now he could see a cradle above him. The weight seemed to be breaking apart the ceiling in his apartment, the rockers were made out of solid metal.

He frowned and scratched his ear, a nervous habit of his and the ear plug fell out and he heard a startling sound. His heart collapsed under the shock and the surprise of it and he foamed at the mouth and died. It was a terrible beauty that destroyed his fragile world and fragile brain. It was the baby's cry.

written by **Suneel Mehmi**

Seminal Exhibition or Seminal Offering?

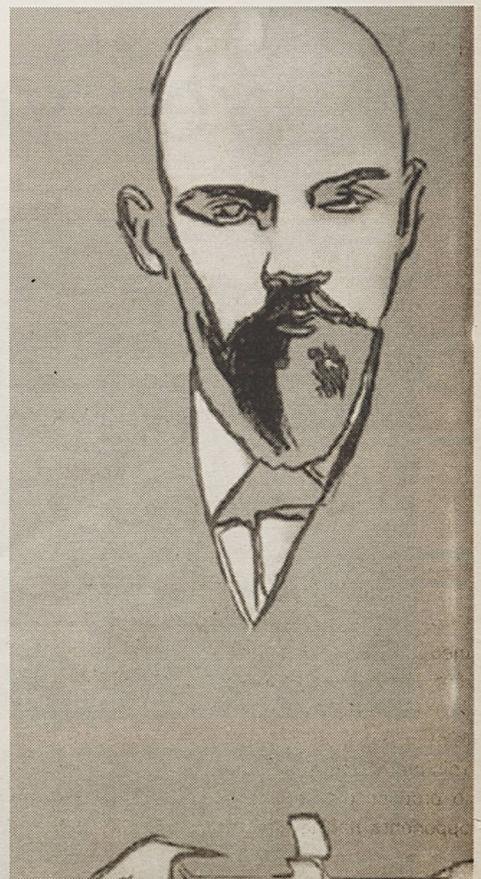
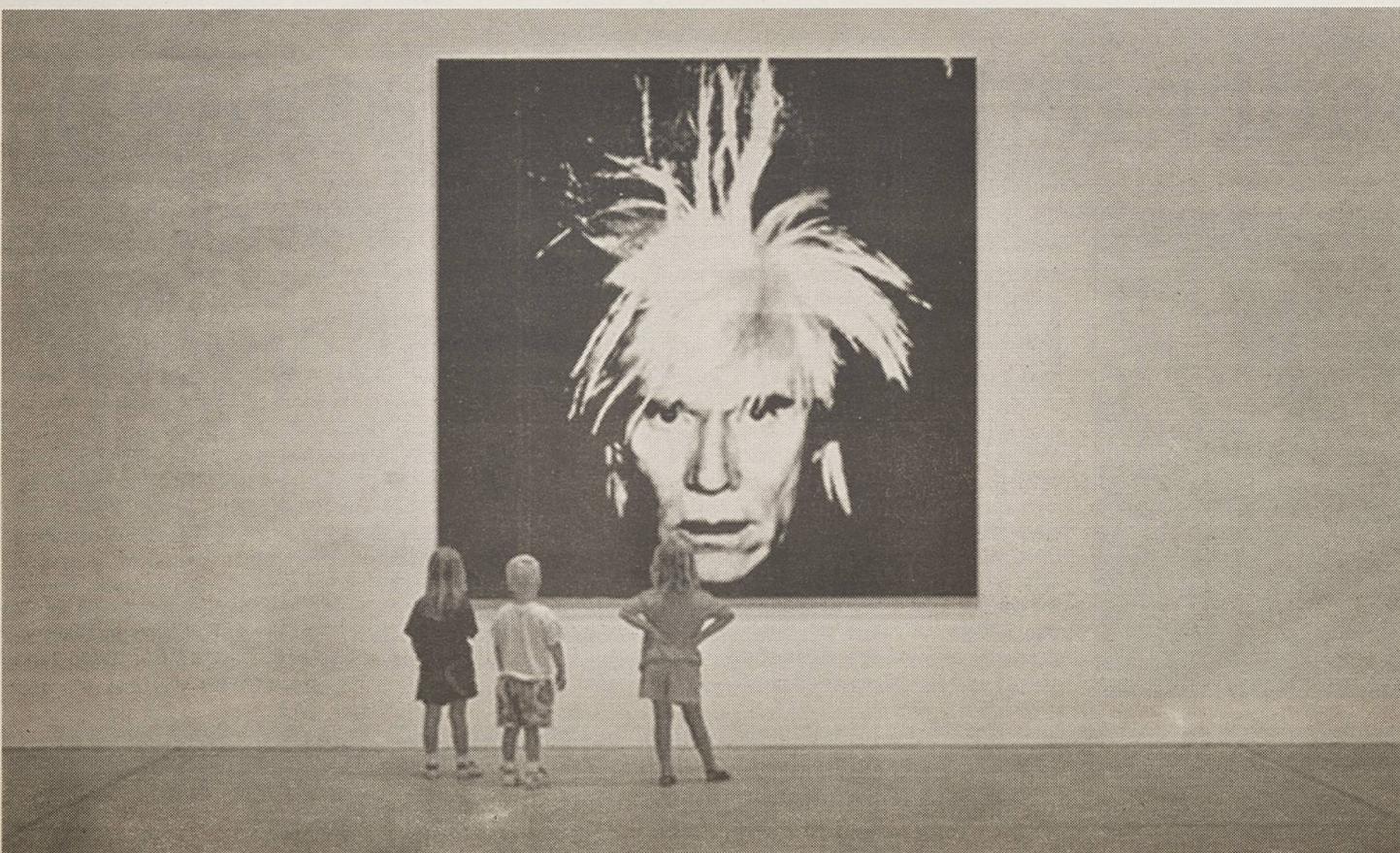
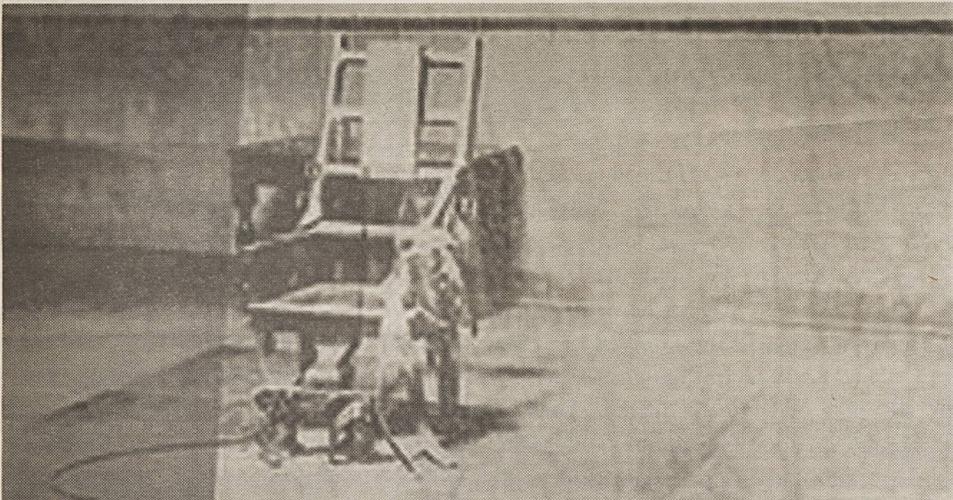
The Andy Warhol Experience

