

The Beaver

The Newspaper of the LSE SU

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When Bush Comes to Town Week of Protests Planned at LSE

Mark Power
Managing Editor

The LSE Stop the War Coalition (STWC), in conjunction with the nationwide movement, has planned a series of demonstrations and protests to coincide with US President George Bush's visit to London this week.

The main event due to take place is a large demonstration in central London, organised by the STWC. The LSE component of this demonstration will assemble in Houghton Street at 2 pm before joining the rest of the demonstrators. STWC's Ghada Karmi expected the total number of demonstrators to exceed 50,000. She said that the demonstration would build on the success of the march against the war in February which attracted up to two million by some estimates. She said that Bush's state visit to London was an "insult" to those and millions of other British people who opposed the war.

With negotiations still under way between the STWC and the Metropolitan Police as to the route of the march, organisers expect the Police to back down and allow the demonstration to pass along the traditional route, through Parliament Square and along Whitehall. Speaking on Radio 4's Today programme, Liberal Democrat Leader Charles Kennedy declared his sympathy with the demonstrators and called on the authorities to refrain from obstructing it. His voice echoes that of Jeremy Corbyn MP who, on behalf of the STWC, has called for the march to pass by the seat of government and the centre of power in this country.

To complement the national demonstrations, the LSE STWC has organised a series of events this week to protest against Bush and his state visit. Starting today, there is scheduled to be an Extraordinary General Meeting at 11am in the Old Theatre to discuss a motion resolving to support the STWC organised teach-in later this evening. The teach-in, which aims at providing a convincing explanation of the

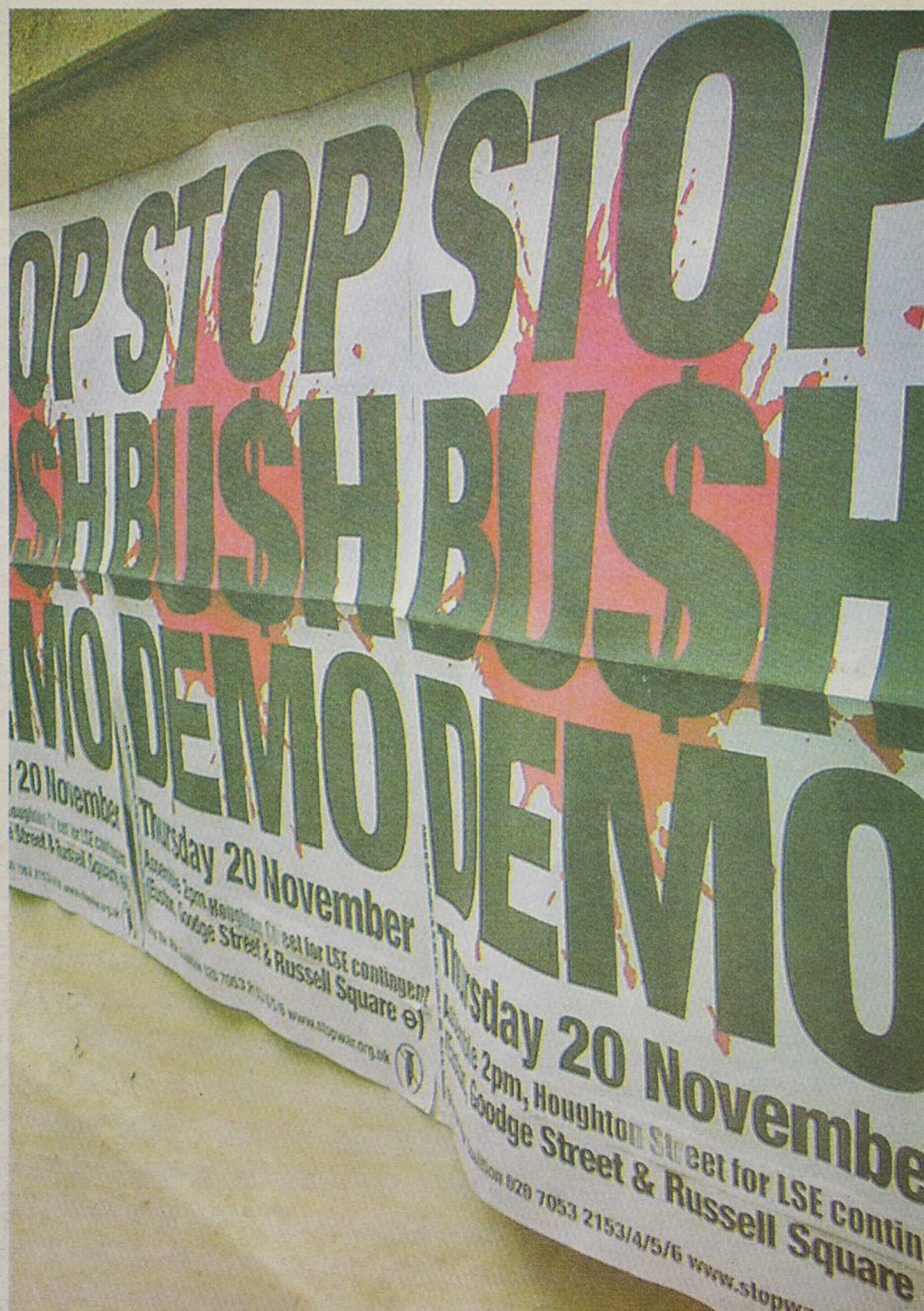
STWC's arguments starts at 6pm in the Hong Kong Theatre, with a line up of speakers including Jeremy Leggit, a noted Green author and Ali All-Assan, from Iraqi Democrats Against Occupation.

It has been suggested that the teach-in will turn into an occupation, with leading members of the LSE STWC reported to be planning to bring their sleeping bags. Speaking to The Beaver, organiser of the teach-in Matthew Willgress, said he did not know whether or not there would be an occupation. It has been suggested that the school is likely to react to such an occupation by charging the union for the extra security it would have to employ in order to keep Clement House open through the evening.

There has also been controversy over the scheduling of the meeting time of the EGM. STWC's James Meadway said that it would be difficult to get enough people to a morning meeting in order to have the necessary 150 students to obtain quoracy. He suggested that the Students' Union could have been "a bit more creative about the use of SU Space", in response to General Secretary Eliot Simmons's defence that it had not been possible to book a room for any other time.

It is also understood that SU Treasurer Jo Kibble had issues with a later meeting because of difficulties over Muslim students observing rituals related to Ramadan, although when pressed for specifics, Simmons was unclear exactly how this would affect the meeting. Neither was he able to explain why, if Ramadan were such an issue, the Union was not making protestations to the school about the scheduling of afternoon lectures which would also present problems for students involved.

In opposition to the action against Bush, the LSE SU Conservative Party is organising a pro-Bush and pro-America rally. Whilst organisers were sceptical as to the numbers that would attend such an event, they felt that it was important that an alternative view to that of the mainstream student body be heard on campus.



Stop Bush Posters on Campus / Photo: Aqeel Kadri

Galloway insults Chair of LSE Labour - Page 4

Cash Row at Kings... Cambridge that is

Chris Heathcote

Arguments and personality clashes have caused a bitter row at King's College, Cambridge, resulting in the suspension of the bursar against a background of a £1.2 million budget deficit.

News of the suspension was broadcast to 700 students and fellows in a terse one-line email sent by the college's governing council.

Roger Salmon, the bursar at the centre of the calamity, had been at loggerheads with dons because he continued to fight their opposition to plans exploring how to resolve the embarrassing and damaging budget shortfall.

Tension is not new to Mr Salmon; in 1996 he resigned as the Government's rail franchise director two years early, following disputes with those opposed to rail privatisation.

Tensions began to simmer at King's last month, after the arrival of the new provost, Dame Judith Mayhew. Dame Judith, the first woman to hold the post and the only non-Kingman provost for more than 200 years, is a former City power broker and adviser to London Mayor, Ken Livingstone. She had alleged that Mr Salmon had been "undermining" her.

The current crisis started when a working party, established to tackle the debt disaster, made unpopular recommendations. It proposed cost-cutting around the college property, through the selling of art, such as Rubens' *Adoration of the Magi*, which currently hangs in the chapel and is estimated to be worth £40 Million.

More importantly, it suggested that private US students be allowed to attend the college in a scheme that could have raised up to £100,000 a year for college coffers. However, traditionalists on the college council then voted down the proposals because they argued that it would turn King's into a "glorified crammer" and amounted to "back-door privatisation". That meant that students from Miami



Kings College - £1.2 million deficit

University, in Ohio, who would have each paid £5,000, will not be attending Cambridge.

The unorthodox idea, whereby the Americans would not have been members of the University, but taught entirely within the college, made many members of the university administration uneasy. But they said the debacle demonstrated how government underfunding in higher education had forced cash-strapped universities to embark on even more radical entrepreneurial ventures, under the pretext of academic activity.

Some dons at Oxford believe that the only way to tackle the problems they face would be to cut all ties with the Government and go private. A number of Oxbridge colleges have complained that the decline in government funding, combined with faltering investments, is leaving them in a similar situation to King's, Cambridge. However, students at

Cambridge say that the cause of the colleges' problems are closer to home, claiming that internal audits at some colleges have revealed mismanagement, extravagance and waste.

Though renowned for its vicious high table politics, the college, which was founded by King Henry VI in 1441, has a student body usually regarded as progressive, possibly because 80 per cent of the college's British undergraduates are from state schools, compared to nearer 50 per cent across Cambridge as a whole. However, in a dispute that shows no sign of ending, more than one hundred students are already on rent strike after plans for an above inflation increase to charges at the college.

Neither Cambridge University nor the provost would comment on the reasons for Mr Salmon's suspension.

Lawrence Summers Lectures

Shaphan Marwah

Harvard University President Lawrence Summers spoke out against the deterioration of US-European relations last Thursday, in a speech here at the LSE. His speech comes on the eve of President George W. Bush's controversial state visit to the UK.

The former US Treasury Secretary and World Bank Chief Economist argued that "continued fracturing of the Atlantic Alliance... could have grave consequences for the United States, Europe, and for the world as a whole." He warned that without cooperation between the United States and Europe, "we will see a return... to the kind of international system that prevailed in Europe before the First World War."

Mr. Summers also pointed out that European states could benefit from America's "capacity to project force", and that progress in addressing issues ranging from international trade to global warm-



Lawrence Summers at the lectern

ing required "successful cooperation with the United States".

He also contended that Europe was integral to American foreign policy. "The nations of Europe are indispensable allies", he asserted, "Europe's ability to contribute to peacekeeping efforts and...

to the global development effort will far exceed that of the United States."

Anti-Americanism is one of the problems undermining relations between the US and Europe, Mr. Summers explained. "Some political leaders in Europe sought to increase... their popular support by attacking the United States," he said, "the idea of the United States as a hyperpower that must be contained... has become increasingly fashionable in Europe." He also criticized "the conduct of diplomacy... over the last year [in which] negotiations... took place through the press."

Students had mixed reactions to Mr. Summers' speech. "I agree that there is a lot of anti-American sentiment," said Roli Khare (Msc Development Studies) before adding, "better communication between the US and Europe is very important right now."

With the state visit of President George W. Bush to Britain on the horizon, the strength of the transatlantic relationship will shortly be put to the test.

Greens to Hold Anti-Exxon Event

Alykan Velshi

A coalition of greens, Labour students, socialists and anti-globalisation activists will be protesting at the Exxon-Mobil building near the LSE on Wednesday afternoon.

The LSESU People & Planet Society are organising the event, hoping to draw attention to Exxon's "failure to support the Kyoto protocol" and other "environmental misdeeds."

Exxon has been a prime target of environmentalist groups since Exxon-Valdez, the largest oil spill in U.S. history. The oil slick spread over 3,000 square miles and onto over 350 miles of beaches in Prince William Sound, Alaska. The environmental and economic impact of Exxon Valdez are still the subject of heated debate, and the source of much resentment towards the company even today.

The organisers of the protest are also concerned about Exxon's current practices: its reliance on non-renewable resources, scepticism of the Kyoto accord on climate change, and current involvement in the Middle East and Africa. The event is also attracting those not exclusively concerned with the environment, but rather with Exxon's role in the spread of global capitalism worldwide.

In recent years, the company has positioned itself as a steward of the environment in the U.K., taking on many 'green' projects in order to demonstrate its environmentalist *bona fides*. Exxon has invested heavily in systems to capture and recover petrol vapours well ahead of regulatory requirements. At its refinery and chemical plant at Fawley, emissions relating to air quality, water quality and waste have been reduced on average by 60 per cent since 1995, according to the company's website. Exxon is also revolutionising the trucking industry, as the U.K.'s leading supplier of Compressed Natural Gas (CNG), an environmentally friendly alternative to diesel for heavy goods vehicles.

Nevertheless, organisers of the event argue that these changes have been slow to come and are still woefully inadequate at protecting the environment. The protest, which will feature a variety of anti-Exxon speakers, plans to draw attention to the company's past wrongs and current woes.

A similar event was staged last year, which saw students trespassing and occupying Exxon's offices, as well as allegations of vandalism of Exxon property, culminating in a showdown between the more militant event participants and the police which ended with the arrest of an LSE student. Following closely on the heels of SU Environment Week, which was a tremendous success, it is hoped that this year's protest will give students the opportunity to learn about Exxon in a more peaceable setting.



Exxon Mobil - prime target

Lord Hurd: Iraq a potential "disaster" for UK

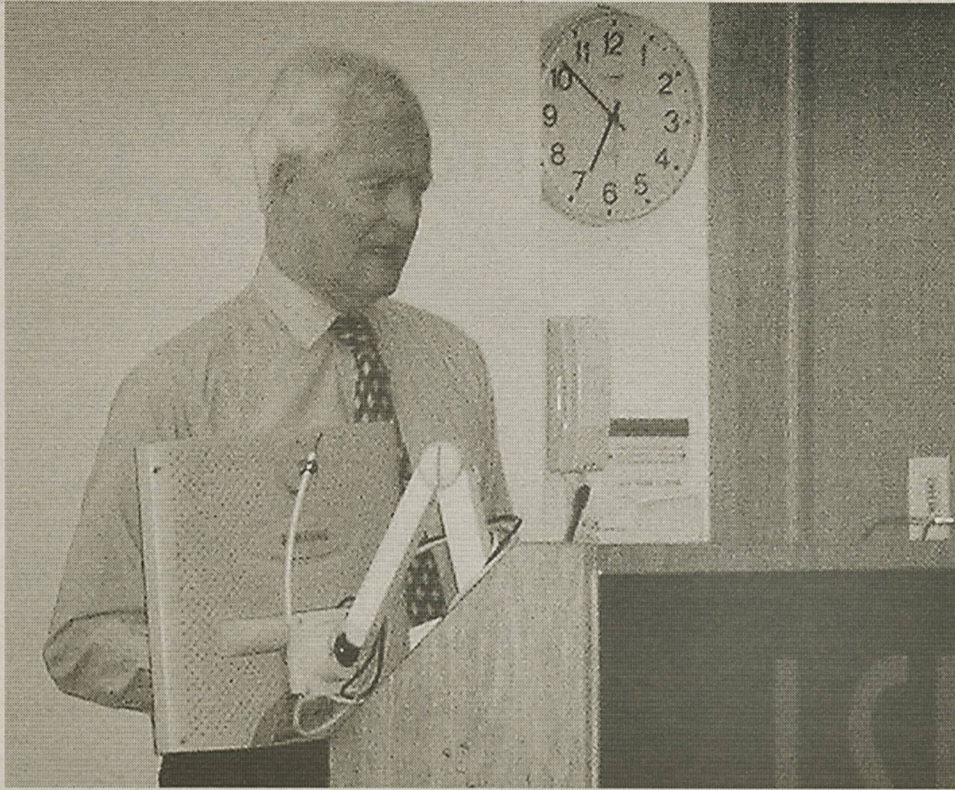
Andrew Naylor

Former Conservative Foreign Secretary Lord Hurd warned Iraq could prove to be a "disaster" for the UK and US if the situation in Iraq is allowed to descend into anarchy. Speaking at the LSE last Tuesday he added, "Iraq is not a model to be followed but an example to be avoided".

His thought provoking words came on a day of mortar attacks against the coalition's Baghdad HQ, highlighting the increasingly desperate situation the occupying forces face in Iraq. With daily increases in resistance and lawlessness, Lord Hurd described Iraq as a "mess".

The former Foreign Secretary disputed the original justification for war that the regime was a direct threat to the West, but cautiously acknowledged the humanitarian grounds for the invasion, adding "what counts is what follows". Few people believe the current situation is acceptable. If governments are prepared to use force to execute a regime change they must be prepared to take the burden of responsibility that follows. The coalition, and the Americans especially, have wholly miscalculated the situation. Innocent Iraqi civilians, including policemen, are being killed, heightening the tension between the local population and the occupying forces. He said it "defies belief" that the Blair government made "reckless assumptions" and the Pentagon "ignored their own ignorance".

Striking a chord with many, he said that failure to prevent humanitarian atrocities such as the Rwandan genocide is "indefensible", but without the legitimacy of the approval of the UN Security Council, military intervention will run into difficulties. The UK and US going it alone is no longer the answer. He made it clear that the UN must reform to reflect the modern balance of power and EU member states should



Lord Hurd speaks at the LSE

cooperate more closely on issues of defence and foreign policy. Only this way will intervention on humanitarian grounds be both legitimate and successful.

In what may be viewed by the Stop the War coalition as an affront to their cause, Lord Hurd accused supporters of the widespread belief that the war was about oil as cynics. Contrasting the recent invasion with previous conflicts in Bosnia and Kosovo, the use of force in these previous situations was not about regime change or about a specific solution. Intervention in the Balkans was about preventing further human atrocities and attempting to secure

a peace. Since September 11th, intervention has switched from being based on humanitarian grounds to defensive measures involving regime change.

The charismatic speaker concluded that there are many lessons to be learned from the recent conflict, not the least to fully prepare for the consequences. Like in Afghanistan, the once welcomed occupying soldiers are being met with increased resistance and hostility from the population. With an outdated UN, the question of with whom the legitimate authority to act as a supranational policeman rests has to be answered.



Union Jack

Jack on, Jack off...

Now from first impressions, Jack would be unlikely to place Nick 'son of Fudge' Spurrell in the 'moderate' camp. Moderately camp perhaps, but that's an entirely different kettle of fish, and one best left for the back pages of this illustrious paper. Similarly, the less than appealing image of Jimmy 'the hose' Baker greased up and acting the Fireman and saving the Quad from a (Disco) inferno is more of a sports thing, yet last week's UGM was just chock full of such opportunities for crass double entendre. Rise above it, Jack, and we'll all be the better for it.

Politics, then- and lots of it. Everybody likes soap operas, but as a rule they don't make for great decision making bodies. This Union's factions, divisions, incestuous relations, and recriminations are beginning to look like a desperate script writer's wet dream. All that's needed now is the unearthing in Houghton street of James Madway's long dead sense of humour and the transformation is complete.

Boring boring Dave Cole continued in his private version of the 'yes or no game', and got exceedingly sulky when nobody wanted to play with him. Jack, being far above the sphere of trivial point scoring and petty power struggles is not one to leap to the defence of... well, anyone really, but for Christ's sake, do we need to be subjected to the same useless hot air every single week? Clearly, our editor is a charlatan and a brigand, and the SU has every right not only to summarily kick him out, but to burn his little body and bury him in a shallow grave somewhere in Lincoln's Inn. Now come up with something more interesting. Please.

At this point Jack saw red. Not in anger, mind, but in another ill thought out 'elect me please' gag, in the form of a Fez. Ha, and indeed ha. At least it beats a fucking badger- and speaking of which, is Jack the only one to notice how unnaturally fond our returning officer is becoming of her little furry friend? There's petting, and there's molesting, and God knows it's a fine line. Just make sure you clip its nails first.

(Badgerbating? There's a joke there somewhere. But again, Sportspages.)

More elections. More constitution. More steering. Hopefully someone knows what's going on, even if it is only Oliver's Army. Never was a man so ill named- Jelleyman is pure steel I tell you, and stainless at that.

