

The Beaver

The Newspaper of the LSE SU

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blink discusses Charlie's
Angels Foreign Policy
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b:fineart, Page 23



Full Election Breakdown - Pages 4 and 5

Election Frenzy



Adrian Li & Chris Heathcote
with additional reporting by
Ibrahim Rasheed & Mark Power

After a week of intense campaigning around campus, the polls for the Michaelmas Elections closed at 7pm on Thursday.

The final results were in by 11.30pm and were immediately seized upon by many as a victory for the progressive forces within the union. Concerns that the 'joke' candidacies of Arnold Schwarzenegger and Simon 'The Bookseller' Cody might be successful proved groundless as Stephen Lawrence and Tom Hurdall were elected Honorary President and Vice-President respectively.

Lawrence's election has reinforced the anti-racist stance of the student body. A press release issued by the Students' Union (SU) said: "The result demonstrated that

After a nerve-wracking count, the Returning Officer surveys the new political landscape

LSE students are not prepared to allow the issue of fighting racism in all its forms to be swept under the carpet."

The electorate also rewarded the brave actions of Tom Hurdall, the International Solidarity Movement activist shot by an Israeli soldier whilst attempting to protect a Palestinian child. Hurdall remains in a coma in Putney Hospital, and is unlikely to recover. His election is likely to be interpreted as a vote of sympathy for the plight of the Palestinian people.

In keeping with previous years, the Michaelmas term elections have been a low-key affair. The voter turnout was 789, just less than 10% of the total student population. Speaking to the Beaver, SU Treasurer Jo Kibble declared it was "good to see a higher than usual turnout" adding "the turnout is amongst the highest in students' union elections around the country". Answering questions on how voter turnout

can be improved, Mr. Kibble acknowledged that it was "all part of a general need to connect postgraduate and international students to the union."

One of the more shocking statistics of the evening was that out of the 325 general course students, only 34 voted to elect their representative. This could be pinned down to the lack of political interest among students staying at LSE for only one year. There were, however, accusations made that too little was done to advertise the elections for the General Course Representative.

Ironically this year saw an unusually high number of candidates standing for election. Fifteen candidates were nominated for the five places available on the Court of Governors compared to just six in the previous year. There was also a high turnout from religious and cultural societies who achieved notable success. Union

insiders attribute this to the influence of their society bloc votes.

Overall, the results represented a general shift away from the political right. The political fortunes of former SU Treasurer Peter Bellini, who has represented LSE at NUS Conference for the past three years best highlight this. This year he ran again for the post, but incredibly, given his high profile, only managed to receive fifteen first preferences.

One of the more poignant moments of the evening occurred when James Meadway, of the Socialist Worker Students' Society was elected by a landslide to be the next Postgraduate Students' Officer. Now in his fifth year at the LSE, Meadway was clearly delighted with his electoral success and wound up the proceedings by singing a rousing version of the Internationale, ably accompanied by SU Treasurer Jo Kibble.

The Beyzade Complaint: So Good they Debated it Twice - Page 2

Top Students Get Cash Clever? Have £1,000

Elaine Londesborough

Middlesex University has this week announced plans to award its top students with bursaries of £1,000.

Under the scheme, all students receiving three grades B's or above at A-level will qualify for the bursary, which could highlight the increasing use of market-place tactics in Higher Education. The 'Achievement Scholarship' will be available from the beginning of the next academic year and is aimed at increasing the number of highly achieving students applying to Middlesex. Currently, only 100 of the university's 25,000 students would qualify for the bursary, but it is hoped this figure will at least double. The bursary will cover the majority of the present tuition fee figure of £1,125 – a welcome break for cash strapped students.

Professor Nick Barr, of LSE's Economics department and one of the keenest academic advocates of top-up fees, explained; 'If you are a university trying to improve the quality of your students then this would be a good tactic. Universities have always tried to get the best students.' He suggested the move did not indicate an increased use of market-place tactics.

George Kiloh, Academic Registrar at LSE, told The Beaver; 'universities are jockeying for position. This is simply a reflection of the fact that we are all in competition with each other and have been for a very long time'.

The LSE is unlikely to introduce such a scheme as it generally takes very few students with grades lower than three A's and heavily over subscribed as it is, does

not need to encourage applications. Mr Kiloh said; 'As far as we are concerned we don't have any worries about our market position'.

The LSE is keen to point out that the majority of the £4 and a quarter million given per year in bursaries goes to those needing financial support and that only a small amount is awarded on the grounds of merit. Professor Nick Barr claimed that is his opinion 'Achievement Scholarships', such as those being introduced at Middlesex, are not an option for a university like the LSE. 'If such a scheme were suggested here I would argue against it, because I would want to use any serious bursary money for access, rather than merit'.

The National Union of Students has expressed a concern that these tactics will increase the importance of cost in a student's choice of university. It also fears that if the government were to go ahead with its plans to introduce top-up fees then this sort of scheme will become more widespread as a way to attract students to new universities.

However, the plans are still in their infancy at present, with few universities intending to adopt them any time soon. Mr Kiloh commented to the Beaver 'It seems unlikely that many will follow until we have sorted out the major questions of student finance that we are promised will go to Parliament later this year'. In other words, many Universities will wait until they are sure of their position with regards to top-up fees, before they decide how to proceed.

Compassion and Capitalism Hayek Society's First Lecture

Nick Spurrell

Last Thursday saw around 120 students gather for the Hayek Society's first lecture event this year.

The event was called 'Compassion and Capitalism' and the speaker was French businessman-turned-philosopher Christian Michel. He discussed how individuals in society can and would express compassion for those less fortunate than themselves in a free, capitalist society.

Michel argued that helping others in times of need is not sufficient to represent an expression of compassion. Such philanthropy must be performed voluntarily for it to be virtuous. He used an example of a fabled soldier who gave his coat to a freezing beggar out of kindness – an act of compassion – and then asked if it would have still been a compassionate act had his general forced the soldier to give away the coat. Michel argued that, although beneficial to the beggar, neither the soldier nor the general could now have been said to be acting compassionately because of the coercion involved.

This story, Michel explained, shows what is wrong with today's semi-free societies. Nowadays most acts beneficial to the needy are performed by the state through impersonal, coercive welfare

machines. "Social democracy fosters social indifference: everyone for himself and the state for all," claimed Michel with reasoned passion. Today, he continued, virtually all responsibility for the poor is transferred to the government forcing philanthropy "to the fringes of the market".

Christian Michel, as a young man, had dropped out of the Sorbonne University in Paris. Before becoming a telex operator at an American stockbroker he undertook odd jobs in the advertising and film industries. Climbing the professional ladder bit by bit, M. Michel eventually became finance director of a public company in Switzerland. In 1986, he bought his employer's small portfolio management unit and oversaw its expansion into twelve offices across Europe. After selling the business Michel moved to London. He now writes freelance on classical liberal philosophy and has published many essays in both Paris and London.

The event was one in a continuing series of guest speaker events and informal discussions held at the George IV pub. The Society, through its journal, events, and discussion groups seeks to defend classical liberalism and free market economics and foster an environment for the mutual exchange of ideas, in the spirit of LSE alumnus and Nobel Prize-winner F. A. Hayek, its inspirer

Colleges to become Unis

Prashant Rao

The question? How to get 50% of the nation's youth into higher education. The answer? Apparently, just convert some colleges to universities.

As part of the Government's continuing attempts to reach its HE participation targets, some eleven higher education colleges are on the verge of being granted university status. The move is in the works despite strong opposition from vice-chancellors across the country.

Labour has also proposed to restrict research funding and activity to a more limited number of institutions; Universities UK (UUK), the representative body for university vice-chancellors has voiced strong opposition against both aspects of Labour's proposals.

In a response to two government consultations on research funding, UUK President Ivor Crewe commented that an increased concentration of research would only serve to undermine the country's research base.

UUK went on to comment, 'We are seriously concerned about the government's view that research and teaching are not

interdependent. Research benefits teaching in exposing students to the cutting edge of research, and teaching benefits research through creating the research leaders of the future. [The two are] inseparable.'

The group of colleges applying for university status – Bath Spa, Buckingham Chilterns, Canterbury Christ Church, Northampton, Worcester, Chester, Liverpool Hope, and King Alfred College (Winchester), all have taught-degree-awarding powers (for both undergraduate and postgraduate courses) and the required 4,000 students on Higher Education courses.

They hope to follow the path of the London Institute, comprising five art schools, which was awarded university status in July as part of government plans to encourage more specialist institutions. Bolton Institute also has an application pending after an earlier, unsuccessful attempt.

A further three colleges, Chichester, Harper Adams and Surrey Institute of Art and Design, would strongly consider applying if the obstacle of student numbers were lowered.

Beyzade Raises the Stakes – Legal Action Threatened

Mark Power
Managing Editor

The Students' Union was last week again faced by the threat of a complaint to a Lay Governor of the school after Beyzade M. Beyzade's motion of no confidence in the Constitution and Steering Committee failed at the UGM on Thursday.

Beyzade's motion of censure followed his disappointment that the C & S Committee declined to uphold his complaint surrounding the Union's decision to allow the Lesbian Gay Bisexual and Transgender (LGBT) Student Society to select the Union's representatives at the NUS LGBT Conference. In a 13 page letter of complaint to the C & S Committee, Beyzade claimed that such a process was anti-democratic and in contravention of the Union's constitution. His problem with the selection followed his failure to be nominated as a delegate to the conference. He claimed that the Executive committee of the LGBT Society had acted improperly by deciding that two of the committee members should attend the conference, despite being themselves democratically elected representatives of the LGBT society.

LGBT Chair, Simon Bottomley was dismayed at Beyzade's complaints, telling the assembled C & S Committee that he had tried very hard to ensure that the interests of LGBT students had remained central to the process. Whilst Beyzade chose not to be present at the C & S meeting to present his complaint, he did choose to question the decision by the committee in the UGM, on the polling day of Michaelmas elections, a move seen by many Union insiders as blatant political opportunism.

Speaking to *The Beaver* Bottomley said that Beyzade's demands for a cross campus ballot on who should attend the conference were "completely impractical." He said it was unreasonable to expect that the Union organise such a ballot given the time constraints. When asked as to respond to suggestions that he had been harrassed in emails sent by Beyzade, Bottomley responded that he was "distressed by the contents of emails sent to me by Beyzade." He added that he had referred the emails to both the

Students' Union and IT Services who are said to be dealing with the complaint.

The motion of no confidence in the entire committee of C & S fell resoundingly at the UGM despite an impassioned speech by Beyzade that such a ruling breached the Human Rights Act. Throughout his speech, which included liberal doses of quotations from the aforementioned Act, Beyzade was subject to the vagaries of what are casually referred to as the balcony boys, those predominantly male members of the Athletics Union who sit in the balcony above the theatre. Throughout his speech, Beyzade had mounds of scrunched up newspaper hurled at him as members of C & S and other Union activists shouted interjections from the floor.

After the excitement surrounding the motion of no confidence, the meeting was addressed by a representative of striking postal workers who called for Union members to support their strike action after they had been victimised by management. Invited by James Meadway, the postal worker's speech led to the motion to support the industrial action passing overwhelmingly despite vocal opposition from the right. In a speech against the motion, Nick Spurrell, a known right-wing activist, argued that the Royal Mail was an unfair monopoly and should be abolished, and that supporting the motion was tantamount to supporting the continued existence of that monopoly.



Distressed –
LGBT Chair Simon Bottomley

Crisis or Drift? - Lundestad Lecture

Chenai Tucker

The LSE hosted well-regarded Professor Geir Lundestad, Director of the Norwegian Nobel Institute, Thursday night as he gave a lecture on the subject of "The United States and Western Europe:

Just Another Crisis or Transatlantic Drift?" A respected historian and author, he has written extensively on international politics and the Europe/US divide. An Old Theatre filled to capacity greeted Professor Lundestad enthusiastically. A testament to the esteem in which he is held, and the political relevance of the subject matter. In the audience were several academics from a variety of institutions, and a broad representation of the world's press.

In his lecture, Geir Lundestad highlighted the fact that the transatlantic relationship is peppered with past crises and misguided predictions of the imminent fall of the American superpower. The Professor presented historical examples going back to the Second World War to emphasise that the post Iraq crisis is not a new phenomenon. However, this particular rift is significant due to the structural weaknesses in the relationship partly engendered by the decline of the British Empire and the end of the Cold War, leaving America as the sole Super Power, and NATO an inadequate counter balance.

Professor Lundestad discussed the political and cultural constraints that serve

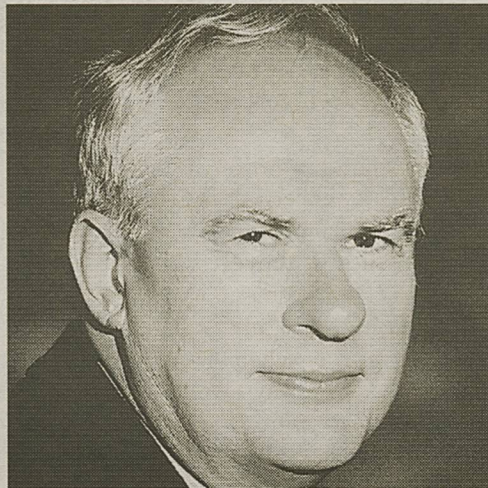
to deepen the Europe-US divide, including the unprecedented strength of the US economy, America's reluctance to abandon its isolationist instincts and the North/South divide in American demographics that has ensured the dominance of conservative Republicans in its politics. He commented that the Republicans "are more nationalist, more unilateralist than the Democrats" and made special emphasis of the fact that these divisions occurred pre 9/11, and that clearly Europe had not experienced the same seismic shift in consciousness as that experienced by the American people.

The Professor was careful to point out, however, that changes had occurred on the European side as well, with particular reference to France and Germany. It was amusing to learn that France's recent opposition to American actions in Iraq was a relatively new shift in policy. Lundestad noted that, "France did actually side with the United States in virtually every serious Cold War crisis." So in the recent Iraq debate, "Everyone expected, from past experience for France to give in at the Security Council." The Iraq conflict has exposed Tory-like divisions and infighting within Europe, putting paid to French and German calls for integration and a unified force to counter balance America's unrivalled strength.

Professor Lundestad closed by pointing out that widening European membership within NATO would slow down the process of polarization. He argued that a larger

European presence would dilute UK influence within the alliance, making it a partial counter-weight. But this would perhaps only be a short lived unification as the fear of a resurgent Russia would encourage countries like Poland to seek the protection afforded by a strong US military presence in Europe.

An affable character with the air of an elder statesman, Professor Lundestad's speech was delivered with refined enthusiasm and restrained verve. He maintained the audience's attention with a judicious use of gentle sarcasm and amusing plugs for his latest book, which were well received.



Professor Geir Lundestad

Numbers to Up - Can the LSE cope?

70% to Enter Higher Education

Emmeline Kuhn

Professor David Robertson, of Liverpool John Moores University has said that 70% of young people will enter higher education by 2050 at a con. The government's aim is 50% by 2010.

Defenders of foundation courses argue that they cover areas such as medicine, dentistry, therapeutic radiography, social work, teacher training, architecture, quantity surveying, multimedia design and engineering.

The CBI estimates the problem of lack of basic skills amongst workers costs the economy £10 billion annually.

A survey, published by the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD), showed that funding has failed to keep up with the rapid growth in university enrolments, and that university budgets in the UK are harder pressed than in many other developed countries.

As the debate continues over student tuition fees, the survey shows the extent of the funding gap facing higher education.

The need to fund the growth in university places is at the heart of the debate over how much students should be contributing to their higher education. The government is currently proposing to increase the cap on fees to £3,000 per year.

The OECD survey also shows that the government's target of 50% participation in university has already been passed by many countries - and that the target, controversial in the UK, is modest by international standards.

In Australia, the participation rate is 65%, while in Finland it is 72%. The OECD says that there is a clear international trend for countries in the industrialised world to have an increasing number of university graduates.

The Higher Education Minister, Alan Johnson, welcomed the OECD report, claiming that it endorsed the government's policy on tuition fees.

He said, "Today's OECD report makes clear why the principle of graduate contribution is correct.

"Our universities have one of the best success rates amongst our competitors and one of the highest graduate premiums. Our higher education is clearly a success story and so it is fair to ask those graduates that benefit exclusively from such advantages to contribute something extra.

"Most of our main competitors have been expanding university entry because they know it is good for their economy and society. If our main competitors are expanding then surely it would be foolish for us to do the opposite and stand out from the OECD crowd."

However, the Conservative education spokesperson, Damian Green, said the report showed that the government's higher education policy was based on a "flawed analysis of the needs of the British economy".

He said it provided "convincing evidence of the futility of the government's 50% participation target for universities".

"Instead of setting arbitrary admission targets the government should be concentrating on improving secondary education relevant to the individual pupil and the economy.

"Our system of vocational education lags behind the rest of Europe, and despite their stated aims, the Government has yet to plug the skills gap."

How, then, will LSE cope with rising numbers? The Beaver asked the Library for its stance on this issue and if it would effect resources.

"The School's current Strategic Plan, covering 2003-08, does not envisage major expansion in student numbers.", says Graham Camfield, Acting Information Services Manager of the LSE library. "The Library's planning, of course follows that of the School."

An LSE Spokesperson said, 'LSE does not propose offering two year vocational or foundation degrees. As a specialist social science institution, our focus is and will remain on offering full-time three year undergraduate programmes, one or two year master's programmes, and other shorter graduate options such as Diplomas and General Course, as well as MPhil and PhD research degrees. Nevertheless we remain open to discussion about contributing to this area of activity, perhaps in association with other bodies.

'What we do offer already is vocational learning in languages particularly, and in IT and other areas which are highly valued skills in the job market. We would encourage students to consider adding such skills to their portfolio of academic achievements while they are at the School.'



Alan Johnson MP - HE Minister



Union Jack

Bah! With election fever over and done with, and a few more bulging Curriculum Vitae bolstered with lengthy names for non-descript jobs, Jack is free to name and shame once more... so on with the show.

After a jovial start from a seemingly more comfortable K, the assembled masses were treated to yet another outside speaker. While the UGM's hospitality is impressive, Jack hopes that when the flood of interested outside parties dries up, the home team will still remember how to play the game.

A pitched battle between Madway and The Balcony erupted once more upon the entrance of our guest speaker/postman, fresh from the picket, who, for the sake of a cheap gag we will call Pat. Hotly contested as to whether what we had in our midst was a class warrior or a work-shy bastard, eventual union backing was given to Pat's wild(black and white)cat strikers, despite a classic Spurrell moment in the form of a history lesson given under imminent threat of decapitation by paper missile- and not a hair out of place the whole time. Monopoly? Jack has always preferred Cluedo (Righteous Rowan Harvey... in The Beaver Office... with a crowbar...).

Worryingly, some of those upstairs in the cheap seats seem to have forgotten the point of Unions entirely, or perhaps simply can't get their mouths round s-o-l-i-d-a-r-i-t-y for fear of being flayed alive as a lefty. Such a blasé attitude to union activity at any higher level than the picnic area that the UGM is becoming is infinitely more damaging than misguided attempts to destabilise proceedings with petty little coups in the form of votes of no confidence. See below.

Beyzade Beyzade suffered a humiliating defeat in his crusade for justice, and failed to make Cn'S pay for their slight. At all. Not even a little bit. 'Uncle Joe' Kibble, in another rabid address of the throng, now hungry for Beyz blood, crushed the motion, and indeed he of repetitive naming, in record time, and with that it was finished. What followed was as clear a demonstration of the inhumanity of blood sports as could be hoped for, and to these eyes looked a little too close to bullying for comfort. That said, Boring Dave Cole redeemed himself for all his dull, dull debate society dirges with his absolutely necessary apology. It is only a shame that it took a thirty-three year old cardigan wearing father of four to bash some sense into proceedings.

Finally, as if to redeem Jack's faith in the UGM as an instrument of a higher power, capable of feats of political prowess as well as extreme deviancy, came the motion to make the Malaysian Prime Minister, Mahathir Mohamad aware of the SU's disapproval at his various anti-semitic comments- Motion passed, and on the same day the bugger resigns after 22 years of rule. Clearly he hadn't counted on the threat of an undeliverable letter from a pasty faced streak of piss Gen. Sec. in a bad suit. Score one for the UGM. Now to take on the big guns, methinks...

Michaelmas Election Results

NUS Conference	Stage 1	Stage 2	Stage 3	Stage 4	Stage 5	Stage 6	Stage 7	Stage 8	Stage 9	Stage 10	Stage 11	Stage 12
	First Preferences Quota = 99.34	Exclusion of R.O.N. Quota = 98.17	Exclusion of Willmsen Quota = 97.67	Exclusion of Bellini Quota = 97.67	Exclusion of Errington Quota = 97.34	Exclusion of Spurrell Quota = 97.34	Exclusion of Faizullaev Quota = 97.34	Transfer of Willgress Surplus Quota = 97.34	Transfer of Waseem Surplus Quota = 97.34	Exclusion of Power Quota = 97.34	Exclusion of Kibble Quota = 97.34	Exclusion of Baker Quota = 97.34
Power	47	47	48	48	48	50	53	53.55	53.55	Eliminated		
Meadway	50	50	50	50	54	55	59	59.55	59.55	68.55	82.1	Elected
Baker	43	43	44	48	50	56	63	63.55	63.55	70.55	77.55	Eliminated
Bellini	15	15	15	Eliminated								
Ahmad	Withdrawn											
Willgress	89	89	89	91	99 (Elected with Surplus 1.66)	99	99	97.34	97.34	97.34	97.34	Elected
Waseem	95	95	95	95	96	98	98	98	97.34	97.34	97.34	Elected
Errington	30	30	30	Eliminated								
Spurrell	28	28	29	34	Eliminated							
Faizullaev	39	39	40	42	42	Eliminated						
Freedman	57	57	58	61	65	77	81	81	81	83	89	Elected
Harvey	44	44	45	47	49	50	55	55	55.66	67.66	88.66	Elected
Willmsen	13	13	Eliminated									
Kibble	39	39	43	45	47	48	55	55	55	66.55	Eliminated	
R.O.N.	7	Eliminated	10	10	12	21	29	29.01	29.01	41.01	60.01	
Non-Transferable												
Total Vote	789											
Total Invalid	193											

Court of Governors	Stage 1	Stage 2	Stage 3	Stage 4	Stage 5	Stage 6	Stage 7	Stage 8	Stage 9	Stage 10	Stage 11
	First Preferences Quota = 107	Exclusion of Chalo and R.O.N. Quota = 106.17	Exclusion of Willmsen Quota = 106	Exclusion of Hermansen Quota = 105.17	Exclusion of Jellyman Quota = 104.67	Exclusion of Sinclair Quota = 103.84	Exclusion of Cole Quota = 103.17	Exclusion of Madiani Quota = 101.17	Exclusion of Velshi Quota 97.5	Exclusion of McNair Quota = 97.5	Exclusion of Faizullaev Quota = 97.5
Freedman	79	79	79	79	80	82	83	87	95	102 (Elected with Surplus 4.5)	Elected
Waseem	Withdrawn										
Ahmad	85	85	86	86	86	86	87	89	91	93	Elected
Velshi	37	37	39	40	41	47	49	52	Eliminated		
Faizullaev	38	39	40	41	44	45	49	54	63	66	Eliminated
Willmsen	12	12	Eliminated								
Jellyman	16	16	16	18	Eliminated						
Chiao	4	Eliminated									
Harvey	60	60	62	63	66	66	72	84	85	90	Elected
Sinclair	17	17	18	18	19	Eliminated					
McNair	46	46	46	49	52	52	52	53	54	Eliminated	
Kibble	76	76	76	77	79	79	91	98	105 (Elected with Surplus 7.5)	105	Elected
Rasheed	83	83	83	83	84	84	88	90	92	97	Elected
Cole	33	33	34	34	35	36	Eliminated				
Madiani	40	40	42	43	45	46	48	Eliminated			
Hermansen	13	14	15	Eliminated							
R.O.N.	3	Eliminated	6	11	14	19	23	35	57	89	
Non-Transferable											
Total Vote	785										
Total Invalid	143										

Hello Readers. The Beaver welcomes you to the joy of elections and the wonder that is the Single Transferable Vote. Those of you who didn't attend the exhilarating election count can examine the intricacies of the ballot in the tables on these pages.