I gave up smoking last week. Somewhere amongst the paranoid episodes, temper tantrums, and furious Nicotine-laced chewing, there was plenty of time to reflect on Warhol, the latest venture from that phallic bastion of art, the Tate Modern. It's hard to deny Warhol's iconic status: from his trademark silk screen prints, to filming the Empire State Building for 17 hours and then actually watching it - when many lesser artists would have thrown themselves on their pencils - he was a consummate innovator, producing prolific reflections of our consumerist society and its various adornments; Mickey Mouse, Jackie Kennedy, Coca-Cola: his mass-produced images - almost entirely made by, and often conceived from his army of Oompah Loompas - muddle up and warp contemporary symbols, such as *Big Electric Chair* (1967): a black and white print painted over with the prettiest of colours. The effective use of colour is a critical theme in Warhol's prints: multiple images of a car accident simply wouldn't have the same impact without their dark, troubling crimson background.

If you've got a Warhol tattoo under that Paisley shirt, this is certainly the exhibition for

you; the show contains almost every notable piece of work produced by the great man, including the reunion of the *FBI's Most Wanted* series. The sheer number of works is impressive, from the later self-portraits to the *Oxidation Painting*, a personal reaction to the earlier Abstract Expressionists, lovingly made by pissing over copper paint. If, like me, you still hold him responsible for that man/German woman's vocals on the Velvet Underground's first album - which he produced - it may not be worth the subsidised skoodent price of eight English pounds. I'd almost be tempted to spend the money on a whole new generation of LSE pop, beginning with a half-eaten panini, opened slightly to reveal an image of Christ therein, but that would be the product of a fevered mind, not a gifted artist.

The great man once remarked, 'If you want to know all about Andy Warhol just look at the surface of my paintings and films and me, and there I am'. I don't know about you, but that conjures images of Chairman Mao, Dollar Signs and Marilyn Monroe meeting in a butchers shop. Somewhere, thrashing about in the entrails, would be the Andy Warhol exhibition.



Cycle UK 2002 Update - Motoring on with Training

The Cycle UK 2002 team is warming up and raring to go. With only 5 weeks to go we are making the final preparations, and taking our training up another notch. The full team is now Ian Curry, Justin Jewell, Jarlath O'Hara, Piers Sanders, Laura Taborn, Paul Benjamin and Nicholas 'Bang Bang' Pauro. Over the next few weeks we will be becoming far more visible around campus, with fund raising, sponsorship drives and awareness raising.

As for our training we are now all using the gym almost everyday - with some exceptions on Thursday mornings! We are also taking Sundays out to go for long runs. The first was dogged by rain and was therefore not incredibly pleasant. The second, out in Royal Windsor, was far more clement. And last Sunday our run out in Surrey was under beaming, if slightly weak, sunshine. We managed an easy 80km on Sunday, and everyone felt ready to do more on the day, and perhaps more importantly most where in the gym the next day!

We are also planning more training runs, and a training weekend to give us the experience of doing these distances on joining days.

Raleigh and Rowan save the day.

A major set back has been averted by the heroic efforts of Rowan Harvey. Bang Bang, having spent hundreds of pounds doing up his bike, was gutted to find it had been stolen. The 'horrible people' got clean away, and it looked as if insurance-less Bang Bang was going to be left in London. Fortunately the lovely people at Raleigh Bikes UK have charitably fitted Bang with a new bike, which will be delivered this week. So many thanks to Rowan, and even more to those lovely Nottingham based crafters of wonderful bikes. Raleigh Forever!

Cycling for Cancer

Deciding a charity was obviously a difficult task. In the end we decided to go for just one charity, so that it would be easier to campaign and fund raise. After discussing people's experiences and preferences we decided that raising money for Cancer Research



Picture : The Rolling Surrey Countryside, and (inset) Cancer Research UK, our chosen charity

UK would be the best. Cancer is obviously something that all of us are only too aware of, and its potential to destroy lives at any age ensured that those charities fighting it would have our support.

Cancer Research UK is a new charity with a mission to conquer cancer through world-class research. Cancer Research UK

was formed on 4 February 2002 as a result of the merger of The Cancer Research Campaign and Imperial Cancer Research Fund. We are now the largest volunteer-supported cancer research organisation in the world. With a dedicated team of 3,000 scientists and an annual scientific spend of more than £130 million - raised almost entirely through public

donations

So over the next few weeks watch out for fundraisers and sponsorship drives, and get ready to give. We will be cycling over two weeks, covering 110 kilometres a day, the length of Britain. Surely that's got to be worth something! Watch out as well for the updates in the next few editions of the newspaper.

Over yonder dale ... (or our route!)



We are including details of the route for a couple of reasons. Firstly to inform and interest the great Beaver readership. And secondly to see if any of the aforementioned great and good have places we can stay along the route. Anything that makes this run cheaper for us is obviously incredibly important and appreciated.

So, to start at the beginning, **Day One.** Lands End - Wadebridge. This will take us from the tip of the South West far into, well, the South West! Our tour will take us through some of the most stunning, and hilly, Cornish country-

side. Hopefully we will have time for cream teas!

A30 Lands End - Hale (via Penzance), **South West Coast Path - Newquay, A3059 - St Columb Major, A39 - Wadebridge.**

Day Two. Wadebridge to Barnstable. After Day One, and with saddle sore setting in, we at least only have to follow one road through to north Devon. The potentially lovely but probably horrible A39 takes us all the way. Which is more than can be said for some of the members of this team.

