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The Beaver

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Don't Let Students Out

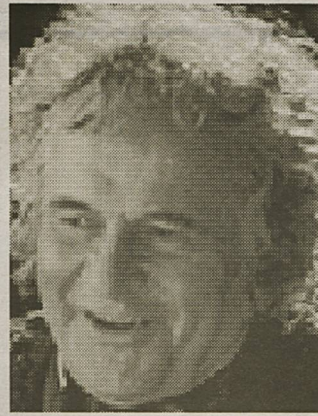
The National Executive last night announced the introduction of a new campaign to combat the growing menace of students. A spokesperson said, "Students have been living off the state for too long, it's about time something was done to contain this threat." Proposals include housing all students on an island campus and electronically tagging them after graduation.

Since the abolition of polytechnics and resulting creation of many new universities, it has become far easier to enter higher education. There has been a huge increase in the number of people claiming to be students. The Executive wants to crack-down on so-called 'bogus' students, many of whom are enrolled on

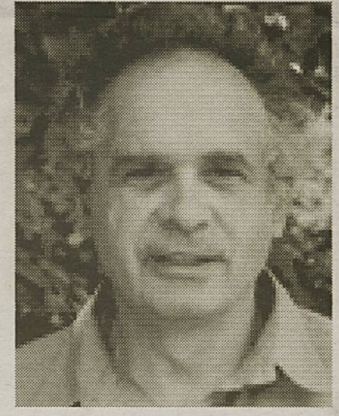
courses such as media studies and sociology.

When asked what he thought of the proposals, Dog-handler David Blanket said, "Students are a disgrace, they live off taxpayers' money for years and then they steal our jobs, I've had enough of it."

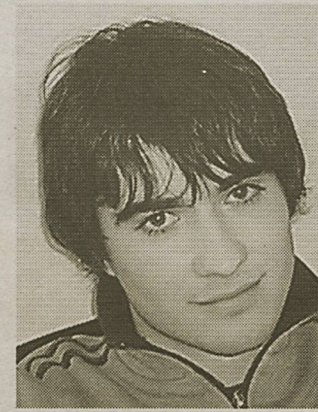
Many have claimed that students' social habits lead them to require hospital treatment for alcohol poisoning and STDs. "They're a needless strain on the NHS," said Dr. P. Rick, "These people need to grow up and get proper jobs. What good is a sociologist when your drain is blocked or your car needs mending?". When asked where our future doctors and nurses would come from, Dr. Rick said, "From abroad, like they do now."



Prof Maurice Bloch



Bilbo Baggins



Frodo Baggins



Elliot Simmons

Houghton Street Residents' Association

Committee Message

Hello Residents. It's Christmas time, and what a few months it has been! We've all been very busy since October (some more than others!), what with all the new people arriving and wanting to join Jim's crazy hiking and rambling club. In fact a good number of our clubs are flourishing nicely, thanks to the ingenuity of our very own bookkeeper! (we'll all soon forget about that nastiness over the rugby team's accounts, I'm sure). Well done to all of you who signed those lovely pre-printed cards to Tony, who's not very well at the moment. They were all hand-delivered by the Committee and a few carefully chosen others.

Also, our campaign for reduced service charges is going well, though some residents seem to be saying that higher charges will get rid of the 'riff-raff'. This attitude is not constructive, so let's all work as a team on this one, OK? There have been some questions raised over the performance of some committee members; let's nip this in the bud by saying that we stand firmly behind all committee members, so let's have no more of this dictatorship talk.

Yes there have been many successes over the past few weeks and months but it wouldn't do to become complacent, so here are a few words to think about as you enjoy the festive season. In this time of seasonal goodwill to all men (and women, of course!), we should all remind ourselves that we are all working together to make Houghton Street a better place to live. Yes, we have our disagreements but in the end we're all one big happy family, and that's what really matters. See you at the next meeting!

p.s. We'd like to encourage all residents to continue to show *Respect* to others by *Not Racing* in the car-park.

The committee has received a complaint from the owner of flat 299 in the East block. Although she is very busy helping other residents who may be having difficulties, she has found the time to submit a 4-page document outlining various allegations. The committee would like to ask other residents of the east block to stop being so mean.

The committee has received another complaint about behaviour at the last group meeting. One of our residents has expressed concern for his physical safety after he was pelted with scrunched-up old newsletters every time he said anything. The committee would like to suggest that he stop speaking at meetings in order to avoid this.

Postbag

Dear editor,

I would like to complain about comments in your last newsletter. As you know, I am very busy, what with my neighbours harassing me at every opportunity and those poor residents asking me for help every 5 minutes, then there's all my recycling and energy saving tasks. Also, I've been busy trying to organise a campaign to reclaim the word (cont. for 6 pages).

Yours,

Ms R. Tightsboes.

Announcement

The committee would like to report the success of its demonstration against wayward Shrubbery, held in the forecourt last month. Though some residents have suggested otherwise, we can confirm that the main speaker's megaphone was working properly, despite the high-pitched sound it was emitting. Offensive jokes about gnomes and other inanimate garden objects are unwarranted.

Christmas Newsletter



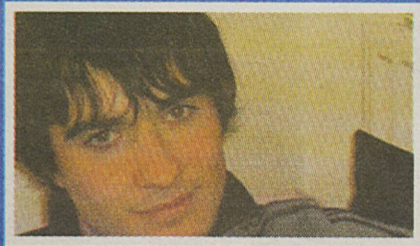
The Beaver

The Newspaper of the LSE SU

First Published 5 May 1949

9th December 2003

Issue number 590



The LSE's most alluring man in blink page 9

Touching the Void reviewed in B:art page 21



Students With Disabilities Officer By-Election Result in Full- page 3

Students Lobby Parliament as Blair Faces Defeat Over Fees

El Barham and Mark Power

LSE students went to Westminster as part of a national lobby of Parliament against top-up fees Wednesday December 5th.

The lobby, organised by the National Union of Students (NUS), aimed to ensure that MPs identified as being against top-up fees stuck to their guns and to impress upon other members the detrimental affect that top-up fees would have on the higher education sector.

To warm up for the lobby, a mini-protest was held on Houghton Street before the procession headed for Parliament. The group of 30 students, with four security guards in attendance, circulated around campus, through the Student Service Centre, past the Library and onto Tower 1, the home of Howard Davies' office.

Some students felt that the Director's backtrack on his promise to make sure that his comments on top-up fees were made in a personal capacity, warranted a personal visit from the protesters. However, this possibility was removed when the entrance to the Tower was locked.

The protest then proceeded to Westminster to join other students from across the country in their bid to defeat the White Paper on higher education. The long queue of students waiting to enter Central Lobby, which had built up since 10 o'clock that morning, slowly shuffled through the security tent guarding the entrance.

Members of the Socialist Workers Party (SWP) staged a protest outside the Houses of Parliament, which culminated in the burning of an effigy of Education Secretary Charles Clarke, they hold responsible for the White Paper detailing the proposals for the introduction of increased tuition fees.

Once students managed to gain entrance to Central Lobby they went through the process of "green carding" their MPs, in attempts to make impromptu appointments to discuss the issue of tuition

fees. Some students reported significant success in convincing their representatives to sign the NUS Early Day motion against top-up fees. By the end of the day, over 150 signatures of Labour MPs, prepared to rebel against the government's proposals, had been collated.

However, the lobby was not a success for all. For the LSESU Sabbatical Officers present, contact with MPs was limited solely to former Tory Party leadership candidate Michael Portillo, MP for Kensington and Chelsea. Mr Portillo, who has indicated that he will vote for the White Paper, despite his party's opposition to the bill, brushed off an attempt by Education and Welfare Sabbatical, Rowan Harvey, to engage with him.

When Questioned by Harvey as to why he had not responded to their green cards, Mr Portillo said: "These lobbies are a bit of a farce really. We all have our own lives to lead. Write me a letter."

The only LSE student who was able to speak to an MP was Oliver Jelleymann, Chair of the Constitutional Steering Committee, who attended a Conservative Future event address by Tim Yeo, the new Shadow Secretary for Education and Health and Chris Grayling, Shadow Education Minister.

Mr Jelleymann said: "The speakers confirmed that the Conservatives will be sticking with the policy of Iain Duncan Smith. They tried to re-assure students that the change in leadership does not mean a change in policy direction."

Don't Price Students Out Campaign Convener, Jo Kibble, said: "To get such a high number of signatures on the Early Day motion is an encouraging sign that opposition on the Labour backbenches is crystalising not dissipating."

The fact that Tony Blair has staked his leadership on this issue demonstrates the seriousness of this situation. The student movement could be on the verge of an historic victory so there must be no slackening of the pressure on this government."



The Lobby Waits Outside St. Stephen's Entrance

With the news that Tony Blair has announced that the top-up fees debate in Parliament will be postponed until the New Year, the chances of passing the bill first time round are looking more remote. Up to 152 Labour MPs are said to be opposed to the fees and it is looking

increasingly likely that the Government will have to make concessions in order to gain some of their support and push the bill through.

Editorial Comment Page 7

St Hilda's Says No to Men - Again

Adrian Li

The sole remaining all-women's college at Oxford, St Hilda's, voted on Wednesday to retain its unique status. Although a majority of fellows voted for the proposal to admit men, it failed to gain the two-thirds majority necessary to pass.

The final tally showed 19 voted in favour of going mixed, 11 against and two abstentions. These were almost identical results to the last vote eight months ago and insufficient to change the college's 110-year-old constitution.

While the college's governing body met to vote on this issue, supporters of St Hilda's remaining single-sex gathered outside wearing lilac ribbons and waving banners pleading: "St Hilda pray for us." Even Laura Newby, a lecturer in Chinese, interrupted her sabbatical in China, and made the trip back to Oxford specifically to vote against the proposal.

St Hilda's junior common room President Helen McCabe, who campaigned for the status quo, said after the vote that she hoped the college could now return to serving its present day undergraduates. "We would like them to concentrate on making St Hilda's a really great place for girls to come to rather than a college that's unsure of its future."

Keeping its all-female heritage preserves and promotes women in education in Oxford," Ms McCabe said. She said a women's-only college was important for cultural and religious reasons and had made it the only college able to employ two female visiting professors from Kabul University, in Afghanistan, recently.

The Principal, Lady English, is however thought to be behind the proposal to admit men in a bid to increase finances and



St Hilda's College Oxford - women only by demand

attract more students. In response to such suggestions, Catherine Wallis, Women's Officer at Oxford University Students' Union, said "I don't think the financial argument is particularly valid. It would lose a lot of endowments based on the college being single sex if it did go mixed. At the moment it's a great selling point as the only women's college in Oxford."

With the Government targeting 50 per

cent of school-leavers to be able to enter higher education, it may seem anachronistic that St Hilda's - along with St Mary's College in Durham and the Cambridge colleges of New Hall, Newnham and Lucy Cavendish - exclude half the population.

St. Hilda's is seen by some as a bastion for equal rights in a University often chastised for being male-dominated - 75% of lecturers and 90% of professors at Oxford

are male.

Nicola Ayton, a first-year English student at St Hilda's, said: "I can see the pros in terms of representation across the university but I don't think segregation is the way to achieve that. It's not a convent, it's just a university. It's not a real environment to be in. An all-women community is not the real world."

A Barrel of Laughs? - school shuts its doors

Prashant Rao and Mark Power

The Athletics Union made Michaelmas Term complete this past Friday when they organised and spent the day at the annual AU Barrel, and the usual mayhem and destruction ensued throughout the day.

The Barrel run (a stalker followed by several manic students in his wake) sped through various parts of the LSE - cutting through The Three Tuns, as well as the traditional stops in the Peacock Theatre (invading a Principles of Finance lecture for the second year running after the Economics B lecture was moved), the Student Services Centre, and the East

Building including the offices of the History Department and the Students' Union. It is widely rumoured that the Director always arranges an appointment during the run, after previous years saw the Director's office on the 7th Floor of Tower 1 invaded by the participants.

All sports teams organised themselves enough to put together themed clothing, with examples ranging from the football 3rds arriving as Michael Jackson impersonators to the women's rugby team dressing as cavewomen (in leopard-skin one-piece dresses).

Crowds gathered around the Tuns through the afternoon as drunken AU members would periodically stumble through, with entire teams chanting as they

paraded down Houghton Street.

The History Department took the initiative this year by closing between the hours of 2:00 and 3:00 pm, the only academic department in the LSE to close specifically due to the Barrel. A History Department spokesperson commented: "We closed the department because of the mayhem and disruption the Barrel run causes every year."

Not all departments were affected in the manner of the History Department with a spokesperson for the Economic History Department commenting that the Barrel "liven's up our day."

The event, which involves free drinks for three hours commencing on a Friday morning at 11am, has always courted con-

trovery with the school and neighbouring institutions. Last year the school threatened to fine the AU £20,000 should it leave campus and go across the Aldwych to King's College, formerly the site of serious damage. The threat of a fine was largely in reaction to the 2001 debacle, when the Barrel run set off the fire alarms at Kings' and disrupted an examination.

An LSE spokesperson said: "As happens every year a relatively small number of students participate in the SU Athletics Union Barrel. This year there was some damage to School property, which is being taken very seriously. The School will be asking the AU to pay for repairs. There were also complaints about students' behaviour and, as a result, the School is reviewing the event."



Team members at the Barrel - Women's Rugby and the Football Firsts celebrate

Budget Review

Chris Heathcote

Students' Union Treasurer Jo Kibble unveiled his much-awaited annual budget at last Thursday's Annual Budget Meeting and was greeted with a mixed response.

Central to his plans is the massive refurbishment of The Three Tuns and Underground Bar, which could cost as much as £500,000. Controversially, however, reserves were taken from Pulse Radio and the Beaver without their prior knowledge. The big news of the day, as reported in last week's Beaver was a deficit amounting to more than £80,000.

Clearly nervous, Kibble told a packed Old Theatre that even in the face of determined opposition he stood by every aspect of his budget. Pointing out that much larger deficits had occurred in previous years, he assured concerned students that Union finances frequently follow a cycle of investment, a resultant deficit and then a surplus created by a return on the investment. He accepted no amendments to his proposals.

Nonetheless, persistent heckling from some members of the audience, led to a usually confident Treasurer, stuttering on much of what he said and at times appearing defensive and disorganised. There were tough questions from all sections of the Union. Students at large demanded to know why the Three Tuns modernisation was going ahead when the building it occupies may be demolished in five years. Members of the Athletics Union continued

to demand the full 20% of the block grant to be given to their society as stated in the Constitution, as opposed to the 15.6% allocated by Kibble. Even the allocation of money for a student abortion fund was subject to attack through an amendment tabled by concerned students.

In his defence, Kibble placed the refurbishment at the heart of his agenda saying it was a vital move towards a better Union for everyone. His message to the AU was clear; they had received 20% of the funds actually available to him once compulsory deductions had been made for commitments such as University of London membership. He spoke of his pride at the success of Freshers Fayre and was keen to draw attention to the expanded range of societies his budget had allowed.

The rigorous examination of the budget, along with the stipulation that every page be voted on, combined with lengthy bouts of paper throwing, made it impossible to vote on all areas of the budget. UGM chair, Kurshid Faizullaev, eventually prohibited the throwing of paper and decreed that the cross-examination would continue next week.

Allies of the Treasurer rallied around their man in his hour of need. The first page passed by 150 votes to 100 and from that point it was clear that every page would get through. However, there are many contentious areas left to cover and as the UGM drew to a close, Kibble looked obviously relieved.



Jo Kibble Treasures the Pleasure

Union Elects Mowbray as New Students With Disabilities Officer

Mark Power
Managing Editor

Hazel Mowbray, a campaigner for students with disabilities, this week won an uncontested by-election to become the LSE Students' Union's new Students with Disabilities Officer.

In an election held during the Annual Budget Meeting last Thursday, Mowbray won 52 votes, with Re-open nominations scoring 4. Speaking to The Beaver, Mowbray said she was "thrilled with the result."

The by-election was called by SU Returning Officer Vita Maynard after the resignation of Alice Brickley, the former Students with Disabilities who resigned-saying she was "tired of the relentless politicking and petty intruiging of the SU Exec." She did wish to stress, however, that it was a "minority giving the rest a bad name."

Brickley also said that she felt she had left disabilities campaign in a strong position. "In conjunction with the Society, we organised a very successful Disability Awareness Week, once again highlighting the need for greater understanding and a change in the perception of disabilities amongst the students and staff of the LSE.

When asked to outline her plans for the position, Mowbray outlined her intention to continue in the spirit of the previous administration, and rescheduling the flagship debate due to be held during Disability Awareness Week which was cancelled due to unforeseen circumstances.

She also outlined fresh plans including a handbook written for staff, by student members of the Students with Disabilities Society helping them to deal with disabled students and helping dispel some of the myths surrounding their conditions. Mowbray also indicated that she would like



The Brightest New face - Hazel Mowbray

to arrange for more public speaker events, particularly aimed at staff.

When asked what the most significant awareness problem facing disabled students was, Mowbray said it was often staff who were reluctant to actively find out more about disabilities and thus often suffered from misconceptions regarding them.

Mowbray is also planning a weekly drop-in session for any student with a disabilities-related problem, as well as monthly forums where staff and students can raise issues of importance and strategy with regard to the Union's disabilities action plans. Students interested in these proposals should consult the weekly global email and listen for announcements from Hazel Mowbray at the UGM.

Commenting on Mowbray's appointment, former Students With Disabilities Officer, Alice Brickley said that "Hazerl is one of the most hard-working members of the Students With Disabilities Society, and I wish her all the best in her new job."

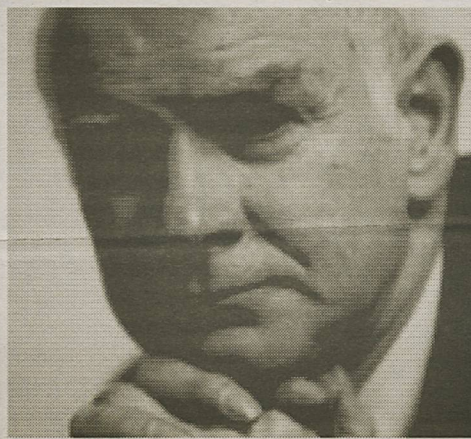
Director Davies On Stage

Howard Davies is set to tread the boards for the LSE Drama Societie's production of 'The Little Prince' tomorrow, Wednesday December 10th.

The Director promised to perform the part of The Businessman when he made an appearance as an outside speaker at a Union General Meeting earlier this term. Along with the many heckles and pointed questions, the Director was asked if he would fulfil this role, to which he hesitantly replied that he would, and fixed the date for this coming Wednesday.

The Director is also rumoured to have invited the cast of the production round to his luxurious Strand penthouse for post-rehearsal beverages.

Tomorrow will reveal whether the Director is as proficient an actor as he is a head of this institution. Whatever happens, the occassion is likely to be seen as a feel-good, community event, a chance for both students and Director to put political differences aside following Mr Davies' recent actions which have upset some members of the student body.



Howard Davies - Master Performer?



Union Jack

Counted, cajoled and branded with ink, they came flooding in, all to kneel at the feet of an acetate wielding demagogue; the doubters, the sycophants and the multitudinous Houghton street urchins, all in the name of fun(ds)- and what a moment it was, Uncle Joe, cheeks scrubbed down to bare flesh and every hair set firmly in place, fixed grin and stiff upper lip all in check, new suit, no doubt, looking like he was to be attending a funeral. Whether or not it will be his own, remains to be seen - for as ever, the LSE Budget Report failed to gain approval in the assigned time, and will, like a dose of the clap but more irritating, be with us for a while.

500 words, they say. On what, J asks? Christ, Jack tried his best on that first paragraph, but there's only so much poetic licence can do - last week was over an hour of financial dirge, spun crazy on one side by a small fella in a suit when his columns couldn't cut it, and shouted down by bigger guys with a grudge. Easy.

Three pages into a christ-knows-how-long budget and everybody already knows what's going to happen. Those on the (physical and ideological) left will support their pal until balls deep in the same steaming shit as Kib-kib-kib-Kibble is increasingly finding himself in. No problem there, such displays of loyalty are to be expected, and are commendable in their own way. There will be tantrums from the upper reaches of the theatre, and Bellendi, like a revered old diplomat, will occasionally stick his oar in; people will growl and bicker, and nothing will be resolved, but much time will be stolen from people who don't know better than to avoid such set-pieces of union politics. So there.

For every cigarette Jack doesn't spark up, he is awarded three minutes more life - albeit pissing and shitting his pants stuck in a home by ungrateful offspring and their gold-digging spouses - but for every pointless fucking UGM skipped, however, one whole hour of life is snatched back from the big bastard upstairs, and Jack isn't referring to Darius here; last week was a very real reminder of ones own mortality, and Kibble's role in it.

Light relief was provided by a monumental balls up from either Special K or the Pilfering Pleasurer, requiring the early termination of what may have been quite an important motion. A potentially foetal error indeed, since the unfortunate speaker may conceivably have lost the advantage of being a UGM virgin. Shame indeed.

Next week? Finance! It is a struggle, but these are the ways of the system - and there is of course only one way to change that Revolution!. No, wait, scratch that, but think hard and fast about how you want your Union to be run, and by whom. This term has seen the lines drawn as obviously and indelibly as this hack as ever seen, divisions aplenty, and bile to just die for - so much for student apathy; after all, nothing brings people together like insurmountable hatred. Happy Christmas.

Science Courses on the Cheap

Yaakov Lappin

Students studying science courses will be exempt from paying top-up fees, the Government has announced.

The move, which highlights the struggle faced by low-demand subjects such as the sciences, is an attempt to level the playing field with the most popular courses, such as the arts and law, in preparation for the introduction of top-up fees.

Under the Government's programme, students will be charged variable fees, depending on the courses and the universities they apply to. The universities will decide the level of fees.

Students taking physics and chemistry courses will pay "nothing or next to nothing," according to Higher Education Minister Alan Johnson. Addressing the Commons education select committee, Mr Johnson said: "It is a near racing certainty that chemistry and physics - where they have high infrastructure costs - will charge nothing... and cross-subsidise their students. I think that's going to happen."

Charles Clarke, Secretary of State for Education, who said he knew of at least one university planning to waive all fees for its physics course, echoed the assertion.

Six universities have shut down their chemistry departments in the last four years, and further cuts are expected. A meeting of the ruling council at King's College London this week will consider major reductions to courses such as microbiology and environmental health. The council may also shut down King's chemistry department.

A professor in the School of Engineering and Physical Science at King's offered this view of recent developments: "What we are seeing is an increasingly market-driven approach to education, and the effective privatisation of university courses. The only courses which survive are those that attract large numbers of stu-



King's College Student's Union - some students exempt from top-up fees

dents.

Fees will continue to rise as the government transfers more of the financial burden to students and their parents. Without government support, it is not possible to sustain courses that can't attract large numbers. This will result in the general degradation of higher education."

Addressing the growing financial problems faced by students finishing university, Mr Johnson also announced that the earning level at which students must begin pay-

ing back their student loan could rise to £20,000. At present, students must make at least £15,000 a year before beginning to repay the loans.

Yet backbench Labour MPs are critical of the proposal, as they do not believe it to be sufficient. Kerry Pollard, Labour MP for St Albans, said the earning level should rise to £24,000.

Rebel backbenchers have floated an alternative plan, under which all students would pay a universal flat-rate fee of

£2,500. Mr Johnson criticised the suggestion, saying that many students would end up paying more than they would under the Government's top-up plans, under which some fees will be as high as £3,000. He expressed regret that the Government failed to absorb the conclusions of the 1997 Dearing inquiry into higher education, which warned against scrapping student grants.

Mr Johnson noted: "maybe, in hindsight, things would have been done differently".

Lecturers Put Research First

Chris Heathcote

One of the country's leading scientists has accused University lecturers of neglecting ordinary students, spending their time on high-flying research careers instead.

In his annual speech as President of the Royal Society, Lord May of Oxford said the trend is damaging to students because academics become trapped in a narrow world of their own and spend too little time with students.

The government's mammoth Research Assessment Exercise (RAE) is partly to blame claimed May, because it helps to determine universities' share of taxpayers' money. He referred to it as "a growing bureaucracy masquerading as accountability," which, in leading universities, was "devaluing the commitment to teaching".

Most worryingly of all, Lord May suggested that in some institutions, academics even take pride in avoiding the rigours of the lecture hall. "It is arguably becoming almost a mark of status in some places to have a minimum engagement with undergraduates," and instead to focus on research projects.

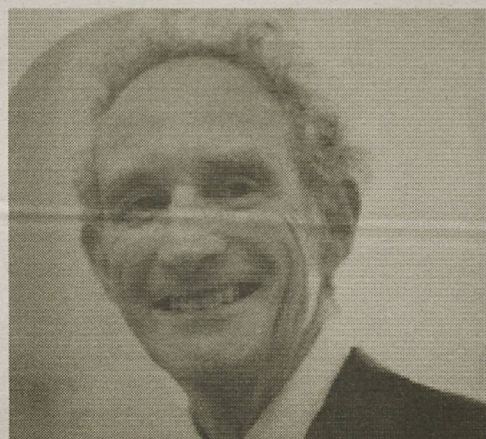
He went on to say: "This is clearly bad for a university. Less obviously perhaps, it is, in my view, also usually bad for the researcher. It is endlessly intellectually invigorating to organise a course, guide a student's paper or project, and generally interact with students who do not know,

or who question, the answer that the conventional wisdom supplies."

The nature of the research they carried out also came under attack, because it was too predictable and uninspiring.

Lord May insisted that it was possible to have high quality degree courses in departments that do not even carry out research. He also warned the government not to force all researchers in to trying to come up with commercial applications for their work.

The allegation comes at a time when the 'value for money' element of degree courses is in question. With the likely introduction of top-up fees of up to £3,000, many students will wonder if it is worth it, with university lecturers seemingly more detached from undergraduates than ever before.



Lord May of Oxford

Vietnamese Students Get Together at the LSE

Chenai Tucker

The LSE hosted a gathering for Vietnamese students studying at UK institutions on November 30th, called An Tuong SVUK.

The event was organised jointly by the LSE Vietnamese Students Society, in conjunction with SVUK, the official website for Vietnamese Students Association in the UK. Among the hundreds of guests in attendance at the function was the Vietnamese ambassador to the UK, Trinh Duc Du as well as the President of the UK-Vietnam Friendship Association.

Ambassador Duc spoke to the Vietnamese News Agency and commended the organisers for their show of "cultural tradition" and initiative in organising the event, and pledged the embassy's continued support for Vietnamese students in the UK.

Following months of planning the event included cultural events and performances showcasing Vietnamese culture. Money raised through ticket sales is destined for a Vietnamese television-based charity.

Mai Doan, the President of the LSE Vietnamese society had this to say: "This is the first time the Vietnam Society at LSE has organized such a big event attracting more than 400 people. 'An Tuong SVUK' was much more successful than we had

expected. We also held an information session for Vietnamese students about how to apply to LSE and life at the School."

Although the event was organised independently of the University of London's Student Union, Alex Stacey, ULU Vice President for Sports and Societies had this to say: "The welfare of international students is a priority for ULU and we have an International Students officer (Eve Leung) on the ULU Executive who represents the needs of students from all over the world," and continued to say, "ULU aims to help Vietnamese students through the work of the International Students officer combined with the assistance of the Vice-President Welfare and Student Affairs."

The LSE has seen an increase in the number of Vietnamese students, up to 15 in the last academic year (12 undergraduates and 3 graduates). The Vietnam news agency reports that the UK embassy in Ha Noi issued approximately 580 visas last year, for students wishing to study in the UK.

Mai Doan added, "We are hoping to hold a Vietnamese culture night next year with the aim of introducing our tradition and culture to foreign students at the LSE."

It is hoped that the success of this event will encourage similar gatherings in the future.

Respect not Racism

Dave Cole

As part of the LSE SU's Respect not Racism week, Harry Cohen, Labour MP for Leyton and Wanstead, Milena Buyum of the National Assembly Against Racism (NAAR) and Mohibur Rahman of the Muslim Council of Britain spoke on anti-racism priorities in Britain during a panel discussion chaired by LSESU Equal Opportunities (female) Officer, Siân Errington.

Mr Cohen, Chair of the All-Party Parliamentary Group on Race Relations, was swift to condemn the Government's higher education funding proposals, stating that he intended to vote against them, in particular because they would adversely affect black and Asian students, raising a new hurdle for students from ethnic minorities, traditionally under-represented in British universities, to enter tertiary education. He also attacked the Asylum Bill that would severely restrict legal aid and appeal to asylum seekers as 'damaging and unfair' and observed that even Conservative leader Michael Howard, attacked the proposals to take children of asylum seekers into care.

Nethertheless, Mr Cohen was positive about some steps the Labour government has taken, such as recognizing in law racially motivated attacks as separate crimes, the Race Relations (Amendment) Act, initiatives such as the Connect Communities programme and the MacPherson inquiry set up after the racist murder of Stephen Lawrence and the Metropolitan Police's failure to investigate the crime.

Mohibur Rahman, an LSE alumnus and Special Advisor to the MCB Secretary General, Iqbal AKM Sacranie OBE, echoed Mr Cohen's sentiments that it was important for the SU to organise events such as the Respect not Racism Week. In his remarks, he argued that Islamophobia pre-dates racism, having origins in beliefs that non-Christians were barbarians propagated during the Crusades. That Islamophobia has been worsened, he continued, in modern society because of the media's negative portrayal of Muslims and only taking com-



Fighting Facism - a lot more to do

ments from the most extreme and unrepresentative members of the Islamic community and not reporting the work of other Muslim leaders to combat such extremism.

