

The Beaver

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LSE Marches Against Bush



Chris Heathcoate

Last Thursday, 20th November, LSE students joined thousands in a protest march against US President George W Bush as he stayed in London for part of his three-day state visit to Britain.

The march caused major disruption as important roads were closed during rush hours to allow protesters to show their disapproval of Mr Bush's presidency. His policies on the environment, Guantanamo Bay and of course the war on Iraq attracted particular opposition.

Estimates vary on the precise number taking part. Organisers claim that up to 200,000 people were there, but the Metropolitan Police said it was more like half that number. Both figures are substan-

LSE Students assemble on Houghton Street ready to join the demonstration

tially higher than the 50,000 originally predicted by the Stop the War Coalition. Whatever the true number, it was undoubtedly the largest week-day march London has ever seen.

Responding to the march, LSE Stop the War activist Anna Crow described it as a "brilliant manifestation of opposition to Bush." She added that the group had received a very encouraging reception all throughout the week, and that the assemblage of 1000 protestors in Houghton St was a tremendous crescendo to a successful week.

Beginning at 2pm on a packed Malet Street, activists walked to the Aldwych where they met the LSE contingent. Crow commented that the joining of the LSE contingent to the main march had received

a tremendous reception and was excellent publicity of the LSE as a centre for student activism.

From LSE, the march moved around the Aldwych and along the Strand. Crossing the Thames twice, first at Waterloo and returning across Westminster bridge, the route was finally given clearance by police, just two days before the march, to continue past Parliament and down Whitehall. Organisers were determined that the march pass by Westminster in order to have optimum impact. Police were initially reluctant to allow this for fears of violent disorder breaking out and disturbing Government. An Act of Parliament normally prohibits protest around Westminster on days when it is sitting, although on this occasion it was not enforced. After lengthy negotia-

tion, the go-ahead was given.

The march culminated at Trafalgar Square, where a carnival-like atmosphere ensued. To prove the sheer size of the protest, it was announced that people were still starting the route as others finished. After dark, a 40ft cardboard effigy of George W Bush clutching a missile was toppled, echoing scenes of Saddam Hussein's statue befalling the same fate in Baghdad last April. Those assembled chanted 'Down with Bush' and cheered. Music played late into the night, whilst caricatures of the Prime Minister and President circulated amongst the crowd.

The protest was said by some to be made up predominately of students. This

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Budget to be challenged - Page 3

March Memoranda Conservative Action



El Barham and Oliver Jolleyman

An anti-anti-Bush march, instigated by the LSE SU Conservative Association, took place to coincide with the main protest against the American President's visit, outside the Peacock Theatre last Thursday.

Around 24 LSE students were joined by some students from Imperial College, as well as what organiser Ali Velshi described as "a lass from UCL" on an alternative protest to support President Bush. Their route took them down the Strand, along Whitehall to Trafalgar Square, also the final destination of those on the much larger protest against the President's policies.

Within moments of the start of the march, the protesters were heckled by a man covered head to foot in yellow lycra on a bicycle, who derided the participants with cries of 'quislings'. Apparently, the fabric even encased his cycling helmet.

The alternative protest was not without its chants. Participants sang 'God Save the Queen' and shouted slogans like "1 2 3 4 Saddam Hussein Lost the War; 5 6 7 8 Join us and celebrate" and "War, What is it Good for? Ending slavery, fighting fascism,

stamping out communism, and eliminating terrorism", showing through their lack of rhythm that they were not habitual protesters.

Once the group arrived at Trafalgar Square, they circulated the area twice, attracting much attention as they did so. Some members were threatened with arrest by a police officer, on the charge of 'disturbing the peace and inciting a riot.'

One of the protesters commented: "While God Save the Queen does stir up the emotions, a 'riot' might be pushing it a little."

After their brief sojourn in Trafalgar Square, bravely facing arrest and ridicule, the motley crew wended their way back to the LSE and finished up the night in the Tuns, drowning their sorrows and celebrating their "moral victory" over those who one of the alternative protesters claims only shower on a weekly basis.

The protesters were delighted however, to discover that they had in fact been allocated two whole paragraphs in the following day's Guardian Newspaper.

It remains to be seen if the LSE SU Conservative Association will continue its love affair with protest marches or revert to the more traditional methods of expressing dissent and write more letters.



Preparing to protest - the Tories outside the Peacock Theatre

Left Unifies Against Bush

Continued from page 1

was hotly disputed by organisers who pointed out that people of all ages, races, backgrounds and political beliefs were represent in the crowd. They suggested that the broad coalition of groups who had worked together in making the march possible had encouraged such a diverse following. The groups included the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, the Socialist Worker Party and the Muslim Association of Britain.

Security surrounding the protest was tight all day, as it was all over London for the entire duration of the President's visit. Metropolitan Police Commissioner, Sir John Stevens said that more than 5,000 Police Officers were on duty last Thursday. The entire route of the protest was followed by police on the ground and by helicopters overhead. At key junctions riot officers on horseback were posted to prevent any breakaway groups leaving the official route. Nowhere was the policing tighter than at Westminster. Outside Downing Street, lines of Police, behind layers of fencing and concrete blocks ensured the threat of trouble was minimal. Undeterred, protesters blew whistles, sounded horns, shouted, booed and jeered in gestures aimed at Tony Blair and

George Bush. However, the President had already left his talks with Tony Blair before the marchers arrived.

A small scuffle did breakout around Nelson's Column in the evening as some activists attempted to leave with the intention of gate crashing the US Ambassador's Residence, where Mr. Bush was hosting a Banquet. Later, a man was arrested after throwing an egg at the Bush Motorcade, but he was not connected to the march, which passed off arrest-free. As President Bush left London for the Prime Minister's Constituency of Sedgefield on Friday, 67 people had been arrested throughout his stay, codenamed 'Operation Saxon'. Most were for Public Order offences with none under the Anti-Terrorism Act. The march itself was mostly good natured, despite the depth of feeling. Deputy Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, Andy Trotter said: "We've had a very good-tempered march and there have been no particular problems."

When asked why so many people in Britain appeared to fear or even hate him, President Bush replied; 'I don't know that they do', suggesting that perhaps the protest's message, despite its size, had fallen upon deaf ears.

Howard's way becomes Third Way



Davies backs Blair over higher education funding reform

Dave Cole and Mark Power

At the head of tomorrow's Queen's Speech that will set the Parliamentary agenda for the next year, Sir Howard Davies, Director of the LSE, in a letter co-signed by the Vice-Chancellors of Imperial College, UCL, Oxford and Cambridge, has urged the Government not to back down over its proposals to allow universities to charge up to £3,000 from 2006 in variable fees to home and EU students repayable after graduation.

In the letter, only the options of marketisation or a continued decline in funding per student are considered to allow universities to expand and to maintain their world-class status. Options favoured by the Aldwych Group of Students' Unions that shadow the Russell Group of leading 19 universities, many back-bench Labour MPs and the Liberal Democrats, such as increasing funding through taxation, are ignored as the Government is considered by the Five unable to raise funding.

The five Vice-Chancellors recommitted themselves to equality of opportunity

'regardless of financial means' but insisted that bursaries managed by universities, rather than the Government or the Office for Fair Access (OfFA), were the only way to allow increased access while allowing universities to benefit from their individual fee increases. No mention was made of the problems facing EU students who would not have access to the British Government's loans and whose countries, that offer free tertiary education, do not have such facilities.

Jo Kibble, LSESU Treasurer and Don't Price Students Out Campaign Convenor, said that he was disappointed that Sir Howard failed to address any of the Unions concerns regarding top-up fees. When asked as to whether he felt that Howard Davies was reneging on an earlier declaration that there was no LSE policy because the institution had too many diverse views to formulate a clear public position, Jo Kibble said "Howard Davies must realise he cannot speak for the school community of either staff or students who will not unite behind him on this issue."

In his defence, Sir Howard said that the views expressed in the letter, were "person-

al and not representative of our universities." He said that he had not complained about the Students' Union's position, and would not do so. Such a defence is likely to cut little ice with Union representatives, however, as he did sign the letter in his role as the Director of the School, and therefore as a spokesperson of the institution.

Following the reduction of the Government's majority to just seventeen last week in the vote over the equally controversial proposals for foundation hospitals, there has been wide speculation that the HE proposals will either be watered down to £2,000 to appease backbench Labour MPs, or fail to pass at all. Universities are concerned that watered-down plans could leave universities losing significant proportions of small increases in funding to a centrally-managed bursary system.

Labour MP Frank Dobson suggested that undergraduates should pay as much as their parents paid for their last year of school, making Old Etonians pay £26,000 a year.

Anti-abortion uprising

El Barham News Editor

The LSESU's Right to Choose fund looks set to be challenged at the annual budget meeting on Thursday December 4th.

An email sent by Noelle Koleszar, who is studying for an MSc in Political Theory, to the LSE SU Debate Society on November 18th, strongly suggests that there are serious concerns about the fund. The message claims that the sender, and other members of the SU Catholic Society, believe that the fund 'does not respect the cultural, religious and social diversity of our student body' and should therefore be scrapped.

Ms Koleszar suggests that the money allocated for the fund could be 'used for better ends' since abortions are 'readily available and state-sponsored'. Furthermore, she questions the fairness of allocating money to a cause which is not supported by every student in the Union.

In response to the criticism, LSE SU Education and Welfare Officer, Rowan Harvey, who also administers the fund, said that the Right to Choose fund enables students who wish to have an abortion to

avoid the anguish and inconvenience of waiting long periods for an operation provided by the state by paying for a private operation. She said that it "helps them[students] passover the traumatic period faster and helps them return to normality as soon as possible."

£2,000 was allocated to the fund last year, and the upcoming budget does not intend to increase above inflation or decrease this amount. The Union's turnover as a whole is over £1 million per annum.

LSE SU Treasurer, Jo Kibble, said: "The Right to Choose fund exists to allow financial considerations to be taken out of equation as to whether student wishes to terminate the pregnancy or not. As students are amongst the most financially vulnerable sections of society, it is right that the SU acts to remove any such considerations."

Questions have been raised as to whether it was appropriate to forward the information contained in the email to the 200 members of the debating society. One prominent member of the debating society said: "It is a travesty and a mockery and an affront to all things good." However, the forwarding of information of this nature to members of a society is not prohibited.

Preeti Bhagnani, the Chair of the Debating Society, said: "When I sent the email, I had no intentions of promoting the political agenda within it, but thought that if they were looking for debaters who were interested in debating the issue, there was no reason why I should not forward it to the debate society." Bhagnani added that she intended to convey similar messages from the Union defending the fund to the society so as to promote debate on the issue. Whilst Bhagnani's actions have drawn criticism from society members, she has issued neither an apology, nor an admission of wrong-doing.

No Sabbatical officer would be drawn in to comment on the issue of the email, but it is expected to be raised at a debate on the issue in a UGM

The fund can only be challenged at the annual budget meeting, on Thursday December 4th. It appears that this is the intention of Ms Koleszar, as the email states, "We will be debating this issue in the ninth[sic] week of this term" and asks that any members of the Debating Society who would like to help prepare an argument provide their assistance.



Union Jack

Crisis this week as to whether it was all worth it, after a harrowing tirade of abuse from everyone's favourite yokel, Balcony Darius. Eventually, Jack gathered himself from the floor and headed down the long road towards just being ok again. With the support of friends and family, Jack is able to continue a hastily typed crusade against Union wankiness in its many forms.

To Jack, Union life is like a rich, colourful quilt; delicate, unique, but more often than not heavily soiled with blood and semen, and like an overly inquisitive mother, Jack endeavours to pick away at the flaking stains, until Shane 'will always be famous for Daz adverts' Richie himself would be proud of the cleanliness and opacity of it all. Not that the pug faced little twat will be allowed any where near our UGM if Jack has anything to do with it. That, my friend, is one step too far, but the metaphor still stands.

The most interesting thing about the UGM wasn't the AU's attempted withdrawal of an official apology, which left those new to the Union in the dark, and those who have been around the block entirely nonplussed, nor was it the justification of Ex AU King Rex's original apology, proving that conspiracy theories aren't solely the ammunition of the paranoid left; it wasn't even the 'I'm a little teapot' vote count, rather, 'twas the sight of the great Teletubby himself, descending, from among the various obsequious fawners and oxpeckers, to grace the old theatre's creaking stage.

"Hello, Darius", says voice-over Rowan

"Eh-oh, almighty SU exec!" replies Darius.

"Turns out that the motion is a bit silly, isn't it? (Darius; furry, brown, with rugby ball antennae nods head, looks at feet, and shuffles.) Not to worry! It'll never pass anyway- Uncle Joe will see to that"

At this point, a grotesquely swollen, red faced and demonic Kibble rises from off stage, gnaws the heads from a white rabbit or two, throws his wispy haired neck back and guffaws at the grinning sun, ceasing only to wipe the constant rivulet of blood and drool pooling on his lower lip, dabbing at it with an Old-Labour-red hankie, then systematically incinerates not only cuddly Darius, but any Exec members who look a bit twitchy when it comes to voting; all the while muttering breathy soundbites familiar only to those acquainted with this beast's arcane tongue...

Christ! These may be merely the feverish cough-syrup driven delusions of an overworked hack. But maybe not, reader, for anyone following the continuing saga of A. Schwartz would have seen the poor, innocent monkey-boy cowering at the receiving end of Kibble's spitty wrath for even contemplating voting outside the official line on this.

That's the way we stop rumours of a divided Exec! Force the vote! Squeeze out dissent! In fact, Fuck the vote, we elected Uncle Joe and Righteous Rowan and we deserve to be whipped into line. After all, the people need consistency, and what's more consistent than a ruling couple with cast iron morals and absolute, puppy-like loyalty from their minions? A winning combination- and all for your benefit, you lucky, lucky people.

This here's a democracy, and don't y'all forget it.

British business schools snubbed by scholarships

Chenai Tucker

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Gordon Brown, upset the heads of UK business schools when he launched a new scholarship scheme enabling budding entrepreneurs to study in America.

The scholarships failed to mend the already strained relationship between the Chancellor and UK Business schools. Named after Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan, the scholarships are aimed at students from disadvantaged areas and enable them to study for a year at Ivy League elites such as Harvard and the Wharton in Pennsylvania.

The scholarships, which start in September of next year, are an unusually generous gesture from the man who is noted for introducing prudence to the Treasury. They will cover all costs including fees, accommodation and travel for a year in the United States.

Gordon Brown, with John Snow, his American counterpart, announced the scheme at the CBI conference in Birmingham as an attempt to strengthen the special relationship Britain already enjoys with the US. With his usual vigour the Chancellor strove to emphasise his continued commitment to British enterprise and economic stability in front of an audience he called "the wealth creators of Britain".

In his speech he emphasised the special financial relationship between the two countries and explained: "America has a model of enterprise which we can learn from". Citing a continued need for shared



Harvard University to receive more students under new scholarship scheme

vision and values in economic enterprise, Mr Brown underlined American "passion for liberty and opportunity, a belief in the work ethic and in enterprise for all, a commitment to being open not isolationist, and our shared conviction that economic expansion through free trade and free markets is the key to growth and prosperity".

UK Business schools were unimpressed, however and condemned the Chancellor for failing to recognise UK institutions by not including them in the scholarship scheme.

Speaking to *The Times*, Laura Tyson, Dean of the London Business School and President Bill Clinton's former economic adviser, said: "The implication of this, whether intended or not, is that if you want to be a good entrepreneur you have to go to the United States."

Ms Tyson made reference to the large endowment programmes enjoyed by the American universities, contrasting American levels of university funding with the less impressive funding arrangements

at British institutions. As a former Dean of the Haas School of Business at the University of California at Berkleyhead, Ms Tyson continued: "I was surprised, I was dismayed, I think it is misguided, I think it is ironic."

It is not just that we have our own entrepreneurship faculty. We have everything here. I know what programmes there are in the States in terms of US business schools: courses, projects. We have the entire gamut, including special summer schools for entrepreneurship. It is really hard to imagine what kind of entrepreneurship training we don't have." Speaking to *The Times*, Michael Osbaldeston, Cranfield School of Management Director opined, "It is a good idea to promote learning from other enterprise cultures, but it would be better if such schemes encouraged a two-way transatlantic exchange. There is much good work going on in British business schools, with well-established business-growth programmes."

A Treasury spokesman defended to scheme saying: "It is not as if we are leaving anyone out. The enterprise fund already pays entrepreneurs who have not been in education, but have a good business idea, to go to British universities. This is simply an extension of the idea." The Chancellor's words appear to support this line as the agreement included British institutions: "incentives for our universities to become more entrepreneurial and link up in research and technology with US universities including a technology transfer fund to foster exchange of ideas across the Atlantic."

Sir Malcolm Rifkind Lectures The Last in the Foreign Secretaries Series

Prashant Rao

Sir Malcolm Rifkind, the last Conservative Foreign Secretary before New Labour came to power, visited the LSE to complete the "Foreign Secretaries Reflect" public lecture series last Tuesday.

His voice booming through all corners of the packed Old Theatre, Sir Malcolm spoke on the subject of "UK-USA: The Special Relationship - Is it Special?" briefly outlining the main turnings points in the relationship between the transatlantic allies since World War I, and spending time on the relationship's present characteristics before answering questions from the audience.

Sir Malcolm began by pointing out that although today, the United States is seen as by far the senior of the two countries, for all of the 19th Century, and some of the early 20th Century, it was Britain that was more powerful, and also mentioned that it is slightly ironic to recall that upon gaining its independence, America's staunchest ally was France, not Britain.

Interestingly, he said, Britain and the United States had disagreed very publicly in a situation quite similar, on the face of it, to the recent war in Iraq. In 1956, Britain had tried to complete regime change and overthrow an Arab dictator in the Suez Crisis, yet America had resisted. Sir Malcolm chalked this up to America seeing itself as a friend to the third world.

He then outlined what he felt were the fundamental reasons behind the close relationship, saying that both the United

States and Britain both had what he termed 'dual-roles,' in that Britain is not only a European power, but by virtue of its geography, history and culture, an Atlantic power. The United States, the same way, is both an Atlantic power and a Pacific power. In addition, Britain is a very useful ally to the United States because of its other global roles - along with being a permanent member of the U.N. Security Council, it is also a nuclear power.

However, the United States and Britain are far from equal partners. Britain possesses the 2nd largest military in the world, but this is a great deal behind that of America. Because of these disparities in size and power, although the United States is willing to defer to Britain on issues of secondary importance to America, it will not do so if the issue is of primary importance, and has the capacity to 'go it alone,' which cannot be said for Britain.

Sir Malcolm then evaluated the relationship between the leaders of the two countries, saying that although the United States and Britain are closer than ever, there is a sizable chunk of the British population who are highly dissatisfied with Prime Minister Blair's approach to relations with America. According to Sir Malcolm, "Prime Minister Thatcher was willing to swing her handbag at the Americans in public; evidence of this happening with Mr Blair is yet to be found," claiming that although Blair may fight for British interests in private with the Americans, he does not do so in public, which is just as important for public confi-



Sir Malcolm Rifkind - the last former Foreign Secretary to speak in the series

dence in his leadership. He rounded up his lecture by saying that if Britain hopes to be a bridge between the United States and old Europe, "it must understand that any bridge that leans too far in either direction will be unstable."

Finally, much to the pleasure of the enthralled crowd, Sir Malcolm closed with a quote from former Prime Minister Winston Churchill: "You can always rely on the Americans to do the right thing...after they've tried everything else."

When the audience was given time to ask questions, a woman on the balcony asked Sir Rifkind whether he believed the

recent war on Iraq was one motivated by oil, and he responded by saying that though he had heard the "argument for oil" before, he was not inclined to believe it. According to him, "Under Saddam Hussein, Iraq sold a lot of its oil, and a great of it found its way into the United States. Iraq must sell its oil to whoever will buy it - thus, the United States need not control Iraq to control its oil."

With that, Dr John Kent, chairperson for the public lecture, called it to a close, and the audience left satisfied, on the whole, with a uniquely entertaining series of talks from former Foreign Secretaries.

Teach-in disrupted by climate change protest



The Hong Kong Theatre decorated for the occasion

El Barham
News Editor

An anti-Bush teach-in, to coincide with the arrival of the President in the UK, was interrupted by a climate change protest, Tuesday November 18th.

An emergency motion to support the teach-in and a following sit-in received resounding support from students at the Extraordinary General Meeting (EGM) held earlier that day, with only six students voting against it. The motion gained the support of the LSE SU for the teach-in and a subsequent sit-in to protest against the arrival of George W Bush to Britain the following day.

However, suggestions were made at the EGM that the teach-in should in fact be called a lecture, since the organisers of the event had booked the room. This amendment was rejected at the EGM by a huge majority. The militant quality usually associated with sit-ins was also diluted, as the motion clearly stated that the support of the SU would only be given if the rules of the school were not contravened.

The LSE contingents of the Stop the War Coalition (STWC) and People and Planet built up support for the event throughout the day from a stall in Houghton Street, with numerous camera crews filming the speeches made denouncing the British government's decision to welcome George Bush to the UK.

Their activities culminated in a rally that evening where Louise Hutchins from the NUS National Executive Committee (NEC) and Chris Nineham from Globalise Resistance spoke to the protesters. The rally took place around the Old Building and in the Student Services Centre before the 30 participants moved on to the teach-in in Clement House, watched by numerous police officers.

The teach-in, which encompassed a pair of speaker events, took place in the Hong Kong Theatre. The two speaker panels, one detailing the arguments made by the STWC and the other elucidating the environmental difficulties with the policies of the current American administration.

The first speaker event, entitled 'No to a new era of war', clarified the reasons why



The rally before the teach-in, Meadway warms up the crowd

the occupying forces in Iraq should withdraw and highlighted other perceived problems with George Bush's policies. Speakers included Ali Al-Assam, of Iraqi Democrats Against the Occupation, Paul Embery from the Fire Brigades Union (FBU), Bernard Regan, Palestine Solidarity Campaign and Liz Hutchins, Vice Chair CND.

Following the positions elucidated by the speakers, the floor was invited to ask questions. However, during this period, the event was hijacked by a passing protest against climate change, which proceeded down the Aldwych and past Clement House.

The presence of the protest was announced in the Theatre by Tom Whitaker of the NUS NEC and former LSE student, after which roughly two thirds of the room left to join in. James Meadway, a prominent member of the LSE STWC, urged that those who did join the protest to return later in order to occupy the Hong Kong Theatre and suggested that some people should remain in the venue to listen to the second panel.

Despite this, the second speaker event was attended by a much smaller audience than its predecessor. The talk, entitled 'The human and environmental cost of Bush' was given by Cindy Baxter of Stop ESSO Coalition, Dr Jeremy Leggett, the author of "The Carbon War: Dispatches from the end of the Oil Century" and Brendan Paddy, a humanitarian visitor to Iraq. The event was much appreciated by the remaining audience, who asked numerous questions when invited to do so by the Chair.

Once the event had drawn to a close, the audience departed and did not stay for the sanctioned sit-in, even though several enthusiastic members of the STWC had brought sleeping bags with them in anticipation.

Matt Willgress, who helped organise the speakers for the teach-in, said: "I thought the speakers showed why on a number of issues, not just Iraq, there is such opposition to Bush. The vote at the EGM and the atmosphere on campus throughout last week show just how much the LSE SU does support the activities of those who make clear this opposition."

A Statement from the Turkish Society Executive Committee

On The Recent Terror Attacks

Ozan Sakar

We, the Turkish Society, condemn the latest terrorist attacks carried out in Turkey with all our heart and grieve for those who have lost their lives. The attacks are alleged to be co-ordinated by Al-Qaeda. The first attack was on the 15th of November, when the suicide bombers targeted two Jewish Synagogues on the Sabbath. The second attack was carried out on the 20th of November, where the targets were the British Consulate-General and the HSBC HQ in Istanbul.

The whole nation is in deep shock and has expressed its grief at the loss of the victims' lives. The intensity of the shock is amplified due to the fact these terrorists had specifically chosen the most sensitive spots to attack. Istanbul, throughout the centuries, has been a mosaic of many different cultures and religions and people from all backgrounds have always lived side by side in peace, both under the

Ottoman Turkish rule and Modern Turkey. The city has set an admirable example for the whole humanity. It has once again set an example when Muslims, Jews and Christians have joined together at the funerals of the victims and have expressed their joint grief and condemnation.

It is deplorable that the terrorists have chosen to attack the Jewish people and the Consulate General. The attacks have claimed the lives of Jews, Christians and Muslims. It must be remembered that almost all the victims were innocent, ordinary people who had happened to be there during the attack and had nothing to do with the war on Iraq or the war on terror. Al-Qaeda claims that those two were the reasons for the attacks. Whether the war on Iraq can be justified or not may be questionable by some people, as the demonstration on last Thursday in London has shown, but the deaths of those terror victims in Turkey, cannot be justified on any ground.

The question also remains: Why Turkey, a pre-dominantly Muslim country, was chosen as the target?

One answer is that it was this peaceful mosaic of cultures and religions in Turkey, which the terrorists targeted. Turkey is in a complicated situation with regard to its position, since it is literally a bridge between East and West. However, Turkey has always turned the greater and more reasonable part of its face towards the West, as was directed by its foundation principles. Turkey, though pre-dominantly Muslim, has always been one of the most staunch allies of the West, since we share the same divine values such as human rights, equality, justice, freedom and democracy. Turkey proves that a Muslim country can have a place in the West and can cherish the western values mentioned above. And it is those values that have proved too much for those terrorists who care nothing about the sanctity of human

life. They evidently do not care for the lives of Muslims, as they claim, since many Muslims have also died in those attacks. They will stop at nothing to get rid of democracy, freedom and human rights, since for them, those are not divine values shared by the whole humanity, but are obstacles to their own selfish and unethical interests which cannot be justified on any grounds.

We would once again like to express our deep grief at the loss of innocent people's lives. Our sympathies are with the families of the victims and our prayers with the victims.

Ozan Sakar
on behalf of the Turkish Society Executive Committee.

Note: The contents of this statement do not necessarily reflect the views of all the members of the society.

SU Respect Not Racism Week

Sian Errington, Equal Opportunities (Female) Officer, explains why it is necessary to continue the fight against racism, especially at the LSE

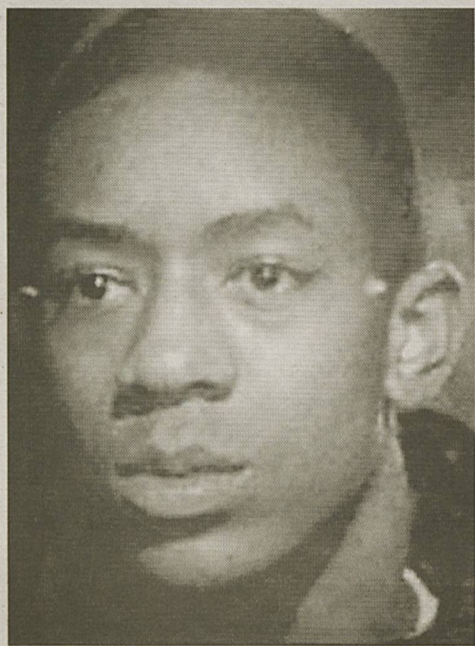
Recently, LSE students voted to elect Stephen Lawrence Honorary President of the Student Union, ten years on from his racist murder. The week beginning November 24th is "Respect Not Racism" week at LSE. The aim of this series of events is to send out a positive, anti-racist message that celebrates the multiculturalism and vibrancy of our campus, and to say no to the racists and the message of division and hate they pursue.