For those of you not educated in this revolutionary system of counting, there follows a brief explanation.

It's all very simple. The votes are cast in order of preference, the papers are sorted into first preferences for each candidate, and then the person with the lowest number is eliminated. That person's votes are then transferred to the other candidates. Then you keep going until there are only enough people left to fill the positions. Of course there are added complications. For example, if a candidate polls more than the Quota, they are automatically elected. This can lead to surplus transfers (as seen in the NUS conference election). But that's enough STV talk. All you need to know is who won and, to some extent, how they did it. So when a candidate is excluded, have a look at who benefits, then you'll be able to predict the results of all future SU elections with clinical precision. Or not.

On a more analytical note, the election threw up few surprises, though there were some notable performances, including 'Councillor' Peter Bellini's glorious total in the NUS conference election. Other showings worthy of note were made by Sarah Waseem and Kamran Ahmad, who each withdrew from one election, some might say gaining a considerable tactical advantage. Their backing from the Islamic Society was apparently mirrored by Jewish Society support for Daniel Freedman, who made it comfortably onto the Court of Governors. There were also minor surprises, as SU Treasurer Jo Kibble failed to gain a place in the NUS conference election.

One last mention for our very own Executive Editor, who won a position on the Court of Governors.

Honorary President	
	Stage 1
	First Preferences
	Quota = 293
Stephen Lawrence	393 (Elected)
Arnold Schwarzenegger	153
R.O.N.	39
Total Vote	778
Total Invalid	193

Honorary Vice-President	
	Stage 1
	First Preferences
	Quota = 278
Simon Cody	200
Tom Hurdall	319 (Elected)
R.O.N.	36
Total Vote	776
Total Invalid	221

LGBT Officer	
	Stage 1
	First Preferences
	Quota = 239
Beyzade	147
Bottomley	301 (Elected)
R.O.N.	28
Total Vote	783
Total Invalid	307

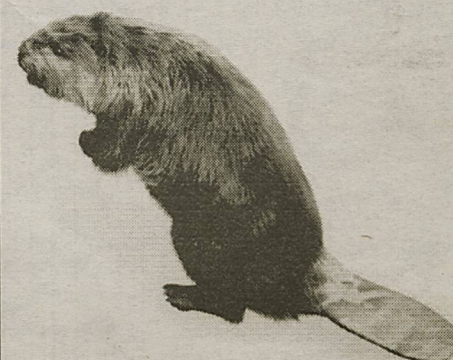
Academic Board	Stage 1	Stage 2	Stage 3	Stage 4	Stage 5	Stage 6
	First Preferences	Exclusion of R.O.N.	Exclusion of Psimpoulos	Transfer of Faizullaev Surplus	Exclusion of Jelleyman	Exclusion of Warriner
	Quota = 175	Quota = 175	Quota = 175	Quota = 175	Quota = 175	
Psimpoulos	45	46	Eliminated			
Warriner	69	71	82	85.91	100.36	Eliminated
Jelleyman	64	66	71	79.16	Eliminated	
Spurrell	127	128	133	139.29	166.8	Elected
Faizullaev	194 (Elected with Surplus 19)	194	194	175	175	Elected
R.O.N.	26	Eliminated				
Non-Transferable		20	45	45.64	82.84	
Total Vote	787					
Total Invalid	262					

ULU Council	Stage 1	Stage 2	Stage 3	Stage 4	Stage 5	Stage 6	Stage 7
	First Preferences	Exclusion of R.O.N.	Exclusion of Jelleyman	Exclusion of Warriner	Exclusion of Velshi	Exclusion of Barham	Exclusion of Sinclair
	Quota = 138.25	Quota = 136.5	Quota = 134	Quota = 132	Quota = 128.5	Quota = 128.5	Quota = 128.5
Warriner	47	47	50	Eliminated			
Jones	118	119	119	131	136 (Elected with Surplus 7.5)	136	Elected
Jelleyman	32	32	Eliminated				
Cole	78	78	86	98	103	123	Elected
Velshi	53	54	58	63	Eliminated		
Rahman	107	107	108	109	115	124	Elected
Barham	54	54	55	63	71	Eliminated	
Sinclair	55	55	60	64	89	104	Eliminated
R.O.N.	9	Eliminated					
Non-Transferable		7	17	25	39	66	
Total Vote	784						
Total Invalid	231						

Postgraduate Students' Officer	Stage 1	Stage 2	Stage 3	Stage 4	Stage 5	Stage 6
	First Preferences	Exclusion of Bhandari	Exclusion of R.O.N.	Exclusion of Mamaeva	Exclusion of Wisner	Exclusion of Lemos
	Quota = 278	Quota = 272	Quota = 263	Quota = 246	Quota = 223	Quota = 196
Meadway	197	198	199	204	214	231 (Elected)
Mamaeva	62	62	63	Eliminated		
Sanakaran	Withdrawn					
Lemos	81	82	83	89	94	Eliminated
Wisner	69	70	71	72	Eliminated	
Balis	105	109	109	125	137	160
Bhandari	18	Eliminated				
R.O.N.	22	22	Eliminated			
Non-Transferable		11	29	64	109	163
Total Vote	788					
Total Invalid	234					

General Course Representative	Stage 1	Stage 2	Stage 3	Stage 4	Stage 5
	First Preferences	Exclusion of R.O.N.	Exclusion of Gradowski	Exclusion of Singhi	Exclusion of Xian
	Quota = 18	Quota = 18	Quota = 16	Quota = 14	Quota = 13
Gradowski	4	4	Eliminated		
Spaulding	8	8	8	8	11
Xian	6	6	6	7	Eliminated
Singhi	5	5	5		
Mainthia	11	11	12	12	13 (Elected)
R.O.N.	0	Eliminated			
Non-Transferable		0	3	7	10
Total Vote	34				
Total Invalid	0				

Anti-Racism Officer	Stage 1	Stage 2	Stage 3	Stage 4
	First Preferences	Exclusion of R.O.N.	Exclusion of Beyzade	Exclusion of Makhdoom
	Quota = 245	Quota = 234	Quota = 204	Quota = 178
Osman	112	112	119	160
Liu	151	151	174	195 (Elected)
Makhdoom	105	105	113	Eliminated
Ammous	Withdrawn			
Beyzade	99	99	Eliminated	
Wolfe	Withdrawn			
R.O.N.	21	Eliminated		
Non-Transferable		21	82	133
Total Vote	786			
Total Invalid	298			



SU Environment Week - November 3rd-7th

The LSE SU Environment and Services Officer Danielle Milne outlines her plans for this week...

This year we are pulling out all the stops to bring you the greatest SU Environment Week to date. A week of raising awareness about environmental issues commences November 3rd and runs all week. The reason for having this Week so early in the year is to let students know about the campaigns and to encourage involvement in these issues and others that crop up. This will allow for time to lobby the School to meet our demands for a better LSE environment.

LSE's location in the city means that we are not directly in contact with a great deal of the natural environment. Hence, the SU would like to see a greater consciousness of environmental issues.

The LSE's environmental awareness is lagging behind the excellent reputation of LSE as an institution. However, the picture is not as bleak as it first appears. There has been considerable work in the past year to bring environmental concerns to the table. Student driven pressure for bike racks on campus, recycling of many varieties and the green electricity campaign have all prompted positive responses from the School.

Continued pressure for the School to include bicycle racks in the redevelopment plans and to make these areas safer

with additional lighting and CCTV are all going ahead.

The School has also signed up to a two-year electricity contract which guarantees that 10% of its electricity comes from green sources. In effect, Clement House, the Peacock Theatre and the East Building are supplied with environmentally friendly electricity. While there has been concern that green electricity costs more, the School does not pay the climate change levy on electricity from renewable sources, which more or less means it costs the same. However, while 10% is a positive start, it really is a small amount and LSE should lead by example and get far more electricity from renewable sources. As the green electricity campaign showed, there was support from students to get 100% from renewable sources.

Recycling remains a contentious issue, and seems to cause great trouble when actually putting a scheme into place. Again, it has been student led initiatives that have seen the white paper recycling scheme get into place. Paper Round is the company responsible for its collection at a very low cost. The reason behind recycling only white paper is economic. Mixed paper is worth much less than white paper because it is only as good as the lowest common denominator, i.e. the poorest quality of paper in a batch. However, this year will see the introduction of mixed paper recycling specifically for the recycling of newspapers.

Other facilities are not as solidly in place. With the disruption that the road paving has caused the Three Tuns has not been able to recycle its glass - surely an outrage to us all. It is likely that this service will return soon after Westminster Council sorts out our roads. It should most certainly be expanded across campus as glass recycling is one of the most basic and simplest forms of recycling.

The events of SU Environment Week are on the listings page of this paper and also in the global email. This Week should provide you with information about environmental concerns here at LSE. There will be three excellent public lecture events in the evenings including a GM & Organic panel debate on Wednesday, a Fairtrade Café in the Underground most of the week, and the launch of LETS here at LSE. In addition, there will be an information stand in the Quad everyday this week between 12-2pm and any questions can be asked there. There will be copies of Living In London, a guide of tips on eating & drinking, saving money, environmental concerns, and getting around town, published by the SU Exec. If you would like to know more, get involved, or have your say simply stop by, have a chat and find out what is going on. I can also be reached via email at: Su.environment@lse.ac.uk.

The Beaver

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

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

ULU Transformation Plans Unveiled

El Barham
News Editor

Extensive plans to make the University of London Union (ULU) more relevant to its members have been unveiled and are scheduled to take effect within the next two years.

The central proposal, Transformation, will see the ULU building on Malet Street converted into a one stop shop for a variety of student support services and activities. The building itself will be given a multi-million pound makeover, extending it so that ULU services such as the University of London Careers service and accommodation office can be incorporated into the structure.

New student services will also be created, increasing ULU's facilities to make sure all students can benefit from their union. A postgraduate centre and paralegal service for international students will be established, ensuring ULU can reach all parts of the student population.

'Transformation' will also see more ULU resources dedicated to campaigns and recreational student activities. Sports and student media for example will receive greater financial provision.

Chris Piper, President of ULU, said: "ULU was formed 50 years ago when the University of London and its student population were completely different to now. Our starting point in proposing this was to look at the profile, needs and provision for the student population and then design a new facility which addresses this rather than looking to simply reform ULU based on its current structure and functions.

"From this, it is becoming increasingly clear that many students can benefit from a central one stop shop supporting and supplementing existing college based services or meeting the distinctive needs of medical and health students, international students and the like.

"These proposals are a genuine attempt to address criticisms of ULU as it is now and represents the most radical change project undertaken by a UK Students' Union in years. Clearly we need to debate details further but the overwhelming response has been very positive with praise for the boldness and relevance of our overall vision and many of the specific proposals."

The Transformation plan was launched last September and will be fine tuned by the ULU Council between now and Christmas. The necessary building work is intended to take place during the summer months. It is hoped that the project will be completed by Autumn 2005. Discussions about how best to develop the new services and govern ULU effectively will also continue to ensure a radical overhaul of the institution.

LSE students will have their chance to quiz Piper on the upcoming changes at this week's UGM, 1pm Thursday in the Old Theatre. Piper will also be taking student views on the future of ULU after the meeting in D302, Clement House from 2-4pm.



ULU - change in the air

Wear a poppy

Adrian Li

Last week the UGM passed a motion mandating the SU Exec to wear the Royal British Legion Poppy on Remembrance Sunday on November 9th and Armistice Day on November 11th.

The motion also required that a two minute silence be observed in the Quad on Tuesday, November 11 at 11am. The General Secretary, Elliot Simmons, will also be writing to LSE Director Howard Davies, requesting that the silence be observed throughout the school, within lectures and classes.

Each year November 11th is remembered, because on that date in 1918, the armistice was signed bringing the First World War to an end. Today, exactly 85 years on, Remembrance Day commemorates the service of the British and Commonwealth armed forces in both World Wars and those who gave their lives in these two horrendous conflicts.

Motion proposer Will Macfarlane, was delighted that it was passed near unanimously. Explaining his motives for the proposal, he said; "this is a cause I personally support very strongly and feel is very important to preserve in our thoughts".

Macfarlane encouraged students to also wear a poppy, which are on sale at the SU reception, SU shop and in The Tuns. The money raised supports the work of Royal British Legion in helping ex-servicemen and women and their families. This includes those involved in recent conflicts such as the Gulf and the Balkans. He added: "Wearing a poppy and having a brief period of silence is more than worthwhile. It is a small, but very significant and appropriate, token of appreciation and respect for those who have fought for our freedom and liberty".

It is poignant to remember the reason why the poppy is used. Poppy seeds will lie in the ground for years if the soil is undisturbed. Many areas of the Western Front battle fields of WW1 provided the ideal medium for poppies to flourish. John McCrae's poem; 'In Flanders Fields' is famed for its description of this.

The Beaver Comment and Analysis

Editorial Comment

In Memoriam...

The Students' Union has hailed the results of the Michaelmas term elections as a triumph for progress. It is right to think so. The election of Stephen Lawrence symbolises the SU's position in the fight against racism that is taking place in Britain today. At a time when the British National Party is making significant gains in local elections, it is important that the mainstream political parties do all that is in their power to combat such developments. Not enough effort is being made at the moment and the resounding support given to Lawrence's candidacy shows that the issue is not dead on campus. We still remember the tragic circumstances in which his life was brought to an end and the subsequent miscarriage of justice which allowed his murderers to escape punishment.

Similarly, we must not forget the tragedy which the young British photographer befell

Tom Hurndall. He was shot in the head while working for a peace group in the Occupied Territories. Serious questions have been raised as to how an unarmed activist could have been gunned down in such a manner. It seems unlikely that, as some have suggested, this is part of a move by the Israeli army to deter increasing international presence in Gaza and the West Bank. What is likely though, is that the soldier involved knew that Hurndall posed to immediate danger to him or any one else. Alas, we are unlikely to find out the truth as the Israeli army has been dithering in their response. Tom Hurndall's parents, in all probability, will never see justice for their son. Thus, the student body's decision to elect him Honorary Vice-President is a fitting tribute to the man, and also sends out a clear message of defiance to those guilty of his murder.

Idiocy Invited to LSE

This week, we report on a speaker event arranged by the Hayek Society. The society founded in 1996 aims, in the words of its Webmaster, to "defend classical liberalism and free market economics." The society is widely respected and has a high membership.

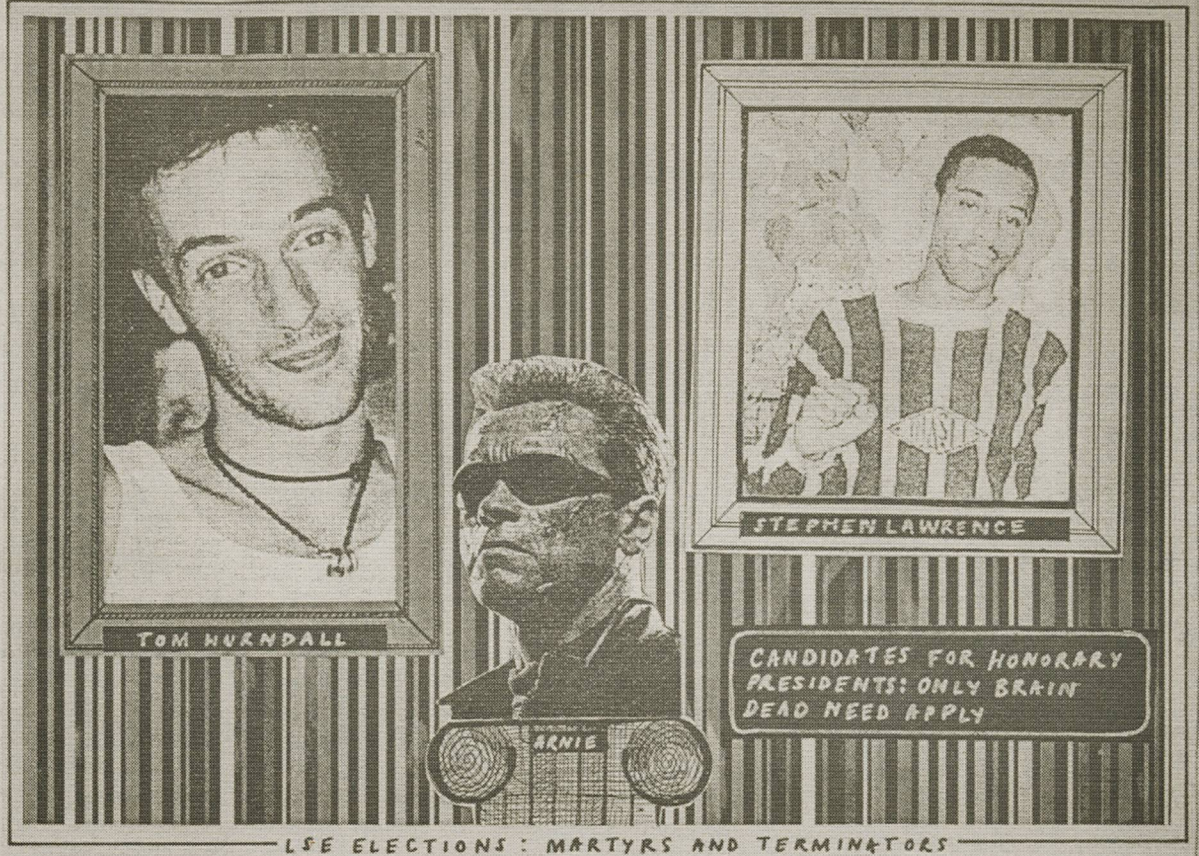
Yet, when examining the talk given by Christian Michel one has to wonder how such thoughts managed to gain widespread acceptance on campus. He argues that in a "free" and capitalist society individuals would express compassion to those less fortunate—presumably through some form of monetary aid. Rubbish!

The idea that the more affluent members of society would all of a sudden become great philanthropists beggars belief. Granted, the state provides relief to those in need of it

and funds this through taxation. Yet, poverty in Britain still remains relatively high. By the end of January this year, 3.1 per cent of the workforce was on unemployment benefit. When are all those philanthropists still in the closet going to come out?

Britain has the lowest taxation rate in Europe. Is there any evidence to suggest that the British rich are any more generous than their French counterparts wallowing under the burden of an oppressive tax regime? Moreover, how does he explain the greater feeling of community and social responsibility inherent in Swedish society despite their higher taxes?

The Beaver hopes that Michel ponders on these thoughts before he dispatches them off to where they belong. On the Road to Serfdom.



Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

I was wondering whether I could draw on the knowledge of you and your esteemed colleagues at Beaver HQ; why is it that the School whinges that it doesn't have enough money and uses this to both justify charging extortionate overseas fees and back up its belief in Top-up fees and not increasing London Weighting, and yet is more than happy to spend £17,000 on the horrendous 'Lost Horizons' screen saver which now tarnishes every computer on campus?

And why is the library air con always set to 5 degrees below comfortable?

Yours,

A not very impressed, poor student

Dear Sir,

I am really disappointed in the way the Beaver has been this year. It just isn't funny or interesting. It's supposed to be a student newspaper. Granted there is some good serious coverage of student issues, but it doesn't accurately reflect and enhance the lifestyle of any normal student. It's too boring. If I want to read a serious newspaper I'll buy one from the SU shop which is written by real journalists. So, where are the jokes? Or the funny weekly accounts of student life at LSE? Please sort this out, I'm sure you wouldn't want to be remembered as the editor who let the Beaver go boring.

Yours,

Johanna Nurkka

Dear Sir,

I am writing concerning some issues I have with the article 'Watch Your Glass-The Struggle Against Date Rape'

Although I applaud the author for addressing this issue, awareness and vigilance are only part of the necessary equation to combat the problem, and, when taken in isolation, can exacerbate the problems of sexual violence.

The ideas missing from the article are that of root causes and perpetration of these crimes. Rohypnol does not magically float into one's drink; indeed, someone must put it there. But, the idea that it is INDIVIDUALS, possibly our fellow students, who sell or use these drugs to rape innocent individuals is completely missing from the article. A call to increase enforcement against trafficking and possession of these drugs, an examination of social factors, including sexism, which make it possible to justify use of these drugs, and even the explicit acknowledgement that this is a CRIME of SEXUAL VIOLENCE are all missing from the article.

Unfortunately, a call for female vigilance alone, however well-intentioned, only supports the idea that the VICTIMS are responsible for these crimes. In other words, if something does happen, we can be blamed for not being 'cautious' enough. The responsibility for the CRIME is seen to be OURS, and the perpetrator slips easily into the night, both literally and figuratively.

RAPE is NEVER the survivor's fault; nothing a person does can justify the PERPETRA-

TORS' VIOLATION. Please keep these points in mind for any future articles on rape and similar issues.

Yours,

Mindy Baccus
MSc Student

Dear Sir,

Whilst perusing the over excellent b:link section last week, I came across the anonymously written article praising George W Bush.

Although the piece in general gave provided much amusement, the section where the writer seemed to suggest that the 'War on Terror' was being won was particularly hideous.

Obviously the person who penned this drivel hasn't been watching the news recently or else he would have noticed the constant coordinated attacks on US forces in Iraq. After all, why take the trouble to travel abroad to engage a supposed enemy, when he appears right on your doorstep.

Yours with love,

Justin Nolan

Dear Sir,

I am deeply upset by Tom Delaney's decision to leave the Beaver. His column may indeed have been full of 'in jokes' that nobody understood, but it did have me in stitches.

Bring him back.

Yours

Johnny Jacobs

Are you aghast or amused by anything you see in

The Beaver or on campus?

Write to the editor at:
thebeaver@lse.ac.uk

The Beaver is looking for a new columnist. If you fancy yourself as a bit of a wit, we want to hear from you. Email 500 words to thebeaver@lse.ac.uk



The Beaver



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Tie Break: If you were stuck on a desert island with nothing but a copy of The Beaver, what would you do with it?

The Beaver

STA TRAVEL

Bonus Coupon

Name.....

Department.....

LSE Email.....

Keep this coupon safe. When you have collected 3 coupons, put them together in the drop box in **STA Travel** (in the Quad). Do not drop them in until you have collected 3 coupons. The drop box will be available in STA Travel from today until Friday 7th November.

The closing date for entries is this Friday - 7th November. The winner will be announced next week.

