

10 DEC 2002
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BRITISH LIBRARY OF POLITICAL
& ECONOMIC SCIENCE

ten Weeks At A Glance: See Our Michelmas Term Round-up Inside!

The Beaver



B:Art Special featuring the Christmas tree of wrong see page



B:Link enjoys animal crush pornography shocker see page 17



Krush never felt soooo good...

The Newspaper of the LSE SU

First Published 5 May 1949

10 December 2002

Issue number 569

Alcoholism at the LSE - page 3

Marching Onwards

23,000 demonstrate as Blair wobbles on Top up fees



The darkest hour is just before the dawn? Student protestors in Kennington Park certainly hope so...

Michael Bourke

LAST WEDNESDAY'S NUS National March was the most successful for many years, with organizers estimating that 23,000 students braved the pouring rain to show their opposition to plans for top-up fees.

Their efforts appeared to bear fruit immediately. While the marchers were nearing Kennington Park, the Prime Minister was on his feet in the Commons commenting that parents would not be asked to pay thousands of pounds up front. This careful choice of words leaves open the possibility of significant increase in fees covered by much higher loans, however. Such a regime would leave students facing massive repayments but would defer

the pain until after graduation.

Despite the Prime Minister's continuing ambiguity his admission was welcomed by NUS President Mandy Telford who said: "It is no coincidence that that the government has given its clearest indication that it won't bring in up-front top-up fees the day 20,000 people demonstrate," She continued: "The government now needs to clarify its position and give guarantees that there won't be any increased cost and debt."

The LSE has been well represented in the intense debate over higher education funding. More than 100 LSE students participated in the National March, nattily kitted out in blue t-shirts provided by LSESU. This turnout represented a four-fold increase on the desultory figure of 18 that had been mustered for last year's

march. The morale of the demonstrators remained high despite the pouring rain and other marchers were even favoured with a rendition of UGM favourite Eternal Flame.

Writing in a personal capacity for the Guardian on the 5th December, School Director Anthony Giddens outlined an alternative to top-up fees. Claiming predictably that "There is a Third Way", Giddens's rejected both the top-up fee and graduate tax solutions to the "real and urgent" funding crisis facing universities. Instead he argued that increased loans are a "better way", citing particularly the scheme devised by LSE Professor Nick Barr. The Barr proposals, which envisage higher tuition fees of #3-4000 covered by loans that are repaid once a graduate earns more than a certain level of income, remove

the disincentive of upfront fees. They also offer an immediate remedy to the underfunding of UK higher education sector, which saw its funding per student fall by 38% from 1989-99. However, by significantly increasing expected debt levels the plan, say critics, will still discourage those from lower socio-economic groups who, evidence suggests are more "debt averse" than their more well-heeled peers. Indeed some fear the higher levels of debt that would accrue under such a scheme might make the overall situation even worse.

The rhetoric to be found on the National Demonstration was certainly significantly more hard line than any likely

Cont. on p.2

Editorial Page 9

And our survey says...

El Barham

STUDENT LOANS remain deeply unpopular according to the British Social Attitudes Survey published this week.

The number of people in favour of student loans to cover living expenses remains the same now as when they were introduced. Merely 28% of the people questioned supported them, with 59% being completely opposed.

However, the lack of support for student loans does not mean that people are in favour of the re-introduction of grants for all. The most common view, held by two thirds of those surveyed, is that grants should be distributed according to the financial circumstances of students and their families, with richer students relying on loans.

Interestingly, the least support for universal grants comes from graduates with only a fifth in support. This is in comparison to almost 30% of those who have not had access to higher education who believe that grants should be re-introduced. It appears that the people who have benefited most from grants, former students, do not wish the benefits that they have enjoyed to be conferred on future generations.

The results also show that the majority of people actually support tuition fees, and believe that they should not be scrapped. Two thirds of those surveyed believe that some students, depending on their means, should contribute towards their tuition costs, either during their time studying or afterwards. Only 24% think that all students should be able to go to university for free.

These results, published on the day of the NUS National Demonstration against student hardship, do not square with the current student concerns. The NUS claims that by the time today's 11-year-olds are 18, the cost of going to university for a standard three-year degree, will be close on £40,000.

This figure is based on the actual cost of a university education expressed in the government's discussion paper on the university funding crisis. It amalgamates the estimated maintenance costs of £22,729 with three years real worth of tuition at £4,500 each to make a grand total of £39,180.

Mandy Telford, NUS President, said: "Top-up fees will quite simply cripple our higher education system. With fees at this level it is quite clear that many people will not be able to afford university in the future. While the top-up fee debate continues we must not forget that the cost of being a student already prohibits many people from going to university".

She added: "We need the brightest, not just the richest to enter university."

The NUS Campaign is also being backed by university lecturers. Paul Mackney, General Secretary of the Lecturers' Union, NATFHE, said: "Entry to higher education should be based on ability to study, not ability to pay."

He continued: "Tony Blair should abandon the idea of top-up fees and Ministers, who have themselves had grants, should not pull up the drawbridge."

John Wu's Demo Diary

The Beaver's Man on the March tells you it how it was for him...

ISTOOD amongst my fellow marchers outside Wright's Bar at half eleven, in the pouring rain. Holding one of the two huge banners, with an umbrella as the only defence to the miserable start of the day.

I would have thought that being soaked would be miserable enough, but it could have worse. Take the Leeds Uni delegation, for example. Having had to force themselves out of bed at 5:25am, for coaches leaving at 5:30am, one of their chariots broke down on



Staying dry to the finish

the approach to London! I'm not sure how the stranded party made it to the march, but credit to them that they did.

I, on the other hand, made my way up to Malet Street (getting wetter by the minute) for the official start to the day's demo. Despite the rain, the spirits of those who made it down, also having to tolerate the forces of nature, were not dampened. Sky News shot some scenes. Whistles, klaxons and hooters blared out. But I think the most impressive item on view was the Royal School of Music's marching brass band. 'The Great Escape,' a favourite on the football ter-

aces, appropriately played out as the first piece of music. The march started, and so did the marching band.

As the marching line left Malet Street, what they left behind was a barrage, a land-fill, full of placards and wooden stakes. Among those, left lying in the middle of the road, one read "no graduation tax," another "where's your free lunch gone?", and a third "Tony didn't pay tuition fees!"

Upon arrival at Waterloo Bridge, cars, vans and lorries, in a show of support, blasted their car horns. Each toot was greeted by the students with a great "yeah!", with rounds of applause to accompany. Towards the end of the bridge, a bus full of the elderly, despite the fact that they had had to wait for two hours, gave us their support!

Having walked up and down of the snaking demonstration, I got a view of the weird and wonderful diversity of the UK student community. Figures in fancy dress, included the grim reaper, a chicken on stilts, and Wonder Woman. In another case, someone was offering biscuits and cookies to drivers! Only the Securicor van rejected this offer. The freebies were greeted by thumbs up from the drivers, or the horn, to which the students reacted with a predictable but still enthusiastic "Yeah!"

Not content with just the excitement of demonstration, some groups made this march a pub crawl as well! I remember some, from the U.E.A. (East Anglia) seen in more than one pub on the way.

The police, far from having to tolerate us young ones, were pretty much cheerful on the day. Many gave kind words, offering support to the students.

And so onto the final destination, Kennington Park. The L.S.E. banner took pride of place in the crowd, right at the front of the crowd. Shouts came from behind for it

to be lowered (inspired no doubt by jealousy of our beautifully designed banner). Rather than heading to the viewing area, many headed to the ice cream house, or to one of the few portaloos (for which a long queue quickly established).

One thing that did disappoint me, however, was the attendance number. Sources disagree about the final figure, varying from 23,000 (the NUS) to 5,000 (the Metropolitan Police). But even if you take the NUS's figure at face value, how many is that in context of the whole student population? From the LSE, about 100 out of a student body of 6,000, or just over 1%. One of the largest in the country, Leeds, bussed 300 to London, from a possible 22,000 - again just over 1%.

Overall a good day, with students making their voices heard, a day off learning, which not even the early weather could mar.



The cream of the Beaver team demonstrating in their favourite way

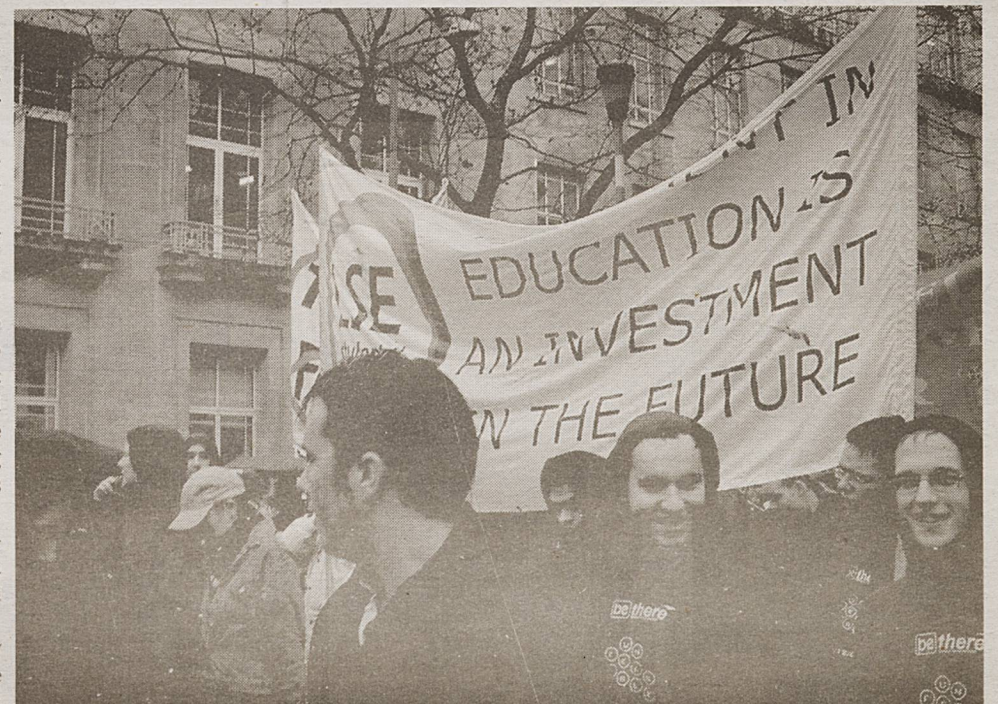
Next stop January in Fees Fight

Cont. from P.1: Blair-Barr-Giddens hybrid. Many demonstrators chanted the traditional mantra of the student movement "Grants Not Fees!", a veteran of the last four national marches.

At the rally held in Kennington Park at the end of the march the speakers were also keen for far more radical measures.

TO MANY the NUS's selection of speakers seemed curious, with a prominent slot being given to a representative of the Fire Brigades Union who spoke about the linkage between the two "struggles". His presence infuriated a part of the LSE delegation which heckled and jeered as he spoke. Titters of laughter were also provoked when a speaker representing the Association of University Teachers (AUT) mentioned the word "Comrades". However, despite these differences of opinion the rally was an overall success with a strong final speech from Mandy Telford helping to improve spirits.

With the funding review due in January the student movement's ability to mobilize upwards of 20000 demonstrators has sent a powerful message to the government.



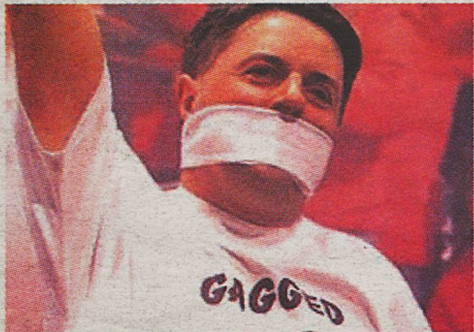
An investment we'll be paying for for a long time under the Barr-Giddens plan it seems

Cambridge race row as Griffin cancelled

Tom Jenkins

CONTROVERSY RAGED in Cambridge this week after a debate involving Nick Griffin, the leader of the extreme-right British National Party was cancelled amid police concerns of violent protests. He had been scheduled to take part in a debate on multiculturalism with Lib Dem MP Lembit Opik in the Cambridge Union on Tuesday night.

Demonstrators from the Anti Nazi League were identified as a possible source of trouble by the Cambridge



a) Nick's early audition for the adult channel
b) A searing critique of censorship
Answers to thebeaver@lse.ac.uk

Forum, the event's organisers; an unidentified ANL protester confirmed that some members had planned "to use physical force to stop Mr Griffin entering the

building". There were also fears of a clash between ANL and BNP supporters - Mr Griffin, who has a conviction for inciting racial hatred, confirmed that a small "security team" would accompany him but declared that they "were not in the habit of clashing with anyone". Both Mr Opik and Cambridge Forum president Chris Paley, have been the subject of alleged telephone threats.

Some within the Cambridge Students' Union have also condemned the event. "Allowing Griffin to share a platform with a speaker from a mainstream political party, such as Lembit Opik, gives his extremist arguments the legitimacy and respectability which he and the BNP crave," said Kimberly Chong, Union anti-racism officer "He uses such platforms to increase the activity of the BNP and promote these views, inciting hatred on the grounds of race, religion and sexual orientation", she added.

Both Lembit Opik and Chris Paley hit out at the protests which led to the debate's cancellation, the latter calling them "an own goal" for the values of free speech. Mr Opik emphasised the need to tackle extremist arguments head on. He went on, "we have patronised the people in Cambridge University who surely would not have been convinced by the BNP arguments."

This fresh controversy comes a fortnight after it emerged that the Cambridge Students' Union had invited Nick Griffin and Abu Hamza al-Masri, a Muslim cleric

with alleged terrorist links, to take part in a debate next February - whether this will go ahead is unclear.



Cheeky Northern Irish Lib Dem seeks neo-facism for mass debate on race

The University's senior proctor insisted he will look into its security implications, adding, "we might ask questions about the purpose of inviting people with highly dubious moral opinions to speak," he said, "but as long as they obey the law we are not in a position to do anything about it."

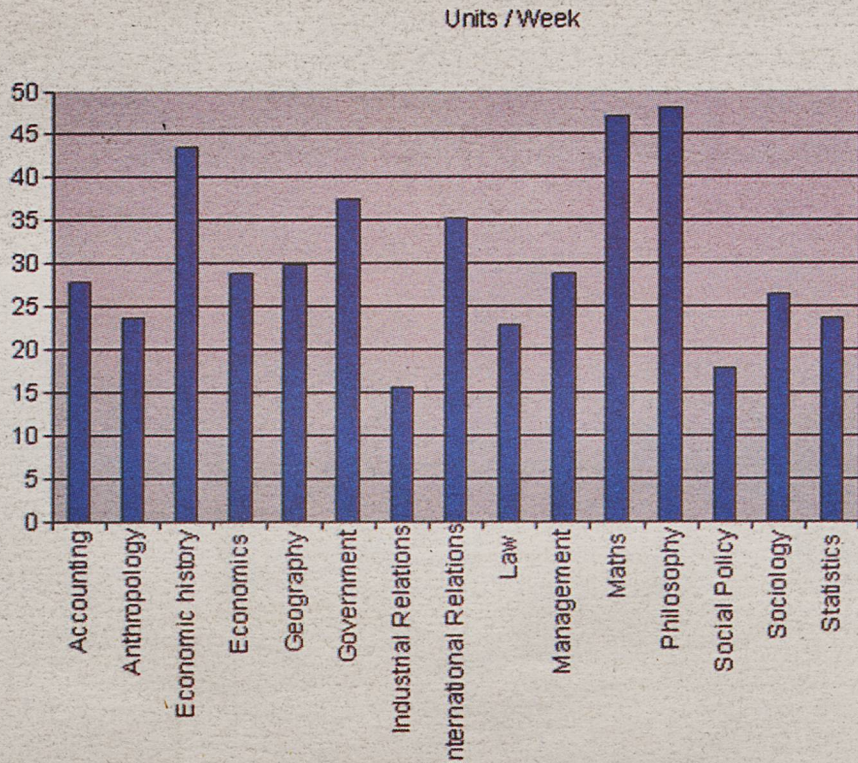
LSE Students on Verge of Alcoholism - Official!

Abigail Page

ACCORDING TO a recent survey of over 500 LSE students, 31% of all students drink over twice their recommended weekly allowance of alcohol, and 58% drink over their recommended weekly allowance (21 units for men, 14 for women, says the Department of Health).

The survey asked students to describe their drinking habits; most believed that they were moderate drinkers, whilst according to Government ratings, most were high drinkers. The departments with the highest drinking levels were Philosophy, Maths and Economic History; the lowest were Industrial Relations and Social Policy.

This survey was done in a context of growing concern about the quantities of alcohol consumed amongst students. The findings of this survey showed that LSE students drink more than the average student. Looking at studies that the NUS have called upon in their recent safe-drinking campaign, it is revealed that "an average student's weekly alcohol intake regularly exceeds the advisable unit limits. Studies also indicate that 10 per cent of students drink to dangerous levels". It is suggested that students are more vulnerable than other age groups to excess drinking "partly because so many fall into the age group (18-20) most likely to use alcohol, and also because of the prevailing drink culture at universities."



How close to death is your department?



Union Jack

THIS WEEK we were all told all about how Bellendi has been squandering Union funds, and given the chance to vote against pages full of arcane numbers. This was boring, so Jack has desperately been trying to find something else to write about. Jack would like to address one small matter arising in last week's Beaver - Jimmy Baker's mistaken assumption that in order to realise that it smells, Jack would have had to enter his office. The luminous green fog seeping out from under the door on a Thursday/Saturday morning would have been a clear indication by itself, as would Jimmy's unique ability to cause others to fail breathalyser tests by their mere proximity to him.

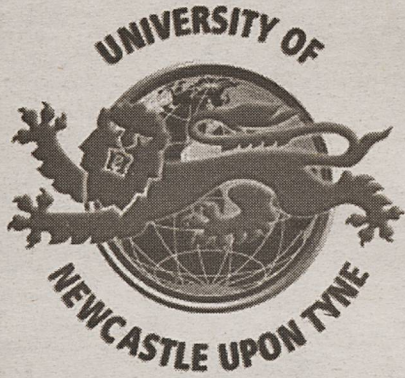
Jack doesn't like the direction this is leading him in - by extension, Jimmy B is also implying that Jack must have been inside Supertramp's trousers to see them drop on a Wednesday night, and, as we all know, Jack is safely tucked up in bed by 8.30 every evening with his carpet slippers and a nice hot mug of cocoa. Jimmy B may be perfectly keen to see the inside of Supertramp's trousers, but Jack does so wish he wouldn't inflict his bad taste on everyone else.

Finally, Jimmy requested clarification on his job description. Those Sabb descriptions in full then: the fat one who sits around a lot moaning, the one who hogs all the freebies, the one whose office has seen more people get laid than the Beaver Office, and the one who likes cock and uses his status to check out any new talent and download porn on Union funds. While all of these may apply equally to Jimmy, Jack feels that it is up to him to choose whatsoever label he feels most comfortable with, and therefore has no desire to attach just one description.

Question Time at the UGM involved one of Madway's groupies having a moan at those members of the exec who were too sensible to catch double pneumonia with TB by going on Wednesday's march, and instead took themselves off for a satisfying lunch and afternoon snooze in the Shaw. Jack suspects Madway himself may have missed the great opportunity of voting against the budget on Thursday, but the Old Theatre was a near Trot free zone. Their absence could however be due to the fact that most were probably still being held in local police cells after using the march as an opportunity to bop a few of their foes 'by accident', rather than by Madway's fast diminishing charisma, and Jack is gratified to think of all those new photos now held by special files.

Anyway, back to the main business of the week: the Budget, with Bellendi up on stage cutting a more generously proportioned figure even than the esteemed Mr Brown. Once again, the question of NUS affiliation was raised by some bright spark in the audience with too much time in their hands and too few socks, with the Pleasurer unable to think of a single thing meriting our hard pinched ten grand until Little Miss Harvey, possessed by a divine inspiration, had the presence of mind to shout out something about liberation campaigns, grudgingly accepted by Bellendi.

The Beaver's weekly round up of student news with Lyle Jackson



Newcastle students were less than pleased to discover Legionella, the bacterium that causes the deadly Legionnaires' disease, in the water supply of one of their halls of residence. Although the University insisted that there was no threat to anyone's health, and the water tanks were changed, several students had to be tested for the disease. Many students were left feeling very worried, particularly as over the summer six people in Cumbria died from the disease.



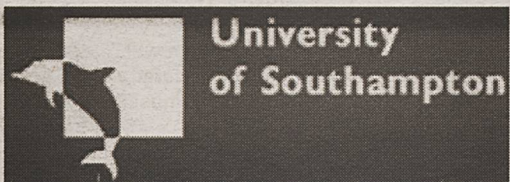
Students at the University of Durham occupied their library recently. The 'sit-in' was a protest in response to rumours of a possible closure. The move alarmed students so much that they immediately organised an occupation of the library. A university spokesman said there was no "hit list" of departments earmarked for closure and no decisions had yet been taken. I am investigating rumours that some students arrived at the occupation late, because the directions they were given to the library weren't good enough.



Two researchers from the University of Northumbria have claimed that different fashions can either empower women or make them 'invisible'. The two researchers claim that mini skirts and low cut tops may be rendering women "powerless". During my own research, I found that women in both mini skirts and low cut tops, far from being powerless, have got a mean right hook.



Sheffield sociology student Peter Bowles launched a web site featuring his two-week old cousin, Robbie, after not wanting to go to Mothercare to buy a present. But the web-site has been so successful that it was voted Radio Two's web site of the week and has been featured in a Danish national newspaper. The news bodes well for students everywhere planning to use money saving 'e-Christmas cards'!



Southampton University celebrated its 50th anniversary recently and the Union Management Board planned to spend £13,000 on the festivities. Apparently everyone involved had a great time and the event only had a deficit of £4000. In the words of the Union's website - 'who would have thought that candyfloss was so pricey?'

Charity Cheque-mate!

Donny Surtani

THE LSESU RAG Society held its 2002 Speed Chess tournament on Saturday, with the help of the LSESU Chess Society. The Swiss-style tournament was played over six rounds with entrants from LSE, King's, Imperial and a few alumni as well. The event raised nearly £100, which goes into the RAG Society pot for distribution to charities next year.

The tournament was won by a storming performance from Bill Putnam, a Master's student in International Relations at LSE. Bill, who hails from Alabama, USA, won five of his games and drew the other one, thus achieving a near-perfect record. He has competed in chess tournaments in the UK,

USA, and in Bosnia, where he played chess with NATO forces and Bosnian players. He kindly pledged the first prize, an ornamental glass chess set donated by the London Chess Centre, to be auctioned for charity to add to the funds collected from entry fees. The joint runners-up were Kenneth Chik and Ray Hirsh, who each had a record of four



Red hot chess action - remember always play safe chess

wins, one draw and one loss.

There was an interesting point in the fourth round where the president of the LSE Chess Society, Kenneth Chik, was drawn against his counterpart at King's, Robert Chan. Unfortunately for all of us hoping for another chance to belittle our friends on the Strand, the game ended in a draw as both play-

ers were left with a King, a Bishop and a few pawns each.

Thanks are due to the London Chess Centre for supplying prizes, to the Chess Societies of LSE, King's and Imperial for supplying equipment and to Samudrala Srinivas, Rowan Harvey and Sam Nicklin for co-ordinating the various tasks for the project. It was generally an enjoyable time for all, and the organisers are eyeing up the possibility of having other tournaments (perhaps in poker) next term. Watch this space!

The RAG Society raises funds for distribution to various charities. If you would like to help out, or have a good idea for a fundraising project, contact the president, Sam Nicklin on s.nicklin@lse.ac.uk

Elliot's Distended Column Inches

ELLIOT'S SOCIETIES COLUMN

LAST CAHNCCE TO HVE YOUR SAY- SOCIETY COLOURS

I am currently taking suggestions about how LSE students would like the new Society Colours to be awarded at the end of this academic year. Currently we are hoping to recognise ten individuals who have made an exceptional contribution to an SU society or societies; and confer the titles of: Best New Society, Best on Campus Society Event and Society of the Year. The elected SU Financial Services Committee will process all applications -since they are in an excellent position to judge the performance of societies and the contributions of individuals to them. However, the question remains of how societies and individuals should be nominated for this award; and what sort of criteria they should meet to be considered. If you have any answers, or ideas, please contact me by email or letter (my pigeonhole is located at SU Reception -Ground Floor, East Building).

Thanks. Elliot Simmons, SU Societies Officer, e.c.simmons@lse.ac.uk

DRAMA SOCIETY - TABLE MANNERS

DATE: Monday, 9th December & Wednesday, 11th December
LOCATION: Old Theatre, Old Building, LSE
TIME: 19:30
COST: £3 Non-members / £2 Members

The LSE Drama Society presents 'Table Manners' a play by Alan Ayckbourne. Tickets on sale in advance from the Quad and on Houghton Street.

INTERNATIONAL - GLOBAL SHOW ANNOUNCEMENT

The GLOBAL SHOW is coming up on Feb. 13th and we want to see YOU in it!

What is the Global Show? an opportunity for people from different places to share their culture and talents with everyone else.

Who are we looking for? YOU! If you can dance, sing, model, or perform in any way (group/individual), get involved!!!

Interested in taking part in the MOST EXCITING event of the year or have any questions??? Please email us at: Su.Soc.International@lse.ac.uk

Share your talent, eNtHuSiAsM, passion, and belief in your culture and tradition with the rest of the world in one great night. You know you want to...

~*Wherever you come from, whatever you do, we would love to hear from you!!!*~

ASIAN CAREERS - THE ASSOCIATION OF CHARTERED CERTIFIED ACCOUNTANTS

DATE: Tuesday, 10th December
LOCATION: Room E304
TIME: 13:00-14:00
COST: Free

Come and discover: (1) Who and what is the ACCA? (2) What is involved in becoming a qualified Chartered Certified Accountant?- Training & Exams (3) Exemptions (4) Where can you work (5) How can you get affiliated to ACCA as an undergraduate (6) Q & A! Come along to find out more about the route to becoming a professional accountant.

Note: please email to Su.Soc.Asian@lse.ac.uk to confirm attendance.

STOP THE WAR COALITION - PHIL SHINER LECTURE: U.K. LAWS, THE WAR, AND YOU

DATE: Tuesday, 10th December
LOCATION: Seligman Library, 6th floor Old Building
TIME: 18:30
COST: Free

Mr Shiner will speak about U.K. Laws, the War, and You. Mr Shiner has come to national prominence for his legal activism, including his work with CND's case against the U.K. government's possible support of a war effort in Iraq. Come hear Mr Shiner speak about his recent legal activism and the CND's case against the government.

TURKISH SOCIETY - ANATOLIAN FEVER

DATE: Tuesday, December 10th
LOCATION: The Underground Bar, LSE SU
TIME: 19:00-23:00
COST: £4

There will be food served by Sofra restaurant and a complimentary Turkish alcoholic drink (raki) between 7-8:30pm. There will also be a belly dancer later on in the night. The party will carry on after 11pm with free entrance to the Raks Bar just off Regent Street.

