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The Beaver

The Newspaper of the LSE SU

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Crossroads? B:link looks at last week's changes in British politics
See pages 10 and 11

DJ Shadow is in the house! Well, in this week's B:art at least
See page 18



Think the Barrel's all hot air? Check out our picture special on page 27 to get the lowdown

LSE to Ban the Barrel

AU BARREL FACES £25,000 PENALTY:

Top-secret school intervention revealed to The Beaver

Iain Bundred
Executive Editor

AS PREPARATIONS for this year's AU barrel gear up, the athletic union has been told that if they continue their annual tradition they could risk a colossal fine for bringing the school into disrepute.

The sports society has been constrained by a £25,000 set of handcuffs by the LSE's administration to stop them from leaving the LSE campus.

The barrel - due this year on Friday December 6 - sees LSE students assemble in fancy dress in the underground bar from 11am to 'drink the taps dry'. Then, led by a 1st year member of the rugby team who annually braves the December cold by running naked throughout, AU members embark on a tour around LSE buildings, before venturing forth amongst the general public around WC2 - the highlight of which is a trip through the corridors of King's College.

It is this very action, however, that has caused the school to threaten the annual highlight of the AU's calendar.

Last year's barrel entourage foolishly broke ranks from tradition by needlessly setting off fire alarms and interrupting KCL students' Christmas examinations.

This year's AU President, Rex Walker, is the first to condemn last Christmas' activities.

He said: "The barrel is about having



The AU Barrel's annual trip to King's has become a 'must-do' of the LSESU calendar. Pic: Nicholas Stoker

a bit of fun and causing a bit of a fuss for our Strand Poly rivals. It's not about wrecking students' exams. That's the last thing that any sane AU member wants.

"And to say that a few stupid actions last year should prohibit us from ever again leaving the LSE campus is frankly insulting. We've not done that before and we won't do it again."

The school, however, has long frowned upon the barrel. The day of the AU barrel amounts to nothing more than a celebration of stupidity and an affront to the cultural diversity that the LSE should revel in, its detractors claim.

Defenders of the barrel say, however, that such critiques greatly underestimates the annual event. The barrel's

run to King's actually revels in a great British university tradition of 'raiding' rival colleges that goes back as far as the 1920s.

It is steeped in tradition at the LSE, and to say that those who join in the adventurous expedition around (and off) campus are purely British larger louts is to do the AU a great injustice;

after all, every year idiots who hail from across the world join the school-wide conga and risk their lives running over the Aldwych!

Moreover, for the sports teams it is a day when reputations are built and destroyed in equal measure.

But for the school it is a day when students bring disgrace to the LSE by actually behaving like students across

the rest of the country - drunk, disorderly and not in the library.

Over the summer, the administration actually changed its memorandum of understanding with the students' union (essentially our rules and regulations as set by the school) to justify a financial block on the AU.

Many argue that this is just the latest attempt by LSE to regulate students' social activities.

The SU has persistently been blocked, for example, from organising a regular mid-week license for either the Tuns or the Quad - despite both Westminster Council and police having no problems with this. They are told by the LSE that students' studies will be affected.

We are legal adults. We are intelligent enough to study at one of the best academic institutions in the country - if not the world. Why can't we be trusted to make decisions for ourselves?

BEAVER EXCLUSIVE

Morris gives up

Philipp Nielsen

FOLLOWING A series of crises in the British educational system Estelle Morris, the education secretary, surprisingly resigned on 24th October, saying: "I've learned what I'm good at, and also what I'm less good at. I'm good at dealing with the issues, and in communicating with the teaching profession. I am less good at strategic management of a huge department."

Prime Minister Tony Blair tried to convince her of keeping her post, as improving the British educational system was one of the main points of Labour during the last election campaign. As a former teacher, Morris was to embody this goal. However, Morris confirmed her decision, setting out her reasons for leaving in an hour-long meeting with the Prime Minister in Downing Street. In her resignation letter she stated: "All this has meant

that with some of the recent situations I have been involved in, I have not felt I have been as effective as I should be, or as effective as

targets for National Curriculum tests for 11-year-olds in Maths and English were not met this year, was not the reason for her resigna-

press conferences during this crisis she said: "I'm not good at dealing with the modern media."

Charles Clarke, until now

According to the "Independent", Morris was embroiled in an argument with Downing Street over the future of universities in the days before her resignation. She is reported to have furiously opposed Blair's chief policy adviser, Andrew Adonis, over his support of top-up fees at universities (Beaver Issue 562). Allegedly, the dispute became so embittered that Morris objected to having Adonis participating in meetings on the funding of higher education.

Her successor, although describing himself as being rather opposed to top-up fees, welcomed a debate on this issue at a reception in the department for education just hours after his appointment. So time will tell if Imperial College's initiative on introducing top-up fees will receive additional momentum by Clarke's appointment, leaving immediate implications for students of the reshuffle unclear.



She had enough.

you need me to be."

Downing Street insisted, though, that a speech Morris had given to the House of Commons in 1999 in which she had promised to resign if

tion. She suffered political damage over the accusations of incompetently handling the A-level exams fiasco (Beaver Issue 562). About her weak appearance in television and

secretary chairman of the Labour party, is going to replace her. He will have to deal with what could emerge as another reason behind Morris' resignation:

Lobby dodgers: NUS goes to Parliament

Michael Bourke

LAST WEDNESDAY'S NUS Lobby of Parliament was marked by frustration and anger as Labour and Conservative politicians refused to rule out top-up fees or give student leaders any details of their policies on higher education funding. With the Government's review imminent and Imperial straining at the leash to charge fees of £10,500, both parties ducked and weaved, evading attempts to clarify what they have in store for students.

Speaking to a packed Committee Room in the Houses of Parliament, Margaret Hodge, the Minister for Lifelong Learning and Higher Education, began with a joke about how she had re-titled her job so that she was no longer tagged the "Minister for HELL". Unfortunately for those present she then went on to prove that she is still most definitely the Minister for Student Purgatory as she repeatedly refused to answer questions about the forthcoming funding review. Publication of the review has been delayed over the last year but Hodge did at least announce some light at

the end of the tunnel, saying that it would be out "next month".

While keen to reaffirm that the Government's "ambitions are huge" and to stress the importance of research universities such as the LSE to the future prosperity of the nation, Hodge gave no clues on the key issue of top-up fees. As questions from the floor grew increasingly angry, a calm and collected Hodge said, "I'm just not going to answer those questions." as student representatives sought assurances that the Government would not support Imperial in its top-up fee ambitions. She did, however, re-state her belief that students should contribute to the costs of their education and her commitment to the student-parent link, despite critical questions from the floor.

Afterwards, NUS President Mandy Telford

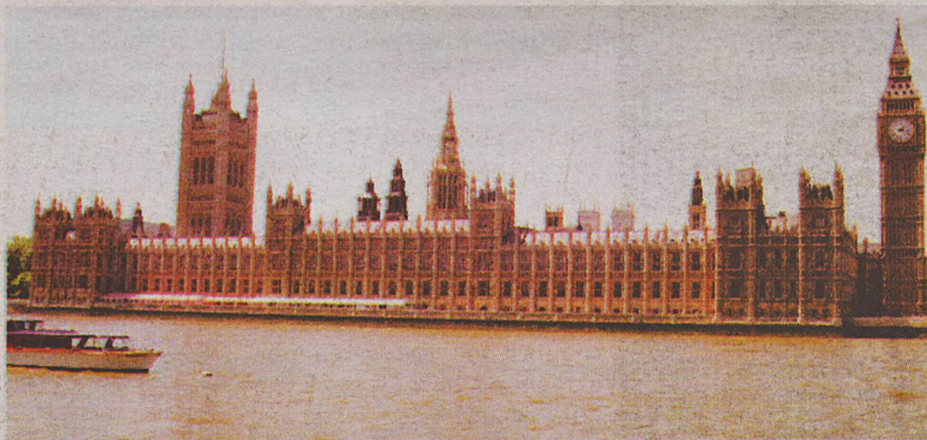
described herself as "frustrated, really frustrated" by Hodge's performance. These views were echoed by the LSESU sabbs who attended the lobby. Priya Parkash, Education & Welfare Officer, said that Hodge's "complete avoidance was disrespectful

announcing "If you want a Conservative package on higher education this afternoon you won't get one." Current Tory policy is, it seems, to wait for the Government to announce its review and then decide what they think about student

more debt, more social inequality, less opportunity and less diversity". He cited the improvements to student funding introduced in Scotland and Wales, where the Lib Dems are in coalition with Labour, as evidence that his party was committed to helping students.

As the lobby came to an end the NUS claimed that it had been a "resounding success". It is certainly fair to say that the event was well organised and well attended, with more than 100 students' unions represented. Furthermore, an NUS inspired Parliamentary motion criticising top-up fees and calling for improvements to student support has been signed by 81 MPs (including 1 Conservative, 53 Labour members and 23 Liberal Democrats).

However, National President Telford is under no illusions about the task facing the student movement over the coming months. She told the Beaver "We've got to keep the campaign going and keep stepping it up." A lot, including the educational futures of millions of school children, will depend on how today's students respond to this rallying cry.



The NUS wants to make a point with the fellas in there.

to students" and Tuuli Kousa, General Secretary, suggested that the Minister had "pretended to misunderstand" questions in order to avoid having to give difficult answers.

Tim Boswell MP, speaking after Hodge on behalf of the Conservatives, had obviously been given a very similar script. He began his speech by

hardship and top-up fees. David Rendel MP, the Lib Dem Spokesperson on Higher Education, eventually provided some hope to the assembled student unionists. He told the meeting that the Liberal Democrats "rejected top-up fees because they are incompatible with widening participation in Higher Education and would lead to

Houghton Street's views on the proposed Merger of Imperial and UCL



"I think it is a good idea"

Daniel (1st. year Economics)



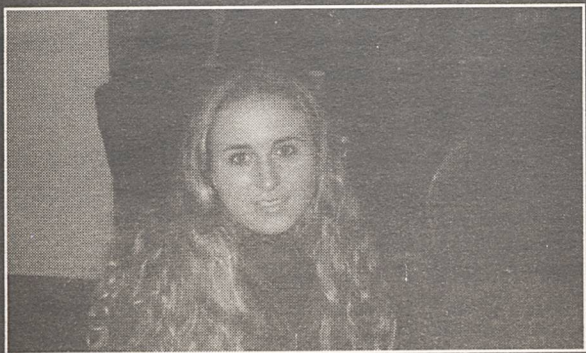
"They would probably have more power to raise tuition fees if they merged"

Nihan (1st year Philosophy & Economics)



"It is probably good for them, but it is bad for us: it might put us down on the league tables and might lead to the introduction of Top-Up Fees"

Holly (3rd Year Law & Anthropology)



"I am not sure. I think it would be good for them, though"

Diana (1st year Management Science)

Alumni: The new Force against Top-Up-Fees?

Michael Bourke

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY Students' Union (CUSU) has launched a campaign aimed at mobilising former Cambridge students in its fight against the threat of top-up fees. At CUSU's new website www.no-topup-fees.org Cambridge Alumni can pledge to "refuse to make any donation to the University of Cambridge or any of its Colleges, until the University has unconditionally ruled out top-up fees and privatisation".

CUSU fears that any move to fees will lead to social elitism rather than meritocracy within the University and unfairly impede students from lower income backgrounds. It is also frustrated by the University's refusal to rule

top-up fee route - it is not our preferred option, we still stand against it." However, a statement issued by the University on 25th October still did not rule out top-up fees, stating only that the University had "no plans" to introduce them.

Of course targeting alumni is something that cash-strapped Universities have been doing for a long time. Last year Cambridge raised a staggering £141 million from benefactors, including former students. Similarly, the LSE has an Alumni Office, for "helping alumni and the School stay connected with each other in ways that are mutually beneficial and lasting." To date, the Office has raised more than £40 million from former students.

Now at least one students' union has decided to play the Universities at their own game. Given the hard-line



He doesn't think Top-Up Fees are very funny.

attitude of some vice-chancellors on the issue, for example the zealous Sir Richard Sykes of Imperial, it can be argued that threatening Universities out top-up fees. Over the summer Andrew Reed, the University's Director of Finance, ruminated that fees of £4000 would be one way of solving financial difficulties, mainly consisting of Cambridge's deficit of £11 million.

The new campaign has got off to a flying start. Within the first 48 hours 300 Cambridge graduates had signed the pledge and more are signing up at the rate of 100 a day. High profile supporters include novelist Zadie Smith and comedian David Baddiel. Smith has also written a short essay of support for the campaign, explaining how "fees of any kind would have made my career in Cambridge an impossibility" and highlighting the fact that she has repaid the costs of her tuition 47 times over simply by paying income tax.

It seems that the campaign may already be bearing fruit. Cambridge University has adopted a notably tougher line on top-up fees over the last couple of days. Vice-chancellor, Sir Alec Broers said: "We would prefer not to go down the

access to cash is "the only language they understand". Attention is likely to focus on whether or not CUSU's campaign is taken up by other students' unions around the country. The attitude of students' unions at other prestigious, research universities such as the LSE is likely to be crucial to the success (or failure) of the enterprise. CUSU President Paul Lewis said: "The feedback from other top universities students' unions has been excellent so far. It seems this campaign can go national. It would be great to have somewhere as respected as the LSE on board."

LSESU General Sec Tuuli Koussa commended CUSU's initiative and the success it had already brought. Commenting on LSESU's strategy she said: "Here at LSE, however, the situation is different, and now would be too soon to introduce such radical means of campaigning against fees for there seems to be no immediate threat as such." She added: "After the government White Paper comes out, we may have to re-evaluate our position."

Universities



Union Jack

Jack was relieved to see the UGM approach something akin to its old cynical self this week. Following the socialist excesses of the past couple of weeks, and the terrible earnestness of the new Sabbs trying to find their feet, the UGM this week was a gratifying shambles which made a mockery of all things Constitutional. The Chair's attempts to control events were somewhat embarrassing - the Sabbs and Exec shouting out instructions did most of her job for her, with Supertramp's thoughtful comment of 'Resign and get them out!' once again proving mammaries more copious than brain cells in our venerated Chair.

Jack thinks that Tom Pisstaker and James Madway may have been getting a little big for their (steel toe capped) boots. After their success last week, the boys clearly thought they were on to a good thing, but the UGM has finally cottoned on to them and they were left looking daft after being forced to speak against their own motion.

Little Miss Harvey proposed the Union spend its funds installing condom machines in the women's toilets, and providing big bowls for general utilisation at Crush, working on the dubious presumption that at least some women in the school are sexually active. The Pleasurer, clearly delighted by his own sparkling wit, said that people might put little pricks them, which would be dangerous for all concerned. Jack is more concerned that in the two weeks the motion has been on the order paper the Pleasurer hasn't managed to come up with a better joke.

The hustings for honorary president and vice president further confused the Chair, who tried to leave them out altogether. The balcony boys found ample target practice, and Jack was thrilled when they managed to drown out all of Fudge's speech in favour of Mrs Thatcher. Jack noticed that Fudge isn't running for all of the positions open to him (four rather than five) and is moderately concerned - surely Fudge isn't going to disappoint all of the hacks who are expecting him to run yet another highly entertaining GenSec campaign this summer.

Jack would like to issue a little reminder for next week: the Coat Peg Question will finally be resolved. Jack is keen to see an end to this worrying matter, and will arrive early. He's considering submitting an amendment to the motion requesting a free winter flasher mac for every member of the AU to take advantage of all the new coat pegs.

The question on everyone's lips for the past few days has been Where's the Beaver? Forestalling any questions, Iain 'bundred' Bundred whined some pathetic excuse about it being half a mile away and that it wasn't his fault. Towards the end of the meeting, business was interrupted by the arrival of the esteemed organ and people finally settled down to enjoy themselves, effectively putting an end to the silliness since no one could be bothered to care whether or not events were proceeding according to the order paper.

To close the UGM, Jimmy Mullet swung his hips up on stage giving a solo rendition of Eternal Flame in the style of Elvis. Surprisingly talented, the Mullet made an amusing finish to a farcical UGM. Jack was (almost) happy again.

The Beaver's weekly round up of student news

with Lyle Jackson

Intro

After last week's close brush with what could have been the most unpleasant experience of my life, you may have thought that I was about to jack it all in. But no, for the benefit of readers everywhere, I continued to search the country high and low for stories that we should all be aware of.

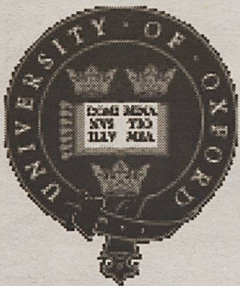


Still unaware of what students are meant to do in their first week/month/year (delete as applicable to yourself), the Cambridge Student's Union newspaper provides yet another story using the words 'shocked' and 'disturbing' in relation to a drinking episode at a college bar - without even a sniff of humour. Holly Birch reported, "I was shocked and appalled. I couldn't believe it! They just flooded out of the Sidgwick Site and started drinking. Vodka, champagne, beer... At least 400 of them stormed from the building. I thought I might be crushed in the stampede. Then they started to talk bullshit and began collapsing on the concrete. It was very disturbing." The article, a copy and paste job more blatant even than this continues with synonyms for shock, interspersed with appalling language. A bit like the first part.



THE UNIVERSITY
of LIVERPOOL

The University of Liverpool student newspaper recently ran an article on student safety in cities around the country. The main reason for the article's appearance in the paper was that an independent source had placed Liverpool third in its 'safety table'. Not overly surprised at this point, I read on to find that the table was arranged in order of safest first! Not one to believe everything that I hear (and if you ever go to Liverpool, I'd urge you to think the same way), I jumped aboard one of Mr Branson's finest intercity machines and wound up in sunny Merseyside. I met a couple of people mates from school who promised me a good, safe night out. Sure enough, it was one of the least eventful evenings of my life. The fact that I couldn't understand a single word of what was said to me was probably partially to blame. The biggest new of any note was that I was offered some 'bedroom aids' from a filthy cardboard box. Interesting, but not too enticing. All in all, a very safe night. I was disappointed that not one of the 14-year-old locals could teach me how to break into the new Mercedes SL, but I suppose that's what the Internet was invented for.



Last Sunday, six students from Oxford University, not usually noted for their criminal detaining abilities, detained a criminal. The students then kept watch over the drunken intruder for over an hour before the police arrived. The man, described as "in his late 20s", entered the house at around 4 p.m., possibly via an open window, and entered two bedrooms in the house saying he was "looking for someone called Anton." No one of that name lives in house. The graduate, who asked not to be named, said he "went along with it in order to try and get the man downstairs, where I knew the rest of my housemates were." (What a great friend! - "oh, cheers mate, a drunken intruder.") The students contacted the porter's lodge, and the porter rang the police. Rather than let the intruder runaway, the six students informed him that he would stay until the police arrived. They had him encircled, but with no physical force. The man admitted to being 'so paranoid' from smoking cannabis that day, and he "stank of booze." He verbally threatened the students, including an outburst that "if you don't let me go I'm going to erupt like a volcano!" Sounds like a video I was offered in Liverpool. Thames Valley police did arrive later and the situation was dealt with fully. Looks like that puts Oxford somewhere below third on the safety list then!

