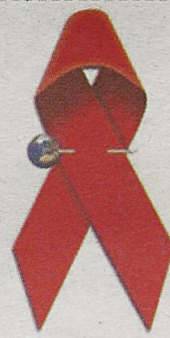


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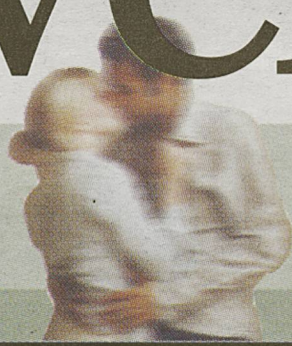
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The newspaper of the LSESU

The complexities of rape cases

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Sub Zero - Icebar

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Under booked and over priced

Christopher Lam
Senior Reporter

Yet again the Waterstone's on-campus Economists' Bookshop has come under fire for not offering the same student discounts as those offered at its Gower Street branch. An LSE student, Verena Letzerich brought her concerns about the matter to Chris Heathcote, the LSE Students' Union (SU) Communications Officer, who then took the matter to the Union General Meeting (UGM).

Heathcote proposed a motion that mandates the SU General Secretary, Rishi Madlani, to find out why the Economists' Bookshop does not offer the same student 10 percent discount on all books as the Waterstone's shop on Gower Street. It also requires him to ask the School, who

leases the premises to Waterstone's, to lobby for the discounts. The motion was passed convincingly by the Union.

The Economists' Bookshop has a prominent position in the Clare Market building, benefiting from being the only high street bookstore on campus. However, the Waterstone's on Gower Street, which is close to University College London (UCL) and the School of Oriental and African Studies (SOAS), offers a 10 percent discount on all books for students which lasts during the first month of the LSE Michaelmas term, when students buy most of their textbooks for the year.

In the motion, Heathcote remarks that the clear difference in available discounts is 'unfair' and 'it is also unfair for LSE students to be expected to travel all the way to Gower Street to claim the discounts'.

The Economists' Bookshop was said to be acting 'immorally' especially since it is situated on a university campus.

Regarding other alternatives to buying books from Waterstone's, Heathcote explained to *The Beaver*: "Of course students have alternatives; there is the internet and other stores all over London, but that's not the point. We have a store in the middle of our campus which is part of a chain, which does not offer student discounts, when less than a mile away another branch of the chain does offer a student discount. That is blatant unfairness and should not be allowed to go unchallenged."

In the past, the bookstore has cited its second hand deals and 'buy-back' schemes as advantages on offer for students. It also offers discounts on selected popular course books. Unlike



Photograph: Ruby Bhavra

Waterstone's Economists' Bookshop has again been accused of sidelining students' interests

Students' Union budget "a blacker shade of red"

Sam Jones
Executive Editor

LSE Students' Union Treasurer Natalie Black is this week expected to announce budgetary increases for societies and key union services, while stabilising the Union's heavy deficit.

The advice centre, communications and freshers' budgets are all expected to see increases in funding according to details of the budget leaked to *the Beaver*. Societies are to enjoy the biggest bonuses however, with Black adding an extra £5000 to their budget allocation, up to £35,000 from £30,000 last year. The Union has also enjoyed over £25,000 in additional funds from the LSE's annual

fund, going towards the athletics union, quad cafe, SU reception and PuLSE radio station.

In all, the budget is expected to be received with little disquiet at Thursday's UGM. Societies are said to be very pleased with the promised increased allocation in funding.

The Finance and Services Committee (F&S), which allocates funding to societies, has also come under close scrutiny following reforms undertaken by Black to introduce pre-budget consultation processes.

Despite the increased expenditure however, SU trading services have suffered from large drops in income. Indeed, the loss made by the Union's bars and services has increased by a staggering 36 percent over the past year. The downturn in revenue has been

masked in the short term by the Union's controversial decision to close the Great Dover Street Atlas bar last year. The GDS bar lost the Union around £25,000 in 2003/04 and a further £10,500 in the five months it continued to operate in 2004/05.

Figures show that over 2004/05 the quad café barely broke even, with profits falling from £4,980 to £329. The Copy Shop also lost out with revenue nearly halving to £7,057 from £12,588. According to Black, the opening of the Garrick and the LSE's decision to lower photocopying prices are the main causes for concern. The newly launched Three Tuns Kitchen has also failed to yield fiscal rewards, with a projected running to some £2,680,

despite promising sales figures.

However, Black pointed out that the Three Tuns Food project was still dealing with start up costs, and despite the "negligible" loss, had already seen very healthy sales figures for its first year of operation. "I am very pleased with the progress food in the Tuns has been making", commented Black.

Several Union insiders have pointed to the need for a comprehensive reassessment of several of the SU's key services. Black assured critics that work was already underway to refurbish the Quad café and reassess the Union's situation.

Indeed, despite the decreases, Black remained confident of a definite upswing ahead. Next year will see a massive turnaround in

LSE SU finances, with the £133,000 depreciation cost which has handcuffed expenditure for the past few years being paid off. Apart from the setback trading services have suffered from, Black has also reduced the deficit by a third.

Figures within the Union have also been quick to point to the relatively healthy state of SU finances compared to other Unions across the country, which have suffered from massive reductions in income. In London, UCL Union currently faces a £350,000 deficit and is expected to be taken over by UCL administration should the situation not improve.

Speaking to *The Beaver*, last year, former LSE SU Treasurer Gareth Carter explained how Unions were "beginning to feel the strain of

increased off-campus competition, lower disposable student income and key shifts in the demography of students' unions." Carter advocated a "softly softly" approach to growth.

"I think the budget has been a great success", said Black. "I have been able to increase funding in services, stabilise the deficit and deliver on my campaign promises. Considering other Unions are facing serious difficulties at the moment, I'm pretty confident that we are performing very well. Whoever my successor will be should have a very healthy budget to play with."

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Rwanda repeated?

The War torn Darfur region of Sudan has seen over 200,000 deaths since spring 2003

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Geisha Revisited

Arthur Golden's critically acclaimed novel *Memoirs of a Geisha* has been reproduced as a movie. The Beaver examines whether the film can match up to the book

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Darth Fashion

The Beaver examines the seemingly sedate world of winter fashion and discovers Darth Vader's startling new winter line

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London's relations with LSE good?

Andy Hallett

A spirited attempt by locals to halt the closing down of the Exmouth campus of Plymouth University has re-ignited debate on the subject of "town and gown" relations. Plymouth Vice-Chancellor Roland Levinsky announced over the summer that the campus would be closed by 2008, relocating the education department to Plymouth itself. However, local councillors estimate the income received from the student presence at £20m and thus the campus' closing down would significantly affect Exmouth's economy and other residents.

Consequently the local MP and many others in the town are appealing directly to Bill Rammell, the higher education minister, and John Prescott, claiming that "the whole character of the town will change" if the move goes ahead. This is in great contrast to the usual moaning by local residents of students being loud or drunk.

Famously, pre-modern

Oxford and Cambridge experienced great conflict, occasionally spilling over into violence, between the upper-class gentlemen who went there and local residents.

London and LSE, are however, a different situation altogether. Oxbridge is one extreme, the two towns owing their very existence to the universities, even if more and more people living there have no connection to academia. Places like Manchester or Liverpool, regional cities with their own character that are not swamped by a large number of students, seem to balance town-gown relations well. The LSE seems almost invisible, the 11th best university in the world (according to *The Times*) shoved into a collection of buildings off the Aldwych which millions of Londoners probably know exist but are not sure where.

Part of the problem, if that is what it is, is that LSE students represent just 7000 residents out of London's 7 million, and thus it is partly natural to get lost in the urban sprawl. Some students at other universities felt that this was

an advantage. Many in provincial cities spoke bitterly about the student "ghettos" that can appear where several large halls and/or a campus are close together, creating a largely separate existence from the rest of the population. One Oxford student complained about the frequent verbal comments and, sometimes, physical assaults on students that resulted from packed pubs containing students and young locals.

Talking to students at the LSE, *The Beaver* received mixed responses. Many found the School's relative anonymity not to be a problem, but some commented that since the LSE participates in London as a city it "would be nice to get more recognition." However, several students pointed out that "London has so much going on that the LSE, however academically strong and eccentric, could never be as (comparatively) dominant" as, say, Manchester University is. Indeed, a few thought that the School's small-area and relatively hidden goings-on enhanced its uniqueness and thus its

appeal, even if that meant no one but taxi drivers know where it is.

Of course, the LSE's ultimate impact on London is the massive numbers of graduates it produces who then dominate the City, Inns of Court and Whitehall. But this only happens after graduation, and in some ways it may be halls of residence which more locally show LSE-London relations than the LSE per se. This may be especially true in the Bloomsbury area where several University of London (UL) halls of various colleges are located and students are a large percentage of the population.

Would London then raise its arms in anger if the LSE announced its move to the provinces? Probably, since the economic impact of some rather wealthy graduate students in particular would hurt London - at the moment most students stay in the capital after leaving the School. Perhaps, the basic problem, as Exmouth has discovered, is that no town or city appreciates its student population until they leave.

Working students receive lowers grades

Andy Hallett

Questions are being raised regarding student employment in term-time, at the LSE and other universities, after several national newspapers reported on the often negative effect it can have on studies. The report had the core point that students who worked 'excessively' long hours in tandem with studying were more likely to fail or obtain a worse degree result than the average.

The reports once again brought up the issue of poorer students doing less well than their middle class counterparts, as the latter have a far lower average number of hours worked per week, if at all. Thus, poorer students are putting their academic success at risk as they feel forced to work as much as possible to pay for their studies.

A spokesperson for the LSE told *The Beaver* that they advise students to work no more than 15 hours per week during term time, as any more would "have a detrimental effect on their studies". The

guidance was discussed at a recent Student Affairs Committee meeting with the key point being that "classes/seminars must take precedence in term-time".

Students who worked "excessively" long hours in tandem with studying were more likely to fail or obtain a worse degree result than the average.

Talking to students at the LSE, *The Beaver* found a variety of opinion. Most concluded that working too much was not ideal as social and academic life was disrupted, but several students felt they "had no choice" but to work, even if it was only a few hours a week. Interestingly, the same financial concerns were expressed by students of very different social backgrounds. Both the LSE and students suggested that working at weekends was a better idea than employment in the working week.

Mega Raid a success



Photograph: Laleh Kazemi-Veisari

Douglas Oliver

A group of eight LSE students joined hundreds of other volunteers on the streets of London last Saturday to raise much-needed cash for the Terrence Higgins Trust. Despite bitterly cold weather, the so-called "Mega Raid" was widely hailed a success, as greater than anticipated numbers of volunteers raised a significant amount of money.

Organised from Kings' College Student Union, the "Mega Raid" saw over 120 students equipped with collecting tins hit London's streets, trying to persuade passers by to contribute to the Trust. The LSE contingent, led by 3rd year student Tina Sloane, concentrated their efforts on the South Bank area. However, controversy ensued, as collectors were told they were not allowed to collect for Charity outside the National Theatre and the London Eye, because it was "private property".

Final year LSE student, Elaine Londesborough, said: "its understandable that the owners of the National Theatre may not want leafletters harassing pedestrians, but I think there's a clear difference

between people doing that and collecting money for a good cause".

The Terrence Higgins Trust, which is one of Britain's foremost HIV/AIDS charities, works to limit the spread of the disease by promoting greater public awareness and understanding of HIV and its consequences. It was founded in memory of Terry Higgins, one of Britain's first HIV victims, who died in July 1982 at London's St Thomas' Hospital - very close to where the group of LSE students were collecting money.

Sloane hailed the event "a huge success despite being blooming cold". There were students from "all over London and from further a field, including a bus load from Nottingham University". However, Sloane said that it was "regrettable" that despite contacting a large number of Students, only a few actually came to help.

Another member of the LSE group said "the LSE Raising and Giving (RAG) week organisers should follow the Terrence Higgins' Trust's lead. Having student volunteers out on the city streets with collecting tins is a sure way to raise easy cash for a good cause".

LSE endowment dwarfed by American universities

Isabella Steger
Senior Reporter

The recent \$100 million anonymous donation to Yale Music School and the £2 million donation from easyJet founder and LSE alumnus Stelios Haji-Ioannou for LSE undergraduate scholarships has raised awareness of the state of alumni funding in British higher education.

The LSE is one of the leading universities in the UK in fundraising. Dr Mary Blair, Director of the Office of Development and Alumni Relations, told *The Beaver* that the average annual fund donations of addressable alumni in the UK was around 2.8 percent, whilst the LSE's is around 4 percent. But it is still a long way off from the American average of 12 to 15 percent, or Harvard's 47 percent.

Blair attributes this to a three hundred year history of generous private donations to universities in the US which did not benefit from state funding. It is important to note, however, that the recent enormous endowment figures coming out of the US have largely been a product of the past 20 years. In the 1970s, Harvard's endowment was a mere three percent of its current size. Yale, in 2000, saw its endowment grow by 40 percent in that year alone from \$7 to \$10 billion, while today it is \$15.2 billion, over twice the amount it was just five years ago.

"There is a very long and sophisticated culture of philanthropic donations in the US", Blair said, which allows private colleges to even exist.

The LSE's endowment is around £36 million, significant for British universities but again incomparable to

Harvard's \$25.9 billion. Over 20 percent of the philanthropic dollar in America goes to higher education. In Britain it is less than 5 percent.

"People in Britain are more willing to donate to animal charities...they don't see universities as legitimate charities" added Blair, who has had fifteen years of fundraising experience at Johns Hopkins University, currently endowed with \$1.9 billion, a sum, while

unusual in the top private colleges. A recent article in *The Guardian*, however, suggests that the cut in welfare spending in the 1980s has shaken this attitude, prompting universities to turn to their wealthy alumni for funding. However, the 'new' universities have expressed concerns that their alumni are often constrained by 'glass ceilings' and cannot rise to the top executive positions, which makes

their education at the LSE. You can get divorced, but you can't get 'un-alumnied'", Blair joked.

Donor money can employ better professors, fund scholarships, and it has funded the construction of the LSE's Lionel Robbins library. The donation to Yale Music School has allowed future students to not to pay tuition fees. However, in the case of the LSE Blair believes it is unrealistic to waive tuition.

Many Russell Group universities have begun to adopt the 'American' approach towards fundraising, though there is still a serious shortage of professional fundraisers to meet the demand in Britain. Edinburgh and the LSE have both utilised the expertise of American fundraisers to direct their fundraising operations. Blair believes that her experience has introduced "American discipline and rigour to the LSE office", which she judges to be very well-run.

The controversy over top-up fees in the UK has raised much-needed awareness of the costs of educating an undergraduate and scholarships. Stelios' donation managed to bring the LSE Campaign just over the £70 million mark, with £10 million of the total to date coming from various alumni and benefactors. £1 million this year was devoted to private scholarship support.

The huge endowments of American colleges have allowed them to dominate international university League tables. Blair cites Princeton in particular, which has one-third of its operating account coming from its endowment, allowing its undergraduates to enjoy the best education in the world. She hopes that LSE will match the American average of getting 12 to 15 percent of alumni to donate back to their *alma mater*.



Yale's Old Campus is well cared for thanks its large endowment

considerably smaller than Harvard's, is still 30 times larger than the LSE's.

The difference in philanthropic culture in the US and the UK could be attributed to the existence of the British welfare state. While in the UK it is generally expected that higher education should be funded by the state, in America it is an established fact that private funding keeps universities in existence. For example, 'senior class gifts' are customary in American colleges, and even the generous donation to Yale Music School is, according to Blair, not

fundraising more difficult.

The 'Campaign for LSE' is seeking to raise £100 million, of which £77 million has been raised thus far. It is hoped that the target will be reached within the next two and a half years. Blair asserts that this is a considerable feat given that alumni fundraising was only taken seriously about six years ago at the LSE.

"Twenty years ago the university didn't do anything for [the alumni]...today we believe we have a duty to care for them, and therefore we keep providing them with information to ensure the value of

The UGM saves Christmas

Elaine
Londesborough
News Editor

A motion to ban all reference to Christmas by the LSE Students' Union (SU) fell at last week's Union General Meeting (UGM). The motion received support from only a very small minority of those present.

The motion was proposed and seconded by two members of the LSE SU Secular society committee, Zuhura Plummer and Alex Kennedy. When asked for his motives in supporting the motion, Kennedy told *The Beaver*, "Every year the tabloids fill their pages with seasonal tales of how loony lefties are trying to ban Christmas. Convinced that these are fictitious, we decided to see what would happen if we tried to pass a motion to ban it at the LSE."

In response to claims that the motion was unconstitutional and attacked Christians, Kennedy said: "I think the short answer for why the motion fell is that quite a lot of students enjoy

Christmas, not that the motion was a serious threat to religious expression."

Clem Broumley-Young, Chair of the Constitution and Steering Committee (C&S), however, told *The Beaver* that the C&S committee did not feel the motion was unconstitutional as it passed through the weekly C&S meeting held on the Monday before the UGM. He did admit, however, that "we are capable of making mistakes".

Natalie Black, SU Treasurer, opposed the motion. Black told *The Beaver* that her reasons were twofold: "Firstly," she said, "Christmas is great, I already have my Christmas tree. Secondly, if it had been any other religious festival it would not have got through C&S."

Black cited the section of the motion which called for the naming and shaming of "people who choose to pursue this awful pseudo-Christian tradition" as the part most likely to cause offense and isolate the Christian community at the LSE.

Some felt that the motion was evidence of a wider con-

flict between the Secular Society and the religious societies of the SU. The Secular Society responded to this allegation with: "The Secular Society did not endorse the motion. It was proposed and seconded by committee members acting in a personal capacity."

However, Sam Burke, a member of the Catholic society said: "the Secular Society have illiberal and radical ambitions that threaten the freedom of expression which remains so fundamental to the character of the LSE."

The Christian Union were also angered by the motion. President Zimran Samuel told *The Beaver* that "If the motion had been passed it would have had a serious affect on our Carol Service which is taking place this week."

One good outcome of the motion was suggested by Kennedy: "the motion attracted some new faces to the UGM. It is true that almost all of them voted against us, but greater involvement in the UGM is one positive by-product of humorous or controversial motions."



Zuhura Plummer modeling her best Christmas jumper

Photograph: Laleh Kazemi-Veisari



Union Jack

Hey Ho. Jack (ever embittered) likes thinking back to the good old days - the last time Christmas was banned during the good old reign of Oliver Cromwell. While the motion failed miserably, Jack supported it, if only to prevent the kind of yuletide sartorial tragedy the secularists so ably demonstrated.

Elven tricks aside, Jack enjoyed this week's UGM. Enough paper was thrown to keep Westminster's (admittedly dwindling) tramp population warm for winter and depress the price of an acre of Brazilian rainforest by a not insignificant amount. (A little bird tells me Nick Green should be concerned - especially given there's a motion afoot to make him pick it up).

Jack especially enjoyed Krebbers's (no need for comedy name) grovelling supplication - though was ultimately disappointed by the lack of grovel. Though the Artman makes Jack more uneasy than the thought of a snotty Dutchman eating a herring sandwich (surely some coincidence? - ed.) he did weather the UGM storm better than Widow Twanky Tampon's mawkish matinee last week. Jack blames Fabulous Fabian who seems to have found a soul mate in the indestructible Netherlander and a good excuse to editor bash. Go figure.

But in the spirit of good will (or at least good PR) the Finance Society also spent the week raising money for Children In Need. Jack doesn't know how 'in need' Majeethia is, but knows he is certainly lacking in some areas. Jack suggests a few stocking fillers: modesty monopoly, a moral compass, the financiers guide to avoiding Teutonic thugs and perhaps a tangerine to sweeten things. Fluffy Beaver not included.

With the final rundown to Christmas its that most wonderful time of the year - yes, Jack is thinking about the Sabb elections, and more specifically, which sordid bunch of goons will be putting themselves forward to run. Tam looks unopposed - though Ali Dewji reckons on running, Jack thinks he should just Dewji it and give up now with the few shreds of his pride he has left. So alas within the year Jack will weep as the self proclaimed 'fairy godmother of Passfield' becomes the fairy godmother to us all.

Hanne Thornam may also be attempting to do some more communicating - Jack looks forward to the rest of the Fishcake joke when she wins Comms. The Goldman Sachs candidate looks set to scoop treasurer - furthering the international greenwash/Zionist conspiracy and bringing highland charm to London. As for EdWelfare... Jack waits with trepidation.

New licensing legislation takes effect for pubs & bars



The End is the only premises near the LSE to get a 24 hour licence

Photograph: Tamsin Davis

Laura Deck
Senior Reporter

Venues around London are enjoying longer opening hours due to the Licensing Act of 2003, which came into effect last week. All public houses, including the LSE's Three Tuns, were required to apply for new licences simply to remain in business, and several London bars took the opportunity to apply for new extended hours.

As of 24 November, the old system of justice-on and public entertainment licences ceased to be in effect and the new system of premises and personal licences took over. According to the Department of Culture, Media and Sport

(DCMS), the premises licence brings together six existing licensing systems: alcohol, public entertainment, cinemas, theatres, late night refreshment houses and night cafes. Venues were able to apply for flexible opening hours for up to 24 hours a day, seven days a week. The new hours aim to prevent crime and disorder, which is worst at the 11pm 'chucking out time', and to meet new 'licensing objectives', which include the prevention of public nuisance and ensuring public safety, as indicated by the DCMS.

The LSE Student Union (SU) successfully applied for one premises licence and three personal licences, with two more personal licences pending. The SU bars are all covered under the single premises

licence, and opening hours will remain the same. SU Treasurer Natalie Black said the application process was "a bit of a nightmare", because all venues were applying at the same time and the DCMS has been overloaded with applications. Applying for extended hours would have increased the risk that the application would not have been successful, which Black explained was partly why the SU did not apply for this.

In its application to the DCMS, the LSE Catering Department retained the status quo on all four of its applications, for the Beaver's Retreat, George IV, Garrick, and Clement House, with no requests to open past 11pm. The LSE has yet to receive communication from the

licensing authorities since the application submissions, despite assurance by licensing solicitors that this is not unusual in Westminster, with very few new licences issued thus far. The School is assuming that all existing licences automatically transfer over to new ones, with only new variations, such as extended article, requiring specific approval before being implemented. Liz Thomas of the LSE Catering Department told *The Beaver* that: "we don't foresee any significant changes in operational procedures with the new licence legislation". But she was quick to point out the new application fees for the School have risen an astronomical 2000 percent, from £120 to £2360, despite its status as a registered charity.

An extreme case of the mishandling of applications concerns the Lowlife Bar in Marylebone. According to *TimeOut*, the manager of the Bar submitted his application eight weeks ahead of the deadline in September. But with only 10 days left before the deadline, he was told that the Council had not had time to review the application, and was asked to reapply—and pay the application fee again, which is around £1,000. Westminster Council told *TimeOut* that they were being forced to ask several venues to reapply due to the overload of applications.

Other than fear of bureaucratic disaster, the SU did not

apply for extended hours because there did not appear to be much student demand for this. Black said that the SU can apply at any time from now on for extended hours, and she also mentioned the possibility of extending hours on Monday nights for Mind the Gap. At present, the hours for The Three Tuns remain the same, staying open until 1am on Wednesdays and Thursdays, 2am on Fridays and 3am on Saturdays.

Other bars and clubs have chosen to take this opportunity to extend their hours. The Ministry of Sound nightclub obtained a rare 24-hour licence, allowing it to serve alcohol at all hours of the day and night. Three locations in Islington have 24-hour licences, and several other Islington spots will have longer hours. Westminster was granted noticeably fewer licences for extended hours, partly due to concerns voiced by residents about late night commotion.

The End bar in Holborn was also granted a 24-hour licence, the only one to receive such a license in Camden. Other bars in the area will enjoy later opening hours, mostly until midnight during the week and 1am on weekends. A grandfather clause allows venues transitioning from a justice-on licence to a premises licence to have extended hours on New Year's Eve due to the Regulatory Reform Order 2002.

Waterstone's offers better value to UCL and SOAS

from page 1

the bookstore on Gower Street, it aims to stock all the LSE course specific books, covering all the reading lists set by LSE lecturers.

Two years ago, a representative from the Economists' Bookshop told *The Beaver* "we could never give an overall discount as it would not be economically viable," and "it all boils down to cost."

However, Waterstone's declined to comment when the matter of the recently passed motion was raised.

The Economist's Bookshop has appeared in *The Beaver* a number of times over the last few years. Last year, the paper covered the stores' change in book ordering policy. The bookshop started to charge a deposit to customers ordering out of stock books, which many students of the LSE felt

was unreasonable.

When asked by *The Beaver* how likely he thought that any lobbying by the SU or the School would change Waterstone's pricing policy, Heathcote said: "I think we have been able to persuade them of things before, so in that sense I'm confident."

"I know that people have been critical of the Waterstone's shop on campus before and there have been

negative reports in *The Beaver*, though these have usually involved other things the shop has done rather than the discounts that I'm targeting.... my hope is that with pressure from the highest levels of the Student's Union and the School, as the motion requires, we can force the powers that be in Waterstone's to change their ways."

Asked if he was considering taking further action if the

lobbying by the SU and the School were to be unsuccessful, Heathcote said, "At this stage, I have not thought that far ahead, but if we were unsuccessful, I might well look into further action, such as suggesting to the UGM that the Students' Union run a boycott of the store, or at very least publicise the unfairness to LSE students and let them hopefully vote with their feet by choosing not to shop there."

Medical Students

The fierce competition to gain a place of study facing many British medical students has led to a spike in the number of students applying to Eastern European universities, according to *The Times* newspaper. Czech Republic, Croatia, Hungary and Latvia are an increasingly attractive option for British students due to low living costs, which can be a third of those in the UK. Despite charging higher tuition fees of around £40 000 for six-years, students see the opportunity to study there as a more attractive prospect than some of the UK's top universities. *The Times* reported that one female student turned down a place at King's College London to study in Eastern Europe.

Amy Williams

Higher Education

Students at Lincoln University have received marks without attending classes or producing any work. Lecturers at the University were told by administration staff to give a mark of five percent to students who had not submitted any work for a whole year, according to a whistleblower who contacted *The Times*. Two years ago nearly 20 percent of students did not attend classes at the university, which resulted in a loss of more than £1 million in government funding. However, Lincoln University denied allegations that the system was introduced to avoid financial penalties. Instead it insisted that it was so students would be properly considered by the board which allocates the final marks.

James Bull

Global Week

The Global Week Task force was elected at last week's UGM. The task force is responsible for organising the week-long celebration of LSE's global students, staff, and outlook, and aims to encourage "everyone to immerse themselves in the experience and be intellectually stimulated beyond the walls of the classroom" said Chris Heathcote, SU Communications Officer. Heathcote said he is trying to involve as many societies as possible this year to make the week more representative of the whole student body. Global week takes place in week six of Lent term.

Alexander Lerner and Kevin Heutschi



The Global Week Taskforce was elected at the UGM

Photograph: Laleh Kazemi-Weisari

LSE Campaigns to end violence against women

Patrick Cullen
Senior Reporter

The significance of International Day for the Elimination of Violence Against Women was highlighted as never before last week.

The publication of an Amnesty International survey showing that a third of British citizens think women who flirt are to blame for being raped, the withdrawal of a rape trial on the grounds that "drunken consent is still consent", and the airing of *Violence Begins at Home*, a BBC World Service series focusing on domestic violence against women, all stand testament to the day of recognition.

All day on Friday 25 November, Alexandra Vincenti, the LSE Students' Union (SU) Women's Officer, held a stall in the quad, selling white ribbons, handing out free panic alarms to students, as well as getting over 30 students to sign cards to MPs in an effort to raise awareness of the Poppy Project. The Project helps women to escape from the sex trade by providing both residential and outreach services.

The stall was very successful, with Vincenti saying that "we've raised quite a lot of money," and that it had drawn attention of the issue of violence against women.