This week takes place in a context of rising racism in Britain – whether that be Islamophobia, anti-Semitism or dangerous stereotypes of all asylum seekers. Alongside this, the neo-Nazi British National Party has been increasing its electoral foothold in Britain. The BNP calls for an 'all white Britain', denies the occurrence of the Holocaust, is actively homophobic and wants to roll back women's rights. Experience shows that wherever the BNP is organized or makes electoral advances the numbers of racist attacks escalate dramatically, putting all Black, Asian and Jewish people at risk. When the BNP won a council seat in the 1990s in Millwall, East London, there was a sharp rise in racist incidents and attacks including the murder of Stephen Lawrence. Yet where they – and their racist lies – have been stood up to, they can be defeated. Our job now is to get as many students to register to vote, and to use that vote in the local, Greater London Authority and European Parliament elections next year to vote against racism.

Further, we are in a position where dangerous stereotypes about Muslims and asylum seekers are accepted and promoted by sections of the media – stereotypes which racists feed off – and stereotypes we know from our experience as a multi-cultural, international campus at LSE are completely unjustified. LSE is a vibrant and diverse campus and it is vital that at LSE we don't let the racist tide damage the quality of life of our students on or off campus.

With all this occurring, it becomes ever more important therefore that we get active to promote a positive and inclusive atmosphere on campus. On Thursday there is a Student Union panel meeting with Harry Cohen MP, a representative from the Muslim Council of Britain, and Milena Buyum from the National Assembly Against Racism, (CO23, 3pm). Different

cultural societies will also be holding events this week, adding to the positive atmosphere on campus. It should be a great week – come along to the events or the stall in the Quad, which will be there every day between 12- 2pm, volunteer to help in any way you can and unite against racism in actions and in words.



Stephen Lawrence - victim of racism



The BNP - worrying rise

Disabilities Awareness Week

Alice Brickley, former Students with Disabilities Officer, reflects on a week of successful events, which triumphed despite the setbacks caused by the visit of President Bush to the UK

Last week, while plain-clothes police peered out of doorways and horses in riot gear lurked round every corner in central London, it was multi-day in King's Cross. But that's beside the point; last week was also **Disability Awareness Week!** The aim of the week was to provide information for students with or without

disabilities about aspects of disability and to provoke them to think wider than traditional concepts of the label 'disabled'.

The week's considerable success was largely down to the joint effort of the LSE's Disability Office, many members of the SU staff executive, the Students with Disabilities Society (SWD Soc.) and many others. The generous sponsorship from

PriceWaterhouseCoopers also meant that we could afford to lay on some great events.

For me the social highlight of the week was on Monday evening when the SWD society joined forces with the Sikh-Punjabi society to put on a night of sitar music from the famous Baluji Shrivastav, who is also registered as blind. The Sikh-Punjabi members transformed the banal into the

sublime with a speedy redecoration of the Quad using only candles and nice fabric. Ed Forster's audio-visual wizardry similarly turned the Quad stage into something fit for an eminent classical musician. The evening was wonderful; there was some delicious food in the interval and the music took those of us who were either stressed or frazzled onto a higher plane. Priya Bose was a lively compere and was first to heap appreciation on Baluji for bringing a touch of class to the LSE and the Awareness Week.

Throughout the week we had a stall going in the Quad with a great swanky banner (thanks to Mr Senouci) and run largely by Hazel Mowbray and Priya Bose who handled blu-tac, posters and loud orange stickers with style. The whole SWD society committee came out over the course of the week in order to lure passers-by to our table and then plaster them with stickers and invitations to our events. In spite of all our efforts, it appeared many events such as a talk given by the Samaritans on mental distress and another on dyslexia by Jean Jameson (of the Disability Office) were poorly attended, a shame since we must all be aware of those who could do with more information on such topics. Nevertheless a talk on Asperger's Syndrome given by Barbara Maines of Lucky Duck Publishing was another success – particularly well-attended by Student Services Centre staff.



One of the week's highlights - sitar player Baluji Shrivastav

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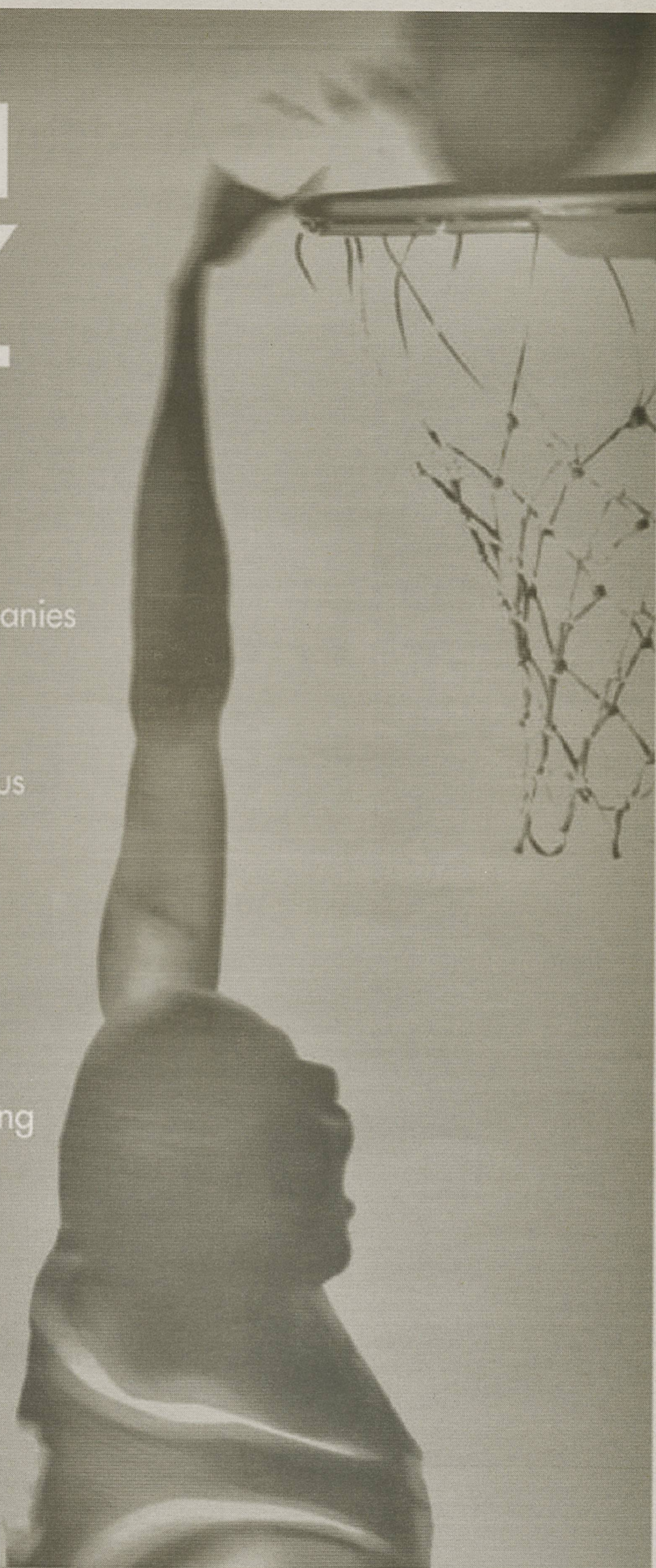
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The Beaver Comment and Analysis

We Need a More Attractive Campus

says **Mark Power**

The arrival of a strange drab wall with what looks like a slim tube mould as a poor substitute for a seat in the street outside the Peacock Theatre, is presumably the latest gift to our school from those benevolent souls at Westminster City Council. Indeed, those would be same benevolent souls that kindly removed all the seating and the only green bits on campus from Houghton Street before summer began.

The time has come for the LSE Estates policy to gain some sort of coherent direction. After Westminster Council rendered Houghton Street a barren desert plain, there has been no significant effort to replace the missing trees and shrubbery which used to give the place some semblance of natural life. The re-paving of the street has not been completed, despite the lapse of at least five months since the project was started. All of this, of course, follows on from the farce surrounding the repaving of Claremarket and the construction of the ramp and frontage to the now not so new Student Services Centre. This was supposed to be finished so long ago, nobody can recall the original date, but because of the ineptitude of the Council, the project took at least three attempts before a working design could be implemented. Indeed, former students who finished their degrees in 1996 still describe the campus as a very big building site.

The main problem is that the LSE is a barren and unattractive campus at the best of times. Being in an inner city area, surrounded by tall building and London smog, it is difficult to maintain a geographically continuous campus whilst providing enough teaching space for the university to grow and function effectively. However, such difficulties aside, there is no real reason why both the School and

the Council can not cooperate and make a genuine effort to rejuvenate the LSE and make it more attractive. Re-paving Houghton Street is fine as far as it goes, but what the campus really needs is a break and contrast to the perpetual grey visage of the area around it. Both the School and the Council need to start thinking of innovative ways to brighten the place up and stop it from looking like the serious stress box that it so often depressingly becomes.

Houghton Street and many other areas on campus could do with more trees, more gardens and more seats. These things could help to make the place more attractive and create some pleasant spots to loiter and while away a study break and a cigarette. The School will blame Westminster Council, which to a large

extent is deserved, but this avoids the fact that there is no holistic planning of LSE Estates policy, which in turn means that the School lacks a consistent policy on Estates. Student representatives on the Court of Governors complain that the school is inconsistent and fragmented in its approach to campus development. Big projects like the Library Plaza, which have worked well, get lots of media attention, but there is no ongoing effort to improve the general feel of campus to one that is more environmentally pleasant, containing more greenery and vibrancy. It is as if the School is only interested in impressing rich alumni and potential investors, rather than its many students suffering from the lack of plantation and outdoor socialising areas.



Far too Barren for my Liking

Axis of careerists, extremists and moralists hijack the Union

says **Alykhan Velshi**

Rarely does the Union get mired in debates over such prurient matters as procreative freedom, but when it does, the usual suspects always ruin the fun. A laugh-out-loud motion was introduced for discussion at the UGM, which concerned an article in the Sunday Telegraph mentioning the act of "roasting", a common practice for footballers in Britain and in most American fraternities and sororities, who call it a "tag-team."

Roasting is a sexual act where two men "plug the holes", as it were, of a consenting woman. The motion did not condone roasting or mandate the roasting of anybody (although some hacks would benefit from one).

A cabal of self-righteous moralists - SU Treasurer Jo Kibble, Postgraduate Officer James Meadway, and former UGM Chair Dave Cole - visibly offended, argued that the LSESU Constitution & Steering committee (C & S) should prevent discussion of the motion at the UGM on the grounds that it condoned rape and would create a hostile atmosphere for women.

The first argument was easily dismissed since roasting is a purely consensual activity. The rape argument was a straw-man, designed to appeal to the emo-

tions of the committee rather than to the facts of the issue. As is his wont, Postgraduate Officer James Meadway continually hurled obscenities at committee members who pointed out that consensual sex cannot by definition be rape.

The morally indignant then condemned roasting as a "dubious sexual practice" and argued that discussing roasting at the UGM would make attendees uncomfortable. Admittedly, I am slightly uncomfortable discussing roasting, and would be even more uncomfortable during a roasting, but that alone should not preclude a discussion at the UGM. Powerful straight white men should not be allowed to decide what constitutes 'dubious sexual practices.'

At the UGM, where the proposers of the motion sought to overturn C & S' decision, one Sabbatical officer was heard bullying the International Students officer to vote to prevent discussion of the motion. Is this the way that Union democracy should be run? Through fear and intimidation? Should a moral minority prevent the UGM from discussing an issue? Should students allow the C & S committees, designed to check the power of an overbearing Executive, to be



Careerist Student Hack?

hijacked by a moral fringe of Executive committee members? Surely not.

At the next UGM, vote to tell those would-be censors that fear and intimidation will not reign over the Union. This union is under siege; and it behoves us to stop an axis of careerists, extremists and moralists from hijacking it. The 'roasting' motion as an example here may not be pleasant. You may in fact agree that it was not worthy of discussion. But this is just one of many instances where moralists are trying to stamp out dissent in the Union. Censorship of the Beaver, censorship at the UGM, where next? Serfdom.

The Beaver

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

The Beaver Comment and Analysis

Editorial Comment

An Important March

Last Thursday saw thousands marching against President George Bush. He is only the second US leader to be honoured with a state visit. Despite this, there was no universal enthusiasm in Britain about the visit. Barring the royal household, the occupants of Whitehall, and a rag tag group of pro-Bush protestors from the LSE, it is fair to say the majority of those that packed central London were totally against Bush's state visit.

The freedom to protest is an important aspect of democracy. George Bush is an unpopular president responsible for unpopular policies, not least of which is the war on Iraq. Having screwed up the situation in Iraq even further, it is an affront to our dignity to have the 'Toxic Texan', smirk and all, parade around our streets.

Yet, George Bush did not get to see the protests. He stayed in the splendour of Buckingham Palace and was whisked away from one location to the next in empty streets which had had its protestors cleared off. Mr. Bush should have seen the groundswell of anger directed towards him in central London. Shut away from ordinary people, he does not seem to know what happens in the real world. Sure, he made a few self deprecating jokes in his first speech upon arrival in the country. Yet he still seems to think the court of public opinion is something beneath him.

Mr. Bush, take heed of the warning given to you in London last week. If you are going to portray yourself as the leader of the 'Free World', please start listening to your constituents.

SIR Howard, Listen

Howard Davies support today for the Governments proposals on top-up fees flies in the face of his earlier commitments to the student body that there was no LSE stance on the issue, and that would not be a publicised line from this institution. The news that he has signed a letter with the Vice-Chancellors from the top five universities in the country, calling on the government not to back down in the face of criticism, is an outrageous breach of his word. It is an insult to the vast numbers who oppose the government's regressive attitude towards higher education in this country.

It is claimed by the signatories that there is no other way for universities to get the fund-

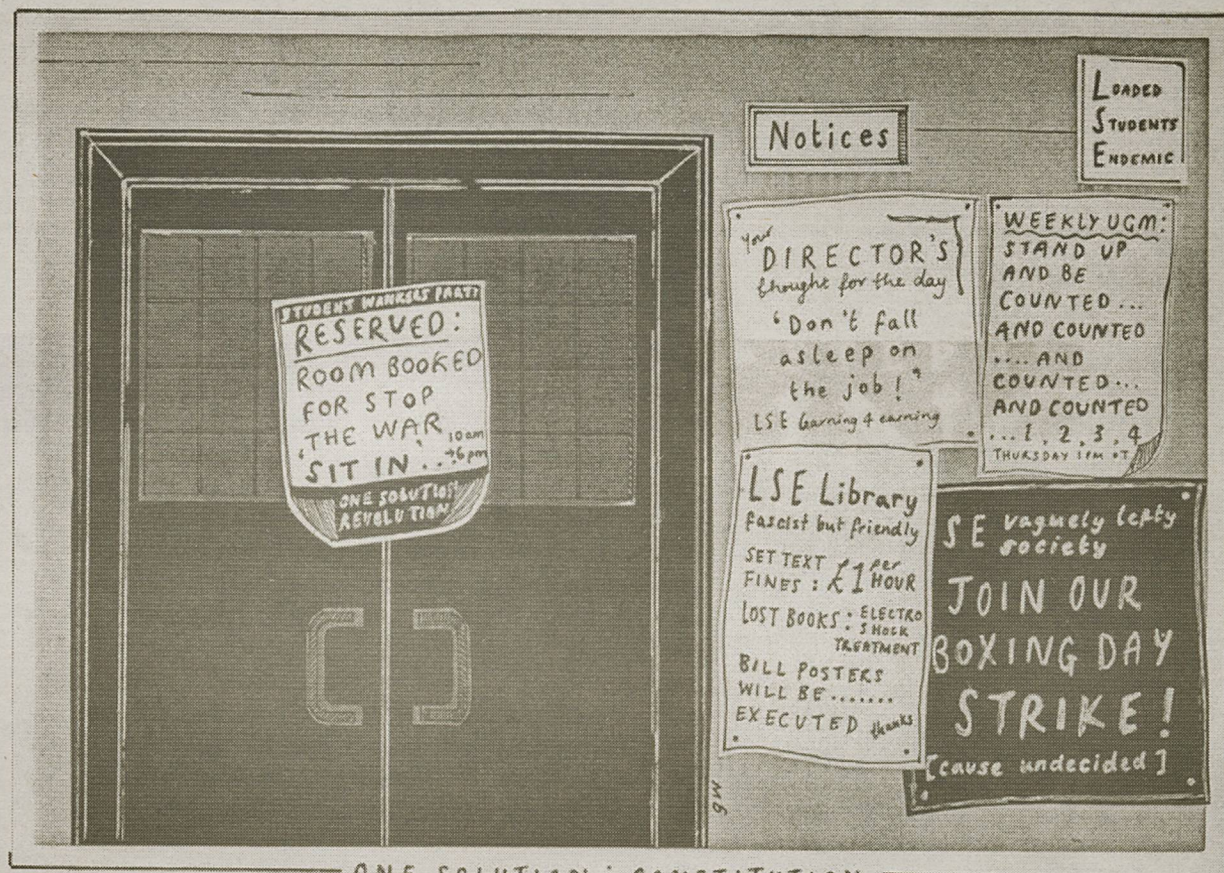
ing they need, in blatantly ignoring other proposals such as those of back-bench Labour MPs and Liberal Democrats, who would like to see a higher tax rate imposed to properly fund Higher Education. The signatories seem to ignore the fact that there are other options to HE funding. It was fair that the LSE take no stance on the issue, because as Sir Howard rightly pointed out, there is no one position that could encompass the LSE community's diverse views. But, it is unacceptable that our Director should take a stance, that is effectively representative of our institution, that betrays and ignores the views of so many LSE staff and students. You said you would listen Howard, so open you ears!

Heckle the Moralists

The McCarthyites have struck again! This time paper throwing is to be banned on the grounds that it hits the wrong people. Threats of complaints to the School have been made. This is petty and vindictive. Those who see the UGM as a platform for self-publicity have no grounds on which to complain about paper throwing. The people who want to see this traditional activity prohibited are exactly those against whom paper missiles are most welcome. We will not stand for members using the UGM as an arena for shameless, and continuous, self-promotion. Let our scorn be made manifest in a shower of paper upon these pompous pedants. Let them be buried in a rubble of projectiles. Let them not see the light of day until they accept our freedom to throw paper. See you on Thursday - bring a copy of London Student/Daily Mail/Telegraph, or three.

Correction

The Beaver would like to apologise to Ghada Karmi for incorrectly attributing her to the story 'Galloway supports "resistance by any means necessary"'. The person we were actually referring to was Ghada Razuki, from Stop the War Coalition. We would like to apologise for any confusion, and stress that Ghada Karmi neither spoke at the LSE last week, nor spoke to The Beaver, and that any view attributed to her, was actually that of Ghada Razuki.



Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

For Eliot Pollak to suggest that we would have celebrated if "all the Israelis had suddenly decided to go for a permanent swim in the Euphrates" is tasteless and deeply insulting, especially as we both voted against the Boycott Israeli Goods motion last year. Moreover, to suggest that two people [a second and third year] who have never before spoken at the UGM, never before proposed a motion and never stood for any SU position are "self-important [and] narcissistic with extreme delusions of their own grandeur" is symptomatic of a wider attempt to reduce us to caricatures. Accusations of anti-semitism, deliberately causing disunity or supporting terrorism all serve this same purpose - to deligitimise our opinions without answering our criticisms or confronting the facts. Mr. Pollack believes that "the people don't matter". Perhaps he thinks that political and social change come from nowhere, coaxed into being by some unknown force. The UGM will never dictate foreign policy but it will engage the students of this university in debate. It already has. What hope can there be, we wonder, if we are all to respond to injustice with a silence implying consent simply because we are not members of the political elite.

Yours,

Muriel Kahane and Paul Kirby

Dear Sir,

Last Thursday's UGM was the scene of the most blatant abuse of power by a Union-elected Sabbatical Officer seen for quite some time. During a vote on whether or not to discuss a controversial motion that had been rejected by the Constitution and Steering committee for being 'unconstitutional', Union Treasurer Jo Kibble could be seen physically preventing an Executive member

from voting in favour of the discussion. He went on to verbally threaten the Executive officer - International Students Officer Andrew Schwartz - that were he to vote for the discussion, he would be censored and 'not allowed to talk in a UGM again'. Kibble was clearly angered by the situation, describing the contested motion as being 'against everything this Union stands for'. Following his admonishment, the International Students Officer chose to abstain from the vote, which eventually went against the motion being discussed.

The actions of Jo Kibble were reprehensible in that they are an abuse of power so blatant and overt that it does nothing to quash recent accusations that the Union is run in a totalitarian way, solely on the decisions of certain Sabbatical Officers, and represses the right of Exec members and other Union members to make clear their opposition or dissent. His behaviour was grossly unconstitutional and he should be made to apologise sincerely for the way in which he acted - a way completely at odds with our supposedly 'open' UGM. The seething debate over the right to Free Speech, brought up at Thursday's UGM, as well as at other times in the Union, is threatening to engulf the SU Sabbaticals and if they continue to act as hypocritically as they do, it threatens the legitimacy of this Union. In using his position as Sabbatical officer to influence unfairly the decisions of other Exec members, Jo Kibble has breached the constitution of this Student's Union. I respect Jo's role, and his dedication to his position, but while we must respect Jo Kibble's right to oppose the discussion of such a motion, in return he must respect other people's right to participate in an open, free and fair voting procedure. The Sabbatical team derive its legitimacy from the fact that they were elected by us, to serve us, and to continue he running of this Student's Union as a forum for

open and free debate. They were not elected to rule over us, ignoring - or worse repressing - dissenting opinion within the Union, and we must hope certain members of the Sabbatical team begin to recognise this.

PS: Andrew Schwartz's existence may not be justified, but he should at least be allowed to vote. 6th team goalkeepers are people too.

Gareth Carter

Dear Sir,

I am writing in reference to the claim in last week's sport section that no members of the AU were homophobic. How can one explain the chants of "gay is football" by members of the rugby club and "gay is rugby" by members of the football club every wednesday in the tuns. Are they not suggesting that homosexuality is deplorable. It seems quite homophobic to me. The sports pages have been cut for a good reason to make room for other sections which do not seek to offend groups on campus in every paragraph. I do appreciate that there are new sections which are not up to the normal Beaver standard but it is not offensive. The irritated members of the AU should realise that four pages are ample to cover sport at the LSE and there is more to humour than sexual innuendo.

Yours sincerely,

Dinesh Panch
p.s I am a member of the AU

Dear Sir,

Andy Schwartz is neither the sexiest nor coolest guy in the AU. Please stop printing such scurrilous lies.

Jimmy Baker
LSESU Entertainments Officer

blink

Features and Politics

Even the Righties are at it!
Marches, marches and more
marches.
page 12



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

Musings

We're all terrorists now

Matthew Sinclair

blink Columnist

Britain is full of "terrorists" who "would prefer to be allowed to" "kill their fellow citizens". North Wales Police Chief Richard Brunstrom is a little upset with his fellow citizens.

Whilst May Day protestors have loud hair, anti-war marchers move in hoards and animal rights activists release deadly, chimp-based, rage plagues, none can compare to our most pyrotechnic protest.

In Canada, British Columbia Premier Gordon Campbell put an end to the province's five-year photo radar programme saying, "Speed cameras have no effect on road safety. They are nothing more than a cash cow." The argument was made on the right to privacy and was a local government election pledge.

In Britain things are done a little differently. Motorists Against Detection think speed cameras are unfair...so they blow them up. The Observer reported, "Northamptonshire police offered a £2,000 reward for help in finding people who used a bomb to take out a Gatso on the A605 at Thrapston. The blast sent shards of metal flying more than 50 feet".

Apparently over seven hundred speed cameras have been destroyed at a cost of twenty four thousand pounds each to replace. If £16.8 million in cameras have been destroyed the problem has moved beyond the scale usually seen in displays of the British people's anarchist side.

Stop an Englishman with an XR3i from exercising his engine by driving at 100 mph on a B-road and you create a revolutionary of the sort few people saw coming. One thing's for sure. The revolution will not be televised.

Should you resist the temptation to take out your frustrations on speed cameras, wheel clamps or public telephones and avoid anyone who uses the sales pitch "It's camping, camping's fun - and in an exotic country" you could still find yourself aiding and abetting terrorism.

Bush and Blair have been called terrorists all week. I have my doubts, but should the hypothesis prove true we may have discovered democracy's great flaw. With a nation prepared to resort to bombings to end speed cameras, pacifist leaders would be remarkable. Not just our political choice is under attack, however.

Apparently the great British consumer bankrolls those terrorists operating beyond our home island. The Times reported that "The Anti-Counterfeit group claims that [the trade in counterfeit goods] is bankrolling organisations such as Al-Qaeda, paramilitaries in Northern Ireland and other international criminal gangs".

Dodgy watches. They don't just put fashion designers out of work. They also fund Al-Qaeda. Remarkable. Who would have thought that the international terrorist career plan could take you in so many directions? Sell copious quantities of narcotics, blow people up and get practical experience in running a growing business.

We're all terrorists now

LONDON TRANSPORT: Must do better Mr Livingstone

An American student, newly arrived in London, vents her frustration at the poor communication and great difficulty in finding information concerning the capital's complex transport arrangements.

Ginny Choi

The London transport system has the reputation of being one of the most efficient transport systems in the world.

You can get anywhere you want on the tube, the bus or the trains conveniently without having to walk miles and miles before you reach your destination. It is truly a remarkable system. And I commend Mr. Ken Livingstone for his efforts in improving the system through the introduction of the congestion charge, increased services and smarter ways of paying for your fare via the Oystercard and ticket machines at bus stops.

Despite his efforts, there however still remain faults to the system, arising mainly from how it is managed. This realisation comes from my experience with the management.

I was recently fined for not carrying a ticket on the rail while travelling from Clapham Junction, a zone two station, though I was carrying an Oystercard. The conductor at Victoria station refused to listen to my explanation (in fact, he said, "No ticket? You see this sign here? Fine £10. You wait here for the lady coming down from the office and then you pay her your fine.") When I asked what the hell was going on, they only pointed out to the fact that I didn't have a ticket when I should have.

