

The Beaver

The Newspaper of the LSE SU

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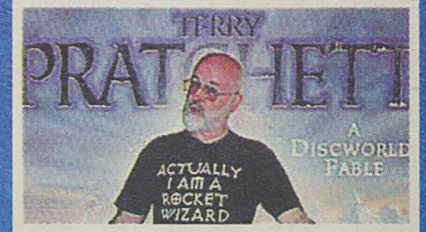
11th November 2003

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"We Do Not Want to Cause a Fence" UGM Votes to Condemn West Bank Separation Fence

Ibrahim Rasheed
Executive Editor

The Union General Meeting passed a motion last Thursday condemning and demanding the immediate dismantlement of the Security Fence being built in the West Bank.

The motion, proposed by members of the LSESU Friends of Palestine Society, passed with a resounding majority at the best-attended UGM of the term. The motion aroused huge interest and the normally half-empty Old Theatre could not cater for the hundreds that turned up. Fortunately, the ever vigilant staff of the union were able to set up a video link in the New Theatre so that everyone who wished to do so could witness the events about to unfold.

Considerable debate about the motion took place on campus during the week leading up to the UGM. The Friends of Palestine set up a stall on Houghton Street and leaflets were distributed to promote their cause. They argued that the fence did not address the cause of the conflict but was instead designed to annex as much Palestinian land as possible and in doing so shrink the boundaries of a future Palestinian state.

A campaign to oppose the motion was soon organised and further leafleting took place on Houghton Street. They pointed out that the government of Israel had a duty to defend its citizens and that the fence was an effective way of doing so. To support this, attention was drawn to the fact that since a similar wall had been erected around Gaza no suicide bombers had infiltrated Israel from that location.

It is understood that the Israeli Society were divided on how to respond to the motion and eventually decided not to take an official stance. In stark contrast, the Jewish Society came out strongly against it. It has, however, been made clear to the Beaver that a variety of concerned individuals formed the campaign against, and it was not just members of these two societies that were involved.

Even before the UGM on Thursday tensions started to boil as several posters put



And the eyes have it /Photo: Ethan Sommer

up by the Friends of Palestine were defaced. There were also several instances where heated and inflammatory exchanges took place between the two sides while campaigning on campus.

There were also concerns from the proponents' camp when a National Union of Jewish Students (UJS) newsletter appeared to encourage non-LSE students to attend the UGM. It stated that there was a "biased anti-Israel motion at the LSE tomorrow" and that it was "no different to last year". This was a clear reference to a motion proposed but heavily defeated last year that called for the boycott of Israeli goods.

Students arriving at the Old Theatre on

Thursday afternoon for the UGM had to produce a valid LSE Identity card in order to gain admission, and consequently it was impossible for any non-LSE student to have been able to be in attendance. Muriel Kahane delivered the first speech for the motion. She stated her opposition to the Separation Fence on the grounds that it would hurt Palestinians as well as Israeli's and would not be conducive to peace. She received rapturous applause and her speech appeared to have been greeted with genuine appreciation from the crowd.

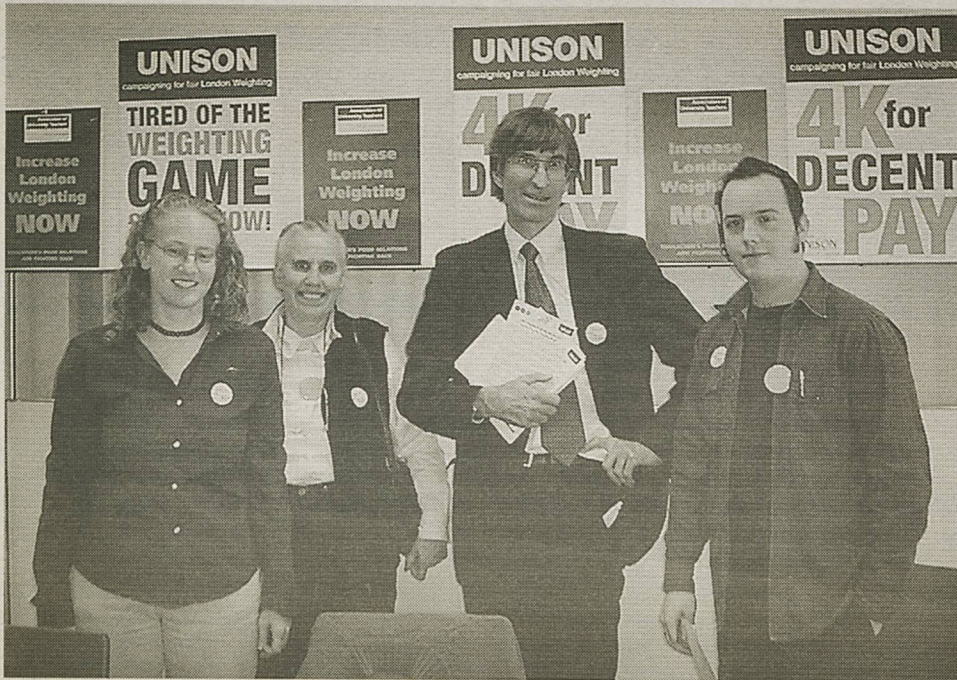
Daniel Freedman, next, took to the stage to deliver the first speech against the motion. He was booed and hissed, prompting the chair to call for order and insist

that all speeches should be greeted with the appropriate respect. Freedman reminded the audience that Remembrance Sunday and the anniversary of 'Kristallnacht', the pogrom where at least ninety-one Jews were killed in Nazi Germany, were approaching and that the motion was an insult to those who died at the hands of Hitler. His speech focused on the effects that the motion would have on campus, which he perceived to be an increase in anti-Israeli and anti-Jewish atmosphere.

This claims were heartily rebuked by the second speaker in favour of the motion, Paul Kirby, who argued that his intention

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More Pay Disputes Unions Un-united



UNISON and AUT Members

Chenai Tucker

Divisions have been exposed within the unions currently negotiating with University employers over a revised pay structure.

The proposed pay deal was preceded by two years of negotiations between the Universities and Colleges Employers Association (UCEA) and the national university staff unions representing 350,000 staff in universities and colleges.

NATFHE and the Educational Union of Scotland (EUS) have agreed to put the pay deal to a ballot of their members, subject to further talks to resolve the remaining five points of contention. If NATFHE and EUS members agree to accept the deal, it will leave the AUT (Association of University Teachers) isolated. According to reports in the Guardian, industrial action by the AUT is possible next year.

Chris Husbands, President of the LSE AUT branch commented: "There are several sources of dissatisfaction. Principal among them are: the lack of clarity about how existing grades will be meshed into the new proposed single pay spine and the fact that there are too many gradations in the scale, so that individual increments are less than those in present pay scales"

The pay deal proposes classing all university staff, from cleaners and librarians to senior lecturers in one single pay category. The AUT would like to see the establishment of a national job profile mainly for senior library, secretarial and IT staff. The AUT are frustrated at the lack of consensus on this matter, which they view as crucial before agreement can be achieved.

On the AUT website, Sally Hunt, the union's general Secretary said: "AUT continues to press the employers for national grading structures, proposals to catch up on pay, defense of the link between academic and related staff, improvements to the proposed increment structure and clear and equitable career progression."

On behalf of the LSE employers, Alison Hunt, Human Resources Director commented: "The School welcomes the news that the Universities and Colleges Employers Association (UCEA) and four unions representing non-academic staff (including the LSE unions UNISON and T&G) have now agreed to the 2003 pay

offer and the Framework Agreement on pay modernisation negotiated in the summer."

She expressed the LSE's commitment to continuing negotiations with the AUT saying: "The School recognises that there are many details to discuss in relation to pay modernisation. It looks forward to opening discussions with UNISON and T&G shortly and hopes that the AUT will join these discussions as soon as they feel able."

Apart from the AUT's reluctance to accept the employers' proposal, the Framework Agreement could be further undermined if members of NATFHE reject the deal, as Chris Husbands observed: "The question of interest is what will happen if NATFHE do not accept; if the two major academic-staff unions reject the proposal, its status is likely to be that much more uncertain."

Jo Kibble, LSE SU Treasurer commented that although these negotiations were a step forward, agreement would not act as an acceptable panacea: "There is still a long road to travel before we reach the final Higher Education funding settlement that both students and staff require. The Government needs to act to close the funding black hole - its current proposals just don't add up."

Chris Piper, ULU SU President added: "Pay for academics, similarly to the student support package, has slipped in real terms over the past 25 years. This is making people think twice about teaching in our Colleges and this impacts greatly of the quality of education provided for students."

Kibble expressed the LSE's continued support for staff by saying: "The Students' Union supports the pay claim because we believe that well paid university staff, both academic and non-academic, are vital to the student experience. Sections of the LSE have serious problems with staff retention and this has a negative impact on the quality and efficiency of services provided. These retention problems can be largely placed at the door of low levels of pay."

The following weeks will reveal whether the divisions will be resolved or continue.

Visa Issue Returns to Haunt Government

Shapan Marwah

International students' visa fees attracted fresh criticism last week, as many students are reporting dissatisfaction with the new system.

The fees for visa extensions were introduced last August, and range from £155 for applications sent by mail, to £250 for applications delivered in person.

"It gives me the impression that the UK doesn't want international students" contended Yuko Maekawa, a second year international relations student, who had to pay the fee, "It's very hard to afford and it discourages people from studying in the UK."

In 1999 Prime Minister Tony Blair made a keynote speech at the LSE entitled 'Attracting More International Students.' In it he expressed his desire to "offer to international students a new welcome and more open doors" with a view to encouraging organisations such as the British Council to heavily publicise UK universities abroad.

"On the one hand they're going all out to get students to come here" commented Hera Chinoy, a masters student, "but on the other hand this is isn't making it easy for students."

Proponents of the fees argue that they are just for covering administrative costs, and that any surplus will be used to improve visa services.

"Many apply to extend their stay each year, and it is right that they should meet the costs of that" argued Home Office Minister Beverley Hughes in a Home Office press release. "Charging for the cost of processing these applications will save the taxpayer £90 million a year."

The issue was also mentioned in the



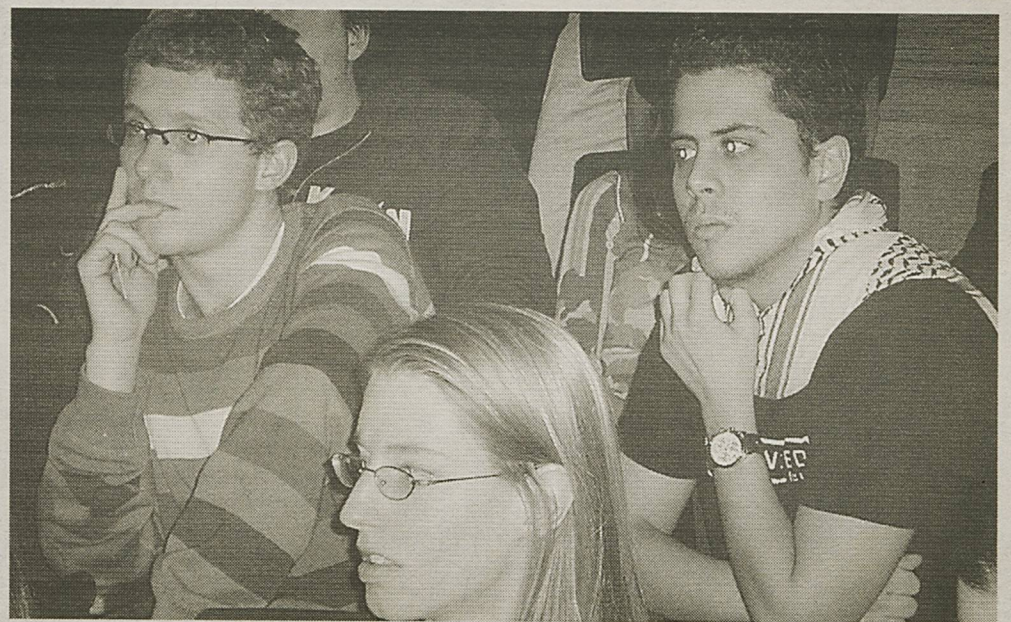
Beverley Hughes MP

House of Lords last Tuesday, with LSE Professor, and Liberal Democrat Peer, Lord William Wallace arguing that it "entirely contradicts the Prime Minister's efforts to encourage international students," and that "moving from a nil charge to £250 in one go for students on very limited budgets... is remarkable".

His colleague Baroness Lockwood also noted that "some students are given the full period of their studentship...whereas others are given as little as six months", in reference to discrepancies on how much students are charged.

Asked how the LSE would be affected, Judith Higgin, LSE Press Officer, told The Beaver that "international student enrollment will increase proportionately to the current ratio of international students in the school."

The Department of Education and Skills declined to comment on the issue.



Listening to both sides of the argument

Continued from page 1

was a condemnation of Israeli government action and did not aim to stoke up anti-Jewish feeling.

After the second speech against, questions were taken, where speakers from both sides took to the stage to again defend their arguments. There was time to debate only one of the three amendments put forward, which required the phrase 'Temporary Separation Fence' to replace 'Separation Fence' wherever it appeared. This amendment was quickly defeated and as it was almost two o'clock there was a call for a move to vote, which was accepted by four fifths of the chamber.

The motion passed, according to the chair Kurshid Faizullaev, with 70 per cent of the vote.

The result was quickly seized upon by the Friends of Palestine as a victory for the Palestinian cause. Speaking on their behalf, Omar Srouji, Treasurer of the Society said "it is truly great to see that the vast majority of the LSE population care about Palestinian human rights."

There was, however, great disappointment from those who had hoped for a different outcome. Daniel Freedman said that he was "disappointed" with the result.

"These motions cause a tense and hostile atmosphere on campus," he said "they are not conducive to constructive dialogue." He qualified this by citing the reception he got as he walked up onstage.

Though the motion may have caused some temporary friction, it is hoped that the two factions will be able to work out their differences in the days to come.

Executive Divisions

Mark Power and Ibrahim Rasheed

Members of the LSE SU Executive committee have voiced concerns to *The Beaver* over the manner in which the business of the committee is being conducted.

Tensions have been brewing due to the reaction of a member of the sabbatical team about an investigation pursued by *The Beaver*. It has been revealed over the weekend that members of the executive are unhappy with *The Beaver* or one of its reporters with the suggestion by one of the sources that "people are trying to impose a moral stamp on *The Beaver*, and are forcing members of the part time exec to go along with their line."

The controversy is the result of an investigation that was pursued by *The Beaver* into concerns about a Masters course at the LSE. These concerns were raised at an executive meeting, a public forum, and the matter was subsequently related to a correspondent of this paper. During the investigation, assistance to *The Beaver* was stifled, and actions taken to ascertain the truth of the story, provoking intense criticism from members of the executive body. It was allegedly suggested at an exec meeting that the correspondent involved be "punished" for what they had done. According to sources, it was also suggested that an embargo be placed on either *The Beaver* or one of its correspondents.

Responding to these criticisms, LSE SU Treasurer, Jo Kibble, denied that any such suggestion was made at an executive meeting. In an apparent attempt to distance himself from the furore, General Secretary

Elliot Simmons refused to validate Kibble's denial. When contacted for comment, Simmons was clear that he wished to make no comment on the issue and when asked as to whether he would support the claims of his sabbatical colleagues, he replied "I'm going to have to refuse to say anything more."

When contacted for her response, LSE SU Education and Welfare Sabbatical, Rowan Harvey, admitted that an embargo on giving information to a reporter of *The Beaver* had been placed. "One member of *The Beaver* staff was acting recklessly, and with disregard for welfare of students. Knowing this, it would have been irresponsible for us to have given him information on issues affecting students."

When asked to comment on allegations that there was a vendetta against members of *The Beaver* staff, Harvey responded that there was no such vendetta. However one executive committee source made the allegation that the issue had been "made too personal, there is a vendetta against certain people." Another well placed source commented that a "sabbatical has been conducting themselves in a less than professional manner."

In an apparent attempt to exert control over *The Beaver* and its editorial independence, the sabbatical team sent a letter to the paper indicating that it would like to respond to complaints it has received. The letter contends that these complaints are from senior members of the school and the Students' Union regarding "perceptions of sexism, racism and homophobia in the paper and the publication of a number of potentially libellous [sic] comments."

This position follows a meeting of the



Looking for Libel?

exec at which Kibble outlined his fear that *The Beaver* had a "monopoly of information" within the Union and that the executive should act to make sure that they "exercise this power responsibly." When Simmons was asked whether he himself had encountered any comments worthy of libel, and whether he would like to share them he replied "if I say something that is libellous you will put it in *The Beaver* and I'll be sued as well." He then added "you're laughing but you'll be held liable as well!"

The controversy over this issue is likely to open rifts in an already divided executive committee as the inconsistencies between the positions of the sabbatical officers become clear. One Union insider commented that "this appears to be the political manoeuvrings of those apparently oblivious to their own insignificance." At any rate, more Union members are likely to take a greater interest in the deliberations of the executive, which have until now attracted little scrutiny and attention.



Union Jack

Never mind the grassy knoll; the balcony wants its own magic bullet...

It's nice to see that adequate security measures are being taken in order to protect the UGM from the threat of outside crazies and radicals. The card checking which hacks and hoodlums were subjected to is indicative of the genuine threat of a ruckus last Thursday- the only question is whether or not our visiting dignitary, Chris Piper- ULU president, really deserved such draconian measures merely to secure the well being of his hideous jacket and the continuance of his stimulating updates on boathouses and ULU's lack of pulling power.

Jack had something of a sense of dread before this week's happening, given the excitement outside, and the daunting turnout, filling not only the Old Theatre but also a video linked overflow. To the credit of all those involved, (and although it pains me to say, special K included) it was a relatively good-natured affair, although the assumption that heckling should be disallowed in so-called 'serious' motions seems to suggest something of an agenda- who decides what is serious? Are badgers serious? They certainly aren't funny... but neither are walls, it seems- and the temptation to throw something at a man with a mohawk is just too much to bear.

If, as it seems, the SU is adopting an anti-construction stance, Jack would suggest that a similar letter should be sent to Westminster Council. Pass a motion, please, before they rip up or fence off any more of Houghton Street. Or at least get Messrs. Titchmarsh and Dimmock in to make it look half decent.

Uncle Joe, once more, chose to impart the weather and not the news to the front three rows. Jack just hopes the boy is 'clean and clear', or it won't be just our News Editor who goes down with a parasite. But enough of this idle gossip, the AU has grievances and they must be addressed. With an entire floor full of grunting, plastic-clad balcony boys bearing down on you, even the staunchest supporter of a free press would quake in their loafers- why aren't these big manly-men's-men getting the support they deserve? Surely more space should be allocated to new trends in towel-whipping and communal bathing? Jack is all for equality, so more running-jumping-climbing trees, Mr. Editor. But get one thing straight- there's only one reason people bother with this filthy rag; sublime political comment, laced with genuine bitterness.

Are we perhaps seeing the beginning of an AU split from the Beaver? In this case, Jack will be getting in on the action and appearing exclusively in pamphlet form, and on the back of toilet doors... Like rats from a sinking ship...

Incidentally, Jack would like to deny all rumours circulating about that thing, and his role in it, which was nothing, even if it did happen, which of course it didn't. I thank you.

White Paper Reforms - Slight Concessions

El Barham
News Editor

Education Secretary, Charles Clarke, has released details of modifications for the top-up fee proposals following heavy criticisms aimed at the Government's White Paper.

The new concessions will mean that students from families who earn less than £15,200 per annum will be able to claim government grants worth up to £2,125 each year. Clarke believes that this measure will ensure that higher education is accessible to everyone with "aspiration and talent, irrespective of background."

An 18-page statement defending the government's position will also be circulated around the party and its members, in an attempt to counter the vocal complaints levelled at Clarke's perceived elitist proposals, such as the national demonstration against top-up fees on October 26th.

Mr Clarke wrote that the UK's academic rivals in America, Asia and Europe were investing heavily in the higher education sector and that Britain needs to follow suit.

He wrote: "We could have plumped for a quiet life and done nothing, but that would have been a disaster for the country. Knowledge and innovation are the life blood of the economy and our universities are the driver for this knowledge."

However, although a higher maintenance grant has been introduced for the poorest students and a some smaller compromise, such as a £250 grant each year for part-time students each year and fee remissions worth up to £575 have been conceded, other aspects of the White Paper remain unchanged. Graduates will still have to pay back loans estimated at £33,000 with inter-



Massive Opposition - Clarke's Challenge

est when they are earning over £15,000 a year.

MPs for the proposals insist that allowing universities to charge up to £3,000 a year for different courses and introducing the market into the higher education system will ultimately serve students interests, as they will be able to follow courses of better quality.

However, John Cruddas, a left-wing Labour MP, wrote in the Tribune that will mean that there will be five graduates fighting for every two graduate jobs as a result of the higher numbers going to university, and that many would therefore be

pushed into low paid jobs still burdened with thousands of pounds in student debt.

Jo Kibble, LSESU Don't Price Student's Out Campaign Convener, said: "These new proposals do little to address the problems in the government's White Paper. Whilst any extra bursary is obviously welcomed, the effects of debt aversion and differential fees, leading to a ghettoisation of universities are not resolved."

Clarke's new proposals will be put to the test in a second reading vote this December, which will also be a measure of how the new Conservative leader, Michael Howard, deals with the issue.

Respect Not Racism - SAAR Conference

Matt Willgress

This weekend the Student Assembly Against Racism hosted the "Respect - Students United Against Racism" conference, recently unanimously endorsed by the LSE Students' Union.

The conference was attended by at least 80 people over the course of the day, representing well over 50 anti-racist groups and Student Unions from across the country. The success of the event and the attendance of a number of people from LSE will be seen by some as part of an increasing student reaction to the rise of racism in Britain.

It was the different elements of this rise in racism which were the subject of the dif-

ferent sessions throughout the day. These included sessions on racism as an ideology used to justify colonialism, the rise of the neo-Nazi BNP, perceived negative stereotyping of asylum seekers and a session on stamping out institutional racism as well as a final session urging delegates take forward the anti-racist struggle in the student movement.

The audience heard a charged speech by the South African High Commissioner on her country's struggle to rid itself of apartheid. LSE Students' Union also received a mention for the motion it passed supporting the campaign for a statue of Nelson Mandela in Trafalgar Square.

The session on how to defeat the BNP

was of particular importance to the delegates of the conference. The BNP, which calls for an 'all-white Britain', is rumoured to deny the horror of the holocaust.

The BNP last year obtained record election results and some fear the prospect of them making further gains in the local, European and London elections next year. Sabby Dhalu, from the 'Coalition Against Racism - Unite to Stop the BNP' campaign explained how when the BNP have been challenged in a unified way, and their neo-Nazi views exposed, they have been defeated, such as the last two years in Oldham, one of their key target seats.

Holocaust survivor Henry Gutterman MBE added how the BNP exploited divisions amongst their opponents and called upon all students who believe in democracy, equality and multi-culturalism to unite against the far-right.

Paul Mackney of NATFHE, a university and college lecturers' union, and Weyman Bennett of the Anti-Nazi League were amongst those on the platform who mentioned the formation of the "Unite Against Fascism" campaign incorporating the National Assembly Against Racism, the ANL, a number of major trade unions and other anti-racists. This campaign, based around a statement available from www.naar.org.uk, will have a major national launch on the 18th of November at 7pm in Friends Meeting House Euston.

