

# Passfield privatisation plans

Iain Bundred

Students living at Passfield Hall can often tend to be quite vociferous. This is not just due to the fact that the Hall is brimming with some of the most outspoken and outrageous of the Athletic Union, but also because, when it comes to Halls of Residences, they have something to shout about. Yet talk of huge refurbishment and even huger rent hikes have left its 197 residents muted.

Widely acknowledged for having a great community atmosphere, Passfield is also the only 'budget' Hall run by the LSE that serves meals 7 days a week. However, years of contractual wranglings have left the 1930s establishment in desperate need of repair.

But just as the university administration looked set to aid our low-paying Hall residents at Passfield, suddenly they began to discuss privatisation and a full re-fit. What this basically would amount to is another kick in the teeth to students wishing to live in London halls for modest prices.

***"Just as the university administration looked set to aid our low-paying Hall residents at Passfield, suddenly they began to discuss privatisation"***

Perhaps it is unreasonable to ask to live staggering distance from Russell Square whilst still having change for £100 per week without having to sleep in a place that is oppressively hot in the summer and depressingly shabby all year round. In fact, the state of disrepair at Passfield is now recognised to be dangerously close to failing Health and Safety standards. Now Passfield requires an immediate £1m overhaul.

It's not all as simple as it sounds; the acquisitions of Holborn and Bankside Halls back in the early 1990s have left LSE's budget for Residential Services dangerously overdrawn. The university's entire borrowings (of which the government's Higher Education Funding Council sets a rather low maximum) is principally devoted to Halls' debts. Thus, the LSE faces a difficult situation in raising the required funds.

And so, as so often happens in our modern world, minds suddenly wandered to the private sector - 'maybe they can help us out', it was thought. Well of course, it wasn't hard to find a company to offer to run a Hall of Residence in central London, but only at a price. Firms such as Jarvis and Peabody-Unite, who operate university accommodation across the country submitted proposals to the LSE's Residence Management Committee (RMC). Terms like 'cost efficiency', 'service improvements' and 'en suite bathrooms' all combined with comments like 'we'll take it off you're hands, and chuck you some cash just for the pleasure' to woo many on the RMC. [At this *Continued page 2*



## The Case against a 'War on Terrorism'

Mark Ready

What is the aim of a 'war on terrorism'? Obviously, to prevent terrorists from perpetrating atrocities in the future. In essence, to save lives. We all agree on such an aim, yet opponents of the US and British administrations' 'War on Terrorism' fear that it will only perpetuate the carnage and terror of 11th September. John Rose, Tariq Ali, and Louise Christian came to the LSE's Old Theatre at 6pm on Wednesday 10th to make a convincing case against the war.

The anti-war lobby's basic argument is that the US and British governments present the war as seeking 'justice' for the victims of 11th September, while those very same

governments flout international law during the war. And if governments violate international law at will, will the people of the world feel that they should honour it? If people do not recognise international law, will they not feel justified in perpetrating the kind of atrocities which we saw on September 11th? Louise Christian admitted that governments do not need UN resolutions to retaliate against attacks. However, she argued, article 51 of the UN charter limits retaliations. Retaliation must be proportional and must be against a state. 'Proportional' is any person's to define, but the attacks on Afghanistan have certainly not just been against a state; on Sunday

(14th October) the Pentagon admitted that it mistakenly bombed a residential district of Kabul, killing 4 civilians. Is there any evidence that these civilians were part of the Taliban state i.e. were somehow involved in supporting the Taliban? If the US and British governments can kill innocent people with impunity what guarantee does anyone in the world have against that most terrible violation of human rights; having one's life snatched away?

This type of mocking hypocrisy by Great Power governments has spread bitter resentment throughout the world. The US and British

*Continued page 6*



# Through the eyes of an overseas fresher

Ariana Adjani

It was the first day of Freshers' Month - Introduction to the School. I felt proud to be a student at LSE, the University with the world-known name.

Wow! It looks like a Royal Opera House, I whispered as I entered the hall holding more than 1,000 people. Key LSE "singers" appeared on the stage. In a friendly manner they explained to all first year undergraduates where to go for academic music and whom to sing to in case of great happiness or total failure. Isn't it wonderful to begin your study in a nice place?

In general, Peacock Theatre became a centre of lecture activities. So Anthony Giddens, the Director of LSE, made a speech covering actual topics on society's future development. Other scientists took part in the discussion of these ideas. It was an informative event for me. I felt sorry for another thousand students who couldn't squeeze into the building.

Other centres of student activities became bars, pubs and clubs at LSE. Many new friends were made on the first few days of October whilst sharing tables, chairs and staircases.

'What music do you like?' 'How many brothers and sisters have you got?' 'Do you like to socialize and go shopping?'



Management students get to know each other

Pic: Riyan Itani

You should have learned by heart at home answers to these and similar sorts of questions to get you through the introductions with first year undergraduates of BSc Management - as in any department. Inductions of students were done with warmth and humour - including a game of animal charades! But for a while

we all forgot ourselves.

For now the wonderful LSE library scores low in the popularity stakes. Perhaps it will take its revenge when the Freshers' month is over.

## Passfield's pity

Continued from front page

point I should stress that these are not direct quotes, but rather my own interpretation of the background shenanigans]. But caught up in the whirlwind of all these funky new re-fit proposals, many forgot what its all about - the students, and particularly the students who are incapable of spending £115 per week [a figure already put forward by Jarvis] for a single bed. There is a reason why Passfield has the highest rate of students who wish to return, and a lot of it is based around costs of £70pw for double rooms and £54pw for trebles.

As Dave Clay, the LSESU Education&Welfare sabbatical puts it, "I feel its crucially important for LSE to maintain budget halls. Currently, the LSE has got the most expensive hall rents in the country." Few students, surely, can argue with Dave when he argues, "The LSE should be looking to increase cheap rent rooms, not reduce them."

Rowan Harvey, Student Representative for the Hall in the proceedings, is committed to preserving Passfield as it is: "We feel that Passfield is a special hall with a special kind of atmosphere...it isn't pretty, but we like it!"

Many at the RMC have been won over to some extent to this cause, and they are presently tendering for a refit of the hall on a

scaled-down basis. But the question remains, where will the money come from? In the long run does it have to come from the students?



Dave Clay: LSE should maintain budget halls

Many will argue that the opportunity to study at the LSE and live in the heart of chic London is well worth £115. But more still, especially those at Passfield, will argue that sometimes we should stop thinking about university life in terms of financial profit and loss.

The LSE may be filled with economists,

but can we not appreciate the right of those who can't splash out £4000 a year on rent (as they do at Holborn) to still study here? To cull the budget hall places is to say that we don't actually care about those students. Of course, its not totally exclusive - private accommodation in the outer-reaches of the city can be very affordable - but to turn Passfield into a privatised, expensive Hall of Residence would send out the message that the LSE just doesn't give a damn. And that is most certainly not a message that I want to sign up to.

*What do you think? Are you worried by this threat of hall rent hikes, or is the quality of facilities for residents of greater concern? If you wish to find out any further information on the latest in the Passfield Hall situation, or have any other issues concerning the LSE Residences, contact:*

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## Capitalism or capitalisation?

In last week's Talking Point Ruth Molyneux argued that overseas students are being selected over European students because they pay higher fees. This week Iain Bundred responds.

The London School of Economics is a meritocracy, yet it is also a business - it is run to make profit, or at least break even. But in order that it can do this, the LSE relies heavily on expensive fees paid by students from beyond the EU.

In *TheBeaver* last week, our News Editor Ruth Molyneux courted much controversy by suggesting that perhaps the LSE and other top universities are "...denying a lot of highly intelligent British people the chance to go to a top class institution." But this allegation is to me entirely missing the point. The cultural and academic excellence of our university owes a lot to the non-EU students.

To stay to the facts, in its 2001/2 intake the LSE has 312 more overseas than 'home' students (EU nationals, paying up to a maximum of £1,075 tuition fees). That is from a student body of over 7,000. This figure does not seem to threaten too much of excluding the great and good of the UK and the rest of the EU. Especially since - as Sujin Chan, the International Students Officer of the LSESU, puts it - "The majority of the international students herald from the best classes and best academic institutions of their respective countries." Could this simply be a case of we Europeans not being able to face

the tough competition?

Well, no. For, at the heart of this debate is money. Around 40% of the LSE's income comes from tuition fees gleamed from overseas undergrads and post grads. Meanwhile, the UK government's Higher Education Funding Council (HEFC) grants for teaching and research each contribute only 7% to the black of the LSE budget. Thus, international students are left to donate a big chunk of the pie.

This leaves many, particularly Brits - such as the teacher quoted in Ruth's article last week - understandably suspicious of the LSE's admissions policy and its motives. But lest we forget in fact our university has a very low demand for UK students' A-level grades - ABB as standard (though I myself was accepted with ABC). The administration tends to place greater influence on personal statements and searches for people they see as more well rounded.

But this too extends to internationals - who present such a variety of qualifications it must be impossible to judge which is "better".

As Sujin points out, "From an anecdotal point of view, competition is fast and furious for internationals as for every place won in a top UK university, there are hundreds - maybe even thousands - vying for it."



Learning at the LSE is a unique experience Pic: Archives

Clare Taylor, SU Gen Sec, has nothing but wonder for foreign language students especially. "It bloody amazes me," she told me, "that so many overseas students are able to come, learn and write in a foreign language. I know I couldn't do it". But she also made a very valid point that last week's article missed. "I think that the place just wouldn't be the same without it's wonderful diversity. You simply won't find a campus like Houghton Street."

This is certainly something not to forget. Foreign students make LSE the place that it is and bring with them different perspectives - not least a work ethic that is generally far greater than most EU students (and most

certainly mine). The huge fees leave a certain responsibility to knuckle-down - except for the many internationals who are holding prestigious scholarships that fund their academic course, who one might presume are pre-disposed to hard graft.

There is no doubt in my mind that overseas students help give LSE the international reputation for excellence that helps all us EU students find lucrative graduate jobs. But beyond that, they also bring a cultural vibrancy to our own micro-cosmos of London life. What would we be without 'them'? Probably an essentially middle-of-the-road institution.



### Union Jack

Jack loves the smell of sabbaticals in the autumn. So full of life and NUS training, fresh faced and idealistic, ignorant of the heckling and abuse they are set to receive from their subjects. How soon before their shiny visages will be muddied with the ink of a never-ending hail of newspaper? How long before the heckles from the balcony will raise their ire and diminish their spirit? How rapidly would they become fully-fledged hacks, cheekily dining out with a beer-sodden Argentinean? Only time will tell.

But one thing was for sure, the heckling wouldn't take long to kick off, and kick off it did. Under the slightly confused stewardship of Ian Curry and his soused sidekick Peter Bellini - Bellendi's speech to become vice-chair consisted entirely of downing a bottle of wine - speeches and questions blurred into one under a torrent of balcony based abuse.

Our beloved leader Claire Taylor was a main target for a summer's worth of pent up aggression. The ex-Media Baron and UGM darling was visibly enraged by Charterhouse. Charterhouse, whose very existence makes as strong a case for state-run education as David Blunkett ever did, proclaimed that La Taylor would be 'nothing without him' and that he wanted what was coming to him. Jack is sure he'll get it.

The balcony's frustrations weren't merely focused at the lass Taylor. Summer school students, construction workers and epileptics all came under fire, but that abuse was incomparable to the maledictions thrown George laonnou's way. Complaints that he really ought to have been working at Crush rather than displaying his amateurish DJ-ing skills whilst knocking back the Ouzo were rebutted in a haze of twisted logic and sabb talk. George needs to learn how to deal with UGM quickly, else the Bubble will surely burst.

Soon it was the turn of the exec. Paraded in front of us were a tawdry, rag-tag bunch of miscreants, criminals and Conservatives including failed treasurer candidate Tom 'Fudge' Packer and Ian 'Bumface' Bundred, who, perhaps unwisely, opted to wear a modish T-Shirt with a target on it. In a year's time these people could be leading the union, and Jack could be seen weeping for the future.

The first - and final - business motion of the day came from the Doves on the left of the floor calling for the SU to support CND in its anti-war efforts. The Hawks swooped and in a flurry of emotion rendering and international law the motion fell. Was it any surprise that Karaoke Queen Rachel Goldwyn's usual brand of ranting and raving failed to change anybody's mind?

The farce of this motion was that it aimed to provide a collective view from one of the most disparate unions in the country. Jack ponders whether passing such a motion would have had any value whatsoever. Jack also notes that whilst this symbolic issue was discussed, a motion aiming to prevent a private company taking over Passfield Hall wasn't heard due to lack of time. Its good to see that the LSESU has got somebody's priorities right.

## Responses to Talking Point

### Matthias Benzer

Last week's article is lacking one major distinction, which would have been crucial in an endeavour to make it serious enough not to be rejected as tabloid-waffle.

The author does not distinguish clearly between EU-students and non-EU students. Universities in England do not receive more funds from EU-students than from students from the UK. The statistics used do not suggest clearly enough, who exactly is included in the author's criticism and who is not. Reviewing these statistics would render the article less manipulated than it appeared. I truly hope you are not suggesting that EU-students buy their way in here. They simply do not have the opportunity, because their fee-status is the same as home fee-status.

If you are asking for fairness - which is a valid concern, ask for it in the name of all students from the European Union. UK-students and EU-students are financially in the same boat. What your article does is create an atmosphere of anti-

Europeanism on the basis of wrong factual statements. I demand a correction regarding the possible interpretation that EU-students are part of the group you are criticising, namely those paying more and therefore gaining unfair opportunities. If anyone did not get a chance because of overseas students' paying higher fees, this condition would concern EU-students as much as UK-students. Furthermore, EU-students constitute half of LSE's non-British population. Your article does not take this into consideration.

I think I can speak for most EU-students when I point out that we are not just foreign rich-kids forcing British students out of top-institutions. A great number of us believe in intellectual exchange within the European Union, and have as much right and as many opportunities to carry out this important project as have British students, therefore paying the same amount of tuition fees as British students.

If you combat this on the grounds of false assertions, all you achieve is cheap propaganda.

### Philip Gueorguiev

What do foreigners bring in to the LSE, London, the UK? Cash, you said, OK. Anything else? Diversity? The society in the UK is generally quite diversified already, and it is far too complex to be impacted significantly in the short to medium term by this. Cultural exchange? Forget about it. The UK has enough national cultural and historical inheritance; does it need any culture from students from abroad, the cynics would gleam? Educational and academic exchange? The academics from the UK in all sciences are amongst the best in the world, and they rarely need 'support from foreign students'. Has the LSE benefited over the years?

Many benefits of having a diverse campus develop and shape up over a long span of time, and many are not quantifiable in money terms. Personally, I am infinitely grateful to have the amazing opportunity to be in London and at the LSE. But I have never ever taken that for granted, and tried to contribute as much as I can. The LSE offers so many learning opportunities, that it will take a long time, if ever, to be able to match that back

in commensurate proportions. Before I indulge into some kind of propaganda of what LSE could be viewed as or not - let me say that everyone makes a choice and that personal choice is above all stereotypes.

It is some of the gravest mistakes to look at the LSE education ONLY in financial terms, whether you are pumping in money into the system now or taking it out as a top banker in ten years' time. It is vital to have sufficient funds for academic purposes. But if academia boils down merely to monetary bubbles, then I think we would be all better off staying at home and watching television all day long. It is about the journey, which is to learn and contribute as much as you could, and enjoy your time here, as well as the destination, which is to get the coveted-by-many LSE degree. As with every journey you meet a lot of strangers on your route, e.g. the foreign students, and we all add something to the everyday chaos. If you are surrounded by clones of yourself, like-minded, though different-bodied, would you enjoy the journey as much? I would not!

Apologies to any EU students who felt that last week's Talking Point may have been mis-leading. EU students do not have the same fee status as overseas students'. EU students have home status and therefore pay the same fees as students from the UK. Sorry if the article did not make this distinction sufficiently clear.

Ruth Molyneux, News Editor



# The Beaver Interview

## So What's the Problem?

Vannessa E. Raizberg talks to SWP Treasurer Tom Whittaker at the Coalition Against War's Demonstration

In an anti-war effort that brought over 20,000 demonstrators to the streets of London to protest military action against Afghanistan by the United States and its allies, the LSE Socialist Worker Party (SWP) clearly made their presence known. Over 70 LSE students were in attendance all engaging in vocal chants against the war, and their SWP contingent showed that their staunch beliefs about the war are not only strident but also unyielding.

The SWP, the largest and most significant party of the left nationally, is also LSE's strongest left party. Its treasurer, second year sociology student Tom Whittaker, is also the party's convener which gives him the responsibility of ensuring that all members are aware of national SWP events and demonstrations that are taking

*'The Coalition Against the War aims to bring together diverse groups of people such as the Labor Party, peace activists, and anti-capitalists, in order to form a simple coalition with a simple slogan of "stop the war." At the LSE, the SWP has strove to do the same'*

place so that they can then decide on how the party should approach and participate in them.

The Coalition Against the War, is a key movement that is supported by the national Socialist Worker Party. The coalition aims to bring together diverse groups of people such as the Labor Party, peace activists, and anti-capitalists, in order to form a simple coalition with a simple slogan of "stop the war." At the LSE, the SWP has strove to do the same.

"At the LSE, we have tried to replicate this state of affairs, we have launched a coalition with the backing of a number of student societies including, Movement for Justice, Free Burma, Attac, and Globalise Resistance," Whittaker says.

It was these groups of students who in fact organized last week's lecture about U.S. military action in Afghanistan and the nature of its participation (see front page). This lecture gave non-SWP members a chance to sign up for the all-important demonstration.

Out of 70 LSE demonstrators, Whittaker cites that only 15-20 were members of the Socialist Worker student society, which goes to show that anti-war movement is certainly growing at the LSE.

"I think it is important that we argue with people about why they should be against the war, and that we stage meetings and demonstrations in order to give confidence to people to go out and argue against the war. Remember, at times it is difficult to come out against the war



Saturday's march organised by the Coalition to Stop The War

Pic: Gregor Hackmack

when Bush is saying, "If you don't support us, you support the terrorists," and much of the media is reinforcing the message," Whittaker says.

Yet, with popular chants like "Resist, resist, Bush and Blair are terrorists," and "1234 we don't want your racist war, 5678 spend it on the welfare state," the SWP and its supporters are not exactly lacking the confidence and courage to go out and argue against the war. Still, Whittaker and other members of the SWP are especially targeting the many individuals who are still undecided about this particular act of war.

The national Coalition Against the War, in general and almost perfectly, coincides with the general

politics of the Socialist Worker Party, and it is protests like the one that took place on October 13 that seem embody how the SWP likes to spread their beliefs and causes.

"Within this united front, we argue for socialist politics...we also see mass action as the best way of challenging the war, so we argue for trade unions, community and student groups to affiliate to the anti-war coalition. We also believe that militant tactics such as mass demonstrations, strikes, and sit-ins are the most effective way of voicing our opposition to the war," says Whittaker.

The anti-war demonstration, as a result, was also a broader and stronger statement against a capitalist movement that "is in the

interest of multi-national companies, a world in which profit is put before people." It is this capitalist movement along with worldwide economic distress, according to Whittaker, that has helped spur the war in Afghanistan and the SWP's strong stance against it.

"We aim to hold a teach-in about the war at LSE, we are also looking into possibilities for sit-in type protests...Also, expect more demonstrations and a national student conference against the war," adds Whittaker.