Klein vs. Globalisation...

Patrick Murdoch

IN HER second public appearance on campus, Naomi Klein announced to an over-crowded audience at the Peacock Theatre, that "globalisation is a useless phrase." In opposition to this view, a week later Anthony Giddens remarked, "the globalisation debate is the single most important debate in politics today." Whether one chooses to side with Klein or Giddens, what remains clear is that globalisation is definitely the most significant topic on the LSE campus; almost every major speaker seems to be fixated on the subject.

One of the obvious questions being raised amidst the globalisation saga is who to believe and who not to. In a panel discussion entitled "Globalisation: good or bad," four prominent LSE experts on the subject voiced their views on global issues such as poverty, environmental degradation, the unequal distribution of wealth, and the threat of war (see article

"Globalisation strikes back"). However, a week before the panel, Klein, one of the world's most well known critics of globalisation, set the stage by arguing that globalisation is a myth.

"Globalisation is not about freedom," Klein argued, "it's about fences that keep the power from the powerless." She maintained that "power is the oxygen of today's democracy," and went on to insist that the neo-liberal wave sweeping across the globe is a form of economic fundamentalism comparable to religious fundamentalism. Dismissing the recent 'free-trade fix' as a utopian endeavour, Klein pointed out that "[today's] great challenge

is to fight against fundamental logic; whether it be religious or economic."

David Held, a prominent globalisation expert and author of 'Global

Transformation,' introduced and then quietly sat next to Klein as she claimed that globalisation was an economic fantasy. However, a day after the lecture in a classroom discussion, Held com-

mented, "Naomi Klein is a politician... with a political view point." He added: "From the age of discovery to the new millennium, a process of change has been underway that, despite what our speaker said last night [referring to Klein], can be described as globalisation." Held maintained that Klein's perspective failed to grasp the whole picture and that her idea of globalisation is similar to the economic conception she attacks. "The neo-liberals have a conception not unlike Naomi Klein," Held said, referring to the fact that Klein shares "a set of under-

pinning values" with those she criticizes. This set of values is the view that "globalisation is a movement towards a global economic order," Held maintained. For Klein, this order is interpreted as an "oppressive capitalist mentality." For neo-liberals, a global economic order would mean "the triumph of the competitive market individual over bureaucratic state systems." Conversely, in Held's opinion, one which is shared by Giddens, the economic aspect represents only one small part of globalisation. Both Held and Giddens argue that globalisation does not mean the economic convergence towards a single world society. Rather, for them, as Giddens remarked during last Monday's panel discussion, "globalisation is not just economic," but refers to an unprecedented era in which societies across the globe are experiencing profound political, cultural and technological changes. Even more controversial views emerged when the panel discussion got under way...



Klein spoke out against globalisation

... Globalisation strikes back!

Ion Martea

THE GLOBALISATION debate has shifted in the past two years from the economic to the political sphere - this was the conclusion of the LSE Public Debate "Globalisation - Good or Bad?". Professors Anthony Giddens, John Grey, David Held and Mary Kaldor, were all critical of the shape the process of developing interdependence took in the new century. However, consensus was not a feature of the lecture.

Giddens, by far the greatest supporter of globalisation among the speakers, established from the start the mind-set of the entire debate by claiming that "We are the first citizens of a truly global age!" The interdependence has never been more intense, dynamic and profound as it is now. According to Giddens, globalisation has become more than an economic phenomenon related to the development of a global market and the growth of financial institutions; there is also an increasing sense of political and cultural unity. The main cause of this is the impact of communications, started back in the late 1960s, with the launching of the first satellite in space.

The LSE Director contin-

ued by challenging the effects of globalisation, asking whether it is just a matter of the West. The opening of markets has led after all to an increasing inequality in Africa and South America. However, Giddens considers that although financial institutions have a significant impact, they have not done as much evil as states did. A better from of globalisation would require thus an institutional transformation, from family to transnational organisations.

The politicisation of globalisation was widely criticised by Held, who identified a number of important gaps in the process. According to his view, there are overlapping networks of power. Neither is the locus of effective political power properly defined, nor

are jurisdictional issues, which lead to externalities. After all, powerful states make powerful decisions, while the United Nations struggles with a budget of just

without cosmopolitanism will well fail", and thus the way forward is a system closer to EU's Social Democracy, and not the American Geopolitism.

"spectacle wars: long distance wars, with low casualties or the 'aggressors' side". Kaldor continued by saying that all these have led no nothing but "a nasty form of Globalisation... a new global anarchy".

The idea of war was picked up by Gray, as well. Gray considers that since the actual process of globalisation cannot be slowed down through economic steps, it has to end in a war. The main reason for this is that "states will not wait for the free market to work", and thus the theme of the next war will be a fight for resources (if not oil, then possibly hydrogen in 30-years time).

Another reason for the failure of the globalisation is the adoption of single models such as those offered by the IMF. This leads to simplicity crudity, and disconsideration of regional differences. However, Gray considers the key to globalisation to be exactly the opposite - a less unified system. Joined with an adjustment of thinking, the different systems might coexist together and resource wars could be avoided. And this strategy is an immediate necessity: "The short run is human history. The long run is just a fantasy."



They were all there, too.

US\$1.5 billion (US & EU consumption on pet food is around US\$17billion/year).

Held considers that the only way forward is the encouragement of cosmopolitanism, with a shift from national to international government. The issue of nationalism has to be totally disregarded, since the cultural nationalism is a matter of an individual. "Globalisation

The possibility of war since 11th September, according to Kaldor, has significantly hindered the process of globalisation leading to a development of a global militarism, rather than an increasing interconnectedness. Military power has ceased to represent a tool for compelling foreign territories, but one for creating spectacles. Now it is the period of



Tuuli's Gen Sec Diary

THREE WEEKS into the term I am awaiting to realise how the start of the schoolyear arrived so fast. Swinging in and out of meetings has left me little time to mingle with the actual students. My email account is constantly bursting, and I am managing the balancing act of not getting lost in the world of administration yet not becoming a complete politician either.

October has thus far been eventful, in particular on the higher education front. Once the merger talks of Imperial and UCL became public, the sabbs of London colleges started fierce campaigning to prevent this from becoming a reality. ULU has since released £50k from its reserves to fight for the future of the University of London, and furthermore against the full tuition fees proposed by Sir Mastermind Sykes.

ULU never questioned their stance on the merger, yet the issue is contentious here at LSE. Students remain uncertain as to whether the issue would have much effect on us, and the possible breakup up of the University is seen as a gift for LSE by some. Afterall, we could make money on the sale of UL buildings. One ought not forget, however, that the possible result is far from clear. We do not know what the indirect implications are, yet we need an opinion on whether to lend our support to the ULU lead campaign. My attempt to propose an emergency motion at the UGM last week was unfortunately hijacked by a firefighting motion that took up most of the hour. So much for an SU view for now.

On the admin side the Gen Sec has been subjected to roughly 100 emails a day. Luckily some can be erased

immediately following the acknowledgement of the title, while others contain lists of requests for action. As voiced earlier, I do not possess the time required to find students employment nor housing. It would require me to venture far beyond my remit; afterall I am no superwoman.

The highlight of last week was the NUS organised, LSESU hosted, lecture by the daughters of Martin Luther King Jr and Malcolm X. The NUS had omitted a few basic preparations, and therefore the tasks expected from us at LSE stretched from serving the guests, hot water, peppermint tea and honey in close proximity of the lecture hall to acting as security in making a misbehaved lady in the audience sign a form stating that she would limit her rights in the usage of her video tape containing provocative material. For all I know

she was nice for she agreed upon signing such a document for there had been no announcement or other denying permission to use cameras.

The speakers, Ms. King and Ms. Shabazz arrived on an extended Rolls Royce with a large entourage of hangarounds. Strangely the LSE has hosted many notable personas yet not many cars fancier than this one. The lecture started late and the cook-iemonger posse surrounding the "civic royalty" required more attention than considered necessary.

Despite all the problems the lecture proved one of the most thought-provoking I've witnessed in a long while - both speakers were charismatic and inspiring. Sadly, not many LSE students attended, but for those who did, the lecture with all its drama was surely worth the waiting time.

Nolan has been sleeping most of the week. Hence he has decided not to bore you with more of his life's philosophy. He is an ardent supporter of the AU Barrel however and would like to take the opportunity to promote the Beaver Campaign to save it.

LSE CENTRAL CATERING SERVICES

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(Members only)

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LUNCH - MON to FRI, 12.30pm-2.00pm

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Robinson on Human Rights

Tom Burn

LAST WEDNESDAY saw the visit to the LSE of Mary Robinson, who retired last month from the post of United Nations Commissioner for Human Rights. For the past five years Robinson has been a global envoy for the oppressed, making headlines with her willingness to raise awkward questions about powerful states and politicians with questionable Human Rights records. Whilst in office she made vocal denunciations of the Chinese justice system, the Russian military's behaviour in Chechnya, and drew attention to the adverse effects of Western military intervention on Afghan civilians. When explaining her decision to retire, she alluded to the opposition of an increasing number of powerful people whom she had named and shamed. Nevertheless, she said she felt "inner peace and great pride"

when looking back on her performance as Commissioner.

It was with great enthusiasm and vision that Robinson detailed her future plans. By building upon the experience and respect she has gained as Commissioner and previously as a noted Human Rights lawyer she aims to play a part in pressurising all states into recognising that poverty is a Human Rights issue. She argued persuasively for the universal recognition of peoples' economic, social and cultural rights and spoke of her desire to work with The New Partnership for African Development (NEPAD). This recent initiative of African states is designed to tackle the economic, social and governance problems that have hindered the development of much of Africa.

Robinson called for the strengthening of domestic Non-Governmental Organisations in the develop-

ing world, and stressed the important role they played in providing Human Rights information and education for ordinary people. By "empowering Civil Society



HR for Human Rights!

groups to push for results" she hoped people would be encouraged to hold their governments to the legally binding Human Rights promises they had made in international treaties.

She also made it clear that citizens of Western democracies should not take their Human Rights for granted, lamenting "the shadow that has fallen over Human Rights

since September 11th". Detailing her reservations about the stringent anti-terrorist laws that have been introduced, Robinson quoted the recent words of the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Woolf: "In defending democracy, we must not forget the need to observe the values which make democracy worth defending."

Perhaps in order to counter accusations that she was biased against the US, Robinson also spoke of her admiration for the key rôle played by Americans in the history of Human Rights. On her planned tour of US communities and campuses she will praise the leadership of figures such as Presidents Wilson and Roosevelt as well as Eleanor Roosevelt in the hope of converting those sceptical towards Human Rights legislation such as the International Criminal Court and United Nations Convention on the Rights of

the Child, neither of which has been ratified by the US.

The event concluded with a Question and Answer session in which Robinson called for the World Trade Organisation to take into account economic, social and cultural rights when making its deliberations. She also highlighted the shrinking of state power and called for the private sector to take on some of the responsibilities for Human Rights which have traditionally been the domain of the now weakened state.

Her lecture was organized by the Centre for the Study for Human Rights and she was joined on stage by Professor Conor Gearty, the new Rausing Director of the Centre. Robinson applauded the Centre and spoke of her hopes that the inter-disciplinary culture of LSE and its international links would strengthen the defence of Human Rights around the globe.

Mary Robinson and the Graduates—the Beaver's on the Pulse

LAST WEDNESDAY Mary Robinson, former UN High Commissioner for Human Rights and former Irish President was at LSE for this term's flagship event at the Centre for Human Rights. Sniffing an interview, PuLSE and The Beaver went along to ask some awkward questions. As usual, the full and unedited audio version of this interview can be downloaded from the PuLSE website at www.pulsefm.co.uk.

Duncan: Human rights have been said by some to be quite a Western concept; in that what we consider to be a human right might not be considered a human right in another country - particularly regarding the Middle and Far East. Do you think that in your time as UN Commissioner you managed to standardise and improve the way in which all countries consider something to be a human right?

Robinson: I certainly recognised how important it was to address this because a number of senior representatives from developing countries said to me that "international human rights are about finger pointing by Western countries at developing countries; it is only about civil liberties issues (freedom from torture, right to life, fair trial) and it is selective. They don't point the

finger at countries that are oil producing as they need them." These were very serious issues to address.

On the other side there was also the point being made that too many developing countries were saying, "we will get our economy right and then we will worry about civil liberties". So there was a balance to be addressed. Therefore I found it appropriate to be very clear on what was the true agenda of human rights. I went back to the basic document which is the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. It is very important that this is very firm about upholding civil and political rights, but also economic, social and cultural ones. ... I kept repeating that I am interested in being strong on both sets of rights: strongly protecting civil and political rights, strongly advancing the progressive implementation, and securing economic, social and cultural rights. So, now in this project of ethical globalisation I am trying to bring the doing of human rights, in that broad way, into the debate on globalisation. And I'd like to see a lot of those who are very idealistic, who are active in the streets, who are protesting about World Bank and IMF, becoming very familiar with these tools. I would like them to appreciate that this is a very useful way in which to pin governments to their account-

ability and to bring that into the WTO, into the World Bank, the IMF - and that it can make a difference because it is legal, and because it is a very useful framework.

Matthew: There has been a lot of involvement of high profile celebrities in various United Nations causes. Do you believe that the involvement of people like Geri Halliwell or Bono for example, undermine or trivialise the causes that they are trying to promote?

Robinson: It is very hard to generalise completely, because you are talking about how individuals who are well known - who are celebrities - respond to the challenge. Agencies like UNICEF or the High Commissioner for Refugees do find that these Goodwill Ambassadors - which they are generally called - can be extremely helpful. They can really draw attention. They can help funding. They can help to create a greater awareness. As High Commissioner, I was particularly aware in preparing for the difficult World Conference Against Racism that it was important to get well-known people to commit to for example singers who would bring that idea into their work and promote diversity and respect. So I think that the idea is a good one, and hopefully all those who become Goodwill Ambassadors of one sort or

another for the United Nations will take it very seriously and commit seriously.

Mystery Interviewer: How do you feel that the High Commissioner could be instrumental in making sure that people across the world are also educated in how to avoid infringing human rights?

Robinson: I think that is part of education on human rights, because if you have, for example, good courses and curricula in schools, it very quickly becomes participatory; it is not so much about sitting in the classroom and learning Article 2, Article 3, it is more about role playing about human rights issues of discrimination, of domestic violence being a human rights issue and so on, and that human rights also bring about responsibilities. ...

Matthew: Can the students at LSE expect to see you back soon?

Robinson: (Laughs) Well, I was encouraged in a discussion this morning with members of different faculties here in LSE to integrate [the centre for the study of human rights], to leaven it with other disciplines.

And so, it may well be that we have cause in the context of being able to advance this working relationship that is still at a very early stage. I talked to some colleagues this morning about the question of capacity building in Africa

- there are some experts on Africa here in LSE, but also London is a good base. So, in that sense, I certainly intend to come back to London, and why not come back to LSE! And since I am a Fellow - and nobody has yet told me what privileges I have, or duties I have as an Honorary Fellow - so maybe if I find out that I have free bed and board, and that they feed me for free maybe I will come back quicker!!

Human Rights take Centre Stage

Matthew Horrox

On Wednesday, the Centre for Human Rights crowned a remarkable year for the department, with their flagship speaker event given by former UN High Commissioner for Human Rights Mary Robinson. The department was established at LSE in 1999 and has benefited from a significant donation from the Rausing Foundation enabling the recruitment of their first full-time Director Professor Connor Gearty. It invited Robinson to speak to mark a new phase in the history of the centre and to raise their profile on campus. The centre is keen to nurture student interest in human rights and is fortunate to have a large active body of students already interested.

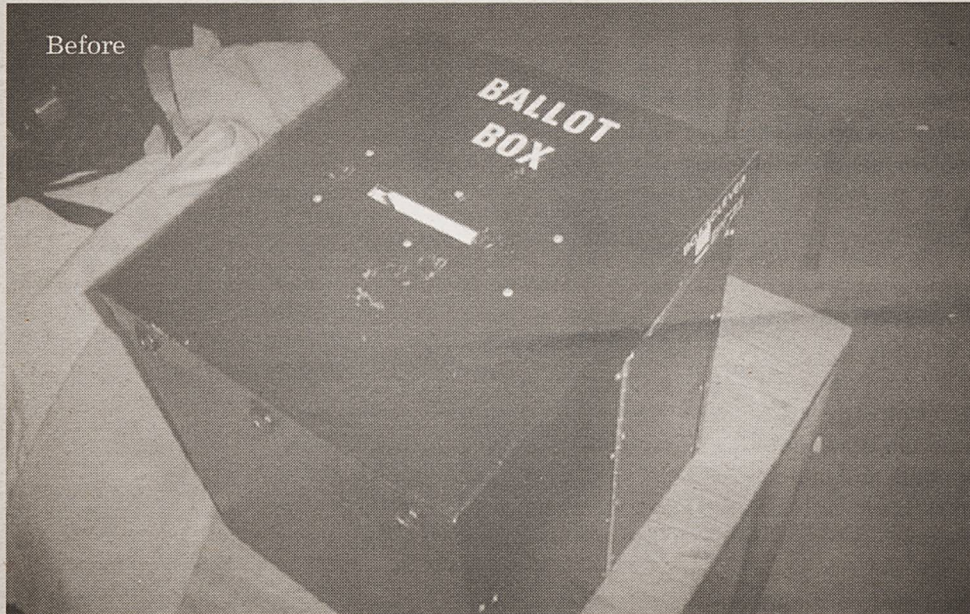
Your Ballot, Our Box:

LSESU Michaelmas Term 2002 Elections

USE YOUR VOTE!

This week's elections are notorious for low voting turnouts. Don't be one of the LSESU to make this mistake!

Utilise your democratic right and cast your vote this week.