For more information please contact C.Coskun@lse.ac.uk or N.Taraf@lse.ac.uk

ALTERNATIVE CAREERS - "CAREERS AS AN ECONOMIST IN THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE"

DATE: Tuesday, 10th December
LOCATION: King Charles Street, London, SW1 2Ah
TIME: 17:30
COST: Free

A talk by Creon Butler-Chief Economist at Foreign and Commonwealth Office. This talk is open to British students studying Economics because of the entry requirements at the FCO. If you are interested in this event please email h.akhtar@lse.ac.uk.

HISTORY SOCIETY - XMAS PARTY

DATE: Wednesday, 11th December
LOCATION: The Quad, LSE SU
TIME: 18:30-20:00 - History Students / 20:00-23:00 - Everyone Welcome
COST: Free

This is our first party! There will be a lottery system in operation whereby every 15 minutes the lucky winner will receive a free drink through a system of numbered tickets given out at the entrance. There will be also pizza and other food, not to forget music!

HISTORY SOCIETY - DISCUSSION OF THE RUSSIA IRAQI CONNECTION

DATE: Thursday, 12th December
LOCATION: Hong Kong Theatre, Clement House
TIME: 18:00
COST: Free

Discussion on Past and Present of Russia-Iraq Relations featuring: Professor Margot Light, LSE, Dr. Peter Duncan, SSEES and Dr. Janet Hartley, LSE, Chair.

To advertise your Society in the 'Societies Page' in The Beaver, the 'Global Email' or the News Section of the SU Website please email Elliot Simmons -the SU Societies Officer- at e.c.simmons@lse.ac.uk by the Thursday before the paper / global email you wish to advertise in is published. Please send adverts in the format of those above.

Well, what a first term it's been!

Jimmy Baker considers the successes and failures of our Michelmas Ents line-up

THE BEGINNING was frightening, wondering whether anyone was going to turn up to my events, how they'd be received and how much drink I would consume!

The nights at Turnmills and Propagnada were grand, but the best for me was Swim at the Aquarium which somehow ridiculously turned from a House night into a mini Crush.

Ahh Crush... the first Crush of term was beyond all of my expectations, we had the most people down at the LSESU ever on a Friday night. Skooool Disco Crush soon followed and was great for so many reasons, number one being the fact that we had a conga going round the Quad to the strains of Black Lace. After a few problems in recent weeks with Crush, it's now back on form, make sure you're there for this week's Christmas Crush and a special



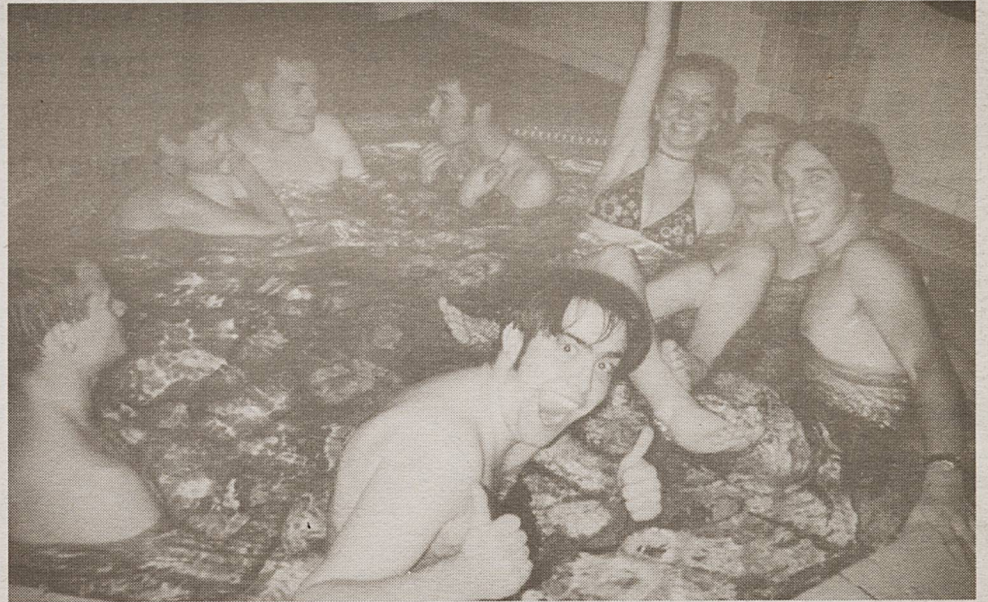
The poor little blighter is all tired out

one-off: for the first time ever Crush on the 20th of December, be sure to stick around.

The Chuckle Club provided us with a legendary night of comedy featuring some of the hottest stars on the circuit. Our headline act, Rob Deering, is going from strength to strength and will soon become a familiar face on your television screens. Remember where you saw him first!

All seems to have gone to plan over the course of the term, with only one glitch, the postponing of the Footlights performance, which should, fingers crossed be taking place next year! Real sorry that it's

taken so long to sort out. There's lots more to look forward to over the next year, RAG week is fast approaching with all sorts of madness going on, that's swiftly followed by Global week and the massive Summer Ball is yet to come. We may also (hopefully!) be see-



Aquarium: Jimmy's favourite and obviously a hit with a certain Mr A.J. Gamwell

ing an appearance from the Bluetones next term.

That's all for now my friends, take care and have a great Christmas, watch Only Fools and Horses, moan that it's not as good as it was but piss yourself laughing anyway and make sure to have a drink for me...

Jimmy Baker
Ents Sabbatical

Were you impressed by the LSE experience Michelmas 2002? Email TheBeaver and tell us what ya reckon

APPLY NOW FOR SUMMER INTERNSHIPS IN 2003

Expand your reach. Challenge perceptions.

Deutsche Bank is one of the leading international financial service providers with 85,000 employees and over 12 million customers in 75 countries worldwide.

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Our summer programs for penultimate year students, or those between undergraduate and post-graduate degrees, are designed to give you a first hand experience of what a career in an investment bank is really like. The summer program starts in July 2003 and runs across these business areas:

- Global Corporate Finance ■ Global Markets ■ Global Equities ■ Information Technology ■ Operations
- Asset Management ■ Controlling and Finance ■ Human Resources

Over a 10-week period you will have the opportunity to work alongside experienced professionals, complete real projects, work on live deals and be paid competitively. We also arrange a series of networking and social events together with training. The program gives you the opportunity to secure a fulltime job offer when you graduate next year.

Extensive information can be found on our website at www.db.com/careers. Online applications are invited before our closing date of **February 15th 2003**.



Deutsche Bank



It's been one hell of a term. Who would have thought that a mere ten weeks - that's just 50 days - could have brought such action, drama and comedy? Well, actually we at *TheBeaver* did, so ha-ha to those who didn't! For all the Freshers out there - it's time to relax. You're in. If you survived thus far,

you are going to be just fine. It is intense. It is scary. It is crazy, but hey ... it just might work! For all the second years in residence, be afraid. You're already half way through! But fear not - it means you've got a chance to re-live the last 18 months! For the third years, forget about the

impending finals and just look forward to the move a mile east, to enjoy your fat salaries and even fatter cigars! Take pride in your final months at LSE as the university train bears down on its terminus. Choo choo! So, just to remind you all, this was the term that was.



Week Zero & One - Lift off

AS AN unprecedented number of Freshers hit the LSE, *TheBeaver* pulled no punches revealing the looming accommodation crisis facing new arrivals at the school.

Despite the lack of space - in halls, in the union facilities and across Houghton street - the school welcomed in huge numbers resulting in packed cues at both the Freshers' fairs and first Crush.

Matters seemed to be turning from bad to worse when the Freshers' Crush saw a spate of criminal

activity, with PuLSE broken into, a man arrested and a false fire alarm set off.

TheBeaver said:

"This accommodation crisis is a situation that must be a priority for the LSE administration at the start of every academic year. Sadly, even if it were now to be prioritised, it would all be too late for this year's intake."

"The first Crush back - the first ever, for the many Freshers who made it down the Tuns - is always a special evening. It is a sad indictment on our student body that we let drunken muppets get up to this. Next time, somebody please stop them."

Week Two - Crowded out

NEW STUDENTS became aware of the inimitable atmosphere of Houghton Street as they settled into LSE life.

TheBeaver learnt of a massive shortfall of more than 400 students not allocated classes by the administration at the same time as the online lseforu system struggled to cope with the huge influx of students for the academic session.

Whilst the school tried to escape the bed it had made for itself, we were happy to give it a kick whilst

down.

TheBeaver said:

"It has long been evident that the 'cosy' LSE campus is bereft of the necessary space and facilities to handle a major increase in the annual influx of new students. That's why news this week that more than four hundred students have arrived at university with the administration unprepared for them is so worrying. We are at a truly world-class institution, with some truly world-class facilities. But the more we allow ourselves to become awash with students without expanding both the site and those resources, the less a world-class establishment we become."



TheBeaver said:

"The 'fees debate' has raged for years - first rejecting the cancellation of grants, then the introduction of the current one-size fits all tuition charges, and finally the campaign against targeted course tolls.

Tertiary education in Britain and Europe has always been a right not a privilege. Do we, as students of today, wish to let that principle go?

To convert to an American-style system would see the introduction of a prohibitively expensive education for those not lucky enough to be granted these.

To win a fight against fees we must mobilise students, academics and politicians to support the cause. To do this, we must win over both their hearts and minds."



Week Three - Imperial Fear

WHEN NEWS broke of an impending merger between UCL and Imperial, great fears mounted at LSE and across the country that this news was the first step towards top-up fees.

Head villain - Imperial Rector Sir Richard Sykes - seemed intent to introduce a super uni that would bring in "full fees" as soon as the government allowed.

Putting education funding first, we stated the arguments against the dreaded fees.

ing to block the yearly drink-fest.

TheBeaver said:

"By threatening the £25,000 fine for even leaving the campus, the LSE is trying not only to stifle the barrel's excesses but in fact to eradicate the point of it at all.

The AU's trip down to the Underground is in truth one of the last traditions that the LSE has left. Why is a frenetic dash through our neighbours' corridors bringing our university dishonour? Because the administration tells us so - that's why.

We should not to stand by and allow such ill-placed paternalism erode an annual institution of the students' union."

Week Four - Barrel scare

STUDENTS ACROSS campus were up in arms as we exclusively revealed that the AU Barrel faced doom.

Of course it all turned out alright in the end, but during week six it became apparent that this bastion of the LSESU calendar faced closure by the school.

Never one to miss the opportunity to jump aloft a bandwagon, we launched a stinging attack on the school's 'nanny state' tendencies that saw them try-



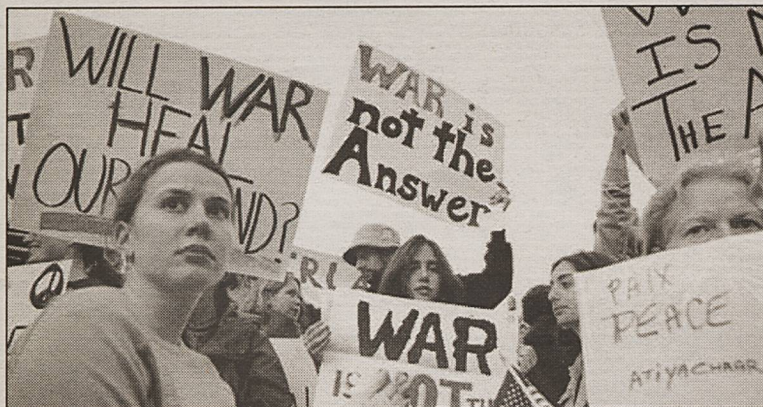
TheBeaver said:

"This week LSE students were revelling in a socialist tradition that made our school famous.

The message was clear but was their motivation as unmistakable?

The Coalition were incredibly successful in mobilising supporters to come and vote for their motion and provide an open (if somewhat one-sided) debate. What they seemed to have been less successful in achieving is persuading those not already on-side that they are simply a political organisation wishing to pressure the government as they claim to be.

Till they do, the Coalition will be unable begin to argue their case to those students."



Week Five - Politics brought to campus

THE 'STOP the war coalition' had been fastidiously working all term, galvanising support in opposition to a potential war on Iraq and so in week four they won a controversial victory in the UGM to hold a 'teach-in'.

It seems the organisation made as many enemies as friends but the whole process went peacefully and succeeded greatly in re-politicising the union. Houghton street and the Tuns were awash with debate on the rights and wrongs of the coalition's actions.

TheBeaver

Bringing you the best of news, sports, features and arts week in, week out.

TheBeaver

We'll be back in your lives with a spanking new edition Tuesday January 13



Week Seven - Union crisis

CAST INTO a flux by a week of democratic inactivity, the Student's Union were forced to face some harsh realities.

The union's sovereign body, the UGM, was declared inquorate for the first time in living memory, just days after an embarrassingly low turnout for the newly re-introduced LSESU Council.

A combination of the staff strike, poor advertising and little business were blamed for the terrible attendance figures, though the Sabbs still faced some flak.

TheBeaver said:

"Bucking a recent campus trend of student radicalism that the Beaver has been profiling throughout this term, the LSESU seems at first sight to have lost its democratic support. We cannot overestimate the significance of the mass no show. Yet the real loss is that the union's sovereign body was unable to debate the motions proposed for last week's UGM. If we want a democratic student organisation it is beholding upon us all to take part in its democratic processes. Last week we did not, so go next Thursday and ensure this never happens again."

Week Six - Staff go militant

Strike! READ our simple headline. Just a week after student activism had been so strongly displayed at the UGM, the academic staff of the LSE went one better and took to a day of strike.

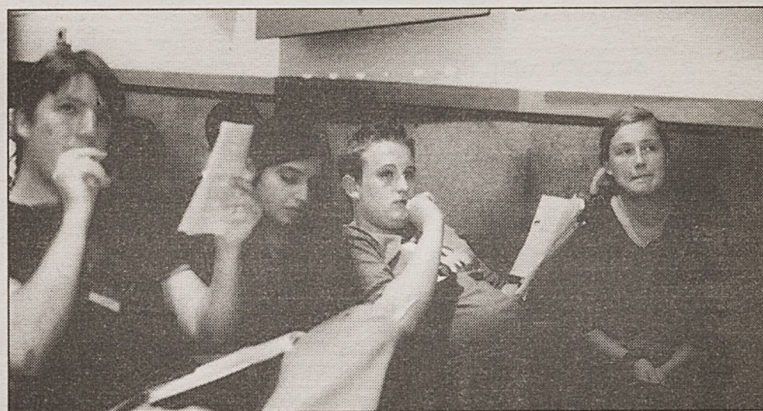
Desperately seeking an increase in their London weighting pay - which had been frozen for a tenth consecutive year - the workers picketed the old building in a day of industrial action.

Despite initial fears that the whole school might face total shutdown, the strike went well - although

there is as yet no sign of an increase in their pay packets!

TheBeaver said:

"Working in London brings with it a huge financial burden that, it would seem, is not being adequately remunerated by the LSE's current payments. Any disruption to students is worrying. However, the unions' shutdown received laudable support from the student body in last week's UGM and at that meeting it seemed that students were themselves reluctantly on side with Thursday's industrial action. Let us just hope both the government and LSE listen so we can all get back to work without further ado."



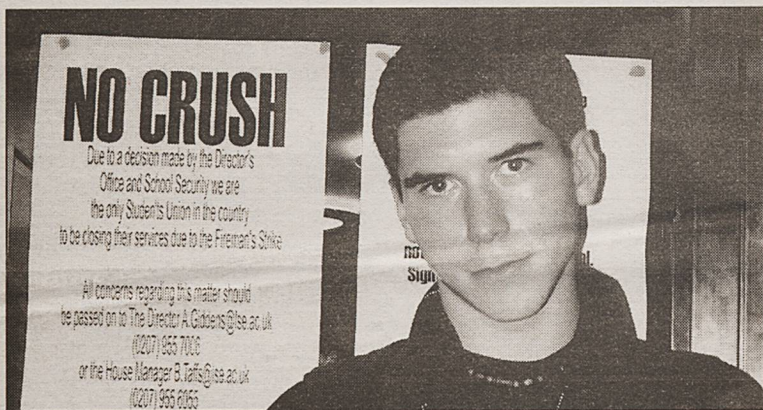
Week Eight - School block on union

The school was faced with a very angry Beaver when it decided to cancel Crush at the last minute over health and safety reasons. With a fire strike coinciding with the regular LSE student night out it was decided that students were not mature enough to be trusted not to set off false alarms and get the Green Goddesses out on a hoax. The LSESU reacted angrily to the decision by calling the school's actions "arbitrary and irrational". It was pointed out that over a 100 LSE students went over to

King's College where the venue is situated on the sixth floor. Thus, unwittingly, the school had placed its students at greater peril by not going ahead with Crush.

TheBeaver said:

"It seems that the school made a decision based upon the safety of the LSE buildings." If the school is going to stop our Union from going about its business to protect itself, it should make sure that we students do not lose out financially and it should be honest about its motives. The school must ensure that it makes up the shortfall it has inflicted upon our union's budget and the school should also admit it handled the situation badly."



Week Nine - Boycott backlash?

One of the most explosive issues on campus, which had been grazing these very pages throughout the term, finally found its way to the UGM.

A motion to boycott Israeli goods was put forward by the LSE Friends of Palestine. The motion was savagely 'wrecked' when it was amended to remove any mention of boycotting goods and all allegations of Israeli human rights abuses. Instead it acknowledged the "legitimate national aspirations" of the Israeli and Palestinian people and urged them work toward peace.

TheBeaver said:

"The new, amended motion was so uncontroversial and politically correct that it provided many with an escape route from making a very important, albeit difficult, decision. It was passed easily as someone got a pat on the head for possessing such political guile as to kill off the motion so effectively without breaking into a sweat. So, to those who chose not to attend; to those who voted to amend the motion because it was the easy thing to do... this edition of the Beaver is dedicated to you."



Week Ten - Making a noise

IT'S UNUSUAL that the barrel gets confined purely to the sports pages, so loved is the day of drunken debauchery. However, that's exactly what happened as an unprecedented turnout for the students' union at the NUS national march grabbed the headlines.

Such was the success of the march in mobilising nationwide support that Tony Blair ruled out top-up

fees the very afternoon as the rally was taking place!

TheBeaver says:

"It was a fun and festive Winter day thanks to the attitudes of all those students from universities up and down the country. But moreover, it was a day with a purpose: fighting student hardship. That Tony Blair came to rule out top-up fees can be seen as nothing but an unqualified success. Now we must continue to fight in defence of students against hardship."



Another Great Term For the LSE
Another Great Term For *TheBeaver*
- How nice for all concerned

Editorial Comment

A protest to be proud of

DIRECT ACTION never works, say the critics. Government will never listen to the students, say the cynics. Just sit at home and watch telly, say the apathetic observers.

Well, to all of you who have thought or voiced such views, *The Beaver* hopes you look on at last week's march with shock and disdain.

To believe the NUS figures - that 23,000 students filled the streets of central London - seems slightly incredulous. However, there was without doubt the largest turnout at both the march and the rally since they became an annual event four years ago.

Students trudged en masse in through the wind and rain across the capital - singing, dancing, some even drinking!

It was a fun and festive Winter day thanks to the attitudes of all those students from universities up and down the country - no more so than good old LSE, who pulled out even more protestors than in those halcyon days of Lee Federman's Fee Fighters.

But moreover, it was a day with a purpose: fighting student hardship. As the LSESU banner declared: "An investment in education is an investment in the future."

This was a message shared by all the protestors. Collected together to fight for the principle of education as a right not a privilege - a mantra we seem to be repeating more often than an easy catholic boy cites the Roseary.

Yet it seems that our message has at last got through.

That Tony Blair came out on Wednesday afternoon - as the rally took place just a mile down the road - to rule out top-up fees can be seen as nothing but an unqualified success.

Top-up fees would enshrine a two-tier system of higher education, where the rich would automatically hold an advantage. This potential inequality must not be allowed to become a reality, and so we must be proud of the small part we played in pressurising the Government to not do so.

Now we must continue to fight in defence of students against hardship.

London School of Experiences

THE PHRASE 'drunk students' has always been seen as tautology but results of an LSE study show alcohol intake on campus at a remarkably high rate.

And, as sportsmen and women and campus slowly recover from the Barrel in time for the impending Christmas party rush there is little chance of any drops in drinking at school anytime soon.

But why should there be? If the survey's results are to be extended to the entire student body, it would seem that students across LSE actually

quite like to enjoy themselves and who can blame them?

Undergrads are only allowed three years to enjoy a life with little responsibility - masters only one. So if they choose to spend that time at the Tuns we should not be ready to criticise.

However, let's all hope that the 80% of students who drink above the recommended amount of alcohol know when to say enough is enough.

That's sometime in 2004, right?

One hell of a party

BEAVER SPORTS' indulgent seven page expose of the Barrel may seem a waste to many readers.

However, to any who took part in last Friday's antics and to those who witnessed a classic barrel run across campus it will seem nothing but just rewards.

Congratulations to the AU Exec for organising such a great (and for once legal) event, to the drinkers in fancy dress for their sterling performances at the bar and to Weasel for braving the december cold!

Just 361 days until it next lops onto campus. The countdown starts here.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

Although I agree with the major thrust of Donny Surtani's article, that "there is no right to strike against the public safety" as he quotes from Calvin Coolidge, I feel that I must challenge some aspects of his article. Donny writes "a strike in a private firm would not hurt the public". I feel that this is incorrect. A strike disrupts the business of private industry; the generation of profit. In this way strikes in the private sector affect the public, taxation on profits is one of the major sources of funding for public services, and dividends from profit serve to fuel pensions. Indeed strikes in private industry can also damage the long term interests of the strikers as a reduction in profit is a reduction in the incentive to invest, it is investment that fuels job creation.

Donny goes on to suggest a new mechanism for public sector pay based on ranking the different jobs. I see several difficulties with this system. Firstly there is

a need for pay to vary in accordance with the local cost of living; as we all know some parts of the country are more expensive than others! Another problem with Donny's pay system is that by ignoring market forces it risks placing an undue burden on us, the taxpayers. Under the ranking system as proposed in the article a government faced with a shortage of, say, nurses, has to increase pay across the public sector. An increase in pay would attract some more nurses, but a better way would be to only increase pay for the posts where a recruitment crisis is underway. This market based approach sees the funding go where it is needed without unduly burdening the taxpayers, and avoids creating excess demand for other public sector jobs.

Beyond these points I would like to applaud Donny's article as it serves to highlight the unfair nature of public sector strikes.

Oliver Jelleyman

Dear Editor

I am writing about the issue that has been dominating B:link this term, namely the Palestine/Israel issue. After the events of the past couple of weeks it has started to occur to me that the Friends of Palestine society (FOP) has become a danger to our campus. The society, understandably, is very critical of Israel, but this criticism has become the only focus of their society, in lieu of a group whose focal point is the Palestinian people. We hear of no other criticisms, what about the Arab world and the Palestinian authority, both have been abusing the trust and infrastructure of the Palestinians. Alas it seems, according to Omar and his followers, only

Israel must be criticised, and according to his recent article in last weeks Beaver not just Israel but the Jews in general. This is a dangerous precedence to take, since emphasis has shifted from a pro Palestinian society to an anti Israel society, something that I am uncomfortable about. The Middle East is a complex issue, that must be discussed and resolved. But the Students Union and the LSE students need not be another casualty of this conflict. To you Omar I say move aside, leave your bias and misinformation behind and let the true friends of Palestine take the society forward.

Robert Lanzkron

Are you or berrated, bored or even bowled over by The Beaver?
 Then write a letter to us and let us know what you - the readers - think
 email: thebeaver@lse.ac.uk with your comments

Dear Sir,

I am extremely confused by the article Peace? Lets Hope So, by Omar Srouji, President of "Friends of Palestine". He claims that "the minute anyone even implies criticism of Israel, you have the whole Jewish lobby against you." However he then writes that he has been accused of being anti-semitic. If he insists on claiming that all those who disagree with him are the "Jewish lobby" then what does he expect? He is foolish if he thinks this the case, as there are many people who were present at the UGM voting against his society's motion, that were not Jewish. Perhaps the term "Friends of Israel" is more appropriate in describing his opposition.

Furthermore I am surprised that there was no corresponding article from the opposer's of the motion. It seems extremely irresponsible journalism to publish a full page article on one side of the story and leave the other completely absent. Am I to assume that the Beaver is a partial or biased information source? (Although having read your editorial it doesn't take a genius to work that out.)

Sonia Taylor

Dear Editor,

It is with great frustration, but out of a desire to set the record straight, that I feel the need to respond to your editorial of last week, entitled "Hypocrisy [sic] hijacks honesty."

As one of the "spineless" people who (along with hundreds of others) voted at UGM for the alternative to a boycott of Israel, and as the "spineless" person who actually proposed the amendment, I would like to clarify my motivations for doing so.

It was (and is) my hope that the amendment would remind LSE students that whatever our differences, common ground exists between us. While we may disagree on how best to achieve it, we can all agree on the urgency of a just and peaceful resolution to the Arab-Israeli conflict. Calling on both Israelis and Palestinians to observe international law, respect human rights and acknowledge each other's legitimate national aspirations may be, as you wrote, "uncontroversial," "politically correct," "toothless" and lacking in "testicular fortitude." My belief is that it was the best way for our Student Union to send a truly positive message - a message of peace and reconciliation.

Salaam, Shalom, Peace. **Jonathan Shapira**

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With special thanks to: Michael Bourke and the dearly-loved but sadly departing Claire Loescher

A Picture Says a 1000 words...



edited by:
b.choudhary
i.m.rasheed

ADAM QUINN DISCUSSES THE MEDIA FRENZY WITH CHERIE BLAIR AND THE GENERAL STATE OF THE MEDIA IN BRITAIN.

It's a hard life being Cherie Blair. Not only do you have to work all hours of the day to hold down a job as a leading QC, but you also have to worry about being snared at any minute by newspapers in hot pursuit of an opportunity to humiliate your husband. Last week, they pounced once more. Looking to pick up some flats in Bristol at a knock-down price for her son Euan to live in while at university, Cherie managed to get embroiled with Peter Foster, a man best known to the British media for going down after flogging ludicrous 'slimming tea' to dozy women in the '80s. During that decade he was also finding time to go out with Sam Fox, owner of the nation's most famous Page Three breasts, which hardly helped lower his profile.

The question of exactly what the level of Foster's involvement with the deal was provided the focus for a media frenzy of claim and counterclaim around the Labour government on a scale not seen since the words 'Steven Byers' and 'liar' were last pairing up in headlines. The facts of the case actually seem quite simple now they're out. Cherie needed the flats for Euan (though, judging by events in July 2000 which few of us will forget, you might have thought that after a few beers he wouldn't need a flat; the street would do fine for a kip). Her friend and fitness guru Carole had to go and look at the flats for her because Cherie was busy. Carole's boyfriend Peter then offered to help with negotiating the purchase for free. Cherie agreed, the price of the flats came down a bit, and she bought them. Memories of Foster being busted on TV by Esther Rantzen having faded, she never twigged who he was, so the potential for uproar didn't occur to her until the press office came on the phone in a panic. Incidentally, Carole's past career might have given her a clue as to Foster's identity (she's a former cover girl of Men Only - he obviously goes for a certain type).

As so often with such cases, the real issue has long since ceased to be the facts of the original story, which are pretty humdrum. After all, one would have thought that it would be more a disadvantage to oneself than a benefit to have a convicted conman acting as one's 'financial adviser', as the Mail labelled

him. The real problem, as per usual, became the supposed 'cover up' if one can call something that fails so swiftly that. After the initial story broke, Downing Street did its best to keep the rest of the media from taking an interest by issuing a blanket denial. Cherie didn't know Foster; he was never involved with anything to do with the flats; Cherie and her solicitors had conducted all negotiations.