Remember. If so very much time wasn't wasted each week, the assembled throng may actually get to hear the now legendary 'business motion five' from the AU. After all, a 'C' list celebrity's future may depend on it, in the same way that no doubt that wall is gonna come tumbling down any minute. Finally, it appears next week Bush is going to be quaking at the sight of a pallid mass of unwashed skivers bearing down on his massively armed convoy. Of course, it won't only be the Union Exec...but hell, that'd do the trick.

Jack off. hohoho.

Positive Discrimination?

Adrian Li

The Department of Education has reopened the controversy over leading universities giving preference to applicants from state schools over public schools.

Department of Education officials published their findings in a paper, Post-Qualification Applications on November 12th 2003, concluding that students from public schools are less likely to receive offers at the most sought after universities than similarly qualified students from state schools.

The President of the Girls' Schools Association (GSA), Pauline Davies, speaking at the GSA annual conference at St Andrews in Fife, highlighted the growing trend that popular universities were now devising their own admissions tests or even looking into 'exceptional performance in context' to see if they were above average in their school. She claims this would put private school pupils at a disadvantage.

Mrs Davies, head of Wycombe Abbey School in Buckinghamshire, is a member of the Government task force devising a fair university admissions policy. She claims "it will be difficult, if not impossible, for many of our students to demonstrate exceptional performance in context since the pupils who attend our schools achieve such high standards."

She then suggested the message this sends out to students was that "the only



HE Minister Alan Johnson

way they can be sure to have their university applications taken seriously is to transfer to the worst achieving school they can find".

According to the Department of Education report, there is a "significant" difference in the rate of offers from leading universities depending on whether the applicant attends a state or private school.

A department spokesman has said "further work would be done to look at the apparent inconsistency in offers from some universities". These findings come on the heels of the recent furor last spring over Bristol University's admissions policy,



Wycombe High School

allegedly a form of positive discrimination, where the admissions tutors looked for "students who achieved outstanding success against the odds" as indicators of academic quality and potential.

Mrs Davies called for the current admissions policy to be changed to allowing students to apply after their A level results have been released, which would give admissions tutors a clearer picture of the applicant's profile.

Alan Johnson, the Higher Education Minister, has said the Government accepted that such a system would be "right in principle". However, if this were to be imple-

The Beaver News

Galloway supports "resistance by any means necessary"

Mark Power
Managing Editor

The Controversial former Labour MP, George Galloway, lived up to his reputation for outspoken rhetoric by affirming his support for Palestinian and Iraqi 'freedom fighters' at a meeting at the LSE last Wednesday.

Galloway was joined by Stop the War Coalition's Ghada Karmi who works in their national office in London. The purpose of their visit was to rally support for the organisation's protests against the impending visit of US President George Bush to London this week.

Speaking in the New Theatre to an audience numbering approximately 150 students and interested parties, Galloway spoke of what he described as the Coalition's dismal record in promoting democracy and self-governance in Iraq. Both Galloway and Karmi spoke of the historical precedents of Western intervention in Iraq, citing the British occupation following World War II as a record which invalidated the Coalition's ability to be trusted to restore governance and sovereignty to the Iraqi nation.

Controversially, during questions, both Galloway and Karmi lent their support to



George Galloway supports freedom fighters

all forms of resistance in both Palestine and Iraq to what Galloway called "the illegal occupation" of Iraq and Palestine. When the panel was specifically asked to

comment on their position with regard to suicide bombers, Karmi stated "I refuse to condemn suicide bombers." Galloway agreed with the sentiment, although he ini-

tially avoided answering the question, posed by a reporter from this newspaper. He said that the "Iraqi people have every right to resist [the occupation] by whatever means necessary."

The MP for Glasgow Kelvin, who was recently expelled from the Labour Party, also outlined his plans to create a 'Unity movement' to stand candidates in every region for next year's elections to the European Parliament. This announcement was made in response to the query by former LSE SU Treasurer, Peter Bellini, who asked why Galloway would not be fighting a by-election in his Glasgow Kelvin constituency on an independent platform rather than the Labour one he was elected on, given his recent expulsion from the party.

In response to that expulsion, Chair of the LSE Labour Society, Dave Cole, asked Galloway why he was seeking to persistently undermine the party. Galloway responded by saying he had been kicked out of New Labour, which was an "anti-Labour force."

Both Galloway and Karmi were keen to stress that they were not anti-American, that this was a march against Bush and his policies, a man who, according to Karmi, was a man who "hears voices."

Howe to run a Government Geoffrey speaks at the LSE

Laura Sullivan

Politics, professionalism and personal relationships between key players - the three ingredients of a successful government according to Lord Howe, Conservative Foreign Secretary 1983-89, who spoke at LSE Tuesday November 4th.

'Problems Left Over By History', the subject of Lord Howe's address, allowed him to expand upon not only the foreign policy situations he dealt with whilst in office, but also to explain the lessons he learnt serving under Margaret Thatcher's Government.

Describing the situation as things stood when he arrived at the Foreign Office, Lord Howe recalled: "I had some feel for international affairs, and was reasonably mature and worldly wise".

It was clear that Thatcher was a "totally new phenomenon" with "star quality". Referring to his "quasi marriage" with the Prime Minister, Lord Howe explained that decisions were governed by the balance of their partnership.



Lord Howe

The former Foreign Secretary went on to discuss the 'Problems Left Over By History' with which he was required to deal. He highlighted the Cold War as a particular source of concern; both he and Thatcher saw the necessity of presenting a fresh view of the Soviet Union to the United States. They seized upon Mikhail Gorbachev as a potential ally; Lord Howe recalled the Prime Minister's words:

"I like Mr Gorbachev. We can do business together".

Lord Howe also discussed the negotiations surrounding the Anglo-Irish Agreement (formulated to solve the Anglo-Irish question), once more emphasising that personal relationships may play a large part in determining the success of political ventures. Describing the Irish Premier, Garret Fitzgerald, as "irrepressible, engaging and enthusiastic", Lord Howe explained that both Prime Ministers became "immensely engaged" in their relationship, united in the pursuit of peace.

Lord Howe did not shirk from analysing the breakdown of his own relationship with Mrs Thatcher. Central to this, he feels, were two foreign policy issues. Firstly, the US led Strategic Defense Initiative (dubbed the 'Star Wars' initiative, this aimed to build a futuristic missile defense system) caused problems in that it elicited very different responses from the two figures. Lord Howe (a former barrister) described his reaction as legalistic; Thatcher, as a Chemistry graduate, found her scientific sensibilities intrigued.

The question of Europe's future was, of course, the second issue which provoked disagreement. Despite having initially represented British interests together, for



The Iron Lady - Howe's boss Margaret Thatcher

example when negotiating the Single European Act, Howe apparently began to feel increasingly frustrated as he found himself sidelined in the political decision making process.

Commenting, in general, upon the power struggle between government departments and 10 Downing Street, Lord Howe said:

"The struggle is not something new, it has always existed. Prime Ministers frequently try to extend their influence. The speed at which policy is made today doesn't help matters." He described the practice of Prime Ministers consolidating power at number 10 as "profoundly foolish ... it car-

ries with it the danger of disregarding professionalism".

Finally, Lord Howe found time to offer some advice to the beleaguered Mr Duncan Smith, who at that point, was still the leader of the Tory Party. The former Foreign Secretary said he was not in favour of a leadership contest and advised that the Conservative leader ought to "gather all the older statesmen together and broaden his base". He concluded: "personal relationships make government tick and work. There must be a common will to reach policy agreement; a political machine may support this but not replace it".

The Beaver News

Thatcher wins European award

Prashant Rao

Sarah Thatcher, an LSE PhD student, has been nominated as one of only two finalists for the first European Information Security Awards, recognising her contributions to the field as exceptional throughout Europe, at the annual RSA Conference Europe on November 3rd in Amsterdam.

Ms. Thatcher's doctoral thesis, *Public Policy and the Social Construction of Cyber Terror: the hunt for the paper tiger*, concentrates on the transformation of the image of the computer hacker from 'dangerous criminal' to 'cyber-terrorist', and how the image portrayed by the national press affects thinking and policy formation in the House of Commons and how this impacts the laws of England and Wales.

Ms. Thatcher, who is based in the Computer Security Research Centre (CSRC) of the Department of Information Systems, was nominated in the Academic Research category. She was competing for the award with the staff of Finland's Ministry of Communications, who won it for their National Information Security Strategy project.

On the subject of how she came to choose her doctoral thesis topic, she commented, "My interest in cyber-terrorism stems from an interest in hackers, and doing a PhD means you have a problem of scope. September 11th happened just after I'd started working on my doctorate, and I got to thinking that within the subsequent barrage of news, people weren't really thinking about what they were saying - a



Sarah Thatcher - award winning PhD student

lot of knee-jerk legislation was being passed which wasn't really grounded in reality."

"I don't want to be the kind of person who says, 'I'm an academic and I know best.' It's for others to make up their minds about whether or not they agree with me."

"I'm a lawyer by profession; I want to know why laws work or not and when there's a law that doesn't work, when there's a public outcry against it, it's something that concerns me deeply."

"I haven't set out to make a name for myself, except for my very small area. If it

turns out to be important, then that's amazing. I don't expect people to start jumping around."

When asked what she thought of her competitor's contribution, Ms. Thatcher responded, "I didn't manage to see the Finnish entry, though I wanted to. All I know about it is that it was submitted by the Ministry of Communications."

Taking cover in her humility, Ms. Thatcher added, "I honestly didn't think this was that important. I didn't even tell anyone - somehow the Press Office got hold of it, and now it's a story."

SU Fights Visa Extension Charges



One postcard

El Barham
News Editor

Over 1,000 postcards signed by LSE students opposing the new visa extension charges were delivered to the Home Office on Friday November 14th.

LSESU General Secretary, Elliot Simmons, International Students' Officer, Andrew Schwarz and Sho Shibata, Vice-President of the LSE Japanese Society, delivered the 1,100 signed postcards, which detail the arguments against introducing the new visa charges.

The protests come as a result of a recent policy change, which means that it is now necessary for international students to pay for their visa extensions to be able to remain in the UK; extensions are often required in order for students to complete their studies or attend graduation ceremonies.

Previously, a visa extension could be granted free of charge, and at the point of entry with the new change only implemented on August 1st this year.

An international student at the LSE said: "The biggest problem with this change is that many of us were unaware of it until we actually arrived at customs because of the hasty manner in which it was implemented."

It was also a rather haphazard application as different students were given different amounts of extensions. Some people got three years whilst others got only three months."

The support of other influential actors such as local MPs, foreign embassies and the LSE administration has also been courted to strengthen the campaign.

LSESU General Secretary, Elliot Simmons, said: "We are working, alongside other students around the UK, to force the Home Office to review as a matter of urgency this new policy; which contradicts the Prime Minister's public statements that the government intends to make the UK a more attractive destination for international students."



Lots of postcards

Testing Times for UK Exam Regime

Prashant Rao

Progress is being made towards making A-levels and GCSEs more rigorous after universities made numerous complaints about the declining standard of incoming students, with this year's intake being described as the weakest in recorded history.

Universities across the country believe that an increasing number of incoming students cannot "answer open-ended questions in a way that shows candidates can marshal facts and arguments and come to a logical conclusion," according to Mike Tomlinson, chairman of a Government working party on reforming the 14-19 age group qualifications, at the annual conference of the Girls' Schools Association in St. Andrew's.

This view is contested by the Confederation of British Industry and the Institute of Directors, who have warned against scrapping the existing system, arguing that employers will not be able to accurately gauge the abilities of prospective employees.

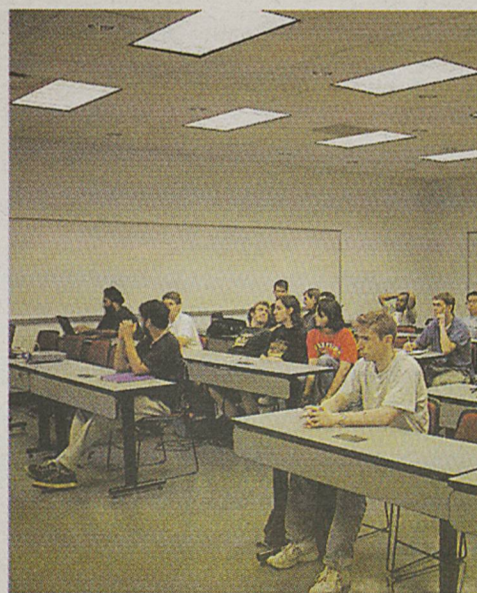
Basic literacy and numerical skills are so lacking nationwide that some universities have had to enrol many students in remedial courses for English and Maths "to enable them to progress in their degree studies," according to Tomlinson.

Tomlinson hopes to combat this problem by bringing to an end the system which encourages students to impress admissions tutors by collecting large numbers of GCSEs.

Also in the pipeline is the introduction of a dissertation paper as part of a proposed new diploma. Students would write on a subject of their choice, such as a specialist topic or a topic that related to their university applications. This move will come as part of a wider package of reforms designed to replace the 'rigid' GCSE and A-level system with a more continental style diploma by the end of the decade.

Universities have been complaining that incoming freshers have been "led by the hand", according to Tomlinson, through structured multiple-choice questions, and they have asked for candidates to sit O-level style exam papers requiring them to answer more open-ended questions than they do now. There are also concerns that existing testing methods do not stretch students sufficiently, nor do they prepare the more able for the rigours of higher education.

Tomlinson said that the change to more structured, multiple-choice based questioning since the inception of GCSEs means that more students than ever before cannot put together a coherent argument without prompting. This change in the style and focus of teaching and examining began in the 1980s with moves to make both systems more structured and formalised. Over time more and more schools have adopted syllabi that stress the attainment of 'assessment objectives.' Critics argue that the shift has come at the expense of knowledge and abilities that, while no less important, are harder to specify and quantify.



Dazed and confused - changes go on

Tomlinson argued, "If [multiple-choice papers] are allowed to dominate over other assessment measures, we risk losing skills which are important, such as logical argument and reflection."

"The trend in A-levels have been towards exam papers that ensure that students have covered the entire syllabus. That means there are structured questions, where students are led through the phases of a topic, followed by some multiple-choice questions."

Tomlinson's Government working group will deliver its full report next summer.

The Beaver Comment and Analysis

Union Loyalists - Misguided?

Unquestioned loyalty to the Students' Union is not in our best interests says

Ibrahim Rasheed

Every student at the LSE is automatically a member of the Students' Union. Some are very involved in the day to day bustle of making sure everything runs smoothly. For others, it is just something that is there, but never utilised. Of course all students are to some degree acquainted with the Union. Before the start of term, the SU makes sure it gets out the message of its existence by sending out information packs giving details of the Freshers' Week and all the other little bits and bobs of information that students need to know about the Union they are about to join. Most of this is contained in a little handbook, produced by the SU, which gives details about cheap photocopying and societies. 'Will I join the Business Society or the Management Society?' or maybe even consider the wonderful choice offered between the Socialist Society and the Socialist Workers' Students Society? These are important questions and they need to be answered. Thank God for the little handbook.

Through such material and inductions at the start of the year, we also get to find out a bit more about the figures that lead our Union. The most easily identifiable are the four Sabbatical Officers. They are elected in a cross campus ballot held at the end of the Lent term and take a year out to dedicate their lives to the service of students, or something along those lines. But fear not, they are not the only ones out there. In addition to the Executive Committee, there are plenty of other layers of bureaucracy to guide us. The Constitution & Steering Committee and the Finance & Services Committee are just

two essential organs that support us.

The members of such committees and other assorted do-gooders form the nucleus of the SU. It is through the work of these loyal hacks that the very fabric and structure of our democracy is upheld. But where is this rant heading, I hear you ask. It is in objection to something which I call Union 'loyalism'.

Just as in any other political structure, various opinions and views are to be found in the Students' Union. Party politics exists, and even if it is not through the Labour vs. Tory with the Lib Dems peering in through the curtains that is manifest in national politics, there is a clear Right vs. Left divide. Yet, all these divisions are cast aside when the greater good of the Union is threatened. They are all quick to rally round the institution that allows them the opportunity to act like politicians and debate the important issues of the day in a half empty chamber in central London.

This is fine on a certain level. Of course, we should be quick to stand up for our fellow students and the body that gels it all together. Yet, this should not take the form of blind loyalty. It is ignorant and just plain silly to try and defend it against any criticism, even if there is ample evidence to suggest that something may have been done wrong.

To give an example, last year I was looking into a story that revolved around the possibility that the Union was purchasing goods at discounts allowed for higher education institutions and then sold for profit. I remember discussing this with one fellow student heavily involved in Union politics who did not seem to see any problem in this at all. His argument

was that there was nothing wrong with it so long as the Union benefited. I then took my query to a member of the Executive Committee. After listening to my story with a solemn expression, he looked up and said "If you care about this Union at all, you must never ask anyone that question again." Subsequently I discovered that there was no truth at all to the allegations made. It turned out to be someone mouthing off in the Three Tuns after a drink or three. Yet, the worrying thing was the way in which people were quick to believe that the accusation might be true but were not willing to investigate it further in case it undermined the whole Union.

Just like any other political organization, the individuals running the SU may not always be acting out of an altruistic desire to help fellow students. In some cases, while they think they may be acting in the common good, they feel that positions of responsibility put them above scrutiny. This is an unhealthy aspect of our democracy and is something that needs to be rectified.

Anyone who has been attending Union General Meetings recently or just simply picked up and browsed through a copy of *The Beaver* will see that there currently is a debate about the transparency of our institutions. We feel strongly that there are important issues that need to be resolved. This does not just stem out of our belief that important information is being withheld from the press, but out of our concern that this is being done, supposedly, in the best interests of our community, while the question of what exactly is the best interest of the community is being decided by a few blind loyalists.

Bird's Seeds - Little Nuggets of Wonder



Good day to you fellow minions of our beloved L S of E. Fear not, as we are over half way there.....before we know it we'll be free of



A Bellini Tit?

our books and celebrating the birth of Christ.....again.....even if we don't believe in him.

Bellini you are a tit. Peter's motion at the upcoming UGM has certainly moved me. We are asked to support the MP Dianne Abbot for choosing the welfare of her child over her political sentiments. She's a 'left wing' politician (ah-hem) who is sending her kids to private school. So here is her argument broken down:

- 1) I do not believe in A (private education), I therefore represent those who would prefer and believe in B (State education)
- 2) In order for A to exist it must be bought by people
- 3) I would prefer that A didn't exist

4) I buy A, despite having alternatives

If anyone else tripped and fell in the stinking great big mother f***** gap between premises 3 and 4, then vote against this piss poor motion.

Some have commended Dianne for her honesty. As do I, in a sense. However, if she's going to be honest about being crap then she's not going to get very far. Sorry about that.

So legislation is being proposed in Moscow to criminalise kissing and touching on the underground. This is with the aim of improving 'public morality'. No-one's thought then to identify other reasons why 'public morality' might be in 'decline', for example the fact that tube users might well be pissed. Not that I have a problem with vodka.....in fact it's a close friend of mine. But chaps, kissing is the way forward, lets not have it curbed please.

On a serious note I'd like to remind you to turn out at 2pm in Houghton St. on Thursday to demonstrate against Bush. I don't think you have to be one of the unwashed comrades to join in; all at you need as a prompt is a respect for humanity. This is an undeniably unintelligent (ignorant) person who wields pant cackling power throughout the world. This leaves me repulsed, but even if it leaves you slightly skeptical then take a few

hours out to let him know.

Is it just me, or has Eliot got 'something of the day' about him? There's something dodge about boys who only ever wear 4 t-shirts in rotation....I bet he's got loads of embarrassing clothes....I bet he's got two wardrobes of them!



Satan- Coming to a Week 6 Near You?

There was something pretty unattractive about last week as well. An undoubtedly somber mood fills the LS of E in week 6.....the end is not nigh enough and we've all got deadlines looming. I propose that from now on this week is called 666.

Once again I'm obliged to apologise to any who take offence to any of my blabbering this week. If you wish to bring me to account.....I am Jess Ting. May your week be one full of heady days.