It is the first time that the far-right has been faced with a unified campaign and it is hoped that it will have a national impact.

Also of great interest was the session on stamping out institutional racism, especially after the recent "Secret Policeman" TV documentary. Leroy Logan, of the Black Police Association of the Metropolitan Police, spoke of how his members were increasingly frustrated at failures to fully implement the recommendations of the Lawrence inquiry and the MacPherson Report.

In the final session, a speaker from the Federation of Student Islamic Societies then outlined the number of issues facing Muslim students following what it claims is a recent rise in Islamophobia. In particular he said there was a need to change religious discrimination legislation and to ensure the correct portrayal of Islam in the student population. To this end FOSIS have launched the anti-religious discrimination campaign in conjunction with FAIR (Forum Against Islamophobia and Racism).

Denis Fernando of the National Black Students Alliance outlined how the struggle against racism and injustice is the struggle for the majority of humanity. He urged all student unions to take up the fight against racism and for increased black representation.

Louise Hutchins, SAAR convenor and member of the NUS NEC, finished the conference by pointing out that whatever our differences on other political issues we now all need to realise that "unity is strength" in the struggle against racism.



Protest against Apartheid - lessons to be learned

VAT Value for LSE

Adrian Li

After a recent decision by HM Customs and Excise, the LSE may be able to recover VAT on recent and future building purchases.

This news comes after the University of East Anglia won VAT relief amounting to several millions for its new biomedical research building. The Guardian reports that the government has confirmed that all universities will benefit from the concession applied in this case.

Under current tax law, universities are exempt from paying VAT as they are charities as long as the business use of buildings acquired amounts to less than 10%. However, universities have been unable to claim this benefit since customs and excise officers argued that the education of postgraduate research students was considered a business activity.

This will now change and it will be easier for universities to escape VAT on non-commercial research buildings in the future. The Guardian also reports that Customs and Excise has also said that

some universities which missed out on this concession may be able to claim the money back. The recent about-turn centres on the clarification that fee-paying post-graduate students use such buildings for non-business research and are gaining work experience and not an education.

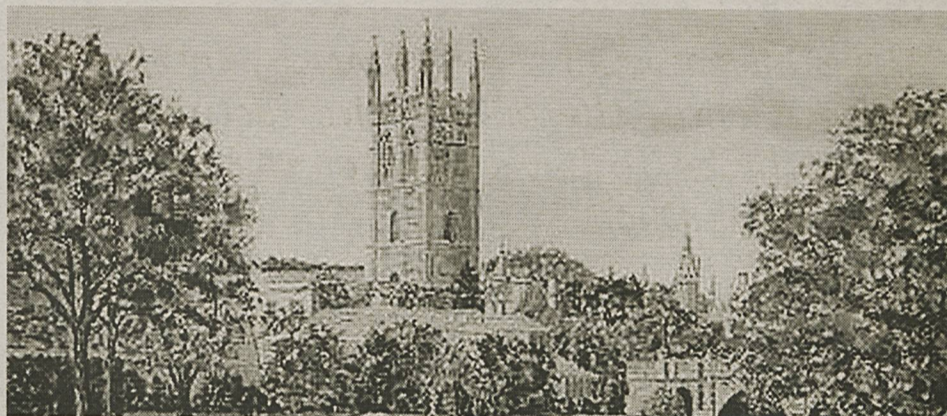
When asked by *The Beaver* for the school administration's comments, Andrew Farrell, Director of Finance and Facilities, revealed that Towers One and Two, which were purchased with support from the Science Research Infrastructure Fund, are subject to 17.5 per cent VAT on acquisition as is Tower Three which the LSE currently uses rent free and expects to purchase in 2004-05. To be able to recover that would "make a helpful contribution to reduction of our borrowings."

Andrew Farrell also highlighted the LSE's efforts to reclaim VAT commenting that "we are working with PriceWaterhouseCoopers and Customs and Excise on a number of VAT issues and opportunities and will certainly be examining what, if any, scope for additional VAT recovery there is on these buildings."



Where it started - University of East Anglia

Intervarsity Debating Off to Oxford



Oxford University - lofty spires, hard hitting debates

Mark Power
Managing Editor

Four teams represented the LSE at the prestigious Oxford Union debating Inter-Varsity Debating Tournament last weekend.

The tournament began on Friday the 6th of November with two rounds in the evening and a further three rounds on the Saturday before the break for the quarter, semi and finals stretched into the evening. Representing the LSE, fresher Ali Dewji achieved distinction by coming seventh out of the novices competing at the tournament.

The tournament itself became the largest IV of its kind in the UK ever, by attracting over 150 teams from across Europe, North America and Asia. Whilst organisers experienced some difficulty in coping with the higher number of teams, with some debates being held in smaller rooms, the tournament went well overall, with few significant hitches.

The tournament was run in the British Parliamentary style, as part of the English Speaking Union's tournament calendar.

The motions this year, were controversial as they were mostly, what is described in debating speak as semi-open. This means that the intention of the subject was clear, but the specifics as to definition were largely open. This caused some problems with many of the American teams, who either had difficulty defining the motion when speaking in proposition, or had problems with motions that were narrowly defined in opposition.

LSE teams finished mostly halfway down the tab, with the tournament being won by the team from City University, London. The motion for the final tournament was That This House Believes That the Ban on Torture Should Be Lifted. Speaking to *The Beaver* the LSE SU Debate Society said that it was very happy with the LSE teams' performance at the tournament, and that the society was in a strong position for the up and coming debating calendar.

The Beaver Comment and Analysis

LSE Democracy Under Seige

By Rodrigo Cañete.

A couple of weeks ago, I decided to contribute to the LSE community by doing what I like the most: writing about art. However, in order to talk about something cultural, we have to reach certain basic understandings for art's sake. Why not talk a little bit about democracy?

From the very beginning, my now friend Justin Nolan, the editor of the arts section, displayed his wit and puzzled both me and my Argentine country mates by adding to my article on the Victorian arts exhibition at the Royal Academy a picture of Maradona scoring the "Hand of God" goal. I told my friends in Buenos Aires about this and they, unanimously, urged me to withdraw the article since "everybody would hate you". I told them to chill out for only half of the LSE population is, actually, British. Then, one friend asked the right question: "So, why is such a line of editing allowed if there is an international community of readers?". On one hand, it constituted my first serious cultural clash in London, but on the other hand, the whole thing revealed an ideological framework: one that underlies the belief and actions of the current Student Union. As a matter of fact, the SU itself is almost entirely British and this challenges its own legitimacy. A monocoloured leadership among such a plural universe. The apartheid of "niceness" or just plain functional oligarchy?

Before going on I want to make something clear. We all came to LSE looking for a particular way of thinking and approaching reality. We are here to apprehend a mostly British and critical way of looking at the world. Hence, LSE's fame and prestige. That is why it does not come as a sur-

prise that both the faculty and administrative structure is British for it is a British team that delivers a British academic product. I am more than happy with that.

However, the way of relating, experiencing, and perceiving that product could not possibly be British since it is in an environment that is as cosmopolitan as LSE and this is the university's distinctive quality. That cosmopolitan LSE experience is what turns us all into special creatures. You only have to have supper with me in Passfield Hall where the mosaic outshines any conflict and turns the Habermasian dream of a public sphere into the perfect tool for personal development. This is why LSE is a work of art in progress where we are all participants. William Shakespeare said it best: "The world is a stage and everybody has its part". However, in the LSE play, we foreigners are the actors but only the Brits can direct.

The Student Union represents, as neither LSE nor the faculty does, the post Victorian social order in its peak. Framed by market consumption, participation is a euphemism that tends to pigeonhole us all. Thus, when my first article was edited, my signature was placed beside the picture of an eventually fraudulent goal. What may Barthes say about this? Should my name be related to my national origins or to what I actually write? Am I interesting because of what I think or because of where I come from? Suddenly, cultural differences became an issue and democracy was in danger.

Elliot Simmons' conceptual clarity and rhetorical neatness does not include but exclude since the political tool, to put it in

"In fact, the SU and Elliot talk a pure English in an "impure" environment. German expressionism in its Aldwych post-modern version."

Gramscian or Foucaultian terms, at the Students' Union is, mainly, oral English. In fact, the SU and Elliot talk a pure English in an "impure" environment. German expressionism in its Aldwych post-modern version. His inviting us to take part in the Students' Union meeting entails asking specific questions to specific Student Union officials, being clear, articulating, and harrying up but never challenging the overall decision making mechanisms. Although, I don't particularly think that Simmons is aware of the disciplinary tools he deploys, I have to point them out for liberalism's and culture's sake: my two true passions.

My mother tongue is not English but Spanish. I can express myself in written English with certain fluidity but orally it is much harder. I truly think that my linguistic hardship is shared with most of the LSE community. So, why do the Students' Union officials not share the same worries? What makes them special? However, London itself speaks with an accent and this makes the Student Union run behind its own city. It is incredible since this turn us all, Londoners with an accent, into more Londoners than the Students' Union officials themselves. Their "orientalist" way of thinking and debating, to put it in Edward Said terms, makes them reactionary and takes them back to nineteenth century ideals.

Thus, to reverse this trend, we may consider certain changes in the participation mechanisms. We may guess that since there is an objective inequality of opportunities, at least half of the composition of the Students' Union should be international (not having English as its mother tongue) and that mechanisms of propor-

tionality should be favoured over majoritarian approaches, for example.

However, the lack of legitimacy not only concerns the "public" decision making mechanisms but mostly the democratic product itself. The Students' Union is exclusive not only for its main political tool but also for its objectives. If you want to participate you have three options: go to a Students' Union meeting and ask a straight jacketing question, participate in one of the societies or just buy a bottle of mineral water from the SU Shop. Participation is nothing but a euphemism for consumption. As far as we may see, the London art scene has not been the only one transformed into Oxford Street since the SU is the equivalent of Argos, catalogues included. Hence, the only critical action to be taken might be to buy coffee at the Starbucks instead of the Quad. I guess that our LSE founding fathers would not be very happy about this. Tradition is being challenged in the worst way; by shallowness.

Although, the current administration may seem proficient at first sight, it is not. In its service delivering, it fails dramatically. The gym is the utmost representation of these lacks: its inductions are an insult to our always challenged intelligence, the smell of sweat may be nauseating and the lack of lockers shows the Students' Union decision not to respect consumers rights. Regarding leisure, they have achieved something seemingly impossible in London: boring parties. Besides, positive action participation is okay but not enough if you just do not have a vision. So, get a vision before deciding that politics is your passion. Shallow politics is nothing but shameless marketing.

"The SU is the equivalent of Argos, catalogues included. Hence, the only critical action to be taken might be to buy coffee at the Starbucks instead of the Quad."

Love, Lust, Finance and Hacks - LSE Dating

Ethel Tungohan

Someone complained to me yesterday of being distracted by a couple engaging in a flirt-fest in the middle of her Finance lecture. Her lecture was held in the cavernous depths of the Peacock Theater, making it easy for the lovers to converse without being noticed by the professor. "I was interviewed by JP Morgan," the girl apparently moaned. "My, um, 'stocks', just went up," breathed the boy. Much as I want to devote this entire column to deconstructing the intricacies of verbal foreplay for finance types, I would instead like to stress that this incident of love consummated is a rare exception.

LSE students are spending Friday nights bemoaning the abysmal state of their love lives over pints of beer. Alternatively, some have resorted to surfing the Internet for porn or for back issues of the Economist, which, let's face it, is erotic enough for some to be considered a form of pornography. Thankfully, this segment of the population is limited to people

in IR, who get off on anything NATO-related and pictures of world leaders. (Apparently, Donald Rumsfeld and Boris Yeltsin are tied for the 'hot papa' award).

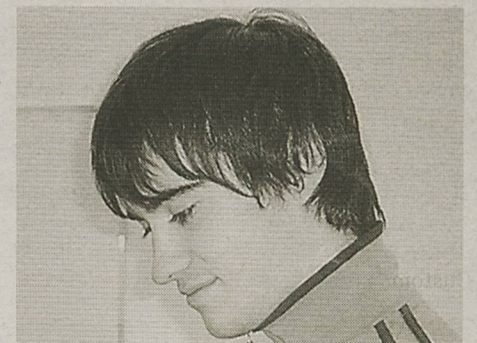
I have since concluded that there simply aren't enough opportunities for LSE students to meet and mingle with potential lovers. Sure, we have the Crush, but if partying with inebriated freshers prone to premature ejaculation simply isn't your thing, the SU has to provide viable alternatives.

My first suggestion is to host dating workshops ran by the chiseled god of the SU himself, Elliot Simmons. (Sorry Jo Kibble. You're a cutie pie, but you're the Harry to Elliot's William). Many flustered LSE students have commented on darling Elliot's scintillating presence. Elliot's masterful speech during Orientation week made Howard Davies look as charismatic as Iain Duncan Smith.* Elliot's faux Mao jackets and 'sexed-up Harry Potter at 20' appeal have transfixed many, so much so that huge legions of groupies have taken to storming UGMs. Thus, does it come as a surprise that dating tips from the mack

daddy of the SU himself will be warmly welcomed? If Elliot imparts the secret to his allure, the lovelorn among us can soon look forward to heady nights of animal passion.

My second suggestion is to run a dating service. LSE already has a careers, accommodations, and student service; a dating service surely shouldn't be a problem. Let's face it: a solid university education encompasses more than traditional learning. To get the much flaunted 'well-rounded' university experience LSE recruiters keep bragging about, LSE students have to find that special someone with whom to explore their (brilliant) minds and (out-of-shape) bodies. During September registration, everyone should be asked to fill out a compatibility questionnaire, which will then be placed into a computer program that provides love matches. Ding! Problem solved.

I ask the venerable members of the SU to take my suggestions to heart. Our fates lie in your hands. Sure, campaigning against top-up fees is pertinent. But so are our lov and sex lives! Please have mercy!



Harry Simmons



The Beaver Comment and Analysis

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

My CV on the LSE website covers full-time employment and not non-executive posts. I was a non-executive director on the board of GKN for 5 years and left in 1995 when I moved to the Bank of England. This was at a time when my main jobs were as Controller of the Audit Commission and Director General of the Confederation of British Industry. GKN is a global engineering company focusing on vehicles and, more recently, aerospace. At the time I was a director, its largest businesses were in car parts, powder metallurgy, pallets and waste disposal. It also had a contract to supply armoured vehicles to the British army.

For the record, over the years I have also been on Nat West's International Advisory board, the Overseas Trade Board, Business in the Community and I am a past president of Age Concern.

Howard Davies

Dear Sir,

The Students' Union Executive has always appreciated the hard work and dedication of the Beaver team, especially since they produce the newspaper on a voluntary basis to an extremely high standard every week.

Sadly, the Students' Union has received a number of complaints this term concerning the contents of the Beaver from students and senior members of the School. These complaints have concerned perceptions of sexism, racism and homophobia in the paper and the publication of a number of potentially libellous comments.

The Beaver is the paper of the Students' Union and therefore has a duty to respect the Union's Equal Opportunities and Diversity policies and not to publish material, which goes against the content and spirit of these declarations. The Beaver also shares a duty with the trustees to ensure libellous material is not published, which could damage the reputation of LSE SU and allow legal action to be taken against the editors and the Executive, as the trustees.

In response to these complaints the Students' Union Executive is in the process of drawing up a set of guidelines for the Beaver, which reiterate the Unions Equal Opportunities and Diversity statements and the law relating to libel. The Executive Committee hope this guide to the Union's existing policy will be a useful tool for the Beaver team.

The SU Executive would also like to take this opportunity to reiterate our continuing respect and gratitude to the Beaver team for all the time and effort they put into producing the paper. We have no doubt that the Beaver team share our commitment to equal opportunities and diversity in our Students' Union and we look forward to working with them to uphold these policies.

Yours,

Students' Union Sabbatical Team 2003/4

Dear Sir,

Your anonymous student (Letters, Beaver, 4 November) was completely wrong when he

or she wrote that the School had spent £17,000 on the Lost Horizons screensaver project. The screensaver project was made possible through an in-kind donation by American Express Financial Services Europe of time, equipment, materials, access to FTSE data and IT design expertise, with additional in-kind support from The London Institute and The University of Wolverhampton. The artists' fees were covered through the Arts Council England's Year of the Artist Scheme as part of the Art at LSE programme, which the School has developed to draw attention to study of the arts and culture in a social sciences context.

The School's contribution was mainly that of staff time to install and maintain the images - mountain landscapes created by transforming financial data from the FTSE index into a fantasy landscape - on the School's communal PCs.

I am sorry you do not like the artwork. It has been well-received in many corners and has garnered international press attention for LSE's efforts to foster a dialogue about the role of the arts in society, as part of our brief to interpret the social sciences.

The main point your anonymous writer seemed to be making, however, was about use of School funds. I can assure him or her that great care is taken to use School funds as effectively as possible for the development and support of teaching and research.

If he or she has any other comments and would like to email me in person, I would be happy to hear and respond to them.

Professor Henrietta Moore
Deputy Director

Dear Sir,

I am e-mailing to register my disgust at your treatment of articles in the Sports pages. The censorship witnessed is meaningless, pointless and unnecessary. None of the members of the AU are sexist, racist or homophobic, and do not tolerate any such behaviour, but neither are we so devoid of common sense and humour as to become enraged at the inoffensive phrases censored from the Beaver each week. We, as a whole, do not believe you fully understand the feelings of the vast majority of the students of this school, and are instead reliant on the reactionary impulses of a small minority of people. Needless to say, I have not been offended by any of the content of this year's Sports pages enough to complain, stop reading or register my complaint with anyone else. I hope that you will realise that the approach that you are taking to this issue is misguided and that you will seek to adjust your policies.

Thank you,

Doug Hancock

Dear Sir,

I am writing to complain about the consistent editing of the Sport section of the Beaver. You might not realize this, but the back pages are the most popular pages of your newspaper. If you could be bothered to carry out a survey I am sure you will see that it is the Sport section that most of your readers turn to. But unfortunately

over last few months it is being censored more and more and the reports are now becoming as boring as those that are written by Gimperial Students (am I still allowed to say that?).

I am aware that as the editor of The Beaver you are constantly hustled at the UGM, but after all that is part of your job, and in all fairness it is what makes the UGM from complete waste of time to a mildly amusing meeting. So please pluck up some courage and let our devoted writers unleash their full talent, otherwise the 9 o'clock Tuesday lectures will drive me insane, as not even the Sport section of The Beaver will provide some kind of amusement,

Regards

a bored AU member

Dear whoever,

Please do not allow the censoring of the newspaper

James Jackson

You muppets,

Stop editing all the AU pages so much, lets face it-LSE has little enough comic relief as it is. Everybody knows that the most read pages in the Beaver are the sports pages. In fact, if you don't want to be associated with humour perhaps there could be a sports supplement, perhaps called 'The Tight Beaver'. It's a f**king student paper, meant the represent the views of the f**king students, therefore please extract your heads from your f**king beavers and LEAVE OUR ARTICLES ALONE!

(pre-edited for you, arent I thoughtful)

John Erwin

Dear Sir,

Please can we stop editing sports pages to extreme.

This I feel would be very much appreciated by everyone in the AU and LSE.

Understandably complaints are to be made but if so can the Beaver simply not apologise for whatever unintentional upset it causes in following publications.

I hope this email is not to offensive as we at the AU do not wish to be.

Thank you for your time,

Fabian Joseph

Dear Editor,

Justin Nolan, in a letter last week, takes issue with my statement that "Bush is winning the war on terror." Nolan argues that I am disregarding "the constant coordinated attacks on U.S. forces in Iraq." I'm not. Headline for 2001: terrorists attack civilians in New York. Headline for 2003: terrorists attack soldiers in Iraq. I argue that this is progress: quite frankly, I prefer to

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If you have written three or more articles for the Beaver and your name does not appear in the above list please email thebeaver@lse.ac.uk and we will add your name on for next week

The Beaver is available online at www.lse.ac.uk/union and in alternative formats

Continued on Page 7

The Beaver Comment and Analysis

Editorial Comment

A Clear Message

Tensions on campus were raised once again last week, after it became known that a motion condemning Israel's Separation Fence had been tabled at the Union General Meeting. The last time such intensity was seen was in early December last year when a 'Boycott Israeli Goods' motion was put forward. In the hours leading up to that motion, Houghton Street became clogged with activists from all sides of the debate and some ugly scenes ensued where people were venting all their frustration and anger by yelling in each other's faces.

Thankfully the motion last Thursday, though clearly provocative, did not lead to as much unpleasantness as had been witnessed the last time around. This is mainly because the motion was not quite as divisive.

Now, many people will see the actions that Israel takes on a day-to-day basis as its legitimate right to defend itself. Yet, there is also a widespread view, that some of the actions it take lead to the oppression of the Palestinian people and significant violations of human rights.

Calling for a boycott on Israeli goods can be easily seen as an attack on all Israeli citizens. It leads to the vilification and collective punishment of an entire people due to the actions of their government. This was

an argument used by those who opposed economic sanctions on Saddam Hussein's Iraq. Similarly, it would have been impossible to secure any support from Israeli's, even those who desperately opposed some of their government's views. Rather than lash out at Israel for its actions in the Occupied Territories, it is better to take specific policies that cause grievances and then direct attention to them and to try and overturn them.

This is why the motion "Against the Separation Fence" was so successful. It identified why it thought the fence was a bad idea, and then proceeded to cite factual evidence that demonstrated the point. It did not seek to launch a broad attack on Israel, but simply voiced its opposition to what it saw as an oppressive manoeuvre against the Palestinians and a barrier to long-term peace.

This is why the student body wholeheartedly endorsed the motion.

It was in no way anti-Semitic. During the course of the debate, sentiments of that nature were being voiced, yet those suggestions were terribly insulting to those who backed the motion. Criticism of Israel does not automatically become criticism of Jews. The sooner we can get beyond that point, the better.

We Are Still Here

This Week we highlight some serious problems in the way in which the SU is run. It seems, that some of our elected representatives feel that the Beaver should be performing a similar function to 'Pravda', that infamous Soviet State organ. Others, however, feel that the Beaver should be able to carry out investigations into and publish whatever they see fit, so long as it does not break the law of libel.

At the moment, the manoeuvres are conducted under the guise of halting offensive material being published in the paper. As in most of these cases, official documents are being hurled in all directions. It seems that the most fashionable one at the moment is the Union's policy on Equal Opportunities and Diversity. Yet, this fails to explain the decision by a sabbatical officer, that The Beaver needed to be 'punished' for investigating a story that was already in the public domain.