Unfortunately, as with an increasing number of untruths these days, this one was skewered by a leaked e-mail. A sequence of exchanges between Mrs Tony Blair and Mr Slimming Tea were revealed to the Mail in which she clearly openly discussed the flat purchase with him and thanked him for his help. This presented a serious problem. What the Downing Street press office had been saying all along was now clearly not true. So who was to blame? The press spokesman who issued the denials was damned if he was going to take the rap, because he thought what he was saying had been true at the time. But the only other apparent alternative was to say that Cherie had spun the press office a line, not thinking that anyone could refute her version. And whatever about the PM's press officers, the PM's wife telling porkies simply will not do as a story. As Newsnight put it: "Caesar's wife must be above suspicion."

In order to produce the desired 'no casualties' outcome from this mess, they had to polish up a really old chestnut: the 'breakdown in communication'. The press office was sorry for not revealing

the real facts, but they had believed what they were saying was true. Meanwhile, Cherie "regretted" it if she had caused "any misunderstanding" between Number 10 and the media, but certainly didn't own up to lying to anybody. So that was that - it had all been a terrible misunderstanding. Cherie could go back to making money in the courts, the press office go back to issuing denials of cock-ups by MPs rather than MPs wives, and Peter Foster could go back to being deported from the UK because of his criminal record. The stories which emerged at the weekend about the accountant Foster had used for the flat purchase facing trial for unrelated offences seemed like the last thrashes of a dying story rather than new and shocking revelations.

But as usual, most readers and viewers were left with the unsatisfying feeling that they had been caught up in a fuss about nothing at the end of which no one was to blame. By day two of the story, no one in the media seemed to genuinely care about what Cherie had actually done vis-à-vis the flats, which seemed perfectly above board. They were only interested in what had happened in as much as it could add to the story that she hadn't been up front about it to start with. And isn't that just a kind of story we're sick of by now? These days, it seems that nobody ever does anything wrong, they just get in trouble for trying to cover up what they haven't done.

Peter Mandelson doesn't lose his job as Northern Ireland Secretary for corruptly helping rich people get British passports; he loses it for saying he didn't make a phone call to the guy on the



WITCH BLAIR PROJECT



h:Link

features

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- A Turbulent Priest or Quiet Life
- My Cousins
- Black Gold Flows in Ocean Currents
- A is for Apathy...
- Academic Takeover
- Behind the Movies
- Tale of Festive Cheer
- Wrong Cause

passport desk. Steven Byers doesn't lose his job for presiding over a department at war with itself; he loses it for being less than clear about the manner and timing of his dismissal of a member of staff. Bill Clinton doesn't get impeached for getting a sly blowjob in the Oval Office; he faces the sack for not admitting to it when some prosecutor asks him. Nobody does anything wrong in the first place, but they all get screwed for not describing their perfectly legitimate activities in full detail when questioned.

Now, there are two ways to look at this. One is to ask why people would feel the need to have a cover-up if they did nothing wrong, and conclude that where there was smoke there was usually fire too. If, however, one has more faith that the original activities were kosher, then it seems that the lesson is probably that embarrassment is at the root of all political disaster. People get asked about something that's not illegal, but that's politically awkward, and that they'd rather not have splashed across the papers. When asked about it, they imagine that there is little evidence available to contradict their version of events, so they tell a few half-truths and hope it will blow over. Then someone shows up with the leaked e-mail or the semen-stained dress, and all of a sudden, in that refrain delivered by so many tearful girlfriends to so many red-faced blokes: "It's not so much what you did, it's the fact that you lied about it."

The lesson for politicians is clear: whatever you do, be utterly shameless about it. You may feel the heat at first, but for whatever reason, the press can put up with a cad or a wheeler-dealer, but never a liar.

A TURBULENT PRIEST OR A QUIET LIFE?

BY DAVID COLE

It has been said that the Labour Party has socialists in it in the same way the Church of England has Christians in it - rarely. Nevertheless, the Church of England has outdone itself and actually managed to find a Christian in its ranks. Rowan Williams, the new Archbishop of Canterbury and de facto leader of the world's 80 million or so Anglican Christians, is not a Priest of the traditional, uncontentious Church of England that blindly follows the traditions of the Church and State, but a Christian who is uncompromising in his beliefs; not a rebel without a cause intent on destroying the traditions of the C of E for the sake of it, but a deeply religious man unafraid of the implications of his beliefs.

Rowan Williams has attracted some media attention already with his criticism of clergy who are more interested in position, pomp and circumstance than spiritual and religious matters. More importantly, even though it was less well covered, was his mentioning disestablishment and giving the possibility that he might support such a move.

For those who are not familiar with the British interpretation of liberal democracy, the Church of England is the established religion, which means that, if you will allow me to assume Christian beliefs, God's representative on earth is not Jesus Christ, or even the Pope or the Archbishop of Canterbury, but the Queen. It also means that some senior clergy sit in the House of Lords by right - something no other branch of

Christianity, let alone other religion, has - and can affect the legislative process of this diverse, multicultural and generally secular country. The administration for my home village and hundreds like it is the Parochial Church Council. In short, the Church of England's powers extend well beyond the religious condition of its followers.

The arguments in favour of disestablishment from the point of view of the UK are obvious and well-known; giving one particular sect a position in the country above all others is, if not racist, discrimination on the basis of religion. What is less well known, however, is that it would be in the Church of England's own benefit to disestablish, and possibly even acquire some principles on the way.

Firstly, the rules that govern the Church of England are laws passed by and subject to Parliament. If the Church wants to change the way it runs itself and parts of its dogma, it requires the approval of Parliament. There have been changes made over the years that have streamlined the process, but this connection makes the temporal authority of the Church dependent on the good will of, in part, the small 'c' conservative House of Lords. Parliament has even stopped changes desired by the Church of England - in 1928, a new prayer book was stopped by the House of Lords. What kind of religion submits itself, in any way, to the will of the local civil authority?

As the Church has this privi-

leged and controversial position in the legislature of the land, it is unwilling to rock the boat. The bishops in the Lords have a history of moderate voting and speech; their aims are to be as inoffensive as possible at any cost for fear of losing that position. This means that principles are inevitably sacrificed for pragmatism and a quiet life and the Church of England loses its ability to make a principled stand.

The consequences for any religious organisation that cannot make a principled stand. Disestablishment would remove this barrier. However, removing a political block would not be enough. The culture of niceness and inoffensiveness, of tea and biscuits with the vicar, needs removal from inside. Enter, please, Rowan Williams. The message he espouses is not to everyone's taste or belief, but it is a clear message. It is a message that does not condemn homosexuality as an abomination or see women as unable to do jobs in the Church that men can. It is a message that puts emphasis on reflection, thought and meditation rather than the trappings of the high church. However, the High Church will not be alienated by any reforms that Rowan Williams might bring in. Many of his beliefs would be considered quite conservative: a belief in duty, service and independence amongst them, but being able to take that principled stand would not attract more followers than it would lose. It is not possible, as the saying goes, to please all of the people all of the time, but it may be possible to please - or at least convey Christian beliefs in a manner that brings people in without sacrificing their integrity - some people most of the time by not trying to be all things to all men. Taking a moral position will inevitably lead to disagreement with people who do not share that position; it will, however, lead to accord with those who do while not taking any position would not attract anyone.

The Church of England has suffered from declining membership and turnout for decades. Not only have new religions grown up in England through immigration, people one might expect to be good



Would Henry approve?

Anglicans do not have any relationship with the Church. There are all manner of reasons for falling Church attendances, but I would contend that its habit of doing anything for an easy life rather than making a principled stand on issues does not help a religion, which is after all an organisation based on a set of moral beliefs, to spread the Word.

The path ahead for the Church of England is not clear. It is an organisation that went through a major change with the introduction of women priests that now faces greater change still with a possible drive for women to become bishops and archbishops; for homosexuals to be welcomed into the Church; for taking stands on issues such as the situation in Iraq from purely moral, religious grounds divorced from the realpolitik that the Church currently wades through. Rowan Williams appears, if his past actions are anything to go by, to be capable of convincing people within the Church of his beliefs and to show people outside that they have an empirical validity. He has also shown himself willing to go against establishments when necessary. With Rowan Williams at the helm, the Church of England may be able to choose its own leader, rather than having the Prime Minister choose it for them.

No article on the established church would be complete without the use of the longest word in the dictionary, so here it is. Antidisestablishmentarianism.



MY COUSINS

LAWRENCE MARZOUK DISCUSSES THE PSYCHE OF
EXTREMISM AND HIS MEMORIES FROM BEIRUT...

"My cousins and I against each other; my cousins and I against the world" (A Lebanese saying)

In Lebanon this saying seems to bounce off every unfinished tower block; the jagged edge of a concrete slab pierces the air with a cacophony of iron rods and catches the words like the jackpot of a pinball machine. This proverb was the hunter's call of the Lebanese civil war; it is now the rallying force behind the Al-Qaida network. But how strong is the union of the Muslim world against western culture and its perceived imperialism? Is the beast from the east likely to rise up while we sleep? And importantly, why do hatred, mistrust, and fear exist between the two camps?

"My cousins and I against each other; my cousins and I against the world"

The monster under the bed

My cousins and I hang around the Corniche Al Mazera, central Beirut, just outside the block of flats built to house my grandfather's legacy: his twelve children. He lost everything else in the Lebanese civil war that tore my country apart: his oldest son, his health and his thriving business.

The scars of conflict still adorn each floor of the "Marzouk Building". War damages the psyche. Recollections amalgamate into a mesh of insecurity starving the brain of reason. True comprehension and empathy of the suffering of war, or the effects on my Lebanese family, are beyond me (I was not present for any of the fighting) - I can only observe the human rubble and extrapolate the damage of daily horror.

My Uncle Waheeb still talks of the day a missile landed on his balcony unexploded. Or in '82, when Israeli soldiers marched through Uncle Habeeb's store stocking up on free rations of sweets and soft drinks, leaving ignominy and a sense of vulnerability all around his place of work. This is the human rubble from which hatred of the West stems. Like the mangrove at the foot of the galleys, only a pale representation of the original person pushes through where normal life has been asphyxiated.

The US faced the first major attack on their soil with 11th September. They were now insecure in their homeland. In my view the US response was legitimate - any sovereign state attacked in such fashion has the right to defend itself. But I do not wish to tangle myself up in matters of right, wrong, or moral equivalency of any attacks. The effect on American psyche, however, can teach us valuable lessons on the origins of anti-Americanism and extremism.

The American response, one feels, was natural: issues that have been raised after the attacks have not been of

an introspective nature; they have revolved around how to annihilate the opponents. The same stunted and myopic vision is held in mirror image in the Arab world, but few have found this comparison striking.

"My cousins and I against each other; my cousins and I against the world"

The tooth fairy's on the Dole

It's a humid day in Beirut, battered Mercedes chug past, tooting and weaving around the busy street-life. The Lebanese Driver seems to steer with the horn. Friendly business is going on in Uncle Habeeb's confection; the local kids snap up his freshly baked cakes and wander off, crumby mouthed, to the Internet café round the corner. I lean against Uncle Mohamed's pristine little black number - it has still got its German plates on. Relative peace has settled on Lebanon for over ten years now

There is talk of a football match up in the mountains, at a scout camp where one of my innumerable cousins is staying for the summer. I listen attentively to their every word as they race off in Arabic dropping back into first gear with a judder as they explain their giggling to me in English - all I knew is they weren't ordering shish kebabs. They explain to me that a certain Baggio from down the road lost his virginity to a prostitute the day before for \$10. A bargain, they exclaimed, if it hadn't been for Italy's early exit from the Cup. Summer holidays are spent in the street; jobs are few and far between.

The extreme economic difficulties of much of the Middle East do nothing to stave off anti-western feeling. Scapegoats are a powerful means to alleviate the daily grind of unemployment and the US, unique superpower and bastion of 'heathenism', rolls almost naturally of the disenfranchised tongue. Another key to anti-American feeling in the Middle East: a disillusioned younger generation. Religion waits with open arms to all those that cannot occupy themselves with worldly affairs. This is not in itself surprising as around the world, the socially exiled youth stops consuming McDonald's as his means dwindle, and start consuming extreme views. When society fails to supply 'material' goods, other 'intellectual' goods are consumed in their place. This destabilises of the status quo. Salman Rushdie said "when God died, he left a God-sized hole in his place" but also "when Consumerism dies, it leaves a God-sized hole in its place."

"My cousins and I against each other; my cousins and I against the world"

Santa's not real

There is a strange relationship that exists in the Arab world between anti-Americanism and the lure of the Occident. We sip on a bottle of Pepsi as time whittles away the heat, our chit-chat only interrupted by the passage of an aesthetically irrelevant young lady. A wink, whistle then a lewd comment, and she continues her stroll untroubled by the fuss around her. Women dress how they like in secular Lebanon, stoking the flames of natural passion.

Lebanon, a country where east meets west and oil mingles with water. The fat cats of the Gulf come for their surreptitious saucer of cream. You see the young Saudi wives at Beirut Airport, slapping on Chanel and squeezing into a new Versace outfit, confined to the wardrobe at home. Lebanon was the home for Bin Laden's playboy years and I have no doubt that he is not the only member of a terrorist network to have graced the pontoon table of Junieh's Casino Du Liban.

Lebanon is an exception in the region. Home to political and religious exiles for thousands of years. Sunnis, Shiites, Catholics, Dreuse, Maronites, Orthodox Christians and others make up the rich religious tapestry. Diversity in Lebanon has meant little dogmatism and no universal moral code. Beirut was the Paris of the East before the civil war, with street cafes and a bustling nightlife of bars, casinos and nightclubs.

The Lebanese are hedonistic and religious, fun-loving but racked with guilt, sitting firmly on the fence between western decadence and eastern spirituality. And after all, we are all riddled with contradictions. Lebanon provides us with a magnified version of the effects of western values on the Arab world, and Lebanese identity is peculiar because it rests on so many contradictions.

A large number of column inches have been devoted to interpreting jihad. Whether it constitutes an internal or external battle against evil is just one of the many quandaries that have been discussed. However, the internal struggle for purity is a pre-requisite for the external struggle, which in turn is the internal struggle 'writ large'. Bin Laden's interpretation of external jihad is expansionary; this need not be so - jihad can also refer to the internal purification of Muslim society.

If we are to assume that Democracy is the new religion, American foreign policy is not far off its own external jihad. This analogy is not watertight, as there are notable differences between Democracy and Islam. However, Islam more than any other religion sets out the laws and means by which a state should be run, Shariah law. Islam in its purest form is incompatible with Democracy and vice-versa; each side waves the banner of moral justification.

Lebanese Muslims are confronted with Western values all the time; in fact they love them. The cars, the fashion, the television and films, are craved out of all proportion. Simultaneously, and paradoxically, Western values are condemned. The values that we hold in the West are predominately those of a hedonistic society; the carnal and material desires that religion tries to suppress, but that log into Man's natural impulses.

Man intrinsically yearns to satisfy his biological desires, but Islam forbids their consummation. Islam, the moral structure of Arab society and the foundation of Islamic life, is shaking under the lure of the Occident. Internal Jihad is one that cannot be won in a time of global access to information. In Saudi Arabia, western newspapers, magazines and CDs are censored in order to hide images that violate Shariah law, but with the proliferation of satellite television these measures do little to impede the transmission of 'heathen' lifestyle. Censorship is ingrained in Islam's treatment of women; men cannot resist the temptation and therefore it is covered up. Equally, Man cannot resist the lure of the Occident and therefore it too should be removed or covered up. The violent hatred of the west arises because of this powerful cocktail of contradictions. On one side, Man is naturally guided by his passions, but on the other, they conflict with the foundation of Islamic society. The result is insecurity in the very core of one's moral life.

"My cousins and I against each other; my cousins and I against the world"

The rise in extremism has surfaced predominately in reaction to political, economical and religious insecurity felt in the Islamic world. What we see today is a fight against the forces of change. I do not wish to comment on the merits of these changes, but the unease and insecurity caused by war, unemployment and the propagation of 'hedonistic' values has been the major cause of anti-Americanism. Bin Laden's contact with western society and his subsequent militancy is a microcosmic example of this phenomenon.

The future of Islam lies in how jihad is interpreted. Coexistence and cooperation with the occident can only come about if jihad is interpreted in an oriental manner, searching for inner peace, not external struggle. Only the success of this Islam, through the removal of religion from the dangerous arena of politics, will avoid a 'clash', and one hopes, lead to a more peaceful cohabitation of the Occident and Arab world.

"My cousins and I against each other; my cousins and I against the world"

BLACK GOLD FLOWS IN OCEAN CURRENTS

CHRISTOPHER FRANKEL DISCUSSES OIL SPILLS, THRILLS, THEY KILL A MILLION BRAIN CELLS!

The wreck of the HMS Prestige lies quietly on the ocean floor. With the memory of the 1999 Erika spill off the coast of Brittany still fresh, the safe bet says that the Prestige is simply the latest in a seemingly endless string of disturbingly similar oil disasters.

In European capitals, a storm of controversy continues to swirl over the oil tanker industry. Despite Spanish and French official outrage, devastated legions of fishermen, and contaminated coastlines, the seeds of the next oil tanker catastrophe are being sown at this very moment.

In the Estonian port of Tallinn, the Byzantio oil tanker is currently being loaded with 50,000 tons of the same heavy fuel oil now fouling the northern Spanish coast. A 26 year old, single hulled tanker, the Byzantio was recently detained in Ireland for failing an inspection. Like the Prestige, the Byzantio has been chartered by Russian owned Crown Resources. The Byzantio flies the Maltese flag of convenience, a designation that falls on the blacklist of the world's leading port authority on ship inspections, the Paris MOU. The Byzantio's destination is an unspecified port on the European continent.

The 1989 Exxon Valdez spill off Alaska was a critical event in the oil tanker industry. The uproar prompted the US to put in place stringent, new legislation through the Oil Pollution Act of 1990. The Erika incident off France resulted in the creation of similar legislation in the European Union in 1999.

Tough regulatory rhetoric camouflages plodding, largely ineffective oil tanker legislation. Central to both acts is the gradual phase out of single-hulled tankers (SHT), such as the Prestige, in favour of double-hulled ships (DHT). Experts contend that

DHT reduce spills by 75% due to their ability to hold cargo in the event of a hull puncture. Under the legislation, many SHT built during the 1970s shipbuilding boom are to be retired by 2005, however later model SHT will remain in service up to 2015.

Progress toward DHT use has been achingly slow. According to the American Petroleum Institute, of the 3,294 major tankers currently in use worldwide, only 876 are classified as DHT. Classification loopholes continue to be exploited to skirt phase-out deadlines, and to secure dubious DHT certification. Thirteen years after the single-hulled Exxon Valdez destroyed a vast section of the Alaskan coast, the number of DHT operating on the Alaskan route is exactly the same as in 1989.

Without a concerted effort to modernize the fleet, oil importing nations will continue to be burdened with the risk of oil spills. In light of this reality, efforts should be directed at increasing the funds available for cleaning up spills, compensating affected parties, and repairing damage to fragile ecosystems.

The International Oil Pollution Compensation (IOPC) fund attempts to cover the costs of clean-up operations, property damage, and claims for both consequential and pure economic loss. The mandate of the IOPC Fund, however, is severely limited in terms of dealing with ecosystem damage.

According to LSE Environment lecturer Michael Mason, "The main shortcomings are the lack of funds to cover catastrophic spills and the selectivity of the environmental compensation. Allowances are made only for certain definitions of damage in national waters, with environmental reinstatement limited to 'reasonable' clean up measures. Long term harm to the ecosystem and events such as oil spill accidents on the high seas are simply

not dealt with by the IOPC."



Courtesy NOAA

International conventions require the Prestige to be insured up to \$US 25 million. Although extensive further compensation can be pursued through the courts, the reality is that liability limits make this an inherently difficult process. Efforts to raise the funds available through ship owner liability and the IOPC are mired in protracted negotiations.

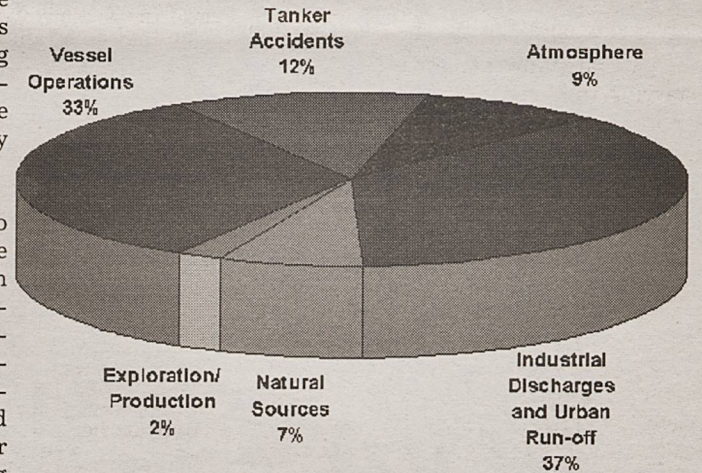
The risks of tanker transport are further exacerbated by the ultra competitive and poorly regulated market governing the global fleet. Industrial economies run on oil, and the status of the EC as the world's leading oil trading region makes it highly vulnerable to the pressures imposed by the market.

According to a report by the European Commission, industry trends are ominous. Major oil companies have significantly divested themselves of tanker ownership, leaving independents to dominate with 75% of worldwide market share. Shadowy single-ship firms create complex labyrinths of financial and ownership webs which serve to conceal those responsible for the safe operation of oil tankers.

Stable, long term contracts have been replaced with short term charter deals. Over half of worldwide contracts are determined in the fiercely competitive spot market, where price is paramount and safety concerns are largely ignored.

Inspection and legislation have been ineffective in stemming the tide of rust-bucket ships plying the sea routes of international oil transportation. Mason identifies the dual role of the shipping classification societies as a key problem: "Shipping classification societies are responsible for inspecting and monitoring the seaworthiness of vessels but this can conflict with the other commercial demands made of them by flag states. While the classification societies claim that there's no tension between their control and service functions, this view has long been questioned by outside observers."

The environmental and economic costs of the decrepit global tanker fleet are certain to increase in the future. The RUS Institute for Defence Studies reports that Europe's oil and gas imports are projected to reach 90% and 70% of consumption by 2020. The recent bombing of the French tanker off Yemen adds a frightening security dimension to the steep costs of Europe's dependence on fossil fuel imports and oil tanker transport.



sources of spills

As the tanker fleet continues to age, increased inspection by port authorities and the 'blacklisting' of decrepit vessels will have only a marginal impact in preventing spills.

The harsh reality is that oil disasters are likely to continue to happen as long as single hull ships dominate the world's tanker fleet. Without the political will to expediate the transition to double hull tankers, tragedies like the Prestige spill will continue to be all too commonplace in the years ahead.



A IS FOR APATHY...AND ACTIVISM

BY PAUL KIRBY

Those two extracts (across the page) contain, for me, some of the truest words written, at least indirectly, on the subject of Apathy. The A word. Personally I wish that Activism was the A word; participatory democracy, concern for the life of your fellow human, protest, independent thought and involvement. But I'll do my best not to get too Naomi Klein on you. As I come to the end of my first term at LSE I am quite disappointed to find myself a little jaded. I was never under any misconception of what the LSE was best at and existed for - i.e. training economists - but I did believe in talk of truly stimulating debate and a diverse student body. I was quite prepared for heated confrontations with people who did not agree with me and expected to feel ide-

ologically out of place. What I was not prepared for was so few people to care about anything. I can pinpoint the moment when I realised how much humanity was lacking at LSE.....sitting in the UGM that was fielding the motion on the anti-war occupation, a passionate speaker onstage describing the child mortality resulting from sanctions against Iraq and some unknown, unnamed student sitting behind me, decked out in his Nike, turning to his friend and sighing "yet another issue that doesn't affect me". To which his compatriot, doubtless a courageous defender of human rights the world over, responded "I say we bomb the bastards". Welcome to the forum of intellectual ideas, the only weekly UGM in the country, where the students really

care. Yeah, right!

People have already begun jumping the gun on the apathy question, claiming that the turn-out at the UGM which tabled that controversial Israeli boycott motion has banished fears of student apathy. There were hundreds of people there, there was active campaigning and student involvement. People surely cared about the existence of those in far-away Israel/Palestine? Of course I hear you respond. And yet at the candle lit vigil that was held for all the civilian victims of the conflict from both sides was held the following day I counted no more than a dozen who braved the cold to hold a candle in simple, brief memory of people blown to bits on buses or shot in the face by stray rounds. Where was the compassion then? And where was the compassion for Amina Lawal, the young woman sentenced to death by stoning [after the lawful authorities had buried her in sand up to her neck naturally] in Nigeria for breaking Sharia law and having a baby out of wedlock. How many turned up to express solidarity on that issue? Sod All that's how many.....didn't know it was happening? Well try turning up every week....check your timetable....you haven't got any lectures on a Thursday at 1pm do you? Thought not. And how many of you were wearing the White Ribbons [which show you're not really a big fan of violence against women] or the Red Ribbons [which say "Hi I give a flying monkey's testicles about the little problem of AIDs"]? And what about the Sudan? And what about Iraqi civilians [they're not all crazed murdering types who want to strip you of your liberty like the monsters that hide in the closet]?