The events were set against a backdrop of a flurry of report findings, amongst



LSE students showing solidarity with the campaign to end violence against women

Photograph: Alex Teytelboym

other things, that a quarter of all women are victims of domestic violence during their lifetime, and that many women "aren't aware of the existence of support networks."

Vincenti felt that the day's events had "educated students about numbers you can call

and places to go if you need help," and that it had helped to make the whole issue "less taboo - it's an issue that's not gone away".

However, the 'Reclaim the Night' march on Friday night faced some controversy. Although not run or organised

by the LSE SU, the fact that it was for women only when, in the words of one stall minder, "men support our cause too," raised some consternation.

The events held during the International Day for the Elimination of Violence Against Women were a success,

and, as one student said, "anything that raises awareness of this issue is a good thing."

The Women's Officer intends to continue the campaign into Women's Week next term, and has already organised an event in the first week of Lent term.

London needs to grow up, build skyscrapers

Alexander Lerner and Kevin Heutschi

London's population is set to grow by at least 800,000 in the next decade, a figure roughly equivalent to the size of Liverpool. The predicted expansion will deliver around 400,000 extra jobs in and around the capital. The problem that most clearly presents itself is where these people are going to live and work.

The project Urban Age (UA), jointly run by the LSE and Deutsche Bank's Alfred Herrhausen Society, has come up with what it thinks is the ideal solution. LSE professor Richard Burdett, who in addition to being the mayor of London's architectural advisor is the manager of the project, unveiled UA's plans for future developments in London at a conference earlier this month. The main message was if London wanted to remain "a world city" it would need to create between five and seven times the office space currently provided by Canary Wharf within the next two decades.

Burdett's line is clear - "accommodate or die". London must conquer its 'neu-



Canary Wharf would be expanded under plans to increase the number of London's skyscrapers

rosis' about the hideous construction of tower blocks in the 1960s and "grow up".

The team has earmarked three London locations for development. First, King's Cross, a central location with strong transport links around

the nation, could become a new hub for business in London. Second, the Lea Valley, the area designated to become the 2012 Olympic City, has massive potential for residential development once the Games are over. The third site

would be Canary Wharf, where there is still spare land. A major benefit of the last site is that the infrastructure provided by the tube and DLR is already in place.

By building skyscrapers, the team hopes to dodge the

problem of limited land and maximise the potential of available and existing development sites. However, such a solution is not without its pitfalls. In order to be attractive living spaces, new skyscrapers would require significant investment.

Furthermore there is a high risk associated with such development: expensive penthouses (some have been sold for up to £16m this year) can often take as long as five years to sell.

In order to accommodate the development proposals the Greater London Authority must formulate a definitive policy on skyscrapers. At the moment policy is reactive, meaning that there are no designated skyscraper areas, but only areas where high-rise construction is prohibited. In the long run the lack of a proactive policy will create a messy skyline resembling that of the 1960's 'dragon's teeth' scatter effect. The title of the report issued by the UA asks rhetorically: 'Tall Buildings: a Vision of the Future or Victims of the Past?'

These 'visions' are being presented at the New London Architecture exhibition space in Store Street, London.

Qualifications and Curriculum Authority tries to tackle growing plagiarism industry

Mahir Quraishi

The Qualifications and Curriculum Authority has announced the appointment of Professor Jean Underwood as an advisor to

examination boards to help detect plagiarism in coursework. Professor Underwood is an anti-plagiarism expert at Nottingham Trent University.

This appointment comes as Essaywriter.co.uk, the largest essay writing service in the

UK, claimed that numerous students are working their way up from A-levels and through university to first class degrees through the purchase of coursework on the internet.

The website, which has over 30,000 customers, pro-

vides individual custom made essays to students. Universities and exam boards are unable to detect this with anti-plagiarism software.

The managing director of the website, Matthew Wilson, told *The Telegraph*: "Many of

our customers are international students who have difficulty with coursework because universities are recruiting sub-standard students who have problems with English in order to get £10,000 a year in fees and don't support them."

Architecture: not the cause of the French riots

Andy Hallett

A prominent LSE academic has been pouring cold water on the theory, widely disseminated in much of the media, that the design of urban areas and their architecture is a leading cause in the recent rioting across French suburbs.

Professor Richard Burdett, talking to the *Financial Times*, stated unwaveringly that "architecture is not the problem", and ascribed a more political cause for troubles.

Burdett, the centennial professor in architecture and urbanism in LSE's Cities programme, made widely quoted remarks to the 19 November's *Financial Times*, where he laid blame on the French government's policies of clustering similar types of people together

in concentrated areas. Regarding the question of housing and areas designed for specific socio-economic groups, such as immigrants, Professor Burdett claimed it was "the most dangerous question we can ask".

The comments were picked up on as the professor is very much an expert in his field, being an advisor to the mayor of London and working on urban planning in cities like Venice and Barcelona.

Most British commentators have lambasted France's "modele sociale" and cited the vast (sometimes 40 percent) unemployment rate in Paris, other cities, and their suburbs.

The design and poor quality of the concrete tower blocks most of the rioting young men live in was seen as a cause and a consequence of these problems.



Rioting that began in France on 27 October spread quickly from Clichy-sous-Bois

Commenting on comparisons with London, a city with more than its fair share of ugly buildings, Professor Burdett

remarked that the concrete Trelick Tower in North Kensington was very popular and attracted wealthy local

residents, rather than being a focal point for car burnings and police confrontations. Put simply, "architecture in and of

itself does not cause social problems", thus rejecting the view that it is a prime cause of discontent when especially uninspiring.

The rioting in France has attracted much attention on this side of the channel, so it is of little surprise that an LSE academic has made some commentary on the matter. In some ways Professor Burdett seems to reject the British system of society, with ethnic minorities staying in well-defined areas, as this is condemned in the FT.

However, the professor did not explicitly accept the French model either, his points being significant as they illustrate how the French State's vaunted concepts of "one France" are meaningless in poor Arab or African areas which look nothing like the middle-class suburbs of Lyon or Marseilles.

Draconian dress code enforced at Imperial College

Mandy Lau

The Management Board of Imperial College London has decided to ban all staff and students from wearing clothing that obscures the face, "in light of security concerns raised by the terrorist incidents". Under the new dress code, clothing such as a half or full veil, hooded tops or scarves worn across the face is not allowed on the college's premises. The wearing of certain religious or cultural clothing, however, like saris, tur-

bans and hijabs, is not restricted by the policy.

In addition the new dress code states that wearing clothing with offensive slogans or symbols, including "obscene, racist, sexist or sectarian" ones, would be treated as a disciplinary offence and dealt with accordingly.

The College believes that by discouraging individuals from dressing in a manner that makes them "unrecognizable", it would facilitate security staff as well as other members of the College in confirming identities. At the same time,

the regulations emphasize that cases will be handled "with sensitivity". "People would only be asked to remove a hooded top if it obscured their face," said a College spokesperson.

College officials are aware that it will be difficult to enforce the new regulations, as there are many entrances to Imperial, with a public way running through the middle. In addition, not all students at the College are well-informed of this decision.

The notice for the new dress code was sent to all the

Heads of Departments, but only in some departments was it forwarded on to staff and students. In particular, the President of the Imperial College Students' Union, Sameena Misbahuddin, refused to help the College in enforcing what he called "the hoodies ruling". She believed that was "up to the College".

While some students are happy about increased security, most are angered by the school's attempt to interfere with individual liberties. One student was quoted in the Imperial student newspaper

Felix as commenting that university is "supposed to be the most liberal time of your life". He challenged whether an "imposed dress code" would be "the exact opposite of liberalism".

A motion will shortly be debated and voted on by the students, calling for amendment of the dress code to allow all religious clothing on campus. Sarah Khatib, the Deputy President of the Students' Union, who seconded the motion, said: "Students should not have to seek permission to wear any religious item. We all

understand that the College wants to identify people, so we're trying to find a middle way."

This is not the first time that the Imperial Management Committee has made controversial decisions – the last one was to merge two faculties into one – both decisions were made without consulting the students or the Students' Union. At the LSE, things are much less complicated. A spokesperson for the LSE simply told *The Beaver* that the school "will not be adopting such a policy".

Good intentions, weak sustainability

Mark Fisher

Believe it or not, the past week offered students at the LSE a chance to escape from the bubble of the finances and investment banking, if just for a moment, and enlighten themselves on the issues facing global sustainability.

Organised by the Students' Union (SU) and the LSE SU People and Planet Society, Sustainability Week furnished LSE students with a range of

opportunities and perspectives from which to learn about environmentalism, quietly trying to lure the School out of its general apathy towards environmental issues.

Headlining the events for the week was a visually stunning display of photos on Thursday and Friday in the Quad entitled "Create and Destroy," containing photos taken solely by LSE students, and sponsored by the Visual Arts Society. Other events featured during the week were a social held by the OIKOS Society, a screening of the film

"The Great Warming" by the Film Society, and a School-wide "Recycling Day" held on Friday. To cap the week off, Howard Davies launched his new Environmental Policy before a meager crowd on Friday evening.

Joel Kenrick, the SU Environment and Ethics Officer, sees the new Environmental Policy as a step in the right direction for the LSE, a school that still lacks a comprehensive recycling policy. "If you want to be a leading university in the social sciences, and be at the forefront

in areas such as sustainable economics and other geographical issues, at some point you have to start putting your theory into practice," Kenrick commented.

The events surrounding Sustainability Week sought to involve the student body of the LSE in this process, and actually encourage them to lead the way. Kenrick also noted, "I think the most powerful thing we can do is to engage people who are going to go out in the real world and actually be making policy decisions in the future."

Minorities and Women left behind says AUT

Amy Williams

The diversity of UK universities' staff has been called into question by a new report published by the Association of University Teachers (AUT). The report, entitled "The Diversity Academy" picked apart the figures released by the Higher Education Statistics Agency revealing the rates of pay received by women and ethnic minorities in academic and professional staff roles in UK Higher Education 2003-4. They show that there is a distinct disadvantage to women and ethnic minorities over their white, male counterparts due to its key findings that women and ethnic minorities are paid less and are more likely to have unfavourable job prospects.

Four out of ten academics are female, but they generally receive 14 percent less in pay than men. Similarly, black and ethnic minorities receive around 13 percent less than white academics. The figures show that black and ethnic minorities make up 10.5 percent of the academic population, roughly equal to the proportion of black and ethnic minorities with a postgraduate degree in the UK.

However, over half of these are from the EU, US and elsewhere, causing a 'brain gain' in favour of the UK. The report suggests that UK universities are failing to retain British black and ethnic minority stu-

dents into academia.

For those female or black and minority lecturers working, the prospects do not look good. Women are far more likely to be on short-term contracts and less likely to be promoted. One reason put forward are the career breaks women may take in order to set up a family. However, Rachel Curley, the AUT's assistant general secretary said that even when you take out the figures for career breaks, around a third of the difficulties women may face is due to 'direct discrimination'.

Black and ethnic minority academics do not look to fare much better. 88.1 percent of lecturers and 95.8 percent of professors are white. Many ethnic minority academics are young and so are currently climbing the job ladder, but they have noticed the lack of merit awards being given to ethnic minorities. White academics are 60 percent more likely to receive these awards.

In response to the report, the AUT has launched a campaign, "Putting equality in the frame", aiming to "ensure that every UK higher education institution carries out and acts upon an equal pay review."

The "Diverse Academy" report, it says, shows why this campaign is so necessary. Sally Hunt, the AUT General Secretary, said that she hopes this report will "help create a higher education sector in which the inequalities shown in this report become a thing of the past."



Victoria Hands, LSE Environmental Co-ordinator, stands with "Create and Destroy" exhibition

Photograph: Laleh Kazemi-Veisari

Comment&Analysis: Union

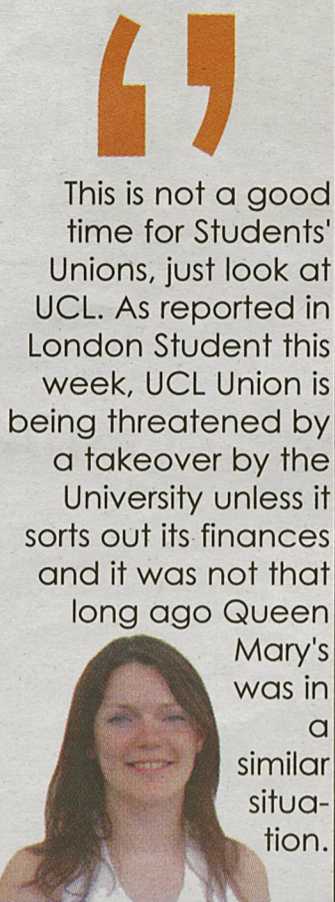
BUDGET OP-ED

BUDGET BUDGET BUDGET

The budget, supposedly the highlight of my year....but is it yours? I hope not. That said, you should at least feign an interest because it is the budget that funds your real highlights, whether it is the AU, a society, evenings in the Tuns, advice and support when you need it or Freshers' Fair!

Budgets are also important when you compare our beloved LSESU to the rest of the country or even just the rest of London. This is not a good time for Students' Unions, just look at UCL. As reported in London Student this week, UCL Union is being threatened by a takeover by the University unless it sorts out its finances and it was not that long ago Queen Mary's was in a similar situation.

It is all well and good berating the situation but what are we actually going to do about it? Well, it is not



This is not a good time for Students' Unions, just look at UCL. As reported in London Student this week, UCL Union is being threatened by a takeover by the University unless it sorts out its finances and it was not that long ago Queen Mary's was in a similar situation.

going to stop us doing what we are here for. The LSESU will continue to provide, the representation, support and services that our members need and want. This is what this year's budget is about - good fiscal management, addressing the changing needs of students and delivering election promises.

So, what should you look out for when I present the budget this Thursday at 1pm in the Old Theatre - assuming you are coming. Well the headlines, last year the Treasurer reported a SU deficit of £98,749. This has been cut by a third due to good financial management and increased revenue from events like the Freshers' Fair which rose by 32%, increased advertising revenue and a surplus from Entertainments and advertising revenue. As a result, society budget funding will increase by £5,000 and the support funds administered by the Advice Centre will increase by 19%. Thus, if anyone asks, I have kept my election promises.

The picture is of course not all rosey and I am not the best



Treasurer the Union has ever had, although I like to think so. The deficit as a result of the depreciation from the renovation of the Tuns still sits on the books but there is nothing I can do about that. Although, it will not be there next year so we should be breaking even or even making a surplus. If we are not, I expect some young and keen Beaver reporter to be on the case of my successor. There are also areas for improvement. The important thing is to not only recognise

this but to do something about it. The café needs a facelift and that is what it will get with the extra money from the Annual Fund. We also have an extra service as a result of the Three Tuns kitchen which needs to be given some breathing space while it finds its feet. So, if you would like to see the rest of what our esteemed UGM Chair calls the 'Nat Black Show' come to the Annual Budget Meeting at 1pm this Thursday to keep an eye on your money and the funding for the high-

The SU versus the rest

A little less conversation: Marta Skundric takes issue with the hacks

After more than two years of confusion over what the UGM/C&S/F&S is all about, why the word 'constitution' appears to be a favourite among the so-called hacks, and why so much paper is wasted during the Michaelmas/Lent term elections, I was finally enlightened after last week's PuLSEfm elections for the External Relations officer- which incidentally isn't even an existent committee role in the PuLSEfm constitution.

To sum it up, at this meeting 2.5 people ran for the position of External Relations Officer of PuLSEfm, LSESU's radio station. The 2.5 being: candidate No.1, who was informed about the imminent vacancy of a committee position at PuLSEfm over a month before the actual post became available, but did not bother turning up to the elections due to 'prior engagements'; candidate No.2, who applied late, but was 'allowed' to run anyway; and R.O.N., of course (candidate No.3). 7 people turned up at the elections, only 6 of who were eligible to vote, and candidate No.2, who was not a part of the Production Group, so could not vote anyway. Along with 3 proxy, the result of the 9 ballots granted candidate No.1 victory, with 4 votes for him, 3

for candidate No.2, and 2 for R.O.N. Disappointed by her loss, candidate No.2 requested that the elections be re-opened for a number of reasons, which possibly affected the result. This was not granted by the Station Manager, after it was discussed by a member of C&S and the Communications Sabbatical.

What is somewhat disconcerting about the case I described above is not that the only candidate who showed enough commitment and interest for this position lost. It is the irony of the embarrassingly low turnout of the voters, along with a set of rather paradoxical claims, including the popular opinion that 'that too few students are involved in SU politics'; that someone who is not a member of the Production Group (by the way, it remains unclear what makes someone a part of this elite) can run for a position, but cannot vote; and my personal favourite, that the constitutions of different bodies of the SU -which, might I remind some of you, is supposed to be a single entity representing all students - are not necessarily in accordance with 'the' SU Constitution. In fact, some even tend to contradict each other. Why is it that the SU Constitution binds societies, which have a far greater

importance in the life of an average* LSE student then the UGM ever will, but not the Media Group, which is coincidentally the hack nest? If the SU is supposed to be a single voice of the students, should the rules not be at least somewhat standardized?

What SU politics is all about to me -an 'average' student who happens to be around hackery more often than not- can be summarised in a simple analogy that any average LSE student would understand: forced/alleged democracy. Two things are meant here. Firstly, the democratic demeanour of the SU is 'forced' in the sense that the students are (ironically for a democracy) given no real choice about how their union is run (sic. because 'democracy' is fashionable, the LSESU must be run so). Students are implored to vote for people they've never heard of, who they don't know anything about - who will under-represent them at best, fail to represent them entirely at worst - all simply so that the LSE SU can be labelled as 'democratic'. Secondly, such democracy is malleable - it all depends on the mood/personality of the Sabbatical Officers at hand, as to how far the rules are implemented.

Last week's issue of The Beaver included an inspiring



article by a truly dedicated hack; someone whose motto is "be the change you wish to see", someone who sincerely takes pleasure in being allowed to sit in at the C&S meetings- and most fundamentally, someone who despises the single most popular reason for insecure, lonely, and often inept individuals to get involved in SU politics: namely, the careerist trait. While this was a fine example of quality journalism, I am forced to believe that there is little hope of getting the student body involved in what

has become a dialogue amid an increasingly smaller clique of those who are capable of (end enjoy) reciting different points/paragraphs of SU/society/Beaver/etc constitutions over dinner, while the remaining 95% of the students are left un(der)represented, and/or simply don't care.

The reason why I chose to write this was not so as to start another round of exasperating debate, but to point out why it is that our SU is dysfunctional, if it can be called a single SU at all.

theBeaver

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thebeaver.editor@lse.ac.uk

and you will be added to the list in next week's paper. *The Beaver* is available in alternative formats.

* 'Average': an international student, living in England for the sole purpose of attending this prestigious university. (S)he picks up a copy of *The Beaver* every now and then, probably attends the UGM once/twice during his/her time at the LSE. If (s)he votes at the Michaelmas/Lent elections, it will be for a friend, a recognized name, or someone who they might have fewest reasons to discriminate against. (S)he takes part of a few societies (most usually to do with their nationality), but doesn't quite understand what this has to do with 'The SU'.

Comment & Analysis: Editorial

the Beaver

A Black[er] budget

Budget comended

While many students of the LSE may have little interest in something so intellectually arresting as the SU budget (doyens of accounting and finance aside) the truth of the matter is, for want of sounding matriarchal, it is something that affects every one of us.

For the past few years, since the Tuns underwent its reinvention, the SU has been crippled by an overwhelming deficit, which has hamstrung expenditure and stymied investment. It comes as a welcome surprise therefore, that after a year of politically targeted budget cuts (campaigns, left wing societies) last year, this year's treasurer has had the financial prudence, sense and pre-science, to manage the budget, stabilise the deficit and balance the books while increasing funding across the board.

This is all the more impressive given the current financial crisis many students' unions across the UK are facing, foremost among them LSESU rival UCLU.

There are of course, serious caveats. Not least among them (and far and away the greatest challenge ahead) is the massive decrease in Union Trading profits. At a time when a refurbishment of the quad cafe is urgently needed and with work on the underground still needing completion, money is thin on the ground.

Indeed, it has only been the closure of the GDS bar that has saved this year's budget from financial decrepitude.

Nonetheless, with the £133,000 depreciation cost set to disappear from the books next year, the future looks somewhat rosier than the current situation.

Black has found herself in the unenviable situation of being a transitional Treasurer, burdened with financial commitments and with little to play around with - yet she has delivered on her campaign promises and ably trodden the line between prudence and productive investment.

Waterstone's

Campus bookshop comes under fire

There are seasons to all editorials. Term is inaugurated with the standard NatWest bash, chased up by a bit of a Tam scam before the pleasant cadence of a Waterstone's. This eternal cycle is premised upon three eternal truths: NatWest don't care about students, Jimmy Tam rigs elections and Waterstones don't care about students.

Each year Waterstones attempt to claim the high ground and accuse this paper of bullying; in short, our malicious intent with the aim to reduce profits angers egoistic managers who cant handle criticism.

This year, Waterstones refused to talk to us, on the basis that we victimised staff and unfairly criticised store policy. This paper is not interested in the past and instead looks to one simple question: If the Waterstone's at Gower Street (which is not even on the UCL campus) offers student discounts, why can't the LSE Waterstone's do the same.

The management claim it would cost too dearly. This paper thinks far too many students are turned off already by the Economists' Bookshop's high prices, lack of choice and unwillingness to compromise.

There is no vendetta or agenda here: it is a simple matter of students wanting to get a better deal - a deal already extended to students' of other universities across the capital. Given that the LSE lease the land to Waterstones, and also that it is a store patronised almost exclusively by LSE students and staff, the time has come for a little more pressure to be applied.

It's easy to ignore the opinion of a newspaper, but it's not so easy to ignore the voice of 7,500 students. The UGM has condemned Waterstone's; now it's time for the school to follow suite.

AIDS Aware

The Beaver lends its support to the AIDs awareness campaigns being organised by LSE students this week. The Union assists and helps support a great number of events and campaigns, but the AIDs awareness week is largely organised thanks to the effort and dedication of a small number of ordinary LSE students. Fast becoming a global epidemic, AIDs is something that is of direct relevance to all students. Regrettably, Saturday's 'mega-raid' fundraiser was under-attended at best.

To support the campaign, and raise awareness, this Thursday students are encouraged to wear black to comemorate victims. We urge students to lend their support.

Letters to the Editor

The Beaver offers all readers the right to reply to anything that appears in the paper. Letters should be sent to thebeaver.editor@lse.ac.uk and should be no longer than 250 words. All letters must be recieved by 3pm on the Sunday prior to publication. The Beaver reserves the right to edit letters prior to publication.

Whinging Scot

Dear Sir,

Though I normally try to avoid wasting precious space on your letters page, I feel compelled to respond to two articles which appeared in issue 630.

First, although I much enjoyed "Hack Spotting" by Nick Green, which had a more than a tangential relationship to SU/hackish reality, I strongly disagree with Nick's assertion that the job of Returning Officer is one of "the most boring jobs known to man". Whilst I'd agree that a position on C&S or as PuLSE programming editor may not be that enticing, my job is often stressful, but never dull. Two weeks a year, I get to run the Union: by chairing the UGM and censoring The Beaver. While Nick may dream of it, only I can fix the elections, or kick the likes of Arthur Krebbers or James Caspell off Houghton Street for electoral transgressions -as I did at the last election.

Second, after reading at least his fourth Op-Ed in about eight weeks, I feel I should comment on the latest instalment of Clem Broumley Young's fortnightly moan. He claims that the SU is "up shit creek" because turn-out is "so low". While I agree that turn-out should be even higher than this years' record, he seems to have a slightly dubious grasp of the reality of the situation, telling me recently that turnout should be around the 3-4,000 mark. There are two obvious obstacles to this: one that general student apathy and second that half of students at LSE are here for just a year.

Some of us have been working hard to tackle this situation by advertising elections and trying to improve general student understanding. Though he now talks passionately about re-enfranchising students, his zeal was rather muted before the last election when he didn't offer to help us. I would point out that the SU is a "Union", where students work together in "union" and not just rely on elected officers. Whilst I do like my old friend Clem, it would be good if every now and then, rather than complaining about the job done by others in his bi-weekly column, he actually chips in and does his bit.

Douglas Oliver
LSE SU Returning Officer

Cartoon Capers

Dear Sir,

Last week's lampooning cartoon which defamed six of the seven members of C&S was, whilst amusing, disturbingly inaccurate - particularly as the missing seventh member was none other than yourself. C&S is an important committee that you will continue to sit on until the end of this term when the by-election will be held. It is clearly in no one else's interests other than your own to paint the other six members of the committee as corrupt and bribe-taking, particularly without any evidence, whilst leaving yourself out of any skit. I have personally not even accepted a "Cheesy Whatsit"

The Rogue's Gallery
No. 3 : Humbug



from Arthur Krebbers, let alone a position on the Finance Society Committee.

If you wish to sling mud inaccurately and irresponsibly, then I suggest that in future you allow yourself to get a little 'dirty' in the process, for otherwise your absence will remain suspicious.

When building your cult of personality, you may wish to remember that even 'Uncle Joe' Stalin didn't erase himself out of pictures.

Yours in electoral purity,

"Red Csepel"
aka
James Caspell

In Remembrance

Dear Sir,

I had looked forward to Arthur Krebbers explaining himself to the UGM last Thursday had hoped that he would finally accept that he made a mistake and realise that it was not possible for him to be on the committee of the Finance Society and the Constitution and Steering Committee.

However, I had overestimated the integrity of Krebbers, because although did accept that he made a mistake, he obstinately still sees no reason to ensure that another conflict of interest ever arises and as such will be keeping his feet firmly under both tables.

This is all the more surprising given that Krebbers isn't exactly short of other jobs and positions: Since he arrived at LSE barely 12 months ago, Krebbers has run for election, by my conservative estimate, more than 10 times and

held a variety of positions from Vice-President of High Holborn, Web Editor of PuLSEfm, Vice-President of the European Society and Chair of the Catholic Society. His other society involvements are as diverse; with everything from the Debate Society, Development Society and People and Planet to the Hayek Society, Music Business Society, the Liberal Democrats and even the LSE Democrats.

There's no harm in getting stuck in, but I'm seriously starting to wonder what 'the Artman's' real motives are...

Chris Heathcote
LSE SU Communications Officer

Why ICANN't stand socialists

Dear Sir,

Each term the Beaver goes hunting for a new left wing columnist who will write them witty and intellectually thorough commentaries for the blink column. Each term the writer they find marks another step in the inexorable trend to complete mental non-entirety.

Mr. Hallett has in two columns managed to first miss the point on China and then become utterly hysterical over ICANN. Would the Chinese rather avoid "Westernisation" and remain as they were under Mao? Given that Socialism has killed 70 million Chinese, wrecked the environment and left its people mired in poverty it would seem worth giving capitalism a shot, surely? For Mr. Hallett to pretend the Chinese are not getting richer is a new kind of absurdity.

Incomes are rising and the risks China faces are mostly that the remnants of the Socialist state (rampantly corrupt officials and inept intervention in the economy) will wreck the progress the private sector is making. You can read Jasper Becker's book on the modern history of China if you want some idea of the legacy to Maoism and then perhaps you will have more sympathy to those trying to move beyond it.

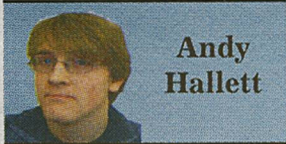
Mr. Hallett's suggestion of a boycott on Chinese goods is a new level of stupidity. Making the Chinese poor has not, historically, made them freer. At their poorest they were also at their most controlled. The response of China to such a move would obviously be a massive retrenchment and abandonment of the limited current reforms in the face of a foreign threat.

His new column on ICANN is an unfortunate mix of a lack of knowledge and willingness to indulge in conspiracy theories. ICANN cannot alter the contents of a blog or anything so subtle. It could refuse to issue an IP address and domain name to a server so does have some theoretical power, however, it would be so brutally obvious that a country had been cut off that America has little to gain in any future PR battle. This is why ICANN has been so good about issuing domains freely to all and why the Internet is so diverse. Those who would wrest control of ICANN from the States have less honourable intentions.