Bird x x x

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At a meeting of The Beaver Collective on Thursday 13th November, a motion of censure was passed against Dave Cole.

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

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

The Beaver Comment and Analysis

Editorial Comment

A Clear Message - Galloway Go Away

Preparations are underway for demonstrations against the visit of George W Bush to London this week. As has been reported in other sections of this paper, the STWC has been very active in promoting the protests. Speakers at the LSE have included the distasteful and offensive, in the form of George Galloway. His address to the New Theatre last Wednesday, whilst perhaps typical of Galloway, was none the less as simplistic and objectionable as President Bush himself. Galloway has adopted the habit of his American opponents, namely over simplification. When asked about what he thought would be a useful blueprint for Humanitarian intervention, he launched into a stinging and populist critique of British and American foreign policy over the course of the twentieth century. There were not many people in the audience who would defend this record, but this is evading the point. Here was Galloway, presented with the opportunity to make a useful contribution to a vibrant intellectual debate, and he chose to turn against the member of the audience who asked the question, deriding his intelligence and delivering a few cat calls against imperialism, guaranteed to raise a cheer from a largely left-wing audience. Galloway should learn that the reason so many people find him despicable is not because of his views, but because of the lack of sound and reasoned arguments

to support them. His speeches contain as much nuance as Bush's address to the US Navy in Norfolk, Virginia.

The STWC has organised a full schedule of events for this week including a teach-in on Tuesday evening and the main demonstration on Thursday. The movement that has been hailed as the fastest growing political group in the country is planning once again on a significant public display of its dissatisfaction with this government and its continued close relations with the Bush administration. The most scandalous aspect of this state visit is that it was intended, when first promulgated almost 18 months ago, we are told, as a way of helping Bush secure his second term in office. That this government should be helping re-elect an American president is outrageous, and we should all be out on the streets of London, on Thursday to protest against the almost incestuous involvement of this government in American domestic politics.

This is an American Government that has done nothing to help the British people. It has imposed illegal tariffs on all European steel imports; it has dragged this country into an ill-conceived and increasingly protracted war, and has given mere token concessions to British public opinion. Continued British support of the Bush administration should be strongly opposed, if only on the grounds of British interest.

An Unclear Message - Think about it

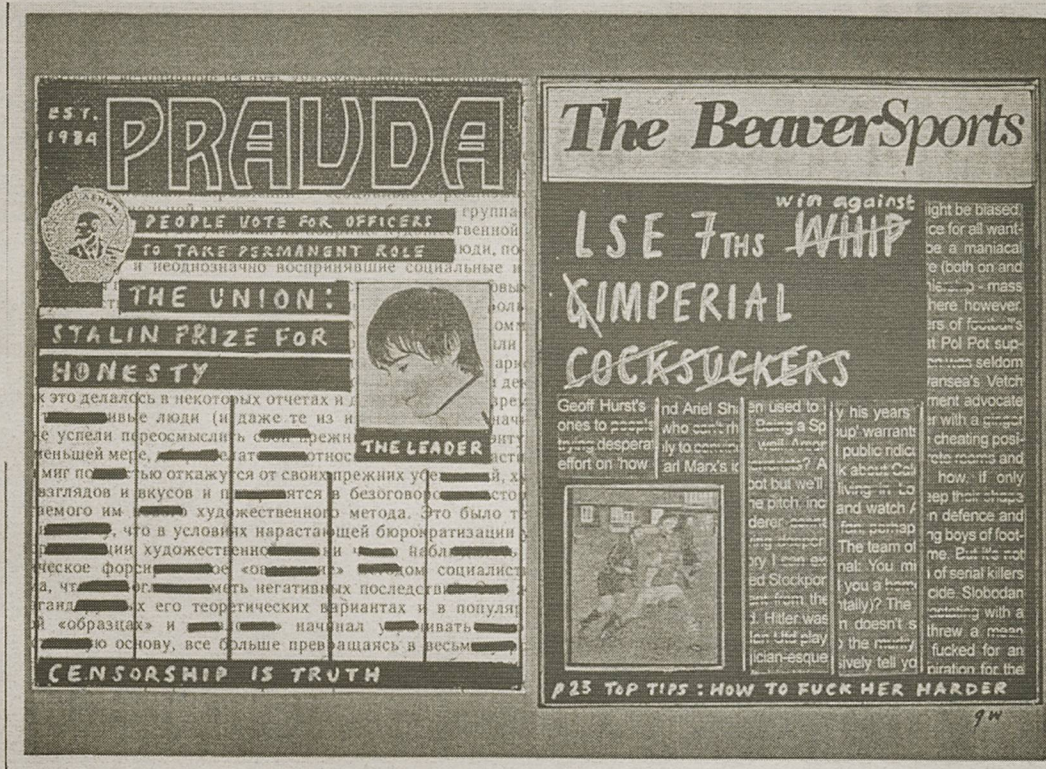
This week is dsailiibleits arenswaes week. It is iptanmot taht we are arawe of how oehr poelpe srugtle uivesrnty.

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Hree's hpoing you fnid dsailiibleits arenswaes week an elnghit-neing epexerinece.

Correction

Last week, we published an article entitled *More Pay Deals: Unions Un-united*, in which we named the LSE's Resource Director as being Alison Hunt. We would like to clarify that her name is in fact Alison Johns. We regret any confusion that this may have caused and apologise to Alison Johns for the error.



THERE'S NO TRUTH IN THE NEWS AND NO NEWS IN THE TRUTH!

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

Congratulations for your excellent news article and corresponding editorial exposing the tensions and mendacities within the Union.

Against those Union hacks who see fit to withhold information from the Beaver and subsequently attack its credibility (witness the latest UGM): your attempts to Soviet-ise the Beaver, along with much else in the Union, have not gone unnoticed.

Against those who repeatedly furrow their brow in self-righteous indignation at Beaver Sport: turn the page if your fragile sensibilities are offended, but don't ruin the fun for the rest of us.

The Beaver embodies the true breadth of talent within the Union. Any given issue will have articles from across the political spectrum, as well as features catered to all likes and tastes. Continue to stand on guard against those who wish to take the Union down a dangerous path: to wit, serfdom.

Always,

Alykhan Velshi.

Sir,

I am writing this letter to express my despair over some recent events at the LSE. When Member of Parliament Galloway spoke at the LSE on Wednesday he made anti-Semitic remarks, saying that he did not condemn suicide bombings in Israel and that Palestinians should resist, "by all means necessary," receiving applause. In another incident on Thursday, someone posted a flier of sorts. This flier is made to look like a dollar bill marked with "9-11" on all four corners and the phrases "Fraudulent Event Note" and "One Deception." Scattered about the bill there are numerous websites like, "whatreallyhappened.com." Many of these websites were claiming that 9-11 was masterminded by Israel or that Jews, including

American-Jews, were somehow directly involved in the attacks by spying and covering up certain information.

I feel frightened and intimidated, especially when considering the deep divisions already plaguing this campus. As a student, I have the right to learn without fear and intimidation. A copy of this letter will be forwarded to the General Secretary and Howard Davies.

Yours

Ethan Sommer

Dear Sir,

Having seen the National Theatre's production of 'Tales from the Vienna Woods', I would like to express my concern at the pompous attitude shown by the b:theatre reviewer. Although I agree with some of the points made about 'Tales from the Vienna Woods'; was there really a need to include a passage about how it reminded the reviewer of a T.S. Eliot verse? What an extraordinarily ludicrous way of articulating your feelings on the matter. Does it make you feel superior or as though you are debating on some grandiose intellectual plane to write like that? Well it shouldn't because all pretentious trite like that achieves is perpetuating the notion that theatre is an outdated playing field used by academic bullshitters as an intellectual point of exercise. It is absurd to talk in such a manner about a play which in fact parodies the very kind of attitude shown by the reviewer. For a challenging, truly harrowing piece like '...Vienna Woods' to be reviewed in such a way is completely missing the point of a brutally simple play.

Yours,

Jamie Stevens.

Dear Sir,

You mention in your editorial last week with regard to the UGM, the motion on the Wall in the

Middle East, that 'Criticism of Israel does not automatically become criticism of Jews'. I completely agree. Unfortunately criticism of Israel can be anti-Semitic though, and that is something that our campus must take into account. As an active member of the Jewish society over the past couple of years I can say while all these 'debates' take place, the comments and abuse I have received as a Jewish student on campus have been no less than terrifying. The Friends of Palestine society are responsible for the motion but not the abuse! the FOP however much I disagree with their political stance, I respect their motives and they are not to blame! My issue is that these debates provide a platform for others to be anti-Jewish through the issue of Israel. Call me paranoid, but the issue is apparent all over Europe. The number of Synagogues and Jewish community centres throughout Europe that have been attacked and trashed is the highest since the thirties and forties, and is unquestionably as a result of the current situation in the middle east. When I was in the south of France last Easter the local police warned us not to wear our yarmulkes (those head caps that religious Jews wear) because of the risks of anti-Semitic attacks. In the middle east the press is happy to make statements about the 'Jewish State', and the Jews being responsible for all kinds of things. That whole business with the Malaysian bloke and his comments were pretty bloody scary, as a Jew, as a westerner and as an open-minded human being. It does get tiresome when Jews play the anti-Semitic card, but although the motions are by no means anti-Semitic, the consequences of the motions whether they are past or not, leave the campus open to disharmony and full of tension.

Yours Faithfully

Robert Lanzkron

blink

Features and Politics

Balkan Bliss

The Grimshaw Club travels to Croatia pages 10 and 11



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

Musings

Corporal Punishment; Badgers; Unconvincing Unionists

Matthew Sinclair

blink Columnist

Labour MPs are banning smacking; any physical correction is to be outlawed. Not particularly funny. Not particularly enforceable. Not really a matter for parliament.

One argument for the ban gave me a very definite picture of the glory that must be David Hinchliffe.

"The abolition of a husband's right to beat his wife surely did something about the status of women in our society" - says Mr Hinchliffe. Failing to spot the difference between a woman and a child is a mistake that, had it been known to stand up sufficiently to be printed in the Guardian, could have done huge favours for glam rock.

While disciplining a woman is a shady business at the best of times, disciplining a child is generally accepted as necessary from time to time. The problem is one of method.

You know the problem with a ban on smacking? It's far too all-inclusive... it's a "blanket ban".

Union complaints are getting a little less convincing.

Horror stories of poor public workers being forced to live on the streets, feeding only on the homeless and possessing only the clothes that evil capitalist-imperialism forces them to wear as a badge of servitude are being replaced with tales that would make Dickens roll in his grave.

The current complaint is that a worker, who had spent 20% of his career off sick, was off work for some time complaining of a sprained ankle. He was caught playing squash and promptly fired.

Oh the humanity. Even 'Red' Ken isn't impressed - he told the Evening Standard that he was with the bosses. Clearly he has joined the aristocracy of bureaucracy that complements its labour cousin.

Bob Crow says it was just a gentle game of squash to get his ankle better.

I've played squash. Several times. I would think that if you can play the game you are more than capable of driving an underground train.

The revolution might have to wait a few years. At the moment its labour vanguard don't quite have the pain threshold.

Great news. The reactive badger cull is over. Farmers found that when culling was introduced in response to Bovine TB outbreaks rates of the disease actually grew.

The minister responsible cancelled reactive culling.

On that high I must regrettably announce that the Badger group is unlikely to last the month.

As a consequence we will have to return the fees of those who have paid and consign this... interesting... episode to history. We died well.

The State of the Union

Recent events have highlighted some problems within the Students' Union. Isn't it time for hacks to stop taking things so seriously?

Gareth Carter

The LSE Students' Union is in turmoil. Subjected to claims of being fascist and racist, its members are at each other's throats and it is in danger of splitting with its media representative The Beaver. Relations between the SU Exec and The Beaver have never been worse, and internal discontent within the Exec threatens the viability of its leadership. At the same time, Athletic Union dissatisfaction with the way it is perceived by the wider audience of the SU has erupted in a storm of criticism culminating in confrontational motions tabled at the UGM and in a bellicose petition organized by antagonistic anti-censorship campaigners.

Ready to confront this stands the aforementioned SU, steeling itself against for a moral crusade against the decadence and debauchery of the AU -something wholly incompatible with the smooth and stable running of the Student's Union. It would only take the Sabbatical team to move to DefCon 1 for the whole thing to blow sky high.

What on earth have we got here? Regardless of the over-exaggerated description, there is something fundamentally wrong with this situation -a situation where barely one thousand students have contrived to create such an atmosphere of mutual distrust and antipathy, students who, for the better part of it, are rational and sensible not-quite-adults.

Is this really the case? Have we been led to imagine such schisms through inaccurate reporting on behalf of The Beaver? Have meaningless power struggles between Exec members escalated needlessly and spilled out into the wider SU via hearsay, conjecture and Tuns gossip? Or is the truth that we as students have been taking ourselves, our institutions and our role in them, far too seriously and to the ultimate detriment of our Student's Union?

University is a complicated time; a rite of passage between the overtly supervised nature of primary and secondary education and the land of clocking-in, nine-to-

five, overtime and sick days. It's where we first begin to chisel ourselves into the trader/ journalist/ investment wanker we want to be/will end up being, and start to shed ourselves of our youthful exuberance, our childish naivety and adolescent outlook on life, politics and everything.

Over the course of three years here we're expected to grow into sensible adults, ready for the mad, bad and dangerous to know world, and we each do it in our own way, and at our own speed. And here is where the problems start.

The clashes witnessed in recent weeks between the SU and The Beaver, between The Beaver and the Sabbs and between the AU and everyone have their foundations in the outlook each group has on the way LSE has shaped them, or indeed, how they've wanted to be shaped.

On the one hand we see those who have begun in earnest to prepare themselves for the cut-throat nature of power politics, for forming coalitions in smoke filled rooms and for exerting their own agendas and pursuing them in a way that would make Niccolo Machiavelli blush. You have those whose dedication to student journalism would leave Kate Adie proud, and give Alistair Campbell many a sleepless night (are we looking into a Hutton-esque inquiry over a certain Sabb withholding certain intelligence from the public? Don't bet against it).

At the same time, you have those who have simply sacrificed enduring the painful transition from fun-loving care-free student to dry and dour Deloitte worker for the sake of eking out three more years of fun in an environment where responsibility is somewhat out of their hands, if only for a little while longer.

The point I am trying to get at is that there is a huge dichotomy over the role the Student Union plays in the lives of each individual student here at the LSE. In short, some people take it all too seriously. Take it to heart. Take it too far. Perhaps, take legal action?

Whilst I can understand the motivation for certain people to act in the ways they do concerning their role in the Student's Union, it perplexes me that

some do not have a realistic understanding of the role of the LSE Student's Union in the wider world.

We are just students, and while I do not say this to denigrate any initiatives that the LSESU has been involved in, I say it to hopefully make some people sit back and get a greater understanding of the futility of such antagonistic divisiveness within it. We ARE just students, and while our dedication to institutionalism is admirable, we should not for one moment allow it simply to mirror the political and social divisiveness that the outside world waits with baited breath to smother us with the moment we graduate.

We are at the LSE to experience university and to learn, not just in the field of academics, but also how to make a worthwhile contribution to the world we're stepping into. We should be thankful of the chances we have to practice that here, and remember that, as a fictional character once said: 'what we do in life, echoes in eternity...' but not stuff we do in college. Short of Jo Kibble taking up arms against The Beaver or Ib Rasheed firebombing the Ed and Welfare office, what is needed is a greater realisation that student politics is not the be all and end all of life, and that perhaps it would be better for the Union as a whole if people didn't act as though it was. Oh, and give the AU a break, we're Good People.

Gareth Carter is Beaver Sports editor and likes drowning his many sorrows in cheap alcohol. He's also the first team Footy captain, and is a very considerate lover. The two are completely unrelated.

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



blink Features

The LSE's weekly Union General Meeting is a unique experience in student politics, but risks being undermined by time-consuming motions that have no relevance to student life.

Eliot Pollak

Ariel?"

George, my man, ma nishma as we say over here?"

"You what pal? Ariel, I got bad news for you."

"What is it George? The US isn't withdrawing its millions of dollars in backing is it?"

"No no. It's worse than that pal."

"Sweet mother. Dana International's not back is she?"

"Listen Ariel, like I said pal. This is seriously bad news."

"Wait a sec, let me sit down. I'm old enough to be your father you know. Well, I'm all ears. What is it?"

"The results have just come in from the London School of Economics Union General Meeting. And the overriding verdict is that the wall must fall. I'm sorry Ariel, there's nothing I can do."

"Wait a sec, what is this LSE Dubya?"

"I don't know. Some college in Wales or something. I used to do business with the director."

"Wait a minute...isn't that the place that produced the nutcase who was the mastermind behind the death of Daniel Pearl?"

"Yes, but they keep that quiet."

"And that other guy, what's his name? 'Who would live in a house like this,' Masterchef. You know who I mean George."

"Oh yeah, I love that English daytime stuff. Lloyd Grossman."

"That's the boy."

"Yes, He also studied there, but they keep that even quieter."

"Well in that case, if it's got Lloyd Grossman's backing, there's nothing I can do. Now I know who I'm dealing with, I have no option. The wall must be stopped. Forget all the billions we've put into it thus far, I'll get on to my Chief of Security straight away. I'll tell him the LSE Students' Union has spoken. Thanks George for letting me know. I guess we'll just have to get back to the drawing board in our plans to stop terrorism in Israel."

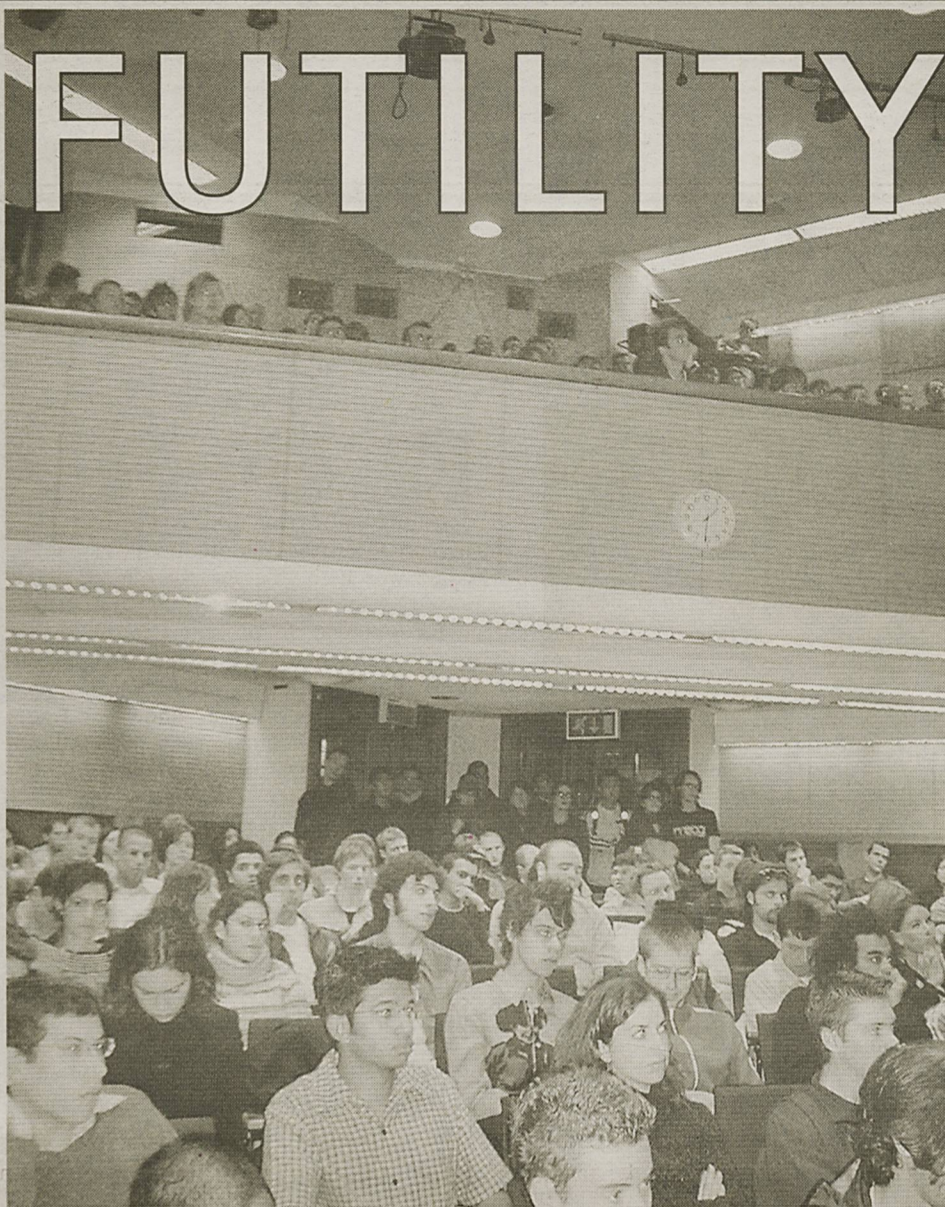
"I guess so. Talk to you soon pal."