This little episode led me to find out why I was fined. I was never told when I first got my Oystercard and purchased a monthly ticket with my student photocard that I got a LT card instead of a regular travelcard. Hence, as an unsuspecting General Course student, I thought I would be getting all the benefits of a normal travelcard at a discounted price. But actually, if you read the booklet on Fares and Tickets by Mr. Ken Livingstone or even online on the Transport for London website (www.tfl.gov.uk), a youth LT card doesn't allow you to use the railways. "[Youth LT cards] are valid for travel in

the selected zones on Tube, Tramlink and DLR services, but generally not on National Rail services or on the Bakerloo line between Kenton and Harrow & Wealdstone."

But this is the only travelcard that is available for students who use their photocards to get discounts from the normal 'adult' travelcards. So, I noticed, that the London transport system has a communication 'glitch'; the information is out there, but it is not blaringly obvious for students to know from the start what a Youth LT card is.

Having said what travelcards our student photocards can get us, it also makes me wonder about something. Aren't we old enough to be considered as adults by London Transport? The Youth LT cards are also given to those who hold the 16-17 photocard (they're photocards for 16-17 year olds). Perhaps the youth in London don't travel much on the railways, but some of us college students certainly travel on railways enough to get frustrated over the fact that we can't get one student-rate travelcard that allows us to use the tubes, the buses and the railways. So why is it that students aren't offered the option of getting railway usage on our travelcards?

The communication between stations is another glitch. The station closest to Great Dover Street halls, Borough station, has frequently had problems with its ticket office. This does not cause a problem since you are simply instructed to buy the ticket at your destination. However, if the conductors at your destination don't believe that the ticket office at the origin of your travels is inoperable, it suddenly becomes a problem as you stand there arguing with them for 15 minutes just to get them to call the station you departed from, avoid being fined and purchase a ticket. (After all that hassle, all they say is, "Sorry about that. That would be £1.60.")

This all comes down to the lack of proper communication between the stations, something that could be greatly

improved. They could really use some sort of a database system that they can look up and see whether there are problems at other stations. If they have trouble making one themselves, they can certainly get one of the geeks at Imperial to make one for them.

The lack of training among the conductors in the workings of different aspects of the station other than their own seems to be a slight setback to the excellence of their customer relations. It's great already; inquiries regarding ticket purchases and travel information are handled expertly...but only if you ask the correct staff. While I was waiting for a train at Victoria Station, I talked to one of the conductors on the platform and asked a question regarding fares. He answered, "Erm... I don't know much about fares. You'd do better to ask the people at the ticket office."

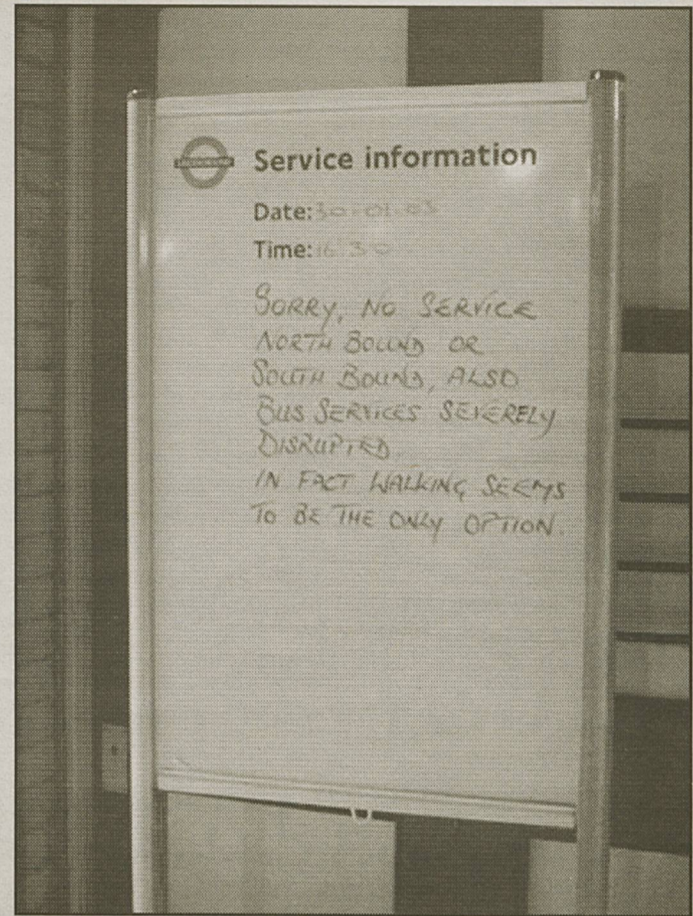
His response was by no means a bad one. But it got me wondering about the possible improvements on their customer relations if the transport system rotated their jobs around now and again, allowing conductors to know more about their own system. Conductors who know a bit about fares could certainly help the vast number of tourists to London every year.

These little glitches in the management of the London transport system hold it back from being the best in the world.

Ginny Choi is a General Course student studying Economics.

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



Profiling Works

Political Correctness and racial sensitivity are compromising our security. To prevent future hijackings, airports need to adopt a more stringent regime of profiling.

Alykhan Velshi

Respect Not Racism" week began yesterday; it is billed as an opportunity to celebrate "diversity" and "multiculturalism" on campus and beyond. So I will: multiculturalism and diversity have given London very tasty exotic food and very sexy exotic ladies. Excessive faith in them, however, has led to a security policy that is both disingenuous and dangerous.

As an international student, I fly home to Canada several times a year. All in all, I've flown the Toronto Pearson to London Heathrow journey 7 times in the past year. Not once have I been searched, or forced to undergo a meaningful security check.

In fact, during my last flight home I was waved through security while a polite lady with three children was forced to empty her carry-on luggage, whose titillating contents were exposed for all to see. More recently, EU Commissioner Romano Prodi, a 70-year old white Italian man, was searched on a flight to the U.S.

Frankly, I should have been searched. I fit the profile: male; Muslim; brown; young; unshaven; travelling alone; passport stamps from Cuba, Red China, and the United Arab Emirates; and an LSE student card. The reason I was not searched is because airline security personnel cannot use these characteristics to determine if I pose a security threat: to wit, they cannot profile me.

The arguments against profiling are twofold. First, in modern society, profiling is seen as wrong. Singling individuals out for extra-special treatment on the basis of race or religion makes people feel queasy. Yet we are currently in a war which, whether we like it or not, is closely connected to religion. Osama bin Laden has told us repeatedly that this is a war of religion.

Bin Laden's videos constantly allude to the Crusades, the fall of the Ottoman Empire, and the "crimes" of the West. To him this is a jihad, so called, between Islam and everyone else. It should come as no surprise, therefore, that the FBI's "10 Most Wanted Terrorists" are all Arab.

While most Arabs will not hijack your airplane, historically, most hijackers have been Arab; a fact which has not changed since the late 1960s. It is thus foolhardy to ignore race and religion when dealing with airport security. Simply because a security policy makes people squeamish does not mean that it is necessarily bad.

Second, opponents of profiling argue that if airlines profiled Arabs and Muslims, then Western non-Muslim terrorists would be able to slip through. While there is always the possibility of a cabal of transgendered Norwegian porn

stars hijacking a plane, we must bear in mind that it takes a unique kind of fanatic, motivated by promises of great rewards, to blow up himself and thousands of others.

The overlords of modern-day terrorism rely on religion, guaranteeing men who die in terror missions 72 virgin women. I am unsure what females who commit terror attacks are promised: 72 virgin men? (in which case, they should have just gone to the anti-war march). Very few people are fanatical enough to blow up a plane, but those who are tend to belong to one specific group.

Instead of legitimate profiling, Western governments practice something called "heightened security." In essence, this means that grandmothers will have their knitting needles and toe-nail clippers confiscated before a swarthy male is given a second glance. Spending more time scrutinising a tweezer-toting grandmother than a shifty male with a pilot's license is utter madness. At best, a misallocation of resources; at worst, an invitation to disaster.

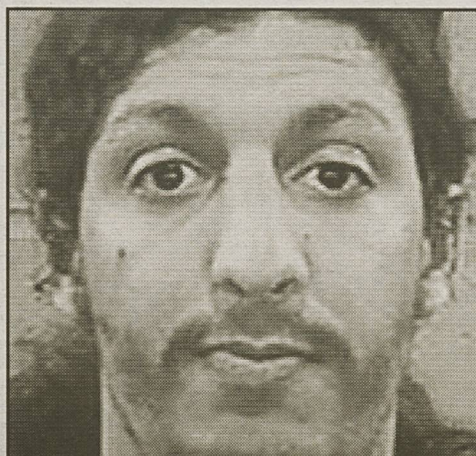
Picture your archetypal terrorist: what are his defining features? Scraggly beard; unkempt long hair; bister complexion; headscarf; obvious revulsion at infidel-whore flight attendants; and so on. Faced with such a person trying to board a flight, airline security personnel are institutionally required to look the other way and instead concentrate their efforts on the gay bishop with the much-too-pointy toothpick. Profiling allows law enforcement to single out credible threats for extra scrutiny and attention. To this end, race and religion are the obvious, but by no means determining factors.

Nobody is arguing for profiling based exclusively on race and religion; still, race and religion should not automatically be excluded from deliberations when gauging potential security risks. Those who clearly fit the profile based on a nexus of factors must be thoroughly scrutinised; while those who do not - mothers with children in tow, gay porn stars, and past-their-prime Eurocrats - should be less exhaustively searched.

"Respect Not Racism" week should not simply be spent discussing what multiculturalism has to offer, but also what is sacrificed on its altar. Pleasant at first, multiculturalism and racial sensitivity are very dangerous when treated as sacred cows, immune from criticism. Next time you take a flight, ignore me, and others like me, at your peril. Better to be a bit insensitive than dead.

Alykhan Velshi is a second year Law student and a regular contributor to the Beaver.

'Spending more time scrutinising a tweezer-toting grandmother than a shifty male with a pilot's license is utter madness.'



Spot the odd one out.



OneEyeOpen

Last weekend marked the 40th anniversary of the assassination of President John F Kennedy in Dallas in 1963. Ruthlessly shot down whilst riding through the streets in an open-top car, waving to the crowds, the 22nd November of that year will go down in history as the day that the youngest American leader became a martyr for youth, energy and vision in politics, and a hope for peace not to be seen again for literally decades.

Kennedy was a man of many faults. His gambling and womanising have since been exposed, while some of his more misguided policies, such as that to take out Fidel Castro (leading as it did to the disastrous Bay of Pigs fiasco) were somewhat dubious in their nature.

However, some of Kennedy's thinking, and speeches, were years ahead of his time. The ambition of putting a man on the moon by the end of the 1960s inspired the world, and its success is arguably mankind's greatest achievement. The pledge to do it was qualified by characteristic resolve: "we do these things not because they are easy but because they are hard". It takes a spark of purpose for great deeds to materialise.

But perhaps Kennedy's most moving and radical sentiment for his time was his advocacy of more peaceful relations between nations - of a world where violence takes a back seat to an appreciation of shared values and ideals. Kennedy spoke of a common humanity that the world still fails to recognise even today.

"For, in the final analysis, our most basic common link is that we all inhabit this small planet. We all breathe the same air. We all cherish our children's future. And we are all mortal."

Kennedy's assassination itself has been a matter of intense debate in the four decades since the event in Dallas. Question marks over Oswald's movements, over his subsequent murder by a man with links to the mob, the possibility of a second gunman on the other side of the plaza, over CIA and Cuban connections - the subject of conspiracy theories as long as Oswald's rifle.

A BBC documentary last weekend sought to prove them all false. An examination of original evidence, coupled with the use of new technology to simulate the shooting, show that Oswald was indeed a lone gunman, acting on no one's authority but his own.

Yet the documentary was only as convincing as Oliver Stone's film *JFK*, which has been widely criticised for misinterpreting the facts of the assassination and of glorifying the misguided lawyer who sought to gain a conviction for involvement in the shooting. One of the greatest developments in our lives since Kennedy's presidency (one which he did not speak of with drive and ambition, though one which he was undoubtedly part of) has been the growth in power of the media of film and television in our lives.

In an age when what we see on screen so influences the public's mindset, perhaps what we all need is another inspirational, young and charismatic figure to relaunch the message of Kennedy, and use that great position of influence to spread visions of hope rather than fear, and of peace, rather than war.

A Tale of Two Marches

Two eager bands of marchers were inspired enough by President Bush's visit last week to head off from the LSE to Trafalgar Square - a huge anti-Bush protest and a considerably smaller, though no less enthusiastic, 'anti-anti-Bush' brigade. Two participants reflect upon their respective experiences...

The anti-Bush march

Jo Kibble

Stepping out of the petty politicking of the UGM onto Houghton Street last Thursday was an overwhelming experience. Hundreds of LSE students crammed the length of the street, their numbers swelling with every passing minute.

There has always been talk of the anti-war movement being a coalition - the gathering on Houghton Street, along with the rest of the 300,000-strong march represented perhaps the grandest of grand coalitions.

It is possible that the LSE contingent was the only section of the march with placards being carried for three different Democratic presidential hopefuls. I have spoken to some Stop the War veterans who bemoaned the perceived lack of radicalism on Thursday's march compared with previous demonstrations, but there was something tangible and almost electric about the atmosphere of unity around a simple message: George Bush is not welcome in our city.

It was noticeable by this stage just how varied the LSE group was - probably as many international students as home and a good number who looked like they had just stepped out of an Accounting & Finance lecture: hardly typical marching material and certainly not the group of unwashed anarchists some quarters attempted to portray us as.

In addition, the group was, if anything, majority female - a striking contrast to the 'counter-demo', which from photographic evidence appears to have been overwhelmingly male. For once, a demonstration does appear to be able to claim to have been representative of the LSE student body.

The head of the main march from Malet Street reached Houghton Street at around three and slack policing allowed the LSE contingent to slip into the sort of position in the demonstration normally reserved for dignitaries, NUS Presidents and Arthur Scargill. From here it was

impossible to appreciate the giant nature of the march, but hearsay and rumour gave us some idea of its size.

Crossing Waterloo Bridge, it quickly became apparent that the SU banner had been ordered by some right-wing set of Sabbs who never intended it to be used on a march - banners are supposed to have holes in so they don't catch the wind, for Christ's sake! As it was, both myself and Dave Cole were nearly parachuted into the Thames with the thing.

The walk along the South Bank was enjoyable enough, but the highlight was passing the Houses of Parliament and the associated seats of power - a route for which the Stop the War Coalition had fought hard over the preceding week. A brief pause outside Downing Street for a quick chant of "I say Tony, you say Out!" and then the final lap to an already packed Trafalgar Square alongside the Staff banner.

In the gathering dusk, the rally got under way, with the crowd being titillated by the removal of the sheet covering the face of the gigantic statue of Bush erected beside Nelson for the occasion. Amongst the many excellent speakers, a handful stood out as exceptional, in particular paralysed Vietnam veteran Ron Kovic, who had also been guest of honour at Mayor Livingstone's City Hall reception the previous evening. He spoke with absolute clarity and conviction, summing up for all of us why we had marched.

Updates from the platform on the length of the demonstration were greeted with cheers, but none so big as for the final toppling of the Bush statue. A cheap stunt, maybe, but in the early November dark with hundreds of thousands packed into the Square, a very effective one. If nothing else, we proved that Bush and Blair are not the only ones who can manipulate the media.

Jo Kibble is Treasurer of the Students' Union.

The anti-anti-Bush march

Daniel Freedman

Last Thursday was not my average Thursday. The morning started with my American politics class teacher hopefully asking, "so who is going to demonstrate today?" I put up my hand. Surprised - knowing my classical-liberal views - she asked expectedly "why?"

"Well, for a start I think President Bush's \$15 billion commitment to fighting AIDS in Africa is admirable, I think the Iraqi people are better off without a brutal dictator..." And so began my first - and probably last - day of hitting the streets and demonstrating.

Unlike our opposite numbers, we didn't spend months planning for this big day, nor did we have extensive amounts of free time to camp out on Houghton Street distributing leaflets. We only decided to organise our "anti-anti-Bush" protest a few days before the president's arrival, and - aside from a few e-mails and 10 posters - did nothing to publicise it.

Accordingly we only expected about 5 people to turn up, especially as a few of the organisers had to be elsewhere and, unlike others, we don't advocate missing classes. So when 35 students turned up, we were quite pleased.

Draped in British and American flags, we cheerfully marched along the Strand down to Trafalgar Square singing America The Beautiful, The Star-Spangled Banner (or the few lines of it we knew) and God Save The Queen, welcoming the American President to London. Although many of us disagree with individual policies of the President, such as his steel tariffs, we support many others, and we wished to celebrate the shared values and history of the two countries.

We were touched by the large number of well-wishers who cheered us on our march. For example, one middle-aged woman upon discovering we were actually welcoming the President, said with a huge smile on her face, "Oh you're pro, thank God."

At Trafalgar Square we were con-

fronted with a gigantic Russian man (he had Russia emblazoned across his jacket) charging towards us. Quite a terrifying experience until he revealed his peaceful intentions by bear-hugging all of us. We discovered he was a Russian tourist, who, having experienced life under a brutal dictatorship, was disgusted by people marching in favour of restoring one.

We also had our chants. "One, two, three, four: Saddam lost the war; five, six, seven, eight: join us and celebrate."

Explaining "celebrate" to an anti-Bush protester, we told him: "whether you supported the war or not, after learning of Saddam's torture chambers and the 300,000 people he killed - averaging about 34 people every day - how can you not celebrate?"

"Uh..."

Our other chants - "War, what is it good for? Ending slavery. What else? Fighting Fascism. What else? Removing Brutal dictators," and "What do we want? Democracy; When do we want it? Now. Where do we want it? everywhere," - made similar points.

On our route we encountered a Guardian reporter who questioned us, "Who are you representing?"

"British public opinion" we replied, quoting his paper's own opinion poll from this month. The Guardian discovered - no doubt much to their own surprise - that 43% welcomed Bush to London, while only 36% would have preferred he didn't come.

Protesting, in truth, is largely a pointless activity. The protests never stopped the war from starting, nor did the "stop Bush" movement stop him from coming. Admittedly, I discovered marching and chanting can be good fun, and I now understand why many do it on any excuse. I would do it more often, if there weren't countless more productive ways to spend my time.

Daniel Freedman is a second year Government and History student.

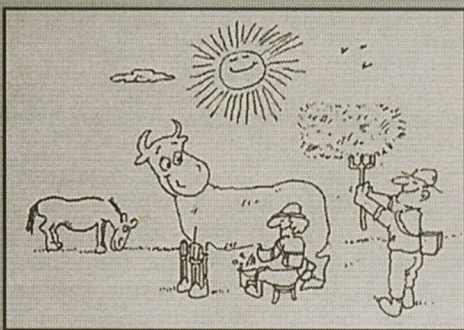


Of Cows and Carr-Saunders

The LSE campus in Central London was evacuated during the Second World War and used as a government ministry. The School having relocated to Cambridge, the playing fields in Surrey were left to the caretakers. This period of LSE history is the subject of a new book: *How World War II Was Won on the Playing Fields of LSE.*



It's just not cricket: LSE, evacuated during the war, left in the hands of Willis Wright (right).



LSE cows made a significant contribution to the war effort.



Batting for victory...



Willis in the First World War (right).



Willis in Dad's Army in the Second World War (centre front).

Ibrahim Rasheed
Executive Editor

Most of us know of the disruption that World War II caused Britain. The tales of the Luftwaffe's bombing raids on the south of England culminating in the triumph of the 'Battle of Britain' have become legend.

During these years London faced the brunt of the war in the air. Children were evacuated to the countryside as the capital was considered too dangerous.

It was in the shadow of these bombing raids that the LSE was forced to retreat deep into enemy territory. Peterhouse, Cambridge, became its temporary home as the Houghton Street buildings were taken over by the Ministry of Economic Warfare, and later by the Air Ministry. It is in this setting that David Kingsley's book *How World War II Was Won on the Playing Fields of LSE* takes place.

It is a tale of two that were left behind to keep the flag flying while the rest of the School retreated to the safety of the provinces. Willis Wright and his wife Ellen joined the LSE as Joint Caretakers of the Playing Fields at New Malden in Surrey. When the move to Cambridge took place he was instructed to remain as the custodian of the School's property there.

Kingsley's book gives us a fascinating view of the Wrights' life at New Malden and is colourfully illustrated by letters exchanged between Willis Wright and those in the School's administration including the Director, Alexander Carr-Saunders.

The School was planning to move back to London, but plans had to be changed as the bombing raids intensified and the Battle of Britain began. Just before this, Malden was converted into a Local Volunteer Defence Force base and Wright was appointed a Sergeant and given command of the Platoon stationed there.

The School was keen to try and make use of the grounds and wrote to Wright asking him whether the sports pitches could be made available to students. Wright was not impressed by the request and wrote back in a letter dated 4th September 1940 saying:

"As regards the use of the ground by the students, firstly, as things are, it is impossible to get a game in without the attention of [Jerry]. Last Sat. for instance they tried to play cricket at the Athlon, it worked out just .3 warnings to the over which made the whole thing a farce, as soon as the warning goes the whole bunch take cover in the ditches... we had a warning an hour ago and it sounds as if there is another on the way."

Even between 1941 and 1943 the situation stayed quite dangerous. One anecdote shows that the Wrights were victims

"It is good news that the little cow has calved, though I am sorry it is a bull calf." This letter, however, explains Carr-Saunders' seemingly strange interest in cows!

of a "Blue on Blue" friendly fire incident - and not from Americans either! The Sports ground had been converted into a farm by then.

"Then a Shell - one of ours - landed in Room 5 in the New Pavilion. It caused a lot of damage and nearly cost Mrs Wright her life. In the middle of the excitement Water Nymph had her calf."

The Director took quite a strong interest in the calves at New Malden. In a letter dated 9th March 1943 he wrote to Wright saying, "It is good news that there is another calf, though I am sorry it is once again a bull. I think it is the right policy to fatten up both calves a bit until they are about two months old, when they can be sold for veal."

Readers are hit with a sense of déjà vu when on 5th January 1944 he writes, "It is good news that the little cow has calved, though I am sorry it is a bull calf." This letter, however, explains Carr-Saunders' seemingly strange interest in cows.

"There is a problem about which I must come and talk to you," he writes. "This concerns the fact that we have taken a house near Royston which has a bit of pasture. My wife is anxious to have a cow there to provide milk for the children."

It is through letters such as these that Kingsley shows the amazing camaraderie displayed by those in the School at such a time of crisis. The relationship of the Director, at the very apex of the School, to Willis Wright, head groundsman is indicative of this.

There are many more letters reproduced which show how the Wrights, their farm, and the Home Guard fared under attack from German bombers, and how they survived the barrage. The book is a charming piece of social history and should be read by anyone with an interest in this university's past.

In his spare time, Ibrahim Rasheed is a third year undergraduate studying Economic History.

Space Evaders

Ben Chapman

blink Editor

If you've had the great (dis)pleasure of frequenting 20 Kingsway (opposite the Peacock Theatre on Portugal Street) then you'll probably be familiar with a particularly narrow collection of rather dark (and altogether too stuffy) corridors and, more strikingly, an even darker and narrower set of stairs. The only thing that properly distinguishes the building from a medieval castle is the absence of any spiral quality to the staircase.

Padding your way up to the more elevated floors of the building is a claustrophobic and tiring experience at the best of times, but last week, for me, it was made that much worse by the Guardian-reading LSE student in front of me during my climb.

Completely engrossed in his very broad sheet (filling most of the width of the staircase and thus preventing any conceivable overtaking possibilities), he proceeded to saunter up the stairs at a pace not unlike that favoured by proverbial shell-housed invertebrates. I, already late for my class two storeys up, concluded that my only option was to grit my teeth and settle in for the long haul, simultaneously hoping that his intended destination was only the first floor.

As it turned out, my wish on this occasion came true - he did indeed call a halt to his ascent on Level 1. All was not well, however, when he substituted for his annoying walking pace an infuriating lack of common sense by stopping directly in front of the next flight of stairs whilst continuing with his reading. He now completely blocked my path. Bemused by this ignorance, I uttered a terse 'excuse me' and pushed past him to continue on my merry way.

This is not the first time I have encountered such a problem, and I'm sure many readers will sympathise with my chagrin. I'm pretty sure I'm not the only one who has encountered the problems of attempting to get by three abreast on the Library stairs when the two people coming up towards you side-by-side as you descend fail to grasp that there just isn't room and that inevitably one of them has to move.

Likewise, I'm confident many will recognise the difficulty in getting through the front doors of the Old Building when a dozen people waiting for friends decide to blockade the entrance, it never occurring to them that when they arranged to meet 'in front of the Old Building', their friends probably intended to rendezvous a little distance before it.

My conclusion is that a great number of LSE students

just have no sense whatsoever of spatial awareness. They cannot determine the consequences of their physical positioning within the environment in which they find themselves. We may be the greatest social science institution in the world, but when it comes to the league of common sense, we must be damn near to the foot of the table.

How can we explain this tendency towards spatial stupidity? Surely the people I talk about can't all be Actuarial Science students. I feel almost like I should phone Admissions and enquire as to how such fools actually managed to get an offer in the first place.

Perhaps instead of personal statements and interviews we should employ common sense tests instead. Or perhaps I'm missing the point a little: maybe the intellectual brilliance of LSE students means they spend so much time reasoning and philosophising that they simply do

not have room enough in their brains to work out how to walk and where to stand in order not to impede access to our already cramped facilities. On a campus desperately short of space, it is certainly a concern that our students cannot apply themselves adequately to working out how most efficiently to make use of it.

To those of whom I speak (you may or may not know who you are), I do not intend to offend or embarrass; I make no point other than this: next time you're on a staircase, take just a short break from pondering market economics or the Third Way, and mind the poor spiky-haired journalist with whom you're just about to collide.

Ben Chapman is a second year Government and History student.



Common sense deficit at its extreme: we're not there yet, thank God.



New Tory?

New Tory, why not?

Nick Kirby

The last month has been a turbulent one for the Blair government. Opposition from students over top-up fees, subversive tendencies from Mr Brown and outrage against the Iraq war spring to mind. Throw in a New Tory outfit and things could get interesting. But they won't.

In short, Labour will win the next election, albeit with a slashed majority. Why? With respect to the issues above: students are a minority group who are not worth buying out - especially as opinions tend to change drastically as soon as they get their first job as an accountant; Mr Brown is too left wing for swing 'home counties' voters for him to make a realistic break-in next door; and the only major party to oppose Iraq were the Lib Dems - they're just too orange.

The main reason for the status quo remaining for the foreseeable future is however much simpler. People have jobs, something our generation may take for granted.

More fool us. Thatcherism, for all its virtues (? - answers on a postcard), put people out of work.

Given the importance of employment not just for living standards, but for the very way people frame their lives and for the broader goal of social cohesion, this was a tragedy whose tremors are still shaking social foundations today. If you don't believe me, a trip to any former mining community provides a particularly striking example. Should we forget this history, let us be condemned to repeat it. And who knows how far reaching the consequences may be next time around.