If the LSE is the intellectual home of the British left then I fear for their future,

Matthew Sinclair

Eyes to the left



Andy Hallett

First, do no harm

I was reflecting on the School's endearing slogan, "Make a difference to the world you live in", when it struck me that so many of us will do that, for better or for worse. Considering the LSE was founded by Fabians and is notorious for its alleged Leftiness, there are an alarming number of people who seem determined to get jobs in the City doing no social good whatsoever, and usually great social bad.

What motivates these people? Do the grotesque amounts of money bankers 'earn' make up for a hollow, pointless career making very rich people even richer? At times the attitude of the City-worshippers is downright scary. Last Tuesday, an employee of Goldman Sachs spoke at LSE, and smugly related how his career consisted of making sure international transactions in currency, shares and the like minimised government tax revenues - all legally of course, albeit morally wrong.

Indeed, people like that may actually view their careers as doing good due to the inherent hatred of the State and Government imprinted on the minds of impressionable economics students across the world. Considerations over public health and education don't seem to cross the minds of financiers as they slyly use loopholes to rob governments (particularly in the developing world) of needed funds.

In fact, there are other options, even if the Careers Service seems like a paid-up groupie of the Finance Society. When you leave LSE you could, instead of turning left and heading for the City, turn right and head for the world of politics and governance. Or go to Canary Wharf, run past Citigroup and Barclays, and write for the Independent or another progressive paper. At a basic level a Lefty, when job-hunting, should always think of the Hippocratic Oath which begins "first, do no harm". Once this condition is satisfied, you may wish to do good at an NGO or something similar.

The aforementioned banker was asked by another (NGO-leading) panellist how he slept at night knowing that in the day he channelled money from national budgets to rich individuals. Rather terrifyingly, he simply seemed not to give a damn. In response he claimed that "not everyone can save the world" and that LSE students should seek effectively dull but "safe" jobs that can get them the Mercedes and the house in Belgravia.

This is rubbish. Every single person, in every aspect of their lives, can make the world a better place through things they choose to do or not do. Why should a career be any different? Unless you truly believe there is nothing important about a job but the money (and LSE graduates are virtually guaranteed a certain income level anyway), don't consider any job where you make the world a worse place. If you follow a career helping others and the planet, you will make a difference to the world we all live in.



Never again

Blink Correspondent **Laura Sahramaa** argues that Sudan is Rwanda repeated

If world leaders are concerned about their places in the history books, they should get better at pretending they care about genocide. As things are going now, school children in 2050 will open up their history textbooks and read that the current crop of world leaders watched the first genocide of the 21st century unfold and couldn't be bothered to do anything to stop it.

Nearly 200,000 people have died in the Darfur region of Sudan since the spring of 2003. Militiamen known as janjaweed have acted with the complicity of the Arab-dominated Sudanese government to murder, rape, and burn the villages of non-Arabs living in Darfur.

World actors are split on whether to refer to what's happening as genocide. In September 2004, the Bush administration used the g-word to describe the violence, but the United Nations is hiding behind the 'humanitarian crisis' label to avoid having to do anything. If they classify the violence as genocide, signatories of a UN convention will be legally obliged to take action to end it.

You have to wonder how many

deaths it takes for a 'humanitarian crisis' to become a 'genocide,' if 200,000 is not deemed sufficient. Is 300,000 the magic number? Or will it take half a million?

Whether they acknowledge that what's happening is a genocide or not, the nations of the world have been uniform in the half-hearted and gutless nature of their response. The United States has, for the last 16 months, been mediating peace talks between the Sudanese government and rebel groups, but the talks have gone nowhere. The African Union has dispatched peacekeepers to the region, but their numbers are insufficient for them to be effectual in stopping the violence. So it continues, and the number of victims of murder and rape continues to climb.

After it became clear to a horrified world that 800,000 people had died in the Rwandan genocide of 1994, the words 'never again' were supposed to describe global powers' future policy approach to genocide. World leaders would 'never again' stand idle while genocide was perpetrated. They would take whatever action was necessary - political

pressure, sanctions, sending troops - to stop the killing. After Rwanda, it appeared that a near-universal understanding had been reached that genocide would not be tolerated and the rest of the world had an obligation to step in to stop it wherever and whenever it occurred.

'Nearly 200,000 people have died in Dafur...the United Nations is hiding behind the 'humanitarian crisis' to avoid having to do anything'

That understanding, it turns out, was a hollow one. The Darfur crisis is the first true test of whether the hand-wringing and apparent regret over Rwanda was genuine or just exceptional bits of play-acting. Some world leaders could give Meryl Streep a run for her money. The time at which they are most willing to focus on African genocide crises is after

the fact, when they won't be called upon to do anything because there is no one left to save.

Experts on genocide who are familiar with the current crisis in Darfur say that sending in a multinational force of 25,000 troops to protect civilians from janjaweed marauders would vastly improve the situation. Because the US, European Union and UN don't appear to see sufficient humanitarian interest in the Darfur situation to devote those kinds of resources to it, citizens within nations of the world must force it to the top of the agenda.

If individual citizens care and communicate their concern to their elected leaders - by writing letters and making phone calls to them, and by donating money to relief efforts like the Genocide Intervention Fund or Dolls for Darfur - those leaders might have to get better at pretending that stopping genocide is a priority for them. Who knows, maybe they'll become so good at pretending to care they'll actually stop pretending.

Flirting with danger?



Blink Correspondent **Lisa Cunningham** discusses how to combat rape

It's Friday night. You want to let your hair down after a long hard week in the library. Some friends invite you out for drinks. The cocktails are flowing and you are having a great time. While at the bar, a guy chats you up. You feel gorgeous and confident in that new top you bought last week so you flirt a little. Why not?

Your friends fancy making a night of it but you want to catch the last tube home. After all, you have an essay due next week so should be in the library tomorrow. You wave goodbye to the girls and promise to text them once you get home. While walking to the tube station the guy at the bar stops you. He pushes you into a dark ally and rapes you.

This is awful enough. Worse still, a recent survey shows one third of British people believe that this was your fault. The study, commissioned by Amnesty International, found that similar numbers of women as men blame

the victims of rape.

This culture of blame must end. Men need to stop thinking it is the victim's fault they were raped because of the 'mixed signals' women give off. If we flirt we are not implying that we want to have sex with you. Flirting signifies our attraction to you. There is a difference. A big difference.

'If we flirt we are not implying that we want to have sex with you'

Buying us a drink does not mean you have bought our company for the evening. We are not a commodity. We may be attracted to you, take your number, and perhaps even want to see you again. But this does not suggest we want to sleep with you straight away.

Equally, however, promiscuity

should not be frowned upon. There is nothing wrong with two consenting adults sleeping together the first night they meet. That is a private decision between two people and the rest of us have no place to condemn.

However, recent changes in the law now require an alleged rapist to demonstrate that reasonable steps were taken to ensure that the other person consented to sex. Men, I urge you, take heed of this legislation and ask, "Are you sure you want to sleep with me tonight?" This may seem unromantic but consider the confusion and problems one simple question could save.

Furthermore, women need to stop blaming victims of rape. We must stop judging each other for wearing a tight dress, being partial to a good drink, or chatting to men while out. Women that do this are not sluts. And they certainly do not deserve to be raped. They simply relish looking good,

enjoy a drink with friends and like meeting new people. These are not crimes and do not warrant disapproval.

Instead of judging, women should look out for one another. Next time you are in bar, if you see a girl who has had a bit much to drink (after all, it happens to the best of us) make sure she's alright. Is a guy pestering her? Has she lost her friends? If so, ask a bouncer to keep an eye on her. Even better, approach her and ask if she's okay. Offer to call her a taxi and wait with her until it arrives. It'll take ten minutes of your time and you may have saved her from arguably one of the worst experiences anyone could go through.

I believe in reciprocity. If you behave like this, others will behave in a similar way towards you. So, on Friday night watch out for that girl who has had one too many because next week, she could do the same for you.



Part **B**

Acoustic Ladyland's Pete Wareham

Aphex Twin The Coram Boy

UK Jewish Film Festival Below Zero Icebar

Dubai the Science behind fashion Diane Arbus

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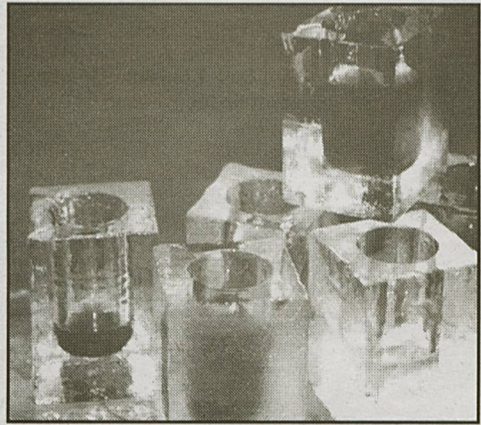
Inside this

Music
 Buck 65, The White Stripes, Explosions in the sky: how are they live? Re-appreciate Aphex Twin too!



Film
 Zhang Ziyi is back as Sayuri in *Memoirs of a Geisha*. Joaquin Phoenix as Johnny Cash in *Walk the Line*. Also: The Jewish Film Festival

Literature and Theatre
 Literature and Theatre join creative forces to look at *Coram Boy* from two distinctive angles



About
 Ice, ice baby...the new Absolut Icebar as cool as...ok you get the point

Travel
 All eyes to the hottest new Christmas retreat, Dubai is more than just a shopping mall



Fashion
 Take the scientific approach to what gets the green light this winter

The Editors' Week

Now Showing

Mary Poppins
 This play is adapted from P.L. Travers's book and Disney's delightful film. Everyone loved the movie and everyone loved the book, so we're willing to bet 'dollars to donuts' that everyone is going to love this play.

At: Prince Edward Theatre, Old Compton St.
 Hours: Mon-Sat 7.30 pm; Thurs and Sat Matinees 2.30pm;
 Price: £15-£55
 Tube: Leicester Square tube

Bring Your Kids

James Campbell 4 Kids
 Do you have kids? or are you just tired of going to comedy clubs only to hear comedians talk about drugs and dirty stuff (ie. cunts, weiners, etc)? If so, this comedy bit is for you. James Campbell is funny and, more importantly, appropriate.
 At: Menier Chocolate Factory, 4 O'Meara St.
 Hours: 3-4.30pm;
 Price: £8
 Tube: Borough/London Bridge



If You Haven't Already Seen These Movies, Rent Them

- in no specific order:
- 1) **The Big Lebowski (1998)**
 - 2) **Layer Cake (2004)**
 - 3) **There's Something About Mary (1998)**
 - 4) **La Vita e Bella (Life is Beautiful) (1994)**
 - 5) **Lord of The Rings, 1-3 (2001,2002,2003)**
 - 6) **Trois Couleurs : Bleu (1993)**
 - 7) **Zoolander (2001)**
 - 8) **Pulp Fiction (1994)**
 - 9) **The Bird Cage (1996)**
 - 10) **Half-Baked (1998)**

Thanks for nothing



One of the few things we remember from last Tuesday's Part B launch party is the repeated accusation that our weekly editorial dribble is depressing. Please accept our sincere apology, we promise to be more positive in the future... starting now.

Regulations allowing 24 hour licensing have recently been passed in the UK. Finally, freedom has come to this lonely isle. Well, is in the process of coming. Apparently they're having a little trouble with which license goes where. Good news for drinkers, though. Not only does this mean that the authoritarian measures that lead to a mad rush to the bar mere moments before 11 will disappear, but it also presumably ensures that drunken students/middle-aged men/infants will be a vomit hazard at all hours of the day on the tube. Twice as much time to buy alcohol means twice as much fun (double the cirrhosis). Yay!!

Weezer frontman Rivers Cuomo will be putting on his thick-framed glasses in February, not because they are so nerdily in style these days, but because he's going to be hitting the books once again. Cuomo will be finishing his last semester at Harvard this spring with hopes of finalizing his degree in English.

"If you want to destroy my sweater (I don't want to destroy your tank-top) Hold this thread as I walk away"

Steinbeck dropped out of Stanford and he did alright; Jon Snow doesn't have a degree from university. What we fear is that Cuomo might return to Weezer and lose his edge.

Sales of the new XBOX 360 began last Tuesday. One particular crowd of 300 waited outside a Wal-Mart in Elkton Maryland for as long as 12 hours. The tension had grown to be too much, resulting in a massive brawl that took 10 police officers to break up. The fight started over a heated debate between which game was better, *Halo* or *Tiger Woods PGA Golf*. Come on guys, it's not as if it's the new Ikea superstore.

In conclusion, we hope that everyone had a safe and happy Thanksgiving holiday. Thanksgiving is a time when British people can remember the obstacles faced in colonizing the Americas. Sure things didn't work out as planned, but that's what Thanksgiving is about, giving hugs and getting along.

peter and natalie

Part B Interview

Unplugged

Unplugged

Unplugged

Unplugged

Unplugged

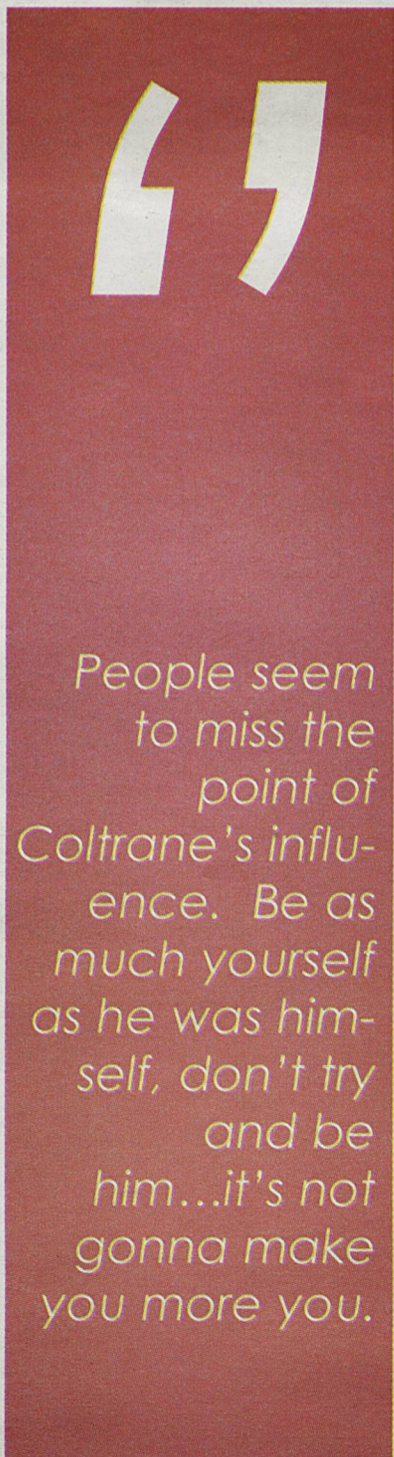
with Acoustic Ladyland's
Pete Wareham

Post Jazz? Jazz Punk? Forget the labels, Pete Wareham's too busy changing the face of British music to care how people are going to remember him. Petercurrie followed the enfant terrible of sax from London parks to London Jazz Festival openers, talking Takeout, Tenor and 'Trane along the way.

No, it's a pleasure, I...hang on, my dog's getting away..." When they told me I'd be interviewing Pete Wareham, I imagined edgy Camden Bars and smoky jazz clubs. In fact, it's a Tuesday lunchtime, and the rock-and-roll jazz talent at the forefront of the London new wave is walking his dog in a south London Park. It's a genial, if surprising, image, but surprises are what you should expect from the man who's the talk of the jazz world following the release of his band **Acoustic Ladyland's** second album *Last Chance Disco*. It's slashingly original mutant blend of punk and jazz has been lighting up the review pages and, unusually for a jazz act, the charts as well. A second single from the album *Nico* is being released to up the ante for their forthcoming tour, so it seems polite to ask about it.

"Well, we didn't want people to think that we just did two minute punk numbers," explains Wareham, referring to their first single *Iggy*, their homage to the battle-scarred granddaddy of punk which went down a storm on their *Later...* appearance, "so we chose *Nico* cos it was a bit longer, more interesting" We? Well, it would be rude not to include the rest of the band, Seb Rochford, Tom Cawley and Tom Herbert, all virtuoso musicians in their own right. Truth be told, they're not really one band at all. The same members comprise *Polar Bear*, *Seb Rochford's* Mercury nominated jazz act, and are found all over the work of musicians co-op *F-ire Collective*. The dynamism of the group is an obvious factor in *Acoustic Ladyland's* distinctive sound. "I write probably 80% of the tune, then the rest we figure out as a band." Wareham notes. It's all part of the plan to write the "perfect 3-minute pop song", a desire strongly influenced by the pop and garage influences of the band; Wareham's "massively into the *White Stripes*", bassist Herbert is a huge Prince fan, and drummer Rochford includes Zeppelin drummer John Bonham amongst his heroes.

It's a line they're set to plough on their next album, which will be "more dance-y, more edgy, more out there", a record he's hoping will put the cynics saying it's all a fluke to rights. Despite the dancier feel, he promises no sampling or synth drums will be obscuring the band's special electro-acoustic fusion. If anything the production is going to be



edgier. We chat a little more about his influences, what to expect from the new album his work with the *F-ire* collective and more, interspersed with canine capers on the end of the phone. When his dog starts running out of the park, I feel it's time to thank Pete for his time. "Feel free to come over after one of the gigs and introduce yourself," he assures. Y'know what, I think I will.

Lunchtime again, but this time it's a Saturday in the claustrophobic basement of *Rough Trade* records in *Covent Garden*. The crowd is spilling up the stairs, leaving the band hedged into a corner. The atmosphere isn't doing my hangover much good, either. Much as I'm looking forward to it, I'm slightly anxious about a meet as a somnolent indiscretion at a party the night before has left me with a curly moustache drawn on my face. In permanent black marker. The band ease through some of their familiar numbers, *Iggy*, *Nico*, *Remember*, as well as some new material that gets "I know!" glances between the audience members. During the songs Pete Wareham is every inch the art rocker, tight trousers, skinny tie, and saxophone antics aplenty, though doesn't seem to know where to look in the inter-act patter with the audience six inches away from him. The two Toms, Herbert and Cawley, appear relaxed in Hawaiian shirt and loose jacket, smiling to each other as they perform, though Seb Rochford seems a bit distracted hemmed into the corner, staring into space as he hammers his stripped down rig. Perhaps he knows he's going to be mobbed after the performance by adoring indie girls after a piece of the unlikely heartthrob.

As the band wind down following the plug of their upcoming gig at *ULU*, I sidle over to say hi. Wareham's affable, acquiescent almost, as we exchange pleasantries on the conversation a few days before (smiles, dip, two handshakes). I think he's trying not to say anything about my moustache. As I mention what we're planning with the interview, (whack it on the cover, what else?) I catch a glimpse of the PR lady hovering tactfully in eavesdropping range. I'm not sure if she's standing or floating two inches above the floor. Miniature elves are smelting iron in my head. Her smile is a teensy bit too broad. I have a mous-

tache drawn on my face. She's starting to tilt. I've got a train to catch. It's time to go. I make my apologies and run up into the sharp air of *Neal's Yard*. There'll be another rendez-vous. Now, is there a pharmacist at *Paddington*?

Well, there was going to be another rendez-vous. It's 7 on Friday night, half an hour before the doors open at *ULU* for the opening gig of *Acoustic Ladyland's* new tour, and I'm hovering at the main entrance hall with a photographer and a freelance jazz expert, expecting a face to face with Pete Wareham. Hello, manager? Half an hour? In the lobby? See you then. When they arrive they seem slightly incongruous. Wareham's in dark leather, with chisel toe boots and black pinstripe shirt, his manager at his side in a suit and open necked printed shirt, silver metallic briefcase in hand. Fortunately, *ULU* bureaucracy bends for no aching hip, ostentatiously musical appearances. "Can I see your student cards?" the doorman asks. We fumble with our passes, (*NUS* and *Backstage* respectively) and stroll up to the *Union Bar* to find a place to chat. The dogs are well, you'll be pleased to know, though it's his wife who tends to them mainly.

The tape begins to roll, the snapper starts clicking, and Wareham's immediately touchingly tactful, "I'm sorry I missed the seven o'clock; we went for some food and I totally forgot about it." He's been at an all you can eat in *Soho*, a regular pre-gig tradition in *London*. "It's healthy...lots of nice vegetables and shit which you can't eat when you're out and about. It's nice, it's good there." Pre-gig psych ups aren't something he needs to worry about with *Acoustic Ladyland* though, he says, the music's in his head, he just has to get on with it.

"And tonight's a big gig, five hundred tickets sold, almost twice the number at their previous headlining gigs. I say that I've always felt they were natural born stadium rockers, something he agrees on, "We did some festivals over the summer that was quite big stages, but I always kind of approach gigs like that. 'Cos you never know who's going to be in the audience, if there's only five people there, one of the people might be a massive promoter. So if you approach it as if you were opening *Glastonbury*, in everything you do, people think you're getting the best out of it." It's an energy he gets

from "Years and years of playing really, years and years of feeling frustrated about people not being very good. I kinda thought, well, rather than moan about it, I'd just shut up, get up and do something about it myself."

He's leaning forward, obviously committed to his craft. A pack of *Camel Lights* appears on the table, and as we begin to move onto talk about his musical influences growing up, "'Trane, *Archie Shepp*", you're in no doubt that this is a man on the razor's edge of the avant garde. Wareham started out playing flute, "My parents told me I was going to be a flute player, when I was about six. They reckon I chose the flute, but I didn't choose the fucking flute, they chose it for me..." playing "classical studies, *Bach*, really fast, on my own." Then at 12 he saw someone with a saxophone, wanted one, and got one about two years later. He started on *Tenor* because the man in the shop told him that most people progress to it, so went straight in bypassing the conventional jazz sax route. He spent his teens, "listening to loads of metal, and rock, and I was skating and all that stuff" in his home town *Southampton*, before some gave him a tape of *Charlie Parker* to listen to. "And it just kind of turned into things from that really."

His distinctive style is a product of his own invention. Largely self taught on sax, he found himself driven to experimentation by boredom in 8-hour busking stints. As he puts it, "I just started wiggling my fingers and got it from that."

His distance from the standard jazz mode stems from more than busking rather than big-banding as a kid. The standard jazz world has always been something that he never really felt comfortable with, "For a long time I pursued the jazz dream of being a fucking jazz tenor player, and I realised that the average age of the audience I could hope for was about sixty... it was like hanging out with your parents all the time. It's lovely, but every day as your only career choice it's a bit shit." On *Coltrane* he speaks with the perception of someone able to view from the edges of the jazz scene. "As a jazz musician I think there seems to be a certain kind of guilt that's imbued into you. You have to be better than you have to be better than *Coltrane* before you can move on. I got so sick of being weighed down by this guilt all the time of just having to be someone else,

Part B Interview



so I thought, "Well, they weren't fucking someone else, they weren't, like, "I have to be as good as this guy before I can be myself," they were just themselves." People seem to miss the point of Coltrane's influence. Be as much yourself as he was himself, don't try and be him, it's not gonna make you more you. And I got really sick of it, and I ended up being, like, "Fuck it." And the more I fucked it off the more the audience responded, so I was like, "Bollocks, I don't have to do this, I don't have to prove how good I am all the fucking time, just play music and see what happens." So many people are worried that they're not going to be seen technically amazing enough, they're desperate to become that iconic genius that they're never going to become, they just see it as a thing. It's a weird, it's a weird one."

Throughout the interview Wareham's phone keeps ringing, friends wanting to get in to see the gig. "I feel like a drug dealer," he smiles. There's obviously a lot of interest in Acoustic Ladyland right

now. "Yeah! It's funny, when we first started experimenting with electric stuff we used to have twenty people in a week, but since then we've had quite a lot of people. I think the Jools Holland thing made a massive difference, cos we toured round the country after that, and as soon as that had gone suddenly there were two hundred people where there were only fifty to a hundred." Him and the band have a firm idea as to where they want to be, "We're making quite big plans. We're always planning six months ahead, so we're looking at next year. We're recording a new album and...this was just the first step, the next one is going to be bigger than the last one. This is our last chance disco, it's our last chance to dance."

We're in ULU, I'm from a student paper, we can't not talk about those affairs of the longer haired. He's genuinely enthusiastic about the interest he's had from students, "It's brilliant...The students are very enthusiastic and very up for it. And

they go out." He himself doesn't remember much from his time at uni, "I spent more getting wasted than anything else really...I spent a lot of time getting stoned, a lot of time practicing and made out listening to music, really." His words of advice to those at LSE? "Don't believe what people tell you, just do what you feel and don't believe them. If they say, "That'll never work" just give it a go. Don't ever believe it. A lot of people have said things to me which if I'd listened to at the time I wouldn't have done anything." Thanks exchanged, he strides off to get ready for the gig, promising to pull us a face during the performance.

When his band come on, he's enrobed in his trademark red velvet jacket. Seb Rochford is picked out by spotlights, elevated at the back of the band, looking relaxed and animated throughout. Bassist and keyboard players Tom Herbert and Tom Cawley frame Wareham as he launches into the opener. He plays a convincing frontman, engaging with the

crowd between songs and leaning out over them during, but it's Seb and the rest of the band who keep the pressure up during the brief slower interludes when the pulse slows and Wareham's horn elegies lament to the crowd. Punked up numbers Iggy and Ludwig van Ramone stir the crowd up, and the buzz stays electric during new numbers such as Another Day and New Me, which show fantastic promise for the album to come. The band power to the end with Thrash hit Thing, finishing off with a lengthy Nico that grips with breathtaking emotion. Wareham leaves the stage with the crowd, lively without really dancing for the whole gig, screaming for more, and in the final beats as the band powers through their encore the front of the crowd start to mosh. A (modest) mosh pit at jazz gig? Not something you'd ever expect, but by the looks of things Pete Wareham's natural born stadium rockers Acoustic Ladyland look set to be messing with your expectations for a good while to come.

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Wendy IP
A Different Kind of Life

hasibbaber immerses himself in the electro delights of apheX twin's long lost classic

Richard D. James, better known as the **Aphex Twin**, is a strange man. You only need to look at the videos for 'Come To Daddy' and 'Windowlicker' to see that. Better yet, play the track '[formula]' then run an audio spectral analysis on it. Sounds that you thought were just noise are actually an encoded image of his demonic, grinning face. If you believe everything that he's said about himself, he composed ambient techno at the age of 13, incorporates lucid dreaming into the music making process, has over 100 hours of music he has yet to release (including songs he's stored on his answer machine which can be deleted by leaving a message) and owns a tank. He is, of course, a compulsive liar. He owns a Daimler Ferret Mark III armoured scout car, which can hardly be considered a tank.

Of course, being a liar and a musical genius are not mutually exclusive. James has proved this time and time again and his genius is very much evident in this release. *Hangable Auto Bulb*, James' forgotten classic, has recently been reissued on CD by

Warp Records to coincide with the tenth anniversary of its initial release. Originally a series of two vinyl singles limited to 1000 pressings, *Hangable Auto Bulb* had, for a long time, been unavailable in any form other than bootleg mp3s and the original vinyl (which sold for obscene sums of money on eBay). Legitimate downloads were made available for purchase Warp for a brief period but James told Warp to remove them. Their scarcity undoubtedly contributed to their mythical status amongst the electronic music fraternity, but they were, first and foremost, bloody good records.

Hangable Auto Bulb marked an important transition in James' musical output. Released only a few months after the brilliant *I Care Because You Do...* and a year before the classic *Richard D. James Album*, *Hangable Auto Bulb* was James' first foray into the frenetic jungle-style drum edits that would inform most of his later work. He reprised the **AFX** moniker he used most notably in the *Analogue Bubblebath* series, the first volume of which was James' first

release. Indeed, *Hangable Auto Bulb* is almost an anagram of *Analogue Bubblebath*. The melodies themselves are typical of James' early work but never clichéd; sounds and structures that are both alien and strangely emotive, instantly recognisable as his work.