Mr Rahman also maintained that integration was 'a two-way street' and that the perpetual cries of certain public figures for Muslims to integrate into British society were unhelpful. There was also, in his opinion, a battle to have instances of Islamophobia recognised as such. He cited the case of a Muslim woman, having been attacked on the Tube in a manner she considered racially motivated, whose case was denied to be a racist attack and not dealt with accordingly. He believed that it was necessary for a law to deal with religious discrimination.

Milena Buyum took up the argument of institutional racism, saying that the picture was bleak, citing deaths in custody, a lack of commitment to the Lawrence agenda and the fact that the mortality rate of children of Bangladeshi origin was higher in

some parts of London than in Bangladesh itself. She claimed this as evidence of the government's lack of serious intention to root out racism. She also criticised David Blunkett's past and proposed legislation for the treatment of asylum seekers as they fuelled the fascist threat in Britain.

The rise of the neo-Nazi British National Party (BNP) featured throughout the discussion, with all three speakers seeing it as a real danger. Mohibur Rahman highlighted that the BNP had been successful in elections across the country, and were an increasing threat and both Harry Cohen and Milena Buyum considered that the manner in which the major parties and the media dealt with issues such as asylum had helped legitimise the BNP. In questions, they argued the proportional systems used for the Greater London Authority and European Parliamentary elections, coupled with low turnouts, meant that the BNP stood a realistic chance of representation on the national stage.

In Response to Waterstone's

The Beaver answers a complaint made by Jo Marino, PR Manager for Waterstone's, in response to an article printed in last week's issue.

This week we were contacted by Jo Marino, PR Manager for Waterstone's in relation to our article 'Economy at the Economists?' published in last week's *The Beaver*, Issue 589.

Ms. Marino makes a number of complaints dealt with below.

We would first like to apologise for misspelling the name of the Branch Manager of The Economists' Bookshop. It turns out that the spelling of the name we were given by a member of her staff was incorrect and should have been spelt Tarratt. We apologise for any confusion or offence this may have caused.

Ms. Marino first takes issue with our reporting of the prices of the various editions of St. Augustine's *City of God*. She would like us to point out that whilst we reported that the Cambridge University Press (CUP) edition as costing "just under £20", the exact price of the book is £17.95. Ms. Marino also raises that the Penguin edition, recently released, costs £16.95. Our own research on this point reveals that there is indeed an edition of *City of God* published by Penguin at that price, but that there is also a Penguin Classics edition

available for precisely £9.40, which is not stocked by the Economists' bookshop.

In further reference to *City of God*, Ms. Marino raises that the CUP version of the book is the only edition recommended by Professor Jane Coleman, at LSE. Whilst this is true, our intention was to inform our readers that there are cheaper options to the CUP text, which, in this case, turn out not to be stocked by Waterstone's.

We also reported that another government text, Lijphart's *Patterns of Democracy*, was not in stock at the time our reporter interviewed Sue Tarratt, the store manager. Ms. Marino claims that the book was in stock at this time. We stand by our claim, and further suggest that Ms Tarratt was told about this at the time and did not choose to take issue with it at the time of the interview. Furthermore, after receiving Ms. Marino's complaint, we went to check on availability and found that it was out of stock as at Saturday 6th December. It appears that Waterstone's much touted 'just-in-time' stock management system has its limits, as staff could give no clear indication as to when the title would be available, vaguely promising that there

should be some next week sometime.

Ms Marino takes issue with our comparison of Amazon marketplace books to those sold in Waterstone's. We did make it clear in the article that we were comparing new books to second hand ones. The reason for this was that we were attempting to inform our readers of the different and cheaper options, other than Waterstone's, available to them.

We have taken Ms. Marino's complaint of factual inaccuracy and have investigated it accordingly. However we have found it to be largely unsubstantiated. We stand entirely behind the intent of the article and its author, Elaine Londesborough. That there were two slight factual errors is regrettable but the message of the article, that there are cheaper alternatives to Waterstone's, must stand. Our dealings with Waterstone's have further led us to conclude that they are a distinctly student unfriendly business and that we were entirely justified in exploring alternatives to them.

Mark Power
Managing Editor

The PhD Changed

Laura Sullivan

Students intending to scale the dizzy heights of academia should take note of changes announced this week, which will to some extent alter the PhD qualification.

A lack of jobs within the university system for PhD graduates has led to the announcement of reforms – students will be encouraged to think more broadly about the PhD and about how they may put their research skills to good use in the wider world. A new framework has been announced, the PhD will aim to teach research skills, research environment, research management, personal effectiveness, communication skills, networking, working within a team and career management.

Reaction to the plans within the academic community has been mixed. Whilst there tends to be consensus that the PhD should develop generic skills, there exists disagreement about whether imposing a new framework on the qualification is the best way of ensuring this aim is met.

Many argue that the proposed changes will dilute the research project and that there is no time for taught elements in the PhD. The writing of a thesis, it is suggested, provides students with all the generic skills they could possibly require, skills which are tested in presentations (a feature of most courses) and in the final examination.

'Old School' academics, who argue that the PhD "takes as long as it takes," disagree with the idea of re-branding the PhD as a project of three years duration.

However, not all academic reaction has been hostile. The relevance to the PhD qualification itself of areas of the new framework cannot be disputed. For example, many have applauded the proposed idea of supervisor training.

LSE has for a number of years been at the forefront of moves to acknowledge the importance of research student training. The Methodology Institute has the self-confessed aim of making, "the School the pre-eminent centre for methodological training in the social sciences."

Whatever position is adopted on the proposed changes to the PhD, it cannot be denied that the School correctly forecast a need for those who can teach research methods.

As Rowena Murray, writing in the *Guardian*, puts it, those with expertise in this area are likely to be "in demand."



Home of the Methodology Institute

The Beaver Comment and Analysis

Letters to the Editor

Sir,
I had to write in this week and say how disgusted I was at last week's Budget UGM meeting. It was good to see so many people taking an interest in the running of our SU (although I think last week's Beaver headline had a lot to do with it) but I question the motive of many of them; I'm not an expert but as far as I can tell this year's budget is pretty standard. There may be a deficit but that's happened before, the AU might not be getting all the money it's entitled to (debatable) but it is getting as much as it has previously (which makes me wonder why Bellini raised this issue since he did the same thing when he was Treasurer). Therefore, since I can see nothing fundamentally wrong with any of the Budget pages which had a large number of people voting against them I must conclude that many of these people were doing this purely out of spite. We are supposed to be a university full of intelligent people; I don't agree with all of Jo Kibble's opinions, but I'm not going to vote against him purely for the fun of it.
On the other hand, I was also unimpressed when K refused a recount of votes, despite it being requested by several people. I have been informed by a reliable source that this is unconstitutional, no matter how infuriating it may be.
I can only hope that next week's meeting takes place with a little more decorum from everyone involved.
Yours Sincerely,
Lauren Cox

Sir,

On Spit Roasting and over-privileged males:

Firstly, I am a student. Isn't that, by definition, and over-grown schoolboy (or schoolperson in order not to objectify boys)? We are all overgrown schoolpersons and we should act like it. LSE has no fun and it makes me sad. Instead, we are subjected to a bunch of self satisfied tossbags mocking us with a bunch of pretentious rubbish, in some kind of sad warm up to their overwhelmingly mediocre political careers. I would like to take this opportunity to express my frustration about this.

Secondly, I am a privileged male and I am thankful for it. To point this out, as Meadway did, was a remarkably cheap shot and frankly it doesn't stand up. I am privileged and I am glad about it, my friends and I have nothing to apologise for on that count. If only we could all be privileged and then Meadway would have no reason to look down on us from his equally privileged but overly self-righteous point of view.

Thirdly, we should all giggle about sex. It is funny. Moreover, some of the greatest British comedy has been conceived by overgrown schoolboys giggling about sex and if we don't all maintain a sense of humour about it we might all be condemned to sad and unsatisfying sex lives...ring any bells James?

So lets all have some fun, acquire a sense of humour and perspective and appreciate antics such as the glorious Barrel for what they are, students being students.

Will Jordan
AU Treasurer

Dear Sir,

I notice that our former treasurer Peter Bellini has a go at our treasurer in last weeks paper for being "politically motivated." Is this the same Peter Bellini who is a Conservative Party councillor in Grimsby and was elected as so whilst being a full-time employee of this union and was also the Conservative Future candidate for Education officer of NUS last easter holidays?!
Surely not....

Matt Willgress

ps: enjoyed the info in b-mail on the different Weatherspoons available to students - however with such a big deficit surely we should all drink in the tuns!!!

Sir,

With regards to Jo Kibble's complaint in the last issue of the Beaver (589), in which he states that the Beaver should "concentrate on reporting 'news', rather than conducting limited-interest and baseless campaigns to hound individual Executive members out of office." It seems Kibble has lost contact with reality and has retreated into a mythical Stalinist style realm. What the Beaver has done is merely reflect the growing unhappiness within the Union over the arrogant, overbearing and pompous manner in which Kibble conducts himself within the Union. These could be dismissed as trifling insults by Kibble, however let me justify my accusations briefly.

Pompous; Need you do more than look to the pointless oratories that Kibble inflicts upon the UGM each week in his reports, wasting valuable minutes with utter dross.

Overbearing; Witness Kibble's behaviour over the Andy Schwartz saga (which coincidentally he is still attempting to defend.) Likewise his ridiculous attempt to eject Will Jordan from the UGM on the grounds of "fearing for his personal safety." Kibble shot himself in the foot with that one, scoring more votes to have himself ejected than Will Jordan in the latter's counter-ejection vote - hardly a an endorsement of Kibble's actions!!

Arrogant; A fine example of this in the first few weeks of term, when he tried to push through a radical constitutional amendment, bypassing entirely the newly created Constitutional Review Committee who could have examined his proposals more carefully. Thankfully the motion was defeated. Likewise Kibble's unconstitutional overruling (without vote) of C&S in the very public forum of the UGM at a subsequent meeting was completely dictatorial. I don't remember Kibble being voted Gen Sec - certainly our current Gen Sec has not attempted that one.

As for his budget, well I will reserve judgement until I've seen it, but far from Kibble being hounded, he's doing a very good job himself of stumbling from one blunder to another. Stop whining Kibble and remember what your job actually is, and do not forget that there are other elected Exec members around you who also have job descriptions and don't need you jumping in with both feet at every opportunity on every issue. I for one am becoming sick of the constant attempts of Kibble and a moralistic-for-the-sake-of-it minority to hijack the Union.

Regards,
Ed Hutchings

Ps. It is ironic that Kibble in the same let-

ter claims that his "actions [regarding Andy Schwartz] were completely unrelated to my position as Sabbatical Officer" when he has attacked Howard Davies for using the same defence regarding his letter to the Times.

Dear Sir,

I am most hurt that at The Beaver you persist in naming Brighton as the gay capital of Britain. This is simply untrue, in fact Manchester and Birmingham have a bigger gay clubbing scene and London is known as the gay clubbing capital of the world. London has over 100 gay venues compared with Brighton's measly 16. A quick poll of gay chat sites reveal that London has over 27 times more registered users than lowly Brighton. I feel that The Beaver Sport needs to make a mental note that it is London that is the gay capital of Europe rather than Brighton, which can safely be called the gay capital of West Sussex, but little else.

I feel it is necessary to add that LSE not only has one of the biggest LGBT societies in London, but also has the highest proportion of students in the LGBT society out of all ULU members (excluding art and drama schools) We are home to the gay liberation front (the UKs first active gay pressure group), hosts a weekly gay night Exilio which makes us the only London uni to host a weekly gay night and lastly we are home to the fabulous Mind The Gap which is the cheapest and best attended LGBT night out of all London unis. We also have the fittest lesbians in all of London according to the NUS LGBT London co-ordinator. I feel that I can safely say that the LSE is the gayest university in all of London, a fact I am sure you are all proud of. This of course means LSE is the gayest university in the gay capital of Europe.

I feel that the article from two weeks ago should have read: 'We dispatched Sussex and returned to the gayest university in the gay capital of Europe'.

Thanks

Simon Bottomley
LGBT Officer

Sir,

I was most pleased to learn that the George IV pub had been purchased by the School. However I must stress that I hope it doesn't end up being another Beaver's Retreat. Boring.

Charles Cardwell

Apology

The Beaver would like to apologise to Education and Welfare Officer Rowan Harvey for the comments made in Gareth Carter's Pirate's Piece (Issue 588). We regret any offense caused and entirely retract the comments that offended her. We also regret this apology was not printed last week, due to an editorial oversight.

The Beaver

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

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

The Beaver Comment and Analysis

Editorial Comment

Privatisation of Universities?

The debate about the future of higher education funding is coming to an end and the big decision is about to be made. Yet, for the government there appears to be no alternative. It has set its mind rigidly on its widely unpopular scheme introduced in the Queen's Speech. Tony Blair certainly wants to demonstrate that he does not have a reverse gear.

Despite the possibility being thrown about a lot by pundits, it is unlikely that Blair is going to have to resign over top-up fees. It is true that, at last count, 157 Labour MP's had signed a motion against the government's plans and that at his monthly press conference, Blair hinted that he would resign if he were to lose the vote in the Commons. He will, somehow, get away with his job. Though not currently on offer, a compromise will surely be reached. The following weeks will decide exactly what the compromise is.

This is why the lobby of Parliament on Wednesday was of crucial importance. It is important to keep up the pressure on the government to show that students, at a grass roots level, are not prepared to stomach the proposals being made.

A lot of the Labour 'rebels' are old-school socialists. They want university funding to come out of general taxation, despise everything their leader stands for, and would love to see his downfall. This group can be relied on to oppose the government no matter what compromise is whittled out. The majority of them, we are led to believe, are sympathetic to the

plight of Vice-Chancellors in that they understand that more money needs to be injected into British universities and the current system is inadequate.

They cannot, however, bear the thought of the way in which the changes are being brought about. Differential fees will mean that different universities will be able to charge different fees (with a maximum cap of £3000), and furthermore, universities will be able to charge different fees for different courses they offer. This will lead to a system where there are many tiers in higher education with the current elite able to establish their advantage and the weaker universities unable to attract students unless they lower fees to such an extent that their existence is no longer viable.

At the moment, for prospective students, all that differentiates LSE from the University of Hertfordshire is the quality in their teaching and research facilities. This is what prospective students will make their course choices on. If fees, at the later institution were significantly lower, and consequently the debt students will face at the end of their studies is lower, another factor comes into play when making their decision. And it is not a desirable one.

Some groups welcome the idea of greater competition in universities. They welcome the principle of the survival of the fittest. This publication is not amongst them. And neither should the Labour Government. Differential fees are abhorrent and should be removed from the government's bill.

Time for Tough Decisions

On Thursday, SU Treasurer Jo Kibble, bowing to convention by appearing attired in a suit, presented the budget at the Annual Budget Meeting. In the face of huge pressure, Kibble managed to sum up the strength to get through with his report and to defend the various allegations the Beaver made about the budget.

Kibble convincingly attributed the reason for the deficit to depreciation and made no apologies for his refusal to cut back on spending elsewhere. He explained that though the F & S meeting was inquorate a majority of its members had approved the budget via e-mail. The constitutionality of the AU's funding will be determined when the School responds to the SU with its definition of 'block grant'.

Kibble shot himself in the foot with his account for how *The Beaver* and PuLSE funds ended up in the Union's coffers. He said that the move had absolutely nothing to do with him and that the decision was taken by his predecessor. All he did was sign off the accounts.

This shows a terrible lack of accountability. The Treasurer

should realize that the Union's accounts need to be taken seriously and that great care must be taken before anything is signed off. He can always argue that decisions were taken by the Union's Accountant or by his predecessor and that it would be unfair to blame him for it. However, so long as decisions are taken in his period in office, the buck stops at him. He should understand this and take steps to rectify any gaps in his knowledge with regard to Union finances.

The second big problem *The Beaver* has with the budget is Kibble's commitment for the Bar refurbishment.

Investing £500,000 out of the Union's £1 million funds in a building that may be taken away by the School in five years time does not make sense. It is fuzzy math. The only real argument in favour of it, is if the renovation manage to generate sufficient increase in the five year period so as to make the expenditure on the refurb worthwhile. Such promises are hard to swallow. If the Treasurer cannot guarantee such financial results in the next five years, he should seriously reconsider his commitment to the project.



Bird's Seeds Little Nuggets of Wonder



Congratulations ladies and gentlemen, you've successfully completed another tiresome yet shall we say 'fun packed' term at the L S of E! We have a month to gather our thoughts, and for some us, to catch the f**k up with all the things work we ought to have done months ago! Use it wisely, for those freshers that don't yet know, this break goes faster than a crack whore sucks a bowling ball through a hose pipe for £50! That's probably really fast.

Wallowing in the pleasures that day time tv has to offer, when one sleeps through one's Thursday morning lecture for the fifth week in a row, I had the foul misfortune of having my eyes and ears shat in by 'The Wright Stuff'. First, Dr David Bull (name says it all...poor blighter) mentioned having been recently overruled in a hospital committee meeting on whether to discharge a patient. I'm not a feminist, I promise. But he didn't say that an inexperienced person that had expertise in the wrong field overruled him. Instead he said 'I

was overruled by a woman, a 23 year old woman who was a geography graduate'. Prick. Then, Mr 'Wright' said 'trilled' when he meant 'convicted' 4 times, about that cannibal chap. I know I ought to expect as much from Channel 5, but that was just an embarrassingly poor show. Let's all call it 'The Wrong Stuff'.

Warning: PLUG....a good one though. If you fancy doing something pious this week, nip along to the S.T.A.R stall in Houghton Street. You'll have done something for others, and therefore you'll be that bit more worthy of your own existence. Just like I feel for plugging it in my column!



I've been whinged at by too many (those that do know who I am) for getting a bit serious in my column last week. Well sorry alright. I didn't get it quite out of my system though. I'm mildly perturbed by the proposed amendment to the budget (upon the rest of which I do not comment), about scrapping the 'women's right to choose' fund. It is incremental that people are allowed to hold and express their own views. I accept this entirely and understand why Christians and others do not want our Union to support and promote abortion, which is the purpose they see this fund as serving. Here comes the HOWEVER. This fund is about women's right to choose. That means it's there for people who choose to keep their



The Wrong Stuff?

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The NHS and Abortions- Reliable Service?

unplanned children as well. Equally, the scrapping is proposed on the basis that abortions are free on the NHS anyway. In this country, abortion is illegal. To obtain one women must have the authorisation of two Drs, so it is Doctors who choose, not women. If a woman wants an abortion and cannot get two NHS Drs to authorise this, (not impossible, lots of Drs have a waiver and won't) then this fund could help them seek medical assistance elsewhere, more quickly. Bearing in mind how much less contested and stressful abortion is if it is before 12 weeks, speed is an important issue here. This fund therefore, is giving women more choice. Some women choose to use contraceptives and have pre-marital sex, some choose not to. Lets just say that it's much better if no one has his or her choices lessened. I have got more to say on this, but I'll leave it there. Please may you vote against the amendment, cheers.

May Christmas be merry for all. Ho Ho Ho. For once, I think I may have actually been quite dull and constructive in my criticisms, so there's no need for me to give you another hilarious false name, or apologise for upsetting you. You know I love you really,
Bird x x x

blink

Features and Politics

Sked Speaks

The former UKIP leader talks to blink pages 10 and 11



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

Musings

Schmanti-Schmapitalism

Matthew Sinclair

blink Columnist

Public Schools are fixing prices too high. They have apparently been colluding to set prices at a level beyond that dictated by the market.

Perhaps Diane Abbott can rest a little easier. If a market set public school fees then she would face the kind of ideological conundrum that occasionally leaves Wesley Clark in a fuss... the situation changes and leaps of principle need to be rescued with pragmatic somersaults.

On the other hand if the rich pay an artificially high price for an otherwise "free" service that has been stitched up by bureaucrats we've found ourselves a tax, far more progressive.

The Prime Minister wants to change the price fixed for the university sector. At the moment prices are too low for him and the directors of the nation's most august educational institutions; too high for Frank 'I've proved Darwin wrong' Dobson.

The Conservatives are surveying the scene with a glee they see little reason to disguise. Ideologically they wouldn't mind watching hysterical left-wing students with fears of a "market" in higher education find out that no one listens to Mandy Telford; anyone with a voice that's female, highly strung and Scottish is a candidate for their imperial disregard.

If, instead, top up fees fail then they will have won a tactical skit that they can brag about at constituency raffles, will have achieved the kind of victory for privilege that seemed to have gone out with Marie Antoinette, and Tony Blair might even be replaced with the sort of Labour leader who makes voters in the Home Counties cough and splutter furiously.

Anti-capitalists urged people to stop buying things for a day. Not really price-fixing but eventful nonetheless and hardly an Adam Smith level free market. No one cared, predictably.

Convincing people that the capitalists are exploiting them by giving them too much of what they want will be a challenge. High hopes are placed upon the environment and Africans to provide a new rallying cry, but the retreat from issues that people can notice without Michael Palin marshalling them is leading to a substantial decline in involvement from those without an expansive disdain for mercenary Americans.

Interesting to note a document from the Green Party that not only calls for less short haul flying, a common complaint from those who have always enjoyed sitting on trains far more than anything they might find at their destination, but actually specifies the type of trains that may be used.

The Greens will only be happy if you go by train, and that train had better have seats lined with horsehair, refuse heating through the alps and take over a year to move you from Rochester to Canterbury.

In fact, it had better be a lot less pleasant than walking. After all you can be environmentally friendly at home; why on earth do you want to travel?



The School's publicity is very proud of the fact that the LSE has produced no less than 13 Nobel Prize winners. So why aren't any of them still here?



Russell Crowe didn't win a Nobel prize...



...Amartya Sen did. Neither are at LSE.

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

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

Abandoned by Nobel

Nawaz Imam

For any academic, recognition of your work, whether in the public domain or simply through the adulation of colleagues, can be said to be the greatest reward possible. Although many can argue that the willingness to specialise and continue with research in the hope of adding to humankind's pool of knowledge is what spurs the Hayek's of this world on, there is no disputing the fact that prestige and fame, through awards such as the Nobel Prize can be a welcome bonus.

The Nobel Prize (or The Bank of Sweden Prize in Economic Sciences as it is known now) is very highly revered and bestows those who receive it with a huge amount of fame and notoriety, not only within the closed academic elite but perhaps, more importantly, within the hearts and minds of the common public.

Just take a look at John Forbes Nash Jr, upon whose life A Beautiful Mind is based. Sure, his life was sensational enough to be filmed - schizophrenic encounters with scary looking Paul Bettany types included - but would he have received any attention or inquisition by Hollywood were it not for his Nobel Prize in 1994, approximately twenty years after his world changing concept of 'game theory' was introduced?

The LSE is said to be one of the greatest and most famous institutions on the planet and thus should be a magnet for academics in many of the social sciences. There is more than a grain of truth in that. A total of 13 LSE alumni or staff members have been awarded Nobel Prizes, as the LSE press office shows.

Amongst them George Bernard Shaw (literature), Amartya Sen (economics) and Lord Philip Noel Baker (Peace). In fact, this is one of the primary selling points of the LSE. As soon as one turns to the opening few pages of the prospectus, it is there in prominence.

However, one question does need to be asked: why can't the LSE retain any members of the teaching faculty with such awards? It seems like very few of them remain at LSE. Here is a world class facility with everything going for it: the name, the power, the history and, at a risk of making it sound too much like an old world crime family, the wealth. What is the problem?

When the question was put to Dr. Margaret Bray of the Economics Department her response was, "Good academics are in short supply. LSE like all British universities faces international competition in recruiting academic staff. The major universities in the US are better funded, with large endowments, and can - and do - offer extremely attractive packages. Economists can also find very well paid positions outside academic life."

So the answer seems to be of not enough wealth; after all, without money, life can't be lived. This does however throw up the question of learning for learning's sake: the intellectual conversa-

tion of it all. Dr. Ghatak, whilst seeming to agree with the first point also has an answer for the second.

"The main answer is that US Universities offer higher salaries and research support and that is why UK institutions have a hard time retaining their faculty at all levels, not just the Nobel Laureates. Other than the resource issue, the US has 20-25 departments which are first class as opposed to say 4-5 in the UK and the resulting vibrancy of the academic network also is very attractive to researchers."

This point cannot be dismissed out of hand but is hard to accept. The Internet in particular allows the sharing of information almost instantaneously and the proliferation of airline carriers means that the cost of intercontinental transport has decreased substantially. The answer seems to lie in the insightful comments of Professor Danny Quah: "Part of this is financial compensation. Overall, and on average, academics on this side of the Atlantic don't make as much as on the other.

"But this can be only part of the explanation. It is more than possible for select, high-performing individuals to achieve the same level of remuneration anywhere they happen to work. It's the old economic story: "University A [where the speaker happens to work] doesn't determine my salary through what it pays me. But that it pays me what it does helps determine that it is here where I earn my salary.

"But this is only part of the explanation as financial compensation isn't everything. No Nobel Prize winner anywhere earns at a university what they can make outside academia. Instead, they do what they do for the acclaim and applause of their peers, and significantly that of the colleagues immediately around them.

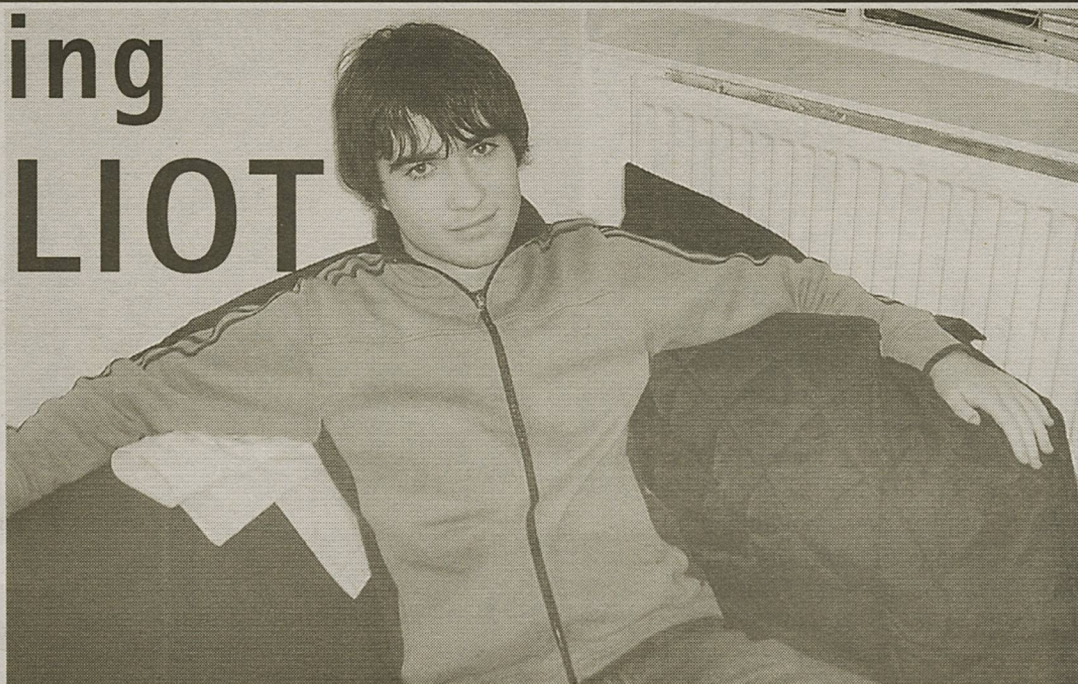
"So, the rest of the explanation, I believe, comes from putting the opposite spin to your question. That is, why are so many Nobel Prizes grown here in the first place? It's because this place has historically allowed wacky ideas to develop and mature. In most other places, anyone younger in the profession who proposes new ways of looking at the world is quickly forced into conformity. But when one becomes older and more established, it's then the rest of the world that is forced to change to one's own views, and the relative attractiveness of the LSE diminishes. So the individual outgrows LSE and goes elsewhere.

"What we need to do at the LSE is to force the older people to continue to be as crazy as when they were young. And we need to encourage the young academics to continue to be relatively crazy."

Nawaz Imam is a first year Economics student.

Exploring ELLIOT

In just two short years, Elliot Simmonds has gone from absolute obscurity to top dog of the Union. We track his rise to power...



Would you buy a used car from this man?

Ibrahim Rasheed
Executive Editor

It is an unusually cold Wednesday afternoon in October 2001. Having just started my first year at LSE I have a lot of things on my mind. Classes have just started, course choices have been finalised, and my first presentation is just round the corner.

Something about Houghton Street suggests that it is not a usual day. Sure, there is the casual bustle of bodies up and down the length of the street as they get on with their lives. Yet, there is a strange group of static figures crowding around the entrance to the Clare Market Building and handing out leaflets. One or two passers by look quite annoyed by this group lunging into whoever attempts to walk in and out of the building.

"Just leave me alone," yells out a girl shoving aside about five leafleters as she walks out. "I've already voted, and no it wasn't for any of you wankers."

Ah elections, I think, a clear indication of a vibrant student democracy, and perhaps the inherent radicalism of LSE that my teachers from school had warned me about. I decided to walk on and find out more about the candidates before casting my ballot. Having not been of age for the June 2001 election General Election I was quite keen on making an informed choice when voting.

It was later that evening when the ballot box did a tour round the halls of residence, a practice that has sadly since been abolished, that I first met Elliot Simmonds the politician. I had met him earlier in the month but was then just another random face in the haze that was freshers' month. I knew he was a fresher and remember being quite impressed with how quickly he was getting involved in student life. He was surrounded by a group of supporters, all freshers themselves, trying to coax fellow Banksiders into voting for their man.