I've just read that last paragraph back to myself and I need to breathe a bit here cause yes, I admit it freely and before anyone else can get that punch in, I sound a little bit self-righteous. And I apologise...I want to put these ideas forward in as coherent and intellectual manner as possible, persuading and not alienating, but I do find myself quite passionate about it all. And I am certainly no role model: I'm not on any committees and I don't go to all those Stop The War Coalition meetings and I didn't boycott Esso. I meant to go to the Israeli Refusenik talk but found myself in an HY113 lecture instead trying to learn about Japan's rearmament post World War II. It's a fine line between learning about the world and feeling qualified enough to have an opinion on it but I've always felt that as long as I'm sitting at home thinking that maybe I shouldn't meddle and I'm sure Tony and George have everything under control I'm not changing anything and, more importantly, I'm not being

*"FIRST THEY CAME FOR THE
JEWS*

*AND I DID NOT SPEAK OUT -
BECAUSE I WAS NOT A JEW.*

*THEN THEY CAME FOR THE COM-
MUNISTS*

*AND I DID NOT SPEAK OUT -
BECAUSE I WAS NOT A COMMU-
NIST.*

*THEN THEY CAME FOR THE
TRADE UNIONISTS*

*AND I DID NOT SPEAK OUT -
BECAUSE I WAS NOT A TRADE
UNIONIST.*

*THEN THEY CAME FOR ME -
AND THERE WAS NO ONE LEFT
TO SPEAK OUT FOR ME."*

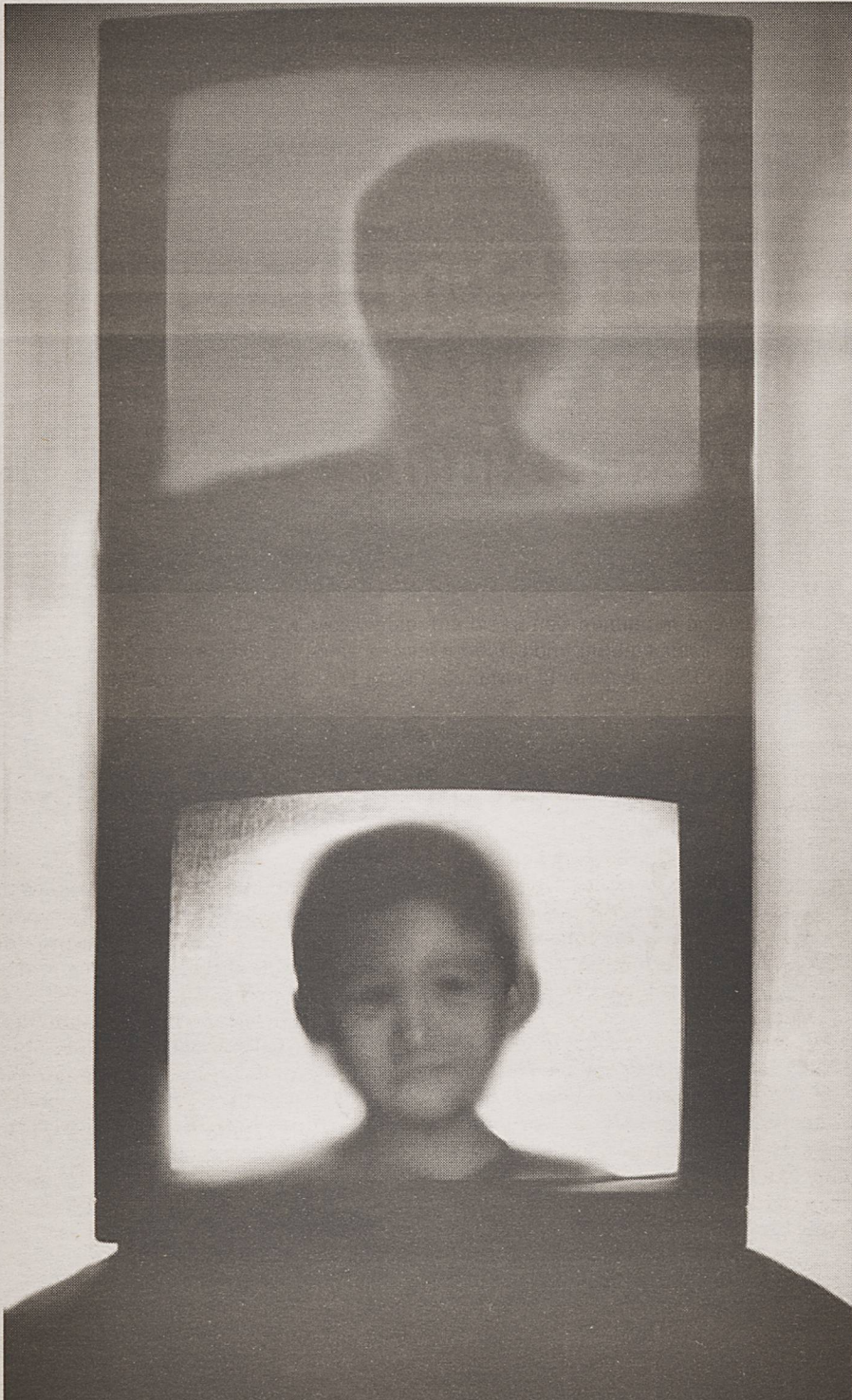
*PASTOR NIEMOELLER [VICTIM OF
THE NAZIS]*

*"A HAPPY SLAVE IS THE GREAT-
EST ENEMY OF FREEDOM."*

UNKNOWN

involved. The problem seems to be that so many of us are not even aware that there's a side that involves having your own opinion and not just regurgitating someone else's or do not seem to see that they affect the world and the world affects them back.

I did expect a different atmosphere before I arrived at LSE. Even on issues closer to home for the average student - like fees. The day before the annual NUS National Demonstration over everybody's favourite tax on knowledge and I was wondering the corridors of my halls and LSE asking friends and acquaintances whether I'd be seeing them on the march. To which I was met, almost without fail, with panicked faces and shaky voices - "It doesn't affect us does it?". Upon hearing that no, it will only affect everyone that comes after you there was the obligatory audible sigh of relief, usually combined with a turning away and the answer "aaahhh....I would but I have a lecture/class/sleeping session planned for that particular afternoon". I had a class too....but I missed it! That's right a whole class! Why such a flagrant disre-



gard for my education I hear you cry? Well I felt that this was more important. And it seems that there were only 80 other people out of 3000 undergraduates who felt it was worth turning up. Of course having your voice heard and involving yourself in some kind of activism is going to be time consuming. But I guess its about priorities....there are too many of us focussing too much on that exam grade, that justification of our existence set out on the result form. I find myself slipping into that mindset all the time. And it is a concious effort to pull myself out and get involved...and that degree of non-Apathy [whats the word for the opposite of apathy?] is variable....sometimes I care a lot and sometimes I just want a cup of tea and the Simpsons or the warm embrace of Southern Comfort. But we all have that aspect - that part of us which wants to shut off and not think, to take the easy road and just accept that you're born, you consume, you die [and maybe feel alive at some point for a fleeting second amongst the numbness of your comfortable everyday routine].

I was always aware that academic ability had little/no correlation with emotional maturity, empathy, depth or even the possession of an intellect per se but I was more hopeful that I would find in LSE a greater occurrence of the above than I had so far in my brief life. In my more optimistic moments I still hope that I will. LSE's a big place and maybe inside every apathetic UGM-avoider there's an environmental/ political/humanitarian activist ready to take control, burst out and at least try and change a few things. I hope so. Because if theres not then I've just wasted a few hours crafting this little diatribe although come to think of it the heady thrill of seeing my name in print might just make up for it. But while on many levels I'm an idealist I'm not blinded to reality. And I fear that the reality is that this will be read, just as countless articles on why we should care about certain issues have been read, and will

change few people's, if anyone at all's, approach to their world. We're not used to being moved or challenged by things and even when we are the feeling is usually short lived. Anyone emotionally capable of empathy [I doubt there's that many clinically diagnosed schitzophrenics at LSE although there seem to be a sizeable number of, shall we say, emotionally challenged individuals] should be moved by images of starving children in India or dead humans in the Gaza Strip or Columbine High School, Littleton, USA. Some may even be moved enough to give a little pocket-change, or make a little sacrifice. But what happens when it comes to trying to solve these problems as a career move instead of working for an investment company? Or volunteering to get involved somewhere [note to Omar Srouji - count me in for that Palestine trip when it happens.!? Or even just turning up to the UGM?

There has to be a reason why some of us feel so attached to these issues while so many others just don't care. It's not about quality of character or "niceness" of person. Some of my dearest, oldest and kindest friends shut off anytime a vaguely controversial political issue involving real people's lives emerges at the dinner table or over coffee at the local Starbucks [where of course I refuse to buy a drink and in my own way achieve nothing more than a hollow blow against one tiny faceless facet of the ever-exploiting global monster that is human consumption]. They don't lack empathy. They just reserve it for the people they know and love. I thought that it might have something to do with where we come from - I was born in South Africa and my parents fought Apartheid. But I was nine when we up and left for the safer shores of Britain and although my mother always taught me compassion she certainly isn't someone you'll find chained to the fences outside a British military base protesting against Nuclear weapons or the Trident submarine project. And my political awakening didn't take place

until I watched JFK aged 12 or 13 and learned a little something about how the world isn't always how it seems. I am sure that those who speak out over whatever it is they believe in don't just do it to cause trouble or go home at the end of the day and congratulate themselves on being subversive. It just seems an unfathomable sea of contradictions. As a school we've voted a dead protestor honorary president of the SU but at the same time I suspect that if a protestor was being held and tortured in a foreign jail few of us would turn up to protest at the relevent embassy and stop the death occuring in the first place. I am almost certain that I wouldn't which is actually quite a source of shame. So why are we so apathetic as a group? I'm tempted to request answers on a post-card but I'd be crushed if none arrived.

The closest I can get is to make the commonsense argument that we don't like difficult obstacles. Last week's editorial described the amendment on that controversial Israeli Goods Boycott Hot Potato motion as "so uncontroversial and politically correct that it provided many with an escape route from making a very important, albeit difficult, decision". As someone who voted against the Boycott motion I agree. I voted against it because I don't think I can be against sanctions on Iraq that hurt everyone but Saddam and at the same time be for boycotts against Israel which would hurt everyone but Sharon. But I know that a large number of the people who turned up to vote the original motion down weren't doing it for any such reason. It felt dirty to be associated with anyone who would attack Ellie [the second speaker for the boycott] as a traitor against Judaism. Indeed I felt that I was sitting in a camp with a majority of people who I was idealistically opposed to and that I was somehow betraying the few people at LSE whose views I share. But I'm getting off track. My point was meant to be that we'll sign a petition against war but we won't join in a die-in, we'll complain about US disregard of Kyoto but we won't bother keeping a compost bin for food stuffs. Anything that involves more than a signature or a raised LSE card is a no-go area. Standing up for that other person on the other side of the world by going to a rally or attending a meeting is just too much effort godamn it. And really I'm here to get a degree right....to be the best that I can be....lets talk about ME. I need a new stereo and some extra Cds to fill the holes in my collection. I need some new clothes to attract some ladies into my den of iniquity. I can't give that money to a disaster relief fund because I need it to get wasted tonight.

And who can blame us for all this egocentric behaviour. We weren't designed to be altruistic. We were designed to look after our own and keep and eye out for the next opportunity to propogate the species. But that doesn't mean we can't attempt an evolution of the mind - a concious step away from that selfishness and into the idealist zone - cooperation, justice, dropping the debt, peace, love....all that hippie bull-shit we all like to mock and call naive. But it actually feels good. Try smiling at

a stranger or buying a Big Issue or signing an online Amnesty International petition. Give Blood. Christmas is just round the corner....time to consume....you need to buy presents for people you care about right? Well sponsor a tree on their behalf or donate some money to a worthy cause on their behalf. At least don't get them anything from GAP or Nike for pity's sake [living costs in Lesotho are lower than in England but they're not low enough for parents to be able to properly feed and clothe children or buy those pricey patented western medicines on 30p a day]. Try saving that half a sandwich you were going to throw away for someone who'll be sleeping on the cold streets tonight while you're at home in the warmth watching your David Dickinson Compilation tapes or deciding whether to take that 30k job next year or the 25k one with the bonus package. Try not to let this be another article that fails to move you or even make you ponder the way you/we live. I think it might even have been a little cathartic for me. I guess there might just be some hope out there. Every now and again I come upon someone else's words that seem to express the way I feel or the point I'm trying to make better than I ever could. I started with some and so I thought it only right to finish with some.

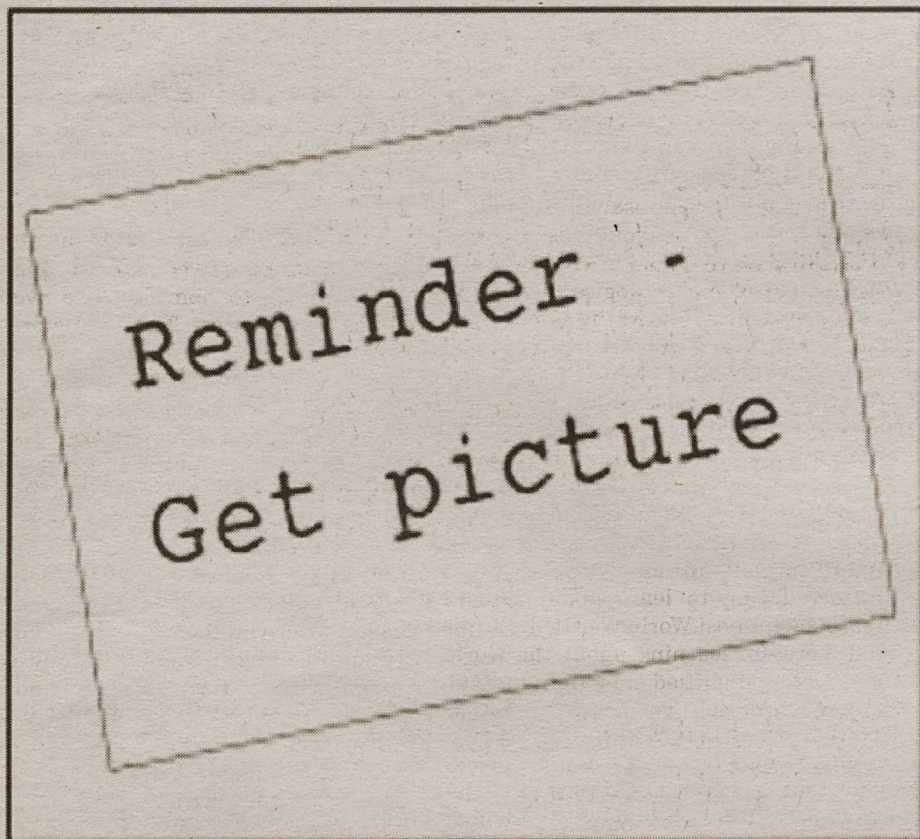
"WHATEVER YOU DREAM YOU CAN DO. BEGIN IT. BOLDNESS HAS GENIUS, POWER AND MAGIC IN IT. BEGIN IT NOW."

GOETHE

"HOW DID A DIFFERENCE BECOME A DISEASE? I'M SURE YOU HAVE REASONS.....A RATIONAL DEFENSE....WEAPONS AND MOTIVES....BLOODY FINGER-PRINTS....BUT I CAN'T HELP THINKING IT'S STILL ALL DISEASE...HERE COMES THE ARGUMENT...ITS ALL ABOUT STRIKES NOW...SO HERE'S WHAT'S STRIKING ME....THAT SOME PUNK COULD ARGUE MORAL ABC'S WHEN PEOPLE ARE CATCHING WHAT BOMBERS RELEASE....I'M ON A MISSION TO NEVER AGREE....HERE COMES THE ARGUMENT...HERE COMES THE ARGUMENT....

...HERE IT COMES...."

FUGAZI - THE ARGUMENT



TALES OF FESTIVE CHEER

IF YOU WERE STANDING ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF A BUSY ROAD TO A BLIND MAN WITH HIS GUIDE DOG, WOULD YOU PRODUCE DOGGIE TREATS?

By Ed Calow

'Well, some lil' girl did. And you know what happened to me, don't you? Yep, that's right, one minute I'm jus' standing there, and the next ma guide dog Bonnie here sets off at a frickin' gallop, like she's a greyhound or summat. Before I know it, I'm being dragged along behind not knowing what the bejesus is going on. I'm even yelling encouragement at ma dog, for gawd's sake, 'cause he's only a young'un, a bit exciteable an' all, and I thought he might have spotted a gap in the traffic. So I'm all like 'nice work mate (ma dog is ma only friend), but maybe we could wait for the lights to go green or summat? This is before I got hit by the Greyhound bus, of course (oh the gawd-damn irony). After that, I don't remember much. Jus' the sound of ma dog scoffing his face on summat or other, the sound of a little girl crying, and the voice of her mother soothing her.

'Don't worry sweetie poppet', I heard her say, through the ringin' in ma ears. 'Mummy needs to make a quick phonecall, but when she's done, you can use her mobile and call 999, and we'll get a doctor to come and see to the man. And look sweetie, at least his dog's OK, and you weren't to know that it might be attracted to that chicken's carcass you took out of the bag'.

There followed a silence, followed by:

'Hello, it is that the Greyhound bus depot? I'd like to report disgraceful driving by one of your fleet. They terrified my poor lil' girl'. The woman went

on like this for some time, until some kind of compensation agreement had been worked out, before passing the phone to her daughter.

Well, I may be blind, but I'm no fool, and I'd worked out what was going on by now (I had plenty of time to think things through before the doctor turned up - when he eventually arrived I heard him apologise to all an' sundry about the tardiness, but he'd been held up by his little girl, who'd dressed up in all his doctor's stuff and refused to get changed. Everyone agreed this was cute). Anyways, I was pretty doggone (geddit?) angry with the little girl, who'd made ma Bonnie go crazy, but hell, I jus' wanted to get to a hospital. The doctor was sure taking his time about seeing to me. From the screams of laughter I heard, he seemed to play some kind of game of doggie in the middle with the little girl, ma dog, and the chicken carcass. I wanted to yell at him that I needed help but found I couldn't make a damn sound - I'd been 'it square in the voice-box by that damn bus.

Anyways, eventually I get to hospital, and they tell me I'll never walk or talk again, which I'm pretty darn pissed off about, but then what can I do? I'm paralysed from the neck down. I jus' lay there, thinkin' about ma Bonnie.

A week later, it came as a bit of a surprise when the nurse came to tell me that I had a visitor; all my relatives are long gone from this neck of the woods, they've gone to meet their maker, so to speak. But then I heard those distinctive voices that had been ringing around ma head for what seemed like eternity, and realised that the lil' girl and her mother had come to the hospital to see me! Well, I was overjoyed, and quite ready to accept an apology and an invite to Christmas dinner (usually for me, it's jus' frozen turkey sticks and the Queen's speech). After all, if you can't find a bit of the ol' milk of human kindness within you at Christmas, what's the gawddamn point, eh? But then they start talking and I realise that they ain't here to apologise at all. Instead, they tell me that they sold the story of what happened to the BBC, who're makin' this programme about kids that save people's lives. The mother tells me proudly that her daughter's being given an award for bravery, live on air on Christmas Day. They're also going to film a two part documentary about her lil' girl's heroics, especially the bit where she dials 999. They're going to

call in 999 Lifesavers, apparently. I were feelin' a bit miffed by now, to be honest, but hell, I don't care if they wanted to put a sweet lil' girl on TV. And the money from the deal would sure help pay off some of my hospital bills, But then the mother said that they were really here to make me sign a legal waiver, admitting I was in no way the intellectual basis of the programme they were going to film.

Well, I tried to explain about not being able to move my arms an' all,



but it was difficult, given I can't talk neither. And when my frantic neck movements finally managed to get the message across to them, they got quite nasty, and said that wasn't an excuse at all; they started punching and kicking me an' all, though obviously I couldn't feel a thing. Then they made me hold the pen in my mouth and sign the waiver. The first time they tried, it slid down the back of my throat and touched me epiglottis, making me vomit everywhere (I don't need to add that the nurse had jus' gone home for the night), but eventually I managed to sign, and the mother and her daughter went off into the night.

Anyways, a week later, and I'm out of hospital, though in a wheelchair. I was reunited with ma guide dog Bonnie, which was wonderful. An' social services also gave me two reindeer to pull the wheelchair along, since I couldn't move my arms at all. For a couple of days, life was perfect.

Then one day, right, I'm in Harrod's doing some Christmas shopping (they do great frozen turkey sticks) when I hear the voice of a small boy:

'Mummy, mummy, it's Santa',

he cries. I laugh good naturedly when I realise the boy is talking about me. After all, it's not as if I can shave anymore, and wiv' my reindeer pulling me along I guess I must look a bit like Ol' Saint Nick.

'What presents have you brung for me, Santa?', the small boy asks. I didn't know if the lil' fella would know head sign language, since even I'd only jus' learnt it, but I hadn't spoken (so to speak) to anyone for weeks, so I decided to give it a go. I explain (usin' head sign language all the while) that I only have turkey sticks, but he's welcome to one if he wants. Amazingly, I think he understands what I'm saying because he says:

'Really? For me?'

I nod my head and smile gently.

'Back in a minute', he postively gurgles. 'I need to ask mum and dad if I can take presents from a stranger'. What an adorable child, I thinks to meself. Anyway, he comes back after a minute with his parents, and I hear him say:

'Look what Santa Claus brung me for Christmas this year, mummy. A puppy of my very own!' Well that wipes the smile of me face. I can sense him untying Bonnie, and I can hear ma lil' doggie yelping softly.

'No, don't take ma dog', I plead through head sign language, but the little boy must have had been looking at Bonnie rather than me. And since so few people speak the language, I can only presume that everybody else in the shop thought I was just smiling in a vaguely creepy fashion.

'Aren't store Santa Clauses good these days', I hear the lil' boy's 'mummy' say to 'daddy', as three sets of footsteps and one of paws fade away.

Me reindeer left me the next day. Said they was only staying wiv' me for the sake of Bonnie. And I burnt me turkey sticks, which at least reassured me, since I'd always presumed me Christmas food of choice was made out of asbestos.

Mine is not the first story I've heard of a dumb, blind and paralysed man losing his guide dog because the people who invented head sign language couldn't be bothered to come up with two different words for turkey stick and puppy. It's crazy. There just aren't enough words in the language fullstop, and you always end up saying the wrong thing by accident. It makes sexual innuendo easy as pie, but there are serious consequences. My only hope, my Christmas wish, is that the story of my plight will bring these consequences to the public's attention. We need more words, dammit, and we need more people to learn the language. It's not like it's hard. At the moment, those of us for whom the language is the only option are stuck in the dark ages.



BY NICK PAURO (BETTER KNOWN AS "BANG BANG")

The question has never been 'What are man's abilities?' only 'What has he learned?' (Is he a road sweeper or something more useful like a stockbroker?) which leaves us all with only half answers to fundamental questions. Today we tell ourselves that we are modern, democratic, civilised and humanitarian (which is why modern man has replaced the shield and sword with an un-manned guided bomb that doesn't have to look its victim in the eye). Moreover, we believe we act nothing like neither our ancestors nor the 'noble savages' that we have so thoroughly colonised into near extinction. However, is not the contrary nearer the truth?

Man remains a ritualistic being as he always has been only now he believes his rituals are somehow harmless, or 'better' than those he has supposedly shed; much better to put on one's socks after your jeans than perform a rain dance that doesn't work I suppose. But, is this a fact? Lets take religion, one of those topics you are not supposed to debate at the dinner table in case its becomes an unsavoury engagement.

The ancient Aztecs have been recorded as clothing their most beautiful women and girls of a given village in the costumes of their deities and for many months treating them as if they were the gods they represented actually incarnate here on earth. During this time they would even collect and drink the girl's menstrual blood and mix it with wild honey believing it to be the elixir of life. Then, on a select night, the girl would be publicly sacrificed either through decapitation or burning. Such a ritual aimed to deliver unto the gods a fresh batch of human energy to ensure heaven's eternity was maintained. In short, the girl was a human sacrifice for the deity as an act of supreme homage.

You probably think the sentimental, democratic and Western mind could never take part in such an act of human dissection nor even entertain such a concept no matter how modern it had become. Not so!

Every magazine and media source enacts such human sacrifice in every bulletin and edition for us; the media performs the role of the Aztec high Priest and we now play the roles of the gathered public audience and the 'Gods' themselves as we now make such sacrifices to ourselves.

For example, Russell Crowe is idolised the world over by many because of the heroic, appealing and archetypal character he played in the film 'Gladiator'. He is not idolised for his own personal character traits. Therefore, when his actions in his private life contradict the screen image that we see as being indivisible to his

person, the media quickly assassinates his character. This holds true for anyone in the public spotlight be they sport stars, politicians or lottery winners. Indeed, the media is guilty of character assassination almost everyday.

The result, a celebrity's fanbase is whipped up into a frenzy, it may even hold an inquisition on itself to purge the group of the 'disloyal', and the public go out and buy the next batch of magazines that give you all the 'behind the scenes' information and photos.

Today's celebrity is yesterday's sacrificed 'human deity'. Just as 'primitive' people portrayed certain individuals as gods for future sacrifice, temporary honour and glory as an act of homage, actors and actresses are now inserted into our modern heaven called Hollywood only to be scrapped when the crowds and studio bosses decree (James Bond is dead, long live James Bond, move over Pierce Brosnan, you're too old).

However, those deities of ours who manage to capture the public mind the most effectively (through reinvention, merchandise, soul selling, agent wizardry and hard work) are not forgotten when we leave them twisting in the wind. Just like Jesus Christ, we kill them off so totally they remain legendary. We own 'their' moment, freeze it and hold it.

Indeed, the ritual of sacrifice and feasting is still going strong and

feasting has not elapsed in our era; it has merely been packaged differently, perhaps less honestly. It is often said that the Roman gladiatorial games contradict the high civilisation that surrounded the Empire's blood theatres. In Rome, jungles of animals could be emptied in one afternoon, thousands could lose their lives in a single battle recreation and the Emperor Caligula is recorded as having ordered 15,000 spectators onto the Coliseum's hallowed sands when he bled the prisons dry of combatants.

Academics and History Channel viewers would probably say such acts had no place in the present, nor would we want to witness or take part in them if we could. Moreover, the grand sexual peaks aristocratic Romans achieved as they bedded countless virgins and rolled in wine stained silk sheets would probably also be frowned upon by today's righteous 'public conscience'.

I am one of those people who can see more easily why something is false than why it is true, and it seems to me that the human urge to bury his actions with scorn or blind hypocrisy has no limits.

In London's Soho, sex shops are now being filled with the latest 'craze'; 'Animal Crush Porn'. In them,



Krush never felt soooo good....

Hypocrisy on a grand scale dictates our surface niceties; it lubricates our impotent beliefs and allows us to feel free to cast the first stone at those around us. If you want to be an extreme Marxist, go ahead. If you want to be a supreme Satanist, go ahead. If you want to hunt foxes, become a lawyer, sell stocks and shares, or just sit around for the rest of your life, go for it. At least stand up and be counted, do it honestly and because you really believe in it passionately.

Do not act tepidly or conform because you think you lack the conviction to think for yourself, its time to find out who you are, what you have learned and where you can go. Whatever your religious opinion (if you have one), Jesus did not get crucified because he went around saying what people wanted to hear, he fitted no niche. Yet, his vitality survived his mortal remains.

If we continue to lie about what we are doing and where we are going as a species and as individuals, we will soon realise we are going nowhere but to the global cinema we all help to project and its sadly based on our cowardly falsified Hollywood history. I hope the New Year may bring modern man a new integrity and zeal and allow him to break free from the barless mind-prison matrix he has created about him. He knows not who the wardens of this prison are (for he does not like his reflection in the mirror) and so he tells himself he is free. Therefore, I lift my glass to free, fearless thought! Carpe Diem.

BEHIND THE MOVIE

will be this Christmas. December 25th will mark the celebration of the birth of Jesus Christ (the 'Anointed One'). Whether you are a Christian or not, his fate symbolises much of the human character we are attempting to understand. He was a man much loved by those who followed and listened to his message and yet tragically and ironically, he was nailed to a cross by many of these same people and in dying spawned a religion that feasts on his flesh at every Mass. He has even managed to gather people around dinner tables each year until they can suckle no more and fall asleep in front of television's quality Christmas programming schedule.

'Faithful' or otherwise, the human lust for blood, sacrifice and



long legged screen beauties crush to death kittens and bunnies with their high-heeled shoes and then proceed to pleasure themselves as our screen couple roll around and anoint themselves in animal blood. Behind office doors secretaries molest their bosses, politicians bite on oranges as gay lovers gag them and 'everyday' couples swap partners and 'swing' their way through the dark wintry nights. I wonder if Caligula would have objected?

Yesterday's gladiators are now found in the bull-fighting arena, at boxing matches or on the latest CD to come from ghettoised America. Modern sport across the world still represents the paradigm of placing the 'sacrificed' in the centre and having the action being encompassed by the bodies and opinions of the crowd. Digital TV is now trying to bring the spectator closer to his combatants with greater camera usage.