Part of the beauty of this album is its brevity; in total there are just under 35 minutes here and you get the feeling that not a single second has been wasted. The elastic, arhythmic drum arrangements, the strange extraterrestrial soundscapes and odd samples coalesce to create something which still sounds fresh a decade after its original release. Each and every track is nothing less than brilliant. From the playful sample of a conversation about mashed potato on 'Children Talking', to the buzzing drums and African percussion on 'Wabby Legs' it is painfully obvious that we are observing a creative powerhouse at the peak of his powers and it is absolutely awe-inspiring.

Yet another teen runaway seeking fame and fortune in New York City, story sounds all too familiar doesn't it? So what sets out **Wendy Ip** from the other singer-songwriters daring to share their musical take on life's struggles? *A Different Kind of Life* is your classic contemporary piano based pop, which no doubts follows on from old cronies **Elton John**, **Elvis Costello**, and **Carole King**. Wendy's voice is easy to settle to, her vocals swarm the listener, bringing warmth, but let that not misguide you, this girl can pack a lyrical punch or two! She tackles social isolation "If only I looked like my personality, if only I act accordingly" and childhood yearning "well it's the third time she turned twenty-one, she's not quite ready to move on with her life." The album's strength ultimately lies in the piano repertoire of Wendy Ip, whose melodies are infectious and strengthen as the album goes on. *A Different Kind of Life* could well be a long lost soundtrack from a Broadway show. Perhaps this is a novelty nowadays, especially in this era of meticulously planned pop symphonies. Despite her attempted appeal to disillusioned youths, Wendy Ip is too innocent, too **Natalie Imbruglia**. Her credentials have been recognised by **Joey Santiago of The Pixies** and bizarrely **Gene Simmons from KISS**. It's a polished performance, enjoyable but not memorable.

hasibbaber

nathanmuruganandan

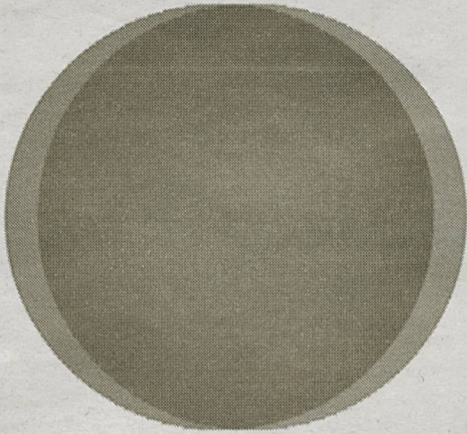


The Strokes - Juicebox
So This Is erm, 'It' folks, 'Juicebox' is the first new single from notorious celebrity endorsers of Um-bongos: **The Strokes**. Taken from their eagerly awaited third studio album *First Impressions of the Earth*, which is set to be released January 3rd, 'Juicebox' bizarrely opens with a bass line that is somewhere between the old Batman theme and **Goodfellas** and sets the tone for the whole track as they step towards the likes of **Eighties Matchbox B-Line Disaster's** heavier, darker sound and a departure from their highly distinctive distorted joyous neo-garage genius creations. But relax, don't boycott the NY poppy-seed bagels just yet. It does get better. In fact, after a while it's quite pleasant to hear what **Julian Casablanca's** screaming vocals sound like amplified for once, it's great to pop to, and the song itself is far from meagre; it just hasn't got the Casablancan soul that has previously blessed our worthless lives. The Strokes are obviously trying to rectify criticism by doing something different from their old stuff (damn you critics), but lets just hope the new album does the saviours of rock and roll adequate justice as 'Soma' smoulders warmly in the distance.

samashton

claremackie

AFX
Hangable Auto Bulb



LiveMusic:inLondon

Final Fantasy
The Garage
24/10/05

Final Fantasy is the brain-child of **Arcade Fire** / **Hidden Cameras** violinist **Owen Pallet**. On record, his songs sound pleasant enough but something always seems lacking. Live, he's stunning. Armed only with his violin and sampling pedal Owen slowly builds up his songs using a variety of techniques. Simple plucked chords are overlaid with beautiful orchestral sweeps as Owen relates lyrics that may well be about Dungeons and Dragons. Halfway through he is joined by a drummer whose strident beats add yet another dimension to the wealth of sounds coaxed from the violin. A cover of **Bloc Party's** 'This Modern Love' is surprisingly moving, witnessing Owen mimic guitar and bass on his violin being the real delight; Final Fantasy truly come in to their own on stage.

samashton

The Dandy Warhols
Hammersmith Palais
26/10/05

"How's London these days?" slurs **Courtney Taylor-Taylor** to the sold-out crowd "Still swinging?" Seven years since the release of their debut LP, and the Dandys clearly are. Here mainly to showcase new tracks, stand-outs being the stomping 'Smoke

It' and the infectious 'All The Money Or The Simple Life Honey', the back catalogue is also raided tonight, with standards like 'Get Off' and 'Not If You Were The Last Junkie On Earth' sounding just as fresh and perhaps even more relevant: "Heroin is so passé" are you listening, Mr Doherty? They even swagger through 'Bohemian Like You' reclaiming it from its tarnished, mobile phone peddling past with added decadence and dirt, just the way it should be.

kevinperry

The White Stripes
Alexandra Palace
8/11/05

Jack White, after an inspired opening which saw the running together of 'Black Math', 'Dead Leaves...' and 'Passive Manipulation', announced to his rapt audience that he wants to be known as Three Quid from now on, and that Meg is now Miss Penny Farthing. Unless this is a reference to the price of a pint at Alexandra Palace then it's beyond my powers of translation, so make of it what you will, but the performance itself, whether stomping through 'Seven Nation Army', delicately picking out the highlight 'Little Ghost', or venting indignation at the NME for misquoting him, showed the artist-formerly-known-as-Jack on form and in no need of interpretation.

kevinperry



Buck 65
ULU
10/11/05

It should be difficult for one man to fill a stage intended for a full band, especially anchored to just a turntable and CD player, but it's a feat that **Buck 65** achieves effortlessly.

Having treated us to a bit of "razzle-dazzle" that involves showering himself with confetti he launches into a set that sees latest single 'Kennedy Killed The Hat' (now remixed by fellow Canadians **Death From Above 1979**) alongside established favourites like 'The Centaur' and the now staple 'Wicked and Weird', which appears as a fully countrified hoe-down.

The turntable's also given a full work out on mosh-along anthem '463' with his dextrous fingers providing wicked scratching and his tongue-in-cheek cover of **The White Stripes'** 'Seven Nation Army', where he jokes that he needs a hit to impress his record company. He returns for an a-capella version

of 'Food' from *Square* and the classic cocaine friend snubbing 'Pants On Fire' and leaves the stage with several hundred new converts to the ever growing cult of Buck 65.

kevinperry, samashton

Explosions In The Sky
The Garage
11/11/05

It's always a special occasion when Texan post-rockers **Explosions In The Sky** grace our shores with their instrumental sound-scapes, but even more so when they bring London's own neo-folk minstrel **Adem** as support.

Adem's power as a live performer seemingly grows every time I see him. The band are seriously tight: xylophone, autoharp, simple percussion, and strumming guitars are all held together by Adem's beautifully cracked vocals.

Tonight genuine neo-folk classics like 'Everything You Need' are aired alongside new songs, the best of which is the organ led 'Of Love and Other

literature

Creative Writing

The Wanderer
by serenatang

Watching her lasagna baking was not the entertainment Megan had in mind. But Emily had been sulking in her room since returning from the auction earlier, and so, there she was, watching the parmesan and ricotta melt into sticky puddles.

Megan (looking at the timer; 24 minutes) understood Emily's grief. But was she mourning for her father? Or Marcus? Both women saw little of him or Arthur at the auction, where they had bought some old documents. Megan had her own suspicions as to what they were doing, but her life was tough enough without trying to decipher what others were doing with theirs. Looking after Emily, herself, and on top of it all, revisiting the unpleasant past by asking questions she didn't want to know the answers to—how is one to cope?

In this way, she envied Emily's father. The world is quiet where he lies. He did not have to deal with the uncertainty of wandering aimlessly from chapter to chapter of his life without knowing the end. How is she suppose to cope?

Emily hasn't coped. 'It's better to have loved and lost...'. Emily should learn that. Although she fumbled the pendant on her neck—whoever thought of that must have never loved, nor lost. (10 minutes...)

In fact, aphorisms tend to be made by wildly misinformed people. No news is not necessarily good news, especially for the one spending a sleepless night next to a silent telephone, desperate. And whoever came up with 'life is like a box of chocolates' must have been severely let down by confectionary as a child. Megan could easily come up with something equally simplistic (1 minute!) 'Life's like tomatoes?' 'Like cheese?'

Ding! -the sound of the timer and the door bell pulled her back to reality. She rushed to the door. "Miss...Cohen? May we speak to Miss Zaldo? We're from the police."

"...What's this about?"

"The death of Earnest Zaldo. We have reason to believe foul play was involved. We would like to speak to Miss Zaldo please."

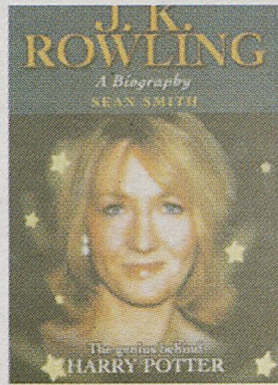
Pause.

"I'll get her."

Flurried thoughts dashed through Megan's head as she walked towards Emily's room. She opened the door. Emily wasn't there.

Passing through the kitchen as she returned to the front door to deliver the news, the smell of burning lasagna mingled with the feeling of burning dread. And then it hit her—that perfect aphorism for her own story: Life is like a home-made lasagna, it could go

The Coram Boy proves

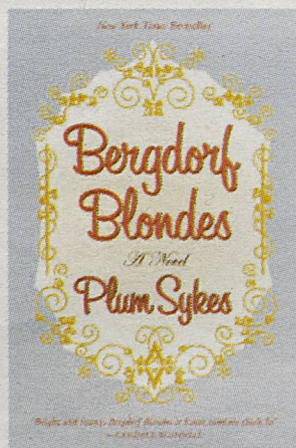


Biography

J K Rowling: The Genius Behind Harry Potter by Sean Smith

And by the way the genius who graduated with a 2:2 degree. So for those of you booking tickets to see the new Harry Potter film as an escape from LSE, here's a book you might enjoy reading.

It explores J K Rowling as "a bookish child" through to her becoming "public property". With many references to her characters (and how they came to be thought of) this book delicately describes Rowling's climb to fame. Having conquered a nasty bout of depression (so well captured in her descriptions of the "dementors") and how she got by living on the bare minimum, this book is a must-read for anyone who takes what they have for



Fiction

Bergdorf Blondes by Plum Sykes

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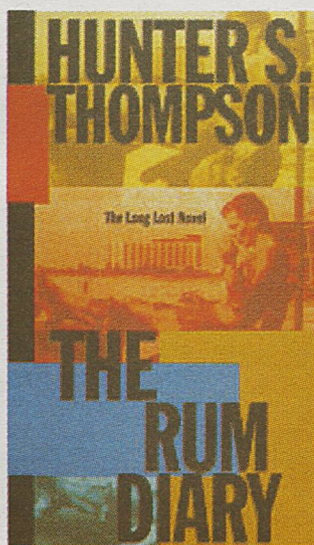
If you want a fairy tale, this is certainly meant to be one, albeit of a strange kind. The princesses are rich spoiled girls from Park Avenue, and the prince charmings are film producers or famous photographers. For the girls belonging to the upper group of haute-bourgeoisie, the only way to improve your social status is to get married within the nobility. Things have not really changed since the 18th century then!

This novel could have been an excellent satire except there is no irony. It is rather witty and entertaining enough. Yet, it is not as enjoyable as it could be, mainly because the end is foreseeable, even with Sykes mocking developments and final twists. It is true that making a good end with a book lacking of plot was probably beyond the talent of even the best author, which Sykes is far from being,



Two sides to Co

maybofung discovers whether Jamila Gavin's book is worth a read now that its a play.

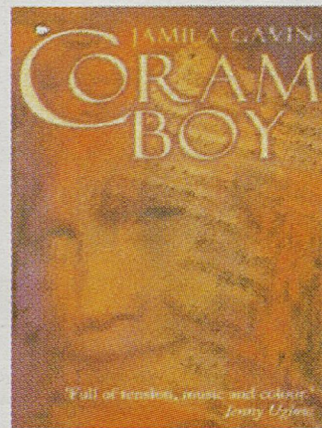


Cult Fiction

The Rum Diary by Hunter S. Thompson

Written in 1959, Thompson's great "lost work" was finally published in 1998. Years before he discovered the uppers and downers that coloured his most famous writing Thompson's alter-ego Paul Kemp is here under the influence only of Rum and the sweltering Puerto Rican heat.

A tangled love story, Kemp, working as a journalist for San Juan's 'Daily News', finds himself consumed by lust for his colleague Yeamon's girlfriend, Chenault, with tales of drunken brawling and beautiful blondes dancing naked to a Samba beat. However, the novel contains a deeper truth, and Thompson, more lucid than in his later work, captures the angst of a young writer unwilling to aid the wealthy businessmen who seek to trample the unspoiled islands and divide up the beaches for profit. Witty and cynical, this was the prototype for his Gonzo hey-



Children's Fiction

The Coram Boy by Jamila Gavin

From an author with a sufficiently rich cultural background to fit in smoothly at the LSE, comes the story of Alexander and Thomas, two choirboys on the brink of puberty. This fact is important for any choir boy who knows that his career in choir ends when his voice breaks. They share a common dream of pursuing a career in music. However, there is a salient difference between them; Alexander's future is planned out for him as an heir to a wealthy estate, whereas Thomas, although less fortunate, is presented as free to pursue his desires. Despite Alexander's ambition and determination, his dreams are shattered when he is denied a

career in music by his father. He is instead trapped into an aristocrat's life of bureaucracy. A deep irony permeates the novel as Gavin reverses our preconceptions concerning money and freedom. He inevitably chooses desire over duty, music was a passion too deeply embedded in him to be able to reject. The twist in the story however comes where the night before he runs away, he unknowingly fathers a child. The child is handed mysteriously into the care of the Coram Hospital becoming the Coram Boy.

The Coram Family, the inspiration for Gavin's novel, was founded by Thomas Coram who set up a hospital in the 18th century for unwanted children. Today, the Coram Family strive to transform the lives of disadvantaged children and young people across the country.

What struck me about this novel was how well it was able to engage a reader of today's materialistic and gizmo-driven world, without needing to be neither fancy nor pretentious. Although packaged for children, its message is deep, far deeper than anything found in a Jacqueline Wilson book. It was a breath of fresh air to find a children's book unaffected by the pressure of bestsellers to be accessible and 'fun'.

Gavin has reached new heights completely unafraid to tackle issues such as child slav-

Where: Olivier Theatre (Nearest tube: Waterloo)
When: info at thisistheatre.com
Closes: 4 February
Prices: £10 - £36

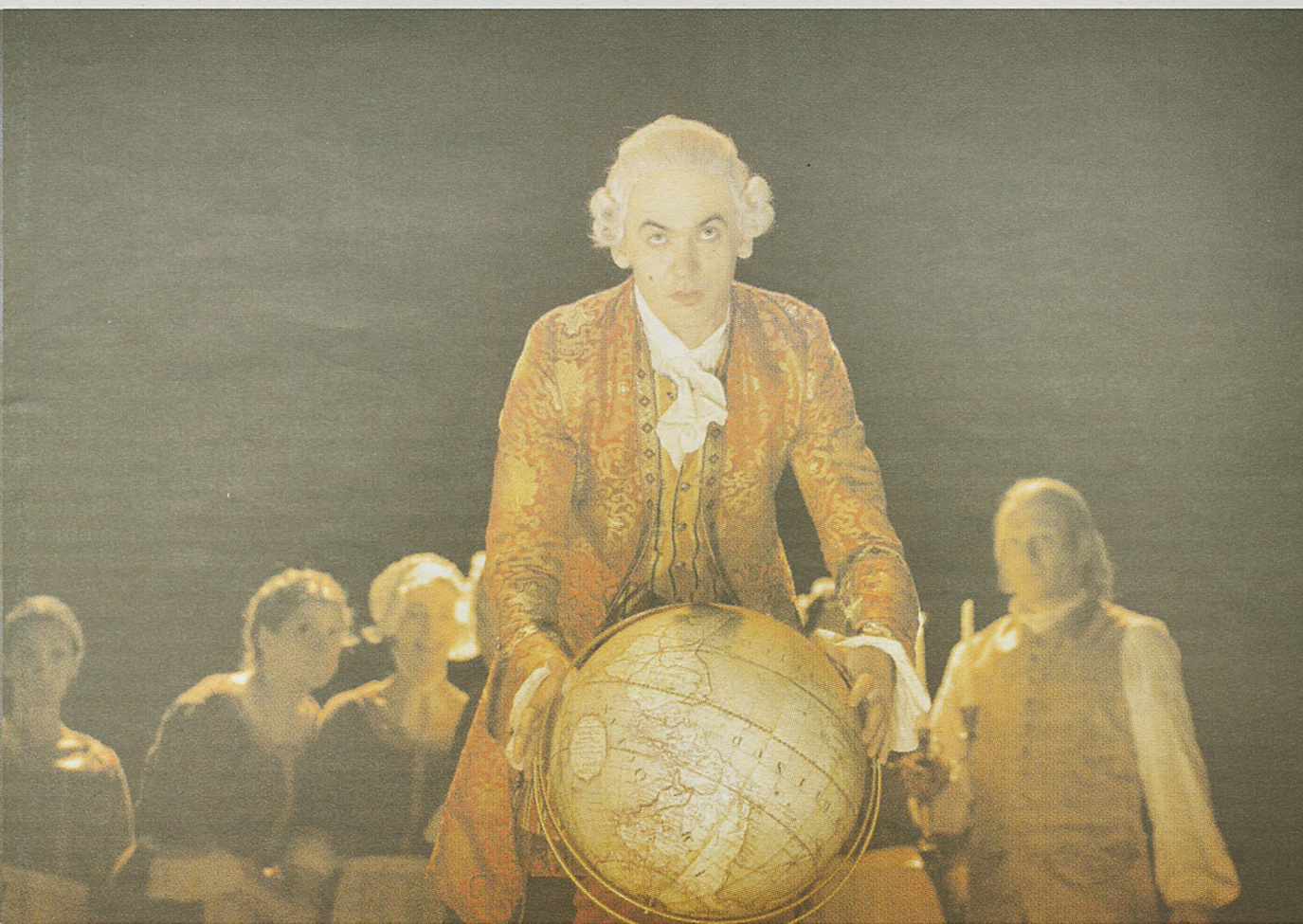
Coram Boy follows upon the His Dark Materials tradition of bringing modern "classics" of young adult literature to the National's stage.

The plot of the play follows two major threads. First comes the story of Alexander Ashbrook (Anna Madeley and, later, Bertie Carvel), a young, noble, would-be composer. The other follows the so-called Coram Man, Otis Gardiner (Paul Ritter), a child slave dealer who turns a tremendous profit by promising desperate, young single mothers that their infants will be taken to Thomas Coram's new Foundling Hospital in London. Infanticide, burials in the woods and dead babies (both with and without flesh on their bones) follow.

The lives of our characters intertwine as we move between eighteenth century society's darkest secrets and its shining achievements. Overseeing it all are Otis' son Meshak (Jack Tarlton)—a dim-witted, scarred young man who proves himself capable of incredible acts of love—and the Gloucester Cathedral angel (Justine Mitchell) whom he wor-

it's not just for kids

Charlie's Choices



Coram Boy Manon

ships.

The first act is both long and dark (although I suspect that the length will be tightened as the show's run goes on). Nevertheless, the its events provide the vehicle for a tremendous showcase of talent. Ritter does a fantastic job with Otis, one of the play's most interesting characters. He swings from promising young mothers that he will take care of their infants to burying the children in the woods in the next scene and is utterly believable in both cases. **Abby Ford**, as Alexander's friend and fellow choirboy, has managed to capture the essence of a young teenage boy (all of the children, male or female, are played by girls in this production). It has been a very long time since I left an auditorium at the intermission feeling both disoriented and desperate for the second act.

The National Theatre's promotional materials for Coram Boy state that this is a "tale of two orphans." I would beg to disagree. The orphans in question don't appear until the second act, when we are transported to London, eight years after the end of the first act. They're also not particularly interesting, other than as metaphors for the deeper themes with which the play is so obsessed. This does not, I should add, preclude some great performances from Akiya Henry as Toby (a young black boy rescued from, and then practically returned to, slavery) and Anna Madeley

(who happily reappears after being replaced by a "grown-up" version of Alexander) as Aaron.

There are some delightful moments and significant character developments, but the rather blah-ness of these two central characters in the second act is a bit typical. The first act left us emotionally raw. The much shorter second was left with the task of tying up loose ends and quickly making way for a happy ending that, yes, does portray the first performance of the 'Messiah' (Handel was one of the patrons of the Foundling Hospital and it was first performed in the Hospital's chapel). I won't say more, but I'm pretty sure that the tears onstage were just as genuine as those in the audience.

The set made use of the Olivier's massive drum revolve and very simple furniture shifts to distinguish between scenes that ran from one to the next. Always present, however, is a pipe organ. It's a constant reminder of both Meshak's angel and the music that plays such an important role in both the story and the production. But, in general, the designers have used simple settings and lighting to great effect: it wasn't until later reflection that I even realized that the sets had remained fairly constant throughout.

This is a play that wallows in grown-up themes, ranging from poverty and infanticide to slavery and human traf-

arunimakapoor falls in love with flamboyant rendition of a classical romance

Through the Travelex Student Standby scheme, only 10 pound for great seats! Available a minimum of 24 hours before performance and sold online in advance via on-line ticket booking system. Register online on www.roh.org.uk/student-standby or text ROH to 83118. The scheme works for almost all events at the Royal Opera House. Notifications of performances are sent 24 hours in advance via email or text messages. Tickets collected at the Box Office with student ID proof.

Manon a spectacular ballet in three acts is currently running at the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden. Directed by Monica Mason, set to the music by Jules Massenet and Orcestrated by Leighton Lucas, the performance is a visual and musical delight. This is Kenneth Macmillan's much-loved version of Abbe' Pre'vost's novel *Manon Lescaut*. The visual excess of the sets is matched by splendid performances by Zenaida Yanowsky as the impetuous Manon and Kenneth Greve as the sensitive Des Grieux. Set in 18th century France during the flamboyant and licentious Regency period, notorious for its gambling, corruption, frivolity this work deals with the tragic love of Manon and Des Grieux, who are united finally in Manon's tragic death. The seventeen-year-old Manon falls in love with a young student (Des Grieux) but then fall prey to greed due to her dread of poverty and leaves him to become the mistress of Monsieur G.M. a

ruthless aristocrat who is the epitomy of the wealth, degradation and corruption that signify the decadence of the era.

Manon regrets her decision soon and attempts to buy back her freedom by inciting Des Grieux to win money through gambling to get her back. Des Grieux is caught cheating and Manon is deported to New Orleans as a prostitute, where she falls prey to the advances of a gaoler who is killed in a skirmish with Des Grieux. They escape but

1. Coram Boy, National Theatre, Olivier: A rather excellent adult adaptation of a children's novel. Handel's music adds to the dark presentation of themes concerning child-exploitation.

2. Mary Stuart, Apollo, Shaffesbury: A full-scale queen-battle. No not some lesbian porn movie; but a beautifully crafted production that juxtaposes to very independent women and their fight for the English crown.

3. Shoot the Crow, Trafalgar Studios: A very

comical production, starring James Nesbit, looking at the intimate friendships of several Belfast builders: very funny. Closes very soon.

4. Pillars of the Community, Lyttelton: A powerful modern rendition of Ibsen's little-known play. Capitalism, feminism and socialism are all attacked.

5. Blue Man Group, New London Theatre: A very physical manifestation of our winter blues. Anarchic, violent, but very, very blue nonetheless. If you

NEXT WEEK: THE WOMAN IN BLACK AND TINTIN

their love is unfulfilled as Manon dies in the desert in the arms of her lover after regretting her life's choices.

This poignant story holds out the seduction of eternal love, thwarted by society, circumstances, wealth, greed but most of all by Manon herself. Manon has been seen as "a nasty diamond digger" "slut" who enchants and then ruins a worthy young man. She also represents "beauty and innocence bringing havoc in their wake". Conversely she is "the embodiment of every young man's dream of romance" and the story "a symbol of the enchantment and peril of yielding to feminine seduction." However these readings ignore the pressures that a society such as the one Manon was unfortunate enough to be a part of bring to bear upon a young girl. Since time immemorial women have been seen as the cause of man's downfall, from Homer's Helen to Webster's *Duchess of Malfi* there

has been no respite. Manon's behaviour must be placed in the context of a decadent and financially volatile time that were home to both great wealth and poverty. The luxurious sets have always as their backdrop squalor and urchins lurking around that disrupt and expose the pomp that exploited them and question its efficacy in a desperate times. The background constantly questions the foreground of the set and exposes the crevices that were bound to appear amidst such disparity. The drunken ballet sequence by Thiago Soares playing Lescaut is the most brilliant example of this dichotomy as he constantly loses control and then tries to achieve his balance, this tottering represents his society verging on collapse due to its lack of balance.

Manon herself is a commodity to be bought, sold and even prostituted. Her desperate attempt to rise above her station lead to greater degradation as



Diagonally Challenged: Manon (Bill Cooper)

Jewish Film Festival

lionellaurent reflects on the Jewish Film Festival, which featured a wide array of films that vividly capture Jewish culture, history and society



Jewish Film Festival

United Kingdom, 2005

The UK Jewish Film Festival has grown from its modest roots (as a small event based in Brighton) to become a truly nationwide event. Bringing the best of modern Jewish cinema to audiences across the country, the 2005 Festival has just finished its London run and will now tour Brighton, Manchester, Southampton, Belfast, Cardiff, Glasgow, Liverpool, Leeds and Bradford. With over fifty screenings, including a record number of UK premieres, this is an unmissable event for those wanting to discover Jewish cinema.

This year's films present a surprisingly varied take on Jewish culture, history and society. They include *Live and Become*, a modern fairytale inspired by the airlift of Ethiopian Jews in the 1980s; *The Holocaust Tourist*, a documentary following the unsettling Holocaust tourism trade; *The Devil and Manny Shmeckstein*, a short animation in which a terrible comedian is consigned to eternal damnation; and *West Bank Story*, a musical comedy set in the cutthroat world of falafel market stalls.

The Festival does more than screen films, however. It currently runs a Holocaust Education Programme, bringing workshops to schools and colleges in Brighton, Belfast and Manchester. It also runs a Short Film Fund for any filmmakers wishing to deal with any themes relating to Judaism or Jewish culture (this year's application deadline is 31 December).

For more details, or to make a donation, visit www.ukjewishfilmfestival.org.uk

Wall (Mur)

Simone Bitton's latest documentary follows a controversial project launched three years ago in Israel: a 670-kilometre long security fence along the West Bank. *Wall* documents life on both sides of the barrier, which is labelled a 'security fence' by some and a 'prison' by others. On the Israeli side, fathers anxiously speak of the very real fear that prevents them letting their children play outside. On the Palestinian side, farmers reveal that they have been robbed of part of their land, which represents a vital source of income. However, both sides agree that the fence will solve nothing without peace.

