

The Beaver

The Newspaper of the LSE SU

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blink becomes a lifestyle supplement, Pages 8-9

Radiohead reviewed in b:art - Page 16



Honorary Vice-President Tom Hurndall Honoured - Page 3

IN THE RED

- Leaked SU Budget Reveals £80,000 Deficit
- Budget Unconstitutional due to AU Underfunding
- Figures Approved by Inquorate F & S Meeting
- Beaver and PuLSE Capital Accounts Raided

Ibrahim Rasheed
Executive Editor

The Students' Union Budget, due to be unveiled at this Thursday's Annual Budget Meeting, will not only reveal a huge deficit but is also at risk of being declared unconstitutional.

An advanced copy of the Budget, obtained by *The Beaver*, reveals the extent of the Union's financial troubles. The £80,864 deficit is a 235.1 per cent decrease on last year's accounts. This deficit will be funded through the Union's reserves, which add up to just over £1 million. The first deficit budget since the 2000/01 academic year is expected to be greeted with criticism due to the SU's commitment to the refurbishment of the Three Tuns and Underground Bar that is to go ahead this summer and expected to cost £0.5 million.

The Beaver also reveals the terrible financial state that the Union's trade services are in. Last year, the Union Shop, Union Bars, Café and Copy Shop returned modest profits while the bar at Great Dover Street, run by the Union, made a loss of £10,976. This year, only the Copy Shop is expected to show a profit while the Great Dover Street bar continues to be a loss-maker.

Writing in this week's *Beaver*, former SU Treasurer Peter Bellini describes the budget as a "financial time bomb for future Treasurers". He argues that the refurbishment of the Union bars was now at risk and asked "if the Union continues to run deficit budgets at this rate and losses on its services how can it hope to commit half its reserves... to the project?"

When asked to explain how he justified

the deficit SU Treasurer Jo Kibble blamed depreciation on the expected bar refurbishments. He said "The principle reason for running that deficit is money being set aside for refurbishment of the Tuns which will take place this summer... combined with a fall in the turnover of some of our trading services." He went on to say, "if we want to run such a big project we have no choice but to run a deficit budget." When asked whether it was wise to continue with the planned refurbishment Kibble said "I am fully committed to it. The only stumbling block will either be planning permission or the School suddenly changing its mind with regards to its estates strategy."

The Union has been aware for some time now that the buildings which house it are approaching the end of their life span and might need to be knocked down and rebuilt. When asked about the prudence of spending half the Union's reserves on refurbishing a building that may not remain in its present condition for much longer, Jo Kibble said "We will go ahead with the refurbishment on the understanding from the School that we will have at least a five year tenure."

Kibble also said that there were no plans to get rid of or sell the Great Dover Street bar and that a greater centralization of control was being undertaken to rectify the situation. He said, "Over the last couple of weeks we have been bringing it more under the control of the Students' Union."

As *The Beaver* goes to press, the Budget is still on course to be presented on Thursday. However, it is at risk of being declared unconstitutional before that, and may have to be significantly amended. It is understood that a member of the Athletics

Union has lodged a complaint with the Constitutional and Steering Committee on the grounds that it violates section 6.1.3 of the Union Constitution, which says that 20 per cent of the block grant given to the SU by the School administration should be set aside for the AU. The sum allotted to the AU in this year's budget comes to 15.6 per cent of the School's grant.

SU Treasurer Jo Kibble said that had the clause been enforced "every budget in living memory would have been unconstitutional." According to Kibble "The AU budget has always represented 20 per cent of the block grant after the removal of those funds that the School earmarks for specific purposes". This explanation does not tally with the wording of the constitution, which is quite explicit in saying that the AU shall receive a fifth of the School's block grant.

Worryingly, an inquorate meeting of the Finance and Services Committee approved the budget. Six members were required for quoracy, but only four were present. *The Beaver* understands that only one member voted to pass the Budget and two abstained. The other member was the Treasurer who has the casting vote in the event of a tie. When the Treasurer was questioned about this, he said that the budget had since been approved by email.

In an attempt to bolster up Union Reserves, the Media Group's capital fund appears to have been raided. *The Beaver* and Pulse Radio reserves, amounting to £6,547 in total, were transferred to the Union's reserves without the knowledge of their respective executive committees. SU Treasurer Jo Kibble justified this by saying "These monies were transferred to the

Union's reserves in (very) partial compensation for the £52,000 expenditure by the Union on the transfer of *The Beaver* and Pulse offices... It is general practice not to allow spending departments within the Union to build up their own capital reserves."

This statement, however, is in clear violation of sections 8.2.4 and section 8.4.4 of the Union's Codes of Practice. The former clause states "At the end of the year, if *The Beaver* has a surplus, it may be placed in *The Beaver* Capital Account and may be spent on capital expenditure as defined by the Finance and Services Committee, or transferred as regulated by the Media Group protocol." The latter is identical in its definition of the security of Pulse's capital reserves.

Aqeel Kadri, Station Manager of PuLSE Radio and Business Manger of *The Beaver*, said, "The move was not at our request, and furthermore it was part of a general rearrangement of Union facilities, and was presumably conducted in the best interests of the Union, primarily to give the Copy Chop a more prominent location on campus."

Jo Kibble was keen to state the positives in this year's budget. He pointed out significant increases in money allocated to societies and campaigns as well as devolution of significant parts of the Campaigns budget to individual officers responsible. He said that these were "major steps forwards for this Union."

The Annual Budget Meeting on Thursday is set to be a highly contentious affair, with students expected to demand an explanation for the Union's financial problems.

Students attack Davies' direction

El Barham
News Editor

LSE Director, Howard Davies, has angered sections of the student body by accepting an invitation to attend the state dinner held at Buckingham Palace to welcome American President George W. Bush Wednesday November 19th.

It is claimed that the Director's actions show that he is at odds with the views of the student population of the university which he is supposed to govern. This follows anger shown by students over the Director's letter to *The Times* in support of top-up fees, in which he did not make it clear that he was doing so in a personal capacity.

Howard Davies' statement was challenged this week at Council, attended by General Secretary Elliot Simmons and student representative to Council, Ibrahim Rasheed, who presented a case to the other governors in attendance to ensure that Davies is not permitted to make such comments in future, without clarifying that they are made in a personal capacity.

However, they failed to convince the other governors that Davies should write to *The Times* to inform them of his perceived error.

These instances in which the Director has shown that he holds beliefs contrary to the policies of the LSESU, decided at this term's UGMs, has led students to suggest that he is an inappropriate choice as the School's Director. Anna Crowther, a member of the LSE Stop the War Coalition, said: "As Director of the LSE, Davies need to show some responsibility when he's acting as our figurehead. He needs to be aware that he is seen as our representative, and therefore take into account what we think."

In a statement to *The Beaver*, Davies made it clear that he was aware that there was strong opposition to the visit of President Bush to Britain, but that he did not see why it should affect his actions. He said: "I respect the rights of all LSE individuals to voice their opinions in the School's long tradition of intellectual debate.

As I have said before, my personal



Students Protest against Bush's visit after Davies meets him over dinner

view is that the war on Iraq was mistaken. I wish the British government had not supported the Americans in that venture. But I do not think that means I should boycott events surrounding a state visit by the president of a country with which we have otherwise amicable relations, and from which a large number of our students come."

Indeed, Director Davies has received some support for his statement from the student population. Alykhan Velshi expressed support for the Director's letter saying: "Making students pay for their education is the best way of teaching them the value of knowledge, and the only way of assuring the future financial viability of the LSE. When future students look up the words clairvoyance and selflessness in the dictionary, they'll see a picture of a thin bald man from Manchester - our Director."

The School did not directly address the question as to whether Mr Davies' differing opinions on top-up fees with sections

of the School's administration was a difficulty or not. However, it did indicate its support for the Director in a statement to *The Beaver*.

It said: "The 'top up fees' question has been debated in Council where it was accepted that the Director is entitled to voice his opinion, much like his predecessor. One important role for the Director of the School is to articulate the case for better funding for universities. It is also crucial for universities to argue the case for independence in their financial affairs, which was one of the major points of the *Times* letter. The letter also made the point that it is crucial for universities to offer bursaries and scholarships for those on low incomes - a policy generally agreed upon in the School."

It remains to be seen whether Howard Davies will continue to have the support of the school and some sections of the student population as debate surrounding top-up fees rages and more divisions between his views and others are shown.

First Scotland Now Wales

Adrian Li

The Welsh Assembly may follow the footsteps of the Scottish Parliament and assert its decision making authority over student finance, following the Queen's Speech to Parliament last Wednesday.

In Wales, the Assembly is being given devolved power from Westminster over student finance, including 'top-up' fees. This means that the Welsh Assembly Government could reject any increase in tuition through 'top-up fees', just as it had set out in its manifesto promising no top-up fees in this Assembly term, which ends in April 2007. The Welsh Assembly also has the power to scrap fees altogether from 2006.

Should Cardiff Bay decide to go down this route, it will find itself in a difficult position to continue in terms of how it will fund Welsh universities. No extra money from the UK Government will be provided to allow the Assembly to scrap fees and still fund Welsh universities.

So if the assembly wants to scrap fees, it will either have to short-change universities or find the money elsewhere in its budget. This will have severe consequences for universities like Cardiff which will now have to compete with universities in England with smaller budgets. The Swansea Institute for Higher Education Principal, David Warner echoes such fears, saying: "If the assembly decides not to allow institutions to charge top-up fees, then the assembly will have to find money from its hard-pressed budget or students in Wales will suffer."

Naturally, students in Welsh universities welcomes any move to scrap top-up fees. Swansea Institute of Higher Education student union president Amy Lowther said: "I'm fully against top-up fees. My parents could afford to help me but at least 80% of students here can't afford fees."

The effects of any possible decisions on Britain's Parliament's ruling over top-up fees, due to be made next year when the White Paper is discussed, will become more clear in the future

Discrimination Law Unclear to Colleges



The Department of Trade and Industry

Chenai Tucker

Anti discrimination legislation that will affect universities and schools is due to be introduced without prior consultation with teachers' unions next month.

The new legislation will outlaw discrimination based on sexual orientation or religious belief. Universities will be obliged



Secretary of the DTI Patricia Hewitt

to provide prayer rooms, avoid holding exams during any religious festivals, and deal in a religiously sensitive way with the bodies of students who die on campus.

Universities feel they have been left in the dark by the government, as they were not involved in the consultation discussions in which business institutions were included. The Department of Trade and Industry is overseeing the implementation

of the legislation and universities feel they are vulnerable to court action as they unwittingly breach the boundaries set by the legislation.

The Equality Challenge Unit (ECU), their in-house advisory board, has provided the only guidance available to colleges and universities. Speaking to the Guardian, Kate Heaseman, NATFHE Equality Officer said: "It's outrageous that there has been no

attempts by the government to consult, advise or support colleges or universities in meeting their new responsibilities."

An LSE spokesperson told *The Beaver*: "New laws prohibiting discrimination on the grounds of sexual orientation, and of religion or belief come into effect on 1st and 2nd December.

"Earlier this year LSE addressed these issues by developing a diversity toolkit, a booklet which highlights new anti-discrimination legislation, distributed to all staff, which works alongside a recruitment toolkit and recruitment training. The School already takes into account where possible particular student requests related to religious observance but, along with other UK universities, will be interested in how the government clarifies these guidelines more precisely."

Concerns raised by universities include whether institutions need to provide prayer rooms for students and staff, whether job interviews, promotion panels, exams or Freshers' Fayres should be planned to avoid clashing with dates of religious significance.

The DTI has provided a guide to the new laws on its website.

Award Ceremony

Tom Hurndall's Birthday Marked

El Barham
News Editor

LSESU Honorary Vice President Tom Hurndall was given an award for his election victory at a ceremony on Thursday November 27th.

The presentation was attended by Tom Hurndall's mother Jocelyn and sister Sophie, who received the award on Tom's behalf. The event was organised by LSESU Communications Officer, Omar Srouji, in conjunction with Carl Arrindell, who works for the Tom Hurndall foundation, to mark Tom's 22nd birthday.

Also in attendance were Doreen Lawrence, mother of LSESU Honorary President Stephen Lawrence, volunteers from the International Solidarity Movement and Tom Hurndall's solicitor, Imran Khan.

Srouji said: "The ceremony was not supposed to be a celebration, but a tribute to our Honourary Vice-President. The Tom Hurndall Foundation wanted to do something at the LSE for the occasion, and I thought that this would be an appropriate way of doing it."

The showcasing of two documentaries, one of which had not previously been seen in the UK, preceded the actual presentation of the award. The documentaries recorded the activities and sufferings of volunteers for the International Solidarity Movement (ISM), of which Tom was a member. Volunteers of the organisation try to make a difference in the war in the occupied territories by keeping an eye of the activities of the Israeli forces in the region.

Tom Hurndall was shot through the



Jocelyn Hurndall accepts her son's award from Omar Srouji

head during an attack in the area. Witnesses say that he was attempting to lead a group of small children away from gun fire when he himself was targeted. He was wearing a fluorescent orange jacket, the common attire of ISM volunteers.

To this day, the Israeli government insists that the bullet which has left Hurndall brain dead was aimed at a Palestinian gunman. Witnesses on the scene deny that any such person was on the scene.

The Israeli government agreed to pay the Hurndall family £8,370 compensation,

but a cheque sent by the Israeli ambassador bounced when the Hurndall's tried to deposit it. The Hurndall family vow to continue their fight for justice, and hope to see at least the prosecution of the soldier who fired the shot that hit Tom.

Speaking after the event, Srouji said: "I can't really describe how the event made me feel. It was just special. People felt something while they were there, not something joyous but something I don't think they will experience at the LSE again."

LSE Set To Buy George IV Pub

Mark Power
Managing Editor

The LSE has announced last week that the building including the George IV pub is set to become property of the school in a move to increase the school's control over neighbouring buildings and improve estate facilities.

The school this week released details of the purchase, saying that for the time being the management of the pub will be contracted out to the Massive Pub chain, owned by LSE alumnus Peter Linacre. A former BSc in Monetary Economics student, Linacre helped the school acquire the freehold of the building which will be run by his company until the School decides its future in the long term estates strategy.

The long term future of George IV will be decided in consideration of the school's wider strategy to be finalised and decided after a public consultation process. Among the options being considered is the Students' Union proposing to take over the management of the pub itself, as additional entertainment capacity, or an extension of the school's catering options. For the moment though, there are to be no changes to the pub's overall theme. Linacre said that Massive Pubs will be "tidying it up, improving drink choices, but not changing its atmosphere and Victorian feel." The acquisition will be welcomed by many as a further move to make the LSE campus more integrated and geographically continuous, whilst acquiring further space for the school to expand.

The news of this latest property acquisition comes before the School starts a major new initiative to consult the community with regard to the direction of the estates strategy. In the coming weeks, the school is set to release proposals and invite staff and student comment with regard to what is seen as a terminal problem at the LSE, that of trying to find enough space for the school to function efficiently and effectively in the centre of a crowded city.

The School has also announced further negotiations on more residential capacity after it identified the need for an additional 1,250 spaces in the short to medium term. The LSE has entered into an agreement with private housing provider, Shaftsbury Housing Association for a new hall of residence on Crispin Street, near Spitalfields Market in the East End. The agreement will run for 35 years and giving the LSE a guarantee of 91% of the capacity in the building across the entire 52 weeks of the year. The LSE will also look after the pastoral care of students in the 287 en suite rooms, of which the rents will start at £110 per week. The hall is due to open in September 2005, with planning permission already gained for its construction.

With the help of another LSE alumnus, Chris Parry, the school has also entered negotiations for a 169 place hall in Drury Lane, close to campus. If negotiations are successful then the hall may open as early as September 2005.



The Newest Addition to Campus



Union Jack

The most entertaining UGM for a good while? Probably- in terms of the level of banter, unsurpassed this term, but worryingly, also displaying the ever deepening divisions within the SU body. Who would have thought that it wouldn't be race, religion or even class which threatens to tear the UGM apart- Sian 'Whispers' Errington and HRH Rowan have taken care of all of this-, no, the far greater threat to this University's sovereign decision making body is a simple matter of pride.

Uncle Joe danced around an apology, but remained at safe enough distance to stay convinced that there was really nothing to apologise for. No getting your hands dirty in the nitty gritty of pointless civility here- leave that for the subjects/ students/ apathetic proletariat. Uncle Joe has an agenda, and anyone in his path better shift, or it's the gulag for you!

Kibble fell foul of the balcony once more, and ended up being whipped like a ginger step child for his sins. Jack hates to target one careerist schmoe above others, but the smug little wave at those upstairs after his failed ejection swung it for this hack. There seems to be a groundswell of resentment to the SU elite's seeming oligarchic status, and rightly so- but we were set to lose our only means of retaliation in an arena that just doesn't care! Paper throwing, or as Jack views it, direct democracy, was under threat from a disgruntled constitutionalist, and the fledgling legal eagles in the corner were there to back him up. Missiles? Battery? Surely some mistake- while it may be something more than 'good natured fun'; it may be intimidating, and even downright cruel on occasion, it remains an integral part of the UGM, and the voters- (remember them?) made their choice, aided by the K, in fine form and very probably the funniest Uzbekistani Jack has ever met.

Seriously now, someone having to be forcibly removed from the UGM is not something J would like to see more of. It doesn't do any favours for the paper throwing cause, but one over stimulated fool doesn't invalidate the argument, just as one gimp doesn't invalidate an Exec. About fourteen of them might do, however...

It has come to Jack's attention that Denial Freedman seems to be arriving from somewhere a great deal colder than Houghton Street- rustling in like some arctic pimp-daddy, clambering on stage like the michelin man in a yarmulka- The noise of the jacket alone is enough to wake the back row, and it never comes off- perhaps this is the first wave in protection against the ongoing threat of screwed up paper- which is fine, as long as no one flips him on his back.

It remains to be seen what the Exec will be wearing for the barrel- why, they'll be there won't they? It'd be a lovely gesture of unity, and prove to the world that there are, of course, no hard feelings, and we are after all reasonable people. You know it makes sense.

Labour under fire as students step up attack

El Barham and Prashant Rao

The fight against top-up fees has been given fresh hope after legislation for Foundation Hospitals reduced the government's majority to 17 on Wednesday, November 12th.

The National Union of Students (NUS) is planning a lobby of parliament to convince MPs that the White Paper on higher education, which would introduce tuition fees of up to £3,000 a year, will irrevocably damage the university system. Students from higher education institutions from across the country will simultaneously converge upon Parliament Wednesday December 3rd.

To coincide with the lobby, a protest will be held at the LSE to demonstrate the opposition of students to the Howard Davies' comments in support of higher tuition fees in a letter to *The Times*. The protesters plan to show their dissent to the Director outside his office in Tower 1 before heading to Parliament to participate in the lobby.

The NUS has stepped up its attack on target MPs to try and ensure that the bill does not get sent to the House of Lords for approval. It has criticised Welwyn Hatfield MP Melanie Johnson for clarifying her support of the government's proposals even when 125 MPs signed an early-day motion in opposition to the fees within 24 hours of the bill's introduction.

Ms Johnson said students would only have to start repaying the fees once they were earning more than £15,000 a year and that maintenance grants would be reintroduced and added that Labour had tackled a university funding crisis inherited from the Tories, but that further expansion need-

ed contributions from students as well as the Government.

Universities wanting to charge the fees would have to sign agreements about allowing equal access to all applicants, she continued.

An NUS spokesperson said: "Ms Johnson has failed to sign an early day motion in Parliament in opposition to top-up fees. This implies she supports a policy which will leave students saddled with huge debts upon graduation."

The NUS has also pointed out that Ms Johnson has a large student population in her constituency and only a slim majority of support.

This opposition comes with the news that levels of student debt have more than doubled in the past five years.

The Student Income and Expenditure Survey which recently questioned 1,249 undergraduates shows that student spending has increased twice as fast as their income, with many relying on part-time jobs and parental handouts to bridge the gap. Mobile phones in particular have been identified as a key factor in the increase in student expenditure.

The survey shows that students now graduate with average debts of £8,666 this year, compared with £3,465 in 1998-99, when maintenance grants were discontinued and loans were introduced. Half of those questioned were over close to £10,000 in the red, with those from the poorest backgrounds being the worst hit - the survey acknowledges that they will be approximately £900 a year worse off.

Professor Alison Richard, Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University has already openly declared that she will seek tuition fees of £3,000, acknowledging that



Opposition to top-up fees - the fight continues

because some two-thirds of all Cambridge undergraduates would not qualify for any financial aid, they would accumulate debt in the range of £9,000 per year.

This news is likely to fuel discontent amongst Labour backbenchers, who have already demonstrated their opposition to some policies most closely associated with the New Labour project. The NUS lobby will aim to capitalise on this, by making clear to MPs the amount of electoral support they are likely to lose if they support the White Paper.

Partly in response to the mass revolt amongst Labour MPs, Tony Blair launched a nation-wide public consultation exercise on Friday to debate and discuss, among other things, the issue of top-up or variable fees.

Downing Street officials have con-

firmed that a sizeable portion of the country protesting against the new higher education funding plans would not necessarily change or stop the bill, they will nonetheless have to be, "listened to very carefully," in the words of Peter Hain, Leader of the House of Commons.

Don't Price Students Out Campaign Convener, Jo Kibble said: "The increasingly rebellious mood amongst Labour backbenchers makes a parliamentary defeat for top-up fees more realistic. For a flagship policy such as foundation hospitals to come so close to defeat is an immense embarrassment - I look forward to the next."

The effects of the continued opposition to the government's proposals for tuition fees will be seen early next year when the bill is debated in Parliament.

The GM Debate - proxy?

Danielle Milne

The UK Genetic Modification (GM) debate came to LSE to deliberate the future role of GM in agriculture and the national economy Thursday November 27th.

Organised by LSE's BIOS centre and the Centre for Environmental Policy and Governance, the debate aimed to reach an understanding of why genetic manipulation of organisms by molecular technology has thrown the UK into such a sharp debate.

Currently, there is a voluntary moratorium by the farming industry whilst the government undertakes an extensive series of field-scale trials and conducts a public consultation.

Members of the panel claimed that the issue is a proxy debate for wider social concerns, and that the real issue of contention is how to use GM to its best advantage for all.

Chris Pollack, Director of the Institute for Grassland and Environmental Research and responsible for the Government's field-scale evaluation trials, adamantly stated "it's not the technology; it's what you do with it".

Countering this, Michael Meacher, former Environment Minister, asserted: "In the end, technology is a servant of people. And it's what people want that counts". Decreased trust in government and scientific research was agreed to perhaps account for this. However, the nature in which the field trials were conducted was limited, with the specific aim of low environmental impact.

Sir Ben Gill, President of the National Farmers' Union, affirmed: "technology is a

servant of the people", but refuted as "rubbish" Meacher's claim that farmers would act differently when farming only for commercial gain rather than minimal environmental impacts as was done during the trials.

The second issue that provoked disagreement was the testing of GM science. It was said that people are frightened by the great uncertainty, to which Gill appealed for a "more balanced debate based on facts".

Pollack defended sufficient testing by stating "we scientists are our own worst enemies because you can only falsify evidence. You don't have to have scientific proof to have the knowledge". But this lack of proof seems to be reason enough for public concern. Meacher says without "deliberated, repeated tests it's unjustified to proceed".

Backing this up, LSE Professor Tim Dyson urged that "as with any new technology, we need to use it carefully with regard to the environment and health, and also ethically".

Commenting at the end on the debate, Gaskell noted that "while specific points change, the basic framework doesn't" and that it is not a proxy debate but a serious issue for the UK to think carefully about before proceeding.

The debate in general lacked specifics. Both sides made assertions without evidence. Any evidence from the pro-GM side was countered with 'it is not enough evidence' and hence the current situation of a moratorium and a continued dispute. The panel did not expand much on current contentions, but rather provided further discussion of use of GM in the UK.

UGM Votes to Keep Paper

Last week's Union General Meeting saw a bout of controversy as to whether the meetings tradition of paper throwing would be allowed to continue.

In a controversial ruling, earlier last week, the Students' Union Executive decided that after a complaint was made by a member at its meeting, that it would move to prevent paper being thrown at the UGM because it could result in complaints being made to the school. This decision was then upheld by the Constitution and Steering Committee on the basis that the practice breached school rules.

However, UGM Chair Khurshid Faizullaev (K) moved to overturn the decision as he believed that the correct way to have dealt with the problem would have been to have consulted himself as Chair of the meeting, and asked him to moderate and control the throwing of projectiles.