SU SHOP

We now have 5 tills regularly in operation in the hope that our service to you is as prompt and helpful as ever

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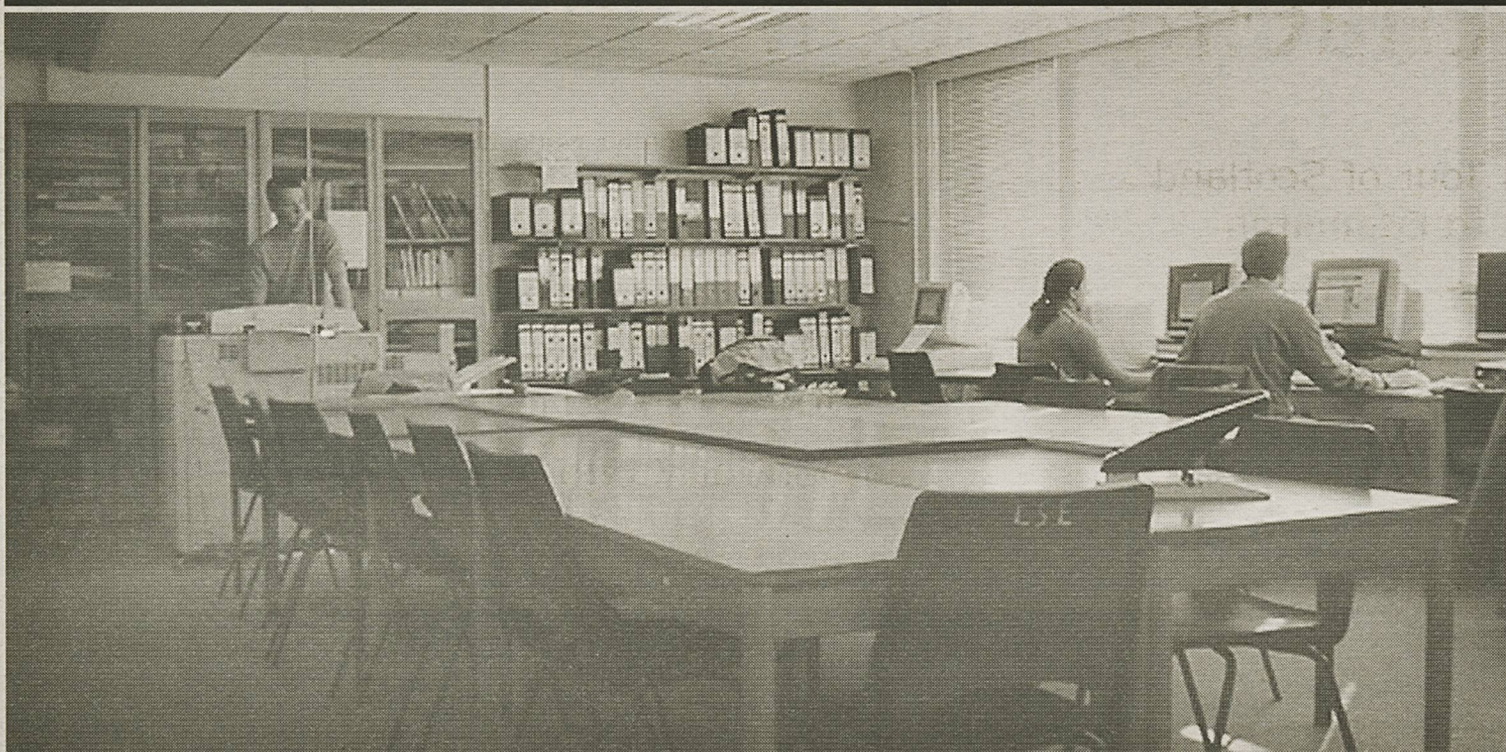
Features and Politics

Consequences of peacekeeping

The recolonisation debate

page 12

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



Revealed: the King of the Common Room - Geography takes it by a stretch

Some cosy, some sparse; some with open access, other eerily closed - the world of student common rooms is an intriguing one indeed. Time for a bit of departmental rivalry...

Sarah Taylor

Starting with my home department, Social Policy, I found A286 full of serious postgrads, as usual, their background twittering conducive to quiet work. The prison rec room décor (though I'm sure even those have clocks) is too oppressive for serious essay-writing, however, and the neon strips gave me a headache after my Guardian and lunch. On the plus side it has two computers and the best location of the lot.

One floor up is Law and Accounting and Finance's shared room, A306. My first impression was not good; the room was in a state. Surely meticulous accountants and lawyers know to tidy up after themselves? At least magazines and assorted leaflet bumf is provided in racks; I noticed a distinct lack of written materials provided for students in all common rooms. More impressive than the bust of Cherie in the corner was the relaxed atmosphere, considering how hard most Law students seem to work.

I moved on to the Government department, and found to my horror that a password is needed for the door. As a mere Social Policy and Government student I have never been informed of this, or even the whereabouts of The Schapiro Room (K60). I suggest befriending an obliging aspiring politician to find out, as the location, between the library and Houghton Street, is handy. The room itself is slightly disappointing, if you go to all the bother

of discovering the door code. Twenty odd chairs, books and a water cooler make up for style with substance, though only two desks are provided.

Next stop, Anthropology. The Seligman library (A607) is provided for students' use every week day from 12-2pm. Portraits of people I am assured are the founding fathers (and one mother) of anthropology smile down upon the one massive desk, served by plenty of natural light. Also supplied are broken chairs, hippy 70s 'art', and lots of lovely anthropological books, which presumably save students in the department from mixing in the library with the likes of us. Definitely worth a visit, if only to get away from investment bankers.

International Relations has an unfortunate location, wedged as it is into a corridor on the 7th floor of Clement House. It was too hot when I visited, though that may have been due to the climb. IR has an enlightened attitude to the 'small amounts of work' which may be done at the individually lit study spaces, while also providing a sofa and coffee table. A good use of limited space: impressive.

Sociology was next on my list, tucked away in S202. The Robert McKenzie Room is a disappointment, with boring, standard classroom facilities and atmosphere. I only stayed long enough to take in the alphabetised pigeon holes and empty notice board. Avoid.

My expectations for S601, Economics, were not high, and unlike Law and Acc &

Fin they were not exceeded. A sign on the door warns that their complex of four study rooms are 'for the exclusive use of students in the Department of Economics only.' I suspect the quiet industriousness of the engineering students I found inside was due more to fear of repercussions than all the hard work they have to do; another sign threatens students with exclusion from the rooms if they cannot abide by the rules. Nevertheless the department deserves special mention for its snazzy roof terrace.

International History has a similarly restrictive policy on non-historians gaining entry to its underused common room. I had to sweet-talk my way past the departmental administrator into E509, but it was worth the effort. The room has more character than all four of Economics' study rooms put together, and the historic scenes on the walls were so restful someone had fallen asleep on the floor.

I saved the best until last, and can now report that the Department of Geography and Environment's Study Resources Room, wins on amenities, atmosphere, and talent. Not only does S502 boast the best looking students, but a friendly note welcomes you to the Map Room on entry. The room contains a photocopier, five computers with printing facilities, stacks of journals, photos and statistics about the department, cupboards of maps, a hole punch ('not to be taken away' tempting fate, surely) and even an office which apparently is sometimes even staffed. Well worth buying a pair of cords for.

Sarah Taylor is a second year student at LSE studying Social Policy and Government.

Musings

Nosferatory

Matthew Sinclair

blink Columnist

Michael Howard has "something of the night about him". Ann Widdecombe tries to ensure that she isn't the only one being compared to a horror film.

No one wanted to elect Michael Howard in 1997. They looked at Tony Blair and thought, "we want that". Attempts to find Tony Blair ended in William Hague. Things didn't go well.

William Hague showed traditional Tory talents such as the ability to make opponents in a debate bleed and failed utterly in the new challenges of being cuddly and moralizing at short notice. He also always had a gawky quality; the gawky will never inherit the earth.

Blue-rinse horror at the thought of a Conservative leader who didn't want to hurt continentals personally led to the choice of Iain Duncan Smith. Mr Duncan Smith finished the way he started, appealing to Conservatives scared to death of the alternatives. In the end they didn't listen.

Through all of this Michael Howard laboured in vain to be seen as anything more than a vampiric symbol of all that was wrong and evil with the world. His Transylvanian origins made metaphors easy.

In the wider world changes were taking place of a far more important and lasting nature than any Tory leadership decision, however. In 1998, the film *Blade* was released. The new vision of a vampire was created.

Vampires had become deeply and thoroughly cool. No longer running around on all fours howling at wolves; now they had parties on downtown rooftops, dressed well and could even be heroes.

The sequel reinforced this trend by giving *Blade* an entire posse of friendly vampires. Including a final vampire treachery was clearly a sop to a traditional anti-vampire bias in mainstream Hollywood.

Vampire cool has been on the march ever since. Underworld crosses another watershed. Cool vampires fight dirty Prescottite werewolves. While the vampires still turn out to be evil, the film so

obviously doesn't want them to lose that the chief vampire takes down all of the key werewolves and even administers a serious beating to the hero, only the heroine (a vampire) can win the day and ensure a traditional happy ending.

So Michael Howard has "something of the night about him"? Cool.



Contributions to last week's blink

Due to last week's Students' Union elections, *The Beaver* was unable to credit contributors to the paper standing for a position. The authors of articles in last week's blink are listed below.

'Understanding Britain': **Daniel Freedman**

'In Defence of the WTO': **Nick Spurrell**

'Chatting with Charlie': **Mark Power**

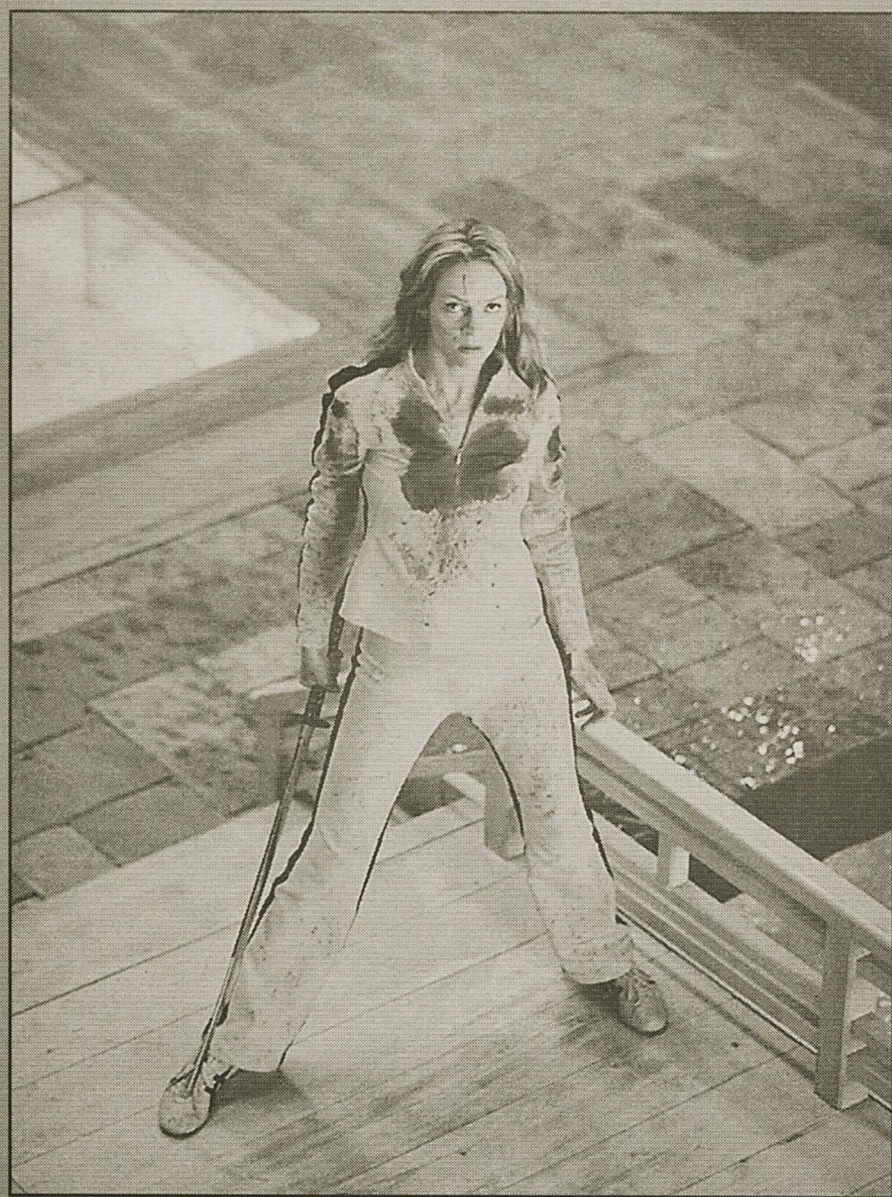
The Dubya Debate - 'Salute the Man': **Alykhan Velshi**

Musings - 'City Knifing, Dangerous Dogs': **Matthew Sinclair**

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

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

Kill Screen Violence?



The blood-stained Uma Thurman - stylish cinema or just over the top?

The issue of the use of violence in film has been around for a long time, but the extent of the problem is determined not by the volume of blood and gore, but by its context and the way in which it is used.

Sam Jones

With the release of Tarantino's fourth film last month, Kill Bill, the issue of on-screen violence once again resurfaces. To those of you who have not yet seen Kill Bill there are two things you should know: 1) You must enjoy screen violence, and 2) You must enjoy screen violence. With this in mind go take yourself down to the nearest cinema. But don't go expecting Rambo 2003. Mindless it is not. Meaningless maybe, but definitely not mindless. Kill Bill is sharp, cool, suave violence of the cult samurai iconic type: Uma Thurman, yellow jumpsuit, Samurai sword - that really says it all.

But Tarantino's particular mélange of decapitations, eviscerations and anime slaughter obviously isn't for everyone and if anyone were to take a disliking to Kill Bill because they didn't like violence you could not fault their logic.

Nonetheless, there is a certain purity in what Tarantino has done. Once again he has created a cult film - his best in fact - but what is the attraction? Why is something conceptually so abhorrent such a fantastically good movie? What is the appeal of screen violence?

To a certain extent violence, like romance, like horror, like comedy, has been cinematically packaged off into a neat little screen sub-genre. Each one of these genres has, of course, its own particular focus and conventions; conventions we identify with and expect to be fulfilled. Thus we will not expect Bridget Jones' Diary 2 to end with the murder of the wedding guests and a bullet through her head. But we do expect her to get married - don't we?

If you go to a Tarantino movie you'd expect violence. But why, I ask, do we have aversions to particularly violent films but not to particularly romantic ones? Presumably it is the same logic that posits an increased likelihood of me now going out and slaughtering a room full of triad hacks with my shiny new samurai sword. This is almost as likely as me falling in love with Colin Firth after discovering what a complete jerk Hugh Grant is.

Of course there is always a danger, in a society as psychologically perverse as ours, of violent films causing violence in general. But this is one of the chief reasons why we have film certification. We live in a society where reality is often completely divorced from the screen. We should learn to accept the aesthetics of cinema before we let our prejudices get in the way.

Violence is often used to glam-up a film. It's used for pace, action and tension. But all too often it fails miserably. It has, in too many cases, become attached to cheap quick fix ego emotions in a kind of 'gore fest' quest for excess. There is no way you could force one iota of enjoyment from me for violence of the Van Damme/Schwarzenegger persuasion - that's just trash. It's just comical trash. The 'violence' of a man being blown to Kingdom Come by a machine gun that looks like it was designed to take down an oil tanker is just excessive and beyond belief. It is the kind of branded violence that sells action figures to pre-teen terminator wannabes. But how many kids are going to ask for the Lucy Liu action Yakuza crime-queen figurine this Christmas?

My point is this: violence is horrible. It is an abhorrent and terrible thing - and when handled properly on screen can convey a sense of that emotional power. A good film is a film that evokes emotion and thought, and violence can be one technique for doing just that. Think of Amon Goeth in Schindler's List or Alex in A Clockwork Orange. Where violence in a film is used properly - that is, as a part of the whole and not some butch steroid addled lump grafted on the side - it is extremely effective and it doesn't stick out. What I abhor is gratuitous violence.

Kill Bill was not gratuitous. The violence was carefully fitted into the film - it was part of the film's fabric. It flowed and at no point did I sit and think 'Well that wasn't nice' or 'How will the poor woman's children feel?' But Kill Bill wasn't just 'a violent film'; it was so much more, and that's what made it so brilliant. It wasn't just violence, violence, violence - it was clever, witty, cynical and scathing. There were some fantastically good moments, and for all the litres of blood it was aesthetically stunning. Above all else, in a society so utterly devoid of meaning, why shouldn't we enjoy a film that celebrates something so utterly meaningless as violence? Now there are plenty of other 'violent films' around - those films that use blockbuster violence the way pornstars have sex (draw your own parallels). It's cheap, nasty and emotionless. That's the kind of violence we need to ditch in cinemas, and that it sells tickets shouldn't make any difference.

Screen violence is not always a negative, and it shouldn't always be treated as such.

Sam Jones is an undergraduate student at the LSE.

Charlie's Foreign Policy Commentary

Matthew Sinclair

blink Columnist

On the subject of Hollywood reflecting changes in mass opinion; did anyone see Charlie's Angels 2?

In a mainstream film evil characters are generally clichés. If you have a mobster he should really be Italian. In Charlie's Angels 2 the mobster bad guy is Irish.

He is a savage and unfeeling character. He leads a group of savage and unfeeling characters.

At one point, after getting in a fight with Drew Barrymore, she gets knocked over and backs away in action-heroine fear; she does this wearing a t-shirt emblazoned with the Union Jack.

If the film could present a more thorough symbolic image of a brutish Ireland assaulting an honourable, beautiful and, in the

end, stronger Britain then I cannot think how. Film costumes are not chosen at random, especially for a project of this size.

Americans have been sympathisers and donors to the IRA cause for a hell of a long time. Britain seems to have their loyalty at the minute.

Fashions such as the Union Jack (I have seen it elsewhere in American film & TV) are the most obvious expression of soft power and the huge wealth of it that Britain and the US possess.

T-shirt logos ranging from Yale (Bush's alma mater) to the Royal Marines were everywhere during my trip to Sicily earlier this year. Anti-Americanism will always be tainted by the fact that people grow up watching American TV and films, eating their food and listening to their music.

Those who rail against cultural homogeneity are ignoring their audience. People have state- or charity-funded alternatives

Marvellous Microfinance

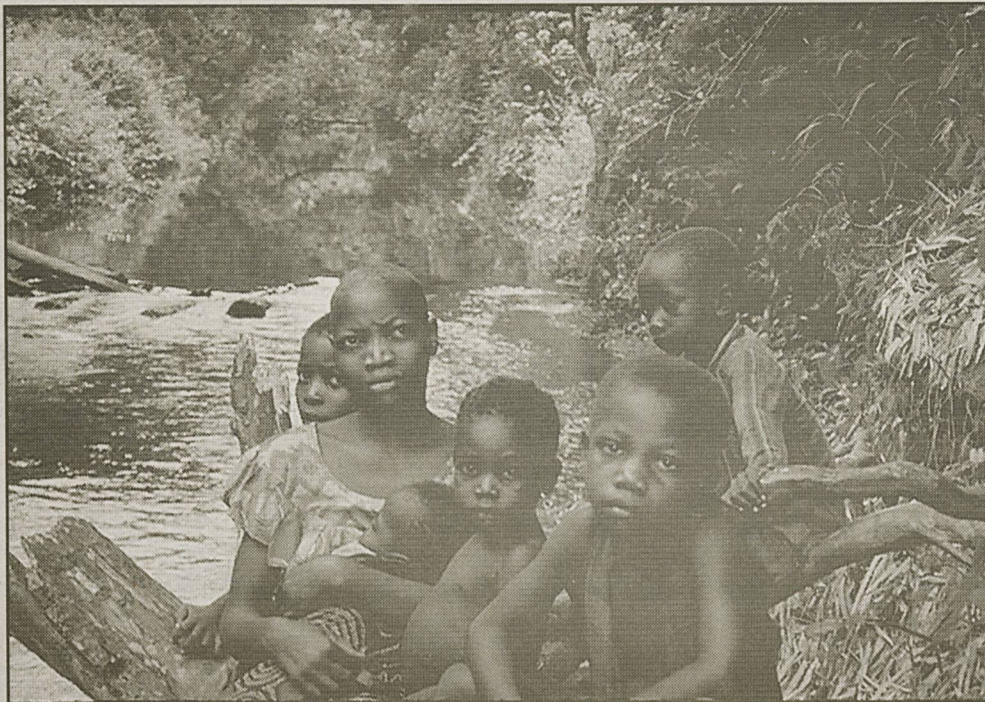
The problems of the poverty-stricken continent of Africa still require a solution. A collection of LSE students believe they may be able to help bring one about.

Nawaz Imam

Looking at the world today, it is apparent that inequality surrounds us without exception. It is pervasive, it cannot be reduced to a sense of nothingness and it certainly cannot be rationalised. Nowhere is this disparity more apparent than in developing nations, particularly where exploitation by the ruling class can be endemic, as for instance, in Africa.

The whole continent is literally crying out for help. Plans are made and are subsequently broken, people strive for hope and have their hopes dashed out in a heartbeat. As I sit in Holborn and write this, or when you read this on publication in Wright's Bar, the detachment from reality is profound. I personally find it difficult to empathise deeply with cases of extreme poverty that are to be found here, there and everywhere, be they absolute or relative. This, however, is not a plea to feign ignorance nor is it to idealise candidly about wanting to change the world overnight.

What is needed is a concerted and unified effort to target the problems that have a viable solution. One of the biggest problems arises from the lack of foreign investment in a continent such as Africa. Enterprises with sound business plans are crying out for funding. There is a massive difference in size between today's existing businesses. Those at one end of the spectrum are huge, often government backed conglomerates or foreign behemoths that the government 'approves' of, while at the other end are tiny one-man enterprises. The gulf between them has to be bridged. There are thousands upon thousands of ideas floating around that need capital and help with management consultancy services. The amount of capital, typically a few hundred pounds, needed to start off any business of this kind is not huge and is typically referred to as 'Microfinance'.



African families are crying out for help. Microfinance could be the answer.

To most, microfinance means providing very poor families with very small loans microcredit to help them engage in productive activities or expand their tiny businesses. Over time, microfinance has come to include a broader range of services (credit, savings, insurance, etc.) as we have come to realize that the poor and the very poor who lack access to traditional formal financial institutions require a variety of financial products.

Microcredit came to prominence in the 1980s, although early experiments date back 30 years in Bangladesh, Brazil and a few other countries. The important difference of microcredit was that it avoided the pitfalls of an earlier generation of targeted development lending, by insisting on repayment, by charging interest rates that could cover the costs of credit delivery, and by focusing on client groups whose alternative source of credit was the informal sector. Emphasis shifted from rapid disbursement of subsidized loans to prop up targeted sectors towards the building up of local, sustainable institutions to serve the poor. Microcredit has largely been a private (non-profit) sector initiative that avoided becoming overtly political, and as a consequence, has outperformed virtually all other forms of development lending.

Traditionally microfinance was focused on providing a very standardized credit product. The poor, just like anyone else, need a diverse range of financial instruments to be able to build assets, stabilize consumption and protect themselves against risks. Thus, we see a broad-

ening of the concept of microfinance - the current challenge is to find efficient and reliable ways of providing a richer menu of microfinance products.

However, a belief is spreading that the original method of targeting one enterprise at a time is coming to an end; what is now needed is deployment of such microcredit services on a huge level. Individualism does not provide the scope for tangible improvement that is immediately apparent; a collective and harmonised approach does. The poverty trap is not an unbreakable one; the ball is in our court as far as alleviating it is

concerned - the outlook can be very bright for the poor with our help. It takes very little to make a real difference, but the outcome will be huge.

A group of LSE students had a dream and the result is Project MFAfrica - Micro Finance in Africa. We are currently researching the economic state in the majority of countries in Africa. The aim is to enlist the aid of multinationals such as Vodafone and British Airways and the governments of respective countries to fundamentally change the economic way of life in Africa, beginning with a feasibility study early next year.

If you are at all interested then email Nawaz at N.Imam@lse.ac.uk Alex at A.J.Spencer@lse.ac.uk or Annie at A.K.Judd@lse.ac.uk.

Nawaz Imam is a first year undergraduate studying Economics.