Wall is full of visual barriers that prey on the viewer. Bitton's camera is almost anchored to the boundary, either tracking relentlessly across it or remaining still as the huge concrete slabs are slowly locked into place. Sometimes a hand or face is glimpsed as Palestinians attempt to climb

over or communicate through the fence, but otherwise the wall is pretty much everywhere. Even the interview with **Amos Yaran**, Director-General of the Israeli Defence Ministry, offers very little respite. Seated at a desk between two Israeli flags, his demeanour is stiff and tense; the carefully composed shot presents the audience with another inflexible barrier.

But all these obstructions and divisions prevent *Wall* from being an emotionally engaging film, rather than simply a well-crafted series of shots. The locals are only very briefly interviewed, and quite often we are not shown their faces. The longest takes are reserved for the least interesting events: a bus unloading Jews on their way to a Shabbat service, or an Israeli soldier asking for identity cards at a checkpoint. There is no narration either, meaning that the film lacks a balanced explanation as to why the wall exists or what the alternative could be. Bitton may be making a point by heightening the sense of dislocation and alienation, but it is to the detriment of the overall film.

The most frustrating absence is that of Bitton's own feelings. As a Moroccan-born Jew, she is clearly affected by her ties to both sides, but this is only revealed on a couple of occasions. In one fascinating conversation with an Israeli girl, Bitton laments the way she is identified according to whether she speaks Arabic or Hebrew. At the end of the film, she maintains that she still sees herself as both Jew and Arab, despite the perceived divisions between the two. But her reluctance to deal with this more fully, as well as her refusal to examine the issues surrounding the Arab-Israeli conflict, means that *Wall* never quite penetrates the barriers it seeks to explain.

Distortion

Set during the second Palestinian intifada, *Distortion* is a bitter yet humorous view of a world where life is an endless game of Russian roulette. It follows **Haim Bouzaglo**, a playwright who is suffering from writer's block, in his quest to find out what his beautiful girlfriend is really up to when she disappears on one of her assignments. After hiring a private detective to follow her, Haim decides to base his play on the secrets brought back to him. His descent into obsession keeps affecting the script and the actors in rehearsal, and he becomes increasingly unable to come to terms with the idea of death being always around the corner.

There is nothing particularly original about the play-within-a-film plot, and this flirtation with postmodernism does make *Distortion* feel a little dated. But what is refreshing about Bouzaglo's take on the genre is that it happily points out the futility and self-indulgence of art when faced with the reality of suicide bombings. It opens and ends with an almost ludicrously idyllic blind date in a

cafe, complete with clichéd dialogue and nervous smiles. The inevitable explosion affects the film as a whole: Haim's obsession with his play, and his unfaithful girlfriend, is exposed as nothing more than a futile attempt to escape reality.

The other characters are no less short-sighted, and the dark humour of Bouzaglo's script highlights their insecurities. The private detective hired by Haim is obsessed with surveillance gadgets and hidden cameras, and is disturbingly gleeful when playing back videos of the unfaithful girlfriend. The actors in Haim's play all have their secrets: two of them sleep with each other behind their partners' backs, while another starts a homosexual relationship with a mysterious stranger. They are all living on borrowed time, however, and the presence of a suicide bomber making his way through Jerusalem gives an effective sense of urgency and drama.

However, despite a strong first half, *Distortion* never really manages to develop its initially intriguing premise. Bouzaglo shifts the emphasis, in the second hour, to a rather unbelievable sub-plot involving a homeless male prostitute. The film's finale is also particularly misjudged, destroying all the preceding subtlety and tension with an over-the-top, preachy rant. *Distortion* works best when it uses self-deprecating postmodernism to transcend the potentially distressing subject matter. Unfortunately, when it veers too far into melodrama, it is unable to provide the satisfactory conclusion that such a film needs.

Heads
up!

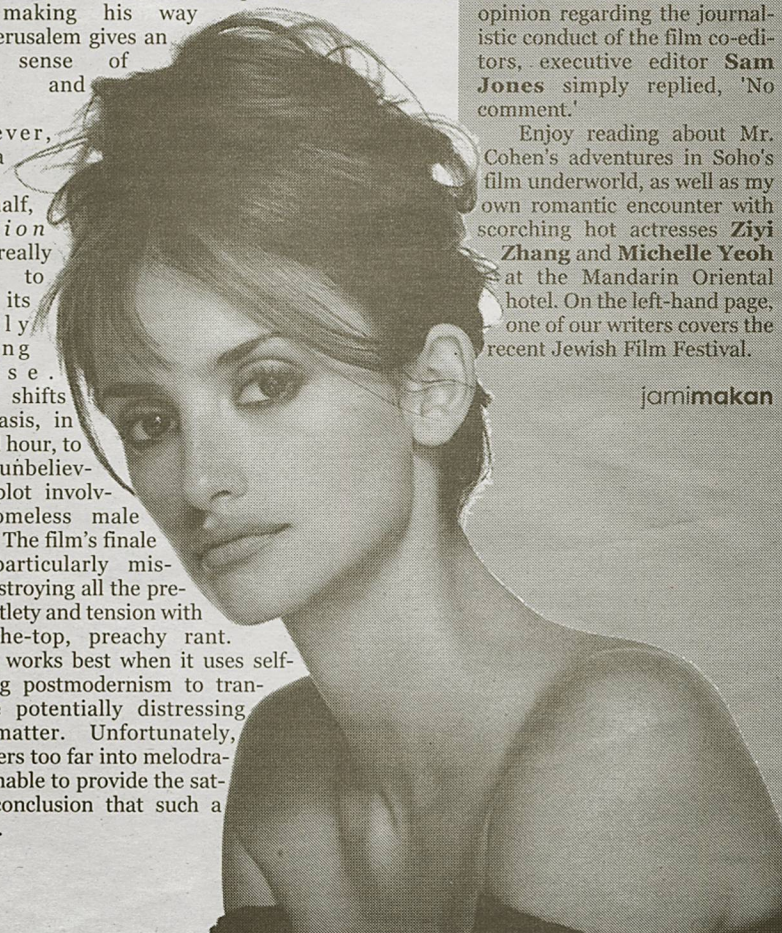
Early last week, **Angelina Jolie** attended private briefings at the UN High Commission for Refugees in Geneva in preparation for visiting earthquake survivors in northern Pakistan. The devastating quake killed over 70,000 people on 8 October. In other news, *People* magazine named **Matthew McConaughey**, star of *Sahara* and boyfriend of **Penelope Cruz**, the sexiest man alive.

Charity whores and sexy men stir the nihilistic bitch within me. I loathe Angelina Jolie's cheap altruism more than those people who accost students on Houghton Street with buckets. Like £1.72 will fix the world, fucking twats. Might as well use your change to buy a Wright's Bar sandwich or my virginity on eBay. As for Matt McConaughey, I think he bears an uncanny resemblance to obese psychopath **Michael Moore**. Their movies suck and both will die alone.

So the theme for the right-hand page of the Film Section is the luxurious, privileged and extravagant lifestyle of *The Beaver's* film co-editors. While you are studying econometrics in the library, we are rubbing shoulders with Hollywood's finest, wining and dining at posh Knightsbridge hotels and attending exclusive screenings. Open bars and free meals are everyday things in our world. 'The glamour is unparalleled' says **Casey Cohen**, who subscribed to this lifestyle two weeks ago. 'My press credentials feel like a ticket to Disneyland, but replace cotton candy and roller coasters with industry scandal and alcoholic excess. Ever wonder why the screenings are exclusive? They don't want you to know what goes on behind those closed doors.' When asked for his opinion regarding the journalistic conduct of the film co-editors, executive editor **Sam Jones** simply replied, 'No comment.'

Enjoy reading about Mr. Cohen's adventures in Soho's film underworld, as well as my own romantic encounter with scorching hot actresses **Ziyi Zhang** and **Michelle Yeoh** at the Mandarin Oriental hotel. On the left-hand page, one of our writers covers the recent Jewish Film Festival.

jamimakan



Memoirs of a Geisha

In one episode of teenage faux opera *The OC*, Summer meets fictitious actor Grady Bridges, the star of fictitious teenage faux opera *The Valley* played by **Colin Hanks**, son of **Tom Hanks** and star of *Orange County* alongside demigod **Jack Black**. Grady takes Summer to his truck and lets her watch an unreleased episode of *The Valley*, during which she exclaims something along the lines of, 'Like oh my gosh, you're there [pointing to the screen] and there [pointing to Grady] at the same time!'

That was basically how I felt last week after attending a screening of *Memoirs of a Geisha* followed by a press conference with **Ziyi Zhang** (*Rush Hour 2*, *House of Flying Daggers*, *Hero*), **Michelle Yeoh** (*Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*), **Ken Watanabe** (*The Last Samurai*) and director **Rob Marshall** (*Chicago*). But before I describe the experience, let me say the following. The life of film co-editors is one of magnificent opulence and mysterious glamour. When we contact publicists, the intentionally vague words 'I am the film editor of the LSE paper...' transport us to a magical kingdom where streets are paved with free alcohol, red carpet accreditation, interviews with celebrities, lunches at posh

Knightsbridge hotels and gratuitous sex. Okay maybe not the last one (yet), but the benefits of being an impostor journalist are titillating in the most sexual way.

Recently, my partner-in-crime **Casey Cohen** ventured into Soho for a scheduled screening of an obscure French film. However, when he arrived at the venue, no one knew where the screening was taking place. He was sent from door to door, street to street, and he soon stumbled upon an exclusive screening of *Walk the Line*. Names of strangers, most of whom represented BAFTA, comprised the guest list. So what did Casey do? He wrote 'BAFTA' next to his name and walked the line straight down to the open bar. His engaging review can be admired below.

As for me, I walked to Leicester Square at ten in the morning to attend a press screening of *Memoirs of a Geisha*. I don't even wake up that early for lectures. Before being coerced into surrendering my mobile phone to two daunting security guards, I was offered delightful M&M cookies and orange juice. *Memoirs of a Geisha* follows the life of a young girl whose dying parents send her from their impoverished fishing village to a geisha house in Kyoto. By a strange turn of events, she goes from being a servant girl to a remarkable geisha and enters intriguing and often dangerous circles of wealth, rivalry and love.

The film was as visually appealing as the geishas within it. Its centerpiece, a breathtaking catwalk dance by Ziyi Zhang wearing ten-inch heels, stunning makeup and a colourful kimono, will alone be worth exorbitant cinema ticket prices.

The press conference took place at the Mandarin Oriental Hotel. Most of the journalists in attendance, armed with tape recorders and immaculate handwriting, seemed older and wiser, at the top of their game after years of similar routines. But when the cast and director walked in, we were all the same, no better than the guy next to us, in the face of such extraordinary talent and beauty. Ken Watanabe impressed with his sense of humour. Michelle Yeoh seemed down to earth when she spoke softly and eloquently. And Ziyi Zhang seemed so beautiful as her eyes drifted aimlessly across the high ceiling.

At one point, her eyes crossed mine. During that split second, maybe she saw me as a real journalist, maybe as an imposter, maybe as a weird creep who couldn't stop staring. Or perhaps her gaze shot right through me into the guy behind. In any case, when I walked out the door into the blinding white afternoon sunlight, I smiled and headed towards the Underground, where I'd think of what to tell my friends.



jamimakan reviews *Memoirs of a Geisha*. caseycohen reviews *Walk the Line*. exclusive screenings, open bars and journalistic misconduct are everyday parts of the glamorous lifestyle of these film co-editors

Walk the Line

Record Company Executive: 'And what's with the black? You look like you're goin' to a funeral.'
Johnny Cash: 'Maybe I am.'

Why does **Johnny Cash** wear black? In his song 'Man in Black' he answers this question: 'I wear the black for the poor and the beaten down, livin' in the hopeless, hungry side of town'. He wears black because he sympathizes with people and he is able to identify with their suffering. He was the son of a poor alcoholic cotton farmer and his economic struggles in the wake of the depression forced him into despondency. He was able to relate to the poor and the less fortunate because he himself had walked that line, and the painful events of his youth continued to plague him throughout his life.

In 'Man in Black' he also sings: 'I wear it for the prisoner who has long paid for his crime, but is there because he's a victim of the times.' The film actually begins in San Quentin prison in 1968 as he prepares to perform in front of an engaged audience of convicts. However, before pursuing this storyline, the film takes us back to Kingsland Arkansas in 1949. It begins almost immediately with the tragic death of his older brother, in an accidental buzz saw accident. His brother's death is the thematic anchor of the film as it appears to be the root of his pain and suffering. His father blames God for taking the 'wrong son' and immediately after, we see young Johnny Cash walking peacefully down a dusty dirt road as he sets off to go fishing, alone.

The movie then swiftly moves forward to elder Cash,

played by **Joaquin Phoenix**, beginning on the morning when he leaves to Germany to join the air force. His experience in the air force consists of loneliness, isolation and regret. So, he buys a guitar and resorts to music as a form of catharsis. After leaving the air force he immediately gets married, has a baby and forms a band. He is optimistic, but his wife is practical and does not support his dream.

Desperately, Cash seeks out representation and he manages to compel fame producer Sam Philips to record and produce a full length record. He begins touring across America as a support band for **Elvis Presley**, **Jerry Lee Lewis** and of course: **June Carter**, who is played by **Reese Witherspoon**. He also becomes acquainted with speed and amphetamines, thus projecting himself towards an inevitable downward spiral. As his drug addiction augments, so does his utter infatuation with June Carter.

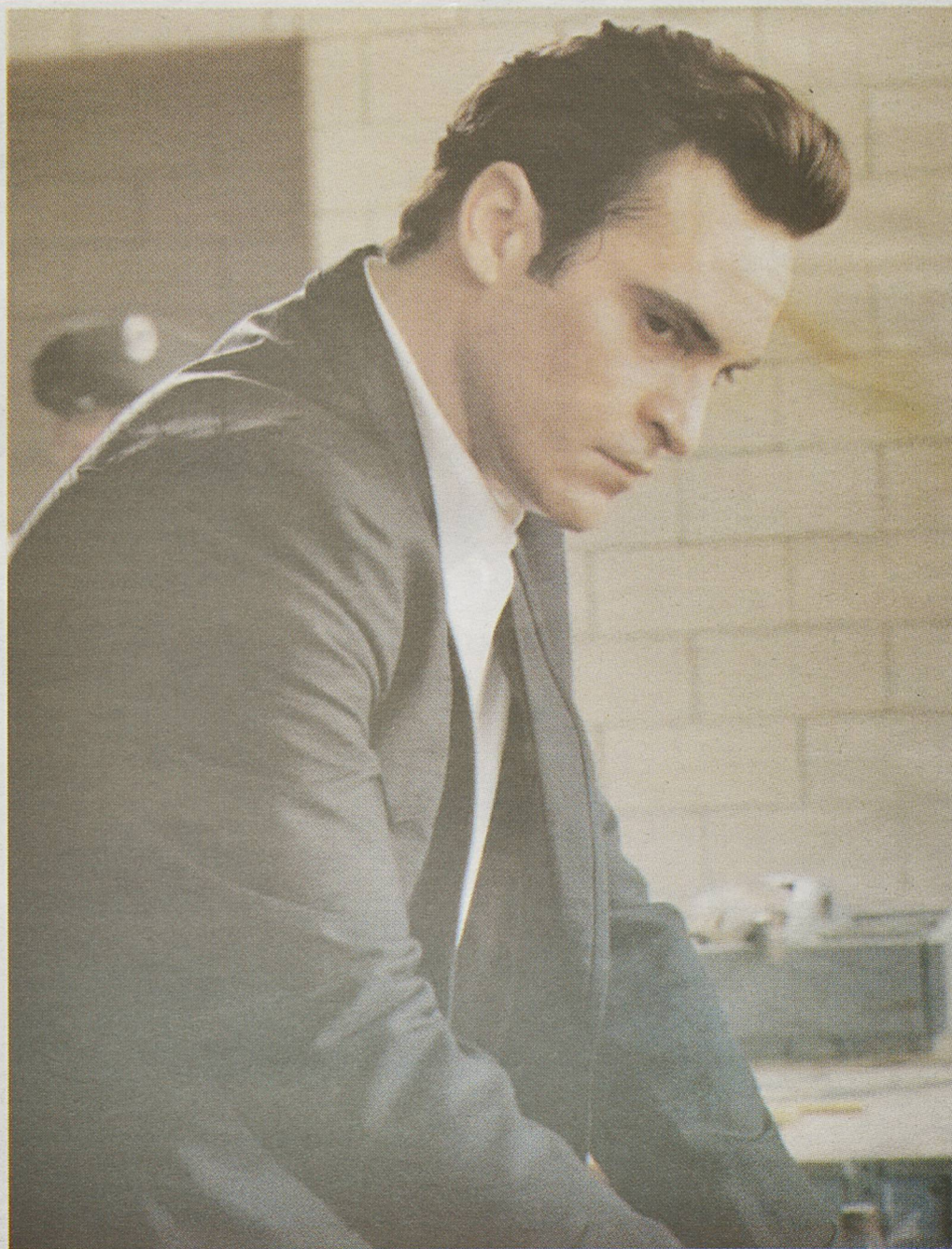
Cash's wife eventually leaves him and Carter also falls out of another one of her several marriages. The progress of their relationship is unconventionally graceful and mature. It begins as a beautiful friendship and then slowly blossoms into a romantic relationship. In an exquisite sequence, they both go fishing together and June helps him cast his reel. The symbolism in this scene conveys to us a sense that she understands him and that for the first time since the death of his brother he no longer feels alone. He proposes marriage to her and after forty odd attempts, she reluctantly agrees. June's support is undying, and their love is eternal. This relationship gives Cash a reason to stop taking drugs (she staged a forced intervention), and to begin making

music again. Above all, finding a partner and soul mate gave him a will to live.

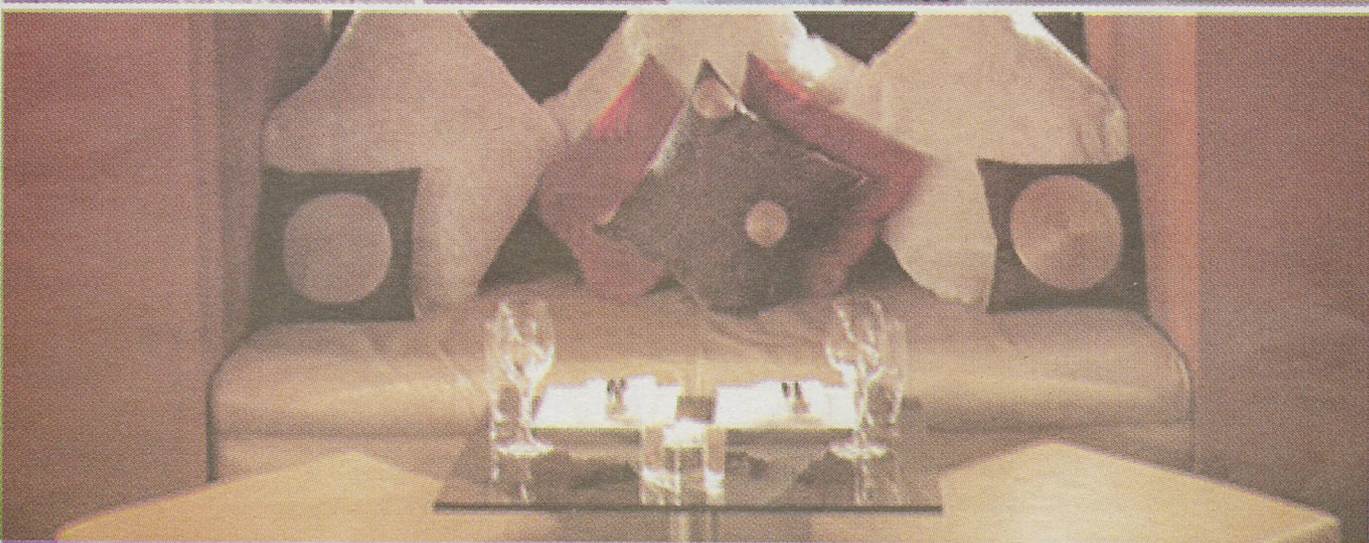
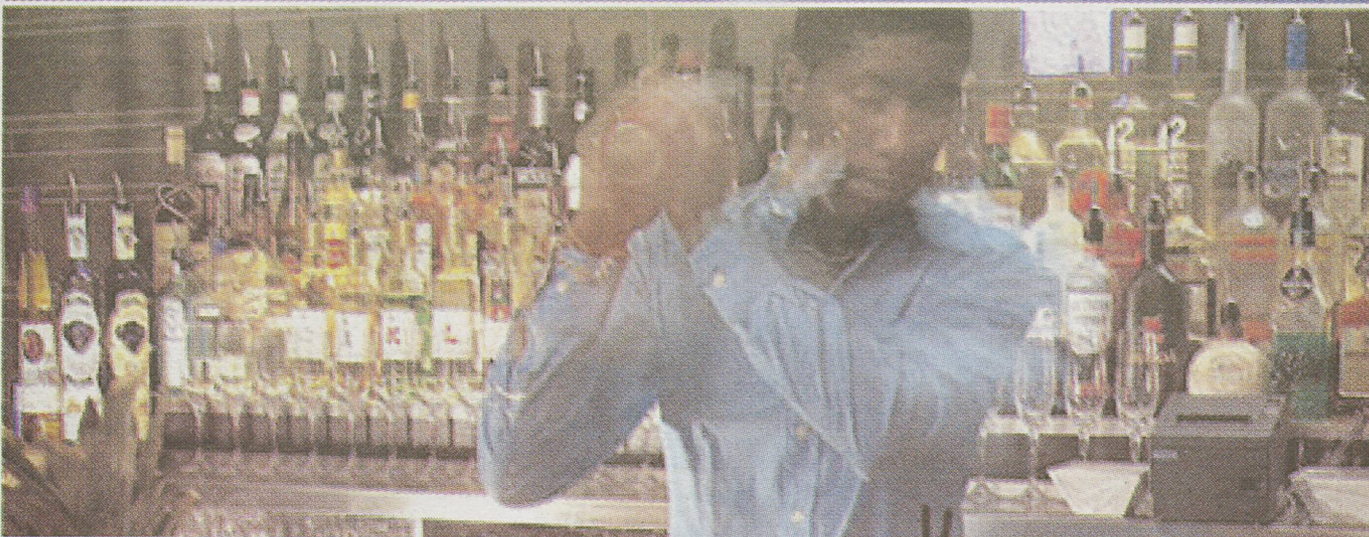
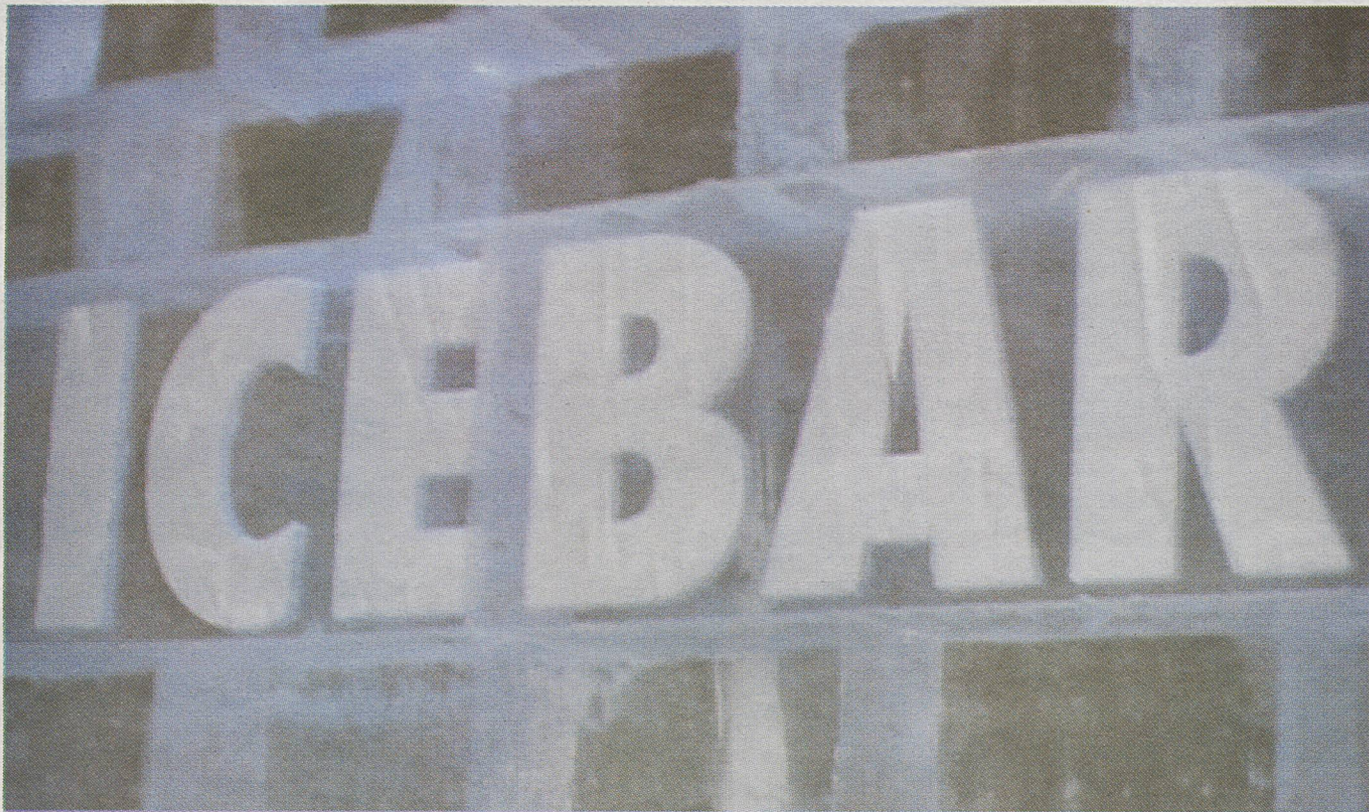
The casting for this film is dead on. There is a not only a striking physical resemblance between them and the characters which they portray, but there is also natural chemistry between Joaquin Phoenix and Reese Witherspoon. The performances are simply outstanding and the music in itself makes the film worth seeing. Phoenix and Witherspoon took singing lessons together and dubbed the songs on their own; not to mention the fact that they learned to play the guitar and the auto-harp respectively.

Before his death, Cash personally selected Phoenix to play him. Perhaps this may be due to the fact that they have something very significant in common; Phoenix also lost his dearest brother (River) in a tragically sudden overdose at an extremely young age. Undoubtedly, Phoenix was able to craft his character by drawing inspiration from his own life.

Walk the Line is an inspirational story about a true American icon. The cinematography is tremendous and the performances are outstanding. This is a delightful musical, which also has its darker moment. At its core however, this film is simply a poignant love story. Cash demonstrates the profound ability to use love and music to transcend pain and anguish. He was a compassionate man and a tortured soul. He performed in front of the criminals in San Quentin penitentiary because he had the courage to empathize with even their suffering. His story is touching, the film is beautiful and Cash has been immortalized in such a way which he will never be forgotten.



Need a place to chill?



garethrees takes time to visit London's coolest bar

Below Zero/ Icebar

31-33 Heddon St
Piccadilly

It seems that just about everybody has heard of the new 'Ice Bar' in London, although no-one that I know had checked it out. As such it fell to me to engage in another intrepid adventure on behalf of you, my beloved readers - braving sub-zero temperatures and potential frostbite, although on the upside, for those of you insecure about your masculinity, at least the excuse "it's only that small because it's really cold" can hold true.

So it was that I attempted to book a 45-minute slot at the 'Absolut Ice Bar' (they only allow 45 minutes at a time which I think is both so as they can fit as many people in as possible on any given day and also because they don't want to be sued for negligence in allowing people to contract pneumonia). Be warned that booking well in advance is recommended - I managed to get a decent size booking with two weeks notice, but upon attempting to increase my group size even a week before I was told that they were fully booked.

Also worth noting is that there is a £12 entry fee (I believe it may be £15 on the weekend, but I can't swear to that), although to be fair this does include a vodka cocktail of your choice (which are normally £6) and needless to say the rest of the fee is for the experience.