Postgraduate Officer

Arrielle Krebs
Fun Loving Candidate For You.
James Dearman
Post-Grad Not Post-Caring

Constitution and Seering Committee

Tom Packer
Re-Elect
Conservative party
William Macfarlane
Representing, Lobbying, Achieving For LSE Students
Conservative Party
Beyzade M. Beyzade
A.K.A. Simply "Beyz"
JNicholas Spurrell
Conservative Party
Rishi Madlani
Stephen David Gurman
Glyn Gaskarth
Conservative Party

Academic Board

Nick Wolfe
Tom Packer
Re-Elect
Conservative party
Lina Balteanu

ULU Council

Tom Packer
Re-Elect
Conservative party
Priya Parkash
Education and Welfare Officer
Nehal Sanghrajka
Striving For A Closer Knit London
Chris Piper
Independent Postgraduate Student
Peter Bellini
Re-Elect Current Sabbatical Officer
Beyzade M. Beyzade
A.K.A. Simply "Beyz"

VOTING TIMES

Wednesday : Advance Voting In the Quad 11.30am-2pm
Holborn 4-4.30pm; Rosebury 5-5.30pm; Carr-Saunders 6-6.30pm
Passfield 6.45-7.15pm; Bankside 8-8.30pm; GDS 9-9.30pm;
Butlers Wharf 10-10.30pm

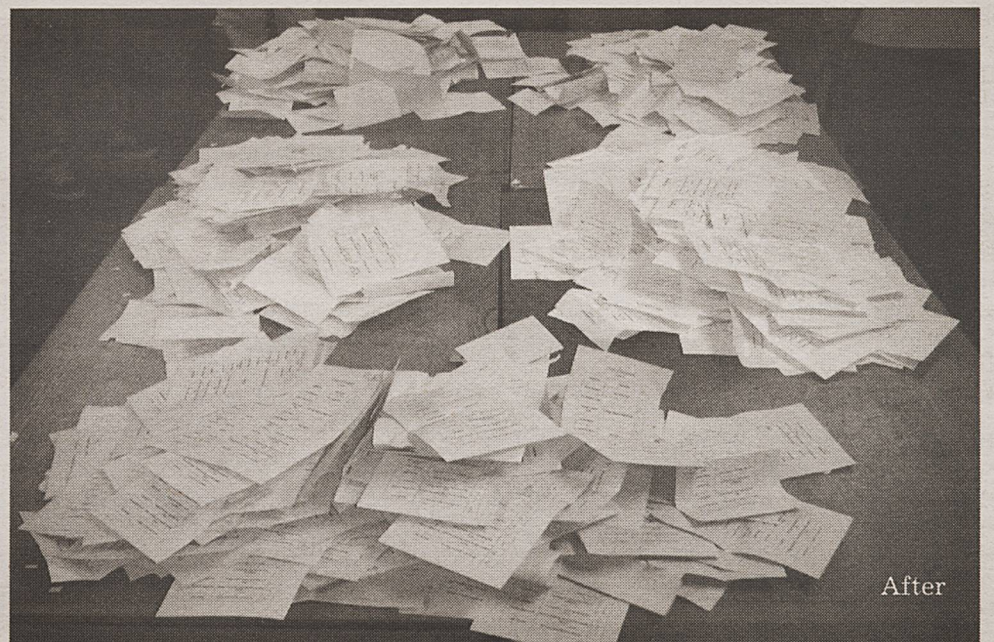
Thursday: In the Quad 9.30am-7pm

NUS Conference

Tom Packer
Re-Elect
Conservative party
William Macfarlane
Representing, Lobbying, Achieving For LSE Students
Conservative Party
Dave Cole
Independent
Chris Piper
Independent Postgraduate Student
Peter Bellini
Re-Elect Current Sabbatical Officer
Beyzade M. Beyzade
A.K.A. Simply "Beyz"
Jimmy Baker
Entertainment's Officer
Tom Whittaker
Socialist Worker Student Society
Michael Bourke
Liberal Democrat-First Choice For Students
Farah H.
Independent Candidate
Katie Hill
Women's Football and LSE Labour

Court of Governors

Tom Packer
Re-Elect
Conservative party
Carrie Myers
Re-Elect For Court
William Macfarlane
Representing, Lobbying, Achieving For LSE Students
Conservative Party
Priya Parkash
Education and Welfare Officer
Dave Cole
Independent
Dean Lochrie
Dependable, Enthusiastic; Honest and Sincere.



Editorial Comment

Calling an end to LSE's nanny state

This week the Beaver leads with a story that will no doubt face much scorn and derision.

Once more we have 'reformed to type', many will say, and jumped to the defence of the insular, cliquey, British lager louts of the Athletic Union.

It is as inappropriate for the organ of the SU to promote a day that amounts to gratuitous drinking and public nudity, as it is unacceptable for it to call for a return to streaks across the Aldwych, critics will argue.

But to say this entirely misses the point of the issue at heart of the barrel issue.

By threatening the £25,000 fine for even leaving the campus, the LSE is trying not only to stifle the barrel's excesses but in fact to eradicate the point of it at all.

The AU's trip down to the Underground at 11am on the penultimate Friday of the Michelmas term - and the ensuing foolishness - is in truth one of the last traditions that the LSE has left.

The greater shame is that it is only the AU - albeit the SU's largest society - that provides such a great get-together - one that is talked up months in advance and talked about months after.

Vote now or never complain about the SU

Michelmas term elections are the first opportunity of the year for that most democratic of SU activities: the cross-campus ballot.

Yet too often, they see a hopelessly low ballot because students do not appreciate why they should bother voting.

Rather than launching into the age-old "it's our democratic responsibility" we must actually remember

But this too is besides the point.

For too long the school's administration has increasingly tried to impose a nanny-state upon us. Banning the AU from playing a harmless practical joke on their sports' rivals is just the latest - and most latent - instance of this.

Last year's barrel went too far - the AU President himself concedes this. In interrupting King's students' exams in particular, it caused unacceptable distress and became more than just 'harmless fun'.

But why does simply entering the King's building bring the LSE into disrepute? Why is a frenetic dash through our neighbours' corridors bringing our university dishonour?

Because the administration tells us so - that's why.

We should not to stand by and allow such ill-placed paternalism erode an annual institution of the students' union. To do so seems far more irresponsible than following the crowd into the Peacock theatre at 1pm.

Love or loath the barrel, giving the AU freedom to go off campus is about more than what happens on Friday December 6. It is about calling on the LSE to give students choice.

what these elections mean.

Beyond the light-hearted votes for Honourary President and Vice-President of the union, students are being asked to elect representatives on school committees - the academic board and court of governors - and delegates to represent the SU - at ULU Council and NUS conference.

Please use your vote and please use it wisely.

Letters to the Editor

Dear editor,

I write in response to the b:link article: "A Letter from London" of last week. The writer seems to have an unhealthy and naive confidence in intelligence groups such as the CIA. I will keep my criticism brief.

Firstly, Mr. Chanda chooses to ignore the fact that the CIA has a long history of promoting state terrorism and undemocratic regimes when and where it suits the purposes of US foreign policy.

Secondly, and perhaps more importantly for the international student body at the LSE, the writer also fails to recognise the dangers involved in giving intelligence agencies too much power. Allowing these agencies free

reign has its costs. Our civil liberties and human rights are at stake. There are examples of this in Britain for instance the decision of an appeal court to support the home office's decision to give the government the right to detain any foreign nationals indefinitely suspected of involvement in international terrorism and without trial or conviction.

We would be very foolish indeed to put our safety entirely in the hands of the CIA not because of their inadequacies and mistakes but rather because of their dubious sense of morality.

Yours Sincerely,
A concerned American

Are you transfixed, terrified or even titillated by TheBeaver?

Then write a letter to us and let us know what you - the readers - think
email: thebeaver@lse.ac.uk with your comments

Dear Editor,

I wasn't going to respond to the "TEN REASONS WHY GEORGE W. BUSH IS THE WASHINGTON SNIPER" article, but merely dismiss it as a lone individual's sick sense of 'humour'; an expression of frustration at Dubya's warmongering, unintelligently and nauseatingly 'linked' to a speight of shootings that terrorised the inhabitants of Washington D.C and shocked the world at large.

However, the way in which another twisted individual posted said article onto the television room door in the hall of which I am a resident, using 2 "Anti-War" stickers, led me to follow up Ben Chapman's article ("Alienating the Uncommitted") in criticism of the methods employed by the Anti-War Coalition of our school.

As Ben described, the undermining of the Coalition's own cause by their conduct at last weeks UGM, and the futility of the planned 'Teach-In' on the 31st (i.e. who exactly are they planning to teach, despite those already opposed to a war, drawn from within their own ranks?) will do nothing to further their objectives. More likely, it will turn those as yet undecided students against them based not on the issue debated but on the basis of their militant behaviour, and the national media which they are so eager to arouse the attention of will have no hesitation in reporting them as a disorganised and ignorant bunch of rabble-rousing student lefties.

"Lefties?!", I distantly hear them shout at me in disgust, for they would argue that they are not affiliated with any political leaning, and that theirs' is a solely issue-based campaign. Tell that to all those who saw one Houghton Street demonstrator handing out 'Stop The War' leaflets in one hand and selling copies of the 'Socialist Worker' magazine in the other.

Having said that, concern about this individual's own agenda were raised within the group itself; the majority of the Coalition recognising that this was not representative of their collective aims. But I wonder how many students not affiliated to the cause understood that fact, and were put off by this and other examples of where one Anti-War demonstrator lets their entire side down by their own personal conduct?

If the Coalition collectively intend to achieve anything near their objectives they aim for, I suggest that it first recognises and deals with the examples of blatant individual stupidity and personal agenda-setting within its own current supporters, before attempting to gain any others.

As an individual totally opposed to the War, however, I fear that this may come as much too little, far too late; the war on the war may have already been lost.

Yours,
An Anti-War Student.

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SHUFFLING THE CARDS



features

Blackmail amid the Backdraft

Action or Inaction

Marxist Until Graduation

Spurring On Racism

Third Round Knockout

Perhaps more surprising than Estelle Morris's unexpected departure, having almost weathered the storm of criticism that started with AS levels and moved to A levels by way of not having enough vetted teachers, was the effect on the media. The media had been at least partially responsible for Morris leaving her job at the help of the Department for Education and Skills (DfES), and were stunned to see that she was honest and actually quite liked by teachers and unions. Surely the media hasn't outed that most unwanted of creatures, an honest politician?

Nevertheless, citing her belief that she wasn't the right person to manage the very large DfES and the way the modern media operates, Estelle Morris has gone. Her replacement, Charles Clarke, is widely seen as a political heavyweight, his previous job of Party Chair having been very much the role of an enforcer. Only an MP since 1997, Clarke's rise has been rapid and he has been referred to as the Minister for the Today Programme for his frequent, bullish appearances in the media. The key difference is between Clarke and his predecessor is that where Morris looked at things from the point of view of an educator - she was a teacher in a former life - Clarke is a politician and will see things from that perspective; he may be more willing to introduce top-up fees than Estelle Morris, who was reported to be very much against the idea. That having been said, both are as New Labour as guacamole - Charles Clarke helped write Neil Kinnock's speech against the Militant in Liverpool - but have, at times, spoken out against Number Ten and Clarke, a former NUS president, said that on the subject of top-up fees, he was 'anti, but [feels] that there should be a debate'. However, if Tony Blair is committed to pushing through the legislation necessary to allow the Russell Group of top universities to charge more than the current £1,100, he could not have chosen a more able person than Clarke and it seems unlikely that he would have appointed him without informing him what was required of him. Certainly, it is true that as more of a consummate politician than Morris, Clarke will be better able to deal with running a large department and the pressures of the media exposure that goes with running the flagship department of a government that focuses on 'education, education, education'.

WORDS BY A. CANDIDATE

Charles Clarke has been replaced as Party Chair by the MP for the Scottish seat of Hamilton North and Bellshill, who has variously been armed forces minister, minister of state for transport and Scottish Secretary before becoming the Northern Ireland Secretary. Reid has the unenviable task of managing the party at a time when debts are rising (reported to be on the order of £10m), membership is falling (down to 300,000 from 400,000 five years ago), the party is looking fractured compared to 1997 and the Trades Unions appear to be entering a period of increased militancy and



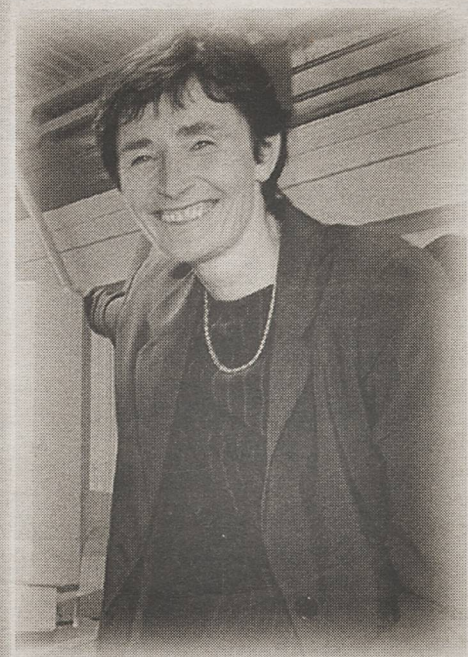
have cut their funding to the Labour party. Reid has several qualities that make him ideal for a position that was controversial when it was created (there was already a Party Chair elected by party members) and now has added difficulties. Firstly, he is one of the most loyal members of Government and has, not unlike Charles Clarke, a confident representative to the media. In strong contrast to his Labour predecessors in the Northern Ireland Office, Peter Mandelson and Mo Mowlam, John Reid has a quiet, diplomatic style - you might go so far to call him a dour Scot - that will serve him well in resolving the various tensions the Labour Party is under in the lead up to the May local elections and the elections to the Welsh Assembly and the Scottish Parliament.

Paul Murphy, the MP for the Welsh constituency of Torfaen, and, until recently, Welsh Secretary, was Development Minister for Northern Ireland from 1997 to 1999, returns to Ulster as he replaces John Reid as Secretary of State for Northern Ireland.

His first task, his appointment coming so soon after the return of direct rule from London, is restoring devolution to ensuring that the Good Friday agreement, which he was very heavily involved with, is maintained. He will probably have to extract some sort of concession from the Republican side in order to restore the powers devolved to the Northern Ireland Assembly by the Good Friday Agreement. Murphy, known for his calm, level-headedness, will be an ideal negotiator on such a thorny issue, being seen as a credible honest broker by both sides. Paul Murphy was very successful at making Wales and devolution an uncontroversial issue, keeping them out of the headlines after Ron Davies and Alun Michael both raised negative press. Paul Murphy, a native of Wales, also maintained good relations with the subsequent First Minister of the Assembly, Rhodri Morgan, and has overseen the bedding down of devolution in Wales. His replacement at the Welsh Office is the Nairobi-born Peter Hain, famous for organising mass protests that stopped an English rugby team from travelling to Apartheid-era South Africa and being framed for a bank robbery by Apartheid secret services. Hain, previously Europe minister, is very pro-European and, while being another excellent media performer and Blair loyalist, has a tendency to shoot at the mouth and his flamboyant and not ineffective style as a Minister and a communicator lead to accusations being levelled against him of being a self-publicising who works the press. Certainly, he is ambitious, but he has the intellectual abilities to match his ambition. He will still be the UK's representative at the European Constitutional Convention, which is due to report in nine months. Given that the Welsh Secretary is a very much reduced role after devolution, he will have to be careful not to appear to diminish his job or Wales; it is the lowest rung on the Cabinet ladder that he hopes to climb.

In short, Tony Blair has used the unexpected and, in some quarters, lamented departure of Estelle Morris as an opportunity to consolidate the Cabinet

by moving people seen as more loyal to New Labour into more senior positions, albeit at very short notice. Another interesting feature of the cabinet is that it increases the position of Europhiles within the cabinet; Charles Clarke and Peter Hain are among the most pro-Europe and pro-Euro in Parliament while John Reid is, according to the FT, 'inclined towards the Euro' and Paul Murphy seems to agree with the party line of 'yes in principle but wait for the tests'. This could be indicative of thinking about a Euro referendum before overly long. The composition of the Cabinet has only changed by one, but Blair now has more big hitters in stronger positions that will stand by him; the months ahead, with problems in Iraq, Northern Ireland and the Fire Service, will be testing for the latest Blair Cabinet.



BLACKMAIL AMID THE BACKDRAFT

WORDS BY ADAM QUINN.

Day one: arrive in London. Day two: tube strike. That was the order of business for many starting at the LSE this year. For those coming from France or some other parts of continental Europe, the idea of public sector strikes may not have seemed that strange. For many others, especially native Britons, however, it brought the unexpected sensation of the past leaping out from a side-street and tweaking their noses.

The tube strike was one thing - most students live relatively centrally, and there are buses and boats after all - but it was followed up swiftly by another event which confirmed that the zombified corpse of militant trade unionism once again stalks the land. The fire brigade (or the fire service, as they seem to prefer being called these days) confirmed plans for multiple days of strike unless their claim for a pay rise was met unconditionally. As LSE students are forced to wait months for the completion of on-campus road redevelopments due to strikes by council workers, it is worth looking at the case of the fire service strike, because it reminds us of a few things most of us were hoping we would be allowed to forget about the nature of hard-edged unionism. We can see how it fits the classic model by looking at some of its components.

First, the outrageousness of the demands. The last pay settlement for fire fighters many years ago tied their wages to those of skilled manual workers. That was while Britain still had skilled manual workers. Unfortunately, that sector of the economy has taken a few knocks in recent years, and the only job adverts that mention 'being skilled' and 'working with your hands' in the same sentence nowadays can be found in the later pages of the Daily Sport. As a result, the wages of firemen (they are almost exclusively men) have fallen somewhat behind what they think they're worth over the years. The solution? Well, from their point of view from it's obvious really: identify the group whose wages you want to be tied to now that the old system has let you down, and demand a pay rise to take you up to their level. In this case that means a 40 percent rise. And when do they want it? Now, of course. No delay, no review - now, and count yourselves lucky we're not asking for more.

Second, complete lack of interest in the question of how the demands might be met. Firemen don't work for

Microsoft or News Corp; they're not asking for a bigger share of corporate profits. They work for local government, and that means the money - many millions of pounds per year - would have to be found out of the tax pool. Nobody reading this needs me to tell them that local government hasn't been filling swimming pools with spare money over recent years. Councils' take from the centre has been shrinking, and the regressive council tax has been making painful jumps upwards just to maintain often shoddy and inefficient services at the current level.

As for national government, they're already hitting the headlines most days over the need to find money to fill the financial 'black hole' between the money required to meet their pledged spending increases and a lower than expected tax take as the economy dips. Simultaneously, recruitment for priority groups such as nurses and teachers is stalling as present staff complain about low wages and morale. Other council workers are already striking due to wage complaints (hence the LSE campus debacle) and the London Underground faces indefinite strike days over pay. And in the middle of all this, with money tight and the world and his wife wanting a raise, the firemen expect to have 40 percent added onto every employee's wage packet overnight. It's hard to know whether to laugh or cry.

Finally, the third piece in the jigsaw: utter disregard for the consequences of strike action. Most tragically, this means the inevitable increase in death and destruction due to fire as a smaller back-up service struggles to answer calls and as army crews prove incapable of providing the same level of rescue

service and treatment for fire and road accident victims. Also, the endless potential for disruption for everyone in the country as services have to take account of the lack of fire service cover: Underground stations serviced by lifts

There is no such shortage in the fire service. In spite of the relative wage decline, it seems that people still have their reasons (whatever they may be) for wanting to sign up, and there is no shortage of applicants to fill vacancies.



A narrow escape for Spot the Dog

have to shut; large public events have to be postponed; businesses have to wrangle with insurers to establish the extent to which they can go about their daily affairs. All of this, needless to say, is not the fault of the striking fire fighters, less still of their union representatives. It is, obviously, the fault of the Government (and presumably indirectly the taxpayer) for refusing to immediately cough up the enormous raise demanded. Safe in the knowledge that any horrors which come from the absence of a fully-functioning fire service are the fault of the employer, the men can troop out with their conscience clear, their hands thoroughly washed clean of any guilt for what may follow.

But setting aside the ugliness and ruthlessness of their methods, don't the fire fighters, at root, have a point? Don't they deserve the same wage as a police officer or whatever other group they want to be tied to? After all, they risk their lives every day running into burning buildings to save others. Doesn't that deserve to be rewarded?

Up to a point, yes. But when it comes to deciding wages, surely we should be guided to the appropriate level by what people are freely willing to accept to take up the job. At the moment, the wages of teachers and nurses, especially in London, need to increase, and we know this because there are vacancies galore as schools and hospitals struggle to fill posts.