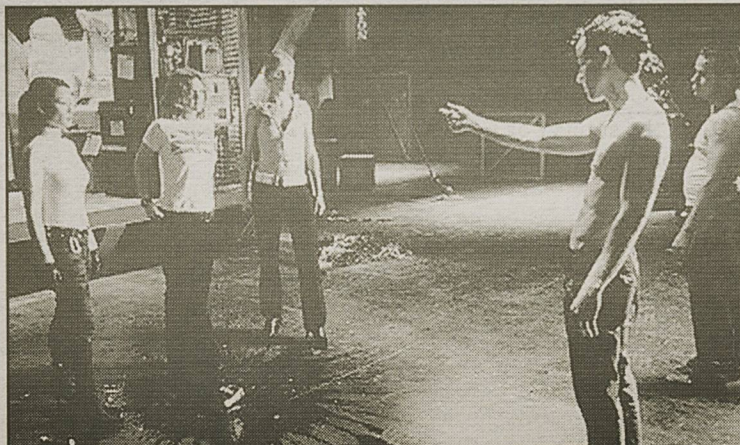
in all of Europe and yet they routinely choose to include American programmes in their viewing/listening/consumption.

They do this not because they are being manipulated. They do so because they like the idea of the wealthy, creative and free country that the American media portrays.

While Europeans like to see the darker side of America, occasionally programmes such as Friends, Will & Grace and the myriad teen "comedies" on a channel such as Trouble are far more successful on a day to day basis.

Whether this is an accurate portrayal of America is unimportant. People regularly vote with their remote controls. State-funded, dour socialism can't keep up with the energetic, fun and liberated ideal provided by the Americans.

Matthew Sinclair is studying Economics and Economic History.



OneEyeOpen

It's not often that I find myself surfing the BBC Newsround website, but this week I had little option, such was the level of alarm initiated within me when I laid eyes upon the headline: "Scary badger holds family hostage".

I have issues with Matt Sinclair. I think I have been duped. I was led to believe that badgers were cute, cuddly, furry and pleasant little creatures, complete with Wind in the Willows charm; a needlessly victimised species on the brink of extinction due to a cruel and unwarranted general cull.

"A family in Worcestershire were trapped inside their house for two hours after a scary, staring badger left them too frightened to leave."

"The badger was very spooky," confirmed the owner of the house, Mr Youngs, while his young daughter had to carry a spade around for protection. Ladies and gents, this is what the world is coming to.

Now I had faith in Mr Sinclair. I signed his form, I paid my membership. There is just no excuse for this sort of thing (which, incidentally, smacks of a rather cynical attempt at publicity). I trust there will be no more rampaging by the black-and-white ones, else I may have to propose a vote of no confidence in the leadership of the Badger Society. But more of such things to follow.

Flitting seamlessly onto a completely different theme, the steady spare hand of the Holder of the Badger guided the SU through the elections this week, though it seemed to me all a little on the damp side. I think it rained a fair bit as well. The weather and the lack of much discernible interest outside of the standard community of 'union insiders' did not prevent the usual suspects from tirelessly stepping forward and repeating the phrase they had given themselves.

Much like the surety that the rain will fall, we can at least be certain that whatever the cause, the forces of unyielding hackery will always be on hand to provide the rest of us with at least a small, partially concealed chuckle. Congratulations to those for whom it must have worked.

Congratulations also to Michael Howard, who, this week, will be appointed Tory party leader without the indignity of lowering himself to the desires and wants of a discerning electorate. He will replace the sad figure of IDS, who lost his confidence vote last week.

On Michael Howard, much has been made of Ann Widdecombe's "something of the night about him" quote, but I don't want to make too much of it. I'd like to look instead to his series of prison "reforms" during his time as Home Secretary, when his ingenious policy was simply to lock as many people up as possible.

How times have changed. In Howard's era, justice was doled up by the ladle-full. Nowadays, anti-social, terrorising badgers are coaxed with jam sandwiches, then taken away, loved up and then allowed to get away scot-free. So while he may look like Dracula Matt, at least he appears to have a coherent policy on the outrageous violence of certain large mammals.

THE WORLD IN CRISIS

The International Community's Burden

Sophia Hoffman

NATO, the US military and UN peacekeeping forces - what have they all got in common? All three institutions stand for Western forces stationed in foreign countries, essentially to provide stability to regions that have experienced violent conflict. Although their stated missions differ from each other, they can be seen as part of the same phenomenon that is a result of the current world crisis we are living through: the "re-colonisation" of parts of the globe, a recently accelerated development which has been occurring since the end of the cold war.

"Re-colonisation" stands for the sanctioned, official and visible involvement of powerful states (or organisations acting on their behalf) in the territory of weaker states. The term implies what is in fact the truth: that it is the former colonising states and the formerly colonised that are playing very historically familiar roles in this game.

This is not to say that the past is repeating itself - we are not seeing Italy in Ethiopia, Britain in Sri Lanka nor France in Morocco. Instead it is rather the return of Western troops and officials to running much of the affairs of non-western countries under a very different ideological framework, which makes it appear something entirely different. Ancient colonial rhetoric of civilising the uncivilised has been replaced by the reign of humanitarian intervention, peacekeeping and regime change.

Although 're-colonisation' is still restricted to insular events and possibly will remain very limited, the important thing to realise is that these separate incidents could mount to a paradigmatic shift in international relations concerning issues such as sovereignty and international law.

The term 're-colonisation' is perhaps an unjustified provocation: instances of occupation indeed exist, and the Iraq war serves as an example of this (although no one knows what an Iraqi opinion poll before the invasion would have told us), but most events have either been internationally agreed upon and/or have even been desired by people in the 're-colonised' states.

Remember Liberia, where, as a media-effective call for superpower involvement in the civil war, dead children were deposited in front of the US embassy? Or indeed Kosovo where portraits of Clinton still hang in Albanian restaurants and grocery shops in reverence to the saviour of the population.

Clearly, it is not the old game of unquestionable oppression that imperialism used to be. It could even be argued the opposite, namely that as UN resources

The second of a series of articles focusing on the growing unease within world politics examines the growth of 're-colonisation', and assesses its impact on international relations.



The UN blimp as been hovering above many 'protectorates' in recent years.

become more and more stretched and calls for help are echoing from all the conflict corners of the world, the moral obligation of intervention is a strain for the dominant powers. Is the provision of peace and stability the new "white man's burden", as Kipling called the obligation of the civilised world to bring happiness, wealth (and Christianity) to the backward

barbarians?

Without getting into a complicated analysis of the existing forms of (neo-)imperialism that in fact still spell out subjugation for many countries, their economies and individuals, it must be highlighted that the expanding numbers of UN-protectorates, peace-keeping missions and now even direct, bilateral inter-

vention add a new flavour to north-south relations.

To lay it out very simply, this is about foreign people maintaining directly the official state and economic structure of other countries. The two cases of Kosovo and Afghanistan - one a UN, the other a NATO protectorate - shall serve as brief examples of this.

Since the destruction of the Serb state in Kosovo, the Organisation for Security and Co-operation in Europe (OSCE) has regularly organised elections and a Kosovar parliament now exists. However, as negotiations of the future status of the former Serb province are bogged down due to the continuing hostility of the involved parties, there is no hope in sight for a successful 'release' of Kosovo out of the arms of the UN and the OSCE into the international wilderness. Foreign 'public employees', the vast majority European or North American, uphold the fragile state structure, which looks unlikely to survive without them.

The situation in Afghanistan on the other hand was created under seemingly very different circumstances, but considered closely they were not that different at all: bombs to change a regime, a new government set up under 'international' auspices - 'international' standing in fact for 'European and North American' (just as 'international community' is an increasingly used euphemism for 'Western').

One explanation for this peculiarity might lie in the historical development of the international system during which state structures were constructed in societies which did not possess the culture or history to support them. Faced with the collapse of these pseudo-states, the 'international community' is doing what it can to uphold them in order to protect the international order on which it is built and on which it depends. Others might argue that the social breakdown in 'failed states' is a product of a system that never was determined by equality and that the century long subordination of some nations by others is now coming to its inevitable conclusion.

In our quest to understand this period of change we are witnessing, the growing 'international' presence in crisis areas of the world is of crucial importance. No one knows yet where this process will take the world and an easy answer to the moral questions involved elude us. Only one fact is certain: both in the 're-colonised' and 're-colonising' countries, events have a direct effect on human lives - the ambushed American teenage soldier in Iraq is as dead as the Congolese rebel shot by UN blue helmets.

Sophia Hoffman is a postgraduate student at LSE studying for a Masters in International Relations.

WALL and PEACE

A 220-mile concrete barrier is currently being erected in the West Bank with the aim of keeping suicide bombers out of Israel. But, far from bringing peace to the region, it may serve to increase divisions between the two communities.



"Everybody has to move, run and grab as many hilltops as they can to enlarge the settlements because everything we take now will stay ours...Everything we don't grab will go to them."

Paul Kirby

A 'Separation Fence' is currently being built in the West Bank - at points in Tulkarem and East Jerusalem it is eight metres high with armed watchtowers and a buffer zone for electric fences and military patrols. Elsewhere the barrier is far less imposing: simply barbed wire and motion sensors or guard towers. The government of Israel claims that the purpose of the wall is security - and yet it winds deep into Palestinian territory, sealing off large tracts of fertile land and de facto annexing them to Israel. Perhaps this is why the project is drawing criticism from around the globe.

On the October 21st this year the United Nations General Assembly passed a resolution condemning the wall, demanding that Israel not only cease construction but also dismantle those sections already completed. The vote was carried by a majority of 144 states. Fourteen abstained and four voted against (the US, Israel, the Federated States of Micronesia and the Marshall Islands).

Last Friday, front-page space was given in newspapers to the accusations by Israel's army chief that the policy would not only lead to more hatred but also increase the possibility of terrorist attacks. Israeli human rights groups like Gush Shalom and B'Tselem are kicking up as much of a fuss as Amnesty International. This is not what Theodor

Herzl, ideological founder of Zionism, had in mind when he wrote of the Palestinians that "both the process of expropriation and the removal of the poor must be carried out discreetly and circumspectly."

What the wall really represents, says its critics, is an attempt to take as much land from the Palestinians as possible, securing not only further space for settlements but pre-empting the boundaries of any future Palestinian state. The idea is not a new one and was well articulated in 1998 by Ariel Sharon, then Israel's Foreign Minister, when he announced to a meeting of the Tsomet party that "everybody has to move, run and grab as many hilltops as they can to enlarge the settlements because everything we take now will stay ours...Everything we don't grab will go to them."

But there is another, less obvious element to the Israeli government's separation strategy. Like its antecedent, the checkpoint system, the wall will serve to humiliate the Palestinian people, to remind them at every step who it is who controls their movements, their borders - who decides where they can or can't live and sometimes whether they get to live at all. The mass of concrete cutting off the Palestinians from Israelis and often from other Palestinians has a psychological purpose. By hiding the Palestinians behind a wall the Israeli government seeks to ignore the realities of Palestinian suffering - to negate the complaints of those it oppresses by hiding them from

view. Out of sight, out of mind.

In 1969 Moshe Dayan, one of Israel's best know military leaders, addressed the Israel Institute of Technology and proclaimed, "Jewish villages were built in the place of Arab villages. You do not even know the names of these Arab villages, and I do not blame you because geography books no longer exist, not only do the books not exist, the Arab villages are not there either...There is not one single place built in this country that did not have a former Arab population."

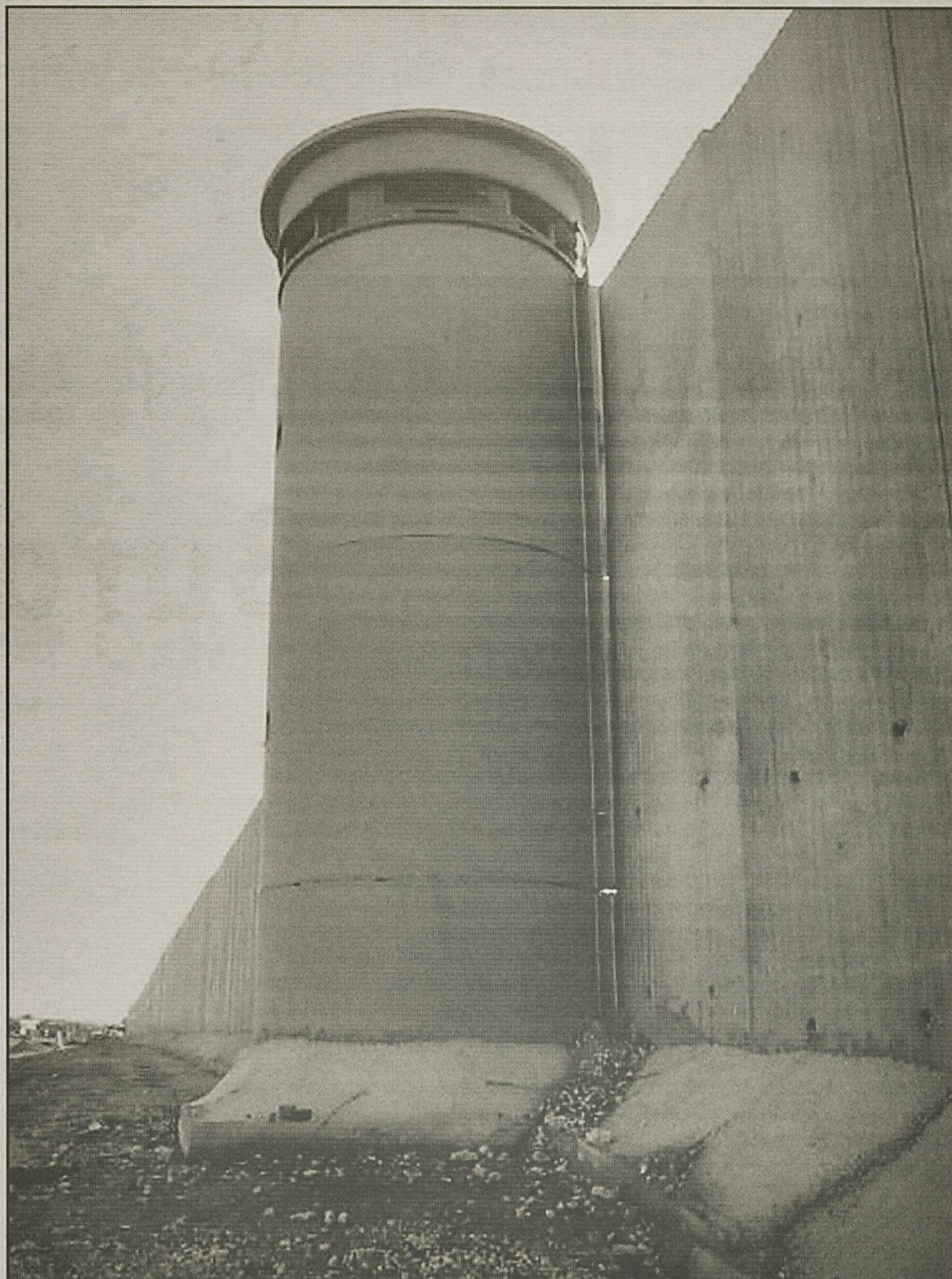
The process of building settlements over the sites of Palestinian villages or simply renaming them was integral in fermenting the myth that not only had there never been any Palestinians in Palestine but, in the infamous words of Golda Meir, Israel's Prime Minister in the early 1970s, that "there is no such thing as a Palestinian people... It is not as if we came and threw them out and took their country. They didn't exist."

The wall entrenches conceptions of the other and encourages the fallacy that Israelis and Palestinians cannot live together, have nothing in common, and will only be able to live in peace if there is a great physical divide, replete with trenches and armed guards, to maintain order. How is the Palestinian to gain an understanding of his Israeli counterpart if he cannot even see his face? Will the Israeli even know of the other or will he only associate 'Palestinian' with the atrocities of the latest suicide bomber?

This proposed state of apartheid [literally meaning apart-ness] does not address any of the causes of suicide bombers, does not seek to alter the dispossession and desperation of the Palestinian people, fails to recognise that there cannot be peace without justice, and will not protect Israel. What greater recipe for bloodshed is there than the fencing in of a subjugated people without hope?

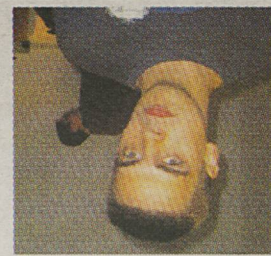
If this conflict is ever to be resolved it must be through engagement and the realisation that there is much to unite Israelis and Palestinians. The projects of classical maestro (and Israeli) Daniel Barenboim - whether in the East-West Divan Orchestra (created with the late Edward Said) that brings together Israeli and Arab players or in his promise to create a classical music school for Ramallah - will help more than any Bantustan. Progress will occur on a personal level, in one-to-one interactions, in taking risks and being prepared to put Palestinians and Israelis together so that they can see the other as something more than mortal enemy, oppressor or suicide bomber. The ability of the Israeli government to repress is not only contingent on the masses of US aid or the corruption of the Palestinian leadership but on the silence of every one of us and the reluctance of the many to stand up against the violence of a fence-builder's dream.

Paul Kirby is a second year International Relations and History student.



b:art edited by Justin Nolan

Climb the wall Barnes, Climb the Fuckin Wall.



EDITORIAL

When I was on the tube on Monday Morning, and thinking about what I was going to write about in this week's editorial, the usual thoughts went through my head.

Who has being annoying me? What don't I like about the arts this week? Who deserves an ounce of my quite considerable vitriol and hatred? Then I had an epiphany. Why do I hate so much? What is this evil? Why do I seek to use my column merely to advance my own ego, instead of giving people what they really want, and informed and interesting piece on the arts? Does anyone read it anyway? Does anyone really give a shit?

Do more people read News? B:link? Even Sports for God Sake? Is this section discussed in hushed tones, or ridiculed in loud voices? Do people hold the reviews and opinions expressed in this section in high regard, or do they ignore them in favour of more well-established arts publications? B:Music or NME? B:Film or Empire? B:Lit or the Times Literary Supplement?

Is humour the way to go? Should this section be serious or should we go

for cheap shots and nob gags? Am I too arrogant to think I can be funny? Am I deluding myself if I think that I am in any way more qualified to give a serious opinion on the Arts than anyone else? Should I have stuck to writing my column? Was it really that pisspoor?

Should I go for sabbatical? Will the whole name recognition thing work in my favour, or I am I forever associated with something rubbish? Surely the quiz counts for something? Do I really want to do another year at LSE? Isn't it time I got a proper job? Why is my portfolio so appalling? Do I really think News and B:link will let me write for them?

Where is my travel card? No seriously, where is my travel card? FOR FUCKS SAKE WHERE IS THE LITTLE CARD FUCKER!? Am I going to be arrested? Will I be trapped in Holborn Station forever? No, I won't I've found it.

And with That I reached my Journey's end.

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b:about 19-20 b:theatre 21-22 b:fineart 22

MANU DIBANGO

Joss Sheldon meets up with the awesome jazz legend - in London for a week playing Ronnie Scott's - at his hotel. Nice one...



Manu Dibango, wrapped in coat and scarf to escape the freezing English winter is staying in the Marlborough hotel, located just off of new Oxford street. The plush lobby with its porters in their smart uniform provide a stark contrast with the average student digs; comparisons to Manu's native Cameroon are almost infinite.

The central location is convenient for Manu who has been playing a week long residency at Ronnie Scott's, the jazz club in Soho. 'We come here once a year,' the larger than life character explains, 'as most of the time

when you are on tour you play for 1 or 2 nights maximum, but a week gives you the opportunity to experiment with new stuff.' It's an opportunity that by Manu's nature, he is keen to take up.

In his last visit to our city he played on his saxophone with the Soweto string quartet, with whom he will return on tour in March, and whilst his normal style composes of soul and jazz based African driven funk music, self-described as 'Afroworld,' he will be playing along with his rhythm section in a symphonic band in Rotterdam in May. Add to this the fact that he has experimented with hip-hop and that his new versions of 'Afro soul' and 'African battle' as remixed by rhinoceros provided one of the best dance releases of the year, you can begin to see the flexibility with which Manu is blessed.

He laughs when I ask him about his style, the hearty laugh of a big African man, and finally responds that, 'as a man coming from Cameroon but living in Europe, I have 2 or 3 answers.' The African love for music can come from its tribal roots but, 'to talk of pure African music, that is funny, because most African musicians are playing with guitar, with keyboard, with saxophone, which are not really African instruments.' Musicians interpret the World through sound, 'the instrument is just the vehicle of what you see, you have some African musicians playing traditional instruments, but you can be traditional playing Western instruments also.'

The mix of Western and African influence is unavoidable due to the conse-

quences of colonialisation, a period that Dibango, born in 1933 lived through. He says he feels richer for it, 'with two ways of approaching culture,' both in music and in life.

'Youssef N'Dour, Baaba Maal, Orchestra Baobab and now Salif Keita live in Africa and once in a while come to play in Western countries, we live in Western countries and once in a while go to play in Africa.' It's not only Africa that Manu visits though, (where he has directed the Ivorian national orchestra, organised 'Tam Tam pour L'Ethiopie' a fundraiser when famine struck, and is currently working to promote grassroots music in Cameroon) but also the rest of the World. 'Living in Western countries gives you the opportunity to travel and to see more styles of music.' Styles of music that have clearly influenced Manu, the greatest of which along with Latin music, was the American influenced Paris Jazz scene of the 1950's.

Manu was 15 when he left his homeland to study philosophy in France, but there was no major clash of culture moving so far at such a young age. 'We were not in a situation of immigration, we were French people, we were French citizens because of the colonialisation, so when I went in France was not like going in a really foreign country, it was like going to one part of me, which is very funny, but that's the reality.'

Lucky to get the opportunity to study in France, his parents wanted him to go into a more respectable profession, 'they sent me to Europe become an important man, but what I did - just music. When 'Soul Makossa' came it was an international hit (in fact released in 1973, it sold more copies worldwide than any African single before it.) They were proud without exactly understanding what was going on.'

Manu's belief that music and life are inexplicably linked made his study of philosophy worthwhile. It's about 'the way to approach problems, the way to find the solutions, to try to find the solutions, and that can have some kind of influence over what you are doing musically, spiritually. Most of the great musicians have something outside of the music, some kind of spiritual belief.' The biggest of his many laughs comes when I ask if he has such spiritual beliefs. 'No I just enjoy the music, I am no member of a secret society or anything like that.'

It's a philosophy in it's own right, that to enjoy what you do is the best way to succeed. Manu sums it up when asked for a message to the students of London. 'You must be lucky to have a passion,' he says, 'I hope that people have a passion because when you have a passion, it's not easy, but you

are already easy with yourself, you see? And it's interesting to be busy for yourself, by yourself.'

True words, from a truly great musician.



HUNDRED REASONS

Having enjoyed huge success with the release of their debut album 'Ideas Above Our Station' in early 2002, Hundred Reasons have recently returned from a six month hiatus spent recording their second album that looks set to blow everyone away once again. On their recent low key sold out ULU show **JAZMIN BURGESS** caught up with singer Colin Doran and guitarists Paul Townsend and Larry Hibbit for a (very) quick chat about all things to do with their forthcoming album..

When the last album was released, there was a lot in the music press about how you and other bands such as A were leading the resurgence of British rock. I was just wondering if you still think its the case that the British rock scene is thriving?

Colin Doran: Yeah definitely..Funeral For A Friend and The Darkness are both doing really well for themselves. There are definitely still bands out there flying the flag for British rock which is great..It's cool to still be able to be part of that..

Well moving on...the second album's always known as the 'difficult' one to record.. was this the case for your new album? Or did you find that it didn't apply?

Larry Hibbit: no actually not really..we all reckon its going to be 'the tricky third'!(laughs)

Paul Townsend: it wasn't easy, but truthfully, it wasn't any more difficult than the first one. we actually gave ourselves more time for this one-we actually just sat and wrote songs for three months- we literally only had weeks for the first one.



I read you went back to New York and recorded with Dave Sardy again-was this important to you for the recording process?