Upon arrival I was greeted by a surprisingly affable receptionist - I say "surprised" as bars with such huge demand and 'cool-factor' tend to have staff who are as glacial and cold as the ice glasses that they serve your drinks in. I had arrived early so as to avoid the infamous queues which can lead to you missing 10 valuable minutes of your mere 45 minute slot. As is utterly typical, my diligence and caution were pointless - there wasn't a queue in sight, although to be fair it did pick up a bit later on so I'd still advise getting there 10 minutes or so before your booking (or get there even earlier and have a drink in 'Below Zero').

As we had to wait for a few of the others in the group to turn up we took a seat in the plushly appointed 'Below Zero' bar - effectively the more conventional counter-part to the ice bar, the only ice being in the drinks. 'Below Zero' made a fine waiting room, but to be honest it seemed like an excellent bar in its own right. With 20 minutes left until our slot was open we thought we'd squeeze in an express cocktail or two. I personally opted for a pint of Staropramen (Premium Czech Lager - if you're ever in Prague you have to check out their brewery as you get free booze) which at £4 wasn't cheap, but then this was a pretty top-end Central-London bar. Both my brother and girlfriend opted for the 'Crumble' cocktail which I sampled (repeatedly) and can assure you it was fabulous - I think it was blackberry liqueur, Absolut Kurant, apple juice and a great crumble topping. Cocktails were in the upper regions of under-£10, but the cocktail menu was innovative and, from what I had tasted, superb.

'Below Zero' also offers a wide-range of good looking food but I cannot vouch for it (yet ...). Notable looking offerings include: Beek tatak and Soba Noodles served 'On Ice'; Fried Baby Squid with Chilli Salt; Veal Tenderloin with Cuban-style Tomatoes and Lobster Hollandaise; 400 gram Rib-Eye Steak.

However, I'm sure you're all reading this solely to hear what the 'Ice Bar' section is like, so I'll cut to the chase - it was very novel. Before you enter you're decked out in an arctic-style cape (with attached mittens) which to be honest I thought weren't necessary, but then I'm accustomed to eating ice creams whilst wearing shorts in a blizzard at the top of Mount Etna (and the funny thing is I didn't just make that up). Upon stepping into the permanently -50C cooled room you're greeted with an amazing frozen wonderland: Ice sculptures; Ice seats; Ice bar and Ice glasses. I warn you now, even with my inherent Welsh tolerance of cold, your extremities will get chilly so it's well worth wearing some substantial footwear and using the gloves. Only vodka cocktails are available from the bar, most of which are comprised of fruit juice and various Absolut vodkas.

All in all the atmosphere is very jovial and unique - it's not often that you're in an environment where there's nothing around you but ice and homogenous Eskimo-esque thermal cape-clad people. It's certainly worth going for a one-off, and perhaps again on the odd occasion, but the bar in itself is the only attraction - whilst the drinks were enjoyable they weren't life changing.

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A Different Side to Dubai

Dubai | United Arab Emirates

Dubai is famous for being a glitzy and glamorous playground for the stars. This week **cailahjackson** shows us that the emirate is more than just shopping capital of the world



What do you picture when you think of Dubai? Audacious hotels, such as the Burj Al-Arab or the Jumeirah Beach Hotel, surely meant to defy any sort of architectural common sense, or perhaps larger-than-life manmade islands made to resemble palm trees, that are visible from outer space. As far as many people are concerned, the city of Dubai, perched on the Northern Coast of the Arabian Peninsula, and its rulers, the Royal Family headed by His Highness Sheikh Maktoum bin Rashid Al Maktoum, are on a continuous mission to out-do themselves by commissioning engineering marvels one after the other.

Simply put, Dubai is a very shiny oasis in a very dry desert - appealing especially to the international jetsetter looking for the next exotic amusement. The lifestyles of the rich (but not always famous) is apparent everywhere you look, from the numerous dewy, green golf courses to the several shopping malls, and more unusual things like the first IMAX cinema in the Middle East. In true Dubai style, some of the newest malls are making headlines for their sheer boldness, like the £400 million project of 'Burj Dubai', not noted for sparkling originality of name, but holding the distinction of (what else) soon-to-be the largest mall in the world. It will include a small-country-sized 1.3 million square

metres of shopping space and an atrium

Xmas Escapes

During advent, survivors of Michaelmas semester face the dilemma of whether to spend their approaching holiday on the piste or on the Christmas present hunt.

For those selflessly seeking an alternative to socks and Body Shop gift sets the answer comes from the East. The Guardian recommends Budapest via lost-cost easyJet or Wizzair for the traditional Vorosmarty Square Christmas market. Here handcrafted pottery, folk art and even individually carved tree decorations outshine the mass produced Oxford Street tack. As an added bonus treat yourself to mulled wine and Hungarian Christmas cookies.

If it is cultural rejuvenation you are after, Budapest's classical concerts at the gothic Mátyás Church, bedecked with festive lights, are one answer. However, both The Independent's journalists and Guardian readers prefer Prague with its contrasting Prague and Vysehrad castles - one a sprawling tourist favourite, the other a secluded haven and last resting place of Dvorak, but both offering a breathtaking view across the city. For a more modern outlook on the Czech Republic take yourself to the top of the TV Tower and the Museum of Communism to see how the landscape has evolved from the Cold War through to EU accession.

In the spirit of LSE (if not Christmas) there is of course a Third Way; forget present-giving and take off to the slopes. Kitzbühel? Chamonix? The Observer's avant garde king of the poles is Dubai. Winter in the Emirates mercifully comes with an off-switch, allowing visitors to the newly launched Ski Dubai (www.skidxb.com) to "indulge in a quick slalom between bouts of sunbathing". Now that's an all-inclusive holiday!

laurarose

with a three-storey aquarium. Three-storey aquarium? Islands shaped like the continents of the world? Artificial ski slope? Why not?

However, there's always more to the story. Many people who have never been to the Gulf States, let alone Dubai, may not know that there's a more modest, low-key side to the emirate. Now, don't get me wrong, the shopping is fantastic (culminating in the annual 'Dubai Shopping Festival'). Yes, the beaches are very pretty, akin to something you might see on 'Baywatch'. And yes, the architecture is out of this world, as with the hyperbolic 7-star Burj al-Arab - tallest hotel in the world that sits on a man made island, and reportedly popular with celebrities like the Beckhams, Tom Cruise, Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie.

The point is all this showy hustle-and-bustle simply might not appeal to the worldly, more conscious traveller and you might be wondering, what else does this hotspot of sun, sand and shopping have to offer you? I'll begin at the very beginning. Dubai has a long history as a trade route for the British Empire, having been a commercial hub since the early 20th century, when the influx of Indian tradesmen helped to improve Dubai's status as an important link to East Asia from Europe. This rich heritage still shows, even if it seems swamped by the uber-modernity that is more familiar, and is pushed forward by the rulers as an homage to their past. This is evident in places like the Dubai Museum, with authentic sights (and smells) of Dubai a hundred years ago and the Heritage Village, a complex displaying traditional life drawing particular attention to Dubai's maritime past.

The Spice and Gold Souks in Deira and the Souk in the neighbour-

ing emirate of Sharjah also provide visitors with a respite from the polished Western-styled shopping malls that seem to be multiplying like small furry rodents. Anything from cumin to cut-price bangles to carpets can be purchased. Islamic artistic tradition can also be observed in many parts of the city, if you know where to look. Amidst the skyscrapers, there are numerous beautiful mosques displaying traditional Islamic architecture, notably the Grand Mosque in Bur Dubai, which enjoys the title of tallest minaret in the city, and the Iranian Mosque in Jumeirah that is covered head to toe in intricate detailed mosaic. The little-known Sultan bin Ali Al-Owais Cultural Foundation also contains examples of Islamic art, calligraphy and photography and holds regular cultural performances. For the real cultural thrill seekers (and there must be some, amidst the investment bankers and chartered accountants) you can visit the Jumeirah Archaeological Site; this 6th century settlement is the biggest and most important archaeological site in the region.

However, perhaps you're a bit more active and heed the call of the natural world. Fret not, because being situated in a desert definitely does not mean Dubai got the short end of the stick as far as nature is concerned. One of the essential activities I would recommend is wadi-bashing. Many local companies can arrange this and it usually consists of experiencing a natural rollercoaster, riding up and down the sand dunes and exploring the wadis (valleys) of Hatta that can become fully-fledged rivers after heavy rainfall. If you're lucky you can even take a dip in desert rock pools filled with clear cool rainwater. At night, enjoy traditional Arab food and watch displays of belly-dancing (not strictly a tradition of the Emirates but that factoid is often overlooked) or falconry, while relaxing with a shisha pipe, not so much a fashion but an age-old relaxing pastime in these parts. Round that off with watching some camel races at Nad Al Sheba between the months of October and April and you can count yourself as an honorary Bedouin. Well, maybe not, but it's as close as you're going to get.

Animal lovers can visit sanctuaries - such the Natural History Museum and Desert Park, and the Arabian Wildlife Centre, both in Sharjah - to see indigenous creatures, some of which are endangered due to hunting. In Dubai, the Ras al Khor Dubai Wildlife Sanctuary, for all you ornithologists, is the only place where you can still see the rare white-colored kingfisher.

The cultural and natural legacies of Dubai are still very much alive and, although sometimes taking a backseat to its modern, urban achievements, they are just as enjoyable and worthwhile to experience. So instead of spending mum and dad's hard earned cash on a new pair of shoes, try something culturally enlightening! After all, there's more to life than shopping and sunbathing. Allegedly.





Returning to Coldville / The Empire Strikes Back Why this Winter we should give in to the Dark Side...

There's an air of drama this season. Black moves back into the spotlight while Victorian-inspired shapes have a darkly beguiling edge. From voluminous blouses to cigarette pants and sultry film noir-style dresses. Intricate detailing and a restrained palette give period styles a directional feel. The effect is darkly elegant. Tailoring is ultra-feminine - think Tippi Hedren in Hitchcock's *The Birds*. And Hollywood's golden era is recaptured by some of the most striking dresses in years. From sexy hourglass shapes to girlish empire-line styles, dresses this winter are the smart girl's answer to one-stop dressing. Plumes exude bird-of-paradise flamboyance and give classic styles a glamorous touch. Wear a single one in your hair or go all-out with marabou tiers to the floor. Get ready for a gorgeous season. Gloves add a touch of colour to black, while wide belts give waists a nipped-in-sexiness. Shoes, boots and handbags are wonderfully tactile whether textured, embroidered, knitted or studded.

milaaskarova

The Laws of Disdress

A scientific study of winter fashion finds startling results

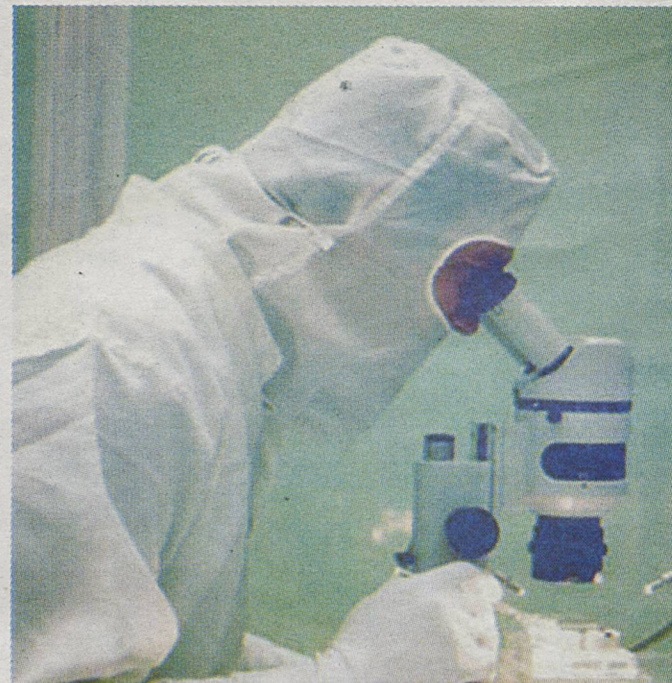
Undoubtedly, one of the first things that strike any first-time visitor of this island is the British style of dress - in fact let's limit it even more: British women's style of dress. Of course, there are some fanatical, hippy, globalisation critics who claim that even our style of clothing is being internationally standardised in a sort of futuristic film format (like *The Island* maybe) and at the expense of local styles (have you even heard of Balenciaga?) - but no, certainly not in the UK. All you have to do is walk through any town centre on a Friday night to see that this is not the case. There you will find a whole array of girls in various states of dress and undress - think of an Eton posh toff on his way to Annabel's for a drink and a puff and Joleyn and her mates who have finished at Tesco and are ready to paint the town yellow. You name it. On a typical night out in partyland some clubs resemble a Florida beach where the more conservative of us might wonder whether our lasses would take off another piece of clothing to go swimming - it's difficult to say.

Anyway, I'm a scientist, not a boulevard-magazine columnist, and liberal on top of that. So I'll stop being normative. Rather, let's be positive and understand the laws of Disdress.

There are some interesting correlations here. Let's start with temperature. Years of studying has led me to the theory that: 'the amount of fabric covering a woman's body does clearly decrease as temperature declines'. Why! Don't know, but queue up in front of a Geordie club in winter and experience this phenomenon for yourself with men in string vests like Rab C. Nesbitt, and women in skirts that are so thin on material, they are not much more than string.

Then there is the 'pink' issue. Pink seems to be an anomaly in that it doesn't seem to be correlated whatsoever. Any age, any skin colour, any venue, any time - there is just this constant montage of pink. Still you might say that there is a law of colour combinations holds good in UK fashion. For instance, suppose someone tells you that a British woman is wearing a bright yellow skirt. Clearly, her top will be dark purple, wouldn't it? And the belt? You work it out! This law of colour combinations also holds good for men's shirt and tie combos.

But let's go on to more sensitive issues that have caused many men to retch in disgust (and improved the self-esteem of many of the female population in contrast) that a person's body weight exhibits a strong, negative correlation with the share of covered skin on offer. What we might call Vanessa Feltz syndrome. I mean, from a scientific point of view it makes some sense: total skin surface rises with body weight (it's in the denominator), so the share of covered skin goes down if clothes remain unchanged. Fairly simple right? It might be saving money on clothes. But girls, wait, don't tell me you don't go shopping frequently



anyway. And usually it's the larger sizes that are left over.

Maybe all of this can directly be derived from the inherent British tendency for eccentricity. But please, this is not to be confused with visually penetrating your environment. Sorry, I've been normative again. Couldn't help it.

Oh, I forgot one more thing: guys should be warned if they ever decide to leave the country's capital: the strength of the correlations between temperature and body weight increases as you travel away from urban areas. Which all means that, in a country club in winter, you may get the impression that most people come straight from the public swimming pool, obviously via the drive-in of their favourite, oft-frequented, fast food restaurant.

klausbrosamle

Diane Arbus was the Fellini of photography, with a passion for the marginal, an eye for the subcultural and a lense like a window onto coney island. Anuschka Barlas is seduced by her 'contemporary anthropology'.

visual arts

HOT freaks

Diane Arbus Revelations

V&A

Revelations at the V&A is the first international exhibition of the work of American photographer **Diane Arbus** (1923-1971) in over thirty years. It consists of hundreds of the artist's signature photographs, with prints from public and private collections, many of which have never been publicly exhibited. Arbus' working method and intellectual influences are also presented, including a chronologically organised melange of personal writings, letters, notebooks, contact sheets, cameras and books from her personal library. The observer gets a veritable snapshot of the life of a legendary New York photographer whose work captured 1950s and 1960s America and transformed the art of photography.

"A photograph is a secret about a secret. The more it tells you the less you know."

The monochrome portraits strike the observer with the force of a personal encounter. They are powerful and dominating. The subjects often stand in the centre of the frame, direct and frank as in a snapshot or a folk painting. Their posture is subordinate to the ineffable expression of who they are. You are self-conscious and exposed as you visually devour the secrets of Diane Arbus' 'singular' people.

"Freaks was a thing I photographed a lot ... it had a terrific kind of excitement for me. Most people go through life dreading they'll have a traumatic experience. Freaks are born with their trauma. They've already passed it. They're aristocrats."

Carnival performers, dwarves, giants, transvestites, couples, children,

people on the street, middle-class families, zealots, eccentrics, nudists and rich celebrities were the protagonists of Arbus' photographic anecdotes. She found most of her subjects in New York City during the 1950s and 1960s, and through her work created a 'contemporary anthropology', an allegory of post-war America. Indeed, Arbus was fascinated by the power of myth as a means of ascribing meaning to everyday existence. Her personal writings disclose her passion for folklore, fairytales and Greek mythology. It seems that in an age and culture prizing rationalism and technology, she was more attracted to the talismanic and folkloric aspects of contemporary life.

"I want to photograph the considerable ceremonies of our present because we tend while living here and now to perceive only what is random and barren and formless about it. I want to simply save [the present], for what is ceremonious and curious and commonplace will be legendary."

Through her pictures, she expressed a profound understanding of subcultures and self-contained miniature societies within society, such as baton-twirling clubs, prisons, old age homes, nudist camps and other 'utopias'.

Most of her subjects are individuals that exist on the fringes of society. However, in Arbus' world these 'freaks', are the single most important focus of attention. They often seem lost, lonely and wandering - perhaps reflecting the photographer's own state of mind as a result of her marital problems and clinical depression. Indeed, one main theme in her work is relationships and their

dysfunctional quality. Her subjects, and especially the seemingly 'normal' ones like children, couples and the elderly, appear to be psychologically detached from reality, and from each other. Perhaps then Arbus is drawing our attention to a chasm in the fabric of human life, which any one of us can fall through.

Ultimately, the power of Arbus' photographs is borne from the disparity between the unusual nature and straightforward presentation of her subjects. For instance, the photographs taken upon her visits to nudist camps portray normal everyday situations. We see comfortable middle-class Americans doing the kind of things they do; picnics, family outings and the like. What we have are ordinary pictures of ordinary people - the only difference being that they do not have any clothes on. This gift of Arbus', for 'rendering strange things we consider most familiar, and uncovering the familiar within the exotic' not only helps us to better understand ourselves, but also explains the profound and enduring impact of her photography.

"I am entranced by difference ... the minutest variations"

Arbus' powerful portrayal of her subjects is rooted in her sophisticated understanding of the relationship between subject and photographer that is a central drama in her work, which renders the interaction between the two parties as self-conscious and collaborative. It is notable that she does not romanticize her subjects and their relationships, but acknowledges the complexity and uniqueness of each individ-



Diane Arbus - Untitled (1970)

ual and each situation being photographed. In essence, her emotional investment in the subjects is perfectly balanced with a documentary photographer's interest in recording the apparently incidental yet telling detail.

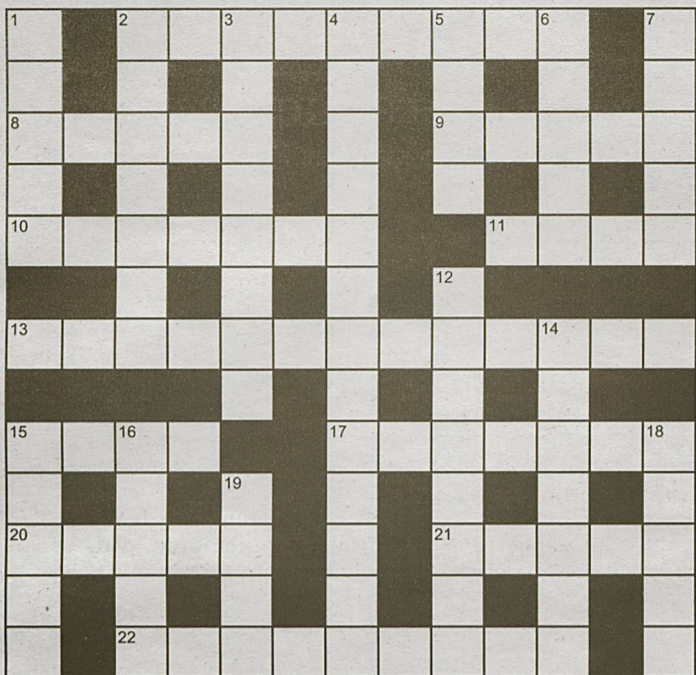
"Nothing is ever the same as they said it was. It's what I've never seen that I recognize."

Arbus' message could not be more urgent. Her commitment to the principles of photography, without deference to any personal social or political agen-

da, has meant that her work is shocking in its purity, in its celebration of things as they are.

Nowadays photography, art and design have become, for most people, consumerist pleasures; their capacity to change the conditions under which we live a laughable idea. Yet this kind of impact is exactly what Arbus believed in - and achieved. Her riveting photographs, as universal as they are startling, make you stop mid-life and ask yourself, who exactly are you?

Crossword 3



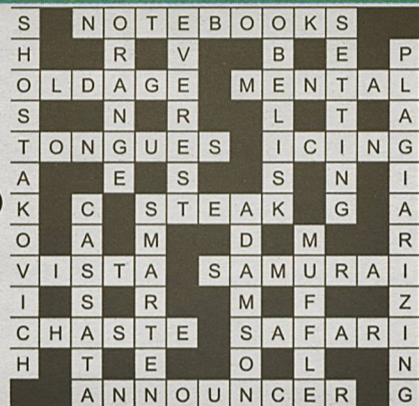
Down

- 1. Rotates (5)
- 2. Contempt (7)
- 3. High-ranking official (8)
- 4. Social gathering (8,5)
- 5. Weapons (4)
- 6. Child (5)
- 7. Slumber (5)
- 12. Exaggerated mistrust (8)
- 14. Strong (7)
- 15. Encrypted (5)
- 16. Ledge (5)
- 18. Provide (5)
- 19. Sparkling wine (4)

Across

- 2. Greek system of government (9)
- 8. Tree sap (5)
- 9. Rodent (5)
- 10. Waterproof coating (7)
- 11. Large vessel (4)
- 13. Speaking pompously and dogmatically (13)
- 15. Throw (4)
- 17. Chatter (7)
- 20. Attire (5)
- 21. Possessed (5)
- 22. Magical story (5-4)

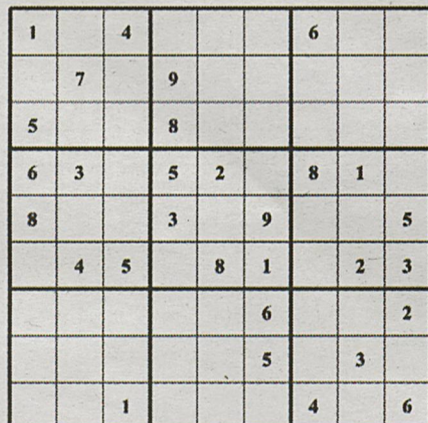
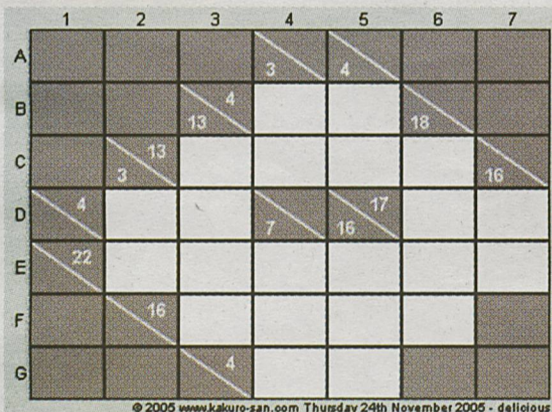
Solutions to Crossword #2



kakuro Sudoku

medium

difficult



hot or not?

First of all for all those bemused by the fact that in last week's poll, the results were displayed incorrectly, Howard did in fact receive overall support for The Beard.

And so to this week: the reputation of the LSE had long been based on academic prowess, exemplary research credentials and a good-looking student body. So great is the attraction that frequently parties and events are crashed by the local office yuppies looking to score and a cohort of South Kensington gimps looking ugly. So this week, we asked: Are the LSE students of the opposite sex hot ... or not?

A big thumbs up for the girls then, though one must ask whether men have any standards; bad news for the guys, but the possibility remains the results are skewed on account of being confronted by the sight of the questioner.

Notably, many females believed that they were indeed the fairer sex, and there was an overall consensus that this year's intake definitely improved standards across the board. Perhaps the school has included an additional criterion to its admission procedures?

Ask Auntie Shaw



Dear Auntie

I fancy the pants off my tutor!! I think it's beyond the point of a schoolgirl crush and I'm convinced those frequent winks aren't directed to anyone else. Will I be breaking any administrative rules if I decide to go for it?
2nd yr Anthropology Student

Dear smitten kitten

It's happened to us all at some point dahling! I've scrupulously worked through our student and tutor handbooks and found nada. Shagging authority is simply frowned upon but not illegal in any shape or form - we're assumed to be old enough to act responsibly so go for it! Don't take advantage and have your 69 bumped up to a first - that's just naughty! You might want to google him first though, make sure he doesn't lead a secret double life. I hope I've made your day, have fun now, and be safe!

Ever Your Auntie Shaw

Dear Auntie

I've exceeded my overdraft limit, I owe money to anyone and everyone I know, and my bank and I aren't exactly on the greatest terms. I think the letter I got in the post this week could actually be classified as hate mail. I'm surviving on Sainsbury's value apple juice. I need help, or £3053.67 by 5th December.
1st yr Accounting and Finance Student

Dear penniless peter

It happens to the best of us. First thing I'd do is change that degree of yours...something's not adding up. Stop spending so much on these fresher's nights out and weekend getaways to Crete - you must become as tight as a camels arse in a sandstorm until you find your funding feet again!! With regards to the apple juice, I think you may find Tesco value orange juice burns less of a hole in the pocket. As far as paying back your debt, I'd usually say get a job but considering your time limit I offer you two choices: would you prefer to sell the left kidney or right?

Bonne chance!
Xxx

Dear Auntie,

I'm a heavily involved AU rugby lad. I sometimes find myself waking up in bed next to some of the 1st and 2nd blokes on Thursday morning, with no recollection of the previous night. I am worried my girlfriend may start to wonder why my captain squeezes my left butt cheek whenever we cross paths on Houghton Street.
3rd Year LLB

Dearest child,

Ah the AU and its trappings!!! Based on details you've sent me, which *The Beaver* editorial board will not let me publish, I do believe you (and some of your mates) are living behind an incredibly forged homophobic shell. With LGBT awareness week just gone, what would be a better time to come out of that closet young man - loud and proud!!!
Auntie Shaw

Dear Auntie,

I've always loved my course; I'm a Sociology and Social Policy Student, and until now I've loved learning about applied theories of Social Justice and waking up to Neighbours every morning.

But recently I've noticed something of a rift between me and my fellow students. Everyone seems so happy being lovely all the time, but recently I've been having desires... different desires.

You see, a few weeks back I had a passionate liaison with a third Year Economics student. I ended it at once, obviously. All that maths, and me a Social Scientist, it could never have worked. But ever since then, I can't stop thinking about those brief few weeks we enjoyed together. Somehow, everything seemed so right. I could answer every question with the reply "leave it to the market" and "game theory", I never felt bad about the beggars at the NatWest cash point, suddenly I was a demi-god amongst men. The ideological closed ness, the dizzying employment prospects, the sheer joy of getting up in the morning and not having to care about anyone else, NOTHING Soc and SP ever gave me was this good.

Now I'm worried that my teacher has caught on. Recently, I let slip that pregnant mothers should be forced to work if they weren't married in class. I passed it off as a joke, but I'm sure Dr. Flaumig suspects something. I love him and his musty smell, and I'd never want any neo-liberal ideas to come between us. How can I stop the inevitable denouement when he finds out I've been flirting with the New Right?
Beleaguered Smithsonian

Dear adulterous academic

My my, you seem as confused as a baby in a topless bar!!! It's perfectly normal to have these feelings. It may feel like the end of the world but this is partly what uni is about - 'finding yourself' and all that crap. I'm sure Dr Flaumig will cope without you and if not, you can always meet up for crumpets outside tutor hours. It's a big step but your write in seemed so passionate, I'm convinced that a change to Bsc Economics is in order. It may seem like you're playing with your future but risks is what it's all about. Please don't turn into a banker wanker though - you seem lovely!
Bisous!