Day Three. Barnstable - Bridgewater. Another day, another Devon! We fight our way out of the South West, once again taking our friend, the ever so handy (and straight!) A39.

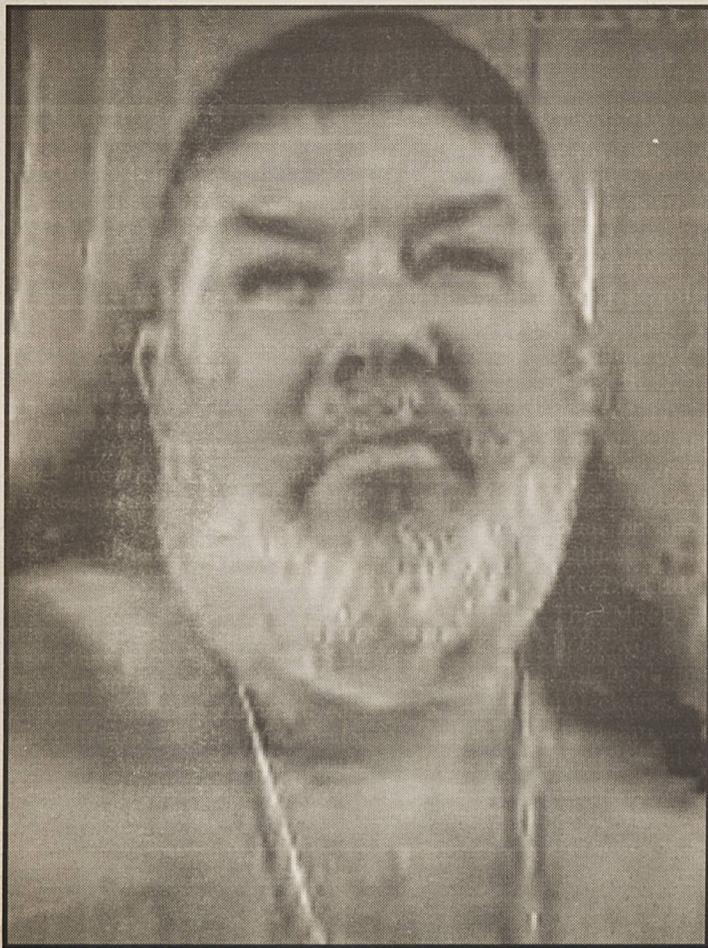
So that is the first three days. Over the next few weeks we will be showing you how we hope to carry on. Hopefully this sees us going north, rather than waiting for the first train back to London.

If you live, or know of anyone who does live, close to this route, please get in touch with i.d.curry@lse.ac.uk.

For more information, or sponsorship details, contact
Ian Curry on i.d.curry@lse.ac.uk

The Beaver Sport

Farmers ploughed underfoot!



Big Bear - WLTM an LSE footballer for fun and frolics!

First off I would like to apologise for the confusion of last week's match report. In a drunken/hungover state I referred to Euston Tech (UCL) whereas it should have read South Kensington Comprehensive (Imperial). My mistake, now on to wednesday.

After an unconvincing 3-1 league win over the aforementioned SKC on saturday, a better performance was needed from the 4s in our last BUSA match against Surrey, especially with a crucial cup semi-final coming up on Saturday. Unfortunately, we were missing several regular players due to 'other commitments' and el capitan due to illness. This required a drastic reshuffle and left me in charge of the team; surely a recipe for disaster.

And it started badly enough; despite being in New Malden before the game, Mikey still managed to turn up late to Berrylands having been unable to read train timetables thereby getting on a train going in the wrong direction. In fairness to our midfield maestro, he did run all the way from New Malden (after eventually finding his way back to where he started) to make it in time for the now delayed kick-off.

The first half was a scrappy affair with little worthy of mention, apart from their centre-half taking an interest in our on loan 2nd team player James' ankle, an interest he would vigorously renew with several more hideous tackles during the course of the match.

We came out fighting in the second half and our rearranged defence of Swedish Pornstar Martin, the Bearded Giant, Dudu (when he wasn't running into midfield and getting lost) and Mafioso Anthony barely gave them a glimpse of goal. Man eating Omar's tough

tackling shut down their creative right winger leaving Mikey and Aydee free to roam forward, the scene was set for another victory. On 60 minutes Bruno's Portuguese

flair released Pikey Victor who rounded the keeper and despite the impossible angle tucked the ball away. A second was almost inevitable with Bruno clean through, but in a moment of comical ineptitude he tripped over the ball whilst taking it around the keeper. His hard work was soon rewarded though as another fine through ball sent him through, and this time he made no mistake, 2-0 with 10 minutes to go, nearly there.

This is about the time what shall henceforth be called the 'the wonder save' occurred, and had it not been for illness I would have recounted it to every occupant of the Tuns at least a dozen times on wednesday night. The ball bouncing on the edge of the area, one of their players hit a sweet half volley towards the bottom corner only to be denied by a full stretch, one handed diving save to turn the ball away (clearly aided by the aerodynamic haircut). Despite 'the wonder save' they did manage to score before the final whistle, ruining a clean sheet, but the 4s still won 2-1. That's 5 wins out of the last 6 for those that are counting, bring it on.

Dave
"Super Mullet"
Bains

Men's Football

LSE 4ths	2
Surrey	1

Four-eyed geeks crushed

Ricky
"D**kless wonder"
Steele

Men's Football

LSE 5ths	Delayed Facial
Gimperial	Premature Dribble

The world revolves around the 5th eleven. Never has such team spirit been bred without group masturbation in the retreat. At the risk of blowing my own trumpet (which is, I might add, a personal ambition of mine) the fives are flying high, and are on the brink of an unprecedented league and cup double. Wallowing in the mire for two years, LSE Vs have risen like your mum's Yorkshire puddings, we are now the full fat real deal.

Untouchable in our own arrogance and excellence, four points clear of the rest in ULU4, and guaranteed a spot in the final of the famous 'Vase' - from which we shall be supping DP come the 9th of March. By the time this eloquent article comes to print, we should have just beaten Holloway away, and you will have seen us basking in our own opulent filth in the tuns last night. It will have been the first time in three years that an LSE team in ULU4 has beaten Holloway, and this should be signal enough to our detractors.