It would seem that the LSE Socialist Worker Party - just like the Coalition to Stop The War to which it is a devoted member - is intent to continue its fight against military action in Afghanistan.

## The Mullet



YOU will be aware. There is no Mullet this week.

Sincere apologies for the lack of Mullet. This is due, amongst other things,

to the time consuming nature of a recently purchased 'erotic' video.

Said video has unfortunately taken up too much of Mullet's time thus leaving him no free minutes to write his weekly sack of shit. Sorry.

Further, Mullet feels that due to the offensive nature of every word he utters, or indeed, puts into print, he must not write a column this week.

Already one sabbatical officer is begging for blood, a manger of the Tuns wants the larger of Mullet's two testicles to

use as a bouncy ball and a member of the LGBT may never speak to a Northerner again, all due to Mullet's slurs.

Other factors leading to the absence of this week's Mullet include his rather astonishing alcohol intake, his lack of morals and the death of his much admired and sought after wanking sock.

Apologies must be repeated to those of you expecting a Mullet. On this occasion he must disappoint. Mullet further knows and is aware that this blank space in the

Beaver where the column should be does not make for very interesting reading. Perhaps readers could use this space to have a go at the Daily Star's Stepword or write a list of their ten most favourite accompaniments for soup. (1. Bread. 2. Croutons. 3. Toast. 4. Sandwich. 5. Crisps etc.)

Sexual Chris, the editor, must be fuming at this complete lack of words on the page. A space which could have been filled with news, has been left to waste. Sexual Chris,

apologies.

This complete lack of Mullet must be a shock to many of you, a welcome relief for some and a complete non event for others.

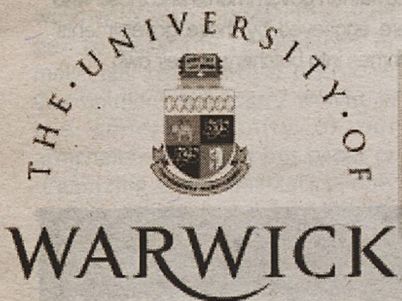
Despair not Mullet fans, all things going to plan there will be a fresh Mullet injection next week. And remember, as my Gran would say "Never have crisps after a wank, the flavour will always tempt you to lick your fingers."



# The Beaver Far Flung

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

with Lyle Jackson



### Warwick

Warwick yet again finds itself voted tightest university in the world by the Beaver staff. A disabled student was recently charged £48 for a certificate proving her own disability. However, the university medical officer did agree that the charge 'was a bit steep'. Incidentally, last year Warwick was the only solvent university in the country. A prime example of a university with deep pockets, but ridiculously short arms.



### UEA

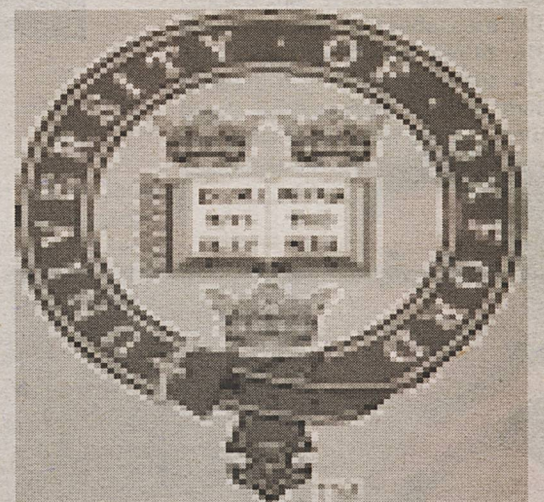
STUDENTS at the University of East Anglia have been left thirsty after the Union Bur cut its weekend opening hours. Students are outraged that the Union-run drinking hole decided to shut its doors on Sunday afternoons and not open until 6pm instead of 4pm. The Union blames the two-hour loss of drinking time on a lack of

managers, and claim that changing the times is the only way to carve up the hours - despite doubling up managers on weekday shifts. A clever approach to what is obviously a difficult problem! Students say they are appalled at the closure, which will 'leave them dry throughout the year'. Dry? UEA student slang for that terrible feeling that reminds them just where they are: sobriety.

### OXFORD

A daring Oxford ornithologist risked his life with guerrillas and drug barons in rebel-held Colombian mountains to identify a new type of bird. She must be fucking fantastic. I couldn't wait to write this article. I continued my research ready to 'take a break' as soon as the picture file downloaded. The chestnut-capped piha was discovered by Paul Salaman during a ten-day trek in the Central Cordillera mountains, which are controlled by the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (FARC). Brilliant. Fucking great. The team trapped

the thrush-sized birds by cutting a 500-yard trail through the forest with machetes, then hanging large mist nets. Good. "Colombia is the most bird-rich country in the world but few people know this because of the country's problems," said Salaman, "fortunately the terrorists didn't mind us roaming around". What a story. I'm off to surf the internet.





Continued from front page

governments have been the prime culprits in recent generations. Did these upholders of international justice uphold the right to life of civilians in Sarajevo? As Tariq Ali so poignantly put it, 'Does anyone stand in silence, for just one minute, for the 30,000 victims of Russian government massacres in Grozny, for the displaced and dead of Palestine, or for the 1.2m Iraqis, including 300,000 children who have died as a result of sanctions since 1991?'. Why have they paid scant attention to the agony of terrorism (amongst both the government forces and insurgents) in Kashmir? Why did the US and British governments fund Osama bin Laden in the '80s and tolerate the Taliban? Perhaps it has something to do with them restricting drugs trafficking a little more than the northern alliance.

Now that the US and British governments finally feel that 'justice' needs to be done in Afghanistan, will they also do justice to the un-represented peoples of Saudi Arabia, Egypt, and Palestine, after helping to establish and support non-democratic governments in those states?

I have a feeling that governments, and most of the media, will leave these questions unanswered after the final innocent civilian has been killed in this

war on Afghanistan. And why? Because they resist, in the age of 'globalization', the development of systems of international justice which would be the only institutions capable of providing anything like equality before the law for all the world's people.

Yes, an international warrant of arrest can be issued; but what then? Who actually goes to arrest Osama bin Laden? At the moment the US and British governments have eagerly volunteered their troops. If he and the command structure of the al-Qaeda network 'happened' to be killed while resisting arrest, the anti-war lobby in the west would not mourn his death as they have mourned the victims of the 11th September attacks. Those against the war, said Tariq Ali, would 'weep no tears' for the Taliban regime. However, the response of some in the Islamic world would be incredulous. Some Muslims - particularly in countries where U.S. policies are seen as contributing to economic hardship - will resent such an

attack so much that they will attempt to join terrorist networks such as al-Qaeda and will ferment violence in their societies.

The volatile situations in Pakistan and the Gaza strip which have resulted

So Osama bin Laden and his conspirators must be arrested by multinational forces and tried before Islamic sharia courts in an international setting. To do this the UN would require evidence. Both George Robinson, the

British lawyer-politician who is head of NATO, and a right-wing commentator from the US, Alan Derszwick, have examined the 21-page report of evidence and concluded that it will not suffice for a conviction. This not only questions the justification for attacking Afghanistan in the first place, but implies that the methods of attack are ill-considered; cruise missiles aren't the best way of gathering further evidence and ensuring that it reaches court

A cynic might connect the failure of international law systems with governments' fear of justice. The British government is less afraid than the US government, as shown by its signature of the Treaty of Rome in support of a permanent international criminal court (cur-

rently two temporary courts sit in judgement over those accused of crimes against humanity in the former Yugoslavia and Rwanda). Yet its actions in various conflicts displays that Blair is more concerned with his status than upholding basic human rights. Tariq Ali quipped that rather than receiving the Nobel peace prize, as one commentator suggested, Blair should be given an Oscar for 'best supporting actor'. The US government's failure to support a permanent international criminal court might be motivated by the knowledge that vast rows of its administration would be prosecutable, notably Kissinger for his role in Pinochet's 1973 coup against Salvador Allende's democratically-elected regime in Chile.

Government corruption is determining factor in the US and British governments responses to the appalling events of 11th September. Bush and Blair have replied to the violence of malcontents with power politics rather than international law. This can only cause an escalation in the conflict between the 'justice' of demonstrably unjust Leviathan governments and those who are aggrieved by those governments' crimes into butchery of their own.



Students unite against the war Pic: Gregor Hackmack

from the US and British attacks are premonitions of the bloodshed to come. This suspicious disbelief would be multiplied if the US and British governments appeared to try Osama bin Laden alone.

**"If she makes me do one more bar graph, she loses a kidney", thought Larry, but his smile never wavered**

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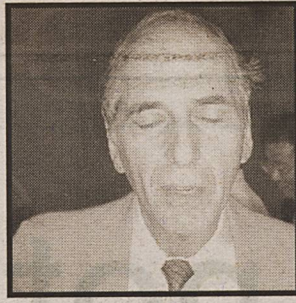




politics



culture



life



edited by charlie jurd  
and catherine baker

beaver link

# the student guide to fighting the forces of evil

words by angela koh

Unless the UN Gen. Assembly has a habit of convening outside your door and asking you what to do (in which case I'd like a word with you) - most of us don't get to pass any resolutions or make any real political decisions. Our opinions only carry weight in the general vicinity of our armchairs (writing in this paper or organizing a demonstration only makes the armchair slightly bigger). For better or worse, we are waging war with terrorism. That sounds right, though the word "war" is a bit dodgy, but whether we like it or not - it's what Msrs. Blair and Bush, plus associated pundits, aides, etc, keep repeating. What should we be doing then to help wipe the forces of evil off the face of our planet?

Our political leaders have been extolling us to be vigilant and on our guard. My mum says the same thing as well. I suppose that means looking both sides of the street before you cross it and if you happen to see a hijacked plane, or a bunker of sarin, please inform the proper authorities. If you don't regularly get packets of white powder in the mail, you're best advised not to put any of it up your nose.

Right after the attacks, there was a cry for consumers to

valiantly keep on spending. This raised doubts for me personally and I believe this may be one of the gravest issues we're going to have to address - is miserly behaviour now tantamount to treason? Nobody likes a cheap

bastard, but are they actually undermining national security? It's been suggested that governments of the free world set "spending targets" in this dark hour.

(Now, I really do want to help - as flippant as I may sound, I feel

quite wretched and out of sorts with all this. Therefore, in order to fulfill my civic duty, I should pack my bags, book a first-class ticket to New York and throw myself into an orgy of theatre-watching, dining out and buying

up all of Bloomingdale's... Every weekend afterwards, I shall have to dedicate myself to flying to all the troubled boutique hotels of the world.

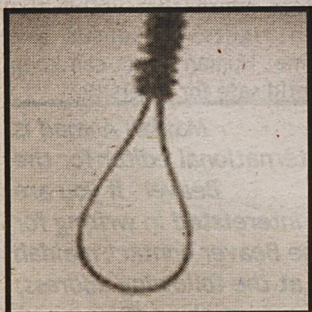
I strode down Long Acre, determined to make a starting contribution and strike a blow against terrorism... the FCUK store had "retail therapy" stamped on their window. I wondered if they should consider sending cardies over to the thousands of Afghani children that UNICEF has declared are at risk of dying from cold this winter - I'm sure they need "retail therapy" more than anyone else. Anyhow, I bravely made my way to the back of the store and picked up that zippered sweater I've had my eye on. Under the baleful eye of the shop girl, I threw it down at the cashier and consumed. Will I go to sleep easier tonight? Well, yes, I really fancied that sweater but I'm also queasy about my credit card bill now. Maybe if we could all forward our receipts to the Al-Qaeda headquarters - I think that will show them what plucky, little capitalists we are.)

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# coercion not culture is the test

words by maidah ahmad

at the risk of sounding frivolous: when you stop the hand of a persistent thief being cut off, are you upholding his human rights or violating his victims'? The Universal Declaration of Human Rights is half a century old but still the question of universality has not been answered and remains hot on the press at the moment, especially with the self-professed desire of the American coalition to bring back human rights to Afghanistan.

The fact that there are such strong objections to this apparent blemish free concept requires defenders to understand the complexities involved.

When analysing the issue philosophically, all rights and values are defined and limited by cultural perceptions. There is no universal culture; therefore there are not universal human rights. Some philosophers have objected that the concept is founded on an individualistic view of people. In an interview with Radio 4's Law in Action, Lord Woolf (Lord Chief Justice) said the Human Rights Act was there to protect the "liberty of the individual". However, in African societies, group rights have precedence over individual rights: 'I am

because we are, and because we are therefore I am'.

Many also object to specific rights which they say reflect Western cultural bias: the right, for instance, to political pluralism, the right to paid vacations (always good for laugh in the sweatshops of the developing world) and, most troublesome of all, the rights of women. How can women's rights be universal in the face of widespread divergences of cultural practice. However, culture is too often cited as a defence against human rights by authoritarians who crush culture domestically when it suits them. In any case, which country can truly claim to be following its 'traditional culture' in a pure form? None have remained in a pristine state; all have been subject to change and distortion by external influence, both as a result of colonialism and modern inter-state relations. You cannot follow the model of a 'modern' nation-state cutting across tribal boundaries and conventions, and then argue that tribal traditions should be applied to judge the human-rights conduct of that modern state.

There is nothing sacrosanct about culture. Culture is

constantly evolving in any living society, responding to both internal and external stimuli, and there is much in every culture that societies quite naturally outgrow and reject. Are we, as Indians, obliged to defend, in the name of our culture, the practice of untouchability? The fact that slavery was acceptable across the world for at least two thousand years does not make it acceptable to us now. A simple standard can be applied; that is where coercion exists, rights are violated and these violations must be condemned, whatever the traditional justification. Coercion, not culture is the test.

When people argue of the

unsuitability of human rights in their societies, a question that needs to be asked is what exactly are these human rights that someone in a developing country can easily do without? Not the right to life, I hope. Freedom from torture? The right not to be enslaved, not to be physically assaulted, not to be arbitrarily arrested, imprisoned, or executed? Objections to the applicability of international human rights have all-too-frequently been voiced by authoritarian rulers and power-elites to rationalise their violations of human rights which serve primarily, if not solely, to sustain them in power.

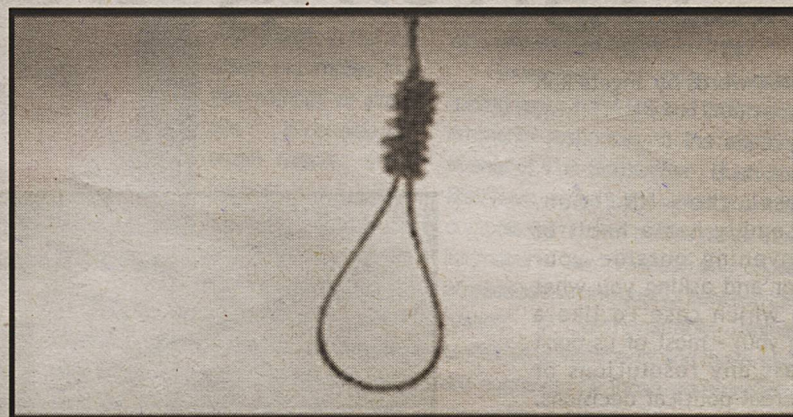
However, non-Western societies need not loose out in the universalisation of human rights. The rejection by the Americans of the Taliban offer to hand over Osama bin Laden to an international criminal court may indeed be an infringement of human rights. Last month it emerged that a neutral Arab state was planning a legal challenge to the proposed military action by the US and its allies. The unnamed country plans to challenge any proposed action by the American coalition in the High Court and in the Hague's International Court of Justice on the basis that it would contravene the North Atlantic Treaty.

The legal challenge is to focus on Article 51 of the North Atlantic Treaty, the founding document of NATO. This states that nothing "shall impair the inherent right of individual or collective self-defence if an armed attack occurs against a member of the United Nations".

The solicitors working on behalf of the Arab state, Charles Khan Solicitors argues that an attack against Afghanistan would result in the deaths of innocent civilians and, as such, could not be justified as an act of self-defence.

Hence, universality does not presuppose uniformity. It is sufficient if rights do not fundamentally contradict the ideals and aspirations of any society, and that they reflect our common humanity. Human rights, in other words, derive from the mere fact of being human; they are not the gift of a particular government or legal code. Different approaches within the human rights consensus are welcome. Human rights can keep the world safe for diversity.

*Maidah Ahmad is international editor for the Beaver. If you are interested in writing for the Beaver contact maidah at the following address; m.ahmad@lse.ac.uk*





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# what to do now we're at war with terrorism

Alternatively, there is that old school of good works. One could pull a Mother Theresa, leave behind all worldly belongings and rush off to the side of those poor refugees.

What's that? 4 aid workers were killed accidentally last week? Better wait till those smart bombs get smarter and learn some respect for the sanctity of human life.

But then, should one be actually fighting against the war on terror? It may be a "caring" war but besides the obvious oxymoron, all the food packages in the world are not going to make up for the further loss of an innocent life. Instead of firing away, do we need to take a step back and find out why we are? I mean, I think it's Osama, they say it's Osama, Osama sort of says it's him but we don't know this for sure. And if it is him and radical Muslims - what is feeding them? What brought us to this point? And oh America, why do they hate you so much?

Yet, if one takes to the street protesting, the company across the road is rather frightening. How could I have anything in common with the extremist young men in Pakistan who want to go fight for the Taliban? How could we be holding up the same posters as the fundamentalist rioters in Indonesia who see the hijackers as heroes? I'm not certain peace is the right thing to ask for anymore - it'd be an uneasy one when the

remains of the World Trade Centre still burn.

Lastly, Professor Giddens mumbled (no fault of his, I was just sitting near the back) something during the Undergraduate Induction about how while we're students at the LSE, we're expected to contribute to the ongoing dialogue and then go out and change the world... In that case, should one just stay put and swot away at books? Maybe it was just inspirational mumbo-jumbo, but the simplicity of the idea was appealing.

I suppose it is so typical to try and assuage one's guilt by believing that through going to lectures and writing essays, one is somehow doing something for the good of humanity. Cop-out? Perhaps. But it would be nice wouldn't it, if by studying the laws and histories of nations, or what Plato thought about justice, we could discover what to do - or even what to think, about this mess. And that, when we leave, we'd all be better equipped by virtue of our education to help make this world a better one.

It's a bit far-fetched, I know. Arrogant and foolish even - but I'll confess that's what I thought, before September 11th, when I decided to come to the LSE.

Besides, what else can we do at this frightening point in time? Let's admit it - we are shamefully glad that it's our governments who can afford to buy us safety with

the destruction of Afghani lives. We're quite thankful that the people who value our skins more than theirs are the people who have the bigger guns. The price of my good night's sleep after all is the irony those men forcibly conscripted by the Taliban now face in their deaths. Unless you are willing to be in Kabul tonight, there's nothing one can do or say to the mothers there who have to choose which of their children to save. We're very sorry about it. Yours will die but ours will be safer in their beds - that's the way it is in a world at war.

So, while it is simplistic to believe that by spending the days ahead here getting a degree, we'll find ourselves nearer to a solution - how else can we continue to wake up every morning and walk down the streets of London with the heavy knowledge of just how we're holding danger at bay? Having said that, this isn't sanction for merely going on as before. Instead, I hope this serves as some purpose for going on with the aim in mind of seeking a different way for us all.

Say, world; hang on - don't fuck up too much yet... you've got to wait for me to graduate?