The next day, which was the second and final day of polling, I walked past Clare Market around 5pm, two hours before voting ended, noticed that the number of hacks campaigning had been decimated. Fatigue, it seemed, had won the day. Elliot Simmonds was one of the few candidates left standing in the cold. I approached him and chatted to him about his platform. As far as I could make out he was endorsed by the Labour Club and was running against a third year Conservative for a by-election to be Communications Officer, an Executive position.

Simmonds was blessed with great electoral fortunes from day one, when he

ended up beating his more established opponent. He has not looked back since, topping the polls in the Exec. Slate elections that Lent term and then fending off five challengers to become General Secretary of the Union.

Simmonds attributed his initial success to the strength of his campaign. "I was very enthusiastic and I worked incredibly hard on the campaign. I had a very nice group of people I met in my first year helping me a lot."

Simmonds was mired in controversy after his first campaign when he decided to quit the Labour Club, on whose coat tails many argue he had rode on to success. He attributes his decision to growing disillusionment with the Students' Union Labour Club as well as the national party. "There was not a lot organised" he said, "and I was getting disillusioned with what the government itself was doing."

The campaign for General Secretary was a long one, with Simmonds declaring his intent to run at around Christmas time. Word got round that he had thrown his hat in the ring and by the time of the proper campaign, most observers placed him as joint favourite. Some, however, found this hard to comprehend. With no strong backing of any political association, Simmonds was certainly his own man in the campaign trail. Though obviously left-of-centre, many found it hard, and still find it hard to pinpoint exactly where his political allegiances lie. Some would go as far as to suggest he was a bit wet and was very careful to fall in with the popular side of everything.

The early electoral successes of the General Secretary prove that he is an effective networker and campaigner. Getting into the Executive required hard work, but once in there, it seemed to be a matter of playing his cards right. The position of Societies Officer, which Simmonds occupied before becoming General Secretary, is seen to be a very powerful position. One of the keys to electoral success at LSE is to get the right societies to back you. Was Simmonds' good record as Societies Officer what ultimately swung it for him?

"Being Societies Officer obviously helps because you build a name... but I think it was more because I was able to implement what I promised" he replied, "I hope the societies trusted me because of this."

Elliot Simmonds is extremely proud of the campaign against fees which LSE finds itself at the forefront of. He is not actually in charge of the campaign, which is unusual given his position. It is, in fact,

'Getting into the Executive required hard work, but once in there, it seemed to be a matter of playing his cards right.'

convened by SU Treasurer Jo Kibble. It has been observed that all four sabbaticals have very strong personalities and have a very definite idea of where they want the Union to go. Does Simmonds feel that his role has been marginalized?

"Not at all. I think the best thing for the Union is to have four Sabbs that have worked really hard and really care about what they do. I think that Jo has done a fantastic job as chairman of the campaign against fees and Rowan has built on her track record as Equal Opportunities Female and I think that she has done a great job as well. The fact is that we approach things in different ways."

Simmonds is not a fiery orator by any stretch of the imagination and this may be why people question his role as a leader. However, working the masses into a frenzy of indignation was never the job that he set out to do. He is acknowledged to be very good at being the Union's link to the School administration and is known to keep a cool head in committees. One of his Executive colleagues said "Elliot is the only person I know who can act decisively and diplomatically at the same time." From this point of view, he is certainly proving he is up to the job.

Simmonds does not aspire to greatness, and though was clearly ambitious enough to get this far, does not seem to have any great need to feed his ego and hopes for modest legacy.

"I have carried out the things I promised in my manifesto" he says, "I've got my head down, I've got the job I enjoy doing and hopefully people will see things have been achieved when I am done."

Ibrahim Rasheed is, allegedly, a third year Economic History student. Sadly, this is his last exploit as Beaver Executive Editor. Cheers for all your help mate.



Tony Blair, it seems, has finally gotten sick of those short, weekly cabinet meetings where nothing ever gets discussed. He also is apparently sick of hearing diluted reports from focus groups. He wants to have a big conversation.

He chose Newport to launch this new venture, supposedly assuming that this small city of choice wouldn't attract the publicity it did. Turned out Blair didn't want a convo - he wanted to be seen to "listen" to his people, to be seen as the true politician he should be. So truth is, Blair ain't giving much away. Nor is he having a conversation, be it big or small. He's "listening".

The government has set the agenda too: they only want to "listen" if it's about certain carefully selected topics. The website will detail the precise questions which the public are called upon to answer - so we're all actually just returning to school to sit a test.

And woe betide upon the person who thought they could ask Tony a question himself and turn the tables; the only answer they're likely to receive is that of a frozen, forced smile.

One of Blair's carefully vetted questions is "How do we get more young people interested in politics?" It's a simple question with a relatively simple answer. Increase salaries in the public sector, specifically in government, until they are level with those in big investment banks.

These days university students can be crudely divided into three groups: careerist politicians, materialist wankers, and lazy gits who lie around the house watching Wheel of Fortune all afternoon when they really should be doing better things with their lives.

Why should people bother to be interested in politics when there is no direct gain for them? As long as you are not homeless, have dreadlocks or are an imam, you are relatively safe from the maniacal clutches of the state. Consequently people need to be encouraged to work in the public sector with promises of adequate remuneration to pay off the mortgage on their swanky Strand penthouse.

Unfortunately figures in British public life are subject to the most thorough and relentless scrutiny. If you plan to accept bribes, forget it. Just look at what happened to Jeffrey Archer.

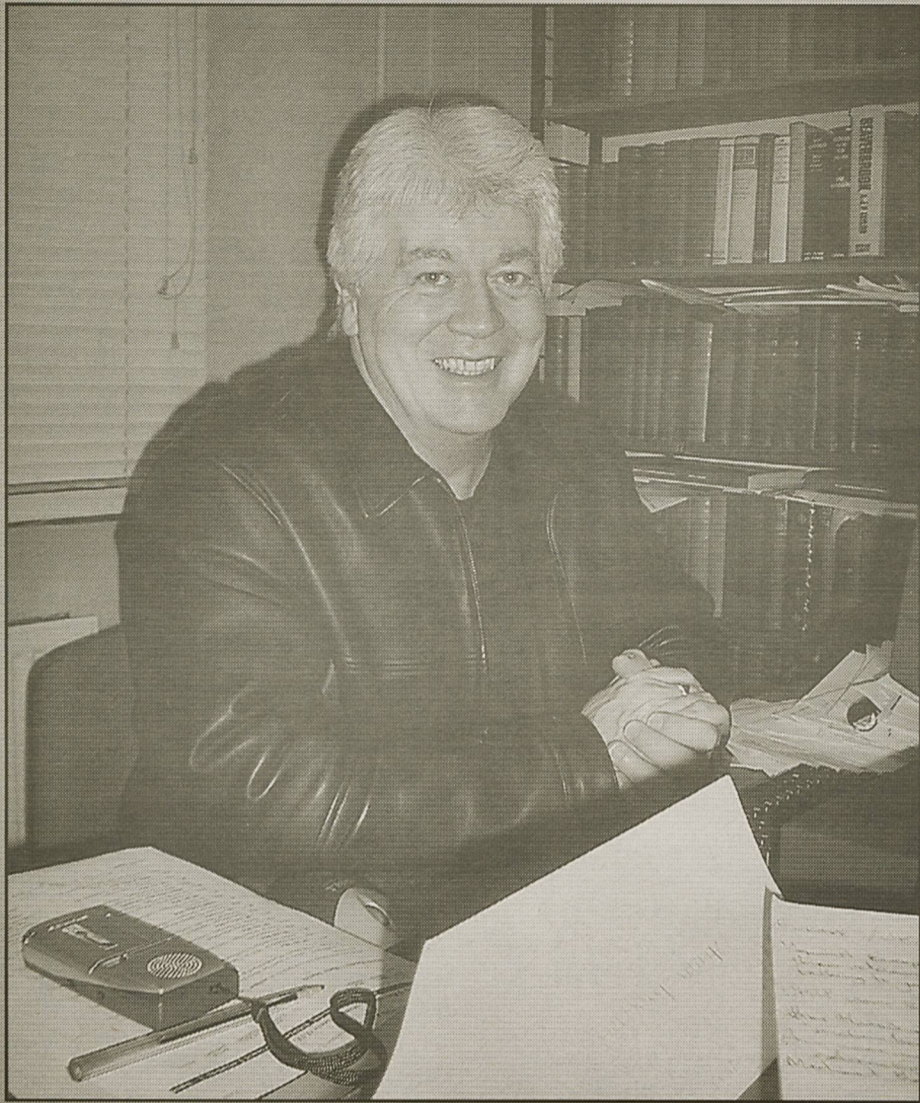
As any Singapore Government Scholar will tell you, the way out of this trap, without subjecting the masses to a benign dictatorship, is to increase government salaries. The SU for instance is on the right track by increasing Sabbatical salaries above the level of inflation. Next!

So the best laid plans are to engage in relations with the public at large, meaning that our dear Tony will be getting his hands dirty and actually talking to people who aren't in the square mile of Whitehall, the Palace and Westminster.

He might be disappointed. He might be entertained. Most likely he will be amazed at the reactions he gets from his electorate, most of whom, he will realise, don't have a clue and quite frankly don't care.

They're going along to see the man speak in person. And if all he's doing is listening, there may be some awkward moments ahead. The big convo may just become the big silence.

LSE lecturer and founder of the UK Independence Party, Alan Sked, talks



LSE's 'Veteran Campaigner'

Ben Chapman
blink Editor

Alan Sked is the sort of lecturer you expect to encounter when you arrive at the LSE. His day job as Senior Lecturer in International History (and co-ordinator of the undergraduate US History course) hides a more active political past.

The founder of the UK Independence Party (UKIP) in 1993, Sked went on to act as the party's leader for four years, culminating in the 1997 General Election campaign, where it fielded over 150 candidates nationwide, and polled over 100,000 votes.

Described by BBC News in 1999 as a 'veteran campaigner', Sked's high-profile days as a politician are nevertheless played down by the man himself. You can sense an inner weariness with talk of his time as a political leader, matched by outer groan when you broach the subject with him. When I suggest that it is the thing most people would recognise him for, he laughs and replies simply, "I thought I'd lived it down".

A far cry from the grandeur of Westminster, where his words and actions used to make waves, particularly in the corridors of Conservative Central Office, his somewhat cluttered fifth floor office in the East Building is where I meet him for the interview.

He is now, as he says, "trying to be a creature of academia". The words he pens here are no less distinguished than those that he spoke on the campaign trail; Dr Sked has written books on British and European history and, in particular, the Habsburg monarchy.

Yet his views on the European Union, which he championed through UKIP, are plain for all to see - he seldom resists a small jibe at the EU in his lectures. He rejects the direction in which the EU is heading, and has always urged the UK Conservative Party to oppose what he sees as increasing centralisation in Brussels.

"The Tories can say that logically their policy leads them to a renegotiation of Britain's relationship with the European Union, at the end of which Britain should be a free trading partner, associated with Europe, but not part of a wannabe European super-state."

He is, however, very quick to stress the distinction between 'anti-European' and 'anti-European Union', a trap he is clearly very wary of falling into.

"We're all Europeans, we all believe in European culture and Western civilisation, and that's wonderful. I'm a

"We're all Europeans, we all believe in European culture and Western civilisation, and that's wonderful. But I don't believe in the European Union. I think Europe is either a culture or a states-system; it's not a state."

professional European - I write books about European history and I know about five European languages.

"So I'm a European, but I don't believe in the European Union. I think Europe is either a culture or a states-system; it's not a state."

It was this belief that led him to found the UKIP, as an opposition group to what he saw as a Conservative Party becoming more and more pro-EU in the early- to mid-1990s. I suggested that, nevertheless, the Tories remained, in 1997, the most euro-sceptic of the two main UK parties, and asked him whether it may have been counter-productive to field UKIP candidates that would only serve to take votes away from the Tories, advantaging Tony Blair's New Labour.

"The main objective was to turn the Tory party from a pro-EU into a euro-sceptic or anti-EU party. We made it very clear to the Tories that their future was going to be a very short one unless they adopted our views on Europe which, on the whole, I think they have.

"When you consider what the normal Conservative

Party stance was under Major, and you compare that to what the normal Conservative Party stance is today, there's been a huge change in direction.

"That, I think, is due partly to the efforts of myself and others who were determined to make sure that the Tory party stood up for British parliamentary democracy, rather than European corporatism, bureaucracy and corruption."

The big EU issue of today, the Constitution, is something on which he is particularly scathing, describing it as a "deplorable document". I asked him whether or not the formalisation of the relationship between the EU and its member states, with more power resident in the elected European Parliament, might be a good thing, legitimising the EU and making it more democratic.

"The EU's now been going for 50 years. If it hasn't got its democracy in place by now, I think you'd be wildly optimistic to suspect that in another 50 years it's going to be able to manage the same thing. I think Europe's getting less democratic; I think the European political class in endemically corrupt.

"The Commission itself just now is riddled with fraud and corruption and the European Court of Auditors for nine years has refused to sign the accounts of the European Union. If Mr Blair and the Europhiles are so confident that that's the future the British people want, then why not give them a say on it?"

So what's Alan Sked's vision for the future of Europe? What's his solution, and his rationale for taking Britain out of the EU as we know it?

"Britain can exist as a prosperous trading state and do very well outside the European Union. Basically all Britain needs is what the World Trade Organisation is supposed to be accomplishing by the year 2020, which is merely world free trade and the abolition of tariff barriers. When that happens, in fact, all regional blocs become anachronisms.

"We'd have an accountable, democratic government at Westminster and trade freely with all our friends and neighbours, including our European friends and neighbours, throughout the world."

When the UKIP was founded in 1993, it set out to avoid becoming a single-issue party, and adopted policies on various issues, including education. Not wanting to miss a golden opportunity to talk just a little bit more on student fees, I asked Sked for his considered opinion on the Government's proposals for 'top-up fees'.

about his past, Europe's future and, big surprise, fees and George Bush.

Recognising the scale of the issue, he, like many others who have tried and failed, could not come up with an ideal solution.

"We have a conundrum. We have a situation where the Government wants half of the population to go to university, but doesn't want to pay for it. Universities only get about half the money they need to pay for undergraduates. Even if you were the most stupid economics student you'd understand that this is a recipe for economic and financial disaster.

"There are two ways out of that: either the university charges fees, or the Government coughs up the money. For the Government to cough up the money, that would probably mean anything between about 5 and 10p extra on income tax - even Gordon Brown, in his widest moments, is not going to advocate that.

"So they've gone for a rather tepid version of the North American system. It won't work. I can't see them being able to finance the system they want in any practical terms.

"The transition to whatever is coming next is going to be painful, but I can't see any way out that isn't going to cause pain. What the proper exit is, I'm sorry but I don't know."

Now, if it isn't top-up fees that are angering students at the LSE, you can bet your bottom dollar it's going to be George W Bush. As a lecturer in American history, I asked Alan Sked where he believed the current president of the United States ranks amongst his esteemed collection of predecessors.

On this, he was unable to discern a great deal of difference between the foreign policies of Bush, and US foreign policy throughout the 20th century.

"He fits square in the middle of the Wilsonian tradition I'm afraid. He isn't some kind of lunatic who's suddenly arisen out of Texas; his is mainstream American foreign policy. It's the same tradition which said that the Kaiser was bad, and needed to be taken care of, that took America into the First World War.

"It's the same moral repulsion that made America fight against Hitler, and then the Cold War. Now Mr Bush thinks that Islamic fascism needs to be resisted as well.

"He's done that in Afghanistan, provoked by September 11th, which changed the whole landscape. Americans decided that rather than wait there and be sitting ducks, they would take preventive action. Saddam offered a case where action might be taken because for a decade he'd been in dispute with the United Nations."

On reconstruction, he believed it too early to judge the success of the efforts to rebuild Iraq, and install democracy, and compared the criticisms of those impatient with the process to criticisms that might have been made of Churchill six months after the end of the Second World War.

"I don't think George Bush wants to conquer the world; I think he's a man out of an American tradition of extending democracy."

To finish, I returned to the UK Independence Party, which Sked left soon after the election of 1997, to concentrate on his academic work. It is an organisation which he is now quick to distance himself from, due to its increasing links with Britain's far right.

"Occasionally people bring the fortunes of the party to my attention even if I don't want to follow them. The last indication I had that it was still alive was an advert in the Daily Telegraph which was obsessed by immigration and asylum seekers.

"UKIP was supposed to be a normal political party with views on all sorts of things. Now, it has nothing to say on education, the NHS, devolution, Northern Ireland... It has nothing to say on taxation. It fills its only adverts with diatribes against asylum seekers and immigrants. This may be an indication of which part of the spectrum it belongs to.

"But it's not the part of the spectrum that I belong to, because I remain a kind of bleeding-hearted libertarian. My view is that I want a liberal Britain, which is low tax, efficient, compassionate, international but looking to a global arena to trade with everybody we're friends with. I don't want a British nationalist or a European nationalist perspective to prevail."

When I asked about the possibility that this 'veteran bleeding-hearted libertarian' might once again join in the rough-and-tumble of party politics, the answer was very much a conditional one. This is a man who has achieved a

great deal through a rare determination to stand up and fight for what he truly believes.

Whether you choose to agree or not with his sentiments, this is someone who set up his own political party, and claims to have helped reshape the policy of the Conservative Party in so doing. His future depends on whether he feels the need to leave his office to go out and fight all over again.

"If the Tory party became pro-European again, then I think I would become active in politics again.

"As long as the Tories say they want to renegotiate their position on Europe, rejecting the Constitution and the Euro and leaving us with free trade, then I think I'm happy to be a fellow-traveller of the Tory party.

"For the moment, I'm quite happy to scribble about post-war Europe, or Metternicht, or Talleyrand, or whatever it is I'm researching. I think that's enough."

Ben Chapman is a second year undergraduate studying Government and History.

Dr Alan Sked is a Senior Lecturer in the International History department.

A Right, not a Privilege

El Barham

In last week's issue of *The Beaver*, one Glyn Gaskarth, Chair of the LSE Conservatives, presented an argument for the introduction of top-up fees.

His sarcastic rant principally consisted of a defence of a market based higher education sector, because universities that 'are good profit and those that are bad go bankrupt', ensuring quality for the students who attend.

Firstly, I would like to congratulate Mr Gaskarth for his bravery and, as a Labour Party member, his disloyalty to the Conservative leadership at a time when his party is in such a precarious position.

Long may dissenters like him damage his beleaguered party, despite the widespread calls for unity to strengthen Michael Howard's tenuous hold on the party.

However, my admiration of Mr Gaskarth stops there. The gentleman's desire for a market based higher education system is dependant on his distain for social justice.

The introduction of top-up fees of up to £3,000 a year will expose institutions to the supply and demand dynamics of the market. More privileged institutions, such as Oxford, Cambridge and the LSE, will be able to charge the full permitted amount of fees as rich students will happily supply them with the required cash to attend, whilst the so-called new universities will be unable to do so.

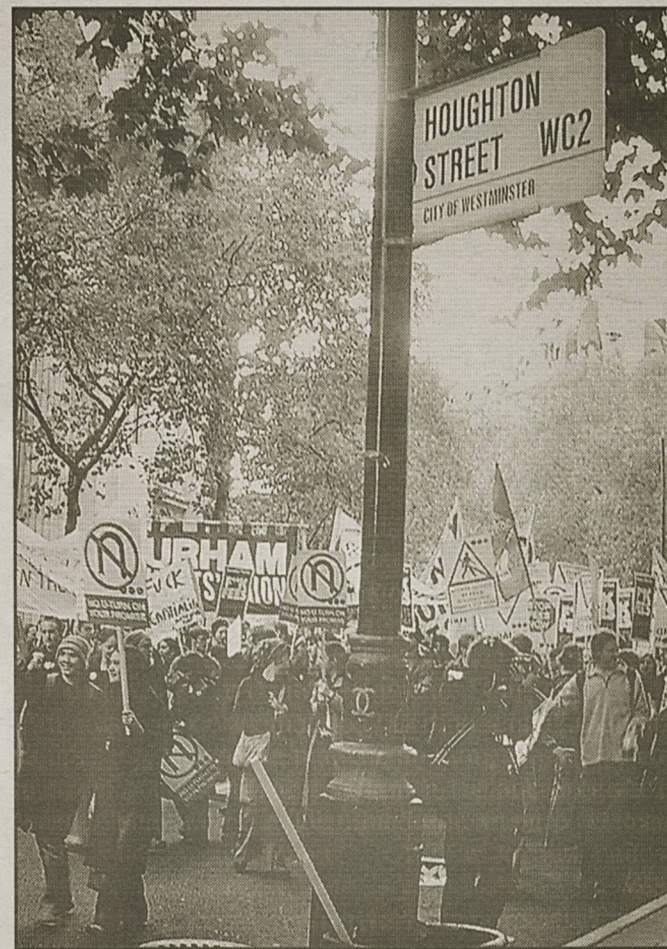
Students from lower socio-economic backgrounds, who cannot afford to part with more than a fifth of the average British annual salary for each year of their university education, will be excluded from certain institutions, not on their ability to learn, but on their ability to pay.

The response usually hurled at this argument is that students will be able to secure loans, although not interest free, which they will not be obliged to repay until they are earning £15,000 a year.

Rationally, students should be willing to incur up to £33,000 of debt as an offset to future earnings. But anyone who has ever been in the red will know that debt is scary - why else are some students so concerned about the projected £80,000 deficit that the LSESU will be in at the end of the financial year?

Like student debt, this deficit is set against a future profit to be levied following the refurbishment of The Three Tuns. It is an investment, but the minus sign is still obviously a deterrent. It is remarkable that the very peo-

"Bush fits square in the middle of the Wilsonian tradition I'm afraid. He isn't some kind of lunatic who's suddenly arisen out of Texas; his is mainstream American foreign policy."



ple who are so perturbed by this situation tend to be the ones who blithely suggest that individuals will ignore the prospect of huge amounts of debt.

More ridiculously, Mr Gaskarth suggests that the White Paper's proposals will help tackle the institutional racism in higher education, as 'our fee money would go to cross-subsidise the children of poor students' which will 'disproportionately benefit ethnic minority students'. This is simply untrue.

Research shows that ethnic minority employees earn less than their white counterparts, so it will take them more time to pay off their student loans, entrenching racism into the system. The same is true for women and people with disabilities: those who are currently discriminated by the system will be the most adversely affected.

Mr Gaskarth and I agree on one issue - that academically able students should be able to go to university. This means that ability to pay should not be a consideration for students when they choose their university or their course.

Throughout this term, the LSESU has run a highly effective campaign against top-up fees for this very reason, and we will continue to battle for as long as it takes. Education is a right - not a privilege.

El Barham is a second year Government and History student, and is also News Editor of the Beaver.

EASY in THEORY

Failure's getting rather difficult to achieve in modern-day Britain. Hence, failing your 'easy' driving theory test becomes just a little hard to take...

Eliot Pollak

Last Monday I failed my driving test. Nothing unusual in that I hear you say. Well allow me to be more specific. Last Monday I failed my driving theory test.

Yes that's right. Despite being in one of the elite universities of this great nation of ours, and statistically therefore being in the top 0.5% of intelligence of the United Kingdom, I still managed to fail an exam acknowledged nationwide to be as challenging as being the chief prosecutor in the Huntley murder trial.

Allow me to be even more specific about my test. I got 100% (or 35/35) in the multiple choice part of the test (sample question: you have run somebody over, do you a) put the gas on and get out of sight, b) slit your wrists - after all it beats the inevitable jail term you are going to get, c) reverse to make sure the bugger's dead or d) get out, check he's ok etc).

What I did fail however was the 'hazard perception' test. For those of you of a certain persuasion you may think this involves Mickey Hazard, the former Tottenham Hotspur and Swindon Town midfielder, and trying to spot him in a crowd of ex-players in a 'where's Wally' style of exam.

Alas it's not so simple. In short, you have to sit through various clips of real-time driving and click on the mouse when you perceive a hazard may be forming on the screen. The earlier you click, the more points you get, and a score of 44/75 or over is considered a pass.

Arriving at my test, I felt fairly confident. After all, the multiple-choice aspect of the exam is a piece of cake, and what can be so hard about clicking a mouse when I see a person cross the road in front of me?

So I thought. Having breezed through the first part of the test I then spent the usual ten minutes or so looking around the room in LSE intellectual snob-mode, and chuckling heartily at the poor souls trying to work out what the colour red indicates when illuminated in a set of traffic lights.

Filled with confidence, I started the second half of my test. It soon became apparent that I did not have a clue what was going on or what to do. The selected clips contained pedestrians-in-the-middle-of-the-road galore, as well as enough vehicles, open car doors and stop signs to give Lee Hughes nightmares for the rest of

his life. I was clicking like a man possessed. And all in vain as I was informed by a very nice lady on the way out that I had failed.

The shame, the indignity, life was surely no longer worth living. I was fuming. After all, I had wasted three hours of my life as well as twenty quid (still, I was heartened to learn on Thursday that I was not the only person at the LSE wasting money).

So why am I so aggrieved? I took the test, I failed. Tough luck.

No sir. I am furious at the entirely random element of this test. It's not scientific. It in no way correlates to one's ability to drive. It is quite simple a lottery. So why instigate it?

In truth, it is indeed symptomatic of a greater problem in Britain today: the aim to remove failure from society, particularly amongst the younger generation, so as to ensure that they are not scarred with it for the rest of their lives.

To take the most basic example, it is commonly acknowledged nowadays that exams, particularly at GCSE and A Level are getting easier. Why so? Because some committee of Guardian readers on a government education advisory panel have decided that failure is a terrible thing and must be discouraged at all costs, to the point of making the exams so easy that it is no longer realistically possible to fail, short of not attending the examination.

For example, the overall pass rate at A Level this year was 95% and it is estimated that nearly 3% of candidates do not sit their exams. This system is of course at the expense of the top 10% or so of candidates, who find they are sharing their 'A' grade with the majority of their classmates, many of whom will have got as much as 30% less than them in the exam.

And this removal of failure is a terrible

thing for Britain. Throughout the 1970s and 1980s school sports underwent a revolution. The focus was on equality, allowing everybody to participate on a level playing field and removing most elements of competition. The philosophy behind it was that no competition equals no losers equals everybody goes home happy.

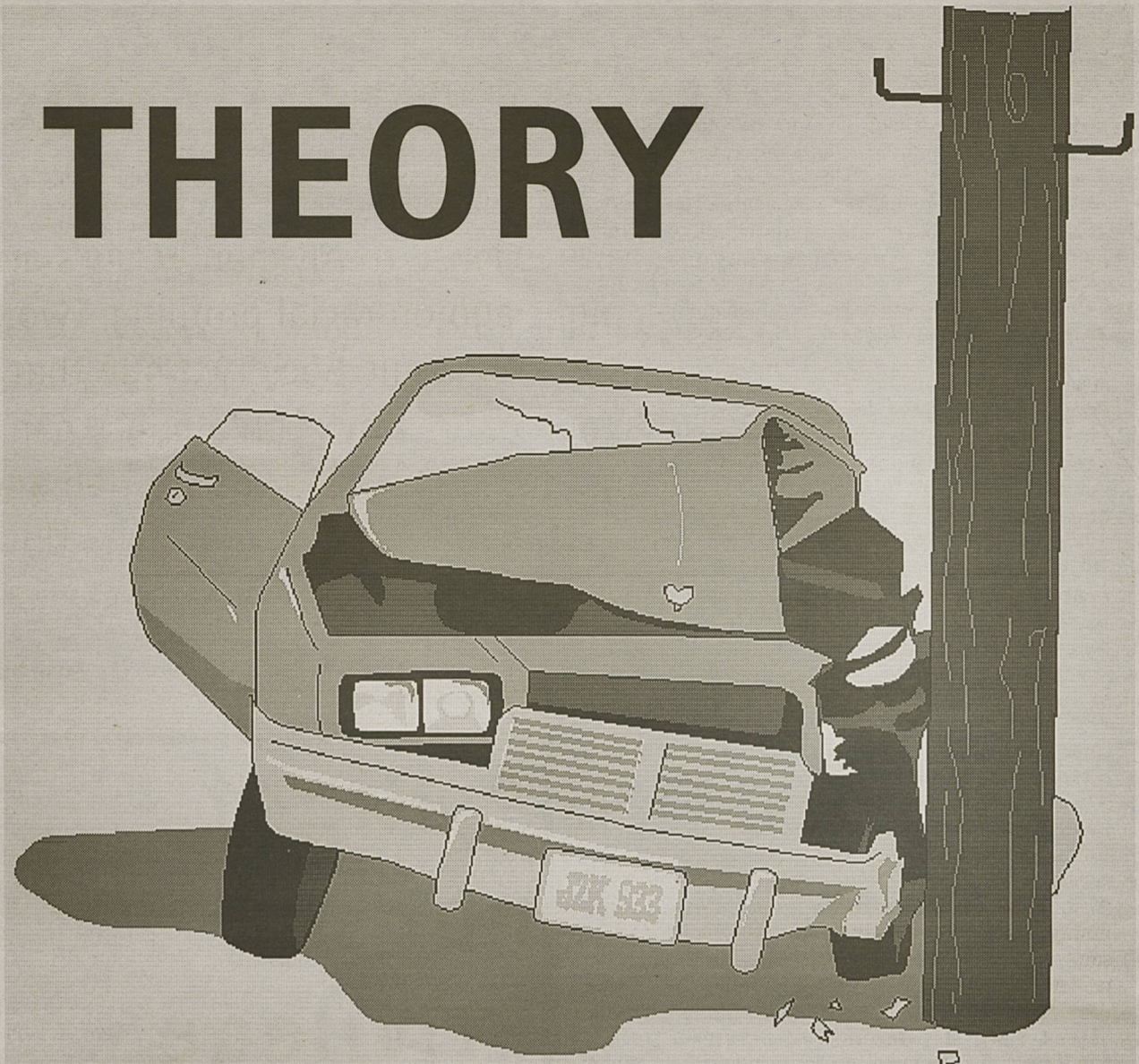
English cricket has been in turmoil ever since and the British national football teams continue to under-perform given the status of both the Premiership, as well as the popularity of the sport in this country. It is only in Rugby Union where the British have had any sporting success in the last twenty years and this is surely because rugby is still mainly played in private schools, which remain perhaps the last bastion of competitive sport in British schools.