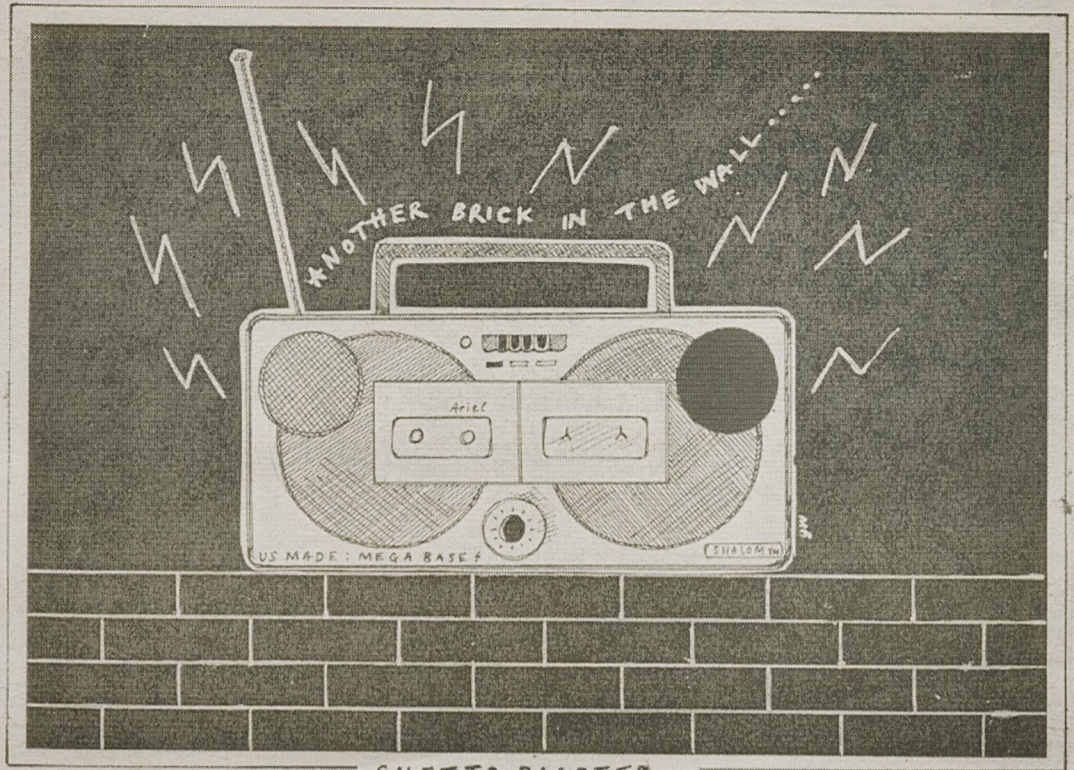
The SU Exec. may indeed be the trustees of the union, but they are not the gatekeepers of what the Beaver is allowed to access and what it is not. They certainly do not hold a monopoly

on morality. Yet, this is what a casual glance at the situation reveals.

The Exec., or more specifically, the Sabbatical Officer in question, decided that the Beaver could not be trusted to investigate a particular story, despite the fact that it had heard it being reported at a public meeting. When that did not work, our friendly sabbatical decided that an embargo should be put on a particular member of the Beaver staff, affectively singling them out for righteous retribution.

Worryingly, several sources within the Executive have confirmed this fact. Furthermore, SU Education and Welfare Sabbatical has admitted it. Yet SU Treasurer Jo Kibble denied the allegation. Someone is lying, and given the nature of libel laws in this country, we would not want to speculate as to who it could be.

The whole point of the press is that it should not work with, but rather outside the jurisdiction of authority. If similar attempts are made in the future to control the Beaver's agenda, who would there be left to hold the Executive to account?



Letters to the Editor (continued)

Continued from Page 6

see terrorists bogged down in Iraq fighting the two most powerful armies in the world (and getting picked off in the process) than plotting and executing terror attacks against defenceless North American and European civilians. It comes down to where you prefer the War on Terror be waged: in our backyard, or al-Qaeda's.

Yours,

Alykhan Velshi.

Dear Sir,

The introduction to last week's article "Wall and Peace" is grossly inaccurate. It states that the security fence being built around the West Bank is a "220-mile concrete barrier". This is factually incorrect as only five percent of the fence is made of concrete.

The motives behind the fence are, unlike the sinister and menacing twist Paul Kirby puts on them, pure and simple. It is to protect Israeli citizens from suicide bombers. It is abundantly clear that before the current intifada was launched there were no plans to build this fence and it is only with the advent of the repeated terrorising of the Israeli civilian population that this security fence has been undertaken.

Sadly, sometimes a situation goes beyond reconciliation on an intimate level, at least for the immediate future. If the fence were to be completed it would certainly prevent the vast majority of suicide bombers carrying out their missions as the fence round Gaza has done, not one bomber in the current three-year-old intifada having come from the Gaza strip. If such bombings could be prevented

then the chances for a return to the negotiation table would be greatly increased since the abilities of the terrorists to derail the peaceable intentions of the majority of both Israelis and Palestinians would be vastly diminished.

Yours faithfully

Jeremy Sharon

Dear Editor,

Matthew Sinclair's review of Charlie's Angels 2 gives a misleading impression of the relationship between Ireland and America, and also illustrates the dangers of deducing too much (cultural trends) from too little (Matt Sinclair's world-view).

Despite Charlie's Angels American representations of Ireland and Irishness, and there are many, are usually very positive, indeed far more positive than their amazingly ill-informed British equivalents. Off-hand I can think of at least two current Hollywood movies which portray people of Irish extraction in a positive, sympathetic manner. And they are not untypical.

Furthermore it is intellectually lazy and invidious of Mr. Sinclair to repeat old canards about Irish Americans supporting IRA terrorists. There are 50 million Irish Americans, and no British journalist or diplomat, with whom these slurs originated, has ever interviewed even one tenth of one per cent of these people about their political views. And sorry, support for Irish nationalism does not necessarily translate into support for terrorism. An LSE student should know that.

Irish Americans, and Irish people

elsewhere, are all too aware of the damage that the IRA has done to Ireland and Britain. For that matter some 40% of them in the USA are protestants, for God's sake. Additionally Mr. Sinclair does not seem to be aware that the IRA stopped its war against the British the best part of ten years ago.

If anything it's British men who are portrayed unsympathetically in Hollywood. It's no wonder when they so readily produce such dozy and lazy journalism as this ill fated film review.

Sharpen up Matthew, for your own sake and for the sake of peace between nations...

Marcus Collins

Are you aghast or amused by anything you see in The Beaver or on campus? Write to the editor at: thebeaver@lse.ac.uk

The Beaver is looking for a new B:art Editor

Elections will be held at the Collective Meeting at 6pm on Thursday in The Beaver Office (E204)

All Welcome

blink

Features and Politics

A National Disgrace?
Is there really a crisis in English football?
page 10



Edited by Ben Chapman (b.chapman@lse.ac.uk)

Open House

There are only two ways of getting tickets to Prime Minister's Questions in the House of Commons if you don't work there: either from your Ambassador or your MP. Courtesy of Caroline Spelman, blink took advantage of an opportunity few are lucky enough to obtain.

Ben Chapman
blink Editor

The Houses of Parliament are nothing if not impressive. The intricate Gothic architecture heightens an unmistakable air of dignity and splendour as one merely walks past its golden exterior and its statutes of great men whose lives shaped a country's history. This is a place where fascinating history meets supreme power, a home for legends and dreams, for plots and grand designs.

It is a majesty not altogether borne out by Prime Minister's Question Time, which Tony Blair has described as "80% theatre". If that's the case, then bring on the performers for the weekly political matinee, because that's where we were going.

I rendezvoused with my eager fellow Beaver crew member at Westminster tube on the crisp morning of Wednesday 15th October. The day had started well, I having had the fortune sharing the Number 3 bus down to Westminster with none other than former Chancellor, and perennial Conservative leadership contest failure, Ken Clarke, who had strenuously raised himself up from the front of top deck and padded downstairs (Hush Puppies and all) in front of my very eyes. I had disembarked on Whitehall, and subsequently walked past other half-recognisable character whom I was certain I'd seen somewhere before. Welcome to Westminster: three-street village of the high and mighty.

We had the undeniable honour of entering the Palace of Westminster itself via the Sovereign's Entrance (albeit after a ten-minute wait surrounded by MP5-toting police officers), which at least shows that the Beaver has gone up in the world since its days of schmoozing with the likes of David Dickinson. A rather nice chap called Jeffrey Baldock was to be our guide - a doorman in the House of Lords no less. It showed.

"Good morning your Lordship. Happy Birthday."

Lord Anthill, apparently, celebrating his 82nd birthday - one of the few hereditary peers left in the Lords since Tony Blair's cull. Like the fox who knows he's on the run, his Lordship awaits the hounds that will surely drag him out of the upper chamber of parliament soon enough. Things haven't changed much in this building over the years - the removal of aristocracy is one notable exception.

We were to be given a tour of the House of Lords before going over to wit-

ness Prime Minister's Questions (PMQs) at midday, which started (speaking of aristocracy) in the Queen's Robing Room, used prior to the State Opening of Parliament each year. A monumental waste of space first used by Queen Victoria, it does however have a toilet designed by Thomas Crapper.

The British parliament, much like the British Constitution, is full of little quirks and oddities that have developed over time, one of which is the tradition that, each year, the Queen herself takes a Government whip hostage during the State Opening until she leaves parliament safely. A little strange for a Head of State you might think, until you walk through to the Royal Gallery, where you are introduced to the Death Warrant of Charles I, passed by Parliament in 1649. Whilst perhaps different in outcome, the current royal Charles may find his present trial by media just as unpleasant as his namesake's trial by parliament.

The Gallery itself is quite an important room as the Lords uses it as office space since its members do not enjoy the luxury of individual offices. Large wooden tables line one side of the room - all that's needed is a bar down the other side and the peers would find themselves right at home. The room is also used for addresses to both houses by foreign dignitaries. Apparently Francois Mitterand had issues with being asked to speak in a room adorned by huge paintings of the battles at Waterloo and Trafalgar. Bless.

A feature of any debate in the House of Lords is the presence of at least one ancient peer fast asleep on one of the rows of red couches. We were told they're not asleep, but just thinking deeply whilst listening to the debate being broadcast through small speakers embedded in the seats. Either that or they're just sick of the sight of the 24 ct gold leaf throne that sits (unused) at one end of the room. Our guide proudly tells us that 11,500 amendments are adopted in the Lords each year, as opposed to just 4,500 in the Commons. So it does have a function after all.

Westminster Hall is the oldest part of the building, now used it seems to provide a place to talk on the phone for a very stressed Claire Short, who bustled past us on the stairs. Jeffrey tells us the room is 900 years old, though the roof is "fairly new". It was built in the 1300s.

The Speaker's Procession starts as we make our way back to the Central Lobby in preparation for PMQs. It looks like something straight out of the Middle Ages: all black cloaks with long tails that



The Houses of Parliament. And a Number 3 bus.

need to be carried by someone else. All is deathly silent until 'Gorbals Mick' (to his friends) has passed along into the chamber, before the ensuing mad rush to the stairs. After being searched (twice), we take our place on an inadequately-deep green bench high above the House of Commons, and await the start of the show.

Looking round the surprising empty balconies, we notice Tony Benn over to our right - well, first time for everything - the proud father of the new International Development Secretary, Hilary Benn, who is taking questions for the first time. As we draw nearer to 12 o'clock, the population of the front benches begins to increase, along with the decibel level in the chamber.

"Will the House please be quiet?" asks the Speaker, looking a damned sight more comfortable in his chair than he did walking through the lobby before a throng of bemused onlookers.

It's 11:52 when Gordon Brown lumbers in, followed swiftly by the pompous-looking figure of Michael Ancram. Various heavyweights take their seats before the sorry-looking Iain Duncan Smith meekly appears at 11:58. Blair sits down a minute later.

Full house. 12:00. Let battle commence.

It's an interesting spectacle to behold, watching hundreds of grown men and women shout and wave paper at each other for half an hour, but that's exactly the point. PMQs consists essentially of a

variety of questions from random members on a range of different topics, which generally result in the Prime Minister blaming current problems on the previous Conservative government. The two main talking points of the afternoon, pensions and Council Tax, followed this pattern.

The writing was pretty much on the wall for IDS (still at that point Conservative leader), whose supporting 'here-heres' were far outweighed by the ruthless order-paper-waving from the Labour benches. He was pretty soundly beaten by Blair (again) on this occasion. He wouldn't last another fortnight.

The funniest moment of the session was a soft-spoken Labour MP who asked the Prime Minister about anti-social behaviour orders, and was gradually worn down and drowned out by the general rowdiness of his parliamentary colleagues. I'm sure we weren't the only ones who recognised the irony.

A pensions debate and a quick, overpriced cold beverage later and we were outdoors again, basked in the sunshine of the new afternoon, once again outside the magnificent surroundings of the seat of government. There is an atmosphere unique to this place, and experiences to be had likewise. As Caroline Spelman in the article opposite will testify, PMQs may not achieve much. But, like Westminster itself, it's jolly fine to look at.

Ben Chapman is a second year undergraduate in the Government Department.

blink Features



Spelbound

Not content with simply giving us tickets to PMQs, Caroline Spelman also kindly agreed to give the Beaver an interview. Only too willing to oblige, blink spoke to the Shadow International Development Secretary in her office last week.

El Barham
News Editor

Caroline Spelman's rise to the political fore has been phenomenal. Elected on May 1st 1997, she became Conservative Party Whip 13 months later and went on to act as Shadow Spokesman for Health and Women's Issues under William Hague.

After the 2001 General Election, she became Shadow Minister for Women and Shadow Secretary of State for International Development, serving on Iain Duncan Smith's Front Bench team whilst he was leader of the Conservative Party.

Spelman displayed her loyalty to her former leader by reaffirming that she did initially vote for the deposed head of the party. "Most of the Shadow Cabinet, if not all of them, signed a letter of support for Iain Duncan Smith. He asked us to serve in his Shadow Cabinet and I think he deserved some loyalty in return."

However, she was quick to throw her support behind Michael Howard, who was appointed as the next leader of the Tory Party shortly after this interview, emphasising that the fact that grass roots Conservatives would have nothing to do with his election did not really present a difficulty.

"I think it's generally accepted amongst the membership that the decision to enfranchise them in the choice of leader probably wasn't the best one, in the sense that the MPs know their colleagues far better than the grass roots membership can ever do."

Spelman also accurately predicated that Michael Howard would not face any opponents for the leadership of the Tory Party.

"I sense a real desire in the Parliamentary Party to unite behind Michael and I will be surprised if anyone else throws their hat in the ring. What the Parliamentary Party wants to do is just get on with it and Michael will continue the policies crafted by Iain Duncan Smith because he was Shadow Chancellor at the time and we could not have those policies without him."

However, she was unprepared to make

'Sitting on a small, low Malawian wood-carving, which looked extremely uncomfortable, she explained: "This is our overseas development chair".'

any assumptions as to the future make-up of the Shadow Cabinet.

"If Michael emerges as the sole choice he will take the pick of the Parliamentary Party to serve in his team. He's a very bright man; I'm sure he will hand pick the people he wants who will be on his side. I have no idea who those might be. It's entirely up to him."

"He's in a very strong position as, without a contest, he hasn't got to appease this side or that side, so he really can hand pick the best of who he wants to serve in his Shadow Cabinet."

The interview took place in the plush surroundings of Spelman's parliamentary office in Portcullis House, briefly interrupting her frantic preparations for the following day's debate on African Aid. Sitting on a small, low Malawian wood-carving, which looked extremely uncomfortable, but is apparently quite the opposite, she explained that she had acquired the artifact in her capacity as Shadow Secretary for International Development.

"This is our overseas development chair. The Malawian government decided in its wisdom to act on the clause to allow backpackers to send woodcarvings back home. It was a thriving industry, but the government put the postage tax up by 60% and this measure put many wood-carvers out of business. I met the wood-carvers as a result and the chair is a monument to that."

One of the most striking things about the PMQs that we saw on October 12th was how little power the individual MPs had as they bobbed up and down on the

benches trying to get a question in. Mrs Spelman agreed that the small amount of effect that MPs have could be a serious problem.

"It is not good for our democracy to have a government of any political persuasion with such a large majority. It produces very poor government. We can't defeat them and they know, so they become complacent as they know that they can just push their legislation through, so of course it is badly drafted. They get away with things which are not a good decision."

Further differences with Labour also emerged during the interview. She said: "We are very frustrated with the government over the war with Iraq. They have obviously really broken our trust. We also warned them that you don't make war if you can't make peace and clearly the reconstruction is not going well."

"I am really angry that the government can't find the money for the reconstruction of Iraq and so is cutting its overseas aid budget to other developing countries. I think that's immoral. I would not have agreed to go to war on the basis of chopping the aid budget to developing countries to fund our war effort. It's outrageous. I care really passionately about this issue."

These comments bode ill for the forthcoming visit of George Bush to the UK. Spelman said: "The public are very sceptical about our war effort in Iraq. George Bush coming to the UK is a mixed blessing for the government because he really does not have the public's support. I think the government is going to have difficulties over this."

Having spared us an hour of her time, Spelman resumed her furious research into the following day's debate. As we left the glass opulence of Portcullis House, it only remained to wonder whether she would remain on the front bench following the leadership change. As we go to press we cannot yet answer that question, but from Caroline Spelman's manner and obvious competency, it would be a great loss if she is passed over.

El Barham is a second year Government and History student.

Musings

Randy Royals; Blowing Stuff Up

Matthew Sinclair
blink Columnist

Stories of randy royals are once again filling the newspapers. Any surprise would be misguided.

Evolution is a very powerful mechanism. Evolution has created the human brain, most complex arrangement of matter in the known universe, no small achievement.

Creating the human brain is a bloody complicated feat; making people very randy is desperately easy. It is also a great way to make an individual more successful in evolutionary terms. Up the hormones and before you know it you have a staggeringly libidinous race.

Every human is descended from ancestors who were successful and driven enough to reproduce and ensure their offspring's survival generation after generation while countless other families fell by the wayside.

Back in the day, the ultimate evolutionary success was to be a member of the Royal family. Not just an income today: an income for your descendants tomorrow. To have got to where they are their family demonstrated an ability to breed and connive at the highest level.

When the royal family erupts in scandal it is demonstrating the formidable talent that got it where it is today.

The nervous souls who lead the great many campaigns for safety and good health are suffering a fairly serious set of panics. Apparently fast food could actually reverse the trend of rising life expectancies.

Add to this our annual celebration of blowing stuff up and it will be a while until the caring types settle down.

I like the idea of Bonfire Night deeply. The CIA World Factbook lists the UK's national holiday as the "Queen's Birthday" (although for some reason the actual date isn't used) but I much prefer the idea of celebrating Mr Fawkes.

It is quite a country that can celebrate the narrow survival of its parliament by setting off enough explosives to make the US Air Force blush. A divine confidence in your own invulnerability is strictly necessary if you are going to make a habit of firing explosives into the air, hedge or neighbour's cat.

Britain will never cower in fear so long as the average comprehensive school student has a better knowledge of how to flatten a tower block than "citizenship" (damn you Blunkett).

I also like the idea of a celebration of the defence of the Protestant nation through the time-old method of hanging, drawing and quartering. A common national celebration founded on the kind of sectarian action that would, these days, earn a humanitarian intervention. If you can unite around that...

If you're interested in writing for blink or have an article that you would like to get published, simply email b.chapman@lse.ac.uk

All opinions expressed in blink, including those of its editor, are the writers' own and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Beaver or LSESU



OneEyeOpen

The weekly Union General Meeting is always a place for lively debate, drama and generally a damn good laugh. More importantly, it serves to set Union policy on a range of issues, many of which are serious matters affecting students at the LSE. We should be rightly proud of the UGM as a democratic body, and should continue to seek to widen its appeal within the student body.

However, there are times when the meeting can leave a very sour taste in the mouth due to its raucous and, at times, intimidating atmosphere. This tends to be the case particularly when very serious issues are being debated, when passions and feelings run high, leaving the meeting, at worst, even threatening to students who do not share the views of the resident majority.

Last Thursday was one such meeting.

The motion on the separation fence in the West Bank was always going to be controversial. Events prior to the meeting highlighted the divisive nature of the issue, and the level of anger induced by it - threatening emails and defaced posters two sad examples of how such an issue can split elements of the student body into two very distinct camps.

Great credit is due to K, the UGM chair, for his handling of what turned out to be an extremely heated, and potentially uncontrollable meeting. Had it not been for his strength, there would have been far more heckling and paper-throwing, aimed almost exclusively at one side, further heightening the intimidating atmosphere of the meeting for those who happened not to concur with the motion.

The problem with motions such as the one proposed last week is that they do divide the student community on extremely sensitive issues, which serves only to alienate one or more portions of the very student body the Union has a duty to represent. Violent and anti-democratic actions such as those witnessed last week must be condemned and their perpetrators dealt with, but nevertheless they are evidence enough of the possible consequences of the partisan feelings these issues bring out.

One person commented to me on the irony of passing a motion condemning segregation in the West Bank, which only achieved segregation on campus through its passing. It is not healthy for our union to be so sharply divided by such deeply-rooted feelings and emotions as were blatantly evident last week.

As a result, issues such as these should either not be debated by a union that is not directly concerned with the outcome (and can have no impact on the issue by adopting a position), or both sides should work together to come to some mutually-agreeable stance. If consensus cannot be found, we should accept our differences and move on in the interests of a united student body.

There are a number of ways to draw attention to serious issues - this publication is one of them - but we do not need to witness the atmosphere evident on campus last week. The well-being of the union comes first and as such it should avoid isolating substantial portions of its membership by taking sides on such emotive issues.

Just what should we make of the current troubles in English football?

Beautiful Shame?

Justin Nolan

On a warm early July evening in 1990, the England football team took to the field in Turin to play West Germany in a World Cup Semi-Final. Although the English had been fortunate to get this far, this was the closest they had been to world glory since 1966 and all that. The rest, as they say, became history. England played passionately, at times wonderfully, and lost on penalties.

It was a glorious defeat, made all the more poignant by the tears of Paul Gascoigne, the English talisman. Gazza had been booked earlier in proceedings after an over-zealous, if not quite malicious, tackle on a West German player meaning he would have been suspended for the final. On realizing this he had already started to weep, and when England were beaten the tears flooded out.

You see, English players were supposed to be hard as nails, totally committed professionals, but never over emotional. Tears were for the over-dramatic foreigners, the whining continentals and South Americans. But Gascoigne cared. And we, as a nation, realized that we cared. Our national game had gone through a traumatic decade in the 1980s with the Heysel Stadium disaster, The Valley Parade disaster and the final tragedy at Hillsborough. To be a football supporter was not something to be proud of. Yet the 1990 World Cup and Gazza's weeping helped put the pride back into English football. It was the point at which the country that invented the game fell back in love with it.

Then throughout the 1990s the popularity of football in this country mushroomed, its success reaching out beyond its working class stronghold. More money was flowing into the game than ever before, particularly with the inception of the FA Premier League in 1992, which gave the top clubs in England more independence and autonomy from the rest of the league, and gave them a bigger slice of TV cash. Football became a boom sector: a success story where everyone seemed to be getting rich, especially the players.

In transfer fees, Britain had always seemed to lag behind their continental counterparts when it came to the big money moves. In 1989 Gary Pallister moved from Middlesbrough to Manchester United for a then record £2.3 million. In 1990 Roberto Baggio joined Juventus from Fiorentina for four times that figure, in a world record-breaking deal. But by 1996 the money flooding into English football was such that Newcastle United could themselves break the world record transfer fee in signing Alan Shearer for £15 million.

As for the players, they got richer and

richer. The top players were earning around £10,000 per week in 1992. By 2002 it was ten times that. An English footballer seemingly had it made. Stadiums had improved since the implementation of the recommendations of the Taylor report into the Hillsborough disaster. Attendances were up and there was media interest in football and footballers like never before. They had become the new pop stars, the new TV stars, the new celebrities, the new gods to be worshipped. This reached its apotheosis with the deification of David Beckham.

