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The Beaver

The Newspaper of the London School of Economics Students' Union

Issue 430

First published May 5, 1949

November 21, 1995



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LSE students escape fire

"It was really lucky I woke up . . . if I'd been in that room five more minutes I would've been overcome by smoke."

Judith Plastow

Two LSE students got more flames than they bargained for on Guy Fawkes' night when their flat caught fire.

Management Science student Nik Stanojevic woke up at about 1:50am to find his room full of smoke. Although he immediately panicked, Nik managed to call the fire brigade from a telephone in his bedroom.

Shouting to his flatmate Rob Lehtinning, a law student, "to make sure that he was alright", Nik woke him.

However, unable to jump safely from the window of his second floor flat, and trapped in his bedroom by the intensity of the fire, Nik managed to attract the attention of a neighbour who assisted him down to the ground.

Rob was less fortunate as a stiff bedroom window rendered his escape route more difficult. He was forced to smash the window with a baseball bat and climbed onto a ledge, hand bleeding, to wait for the fire brigade.

The fire brigade arrived promptly at the scene, rescued Rob and put the blaze out. Their speed ensured that the fire caused minimal damage to the students' bedrooms.

Both students were treated for smoke inhalation at hospital - Rob needed six stitches for his hand. After remaining at the hospital for a further 12 hours for observation the two went to friends' houses where they have been ever since.

"It was really lucky I woke up" Nik said. "I don't know why I did, I wasn't coughing, I wasn't too hot. But if I'd been in that room five more minutes I would've been overcome by smoke."

The cause of the fire has been linked to

an electrical fault in the fridge freezer. Since this belonged to the landlord he may have been negligent and there could be grounds for a law suit. Nik and Rob are currently seeking legal advice.

Their landlord has not provided them with alternative accommodation but the flat should be repaired within the next month. However, they are not sure they want to move back and are currently looking for somewhere else to live.

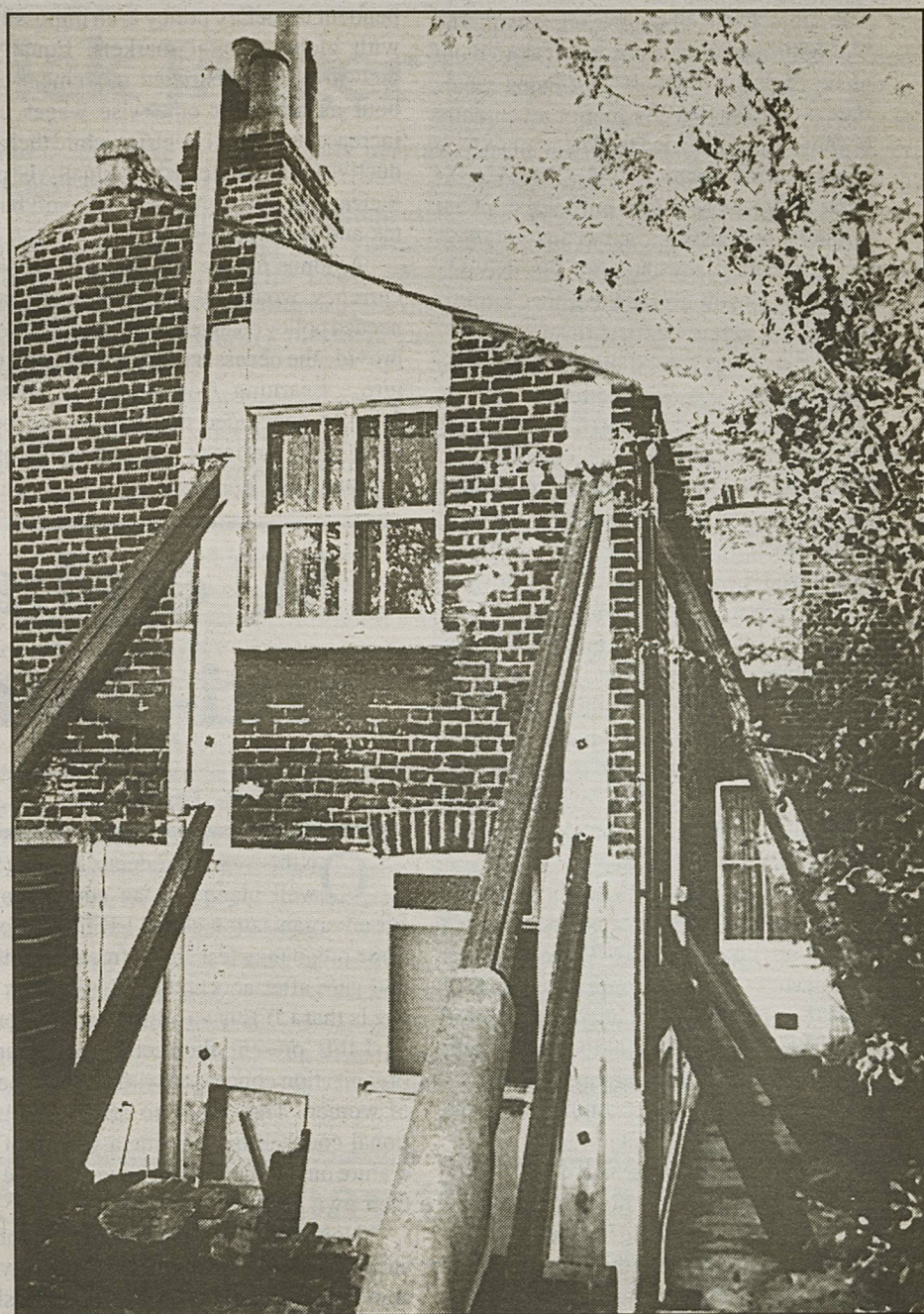
Other students at the School have also experienced serious problems with their landlords. Nicola Hobday, a second-year International History student, has had her home declared "unfit for human habitation" by Southwark Council's Health and Safety Department.

The building has gradually been subsiding - a large crack appeared down the back wall of the house wide enough for light to be visible through it. The landlord contacted a structural engineer who braced the building with eight steel girders, but the house is still moving.

The pipes in the bathroom leading to and from the toilet have been pulled apart causing water to leak when the chain is flushed. The screws attaching the toilet base to the floor have been wrenched out by the subsidence. The landlord has done nothing to repair the damage.

"In the beginning the landlord was quite co-operative" said Nicola. "But recently he has become more reticent. We phoned Health and Safety because of the bathroom. They consequently declared the house unfit for human habitation."

Repairs are not going to be carried out until next March. "We have been offered a rent reduction of £100 a month, but as this only works out as about £5 a week each we've decided we'd rather move out and have done with it", explained Nicola.



The student house which has been declared "unfit for human habitation."

Photo: G Spinner

Student loans to be privatised under new proposals

James Brown

The Government has announced radical proposals to reform the student loans system. In measures announced in the Queen's Speech last week, loans are to be offered by commercial banks alongside the existing Student Loans Company (SLC).

At the time of going to press the exact

proposals had not been made public, although *The Beaver* understands the publication of the White Paper is imminent.

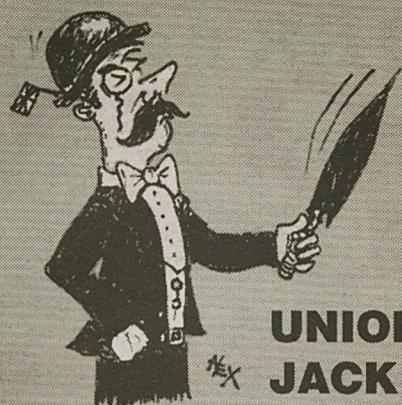
The Government is expected to invite commercial banks to tender for contracts to provide loans to students alongside the SLC. By way of example, Iain Crawford, Head of Public Relations at LSE, pointed to the Australian system where a state-owned commercial bank, The Commonwealth Bank of

Australia, handles student loans.

However, he sees problems for the Government in establishing the system in the UK unless repayments are clearly linked to incomes, possibly through National Insurance Contributions. "The success of the proposals will hinge on an acceptable income-contingent mechanism; the state here cannot strong-arm the banks into operating the services"

One obvious advantage for the Government will be the injection of private funding. The recent rapid growth of students in higher education has been brought to a halt due to the financial burdens on the state. Private funding will help to accommodate all those who wish to participate in the system.

Continued on Page 3



Jack has often commented that Union General Meetings are occasionally farces. Last Thursday's seemed more like a Royal Variety Performance or, perhaps, a first rehearsal of the film script *Three Deaths and a Marriage Made in Heaven*.

There was everything from a standing ovation, music, dramatic lighting effects through to brilliant acting. Purists might complain at the lack of a member of the Royal Family, but some might suggest there were plenty of queens in attendance to make up for it.

The first death celebrated had been a slow one. Some argued that when alive it had only caused chaos and destruction; others that it was the salvation of mankind. The subject was, of course, socialism. The plot for this motion was good. It started out alive: "Socialism Lives" but faced a barrage so clever that the motion eventually became "Socialism is Dead in all but a Few Obstinate Nations and Minds". This type of twist in the story is fun, but Jack thinks it might be unconstitutional to amend a motion to make it say the opposite. No-one from the Constitution & Steering Committee was present to confirm this.

The cast was a good one. The speakers had got their cues wrong after the amendment, but Peter Doralt (Conservative, Cloud-Cuckoo Land) was certainly dramatic. As he started to speak, the lights dimmed, leaving him glowing in the light of the lectern. This magnificent effect heightened the anticipation of his performance, which was up to scratch.

As with the last two times he has spoken, he branded a bit of paper and screamed at the top of his voice, thumping the lectern and waving his arm. "This man is a traitor and deserves to be expelled", he said pointing at the front page of a newspaper. Was this about John Major or Tony Blair? - Jack thinks we should be told.

There was then an equally dramatic change in mood as Peter rose to propose a motion on Yitzhak Rabin. Gone were the wild gestures. In came a quiet, emotional voice. So great was the change and so out of character the result that some people thought it was a joke. At least everyone now knows that Peter was not typecast into the role of a wannabe hectoring dictator.

The final death was Ken Saro-Wiwa, the Nigerian hanged for his political activism. It seems that poor old Shell Oils can do nothing right. Only months after the Brent Spar fiasco, they put their foot in it again by polluting Ogoni land. Kate Hampton called for a boycott of Shell products. Jack wondered if this would be of any use, as a quick survey afterwards revealed no students use Shell anyway. Perhaps this is because they do not own cars; there seems little point in encouraging people to be environmentally sensitive commuters and then suggesting activism against an organisation they don't use as a result.

Finally, the marriage. Baljit received a standing ovation for just being himself, something Jack thought would never happen, here or in heaven. It was almost as if he was being crowned King, and we wait next week for his speech of love for the Union. Perhaps a real Royal Variety Performance?

The case for monetary union

Duncan McGrath

The penultimate European Society talk for this term was delivered by Christopher Johnson last week.

His theme of *EMU: the Rotten Heart of Europe?* betrayed his impressive background. He has been the Chief Economic Advisor of Lloyd's Bank and UK advisor to the Association for Monetary Union in Europe.

Johnson defended his pro-EMU position using largely economic arguments. The main benefits he saw in a single currency were: the ability to complete the single market; further strengthening of the City's predominant position in the world's financial markets; and a higher level of economic growth through lower interest rates which would lead to reduced borrowing costs and an increased commitment to invest in projects and to save generally. The latter was to be encouraged through the supervision and efforts of a European Central Bank.

In an attempt to calm some fears Mr Johnson pointed out that an entirely independent monetary policy is an impossibility with global capital markets. Equally he viewed a semi-restricted movement of labour as a benefit otherwise wages could increase in poorer countries while their productivity remained constant. Finally, he made it clear that governments would still be free to tax and spend under EMU.

A bonus for the UK entering the single currency would be the forcing of badly-needed policy changes for which EMU would provide the necessary framework and structure. Learning from previous mistakes Johnson concluded that Britain had better enter EMU earlier or else risk losing out to Germany and France.



Christopher Johnson speaking at the School last week

Photo: G Spinner

SU embarrassed by anti-abortion advert

Helen Jamieson

On this year's Students' Union (SU) wall planner is an advertisement for an organisation called LIFE. It offers a "free pregnancy test" and "free counselling and care after abortion". What it does not say is that LIFE is an anti-abortion group.

LIFE present themselves as a caring organisation concerned with the well-being of women. They claim to offer non-directional counselling, provide a wealth of literature on the subject and have even opened their own hospital.

"Non-directional counselling" involves an unbiased examination of the choices available to pregnant women. *The Beaver* asked LIFE whether during their non-directional counselling they inform women that they are an anti-abortion organisation. LIFE responded, "Women don't ask. But if they do we will say that our organisation is pro-life but our counselling is non-directional."

However, their literature appears far from "non-directional". In a leaflet entitled *A Woman's Right to Choose?* it says: "Easy abortion makes women's bodies finally available for sex, with no fear of the consequences and the approval of the chattering classes. So what's wrong with taking the violence and disposability even further?"

In another pamphlet *Considering Abortion? Then Please Read On...* the following quotes are used to depict abortion experi-

ences: "Till my dying day I shall regret my decision" and "Termination was the worst thing that ever happened to me."

Consider suffering the experience of abortion after a rape and seeking advice from LIFE. Their leaflet on this topic states: "...it's not her/his [the foetus'] fault that conception occurred in this awful way. Why should he/she be victimised by being killed? ... [continued pregnancy] will allow her to remember her generosity, courage and strength rather than the humiliation and violence of rape followed by abortion."

The National Abortion Campaign (NAC) is campaigning for women to be allowed by law to make the abortion decision for themselves. It recognises that for many women abortion is a difficult decision and even when not regretted can involve feelings of loss and sadness. The NAC claim that organisations such as LIFE add to a woman's trauma and are unhelpful: "They seek to make women feel guilty about taking control of their lives and their fertility".

In order to make such a difficult decision a woman needs information and counselling that is unbiased and non-judgmental.

Such a service is available from the LSE's Health Service for staff and students. Dr Fender, Director of the centre, suggested using this service rather than going directly to either a 'pro-life' organisation or an abortion clinic. The SU also has a Woman's Right to Choose fund, information on which is available from the Welfare Office.

By-elections held in Union Council

Narius Aga

By-elections were held for vacant Committee seats in the Union Council Meeting last Thursday.

Places for three of these committees were vacant because not enough people stood in the Michaelmas term elections to fill all of them.

One place was vacant on the the Constitution and Steering Committee after the censure of a member in the UGM last week.