L.H: Yeah, to an extent, because he knows our sound really well now, he knows us better than anybody. So it was great not having to worry about the whole 'introducing' stuff-it was the same engineers and the same studio which made the recording process really easy and meant all we had to worry about how it sounded!(laughs)

Many bands adapt their sound for their second album-was that the case for you? Or does it follow in the same direction as your older material?

L.H: It sounds a lot heavier and a bit darker than the last record for sure. I mean we've done over 250 gigs between the last record and now, so we have developed our sound. I guess we didn't really have our own sound before the first record-it was probably what gave us our sound. But this time round, we definitely had a clear idea of what we wanted to sound like, so it does feel more like a band going in one set direction

Do you all share the same musical direction when you're writing then?

C.D: Not always but the stuff that doesn't get all of us just ends up falling by the wayside..

C.D: We always think that seeing as we're going to be playing the songs for a long time, its probably best to make sure everyone in the band enjoys playing them!

P.T: We do all have different tastes and we do all sometimes pull in different directions, but usually we come up with songs we all love because we mix all these influences together..

And finally,have you found there to be any negative backlash from the diy crowd and the scenesters since you've signed to a major label?

C.D: Well that's up to them. But I mean I've never met anyone in a band like that, it's just fanzine writers. And really all that scene stuff is completely irrelevant. the small minded attitude that sees it necessary to stop liking bands when they're on a certain label is just really shallow.

P.T: I think the problem is people always put us in this scene that we were never really part of. Everyone always assumed that we were a 'keep it real' band, when really we had stars in our eyes from the beginning!(laughs)

L.H: Truthfully most people out there don't really know what label records are released on, and don't really care. And to be honest, that's the people we like playing for. (laughs)and hopefully the people we'll be able to keep playing for once the new albums released...

JAZMIN BURGESS

KARL BARTOS: LIVE CHLOE COOK checks out the ex-Kraftwerk maestro's new project..

It is not often that a student union hosts a show that entices middle aged Suits out of their dark, corporate pits, but Wednesday night at ULU saw a mass migration of this scuttling species through its doors.

It was the smell of the 80's that lured them. No, it wasn't the prospect of reliving times when Monster Munch was only 10p, Snickers were Marathons and Jason and Kylie ruled OK from their TOTP thrones. It was to hear the sounds of Karl Bartos, the brains behind the now defunct, but still legendary, electronica pioneers Kraftwerk.

The release of his second solo album, Communication, has prompted him to visit these sorry shores, where electronica music is now to be found in the bargain boxes of Virgin and synthetic pop (in the literal sense of the word, i.e. fake) rings irritatingly in the ears of a desensitised nation. Ironically, this trend is actually the subject matter of his album- the effect of communication technology upon our lives as we spread our legs to reality TV and microwavable dinners.

The performance consisted of three keyboards on stage, Karl in the middle and two lesser synth beings on either side of the wizard himself. The show? Bobbing their heads in perfect time together, like three nodding dogs in the back of a car, as they played with the buttons on their keyboards. Boring? Well yeah, but wicked to watch as it totally suited the music- the hypnotic beats and ascetical minimalism that characterises electronica.Mixing his new stuff with some Kraftwerk

favourites, 'Pocket Calculator' being the most notable, Karl enchanted his audience from the beginning of his (very late) set. The sound was good, the background graphics were pretty cool, the lyrics- shite. The only real disappointment were the ridiculous lyrics. I have heard them described as 'helpless', I think that person was trying to be nice.

Sure, Karl is an amazingly talented and creative musician but when it comes to writing lyrics that actually mean something...you get more sense from a squished peanut. For example, from 'Electronic Apeman': 'Hello, Hello, electronic apeman, Don't let go, You've got to learn to become human, Go man Go'. Is it cos he is German? Hmm. Nevermind, the crowd still loved it.

Supporting Karl Bartos was UK electro group Client, fronted by Sarah Blackwood, formerly of Dubstar. Their first gig was in fact at a LSE live music night sometime last year. The band had put a fantastic effect on the guitar, a kind of 'wibble', to use the technical term. The keyboardist was good, as was the guy on the effects synth but, Ms Blackwood, please shut up and let us listen to the music. Good voice, just not suited to shouting out such verbal delights as 'Fuck off, don't touch me there'.

All in all, boths acts were entertaining to say the least and like it or not, it's only a matter of time before electronica becomes 'commercially viable' as a style again. Bring it on.

CHLOE COOK

ELLIOT SMITH: 1969-2003

Elliott Smith, the respected American singer-songwriter, took his own life last Tuesday, October 21. One of Smith's friends found him in his Los Angeles apartment with a single self-inflicted knife wound in his chest. He died in the Los Angeles County Hospital shortly thereafter.



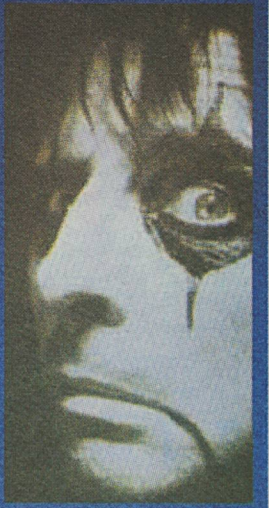
Smith's music is most notable for its beauty and sadness. Known for their lo-fi, folk rock sound, Smith's compositions contain intricate melodies and poetic, deeply intimate lyrics. Smith played every instrument on his recordings, and sang quietly about disappointment, loneliness, and the meaninglessness of the world he saw around him.

Smith was born in Omaha, but grew up in Dallas and Portland. He became a member of the band Heatmiser after

attending university in Massachusetts, and released his first solo album, Roman Candle, in 1994. He joined the Kill Rock Stars label in 1995 and released Elliott Smith, followed by Either/Or in 1997. That year, director Gus Van Sant used six of Smith's songs in the film Good Will Hunting, and the movie's popularity made Smith and his music famous. He signed to DreamWorks and released XO, his best-selling album, in 1998. XO marked a shift to a more produced, richly layered sound for Smith, which he expanded on his 2000 release, Figure 8. In 2001, Wes Anderson used the song "Needle in the Hay," from Smith's self-titled album, in the film The Royal Tenenbaums for the scene of an attempted suicide. Smith had an album in progress when he died.

Smith's family and friends describe him as having had a kind, generous spirit, and have established a fund in his name for abused children. Fans compare him to similarly sensitive singer-songwriters Nick Drake and Jeff Buckley (Drake died of an anti-depressant overdose at 26, and Buckley vanished into the Mississippi River at 31). Smith was 34.

BONNIE JOHNSON



b:music edited by jazmin burgess and neil garrett

Album Reviews

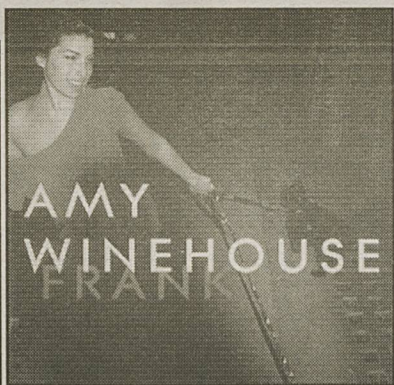


**THE DISTILLERS
CORAL FANG**

Led by singer, songwriter and guitarist Brody Dalle (formerly Brody Armstrong), California-based punks The Distillers have matured a lot since their breakthrough three years ago. Coral Fang is sonically more polished than the band's previous releases, but also darker. Sing Sing Death House, though often wrathful, was about overcoming oppression and self-destruction through courage, love, and punk rock. In contrast, the songs on Coral Fang are about mutilation and betrayal, and are almost all in minor keys. The artwork depicts thousands of razorblades swirling around a woman's naked body in visions of dismemberment and suicide (one a nod to Leonard Cohen). Dalle is clearly in pain, likely due in part to her recent divorce from Tim Armstrong and subsequent abandonment by many former friends.

But Dalle's catharsis makes for great, heartfelt music. The album's highest points are the title track and "Drain the Blood." The Distillers may have dulled their gutter punk edge somewhat (think of Danzig's Misfits versus the post-Danzig Misfits), but with it they have abandoned more juvenile rants. Dalle also has a powerful voice that finally has a chance to come through on this record. One song, "The Hunger," even opens with an acoustic guitar - but don't be alarmed; it quickly gives way to some serious thrash. **(7)**

BONNIE JOHNSON

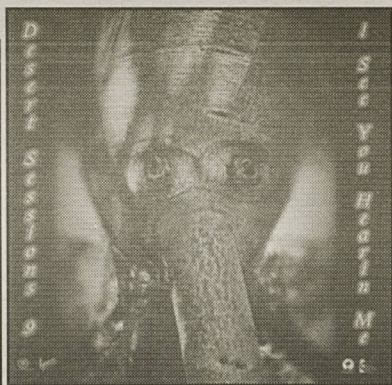


**AMY WINEHOUSE
FRANK**

The shimmering crown of success seems to be illuminating this young ladies bonce. Homegrown, London based and hot on the heels of Ms Dynamite's fiery tracks. At only nineteen, Winehouse has a voice that varies from the oozing creaminess of Lauryn Hill to the character-licious, gritty lilt of Alicia Keys. The girl knows how to work it, and she sure works wonders with her beloved jazz throughout the album. I hear pounds of Sarah Vaughn, lashings of Diana Washington and even a sprinkling of Ella Fitzgerald here and there. But lets all also applaud the non-cheesy transition she manages to forge between jazz and contemporary r 'n' b, hip hop and reggae, even with saxophone (a princely instrument of cheap jazz fame).

So, She has a voice, but do her songs cut the mustard? To be honest, she didn't quite cut my kind of mustard. Unfortunately I'm not on the Winehouse wavelength, I couldn't justify sleeping with another man with 'well he looked like you' and anyway 'I was thinking of you when I came,' so...umm...technically that's not cheating then. (Love is Blind). However, I admire and enjoy her forthright bolshi-ness, Fuck Me Pumps rings true of a beautiful bitchiness that surely every female possesses. A varied, well rounded, easy album. Shucks man...nineteen...that's sickening. **(8)**

SIAN BEYNON



**DESERT SESSIONS
VOLUMES 9&10**

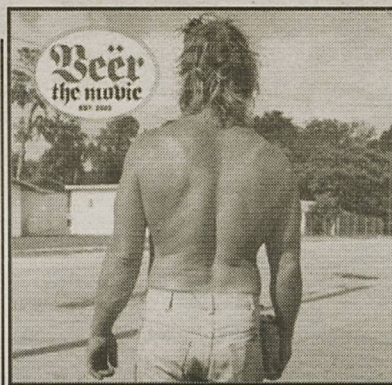
Quick re-cap: 'Desert Sessions' is a long running project from Queens of the Stone Age front man Josh Homme, where he lives out his 'non-guilt hedonist' aesthetic by taking an assorted bunch of musicians and an assorted bunch of drugs out into the desert for a week of complete isolation. Everyone throws in ideas and they come out with a record. '9 & 10' (or 'I see you hearin me' and 'I heart disco') features a diverse cross-section of musicians (nine in total), including PJ Harvey, Twiggy Ramirez (Marilyn Manson) and Chris Goss (Masters of Reality).

The record is surprisingly varied and surprisingly listenable. From the big fuzz bass lines that go round and round in typical Queens style to PJ's wailing gritty vocals to rhodes led stones boogies to finger-lickin-country-pickin it's all in here.

What's great about the record is being able to hear the individual musicians, but at the same time hearing the music they create together - it really is more than the sum of the parts. Most of the tracks are recorded as soon as they're written, and the production is a little raw to say the least; but that's all part of the charm.

But do you really want to buy this? It's good, no mistake, but you really have to see it as what it is: the output of a week long desert session. Keep this in mind and you will be fine. **(8)**

MATT BOYS



**V/A
BEER: THE MOVIE**

So Beer the Movie is a documentary made by some dude who spends his time getting lashed with everyone's favourite Long Island bands. You know the ones-Glassjaw, Hot Rod Circuit, Brand New et al.I'm slightly baffled by this seeing as most of these Long Island bands are straightedge vegan kids.I'm also uneasy about whether this cd and the accompanying drunk-umentary was made out of the goodness of someone's heart or a cheap plan to cash in on the sudden popularity of the Long Island scene. I guess truly these are all mute points, because what really matters is that this cd totally rules the school.

Although its likely that you've probably some of the tracks on here there is also some pretty cool new material from bands who haven't released anything in what seems like forever- such as a new Safety In Numbers track with just enough hardcore and just enough pop in it to make it pure rock. And if that's not enough there's also acoustic tracks from Taking Back Sunday, the hotly tipped Kevin Devine as well as straight up a-class rock from the mighty Orange Island, Vagrant's new protégées Moneen and the soon to be great Northstar.

I'm not yet convinced (especially having watched the trailer on the cd) that I EVER want to watch Beer:The Movie, its soundtrack does deserve serious kudos for proving that at the end of the day all the current press attention on Long Island is more than highly deserved. **(8)**

JAZMIN BURGESS



**MICHAEL FRANTI AND THE
SPEARHEADS
EVERYONE DESERVES MUSIC**

As Franti's fourth album with Spearhead, we find a stagnation in his work, as previous anti-war contributions from Franti to the world of music have found more success.

This one unfortunately instils an uncharacteristic hostility, as if his virtuous themes produce adverse effects. Franti's voice is dull and monotonous which encourages me to despise the words he croons out. And then a downward spiral as I pick at his lyrics and remain unimpressed...'we can bomb the world to pieces, but we can't bomb the world to peace.' There's a point to be made in EDM but the format it takes smacks of a pretence for profundity through overly corny lines with moments where Franti's writing confuses or misses its point ... 'Don't fear your best friend/Because a best friend would never try to do you wrong/Don't fear your worst friends/Because a worst friend is just a best friend that's done you wrong' Sounds pretty serious there Mike.

And then there was Spearhead...amicably warm foot-tapping beats and plenty of funk filled guitar and bass riffs. But the band misses the extra element where you sense the album has gelled.

Quite an uninspiring effort planted firmly in middle ground, it pains me to write that, it really does, because of the noble sentiments it should stir in my heart. Sigh. **(2)**

SIAN BEYNON

Singles

**THE BOXER REBELLION
WATERMELON**

A poorly titled song from a bizarrely titled band, yet this single manages to shine through the haze of murky names with a fistful of spikiness and jagged guitars. Despite running close to ground previously covered by the Cooper Temple Clause, this sounds fresh and invigorating. Thumbs up.

BEN HOWARTH

**JAMELIA FEAT RAH DIGGA
BOUT**

Brummie teenager Jamelia is back from being all motherly and has released Bout- a feisty soda-pop RnB song, with a version of the Rocky theme tune interwoven into the beginning. Beautiful girl, beautiful voice but this song can't decide whether it's RnB for the bedroom or the dancefloor.

CHLOE COOK

**KID SYMPHONY
HANDS ON THE MONEY**

This chirpy Leeds two-piece have collected some encouraging live reviews, and look set to become a regular feature of HMV's Pop Rock section. Already they've developed a succinct, but perfectly formed sound and clearly have an ear for hooks. For people to listen to The Darkness over breakfast.

SARAH TAYLOR

**MY MORNING JACKET
MAHGEETAH**

I've no idea what Mahgeetah means - it sounds like the way Sanjay from Eastenders used to refer to his wife- but this is great. Jim James' Neil Young-like high-pitched wailings, while fragile and yearning, are delivered with such raw defiance as to perfectly complement the song's subtle mix of melancholy with a stubborn optimism which proves ultimately triumphant in the unlikely crescendo of hardcore country and western riffing (I know this sounds rubbish, but it isn't).

DANIEL GROTE

**UNCLE
IN A PLACE**

Surprisingly not awful this. Surprisingly because most of Uncle's output has been since the departure of DJ Shadow. My only gripe is that it sounds like "Missing" by Everything But The Girl. But not in an unpleasant way.

NEIL GARRETT

**ATHLETE
WESTSIDE**

Athlete's popularity has always been something of a mystery to me given their propensity for churning out sub-Dodgy britpop tosh. 'Westside' is no exception, being only slightly more diverting of one's attention than reading the personal ads in a scrunpled-up, out of date Metro.

b:film at The London Film Festival...

Lost In Translation

In the first review from our LFF round-up, JAMESKENT watches this year's highlight and asks: Is this Bill Murray's best film since Groundhog Day? Certainly not; it's better than that. Here, he tells us why...

Director: Sofia Coppola
Starring: Bill Murray, Scarlett Johansson, Giovanni Ribisi, Akiko Takeshita
Running Time: 102 min
Certificate: 12
Release Date: 9th Jan 2004

What do you get when you put the funny guy from Ghostbusters, a hot 18-year-old actress with a permanent sore-throat, and Francis Ford Coppola's novice writer-director-daughter together in Tokyo? The answer is of course Sofia Coppola's drama-cum-romantic-comedy *Lost In Translation*. For the men amongst you, that might sound a

from the fairly tragic existences both seem to lead. An inspired karaoke sequence also tickles the ribs, as well as the predictable culture-clash-based humour which is, refreshingly, more affectionate than xenophobic (let's all laugh at the Japanese english - or is their society actually laughing at us?). The mundane asides throughout, involving everything from a prostitute to Burgundy carpet samples, are as humorously inspired as they are believable, and work to give a sharp character insight without slowing the narrative.

tad off-putting, but please, stick with me on this one.

This is the tale of two lonely but attached Americans visiting Tokyo, both well out of their culture. Bob (Bill Murray), a semi-retired 70s movie star (they never



Murray disliked the 'Tarts and Vicars' party

retire...), is in town to earn a quick \$2 million for a whisky commercial, and is having a mid-life crisis. Charlotte (Scarlett Johansson), a recent Yale philosophy graduate, is in town with her photographer husband John (Giovanni Ribisi) and is, though young, having a crisis of her own. Admirers of standard mainstream romcoms will be sorely disappointed to learn that they don't have sex, fall out or even fall in love; Coppola Jr. is simply too smart for that. Instead, this is the astonishingly touching tale of an unlikely friendship between two lost souls, born out of a mutual loneliness, that they both know simply cannot last.

Bob's advert shoots provide some wonderful comic relief

One could find faults within this wondrous tapestry of normality, though they actually work to enhance the film's overall effect. For a start, the editing and general style of this film is a little unorthodox, reflecting the disjointed and seemingly empty lives of the central characters. We don't see enough of John to understand his character develop, this serving to emphasise his wife's growing alienation from him. Then there are the obvious and deliberate American-blond-actress clichés, though these do provide a welcome light relief and striking contrast to the depth of character portrayed by Murray and Johansson.

Speaking of whom, the acting in this movie is superb, both from the two leads and the eclectic supporting cast. In fact, this could well be Bill Murray's finest 90 minutes, displaying a touching world-weary poignancy that celluloid has never had the pleasure of capturing previously, as well as his usual blend of dry humour (his casting for the upcoming film version of *Garfield* is perfect casting). As for Johansson, she not only looks effortlessly stunning throughout (the opening shot being of her magnificently formed derriere) but is clearly a promising young talent for the future, displaying a maturity of acting that makes Keira Knightly look positively amateur.

Setting itself up as a romantic comedy before becoming something infinitely more sophisticated, this is compelling viewing with Coppola establishing herself well clear of her father's shadow. The campaign for Bill Murray and Scarlett Johansson bagging the Actor/Actress Oscars begins now.

5/5

One Last Chance

The latest Scottish offering will certainly not inspire a spontaneous Highland Jig, writes CERIGRIFFITHS

Director: Stewart Svaasand
Starring: Jamie Sives, Kevin McKidd, Dougray Scott.
Running Time: 100 min
Certificate: TBC
Release Date: TBC

The Scots have done it again. *One Last Chance*, the new Dougray Scott film, perfectly fits into the established mould of the British Film Industry.

So, the difference between this Scottish-style Brit-flick and others is, to be honest, buggar all. Apparently there is a set criterion for producing a film in Britain today and the makers of *One Last Chance* have ticked almost everything on the list. We have a male group of twenty-somethings trying to make some cash to escape their dull lives in a small Scottish village. Unsurprisingly there are some complications involving gangsters and debt (sound familiar?) and they all keep doing ridiculous things to worsen the situation.

There are some positive aspects of this production, however, though these redeeming features are not what you would usually expect. One might predict the usual speeding wit of previous UK movies, for example. But if one were, one would be disappointed. You can see the jokes coming fifteen minutes in advance and the dialogue is about as sharp as a wooden spoon. This is in keeping with the acting as we really do believe that the entire cast is made from MDF. It does seem to warm up after the first half an hour or so but first impressions are very important and *One Last Chance* did not make a good one.

The best thing about this film should have been Dougray Scott who is no stranger to the great possibilities of British film (*Twin Town*, *This year's Love*). With this in mind, I feel like suing on grounds of false advertising. Clearly Scott is attempting to give back to the genre that made him by lending his name and approximately ten minutes of his time to a film that may make other Scottish actors successful. The cast were not as bad as they could have been but it may take more than appearing in a "Dougray Scott film" to get them off of local Scottish television.

One Last Chance is amusing in places but there are times when physical and uncomplicated humour is called for; I would suggest watching this film on a Friday evening when you get back from the pub. I would not suggest paying lots of money to see it at the cinema, and you certainly won't be waiting long for it to come out on DVD.

On a more positive note, the Scottish setting is beautiful and the cast, though not exactly prospective Oscar-nominees, are not aesthetically disappointing either.

One Last Chance would probably be more suited to someone who hadn't seen any of the better British films (*Lock Stock*, *Twin Town*, *This Year's Love*, amongst others), as it emerges as a subordinate mixture of all of them put together. However, if you haven't seen any of the other British masterpieces, I'd suggest you watch them and don't bother with this unless you have little else to do.

This is not *Withnail and I*, nor does it herald the revival of the British Film Industry as it was billed. Though I am the first to advocate the showing of Independent cinema, this isn't the flagship we hoped it would be.

2/5



edited by dani ismail & simon cliff

b:film

The Barbarian Invasions

Insightful commentary into family life or arty French rubbish? One of our b:film reporters went to find out, and was mildly impressed...

Director: Denys Arcand
Starring: Rémy Girard, Stéphane Rousseau, Marie-Josée Croze
Running Time: 99 min
Certificate: 15
Release Date: 20 Feb 2004



Les Invasions Barbares (*The Barbarian Invasions*) by Denys Arcand, was a Gala Centrepiece in the recent London Film Festival. Winner of the Best Screenplay (Denys Arcand) and Best Actress (Marie-Josée Croze) awards at the 2003 Cannes Film Festival, it reunites the cast and characters of Arcand's award-winning breakthrough film *The Decline of the American Empire*.

The *Barbarian Invasions* is an engaging film that looks at serious issues in a lighthearted way. It is a story about the clash of civilisations, between the intellectual idealists, and the capitalistic barbarians.

Sébastien (Stéphane Rousseau) is a successful financial wheeler and dealer in the City of London. Rémy (Rémy Girard), his father, a failed university professor, is everything he is not - socialist, hedonistic, and intellectual, a lover of books, music, and women. To him, Sébastien is the embodiment of the modern barbarian times.

The two are estranged: Sébastien angry with his father for abandoning him and his mother, Rémy disappointed in his philistine son; and inhabit different worlds. When Rémy is hospitalised, under his mother's persuasion, Sébastien reluctantly visits his father in the over-crowded Montreal hospital. The barbarians have come to Rémy's gate.

What happens when the two worlds collide?

Sébastien, representing the barbarians, invades Rémy's life. Appalled by the hospital's living condi-

tions, and determined to make his father's last days happy ones, Sébastien gathers Rémy's old friends and former mistresses, and applies his money and financial wheeling and dealing techniques to fulfill his father's every need: from bribing hospital administrators, union leaders, and ex-students, to entering into an agreement with a junkie. His barbarian techniques help construct an elysium for Rémy, with friends, family, good food, wine, reminiscences and intellectual discussions.