As, indeed, should our second three nil drubbing of the Heathrow Whores. This is the team that not knocked RCS out of the cup - no mean feat, ask myself, Dodgy or the 6th team captain, Ben Wheeldon. It doesn't matter what division one is in, 3-0 is 3-0 is a good solid result. We haven't conceded since the 19th January, and we won that game 5-1. So what is the key to our truly outstanding form? Composed Arrogance - it truly seper-

ates the men from the boys.

And it was out in force against their big brothers - imperial 5s. Never has the honour of being a fifth team been so misplaced. The IC 5s were flattered by the 6-3 score line. We well and truly destroyed this team, albeit with a little help from some of Julfs friends, and are now sitting pretty on top of ULU4.

Breaking news is that Justin Davda, or Lost It, as he likes to be known, is out for the season. Justin was left fully clothed and caked in his own excrement on a trolley at the Whittington Hospital for 48 hours before being seen a 'specialist' knee doctor. After much prodding, poking and gesticulating Justin realised that the doctor could not speak a word of English. The Doctor was in fact a Witch Doctor, who had been forcibly removed from his tribe, as part of Britain's new Alternative Healing Programme, and in an attempt to keep wages in the public sector down. Unfortunately, Justin's slightly bruised knee was subjected to a bizarre ritu-

al involving a crow, a goat and a knife. Now ligaments are damaged and cartilage is flaking from the bone, Justin will have to be subjected to lengthy and painful physio sessions with the youngest, blondest and bustiest nurse he can find - in the private sector. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Apologies for a rather disjointed article. It has taken me ages to get round to writing it, and I cant really remember what happened in the games. Winning can be so boring.



Mulletastic!

Sloppy doctors spanked after malpractice

It wasn't about Brighton, it was never about 33hrs benders, it wasn't being front page of the beaver and it definitely wasn't about following the episodes of last year. However, for the LSEFC 4ths, it was about the football; the love of the beautiful game. The sweat, the passion, the passing, the scoring, the adulation, it was a culmination of them that bonded the team together in the first term with mostly unsuccessful score lines. However, the team was strong.

Although there may have been times when the players' patience has been tested, the team has stuck together. Whenever there were people trying to humiliate the 4ths, they stuck together and whenever there was doubt, the team stuck together. Now in the second term it is time to tell the story of the revival of an LSE sporting giant, through an array of emails, intense man-management, honesty and heart to hearts.

The spirit of losing has been banished and

smell of wining has re-cast itself over pitch 3 aka the quagmire of Berry lands. Teams dread the day when they come across the most quick passing, agile, determined and aggressive set of tube drivers ever to hit South-East trains and Surbiton. The team led by Dave 'the taxi' Bains, thrives under all conditions with a hunger to win, rekindled from many unlucky and sometimes stupid defeats.

One such occasion was the cup-final on Saturday. GKT 4ths bowled into Berrylands and wanted to win at all costs to reach the 'ULU Reserve's Plate' (don't knock the name, its more useful than a cup). However, it just happened that they met a team that wanted it more. Even under strength, the team oozed class. Antti's recent run of form has included 2 saves and the man condemns his area scaring the shit out of strikers. This is if the machine they call DUDU hasn't hurt them enough already. You will never get the ball past Tony and give the ball to Alan or Flan

and LSE will be on the attack within seconds. If you want to try to play your way to our goal, then be prepared to be pole axed by Omar whose distribution will reverse the situation. Mike and Carl will also cut you apart with dribbling that makes one dribble and Pikey & Del Boy allow the team to be either French or versatile. Martin can play anywhere on the pitch and Anthony and Aydee are brilliant linesmen/referees who are also very handy at football. Dave and Bruno continue to mash up defences throughout ULU division 2 with a blend of speed, skill and pure unadulterated power, well Bruno anyway, Dave just scores the goals.

So we beat them 4-1. The game doesn't deserve that much of a mention as we didn't play particularly well but just illustrated that we are able to hold teams to 0-0 and strike when we are ready. The goals included a peach from substastic Del Boy, a well taken brace from Victor 'Pikey' Fleurot and a goal

Antii
"Teflon Gloves"
Nyman

Men's Football

LSE 4ths	4
GKT 4ths	1

from an 'acute viral infection' stricken Dave who was supposed to be in bed till Monday...my bad.

Anyhoo, we are through to the cup final, March 9th and the boys have done good. In an interview with the manager Dave Bains he explained "football, ooh I say...it truly is a game of two terms" haha. Good work. Well played.

LSE Basketball take it to the hole!

The LSE first basketball team clubbed Brunell like a bunch of baby seals on Wednesday, defeating them 84-50 and guaranteeing a first seed in the upcoming playoffs. The event began with Brunell, whose players sported more tattoos than teeth, attempting to intimidate LSE with an intricate series of pre game warm up drills. However, it had the reverse effect, as the group shouting and chest beating reeked of repressed homosexuality. LSE won on a combination of excellent team defense and aggressive fast break offense.

target that Ivanov asked him if he could have a hit of whatever weed he was smoking. Point guard Lev Mandel scored 11, and found the only player smaller than him to pick on, threatening, "I'm from the streets of Cali, I'll cap your ass Tupac style!" The player on the receiving end of the warning turned out to be 12 years old. Lenas Thomas managed 10 points, despite arriving late to the game (he claims that he was at class, but rumor has it he was masturbating to a tape of the So Graham Norton Show.) David Schlesinger slashed to the bas-

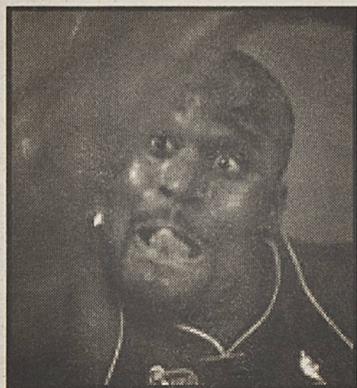


All these men have received a thorough going over from Shaq!

Six players scored in double figures, led by Scott Beasley and Nick Gregoriou who both had 14 points. Nick's performance was particularly inspiring, as he played through both a sprained toe and a severe bout of hemorrhoids. The "Dirty Bird," Gregg Ivanov sparked the team by scoring the first 6 points, and finishing with 12, proving that you really do play better when

ket like only a man with a 12-inch penis can, and Fred Rasmussen played tough defense, like only a man with a 3-inch penis can. Now, if only the team could manage a way to get him to commit suicide, they may have a chance of winning the championship.