CHASING GIDDENS - WHO SHOULD GET IN THE SADDLE NEXT?



STANLEY FISCHER

Student at LSE from 1962-66, taking both his BSc and his MSc. Served at MIT, the IMF, and currently holds a position at Citigroup. Surely its time for him to come back home?



CHRIS PATTEN

Became Conservative Party chairman in 1991. He lost his seat in the 1992 general election. He then became Governor of Hong Kong in 1993. He lost Hong Kong in 1997.



RALPH REDFERN

Strand Poly sabbatical and editor of 'Roar'. He's got longer odds than Angus Deayton. Nuff said.



BILL CLINTON

Former President of the United States. Cuban Cigars are LEGAL here and he would love to help LSE students find 'internships'



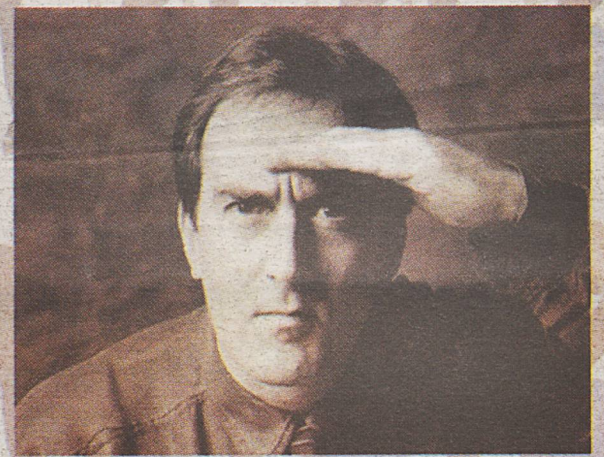
CHERIE BLAIR

High profile LSE alumna. Bound to grab lots of media attention. Closer to Blair than Giddens?



BABY CHLOE

Already a celebrity on Houghton Street, Chloe's main advantage is that she won't have to compulsorily retire until 2062. That should save some headhunter fees!



ANGUS DEAYTON

Former host of 'Have I Got News For You'. Was sacked after getting caught twice after drug fuelled nights of sexual excess with prostitutes. Desperately in need of a job. Hey Jenna!



DAVID DICKINSON

Presenter of TV's 'Bargain Hunt', respected antiques expert and revered businessman. Undisputed darling of the Tuns. Cheap as chips.



JENNA JAMESON

Queen of porn. Would add an interesting touch to the 'Directors Dialogues'. Her address to the UGM in the Lent term would surely need quite a few video links. Would make LSE impossible to get into for males. Blink supports her as well.



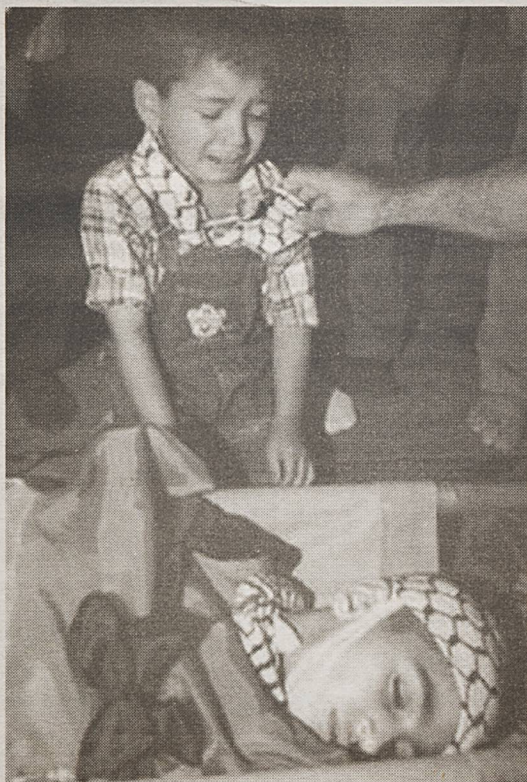
WRONG CAUSE

JAN DUESING AIMS FOR THE JUGULAR AS HE DISCUSSES THE RECENT BOYCOTT ACTION AT THE UGM.

I recently wrote two articles on the LSE in the Eighties and today. They were intended (subject to severe ability constraints) to be humorous articles. Therefore they left out a particularly distasteful aspect of LSE student life. I refer to the anti-Israel vote.

Up to once a year since about 1988, the LSE Student Union has been crowded with people you have never seen before. Many of them are not even LSE students. Most of them have never contributed to LSE life. Almost all of them make it very clear that they have absolutely no interest in LSE social or political life; nor in Union democracy. They come to intimidate, to shout down the speakers and vote down the motion. The moment that their task is completed, they leave. They return to their busy schedules and leave the Union to discuss the rest of the, in their mind, boring shit on its agenda. Until the next time.

They are organised and coordinated by the Union of Jewish Students and a range of outside bodies including, recently, the Jewish press.



Normally, I would be very amused by this brief interruption of LSE democracy as we know it. It is great to see such voracious campaigning on Haughton Street by people who really care about what they are saying.

This experience, however, is hurtful. It leaves me confused. (So confused, in fact, that I have decided to write another article even though, at my age, expected net gain from writing for the Beaver is negative. Maximum gross gain is zero.) The obvious questions are:

1. Is well-organised intimidation really the thing the Jewish student

body wishes to be associated with?

2. Never mind the outsiders. Why does the intelligent LSE Jewish student body focus all its energy on supporting an unspeakably evil regime?

Did I support the Serbs because they were Christians like myself and a high proportion of their victims were not? Do I think the Nazis did a good job because they were Christians and a high proportion of their victims were not? Apartheid was not as deadly as Zionsim and many of the victims were Christians, but the suppressors were white like myself and a similar principle applies. The answer is: of course not.

The Zionists should have had an easy ride this year, given that hardly anyone seems to be going to Union meetings anymore. They did not. The New Theatre was almost evenly split, while around two thirds of the Old Theatre were in the hands of those against the boycott. Many of these were, ofcourse, members of the LSE Jewish Society.

Word has leaked out to even the most apolitical student at the LSE that Israel is now no longer content with keeping the Palestinians in economic slavery; keeping their schools closed as much as possible while periodically murdering children; and building new settlements while blowing up "Arab" homes.

Having destroyed the infrastructure of the future Palestinian state, especially over the past year, the aim is now to starve the Palestinians. If you leave your house, you die. This applies to young boys in the same way as, sadly, to a 95-year-old woman yesterday. (Yesterday at the time of writing. By the time you read this, it will have been superseded by further atrocities.)

How difficult can it be to see that, as surely as night follows day, if you support such a regime it will come to haunt you? Personally, having seen Jews in near-unanimous support of actions taken by the state of Israel in the Seventies, the Eighties, the Nineties and the current decade, I find it difficult to comprehend how few Jewish students take it upon themselves to criticize the Israeli government.

I understand that Israel is now something like the fourth-largest nuclear power in the world, with an air-force that can blow the UK's to bits. The theft of land and property, the economic



and military suppression, the racially motivated killing... All of these things are very familiar from the history books. But this is today, and today is what matters.

Some of those that supported the amendment are overtly racist. One example: I was stopped by a woman who, without solicitation on my part, offered me the opinion that certain Muslim countries had killed more of their own people than Israel had ever killed. Her statement was factually incorrect and was of no relevance to the plight of the Palestinians. However, her point was: if other people are killing "Arabs", then it is ok for Israel to be doing the same. Arabs are Arabs.

I was not in any way involved in this motion, nor any of the previous ones. The drafting and campaigning for the motion was very much an insiders affair. Hopefully more people will get involved and put forward more pressure on the Union to condemn the actions of a state with a lot to answer for.

Personally, I would focus less on boycotting Israeli goods. Such action would hurt the little man while letting the real villains get away with it. I would focus on divestment, i.e. choose not to invest in companies that help to

prop up the Israeli regime, and ask the School to do the same. Readers of my previous articles, and probably everyone else as well, will remember that this proved an effective weapon against apartheid. Incidentally, the chap who organised the apartheid divestment campaign at the LSE is now a successful financial markets guru...

The new motion would have to be even clearer about the purpose and duration of our policy. As a minimum time horizon, I would say: until the last tank has left Gaza and the West Bank and until bombing raids against Palestinian towns have ceased for a reasonable period of time.



The next time we must make ordinary LSE students more aware of the motion and of the real-world suffering which has brought it onto the agenda. That suffering is now greater than it has been for several decades. The LSE Students' Union must not allow itself to be hijacked by non-LSE activists.

As with all articles that appear in B:link the opinions expressed within this are solely those of the author

features

b:art

film: christmas special!
music:
clubbing: new years eve!
food and drink: new!



b:art wishes you are very merry christmas with its very own celebrity christmas tree of extreme deviance!
Can you name all the wrong-uns on its branches? Mail us at beaverart@hotmail.com and you will receive a mystery star prize!

THE NYE SPECIAL...Where to welcome 2003.

BUGGED OUT!

Bugged Out! meets The Boutique@Ocean, 270 Mare Street, E8

Dj's: Tom Middleton, Ladytron LIVE, FCKahuna, Andy weatherall and Radioactive Man.

Something of a clubbing institution and Fatboy Slims' favourite club (allegedly), Bugged Out! meeting the Boutique is a night that should provide something for everyone that wants to seriously get their rocks off this NYE. Andy Weatherall in the BeaverTeams'™ humble opinion would alone make this a night worth checking out but with Tom Middleton (of cosmos fame) and the exciting new Ladytron providing the beeps and bass rumbles things are shaping up very nicely indeed for a bit of midnight mayhem. The Ocean is a 2000 capacity club so at the very least you know you won't be dancing round your handbag on your jack jones paying hideous prices for watered down drinks. Highly recommended then. Further info:020853301

Together

Together@Turnmills, 63B Clerkenwell Road, London EC1

Dj's: Seb Fontaine, Steve Lee, X-Press 2, Darren Christian, Red Jerry, CJ Mackintosh, Mutiny.

You could argue that not since last year's NYE, has clubland been so handsomely spoiled by the toe tapping adventures of what is a unique clubbing event, well, sort of.. The formula is simple... take three of the best nights in London- 'The Gallery, City Loud' and 'Type' - add in a touch of Seb Fontaine, X-Press 2 and CJ Mackintosh and then mix together a deep blend of funky underground House, full-on dancefloor trance and an up-for-it London crowd. The result? Well, if the midnight chanting doesn't make you keel over with emotion (as you gracefully shout 'Auld Lange Syne' like it's gone out of fashion), then, well, you could always get completely shitfaced- works for most of us. If you want to win two tickets to this event then E-mail lseclubbing@hotmail.com the answer to this question: Where is Together being held on NYE?

THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS

The Chemical Brothers return to the decks on Saturday 14th December for Glint - the latest installment in a series of one-off parties thrown by the band over the last couple of years. This time Glint will be held at Turnmills, the home of their old Heavenly Social residency. Recently back from a world tour, Tom and the newly-wed Ed will be leaving the studio for the night to host the club and play an extra-long DJ set.

"We're treating it as our Christmas party and it's at a venue we love with a line-up of our favourite DJ's on board for the night. We're really looking forward to playing some new stuff and getting stuck in". Glint will see The Chemical Brothers joined for the night by Justin Robertson, who will be playing a set in the 2nd Room with fellow Manc, Moonboots. Also featuring glint resident Nathan Detroit. At only ten quid a ticket this is a xmas break must-14th of December-break out the winter warmers.



Beaver

Writers

Charts

VICTORIA PECKETT

SPIKE FERN

1. The Faint: Agenda Suicide
2. Ladytron: Seventeen
3. The Rapture: Out of The Races and Onto the Tracks
4. Liars: Mr Your On Fire Mr
5. Kathryn Williams: On For You
6. Missy Elliot: Work It
7. The Montgolfier Brothers: Between Two Points
8. The Sights: Don't Want You Back
9. Jeans Team: Asphaltvibrator
10. Road workers outside my window at 8am - dig it!

- | | | |
|-----|-----------------|----------------------|
| 01: | Rodbert Hood | Point Blank |
| 02: | Mono | Under the Pipal Tree |
| 03: | Male or Female | Recalled Moments |
| 04: | Donna Regina | Northern Classic |
| 05: | The Advent | Sketched for Life |
| 06: | Jim Cole | Godspace |
| 07: | December Wolves | Blasterpiece Theatre |
| 08: | Farben | Textstar |
| 09: | Food | Veggie |
| 10: | 808 State | Output Transmission |

:2002 Rewind

MIKE BURN takes a look at the musical highs & lows of 2002

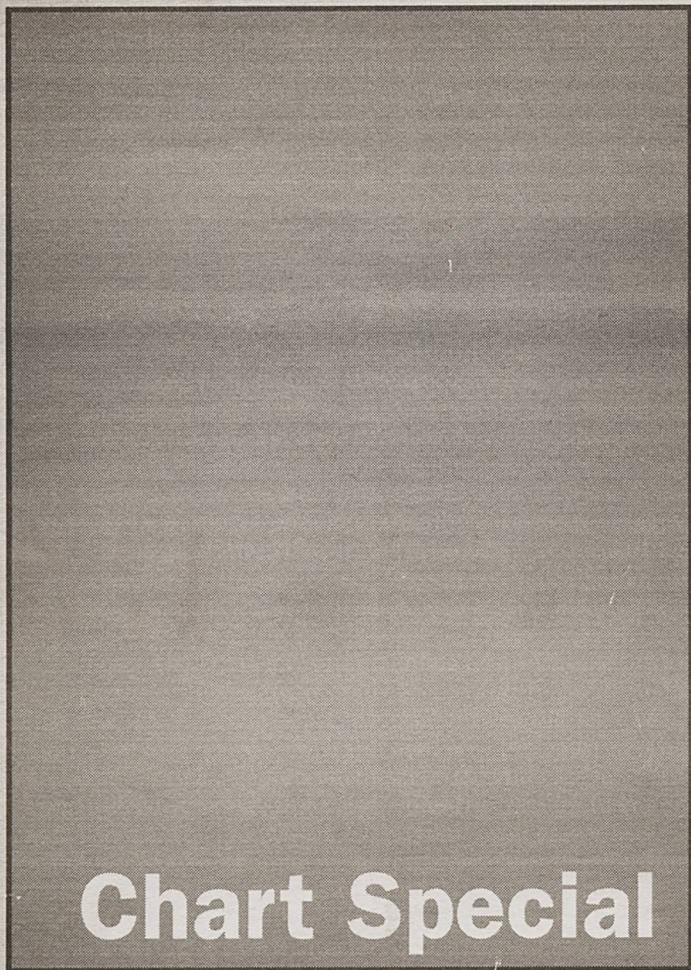
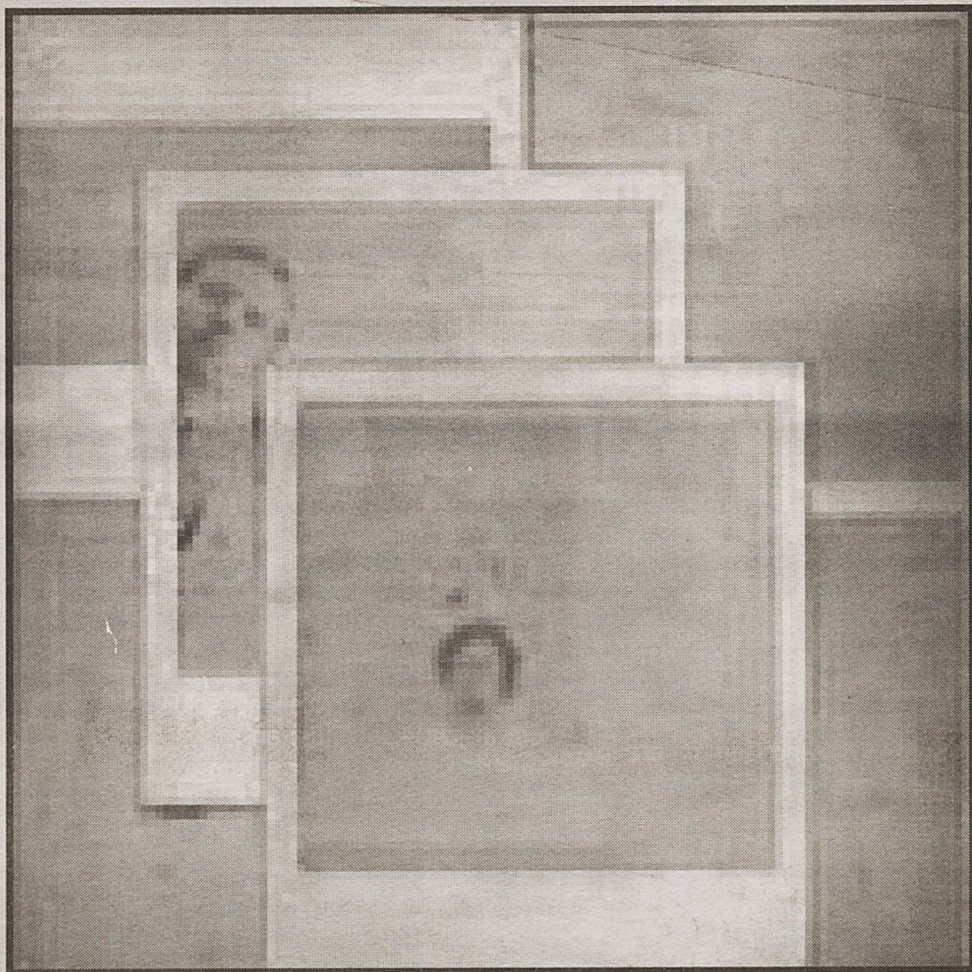


Chart Special



NEIL GARRETT

CHRISTHOMAS

VALERIA SEVERINI

- | | | |
|-----|---------------|------------------------|
| 01: | Nina Nastasia | The Blackened Air |
| 02: | Quantic | Apricot Morning |
| 03: | Clinic | Walking with Thee |
| 04: | Simian | We Are Your Friends |
| 05: | The Coral | The Coral |
| 06: | Capitol K | Island Row |
| 07: | Sigur Ros | () |
| 08: | DJ Shadow | The Private Press |
| 09: | Mum | Finally, We are no one |
| 10: | Primal Scream | Evil Heat |

- | | | |
|-----|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 01: | Fischerspooner, | "#1" |
| 02: | Talib Kweli, | "Quality" |
| 03: | Ladytron, | "Light and Magic" |
| 04: | Blackalicious, | "Blazing Arrow" |
| 05: | Yeah Yeah Yeahs, | "Yeah Yeah Yeahs" |
| 06: | The Faint, | "Danse Macabre" |
| 07: | Mutilated Mannequins, | "Let Darkness..." |
| 08: | The Hives, | "Veni Vidi Vicious" |
| 09: | The Beatnuts, | "The Originators" |
| 10: | Various Artists, | "Westwood UK" |

- | | | |
|-----|--------------------|------------------------------------|
| 01: | ani difranco- | so much shouting, so much laughter |
| 02: | phish- | round room |
| 03: | tori amos- | scarlet's walk |
| 04: | john butler trio- | three |
| 05: | the roots- | phrenology |
| 06: | norah jones- | come away with me |
| 07: | dave matthews band | busted stuff |
| 08: | our lady peace - | gravity |
| 09: | wilco - | yankee hotel foxtrot |
| 10: | morcheeba- | charango |

no

TOMORROW'S STARS TOMORROW

THE HOAX

Austria's Rock 'N' Roll Saviours

The Hoax hail from Vienna, Austria and they are going to single handedly re-save Rock 'N' Roll. They comprises of eight members: seven female, one male. Even though this is a manufactured band, entirely made up, this band are going to change the face of music forever.

Each member was hand picked for their individual musical skills and each member adds something special to the band. Debbie, Chloe, Sarah, Julie, Sue, Laura and Gemma are like the Strokes, only female.

Lead singer Ian Von Hoax reeks of style and charisma. Hordes of women follow him everywhere. He could eat Jack White for breakfast.

They sound like nothing else. They have the Stokes New York punk energy, the Hives, drum sound, The lyrical angst of the Hives and not to mention the retro appeal of the Datsuns. Unbelievably original. Unbelievably unbelievable.

The Hoax live is a near orgasmic experience, their music invades your soul. At the same

time it makes you want to cry and have sex. Which other band can do that?

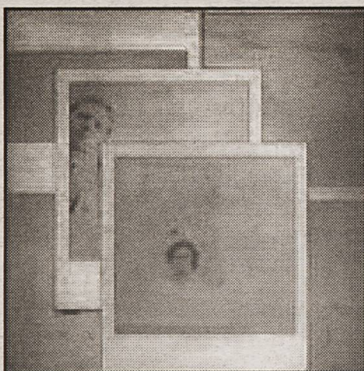
Formed in 1981 the band went unknown for years. They were dismissed for being just too fucking awful for anybody to listen to ever. But now, with the backing of Bandwagon Records they are going to set the world alight.

Their Debut Ep "Your Going to Buy This Shite Just Because You Read it Was Excellent" sold out in just 4 seconds: an Austrian record. Their album will be release in April next year. The pre-orders are in excess of 10 million.

The band have just moved to New York to kick start their careers stateside and will be in London for a one off showcase gig at the Camden Monarch on February 31st. And remember even although the Hoax are a manufactured, yes they are made up, band they are going to re-save rock from impending doom.



"We're making the kind of music no one else would dare to make" Ian Von Hoax



themselves
'the no
music.'(anti-
con.)

01

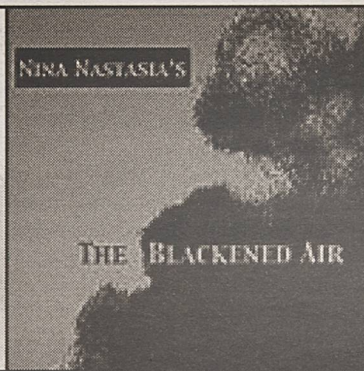
Avant hip-hop from anticonsters Jel and Dose One. Simply breathtaking. Beats and poems which present a challenge to the hip-hop mainstream. Jel's consummate programming and Dose's stream of consciousness weave together and the effect, although not instant is astounding.



Cornelius
'Point'
(Matador)

02

A virtuoso piece of sound candy from Keigo Oyamada. A 'head-phone' record of tremendous effervescence and depth. Point delivered a rollercoaster ride of pop lovliness.



Nina Nastasia
'The
Blackened Air'
(Touch & Go)

03

Dark, yet uplifting songs from Nina Nastasia. The Blackened Air was produced by Steve Albini and it shows. A powerful collection of short, beguiling songs. Nina's voice and lyrics never fail to stir emotions. A wonderfully bitter-sweet album.

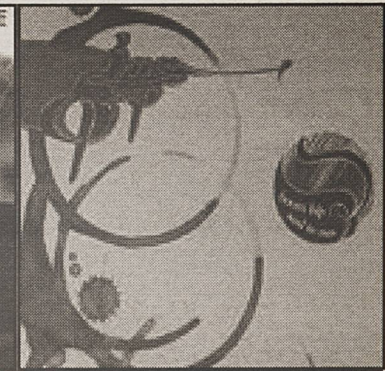
See feature on page: 26



Q and Not U
'Different
Damage'
(Dischord)

04

Continuing the Dischord legacy in a slightly different vein are Washington DC's Qand not U. Different Damage nods to both hardcore and British post punk in delightful combination. Disco punk for a generation who know it's ok to dance to rock music.

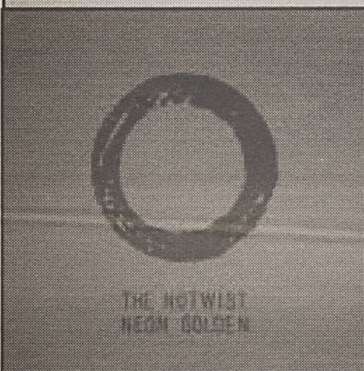


Boom Bip
'Seed to Sun'
(Lex)

05

Aural lovliness from Bryan Hollon on Warp's Lex Records. It's hard to find fault in any of its 62 minutes. Featuring guest performances from Buck65 and Dose One (cLOUDDEAD, themselves, anticon. etc.). This is a total listening experience.

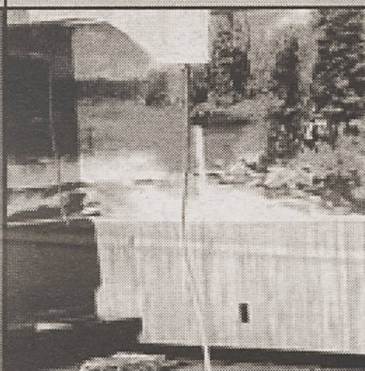
See feature page 23



The Notwist
'Neon Golden'
(City Slang)

11

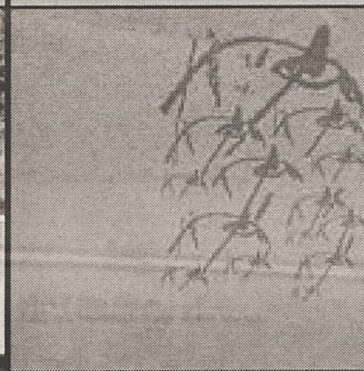
The delightful Neon Golden from Germany's Notwist. Elements of delightful electronica fused with subtle guitar. Containing the gems: Trashing Day's and Pick Up the Phone. Markus Archer's understated work of pop genius.



Do Make Say
Think
'& Yet & Yet'
(Constellation)

12

Lush and ambient post rock master work. An album of intense experimentation and musical depth. More sounds than the ears could handle. Do Make Say Think's & Yet & Yet was simply sublime.



Fly Pan Am
'Ceux Qui
Inventent...'
(Constellation)

13

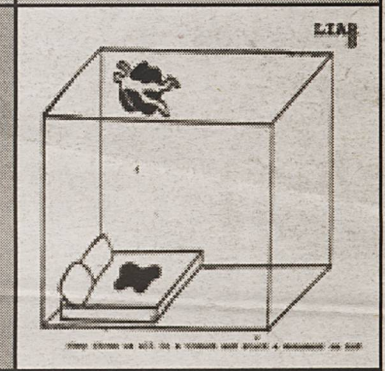
Canada's faultless Constellation records were on form in 2002 and Fly Pam Am's intricate blanket of sound was more than notable. They took us on a breath taking journey; not always easy going but always enjoyable.



Radio 4
'Gotham!'
(City Slang)

14

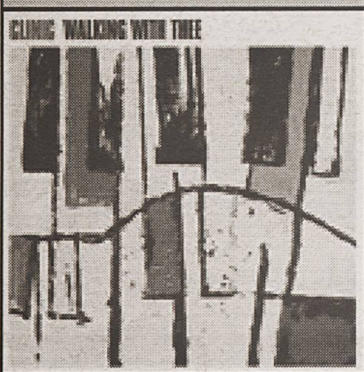
DFA production ensured this longplayer from Radio 4 got all the attention it deserved. They asked us to Dance to the Underground. We duly complied. Funky and punky, rocking and danceable. Gang of Four revival started here.