The following candidates, who were spared the hassle of campaigning in Houghton Street, were declared elected:

Careers Service Advisory Committee:
Simon Redhead (Independent)

Catering Services Committee:
Robert Reed (Independent)

LSE Health Service Committee:
Liz Chong (Independent)
Amal Sandaratne (Independent)

ULU General Union Council:
Teresa Delaney (LSE Labour Club)

Constitution and Steering Committee:
Sam Parham (LSE Labour Club)

Oxford censors internet porn

Peter Udeshi

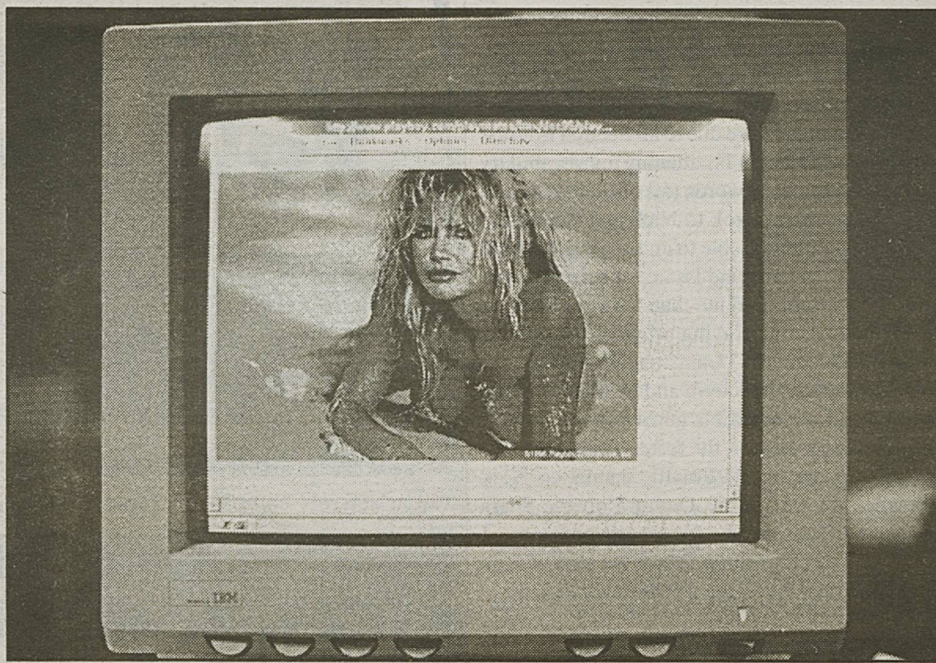
The use of internet pornography has reached such proportions at Oxford University that steps have been taken to censor certain sites.

Oxford University intends to block access to soft porn in response to the results of a survey which showed that students were more likely to indulge in pornography than participate in academic discussion groups.

An article in *The Times* last week reported that more than 4,000 connections were made to the 'multimedia.erotica' newsgroup from Oxford University in a month, making it the fourth most popular item viewed.

David Dalby of the LSE IT Department, when questioned about the situation at the School, said "We are not aware of any existing abuse". Although he added that the department is "currently reviewing policy on all aspects of abuse and misuse of anything current both within and outside the school".

Sam Thornton, also of the School's IT



An example of the soft-core pornography available over the internet

Photo: Mateo Paniker

Department, said, "I have no idea on how accessible it is," adding that he'd "never noticed it being seen by anyone".

Social e-mailing is the main activity in

the computer rooms throughout LSE, and it is difficult to imagine the use of internet pornography taking place in the crowded computer rooms.

LGB motion causes friction

James Brown

The latest attempt to create a Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual (LGB) Officer on the Students' Union (SU) Executive Committee has failed amidst recrimination from sections of the LSE gay community.

Omer Soomro, Education and Welfare Officer of the SU, spoke at the Union General Meeting against the creation of another Executive position. He argued that the LGB community were not under-represented on the Executive Committee and that there was a more urgent need for a disabilities officer.

Last week, the LGB Society held an acrimonious meeting at which Soomro attempted to justify his position. He stated that "I would not have taken on the job if I did not oppose homophobia". Nick Dearden, Chair of the LGB Society, hit back saying that Soomro had not attended any previous LGB Society meeting.

Ali Imam, SU Societies Officer, and recently elected to the Court of Governors also came under fire for not being present at previous meetings. He then caused anger amongst many of those present by stating that he "only went to societies he felt were important and big enough".

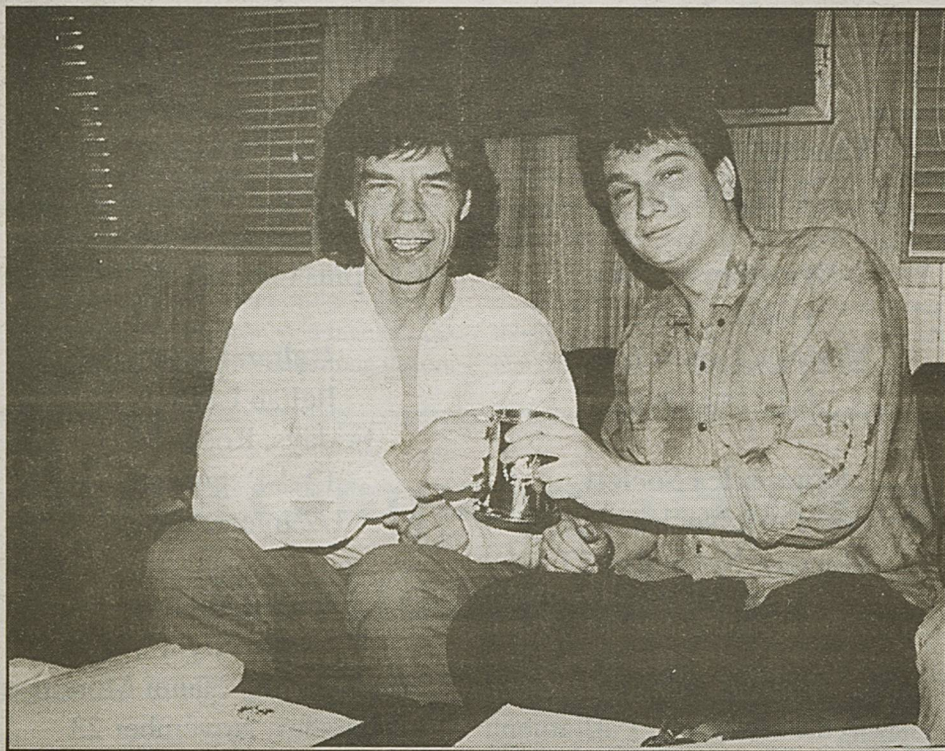
However, bad feeling was also caused by the LGB Society. Posters advertising the Monday meeting proclaimed "Fight Homophobia in the Welfare Office". Soomro objected strongly to this, pointing out that the Welfare Office employed several staff who had been offended by the remarks.

Dearden refused to apologise at the meeting, and threatened to resign as chair if the LGB Society voted to apologise.

Kate Hampton, General Secretary, had proposed the motion. Speaking last week, she said that she "disagreed fundamentally with Omer" on the issue of an LGB officer. She felt there was a great need for an officer to represent the LGB community. Referring to sexuality, she said it was not "a black and white issue" and the union would benefit from an Executive Officer devoted to the task of representing LGB students.

At the LGB Society meeting, it was decided that the motion should be resubmitted for discussion next term. Despite Soomro agreeing not to speak against the motion, the chances of any constitutional amendment succeeding are still uncertain.

LSE sabbaticals meet Mick Jagger



Former LSE Students' Union Sabbatical Gary Delaney meets former LSE student Mick Jagger

tour would have to take priority over a speaker trip to the LSE.

Last July, Former Entertainments Sabbatical, Gary Delaney and Former General Secretary, Martin Lewis were invited to Wembley Stadium to make the presentation of Honorary Presidency to Jagger.

Lewis and Delaney were surprised by Jagger's genuine sincerity and pleasure at the vote. He was engaging in conversation and proceeded to reminisce about his time at LSE.

He used to attend UGMs, which were as raucous then as now, and remembers a quality debate, although he himself was too nervous to speak! Living at Passfield Hall, he was at the LSE for only one year.

When asked him about the LSE urban myth of Jagger being thrown out of the School after throwing a chair out of the window/at the director, he said that the truth was that "I sat in my Accountancy Exam, looked at the paper and realised I couldn't do it". After a chat with his tutor he was advised to take a year off and see if his musical career would be a success.

Lewis and Delaney chatted backstage for about twenty minutes and managed to get a promise by Jagger of a visit to the LSE and a question and answer session for students.

Beaver Staff

Mick Jagger's election to the post of LSE Students' Union Honorary President last year was a departure from tradition. Previous winners have

included Winston Silcott and Arthur Scargill.

After a number of letters to Mick Jagger (one of the replies to which can be seen in *The Tuns*), it became apparent that the Rolling Stones' Voodoo Lounge

Student loans - new Government proposals

Continued from Page 1

However, some closely involved in higher education have reacted angrily to the proposals. Jim Murphy, National Union of Students President slammed them for allowing others to "profit from student hardship". He found it "very hard to believe" that banks would wish to be involved in the scheme, and thought it could prove "commercially unwise" for them to support it.

Professor Gareth Roberts, Chairman of the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals, said that the existing system was "fundamentally flawed" and that the new proposals did not make any difference. If

students had to borrow money, they should be allowed to do so "without fear of being unable to afford the repayments".

Figures produced by NUS show how real this concern is. It calculated that over half of graduates with loans are either in default or have deferred repayments because of low income. The Government eventually aims for loans to make up half the grant to students.

Commercial banks refused to back the scheme when it was first introduced in 1990, and could do so again unless the terms offered by the Government are highly attractive.

Students pay tribute to Rabin

Jason H Kassemoff

The Union of Jewish Students (UJS) held a candlelit vigil in memory of assassinated Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin last Monday.

Over 130 Jewish students from across London gathered at Hillel House in an environment that was perfectly silent and respectful for the fallen leader.

There were several guest speakers, including John Marshall MP, Chairman of the Britain-Israel All Party group; Norman Hogg MP, Chairman of Labour Friends of Israel; Nick Cosgrove, President of the UJS; and Eldred Tebachnik QC.

Rabbi Jonathan Dove, the London student Chaplain gave a heartfelt plea for unity

amongst Jews at this time of instability. He called on Jews at all levels of the faith to come together and unify themselves as Jews rather than differentiate themselves along political lines.

Ron Prasser of the Israeli Embassy was visibly moved. Speaking in a soft voice, he quoted from Yitzhak Rabin's final speech at the fateful peace rally in Tel Aviv: "I believe that this is a chance for peace, a great chance, and we must take it for those standing here, and for those who are not here, and they are many". Mr Prasser said that we should follow through Mr Rabin's process for peace.

The occasion was made complete by a communal singing of the Israeli national anthem 'Hatikva'.

Mr Rabin's memory was given a fine tribute by this solemn event.

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The Beaver is published by the London School of Economics Students' Union and printed by the Isle of Wight County Press Ltd, Brannon House, 123 Pyle Street, Newport, Isle of Wight, (01983) 825333 and at 112 Bermondsey Street, London, SE1 3TX, 0171 3781579.

Last words ...

This is my last issue as Executive Editor, and although I've always avoided writing editorials there are some people I have to thank. Firstly, many thanks to all our writers and photographers, without whom we wouldn't have a paper. Also thanks to all those who read the paper, (even if you do keep writing in to complain).

Special thanks are due to all Section Editors: to Chris and Dave for broadening my vocabulary by several hundred words (all of them regrettably unrepeatable here), to Nick and Helena for being completely unable to understand the word "deadline", to Leila and Issam for being considerably more polite to me than I was to them, to Steve and Ana for braving primitive conditions in the darkroom, to Dennis and Danny for not writing anything this term and to Nicola for her hard work and incredible generosity.

Thanks to Hector, the fastest (and best) cartoonist in the West. Finally thanks to Nick Fletcher, Claire Lawrie, Gethin Roberts, Sonia Kalsi and Scott Wayne for assorted reasons. I wish the next Executive Editor the best of luck and hope they enjoy the job as much as I did.

Susha Lee-Shothaman

Catholic Society

Politics and Catholicism: Influence or Interference
Tuesday, November 21
5.30 pm K51

The Schapiro Club

The National Lottery
Is it good for Britain?
Thursday, November 23
5.30 pm S421

Canadian Society

A Walk in Wales
November 25-6
Contact Provence Maydew
0171 378 8227

Fabian Society

Did the Webbs abandon
Fabianism?
with Lord Desai
Wednesday, November 22
1.00 pm, Vera Anstey Room

Latin American Society

Dance Classes
Tuesday, November 2
6.30 pm, Quad

**Public Lectures****The Nature of Freedom**

Patrick Suppes
Emeritus Professor of Philosophy, University of Stanford
Thursday, November 23
5.30 pm Old Theatre

The Post-Soviet States and the Peace in Europe and East Asia

Robert Legvold
Professor of Political Science
Columbia University
Tuesday, 21 November
5.30 pm, Old Theatre



Oscar actively campaigning for Amnesty International

Photo: Stéphane Sireau

Deadline for inclusion of Society events is Thursday at 10.00 am**Societies ...****Latin American Society**

Spanish Classes
Wednesday, November 22
1-2pm, Y001

Jewish Society

Bagel Lunch
Tuesday, November 21
1.00 pm, S075

Brazilian Society

Dance Classes
Monday, November 27
6.15 pm, Quad

Ecumenica Society

Peace in a Nuclear Age
Monday, November 27
5.30 pm, K51

History Society

Visit to the Houses of Parliament
Monday, November 27
10.00 am, Sign up on
noticeboard beside E509

Amnesty International
Letter Writing Stall
Thursday, November 23
Quad, 10.00 am - 2.00 pm

LSE Liberal Democrats
Weekly Meeting, S075
Thursday, November 23

Fabian Society
Christmas Party
Tuesday, November 21
7.00 pm, Underground
Admission £1
plus one free drink

Italian Society
Italian Lessons
Fridays, Room S421
12-1 Beginners
1-2 Intermediate

Italian Society
Film Night
Dear Diary by Nanni Moretti
Thursday, November 23
6.00 pm New Theatre
£1 Members
£1.50 Non-members



Here in the West, the lecturers can be a bit tough.
Help yourself to cheer up at the Chuckle Club!

The Chuckle Club
Comedy Cabaret Show
in the LSE Three Tuns
Bar
Saturday at 7.45 pm
Students £4.00 only
Others £6.00

Saturday, November 25

Mark Thomas
Drayton Underground
Jan Keable
Eugene Choese
+ Guests

Letters to the Editor...Letters to the Editor...Letters to the Editor...Letters to the Editor

Was Rabin a peacemaker?