The game was in hand by the end of the 3rd period, with a 25-point lead allowing for some serious garbage time. At the end of the Ruby Ridge-like massacre, several members of the Brunell squad were spotted crying on their bench. No, seriously, these jobs were so distraught that they were actually crying like a bunch of pansies. Let it be known for the record: there is nothing more pathetic than a 6 foot 5 inch, 250 pound goon with tribal tatoos, weeping like Molly Ringwald in 16 Candles after everybody forgot her birthday. LSE Coach Christoph Raatz was ecstatic at his teams performance, but he was curious as to why nobody took up his offer of a free beer to any team member who would teach him how to French kiss.



Shaq used to play at LSE

you smoke 3 spliffs before the game. Dave Pais had 12 points, as well as a pass that was so off

LSE Sporting Legends: Matthew Trenhaile

In the words of everyone's favourite Christmas Poo, Mr Hanky, "Howdy-ho" everyone!! Apologies from the senior members of the Sporting Legends triumvirate for last week's debacle of a column, injury and illness resulting from a weekend of self-abuse (tee hee) deprived the Committee of its usual literary faculties and required the delegation of duties to a junior member of the team. Sadly, said gopher did not live up to his heady responsibilities effectively, and instead of the usual clear-headed witticism typical of this, your favourite column, produced instead some smutty drivel about a mythical character no-one has ever seen. Talking of smutty drivel about a legendary individual with questionable existential properties, this week's selection for the peerage is none other than (alleged) Beaver Sports Svengali, MATTHEW TRENHAILE.

ALIAS:

"FC". For those of you innocents unaware of the significance of said sobriquet, it is short for a rather uncharitable description of our Matthew, making an unfortunate reference to Senior Trenhaile's not unimpressive girth and legendary rudeness. The final clue for the inebriated ignorami out there is that it rhymes very well with "Cat Munt". Recently "Fat Angry Man", even you lot don't need an explanation of that one.

FAVOURITE ITEM OF CLOTHING:

Since taking up temporary employment at an apparently reputable Oxford Street store retailing whale-sized garments for men with bank balances to match their bellies, Matthew has been seen sporting all manner of designer threads usually witnessed only in Al Pacino movies. Given his (alleged) preferred leisure activities, however, perhaps it was only a matter of time before Matt began to physically resemble the Pimp he so desires to become.

WORST ITEM OF CLOTHING:

Boxer shorts? Those of us unfortunate enough to have woken up in Matthew's Manor House Mansion on a sweltering mid-afternoon after an eventful night before can vouch for the fact that the sight of the Trenhaile torso, dishevelled and confused at its new found nudity is not the world's most effective hangover cure. And when he starts to scratch his nuts.....

AMBITION:

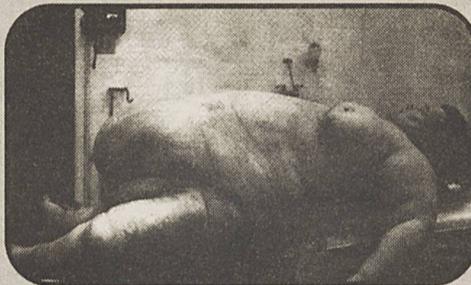
As already mentioned, FC has a long history of lusting after the Pimp role usually reserved for men more suntanned than himself and possessed of the name Winston. However, this life-long obsession has more recently found uneasy competition from Matthew's true ambition of becoming a famous hairdresser to rival such luminaries as Toni and Guy and Dave's Barber Shop. The embryonic career of the Barber of Brighton was given a timely boost by revelations of his prowess with a Bic razor-although the first customer suggested that perhaps next time she might prefer a Brazilian rather than a Bald. Never mind eh Matt, how many people do you know who've shaved a girl's nether-regions in front of the whole touring Rugby squad?

FAVOURITE TOTTY:

Matthew's favourite totty is usually of the immigrant variety, generally because said women are the type usually found plying their trade in the "Sports Centres" of Haringey. Never has North London known such a keen interest in Saunas as our Matthew exhibits- particularly at two in the morning.

PAST CONQUESTS:

If pressed gently Matthew will be sure to tell you over a quiet Rocket Fuel or 7 about his 3 favourite "Dirtiest Stories Ever". Suffice to say that he is the only person known to this esteemed Committee able to accurately recount a tale about fusing the entire electrical system of a seedy Lima hotel by knocking a porn-showing TV into a Jacuzzi with a Peruvian lady of the night. Of further interest to the casual peruser of such filth might be the mother-



daughter tag-team subjected to FC's own special brand of WWF (no holds barred, naturally) in the depths of the South American jungle. Yet these fables, although amusing in their own smutty way, do not convey even the merest hint of Matthew's misogyny. Indeed, to witness that spectacular phenomenon, you need only be a foolish female naive enough to approach Matthew in the Tuns late on evening, for in such a situation you are certain to be treated to

a vicious diatribe of such filth and offensiveness that even Peter Dreweievewenz (no- we can't spell his surname, but we are officially banned from EVER putting the C-word in this column) might be caused to blush.

FAVOURITE HOBBY:

Simple toys for simple boys, and FC's favourite plaything is surely his DVD player, mixed with a pink leather sofa and a healthy portion of Johnson's Baby Oil. WE shall leave the rest to your imagination. Failing such opportunities, however, FC has been known to occasionally visit

upmarket gentleman's clubs with such names as Twilights, Spearmint Rhino, and Steve's House of Soho Smut(TM). Here Matthew engages in stimulating intellectual conversation with ladies named Roxy, Delilah and Louisa (oops, how did she get in here?), and marvels at the wonders of a White Christmas in the middle of June.....

BIGGEST MISMATCH:

FC v 1st Year Exams: Only the second man stupid enough to fail Logic, and the first is currently running around Houghton Street with his shirt off shouting "play the game"

FC v Women: sorry ladies, you don't have a chance.

FC v BLINK- no Matt, you will never be as smutty as the Beaver's simply disgraceful centre pages. The standard of stoodint jurnalesm thees dayz, tsk...

FC v Charterhouse (doh)- sorry Pete, he's a Sporting Legend and you're not- ahahahaha

And on that amusing note, we're all off to steal Matt's porn and oil ourselves up ready for a pink leather sofa fest with 7 Venezuelan Prostitutes.