As a result of the promotion of egalitarianism in our education system, surely Britain will suffer in the world economic tables twenty years down the line.

So onto my driving test. Obviously the equal rights gurus cannot simply allow everybody to pass their test. This would be dangerous and cause carnage on the roads. A bit like using a mobile phone for example! Rather, they choose to instigate this 'hazard perception test' which eliminates any advantage the intelligent or even semi intelligent may have in the test.

It is a case of click and hope, with little correlation between when you click and the score you get. In fact, when you receive your score, you are not even entitled to see on which clips you let yourself down. It's all smoke and mirrors.

So at which point does equal opportunities become ludicrous? For example, if I apply for a job as a producer on a sports radio show, should somebody who has never watched any sport in their life be entitled to the same rights to the job as



Spot the hazard.

'The theory test is symptomatic of a greater problem in Britain today: the aim to remove failure from society, particularly amongst the younger generation, so as to ensure that they are not scarred with it for the rest of their lives.'

myself? After all, to exclude them on the grounds they know nothing about sport is surely unfair. The line between employing the useless and the case for equal opportunities is becoming thinner and thinner.

This must be stopped, and we must revert back to a society where those who have a talent are rewarded for it, and that those who are less able should not shout 'equal rights' every time they are rejected for a job or a position.

We must get back to the belief that absolutely everyone in this world has talents, but they are in different fields, and society has evolved like that for obvious reasons. And as for me and my theory test.

I might as well just buy a lottery ticket in the hope that I'll win enough money to afford a chauffeur.

Eliot Pollak is a first year undergraduate and is still a regular user of public transport.

Racial Profiling: Deepening Divisions

**Raihan Alfaradhi and
Afaaf Rajbee**

Standing at the checkout, Adeel Akhtar looks around him, recollecting his recent performance at an acting audition in the US. To his surprise, he finds himself redirected to immigration and is brusquely questioned on whether he has friends in the Middle East, or knows anyone who approved of the attacks on September 11th.

Another journey, and a 50-year-old Pakistani housewife from the London suburbs is stopped at the US Immigrations Service. She is handcuffed, chained and marched back through the departure lounge.

Unfortunately, these are not isolated incidents. Rather, they are an undeclared norm. In fact, since September 11th, over 1,000 people who were born in the Middle East have been detained indefinitely for "immigration infractions."

The multitude of accounts of Asian or Arab men and women being stopped at immigration for humiliating and unnecessary checks has demonstrated that racial profiling is an unacknowledged fact of America's new security policy. In the light of the US Attorney General's call for some 5,000 men of Arab origin to be questioned by federal investigators, there arises legitimate ground for concern.

While advocates of racial profiling point to its effectiveness in stopping terrorism, Juliette Kayam - a terrorism expert at Harvard - disagrees. On racial profiling, she has commented, "what this has become is an immigration sweep... The idea that this has anything to do with security, or is something the government can do to stop terrorism, is absurd."

Racial profiling, in its practical manifestation, has come hand in hand with a breakdown in the rule of law and due process. A person is found guilty without the opportunity to prove his or her innocence.

It would be naive to look at racial profiling as an isolated process in today's political climate. The picture painted has an ugly background and Guantanamo Bay is the embarrassing, illegitimate spawn that has resulted.

The enforcement of racial profiling cannot be tolerated when we know that thousands of Asian and Arab men have been interned without trial and due process - a fundamental human right extolled by Western democracies as a tenet of justice - but neglected when it serves their pre-determined interests. Some have been released without charge and without any compensation for the disruption to their lives.

This racially orientated internment denies these men of their dignity to live their lives in security. What is this other than institutional and systemic racism sponsored by the state?

A decision to officially start racial profiling to prevent terrorism will increase the perception that every Asian or Arab person in the US or UK is a potential terrorist. With terms like "Islamic Fundamentalist" and regular allusions to the idea that every mosque is a breeding ground for terrorists, endemic Islamophobia has developed.

In response to Alykhan Velshi's article a fortnight ago on racial profiling, two members of the LSE Islamic Society argue that the victimisation caused by such a policy can only exacerbate the problems of frustration and resentment felt by Muslims towards the United States.

If someone answers the question, "Picture your archetypal terrorist," by describing him to have a 'scraggly beard; unkempt long hair; and bister complexion' they are indicative of the success of simple-minded, state propagated scare mongering.

Bush's infamous quote hardly helps: "You are either with us or against us." It follows that anyone opposed to his way of thinking becomes the enemy. The first casualty of this media-perpetuated notion of the "clash of civilisations" between Islam and the West has been our common humanity. Profiling is merely a political tool which helps create the essential "other" or invisible enemy.

There is no "clash" of civilisations: a statement that implies an inherent incompatibility between Islam and the West. What has emerged since September 11th is the "crash" of civilization with the downward spiral of widespread ignorance and fear.

On arriving at Immigration, it is

unlikely that the September 11th pilots would have hinted at their ambitions if questioned about their purpose of stay. The patronising nature of questions that are asked by US authorities only induces more anti-US sentiment. The lines of interrogation are hardly incisive. Being asked whether one is going to use a computer to make weapons of mass destruction on the Dell website is clearly not going to lead to the option of "why don't you upgrade to Windows XP Professional?"

The procedure is a dead end, making people who might be slightly irritated, very irritated. This combined with singling out Arabs and Asians nudges moderate Muslims towards more extreme positions, creating new problems, which hitherto did not exist.

As Amnesty International noted in May this year, "Racial profiling and detention of immigrants in the USA and labelling of refugees and asylum-seekers as 'terrorists' in Europe have compounded

the stigmatisation." They concluded that, "Action that makes people feel insecure cannot make societies secure." Wise words - profiling is a polarising process; it separates Muslims from the rest of society.

And where will racial profiling lead us? What is the envisaged goal? The position of the US as a global hegemon morally obliges it to behave responsibly. To gain legitimacy for bombing yet another strategically located nation, Blair and Bush created an enemy. Invisible enemies are hard to portray in today's information-rich world. And so we fall back on race and religion. With US supremacy we are witnessing the internationalisation of Hitlerian ideology. Racial profiling is a means to an end.

The elaborate nature of the attack on the Twin Towers stands testament to the fact that terrorists can go to extraordinary lengths to inflict damage. Racial profiling is hardly an effective means of stopping people who are increasingly determined and who will come up with increasingly elaborate plans.

The US has consistently turned a blind eye to the roots of the problem. A lot of people harbour feelings against the current White House administration. Why? 'I thought Americans were a peace-loving people,' I hear you cry; so what are their opponents' arguments? Irrational discrimination against Muslims; economic, social and political imposition of an incompatible system of governance; pillaging of natural resources to the disadvantage of the native population; restraints on the establishment of Islamic education.

Increasing victimisation will only exacerbate the current situation. The growing anger of Muslims needs to be countered by including Muslims in society rather than excluding them. Ignorance on one side and frustration on the other is a dangerous combination.

As the miasma surrounding historical events, such as the McCarthy era, has long since dissipated, history will stand true in the future. Indeed this era is a testament to the here and now. Nixon said about McCarthy on 4 March 1954, "Men who have in the past done effective work exposing Communists in this country have, by reckless talk and questionable methods, made themselves the issue rather than the cause they believe in so deeply."

It would be the fallacy of a nation, indeed a generation, to accept a morally unfair, stigmatised and ignorant system of law and order. US and UK foreign policy today is turning a blind eye to the real sources of the problem.

Every generation sows the political seeds of the future which in turn shape and determine the course that is to prevail, let's not be the generation that nurtures the seeds of racism that will only divide us and our children after us.

Raihan Alfaradhi is a first year undergraduate studying Mathematics and Economics.

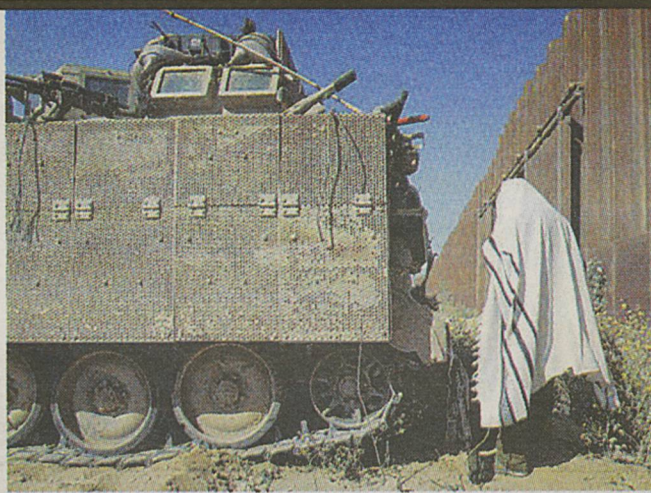
Afaaf Rajbee is a first year International Relations student.

They are both members of the Islamic Society.



Which one's the terrorist?

blink Politics



In the midst of continuing deadlock between the ruling elites in the Middle East, 800 optimists went to Geneva with the aim of sending a message of hope.

Jonathan Landau

Last Monday, December 1, the 'Geneva Initiative', an unofficial peace plan designed to solve the Israeli-Palestinian conflict was launched in Geneva, Switzerland.

The 'Geneva Initiative Public Commitment', as it was called, took place in the presence of several hundred Israeli and Palestinian guests, numerous other government officials, former ministers and heads of state, and international public figures. Being both an Israeli and a Swiss citizen, I was doubly thrilled to be able to attend the ceremony as well.

The Geneva Initiative, which took more than two years to negotiate, offers a comprehensive and detailed plan for peace between the Palestinians and the Israelis based on two states, Israel and Palestine.

In the agreement, highly controversial issues are settled once and for all. These include the future of Palestinian refugees, the exact borders of the state of Palestine, and the issue of Jerusalem.

In essence, the peace vision put forward in the Initiative does not differ strongly from the solutions both sides were gradually approaching during the talks in Camp David and Taba in 2000/01.

A demilitarized Palestinian state is to be established in the whole of Gaza and the West Bank (with minor land swap exceptions), which will be connected by a highway corridor; Jerusalem shall be the capital of both states, with East Jerusalem under Palestinian sovereignty; and the Palestinian refugees will give up their demand to return to areas within Israel.

An unofficial plan

Before any readers get too excited, one thing must be made clear: the Geneva Accord is not an official peace plan endorsed by the Palestinian Authority or

The Peace of Geneva

the Israeli government. On the contrary, it has been largely rejected by both governments.

No documents were signed last Monday to end the decade-old conflict. The Geneva Initiative is an entirely private project of a group of Palestinian and Israeli individuals, many of them former high-rank officials. While the negotiations were led by former Israeli and Palestinian ministers Yossi Beilin and Yasser Abed Rabbo, they do not have any kind of official status.

Nevertheless, 800 guests from all over the globe, including 400 prominent Israelis and Palestinians, were present to witness the launch of the Geneva Initiative. The ceremony itself included speeches by former US President and Nobel Peace Prize winner Jimmy Carter, a video message from Nelson Mandela, and representatives of several European heads of government.

The reader might now wonder what the fuss was all about. Is it not pointless, with the seemingly endless cycle of terror and retaliation continuing in the region, to concentrate on a peace plan that is not supported by the Palestinian Authority or the Israeli government?

Middle Eastern myths

The answer to this question, of course, is 'no'. Granted, the violence on the ground has not lessened since the Geneva Initiative was presented to the Israeli and Palestinian public, and the content of the Initiative is undoubtedly controversial - but the campaign that was launched last Monday is anything but pointless.

At the ceremony, two sentences were displayed in large letters next to the speaker's podium: "There is a partner" and "There is a plan". This is the message the initiators of the agreement want to send out - to the world and to their respective peoples.

It is important for both the Palestinians and the Israelis to know that there is someone to talk to. Ever since it took office, the Sharon government has

been sending out one constant message to the Israeli people: 'We have no partner to talk to'. On the other side, while Yasser Arafat keeps stuttering about the 'peace of the brave' to the international media, ordinary Palestinians are being told by militant groups that only armed struggle and violence can end the Israeli occupation.

The Geneva Initiative has refuted both myths. It sends a clear message to the citizens of the Middle East: there are people on both sides who are willing to solve the conflict the hard but only way - through negotiations.

Moreover, since the Geneva agreement proposes solutions for every aspect of the conflict, it shows that there is consensus 'all the way'. No more agreements in steps and 'temporary borders' as set out in the Oslo plan and the Road Map. The Geneva Initiative is comprehensive, detailed and ready to implement immediately.

Reclaiming the agenda

"Don't help us manage the conflict. Help us end it."

These were the words Yossi Beilin sent out to the international community last Monday. Indeed, it seems that the outside world believes there is currently no solution for this conflict. At the same time, it is clear to everyone how a permanent peace plan could, how it must look like. The only question is how many people will have to die before it is implemented.

The Geneva Initiative might help to keep that number as low as humanly possible. Perhaps not by being implemented itself - but it can surely encourage discussion and ideas, as it indeed already has.

Within weeks of the announcement of the Initiative, alternative plans have popped up in response to it, drafted by various groups, even including the Israeli settler movement. One victory has already been achieved by the Geneva planners: peace is back on the agenda.

In a more important move, both Colin Powell and, more cautiously, George W Bush, have expressed their support for the

Geneva Accord. Powell has already met with Beilin and Abed Rabbo to discuss their ideas, much to the disapproval of the Israeli government. Possibly the Bush Administration is realizing that the Road Map could use some complimentary suggestions.

Make peace, not love

More generally, the Initiative can also help to defuse misconceptions abroad, perhaps even at the LSE. Being pro-Israeli does not mean being anti-Palestinian, and vice-versa.

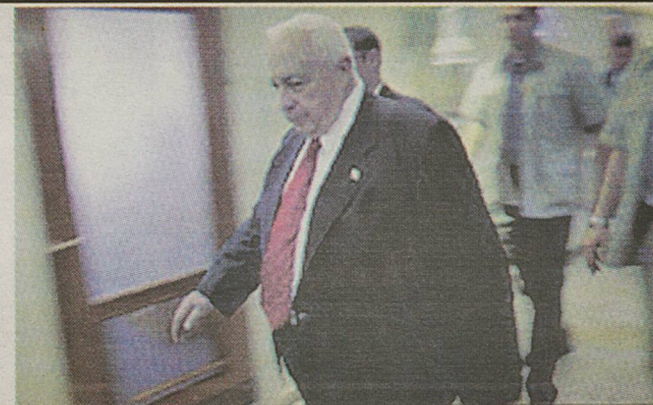
Equally, not every Israeli at the LSE supports the occupation, while the vast majority of Palestinians and Arabs here do not enjoy seeing Israeli buses being blown up. The frightening thing is these generalizations seem to be supported not only by the way one side portrays the other, but how elements on both sides wish to see themselves.

An Arab who openly declares that she doesn't hate Israel should not be viewed as a traitor. Equally, it is outrageous to suggest, as happened in a recent UGM, that criticizing Sharon's actions had anything to do with respect for the victims of Kristallnacht.

Going back to the day I spent in Geneva, I hardly saw any Palestinians and Israelis engaging in friendly small talk at the post-ceremonial dinner. Among those present were soldiers and officers who had fought each other for decades.

What brought them together was not a sudden admiration of the other side, but a genuine desire to bring peace to the region that has endured so much bloodshed - even if it means making real concessions. It reminded me of what Israeli writer Amos Oz, who was also present in Geneva, once said: "Make peace, not love". The Geneva Initiative can be the first step forward.

Jonathan Landau is a second year undergraduate studying International Relations.



B:art

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

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B:music

edited by Jazmin Burgess and Neil Garrett

THE DIRTBOMBS: MATT BOYS takes on the garage rockers at their recent London headline date...

So, Mick; does playing in the Dirtbombs get you laid? Singer and guitarist Mick Collins, a veteran of the global garage rock scene looks at me across the table. "No." He begins to laugh. His laugh, like his voice, is disconcertingly deep and powerful. I think I can feel the table begin to shake under it. "I wish I knew why, I would



change whatever it was so I could get laid...in my entire musical career I have only ever once got laid because I was in a band."

To say that the Dirtbombs aren't your typical band is something of an understatement. The average age of their five members I would put at around 36, with drummer Ben Blackwell bringing the average down at an age of around 20. Also their line up of two drummers, two bassists and a guitarist/vocalist isn't exactly the norm.

"One thing I've learnt is that no-one has all of our records." But then, when a band puts out countless small runs of 7"s on obscure independent labels in between their startlingly different concept albums ("the next one's the bubblegum album...why are you giving me the weird grin?!"), what do you expect? "Somebody just told me that one of our singles sold for \$366. I couldn't believe it." At least you have a lot of fun making them. "That's my favourite part of it." Better than playing live? "Well, yeah. Because, y'know, you don't have to drag all your gear round with you, making the records! He begins to laugh again...But once we get on stage it's pretty fun..."

Fun is the key word here. The show is good. Real good. The crowd goes wild for new and old songs, dancing, sweating and smiling. Ko Melina Zydeco of Ko and the Knockouts is standing in on fuzz bass, and provides a great feminine touch on the backing vocals alongside the legendary Jim Diamond. Drummers Pat Pantano and Ben are in perfect sync (despite Ben looking bored until the encore where he starts throwing his drums over his head), and Mick's voice drips like a whisky and honey cocktail through the microphone. Wonderfully shambolic. At the end of the show Ko (who really is a knockout) is looking in my direction and smiling. I smile back...no, wait...I turn around. She's smiling at one of the Datsuns. Damn those fuckers get everywhere.

MATT BOYS

BEN HARPER: PAUL KIRBY goes down to Brixton to see the mighty man...

When Ben Harper, the eclectic Californian-based singer/songwriter, came to England in May he played the decently sized Astoria. This time round he managed to sell out the 5,000 capacity Brixton Academy two nights running. The French have long been in on the secret and adore the man to sometimes fanatical extremes. And it's not hard to see why. Harper has a uniquely soulful voice, reminiscent at moments of Marley but more drenched in feeling, more gut-wrenchingly impassioned. Passion is really what he is all about and is really the only element that binds his songs together. Harper is a master of many styles and touches on all of them this weekend - from the reggae of 'With My Own Two Hands' through the simple one-man show poignancies of 'Another Lonely Day' and 'Walk Away' to the full band djembe-drum laced climax of 'Burn One Down'.

The Innocent Criminals themselves play an oft-overlooked part in the euphoria with Oliver Charles' drumming invigorating old songs anew and ex-Black Crows guitarist

Mark Ford adding something substantial to the sound with his guitar stylings. Old staples like 'Don't Take That Attitude To Your Grave' are filled out - new layers of complexity transforming them in the raw live setting. But it is Juan Nelson, man-mountain and bass maestro, who really shines over the two nights, threatening to kill me by pleasure with his jazz-funk-blues-soul magic. The man is better than Flea. Yes he is. In his sleep. Technical problems threatened to tip one or two numbers into white noise land but the band pull them off with their infectious energy - Leon Mobley in particular engaging with the crowd, all broad smiles and winks at the ladies.

But Ben Harper really needs to be experienced and not read about. Highlight of the weekend? The last 5 minutes of the last night of the tour, Harper standing on the lip of the stage, singing accapella to the packed and silent house, his voice somehow filling the space, everyone enraptured. Incomparable.

PAUL KIRBY

MURCOF: Old boy MYKE BURN reviews electronica guru Murcof playing with his laptop at the Spitz...



Mexico's Fernando Corona released 'Martes', one of the key electronic albums of 2002, to wide spread acclaim. Its genius was the exotic blend of the traditions of minimal techno with elements of avant minimalism. His microbeats, similar to those made by artists on labels such as ~scape and Mego, conveyed a new emotion when they were combined with processed samples from Murcof's classical record collection. Here, at the Spitz, on the edge of Spitafields Market, Murcof was about to show exactly how powerful his brand of classical infused electronica actually is.

With a table full of gadgetry cluttered around his laptop, Murcof begins. The minimalism which is an essence of his work is reflected in the subtlety of the performance as the familiar sounds of 'Martes' gently creep in. Corona operates with a consumed level of concentration; he owns the stage despite barely filling it. This intense concentration is replicated in the audience who are enthralled by the per-

formance. On the venue's PA system the already rich sound of Murcof is denser, more potent. Each click and pop emphatically caresses the ear drums, inducing a feeling that you are witnessing something very special indeed.

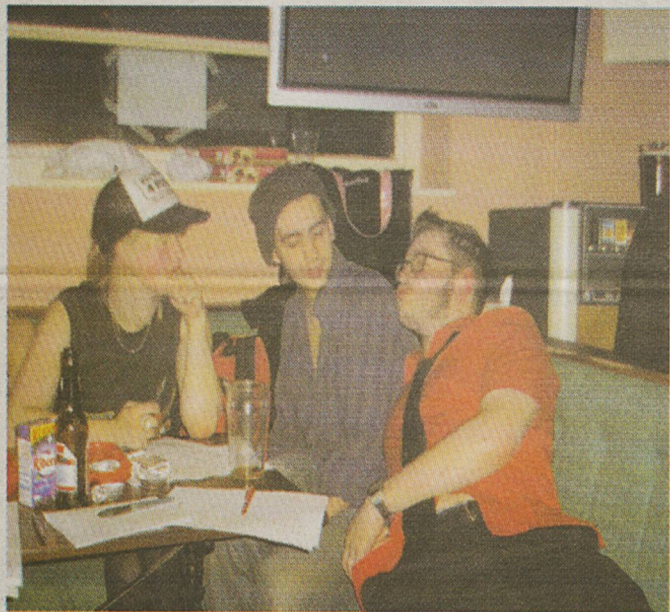
The eloquence of Murcof's music is central to the appeal. It is electronic yet it captures emotion. His tracks are brooding electronic soundscapes; the minimal 'click, bass, click' drum programming scattering along with slurs of strings and the occasional stab of double bass. Corona articulates through his work a static beauty which is a rarified quality in either the fields of electronic or minimalist music.

The critique most typically leveled against electronic music is that it lacks soul and passion can simply not be aimed at Murcof. His music succeeds in maintaining the mood and compassion of his source materials whilst operating within the electronic realm. And like his album, the live experience is a truly moving one, living up to his recorded versions. Tonight served to reiterate Murcof's almost magical abilities as a master of today's music making technologies. Murcof's music is mesmeric and captivates audiences in a way so few electronic artists can. His sound his utterly indispensable in the schema of modern music.

MYKEBURN

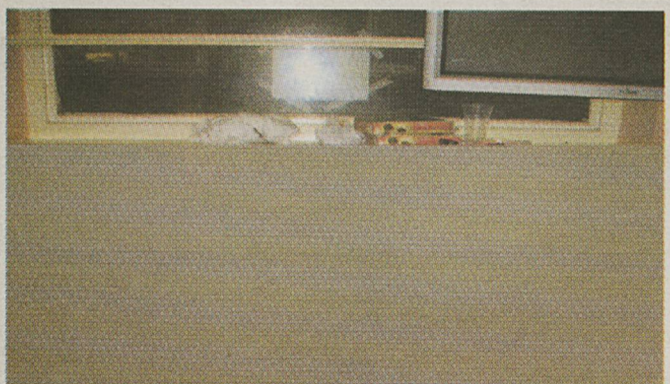
B:MUSIC REVIEW OF 2003

Seeing as it's nearing the end of the year, we thought we'd go a little crazy for the final issue and mix things up a bit.. So, last Tuesday we coerced all our B:Music (and a few eager stragglers and ex-lse regulars) into the The Tuns with promises of free mince pies-providing they fill in a page long questionnaire listing all their favorite musical things of 2003. And surprisingly, everyone seemed rather happy to take up the challenge. The result? The definitive B:Music writers' review of 2003. We'll be printing some more in the first issue of Lent term, but in the meantime feel free be enraged or engaged with the ones we've printed over the next two pages...



Ben Howarth

Album of the year : the decline of british sea power, by british sea power
Single of the year: hey ya, by outkast
Gig of the year: Radio 4/the futureheads at the garage, highbury
Festival of the year: Reading
Festival Performance of the year: british sea power, headlining reading on the sunday
Music Video of the year: white stripes/kate moss
Band of the year: mower
UK Artist/Group of the year: mower
International Artist/Group of the year: radio 4
Most Underrated Artist of the year: snow patrol
Most Overrated Artist of the year: strokes
New Artist/Group of the year: british sea power
Music Publication of the year: b:musicain't I just great and loyal and all that....
Male of the Year:thom yorke
Female of the Year: sadly I can't actually think of one musically...I recommend Amy Dabowa
Label of the year: rough trade
Worst thing to happen to the music scene in 2003: no new GOOD music magazines/ failure to crush pop and chart system
Biggest musical disappointment of the year: elephant by the white stripes.
Band/Artist to Watch in 2004: british sea power



Bonnie Johnson

Album of the year : Cat Power- 'You Are Free'
Single of the year: Talib Kweli-'Get By'
Gig of the year: Jonathan Richman's impromptu set in an alley for five friends and I in Delaware in the summer
Band of the year: Ted Leo and The Pharmacists
UK Artist/Group of the year: Clearlake
International Artist/Group of the year: Blackalicious
Most Underrated Artist of the year: Mystic
Most Overrated Artist of the year: The Strokes
New Artist/Group of the year: Contemporary music-what's that?Didn't everything good happen in 1980?!?
Music Publication of the year: Careless Talk Costs Lives
Male of the Year: Bob Dylan
Female of the Year: Cat Power
Label of the year: Lookout!
Worst thing to happen to the music scene in 2003: The advent of The Strokes
Band/Artist to Watch in 2004: Scott Niblett



Paul Kirby

Album of the year: On and On - Jack Johnson
Single of the year: There, There By Radiohead
Gig of the year: Frank Black and the Catholics, Sheperds Bush Empire,
Festival of the year: Glastonbury - but just for QOTSA and Radiohead
Festival Performance of the year: Skin - Listen To Yourself V2003
Music Video of the year: Electric Six - Gay Bar
Band of the year: Pearl Jam
UK Artist/Group of the year: Radiohead
International Artist/Group of the year: Pearl Jam
Most Underrated Artist of the year: Jack Johnson
Most Overrated Artist of the year: The Unholy Trinity - Robbie Williams, Gareth Gates, Will Young
New Artist/Group of the year: The Mars Volta
Music Publication of the year: They're all shit-tastic
Female of the Year: All of Sleater-Kinney
Label of the year: Dischord

Matt Boys

Album of the year: Modey Lemon "Thunder + Lightning"
Single of the year: Electric Eel Shock "Do the Metal"
Gig of the year: Von Bondies @ 100 club
Festival Performance of the year: Weary Boys @ Queen's Night, Den Haag
Music Video of the year: The White Stripes "The Hardest button to button"
Band of the year: The Dirtbombs
UK Artist/Group of the year: The Kills
International Artist/Group of the year: The Soledad Brothers
Most Underrated Artist of the year: The Cherry Valence
Most Overrated Artist of the year: The Ravonettes
New Artist/Group of the year: Kill Kenada
Music Publication of the year: Careless Talk Costs Lives
Male of the Year: Jim Diamond
Female of the Year: Nina Nastasia
Label of the year: In the Red
Worst thing to happen to the music scene in 2003: Rival Schools split
Biggest musical disappointment of the year: In the red label night @ melkweg cancelled
Band/Artist to Watch in 2004: Greenhornet



Daniel Grote

Album of the year : The Strokes 'Room On Fire'
Single of the year: The Libertines
Gig of the year: Andrew WK, Oxford Zodiac
Festival of the year: Reading
Festival Performance of the year: Interpol at Reading
Music Video of the year: Outkast 'Hey Ya'
Band of the year: The Strokes
UK Artist/Group of the year: Belle and Sebastian
International Artist/Group of the year: Interpol
Most Underrated Artist of the year: My Morning Jacket
Most Overrated Artist of the year: The Mars Volta
New Artist/Group of the year: The Sleepy Jackson
Music Publication of the year: The Guardian Guide
Male of the Year: Bonnie 'Prince' Billy
Female of the Year: Karen O
Label of the year: Domino
Worst thing to happen to the music scene in 2003: The Thrills
Biggest musical disappointment of the year: The Gradaddy Album
Band/Artist to Watch in 2004: Barnabas

Charlotte Neal
Album of the year: 'Fever to Tell- Yeah', Yeah, Yeahs
Single of the year: You Snooze, You Loose-Gonzales
Gig of the year: Chilly Gonzales Retirement Show at Mean Fiddler
Festival of the year: Stokefest in Stoke Newington
Music Video of the year: The Strokes- 12:51
Band of the year: The Strokes
UK Artist/Group of the year: thisGIRL
International Artist/Group of the year: The Strokes
Most Underrated Artist of the year: thisGIRL
Most Overrated Artist of the year: The Strokes
New Artist/Group of the year: thisGIRL
Music Publication of the year: Careless Talk Cost lives
Male of the Year: Jason Beck
Female of the Year: Kim Gordon
Label of the year: Rough Trade
Biggest musical disappointment of the year: Every Libertines Show I've been to
Band/Artist to Watch in 2004: thisGIRL/The Earlies

Paul Kirby
Album of the year: On and On - Jack Johnson
Single of the year: There, There By Radiohead
Gig of the year: Frank Black and the Catholics, Sheperds Bush Empire,
Festival of the year: Glastonbury - but just for QOTSA and Radiohead
Festival Performance of the year: Skin - Listen To Yourself V2003
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New Artist/Group of the year: The Mars Volta
Music Publication of the year: They're all shit-tastic
Female of the Year: All of Sleater-Kinney
Label of the year: Dischord
Worst thing to happen to the music scene in 2003: Pop Idol, Fame Academy
Biggest musical disappointment of the year: St.Anger - Metallica



Jon Sutcliffe

Album of the year : Radiohead - Hail to the Thief
Single of the year: Outkast - Hey ya
Gig of the year: Radiohead - Shepherds Bush Empire
Festival of the year: Highbury Fields Fun Fair
Festival Performance of the year: The Ghost Train
Music Video of the year: Electric Six - Gay Bar
Band of the year: Interpol
UK Artist/Group of the year: Super Furry Animals
International Artist/Group of the year: Sigur Ros
Most Underrated Artist of the year: Stephen Malkmus
Most Overrated Artist of the year: The Libertines
New Artist/Group of the year: Hidden Cameras
Music Publication of the year: B:Music
Male of the Year: Nick Cave
Female of the Year: Missy Elliot
Label of the year: Domino
Worst thing to happen to the music scene in 2003: The Darkness
Biggest musical disappointment of the year: NME's new rock revolution
Band/Artist to Watch in 2004: Barnabus



Chloe Cook

Album of the year: Thursday - War of all time
Single of the year: Tatu - All the things you do
Gig of the year: Thursday @ Astoria
Festival of the Year: Llama Tree Festival
Festival Performance of the Year: Van Morrison
Band of the year: Lost
UK Artist/Group of the year: Gongga
International Artist/Group of the year: Kristopher Astrom
Most Underrated Artist of the year: Last Days of April
Most Overrated Artist of the year: Justin goddam Timberlake
New Artist/Group of the year: Gongga
Male of the Year: Robert Smith
Female of the Year: chick from Queen Adreena
Label of the year: Deep Elm
Worst thing to happen to the music scene in 2003: Pop Idol
Biggest musical disappointment of the year: Seeing Michael Jackson in HMV and finding out a day later that it was a fake Michael Jackson and then finding out a day later that he was being arrested
Band/Artist to Watch in 2004: Last Days of April



Jazmin Burgess

Album of the year : Brand New- Deja Entendu
Single of the year: The Blood Brothers 'Ambulance vs Ambulance'
Gig of the year: The Get Up Kids at ULU
Festival of the year: Reading
Festival Performance of the year: The Movielife-Reading
Music Video of the year: Reggie and the Full Effect- 'Congratulations Smack&Katy'
Band of the year: Brand New
UK Artist/Group of the year: Belle and Sebastian
International Artist/Group of the year: Hot Water Music
Most Underrated Artist of the year: Piebald
Most Overrated Artist of the year: The Distillers
New Artist/Group of the year: Bear vs Shark
Music Publication of the year: Alternative Press
Male of the Year: Jay Z
Female of the Year: Yasuko Onuki (Melt banana)
Label of the year: Vagrant or Eat Sleep/Triple Crown
Worst thing to happen to the music scene in 2003: The break up of SO many good bands (THE MOVIELIFE, Fairweather, The Dismemberment Plan Gameface, Small Brown Bike....)
Biggest musical disappointment of the year: The new Alkaline Trio record
Band/Artist to Watch in 2004: Cave In-The new album's going to blow everyone's mind (and ears) away...