"Yeah, bye. Oh, and good luck in Iran...or is it Syria? Christ we're not being bugged are we?"

The line goes dead.

A conversation that probably did not take place last Thursday afternoon. But what certainly did take place last Thursday afternoon was a UGM that left a 'very sour taste in the mouth' (as reported by OneEyeOpen in last week's Beaver.) It is not this article's aim to regurgitate the rights and the wrongs of the fence; the arguments have been heard many times on both sides. Rather, I wish to question the value of the UGM if its central purpose is to pass through motions that make absolutely no difference to any of our lives.

The way the victorious side celebrated at the end of the aforementioned debate



was as if not only had the wall actually come down, but that all the Israelis had suddenly decided to go for a permanent swim in the Euphrates. But let's get real here kids. Nothing is going to happen as a result. That's right. Don't cry now. NOTHING.

Indeed, when the question was raised in the meeting as to the value of the debate, it was pointed out that letters would be sent to leading diplomats and that with weight of numbers, things were bound to change. Bollocks! If the war in Iraq taught us anything it was that the people don't matter. Two million people blocked the traffic for the day in London, and such rational, balanced people as John Pilger and George 'brown envelope' Galloway (soon to be seen at a dole queue near you,) spouted forth. Yet what did Tony Blair do? (It could be pointed out that he merely followed the majority of the fifty-eight million people in Britain who didn't show up to this march. But that would of course be incorrect and miss 'the point' entirely.)

Politicians, be they Blair, Bush or Ariel Sharon, are fairly elected, given a mandate and as such are entitled to behave as they wish until a time when the people who put them in power decide to remove them from power. Does anyone seriously believe that a letter to Frank Dobson MP is any more than a waste of paper? I thought he was dead. It must be such a comfort to those who voted against the motion that in the course of the half hour or so spent debating its merits and otherwise, the wall just kept on being built. As hands went up, and people celebrated, cement was being laid and bricks were being placed, one on top of the other.

Let me just make one thing clear. This is not a rant in favour of the wall. I am neither wildly for nor against its erection,

nor indeed any erection anywhere or any time that offends people. Any issue could have sparked this rant off. By all means people should and must feel free to oppose the wall, but the UGM should not be an opportunity for self-important, narcissistic people with extreme delusions of their own grandeur to propose motions on issues such as these.

As was the case last week, out of the eleven business motions, only one could be discussed: the one with the least chance of making an impact upon our student lives. This whole sorry episode merely served to prevent other more relevant motions from being debated.

For example, the Athletics Union has wrongly had its name dragged through the mud over the John Leslie affair. The Mutton inquiry is a serious matter (can anyone else hear the sound of straws being clutched?) Even local issues (e.g. the Diane Abbott case) are more worthy of being debated, as Ms Abbot may at least read the letter sent by the general secretary of our union, even if it makes little difference to her decision on whether to end her career in hypocrisy/politics. We should be debating student issues and resolving to change the things that we can change. The status of our UGM is at stake here.

So my proposal is that from now on, the UGM should be used to pass motions which concern student and local issues, and resolve to do things which will help all students enjoy a better campus life. It must not be used as a platform for Galloway wannabes to inflate their own egos by debating issues which we can't influence. Anyone want to second it?

Eliot Pollak is a first year undergraduate who has just attended his last UGM.

OneEyeOpen

President George W Bush visits London this week, and don't we all know it. Massive security operation, massive protests and massive press coverage all combining to ensure this will be a massively controversial state visit from start to finish.

The reasons why Mr Bush requires 250 Secret Service agents and a total entourage of 500 is quite obvious even to the most ardent anti-Bushers, and any attempt to argue the point is naïve. And I'm sure the last thing Stop the War would want is for the president to be assassinated by a mad anarchist posing as a peaceful anti-war protester. Not too sure that would do the cause much good.

The motivations for Bush's visit remain hotly debated. The Queen may be having second thoughts about accepting him in the first place, in light of his intention to give her and the rest of the haughty British establishment a hot Texan feast at the return banquet hosted by the American Ambassador. We are told by the Standard that Her Majesty's palate is not accustomed to spicy food - assumptions are the dinner at the Palace will be a far more conservative and dignified affair. Somewhat altogether more British, shall we say.

Talking of things British, Blair has been planning to introduce Bush to his local in Sedgefield, for a traditional English pub lunch. On the menu, "loin of pork with Brimley apple sauce and roast sirloin of beef with fresh horseradish cream". Doesn't sound too traditional to me. Whatever happened to "steak and ale pie with chips and peas, a pint a lager and packet of pork scratchings"? All for a fiver, naturally. Then again of course, traditionality seems to be on the way out, as shown by England's wonderful inability to crash out of the Rugby World Cup at the semi-final stage last weekend.

Cynics have argued that the only reason Bush is coming this week is so that Blair can do the president a bit of a domestic political favour ahead of next year's presidential elections. Personally, I think it's just so Dubya can fulfil a lifetime ambition of wandering round the streets of London aimlessly with a snapmap, annoyingly asking hurried Londoners as to the location of "Buckingham Palace". Supervised by a dozen snipers on nearby roofs, of course.

As for me, I'm not sure we wouldn't have been having this visit had it been anyone other than Bush occupying the White House at present. It's been a while since the last State Visit by an American president and, bearing in mind the reliance of Britain on the US both political (but more importantly) economically, it should come as really no surprise when appearances have to be kept up.

At the same time, I can't understand why Stop the War opposes his visit. It means a huge level of press coverage for a week, the chance to demonstrate in front of the president himself and, of course, the opportunity (in the spirit of democracy that the movement claims to cherish so dearly) to hear what the man has to say in an atmosphere of free speech and expression, along with a right of reply.

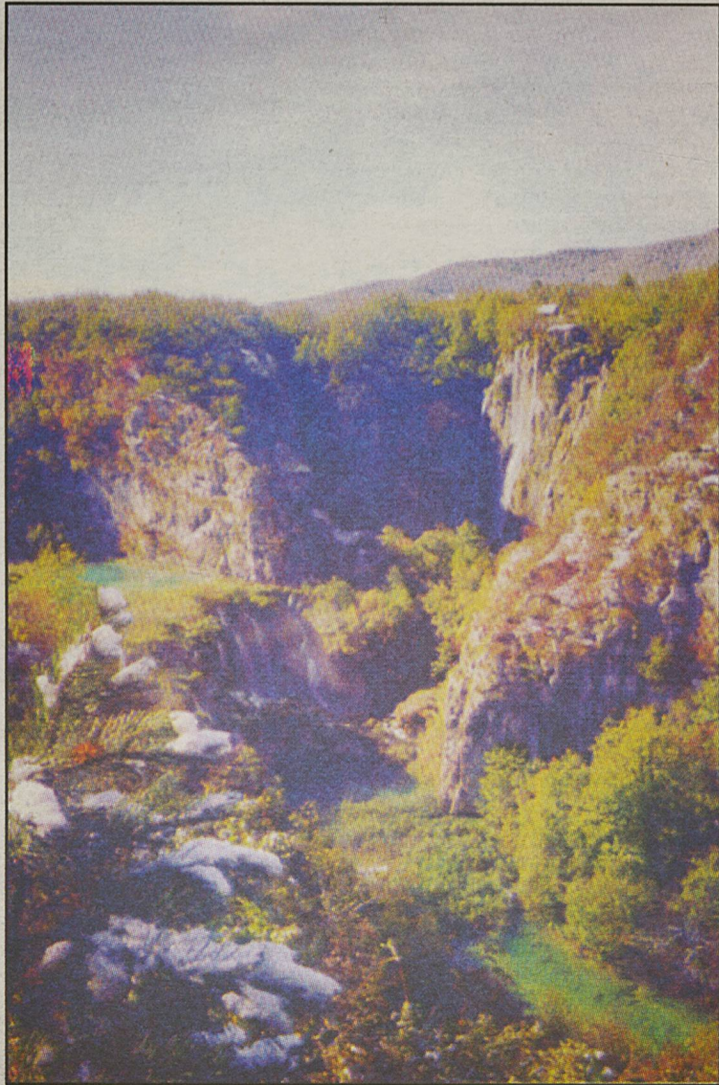
And when it's all over, perhaps even a pub lunch to wind down. Peanuts, Mr Bush?

The LSE Grimshaw Club reminisces about its experiences at this year's fourth International

GRIMSHAW in ZAGREB



One for the grandchildren: Natalie meets the Croatian president, Stjepan Mesic.



Revelling in the natural beauty of the Croatian wilderness: Plitvice National Park, which is also a World Heritage Site.

**Natalie Black and
Irina Janakievska**

From the 4th to the 11th of October 2003, we represented the Grimshaw International Relations Club, as Macedonia and England respectively at the 4th International Summer Academy, which was held this year in Zagreb and hosted by the European Circle Croatia.

Its aim was to present Croatia in a broader context within the region of South-Eastern Europe, focussing on promoting young Europeans' understanding of the need for enhanced cooperation between South-Eastern European states. Particular emphasis was placed on the implementation of the EU's two main policy initiatives for the region: the Stabilisation and Association Agreement (SAA) and the Stability Pact for South-Eastern Europe. Participants came from across the globe, from the former states of Yugoslavia, Western and Central Europe and as far a field as Mexico.

Our first official day was intended to give us an impression of local Croatia via a field trip around the country. First stop Pakrac. Perhaps the most telling part of the visit was a meeting with the Mayor of Pakrac. Poignantly standing in front of a portrait of the former President, Franjo Tudjman, we were told what Pakrac had been doing in terms of reconstruction and what had been done with the funds being provided by the international community. Pakrac had built new schools, a music academy, and new housing estates, all intended to provide incentives for Croats to return to or settle in Pakrac.

When asked however, the Mayor refused to answer as to whether he would allow his children to marry Serbs. What was obvious from the beginning of our tour was the difference between the reconciliation agenda being imposed by the government top-down and the reality being faced by local politicians. Inevitably this lack of co-ordination has caused a step backwards.

Vukovar, a town close to the Serbian border has the appearance of a sleepy town, where cafes are intermingled with bombsites. During the war, Vukovar was under siege for three months. It is estimated that 200 people died and 600 are still missing, not presumed dead. We were subsequently taken to the cemetery of the victims of the Vukovar siege. An expanse of white crosses marked the 600 missing persons, while the inscriptions of the known dead read "Croat hero". There were no Serbs buried there.

Mr Tudjman was accused (by Vukovar's defenders) of deliberately sacrificing Vukovar, which has been dubbed the Croatian Stalingrad because of the devastation it endured, so as to reinforce his portrayal of Croatia as the victim of Serb aggression. When the Serb forces took control of Vukovar on 19 November 1991, several hundred people took refuge in the town's hospital in the hope that they would be evacuated in the presence of neutral observers. We were taken to visit the mass grave at Ovchara, four kilometres outside Vukovar, where the Serbs execut-

ed and buried the bodies of 260 wounded patients, soldiers, hospital staff, and Croatian political activists. The 'Vukovar three' accused of the massacre were later extradited to the Hague along with Croats accused of similar crimes perpetrated against Serbs.

After what had been an emotionally draining day the scene was set, and it was back to the conference centre in the Croatian Cultural Heritage Foundation for the week to try and understand the origins of the problems that face South-East Europe and offer some solutions! Over the course of the week, numerous lectures, numerous discussions, and workshops took place.

Guest speakers were drawn from a variety of backgrounds including politics, diplomacy, public administration, academia, business and civil society. They came from across South-Eastern Europe, the EU, and other international organisations engaged in the region. It is not possible (nor is it allowed by the Beaver editors) to drone on about every lecture, but, more often than not there was a lot of heated (but constructive) debate. We learnt early however, that what was more interesting was what was not said.

One of the most meaningful presentations was by Dr. Nada Švob-Đokic, Assistant Minister in the Ministry for Science and Technology. The debate however, went straight to politics. A Serbian post-graduate who had previously proposed a research programme with Croat students via the Croatian government, wanted to know why his idea had been turned down. It brought to the surface the fact that politics and the collective memory permeate even scientific co-operation and highlighted the differing perspectives of the older and younger generations.

That being said, the extent of reconciliation since 1991 should not be underestimated, yet there remains a long road in front of Croatia. In the following lecture Dr. Ivo Banac, currently the Croatian Minister for Tourism and Environment, who gave an excellent discourse on the history of South-Eastern Europe, but significantly evaded the more contentious aspects of Croatian history.

Mr. Jacques Wunenburger, Head of the Delegation of the European Commission to Croatia was a speaker who managed to get England's blood boiling. He repeatedly avoided her question concerning measures to ensure that new states entering Europe had realistic expectations of what membership could provide. It was also at this point that our delegation experienced an epiphany inspired by Dr. Ivan Vejvoda, Adviser for European Integration and Foreign Policy for the Government of the Republic of Serbia.

There is a lot of irony concerning the way Europe is being sold. In Western Europe, the debate on "Europa" is predominantly seen as the enshrinement of sovereignty versus the fear that the state will be sidelined and become redundant. In the former states of the Federal Republic of Yugoslavia, "Europa" is more than a geographical and economic con-

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Summer Academy in Croatia's capital city.

text, but an exit from the proverbial "self imposed immaturity," towards the Kantian vision of peace and the stability that has been pursued for so long.

In a sense, the EU is seen as a replacement for Yugoslav federalism, where borders become insignificant, and small entities do not have to vie for their piece of the power cake in a globalized world. Membership of Yugoslavia translates into membership of the European Union, and the possibility that South-Eastern Europe can become simply "Europe". Similarly, a line of thinking was raised during the discussions maintaining that if the states of the former Yugoslavia had been offered membership in the EU once the disintegration of Yugoslavia began, the Balkan blood bath might have been avoided.

The European Circle of Croatia had organized some fantastic workshops. 'The Remaining Issues of Privatization' is not something one usually gets out of bed for but in this case England made an exception. It highlighted the frustration of countries like Croatia that have been labelled 'transitional economies'. A theme that emerged again and again was "When does the transition end?." England would have been able to report in detail on her second workshop if she hadn't been loyally representing Cool Britannia in front of Croatian news crews.

Meanwhile, it was Macedonia's turn to reach blood boiling point during a workshop on "EU and US Foreign Policy Towards Third World Countries" in which the responsibility of the international community for the internationalization, and subsequent internalization of the Yugoslav conflict was brushed aside. Macedonia's second workshop was "Reform of Judiciary and Increase of Transparency as imperative for Progress" started out with the question - "If you had absolute power for 5 minutes, what would you do to reform the judiciary?" In true Balkan style, the consensus was that ideally several judges would be fired. But in reality the issue remains, how does the government reform an independent judiciary and make it accountable in the case of countries in transition?

If that was not enough work, our skills were also demanded elsewhere. England spent far too many hours locked in a cupboard with a German trying to bang out a Joint Declaration. After lots and lots of amendments (just another Thursday in the UGM) we finally had the finished paper.

This was presented to the President of Croatia, Stjepan Mesic, on the final evening of the conference, when participants of the Academy attended a reception at the Presidential Palace. England is pleased to report that she eventually managed to get the paper out of its WHSmith plastic wallet despite sweaty and nervous hands. During the week Macedonia had laboured away locked in a small dingy room debating legal and procedural matters with representatives of all the student organisations of the Politea network.

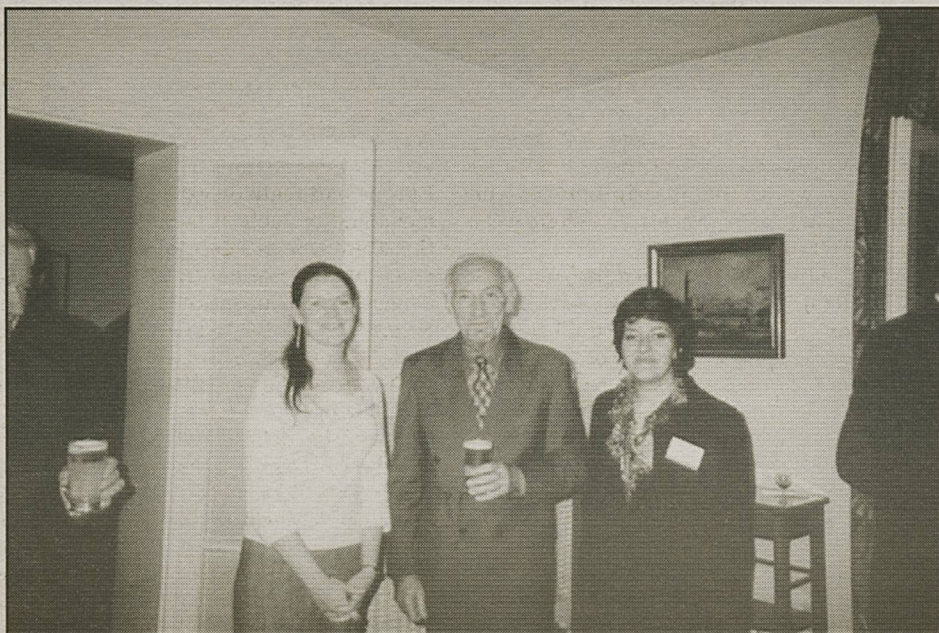
The Politea network is an initiative by the original participants of the International Summer Academies, most notably the Conference Oliviant (France) and the Studentenforum, Tonissteiner Kreis (Germany), to formalize a working student partnership between student societies from around the globe dedicated to proliferating dialogue and debate on international affairs. The Grimshaw Club is extremely pleased to report that we are now part of this global network and as a result will provide working papers, newsletters and co-ordinate international trips with our partner student organisations.

We would like to thank the International Relations Department for giving us the opportunity to take part in the International Summer Academy in Zagreb. We hope that the Academy, scheduled to take place in Mexico next summer, will be as successful. It was a lot of hard work, but throughout it all, we were as conscientious in our study of Croatian politics as we were of its local traditions. International agreements aside, unanimous consensus was reached that it is possible to live off two hours of sleep per night for a week if the following is consumed on a daily basis:

- ½ litre of sljivovica (any alcohol above 70% will do..)
- Generous amounts of lemon
- ½ jar of honey
- Water
- Sugar

"Na zdravje" and drink!
(Mixture should not be poured in plastic cups...)

The Grimshaw Club is the student society of the IR Department. Natalie Black is the club's Social Events Officer. Irina Janakievska is Speakers' Officer.



Natalie (left) and Irina (right), with the French Ambassador to Croatia.

March Comrade!

March for the right to march



Glyn Gaskarth

We all know the problem. It's the Americans, Jews, big businesses etc. They are trying to take over the world by stealth. They conduct this campaign by holding public meetings, writing articles for national newspapers and speaking on TV. But now we have discovered their plan and we must act. Act now to stop them spreading human rights and democracy throughout the Middle East.

As part of their evil campaign they spend huge quantities of US taxpayers money setting up an infrastructure in Iraq. Part of this money is spent on US companies that engage in this construction. When will this madness end? Next they will be telling the Iranians to stop stoning women for adultery and prostitution. Syria may be pressured to stop training people to strap on bombs and hurl themselves into heavily populated areas. As for North Korea, Kim IL Jung may be removed from power and the glorious Stalinist leader will not be able to continue starving millions more of his own people. We cannot allow this to occur.