Surely we have to see the demand for a 40 percent rise in wages in the light of this.

Fact: there are several crucial professions which are short-staffed, partly due to poor wages. Fact: the fire service is experiencing no recruitment problems. Fact: we have limited resources. Conclusion: we need to prioritise giving wage rises to those professions where recruitment is a problem, not blow the whole budget and more on rewarding firemen. And I don't think that's a view for which you'd be pushed to find support.

On Saturday, union officials agreed to postpone the first strike days while direct negotiation with central Government took place, but kept the overall strike timetable in place, leaving no doubt what will happen if they don't get their way. The last fire service walk-out (the one with which they won the pay structure they are now bitterly bemoaning) started to go wrong for the strikers when the number of preventable deaths due to the strike began to mount. Lets hope it won't take similar extremes to convince the current generation of fire fighters of the inexcusable irresponsibility of shutting down an emergency service in the cause of wage negotiation.

WHEN DOES INTELLECTUAL DEBATE FALL SHORT OF THE DEMOCRATIC DEFICIT?

I read a passionate article in this illustrious paper last week (how unusual! I hear you cry), when a frustrated but open-minded student described his appal with the Student UGM regarding the Anti-war motion on the 17th October. The 'debate', it's true, was a shambles and made a mockery of any credibility the UGM holds as a voice for the LSE student body.

I was there, and indeed, felt as if the sky was falling - with screwed up editions of old Beaver (the desecration!) acting as paper missiles - a sad, ironical metaphor for what the student voice has become and how it is treated at the LSE.

However, as much as I felt myself nodding as I read the article and sharing the author's dismay at the undermining of the Anti-war stance with the riotous and unbalanced audience, I felt a simultaneous overwhelming feeling of exasperation as I saw the tell-tale signs of a wider student-associated malaise. Anybody who has attended any of the Miliband lectures with guest speaker Naomi Klein over the past two weeks, or read her popular analyses of the brewing anti-corporate movement, will be able to have an inkling of

or even to be put off from the whole argument of Not Attacking Iraq on the basis of a few rallying cries and jeers from the audience at that UGM is, dare I say it, apathy incognito or irrational timidity. And anyway, while we're on the subject, when has the UGM ever sorted out its act and actually allowed a proper forum for an equal, two-sided debate?

I was ashamed and disgusted at the rudeness last week, on the 24th October, of the 'balcony boys' (the real source of the speaker-seeking missiles I'll have you know), as an outside speaker from the Islington Fire Brigade came to give a first-hand account of the plight of firemen as he saw it. A fiery issue indeed (excuse the pun if you will), but the sheer audacity of a rowdy rabble who laughed and guffawed intermittently in his speech beggared belief. No matter what you think of the Fire Service strikes, the man deserved respect as a guest (if not common courtesy); who knows now what he has taken away from that shameful experience and furthermore what he thinks of LSE students and their celebrated UGM where 'first time speakers by tradition will not be interrupted or heckled' - that is the preserve for guests only it seems.

A pitiful performance of the

the LSE student stance? Half the student population didn't even know the Anti-war motion was being debated, let alone what decision was made from a

ly enflamed region of the world, is worth the effort of sitting in a chair on Thursday evening. To associate yourself



messy forum of supposed democracy.

When chatting to a friend about this Thursday's Teach-In, LSE's contribution to the nationwide Direct Action Day, she summed up her opposition to direct action as a public nuisance and counter-productive. I was admittedly undecided in the virtue of the Teach-In and the dubiously worded 'occupation' of the Old Theatre; seeing it as an opportunity for anti-government, rebel-at-all-cost, disenchanting and riotous students to haphazardly yell and shout as they please - I was, it must be said, still to be convinced. (A takeover of the Old theatre, say, between 10 a.m. and 1 p.m. on a Monday morning and I would have vowed my allegiance without hesitation...along with 119 other law students...)

However, my view took a sharp U-turn after I realised that the middle-ground, average student would also share the views of my friend. A public nuisance. I just couldn't reconcile that with the potential collateral damage (to use an outrageous and offensive term) that would be caused to thousands of innocent Iraqi civilians should the attack on Iraq occur. A blip in the smooth running of our self-consumed, selfish lives? An impediment to our academic pursuits and lofty career aspirations?

I'm not saying categorically that a bunch of students crammed

with inaction, would be an association far worse than the taint of an impassioned group of lefties sitting in the Old Theatre. To stay away from the Teach-In, inaction, would be to be tarnished with the brush of self-centred insularity - traits of very dangerous (if not familiar) societies.

To move away from this very topical debate of the war, I ask where would we be today without political demonstrations? Well, I don't know to be honest.

But historically, for example, the 100,000-strong CND (Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament) protest in the 1980s may not have changed Thatcher's foreign policy, but it raised great awareness and shook people out of political apathy so that the government could not blag their way out of the situation without responsive criticism.

Aha! This is my point. (Found it at last!).

The biggest problem that we face today is not really the hostile situations we deem instable around the world, but really our own front door. When people feel that they do not need to act, but can get through without forming any sort of opinion on anything, we should start to tremble in our boots. There will always be a minority of people who will make bad impressions (no matter how well-intentioned they may be), but it is necessary to see through that, listen to the debates, take an interest and then most importantly act on

your beliefs.

ACTION OR INACTION?

an idea of why Direct Action is the way forward for 'advanced' Western democracies.

The means of making a political point these days are focussing on the same thing. Eloquent, articulate and intelligent debate is not enough anymore (if arguably it ever was) to serve to sway public opinion. Where the legislative machinations (bureaucratic and secretive), mass media (biased) and government (not-enough-space-to-describe-in-a-bracket) fail today, direct action will ensure a wake-up call and a demand for the right to the freedom of expression.

I may be guilty of making sweeping generalisations, but to reject

UGM in two consecutive weeks, but Alas! I digress, the hypocritical and despotic tendencies of the UGM is another article, not here, not now.

So, what's my point? Good question. What I'm concerned with is apathy. Well, actually it's over-politicisation. No, actually it's not even that.

What I see creeping up on the student horizon is not apathy, or lack of debate - but inaction. The motion 'Don't Attack Iraq' was passed, but what of it? Where are the official declarations of

into a stuffy lecture theatre will make the government reconsider their foreign policy instantaneously, but cumulatively, on a nationwide united effort, there can be at least, an alternative voice amongst the prevalent mainstream mantra of 'Overthrow the Oil-rich Tyrant'.

I believe that the opposition to a Western threat to kill thousands to overthrow one man and the consequent disruptive forces in an already political-

Direct Action with consideration for the health and safety of others (obviously) is a legitimate way to wake people up, to prevent the blind leading the blind, and to see what the flip-side of the coin looks like.

This Thursday is an opportunity for all middle-ground students to check out what all the furore is about; put up with the noise I say, and you'll hear the music.

BY SARAH WASEEM

In a world today where sound-bites are the order of the day, reputations of people and institutions are made or destroyed in a short period of time around the globe by the electronic media in a matter of minutes. LSE's reputation as a 'world class educational institution for the social sciences' and business rests upon attracting strong students and academics and the teaching and the facilities reflecting that.

With a call for students to occupy the LSE, it is surely relevant for those who wish to cause disruption to their fellow students, no matter how well-intentioned, to think clearly through on such a issue. I support anyone's right to protest if they feel strongly about something but it is also important they direct their attention to those who are responsible, not to disrupting the lives of their own friends and colleagues. The LSE being a community, surely each person should consider what their actions may have on their friends?

The majority of LSE students, studying subjects leading to a business career will be going out looking for a career soon or have their eye on one. Even those intending going into the public sector or academia will be affected if they damage LSE's reputation. Only a tiny handful go into political activism and then probably only for a short period of time, maybe a matter of months or a year. It is after all generally a life of uncertainty, poverty and unemployment.

It is claimed those of us who do not study history are damned to repeat the mistakes of history. Sadly some seem to want to forget the problems caused to another generation of LSE students by distorting LSE's history. Yet if activists promoting an occupation succeed then they will surely seriously damage the job & academic prospects of 99% of their fellow LSE students, as well as seriously damage the LSE's reputation and ability to raise funds to improve facilities, and ability to attract new students from around the world.

Is that what any sensible LSE student or academic really wishes to inflict upon his or her friends and colleagues?

While many of us enjoy The Beaver and its ability to tweak our noses and make us think from time to time with banter from some more extremist views, I wonder about the danger in some portraying a distorted picture of the LSE's history for some ulterior motive, maybe to promote their own political careers at the expense of friends?

Surely it is time LSE's history was accurately reported and The Beaver showed itself to be nearer The Economist than Socialist Worker and myth-making over the blackest period in LSE's history, when 2 episodes caused irreparable damage to many LSE students careers and setback LSE 20 years building new facilities?

...And why? Well, 35 years ago a few oddballs went a tad crazy for a few days.

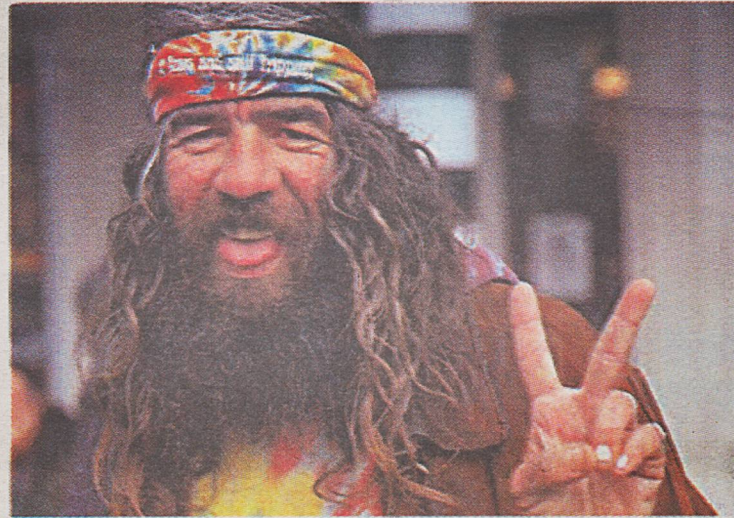
In the Beaver article "LSE-Jingoist or Pacifist" it was claimed

"The LSE has a long history of student demo's. The school became the

famous name it is today through its leading role in such demo's for peace and equality in the late 60's. Radical student demo's led by the Revolutionary Socialist Student federation called for the end to the suffering of Vietnamese...LSE students attracted worldwide media attention when they took over the school during the period of May to October 1968 and again during the following year."

Oh really...? What do the actual facts show? Was there ever some idyllic age of perpetual demo's & sit-ins at the LSE a lifetime ago?

Glancing at LSE's history one finds there was a sit-in 35 years ago in 1967 (not 1968) though several of the ringleaders and many of the protesters weren't even LSE students, and it had absolutely nothing to do with the



MARXISTS UNTIL GRADUATION?

Vietnam War. It arose over a domestic issue, the appointment of a new Director who'd been the first Vice Chancellor of the Univ of Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) who they tarred 'racist' (OK, he'd set up a multiracial university, but what were a few facts to any political extremist...?). After a couple of anonymous militants issued a cowardly libellous and untrue attack on the new Director, the Academic Board- surely not unreasonably?- suspended 2 students for a month for disobeying the Director and holding a meeting on the School premises. The 1967 sit-in lasted a week but was in fact good humoured and gentlemanly, the Director even offering them tea when they tried to occupy his office on the final day and bending over backwards to be conciliatory throughout.

Two years later in 1969 the School locked the campus for a week or so, after a couple of people vandalised the School premises using a sledgehammer. Several of the vandals were deported back to the USA.

So in summary the inferred large-scale 2 years of 'student action' claimed in the Beaver lasted one week, and for a second week immense inconvenience to the vast majority of LSE students as classes had to go elsewhere! When you compare this to the serious

riots in Paris and on US campuses, LSE's trouble was almost a Home Counties vicar's tea party by comparison! Yet LSE's reputation was seriously damaged and inevitably had serious consequences to many LSE students and academics alike.

Indeed the media ignored rather more serious protests at other UK universities, but this had rather more to do with LSE's location in the heart of the media world adjacent to both media TV outlets, ITN News and the BBC's Bush House and 200m from Fleet Street. Moreover one can hardly imagine Oxford-educated newspaper proprietors and editors sending a journalist 5 hrs to report on protests at their alma mater...It might earn their proprietor's wrath and displeasure. Instead altogether safer sending a journalist a

few yards to write a negative story on LSE?

believe.

Another myth is that the LSE was set up as some leftish Fabian outpost and so is therefore somehow Socialist...LSE was set up to promote learning and enquiry, albeit its original benefactor was himself a rich Fabian. It's as relevant as saying because John Harvard was a Puritan, Harvard University is now a hotbed of puritanism!

Anyone thinking the Extreme Left or Right (or Labour or Conservative) or any political creed is the 'fountain of all wisdom' sure has a bit of growing up to do... What was it Marx said about religion being the opiate of the masses? Maybe he should have added "Totalitarian political creeds are the religion of the well-intentioned although foolish and gullible" ?

The idea therefore that the LSE has been a hotbed of left wingers is myth and surely needs nailing down? Indeed surely it is time to put the record straight rather than allow those with extremist views to brainwash their colleagues. While some might imagine repeating their myths in The Beaver each week helps, they increase its veracity not one jot.

On the general question of the 'pro Iraq pro Palestine' peace march I happened to be sitting in the sun nearby so watched the demo for a couple of hours, chatting and laughing with a couple of demonstrators. I saw only 4 past or current LSE students with an LSE banner, but happily accept others may have been there. As to the Beaver contributor claiming 50 students turned up was a 'good turnout', why doesn't he put this into proportion?

Leaving aside a possible escalation of figures, surely just over half of one per cent of one's comrades attending isn't much of a participation rate, and surely it is reasonable to ask why the other 99.5% of LSE students weren't there? Or was it the case that the other 99.5% of us really wanted to be there but were stopped from going by the forces of darkness and oppression.

Finally if these activists are really genuine about the welfare of Iraqis, might I suggest helping the thousands of refugees from Saddam Hussein and displaced Palestinians in a more direct way? Maybe then too they might learn that Saddam is someone who has invaded two of his Arab neighbours, gassed thousands of his own citizens and operates a brutal regime and has for 10 years tried to deceive the UN on building chemical weapons for use against other sovereign states' people. Saddam has proven to have been an absolute disaster to the people of Iraq. It is the poor people of Iraq who are the real victims of this man. I would like to see the people of Iraq, which was the most advanced of the Arab nations, be allowed to enjoy the same freedoms we enjoy. We are all humans first and foremost, and Arabs and Muslims deserve as much too.

If anyone seriously believes Saddam is a victim let him or her go to the Iraqi Embassy and say they would like to live there for a while, rather than cause problems for their fellow students by trying to arrange an occupation and disrupting their lives.

SPURRING ON RACISM?

AMIT CHANDA WRITES ABOUT AN ENLIGHTENING EXPERIENCE AT HIS FIRST ENGLISH FOOTBALL MATCH IN THE SECOND OF HIS SERIES "LETTERS FROM LONDON"

20 October 2002

This week, several English Premier League teams will journey to the continent to compete in UEFA Champions' League matches in Russia and Greece. After witnessing shocking and overt displays of racism directed against the national side's black players in Slovakia last week, the English Football Association, led by players like Emile Heskey and Sol Campbell, is speaking out against such behaviour in the hopes that the rest of Europe's fans will emulate some of the politically correct, good-natured spectatorship that characterises

England's fans. Or something like that.

Meanwhile, in London, I attended my first Premier League contest this weekend - a sold-out clash between an ambitious and attacking Tottenham Hotspurs team and a somewhat forlorn and weary Bolton Wanderers. As the 35,000 fans began their slow pilgrimage into the stadium, each was handed a souvenir poster showcasing various international players in their different premier league club uniforms, as part of the aforementioned anti-racism campaign. The posters read, 'It's only the colour of the shirt that counts.' Fans were advised to report any racial, ethnic, religious, or cultural abuse, directed at players, clubs, cities or other fans to a special toll-free number as part of this concerted effort to 'Kick Racism Out of Football' (0800 169 9414, if you happen to catch any off-colour remarks next time you're at a match).

Anyway, kick-off was on schedule at 4:05 on a chilly and damp evening at White Hart Lane in north London. As soon as the match got underway, the fans began their colourful medley of songs and chants that I had so been

looking forward to hearing in person, having been unable to decipher them through the distortion and commentary on Fox Sports World in the US. Hearing one chant that was particularly incomprehensible, I asked my friend, a fanatical Spurs fan, what the exact words were. I was somewhat perplexed when he responded, 'Yid Army! Yid Army!' What exactly was a 'Yid,' I wondered aloud. He gave me a withering look and explained patiently, 'a Yid is a Jew. You know, like, Yiddish?'

Suddenly, the neurons in my indignant brain started firing like morally outraged pistons and I reached for my mobile, punching numbers excitedly. He looked at me curiously and asked me what the f-k I was doing. "Calling the hotline number," I replied breathlessly. "This is horrible - don't you hear all these people singing anti-Semitic chants?" Shaking his head with the air of a disappointed schoolmaster, he said, "no sonny, its OK. We're chanting for our own team." Pausing mid-dial with my finger hovering menacingly above the 'Send Call' button, I did a quick mental inventory of the key players on the field - K e a n e,



Sheringham, Davies, Redknapp, Carr, Etherington, etc. Quite satisfied with my own on-the-fly analysis, I demanded, "There isn't a single Jew on your team - why are you calling them the Yid Army?" And so he told me.

The neighbourhood around

the stadium in

Tottenham is now comprised of black and Asian immigrants, but was once predominantly working class Jewish. According to government archives, Jews

combating racism in a rather 'fight fire with fire' sort of way. By themselves appropriating the language of hatred and thereby unloading the very terms that



began moving into the area in large numbers around 1902 and had established a synagogue by 1904. Historically, therefore, the association between Jews and the neighbourhood of Tottenham was born at the start of the 20th century. The connection with Tottenham Hotspurs Football Club, however, developed much later.

Apparently, in the 1960's and 1970's, there was a popular TV series called 'Till Death Do Us Part,' featuring a fictional racist character who happened to be a supporter of West Ham, a rival London-based football club. This protagonist, named Alf Garnett, was known to pejoratively characterise the average Spurs crowd/board as 'a bunch of Yids.' Real-life Tottenham fans, when taunted with the slur, eventually adopted it as a badge of pride, and responded with cries of "Yiddo, Yiddo." Thus was born a secular football team's religious identity. Players may be Catholic, Muslim, Zoroastrian or atheist in the changing room, but as soon as they pull on their Tottenham jerseys and take the pitch, they are instantly transformed into 'Jews.'

Take, for example, the following song, which was in vogue in the mid-1990's during the heyday of Tottenham's much-loved German international, Jurgen Klinsmann:

"Chim chiminee, chim chiminee chim chim churoo,
Jurgen was a German,
But now he's a Jew."