Dear Beaver

After reading Carlos Gonzalez's "The hope for peace" (*The Beaver*, November 7, 1995 issue) I had to keep checking to make sure that I was indeed at the London School of Economics – the institution known around the world as a pillar of intellectual thought and debate. Mr Gonzalez had every right to profess his views on the current Middle East peace process. I share his hope for a "bright and lasting peace" between Israel and the Palestinian people. And God knows that in the aftermath of Yitzhak Rabin's assassination we must all work harder than ever in supporting peace and standing up to both Arabs and Jews who seek to derail the process through demagoguery and violence. I must, though, take issue with Mr Gonzalez's gross distortion of history.



Yitzhak Rabin Photo: Library

He cites the partition plan by the United Nations in 1947 creating both an Arab and a Jewish state in Palestine. Yes, the Arabs rejected the plan, but the Jews accepted it, even without a united Jerusalem. Does Gonzalez not remember the historic UN vote on Israeli statehood? The 1948 War of Independence began when no less than six Arab nations attacked a newly established Israel. While supplies and armaments were assembled by the fledgling Israeli army, this in no way matched the fire power of the combined Arab armies – a foe much greater in numbers than the unprepared "Palestinian counterparts" he refers to in his article.

of Arab governments playing a cruel game of politics as they manipulate their own people - the Palestinians. Palestinians were urged to move back into the West Bank after 1948 with promises of driving Israel into the sea. After the Six Day War in 1967, Palestinians were abandoned by their brethren and kept in squalid refugee camps so that Arab governments could score points against Israel and the United States at the UN. Furthermore, the United States housing loans for new immigrants to Israel were just that – loans that must, and already have, begun to be paid back by the government of Israel.

Comparing the tactics of the Israelis to that of the Nazis is not only outrageous, but deadly. History shows a disturbing pattern

Finally, let us not dredge up conspiracy theories with subtle statistic references. Mr Gonzalez tells us that out of the 20 million

richest Americans, 6 million are Jews." They have strong influence in every sector, especially in banking and the media." Excuse me? Banking and media? Are you going for a retelling of The Protocols of the Elders of Zion or have you just discovered the joys of Pat Robertson's latest work. Sure, Jews have done well in the United States and yes, they speak up for causes that are important to them just as African-Americans, the religious right, homosexuals and any other constituency does and has every right to do as citizens of their country. The whole "Jews controlling everything" line is an old record that has played far too many times and with far too many deadly consequences. Please be more responsible and know that when you make those kinds of statements you are only adding to a long succession of demagogues fanning still more fires rather than illuminating any new paths.

Mr Gonzalez should know that when one distorts facts and uses inflammatory rhetoric, one flirts with inciting violent acts. We do not have to look any further than Rabin assassin Yigal Amir to know how terribly true this is. I hope I am correct when I say we all speak loudly in favour of peace. I pray that both recent events and ancient history demonstrate that we all must learn to live together. I look forward to discussing this issue while I study here for the year. I only hope that our dialogue can be grounded in fact and truth and not fiction and lies. Thank you.

Sincerely
Joshua Weinberg
MSc Media and Communications

Don't mention the war!

Dear Beaver

This is in reply to Union Jack's tirade against Greek Cypriots and his arrogant dismissal of the Cyprus problem in last week's *Beaver*.

If you've heard the debate on Cyprus so many times then you should be aware that the fact that Turkish troops occupied Northern Cyprus in 1974 and continue to do so is one of the greatest injustices in world politics today. It is obvious from your article that this message is not getting through, which is why we continue to raise the issue at the UGM year after year. The motion on Cyprus, far from being "self-indulgent" is an opportunity for Greek students to show that they haven't forgotten the tragedy of '74, and to remind their fellow students of their campaign to free their homeland. Turkish involvement in the debate is welcomed especially as some Turkish Cypriots in fact sympathise. Perhaps the reason Turks no longer turn up is that they can find no justification for Turkish occupation of Northern Cyprus. As for the accusation that we are trying to stir up racial hatred, I cannot think of a more racist slant than that taken by your article ("Jack feels that Greek Cypriots should join Canadians on the list of sad people ..."). As for taking the UGM seriously, we take it as seriously as do its paper throwing, jeering attendants, one of which you are, no doubt. What we take seriously is the fact that refugees, like most of our parents, cannot return to their homes, in violation of countless UN decrees and basic human rights. We feel that other LSE students should take this seriously too, which is why we raise the issue annually at the UGM and will continue to do so until something is done.

Maria Neophytou

In reply:

I would like to respond to three points. Firstly, if you bother to read carefully, I do not state any opinion about the issue. I commented on the way it was presented; no "debate", merely a speech giving one biased point of view. To expect anyone of a reasoning mind who is unfamiliar with the arguments to conclude automatically that the situation is "one of the greatest injustices in world politics today" is facile.

Second, has it struck you that the very reason your message is "not getting through" is that there is no need for regular attendees to think about it; you ensure their vote does not matter, so why should their thoughts?

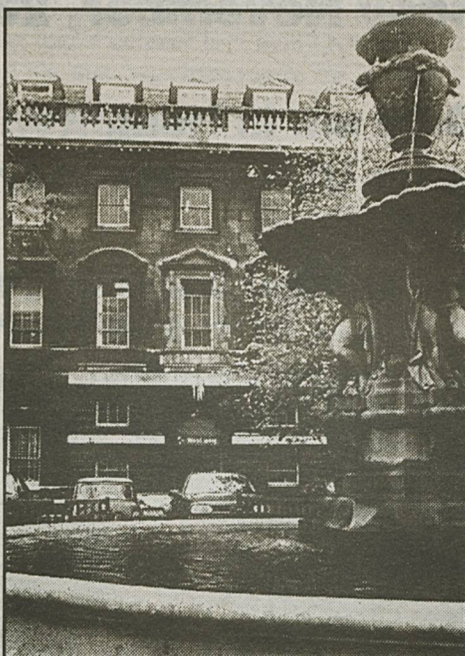
Finally, how you came to the conclusion I am a "paper throwing, jeering attendant" is beyond me. I am normally too busy thinking about what to write to bother participating at such a high level.

Yours, with just a hint of sarcasm,
Union Jack

Bart's campaign requires hospitalisation

Dear Beaver

As an LSE graduate (International History 197, European Studies 1976), it gives me pleasure to write to the *Beaver*. I have been prompted by your very interesting coverage (Nov 14th) of the question of the School moving to the Bart's hospital site in Smithfield.



St Bart's Photo: Steph Wellstead

I am a ward councillor for Clerkenwell in the borough of Islington – with Rosebery Hall a welcome presence on my patch. I am an active supporter of the 3-year old Save Bart's Campaign, although I do not purport to speak for them. My local constituents are overwhelmingly against Bart's closure, having relied on it as their local general hospital for generations. The Save Bart's contingent got an enormous cheer from the crowds at the Lord Mayor's Show last Saturday (the new Lord Mayor is in fact a Bart's surgeon).

The difficulty of debating a future use for the Bart's site is that the battle against closure of this much-loved – and much-needed – hospital is still in full swing. The hearing in the application for judicial review of the closure decision – which maintains that the closure was perverse since it was opposed by 99% of respondents – is scheduled for January. After that, perhaps quite soon afterwards, there will be a general election, in which the fate of Bart's will

loom large locally. It is surely premature to plan what will happen to the site if – not when – Bart's closes. The danger for LSE is indeed, as your article pointed out, that this is a lively current community and political issue. I want the best for LSE, and would hate to see it dragged into a controversy.

Yours sincerely
Councillor Sarah Ludford
Liberal Democrat, Clerkenwell

Dear Beaver

With reference to the comments of His Illustrious Highness, Mr Union Jack, last week about the LGB amendment may I offer some insight. On the whole I supported it.

When the UGM needed counters the Chair had to call repeatedly before anyone went up. Amidst this reluctance I offered my services – which could have been refused. There was a wide disparity in the votes counted. This was because a large number of those present in the UGM did not have ID cards, but were attempting to vote. This is what led to a second count of the votes in favour. The Chair behaved responsibly in deciding that all votes had to be counted regardless of whether the students had cards or not. As such I counted a large number of students in favour of the amendment – who did not have cards, as did the other tellers.

Secondly, I would like to clarify why the amendment fell. Regardless of the variation, there was a gigantic difference of 46 votes between the maximum counted number of votes in favour – 140, and those needed for a two-thirds majority – 186. The average number of votes cast in favour and against was absolutely irrelevant. It was this difference between the votes needed and maximum in favour that counted. The average simply determines the margin by which this defeat occurred and would have mattered if the vote had been extremely close.

Baljit Mahal

Deadline for letters is Thursday at 10.00 am. Due to constraints on space, *The Beaver* cannot guarantee to publish every letter.

Union editorial



Thousands of students from across the country will be marching through London on Thursday November 23, in protest against the recent 30% cut in grants and escalating student hardship.

Recent research by the National Union of Students found that one in three students had missed meals because of hardship and one in four students had considered dropping out of their course for reasons of hardship. Average debt levels for students aged 17 to 21 are £1,548 and £4,301 and £7,187 for those aged 22-26 and 26+ respectively (NUS 1994/95). It is estimated that students embarking on a three year course this year will end up owing £4,943 plus interest to the Student Loan Company. 69% of students who have taken up part-time work to ease financial constraints consider that term-time employment was affecting their studies. 40% of students working part-time did so in order to afford basic necessities.

While these statistics pertain to UK undergraduate students, it is clear that overseas and postgraduate students have been affected by government cuts in education funding. Institutions have been receiving less and less public money per student, encouraging them to increase fees for overseas students and postgraduates to supplement decreasing revenues and maintain quality.

We will be meeting in Houghton Street at 10am on Thursday to walk up to ULU where the march begins. The march will proceed through central London to Kennington Park where there will be speakers and entertainments. In the evening ULU is putting on a party for participants. If you can't make the whole thing, at least come for some of it.

Further information can be obtained at the Demo stall on Tuesday and Wednesday lunchtimes this week, or by contacting Kate Hampton (E205 ext 7147).

MAKE SURE YOU JOIN US...

Postgraduate involvement

A new opportunity to take part

Francisca Malaree
Postgraduate Officer

Postgraduates constitute roughly half the student population at LSE, yet are amazingly unrepresented in the Students' Union (SU). I am here to ensure that graduate students' views are heard both in the SU and the School.

Lack of involvement by postgraduates has many causes – not just due to the poor impression given in UGMs, but also a lack of time, as Masters are generally only here for one year, and dare I say it, more interested in our studies.

However, there is no legitimate reason why the particular concerns

of taught Masters and research students should not be addressed. Matters such as annual hikes in fees, conditions in the library and quality of course structure are issues that the Students' Union can continue to campaign.

Therefore, in order to increase accountability and representation there will be an LSE SU Postgraduate Students' Forum, a weekly meeting where postgraduates can raise issues and basically tell me what to do. I can also be contacted through LSE Students' Union Reception or on cc-mail. I look forward to receiving your comments and suggestions.

The postgraduate students' forum will be held between 12.00 and 1.00 pm in E204.

NUS London

Claire Lawrie
Treasurer

In accordance with the LSE Union policy, the General Secretary, Kate Hampton and the Treasurer, Claire Lawrie had agreed not to financially affiliate to Nation Union of Students (NUS) London Area. It has recently transpired that this decision has proven well founded and beneficial to LSE Students' Union.

NUS have decided to derecognise the NUS London Area. This has been the topic of significant press interest and rumour. The reasons for derecognition are two-fold. Firstly, NUS only had 25 of a possible 130 Students' Unions in affiliation. This breached NUS Constitution which clearly stipulates that an area must have more than 50% of NUS UK affiliated Unions in membership. NUS London was drastically below that fig-

ure and clearly a breach of the NUS Constitution.

Secondly, NUS London owed debts of at least £79,000 with no means of honouring their liabilities. Thus making LSE Students' Union reluctant and wary of financially committing itself. NUS UK then announced that it had no intentions of meeting their obligations. In recent years NUS London was the only area to receive financial assistance.

Despite this, their debts have soared and NUS UK could no longer allow such a financially unstable body to continue to use the name of NUS.

It is expected that NUS UK are determined to fill the vacuum made by this derecognition. There are already discussions by NUS for co-ordinating ideas on new structures. Kate Hampton and Claire Lawrie will subsequently be monitoring any forthcoming plans by NUS UK.

Your vote

Baljit Mahal
Communications
Officer

This year electoral registration is set to be a key priority campaign for the National

Union of Students (NUS). The back-drop to this is naturally the forthcoming general election which is due within the next 17 months. But a fundamental principle is at stake. Across the globe the younger generation is increasingly becoming apathetic. The LSE student body has tended to reflect this to an extent. However, we still boast a high level of involvement – as witnessed in well attended weekly UGMs, competition in elec-

tions and participation in the Beaver.

Registering to vote is essential if we are to exercise something crucial to our own lives – the ability to shape government at a local, national and European level. The process is straight forward. To register to vote at home or in London you simply need to contact your local Council, and speak to the Electoral Register Officers. All European citizens can vote in Eu-

ropean and local elections in the UK. All Commonwealth citizens resident in the UK (eg students) can vote in local, national and European elections. To look out for, within the coming academic year, are the May local elections near exam time!

The LSE Students' Union will be organising a registration campaign within LSE shortly and this will also be an opportunity to register to vote.

ATTENTION !!!

National demonstration against student hardship and cuts in education funding

Thursday November, 23

**Assemble 10.00 am in Houghton Street
Leave 10.30 am for ULU where march begins**

**For more info, contact General Secretary, Kate Hampton
Room E205 - 0181-955 7147**

Notice of Union meetings

Constitution and Steering Committee
Monday 5.00 pm, Room E195

Finance Committee
Tuesday 3.00 pm, Room E206

Executive Committee
Wednesday 1.00 pm, Room E195

Campaigns Committee
Wednesday 3.30 pm, Room E195

Union General Meeting
Thursday 1.00 pm, Old Theatre



LESBIAN



GAY



BISEXUAL



HOMOPHOBE

Suffer and be still

Sexual harassment is as much of a problem at the LSE as anywhere else. Nicola Hobday reports on the attitudes surrounding the controversy

Sexual harassment happens. Then we all knew that didn't we? But surely not here at the LSE. We must be safe here, after all, we're all students. Unfortunately, this is not the case. Sexual harassment does occur in the LSE and it does affect our students, and worst of all it is committed by students.

Having accepted this we must look at the ways of combatting it and helping those who have been sexually harassed. This, however, is not as straightforward as it may seem. Very few victims of sexual harassment ever actually take their complaints to anyone, and many never even admit to themselves that it has happened. Part of this problem is the huge grey area that surrounds sexual harassment – nothing is black and white and no decisions are clear cut. How far does a man have to go before his behaviour is constituted as sexual harassment and how far can the female be blamed for 'asking for it'?