Jon De Keyser

Album of the year: "De-loused..." - The Mars Volta
Single of the year: "7 Nation Army" - White Stripes
Gig of the year: Mars Volta - Electric Ballroom
Festival of the Year: Virgin festival
Festival Performance of the Year: PJ Harvey - Virgin Fest
Music Video of the year: The Rapture - "House of Jealous Lovers"
Band of the year: Mars Volta
UK Artist/Group of the year: Radiohead
International Artist/Group of the year: Mars Volta
Most Underrated Artist of the year: Rock of Travolta
Most Overrated Artist of the year: Athlete
New Artist/Group of the year: Dizzee Rascal
Music Publication of the year: B:music
Male of the Year: Kieran Hebden
Female of the Year: PJ Harvey
Label of the year: Domino
Worst thing to happen to the music scene in 2003: Kings of Leon
Biggest musical disappointment of the year: Queens of the Stone Age
Band/Artist to Watch in 2004: Rock of Travolta

Amelia Hutchison

Album of the year : The Blood Brothers- 'Burn Piano Island Burn!'
Single of the year: Something Corporate 'If U C Jordan'
Gig of the year: Hot Water Music-Islington Academy
Festival of the year: Reading
Festival Performance of the year: The Movielife-Reading
Music Video of the year: Reggie and the Full Effect- 'Congratulations Smack&Katy'
Band of the year: Cave In
UK Artist/Group of the year: Belle and Sebastian
Most Underrated Artist of the year: Fairweather
Most Overrated Artist of the year: The Mars Volta
New Artist/Group of the year: Motion City Soundtrack
Music Publication of the year: Play Dead
Male of the Year: James Dewees
Female of the Year: Greta from Cursive
Label of the year: Equal Vision
Worst thing to happen to the music scene in 2003: Jay Z cancelling his Reading appearance
Biggest musical disappointment of the year: The new Brand New album. It sucks.
Band/Artist to Watch in 2004: The Starting Line and Northstar



Neil Garrett

Album of the year: Alfie - "Do you imagine things"
Single of the year: Radiohead - "There there"
Gig of the year: Love at Glastonbury festival
Festival of the year: Glastonbury
Band of the year: The Cinematic Orchestra
UK Artist/Group of the year: The Coral
Most Overrated Artist of the year: The Darkness
New Artist/Group of the year: Dizzee Rascal
Music Publication of the year: Jockey Slut
Male of the Year: Will Holland (Quantic)
Female of the Year: Nina Nastasia
Label of the year: Warp
Worst thing to happen to the music scene in 2003: Death of Elliot Smith
Biggest musical disappointment of the year: Dido album (comes across as a bit bland)
Band/Artist to Watch in 2004: The Stands

Joss Sheldon

Album of the year : Manitoba - Up in flames
Single of the year: Afro Soul - Rob Mello (remixing Manu Dibango)
Gig of the year: Alan Sparhawk - Arts café
Festival of the year: Glastonbury
Festival Performance of the year: Sigur Ros - Glastonbury others stage
Band of the year: Quantic soul orchestra
UK Artist/Group of the year: Four Tet
International Artist/Group of the year: Nina Nastasia
Most Underrated Artist of the year: Flevans
Most Overrated Artist of the year: There's about a million of them
New Artist/Group of the year: Life
Music Publication of the year: B:music
Male of the Year: Will Holland
Female of the Year: Cat Power
Label of the year: Tru thoughts
Worst thing to happen to the music scene in 2003: All tomorrows parties only having 1 weekend
Biggest musical disappointment of the year: Don't pin your hands on any one band/event and you'll never be disappointed.
Band/Artist to Watch in 2004: James Yorkston and the Athletes

Jimmy 'Pop Tart' Tam

Album of the year : Christina Aguilera- 'Stripped'
Single of the year: Beyonce&Jay Z 'Crazy In Love'
Gig of the year: Sugababes
Festival of the year: Eurovision Song Contest
Festival Performance of the year: Jemini at Eurovision
Music Video of the year: Phixx 'Hold On Me'
Band of the year: Sugababes
UK Artist/Group of the year: Girls Aloud
International Artist/Group of the year: Enrique Iglesias
Most Underrated Artist of the year: Delta Goodrem
Most Overrated Artist of the year: Aqtoomic Kitten
New Artist/Group of the year: Richard X
Music Publication of the year: Smash Hits
Male of the Year: Daniel Bedingfield
Female of the Year: Christina Aguilera
Label of the year: Simon Cowell's
Worst thing to happen to the music scene in 2003: One True Voice
Biggest musical disappointment of the year: One True Voice
Band/Artist to Watch in 2004: Roxanne from 'Pop Idol'



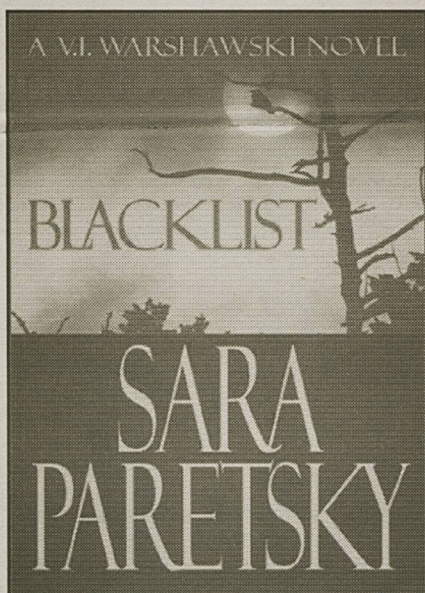
B:literature

edited by Dalia King

BLACKLIST

Just The Facts...

Author: Sara Paretsky
Publisher: Hamish Hamilton
Date: November 2003
Price: £12.99 (hardcover)



A private detective, Vittoria Warshawski, finds a body in the garden of a mansion in Chicago while investigating mysterious lights in the attic for an old, spoiled, rich woman. The two mysteries lead in varying ways to the 1950s and anti-communism, the plight of a young Egyptian boy and lots of family secrets of the rich and powerful... I won't tell you more, it would spoil the surprise.

I hadn't realised how completely most -even new- books skirt past current issues until I read this book. In the first chapter a policeman jokes about Osama Bin Laden in the attic, and it continues the same way- it feels real. It also spends a fair bit of time in the 1950s.

Does this mean you have to be interested in history? No, it's also a great murder mystery. Having said that, a working knowledge of American history and culture might help- some things went straight over my head. Not that it spoilt my enjoyment of the book at all.

How can a book deal with the issues of racism, Islamophobia, the privileges and problems (aah!) of the very VERY rich, murder, immigration and the war in Afghanistan without a single moral judgement? I don't know, but this one manages it. Invasion of human rights is just about declared wrong though, which is nice to know.

Alternatively if you're not that into thorny moral issues in your literature, and want to concentrate on the detective story you'll probably enjoy it. It's very well thought out, plausible but original and surprising. There's the perfect balance of things that get sprung on you unexpectedly and things, which you can figure out pages before the detective. A great chance to smile smugly when they turn out to be true!

Blacklist isn't a 'feel good' book. Don't read it if you want a laugh or escapism. Read it if you like a reflection of life - it won't disappoint.

V.I. Warshawski's been solving crimes and fighting political correctness since the 80s - other books in the series:

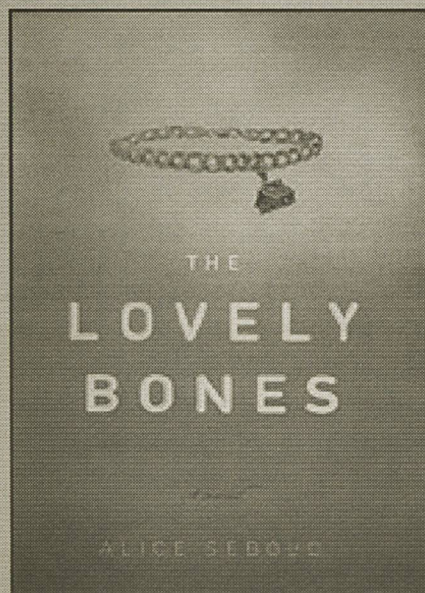
- Indemnity Only - Killing Orders - Bloodshot - Guardian Angel - Ghost Country - Total Recall
 - Deadlock - Bitter Medicine - Burn Marks - Tunnel Vision - Hard Time

THE LOVELY BONES

AALIADATOO: You don't even have to believe to feel shivers down your spine

Just The Facts...

Author: Alice Sebold
Publisher: Picador
Date: Out now
Price: £7.99



From heaven, a raped and murdered 14-year-old girl watches her loved ones - and her killer - go on with their lives.

It begins in the most shocking way, with brutal truth, but by the second sentence there is no turning back, each page unveils a new element to this tragic story. Tragic in that it involves a horrific death, an unsolved murder, loss and heart-break; but optimistic in that it emanates hope, love, fulfilment and just deserts.

Writing in a unique way, Alice Sebold's heroine Susie Salmon speaks from 'the other side', from her life after death, taking us through her gruesome death and burial, watching over those that she cares about: watching them grieve, grow up and grow apart, yet keeping alive her memory in their deepest thoughts.

She even manages to cross that border between them, in some instances in dramatic ways, but she is never far away from her beloved family and friends. They sense her presence and it inspires them, brings out different sides in them, but in some ways scares them. She is the silent companion. She remains the age she was at the time of her death so the fourteen-year-old girl lives on in their memories and she lives through their lives while they move on and deal with her sudden departure in their own ways.

Grief attacks everyone and we endure it in a variety of ways: from shutting down one's emotions to complete obsession, which the novel demonstrates well. For the most part the novel keeps our attention as we build up a sincere hatred of Susie's murderer, waiting for him to be caught out, waiting for the evidence to emerge that will lead to a successful conviction. However by the end it is clear that this is not Sebold's purpose or intention.

Rather in the mystifying method of the universe, another fate will befall the unfortunate man, which leaves the reader satisfied that retribution has been served, though not in the most obvious way. An odd sense of fulfilment is achieved by the close of the novel; familial relationships torn apart by this tragedy are restored, new ones begin, and with the birth of a baby girl "Abigail Suzanne" to Susie's sister, a fresh start lies ahead for the whole family while guaranteeing that Susie is far from forgotten.

Even Susie feels ready to move forward and free the hold she has on her past life and those in it. Alice Sebold captures even the most disbelieving of minds and I trust that no one can read this without at least one shiver crossing their spine.

Also by Alice Sebold: 'Lucky: A Memoir'

- Sebold reveals how her life was utterly transformed when, as an eighteen-year-old college freshman, she was brutally raped and beaten in a park near campus.

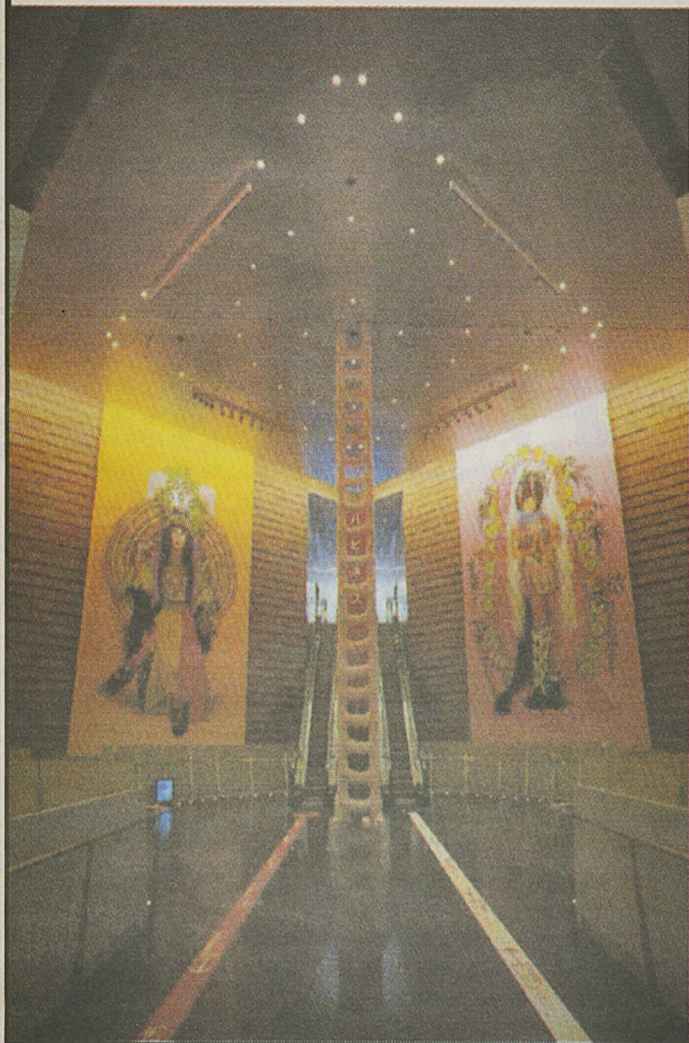
I'm still calling for all original fiction writers - The B:Lit section is interested in any works of literary art the students of LSE have to offer, be it poetry, short stories...long stories...whatever. As long as it's yours, you're proud, and you've been thinking about getting it in print, email Dalia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

Are you afraid? Is that it? Nervous? Unsure? Is your work really the masterpiece you think it is? Is that *really* how synecdoche works? What is synecdoche anyway? Don't bog yourself down with the details - find your inner ego and mail me your work.

B:fineart

edited by Caroline Bray

The International Arts Scene



For those of you fleeing the grey, cold streets of London this Christmas break here is a peek at some fantastic art exhibitions to fill time in around the world...

Zurich

The 84 year old painter *Maria Lassnig* from Austria has a solo exhibition at Kunsthau, Zurich from 28th November until 29th February 2004. Lassnig is a near contemporary of Louise Bourgeois and creates emphatic works that deal with ideas of self-awareness.

Dublin

Bourgeois's work is currently the subject of a large survey at the Irish Museum of Modern Art which features a collection of her cell-sized sculpture - wire and mesh sculptures that house morbid images. Along with these sculptures a number of drawings made by Bourgeois when suffering from insomnia are also on show. These sketchings provide an insight to the half-crazed mind of the human deprived of sleep. *Louise Bourgeois* is on show at the Irish Museum of Modern Art, Dublin until 22nd February 2004.

Tokyo

Last month saw the launch of the Mori Art Museum in Tokyo perched on top of a skyscraper on central Tokyo. The Museum is the largest contemporary art space in

Asia and its first show is, *Happiness: a Survival Guide for Art and Life*. The exhibition includes 250 pieces of work from 150 artists including icons such as Andy Warhol and mediums range from sculpture to digital art and photography to architecture. 'Happiness' can be seen until the 18th January 2004.

Paris

Japanese artist Daido Moriyama is renowned for the limitless freedom of his photography although there is little tenderness in his images. The exhibition at the Foundation Cartier in Paris until January 11th includes his earliest works such as close ups of foetuses made into repetitive wallpaper and also photographs taken only last year around Tokyo's most disreputable neighbourhoods. For those of you who miss it in Paris the exhibition moves to the Shine Gallery in London from 6th February until 19h April 2004.

Other shows...

Boucher and Fragonard drawings at the **Louvre** until January 19th.

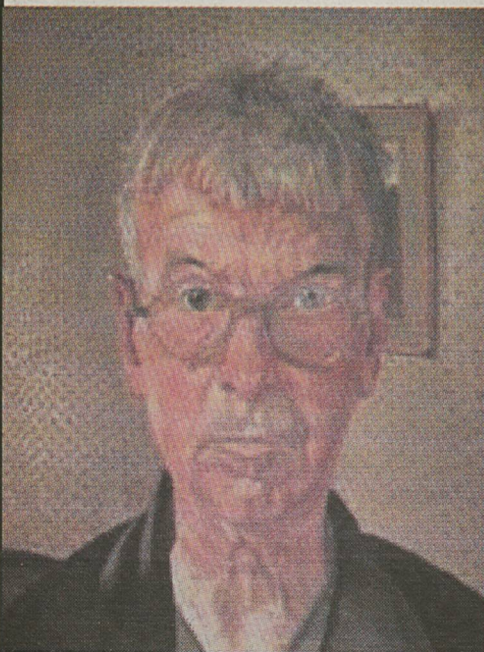
Going for Baroque with Guerino at Palazzo Reale, **Milan** until January 18th.

Taiwan's Treasures in the form of Taipei's National Palace collection visits **Bonn's Bundeskunsthalle** until January 4th.

Size Over Substance for Webber

Did you ever get the feeling that only one sitter was ever used for a collection of paintings? Certain rooms from the Royal Academies' latest exhibition definitely invoke of feeling of 'model de ja vu'.

Pre-Raphaelite and other Masters currently showing at the Royal Academy reflects the private art interests of Andrew Lloyd-Webber - most famous for bringing musicals such as *Joseph*, *Bombay Dreams* and *Cats* to the West End. The collection includes works by the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, Arthur Hughes, James (Jacques) Joseph Tissot, Sir Stanley Spencer and Pablo Picasso.

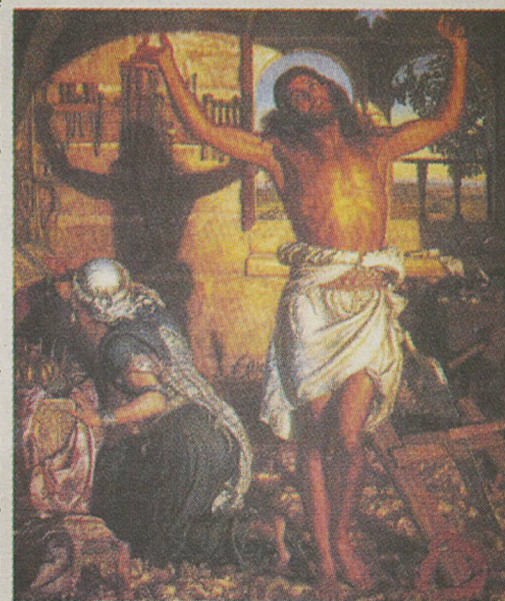


The portraits by Rossetti of raven-haired beauties and romantic sirens in the opening rooms are somewhat captivating at first. However as one moves from portrait to portrait it becomes increasingly difficult to distinguish any kind of physical differences between the sitters. Most of the pictures show Janey Morris with whom Rossetti became lovers in 1869 and it seems as though this lust has crept into every one of his beauties. So despite the subtle and smooth genius of his sketching by the end of the Rossetti room one is left feeling rather disinterested.

Overall the exhibition creates a similar feeling throughout as many a mediocre picture constitutes Lloyd-Webber's colossal collection. Children look angelic, women have idyllic in beauty, landscapes hark back to pre-Victorian rose tinted memories

and tapestries are laden with religious tales. The pieces are not offensive in anyway but on average are not terribly compelling and perhaps the critics of 1911 were correct in describing Victorian art as conservative, old-fashioned and outmoded. The purity of nature and truth of beauty sought after by the Pre-Raphaelites (a name devised from the artists' contempt for the uncritical adulation of Raphael) is all very nice and pleasing to the eye but unfortunately it fails to provoke any emotional reaction of substance in the viewer.

Yet in amongst the mundane display of serene creatures and picture-postcard landscapes a number of gems shine from the walls. *The Shadow of Death* by William Holman-Hunt is a positively electrifying depiction of Christ dancing in joy with his arms in the air whilst his shadow creates a prophecy of his crucifixion against the wall - his arms reflecting the shape of the cross. The technical use of colour is so alive that the body of Christ leaps towards the viewer in a flash of colour and accuracy. Stanley Spencer's self portrait is again a rose amongst thorns with its somewhat uneasy atmosphere, are we viewing Spencer or is Spencer viewing us? His expressive wrinkles etch the tales of his life upon his skin, his brow furrowed in a questioning expression.



Unfortunately I am not inclined to speak highly of the other Spencers on display. This is not helped by the way the curator has put together the works in the final rooms. The Spencers do not seem to fit with the rest of Lloyd-Webber's collection and for me. An artist out of context in any exhibition can never show in his true colours or have his artwork done any amount of justice. In addition, a lone Picasso from his Blue Period sits in silent genius amongst an unrelated collection of somewhat voiceless pieces.

All in all Lloyd-Webber's collection is impressive in size but somewhat overwhelming. A pleasing viewing altogether but a lot is left to be desired if this is ever to be considered an influential and compelling collection. Granted a couple of breathtaking pieces are present but these amount to about three which in a gallery of 10 rooms is really not much. If you've been considering a visit then go, its worth the money but if you've not thought about it yet then this really isn't for you.

Pre-Raphaelite and other Masters can be seen at the Royal Academy of Art, Piccadilly until this Friday.

B:film

edited by Dani Ismail and Simon Cliff

Release of the Week...

Out Of Time

This film was nothing like I expected. That's probably because I was expecting to review a different film called *Radio*. But anyway, this one sounded a lot better with a glittering cast consisting of **Denzel** 'supposedly brilliant actor' **Washington**, **Eva** 'too fast, too furious, too damn fit' **Mendes**, **Dean** 'superman' **Cain** and **Sanaa** 'not that famous yet' **Lathan**.

The film is meant to be a tense thriller about murder, deception and betrayal, except it was neither tense nor thrilling. The plot revolves around Matt (Washington) who is the police chief in a small town. He's boning Chris's (Cain) wife (Lathan) and finds out she only has a few months to live because her cancer has come back. He wants to do good and help her out in any way he can and so he does a few things he shouldn't. Then there's a double murder and as the case unravels he finds himself as the prime suspect. So, he has to stay one step ahead of his own police force in order to clear his name and find out the truth. The thing is, the audience are also one step ahead and can see the storyline unravelling a mile off.

The script is so lame you can finish off the sentences as if you've watched it a hundred times before. The pace is infuriatingly slow and the music played to create a tense atmosphere could probably have been bettered by a deaf cat. To be fair there are a few funny bits and

do because we have more than five brain cells, and have seen the same mediocre crap before done hundreds of times better.

The cast gave great performances especially Dean Cain. I almost didn't recognise him with his new facial hair and menacing role as a wife beater. So much sexier than when he was wearing his pants over his tights saving Metropolis. Eva Mendes as Washington's estranged wife was just pure fitness although towards the end you do want to puke over the cheesy ending where they get back together. As for Denzel Washington, there is pure chemistry between him and his lover, although at times you do want to just give him a crater of Red Bull to speed him up. I rate his lover though; she's the crazy, manipulative mastermind behind it all that makes you feel proud to be a woman.

The film had great potential with great actors and a good plot, but the script and the pace let it down and it just doesn't flow. In other words, this film is shit; do not watch it for any other reason than the women, for they are hot. (I feel obliged to mention that I am not a lesbian, I just appreciate beauty.)

3/5



the plot did have twists and turns so I guess I could say it was complex but that could just be because I'm from Essex. You're not meant to have any idea how the characters can get out of the trouble they are in, except we

Coming to Cinemas in the New Year...

Valentin REBECCAMICHAEL finds herself a little valentin...

Director: Alejandro Agresti

Starring: Julieta Cardinali, Jean Pierre Noher, Rodrigo Noya

Running time: 89 mins

Release date: 13 Feb 2004

Place one child, with a bowl cut and big glasses, in front of a camera for 90 minutes these days and you are guaranteed a successful movie. It worked in *Harry Potter* and it certainly works in Alejandro Agresti's *Valentin*, which tells the story of a 9 year old boy, growing up in 1960's Argentina. Played by **Rodrigo Noya**, Valentin dreams of becoming an astronaut, longs for a mother and searches for a girlfriend for his irresponsible father. While waiting for NASA to call, he tries to organise the lives of all the other adults around him and generally steals the show by being very cute.

This is not in anyway to deny the film of its other assets; its artistic directing, witty script, original soundtrack and impeccable acting also help to make it. Or to discredit little Rodrigo Noya's performance by comparing him to **Daniel Radcliffe** in *Harry Potter*, no no, this boy CAN actually act. Underneath his big mop and square frames he is a complete virtuoso; at ease with the camera and lapping up every close up or angle that Agresti throws at him. And for added effect, he also has a gammy eye- ahhhhh yes! Why it is so charming to see a youngster struggling with a physical imperfection I am not sure, but you fall in love with Valentin in the same way as you may have recently fallen for a small blue fish with an undergrown fin in *Finding Nemo*.

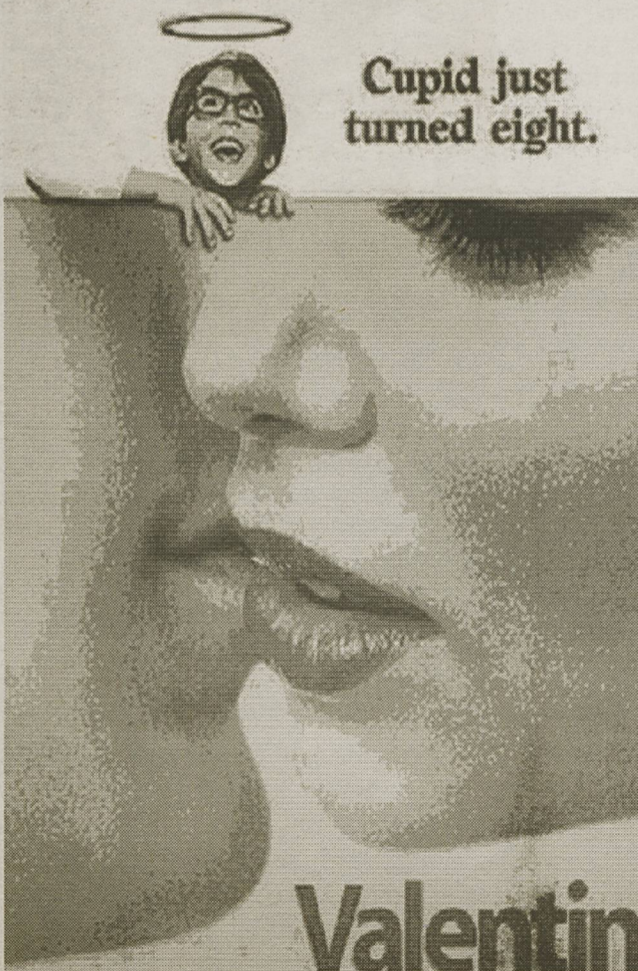
Director Agresti is fast becoming Argentina's most acclaimed film-maker and also wrote, and played Valentin's father in the film. What appears to have been

an autobiographical standpoint has enabled him to capture the young boy's world powerfully and sincerely, and when Valentin has his heart broken by the adults that he trusts, you find yourself furious at their selfishness and will probably end up reaching for the Kleenex.