The quasi-religious identity of the team has become something of a point of pride among supporters. A 1996 article in the New Statesman explains, "Spurs are followed round the country by the richly ironic Yid Army. Not for us a dully predictable tag such as Coventry City's 'Big Fat Ron's Sky-Blue Army,' or Newcastle's black and white, tear-jerking 'Toon Army.' No: after putting up with anti-Semitic jibing for too long, we're flying our Stars of David with pride and celebrating our marginality."

As bizarre as it may seem at first, the Spurs fans have succeeded in

would usually incite anger, they have defused a potential powder keg of religious animosity. Either that, or they have legitimised the use of an anti-Semitic slur to a point where it has actually become acceptable to say such things in public.

Though by no means representative of this country's approach to issues of discrimination, it is definitely one strategy used almost unconsciously by international students all over the world. Among my group of close friends in high school, for example, there were scarcely two people of the same ethnic background, so differences were plenty and thus so were opportunities for racial humour. Jon was the big dumb 'Canuck' Canadian moose. Andy was the dog-eating opium-smoking savage Chinaman. I was the curry-smuggling elephant-worshiping tech nerd. And so on. We could scarcely have been better friends.

By poking fun at the stereotypes and debunking the myths behind religions, nationalities and cultures, young people are able overcome differences that, in a past era, may have proven insurmountable. It sounds offensive to the casual listener, but amongst groups of friends in multiethnic schools and colleges, words like 'chink,' 'wop,' 'heeb,' and 'spic' can actually be terms of affection. To be sure, they can also be used to wound or humiliate, but words, like swords, cut both ways. We just have to choose when and how we use them.

So when next you happen to get the chance to travel to White Hart Lane and watch the Spurs play, don't be horrified or put off by the multitude of 'Yid' chants. If you feel so inclined, feel free to join in - it actually feels good to be part of such a well-mannered and enthusiastic bunch of supporters. For in their own perverse and curious way, Tottenham fans have found a way of celebrating London's diversity, giving racism 'the boot' and encouraging their blue-and-white army, all in one deafening chant.

JAROD KRISSMAN RESPONDS
TO SOME OF THE ISSUES
RAISED IN A PREVIOUS EDI-
TION.

THIRD ROUND KNOCKOUT

I would like to suggest a critique of J. Bob's criticism of Blake Bailey regarding his views on Israel. After reading Bob's article, I concluded that the author was undiplomatic at best in expressing his seemingly eccentric views. Rather than referring the reader to any kind of substance to back up his claims about the "shitty little state," Bob decided instead to cheaply enthrall his readers with catchy adjectives like "fascist," "genocidal," and "racist." In addition, and it goes without saying, Bob's characterization of Bailey is utterly inappropriate.

The author discusses the Palestinian with a set of built-in assumptions in mind. His first assumption holds that the antagonism in the West Bank merely flows one way: from Israeli's to Palestinians. Yet he gives no reference to the undisputable fact that although there has been a justified fight for Palestinian liberation taking place in the West Bank, it has sadly been conjoined with Israel's historical fight for existence. In continuing to convey his narrow-mindedness, the author tries to paint an unrealistic view of global politics. To begin, Bob refers the reader to Israel's UN track record, believing the UN to be a purified forum where good politics triumph over evil ones, where the right is exposed and the wrong buried. But, Bob gives no mention of the 20+ Arab or Muslim dominated states that hold tremendous influence over UN voting. He discusses how Israel has forced the Palestinian people into "economic slavery," another catchy phrase, without reference to the widespread corruption (embezzlement) that has accompanied the Palestinian's failed leadership. If Bob wishes to discuss the demolition of houses, it is imperative that he gives mention to the fact that many of these demolished homes were rigged with explosives or served as bomb making sites. If one is going to discuss the millions of refugees, you might want to acknowledge that Israel has been a frontline for war with its neighbours consistently over the past 54 years, with several instances of Arab aggression giving rise to the unfortunate displacement of Palestinians. Palestinians were displaced during and after these militarised escapades for a number of reasons, most of which are legitimate subjects for debate.

To create a union of followers around his idea, Bob delivers his accusatory remarks from well entrenched within the "civilized world," as opposed

to places like Tel Aviv or Ramallah. This comment actually does not surprise me whatsoever. Bob's self-righteousness is nostalgic of Britain's colonial past. While I wouldn't dare question the civility of the British people, I would point out that the foreign policy of choice of this civilized state has often been seen hanging from the coat tails of what Bob sees as "misguided" governments like

the United States. How ironic.

It is fair to say that Israel's current foreign policy is anything but benevolent and at times can be imprudent. But it didn't just fall from the sky. A better understanding of the conflict as well as Israel's behaviour as a state must be conceived with the notion that the war currently being fought is not only one for Palestinian national liberation, but also for Israeli security and existence as well. To start a more sensible debate, I would like to propose the following...that the current conflict that is unfolding dramatically before our eyes is not a war between Ariel Sharon and Yasser Arafat, as popularly portrayed in the media. In today's rapidly

continually receive their information regarding their own lives and the lives of others. These institutions are a direct catalyst for the sub-culture of ignorance and hatred that lingers like a gaseous poison within the "Arab street," ready to be ignited by the smallest insurgence of militant political Islam. In addition, rather than being able to come to terms with today's political realities, victimized Muslims all over the Middle East are fed propaganda by their government run media to channel their justified frustrations deriving from their down-trodden lives to the Jewish State. Consequently, the politics of a larger Arab Israeli conflict, and not a Palestinian conflict, still dominates the region. For example, HAMAS, Israel's primary security threat, illegitimately carries out attacks from the West Bank and trains in S. Lebanon, the state currently presides as chairman of the UN Security Council. Both HAMAS and the Hizbollah guerrilla group receive funding and armaments from Iran. Saudi Arabia, also complicit in financing terror against Israel, exports an unchallenged doctrine of fanaticism that educates Muslims within Saudi society and beyond to hate Jews and despise the West. In a defensive posture to such politics driven on hateful propaganda, there now exists a right winged faction in Israel that deplores peace with the Palestinians, seeks a greater Israel and, like HAMAS, has become an obstacle



globalizing society, an explanation and solution to the conflict should address global problems. The roots of the current conflict can be found, not in a clash of civilizations, as popularly coined by Samuel Huntington, but rather a clash of institutions. Although man (and woman) creates the institution, the institution has demonstrated a remarkable capacity to create man. To a great degree, the institution decides what is said, written and conceived of by man in any given society. I would suggest that much of the extremism that has plagued Israeli society for the past fifty-four years, and consequently, has kept Palestinians suffering and stateless, can be attributed to the closed societies from which Middle Eastern Arabs con-

for peace in the region.

The popular consensus among who I have considered to be sensible academics suggests that a solution to the conflict would come by marginalizing the extremist tendencies within both the Palestinian and Israeli populations. But how can this be done you might ask. Well, currently both groups with extreme sentiments are accomplishing two important deeds simultaneously. First, they are managing to kill each other, and while not being able to accomplish any substantial political ends, are managing to sustain violence that is claiming the lives of innocents on both sides. But, more importantly, both groups are justifying the other's claim for remaining a viable political entity.

So, it is in the interest of both groups to prolong the conflict, for as long HAMAS can initiate attacks against Israeli innocents, there will always be room for skeptical and distrusting Israeli expansionists within the Israeli government. Just the same, as long as right winged Israelis deplore peace with Palestinians, HAMAS will easily find fanatical followers to carry out their deeds.

So, in seeking to marginalize this symbiotic relationship, one must consider a global solution. Both entities involved in the conflict are fortunately heavily dependent on the outside world for resources and support. With great reluctance, I join those who believe that the United States can more deeply pressure the Israeli government once again into a posture of greater restraint. The United States, as J. Bob correctly points out (surprisingly), is the primary supplier of aid to the Jewish state. This special relationship can, and if necessary, should be used to silence the right wing of the Israeli government. But such an arrangement would prove futile unless simultaneously accompanied by the appropriate pressures to silence HAMAS. Yasser Arafat is not the appropriate person to play this role! He is irrelevant. I say irrelevant not because Bush and Sharon say he is irrelevant. Rather his own incapacity to control HAMAS and Jihad has earned him the description. But, like the Israeli government's dependence on the outside world, HAMAS, as previously discussed, also has a lifeline that can be severed. This particular lifeline extends from the very Middle Eastern institutions that breed a culture of ignorance, hatred and intolerance. In turn, these awful institutions are funded by the dictators whose selfish purposes are served. But there is no direct incentive for these dictators to reform such institutions because they serve the purpose of creating stability through systemic religious suppression/submission and provide for the diversionary politics that channel anger away from their own claims to power and towards the Jewish State. So, these dictators must be compelled to apply pressure on HAMAS. Fortunately, the only major source at the disposal to sustain such tyrannical domestic orders comes from the "civilized" governments of Europe and the United States. That's right Bob! The energy contracts between the civilized world and Arab regimes are what inevitably oils the very engines of distrust and violence in Israel/Palestine. The politicised short term manoeuvres for peace as represented by a series of documents backed by unfulfilled promises by both sides have delivered only carnage and further distrust. It is time to stop letting Arab governments arouse the rest of the world over the Palestinian plight solely a means of detracting true attention from those institutions that persists it. It is time for the EU and the US to apply REAL political pressure in the Middle East. It is time, although easier said than done, for institutional change in the Arab world.



b:art

featured this week:

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film: Halloween!

clubbing: Fabric!

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Nirvana?

As their best of is finally release EDCALOW takes a look at a life changing band

Nirvana the 'rock stars' changed everything. When they were first dragged onto the big stage with the release of 'Nevermind' back in 1991, they were thrust upon a generation who were trying desperately to see Mick Jagger in Axl Rose, or had to undergo a lonely search through the underground for The Pixies in order to satisfy that inevitable urge to find spokesmen for one's generation. They encapsulated the anger and frustration of the pre-MTV youth, and they 'gave a fuck' before giving a fuck was made so deeply unfashionable by the unfortunate realisation that most people would never, and could never understand what they were giving a fuck about; that the confusion wouldn't just go away. Importantly, Nirvana's message with Nevermind or In Utero wasn't one of disinterest and boredom, but by the same token its 'stand up and be counted' ethos was matched by its sheer despondancy and strangled cries of impotence.

Everyone remembers where they were the first time they heard Smells Like Teen Spirit; for years at parties, you could put it on and spot the Nirvana virgins among you in an instant. The pop brigade adored the searing melodies that were beautifully simple enough to let their intricacies shine through. The punks realised for the first time that liking 'real' music wasn't just about liking bands who played loud guitars.

They were not rock gods, for the very reason that they were the very antithesis of everything that made the rock god. They were self-depreceiating and self-loathing. Insular it may have been, but the consequences of Kurt's futile, plaintive soul searching was a heartfelt critique of the everything he hated. Which was quite a lot.

Beyond the acutely presented nihilism of Cobain's lyrics there is nothing intrinsically complex about Nirvana songs; 'Smells Like Teen Spirit' is the first song anyone learns how to play when they pick up a guitar. But after the bloated, stylistic excess of the late 80s, culminating in the horrendous, overproduced 'Use Your Illusion II' from Guns N Roses, Nirvana made writing songs look easy, though they never provided any solutions to the cynicism that these songs bore out. Which is, ultimately, why nobody has ever made being a rock star look so hard. They lived the message of the songs, and the songs lived through Kurt's intensity and resigned, impassioned belief in them. 'I wish I could eat your cancer when you turn black' rages Cobain on 'Heart-Shaped Box' about his discomfort with his sedate In Utero-era happiness with Courtney Love. 'Hey, wait, I've got a new complaint', he cries, savagely satirising his inadvertently being forced to live through the media, who were at the time playing down the Cobain enigma as a progression from teenage angst on Nevermind to young couple happiness with Love, to the going out and buying a motorbike-like refusal to fade gracefully away (he was later to write that it is 'better to burn out than to fade away' in his suicide letter). The message is always the same. He can't live with being great, and all the corrupting influences which come with it.

This compilation is not real Nirvana, music boffins will tell you. It concentrates solely on the biggest hits in the band's history (with the exception of the previously unreleased 'You Know You're Right'). We have 'Smells Like Teen Spirit', 'Rape Me', 'Come as You Are', 'All Apologies', 'Lithium', and the magical, guilt-ridden cover of David Bowie's 'The Man Who Sold the World', from 'Unplugged in New York'. There is no room for 'Scentless Apprentice', 'Territorial Pissings', or that (fucking rubbish) hidden track off Nevermind, and it's songs like these, the boffins will tell you, that are Nirvana free from sanitisation, Nirvana at their most lurid and extreme. Ignore these people. This is Nirvana the Universal. Every one of these songs will touch you, whoever you are, or rather it will stab you like an electric shock. 'You Know You're Right', a call from beyond the grave, is 'typical' Nirvana, with Cobain seeming to stare at his own demise no more than he had done all along.

I can't imagine who would buy this compilation. Surely everyone has all the albums, knows all the songs, and recognises at least one of them as the soundtrack to some teenage moment of melancholy, a song that said 'you childish little fool. You are getting worked up about nothing. Now this is what you should be miserable about....'. Well, in the unlikely event that something so key to teenage years passed you by, let me recommend this record, and just assure you that losing your Nirvana virginity is everything it's cracked up to be.

Let There Be Cock Rock!



IAINWILSON saw misogynistic, non-ironic cock rockers Danko Jones @ the Metro Bar, Oxford Street. Rock on.

There's only one problem with good music. When you've heard something great, you're sure the whole world's heard it too. Alas, 'Danko Jones' sounds like a damp, smelly welshman. So those who might listen are deterred by the legacy of the Stereophonics. This is why I was left half-cut, at a half-sold gig, with two over-priced spare tickets.

And you wish you had the tickets. It's been too long since a new band had the bollocks to make proper rock music, with fat riffs, driving bass and pumping drums. And by rock music, I don't mean distortion pedals or 'angst-ridden' lyrics. I'm talking AC/DC, Aerosmith, Guns n Roses...At this point I'm gonna get the words the words 'cliché', 'ironic' and 'misogynistic' out of the way. I'm not quite sure what they mean, but I read them after a review of Terminator 2 and I'm sure the LSE knows what they mean. I know lots of people dismiss rock music as meaningless, or homoerotic, or ironic fun. But it's much simpler than that.

Danko Jones are a three piece. The lead singer's the eponymous hero- much like a non-shit Bon Jovi. The songs lack serious fret-wank, but are unashamed of quality riffs. The vocals lie somewhere between James Hetfield and James Brown. And the songs have titles like 'Sound of Love', 'Play the Blues' and 'Soul on Ice'. Live, they played the first half of the album, and plenty of songs I haven't heard before. And at the end, Danko reeled off a list of old-soul and blues influences. Quality.

And the support act, Sludgefeast were pretty piss-pants funny. check out the album 'fuck it up with the feast', but don't spend too much money on it. They 'play as loud as fucking hell'.

BeaverChart!

In this implausibly brilliant space filling segment you, the BeaverReader and discerning music fanatic, get the chance to let everyone know exactly what's setting your stereo on fire.

This week's chart gives you a flavour of what your humble music editor actually listens to. This week it's mainly avant-weird plunderphonics and German electroid pop.

So please submit those charts to me at {m.r.burn@lse.ac.uk}

And remember it is ok to listen to 1980's heavy metal unironically.

- 01: Mia: Verruckt**
- 02: Gravy Train: Staircase to the Day**
- 03: People Like Us: Recyclopedia Britannica**
- 04: Godspeed You Black Emperor: yanqui u.x.o**
- 05: Negativland: Death Sentences Of The Polished & Structurally Weak**
- 06: Iron Maiden: Edward the Great - Best Of**
- 07: Smash TV: Electrified**
- 08: Silence**
- 09: Laura Cantrell: When the Roses Bloom Again**
- 10: Radio 4: Dance to the Underground (Faint remix)**



Kathryn Williams

MIKEBURN at the Old Vic Theatre for an evening of folk niceness

After being nominated for the Mercury music prize a few years back Kathryn Williams has propelled herself to being one of the best female singer songwriters in the UK. Her lyrics are poignant and moving. Intelligent metaphors which play on the emotions.

Whether or not this is folk or not is open to debate. Folk purists would dismiss any notion of it but Williams seems to have established herself as the popular voice of folk. Her influences are clear: Dylan, Mitchell and Cohen especially.

Tonight tracks from her three albums are performed. Opener *Little Black Numbers* sets the tone. Williams' builds an interesting rapport with the audience. She engages in trivial and anecdotal banter with the audience. Her self-deprecating style does nothing but enamour the audience. She talks incompetence but performs without fault.

Her class as an artist is not questioned on the basis of tonight's performance. In fact it's confirmed.

Williams manages to create magnificently crafted songs which combine music and lyrics near perfectly. The double bass ploughs along and forms the spine of the music, the cello and guitars work perfectly together.

Kathryn Williams is a treasure and the one of the best female singer songwriters currently making music. Tonight was an intimate affair which was enjoyed by everyone in attendance.

Under the Shadow

MIKEBURN checks the Bad Man Motherfucking DJ on the Saturday of his two sell out dates at the Brixton Academy

Shadow fans are dedicated and they love the man to pieces. He has managed to fill out the academy for two nights which is a respectable feat. Tonight he has promised a 'greatest hits' set playing anything he has had a creative hand in. He also claims that tonight is the 'pinnacle' for him. Liar.

When watching watch is essentially home listening hip-hop which most of the time Shadow plays at home, it could be difficult to get the crowd going but this was remedied by a supporting DJ set from 2 many DJ's, Soulwax who got the crowd moving with a new set of their subversive pop mash.

After telling the audience how happy he is to be here and how 'this is the 'pinnacle', man' Shadow could clearly burst into tears of raw emotion but instead to begins his set.

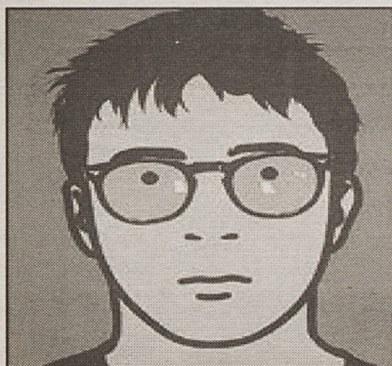
The set is largely predictable taking from familiar Shadow sources. The new album 'The Private Press' goes down well despite it not exactly enjoying completely favorable press when it was released. In fact it seems to get the crowd quite involved and active. They are doing more than simply head nodding. Shadow is working miracles.

For me the highlight of tonight was not the majority of the Shadow set which I've heard countless times before but the experimental video mix. It's new technology as the man says and quite frankly the most exciting thing about tonight.

It involves clips of video being played via a sampler which creates not only an audio piece but also the video. Using a bad 80's 'How to play the drums' video this part of the encore is funny and entertaining.

Shadow tonight entertained his public and his public enjoyed it unreservedly. Shadow does have the propensity to be a little boring but well avoided this tonight. It was, after all, the 'pinacle'.





GRAHAM COXON
THE KISS OF MORNING

Graham Coxon's obsession with American independent music shines through here on *The Kiss of Morning*. The opener *Bitter Tears* is a Jim O'Rourke-esque number with a gentle finger plucked guitar part and little else. It is delicate and slowly it builds into something which sounds completely American. Pavementisms are prolific and it's only Coxon's occasionally nasal and undoubtedly British voice that brings it back home.