If you feel unhappy or uncomfortable about the way a man acts towards you or touches you then that is sexual harassment.

So what is sexual harassment? Unfortunately this is hardly a question that can be answered in a definite way as it is different for everyone. If you feel unhappy or uncomfortable about the way a man acts towards you or touches you, then that is sexual harassment. This level can only be determined by you.

You may be the kind of person who feels quite comfortable with some of your male friends putting their arm around you, or may not take offence if your bottom gets pinched. This does not make you a slag and it does not make you easy. However, if you do not feel comfortable with this kind of closeness then you have the right to do something about it. This brings us to one of the key points: you must let the man in question know that his behaviour is unacceptable. Even if you believe that they probably don't intend to cause you any offence, they will not know it if you do not tell them.

This, however, is perhaps one of the hardest things to do. Without lapsing into feminist rhetoric, it could be said as a generalisation that women tend to be less forthright and up front if someone is doing something to upset them. While I am not saying that society has forced them to be subservient, it seems to be the case that a woman would rather 'suffer and be still' than cause offence. This problem is highlighted particularly if the man in question is a friend and the woman does not want to lose this friendship.

This is the first instance where telling someone could be of help. At this stage it might only be a friend, but this could give you the confidence to confront this man. A word in his ear may solve your problem. However, if after a warning he continues to persist then you have a problem on your



Is she asking for it?

Photo: Anastasia Shorter

hands and this does constitute harassment. If your personal space is continually invaded and you feel threatened and uncomfortable then this is wrong.

'No means no' has turned into a bit of a cliché but it still rings true. As an offender's best line of defence is "I didn't realise she felt like that," you have to say 'no' in order to mean it.

So maybe you have a nuisance man coming to you, touching you where you don't feel comfortable and hassling you with sexual innuendo making you feel guilty about what is happening to you. But maybe it's just you, he's probably not hassling anyone else, maybe it is your fault, and after all, it's probably best not to make a fuss. In this case, however, if it is ignored it will not go away; it will just get worse. Not only will nothing be done about your case, but nothing can be done about anybody else's case. You may find that if you let someone, such as the women's officer or member of the welfare office, know about your problem, it may result in the discovery that this man has been harassing other girls. Even if your own problem has been sorted out, making a formal complaint could help others avoid go-

Maybe it's just you, he's probably not hassling anyone else, maybe it is your fault, and after all, it's probably best not to make a fuss.

ing through the same experience you have gone through.

How does one go about registering a case of sexual harassment? Each hall of residence has a Women's officer as does the LSE Students' Union in the shape of Teresa Delaney. These are students who can offer you a friendly and confidential ear. They can tell you who to go to next. Omer Soomro is the Sabbatical Officer for Welfare and Equal Opportunities, so he can also deal with your problems and tell you who it is best to talk to. The next person to see will be someone in the Welfare Office. These are all professional members of staff who are trained to deal sympathetically and confidentially with any complaint. They can give advice which might help you to clear up

your situation. If the case is serious then they might suggest going through formal disciplinary procedures, either through the Students' Union or through the School. A disciplinary procedure in the Students' Union involves two Sabbaticals, an independent student not involved in any student committees, a member of the Law department, a Sabbatical from another University and a senior member of staff from another Stu-

dents' Union. The complainant would not have to give evidence in front of the accused and the other way round. A positive result from such a disciplinary would result in either a written reprimand, expulsion from one or more of the Union services (ie being banned from The Tuns) or a transfer to a School disciplinary. The School discipli-

nary procedures are more formal and taken more seriously particularly if a member of staff is involved. They would involve the school Women's Officer who at present is Rose Rackman.

Some might argue that these procedures are hardly conducive to make any victim of harassment come forward. However, unfortunately they are the only way to make a formal complaint and they are handled with as much sensitivity as possible although the loss of privacy is inevitable.

'No means no' has turned into a bit of a cliché but it still rings true. As an offender's best line of defence is "I didn't realise she felt like that," you have to say 'no' in order to mean it.

The real problem lies in that not everyone knows the procedures of complaint and this results in inconsistencies in how victims of sexual harassment are treated. This problem is particularly relevant to the Wardens of Halls of Residence. An anonymous member of the Students' Union staff commented that they, in particular, "tend to be a law unto themselves". This is a problem that is vital to tackle, for a woman will be less likely to complain if she thinks that the Warden of her hall is against it. Often Wardens are wary of creating fuss and would rather deal with the problem 'in house'.

Throughout this article I have talked only about women being harassed by men. It would be erroneous to suggest that sexual harassment is the problem for females only. Men can also be made uncomfortable by female advances and this is no less serious. It is also harder for men to come to terms with this as it is not as socially recognised as a problem. Men could also face problems from advances from other men, particularly older men. Although this has only ever been rumoured at the LSE and has never yet been officially reported, it should not be ignored if it occurs. Any man facing a problem of this sort should contact anyone in the welfare office. Your case will be dealt with just as sympathetically as that of a woman.

The problem of sexual harassment is as large at the LSE. It must be tackled and the victims of it must be dealt with fairly and sympathetically. Victims must not be afraid to speak out and speak up for themselves. Victims of harassment should not be victims of the system.

The problem of sexual harassment is as large at the LSE. It must be tackled and the victims of it must be dealt with fairly and sympathetically. Victims must not be afraid to speak out and speak up for themselves. Victims of harassment should not be victims of the system.

Western religion: does Islam h

Jentsen Sillwood examines the place of Islam in today's society in th

It was Rudyard Kipling who said: "Oh, East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet". By this he meant that the elements comprising the Eastern and Western civilisations were so diverse and so conflicting that the chances of them coalescing and forming a unity were far and few between. The theme for the Islamic Awareness Week is secularism and the alternative of Islam. Secularism is the belief that the state, morals, education and anything else, at least in the public realm, should be independent of religion. The West has been undergoing a process of secularisation for the past 400 years or so. Whereas the East, with which the Islamic world is normally associated, has retained far more of its religious heritage despite the chill winds of secularisation blowing from the West. This article will focus on the historical progression towards a secular society in the West; next week we will present the Islamic alternative and, hopefully, give some reasons

The balance between bodily passions and spiritual values has become completely lop-sided. With little in the way of higher guidance people become slaves to their lower selves.

why Islam can take up a position between East and West.

The West has been predominantly Christian since the rise of medieval Western civilisation. This civilisation was not simply a continuation of the civilisation of Greece and Rome, although, of course, it did inherit very important elements. It was essentially a civilisation created when Christianity spread into the Roman Empire, after the weakening and gradual decline of that empire, and also among the Germanic and Celtic people of Northern Europe. For many centuries, Christianity in the West, in contrast to the East where it was divided into small churches easily overcome after the rise and spread of Islam, was nearly monolithic, in the sense that it had a single institution and organisation identified with Catholicism. Only the Orthodox Church, the other major branch of traditional Christianity, remained distinct from Catholicism as it did not accept the authority of the Pope.

In contrast to the Islamic world where, from the very beginning, both religious and political authority issued from the Revelation itself and the Prophet Muhammad was both the founder of the religion and of the first Islamic society and state, in Christianity the spiritual and temporal authorities were divided from the beginning. Jesus, reported in the Bible as saying, "Give unto God what is God's and give unto Caesar what is Caesar's" declared the clear separation of temporal and spiritual authority. Of course, when

Christianity became the religion of the Roman Empire political institutions in the West also became Christianised. Consequently, not only were the emperors and kings who ruled over that world deeply-rooted in the Christian tradition, but they relied upon the Church for their legitimacy. However, nonetheless, there existed these two authorities: spiritual authority based on the institution of the Papacy, and temporal authority vested in the Holy Roman Empire and in local kings. In time, towards the end of the Middle Ages, the temporal authorities would rebel against the Papacy.

The dominance of the Catholic Church was shattered by the Reformation. Protes-

different branches of Christianity, we have seen a long battle between the opposing forces of religion and secularism, in which the latter has emerged with the upper hand. From the Renaissance until today, Christianity, and also to some extent Judaism in the West, have had to carry out a constant battle against ideologies, philosophies, institutions, and practices which are secular in nature and which challenge the authority and indeed the very validity of religion. First of all, secularism gradually separated philosophy and then science from the realm of religion, and then removed the various political, economic, and social ideas and institutions which had possessed a

wake of his famous method of Cartesian doubt led him to the assertion 'I think therefore I am' (*Cogito ergo sum*). This most famous dictum is, in a sense, the foundation of modern philosophy in that it posits the cognitive act of the individual ego and human reason independent of revelation as the ultimate criterion of truth.

Modern science was born through the Scientific Revolution in the seventeenth century at a time when European philosophy had itself rebelled against revelation and a religious worldview. The background of modern science is a particular philosophical outlook which sees the parameters of the physical world, (that is,



Photo: Library

tants rejected the Church as a vehicle for revelation; Catholic traditions, practices, and theological works were largely rejected, as was the hierarchy of intermediaries, culminating in the Pope, standing between man and God. Instead truth was to be sought only in the Bible, which each man could interpret for himself. The consequence of this revolt against the spiritual slavery to the Church was that truth was no longer to be ascertained by consulting authority, but by inward meditation. In morals, according to Bertrand Russell, the Protestant emphasis on the individual conscience was essentially anarchic. By relegating morals to acts of private judgement, we have begun the process of taking religion out of public life. Also crucial for understanding how secularisation emerged in the West are the conflicts between the Catholic and Protestant churches. The case for religious toleration arose out of the intractability of the conflicts between Catholics and Protestants in post-Reformation Europe. With freedom of religion we have taken another step towards ensuring that public authority should not be thrown behind any conception of the good life.

As well as the conflicts between

religious significance in the medieval period in the West from the universe of religious meaning. Let us take a look at these occurrences in turn.

In the Islamic world, philosophy has always been closely allied to religion. In the West for a long time the situation was more or less similar to that found in the Islamic world. While the Christian civilisation dominated over the West, philosophy was closely related and allied to theology and the questions posed by the very presence of revelation. During the modern period, since the Renaissance, philosophy in the West first separated itself from religion, then allied itself to the empirical and natural sciences, and developed various modes of thinking which often sought to replace the truths of religion. Modern Western philosophy, as such, is based on human reason and the senses independent of revelation. As an example of such philosophy we can do no better than to turn to the founder of modern philosophy himself, Rene Descartes. The fundamental certainty which Descartes had was the existence of himself and his thoughts, from which the external world is to be inferred. This new foundation for certitude based upon the

space, time, matter, motion, and energy) to be realities that are independent of higher orders of being and cut off from the power of God, at least in the unfolding of the Cosmos. It views the physical world as being primarily the subject of mathematicisation and quantification and consequently neglects the non-quantifiable aspects of physical existence. It also sees the mind which studies this world as being the individual consciousness of human beings identified with the power of reason and divorced from revelation. Furious battles between science and religion took place in Europe in the modern period. Scientists battled against a Church which they thought stood for everything that was reactionary and superstitious. The torturing and the burning alive of scientists for saying, for instance, that the earth was round only reinforced their case. The clashes between religion and science were no more apparent than in the nineteenth century with the publication of Charles Darwin's *'The Origin of Species'*. The theory of Evolution as proposed by Darwin and as modified by later biologists, held that higher forms of life have evolved over long spans of time from lower forms of

Have the answer?

In the light of Islamic Awareness Week

life, without the aid of a Creator, who, at best, created the original 'soup of molecules'. The purpose to evolution, if it can be said to have one, simply boils down to the 'survival of the fittest'. This idea, especially as it came to be applied to fields other than biology, was very instrumental in destroying the spiritual meaning and sense of sacredness in God's creation.

In today's world we can see the effects of secularisation in political, economic, and social life. Originally Christians like Muslims, believed that all power including the political came from God. Kings in Christian mediaeval society ruled by divine right and reflected the presence

socialism, the latter, even more than the former, became rapidly secularised, and in the form of Marxism became violently anti-religious. With rapid political and economic changes in the wake of modernisation, the social structure of the West has undergone immense change. In the West as in the Islamic world, the main unit of society has always been the family. Christianity sanctified the monogamous family consisting of the father, the wife and the children, but in earlier times often grandparents, aunts and uncles, and other relatives lived together in the extended family which had a function very similar to what one finds in the Islamic world today. However, gradually, as a result of the pressures of the Industrial Revolution and the transformations it brought about for most of Western society, the family has come to mean the nuclear family. Now, even this atomistic family is under threat, as the popularity of marriage declines and the numbers of marriages ending in divorce rises.

Liberal individualism is the most dominant intellectual force underpinning such changes. The modern lifestyle is one based largely on individualistic freedom from tradition and principles which have been handed down over numerous generations. This is most apparent in the gulf of values which exists between young people and their parents, otherwise known as the 'generation gap'. Partly this is driven by opposition to the many hypocracies which the youth saw in the generation of their parents, such as injustices expressed in the form of racism, and the destruction of the environment. However, one must remember that a large segment of humanity cannot simply lose its religious heritage so rapidly. To a great extent, what is positive in the Western soul is the heritage which has survived from Christianity. Although many Westerners no longer consider themselves Christians, the virtues of, say, charity or humility, which many people display, come from a Christian background. Furthermore, we can also see many reaffirmations of traditional religious beliefs as seen, for example, in born-again Christians, many of whom are allied to religious movements outside of the context of the traditional Christian churches. Yet, the uses to which freedom are put in the modern world, are based largely upon individual whims and preferences regardless of any religious guidance. This has led to a society given to the worship of the body and the senses. Promiscuity, drug use, pop music, excessive sporting activities, the desire for excitement in the form of, say, fast cars and bungee jumping, all reflect the attempt of individuals to immerse themselves in immediate bodily and sensuous gratification. The balance between bodily passions and spiritual values has become completely lop-sided. With little in the way of higher guidance people become slaves to their lower selves.

Now there is no doubt that a liberal, secular society has a tremendous amount of adherents and is the governing political theory in the world today. It is up to people, religious or otherwise, who think that we can live better lives to present a more popular alternative. This is what we aim to do in the Islamic Awareness week. Please come and explore this alternative.

Love and money

A match made in heaven?

Jacqueline Macleay investigates

Recently, a friend rather unashamedly told me that he now considered himself to be a "marketable asset" to any woman. Apparently, this owed itself to the fact that he had just secured a much sought-after training contract at a prestigious law firm and hence, an enviable status and earning potential. Initially, the idea that he had become more attractive somehow to women because of this was wholly insulting and plainly ridiculous. But is it? (Feminists, bear with me). On second thoughts, it did not seem such dozy reasoning after all. For in truth, it is a time honoured tradition that affluence increases the desirability of a partner for both sexes. Although there may have been a brief departure from this during the free love 60s and 70s, Thatcher's children brought back its return.