This leads neatly to my final point. After the next election, should the Tories regain power it probably won't be for long. The hatred that has kept them out was caused by their exclusion of entire sections of society, which is a necessary consequence of mass unemployment, and by the disgust that it evoked in more fortunate households. How likely is it that the Labour Party will experience similar sentiments? Over unemployment, not much. Over civil and democratic liberties? That is up to them, but also up to us. Let them know, like you did last week, what is acceptable.

Oh, and for those still struggling with the virtues of Thatcherism, how about keeping the Tories out of Government for a decade or so.

Nick Kirby is studying for an MSc in European Political Economy.

blink Politics



THE WORLD IN CRISIS

The Cool of Politics

In the third and final part of the series, *The World In Crisis* takes a more optimistic approach, claiming that politics is becoming increasingly more attractive to young people.

Sophia Hoffman

Good news! The world is changing and not everything is doom and gloom. In the first article for the *World in Crisis* series, the conclusion was that despite the current prevalence of violence and destruction in international politics a positive attitude is essential. As proof that these were not empty - if catchy - words, this final contribution to the series is dedicated to a development that all of us current affairs-aficionados must celebrate: the growing coolness of politics.

Not only in England, the bastion of cool, but generally across Europe, more people than usual - especially among the normally apathetic youth - are becoming involved in politics. The obvious reason for this appears to be on the one hand the urgency of current international issues for the populations in Europe and on the other hand the growing attention given to the "anti-globalisation" movement. As a result of these combined factors, politics is currently a lot cooler than it was even five years ago.

Knowing about politics, talking about politics, being interested in politics - with a clear bias in favour of international affairs but also a growing awareness that domestic and foreign affairs are connected - has become an attractive occupation amongst a growing number of young people. What does this increased coolness, which is also reflected in an unprecedented-

ed media-attention to ever more creative and media savvy protests, mean for the standing and impact of political activism?

Cynically it could be said that the politicisation of wider population strata around the issues of foreign and domestic affairs is merely due to selfishness and hype. Selfishness, because only the fear of British casualties in the War against Terror (for which the new acronym is WAT?, by the way) and a general feeling of being threatened is shaking the masses out of their apolitical slumber. Hype, because nowadays, even catwalk models sport t-shirts with "Don't kill Iraqi Children" or "What about the Aids Crisis?" slogans trendily sketched across them.

Of course, the element of self-concern cannot be dismissed in an analysis of why hundreds of thousands of people start spending their hard earned free time at demonstrations and paying attention to the news. It must probably even be seen as the initial reason for political consciousness. Nevertheless, as the essence of politics is human interaction, a growing knowledge in this area will invariably lead to an understanding of the connection of living conditions here and elsewhere. Thus, a concern for the situations prevailing in other countries is bound to arise. The likelihood that political awareness leads to a transcendence of basic selfish instincts is therefore high.

Concerning the issue of hype and "cool" of politics, its impact is more difficult to gauge. Does the fact that anti-war

activists are now regarded as part of the cool crowd on campus rather than boring hippies mean that their impact is only a fad, a fleeting moment of hipness? Rather not. Instead, this shift of coolness value is excellent news - if reading Chomsky is hipper than catching the latest celeb gossip, great! As with selfishness, if someone picks up some information on what is happening around the world just to impress her date, this act alone can be the first step to becoming a politically conscious citizen.

On the other hand the coolness of being political surely also increases the annoying and wide-spread phenomenon of people talking loudly about politics as if they know it all, when they are in fact only repeating empty slogans they heard from someone else. The hipper political involvement is, the more easy it is for factional groups to attract naïve first-years into their ranks who might be too lazy, or too indoctrinated to read up on the broader picture.

Also, one could argue that being too cool spells the dangers of being co-opted into the mainstream: the Nike ad featuring an anti-war protester might be just

'Anti-war activists are now regarded as part of the cool crowd on campus rather than boring hippies.'

around the corner and if pseudo-street-wise fashion designers start incorporating rubbermasks of politicians into their work, such symbols will quickly lose their meaning. As anything associated with fashion, youth and hipness is quickly associated with superficiality, faddishness and ultimately unimportance. Too much media exposure could backfire on political activism.

However, there is an important observation that many involved in recent protests will have noted that stands against this negative possibility: the fantastic combination of enjoying oneself while at the same time being very serious about one's objectives and aims is possible! In fact, the negative image of 'being political' as serious, intense and angry is being cast aside amidst the realisation that expressing one's politics is an elating and important pursuit.

The obvious joy with which activists are seeking out costumes, street theatre and humour as a means of protests without undermining their determination about achieving their goal is possibly their greatest strength. Not only does this strategy already embody the peaceful celebration of diversity which the anti-war movement pursues, but it also has had a very useful side-effect: attracting journalists, who have finally realised that the colourful crowds are just too cool a subject to let fall under the table.

In this sense then, the growing cool of politics is a result of the world crisis that is to be welcomed and embraced. Even though it would arguably better to not have the crisis in the first place, the public's resonating response to it at least leaves us with the relief that society is not as defeated as it appeared to be a few years ago.

Sophia Hoffman is a Masters student studying International Relations.

B:art

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B:music

edited by Jazmin Burgess and Neil Garrett

MOTION CITY SOUNDTRACK

If you're not aware of Motion City Soundtrack's existence yet, end your blissful ignorance RIGHT NOW! Hailing from Minnesota, the band recently released their debut album 'I Am The Movie' on the mighty Epitaph Records-fourteen tracks of hyperactive guitars, crazy keyboards and insane to the point of genius lyrics (any band who rhymes 'drum and bass' with 'will and grace' deserves major respect!). And if that's not enough to get you throwing the shapes, their way-beyond-energetic gigs are likely to be amongst the best dance parties you'll ever go to...So, on a recent break from their tour supporting The All American Rejects, **JAZMIN BURGESS** caught up with Jesse Johnson, keyboardist for the band over a drink in one of Camden's finest establishments to get the lowdown on all things Motion City Soundtrack-esque...

How's it been touring with The All American Rejects then? They're playing really big venues aren't they?

Yeah! It's crazy! We were lucky enough to tour with them in the US too for a month and we became really good friends with them and when they got really big they were nice enough to invite us along-(laughs) anyone who is kind enough to take us to Europe, we 'll love them forever!

So, have you found that the crowd reaction's been good? Because you and them share a similar sound really don't you?

It has been really great actually yeah. And this band from Kansas, Limbeck, are out with us too and they're totally awesome so the shows have been amazing.

Yeah, I've heard Limbeck are meant to be really good...

Oh they are. We're actually doing a split seven inch with them which is going to be released soon. Matt Pryor of The Get Up Kids and Sean Ingram of Coalesce are starting up a label together, so it's gonna be the first release on that. Which is pretty exciting for us..

Well conveniently leading on from that, being the big Get Up Kids/Coalesce/Reggie and The Full Effect fan that I am, I have to ask- what was it like recording your album with Ed Rose as your producer?

It was awesome. The first time we went in we were trying to do it in a very short space of time because we were paying for it ourselves, and we didn't have a whole lot of money-(laughs) and he worked us really hard which was great, because he made sure we got everything right, he wouldn't slack or anything just because there are time constraints or whatever.. I think he really taught us how to come together as a band, and then when we signed to Epitaph and went back to record stuff he worked us really hard and it came out perfect.

So What are the bands plans for the next year or so?

Well after we finish over here in Europe, we're going home for Thanksgiving and Christmas, and then we're gonna spend two solid months writing new songs for the new record and then we'll be on tour again come February.. hopefully we'll be able to hop on another really big tour-(laughs)

Do you think as a band you have any contemporaries?

Um, well I think as a band we've toured with loads of bands who we've become really good friends with and yeah, to some degree we do share a sound with them-such as Ultimate Fakebook, The Reunion Show... which is great but I think we can and have tour with bands who don't actually sound just us such as Limbeck and then we end up complementing each other which is really awesome too..

Do you guys still draw from influences then? And if so, do you think any one band shows through in your music?

Yeah definitely we have loads of bands who influenced us and still do- bands like The Rentals, The Pixies, Jawbox, Superchunk, The Get Up Kids and Weezer, you know all the bands that were big as we were growing up. They were all really influencing on what we everybody in this band wanted to do as a band. And then we're still influenced a lot by new bands too, like Coldplay and Radiohead. We all draw from differ-



ent areas of music-I grew up listening to a lot of punk and hardcore-so we all bring different things to the band (laughs) hopefully it all comes out okay!

But of course! So what's it like being on Epitaph because you definitely have more of an emo-associated sound, and Epitaph's been so associated with the punk scene, do you ever feel like the odd one out?

(laughs) Yeah, sometimes! But recently, they have been diversifying a lot more, I mean they have The Weakerthans now and they're by no means punk and then they have us and in Europe only they have Sugacult and Brand New. So they're definitely branching out whilst still keeping their punk core. I think it's awesome because just labeling yourself in one way can just get stale. So it's great to be part of that...

So, what records are you listening to? What would you recommend to our readers?

Um.. gosh so many! The new Alkaline Trio, The new Moneen, Matt's listening to a lot of Pinback which has made me listen to a lot of Three Mile Pilot-(laughs) and then Azure Ray, who I've only just got into but I really like. And of course the new Cursive

Yeah, that's so one of the albums of the year! Anyway, and finally seeing as your album's called 'I Am The Movie', if a film was ever to be made of The Motion City Soundtrack story, who would you get to play each of you?

(laughs) You're asking the wrong guy! I'm rubbish at questions like this! Well, I'll give it my best shot... For Tony our drummer I'd pick Jack Black, and I guess then for our guitarist Josh I'd have to have K.G (laughs). Hmm.. okay, well Matt our bassist can have Tom Cruise and I'll go for Kevin Bacon! And then, for Justin our singer I'd choose John Cleese because he's got the same sense of humour. Just for the sense of humour. Not for the appearance or anything.. (laughing) I guess John Cleese would have to wear a wig or something if this film was to be at all successful...

JAZMIN BURGESS

FINLEY QUAYE

The pop-rasta graces Shepherds Bush with his presence. Joss Sheldon has a listen...



Thursday the 13th of November, Shepherds Bush Empire (London), the sun is not shining, the weather is not sweet, but it is time to move those dancing feet (twice in fact).

The show kicks off at 8:00pm, with the aptly named singer songwriter Amy Winehouse providing the only support. Described by the Mail on Sunday as "the most refreshing new voice of this year" and by the Daily Telegraph as having "the potential to become one of this country's major musical exports", b:music's slightly superior taste in all things musical says that, "the woman doesn't sing, she squeals as if being loud equates to being tuneful, and a few strums of a lifeless guitar make you look good."

Winehouse looks far from good, dressed in a skirt about 30 inches too short for the English winter (and with a voice that comes across even worse whilst speaking in her slapper-esque cockney) she has the image of what can only be described as a slag. The saving grace is the backing band who are actually incredibly talented, the brass section especially, 3 of whom perform really rather splendid jazzed up funk solo's that help to make the best of a weak performance.

Of course no one is here for the support act, and it's not long before Finley Quaye (now approaching the veteran stage of a reggae stars career, afro-less but surprisingly sleek and athletic) enters onto the orange rugs that decorate the stage. "Beautiful nature" one of many songs played from his new album "Much more than much love" kicks off the show (and ends it as well, in fact).

It's a lively start, proving funk can co-exist quite happily with rock, but it's only when the brass ensemble leave stage left that Finley's cut down reggae stylings truly come to the fore. The sound is raw but healthy, the drum based start to "Even after all" interspersed by electronic waverings, complimented by a slowly creeping base line, with Finley's ever so distinct voice gently massaging itself into the mix at least 2 minutes in, is a true touch of class.

By this time Quaye has got to grips with the wah-wah peddle, which is described as "squeaky" and the melay of rambling sounds have blended into the foundations of an ascension into the upbeat and lively ending of the set, the culmination of which is a medley of 3 covers of songs by Bob Dylan, Jimi Hendrix and the Beatles, all played in reggae-esque style.

"We don't usually do encores" it is explained, and it's easy to see why - 3 of the 4 songs that are played have already seen the light of day in the original set. The high-light though has to be his interpretation of Astral Weeks by Van Morrison. Originally laid back and gentle, Finley's version is anything but. It provides a perfect end to a little bit of sunshine that has enveloped the west London winter, orange rugs and all!

JOSS SHELDON

THE FLAMING LIPS

Sarah Taylor passes judgement on Wayne Coyne et al's recent musical extravaganza at the Hammersmith Apollo..

The Lips have rightly received rave reviews for their latest stretch of the mammoth tour for Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots, the British leg of which finished as triumphantly as it began in Edinburgh last week. Wayne Coyne and his animal companions, or rather record company executives, have clearly pumped thousands into putting these birthday/end of the world parties together, and tonight it shows.

Dehydrated and regretful dolphin, monkey, chicken, etc, suits lined the stage, dancing wearily within their taped-off square while their mates sit comfortably in the

audience laughing at them. More successful expenditure went on enough confetti to feed a family of four for a month, 80-odd giant balloons, and amusing inter-song clips. The first two were thrown repeatedly at the stalls, leaving those of us stuck in the Gods feeling a bit left out, and viewing the goings-on up front through a sort of lava lamp. However, like a good children's entertainer (fake blood excepted) Coyne's energetic front man

persona kept the five thousand strong audience busy singing and dancing while presumably keeping a watchful eye out that no one got hurt; at one point he rather cutely complimented one section of seating for their arm-waving. Really quite impressive when you consider the average age was pushing 40.

The music itself was, speaking as a rabid fan, blinding, though it didn't quite live up to the slightly immodest declaration that 'tonight will change your life forever' made at the beginning. A loudhailer-enhanced version of Seven Nation Army by the White Stripes was particularly fun, while Superman, dedicated to the late Elliot Smith, was one of those moments when you realise how inspirational a band, and live music generally, can be. All that, a man in a Santa costume swaying along to White Christmas, and a rambling anti-Bush and Blair rant, made for a near-perfect Tuesday night out.



SARAH TAYLOR

Enon: Melissa De-Witte checks out one of New York's most talented and innovative bands..



No doubt about it, Enon rocked the Islington Academy last Tuesday night. Promoting their new album, Hocus Pocus, Enon put on a show that was slick, mysterious and crazy. They grabbed my attention just as much as they did last spring at 93 Feet East. Only

better. They have matured, and their sound is more succinct and together but holds the same energy as that on High Society.

As a trio, they hold together well a sense of unfocused, eclectic energy fused with Matt Schultz expertise on drums. Beats that bring back a feeling of 60s snob new wave, Enon are able to keep it fresh. Hopeful, melodic yet a bit nuerotic, they are a band not to be missed live, as they have a stuttering sound that could never be captured fully on a recorded version.

To some, they were indie-gods that night, complete with a crazy groupie/ fan/ stalker that kept wanting to share the spot light with lead singer John Schmersal. And in contrast, there was a heckler in the back demanding their money back. Pissed off or too cool to care, it was hard to tell, Enon held composed and energetic.

Futuristic and melodic, Enon are contradictory. In contrast, but in complement of Schmersal's edgy and anxious vocals is bassist Toko Yatsuda whose voice graces many of Enon's songs. As Bassist she is smooth and sexy, yet when she sings, her voice is almost fluffy, echoing a naiveté and vulnerability. Intriguing and charming, Enon never reveal too much but give you enough to lead you on and want more.

MELISSA DE-WITTE

Album Reviews



PRIMAL SCREAM
DIRTY HITS

'Dirty Hits' is an extremely apt title for this Primal Scream greatest hits collection given the band's penchant for delivering dirty, sweaty, sexy rock and roll of the highest order. They have also had their fair share of hits as well.

Starting off with 'Loaded' is quite interesting given their C86 roots and that fact that their early classic 'Velocity Girl' was so influential on bands like the Stone Roses. A first time listener might be forgiven for thinking that the Scream's debut was Screamedelica, and a couple of their early songs would have at least put 'Loaded', 'Movin on Up' and 'Come Together' in some sort of context, showing them up for the giant musical leap that they really were.

After Screamedelica the Primals, got back to basics with 'Give Out But Don't Give Up' ('Rocks Off' hasn't aged a day) and flirted with the concept album in 'Vanishing Point' before hitting their stride again with the album 'Xtrmntr'. 'Kill all Hippies' and 'Swastika Eyes' were electroclash before electroclash. By this time the band had added Mani from the Stone Roses and the driving bass added a new swagger and impetus to the band. 2001's 'Evil Heat' showed that the band could deliver electro rock of the highest order in their sleep.

Quite frankly 400 words is not enough to do justice to one of the finest rock and roll bands of the last twenty years and neither is this compilation. Still its a good a place as any to start.

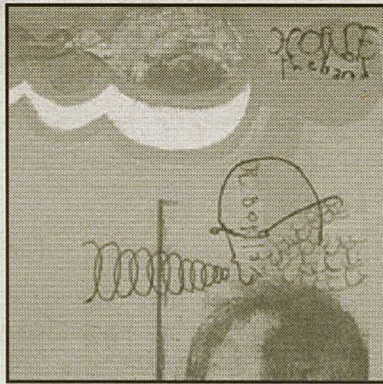
JUSTIN NOLAN



B2K
PANDEMONIUM

The inexplicably popular LA four piece return with a second album, which they proudly and mistakenly describe as 'magical'. I was repeatThe whole thing is so embarrassingly '90s. J-Boog, Lil fizz, Omarion and Raz B may inspire riots at Planet Hollywood NY, pose for moody black and white photos and boast a website each, but this is a 1990s with all the fun drained out. Granted, one track from the steaming pile of blah which they selflessly 'just set [their] minds to getting out for the fans in time for the Holidays' is sub-Timberlake mulch which one might almost dance to, if one were heavily intoxicated, and had nothing better to do. This relative highpoint, the bestselling US R&B single of the year, 'bump, bump, bump', features P. Diddy and was written, produced and arranged by R. Kelly, accounting for its V. Sleazy sound and lyrics. Never fear, though, they managed to write ten other songs on this 16-track album, enough to keep you going through root canal surgery, or some other suitable activity which this crime against music should soundtrack. A maths exam, perhaps, or night out on Hombres' sticky tiles. Other almost listenable moments come when they do a Justin and 'uh huh' amusingly on another single, and ask 'I need, I need, would you be my girlfriend?' It was downhill from there, though, and I had to remove the album from the communal stereo to prevent my housemates vomiting to the risible schmaltz of 'baby girl'. The 'Boys for 2000' haven't grown up since (though to be fair their average age is only 17) and should consider moving into dentistry.

SARAH TAYLOR



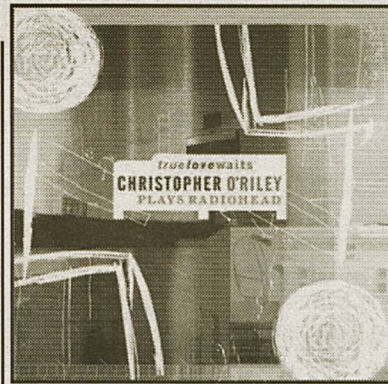
HORSE THE BAND
R. BORLAX

It might have taken me some time to discover this disc on Pluto Records, had I not known HORSE's guitarist (my classmate in Jazz Theory and weekly drinking partner at Stanford). Comprised of five dudes from California and Utah, HORSE the Band plays a unique form of metal called "Nintendocore." HORSE is actually the world's only Nintendocore band; the members invented the term themselves and have emphatically refused requests to share the genre with even the most respectful aspiring soundalikes.

HORSE's debut R. Borlax consists of ten satisfying tracks, with an occasional clip from The Wizard (remember the Powerglove?). The keyboard melodies, which pay tribute to the treble soundtrack of an eight bit video game, are wrapped in heavy guitars and set to complicated double-bass drumming that moves seamlessly between time signatures. The screamo-style vocals and somewhat inscrutable lyrics are there, but they take backseat to the band's instrumental delights and work well in that context.

The album is consistent, but "Cutsman" is a definite highlight, along with the melodramatic "Handsome Shoved His Gloves." The shame is that R. Borlax does not include "Kangaroooster," a sing-along favorite at gigs. But hear it for yourself: the band tours tirelessly and plays wherever they can plug in their speakers and their Zelda.

BONNIE JOHNSON



CHRISTOPHER O'RILEY
TRUE LOVE WAITS

This is a good, nay, great album. It fits so nicely under my 'music to make you think like your in an art house film' genre. The hullabaloo of London suddenly became directed by Scorsese and I, all forlorn (lead female) stared wistfully through the rain splattered upper deck wind-screen of the 341 at the jacketed, soggy masses below...(also autumnal/winter walks, staring contemplatively out to sea, watching birds in parks etc. apply here).

Christopher O'Riley is a virtuoso classical pianist literally obsessed with Radiohead, scarily so. In this album he offers us a tantalizing selection of Radiohead titbits that he has transcribed for the classical piano. His recordings are very well performed, spot on with the timing and he tinkles the ivories with panache and emotion. With such a versatile instrument, O'Riley sways from the delicate, lilting, prettiness of Fake Plastic Trees to the monstrous, rumbling intensity of You.

I was worried that Radiohead transposed would be a prime candidate for face grimacing moments of the kind where an instrument just won't suffice for a voice and the melody becomes a little too perfect and clean cut. Unfortunately, there were a few spasmodic facial twinges pulled in Kama Police because it's so well known, but have no fear, listen, get all introspective and then go out and direct your lives like 'twas a pretentious film.

SIAN BEYNON



FABRIC 13
MICHAEL MAYER

Always a big fan of the fabric label, this baby made my day. Fabric 13 was done in a single take in an empty club on a Monday afternoon, it allows for Mayer to truly strut his pulsing underground style without any distractions.

It's all about 4 to the floor, thirteen tracks of low strings, percussion melodies and vocals that intertwine and accentuate the killer acid. That is, Cologne underground presented by one of its superstars.

Look out for Westbam ft. Nena - Oldschool, Baby and Magnet - Abendstern, tracks with minimal techno but maximum pleasure. The latter tracks can be classified as house, but it's an effort to hear better than this. Apparently, the drums were live at recording.

Unfortunately the album degrades to the end, with Mayer attempting to bring in industrial elements and bass riffs. M83 - Run into Flowers has him playing around with the volume knob - that's just too much! Luckily, he rounds up the set with Heiko Voss! The 80's beat and rhythm shaking your head up and down. And everything was good.

Stay tuned for Mayer's debut album. Unhappily, for serious fans Micheal Mayer will be touring the US and Japan like the globetrotter he is. He'll be back soon though!

SAM 001

Singles

JOHN MAYER
BIGGER THAN MY BODY

Relaxed pop. I loved the frenetic keyboards but only in the chorus, so I approve 5% of the song. His voice is one of those breathy, trying to be sexy types...grumble...I pity drummers when they don't get anything interesting to do. 'Alright Lenny, you just pound out a bland rythmn and we'll do the rest.'

SIAN BEYNON

DAVID BOWIE
NEW KILLER STAR

Internet-only release from the astral rock god serves only to remind us that Bowie is well past his best. The vocals sound laboured, and this release is only saved by the B-Side cover of "Waterloo Sunset", although the original is so good that Robbie Williams could sing it and it would sound good.

JON DE KEYSER

THE GA GA'S
BREAKING AMERICA

A great example of British rock and roll songs in an American accent. Rock 'n roll done in that oh-so-90's style, and now-so-pop. And the band name! Thank god for the asterisks; the Ga Gas should have called themselves the Oneders.

SAM 001

KORN
RIGHT NOW

Heres a refreshing antidote to all those people who argue that the death penalty should be repealed in the US. The more compelling question is who deserves to die? the people who make this awful sounding purile dirge, or those who buy it?

BEN HOWARTH

Release of the Week... LAURADOLLIN takes a trip down memory lane and finds that everything has changed..

Thirteen

For my thirteenth birthday I got a 'Girl's World' - a plastic girl's head on which you practised doing hair. A bit sad, even then, to still have toys but I'm sure I wasn't too backward. However watching teenage girls in *Thirteen*, I can only deduce that things have swiftly moved on in those eight years...

This film tells the story of two girls, who as the title implies, are aged 13. When we first meet the main character Tracy (Evan Rachel Wood), she has pigtails and geeky friends. However, life soon changes when she starts junior high and realises she wants to be popular. Thus she makes it her mission to change her image and herself to be friends with Evie (Nicki Reed), who is cool, gorgeous and a bitch. Here the journey to body piercing, thongs and shoplifting begins.

I know so far it sounds like a fluffy teen makeover movie like *Clueless* or something (incidentally, Elton from *Clueless* plays Tracy's mother's druggie boyfriend Brady - very surreal) but *Thirteen* is genuinely gritty and quite gruesome in places (close up tongue piercing and wrist slitting for instance). It is also filmed using a hand-held camera so the wobbly angles, whilst making you feel dizzy in places, do capture the pace and atmosphere of things spiralling out of control.

From here, Evie starts to control Tracy more, until she is drinking, doing drugs and having sex. However the film doesn't simply focus on the girls' rebellion; the relationship with and the feelings of Mel, Tracy's mother (Holly Hunter) are explored. Hunter expertly captures the frustration and despair of losing a daughter she was once close to and not being able to understand why. Tracy's difficulty with her mother's boyfriend is also movingly portrayed, though I felt the character of Brady (Jeremy Sisto) could have been developed a lot more.

What makes *Thirteen* so different is that it was co-written by the 13 year old Nicki Reed and it supposedly documents things she's actually experienced. Quite a scary thought. There's no doubting the acting is good and you do get drawn in to the plot, but it still feels a bit contrived, like it's trying too hard to shock people about the state of youth today. It uses obvious clichés, like the unsubtle shots of advertising and then the girls refusing to eat. In parts the film can seem patronising, as though young people have no control or judgement over what they do and are just influenced by nasty things like the media and peer pressure.

Go and see it if you're squeamish or enjoy these rites-of-passage tales. Otherwise you may be annoyed by a condescending and unrealistic film about what we were all not like when we were thirteen.

Director: Catherine Hardwicke
Starring: Evan Rachel Wood, Nicki Reed, Holly Hunter, Jeremy Sisto
Certificate: 18
Running Time: 100 min
Release Date: 5 December

3/5

Out Soon...

Big Fish

DANIISMAIL & TAGLIAMS are confused...

Director: Tim Burton
Starring: Ewan McGregor, Albert Finney, Billy Crudup, Helena Bonham Carter
Certificate: 12-A
Release Date: 30 January 2004

This movie is strange. In the words of my sister, "it's Tim Burton, he is pretty strange". And that's about it. The director of *Edward Scissorhands*, *Batman*, and *The Nightmare Before Christmas* lives up to his reputation as a not-all-there surrealist, and this latest venture is stock-full of all the not so subtle hints of madness displayed in his previous films. Fantastical, fairy-tale-esque, seemingly a children's movie, (but simultaneously way too trippy and twisted for kids if you ask me) and essentially a happy film with a perfect ending - this film still leaves you waiting for something to actually happen. He takes what to others would be interpreted as a completely normal setting and twists it beyond recognition and you come out with images of new-borns literally flying out of their mothers' (fairly disturbing scene), huge fish (just to make you ponder his sanity if you hadn't done so already), giants and enchanted woods. I'm still bewildered.