The meeting voted to overturn the decision, with the result that vast quantities of paper were subsequently thrown by the members of the union who generally reside in the upper balcony of the Old Theatre during the meeting. Upon the announcement of the vote, SU Treasurer Jo Kibble moved that a prominent member of the balcony, Will Jordan, be ejected from the meeting for assaulting himself and others in the room. The vote fell, and in return Jordan moved that Kibble be expelled. Although gaining a majority, this vote fell because it failed to obtain the two-thirds majority set out in the constitution for a member to move to have someone expelled.

The bitter dispute over the throwing of paper, usually exercised by members to express discontent with a speaker is set to

continue as the claimant, Dave Cole, stated that he will forward his complaint to the school, given that the Union has failed to address his concerns. This move could entail problems for the future of the UGM, should the school force the Union to pay for the policing of the meeting in order to prevent paper from being thrown. Those doing the throwing have intimated that they will continue to exercise what they consider to be akin to the right of free speech.

The meeting was severely hampered by the difficulties surrounding the issue, as combined with reports from the sabbatical and executive officers, it took up three quarters of the meeting's time. It was only in the last ten minutes that the meeting was able to debate the passage of the LSE SU's contributions to the National Union of Students Annual Conference later this year. With only one week until the deadline, the motions had to be passed with little debate due to time constraints.



The UGM: Is Paperless Better?

Research Forum to Address Funding Concerns

Laura Sullivan

Criticisms of the current university research funding system have led the Government to announce the creation of a new research forum. The body, chaired by Sir Graeme Davies, Vice Chancellor of the University of London, will act as a 'sounding board', to be consulted about future research policy.

Under the present regime, funding is allocated by the Higher Education Funding Council for England (Hefce) according to a 'dual support system' - universities receive 'block funding' to maintain their infrastructure and may also compete for finances for specific research projects.

The system has recently been criticised by the Royal Society, the UK national academy of science, as placing an unnecessary burden of bureaucracy on university research departments. Lord May of Oxford, the Society's President, also suggested that a university department's prestige may overshadow performance measures like teaching quality during funding decision-making. In defence of the system, a spokesman for Hefce said it "gives institutions and researchers the ability to pursue curiosity driven research. This freedom is an essential component of a dynamic research culture".

The Government's announcement of the creation of the forum comes hot on the heels of its unveiling of a policy to further concentrate research in fewer universities. This has led to allegations that a two-tier system is being created, with some institutions focused on large research projects and

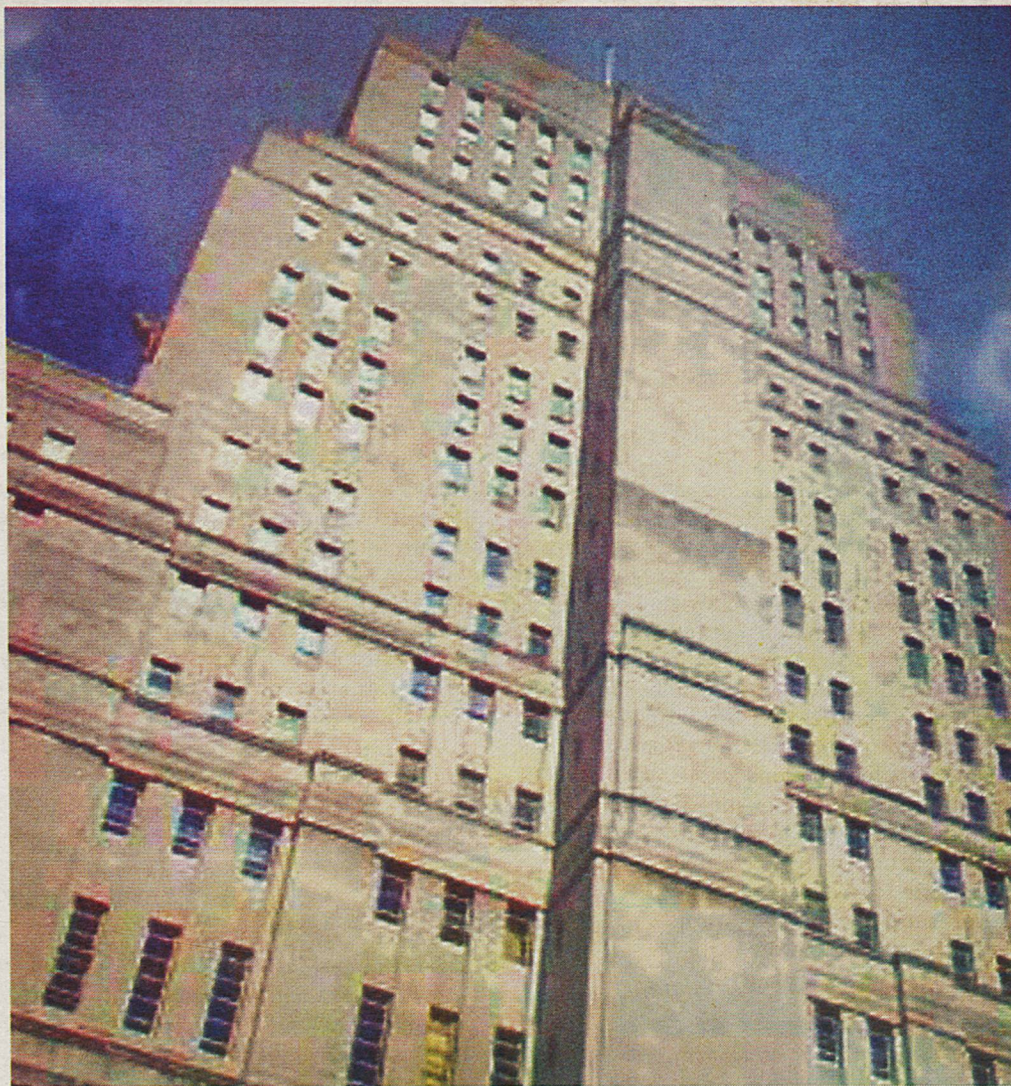
others concerned mainly with teaching.

Commenting on the proposals, Neil Gregory, LSE's Head of Research and Project Development, said: "Two thirds of the Government's grant to LSE is for research. If we maintain our position in the league [the policy] is probably to our financial advantage. It is undoubtedly elitist and is designed to be so, but on balance it benefits aggregate social welfare".

Alan Johnson, Minister of State for Higher Education explained the objectives behind the creation of the research forum: "It will look at the link between teaching and research and it will consider how we can improve collaboration between researchers across institutional boundaries. The forum will strengthen the dialogue between key players and help us in our commitment to ensuring that the different parts of Government involved in university research work closely together".

Lord Sainsbury, Minister for Science and Innovation was keen to emphasise the need for reform along the lines the Government has suggested: "The UK's science and research base is world class ... We cannot, however, be complacent ... the changes we propose provide the right foundation for continuation of the UK's tradition of research excellence".

The LSE has welcomed the establishment of the research forum and looks forward to presenting its views when possible. It remains to be seen what position the forum will adopt. Its recommendations are expected to influence government policy announcements expected in the new year.



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The Beaver Comment and Analysis

I Promised Keynesianism, You've Got It

LSE SU Treasurer **Jo Kibble** defends his budget

The Budget that I will present to the Union this Thursday represents a mixture of opportunities and challenges for the Students' Union.

Unions throughout the country are facing financial difficulties with their trading services, for a variety of reasons. The downturn in the economy nationally and globally inevitably has its effect, as does increased competition from off-campus venues. However, I believe that the most serious issue in this is the ever-increasing spiral of student debt, leaving students with lower levels of disposable cash and becoming increasingly prone to burn the candle at both ends to ensure they receive 'value for money' from their course.

We will not, of course, sit idly by and watch our sales gradually decline to the point where the Union is no longer economically viable. As you may well be aware, plans are now at an advanced stage for the total refurbishment of the Three Tuns and Underground Bar. This will not only expand our range of evening venues, but allow a step change in the catering services we offer during the day. The expenditure on this refurbishment is one of the principle reasons for the Union being predicted to run at a deficit this year. I believe that this spending is not just justified,

but necessary. Whatever happens, the decor, structure and services of the Three Tuns are reaching the end of their natural life and desperately require extensive overhaul. A full refurbishment will provide us with venues that reflect the varied nature of the LSE student body - the financial benefits of such schemes can already be seen through the Copy Shop, which has gone from strength to strength since its refurbishment. The financial history of this Union has always been cyclical - capital investment in our services requiring one or two years of deficit budgeting, followed by a series of years where the benefits of investment are felt. The last time that the Three Tuns was refurbished, in 1999, the Union ran at deficits of £61k and £100k for two consecutive years, yet in the long term the refurbishment more than repaid for itself, both in financial and non-monetary terms. It should also be pointed out that the deficit at which the Union plans to run this year is very similar to that originally budgeted for by my predecessor, Peter Bellini, for the 2002-3 year, before the refurbishment plans were scuppered by the School.

And so to the opportunities that this Budget presents. The massive success of Freshers' Fayre has allowed us to increase expenditure on Societies by a headline figure

of 185%. LSESU supports more societies than many Unions twice its size and their level of activity is phenomenal. We are not just doling out cash irresponsibly to societies, however. 20% of the increased budget is being held back to provide, for the first time, a second budget round. This will reward the most active societies and prevent them from running short of funding in the second term. In addition, I hope that this will ensure that the Societies Budget is used in a more efficient fashion and to prevent the high levels of wastage seen in previous years.

The second 'big story', as the front cover suggests, is the 64% increase in spending on campaigns. Last year, there was no effective campaign against fees, there was no anti-racism campaign, no Women's Forum, no Environment Week. In a crucial year for the student movement, a step-change in campaigning activity was vital. We have achieved this and will continue at the same pace throughout the year.

In a difficult financial period, this budget allows us to invest for the future as well as supporting the highest current level of Union activity for many years. It is an active, inclusive SU that we should fetishise, not surplus budgets.

Deficits are Irresponsible

Former LSE SU Treasurer **Peter Bellini** criticises Kibble's imprudence

This Thursday, Jo Kibble, the SU Treasurer is set to present his budget. Ordinarily the budget is waved through though this year it looks set for controversy. Why the controversy I hear you ask? Well, after a balanced budget last year that produced a comfortable surplus, Kibble is planning to produce a budget with an £80,000 loss. Adding to this, Trading Services are estimated to produce a £100,000 deficit on last year's £70,000 profit. A £180,000 loss!

Kibble is expected to defend his budget by pointing out the large amount for depreciation which will not immediately impact on the Union. Luckily for him SU Trading Services are accounted for on off-balance sheets. By not covering depreciation in this budget, though, anyone with a sharp mind will realise he is storing up a financial time bomb for future Treasurers.

Kibble's budget also appears to be unconstitutional. This move could prove costly as precedent has always been that the 20% is after earmarked funds are taken into account from the block grant. However the constitution states that the AU should receive 20% of the subvention or Block Grant given to the SU by the school and earmarked funds don't come into the picture. The sum in this year's budget stands at around 15.6% of the Block Grant only three quarters of what he is man-

dated to give them under the literal translation. This leaves the budget open to being rejected by C&S on constitutional grounds. Whilst many areas of the constitution are open to interpretation, this particular area seems quite explicit.

Before being made aware of this problem the first budget presented to Finance and Services Committee in week 8 was actually proposing a REAL TERMS CUT in the AU budget. The budget has since been amended in line with precedent rather than whim. Kibble's dislike of the AU is well known and this may have been his motivation. If forced to increase funds to the AU, it will add an extra £20,000, taking the loss to £200,000.

The future of the much touted bar refurbishment is now seriously under threat. If the Union continues to run deficit budgets at this rate and losses on its services, how can it hope to commit over half its reserves, (£500,000 plus 20% for potential overspend.) around £600,000 to the project. If LSE students are to sanction this state of affairs they need to see the business plan behind it. Add in Kibble's care free spend, spend, spend, bonanza and the Union may find itself incapable of further growth. It doesn't take an economics degree to realise that investing £10 to make a return of £0 just doesn't add up. (In addition in order to ensure funding for

the Tuns project the reserves of PuLSE Radio and The Beaver have been raided without their knowledge!)

This year's budget needs to ensure we (LSE SU) cover depreciation in order that we can provide stability for what could be an uncertain future. If we don't attempt to cover depreciation and our services continue along this years, budgeted trends to produce heavy losses, then we will see a Union that has thrown away a great past record of financial management to flush away its reserves with no clear way of replenishing them. We may well see this Union having to go cap in hand to the NUS to ask for a refund or relaxing of our payments to them.

Our Union is on the brink of a financial crisis brought about by a politically motivated and financially unaware elected representative! Kibble has a duty to gain control of the Union's budget and not damage the financial state of the Union for future students. Kibble was handed a Golden Legacy by his predecessor but if he doesn't change tack all he will leave his successor with is a Golden Shower. At last weeks UGM a poster was amusingly displayed sporting the slogan STOP KIBBLE. As far as the future of this Union is concerned this Thursday's budget will be the time to do just that!



Bird's Seeds...Little Nuggets of Wonder



Greetings fellow fledglings of the L S of E. We are so nearly there now, it's mouth-watering...one teeny tiny little week and a half to go. With that message of hope I expect to see a bit more smiling going on. A grim lethargy has descended upon our communal areas. This is only to be expected in the library, but not in the tuns and quad etc...perk up please!

One sentiment that I know will be shared by some at least, is an overwhelming fear of our library. Admittedly, this is exasperated by my own personal self-diagnosed clinical case of 'work-shy'. The main problem lies, however, with its strong resemblance to the setting of the film 'Gattaca'. The abundance of highly electrically charged metal and artificial lighting is not conducive to study. In fact I often find myself wandering in search of Jude Law looking all futuristic and beautiful...

My serious note in this article, is one in the haunting tune that accompanies the Soham murder trial. Don't get me wrong, I am loath to the demonisation and witch hunt-inducing coverage that tabloids give to cases of this nature. Despite this, I couldn't help but grimace when I read that Huntley's defence now runs on the grounds of it being an 'accident'. Accidents do happen. The idea though, that someone can accidentally kill two healthy girls whilst aggressively passing one of them a tissue, is flagrant bollocks. But should we know all about this yet?

Were I on that jury I'd feel somewhat pressured towards a guilty verdict...because imagine what would happen if I didn't, and Mr/ Mrs 'I love the Daily Mail' got hold of my name and address...they certainly wouldn't pass me a tissue. I would fear for my life. Perhaps then this isn't a fair trial? It's a talking point anyway.

I don't know if anyone else noticed, but I have been reliably informed that following the Queen's opening of Parliament...some potential plagiarism of 'bird's seeds' happened. In his retort to Michael, Daddy Tony said that there was 'something of the day about him' (I said this in my last column). Tony, Tony, Tony, Tony....get your own lines. On the shall we say less than slim chance that Tony did pilch that old chestnut from a copy of *The Beaver*, that Cherie left floating around number ten...I'd like to invite him to do it again. This time Mr Blair copy me saying this... 'top-up fees are nob cheese'. Good.

It's time for my customary apology. If anyone's really upset by anything I've written, you'll need to know my name...it's Justin Jest. Have a lovely penultimate week. I'll leave you with a proverb...once upon a time there were there bears...and now there are loads of them.

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 in alternative formats

The Beaver Comment and Analysis

Editorial Comment Time for Account

This week we reveal the awful state of the Union finances. The budget is projecting a £80,000 deficit, it is at risk of being declared unconstitutional for under spending on the AU, it was approved by an inquorate meeting of the Finance and Services Committee, and the Beaver and Pulse Capital Account funds have been raided.

Jo Kibble attributes the enormous deficit to depreciation on the future Union bar refurbishment. Yet, even if this accounts for a large part of the deficit, it is clear that the poor state of the trading services is cause for worry. The Union's huge reserves are able to prop up exceptionally bad financial years such as this one. The reason why the current situation is dangerous is because of the upcoming bar refurbishments. The current Treasurer remains fully committed to it, as did his predecessor when he was in office. It is expected to cost the Union half a million pounds, which amounts to half of the SU's reserves.

Once the £500,000 is spent, the Union's funds will be dangerously low. In such a situation Treasurers should not allow deficit budgets, no excuses.

The Treasurer admits that Clare Market may be knocked down and refurbished some time in the near future and that it all depends on the School's estates strategy. He has managed to secure a guaranteed five-year tenancy from the School. This is not great cause for joy. Half of the Union's reserves are being spent on a structure that is not expected to last more than five years. This is not value for money, and demonstrates the Treasurer's fiscal irresponsibility. He should ask more for the Union he claims he loves.

Another very real issue is the unconstitutional under funding of the Athletics Union. The Beaver is not for a moment suggesting that this was done because the Treasurer has a personal vendetta against the AU. We are sure it was a genuine oversight on his part. The paper also recognizes that he is following guidelines that were set by his predecessors. However this is not an excuse. Now that Kibble knows that his budget is unconstitutional, he should amend it before the Constitution and Steering Committee inter-

venes.

This Executive Committee needs to focus on the core business of this Union. The indication is that soon, trading services will be losing money. Whilst it is laudable that this year's sabbatical team is running so many important campaigns, they should not forget that if the Union's profit making ventures fail then it imperils the future sustainability of those sorts of activities.

The raiding of The Beaver and PuLSE's capital accounts is clearly unacceptable. At no point was it agreed, as the Treasurer claims, that they would be taken in order to pay for their relocation from the basement of Clare Market to the 2nd floor of East Building. At the end of the day, Beaver and PuLSE are provided with offices, at the expense of the School and the Union, and where those offices are located is of little importance to them. If the Union wishes to them to move, it should pay, the concept is simple. The Capital funds are there to improve capital equipment and must be retained for that purpose rather than being raided summararily to put paint a brighter picture of the Union reserves.

The fiasco also raises questions over the constitutional provision for amending the budget. It is stated in the constitution that amendments must be submitted to C&S on the Monday before the Annual Budget meeting, yet the budget has not been made publicly available. There needs to be more transparency with regard to the budget, and indeed many of the Union's processes. None of the Union's committee meetings are advertised to the student body, despite them being ostensibly open to the public. When was the last time the meeting time and location of the executive committee was last published in the global email? How are people supposed to monitor their committees if their very locations and meeting times are effectively hidden?

We need more clarity and less back room maneuvering in this Union, being more open about its activities will help allay fears that the executive tries to circumvent student opinion by conducting its business in the shadowy background.



BARBARIANS THWACK ROME

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

On "spit-roasting": if a clutch of overgrown schoolboys want to giggle amongst themselves about sex, that's their problem. If they want to force their adolescent prurience on the rest of the Students' Union, it becomes ours. Alykhan Velshi is kidding only himself if he thinks it is solely a "moral fringe" that object to the unpleasant attempt to force a sexist motion with no redeeming features into the public forum of the Union General Meeting. As shown in the UGM, the Constitution and Steering committee's decision to rule the motion out of order on the grounds of outright discrimination against women was one supported by the student body.

For my part, I will continue to "hurl obscenities" at over-privileged males who think it is amusing to treat women as second-class citizens.

James Meadway
Postgraduate Students' Officer

Dear Sir,

We are writing to voice our dismay at an article in last week's Beaver on the enforcement of racial profiling. Mr Velshi has fallen victim to media-nurtured Islamophobia, making him assume that every Arab or Asian is a potential terrorist. If the threat is indeed perceived to be an Islamic one, he should realise that Islam's adherents come from all corners of the world. Essentially, anyone could be a Muslim from any of the multitude of races on this globe.

The abhorrent policy of profiling that Mr Velshi proposes is, sadly, already actively practised; many have suffered at its hands. Whilst the US forcibly installs democracy and civil liberties in Iraq and Afghanistan, Mr Velshi would deny these same rights to our own citizens. Any even-handed individual can see the patent double standards here.

Thus Mr Velshi is cordially invited to visit the Prayer Rooms of the LSE SU Islamic Society where he can learn more about the effects of racial profiling that are felt by our own LSE Muslim community.

Yours,

Ishteaq Mustaque
Sumiyah Rahman

Dear Sir,

I would like to take the opportunity to respond to several very serious allegations made against me in a letter from Mr Carter published in last week's Beaver, relating to my actions in the UGM on 20th November. If there was anything more than a veneer of truth in these allegations, I would resign my position as SU Treasurer with immediate effect. In particular, I would like to draw attention to the following lies and exaggerations: '...Jo Kibble could be seen physically preventing an Executive member from voting in favour of the discussion.'

I was at no point in physical contact with any other Executive officer. From where I was seated, the only officers who I could possibly have physically prevented from voting were Rowan Harvey and Elliot Simmons, both of whom voted against the discussion.

'...went on to verbally threaten...Andrew Schwartz that...he would be censored and 'not allowed to talk in a UGM again...'

This is a gross misquotation: what I in fact did was to inform Mr Schwartz that if he voted for the discussion, I would move a motion of censure [please note the spelling - it is a completely different word from censor] against him. I have no idea where the phrase about preventing him from speaking at the UGM comes from, nor would I have said it.

'...using his position as Sabbatical

officer to influence unfairly the decision of other Exec members...' My actions were completely unrelated to my position as a Sabbatical Officer. A motion of censure has precisely the same effect coming from any member of the Union - I would have put forward a motion of censure regardless of my position or lack of it in the Union.

I would like to point out that at no point has Andrew Schwartz approached me to express concern over my actions. Had he done so I would have offered an unconditional apology for the tone in which I spoke to him, although certainly not for what I said. The motion in question had been judged by the Constitution & Steering Committee to be in breach of the Union's Equal Opportunities Policy. This is not just a form of words to protect us legally, but a binding commitment to actively promote an inclusive atmosphere in all Union activities. Debate on the motion in question, which was crass, tasteless and potentially highly offensive, would have acted in absolute opposition to creating such an atmosphere at the UGM. It is beholden on all Officers in the Union to uphold the Equal Opportunities Policy - I personally feel that an Officer voting in blatant contravention of such a policy is worthy of censure and I felt it was right that I should warn Mr Schwartz of that.

As regards the other allegations made against me in last week's Beaver, many of them potentially libellous, I will not lower myself to responding to them. I would however, be grateful if in future the Beaver was to concentrate on reporting 'news', rather than conducting limited-interest and baseless campaigns to hound individual Executive members out of office.

Yours,
Jo Kibble

Elections for the positions of Executive Editor and News Editor

Tuesday 9th December

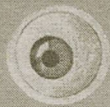
5pm in V102

blink

Features and Politics

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

Booked up with excuses
Waterstone's attempt to justify
their high prices.
page 10



OneEyeOpen

Get your novelty Santa hat out, fish out your stocking and get the crackers in folks because (jump for joy!) it's December once again - time to merrily erect our Christmas trees, eat, drink and spend a lot in the spirit of good will to one and all.

Alternatively, if you're a retailer, time to revel in the festive financial gloss that this time of year inevitably brings with it. Unless of course, like Harrods, you have had your Christmas decorations up since nigh-on full-blown summer and are now starting to get a little bored by it all.

If for one don't particularly need to hear a cacophony of 'Jingle Bells', 'Silent Night' and David Essex whilst attempting to find textbooks.

Don't get me wrong, Christmas is great - especially those special tubes of Fruit Pastilles that somehow always seem to taste better than during the rest of the year (weird) - but why can't we just save it until the last month of the year and really do it properly?

Slade's timeless hit, 'I Wish It Could Be Christmas Every Day', takes on a rather irony quality when you are subjected to it in every shop you walk into from mid-September onwards. However, I'm sure when they wrote that, they didn't anticipate this sort of nonsense.

There should be a formal ban on Christmas decorations until December 1st - that way we can really blitz it just for one month and make a proper festival of the whole thing. We could then return to our fond childhood days of really genuinely looking forward to Christmas rather than the long slog towards the inevitable that we face as adults. To say that Christmas is becoming overcommercialised is clichéd, and to me misses the point.

The fact is that I don't actually mind a commercial Christmas so much as wanting the whole thing to regain its significance.

In addition to the beginning of advent, December 1st marked the start of a policy of on-the-spot fines for using mobile phones while driving in the UK - a thoroughly welcome move to perhaps everyone but drivers. I've always maintained that driving whilst using a mobile is not just dangerous; it's also infuriatingly funny.

Despite us all being fully-submerged in the world of handheld telecommunications, to me the last bastion of the notion that using a mobile phone makes you look like a ponce is using it whilst driving.

It's not flash. It's not big. It's certainly not clever. It is going to be expensive, at £30 for the first offence. That's going to be any expensive phone call to the other half wishing them a Merry Christmas as you rush out to do your last minute shopping on Christmas Eve.

Just think, you could probably buy them the entire Slade back-catalogue for that.

Recent efforts to establish an LSE dating service may be redundant, thanks to an ingenious online community that can connect you to literally thousands of people

A Friend's Friend is my Friend

Adrian Li

A few weeks back, an article appeared in the news section calling for Elliot "Prince William" Simmons to start a dating service for sad LSE students, especially IR students. I must confess now I am an IR student, but I take umbrage at the suggestion that I get it off with the Economist.