The Poly feel the force of Oslo's hammer

Oslo

Men's Football

LSE 7ths (Norse Warriors) 6

The Poly (Gimps!) 5

After three weeks of disappointments over cancellations due to waterlogged pitches and unorganised London colleges, the one-and-a-half day's absence of Thor's fury gave the sevenths new hopes of actually getting to have the now customary victory pints at Cooper's in Waterloo Station.

Having beaten the Poly 7-0 earlier in the season on the sunnier side of the Berrylands fences, and coming straight (well, it was three weeks before) from a delightful 5-1 victory over Gimperial, we expected much of this fateful game. On the day Norway assumed its appropriate position on the top of the Winter Olympics medals table, Johan was on form in his special defensive mid-field position, and a smashing shot from 20 yards out hit the King's crossbar with fury after about fifteen minutes, before Jerome calmly fumbled the rebound into the net. 1-0.

As complacency descended upon the obviously superior LSE side, an unimpressive equaliser was scored before Jerome performed a cheeky turn to lose his marker, and hammered the ball in for his second goal of the game, his fifth against King's all together this season. In the closing minutes of the first half, the egg-throwing kids were

close to equalising again, but Adrian stopped the attacker (not the ball) with the sort of assault that would have resulted in a 5-day ban had we competed where some might say we should - the FA Barclaycard Premiership. King's proceeded to take the freekick quickly with a shot that was closer to the corner flag than Andrew's goal, and then managed to persuade their comrade referee to let them take it again. Missed, of course.

With Caustic and Francis on for Johan and Paddy, and with the now missing Barnet in a ridiculously unusual position up front, things started well in the second half. Brilliant passing movement variations in midfield culminated in a neat cross from Oslo at the edge of the box, and Jerome made no mistakes when presented with the chance to complete his fourth hat-trick for the sevenths. 3-1.

Then, typically, we quickly got a goal against us, but Barnet made sure he stood in the right place for Jerome's cross straight afterwards, finishing with an incompetent but adequate tap-in. But the

unchallenged highlight of the game came about mid-way through the second half, when Steve connected with a pass from Rhys and fired it up in the air. Most of the players had stopped looking and were preparing for the throw-in as the wind

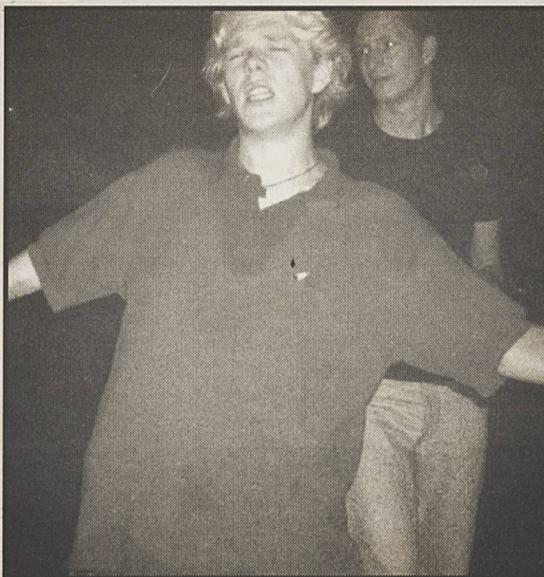
looked secure.

King's didn't seem to believe in victory after the caustically jammy lob, but some proper dodgyness from the gaffer and his defensive crew resulted in a goal against us with about fifteen minutes left to play. Not satisfied with just three goals, though, Jerome found the net after a beautiful through ball from Rhys to make it 6-3 and equalise Andrew's four-goals-in-a-game record.

The defence seemed to be suffering with the Barnet on striker leave, and two goals were conceded as two polytecnic (quite possibly cloned) King's players scored a goal each in the closing minutes. It got tense towards the end, with the KCL captain calling Barnet "a little scrote" even though the barnet is gone, and then extending that category to include Jerome as well.

But all is well that ends well. Johan, the second half referee, may have missed a couple of dirty tackles from behind (Oslo really got beaten up) but he certainly did not add on any injury time when we were up by one goal and struggling in defence.

Who will be the next sevenths player to score four goals in a game? After having proven himself fairly inadequate at penalties in an unscheduled training session on Saturday, it seems unlikely that Andrew will ever relive the Heythrop experience...but he makes up for it Backpackers, with double Aftershocks in the dentist chair.



Oslo, Viking or Drunkard? You decide

miraculously caught the ball and forced it into the top right corner past a Poly keeper stunned with disbelief. 5-2, and victory