Beckham was the tabloids' dream: good-looking, extremely talented, married to Victoria "Posh Spice" Adams, England Captain, and playing for the most famous team in the world, Manchester United. His marriage to Posh, in 1999, attracted more attention than the royal wedding of Prince Edward and Sophie Rhys-Jones that year. Every clothes change, new hairstyle, makeover, was scrutinized incessantly by the slaving tabloid press. He had become more famous for what he did off the pitch than for what he did on it. When Alex Ferguson, the Manchester United manager, decided to sell Beckham to Real Madrid we were treated to the kind of press coverage normally reserved for times of great state crisis. We were told stories of women leaving their husbands to be nearer him in Madrid. Men could no longer perform in bed because Beckham was no longer there. Families ripped apart by this national tragedy. All this over a person who kicks a ball around a grass field twice a week.

Yet with this much media attention surrounding football, with young players trying to maintain some sense of reality whilst being surrounded by so much money, so much fame, so much temptation; something was bound to go wrong. And so, on the 29th September of this year the dam finally burst. We awoke that morning to discover that several Premiership footballers had been involved in an alleged gang raping of a 17-year-old girl in the Grosvenor Hotel, Park Lane. The men who thought they were immortal found themselves under siege from a press



Clockwise from top: the Grosvenor Hotel, Gazza's tears and Rio Ferdinand.

that had declared open season on them. Soon afterwards Leeds United player Jody Morris was questioned about two alleged sexual assaults.

Then of course we had Riogate, and when the England players staged what they thought was a show of solidarity and support for their teammate, by attempting to go on strike before the World Cup qualifier against Turkey, they faced a furious press backlash which stunned them. David Beckham, the former darling of the press, was visibly shaken at a press conference as he repeatedly had to fend off accusations that he was nothing more than a pampered millionaire. The people that had built him up were now trying to bring him down.

So what did this reveal about the state of our national game? Was it in a state of terminal decay? Or was this just the usual press hysteria?

Football was not, and is not, in a state of decay. Yet footballers clearly needed to learn and hopefully no longer will we hear stories of young players baiting American tourists the day after 9/11, or, indeed, stories of players burning wads of fifty-pound notes in front of beggars in impoverished eastern European countries.

Footballers don't have to be role models, nor should they. Yet they cannot continue to act like the laws of society are meaningless to them. And nor do I feel they will. In the same way that the disasters of the 1980s paved the way for stadiums to be improved and supporters to be treated better, the scandals of recent times should teach footballers to conduct themselves in a more dignified manner. Football has gone through worse crises than this current one.

And what happened to Gascoigne? Injuries, drink, kebabs and Chris Evans stopped him achieving what he might have done. Yet he is still playing because he still cares about this ridiculous game of ours. And so do we. Let's hope our young footballers make sure there is something to care about.

Justin Nolan is a Manchester United fan. But then, no one's perfect.

In DEFENCE

Daniel Freedman

Unless you've been hiding in the library and avoiding Houghton Street, no doubt you've heard the copious amounts of lies being peddled about the barrier that Israel is building in the West Bank. Now time for the truth.

For a start, it's not a wall: it's a fence. That's unless you name something according to what constitutes about 5% of it. It is only a wall in a few places, such as along the Trans-Israel highway, to prevent Palestinian terrorists shooting at, and killing, Israeli civilians, as happened there until a wall was built.

Elsewhere, Israel is building a fence to protect her citizens from terror. Terrorism is defined by the international community as a crime against humanity, and under international law Israel has the right, and duty, to protect her citizens from terror. Israel is one of the most successful countries in combating terrorism: preventing approximately 80% of attacks, including major attacks against skyscrapers and gas depots. But 20% are successful, and in the last three years, over 870 Israelis have been killed, and nearly 6,000 injured.

The Middle East Road Map, as with many previous agreements, required Yasser Arafat and the Palestinian Authority to dismantle the terrorist infrastructure and stop the incitement to violence that enables these attacks. Instead Arafat has decided to aid and abet the terrorists, and prevent Palestinian leaders - such as Abu Mazen - who wanted to pursue peace and stop the terrorists, from doing so. Since the Palestinian Authority takes no action to stop the terrorism, Israel has the duty to her citizens to do it instead.

There is a stretch of about 300km across which Palestinian terrorists can enter into Israel. (In some places, it's barely a ten minute walk between Palestinian villages and Israeli population centres). A security fence is one of the most effective, non-violent methods of stopping these terrorists. One only has to look to the Gaza strip where a similar fence exists to see the success. Since the fence was built there in 1994, not one single terrorist has succeeded in penetrating through the fence into Israel. The route of the fence is determined by wherever the terrorists originate from, and where civilians need to be protected.

Aside from being the most non-violent method of stopping the terrorists, the fence will enable Israel to reduce its involvement in the daily lives of Palestinians. Israel will be able to reduce the presence of its soldiers, and the number of checkpoints and road-blocks, in Palestinian areas. As a consequence, Palestinians will have greater movement within the West Bank, allowing normal daily life to resume, without resulting in an increase in terrorist attacks, as has happened in the past whenever Israel withdraws from Palestinian areas.

Israel has recognised that the fence will cause difficulties to many ordinary Palestinians, and wherever possible has tried to minimise them. Primarily, the fence has been built on public and unused land. In the few cases where this was impossible, gates



The peace process in more optimistic times - Rabin and Arafat shake hands in 1993. The goal of the fence is to reduce the violence that has escalated since.

In response to last week's article criticising the 'separation fence' in the West Bank, and the subsequent motion at the UGM, blink looks at the arguments being made in favour of its continued existence.

'A security fence is one of the most effective, non-violent methods of stopping terrorists. Since a similar fence was built in the Gaza Strip in 1994, not one single terrorist has succeeded in penetrating through the fence into Israel.'

have been built into the fence, allowing Palestinian farmers and their workers to continue cultivating their land. As for the land the fence has been built on, compensation has been given for its use, and will continue to be given as long as the property is being used.

The fence is being built in consultation with local residents, and Israel has attempted to provide individual solutions wherever objections have been raised. For example, the route was changed in order to avoid damaging a water reservoir in the Zayta area. All residents have the opportunity to submit objections, and in numerous cases mutual agreement have been reached. Where complaints were not resolved, the residents were given the unprecedented opportunity to file a petition direct to the Israeli Supreme Court.

Despite misrepresentations to the contrary, the West Bank has not been enclosed, nor has any Palestinian village been closed off. Throughout the West Bank, movement is guaranteed between Palestinian areas.

It is important to note, as Israel has constantly reaffirmed, that there is no change in legal status of the land. It has not been annexed to Israel. The sole purpose is to prevent the regular murder of Israeli civilians, and the location of the fence will be moved following final status negotiations when the Road Map is resumed. Israel's history shows that such structures are not permanent, and that Israel is willing to spend millions of dollars changing the location to achieve peace. The most recent example was in South Lebanon where Israel had a similar fence. After withdrawing from Lebanon and removing the fence, Israel then spent further millions of dollars uprooting the fence a second time and moving it back a further 95cm as the UN Secretary General requested.

The use of the term "apartheid" is both insulting and inapplicable here. It's insulting to those who suffered under, and fought against, apartheid, and cheapens both their memory and the term. Secondly, the fence is designed to prevent suicide bombers from killing Israeli civilians: Jews and Arabs. Israel has one million Arab citizens, who have also suffered from Palestinian terrorists. The most recent suicide bombing was in Haifa in a restaurant co-owned and frequented by both Arabs and Jews. Twenty-one Israeli citizens - Jews and Arabs - were killed. Contrast the full property rights that Israeli Arabs enjoy, compared to the Palestinian law (as in all Arab countries) that no Jew is allowed to own land.

Sadly it is the ordinary Palestinian who suffers most from the failure of their leaders to pursue a path of peace. Many people, such as myself, had high hopes for the Road Map to peace, and were devastated to see Arafat wreck another peace plan. Peace is multilateral, and Israel needs a partner. Until a Palestinian leadership emerges that wishes to pursue peace rather than terror, Israel will have to take preventative measures, such as fences, to protect her citizens: Arabs and Jews.

Aside from protecting Israeli civilians, the fence will also remove the option of terrorism from the Palestinian arsenal. Their leadership will learn that peace and negotiations are the only way forward. It will take five minutes to tear down a fence when a Palestinian leadership willing to become a partner in peace emerges, but a life, once taken by a terrorist, can never be restored.

Daniel Freedman is a second year undergraduate studying Government and History.

blink Features

Fireworks, Fawkes and the Fallen

Simon Cliff

11 pm. Wednesday 5th November. I stood on my balcony, listening.

The soft flares of light flickering from behind the flats across the square interrupted the twilight, trailed by a wake of cracks and muted screams from the gathered onlookers. Whistling up through the air close by came another, falling silent before erupting mid-air and filling the sky with a splutter of noise and illumination. Wave upon wave, they relentlessly extinguished the tranquil autumn evening. Fireworks' night prolonged the day well into the small hours of the following morning.

It is a day of celebration, a day when we commemorate the triumph of democracy over the threat of terrorism and the crushing of a plot to destroy the established social order. Today, people torch effigies of the infamous Guy Fawkes, fashioned roughly from old rags and crumpled newspaper. I am sure that no more than a few spectators observed the relevance of such a tradition in this modern age, a time wracked by fear and obsessed with the established moral dichotomy of good against evil. I wonder how many more years will pass before we assemble, from torn pyjamas and last week's tabloids, a flammable figurine of Osama Bin Laden? Would that only pummel the villainous fanatic further into the Western collective consciousness or merely be a symptom of such an impact?

All I know is that in flats and bungalows across the country, hundreds if not thousands of elderly folk were covering in their living rooms last Wednesday. For the older generation though, especially those living alone, November the 5th is just one night of terror among many these days. Whether it is the noise of fireworks on only one night in the calendar or hoards of muggers waiting to ambush

them on every other, the aged amongst us are convinced by a sensational world that behind their net curtains lies nothing but danger.

There is a forbidding irony within this premise. Within a week of Guy Fawkes night and whilst the bonfire embers are still smouldering, the nation will stop and stand, for the length of time it will take you to read this, to remember those who lost their lives in conflicts throughout history and across the world. We remember how men and women as young and younger than ourselves gave us their today for our tomorrow. Men and women who are now depleting in number with every day that passes from the ravages of old age. But the memories do not fade. The memories of family leaving home and never returning. The memories of silent horror and innocence bludgeoned into chaos before their very eyes. The memories of the shells, the gunfire, the bangs, the whistles, the bombs lighting up the night sky like lightning. Like flames. And like fireworks.

I think that sometimes we can remember the reason but forget the point. I think that the poppy is more a symbol than a statement and is worth much more than spare change. I think that those truly brave individuals and their widows, who sacrificed their lives for our right to live, should be standing proud and not cowering terrified for this and every week of the year. I think that these two events occurring within six days of each other is history's way of reminding us that the word 'freedom' represents a choice more than a right; the selfless choice of the dead for the selfish rights of the living.

11am. Tuesday 11th November. I'll stand on my balcony, remembering.

Simon Cliff is a second year Sociology student. He is also editor of b:film.



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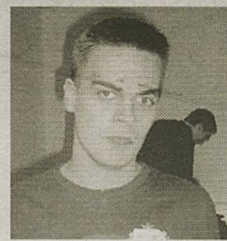
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WHILE STOCKS LAST

b:art

edited by Justin Nolan



And now the end is near, and so I face the Final curtain.....

EDITORIAL

Bundred. Stoker. Burn. Bourke. Barzini. The heads of all the five families. And now Justin "dead meat" Nolan. One minute you're in the Beaver office doing your section, next minute you're cast into the maelstrom of obscurity. I don't know if this makes you nervous, but it scares the shit out of me! Anyway this is my final edition and I depart without regret or obligations. Do not weep because I do not sleep. I can be found doing the quiz in the tuns on Tuesday, for example.

But this is my party, my eulogy to myself, and I'm going to say my piece. I don't really want to end on a low note so I'm going to get my rant out of the way first. So here goes.

We at the Beaver come in for criticism all the time. Some of it is justified, most of it constructive, all of it helpful. Most of the time the criticism is all above board and to our faces i.e. in the form of letters to the editor and questions at the UGM. We are all big boys/girls. We can take it. Yet some of the time people lose sight of what this paper is, of who we are as editors and writers. The paper, at the end of the day, is merely a student newspaper, written by students

for students. We don't get paid for this shit, we gladly give of our own time to devote ourselves to this rag. We fail our degrees, we mess up our exams, we make mistakes sometimes. We are only human after all.

Anyway enough of this shite. I would like to thank Mr Burn, Mr Miskin, Miss Keech, Miss King, Miss Marlow, Miss Humphries, Miss Warwick, Miss Davies, Mr Garrett, Miss Burgess, Mr Cliff, Miss Ismail, Mr Postler, Mr Rushworth, Miss Bray, Miss Mantle, Mr Bourke, Mr Baker, Mr Stoker, Mr Chowdry, Mr Carter, Miss Featherstone, Miss Vyras, Miss Barham, Mr Power, Mr Chapman, Mr Kadri, Mr Bundred and Mr Rasheed. Without you lot I would have been proper shit. Thankyou for your co-operation and unstinting hard work.

And so I sign off, consigned to the rubbish bin of history. I hope you won't miss the pointless editorials, mindless bullshit, elementary spelling mistakes and layout errors that my time working on this esteemed publication has entailed. Maybe one day when you see my name on a byline in the Guardian you remember my time here. Or maybe not. In a bit.

THE RAVEONETTES

BONNIE JOHNSON grabs a chat with Denmark retro rockers The Raveonettes...



I interviewed Denmark's Raveonettes, Sharin Foo and Sune Rose Wagner, before their show at the Mean Fiddler last Tuesday. They were quite friendly, and answered all of my questions despite the fact that Sune was sick and trying to preserve his voice for the show.

What made you leave B flat minor and the three-chord, three-minute song structure you used on your debut EP?

Sharin: Well, we haven't really left the idea; the new album is in B flat major. Before we released anything, we had planned to make two mini-albums: one

in B flat minor and one in B flat major. We thought we'd release them one at a time, and then together as a full length album. The idea was to show both sides of the Raveonettes: the darker side and the brighter side. But before we had time to finish the second mini-album, we got picked up by Columbia, and we realized we had better come up with some full length material. So, we expanded the B flat major album, and it became Chain Gang of Love.

I've been listening to Chain Gang of Love, and it makes me think of the Jesus and Mary Chain. Would you consider them one of your influences? Who else would you name?

Sharin: We do love Jesus and Mary Chain, and I think what we have in common with them is the pop sensibility combined with noise and fuzz. Usually when we think of our influences, we talk about Buddy Holly, Hank Williams, the fifties girl groups. Also, more recent bands like Suicide and Television.

There seems to be a dearth of rock music coming out of Denmark. Is there a vibrant Danish music scene that keeps to itself, or are there just very few Danish rock bands who are serious about what they're doing?

Sune: Well, there's Baby Woodrose. But there just isn't much of a music scene in Denmark.

Sharin: We've always gone outside of the country. We started playing together two years ago, and we immediately went to the States. We actually played our fifth gig at CBGB in New York.

That's impressive. Sune, I know you're the songwriter in the band. Most of your lyrics on Chain Gang of Love are about love and lust, and

they seem a bit tongue-in-cheek. Why those particular themes?

Sune: We just wanted to do something very universal, something timeless that people could always relate to. It's like the idea of icons, like how we dressed up as Marlon Brando on the cover of our new album.

Is there anything you want to tell the readers?

Sharin: We have a new single coming out the first week of December. It's a double A-side, with "Heartbreak Stroll" and "The Christmas Song." It will only be available in the UK.

Lastly, where do you see your music and your careers going in the next few years?

Sune: To the top, baby!

Sharin: Oh, yeah.

At the start of the show, Sune, Sharin, the drummer and the second guitarist came on, and Sharin announced that Sune had been diagnosed with laryngitis. He would not be able to sing, so he would stick to his guitar and she would sing all of the songs.

The band's set included a lot of songs from Chain Gang of Love, including the single "That Great Love Sound," as well as four or five songs from Whip It On. They also played a cover of Eddie Cochran's rockabilly hit, "C'mon Everybody" (they usually cover Buddy Holly's "Everyday," but Sharin told me that they plan to retire it for a while). Before they played "Love Can Destroy Everything," Sharin described it as a tribute to Johnny Cash and Gram Parsons. After ending the set, the band came back onstage for a brief encore.



It was a treat to see the Raveonettes in concert, because the nature of their music means that they come across better live than on studio recordings. Their sound relies on feedback and heavy distortion, in the "wall of noise" style popularized by the Velvet Underground and Sonic Youth. And that noise works best when the amps are turned up to eleven.

At several points during the show, Sharin apologized for doing all of the vocals by herself, pointing out that the songs were written for two voices, and swearing that she would never release a solo album. But she should have been more confident, because the music still sounded terrific. Sharin has a sexy voice and great stage presence, and I almost preferred hearing her as the only vocalist. The boy-and-girl harmonies are an integral part of the band's faux-fifties shtick, but the absence of Sune's voice did not lessen the impact of the rock 'n' roll. Rave on.

BONNIE JOHNSON

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b:intro

Sugababes: Young, Three and Single?

LSE's very own pop mogul **JIMMY TAM** spends an afternoon living it up with the **Sugababes** at their recent press conference to promote the release of their new album 'Three'...

If you like your girl groups (like me), then you're probably a fan of the very fabulous Sugababes. I'm sure none of us can resist shaking our cutie booties whenever the classic 'Round Round' comes on at Crush... or is that just me? Anyway, I caught up with Heidi, Keisha and Mutya one breezy Tuesday afternoon for a chat as they launch their



eagerly anticipated third album, 'Three'.

The free Kettle Chips, chocolate biscuits and Coca-Cola, courtesy of Island Records, are all gone

and I'm still waiting for the Sugababes to arrive. Typical pop stars for you! The situation doesn't look promising when I hear a mumble on the telephone: "I'm afraid they'll be about another twenty minutes."

Finally, the girls arrive, over an hour and a half late, entering so smiley and apologetic that it's hard not to forgive them. Keisha ("the black/sexy one") is looking her usual sultry self in a bright pink cardigan, whilst Heidi ("the white/cute one") dons a subtle low-cut black suit jacket and Mutya ("the oriental one/one with the pierced upper lip") wears a red parker jacket.

It's in with the kill as the all-important question is asked: have the girls got boyfriends? "No" is the unanimous reply, but Heidi does tantalisingly reveal in her broad Liverpoolian accent, "I went on a date last night though." My attempts to find out a name were in vain but if the tabloids are to be believed, then it was the sexy Dave Berry from MTV's TRL show. Go, Heidi!

Talk turns to the Sugababes' surprise Glastonbury appearance back in the summer. "Any band offered the chance to perform at Glastonbury would jump at it," explains Heidi.

"Our first single 'Overload' meant that we were more accepted by the indie crowd," adds Keisha in her sweet, dulcet tones. "I think the worst thing you can do is to deliberately try and branch out to other genres. For us, it was just a natural thing."

Since the marvellous 'Overload' made no.6 back in 2000, the Sugababes have notched up a further seven hits. The amazingly funky 'Hole in the Head' - the lead single from 'Three' - has just given the girls their third chart-topper. However, some of the publicity that the single's been getting has been disturbing Heidi: "They played 'Hole in the Head' for Derren Brown's Russian Roulette stunt, which kinda freaked me out!"

On 'Three', the girls have worked with Pink collaborator Linda Perry, legendary



American songwriter Diane Warren (who takes credit for the next 'Babes single 'Too Lost in You', which appears on the soundtrack for Brit flick 'Love Actually') and Madonna's buddy William Orbit, as well as the producers from their first two albums.

Is there anyone else they'd like to work with? "We really want to work with Missy Elliott - she has so many different ideas for different artists," replies Mutya in her deep husky voice. So Missy, take note and Mutya, quit the cigs.

It's difficult to believe that the Sugababes are the same age as most of us. So do they ever envy the student life of essays and Pot Noodles? "Growing up in the media, I've had to sacrifice a lot. Your life is publicly known," says Keisha. "It would've been nice to go to college and have the chance to socialise with people. I mean, I was in the studio when I was 13."

Talking of student life, we all know that our lovely institution, the LSE, is represented by a beaver - social, constructive and industrious. What animals would the Sugababe girls be? Keisha ponders for a while. "I'd be a cat, because they can be vicious and sweet. And in the last issue of Smash Hits they put me next to a picture of Garfield!"

Heidi and Mutya look stumped so Keisha helps them out. "Heidi, you'd be a horse or pony because they're cute and have smooth hair." Heidi looks complimented if a little bemused. "Mutya... hmm... would be a jaguar 'cause they're mysterious."



Mystery has, and still, surrounds the controversial departure of ex-Sugababe Siobhan Donaghy (who has, rather amusingly, been compared to a glass of milk) in 2001. Even now with new member Heidi, who's been on board for over a year now, rumours are rife that the Sugababes are splitting.

So should I get my tissues ready for the sad news? Well, according to the girls, they're not breaking up. Phew! Those of us who were at the group's recent G-A-Y performance will have witnessed Heidi's cheeky response to critics: "We're not splitting up - it's all a load of bullocks!"

If that hasn't convinced you then this is what Keisha had to say: "With Heidi we've found the perfect member." Aww, how sweet.

However, Heidi admits, "We do want to do solo stuff in the future... I like the way the Destiny's Child thing happened."

We go on to talk about fashion. "Once I saw this dress for £25,000. It was ridiculous!" recalls Heidi. "I'd rather buy a car and drive naked!" Any objections, guys?

"My style icon is Aaliyah - street and sexy," Keisha declares. "I know I don't dress like her but I like Gwen Stefani," says Heidi. "And J.Lo too."

Mutya's answer to the question about fashion icons: "No one." Though considering the slating that Mutya's dress sense has been recently getting in the press, perhaps she should get one!

Being the celeb stalker that I am, I couldn't leave without asking what trendy places the Sugababes grace their nocturnal presence with. "London's huge so all sorts of places... but we like the 10 Room and Ministry of Sound." That's my weekend sorted then. Well, not before watching 'Pop Idol' and shaking my bootie to their new album of course.

'Three' by the Sugababes is out now on Island Records.

To catch more juicy gossip and some fab pop tunes, make sure you tune into Jimmy's Pop Tarts - every Tuesday at noon live on PuLSE FM!

edited by jazmin burgess and neil garrett
b:music



TOP TEN LISTS

The lack of CDs arriving last week due to the Postal Workers' strike more or less sabotaged our reviews page. So, seeing as variety is the spice of life, we thought we'd get all High Fidelity and treat you to a page of creative (and somewhat amusing) Top Ten lists provided by ourselves and our highly original army of writers. We thought about doing a Top 10 of songs about the postal strike, but we could only really think of five! So amuse yourselves with this lot instead. And if any of you think you can do better, e-mail us (J.D.Burgess@lse.ac.uk or N.Garrett@lse.ac.uk) and we'll print the best two next week. Normal service of single and albums will of course return next week..