Evidence of the unjust and repressive nature of the occupation is easy to find. Thousands of Shia dissidents have demonstrated against the occupation. In answer, the Americans did not even fire into the crowd. How can we respect such people? Comrade Stalin would never have made this mistake. It is all about oil. As soon as the Americans got into Baghdad the first building they secured was the Ministry for Oil. How dare they try to rebuild Iraq's major export earner. This campaign is a racist form of Imperialism. America's multi coloured national security team of Condoleeza Rice (black), Paul Wolfowitz (Jewish) and George Bush (white) plan to use military force to enslave the citizens of dictatorships.

Those who read the Mirror will be well aware of how happy the people were under Saddam and how sad they are that he is gone. This new doctrine of preemption is dangerous. It is far better to wait until you are attacked before taking action. As we all know this strategy was highly successful in stopping the threat of

'Those who read the Mirror will be well aware of how happy the people were under Saddam, and how sad they are that he is gone.'

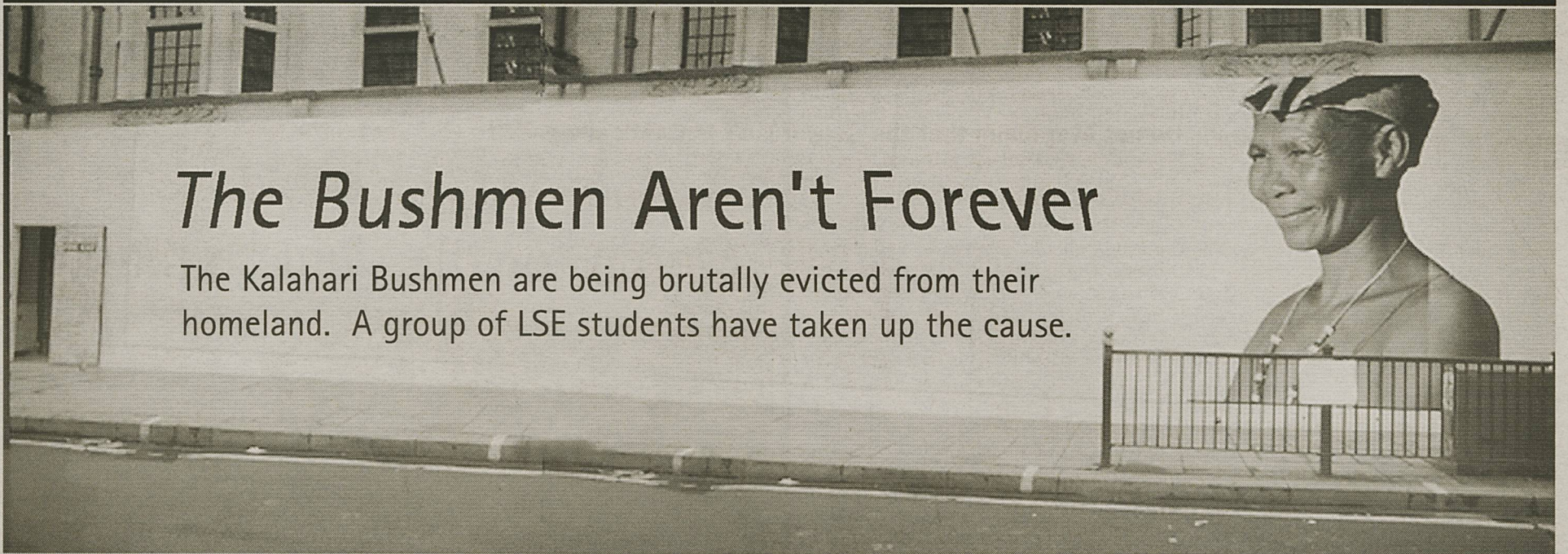
Nazi Germany in the 1930's and 1940's with minimal loss of life. It would have been far worse had we acted in 1933 before he built up his armaments.

The US should learn from the French approach. International public opinion must be respected and a UN mandate given before action is taken. The French demonstrated their faith in these ideals by blowing up a Greenpeace boat when faced with condemnation of their nuclear testing program and intervening in Rwanda to protect the side that committed the genocide against their victims. No one could say they are not true to their ideals.

Brothers and sisters we must march and march now for if we do not Dictatorships may become a thing of the past. Then what would we have to protest about? That was the thing about the Afghan war. The coalition forces won so quickly I hardly had time to make a banner. But I did get to march with all the sexy Arab ladies. What a weekend! Here is to the next anti war rally. Solidarity, brothers...and sisters of course.

Glyn Gaskarth is a third year undergraduate in the International Department. He is also Chair of the LSE Conservatives.

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The Bushmen Aren't Forever

The Kalahari Bushmen are being brutally evicted from their homeland. A group of LSE students have taken up the cause.

Tracy Alloway

On a grey Wednesday afternoon, I find myself standing on the corner of Old Bond Street and Piccadilly, planted firmly in front of the London flagship store of De Beers, international diamond giant. Like most days, the area is deluged with a steady flow of the well-off; businessmen in Armani suits, fashion intelligentsia, and determined shoppers hurry along the pavement, pausing occasionally to admire the beauty (and price-tags) of the diamonds on display in the shop windows.

Their dreams of gold and glitter however, are soon interrupted, "Do you know about De Beers and the Bushmen?" I ask, offering an informative pamphlet. Most simply glance at our small group of protesters then scurry along without afterthought. Nevertheless, a few will stop and ask questions, take a pamphlet, and read the signs which ominously proclaim "The Bushmen Aren't Forever." The De Beers' store manager makes an appearance, politely attempting to persuade us to desist in our protestation, arguing that De Beers is one of the foremost opponents of conflict diamonds.

This provokes an interesting question: when is a conflict diamond not classified as a conflict diamond? The answer is when the diamond is procured through the forcible eviction of the Bushmen from their tribal lands, with the Botswana government's assistance. Today a small group of LSE students, along with Survival International, a non-profit organisation aimed at protecting indigenous people's rights, are working together to promote public awareness of this largely unrecognized issue.

The Bushmen are Africa's oldest inhabitants, having lived in the subcontinent for at least 20,000 years. They have no collective name for themselves (Bushmen, San, or Basarawa have been imposed on them by others). In the harsh Kalahari Desert, an area roughly the size of Denmark, they have eked out an existence based on hunting and gathering, relying on their intricate knowledge of the Desert eco-system for survival. Until around 1,500 years ago, their lifestyle remained largely unchallenged.

However, with the invasion of cattle-herding Bantu tribes in 500 a.d and White colonists in the nineteenth century, both the Bushmen's population and quality of life have been in steady decline. In 1961, the Central Kalahari Game Preserve, was created to provide a place where the Bushmen could continue their traditional

lifestyle. Yet, since Botswana's independence of 1966, the government has demonstrated increasing oppression against the Bushmen. Today the Preserve's founding purpose has been forgotten, the area is used for safari-tourism, and, to the Bushmen's dismay, diamond-mining.

Botswana has become an economic showcase among African nations, enjoying the highest per capita income on the continent. Most of its economic success however, is based on diamond mining and exporting. The discovery of diamonds in the Kalahari Game Preserve in the early 1990's, was closely followed in 1997 with the start of the Bushmen's forced eviction. Through continuous campaigns of harassment, including threats of violence and the destruction of water supplies, the government of Botswana, has relocated the Bushmen (specifically the Gana and Gwi tribes) to settlements, for the purpose of "redevelopment". These settlements are in locations of sparse wildlife and flora, thereby denying the Bushmen their traditional lifestyles and removing them from their ancestral heritage. In such settlements, the Bushmen are forced to find work as farm hands or languish from boredom and depression. As one Bushman has observed, "We didn't want to come here. Government officials told us to go. They said we would get no water if we stayed. The life here is very difficult. [In the reserve] we could gather wild fruits. There is nothing like that here."

Under pressure from Survival International, the Botswana government is incurring increasing suspicion regarding its forced eviction of the Bushmen people. There is little doubt that an element of racism exists within the government. At a recent lecture at SOAS, the Botswana Foreign Minister Merafhe admitted that his government had relocated the Bushmen to "where we want them to be", claiming it was in order to allow them to "...enjoy the better things in life, like driving Cadillacs... Why must they continue to commune with the flora and fauna?" In addition President Festus Mogae once described them as "Stone Age creatures" who must be forced to modernize.

The most hotly-contested issue however, is whether De Beers is involved in the forced expulsion. There seems to be some convincing evidence linking the diamond-mogul to the scandal. Prior to the Bushmen's eviction from the Game Preserve, about 15% of the Preserve area was designated for diamond exploration. Following the Bushmen's expulsion in 1997 however, land marked for diamond

mining has come to encompass around 90% of the Preserve's area. Most tellingly perhaps, is the fact that the Botswana government holds a 50/50 share in De Beers. President Mogae has stated "The partnership between De Beers and Botswana has been likened to a marriage. I sometimes wonder whether a better analogy might be that of Siamese twins."

For the "Siamese twins", the constraint of world opinion is escalating. The government of Botswana has been forced to hire a Public Relations company to counter Survival International's assertions, has recently banned all Survival International publications from Botswanan schools, and described the group as a "terrorist organisation" (I assure you it's not). Survival International, with new support from its LSE branch, continues its campaign to allow the Bushmen to return to their ancestral home and to have recognition of their land rights in accordance with international law.

Standing outside the De Beers store, I note a new tightness in the manager's restrained smile. The appearance of new, younger, more determined protesters is yet another sign that the pressure is mounting.

Survival International at LSE will be campaigning on campus within the next few weeks. For more information on what you can do to help the Bushmen see www.survival-international.org, or contact Judy Walcott at j.a.walcott@lse.ac.uk

Tracy Alloway is a second year International Relations student.

'At a recent lecture at SOAS, the Botswana Foreign Minister Merafhe admitted that his government had relocated the Bushmen to "where we want them to be", claiming it was in order to allow them to "enjoy the better things in life, like driving Cadillacs".'



One for the grandchildren: Natalie meets the Croatian president, Stjepan Mesic.

B:art

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

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FOUR TET

Do not ever claim that the Beaver isn't fantastically good to you. Just back from a two week US tour supporting Prefuse 73, Kieran Hebden gives an exclusive interview with B:Music. Here's what the great man had to say for himself...

This is a man with enormous hair; great gravity defying locks which don't even require the implementation of a decent strong hold mousse. Terms such as "wiry 'fro" and "fluffy tresses" overlook the power and mystical aura of the majestic beast. Now there's no proven correlation between innovative hair and good musicians - the unfortunate existence of the singer out of Toploader (the one who just loves to dance in the milky rays of Mr Moon) - dispels such notions. However, a momentary glance at some of the greats contemporary music has to offer us would seem to propose a tentative link at least: Hendrix - mighty 'fro, Tim Buckley - partial 'fro (of sorts), Bob Dylan - credible 'fro (even to this day, which, assuming the absence of hair growth medication, toupees and the rest, deserves respect), to name but a few. Whether in this (or any) instance the hair makes the music good or the music makes the hair good we can never tell. What is clear is that the music Kieran Hebden in the guise of Four Tet has created is some of the freshest, most original sounding magic that has been put together in the last five years. And he likes a hearty mound of hair.

It was at Manchester University (once upon a time etc.) where Kieran began making music from his bedroom. One of my first questions is why he choose to study maths there rather than a music related degree. "I didn't want to be told how to make music really. I did maths in the end because I felt that was something I wouldn't be able to do unless I was taught it" is his response. Judging by his success since graduating, his faith in his ability wasn't misplaced. His setup has changed very little from those early days at university "messaging a bit with samples". He still works from home on a computer, "...there's no mixing desk or anything like that. I play some of the guitar parts directly into the computer but the rest is just samples". Samples which range from dusty jazz records to albums of "happy clappy children songs" (where the voice on the single "No more Mosquitoes" originates from).

Without wanting to use the term unclassifiable, the music of Four Tet is genuinely tricky to pigeonhole. Folk-tronica, psychedelica and free jazz are but a few adjectives you could attach to it. I ask how he came up with the unique sound that is now his trademark. "That's really why I'm here talking to you today" is his answer, an apt reply. Four Tet's three albums are each original, intelligent and interesting pieces of work but don't cross into realms so inaccessible that it could ever be labelled *avant garde*. Kieran has mastered the art of making music that sounds simple but is in fact incredibly complex. To use a cliché, it works on different levels. Music geeks are mesmerised by the adept beat programming; syncopated percussive layers are cut up, rearranged and pasted back together with a warped twist. Above this backdrop of heavy, deep beats glide gentle quirky melodies; often playful, melancholic in parts but always effective. Perhaps the music's greatest pull though is the organic sounds it incorporates. Despite being entirely produced on computer, the sounds are natural. The drums for example, despite their intricacy and practical impossibility you'd swear blind they were recorded live. Similarly, the melodic parts used jangle and sparkle so cleanly you believe you're in a room being serenaded by the very instruments themselves. Kieran not only has an ear for a tune but he has the production skills to realize it as well.

At the recent Domino records 10th Anniversary bash at The End, the set Kieran played lived up to the hype; upbeat extended versions of his tunes were drawn out, the beats messed with even more than on record, and extra harmonies subtly integrated to create an ensemble of hectic wizardry. But what is he actually doing up there I ponder. Is he merely pressing a play button and bopping around? It's a process of live improvisation he responds, using two laptops. "One laptop does the rhythm, drums and bass lines and the other computer does a lot of the melodies, guitar parts, the harp and stuff". Kieran goes on to explain that he views playing live as an opportunity to experiment with his pieces and let people hear something different to what's down on record. Is there any chance that some of the extended live versions will be released I ask, particularly hopeful that the house version of No More Mosquitoes he played to a great reaction might be pressed? "It would be nice to release a live version of the live stuff I do, it's just a matter of finding the time really."



Indeed, this is a very busy chap. It's hard to find time for a nifty cup of char in-between his assortment of projects. Innovative long established indie band Fridge in which Kieran has played guitar in since the age of 15 has been put on hold for the moment due to the three members commitments; drummer Sam has taken time out to concentrate on an International Relations degree whilst bassist Alan is working on a solo album, due for release on Domino records in March next year. Kieran meanwhile has no end to his schedule. First there's the touring. Prior to the recent tour he's completed supporting Prefuse 73 in the US, he supported Radiohead on the European leg of their tour, a group he describes as "...pleasant well reared Oxford boys". Then there's his role as a producer. I ask whether rumours of him producing the new Beth Orton album are true. "There's nothing set in stone" is the reply, "We've done a few demos but I don't know if I'm going to be producing the final thing though". Still, this is a big name to be producing demos for. Then there's the record label he has set up, Text records. Having released "The Battle Times EP" by Koushick, a fantastic jazzy beat fest, on limited vinyl last year, there's another two releases planned for 2004, one of which is a 30 piece live improvisation project in which the conductor finds new ways to conduct the band each time. Then there's his solo material which he plans to work on during the winter. Finally there's his prolific output of remixes for artists as diverse as The Super Furry Animals and Ninja Tune's Bonobo,

That's a man who would make good use of a diary for Christmas. Not that he's resentful in the slightest: "I have such a great life at the moment I have to say" he happily concedes. The git. Yet you can't be envious (well, just a tiny bit) of someone so unassuming. The three times I have seen Kieran at gigs he's always been wandering around the audience happily chatting to people beforehand; it's how I managed to swing this interview in fact. At a Fridge gig a couple of years ago in Camden he was on-stage selling the bands t-shirts after they'd played. Now Bob Dylan wouldn't do that despite his durable 'fro.

NEIL GARRETT

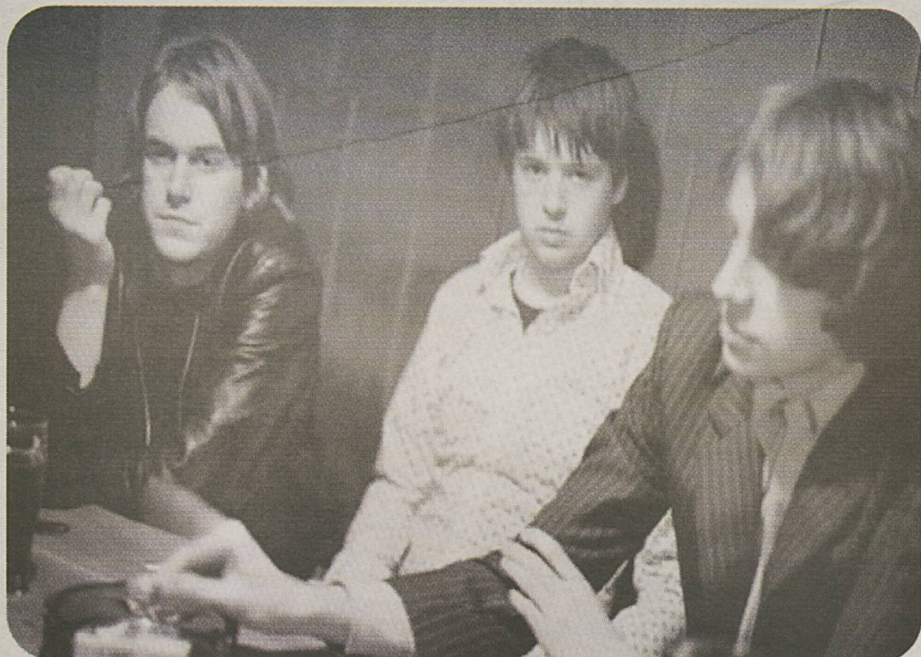
Check out Kieran's remix of the new Radiohead single, his latest EP "As Serious as Your Life", his latest album "Rounds", or anything he's ever touched in fact.



edited by jazmin burgess
and neil garrett

b:music

22-20's JON DE KEYSER jaunts along to ULU to see rock upstarts the 20-20's. A very daft name but perhaps they were good...



Thank the Gig-God for the White Stripes. As well as introducing a whole generation of nu-metal kids to classic, stripped down guitar music, they have opened the door for numerous other talented bands in the same bluesy mould to burst onto the

music scene. The 22-20s are one such band. Fresh from the release of their live EP "05/03" (there are lots of cardboard posters telling us about it) the band set out to impress us on the University of London Union stage with their live prowess. They obviously have a cardboard fetish. A nice lady hands me some stickers, housed in a cardboard sleeve. The CD sleeve is also made out of cardboard. To stick with the theme, I order a JD and coke from the bar (it tastes like cardboard). Cardboard is boring, often used to package dog food, and usually thrown away. Mercifully, the 22-20s are quite unlike it. Musically exciting and with a stage presence that scoffs at bands such as BRMC and I Am Kloot, they rocked the ULU. Songs like "Such A Fool" make the support acts look like pre-pubescent girls ("Dogs Die In Hot Cars" sound like a poor man's Hot Hot Heat, never listen to them) with its raw energy, big guitars and thunderous drums making it an instant crowd-pleaser.

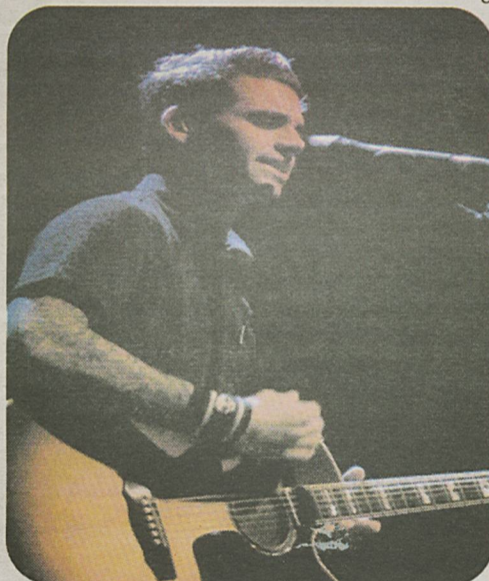
"Well I hate the world, everything I see", sings Martin Trimble during "Devil In Me", summing up the bands obviously bleak outlook on life. Hopefully they'll stay unhappy, otherwise, God forbid, they might venture out of blues territory and start writing songs for S Club 8. Some of the tunes they choose to play tonight are the result of relationships-gone-wrong and the jealousy that follows. During "I'm The One", Trimble tells us about his fears regarding the commitment of his girlfriend, and "Messed Up" is a beautifully timed plea for forgiveness - "I didn't mean... to make you blue". Let's hope that girls continue to upset Trimble, because this is when his songs are at their most powerful and affecting. If the 22-20s can build on their reputation and record an album worthy of their live performances, an exciting future lies ahead...