As the film progresses, it moves further and further into Rémy's dream-like ideal of a civilised world, as his health progressively deteriorates and he gets increasingly dependent on heroin to reduce his pain. Rémy's paradise is beautiful but transient, and not robust. When he dies, it is as if all that he holds dear is dying as well, and barbarians will finally storm the gates of the civilised world. However, there is hope, as junkie and childhood friend of Sébastien, Nathalie (Croze) is infused with Rémy's spirit, and begins life anew.

Irreverent and poignant in turns, it is always thoughtful and sensitive in exploring the place old world values have in the modern and increasingly alien world. And I left the theatre haunted by this beautiful film.

5/5

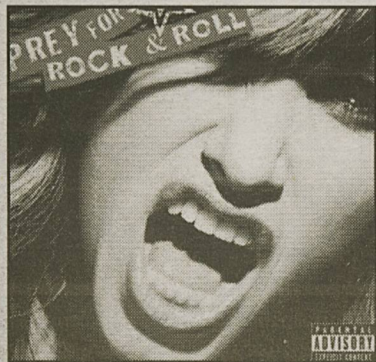
dani's movie matters...

Singers winging it in the film industry

Robert Downey Jr is back. Playing the lead in Keith Gordon's new movie, *The Singing Detective*, accompanied by **Mel Gibson** and **Katie Holmes**, the actor on the rebound once again justifies the occasional hype surrounding him and shows off his profound, under-rated talent. Granted, the film title could use a little jazzing up, but if nothing else, it's strange and original. Interesting fact: in his 1993 film *Heart and Souls*, he himself operatically sang the American national anthem. His first film venture since *Wonder Boys* (also starring Holmes), this will hopefully be the first of many.



Beyonce returns to the big screen in *The Fighting Temptations* with **Cuba Gooding Jr**, so it seems this will be quite a musical month. Outcome: cheesy. We even have the (insert mock enthusiasm) documentary *Tupac: Resurrection* out this month in America, starring.. **Tupac**, surprisingly. Very boring. As a girl, I'd prefer to watch the sexy **Gina Gershon** (of *Face/Off* fame) singing in *Prey For Rock and Roll*, the story of a rock quartet of girls, Clamdandy. **Jack Black** vocalises in *The School of Rock*, playing opposite **Joan**- been nominated for two supporting actress Oscars yet will always live in my brother's shadow- **Cusack**. Who would have guessed this odd creature could sing, it's beyond my belief.



But it's not only singing going on in the world of cinema - **Gwyneth Paltrow** follows in the footsteps of **Nicole Kidman** in *The Hours* and plays a suicidal author/ poet in the tragic true story of Sylvia Plath, *Sylvia*. Perhaps this could be the new trend in Hollywood (seeing as they've obviously overplayed the intrigue of the sequels and trequels and so on). (Speaking of: I've no doubt many of you have reserved tickets for the *Matrix* tomorrow. Let's hope it does not let us down.)



Till next week...

the editor's cut

Duelling aliens inspire spontaneous indifference, the ex-Tory leader needs some filmic relief, and why Bill Murray should run for President...



At the risk of seeming unoriginal myself, my continuing rant about the total lack of originality in Hollywood continues in earnest this week as 20th Century Cocks released their 'teaser-trailer' of the upcoming sci-fi hybrid *Alien Vs. Predator* (visit www.apple.com/trailers/fox/avp if you really must). Note how in abbreviating said film to three letters (AVP) that somehow raises its credibility. All Very Pointless, perhaps? Well, it worked for *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*, didn't it? No, it did not. As for *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, you won't find a review on these pages. Oh no. Remaking that particular masterpiece is at best unnecessary, and at worst sacrilege, akin to hailing *Spiceworld: The Movie* as a must-see classic. I've had nightmares, believe me.

As I predicted in the footnote to last week's *Cut*, IDS (I'm Departing Soon) got the inevitable chop this week, and is no doubt at this moment drowning his sorrows with a bottle marked 'Avoid Contact with Eyes'. Now we know that seminal western *High Noon* (1952) is the film of choice in the White House, but what do we recommend for poor Iain? I'm sure that *A Man of No Importance* (1994) or *Gone in 60 Seconds* (2000) would only tip him over the edge. I recommend *JFK* (1991) to remind him that no matter how humiliating his exit from the Political elite was, it could have been a darn sight worse.

Finally, have a gander at our reviews of a few films screened at the recent London Film Festival. Bill Murray, the unsung hero of film comedy, is truly marvelous in *Lost in Translation* and I urge you to go take a look if (and hopefully when) it gets a general release some time in January. I only hope and pray that the Academy don't overlook him in the same way they ignored Jim Carrey in *The Truman Show* (1998). If, however, he gets pipped by Viggo Mortenson for the top accolade, I won't be too bothered. If it goes to Tobey Maguire for *Seabiscuit*, a fluffy feel-good film about a sodding horse, I'll sell my soul to the bloody knacker's yard.

Enough of this! Next week we're off to see the *Matrix Revolted*; read the only review that'll be honest and not corrupted by a Warner Borthers back-hander right here. Until then, go and see the original and ever-petrifying *Alien* playing at the multiplexes, get a bigger boat, and behave yourselves...

Si, b:film editor

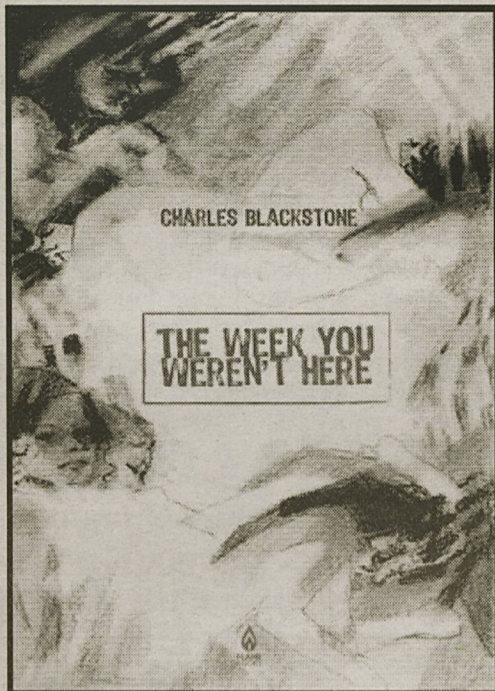
Get in touch with any comments, ideas or Monarchy-rocking revelations: s.e.cliff@lse.ac.uk

The Week You Weren't Here

AMYMORGAN delves into the mind of an obsessive male neurotic and enjoys it...

Just The Facts...

Author: Charles Blackstone
Publisher: Flame Books
Date: January 2004
Price: £8.50



The Week You Weren't Here is the debut novel from American writer Charles Blackstone. It's a postmodernist novel written almost entirely within the head of 24-year-old male Hunter Flanagan, wannabe writer and occasional philosopher. The book follows Hunter through his day-to-day life as he nervously applies to grad school and, more importantly from his point of view, attempts to find true love through an Internet dating service. Woody Allen meets James Joyce so to speak.

Hunter's head is quite an interesting place to visit but I certainly wouldn't want to live there - he is obsessive and overanalyses everything and everyone he meets. He is also a 24-year-old male so you can guess what occupies his mind most of the time (it's not quite every six seconds but it's pretty close). Hunter dates a number of different women at the same time during this book and his rationale is so good it has to be mentioned - he can be a much better date if it's not the only prospect he has lined up, as he's much less nervous...

Not a strategy I would suggest to the majority of males who might be thinking he's onto something.

This book demands that you give it your full attention as Hunter's thoughts fly from one moment to the next. If you have a tendency (like me) to go into 'skim reading mode' you can get utterly lost. It's also not always interesting enough to hold your full attention, as, like most of us, a lot of Hunter's thoughts are pretty meaningless.

There are however a few gems that will make you laugh out loud and shock you into silence. For a female, it is also a rather interesting peek into the male psyche (crazy place that it is). Mind you I have to say if I thought all men were like Hunter Flanagan I might just give up now.

Nobody could call him boring though and if you are looking for something a bit different then you might want to give this a go. It's not destined to become one of my all time favourites but I am glad I read it and as a voyeuristic peek into someone else's mind, Charles Blackstone could have done a lot worse than the lovably neurotic Hunter Flanagan.

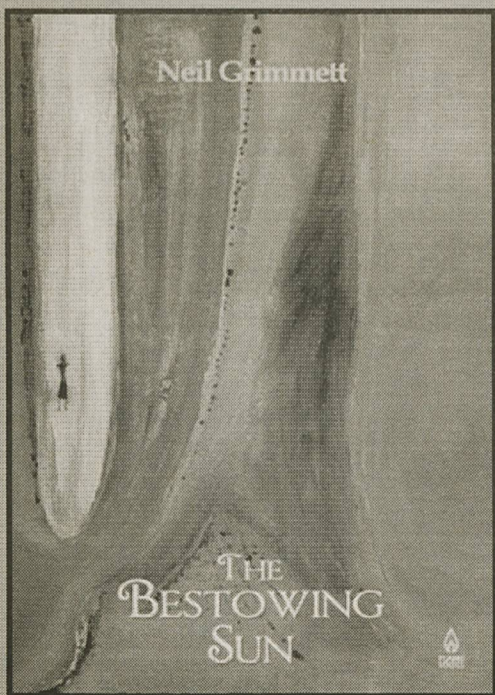


The Bestowing Sun

KIMMANDENG collects summer reads during winter...

Just The Facts...

Author: Neil Grimmett
Publisher: Flame Books
Date: January 2004
Price: £8.50



Essentially, "The Bestowing Sun" is a novel about one brother's jealousy over the other. If we were in biblical times, it would probably read 'The Prodigal Son' - or something like it.

The two brothers in the story are both born into a family off rural Somerset, where everyday life is based on the chores of farm life.

Unlike his elder brother Richard, William has passions which lie far from becoming a perfectionist in the art of farming but rather in that of art itself.

His artistic abilities are much of the cause of Richard's jealousy and this jealousy is only enhanced when after years of being in love with Selina, a girl from school, he finally brings her home, only for Selina to be more interested in his brother's artwork than in him.

Before any romance can develop between the two William leaves for Italy escaping the farm life he dislikes so much. Italy however is not all William hoped it to be and he also becomes frustrated with his work. Richard meanwhile continues pursue the farm life and comes to rescue Selina when the townsfolk channel their anger at her once the news breaks that she has been sleeping with a married man.

Months pass and William continues to alienate himself from his family, not replying to their letters and ignoring the invitation his brother has sent of his wedding to Selina. William himself abandons his work and mar-

ries a plain girl, who he later has a daughter with, and goes into the insurance business (not very artistic that).

By chance he encounters the (now) ex-wife of his brother on a family holiday in Crete. Both Selina and he are shocked at their meeting and showing a little more than shock, when William returns home with his family he starts painting images of Selina, which leads his wife to become increasingly jealous and angry, ending in a scene where she calls the police telling them that William has threatened to kill her.

Having no one else to turn to he moves back to his parent's farm, where in his absence his father has converted one of the barns into a studio. Finally coming to terms with his past he begins to paint once more.

However, Richard's anger at the gifts given to William (think Prodigal son) only enhances his hatred towards his brother keeping them apart during his stay at home. As the tension escalates, you wonder if the two of them are ever going to kiss and make-up.

The story may seem very straightforward, but through Mr. Grimmett's use of flashback the reader is kept guessing at every turn of the story. This gave the book that "un-put-down able" feeling, although in my opinion the story in the end was a little too predictable.

However if you're looking start collecting books for beach side reading this summer this one is worth adding.

The two books reviewed in this week's Beaver are published by Flame Books, a newly-formed virtual company which specialises in publishing original contemporary literary fiction by the best new writers that they can find; supporting new writers by offering fair contracts and high royalties, and sustaining various local creative projects by making a donation after each online book sale they receive.

If you would like to find out more about Flame Books in general, peruse their stock list or learn about their Living Rights call for manuscript submissions and their current Short Story competition, head over to their website at: www.flamebooks.com.

Interested in writing for the Lit section of ther Beaver? Free books - what more could you possibly need - or want?! Email Dalia at beaverlit@yahoo.co.uk

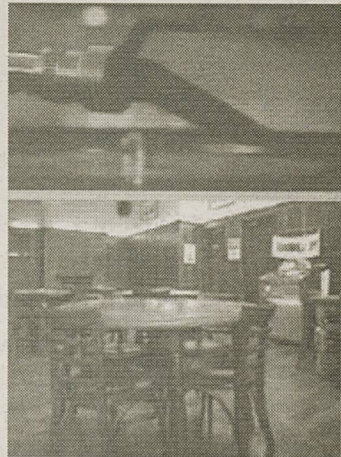
edited by dalia king

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b:eating... RUTHBARLEY socialises at 'The Social'!

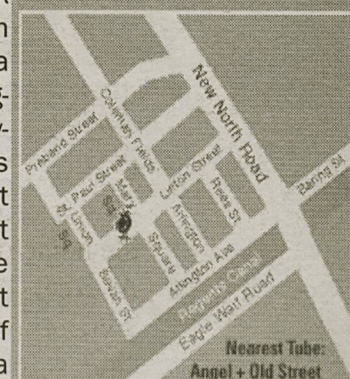
The extremely hard to find Social is thankfully well worth the search. As part of the acclaimed Cantaloupe Group (responsible for Cantaloupe and Cargo among others) and having been nominated for the Evening Standard Pub of the Year 2003 award, I had high expectations of this eatery. I visited on a Sunday which sees the bar hosted by Bugged Out: Chilled Out. The venue itself has simple décor with lots of inoffensive but unexciting wooden furniture and leather sofas that seem to be compulsory in this type of place! Its spacious but its popularity means it is a bit crowded.



However, the huge windows keep it bright and airy and being situated in a residential area there's a friendly local vibe. The retro duke box and DJs (Friday-Sunday) provide cool tunes to accompany your food. So down to the important stuff! The modern European menu is fairly typical gastropub fare but what it lacks in imagination it makes up for

in quality ingredients and generous portions. I chose oak smoked salmon on a potato pancake with asparagus (£8.50). The salmon was fantastically flavoursome and the asparagus fresh and crunchy. My lovely dining partners devoured a tender rack of beef with roast potatoes and a rich carrot and swede mash (£10.50); and a colourful baby pumpkin and winter vegetable bake (£8.50) which was satisfyingly warming and stodgy. The wine is pricey, a glass will set you back £3-4, but the prices are justifiable as the wine list is impressive. The waiting staff here are notoriously arrogant and incompetent but I can honestly say I saw no sign of either. The restaurant even boasts a separate lounge where you can sprawl out on the squishy sofas for a drink or a coffee and browse the newspapers after your meal. Eating at the Social is an expensive experience on a student budget but if you're feeling like a splurge then this is a good bet!

Arlington Square, Islington
London N1 7DU
T: 020 7354 5809 F: 020 7354 8087



Nearest Tube: Angel + Old Street
Restaurant opening times: Monday - Friday 19.00-22.30, Saturday 12.00-17.00 then 18.30-22.30, Sunday 12.30-17.00 then 18.00-21.30. No need to book. For more info www.thesocial.co.uk.

b:new KATIEDAVIES

New stuff near LSE....

Rokit 54 Shelton street Britain's most famous vintage clothing store has just opened in Covent Garden; their largest stop yet, it offers wacky and wonderful vintage clothes for men and women alike.

Urban Outfitters one of London's funkier clothes shops comes to Cov.G. Opening at the end of November it will replace the Fila shop next to Diesel and will soon be one of the most popular shops in the area. Look out for slogan T-shirts and kitsch accessories.

Moo Juice New Row (just past Covent Garden's Tesco Metro) This store combines two of B:about's favourite things: chocolate bars and milkshakes.

Moo juice offers to make your favourite chocolate bar into a milkshake in under 2 minutes, and although it's a little bit costly (about 2.50 a shake) it's completely irresistible!! Maltesers and Milkybar shakes are our faves.

Bar 38 (Corner of Garrick Street)

Not new but renovated, this bar situated between Covent Garden and Leicester Square is the perfect place to beat shoppers fatigue. The downstairs area has been converted to include a number of booths for couples looking for an intimate moment away from the hustle-bustle attitude of the rest of the bar, while the more energetic upstairs has a Miss Pac-Man machine - Perfect!



b:clubbing: SARAHWARWICK says go to herbal and shake your booty!

I was expecting a lot from Herbal and I can't say that it completely delivered. It was too hot, very smoky (yes...there was that kind of herbal available - which was good because the beer was about 300 pounds a bottle) and the mixing, for want of a better word, sucked. However I was there for a private party and was probably being an old grouch as the place was filled to bursting with svelte eighteen year-olds. So I will put my bitter old woman face away and try and be positive about the experience.

The music was pretty good: funky hip-hop upstairs and drum and bass down, which is apparently the norm for a tuesday night. There are big jugs of water everywhere (with lemon, what class!) Stainless steel columns and big chunky bars mixed with leather sofas and chunky black tables give the decor an urban industrial look that lends itself very well to both the up-and-coming area, and the music. The dancefloors aren't huge but there are two of them, so if one gets too packed you can always jump ship!

Tonight there's a new night starting up there called 'Platform' which promises to be a good one. Its a showcase for new 'fresh and vibrant' DJs and MCs including 'Biggsy', 'Micks' and 'The Naked Ape.' It'll be hip-hop, funk and soul upstairs and drum n bass downstairs. They're also showcasing a break beats orchestra called 'Heroin,' who'll be on fairly early in the night.

So if you're a bit lost for stuff to do tonight and want to kick back with something a bit different, they're offering free entry before 9.30 or £4 after.

platform at herbal 10-14 kingsland road, e2
4/11/03

open 9-2: free before 9.30 otherwise £4 with nus

Walk:about

KATIEDAVIES helps the homesick...

So much for the so-called 'special relationship'. As far as B:About is concerned, things must be pretty traumatic for our trans-atlantic friends visiting London. So this week we offer a helping hand to the LSE's American community, who, let's face it, must be bloody sick of forever being hounded as warmongers. Whatever your political persuasion, if you're missing the land of the free and the home of the brave, we're here to help... A great American philosopher once said 'sometimes you wanna go where everybody knows your name...' and if that's the case where else to go but the Cheers bar (72 Regent Street), London's homage to the hit American show. Large portions of food are served here in a quasi-authentic Boston atmosphere, whilst episodes of the show are played in the background. But if re-runs of



80s sitcoms doesn't work up an appetite, perhaps you should try the Sports Café (80 Haymarket, Picadilly Circus). American football is shown live on Sunday evenings from 6pm by a motley crew of scantily clad waitresses. But sorry boys, we're not talking Hooters here - these ladies may put you off your meal! If you prefer your sporting action live and loud, check out London's own basketball team, the London towers (www.london-towers.co.uk). Yet if it's not the cliched aspects of American culture that you miss, but you're actually longing for that little part of the States that's yours, follow our quick guide for things that may suit you...

New York. The city that never sleeps can make London look positively narcoleptic but dry your eyes, turn off those Woody Allen films and take a look at London's answer to little Italy: Little Venice (Maida Vale). You can take a wander and look at the picturesque canals and barges, or simply indulge yourself on delicious Italian food from the warmth of Enigma (2 Warrington Cresnet) the areas most loved Mediterranean eatery.



that comes to mind when someone mentions the Big Easy has to be the music, so why not lend your ears to the sweet sound of blues and jazz here in London. The most famous jazz café in London has to be Ronnie Scotts (47 Frith Street, Soho) however, if you stray somewhat off the beaten track you can find much more. Bar Blo (Tavistock Place), offers jazz nights every weekend, is relatively inexpensive and offers an intimate and moody atmosphere perfect for smooth saxophone sounds. The Jazz Café (5 Parkway, Camden), on the other hand, is a much more open and lighthearted affair but still offers great jazz tunes to an eclectic crowd.

Hollywood. If you miss the film-themed, celeb-packed land of Holly don't worry too much as its premiere time in Leicester Square! The London Film Festival has kicked off, which means the stars are out in

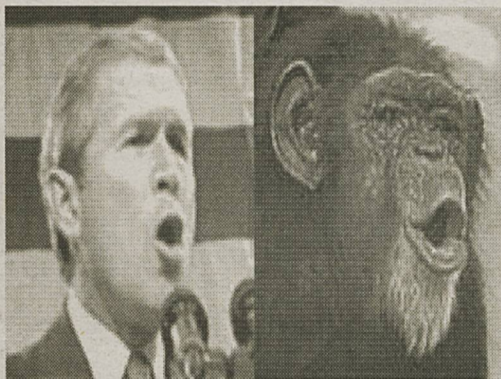
For the first time you might just get to see films at the same time as your friends in the States, so it's definitely worth a look. Tickets can be bought from the booth outside the UCI Empire (Leicester Square).

Also if you fancy a bit of Disneyland but the idea of trekking to the Euro-version doesn't appeal, try Thorpe Park - the closest theme park to London, it offers the thrills and spills of Uncle Walt's scariest rides but benefits from an absence of people in cartoon character suits ripe for a kicking!

Hawaii. It's hard to believe that London could have much in common with the sun-packed paradise that is Hawaii, but we've got surf shops by the bucket load. O'Neil (Neal Street, Covent Garden) and

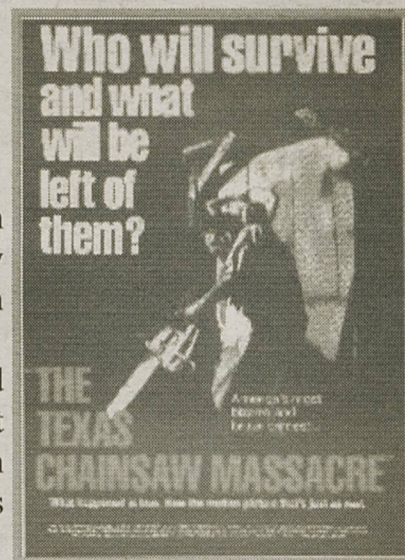
Mambo just round the corner offer the latest surfing fashions and accessories (although you may have to wait for a holiday to use them). If it's not the fashion but the sound of the sea you miss why not head down to Brighton beach, only 45 minutes on the train.

Texas. The last place on B:About's list this week is Texas. If you fancy donning some cowboy boots and line-dancing like the best of them look no further: R.Soles (103A King's Road) is London's only shoe shop completely devoted to Cowboy boots, which means a large choice, though unfortunately some quite expensive prices.



Also for all you Texans it may be worth checking out The Texas Chainsaw Massacre, recently re-released in British cinemas.

Of course, last but not least, you could also take a look at the world's most famous Texan, who comes to town on 20 November but be warned - things might just get a little nasty!



Cheap Eats

Ever fancied a posh two or three course meal but never seem to have the cash? B:about sample the dodgy world of pre and post theatre menus to separate the best from the rest.

Le Garrick (Garrick Street Covent Garden) French cuisine to die for but don't visit too often as the menu rarely changes. Highly romantic and sometimes has live music

Maxwells (Opposite Covent Garden Tube) Maxwell's has made a bid to remove itself from other American chains by adopting a more upmarket feel, B:about would usually oppose such a change but when the food is this good - who cares?

Le Deuxieme (Longacre, Covent Garden) The swankiest eatery on this list the set menu is gorgeous if you can stand the snobby looks off the other full-paying diners.

Café Des Amis (Longacre, Covent Garden) Next door to Deuxieme, this restaurant is just as nice but a lot less snobby, simple Italian dishes are delicious.

London Calling

An Introductory Guide to London Theatre by Matt Rushworth

The choice and diversity that London can offer to performance-goers is perhaps unrivalled by any other city in the world. The options are basically limitless. For the LSE student based in and around the centre of the capital, the vast majority of the most significant venues will be easily accessible.