*This is Angela Koh's first article for b:link and very good it is too.*





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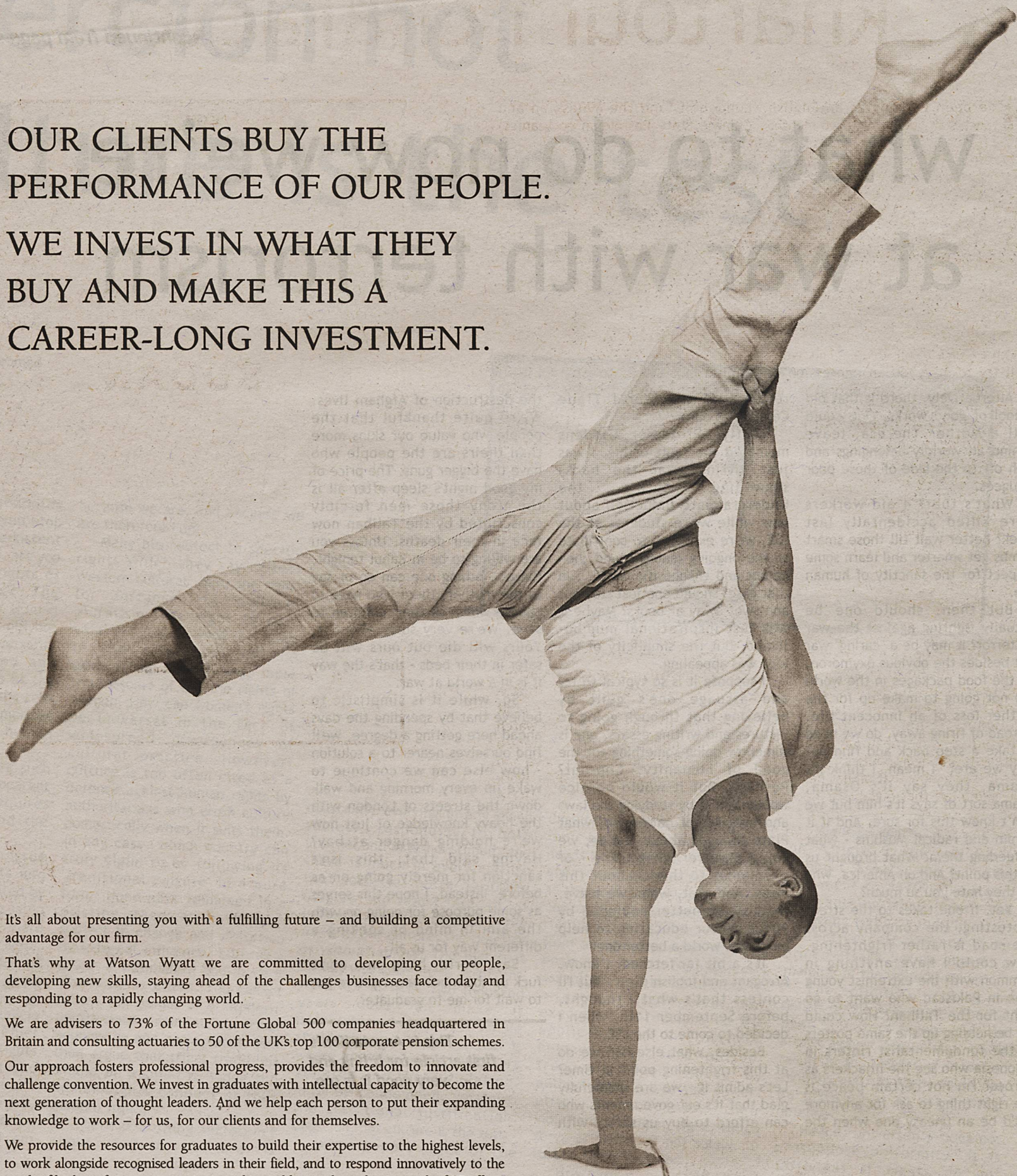
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# khartoum character

I've been working as an English teacher in Sudan for three months now. Originally I intended to leave two weeks ago to return to LSE for the third year of my International Relations course, but after only a short while in Khartoum I knew I had to stay for longer, I couldn't pass up the opportunities that were coming my way. I decided to stay here and defer a year. It would be good to keep in contact with the folks back home though, so I've decided to keep people informed with reports from Sudan. This week I'll try to give you an impression of the general situation and give you some insight into what life can be like. In future, I'd like to use this column like a diary, that way I can force myself to record what's going on, otherwise I always find an excuse not to commit pen to paper.

There were mixed reactions when I told people that I would spend my summer in Khartoum. Sudan has been in the throes of a bloody civil war for the last 18 years. The simple explanation that it is a war for autonomy by the Christian and Animist rebels in the South against the Arab Islamicising government based in the North no longer holds. Oil has recently further complicated a conflict already entangled with religion, tribal division, racial prejudice, international strategic interests and hydro-politics.

It is only now that oil has begun to be exploited that Sudan has become an issue of any importance international agendas. The oil fields discovered so far exist in the South and the government is accused of forcibly moving or destroying villages to access these areas. Oil companies (Canadian Talisman, Swedish

Lundenoil, and the Malaysian and Chinese State Petroleum companies) then exploit these resources. The government channels revenue from oil sales back into the war to subdue the South. The rebels frequently besiege the pipelines that create funds for the government's attacks on them. Oil is thus seen to be a fuel for the war in Sudan. The rich potential of this oil is also what draws in the peace negotiators. It seems that now Sudan is worth saving.

I live in Khartoum, which does not feel like one might imagine the capital of a state at war with itself might feel. I walk the streets safely and people are friendly, generous and welcoming. But at the same time, there are a few chilling reminders of the war that I notice - militaristic billboard posters encouraging people to fight, television adverts showing soldiers skipping off to a righteous death and armed security guards are heavy on the ground. The signs of long term damage from the war are visible everywhere. I live in a nice part of town where houses are spacious and household generators guard against the common inconvenience of power cuts. But to get to university I have to walk across a patch of wasteland on which there are homes like tee-pees that are built from rubbish. The guards who watch over my house are all displaced people, intelligent men who have had to flee the war and take what work they can in the city. Very little money is spent by the government on social welfare - schools and hospitals are neglected, skinny street children roam the market and beggars abound. Sudan has a shocking human rights record and the proliferation of weapons and the breakdown of order



and accountability has re-invigorated the slave trade.

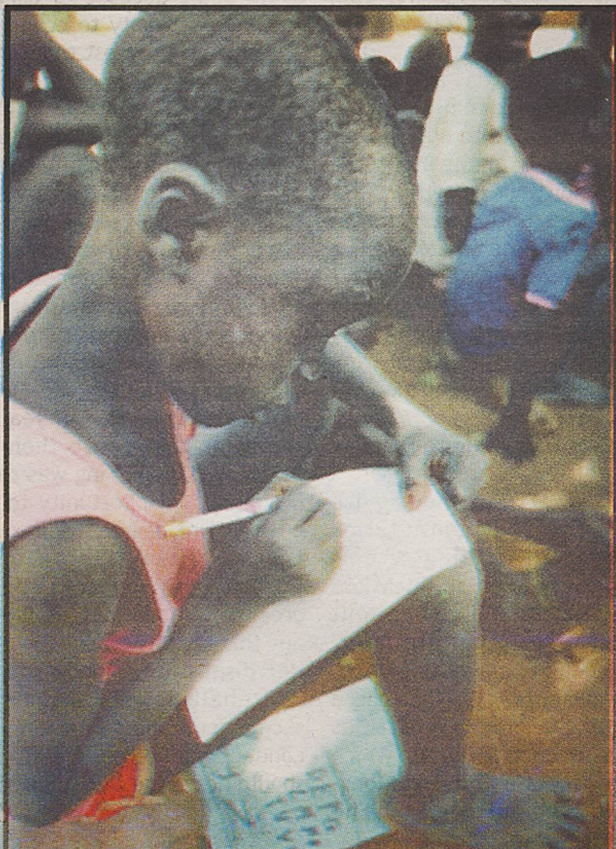
So why did I stay? Because Sudan is one of the most interesting, beautiful and exciting places I have ever visited. Without wishing to gush, each day really is an unpredictable adventure. I encounter generosity from those who have so little to give and yet do so so freely. I see camels walking down the street. In the evenings I walk through candlelit markets that sell heavy ornate gold jewelry, whilst rich smoke from sandal wood envelops me and later clings to my clothes. I work with people who teach refugees voluntarily because they believe it will stop the conflict. I meet businessmen who have been building relations with the nepotistic networks of Sudan's wealthiest few in preparation for the race to flood the markets in the trade boom now that UN sanctions have been lifted. I watch a country crawl towards stability, but see its individuals run. I came out here with an organisation called SVP (Sudan Volunteer Programme) who arrange teaching placements and accommodation with universities in Sudan and give a subsistence allowance. As well as teaching English at Sudan University I have also found work with a couple of NGOs, an orphanage and a school for displaced people. I have enough work to keep me busy but it still gives me

enough time to relax. I take early evening naps on the roof, whilst the setting sun melts like a lozenge on the horizon and lets seep rosy syrup into the clouds, and the calls to prayer from the mosques in the area harmonise together in melodic waves. Friends drop by and we smoke sweet sheesha pipes. We go for warm evening swims at the open air pool and stop off at the Syrian restaurant to eat the best kabab, where even the fat tastes good. My biggest fear when I came was my security, and my second was boredom. Both have been swiftly allayed. There might not be a kicking nightlife with a 12am curfew, but I've found a few ways to keep myself entertained.

And over the course of the next few weeks, I hope to tell you all about them, as well as other, perhaps more pressing things, like the progress of the peace initiative, the aftershocks of the World Trade Tower tragedy here and the impact of the lifting of UN sanctions.

*This is Catherine Mahony's first article for b:link. If you would like to learn more about volunteering in Sudan get in contact with her via the Beaver office*

words by catherine mahony





# spinning out of control

words by catriona lothian

**J**o Moore, press secretary to the Trade and Industry Secretary Stephen Byers, hit the press herself last week when a controversial memo was leaked to the media. As the World Trade Center disaster struck New York she was writing an e-mail to her colleagues about the news management potential it offered. The crumbling twin towers on 11th September seemed no more to her than an opportunity to screen the release of contentious government proposals.

Most people can certainly remember where they were when they heard the shocking news of the tragedy and watched the incredible images of devastation of the familiar New York skyline. While most stared dumbstruck, Moore was writing this memo:

From: Jo Moore  
To: Alun Evans; Mortimer, Robin  
Date: 11/09/01 14:55:12  
Subject: Media Handling

Alun, it's now a very good day to get out anything we want to bury. Councillors' expenses?  
Jo

It is amazing that her mind was on such prosaic matters while terrorism wrought its 'attack on the western world'. Some, including a student I spoke to at the LSE, claim that she was simply doing her job: she is paid to

concentrate on media manipulation, and her focus and detachment are admirable. I whole-heartedly disagree. While her behaviour was entirely legal and within her job description, her conduct was callous and appalling, and David Blunkett said publicly that she 'had been extremely stupid.' However, this is not the only ill-advised action of which Moore has been accused this week.

There is speculation that the memo was leaked by a vengeful Alun Evans, who is at the heart of another scandal in which Byers and his press secretary are embroiled. Evans was removed

from his post at the Department of Transport by Byers, after refusing to participate in an alleged smear campaign on London's Transport Commissioner that was orchestrated by Moore. There have been calls for Moore, and even Byers himself, to be sacked over this scandal.

The blackening of foes' names by politicians' press secretaries is not new. Thatcher's press secretary Bernard Ingham, famously dashed ministers' reputations in the press in preparation for their dismissal by the Iron Lady. Spinning is not a new phenomenon either: media manipulation has been an integral

part of the political system for centuries. However, in recent years it has sharpened its dagger and donned a new and sinister cloak.

Unelected spin doctors like Moore and Alastair Campbell are increasingly interceding between the government and the electorate. The government has such a large majority in the House of Commons, having only been defeated once since 1997, that it is scarcely accountable to Parliament. Scrutiny of government thus falls to the media, who are hampered by the Westminster news managers. Spin doctoring ensures that we are often unaware of the government's agenda, and so the current Labour administration is neither answerable to our elected representatives in the House of Commons nor to us directly.

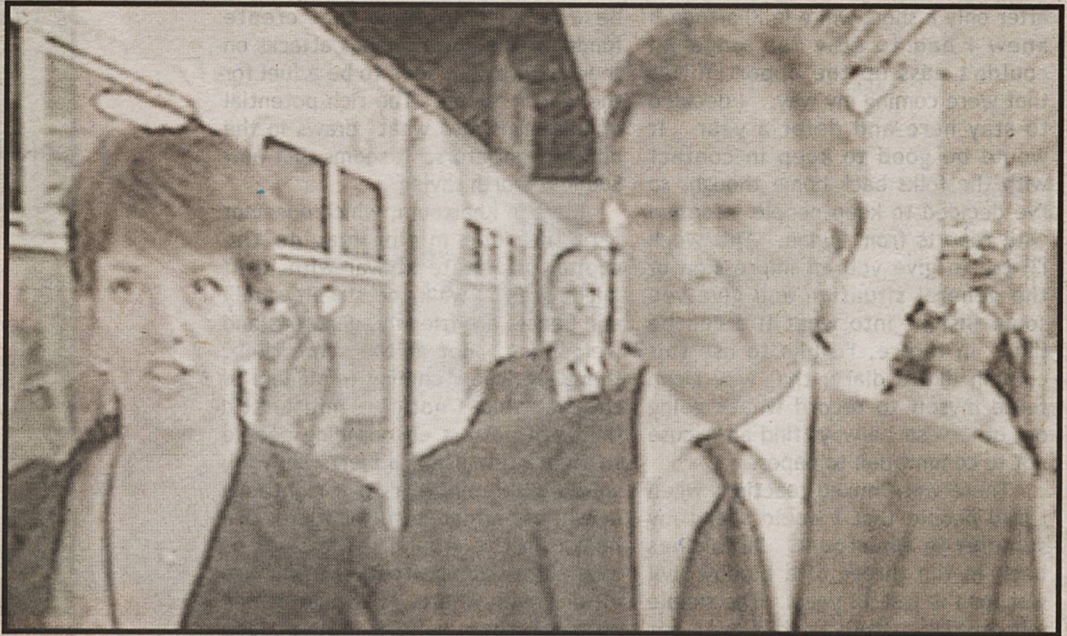
The method of media manipulation chosen by Moore is a tried and tested classic: using a major news event to conceal difficult announcements that may have been stored up for some time, awaiting the ideal moment for release.

On the day after the World Trade Center attacks and Moore's e-mail, the DTI took her advice and published two consultation documents describing a new regime for expenses and pensions for councillors. It is repellent enough that her memo was sent, without it then being acted upon. Worse still is the fact that these were not the only contentious government documents for which the terrorist action provided long-awaited camouflage. The

appointment of Gavyn Davies as chairman of the BBC Board of Governors, the approval of Sellafield's new mixed oxide plant and the fiasco over the planned sports stadium at Pickett's Lock in London are all said to have been among the news items that were rushed out.

However, not every government department used the same tactic. On the afternoon of the attack on the World Trade Center, the Home Office postponed a planned disclosure that it had miscounted the asylum figures for the past few years, to avoid being accused of using the New York atrocity to cover it up. cynics might suggest that this was just a more skilled method of avoiding bad press, but it is possible that the culture of ruthless media manipulation may not have permeated every sector of government. There is also the hope that the adverse publicity attracted by the heinous memo and dirty tricks campaign will encourage more humane news handling in the future.

Spin strategies like Moore's may have been used for years, but this does not excuse them. The fact that her spinning was spotted provides the opportunity to make an example of her. Spin doctors themselves will be telling the government to sack Moore in order to rid itself of bad publicity, but this is not why she should go. Her dismissal is needed to warn Whitehall news managers that such calculating and manipulative conduct will not be tolerated. We should not spare this spinner.





# tony blair in his element

words by martin koder

mine is the first generation able to contemplate the possibility that we may live our entire lives without going to war or sending our children to war'. So said Tony Blair at the NATO-Russia summit in 1997. For a peacetime Prime Minister, however, he has had a great deal of experience in sending Britain's armed forces into combat.

When in 1998 the call came from Washington to undertake more air strikes against Iraq, the UK was the only country with forces at the ready to join with the Americans. Blair's enthusiastic consent was greeted with surprise by many at home, who had not expected a Labour PM to be quite so ready to go to war, and with confusion in Europe, where the strikes were regarded as being counter-productive.

In 1999 the Prime Minister went into overdrive as the chief hawk of the Kosovo campaign. Whilst other European leaders, perhaps mindful of their coalition governments, dithered on the question of intervention, he insisted to a cautious Bill Clinton that ground troops would have to be deployed if the air strikes failed to persuade Slobodan Milosevic to back down. He even made a hero's appearance in the refugee camps, where the cameras saw him being treated

like a superstar and the masses chanted his name in appreciation. An audacious Special Forces rescue mission was also authorised the following year in Sierra Leone, after some of the peacekeepers the UK had sent in were captured.

Tony Blair has thrown himself into the latest international emergency with even greater gusto, and there seems to be little disagreement that he has risen to the challenge masterfully. Whereas George W Bush seems unable to articulate the right sentiments even if it is prepared for him, Blair instinctively hits the correct tone, displaying an unusual ability to express the public mood. He manages to appear solemn and authoritative without over-doing it and looks sincere in his emotions. Remember the death of Princess Diana? It was Blair who coined the phrase 'The People's Princess' and set the tone for the commemorations.

Since 11th September we have seen the Prime Minister embark on a marathon of international diplomacy: in Paris one moment, Moscow another, then over the pond to Washington and New York before returning back home to

deliver another grave speech to the House of Commons, later heading out again to the Middle East. His travel plans were lapped up by an adulating press, which published his exhausting schedule to show us how hard he was working on behalf of the 'civilised' world. By contrast, the images of the US President Bush

cocooned in the White House show him looking less like a global statesman and more like a schoolboy who has had an accident in his trousers. If the American leader can be made to look like second best, then it's no surprise that since the atrocities Tony Blair's domestic enemies have disappeared off the political radar. Iain Duncan Smith's election as the new Tory leader has been completely and utterly eclipsed, and Gordon Brown has been pushed out of the limelight as he has been every time the Prime Minister picks up the war drum.

Then there was That Speech which Tony Blair gave to the Labour Party conference, which saw him declare war not just on Bin Laden and international terrorism but pretty much all the ills facing the world today. He seemed intent on joining together different issues, declaring that the newfound international cooperation that had emerged as a reaction to the terrorist attacks would be harnessed to combat a vast spectrum of topics from the woes of Africa to the problems of climate change. Many remarked that it almost seemed as if he had forgotten that he was only the British Prime Minister and not President of the World. Despite that, the reaction of the media was nothing but praise. The Telegraph, hardly one of the PM's greatest standard-bearers, published a lengthy favourable editorial under the heading

'Blair's Finest Hour'. This, from a paper supposedly fed-up with his 'presidential style' of politics.

No prizes for guessing which great wartime leader from the past they were eluding to with that headline. Tony Blair has also been revelling in comparisons with Asquith, Palmerston, and most of all with his self-confessed personal hero William Gladstone. What prompts such a likening is the Prime Minister's tendency to frame all of his goals in terms of social justice: like Gladstone, he seems to believe all political issues can be seen as moral issues as well. Hence his perception that the forces of 'right' could be manoeuvred to address any problem in the world 'if we chose to'.