Based on a novel of the same name by Daniel Wallace, *Big Fish* is a web of stories told by the protagonist, Edward Bloom (played by Ewan McGregor and Albert Finney) to his son, Will (Billy Crudup). Throughout his childhood he believes the exaggerated tales his father weaves and decides to be a pompous prat as an adult and gets all sentimental about never having known his father as a 'real' person, just as the character in all his adventures, not realising that his childhood was made so exciting by the mythical stories he heard growing up. This leads us on a trip to Edward's youth detailing

the obstacles he overcame to meet his wife, the eclectic friends (consisting of Siamese lounge singers, werewolves, bank robbers and witches) he made on the way and the both literal and metaphorical 'big fish' that he aspired to be.

I wouldn't recommend this as a cinema outing. Wait for it to play on Sky Movies (note: not Box Office), get a lot of refreshments to while away the stranger moments with and expect to finish it expectant and bemused. Then go watch *Trainspotting* to remind yourself why you still rate Ewan McGregor

2/5

dani's movie matters...

To pay or not to pay?

Honestly, £3.75 for a new film at Blockbusters is steep (even with the new two night rule), but maybe that's just me - I used to have the luxury of paying what would translate into approximately £1.75 for a film for as many nights as I wanted. Not that I endorse piracy! No no. That was just the general rule where I went to school, and yes I miss it. But I digress - we pay that much for a video, a measly few pounds more (well, if you've remembered to renew your NUS card that is) for a nice comfortable seat at the big screen, and we seem to think nothing of it. So is Keith Gordon's (director of *Waking The Dead*) idea that ludicrous - that of getting fans to fund the actual filming of his next film? *Billy Dead*, which is to star **Ethan Hawke**, is currently going at \$8.75 a 'share', I discovered on Yahoo! Movies as I was idly reading my increasingly boring Economics textbook. The people in charge are aiming to raise \$7.9 mill, which gives a grand total of 900,000 shareholders. If the film turns a profit, the shareholders will get their money back. It's an interesting thought - I just wonder if the regular film buff would go for it.

Billy Bob Thornton is up for playing.. Santa Claus. Absurd and scary. It almost goes without saying that he is a bad ass Santa, "an eating, drinking, fucking Santa Claus" apparently, which to me is just the worst thing I have ever heard. They can't ruin Santa like that! I don't think I even believed in Santa and this is killing me - what will happen to all those precocious brats forced to view the trailer on TV defiling Santa's good name and all things Christmas? I can only fear the worst.

Amandla! A Revolution in Four Part Harmony

An Advance Preview by AARONCOHN

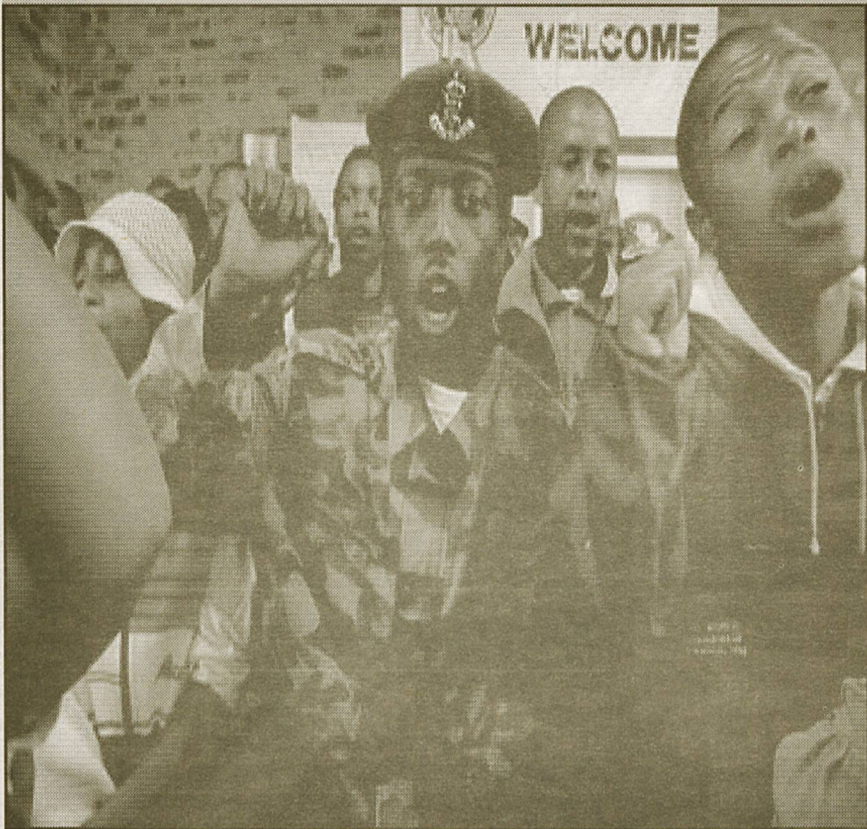
Director: Lee Hirsch

Starring: Walter Cronkite, Abdullah Ibrahim, Jesse Jackson

Certificate: 12-A

Running Time: 108 min

Release Date: To Be Confirmed...



power, explores the songs created during almost 50 years of apartheid South Africa. The director of the film, Lee Hirsch, draws together these songs with never before seen archived footage of key speeches and political rallies, as well as interviews with activists and artists to weave an historical view of events during this horrific period.

Apartheid, instituted in 1948 by the South African government, created a system of racial segregation. The government moved blacks into shantytowns (pre-fabricated housing set up in desolate areas), and stole their economic and political freedoms. Many black political leaders were imprisoned and killed. Out of this oppressive situation grew a resistance movement with its own expressive style of music. Director Lee Hirsch explores this dynamic inter-relationship between the political resistance and the music in this evocative documentary.

music, and other songs from the movement live on.

The documentary then skips to 1948 and the creation of apartheid. The first resistance songs are intertwined with footage of the re-design of society, the new towns, government speeches, and the forced exodus of blacks from their homes. One particularly revolting piece of footage records when the 'father' of apartheid Dr. Hendric Verwoerd rationalizes the policy of racial segregation as "friendly neighbourliness."

The documentary covers other key political moments as well: the creation of the passbook in the 1950s, the Sharpsville massacre in 1960, the imprisonment of political leader Nelson Mandela in 1964, the 1976 Soweto uprisings, the buildup of the black para-military in the 1970s and 1980s, the development of world support for Black's freedom, and the end of apartheid – signified by the release of Mandela and the free elections of 1994.

Lee Hirsch wished to "document the vital role that music played in the nearly half-century struggle against apartheid in South Africa." While the film examines many songs created during apartheid, Hirsch would have accomplished his task more effectively had he shortened many of the interviews. At times, the movie drags on a bit, and seems to forget the musical theme. This documentary is a patchwork of sorts like many other documentaries; capturing the pulse of the time rather than any one particular story. Hirsch certainly leaves his audience with a heartfelt concern for the recovery of the South African psyche scarred by apartheid.

3/5

Songs exist in a particular social space for each society. While they often represent political and social movements, they also have the reflective power to enact change upon a society from which they spawn. This dynamic relationship was particularly important to blacks living in apartheid South Africa, where the South African government strangled many other possible 'voices'. The collective power of the blacks' songs became a survival tool, a rally-cry, and a voice for the people. The documentary film *Amandla*, which translates to

The movie begins with the exhumation of songwriter, musician, and de facto political leader Vuyisile Mini from an unmarked communal grave in 1998. As one of the first to actively speak (or rather sing) out against the regime, Mini was known by the people not only for his political charisma and leadership but also for his musical talent and voice. The government effectively silenced Mini by hanging him in 1964 for his political activities, but could not bury his songs with him. With the creation of *Amandla*, Hirsch ensures that Mini's

classic review...

Good Will Hunting

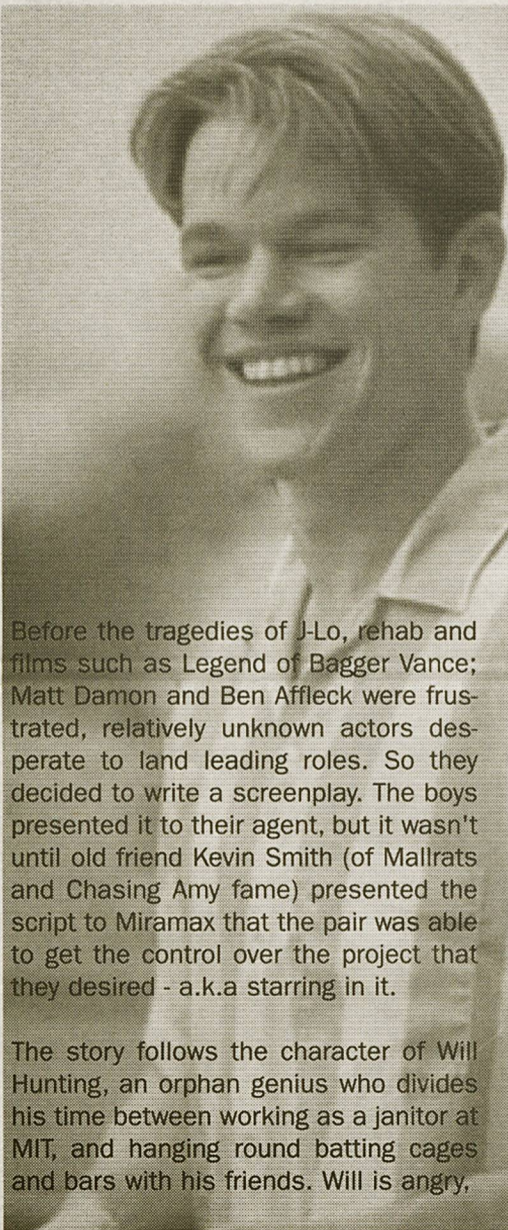
MORWENNABENNETT reflects...

Director: Gus Van Sant

Starring: Matt Damon, Ben Affleck, Robin Williams

Certificate: 15

Release Date: 6th March 1998



frustrated and easily provoked and his anti social behaviour pushes away anyone who tries to help him. It is not until he is arrested and made to see a psychiatrist that Will is forced to come to terms with his gift and his past.

Damon gives a realistic performance of Will, which although often criticised as pretentious, displays the complexity of the character in dealing with his insecurities. Robin Williams expertly casts off his comedy image to give a great performance as sensitive psychologist Sean, who, while helping Will, manages to confront his own fears of change. Affleck's portrayal of Will's best friend is arguably the best of his career, demonstrating the futility for those with no way out of the community.

Although the ending may be somewhat predictable, the sharp script and flawed nature of the characters draw an audience into the action of the film. It is beautifully shot and director Gus Van Sant succeeds in creating a poignant tone throughout. It is rare to see a group of actors interact so naturally with each other; the dialogue bouncing back and forth seamlessly between them and is thoroughly entertaining to watch. *Good Will Hunting* is a must see for any film fan, or for those who would love to be good enough to walk into a Goldman Sachs interview demanding a "retainer" and walk out with cash in their pockets.

Before the tragedies of J-Lo, rehab and films such as *Legend of Bagger Vance*; Matt Damon and Ben Affleck were frustrated, relatively unknown actors desperate to land leading roles. So they decided to write a screenplay. The boys presented it to their agent, but it wasn't until old friend Kevin Smith (of *Mallrats* and *Chasing Amy* fame) presented the script to Miramax that the pair was able to get the control over the project that they desired - a.k.a starring in it.

The story follows the character of Will Hunting, an orphan genius who divides his time between working as a janitor at MIT, and hanging round batting cages and bars with his friends. Will is angry,

the editor's cut

Russell's seeing red again, Donnie Darko makes it mainstream (almost) and Empire's Top 100 makes a welcome return...

The Sun newspaper this week reported the story of how Russell 'let's-dance-mother-f**ker' Crowe, at the after party of his Master and Commander premiere in Leicester Square, made a waitress cry after shouting 'F... off, with your f... .g salmon!' at her for offering him a fishy snack. More drunken-yobbery or his trademark loud-mouthed chauvinism? Neither, actually. According to my source, Russell had just eaten five portions of shepherds pie (big ones) and so was probably too full for extra grub, plus the fact that said waitress was wearing a ridiculous outfit including a hair band adorned with a tacky plastic ship in-keeping with the sea-faring theme of the evening. That considered, the Aussie-nutter's behaviour doesn't seem all that crazy, does it? Come on! You'd have done the same!

Alerted was I this week to hear that *Mad World*, the best track on the superb Donnie Darko soundtrack, is being released as a single in time for Christmas, some two years after the film came out. If that isn't a mark of cult-ness for you, get this; it's success is largely to airplay on the wireless station of choice for blighty's coffin-dodgers, BBC Radio 2. Offbeat or what! No, it's not very Christmassy to be honest, but it's either that, the Pop Idols, the odd girl from *Fame Academy* or *Noddy for Number 1* for santa's sake! Vote with your wallets people and do the decent thing.

One more thing: the only Top 100 list that anyone gives a monkey's about is currently being compiled by *Empire* magazine. Last time around *Star Wars* at the top spot, but consider how that was before *Lord of the Rings* was anything more than a really long book and Peter Jackson was just an obese Games Workshop junkie. So, if you feel like making your filmic mark, head to www.empireonline.co.uk and vote. Make sure you vote for *Gladiator*. Russell wouldn't be happy if you didn't and you don't want to make Russell unhappy, do you? Behave yourselves...

Si, b:film editor

Get in touch with any comments, ideas or seconders for my motion of making the UGM a cinema club: s.e.cliff@lse.ac.uk

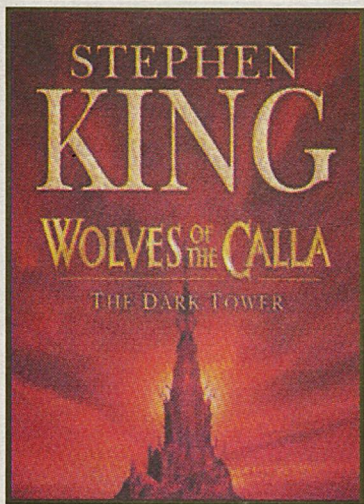


The Dark Tower: Wolves of the Calla

IBRASHID engrosses himself in Steven King's latest offering...

Just The Facts...

Author: Stephen King
Publisher: Hodder & Staughton
Date: Out now
Price: £25.00



This is the eagerly anticipated fifth volume of the Dark Tower series- a series which has been about twenty five years in the making. Stephen King started work on the first volume back in the late 1970's before his debut novel "Carrie" was published. Though the first four volumes were released with huge gaps in between, the final three have all been done and are going to be blitzed onto the market in quick succession.

To quickly recap, the story tells of Roland of Gilead, the last gunslinger (a kind of knight) and his quest for the Dark Tower. This is something which has haunted him from his youngest years and he believes that it will lead him to salvation. We are led to believe that the Tower is an instrument which controls the boundaries between time and space. According to Roland, his world is "moving on", which suggests that this breaking down is leading to the destruction. He is told of a prophesy where he will draw three to help his quest in Mid-World. Going through three separate doors he ends up in three different versions of New York. He first draws Eddie Dean, a heroin addict, then Oddetta Holmes, a schizophrenic woman with legs severed at the knees. He finally draws Jake, a young boy, who arrives with a copy of a book called "Charlie the Choo Choo Train". Together they cross across Mid-World with the help of as deranged train, named Blaine.

In the Wolves of the Calla, this fellowship reaches a Calla Bryn Sturgis, a town on the very edge of Roland's world. In this town, twins are the rule and single children the exception. Every generation "Wolves" descend from Thunderclap in the east who carry of one child from each set of twins and return them "roont"- huge but sapped of all intelligence. The townsfolk have decided to make a stand against the Wolves and when Roland's fellowship arrives they are enlisted to help the fight.

Stephen King tells us that his two main influences in writing the Dark Tower series have been the Lord of the Rings and Sergio Leone movies such as The Good, the Bad and the Ugly. This clearly shows. It is an epic quest, and the fellowship, or ka-tet as they are known, bear similarities to Frodo and company. Yet the gunslinger is armed with six-shooters and is put in environments similar to the small towns in spaghetti westerns. The story takes huge twists, and coincidence has been eliminated. Everything seems to be interconnected and we are promised that all will be explained in the later books. Among things to raise readers' eyebrows are the villains, who resemble Dr. Doom from Marvel comics and are armed with light sabers, and Harry Potter model 'sneetches'. The Dark Tower series is a homage to popular American culture and this is evident through out. But it is also a damn good yarn.

Just The Facts...

Author: Liza Granville
Publisher: Flame Books
Date: January 2004 - available online now
Price: £8.50



Curing The Pig

AALIADATOO contemplates killing the damn pig...

The strange title and the less than aesthetic cover artwork should serve as a warning to any potential reader; though I think this novel might attract only a small category of people, whose characteristics I'd rather not indulge in describing, save for the fact that they may have a great deal of patience, else a passion, however perverse, for pigs.

The first fifty pages (approximately) are dedicated quite lovingly to pigs in all their glory. Quite clearly the author is obsessed. So if you do choose to persist in reading the novel and manage to get past the first fifty pages, thumbs up, you might have a chance to encounter the mild excitement that then brings us to the point, or let's say the 'story' that facilitates the rant on beloved pigs.

Morgan, the 'hero' of the novel (such a contradictory term in this case), is a chauvinistic failure of a man, sexually deprived, and ambitious to the end. He even manages to dabble in some amateur philosophy in his finer moments. Having been made redundant he has no choice but to retreat to the family farm situated in the Welsh Marches, though he does so surprisingly optimistically with the hope of writing his own book (bless his cotton socks!). However his arrival is followed by the violent death of both his parents, which he witnesses, and if you have taken seriously

what I have said before, you will not be surprised that their murderer is - yes indeedy o - a pig. This scene is one at which I should grant some credit to the author: she conveys the scene and movement with much humour and wit and finally adds an element of excitement to the novel.

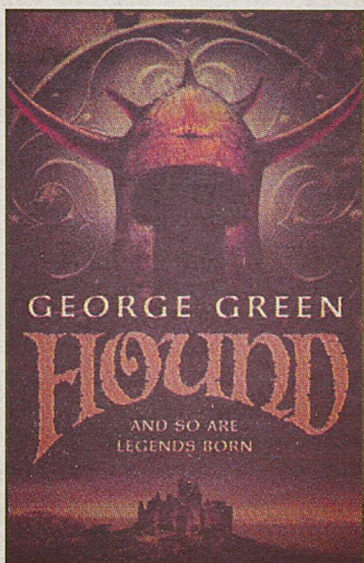
Morgan is left with the family farm and obliging country folk as his neighbours, but as customs would call, must endure the funeral for his parents and the consequent wake, which has more surprises in store than one would typically imagine, which is generally the pattern to Morgan's life.

While I have been largely uncomplimentary about the novel, I will take a moment to praise the poetic language (in places) and the vivid power of description - my intended visit to Welsh Marches has been delayed somewhat. The writer is well-read as one might note the random poems, rhymes and references that are introduced during the course of the novel. The authoress indulges in quite clever walks down memory lane, though some of these may not be suitable to the pruder among you. Certainly breaking new ground in the arena of fiction, Liza Granville's work is truly 'original'.

I invite you to 'Cure the Pig' and welcome your thoughts.

Just The Facts...

Author: George Green
Publisher: Bantam Press
Date: Out now
Price: £10.99



HOUND

His bark is bigger than his bite - Cuchullain that is, not ALEXANGERT

In these troubled days of ballistic missiles and laser-guided smart bombs, those who are not altogether war-weary may be excused their nostalgia for the days of sword-to-sword combat, when Champions performed Feats as they duelled to protect their kingdoms. Those days are back again in George Green's first novel Hound, which chronicles the life of Cuchullain, Ireland's great epic hero.

I first met Cuchullain in Frank McCourt's heartrending Angela's Ashes; having spent the family's food money on alcohol, Frank's dipsomniac father would feed Cuchullain's heroic exploits to his starving sons. Mr. Green takes even greater liberties with 'The Tain' epic than Frank's father might have done. In doing so, he renders it accessible to the average reader but sadly also cuts it down to size. Sarcasm, banter, and pop psychology often disrupt the narrative flow. Extraneous descriptions burden several already dreary chapters.

Truth be told, the writing only shines during the great battle scenes when Cuchullain heads the armies of Ulster against Queen Maeve and the Connaught host. These are the crucial scenes that make legends what

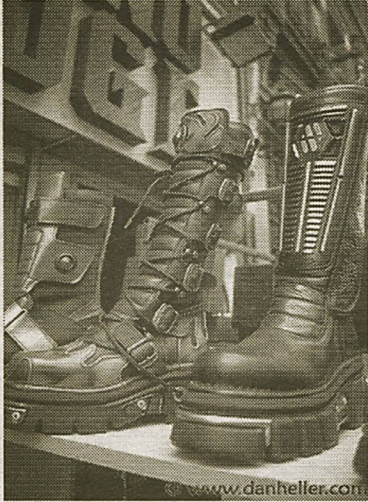
they are, and Mr. Green does not fail his reader when it comes to the hacking of limbs or the spilling of blood. As a war correspondent, he steers his story around the humor of Kill Bill-type bloodletting; his writing resonates with the mortal gravity of each severed head.

Not so when it comes to the connecting tissue, least of all the narrator's droll internal monologue. "The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and I had a hangover that made every whisper sound like a busy day in Vulcan's forge." Time and again, bits like these made me put the book down and turn on the telly. I wouldn't judge so harshly except that someone who teaches creative writing, as Mr. Green does, ought to know better.

For those who aren't beach-bound anytime soon, this book is hard to recommend. Adults will resent its frequent awkwardness. Kids will shy away from several gratuitous scenes of rape and slaughter...or maybe not. If you do find yourself compelled to see Ireland's great epic through Mr. Green's eyes, take my advice: skip the first 250 pages and go straight to the blood, guts and glory.

Modern Life is Rubbish

Sarah Warwick takes a walk around Camden and bemoans its downfall to commercialism...



Looking back I see Camden as a kind of twisted wonderland. Going clubbing in that first rush of adolescent abandon; leaving the train station life became a new exciting dimension. Punks and fairies striding about in huge D.M.s swinging their waist length dreads. Shops and pubs and bars decorated with huge

objects: a giant's rocking chair stuck out in space where the bean stalk should be. The soft puffs of rasta ganja swirling about your head like peppery clouds, even the smell of frying onions from the hot dog stall took on a magical quality. Camden was the great escape from real life and from who you were supposed to be, the place to get pierced and dyed and lost, to change your image a thousand times a day: the grunge thing, the punk thing, the goth thing. It was the place to be in the mid- to late 90's: liberal yuppies moved there in droves to settle down hoping for the chance to bump into Damon Alban in the supermarket; artists and art-students trudged around moodily in the hope of being asked to Alex James' coke-fuelled parties while I was happy just to bump into Graham Coxon outside Bella Pasta! Jarvis' dance moves were copied at clubs all over NW1. A new wave of culture was here: different was the new same and we all ran to Camden to be a part of it. I came back last week hoping to find that spirit again. I thought a week such as last one where protest was alive in London once more would find Camden at the heart of being different. Instead I found McDonalds, Starbucks and a host of uninspiring chain pubs. When had Camden's independent streak been crushed by the unrelenting parent of commercialism? I decided to try and find any remnants of the place that I once knew.

I started my walkabout at Mornington Crescent station. Walking out the area is fairly unimpressive to say the least however on your right hand side there's a decent late bar called the Purple Turtle. It's one of 2 in London and has funky décor with brightly coloured walls and an interesting jukebox selection. It also has a small upstairs with a big table nestling under the eaves: get here early and bag it before the baby punks and goths do. It has a small dance floor and happy hour (6-10) on Tuesdays. Opposite this is the wannabe Alhambra of London: the Camden Palace, with its weathered copper dome and chipped paintwork. Reputedly one of the best house nights in London, 'Peach' on Fridays is a mad festival of fluff, moon boots and glowsticks. This has always been the undesirable end of Camden High St so I wasn't surprised to see it filled with a kebab shops, supermarkets, internet cafes and amusements. They provide benches at the junction so you could sit and enjoy the traffic fumes and provide a companion for local dealers and nutters but I'd recommend you start walking up away from this area toward Camden Town station. The best thing about this area is the amount of Charity shops: between Mornington Crescent and Camden Town there are about 11 which range widely in quality and value but it's easy to pick up a bargain if you browse.



Further bargains can be found at Reckless records, a quality vinyl shop and there's a branch of Mr Toppers where you can get a haircut for a snip (£5) but be warned that cheap is not always cheerful! The nicest food on this stretch is Taste of Siam: a slightly cramped eatery that offers a fragrant and tasty lunchtime meal every day for £5.

Opposite this is the travesty of architecture that is Belushis. Think fake half timbered building with swing doors and neon signs; Plastic '2 for 1 on Reef' banners complete the tasteful effect! If you have to pick a pub/bar on this strip to go out I'd head for Tommy Lynns to perch by their roaring fire for comfort and decent beer. Alternatively the 'Oh! Bar' (not the one where celebrities hang out unfortunately) has 2 for one on their £5 cocktails during the week (6-8pm) and is open late every night which is brilliant if you can put up with the giggling underage clientele.

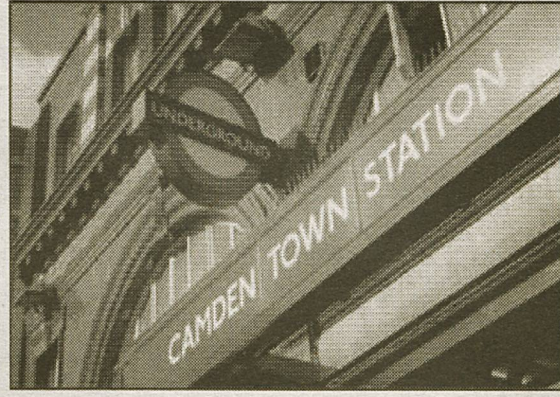
The next passage of shops will show you why I despair of Camden's commercialism. At one glance: McDonalds, Game, Specsavers, the Link, Somerfield, Waterstones, Dixons, Costa, it used to be a little bit scrappy but individual and independent. Now: rosebys, Reed, Marks and Spencer's, Vodaphone, Starbucks: no more one-off shops and the old moulded hoardings have been replaced by the omnipresent neon. If they pedestrianised it could be any town centre in England. The only small exception is the hippo gift and card shop which has- as well as the ubiquitous dancing hamsters- a pretty collection of costume jewellery and some lovely home made cards.