Dear Auntie

I haven't seen Monica anywhere, is it just a rumour? How do those damn photocopiers actually work? What is on the 4th floor of the library? Who is second in command after Howard? When will my essay assignments end and why the fuck is Pulse not broadcast to a wider audience?! I feel lied to, I'm tired, my essays are late and it's getting really bloody cold!

Dearest confused and confusing reader

Had a bad week? The week 9 itch? Your knickers need a serious de-twisting mrs! X-mas hols are looming, hang in there for just eight more academic days!
Hugs and kisses from Auntie Shaw
x

If you want to share (or scare) me with your problems, rants and general nonsense, please do write to me: thebeaver.art@lse.ac.uk. The more juice the better! You are guaranteed to remain completely anonymous and if you send me chocolate, I'll be an extremely delighted Auntie Shaw. Until next week my bizarre boys, girls and transgender dahlings!

Nuking nuclear qualms

Ben Biggs argues that nuclear energy should be given fair consideration

In the past couple of weeks Tony Blair has received a lot of criticism for daring to suggest that he had an "open mind" on the future role of nuclear power in Britain. He told the Liaison Committee last week that "controversial and difficult" decisions would have to be taken about the role for nuclear power in tackling the energy crisis in the UK.

Tony Blair is right start a debate about the use of nuclear energy. The government's 2010 targets for reducing carbon emissions may now be unobtainable, but if Britain is to have any hope

of raising the proportion of non-fossil fuels it uses it will have to seriously consider nuclear energy.

Greenpeace, Friends of the Earth, the Green Party and even the Liberal Democrats all rigidly oppose the production of nuclear energy. However, since the industrial revolution Britain has dumped 100 billion tonnes of carbon into the Earth's atmosphere. Does Britain really have the technological means to produce vast quantities of clean energy without the burning of fossil fuels? Those in the green lobby who refuse even to consider such a move as a threat to our planet's

future as the exploitative oil companies which profit from environmental destruction.

It was in the 1980s, when opposition against both nuclear energy and weaponry were a must for any self-respecting Thatcher-hater, that British popular opinion became wary of the word 'nuclear'. The explosion in 1986 of a reactor in Chernobyl, after every basic safety procedure had been ignored, strengthened the connection of nuclear energy with the destruction associated with 'the bomb.'

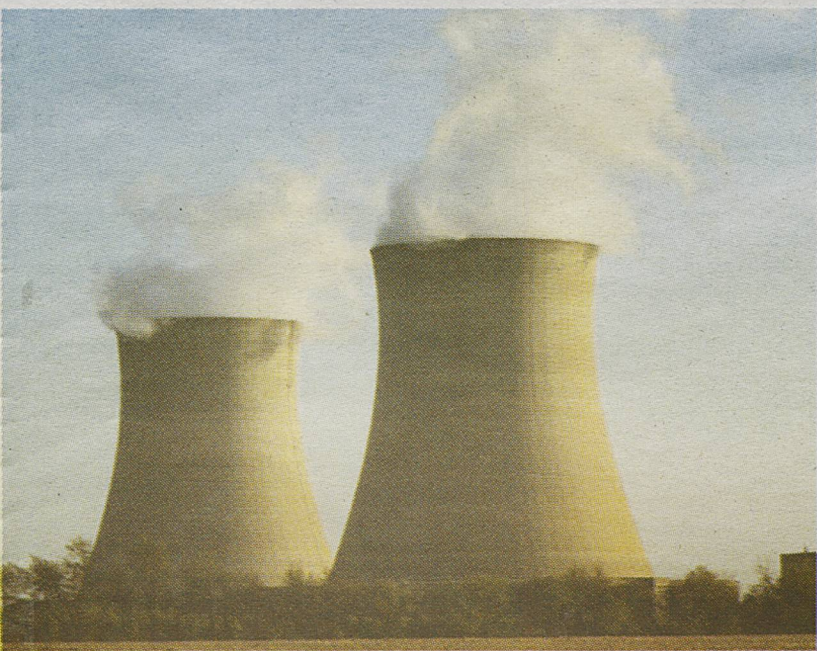
Over the next 20 years, all but one of Britain's 12 nuclear plants will have reached the end of their productive lives. The government says it has no plans to renew these facilities, and aims to meet the nuclear shortfall through renewable sources such as wind, solar and tidal power. Currently, without these nuclear plants our capacity to generate substantial power without carbon dioxide is reduced almost to zero and few energy experts believe that renewable sources will be sufficient to meet even the modest Kyoto demands of the UK.

Unfortunately, the reality we have in Britain is that even if nuclear production were to cease tomorrow, by 2100 Britain would still be committed to storing 250,000 tonnes of radioactive waste for several thousand years. Given this situation, increasing our nuclear energy production poses no new scientific problem.

And as existing plants are due to close in the near future, we are easily able to modernise technologies and safety systems. The most up-to-date nuclear methods produce just 10 percent of the volume of radioactive waste previously generated to yield an equal amount of energy. In France, high levels of investment have resulted in a situation where 78 percent of the energy production is nuclear.

Do we take the nuclear road, or do we continue searching for a realistic renewable alternative whilst injecting millions more tonnes of carbon into the atmosphere? The Royal Academy of Engineers' recently published a study which concluded that nuclear is the second most cost-effective energy option, after highly polluting gas, and is more than twice as economical as the government's preferred option of wind farms.

Growing numbers of environmental scientists are disagreeing with the green lobby's united anti-nuclear front. According to ecologist Patrick Moore, an original founder of Greenpeace, "nuclear energy is the only non-greenhouse gas emitting power source that can effectively replace fossil fuels and satisfy global demand." If the environmental lobby insists on trying to reduce emissions through renewable energy sources alone, it will bear its own share of responsibility for global warming.



Right approach

Charles Laurence



The power of the press

As a columnist I find it particularly useful when metaphors write themselves, like the foul toxic sludge that is making its way through the City of Harbin in northern China. It is accompanied by another predictable stream of excuses, cover-ups and lies that all governments wish they could, but only dictatorships can, implement. Except this time it is different, the previously docile Chinese press is beginning to show its teeth.

Beijing's Zhongguo Jingji Shibao said, 'if individual leaders tell lies irresponsibly, this is an extremely terrible crime against society'. This kind of statement would have been unthinkable in the aftermath of Tiananmen. This is the first sign of the faltering of the Chinese Communist Party and represents what George Bush called for in his recent visit to China. It emphasises the point that in the age of mass media, a free press is the biggest threat to any government that would abuse its power. That is why the first target of any coup d'etat is the radio and television stations.

It is also why the US is suspicious of Al-Jazeera, the independent Qatari television network. Al-Jazeera gives an outlet to Osama bin Laden and his al-Qaeda network, putting their propaganda on air and in that sense aiding and abetting the enemies of the Coalition in Iraq. This has led to the 'accidental' bombings of their offices in Kabul and Baghdad and now a leaked document that allegedly shows that the White House had considered blowing up the Station's headquarters.

On the face of it, it is very tempting to get rid of them, but to do so would misunderstand the nature of Al-Jazeera and lose sight of the goal of this Middle Eastern adventure the coalition has embarked on. Al-Jazeera is a remarkably moderate and balanced voice in the rabid mass of Middle Eastern press. It is both unconstrained and feared by the corrupt regimes of the region.

The free press is an inconvenience to any government, but that is exactly why it is so necessary. In securing Iraq it would be easy to fall into bad habits, but what needs to be kept in mind is that the Coalition is not bringing security in for its own sake but for the greater cause of freedom. Saddam's Iraq was perfectly 'secure' but at an intolerable price.

The beauty of neo-Conservatism is its innate faith in humanity. When given the chance to flourish, people will take it. It is a break from the crusty diplomats and others who patronizingly say, "Iraq is not ready for a democracy", as if freedom were an effete luxury on the same level as a local Waitrose.

If we forget why and for whom we are fighting we will lose this great war of ideology and, what is more, we will have forfeited our moral right to win.

Binge drinking Britain

Farid Bennis disagrees with last week's 'Proposing a toast' to extra hours at the pub

The debate surrounding last week's historic Licensing Act bill scratched the surface of the issue in predictable ways. There were those who warned that Britain has a binge drinking problem. There were others who rejoiced the fact that finally the government was treating us like responsible adults. Although I agree with the 24 hours, the problem is in fact that, like it or not, we are irresponsible drinkers.

The legislative change that heralded 24-hour drinking doesn't help our problem. Britain needs is a cultural change. Inadequate as the old drinking hours were, I fear that binge drinking is now going to escalate. The law has changed, but have our attitudes to drinking?

In Britain, we're urged to drink responsibly but we're forever on a mission to get hammered. It used to be that last orders were at 11, so we had good reason to get the pints in. Now we have to find a new excuse to absolve any blame for drinking more than ever before.

What lies behind Britain's drinking disorder? A good start would be the drinks. We drink pints (our ubiquitous pint glass is the largest standard serving of lager this side of the Oktoberfest

in Munich), and lots of them. Then there's the meteoric rise of the Alcopop. These sugary and colourful concoctions don't taste like alcohol. Remember squirming after your first taste of alcohol? Not anymore - a great incentive for underage drinkers.

What about the food then? The British suffer from a very peculiar cultural idiosyncrasy here too. Throughout the ages, eating has had a symbiotic link with drinking. We may have more celebrity chefs per-capita than anywhere else, but the British still can't cook; and it's getting worse. This problem is compounded by the 24-7 culture. Unpredictable working hours and food on-the-go have led to the demise of the sit-down dinner; the old-fashioned place for evening drinking.

So back to the pub then. It has been said that a longer drinking period will encourage a more relaxed attitude to drinking. We only have to look across the channel to see how far we've been led astray. Our continental counterparts have enjoyed 24 hour drinking for years, but they don't share our woes, enjoying what we would class as 'small beers'. What's more, you will have a selection of tapas to enjoy with your drink. This can be a selection

of delicious hors d'oeuvres or maybe just some olives or crisps. In Britain we get peanuts.

So what other safeguards do the British have against alcoholic over-indulgence? We are incapable of effectively shaming those who drink themselves out of order. From drunken orgies by young package-holiday Brits to football hooligans to your bog-standard binge drinker 'having it large' on a Friday night; our efforts to vilify them show no results. We threaten them, we ban them and we arrest them, but we can't shame them. Maybe we don't want to. The legendary football player and alcoholic George Best died this week, who even after his liver transplant operation kept drinking. Yet he is reified; we love him.

Maybe the key to responsible drinking is education. I suggest the government transfers the millions in revenue from increased alcohol consumption attributable directly to the new law, into education. Of course that isn't going to happen, not least because they'll probably have to reinvest that revenue into the National Health Service to treat all the extra alcohol-related illnesses.

Still, the government will be better off in the long term. With an ageing population and a loom-

ing pensions crisis, this new bill could prove very lucrative indeed. Sustained high alcohol consumption equals shorter life expectancy and that means the government will pay less money towards pensions. But that's all very far into the future. Whose round is it anyway?

Last week in... Freibury, Germany

Frank Ficker's philandering ways were exposed when his wife's parrot, Hugo, imitated him calling out another woman's name.

Petra Ficker, Frank's wife, said, "Hugo always liked to mimic Frank and he could do his voice perfectly." Normally the parrot imitated Frank asking who's at the door and yelling at the nephew. Alarm bells were sounded when Petra "heard him doing Frank's voice, but saying 'Uta, Uta'." Shortly afterwards she found two plane tickets for a weekend in Paris booked for Frank and a woman named Uta.

"It's just me and my parrot now," said Petra.



Matt Sinclair tells us why David Cameron is his man

David Cameron has earned his place as Tory leader, changing his status from also-ran to favourite by virtue of his refreshing optimism, consistent and measured approach to policy and a great speech at conference.

To succeed, the Conservative Party must prove that it has something more to offer the country than 'less incompetent than Labour.' Describing all our fears for the future of a country run by Labour will only show voters that we are afraid; only by describing our vision for the kind of country we think Britain can be and the kind of state that country deserves will our party become a success. That is why Mr. Cameron's avoiding an over-reliance on the 'Tory' issues of law and order and immigration is important; our stance on these issues is popular but, when stated too regularly, gives the impression that we are a party that cannot offer the country a positive future but would instead ask them to grant us power in order to fight our own scarecrows.

Cameron's approach to policy has been a breath of fresh air, particularly on a few issues. First his reversing the Tory position on top-up fees: having policies on health and school education built upon the belief that market organisation will improve their

condition sits ill with a commitment to remove such organisation from higher education and replace it with a return to central state funding.

Second, his talk of how Conservative principles of free markets and efficient states can

'Cameron offers the Conservatives a chance to be a forward-looking party'

be applied to the third world: describing how policies of reducing bureaucracy and freeing individual actors to improve their own condition can be effective in both the UK and the developing world is a fine Conservative contribution to the debate on international development, and helps to prove that idealistic voters need not assume that left-wing parties are their natural home. Thirdly, his refusal to be dragged into opportunistic policy choices, like naming figures for tax cuts early is important: being bounced into poor decisions like deciding fiscal policy when economic conditions such as the amount of the

budget deficit and prevailing interest rates are not known, demonstrates that the real heir to Blairite political opportunism is Mr. Davis; Cameron has showed admirable nerve in not allowing such an unpleasant millstone to be placed around Tory necks.

The great speech at conference, the routing of Jeremy Paxman and the generally better ability to connect with the public that Cameron has developed, is not the continuation of 'spin' that Davis has lambasted; spin was allowing policy to be dictated by headlines and much better fits Davis and his tax cuts. An ability to communicate with the electorate, by contrast, is an essential skill of a politician, particularly a party leader. All political power in our democracy is contingent upon the will of the population at large and being able to convince them that Conservative policies are the right ones is the reason why the commons is not dominated by academics.

Cameron offers the Conservative party the chance to be a forward-looking party with policies that deserve votes and the ability to convince the public this is a Conservative party that will not let them down if offered the opportunity of government.

Tangled up in blue

With the leadership election results due next week, Blink asks LSE Tories who they are supporting

Richard Padley argues that David Davis represents something for everyone

David Davis has been a politician for over 17 years, who knows how to get things done. He has acquired much experience over this time which will prove invaluable when we win the next general election.

Conservative Party members have been given a choice between a long-established politician with a history of good work for the party and an effective front bench record, or a new guy who has been compared closely to His Tonyness.

At the time of the London hustings last Wednesday evening, you could tell who was who. Davis spoke with power, dignity and, most importantly, emotion. He truly believed in what he was saying. That is what this great country needs; a man who can stand up and face opposition, looking them straight in the eye.

This is what David Davis can offer. Whoever gets elected to become the new leader will have to face a media and government onslaught. It would be bad for the party to lose a young upcoming politician to these pressures. Davis is established enough to be able to stand up and say "No." To be an effective opposition and a great government we need a per-

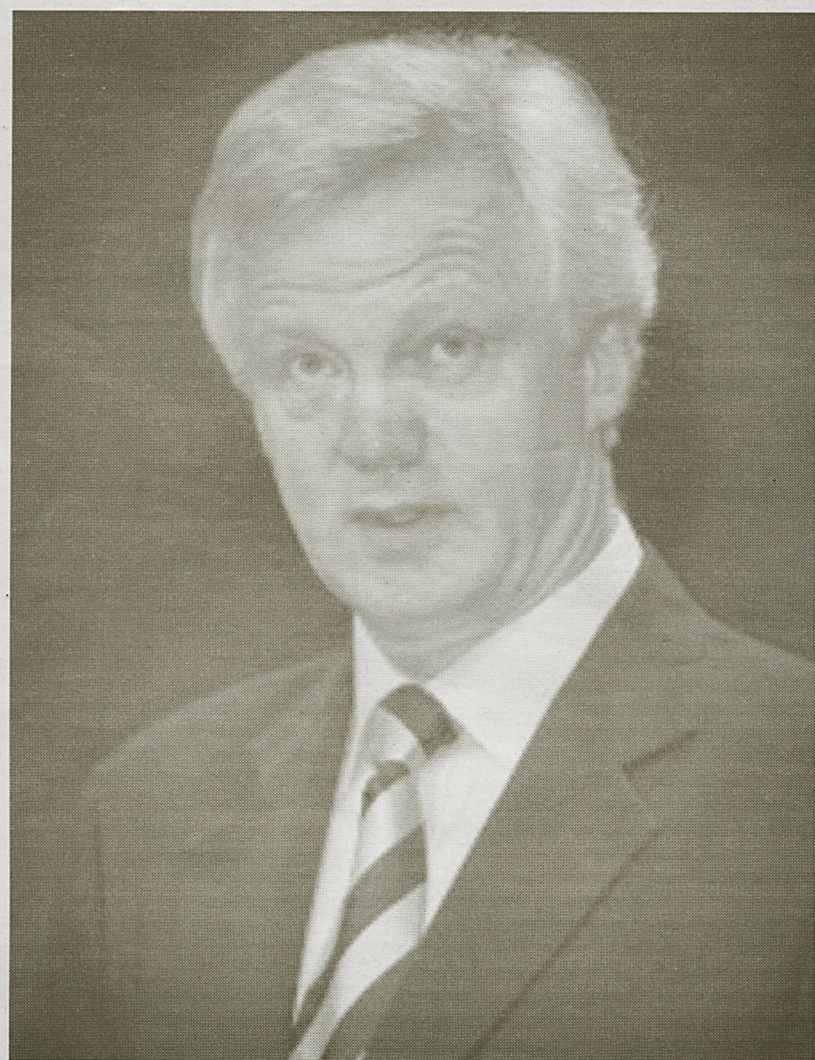
son who is willing to listen to the people and be able to stand up, and be accounted for.

'This great country needs a man who can stand up and face opposition, looking them straight in the eye'

Sitting at dinner the other night, I listened to how Davis' policy of laying out his plans early was a bad idea. This is not the case. The voters of this country want to know what we are offering if they are to vote for us. We cannot be the party of eight weeks that suddenly emerges just after an election has been called. We need to be out there establishing ourselves as a party that knows which direction we want to take the country in. Only when the public see this will they vote for us. We need to be establishing our policies early so people can see what we can offer. We need to inform them so they can see the other choice. We need David Davis.

Speaking the other night, Davis established the need for a broader party with more people involved. Davis is a person for all people. Sitting in the Carlton Club the other night with a group of people discussing their private and grammar school upbringings, smoking cigars, I felt left out, coming from a local comprehensive in a small town that no one has ever heard. This is what needs changing, and what Davis is promoting. The inclusion of more women is key to an election victory. Regaining the women's vote is going to have to be crucial if we are to beat Labour. It is true to say we have lost the women's vote. Had we attracted the same level of support among women as men last May, Labour's majority would have been wiped out. Women are going to be central to our success. Therefore, Davis is proposing to make women central, offering to involve women in every aspect of the party's work, and this is what we need to win the next election.

As I mentioned, Conservative Party members are being given a choice. Do they go for the candidate who can get things done and will build the nation? Or not? Vote Davis.



Looking forward

Laurie Fischer discusses the implications for Israel of Ariel Sharon's defection from Likud

Two events in the last couple of weeks have caused a dramatic alteration in the Israeli political landscape. In the geological language of political metaphors, if the election of the left-wing Amir Peretz to lead Labour was an 'earthquake' in Israeli politics, then Sharon's defection from Likud must be a 'volcano' or a 'tsunami.'

This language is altogether inappropriate. Firstly, such geological events are disasters - these events clearly aren't. Secondly, at the end of the day very little may actually come of it, particularly in resolving the conflict with the Palestinians.

These changes, most importantly Sharon's move to form his own centrist Kadima ('Forward') party, have not been entirely unforeseen. His defection is an acknowledgement, underlined with trademark bluntness, that his pragmatic politics do not fit with Likud's ideological vision of Eretz Israel. This gap has been plainly obvious since Sharon 'bulldozed' through the Gaza disengagement plan earlier this year.

The big question remains why? Sharon was still likely to have been re-elected with Likud in next March's election. In fact, he was in a stronger position a few days ago than he has been for a while, both within Likud itself and with voters in general. Simply put, he must have future plans that would have been ardently opposed by his former party, perhaps for example future disengagements from the West Bank.

What is clear is that Sharon has two immediate political goals. He firstly wants to occupy the central ground of Israeli politics, both economically and politically. He can take moderate votes from those that view Finance Minister Netanyahu's vigorous economic reforms as too harsh but shy away from Peretz's reversion to old Labour socialism.

Equally, he can take the votes of those who supported the disengagement but are still averse to direct negotiations with the Palestinians until more is done to combat militants.

Secondly, Sharon wishes to reduce the damaging role played by small extremist parties who manipulate Israel's system of proportional representation for their own unpopular and generally destabilising ends. The renowned Oxford academic Avi Shlaim commented that the move was "long overdue" as the current alignment has not allowed Israel's political system to "function properly or produce clear-cut decisions in foreign policy."

'Both Peretz and Sharon still fully support the territory-grabbing security barrier. Both publicly state that there will be no compromise over Jerusalem, nor a right of return for Palestinian refugees'

In this sense, Sharon's move will have a necessary stabilising affect on Israeli politics. Sharon knows he is by far Israel's most popular politician, with opinion polls already suggesting his new party will take the most seats in the Knesset. By staking out the middle ground, Sharon will force both Likud and Labour to refocus their attention on the centre to reclaim votes, reducing the influence of those particularly on the right who refuse to accept peace with the Palestinians.

As a result, the will of more than two thirds of Israelis for a withdrawal from the West Bank is more likely to be met.



Negotiations with the Palestinians are less likely to be influenced by extremist right and left wing calls for Greater Israel. In short, a more moderate Israel is more likely to make peace with the Palestinians.

Or is it? What has this realignment actually changed? Certainly not the deeply held perceptions and interests held by most Israelis. The most enduring obstacles to peace still remain and are unlikely to be overcome by this realignment. As Edward Walker, a former US ambassador to Israel commented, "nobody should confuse this with a willingness to walk away from Jerusalem, or with a near-term discussion of final status."

Both Peretz and Sharon still fully support the territory-grabbing security barrier. Both publicly state that there will be no compromise over Jerusalem, nor a right of return for Palestinian refugees abroad. These are popular policies in Israel and offer less to the Palestinians even than

Ehud Barak was finally prepared to in the failed Camp David negotiations of 2000.

Furthermore, developments this week only highlight the gap that remains between Israel and the Palestinians. Last Wednesday Eyal Arad, a top strategic adviser to Sharon, announced that the government no longer viewed 'land for peace' as key to setting up a viable Palestinian states and indeed blamed the policy for the failure of the Oslo accords and even for the current Intifada. Predictably, the importance of 'land for peace' was instantly reiterated by the Palestinians.

The repudiation of the 'land for peace' formula hints at Sharon's plans for East Jerusalem and large, well-established settlement blocs such as Maale Adumin that may include formal annexation of the latter. Indeed, the Israeli housing minister last week issued a tender to build yet more homes in the West Bank settlement, prompting the EU to condemn in the strongest

terms Israel's stance on settlements and East Jerusalem (with a diplomatic two fingers to Israel in a report recommending that ministerial meetings with Palestinians should be held in Jerusalem and not Ramallah, as currently happens).

Everything and nothing has changed in Israel. Sharon still has to find funding and organise from scratch a campaigning framework in time for the March elections. Unlikely to win outright, he must also prepare a coalition which will be inevitably fraught with difficulties. Likud's animosity toward Sharon, particularly the difficult personal relationship between the ever scheming Netanyahu and his old boss, virtually rule them out. Neither will Labour be easy partners; Peretz has already hinted that he is not willing to join in a coalition with the mighty Sharon. An interesting time it will be, predictable it is not.



Israeli settlers clashed with police earlier this year, during the Sharon-led withdrawal from Gaza

Diminished responsibility?

Blink Correspondent *Jana Zolotarevskaja* argues that rape cases are far from simple

Over the past years, a lot of criticism has evolved around sexual offences. Even following the reforms on sexual offences in 2003, there have been constant complaints over the system of dealing with charges and reports.

The trigger has of course been the low conviction rates, although it is rather important to keep in mind that the her-word-against-his situation, inevitable in most rape charges, makes it incredibly difficult to determine what really went on.

The complaints over the administration have been rather serious, with regard to either the inefficiency of the police service when dealing with reports, the jury system being prejudiced against victims, or variations in quality of the investigation up and down the country.

'The 21-year-old student who was allegedly raped was so drunk that she could not remember whether she was consenting to intercourse'

Earlier this week, a great deal of attention was paid to a report by Amnesty International showing that every fourth person consulted believed that a woman was to blame for being raped if she was provocatively dressed or drunk. If following this mentality walking the streets on a Friday night, one gets the impression that quite a few rapes could easily take place without any convictions whatsoever.

Yet the acquittal of Ryairi Dougal, 20, at the Swansea Crown Court on Wednesday was of a totally different nature. Here, the 21-year-old female student who was allegedly raped was so drunk that she, according to own testimony, could not remember whether she was consenting to the intercourse. However, critics focus precisely on her condition when claiming that the decision was a wrong one to make. The Sexual Offences Act 2003 states that for rape to occur, the intercourse should not have been consensual and the defendant should not reasonably have believed that consent existed. What is reason-

able under circumstances will ultimately be left for the jury to decide. Consent for the purpose of the act should be given with freedom and capacity to make such a choice.

Furthermore, there are a number of circumstances under which the defendant is presumed not to have reasonably believed that the victim was consenting and must then rebut this presumption by evidence. One such is when the victim is unconscious. It is this presumption which was referred to in this case, when it was claimed that the student was "virtually unconscious."

Exactly what this means is difficult to say, as little information on this case has been reported. However, it seems to derive from the fact that she cannot remember what happened to her that night.

It is doubtful whether one can apply this presumption to intoxication, given that involuntary intoxication, i.e. when the victim is given alcohol by someone else, is provided for by one of the other presumptions. Why would voluntary intoxication not be covered by the section on involuntary intoxication, but be open to invoke under section dealing with unconsciousness? This suggestion seems highly unlikely to have been intended for under the drafting of the act.

Moreover, although the girl herself stated that she cannot recall whether she consented, commentators argue that she lacked the capacity to give a consent. Again, this is questionable as intoxication usually does not simply amount to incapacity in criminal law.

Surely one should have special concern when dealing with sexual offences as the subject is extremely sensitive and freedom of choice as to engage in sexual activity is vastly important. Nevertheless, one should not be blinded by ideological aspirations and try to approach each case on the basis of its facts. Here, the female student seemed neither to have been abused nor to have been pressured by her fellow student, Ryairi. When, from his statement to the police, learning that they did have sex in the corridor outside her flat, her reaction was that there would have been "no way" that she would have agreed to have sex in a corridor.

To me this sounds like she is embarrassed over her indecent behaviour rather than being traumatised by potential abuse. To be fair, most people act more recklessly when they are drunk, and

we can all probably think of times when we have woken up by lunchtime, turning in our bed out of embarrassment over what we did the night before. Or even worse, being told over the phone, the night before being just a big blank gap in our memory. What seems unfair is to shift the blame for irresponsible behaviour onto someone else. That is to say: "because I was drunk last night and you weren't, you should have thought about whether I will be embarrassed by this once I sober up".

The judge at the Swansea Crown Court did not think that this would have been fair, and I do not find anything scandalous about his opinion. What I do find scandalous is that that Ryairi's

name was published even though no conviction was secured, considering the stigma that rape allegations usually carry. More care should have been taken to protect his integrity. This particularly as the engagement in sexual intercourse is not a criminal act when accompanied by consent, which means that a lot of people could potentially be accused of rape without ever have intended to commit it. Therefore, perhaps it is time to refocus and consider whether there might be more than one victim in a situation like this.