JON DE KEYSER

DASHBOARD CONFSSIONAL

AMELIA HUTCHISON checks out Florida's favourite emo-punk heartthrob at his recent gig at Shepherd's Bush...

Florida's finest purveyors of acoustic emo-pop rounded off a short tour in support of their latest album, 'A Mark, A Mission, A Brand, A Scar', with their largest London show to date. The transition from venues of the tiny and dingy variety to those with three tiers of seating within a year, is a testament to the growing appeal of this band. Love and err... the lack of it are still the major themes lyrically for Chris Carrabba and it seems that sceptics of the



Dashboard phenomenon particularly object to his somewhat histrionic handling of his 'pain'. Fans would argue that to be a true convert one has to witness the man in action, self-defacing, witty and importantly genuine, as opposed to the self-obsessed loser one might expect.

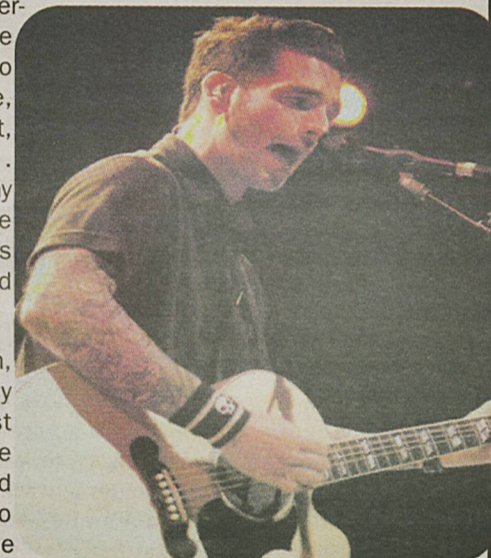
Ever the crowd pleaser, tonight the band manage to combine old and new songs seamlessly, in a carefully crafted show that is no doubt a result of two years of incessant touring. The varied set list allows them to show off their development from solo acoustic outfit to fully blown plugged in band. Including 'So Impossible' from the EP of the same name keeps

the old-school fans happy, whilst their perhaps slightly ill-advised cover of 'Teenage Dirtbag', certainly amuses those not so familiar with the band. The new single, 'Hands Down' inevitably saved till last, raises the loudest cheer of the night. Yes, this is a great song, but quite why Dashboard have felt the need to release it for what is now the fourth time, is something only they and their record label know.

In return the crowd are in great form, faithfully chanting the lyrics to every song. During favourite, 'The Best Deceptions', any sound the band were attempting to make is easily drowned out. Chris Carrabba always does seem to be overawed by the reception he receives, but surely this must be waning slightly considering the millions of albums sold and sell out stadium tours in the US.

Tonight is everything one would want and expect from a man who has the lyric, 'do you like making out?'. Nice guy with some brilliant tunes, who is entertaining in a way that you are kind of embarrassed to admit to.

AMELIA HUTCHISON



THE VON BONDIES

Playing the 100 club, MATT BOYS experiences his favourite band live!!!



A young man, not much older than 19 pushes past me. There is blood streaming down his face from a crack in his forehead. A few seconds earlier he had been dancing with the crowd;

then he had the misfortune of being on the receiving end of the edge of the stage. No, this isn't a hardcore gig, where angry young men throw themselves around in an attempt to vent their emotion (and hurt someone....mmm, feel my pain), this is pure rock and roll. Okay, so there's some soul in there too. Let's call it rock and soul. No, actually, that sounds shit.

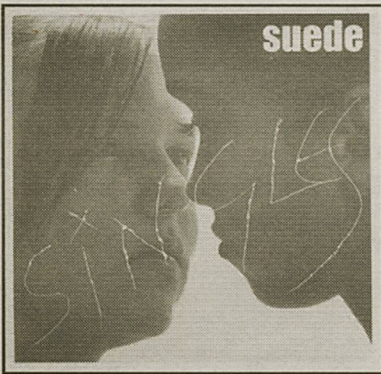
The Von Bondies play from the heart, they play with a soul that's been screwed up and chewed on and spat out into the street for all to see. Singer Jason Stollmeister has the wailing, disconsolate voice of a heartbroken man, singing songs about heartache and heartbreak. Following him is Don Blum, King of the Drums - a drummer so good, he only needs 3 drums and a cymbal: throughout the night he delivers his trademark pounding backbeat. Then there's the sexiest backline in rock music today: Marcie Bolen and Carrie Smith - two sassier hip-swingers I defy you to find. They had an awesome presence from the moment they got on stage - it's bands like this that make you realise that some have it, and some don't. The crowd went nuts as they tore through most of 2001's debut Lack of Communication, rose to a fren

zy as they punctuated this with songs from the upcoming Pawn Shoppe Heart, and came in their collective pants as The Datsuns joined them on stage for an impromptu encore.

This is what music should be. You people are really missing out.

MATT BOYS

Album Reviews



**SUEDE
SINGLES**

Suede were back in the headlines recently, though sadly the publicity was not about the release of this, their greatest hits collection. It was because they had split up. Sadly they had long since to be relevant to our newly invigorated alternative music scene, they're thunder having been stolen by the Strokes, White Stripes and the Music amongst others. Still this retrospective gives us a chance to give an appraisal of what were one of the most important British bands of the nineties.

Handily the band decided not to put the songs in chronological order, or else I would have stopped listening after "Trash", their last great song. You see Suede had actually stopped being good after the release of their magnificent second album, "Dog Man Star". Its almost as if Brett Anderson couldn't believe that their glam indie masterpiece hadn't blown away all opposition and established them as the standard bearers of Britpop, and had consciously decided to take the band on a more commercial route.

This was unfortunate because, "The Wild Ones" and "We are the Pigs" are the bands definitive statement, swirling anthems that built on the initial promise of "Stay Together", "So Young" and the iconic "Animal Nitrate". "The Beautiful Ones" and "Filmstar" appear tiny in comparison. And by the time of the release of "Electricity", Suede had long since become irrelevant.

So Suede were a band who had it, but lost their nerve. And that will be there epitaph.

JUSTIN NOLAN



PARTY MONSTER SOUNDTRACK

My problem with electroclash is that every single track reminds me of the 'Clothes Show' theme tune. Add to that the fact that everything on International DeeJay Gigolos sounds the bloody same. Yeah yeah I appreciate the aesthetic - exemplifying the shallowness of the fashionista culture by elevating it to the forefront of the music - but who said it had to be so fucking dull? No, hang on, scratch that: to express passion would debase the entire nature of the genre.

So, onto the record... well, I'd love to tell you that the "19-track collection... [features] a mix of electro-dance music celebrating the period of the film as well as classic 80's (sic) dance music from the era" (as the press-release does), but I can't. Why? Because all the promo-release entails a four-fucking-track EP: one bog-standard electroclash number (feat. generic woman droning atonally); one darker electroclash number; one harder electroclash number (from International DeeJay Gigolos) and 'How to be a Millionaire' by bloody ABC. Okay, okay it's all deeply infectious, but so is every other electroclash song. Ever. They all sound the same (unless you play them at the wrong speed, which always reminds me of melting plastic for some reason: good stuff).

Anyway, the full length album will feature the likes of Ladytron, Miss Kitten & The Hacker and Felix Da Housecat; so it may well be worth buying if you're not too bored by all that yet. The film sounds pretty good too, I might even go and see it.

MATT BOYS



**SOMETHING CORPORATE
NORTH**

Okay, first thing's first, Something Corporate have grown up with their second album-there are most definitely not any songs on here about kissing drunk girls or punk rock princesses as those which featured so heavily on debut album 'Leaving Through the Window'. But! Despite that, all the songs on their sophomore attempt, 'North', still have that same infectious tune and beaming enthusiasm. Easily the highlight of the album is the anthemic 'Space' (trust me, people will be throwing their hands in the air like they just care to that one at Reading next year), but tracks suck as the hyperactive '21 and Invincible' and the brilliant 'Only Ashes' ensure that there are pretty much no glitches during the course of 'North'.

Fair enough, the piano heavy elements of the songs on 'North' can get slightly annoying after awhile. What's more, is that its pretty mindless music, so you probably won't want to listen to it more than once in a row (or maybe week for that matter). BUT! as it goes Something Corporate have managed once again to produce a perfect pop-punk album. And they deserve serious respect for proving that the piano has a well deserved place alongside rock. There's no use pretending that 'North' is a totally accomplished, musically brilliant album. But it is fun and cheerful enough to make even the most passive want to jump around. So, after all that intense post-hardcore gets too much for you, there really isn't anywhere better to turn.

JAZMIN BURGESS



**PEARL JAM
LOST DOGS**

Since their first album was released in 1991, Pearl Jam have been pushing the boundaries in music to the limit. Their first two albums were massively successful, yet after that they have been less than willing to allow their music to be commercialized. Eddie Vedder and co. decided to take the ambitious step of releasing every show they played as an official 'bootleg' album. Success in this venture resulted in it being repeated for their next tour. Fans who bought these albums will notice that Pearl Jam's huge set lists often feature b-sides, covers and original tracks that have never been released. 'Lost Dogs', a collection of rarities, is a tribute to all the PJ favourites which have never been available before.

A collection of thirty one tracks, of which fourteen have been released for the first time, is sure to whet the appetites of the faithful, eagerly waiting for a new release. Tracks like 'Yellow Ledbetter', 'U' and 'Down' are relatively well known. Even 'Last Kiss' one of the bands biggest hits, a cover song released as a single to raise money in aid of Kosovo, has found its way here. The opportunity of owning these songs as well as previously unreleased songs like 'In the Moonlight' and 'Dead Man' should not be missed. It's a brilliant package and well worth the price tag.

IB RASHEED



**MADRUGADA
GRIT**

This chisel chinned, Norwegian four-some, chose rightly the title 'Grit' as a gravelly voiced Høem grinds out his lyrics in low husky tones. It sends me back to those golden years; oh the excitement of following grit lorries down the frosty roads. See the little stones scattering all around.

I get my kicks from other places now, unfortunately not from this album though. The first two songs, Bloodshot adult commitment and Ready try a punk rock sound but end up with a formulaic type 'cool' which keeps on raising it's ugly head throughout the album. Now then...if we wack in some big guitar chords that slide like an Oasis anthem and...go on then Høem, you use your deep bear-like voice to make the lyrics sound seductive...oh and lets concentrate on love/old /new /unrequited etc. as our theme. It'll be really soulful and pensive and we'll sound trendy and interesting.

I'm not feeling the love, unfortunately. So hard do I try, but the lyrics seem to get in the way. It seems that the mêlée with the English language was fought too hard on their part so they appear contrived and unoriginal. In my favorite song Hands up - I love you, the slower rhythm doesn't loose itself to boring repetitiveness thanks to the weird whale like noises in the background and compliments the faintly Norwegian Jarvis Cocker esq. speaking/singing style

4/10

SIAN BEYNON

Singles

**CLEARLAKE
CAN'T FEEL A THING**

While an obvious choice for a single, the upbeat song about depression does not demonstrate Clearlake at their understated, innovative best. The same goes for "We All Die Alone," but "I Want To Walk" should give listeners a better feel for the unusual appeal of the cold-loving foursome from Hove.

BONNIE JOHNSON

**THE TENDERFOOT
WAKING ME UP AGAIN**

Three down tempo wonderfully hushed songs for lazy Sunday mornings spent in bed drinking coffee and being with the one you love. Admittedly, they're treading familiar ground (throw Doves & a hint of Coldplay in here as a lazy comparison), and the songs just slightly fail to come off quite properly on the record; but I think they'd be magical live: think Tindersticks and you're in the right neighbourhood for the ballpark you want.

MATT BOYS

**CORAL
SECRET KISS**

The Coral had an extremely difficult childhood. If growing up in Liverpool wasn't bad enough then they quite clearly only had an album of knackered old fairground music to listen to when they were growing up. This single is the painful result.

JUSTIN NOLAN

**THE GHEARS-INTER
FLEX**

Whether being sung by ultra-serious besuited Japanese businessmen, or ultra-twat AU members, karaoke is indeed a funny thing. As is this single, which sounds like Brian Molko singing a Lou Reed song. Thank fuck they don't do 'my way'.

BEN HOWARTH

**ERIN MCKEOWN
BORN TO HUM**

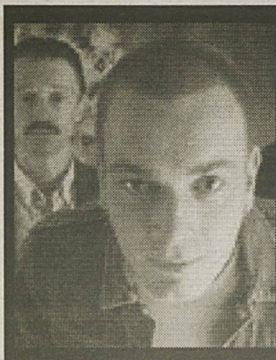
Looking like Carrie but sounding like a toned down PJ Harvey, Erin McKeown is an interesting lady. Although it has been done 2,413 times before, "Born To Hum" adds a fresh, quirky dimension to folk balladry, ploughing a similar field to Beth Orton. In this field she frolics with the spring lambs and eats curd and whey.

JON DE KEYSER

**HEADWAY
VITAL SIGNS**

The press release compares them (laughably) to the great Led Zep. Average rock 'n'roll, with a B-side ballad worthy of the mighty Natalie Imbruglia. They won't be making Headway into the Top 40. Or even the Top 700

JON DE KEYSER



edited by simon cliff & dani ismail

b:film

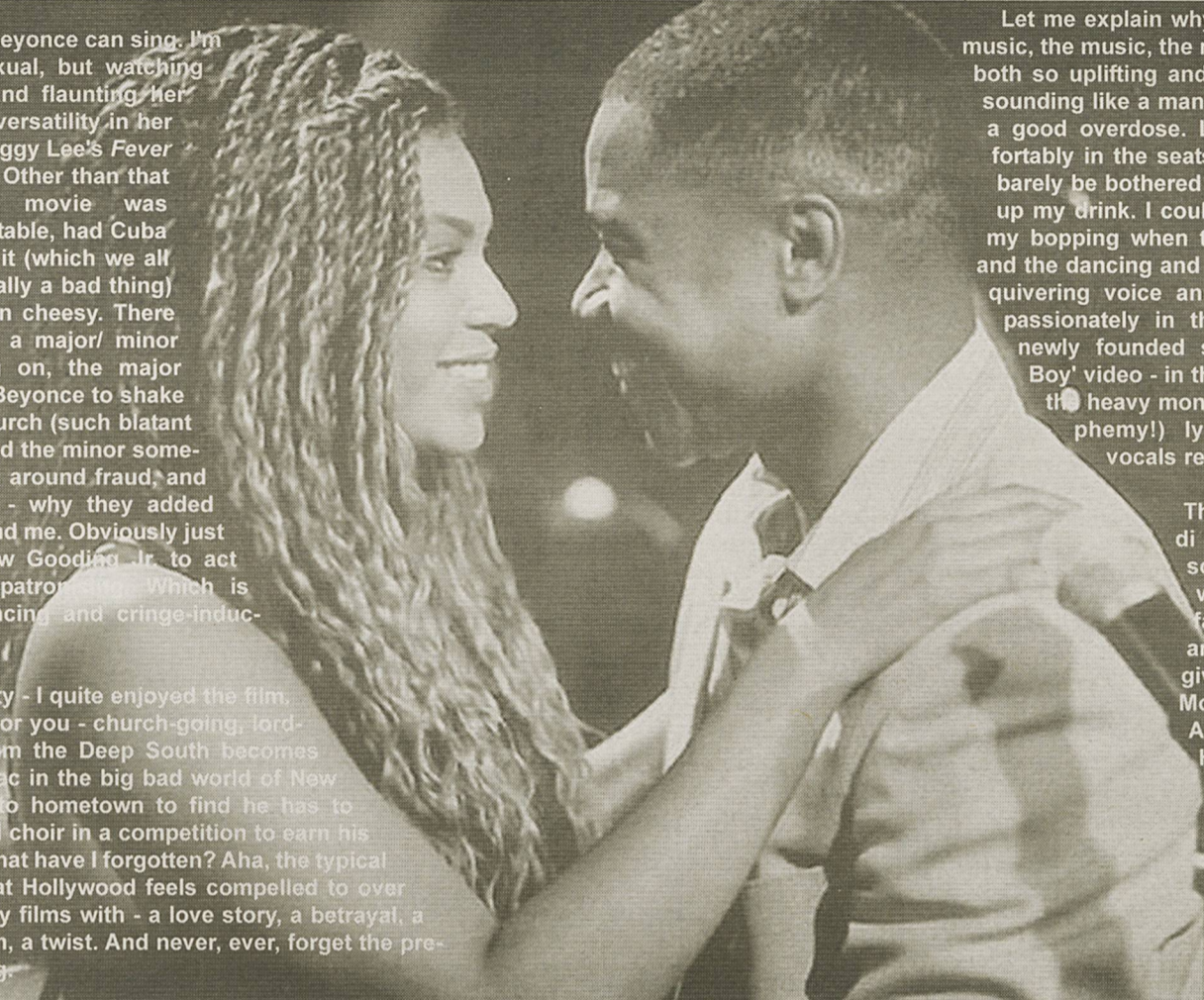
Review of the week...

The Fighting Temptations

DANIISMAIL, notorious for *not* fighting temptation, flexes her vocal chords at home after jealously watching Beyonce strut her stuff

Let's face it - Beyonce can sing. I'm fully heterosexual, but watching her writhing and flaunting her vocal chords' versatility in her rendition of Peggy Lee's *Fever* was quite hot. Other than that though, the movie was cheesy, predictable, had Cuba Gooding Jr in it (which we all know is generally a bad thing) and once again cheesy. There seemed to be a major/ minor plotline going on, the major being getting Beyonce to shake her stuff in church (such blatant blasphemy) and the minor somewhat revolving around fraud, and faked identity - why they added this in is beyond me. Obviously just a ploy to allow Gooding Jr to act smarmy and patronising, which is both unconvincing and cringe-inducing.

In all honesty - I quite enjoyed the film. To wrap it up for you - church-going, lord-fearing lad from the Deep South becomes advertising exec in the big bad world of New York, returns to hometown to find he has to direct the local choir in a competition to earn his inheritance. What have I forgotten? Aha, the typical ingredients that Hollywood feels compelled to over saturate crappy films with - a love story, a betrayal, a few crying men, a twist. And never, ever, forget the predictable ending.



Let me explain why I liked this movie. The music, the music, the music. Gospel singing is both so uplifting and calming, at the risk of sounding like a manic depressive in need of a good overdose. Lying paralytically comfortably in the seats of the cinema, I could barely be bothered to move my arm to pick up my drink. I could also barely hold back my bopping when they started the singing and the dancing and the clapping. Beyonce's quivering voice annoys me intensely and passionately in the proclamation of her newly founded sluttiness in the 'Baby Boy' video - in this film however, despite the heavy monotheistic (yet more blasphemy!) lyrics, her high hitting vocals really did resonate well.

They mixed your regular la di da gospel singing with some hip-hop/ rap, which was fun. And the many familiar people starring and singing in this film gives it's some credibility - Montell Jordan, T Bone, Angie Stone, Steve Harvey, and Faith Evans.

Watch it for the score. Other than that we all know how the movie ends. 2.5/5

Classic Review...

The English Patient

IONMARTEA finds that in love there are no boundaries...

Director: Anthony Minghella

Starring: Ralph Fiennes, Juliette Binoche, Willem Dafoe, Kristin Scott Thomas, Naveen Andrews, Colin Firth, Julian Wadham

Running time: 160 minutes

Release date: 14th March 1997

Certificate: 15



It is a when a filmmaker manages to shine in his first features, especially after 20 years of continuous work in television. Well, Anthony Minghella is such a case: an artist to discover the boundaries of poetry only when reaching complete maturity. And what an artist! *Truly Madly Deeply* (1991) and *Mr. Wonderful* (1993) were respectable pieces that established him as a craftsman in his field, but it wasn't until *The English Patient* (1996) that we got to see the godlike creative power of the man who later gave us *The Talented Mr. Ripley* (1999).