Thus, love is not the single most important reason for choosing a partner at all. Just ask Charles and Diana. Wealth and status are vital considerations too. Passion is tempered by pounds. And these days, the heart no longer rules the head. Perhaps it never did. Throughout the ages love has always been affected by class snobbery, but at least there were also those who purported that love could conquer all (à la Edward and Mrs Simpson). What is different about the nineties from the 60s and 70s is that people don't pretend love is, or should be, the only reason for a relationship anymore. There has been a sharp swing back to the traditional Pride and Prejudice attitudes. Self-advancement is a perfectly acceptable motive too. There is no spirituality left in love, only materiality, and not even children believe in fairy tales.

Often in the break-up of "celeb" couples, one partner emerges as having been the mere stepping stone to the other's popularity and career. The appallingly asexual Hugh

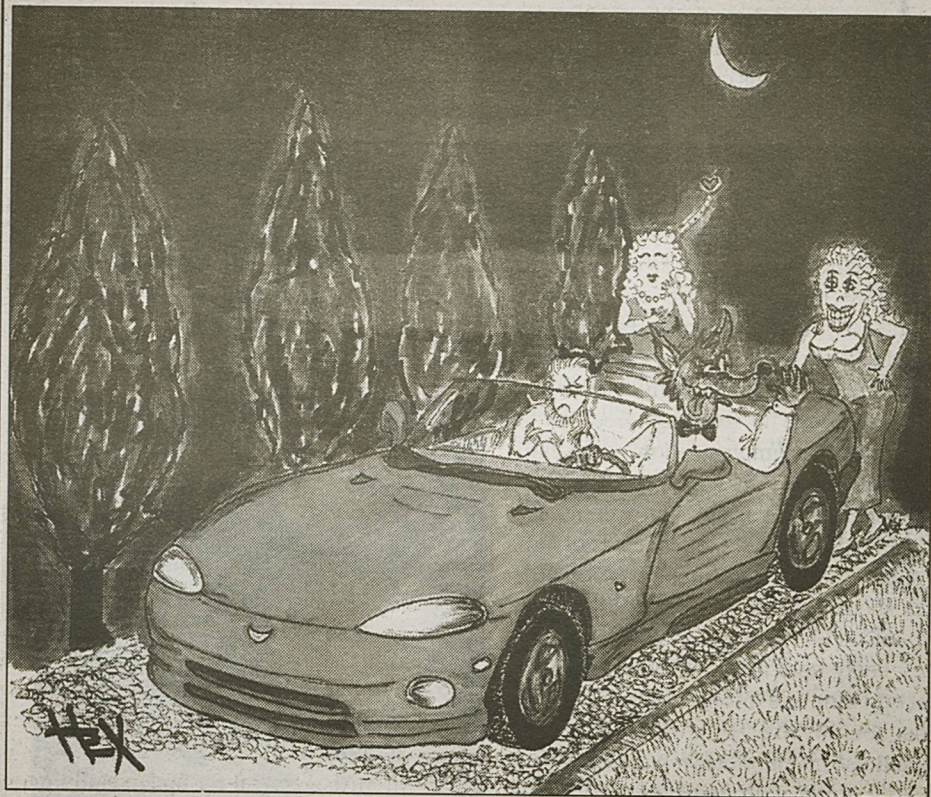
Grant paved the way for Liz Hurley, Prince Andrew for Fergie and Madonna for Sandra Bernhard. But the most notable example of all must be the estranged Geldofs. Not only has Paula carved a career out of her ties with Bob but she has also managed to sever links by becoming more renowned than he. And if that isn't enough, she has found herself a richer and more illustrious (cleaner?) replacement and has then proceeded to publicly denigrate the ex in her "autobiography". No doubt she will receive Cosmo's "Woman of the Year" award, but the real moral of the tale is that true romance today often turns to kiss and tell tomorrow.

In today's liaisons, love and money is so entangled that embittered battles ensue once the relationship is over. As Nelson Mandela prepares for a third marriage, aged 77, his defiant wife Winnie will not let go. It appears that Mr Mandela is less than willing to reconcile their differences much to the chagrin of his wife. Winnie's angst arises from her belief that she is entitled to half of Mr Mandela's estate in the event of a divorce settlement, because she was the architect of her husband's immortality and the procurer of his riches. And so love is equated with money and, rightly or wrongly, we expect remuneration for our "service" to a partner.

We gauge the risks of our love lives the way we'd plan our finances. Romantic overtures have become business propositions to peruse. And if a more viable or attractive opportunity arises, we'll usually take it, for our relationships are no longer grounded in permanency. Love has become like an instant scratch card - we all want the "heart stop effect" and we all hope for something more than we bargained for, yet we are almost always disappointed with the outcome.

Secularism gradually separated philosophy and then science from the realm of religion. It then removed the various political, economic, and social ideas and institutions which had possessed a religious significance in the West from the universe of religious meaning.

of God in society. With the signing of the Magna Carta in England in the thirteenth century certain rights were transferred to the people and that marked the beginning of the ever greater transfer of power from the Divine to the people, or what the West conceived of as a transformation from theocracy to democracy by which means literally in Greek 'the rule of the people'. Economics in the West, unlike in Islam, has largely become divorced from ethics. Classical capitalist economics, which arose in the seventeenth century and was brought to the New World by the Puritans, was related to certain aspects of Protestant ethics which emphasised the virtue of hard work and the amassing of wealth. However, the religious roots of economics were soon eclipsed. One does not have to be a Marxist to see the power of the economic locomotive. Capitalism demands the right to make profits with as little regard to any ethical values as possible. Witness, for example, the destruction of the environment as a consequence of economic growth or the efforts made by capitalist countries to subvert any opposition to the free market by any means necessary. Capitalism in this form is inherently secular. After the revolutionary reaction to capitalism by



ISLAMIC AWARENESS WEEK

Lecture: "Is there an alternative to secularism?"

Wednesday, November 22, 1.00 pm to 3.00 pm, Room S601

'Tis pity it's a bore

Oliver Lewis reviews a juicy tale of incest and revenge

'Tis Pity She's a Whore

Director: Yvonne Brewster
Lyric Theatre Hammersmith

I didn't realise that this was a 'Revenge Tragedy' until I arrived at the theatre, having been blackmailed to go by the (Ex) Arts Editor. "It's about incest, you know", she told me, which sounded very interesting. She was not wrong, but she forgot to tell me that the play was written in the 1600s, and that the plot, to me at least, would be beyond comprehension. You can bet your entire student grant that if you go and see a Revenge Tragedy, at least half the cast will be slain by the end. And indeed, I counted a healthy five corpses on the stage when the show finished.

Of what I could make of the plot, it revolved around a brother and sister who find out that they love each other. No, I mean *really* love each other. Other characters flit on and off the stage probably supplementing the play's sub-plot... in fact this play has everything you'd ever want from theatre. Incest, praying, singing, snogging, a wed-

ding, some repentance, conspiracy, poisoning, death by strangulation (x3), a heart attack, and a heart being ripped out of a body. Just an average two and a half hours in one's life, I guess.

Sounds great, doesn't it? No. At times, the script is just so crass and cringe-worthy for the twentieth century that 'tis true the play doth verge on pantomime. The studio theatre is extremely intimate, and was only a third full. So actors drinking out of an empty bowl, around 5 metres away, doesn't seem at all convincing. The most worrying section was when the whole cast started dancing to a rock-ish beat for no apparent reason. The company was Talawa, an all-black team, whose actors include the stand-up comedian Simon Clayton, adding some much-needed spark to the action.

I suppose the production did all the justice it could to the play. The costumes were spectacular in reds and oranges, each one a gold-painted quotation from the section in the Old Testament on which the play is based (see photo). I probably wouldn't recommend this one, folks, but seeing as it finished on November 18, it doesn't really matter, does it?

'And if a brother shall take his sister ... and see her nakedness, and

nakedness; he shall bear his iniquity.' Leviticus 20



she his nakedness it is a wicked thing, and they shall be

cast off in the sight of their people: He hath uncovered his sister's

Living in America

Jason Kassemoff watches Brian Conley black up

Jolson - The Musical

Director: Rob Bettinson
Victoria Palace Theatre

Jolson is a musical based unsurprisingly on the life of Al Jolson, the famous American singer extraordinaire of the first half of this century. Jolson was a Jewish white man who used to black up and as a result of this novelty and his incredible stage-presence, he was one of the world's great entertainers.

The musical tells the story of his career in the 1920s, when it was at its peak and shows how his relationship with his wife crumbles as his ego takes over. In the 1940s second half of the show, where Jolson's act is out of its era, we see his highs and lows as he tries to rescue his flagging career but he returns with a triumphant show at the end.

Jolson ignores his wife a lot. She says: "we talked...but as usual, you weren't listening", but we also see another side of him. He shows great compassion towards a poor black shoeshine boy who offers to sing for him. Jolson lost his mother early in his life, never being able to show her his success. That hurt him, and this hurt stayed with him throughout his life. His compassionate nature and also his emotional repression (which takes the form of a bombastic ego) comes across very clearly and impressively to the audience. Conley is excellent as Jolson. He sings well in a deep American accent and portrays Jolson's huge ego as well as his other compassionate side to the audience convincingly. John Bennett as Epstein, Jolson's manager, performs the role superbly. His reactions of joy, pain, friendship, and shock are extremely vivid. Sally in Triplet, as Ruby Keeler, singer and

Jolson's later wife, looks, acts, and sounds wonderful. She's a true star for the future!

The sets were grand, intricate, and so realistic. At the end, a 25+ piece live orchestra comes down impressively from the stage ceiling and sides. Period costumes were colourful, showy, and there were some lovely sequinned pieces. Music in the show mixed Swing in with Jolson's greatly entertaining songs. It may be a bit dated, but as a depiction of that era of American entertainment, it's worth hearing.

The musical as a whole was faultless. In every area: plot, music, dancing, sets, costumes, performances, the show was of a very high standard. Lots of fun too, with Conley performing as Jolson would have done. Well, and I mean well, worth a visit. As Jolson used to say "watch me, I'm a wow!"



That sinking feeling

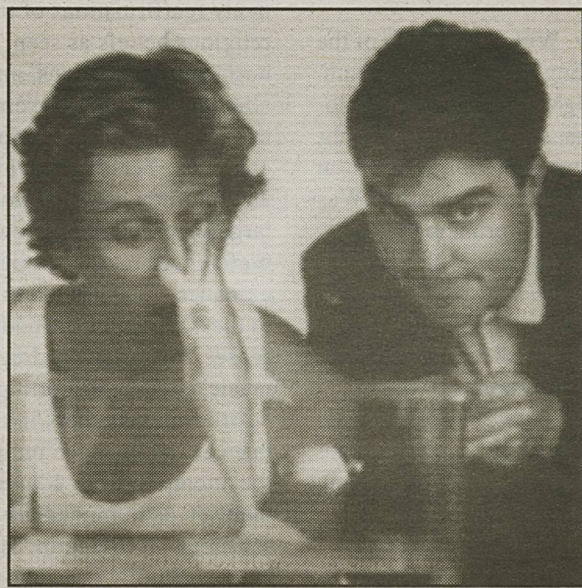
Emma Justice drowns in the dire depths of comedy

The November Festival of
Comedy
Director: Various
The Man in the Moon Theatre

I've always thought that comedy was supposed to be witty, topical, reactionary and perhaps a wee bit rude but most importantly of all it's got to be funny right? Well, I found out to my utter despair last Thursday night that comedy can also be boring, labourious, turgid and most definitely shite.

Now I'm not just talking about Ben Elton having an off night. I'm talking utter crap of a kind never before witnessed on this earth.

Before I continue, let me tell you exactly what it is that deserves such derision, the Man in the Moon theatre in the Kings road are putting on a November Festival of Comedy in which various small companies (made up of at most 3 people) are performing short 1 hour stints. Warning bells started ringing as soon as I got there and discovered that the first show - An Evening with Roberto Baggio had been cancelled due to only one poor punter turning up. I had arrived late and the box office man was annoyed because my presence would have allowed the show to go on.



The next show was entitled '20,000 Leagues Under the Sea (in a fish tank)' and was supposedly a parody of the Jules Verne film. The cast was constituted of two men who between them played about 25 characters and had supposedly written some sketches for Hale & Pace, but how I don't know. I still can't see the relationship between the PR write up and the show. Matters got worse when near the end I was asked out of a motley crew of an audience to come up on stage and do a naked hula dance! Laugh - I nearly died. I should have left after that,

especially when I found myself alone in the bar during the interval, but hey, I was on a mission - a kamikaze mission. The next act did look promising and with a title like 'Whoops Vicar is that your dick', most dirty minded

people would have stayed. However, it came as a cruel blow to my base interests to find that the three male comedians couldn't even raise an erection between them. The only people dumb enough to laugh and pass appreciating comments were some American tourists who said openly "Gee that was so neat, we just don't get that kinda thing back home". I should have told them to take the whole company back with them and thereby rid these shores of its worse excesses.

Brave new attempt

Helen Kerkentzes sees a philosophical play about the Second World War

Ghetto

Director: Leona Heimfeld
Riverside Studios

At first glance, one could be forgiven for thinking that the title of this play might ring the familiar bells of Nazi German persecuting Jew, of extermination and inhumanity. Yet it does far more than this. It confronts crucial moral questions and attempts to examine them. Moreover, it uses a unique technique in doing so. This production of *Ghetto* is staged by a fresh and innovative company, the Polyglot who in their own words are 'born to confront dilemmas raised by the Holocaust'. They are an international company which includes among its cast refugee actors, who have themselves often come directly face to face with modern conflicts. In so doing they hope to 'incorporate real experience as a way to gain new perspectives'.

Should a Jew who kills hundreds of Jews to save thousands of others and seems to be at the Nazi's beck and call be branded a 'traitor'? Should a Jewish theatre be putting

on productions while their families and friends are murdered all around them? It is these type of moral dilemmas that the play bravely confronts, dilemmas which are often skimmed over by larger, more publicised productions. The year is 1942, the location Vilna, Lithuania and what we are about to witness are the last days of the Jewish ghetto there. The main thread which runs through the play is constituted by a Jewish theatre company which has been given permission to perform and hence live thanks to the Jewish head police officer's (Christopher Hunter) persuasion tactics on the Nazi officer, Kittel (Karzan Krekar). In this medium we are shown that love does indeed thrive and that the spirits of the people although down are incredibly strong and passionate. The importance of their culture is stressed, song after song is sung, dances are danced, and all to say that culture does not die with persecution, but instead thrives on it.