On the contrary, my social life has never looked better, especially after signing up to 'Friendster'. To those who are completely out of the loop and are wondering what this Friendster thing is, you must be one of those who doesn't sit in front of the public computers around the LSE surfing the internet, linked up to MSN Messenger or forwarding chain-emails rather than doing anything home-work-related.

(This can be very irritating if all you want to do is just check email and the entire lower ground floor computers in the library all seem to be occupied with MSN Messenger messages screens popping up on the monitor.)

Friendster is a form of online networking community. It's a free site and you sign up to it and get to post your profile of particulars and interests and a photo of yourself (or anyone else actually. No one will know the difference if you've been lying in your public profile).

On your profile, you have a network of who your friends are. You can add friends who are already signed up to Friendster to your personal network. They can refuse but if you add them to your network, you're added to theirs as well.

'LSESU shouldn't resort to starting a dating service. Only ICL engineering students need it.'



Who needs LSE dating?



The best way to utilise LSE computers?

Alternatively, you can invite friends to join Friendster. And they invite more friends and it just goes on and on.

In this way, you can be connected to hundreds of thousands of people. Right now, I am 'connected' to 527,705 people! This happens because whilst I only have 74 people on my list of friends, I can see who my 74 friends' personal lists of friends are, and am indirectly connected to them through my friend. While some friends may have common friends, I've yet to come across identical lists of friends.

Supposing Tom is my friend and Tom has a friend called Dick who has a friend called Harry. I can have access to Harry's profile and can email him and make friends with him because I am linked to him indirectly through Tom and Dick.

The personal profile lists your personal interests, favourite TV shows, movies, books, the city where you currently live, your home town and most importantly for some, whether you are single, in a relationship or in an 'open marriage'. (Anyone who knows what an open marriage is, please enlighten me.) You can get your friends to write testimonials for you, which you can decide if you want added onto your profile.

What does this interesting phenomenon mean for singles searching for that perfect soul-mate? It means you get to meet people online who you don't need to be entirely dubious about, since a friend of yours knows them. Of course, there will be people with fake identities on Friendster, so be wary.

Personally, I haven't tried that. I was invited to try out Friendster by a friend

studying at Georgetown University. I've only been able to find long-lost classmates and a few army buddies.

I did have the pleasant surprise (to some it might be unpleasant) to get connected back to my ex, who obviously has had better success in moving forward since she's now studying at UNSW in Sydney and she's in an 'open marriage' now. I've also been contacted by some people who, like myself, are diehard Liverpool fans and because of this common interest and that they are friends of friends of my friend, were able to write to me.

For the masses of LSE students who hanker down over their laptops in their halls or in the wireless zones or in the public computers, this may be a brilliant method to meet people. You may find yourself in a "You've Got Mail" situation, possibly meeting someone online, just as Meg Ryan met Tom Hanks.

LSESU shouldn't resort to starting a dating service. Only ICL engineering students need it. I believe we're more than capable to be socially adept enough to strike up conversations with other students in the same classes or in the same halls. Failing which, there's always the internet and sites like Friendster. (Just don't occupy public computers, for long periods of time specifically for that purpose.)

Adrian Li is a first year IR and History student who has no worries about his single status.

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

Doubting the Diet

Most people wouldn't mind losing a bit of weight but, contrary to popular belief, there are most effective, and healthier ways to shed the pounds than fashionable 'fad' diets.

Robyn Glen

I am a size 12. I have been a size 10, and a size 14, and once I went into Mango to buy a pair of jeans and found myself tearfully trying on a size 16, at which point I had to leave the shop in despair.

Last year in halls I had one of those comedy conversations with a gay friend of mine, where I said: "Am I fat?" to which he replied, "No". Then I said: "But tell me honestly, do I need to lose ANY weight?" and he said "erm...well maybe a bit, yeah, around your arse...it's quite...big". Our friendship began to deteriorate at this point.

I would be the first to admit that I have tried every diet in the book and failed most of the time. I probably failed though because I didn't really know why I was doing it. My point is that this is true for most women who are on diets - they're on them, but they don't quite know why, so they stop and put on the weight again.

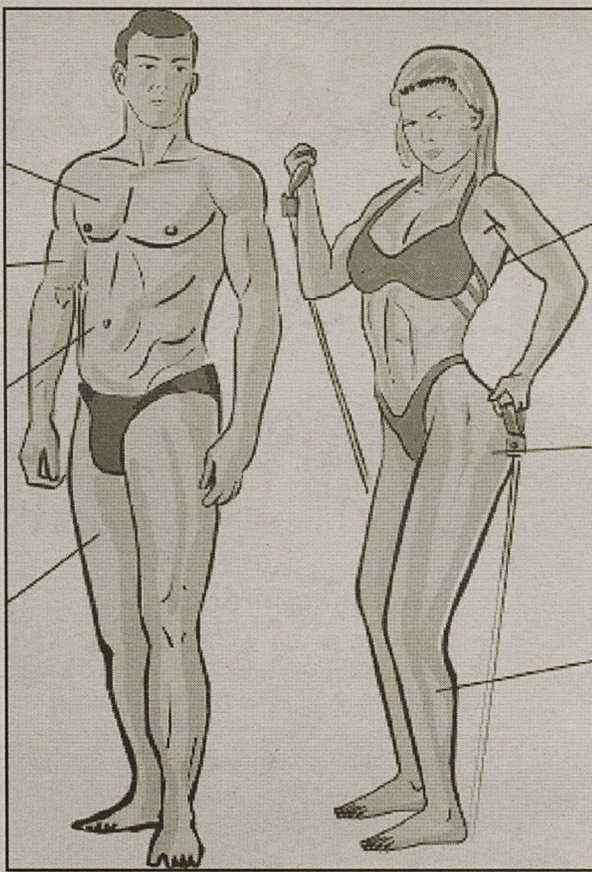
Many of us could lose weight but whether we should is a different thing altogether. It sounds corny, but if you're happy the way you are, then stay that way. It is also a cliché to comment on the immense pressure that young women have to conform to these days, but as far as I'm concerned, it is a reality that has to be addressed.

If you want to lose weight because you think it will make you look more like girls in magazines, don't do it. We're at the LSE for goodness sake! We're not going to be writing "perfect rear-end" on our CV when we apply for jobs at PWC.

If, however, you are genuinely unhappy and if you are convinced that losing weight will turn the tables for you then I would say, "go for it". But don't do what I did for over two years and mess around.

This brings me to something that really gets up my nose - fad diets. Yeah I know, as soon as us girls find we're onto a good thing, there is a heavenly chorus on hand to tell us we're on the road to damnation. But I'm inclined to agree with the fad-diet critics.

In the UK, over a quarter of a million of us are currently following the low-carb "New Diet Revolution" by Dr Atkins - either that or a halitosis epidemic is sweeping the nation. If you haven't heard of it you must have been living on a different planet for the past year or so because, as I'm sure you'll agree, Atkins is everywhere. The new book has sold over 10 million copies worldwide.



You'll need more than Atkins to look like this...

Cross the road to Benjy's on the Kingsway and you'll find a "less bread" section that offers low-carb lunchtime alternatives. Go to any restaurant and you'll be hard pressed to hear anyone order more bread.

So what makes Atkins so popular? Admittedly a handful of celebrities like Jennifer Anniston, Brad Pitt, Matthew Perry and Renee Zellweger have helped to bring Atkins into the popular domain.

More important than this, however, is the fact that Atkins actually works, bringing dramatic weight loss in the short term, at least. Everyone is on the Atkins diet, or so they say, but I'm beginning to wonder if it isn't all a big fib.

"I'll have a bloody steak, four sausages, three fried eggs and half a dozen rashers of bacon", and instead of responding "greedy pig" we now say knowingly, "Oh, good for you".

My beef - if you'll excuse the pun - is that diets like Atkins just aren't normal. Aside from the fact that you can't drink alcohol (which is pretty important), you can't eat other "normal" things like potatoes.

Moreover, if you ask me, it's just plain rude to go into a sushi restaurant and ask if the seaweed is available without rice - just in case you might O.D. on carbs. And anyway, even if you do do Atkins and if it does work for you, you won't be able to do it forever. The same goes for the Cabbage Soup diet, the Zone diet, the Perricone diet, the South Beach diet... You get the picture.

I'm not saying, "don't try losing weight". But please, get a grip! If, for you, going on a diet means not eating anything all week, then going to Crush on Fridays and ending up on the night bus home with a doner in one hand and large fries in the other, you are wasting your time.

The only way that you will achieve substantial weight loss is if, in the long term, you burn more calories than the amount you consume. This means following the mantra of eating five or more portions of fruit and veg a day and basically having everything else in moderation.

Oh, and a bit of exercise won't do any harm either, in fact, you might enjoy it!

Yes, it's boring and the results won't appear in an instant, but it works. I promise.

Robyn Glen is a second year undergraduate at LSE.

Musings

Chimp Property Rights

Matthew Sinclair

blink Columnist

Earlier this year the BBC reported that "Scientists"... "found our 'life code' to be 99.4% the same as chimps".

This is a form of the most over-used "interesting" fact in the world; a close second is 'we're 50% the same as a banana'. Let this article serve as a warning of an imminent beating to anyone who thinks of letting me know animal 'similarity' statistics. I no longer care.

Anyway...back to the point...that "humans and chimpanzees are actually more similar to each other than either is to any of the other apes" was the central finding of the research; innumerable other studies have found that although there is a massive quantitative difference in the abilities and characteristics of humans and our chimp cousins, the two species work from similar designs.

Similarities in ways of thinking have been shown by chimps from the early "Washoe" experiments in sign language, a little methodologically questionable but highly impressive nonetheless, to Kanzi, who was taught language inadvertently during her mother's instruction.

"Houston, we have a problem"... Enos, chimp in space, ignored a faulty reward unit and completed his flight tasks perfectly by breaking free of his Pavlovian electro-shock training. A feat of endurance and discipline that makes "science"-fiction capers with glorified oilmen planting nuclear warheads seem a desperately unimaginative use of spacecraft CGI.

"Like a monkey - ready to be shot into space - Space Monkey"; it took a writer of Chuck Palahniuk's considerable perception to spot the symbolic importance of the contribution from these brave creatures.

Brings to mind the debate that took place a few years back in New Zealand on giving rights to all of the great apes. The Great Ape Project calls for all great apes to be given the right to life, individual liberty and freedom from torture.

Approaching a different problem various libertarians are making the general argument that most environmental problems can be solved through the better application of property rights. Fisheries are used as a good example of this: if people own fish stocks then they have an incentive to manage their asset.

The problem is with large animals such as the chimps that are rarely profitable in species scale numbers; the ugly could also suffer, little draw for tourists.

I would suggest that property rights could be useful; give them to the animals.

If a chimp were property owning then he or she could not be owned or used against his/her will...all of the rights listed in the GAP declaration would be taken care of. We would also have a neat solution to habitat destruction.

At one point royalty owned everything; we've distributed property to the unqualified before once they've qualified for property ownership. I would trust chimps as ideal "stewards of the countryside".

While chimps can't look after their own legal affairs, huge portions of the human population are in the same position. Counsel to the Chimps would probably be the best ministerial portfolio in the world.

Where does it end? If you're giving property rights to some animals, why not others? Will bleaching be re-classified as murder?

I don't really have an answer to this question. Personally I'm inclined to set the bar at omnivorous or better. I don't trust vegetarians.

'If you want to lose weight because you think it will make you look like girls in magazines, don't do it. We're not going to be writing "perfect rear-end" on our CV when we apply for jobs.'

Economy at *The Economist's?*

Just why is it that our campus bookshop doesn't offer any permanent student discount?

Elaine Londesborough

What do we expect from a campus bookshop? Cheap books? The books we need available all the time? The cheapest publishers? Our books bought back at a fair price?

Sounds about right, and yet we don't seem to get these things from our own campus-based Waterstone's outlet, The Economist's Bookshop. I spoke to Susan Tarrat, manager of the store, to find out why.

Straight in with the big question, I asked Tarrat why Waterstone's does not offer a student discount in this campus branch. She responded, "we could never give an overall discount as it would not be economically viable", and that it "all boils down to cost."

"Academic publishers are difficult to negotiate with and are much less likely to allow discounts on their books." To fund a 10% discount, Waterstone's would need to sell 50% more books: an unlikely target. So it would seem that we are stuck with paying the full cost of our textbooks.

Secondly, some students have bought up the issue of availability. I recently tried to find a copy of Arend Lijphart's 'Government forms and performance in 36 countries', a book Waterstone's had plenty of at the start of term, and could not find it despite it being a prominent book on the reading list for my course (which Waterstone's has access to).

When I put this to Susan Tarrat, she said: "It is impossible to predict stocking needs. We stock based on last year's sales and the reading lists we receive from lecturers. Sometimes the lecturers change the books they recommend, making it very difficult for us to know what to stock".

Here the manager bought up that she had made repeated attempts to get in touch with the SU and organise meetings with representatives to assess student issues. She claimed that "they were either totally uninterested or would make meetings and not turn up".

In response to Tarrat's claims, Jo Kibble, SU Treasurer, said: "If she feels that there are issues on which the SU and Waterstone's can co-operate I would be more than happy to arrange a meeting with them. To date, my only contact has been to send out an invitation to book a stall at Freshers' Fayre, to which I received no response."

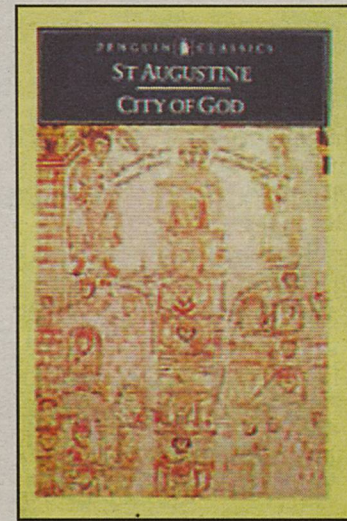
I am studying political theory at the moment and have recently looked into buying Augustine's 'City of God'. The Economist's Bookshop is only stocking the Cambridge University Press copy of this book, which at the moment costs just under £20, when the Penguin copy, which can be bought elsewhere, costs only around £9.

When asked why Waterstone's is only stocking the most expensive copy of this book, Tarrat responds that, "at the start of term we had a huge pile of the Penguin copy and I will look into why they have not been reordered".

However, Waterstone's cannot claim ignorance of Augustine being studied at the moment as they have conveniently just started displaying 'City of God' in the window of the store. This is the first point in the interview where I found it hard to believe what the manager had to say.

At the start of this term, Waterstone's ran an offer whereby if you spent £50 in the store you would receive a £5 gift voucher, an offer which would appear to be a success, as Tarrat informed me that at the start of November, the store was recouping £300 worth of these vouchers per day.

However, I felt a little duped by the offer, as I have to



'The Economist's is only stocking the CUP copy of this book, which at the moment that costs just under £20, when the Penguin copy, which can be bought elsewhere, costs only around £9.'

spend my voucher before Christmas and would not have otherwise bought a book now. Again though, Waterstone's is a business and Susan admitted that the voucher scheme was introduced as an "incentive to come back".

You may have spotted the signs in the windows of Waterstone's at the moment advertising their Buy Back scheme, whereby you can sell back your textbooks for 30% of what you bought them for (or alternatively for 40% in Waterstone's vouchers).

The offer struck me as a little under-generous when if you had spent £30 on a textbook you would get only £9 back. However, Waterstone's claim that you could not sell your books for more at most other bookshops. Also, if they did give students more for them they would have to charge more than two thirds of the original price when they are sold again. However, she did mention that Blackwell's would give 50% of the original price, but that you would've had to have bought the book from them in the first place.

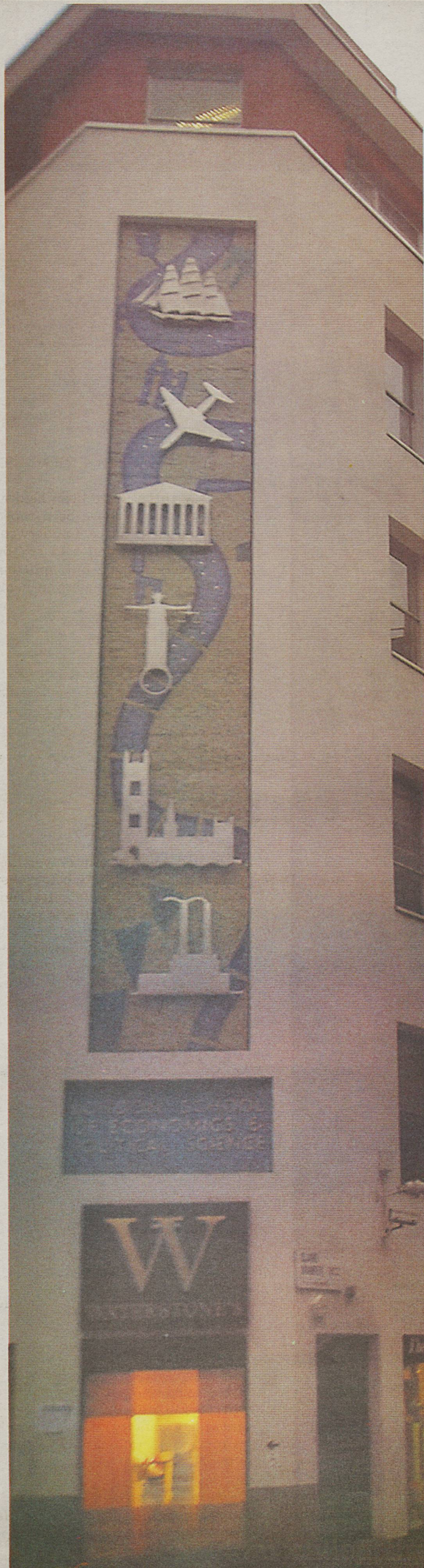
After talking to the manager of The Economist's Bookshop, I had a real sense that her hands were tied when it came to giving discounts and I felt that it was really not her fault that we don't get a brilliant deal at the store.

My advice to all those unhappy with the service provided by Waterstone's is to shop around elsewhere. You can find most, if not all, the books recommended on reading lists online at Amazon.co.uk, and they are a lot cheaper. For example, I bought 'Cultural Anthropology' by Keesing and Strathern for £30 in Waterstone's when I could have found it second hand on Amazon for only £22.49.

You can find the Penguin copies of political theory texts for at least £2-£3 pounds cheaper than in the shops and you can sell your old books on the Amazon Market place for much more than 30% of the original price.

If you find that Waterstone's only has the most expensive copy of a book in, don't just give in and buy it, go somewhere else and find a different edition. Waterstone's may not be able to change its ways, but that doesn't mean you have to pay their high prices.

Elaine Londesborough is a first year Government and History student. This is her first article for blink.



If AIDS was one of us...

Monday 1st December was World AIDS Day. At a time when the number of confirmed infections is rising dramatically, we must keep in mind the very real human cost of the disease.

Andria Efthimiou-Mordaunt

Every year at this time, my emotions go meandering and my psyche is tweaked in a more poignant way about the global AIDS epidemic. In 1986, several of my fellow citizens were diagnosed with HIV; most of them happened to be injection drug-users (IDUs), ex-IDUs or gay men. I wasn't diagnosed with AIDS but had certainly had engaged in enough HIV-risk behaviour to make not being HIV+...weird.

Seventeen years later, I am a survivor, a rabid, obsessive activist and *survivor*. I cannot answer the zillion questions that wrack my mind about why I am alive, why I do not live with AIDS, while many of my friends are dying, living with this plague.

Neither can I even understand why I didn't get fatal dose of the many other liver, lung infections as a result of the self-destruct path I walked. Of course, I feel gratitude but there is no rational answer to these questions *really*. I think about it so often, all the immunological, pathology-oriented and other science has only two answers and hypotheses.

When I received a large white envelope in July 2001, which emerged as 'we are delighted to offer you a place at the

LSE to study social policy,' my *second* response was joy. First responses went from profound survivor guilt to terror, and back, several times. AND I am here. AND I am one of your fellow students. AND I permit myself too often to say "I'm old enough to be your mother" or "make sure he/you wear a condom!"

Last night a colleague from the International [drug] Anti-Prohibitionist League sent me a copy of the press release he sent out to commemorate World AIDS Day - December 1st. (I always wonder what percentage of the population even knows this date.) Far more importantly, I wonder how we all navigate safer sex in these heady days of global political dementia, and widening inequity. Within all the so-called HIV *risk groups* - an almost-meaningless phrase - there are those that jump out at me:

- * Particular groups of women because their cultures dictate their voice remain small, and dare not challenge male behaviour.
- * Street kids in developing post-colonial countries.
- * Homeless addicts - IDUs.
- * Poor sex workers and young gay men.



The list goes on BUT what do we see, at least on our national front door-step? The heterosexual HIV spread has increased 20% this year alone, and many of them did not belong to one of the aforementioned groups.

1,978 "straight" fellow citizens somehow became infected with HIV during the first nine months of this year. Last year, gorgeous Priya engaged me (as an AIDS widow and ex-IDU) to stage a competition amongst us as to who could put a condom on a carrot the quickest. This year, we will have a debate and other activities to mark World AIDS Day at LSE, but my question is, how many of the 1,978 new infections were *one of us*?

Here's a truth. In many ways, whomever it was, it is all of us. Watching

my most significant other die of this 'thing' has left me with a legacy - to educate, remind, pester and inform - and it doesn't matter if you are a fellow LSE student or not.

Let me say this: I have been held at knife and gun-point, I have been raped and almost murdered thrice. I underwent several heroin detoxes and sold sex on London's streets strung-out, putting myself at huge risk. But the forever-memories are the visual images of dying lovers and friends begging me to be a witness of the World AIDS pandemic.

Andria Efthimiou-Mordaunt is a Social Policy and Planning student and director of an HIV/drugs charity.

Paying for the right to learn

An alternative look at the fight against fees...

Glyn Gaskarth

The government wants to create a market in education. This is wrong. Anyone who has visited a market will be aware of the substandard products that are sold there - puzzles for a pound, books about Jim Davidson and 'The Bangles Sing the Blues' are just a few examples. One thing is for certain. Markets will reduce standards.

Currently every course is intellectually challenging and economically worthwhile. If we do not teach our young men to surf, manage golf courses and enhance our beauty therapy how will we become the knowledge-based economy of the future? Golf courses are the growth industry of

tomorrow.

If we do not provide those courses with funding they may go into less worthwhile pursuits like plumbing, carpentry or even worse, electricians. This would be bad because we currently have a huge skill deficiency in these areas.

This has taken a long time to establish and governments of both parties have contributed. Consensus is a rare thing in British politics; why spoil it?

We do not want to return to the bad old days when higher education was restricted to those who were academically able.

Education is a right that should be made available to all. This is why it is important that we get 50% of our young

people in to University. Their presence there provides a valuable service in reducing the unemployment figures.

For this reason alone it is worth the public investment. I am sure that when the cleaners that scrub our toilets think about our fight fees campaign they will be proud that we bourgeois students from wealthy backgrounds protested to ensure their sacred right to pay for our education through higher general taxation. It is the principle that counts.

Let us consider what would happen if we did not protest. Then our fee money would go to cross-subsidise the children of poor students through a scholarship system. This economic support would be a powerful disincentive for poor students to go to university.

Evidence suggests that this support would disproportionately benefit ethnic minority students in the inner cities. This is why it is important they protest against fees. This bill is racist.

Many will be aware that the primary issue that faces gay students is the tuition fee. If he tells his parents he is gay will they refuse to pay the fees. Fees which he does not have to pay until after his education when he is earning over £15,000. Fees which will be extracted from his pay packet through the tax system. One can only imagine the scene.

It is just another step towards University Privatisation. Privatisation is bad because it creates a market. Markets are bad because they innovate and those that are good profit and those that are bad go bankrupt. Universities that fail to attract students and operate courses that don't get their pupils jobs, would close.

This is bad because all universities have a moral right to survive whether they provide a good service or not. Central control of state funded universities is vital to increasing access to universities.

We are all aware that state provision is essential to providing widespread access. Most people do not own their own houses, buy cars or purchase food because they cannot afford to. The market priced them out.

Poor people are less likely to want to get into debt. This is why they did not get mortgages to buy their council houses. Fees discriminate against students from poor backgrounds.

Centrally run institutions such as the health, education and social service sectors always lead to higher standards. People are satisfied with the nationalised health, education and social services. This is why they are a non-issue in British politics.

However, if you are not satisfied, if you want improvements, consider the consequences first. Good public services would fundamentally change our national identity. We politely wait in queues and do not complain because we are used to rationing.