Clearly, Tony Blair is a very different politician when it comes to war. The uncertainty and fence-sitting he so often displays when dealing with domestic problems are pushed to one side. At times like these he appears much more decisive, determined and willing to take risks. Indeed being at the forefront of an international coalition with 'right' on its side in the battle against terrorism probably seems to him to be a much more deserving contest than debating the humdrum of national issues with the likes of the public-sector unions and Railtrack bosses. For the moment, he is happy to be away from all of that.





# esther rants on



words by dominic ponniah



It was the end of a normal day in the life of Esther Rantzen as we arrived at her stunning Hampstead home in North London. Her daughter, Emily, greeted us at the door, showing us through to the kitchen while Esther finished her work for the day.

Shortly after, that familiar voice could be heard in the room next door as she entered the kitchen to greet us with a warm smile. "How do I look?" she remarked, as she caught glimpse of our camera. Showbiz vanity!

Her extraordinary and long career meant that it was difficult to know exactly where to start, so I began with her schooldays at North London Collegiate School, which her daughters also attended.

Dominic (D): "Did you have any idea at that early age what you wanted to do later in life?"

Esther (E): "Not really. My father worked for the BBC, but as a scientist. I thought the BBC was a good place to work for, basically because he did. He [her father] respected it as an organisation. So I tried to work there, but not on screen, in production on factual programmes. I was always vague, never had a specific goal. What I certainly never wanted to do was to

be famous."(!)

D: You then went on to Oxford to complete an MA in English - do you think that the name & reputation of 'Oxford' has helped your career?

E: "Yes. God it helped me a lot! It allowed me to 'escape' from radio into television" [with the help of fellow-Oxford media friends, such as David Dimbleby and Richard Ingram].

D: The first programme that you presented was *That's Life*, which you presented for over 20 years - how did you feel when you first walked onto the set to face the cameras?

E: "The very first time it was quite intimidating, as you can imagine, although not completely terrifying as it might have been." [Esther had frequently been working behind the scenes in studios before then.]

D: You have presented a number of shows on television now, but which one do you feel is the most special to you?

E: "Of them all? Mmm." She ponders thoughtfully her extensive career. "I suppose of them all there was a *Childwatch* programme in 1986 on which the charity Childline was launched. It was a programme that brought to the British public, I think, the first recognition of how widespread child abuse was, and child sexual abuse, which was quite taboo as a subject then. It was quite a shock. A shock to us."

D: You have also been heavily involved in charity work for a number of years, including the setting-up of Childline - what inspires you to become so involved in charity work, especially when it comes to children's charities, which you are particularly associated with?

E: "I think the 'children' bit is probably instinctive. When you hear a can rattling in the street, I think children's charities have always had the biggest pull on me emotionally." She says she is happy to work with any charity if they feel she can be of use to them, a sign of her incredible and tireless devotion to charitable causes. We then side-track onto 'Sarah's Law', the high-profile campaign by the parents of the murdered girl, Sarah Payne, for stricter regulations on paedophiles. She genuinely sympathises with the campaign, stressing the need for better regulation to protect children. Although she thought that there were "very serious dangers" with the highly controversial *News of the World* campaign, she did not think it was irresponsible, as it drew attention to a very important public issue.

D: Your work over the years has earned you a number of awards, most notably the OBE in 1991 - which award for you has been the most significant?

E: She cites a couple of the more memorable awards, including a "Gotcha from Noel Edmonds" and a "Red Hooter award from children at Comic Relief". She then goes on to explain that her late husband, the

television producer Desmond Wilcox [whom died of cancer last year], was due to receive an honorary doctorate, but died a month before he was due to collect it. She later went to collect it for him, and one for herself, which she was understandably thrilled about. Now they each hang either side of the fireplace. Having being doctored by another university before, she is officially "Dr. Dr. Esther Rantzen OBE."(!)

D: According to *Who's Who*, one of your recreations is 'family life'. Many women find the balance of work and family life a fine one and often wonder how women with high-profile careers are able to do this. How are you able to combine your busy work schedule with your family life?

E: "Because I'm a commune!" Two PAs and two nannies have obviously helped with the everyday chores, but the importance of family life to Esther is so great, that time is always kept aside for family life, be it mealtimes, holidays or weekends.

D: Another stated 'recreation' of yours is the countryside. Although you are a very busy person, if you had the time, would you be going on this year's *Countryside March*, and, are you against or in favour of banning fox-hunting?

E: "I'm against fox-hunting." [Her husband was very much pro-hunting.] "I can't see why they don't do drag hunts. But this 'banning' is interesting. The public mood has to be exactly right." She likens the banning of fox-hunting with the failed banning of alcohol in the USA. "I just don't think it would work." What this space...and no, you won't be seeing Esther on the countryside march!

D: Although I am sure there may be several answers to this, can you single out what is for you the greatest high, and low moment, of your life and career?

E: "Ah!" She pauses for a few seconds. The hesitation is hardly surprising for someone with as much experience as her. She again reverts back to her family. High moment: when her daughter, long suffering from ME (or chronic fatigue syndrome), walked unaided on to the set of *This is Your Life* (for her husband). Low moment: when her daughter was most ill - completely paralysed in a dark room unable to stand noise, unable to walk, unable to read. "It was so frightening that I really couldn't bear to think about it", she says. "Watching her get dressed up for parties now, for me, is just wonderful. They aren't professional moments, they are personal moments in my family that have given me the most pain and have give me the most pleasure."

D: And finally, your career has allowed you to meet some fascinating and well-known people - which one person were you most excited about meeting and why?

E: "Diana, Princess of Wales had an absolutely unique star quality. It

was wonderful to meet Joan Collins. It was lovely to have Tom Jones hug me. Wet, Wet, Wet are terrific. When Paul McCartney shook me by the hand it was terrific. You asked me to name drop, I'm name dropping!", she says with great modesty. "But the Princess of Wales had star quality like I've never seen. You watched people just bowled over by her." She goes on, "Her physical presence was very powerful - she was very tall, and beautiful. She used her beauty. She knew how beautiful she was. But then she also had this extraordinary intuition when she met people that made her relate to them instinctively. An empathy. She was a walking icon." Esther's admiration for Diana is understandable. Both are campaigners for charities. Both are campaigners for children's causes.

Esther Rantzen is truly one of the greatest British promoters of children's charities and causes in a generation - just one of her many star qualities. I am sure that other star qualities are revealed in her autobiography which has just been released earlier this year. Be sure to get your copy of one of television's warmest and most admirable personalities.

*This was Dominic's first feature for b:link. Look out in future weeks for his controversial interview with Lord Melvyn Bragg.*





# chicken farm ghetto

**B**russels, central Belgium: the EU's progress report on Romania, widely expected to criticise its treatment of ethnic minorities awaits

privilege. And the construction of modern districts is not funded by requiring the residents to participate in a public works programme building a road

common belief that all Roma are dirty or thieves, the government policies which the European Commission found spooned three-quarters of Czech Roma children into special schools for those with learning difficulties, and what is at best indifference and at worst victimisation by the police.

This year in Slovakia, a Roma activist who went to the police over a fight between his wife and her neighbour found himself accused of theft, usury and blackmail; meanwhile, the wife of a Rom kicked to death by racists in an alley was told by the police that he must have fallen over while drunk. Hungarian policemen raided a ritual vigil before a family funeral, forcing a sixteen-year-old boy to crush glasses with his hand and hitting the head of a seven-year-old with a truncheon. Or take, for instance, an incident this April in Opava, in the Czech Republic, where ten skinheads attacked a Roma house and broke their windows while chanting 'Gypsies to the gas.' Only one of the ten was arrested, and the police refused to register the attack as racially motivated despite its having taken place on Hitler's birthday. Roma across Europe would find Opava all too familiar: but perhaps they might express gratitude that this time none of the skinheads were the son of the chief of police.

Occurrences of these sort are so depressingly common that one might be surprised that it needs a project approaching a neo-ghetto for attention to be focused on the Roma, but if that's what it takes, the Roma are unlikely to go unnoticed for long. The case of Piatra Neamt is not at all honourable, but it is coming to be a tradition.



publication. Piatra Neamt, northern Romania: a former chicken farm is about to be converted into a walled compound to house five hundred of the town's Roma population. The mayor's justification that the buildings will be a 'modern district' complete with amenities such as a sports hall appear almost comical when one delves deeper into his plans to ease the sleep of the burghers of Piatra Neamt. Modern districts are not surrounded by high walls. When modern districts are placed under police surveillance, it's because the inhabitants request it and pay, no doubt, a substantial amount of their City bonus for the

through the forest. Ion Rotaru, let's be clear, is not proposing Milton-Keynes-on-Danube.

It seems it takes spectacular incidents such as this to cast light on the discrimination that exists towards Roma throughout central and eastern Europe. To be fair, it's an exception to come across headline-grabbing initiatives such as Rotaru's, denounced by a Romanian government representative for the Roma as suggesting that 'Hitler's ghost is still walking around the city hall of Piatra Neamt'. More usual is the insidious, everyday racism that one might call 'low-level' in other contexts than that of human lives: the insults in the street, the



Piatra Neamt, perhaps, might be usefully twinned with Usti nad Labem, and certainly Rotaru would find several points of common interest on his civic visit to this industrial town near the Czech border with Germany. Racial tolerance might not be considered Usti's strongest trait: this is where the local beauty queen declared her intention 'to be a public prosecutor, so that I can rid our town of dark people.' Had she taken her sash and crown to Metichny Street in 1999, she would surely have found a sympathetic ear: this is where the local council built a wall down the middle of the road to separate the Czechs on one side from the Roma on the other.

Czech residents interviewed at the time complained that their Roma neighbours made too much noise on their estate; they didn't, however, follow it up by explaining how a concrete wall was supposed to stop noise travelling across the street, nor the exact soundproofing qualities of barbed wire. It's to the credit of the Czech central government, as opposed to the local council, that they maintained their opposition to the wall from the start and a year later forced it to be demolished: the playwright-president Vaclav Havel has retained such international respect from his days as a dissident behind the Iron Curtain that they could hardly do anything else.

Refreshingly, Bucharest too has expressed its disapproval of Rotaru and his hen-houses, and this time one cannot point to the existence of such a moral authority as Havel. Rather, it's the EU that's responsible for the new attitudes, on a governmental level at least, towards Roma communities, now that Brussels has made it clear to candidate countries that their accession into

Europe will depend not just on how quickly they can straighten their metaphorical bananas but on their records on ethnic minorities and human rights. It might be bribery; but if the progress that's been made with central governments can be applied effectively at more local levels, it might just work.

Until it does, though, the EU stance on the Roma will continue to leave member states open to charges of hypocrisy. While one set of British politicians condemn the treatment of Roma in countries like Romania, Slovakia, the Czech Republic and Hungary, back across the Channel their colleagues describe the same people as 'economic migrants' and impose visa requirements that have made it impossible for Roma seeking asylum to legally enter the country. David Blunkett's recent announcement of a green card scheme has been hailed as a step in the right direction when it's been noticed at all, but fails to address the underlying Catch-22 in Britain's asylum procedure. Maybe there will have to be another Piatra Neamt before it does; but until then, it is sad but certain there will be many more Opavas.



*written by new b:link  
editor Catherine Baker who  
leaves her former post of  
politics editor vacant.*



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# Jeepers Creepers



Just The Facts...

Starring: Gina Phillips, Justin Long, Jonathan Breck  
 Directed by: Victor Salva  
 Release Date: 19.10.01 Running Time: 90 mins

The horror movie has enjoyed something of a revival since 1996, when Kevin Williamson's script for *Scream* both revived and hamstrung the genre with a liberal splash of irony. Suddenly, you couldn't be scary without being self-referential, and so the slasher fad ran its course faster than usual, culminating with dross like *Valentine*, *Urban Legend: Final Cut* and the unbearable *Scary Movie 2* chucking around the inverted comma like it was going out of fashion. And now it looks like it well and truly has, as Hollywood turns its attentions to really, truly scaring us. Where *The Forsaken* failed, however, the opening act of Victor Salva's film well and truly succeeds.

Trish (Gina Phillips) and Darry (Justin Long, *Galaxy Quest*) are on a deserted highway, driving home from university, leaving behind the campus-setting so overused of late in horror. Minutes later, they're fighting for their lives, as a mysterious old van rams them off the road, drawn to them for seemingly no reason. As oft-told tales of disappearances on this stretch of highway come to mind, the pair set off again, only to see the van parked, and the driver carrying something looking rather like a dead body. Making the classic mistake, they go to investigate.

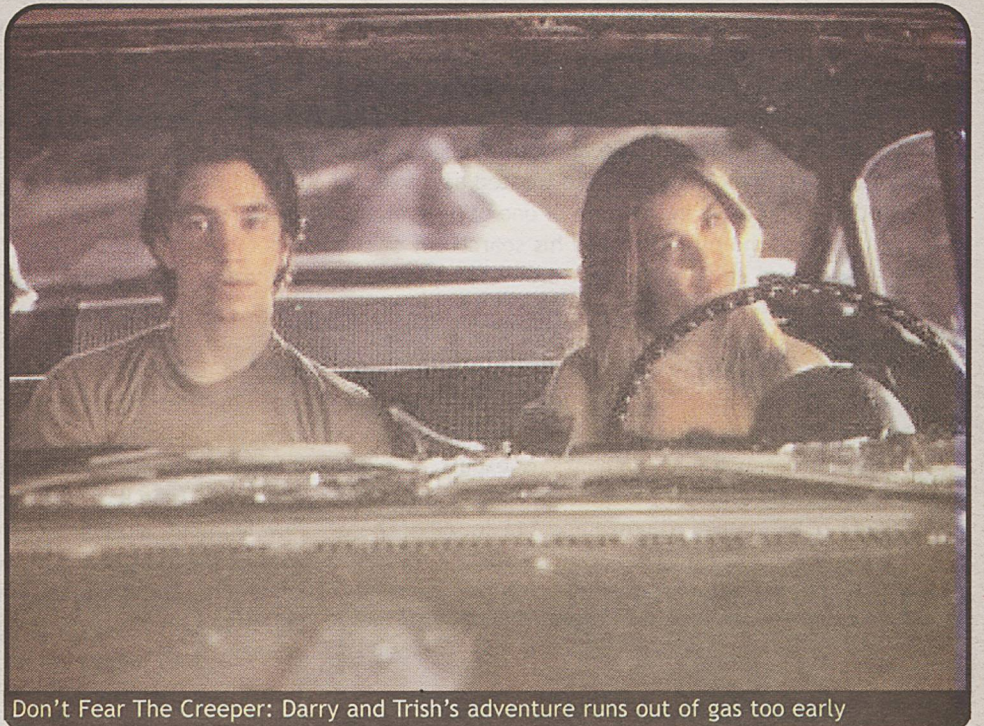
Still, this one blunder is entirely forgivable, because the opening of *Jeepers Creepers* is petrifying. Seeping with claustrophobic, faceless terror, the first act is an extended set-piece so nerve-racking half of you is desperate for it to carry on, but the other half prays that it might soon let up. In fact, when *Jeepers Creepers* drops from these daunting, dizzy heights, you're pretty relieved. What follows switches the tone from subtle chiller to action thriller, as the two leads are chased across a small town by the demonic Creeper. Cue car chases, an

endless stream of disposable locals, all culminating in a police station shoot-out (unfortunately reminiscent of *The Terminator*) and a slew of heavy-handed exposition. It turns out that there's a creepy old lady in town who knows exactly what's going on in the area (quite why she's still around is a mystery), able to answer all of the film's questions, leaving nothing to the imagination.

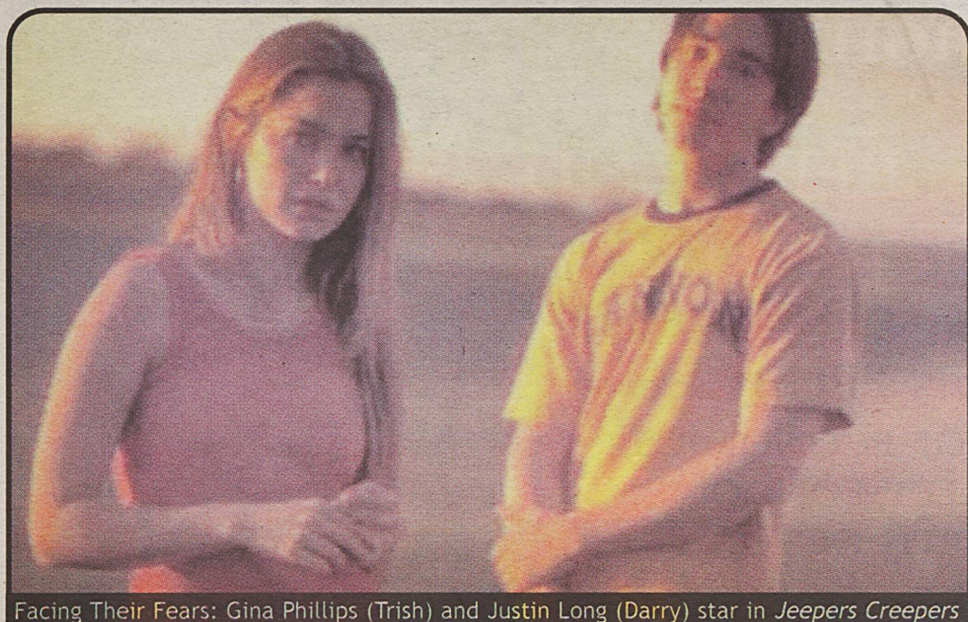
*Jeepers Creepers* is by no means a bad film, it just never lives up to the opening; a critical flaw in a genre where tension-building is the key. Quite simply, director Salva blows his load far too early. It's almost as if the opening was made as a demo reel, the ending tacked on to fill out the running time. Still, to his credit, the conclusion is carried out with conviction and gusto, and there are plenty of good ideas around. The baddie certainly lives up to his name; a creepy creation ruined for the finale as the director lets him step out of his van, leave the shadows behind and reveal his true figure. Lord knows how they'll keep him interesting for the already-in-production sequel. There's some effectively creepy use of the song referred to in the title, a few clever twists and some efficiently carried out sequences, with conservative use of sensible plot devices. Had *Jeepers Creepers* picked up again for the finale, all would have been fine. But an excellent opening, a decent middle act and a poor-action ending leaves an initially gripped audience hungry for more. Along the lines of a champagne breakfast, a Wright's Bar mixed grill for lunch and a half-cooked Big Mac for dinner.