Liars
'They threw
us... on top'
(Blast First)

15

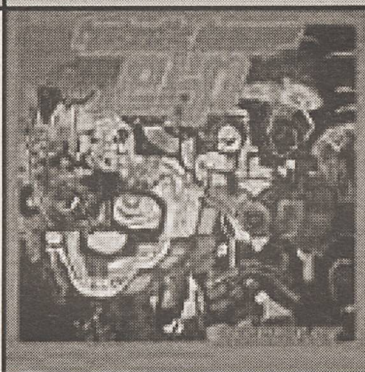
Angular guitars from the Liars. Like the Birthday Party fighting Gang of Four. Some of the best song titles of the year. Edgy guitars and surrealist lyrics make this a release of considerable merit. Excellent return for Blast First records.



Clinic
'Walking
With Thee'
(Domino)

21

Some said that Clinic's sound was jaded. Others still realise that this band's fusion of soul and punk is simply amazing. This album was typical Clinic. Ferocious.



EL-P
'Fantastic
Damage'
(Def Jux)

22

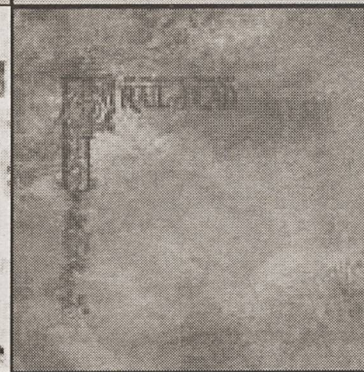
A fantastic year for abstract Hip-Hop. Fantastic Damage was full of full on beats and intelligent rhymes. EL-P enforced his voice as one of the most important contemporary hip-hop voices.



Alias
'The Other
Side of the
Looking Glass'
(anticon.)

23

Anticon's Alias highly introspective release. A stream of consciousness. Some called it goth-hop we call it sublime.



...Trail of
Dead
'Source Tags
and Codes'
(Interscope)

24

Noise merchants ...trail of dead on fine fettle. Their first major label outing was as uncompromising as ever although slightly more subtle. Sell out or not it was a fantastic



Ikara Colt
'Chat and
Business'
(Fantastic Plastic)

25

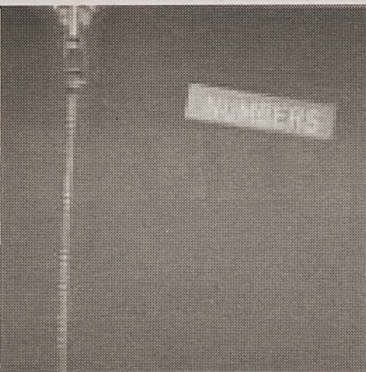
North London art-punk oiks Ikara Colt's debut was an impressive slice of 21st century punk. Mark E Smithism a plenty made this record one of the debuts of the year.



Oxes
'Oxxes'
(Monitor)

06

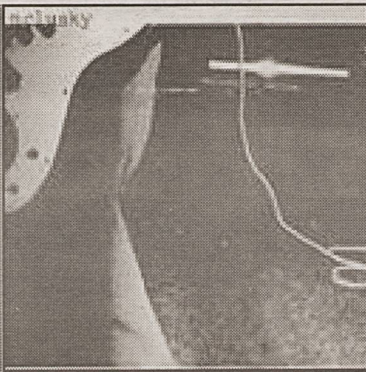
Math rock instrumentalism with fantastic song titles. One of the big hits of All Tomorrow's Parties 2002 released an album of stunning guitar virtuosity and intense dynamics.



Numbers
'Numbers
Life'
(Tigerbear6)

07

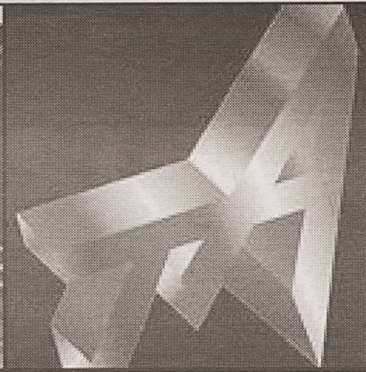
Disjointed, sharp edged proto punk on Kid 606's Tigerbeat6 label, signed thanks to Gold Chains. This album is wonderfully spikey, intelligent and above all funky. Number are from the currently blistering San Franciscan scene.



Mclusky
'Mclusky Do
Dallas'
(Too Pure)

08

The debut album from Mclusky was quite simply a rock 'n' roll motherfucker of a record. Albini's noise management skills employed for a full on aural assault the highest calibre. This is rawk.



Trans Am
'TA'
(Thrill Jockey)

09

Combining 1980's macho cock rock posturing with Kraftwerkian twob twiddling, Thrill Jockey's Trans Am are unique. TA was an album with its tongue firmly routed in its cheek. Synth pop in a stadium rock context.



Lambchop
Is a Woman
(City Slang)

10

Kurt Wagner and friends triumph again with an album of delicate country soul. Is a Woman reinforced Wagner's pedigree as one of the key songwriters of his generation. Stunning and nothing less than beautiful.



90 Day Men
'To
Everybody:'
(Southern)

16

Disjoint and broken avant indie piano epics. Passive vocals, lively guitars. To Everybody was a dark brooding experience. Not exactly uplifting but highly enjoyable. Plus a great lyric referencing Morrissey



Sybarite
'Nonument'
(4ad)

17

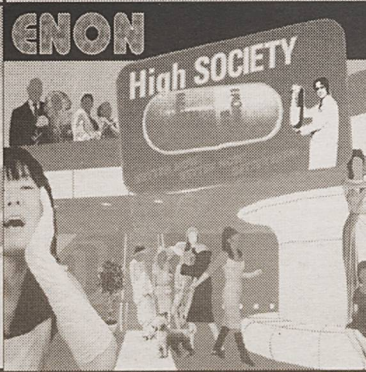
Another venture into the electronic/organic on the perpetually good 4ad records. Multi instrumentalist Xian Hawkins venture was a rich and varied sound collage. Easy on the ear, playful and thoughtful.



Dot Alison
'We Are
Science'
(Mantra)

18

Dot Allison reduced us all to the basics. An album of dark electro, heavy beats which at the same time denied and embraced emotion. Dot's vocal delivery was highly engaging. The single Substance was the standout track.



Enon
'High Society'
(Touch and
Go)

19

Ten out of ten for pop sensibility. Matt Schulz, Toko Yasuda and John Schmersal's High Society had just about everything you could ask for from a record. Proving the best pop, sadly, isn't that popular. Change that please.



Check Engine
'Check
Engine'
(Southern)

20

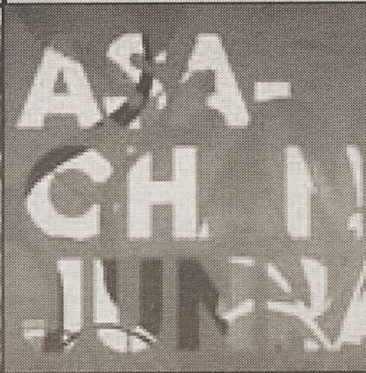
Meandering saxophone and twin dualing guitars gave this records its depth and gave math rock a refreshing slant. Check Engine had so much energy it couldn't be suppressed. Mellow at times, but at others delightfully chaotic.



Sonic Youth
'Murray
Street'
(DGC/ Interscope)

26

A triumphant return to form for art rockers Sonic Youth. Less self indulgent than their recent efforts. One just has to question how many superb album is it possible for one band to produce.



Asa-Chang &
Junray 'Jun
Ray Song
Chang'
(Leaf)

27

Jun Ray Song Chang is a collection of all of Asa-Chang's Japanese releases. Delightfully experimental. Articulate percussion and insane electronic jiggery. A stunning record.



Jaga Jazzist
'A Livingroom
Hush'
(Ninja Tune)

28

Rereleased on Ninja Tune this outfit from Norway produced in A Livingroom Hush a wonderfully lush album of delicious jazz. Juxtaposing the mellow with the frantic to maximum effect.



Deerhoof
'Reveille'
(Kill Rock
Stars)

29

Poppy art rock with an delightful zany twist. Quirky experimental noise. Playful random melodies and equally random noise. Deerhoof are challenging both the pop and rock worlds. A fine album indeed.



Smash TV
'Electrified'
(Bpitch)

30

Electro-techno from Smash TV. Dirty dancefloor fillers on the Bpitch label. The staggering Nobody is the album's highlight but each track is excellent. Smash TV are reclaiming credibility for Electro-pop after the Electroclash disaster.



Sonic Boom

Bryan Hollon aka Boom Bip previously known for his work with cLOUDDEAD and members of the anticon. collective, this year released his solo album *Seed to Sun* on Warp's hip-hop imprint Lex to much critical acclaim. It features in our end of year chart at number 5. MIKEBURN takes a closer look.

Although Boom Bip works largely in an electronic realm he encompasses 'real' instruments and the title of the record is completely appropriate because *Seed to Sun* seems such a wholly organic experience.

Albeit unnecessary, trying to classify this record is a difficult task. It is too caught up in intelligent instrumentalism to be purely hip-hop, per se. Yet it contains much of that genre's defining elements. Breaks, beats, samples and cuts and raps are all present but in subtle quantities. The terms 'abstract' or 'experimental hip-hop' have been bounded around and perhaps these go some way to describing Boom Bip's sound but perhaps 'post hip-hop' is the best description as Mr. Bip has far more in common with Tortoise than many of today's conventional hip-hop artists.

Seed to Sun is a record of intense musical accomplishment. From the opening bass riff of *Roads Must Roll* to the closing subtle guitar and floaty atmospherics of *Last Walk Around Mirror Lake* the listener is left with a beautiful resonance. He deals with and disposes of, the progish leanings of home listening hip hop with ease. *Seed to Sun* is complex and intricate but it enraptures the listener in an irresistible fashion. This is a record for thinking and engaging with. It doesn't work as background music, nor should it.

The album is littered with hundreds of seemingly incidental noises which have undoubtedly been placed deliberately with precision. And it is this attention to detail which is at the heart of Boom Bip's genius. The dramatic potency of the drums is uncompromisingly emphatic. And the depth of sounds is so very rich. Occasionally uneasy listening with a certain enticing darkness but *Seed to Sun* is a defining moment in hip-hop, if it can be called that.

It is intelligent, deep and constructed with a craftsmanship the genre has rarely seen. It doesn't depend on either the electronic or the organic, instead combining the two for maximum effect.

Like many artists who make astounding instrumental music their records are best listened to with headphones. And the *Seed to Sun* headphone experience is an intense aural pleasure.

Boom Bip with *Seed to Sun* has given us a total audio experience, rich in depth and sound. *Seed to Sun* is an intricately woven tapestry of sound and is undoubtedly one of 2002's most essential recordings which you will ignore at your peril.

The Blackened Air

The *Blackened Air* was released earlier this year on Chicago's Touch & Go label and is one of the most enchanting releases of 2002. MIKEBURN explains why it's in our chart at number 3 and why you should discover Nina Nastasia.

For Nina Nastasia it is not an intense self belief which fuels her music like so many of today's artists, on the contrary, she comes across as a timid individual, from whom self esteem hardly oozes. She is self deprecating even in the face of complements. She belittles her guitar playing and song writing skills, despite having made an album of astounding craftsmanship and beauty.

On stage she is shot through with self consciousness and embarrassment, despite a crowd who have nothing but admiration for her talent and who's lives have been enriched by her recordings. Her recent Union Chapel performance was an magical event. Performing with a full band Nina Nastasia illustrated, although not deliberately, her immense talent.

Her songs have an almost narcotic darkness, similar to that of Will Oldham recordings and this darkness was undoubtedly brought to the forefront by Steve Albini's production. The sound of *The Blackened Air* is difficult to describe. It is full of ambivalences. It is sad and happy, dark and light, brutal and gentle but ultimately it is an powerfully beguiling and beautiful record.

Nina's songs have an endearing brevity, which is according to her as much concern for careful exposition as inability to write lengthy numbers. Another characteristic of Nina's songs is their apparent simplicity; they are raw emotional statements; her almost skeletal guitar picking is fleshed out with cello, violin, mandolin, accordion and saw. All the instruments combine together with maximum effect for an result which is eerie and haunting, uplifting and enthralling.

Nina Nastasia's *The Blackened Air* is an album of understated and so... beauty which has an almost overwhelming choking emotional intensity which... the soul and almost brings a tear to the eye. Which is why *The Blackened Air* is one of the most enchanting records of the year which will enrich any discerning individual's record collection.

Bored of the Rings?

The Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers

If the fate of Middle-Earth has to be decided by MIKEBURN then it doesn't look good.

The film is of course set to be a box office smash: 'Bigger than the first one' I believe is what they are saying. But what does the game have to offer? Not having an obsession with trolls and goblins or dungeons and dragons and whatever else the people in the 'Games Workshop' indulge in, I came to this as an open-minded sceptic. Unfortunately I was only to have my suspicions reinforced.

With the biggest games titles being far more profitable than your average film, the computer game industry is a lucrative market and the film/game tie in has been an established area for years now. The fact that EA games have also produced, in time for Christmas, games for Bond and Harry Potter show's their commercial viability.

This game gives you the opportunity to join the fellowship and defeat the dark lord's minions. Certainly for younger gamers who are buying into the fantasy of the Lord of the Rings for the first time and are excited by its otherworldliness it is an thrilling prospect. But for the adult, more sophisticated gamer the game's goals and missions are repetitive and limited.

The Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers, seems painfully aware of the fact that it is a film tie in and it has sacrificed playability for the instant gratification of a vaguely appealing aesthetic. It tries so very hard to be filmic,

and in using cut scenes from the film it largely succeeds. But when you realize the time ratio of cut scene to game play is heavily weighted towards the cut scene you start to get a little bit disillusioned with the game.

The game's formula is narrative enhancing (?) cut scene, battle scene, cut scene, battle scene, cut scene and so on. This wouldn't be so bad if the battle scenes were remotely enjoyable or engaging but the excruciating monotony of tapping X repeatedly in an attempt to thrust your broadsword through the intestines of some snarling Orc does, after a while, become too much to handle.

I was under the impression that gaming was more sophisticated now and the early days of button bashing was dead and buried yet here is a game that relies heavily upon it. Playability is to a computer game what lights, cameras and action are to a film and this game just lacks a level of game play you would expect from a top title and developer.

For fans (fanatics) of the film this game is probably another welcome indulgence but for your average gamer it lacks any real appeal. This game seems to be marketing itself as a DVD, and its cinematic appeal is far greater than any other aspect of the game play. It does like a DVD sell itself on its 'extras' and upon completion the gamer can unlock interviews with Sir Ian Mcellan (who tells us his hands are too big to play video games) and Elijah Wood who says its just like so cool to see himself in a video game (man).

This game, like most Hollywood blockbusters, is all substance and no content and don't expect anything more than a DVD with all the awful extras, a small interactive battle element and excerpts from the film. Not for everyone, Or possibly anyone

Back to the Future, Forward to the Past

Timesplitters 2

The first Timesplitters game achieved considerable cult status as king of the multiplayer shoot 'em up format, only ever rivaled by the likes of Goldeneye on the N64. And now it returns to uncompromisingly reiterate it's status and remind gamers why it is they enjoy playing consoles to start with.

The first Timesplitters for all of it's multiplayer excellence did lack a convincing single player mode but this has been rectified here on Timesplitters 2 in devastatingly good fashion. The single player game requires much skill and stealth if you are to achieve your targets. It is reminiscent of Goldeneye. Indeed the developers Free Radical worked on both games.

The plot is obviously prone to the shortcomings of poetic license and a thin story but it does provide a semi-convincing context through which to conduct the game. As in the last version those rascals the timesplitters have stolen nice time crystals and are using them to be wreak

havoc across history in a bid to enslave humanity. Your aim is to retrieve these nine crystals from nine different time periods whilst participating in large and many bouts of killing in the process.

This historical setting enables a wide and varied selection of levels. Including 1895 Nôtre Dam, 1932 Chicago, and Planet X in 2290 all with their respective hordes of gangsters, zombies and aliens for your shooting delectation. This historical diversity also allows for a plethora of weaponry: shots guns, cross-bows and plasma rifles are in your arsenal, to name but a few.

Where this game comes into its own is, like its predecessor, in multiplayer mode; which is not to say the single player option is bad, it isn't, far from it, but where else can you and your mates blast the fuck out of each other in a controlled, confined area since Laser Quest seems to have disappeared?

There are various different multiplayer modes including the Deathmatch which is raw, unadulterated, kill or be killed fun. All in all this game is one of the few classic games that exist for every genre. This game will not be a disappointing purchase.

MIKEBURN

food and drink

The Rogue Prawns b:art's newest addition



Welcome to the new regular b:art food and drink section, brought to you by those very tasty morsels, the rogue prawns themselves, Liz Humphries and Natalie Marlow.



Welcome to the brand new restaurant and bar section of the Beaver. Over the next few weeks we'll be bringing you the most bizarre, tasty, funky food and drink from WC2. We'll even have some special reviews from the Bankside, Holborn and Roseberry areas so you don't have to trek too far from home to treat yourself to a delicious and affordable meal. This is just so you don't spend your entire 3 years at LSE dining in the quad or intoxicating yourselves in the Tuns (Although a glass of Tuns wine always hits the spot, I'm just not sure where that spot is!)

The Sweet Scent of Sapori

Sapori
43 Drury Lane
London WC2B

A firm favourite with well-informed LSE lovelies this little gem is remarkably affordable considering its position in the heart of theatre land. Guaranteed to fill you up all evening and possibly most of the next day, starters range from £3 to £6 while generous mains start from as little as £6.80. We enjoyed an enormous and anti-social but very delicious garlic and tomato bread to share. Perfect for naughty lovers - watch out though, that garlic tends to linger! Ignoring the specials, which are often dotted with frighteningly fresh seafood, other starters include mushrooms stuffed with spinach and ricotta, and truly Sicilian deep fried calamari. Though there are meat dishes for a main course the pizza and pasta are excellent

value and very veggie friendly for all you cated carrot crunchers. The Linguine with Seafood came quite literally in a paper bag, which rather than putting one off actually added to the excitement of the dish. Word of warning though, the paper is not edible. Liz learned this the hard way! Not once but twice. The salads range from Nicoise to Primavera and are all delicious though again very big. Potato Gnocchi is homemade and definitely worth a munch. The staff are incredibly friendly and you may even find yourself holding a complimentary glass of very potent lemon cello at the end of your fabulous meal.

Proximity to LSE: *****
Service: *****
Originality: **
Value: ****
Taste: ****

Tuns wine...The truth behind the hangover

The Three Tuns
Houghton Street
London WC2

Not many have indulged in the pure orgasmic delight that is vin du tunage. Its heady aroma and almost balsamic potency make for a salad dressing of a wine. Not only is the red guaranteed to stain your lips for days, the white has an almost an acid hue. The best, and may I say hidden, element of this beverage is the fact that one sip is

enough to induce the most vicious of hangovers - beautiful. One glass makes merry, two tipsy and after the third you're already in an overpriced rickshaw winging your way to Limelight.

Proximity to LSE: *****
Service: (Ratings vary depending on whether you're male or female)
Originality: Please!
Value:*****
Taste: I think we've said enough.



Has your appetite been wetted by the food and drink section? Is there a bar or restaurant that you think deserves some attention? Or do you just want to add more things to your pathetically small cv besides the fact your were house captain at primary school? Either way mail Liz and Nat at beaverart@hotmail.com



The Santa Clause 2

MARKPOWER: won't be dropping down your chimney

Director: Michael Lembeck
 Starring: Tim Allen, Elizabeth Mitchell
 Running Time: 105 minutes
 Certificate: 15
 Release Date: OUT NOW!

I do hate to play the Scrooge, but *The Santa Clause 2* is one of those films that makes people nauseate at the thought of Christmas. There's nothing wrong with trying to rescue a little Christmas cheer and to put the fun back into Christmas, but this film does more to fit the concept of a commercially packaged Christmas than any rabid shopping spree. The film is essentially a rehash of the first movie *The Santa Clause* and runs a similar plot line. Scott Calvin (Santa, played by Tim Allen) must find a wife before Christmas or else cease to be Santa Clause (Editor: OK I understand that for the purposes of the film's title "Claus" needs to become "Clause", but it still sounds dumb). What follows is so predictable, you only need to see the first 5 minutes of the film, in order to realise almost exactly what will become of this quest.

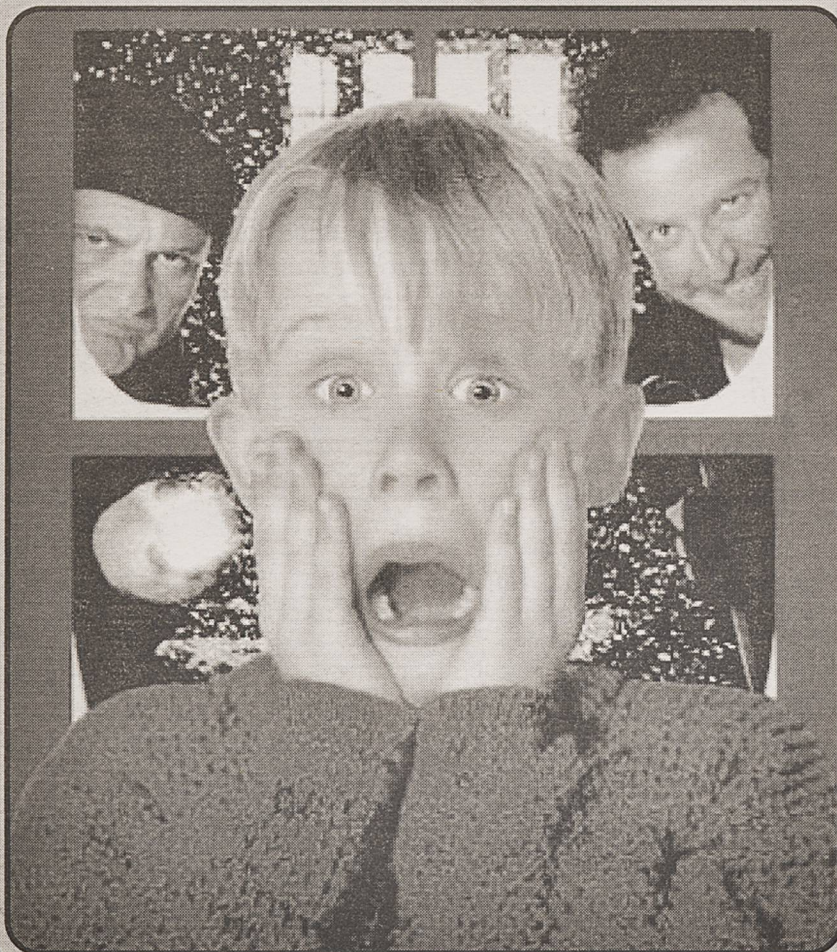
The film is replete with poor acting, ghastly clichés and annoying stereotypes. Packaged as a children's film, it followed the classic Hollywood formula of mind-numbingly boring plots coupled with gadgets, flying reindeer and an attractive wee

town of cute elves in the picturesque North Pole. Yet in my opinion the worst aspect of this film was the ending. In some sort of twisted representation of family values, the attractive and successful school principle that Santa decides to marry is happy to give up everything to become Santa's virtual concubine in the North Pole. The movie ends as Santa leaves to fulfil the serious task of delivering this year's presents while the newly wed Mrs. Clause promises to await his return in a pledge of domesticated bliss. Call me a smug liberal but should children really be exposed to this sort of anachronistic rubbish?

In the final summation this film relies on the magical world of the elves to interest children in a story line that has little going for it. It would seem that this is yet another mass entertainment product, churned out by the Hollywood machine to hype up and further capitalise on the commercial prospects of Christmas. If you were looking for a good old feel good Christmas film to see this festive season, I would recommend avoiding this boring rehash of a tired formula.

☆☆☆☆

CHRISTMAS CLASSIC - Home Alone (1990): LAURAWHEELER "This is my house. I have to defend it."



I suspect you've seen *Home Alone*. I'm going to go out on a limb here and confess that it is one of my favourite Christmas films. It's childish but great for getting into the Christmas spirit. Kevin McAllister's accidentally left home alone whilst his family go to Paris (or Florida, I'm getting confused between *Home Alone 1* and *2...*), so he has to fend for himself and keep his family's gorgeously-decorated, huge house safe from a pair of burglars. He devises an intricate system of traps and deterrents, designed to foil them and to severely piss them off in the process. And then the theme of retribution surfaces in *Home Alone 2* when the burglars escape.

This is Culkin's first film and he hasn't yet fully developed his pen-

chant for being really annoying. I've seen this film at least 10 times not through any particular obsession with it (honestly!), it's just always on TV and I find it enjoyable. I remember going to see it at the cinema, so I must have been 8. Wow, I'm old... I still love the cleverness of the schemes. Like when Kevin gets pizza delivered, and uses the recordings from a gangster film to impersonate an adult. And when he pretends there's a party going on, using mannequins and cut-outs moving against the shadows. It's classic!

Ok it is very childish and some of the stunts could be conceived as dangerous (electrocution is one of them), but it's a kids film and it's very Christmassy.



Dirty Pretty Things

CHRISTHOMAS: The other side of London

Director: Stephen Frears
 Starring: Audrey Tautou
 Running Time: 107 minutes
 Certificate: 15
 Release Date: 13th December

Director Steven Frears' latest film seems to be something of a return to his *My Beautiful Launderette* form, about the hidden world of the illegal underclass in London. This time around, the love affair is between Okwe, a Nigerian illegal immigrant (Chiwetel Ejiofor), and a Turkish refugee Senay (Amelie star Audrey Tautou). However, where *My Beautiful Launderette* was fresh and provocative, *Dirty Pretty Things* is a bit formulaic and forgettable. The love affair is the backdrop for a murder mystery set in a hotel where Okwe is a night porter and Senay is a chambermaid. One night, Okwe finds a human heart clogging a toilet in a hotel room, and before you can say "genre film", a chain reaction involving cover-ups, conspiracy theories, and dark secrets in the lives of the presumably pious erupts into an entertaining, if predictable thriller. Okwe's first line is "I'm here to rescue those let down by the system", and, sure enough, he spends the rest of the movie doing just that. The filmmakers don't wait too long to follow up with someone remarking about Okwe "there is nothing so dangerous as a virtuous man". Confused about the filmmakers' ideological stance about the underground world being depicted? Never fear, one of the central characters will soon sarcastically pronounce that "you're an illegal, you don't exist here".

ble gibberish, seems to have an accent imitating Count Dracula from *Sesame Street*. It's an honest mistake, but it did not serve her well. Tautou seems to think that the essence of a Moslem woman is shuffling away nervously if men make eye contact. Her Senay is a wrong-headed caricature, not an individual with a complex interior life. Her portrayal would almost be offensive were it not so ridiculous.

The main character, really, is Okwe. He could have done a better job at capturing the inner conflict of this complicated character. Aside from a couple of moments of explosive anger, his performance consists of furrowing his brow and trying to look noble. The supporting cast, however, is filled with fantastic performers. The standout is the gorgeous Sophie Okonedo's hooker with a heart of gold, a cliché that she makes her own. Benedict Wong is also better than his scripted role as Okwe's best friend, managing to convey a wry attitude toward the pseudo-philosophical platitudes his character spits out. Both of these actors made one wish the film had shifted focus to their lives midway through (and, perhaps, that they had been the ones in a romance, since the two leads lack any chemistry whatsoever).