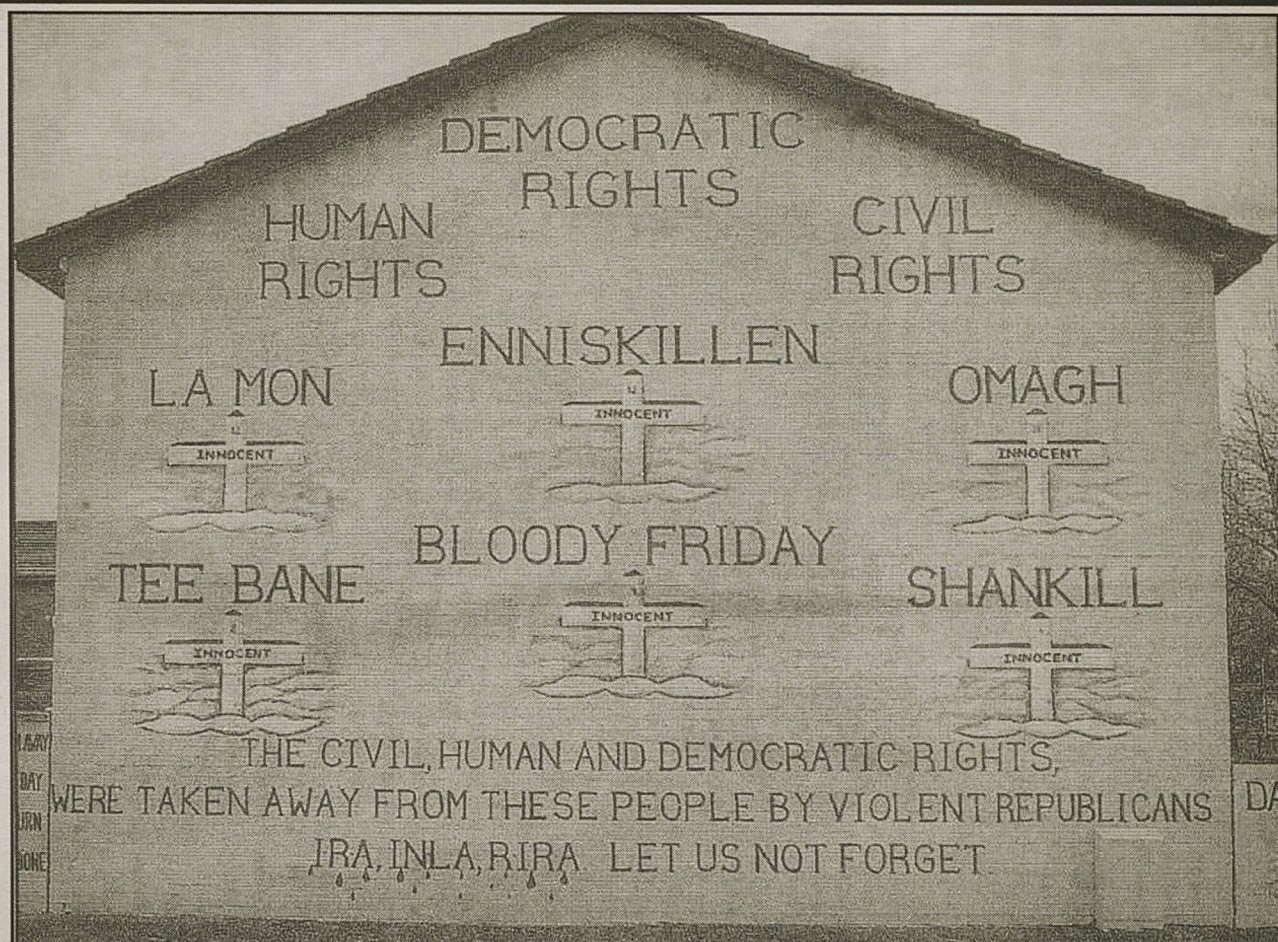
If the public services were good we might become like the Americans, i.e. impatient and demanding. If that does not get you protesting nothing will. Protest against the Market comrade.

Glyn Gaskarth is a third year undergraduate and Chair of LSE Conservatives. He disagrees with his party's position on top-up fees.



The market: symbol of shoddiness?

THE BALLOT BOX AND THE BOMB



Memories of a violent past, but now terrorists inhabit Northern Ireland's government.

Everything has changed, yet the central problem is still the same in Northern Ireland: the obligation to deal with elected terrorists.

Adam Quinn
Political Correspondent

How times change. After last week's election results for the Northern Ireland Assembly it is the hardline nationalists of Sinn Fein, boosted by a gain of six seats and now the largest republican party, who are calling on the British Government to promptly restore power to Stormont, the Assembly's home.

Meanwhile, the Democratic Unionist Party (DUP), the election's other big winners (up ten seats and the biggest party in the assembly), demands that Whitehall face up to the fact that the agreement by which devolution was brought about is "dead in the water". It's all a far cry from the 1960s and '70s, when the original Stormont assembly administering Northern Irish self-government was seen as a bastion of Unionist strength, and the imposition of direct rule was perceived as a concession to nationalists.

Of course, the change of heart on both sides is easy enough to explain. The current devolved assembly is not the majority rule body which DUP leader Ian Paisley once believed democracy demanded, but rather a 'power sharing' executive which would require him to break bread, and deals, with men he considers no better than terrorists.

Meanwhile Sinn Fein, whose leading members spent the early '70s either interned without trial or underground, sees today's version of home rule (settled by the 1998 Good Friday Agreement) as offering the keys to executive office, and a first step on the road to the re-unification of the island. Now these two disparate parties, as the two biggest in the assembly, should in theory be expected to form the backbone of any new executive.

As the DUP and Sinn Fein have gained ground, so inevitably have others lost it in the zero-sum game of electoral politics. The Ulster Unionists, the more accommo-

dating face of unionism which has been prepared on and off to cooperate with power sharing, and the Social Democratic and Labour Party (SDLP), republicanism's softer, non-IRA-affiliated wing, both lost seats as their more trenchant counterparts made gains. The political centre has shrunk.

In one way, this vote could be seen as one for change. Tired of the bland nationalism-lite of the SDLP and the apparently endless prevarication of the UUP, the voters have opted to support the parties which present the clearest and most passionate positions on the issues. But unfortunately, as this new desire for firmness has weighed in at both ends of the political spectrum, it is likely to be a vote which produces more of the same: deadlock.

For all of the shadow-play and double-speak, the position of Sinn Fein and the IRA seems pretty transparent. They are prepared to forswear the bombing and terror campaigns of the past in exchange for elected power in the government of Northern Ireland. They will also, for the sake of good will, decommission some of the weapons they have had stashed away for a rainy day, so long as this is done privately, discreetly and without the slightest connotation of surrender. However, they will not disband their organisation, nor, it would seem, give up the petty thuggery by which they informally rule over some Catholic neighbourhoods under the label of community 'protection'.

Over the long-term, they hope and believe, the demographics of Northern Ireland and the momentum of the political process are drawing inexorably towards union with the Republic. Given power and influence in this transitional period, they are happy to diffuse their bombs and wait. This is their clear position, and 24% of Northern Irish voters have opted to support it. That, as far as Sinn Fein is concerned, equals a mandate, and they insist that they be allowed to

exercise it under the Good Friday Agreement.

For the Reverend Paisley and his colleagues, this is outrageous. A group of criminals and murderers, who for years have waged a campaign of terror on the Protestant community and on the British mainland, have now decided they can have it both ways. They get to sit on the executive of the government of Northern Ireland, under a system which gives them disproportionate control over decision-making. Meanwhile, they get to retain their institutional structure, hold onto what weapons they see fit and impose gangland rule in parts of the United Kingdom with a regime of punishment beatings and organised crime.

Acts of decommission of which no details can be given are worthless, as it is patently clear that the IRA is holding onto some of its weapons in case things should go wrong on the political front and a return to the 'war' is thought appropriate. Unless hardline republicans are prepared to accept the basic ground rules of democracy, which means disbanding their terrorist organisation and giving up all illegal weapons, then they have no place in an elected assembly, let alone in Cabinet.

The trouble is that both positions are equally seductive to their respective sides, and perhaps also for the neutral. On the one hand, Sinn Fein can point to an array of concessions made, and a firm electoral mandate. The DUP can point to continued paramilitary activity, and argue that the IRA can't expect to have its entitlements under democracy respected when it suits it, while its fundamental purpose of imposing change through minority violence spits in the face of democracy.

Why shouldn't Sinn Fein be allowed its due under the Good Friday Agreement? But then why should the IRA be allowed to continue to profit from its blatant dual strategy of 'the Armalite and the ballot box'?

The hard-to-swallow answer to the latter question is that there isn't really a good reason, except the bluntly pragmatic one. For so long as the devolution arrangements have been trundling along, however ineffectually at times, the bombs have been diffused, and the guns largely muted. The maintenance of a private arsenal and gangsterism on some dubious estates may be distasteful, even disturbing, but they are as nothing compared to the horrors which everyone can remember when terrorism was in full swing and the only attempted solution was a law-and-order one.

For all their shuffling towards political acceptability, the IRA is still at base criminal and terrorist, and has reserved the right to remain so. Sinn Fein stands in such close relation to it that it is impossible to regard its political status as unrelated to the IRA's persistent existence as an illegal, armed organisation.

But while Rev Paisley identifies the problem with great lucidity, his solution - the expulsion of Sinn Fein from the executive until such time as the IRA unilaterally disarms - is no solution at all unless one regards the integrity of the democratic principle more highly than the peace needed to implement anything like it. It will almost certainly result in political breakdown in the province, and a return to war on the streets. Given the potentially functional, though imperfect, institutions on offer, this, surely, is too high a price to pay, even for such important principles as non-violence in democracy.

There is no good reason why the people of Northern Ireland should have to accept the associates of terrorists, albeit elected, into the government of their province. Except that there is no sane alternative.

Adam Quinn is an International Relations PhD student. He is also Editor of the Script.

The Beaver Listings

Your guide to what's on at LSE this week

Students' Union Events

Business Society and Finance Society present
Deutsche Bank Drinks Evening
Tuesday, 2th December 2003 6.30pm – 8pm
Cafe Pepe, 3rd Floor Clement House

Deutsche Bank invite penultimate year students to a informal drinks evening with a selection of analysts. There will be mince pies and mild wine on offer as a diverse range of DB analysts will answer questions on investment banking and their respective specialised roles. The event is informal, with no staged presentation. This will be a chance for you to find out more about the Summer Programmes. There is no registration for this event and is open to all LSE students.

LSE FINANCE SOCIETY presents
'AN INTRODUCTION TO INVESTMENT'
TUESDAY 2 DECEMBER 5:30pm – 6:30pm,
S50 (St. Clements)

Want to learn about investment, financial markets and securities before an important interview? There is no better way than to invest personally – with as little or as much as you can afford or even with a fantasy portfolio. This seminar will cover some basic concepts including how to open a personal account, a summary of different broker firms, stock selection, overview of ratios and other technical terms followed by question and answers.
Members only – no need to register. Non-members can sign up at the door.

Jawani
@ Bar Med
14 Finsbury Square
London EC2A 1BR
TUBE : Old Street/Moorgate
Tuesday 2nd December 2003

supported by Queen Marys Asian Society and City Asian Society only £5 for members, £7 otherwise

Law Society & Freshfields Braukhaus Deringer Presents...
Mistletoe Madness
Xmas Party!!!
Tickets: £1 Members & £3 Non-Members
Millenium Club on Drury Lane
Tuesday 2nd Dec
Tickets on sale in Houghton Street

LIVE MUSIC SOCIETY PRESENTS: OPEN MIC NIGHT!!! LAST GIG OF THE YEAR!!!

DATE: Tuesday, 2nd December
LOCATION: UNDERGROUND BAR
TIME: 8 PM.
COST: MEMBERS FREE
NON MEMBERS 1 POUND

Brief description of event :Come watch and support random LSE musicians show off their hidden talent, performing various cover and original songs– ranging from acoustic sets, to Lionel Richie, to full on band performances
Spanish Society and Latin American Society are having An end-of-term Party!!!
7–11 pm, Tuesday 2 December
Quad
£3 members/£5 non-members

HKPASS
ACCA PRESENTATION
2nd December, 2003 at 13.15
D602

ACCA (the Association of Chartered Certified Accountants) is the largest and fastest-growing international accountancy body, with over 300,000 students and members in 160 countries. Its provide quality professional opportunities to people of ability and application throughout their working careers.
All students interested in accountancy are welcome to attend the event to find out about more ACCA qualification and the opportunity available. We are looking forward to see you there.
If you would know more about ACCA before you come to the presentation, visit their official website: www.accaglobal.com

People and Planet and The Southern African Society
Question time debate: the barriers and solutions to tackling the HIV/ Aids crisis.
6pm, Tuesday 2nd December
New Theatre
Speakers from Action Aid, Glaxo-Smith Klein, VSO and Medicine San Frontiers explain their views on what are the most serious barriers affecting the tackling of the HIV/ Aids problem, followed by debate on questions from the audience. Event coincides with World Aids Day which is on Monday.
No tickets just show up early to get a seat!

LSE KENYAN SOCIETY
INDEPENDENCE PARTY
WEDNESDAY 3RD DECEMBER 2003
7PM
UNDERGROUND BAR
MEMBERS £2/NON-MEMBERS £3
FREE 'TUSKER' BEER and REAL KENYAN MUSIC

LSE Africa Forum Bi-weekly Discussion Group
Topic: Understanding NEPAD
Date and Time: Wednesday, December 3, 2003 from 2:00 p.m. – 3:30 p.m. (just for this week) AND Friday, December 5 from 12:30 p.m. – 2:00 p.m. [participants can choose which session they wish to attend]
Location: George IV pub (upper floor), Portugal Street, across from LSE Library
Contact for background readings and more information: su.soc.AfricaForum@lse.ac.uk

The Commerce Society
'Starting Your Own Business'
Managing and Strategy and Development Directors of Clearly Business UK
Hong Kong Theatre
Wednesday 3rd December from 2pm to 4 pm.

LSESU Debating Society Internal Competition
6th December 2003
10.00 onwards
D202 Clement House
A debating competition in the British Parliamentary style; all levels and abilities welcome, CASH PRIZES for the best team and best speaker.
For enquiries, and to pre-register, e-mail Preeti Bhagnani at P.Bhagnani@lse.ac.uk

LSE Women in Business Society presents
Talktime with Shani Ospina from McKinsey and also an LSE– alumni 1900, Thursday 4 December, 575.
She will speak of her experiences with McKinsey working in telecommunications, media and financial industries.
ALL ARE WELCOME!

Business Society presents
Citigroup Day on Campus
All day, Thursday 4 December
10:00 – 12:00 Information Fair (no sign-up necessary) (C032 Next to Undergraduate Bar)
12:00 – 14:00 Trading Game (D502)
12:00 – 14:00 Capital Markets (D202)
13:00 – 15:00 Investment Banking Case Study (H102)
16:00 – 17:00 Skill Session 1: CV/On-Line Application Workshop (G1)
17:00 – 18:00 Skills Session 2: Interviewing and Assessment Centres (G108)
18:30 – 21:00 Evening Internship Presentation (D602)
To sign up for the Citigroup Day on Campus, or for more information, please e-mail campus.queries@citigroup.com, stating "LSE Day on Campus" in the subject of your e-mail. Please indicate which session(s) you would like to attend.

LSESU Hindu Society
Hinduism in the 21st Century
5.20pm Thursday 4th December 2003
D209
FREE – Come and enlighten the intellect with spiritual vedic technique of finding true happiness and learn how to master the stress placed on us by the world! Respected Guru's/Monks from the World Famous (Guinness Book of Records) Temple in Neasdon will be gracing us with their presence on...

Reception for LSE Faculty and Students Interested in African Affairs Hosted by LSE Africa Forum
Speakers: Gareth Austin (Department of Economic History, LSE)
Date: Dapo Ladimeji (Editor, African Century)
Thursday, 4 December 2003
Time: 6:00 – 7:30 p.m.
Location: Conference Room R405, 4th Floor, Centre for Economic Performance (CEP), Lionel Robbins (Library) building, LSE, 10 Portugal Street, London, WC2A 2HD (NB: use the Portugal Street entrance as access through the main library entrance is not possible)
The speakers will reflect on the history of African Studies as a discipline and possible future directions for research at the LSE and beyond. After the talks, time will be available for participants to mingle and enjoy refreshments. The aim of the event is to focus LSE's resources in African Studies and to facilitate greater interaction between the institution and Africanists and policy-makers in the broader London community.
The LSE Africa Forum was founded in 2002 to stimulate critical discussion on contemporary African issues. The group now has

approximately 80 members, as well as links to other Africa-focused societies and groups at the LSE. Last year's events included a regular discussion group (which continues this year) and a public panel discussion on the political crisis in Cote d'Ivoire. We look forward to expanding our activities in the coming year.
No ticket required.
RSVP: su.soc.AfricaForum@lse.ac.uk

French Connection and Italian Society present
Mediterranean Boat Party
Thursday 4 December 7–11 pm – boat leaves at 7pm so don't be late!
Temple Pier
Are you tired of the London weather and of studying? Then this joint event between the French connection and the Italian Society is for you: come and chill out on a boat where you will find the Mediterranean "joy de vivre" and a great Latin atmosphere.
£4 for members £6 for non members

LSE Polish Society Launch Party!
Join us for vodka shots, beer and traditional Polish food, all free!
Accompanied by pleasant tunes from top London DJ!
Thursday Dec 4, Underground Bar
7–11pm
ticket prices: £0.50 members, £1.50 non-members
available from Monday 1st in Houghton Street.
Student Action for Refugees (STAR Society) are running a Christmas presents campaign. Please donate small gifts that will be given to refugee children through the Refugee Councils winter party.
Contact Sally Eastcott – s.eastcott@lse.ac.uk

LSE FINANCE SOCIETY presents
'SEO LONDON – INVESTMENT BANKING INTERNSHIPS FOR ETHNIC MINORITIES'
1:00pm – 2:00pm, FRIDAY 5 DECEMBER
D602 (Clement House)
Towards the goal of diversifying the finance industry, SEO offers training, mentoring, and 10 weeks of real experience at leading investment banks in the City of London to penultimate year university students from under-represented minority groups. Hason Sandhu, SEO London's Program Director, will outline the 2003/2004 agenda and dispel some of the myths surrounding investment banking.
Members only – no need to register. Non-members can sign up at the door.

LSE Women in Business Society presents
Talktime with Teresa Teague,
Vice President in the Investment Banking Division (IBD) at Goldman Sachs
Monday 8th December, 6pm
D502
Teresa will talk about what it is like to work for a leading global investment banking firm and what it takes to be successful banker. The event will be focused on the investment banking sector generally and Goldman Sachs in particular, with a special focus on the opportunities and obstacles that exist for female professionals.

Bankside Christmas Party Slik n Sxe at The Bridge SE1
Friday 8th Dec.
Tickets #3 in advance available on Houghton St or on the door.
Drinks promotions and World-Famous DJs.

AU Barrel
Friday 8th Dec.
Free drinks from 11am. Fancy dress only. Debauchery assured.
£5 with AU card, £9 without.

The History Society presents
2003 Holiday Party
Wednesday 10 December
7:30pm in the Quad
Drinks, DJ, Dancing and the holiday spirit all around! Come spend the last Wednesday of term with your mates! Eggnog and other goodies will be provided. Cost is only £1 and tickets go on sale Tuesday!

SCHAPIRO GOVERNMENT CLUB presents...
WESTMINSTER TOUR
4pm, Friday 12th December
Student Salon (on campus) – then travel to Parliament
A unique opportunity to look inside Parliament, touch Blair's dispatch box, sniff his leather seat, and much much more. This guided tour will give you all the history and political gossip you want.
Ticket details – This event is totally FREE. Limited places available. Reserve your place by emailing Su.Soc.Schapiro-Government-Club@lse.ac.uk. Members given priority.



Type of event	Date of event	Event	Starts	End	Registration	location
Presentation/Seminar	2nd December	Work Permit issues for international students (by Laura Devine, Immigration Lawyers)	1pm	2pm	No need to register	Hong Kong Theatre
Forum	3rd December	Disability Forum	1pm	3pm	No need to Register	TBC
Presentation	3rd December	Eversheds	6:30pm	9:30pm	Open	Senator House, 85 Queen Victoria Street, London, EC4V 4JL
Careers Fair	3rd December	ULCS Graduate Fair	1.00pm	7pm	www.careers.lse.ac.uk/tqfi	Business Design Centre, 52 Upper Street, Islington, London N1
Careers Fair	4th-December	ULCS Graduate Fair	11.00pm	5.00pm	www.careers.lse.ac.uk/tqfi	Business Design Centre, 52 Upper Street, Islington, London N1
Mock Interview	5th Decemeber	Mock Interviews (Deloitte & Touche)	9am	5pm	Register at Careers Service	H7043

B:art

Edited by Neil Garrett: N.Garrett@lse.ac.uk

B:music - P.14-16

B:about - P.17-18

B:film - P.19-20

B:theatre - P.21

B:literature - P.22

B:fineart - P.23

B:mail - P.24

B:music

edited by Jazmin Burgess and Neil Garrett

CHRISTOPHER O'RILEY

RADIOHEAD JAZZED UP. A NICE WAY TO SPEND A SATURDAY AS SIAN BEYNON DISCOVERS...



As we shook hands, my dainty little paws were engulfed in the massive mits of Christopher O'Riley. 'Them there's good hands' I pondered, 'for pounding a piano.' And later from my seat in the audience I witnessed their spasmodic writhing, like fast moving, muscular white spiders scuttling and jumping about the keys.

Sounds pornographic? Well it was. An illicit, obsessive, messy love affair unfolded before my eyes between man, instrument, and music. On the autumnal, wet 17th of November, there sat an intimate audience of voyeurs in the Queen Elizabeth Hall, engrossed in a virtuoso performance of Radiohead songs on

classical piano. From scraggy, Radiohead buffs, to learned, classical bearded types and a fair smattering of sharp and snappy, trendy professionals we grappled with the music that sprang from the shiny grand (piano).

Despite a battery of the most gruesome of snot gurgling sniffs you'll ever hear in all Londontown, O'Riley managed to whip us into the shape of his ideal audience. He says the best reaction from an audience is when you can hear them listening, and our ears were pricked and savoring the bounty that befell them. O'Riley maintains that listening to Radiohead's music demands a high level of concentration, much like that of classical music. At first, it felt alien to be hearing our beloved anthems plagiarized by this piano-tinkling little upshot but I mellowed to his interpretations as the performance progressed. A wise choice to play *Everything in its Place* from Kid A first as it seemed to be an 'easy on the ears' type vehicle to propel us into the vast and scary realm of classical music. I tells ya kid it's not a pwrity place (in a mafia type Nuw Ywoork accent please, with a lisp).

Of course, I (due to my B:music school of excellence super-sleuth training) was deconstructing and scrutinizing my thoughts and emotions throughout the night. In his parody of the Radiohead pieces, it was agonizing to hear parts that were pristine copies of the original. 'Show me chaos, let me revel in discord' I had to bite my lip. For example, when O'Riley broke into the pretty music-box-like introduction of No Surprises, I grimaced, just too clean and wholesome for Radiohead, fast jumping to the conclusion that he's rendered me unable to ever listen (without a contorted face) to the song again. But, he thankfully slips once more into a gritty cacophony of noise and his large black boot starts stamping over-excitedly on the floor (he had very prominent boots). There was an almost comic element in the contrast between the pretty dainty lifts and the gruesome, dense thunderings. Being transported from one

extreme to the other, I enjoyed the challenge to listen once more and my face returns to its usual expression of rapturous beauty.

So, I'd say it was a successful transition between Radiohead and Classical music. O'Riley admitted being spoilt with the material that Radiohead offered. With three lead musicians (Thom, Ed and mighty Johnny), their music already has a contrapuntal quality to it as each player brings an integral part to the song without stealing the melody. O'Riley sees this as a good foundation for translation into classical piano music. The dynamics of the pieces transform differently for each performance and with such flexible elements, there is always scope for development and surprises wait around every corner.

The whole crossover genre is a stimulating affair for O'Riley. Obviously bombarded by questions pertaining this 'sell out' approach to Classical music (where we just whack out some cheesy version of Yesterday or Hey Jude so that the no one commits mass murder in garden centres) he makes a parallel with great classical composers who were stimulated by the popular music of their times. He even prophesizes the rise of the mighty Bjork as an Opera singer. Crossover music gets nasty when it gets commercial, but O'Riley is not being opportunistic in this sense. He is honestly enamored with Radiohead, almost unhealthily so. Not content to transcribe all their tracks (I mean all. Even B-sides, D-sides and Z sides obscurely found on intimidating, die hard Radiohead internet sites) O'Riley also gave a sterling performance of Nick Drake's Riverman, who happens to come at the top of Thom York's musical muse list. But whatever he's doing, he's doing it right. He spreads the love around like a freshly opened jar of chocolate spread. Not only do I offer him a top-notch review in the world-renowned publication of the Beaver, but also he's broken onto the pages of Rolling Stone with a 4 star rated album. 'ROLLING STONE?' a chorus of shocked, ripped-jean, rockers holler. Yes, for the first time a classical review stains its sacred leaves of rock-dom. However, this critical acclaim doesn't seem to matter for good old Chris Fingers though, he'll be plinking and plonking away on his piano no matter what fate transpire from his work.