TOP TEN SONG TITLES

1. **A hymn for the postal service** - Hefner
2. **Sit on my face** - Monty Python
3. **A song for the deaf** - Queens of the Stone Age
4. **Pushing an elephant up the stairs** - REM
5. **Lightsabre cocksucking blues** - Mclusky
6. **He's simple, he's dumb, he's the pilot** - Grandaddy
7. **Hard on for Jesus** - The Dandy Warhols
8. **I lost you, but I found country music** - Ballboy
9. **Yoshimi battles the pink robots** - The Flaming Lips
10. **The pop singer's fear of the pollen count** - The Divine Comedy

SARAH TAYLOR

TOP TEN SONGS TO ROB A BANK TO

1. **Little Green Bag** - George Baker Selection
2. **Daddy Was A Bank Robber** - The Clash
3. **I Fought The Law** - The Clash
4. **Money Money Money** - Abba
5. **Scooby Snacks** - Fun Lovin' Criminals
6. **Got Your Money** - ODB w/ Kelis
7. **Jailhouse Rock** - Elvis Presley
8. **Bank Robber Man** - Lenny Kravitz
9. **Criminal** - Eminem
10. **Revolver** - Rage Against The Machine

JON DE-KEYSER

TOP TEN POP ANAGRAMS

1. **A fat mole** - Meatloaf
2. **I'm the local nob** - Michael Bolton
3. **Slimy toilets** - Missy Elliott
4. **Uglier, satanic hair** - Christina Aguilera
5. **Best PR in years** - Britney Spears
6. **I'm keen, oil guy!** - Kylie Minogue
7. **Better sack the jobs!** - The backstreet boys
8. **A neon king rat** - Ronan Keating
9. **I condone arson** - Sinéad O'Connor
10. **Narcoleptic** - Eric Clapton

SIAN BEYNON

TOP 10 NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC! COMPILATION ALBUMS

1. **Now That's What I Call Music! 29**
2. **Now That's What I Call Music! 36**
3. **Now That's What I Call Music! 15**
4. **Now That's What I Call Music! 47**
5. **Now That's What I Call Music! 3**
6. **Now That's What I Call Music! 17**
7. **Now That's What I Call Music! 8**
8. **Now That's What I Call Music! 32**
9. **Now That's What I Call Music! 41**
10. **Now That's What I Call Music! 4**

DANIEL GROTE

TOP 10 EUROVISION ENTRIES

1. **Ooh Aah...Just A Little Bit** (UK) - Gina G
2. **Once In A Lifetime** (Estonia) - Ines
3. **One Good Reason** (Netherlands) - Marlayne
4. **Die For You** (Greece) - Antique
5. **Give Me Your Love** (Sweden) - Fame
6. **Solo** (Russia) - Alsou
7. **My Heart Goes Boom** (Norway) - Charmed
8. **Come Back** (UK) - Jessica Garlick
9. **Dis Oui** (Belgium) - Mélanie Cohil
10. **I'm Not Afraid To Move On** (Norway) - Jostein Hasselgård

JIMMY TAM

TOP 10 FEELGOOD SONGS

1. **Travel by telephone** - Rival Schools
2. **All summer Long** - Beach Boys
3. **Rock and roll can rescue the world** - Electric Eel Shock
4. **Don't back down** - Beach Boys
5. **Like i want to** - Green Hornet
6. **Let's shake hands** - The White Stripes
7. **Right around the corner** - The Detroit Cobras
8. **B1** - Part Chimp
9. **Fell in love with a girl** - The White Stripes
10. **I am a demon and i love rock n roll** - Sweatmaster

MATT BOYS

TOP TEN SONGS UNDER TWO MINUTES LONG

1. **I Hope You Die Soon**-The Movieline (0:27)
2. **Brains**- Send More Paramedics (0:15)
3. **Sadie Hawkins**- Hot Rod Circuit (1:50)
4. **Departed**- The Hope Conspiracy (1:00)
5. **Jenifer**- The Blood Brothers (1:54)
6. **All You Need Is Drums To Start A Dance Party**- Piebald (1:42)
7. **Happy Chickens**- Reggie and The Full Effect (0:32)
8. **Concubine**- Converge (1:15)
9. **Goodbye**-The New Amsterdams (0:58)
10. **How To Become A Virgin**- The Locust (0:30)

JAZMIN BURGESS

TOP TEN PUNK ROCK SONGS PERFECT FOR HALLOWEEN

1. **Code Blue**- TSOL
2. **Nice Day For A Resurrection** - Nekromantix
3. **Fall Children** - AFI
4. **Dead Man Walking**- The Nerve Agents
5. **Stealing People's Mail** - The Dead Kennedys
6. **Halloween** - The Misfits
7. **Nocturnal** - Tiger Army
8. **The Creeps** - Social Distorsion
9. **Beheaded** - The Offspring
10. **Babysitters On Acid**- .Lunachicks

NASTARAN TAVAKOLI-FAR

TOP TEN HAND-CLAP SONGS

1. **Boy With The Arab Strap**- Belle and Sebastian
2. **Stepping Out**- Koufax
3. **Letter Of Intent**- Fairweather
4. **The Stalker**- Piebald
5. **Soon To Be Ex-Quaker**- The Dismemberment Plan
6. **Kung Fu**- Ash
7. **Close To Me**- The Get Up Kids
8. **Disappear**- Symposium
9. **The Only Gift That I Need**- Dashboard Confessional
10. **To Love (And To Be Loved)**- Bright Eyes

AMELIA HUTCHISON

TOP TEN SONGS WITH SWEARING IN

1. **Fuck off Twatface**
2. **Labia Features**
3. **Bastard Face**
4. **Shitty Pants**
5. **Your Nob Smells of Cheese**
6. **Il est Un Sac de Merde**
7. **Liverpool**
8. **Foreskin Problem**
9. **Swollen Bollock Problem**
10. **Pisspoor Bastard Twatting Arsehole Fuck**

JAMES EYTON

TOP TEN SONGS THAT SOUND LIKE THEY SHOULD BE IN A FILM

1. **High Noon** - DJ Shadow
2. **The Box** - Orbital
3. **Star** - Primal Scream
4. **If I Ruled The World** - Nas
5. **Gorecki** - Lamb
6. **Strange Little Girl** - The Stranglers
7. **Alternative Ulster** - Stiff Little Fingers
8. **Pearl's Girl** - Underworld
9. **Little Britain** - Dreadzone
10. **Alone Again Or** - Love

JUSTIN NOLAN

TOP TEN TV THEMES

1. **Transformers**
2. **Round the Twist**
3. **The Equalizer**
4. **Fraggle Rock**
5. **The A-Team**
6. **Bananaman**
7. **Knightrider**
8. **Prince Valiant**
9. **Miami Vice**
10. **Dallas**

IB RASHEED

Release of the Week...

The Matrix Revolutions

After a disappointing second instalment, would the final part to the Wachowski's trilogy justify the hype heralding its synchronized world-wide release? b:film editor SIMONCLIFF went to Warner Bros. London HQ and took the red pill for his final journey into *The Matrix*.....

Director: Andy & Larry Wachowski
Starring: Keanu Reeves, Carrie-Anne Moss, Laurence Fishburne, Jada Pinkett Smith
Certificate: 15
Running Time: 129 min
Release Date: Out Now...

edited by dani ismail & simon cliff

Trilogies, in most cases that one can readily recall, are all too often let down by their third and final acts. *Return of the Jedi*, for example, is remembered for little more than irritating balls of fluff called Ewoks; *The Godfather Part III* served only to remind us of the sheer excellence of its predecessors; and as for this summer's *T3*, well, you get my drift. In the case of *The Matrix*, with *Reloaded* emerging earlier this year as a masterclass in mediocrity, the general expectation for *Revolutions* has been a mixture of it-can't-get-much-worse apathy and genuine optimism that this, the final episode, would compensate all those let down by the second act. It is therefore with a deep sense of sadness, regret and, more pertinently, downright anger, that I am obliged to report that this is, quite simply, the biggest disappointment of the year. It is also, and I am unsure how this was achieved so effectively, of less cinematic worth than *Reloaded*. Really, it's that bad.

Opening with a laborious half-hour of decidedly drab dialogue surrounding the fate of Zion and the whereabouts of Neo, we are quickly introduced to a new and hurriedly cast Oracle (due to Gloria Foster's death just before filming on *Reloaded* had finished), who unfortunately lacks the American Deep-South home-cooked charisma of the original (and superior) late actress. The narrative justification for her physical change has something to do with 'Choices'. In fact, that single word is used more than any other in this film, and its presence is both annoying to the point of distraction and yet more proof that the Wachowskis' excursion into the realm of pop-philosophy has delivered little and confused aplenty. Mixed into this impenetrable fortress of high-concept verbal diarrhoea there lays cringe-inducing cheese of the highest order that provokes hysterical laughter when we should be crying and utter indifference when we should be completely enthralled.

Ideology-laden chitchat was something that the first and best *Matrix* did very well, being simultaneously provoking and layered nicely within the narrative. In *Reloaded* it was given a backseat to all-out action before going into Descartes-overkill at the finale. With *Revolutions*, however, it is the combat scenes that are all but forgotten, with shoddy dialogue thrust down our throats so unashamedly and with such over-intellectual vivacity that it leaves us with not the foggiest idea of what is going on until the final and ultimately disappointing showdown.

So what of the action? In fact, we have a total of three separate action sequences (yes, just three; and this is a sodding 'action' movie?), with only one of them (an assault on Zion by a swarming army of sentinels) ever promising to actually get interesting. That sequence itself has the potential to be a cross between the finale of *Aliens* (think of sit-in-and-ride robotic contraptions) and the epic attack of Helms Deep in *The Two Towers*, which works quite nicely for some parts. Here, though, it is the cinematography and not the script that falters, the camera refusing to remain stationary for long enough so that we may actually begin to enjoy the spectacle. As for the other two set-pieces, the first is a shorter, less hard-hitting and infinitely inferior self-homage (decidedly unoriginal ego-masturbation if you ask me) to the excellent 'Lobby' sequence of the first *Matrix* film. Later on, the climactic and painfully inevitable Neo vs. Agent Smith showdown emerges as little more than some airborne ballet and not the punch-up-deluxe we had expected. Aesthetically, it plays like the bastard child of the outtakes of *Superman III* and two caned accountants performing some less-than-elegant synchronised swimming.

In the interests of sanity, I cannot understand why anyone whatsoever would want to see this film. It serves only to further tarnish our cherished memories of the original, and does not once promise, let alone deliver, to round off the franchise adequately, nor does it answer any of the questions raised in *Reloaded*. In fact, *Revolutions* asks many more without ever really understanding the reasons behind what made *The Matrix* a success in the first place. At least *Reloaded* had full on, if totally daft, sex scene; this has nothing memorable about it whatsoever.

An action film with precious little action, a romantic epic without any heart or scale, and an intellectual journey with neither a decent conclusion nor a brain. Praise the semi-impressive Zion sequence all you like, and forget its faults 'because-its-the-Matrix!' But, when all things are considered, this is still both a monumental disappointment and, largely, utter rubbish.

2/5

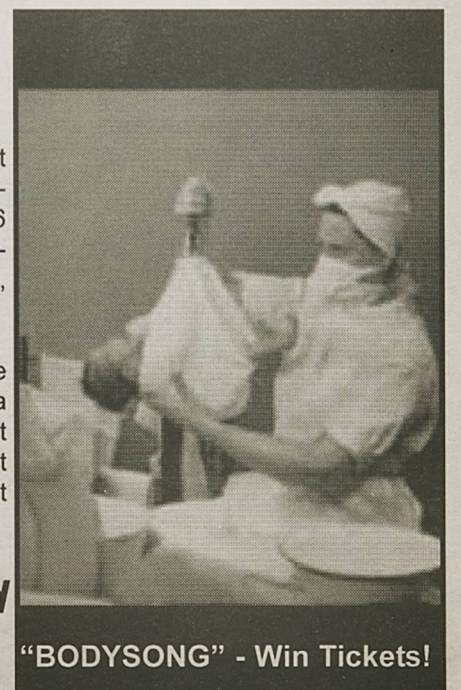
b:film exclusive preview...

.....RESFEST 2003.....Competition.....

If, like us, you are bored by the recent run of Hollywood Crud (see above for the most recent), then this just might be the event for you. RESFEST 2003 will showcase the year's best short films, music videos and animation through a mix of screenings, parties, seminars and live music events. Running from 13-16 November at London's National Film Theatre, RESFEST promises to be an offbeat alternative to the recently closed London Film Festival, with offerings on show by everyone from Spike Jonze to Michel Gondry. So, what are you waiting for? Check their website (www.resfest.com) and local press for further details.

COMPETITION: You lucky people: we have a pair of tickets to the Premier of BIFA winning feature *BODYSONG*, directed by Simon Pummell with a score by Johnny Greenwood of Radiohead fame. It tells a wonderfully shot story of human life, using footage from the last 100 years, and promises to be the highlight of the Festival. Sound good? Send your name, mobile number and answer in an email ('Resfest Competition' in the subject line) to beaverfilm@yahoo.com. First lucky person out of the proverbial hat gets the goodies. So get your film-buff hat on, get typing to us and good luck...

Q: Which actor links Spike Jonze, a bloke called Norman Cook and this week's Classic Film Review?



"BODYSONG" - Win Tickets!

b:film

out soon...

The Principles Of Lust

RUKSANAZAMAN reviews a film about man-bits, strippers and Sheffield

Director: Penny Woolcock
Starring: Alec Newman, Sierra Guillory, Mark Warren
Certificate: 18
Running Time: 108 min
Release Date: 23rd January, 2004



Opening credits: there is a naked man with a small penis swimming in a tank.

Confused? I bloody well was. I tried to put the analytical part of my brain into gear and think up some symbolism about how it signifies him being free and happy for a while but then feeling trapped as he bashed against the wall trying to get out but all I could think about was a) small penis and b) how he'd obviously been there too long because his fingers and toes were all wrinkly.

matter how good her acting skills or stripping skills nothing excuses the fact that way too much vagina was shown both for mine or my male friend's liking.

I digress... back to the plot. So he falls passionately (serious tongue action here - not just on the face either, anyone who hates feet don't watch) in love with Juliette (**Sienna Guillory**), moves in with her and her kid who is so unbelievably cute that even me, with my 'I hate babies' stance, had a few maternal moments. My favourite bit was when the mother asked, "Are you hungry, shall I give you a carrot?" Does anyone else see any logic there?

After three months the passion fades and Paul gets frustrated with his domestic responsibilities (typical man) and turns to Billy. Billy's advice is to dump her because according to him the good stuff lasts a few months, then the fire goes out and you can never light it again - that's the first 'principle of lust'. He's the kind of guy that is always saying yes to new experiences without feeling any sort of shame, guilt or fear. Cue lots of sex scenes, drug taking with a great trip where Paul thinks his dead dad's spirit is embodied in a paperclip, and violence in the form of children taking part in bare knuckle fights. It is this recklessness that attracts Paul away from settling down and living the passionless mundane life that he is so afraid of having.

Although at times the film dragged on a bit, it was thought provoking and had its tender moments. The moral of the story? Take risks and live your life without settling for anything. And never go to Sheffield for strippers.

3/5

Anyway, set in Sheffield the plot focuses around Paul (**Alec Newman**) who meets Billy (**Marc Warren**) a charismatic and dangerous risk-taker and his friend Hole (**Lara Clifton**) in a car crash. Billy then offers to buy him a drink at a strip club where Hole performs for the punters. At this point I have to mention that the part was written especially for her as she actually is a stripper and had never acted before. This astounded me because she is such a minger. No

classic review...

True Romance (1993)

TAGLIAMS lovingly revisits a true modern classic

Director: Tony Scott
Starring: Christian Slater, Patricia Arquette, Dennis Hopper, Christopher Walken
Certificate: 18
Running Time: 120 min
Release Date: 15th October, 1993

"...You're so cool, you're so cool, you're so cool!..."

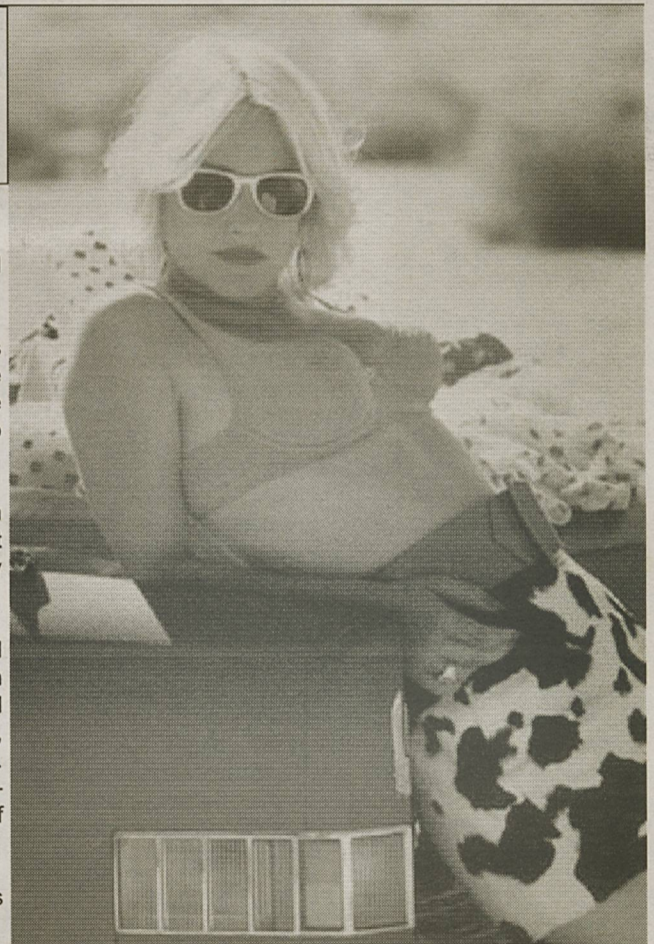
That's pretty much all you can say about this movie. The script, the directing, the stellar cast, the music score and the overall manic magic of the movie makes this an awesome film and one that I can watch time and time again.

Christian Slater plays Clarence, a comic-book and kung-fu movies geek, who has conversations with the late, great Elvis whenever he's in the bathroom. Alabama, played by **Patricia Arquette**, is a naïve call-girl with a heart of gold. They fall in love in grey Detroit, get hitched, and then all hell breaks loose. A showdown between Clarence and her pimp Drexel (played by the awesome **Gary Oldman**), leads the newlyweds on a cross country caper carrying a suitcase full of mafia coke, with the mob close behind them.

The underlying idea in the movie is that it is a love story - mad, boundless and passionate. Whenever Clarence fucks up (which you can't help but do when you're a wannabe hard nut comic book geek) you unconsciously wince when you imagine what border line psychotic Alabama will say (and/or do) to him. If for nought else, this movie screams originality and is completely undemanding and unpretentious.

One of my favourite scenes is when **Christopher Walken**, deadly as always as the mobster, is interrogating Clarence's dad as to his son's whereabouts. **Dennis Hopper** plays the father, and it's great to see two movie heavyweights pitted against each other like this and even better to watch Hopper, the ultimate bad guy, play the part of the 'victim' for a change. He's cool and unrattled in the face of Walken's old school intimidation techniques and the dialogue is sharp, witty and cool as hell. **Brad Pitt**, **James Gandolfini**, **Samuel L Jackson**, **Tom Sizemore** and **Chris Penn** all show up and they play their parts to perfection. There's literally not one weak moment throughout the whole movie; Tarantino's input is obvious - the violence, crazy characters, humour, amazing dialogue that you can't help but quoting long after you've watched it and climactic ending are all part of his appeal and have become his trademark in the world of movies. And now we know he can write a cracking love story!

A fairytale romance with drugs, guns and violence galore, a great cast and a score that you'll be humming for ages, this is without a doubt a classic that never got the attention it deserved.



the editor's cut *The Matrix Revolutions repulses and Simon goes into mourning, the Top Ten Worst Films misses the point, and statto confirms our fears about cinema...*



I cannot remember the last time a film moved me completely to tears. It could have been *Road to Perdition*, possibly *Schindler's List*. This week, however, one film came damn close, reviewed on the previous page. My anger and frustration at how the Wachowski Brothers have destroyed the mythic status of *The Matrix* with two examples of computer-based filmmaking at its most shallow cannot be summarised here, so I won't bother trying. I am quite distressed.

For those who reckon it's better than *Reloaded*, I say this: just remember how awe-struck you were after the freeway and 'burly-brawl' sequences, though overlong and pretty soulless. What does *Revolutions* have going for it exactly? You were excited by it? Did you actually watch it? I despair.

Is this analysis the exception to the rule? To be fair, no. In fact, only one journalist that I am aware of was brave (or, rather, brain-dead) enough to award the film more than three approval points out of five; Johnny Vaughan in *The Sun*. I need say no more.

Elsewhere, it was with regret to hear that *The Blair Witch Project* made it onto the Top Ten Worst Films of All Time list, as voted for by viewers of BBC's Film 2003. I'll point out the obvious now: these are viewers who can't enjoy ninety minutes of original, compelling and utterly absorbing cinema, yet tune in weekly to gawp at Jonathan 'wubber-wips' Woss for one whole hour of waborious weviews. Idiots. Yet again, I despair.

On a similar point, it was recently revealed that 2003 is set to become the most successful year for worldwide box office takings in cinematic history, with current estimates smashing last year's record of over \$20.4 billion. It is also the year in which more sequels were released than I can be bothered to remember, not that I'd want to anyway. I don't think that these two facts are in any way coincidental. All of the above considered, I'm coming to a sad and painfully inevitable conclusion: people are fucking stupid.

Any complaints about the lack of storyline summary in the *Revolutions* review are not necessary; there is no storyline. You are warned. Behave yourselves...

Si, b:film editor

Get in touch with any comments, ideas or decent Prozac alternatives: s.e.cliff@lse.ac.uk

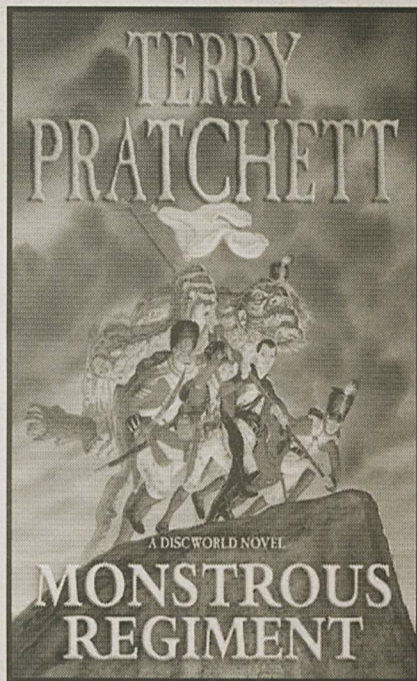
MONSTROUS REGIMENT

KATEBURKE: scratching yourself and picking your nose in public? Been there, done that!



Just The Facts...

Author: Terry Pratchett
Publisher: Transworld
Date: October 2003 (hardcover)
Price: £17.99



"Do you think it is possible for an entire nation to be insane?... You take a bunch of people who don't seem any different from you or me, but when you add them all together you get this sort of huge raving maniac with borders and an anthem."

I learned recently that Terry Pratchett has more novels on the BBC's Big Read 100 than any other living author. Almost every book of his has sold over 500,000 copies in the UK alone, and his work has been translated into 21 different languages. Most tellingly, Pratchett is the most-shoplifted author in Britain. All of which is to say: it seems like most of you are at least passingly familiar with the man and his work, so a detailed dissertation on Discworld would be out of place, unnecessary and there's not enough space in the column anyway. So we'll move quickly on to the specifics.