Dirty Pretty Things has its charms. It is refreshing to watch a movie set in London that does not include a single London landmark - making it an excitingly new, noir London, portraying a hitherto ignored world of illegal laborers. This thriller hits its marks as a thriller, providing generally inoffensive entertainment with enough twists to keep you watching.

Top-billed star attraction Audrey Tautou, for whom English is apparently not so much a second language as much as it is incomprehen-

★★★★☆

QUICK GUIDE TO FILMS THIS CHRISTMAS ON (TERRESTRIAL) TV...

Not everyone has satellite TV and providing all the digital listings is just silly and unfeasible. So, what's on the box that you can enjoy this Christmas? Here's a (very brief!) guide to a load of films that you've probably already seen anyway:

Christmas Eve:



The Snowman - no Christmas would be complete without it! Enjoyable, light-hearted with a slightly sad ending, it makes you feel like a kid again
A Bug's Life - Bugs Vs Grasshoppers in this modern Disney computer animation
White Christmas - with George Clooney's Aunt Rosemary! Unfortunately no George though
Casablanca - Bogie and Bergman's Hollywood

romance classic

The Mummy - Brendan Fraser (phoar!!) goes in search of good things in Egypt
Carry on Cleo - Carry On is a British institution - I command thee to watch this

Christmas Day:

The Santa Clause - See the review of *The Santa Clause 2*, same again really
Thunderball - Bond again - no explanation needed
A Christmas Carol - Patrick Stewart as Ebenezer, I'm definitely watching this
Death on the Nile - Always always always on TV on special occasions
It's A Wonderful Life - YOU MUST SEE THIS! Frank Capra directs his finest film
Topsy-Turvy - TV Premier, Mike Leigh's elaborate story about Gilbert and Sullivan
Jaws - We'll forever have a fear of cellos and the sea
The Wedding Singer - Drew Barrymore, Adam Sandler, the '80s... you catch my drift

Boxing Day:

Dirty Rotten Scoundrels - the Caine theme continues from a few weeks ago... good '80s comedy, also with Steve Martin

Oliver! - what, this again? Well at least it's got Oliver Reed in it

Babe: Pig in the City - Oink! TV Premier, I've not

seen it so I hope it's as good as the original *Babe*

Mary Poppins - Yes it's Disney and yes it's Julie Andrews, but, ah, happy childhoods are made of this!

Some Like It Hot - Marilyn Monroe comedy



11'09"01

MARKPOWER: Something important to remember

The Directors (amongst many): Sean Penn, Ken Loach, Miran Nair
 Running Time: 135 minutes
 Release Date: 27th December

This is a highly original and thoughtful reaction to the events of September 11th. It was with some trepidation that I anticipated seeing this film. I must admit to being sceptical of yet another melodramatic rendition of how the events of that day changed the world so profoundly that none of us will live the same again. It was with relief then, that I was pleasantly surprised by this genuine attempt to, as the artistic statement puts it, 'respond to our duty of reflection.' The film is a composition of 11 short films of eleven minutes, nine seconds and one frame, from eleven leading directors around the world.

Among the eleven films there are some absolute gems, and others that are not so good. Ken Loach's contribution rightly received an award at the Venice film festival. It tells how September 11th is a date with a different significance to a Chilean exile in London. In 1977 Pinochet was pushed into power in Chile by a CIA backed coup d'état. This later caused the deaths of thousands of civilians under a despotic and brutal regime. This emotionally involving personal account is highly critical of American foreign policy and seeks to highlight the hypocrisy of Bush's fight for freedom and justice. Other contributions are less politically motivated; Sean Penn's excellent story of an old man who struggles to come to terms with his wife's death, shows his joy when as the World Trade Centre collapses, his dingy apartment is

flooded with light. His complete indifference to the shocking destruction only blocks away is a powerful reminder of how easily we can become trapped in our own consciousness, and how grief can blind us as to the effects of events around us.

On a lighter note Idrissa Ouedraogo's contribution from Burkina Faso provided a charming comic relief, essentially bringing in a theme which is constant throughout much of the film. It explains the reality that hardship, warfare, and trials equal or greater to those experienced by New Yorkers recently, are inflicted the world over and that we should be mindful that human misery, death and suffering is a grim reality for much of the world. Ouedraogo's contribution adds to this theme, in a light and humorous fashion as it tells the story of a group of boys who try to capture Osama Bin Laden.

The final piece in the film concludes the sequence well. Shohei Imamura's contribution from Japan is at first bizarre and unrelated, yet its essential message is one of a need for peace and understanding. In summary, this film is an authentic and thoughtful response to what was a major event of this decade. It puts into perspective the events of 9/11 and deals with it in a number of ways. Some of it is heavy and graphic, other parts are highly political, but I urge you regardless of personal opinion, to see what is a thoughtful and for the most part, profound discussion of the consequences of the New York tragedy.

★★★★☆

FILM NEWS

As you walk around LSE, either trying to stay awake, or perhaps attempting to walk in a straight line, don't you ever wonder what is going on in the flashy and snazzy world of Hollywood? Well, here I am to keep you posted. To cut to the chase - how excited is everyone about LOTR 2?? The 18th of December is fast approaching...

But don't worry boys. Angelina Jolie is well into the production of *Tomb Raider 2: The Cradle of Life*, and there should be wet and wild bikini scenes to keep you all on the edge of your seats. For the second year in a row, Julia Roberts has been named the highest paid actress in Hollywood, earning \$20 million a movie (Reese Witherspoon, a star rapidly rising up the celebrity ladder has hit the \$10 million mark), even though her only 2002 movie was a flop (*Full Frontal* - how can you go wrong with a title like that?).

Die Another Day is currently the UK's number 1 movie, with *Harry Potter and The Chamber of Secrets* close on its tracks. In the USA however, it seems that 007 might fall into second place... Director John Sen is working on a modern day version of Shakespeare's *King Lear*, with Om Puri (whose latest work was Channel 4's *White Teeth*) as the lead. Joining him will be *Bend It Like Beckham's* Parminder Nagra.

You can catch Kevin Smith, director of classics such as *Dogma*, *Clerks* and *Chasing Amy*, on DVD on the 17th of December, in *An Evening With Kevin Smith*, which contains a set of college answer-and-question lectures that he participated in. Anyone familiar with his work will know this is something to watch out for.

CHRISTMAS CLASSIC - Scrooged (1988): at least ELEANORKEECH enjoys the festive season

Bill Murray: Comedy Hero. What more can I say? Well, actually, I have plenty more to say, since this is a classic film review. *Scrooged* is a 1980s retelling of Charles Dickens's *A Christmas Carol*, set in New York, with Bill Murray playing Frank Cross. He's the boss of IBN TV network and a modern day mean Scrooge - he hates Christmas except for the fact that TV viewing figures go up; he won't spend Christmas day with his brother; and he lost the love of his love 15 years ago due to his work commitments. He lives a lonely and hollow life - everyone can see this, but he's content with it. Cross is violently visited by his old boss, dead and well decomposed after seven years 6-foot-under, warning him that he has to change his life (Frank's response: "No, you are a hallucination, brought on by alcohol! Russian Vodka, poisoned by Chernobyl!"). Then he is visited by the three ghosts; Christmas past - a cab driver extraordinaire, Christmas present - a violent fairy, and Christmas future - the grim reaper. Comedy prevails - it's not often that I laugh out loud and think that a film is truly comedy genius, but this is. Frank: "I WANT to see her nipples." Censor: "But this is a Christmas show." Frank: "Well, maybe Charles Dickens wants to see her nipples then." Guy who works on set: "Well, actually you can't really see her nipples." Frank: "You see? And these guys are REALLY looking!" It's hard to believe that this film is only 14 years old, it looks like it was made only last year as it misses out most of the trite 80s crap that could really date a film like this. If you get a chance, buy it - definitely a must-have in any respectable film collection.



Sweet Home Alabama

JUSTINNOLAN: Is Reese sweet and homely?

Director: Andy Tennant
 Starring: Reese Witherspoon, Josh Lucas, Patrick Dempsey
 Running Time: 108 minutes
 Certificate: 12
 Release Date: 20th December

Like Director Andy Tennant's previous films, *Everafter* and *Fools Rush In*, *Sweet Home Alabama* is a saccharine sweet comedic tale of romance and matchmaking. Starring Reese 'The Next Big Thing' Witherspoon, it made \$38 million stateside in its opening weekend, a September record. The story is basically this: Melanie Carmichael (Witherspoon) is a prestigious New York fashion designer who gets engaged to one of the Big Apple's most eligible bachelors Andrew Hennings (80s brat packer Patrick Dempsey), who is the son of Mayor Katherine Hennings (movie veteran Candice Bergen). Yet before she can get married, she has to return to her roots in Alabama, as she is still married to her childhood sweetheart Jake Perry (Josh Lucas). What happens next? Does she fall back in love with Jake? Do bears shit in woods?

Sweet Home Alabama is as predictable as not winning the jackpot in a reader's digest draw. You could spot the ending from so far away, even Stevie Wonder could see it. Just as predictable is the typical underdog coming out on top, backward Southerners beating Cocky Northerners (Americans that is), it's-

great-to-be-poor storyline. The 'zany' antics of Witherspoon's old small-town Alabama mates are unbelievably clichéd, there's even the predictable gay-comes-out-but-is-accepted scene. Tennant has taken the formula he used in his previous films and modified it. At times this doesn't feel like a film, merely a promotional video for America's Deep South. I'm half surprised it wasn't titled *Sweet Home Alabama: We're not racist or homophobic anymore!*

What saves this film from complete bag of bollocksness are the appealing central performances from Witherspoon and Lucas. Witherspoon looks like making the jump from promising young actor to major A-list Hollywood superstar, the box office it took testifies to this. Though Dempsey is as bland as ever, and *Tremors*' Fred Ward puts in his staple wacky-small-town-man performance as Witherspoon's Dad. There are also some quite funny lines, which even had a hardened cynic like myself chuckling.

So this film isn't too bad, you might even say that as a Rom-com it's a triumph, it's just eminently forgettable. It's the sort of film that you will take your girlfriend to see in order to earn some serious brownie points. So in that respect it's absolutely great!

★★★★★



Bruce: "Terance, admit it, you want to be the fairy on top of the Xmas Tree"

CHRISTMAS CLASSIC - Die Hard (1988) - TERANCE! just refuses to give in

Yippee-ki-yay, motherfucker! So goes the most memorable line of any eighties actioner. For those who haven't seen it (shame!) here is the general gist. New York cop John McClane (Bruce Willis) is visiting his estranged wife at the Nakatomi corp. building just as international terrorists led by Hans Gruber (Alan Rickman) take everyone hostage. It's a tough situation; with no shoes and no gun can he regain control and free everyone? What do you think?! This film was made back in the day when Bruce Willis was about to shoot into stardom and before he decided to open a chain of restaurants with two other knuckleheads.

Here a little something you might not know, the film was based on a book entitled *Nothing Lasts Forever* which was a sequel to another book entitled *The Detective*, which was made into a film starring Frank Sinatra. You see it's not a dumb action flick - it has a legacy! And so validates my love of this film. I enjoyed the sequels but to me this film has a special place in my heart. They don't make them like this anymore, actors who speak appalling German and a one-man-

army capable of enduring the most extreme physical circumstances. The scenes where McClane has to run across a floor of broken glass or when he leaps from the top of the building whilst shooting out the windows are part of social memory. What it lacks in reality is easily made up for through sheer entertainment. A no-

brainer that anyone can enjoy on Boxing Day when the headaches start kicking in.

The out of town New York cop that doesn't take shit from anyone. "Just like I heard your brother

squeal! When I broke his fucking neck! You motherfucker, I'm gonna kill ya, then I'm gonna cook ya, then I'm gonna eat you!" genius, pure genius. Come back Bruce we forgive you! Even the sequels are worth watching. The buddy cop movie with Sam Jackson the way Lethal Weapon should have been made or the even more ludicrous, "Another basement, another elevator. How can the same thing happen to the same guy twice?" airport sequel.

"Excuse me sir! But what about the body that fell out the window?"

"Well who knows? Maybe some stockbroker, got depressed."

Deathwatch

JUSTINNOLAN: is on fire!

Director: Michael J Bassett
 Starring: Jamie Bell
 Running Time: 94 minutes
 Certificate: 15
 Release Date: OUT NOW

Deathwatch is the latest in a line of new British Horror films, after *My Little Eye* and *28 Days Later*, which suggest a return to the 'glory' days of Hammer horror and *The Wicker Man*. Written and directed by first-timer Michael J Bassett, and starring Jamie Billy Elliot Bell, it tells the story of nine British soldiers in the First World War who discover an abandoned trench after becoming separated from the rest of the army. To their surprise, if no-one else's, the trench turns out to be possessed. Cue lame attempts to scare.

The main problem with this film in particular, and horror films in general, is that to scare you they must retain some semblance of reality. The best Horror films have been scary because you think that it could happen to you e.g. *Blair Witch Project*, *The Shining*, and *Ring*. Well not necessarily happen to you but they exist in situations that do have some bit of realism to them. So when the soldiers find the trench in this film and the trench starts to attack them in a myriad of different ways, you start to lose interest.

The atmosphere of the trench and the First World War is captured brilliantly, all

rats and rain and mud. And there is a sense of foreboding and menace to the film. Yet the shocks, when they do come, aren't that scary. They're just bits of action brought in to liven the otherwise dull story. By the end of the film you don't really care enough about the characters to be that bothered about what happens to them. The ending isn't so much of a big shock as a mild surprise.

Jamie Bell may well be trumpeted as the saviour of British cinema but here he puts in a performance that would better be suited to *Children's Ward*. Note to Jamie: Looking like you are about to burst in tears at any moment does not pass for acting. Elsewhere Hugo Spear, Laurence Fox, and Matthew Rhys all put in efficient if unspectacular performances. Andy 'Gollum' Serkis however puts in a performance so over the top that it makes you want to see him die, if only to remove his pissing gurning face of screen. Was this the same actor who was so good in *24 Hour Party People*?

So if *28 Days Later* was the *Trainspotting* of British Horror Films, then *Deathwatch* is the *Boston Kickout*. And it's not a very nice place to be.

★★★★☆



Mr t's Christmas Column

Ho Ho Ho! Merry Christmas! Now I have a machine gun!

I only jest, I don't really have a gun. 'Tis the season to be jolly, can't go around on a killing spree when everyone is in good cheer now can I? My body is alive with pleasure at the thought of Christmas Trees, Snow, Presents and Mrs Claus. Hubba hubba, something very appealing about a woman dressed up in all the red garb and furry collar (I can't believe I'm writing this).

But Christmas is also a time to sit in front of the TV and watch shite. I ponder over the Culture Section of the Sunday Times (or the TV guide as everyone knows it) circling all the programmes I want to watch. Then its down to the kitchen to stock up on turkey sandwiches and cola to begin my marathon session. I don't intend to leave my room unless forcibly told to do so by the parental units to say hello to distant relatives who insist upon bothering me during my incuba-

tion period. Occasionally I will venture out into the cold wilderness (I live in the North so I actually see snow occasionally) to meet up with friends. Andy's parents are usually a safe bet on taking a weekend away leaving the house free for drinking far too much and then telling the kebab delivery that unless they get here within the hour "I'm gonna put a bullet through his head and fuck the brainhole." Nice, no? it's what happens when you grow up watching films instead of reading books.

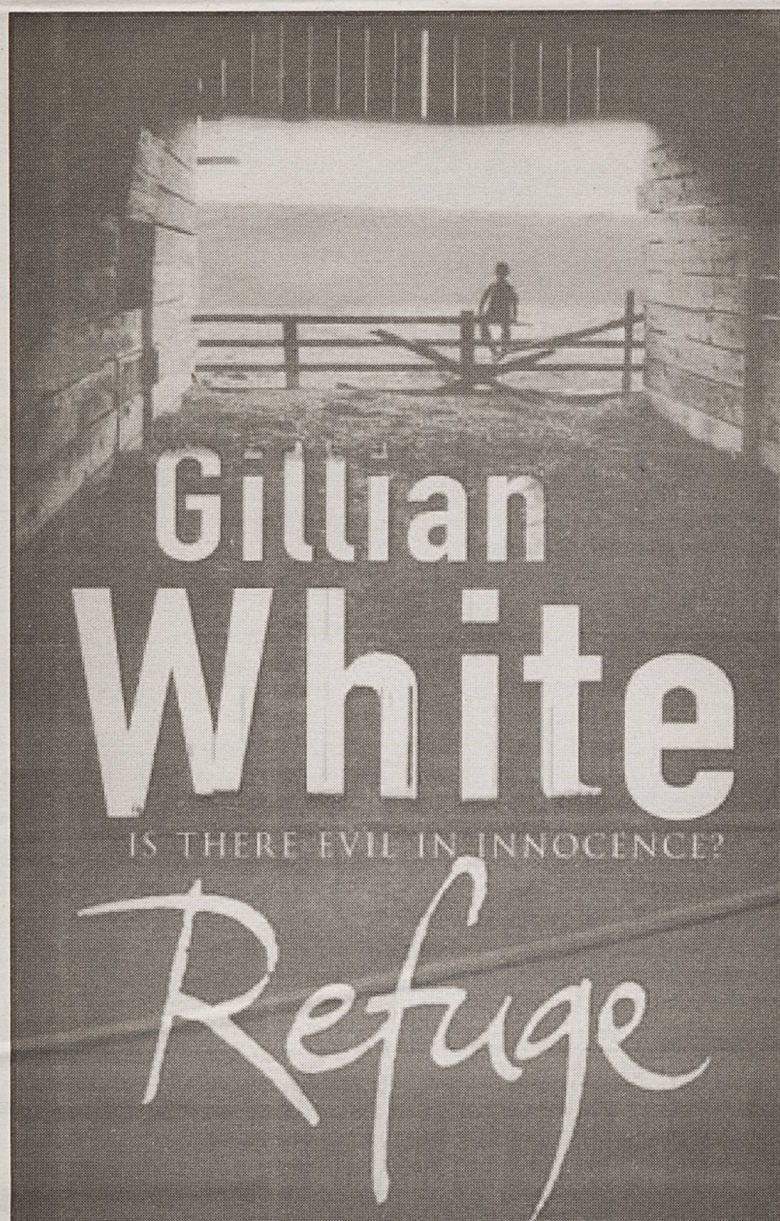
But alas the fun can't last forever. Here is a conundrum, I work my best on Christmas day, I once compiled a project that received 100%. Ever since then I always take the time to sit down and do a little reading before we are all bundled into a car and driven to Leeds to visit more relatives. All is not lost, I'm usually greeted by cousins trapped in the same black world. We gather together whatever alcohol we



mr t on Christmas day: bet he'll get a Barbie Doll

can find, go upstairs and lock the door.

Please take these parting words from a much wiser man than me. "May the best of your past be the worst of your future". Merry Christmas Everyone and a Happy New Year!

**Just The Facts...****Author:** Gillian White**Publisher:** Bantam Press**Date:** August 2002**Price:** £5.99**HANISHAUMANEE** : Society should be our safe haven, not our hell!**REFUGE**

What motivates a young boy of 11 to murder a baby? Are his parents to be blamed for the horror or that little boy himself? Is he so 'little'? All these questions and more are given due consideration in White's latest called 'Refuge'.

A baby is set alight by some rowdy youths and Shelley knows that her son Joey was there. He is taken away by the authorities and rather than put the rest of her children through the stress and hostility surrounding them in the neighbourhood, Shelley escapes to the refuge of the remote Dartmoor farm. The safe haven of the farm turns into something else and the plot unfolds from there.

Gillian White is definitely a novelist of the highest quality. Readers may complain about her distinctive and crude style as to the handling of some gruesome details in the book which could have been censored behind a less offending style, however, this would only be to cast a blanket over the horrible reality of the situation. This dark psychological thriller deserves a lot of credit because it is this tone, which prevails all across the novel, that few other authors are willing to apply; but White in so doing, sets herself apart. Her realism in the face of sensitive issues is refreshing.

White does not incriminate Shelley for Joey's actions, but she does show deep compassion towards that single mother who is desperately doing her best to bring up her children. The writing style is so potent that at no time does it transform us into passive readers. The author's aim is mainly to shock us into thought and especially to respond to these phenomena that prevail in our modern society. Is nurture a main determinant in shaping the behaviour and mindset of a young boy?

Subtly, we are given her answers: lack of parental guidance and in this case a blatant example of family life instability and disintegration are the very sources of the 'evil seed' that may be embodied in innocence. Should society stigmatise this poor single mother? I am of the conviction that society must be more responsive instead of being involved in this vicious circle of naming, blaming and shaming. 'Refuge' passes on a great message to human kind: always make use of the milk of human kindness. A little love or even a little hand can help bring a new flowering of hope in a life immersed in utmost despair and disillusion.

Just The Facts...**Author:** Karel Van Loon**Publisher:** Canongate International **Date:** October 2002**Price:** £9.99**DALIAKING:** The book cover is precious, the actual story is even better**A Father's Affair**

Men, imagine you have a thirteen year old son. He has your features, he has your mannerisms - you think the same way. His mother died tragically ten years ago and left you to take care of little Bo alone. You found help - and love - in your late wife's best friend Ellen. Ellen wants to have a child with you and you agree...but something is wrong. You visit the fertility clinic to find out exactly what's happening with Ellen - only to find out that you are sterile - and always have been. Your son of the same features, of the same ways - is not your son.

What happens next?

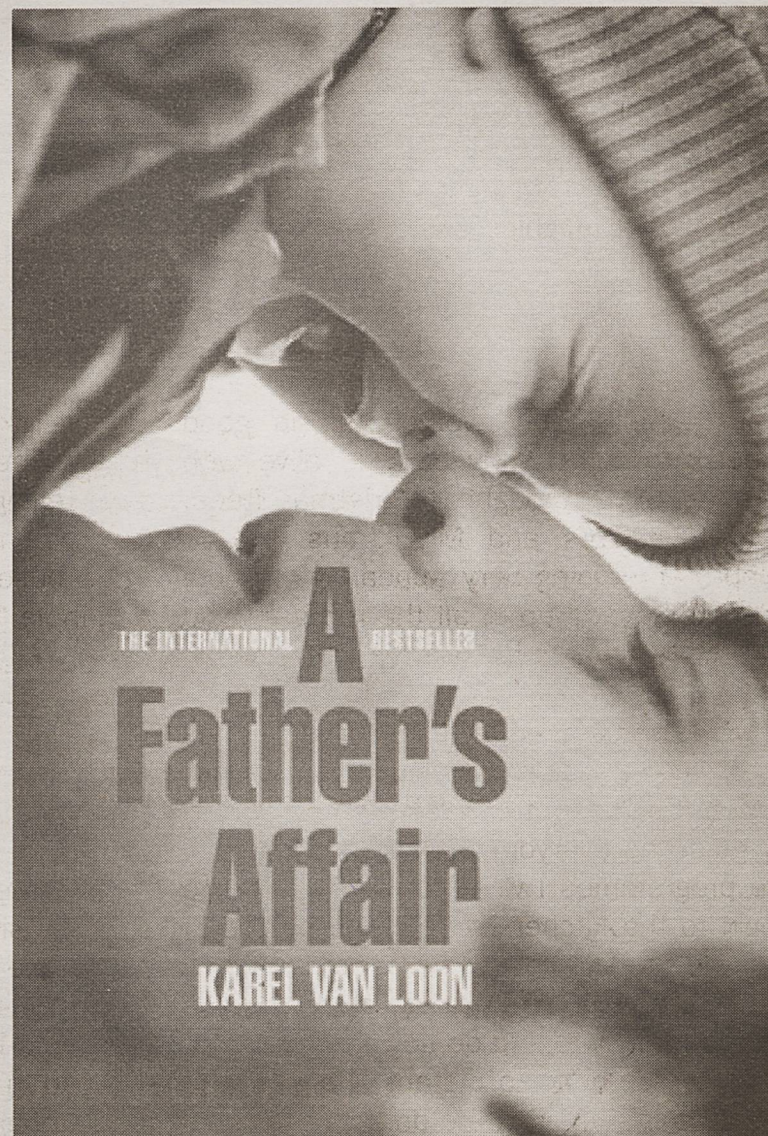
If you're Armin Minderhout, it's to methodically list the possible biological fathers of your son (your son?) and set out to track each of them down and unravel the mystery. The situation is a profoundly emotional one and Van Loon ably captures the fury, resentment and frustrated rage of a man who seeks answers the love of his life has taken to the grave.

'A Father's Affair' was awarded the prestigious Dutch 'Generale Bank Prize' and has been translated into fourteen languages. I don't know how much of the book was changed or lost in translation; but Sam Garrett the English translator does a fine job of delivering to English-speaking readers the idiosyncratic cadence of Van Loon and the novel's cultural context.

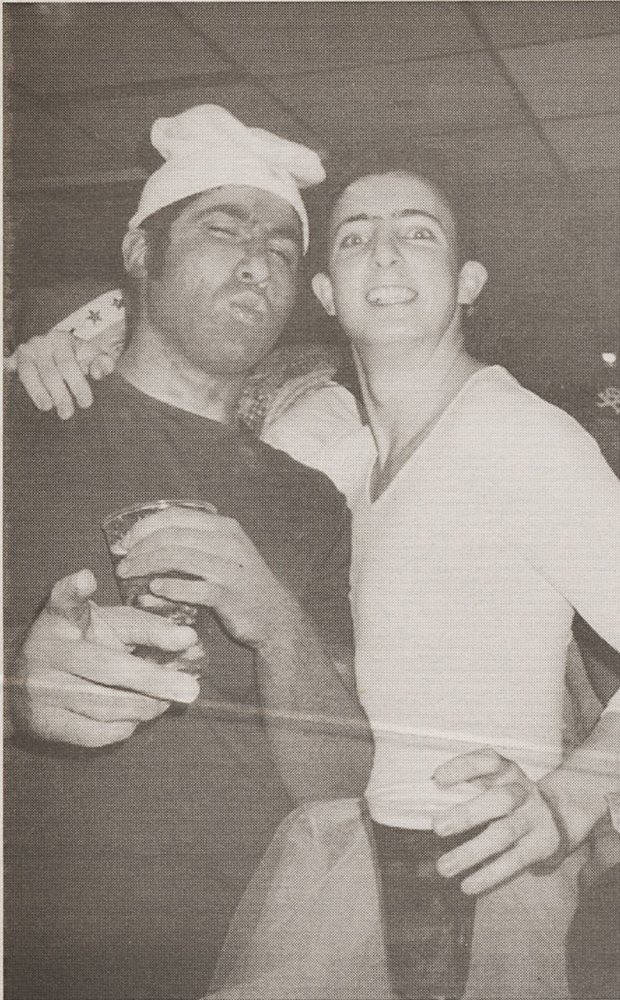
Armin's search for the truth is regularly intercepted by 'flashbacks' of life with Monika, his late girlfriend - how they met, how she died - and his unique relationship with Bo.

Michel Faber calls it 'a whodunit of the heart' and from beginning to end, the reader vacillates with Armin as to who is the 'culprit' - who is the father of his son. Could it be the ladies man at the office where she worked; the repulsive former boyfriend from whom he had snatched her so many years ago; a random one night stand?