But is the obsession a healthy one? I personally award him the trophy for biggest Radiohead groupie on earth, after an intense two and a half hour concert he is spurred on by our fanatical audience and plays three encores. One of the three being Paranoid Android, and as he unraveled an abundance of pages and pages of minimized score, I made a small animal like sob noise,

'Blimey, O'Riley, I don't know if I can handle this one.' But of course I could, and it was great, and it's made me a more rounded individual. But afterwards, I ran away as fast as my legs could carry me and resurfaced up to the fresh-ish London air. And he was still in there; meeting the audience afterwards and signing copies of his album...that man has stamina.



SIAN BEYNON

OPEN MIC NITE: SAM 001 waxes lyrical on all that homegrown LSE talent..



The Underground Bar saw the second Open Mic Night organised by the Live Music society last Tuesday. Around two hundred people entered its doors over the course of the night and the atmosphere was smoky, but cool and relaxed. They even got extra generous and let me and friend in free (-this- is why I write for the Beaver).

The night opened with a sensational, influential piano performance by Matt Monaco that was followed by the eleven other acts. We were treated to a variety of instruments, a cello popping up along with a muted trumpet (beautiful sound in the Underground). The music ranged from Marilo & Oliver's Beatle songs, to various acoustic guitar/vocals

solos, Norah Jones-esque pieces by Claire, and calming 3EB sounds. The lovely

Leila gave us a preview of her show before her gig at Hope & Anchor the next day. Easy on the ears and downright chillout with a beer in hand (ah, the ironies of student loans). Additionally, drum and bass encounters and a couple of Shresh and Dee duets earning lots of respect. Even our own Elliot Simmons (or his terrified tambourine twin) put in an appearance.

We were treated to a wide spectrum of talent, which is what an open mic night should be all about. But the performers certainly weren't helped by the Mohican-sporting sound guy who decided to let his blond friend come and fiddle with the volume knob in the middle of sets; the humanity. Additionally, one microphone was screamingly louder than the other for over half the night, drowning out the back-up vocals.

The night ended with a few die-hards trying to get on the line-up list, hemant showing how it's done on the bongos in an quick outro improv session. And did I mention the human beat box? He must be studying Acc&Fin. Ask for Fynn by name!

There'll be another Open Mic night tonight, 8pm at the Underground bar. A measly quid for original entertainment, free if you're a member.

SAM 001

THE MARS VOLTA: JON DE-KEYSER reviews the ex-At The Drive In post-rock explosion ...

So, the Mercury Music Prize judges. Utter imbeciles. You can only imagine what happens in the meetings that happen to decide the nominees each year. "Let's nominate another obscure folk singer, that really huge album by that really famous band, some other shite by a skin-headed twat who robs his friends and mistakenly calls himself the best song-writer of his generation (yes Pete Doherty, that's you!), and ignore the talented bands who are producing worthy, innovative and downright spectacular music". I can't think of any other reason why the Mars Volta didn't make it onto this list comprising the 'best' music of the year. For Cedric Bixler Zavala and Omar Rodriguez-Lopez have succeeded in producing music that, amazingly, betters anything they made while in "At The Drive-In", something that until now seemed impossible. But then, has anything these geniuses produced ever won any awards?

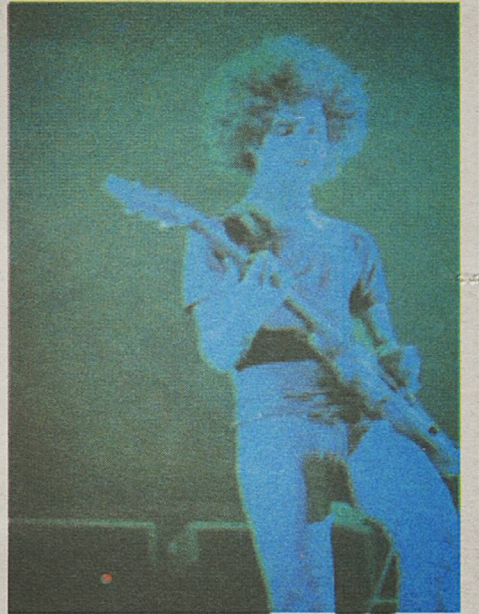
They seem happy to continue to make music that baffles mainstream critics, yet stills draws in a loyal and devoted fan-base. Maybe that's their intention - never to "sell-out" as many bands do these days. But that seems a trivial concern for Cedric and Omar - from their live shows to their recordings, it is obviously all about the music for them. They are producing sounds for themselves, and you can tell they're enjoying it. You get the impression that they wouldn't change what they are doing no matter how the results are received.

Hearing them live is quite an experience. Although only managing to get through 6 different songs (an indication of how much improvisation goes into their shows, rather than the shortness of their set), one of which lasts a mere 24 minutes, the

amount of musical brilliance they display is astounding. A lot of their new material is pre-occupied with the death of Omar and Cedric's close friend and mentor, an El Paso artist called Julio Venegas, who once tried to kill himself, only to fail and fall into a coma. Their first album release under the name of The Mars Volta, "De-Loused in the Comatorium", is an exploration of the dreams and visions of Venegas whilst in this coma. Performed live, the songs go deeper, and the sprawling randomness of synthesized jazz noises and flights of Hammond organ emphasise the confusion, perhaps desperation going on inside. So we are talking prog-rock here, but that doesn't necessarily mean it is difficult to listen to. A lot of The Mars Volta's work is catchy anthemic stuff, it just happens to be punctuated by jazz, lazy xylophone and electronic bleeps. Awesome.

It's not just the music that is impressive. Cedric holds the title of The Best Dancer In The World Ever™, strutting around the stage (and speakers) as if he were Michael Jackson on speed. And you should see the things he can do with a microphone - this is the stuff I'll be telling my grandchildren about, and no matter how uncool I might be then, having seen The Mars Volta will give me some credibility in times when, no doubt, popular music will be some form of progressive hip-hop metal motown. Seeing them is an all round experience - you'll be equally astounded by the emotional, powerful music as by Cedric's mic-twirling, and you'd be a fool to miss out!

JON DE-KEYSER



BATTLE OF THE BANDS

BONNIE JOHNSON checks out the recent inter-collegiate battle of the bands, featuring some of LSE's very own rising stars..

Last Tuesday evening, the UK's fledgling Rock Idols organization hosted a "battle of the bands" talent search in the LSE Quad. Six musical acts from LSE and elsewhere each played ten-minute sets to compete for three places, and the winners will perform in the Rock Idols finals at a venue to be announced in the next couple of weeks. The finalists from the LSE competition are Kathleen Collins, Ember Daze, and LSE's own Celestino.

The first band to take the stage was Khoazat, playing upbeat, punk-edged hard rock that made for a fun listen. They were followed by finalist Kathleen Collins, a Texan post-grad student at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine. Collins skillfully played lovely, folk-style compositions on an acoustic guitar, and even sang one soulful song à capella. She is a regular performer at the LSE Live Music Society's Open Mic night in the Underground Bar.

The third act was a band called Ember Daze, four guys from Imperial who look like Hell's Angels recruiters (but were very sweet to me). With torn Sepultra t-shirts and black Fenders, the righteous dudes rocked out in true nu-metal form and earned their place among the finalists.

Next was the three-piece Raytracer, a tight pop-rock outfit, also from Imperial. Though the crowd received them well, they were immediately trumped by finalist Celestino, a seven-piece collective of student musicians. The group's many instrumental talents include vocals, guitars, trumpet, flute, keyboard, violin, drums, and tambourine (sure, tambourine is a talent), coming together in a delicate, dreamlike sound modeled in part after Belle and Sebastian. The chemistry between the many band members was quite good, a bit like a low-key party onstage, and it was nice to hear something different from the typical college fare. The final entry of the night was Leila, a soloist who performed several rock ballads with her electric guitar.

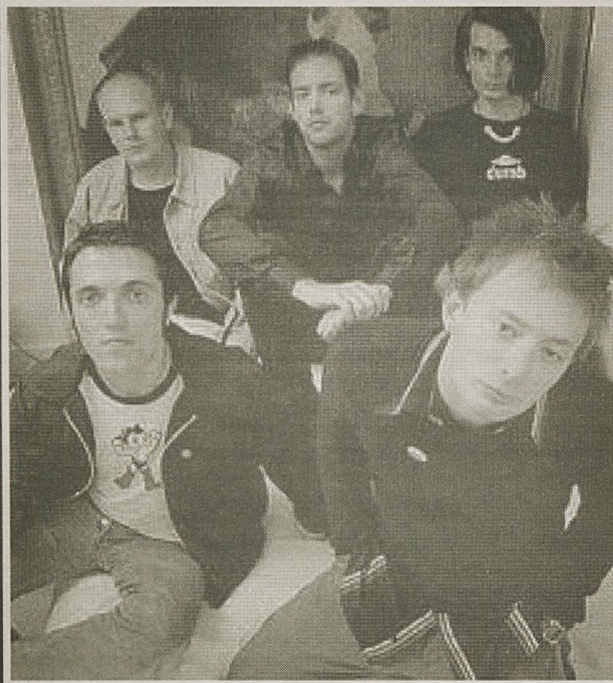
Other Rock Idols competitions are scheduled to take place tonight (December 2nd) at the UCL Union, and this Saturday, December 6th, at the Imperial College Union. The winners of the two events will also compete at the finals.

BONNIE JOHNSON

RADIOHEAD: **BEN HOWARTH** reviews this week's hottest ticket in town...

No disrespect to them, but Radiohead have never really been thought of as a party band. Tonight however, they offered something radically different to what people, and certainly myself would expect.

The signs did not look that promising. Small, intimate, shows earlier in the year were to be followed by a much larger arena tour, which tonight was part of. However the band managed to draw in, and make the cavernous Earl's Court feel much, much smaller. Not quite a personal gig, but if you squinted a bit, and ignored the fat old man who kept on gleefully standing on foot, then you could almost believe it was just you and the band.



From almost the first moment the band stepped on stage it became apparent that they had cast all worries aside and were going to enjoy themselves. Of course, the political edge remained with two members of the band wearing CND inspired t-shirts and the obligatory anti-Bush comments. It was still definitely more Naomi Klein than Calvin. To overstate how positive Radiohead were would be to do them an injustice. There were clap-a-longs, sing-a-longs, manic dancing and suggestive winking from Mr Yorke, who also managed to break down laughing mid-song.

The set was a mix of modern and old classics. New single '2+2=5' came across as a fantastic tense and jerky rock song that their fans had feared they would never make again. The musical talent of the band was clear to see, the songs were all performed with a skill and passion rarely seen from a band capable of number 1 albums.



The real delight of the performance was how naturally the various styles of music sat next to each other. Electronic weirdness, seemingly random garbling, searing tortured vocals, rock howls and guitar crashes all fitted together seamlessly to create a complete performance, rather than an assortment of random songs.

The quality of the performance was clear, yet the quality of the songs still shone through. No other band in the last 10 years has consistently written songs of such high quality. When Radiohead write a new album the goal posts for every other band are shifted further and further away. In 50 years who is really going to remember (or want to remember) The Darkness? If you want to be a cool grandparent then you're going to have to tell your siblings about Radiohead. There's no opposition. Party on Thom.

BEN HOWARTH

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: Hey Mercedes - 'Loses Control'

Now that I've seen AC/DC live the only band that I want to see before I die is Hey Mercedes. Because, emerging from the ashes of Braid and producing a totally kick ass album is no mean feat. But, that's exactly what they did with the release of their Polyvinyl EP and their beyond-brilliant debut album 'Everynight Fireworks'. In fact, without a doubt 'Everynight Fireworks' was one of my albums of the past two years AND what's more it made the demise of Braid seem not as bad as it actually was. So, needless to say, the release of their long waited and long delayed second album 'Loses Control' was one of the highlights of my year.

Now, don't get me wrong, 'Loses Control' is a good album. And it's still unmistakably Hey Mercedes - twelve tracks of brilliant emotional pop meets rock. However, it just hasn't got the electricity of 'Everynight Fireworks'. Instead, it comes across as twelve songs that although are still perfectly listenable actually

seem more like the thrown away b-sides from the recording sessions of 'Everynight Fireworks'. What's more is that while Hey Mercedes are evidently still incredibly talented songwriters and musicians, they seem to have employed some rather bizarre production skills to the album-namely the double tracking of all Bob Nanna's vocals, which has the horrible effect of making all the songs seem really hollow and the recording sound totally displaced. However, despite all these negatives, there are also some shining moments - such as the enigmatic 'It's Been A Blast' and the truly, truly beautiful 'Absolute Zero Drive'.

I guess the main problem with 'Loses Control' is that it doesn't quite live up to the blazing path Hey Mercedes laid out with the release of 'Everynight Fireworks'. In all honesty, it's not a bad album, and it does have some songs that remind you just how talented Hey Mercedes are and exactly how much of a good band they can be, but the sad fact is that the

majority of the album is a bit lifeless and feels less than complete. 'Loses Control' isn't abysmal and it's still one of the better albums to have been released this year but it's just a huge (and somewhat painful) shame that Hey Mercedes missed their chance to produce THE album of the year.

JAZMIN-BURGESS



Singles

PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES ALL MEDICATED GENIUSES

I should hate this. Intentionally 'arty', forcefully cool, and with overly emotional vocals, this stands for everything that could possibly be wrong with music. However, as the title suggests, it sounds like Darwin on acid. Which, as it turns out, would have been outstanding.

BEN HOWARTH

GARY JULES MAD WORLD

Used at the end of the film Donny Darko, this amazing song, originally by Tears for Fears, has been stripped down to just the beautiful, melancholic piano melody and the original bittersweet lyrics. This is the song to listen to on your own and get lost in when everything else seems too confusing.

CHLOE COOK

SEACHANGE GLITTERBALL EP

Four more tracks of earnest rock 'n' roll and frustrated romanticism further Seachange's preparations for its first full-length release on Matador. The highlight is the lyrically literary "House of Leaves." Along with the musicians' evident passion, violins and cellos keep the songs interesting. Expect a strong album from the Nottingham band.

BONNIE JOHNSON

THE BAD PLUS SMELLS LIKE TEEN SPIRIT

Listen with a pinch of salt. It's a weird jazz version of Smells like Teen Spirit, and rubbish at the start, sounds like I'm playing the piano myself. But then these jazz musicians do what they like these days. They've got character and balls to release it so I like them. The rest of the EP (4 other songs) is good and varied.

SIAN BEYNON

B:about

edited by Sarah Warwick and Katie Davies

B:fashion

Stereotypes: there must be more to life? Katie Davies finds out more...

Fashion can define a decade. The teddy suit of the fifties, the miniskirt of the sixties and the all-important Dallas shoulder pad of the Eighties, it is in fact an unavoidable part of Modern Society. But why do we bother according to these norms? Why are we tempted to wear something stupid just because someone we admire wears it? (I'm thinking Beckham and the sarong) This isn't a topic that puzzles only the non-intellectual likes of b:fashion but has been hotly debated by boffins of sociology and anthropology for years.

Ted Polhemus, a media anthropologist for example, claims fashion is an inherent feature of human sociality and it is one of man's many means of securing social identity. As a result, the decline of traditional social groupings since the Second World War has led to the rise of a new type of social group, the styletribe. Membership of these apparently give us the sense of belonging we yearn for in this crazy modern world.

So I hear you all ask in unison, who are the styletribes of LSE? Which of these stereotypes might I wake up with after end of term Crush? And more importantly, if I keep waking up with them, what on earth will they want for Christmas?

To answer all these desperate questions b:fashion offers you a profile of four of the most common types of LSE fashionistas, what they look like, what they will be doing and where you should avoid if you want to ditch them.

PSCH-TRANCE GIRL

Key fashion items: These girls broadly fit into 2 categories: the fluffy boot kind and the joss sticks variety. Fluffy Boots shops at Cyberdog picking up as many Day-Glo items as possible to help her on her way to becoming a life size glow stick. Joss sticks likes her look more earthy and will probably have a wardrobe made out of hemp.

Where she is: Both girls will be found in any LSE psych-trance night, although when out and about in London they tend to do things a bit differently. Joss sticks can usually be found stomping to the latest underground trance tunes in "squat parties". Fluffy boots however favours a night of fun at happy hardcore clubs like Peach in Camden Town or for that matter anywhere which has too much U-V lighting (it helps the look)

Who she fancies: For some reason when this girl's out she loves everyone

What will she dance to: Anything with a beat, and that includes the hypnotic rhythm of the Piccadilly Line on her way home the next morning.

What she's drinking: Water, Psych-trancers have an extremely healthy outlook on life and that of course means a strict no drug, I mean, no alcohol policy.

What to buy her for Christmas: For the more earthy female you should try www.loversandrebels.co.uk a website with an assortment of shell and leather (fake of course) necklaces for those at one with nature. For Fluffy Boots try www.glowgadgets.co.uk, where you can buy all the raving accessories you thought possible. That includes glow in the dark earplugs so that the loud beats don't damage your ears. Unfortunately, you'll still be able to hear music through them.



UNDERGROUND BAR BOY

Where he is: ummm, the Underground Bar

Key fashion items: Mr Underground's style demonstrates impeccably the art of accessorising, and this, of course, is all about the bling. Gold necklaces, bracelets, earrings, if there is anywhere on his body which can be adorned with H.Samuel's finest, he will find it. The other accessory high on his list is the baseball cap, essential for maintaining that nonchalant exterior and covering bad hair.

Who he wants to be: Craig David

Who he fancies: Beyonce Knowles or J-Lo or anyone who can shake their "ass"

What he's drinking: Vodka and Coke - classic but cool

What to buy him for Christmas: Go to Manhattanportage.com to get hold of one of their DJ bags, each with the infamous MP logo. These come with various compartments so your Underground Bar Boy can keep his gems with him at all times.



RUGBY BOY

Where he is: If he's not shouting something hilarious on the balcony of the UGM, he's probably found having a sneaky shandy in the Tuns.

Who he wants to be: Jonny Wilkinson, a man who makes a living beating other men to the ground but is apparently really scared of cameras, awww...

Who he fancies: He doesn't have to look far afield; the ladies' rugby team can generally be seen in the same places. Luckily for our rugby boys, the Ladies' team aren't the trog-like creatures you would imagine. Or see at UCL.

Key fashion items: Although most of us ditched them at the age of ten (or after watching a particularly horrific 999 episode) the AU rugby boy refuses to let go of that key fashion item, the shell suit jacket. All emblazoned with team number and "comedy" team nickname, these are sashayed down Houghton Street in full purple and black glory, accessorised with an official team holdall large enough to hold the England Rugby Team and their supporters. If you get the honour of bumping into them on a Wednesday, however, they will be suited up fresh from Burtons for a night of drinking and chanting in the Tuns, followed by the usual debauchery at Walkabout.

What he's drinking: A pint of course. Alchopops are for girls. And LSE football

What to buy him for Christmas: www.insignia.co.nz has bucket loads of rugby memorabilia including a signed Jonny Wilkinson caricature for only £95.00 - it's the closest you'll get to a signed photo.



LIVE MUSIC GIRL

Where she is: At Carousel or Live Music Society, checking out the new talent on the "scene" so she can tell her friends she saw them "before they went commercial"

Key fashion items: To prove her groupie status this rock chick's favourite item is the tour T-shirt from her favourite, (and naturally non mainstream) band. This is often teamed up with a blazer plastered with buttons from her other favourite (and naturally non mainstream) bands

Who she fancies: Elliot Simmons that Kooky Carousel cat

What she's drinking: Jack Daniels and Coke - hardcore and alternative

Who does she want to be: Courtney Love - so deep and misunderstood. And she married a rock star

What to buy her for Christmas: Check out Fevered Deviant's website at fevereddeviant.co.uk this offers a variety of unusual and unique numbers including T-shirts with comedy slogans such as "my daddy is rich" and "fakes and phonies fuck off".



Armani: An Introspective of a Retrospective

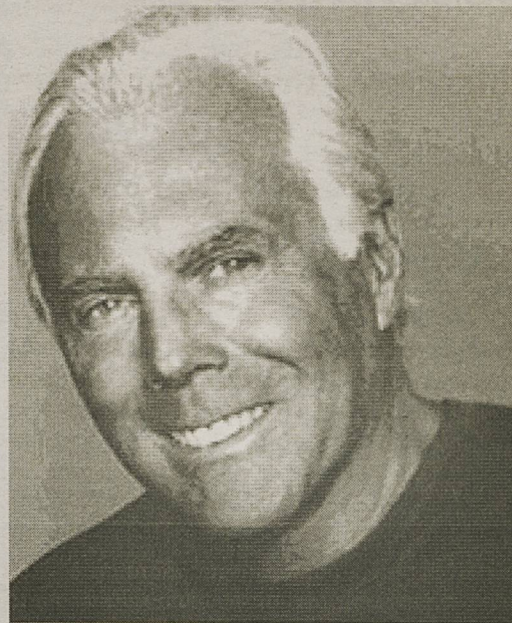


Following on from the critically acclaimed Versace exhibition, which appeared at the V&A, last year, Armani is the latest fashion house to hit the museums. This exhibition features 400 garments, sketches of all their designs and video presentations of the career of Giorgio Armani. When approaching this exhibition it was easy to be cynical, having made the typical move of fashion retailer to perfumery (it is baffling to me how the skills of these two fields are vaguely related), Armani seemed to me to be simply a multimillion-pound corporation. Moreover, I thought its "cool factor" was based purely on its haute couture reputation: the clothes seem stylish because they are exclusive; they are status symbols rather than beautiful in themselves. This opinion was confirmed by reviews of the same exhibition held in the

Guggenheim New York in 2000, described by one journalist as "a vapid pageant of appreciation for the celebrity designer... more sales pitch than curating". Whilst wandering around the Royal Academy my opinion didn't change.

The exhibition is boring and even worse it doesn't try to be interesting. Dresses and suits are arranged according to colour which means you can't trace Armani's look historically and makes you feel like you're in one of his stores not an art gallery. Surely one of the most illuminating elements of art is that it can act as a mirror to what is happening in society. Armani's exhibition does nothing of the sort. If anything, it merely shows how money is continually wasted by those whom, it has to be concluded, have more of it than sense. Avoid this exhibition and save £8.

Armani: A Retrospective is on at the Royal Academy of Arts Piccadilly



A Barrel of Fun

Fancy dress doesn't quite qualify as fashion, but then that hasn't stopped the AU barrel being a hot competition for the "best" dressed before. The girls tend to choose themes which allow them to be as sexy and to show off as much flesh as possible (ok for some, downright horrific for others) whereas the boys are an assortment of the weird and wacky with past themes including pirates, old men and anthrax carriers. AU Barrel Day will provide those not participating with the weirdest walk down Houghton Street (even more so than last week when people were dressed up as tigers for the protest against Esso) and those who do take part with a day of childish fun and a killer hangover. In order to prepare for this momentous occasion B:fashion tells you where to get your hands on the sorts of costumes normally reserved for AU legends like Chrissy Totty and we warn you now the Covent Garden joke store may not provide all the essential items you need, especially considering half of the shop floor is a tribute to the wondrous creation of the plastic penis.

Angels: 119 Shaftsbury Avenue

One of London's swankiest and most expensive fancy dress shops but its quality costumes and choice are second to none and it boasts having supplied costumes to films such as Shakespeare in Love and Titanic, so if you really want to impress this is the place to come.

Mad World: 28 Gray's Inn Road London WC1X 8HR

Just round the corner from LSE, next to Chancery Lane tube station, Mad World stocks over 35,000 costumes so is perfect for even the fussiest AU member.

The Carnival Store: 95 Hammersmith Road, W14

Again this store stocks so many costumes it doesn't really allow you to leave empty handed. Also a great place to look for ideas if you don't want to fork out for a hired costume, or if you're worried your day may get a little messy.

Designer Bargains



A couple of weeks ago b:about covered the designer sale taking place at Brick Lane this weekend, but before you head home feeling light and fluffy on your cloud of consumer therapy, head to the Barbican Theatre where you can pick up the accessories to go with your spangly new outfits. Designer Jewellers Group+ have an exhibition on the lower floor of the theatre running up until the 14th January, from 12pm-8.30pm. Their range includes funky designs by up-and-coming young designers or classic pieces by more established companies. This is the perfect place to pick up Christmas pressies which will probably look more expensive than they are, but then why be so selfless? All this giving surely means you should pick something up for yourself!