Nonetheless, it is a different aspect of the play that strikes me as both more courageous and more interesting. A doctor (Katja Voric) racks herself both mentally and psychologically - there is not enough insulin for all the diabetics in the ghetto to survive

indefinitely. Should she let the more seriously ill die in order to keep the more healthy alive longer or should she keep them all alive until they all die when the stock runs out? No-one answers her question. The idea of Jews killing Jews in a world whose sole aim seems to be just that - Jewish extinction - is a difficult, near impossible thought. On another occasion, the head Jewish police officer of the ghetto, Gens, bargains with the Nazi officer in charge: everyone over 60 must die says Kittel, over 80 says Gens, over 75 replies Kittel. At 70 the deal is done. What is Gens, a traitor? Should he be punished like the Nazis? The answer is ambiguous; his character develops to such an extent that we see and often feel the crucial dilemmas which torture him constantly.

The acting, on the whole is fair. Christopher Hunter (Gens) gives a strong and emotive performance as does Gregory

Gudgeon (Strulik). Katja Doric's versatility is proved by the wide array of characters she plays. However, apart from the painfully upright stance that he courageously holds throughout the performance, Karzan Krekar (the German officer) seems to lack every bit of authority, distance and brutality which could characterise such a monster. See the play not for its acting, but for its direct and singular perspective of the tragedy that was the Second World War.



A passionate woman

Amit Desai reviews a portrait of a prima donna

Hedda Gabler

Director: Alison Brown
Oxford Arms

Arriving late at the theatre, a converted top floor of the Oxford Arms in Camden, I opened the door and unwittingly walked on to the stage, before dashing up the stairs in embarrassed confusion to find a seat. This experience perhaps encapsulated the whole performance - the acting was so excellent and the atmosphere of the theatre so intimate that at once you felt as if you were looking through a window into someone's drawing room, watching the characters as their lives unfurled, or had even become part of the action itself.

Hedda Gabler, written by Henrik Ibsen in 1890, concerns a few days in the life of Hedda Tesman (Julia Stubbs), a newly married woman who is already tired of her academic husband George (Richard Trahair). Events come to a head when a former lover, Eilert Lovborg (Mark Gillis), a genius but an essentially unstable and alcoholic young man, comes to town. At the same time an acquaintance of Hedda's, Thea Elvsted

(Cathy Rakoff) also arrives, having left her husband to continue an affair with Eilert. In addition, Hedda is being pestered by one of her husband's 'friends', Judge Brack (Martin Hyder), to begin an affair.

Julia Stubbs plays Hedda superbly as a cool, self-loathing and ultimately suicidal character, who forever feels the needs to control the destinies of the people around her. She finally achieves it in persuading Eilert to kill himself, but in doing so, sows the seeds of her own destruction. We almost feel, so convincing is the performance and so exact the casting, that Stubbs herself has some of the knowing and intelligent spirit of Hedda inside her. The other members of the cast, notably Gillis and Rakoff, also play their characters with a strength that ensures that they are not overshadowed by the power of Hedda's character, as would often be the case with such a dominant title role.

The main themes of depression, alcoholism, sexual harassment and self-abuse are powerfully and convincingly portrayed both by the actors' intuitive playing and a flawless direction by Alison Brown. This is a play definitely worth seeing - its intensity will keep you on the edge of your seats and its modernity will surprise you.

Food for thought ...

Life was not giving him what he wanted, and he had an uneasy feeling that he was losing his time.'

Of Human Bondage - WS Maugham

Life with the mob

Xanthe Lok on the Chinese mafia

Shanghai Triad

Director: Zhang Yimou
Curzon West End

Set in 1930s mob-controlled Shanghai, *Shanghai Triad* is the latest contribution of Zhang Yimou, the director of the films *Red Sorghum* and *Raise the Red Lantern*, and was featured in this year's London Film Festival. This film is well worth watching if you enjoyed *Raise the Red Lantern* as this film takes the viewer on a terrifying experience with organised crime through to its cataclysmic finish.

Adapted from the book "Gang Law" by Xi Liao, the film is a gripping portrayal of the ruthlessness and brutality of organised crime. It covers eight days in the fortunes of the city's most powerful triad ring as seen through the eyes of a fourteen year old boy, Shuisheng, who has been plunged into the world of mob power soon after his arrival from the country side. He is made to work as the personal servant for the triad leader's mistress, Bijou, who is played by the actress Gong Li - the lead actress in the highly acclaimed films *Raise the Red Lantern* and *To Live*. Following a hit on the triad boss's house on the third night by the rival gang of Fat Yue, 'the Boss' and Bijou with Shuisheng in tow flee to a remote island off Shanghai for the next three nights in preparation for the shocking climax of the final night.

This film gives a poignant insight into the ruthless world of triad activity where the family name and loyalty to 'the Boss' is all important. There is total disregard for human life, and people are seen as replaceable and merely pawns for the achievement of a final outcome. Honour must be achieved and maintained at all costs, and any attempt at tarnishing this honour is met with immediate retribution and revenge on the orders of the merciless 'Boss'.

Li Baotian puts up a realistic performance as the scheming, multi-layered 'Boss' who rules with an iron grip. The boy playing Shuisheng, brings humorous relief, childish naiveté and bewilderment to the film. However, the best performance is given by Gong Li. Bijou, also known as Xiao Jinbao, is the beautiful lead singer who struts her stuff in a dance hall owned by 'the Boss'. She comes across as a very bitchy and unpleasant character who is as ruthless to her showgirls in the dance hall as any madam of a brothel. Gong Li is also able to successfully and realistically portray the other side of the dance hall singer's predicament, the pathos of her precarious position as mistress of 'the Boss', which Bijou points out is not the way to make a living.

A 'feel-good' movie *Shanghai Triad* is definitely not. But if you are looking for alternatives to Hollywood, this is the film to see. It is almost two hours of entertainment without the market orientated stereotypes of Hollywood films, and it is as good a gangster movie as *The Untouchables*.

Shamen in no fans shocker!

Tom Stone moves from a cold feeling of emptiness to hot stuff

The setting was The Forum in Kentish Town on a Friday night, the band was The Shamen, with support by Republica, the concert was possibly one of the worst attended that I've ever experienced. We stepped inside to a moderately filled downstairs, only to look up to the balcony and experience the vast empty chasm, completely devoid of any human life, except for one or two bouncers... so, as I was saying, completely devoid of any human life! This is a sight which should only be beheld by a band when they're sound-checking, but at a gig by the 'commercially viable' Shamen? It's certainly not what I expected. Anyway, maybe the general populace of London were wrong, maybe this was still going to be the gig of the century after all, maybe angels were going to come down from heaven and make the Shamen good! Or then again maybe not.

Anyway, it's the music that counts, so just what were this support band, Republica like? Well the female lead singer wearing a tartan mini-skirt was an immediate bonus! (You missed out there

Rich!) and it has to be said that the music really wasn't that bad. I managed to lay my hands on a free copy of their new single *Holly* from the guy at the T-shirt stand and it certainly is the business. Techno/Dance beats cunningly moulded together with snappy production, and also a good dose of attitude, just like The Shamen at their best, without any rapping, and not so much singing really. Live, the lead singer dominated the stage, with the remaining male members of the band hanging around in the background, in a subdued Transvision Vamp kind of a way! But all in all pretty damn impressive really.

Next up it was The Shamen themselves. Weird giant inflatable prickly-star-type-things were carefully manoeuvred into strategic places on the stage. These matched those which were already in position along the edge of the balcony (maybe that's what had scared everybody off!). Next the giant video screens were turned on, weird trippy shapes promptly began blobbing and mutating across the screens, these shapes including a giant shell, which matched those

which were already hanging alongside the screens. It was an impressive start to a gig...and then The Shamen took the stage. It became quite clear that the reason they required all that weird paraphernalia was due to the fact that their stage presence was just about nil. They stood behind their keyboards and samplers reeling out their average techno in such a mundane way, that I quickly resorted to the mutating trippy shapes for visual stimulation.

Without Mr C (that's the bloke who used to do the rapping for the Shamen, not a greasy Turk who might provide a large Donner on Tottenham Court Road!), The Shamen were decidedly boring. I know he could be a little irritating at times, but at least he gave them some character. Actually, now I think about it even a man with a dodgy moustache, a pole of putrefying meat, and a large meat cleaver dancing around on stage might have been better than this! My message to The Shamen has to be bring back Mr C! And if you can't get the original, have you ever considered something involving chilli sauce?



Pure genius

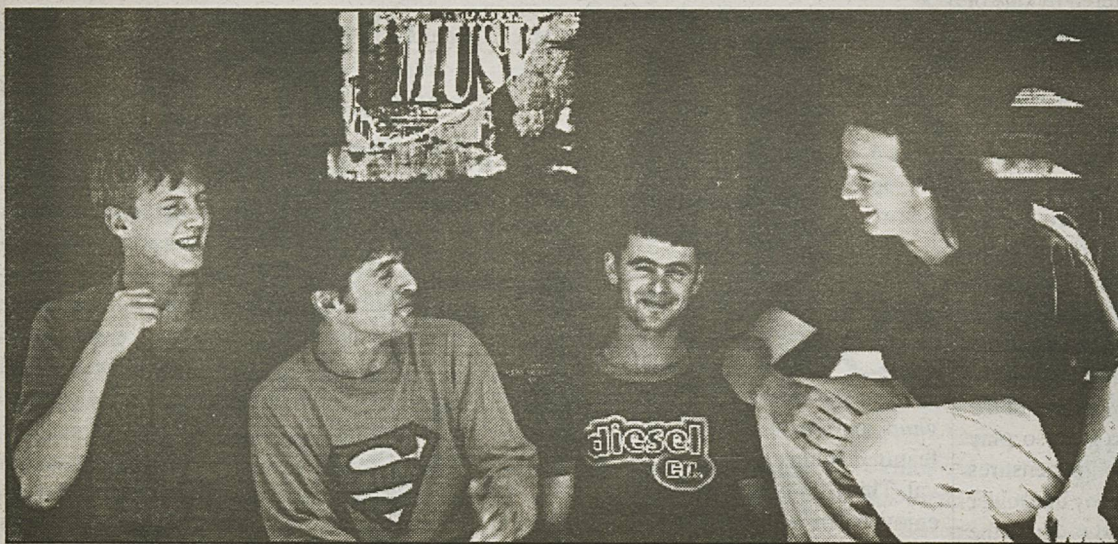
Probably ... says James Crabtree

Y'know, like, I was thinkin' to myself. Think! How many, like, good bands are there? Hmmm. Are we talking fingers and toes numbers here? You betcha. Now we are talking *good* bands. Not just ho-hum-ok-I'll-give-it-a-listen types, but real ho-hum-ok-I'll-sell-my-mum-for-this-band types. The problem is, see, that there are too many bands. Too many unnecessary, destined for middle indie chart obscurity, about as much chance of success as a bacon sandwich seller in Tel Aviv, not a snow-ball's chance in hell sub-Shed Seven (yes, that bad) average piss-poor trash bands. Vision-less tossers who are in the

business 'cause their mates brother was, y'know, the bassist in Northside and he once got to play football with Reni, like from the Roses, yeah? You know the type. Where is the vision? We (for we are the many, and they the few) are reeeeeeeally piissssssed orf. No longer shall we accept limp wristed fops, or 'genuinely' mediocre American bands with lead singers sporting pony tails any self respecting Pony would blush at. No more. ENOUGH. Are you listening to me, Mr Witter?

So, to the background noise of axes grinding, and chips forming on shoulders, shall we go back to the review? Yes children, let's.

Dube you believe it?



Dube: Karl Ayres, Paul Garrett, Brian Dawe, John Dawe

Photo: Colin

Saturday night and it was down to the Fulham Swan, a pub in Fulham surprisingly enough, to see the up and coming band Dube (as in tube) seriously kick butt! The Swan is an odd kind of venue, a rock pub right in the middle of upper-class Fulham, not the kind of thing you'd really expect to find there, but it could just as easily be in Camden once you get inside; with its requisite guitars hanging from the ceiling, and an excellent PA system which filled the pub with sound nicely, in fact the sound quality was somewhat better than it was in The Forum where I was the night before!

The thing is, what good is an

excellent sound system if you haven't got excellent music playing through it? Luckily Dube where certainly able to provide that. In style they can't really be called anything else but Rock. A little unimaginative I know, but this is quality, drawing on influences from some of the best bands of the past. There are elements of U2, Pink Floyd and even a bit of Ozric Tentacles in Karl Ayres' carefully crafted lead guitar. The Jazzy and sometimes even Funky bass lines laid down by Brian Dawe provide that extra spark of originality to the songs, and the band as a whole were very tight.

Clearly Dube as a whole were having a good time, which is nice

to see, and the front man Jon Dawe, seemed to be able to project this enjoyment and energy into the audience, which made them all the more engaging and certainly proved their ability to perform live. Their first single is due out in the very near future, I wouldn't mind placing a bet that it'll be just as good as their live performance, the only thing I could foresee as being a problem is if it were over-produced; bands like Dube should strive to keep their raw element, as it is one of the main things that sets them apart from the crowd.

With a record deal looming, Dube are hot property. Look out for them, they could be the next big thing.

Mice and men

Who? Well, exactly. Seeing you asked so nicely, I shall impart what little I know. Mice (for it is they) are the latest pet band of former All About Eve front woman Julianne Regan, and some other nondescripts whom no-one really cares about. This debut single is (wait for it) supposed to be about curing a psychopathic journalist through chemical (sounds dodgy, kids) means. Was said journalist on the Beaver? Houghton Street Harry in medication shock? The public has a right to know.

But no-one really gives a toss about that. Is it any good? What does it sound like? The CD bears the legend "Keep out of reach of Camden", obviously an aloof reaction against the lame, and foppishly poor stream of middling indie bands from NW1. Thus, imagine the surprise when track one comes on like a poor copy of the foppishly poor Menswear single *Daydreamer* (itself a poor copy of Elastica's poor copy of *Wire*). Now, that's what I call post-modern ironic criticism. Thankfully, it gets better. Indeed, it gets better to the point that I was rather hoping track two, entitled bang bang, is Regan's recount of a dreamt vio-



lent shooting attack upon Sonia out of Echobelly. "Look at the joy you'd feel, it goes bang bang" she sings. Yeah, shoot her. Go on, DO IT! Please. Pretty please. With sugar on.