You join him in his disappointment with the grown up world and his frustration with why people lie all the time and have to be so difficult. Viewing life with childhood innocence, he asks some pertinent questions and particularly can't understand why you have to be Russian or American to fly to the moon? This last question is particularly poignant, I think, for the young Argentinean actor and perhaps the director himself. With such a talent, I am sure that had he been American he would have been catapulted into the next Bruce Willis film and million dollar pay slips before you could say 'I see dead people'.

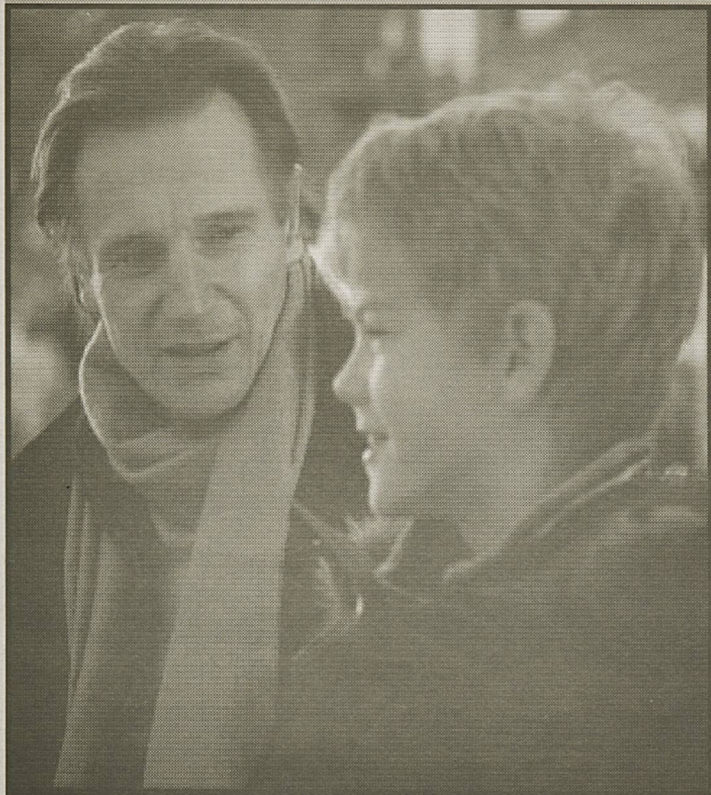
Definitely go and watch this film. It is well worth it and you will understand what I mean about little Rodrigo Noya. It's probably best to see him now though, while he is still cute and before his voice breaks.

4/5



Digest your turkey this Christmas whilst watching the latest Brit-flick...

Love Actually



MATTTIPLIN & DANIISMAIL find themselves falling in love, actually with the talent in this movie..

Director: Richard Curtis
Starring: Hugh Grant, Colin Firth, Emma Thompson
Running Time: 135 min
Certificate: 15
Release Date: Out Now...

I went to this movie expecting to leave feeling ripped off, after the piss poor reviews I had read in papers slightly more refined than this one in which I am now writing. Given it was a chick flick, we weren't expecting much. Something along the lines of the usual sob story that **Hugh Grant** faithfully takes part in – sappy, sappy, and ultimately wanky. Well, possibly due to his small part in the movie, it did not solely revolve around these basic trimmings and had some funny, some cute, and some sexually frustrating aspects, that this male reviewer found particularly 'hard' to handle watching. [It's all about going to America- Matt].

With appearances from otherwise out of work American actresses of the extraordinarily fit variety [apparently – I put down trashy variety and got a beating – Dani], the phrase 'sex sells' came into its own. On the other side of the spectrum, Colin Firth was adorable and befuddled as usual, and showed up Hugh Grant at every chance he got. **Keira** – I look like a man-**Knightley** had a crappy accent – which was utterly confusing [This is only DANI'S opinion because Keira is of course witness to fitness].

As this film was obviously going to be a Christmas hit, every British actor conceivable found it absolutely necessary to have a part, no matter how bit it was. **Andrew Lincoln** from *This Life* puts in a good effort – look out for the adorable carol singing scene – as does the bloke from *My Family*, who's name we cannot remember, and don't honestly care about. He gets with multiple Americans, and that's basically all that matters in his storyline. Lord above, life can be beautiful.

The question is – would we recommend this film to our friends? The sad answer is yes. Although the film was over saturated with romance, reeking of slushiness and falling over itself in an attempt to stick as many love stories in the plot as possible, it was nonetheless a good laugh and had Keira Knightley in it which, despite all its efforts, cannot help but be a good thing.

I'd say it's a movie to take your fella to, but to be honest there are far too many good looking people in it for that. **3.5/5**

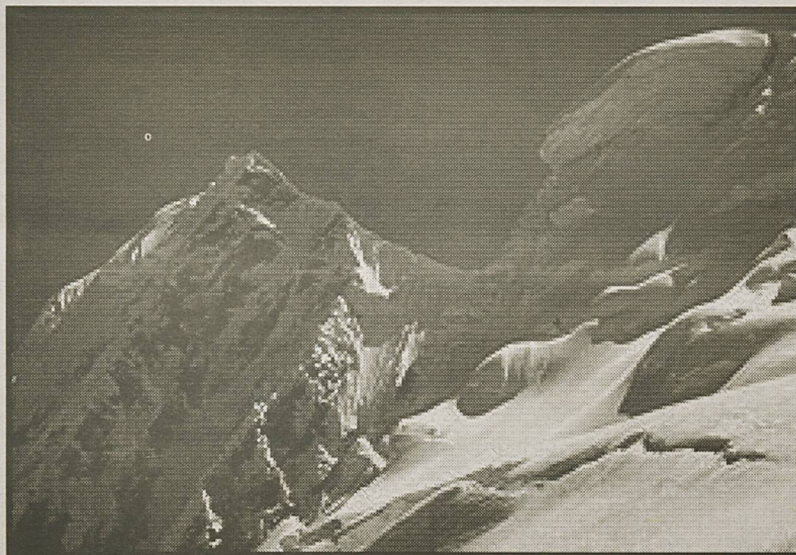
Also Out This Week...

Touching the Void

MICHAELBANK gives this mountainous thriller the cold shoulder...

Director: Kevin Macdonald
Starring: Nicholas Aaron, Brendan Mackey
Certificate: 15
Release date: 12th December 2003
Running time: 106 minutes

Touching the Void tells the gripping true story of two friends and their fateful attempt to climb an unconquered peak in the remote Peruvian Andes in 1985. Based on the international best-selling book of the same name, boasting an Oscar-winning director and recounting an extraordinary tale of survival amongst spectacular mountain scenery, I had high hopes for this film. So where did it all go wrong?



Perhaps it is the fact that the film was actually originally intended for television broadcast. The standard of acting in some places would have been more at home in a low-budget *Crimewatch* reconstruction than on the big screen. This feeling was reinforced by the film's unconventional format – it is essentially a docu-drama, cutting between the actors and a set of interview clips with the two climbers, the latter forming the narrative backbone of the story.

excess. That said, the climbing action, which was mostly filmed in the Alps, is impressive.

It is just a shame that the film appears to be in the midst of a deep identity crisis. It cannot decide if it wants to be a documentary or a drama. It confuses itself even

more by being interspersed with short wildlife clips – at one point, I was waiting for the David Attenborough voice-over to kick in.

The thing is, the film does not even have any 'feel-good' factor about it. I left the cinema confused as to what it was trying to achieve. But that might well be the point that it is trying to make. It is not a Hollywood movie – on the contrary, it is very British in its approach. The interviews are revealing

and the overall mood of the film is one of grit and determination over great adversity.

My main gripe is that the story itself is extraordinary and deserves to be told in a way that does it justice. It has taken over 15 years for the transition from written word to the big screen to occur, with at least one failed attempt along the way. It would appear that this is an account which was simply not meant for theatrical release.

It is an unusual tale and I got the feeling that the film was trying to take an unusual approach in recounting it. I was disappointed as I had high expectations. If you go and watch the film without any preconceptions, you may well be more pleasantly surprised. **3/5**

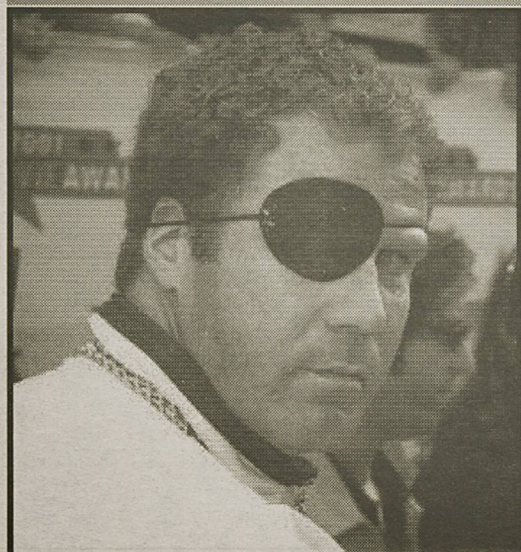
To their credit, the film crew went to great lengths to stay true to the original tale. This was important to Joe Simpson, the book's author and one of the climbers around whom the story centres. As a result, part of the movie was shot on location in areas so remote that they had never been captured on film before. This footage is used to provide the breath-taking visuals which are exploited throughout the film, perhaps to

nalists, laugh raucously out loud. I usually manage (ie: attempt and fail) to hide my full on cackle especially when in public and around strangers (but most definitely when around the famous) but in this case, his wit surpassed anything I could imagine and I found myself rather unattractively holding my side from laughing and tipping all my papers onto the floor. His co-star of *Old School*, **Luke Wilson**, surprised me with his jokes- I had previously thought he was a bit of a loser- but in comparison he seemed stale and too much of a try-hard to match Ferrell's mock sincerity and droll commentary.

Elf's rocket-high box office earnings have turned Ferrell from a scene-stealing cameo (*Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back*, *Zoolander*, *Austin Powers*) to a full fledged star. His next venture, *Anchorman*, is out next summer and should turn out a Ferrell best, with a stupid plotline, over-exaggerated characters and a bitcy Christina Applegate to top it off.

Right, got to do my outfit for the Barrel. Have a good Xmas all!

dani's movie matters... Will Ferrell - Comic Genius of the 00's?



From humble beginnings in one of the shows that made American comedy, **Will Ferrell** has become an icon of comic relief and poker face hilarity. His ever changing characters in *Saturday Night Live* formed the basis of much of his future work – inane, immature, juvenile and full of one liners that you and your friends will repeat on a daily basis, on only the slightest provocation. I met him (well, to say 'met' implies that I got to know him, exchanged names and life stories – I sat in the same room as him for a half hour and asked him what it felt like to kiss a man, in his flick of the summer *Old School*), and his on screen charisma is utterly, almost implausibly natural.

Without even seeming as if he was paying attention to the questions whizzing past his head, he replied with his eyes averted down, tapping his fingers and stroking his chin, and made everyone in the room, even the aged full-of-it 'real' jour-

Out Soon...

1/2 The Rent

EILENE-HENG luurves discounts...

1/2 *The Rent* (1/2 *Miete*) starts out as a suspense filled, gritty, cyber-thriller – Peter (Stephan Kampwirth) is a workaholic computer hacker so engrossed in stealing files and selling them, that he loses touch with reality and fails to realise that his girlfriend's drug problem is getting out of hand. His pill-popping, paranoid girlfriend tries to warn him in a note: 'They have bugged this place', and disconnects the phone. Obsessed with his work, Peter brushes her concerns aside, and asks her to leave him alone. We then see her reaching into the medicine cabinet, fumbling for pills and muttering that she must think one step ahead of 'them'. When Peter completes the sale, he leaves the room to share the news with his girlfriend, and finds her dead in the bathtub. The question hangs in the air: Was it an accident, a warning, or an act to silence her?

The film then breaks out of the mould and sweeps the audience along as Peter escapes his flat and embarks on a journey to true communication. Peter goes underground in Cologne. Unable to stay in a hotel without showing his passport, he has to seek out other shelters. Where he previously hacked computers, he now 'hacked' into the apartments and lives of the people of Cologne. The story is heart-warming and reminiscent of *Amélie*, as Peter's interventions into the lives of these people changes their lives as well as his.

"A film inspired by Marc Ottiker finding, in his flat, a strange towel that did not belong to him."



The film addresses issues such as the breakdown of communication in the age of technology, and technology's violation of privacy. Marc Ottiker harkens back to a technologically-simpler age, which motivates his use of 70's aesthetics and techniques, such as split screens. It also looks at the loneliness and emptiness of our lives, and the possibility of an alternative existence, a parallel life – what if someone lived in our apartment when we are not around? How would he view our lives, and how would he live it?

One of the first films to emerge from the "Radical Digital" project at Wim Wenders' Road Movies Factory, and winner of the Best Screenplay at the Brooklyn International Film Festival, 1/2 *The Rent* is an amazing film that deals with different issues at different levels subtly and naturally. Not easily pigeon-holed, it gives us a beautifully-paced eclectic mix of mainstream cyber-thriller, heart-warming human connection, and sexy romance (without sex or nudity).

I cannot recommend this highly enough; it really is that good. If you liked the charming realism *Amélie* and enjoy suspense-thrillers, or if you're not an arty-film-type, but are open to less mainstream films, this is the film for you. 5/5

Currently on General Release...

Brother Bear

SIANBENYON looks for the bare necessities of Disney's latest...

Grin and 'bear' your teeth for another formulaic Disney film. A slow, lumbering kind of plot that will surely not rouse you from a cosy winter's hibernation. A yarn of self-discovery, of growth, of knowledge and of love. And far far away, in the American Northwest, the recognised ingredients of a Disney love cake start baking away.

Our hero, the youngest of three brothers, is the naive and foolish Kenai (Joaquin Phoenix). At the start of the film, we see him receiving his totem animal, which symbolises his coming of age in the tribe. The Spirits decree Kenai's animal as the Bear of love, but he jus' don't feel the tingle, especially after his elder brother, Sitka, dies by sacrificing himself for his brothers, in a tussle with a bear. Kenai seeks revenge on the beast and kills it, but in punishment from his new 'spiritified' brother, he is turned into a wuvey, wuddily bwear himswewf. The Shaman of the tribe tells him that the only way to reverse the transformation is to find Sitka on 'the moun-



Director: Aaron Blaise Robert Walker
Voices: Joaquin Phoenix et al.
Running Time: 85 minutes
Certificate: U
Release Date: Out Now

tain where the light touches the earth'. So, embarking on his voyage Kenai promptly meets two Canadian moose who keep popping up throughout the film with the tasty offer of dumb-joke comic relief, which is successfully funny eh?; and a lively, baby bear, Koda, who talks like he's from Harlem...keeping-it-real in 7997BC Northwest-pacific-side (?).

Alas! There's more to it than that, because the middle brother Denahi has been tracking Kenai to revenge what he thought was Kenai's death. How can Disney get themselves out of that one? Of course they do, and they manage to leave you celebrating life and bubbling with a golden, brotherly, warm cuddly bear-like feeling.

It's good intentions somewhat backfire and, by being force fed so much Disney love-cake, we paradoxically become stodgy with hatred. 2.5/5

Classic Review...

Dead Poets Society

ETHELTUNGOHAN looks back at a Robin Williams gem...

I first saw *Dead Poets Society* as a thirteen year old prone to teenage histrionics. I identified strongly with its troubled protagonists, believing myself to be ensnared in the same "us against the adult world" scenario. Thus, it was with some trepidation that I watched *Dead Poets Society* a second time around, a full eight years later. I feared that as a worldly uni student, I would find the plot annoyingly cliché-ridden; teenage angst, after all, is so passe.

Yes, *Dead Poets Society* tackles trite themes of maturation, independence, and carpe diem. Yes, it features an unoriginal plot involving an enlightened adult imparting pivotal life lessons to a group of wide-eyed innocents. In fact, it sometimes feels like the exact carbon copy of *Dangerous Minds*, except that it is set within the cushy confines of a New England boarding school rather than an inner-city ghetto. Still, the sensitivity and sincerity of the plot makes *Dead Poets Society* superior to its counterparts.

Director: Peter Weir
Starring: Robin Williams et al.
Running Time: 128 minutes
Certificate: 15
Release Date: 2nd June 1989

Williams plays Mr. Keating, an unconventional Literature teacher who tells his students that in order to learn poetry, one has to *live* poetry. *Living* poetry necessitates applying lessons of courage and individualism gleaned from literature into real life.

Seven of Mr. Keating's students decide that the only way to truly seize the day is by forming a secret society whose purpose is to give its members an excuse to sneak into an isolated cave after bedtime and read poetry. How risqué, you are probably thinking. Keep in mind, folks, that this was set in the 1950's, and that we're dealing with sheltered private school boys.

Maybe I'm just a sucker for maudlin movies about prep school boys who learn about life. Nevertheless, *Dead Poets Society* is an excellent movie, perfect for rainy days when homework is the last thing on your minds. Go rent it! Now I have to find another box of tissues *sigh*...



the editor's cut

In a disappointing year for overall Hollywood quality, Si lists his choicest films you should have seen in 2003...



Kill Bill Vol. 1 - We won't know for sure if QT's lost his edge, but judging by this effort and as a standalone movie, he's still got it. At once stylish, vibrant and awash with claret.

Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl - Easily the best of the Summer blockbusters, Johnny Depp's performance was the most entertaining of the year.

Finding Nemo - Pixar refuse to rest on their laurels and deliver yet another must-see 3-D fun-fest. Hilarious yet at times terribly moving, cod and chips will never be guilt-free dining again.

About Schmidt - Can my hero and pictorial-alias (see left) ever do any wrong? That would be no, then. Fabulous in its realistic approach to a mid-life crisis on the road. Kathy Bates gets naked, for sure, but don't let that put you off.

City of God - One word: wow. Surely the most powerful foreign language film ever made, a tragic tableau of innocence lost.

Intolerable Cruelty - The Coen Brothers can surely now go down with some of the true greats of film comedy after this riotous CZJ-Clooney love-'n'-lawyers caper. Funniest of the year.

The Return of the King - What? Not out yet, you say? To hell with aftershave and electronic goods: the only thing I want for Christmas this year is to see this mammoth of a movie, which will sweep the Oscars next year, which will blow everyone away in awe, and will be the final chapter of the Greatest Trilogy Ever Made. Big words. Review first issue next year. See you there, my precious...

Have a super crimbo, and behave yourselves...

Si, b:film editor

Get in touch with any comments and gift suggestions for girlfriends, brothers and assorted family members: I haven't got a fucking cllue. s.e.cliff@lso.ac.uk

B:about

edited by Sarah Warwick and Katie Davies

Well it's finally here boys and girls. The end of term is at hand and with it all the traditional trimmings of Christmas: rain, brussel sprouts and little drummer boy on repeat in any shop you're unlucky enough to have to fight your way through. Still it's not all bad - London is one of the loveliest cities to be in at the festive season, and the b:about team are here to fill you in on what to do in the capital in the festive season.

B:panto

Don't worry. Not all that 'it's behind you' crap. EDBARLEY went out to see a show featuring a different kind of female impersonator!

My experience of opera is pretty limited, certainly when compared to my expansive knowledge of daytime TV, 1984-present, so the chance to combine the two was set to be a real learning experience. Who wouldn't want 'keen interest in opera' on their CV, especially when at the moment it consists of an as yet non-existent list of shitty jobs and half-arsed attempts at convincing a future employer and indeed myself that I am anything more than a bone idle slacker who LSE admissions failed to weed out in time. Jerry Springer The Opera was going to catapult me into highly employable culture vulture territory for the price of a heavily discounted ticket. Nice.

I can report that this much maligned art form has enough swearing to make the most foul mouthed of us blush- but better than this, involves Jesus H. Christ himself coming out as a 'little bit gay', and sister-fucking-hicks a plenty. Now audience participation isn't really my thing- I'm normally the cock who lets everybody down by being too sullen to Mexican wave, but with chants of Jerry! Jerry! directed at a transsexual/ water-sport fetishist/ God himself, it's be rude not to. An elderly couple sat in front of us, and loved every minute, so don't be afraid to tell your Nan to f**k herself this Christmas- She'll see the funny side, and it'll brighten up Boxing Day no end.

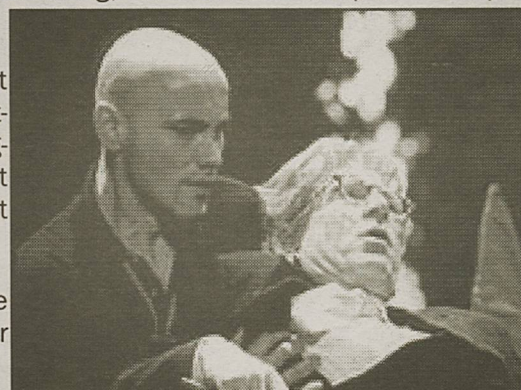
Jerry Springer The Opera was written by Richard 'the funny half' Lee, of Lee and Herring, who brought *Fist of Fun* and *This Morning With Richard Not Judy* to our screens way back in the 90s, so the post modern cooler than thou-I'm swearing and its funny but I'm laughing at you 'cos you're laughing at it and you know it too' irony is there, but as well as this, there is an attempt at some kind of social critique of our voyeuristic tastes in enter

tainment. It sort of works, and leaves you pondering whether or not you have the right to pry into other people's personal crises...To which the answer is yes, yes and yes again, because it's funny and it isn't you. Who needs morals when you have pre-ops in turmoil?

Surprisingly, the format works well, and after about ten minutes of somewhat difficult listening, your ears adjust to filth in falsetto, and you're away. The performances are superb, special mention going to the warm up guy, later transformed into the devil himself, and the loyal security guard 'Big Steve', who stands, looking menacing, in the aisles as the punters traipse in.

Well worth a trip, but get cheap seats and go half cut- you'll laugh at the wrongness of it all, and might just get you that investment wanker job you so want.

Next week, I'm off to see *Madame Butterfly*. Rumour has it she's a right slag!



He's behind you!

Jerry Springer - the Opera at The Cambridge Theatre. Tickets range from £25-50. Book tickets ahead in person at the Cambridge theatre and get top seats for £25. Otherwise call 0870 890 1102

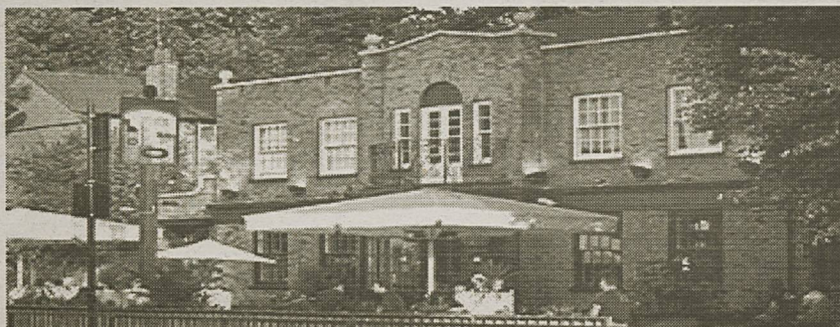
B:pubbing

SARAHWARWICK mulls with some wine...

B:about's top tip for Christmas drinking sessions is the Alwyne Castle on St Pauls Road, Highbury. New Kiwi ownership has turned a once dingy hell hole filled with pinch mouthed mingers and smoke grizzled whingers into a haven of candles and leather and pine. The decor is smart but cosy and relaxing: a jumble of low tables, leather sofas and comfy armchairs. Food is delicious, your normal gastropub fare but delicately spiced and with fresh inventive ingredients. Small fires light and heat the whole place and reflect off the shining pine floors. Drinks are priced slightly above average at £2.80 a pint of Staropramen but it's worth it to sit or even lie in surroundings this comfortable. Bottles of wine from £10.50 are well chosen, especially the New World Whites.

A place to come and while away the afternoon with some of their delicious homemade mince pies by the fire in winter I have to admit it makes an equally good place to while while it's summer. The garden terrace has canopies and heaters over its tables where you can sit with half a hoegarden and a bowl of green and black olives when it's warm enough - though right next to the main road is maybe not the nicest place for an outdoor drink! The staff are friendly and always seem to be having a party of some sort when you go in, they even have a selection of board games and a airy conservatory. What more could any pubber require?

The Alwyne Castle, 83 St Pauls Road, N1 2LY Make mine a pint of Star!



B:cultured

And visits the new Women and War exhibition...

Not really the time to glorify war and especially not Imperialist war which this museum displays with glee, but this new *Women at War* exhibition shows a tender side to conflict as well as bigging up the role of women in combat and on the 'home front.' From amazon warriors through Crimean Nurses, WRNS and Land Girls to female spies and the modern forces, all aspects of women's war effort are represented. Much of the exhibition is humbling in the extreme and makes you almost long to grab a spade and 'dig for victory' yourself!

The emotive letters to the front and specially bound books of pictures and quotes bring home to you the sacrifice and bravery exhibited by women in conflict now and throughout history. Some of the funniest exhibits are second world war recipes for potato cake and carrot ice-cream although a picture of a woman with 16 children poring over ration books with her face crumpled in worry shows an insight into just how tough life must have been for families in the days of rationing. The second half of the exhibition was also enlightening showing women in a more forceful role in attempts at peacekeeping with highlights of the CND movement and the poignant symbolism of their darning of the air field fences. The Exhibition as a whole shows the elasticity and variety of the womens role in war as entertainer, provider, protector, consoler and backline of the war effort for centuries of unsung duty.

The exhibition isn't cheap at £5 for students but it is interesting and heart warming and made this reporter quite proud to be a woman (even if the most combat i've ever had to face is buying a sandwich in Wrights bar at lunchtime!) Combine a trip to this with a visit to the excellent Holocaust exhibition on the 3rd floor which is one of the most informative and harrowing exhibitions I have seen on this subject and one which found than a trip to Anne Franks House. This one is truly not to be missed but take off your mascara first or you'll have it all over your chin like I did!

The Women at War Exhibition is at the Imperial War Museum til the 18 April

winter wonderland walkabout

To start the walk off with a little bit of well needed exercise in anticipation of Christmas dinner and all that chocolate and wine that seems to fall into your mouth at this time of year, head straight to Somerset house for the nicest skating rink in London. It's pricey at £9.50 during the day and £10.50 for the romantic torchlit sessions at night but is a great thing to do in a big group outing, or holding hands with a loved, or lusted-after one! Book ahead to avoid the inevitable queues. For session times check out the website. Walk along Charing Cross Road dipping into the gift shops and clothes shops for a bit of Christmas shopping. When you get to the station head through St. Martins Lane Market to pick up anything emblazoned with a Union Jack, socks with toes or replica pub signs. Or if none of this floats your boat (!) there is some beautiful amber jewelry that would make a great present for a sister if you're lost for ideas.

Come out onto Trafalgar Square at St Martin's Church, which is a lovely place to go and hear carols by candlelight every Sunday evening in Advent if you're that way inclined. Alternatively if you're feeling all altruistic there is one of the biggest homeless shelters in London here offering soup and advice to people throughout the Christmas period (and year round). Call to volunteer on 020 7766 5544. Coming out of the church you have a lovely view down to Trafalgar Square, which, since its pedestrianisation, is not so often wreathed in smog. At this time of year in the evening it's alive with light, from the huge glittering tree donated every year by the city of Oslo to the illuminated statues and imposing buildings. Only a bit of snow is needed to create the perfect Christmas card. If you can handle the cold stop and have a coffee and take in the tourists at the new Café on the Square, a Costa situated in the square with Scandinavian style benches and disabled access lifts up to the national gallery con-

course. If you're freezing your baubles off head for the National gallery or NPG instead. The

National Gallery has an excellent exhibition of Viola's installations at the moment which is £3 for students (exhibition closes the 4th Jan) while the NPG has a great free photography exhibition. Both galleries are great all year round, not just for the free shelter they offer from London's weather (!) but for their beautiful buildings and impressive permanent collections. I personally favour the NPG and could lose a day wandering around portraits of idols and evils alike.

After an overdose of culture you might want to head up to Leicester Square and hit the funfair. The screams of the people on the swing chairs can be heard streets away. All the rides are about £2 which isn't too bad for central London...just don't buy the mulled wine advertised at the popcorn stand! Take in a film at the Prince Charles (still the cheapest cinema in London) or wait til late Friday night and go to Rocky Horror there. Walk into Chinatown for a Christmas bird with a difference (I mean a duck of course!) or a Christmas Guinness at Waxy's Little Sister resting your tired and cold limbs in their sofa bar. Duck into the Trocodero for the warm smell of coffee and chocolate and refresh with a Millie's cookies muffin and a coffee for £1.40. Finally brave the crowds and go and wow at the Christmas lights. Buy chestnuts from the chestnut man by Eros and head up Regent St. If you can afford it buy tea towels, shortbread and as much tarten as you can carry for mums, aunties and grannies at the numerous tourist shops littered up here. If not just take in the sparklyness and the beautifully dressed windows. Wedgewoods has one with a scandanavian kissing ball made entirely out of forks and the elaborate K'nex fairground in Hamleys' made me want to be seven again!

When you hit the mass of people at Oxford Circus try not to forget your Christmas Spirit! Happy Christmas Everyone!