Entry is £2 at the Barbican Theatre take the tube to Barbican.

Celebrity snapping

We all know the fashion is tied to the world of celebrity, that if it weren't for our favourite big screen icons we probably wouldn't consider wearing some of the things we do.

B:fashion suggests you head down to the Odeon Leicester Square to see this link in action and admire beautiful photographs of stars looking their best, on premiere night. This exhibition is to mark the 300th film premiere held at the Odeon and the photographs go back to 1959, the year Harry Myers became their in house photographer, later preceded by his son Scott. The images include Princess Diana meeting Roger Moore at the premiere for Octopussy and everyone from Elton John to Nicole Kidman shimmering on Leicester Square's iconic red carpet. The photographs - many



never seen before - also capture film stars relaxing inside the cinema, but that doesn't include any back row action or scoffing of popcorn, this is a highly civilised photography exhibition not Heat magazine (damn it!).

Definitely worth seeing, the photos are beautifully taken and perfectly capture the glamour of the movie icon. Plus it's free, so if you don't like it you won't feel an ounce of resentment. Rush out now and catch it before it ends.

The free Film Icons exhibition, runs from Thursday, November 27, to Thursday, December 4.

B:film

edited by Simon Cliff and Dani Ismail

Review of the Week..

GUN-SHY

LAURADOLLIN gives **b:film** an advance preview of the latest German offering coming to cinemas in the near future...

Director: Dito Tsintsadze

Starring: Fabian Hinrichs, Lavinia Wilson

Certificate: TBC

Running Time: 105 min

Release Date: TBC

Despite headlining at the 6th German film festival in London and the winner of the Best Film award at the San Sebastian film festival, the subtitled 'Gun-shy' is definitely not a film I would recommend watching at ten o'clock in the morning...

It centres around Lukas (Fabian Hinrichs), a social misfit who spends most of his time alone. He is completing civil service, delivering meals on wheels to the elderly, for refusing to join the Army. Here he meets all manner of eccentric characters that give him various words of wisdom.

One day everything changes when Isabella (Lavinia Wilson), a beautiful stranger, drops a note saying 'help me' on to his lap. It starts a complicated love affair between two people that enjoy each other's company but can't seem to communicate what they are feeling. Lukas develops a deep, almost obsessive love for her, but Isabella is elusive and confused. We see their relationship blossom, until one day Lukas follows her and finds her having sex with another man.

Devastated, he starts to try and find out more in the hope of understanding her actions, while she in turn becomes more estranged from him. However things take a dramatic and unnerving turn when he discovers the man is Isabella's stepfather. He believes the relationship to be abusive and so, to liberate Isabella, the normally placid Lukas devises a plan of action...

The thing that struck me about this film immediately was the lack, or very limited use of, music. The overall effect is very eerie and the pace of the film is very slow and concentrated. The main actor is convincing as the shy, mixed-up Lukas, with a sinister side that is waiting to be unleashed. However, the stars of the film are the secondary cast, a plethora of bizarre characters including a diver who pretends to drown every night, an old man obsessed with Kim Jong 2 and North Korea, and an ageing prostitute. These people give the film some darkly comic moments, so the juxtaposition of tragedy and humour make for an unsettling, yet moving film. The sub-plot involving a policeman who suspects Lukas to be more than he appears heightens the tension until the film's shattering conclusion.

Although it dragged in places, 'Gun-Shy' is recommended for its strangeness, bleak yet striking cinematography and the portrayal of the complexity and fragility of human relationships.

4/5

A man working on his own initiative, MICHAELBANK popped along to the premiere of **GUMBALL 3000** to see if he could blag his way in. He couldn't. Unphased by defeat, here is his report...

Forget the anti-Bush protest - the place to be on Thursday 22 was by the Gumball 3000 black and gold carpet in Leicester Square, watching some of the world's fastest, most expensive cars cruising past in honour of the movie's global premiere.

Ever since the first Gumball Rally in 1999, when Maximillion Cooper invited 50 of his most eccentric friends to accompany him on a 3000 mile roadtrip around Europe, the event has grown enormously, gaining worldwide notoriety. The rally dramatically exploded into the public eye when MTV were signed up as media partners in 2001, entering a crew of 12 to record Johnny Knoxville and the rest of the Jackass gang attempting to complete the course, culminating in a one-hour Gumball 3000 Jackass special.

The 2003 rally, from San Fransisco to Miami, took things to the next level, however, with a film crew including helicopters and over 100 cameras recording footage for theatrical release. The end product is a film lasting 100 minutes, narrated by Burt Reynolds and featuring the likes of supermodel Jodie Kidd, the Jackass stars and professional skate-boarder Tony Hawks "racing" across America.

Although the official stance is that 'the Gumball is a rally, not a race', when you have just under 150 supercars from across the world, all of whom have 3000 miles to cover in only 6 days, speeding tickets - and even detention in custody - are inevitable. The movie boasts one scene in which the driver of a Swedish Koenigsegg Supercar clocks up 242mph in Texas and then proceeds to talk his way out of a speeding ticket!

Unfortunately, as I turned up to the premiere without a ticket or press-pass, that is just about all I can tell you about the film's content. Any and all attempts to blag my way past the stone-faced security were quickly rebuffed. The fact that I was supposed to be writing a review for the Beaver's film section held no weight here (does it ever?) and after seeing one gentleman being manhandled out of the VIP area, with one arm painfully twisted behind his back by a large, menacing policeman, I thought it would be best to change tack.

By chance, I ended up spotting a familiar face being pushed along in a broken-down Jaguar, closely followed by a film crew. Spotting an opportunity to tag along when they returned to watch the movie, I walked over and introduced myself, explaining my plight. The driver turned out to be Kevin Haggarty from ITV's motoring programme "Pulling Power". Kevin had had the bad luck of breaking down in his Lotus Esprit in the middle of the Nevada desert during the actual race. To his credit, he saw the funny side of breaking down again - this time on his way to the film premiere - telling me that he found it "hilarious, absolutely crazy - it wouldn't be the Gumball without it".

Despite Kevin's promise to see what he could do about getting hold of a press-pass for me, my luck was out.

I had to make do with returning home and watching the trailer online at www.gumball3000.com, the rally's official website. Thankfully, the film is out now at select Odeon cinemas nationwide, including London Panton Street.

"If you've seen the film called the Cannonball Run, it's kinda like that" - Johnny Knoxville

the editor's cut

ROTK anticipation hits fever pitch, Priscilla rocks my world and trailers galore tickle our filmic tastebuds...



Fridays spent assembling these wonderful pages are often, rather surprisingly, quite dull affairs. Hours spent tweaking frames and stretching pictures on computers that rarely function adequately are punctuated only by sporadic pop-ups advertising farm-based pornography and the random outbursts of Mark 'Baa-stars' Power, our Managing Editor and Office Imperialist. This week, however, a letter fell into my lap which, when opened, made my proverbial day, nay, my year. It gave details of the press screening of *The Return of the King*. At that moment, I became one of those marginalised members of society who spends their days in Another World leafing through dusty comic books and masturbating ferociously over inkings of Wonderwoman. At that moment, I sympathised with the pre-pubescent twenty-somethings who wile away their promiscuous years instead of choosing to lovingly paint and do battle with inch-high figurines of fantasy creatures in branches of *Games Workshop*. To you people - I salute, abhor and pity you all, for ROTK shall unite us, if only for three fleeting hours. The review, dear people, will be in the first issue of the Lent term due to printing deadlines. A pain, I know, but get over it.

Meanwhile, in the piss-pot hole that is my flat of debauchery, I watched *Priscilla: Queen of the Desert* for the first time. If the sight of Hugo 'Miss-ter-Anderson' Weaving in drag isn't enough, then the line 'That's just what this country needs: A cock, in a frock, on a rock' must surely convince you. A truly hilarious and surprisingly very intelligent ambassador for the Australian Film Industry. I give it the four-starred thumbs up for its pokes at political correctness and Terence Stamp in a performance that he will never out-do or, for that matter, live-down.

Released online this week are a whole bunch of trailers that will whet your appetite no-end for 2004. Go to www.quicktime.com and view their highly comprehensive *Movie Trailers* page for previews of *Hellboy* (the title character of which is a super-cool and jaundice-stricken cousin of A-Team muscle-man BA Barakas), *Troy*, *Shrek 2* and many others. Until next we meet, go suck a fcuk, and behave yourselves.

Si, b:film editor

Comments, ideas and ROTK bribes: s.e.cliff@lse.ac.uk

gareth and justin: on the QT



Last Friday Justin and I took time off from littering the Tuns with our presence to take in the Question Time Society's showing of Ken McMullen's acclaimed film *Zina* - a film set in Berlin in the 1930's set against a backdrop of a rise of Nazi-ism, and focusing on the relationship between Zina (the daughter of long-since exiled Leon Trotsky) and her psycho-analyst (Ian McKellen). Also on the agenda was a post-film discussion with the director himself, as well as Steven North, the Hollywood and Disney producer 'responsible' for such films as *Charlie's Angels*, amongst others, and Georges Hoffman, the guy who produced *Obsession*. The main debate centred around the issues of commercialism in the film industry, and whether this was inherently incompatible with a desire of smaller art-house directors to produce more issue-based films. These are our thoughts:

Gareth: Alright Juz, how you doing?

Justin: Fine. You?

G: Great. What did you think of our little excursion to the Hong Kong theatre on Friday then? Did you enjoy the film?

J: I think the event as whole was a success. The film itself is a very challenging work, with a brilliant underlying sense of devotion coming through in the character of Zina, the young daughter estranged from her exiled father Leon Trotsky, and living in Berlin. Her degradation into delusion is touching yet powerful.

G: I agree, Zina is both diffident and outspoken at various times. Ian McKellen, who plays her psycho-analyst, is fucking brilliant.

J: Easy there.

G: Sorry. There is an intelligence that pervades this film though, and in that sense, I think it was a pretty good choice of film to show with regards to the subject. The brooding performance of McKellen, and Domiziana Giordano's portrayal of Zina were imaginative and skillful, a world away from the big-money, low-talent performances of a number of Hollywood roles I could think of.

J: Name one.

G: Ray Liotta in *Turbulence*. Embarrassing that was.

J: Another.

G: The whole cast of *Charlie's Angels*. I don't think the underlying desperation native to Lucy Liu's character comes through at all.

J: You're talking absolute bollocks, but it's a nice link. The other two guests Stevie North (the producer of *Charlie's Angels*) and Georges Hoffman fielded questions alongside McMullen in a pretty lively debate. Free drinks afterwards as well.

G: Yeah, that was quality, thanks to Caroline Bray for swinging that one.

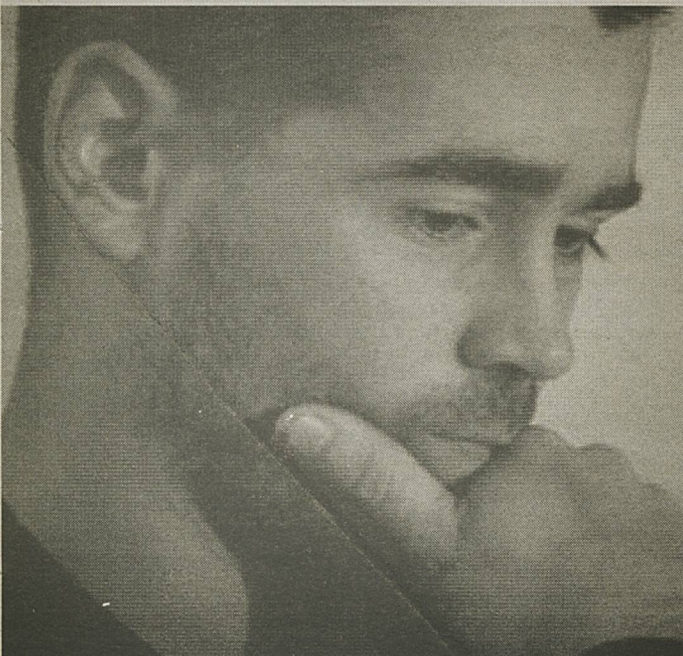
J: You sycophant. Anyway, the discussion was vibrant, and as you'd expect from an LSE crowd, the general direction that was taken was that independent films which sought to bring an element of thought to the film industry should be applauded for that, but that the notion of film as a means solely of entertainment - and not just social commentary - was also valid, and as long as the market was there, Hollywood would continue to cater for it.

Well, there you are. Juz and I had a good time, and I think you could easily say the same for everyone else who attended. It's nice to see the Question Time Society maintain its reputation for bringing high-quality discussants to the LSE, and continuing to address pertinent issues in time-honoured fashion.

G: Remember when the Barrel run went through that Question Time thing with Christine Hamilton, and it made the national newspapers when the stalker 'accosted' her?

J: Yeah, you mentioned it. Idiot.

dani's movie matters... Dedicated to the one I love



Colin Farrell graces our screens, our country, and our dreams this week, as two of his films hit the theatres and he casually strolls the streets of London searching for a sultry, curly haired, brunette lover... and in his free time passes by the premiere of *Intermission*. He even gets to use his sexy Irish accent! It actually sounds good, as opposed to his second movie *S.W.A.T.*, which, even as it triggers a flicker in our hearts, will not like a moth to a flame drag us to watch it - the tagline? *Even the cops call 911?* Pitiful.

You will see it idly splashed on buses all over London; nonchalantly adorning innocent wall space underground where many of us spend too much time being late for university; lurking sneakily in the back pages of trashy female (and that goes to the boys too) magazines that will show us sneaky peaks of his fine body, in the vain hope of covering up for the

impeccably inexcusable promotion for the movie. Ironic manslaughter. Pun overload. (And not even a dirty pun). Pain of the worst form - that wrought from the depths over-sentimental, American cheesiness. My good friend Mr. Eades suggested "you're fucked if you do, fucked if you don't". If an LSE lad can think of it, can not big Hollywood producers, who do nothing but wank over hot Irish actors done good in the US of A and think of how to demoralise and cheapen them, even give it a hint of a go?

As usual, I've gone off on one.

People - in addition to our regular reviews, we're thinking of doing a strip of interesting movie trivia. If you know anything random and fascinating about any film, please inundate our email address, beaverfilm@yahoo.com or my personal w.ismail@lse.ac.uk address, so that when we get around to doing it we have somewhere to start. Start racking your brains.

B:theatre

edited by Keith Postler and Matt Rushworth

The Little Prince

Directed: Taslima Ahmed

Produced: Emma Clark

Starring: Peter Weiland, Robert Donnellan, Laura Karlin

Featuring: Howard Davies

Performances in the Old Theatre:

- Saturday, December 6th - 8:30pm

- Monday, December 8th - 7:30pm

- Wednesday, December 10th - 3:00pm

The assistant-director of Asoka, (a play that managed a full house on its last night in March – a definite record for LSE art), brings you another fairy-tale extravaganza. Antoine de Saint-Exupery's *The Little Prince*, directed and dramatized by Taslima Ahmed and outstandingly produced by Emma Clark, brings the beauty of childhood into our busy student lives. It is a play preoccupied by "concerns with matters of consequence", as all of us seem to be striving towards a magnificent career in finance, banking, management or consulting, or the wonderful world of politics and jurisprudence.

The Little Prince is here to remind us that not so long ago we were young and lived in a world of the imagination, a world full of trivia that now seems unimportant. Some of us are frustrated that this world has perished so quickly, and this certainly applies to The Pilot from the fairy-tale, who stubbornly argues that "a hat" is "an elephant in a Boa constructor" but can find no

one who will agree with him. He does, however, recapture his dreams when he meets the Little Prince, someone who gives him a reason to love everything, up to the tiniest flower, making him understand that "it is only with the heart that one can see rightly".

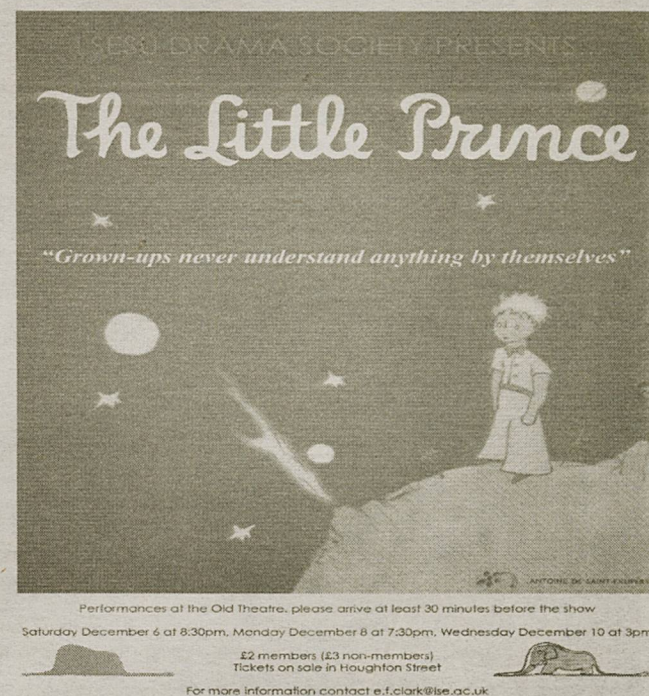
Peter Weiland is excellent in the title role, providing a childish charm which gives the play that certain X-factor which ensures a successful transition to the wonderful imaginary world of *The Little Prince*. His performance is both comic and tragic, and should definitely find a place into your heart. Robert Donnellan is a charmingly subtle Pilot, reminiscent of a young Hugh Grant, his affection for the Prince is touching, almost laughable, in the most positive sense.

Another very positive aspect of this production is its robust supporting cast. Each of the actors manages to capture the spirit of the play; it is as if they have been extracted from the tale itself, an achievement of both cast and director. Laura Karlin is sweet in the role of The Rose, even when she is bitchy towards our hero. The King is played with a senile royalty by Kalin Nikolov, who gives a performance that can reasonably said to compete with Jim Broadbent in *Moulin Rouge!*; Adam Shevell is perfectly cast as The Conceited Man. Pure talent. The part of The Businessman generates the most surprises: Alex Barnfield is passionate and cranky, but very likable still; Howard Davies (in a cameo performance) is outstanding - his sheer power on stage is electrifying! Rohan Silva's character is one of the most real, and tunes finely with Marc Grinter's

'*The Price?* By Arthur Miller? Yea, *Death of a Salesman*... but never heard of this one.' This play has a paradoxical reputation: classed among the other of Miller's well-known major plays such as *Death of a Salesman* and *The Crucible*, it remains unknown and neglected - and undeservedly so. *The Price* gives one a lot of play for the price. The *International Dictionary of Theatre* lists it in its volume on 'Playwrights' among his major works, while the volume on 'Plays' omits discussion of it.

The play strikes at the core of the accounting notion of value. The 50 year old NY Policeman and realist Victor Franz's sacrifice of his career ambitions to support his father leaves him smoldering with resentment, while his brother, the pragmatic and rich surgeon Walter Frank has only ever looked after himself. Their dead father's loss of the family business forms the backdrop of the play.

This long-separated pair, along with Victor's wife, the practical yet empathetic Esther, meet the 90 year old Jewish second-hand furniture dealer Gregory Solomon - a man of charm and wit - in the attic of a Manhattan Brownstone in 1968, to sell the family's old, outmoded, and abandoned furniture. Victor assumes objects have an intrinsic and real value and demands to get a price from Gregory, who spends the whole of the first act (of two) in scenes of full-blown comedy, unsuccessfully pointing out that valuation depends on what people want and are willing to pay, i.e. a notional or market price. If you've had trouble with these matters in accounting lectures, this act will speak to you. As



successful personification of Exupery's Geographer. The Earthly characters are played by Marian Macindoe, a foxy lady in the true sense of the word; Kate Vang is seriously frightening as a snake, and Jovanna Kojic very naturally resembles all of us - the grown-ups.

This is a play that is not to be missed; it's stylised setting and fancy costumes possible due to extra sponsorship money from HK Racing. Above all, it is a great night out – a quality student drama.

IONMARTEA

The Price

First Production: 1968 (UK, 1969)

Running Time: 2' 30" including a 15" interval

Curtain Time: 19:30

Venue: A late Victorian chocolate box listed building, the smallest theatre on Shaftesbury Ave.-The Apollo Theatre, until 10.01.2004

Language: British Actors doing easily understood, everyday American English



indeed will Walter's tax ploy in Act II and Gregory's take on the modern world as: "Disposable. The more you can throw it away, the more it's beautiful. The car, the furniture, the wife...Because you see the main thing today is-shopping." That in 1968.

The entrance of Walter in Act II turns the play into a tragedy on the Aristotelian model of the 3 unities, the comedy of Gregory's unreconstructed character serving inter alia to comment on events as the Chorus does in Greek Tragedy. Walter's character breaks down and exposes the illusion behind Victor's realist behavior, although Victor refuses to see or accept it, unlike Esther, who sees through her husband. She voices what I take as the core of Henrik Ibsen's drama-the exposure of what Ibsen called the life-lie: knowing self-deception that ruins one's own life and that of others close to one. Miller, who knew his Ibsen, as good as recalls him through Esther: "We've been lying away our existence all these years...day after day after day...it all seemed like a dream to me...a god-damned nightmare. I knew it was all unreal...and I let it go by."

The Price is representative of much of what journalists, critics, and academics admire in Miller. That is his role as a social dramatist, a dramatist of ordinary people and an outspoken liberal; the contemporary salience of his work; it's colloquial and transparent language; it's stagecraft and craftsmanship using, recombining and updating classic lines and models to dramatize The American Dream gone wrong.

KEITHPOSTLER

B:literature

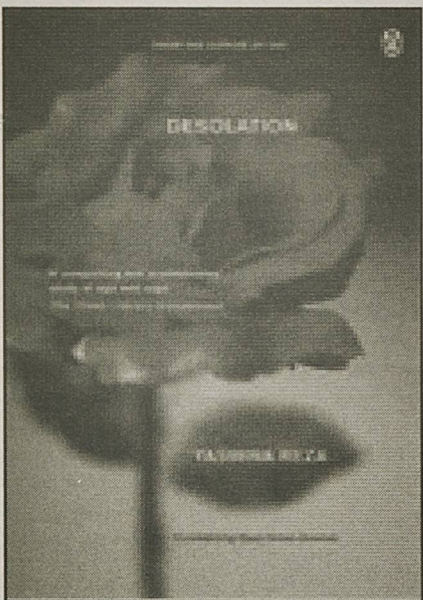
edited by Dalia King

DESOLATION

KIMMANDENG: Don't let the name fool you, this is a comedy!

Just The Facts...

Author: Yasmina Reza
Publisher: Penguin
Date: November 2003
Price: £6.99



In some ways this book is unlike any other I have come by before. The entire book consists of an old man talking to his son, who happens to be absent from the conversation.

The son in fact travels the world - something his father disapproves of greatly. Even worse in his father's eyes is the fact that his sister describes him as happy. Apparently this is the worst thing possible for anyone to be.

The old man describes all aspects of his life, past and present, to his son, including those concerning his mistress. In this way 'Desolation' tackles our society's last taboo: sex in old age, even going in to what I can only call information overload when describing a rather unconventional use for Toblerone.

In addition to the accounts of his successful and unsuccessful sexual encounters, the old man also talks to his estranged son about his friends and family, for example his best friend who spends most of his time staring out of a window and his second wife who spends

her time choosing revitalizing face cream.

Talk of kinky Toblerone aside, the old man invests most of his energy into his garden and this is one of the only subjects he talks about without any sign of dislike.

This book, about an old man recounting the 'good old days' is layered with many funny episodes. One of my personal favourites has to be the account of the old man's friend planning out his Viagra intake in accordance to the time of his date, and the estimated time they would leave the café, which I can tell you, does not go to plan.

Although I did find the book quite a humorous read, it does not quite match, in my view, how funny it is made out to be on the reviews of the back cover. But, either way Yasmina Reza's book is guaranteed to put a smile on your face.

THE DOG-EARED SECTION

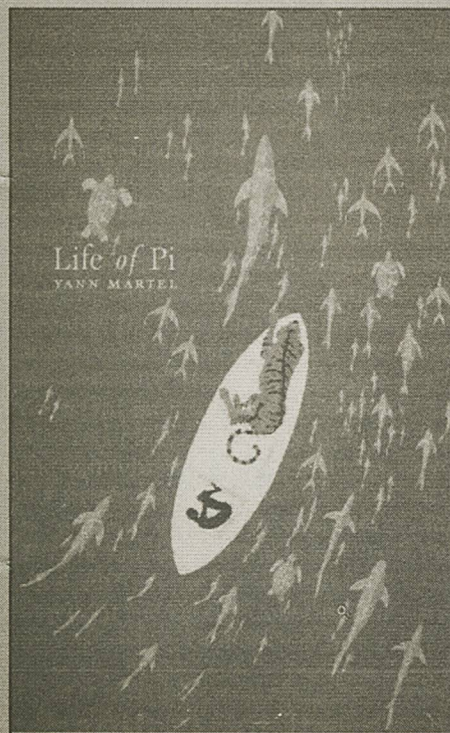
....books we love and want to share with world for its own edification in manner of benevolent literary critics

LIFE OF PI

NOAM SCHIMMEL: A celebration of life in all its forms - this is the Life of Pi.