Tom Whitaker

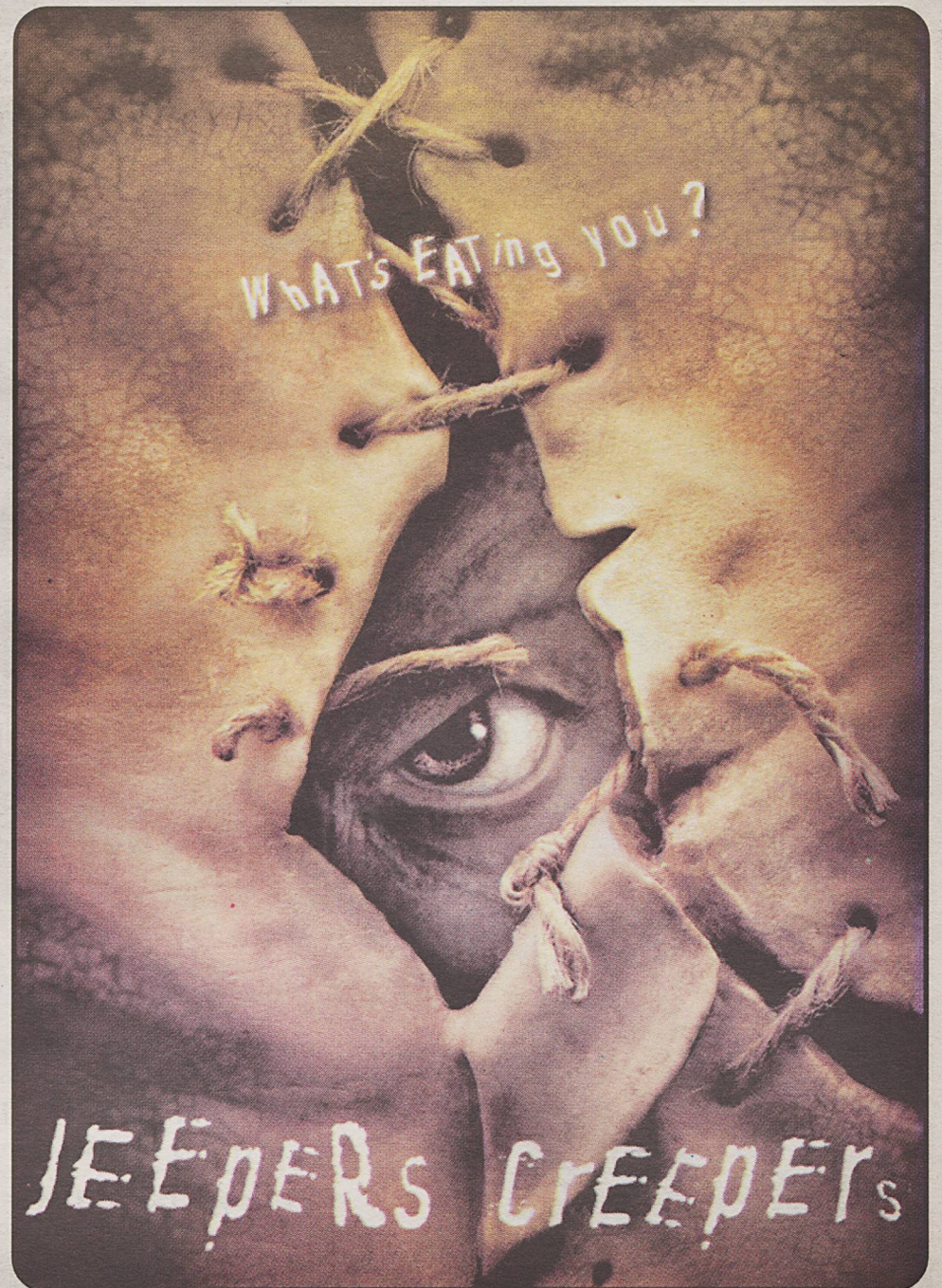
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Don't Fear The Creeper: Darry and Trish's adventure runs out of gas too early



Facing Their Fears: Gina Phillips (Trish) and Justin Long (Darry) star in *Jeepers Creepers*





# Atlantis: The Lost Empire



The fact that this is a cartoon, produced by Disney AND rated PG probably rules out most of you ever daring to show your face in one of its screenings. However, for those of you who would still consider watching this...don't! It's not Disney as you know it: there are no talking animals, no characters bursting out into song and unfortunately no real substance.

After capturing your attention by showing the dramatic sinking of Atlantis, this film cuts to Milo Thatch (voiced excellently by Michael J. Fox) working in the boiler room of a museum, dreaming about following in the footsteps of his late grandfather, a great explorer, and continuing his work to find the lost city of Atlantis. While treated as a joke by the museum, help comes in the form of one of his grandfather's old friends who offers to fund his search out of the blue. He is teamed up with the best crew money can buy and all the technology he could ever need and sets off on his adventure.

Less than 10 minutes after setting off, all the crew are dead except a very politically correct mix including a Latino mechanic, an Italian demolitions expert, a black medical officer and a freaky French excavation expert who looks like a cross between a human and a mole. All of these

are led by the square jawed, hard-as-nails American mercenary...sorry, "adventure capitalist" he prefers. Anyway, the film rushes through its paces with some crew members' ulterior motives coming to light.

One thing you notice straight away is the backdrops; they really are stunning. Unfortunately, the characters aren't always composited onto them very well, often looking like they've just been stuck on the top with no thought given to lighting, shadows etc. Disney used a lot of CGI for *Atlantis* as opposed to the old fashioned hand-drawn look of many previous releases, and whilst this usually works well (see *Hercules*), they really overuse the cheesy special-effects like lightning bolts. The only thing I will complement this movie on is the musical score by James Newton (whose accomplishments include *The Sixth Sense* and Disney's *Dinosaur*). It fits perfectly and, combined with some of the landscape backdrops, actually makes you feel like you are in a lost city at the bottom of the sea.

This film tries hard, it tries really hard at times but it's like they just followed a set of rules, they even have a five minute attempt at character development when all the characters take it in turns to recall their history. Character development? More like character statement! Don't get me wrong, the film is not all bad. It has its moments, most coming in the form of witty wisecracks aimed at the parents.

The film's real problem is that it can't decide on what audience it's aiming for, with the action sequences and

some of the ridiculously stereotypical characters obviously there for the kids whilst many of the more comic moments are there to keep the adults amused. For some reason though these two elements were not blended at all, unlike in the masterful *Aladdin*, and I expected much more from veteran Disney directors and scriptwriters, who had worked on previous hits such as *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* and *Tarzan*. There just isn't enough to make this film worth the cost of a Central London cinema ticket, even on student night.

All in all, the cinema reels of *Atlantis: The Lost Empire* should remain like the legend... well and truly lost, only to be discovered 6 months later on video.

Michael McClenahan



## Just The Facts...

Voices by: Michael J. Fox, James Garner

Directed by: Gary Trousdale, Kirk Wise

Release Date: 19.10.01

Running Time: 95 mins

2

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# The Alchemist

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## Just The Facts...

Author: Paulo Coelho  
 Publisher: Harper Collins  
 Year: 1999 Price: £6.99

In a recent interview Paulo Coelho was asked why *The Alchemist* has changed the lives of so many of its readers. 'It helps to bring to the surface, what so often lies hidden within people', he replied. That is, the ability to recognise and achieve one's dreams.

Moreover, the Independent On Sunday describes Coelho's book as, 'One of the few to deserve the term "publishing phenomenon".' With such an accolade, I set about reading *The Alchemist* for myself and found that I had finished it within the same day.

This is the story of Santiago, an Andalusian shepherd boy, who dreams of nothing but travelling the world, in search of treasure. Whether or not this 'treasure' takes on the form of the usual pirate gold buried in a chest, or whether it is more of the metaphysical sort, the reader is left to ponder. Leaving Spain, Santiago finds himself in the busy markets of Tangiers, where he has a recurrent dream interpreted by an old lady. The supernatural or spiritual element of the book becomes ever present now, and the old woman sends Santiago to the Egyptian desert. Coelho's poetic style beautifully conveys Santiago's journey even through adversity, to pursue his dream. However, before he can think of getting to Egypt to claim his treasure, disaster strikes and knocks Santiago off balance

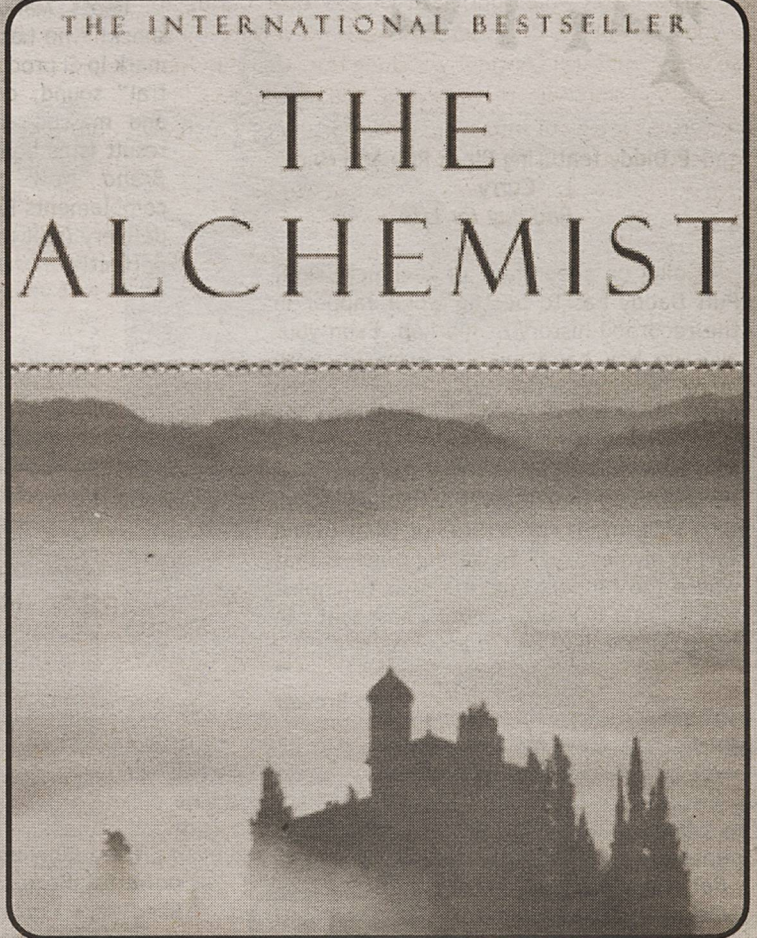
several times. Just as there is a Ying for every Yang, good often follows bad and Santiago befriends Melchizedek, a strange old man, who not only teaches him about the art of reading omens, but reassures him that treasure really does await him in Egypt. Unknown to Santiago, so too does an encounter with *The Alchemist*. An encounter which will change his life forever.

Lead is changed into gold and dreams into reality. The self-realisation along the way is the real gold. Or is it?

This is not a book for the cynical but, nor is it a book about hocus-pocus and magic. Whether or not you believe in destiny, fate, or Kismet, Coelho's message is clear, 'to realise one's destiny is a person's only real obligation'.

It is definitely food for thought and leaves you smiling (a bit like those people on the train who smile to themselves). This is a book that will have a permanent place on your bookshelf and can be read and re-read again and again. Too good to be true? I said this isn't a book for cynics. In the words of Santiago himself, 'Maktub', and you really can't argue with that. So, unless you've passed your Arabic GCSE or you've already read *The Alchemist*, add it to your reading list this term, and see for yourself what all the fuss is about.

Seniha Sami



## One Palestine, Complete

Tom Segev, an Israeli journalist and historian, has produced a fascinating study of Palestine during the British mandate. For the first time a history of Palestine presents Jewish, British and Arab viewpoints. Segev's thorough searching of many public and private sources (although mainly from British and Israeli archives) aids his ability as a historian to reconstruct a richly documented period in an original way. His background in journalism is evident in the use of many personal portraits and somewhat gossipy tone of parts of the book.

Segev's account of the period is from the controversial new Israeli historian's perspective. Segev, rather obliquely, challenges many apparently established truths in Israeli history. He seems to enjoy deflating heroes and exploding national myths. For example, Segev believes that the British mandate was vital in establishing Israel, a view in direct contrast to traditional Israeli historiography (which viewed the period as an obstacle to independence). He argues that the small Jewish population in Palestine benefited tremendously from the political and economic support of the British, which eventually led to statehood.

Through the personal stories, Segev throws off the common lazy stereotype of Palestinians as primitive serfs and corrupt, pro-Nazi elites. Arab-Jewish-English relations are portrayed through personal encounters, which challenge the stark ideological

divide traditional political history often highlights (and many wish to maintain). The strong friendship between Khalil al-Sakakini, a Palestinian teacher, and Alter Levine, a successful Jewish insurance agent, is documented throughout the book. It stands as a hopeful symbol of what was possible before confrontation erased that memory.

In weaker sections Segev claims that the British were pro-Jewish due to an anti-Semitic belief (and fear) that the Jews turned the wheels of history, as well as from Old Testament-inspired Biblical compassion. Segev claims Lloyd George supported the Zionist cause due to these beliefs and because he wanted pressure on the US to join the war (using Jewish influence). Segev's approach on this issue ignores the political and strategic importance of Palestine to Britain and her interests.

Despite (or because) of the disagreements many will have with interpretations in this book it is worth reading. Segev's approach shakes up traditional perceptions whilst being hugely enjoyable. *One Palestine, Complete* is a vital contribution to the debate on Israel's past as well as an absorbing and comprehensive history book.

James Sharrock

## Just The Facts...

Author: Tom Segev  
 Publisher: Little Brown  
 Release Date: Out Now Price: £ 25

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# Single File

**P.Diddy featuring Black Rob and Mark Curry**  
*Bad Boy for Life*

Going on sheer lack of technical skill, Puff Daddy has to be the worst rapper in the recorded history of hip hop. Even your average boy band member can spit with more conviction than this clown. Even more tragically, this song, which boasts that "ain't shit changed since the Notorious" exposes Bad Boy Records' two current stars [not in jail] as dime-a-dozen thug MCs, mere caricatures of what Biggie was in his heyday. The saving grace is that where the rappers fail, the beat triumphs: a sick guitar lick and rumbling bass that can bring out the Bad Boy in anyone.

Leo Brower

**Dave Matthews Band**  
*The Space Between*

Somewhat of a "deja-entendu", *The Space Between* doesn't really distinguish itself from other radio-friendly melodic rock tunes.



The themes of incompatibility, lack of equilibrium and incomprehension in a relationship don't come across as being particularly original either.

Even so, it is valuable in its genre and provides the listener with a relaxing refrain mixed of melancholy and airy-fairy hope.

This little soothing cherry is a good companion for late night convos and dream-like ponderations

Brisk Pixie

**Roots Manuva**  
*Dreamy Days*

Roots Manuva is back, and - shock! - he has traded in his trademark lo-fi production for an "orchestral" sound, complete with violins and massed choirs. Happily, the result is as beautiful as anything on *Brand New Second Hand*, and complements Rodney Smith's unique delivery (still the coolest in hip hop) perfectly.

Leo Brower

## The Mul Factor

- \*\*\*\*\* Mul-let
- \*\*\*\* Mul-der
- \*\*\* Mul-e
- \*\* Mul-berry Bush
- \* Mul-lah Omar



**Shed Seven**  
*Step Inside Your Love*

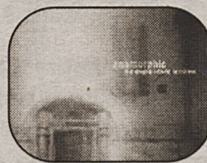
The follow up to the wonderful *Cry for Help*, this is an equally powerful piece of music. Depth and presence combine to show that the Shed's are *Getting Better* and are by no means *Chasing Rainbows*. A single which restores one's faith in life.

**Snuff**  
*Nick Northern*

Brit-rockers Snuff have been around for seemingly an eternity without making any kind of impact domestically...yet this may finally provide the break that they crave on these shores. An up-tempo, brass-fuelled rocker that brings to mind Rocket From the Crypt at their best; superb stuff!

Peter Davies

**Anamorphic**  
*The Engine House Sessions*



If you like pants, then you might like Anamorphic: *The Engine House Sessions* - It's a big pile of 'em.

Essentially, all the tracks are ephemeral vocals occasionally interspersed with 'thrashy' guitar solos. Not horrendous, but the 'haunting' vocals veer heavily towards irritating, and that coupled with the melancholic and pretentious lyrics makes the whole thing majorly forgettable.

If a Portishead-esque rip-off is your bag, then it might be for you, otherwise don't bother investing.

Clare Kearns

**Curtis Lynch Junior Feat JP**  
*The Chase*

Shepherd's Bush IS "Westside", That makes QPR the LA Dodgers or Notting Hill the equivalent to Compton. Dangerous place, West London. Curtis Lynch, the latest in a burgeoning bunch of UK Hip Hop acts tries to sprinkle his 'flava' on proceedings, only succeeding in sounding like Outkast's second cousin. Slick it may be but unlike Roots Manuva, Curtis fails to create a homegrown vibe on *The Chase*. He needs to get out of LA first.

Dean Best

**Jay-Z**  
*Izzo*



It's all well and easy to throw your hands up in despair when rappers recycle time-worn hustler tales in their lyrics. But it is the force of Jay-Z's beats that are harder to resist, and when

you "get your damn hands up" on his command you'll be forgiven for pleading, "the rhythm made me do it".

For all the aggressive money-talking, self-selling that Jay-Z and so many other rap superstars resort to, the relentless rhythm redeems Izzo instantly. Hear it for yourself... the music speaks louder than words.

Mark Maclean

# Stars in Your Eyes Competition!



Starsailor

## Win Tickets to see Starsailor

See new acoustic movement starlets Starsailor play London's Kentish Forum on the 1st November. In order to win tickets all you have to do is answer the following question:

What is the name of Starsailor's singer?

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In the event of a tie we will put the names of all the correct entries into a hat or a similarly sized artefact and draw the winner at random. The music editor's decision is final.



## Swann's Song

Welcome one and all to the latest edition of our new editorial column, giving one of our editors the chance to shoot his mouth off and the other the chance to come up with a crappy headline. This week: The charts...

So, Kylie made it to number one for a fourth week on Sunday. It wasn't long ago that to be at number one for anything less than three weeks was laughable. However, since early 1998 when Blur's *Beetlebum* went in at the top before falling almost directly from the chart, the pattern of short-lived chart toppers has been set.

Fair enough it could be argued that the charts don't matter, but although it is the top of the chart that has seemingly been changed by the pop revolution, it is the lower reaches that have suffered. Because the charts are now filled with so much faceless bilge, 'choons' you hear on Friday night, buy on Saturday, score highly on Sunday and bin on Monday, its arteries are becoming clogged.

There is no longer room for real talent to occupy the second half of the top forty. For example, bands such as *Silver Sun* and *Kenickie* used to regularly hit the number 22 spot, not mainstream but a cut above the average. There was always room for a fan to notice a great song recognised by a few others and give a wry smile at Goodier's Sunday revelation. No longer.

Due to the complete pop/dance/pop orientation of the most influential media, music with no longevity and no bearing on the life of the listener is now rammed down our throats to make a quick buck. The irony is though, if record companies looked more to the long term, it is album bands who bring in the real money. So, is it fair to say that these days the real measure of quality is in the album charts? Of course it is; when was the last time purveyors of number one smash 'choons' went platinum? Maybe I'm just getting old... What's that you said, Mr. Wogan? Don't take the charts too seriously?...

Andrew Swann

## Cheeky Charlies

The Charlatans  
@ The Rock, Bristol  
14 :10: 01

A few years back, rumour had it that occasionally, Ian Brown and his family would watch the Charlatans for teatime entertainment and laugh at what a parody of King Monkey Tim Burgess had become. Born out of the same Madchester scene as The Stone Roses, The Charlatans have survived their contemporaries and outlasted Britpop.



Two albums later and The Charlatans go from strength to strength. 1999's Dylan-inspired *Us And Us Only*, Burgess' 'marriage album' was a satisfyingly surprising left turn from the band. The new album

*Wonderland* is sexier and funkier having largely been recorded in LA and again has proved an upward step in their career. All this, while Ian Brown has stumbled into the mystical acronym-filled world of *F.E.A.R.*

Tonight at the Rock in Bristol sees The Charlatans at their best, with keyboardist Tony Rogers back after having treatment for testicular cancer. Hitting the ground running with two new songs *Love Is The Key* and *Judas*, Burgess flaunts his new falsetto superbly. *A Man Needs To Be Told*, another new track, is earthier live with the Edge-esque guitar reaching deeper. Indeed, new forms the backbone of the setlist with seven tracks- Burgess and the boys reaching carnal heights with *Is It In You?* - interspersed with catalogue classics of the standard of *North Country Boy* and *Weirdo*.