Trouble: occasionally Coxon sounds like a Green Day acoustic number and the Levellers. Also he dares to whistle. Ronnie Renaldo's crown isn't under threat. These features don't exactly undermine the album; they aren't trite and don't particularly sound ridiculous. Saved.

Live Line is the album's highlight. An amalgamation of Tom Waits, Johnny Cash, Jeff Buckley and Leonard Cohen. It is a treasure. It is typical of Coxon, however, in that it references his influences which he wears on his sleeve so openly and with so much pride.

On its own merits, however, *The Kiss of Morning* is an accomplished album full of gently toasted pop songs. It manages to fluctuate in style, albeit subtly, between bluesy and dirty numbers and soft gentle ballads all tinged with rock, all tinged with country emotion. Graham Coxon has perhaps, on his own, found a niche, which in *Blur* he couldn't fully explore. And, for this, your record collection could be a better place. (8)

MYKEBURN



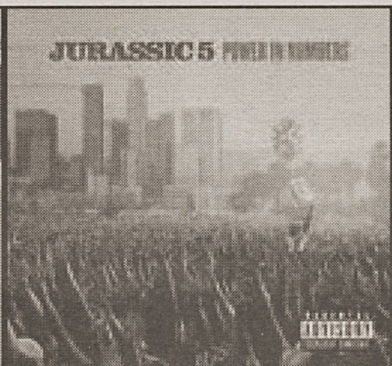
GUS GUS
ATTENTION... PAY IT

The Icelandic arthouse / art house dance act have downsized from 12 to 4 and have recorded their first release for Darren Emerson's Underwater records. With the current dance music climate having changed somewhat since their previous efforts: 1997's *Polydistortion* and 1999's *This is Normal* the question is how exactly Gus Gus' brand of riff orientated dance will fit in.

As the electroclashbacklash™ starts to slowly creep up, many bands are still trying to create / play up an electro sound of their own. Gus Gus have always had this element to their music but here it is certainly emphasized. Tracks such as the opener *Unnecessary* is typically Gus Gus but more likely to be heard in a trendy electrodisco. The single *Dance You Down* already is. It has a chunky riff and a tight disco stomping beat. It fits perfectly into the electro scene as do any songs with lyrics about dancing, your social calendar and parties.

It is easy to be a fan of Gus Gus' sound. It is quite particular to them yet it sounds resoundingly familiar. Their previous releases were released on 4ad which says a lot about where the band are coming from and their art / creative bias, 4ad being such a stable for 'art' focused music. Gus Gus have been tarred with the same crazy-brush as Bjork and anyone Icelandic who has slightly permeated European culture and this is not such a feature as the challenging nature of the music. (7)

MIKEBURN



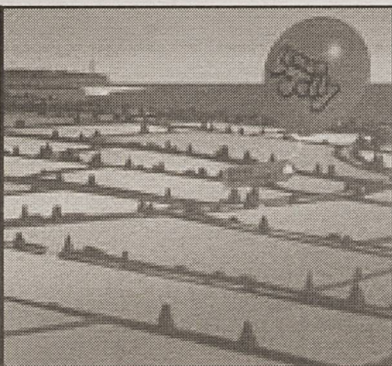
VARIOUS ARTISTS:
NME 1 LOVE

There seems to have been an increasing trend in artists covering "gems" of the pop world. Travis performing Britney's "Hit me baby one more time". Ian Brown and Alien Ant Farm both recording Jacko tunes *Billie Jean* and *Smooth Criminal*. More recently, Coldplay covered Nelly's hit "It's Getting Hot in here" on their US tour.

On this album, compiled by NME to raise money for War Child, the trend continues vehemently with some truly audacious behaviour. Results vary from the surprisingly impressive to the absolutely ridiculous (Prodigy performing "Ghost Town", Feeder singing "The Power of Love" - what the gonads is going on?). Amongst the most impressive is The Reelists performing "Back to Life...". This is a much darker edged, eerie version then Soul II Soul's original with a captivating tender vocal part provided by Ms. Dynamite. The Stereophonics manage to pull off a version of "Nothing Compares to You" surprisingly well whilst both the Sugababes version of "Killer" and Faithless' (featuring Dido) version of "Dub Be Good to Me" are accomplished interpretations.

There is some real tripe here too mind you, not least an awful version of "Come on Eileen" by Badly Drawn Boy and Jools Holland. Damon's voice sounds strained and lacklustre whilst Jools' stale, plodding, big band sound is something Gough would do well to stay away from. Ranking even higher on the tripe scale however is the Manics version of "Out of time" - turgid cheese on a blunt stick, nuff said. (7)

NEILGARRETT



LEMON JELLY
LOST HORIZONS

Lemon Jelly's status as one of the key components in UK chillout was firmly established after their last collect *Lemon Jelly KY*. And on this, there follow up they basically continue where they left off. Easy listening, chilled music with plenty of vocal samples.

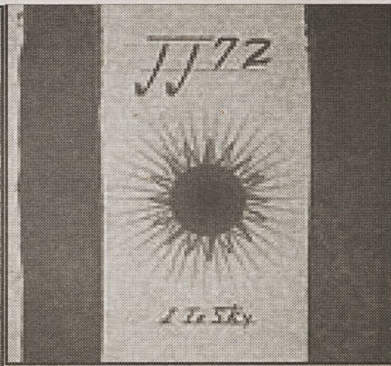
Opener Elements parps away not particularly going anywhere, just drifting. Recent single *Space Walk* is next with a rather predictable feeling of drifting only slightly more upbeat, a familiar feeling. *Ramblin' Man* sees a more experimental side to Lemon Jelly emerge. No, not really. More of the same drifting. Ethereal drift. Random drift. Upbeat drift. Downbeat drift. You get the picture.

My problem with Lemon Jelly is their 'niceness' nothing presented hear is particularly challenging to the listener. Not only that it barely even stimulates, it just sedates. Everything is so chilled out it's like you've been on the anesthetic cocktails and tokin' on white widow.

This is perfect for sending you to sleep. In fact it should be sold in Mothercare. The frightfully ridiculous *Nice Weather For Ducks* would very much appeal to children. It sounds like an episode of *Playdays*.

Lemon Kelly: Always read the label. Do not take if driving or operating heavy machinery. Do not exceed stated dose. (5)

MIKEBURN



JJ72
I TO SKY

The delicate piano refrain which opens this album is an unexpected but captivating start to an album which in places (like here) surprises you with its emotional depth. "You are not an enemy" croons Greaney wistfully with a credible sincerity.

Indeed it is the vocals which both makes and breaks this album. At times it's close to Mercury Rev's Jonathon Donahue with more of a raw edge. On other occasions however he sounds like a sheep bleating whilst driving a go kart across very bumpy terrain (in other words, like Matt Bellamy). "Glimmer" provides a spectacular example of this.

Unfortunately, some of the songs descend into drab grunge affairs which Greaney's meek bleat fails to salvage. "I Saw a Prayer" and "City" are particularly unspectacular.

"Sinking" is perhaps the albums standout track, a fuzzy off beat bass line interspersed with backward guitars provides an effective dark backdrop for Greaney to excel in. At over 7 minutes it's a quite an epic. Other good moments are present here. "Formulae" is more upbeat with an absorbing guitar hook soaked in delay. The gentle guitar work present on "Always and Forever" complements Greaney's tender melody.

Altogether then, an effort which is surprisingly good at times. (7)

NEIL GARRETT

BeaverMusic Update

If you want to write for BeaverMusic and haven't already signed up then email either m.r.burn@lse.ac.uk or v.a.severini@lse.ac.uk with your details. Other than that - enjoy the section!

S1m0ne

MATRYAN: went through a few hours of misery

Director: Andrew Niccol
 Starring: Al Pacino, Winona Ryder, Jay Mohr, Rachel Roberts
 Running Time: 117 mins
 Certificate: PG
 Release Date: OUT NOW!

For the curious few of you who were wondering why they were literally giving away tickets for this latest Al Pacino movie, I can exclusively reveal the reason behind the apparent giveaway that led me to being offered at least three separate pairs of tickets for this film on Tuesday lunchtime...

It isn't very good.

Al Pacino plays under-appreciated "arty" Hollywood director Viktor Taransky who is forced into finding a replacement for the lead role in his latest project, after being let down at the last minute by (the brilliantly typecast) stuck-up, pretentious LA bitch Winona Ryder. Having been threatened with the sack by his boss and ex-wife Elaine (Catherine Keener), Al has a rather bizarre meeting in an alleyway with, and this is a little odd, a crazed madman with a revolutionary creation, a baseball in his eye and less than seven days to live. What are the chances of that happening? Again.

Anyway, the aforementioned mentalist claims to have invented the perfect digital substitute for actors with his new computer programme, Simulation One. Therefore, in order to resolve his mounting problems, Al (who has my full permission to call me Betty) secretly goes about cre-

ating a new lead character of his own, S1m0ne (see what they've done there...). Of course, the film is a massive hit, Simone becomes famous, everyone wants to meet her, and you can see where this is going.

At this point, the film snowballs into something that starts off being suspicious and finishes off as utterly far-fetched. Simone not only becomes a worldwide superstar without anyone ever meeting her (given that she's a computer programme), but in an amusing snipe at modern day celebrity, she also poses for Playboy, writes a novel, records a hit album and performs, in hologram form, in front of 100,000 people. Quite, quite absurd.

Obviously, as mentioned above, the scriptwriters could claim that the farcical nature of the plot, in that no one ever even meets this elusive "Simone" character in the flesh (despite her global superstardom), is in fact a post-modern ironic take on the self-defeating disposition of the gossip-mongering media and the superficiality of Hollywood, and the ability of the former to convince both themselves and the latter of even the most ridiculous nonsense. However, a few satirical jabs do not make a good movie, and albeit entertaining at times, you can't help leaving the cinema without thinking that you'd just been cheated into spending at least 3 pints worth on a bitterly average 117 minutes of mediocrity.

1/5

Changing Lanes

Director: Roger Michell
 Starring: Ben Affleck, Samuel L. Jackson, Toni Collette
 Running Time: 99 mins
 Certificate: 15
 Release Date: 1st November

Read this if you're studying law: this film will give you a wake up call. Especially if you're going into corporate law. You might not be applying to that high flying law firm after all... Set during the course of just one day, the story is about the clashing of two very different people: Gavin Banek, the successful and arrogant Wall Street Lawyer (played by Ben Affleck) and Doyle Gipson (played excellently by Samuel L. Jackson - he's one of a whole league of brilliant black actors denied an Oscar), a reformed alcoholic and father fighting for custody of his children. If you've seen the amazingly lame xXx then you might like some Samuel L. Jackson relief by seeing him in a role which he can actually get his teeth into (rather than playing a poor cliché as in the aforementioned feeble Bond rip-off). Jackson ends up playing so many overly-confident characters (as in Pulp Fiction, xXx, even as a Jedi he seems a bit smarmy) - it's good to see him play

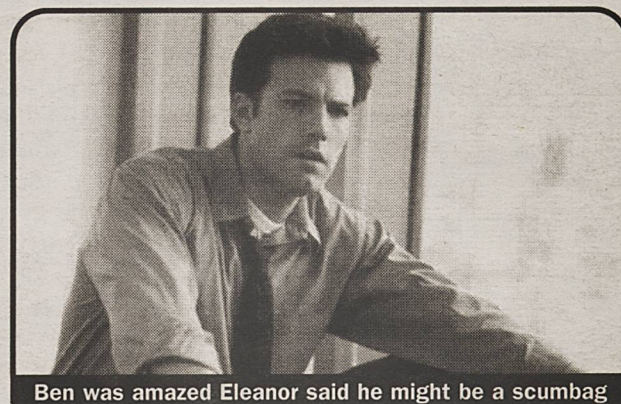
someone which the human attribute of insecurity. Gipson and Banek are both complicated characters and that's what makes this film multifaceted. They have a car crash - quite a pathetic one really - at the beginning of the day and it ends up having disastrous consequences for the two of them. Instead of resolving it like nice normal people and swapping insurance details and addresses etc, Banek rushes the process and swiftly leaves with a short and sweet "Better luck next time". But how he regrets saying this when he realises he has left an important file at the scene of the accident... it all ends in tears. They are both bitter, angry, and use horribly low and dangerous means to score points against each other.

To begin with, I kept on thinking how a nice apology and a chat over a coffee would have resolved quite a lot between them (like the sensible girl I am). But what director Roger Michell does is to show that when we are in complex and pressurised situations and we are determined to have what we want, basic human nature compels us to act like tossers. Gipson enters a downward spi-

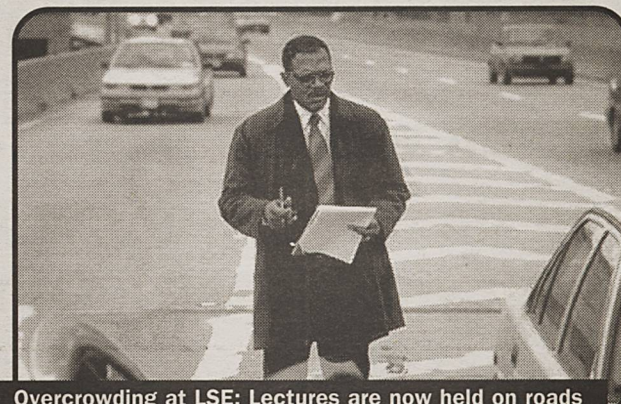
ral - he nearly starts drinking again - and Banek discovers the meaningless life he leads, after revealing the corruption amongst his bosses who he formerly respected. There's an amusing scene where Banek interviews prospective new law school graduates - I can image a few LSE students spouting out the same claptrap that this lot do! This film, in several parts, seems like it could be set in London, with an edgy filming style that's not typically American and the streets of New York seem to resemble the streets of London more and more these days. Halfway through, I was starting to believe that the film would have a typically American ending too, where it all finishes happily and everyone gets what they want and the world's a better place. Well, it does end happily (spoiler!) but less overtly than a typically American ending. Tackiness is overcome by a general "pointing in the right direction" ending rather than a full-on retelling on how everyone goes on to live their lives. My advice: if you have missed out on Sum Of All Fears and xXx and want to see two good actors doing a good job instead, see this.

4/5

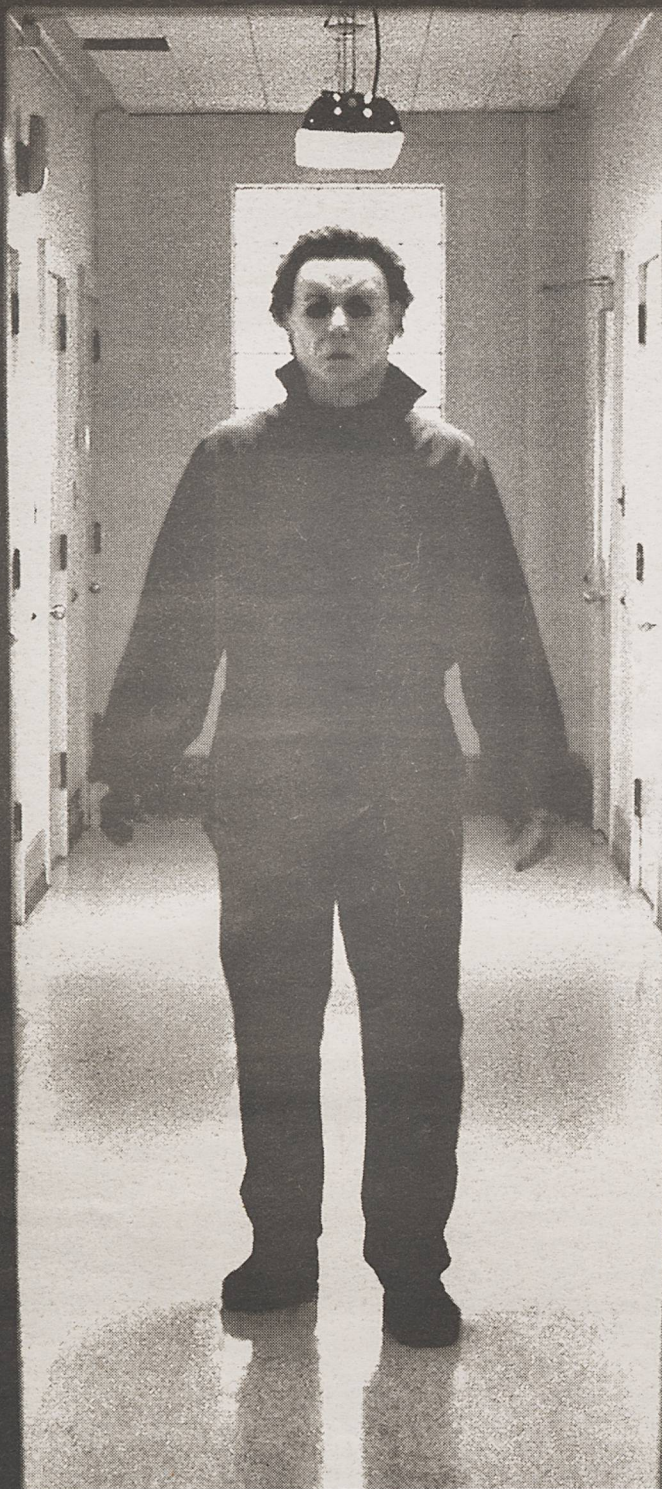
ELEANORKEECH: Are all lawyers nasty scumbags?



Ben was amazed Eleanor said he might be a scumbag



Overcrowding at LSE: Lectures are now held on roads



Halloween: Resurrection

JIMBOALLEN: could slaughter his annoying classmates

Director: Rick Rosenthal
Starring: Jamie Lee Curtis, Busta Rhymes, Tyra Banks
Running Time: 94 mins
Certificate: 15
Release Date: OUT NOW!

“In the dark, you see no better than the students, you feel totally vulnerable”

Halloween: Resurrection, sequel to Halloween H2O features a group of students that take part in an Internet TV show. Halloween night must be spent at the infamous house of 'deceased' mass-murderer Michael Myers....

sion to the experience. In the dark, you see no better than the students, you feel totally vulnerable.

The end of Halloween H2O saw Michael Myers conclusively decapitated by Jamie Lee Curtis. Resurrection tries to convince the audience that Myers is actually still alive. Lee Curtis is cast as a patient at a psychiatric hospital, terrorised by the threat of her brother's return. There follows a series of events that are quite improbable and unconvincing, and eventually the students end up in the Myers house and 'on-air'.

The mood of the film mixes high suspense and the occasional amusing moment. At times I found myself laughing at the most unlikely scenes (much to the horror of the journalist next to me) - occasional humour allowed the viewer to get dangerously comfortable.

Unfortunately the beginning does not really impress, and undermines the film's credibility. The house however is the arena where the action begins, so stick with it...

Typically with psychopathic Myers in the picture, the size of the group decreases rapidly, leaving the last few people a little apprehensive. Luckily, Myers suppresses repetition and boredom as he bumps off the irritating characters using a variety of effective methods, creating more-than-generous helpings of blood and gore all round.

Director, Rick Rosenthal uses a great mix of camera techniques throughout. The feedback from the team's camera headsets provides an effective home-movie style picture similar to that of the Blair Witch Project. This allows the audience to feel part of the team. Grainy, messy camera shots add confusion and ten-

Forgetting the lame storyline, this film is worth seeing - getting you in the Halloween mood this autumn....