The satirical target of the newest Discworld novel is war, generally, and the role of women in This Man's Army, in particular. Along the way Pratchett found room for non-PC jabs at irrational religious ideologies and faded gods, the impossibility of objective reporting from embedded reporters, and the entirely vicious circle of wars of honour and revenge. It isn't hard to see where Pratchett might have come up with the idea for this latest installment: if you are vaguely sentient and at least partially literate, you would be hard pressed to not see the similarities between the religiously dominated, economically depressed, war-hungry-yet-young-men-of-fighting-age-deprived nation of Borogravia in Discworld and certain nations of similar character right here on Earth.

Polly Perks is the central heroine of Monstrous

Regiment, and like many of Pratchett's women, she is a hell of a lot more competent than many of the men surrounding her. She has cut off her blond ringlets and joined the Borogravian army under the name Oliver Perks, so as to find her somewhat slow but dutiful brother who went MIA during last year's war with neighbouring Zlobenia. As this year's war isn't going any better than last year's war (or the year before that, really), no one asks too many questions about her or the other misfits who are suddenly so keen to sign up.

The problem with Monstrous Regiment is that the theme of gender identity, so central to this novel, has been played before to comic effect and many of the jokes here are not exactly new (Scratching yourself, picking your nose in public, being constitutionally incapable of peeing with any accuracy - check.) For that matter, many of the other jokes (dwarves are cheap and touchy; trolls are slow and stupid) are also reruns from earlier Discworld novels.

So, this isn't the high watermark for Discworld. Pratchett's satire can be, and has been, funnier, more original, more accurate and much more cutting than Monstrous Regiment. That isn't going to stop you from reading this if you are already a fan though, and it shouldn't stop someone from reading him for the first time. Whatever else, he is inventive, intensely funny and addictive. His novels are getting darker while his satire is becoming more piercing and relevant to current events; even if some of the jokes aren't as shining as in other works, this is a good thing. There is a reason, after all, that he has five books on the Big Read 100 (and not just that people have short memories).

edited by dalia king

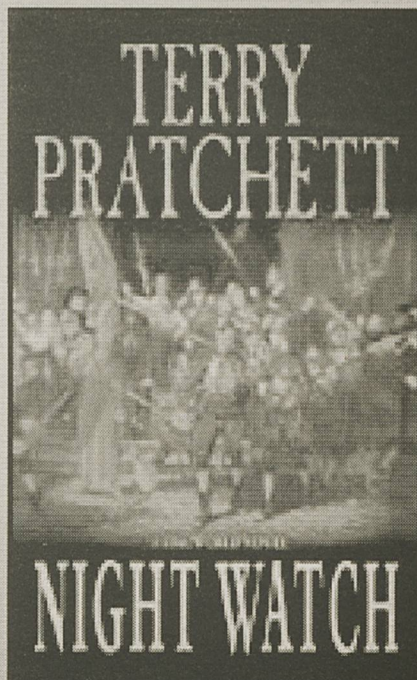
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NIGHT WATCH

IBRASHEED reviews the second book in our Pratchett love-fest

Just The Facts...

Author: Terry Pratchett
Publisher: Transworld
Date: October 2003 (paperback)
Price: £6.99



Terry Pratchett is an author that is loved and hated in equal measure. To some he is the greatest living British satirist. To others he is just plain naff. Yet this particular outing is hard to dismiss as just being trip-over-banana-skin type humour.

Night Watch, which has just come out in paperback, is very different from what readers have come to expect from Discworld novels. Its tone is darker and more serious. Its message is subtler.

Commander Vimes is flung back in time due to a mysterious accident while chasing a dangerous villain in the Unseen University library. There, he comes face to face with his young self and assumes a different identity to blend in. His savvy nature and obvious ability to lead impresses one of the captains who hires him as a sergeant. Surely it is going to be a walk in the park for the quintessential lawman Sam Vimes?

But no, things are not quite as simple as they seem. It is a very dangerous time to be in Ankh-Morpork. There is a revolutionary spirit in the air and those unhappy about the iron-fisted rule of the Patrician plot in the dark alleys of the Shades. Interestingly, one amongst them is an ambitious assassin called Havelock Vetinari...

Vimes knows exactly what time period he has landed in. Very shortly, a bloody revolution will take place where all those brave soldiers he fought with lost their lives in a bloody confrontation with the forces of

repression.

Vimes is impaled on the horns of a dilemma. On the one hand, he can try and use his knowledge to change things and make sure that the situation is resolved with a peaceful outcome. But if that happens, he has no wife and child to look forward to in the future. And as he well knows, trying to alter the course of events is dangerous. As the story develops, Vimes discovers that history has a funny knack of not being able to change itself, and our hero is reconciled with the fact that he will be forced to witness the slaughter once again.

Pratchett's decision to try a more serious approach has certainly paid dividends. Of course, the usual comic philosophical statements make appearances. In one scene, while stuck in a rebel barricade awaiting the Patrician's response, Vimes is led to consider the view that "men are prepared to wait a very long time for salvation, but usually expect dinner to turn up within the hour." On the other hand, Death, one of Pratchett's funnier characters only makes a brief appearance.

Ultimately, it is hard to see any fan disappointed. It is also heartily recommended to Pratchett virgins as a seriously good read. "Truth, Justice, and a hard-boiled egg!"

Of Mice and Men

John Steinbeck's masterpiece earns Keith Postler's unstinting approval. Praise indeed.

Of Mice and Men

by John Ernst Steinbeck

Drama:

3 Acts

Venue: Savoy Theatre, Strand

Language:

English

Curtain Time: 19:30, Mon-Sat

Booking to:

December 6, 2003

Running Time: 20" interval



Overseas LSE students often do not excuse themselves from attending Shakespeare performances in London with the rationalization that Shakespeare is hard to understand and one would thus miss the richness of his language. They say they thus prefer to see musicals or opera in London. I pass over this astounding non sequitur, particularly this last remark on opera. With John Steinbeck's (1902-1968) *Of Mice and Men* (1937), they have lost any alibi. The language, setting, and action—such as it is—are realistic and transparent—and starkly so. Enough to have earned Steinbeck the Nobel Prize in Literature for 1962—the year he published his account of touring the United States as *Travels with Charlie*, a link in the historical chain of American exploration literature from at least Mark Twain (1835-1910 [*Roughing It; Life on the Mississippi*]) to Jack Kerouac's (1922-1969 [*On the Road; Lonesome Traveler*]).

The play has its roots in the pre-WWII internal migrations to and within California, recalling for today's audience one of the greatest migrations and internal migration in the developed world in the 20th century. It recalls too the topic of migration so fashionable among today's budding social scientists at LSE. The play has its roots too in Steinbeck's life as a hired hand on ranches near Salinas, California where he grew up and as a migrant agricultural worker himself. Steinbeck shaped the other of his greatest works, *The Grapes of Wrath* (1939), from this experience.

The play has the proportions, structure, pace and punch of a Greek classical tragedy. It has as good as the 3 Aristotelian unities of tragedy—those of time, place, and persons. The action takes place over the course of a weekend on a farm to which the two main characters, Lennie, a giant of a man but mentally feeble, and George, his protector, come as seasonal, itinerant farm laborers. Lennie has a flaw of character Aristotle required in a tragic hero. He has the strength of a giant, a power under control when doing farm work but out of control in his intercourse with people or treatment of animals, due to his morbid desire to handle soft objects. Lennie commits (unpremeditated) murder due to that desire and, in line with Aristotle's dictum on the inevitable death of the tragic hero, must suffer death for that flaw. One must credit the production with electrifying the horror of Lennie's death.

Yet this production proves the modernity of Steinbeck's play: it is not a stuffy tragedy of times remote. Steinbeck brings the tragedy forward in the character of George, who in having to kill Lennie physically, kills George's barricade against loneliness and George's dream of a shared home down on their own farm. In doing so Steinbeck creates two tragic figures and thus renews and extends the Aristotelian formula. And Steinbeck does so too in not taking his hero(es) from the class of highborn men of elevated stature. His heroes are of the common man, and the poor, the dispossessed, the landless, and the rootless.

And Steinbeck knew his Shakespeare: *The Winter of Our Discontent* came in 1961. What do you, the overseas student, owe the English when living in their environment and using their language?

A Tale of Fascism and Fancy

Alykhan Velshi reviews *Tales from the Vienna Woods*, at the National

Tales from the Vienna Woods has already received plaudits from theatre-goers and critics alike. Finally deciding to see the play was a bit like arriving late and sober at a party full of revelous drunks.

Set in Austria during the 30s, it tells the story of Marianne, who rejects Oskar, her fiancé, in favour of Alfred, a chronic gambler. Alfred abandons Marianne once she becomes pregnant. Disowned by her domineering father, Herr Spellbinder, because of her relationship with Alfred, Marianne is forced to take employment in a lady's house as a nude-dancer. There is also Erich, a stuffy member of the Hitler Youth who is having a torrid affair with Valerie, a veritable man-eater.

Although dramatising the debauchery of interwar Austria, the play does have a sinister subtext, and it is this that makes *Tales from the Vienna Woods* a timeless production.

The spartan stage décor, consisting of large blank postcards, impresses a sense of desolation, a great unknown, a future yet to be written. At several points during the production, while the characters were embroiled in their impious intrigues to the tune of kitschy Straussian waltzes, I couldn't help but hum T.S. Eliot's verse in *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*:

*In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo*

Like Eliot's women, the characters from *Tales from the Vienna Woods* are oblivious to their future, much like the author, Odon von Horvath, who wrote the play just as Hitler was emerging as a serious threat. The depiction of Erich illustrates this: in spite of his Nazi beliefs, he is seamlessly integrated into the fanciful plot. The casual interweaving of the Nazi menace within the whimsy of the play reveals the subtle and hidden threat that that virulent ideology posed. It also makes for some amusing, yet unnerving moments, such as when Erich wishes Marianne "many upright German children."

Minor criticism are that the actors failed to make use of the vast Olivier stage, with Alfred's troglodyte grandmother the most blatant perpetrator; and the unremitting accordion music, which, while haunting, did begin to irritate towards the end. Withal, the play is humorous, poignant, and terrifyingly timeless; particularly recommended if you like your history and politics with a bit of touch of sass and porn.

***Tales from the Vienna Woods* is being staged at the National Theatre in London until November 19. With an LSE student card, tickets can be purchased for £9.**



edited by Keith Postler and Matt Rushworth

b:theatre

b:pubbing... SARAHWARWICK wines and dines at the Dover Castle

Walking into this pub you will be lost for breath. Not because it is breathtakingly beautiful, although the décor is stylish and tasteful; or because the clientele are eye-grabbingly famous, although it is a favourite pre-club venue for some of the movers and shakers on the Brighton club scene, but because it is at the top of one of the steepest hills in Europe. Or so it seems!

When you finally catch your breath though, you will realise that that is one of the only flaws in frequenting this fantastic pub where you can eat, drink and be merry in both comfort and style. Go on a sunny afternoon and sit out in the spacious roof terrace sipping a golden rum, lemonade and lime (the manager's special) and eating from their truly special Thai menu. Or pay a visit any evening for quality music on the decks and nestle in one of their big leather sofas. The main room is decorated with fairy lights and feels comfy and warm even on the coldest of nights.

The drinks aren't cheap but they're certainly cheaper than central London. The beer isn't your Carling piss either: they have a fine selection of lagers including Oranjeboom and my favourite, the glorious Hurlimann. The house wine is drinkable but the real star for students is their deal on house spirits (all £2). The staff are friendly and will make you feel welcome. Look out for Baz, the cupid headed manager. In fact show him the review: you won't get a free drink but you'll get a laugh when he sees how I've described him!

It is the perfect antidote to the pikey element of Brighton: if you've been here for a bit and need to get away from the rock and chip rolls that epitomise the sea front then head here. Just get a cab up the hill!



b:subbing... RUTHBARLEY goes underwater at the sea life centre



Brighton may be by the sea but let's face it, snorkelling of the south coast of England is about as appealing as jellied eels so the only fish you're likely to encounter will be battered and served with chips. The only living, swimming, dancing fishies to be found are at the Sea Life centre, on the seafront just next to the pier. Going to places like this always feel disturbingly like a school trip but don't let this put you off.

The Sea Life centre may not exactly be the height of chic sophistication but

it is an entertaining and enjoyable way to spend a few hours.

The centre is deceptively large and you have the surreal experience of walking from the hectic streets and descending into a peaceful, subterranean haven. It's really quiet so the perfect place to be if you've had a rough night.

The guided walk around the complex starts you off with the little stuff and works its way up, but don't miss the chance to see a real life Nemo (he's a clown fish in case you were wondering).



The tank full of manta rays is stunning; they fly through the water with incredible grace and are strangely hypnotic! If you get there at the right time you're even allowed to feed them.

Scariest and most alien-like award goes to the giant Japanese spider crabs. At 3 metres wide and hideously ugly they look as if they might eat babies. The all-singing all-dancing main feature of the centre is the shark tunnel, a transparent walkway where only a layer of Perspex separates you from the fearsome looking sharks circling overhead.



This, on its own, is worth the entrance fee; it's the closest thing you'll get to scuba diving that doesn't require the crippling embarrassment of a wetsuit.

After all this aquatic excitement you could browse the gift shop and purchase yourself a cuddly octopus or a pencil sharpener amusingly shaped like a crab. Alternatively you can resurface squinting into the daylight and head for the nearest fish and chip shop.



The Sea Life centre is open from 10am every day.

Admission £7.25/£4.50cons.

b:clubbing... RUTHBARLEY grooves on down to the ocean rooms

One thing that definitely isn't in short supply in Brighton is nightlife. If you're visiting for the weekend then you want to sample the best and the Ocean Rooms are definitely that. Situated on the edge of the town centre this club avoids the lager louts and cheesy music that dominate clubs on the seafront and whether your priority is the music, a beautiful venue or a great vibe this place delivers the whole package whilst remaining a really unique place to party.

The club is spread over three floors. The main room is in the basement, which boasts a colossal, but high quality, sound system. The middle floor is a stylishly decked out bar with intimate black leather booths surrounding a second dance floor, and artwork provided by the infamous Banksy. Upstairs is the 'Red Room', the VIP area designed to ooze opulent decadence with huge sofas, beds and a cocktail bar. It is also a restaurant, and if you book ahead you can enjoy a two course meal from an extensive menu for £25, plus free entry and VIP access. The only drawback is that towards the end of the night temperatures in this room can soar!

DJ line ups at the Ocean Rooms can rival any London club. 'Mini-melt' is the little brother of Brighton's renowned Meltdown drum'n'

bass night, pulling in big names as well as the top local talent. Friday's are Substance, with hip-hop in the main room from the likes of Ninja Tunes' DJ Yoda and DJ Food, AIM, Cut la Roc and Roots Manuva to name just a few. Residents in the middle bar spin classy rare groove, soul and funk that keep the friendly, up-for-it crowd grooving.



Boygirl on Saturdays is a housey affair with a reputation as one of the best nights in the country. The Ocean Rooms won the BEDA nightclub of the year, as well as being awarded the title by several music magazines. Boygirl attracts the shiny beautiful people and of course there's a fair bit of posing going on but most people are there to party rather than preen. You'll be lucky to spot a Brighton resident in here on a Saturday. It's generally a London crowd but everyone gets bitten by the Brighton bug and there's a happy smiley atmosphere.

Don't expect a cheap night out just because you've escaped London! The Ocean Rooms is fairly expensive (£3 a drink, £5-10 entry) but it's worth it; you'd have to try very hard to have a bad night here. Quite simply this is a club that's got it right.

b:about edited by sarah warwick

walk:out

At this time of year we all feel like escaping so SARAHWARWICK escaped for a few days in Brighton.

Bouncing through the Sussex countryside on one of the Connex rollicking wrecks, I was flicking through their self-promoting magazine and came across an article on Brighton. The headline: 'If you love life, you'll love Brighton' seemed to be the usual trite rubbish that you find in these magazines. Except that in the case of Brighton it does surround an element of truth. It is one of those places where there is something for everyone. No longer just home to classic beach and pier culture with stripy deckchairs and stripy rock, big fat ladies and knobby-kneed men on Edwardian postcards, slot machines and chips in a cone; it has now metamorphosed into a veritable bordello of bohemian excess with a variety of things to do that will keep the grumpiest granny or the coolest clubber busy for weeks.

Obviously the sea still accords a great part of Brighton's charm: as soon as you step off the train into the salty fresh air you can feel it, and despite the stinging winds in winter a walk along the beach is always well worth it and seems to drive the stagnant London air out of you. In good weather the front will be packed with locals and tourists alike despite the stones which never allow you to quite get comfortable! Most of the more touristy activities are centred around the beach area and as long as you avoid going at peak times they can be still worth doing: take a walk down the Palace Pier and play on the slot machines (stay away from the karaoke bar), go to the Sealife centre

(see review opposite), ride on the Volks Electric Railway -the oldest electric railway in the world- or the carousel. Sit and have a drink on the beach at one of the numerous beach bars and gaze out at the very mournful looking West Pier which burnt down (rumours fly about sabotage) earlier this year. Other tourist traps are best avoided unless you have a penchant for imitation Chinese Regency interiors in which case the contents of the Pavilion are a fine example. The Pavilion itself, built as a holiday home for the Prince Regent in the late 19th Century and sometimes jokingly called 'Britain's biggest curry house,' is a fantastic monument to monarchical whims and is a gloriously grotesque parody of oriental architecture.

A veritable smorgasbord of shopping delight, Brighton is retail therapy for everyone from Sloane Ranger to sk8er boi. Its main shopping area is Western Road which is a replica of every other city centre in England abounding with teen mothers and loitering youths. You can't pick up much here you couldn't get in London so it's probably best avoided especially as it gets very busy on weekends. The Lanes (which run between Church St and the sea) on the other hand, are a unique shopping experience famous for their narrow winding streets, quaint jewellery shops and little bistros. Most of the stuff here will be out of our price range but All that Glitters offers gorgeous affordable costume jewellery and there are two fudge shops that are divine. The pubs that nestle in dark corners of the sprawl are often as cosy as they look and worth popping into for a pint if you want to buy something you can afford (try converted church Font and Firkin which has a studenty feel and often live music.)

Next to All that Glitters there is an indoor market which proclaims itself to be a student paradise selling everything from floor mats and posters to pipes and magic mushrooms (perfectly legal as they are fresh apparently) when in season. The best place for shopping on a budget in Brighton is the North Lanes: an area filled with junk shops, independent clothing labels, fabric shops and lots more. For present shopping Cissymo is a must, filled with kitsch classics like Miffy bowling bags and flamingo Christmas lights! For the muso in us all there are several brilliant record shops stocking everything on vinyl from old classics to psych trance. Clothing here is often cheap with second hand shops such as Rokit and first hand boutiques such as Pink Pyjama providing funky basics. The nicest boutique is probably Mau Mau, but the beauty of the North Lanes is that most of the shops are tiny independents and so you'll always find something different.

For the dress makers among you, fabrics at Velvet are heart-achingly pretty and Jump the Gun print shop will put anything you want onto a T-Shirt. The Ceramic Café on Twat St. takes bookings for ceramic painting parties!

There are plenty of great places to eat scattered around as well. To fill a belly on a budget head to Bombay Aloo, an all you can eat Vegetarian Curry House for excellent lentil curries and vegetable dishes for a fiver. Meat eaters should head for Preston Street for cheap meats especially cheeky chicken shwarma kebabs on flat breads (about £3.50) or Dig in the Ribs, a reasonable tex-mex restaurant though you will have to provide your own atmosphere. For food on a slightly larger budget there is always Tootsies in the Lanes which does gorgeous flame grilled food that far surpasses Burger King for taste. The Famous Regency fish and chip restaurant is the best place for seaside fare (I recommend the fried fish platter to share) but for atmosphere the café on Palace pier is superior, with its view over the sea and reproduction art nouveau décor. The richest of the rich should head for Havana where diners show off their pearls and nouvelle cuisine at white wicker tables in the middle of the street. If you're just looking for a quick bite then Mrs D's in the North

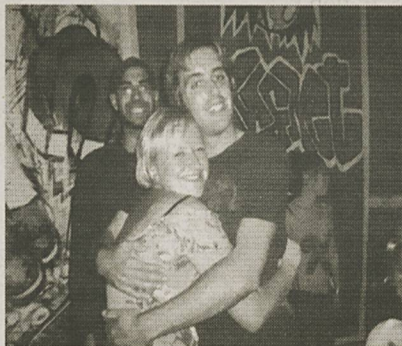
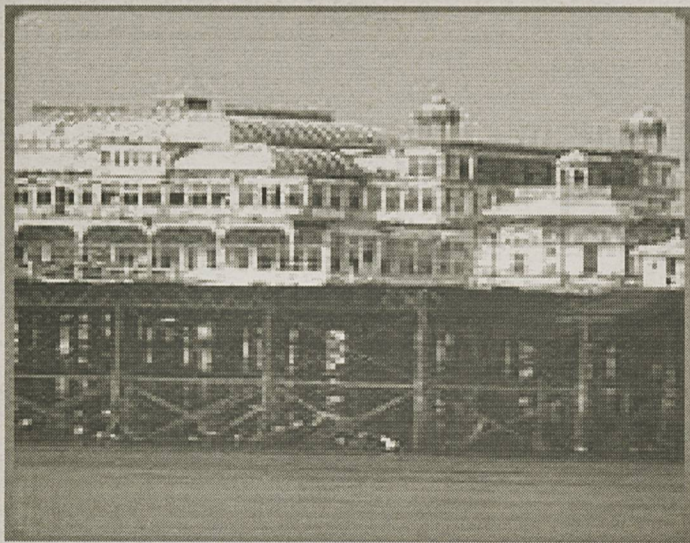
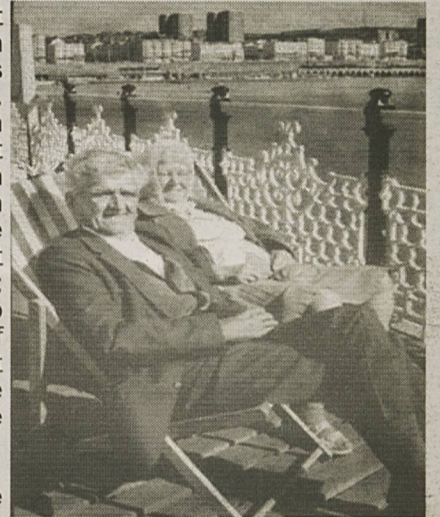
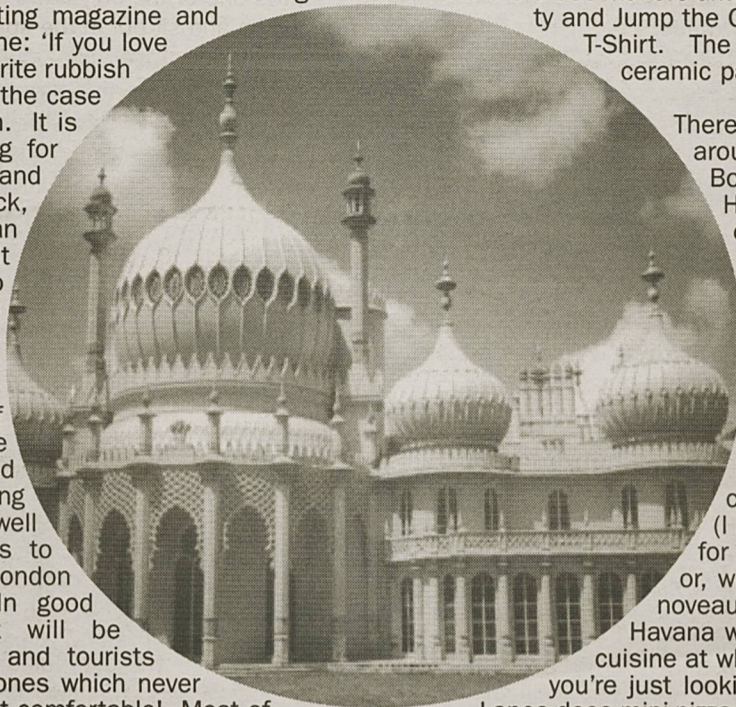
Lanes does mini-pizzas which you can wash down with a Milkshake at Shakeaways (Bond Street). They do a student discount and over 110 flavours including my favourite, Ferrero Roche. The city is also overflowing with Gastropubs: choose a mushroom nut burger at vegetarian havan 'The George' (North Lanes) which has the largest collection of Fruit Teas I have ever seen; walk up into Hanover to sample the delights of Thai or a reggae roast at 'The Dover Castle' (see review opposite) or the 'Pub with no name.'