Those London venues of perhaps the greatest stature are the grand Repertoire theatres, subsidised in part and not as commercial as the theatres of the West End, these venues are willing to take risks with new and unknown writers. **The Globe**, **The National Theatre** and **The Royal Court** are probably the most famous, attracting many of the best and brightest talents.

The National Theatre (Southbank) opened in 1976 and comprises three venues, providing a varied mix of musicals, classics and new plays. **The Globe** (Bankside) is a faithful reconstruction of the original open-air playhouse that Shakespeare originally wrote his plays to be performed in.

Modern audiences can sit in the galleries or stand informally as a groundling in the yard - just as 400 years ago. It is closed throughout the winter months. **The Royal Court**, based at their theatre on Sloane Square, are a company dedicated to performing new work by innovative writers from the UK, they are one of Britain's leading national companies.

The commercial theatre of the West End, comprising venues such as the **Duchess**, **the Donmar Warehouse**, **the Criterion** and **the Savoy**, largely consists of big productions involving large amounts of money. Geographically the West End fits into an area roughly one mile square around Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly, Covent Garden and The Strand. Some shows have been running for decades, particularly the perennially popular musicals like 'The Phantom of the Opera', 'Fame' and 'Les Miserables'. Prices can be high sometimes, upwards of £50 for top tickets in some cases. The cheapest however can be as low as £7, depending on the day of the week (although you may not get a great view!) There are a large number of musicals but also many great plays; the standard of performances is usually very high and the vast number of competing venues (there are approximately 45 West End theatres now performing!) assures great diversity.

The West End and particularly the area around Covent Garden is also of course one of London's great restaurant districts, due mostly no doubt to the



proximity of the theatres. Some well-known names include the Rock Garden, Maxwells, DJ's Grill and Quod.

There are many agents, particularly those dealing on-line, that offer extremely good-value restaurant-theatre package deals, usually for two people, often involving discounts of between 25% and 50%. Otherwise the 'theatre menus' offered at many establishments and operating between around 5 to 6.30pm, are often in themselves good value.

Fringe theatre provides a third category of performance-going, of which the **Almeida** (Islington), Bloomsbury, and the **Lyric** (Hammersmith), are notable examples. Although this somewhat broad grouping takes in performances of vastly varying scale and type, these plays are generally in smaller, mostly pub theatres, dotted in and around London. Some can be very small and are run as clubs, membership being included in the price of the ticket. A visit to one of these venues can be a superb choice; ticket prices in most cases will be substantially cheaper than in the case of West End performances, although for the more remote the additional costs involved in getting to the venue must be weighed in too.

For fans of Opera and Dance, the most obvious venue of note is the internationally renowned **Royal Opera House** (Covent Garden). Twice destroyed by fires, the refurbished, modernised and extended buildings stand on a site that has attracted performance-goers for centuries. Ticket prices are high and demand even higher but the interior is gorgeous, the performances world-class and a visit can be glamorous and special. Other options in these categories include **Sadlers Wells**, **the Coliseum** and the modern, contemporary and ethnically diverse programmes on offer at the **Peacock Theatre**, right on the doorstep of the school.



One further performance venue worthy of mention is **the Comedy Store**. Founded on the 19th of May 1979 above a strip club in Soho, this night has progressed a long way from the cramped conditions of the Gargoyle club, where it is claimed, comics were forced to change in the broom cupboard and relieve themselves in the sink! The Comedy Store is now a leading name in British comedy.

Finally, although the focus of this article and the options of the LSE student body are overwhelmingly centred on London, there is of course one venue and one theatre company in particular, situated well outside of the capital but easily accessible from London on a day trip, that provides a theatre-going experience that is both world-class and unique. **The RSC (Royal Shakespeare Company)** based at Stratford, birthplace of the Bard and home to some of the most important institutions connected with the governance of his legacy, have been performing for over a century; it is one of the world's best known ensembles. Their focus is Shakespeare, other Renaissance dramatists, such as Ben Jonson and Christopher Marlowe and includes the works of some contemporary writers. Using an ensemble of actors around a core of associate actors and employing some of the greatest names in the profession, the RSC undertakes regular nation-wide tours, including, of course, regular visits to London.

As already indicated the costs involved with performance-going in London can be extremely variable, and in the case of the larger or more established venues can often be quite high. There are however potentially a variety of ways to secure significant discounts. One of the best places to look for discounted tickets is on-line. On-line agents often purchase large numbers of tickets for big groups, this can result in a surplus and unfilled seats; these tickets can then be bought by individuals at significantly reduced prices. It is a possibility especially in the case of the big, long-running musicals.

Most theatres also offer group discounts (where a group is defined as ten individuals or more); discounts can be very significant, but if the show is very busy all tickets will be hard to come by. An additional opportunity to secure savings arises from the fact that some productions are willing to offer the possibility of last minute discounted 'stand-by' tickets for those that would wait in line; this is obviously a policy that can be expected to vary significantly from show to show; without booking there is clearly the risk of the possibility of a long wait without gaining entry.

Acquiring tickets for cheap standing room positions at the back of an auditorium is one further possibility to view theatre cheaply; this is usually only offered when every seat has been sold. Finally, the famous ticket booth in Leicester Square sells tickets each day for performances for that day or night only. The booth will sell surplus tickets for some London shows at either half price or 25% discount, plus a service charge, since September 2001 of £2.50 a ticket.

The booth is the official source for cut price theatre tickets in London and was set up by the **SOLT (Society of London Theatre)**; don't expect to find tickets for the busiest shows as these will almost always be sold out. Often tickets can be found for excellent reductions, but expect to have little if any choice of seating. The SOLT ticket booth is the only building on Leicester Square itself and is open between 10am and 7pm Mon-Sat and 12-3.30pm Sunday, there can be long queues on busy days. There are lots of other ticket booths around the square, many with signs advertising 'half price' or 'discount' tickets; they do not have the SOLT booth's official status and should probably be treated with some caution.

In the case of the vast majority of performances, matinees tend to be around 3pm on weekdays and slightly later, around 4-4.30pm, on Saturday's. Evening performances tend to commence around 8pm. Most London theatres are closed Sundays.

For further information on London theatre see '**The London Theatre Guide**' by Richard Andrews (£8); in addition there are many helpful websites and the weekly issue of Time Out always contains comprehensive theatre listings.

Living in London means having the opportunity to explore one of the richest theatrical communities in the world, unrivalled in the strength, depth and vitality of its resources and with the constant of a theatrical tradition many centuries old to draw upon. It is an opportunity not to be passed up. In the coming weeks and months The Beaver's coverage of the performing arts in London will endeavour to keep you informed, with reviews, listings and other information that should help you to make specific decisions about where and why to spend your money.

Contact the Theatre Editors at
Bartheatre@yahoo.co.uk

b:theatre edited by Keith Postler and Matt Rushworth

Jumpers

Keith Postler reviews a Tom Stoppard Classic

Running Time: 2' 30" including a 20" interval
Venue: National Theatre (Lyttelton) until 07.11;
Piccadilly from 20.11 to 06.03.2004
Language: English
Curtain Time: 19:45

In Tom Stoppard's *Jumpers*-a revival from 1972 now at the National Theatre-one experiences a polished production: even acting of hard roles from a quality cast, a brevity of scenery that suits and drives apace the erudite focus of the comedy, and directing that captures that intellectual and philosophical focus. Make no bones about it: Stoppard offers a tour-de-force in every department of comedy all within one play that stretches the bounds of comedy to its limits. Physical comedy in the jumping of acrobats who symbolize the mental antics of professors and academic high-fliers; mental comedy in metaphysical mystification; a dark comedy of manners about misunderstandings in a dysfunctional marriage; bedroom farce, brainy badinage, and manic monologue.

This tour de force also resides in a theme of the play, namely the difficulties of demonstrating the existence of God, Good and Evil within the halls of a university: Crisis of belief is not the obvious stuff of comedy. So we have a satire on academic discourse and pretensions. An audience has to work hard to piece together the disjointed and non-chronological plot that explores this theme. An interesting feature of the play's action is the introduction of the genre of the murder mystery-imagine a murder in academia-to explore the theme of the play. In the interval one overheard

the remark, "Do you know what this play is about?"

Stoppard has it both ways, dark and light comedy, a combination that is enough to confuse anyone. He does test the limits of comedy in his quippy, quintessential one-liners, which fill the play. When the Vice-Chancellor of the university offers the professorship of logic to the university's

Porter, an amateur philosopher, and the Porter replies that he doesn't have the qualifications, the Vice-Chancellor rejoins, "That's easily remedied." Large chunks of the play consist of an interminable lecture, a parody of the form but not always of its serious content. In darker moments such as these one can't laugh though one wants to. This combination gives Stoppard's play its distinctive style.

The production incorporates screen video, a debatable trend nowadays. Here it did bring out laughs. The programme is informative and well done; a cast list is available for those fixated on acting celebrities. Especially because of its academic setting and parody of the academic life, the play should appeal to an LSE audience, and it's within easy walking distance. Stoppard has been a mainstay of British Comedy; this revival shows that he still is and it only reinforces his solid reputation.



Bill Viola

Leo Duncan meets and greets the creator of the National Gallery's newest exhibition

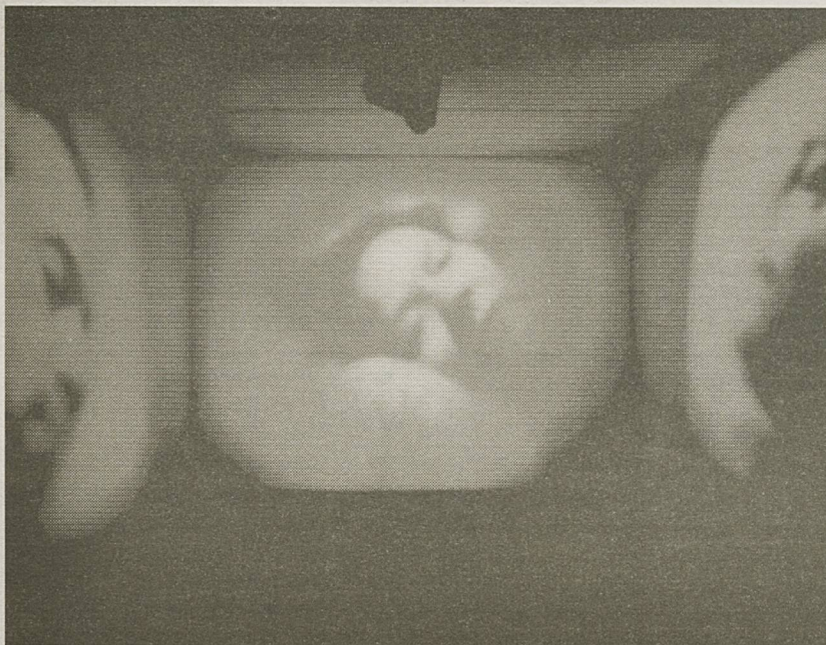
We are lucky, each and every one of us. Not only because we all have legs, and have eyes to read this Beaver, but mainly we are lucky because we live in London. "What's in London?" I hear the wheelchairs cry, "...just a river that doesn't work and idiots". Well, in repost, I will take this opportunity to tell you that just a 5 minute walk from the sweathouses of Houghton Street there is an incredibly fine exhibition on at the National Gallery.

The National Gallery, for the first time in its old history, is holding a major exhibition by a living artist. The artist upon which this honour has been thrust is a bald American by the name of Bill Viola. His exhibition is called 'The Passions'- a series of video installations that explore just that: human emotion, its cause and its expression.

It is clear that after having waited this long to find a living artist to exhibit, the National Gallery are not taking any risks: Viola's work is universally recognised as brilliant, and this show delivers. Containing work from the last 8 years of his career, 'The Passions' focuses particularly on Viola's attempt to use devotional imagery of the Late Middle Ages (so often art that appears almost impenetrable to the modern eye) as a source of contemporary inspiration.

Viola dedicates an entire room of the exhibition to works that influenced this collection, taken from 14th and 15th century Christian imagery and the Eastern mystic tradition. This is refreshing; too often, is one placed before a piece of art in a gallery and dislocated from the artist's intention purely because of a lack of information. Each piece is accompanied with a commentary by Viola explaining its importance. This 'old' art inspires Viola because of his emotional, rather than his artistic or aesthetic, response to it. In this way Viola is compelled to describe art as a 'living object.' It is 'living' because it is our reaction to it that makes it art, and our reaction itself makes the art a real 'thing.'

The dialogue created between the viewer and the art is the



process the artist finds most important. This is what makes the art a 'living object.' The art is not 'living' in a sentimental or precious way; if the many flat screen TVs strewn about the gallery were to explode, the art would not 'die'. No, the object of the art is our reaction to it. Viola wants us to locate 'the seed colonel of inspiration' that drove the artist to create. And just as the artist is driven to create, Viola, using 'The Passions', forces you to engage with your own response to these pieces.

In presenting images of figures wrought with emotion, on silent and isolated screens, their movements slowed to an awkward pace, Viola questions how we empathise. When confronted with the 'profoundly internalized joy and sorrow' of others, how are we to understand emotional experience beyond our own? How do we describe our relation to these figures? Are we expected to empathise with the experience of others, or, as Viola suggests throughout, are we limited only to offer our support. Get involved.

b:theatre

edited by Caroline Bray

b:fineart

The Beaver Listings

Your guide to what's on at LSE this week

Students' Union Events

Underground Dance and Music Society present 'How to DJ - Part One the absolute basics'
Monday November 10, 3-5pm
Underground
A lesson in DJing; the absolute basics for the absolute beginner - from 'What is a turntable?' to basic beat-mixing.
Cost - £1 (membership) - please email su.soc.udms@lse.ac.uk to confirm attendance.

Business Society presents 'Young Professionals Panel Discussion'
Tuesday November 4, 6pm
Hong Kong Theatre
Young professionals from different areas will give insights into their work. The panellists will cover investment banking, consulting, accounting and law, and represent the firms Goldman Sachs, Lazard, Accenture, PwC, and Weil, Gotshal & Manges. The panel discussion will be followed by an open Q&A session and the audience will have plenty of time to ask questions.

LSE SWSS presents 'LSE Marxist Forums - From the Suffragettes to Bridget Jones - what went wrong with the women's movement?'
Speaker - Judith Orr (Socialist Review)
Tuesday November 4, 1pm
Underground Bar

International Society presents 'LSE SU International Film Festival'

Week 5 to Week 8 with screenings on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. This week:

'The Quiet American', Tuesday November 4, 7pm in D302
'Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon', Thursday November 6, 7.30pm in D302
Entrance 50p members, £1 non-members, £4 gets you membership and four screenings! Contact su.soc.international@lse.ac.uk for more.

Sustainable Development: Proactive Solutions for the 21st Century
Speakers: Jodie Thorpe (SustainAbility), Yvonne Rydin (LSE Professor of Geography), Nick Nielsen (Co-founder of Envision)
Tuesday November 4, 6pm
New Theatre

Italian Society presents 'Pizza Party!'
Cost - £3 members, £4 non-members
Wednesday November 12, 7.30pm
Underground Bar

GM & Organic Panel Debate: The future of farming: GM or Organic
Speakers: Patrick Holden (Director of Soil Association), Jenny Jones (Deputy Mayor of London- Green Party), Conrad Lichtenstein (Queen Mary Professor of Molecular Biology), Bernard Marantelli (Agriculture Biotechnology Council)
Wednesday November 5, 6pm
New Theatre

Business Society/Women in Business Society presents 'Goldman

Sachs Women's Event'
Thursday November 6, 6pm
Hong Kong Theatre
Goldman Sachs is hosting this event to inform about opportunities in investment banking for women.

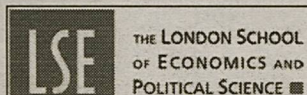
LSESU Student-Parents Society - Introductory Meeting and Elections
New society for all student-parents at the LSE and friends.
Thursday November 6, 12.30pm
Y215

Turkish Society presents 'Turkish Film Festival'
A series of award-winning Turkish films shown with subtitles to celebrate the 25th Anniversary of the LSESU Turkish Society.

This week:
Hersey Cok Gusel Olacak - Everything's Gonna be Great
Thursday November 6, 7.30pm
S75

Environmental Horizons Workshop: The earth needs to be saved; how should we do it?
John Jopling (Sustainable London Trust), Paul Stookes (CEO Environmental Law Foundation), James Thornton (Heffter Research Institute)
Thursday November 6, 6pm
D502

LSE Stop the War Coalition Rally presents 'Stop Bush: A killer is coming to town'
Speakers - George Galloway MP, Lindsey German
Friday November 7, 2pm
Old Theatre



CareersService

Information Talk	4th November	Daiwa Scholarships 2004.	1pm	2pm	scholarships@dajf.org.uk	D109
Seminar	4th November	CV's for Non-Native Speakers	1pm	2pm	No need to Register	G1
Presentation	4th November	ABN Amro	6.30pm	8.30pm	www.graduate.abnamro.com	See careers website
Presentation	4th November	Barclays Capital	6pm	8pm	kate.eggars@barcap.com	D202
Presentation	4th November	Roland Berger Strategy Consultants	7.15pm	9.30pm	london.presentation@gb.rolandberger.com	See Careers website
Seminar	5th November	Interviews	1pm	2pm	No need to Register	S50
Skills Session		ACCA Accountancy-			Postponed	
Psychometric Test	5th November	Practice Aptitude Test	2pm	4.30pm	Register at Careers Service	A698
Presentation	5th November	PwC open presentation	6.30pm	9.30pm	www.pwc.com/careers	See Careers Website
Seminar	6th November	Application Forms	1pm	2pm	Open	E304
Skills Session	6th November	PWC Merger Minefield	1pm	3pm	career.events@lse.ac.uk	D9
Presentation	6th November	Maracon Association	6.30pm	9.30pm	Open	1-3 Strand, London
Seminar	10th November	How to get an Internship	1pm	2pm	No need to Register	S221
Psychometric Test	10th November	Barclays Capital	9pm	12.30pm	www.barcap.com/graduatecareers	See on application
Presentation	10th November	JP Morgan Case Study	18:30	21:30	TBC	D202
Presentation	10th November	NHS- Graduate Careers	18:30	20:30	See careers Website	Graham Wallas

Victory: Firsts Lord it Over St George's

LSE Football First Team.....7

St George's Hospital.....0

Fortress Berrylands, Surrey

instinct of James, sliding home as their defence just stood and watched, whilst our second goal was all about the technique of Zola's Lovechild. After a pinpoint cross-field ball from Shiva landed on his right foot, the undernourished little Italian picked out the top corner from fully 25 yards, to score an early contender for goal of the season.

As the game progressed it became increasingly obvious that they were crap and our little Virgin on the left wing was getting so much space surely even he couldn't fail to score, but somehow fail he did, despite another impressive game.

Before half time, Steffan made it 3-0, with a cool and clinical finish. He was another who put in a particularly impressive personal performance, having been stolen from the Seconds by the cunning Pirate. With Shiva and Dai in the centre of midfield, we had flair and endeavour by the personally embroidered boot-load and both had superb games. Shiva displayed his usual 'confidence', great touch and eye for a pass and got himself a second goal of the season. Dai, however it would be fair to say, was the star of the show, working tirelessly to help the defence, whilst his late breaks from midfield made him look like scoring every time he was in their half.

And indeed score he did, the first a regulation tap in, the second anything but. After picking the ball up from defence, he played a one-two and proceeded to skip round about six bemused St George's players, going past one poor guy about five times, before rifling a shot into the top corner.

This was not the end of the scoring and Stelios came off the bench to score a great 35-yard lob as everyone's favourite goalkeeper must have been trying to find his way back to the institution as he went on another of his crazy trips way of his line.

To be fair to St George's they never gave up and kept pressing and Nick had to make three great saves to preserve the clean sheet, even if one of those was attempt from Dudu to get on the score sheet at any end he could. The defensive lapses, however, had nothing to do with John and Hide, both not quite at full health but still having their obligatory fine games, always providing an option when

attacking and then performing their defence duties impressively.

The final moment of amusement for the day came when our heroic skipper Jack Sparrow tried to make his return from injury bringing himself on as a sub, before being sent right back by the referee, due to my own stupidity for not naming him before the game.

7-0 was a great effort, getting only 6 of the team to the Tuns was not. A glorious victory celebrated poorly, it could only happen to the First XI.

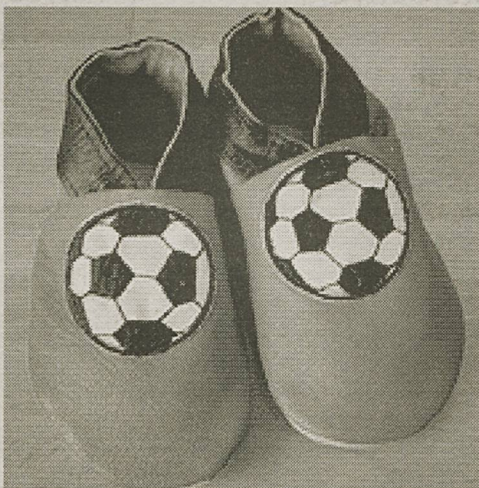
Scouse



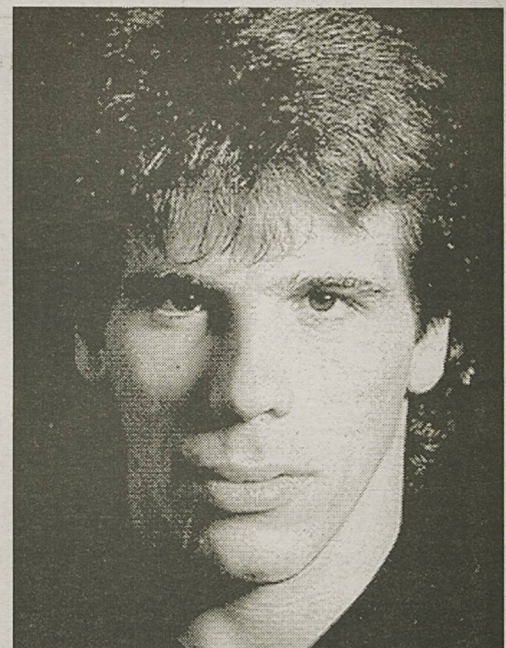
Last Wednesday, it was the turn of St George's to be well and truly slain, in a manner their namesake used to reserve only for the most fearsome of fire-breathing reptiles.

Having seen such a good start wasted by over-confidence on Saturday, our very own group of social misfits were eager to exact revenge upon any team they came across. After rousing words in the changing room from the one known only as Jack Sparrow, the game was, in truth, decided within the first 10 minutes, as two goals flew into the net of their goalkeeper, a man so ridiculous he must have been on day-release. At one point, after claiming the ball he proceeded to throw it out to himself and try and take on our centre forwards, clearly believing he belonged on FIFA Soccer. But who can blame him for his delusions when you consider the array of attacking talent that was bearing down on his goal with such frequent and potent raids.

The first goal was all about the predatory



Fitting the Firsts?



Paolo's biological father?

Radical St. Barts Victory over Hockey Seconds

LSE Hockey Seconds.....1

St Bart's Hockey Seconds.....3

A Galaxy, Farfaraway

Nosh AND Sach



Mens Hockey was the subject of an unfortunate defeat last week to St Bart's Hocckey Seconds.

After standing around for an hour (and that's a not a description of Bandana Boy's performance) in the freezing cold, we were happy to find out pockets hadn't been picked by people who held an eerie resemblance to the Strand Poly students who nicked our goal last week.

We knew it was going to be a tough match coz the two girls refereeing were better than us. The girls were intent on demonstrating their knowledge of the rules of hockey by making sure that EVERY free hit and sideline hit was taken from the exact spot (to the nearest 2 decimal places).