You're now arriving at Camden Town Station: creep central! If you are approached about drugs then refuse them or risk losing money and pride - the going rates are £20 for a quarter ounce of dried cabbage or a couple of aspirin. The World's End (and World's most overrated pub) will provide you with 20 minutes of nostalgic tunes and warm beer while you wait for mates but it's too big to provide you with any atmosphere. The Underworld, its underground clubbing partner, fairs better and Friday night is an 80s night with lots of personality, if little style. The 'Halfway House' in the centre of the junction with Camden road is a cosy place for a pre-club drink with a jukebox filled from 1996 and (much) older décor! Parkway is the road that runs up from the station toward Regent's Park, the Zoo and the Jewish Museum. All of these three are worth some time, though save a whole day for the zoo because you'll want to get value for money (it was £9 last time I went). The Jewish museum is educational and informative. On the way to them you'll find the Camden Odeon, the Jazz Café (an expensive but fabulous night out) and the Dublin Castle which is one of the last bastions of the 90s scene and famed as the best live music pub in London. It is one of the only places left where you'll experience the remains of the real Camden.



Once the spirit of Camden was epitomised by its markets. Suffice it to say that they aren't as good as 1997 BCE (Before Commercialism Erupted) but you can still pick up

good t-shirts and hoodies at the day market on Saturdays. Inverness Street Market is less salubrious selling hardware and vintage sports kits.



The Rokit on the left side of the high street (although it's a shop not a market) is now one of the best places to pick up retro gear formerly found at 'the Stables' market, while the stables now caters 'Punky Fish' accessories and overcooked noodles to today's

Camden kids. Down by the river you'll find the river market where you'll get drug paraphernalia made out of fimo, and Bob Marley t-shirts. The best parts of the markets now are the soft furnishings, books and bric-a-brac in Middle Yard (on the left hand side just after the Lock) and the second hand stalls scattered about where you can get a pair of levis for a fiver. Most of the stuff on sale though is very tacky: a lot of shiny things, a lot of flashing things, a lot of beaded things, a lot of fluffy things - everything has been done before. Camden is clearly a place ruled by its teenage girls and their shopping and drinking patterns.

From the special offers on Reef to the Miffy t-shirts that are everywhere. Still if you need something that is fluffy or shiny or flashy or sparkly, this is the place to find it.

The Regent's Park canal runs right under the road. The building to the right of the bridge with the eggs on top is the old GMTV building. One of the nicest places to sit is down by the lock where you can take a break from tack and traffic under the weeping willow. Unfortunately the lock is now overlooked by an enormous 'Wetherspoons' and a Holiday Inn. If you can't take anymore take a boat trip down the canal (from West yard) to Kings Cross or Angel. It even makes a very pleasant walk if you pick your weather. Its also nice to sit out and have a baked potato or noodles in middle yard overlooking the canal. If you stay till the evening there are actually some things to



do that aren't overrun with teenagers: you can catch a comedy show on weekend nights at Jonglers (one of the best in London) or go clubbing up at the Monarch (the Barfly) which is a top venue for Live music and hosts Casino Royale every second Saturday which is an alternative heav-

en! Most of the bar/cafes are a bit blah but on Inverness Street the 'Singapore Sling' offers aromatic Asian fusion food in cosy surroundings. They have 2 set menus both under £12, or just order bar snacks to go with your cocktails in happy hour (2 for 1 from 5-7.30) Belgo's have another outlet of their moule and flavoured beer guzzling hangout up by Chalk Farm station which is always a treat. Marine Ices is the place to go for real Italian ice cream (also Chalk Farm) and the Spreadeagle is the lively outpost for ex-nineties-camdenites away from the teen angst ridden streets. It has happy hour every day from 6-8 (£1.50 a pint of Kronie) and apparently blur often hang out there though I've never repeated by Graham Coxon excitement! The spirit of the old Camden hasn't completely disappeared. It hides in the shadow of this new imposter. There is still originality and independence in Camden - you just have to search for it

The Pillowman

- **Cottesloe Theatre at the National**
- **Director: John Crowley**
- **Running Time: 2 hours, 40 minutes**
- **Language: English**

Martin McDonagh is an Anglo-Irish playwright who has built his reputation as the writer of post-modern melodramas and black comedies. In the past the landscapes of his work have been given the name of real, terrestrial places in the West of Ireland: Leenane, Inishmaan..., but his plays have always owed their real location much more to a non-specific region, dark and chaotic, born of their creator's imagination.

'The Pillowman' is played out both in a prison cell, somewhere in the midst of an unnamed totalitarian state, and through an engagement with the imagination of its storyteller, Katurin. A writer of short stories, Katurin (David Tennant) and his stunted, infantile elder brother Michal (Adam Godley) are under interrogation by two officers of the law, Tupolski (Oscar winning British acting star Jim Broadbent) and Ariel (Nigel Lindsay), who have all the freedom of violent means and methods that such a state as there's might be expected to provide. Katurin and his brother are the product of a horrific childhood and a number of his stories are styled on extreme and melodramatic acts of violence against children. A spate of child murders are being investigated, the killings identical in nature to the deaths described in the tales.

The scenes of Katurin's interrogation are in one sense a product of the reality of the process that is taking place; Katurin responds to his situation of menaced helplessness with a mixture of ingratiating appeal and exasperated defiance, in a bluster of speech that feels un-scripted and spontaneous. However, comedy, even comedy as dark as this, does not aim at realism. The dialogue throughout guides an investigation that is generating its own play. Tupolski and Ariel's scenes are infused with a louche vitality, the register is comic with the dialogue taking on its own internal momentum; the characters mimic each other's responses and undermine each other's intentions, the horror of the situation and its consequences for Katurin, even the horror of his supposed crimes is registered with such extreme emphasis that even as we are appalled by what is described, we laugh. Later in the scenes between the brothers, Katurin's anguished guilt, anger and desperation in the face of his brother's confession, is similarly disrupted by humour generated from a mixture of miscommunication, madness, wild taunts and gallows humour. McDonagh's play graphically reveals to us the common roots of comedy and violence, both engineered through the distortion of perspective, and loss of a sense of proportion.

The cells and their occupants are indistinct, no national or geographical bearings are provided; the protagonists are obscure and deliberately under-realised. All that we can discover in the officers' backgrounds is further evidence of broken-down and troubled lives. Ariel is the product of a sexually abusive father, Tupolski is an alcoholic of an alcoholic father; these footnotes, introduced through comic dialogue, reinforce the uniformity of the dreadful reality of being born into the world of this play, even as the darkly comic mode is maintained.

Yet, crucially, for all of this, as the play progresses McDonagh allows us to witness moments of trust, such as the faith with which Katurin believes that his writings will be kept; moments of common feeling, sympathy and regret, as when Katurin's story 'The Pillowman' is pondered by Tupolski, who confides the loss of his drowned son, and moments of hope, as when Ariel, acknowledging the brutality of his methods, still allows himself to imagine a retirement filled with the love and thanks of a community of children, for a life spent working to save them. These moments and gestures cannot be sustained for long in such a blighted world, but that they occur at all is remarkable and poignant.

It is Katurin's stories that provide the focus of the protagonists' attention, vividly coloured, cruelly melodramatic, poignant and well-crafted, they are the source of the investigation but become an object for common feeling, re-told one after the next, they are evidence, but they are also stories, and it is through their telling and re-telling that we are given access to the other reality of the play. They invite comment, provoke challenges, and have the power to trigger the rare moments of fellowship between protagonists. They are spoken into and embedded throughout the structure of the play, and in sequences of acute drama and gothic frisson, several of their imagined worlds explode into reality, the copycat killings physically re-enacted in a space above the stage through the device of graphic mime as Katurin narrates.

That the stories themselves are good is vital to the success of the play as theatre and necessary to support the ideas that it seeks to explore. For the stories are asked to represent art in a play that probes its importance to human beings, the extent of its influence on human behaviour, and seeks to propose its ability to out-last tyranny.

The play continually evokes the discussion of language; beyond the stories themselves, the dialogue is full of passages where the characters analyse the nature of their own use of language and others; communication is self-aware.

'The Pillowman' then is a bold, intelligent and challenging piece of drama. Its central achievement the meaningful, jolting and thoughtful fusion of violence and comedy, to service ideas about the role and nature of art. If a little overlong, and moved forward with a certain amount of repetition of device, in a play so strongly acted and boldly and confidently staged, this is little noticed, as the dramatic momentum is barely allowed to slack.

MATT RUSHWORTH

Za-Ji The Anhui Acrobatics

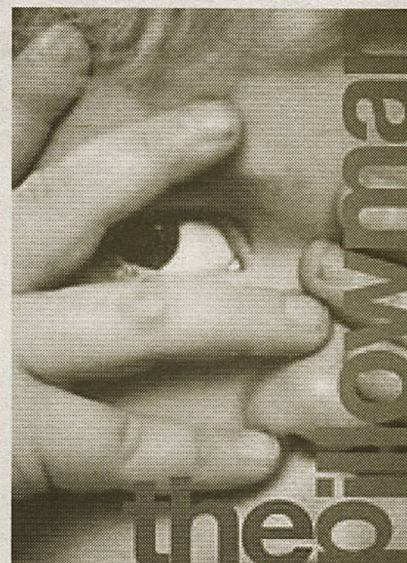
Se Tai Ying experiences a night of circus antics conveniently going on, over at the peacock theatre...

With comic entertainments, one sits in the front row at one's own peril. The troupe's show starts with a lot of stage mist that envelops the stalls: you have been warned! The show picks up with a narration of a traditional Chinese story about a pair of thwarted lovers, who rise from death united as a pair of butterflies, to choreographed, flowing and romantic movement. This duo pose and swing through the air, together and singly, by means of a cloth pillar substituting for the gymnast's rope. As such this beginning sums up some of the good and less fortunate sides of the show. A connection between the narrative and movements is not patent, except in so far as the pair's movements in the air might mimic butterflies.

This start perhaps raises the expectation of the show having a theme. Only successive numbers would make it clear that it did not. The overall direction of the show moved from its romantic start to ever more physical movement in its own right. Some acts repeated themselves. The fourth number was a chair act, as was the tenth, which culminated in seven chairs and maids stacked atop of each other in two-handed hand-stands. While a good number of acts incorporated Western music and dress, that contemporization did not chime with the mistress of ceremonies extolling the native grounding of the troupe in its geographical area of Anhui in China. A lack of integrating these elements creates the impression of an unintegrated performance.

Although at pains to distinguish themselves from the label of 'circus performance act' the Za-Ji 'Chinese Acrobatic Spectacular' in essence became this as the show progressed. The two-hour performance had the makings of more than raw talent although its presentation left a good deal to be desired. The poor quality of the sound system marred the live singing and recorded music as well as the accented voiceovers. The basic package for a Cirque de Soleil audience is all here, from spinning plates to impossibly balanced chairs. At the show's best, the artistry of the performers could be clearly seen, and this did result in some highly entertaining moments. In its worst moments however, performances were plagued with mistakes and slip ups that made the overall act lack the polish West End audiences have come to expect from their theatres. Best suited to a younger audience, the Za-Ji performers nevertheless make entertaining viewing, whether for the right reasons or not. If you've seen the Moscow State Circus, you will see nothing new here that hasn't been performed better there.

SE TAI YING



Tales from the Vienna Woods

(an alternative perspective)

- **Written by Odon von Horvath (translation by David Harrower)**
- **Director: Richard Jones**
- **Language: English**
- **Running Time: 2 hours 30 minutes (including 20 min interval)**

Part of this year's Travelex £10 season at the National until late November, when it is expected to continue its run in the West End, *Tales...* is set in and around Austria's capital in the year 1931. The play works to portray the lives of the petit bourgeoisie of the city at this time; when faith, family values and bigotry, the old forces of social cohesion, are confronted by prolonged economic crisis and a loss of national pride, it causes a community to lose hope and give themselves up to fate, destined to be swept up by the rising tide of Nazism. Richard Jones production depicts a society grasping at ephemeral pleasures, swinging to Strauss Waltzes and living lives of quiet despair in an atmosphere of acrid decadence.

Marianne is the daughter of Herr Spellbinder, an ageing widower and toy-shop owner who is intent on marrying his daughter to the ageing local butcher Oskar. Strong-willed, forthright and passionate, on the afternoon of their engagement Marianne rebels against her father's will, fixing upon the charming but cold hearted Alfred and persuading him to run away with her. A year later Marianne is a mother, but impoverished, and despairing of her lover. Alfred goes persuading her to leave their child at the home of his mother. Marianne, friendless, is forced into earning a living by taking her clothes off in night-clubs. Eventually, after a series of further blows and abuses, Marianne and her estranged father are reunited, only for her to be stuck senseless at the close of the play by the cruellest blow of all.

Tales... has been running since mid-October at the Olivier theatre and opened to very contrasting reviews. On the evidence of what I saw this is understandable. It was a production of interest and contained enjoyable individual performances, employing great visual ingenuity at times, overall however, it is best described as a mixed success.

The staging was at times problematic in its minimalism, leaving the stage feeling undefined and failing to evoke fully the kitschy atmosphere so central to this

production's dynamic. When the stage felt under-realised, the actors performances suffered, at times seeming too small to fill the space. There was however a great inventiveness and fluidity to the way in which the audience was moved around the locations of the play, and this helped to evoke a comprehensive sense of setting and community. Social detail helped bring many scenes to life, with numerous extras employed in the role of bathers and bicyclists; for much of the play part of the stage is given over to a group of violinists, filling the theatre with the repetitive strains of Strauss' Waltzes. The group-photos in the parks, the furtive groping in the bushes: it tended to be the small portraits and the social detail which were most memorable, the progression of the narrative and individual character's development within it, are conducted with more uneven success.

It was a play which contained a great many strong individual performances, but the vast variety of acting styles did not add up somehow, the characters too often seeming like they belonged to different worlds. Joe Duttine's performance as Alfred was neither charming nor seductive, if bland arrogance is an acting style surely it must be modulated and served toward the depiction of character in some sense? Too often his scenes were laborious to watch. Other individual performances were very enjoyable however, Frances Barber as the strong-willed tobacconist Valerie, with a love of younger men, Karl Johnson as Herr Spellbinder, and Doreen Mantle as the quietly depraved Grandmother were all excellent, many of the performances in more minor roles were solid, whilst the big ensemble scenes often worked well. However, though we are being encouraged to view the characters as individuals, subject to the broader forces in their society, the extent of the separateness of the performances was such that it was hard to believe in any of the human connections set up between them. They feel part of a wider community but not part of each other and when we watch the characters come apart we do so with sultry detachment; the ironic counter-pointing of kitsch with desper-

ation sets up the irony which is so big a part of the play's meaning but which also contributes to its unreality.

A big selling point of this production was the new script. Some critics have questioned the necessity of the new translation by David Harrower, and certainly there were times when the speech jarred against dramatic context, and the vulgarity in some of the characters

exchanges seemed too overt. In terms of structure, the lengthy if enjoyable ensembles of the middle section only give way to a re-focusing on Marianne's story midway through the second act; the high intensity of the passions generated by the later scenes of the play make a direct dramatic appeal to the audience at a very late juncture, and the effect though concentrated is rather abrupt. There is not sufficient coherence to gather up the dramatic momentum necessary to make these climatic scenes really work, and it is important failures like these which led one critics to describe the production as having 'the desultory air of a museum piece.'

Horvath said of his work: 'You could say my intention is to show life and life is kitschy...language and expression...even people's feelings are kitschy...trivialised and distorted. Yet kitsch is always funny, as long as it is visible. Collision of kitsch, with the pitilessness of life is tragic.' Certainly this is at the heart of what this production is attempting, but where characters are deprived of reality, of humanity and interiority, any attempt to register the tragic risks feeling hollow and overwrought. The climatic scene in which Marianne is swung around like doll is effective as a symbolic representation of a society forced to face the futility of the future, not as the denouement of a personal tragedy.

MATT RUSHWORTH



See you next Tuesday

- **Director: Robin Lefevre**
- **Language: English**
- **Running Time: 1 hour 30 minutes**

Adapted from the side-splitting *Le Dîner de Cons*, a perennial favourite in France, *See you next Tuesday* dramatises the story of a snotty social clique that invites an unwitting guest to their dinner party, hoping to embarrass him. Predictably, everything goes horribly wrong and the guest ends up wreaking havoc on his hosts.

Le Dîner de Cons's success in France is due in part to its tackling of the immutable French themes of family, religion and perversity. *See you next Tuesday* undertook a challenging task: adapting Gaullic hauteur and snobbery to an English audience. The peculiarities of French farce and its internal dynamic had to be transposed into West End theatre. In this task, as in many others, the play disappoints.

Le Dîner de Cons roughly translates into 'The Dinner of Twits'; the playwright's almost constant use of the word 'twat' does somewhat succeed in conveying the meaning of the original title, but something is still lacking - perhaps the haughty condescension which 'cons' implies is lost in the translation. The actors' boorish

accents also fail to impress the faux-sophistication and pretensions which French comedy requires.

The greatest tragedy of the play is, however, the wasted talent: Patsy Kensit, the strikingly Milf-ish mistress of the party's host, haberdasher Nigel Havers, is barely developed as a minor character. Same goes for Carol Royle, Havers' wife, who is regularly dismissed by her husband, and thus also by the audience. Both of them commanded the stage whenever they spoke, and would have been welcome additions to, at the very least, silent interplay and scene movements.

Stage direction was, on the whole, pitiful. The play finished fifteen minutes ahead of schedule and certain important scenes were obviously rushed through. Havers, who begins the play semi-immobile with a debilitating back injury, magically recovers after the intermission, which was so long I had time to drink two double-JDs while boring a cute usher with feigned campish knowledge of the theatre. A good garrotting for the director and his assistants would certainly be in order.

The play's one distinguished characteristic was Ardel O'Hanlan's stellar performance as the 'twat'. A reputed stand-up comic by trade, O'Hanlan did not disappoint. Playing a nerdy civil servant obsessed with matchsticks and wearing a suit that was two sizes too

small, O'Hanlan depicted his character's foibles with deft elegance. Learning that he was sitting on a couch with a nymphomaniac, O'Hanlan's instinctive recoil illustrated how far removed he was from the libidinous misdeeds of his hosts. He immediately exuded a sympathetic presence, as the do-gooder whose interventions inevitably make things worse for his hosts. Nevertheless, the disastrous effect of good intentions is a worn-out premise, and O'Hanlan, in spite of his flashes of comedic prowess, added little to the audience's appreciation of that timeless theme.

Aside from O'Hanlan's humorous interjections and Kensit's ditsy good looks, the play was stale. *See you next Tuesday* was too obvious: the humour slap-stick; the jibes predictable; the themes ineluctable. The play was neither nuanced nor subtle, traits West End audiences expect if only to distinguish themselves from their ritzy Broadway counterparts.

See you next Tuesday is currently on stage at the Albany on St. Martin's Lane near Leister Square. Tickets are £10 apiece.

ALYKHAN VEISHI

Holbein: A Conceptual Artist?

A frequent criticism in the art world today is that artists don't use technical skill in their paintings. The world of conceptual art has lent itself to the rise of creative stars who survive on controversy, hidden meaning and ready made materials alone to create pieces of art. Many would even argue that this is not art itself, but that a whole other article...

Marcel Duchamp is frequently identified as the first 'conceptual artist' following his series of 'ready mades' which included bicycle wheels and urinals. Yet concealed meanings within art go back centuries before Duchamp. For example, in the Renaissance oranges in a painting signified a wealthy family because such fruits were expensive to import and a lady holding another lady's breast (calm down chaps...) was an indication of pregnancy.



Hans Holbein the Younger (1497/8-1543) painted one of history's most famous paintings associated with symbolism within objects. 'Jean de Dinteville and Georges de Selve (The Ambassadors)' (1533) or as it is more commonly

known 'The Ambassadors' is a gem in the permanent collection of the National Gallery and its imagery is laden with messages concerning political developments of the time. The two educated, wealthy and powerful you men in the picture are Jean de Dinteville (on the left) French ambassador to England in 1533 and Georges de Selve, Bishop of Lavaur, on the right.

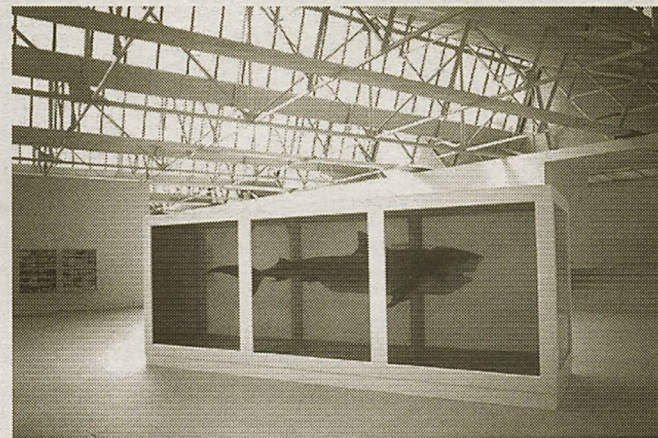
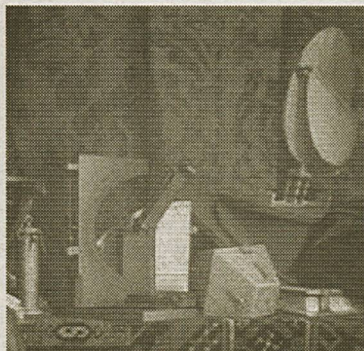
England in 1533 marked the beginning of a significant religious and political turning point in Europe. Catherine of Aragon, wife to Henry VIII had failed to produce a

male heir for a peaceful succession to the throne and after the Pope refused to annul their marriage on the King's request Henry married Anne Boleyn instead.

It is possible that the two men in the painting were on a mission to dissuade Henry from his actions. The painting is bursting with signs of the turmoil present in Europe at the time. Astronomical and timekeeping instruments are present on the top shelf of the painting. One instrument used for calculating time at a given latitude shows an impossible result and is for a north African latitude whilst another device is wrongly assembled. Such features deliberately show that time was out of joint.

In addition to time keeping instruments the arithmetic book on the bottom shelf sits with the only legible word on the book reading *Dividirt* which means divide. A Lutheran hymnal is also present in the painting and has been cleverly altered so that one page reads *Veni Sancte Spiritus* (Come Holy Spirit) and the Ten Commandments are shown on the other. Musical instrument also feature in the piece and as traditional symbols of harmony it is easy to interpret the discord associated with the picture as one of the lute strings is broken.

A crucifix hangs in the top left hand corner but this symbol of the promise of salvation is covered partially by a curtain and a skull which represents death floats at a distorted angle in the centre of the floor. This skull is particularly interesting as it can only be viewed in its correct visual form if one stands at the side of the painting and views it from a certain angle.



The angle of this skull and various foreshortened items on the table also pose the question of whether or not Holbein used optical devices - a revolution in artistic creation happening at the time - to create the supernatural accuracy with which these objects appear. As Hockney argues in his book 'The Secret Knowledge' certain parts of the painting are slightly disturbed as Holbein had to shift the optical device to move the next feature into focus. Evidence that Holbein used the science of optics to create this masterpiece.

Essentially the painting demonstrates the disunity and discomfort prevalent in England in the 1530s and in my opinion supports the modern artist's quest for creating hidden meaning in art. Art has been and always will be a voice for expression and education. No matter how much modern art is criticised today, a hundred years from now it will be hailed as essential documentation of the social and political features of our time. On with the formaldehyde Damien!

'The Ambassadors' can be seen at The National Gallery, Trafalgar Square as part of the permanent collection and entrance is free.

CAROLINE BRAY

Hollywood comes to the LSE!!!

Cinema - Art or Commerce?

Friday 28th November, Hong Kong Theatre, 6pm - a film showing and debate followed by drinks with the creme of Hollywood and the art world.

The panellists:

Steven North - Producer of films such as *Charlie's Angels*, *Cleopatra* and *The Parent Trap II*.

George Hoffman - Producer of such films as *Obsession* starring Daniel Craig (now in *The Mother*) and *The Van Gogh Wake*.

Ken McMullen - International artist and film director, has just finished a show at the PS1 in New York over the summer.

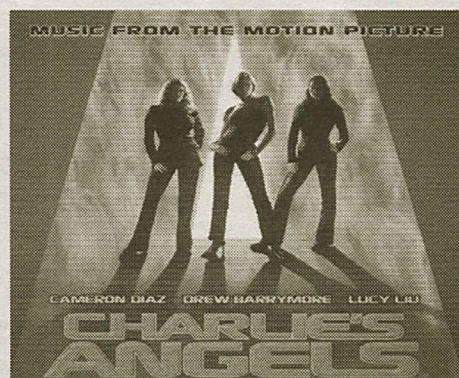
The event will start at 6pm with the showing of director Ken McMullen's critically acclaimed film 'Zina' which will then be followed by a one hour debate on the topic, 'Cinema - Art or Commerce?'. Drinks with the guests will finish the evening for those who wish to talk to any of the guests one on one.

A summary of the film 'Zina':

ZINA 1930. Zina Bronstein, Trotsky's elder child by his first wife, has come to Berlin to be treated by Professor Kronfeld, (Ian McKellen) after a nine month stay with her father, in exile on his Turkish island of Prinkipo. Her treatment involves the use of both psycho analysis and hypnosis, reveals a mixture of memory, fantasy and hallucination in which Trotsky figures prominently. Flashbacks show Zina with her father, his second wife, Natalya, and his followers (including Andre Breton) on Prinkipo. Zina's half brother Lyova is also in Berlin with Jeanne, and at an exhibition of revolutionary art they make contact with Molanov, a Stalin-supporter who is regretting Trotsky's defeat. They discuss developments in the Soviet Union. Zina protests that she is always excluded and interrupts despite Jeanne's attempts to restrain her. Having earlier cast herself as Trotsky's eyes and ears in Berlin, Zina now speaks to Molanov under the momentarily delusion that she is Trotsky himself. Jeanne leads her away. Zina's delusions get worse, while the political situation in Berlin deteriorates with the rise of Nazism. Trotsky admits that, despite her sickness, Zina sees clearly what is happening in Germany, while she, in her letters, begs him to "step down" to her illness. She also fails to understand why

he cannot come to Germany to intervene politically. In her last analytic session, she describes how, at the age of two, she discovered that her father had fled from exile in Siberia to the West, leaving his family behind. When she leaves Kronfeld expresses his fears on her account.

The event is free and open to all so feel free to bring friends, family or the random homeless guys that camps next to the cash machine...it promises to be a truly fantastic experience and will highlight the connections between art and social and political comment!



For more information please email C.A.Bray@lse.ac.uk

Pulse Radio

Listen to PuLSE Radio everyday 12-8pm: Go to www.lse.ac.uk/union and click on **PuLSE Radio**.

Pulse allows you to listen to 40 shows of fabulous selection of music brought to you by LSE students!

Check out the Pulse News Team bringing you news on the hour every hour!

PuLSE End of Term **Party** at Bar Rumba! Advanced £2 admission - normally £5 -(subject to availability) to THIS@Bar Rumba featuring **Giles Peterson** and **Ben Wilcox**. Find us on Houghton Street Wednesday onwards or email a.u.ahmed@lse.ac.uk for more details.