Finally, the highlight of Brighton: the nightlife. Whether you like to pose by a smart bar or rave through 'til dawn the place cannot be beaten for pubs, bars and clubs. And, unlike too often in London, you don't have to go home when the clubs close. In the summer you'll often find illegal after parties dotted up and down the seafront, while in winter there's always a house party you can wangle an invite to when you can't dance anymore.

People say that the nightlife is so good its like 'London by the sea' but the truth is (forgive me London) its better. As with everything else in Brighton where you go out depends on taste and budget. There are no hard and fast rules to be given out except for a) never go anywhere on West Street unless you are under 16 or over 40 and b) chat to people - it's not London and most people are very friendly and will help you find where to go. Most of the big clubs are down on the beach (The Beach, Honey Club, Zap etc) though there are some more intimate ones there

as well especially the Funky Buddha Lounge which plays a great set to a great crowd on Wednesdays. The Ocean Rooms off Grand Parade has a good reputation (see review) while across the Level the Brighton Gloucester hosts nights for the small local alternative crowd (think indie kids in black eyeliner).

My favourite club is the Concorde 2 (Marine Parade) which is a bit of a chilly walk out of Town in winter but is well worth it when you get there. If you're not really a clubber there are late bars aplenty and pubs to suit every taste. Much I hate to agree with Connex... if you love life then you must pay a visit to Brighton.





The Weather Project

By Caroline Bray

As London plods reluctantly into the dreary depths of winter, the Tate Modern has managed to preserve for us one segment of tropical summer paradise. The next Unilever Series installation, Olafur Eliasson's 'The Weather Project,' exposes art in a new dimension.

Tourists scuttling through the Turbine Hall entrance are greeted by a grey haze of mist that fills the air, further in the distance an intense yellow sun hovers above a gaping public. The yellow sphere's magnetic pull tempts behind the artificial fog, on approach, the yellow light becomes strikingly vivid, the hall is filled with warmth as the onlooker passes through to the end of the hall. An angled mirrored ceiling above creates the impression of rippling water - making the sphere become an up-side-down reflection of a setting sun. The mirrors allowing the turbine hall to expand into an endless field of temperate light.

Danish born artist Eliasson challenges the boundaries between human perception and the relationship between technology, nature and architecture in his work. His fascination with nature has led him to produce art that questions what we are actually seeing and the knowledge or expectation of what we are seeing. His latest installation uses mono-frequency lamps which

emit light at such a narrow frequency that all colours except yellow and black are invisible to create a gigantic artificial sunset in the Tate's industrial hall. A two tone landscape creates a natural, positively meditative atmosphere amongst the visible substructure, electrical wiring and visible machinery of the piece. This strange juxtaposition of the mysterious and the mechanical allows the viewer to experience the piece as a structure and emotive installation-the foundations of art are laid bare for questioning.

The effect of Eliasson's work is phenomenal and has received the highest number of visitors for any exhibition so far at the Tate Modern. Toddlers, teenagers, adults and the good old oldies alike can be seen lying on the floor gazing at the rippling ceiling. Bodies make patterns, arms wave rhythmically at their own reflection and people lie, eyes a wonder at this questioning of perception.

So if you're an international student missing the Tropicana of home then fear not, glorious weather is but a short journey away with no need to pay airfare. As for the Brits, I'm afraid there can be no more excuses for SAD - just lie back, chill and soak up some rays.

'The Weather Project' is open until March 21st 2004 at the Tate Modern, Southbank. Entrance free. For more information see www.tate.org.uk.



edited by Caroline Bray

Culture Vulture

Whats hip hop n happenin' in the world of art!



LSE's Very Own Art Studio!

Are you the next Salvador Dali? Do you crave for creativity? Ever wanted to be doing something other than investment banking???(Surely not...)

If your answers to these questions are 'Yes!' then LSE has the answer for you. Amongst the hub a bub of political debate and the click-clacking of calculators, every Sunday the LSE Art Studio Society is pleased to give space and time to developing each students artistic side. If you have the urge to follow felt tip faries sych as Picasso and Dunchamp then come along on SUNDYAS between 11am and 5pm to Room A379 situated in the old Building. From late November onwards the Art Studio Society will provide students with materials to create art with a view to hlding an exhibition at the end of the Lent Term. To top it all off Life Drawing classes will also be offered one weekday evening a week for those more interested in a structured class atmosphere.

For more information email C.A.Bray@lse.ac.uk - Now get messy!

Best of the Rest... London's top art attractions!

Bill Viola Viola's rise to stardom as the world's leading video artist has been accelerated once more with the Tate Modern's permanent display of his 'Five Angels for the Millennium'. Five huge video screens display five angels interacting with water to represent religious and mythical ideas such creation, death and fire. This must see electrifying experience is free to all and guarentees the viewer to be left dumfounded by the atmosphere created in just one room.

Tate Modern, permanent collection.



Gothic The V&A's latest exhibition brings together some of the finest artefacts of the Gothic period from 1400 - 1547. Those fascinated by the glory and decadence of history would revel in an array of paintings, architectural pieces, crowns and jewellery all collected under one roof. The exhibition charts a comprehensive description of art and propaganda in relation to the monarch of the Gothic period.

Open until 18th January 2004, Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. Entrance £5 for students.

b:fineart

The Beaver Listings

Your guide to what's on at LSE this week

Students' Union Events

Fight Racism! Fight Imperialism!
Student Society presents John Pilger:
Breaking the silence, truth and lies
in the war on terrorism.

This video documentary demonstrates who is behind terrorism in the world today, from Afghanistan to Latin American and reveals the vested US interests behind the so-called war on terrorism – who benefits and whose drives the war in the era of 'rise and rise of rapacious imperialism'.

Wednesday 12th November, 7pm
S50

LSE Labour presents 'After Iraq –
What now for peace?'

With Peter Kilfoyle MP, Outspoken
former Defence Minister on the
future of this government and its
international policy after the war.

Tues 18th November 6pm Room
L04

Amnesty International Society
launches its Control Arms Campaign
A stall shall be running throughout
the day (and night for Crush!) in
Houghton Street to launch this
Amnesty campaign. Please show
your support for this campaign, to
help the limit the circulation of dan-
gerous weapons that kill one person
every minute every day!

LSE Southern African Society
presents public lecture on
"Zimbabwe and the Commonwealth
Summit, Abuja 2003"

Time: 2-3pm

Date: Wednesday 12 November
2003

Venue: D702, Clement House

Following the Presidential Elections
in 2002, Zimbabwe was suspended
from the Council of the
Commonwealth in March 2002. The
decision to suspend Zimbabwe was
taken by the Commonwealth Troika,
comprising of Nigeria, Australia and
South Africa. The suspension has
caused a growing rift between
Zimbabwe and the Commonwealth
Secretariat and the situation is like-
ly to come to a head at the
Commonwealth Heads of
Government Meeting (CHOGM) in
Abuja, Nigeria in the first week of
December, next month. Come along
and listen to academics, journalists
and representatives from the
Zimbabwe High Commission, and
express your view on whether
Zimbabwe's suspension should be
maintained.

A message from the Music Business
Society

Dear all,

Are you interested in the music
business? Are you planning to pur-
sue a career in the music business,
either as an artist or in any other
field? Most people don't even think
of music as a business but it actual-
ly offers a broad range of careers in:
management, advertising and pro-
motion, retail, marketing, law,
accounting, journalism, production,
design, film, radio and more.

As a society we aim to organise dis-
cussions with leaders of the music

industry. We already have Rick
Lennox lined up: he signed Skunk
Anansie, worked for Polydor in the
past and is now working for One
Little Indian records– Bjork's record
label. We will also provide informa-
tion about upcoming gigs, relevant
events and if there is enough inter-
est we could get group discounts for
workshops.

So join the Music Business society to
expand you interest in music and
better your chances in one of the
world's most competitive industries.
We are going to be on Houghton
street on Thursday, 13th November.
For further information contact:
Ellie– E.S.Stylianou@lse.ac.uk


LSE Southern African Society presents
LSE Business Plan Competition 2004
Kickoff

We will be introducing the details of
this competition to formulate a
business plan, the prize for which is
a £10,000 start-up fund. We will
then begin registering teams. Do
not miss this event, and tell your
friends. See you there.

Thursday, November 13, 5:30-6:30
S75

LSE Southern African Society
present Lisa Anderson – Executive
Producer of the BRIT Awards
Talk followed by Q&A focusing on
Lisa's experience in the entertain-
ment business.

Wednesday 19th, 2pm
D602

 LSE THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE	Presentation	11th November	BNP Paribas	7pm	9.30pm	graduate.presentation@bnpparibas.com	BNP Paribas, 10 Harewood Avenue, London NW1
	Careers Service Seminar	12th November	Creating a Good CV	1pm	2pm	No need to Register	S50
	Skills Session	12th November	Deloitte On-Line Applications	1pm	2.3	gradrec.uk@deloitte.co.uk	S78
	Psychometric Test	12th November	Practice Aptitude Test	2pm	4.30pm	Register at Careers Service	L08
	Presentation	12th November	Mercer Oliver Wyman	6pm	8pm	recruitinglon@mow.com	Charing Cross Thistle Hotel Charing Cross Road London.
	Careers Service Seminar	13th November	Convert your US Resume to a UK CV	1pm	2pm	No need to Register	E304
	Presentation	13th November	American Express LTD	6pm	9pm	graduateco-ordinatorsupport@aexp.com (enter lse)	Graham Wallas Room, 5th Floor, Old Building
	Practice Interviews	14th November	Deloitte	9am	5pm	Registration at the Careers Service	H704
		17th-21th November	Public sector and Policy careers week			see website for details nearer the time	
	Presentation	17th November	Civil Service Fast Stream programme, including Ethnic Minority Fast Tract Scheme.	12pm	2pm	Open attendance	Graham Wallas Room, 5th Floor, Old Building

CareersService

El Bevah

Mullet Minged for a Month (And a Bit)

Drinking, like dribbling on the chairs in the Shaw Library and masturbating furiously at the back of an IR200 lecture, is an esteemed LSE tradition. But SU Entertainments Officer Jimmy Baker is taking this to a new level by participating in a bizarre publicity stunt where he attempts to survive in the Three Tuns Pub for 44 days and 44 nights.

Called "Michelmas Term", Baker will only be allowed to drink Tuns ale and eat bar snacks, and it appears this dipso-maniacal exhibiton has caught the imagination of LSE students.

As the mulleted one's publicist, Mo Zanussi explained "We thought we would have some

competition from Tekken 3 and C120, but people have flocked from far and wide, even Butler's Wharf, to come and support Jimmy."

Yet its not been plain sailing for the rotund Yorkshireman, as there have been had some unsavoury incidents with people throwing Alka Seltzer, fresh fruit and Iron Bru at him.

"We can't let anything interfere with the big man's performance. Some people have been throwing Wright's Bar sandwiches at him, and lets face it there could be anything in them", Zanussi intoned in a comedy Scottish accent.

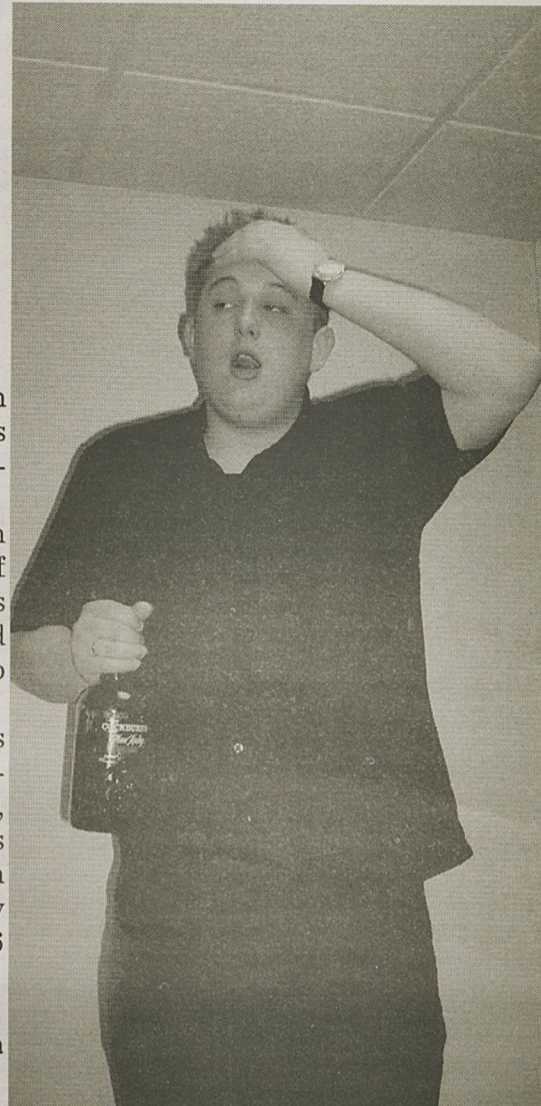
There have even been some celebrity supporters visiting with Gary Wilmot, John Virgo,

Stan Boardman and even Hollywood legend Chuck Norris coming along to show him support.

"I've been buddies with Jimmy since he busted me out of a POW camp in 'Nam. He knows man, he was there" Norris said before staring into space for two hours, muttering obscenities.

It is not known what effects this stunning display of pissed-ness will have on Mr Baker, though it is thought that his health would suffer no more than if he was to watch a particulalry ferocious animal porn video for 6 hours without a break.

Alcoholics Anonymous is a total waste of time.



A naked big John was all Jimmy needed

Letters to the Editor

Dear Bevah,
I would like to register my complaint at the ridiculous censorship of certain parts of this paper. It is quite clear to me that you a bunch of totally nice people who want to run this paper in the interests of everyone.

This is the totally right thing to do you bunch of totally fair-minded people. Why don't you give yourselves a huge pat on the back and go off to somewhere nice.

Yours with Love,
Gareth Carter

P.S. I'll bet you'll censor this letter and edit it really badly so as to lose the entire point of it.

Dear Bevah,
In last weeks article "Why Ariel Sharon is a total knobber", by Angus Willgress, I would like to point out several factual inaccuracies.....(cont for 10 pages)
Yours with Hack
Ali Spurrell

MOTION CONCERNING FOREIGN COUNTRY PASSED

The UGM this week passed a motion concerning a foreign country this week. A record turnout saw issues that didn't concern anyone, passed by almost everyone, to the benefit of no-one.

Ariel Sharon isn't arsed.

ELECTION FEVER STRIKES

Normally at this time of the year its is customary for *El Bevah* to carry headlines such as "Low turnout at Elections", "Where is our Electorate?", and "Look, who really gives a shit about NUS Conference?". But due to our amazingly high, world-record breaking, totally stupendous turnout of 47 people we can honestly say "Yes! Call me a twatting doctor! I've got election fever!". SU Treasurer, Jo Saeed-al-Sahaf, commented "I can honestly say that, without any over-exaggeration or hyperbole, that the apathy infidels have been pounded at the gates of Houghton Street."

Dave Cole is 48.

BALLOT PAPER CONFUSION

An anonymous Student Union source has told *El Bevah* that a student confused the election ballot paper with a restaurant menu. "He tried ordering some Wilgress Salad, a Baker's Mullet, and a Rowan Cheesecake", the source said. "He was quite clearly an absolute penis" the source also added, with rather a surprising amount of force and emotion.

AN APOLOGY

The LSESU Ents team would like to apologise for the three minute interval at Crush where half-decent music was played. We realise that this behaviour is unacceptable and the person responsible has been disciplined

THOSE ELECTION RESULTS IN FULL

- Post-Grad Officer*.....James Spartway
- Person with Regional Accent*.....Angus Jones
- Bearded Pixie*.....Matt Willgress
- Chief Negotiator*.....Narius Surtani
- Righteous Observer*.....Donny Aga
- Very Happy Thankyou*.....El Barham
- Also Feeling Pleased With Himself*.....Jo Kibble
- Extremely Pissed Off (Again)*.....Peter Bellini

SPORTS RESULTS!

- Paedophile 1st XI 2...Asylum Seekers 2nd XI 3
- Homosexual 3rd XV 0.....Spitroast 38th XV 0
- Don E 6.....Sir Tani 8
- Election Fever 800.....Apathy 5200

Gimperial Nowhere As Running Gets Serious!

Lawrence and Captain J



It is arguable that the Cross-Country Championships didn't really start until the second race at Richmond Park last Wednesday. The first race at Parliament Hill was merely a stroll in the park; all the wound-up energy to be unleashed at Richmond park. The field was stronger, faster and rougher. Not to say the least, the LSE Runners stood to

the test of fire and put in some solid performances albeit with some permanent scars to show the grandchildren.

The day started with some bright sunshine, rare this time of the year, and a cool breeze. Amid the damp grass of Richmond gathered some of the best cross country runners for what was promised to be a hellish 1-mile dash, followed by muddy patches and impossible hills.

The race started promptly at 3:30 with a highly technical start of a hoarsely shouted 'Go! Poof! Tearing away at the grass was the top

LSE men's finisher, Dennis, who came in 4th followed by Steve M in 11th place. In the women's race Suzanne finished 11th and Maria and Natalie both got inside the top 20. Other notable performances included Cason's 2nd lap charge to 27th, Keith's 69th off a hangover, a vast improvement for the entire Women's team (Go girls!) and great results for many first timers.

As I lay huffing and puffing at the back of the pack, I was pretty much encouraged by the fact that the Imperial and UCL runners struggling with the uneven terrain too. Meandering through a dung-infested sand pit and up the first hill, all I could make out was the snaking line of bobbing runners making their way through the autumn grass. Poorly constructed arrows of red against white pointed the way to salvation and finish point. Frozen fingers, oxygen deprived brains and aching knees seemed to be the only company before the twin gates of Salvation was in sight: 4 poles and 2 pieces of boundary tape complete with a craggy old man handing out position chips greeted me as I came in neck to neck with a Brunel guy. How did I beat him? Merely by stretching out my hand for the chip first, thereby leaving him a puzzled and bewildered state.

Here's are what some of LSE's best had to say:

'I should not be like Rocky and eat so many eggs anymore before the race' -Matt, who had toast and beans to go with it

'Just say whatever you want and put my name to it!' - Suzanne, who looked serious about what she said

'The field was so strong, I felt like a grandma out there' - Lawrence, dazed

'My legs just gave way with half a mile to go' -Dennis, with his usual goofy grin which seemed to say: *'Dammit I screwed up!'*

'Lots of hills, saw some deer' -Cason, who tried hard not to think about the race after that.

'Tough course man!' -Matt Thomas, summing everything up

The other runners had fared better though, doing the LSE proud and coming in there with the best of the best, the full results are on our website uk.geocities.com/lserunners. The men's team took 3rd overall while the women claimed 5th, a top reward for a tough day's racing.

In conclusion, Strand Poly? Nowhere UCL? No team Gimperial? Running scared The LSE charge continues in 2 weeks time. LSE Runners, we'll make you famous!



Sixths' Happy! Opposition Slightly Put-Out!

On Saturday, the 6th team went to play football. We all went down to Berrylands where we played against a team from a "special school", called UCL. On Saturday, the trains weren't working very well so it took a really, really long time to get there. The other team took even longer, and that made us impatient because we were looking forward to spanking their "romany" bottoms.

Kick-off came at last and the 6th team played well, despite letting the UCL team put the ball past our keeper, The Laughing "Person". Rich Lomas soon scored a goal for LSE and

the score was one-all!

5 minutes later, a boy with "big-bones" and "illegitimate birth" from the special school pushed our player Jimbo. He pushed him in the box, so LSE were given a penalty. Rich scored again! The boys from the other school got cross and started saying rude words.

In the second half, Wario Williams was being a naughty Nintendo-style "step-father" because he kept bumping into the other players and shouting at them. As usual, "obnoxious person" Ivan was being a complete

"obnoxious person" of oriental origin and the referee really wanted to package his rear-end into a little box and post him 1st class to Japan to be used as land-fill - but captain Oyvo subbed him off before he had to chance to double-yellow-red-card the cheeky south east asian mite, and that made the ref sad.

Solid defending from Francis Murray and Matt "two-men-giving-a-ladyfriend-a-special-hug" Bawden kept the remedial class "new-aged travellers" of Euston far from The Laughing "Puddle-Jumpers" goal.

Rich scored again to complete his hat-trick and the LSE 6th XI were victorious.

On the way home on the train we all sat in the guard's luggage cage and pretended to be gimps (can we say "gimps"?). It was really funny for us because we're all a bunch of complete retards...- sorry!- people with "special learning needs".

The End

-by Silver Mike

Ok, this is gonna be a double header (for more information ask a certain American). The 6ths (we used to be the 7ths) started their season poorly, which is why we haven't had a match report in the Beaver this year. However, things looked up as we took the trip to Dulwich Village to take on GKT. Huckleberry and dangerous were injured but still made the trip, a testament to the amazing team spirit in the 6ths this year (they blatantly wanted a free hot dog). As the game kicked off LSE had the better of it creating room from nowhere on a narrow pitch.

Defensively it was hard work but the 6ths held fast. A delightful chip from Rich who worked hard the whole game opened the scoring. LSE then doubled their lead with a goal from their skipper Oyvo. We then

made the fatal error of sitting back and waiting for the whistle to blow for half time. The team was punished for our naivety as the *Laughing Homo Cat* made a fantastic save only for the rebound to be tapped in. They could have equalised before half time if S.Roast hadn't halved their striker just outside the box, realising he was beaten for pace. Half time came and the 6ths were 2-1 up. The second half was scrappy and both teams looked tired. There were chances though if only their linesman knew the offside rule, stubby girl Joss might have scored and ended his baron spell of 1 and 1/2 years. It wasn't to be and LSE conceded again. The final score 2-2. A point and a free hot dog made the trip worthwhile.

The next fixture was Goldsmiths and was

back to the familiar surroundings of fortress Berrylands. The 6ths knew that for the AU welcome party to be remotely enjoyable a win was necessary. The opposition were late which gave us the ideal opportunity to work on our finishing and keepy uppy skills. It also meant that the match was only going to be 60 minutes long as shwertsy had a very important meeting? Eventually a motley crew of tangerine shirt wearing weirdoes from the useless college arrived. By the time they got to the pitch the 6ths were foaming at the mouth for a chance to get stuck in. The appearance of the opposition was deceiving however; they were even more rubbish than they looked! LSE looked solid and it wasn't long before Rich grabbed a couple of stylish goals.