Pirate sinks LSE BUSA ship

Gareth

"Rogers the Cabin Boy" Carter

Men's Football

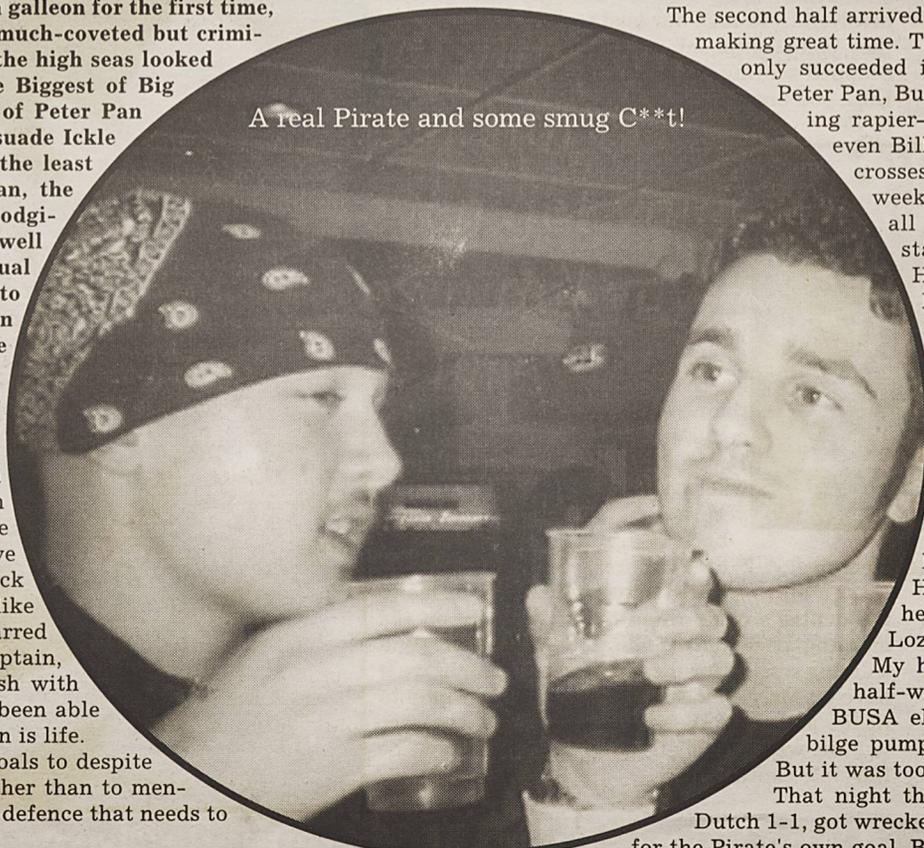
LSE 1sts (Proud pillagers of the sea) 1

Hertfordshire 1sts (Scurvy Dogs!) 1

What a day for the Pirate. In charge of his own galleon for the first time, that of the LSE 1st team, and playing in the much-coveted but criminally under-utilised role of right-wing back, the high seas looked calm. Setting down at Berrylands minus the Biggest of Big Faces Lochrie and DeeJ, the tactical genius of Peter Pan combined with Callas' massive mouth to persuade Ickle Taylor to switch to a 3-5-2 formation. With the least defensive midfielders in the world, Peter Pan, the Gay Icon Buttery and McDie in front of the dodgiest defence in the world, Callas (who did very well to survive the abortion it must be said), Bisexual Billy Muppet and the Soft-Haired one, not to mention the absence of the Angry G between the sticks, the stage was set for a fierce battle upon the high-seas.

It was all clear-sailing for LSE in the first half, The Pirate marauding like a frigate on crack down the right, and Cyril turning the hapless twats from Hatfield inside-out with his French jiggery-pokery linked up well with the midfield, who in turn released both the Phantom Finisher, and Sexual Andy to have their wicked way with the Hertfordshire back four. Indeed it was Sexual Andy who leaped like a salmon to steal Callas' long-ball from the scarred and deformed head of the Hertfordshire captain, and cushion it down to the Phantom to finish with such clinical decisiveness you wouldn't have been able to tell that he'd never played football before in his life.

LSE kept up the pressure, and Nick - in goals to despite being clinically disabled - had little to do, other than to mentally strengthen his case that it's the 3rd team defence that needs to take a long, hard look at itself, not the goalie.



A real Pirate and some smug C**t!

The second half arrived, and the LSE sails were fully hoisted, and making great time. The Pirate tried his luck from 30 yards, but only succeeded in threatening to nearly hit the crossbar.

Peter Pan, Buttery and Darius ducked and weaved, carving rapier-like cuts into the Hertfordshire side, and even Billy managed to get his head to a couple of crosses. Upset at the Pepperami jibes from the week before, he exuded an air of confidence over all he purveyed. Until...the Pirate...having started so well, decided that, as the Hertfordshire wing had done so well to turn Loz inside-out and upside-down down the flank, and that the cross had been so inviting, and that the Hertfordshire forward behind him would only mess it up, he should take it upon himself to finish off the good-work, and proceeded to cushion the ball on his chest, bring it down, turn past five defenders, and volley it into the top-right hand corner of his own net. Realising that he had in fact scuttled the LSE BUSA ship, and that he was in fact Hertfordshire's man-of-the-match, and that he was also shite at football...he did a little Lozzer 'I've missed a penalty but who cares? My hair's soft' shrug, and trudge back to the half-way line. Rudderless, and veering off into BUSA elimination, LSE tried in vain to man the bilge pumps and salvage something from the game. But it was too late...

That night the team all watched England hammer the Dutch 1-1, got wrecked in Point 101 and all was forgiven. Except for the Pirate's own goal. Because he's a twat. The end.

find out why
this man cannot
be trusted and
yet also is a
"sporting
legend"

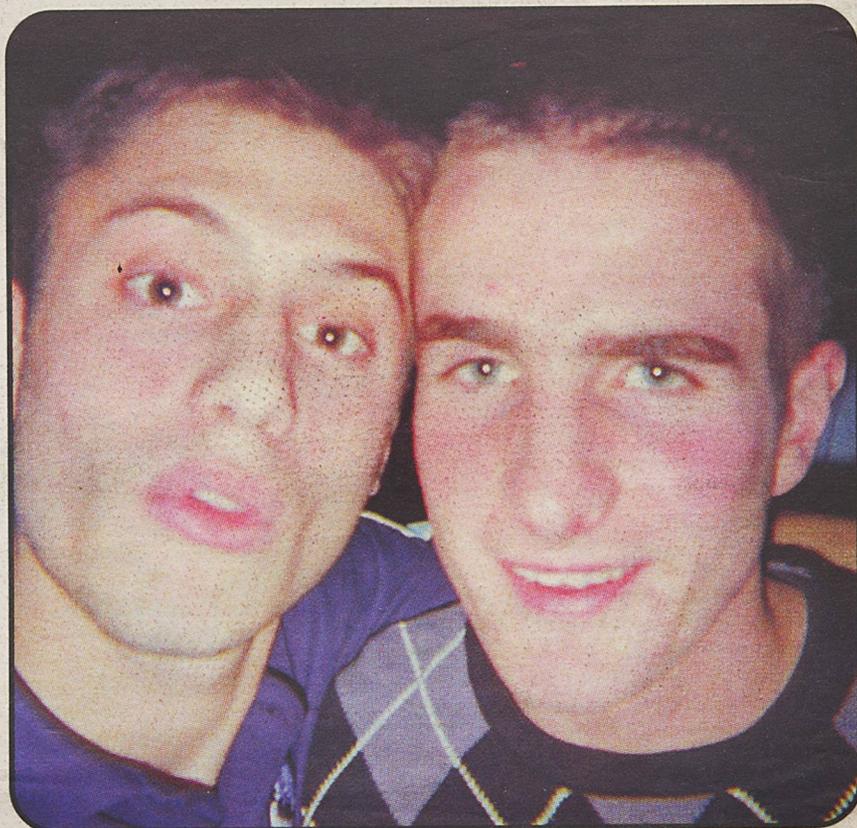


LSE 2nds' cupping glory



Pic by "Boyz" magazine

LSE's most sexually ambiguous team



Gav Peck relished the prospect of pulling a man with enormous lips!