.... and at times getting you genuinely scared.

3.5 out of 5.

CLASSIC FILM REVIEW - The Way We Were (1973): LAURAWHEELER likes ol' fashioned love

Director: Sydney Pollack
Starring: Barbra Streisand, Robert Redford.

They can never be together, and both know it. You love someone to say goodbye.

A classic girls' film, if ever there was one. K-Katie and Hubbell meet at college and their romance spans isolationism, war and McCarthyism. And it all ends in tears. I've always wanted to watch it, so last week my friend and I sat down to see Barb and gorgeous Rob at their 70s best.

There was a Sex and the City episode where Carrie finds out Big is getting married to some other bitch, and quotes from this film (he ends up getting divorced after sleeping with Carrie, but that's

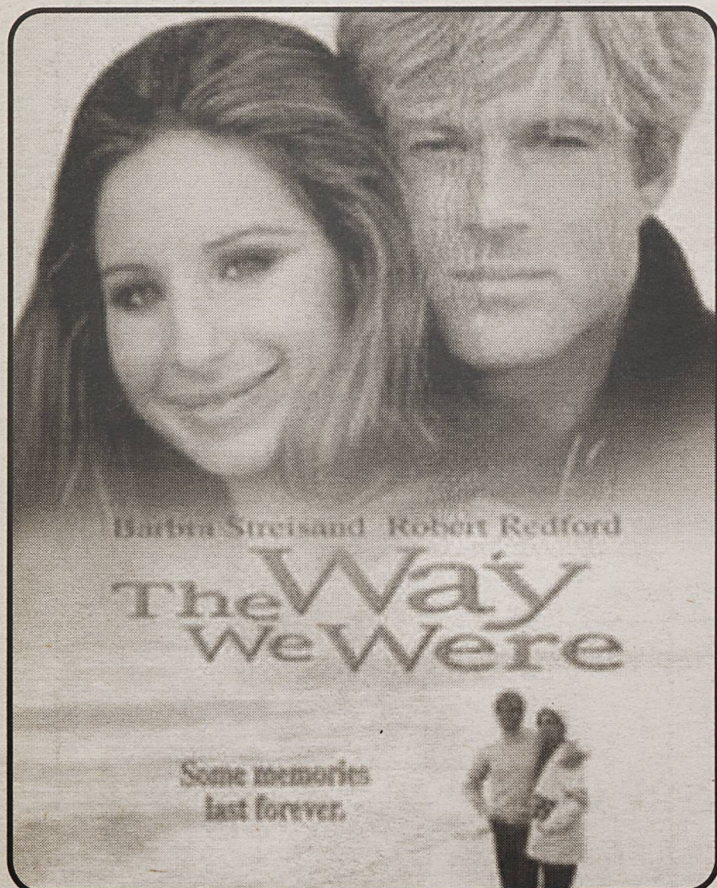
**“Hubbell: Look, Katie, I-
 Katie: Oh God, please don't
 start a sentence with 'look' -
 it's always bad news”**

scriptwriters for you). Everyone understands this film, because you see yourself in it. Or maybe my friend and I are just of the over-emotional and heartbroken type who wallows in

Only the form of their relationship is given, and nothing of the structure. So you project your own structure onto it, making sense of the fragments given. In this sense, The Way We Were becomes incredibly personal, as you interpret their relationship yourself and see what you want to see, using your own experiences. And it is unspeakably sad! Two people crazy about each other but doomed to be apart.

these kinds of films.

The film is true, accurate and timeless. This is real love, and it's crap.



PASSENGER

Every Saturday

OCTOBER

- 05 Dekker.
- 12 Tony Vegas. (Scratch Perverts)
- 19 Ali B.
- 26 Skitz.

NOVEMBER

- 02 Plus One. (Scratch Perverts)

Join residents **Joe Ransom. Shaun Roberts. Steve Blonde.**

8PM - 3AM. £5 before 10PM. £7 thereafter. Info: 07940 343101.
FORM 4/5 Greek Street, Soho, London W1.

Once upon a Saturday night in a land called Soho... the passengers arrived for their monthly break beat extravaganza at a friendly, funky little venue known as Form (found on Greek Street). The combination of only-fools-and-horses style pub interior and inevitable London cool creates an unpretentious yet edgy atmosphere, with upstairs downstairs bar and dance floor situations (very pleasing to the social butterfly on a flighty mission). However, despite the obvious success of Form's form most would argue that it was indeed the tunes that makes this an eve of eves not to miss. The break beat/hip hop amalgamation delivered by Snatch and the Thief (they won't rob you, except of your ability to sit still maybe) is THE set to look out for generally causing many a po-faced potential funkster to loosen up and shake their stuff. Arrive early for guaranteed access to upstairs' exclusive toe tapping arena and 'witness the fitness' of a pleasing mix up of south-west supporters and London's finest. Trust me, these

Dorset 'gapesnatchers' are described by promoters as 'knocking on fabrics door'...get down there and see what you think.
Passenger- 3rd Saturday of every month @ Form 4-5 Greek Street W1. Tottenham court road tube.

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FABRICLIVE.



JUSTINNOLAN checks the material in Farringdon

Fabric, Farringdon's bastion of beat, celebrated its third birthday and I, for one, thought it would be rude not to celebrate it with them. Having purchased my ticket before hand to avoid the queues, I got there early and caught the start of Optical's set in Room 2, which for the night was taken over by the drum and bass set. The sound was incredible, not so much music as an assault on the senses. Yet very early on, this room became dangerously overcrowded, with Grooverider and Adam F being almost impossible to get to through a sea of Baseball caps and Rockports.

Yet Room 1 made up for it. Ali B started us off, building us into a breakbeat frenzy (Plumps DJs remix of Orbital's Funny Break was as warmly received as ever). He was then followed by the ludicrously overrated FC Kahuna, the only real disappointment of the night. Their bland set of almost 80s synth pop went down like a fart in a space-suit, but it at least made the crowd gag for Ali B, who duly obliged, his remix of Don't fear the Reaper being a memorable, if surreal, moment. Finally came the masters of the break themselves, the Plump DJs. Although by 3 in the morning I was almost dead on my feet, I still managed to rouse myself for one last dancefloor assault. They, as usual, didn't disappoint, happy to mix Felix da Housecat with Old Skool Rave and sending the crowd, space permitting, wild. So three years gone and, hopefully, many more to continue.

TOP 100 DJ

Thursday - 1st October

Room 1
Blam
Nerian Cattaneo
Craig Richards
Medicine
+ very special guest

Room 2
DJ Marky
freq nasty
plump djs
DJ Addiction
all b

Room 3
Tom Middleton (Cosmos)
Rob de Bank (Radio 3)
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top 100 party

Yes, yes people, the votes are in, they've been counted and the results are to be declared; and if you want to be one of the first to know who is the greatest dj on the face of the planet then you need to get your arse down to Fabric this Thursday for the dj-magazine top 100 party. The line up is nothing short of spectacular and its only five quid to get in. Sorry, didn't you hear that, FIVE QUID. If you ever need a better reason to get twisted on a thursday and sack school, then, well, your probably a postgrad. Anyway, with three rooms of the finest beats, breaks and house there's something here for everyone so get yourself down to Farringdon and I'll see you at the bar- mine's a pint of vodka.

If At First You Don't Succeed...

Very Mighty Beavers Bare A Loss Less Mighty Loss

Paula Maldini

AC Milan	2
Women's Football	0

ARRIVING AT Berrylands in a record 40 minutes spread smiles across the newcomers, happy not to still be awaiting the train, happy to see little rain and happy to hear some unfounded rumours that UCL were not quite shithot. Any basis for such rumours was unfortunately overturned by the return of UCL's star midfielders. 'Starplayers' they were not, as their coach/game referee confirmed, they lacked the high calibre of our LSE footballers.

The start of the season sees much confusion as we all know. Confused players, confused referees, confused UCL sideline girl and confused muscles wanting to pull rather than play. But play the muscles conceded to do. As the whistle blew, LSE with the kick off, Frosina and Antonia blazed through a surprised UCL 11 to set the tone of LSE attack. The first 15 minutes progressed with some shots on goal by left footed Frosina up front and Claire in left mid, waves of shots came from Antonia upfront on the right and captain Lucilla in right wing, and one over the cross bar for

both central midfielders Flo and Michi. The game seemed to waver around the half way line, UCL getting the occasional frightening break. A little past 15 minutes, a break caught the defense and midfield a bit high and left super keeper Sophie in an inherently one on one with some UCL girl who managed to slip in a sly one.

First goal, I think I can say on behalf of us all, caught us a bit off guard. Soon, the first of a multitude of hand balls was handed off when Argentinian Lucilla crossed her arms in protection of her chest-not normally cause for a handball. One after the other seemed to follow, like some strange trend you watch spreading in disbelief. The trend peak/drop with a call on an LSE player for a hand ball just outside the box. At the first or was it the second attempt, the ball leaped over our 5'3" two man wall of Flo and Ro, over Michi, lone/lame attempt at being another wall, and to the oohs and aahs of all watching slipped through Sophie's fingers despite an excellent save.

The first half ended with LSE holding the ball in the offensive half for most of the period. A few unfortunate corners featured, another over the bar for Flo, and numerous fantastic holdups in the left

corner by the Claire, Frosina and Ro (Rosie) triangle culminated in at least 10 chances on goal but no backnetting.

Frustrated but far from defeated we returned at second half with Jill in right back, Hannah left upfront and later on Pretti in right wing. The first 'foul', really a niggler of a girls boot and a clear touch of the ball, gave UCL a free kick. Soon after an elbow in the face to an LSE gal and no freekick for LSE, a UCL girl on top of

LSE girl in rather compromising position, no freekick for LSE. Finally, at the risk of Ro's shoulder popping out a freekick is given, only after Ro was cautioned for elementary vocabulary earlier in the game. Flo's eye is almost gouged out, Jill demonstrates some excellent sliding and a couple more freekicks appear. Free kick galore, corner galore, shootout in the 18, many out of range drives from center mid--some great football but no glory.



Shock News: Netball Team Wins!!!!

Let Nichola Shepperton and Rachel-Louisa Kidman Guide You In The Ways Of The Netball Girl

AFTER AN eventful start to the Netball 2nds season last week in Kent, (a frustrating 8 hour all round trip and atrocious pitch conditions resulting in Prue's broken toe!) the LSE girls brought renewed enthusiasm for the game against Barts Medical School, at Mile End on Monday evening. After more drunken exploits than training, the team proved to be an unstoppable force,

with a deserved win of 12-19!

During a slightly shaky start passes flew around the pitch, to our dismay often to the opponents! Yet by the end of the first quarter the LSE girls were winning comfortably with Rachel S and Ash sprinting round like blue arsed flies, doing enough running for the whole team. By the second quarter our attacking forces led by Fiona in centre proved too strong for the likes of the medics, who subsequently ran round in circles with one player falling spectacularly to the ground. (We fear for the safety of London's population as it took six surrounding medics to diagnose and treat a grazed arm!) Louisa, voted woman of the match, was triumphant in her shoot-

ing, using her height and netballing skills to an advantage with the help of Crystal and Ksenia.

Credit must be given however to Barts who were consistent throughout the game. Our defence competently intercepted passes and rescued rebounds with Candice and Laura proving too strong a partnership for Barts attack! As we began to tire in the third quarter, our thanks must go to Keely for her encouragement (if that's what you call abusive shouting from the sidelines!!). Once the final whistle was blown, with Rachel umpiring, we left the court with our heads held high, but muddy trousers soaking from the waterlogged pitch. If only we'd all been as sensible as Fiona, those stunning blue football socks worked a treat! With such a sparkling victory in the bag, international level is surely beckoning!!



John Leslie's Character Witnesses Failed To Impress

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Headline would be nice

Baz

LSE Football 2nds	A few
Greenwich Randoms	Less

I AM TOLD that living with Jan has its perks (mainly by him) but one of the problems is that all I hear, all day everyday, is a barrage of whining about injuries and the team troubles and Wednesday was no different.

Going into the game with only 8 players confirmed didn't fill me with confidence and filled Jan with enough shite to keep him whinging till next week. To calm him down we asked "Goldman sucks" Henry to quickly sign up his matey, Pedro, for the AU in the brief transfer window from 12 to 12:30 on Wednesday and bring him along for the game. When we arrived at "The Fortress" that is Berrylands, the 8 had become 13 and we could see Jan was struggling to find something to complain about so he decided, in true professional style, to invent the fact that Greenwich were 30mins late and began to rant about that, ignoring the obvious, which was that they were in the next door changing room, ready (well as ready as they could be facing such opposition) and changed. Anyway enough about the pre-game

shenanigans and on to the game.

When we saw the opposition, they put on an impressive façade of being quite a professional outfit (i.e. they had 11 men and a nice kit). Their disguise faltered early on when Pedro fed a firm back pass to there goalkeeper, but their cultured right back darted in and with a cheeky flick turned the ball passed his 4" tall goalkeeper (in fact this own goal was the first of three valiant attempts by the right back, who quite obviously had a sly bet on himself to ruin his teams very slim chances of beating the might of LSE). Jan "Captain Farcical" took a nasty knock after just 10 mins (that will be whining material for God knows how long!!), but being the pillar/pillock of strength that he is he decided to play on. The only other point worth noting was that Alex "I send my boots back to Adidas after three years and get a new pair" scored a goal that even Callas would have been proud of, scuffing a shot straight into the bottom corner.

Anyway, we played the sort of football, that even Arsenel would have been jealous

of (especially against bloody Auxerre), and by half time it was 3-0 and the game was over (but after a quick chat with ref, he finally grasped that we had only played 45mins, so he turned his pacemaker up to the limit and let the second half commence). The second half degenerated into a farce and everyone decided that they had to dribble, like an old tramp's piss, all over the place, before passing the ball with rather predictable results; Greenwich had a few good chances, most notably one that needed clearing off the line by, none other than, yours truly. Even though we played like LSE 1's in the second half, we still managed to notch up another when Alex and his new boots had the whole goal to aim at (due to the fact that their keeper had the positional sense of a poached rat) he decided to net it top corner...what a showy git but as he is equal top goal scorer with Greekboy "Sorry I don't play Wednesdays" Panos we can't complain.

As for the last ten mins, they were as boring as Davey Bains (thanks must go to Rossi for that description of boredom), but I was briefly distracted from the monotony of another all to easy game when their only good players ran through on goal and as the inevitable goal was becoming even more certain, Gamel decided to rub salt in their already gaping, gangrenous wounds by falling elegantly to block the shot and



Is this man better looking than Laurence 'the Quiet Man' Morgan?

ensuring the clean sheet, something Jan can seldom say about his bed (due to a recurrent bowel irritation), and the victory.

So it was off to the tuns for a few well-deserved jars...and the only thing that could kerb our celebrations was an act of wrongness so it was just our luck that we ran into the drunken filth of the Kings rugby girls, who spoiled a perfectly pleasant train journey back by pissing in between the carriages. Understandably most of the passengers were disturbed by such carriage violation, but one young lad ("bless him...isn't he sweet") decided to frolic in the golden stream, no doubt contracting Rabies or such like.

But after that little incident, we realised that the result was what counted and we were still unbeaten and sitting pretty at the top of every league with the treble firmly in our sight ("I think we will go the whole season without losing a game"-Arsene Wenger before losing two on the trot)...

So in the words of Alan Partridge: Kiss my face!!!

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ANOTHER NOT SO GREAT ARTICLE....

Getting better, but more Les Dennis than Les Dawson

ON THE WAY to the pitch we were given a running commentary of the Heathrow area by a nice old lady on the bus. At least we thought she was nice until I later discovered my wallet missing and a breezy feeling in my trousers where my underpants had once been.

On arrival we discovered that Gimperial had not bothered to sort out any umpires for the match, greeting our questions with "oh we need them do we?" Fools. Again we started off sluggishly, being camped in our own half for the first twenty minutes, but somehow, through a combination of good luck and resolute defending, we managed to keep the scoreline level. Imperial had a short corner

flicker who I for one wasn't planning to get in the way of. Fortunately I needn't have worried, as he couldn't seem to hit the proverbial barn door for shit. But, as is so often the case in these articles, (cos we can't remember when it actually happened) they struck moments before half time. A very contentious goal which somehow dribbled over the line.

In an effort to shore up the left side of defence, The Kangaroo was handed the whistle at half time, with no more complicated an instruction than to be decisive. He then proceeded to blow timidly on the tool as if he were a novice at such things, which we all know isn't true. Rest assured, there's a lot of satisfied Wilderbeast in



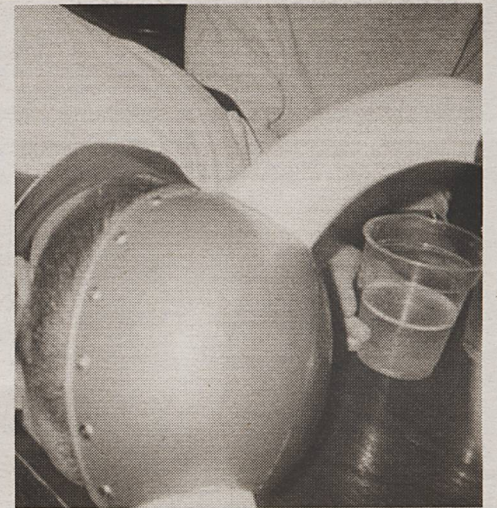
Peter Michael
Emmanuelle Riley

LSE Men's Hockey 1st XI	0
Imperial Men's Hockey	4

Zimbabwe thanks to Mayur's attentions. There's a lot of dead ones too. His lowest moment came when Mikey's boyfriend, in a Prada handbags at dawn style confrontation, took a chunk out of Fitzjeffery's kneecaps. The Kangaroo promptly stormed up to the skinny mincer only to feebly mumble, "I'm sorry, I'm really going to have to send you off for that...I mean I really am sorry...but...you know..."

Despite being reduced to ten men, Imperial kept up the pressure and won a bout of short-corners. Sharon thought this would be an opportune moment to show off his Cossack dancing skills in a move straight from Russia (via Essex). The result: an embarrassing, and no doubt painful, nutmeg. Their flicker added another soon after to make the score 0-3, crushing our already deflated spirits. All that was left to do was fall on our own swords, as we let in yet another soft goal. The final result a 4-0 drubbing that by no means reflected our overwhelming superiority in talent, brains and looks.

And so we retired to the bar to nurse our battered egos and Fitzjeffery's battered kneecaps, and to reflect on the few positives of the game as we voted for Man of the Match. This was awarded to James "just the two tonight luv" Porter, after a solid performance in defence. No prizes for guessing that Dick of the Day was unanimously given to Sharon, for his goalmouth gymnastics.



tics.

The turnout to Limelight later in the evening was most commendable, with all but one member of the team (you know who you are) making it there. Mayur "every girl's best friend" Patel pulled a fellow Marsupial, but declined the open offer of a quick knee trembler, for reasons known only to himself. In a similar vein of Prada wielding limp-wristedness, Fitzjeffery The All-Knowing escorted another girl to Euston station "to make sure she was alright" (admittedly he didn't realise Euston was nowhere near Rosebury). The rest of us sad, lonely, desperate men went our separate sweaty ways at the end of night, to reflect on past glories as we munched on the back end of a dead dog at the local kebab shop.