Rubbishsmith never looked like scoring and it soon became a free for all. From the 75th LSE corner of the game S.Roast fired home the third goal. The second half was similar with Skipper Oyvo scoring the cheekiest of cheeky goals at the near post from another corner. Finally the game was crowned by Rich's hat trick. He hammered home a volley from 20 yards after the ref had blown his whistle for a foul. The ref however was Mike 'anus' Silver and he felt the hat trick should stand. The final score, 5-0. I was told to report on any goings on at the AU welcome party but I was far too messy to remember. All I can recall is that Joss didn't get into Limeabout. Presumably for being a weird stubby girl freak.

-by Spitroast Matt

The Barrel: It's soon, so get designing those costumes, flexing that drinking hand and work that Mixed Grill!

Sluts Bitch-Slapped By Firsts!

LSE Netball 1sts.....	25
Sussex Sluts.....	16
Lincoln's Inn Fields, Holborn	

Olivia Schofield



I have always wondered why netball girls have the unfair reputation of being bitches and more importantly bitchy. We are all polite girls who applaud the opposition gracefully after we've whipped their arses and as an extra token of our pleasantness we have even allowed a few select evil rugby girls to join us in Calella. So why the bad name?

I worked this one out after playing the sluts from Sussex. It was undoubtedly the hardest game of the season so far for the mighty first team. If I remember correctly they did beat us last year quite substantially. The bitchiness started when they arrived at Lincoln's

Inn an hour early and hence took up the court so we couldn't practice our new zone-ing technique. This really pissed us off. As everyone knows a good half-an-hour match warm up is the secret to playing well in the game from the first whistle, so already these people had intruded on our turf.

The next incident occurred in the first quarter of the game when the goalkeeper deliberately tripped me up. As I fell to the floor I gave a theatrical performance like one often watches in a football game and hence was awarded a free shot a goal. The first goal went in.

After the first quarter we were leading 9-8 but it was very close. For a non-contact sport it was getting increasingly violent and tempers were flying. Two minutes after going back on for the second

quarter, Nicola, our Wing-attack got floored and twisted her ankle; we had to sub her off. Looking to our calm and collected CAPTAIN PHOEBE for advice, we followed her lead and adopted her fiery redhead temper. If they wanted to be rough and push us about, we'd give the same back and more! With increasing contact consisting of elbows in the back, tripping people up and just blatantly running full on into them (Jade...) our quiet girly game of netball looked more and more like it belonged on a rugby pitch. By the end of the first half we were winning 13-9.

I feel I should point it out here that although our team was playing a little dirty it was nothing compared to the Sluts. As the third quarter began my defender decided blatant cheating was the way forward. After knocking the ball off the court she proceeded to take my throw-in claiming I knocked it off. Unfortunately the umpire hadn't seen the incident. As soon as I questioned her over cheating she said "well the umpire should have picked up on it, I won't admit it otherwise, but yeah, I did knock it off" two words - ABSOLUTE BITCH. However, despite the fact they openly violated the 3 feet

rule and put their hands over the shooters eyes so they couldn't see, by the end of the third quarter we were 20-13 up. The team talk was exceedingly heated with threats of good old-fashioned girly slaps. Luckily Maame offered us the good advice of calming down and not fighting to prevent getting cautioned.

The fourth quarter consisted of more of the above but with the result of a win 25-16. It was a hard slog to beat the sluts and the score doesn't fully represent the closeness of the game and the tension involved. It has however provided me with an insight as to why us netball girls bitch - the game has one flaw - no physical contact. I'm sure we'd all be much nicer people if we could just knock the bitch out that has pissed us off, instead of allowing us to have so much pent-up aggression. Enough said, I'm now off to see my anger-management therapist...
One final word - WE BEAT THE SLUTS AND WE'RE TOP OF OUR LEAGUE YIPPEE!



Right, a few people have approached me since the last column saying how much they enjoyed it, so I'm fucked now, since I've pretty much shot my comedy-bolt, as it were... fuck it. Precious little of note happened this week, other than spending a grand total of 200 quid on various worthy causes including personalised LSEFC kit ('look at me, I'm a footy player, suck us off?'), Calella deposit (more on which later) and spending 50-fucking-quid on Wednesday night. Never ever think it's a good idea to start off your night with the old double-vodka-Red-Bull since you just end up leathered and bouncing off the walls, buying needless Steinlager after needless Reef at Limeabout, before running all the way home to Docklands zig-zagging all over the shop. Not really, I made that last part up.

Continuing last weeks theme of Things I Fucking Hate In Lectures, I thought I'd re-tread old ground and complain about people who write shit-loads and shit-loads of notes. Absolutely shit-loads. Great huge theses on the contents of the lecture, they tear through pages of their A4 pads like world-wide deforestation wasn't occurring quickly enough for their liking. I wouldn't really mind (hey, they pay their tuition fees and it's their wrists that won't be able to make a significant masturbatory contribution at the end of the day, not mine...) except that it makes what I write (and I'm guessing a what a number of like-minded people write) look paltry, pathetic and almost retarded. Whilst some diligent budding student documents the entire consequences of Marx's *Das Kapital* in their notes, my effort of '...am fucking bored... Marx... Russia... not Groucho!' looks slightly piss-poor. I wouldn't mind, but come exam time, these other bastards are gonna be pushing for Geoff Hurst's and Ariel Sharon's (Firsts and Twos to people who can't rhyme) and I'm gonna be trying desperately to convince the examiner that my effort on 'how Karl Marx's ideas on political economy were shaped by his years as a part of a successful comedy group' warrants a pass, and not a kick in the arse and public ridicule.

Oh, I was gonna talk about Calella, but I just heard about how, when living in London, Osama Bin-Laden used to go and watch Arsenal pretty regularly. Being a Spurs fan, perhaps I might be biased, but... well. Arsenal: The team of choice for all wanted terrorists? Arsenal: You might be a maniacal despot but we'll find you a home here (both on and off the pitch, incidentally)? The Premiership - mass murderer connexion doesn't stop there however. Delving deeper into the murky waters of football's history I can exclusively tell you that Pol Pot supported Stockport, whilst Genghis Khan was seldom absent from the North Bank at Swansea's Vetch Field. Hitler was a notoriously vehement advocate of Man Utd playing with a lone striker with a ginger magician-esque player playing in the cheating position behind him, and Jozsef Stalin wrote reams and reams of polemical literature on how, if only Wolverhampton Wanderers could keep their shape and some level of cohesion between defence and midfield, they wouldn't be the whipping boys of football that they've subsequently become. But it's not just football that attracts the attention of serial killers and perpetrators of large-scale genocide. Slobodan Milosevic, for all his faults, was devastating with a squash racquet, and Caucecau threw a mean hand of darts. And if you're ever fucked for an essay, Woodrow Wilson's main inspiration for the League of Nations was the 1916 World Cup Group Stages which eventually led to Uruguay sweeping all before them before beating a plucky Costa Rican team 2-1 in the final. Gunfire and ticker-tape parades were the norm in the streets of Montevideo for three whole weeks and the President declared a national holiday to commemorate... fuck it I've lost my strand of thought. If there ever was one... bye

Hockey Make Point But RUMS Take Three!

LSE Hockey Seconds.....	1
RUMS seconds.....	2
A Hockey Pitch, Hockeyland	

Sach and Nosh



Before we talk about the match, we have some unfinished business to attend to. It may appear to those of you who have the vaguest hint of a sense of humour that our recent match reports have not lived up to their normal free-flowing and witty prose. Well you would be right. To be honest, we're not too sure whether we should write this article since we don't know how much of this will

be printed. The editor is a **** - I'll be surprised if they leave that in. Fuckers. Or that. Not content with removing our marginally racist/sexist/homophobic comments, the powers that be deem it necessary to randomly leave out paragraphs and fill up the gaps with garbage that wouldn't be out of place in the first few pages of the Beaver (the wannabe Times of the student world). All in all, this makes for a

very boring and often confusing read. In time honoured tradition, we will now proceed to write material of the likes that have never been read before and perhaps never will - unless you check out our website lsehockey.co.uk. We would like to talk about some money-grabbing asylum seekers but we're not allowed to talk about it. We can't even talk about women. The mere mention of the word 'rape' (does it still count if they're drunk?) brings the Met's finest bigots and John Leslie (we're not inferring anything at all. Honest) knocking on our door. John Leslie is really tall and the police have racist elements. It's around this time we normally take the piss out of 'homos' (we call him Rishi). But we cant do that. Actually we can take the piss out of 'Rishi' because he has been struck down by gonorrhoea, although he called it 'tonsillitis'. Instead, we'll make fun of those of American origin, because nobody

would take offence at that, unless of course you're American in which case you probably cant read so it doesn't matter. You're dumb! There! Piss taken. In the event that our report is chainsaw massacred, this will appear as the first paragraph. Just for your information, it's our fourth. It seems like a good a time as any to make racist, sexist and homophobic comments. But we're not that juvenile. Thank you Senior Editorial staff for teaching us a lesson we were in dire need of. So anyway, we played well but lost 2-1 to RUMS 2nd XI. A much-improved performance over recent weeks but a late mental lapse allowed RUMS to score two late goals to make Katen's opener nothing more than a statistic.

AU: Long-lost brothers Seperated at birth?



This week, LSEFC's most reviled first teamer: Shiva Tiwari and the scourge of Evergreen Forest: Mr Cyril Sneer.



Not-Quite-Davro's Put Down Vets!

LSE Football Sevenths.....6

RVC.....3

Fortress Berrylands, Surrey

Paul Mcleavey



The Sevenths turned in a performance as shit as Bobby Davro in a diving competition, and yet still managed to score six. RVC seemed to be comprised of shaggy haired northerners who had evidently turned to Veterinary science as a career after failing their audition for The Verve. Despite this it has to be said they were all good lads. Their striker (who bore an uncanny resemblance to the lead singer of The Music) even forgave Manni after a goal kick from the bearded one hit him straight in the balls.

The game started brightly for the sevenths, with the obligatory goal from top scorer Nick within five minutes. Ross added a second,

and Graeme kept up his record of scoring flukes wonder goals by lobbing the keeper with a volley from outside the box. Ladbrokes are offering odds of 100/1 of Graeme scoring a tap-in before the end of the season. The stand-in duo of Tim and Tan on the right side was looking dangerous, mainly for their own team. RVC nicked a goal

before half time that looked like it was off-side, but apparently wasn't. Fuck that then.

The second half started well with the Anglo/Welsh/German/Irish defence of Dave, Chris, Paul and Graeme tightening things up, which allowed Indy to latch onto Ed's pass to make it 4-1 to LSE. However, an RVC player inexplicitly managed to win a penalty by racing into the box, falling over, and shouting 'handball'. Manni nearly saved his second penalty of the season, but it crept inside his right hand post to make the score 4-2. A third goal was then scored by RVC to make it 4-3. However, worries of a Wolverhampton Wanderers style comeback by the vets were soon dispersed. The absence of normal corner taker Rob meant that several new takers were tried out, which resulted in Graeme whipping in a short corner played to him by Nick, which RVC turned into their own net to make it 5-3 to the LSE. Graeme wants to

make it clear that he is claiming this goal. Nick then added his second of the game to make it 6-3 to LSE. Handshakes were duly exchanged with the Vets after the match, despite the nagging worry that the hands we were shaking may have been up a cow's arse that very morning.

So the Champagne Sevenths march on in Division 4, with a record of four wins from five games so far and an average of 4 goals scored a game. We still don't know what league position we're in as ULU are too lazy to update the website. There's none of this "We're the Xth team" shite from us, we just turn up, beat the opposition, and talk about wiping your arse with your hand (in the case

of Manni), or horse porn (Ed) on the train home. Thanks must go to Tan who spent most of the second half in the bushes fetching the stray footballs, and also took the photos.

This report is dedicated to the old purple and black kit, which, after many years of faithful service, had its last outing at this match before our new kit makes it debut in the next game. In true Champagne Sevenths style, in its final game, the old kit saw six goals scored, three conceded, a penalty, and Chris 'Sebastian Diesler' Walsh going mental at his own defence (quite rightfully, it must be said). Quality.



Munchkin Takes Tumble Against Cow-Shaggers

LSE Women's Hockey.....1

RVC.....4

Somewhere, Overtherainbow

Claudia Whitcomb



Hockey is a highly technical sport, and hence we have devised a formula to analyse the quality of opponents.

Thigh Circumference x Number of bandanas
Number of blondes on the team

When we rocked up to the pitch we knew we were in for a rough ride... With an average age of 27 the Bunny Boilers had more experience, body hair and cellulite than the whole of the LSE AU...these were not the preferred ingredients for a good game. After a brief moment of glory, when Pana slotted in a spectacular reverse stick super goal, the Bovine

rectal inspectors did a few lines of Ketamine, donned their plastic gloves and set on our defence, rapping us several times...Final Score 4-1. The Corrupter was sorely missed.

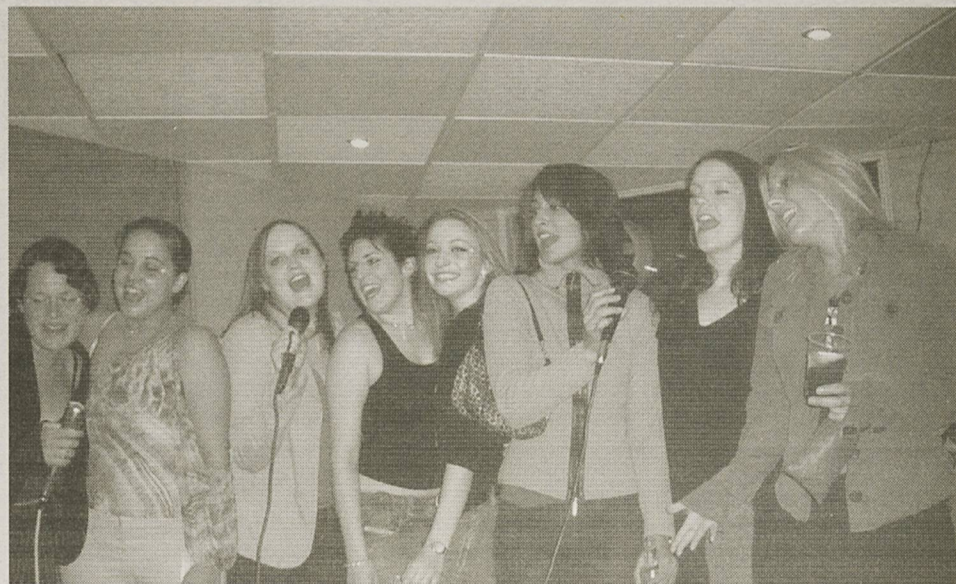
Enough about that...now for the real entertainment. After Tara led a quick sausage inspection we were fuelled up and ready to go. We were to need our energy since it was ol'granpa Phil's birthday, with a night of backgammon and draughts planned in the Tuns. Well, no one remembered the draughtboard so we made do with sparklers and a no-hands cake eating competition. A few of the hockey girls showed expert mouth work while Sharon (hockey BOY) just came out of it looking like he had shoved his face in a cowpat. Phillip then led the way in the projectile vomiting, the freshers following soon after, however they had the excuse of initiation: 3 pints of wine and a lot of spinning later, they were now real hockey men, like Richard...whom we love dearly..see we can be nice :)

Walkabout proved somewhat of a challenge for little Munchkin since she couldn't really walk about much after her mysterious ankle injury...rumour has it she was pushed down the stairs...make of that what you will ;)

Chivalrous Mayur (the Zimbabwean Kangaroo) offered to help out but just dropped her from 6ft 6" up, but somehow she made it there anyway. That's commitment (take note those more reclusive hockey members!) So with the grand total of four hockey girls actually making it to Slimeabout, it was slim pickings for the Hockey boys who seem to be multiplying as we speak...it didn't help that Club

Sandwich had resorted to Atkins inspired dance moves, keeping to just one piece of bread this week ;)

So we finally did it, we lost, at least we now feel at home within the LSE AU. Business as usual will be resumed next week, with the added bonus of gigolo tamer turning 21, what can we say it will be amusing!



CalellaFest 2004

Go on, Rich Lomas isn't going...

Deposits should have been paid, and you should be wetting yourself, literally wetting yourself, in anticipation.

Come on!

BeaverSports

Tuesday 11th November

Issue 586

If you're easily offended
then... er, I dunno...
grow up?

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

"If you want to be reviled by posterity, censor something"

-Rev. C. Davis

BeaverSports: Speaks for itself...

¡¡Viva La Revolución!!

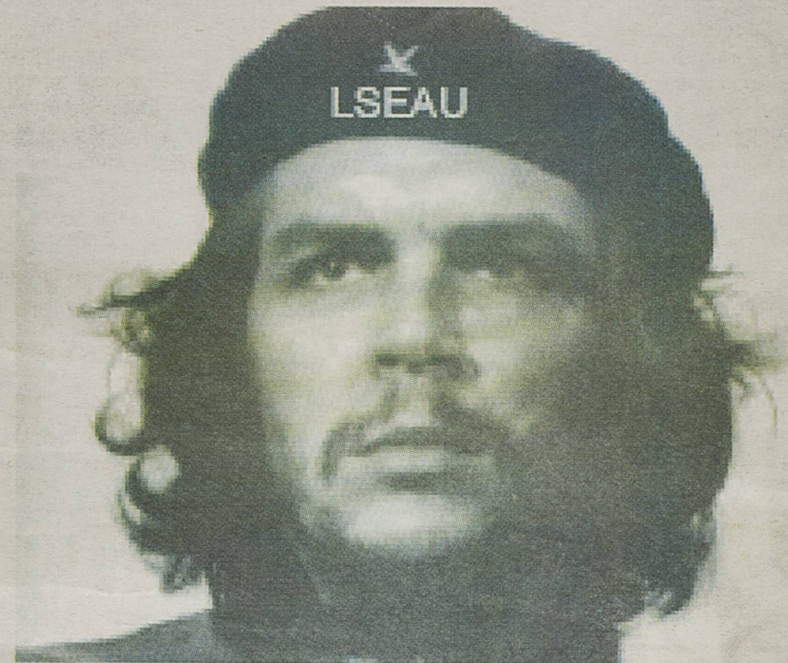
¡Hasta la victoria para siempre!

It's official: People are pissed off with BeaverSports. But this isn't the usual outcry of four or five disgruntled weirdoes who have a problem with us using the word 'pikey', it's the AU who've cried out at the nonsensical and pointless censorship of our fine organ: BeaverSports. Tired of having their reports butchered into timidity and blandness by the powers that be, all manner of petitions, e-mail outbursts and protests have been forthcoming. It's main aim? Unity for the AU. Too long, they cry, has the AU been disregarded as 'trained monkeys', as racist, homophobic and sexist unintelligent slob, purely on the basis of a misguided stereotype held by certain members of the Student's Union. This is clearly unfair, and the Athletics Union of LSE has decided that the limit has been reached.

It is ludicrous to believe that an ethos of prejudice exists -or indeed is engendered, fostered and encouraged- within the AU. What riles the moral-minority is that the vast majority of the AU have an ability to distinguish between tongue-in-cheek humour and outright offensive material. This grounding in reality, in common sense and in having a clear sense of proportion, has led to numerous clashes with those in position to censor -to set the agenda- often with the AU coming off the loser. It's time to see sense, and the AU as a whole, led by the AU

Exec, are taking steps to alter the way the AU is perceived in this school. The AU is urging it's members to begin turning up at the weekly UGM, as in days gone by. Only by setting a precedent can the AU ensure that the legend lives on. The legend of The Balcony Boys, of speaking out against patently daft UGM motions, the legend of being outspoken and loud, and filtering the wheat from the chaff on the UGM stage, the legend of harranging speakers and subjugating certain under-par performers to a hail of scrumpled up Beavers. The voice of reason needs to be heard, and its mouthpiece is the AU. ¡Viva la Revolucion!

By the way, a personal apology on behalf of Ellie and Gareth to all those whose articles have appeared in these pages to be mere shadows of what they were intended to be. We greatly appreciate the effort you put in to write up these creative gems, and hope that you still feel the desire to do so. The censorship debate is ongoing, and we hope that common-sense will ultimately prevail. Thanks also to those who have already signed the petition, and also to those who created it. It's not just about a single issue, but the whole way that the AU is perceived by the Union. Cheers.



Support Sports!

To: Editorial team of The Beaver

We, the undersigned, are registering our disgust at the Editorial team of the Beaver's treatment of articles in the Sports pages.

The censorship witnessed is meaningless, pointless and unnecessary.

None of the members of the AU are sexist, racist or homophobic, and do not tolerate any such behaviour, but neither are we so devoid of common sense as to become enraged at the inoffensive phrases censored from the Beaver each week.

We, as a whole, do not believe you fully understand the feelings of the vast majority of the students of this school, and are instead reliant on the reactionary impulses of a small minority of people.

None of us have been offended by any of the content of this year's Sports pages enough to complain, stop reading or register any complaint with any of the relevant authorities.

We all hope that you will realise the misguided approach to this issue that you are taking and consequently seek to adjust your policies.

Sincerely,

The Undersigned

Support common-sense, free speech and your right to write! Sign the petition!

www.petitiononline.com/lseau/petition.html

The Pirate's Wench

The arguments that the Balcony Boys no longer cared about the Students' Union were put to rest at Thursday's UGM. (Please note that BeaverSports is using the term 'Boys' loosely, referring to boys and girls, this is in no way an act of suppressing the female race, it is purely of traditional stance and it sounds better! If anyone find this offensive or would like to complain please email the beaver editor at the-beaver@lse.ac.uk).

The UGM had the usual drivel of pure LSE red-blooded activism, and this could not be allowed to continue. Enough was enough, the AU could no longer be silent, the censoring of Beaver Sports could no longer take place and with Arsenal no longer doing so crap in the Champions League, it was time to speak out! And that's exactly what happened. Amidst the general rubbishness of 'whether or not to write to Ariel Sharon telling him we don't like him', The Balcony berated the Beaver Editor for his over-zealous censorship of the Best Part Of The Beaver: BeaverSports. The ULU President was taken to task for turning up looking like a poor man's Del Boy Trotter, and International 'not-Homo' Andy Schwartz was demolished by a sustained three-minute

barrage of Beavers.

This is how it should always be. We are the centre of LSE, only Sports and those who play matter. A girl behind me summed it up saying, and I quote, "Who are these people and why are they getting excited about everything?" She was of course referring to the balcony boys.

Come on my son! (sorry, daughter!) BeaverSports has become an outlet for many of us to escape the seriousness of this dark and dangerous world at LSE where political correctness has over-taken common sense and lost its sense of humour. All I can say is that all work and no play will not get you laid. The AU, as well as poor Gareth and myself (well mostly Gareth, I'm only here to increase

the sex appeal of the Beaver) have been the subject of a lot of abuse; we are not racists, homophobes, sexists nor all the rest. Gareth is sexually under-stimulated and needs to take it out on the rest of the world and I just want to be noticed and loved. Look upon the sports pages kindly and don't take what we write to heart, we don't intend to offend anyone, we are just students who like to take the piss! Sign the petition and support BeaverSports.