The English Patient is veritable poetic art, and, as with poetry, it opens delicately and invites you to share the experience of a lifetime. It tells the story quietly enough so we can hear Gabriel Yared's harmonious tunes in the process. Hana (Juliette Binoche) a Canadian nurse, lost in the deserted minefields of World War II Italy, is in search of life and scope. As in Ondaatja's novel, she gradually starts to rediscover reality once she is put in the care of an amnesiac Count Laszlo Almásy (Ralph Fiennes). Neither Kip Singh (Naveen Andrews), her new found lover, nor David Caravaggio (Willem Dafoe), her countryman, manage to fulfill her soul's need. None, but Almásy and his stories about the Egyptian deserts, about the winds of the Sahara, and more importantly his own story. A truly moving relationship unfolds, which reduces to a blubbing mess even the most cold-hearted among us.

Binoche, in her Oscar-winning role, is at once a simple character and completely realistic, which makes Hana's breakdown even more tragic. Scott Thomas, in her best performance, is quite beautiful in the entire sense of the word: sensual, talented, ignorant, and so passionately in love. And then Fiennes captures exquisitely the sheer complexity of the English patient, the vastness of Herodotus's poetry of the desert.

The English Patient is a definite must-see for any serious filmgoer. It is a rare case when art managed to transcend the boundaries of the cinematic world, and mainly because it was a film made out of love for beauty. The production ran over the budget before the film was finished, which meant that the cast and crew were left with largely empty pockets and received only the catharsis of creation, hoping of a smashing success. There was no alternative, but superlatives at all levels.

dani's movie matters...

Bunnies and Hunnies

After spending bucket loads of money to keep her tits out of the centrefolds, **Cameron Diaz** seems to have no problem getting paid to play a Playboy centre-fold in her upcoming film, *X-Girls*. Based on a true story, she will be one of three bunnies who competed in possibly the most gruelling reality TV show in 1992, *Eco-Challenge*. No doubt this will prove these models have long legs and stamina.



Another *Charlie's Angel* is back to form in a rom-com with **Adam Sandler**, perfectly cast as a ditz with short-term memory loss. Sandler has to keep getting **Drew Barrymore** to fall in love with him every day in *50 First Dates* since she just keeps forgetting him.. does it seem to anyone else like a desperate plot to get the vaguely annoying Sandler a date? Maybe she's forgetting who he is for a reason. And will probably be better than a sequel to *The Wedding Singer*, the idea of which barely seems that implausible in this day and age.

The making of *X3* is being talked about, as is a knock-off for *Wolverine* on his very own. Rather expected, to be honest. A slightly less expected sequel? That of the one to *The Goonies*.. yes it's true. *The Goonies* will feature many of those old familiar faces that filled our dreams during our youth - but they will be much older, jaded, out of breath etc. And honestly who really still watches 'adventure' movies?

Speaking of the aged playing childish roles, **Will Ferrell** of Saturday Night Live fame is playing an over-grown elf in his latest, originally entitled flick, *Elf*. The allure of *Big*-style films, if I recall correctly, died out after *Big*. It's hard to beat such a classic.

Love Actually opens next week - for a movie that got lukewarm reviews, it seems to have done good in getting every bloody well known British actor to commit to it. The posters all over the tube flaunt that it's from the director of *Four Weddings and Notting Hill* - back track! *Notting Hill* was 3 hours of boring, cliched, crappy filmography. How this is a good advertising ploy is beyond me. And did anyone else know that **Hugh Grant** has only acted in a dozen movies since he caught everyone's eye in *Four Weddings*? Till next week..

Coming Soon to Cinemas...

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

SAMUELOOI seems frustrated after seeing the latest from Rachel Weisz...

Director: Neil LaBute

Starring: Gretchen Mol, Paul Rudd, Rachel Weisz

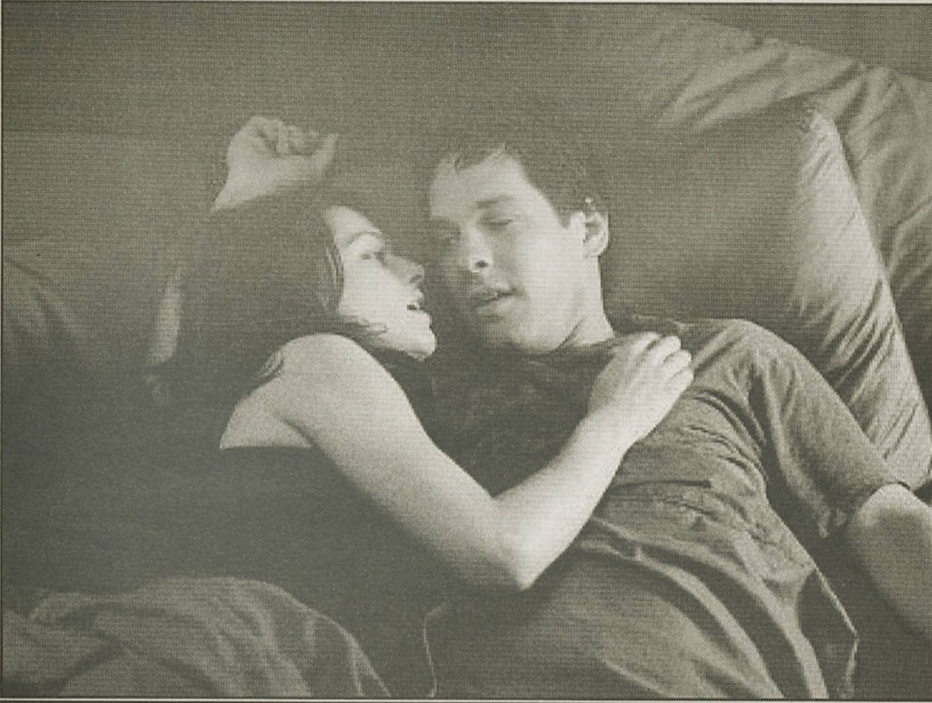
Running Time: 96 min

Certificate: 15

Release Date: 28 November

How do you describe 93 minutes of pure confusion? A film that also seems to be a play, full of strong, yet bewildering characters? *The Shape of Things*, written and directed by Neil LaBute, is just that. Based on LaBute's identically titled London play, this latest offering will leave you uncomfortable and unsure of what you've just seen.

The film rotates around the insecure and shy Adam (Paul Rudd) who is smitten by the gregarious Evelyn (Rachel Weisz of the Mummy fame). Coerced into changing "for the better," Adam is transformed scene by scene into a confident young man. Evelyn then reveals that her entire relationship with Adam was just the sacrifices of a mega artist - that Adam himself



is her thesis project. Adam gets rightly upset, and we are treated to the climatic scene of lethargic rage.

Sounds entertaining, doesn't it? Well it wasn't - but that's because I'm still rather perplexed with almost every aspect of the film. Or should I say "the play"? Long blocks of dialogue with absolutely no background music are interspersed with Elvis Costello blasting the last three seconds of each shot then introducing the setting of the next scene. I could almost hear people moving chairs and backdrops around the "stage."

Getting the same actors of the play to play in the film creates a bizarre feel to the movie. Although gifted, with obvious talents (Weisz and Rudd being established Hollywood actors), there were instances where I felt that Casting could have done a better job. Such was the case when Adam's lifelong friend Phillip (Frederick Weller) proclaims to be just an undergraduate, whilst looking like an early-thirty executive dressed in shorts and goggles. If you can stop bursting out in laughter in that scene, you would realize that Weller delivers a sensational performance - for a play.

It doesn't help when screenplay adaptation consists of erasing lines of the play's script. The lines of dialogue read like a conversation you'd have with yourself, disjointed and repetitive in order to emphasize a plot development: "I don't understand." "Get me out of here." "What should we do next?" "I hate you, Adam."

Weisz looks quite stunning, as she usually does; a good solid reason to watch the film if nothing else. She does the American accent to perfection in this role although I wish we did not have to see scene after scene of her "I'm lying to you when I say I love you" look, so blatantly obvious to the audience but seemingly spellbinding to Adam.

Would I recommend this film? Well, perhaps. Just be warned - this isn't the sort of movie to see on a night out. Nor is it one with an ending a la the Usual Suspects. Be prepared to be confused, but then again, be prepared to essentially watch a play.

2.5/5

Something film-related to make your weekend interesting...

The Lord of the Rings Exhibition

SARAHCOUGHTRIE needed a LOTR fix rather desperately. To relieve her frustration, we reluctantly let her loose in the Science Museum for an hour or so. Here, she reports back on how it went...

That time is upon us again. The decorations are up, people are wandering around with an excited glow, the weather is getting cold, shoddy merchandise is piling up in the shops and we're all talking about what a big fat man is going to bring us come December. Yes, Lord of the Rings comes but once a year. To commemorate this and make obscene amounts of money, the nice folk who made LOTR have put together an exhibition, currently showing at the Science Museum. I was sent to weasel my way through the barriers without any kind of press credentials (cheers Simon) and see what all the fuss was about.

For those of us with an interest in Peter Jackson's little project, this is a geek orgasm. When you walk in one of the first things you see is the costume worn by Viggo Mortensen, accompanied by a video of him smouldering away to himself, rasping about his role. More costumes are dotted around, but the temptation to hump the mannequin wearing Orlando Bloom's clothes became overwhelming, so I moved on. There are video screens everywhere showing clips about every aspect of the movies, from concept to make up to filming. Do not miss the section about armour. The amount of time it took to make all that chain mail is going to keep me supplied in nightmares for weeks, as is the revelation that it took 10 hours in the make up chair every night to turn a really tall guy into Lurtz, big chief Uruk-Hai.

Explore further and you find The One Ring hidden in a cavern bathed in red light, loads of weapons and truly massive models of cave trolls, black riders and the like. A major highlight was a section showing how the crew turned the scary Anthony Serkis into Gollum, with some nice side-by-side shots showing how the actor and digital technology merged. And did you know that sexy Viggo got so attached to his horse that he bought it after filming was over? Sweet.

With a student discount it's pretty good value for money at around £7 on a weekday, and if you are a fan this is an opportunity not to be missed, as the exhibition will only be in London until the 11th January, and this is its only European venue. To be honest, a lot of the conceptual drawings and filming tricks were shown to an extent on the extended Fellowship DVD, but that didn't diminish the experience in the slightest. There is much to see and enjoy, including a once in a lifetime opportunity to get up close and personal with a life-sized Legolas gear. If you time it right you should get in a good few seconds before security gets to you.

The Lord of the Rings Exhibition is on until early January at The Science Museum.

the editor's cut

After so much rambling about this year's piss-poor excuses for cinema, Simon lazily lists all his reasons to still love the movies...

1. One day soon, Jerry Bruckheimer will die.
2. Quentin Tarantino is younger than Jerry.
3. Everyone owns a video of *The Shawshank Redemption*.
4. No-one owns a video of *Blair Witch 2: Book of Shadows*.
5. Jack Nicholson was in *Batman*.
6. Jack Nicholson wasn't in *Batman and Robin*.
7. No-one understands *2001: A Space Odyssey*.
8. Everyone understands that *Spaceballs* was bollocks.
9. People still like *Star Wars*.
10. People who dislike *Star Wars* are generally disliked themselves.
11. Gandalf the Grey, Homer Simpson and Indiana Jones are apparently immortal.
12. Ewoks, Johnny Knoxville and Trinity from *The Matrix* clearly aren't.
13. *Return of the King* will be fantastic.
14. *Return of the Jedi* was short.

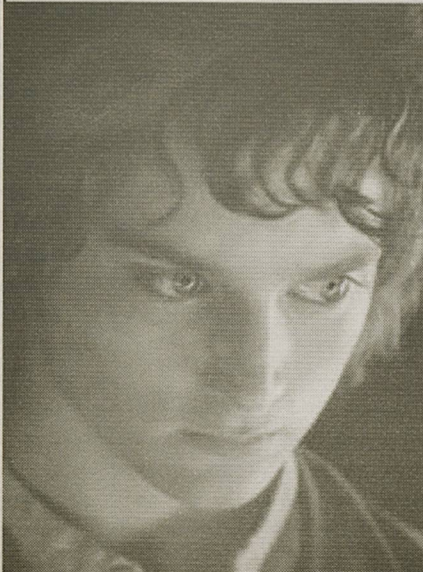
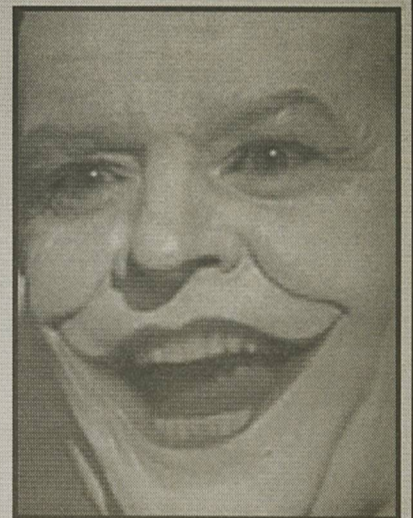
One more thing. I received a complaint last week from one reader (my Dad) criticising my use of foul language. To that reader and any others to whom I caused offence, I wish my sincere and unreserved apologies. However, to those who've seen *The Matrix Revolutions* and weren't offended by its inane dialogue, sparse action and constant IQ-insulting ramblings, you can all go eat shit and die. Until next time we meet, in this crazy world of ours, behave yourselves...

Si, b:film editor

Get in touch with any comments, ideas or Michael 'Nosferatu' Howard cartoons: s.e.cliff@lse.ac.uk

ATTENTION DEAR READERS = WRITERS NEEDED - Do you eat, sleep and breathe movies? Can you string a few coherent sentences together which your peers consider to be remotely interesting? Fancy going to see films for free and weeks in advance of their release? Look no further than b:film, currently looking for writers and reporters to bless these pages with words of wonderment. Sound like fun? E-mail beaverfilm@yahoo.com for further details. Go ahead punk, make my day...

COMPETITION RESULT - The correct answer to last week's RESFEST competition was Christopher Walken. Well done to all those of you who got it right, and comiserations to those same people, not one of which emailed the answer to us. Bloody idiots. We've donated the two tickets to the 'Body Song' Premiere to the Justin Nolan Testimonial Fund in the hope that he'll leave us alone.



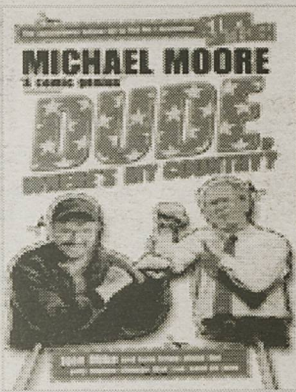


Dude, Where's My Country?

ALEXANGERT: Dude, WE get it already!

Just The Facts...

Author: Michael Moore
Publisher: Allen Lane
Date: Out now
Price: £7.99



Like Bill Maher, Al Franken and Eminem before him, Michael Moore picks a no-holds-barred fight with the Bush administration in his new book *Dude, Where's My Country?* That this fight teems with playground grandstanding, not to mention adolescent namecalling, does not necessarily make it unjust.

Moore's book is valuable because it fills its readers in on crucial things that most people would not know unless they caught Seymour Hersh and Elsa Walsh's *New Yorker* pieces on the Saudi Royal Family or combed the newspapers for stories of the Taliban's involvement with Texas oilmen. Armed with an arsenal of clippings, Moore does not balk, but fires off accusations like a man on a mission. He raises red flags over the dubious Patriot Act, and calls the administration to task for its perennial obfuscations and half-truths. In his own overblown way, he stresses the need to question justifications of U.S. security policy framed in post-9/11 patriotic terms. He correctly points out that President Bush may be guilty of bigger sins than dabbling with a White House intern.

If his work is enhanced by the issues it raises, it is crippled by the way in which it raises them. In other words, Moore suffers from serious issues of style. He thinks he is funny but giddy book jacket endorsements be damned-he is not. One might argue that Moore serves the useful purpose of repackaging seri-

ous reporting from *The New Yorker*, *The Washington Post*, and *Time* magazine in a bright and eye-catching manner that will actually reach the average Joe-shmoe on the street. But does Joe really need to be bombarded with 217 pages of sarcasm, exaggeration and **boldfaced italicized CAPITALS** before he gets the point? Isn't there a more subtle way of letting Joe know that his government may be lying to him?

Even when Moore sets aside the overblown humour, it can be tough to take him seriously. Among other things, he links Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania's membership in the Coalition of the Willing to their WWII past as Nazi collaborators. He then claims with a straight face that September 11th is being manipulated by some nebulous right-wing "Bush/Cheney/Ashcroft/Wall Street/Fortune 500" cabal to satisfy "their feverish desire to rule the world." Shortly after, he chides Bush's tendency to speak for God (an occasionally valid criticism) only to do so himself for an entire chapter.

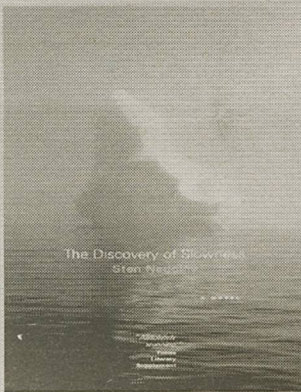
Ultimately, Michael Moore is no political scientist, and while this might make him easier to read, it also means that much of what you get is garbage. Behold his solution to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict: give each side four billion dollars in weapons so "they can just blow each other up and leave the rest of us the hell alone." Time and again, the author paints a world divided much too neatly into rich people who are scum, foreign nationals who can do no wrong, and ignorant masses who adore Moore for bringing them the truth. He offers no program for a better world, short of making Oprah president of a lollipop-land America whose entire population is politically aware and voting Democrat. With some very real challenges confronting world leaders today, it is Moore's imperative to question that makes this book important, and not the angry man who is asking those questions.

The Discovery of Slowness

NOAMSCHIMMEL slows down for a bit and takes a read...

Just The Facts...

Author: Sten Nadolny
Publisher: Canongate
Date: Out now
Price: £10.99



Slowness is something that few individuals appreciate. Modern society favours speed and product over careful deliberation and process. Sten Nadolny's, *The Discovery of Slowness*, a work of fiction based on the life of the nineteenth century explorer, John Franklin, is an eloquent articulation of the virtue of slowness and of the value of savouring the present moment as it progresses and time passes.

The Discovery of Slowness begins with John Franklin's childhood, when he suffers in school from being teased because of his lack of physical coordination, his inability to speak at a normal pace, and his generally dreamy and unusual character. He longs to travel and to become an explorer - to leave the dull and inhospitable firmness of land and the cruelty of bullies, to take to the less stable, but possibly more welcoming seas.

Indeed, in the sea Franklin finds a mixture of freedom, challenge, and consolation. The sea has no prejudices against him and accepts him from the first moment that he joins the crew of a warship. At sea he learns to accept his own personality trait of slowness without regretting it - finding that it can contribute to his

capacity to be diligent and aware of aspects of reality that quicker minds gloss over.

The Discovery of Slowness narrates Franklin's life from childhood through adulthood, including his final voyage towards the North Pole that he did not succeed in completing. It includes an interesting account of his experiences as Governor of Tasmania, and of his respect for its inhabitants and the decency and humility that marked his leadership.

At times the book seems plodding, and the details of Franklin's adventures can be dull. The power of

the message that Nadolny wishes to make about the virtues of slowness is undercut by the book's meandering style. The book will be of greatest interest to those with a passion for the life stories of 18th century explorers, but it will probably be of less interest to the general reader.

Nevertheless, there is wisdom and beauty in *The Discovery of Slowness* and Nadolny's prose is often graceful, emotionally perceptive, and philosophically wise. Nadolny's reflections on what inspires individuals to leave home and begin to travel are especially strong. One passage in particular, about the reasons for Franklin's final voyage to the North Pole, is exemplary:

"He was ineluctably drawn to the Pole, but not because he wanted to start all over again from then on. After all, it had already begun. The goal had been important only for the sake of finding the path to it. He had now taken that path, and the Pole reverted to being a mere geographical concept. He longed only to remain en route just as he was now, on a voyage of discovery for the rest of his life."