B:theatre

edited by Keith Postler and Matt Rushworth

Mourning Becomes Electra

Playwright: Eugene O'Neill (1888-1953)

First UK Production: 1961 at the National Theatre (NT)

Running Time: c. 4' 30" including two 15" intervals

Curtain Time: 18:15

Venue: NT, Lyttelton (near Waterloo Bridge at the South Bank) til 31 Jan

Language: British Actors doing easily understood, everyday American English

Showing till 31st Jan

The programme tells one everything about Eugene O'Neill and his works except about the play itself, to which it only devotes only one paragraph. The layout, color scheme, and size are nice. So if one contemplates sitting for little over 4 hours, let's at least get the plot and structure straight as a handle on O'Neill's ambitions for this play, which falls into 3 parts, each with roughly 4-5 scenes: I) The Homecoming [1' 25"], New England, April 1965, II) The Hunted [1' 10"], one week later, and III) The Haunted [1' 20"], one year later. On the surface the plot concerns 2 murders, 2 suicides, and their aftermath. Christine, the wife of General Ezra Mannon, murders him by poison on his return from the American Civil War. His son, Orin, with the General's daughter Lavinia as an accomplice shoot to death Sea Captain Adam Brant, in the employ of the General and Christine's lover in Ezra's absence, in revenge. Christine then commits suicide as she has nothing to live for; Orin as he sees no way out of guilt to atone for committing murder without dishonoring himself and his family name. Lavinia's failing attempt to come to terms with these events ends the play. This plot is no 'who-dunnit?' but rather probes how in modern psychological terms these events could occur.

O'Neill, in using the character Electra in his title and as Lavinia ('Vinnie') in the play Mourning Becomes Electra (1931) to refer back to perhaps the greatest dramatic tetralogy of tragedy-Aeschylus' Oresteia-clearly

Greek tragedy in modernized garb. Although the play solidified his reputation and won him the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1936, it does not figure in classical theatrical repertoire, as do his classic plays whose phrases (and titles) such as Long Days Journey into Night have gone into the language. There are reasons for this failure of ambition. For one, the comparison to the Oresteia of Aeschylus (525-455 BC) defeats him. In the Greek tradition of Sophocles, Aeschylus and Euripides, the protagonist is a hero with a fatal character flaw whose tragic end in death produces a catharsis. Electra is no hero(ine) to be brought down; she exemplifies a struggle for fulfillment and freedom ending in self-punishment and resignation. She takes upon herself and suffers a living death. Conflict ends only with the end of desire; the depth of emotion reaches no catharsis only a deadlocked peace.

Yet the play is more than resynthesized Greek Tragedy; though uneven, it is powerful and paradoxically gets that power through melodrama. The unlikely combination of melodrama and tragedy produces at times a spellbinding effect. "You're Evil," Vinnie says to Christine; lines such as "I can't bear it" and Brant's "She died in my arms" about his mother abound throughout the play. O'Neill uses melodrama to deepen the web of psychological conflict between the characters' tie of family bonds and their hatreds, jealousies, competition for love, and unfolding of incestuous undercurrents. The melodrama presents mechanisms of repression and denial through which people resist knowing about themselves. O'Neill takes Ibsen's theme of the life-lie-the notion that people can't live without illusions about themselves-and unlike Ibsen presents it through melodrama, through which in turn the characters see through their illusions that finally defeat them because they can't give them up in time. O'Neill also initiates a theme that passes down into the radical tradition in American Drama. As he stated it himself in 1946, "...the United

announces
his agenda to
m a t c h
a n c i e n t

States, instead of being the most successful country in the world, is the greatest failure." The Chantyman says to the tall-ships Captain Brant, "Steam is comin' in...the old days is dyin'...Everything is dyin'..." In Mourning Becomes Electra he places the dysfunction of the Mannon family in the context of changes in American society to a business and industrial ethos.

(The title of the play plays on several meanings of 'become' that go to the heart of the psychological entanglements of the play. In one sense of 'become' the play treats of how Lavinia comes to be Lavinia and of how her character comes into existence; in another, how she undergoes change and development; and in still another how her state of mourning suits her. All these senses of 'become' provide different yet interwoven perspectives on her motivations and actions-perspectives that often contradict each other. The complexity of these perspectives expresses itself in one of her lines: "I hope there is a hell for the good somewhere." Is she Good or Evil? How does she see herself when she chooses her hell of final mourning and how does the audience then see her?).

The setting is sparse. Such staging tends to call up Postler's Player's Postulate: As the setting progressively minimizes, acting skills needs proportionately maximize. A production of the play stands or falls on Lavinia's performance; Eve Best as Vinnie carries it off. In the assembled player's final bows at curtain though, Christine Mannon, with Helen Mirren in the role, stands center stage-a tacit reminder that she Bests Eve Best's performance. Although O'Neill sets the play in New England, the sound effects of the production place it in the Old South. One hears the constant chirping of crickets. Dominic Muldowney produces live music for solo clarinet and keyboard curiously recalling the ambience of the solo-styled music of Jan Garbarek. As productions of the play are rare, one would do well to witness this one. The audience obviously approved on the night: the house clapped the cast to 3 curtain calls. Do take a snack with you for the intervals.

KEITH POSTLER

B:mail

re: Raindrops

Here here. Thom Yorke for Prime Minister

Sarah

Title: Britney/Christina

Rivalry was officially over the moment Britney dumped Justin then got severely dissed ['Cry-me-a-river-fiasco... cha] & was rebranded as 'tainted-allnight-partying-multiple-breakdown-chimney-pot-alcoholic-possibly-drug-taking-non-virgin' because it signalled what we already knew... Christina is way more talented (songwriter and the Voice-that-could-hit-every-note-including-the-'only-achieved-by-Mariah-breaking-glass-note') than Britney could ever be. Britney was just riding on the wave of :) "Original pop princess" :) and now all those 'I'm bi/lesbian & SEXy' antics can't save her cuz she just can't pull it off; shes nowhere near as sexy, cool or talented as Christina and that music lovers is that.

Simmy

Title: Matrix 3

Ok, It aint ever gonna surpass the original cuz what film ever does? First time I saw the matrix 2 and 3 I was disappointed, but that's all due to the build up of hype and expectation. When I was dragged to see them second time around I loved 'em. Now that it's on at the IMAX I urge y'all to see it again to 'preciate the genius. 2 and 3 could have been potentially disastrous like most post-original films are (star wars prequels ugh.ugh.blurgh) so I give props to the Wachowskis for rounding off the trilogy more than satisfactorily.

Simmy (again)

re: Weatherspoons

In response to the 'Wetherspoons is great' comment made last week, I would just like to add that this bloated pub chain treat their staff like robots, run their pubs like factories and J.D. Wetherspoon is secretly trying to take over the world. Plus, not to put you off your Wetherburgers, the word 'wether' actually means castrated ram...

Chloe

Spread the Love...

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

Nice one

The Beaver Listings

Your guide to what's on at LSE this week

Students' Union Events

Student Action for Refugees Society continue their appeal for Christmas presents for refugees this week. If you have anything you can donate (especially small toys for children), please bring it to the SU Reception. PLEASE SUPPORT!!!

LSE Women in Business Society will be fundraising for GRAVIS - a voluntary organisation/NGO working on Gandhian principles for rural reconstruction and development of poor communities in the Thar desert of Rajasthan, India.

Everyday in Week 10 on Houghton Street between 11am and 4pm.

LSE Women in Business Society present 'Talktime' with Teresa Teague - Vice-President of the International Banking Division, Goldman Sachs 6pm, Monday 8 December D502, Clement House

Music Society present The LSE SU Orchestra and Choir Concerts 7.30pm, Tuesday 9 December Shaw Library, Old Building Tickets available on Houghton St. or at the concert.

LSESU Film Society and Indian Society present a screening of 'Monsoon Wedding' 7.30pm, Tuesday 9 December

New Theatre (E171), East Building 50p members, £2 non-members "An exuberant family drama set in Mira Nair's beloved Punjabi culture, where ancient tradition and dot-com modernity combine in unique and perfect harmony. As the romantic monsoon rains loom, the extended Verma family reunites from around the globe for a last-minute arranged marriage in New Delhi. "Monsoon Wedding" traces five intersecting stories, each navigating different aspects of love as they cross boundaries of class, continent and morality. The film celebrates a contemporary India never before seen on screen"

LSE Skills Society (SIS) presents 'How to Handle Interviews' 6pm, Tuesday 9 December 2003 G1 (20 Kingsway, opposite Peacock Theatre)

BDO Stoy Hayward, the world's fifth largest accounting firm, will be giving a presentation on the whole interview process. Come and get insider's tips on how to prepare for them, what to do on the day of the interview, and more info on tests and presentations on assessment days.

Please register via email to su.soc.sis@lse.ac.uk.

Open to members and non-members.

LSE Chess Club are having a Christmas Party 7.30pm, Tuesday 9 December Bella Pasta, Leicester Square Followed by SOHO Meet there at 7.30pm Coexist present 'Promises'

Documentary on the Arab-Israeli youth project.

6pm, Thursday 11 December Room - S78

(email: su.soc.coexist@lse.ac.uk)

Drama Society presents

The One Act Festival

Acts created, chosen and performed by you. Submissions can range from Uzbek slapstick and Godfather samples to Greek tragedy and mini-musicals. Anything goes and don't worry about the standard!

Reminder: Deadline for script submissions is Jan 16th

email: su.soc.drama@lse.ac.uk

Also: if you're interested in helping out with organizing: stage management, publicity etc please get in touch!

Underground Dance Music Society present

'End-of-term FabricLIVE special' 9.30pm - 5am, Friday 12 December

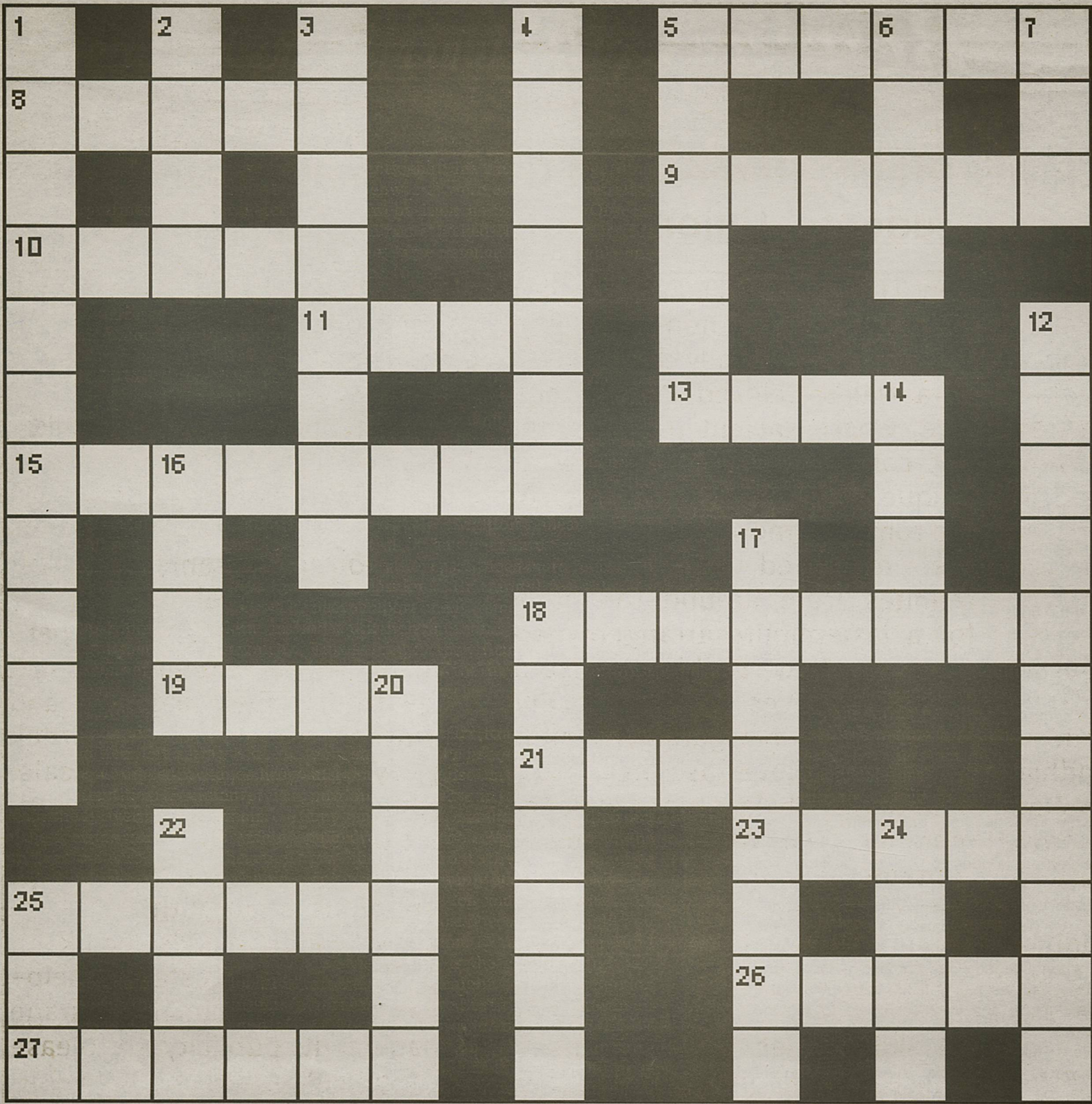
Fabric Live at Half Price; Grooverider, Fabio, Andy C, Hype, UNKLE, Stanton Warriors, SCRATCH plus many more - HALF-PRICE SPECIAL FOR THE END-OF-TERM!!! £6 instead of £12;

TO SECURE YOUR LIMITED PLACE, EMAIL su.soc.udms@lse.ac.uk / m.l.chandler@lse.ac.uk BY THE END OF WEDNESDAY 10TH DECEMBER... brought to you courtesy of the UDMS

MERRY CHRISTMAS!!!

Location: FABRIC, 77a CHARTERHOUSE ST, LONDON, EC1M 3HN

The Beaver Prize Crossword



Across:

- 5,16 Dish for mid-morning meal serves food all day (6,4)
- 8 Hanger-on is a blood-sucker (5)
- 9 Use iron backwards before visage to wipe out (6)
- 10 Respond by short repeat performance (5)
- 11 Fishy peas hide promotion (4)
- 13 Morning after former lover is a test (4)
- 15 Nice beam changes atmosphere (8)
- 18 Mad ruler excited to express mild opposition (8)
- 19 Means to tie shoes lies inside placement (4)
- 21 Bar game is place to swim (4)
- 23 Confused dream has outer layer (5)
- 25 Our eve composed work of art (6)
- 26 Uncle's daughter takes Ecstasy in French Town (5)
- 27 Don't I see the disciple punish? (6)

Down:

- 1 Confused Clear Trading Place is nearby (5, 6)
- 2 Russian river I hear? no way! (4)
- 3,22 Triple helping of large weights, I hear, brings refreshment (3,5,4)
- 4 Have ice crushed to accomplish (7)
- 5 Go through twice to bid farewell (6)
- 6 Whisky without ice is tidy (4)
- 7 Huey, without you, has a nice complexion (3)
- 12 Rearrange Kibbles Face for capricious young ones (6,5)
- 16 See 5 across
- 17 See 25 down
- 18 Use damp oil to get qualification (7)
- 20 CD left effected, exhausted (6)
- 22 See 3 down
- 24 Popular drink shares name with great barrier (4)
- 25,17 Ancient Structure is prominent on campus (3,8)

Bring your completed crossword to The Beaver Office, or email the answers to thebeaver@lse.ac.uk by 5pm on Friday 12th December. The winner will be drawn from the correct entries and will be announced next term. At the time of printing, the prize is still a mystery...

Football Firsts: Eleven Proper Heroes And One Virginal Super-hero!

LSE Footy Firsts.....1

GKT.....0

Cobham, Surrey

LSE Footy Firsts.....2

UCL.....1

Fortress Berrylands, Surrey

Gaz
'the Pirate'
Carter



Never before in history had so much rested on so few games. Back-to-back ULU fixtures against the Gimpish Kings medics (GKT) and perennial over-achievers UCL were set to test the drive and determination of the mighty mighty first team. Loins were girded, sinews stiffened, and trains to Cobham and Berrylands boarded at about the right time. To lose but one of the games would mean a certain ignominious mid-table finish for the firsts, draws were unthinkable, and only two wins from two would satisfy the win-hungry Pirate. First up: GKT.

Having been in charge of the fine first team vessel for nigh-on eight weeks, you'd think that the Pirate would be able to pull-off getting his whole crew to somewhere as nondescript as Cobham with some ease, but as history will recall, this is the most disorganised buccaneer since the day they almost caught Jack Sparrow. Minus goalkeeper fit Nick Hill (having woken up at roughly the time we were supposed to be disembarking from Waterloo) and Mikey T (having ludicrously brought his schoolbag instead of his kitbag. Schoolboy error number 1 for that day for young Mikey), the much depleted first team (still without regulars Andy Gold and Darius the Lightning) cast-off for Cobham.

The journey was uneventful with only Dom's inane babble to keep us from group suicide as the bland Surrey countryside tumbled past us. Having finally tired of hearing how he 'designed the headlights on the new BMW series/ that Alessandro Del Piero was his second cousin/ that Dublin was the biggest city in Wales because it kept doublin' in size' we stripped him of his speaking rights and maintained a watchful eye over him until we reached the ground. It was pissing down.

Mikey T finally arrived with Cheerleader number 1 (the more dedicated one evidently) in tow, plus a digital camera -the fruits of which you can see here- and the first team were up to 10 players. The warm up was brisk, with Cyril Sneer showing just how bad his first

touch really is, and Hide practicing his Jonny Wilkinsons incessantly with about as much success as Andy Schwartz's pulling techniques at Limeabout. With Nick Hill still navigating his way through the myriad of rail networks Southern England is lumbered with, Stelios was stuck in goal as the curiously effete GKT captain forced us to kick off with only 10 men. The gauntlet was thrown down, and the firsts were more than willing to shove it back down their crap medic throats.

Cyril on the right was providing much-needed width, with Poalo bombing forward like a mediterranean ferret. Big John (moved into the centre to compensate for Dudu-lackage due to injury) marshalled at the back with the ever-reliant Scouse, and Hide was in a hioctane world of his own down the left hand side. Dom on the left was making a mockery of the GKT defence, and Jimmy Little was hounding and hassling the GKT centre-backs like the press does to Michael Jackson. The centre-midfield pairing of Mikey T and Gaz 'Pirate' Carter was in a league of its own, taking the piss with some quality interchange, and not afraid to put the full gun into the tackle when needed. Gaz chipped a tooth, and Mikey had his hair ruffled, but neither let it affect them, and they continued to run the game.

Twenty minutes in and Stelios' prayers were answered when Nicky eventually emerged from the increasingly dusky moor that is Cobham sports ground and donned the number 1 shirt and took up position between the sticks. Up to the full compliment of players, and LSE set full sail. Gaz, Scouse and Big John kicked, butted and elbowed their way to victory at the back, making the opposition pay dearly for leaving any shin, chest or mouth unguarded. Jimmy Little and Stelios made the lives of the two GKT centre-backs a living hell with their cheeky turns and innate skill. Even Littler Poalo got in on the act, facing up to some guy twice his size (ie: 5ft 2) who had the unmitigated audacity to tackle him. Having realised he'd fought the entire GKT team two nights before in some nightclub, Poalo wasn't to be cowed and continued to threaten the GKT players with 'offers they couldn't refuse'. Rumours that he was actually coming onto them have not yet been denied though.

Dom scored a goal about halfway into the first half. He mis-hit a corner, their keeper was a blind paraplegic, and we went 1-0 up. From then it was all down to grit and determination, as Gaz's Master and Commander side came out once again, rallying the troops to greater glory. Scouse pulled off a clearance from a corner that was just mind-boggling, and after Big John had had his nose spread across half his face by a driven cross, the ref finally gave up waiting for GKT to score and sounded the final whistle. Victory was LSE's!

The meal afterwards tasted extra good BECAUSE WE WON, the train journey home was extra smooth BECAUSE WE WON, and the fact that Mikey T and Tammy got completely and inexplicably lost between the club house and the train station (ending up a mile away by some telecommunication tower) and that Mikey G had to run off and help rescue them was extra funny because, you guessed it, we shat all over the bastards. Next up: UCL.

And what cunts they were. Despite having possibly the most laughably twee captain the Pirate had ever accepted surrender from, their coach (48, crap goatee, bouncing ball of hatred.... Dave Cole?) had the temerity to throw himself into the fray with ten minutes remaining. Two broken ankles sustained, and with the ref still protesting he'd seen nothing (our point exactly), all we had left was to mock his very existence.

'Grow up. It's only a game of football. Get yourself a real job and stop grooming these UCL students.' During the five-and-a-half minutes it took for his lumpen brainage to get around this, the whistle blew and LSE had emerged victorious, once again, and went in to the break on the back of two historic wins. But how did it happen? Let me Picasso you a picture (as a much ruder man than I once said.. Andy Saxton, if you're wondering): UCL are the traditionally 'proper' enemies of the LSEFC, with the exception of the Royal Women's Prison of Holloway. They are usually very good, seeing as they have about four times as many students as we have. They also take football very very seriously. They are also, for want of a better word: cunts. We needed not motivation, but the Pirate delivered anyway: 'We've been fucking shit recently and we've still been winning. Let's beat these bastards and not be shit because they're cunts.' Being the intellectual side of the first team, the Pirate had clearly let himself down on this occasion.

They were shit. Two big cunts in centre-midfield does not a good team make, as LSE (with their two little maestro's in centre-midfield)

adequately proved. Nick Hill started on time, and was imperious. Dudu returned and mashed bones and confidences with his might. Scouse towered above even the most dirty of UCL forwards, mocking their very souls with contemptuous ease. Big John did what he did best, and a St John's ambulance was duly put on stand-by. Heeeeeee-daaaaaaay was off in his own little world of fast-ness again. Shiva and Dom decided early on that they didn't like playing were Gaz had put them, so they switched, and continued tormenting the UCL defenders with their ant-eater features and



Spiderman outfits respectively. Mikey T and Gaz Carter daintily (but not too campily) dispatched of the most unco-ordinated centre midfielders ever with barely a bat of an eyelid. Jimmy Little ensured he would crop up in the recurring nightmares of the UCL back line, and Stelios was, wait for it... HUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUGE. The man epitomised graft, and general excellence. It's a wonder the entire UCL army didn't just claw at the feet of our Greek god for mercy as soon as it became clear that he wouldn't even deign to waste his time and effort by scoring -he'd just breeze past them, enjoying the dreary Surrey afternoon. Legends every one, although, it must be said that everyone probably only began to pick it up when they realised that Jimmy Little's missus and her mate were there to watch. As good a reason as any.

Again, we went one-nil down (too busy showing off our new kit to the cheerleaders to notice) but it didn't unduly worry us. Well, any except the Pirate ('that was fucking abysmal, we're making idiots of ourselves, this team are SHIT!') who, with customary gusto, got heavily involved in the ankle area of the midfielders ASAP post-restart.

Quality equaliser form Hide cropping up at the back-post (Pirate: 'Hide! Get back get back! Get... oh, nice one...') having only seconds earlier been making a few ludicrous sliding tackles in our half, and getting on the end of a deep cross (Pirate: 'Oh you've fucking mis-hit it...') from Big John.

Can't remember who scored the winner, but it wasn't me. Oh, that's right, Dom went to trap the ball but it came off his shinpad and lopped into the empty goal. He claimed it, but it's the general consensus that Gaz got the merest of touches on it, wrong-footing the keeper, thirty yards from the action.

In glory (us) and in defeat (them), in injury (seemingly everyone) and playing-under-sedation (Pirate), ashes to ashes, dust to dust, by the power vested in ULU, the first team are hence wedded to success. The honeymoon will be this wednesday during the first team club dinner. We may now get lippy and fall about. Come on the firsts!



The BeaverSports

Fraternal Love Amongst Hard-hitting LSE B-Ballers!

LSE Basketball.....69

Kent Uni.....66

A Basketball Court, Somewhere

John Bloom

#5

The LSE boys' belligerent basketball team has had an unforgettably unimaginable start to its South Eastern Conference season. Under the guidance of Coach Marc Simkin, the team recently has soared like a bunch of one winged seagulls into the bottom of empty beach trash cans. The squad is currently fourth in league with a likely chance of moving into the third spot before seasons end.

A truly international team composed of players from the KGB sketchy streets of Russia, to the beautiful beaches and women of Southern California and everywhere in between. The two "collar popping panty dropping" captains, Wissam Charbel and George Danelia have shown true traits of leadership and "head butting" dedication throughout the season. The team recently traveled to Milano, Italy to demonstrate to the rest of Europe how basketball is suppose to be played - LSE style. The team finished a disappointing 1 - 3 in the tournament, but showed its true strength and courage as a team without even touching a ball. During

the third quarter of game three, an accidental elbow was thrown by Democratic Congress Man Robert Hendrickson in which an opponent's face was rudely in the way of. Robert's accidental elbow, lead a Blue Smurf like creature to rush the court from the opponent's sideline. Luckily Captain George Danelia ("I fuck you, and I fuck you mother") was in the game

to settle the problem quickly, with his head and not his fist. After, Royal Rumble IV was finished the LSE squad stood strong and tall with a two point lead, possession of the ball, and another brawl to put in its every increasing record.

The team is strong in every position with a lightning quick high scoring backcourt of George (Coach I love you too) Schultz and Martin (Mo Money No Problem) Jarzebowski. At small forward the team has Capitano Wissam Charbel who sleeps with an AK 47 under his bed, and Rik Lindquist who has appeared in a bunch of independent Swedish porn films. Down low the LSE big men cause huge mismatches for opponents with soft touches from the outside and exquisite footwork in the paint. At power forward John Ficella controls the lane and is the most consistent player night in and night out. Complimenting him is Robert Hendrickson who averages ten boards a game, and can knock down the fifteen footer consistently. The true heart of the team comes

from the players who come off the bench. Michael (Get over your ex girlfriend) Taromina is automatic from the outside and is the leading score on the squad with eighteen points a game. He has astonished sold out crowds at away games as a six ft one WAP who can reverse it down easily with two hands. Alex (2PAC) Danelia is the loud mouth of the Danelia's brothers, but lets his game do the talking when he's in own the court. His game resembles the way he makes sweet love to large hairy Georgian women. His older brother George, has been in and out of anger management programs, and was last heard of tripping on peyote somewhere in the Congo. Leading the team in steals and a giant spark plug coming off the bench is Vermont native David Grover, who was noted as one of the most eligible bachelors in GQ magazine last month. A recent contribution to the squad has been Shaw Shoraka who still needs to hook me

up with a dub sack. Toney. The team will finish its final four games of the South Eastern Conference when the players return from winter break. New Uniforms and a break from London will help carry the team as it looks to go undefeated in its Spring League. Thanks in huge part to a truly dedicated Coach, and truly unselfish players the team has a lot to look forward to as it sets its goals high for the remaining games of the season.

" I didn't call you a bitch, but my brother did and I agree with him - smack."

- George Danelia -

More information can be found out about the team on their web site:
<http://Personal.lse.ac.uk/taormina/>



The Pirate's Piece

I'm not even gonna talk about the Barrel. My head still hurts and it's Sunday. So, there's the disclaimer, and here starts the final Christmassy-tinged Pirate's Yuletide Piece. Here we go:

Hahahahahahahahahahaha! Absolutely hah-bloody-hah! You'll love this, but the Piece is being threatened with legal action for Sexual Harrassment by someone whose name I can't even say without wanting to throw myself under a train. SUED! In a Civil Court! With NUS money! This is great because, if I lose, I have no assets so nothing will happen. It'll just be on my CV that I'm a Sex Offender. What company I'll be in: R.Kelly, Jonathan King, Pete Townshend. Michael Jackson will be popping over for Sex Offenders Anonymous meetings, and Bill Wyman'll be serving drinks. I can't wait. Of course, to be honest, it's all a bit laughable, and I'm confident I won't lose. But it'd be nice to keep some A-list pervert company every now and then.

Oh yeah, the following people should be involved, if they consent of course, in a spit-roast: (about 40 or 50 names followed this - Ed)... and I bet I don't get sued by them. Perhaps because they're not pedantic, petty, stupidly over-zealous muppets.

Anyway, it's the final issue of 2003, so I thought I'd jump aboard the compilation gravy-train and do a little 'round-up thingy' of everything that's fucked me off these past 365 days. Well, these last ten weeks then:

Firstly, those fucking rubbish laptop twats: They're still about, so if you see one in a lecture then you have my permission to stab him repeatedly with a biro and prove the old adage that 'the pen is mightier than the undefended area by the nape of the neck of some ignorant DICKHEAD who won't stop taptapping away when I'm trying my best to fall asleep in IR300 lectures'. Yes, that classic Shakespearean maxim.

Then who fucked me off? The idiots who can't fucking queue properly in Wright's Bar, and then, the idiots who complain about people who DO queue properly. Then it was the SU Exec and some of the Sabbs for just being so out of touch with reality in general and having the audacity, the temerity, to presume to preach their puritanical cock to the denizens of common sense and jocularly that are the fantastically and effortlessly brilliant AU members. Nigh-on 200 people signed a petition of protestation, and as a result we can now say 'knob' and 'conkers deep' in our section. Then Dave Cole's brain malfunctioned, and his mis-firing neurons led him to make all manner of wrong decisions including trying to get paper throwing banned from the UGM, the BeaverSports editors fired for being sexist, racist and homophobic, and for all heckling ever to be stopped. Ever. The sheer littleness and obvious outrageous idiocy in attempting these is clear for all to see, and I won't even bother wasting my word limit deriding them. Oh, then Jo Kibble pissed off EVERYBODY by fiddling budget figures, upsetting the AU, and cracking down on Andy Schwartz's attempted 'dissent'. A majority of UGM goers voted for him to be expelled from the subsequent meeting. That is what democracy looks like. Fuck it, I'm not vindictive. I wish a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all and sundry, and that includes whoever wishes to present me with a writ, instead of some nice little stocking-filler in this festive season. Bye

Is Chess A Sport? Fuck It, We're Good At It!