*The Rock* rocks to the double whammy of *One To Another* and 1990's *The Only One I Know*, the latter showing



The Charlatans

how the new album has steered a clear path away from the Hammond organ that defined their sound in the last decade. Burgess does his best Liam Gallagher impression on *How High*, the only point when The Charlatans' freshness fades a touch, but they swagger back into form with a three-strong encore, the highlight being the broody *Forever*, swimming in love and devotion.

They've outgrown the Manchester of 1989/90, shrugged off the death of a band member and stand new, vibrant and proud in 2001. Got a spare £15? Then, why look anywhere else?

Dean Best

## Lamb Chops

Lamb  
What Sound

The new self-produced album from Manchester's finest exports, Andy Barlow and Lou Rhodes literally staggers under the weight of its own brilliance. Including contributions from Michael Franti, Tony Vega of Scratch Perverts fame and Doves' Jimi Goodwin, this is the album that will bring Lamb into the upper echelons of the music buying public's minds, and ensure they're not relegated to the 'Two for £10' section of HMV. Either that or it'll get a lot of play on Xfm, but either way, it's fantastic.

Especially good is the first single to be taken from the album-*Gabriel*. It has been accused by some of sounding like Dido, but don't worry- if you happen to meet one of these blasphemers, smack them and they'll soon learn. It sounds like Lamb, and nothing else.

The whole album is near perfect- bits of acid house, techno, along with sweeping orchestration and (cringe) phat beats grace each track, this coupled with Rhodes' fragile voice make for great aural pleasure. It's the perfect post-club album- very chilled, but not in the anaemic, Moby sort of way, and perfect for all your listening needs.

Also, computer geeks take note, the special edition (which seems to be the general release issue anyway) is also enhanced with a CD Rom element of the *Gabriel* video, and live performances of *Cotton Wool* and *Little Things* which is nice if you like that sort of thing.

The only thing to watch out for on the album is that *Small* includes children's voices, which sound quite frightening. Think Aphex Twin's *Come To Daddy* or the twin girls from League of Gentlemen. The whole song is just unsettling, and very scary, so don't play it late at night. Apart from that, it's lovely, lovely stuff.

News  
Stopped in Her An-trax

In the current hysterical climate, pop diva Britney Spears cancelled a scheduled appearance on a television show last week fearful of an anthrax attack. The sex-starved star was supposed to appear in Los Angeles on October 11th but withdrew after three employees of NBC in New York tested positive for anthrax poisoning.



## The Wee-tles

In a disturbing move, ex-Beatle and all-round legend Paul McCartney is to feature a picture of himself pissing on his forthcoming album *Driving Rain*. McCartney, pictured right, captured the image on his new Casio watch. It is alleged that Paul has always been fond of urinating. The album is due out on the 19th November.



## Recommended Gigs

Placebo / My Vitriol @ Brixton Academy, Thursday 18th October  
Air @ Albert Hall, Friday 19th October  
Turin Brakes Saturday & Sunday 20th-21st October

\*\*\*\*  
Vidadelica



# This way up

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## east end special

Beaver Clubbing takes you on a trip to the east side for Brick Lane's baltis, beer, bhajis and general spicy shenanigans...



**The Greatest Party @ 93 Feet East, 150 Brick Lane, E2.**  
Sunday 14th October 2001

A fittingly eclectic, quality line up turned out to help celebrate the life of Tore Krones (aka DJ Erot) who died recently from a heart condition at the age of 23. Starting at 2pm on Sunday afternoon the bar like atmosphere took a while to get going but by nine o'clock the top room was buzzing as the Idjut boys, then Monsieur funk himself, Dimitri from Paris kept the crowd on their toes playing a party orientated selection.

93 Feet East itself is an excellent, positively spanking venue; the funky pre club bar is your first port of call, complete with sofas which - if the music did not get you going - would have you lounging the night away. A large upstairs and roof terrace (probably one for the summer) give you plenty of space to strut your funky, and in the case of 93 Feet East very fashionable, stuff.

Trevor Jackson, the highly acclaimed remixer and producer (soon to have his own hit with 'number one') went back to back with Nathan from Ideal to an appreciative but dissappointly small downstairs crowd. Rob da Bank and Andy Mac put their decidedly wierd 80s-tech spin on things early on. Unfortunately the downstairs room was shut early 'cos of the small attendance hence the travesty of Ashley Beadle being bumped off the decks. It did however get the party atmosphere going as everyone headed upstairs for headliner Dimitri's disco classics set. Poor promotion lowered the attendance - with that kind of line up you'd expect a full house. It did fill out towards the end and all profits were donated to Foreningen ( an organisation for children with heart disease); all in all a fitting tribute to Tore Krones and a great, but perhaps not the greatest, party. Check out Mr Scruff's monthly for a sure fire mash up at 93 Feet East.

if you love it and you want it then come and get it; write for beaver clubbing. free cds and guestlist entrance. email r.m.mccormack@lse.ac.uk OR t.w.davies@lse.ac.uk

**LSE Gets Serious @ Cc Club, Wednesday 24<sup>th</sup> October, 10pm - 3.30am,**

13 Coventry St. (2 mins. walk from Piccadily Circus Tube)  
Jus a lil' reminder that those luvbugs Ramsey & Fen, MC Neat, Bombsquad (Twice as Nice) and friends will be doing their UK Garage stuff next Wednesday; It's £7, £6 with LSE Ents Card and FREE with your Gold card. You lucky things.

### The Vibe Bar, Brick Lane, E2

Situated opposite 93 Feet East in the midst of the East End's Mecca for curry lovers, The Vibe Bar is one of Brick Lane's highlights. It is housed in a converted part of the Truman's Brewery, with a spacious bar and courtyard that, come the weekend, are full to bursting.

The interior, whilst being a little gloomy, is large and comfortable and has numerous deep red leather sofas for those who like a bit of lounge in their lives. However, the Vibe Bar's music policy, on weekends at least, tends to lean more towards the upbeat, dance floor oriented side of things. Bizarrely you can also hook up to the internet for a spot of drunken surfing.

The outside courtyard is packed with wooden tables and provides an ideal spot to drink and relax on more pleasant days and evenings. Unfortunately the weather for the next six months is likely to be wet and/or so cold you are in danger of sacrificing your extremities to frostbite, so a large coat may be in order. Alternatively you can just get yourself onto the dance floor to warm yourself up with some funky house action.

On the down side there aren't enough toilets for the girls, but in fairness this is a complaint that can be levelled at the majority of bars and clubs. Also there seems to be a cheeky bar policy in operation which sees them 'run out' of all draught lagers and beers relatively early in the evening, at which point a person has no option but to buy £2.80 bottles; all of which can be a bit harsh on the threadbare student pocket. Then again, should this be the case, you can always take advantage of the supreme location, pop to a local off-licence, and then head off to one of the plethora of fine curried eateries in the area, most of which are willing to give group discounts after a bit of obligatory haggling.

## THE TOP FIVE

Our recommendations for this week's London club nights.....

### THURSDAY 18th OCTOBER

**1. Base @ The Velvet Rooms**, 143 Charing Cross Road, WC2. 020 7439 4655.  
£4 / 3 NUS b4 23:30

Carl Cox's long running techno weekly is always a sure bet for a good, sweaty session and at a more than reasonable price too. Check it.

### FRIDAY 19th OCTOBER

**2. Fabric Live @Fabric**, Charterhouse St, EC1 012273 323 055.  
£12 / 10 NUS.

Prototype Records unleash the rude jungle sounds this week with the Rider, Fabio and JJ Frost at the helm. Kosheen are the big live draw with their moody, vocal d&b whilst James Lavelle and the Stanton Warriors add their own twist on the beats and the breaks in room two.



### SATURDAY 20th OCTOBER

**3. As One @ The End** West Central Street, WC1. 020 7419 9199. £15 / 10 NUS.

Classic records presents 'thanks for coming by...'; and with the mouthwatering prospect of Mr. Derek Carter, joined by Ralph Lawson and Luke Solomon it's gonna be more of a case of thanks for having us. King Britt plays an extended set upstairs at the AKA. Certainly one not to miss.

**4. Frantic: Hard House Academy 1st Birthday @ Brixton Academy**, 211 Stockwell Rd, SW9 020 771 2000 Tickets £15 plus b/f.

Nukleuz records brings you Frantic's first birthday turning Brixton Academy into a hard house haven. Andy Farley, BK, Spencer Freeland, Paul Glazy and Steve Blake are just a few of the DJ's spinning in this massive all nighter. Expect carnage to ensue over four rooms with gurners aplenty.

### TUESDAY 23rd OCTOBER

**5. Spread Love @ The Social**, 5 Little Portman Street (off Regent St.) W1.  
020 7636 4992, FREE.

Arrive early (it kicks off at seven) for the Diesel-U-Music scratch DJ entrant highlights. Residents DJ Go of the Mixologists and DJ Yoda cut 'em up to keep the hip hoppers happy.



# Easy Like Sunday Morning

Amy Williams gives us her opinion on the best of London's magic markets

When I say to you 'Sunday morning' what is the first thing that you think? Without suggesting that you all conform to the student stereotype, its probably hangover, fried breakfast and if you have the bravery to admit it a generous portion of the Hollyoaks omnibus. And if that's your ideal way to spend the Sabbath then you better have a quick rethink matey as slacker style is well and truly on its way out.

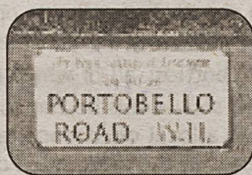
For those of us in the know our weekend mornings have been filled with some seriously early starts, breakfast on the move and hours rummaging through second hand stalls for quite some time. Of course, I'm talking about London's famous markets and as anyone who has had the

stamina to get up at the crack of dawn and drag themselves halfway across town on a drizzle drenched morning will know, its well worth the effort.

There are scores of markets to visit with wares ranging from flowers to fish to fine art so its vital that you plan in advance which ones you want to check out and if you are planning on doing more than one it may help to devise a route that you can follow on foot or bus as some of the markets are within walking distance of each other. Another top tip for market shopping is to take some nice crisp notes with you as the ATM's in the surrounding area will be either empty or have queues snaking round the block and there's nothing worse that spotting your ideal

pair of vintage denims only to find that in the time it took you to 'dash to the bank' they have been snapped up by someone else.

Unfortunately time and space won't allow me to dish the dirt on all the markets (although this may be a blessing in disguise as I'm not sure whether an in depth discussion of Billingsgate fish market quite fits in with the limitations of a Style page) so I have concluded that a 'top three trendiest' will fit the bill adequately. As always I am open to suggestions so if anyone (at their peril) wants to disagree with me and suggest some alternatives then I will be totally prepared to ignore you. So here goes.



At No.3 we have the dropouts favourite of Camden. I am begrudgingly putting this one in as baggy trousers, Slipknot hoodies and silver trouser chains really isn't my cup of tea, but variety, as they say, is the spice of life and who am I (other than the epitome of style) to disagree. Camden is a good place to stock up on any drug paraphernalia, incense, black clothes, silver jewellery, second hand clothes and the usual typical market stuff. The main drawback is the sheers hoards of people who make it their weekend mission to block your way on the pavement, beat you to the ATM, and freak you out with their bizarre hairstyles. Also the fame of Camden market means that it also attracts troops of tourists eager to soak up some of the alternative aspects of London. Its worth making a day of Camden because there is a massive selection of cool shops as well as stalls to pay a visit to and as the average walking speed is about 2mph don't expect to cover a huge distance if you're trying to have a quick scoot round in an hour or so.

**TOP TIP:** If you can then avoid Saturday morning and try Sunday morning instead - the crowds are slightly less hectic. Also although the market is on all day, as always the earlier you go the better.

At No.2 is the star of the silver screen Portobello Road. This market is huge and sells such a huge variety of bits and pieces that it will keep you entertained for hours. Starting at the Notting Hill Gate end, the antique stalls are amazingly picturesque and do have some random oddments for your amusement. More importantly there is a huge selection of antique clothes that can be picked up for reasonable prices and you might even find yourself engaged in a bit of rail rage with Sadie Frost, Nicole Kidman or any of the other celebs who have been spotted digging out some bargains. As you move down through the market there are some excellent food stalls selling the finest in exotic and conventional fruit and veg and also a fair share of kebab and burger vans. After passing through the multitude of mobile phone accessories and designer rip-off stalls which are all worthy of bargain status you will come to the covered section that has some excellent vintage clothes and accessories and also a spattering of music - there is a really vibrant feel at this part of the market and even if you come away empty handed the excellent atmosphere makes it all worthwhile. As you move past this you wander into carboot sale land with headless dolls, watering cans, and dancing flowers so unless this is your idea of fun then head off to one of the cosy cafes in the area and reevaluate your funds.

**TOP TIP:** If you don't have the time or energy to do the whole market then take the tube to Ladbroke Grove instead of Notting Hill Gate and take a shortcut straight to the trendy covered section skipping the antiques and fruit and veg.

No.1 and by far my most favourite (and the most bargain market trip being 3 for the price of 1) is the famous trio of Spitalfields, Brick Lane and Petticoat Lane. Take the tube to Liverpool Street and all three are within walking distance so you can see what takes your fancy although time wise I would suggest Brick Lane first as that closes earliest, followed by Petticoat Lane, followed by Spitalfields which stays open latest. Petticoat is the best for cheaper high street bargains and remnants from liquidations etc. big knickers in three packs, and other 'off the back of a lorry' style merchandise. For something a little more classy Spitalfields has a host of up and coming designers selling one-offs, vintage clothing at a fraction of the price you'll get further up west, and handmade furniture and art. It also has an organic food market where you can purchase fresh food and bread at reasonable prices. It also has an International Food Hall where you can pick up more or less anything you fancy to eat at one of the cafes or, if you are a serious shopper, while you scour the stalls - kebab for breakfast is one of my favourites. A big advantage of Spitalfields is that its covered so if the heavens open there's no need to look massively untrendy with your hood up. Brick Lane is best for the early birds and although there isn't that much to pick up except for some duty free smokes the crazy stalls under the arches are worth a gander - having said that if you grab a bargain it will probably set you back less than a quid so keep your eyes peeled. One of the best things about these markets is the area which is so cosmopolitan and hardcore cool that the visual stimulation is immense.

**TOP TIP:** Don't even think about doing Brick Lane and not paying a visit to the legendary 24hr Brick Lane Bagel Bakery which does the most amazing smoked salmon and cream cheese that it will more than compensate for your early start.





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## Making Waves

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# Angel of the North

From the fashionable spas of the 18th Century to the bars and restaurants of today's Angel, Islington has long attracted socialites. *b:art living* takes a wander along Upper Street to discover the daytime diversions and the evening excitement of this vibrant quarter.

Islington has had a mixed bag of fortune. It started life as a country retreat from the hustle of the City of London. With relaxing spas and theatres, it soon became a fashionable destination for the panjandrum of the metropolis. Better transport links soon ensured that these people could consider living away from the smoke, and with it came Islington's now highly prized terraces and squares.

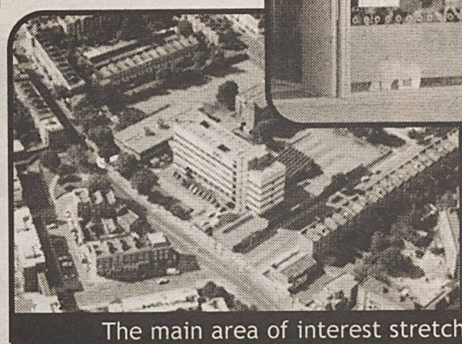
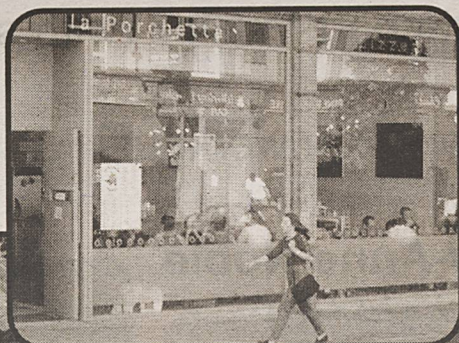
The prosperity was not to last, however, and very soon Islington would become one of the most slum ridden neighbourhoods in London. It would endure this reputation as a home to the poverty-stricken far into the 20th Century. Fortunately, for some, a wave of prosperity would wash from the City and eventually ebb into these rundown squares and avenues, and bring with them the bars, the restaurants and shops that now make Islington a must visit destination for Londoners. It is more interesting that

the purely gentrified areas of Chelsea or Fulham because it has retained something of its menacing and dangerous side. It is the neighbourhood equivalent of the West End girl in bed with the East End boy.

In the daytime Islington has a range of diversions. It has the usual array of chain shops that can be avoided, but even these are still more pleasant to browse in than along Oxford Street. However Islington is more enjoyable for the smaller boutiques, where you can buy anything from soap to

shawls. It is particularly well stocked with antiques, possessing The Mall, a two level antique market, which is itself surrounded by a range of shops and street vendors. Even if making a purchase isn't an option, it can still be nice to browse, and to be amused at some of the sheer chintz that passes for valuable keepsakes.

However it is not the daylight that displays



The main area of interest stretches along Upper Street from Angel Tube.

Islington at its best. Instead the area glimmers in the artificial light it generates from the rows of bright restaurant windows, neon bar signs and wall uplights. It is the nightlife that defines Upper Street. If you are civilised, and starting the evening with a meal, the choice is impressive, and there is usually something to suit all tastes and budgets.

For the cheap, and definitely cheerful, there is the ever popular La Porchetta. A combination of very decent food, very

reasonable prices and interesting service add to a great, and affordable, dining experience. This place is great for large groups and parties, with a pan clashing fanfare for every birthday from the staff.

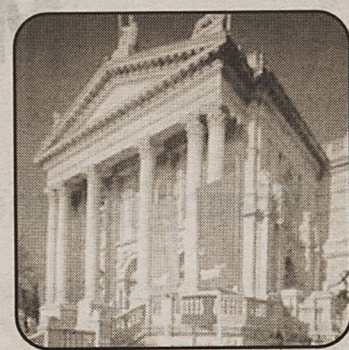
After the food, there is a lively bar scene along Upper Street. Perhaps most obviously the street is studded with the chain bars that have made going out in any town a familiar and vaguely unsettling experience. There is no real point in going to Islington for the same Wetherspoons and O'Neils that can be found in endless repeated patterns across London. So, for something a bit different try some of Islington's non-branded haunts. For cocktails, and a

vaguely Spanish ambience, there is Cuba Libre. After a few jugs of sangria, washed down by the odd margarita, you'll be ready to move on. Why not move on to the Medicine Bar, which has a warm and cosy looking exterior, but, like all Islington

bars, is ready to up a few notches on the style front.

Islington is well worth a wander, and for a party there are few places as well equipped to cope with large numbers. Just remember to seek its more individual charms, rather than its branded conformity.

<b>Tube</b>	Angel (Northern Line) Highbury & Islington (Victoria)
<b>Buses</b>	38, 19, 341 (to Holborn)



## LondonLiving

The Tate Britain has been very much overshadowed by its racier, pacier and altogether brasher sibling down the river. The Tate Modern is to the Tate Britain what Helen Baxendale is to Dame Judi Dench. The former might leave you breathless, excited, but eventually will leave you looking for something with more depth.