Just The Facts...

Author: Yann Martel
Publisher: Canongate
Date: Out now
Price: £7.99



'She came floating on an island of bananas in a halo of light, as lovely as the Virgin Mary. The rising sun was behind her. Her flaming hair looked stunning.' One reads this and imagines many possibilities - a beautiful woman, a goddess, a temptress of sorts and an inspiration, heading straight towards you. You wonder about the bananas, they seem a bit odd and misplaced. But who is to say that beauty cannot arrive on an island of bananas anyway?

This is not a goddess we are talking about here. Pi Patel, sixteen year old narrator of Life of Pi and sole survivor of a shipwreck that leaves him for more than 200 days stranded at sea is talking about Orange Juice - an orangutan - one of the few animals that survived the sinking of the ship in which Pi had been travelling with his parents from India to Canada, with a large selection of the animals from their zoo onboard. Orange Juice is not the only accompaniment that Pi has on his lifeboat. Though he is initially unaware, the boat is also host to Richard Parker - a Bengal tiger. Pi will need to learn how to survive at sea in the company of Richard Parker of whom he is always weary, but for whom he eventually develops genuine affection.

Within the carnivalistic but simultaneously macabre atmosphere that defines this unlikely journey of survival; where luck, cruelty, chaos, and the unwitting willingness of flying fish to join in Pi's company and offer themselves as sacrificial sustenance as he tries to survive all contribute to Pi's incredible story, there is wisdom.

This is drama, comedy and philosophy all wrapped together; Life of Pi woos our capacity for reason and for unreasonable faith at the

same time - and it insists that both are valid and necessary. Embedded in writing that is consistently exuberant and addictive, is an ethical and spiritual voice that is present even in the strangest and most surreal parts of the story.

Life of Pi is a tribute to the craft of the story, and in particular, to its ability to expand our imaginative and empathetic capacities. Pi writes about the various challenges of survival alone. And although none of us know what it is like to be stranded on a boat with little food and water, tiger on board, in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, with no sense of direction - we can imagine and empathize.

Life of Pi is impassioned and sad and serious. It questions the worthiness of faith and doubt, and it evokes fear and vulnerability while also exhibiting an indomitable spirit of hope and a confident but fundamentally undogmatic spiritual and ethical rootedness. It is a cheer for life that is resonant but also fragile and tender. In the voice of the narrator one finds an extraordinary fusion of humility, wonder, innocence, and prophecy.

Life of Pi celebrates life in all its forms - from Richard Parker's carnivorous aggression and Orange Juice's herbivorous gentleness, to the diversity of religious faiths.

It addresses how difficult human life is - and at the possibility of our redemption - something that we can arrive it only by way of weathering life's contradictions and losses and our own vulnerability. Our willingness to continue living even in the face of great difficulty becomes our raft that eventually, after many days at sea, returns us to shore.

Call for all original fiction writers - The B:Lit section is interested in any works of literary art the students of LSE have to offer, be it poetry, short stories...long stories...whatever. As long as it's yours, you're proud, and you've been thinking about getting it in print, email Dalia at beaverlit@yahoo.co.uk

B: fineart

edited by Caroline Bray

Utopian Modernist Frisbee Tent

Utopian modernist Frisbee tent? I beg your pardon? Exactly...I'd like to explain the situation to you a little more. If I could. But the Tate Modern's current exhibition, Common Wealth, has left me 'begging the pardon' (so to speak) of every artist on show and if it hadn't been free after 7pm I would have asked for a refund.

I shall try to expand on this...the show attempts to explore different concepts that are to be found in the words 'common wealth'. When looked at individually the words can describe the idea of something shared or mutual (common) and something privileged (wealth). However, by placing the words together the Tate Modern curators hope to create a world of social interaction, exchange and shared affluence. The idea of the exhibition is to have a number of works by five contemporary artists that allow social exchange between the viewers within the gallery. Visitor participation is essential and the art work presents a playground of politics with Frisbees, ping pong and even a music machine.

Intrigued? Don't be. The catalogue states that the point of the interactive exhibition is to question the possible limitations of public representation. It claims some kind of political motive to the works. However the only hint of politics I can see in the exhibition is in the title of Thomas Hirschhorn's piece Hotel Democracy. Past this quaint artistic expression of utopia little else resides. Hirschhorn creates pieces from everyday materials of a low-tech nature. For example, his Hotel Democracy and U-Lounge in the exhibition are both made of cardboard, plastic garden furniture, paper, tin foil and brown packing tape. Unfortunately this does not lead me to identify with his works. His Hotel Democracy shows how different guests may decorate their rooms to represent democracy and its good in its illustration of how many interpretations the one word 'democracy' can have. But he tells me nothing new; he tells me nothing interesting and makes no particular statement in his work. For example, one room shows an Iraqi whose idea of democracy is the Koran, another shows an American who believes an army can instill democracy. Nothing too ground breaking there I'm afraid, just predictable stereotypes. If I want this kind of information I'd rather buy a newspaper than waste £8 on analysing dull pieces of junk in amongst tens of dozens of other perplexed gallery goers.



I am afraid the other artists are no better. Carsten Holler's aim is to create interactive gallery pieces which provoke feelings of uncertainty and confusion in the viewer. To an extent he manages this, I certainly spent the whole time around his installation Frisbee House unsure as to whether or not I was about to be rendered unconscious by a stray Frisbee flying through the gallery. Holler's piece allows visitors to interact by throwing Frisbees through holes in his sculpture of,

'utopian modernist architecture' (that's tent with holes in it to you and me). His Sliding Doors installation manipulates visual and spatial experiences as visitors can enter a series of mirrored automatic sliding doors from two directions. Therefore they may meet a reflection of themselves or confront another viewer unexpectedly. I will grant Holler that he is successful in creating a feeling of uneasiness for the viewer but I find it hard, nay impossible, to see any justification in his work being shown in the Tate Modern. Although it promotes fun and games I was not impressed to spend my time in the room watching teenagers running around throwing Frisbees at the visitors and each other instead of at the tent. I think the point was somewhat missed. Maybe Holler should provide a clearer set of game instructions.

There were two pieces that I could grow fond of; Orozco's Until You Find Another Yellow Schwalbe was a touching series of photographs of two yellow Schwalbes (a type of motor scooter) sitting together in various locations. One being the Schwalbe of the artist which he took around Berlin in 1995 placing it next to every Schwalbe he saw which belonged to random, unidentified people. The effect made me smile, these two scooters befriend each other in a lonely city. It is a unique way of map-

ping a city photographically with this mapping being dictated by chance encounters. This to me brought some sense of unity that may be associated with the idea of Common Wealth.

Allora and Calzadilla's International Space Station was also an interesting display. The collaborative artists made a model of the space station from coat hangers and attached a radio transmitter through the centre which tunes itself into various frequencies around the world. Apparently at 2.30pm everyday the real Space Station is directly above the Tate Modern and the astronaut's channel can be heard faintly. The structural skill of this piece is amazing and it hangs with a quiet, serene presence which is somewhat relaxing after the Frisbee trauma. But unfortunately the International Space Station is badly hung, right next to Holler's loud and irritating Music Machine so the softness of the piece is somewhat lost. This was not the only point at which the exhibition left a lot to be desired in the way of curating. Pieces overlapped at points such as the Frisbee House which stood on the felt tiles of Allora and Calzadilla's Land Mark. This Land Mark for me did nothing to promote the idea of Land Mark's moveable interactive felt territory but merely added to the mess on the floor of Frisbees quickly wearing out from overuse.

Most pieces in Common Wealth are not clever and they create no sense of realisation in the viewer with regards to the concept of 'Common Wealth'. Instead many people I spoke to in the gallery saw the pieces as...well not much really. You see the exhibition leaves you perplexed; it has not passed any knowledge, emotion, thought, inspiration or feeling onto you. Its effect is instead to leave to visitor void of feeling or like me, repulsed that the Tate



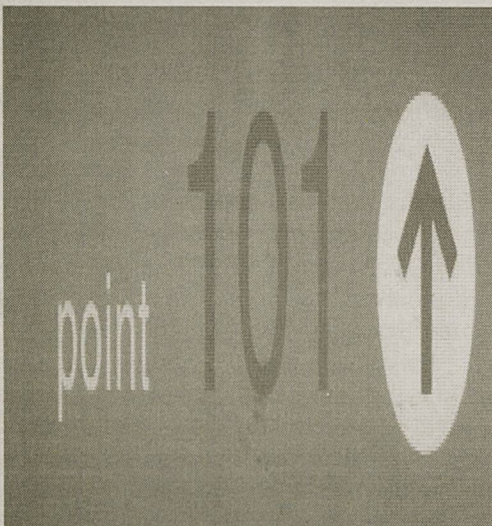
has spent money on exhibiting such rubbish. Dan Flavin's light bulbs generated by solar panels imported from South America cost £300,000 alone. However, on viewing this particular exhibit it's hard to tell if the light bulbs and panels are even associated. The light bulbs sit metres from the panels and do nothing. They just sit there being expensive, once again making no relevant point about anything. Yes it is quite fantastic that the power has come from South America and that it is timed to run out when the exhibition ends but couldn't that power have been better used to light someone's house? Call it a simplistic view but that's about as much discussion as the piece provokes.

So if you like playground games, disorder and chaos the exhibition is for you. However, if not, then stay away. At the risk of sounding like my father, this is not art. It is a wasteful excuse for over-expensive life-sized games that aren't even that fun to play with. What's the point? I am an advocate of modern art, I absolutely love it but there has to be a point and a statement. The viewer should leave feeling like they have been moved, provoked, calmed or communicated to by something. I just left feeling empty - it is like the pointless Fluxus (i.e. art is everything) movement all over again. I do not deny that the artists are trying to tell us something but they need to speak up. Their voices are muffled, their messages drowned by oversized games and their roles as credible artists devoured by severe absence of design and construction.

Maybe this is the new post-conceptual movement? If so then good luck to the art world.

Go to the movies instead.

B:mail



Title: Pub knowledge

Weatherspoon!!! Just wanted to tell people about the Weatherspoon I was shown the other day. It is behind the LSE library on Carey street. This is nothing like the grotty Shakepere's Head Weatherspoon which is on Kingsway up near Holborn tube. This one is really nicely done out, with high ceilings, artistic décor and a really bustling atmosphere. It's a bit like a German beer hall in fact. The quaint pub next to it is also recommended in Time Out as one of the best pubs in London for food. Another good Wetherspoons is on High Holborn Road, the best thing being that it shows football which I didn't think Weatherspoon pubs usually did. So if you want somewhere to watch your favourite team but don't want to pay through the nose for it, that's a good bet.

Chris

Title: Radiohead

And the Raindrops, and the raindrops, and the raindrops. What a night.

Tomas

Title: Scruffy times

New Years Eve, if you're in the smoke and want the night of your life, get a ticket to see Mr Scruff!! I just discovered he's djing. It's 25 squids which is a fair bit to fork out but let's face it, anywhere in London is going to be a pricey affair on the biggest night of the year. If you don't know who Mr Scruff is, he plays for 6 solid hours, gives out cups of tea and biscuits and plays every style of music ever and somehow manages to make it blend together seamlessly.

Anne

Title: Boycott 101

Ban Point 101! Moody uptight barmen and ridiculously expensive drinks do not equate a fun night. Resist the urge - buy a can and go home instead.

Camila

Buy a plant. It will change your life

Chegger

Spread the Love...

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

Nice one

Title: Crow Bar

In response to last week's recommendation of the Crow bar for a fun evening, I would like to offer an alternative point of view on the place.

- 1) It's sweaty
- 2) (following 1) It smells (of sweat)
- 3) (a likely cause of 1) It has inadequate ventilation, i.e. absolutely none. It's an arduous task to breath and condensation coats the windows and your clothes
- 4) It's overpriced; you pay 3 pounds for a can of lager and then sup it squashed underneath the pierced hairy armpit of a fat nu-metal bloke.
- 5) It's in the dark dingy depths of Charing Cross which is surrounded by Crack dealers.
- 6) (probably a culmination of all the above factors) It's full of dicks. The sort of dicks who spend a good hour dressing to look like they threw on the first thing they could find after sifting through the grime that covers their floor.

Given it's downside though I concede that it's a great little spot if you're in the area and are a little thirsty.

James

Title: None

A public service announcement to freshers from the late great Warren Zevon: "If you hear howling around your kitchen door, you'd better not let them in. A little old lady got mutilated late last night - Werewolves of London again!"

Bonnie

Title: Million Dead

Just wanted to plug LSE band Million Dead who are playing this Tuesday (2nd December). The band are all LSE students and are currently getting mega big. They recently supported Funeral for a Friend who are now headlining NME's tour so they really are becoming a big deal. Get yourself down there, offer your support to the crew and see what all the (justified) fuss is about.

Si

LSE Karate: Gold Winners And Double-Hard Bastards!



LSE karate club had not attended any competitions for the last couple of years, so it was with great pride and satisfaction that we not only entered the 2003 KUGB National Student Championships on Saturday the 15th of November, but came away with a few shiny medals as well! The championships, held in Chesterfield, was the first experience of competitive karate for many of our orange, red and yellow belts, but with the great coaching of our instructor Dario Ghazi (black belt, 3rd Dan) it proved to be a successful and very enjoyable experience where we kicked some serious arse!

The event kicked off with female individual Kata (the sequence of karate movements), for which we had entered Amanda Chua, Olivia Ng, Catherine Tan and Olivia Thornton. Us few being the only orange and red belts among a whole host of scary looking purple and brown belts, you could say we were quite nervous... but of course it is the

taking part that counts! Although a tremendous effort was put in by all, we were knocked out after the first round of trials, but it was very close for Olivia Thornton who first tied with her purple belt opponent before being knocked out. Yunis Abasov, a yellow belt, entered the male individual Kata, and managed to get through to the second round with his excellent moves, before getting knocked out of the trials.

However, Kumite (the cool fighting bit) was a different matter all together! Yunis Abasov did extremely well in individual kumite, thrashing his opponent in the first round. He had an even easier second round where his opponent did not show (he'd obviously seen Yunis in action and had to go change his pants...). But in the semi-finals he was faced with a difficult opponent who could lop your head off with his foot if you weren't careful! A very good fight resulted in Yunis receiving the bronze medal for male individual

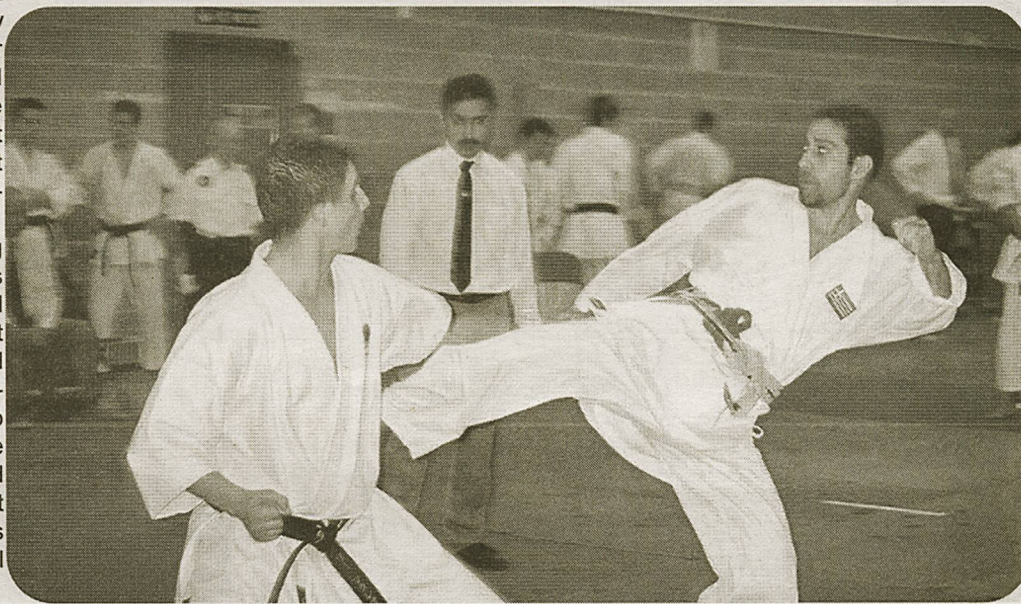
kumite, our first medal to bring home to LSE!

Our instructor, and post-grad at the LSE, Dario Ghazi, entered both the black belt individual kata and kumite, and it was great to see him in action! He got through to the semi-finals of the Kumite, where he encountered an ambiguous fight, which could have gone either way, but unfortunately did not go in his favour. After getting through to the finals for Kata, he managed to bring back another bronze medal for our mantelpiece!

Now for the big finale... The final event of the day is the male Team Kumite finals, where three opponents on each team fight to the death (almost). It wasn't exactly cheating, but we did 'borrow' the third member of our team from Chelmsford University, James Wood, who fought alongside Yunis Abasov and Dario Ghazi, all of whom made an excellent team and got us into the finals, shedding the blood of our opponents on the way! The first round Yunis fought extremely well in a tough match and managed to get us

a draw. Dario was up next and after an exciting match he won the second round, leaving his opponent limping off the mat. So we were one up when James fought for the win. It was very close, but we only needed to draw so in the last seconds we held back until the final whistle blew and the whole place went up in cheers for LSE! It was a very proud moment and after being overwhelmed with congratulations we came home with big smiles on our faces and medals round some of our necks. Team instructor, Dario, says: "All LSE competitors had excellent performance, but above all, they all indeed had the right attitude. This together with the fact that we received congratulations from the legendary KUGB champion Mathew Price, Sensei's Charles and Jane Naylor amongst others, clearly indicates the potential for the LSE karate club, and we simply shouldn't be surprised from the medals that are going to follow".

All I can say is bring on the next championships!



Rishi Pulls Out And JJ Goes Down Early!

LSE Hockey Seconds.....1

RUMS Bums.....1

Rishiville, Neverland

Nosh
And Sach



Before we take about the match, yes you guessed it, there is some unfinished business to attend to. But we can't be bothered to attend to it now.

Now on to the match. Where do we start? We immediately posed more of a goal threat this week because Boy wasn't starting the match. The new tactic of leaving Boy on the bench was somewhat amusing, but ultimately redundant after JJ managed to injure

himself in the warm up. Showing guts and determination but absolutely no sign of 'useful brain activity' (maybe it's because he's Irish?) he soldiered on for all of 2 minutes before going down, (no Rishi, not like that) much like a Buckingham Palace man servant.

It was a tight affair (we're not talking about Rishi's shorts) in the first half, as both teams nullified each other's attacking threat. The deadlock looked to have been broken when Katen waltzed around the 'keeper only to see his shot saved on the line by the floundering arm of the last defender. After much debate, we convinced the ref that this was actually not allowed under the rules of hockey. They were not convinced, but once Rishi's silver tongue quoted paragraph four, line five of sub-section eight of the Idiot's Guide to Hockey we proved to be right. You would think that someone who had trials for England would be a good bet to score from 6 yards out with the goal at his mercy. Unfortunately, much like his international career (Pete never got picked), the p flick turned out to be a pile of shit.

As it turned out, the p flick was as good as it got. Following the pattern of the first half, the second was crying out for a breakthrough with neither team offering much in attack. Enter Rishi (we could make a joke here, but its just too easy so we're not gonna bother). Before we go any further, for the benefit of any first time readers, or those not familiar with Rishi (again, we could make a joke here...), we must provide a quick psychoanalysis of the one we affectionately refer to as 'Scout'. Basically, he's too nice to the opposition, frequently demonstrated by his touchy-feely antics with opposing players. He also has a penchant for flirting with the fuckers from the other team instead of taking free hits in a timely fashion. Being generous to the extent that one day he too dreams of having his own Neverland, it wasn't too much of a surprise when he gifted RUMs (haha, that rhymes with bums!) a goal two minutes from time. To be fair, the rest of the defence were fulfilling their aspirations of playing up front leaving Rishi to mark two players. Sadly, Rishi didn't realise there were two men behind him

and didn't bother to chase the ball, leaving their centre forward to slot the ball past Masha.

Spurred on by that late setback, we pushed forward in search of a late equaliser. It never came. Katen came close, and for someone of his poaching ability, should have done better, wasting a gilt-edged chance after good work out wide by Ash 'Should I be defending or something?' Sarangi. We have vague recollections of Katen missing our only other chance of the game but since we can't remember any details, we'll let him off.

A mention must go to Boy who by some miracle had a decent game, another El Hadji Diouf in the making perhaps? Masha failed to keep a clean sheet in possibly his last match in goal for LSE. At least he didn't concede eight like when he played for the firsts. Lastly, Qasim managed to enjoy a horizontal shower in the changing rooms post match. Rishi wasn't involved so we are still trying to figure what happened, Katen.

The AU Is Being Ripped Off

This Thursday, SU Treasurer Jo Kibble will announce the SU's budget for this academic year. It will include figures concerning the funding of societies, including the Athletic's Union. The SU's constitution, in section

6.1.3, states that the LSEAU will be awarded no less than 20% of the SU's grant from the school. Under Kibble's budget, the AU will receive only 15.6%, a drop of £21, 895.20. The AU is criminally underfunded as it is, and

Jo Kibble's unconstitutional budget will only serve to place greater pressure on an already cash-strapped Athletic's Union. See the front page for the full story.

-Gareth Carter



St Georges Laughable To Netball Dominatrixes!

LSE Netball Seconds.....	45
St George's.....	16
Tooting, Milesaway	

Alison Blease



We spanked, we whipped and we loved every second of it! For those of you who have not got the message yet we absolutely pissed all over them. Not only were they a pile of shite but we were stunning. I got quite scared at just how good we were, I never knew we had it us. Seven us made our way to Tooting last Wednesday and eventually found ourselves at a sports centre after being led along some kind of labyrinth-esque maze to get there which

involved taking a short cut through the ground floor of a hospital whilst some St Georges muppet lectured us on the dangers of using sunbeds - like that's gonna stop us! The team was me, Marie, Aine, Krystal, Rachel, Louisa and Captain Fiona. We warmed up and the game began. For a change this week the umpire was only slightly biased in their favour and I can't pick too many faults with their team. When I say I can't pick too many faults I didn't say none at all. Poor Marie had to fend off some seriously unwanted attention from their little munchkin of a goal shooter (or was she just playing hard to get?!!) and Rach had a very vicious wing defence

who had "a horrible face" (I think I'm quoting Marie but whoever said it, it was very true). Special mention has to go to Krystal who was playing with an injured left hand and actually played the entire game one handed. She caught the ball with one hand the entire time and shot one-handed too and still managed to keep scoring. Next week we plan to tie both her hands behind her back and see how good she is then!!

For the first minute or so it was even and it went to two all, and then the magic that is the LSE 2nds began. The first quarter ended 16-2, we couldn't help but laugh in their face. They proceeded to only score two the next quarter and three in the third, whilst we couldn't seem to stop Louisa and Krystal scoring. With one quarter to go the score was (around) 36-7. They were only saved from an utterly humiliating annihilation - as opposed to just the severely embarrassing wuppin' we gave them - by their goal attack who finally started to score the very

occasional shots she got. Judging by the audible gasp that was heard when the ball went in, I think she was even more surprised than us! Even their 1st team who were watching could not put us off our stride by their bloody annoying cheering when they actually managed to catch a ball, I know their team were shit but surely they could have saved the cheers for a goal at least... but I suppose they wouldn't have had much to do at all if they had.

Anyway the seconds are just getting better and better this year, and all this winning has kinda given me a taste for sadism. Maybe we should go to the barrel as dominatrixes? I'm sure I've got a riding crop around somewhere - let me know what you think. More whips anyone?!!

Starlets Shine Against Essex Ho's!

LSE Women's Rugby.....	3
Essex.....	0
Essex, 'Innit?	

Van and Louise



As well as being fabulously stunning and amazingly intelligent, LSE WRFC are quite an honest group of young ladies and we admit the Essex housewives were always going to be a challenge to our Crown. They're not (too) fat, they're not (too) facially deformed and they kinda know the rules (too).

With this in mind, the pre-match coach journey was filled with focused banter and strategy meetings... guess who has had sex in their boyfriend's flatmates rooms, guess who pretended to faint to get her wicked way with her bit of stuff in Verona, guess whose Wednesday night casual thing is a total jerk and a bit teeny in the bedroom department... yes, we were totally focused!