The other interesting thing about the CD, are the nicked bits. In the CD there are snippets, and I have asked others who agree, clearly nicked off (I kid you not) the theme from Poirot, Dear Jessy by Madonna, and Play School. Yeah. Rock on, dudes. We want Poirot on base, Big Ted on guitar, and Floela Benjamin on vocals. Straight to Christmans number one, and no arguments. Well, what can expect from a band whose guitarist is also credited with playing a cheese grater. Sheeeeeeesh. Wild crazeeeeey kids. Good stuff though; not to be dismissed.

Clemency crocked concerning Clement conversion

David Whippe

In recent weeks, there has been a plethora of debate concerning the expansion of the LSE, and possibly, the relocation to another campus. However, in any conversation on this subject it is inevitable that the question of resources, notably money, will crop up at some stage. It's no secret that the LSE hasn't got a pot to piss in, so the Foundation has dedicated the fertile imaginations of its staff towards dreaming up a deluge of new schemes for screwing a wad (that's money) out of just about anyone who is gullible enough to cough up. Not content with sequestering poor students to phone up alumni, even unemployed ones, to beg for a donation, the School has now moved onto more cunning methods of begging.

After the dog's dinner they made of purchasing the Royalty Theatre, there are now secret proposals to move the tramps out of the doorways and cancel tutorials so that our illustrious staff can use their time to don bile-stained rags and sit along Kingsway with paper cups and "change for the needy" signs (although Lord Desai can just dress as he normally does). More disturbingly though, a brief look at the promotional pamphlet for Clement House reveals an even more devious scheme aimed at a

more personal and egotistical level of potential donors. It makes interesting reading, designed to mention the fact that it wants your money almost as an afterthought, the implication being that they're really doing you a favour by letting you fritter away huge amounts of cash into their coffers for the 'honour' of getting your name immortalised through having it stamped on a placard somewhere in the building.

The price list is as follows: £3,000,000 for the renaming of Clement House, £500,000 for naming a main lecture theatre, down to £25,000 for an office. Now, a lot of fun could be had here for the idle rich. For example, if I were to win the National Lottery on a rollover week, I would waste no time in blowing at least £5,000,000 on getting my own back on all you tossers who have been writing letters of complaint in the last month. Just imagine the scenario a century from now as the new freshers stroll along the Aldwych and ask the knowledgeable third years: "Why exactly is it called 'Florian Hoffman Is A Bell-End House'?", or sitting in the 'There Will Never Be An LGB Officer' lecture theatre querying each other "Was Nick Deardon really the most unpopular person at college?" Having dispensed with revenge and ensured that I could lie soundly in my grave, I would then turn to my mates. In the new enlightened twenty sec-

ond century, it would be perfectly acceptable for the staff to work in the 'Scouse is gay' office, or for students to take lectures in the

'Hobday loves Dave Whippe' seminar room for a mere £50,000.

Turning to a more serious tack, however, the desperation of the



Photo: Hania Midura

LSE in raising funds casts a very bad light on the state of higher education in this country at the present. With a Government seemingly apathetic, or just unwilling, to help one of its finest educational establishments, the LSE must recourse to methods such as seeking private funding in order to guarantee the maintenance of standards in both teaching and facilities. By appealing to the lust for immortality of companies and individuals, the School may appear to be employing an ingenious technique of fund-raising. However, this approach is fraught with danger. What, apart from fame, do potential donors get from their generous contributions? By accepting such large amounts of money from individuals, the School may be giving them some prerogative over the use of that money. Who's to say that if I came along with £3,000,000 tomorrow John Ashworth wouldn't turn it down if I specified terms as to how the money was spent, terms which could possibly be advantageous to me, but endanger the independence of the LSE? For example, it would be possible to ask for a first glance at any research ahead of its release, or maybe even to dictate what research should be done. If only the School was able to expand without the open market, then we could start naming new buildings after genuinely deserving or inspirational people, and not just the rich.

Easy employment extinct, excepting eggheads enthusiastically entering establishments

Raj Paranandi has a lovely Mum, says the Campus Editor, and I'm expecting a dinner invitation

It's that time of year again; autumn nights are with us, Christmas beckons in the near future, and all around us people dream of halcyon days when it actually snowed in December, and when they weren't faced by the scary prospect of 'Hollyoaks' and 'Supermarket Sweep' Xmas specials.

But while the ever earlier build-up to the festive season continues unabashed, nagging doubts are beginning to secrete themselves in the minds of many an LSE student. Such doubts are induced by the realisation that we are actually here to work, and by the frightening discovery that nothing of any note has been achieved during the last two months.

Plenty of first year students will have opened their Economics B folder to find 50 pages full of ref-

erences to Brian Hindley's sexual habits with wild animals, which seemed funny at the time, but which probably won't help on the Micro paper unless there's an unexpected question concerning the marginal social benefit of bestiality using straws. This isn't too worrying for first year students; you can always tell everyone that you'll work next year when it counts, before rushing off to have a Benjy's sandwich, a mixed grill from Wright's bar, a couple of pints and an Indian near Lime-light (and a meal).

For second years, though, a crossroad approaches in the near future. Option number one involves working hard this year, gaining a summer internship with a reputable accountancy firm, getting a 2.1 next summer and earning an 18K contract with Coopers

& Lybrand. Option number two is to watch Neighbours twice a day, skive all lectures, get a summer job delivering pizzas, and spend fifty years arranging flowers in a shop window just south of Croydon. A third option also exists though, unknown to many, which is as rare as tenners on the church plate (cue angry letter from Steve Curtis). This path is only open to a select few, who hide themselves in various orifices (of the library) and gain firsts before dashing back to various foreign climes to take up a £567,000 per annum job with Toshiba or Sony.

University habits of three years standing, though, are inevitably very hard to kick, and so our intellectually more adept colleagues invariably try to replicate their previous lives once they have returned home. This means that they wear

the same pair of flip-flops and the accompanying LSE T-shirt for the rest of their days.

In addition, a replica of the Stats reading room is soon constructed in their mansions, complete with all of the library's defining characteristics. This means that all important books are hidden where they'll never be found, toilets are situated twelve floors underground and flooded with pints of steaming piss, entrance cards fall apart if you stare at them too hard, and Scousers hang around lockers waiting to steal pound coins. And, in advanced cases, a few hundred Mexicans are imported so that they can animatedly e-Mail their homeboys in Guadalajara. Even the security system within such homes resembles that of the library; the head geezer is an old bloke with an earring and

a ski-slope for a nose who does his very best to convince you that you're a criminal every time you leave the building, and who spends copious amounts of time in The Tuns (or in this case the local pub) drinking pints of Mickey Mouse (that's lager and bitter for all you southern shandy drinkers).

So, for such Grade A students, success beckons rapidly. A lifestyle that is cooler than Omer Soomro's cardigans is effectively guaranteed, as is a palatial mansion of a home that is bigger than the vacuous hole that exists between Kate Hampton's ears. For the rest of us, though, worrying times lurk around the corner, as we continue to contemplate the wholly unappealing trek that we face to the dole queue every Monday morning.



The great debate



Blokes and Babes battle in *Beaver* bust up

Liz Chong for the Babes

You may have met him in a class, or caught his eye at a lecture, or (more likely) been noticed by his roving eye at The Tuns or The Underground. But never mind where he has noticed you: BEWARE! For the predator is in his stalking season. Known to scientists as *Homos Londinium Economicus*, he possesses a variety of lines intended to delight and charm with his wit and sparkle as he attempts to chat you up staring at your chest for inspiration for his beer-sodden mind. Beware the cheap predator who may try to borrow ten pence off you to call his mother because he's found the woman he'd like to spend the rest of his life with (ie leeching off her). Then again, beware the wealthy predator who will ask you to spend the weekend with him in Paris. Doing what over that weekend is an issue you could resolve quite well yourself. The culinary predator will ask you up to his room for pasta. To the best of this writer's knowledge, no cooking facilities (let's call a rent strike!) exist in individual rooms in LSE Residences. A caring predator is capable of such great empathy for his fellow human beings, he invites you out for coffee because you just look *so* tired. You have never, of course, met this bloke before in your life... The sensual predator runs his eyes over your body as he slowly inquires as to the name of this marvellous perfume you happen to be wearing. You're actually not wearing any and tear straight out of the lift.



Boy: "That dress would look lovely on my floor."
Girl: "Two out of ten for imagination, bell-end!"

Photo: Library

The fashionable predator is blunt, and very drunk at that stage. Your dress looks fabulous, he says, and it would look even better on my floor. He then heaves all over your new shoes and falls at your feet.

Finally, the desperate predator, the worst of his species. Easily avoidable because he's instantly recognisable. Rejections inspire him, so much so, he's overflowing with belief in himself and tries again, and again, and again, on you and your girlfriends; anything in a skirt. An endless circle of 'friends'.

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!
(This is not a guide for chat-up lines)

Gotz Mahindra for the Blokes

Women fall into three categories. There are, of course, the tarts who wear a headband around their waists and a modified handkerchief around their tops. They have difficulty connecting more than three words together and have even futher difficulty actually expressing it. They invariably relate their deflowerment and conclude that "he was not very good anyway" like they have a mark book and give points

on temperament, foreplay and conversational skills. They have more make-up than sense and wear jeans as though they were painted on rather than put on.

At the other end of the spectrum, there are the 'oh so tight, first (and last) kissed at the, oh so good, Traffic Light Party' (when drunk, of course). They play so hard to get, as if a normal male could actually be bothered that they resign themselves to the fact that they are saving themselves for the 'right one'. Yeah, sure.

Finally, my favourite, the feminist. Yes, the militant brand of the fairer sex. They are best remembered for their lack of bras, for some obscure reason, which could explain why men start hitting on them and, yes, we do require beer to give us hidden strength. Trust me, when you are rejected by feminists who seek sanctity in the bosom of their self-help - 'we can't help it if we are females' help groups' - then you do require the alcohol content of your blood stream to increase.

Yes, women are incomprehensible creatures, a law unto themselves, who will roll over one morning and talk about her 'needs' and 'commitment'. Once that starts happening, smile sweetly, get up, get changed and get the hell out of there. Trust me - they love it.

Deardon's quote of
the week:

"Omer is great!"

Balcony Boys bite back

The Balcony Boys

Last Thursday I went down to the basement and asked this girl if I could put something in her *Beaver*. She replied "Yes, certainly", so here it is, a page you can pin up in your scrapbook and show your kids. It's your Balcony Boys guide to the UGM. Contrary to popular belief the Balcony Boys do occasionally get laid, though never after a night out in The Tuns. A few weeks ago we went to the Tuns all revved up only to find that it was crawling with wildebeasts, so we went off to Kings instead. Their bar, the Waterfront, commonly known as the Water Hole, was swiftly renamed the Shit hole, after we found that the women looked like something out of Alien. So we made up this song to celebrate our return to the Tuns. (To be sung in a wizard of OZ tune). We're off to see the women, the women of LSE, we thought they were rough but went to Kings and now they look like Queens, so come with us oh come with us where all the women aren't so rough, the ella, ella, ella, ella, c, the finest girls you've never seen. At which point we were thrown out unjustifiably by Kings' security.

The art of Rolling at the UGM

I bet all you sad fuckers out there are wondering why everything you throw at the

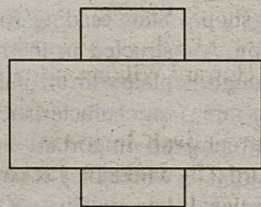
UGM limply flops before reaching Kate Hampton, and I'm not just talking about the paper. However, I can't help you with that. Either you're not masturbating enough or you just don't know how to roll. Out of the kindness of Bal Git's underpants, I give you the Balcony Boys Guide To Rolling.

STEP 1

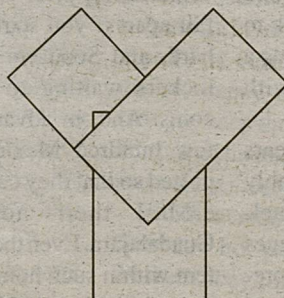
Get two sheets of *The Beaver*, News & Views or FT for all you limp wristed Tories.

STEP 2

Hold them in a cross shape like so:



Special shape for throwing at Kate:



STEP 3

Roll the corners in until you have a ball, or several balls if you've been hard at it. Always remember to tuck the edges towards the middle - not ribtickingly funny but essential for a good roll.

STEP 4

Compact the ball with your muscular hands. (Yes you too Clare)

STEP 5

Take aim and fire. If you've followed steps 1-4 correctly, you should be able to knock Bal Git's parting to the other side. Good luck !!!

Next week we give advice to the Execs on the best way to pick up the paper - by the way they voted not to give it back to us, a sad loss for the green movement and all those poor, young, neglected saplings slaughtered carelessly in the prime of life by the teeth of the chainsaw.

To all you young Baljits out there, don't let us put you off, without you we'd have nothing to aim for. We do like Baljit, we think he has a lot of spunk, almost as much as Kate. We like Hampton and we wouldn't kick her out of bed for farting, but if she were to come up to us on a Thursday lunchtime, when we're with our mates on the balcony and say "we don't want you Boys any more" we'd reply "OI HAMPTON NO, YOU

DON'T WANNA DO THAT" and we'd give her a SLAP. (With love from the sexually challenged masturbatory testosterone Boys and Mr Oestrogen Horrigan.)

Final thought: If evolutionary theory were correct, why are we all able to masturbate? Answer: If we couldn't we'd all be humping others legs instead which clearly would be rather embarrassing.

The Boys name Finest achievement

Vivsie	Knocking a cup of coffee onto James Atkinson
Kalfaroonie	Getting Kate on the left lap
Bengy	Getting Chairman Jonno
Bell Boy	Famous for his "Party on Garth" chant
Odd Job	Knocking the phone off the hook
Morris	Actually turning up to the UGMs
Ricky	Knocking the specky bloke's glasses off
Righton Ronnie	Never misses his man
Hurrican Hal	Never actually hit anybody
Clinton	Maintaining his virginity for 21 years
Oestrogen Horrigan	Votes with the girls

A bird's eye view of the LSE sex gods

Eirian Evans, LSE's number one football fan, runs the rule over the First team, especially Danny Fielding and Pron

So what were they like?" my luscious flat-mate enquired upon my arrival back at my luxury Islington pad (see Chris Cooper for details). I smiled. "What, that good?" the fair maiden prompted... "Oh yes, they were pleasurable... poetry in motion."

On a cold, damp, November afternoon, at that quaint corner of England where hearts are broken and dreams shattered - Berrylands - where the Firsts released a toxic cocktail of the truth to Kings. Rikos fired up the LSE (babe) killers (they wish) with his rousing team talk, and as they spilled onto the hallowed turf I couldn't help but think to myself... God, they look good. Akin to models on a Paris catwalk, poised, composed and looking ooh so sexy in their little black shorts... rippling muscles flexing beneath their covered torsos.