Following the decampment of the modern art collection, the Tate Britain was left with the remnants of the British focused set. What is novel about the gallery is its hanging and grouping policy. The rooms have been arranged with theme rather than time in mind, so a 16th Century still life will sit somewhat uneasily, but provocatively and arrestingly next to its 20th Century counterpart. It is an interesting juxtaposition, that prompts the casual visitor to reappraise their view of modern art, and also to see the familiar masters in a new light. It is an education in art history.

In recognition of this there has been a revival in interest in the beautifully elegant riverside gallery. With the opening of the new Centenary Development in November of this year, the Tate Modern will have a sense of completion and integrity as never before.

<b>Opening Times</b>	Daily, 10.00-17.50.
<b>Closed</b>	24, 25, 26 December
<b>Nearest Tube</b>	Pimlico
<b>Admission</b>	Free

## Disguised Decadence

Opposite the French Church on Shaftsbury Avenue is a place of worship for another French institution - food and wine. *Victoria Taylor and Ian Curry* take a meal for two at *Incognico*.



117 Shaftsbury Avenue, WC2, London  
(020) 7836 8866 (*Booking Usually Essential*)

**Dress :** Smart Casual  
**Evening Hours :** Mon-Sat 5.30pm-12am  
**Set Menu :** 5:30pm - 7:00pm  
**Main Meal Price :** £11.00 - £17.50  
**Notes :** Starters are as pricey as main meals

With a welcoming, friendly setting, impeccable service and a formidable interpretation of French cuisine, it would be very difficult to fault *Incognico*.

The restaurant has a definite brasserie feel, with warm dark panelling and a traditional, elegant table layout. Even on the very cheap pre-theatre set menu (£12.50 for three courses), we received toasted bread, olives and a generous basket of breads and butter.

The service was timely, generous and unobtrusive throughout, again especially impressive given the cheapness of our meal. At no point where you made to feel as the unwelcome seat fillers.

The food was simply amazing, a sublime fusion of quality ingredients, rich sauces and oils. We started with a terrine of Guinea Fowl, followed by a salmon in an



exquisite lemon butter sauce. The main course blended with a skill that could only indicate a very talented chef. To finish; a warm chocolate mousse that was the sheer essence of everything that is fine about chocolate.

Indulgence, in the perfect setting.

I enjoyed my meal at *Incognico* as the service was friendly and polite, the food was well presented and the restaurant itself was beautiful. It's difficult to fault any restaurant when you are paying £12.50 for a three course meal including bread, let alone one of London's most up and coming. No one could be disappointed with the full menu, although starters were expensive at the same price as mains. I found the food very rich and the portions were generous. I recommend the salmon and challenge anyone to attempt to eat the entire chocolate mousse. Soft drinks as always, overpriced, but you can get a bottle of house wine for £13. Don't leave without checking out the bar downstairs.

Well worth a visit for a pre-theatre dinner.....or in our case pre-Chuckle Club!!



## Quick Eats

*Anna McElligott* has a light lunch at *Cafe Rouge*, and sobers up to give a verdict.



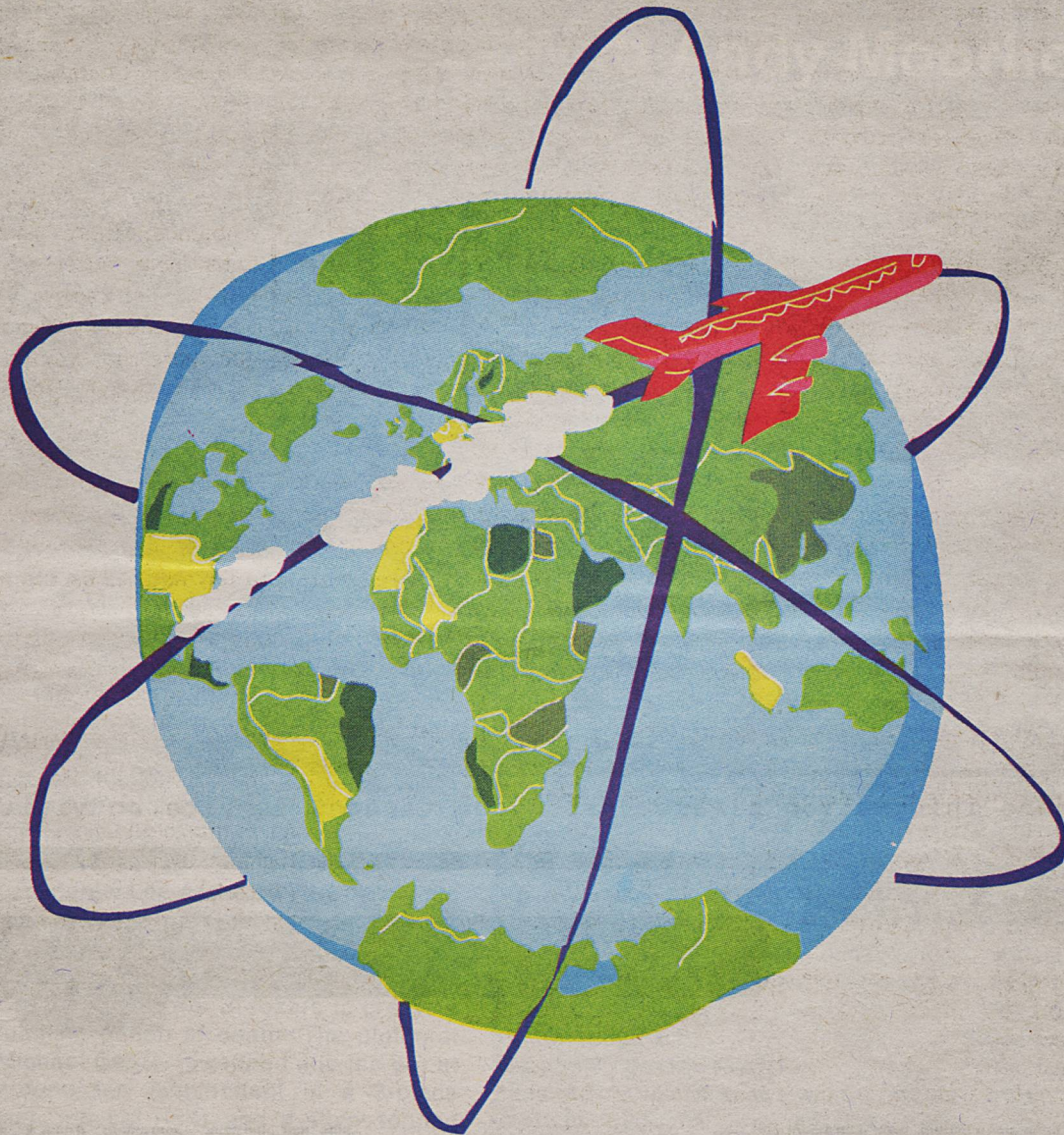
As with most bog standard chains, the atmosphere is relaxed, the service alright and the food just about edible. Nothing more, nothing less. After waitressing in a very similar chain restaurant, I was actually impressed that the only noticeable health detriment were the shards of broken glass in my water.

Thankfully I managed to cleanse these thoughts by gulping down my completely drinkable house red, and actually enjoyed my medium rare steak with the McDonalds-style chips. The herb butter was disgusting. So was this one plate of food and glass of wine worth £15? Most certainly not. But nevertheless the tables were completely filled by tourists eager to lunch in Covent Garden.

If eating here is a necessity my advise is this: check all food, glasses and cutlery before eating, and steer well clear of anything uncooked, especially the salads. Good luck!



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# Hancock feels the heat

## Club Captain has "full confidence" despite early mauling

**Doug Hancock -**  
*assisted by Dan Poulton on heat*

**Trials were promising, after several gruelling rounds of 5-a-side matches, the full LSE 7th "Golden" XI vs. LSE 7th invitational international Richard Clayton testimonial match was commenced.**

Sadly the man Clayton was unavailable to collect his cheque after the game. Unperturbed by Clayton's

**LSE 7th XI**

**UCL 7th XI**

absence the teams played on with Captain "dodgy" Doug performing the somewhat dubious dual role of invitational left back and referee.

The Maltese Falcon Brincat and Cricket Nick Cooper provided early pressure up front for the invitational XI and they soon turned penetration in to goals and went 1 - 0 up. Andrew Lee and Alan "blue boots" Dzodziev in the

**"Doug joined the lightweights from the fifths for a game of arrogance, a ludicrous drinking game."**

golden XI midfield realised that they must increase the supply to their strikers or suffer ignominious defeat; Lee, blue boots and the rest of the golden midfield galvanised themselves into action and their efforts didn't go unrewarded - between them Rishi "Klinsmann" Singh and Amit "hot shot" Malhotra in the golden attack bagged 5 goals. It was a wonder that Klinsmann-Singh managed to score at all as he spent most of his time rolling in the mud attempting to claim free kicks and penalties from an unsympathetic and totally unbiased referee Doug.

Seeing the end result coming dodgy Doug performed the ultimately suspect move of transferring himself onto the (winning) golden XI on the grounds that the teams were unmatched. It ended 5 - 1 to the golden XI with only Adrian "pessimistic" Bevan disputing the final score; we are still awaiting the result of a ULU tribunal on the game. The arduousness of the trials was proved beyond doubt when Sevenths stalwart Norwegian Nic puked up all over the train as it pulled into Waterloo.

It all seemed so promising for the game against UCL 7th away on

Saturday. But sadly the LSE 7th team was robbed by circumstance. Our keeper couldn't play and no alternative was available so usual left back Armin had to don the gloves to do the first shift in goal; he played bravely, but unfortunately let in seven goals. Blue boots Alan took on the goalie mantel in the second half and we were much more solid; UCL only gained two soft goals, one of them was a penalty which they only got through bullying their fractious waif of a ref into awarding. LSE looked strong going forward with the Londonderry defence general Cathal Logue keeping it tight at the back on many occasions. The pessimist Bevan

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9**

will be back for our face-off against SSEES on Wednesday and with Anthony Dawes on full-time goalkeeping duty things can only get better.

Following the trials certain members of the sevenths squad continued their strong performances in the Tuns. Doug joined the lightweights from the fifths for a game of arrogance, a ludicrous drinking game which is guaranteed to get you fucked quickly, as Ricky "leave before 10 o'clock" Steele found out to his cost. Joe Rolling, Alan blue boots, Steve Simpson,

Andrew Lee and Ivan Yam rolled into the Tuns as the fifths were dropping to the floor - done in by Tom Mythen's insistence on mixing Guinness and Cranberry Bacardi Breezers to create a foaming potion of death. The plutocrat Michael Carlton swanned into the bar at around ten resplendent in a 3-piece suit, top hat, tails and a silver-topped cane demanding that everyone go to Colours at Sound with him. In the end most did. Once in the Leicester Square club Alan blue boots decided that this would be his moment to shine, having been introduced to a lady by the plutocrat Carlton, blue boots confided to Michael that he found the lady attractive and would have liked to "fuck her in the arse", Michael confirmed that she was indeed attractive and taking that as his cue blue boots turned to the girl and said "Oi, I'd like to fuck you in the arse", the good natured lady took it all (thankfully) in jest.

Alan was less lucky on Saturday evening at Beano. Michael Carlton had enlisted Alan's help in removing cockblockers from around a desirable first year veterinary science student. Alan approached the girl and said, in a loud voice, "Oi, my friend wants to dance with you, but your friend keeps getting in the way, I think he's gay". The 6'2" cockblocker didn't take kindly to Alan's comment on his sexuality and asked Alan to repeat himself. Alan obliged. Michael's attempts to diffuse the situation by apologising for Alan's drunkenness did not help since Alan told Michael loudly "Don't worry, Mike, I'm not afraid of him, he's a faggot". We look forward to Alan's further exploits and improved Sevenths results.

## On the Wing

With Andy Moorhouse

The big kick-off's now only a matter of months away - anyone fancy a flutter? Here's the Beaver's lowdown on all the major runners and riders: Who's made it to Japan and South Korea, who's there to stay, and who's conspicuous by their absence?

The Top Dogs

Argentina - William Hills say 7/2

Andy says: Their combination of latin flair and efficiency at grinding out results has utterly overpowered the rest of the South American qualifying group. The heat and humidity of Japan's rainy season makes England's conquerors of 1998 many people's favourites this time around. What makes them tick? The creativity of Veron allied with the deadly finishing of Gabriel Batistuta. Chuck in Zanetti, Ayala and Claudio Lopez and I, for one, am worried.

France - William Hills say 4/1

Andy says: Awesome in nearly every area. The sheer strength in depth of their squad makes the current holders my personal favourites. Thierry Henry should get plenty of ammunition with Zidane, Vieira and Petit pulling the strings from the middle of the park. As if that wasn't enough, Lilian Thuram is probably the best defender in the world. With Lizarazu and Desailly to keep him company at the back, don't expect Fabian Barthez to be practising picking the ball up out of his net.

The Chasing Pack

Brazil - William Hills say 7/1

Andy says: No-one knows what to expect from the traditional favourites, assuming they qualify at all. With Elber and Jardel upfront, they lack the style and swagger of years gone by. To add to their problems, Ronaldo is still struggling to come to terms with a long-term injury, whilst Rivaldo has been criticised for failing to reproduce his club form at the highest level. Not to mention a leaky defence, bitter criticism at home and a disastrous qualifying period which they are yet to negotiate. Still, it's not beyond them to sack all their players, hold Popstars-style auditions for the team on the Copacabana and end up winning it - so write them off at your own peril.

Italy - William Hills say 7/1

Andy says: Nesta and Cannavaro are as graceful and co-ordinated a centre-back pairing as you are likely to find in world football. Certainly since Arsenal's Tony Adams managed to drop and seriously injure fellow Gunner Andy Linighan, initiating a spiral of events that culminated in his defensive partner's embarrassing plummet into obscurity. However, questions have been asked about Italy's creativity in the middle of the park. Questions that Totti and Del Piero may prove only too willing to answer. Having said that, Alessandro Del Piero is likely to pose more questions than he answers if he can't lay off the Lasagne for a while. (Andy Linighan can now be contacted care of St. Albans F.C.)

England - William Hills say 7/1

Andy says: Much has been made of Sven-Goran Eriksson's England revolution, but

let's not get too carried away until he starts getting asked some more difficult tactical questions. If Greece and Albania can expose frailties in his cherished Flat Back-Four, how well will it cope against France and Argentina? Eriksson does, however, have genuine world-class talent at his disposal in the shape of Beckham, Scholes, Owen and Gerrard. If Kieron Dyer's return from injury does; as Bobby Robson has suggested; solve the problem left-sided position, our midfield will be immense, and the jigsaw is slowly coming into place.

Spain - William Hills say 12/1

Andy says: Perennial underachievers in major tournaments. If past experience is anything to go by, expect our Spanish cousins to arrive in Japan with a bluster of pretty football, convince a few commentators that 'this really could be their year' and then take the first plane back home the moment things start hotting up a little. They have the big names in Raul, Mendieta and Casillas but do they have the big game temperament?

Portugal - William Hills say 16/1

Andy says: Abel Xavier can't always get in the Everton side, but he can get in the Portugal side. Logical conclusion: Everton are better than Portugal? No - Everton don't have the creative genius of Luis Figo and Rui Costa. They have David Unsworth and Joe-Max Moore.

The Dark Horses

Ireland - William Hills say 80/1

Andy says: Performed exceptionally well to effectively knock Holland out of the World Cup before they even got there. As always, Ireland as a team perform beyond the sum of their parts. Having said that, they could do worse than wrap Roy and Robbie Keane up in cotton wool for the next 8 months.

The Old Nags

Germany - William Hills say 20/1

Andy says: In your dreams. The German Press have a tendency to pin all their hopes on Sebastian Deisler, not because he is particularly good, simply because he is their only reasonably consistent performer below pensionable age. Not half the team they were, or, in all probability, we are. Will still probably beat us on penalties though.

The Also Rans

Best of the rest are Nigeria (25/1), Paraguay (33/1), Sweden, Equador (40/1), Romania (80/1): Potential banana skins, the lot of them.

The Non-Starters

Holland - Much like Oasis, Holland's raw promise has been undermined by drug-taking, infighting and general arrogance. Unlike everyone's favourite band of 1995 however, they are still capable of occasional moments of genius, and for that reason we can be thankful they have failed to qualify.

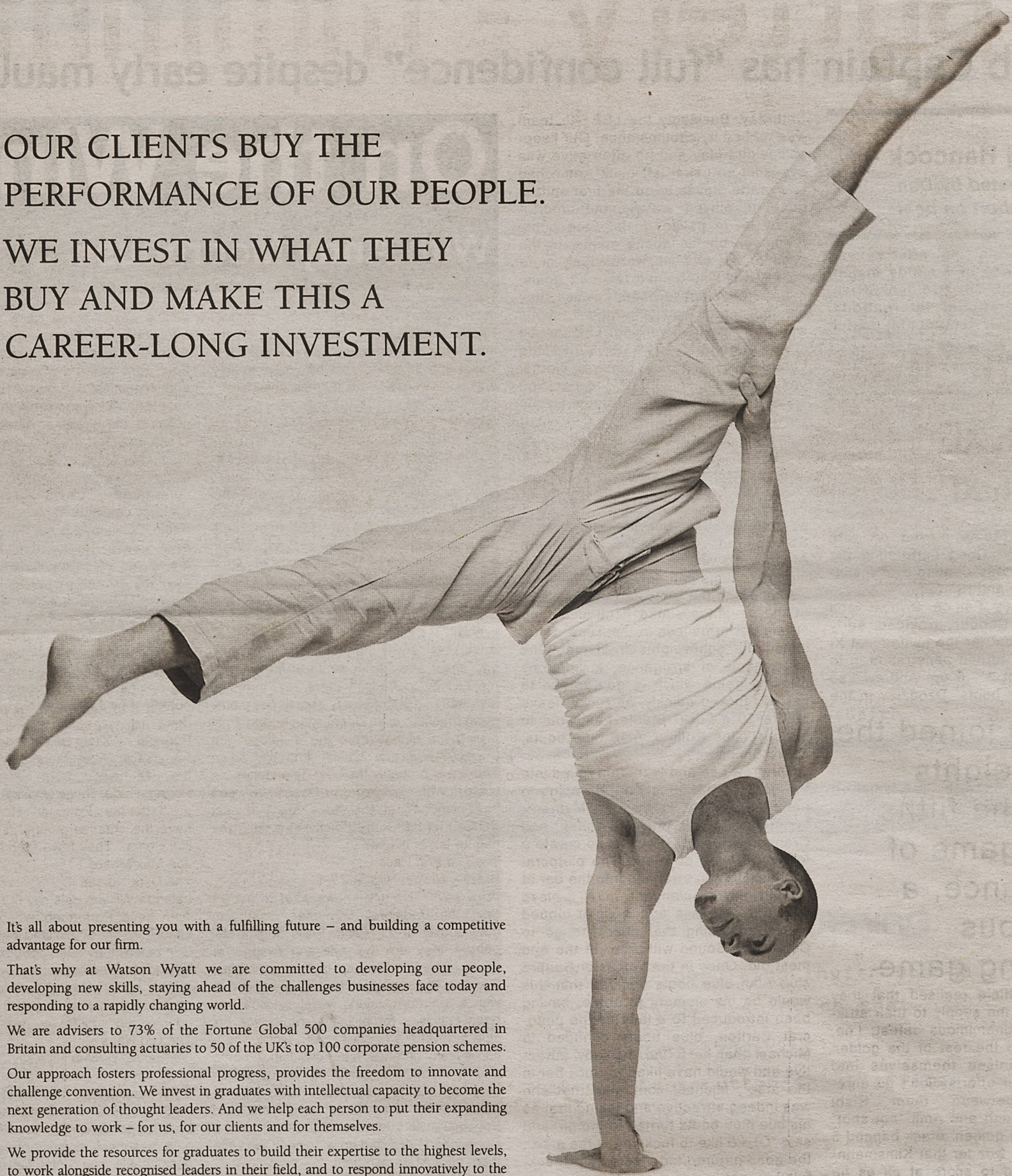
Yugoslavia - You probably don't know much about them. All you need to know is this: you don't have to play them.