Don't miss the **Pulse Awards** in January where the best Pulse Djs will win prizes for their hard work! Vote for your favourite show by emailing radio@lse.ac.uk

PULSE PLAYLIST

1. **Hey Ya!** - Outkast (Arista)
2. **12:51** - The Strokes (Rough Trade)
3. **Slow (Medecine 8 remix)** - Kylie Minogue (Parlaphone)
4. **Ghetto Musick** - Outkast (Arista)
5. **The Hardest Button To Button** - The White Stripes (XL)
6. **25 Easy Pieces** - The Earlies (For Us)
7. **I Believe In A Thing Called Love** - The Darkness (Must Destroy)
8. **Milkshake** - Kelis (Virgin)
9. **Get Yourself High** - The Chemical Brothers (Virgin)
10. **Fugitive Motel** - Elbow (V2)
11. **Lucky Star** - Basement Jaxx feat. Dizzee Rascal (XL)
12. **Crawl Home** - Desert Sessions (Island)
13. **Wonder** - Lamb (Mercury)
14. **Laura** - Scissor Sisters (Polydor)
15. **Fanny Pack** - Camel Toe (Tommy Boy)
16. **Into U** - Richard X feat. Jarvis Cocker (Virgin)
17. **Hands Down** - Dashboard Confessional (Vagrant)
18. **Twist** - Goldfrapp (Mute)
19. **Sister Saviour (remix)** - The Rapture (Vertigo)
20. **Skin Tight** - Betty Boo (Warner Brothers)

Monday highlights

1pm 'The R+B Show' by Sum Bains and guests featuring new R+B music from Destiny's Child to TLC
4pm 'Full Effect' by Jazmin Burgess and Amelia Hutchison has your favourite emo, post-rock and hardcore
5pm-8pm Dance night featuring the Underground Dance Music Society for two hours!

Tuesday highlights

12pm 'Jimmy's Poptarts' The new President of Passfield spins cheese music and has all the latest gossip from the pop world
2pm 'The Manni + Edd Show' features alternative music and topical jokes throughout
5pm-8pm Rock night features three hours of rock to get you ready to go mental!

Wednesday highlights

12pm Ion Martea delivers a one hour Pulse news special, featuring current affairs and LSE student politics
2pm Music 101 is Dinesh Panch and friends featuring alternative music and chat
5pm International Night features Indian music and requests

Thursday highlights

12pm Danger High Voltage! Laurence Kavanagh brings you fine new alternative sounds
3pm 'Film and Chill' Kash Burchett gives you details of the latest films and music inspired by the big screen
5pm-8pm Pulse Mix night brings you Pulse's finest djs spinning a mix of D+B, Hard House and Funky House

Friday highlights

1pm is 'HIP POP' brought to you by three Bankside freshers. These guys play a mix of popular sounds with a cutting edge
2pm is 'Monkey Magic' with Dave Knight and Leila Cohan bringing you a mix of rock and fun
5pm-8pm Three hours of hip hop to get you ready to party!

B:mail

I went to Panic at the Office last Tuesday, and one of the DJs actually played David Bowie's "Magic Dance" from the Labyrinth soundtrack. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Other people looked unphased and kept dancing. Unfortunately, I was too drunk to do anything but yell desperately at my friends about evil goblins and David Bowie's ass-tight vinyl cat-suit.

Bonnie

My tip for the weekend is the Crobar, 17 Manette Street, Soho. An atmospheric (i.e. cramped) bar just round the corner from the Astoria, which has a great vibe and a wicked jukebox. No beer on tap, but the people you meet will make up for it. Definitely one of London's most original.

Chloe

Go to Planet Angel! It's a night i had heard was great, but had been putting off for a while for sum reason. But it really is that good. Its a smallish rave near London Bridge, playing trance in one room, and a mix of more downtempo stuff next door. The music is quite original and the vibe is one of the friendliest and close-knit i've seen. The next one is conveniently on the last friday of term!! Theyve also got a nice outdoor cafe style patio bit which is really nice to chill out in.

Oriana [da bomb]

I saw this play called 'collision' at the Red Lions theatre pub in angel. Some weirdo play about a crack head living in king's cross. Funny, profound and moving with absolutely jawdropping acting. (there was a point where real snot came out this guys nose...). Go check it out.

Sima

Spread the Love...

Got anything to tell us? Disagree with any of this? Send your b:mails this way - conveniently labeled B:mail - and we'll print them here. Anything and everything arts related welcome: N.Garrett@lse.ac.uk

Nice one

Try Strange Fruit...
Elliott

Franz Ferdinand are supporting Belle and Sebastian at the Astoria in week 9, and, despite the NME's hype, they're going to rock like boulders!

Sarah

This Friday (28/11) I highly recommend you go to Cargo. Downbeat maestro Bonobo of Ninja Tune is showcasing his live band. The Ninja nights they put on there are always awesome.

Chris

Just wanted to let people know that the eccentric foliage loving British Sea Power are returning to the merry town of London for a New Years Eve extravaganza at the Highbury Garage. Live sets, DJ's and bear baiting (don't quote me) are all guaranteed, should be a good laugh

Ben

The Beaver Listings

Your guide to what's on at LSE this week

Students' Union Events

LSE Kenyan Society
Introducing Swahili Language Classes (Beginners and Intermediate Levels)
For details EMAIL: su.soc.kenyan@lse.ac.uk

LSE Swingin' Presents:

Wild @ Zoo Bar
13-17 Bear St.
Leicester Square
Date: Monday 24 November 2003
Time: 10pm - 3am
Price: £5 NUS
DJ's Playing the finest in Swing - HipHop - R'n'B - Salsa
For further info please contact: su.soc.swinging@lse.ac.uk

LSE SWING DANCE SOCIETY invites you to the fun and exciting SWING DANCE class 7-9pm EVERY TUESDAY
S75 (St.Clement's Building, GF)

LSE FINANCE SOCIETY presents

UBS FIRMWIDE PRESENTATION
19:30-21:00 (drinks in Columbia Bar afterwards), TUESDAY 25 NOVEMBER
D502 (Clement House)
UBS is one of the world's leading financial firms serving a global client base. It is the world's leading provider of wealth management services and one of the largest asset managers globally among the major global houses in the investment banking and securities businesses. It is also the clear market leader in Switzerland serving corporate and retail clients.
Open to Members Only - non-members can sign up at the door

LIVE MUSIC SOCIETY PRESENTS: ROCK IDOL - BATTLE OF THE BANDS

Tuesday, 24th November
LSE UNION
TIME: DOORS OPEN 7:30PM, AND BATTLE OF THE BANDS WILL COMMENCE AT 8 PM.
ENTRY: WWW.ROCK-IDOLS.COM (FOR SOLO AND GROUP PERFORMANCES)
Brief description of event: You'll take part in a Battle of the Bands with a 10 minute set, with the best three bands and solo acts going through to the finals. There is a substantial cash prize to be won, media attention and the opportunity to record with a major UK record label.

MATURE AND PART-TIME STUDENTS SOCIETY

Mature Students Careers Brief
2pm Wednesday 26 November
Room H201
A talk by Lesley Martin of the LSE Careers Service covering the wide range of events and services which are available to mature students both undergraduate and postgraduate who are considering a change in career direction or re-entering the employment market
Open to all mature and part-time undergraduates and postgraduates

LSE MALAYSIA CLUB presents

MALAM BAKTI CHARITY NIGHT with a play entitled "DIRTY NIGHT"
7:30 p.m. FRIDAY 28th of NOVEMBER
LSE OLD THEATRE, HOUGHTON STREET
The LSE Malaysia Club's annual charity play is finally here!! A hilarious play for a good cause. This play entitled "DIRTY NIGHT" revolves around a love pentagon involving confusion, chaos and conspiracy. Sounds interesting?? Come and watch then. Minimum donation of £5. Please get your family and friends to come along. Proceeds of ticket sales will be donated to the UNICEF Children of Iraq Emergency. Help create a better life for them. We will be setting up ticket booths in front of Clare market starting from 18th-28th of November. Watch out for us as there will be great music and wild publicity. Call 07884363022 for tickets and queries.

LSE TURKISH SOCIETY presents

AUDITIONS FOR "RED DREAM"
1-3 pm, Thursday 27/11/2003 in H102
2-5 pm, Friday 28/11/2003 in Z329
"Dreamy and atmospheric middle-eastern play..." Auditions are open to anyone. We really want an international cast! Anyone who are interested should sign up for the 10 min. time-slots on the sheet near the Green Room on Monday-Friday or e-mail su.soc.turkish@lse.ac.uk.

Scandinavian Society presents

The Scandinavian Society Christmas Party
Thursday 27 November
The Quad
£5 members, £7 non-members

Japan Society presents Japanese Food Tasting Night

Monday 24 November, 7pm- @ the Quad
We will have all you can eat Japanese food for the price of £4 for members and £6 non-members. Come along and bring your friends for some good food for a change...

UDMS

How To DJ Lesson Part 2
Monday 1st December, 3.30-5pm
Underground Bar
Extended Beat Mixing, Basic scratching, EQs and onwards...
£1 - please contact su.soc.udms@lse.ac.uk to confirm attendance as places are limited!

LGBT Society presents

A re-welcome event
5pm-7pm, Thursday 27 November
S75

LSESU Friends of Palestine

Tom Hurndall's 22nd birthday: we will show a documentary, and then have a q and a session with his family, as well as Imran Khan, and perhaps other speakers.
From 6 pm in the New Theatre

Krishna Consciousness Society

"Bringing you an element of Vedic Philosophy Every Week!"
Already covered: Secret Teachings of the Vedas, Reincarnation, Karma, Identity,
Same Time: 18:15
Same Place: Z232
Every week

LSE Taoist Society

Tao Te Ching course and Tea ceremony
5:50pm-6:30pm Monday 24th November
E168

LSE Film Society presents....

WEEK 7
MEMENTO - Director: Christopher Nolan, 2000
Friday November 21 at 7.00PM in the New Theatre (E171)
WEEK 8
THE CAT'S MEOW - Director Peter Bogdanovich, 2002
Monday November 24 at 7.30PM in the New Theatre (E171)
Ozon, 2003
(Group event, Details To Be Announced).
Admission for all on-campus events: 50P (Members), £2.00 (Non-Members).
It will be possible to join the Film Society at the screenings.
FRIDA - Director Julie Taymor, 2002
Wednesday 26 November at 6.00PM in the New Theatre (E171)
Hope to see you at the next screening!!

The LSE Latin American Society invites you to the "Latin American Week 2003"

EVENTS AND ACTIVITIES

MONDAY 24.11

Conference: Latin America- Globalization, Poverty and Democracy- What is the Future to be?
Lord Brennan, Member of the House of Lords and former Chairman of the Bar
7:00 PM, Room D202

TUESDAY 25.11

Free film, food and wine: Nine Queens (Argentina, 2002). - "...keeps a straight face when pulling the rug out from under you" - (NY Times), 7:00 pm, Room D702

WEDNESDAY 26.11

South American Food and Music - Brunch Bowl, 11:30 till 2:30 PM

WEDNESDAY 26.11

Roundtable Discussion with LSE Economic History Professor Collin Lewis,
6:00 PM, Pitcher & Piano, 42 Kingsway

THURSDAY 27.11

Central American/ Mexican Food and Music - Brunch Bowl, 11:30 till 2:30 PM

FRIDAY 27.11

CARIBBEAN LUNCH!! - Brunch Bowl, 11:30 till 2:30 PM

MONDAY 1.12

5:30 PM
Roundtable Discussion with Dr. Victor Bullmer-Thomas, Director of the Royal Institute of International Affairs
Pitcher & Piano, 42 Kingsway

And... TUESDAY 2ND DECEMBER: Iberoamerican LATIN PARTY AT THE QUAD!!!! 7-11 pm

'Cinema - Art or Commerce?'

A debate with guests Steven North - Producer for Hollywood and Disney of films such as Charlie's Angels, Georges Hoffman - Producer of films for Hollywood such as Obsession which starred Daneil Craig (now in The Mother) - Ken McMullen - International film director and artist, has

recently finished a solo show at the PS1 in New York.
The evening will start with a showing of Ken McMullen's critically acclaimed film 'Zina' which tells the story of developments within the Soviet Union and Germany in relation to the Second World War through the eyes of Trotsky's daughter. For more information on the film and its director please go to www.kenmcmullenfilms.com
Date: Friday 28th November
Venue: Hong Kong Theatre
Time: 6pm film showing of 'Zina' followed by an hour debate then drinks with the guests.
Entrance: Free
For more information please contact: C.A.Bray@lse.ac.uk

LSE Poetry Society presents.

"Scriptwriting and directing: Grotowski and Artuad"

Speaker: Steve Lambert
Room: G1
Day: Tuesday, November 25th
Time: 8pm

Steve Lambert was born in London, and discovered his interest in the theatre when 20, while living in Israel. He went to East 15 Acting School for three years, studying Stanislavski and the method. After leaving drama school Lambert worked as an actor for various theatre company's until he went to Poland and met some Polish actors and discovered Grotowski's "Towards a Poor Theatre" method and realised there was another way of approaching theatre. His plays include: "Ashes to Ashes", "Crucifixion" and "Cage". His work is about human rights, violence and has religious undertones, based mainly on technics from Grotowski and Artaud.

TURKISH SOCIETY

TURKISH SOCIETY FILM FESTIVAL- VIZONTELE

The story of our next film VIZONTELE takes place in a small town in eastern Turkey in 1974. Government officers bring a television. Some say, it will make distances closer, some say it is an invention of devil and according to what other say: "It is just a type of cinema!" Come and find out for yourselves what it is with this film that signifies a number of pioneering steps for Turkish cinema!!
19.00 Nov 27th
Location: S75

Business Society

Accenture Corporate Presentation
Presentation discussing Accenture and how to make a good application for consultancy, there will be a reception afterwards, with the opportunity to meet consultants from different divisions.
Thursday 27th November, 5.30pm
Location: D602

Mallorca Party @ Aquarium (256 Old Street, Old Street tube station)

25th November - 9pm till 3am
Dress Code: Bikini or Bermudas to go with the club's Swimming Pool (or optionally smart&sexy)
Arrive early for FREE SANGRIA
Featuring Sexy Summer Beats incl Hip Hop, RnB and House
Tickets on Houghton Street daily from 11-14
Members: £5,- Non-Members: £7,- incl. membership!

LSE Indian Society

Sapphire at Opium Bar
25th November, 10pm till late
Tickets on sale on Houghton Street from Fri 21st Nov till Tue 25th November
6GBP in advance and 8GBP at the door
Dress Code: Traditional/ Smart/ No hoods or trainers
Music: R&B, HipHop, Bhangra

The Student Law Society, Law Department and LSE Careers Service

The LSE LAW FAIR 2003
Date: Thursday 27th November 2003
Time: 6.30-9.30pm
Venue: Student Services Centre
Over 25 stalls including Magic Circle and Top 50 city law firms, barristers chambers and law-related organisations (Government Legal Service, PriceWaterHouseCoopers, Liberty).
Also law colleges for advice on professional qualification courses like the CPE (for non-law students), LPC (solicitors) and BVC (barristers)
Tickets available from Careers Service (Tower Two, 6th Floor) Friday 2-3 and next Mon+Tues 9.30-10.30am

Chess Society meetings

Every Tuesday
6.15 - 9.15 in V102

The Real Estate Club

Drivas Jones
Tuesday, November 25 at 7pm
S300 (St. Clements)

International Society Film Festival

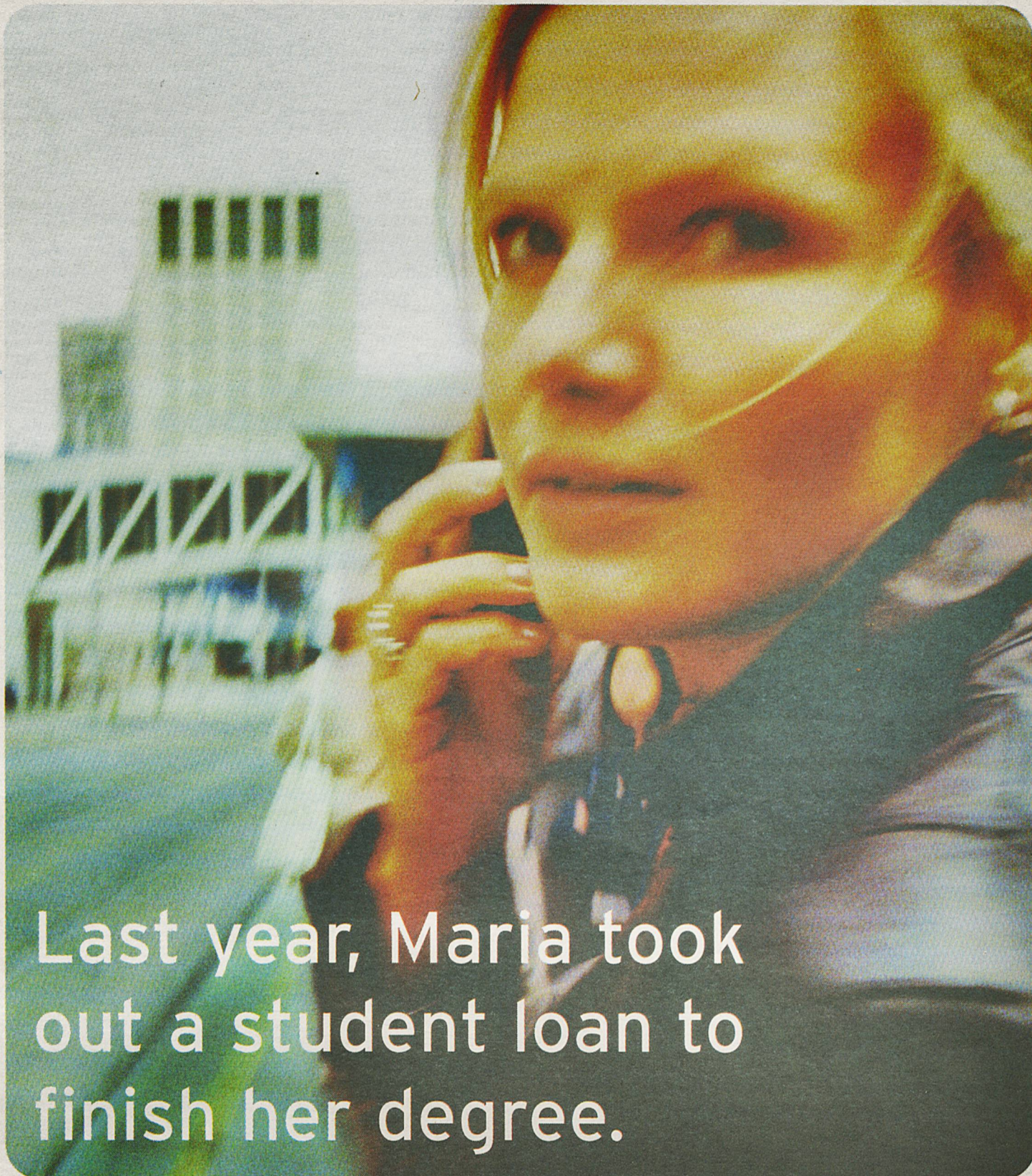
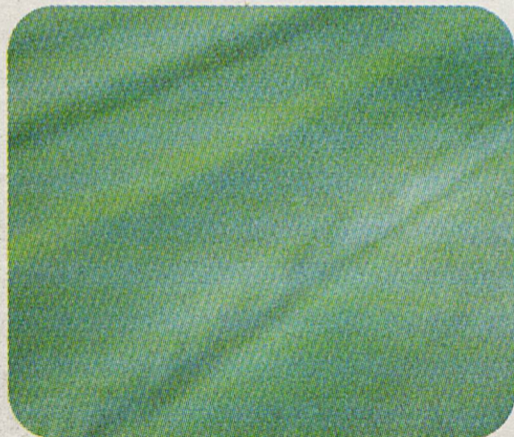
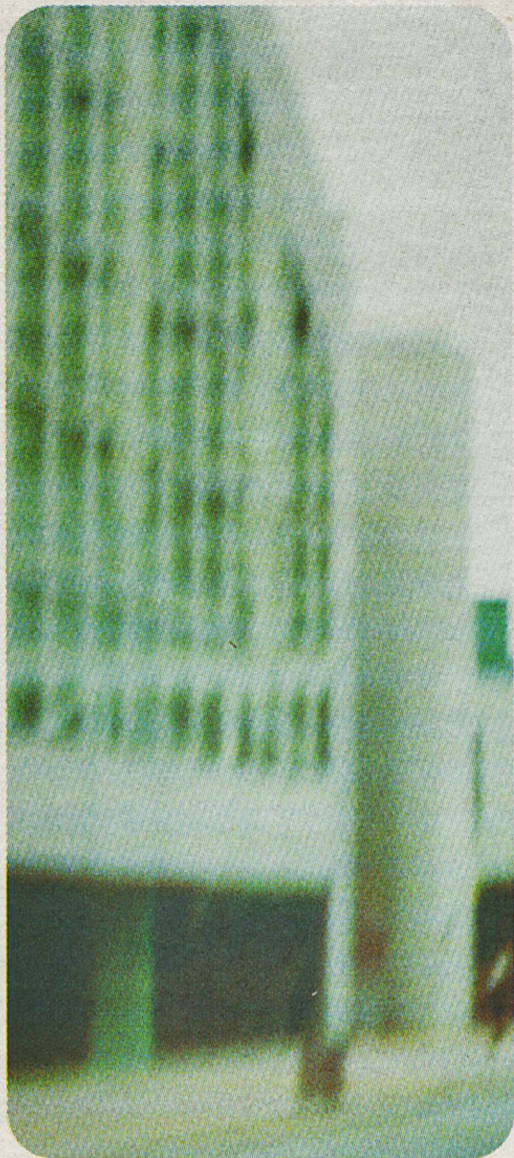
Tuesday ---- City of God -----Rm D302 Time 19:00
Thursday ---- Devdas -----New Theatre Time: 20:00
Thursday ---- Amores Perros ---- Rm D302 Time 20:00
The tickets are 50p for members and £1 for non-members.



Type of event	Date of event	Event	Starts	End	Registration	location
Careers Service Seminar	25th November	Application Forms	1pm	2pm	No need to Register	G1
Presentation	25th November	F Hoffman-La Roche	9am	5pm	Attendance is by invitation only. Send CV and Cover Letter in English to Fhoffman-La Roche LTD. Personnel Marketing PSPM. Bldg 49/1.039.ch-4070 Basel, Switzerland	Switzerland
Fair	26th November	The LSE Internship Fair	6.30pm	9.30pm	Collect tickets from Careers Service-Check Careers Website for Details	Atrium
Psychometric Test	26th November	Practice Aptitude Test	2.30pm	5.00pm	Register at Careers Service	H616
Fair	27th November	LSE Law Fair	6.30pm	9.30pm	Collect tickets from Careers Service-Check Careers Website for Details	Atrium
Careers Service Seminar	1st December	Interviews	1pm	2pm	No need to Register	S221

>This is Citigroup.

Apply online at Citigroup.com



Last year, Maria took out a student loan to finish her degree.

Citigroup Day on Campus

Citigroup representatives will be on Campus on Thursday 4th December 2003 for a whole day of interactive events. Penultimate Year students from all disciplines are very welcome. For further information, please e-mail campus.queries@citigroup.com, stating "LSE Day on Campus" in the title of your e-mail.

This year, she helped structure a billion dollar loan to the Ukraine.

At Citigroup, we can make careers happen—sometimes very quickly. That's because, as the world's leading financial services firm, we value talent and innovative thinking. The choices at Citigroup are only as limited as your aspirations and imagination. To find out more, go to Citigroup.com.



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The BeaverSports

They Used To Be The Sevenths But Now They Are The Sixes!

Page Filling.....Great

Giving Pages To B:Art.....Nope

The 6th Team, Aworl doftheirown

Francis 'wet dreams about Cèltic' Murray



U LU division four champiooooooneees 2002-03. But who are we...?

Andy 'the cat' Schwarz - Yo! Canada's answer to Neville Southall goes into his third season between the sticks for LSE's greatest football team. Shwizzle also represents LSE's international students, doubling as a postman - what a role model for the young 'uns. Goes to school with 'nuff homos(exuals)'. Has been known to have trouble justifying his existence. Quote: (On receiving a call from the Asian Int'l Students Officer at Cambridge, Sun Yi Fak) "The porn is calling me now?!"

Matt Bawden - Solid Player. Intimidating in the Tackle. Really Obliterates Attackers. Sacrifices lots for the Team. And a good goal scorer too! Quote: "Sure, there's room for everyone!"

Huckleberry Fynn Prager - From Leeds but don't let that put you off this rock solid and very vocal defender. Quote: "LSE ball every time! (repeat ad nauseum in gruff northern grunt)"

Jossalin - the stubby girl sacrifices everything for the team - injury and even Barnet can't prevent him turning up to the fortress on a match day. Whine: "Come on LSE!"

Fran Murray - LSEFC's Bobo Balde. Best

header of the ball this side of the equator. Vocal on the pitch, even if we can't understand what he's saying. Quote: No clue. Fucked if we can understand him...

C.Ivan Yam - went through a stage of being nice to people although we were all too suspicious to believe his good intentions, so he went back to being a c-dot. And he really is. Loves to be called on 07771882105 after Limeabout to be told he's a caaant. Quote: (on being asked how much he hates Joss) "Qui'a lo" (sic, I think it means 'quite a lot' - Ed)

'Dangerous' Dave King - shuttles up and down the left hand side to great effect. Quote: "I'm pretty boring when I'm drunk. I'm pretty boring when I'm sober, too."

Oyvind 'Oyvinho' Johnsen - Captain Marvel and the Maldini of the team to boot. Has revelled in the captaincy with his swear count and Limeabout appearances already thrashing that of last year. Loves it. Quote: "Are these yours?!?!?"