**Cyril AlvarezPereyre
and
Lyle Jackson**

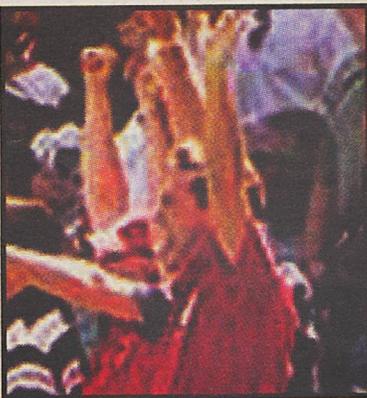
Men's Football

LSE 2nds (To the victors the spoils)	4
QMW 2nds (To the losers messy facials)	0

The real question now is "where will they stop?"... The 2nds are simply awesome these days. Undefeated this term and now in the Final of the Cup, desperately looking for some serious opposition. Let us entertain you... Saturday can only be described as an exhibition, with the whole team overcoming the few problems that had arisen before kick-off. Steffen and Brian had minor impediments at the last minute, but the desire to kick the hell out of these pretentious unskilled idiots was so strong that they finally turned up (Brian actually spent the whole game on the sideline, even refusing to come on when Jules got injured). What follows is an account of a story so embarrassing to QMW**k that it has been cut short because our pre-match machismo and determination to win now embarrasses us. The tie was unfair.

They were bad. The telltale signs were all too apparent with the advantage of hindsight. Even during the warm-up the opposition were over-awed. "My LSE, what silky skills you have." They chanted. "All the better for kicking your arses with, you sorry bunch of no-future b*****ds." The tone was set.

Being a sunny day team, we were obviously firing on all cylinders and it didn't take long before we were thanking Steffen's girlfriend for letting him play, (some of us in an over-friendly manner, some of us from behind, but none the less - all of us) when he fired home clinically after a nice solo run. Even the ref must have been convinced that they deserved nothing more than being mercilessly knocked out of the Cup since he gave us the most questionable penalty ever, but Alex didn't care. He netted for us and the bell tolled for



2nds' touchline celebrates!

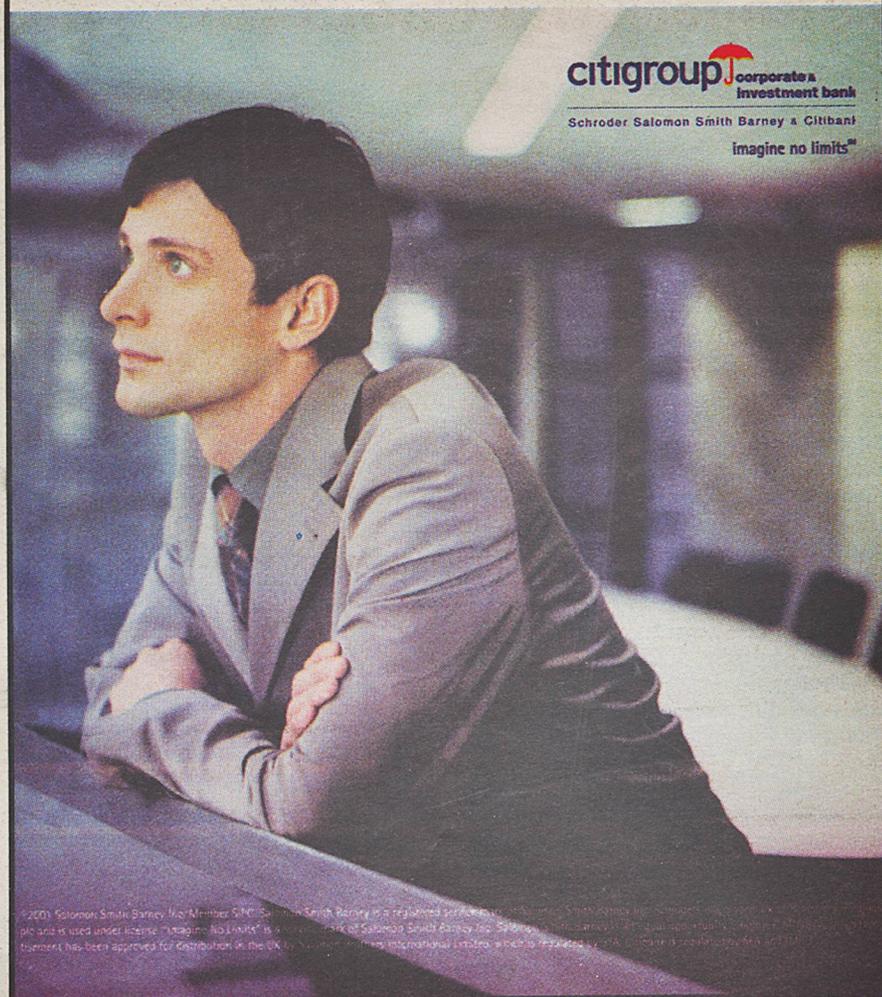
QMW**k. The death knell was still ringing in our ears when we heard, "My LSE, what pace and agility you have." "All there better for running rings around you with, you talentless c***s." Our wrath at halftime was only due to not having scored about 50 more goals, but the second half would provide its share of domination: we were resilient at the back, rampant in attack, they were up s*** creek with a paddle... or a canoe. Nick was getting bored in goal, and it wasn't about to change, as two sweet moves on the left-wing (that's my side...) were concluded by Jan and Alex (but I was actually not really involved...) to take our lead to 4-0. To avoid further embarrassment, we did the decent thing. Stopped scoring then. Victory was assured. "My LSE, you are such skilful individuals, with looks to die for and probably schlongs like donkeys."

"All the better for pleasuring your girlfriends with at Backpackers tonight, you dirty, no good, dogs*** c***s. Our apologies for the ridiculous score line, it shouldn't occur in the future my fellow scholars... Cause while we're going down on your girlfriends, your going down to division three. Farewell."

The final whistle was much to their relief, and the real match could start: us vs. Happy Hour at Backpackers... This is actually where all accounts becomes less accurate, as I was able to knock back 14 refreshments in the space of 2 hours, helped by my so-called mates who also sent me to the dentist's chair three times. It's only on the morning after that I realised it was all simply a training session for the amazing party night we'll have on March 9th, when we take our trophy to Beano and show the whole world that whatever will be, will be, they'll never be LSE (2nds). The fairytale continues.

Would you rather voice your opinion at the watercooler or in the conference room?

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