Taking the plunge

Blink Correspondent **Xueling Lee** dispels the doubts surrounding graduate entrepreneurship

Recent research found that as many as 70 percent of graduates aim to start up their own businesses, but few of these dreams are ever translated into action. Currently, only 7 percent of UK graduates start their own businesses, compared to 18 percent in the US.

Consequently, the National Council for Graduate Entrepreneurship (NCGE), an independent company, was formed in 2004 to raise the awareness of entrepreneurship and encourage undergraduates and graduates to consider their own business as an alternative career choice.

The NCGE launched Flying Start programme this year to provide additional sources support and advice for budding entrepreneurs. While recent graduates face the same problems in starting their own business as every budding entrepreneur, they tend to have bigger challenges with self-confidence and inexperience. Hence Flying Start's purpose to instill self-belief by giving access to success stories and people with the necessary experience.

Flying Start rallies are being organised in 11 UK regions, to inspire students to start their own businesses and, hopefully, commit to further action. The rallies have been well-attended, with each attracting around 300 participants.

The sessions provide a mix of inspirational talks and practical advice. From sessions on 'Ideas Cultivation' for those who want

to be self-employed but don't have a fully formed idea, to talks on 'Guerrilla Business: surviving your first year', there was something for someone in every stage of becoming an entrepreneur. Despite the wide variety of issues dealt with, Flying Start's key message was clear: starting your own business is a very viable and attractive career alternative.

To strengthen their point, Flying Start invited successful and experienced entrepreneurs to speak to the participants. The line-up included Al Gosling, CEO and founder of Extreme Sports

'As many as 70 percent of graduates aim to start their own businesses, but currently only 7 percent of UK graduates do, compared to 18 percent in the US'

Channel, who set up his own company at the age of 24; Karen Bilimoria, the National Champion of NCGE and CEO of Cobra Beer, one of the fastest growing beer brands in the UK; and Peter Radcliffe, President of Enterprise 100, who has built high growth businesses and executed major turnarounds in four

FTSE 100 and Fortune 500 financial and IT companies.

The LSE students who attended the recent London rally were unanimously 'impressed' and 'inspired' by the speakers' passion. Kevin Guidoni, who recently completed his MSc in Media and Communication at the LSE commented that 'it was good to see young people like myself interested in enterprise.'

Other than practical concerns about patents, funding and the such like, participants were primarily interested in finding out how to decide whether starting their own business was viable. Overwhelmingly, the speakers agreed that it was the entrepreneur rather than the idea that determined the success of the business.

Peter Radcliffe asserted that there were very few new ideas and when investing, he 'invested more in the entrepreneur as an idea can be molded'. According to Richard Stevens, Chairman of FW Stephens Financial Limited, the key difference between those budding entrepreneurs who succeed and those who don't according is 'self-belief, energy, focus, passion, and the ability to pick themselves up.'

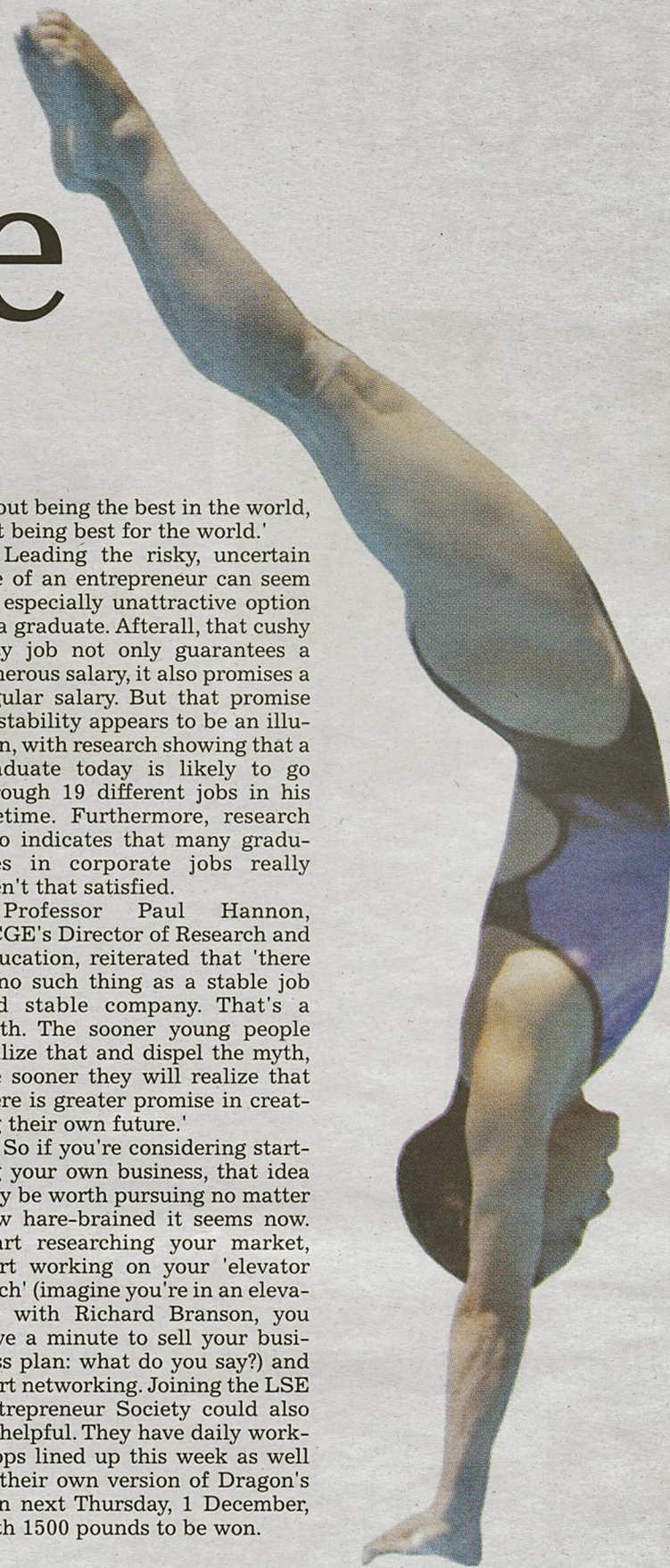
Karen Bilimoria reminded participants that 'there is no running away from commitment, focus and sacrifice' and the key to success is to 'never give up'. He believes that integrity is vital in business because 'it's not about doing things right, it's about doing the right things. It's not

about being the best in the world, but being best for the world.'

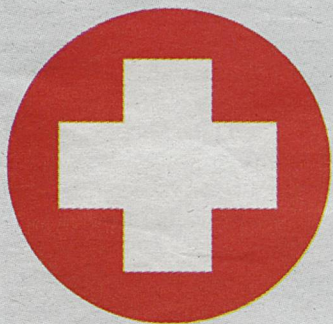
Leading the risky, uncertain life of an entrepreneur can seem an especially unattractive option to a graduate. After all, that cushy City job not only guarantees a generous salary, it also promises a regular salary. But that promise of stability appears to be an illusion, with research showing that a graduate today is likely to go through 19 different jobs in his lifetime. Furthermore, research also indicates that many graduates in corporate jobs really aren't that satisfied.

Professor Paul Hannon, NCGE's Director of Research and Education, reiterated that 'there is no such thing as a stable job and stable company. That's a myth. The sooner young people realize that and dispel the myth, the sooner they will realize that there is greater promise in creating their own future.'

So if you're considering starting your own business, that idea may be worth pursuing no matter how hare-brained it seems now. Start researching your market, start working on your 'elevator pitch' (imagine you're in an elevator with Richard Branson, you have a minute to sell your business plan: what do you say?) and start networking. Joining the LSE Entrepreneur Society could also be helpful. They have daily workshops lined up this week as well as their own version of Dragon's Den next Thursday, 1 December, with 1500 pounds to be won.



Career Profile



Moira Roddick
Head of
International
Programme Advisory
and Development,
British Red Cross

Moira has worked in the humanitarian and development fields for the past 17 years working initially in development (mostly in West Africa).

Since 1994, she has worked in the field of emergency response and humanitarian action in Africa, Asia, the Former Soviet Union and the Americas. In the past six years she has divided her time with operational agencies between programme management in the first phase of a response and monitoring and evaluation, which typically takes place later in the programme cycle.

How did you get into the industry?

I was lucky. After university, I volunteered to work in West Africa along with a friend. War broke out and I ended up staying in Africa. I worked for two and a half years there teaching English. I also worked in an adult literacy NGO for a while. The neighbouring country in Africa also broke into war and so I ended up work-

ing in refugee camps. I also worked in a large number of organisations like Oxfam, Save the Children, Action Aid, UNICEF, CARE etc before joining the British Red Cross.

What would you recommend for students studying in the LSE right now and who are looking to build their career in the charity sector?

I would recommend students to do voluntary work, alongside school if possible. If they can work in big organisations as volunteers that would be an asset when they begin looking for work in the charity sector.

What kind of traits does British Red Cross look for when they hire people?

Firstly, we look for people who have cultural sensitivity and awareness, compassion to understand the issues people have to deal with in their private life at the time of a crisis, the ability to negotiate etc They should know

how to deal sensitively with people with special needs in special circumstances. Secondly, we want to work with people who have integrity, who really want to work with British Red Cross. It's not enough to say I want to work in charity; I want to know why you are especially interested in the Red Cross. Thirdly, looking for people who are technically competent. They should also have some experience with voluntary work. Knowledge of special languages is an added bonus. The person should also have tact and diplomacy.

Would you employ students in British Red Cross directly after graduation?

In general, we would be unlikely to employ students directly after their education because we do look for work experience. We would not employ them. Unless they have voluntary experience of a certain duration or have key language skills that are hard to find.

How much experience is required before an individual should apply to British Red Cross?

A minimum of a year or 18 months is necessary.

Assuming that at the interview stage, all candidates have the same level of qualifications and experience, what would be the differentiator that would spell success for one candidate?

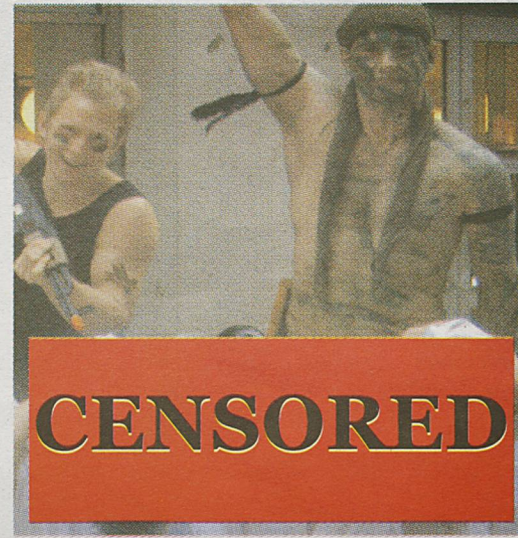
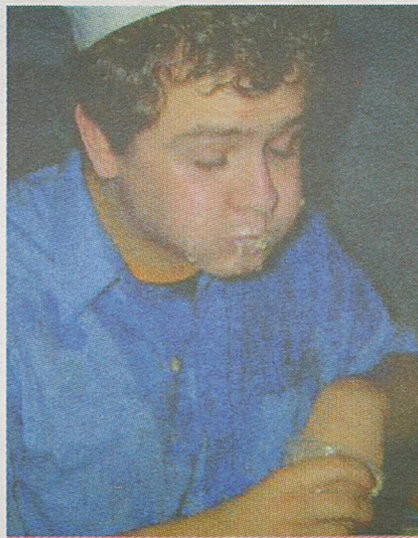
The candidate's ability to engage people.

What about international students? Do you place international students and give work permits?

If you don't have a work visa, you need special skills, entitlements so that we can justify why we want to sponsor you. There are practical issues involved but in general there are two things important to us - skills and media. We advertise globally and look for people with the right skills.

Roll out the Barrel...

A exceptionally quick guide to the AU's prestige event



CENSORED

From left to right: the wheel of death, Dom stripping (a fate worse than death?), the famous mixed grill and gin cocktail (a fate worse than a fate worse than death?), Howard Davies sans beard, and the most controversial photo ever published by *The Beaver*

Top 5 most tasteless acts from last year's Barrel

1. Taffy
2. Abu Graib re-enactment by Men's Rugby
3. 'That' cowgirl, 'that' American general course girl, i.e. the tradition of the Barrel slag (will it be you this year?!)
4. The 5th team's pond of sick (they were crispy DUCKS, gettit?)
5. Seriously, the cow girl. Bloody hell.

Some Barrel facts...

What: the most debauched, primal, postlapsarian, shocking, once-in-a-lifetime (well yearly) event, where wet-dreams come true and disgrace is embraced. See wrong-doers exposed, watch them sentenced in the kangaroo court and punished by the wheel, and drink 'til you're sick over and over again.

Where: The Underground Bar

When: 11am till 2am (free beer 11-2pm)

Why: Last year's record of 18 barrels drunk needs to be beaten, easy-sex stress relief, get some exercise on the barrel run, laugh at your mates but end up disgracing yourself, drink through the afternoon hang-over, make it to the end of Crush.

The exhibitionist's guide to Barrel intercourse

1. Howard Davies' office
2. Old Building bridge (join the poor man's mile - high club)
3. Squash courts (with viewing gallery)
4. Library glass lifts (going down...)
5. Peacock Theatre stage (make a stats lecture interesting)

Ultimate revenge for LSE's Equilibrium



Caroline Locher

South Hampton team LTD Release pulled off a few horizontal stacks that LSE just wasn't prepared for. Its players dragged LSE down to an embarrassing defeat of 4-13.

Dressed in purple, club team Pyramus and Frisbee (PAF) got LSE's spirits back up in game three with its cheerful attitude. After LSE won the game 9-6, PAF gave the winning team a hilarious theatrical performance.

LSE maintained momentum through half of their fourth and last game but fell behind in the second half, letting the Flaming Galahs score several points in a row. LSE lost 4-8, but experienced a more humiliating defeat after the game was over when the Flaming Galahs tested LSE's drinking skills. They had six players of each team suck up with straws cider in an upturned disc. Though Equilibrium lost the contest, it was happy to learn that a Frisbee, as flat as it seems, can hold up to three pints of liquid.

The three pint chal-

lenge wet the team's appetite and the day ended with muddy LSE players in a Clapham pub. Incumbent captain Christopher Yeoh was happy with the day's turnout. "We played very well," he said. "Next time, we'll crush them." In one day LSE went through a crushing victory, a devastating defeat, a close win and a close loss. Now that's Equilibrium.

Hockey 2nds keep promotion dream alive



JJ

Cometh the hour, cometh the men. After an unlucky loss (due to bad reffing and the 'flu') to GKT last week the lads were out for revenge, this weeks unlucky bastards were UCL. Now in this fixture last year they skanked

us big-time. Yes we did lose 5-0 but their refs seemingly were both biased and intellectually challenged. Therefore the time had come to return the favour.

Due to myself taking on the sicknote mantle from Rish, I happened to be reffing this week. Co-incidentally we scored a more than dubious goal after about a minute of play. I was convinced it hit Omer's stick. However I was told by our guys after the game that it hit their defenders stick and therefore shouldn't have counted. That's not being biased, that's just shit refereeing. Ah well, lets just say I didn't lose any sleep over it.

Emmsy slotted one home to the bottom corner after a dinky run that left about three of their defenders questioning the logic of getting themselves out of their beds that morning. Although we make it sound easy these cretins were handier with a stick than last weeks GKT team were.

At half time we went in 2-0 up. They had a few chances to level it but our defence held tighter than one of those spray on con-

doms I've been hearing so much about. With Tomo and Teale marshalling our forces at the back and Tricky putting in another psychotic defensive performance they stood no chance of troubling our stand in super-keeper Baller.

The onslaught continued as a Germanic short corner off the cuff by Emmsy and A.J ended in an easy tap in past a confused UCL defence. Despite being 3-0 down and game being almost beyond their grasp they, to their credit, refused to roll over and accept the inevitable. However our new ten men behind the ball defensive system was more than up to resisting the feeble prodding from their 'attack'. In fact our forth came from the soaking up of the aforementioned pressure. Omer managed to embarrass about five of their defenders before wisely squaring it to (dribbling with anticipation) Emmsy. Another tap in for him brings his LSE goal tally to 58. Which equals the amount of time in minutes Rishi has managed to play in his five years at LSE.



It was that big!

R.O.N. suffers shock defeat in elections



the sports column

Sam and Sancha

With Ed and Jen's editorship as finished as Gary Glitter's plans to open a children's nursery, it was the time for elections ('elections' rhymes with 'erections', snigger), and how corrupt they would turn out to be. Naturally the eternal nihilist R.O.N. was about, with his usual rhetoric about lack of choice, corruption of voting, apathy etc, and generally trying to scupper anyone's chances of being elected. With only two candidates running to fill the two sacred positions of co-sports editor, the chances of a R.O.N. victory were looking good...

But what happened next would shake the LSE from the dizzy heights of Tower 2 to the yellow-stained urinals of the Old Building toilets. With the speeches having taken

place, the Beaver collective began the slow realisation that the two candidates had a small degree of credibility about them. Sure, the girl had a silly name and the guy looked extremely shifty, but somehow they managed to win over the very ugly, neo-Conservative Beaver collective (Ed - wtf?). Sancha Bainton showed the organisation of an ADIDAS Indian sweat shop as she laid down her plans for the future of BeaverSports, and unshaven Sam Lehmann wooed the crowd with his cringe-worthy one-liners, such as "On Tuesday afternoon I love nothing more than to head to the Vera Anstey suite and bury my head in a Beaver for an hour".

Sancha, seeing herself as the next PG Tipster looks to deliver occasional piece of betting advice and

invites you to participate in 'Play of the Week' and 'The Great Debate'. Lehmann stated his insatiable desire to have a regular 'sports news in brief' column each week, plus his feral longing to bring back the classic 'Team of the Week'.

Three questions ensued, one being the classic "if you think you're funny, tell us a joke", prompting mayhem as the two candidates racked their brains for something decent but not too offensive. Needless to say, they couldn't, and Ms Bainton just went with something offensive in the end anyway.

Next came the thrill of the vote, with spoilt ballots a-plenty, and the usual haranguing of the candidates and gerrymandering we've come to expect from R.O.N. Alas the defamation and assassination of character would not triumph on this occasion, and the room was stunned into indifferent silence with the announcement of Sancha Bainton and Sam Lehmann as the new BeaverSports editors.

So here's what we're gonna do. Staying true to our liberal reformist agenda, we're generally going to

keep things as they were. This is because our predecessors Ed and Jen have done a fantastic job, coupled with our own languid malaise with change. BeaverSports has been freer from censorship than ever before (CUNT, WANKER, SHIT, MOTHERFUCKER), had more articles than ever before, and by and large kicked ass on a historic scale. This week's edition is in a state of limbo (being elected on Thursday with our first edition deadline on Saturday night, plus only having three pages due to some kind of advert fuck-up), but keep sending in your brilliant articles along with as many photos as you can and we promise we'll expose them to the world. Next week will also be a bit different because it will be a Barrel special (plus we'll be doing it drunk on Friday evening at some point), and no doubt many of you will be named and shamed and pictured doing awful things. For the time being though, take care of yourselves and each other.

Bye.



Do they match the ideal editors?

Logan's Slogan inspires 3 for 3rds



Fabs

Mighty 3rds

3

Goldsmith's 1sts

2

With our aptly named Captain Andy McRenton inspiring heroin-induced heights of joy through the simple task of winning and winning in style, the Mighty Thirds set upon Albany Park and Goldsmiths 1sts. These uneducated students from a wannabe arts school welcomed us to their geese shit infested pitches with

jibes of being six points clear at the top of the table. Our second years, with mouths more a gasp than a certain fresher's girlfriend's arse following a buttery encounter, quickly reminded last years also-rans who are the defending champions.

Goldsmiths, overawed by the time pressures of BUSA two years ago,

dropped from the highest league, in which they were very successful, to ours in an attempt to get an easy ride. Little did they know that the Mighty Thirds lay in wait like liverpudlian thugs with axes in the darkness.

The Mighty Thirds, however, are not to be intimidated; in the last game 3-0 down against Kings only to preserve LSE pride on the Aldwych by clawing back to 3-3, which shows the sort of metal this team possesses. The team turned up to Goldsmiths ready to win, ready to fight and ready to destroy...courtesy of summer training with the Turkish national side.

Kick-off. The Mighty Thirds raise their game, and dominate the opening 25 minutes caressing the ball like a pussy and insulting the other team as if they were a rubbish Beaver Editor. Evidence that the decrepit, little milk-bottle-glasses-wearing old man in black might be a shit referee began to show with very

few decisions going LSE's way. Admittedly Fabs moaning like a pregnant woman in labour was probably partly to blame. Then out of the icy mist came their first shot; a speculative effort. However, their first and only shot of the first half evaded our stand-in keeper Chris 'the machine' following an 'uncharacteristic' mistake. From a throw-in late in the half his Holiness Dan flicked on for Fabs to beat the keeper in the air and loop the ball into the back of the net. 1-1

After a stirring half time speech from Logan, LSE came out strong but Goldsmiths matched their pace and began to prosper as the game opened up. Ten minutes into the second half and a beautiful cross from their left was headed in. 2-1. Now like a rapist the Mighty Third team don't like to do things the easy way, and with 20 minutes to go suspicions of the referees inabilities came into fruition. Convict Dobbo animatedly arguing with their left back following a horrendous challenge and attempted elbow was shockingly sent off.

2-1 down, and a man down. Logan changes the shape and gambles with his last two subs, trusting in his defence by playing 3-4-2. The Mighty Thirds rise to the challenge, every 50/50, every header and every glance from the passing netball teams are won by a Blue LSE shirt. His Holiness strides forward and a slick interlinking move with Fabs again, these two should get a room, sees him burst into the box and power home the equaliser before embarking on a demonic run of joy that

even Damien himself would be proud. Ten minutes to go. Will the Mighty Thirds hold on the 'crowd' groans.

What happened next...YOU KNOW YOU FUCKING KNOW! Last minute of the game Daddy Chris strides out from defence, Goldsmith players bouncing off him. One-two with Victor 'Butter side up', slide through ball through to Jay Sean. One-on-one with the keeper, he fakes right...goes left and drills the ball into the bottom corner. 3-2.

Choose life. Choose a degree. Choose a football team. Choose the thirds. Choose six goals on the weekend, choose four goals on Wednesday, RVC, fucking Holloway and a season back on track. Choose four goals for Fabs, two goals for Jay and two goals for Olly. Choose teaching them how to count. Choose the Griffin. Choose R Kelly. Choose a rock solid defence and world class keeper. Choose a midfield that sweats blood and tears. Choose a team of players who know there is so much more to university than you can read in a lifetime. Choose the Barrel and wondering who the fuck you are on a Saturday morning. Or choose sitting in that library, reading mind-numbing, spirit-crushing periodicals, all because you are too pathetic to make it to the Tuns; choose rotting away at the end of it all, pishing your last in a miserable home, nothing more than an embarrassment to the selfish, fucked up brats you spawned to replace yourself. Choose your future. Choose the Third Team.

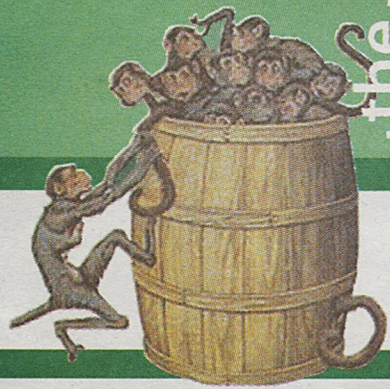
Andy Logan

TEAM OF THE WEEK!

Captains: email thebeaver.sports@lse.ac.uk with your nominations each week



Subs: John McDermott (1s), Tom Murphy (2s), Sam Lehmann (5s)



The Barrel

Your guide to the undisputed event of the year on **page 14**



New sports editors
 Check out the fresh blood on **page 15**

Women's Rugby break hearts, ribs, chastity...

LSE	Women's Rugger	37	12	UCL Mingers	UCL
ULU Division 1		Sunday 20/11		Up North	



Sucky Sandy

ders, and looked pleasingly girly like we do. It was evident that they could be beaten.

And we were right...within minutes the first major break through saw scrum half Chee-ky dash up the pitch through their non existent defence, and although eventually her face scraped along the ground and her contacts popped out, that was it - we set up camp on their half. Beautiful scrummaging with the titchiest 5 forwards ever followed, with newbie Kimmy brilliantly hooking their balls with ease to the back of our scrum. She was splendid. Then Katy o'clock (not impartial to spice, gunnage, and a good piece of ass) penetrated through their backline to score a neat try (1st of 3) between the posts, to be swiftly con-

verted by the Broken One.

After 20 minutes tragedy struck. Somehow they managed to lumber up to our 5 metres, and the ball shot out the back of the scrum and had the Broken One not dived on it, we would have conceded a try. Also, had the Broken One not dived on it, she would still have fracture-free ribs. That's devotion.

Then Sandyo shunned her sprained shoulder and fruitless promises not to play and came on for what would be the shittiest fly-half ever. I like my rucks and mauls, thank you, none of this running a proper line business.

Juicy especially dominated the rucks and Caroline made numerous great runs forward, well done girls on relentlessly harassing them. This resulted in Batgirl flying

over the try line in the corner and scoring the first fresher try. That girl is an animal.

Second half saw Nifty Nisha gain the ground for us by sprinting and dodging their shoddy defence, and Lulu put in a grand performance as fullback and technically scored a whopping 4 tries (2 wrongly disallowed). Chee-ky scored one of her signature pirouette tries and was voted Man of the Match by them.

Oh yeah, somewhere in between they managed to score 2 tries - irrelevant.

Then after the embarrassing downing of pints (lame o'clock - Bagerman) we headed home on the dark coach and got freaky flashbacks re: dodgy behaviour on the Calella coach of shame.

Bring it on, Brunel.



"Ironic" Win For Filthy Fours



Chris Nail'er

LSE 4s 1 - 0 UCL 7s
LSE 4s 4 - 0 St.Tarts

Land of Berries

Ironically, the filthies have kept 3 clean sheets in their last 3 games, with our keeper Brett's hands only seeing action at home when he goes on his favourite milf hunter website.

After missing Saturdays game due to still being held in police custody for molesting Tuns barmaids, Del Horny was back in the centre of defence partnering captain Nail'er. With these, our two Brazilian full backs Tutinho and Cafu, and our other Brazilian-named-player-in-the-hope-it-makes-him-play-better Bachinho, we surely couldn't fail. Our opposition however, were the unbeaten St.Barts medics who were late due to a longer-than-expected game of Operation (it's a Poly's version of an exam I'm informed).

With the medics clearly still worried whether they got away with setting the buzzer off whilst removing the liver the filthies punished early on. Bachinho did his standard penetration of the rear end to their left back allowing him to flash a ball across for Ed, and the apparent alcoholic who was onto the pass quicker than Del Horny is onto tuns barmaids. Speaking of whom, the Welshman, who's apparently taking English lessons

from DJ Pied Piper, celebrated Ed's goal by screaming "I'm loving it, loving it, loving it". Although Joey wasn't present for the match, his mother informed me he to ejaculated at this spectacle of a goal.

Then half-time came and some gamely 'advice' from our two Americans which no-one, including themselves, understood. Either way the 4ths started the 2nd half like they did the 1st with an early goal. Maximus opened his account, taking his game:goal ratio down to 25:1, a record Crouchy would be proud of.

Despite being the 4ths' top scorer last year, Rob still claims he's a left back so El Captaino met him somewhere in the middle and played him in midfield which produced some neat work and Ramsay was sent sprinting one-on-one with the keeper. You could say his finish was like the average Calella girl; it looked good from a distance but in reality anyone could have done it. Max scored another 2 yard screamer to make it 3-0. Then, with ramsay on the front, and max taking him from behind, their keeper struggled to hold onto Ed's cross and the filthies scored their final goal of the game to make it 4-0.