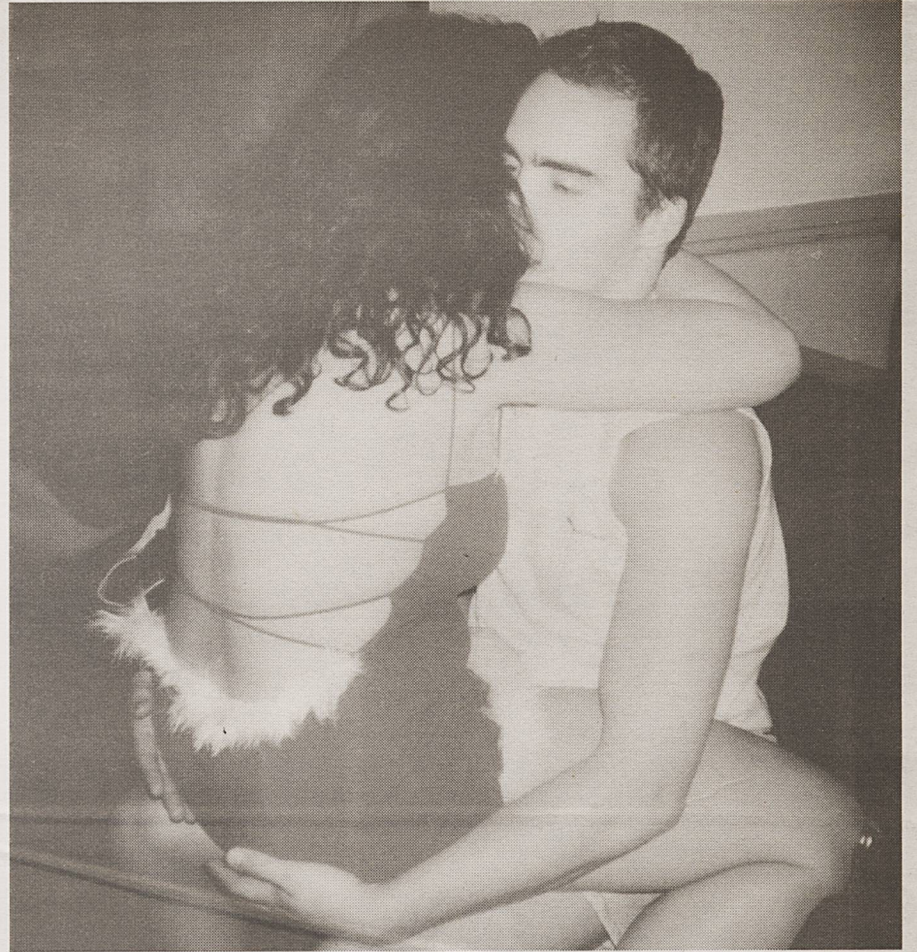
Imagine me gloating when I say I guessed correctly, from the start (wahey!) who the biological father was. The hints Van Loon dropped were subtle enough but they were too many and too detailed to pass me by. If only to see whether you as well could figure out who 'did the deed' before Armin does, this book is worth the read. However, if you simply want to enjoy a superbly written and well-crafted novel, 'A Father's Affair' will be the book for you.



The Beaver Barrel

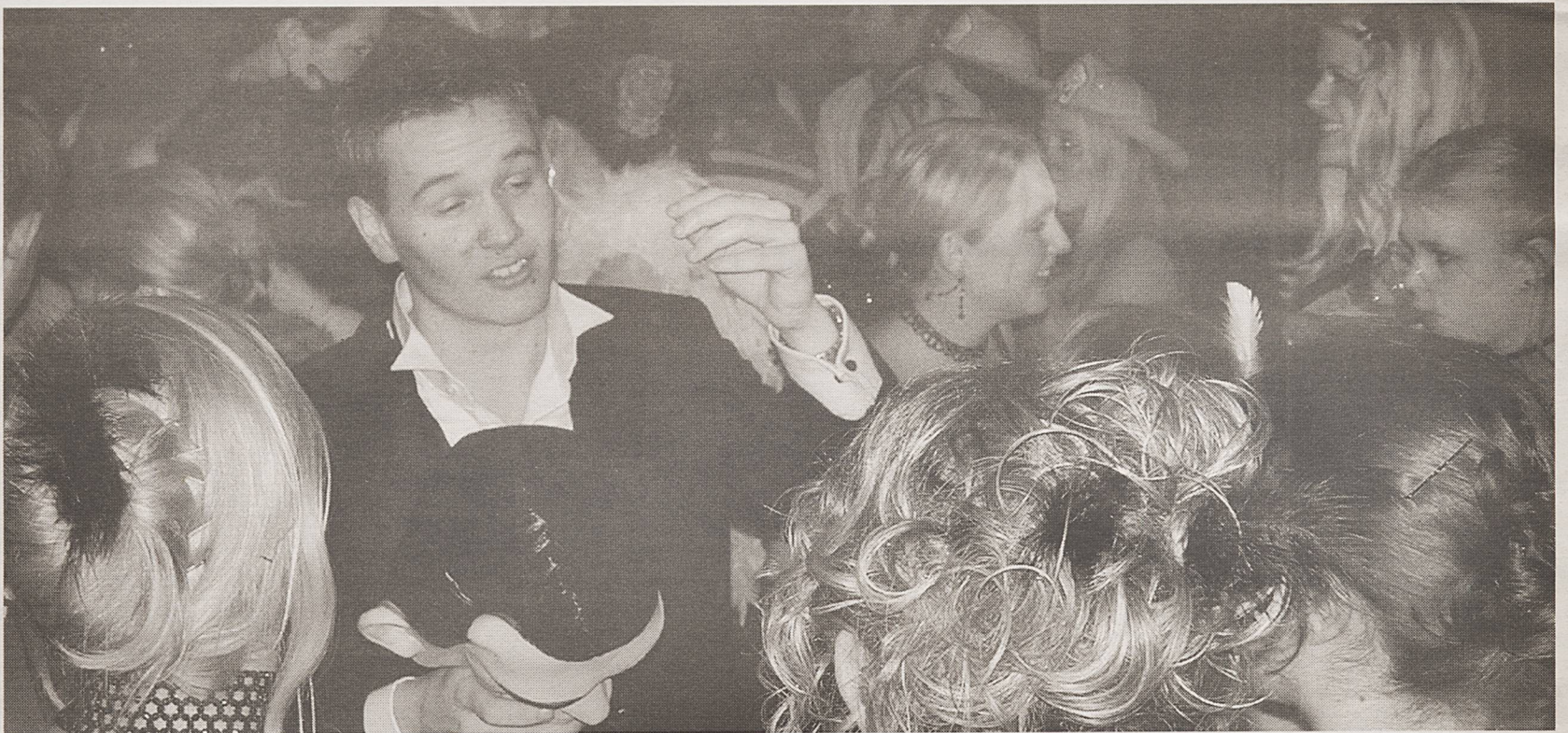


FACT:
The total distance covered by this years Barrel run is equal to a round trip from Bognor to Salzburg

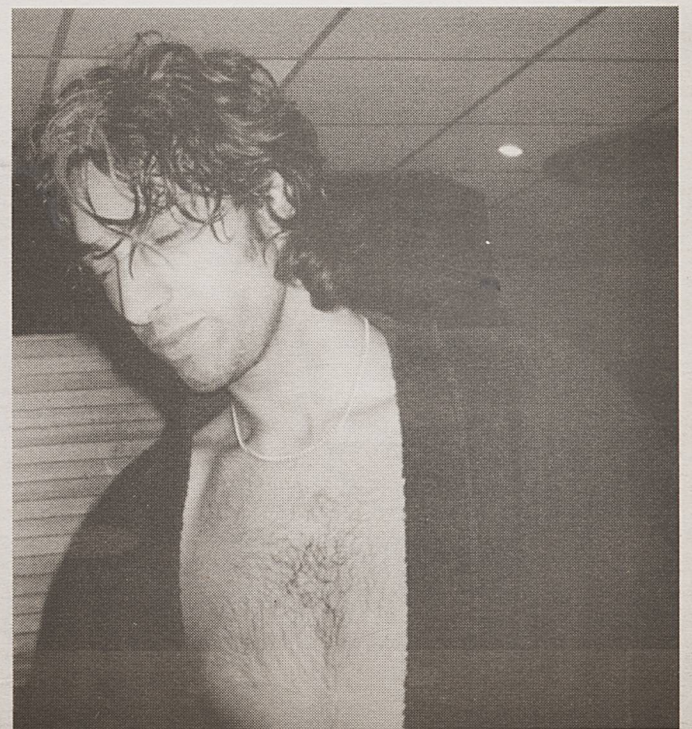


Do You know this man? Because Emma Brunjes doesn't!

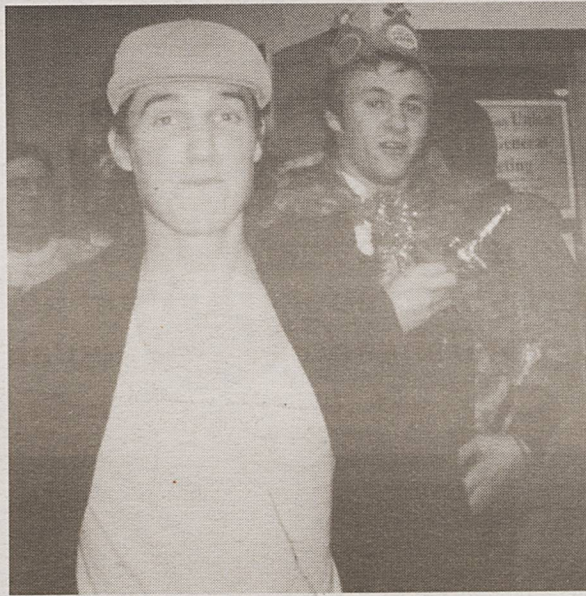
Rhys fooled the ladies with his Austin Powers impression. They flocked from afar to fulfill his needs but sadly he simply couldn't perform due to an unfortunate bout of brewers droop!



As Harry struggled to come to terms with the personality changing drugs that he had consumed, Billy was just struggling to come to terms with standing and functioning. I think that it is clear that this is a photo of Billy post-barrel. i.e. 12.30. Really Billy we all expected so much more of you!



As Loz was feeling a little lonely after his 4th half, Dan Poulton stepped up to offer him comfort. As Loz went for a simple peck on the cheek Dan decided he could not hold back any longer and slipped Loz the tongue! Good work Dan, its best to be honest about your feelings!



Where else would you find a combination for Sexy Santas, Grandad's, a Ballerina and a group of Wham! lookalikes than at the Barrel!
Great costumes from everyone, great drinking from everyone and generally a great Barrel!

"What should i do Gareth? I mean, i like him but just not in that way"
"Its a tough one Loz, letstthink of how to let him down gently"



FACT:
The average Barrel goer's blood alcohol level was 37 times over the legal limit. That is enough alcohol to see George Best through the weekend.

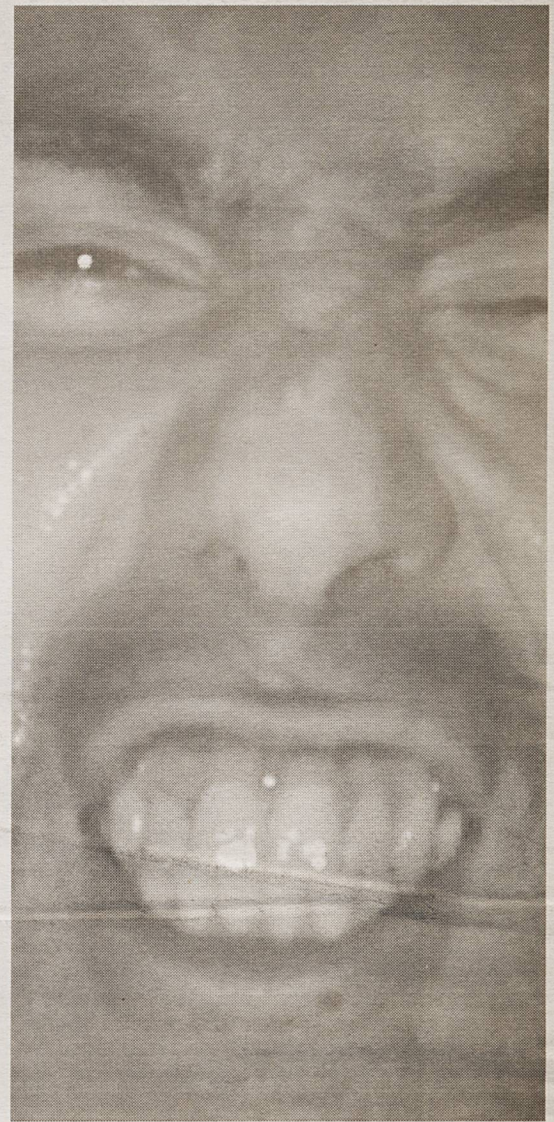


Wham! reform for one last show and thought that the Barrel was the only sensible play to do so. the Barrel became Club Tropicana - afterall the drinks were free!

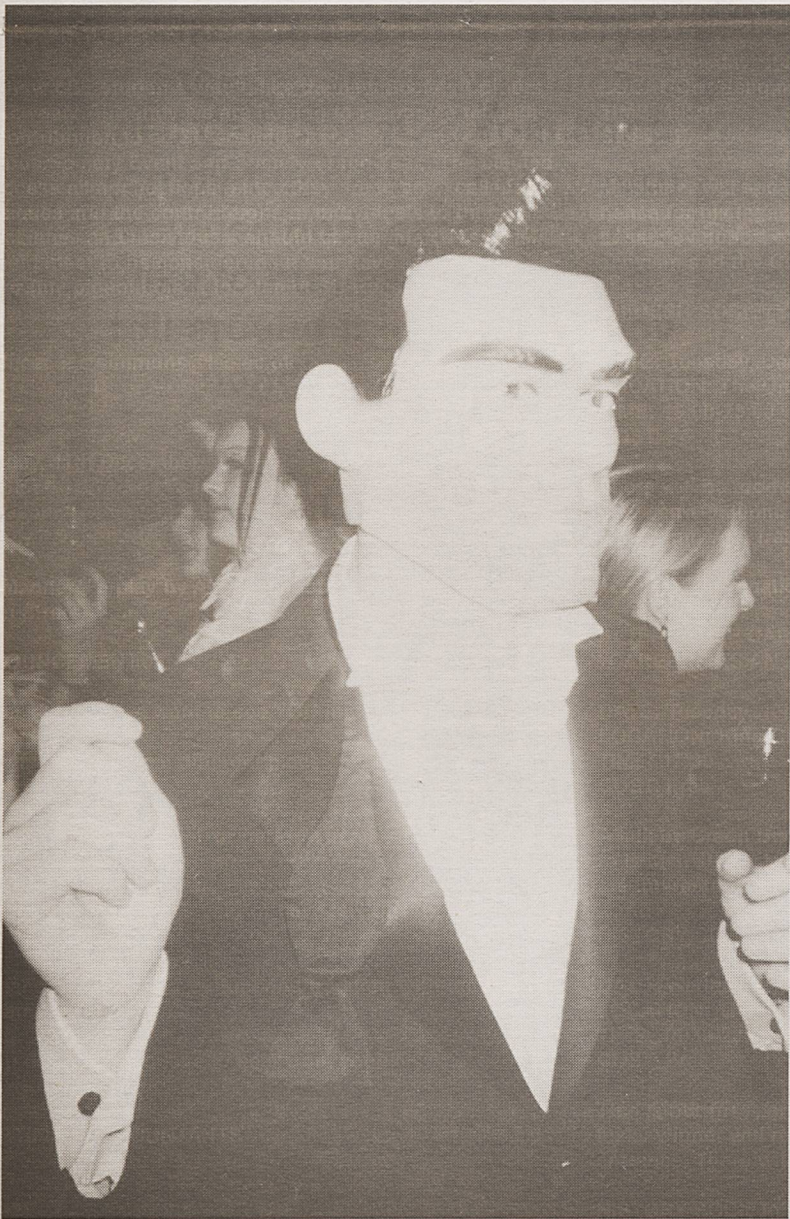
The Beaver Barrel



Dan Poulton's favourite dream sequence suddenly became reality as he saw naked men, handcuffed together, running towards him with smiles on their faces! Who would he go for first, drunken fool one or drunken fool two - the options were endless!



In the lesser known film '28 Pints Later' Darius had become infected by the lady we know as Stella.



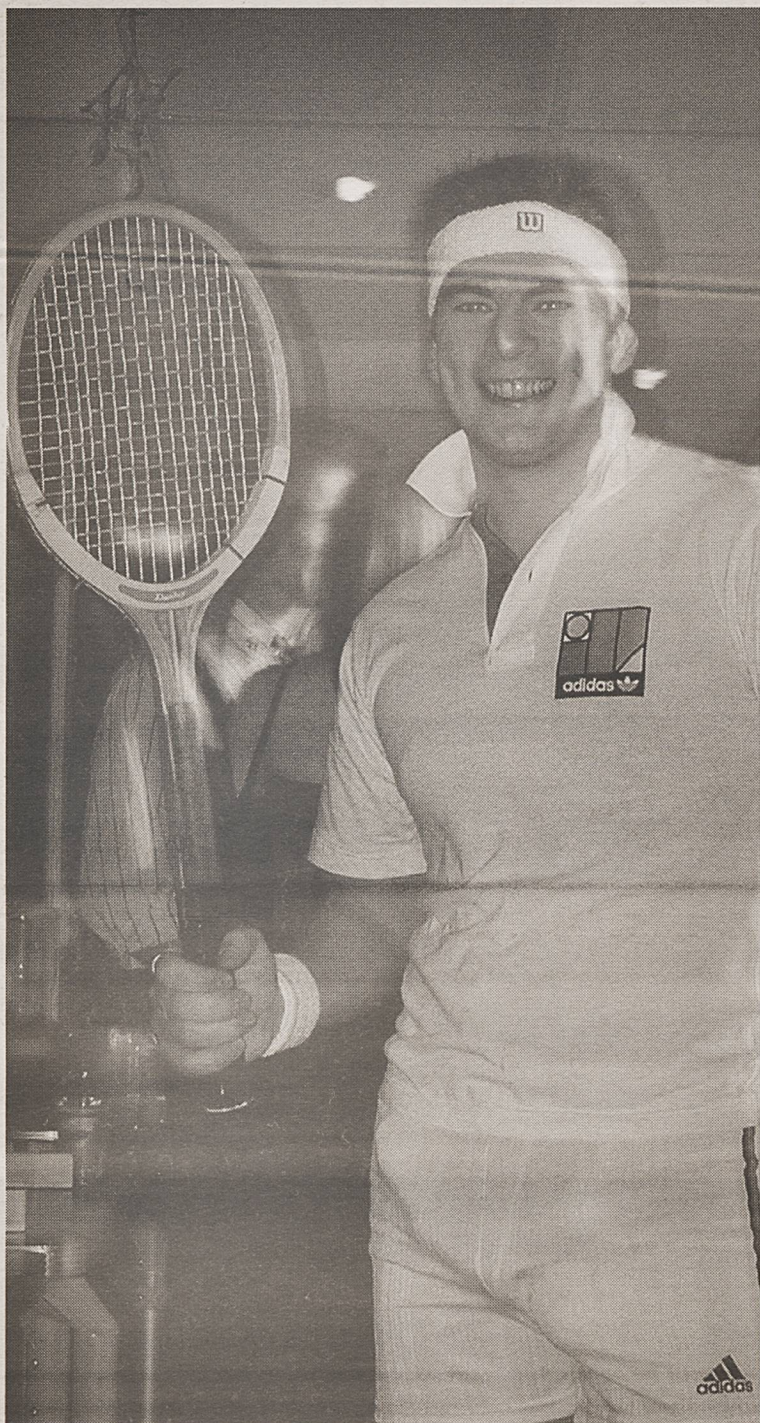
The Madame Tausauds models were out in force at the Barrel. Extreme heat melted the Kylie lookalike, only half of Judy Finnigan was left, and Jacko looked normal.

Like Pigs in Muck, Harry Stoakes and Dave Bains decided that after vomiting (on pint number 3 may I add) they decided that they would like to hug each other and roll around it it. Football boy bonding at its best!



As the negotiations became fraught, Arafat and Netanyahu decided just to forget the West Bank issue and get smashed at the Barrel. In a moment of incredible drunkenness, Netanyahu recognised the Palestinian state, and Arafat agreed to step down from office. If only the AU could have got Bin Laden and Bush together, and who knows what could have been achieved!

The Beaver Barrel



Helena's breasts, plus guests.



By 1pm the beer goggles kicked in, and the one on the left, Sharon, became a lot more attractive.

John Ficenec, who while being straddled in the tuns, managed to piss himself. But showing his true Rugby Caliber still managed to keep the girl intersted as she continued to attempt to ride him.

(Right) The Mixed Grill Cocktail: Ingredients: 2 pints of Worthingtons (If it's free it tastes better), and one mixed grill from Wrights Bar, comprised of two sausages, chips, beans, egg, hamburger and fried onions. Blend, and serve tepid. Down in one. Preferably take orally, unless your David Bains, in which case, lather all over chest then roll around in vomit. With Harry.



The Beaver Barrel



If the Barrel can't go to Kings then Kings will come to the Barrel!



Pheobe turned blue as FC sucked the life out of her!

We think that it is fair to say that FC needs to work on his life saving techniques!

Congratulations to Emma Walsh who has now managed to pull 3 streakers out of 3! I think we can safely say that her time at LSE has been well spent!



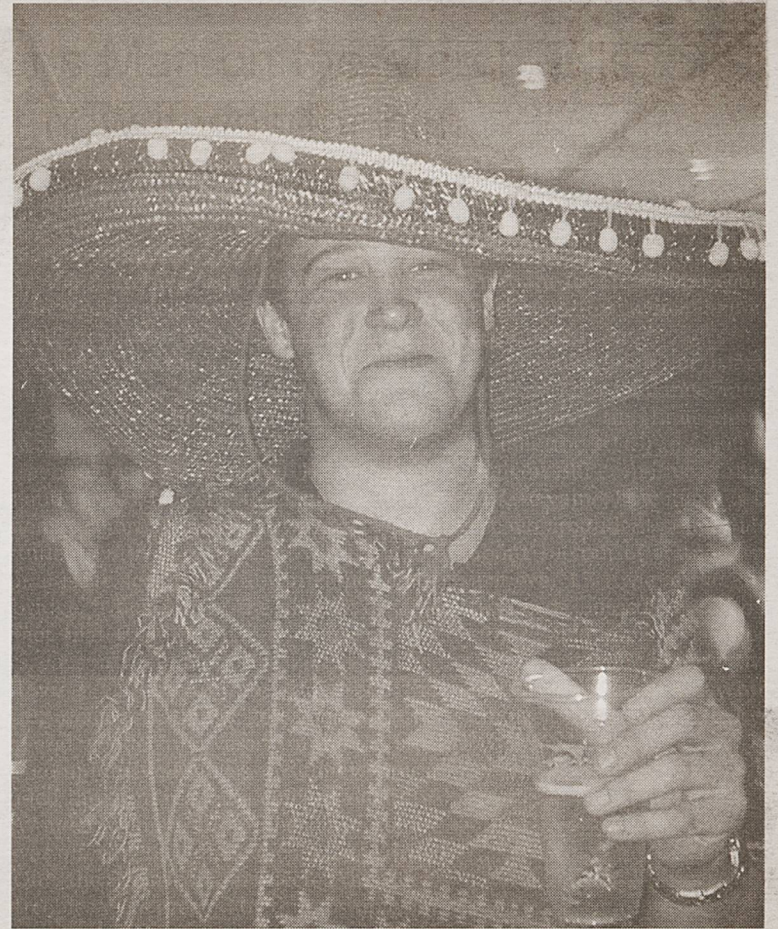
Harry attempted to combat the evil of the Barrel but instead was overcome by Emma Walsh's Barrel power



FACT:
The Barrel had the biggest bar subsidy ever since sliced bread entered our shops!
Approximately £11, 000,000,000
And that is why we were all battered!

The Beaver Barrel

"I..... I.... cab't seem to spppeek" said Barrel goer at 1.23pm!



After the revolution, the eradication of poverty in rural Mejico and the eclipse of the landed oligarchy, Pancho Villa let himself go in a big way. A bender of Tequila and Mezcal left him a shadow of his former self, and ended with him pulling a smurf. !Viva Pancho!



A certain Charterhouse, who was a little concerned about not being on his best form the day after the Barrel so went home at roughly 3pm! What happened to the Charterhouse we know and love.

Beaver Sports would like to thank all those who took photos for us at the Barrel especially Rowan Harvey, Kate Robertson and Terence Li!

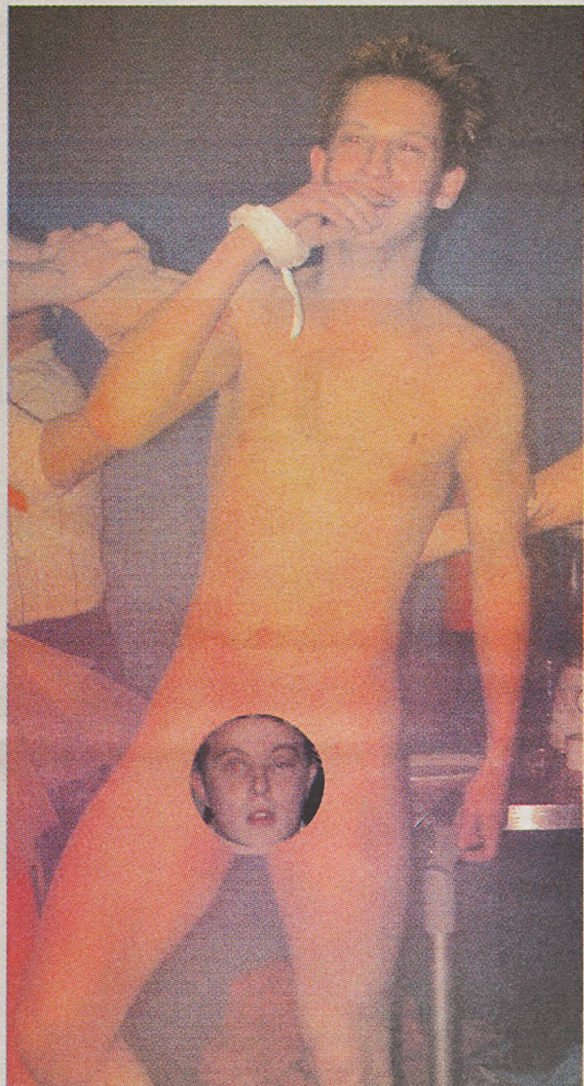
Thank you!





AU Kevin Arnage At The Barry Arrel!

Smurfs, Mixed Grill And Football Man-Love Symoblise 2002 Barry Arrel!



No one can remember it, but it happened! 11am until 2pm, Kevin Arnage... Most people have gaps in their memory, and most people seem to have fallen asleep in random places for several hours.

Weasel streaked, Crush reeked and Loz shrieked as Dan Poulton unleashed his dragon right into his mouth!

Never has waking up covered with blue paint seemed more appealing, or more likely as last Friday, as the AU went Morgan Ental and Harry Ad-It! The return of the mixed grill cocktail, man-love, woman-love, and lots of vodka jelly. We can't remember it, but these photos tell a thousand stories, and will hopefully tide you over til next year, whilst also filling in some large gaps in the memory.

So, a large amount of congratulations to all the AU Exec for sorting out such a good knees-up.