Daniel Wright



I feel I should start by saying that I don't play chess...I am on the committee for the drinking opportunities that it provides! Preparation for the 1st Chess match of the year began the night before when their captain rang Alvin in a veign attempt to hustle us!

The boards were all set up, but "Shitty City" were late. Eventually, they arrived and the games began. Ben got proceedings underway with an easy win, which was followed by wins for Rob and Vincent. Tony, looking relaxed, almost to the point of not caring, took his time but won with ease. It was at this point when it became apparent that the "Shitty City" players were more concerned with producing impeccably neat scoresheets than actually winning the match. Alvin, Society Founder, President, Chairman and Team Captain, was the one that had us worried: it looked like he was struggling but

always had it under control and won with an impressive check mate. His opponent was bitterly upset and proceeded to analyse the moves he should have made, with his team mates. He wa still crying in the corridor half an hour later!

With the scores at 5-0, Tom managed to draw a match that he had resigned from after only four moves. We're not sure how he managed it but fair play to him! So it was a 5.5 - 0.5

victory; all that was left was the Welcome Party. The "Shitty" players were meant to join us for drinks but ran off to sulk whilst we cleared up. Off to Weatherspoons where it became clear that although you don't strictly need a passport to go to France, you do to buy food at 9:30 in Weatherspoons. Their loss: the Society went to China Town instead. When I say the



Society, I actually just mean two thirds of the team and all the piss heads such as myself who joined for free drink! The cheap meal was enjoyed and so was the wander round Soho afterwards. Who said Chess was boring...well I did actually but the after party was fun!

Next up was "Euston Tech" who again rang the day before, claiming not to know where L S E was. Anyone who has been to their beloved cocktail night, as

I have, will know that this is bullshit because they clearly have to come to Crush for a decent night out!

To the match, where they started discussing tactics the second they arrived: they were either going to be really good or really shit. It turned out to be the latter! They played their team out of order but ti was only their best player who played on board four

that actually won a game.

Tony arrived late and left about five minutes later. Tom managed to kick his opponent's ass despite the fact he was asking his thick team mates for advice. By the end of the match, we beat the cheating scum 5-1.

Strand Poly were up next...playing at Guy's Hospital for some unknown reason. What the hell is that all about? It turned out to be a convenient location as they all needed treatment after the battering we gave them whilst recording a 6-0 win! Also, they didn't even have any tables or chairs so all proceedings were conducted on hospital beds!

It also needs to be noted that three of our first team were unavailable...and even the reserves dropped out! Well done to Max, Ray and Sash (who only found out she was playing on the afternoon of the match) for recording excellent debut wins.

This all leaves LSE top of the league at Christmas...long may it continue!

LSE Hockey: So Fresh And So Clean...

LSE Hockey 1sts.....3

Srt Barts Medics.....2

Battersea, Dogshome

LSE Hockey 1sts.....4

Essex.....0

Battersea, Sarf Lundun

Vish Suppa



As the array of stars of the LSE hockey team complacently strolled onto the pitch for a late afternoon pushback at the four towers of Battersea, the thought that the Barts medics, still disorientated from their entry rejections to QMW, would compete was not a consideration. Their warm up was reminiscent of an Olympic special needs triathlon and we thought that we were in position to deliver the money shot on the faces of these boys. However, a lacks preparation consisting of an Irishman at Clapham Junction, a dancing Indian with a viral infection and a captain devoid of organisation almost lead to embarrassing impotency. Despite our lack of diligence, talent soon shone through as Mowgli went clear one on one, only to be assaulted en route by a confused sweeper. BBD did the honours in con-

verting the penalty with all the flair that he has been known for: none. Bhangraman patrolled our defensive line with stealth and timing, producing one of his finest displays in the first eleven, bounding across the gaping cleavage that separates us from the seconds. Well done. Though a marked defensive improvement was expected due to Mayer's absence, this was not the case, though only due to Porters self-exclusion from the squad. Jackson, our biggest defensive talent failed to perform and resembled the buffalo on the pitch, that he did off it, and this was highlighted by the concession of two goals before the half time break, though one goal was clawed back by Mowgli's tiger-like goal mouth instincts. Jacko's team talk at the interval lacked any real substance, though served to improve his own game for the latter stages. A credit to you Jackson. However, Frodo's game continued to deteriorate, despite his deep reasoning with the umpires, while Cunt's cries for his mother were drowned out by the sound of Hayden's faeces hitting the ground every time a forward moved towards him. This didn't help the plight

of the midfield which was experiencing the rarity of an inefficient German and an under performing forward. Somehow we found ourselves at three each with one minute to play, though Jacko was to have the last twisted laugh, dramatically grabbing the winner to give the LSE all the points with a spectacular 'strike'. We should take this opportunity to thank the opposition for competing with us and proving a useful training and learning exercise. A sign of a great team is to under-perform and still win, and our depleted squad was up to the task. Well done. Next up: Essex. The sun was coming out and we were ready to impose a punishment upon the minions of Essex university hockey team. Indicative of their poor academic status and general upbringing, they appeared on the pitch 45 minutes late, though they were soon to be taught a lesson in more than courtesy. Frodo started the match as he finished it, with a turbo-charged display of skill and never-seen-before finishing ability. Though it remained goalless until the interval, highlights included FT Boy overbalancing on a number of occasions, though not once while in possession of the ball. BBD sat back, bossing the game as if it was his bitch, though the chances he created went begging due to some less than clinical finishing in the forward line. This was marked by Supper shelling the ball out of the sports enclosure, failing to hit the target by about 17 metres...sorry about that.

The team talk was concise at 15 seconds long, before BBD weighed in emotionally with some strategic points. The second half saw an improved performance from LSE, Cunt coolly slotting in the opener within 2 minutes of the restart. This opened the floodgates allowing us to score three more times, one of which was a beautifully crafted and taken goal from BBD. FT Boy's game improved exponentially as the second half continued while Supper turned to a creative role behind the forward line that filled the previously empty gap, though still failed to make his usual mark on the game. The vibrations of the dancing Indian were restricted to the sidelines for the majority of the match, though his lack of rhythm was also in evidence on the pitch after he failed to 'slot' the ball past the keeper from two yards, ruining a sweeping move from the midfield, and not justifying a Beckham-like cross from Mowgli on the right. The well-oiled LSE hockey machine rolled on to take all of the points. Accolades go out to Skippy and Porter for stubborn defensive performances, both combined and individually. FT Boy won the 'most improved' award over the duration of the game, given he ended it standing upright. Mowgli was quiet overall though kept up his characteristically good movement. Frodo secured man of the match, while Bhangraman teeters on the brink of an embarrassing second team call up. Well done Frodo, fingers crossed Bhangra.

LSE Explorers Strike Gold!

LSE Footy Sixes.....8

Goldsmiths 3s.....1

The Pirate Knows, Buthe'snotsaying

j.p.bassan



Once upon a time a group of intrepid explorers set off in search of gold in the hills of Kent. The journey there was a long and hard one with muddy, woodland tracks and gushing rivers to negotiate, but luckily we had Gaz Carter, an expert in navigation from his days as a Pirate to successfully lead the way. The usual pre-match team talk was revised; this time all players were warned not to worry if they got tired, as we had subs with strong pick axes and spades who were experts in all fields of precious metal extraction and although our opposition in the gold rush looked to be weak and inadequate we would still have to shine if we were to take full advantage. With a few of our best men not available for this quest a new experimental front line of Pirate and Bassan was required and it paid dividends in the first five minutes when Pirate powerfully rifled a volley past their statuesque keeper. However our celebrations were short lived as a 30 yard effort trickled past Schwarz (I'm also just quoting from the UGM motion paper) who was too busy drooling at the thought of the bullion awaiting him as he was promised a stint up front if we got a ten goal cushion. Their celebrations were soon over as it turned out they had not stuck gold, merely

pyrite:- fool's gold because their comeback meant that our team stepped up a gear. We dug deep and it was not long before Oyvo turned out to be the goose that laid the golden egg, on a plate for Pirate to gobble up and get his second of the afternoon.

Rumours circulating that Pirate had the Midas touch seemed to be confirmed when he played it through to allow Bassan his first ingot of the season, however it later transpired that we were mistaken and in fact

he spent the second half shouting "You bastard!" to himself as he repeatedly refused to collect any more treasure. C.Ivan repeatedly tried to get in on the action latching on to clever offerings from our left back Dangerous Dave, but I think P.Wario felt sorry for their poor team as he repeatedly flagged him offside. Idle gossip was doing the rounds saying that Joss had actually learned how to shoot when playing for the 4th team last week, but this turned out to be false as he cheekily found himself in the centre forward position only to see his efforts rebound off their less than sterling back line. Not content with merely holding on to our own haul of precious metal, Kesh tip-toed in from the right to steal from their defenders to power a shot home. Oyvo saw this method as an easy way of getting reward and immediately robbed their tracksuit-bottom-wearing, Osama Bin-Laden look-a-like defender on the edge of their area to curl a sweet shot right into the top corner. The half time interval saw the introduction of P.Wario and Spitroast Matt (named Spitroast because he likes to eat meat cooked in the traditional medieval way on an open fire and in no way due to his sexual activities). In the second half the team already having a substantial haul decided to take things a little easier. Fran and



Matt lit up cigars and stood on the halfway line watching as the team set up camp in the opposing half. On a rare excursion up field when faced with a shot from 3 yards out Fran decided, as a good economist that he didn't want oversupply in the gold market so sensibly shot wide ensuring everything stayed in equilibrium. Oyvo however was greedy for more and surged into the box but was tripped resulting in a 24 Carat, nailed on penalty which C.Lee clinically despatched with hallmark aplomb. Wario buzzed around in midfield following Fynn's instructions for it to be "an LSE ball every time" to the letter leaving the opposition to be left eating his (gold) dust. The romp continued when Oyvo finished from 18 yards to match his first half glittering strike. Kesh rounded off the days work with another hefty strike. This final nugget was finished in Wolverhampton but had the hallmarks of a

Norwegian maker; giving Oyvo a trio of assists. In a eight goal haul it was surprising that nobody got a hat trick, but the golden boot was shared between Kesh, Oyvo and Pirate who each bagged a brace. We were invited to go back to Goldsmith's headquarters for some Bernard Matthews Golden Turkey DrummersTM and Captain Birds Eye'sTM finest fingers of cod fillet wrapped in a golden crumb, but the explorers had bags laden with gold (equivalent to half the Bank of England's reserve) and a long journey home. So as the golden sun set in the west Oyvo led a meagre bunch of his pikeys to the Tuns to ensure they were schoolboy-ed early doors. And they all lived happily ever after. A word of advice to other gold diggers heading to play Goldsmiths, it's a long trek, but 'There's gold in them there hills!'

Saints And Slags But Only One Netball First Team!

LSE Netball 1sts.....29

St Georges Cheats.....30

Hospital, Monday night

LSE Netball 1sts.....34

Middlesex Slags.....20

Lincoln's Inn Fields, Overthere

Olivia Schofield



It's been a busy week for the might first team. Two matches and of course the BARREL. Obviously I can only predict the debauchery that occurred on Friday since today it is Thursday. I will have a go at first team later.

Back to the netball... Monday night. After trawling to fucking Tooting Broadway, we then marched half a marathon which included catching some scabby disease as we walked through a hospital ward, to get to a rather small netball court filled with cricketers. After a quick warm-up we were on the pitch and ready to play. We started off strong going 3-0 up but then they cheating slags caught up. This didn't deter us but further enraged us to play harder and stronger. The score was tense - one goal for us followed by one goal for

Barrel Predictions

Jade being fined for her efforts in promoting club relationships with both football and rugby boys in Calella.

Maame will have a token nomination for being late (this is a topic dear to CAPTAIN PHOEBE's heart since last year she snogged F.C. for this...) however, Maame will never be at the barrel due to her all important French lessons.

The freshers bogging it and going home by 4pm.

Me, Jade and Phoebe, the netball veterans making it out till the end of Crush only to be carried home by some very unimpressed boyfriends. (Although in my case Stoakesy can't really comment!)

them. At 11-10 to us we finally broke, 12-10 - yippee. But what then did we hear the St.

Georges biased bitch of an umpire cry - yes you guessed it - 11-10. It was as if her memory was wiped and the last 40 seconds of play never occurred. At the end of the first quarter CAPTAIN PHOEBE quietly pointed out to the umpire her mistake but she denied it.

We started the second quarter ready for a fight and performed brilliantly. Gaining the lead by a considerable margin, we were astonished to hear the score at the end of the quarter as 17-16. Something dodgy was going on here... After this we started shouting out the score ourselves much to the annoyance of the umpire. We obviously pissed her off and she decided to not only forget how to count but also how to umpire! Every penalty possible was awarded against our defenders until the George's slags scored, and similarly every foul was allowed by their defenders and our goals disallowed until Georges scraped the lead and time was called at 30-29. All I can say is what fucking bitchy cheating whorish ugly fat butch slags. Since we're not bad losers we're ordering a rematch since we should have won. The decision of our appeal is not yet known yet but I will keep you posted.

So that was Monday, now to Wednesday... This game was a rematch against the slags from Middlesex. In the second week of term they waltzed up to Lincoln's Inn one hour late and started a fight. We refused to play them

because it was pissing it down with rain and BUSA rules claim if a team is half an hour late then the match is a walkover. However, they appealed and BUSA scrapped its own rules and so here we were, ready to fight.

Having prepared for a hard game we were pleasantly surprised to find it a piece of piss. After the first quarter we were 14-4 up. However, we got a little cocky and fucked the second quarter up royally ending it at 16-14 - shit. This acted as a wake up call and we got our pert arses into gear. With splendid defence from Maame and CAPTAIN PHOEBE we kept the little shits away from the goal. Jade and myself provided a dynamic duo performance and scored away effortlessly. Obviously the rest of team were great but I can be bothered to mention everyone individually - sorry Ash, Kat, Siobhan, Fabs and Nicola. The game was made even better because for once we had a fan club consisting of the lovely Jarleth, Club Captain Nat, Alison B, and Women's football captain Anna - what a celebrity crowd!

Next week we will marvel in the memories of the Barrel (that is if we can remember anything) and then on Wednesday we take on UCL. Wednesday at Lincoln's Inn 2pm for all you fans out there. Ciao x

We Gave Up Editing This...

LSE Footy Fourths.....2

GKT 2nds Pricks.....2

GKT-ville, Rubbishplace

Mike... just 'Mike'



We travelled to what felt like Scotland to find that those sorry fat fucks were late, and a pitch that was as wet Alex's mum's knickers at the sight of Matt Joy's pork sword. Eventually though those fucks turned up and the game commenced. After the first twenty-

five minutes the game was deadlocked with neither side making any penetrating moves, like those we do with Alex's mum on a Friday night. Our short Turkish star Sphicas took another of his regular elbows to the nose after a quality goal line clearance. Afterwards his nose was taking up about 50% of his facial area. But then some knob tackled one of our players who I can't remember and we had a free kick about 35 yards from goal, just off from centre. Up stepped the Frogman Victor and slotted away a cracking goal in the top left corner of the goal.

Then we got slack and flaccid and after some shit defending by Simon they scored a shit goal.

Into the second half we started well but then began to lose the plot again. After some more shit defending by Simon one of their players ran past him and then went onto score past our own Peter Schmichel in goal. We were now pissed off and we all blamed Simon who

clearly had booked too many hours with Alex's mum the night before.

We then started putting a bit of fucking effort in. After a few Jason Lees by Alex who missed an absolute sitter at one point, we just couldn't make a break through. Up came the highlight of the game, after clearing up the ball in goal Rich "I like to Rim" Gull got his back leg kicked by the GKT striker. I'm not fucking having that he said and got the sorry fuck in a neck lock, when he let him go the dirty little shit stain tried a few right hooks but none of them landed on Rich after some nice tracking back. To add insult to injury the medic got sent off without even landing a solid punch, cunt. After some more shots on goal, time was running thin and cometh the hour, cometh the man. Joss then shouted "pass it to me, I want the ball" he then from what must have been > 45 yards struck the ball and it glided over the keeper and into the net. I've never seen a more perfectly over hit pass in all my life. That

was to be the final kick of the match. You may now be thinking that's the end of the tale, but it wasn't.

Matt and Rich went off for their customary shower when hell broke lose. When Rich came out of the shower wearing only his towel, his new best friend said "you want make something of it" and landed a right hook to Rich's left cheek. He then dropped his towel to distract the guy and landed a solid right upper hook. Then after a bit of wrestling they were broken up. You may be thinking where was Gay Mike, but he was already changed and upstairs and was quite upset to hear that he had missed all the action. Later at the train stop the team walked passed the wannabe Lennox Lewis sporting an ice bag on his cheek sitting on his lonesome.

All in all, not a 1-5 Germany v England performance by Craigy Harris's Barmy Army but it could have been worse.

Running Out-run, But We'll Be Back!

Johnny Charles



The stage was set for LSE to become UL XCountry champs but in a day of disappointments our team just wasn't fast enough. Still we've come along way in 2 months, being spanked by Gimperial was just a minor setback.

In truth the day was a complete disaster from start to finish. I stupidly got to the course 90 mins before the start without the rest of my team, at least I had lots of time to work my charms on a girl from Strand Poly. The rest of

the team tried their best to miss the race by getting the wrong tickets and having to get off at Bethnal Green. I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown when I thankfully saw my teammates rushing along to the start. It was hardly the best preparation but on hearing two of the Gimps team were not running I began to get my hopes up. LSE as ULU champions? My hopes were dashed about 30 seconds into the race. I don't know if they were on drugs or just had a point to prove but the Gimperial guys went off at a ridiculous pace. I was convinced they would tire but despite lots of huffing and puffing I couldn't catch them. In the end it wasn't even close. Dennis took 2nd individually in ULU but none of our team put in a great performance and the Gimps were once again ULU champs. Needless to say we

snubbed the presentation.

Generally the other performances weren't too bad. First timer Gavin took 52nd and really enjoyed the race (I don't think anyone else did) while Liza took a fantastic top 20 finish in the women's race. In fact she made up the entire women's team as an ill-timed trip to the toilet caused our No.1 Suzanne to miss the start. She was obviously gutted but continued to cheer everyone else on, thanks for the support!

If the race was bad the evening didn't get much better, the Gimps typically decided to show their faces and crappy medals at the Tuns. We were then treated to the worst ever rendition of We Are the Champions, I was struggling to hold back the tears, that could have been us! Still Dennis demonstrated his

singing skills with excellent karaoke renditions of American tunes we'd never heard of.

I then headed to Walkabout which was not a pleasant experience either. Hanging with 3 Imperial guys who were impersonating statues on the dance floor and having some crazy girl chasing me around was not my idea of fun. 8 Reefs later and I was in bed dreaming about the Barrel. Got your number!

So long sports fans!

Legal note: If Mr Charles does indeed 'have your number' it's solely because he's well connected not because he's some sort of telephone stalker. Telephone harrasment is a serious crime, and we at the BeaverSports pages in no way condone it. Ever. At all.



"So you two basically have the most popular section don't you. Everyone likes Sports!"

- Chenai Tucker

BeaverSports: That's what we've been SAYING!

Basically, The Beaver's Barreling Next Term...

A Women's Rugby Short Christmas Carol

LSE Womens' Rugby.....70

Greenwich.....0

Fortress Berrylands, Surrey

**Hestor
'Jackanory'
Barsham**



Our reputation preceded us. The opposition were running scared, or at least just trying not to play us at all. The original fixture was called off because the whole squad, yes all 20 of them, had flu. Yeah, right, whatever. Hanimal was not having any of it. Despite the option of a walkover she declined - "We'll reschedule". A few more poor excuses later, "No front row, we can't contest scrums, is it worth us coming?" to "We're stuck in traffic - we might be half an hour late - will there be enough light to play?" the match was ready to kick off. Our captain continued her 100% success rate at winning the toss, we kick off. Special Kay scores. Laura converts; Time in play about 13 seconds, score LSE 7 Greenwich 0.

Hanimal had asked us to reach triple figures - we were on a mission. Our front row beauties Aisha, Vanessa and Kelly were disappointed not to be able to crucify them in their scrums due to them being scared to contest - however our very talented scrum-half Ellie ensured that they couldn't make much of the scrums they "won". There were some rather beautiful runs by Isabell and Weasel's Hole, the opposition were in turmoil. Some quick hands from Claudia gave Kay a chance to score again. She never fails. Jen A converted. We were romping!

The ref then confessed that he felt quite sorry for the opposition, and started to make some rather harsh calls on us - this just made us more determined though. The forwards were up for it, Johanna was showing them just how deceiving looks can be as she powered through the opposition to score. She wasn't the only one - as prop Kelly powered through a run that Jason Robinson would've been proud of. Hanimal took a sneaky quick penalty to score only for the ref to mysteriously disallow it - why? I wasn't sure but she put one more past them for good measure. A few conversions and the score was increasing nicely.

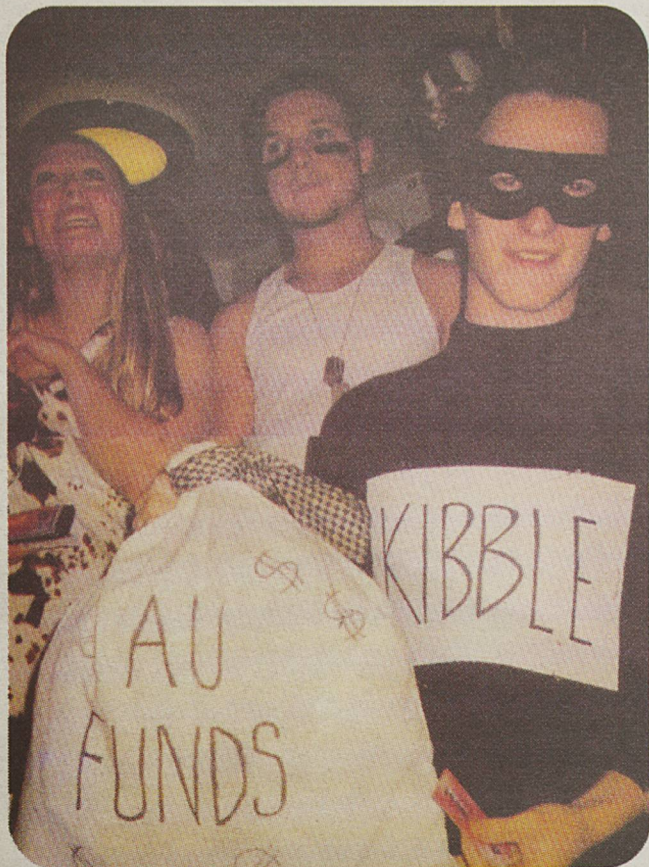
Special Kay was not to take it lightly- I was terrified and I was playing on her side.. The Original Jen was as always storming scoring one for herself and setting up yet another for Kay. Kay declared it ought to have been Jens however which prompted a bit of cheeky selfless play on Greenwich's try line for the original Jen to score her second.

The forwards sandy, Louise and Hester were doing their job ensuring the opposition didn't even get into our half. Basically to sum up the match we were fantastic.



Ok, well, I don't know what happened, Ellie's got no clue, and can't bothered to try and remember since it's 3:40pm on Sunday and she wants to go home and have wild, cavewoman sex. Basically, everyone who took photos of the Barrel is either still Missing In Action: Presumed Hungover, or hasn't got them in digital formattly thingy, so they're pretty much useless to us. Hence, seeing as a shit-load of articles were forthcoming for this, our last but most festive of all issues, we decid-

ed we'd stick to just whetting your whistle with a few titillating images, mere suggestions of the filthy evidence of debauchery we have in store for you. The Barrel is great, and hence we at BeaverSports want to do it justice so, here's a few pics, and a few facts, and we hope it tides you over until next term, when the Big One, the four page Barrel extravaganza will be touching down. Until then thrill-seekers, be proper.



The Beaver

For BU For Me
In BU for Me
Memberships: Members to BU for Me Page 22

We're Shafted!

Students lose out - again

Charles Clarke, MP Defends the Indefensible - page 2

Michael Bourke & El Barkan

LSE Stop The War Activist Disrupts B...
"We will not be silenced"



The Beaver

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Racist Email Sent to LSE Students

LSE Smashes Strand Poly (and it's not at sport...) - Page 3



The Beaver

For BU For Me
In BU for Me
Memberships: Members to BU for Me Page 22

It's Time To March For Peace

LSE Smashes Strand Poly (and it's not at sport...) - Page 3

Editorial Comment

NO
EGGS
BOBSES!


The Beaver

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'Don't Price Students Out!'

Demonstrate to educate

Lots of photos - souvenirs of the demo page 6



The Beaver

The Newspaper of the LSE SU First Published 5 May 1949 18th February 2003 Issue number 575

Blink - Anti-War March Photo Special

Bart - Clubbing in London's 'Hottest' Venue

FABRICLIVE.

A Demo to be proud of: page 3 and in B:link pages 15 and 16

The Beaver

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Strike Alert

Freshers' Week disrupted by pay

SU Burglars

Inquiry result - school



Passfield in the Cold

Accommodation Crisis Deepens

- PFI Plans Close to Collapse
- Cost-cutting Hypocrisy Revealed
- SU Refuse to Comment

Ibrahim Rasheed & Iain Dundred

The LSE administration's plan to privatise budget hall Passfield is on the verge of collapse. It has been revealed that the rents to be charged will be far in excess of what cash-strapped students can afford. The sole remaining bidder provided four options to the school, all of which would see the school's accommodation crisis deepening.

The administration is now considering a volte face at the bids to refurbish the run down hall and to take it upon themselves to renovate and manage Passfield. Angry officials within the school leaked the story to the Beaver after the year long privatisation debacle took this farcical twist. This is just the latest in a series of mishaps that the Residences team are responsible for.

The contract was originally meant to be tendered last year so that the renovation could take place over this academic year and that the hall would be ready for use in 2003/04. Student officials argued at the time that this would mean that 197 low rent places would be lost for an entire year. David Tymms, the Head of Residential Services, then claimed that a survey had shown that Passfield was infested by Legionnaires disease and that the hall would have to be shut down and refurbished as soon as possible.

Just as the project was set to go ahead the school declared that it could not be completed in the stated timeframe and plans ceased. Remarkably, concerns for students health and safety and the Legionnaires scare ceased as well. Former warden of High Holborn Ed Kuaka said "When it appeared that the school couldn't go ahead, the health and safety issues didn't seem as important as we had been told earlier." Indeed, evidence showed that Legionnaires disease was never found at Passfield.

Representatives on last years committees can now reveal that the real reason for the failed attempt at privatization was serious legal bunglings in the tendering process. The school proceeded down the route of 'selective tendering' which meant that the project was not advertised as it should have been and contravened EU competition laws. The question as to how such incompetence was allowed and suggests that the Mr Tymms' warnings of contamination were just a ploy to push on with his agenda.

There have also been reports that the school finances were put in jeopardy during an attempt to cut cleaning costs. An informed source alleges that plans drawn up by Mr Tymms change companies fell into the hands of Ocean Contract Cleaning. They then threatened to sue the school for breach of contract. The source asserts that an out of court settlement running up to hundreds of thousands of pounds was made to avoid embarrassment, and that this incident and the failure to proceed with the Passfield renovations this year are 'intrinsically linked'.

David Tymms was hired to manage the Residential Services and to ensure its smooth and efficient running. Yet the evidence suggests that he has succeeded in achieving the opposite. Former SU Residences Officer Justin Nolan said "Tymms has pursued a policy of trying to cut costs at the expense of student welfare. But every venture he embarks upon seems to end up losing the school money."

The Beaver

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The Numbers Game

Students Still Packed in as LSE Fails to Ease Congestion

The Price of a meal - Aramark under fire page 3

The Beaver Campaign Against Top-up Fees



The Beaver

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"We Do Not Want to Cause a Fe"

UGM Votes to Condemn West Bank Separation

Barhan Rasheed Executive Editor



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When Bush Comes to Town

Week of Protests Planned at LSE

LSE Student wins Prestigious Award - Page 5

Michael Bourke interview with... Page 11

STOP
STOP
STOP

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LSE Marches Against Bus

Protest season - pictures and pontifications page 2

Signpost King latest... Page 21



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IN THE RED

Leaked SU Budget Reveals £80,000 Deficit

Budget Unconstitutional due to AU Underfunding

Figures Approved by Inquire F & S Meeting

Beaver and PulSE Capital Accounts Raided

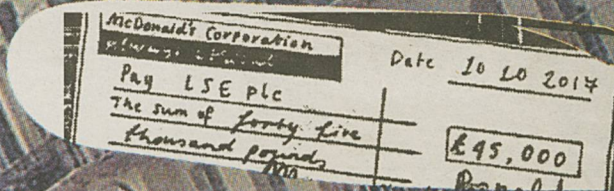
Honorary Vice-President Tom Hurdall Honoured - Page 3



IN THE RED



We're Shafted!



...on as possible.
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...that it could not be
...frame and

The Beaver

Has the bleak midwinter all...

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Time for Account

SU Refuse to Comment

UGM Votes to Condemn West Bank Separation Fence

Racist Eman



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