The whistle blew, and five minutes into the game it became clear that Kings were uneasy. Rikos immediately seized upon this and at opportune moments proclaimed tri-

umphantly to his brethren that Kings were up shit creek. They were ragged, with no formation, and just didn't have the assassin instinct in their sunken eyes - unlike the London School of Executioners. Fluid, flowing passing formations were produced by LSE, while Kings' performance dwindled to that of a bickering bunch of peeved school-boys.

Henceforth, onto the players. Menno's role was restricted to gathering up laughable long-range shots from midfield, apart from the one occasion where he took a stroll up the pitch, riding three tackles and doing his very own Higuaita impression. The usual solid formation of the back-four was reflected in that they kept a pristine clean sheet (for a change!). Matt Miller and Danny Fielding defended well, giving Steve Curtis and Chris "Goals" Cooper a licence to pull, sorry roam, down the flanks, supporting the exquisite midfielders Rikos and Nic Jones, who dictated proceedings from the centre of the park. The two wingers, Kevin Sharpe

and Markus Kern, provided ample width and penetration, terrorising the full-backs, one of whom was seen to place his hands firmly on his ample hips and sigh "I am having such a nightmare". Tim Ludford-Thomas, currently experiencing a purple patch, remained in good form, and bonded well (but not that well) with Mark Chang, an impressive debutant from the Carr-Saunders campus, complementing the overall team framework.

LSE settled into impressive passing triangles, moving the ball and communicating well (It's good to talk - Bob Hoskins). The first goal came from Rikos on fifteen minutes, a firm toe-punt following a neat build up. On the half-hour Tim Ludford-Thomas doubled the lead with a clinical finish after he and Mark had ploughed through the Kings defence. 2-0 at the turn, Doctor Leong-Son prescribed more of the same medicine for Kings, and it was he himself who supplied it, claiming his first ever hat-trick (of dubious quality) with a deflected drive and a mistimed lob. While all the LSE boys had efforts

on goal, only Rikos and Tim managed to score, just like on a Friday night in the Tuns. Matt Miller attempted a foray down the wing, but gave up when he realised that he has lost it.

In the final twenty minutes Kings picked up their game and the defence were forced to battle for BeaverBall™ points. The day was saved by a fine, double goal-line clearance from Chris and Steve, and also by referee Turnbull, denying Fielding a second successive own-goal with a well-timed blow of the whistle.

And so it finished 4-0. The LSE boys had "earned the right", as Rikos so uneloquently put it, to play football, and they left Kings gaping in despair as they fought their way through crowds of screaming, adoring girls (well, me actually). As they plough towards mid-table obscurity, ULU cup glory beckons in the shape of the post-grad religious minnows of mighty Heythrop. If my darling boys don't win by at least ten, then I'll run naked through Houghton Street. That's a promise.



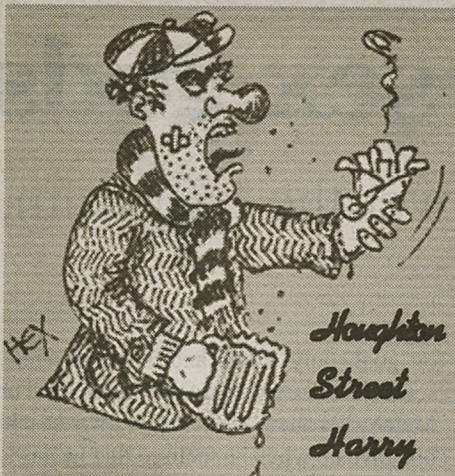
Fantasy BeaverBall™



With the football season now well under way, it's time for the first Fantasy BeaverBall™ league table. It comes as no surprise to the masses that last year's runner-up Chris "Goals" Cooper is leading the way once again, demonstrating the same skills in management as in his playing, skills which have taken him all the way to ULU captain. Underneath him, as usual, in second place is netball "babe" Alison Summerfield, reaping the benefits from not shagging her entire team on Friday nights this year. Dole boy Kinnear takes third (just like his degree), while fat sex-case Peeping Pron Bose is bubbling under in fourth, obviously benefitting from his own non-selection.

Meanwhile, at the wrong end of the table, balding UGM heavyweight Sam Parham is propping up the table with minus points, while Ben Goodyear will be looking for divine intervention after his current pitiful showing. Here's the table in full:

1. Lowen Is A Jaffa Chris Cooper	61	6. Not Wanted At The Rovers Matt Miller	53	19. Marc's Mad Monkeys Markus Kern	33	30. Joanna McSheffrey's Derby Army Joanna McSheffrey	16
2. I've Done 'em All Alison Summerfield	56	7. Scouse Isn't Great At Pulling Clare Wilson	49	20. Blair Is A Tory Alex Ellis	31	31. The Jesus Army William Hague	16
3. LSE Footballing Legend Angus Kinnear	55	8. Thor's Thunder & Lightning Army Dave Whippe	48	21. Brook Wanderers Kevin Sharpe	27	32. These Guys Make Us Hot And Wet Emma Justice and Eirian Evans	15
4. Simon Watson Is Gay Peeping Pron Bose	55	9. Escapees To Victory Steve Curtis	48	22. Diesel's Dazzlers Steven Erickson	26	33. Tani's Lost Boys Tanvir Hussein	15
5. Liz's Legends Liz Petyt	54	10. Maple Street Mingers Sorrel Osborne	45	23. HSK United Tanya Abou Habib	25	34. Enigma Eleven James MacAonghus	14
		11. Hobday's Bristol Rovers Nicola Hobday	43	24. Two Sad Bastards In A Tree Unknown	25	35. I'll Think Of One Unknown	14
		12. Steve Claridge Is God Raj Parandi	43	25. Whippe Fancies Irish Paul Howard Wilkinson	24	36. AFK Bargain Basement Steve Curtis	13
		13. Hot Sluts With Cocks Tim Ludford-Thomas	43	26. Jacky Jack Jacksaw And The Jacksaw Jackies Mick Tattersall	21	37. Great Balls Of Chunder X1 Matthias Mennel	12
		14. 1st Team Are Wank Fat Alex Lowen	41	27. Double Jointed Carpet Munching Vaginal Gymnastics Olympic Team Nic Jones	20	38. PSV Average Steve Curtis	11
		15. Scouse Is Great At Football Scouse Gardiner	40	28. The Grantham Grandads 19 - A Jacklin Tribute Team Johnny Parr	19	39. GBH Team Greg Beurain	8
		16. FBS Alain Stambouli	37	29. We Don't Deserve To Be One-nil Down Rikos Leong-Son	17	40. Villa Shit On Blues Ben Tallis	6
		17. The Butcher Danny Fielding	36			41. Steko Park Argyle Rangers Ben Goodyear	3
		18. The Yellow Fred Perry Lives On Rachel	33			42. A Sort Of Labour Party XI Sam Parham	-4



This week Harry is going to address the scourge of Houghton Street, the plague rapidly infecting every nook and cranny of the pedestrianised precinct on which our fine institution is situated. It started in the Quad, spread up to the Clare Market doorway and is now traversing the entire thoroughfare, swallowing anything that dares step into its path. No, I'm not talking about Garth and his SWSS stormtroopers, but those bloody society stalls and their stereos.

Quite apart from the fact that they completely block off the Clare Market building every lunchtime, or that the actual events themselves are invariably pile of shite scams for their little cliques, there are plenty of other things that get my goat.

Firstly, why do they feel the need to promote their events with the use of music, especially that of the wank variety. How many people walked past the Tequila stall earlier this term thinking perhaps the lure of paying £8 a shot for Mexican piss-water was possible to resist, only to be swayed by the haunting melodies of the *Boombastic* CD single. Not many I'd wager. Similarly, how much chance is there of my tenner providing a wonderful night at Villa Stefano when the event is being sold with the greatest hits of the Gypsy Kings blaring away in the background. The fact that everyone in A44 and A47 can hear this shite throughout their lectures while they're trying to learn something must be oblivious to these dickheads. I wonder what they'd say if I sat down next to them and started selling tickets for a night in the back-room at Equinox with my main selling point being *Up on the roof* by Robson and Jerome.

But no, that's not the main problem, it's the people themselves. One must question the mentality of those who are prepared to sit outside for hours on end, and still only want to sell tickets to their mates, while the posse in Kangol hats stop everyone from getting where they want to. This may seem like a fairly trivial matter to most, but sit down and think about it. Assuming a five-second delay on entry and exit to Clare Market, and, on average, five such journeys a day, then, over the course of the academic year of 30 weeks, the total time lost, *ceteris paribus* (ooh, bit of economics there), will be 125 minutes a year. Time which could be more valuably spent either in the library, ogling the Tuesday Tuns barmaids, or just bothering other students in your sad attempt to bring down the Capitalist Governments of the world. It makes you think, doesn't it? No, fair enough then.

Anyway, I've got to go now, because one of the stalls has tickled my fancy. That's right, I'm off to the Hizb-ut-Tahrir boat party. They seem like a nice bunch of lads, and they always make me laugh with their hilarious insights on life, so I thought I'd get the beers in and take my homosexual, Jewish friends with me. I won't be stealing any samosas though! Hopefully, there'll scantily clad women there. Did anyone say fatwah?

LSE warriors batter UCL

Femi Adewale

There may be doubters, but on the day there can only be one winner and the LSE warriors went out and gave the league leaders a kicking.

An unchanged team, Patrice as the exception, rocked down to Berrylands (with the exception of Greedius Maximus who got rid of his Norwegian entourage after a long night in the Hippodrome and came down two hours late) and as one, they took to the field to make history by giving UCL a damned good seeing to, proving we were the hard bastards who ruined Cocktails for everyone else. The match started off with BJ winning the toss, and after forward domination Bruce Willis stuck over a penalty. After Tom Levi's took out their minging winger, UCL scored against the run of play with a shitty try most can't remember, but it will haunt Patrice till his dying day.

Their shite kicker was so bad he could not score with neither Chloe nor Carrie. Andy Houghton was suffering from a hard Tuesday night on or under Liz (his minging bird from IH) but soldiered on with a broken back; this must be a change from ritual self-abuse and self flagellation.

The score rocked back and forth throughout the game with Christophe Cantona shouting his way over the try-line. He said after the game "If the seagulls follow the trawler..." but everyone told him to fuck off back to France. The Hurricane Horrigan's game wasn't up to much until he spotted a player with long hair and mistaking him for a girl tried to buy her two drinks and get her phone number but again failed to get on the score sheet.

At half-time heads could have

Rick Psycho considered running from one set-piece to another as if being hounded from Saunders to Rosebery due to having no mates.

All the kicks were going over and tonight Christian "God" Liles has a double celebration as his young (old) wife presented him with a 9lb baby boy.

In the last 10 minutes BJ, sporting a new embryonic hairstyle, once again had glue in his hands and ran in a fabulous try from all of two yards sealing the game, history, and life as we

ball; is his mind in Bristol or on Bristol's? Neal played as did Tim; we had to mention this otherwise they would kill all our mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, and goldfish.

The Seconds, returning to their true form, reverted back to losing ways. Tom Twat, who thinks that the amount of swear words you yell is a function of how well you play, set a world record for the number of obscenities in a single match. Denise Agaylord scored an 'alright' try, but due to his utmost greed he single-handedly managed to lose the game for us. The evening took our mighty warriors back to the beloved Tuns. Martin "Fatman" proved himself to be a complete loser by dogging 5 pints and then proceeded to empty out the full contents of his stomach outside. What a hero!

STOPPRESS: At the time of writing this shit article Lee Ginger was entwined in a passionate love embrace with the Princess of the Mingers. For those of you not in the know she's Nick the Hair's ex-bird.

The usually exceptional quality of the rugby articles was sacrificed this week because this is being written after a 'few' beers. I take no credit except for the good bits of the article. Well, actually I do. ALL HAIL FEMI, RULER OF THE WORLD.



The back row press on, AKA no new photos, thanks

gone down as LSE trailed by one point but a Jimmy Hill-esque game of two halves did not ensue as LSE went on from strength to strength to match and outplay the supposed league leaders in every part of the field. Even

know it and the complete bugery of UCL.

Brian Femi's inability to score reflected a downward trend in the standard in his game. Absence from training has made him unable to pass, catch or recognise a

Second team back on form

After last week's triumphant victory, the noble warriors of the second XV strode on their home pastures by facing the united cocks of London (UCL). After twenty minutes camped on the UCL tryline, the noble warriors finally broke through to go 5-0 up, once, Alex 'ego' Malloy finally passed the ball to 'quicksilver' Aghaizu (who had been waiting all game to show his skill). However, the united cocks fought, after 'quicksilver's amazing try', to score a crap try. Having miskicked and converted one through the posts of heaven to give a half time lead of 8-5.

Tom Twat's halftime bullshit inspired the team to a state of confusion, and we spent the next twenty minutes on their try line. However, 'Slimfast' Hindle's failure to catch in the lineouts inspired the united cocks to score. At 10-8 Alexis 'shit-frog-hair's' pathetic passes allowed the united cocks to score another two tries in the last ten minutes to win the game 22-8. Despite hero twat's

manly tackle (he wishes) at the end, this remained the final score.

COMMENDATIONS:

1 Toby's pre-match preparations consisted of getting his bird to shave the number three onto his disgustingly hairy back (he still had a shit game).

2 "Honking" Martin's 'five for the lads' showed up Femi's scroogeness by still asking for a pint afterwards (tight git).

NEXT WEEK; THE WARRIORS STRIDE ON

Shandy loves Emma

Emma Pinkerton excuses herself

Funnily enough we lost again, but I'm sure that comes as no surprise to our avid readers. Yet again our opposition were huge pie-tasters, this time in the form of the Ugly Contaminated Lesbians.

Basically they wiped the floor with us, but we're not bitter. We did have a stunning chance to save, after the ref was persuaded to give us a flick. The moment was tense and all the pressure was on Joy (isn't it always) who couldn't handle it. The ball went up but the goalie's hand job got in the way and the moment was lost. It all went very wrong from then on and the final score was a

dismal 5-0. However, to come to Joy's rescue, it must be said that she had a number of stunning runs up the pitch helped heroically by Caroline, Chloe and Liz. The halves Sheba, Carrie, Ross and of course Joy, played their little hearts out (bless them all). The defence which consisted of Karen, Emma and our valiant volunteer goalie Allison were outstanding, and yes if you count the names you will see we were one player down. That's our excuse for losing, and we're sticking to it. Hopefully next week we'll be able to field eleven against QMW.

JOIN THE LSE BOXING CLUB



Weight-training, circuits, skill-work, sparring, opportunities to compete

Mondays 8.00-10.00pm
(Gymnasium)
Saturdays 1.30- 4.30pm
(Badminton Court)