First XI in not-so unusual brawl

Loz 'Shamelessly Self-Promoting' Morgan

LSE Men's Football 1st XI	5
Queen Mary's 1st XI	1

HAVING WALKED off with the league title last season and having made easy work of beating Goldsmiths in the league the previous week, it was with no surprise but with much pleasure that the 1st team eased past QM. Some people think that beating lesser teams takes away from the satisfaction of winning. I don't. There's nothing more enjoyable than showing a bunch of amateurs how to play the beautiful game and spanking them at the same time.

Being stupid and unable to play football are two obvious characteristics of any QM player, but the captain also boasts incompetence, which regrettably for us meant that we had to play with

no qualified referee. This fortunately didn't have any lasting consequence, as it soon became apparent that we were going to be far too good for QM, ref or no ref.

With graduation this summer not being kind on the 1st XI, it's a new look team that competes as LSEFC's flagship side. Our midfield can now boast of pinching Old Man James from Euston Tech. It was James who did much of the teams running in the centre of midfield, along side Mike "Dwight Yorke" Turner, bringing with him his entourage of female fans. But the breakthrough for our first goal came courtesy of a fine strike from 1st XI stalwart Hank (formerly Sexual Andy), following a visionary cross (with the

word "GOOOAAAAAL" written all over it) from Lozza.

LSE were in total control with a customary fine performances from Mike "scouser" Griffith and Gareth "sleeps in phone boxes" Carter. Dom put in a fine performance as stand in referee, refusing to give QMW the most blatant of penalties (although he later admitted this was because he didn't like to blow his whistle; it hurt his ears).

Currently out of hospital, Hospital Dan this time blamed smoking too many fags before the game for his immobility. It was left to new boy, Brandy Andy, to score the rest of LSE's goals. The last of which merits a mention for goal of the season. Following a move of about twenty passes, the ball fell to Andy on the edge of the area, who smashed the ball in the top corner of the goal. QM got a consolation goal late on which Fit Nick, despite his good looks, just couldn't keep out.

QM appeared to be taking their beating in good humour, but a football game isn't a football game without a

brawl. And so with about 20 mins to go, the game descended into a somewhat predictable scrap. It had all started when Billy decided to hack down a QMW player (we will refer to as 'rude boy') he considered too cock sure of himself. Clearly ruffled by the incident, the rude boy (whilst he clutched his groin) threatened to "spark" Billy. Unwilling or unable to concede the point and in keeping with the nature of such highbrow exchanges, Billy proceeded to mimic the rude boy's walk.

The game continued but by now some of QMW's less well mentally hinged players started to take this whole situation as an affront to their person. A case in point was their goalkeeper. Clearly in need of medical attention, he had spent much of the game hobbling around his penalty area, occasionally turning to pick the ball out of his net. Following a brief boxing match between him and 'Mehmet Ali', the game whimpered out, finishing prematurely to avoid further incident.

We Came, We Fought, We Lost, We Went to the Pub....

I CAN SUM UP Saturday's game in a couple of words, Euston Tech - BIG FAT MALE BEASTS. Two days later I can finally put one foot in front of the other without looking constipated. I've never felt such pain; battered and bruised, but we still live to tell the tale.

It was a warm sunny Saturday morning (already being led into the false hope that today was going to be a good day), spirits were high - singing and dancing through Regent's Park, then a dark cloud started to emerge and the beasts were in sight. The ground started to shake and our knees followed suit, our supporters began their silent prayers. Hannah and I were about to wet ourselves with fear, so we ran to the nearest bush, the others went to the toilets. Suddenly warm up was already over (I don't think it made much difference) and we were ready to face our destiny.

However, we were not the only ones in fear. Euston Tech already feeling inferior against our "rugby virgins", decided to jeopardize our chances as slim as they maybe, by marking out the pitch using the smallest cones ever seen by man, beast or the dogs walking around Regent's Park. Then organizing a referee who was not only their best friend but so fat she couldn't keep up with the game, so we called in our very own LSE MAN to take over at half time, his name was "Xander".

We kicked off and the mutilation and humiliation began. We fought, we tackled, and we took them to the ground, unfortunately with them on top of us - leaving the whole "pitch" free.

I threw myself into the crowd of beasts and came out with personalized autograph's of their studs all over my now very blue legs. Hannah fought back and took hold of the biggest of all beasts and rolled down the "pitch" - landing on top - we were all so proud. Anne, Jane and Sexy Kate were using their super strength and nailing a few of the scary animals, Tanneth and Kaye driving our scrum, with Hester and Fresher Lizzy teaming up trying to get the ball out of the scrum, Becs coming to the rescue when my little scrum half self failed, Sarah and Sarah teaming in the centre, Kristy and Twin Lizzy making the runs, and our very own Captain the root of our strength holding us all together - I think we may have a winning team

Ellie 'Ebola' Vyras

Euston Tech Butch XV A few
LSE Ladies Rugby Less

someday girls!

Only a few minor injuries were incurred - Lizzy's nail fell off, Sarah's nose almost broken, Tall Kate got the wind kicked out of her lungs etc, etc...but we can handle it!

Final whistle blew and an end to a tough match and the beginning of pain. But I would just like to say to my little 'rugby vir-

gins' that the team spirit was overwhelming and I was proud to stand on the pitch with you girls. Well done my bitches!!!!

As Cookie put it - 'There is a lot of talent in this team'

Sean - 'Shame they are shit at rugby!' Well who cares at least we are pretty!!!!



Rugby Boys Do Over A Bunch Of Flankers...

THE DAY STARTED OFF BADLY as Woody forced the whole team to miss the train due to the two for one offer in Boots of moisturiser and nail varnish. Yet despite this early setback the team arrived fresh and ready to dominate. The GKT ground is set in an area devoid of any redeeming features whatsoever, things have not really progressed here and the greatest thing to happen to it was probably the good old Hun blitzing the place back in WW2, the 'Fortress' it ain't.

As the Seconds warriors warmed up some tough managerial decisions were being made by Coach/Manager/Technical Assistant/Cripple "Psycho" John and the Mighty leader "Can't catch won't kick" Tristan. After a winning formula had been found we were ready to win. All that was now needed was a ref. Making as many excuses as Saddam does for his nuclear missile shaped ice cream vans, GKT were running scared in the face of LSE 2nds. Would this be the end? Had victory been taken? Had it fuck like every bad poly there was the smell of filth in the air. Emmo decided he would ref the first half and quickly changed into his ref's kit. After taking off his top to reveal a hideous chest merkin he then decided that his white T-shirt was not sweaty or disgusting enough. He promptly ran to the nearest graveyard dug up a corpse, stripped the poor man of

his T-shirt and proceeded to wear it for the rest of the game.

The game was tight with excellent work from the forwards and the man who has never really played at scrum half before Pete. But then the game suddenly looked like it was going to change when a high kick went up. Tristan did his best to run away from it but the wind cruelly blew it back in his direction. With man and ball on an inevitable collision course there were two possibilities to catch it or blame it on a winger. The biggest cheer of the game went up when, with previously unimaginable skill Tristan caught the ball, it was going to be our day and no poly scum was going to beat us with inspirational leadership like that.

Going into the second half 7 points down it was going to be tough but Emmo was forced to cover his T-shirt with a rugby shirt by Health and Safety and start playing. There was plenty of Shodeston Girls XV shirt swinging tackling but as a whole the team was working much better. Gibbo made some useful runs from fly

half but still there was no penetration. Emmo got the ball set off on his run and opened the Grimsby fish market of kippers before breaking through the GKT back line. With Ginger John clean through for a try all Chris had to do was pass it but with fringe dug to the left of him and fringe to the right he

just threw the ball up in the air uselessly.

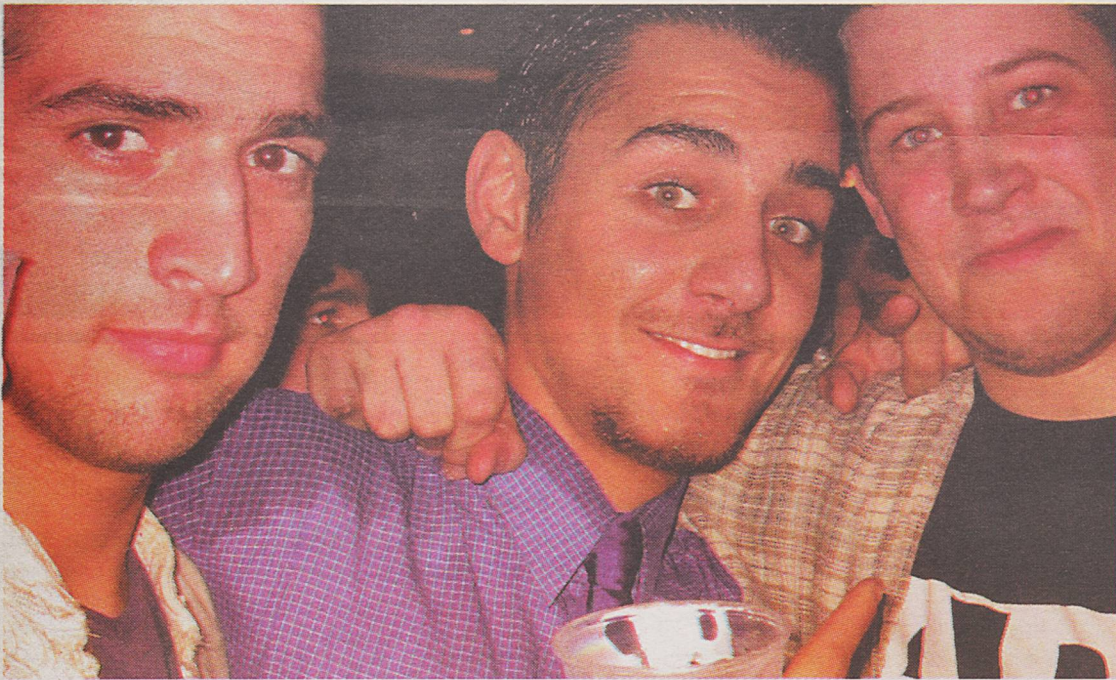
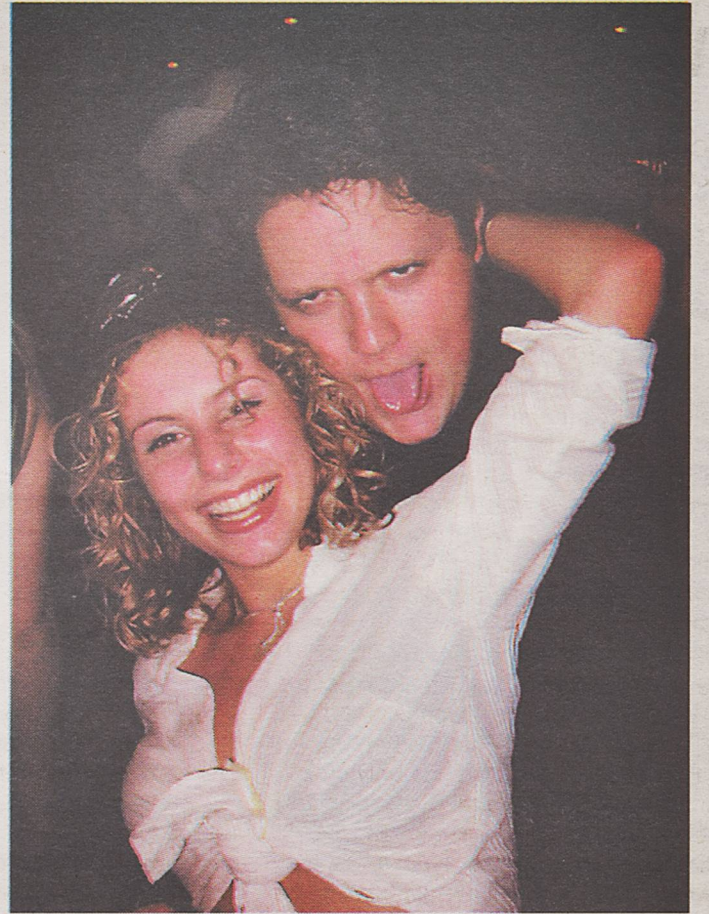
Many of the players were confused by the second half ref which was stumpy, the whistle had an uncanny similarity to his own wheezing as he trundled round the pitch. A bit more fine tuning was made by the Sven like coach John and sure enough there were 3 tries scored in quick succession by who else but Tristan leading by example. There was good work by Tom with some Weasel like runs on the wing and the flankers Andy and Colin worked

tirelessly. The Million Dollar face of Kiwi Nick was even risked in the second half such is the commitment of the 2nds. The game was close but eventually won 14-17 there was room for improvement but also much promise from an early performance. But no this is not the end of the story GKT have tried to claim the game as a draw to be rearranged it looks like we will have to demand satisfaction again.



The Beaver Sport

IN AN ATTEMPT TO SAVE THE BARRELL WE REMEMBER
OUR HAPPY MEMORIES!



Pics:
Mark
Simpson and
Nick Stoker



**SAVE THE
AU BARRELL**



World class carnage at a World Class
Institution - Don't let all this be destroyed



Sevenths Learned 'Em, Oh Yes, They Learned 'Em Well

Handoncock and Oslo

LSE 7ths Lots
Others 'Not-so lots'

FOLLOWING AN excellent round of trials from which the cream of the fresher crop were skimmed by the eagle eye of new 7ths skipper Nic "Oslo" Stavnes confidence amongst the 7ths squad was not so much sky-high as revolving in geo-synchronous orbit above the earth. During Friday such suicidal comments as "If we lose to GKT tomorrow I'll kill myself" were uttered by the more rash members of the squad.

However, despite the unfaltering certainty of glorious victory, the first official league match of the season is still the first match of the season and traditional preparations and practices had to be observed prior to the match. So the long and arduous process began as always at 6pm on Friday when the first elements of the sevenths ambled into the Tuns for the vital medica-

tion period where the necessary 13 pints of pre-match performance-enhancing drugs (Grosch) are to be drunk over a period of not more or less than 8 hours. Some then move to Doctor Don Quixote's nutritional centre on Kingsway for vital Steak Special vitamins and minerals crucial to high match performance. This is then followed by the 9 hour sleeping period where a state of deep mental focus on the Sevenths impending victory is reached. At 11:30am, 2 and half hours prior to kick-off as they rise from their respective beds the 7ths reach a critical point in their preparation routine, they must overcome the pounding head and acute dryness in the mouth and throat (symptoms of pre-match nerves) and the overwhelming desire to say "fuck it, I'm staying in bed." Of course, staying in bed could never be a viable option when there is football to be played and there are lesser colleges to be learned.

And indeed the medics were learned. A solid first-half performance which, almost disappointingly, ended only 1-0, saw us through the first gauntlet at Griffin Park. The goal, a fine shot from ten yards by Owen, the new viking signing, after one of many scrambles with eight GKT players in

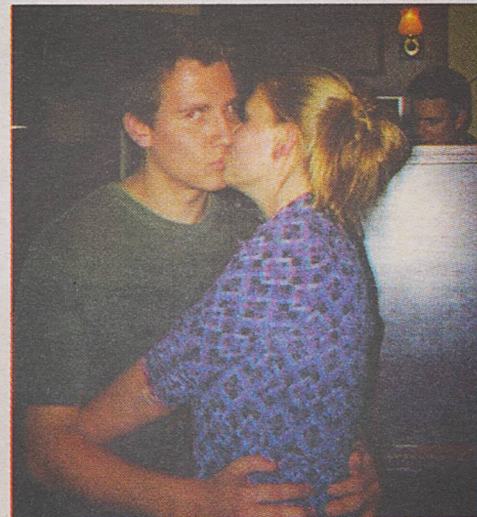
the box.

With Ivanhoe cruising the left wing, and Francis and Stubby Girl solidly ridding our penalty area of danger, we overcame a hard-pressured first ten minutes of the second half, ending all GKT hopes with another Owen-goal. This time a well-placed shot from six yards and an angle followed yet another scramble. Dominantly riding our gay motorbikes through the rest of the game, sir Dodgy controlled his defence and newly acquired rugby lad Will added precision to midfield. Finally, in injury time, Oslo struck (and sliced) from the penalty spot, lobbing the midget guarding the gay net. 3-0, and straight onto promotion position in ULU division four.

Come Wednesday, and the useless theologians at Heythrop tacitly cancels our game, as they are nowhere to be found, having missed all preliminary meetings. Although the game may be rearranged, we modestly take a provisional 77-0 victory (and Andrew Lee got four of the goals).

After a friendly 10-4 victory over ourselves we felt ready for our first home game, and with sevenths heads held high we conceded early against St. George's, only to equalise (Rich, clinical finish) just before half time. A first half somewhat leaded with lapses of concentration rolled over in a second half of flair and skills. An early goal by Oslo, assisted by Owen, a slight improvement of Beckham's goal against Macedonia, saw LSE take the driver's seat and control the game. Yet the outcome of the game would soon compare to the disappointment of the Macedonia clash (save Francis's), as C*nt Ivan came off and our opposition, fuelled by ringers from the Premier Divisions, scored two late goals and robbed us of the three points (let alone the one) we deserved. Of late desperate cries Handoncock's "Tall Tom - are you tall or what?!", following the tall one losing the aerial battle in midfield, was the most memorable. Away to St. George's later in the season, well, the only word that comes to mind (rape) is a gender-sensitive one and should not appear here.

"I thought we'd win today, since we lost on Saturday" was the general pre-match team talk before the vets game, and 90 minutes later: mission accomplished, much thanks to The Cat (branded "holder of the AU's most thankless job"), who saved two RVC sitters in the otherwise mucky second half.



Whose 'Handoncock' Now?

An early link-up between Owen and Rich saw the latter free on goal with only the keeper to beat - which he did. 1-0. Virgins as we are though, we managed (again!) to lose concentration for a brief moment, to allow Jesus Christ himself to cross a corner directly into the net by the far post. 1-1. Dominating in midfield, with Owen and Andrew winning every duel there, we got two deserved goals before half time: a trade mark Oslo header off a Lee corner; and a stunning shot on a rebound by debutant Jay.

3-1 at half time, and Iron Man Doug came off to see the debut of trials king (40 Silk Cut Ultras a day) Jeremy. A fumbling half by the whole side, however, it became. Joss was stationary for much of it, Oslo ran out of steam, and only Simon, a re-entry into the squad, seemed to challenge solo. Too bad he was playing left back and often got stopped half way!

As Caustic Steve made his first appearance of the season in Cunt Ivan's lazy absence, not even a touch on the ball was required before using strong language against the referee. One of the vets, appropriately, noted that "he's probably just bitter because he's g*nger".

Three games, six points, one terrible revenge coming, and a probable walkover. Altogether a good start to the season for the glorious sevenths, and beyond doubt a show that proves us unworthy of the title "the LSE's least bothered footballers". Where were you while we were getting lashed?



Nil Points: Yet another Eurovision failure for Norway

8,500hrs: 43mins: 39secs (ish)

The Barrel: Are you ready?