Under continuous pressure, our makeshift defence coped well for much of the first half despite not venturing into opposition territory. Shortly before half time we were unlucky to go behind when the ball took a dodgy bounce and SBLH pounced to go into the interval 1-0 up.

A heated half time team talk resulted in a much-improved performance as we took the game to the opposition. In an improvement on last weeks display, we attained a fifty percent success rate from our short corners. It wasn't all-good however, because we only had two shorts in the entire match. In a seemingly rehearsed move, a Jason Lee effort by Qasim was deflected goal wards by Sach for his second in two games. Watch out Emile Heskey.



Hockey Seconds in Happier More Successful Times

After a further brief spell of dominance we regressed to our first half display and conceded two sloppy goals in quick succession, putting the result beyond doubt. There's not much else to say about the match so, being the juvenile delinquents we are, we'll now resort to taking the piss out of people.

Firstly, Bandana Boy played much better in the second half without a piece of cloth strapped around his head (Osama please take note). Henceforth he (Bandana Boy, not

Osama) will now be known as 'Boy'. Secondly, we are disappointed at the lack of support towards our 'Speedophile Relief Fund'. Being the poor sods that are forced to view Rishi's behind in a pair of skimpy shorts, we urge you to give generously to this worthy cause (email r.madlani@lse.ac.uk for further details or just if you want to abuse him). Thirdly SBLH enticed us with the offer of free food and drink to their SU which was set in a Gary Glittersque basement. Needless to say we didn't get any. Lastly, Masher went on a date with his mum.

Speedophile Relief Fund: Contact r.madlani@lse.ac.uk for more info. Please give generously.

Oyvo's Ire At Tiring Tryers

LSE Football Sixth Team.....	1
Gimpish Gimps From Gimperial.....	2
Runway A7, Heathrow	

Stubby Girl



It's a long way to come to have to make that journey again having lost,' said captain Oyvo before the match. Gimperial does require one of the longest journeys in ULU, but if the tube-bus-walk combination proves too much, you can always take a leaf out of will.will's book and get a taxi for the last stage, which comes highly recommended from LSE's favourite person as the 'best I've ever had.'

It came as little surprise to anyone who has had the pleasure of our pre-match team talks that we did lose, and that the journey was indeed as long on the way back as on the way out. Before the first three games the line; 'just

fucking give everything - every last bit of effort you can, it doesn't matter if you get tired - we have cover in every position and can always sub you off' became a regular fixture. Genius personified you could say; in each game we got off to a brilliant start (being ahead in two) only to come away with a draw and two defeats due to a tiring in the latter stages.

It would be harsh to put the blame on Oyvo's team talks - he is our best player and must be commended on his improved effort to the cause. We always knew what he was like on the pitch but his Tuns / Limeabout record (which last year was simply appalling) has been much improved this term. The odd excuse like, 'I couldn't get into the club because I had to escort my friend home so that he wouldn't get arrested,' need to be brushed

aside, but the person is well on his way to becoming our most improved player.

Last years winner of the hal- lowed accolade, the Laughing person whose real name is Andrew Shwarz, is a transformed personality too, he even leaves his hotel room every now and again, although his on the pitch performances haven't quite matched the fighting spirit of those off of it. He has quite will- ingly admitted to being asleep for both of the opposition's goals (which, as they consisted of Imperials only shot, is equivalent to being asleep for the whole match.) From long throw-ins it took one second half minute to wipe away a much deserved half time lead.

A dominating first half per- formance including a header by v.slo that hit just about every Imperial player and post before somehow bouncing out, was rewarded by spit-roast Matt's sec- ond goal in as many games. When asked how he scored so many goals from defence, he could have sounded better in response than; 'I just hit the ball really hard,' but it wouldn't have made much difference to the

screaming fans, (Jez and Jay - soon to be joined by Wario's Ealing massive, were by now in full caustic flow.)

You may say that to play your best game of football of the year, totally dominate the inferior oppo- sition and yet lose 2-1 even though only 1 shot was conceded (the second goal coming after a dodgy flick from a long throw) was unfortunate if not damn right unfair. You'd be wrong. The 6th team is steeped in ritual and tradi- tion. This result was nothing less than the god's way of punishing a schoolboy error of forgetting to give thanks by going to dirty Coopers in celebration of the 5-0 demolishing of Goldsmith's 3rd team the Wednesday before. The fact that we decided not to pursue our newly found practice of having a minutes silence in respect of the passing from the LSE of Doug (as performed before every league win of the season) could also be an issue, but rest assured, as long as I live, it will never (and I mean never) happen again!

Up the sixes.



The Pirate's Piece

Fuck it, I'm taking a break from this two-bit operation. All new temporary editor wannabe's give Ellie an e- mail at vyras@lse.ac.uk.

Woke up today, thought some racist thoughts, brushed teeth, shit, shower, shave, thought homophobic thoughts, had breakfast, fumed at idea that asylum seekers even exist, thought some sexist thoughts before going into school for a long day of deriding the rights of women, homosexuals and people of ethnic minorities. It's hard being an AU member. Good God, is that what some people think we do? That most AU members wake up and think 'right, today Mathew, I'm gonna to be: a racist'? If this is all going over your head, then basically, we at BeaverSports, despite being model LSE mem- bers, have been accused of all sorts of things ranging from homophobia to objectifying women as sexual objects. To be honest I can see their point sometimes. Actually, no, scratch that: were I a moron without any idea of the real world, I could see why I would get upset. Thankfully, hav- ing a three-figure IQ and a grounding in R-E-A-L- I-T-Y, I don't perceive calling Brighton the 'Gay Capital of Britain' any more offensive than calling Swansea the 'soft drugs capital of the UK'. They both are. Equally, likening Andy Scott's pen- etrative performance two weeks ago to a 'well-lubed sex toy' was no more than an aptly put sexual metaphor. I doubt seriously whether it had women burning their bras on Houghton Street. Or did it? Maybe I was too busy thinking racist thoughts to notice.

Another ire-raising thing this week: people who can't line up in Wright's Bar. For fucks sake, this linear rubbish that everyone's trying out these days, that leads to the queue snaking outside and twenty yards up Houghton Street? Please please please someone have some fucking nous and realise that the old scrummage around the counter worked a treat. If nothing else it was good practice for getting noticed at the bar during Crush. Oh and it was great using your finely- tuned knowledge of the working patterns and psychological make-up of the great Wright's Bar Sandwich Preparers to judge exactly where to get to to get noticed, bypassing fifty or more appalled and vocally offensive General Course students with a deft contorsion leading to efficient sandwich buying. The modern age is rubbish. While I'm angry: People who use fucking laptops in lectures. Since the dawn of time, individuals of superior intelligence have made do with reeds, chalk, fountain pens, biros and paper to get down what they need from a lecture. Very few things piss me off more than the smugly ignorant technophile tapping away on his fucking laptop, drowning out all thought patterns in your head. 'The deontological argument for... taptaptaptap... ideal consequentialist discourse... taptaptaptap... the most important thing to remember is... taptaptaptaptap... FUCK OFF!' Yeah, you get the picture. Although, to be fair to them, they are using something that could conceivably be of use to them in taking notes. What brings a smile to my face (the only thing that does in lectures these days other than sneaking glances at the cleavage of any girls who choose to sit arousingly close to me) is the poor twats who labour in vain at attempting to take lecture notes on their little personal organisers. Watching some Convert to The Technological Age become so flustered when his little pointless pocket-sized pal refuses to trans- late his frantic slashings (with one of those little little cyber-pen jobbies) into coherent sentences is so supremely edifying. 'Kantian doctrine would say... no, a fucking K you bastard, not an L, a K!... without recourse to moral absolutism... meral, what the FUCK is meral?...and the important thing to remember is... taptaptaptaptap' Ah, there's that fucking Laptop twat again. Bye.

Essex Prof In Menial Labour Scandal!

LSE Hockey Firsts.....	1	LSE Hockey Firsts.....	1
Essex School Of VD.....	3	QMWank Firsts.....	3
DSS Office, Essex		Battersea Park, South London	

h.a.wood@lse.ac.uk



Our tale begins in Essex. I don't like Essex. Its shit. I specifically don't like hav- ing to travel 2½ hours to go through the motions of beating another provincial poly. The Uni wasn't very impressive, as I parked my car at the Essex astro- turf one of their Professors popped up and asked me if he could clean my windscreen, I tipped the wretch a quid and he started sponging.

The opening ten minutes was a tense affair but towards the end we miraculously developed an ability to pass the ball (apart from you C*nt). The mounting pressure that our champagne hockey was exerting on the fragile Essex defence eventually ended with a trade mark C#NT/BB Dancer/Vish Suppa short corner. This display of Germanic efficiency sparked off a spell of domination for LSE, and when we dominate, we like to punish. Two more goals followed and at half time we were sitting pretty with a 3-0 lead.

As LSE asserted their superiority over the 'burger-flippers-to-be' complacency kicked in. With five minutes to go some lacklustre

play from the captain Wacko Jacko and the absence of his guardian angel 'Twice as Nice' Porter with 'groin strain' allowed the pikeys to nick two goals back. The last five minutes was scrappy with LSE slipping to the low-down and dirty level of our no-hoper opposition. The final score was 3-2.

The next week it was our pleasure to host QMWank at Battersea Park. We weren't expecting much from the east-end rejects, they couldn't even turn up on time. With the game underway we soon realised that any competition from these amateurs was unlikely. You see, there are two types of oppo- sition: the first are hockey players (even Essex were 'hockey' play- ers) and then you've got the sec- ond bunch; footballers that think they can play hockey.

These can be spotted toting naff nylon shorts, pig like nostrils and the text book 'crop' haircut. They can run but unfortunately any manner of hand eye coordination has unfortunately eluded them. We scored more goals than I'd care to remember, even Mowgli scored, and that's saying some- thing! Enjoying his moment of glory Mowgli entered, what could

only be called; 'the zone'. Within minutes he'd scored a second, and, for the first time in his LSE career actually broke sweat. He'd tasted glory, and he wanted more. Unfortunately he's too shit, and had to put up with only two goals. Hat-trick avoidance?

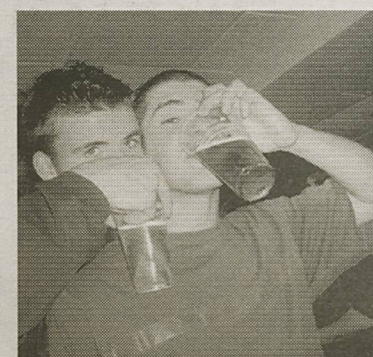
With QMWank packed off to Mile End (I'm looking forward to the provincial away fixture) the festivi- ties could begin. Much merriment and jubilation was had in the pub after the game and then it was off to the Tuns for Initiation! Dicky was the first 'fresher' to negotiate the hurdles but - unfortunately for him - half way through he devel- oped a belief that he was in fact a bulldozer. He attempted to demol- ish St. Clements with a headfirst sprint straight into the limestone wall. Idiot.

LSE Estates 1: Quasimodo 0.

With his face a mess, Richard was packed off in an ambulance and the somewhat more tentative freshers began the course. Mid way through the festivities AU Criminality raised its ugly head. Football assembled outside the Tuns and, not being able to help themselves, invaded the pitch.

The monkeys picked up our hock- ey sticks (then hurdles) and ran away with them. Kevin Keegan wouldn't want to park his car in Houghton Street... we don't like the walking crime wave that is: LSEFC. Am ornly jorokin' lads.

Anyway, fracas over, the rest of the freshers were initiated. Septic let himself down, setting a fairly pedestrian pace and Quiet Man got 'involved' for the first time. Frodo was a bit funny after his pint of wine and wanted to be taped up to girls all night. Taking advice from Wacko, Frodo found that "pinching a girl's behind and ask- ing her what her most private of parts smells like just wasn't work- ing last night" Any other ideas, Jacko?



Inebriation as Initiation

Thieving Sevenths Take QMW Virginitly!

LSE Football Sevenths.....	9
QMWank.....	2
Chislehurst, Fuckingmilesaway	

After the train we got a bus, which passed a worryingly large number of pitches, and if it wasn't for Graham chatting up an old lady who told us where Queen Mary's ground was, history may have been different and we may not have gone on to claim the biggest victory seen since

Arsenal valiantly, skillfully and bravely held on against Rotheram last week.

Paul Mcaleavey



At London Bridge station we looked on with disgust as something regarding a prison train, complete with bars on the window, pulled up at Platform 1. Coming from Northern Ireland, this reminded me of the trains back home, but clearly the Champagne Sevenths couldn't lower themselves to travel in such insalubrious conditions, so Indy led us to the first class carriage. This was unfortunate for a man in our compartment, who fell asleep and had his wallet stolen by Simon 'Vandal' Taylor, making his second appearance for the sevenths after a goal scoring debut in midweek. Luckily however the train soon passed The New Den, and the sight of his favourite battleground was enough to persuade Simon to return the man's wallet to him, after extracting the three pounds forty for the train fare.

Signs we knew we were going to win:

Their goalkeeper didn't have a goalie top

Two of their outfield players however, were wearing goalie tops

Five minutes in, one of their players walked off in a huff because they wouldn't let him play where he wanted.

Every break in play, they were arguing with each other.

They had a gerbil and two canaries in their changing room (seriously)

Despite our obvious superiority, we decided to let Queen Mary's score first, so they wouldn't get disillusioned too early. Then we went up the other end and Nick scored the first of the three he would go on to get that afternoon. Graham added a Georghy Hagi-esque second



to put us in the lead, and Nick scored his second, and our third, before half time. With every goal we scored they were getting more and more wound up and were generally acting like nonces. Tony said it reminded him of Roseberry football. Then some shocking defending, mainly from me, allowed them to make it 3-2 just before half time. To make up for this I punched their centre forward.

After a few Jaffa cakes and a talk by stand in captain Rob at half time, we realized that as long as we fired in shots as often as Jordan allegedly shags Pop Idol contestants, we would win this one easily. Ally, despite being the smallest man on the field won every header going, Chris did his bit for the beautiful game by booting every ball into the nearest

tree, and with some good tackling by Tony at right back, we soon tightened up and kept the arguing primadonnas playing in their own half. I lost count of how the goals went in for us, but basically Nick completed his hat trick, Ross got two, which meant he has now scored as many this season as he did in the whole of last season, Simon scored a second, and lifted a nice rolex from their dressing room afterwards as his goalscoring bonus, Graham added another and Rob was rewarded for all those shots he hit over by getting one near the end. Indy almost scored with a Kanu style overhead, and we hit the crossbar several times, basically we should have got the score into double figures. Manni rewarded himself for some good second half saves by lighting a spliff at full time.

S&M, Lowered Pants And Directionless Zahra Leads Hockey Astray

LSE Women's Hockey.....	3
London Met.....	0
Somewhere, Anywhere	

LSE Women's Hockey.....	1
RUMS.....	1
Battersea Park, South London	

Claudia and Nicole



Last week saw LSE hockey take on the weight watcher dropouts otherwise known as London Metropolitan. Arriving 25 minutes late thanks to Zahra's map reading skills (or lack thereof) and two thick painters, the opposition looked butch. We were scared ... but then we pushed off and realised that looking like stereotypical hockey players doesn't actually translate to

being able to play, hence our natural talent overwhelming the opposition.

After a stunning first minute goal from Meenal we realised they played with the coordination of a certain LSE hockey boy (yes Richard, that's you). Five minutes later we were two-nil up, thanks to a delicately taken corner and a not so delicate shot from Nicole. The second half saw the wrong'un slip another one past there far from agile keeper. Final score 3-0.

This week however, was a different story. We arrived at Battersea to find our opposi-

tion warming up rather viciously...they looked good...and quite obviously eager having turned up over an hour early. After a bit of confusion about whom we were playing (Note: RUMS is

part of Euston Poly) the match started. They pushed us to our limits, intercepting everything that moved, Christina joined in, intercepting their centre forward, rather viciously considering she was the size of her leg. Half time saw no score, however RUMS pushed one in shortly after, but we kept pushing, something we are proving to be very good at, Nicole caught the defence with their pants down and slotted in an awesome shot...Legend! It was one all, much to their annoyance, however thanks to our super keeper, the score line remained the same.

On arriving at the Tuns after teas, we were greeted by not only the boy's team but an

ambulance, the immediate question being, "What had Cönt done?". However, much to our surprise, he was not involved, well, not directly. The initiations had gotten off to a bad start, there were little fresher boys rolling around drunk, and there was no improvement either when our delightful social secretaries FT Boy and Totty decided to tie fresher boys and girls together. The first obstacles, JJ needing to be sick much to Amanda's annoyance and Frodo needing trips to the toilet of 'Mordor' a little too often for Munchkin and Tara's liking. Several shots, an awful karaoke attempt and some S & M later we left for slimelight.

The Club Sandwich and the Hockey Ho' kept up their traditions, shaking there booties, and getting the hockey boys overly excited, don't worry lads, now you've learned how to score on the pitch, you can attempt to do so off it. A good night was had by all and this week however there was no knocking up and no knocking out, much to our surprise.

CalellaFest 2004

27th March - 2nd April 2004

Even Mingers Can Get Laid...

Get In Touch With Your Respective Club Captains ASAP, Get Your Deposit In And Get Ready For Wrong.



"The best is the enemy of the good"

-Voltaire

BeaverSports: Pissing off 'the good' since time immemorial...

Budget Uni Downed By Rampaging Rugby Seconds!

LSE Rugby Seconds.....	41
Easyjet Poly.....	0
Main Giftshop, Luton Airport	

with an audacious long ball left the Angry Little Man with a two on one to put Tupak in the corner to score.

At half time it was 15-0, and as the referee attempted to learn the rest of the rules we took a breather and prepared ourselves to truly fuck the Poly scum.

Early second half as the referee gave penalties left right and centre, the Poly attempted to copy our awesome back line by spreading the ball wide, but the Angry Little Man slipped both nuts in and intercepted a pass to score under the sticks. Shetters finally managed a conversion.

We continued to play free flowing rugby with all the forwards attempting to score from five yards before realising that the backs could do it properly, and Shetters spread the ball wide to Chris Toy who hit the line at pace before popping the ball to Jathan who again scored on his debut. Shetters then passed the kicking responsibilities to the Angry Little Man who happily slotted over the conversion. At this point I must interject to remind all that our erstwhile lothario Weasel continues to flaunt decorum by having a GIRLFRIEND (Weasel's Bird).

The excitement of the performance finally got to Will who, with Tupak outside him, proceeded to dummy the invisible man numerous times before finally passing the ball four yards forward to Tupak who finished wonderfully. Although he was "too tired to score under the posts," so put the ball down on the 15. To be fair to him however he could have put the ball down in the corner as Emmo with his Wilkinson like accuracy would still have put it over. As the game headed towards the end we were deep inside our own 22, defending like gladiators, and our awesome back row managed to turn over the ball, and the forwards rucked over to leave good ball for the backs. Scouse however was nowhere to be seen, so Chris acted as a makeshift

scrum half. As he tried to pass the ball back to Pete to clear, Scouse appears in between the two and takes the ball forward. He then sees one of their ugly stupid fat props rolling towards him and panics, and instead of passing the ball down the backs, he kicked it! All you could hear was the Angry Little Man screaming "What the fuck are you doing your stupid scouse bastard?!?!?" Later on he got his deserved punishment, but I will come to that later.

From the resulting ruck Shetters launched the ball up field where it was collected by one of the Poly virgins. Too scared to run at us he launched the ball back and attempted to chase, but was appropriately blocked by Chris Toy who Roy Keane-esque hacked him down. He then hid away as the referee attempted to sin bin two of his teammates, finally Shetters shopped him!

The man advantage did not change anything as Tristram crashed over to score the final try. Shetters then mocked their living souls as he attempted a back heal conversion, and the referee ended their pain as he blew the final whistle.

Shetters then led his cavalry to Jerusalem and into the night as we began to play the game. After a good dozen versions our captain showed that he still has that bit of virgin left inside and vomited at 7:15.....although partially redeemed himself by returning straight to the bar.

After a bit of banter with football and hockey it was finally monster time. Contributions were epic and Bang-Bang produced two works of art. First up was Scouse and we were left in no doubt that he studies T101 as after all the talk of his drinking he gave up halfway through to run to the toilet to vomit!! If he had not mocked himself enough, "Pinky" shat all over him as he saw off his monster like a seasoned pro.

As the night went on our front row took charge once again with Kieran destroying his allies with a ferocious showing leaving Joey in a heap in Houghton Street and Will running home at 10:00.

After this point the evening becomes a blur, as we all descended on Limelight, and via a little burger stealing ended up in Crispy Duck.

Emmo et al



We were gathered at 11:30 in The Tuns, and whilst we were few in number, we knew reinforcements would arrive.....well Weasel. We arrived at Luton at 1:45 only for the stupid poly caaants to attempt to fuck us over with a 2:00 kick off, then as we checked the changing room board discovered that we had been relegated to the LCE! Shetters immediately rectified the situation before delivering his inspiring team talk.....give me the ball and we will win.

As we kicked off, the forwards put in some mammoth hits, and at the first scrum mocked their penitent souls. Five minutes later, a fatter, uglier FC begged for the pain to end as Will fisted him well past the elbow and the referee of dubious Romany extraction finally allowed uncontested scrums. After this debacle the forwards put together a series of lightning rucks and Tim "pinky" Floyd drove over to score on his debut. Ten minutes later as our ginger Wayne Rooney took a break from stealing hubcaps to put Shetters away down the blind side where he opened the mother of all Grimsby Fish markets to leave the poly dumbfounded to score. The domination continued as the forwards controlled the game before releasing Shetters who



One-A-Minute For Love 'Em And Leave 'Em Girls

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referring to the result of the marvellous LSE 1st Netball team. Imagine the scene....

.... 7 players per team, only 2 who can score; 60 minutes long; 1 point per goal; the final score à 61-7. We truly were one-a-minute girls!

Our victims this time were Southbank Uni. As usual they made their excuses "we don't have our full team", "our shooters are injured" blah blah bullshit blah... With a strong defence consisting of Captain Phoebe and our new asset the ENGLAND PLAYER (poached from UCL) Maame, even with their best shooters they wouldn't have got near the goal third. Hence their excuses were met with little sympathy - our own team were two players short, Fabs and Siobhan were much missed, and if we had them no

doubt it would have been two-a-minute girls! Despite lack of substitutes our three centre-court players were fantastic. With fitness levels which would put Paula Radcliff to shame, Ash, Nicola and Cat (our very own Audrey Hepburn look-a-like), played strongly throughout and provided vital crosses into the circle which David Beckham would have been proud of. To receive the passes were Jade and Olivia who effortlessly scored pretty much every time! (No change there then...!). The match was a walkover. Unfortunately there was one downside to the game; the ball got covered in dog-shit. Well, nothing's perfect!

This is the second match of the season and also the second win - yes 6 points out of 6! The team this year is looking stronger than ever and winning the league is a definite... well, sort of!

Although, it's not all hard work for us poor girlies, the 1st team have been much better this year at getting their arses out on a Wednesday night. I reckon by week 7 people will actually be able to recognise the tune through the noise we make in Karioke - practice makes perfect!

If anyone is still reading this article up to this point, thank you, and you might be interested to hear news of the infamous Barbie (aka Sarah Stellard) who played on the 1st team last year. She's currently umpiring the 1st team despite lack of any formal qualifications (well it would be wrong if she wasn't blagging something!), with the rest of her time she's playing professional tennis around the globe and dating many many rich men, good luck to her - she truly is a one-a-minute girl in every way...

Olivia Scholfield



To a group of stunning netball girls scoring more than once on a Wednesday is just too easy... all those drunken boys in Walkabout are perfect prey. However, that's not the type of scoring I mean, I'm