P.Wario.Will.Will - occasionally stops chasing the princess and collecting coins to play for us. Easily distracted by young school-girls and crashes the kart when he runs over those pesky banana skins we leave out for him...coins and shells spill everywhere. Increased level of fitness has seen the boy from Ealing (Wariolands) dominate midfield so far this season with skill and bite. Loves thé munch. Quote: "I'maa Waarioo, I'ma gonna wiiin"

Andy C.Lee - one part of our Pokemon collection. The sweetest right foot in the business and will try to score from every corner we get. Even went up for a header once this season. Misses living with C.Ivan and now has to endure watching Cuntonese porn by himself. Quote: "Ivan, come baaack"

Rich Lomas - G.Rafter has started the season in the sparkling form he finished the last

Part of last year's Marble Arch Massif (MAM) - LSE's answer to the rat pack. Now located in docklands, the MAM still dominate FC proceedings, even if Rich's current job in a thicktank is temporarily preventing him from being the man he was on a Wednesday. Wifebeater. Quote: "I do wa' I wa"

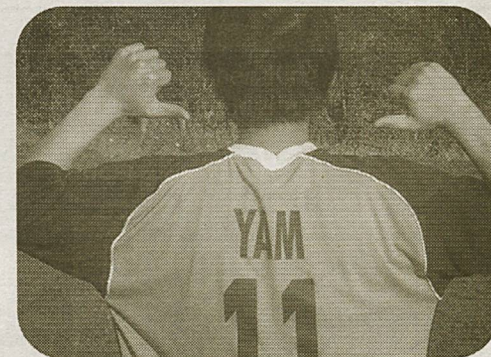
Nic 'Oslo' Stavnes - the flowing mane returns for another season. Completing a masters simply so he can play football for another year. Unnerving ability to outdrink the entire AU week in, week out, as the only certified 20-pint-a-night man in the club. Will demand the classics every Friday at crush. Quote: "Errerr. Gig monogig highiihighii"

Kesh R.Patel9 - honoured to have one of LSE's 2,569,068 Patel's in the team. Sacrificed a position in the Patel society for a roving midfield role. Don't let his low-pro appearance and mild manner put you off; his challenges are high, hard and darn right vicious. Quote: Nope, lets his tackling do the talking.

Jay - a nasty hernia problem has kept Jay from playing properly this season, unfortunate as he aims to score comedy goals from different body parts each game. Recently switched to roving sweeper role with great aplomb. Quote: "I'm not shaving 'til I score" (He's still sporting a ludicrous beard.)

Sir Simon Lopy Glennie QC - has left LSE although still returns to play football and have it in the Tuns. Can he not just let go!? Quote: Nope, he's the strong and silent type.

Mike 'Silver Anus' Carlton - This champagne supernova recovered from last season's nasty bell end injury to have another season in the FC, even reinventing himself as a referee extraordinnaire. Anus house resident and definitely succeeds in 'not being rubbish.' Author of such classics as the Caustic Steve song and the AU Barrel song. Quote: "(This was a really funny quote but the knob-heads at the Beaver took it out. If you wanna know what it was, e-mail



g.h.carter@lse.ac.uk for the unedited version -Sports Ed)".

Steve Caustic Simpson - another year, another 2nd year for the ginger one. A job in - ridiculously - a charity this year saw the Limeabout count drop, but don't worry; His Causticness walked out on that to return to the fold. Quote: "Why do you wanna see him after the match, you wanna touch his nuts?"

Lyle Jackson - quality midfielder with a sweet left peg and lightning pace. Winning goal on his debut, hope to see more of this one. Quote: "Meep meep! Vrooooooooooom"

Doug Handoncock - graduated last year although wishes he hadn't. Bombards the email list forty times a day and has already come back to play for us twice. A lifetime 7ths/6ths member; will still be playing for the team in 10 years time. Quote: "It'd be rude to be offline"

Jeز Sanders - a regular in the Tuns, yet to kick a ball for us. Begs not to be played every week. Disappointed he can't pass out in Drury Lane while waiting for his High Holborn flatmates to carry him home anymore - means he has to go to Slimeabout for one of the Marcia Road crew to fulfil that job. Snores worse than old man with nasal problems. Quote: "PLEASE don't put me on, I'm shiiiiit!!!"

Hockey Play Dragon To Lucky St George's...

LSE Men's Hockey 2nds.....4

St Bart's Thirds.....0

Land of Hope and Glory, Roundabouts

LSE Men's Hockey 2nds.....2

St George's Seconds.....3

Not Beckton, Cositscrap

Sach and Nosh



Before we talk about the match there is yet more unfinished business to attend to. Firstly, apologies for not gracing The Beaver with our irreverent wit last week, Sach reckoned his time was better spent trying to find himself a job as an Investment Wanker. He's half way there. And I'm just not funny. As it is, this report might not be that great because we've only got twenty minutes to write it. Maybe we shouldn't be wasting time with this crap then. Secondly, we'd like to thank 'The Powers That Be' at The Beaver for printing our last report unedited, much to our disappointment. We can't take the piss out of the fuckers now.

On to last week's away match against SLBH 3s (two weeks ago now). We thought it would be easy because they were shit. And it was, despite Boy's best efforts to keep the scoreline at 0-0. We shouldn't really castigate him for being useless in front of goal, but it's funny so we will. For the fifth match in a row, he posed a goal threat akin to Phil 'son of Neville Neville' Neville. O shit, even Phil 'son of Neville Neville' Neville isn't that bad. Fortunately, Katen, the 'too nice to cuss' goal machine scored an emphatic hat-trick. See, we've mentioned it, now stop bugging us. Pete 'I'm a victim of one of Rishi's scouting missions' Emms, making his debut for LSE looked right at home, needing about five gilt-edged chances to score one goal. Still, better late than never eh Boy? MashER didn't want to play in goal that day so Septic plucked up the courage to use a second hand box and played between the sticks. Fortunately, he didn't have much to do, but

when called upon, made an outstanding save. See, we've mentioned it, now stop bugging us. The only other point worth mentioning is Nosh's behaviour as a petulant little twat for arguing with the ref. He got five minutes in the sin bin, but since he had tears in his eyes, I should probably stop there. Wet pants. Final score 4-0.

Now, onto last weeks match away at St George's 2s. After playing them off the park earlier in the season it would have been a fair assumption that with a stronger, fitter team we'd beat them again. And now, back to Boy and his continued ineptitude in front of goal. As was pointed out after the match (in hindsight, a bit late) the aim is to score in the hockey goal, not the football one fifteen yards behind. Moving on to muppet #2, Katen finally worked out how to dribble around the 'keeper. However, the art of scoring with an open goal at his mercy is still eluding him. As for self confessed muppet #3, we don't really think you were as bad as the other two but since you kept apologising for being shit, it's only fair we concur. You were shit. Even then, we managed to score two goals which should have

been enough to finish off the little ginger haired fuckers, but it wasn't.

Where should we start? Goal number one came from some fanning around by a certain Geordie blood sucker (sorry, lawyer) outside the D which led to Nosh deflecting a wayward shot into the goal. Goal number two came from Nosh and Septic both showing signs that they were scared of the ball. Bit of a problem, given they were defending a short corner at the time. Goal number three was a mixture of rubbish refereeing and shocking defending by Qazim leading to a penalty flick on the last play of the match. Despite Septic's heroic efforts, they scored to make the final score an embarrassing 2-3. Oh dear...

To add insult to injury, we didn't get any free food from the bastards. Their captain, looking very much like the love child of Luke 'it's not still haloween' Chadwick and Camilla Parker Bowls, didn't like our 'spirit' after the match. Forgive us for being bitter about losing to the worst team in the league.

You are probably wondering where our usual homophobic, paedophilic, racist and sexist jokes are this week given current events (Jacko, Bush, Prince Charles et al). Do not worry, they'll be in next week when we have more time, and aren't being forcibly removed from S169.

Gimperial Defeated As Running Go To No. 1!

LSE Runners.....On Top

Gimps.....Air-tight

Wimbledon Common, Wombleland

Captain J



It's taken a bit of time but finally we made it! No amount of excuses from the Gimps about being ill, injured etc.. will

take away from the fact that we are officially the best runners in the UL and at the right time too, with the Cross-Country championships in 2 weeks.

The day began in glorious weather (for November) and we made it to Wimbledon Common

with plenty of time to spare. No Wombles in sight, just a pack of hungry runners eagerly anticipating the 3rd race of the season. Still there were plenty of things to pass the time, my American Football provided much entertainment for the Yanks in our team while Tim and the rest munched on a bag of Haribos. I was not amused! The race itself was agony! Once again the organisers had increased the course length and by the start of the second lap my legs felt like two lumps of lead. I was gutted the UL Captain and my nemesis beat me (with his fucking green shoes) but 27th was an ok finish. But when I found out Dennis our No.1 had won the race I was overjoyed! Our team had a chance of beating the Gimps. Their team weren't to confident and by Thursday morning it was official! Our Fantastic Five, Dennis, Steve M, Cason, John (me!) and Jack had taken LSE back to the top. In other action Isaac continued his improvement with a top 50 finish while our marauding pack of 2nd's followed in a close midfield battle. While Dennis

was being interviewed by Athletics Weekly and the rest of us reflected on a great day, Patrick and Tim eventually made it home to complete the scoring, too many sweets before the race I think! A depleted women's team put in a great effort, Suzanne finished just 2 seconds outside the top 10 while Liza set a PB in 21st. So what of the other Uni's? UCL finally decided (with the prospect of relegation) to field something resembling a team but they got hammered again. GOING DOWN! Strand Poly continued the tradition of getting smashed by us while the Gimps just went to the pub and drowned their sorrows. Our night involved a 10 pin bowling exhibition by yours truly, I showed the Americans how their sport really should be played! Running Club Captain and Bowling Champ, could life be any better? Until next time...



Netball Need You! Bring Your Own Pom-Poms!

LSE Netball 1sts.....21

GKT Prostitutes.....34

A Bad Place, Netball-land

Olivia Schofield



Well, what can I say? This is the first loss of the season and it was heart-wrenching. We suddenly feel mortal again and it's very unpleasant. I still can't believe the score. We lost. Shit. Before I start my article this week I want to point out to one particular reader that I am capable of writing something with

doesn't suggest that the opposition are easy in respect to their sexual morals - therefore slag, slut and whore will not be used again, today...

Wednesday started off the same as all the others before it. I woke up, got dressed, did some stuff, attended a class which I wasn't prepared for, and then arrived on time at the Tuns. This is where it started to go wrong. Our team only had seven players who were scattered across various parts of

London when we had to be at London Bridge at 12.45pm. We finally congregated at 1.15pm and had to run to make the train. It was here we learnt the sad news from CAPTAIN PHOEBE that Kat, our star centre player was ill. SHIT. This was one thing we weren't prepared for. We got on court and our formation fell to pieces, by the end of the first quarter we were 11-2 down.

We stayed positive and talked quick tactics in the break - our tactics were to play properly and win. This didn't work. Bollocks. By the end of the second half we were still losing. I can't be bothered to write the rest, it consisted off more positive talk and still losing. All I can say was that Madonna was wrong when I quoted her last week - the most important thing is not willpower

and self-belief but ability. Without ability you loose - end of story.

I'm not a bad loser, I'm just demoralised. Our team feel a bit disappointed with their performance as we know we should have had'em. Next week we play UCL and Bucks Chiltern. Let's hope my next article can speak of our victory. Winning the league is still in sight and so we haven't lost our goal. If anyone is interested in cheerleading for us please come along! (bring your home-made pom-poms.....)

Final thought - GKT are easy butch prostitutes. (N.B. not slags, sluts or whores).



Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against	Goal Diff	Points
9	6	1	2	29	17	12	19

Name	Goals
Nick	7
Ross	6
Graeme	6
Rob	3
Simon	2
Indy	1
Ed	1
Nathan	1
Pete	1
Raihan	1

The Mighty Mighty Sevenths!



The Pirate's Piece

Let me tell you about Beckton. Beckton is fucking rubbish. It's shite. It's so fucking bad that even the wildlife in Beckton pretend they're from Stratford. Beckton is where bad people go when they die. It's also where I woke up at 4:37am Thursday morning, at least, I'm pretty sure it was. Falling asleep on the Nightbus home is both a schoolboy error and pretty much a rite-of-passage for most Limeabout veterans. Many's the time you hear of some poor sod braving the wilds of Romford, Catford Garage and Penge, owing to a drunken slumber on the back seats of London Transport's finest, drooling on your cheek, snoring like an elephant and getting fondled by one of the many, many weirdoes you're bound to find on night-buses. Fuck it, at least I got to see a real-life tree during my stay in London, without having to go to Berrylands.

Talking of pikey places, the UGM's been pissing me off recently, as I'm sure it has most of you who're reading this. AU turn-out is still quite low, but at least the people who are there are beginning to make themselves heard -and felt. Dave Cole got one RIGHT in his smug 48-year old face this Thursday- and that can only be a good thing. We've really really got to stop shamelessly humour-less muppets from running this thing. 'But how?' I hear you e-mail, well, two suggestions: a) We get more people out, and start passing motions like 'mandate Rowan Harvey to get spit-roasted by the entire Exec' or 'mandate Andy Schwartz to twat Jo Kibble really hard', or b) we stop throwing paper, and begin to throw other stuff, like chairs and pint glasses. I'm positive that if every time some obnoxiously self-righteous knob-head got up to say something 'funny' about Badgers he got glassed from the top balcony, they'd very quickly stop. Maybe if Dave Cole got a couple of bricks showering down on him, maybe he'd stick to sitting in his little chair, thinking his little thoughts that pervade his little life. Um, I've just been told to say that 'I don't condone anyone throwing anything other than paper, and that to do so would be wrong. Please don't throw anything except paper, otherwise you'll be dealt with very seriously'. Although, I remember last year some valiant AU-ball goers (who were STILL going after an early morning bender at Spitalfields Marketplace) chucking sausages and assorted offal at blatantly rubbish speakers.

Oh yeah, Barrel's coming up and I'm no closer to having a single clue as to what the first-team's going as this year. You get the usually rubbish suggestions of things that have been done to death in previous years and you get the rubbish suggestions of people who just want to look good, not understanding that pulling is probably not an option when you end up so sloppy that you can't see by 3pm. Also, you get embarrassingly shit suggestions from absolute virgins who's girlfriends make them wear Spiderman costumes during sex, so they want everyone to go as Spiderman. Mentioning no names Dom Rustam. There's something very disturbing about all that. Oh yeah, and I found out the name of the girl-who-I-feel-I-really-must-apologise-to and I apologised to her. See? I'm a man of my word. A man of principles. A man who wakes up in Beckton and cries. True story. Bye.

Many A Caaaaaant And Rugby Play The Game!

LSE Rugby 3rds.....Not-lots

Portsmouth Caaaants.....Lots

Fortress Berrylands, Surrey

Scouse



Although it may seem somewhat peculiar to write a report where the score looks like the third team were bent over and abused without the courtesy of a reach around, I assure you this was definitely not the case. We arrived at Berrylands to see that not only were Portsmouth already warming up but also were the most outrageously big caaants you ever did see.

From the kick off it was easy to see their game plan: give it to the forwards and they will mock our comparatively puny and pathetic team. However, with every player on the field defending like gladiators and putting in some monstrous hits, we showed those poly caaants that size does indeed not matter. On that note this may be a good point to call for a retraction of last's weeks women's rugby report with regards to Weasel's girlfriend. During the course of the first half we forced their tactics to change and they started to use their back-line who looked like they had never been involved in a game of rugby before now. Although they were able to score several drive over tries, we were able to make several interceptions to keep them at bay and we made some dangerous runs but with little success. The half-time score was only 21-0, but could easily have been more. As the second half began there was a

suspicion that the Portsmouth team talk also involved a group taking of some form of performance enhancing drugs (not that the AU condones any form of drug taking). Not only did they come back bigger and even more ugly but also they threw us off guard with their forwards actually passing the ball, a concept unfamiliar to many fat ugly stupid inbred poly caaants! As a second half substitution, the Angry Little Man led by example and schooled Scouse on the fine art of 'thievery' by turning over numerous rucks and the last ten minutes saw a vicious assault on the Portsmouth line. The result was a quick penalty taken by Emmo who spread the ball wide for Matt to score a well-deserved try. The final whistle blew and that was that. However it is encouraging to see how well players, who had previously never played before, were learning the beautiful game that is rugby. After the match, our Captain Zac came into the changing rooms and announced

in his lovely accent, "I met a nice Welsh boy in the showers, I did". Enough said I think. After a few sociables in the Berrylands bar, we left the poly wank to get naked and run around outside, as seemed quite normal to them, and then we headed off to the Tuns to play the game and just to generally get fucked. The traditional Wednesday night visit to Walkabout also came into play, but I have no idea what the fuck happened there. *Scouse is not the Scouse who is the Footy Club Captain. Neither is he the Scouse who became a martyr in Calella last year by getting battered by the Spanish Police. This particular Scouse is the one who spent most of Wednesday night trying to fit himself under the hand-dryer in the Tuns bathroom, attempting fruitlessly to dry-clean his shirt free of Guinness.*

Dumb Virgins Ex-Communicated By Netball 2nds!

LSE Netball 2nds....."42!!!"

St Mary's Virgins.....27

Lincoln's Inn Fields, Justuptheroad

Alison Blease



Two words describe our opponents this week - CHEEKY FUCKERS!!!! I was particularly offended by the little bitches and you'll find out just why in graphic detail in a minute. Needless to say that it has been nearly 24 hours since the match and I still get so angry when I think about it that I'm fairly sure the people sat near me in this delightful computer room are going to

turn on me at any second for pounding the keyboard so bloody hard. Still, back to our tale of victory... First thing that we noticed about them was that they were a bit too keen. We arrived half an hour before the match to warm up to find them already standing around at Lincoln's Inn (I could obviously tell they were dodgy fuckers from the moment I laid eyes on them). As far as our performance goes, we were superb -as (almost) always, epitomising the very qualities that all good netballers should possess. To put it plainly for you all: we were pretty shit hot!! There was running and leaping and interceptions and goals all over the place and we led from the very beginning...blah blah...we are amazing. Now for their slating. First of all their goal shooter was such a heifer that our defence are now covered in bruises from her bashing her fat arse into them for the entire

60mins. I can't complain too much about this though cos Marie kinda likes it. The only reason that she keeps turning up every week is the thought of rubbing up close against some big, butch human bowling ball type - and I'm not joking, the girl was BIG!!! The biggest shock for me came after the third quarter during which I had been doing the scoring. Before going back on for the fourth quarter the BUNCH OF WANKERS accused me outright of fixing the scores!!! Apparently they did not believe that we had scored eleven times in the third quarter and they had only counted eight. Just to get this clear ONE GOAL EQUALS ONE POINT, it's not exactly rocket science. I don't know what kind of shitty degree course for goldfish they do at their 'uni' but I felt obliged to point out that at LSE we don't have a problem with adding up! It's not exactly hard to cross a number out each time a ball goes through a net -although apparently it is. They also seemed to have failed to notice that they were so far behind us that three

goals would have made fuck all difference anyway. Just for effect I then shouted the score out at the top of my voice at every opportunity in the final quarter just to piss them off. If they want to accuse me of cheating then I will humiliate them and destroy whatever morale they ever possessed by screaming just how badly we were beating them. They deserved everything they got the little shits. But well done team (Louisa, Crystal, Rachel, Fiona, Marie, Aine, Laura and me) cos we won - again. It's almost becoming a habit. I apologise to all of you for the amount of swearing in this weeks report but really I just couldn't help it. I'm completely over it now of course, writing this is better than therapy...
...wankers...
...cunts...
...fuckers...

SSEES Get Food-Aid, But No Mercy From The Sevenths!

LSE Footy Sevenths.....4

SSEES.....1

Fortress Berrylands, Surrey

Paul McAleavey



The Champagne Sevenths marched to their sixth win of the season in impressive style at Fortress Berrylands. Graeme's birthday and Nick's toenail going blue had deprived the side of two of their top scorers. Matters were not helped when the giant SSEES captain (who was 6 foot 2 and

the weight of a small family car) introduced himself to Nathan at Waterloo, where they had just arrived by clinging to the underside of the Eurostar. With three of our four defenders, including new 'signing' Paul Dobson, well under six foot, the sight of the giant SSEES team standing outside WH Smith had some of us pretty worried. A less than Champagne start to the match involved the Eastern Europeans tearing through us like a fence at the Sangatte detention centre. In a moment that was more akin to Woodpecker Cider than Champagne, the LSE defence (well, actually just me) got turned by one of their strikers, and the cross he sent in was turned into his own net by Paul Dobson, meaning that he had scored on his debut. The fact it was at the wrong end is irrelevant. However, in one of our best performances of the season so far, we managed to turn things

around. Their defence playing deep was proving problematic for our Brazil 1970-esque style of football, but Rob came up with a remarkably simple solution by duly lobbing their keeper from outside the penalty box. 1-1 and we were back in the game. Nathan hammered in his first goal of the season just minutes later to put us in the lead and make up for his brother's own goal earlier. Despite us racing into the inevitable lead, the Eastern Europeans continued to battle, much like they did under Ceasceau, for an equalizer, and came alarmingly close when a shot from outside the area hit the post and then the back of Manni's head. The second half saw some bizarre decisions from the referee, who, if it wasn't for the government's "Care in the Community" scheme, would still be languishing in a ward somewhere. Ross, complete with new boots, was told he was offside when he was in his own half, a decision which perplexed even the

SSEES players. At 2-1 the match wasn't yet won, and SSEES hit the crossbar to come dangerously close to equalizing. Then a moment of Seventh team magic - new 'signing' Northern Irish Pete picked up the ball on the halfway line, dribbled round five of their players, raced through and stuck the ball past the keeper to score a goal that had tints of John Barnes against Brazil. With a two goal cushion, there was room for some classic Sevenths moments of true champagne. Backheels, dummies and flicks were being dispatched left right and centre. So far, our little and large strike partnership of Ross and Raihan had looked dangerous but were yet to score, but a long ball from defence was taken down by Ross, who crossed for Raihan. Rather than blast the ball past the keeper, Raihan decided on a cheeky Paulo Di Canio style tap past the keeper to put us 4-1 up and seal the win.

This man's existence may not be justified, but he at least should be allowed to vote. Up Free Speech!



"If you vote for this motion I'll bring a motion of censure against you and you'll never talk at a UGM again"

- Jo Kibble

BeaverSports: Luuuuurves the fascism...

Hot 'n' Sexy And Tries All Round!

LSE Women's Rugby.....37

Canterbury Clod-hoppers.....7

Fortress Berrylands, Surrey

Van and Lim



The game plan was simple: "piss all over their open wounds" and take no prisoners. This was the rallying cry of Hanimal QC (she's not hot-headed, think Pinky and the Brain and you have our Queen!) Canterbury (C4) quivered and defeat was imminent at the hands of the LSE Goddesses.

To put it bluntly, we scored before the starting whistle's blast was finished by Geoff the Ref (Santa Claus' illegitimate lovechild by Pavarotti). Fabulous winger Claudia dodged one Canterbury moose, then another and passed with clinical timing along the backline to Dani, who exceptionally gave Jen the ball to score Hot Sexy Try no. 1. Two-and-a-half minutes in and we were as hot as Britney's crotch-skinning panties. Our butch cheerleaders - Johnny, Stuart and Ash - knew their secret porn stash would never compare to the raw passion about to be unleashed.

The Canterbury Clod-hoppers had no time to catch their breath before the mighty Isabelle McLoughlin slam-dunked-eat-my-dust-bitch Hot Sexy Try no.2. Everyone was taking their cues

from Hannah who as ever led by example with excellent charges, relentless tackles and hot sexy leg action. Us being radiantly charitable though, we allowed Canterbury to canter by and score their only try of the match before Arkell openly rained on their parade with triumphant Hot Sexy Try no.3. To be fair, we are yet to face a real challenge - the Imperial Oompah-Lumpahs, the Writtle Farmyard Beasts, the 'total eclipse' of Kent's freak show - so we hoped for at least a bit of competition. Sorely disappointed by lack of resistance, we brought out the Weapon of Mass Destruction... Bush...Jen Bush - no relation to Dubya (she's got more than one brain cell so no comparison).

Intercepting a sloppy pass, Jen had time to stop and humiliate the Chubbys by pointing and laughing, and then scored cheekily between the posts. Hot Sexy Try No.4 was followed by a wonderful conversion by broken-fingered Arkell, the score at half-time was 22-7. Canterbury's coach - equally of the sumo-wrestling variety - summed up the

moment "Come on Moose's, we've done this in practice C-A-T-C-H the ball!"

During half-time, the LSE Baywatch Babes had French manicures and Hanimal cleverly disguised her newly acquired black-eye with some sultry take-me-to-bed eye make-up. The opposition required defibrillators, adrenaline shots, several ventilators and mucho liposuction. One requested a crane... but she's still at Fortress Berrylands rotting away.

The Second Half was all about the fun.



Just ask the supporters!

This season it's

taken ages to read through all the fan mail and discard of the jockstraps; we have such a huge following, you football guys know who you are. The noisy support of the blondes - Ribby Lizzie, Tall Kate, Juicy Jane and Energetic Erin - was phenomenal. Nurtured, encouraged and downright bullied by us, the vir-

ginal vixen Vanessa and lusciously lickable Louise. (Got a bit carried away with the alliteration) We did good. The forwards kicked royal ass working magnificently in the scrum - powered at the centre by Sandy and Isabelle and coordinated by Hestors' good advice. We finally capitalised on Ross and Darius' Sunday Morning criticisms with the forwards coming into their own with brilliant determined runs by props Aisha and Kelly. Gibson was stunningly terrifying; she grabbed the ball and streaked forward - Weasel but a distant memory - to claim Hot Sexy Try no.5!!

The crowd was at full capacity and went wild...questions were raised as to whether this sort of discrimination was legal...perhaps radical activists should consider censorship?? Maybe a UGM motion, how else can they fill their empty schedules? Scrum-half Ellie was as always on the ball putting 110% in and floored many a Michelin man look-alike. Laura, as ever her great reliable self, took one for the team, a high tackle from her border-line lesbian counterpart didn't quash her drive - what a trooper. Another fab tackler was Johanna, whose flying hits once again resulted in critical injuries and cleared the way for Special K and 'golden showers' Hot Sexy Try no. 6. It goes without saying that K's enthusiasm is second to none, Ash claimed her to be an equal dominatrix in the bedroom - we would want to see his bruises. Wham-bam-glam Nelly made the wing her own by covering half the pitch to reach the tryline, before being the unselfish honey she is, and providing Gibson with Hot Sexy Try no.7. Not wanting to be outdone, SexyKate showed us the dark-side that is her supersonic speed. With the opposition hyperventilating on her heels, she sprinted, she shook her goldilocks, she flashed a smile and scored the ultimate Hot Sexy Try no.8. In case you haven't got it by now or are missing the bias of this article, we are as hot and sexy as Johnny W's little wiggle. Canterbury could no longer canter-by; they crumbled pathetically and lay in the abyss of pariah wannabe college-universities. Hey they call themselves C4 (it's meant to compare with LSE) but we believe C4 to mean Chunky, Challenged, Crippled and Crap. It was a beautiful game.....

Again, they were very insistent on saying they were both 'very tasty', and I'm not gonna be the one to disagree -Ed

LSE's Women's Team are undefeated, supreme mistresses of the Universe - rugby is our bitch! We have thus come up with some recommendations for C4:

1. Atkin's is the Bible, do not eat it!
2. To pick-up a player in the line-out, a player weighing less than 25 stone would be a good start.
3. We have no problem with Lesbianism but the violent attempted rape of our no.15 has left emotional scarring, and is just NOT allowed.
4. Your hairy chests and man breasts meant we almost requested gender-testing, stay off the progesterone; you already have a natural supply.
5. Oh and finally as your very supportive coach (fire her) said "C-A-T-C-H the ball" you muppets.