Scotland - bless 'em.



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# Buttery - mmmm

Balancing work and sport commitments is proving hard for the Luton express

Andy Saxton writes

**The fucking Dream Team of Daddies is this year known as the LSE First Team Football Squad. An introduction:**

Goalkeeper, Alex Pitt: Smooth, American psychotic looking messiah of Eton, to score against whom is like the chances of a cuntless minderella being satisfied with her sex-

life; full-back, Laurence Morgan: Innocent,

polite choirboy image mixed with a lazy attitude to gym work, hence the excess tub and pace lackage, however as solid in defence as your old man's cock when his daughter turns 14, is tight pussied and ready to rock; centre-back Mixture of Greek mental instability and a spineless carny attitude. A massive gobshite. Also the man whom all women point at, laugh at and mock continuously. Although a sexual pit of non-existence and one-handed loving, Mr Callas has a legendary footballing

brain and runs the Callas School of Soccer during the summer for anybody interested;

Centre-back, Ravinder Dosanjh: Known as Bisexual Billy Muppet, this beast of a woman killing machine is an animal on the football pitch combining relentless beatings and brummie bullshit with strange co-ordinations of the body resembling a rogue giraffe <None>stumbling along the cobbled court-yards of Cornwall;

full-back, Andrew Saxton: well, I just love myself i am the daddy. You love me. You love my cock.

century B.C he reads the game as well as his extensively comprehensive knowledge of the law and the antiquated clitoris. His nickname: Cobweb cock.

Right Midfield, Kevin Sharp: The more experienced, mature member of the squad, he indulges us with his wild stories of vicious Dutch pig squealing prostitutes, unadulterated romps with humpbacked, three breasted, twelve anussed beauties and various other riches of the world which I will keep you up to date on as the season progresses. Despite wild addictions he is reliable and superb, up and down the wing like a viagra ridden pornstar buttfucking Pamela Andersen;

Centre Forward, Dean Taylor: El Capitano is a tyke minded ickle boy wonder, oozing control and superiority whilst still maintaining a child like mentality and appearance. Master of all that is female, he leads us warlike into battle, like a raging bill-abonged bull hunting Callas' red pixie face, he transforms us into battering rhinoceros raping machines capable of nothing but sheer domination;

Striker, Dan Stanton: Bungle bodied and Zippy faced, the man has a touch to take all females to instant orgasmic heaven, the most genial footballing mind since Pele but such a lack of thirst for physical condition that it is dwarfed by the most mini titted monkey-mole ever known to human kind; the man eats raw gorillas for breakfast, the bark of giant oak trees for lunch and superhuge submarines for dinner followed by regular devourings of innumerable amounts of alcoholic sick in a glass.

The new boys: Philippe De Possesse; Gareth Carter and Mike Turner, all of whom are sincerely gifted individuals with footlike virginal magic known only to toe fingering gigolos of eastern Japan, the boys are certain to fit in to our delectably delightful dwindling of daddies.

Left Midfield, Mark Buttery: Rugged chunk of a minge munching ogre, loves a bit of rough, and footballing wise, Buttery is Maradona-like down the wing and more skilful than the desultories of ancient Rome and more talented than the Thai bucket-muffed freak-whore who can fit a ginormous dust-bin, seventy two fists and a midget in her skip of a crevice.

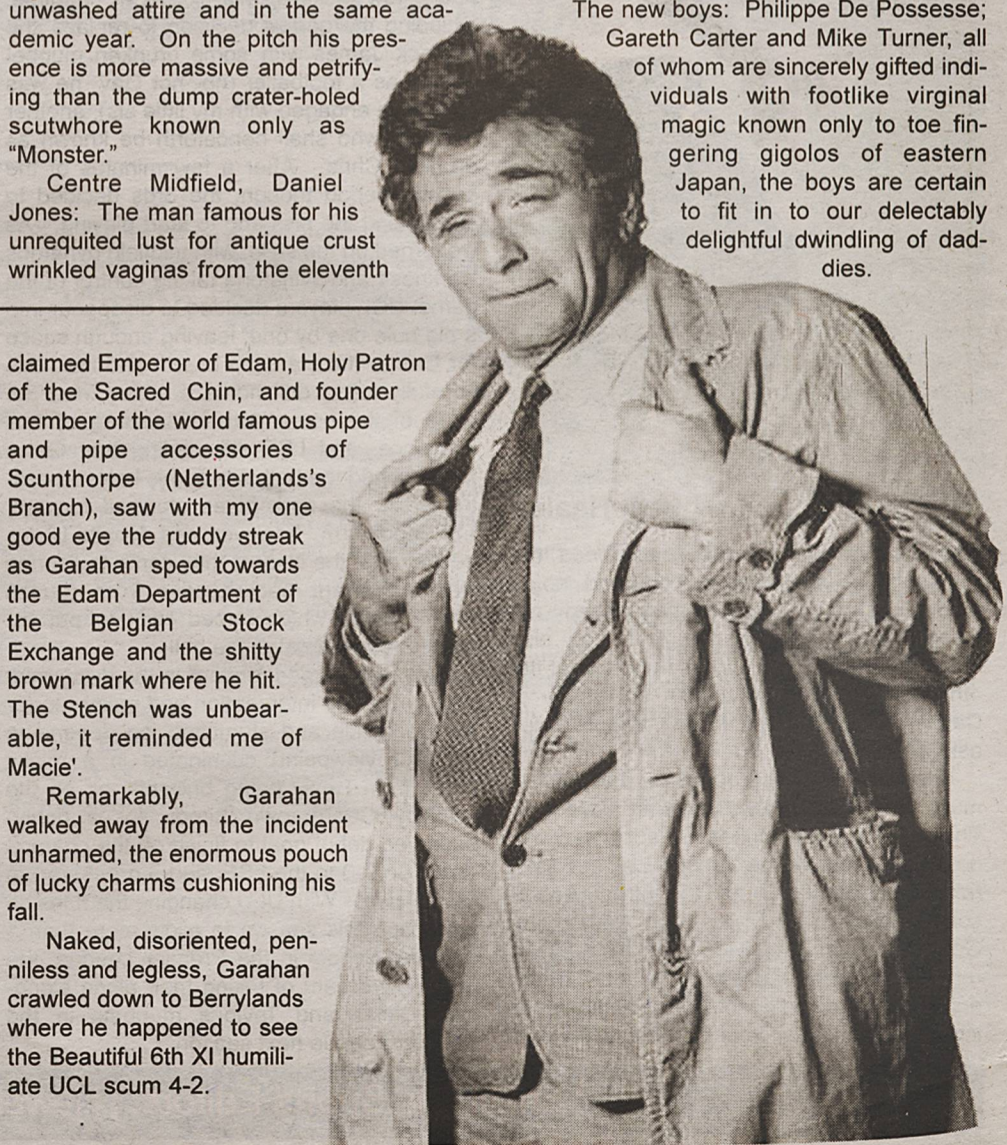
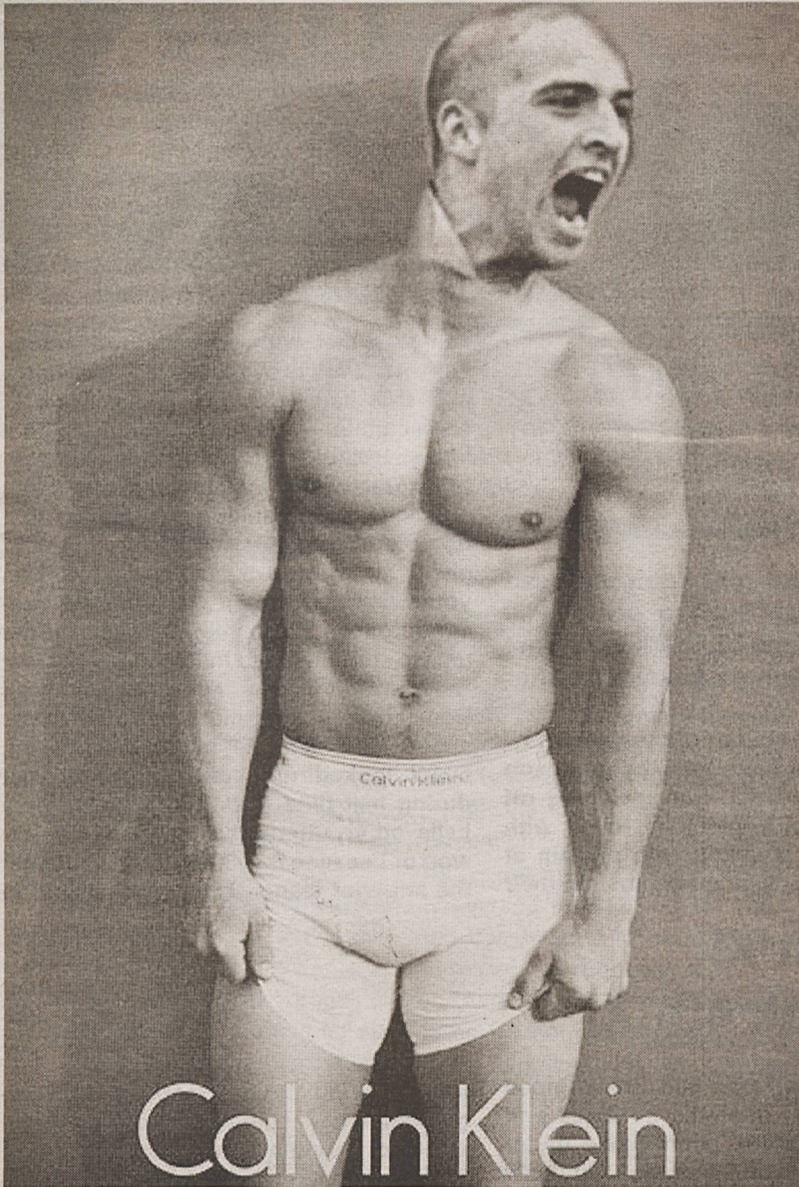
Center Midfield, Dean Lochrie: Famous for his Houdini magic trick of disappearing from the galaxy for an entire twelve months, yet returning wearing the same disgustingly unwashed attire and in the same academic year. On the pitch his presence is more massive and petrifying than the dump crater-holed scutwhore known only as "Monster."

Centre Midfield, Daniel Jones: The man famous for his unrequited lust for antique crust wrinkled vaginas from the eleventh

claimed Emperor of Edam, Holy Patron of the Sacred Chin, and founder member of the world famous pipe and pipe accessories of Scunthorpe (Netherlands's Branch), saw with my one good eye the ruddy streak as Garahan sped towards the Edam Department of the Belgian Stock Exchange and the shitty brown mark where he hit. The Stench was unbearable, it reminded me of Macie'.

Remarkably, Garahan walked away from the incident unharmed, the enormous pouch of lucky charms cushioning his fall.

Naked, disoriented, peniless and legless, Garahan crawled down to Berrylands where he happened to see the Beautiful 6th XI humili-ate UCL scum 4-2.



## Garahan in anthrax scare

Garret Martin writes

After leaving his beloved 6th XI in disgrace during the summer of 2001, red faced pygmy Sean Garahan returned to his native South Carolina, where he learned to play the banjo (badly). Garahan, who suffers from leprosy, was left penniless after squandering his shove half-penny winning as previously documented.

Without the frothy bitter that sustained his life force, Garahan began to rot on his stalk. His beady eyes sunk into his revolting beetroot like face. He shrunk in size, which

was a disaster due to his naturally diminutive frame. After his childlike hands succumbed to The Gangrene, the only recourse left to Garahan, a staunch practitioner of bestiality, was to offer his services to the US marine Corps. He was deemed too intelligent and was used as a human cannonball.

Using knowledge from his days as a circus clown, Garahan loaded himself into a cannon. He was dressed in his favourite stars and stripes leather bondage gear and his best wizard's hat. With his box of lucky charms, nestling in his groin, he was fired deep in the heart of Afghanistan. He missed by some distance, hitting the Belgium stock market.

One eyed witness, Klaus Harleman, whose chin precedes him, issued the following statement: ' I Klaus Harleman, self pro-



# Football unzip and unload

## Jez 'Pele' Healy

Our usual Brazilian journalist will return next week, but in the meantime James Healy reports on the mighty 3rds' glorious start to the new season.....

After a frankly unconvincing 3-1 victory over the defensively absent 4ths in the traditional season-opener on Wednesday, the

**LSE 3rd XI**  
**UCL 3rd XI**

newly-promoted 3rds approached their inaugural ULU 1st Division game with some trepidation. After all, having pipped Scottie's legendary (or so he tells us) 2nds to the Title last season, surely UCL 3s would provide stiff opposition. The omens were not improved much by the sight of "instrumental" (ahem) midfield "dynamo" (yes he is holding a gun to my head at this point) and Club



### Not to be confused with Healey

Captain Gav Russell lurching around the Tuns with a sambuca in his hand hours before kick-off. To add to their already not inconsiderable worries, the 3rds had also relied on 2 goals\* from yours truly to beat the 4ths, and featured an untried strikeforce of Caspar "I like to dance" and Simon "I fall asleep on buses".

However, all these concerns proved very much unfounded once the game kicked off. The LSE defence looked as solid as ever, despite the loss of the famous Earl of Essex (aka Wogan's toenail) and the introduction of some bloke called Harry from Cambridge. Goalie Nick was left free to comb his hair and reflect on the lack of talent in this year's freshers intake (and no I'm not talking about sporting ability here girls - you mingers), while your

humble reporter was also able to indulge in his favourite pastime of playing like a one-armed blind leprosy victim without much danger. In fact UCL's sole chance of the 1st half was the result of an LSE error. Mentioning no names, MIKE GRIFFITH Everton fan, gave the ball away, while Healy and Stoakes looked around in vain for someone to assault, leaving UCL with 3 spare men unmarked at the backpost. Just as it looked like Nick might have to put the Brylcreme down, however, the UCL muppet decided to go for the cultured right knee shot from 3 yards out, instead of the preferred approach of control-

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**0**

ling the ball, pausing for a cup of tea, before lashing the ball in.

Up the other end meanwhile, the 3rds' latest American import (James Bass having retired to the world of cycling), was causing all sorts of problems, not least for our midfield, who were far too slow/lazy/drunk to keep up with his speedy breaks. Simon (with the unspellable surname) should have had a first half penalty when the UCL centre-back hacked him down with an axe inside the box, only for the blind old man in black to exclaim "he didn't have the ball!". I'll remember that one ref you tossface. Meanwhile veteran rightback Will hit the post unluckily, and Healy produced an exquisite one-on-one finish which drew very favourable comparisons with Geoff Thomas' famous England chip from way back when Graham Taylor still like orange. Anyway, aside from a commendable piece of assault, GBH and attempted murder from Stoakes, the first half was otherwise uneventful.

Luckily, however, tactical maestro Healy had a few tricks up his sleeve at half-time, including the genius decision to replace the leftback James with some drunken muppet posing as a footballer (no- not Gav- he was otherwise engaged with my little sis), another Fresher, who shall henceforth be known as drunken Chris. After a few minutes of the second period though, the 3rds decided to stop taking the piss and to start playing. As we turned on the style, with midfield dynamos Harkness and Winstone taking control of the game, UCL players decided to disappear into a big hole one by one, leaving enough space for Gav to (take a deep breath and read this carefully folks) drill home a volley from the edge of the box. With UCL stung by this insolence, and LSE still reeling that Gavin had touched the ball outside his beloved centre circle, the dark blues stormed forward. LSE stood firm, however, and despite UCL's best efforts, the closest they came to scoring was a brilliant back-header from (guess who?) Healy which forced Nick to put his book down and catch the ball.

AS UCL surged forward in the dying minutes, a brilliant interception and mazy run (or clumsy tackle and stumbling jog depending on your viewpoint) culminated in a mishit cross from Healy being brilliantly hit on the turn by Georgetown Simon for a richly-deserved debut goal to finish off the champions. So 2-0 to the LSE, and a great start to the season. With ULU changing the rules on promotion this season to allow more than 1 side per School in the Premier League, the 3rds now dream of taking their place alongside Callas and Taylor's muppets in the Premier League next season.....



I learnt to be a gobshite from Chris Wills

## Chris Wills

*tries to write a "clean" article in sport. so i edited it a little.*

Not since Jesus rose from the dead has there been such a comeback. And not since the LSE fifths play last has a team been so knackered after 20 minutes.

The opening quarter of the match saw LSE charge like lions into the pantheon of beautiful football. Sun gleaming off their predatorial boots they toyed with the opposition, snarling with disdain at their inadequacies, pressing low on their

**LSE 5th XI**  
**QMWank 4th XI**

**4**  
**3**

confidence as ball after ball was whipped around midfield. Supreme in attack and confidence QMWank soon broke under the pressure. The much sought early goal had come, QMWank - relegated from a higher division only last season - were having their confidence ebbed and their pride shattered by rampant LSE dominance.

The swiftness of LSE's interplay continued to prosper. Hardly a ball was played back behind LSE's midfield line during that opening period. And with only one shot on goal from QMW within the opening 25 minutes LSE's one-sided domination of the game struck with the intensity of fire.

But like the gazelle quick in the sprint LSE soon began to tire. As the beating heat thrust down QMWank saw complacent looks in LSE eyes and sensed their chance. Almost within an instant QMWank stepped off their back foot and pushed forward like the cunts they are. LSE were dumbfounded, they had come to believe that this was a game in which surging runs would prevail and in which defence would be the preserve of QMW.

Every QMW ball and foray into LSE's

half was met with surprise and indecision. As QMW drove forward - showing a skill that had been lost to the world in earlier times - the fives crumbled like a digestive under a ton of concrete. If surprise greeted this new found ability it was shock that resounded after QMW's first goal, disbelief after their second and sheer gloom and a hurl of abuse from yours truly after their third. Heads concentrated on the blades of glass below us, we stumbled into half time 3 - 1 down.

Whether it was complacency bred from arrogance or mere surprise at the speed in which the battle had turned, QMW looked unfocussed, almost lost during half time. Was this because they believed so utterly that they had already won or because they knew at 3 - 1 up that the superior team - LSE - was bound to

win. Ignoring such questions, LSE regrouped and desperately reminded themselves of how they knew they could play. The heads had dropped because of tiredness, not shame. Even at 3 - 1 down LSE believed they could win.

Emerging from half-time the teams locked horns for the struggle to gain the upper-hand. Tussling for fifteen minutes in a round of strength rather than skill, it was LSE who emerged from this clash with spirits renewed. LSE had won the battle of attrition, now their cavalry were poised to charge. Splintering and tearing through the ranks of their defence with ball after ball they gnawed at QMW's tired legs and agitated their back four. And with the onset of panic came the first goal of the half, then the second. LSE 3 QMW 3. And as the noose was laid firmly around QMW's necks the stool was thoroughly kicked from under them. A doomed QMWank threw up their hands and gifted the fourth. 4 - 3, the battle was won, the whistle blown, LSE had emerged triumphant. QMWank went to the doctor for sphinctal surgery and the fives went to the tuns.

My how we drank.