It was a rough start for us and we knew Essex should not be underestimated. We met the danger head on and our prowess was tested. The head 'ho' of the housewives led them well initially but in truth her shitness soon emerged. (She was at the StrandPoly last year doing a sewing

So let's quickly set the Essex scene for you:

- Sleepy Hollow-esque Pitch (i.e. of the dreary Dark Ages) made our exfoliated and beautiful knees tremble and turned Hannah a shade of green
- Brief glimmer of radiance supplied by the Ref's golden jersey. However she was a larger-than-life manbeast so the cellulite wobble and troll features added to the misery of this no man's land.
- Opposition did as ever provide comedy... they resembled wannabe Jodie Marsh's with not so great figures and saggy tits by combining their red-black humbug uniforms with white PVC stilettos. Classy Essex Birds!
- More importantly, the GAME PLAN. According to Hanimal QC this was going to be a hard'un so "bitch ass hard tackles all round" and the usual pissing all over them of course.

battle and Jojo came on to work some magic.

More positively, we conceded nothing; we showed true resilience and dug deep to preserve our undefeated title. Joanna and Gibson hit them hard with fantastic defensive tackles. The Scrum was continuously called upon. The front row of Aisha, Vanessa and Kelly were

strong, Sandy and Isabelle were sturdy, and Hanimal was steadfast. Muscles ached, beads of sweat poured and teeth were gritted. Essex pressured us but we refused to give up and kept our heads and courage high. The reward was a late break in their defence, in a dynamic move by both the forwards and the backs. Special K kicked the ball and LSE rushed forward led by electric Claudia, it was all quite fast but the confused housewives got tangled in their stripy aprons and gave away a penalty. It goes without saying that Arkell put away the 3 points, giving us the lead and lots of relieved smiles at half time.

From the sideline, it brought back memories of England vs. the Aussies last week: it was too emotionally painful to watch, we had the hopes of a nation weighing us down, oh and we kept up our sex appeal. Louise and Nellie - interactive cheerleaders extraordinaire - supplied oooohs, aaaahs and Nellie in her excitement fell over and lost her mitten. On the other sideline, Jane and Sarah were oppressed by the continuous advances of the Essex Coach - we forgave his overt interest because the female species is an unknown breed to his orang-utan-titty team.

Now the first half belonged to Essex but riding high from our narrow lead and after an inspirational pep-talk from Captain Xena Warrior Princess, we fought tooth and manicured nail to stamp LSE dominance on the game. The sense of frustration was massive; we knew we deserved this game due to our amazing defence and regaining of possession. We turned the tables on them...

The backs displayed their usual lightening speed and agility to Essex's awe. Jane, Jen and Claudia aggressively ruled the wings backed up by Special K. Great runs penetrated the Essex defence with Kelly and Arkell breaking their line and making blinding darts for the try-line. As ever, Hestor kept the scrum forceful driving the housewives backwards, pushing for the elusive try and breaking one of the opposition's stiletto heels. The lineouts got better and better until we completely kicked ass with Johanna winning all Essex throw-ins, and swiftly passing to Ellie who superbly gave the backs opportunity to punish. Occasionally a housewife dropped her handbag and broke the LSE line but no one was going to pass Full-Back Laura who was reliably there to floor him or her with a crucial get-a-real-degree-from-a-proper-uni slam into touch.

The game had its ups and downs. It was a fight to the bitter end. Unlike last week Hot Sexy Tries were not forthcoming but when full-time came we felt we'd actually earned our 3 points and played a full-on game of rugby. We've hopefully persuaded people to what we've always known: we can hold our own and know rugby is just as much a woman's game. This was proved when despite aching muscles and bruised bodies, our victory dance was finally unveiled (think Limeabout after a litre of wine!) DO YOU EVER SEE THE GUYS DO THAT POST-MATCH?



The Pirate's Piece

In all seriousness, the more I learn, the less I want to know. The AU's being fucked over by the Treasurer to the tune of £22, 000-odd. I'm not a happy bunny this week. Fuck it, I'm taking out my anger on another group of people who make me want to rip off my own arms just to have something to beat them with. I'm sure it's happened to everyone at LSE at some time or another. People, generally tourists, who just STOP in the middle of crowded streets, at the exits of Tube Stops, and every other place where just stopping inconveniences a huge amount of people. Ok, I can understand it, if you're a tourist, and you're simply overcome by the sheer number of suited-and-booted power-walkers striding through London, but surely the answer isn't just to stand rooted to the spot in the middle of them, clutching your Guide to Londres/Londra/Lundain and looking with blank astonishment at the angry guy in the bandana having to be forcibly restrained from tearing into you with whatever comes to hand? 'Get a fucking move on, you muppet, I've got to get to The Tuns by 6pm or I'm fucked', '¿Que?'

I can truly understand being completely lost in a foreign city. I spent about four hours trying to figure out how to get to LaGuardia Airport in NYC, and ending up all over the place; Queens, the Bronx, Iowa, but at no point whatsoever did I decide to set up camp in the path of several thousand commuters and deliberate over where I went wrong last time for twenty minutes, oblivious to the evil looks and pointed shoves I was getting. Perhaps the answer is to make every single foreign tourist coming to London pass a basic course in map-reading and navigation. They could then be issued with the relevant-language A to Z of tourist hot-spots and a novelty compass with 'North' replace with 'Don't go there, they don't like tourists' and the 'South' replace with 'London Eye but that's about it'. 'West' is obviously 'Heathrow: Your ticket out of here' and 'East' another 'Don't go here' one. That'd be great I reckon.

Another idea, you could phase out Bus Lanes, and just have Tourist Lanes, where gangs of anxious tourists can congregate and stand-still without bothering those of us who know vaguely where we're going. Or, lastly I guess, we could just take an altruistic approach, and offer help and directions to these frantic foreigners: 'Excuse me sir, you look lost, well, just down this street called the Strand, and down Whitehall you'll make your way into Parliament Square, and you'll see a bunch of protesters protesting about something or other, and that's where Parliament is. It's quite a nice little jaunt'... '¿Que?' Okay, fair enough, onto happier things. The Barrel's coming, and I'm waking up with sweaty palms in the morning just thinking about it. Well, I think that's why. Maybe it's just vigorous sleep-masturbation. Again. Oh, that's another thing: I reckon I've broken my wrist, but I don't want to tell anyone because you get the inevitable 'Oh yeah, wanking too much have ya?' Hehehehe... 'Well, no actually, I just kind of fell awkwardly and...', 'Bollocks, you've been fucking yourself ragged, 'aven't ya' lad, 'aven't ya'?!?!'...

It's not just northerners that say that, by the way. Bye.

Manni's Soddan Sheets Mean That Wetter Is Better!

LSE Footy Sevens.....	4
RSM.....	0
Terminal 3, Heathrow	

LSE Footy Sevens.....	4
Gimperial.....	0
Fortress Berrylands, Surrey	

Paul McAleavey



For once, the Champagne Sevens retired to their beds on Saturday night with more than just a blonde supermodel beside them. We climbed into our satin sheets with the far better catch of six points, eight goals and two clean sheets*, all gleaned within the space of four days, and all at the expense of the nerds from the Microsoft training school that are Imperial/Royal School of Mines.

Wednesday saw the Champagne bandwagon roll out to the wild west of Heathrow to play RSM. The turbulence from a passing British Airways 747 knocked Ed over outside the penalty area, but he managed to pick himself up to curl in the free kick. The miners were visibly shocked at falling behind so early, and their manager Arthur Scargill screamed abuse at them from the touchlines. In scenes reminiscent of their time under the Thatcher government, the Miners were humbled and brought to tears by the sheer attacking flair of the Sevens. Ed scored two more before half time, and Jared added a fourth. "We're dicking on them" were the insightful

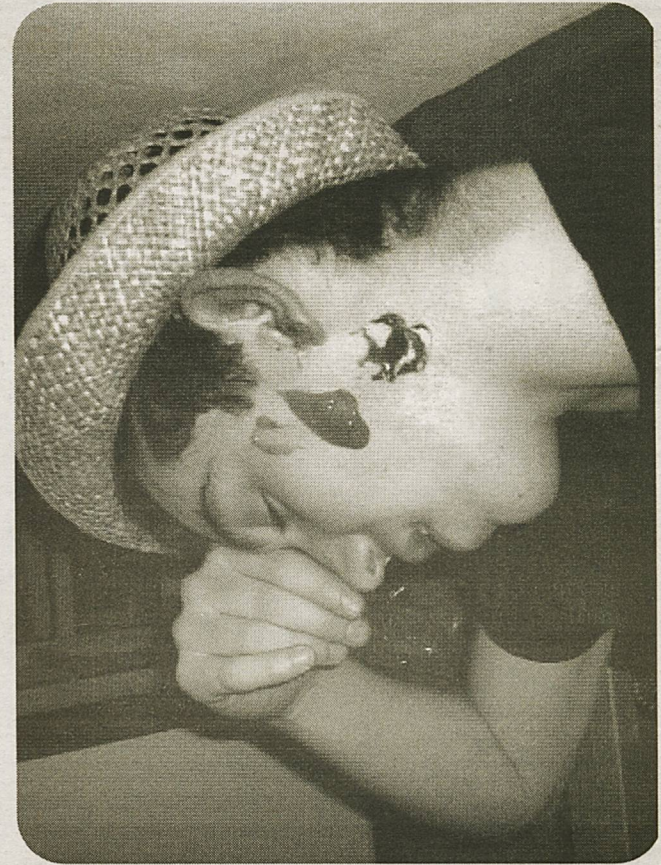
words of captain Nathan Hucknall at half time. The second half is notable only for the performance of Tony Murphy, who despite sporting a haircut normally reserved for members of Blazin' Squad, turned in an excellent performance. Congratulations must be passed to hat trick hero Ed, who later in the evening redecorated the Tuns toilets using the contents of his stomach, and was last seen lying in a pool of his own vomit on Houghton Street singing to himself. Apparently he shit himself as well, but keep that quiet.

Saturday came round, and the pitch for our home game with Gimperial was wetter than the Jordan home video (if you've seen it you'll know what I mean). We had drawn 3-3 with the Nerds earlier in the season when we only had 10 men, so with 11 players this time we were looking to administer some justice. Simon 'Vandal' Taylor was languishing in a cell in Valencia airport as his cigarette smuggling empire came crashing around him, so we were missing some bite in midfield. On the plus side however, with Simon out we could rest assured that there would be no arrests on the field that day, and no ambulance would need to be called for opposition players. Ed recovered from his Oliver Reed like performance in the Tuns on Wednesday night (though I doubt Olly ever put his hand in his own puke), and scored a header from a corner to

put us in the lead. Proving that champagne and mud don't always go together, the score stayed at 1-0 until deep into the second half, but then Graeme scored a great goal to essentially kill the game off. Klinsmann dives at the corner flag sent the crowd wild, and we adopted the motto which has seen Ben Dover through his career so far, namely that 'the wetter, the better'. The nerds collapsed under our crunching slide tackles, Ross scored his first goal in his new boots and then Little Dave scored a screamer from 30 yards which was too hot for the keeper to handle. The fact that the keeper looked like he had one extra chromosome than the rest of us is irrelevant, Gianluigi Buffon couldn't have saved this one. In the end the referee took pity on the nerds, who were obviously suffering withdrawal symptoms from being away from their computers, and ended the game 10 minutes early.

Our biggest game of the season, against Royal Holloway, our main rivals for the Championship, is approaching two days before the Barrel. If we win that one, expect to see wrongness personified at the Barrel. If we lose, expect to see even more.

*Manni Pattar wishes to make it clear that despite keeping two clean sheets in the games, his bed has never seen a clean sheet,



and in fact his duvet is so stained with his man juice it can stand up on its own. Any LSE women with an open mind and plenty of Persil are invited to email m.s.pattar@lse.ac.uk. Your support would be greatly appreciated.

Netball Girls On Top, Just As You Like 'em!

LSE Netball Firsts.....	25
Bucks Chilts Men.....	22
Netball Pitch, Someplace	

Olivia Schofield



(Apologies for this shit article - it's Thursday, I feel shit, no more need be said.)

WE WON WE WON WE WON!!!! Phew, I am relieved to say that last week's little disaster was a one off - the netball 1st team are back on form and

more importantly back on top of the league - YIPPEE I hear you cry...

Well, how did this happen? I bet you're on the edge of your seats. As usual we met in the Tuns, taking in that lovely stale smell to provoke warming memories of many a happy Wednesday nights. After getting over the temporary nostalgia we got up of are pert arses and went out side to find the minibus. This was a very exciting game - this was our first game where we travelled in a minibus!!!! Small things hey... The minibus predictably turned up 25 mins late - no explanation was needed when WINSTON rolled up.

We had to trek to High Wycombe which took about an hour. As soon as we stepped out of the minibus the clean country air was soooo nice we thought we would suffocate! It then started to hail which ruined the moment but never mind. The opposition - Bucks Chiltern - turned up twenty minutes later and realised they had locked themselves

out of the netball courts - you can tell they're a poly... Finally after about 40 minutes we were able to play. Trousers came off and our beautiful smiles got switched for our game faces. We were going to win this and take no prisoners.

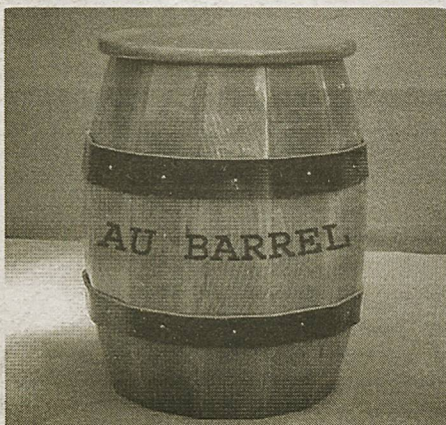
The first quarter went almost to plan. We broke their centre and were 3-0 up within a minute, however, they gained a few on us, but we were winning by 2 after the first 15 minutes. The main difficulty in this game was the umpiring. The umpires were qualified for England matches. Every time we tried to elbow are players, pull hair and do all the other girly fouls they picked us up! How rude of them. They were nazi umpires from hell - good, sort of fair, but FUCKING ANNOYING. If you took the penalty 1cm to the left of where you should they reversed the penalty giving it to the other team. We're used to the good old student umpires which let you get away with everything. I shouldn't really moan about good

umpiring, but it just threw us off our game as we had to constantly be aware of ourselves. We battled on for the full hour and came out victorious 25-22. It was nice to know we hadn't lost our touch.

The highlight of the day was the evening. Finally we had a representation of netball girls to be proud of. We sung our hearts out to Madonna and even collaborated with the Hockey boys to sing a version of Britney - how appropriate Madonna and Britney - you'll may be disappointed to hear that no we didn't all start snogging each other to be realistic...

Next week we face some more slags at Lincoln's Inn. Kick off is at 2.30pm so any supporters would be gratefully welcomed. Girls in short skirts rubbing up close... you know you'll love it....

Whisper It... The Barrel's Coming



First, the facts:

- Get there by 11am. If you're not there by 11am you're FUCKED.
- Wear fancy dress. If you don't wear fancy dress you're rubbish and you're FUCKED.
- Bring your AU card. It'll cost you £5. Sans AU card, it'll cost you a whopping £9.
- Beer is free. That's FREE. £0.
- There'll be fines handed out by the Kangaroo court. Fines that range from necking pints of beer, wine, Reef, vodka, mixed grills, kissing randos and other stuff.
- There's gonna be a stalker. He'll be a rugby first year, and he'll lead the infamous Barrel Run.
- The Barrel Run is great.
- Then, keep drinking until Crush.

Second, the predictions:

- International Student's Officer Andrew Schwartz will be there, but won't take part in the run, or anything after that.
- Howard Davies won't be in his office if the run goes by, but if we make a sneaky appointment, we could catch some other high-ranking LSE admin people.
- The Barrel stalker ALWAYS pulls. Seemingly, it's easier to pull when you're naked than when you're wearing some of the costumes that appear.
- We'll get pilloried in the next UGM because some daring individuals dress up as suicide-bombers, Ian Huntley, or Pol Pot.
- Someone will dress up as suicide-bombers, Ian Huntley or Pol Pot.
- You'll be surprised, but if you find yourself able to speak by 2pm, you're a better person than I. 'Til then, AU-ers...



"This week Gareth Carter said the UGM would be a better place if I were gang-raped"
- Rowan Harvey

BeaverSports: Taking mis-quotation to new levels of absurdity...

THROW THIS AT THE UGM!!!!

LSE Seconds' Rugby.....71

RUMS.....13

Shenley, Past Watford

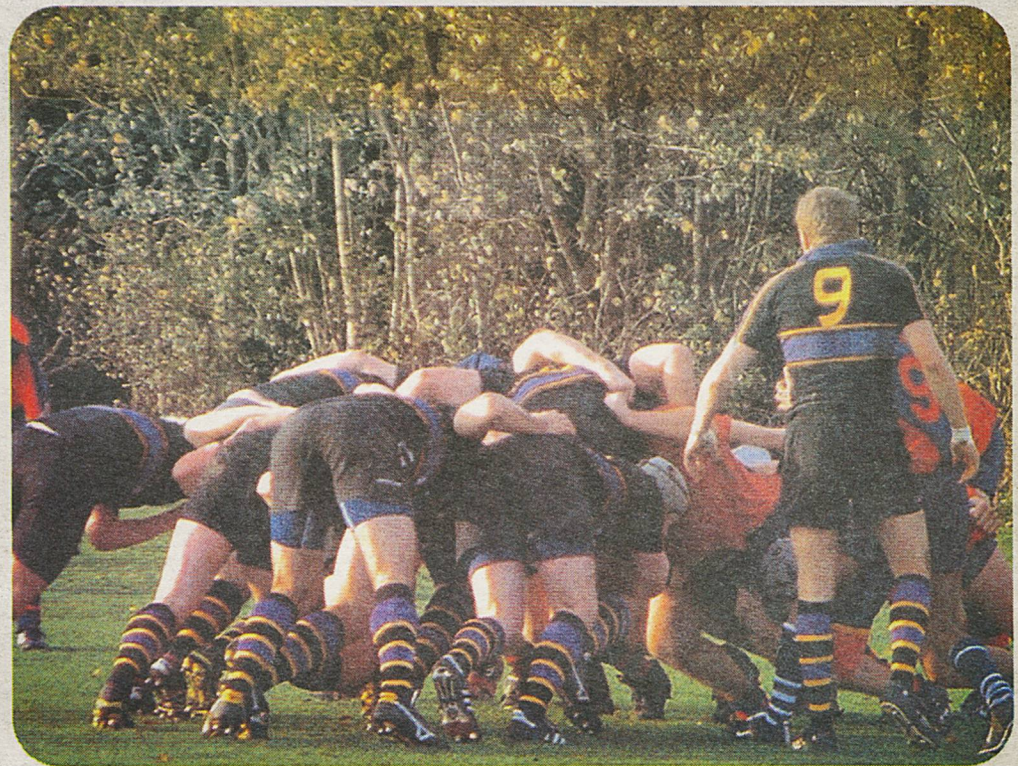
game, choosing to kick a penalty won on their first ostentatious incursion into LSE territory. Goaded on by this impertinence and taking it as a personal affront, the Angry Little Man aka Emmo was determined not to let it happen again, capitalising upon a telegraphed pass between their

centres to score a trademark interception. The troops were most assuredly rallied and having recovered from his weekend of sorrow, our Aussie import Tim simply couldn't contain himself, wreaking havoc with both his kicking as well as numerous one handed dummies, which culminated in him displaying complete disdain for their entire back division by running in the third try from our own 22. (19-3)

Even at this early stage, one could already perceive from the faces of these pitiful medics and the scrum half's cry of: "RUMs that is fuckin awful", that they already had accepted the nihilism of their very existence. The reason for this lamentation was further emphasised when Pinky rampaged imperiously through the rectal wall of their defence only for the move to falter due to lack of support. Evidently this mattered little, as some effective quick rucking by the forwards resulted in Virgin Chris touching down in the corner for his first try for LSE. (26-3). And so the point-a-minute scoring ratio continued, a clever kick over the opposition backline from Tim and notwithstanding tragic defending from the aforementioned winger's comedy repertoire, enabling Jathan's persistence to be rewarded via his second score of the afternoon. Quite how he managed it remains shrouded in mystery, nevertheless Shetters proceeded to have something of an epiphany, his esoteric revelation to onlookers consisting merely of: "Fuck me we're dickin' on them!"

This inspired Scouser to begin a relentless tirade against the opposition, in particular RUMs' extravagantly gifted wing. A constant barrage from the sidelines was

hardly what these wretched peasants needed in such times of strife, and their desolation was compounded when they once again cowered to the regal might of the LSE pack, resulting in a pushover try for Colin, for



us to end the half with a 38-3 lead. The players spent the interval masticating on sumptuous citrus, whilst quietly ruminating upon Pete's supposed wisdom. On our side, changes were made via the introduction of professional linesman John Poole and Plymuff Ballsucker Sean, whilst RUMs' master tactician had the acumen at least to spare their winger any further embarrassment

Having kicked off, onlookers were treated to a spectacle which encompassed the wide spectrum of behaviour that typifies a 2nds match. Firstly, Club Captain Emmo being provoked into a characteristically phenomenal rage when another one of his audacious intercept attempts were disallowed. And then Zac producing a Heskeyesque moment of utter bewilderment, contriving to quite miraculously piss in his own mouth and drop the ball when John had fed him clean through. In between these two events Chris made it a brace, and Shetters, having failed in attempt to get himself on the scoresheet with the conversion, decided to remove his swivelling pony hips from the equation, as boy wonder Scouser came on in his place.

Taking over as captain brought a fresh zest to Lieutenant Emmo's game, and spotting a gap the width of Craig "Taffy" Harris' earspan, he gleefully cut through their midfield, bringing up our half century, and simultaneously edging closer to his monster-winning hat trick. However Virgin Chris just managed to clinch the treble first, again finishing well in the corner. Palpably incensed, the Enraged little man soon caught up, with Tim nonchalantly sinking his second conversion from the far touchline. RUMs were now getting visibly irate, the verbal volley emanating from battle vet-

erans Tristram, Adam and Woodoo, inciting them to new levels of heathen violence, which Browneye and Ballsucker would of course be obliged to respond to. Plus Scouser was looking scared, so in a truly LSE spirit of diplomacy (we were travelling on the same bus as them), we let RUMs score in an apparent attempt to soothe the inflamed tensions. However 21 yr old Virgin Ed, so unused to playing in a victorious side, disliked this approach- instead opting to tunnel straight through the middle and finish between the posts. By now the prepubescent ref was in danger of losing count, and 11 tries in less than 80 minutes seemed adequate grounds on which to prematurely curtail the game and so commence our kerosene-fuelled celebrations. On this note, the impending prospect of a long night on the ale, reaching its Reef guzzling zenith in Lopabout, visibly distressed a few of the Freshers, some of whom decided to sneak off to their halls before perhaps making a belated entrance. It must be stated that with The Barrel rapidly approaching those of you who display this or any other kind of unacceptable disregard for decorum may well receive their comeuppance. Included are such luminaries as Virgin Chris - for gratuitous monster avoidance, Kirran-for dancing with the same girl all night, Malay "Meatpacker" Joey- 'nuff said, and lastly Yank Jathan, who next time we face credible opposition and not the travesty of a team that RUMs knew they were, may well have to prove that his rugby talent indeed extends, as Emmo reliably informs me, beyond merely dropping his soap in the showers.

Tupacalypse



By the time the 2nds arrived at the hallowed turf of London Shenley, with cannons fully loaded, the skies had cleared and the conditions looked promising for a match which was to be crucial in proving our title credentials to the rest of the league. With this in mind, Shetters was able to select from a near full strength squad, aside from the injury enforced absence of your faithful scribe, and with Weaselle" meet the parents" West seeming to have contracted a rather malevolent strain of influenza, the skipper resisted the temptation to hand a debut to the epitome of Welsh wrongness that is Zac, instead opting for Virginal Chris.

We kicked off and after five minutes and two phases of brutally effective rugby, Jathan was put in a one-on-one situation with the RUMs right wing, a man who on this performance surely aspires to be the Kenny Logan of 2nds rugby. The unfortunate cunt had even turned up to play wearing a different shirt to his teammates. Closed. Hence Jathan finished with ease, and Adrian picked up from where he left off at UCL with his match winning kick, adding the conversion to make it 7-0. A promising start maybe, but like midgets at a Walkabout urinal, we knew we would have to stay on our toes.

Despite being thoroughly schooled on their previous visit to the Fortress, RUMs obviously still anticipated a close