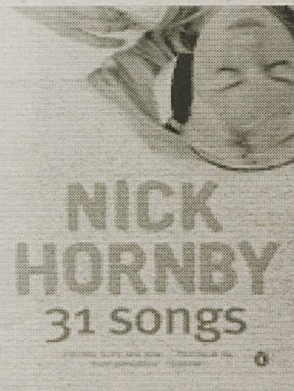
Nadolny shows great empathy in his writing for Franklin. One scene evokes with tenderness the mixture of loneliness, lack of self-confidence, and admiration that John experiences as he watches a group of well-educated friends debate literature with speed and wit. "Poems, like conversation, were after all about feeling and basic elements. They were talking about the basic elements of sympathy and about the particles of fire that inhere in all matter, giving all things their specific temperaments... John was very glad that nobody asked him anything. He remained silent and watched the others with growing wonder..."

There is a soft kind of wonder present in *The Discovery of Slowness*. It is subtle and not always readily apparent, but when finishing the book I felt it.

Towards the end of his life Franklin is asked about his thoughts of death, and he responds, "What remains of me need not always be my personal self." *The Discovery of Slowness* successfully conveys the transcendent aspects of Franklin's life and character, and the importance of living deliberately.

Just The Facts...

Author: Nick Hornby
Publisher: Penguin
Date: November 2003
Price: £6.99



31 SONGS

KATEBURKE: Me and my friend Nick like Robbie and that's all that really matters!

This seems like a suitable time and place for a confession (nicely anonymous yet demonstrably public): I enjoy Robbie Williams' music. Yes, ok, fine, I'm not copping to ritual murder; this isn't the worst crime in the world but trust me in that I will be receiving some shocked and certainly mocking correspondence about this.

But it's ok, because I have been told by a man whose post-High Fidelity name is a by-word for hipster eclectic music appreciation: it's ok to like pop music - nay, it is Good to be Entertained. If Nick Hornby says I don't have to pretend that I play Hayden to get wound up for a night out, then I feel I have right on my side. Besides, Nelly Furtado's "I'm Like A Bird" is on his top 10 songs ever so I think I can get away with "Road to Manderlay".

31 SONGS is a collection of short essays about songs that Hornby loves and loved and for some reason got into his head and under his skin. This I add because truly, who could love "Frankie Teardrop", by Suicide - a 10 minute walk through a wretched and violent existence set to ear-crushing metal? Right: even Hornby agrees with me on this one - not loveable, as such.

The point though is that Frankie somehow fits into the weave of pop culture, and somehow, fit himself into Hornby's life. Obviously, there isn't going to be a lot of cross-over between these 31 songs and mine

or yours (Rod Stewart never did anything for me really, but then I didn't lose my virginity to Side 2 of Smiler. I do, however, get chills when I hear Rufus Wainwright languorously covering his father Loudon's hit "One Man Guy" so Nick and I can at least agree on that), but that is much of the point Hornby is trying to make. Everyone gets their own soundtrack that plays for them in their drama, their tragedy, their comedic misunderstandings or during the love scenes.

Pop music is a part of everyone's lives and you don't have to even know what musicology means to know when a particular lyric seems to know where you live. Hornby is asking for a little consideration for the (sometimes) humble pop song, with no grandiose claim to universal artistry or immortal lyricism, that is still able to add something new to your life, or to make you feel not quite alone in your misery. Hornby's book is a paean to pop music over the last 30 years, and a plea for a little respect, please.

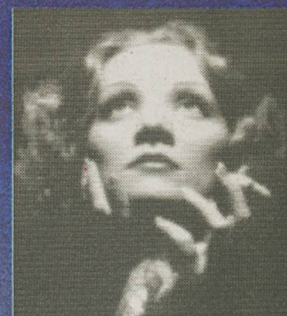
There are problems with this collection - in his appreciation for pop music, Hornby has nothing nice to say about hip hop, rap, jazz, or classical music of any sort, and little to add about the blues and R+B. He is also somewhat preoccupied with justifying his changing musical tastes as he gets older (with the exception of Bruce Springsteen, Hornby's Man For All Seasons).

This is an interesting read about music as part of your life, from a man who is clearly devoted and knowledgeable about the subject matter, but the subject is actually why - and how - to be a fan of music, rather than music criticism per se. And as Miss Brodie would say, it's the kind of thing you'll like, if you're the kind of person who likes that sort of thing. And if you are that sort...the companion CD soundtrack is available at finer bookstores (and independent record shops) everywhere.

edited by dalia king
dit

b:bopping . . . KATIEDAVIES gets all indie at Metro Bar

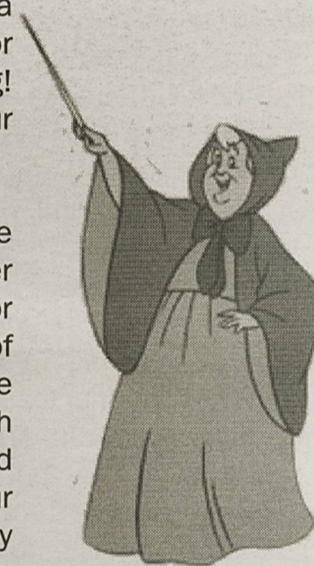
If, like me, you recall the days of Britpop with a smile; if the phrase 'Justice for Jarvis' raises vehement passion and an angry flash of temper at all self-assuming, messianic popstars; if you think you can define yourself or others simply by the question 'Blur or Oasis?', Metro Bar is the venue for you. Situated on Oxford Street, next to Tottenham Court Rd Tube station, the club opens at 11pm and keeps indie-kid punters bopping until 4am. Everything from the invisible décor (of course it's located in a dark basement) to the cramped dancefloor and loud music make it a Britpop lovers dream. However, there's a lounge area at the entrance where the weary-eyed can take a well-deserved break, and drinks are dirt cheap with a spirit and mixer combo at only £1.50.



b:shopping . . . SARAHWARWICK hooks some designer bargains

Christmas is a tough time for students. So much to do and so little to spend: money seems to zoom out of your pocket faster than a flying reindeer. Journey home, presents, cards, parties: all seem extortionate, you have to make tough choices. Big presents for friends and family often means less money for mulled wine and the like; to many nights on the ho-ho-ho juice and you'll find yourself travelling home on a coach via skegness or somewhere as unappealing and if you can afford to go to a Christmas ball or big bash then most likely you won't be able to afford a new outfit to wear, right? Wrong! We can't budget for you but we can pass on a little tip that'll mean you can get out of your last-season rags and still go to the ball!

A few years ago my Dad (who always has an eagle eye for a bargain) heard about these Designer Warehouse Sales, which are staged about 4 times a year in London, and offer Designer labels at about 20%-50% of their original prices. The concept is very simple. For a small fee (about £2) you can gain entry to a warehouse filled with racks and racks of designer clothes, from jeans and t-shirts to cocktail dresses and fancy handbags. The designers go from the huge brands such as Versace and Gucci, through stylish names such as Catherine Hamnett all the way down to tiny independent labels. Every texture and colour is represented and style is the name of the game. Of course you have to pick your way around some hideous garments (last year there was a synthetic orange fluffy body warmer or two.) but in the main the merchandise is innovative rather than over the top.



You shall go to the ball!

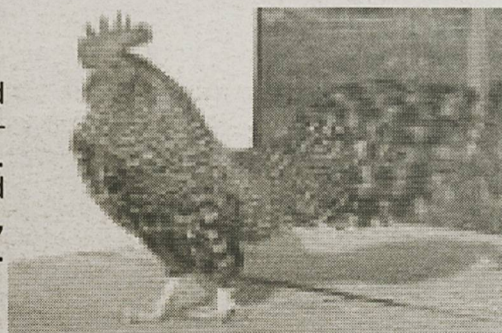
I go every year to the Christmas sale in Brick Lane. Among my best buys have been: a miss sixty suede winter coat for about £70, a grey and white fitted shirt, Toby Pimlico t-shirts for £20, 4 dresses by various designers and a duffer rugby shirt for £25. It's the most fabulous place to shop and you can spend hours here trying everything on. Afterwards you can relax with a curry in one of the many lovely curry houses and congratulate your self on money well saved...while you're spending it of course!

The Xmas Designer Warehouse Sale will take place next weekend from the 27th to the 30th November at the Old Truman Brewery Complex, 95A Brick Lane, London E1 6QL

b:shopping KATIEDAVIES brings all the new london shopping news

Cockfighter

Don't get in touch with the RSPCA as this isn't a reference to animal blood sports- Cockfighter is the name to an up and coming urban fashion label created by ex-Katherine Hamnett employees Damian Wilson and Kate Lindon. Its price range varies quite dramatically but designs are funky, unusual and eye-catching. The first boutique has just opened on Bermondsey Street, SE1, not too far from the LSE on the old RV1 and well worth the pound fare.



Agent Provocateur

The famous lingerie store has frequently adorned the pages of B:about, but this isn't mindless repetition, it's in the name of sister-hood that us girls at B:about feel it necessary to stress the importance of the store to any clueless boyfriends as the place to buy Christmas presents. What's more, a new store has just opened in Notting Hill (305 Westbourne Grove, W2), making it even easier to purchase some of their sexy goods, so really we leave you with little excuse.

b:about edited by sarah warwick and katie davies

Walk:about

KATIEDAVIES walks around London in the footsteps of a film geek!

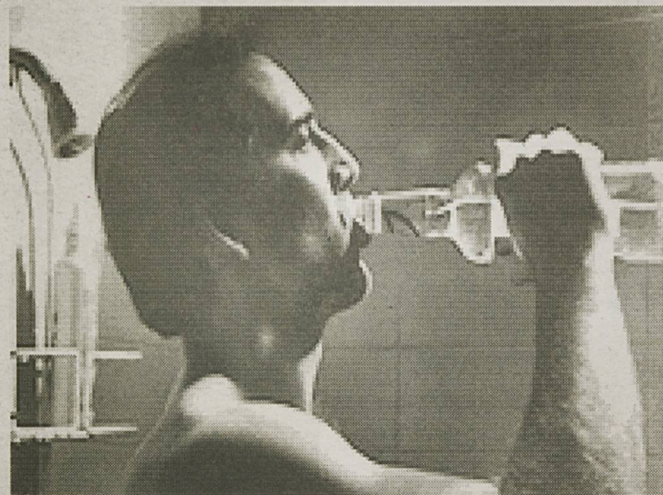
This week B:about looks at London through the lens of some of Tinseltown's finest directors and tells you how to relive your favourite movie moments...

To get your hands on film memorabilia there's really only one place to start - The Cinema Store (4C Orion House, Upper St Martins Lane, WC2) is divided into two parts, one half a film buff's paradise stocking everything from T-shirts and posters to signed photos of your favourite stars. This is also the place to see how film-makers have exploited the movie-going public, with action figures galore of the memorable and not-so-memorable film characters alike. The adjoining store, however, is a treasure trove of cult film titles, and definitely the place to get your hands on



those hard-to-find gems, although be warned - B:about has already snagged that last copy of Adventures in Babysitting (for those of you looking blank, be ashamed!). And if you can't get your fill of film tack here, try VinMag (39-43 Brewer Street, W1), a similar tribute to film marketing gone mad, downstairs you can also pick up almost every past edition of Empire, Total Film and the like. A back catalogue which covers the years when most of us were born (sorry, not you Sexy Cliff) - these can make great presents, useful with Christmas fast approaching.

Once kitted out in full film-geek uniform, you're going to want to actually see the silver screen, and if you fancy doing so with a martini in hand (shaken, not stirred of course), one of the least known, but coolest places to do so is the Institute of Contemporary Art (ICA, The Mall, SW1). The ICA shows golden oldies and new flicks, but mostly the downright peculiar, all from the comfort of a ridiculously trendy bar stool. Other cinema-going haunts that you might not have heard of include The Prince Charles Cinema (7 Leicester Place, off Leicester Square, WC2), which has the advantage of being cheaper than renting a video, the Curzon Soho (93-107 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1D) and The Other Cinema (11 Rupert Street, W1D). And when all those moving pictures start making you dizzy, take a look at the photography of a film director instead: an exhibition of Mike Figgis' (the visionary director behind the Oscar-winning



Leaving Las Vegas) photography is on show at Proud Camden (10 Greenland Street, NW1). After all that, your film knowledge should be up to scratch, but rather than annoying your friends with incessant 'hilarious' quotes from your favourite films, why

not get out there and relive some of those magic moments from your favourite directors. And where better to start than with film-geek extraordinaire, Quentin Tarantino, flavour of the month for the current (B:About fave) Kill Bill. While it would irresponsible of us to condone the reliving of any of this movie, involving as it probably would a big sword and a lot of blood, we can tell you where to get hold of uber-cool Uma's ass-kicking yellow trainers - recently released, Size (17-19 Neal Street, WC2) are now stocking them for a bargain £49.99.

If another of the beautiful Miss Thurman's films is more up your street, why not relive that 'I love you, honey-bunny' moment (perhaps with a 5 dollar shake) at Ed's Diner (12 Moor Street, W1D), although if you share Mr. Pink's attitude to tipping, service might not come with a smile.



If, however, you're more of a Martin Scorsese fan (and judging by his liberal plagiarism, the banana-jawed QT is himself), where else to head but the Casino? The tacky tourist's choice might be the Hard Rock Casino (3-4 Coventry Street, W1D), but if it's exclusivity you're after, join Mayfair Casino (10 Stratton Street, Mayfair, W1J 8LG), where Joe Pesci's Nicky Santoro would not seem amiss. And talk-

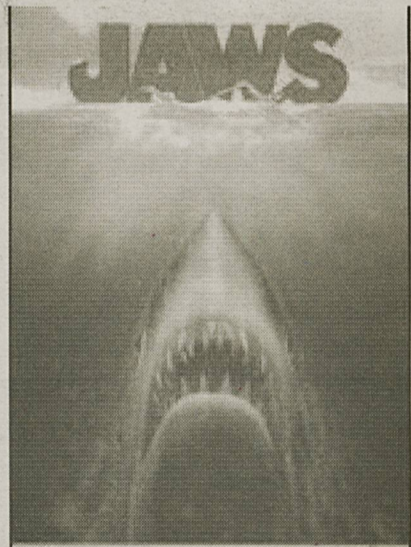
ing of Mr. 'Funny? Funny how? Funny like a clown?' Pesci, those Goodfellas poker moments can be found right here at LSE at the newly-formed Poker Society.



If you prefer your violence between gnomes and pixies, then you're probably wetting yourself in anticipation of the final chapter of Peter Jackson's The Lord of the Rings trilogy. You'll be pleased to know that the new special edition DVD hits shops this week, and if all those extras still leave you wanting more, there's the LOTR exhibition at the Science Museum (Exhibition Road, SW7). Whilst in the area, if you want to get rid of

Bad Taste why not go to nearby restaurant Firehouse (3 Cromwell Road, SW7) where the food is delectably moreish but you can dance off the calories afterwards in the nightclub downstairs.

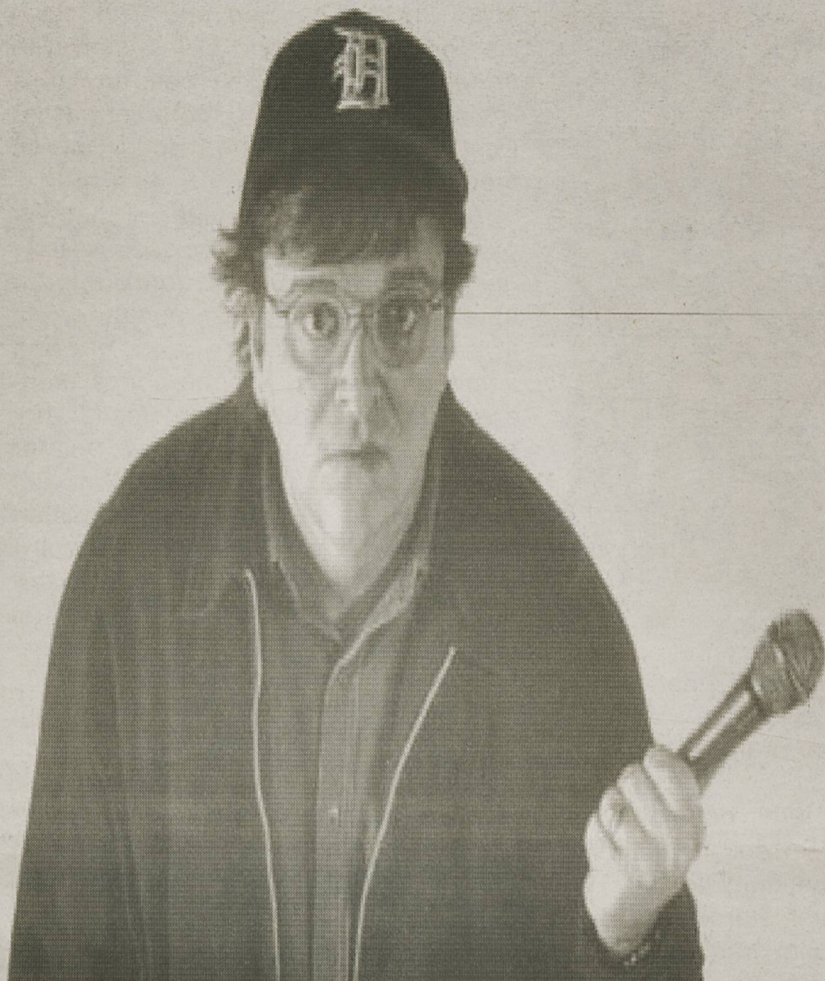
Any tribute to film directors wouldn't be complete without a reference to Steven Spielberg the king of the Hollywood blockbuster. The first port of call for Spielberg fanatics would be the planetarium where you can consider the possibilities of extra-terrestrial life while referring to yourself as Elliot. However if you're a fan of Spielberg's thrillers rather than his feel good family stuff you should take a wander around the London Aquarium (Westminster Bridge Road, SE1), an excellent place to catch the stars of Jaws up close and personal. You can look one in the eye and say "smile you son of a bitch!" safe in the knowledge that you're separated by three inches of reinforced glass. But then again, if terrorising animals isn't your thing, or you still have problems with marine life after watching the movie, maybe you can go to the nightclub Aquarium (256 Old Street, EC1) instead - here the only predatory thing will be members of the opposite sex after a couple too many!



If the mention of sexual liaisons has gotten you all excited, then you're probably familiar with the work of soft porn... sorry, I mean 'erotica' director Russ Meyer. If you're a fan of the Super-Vixens, you can't miss Russ Meyer's Pussy Galore night at The Underworld (174 Camden High Street, NW1), complete with go-go girls the Russettes. But then again if this is your genre then you won't be reading this article, you'll probably be dedicating your full attention to the AU pages: "Get it down you Zulu warrior!"

Michael Moore

**Ib Rasheed checks out
Michael Moore Live at the Palladium
12 November 2003**



The success of Michael Moore is phenomenal. Essentially, he is a fat, angry American determined to expose the ills of his country. His weapon is his humour. One criticism that is always leveled at Moore is that he fails to intellectually justify his arguments. His book 'Stupid White Men' topped the best sellers for weeks and was one of the ways in which he secured his fame. The other was through his Oscar winning documentary 'Bowling for Columbine'. The medium in which he shines the most is his film-making. The books may be good, but they are prone to the arguments that he uses his humour to fudge over arguments.

I was fortunate to have seen Michael Moore at the Roundhouse last year. The venue was falling apart, but the actual show was amazing. His jokes were at times weak, but the highlights were when he went into diatribes against the fear that is evident in the American psyche- an investigation that was one of the best aspects of 'Bowling for Columbine'. It was all capped off when he persuaded the whole audience to 'unchain' themselves and get rid of their 'Nectar' cards. The audience's response was terrific. While there were a few who stayed in their seats grumbling about the importance of supermarket loyalty cards, most

were on their feet and throwing their cards on stage where Moore would cut them in two.

Tickets for the Roundhouse show cost just over £30, but Moore promised that they would be cheaper the next time he did a gig. When it was announced that Michael Moore would be playing the Palladium in support of his new book 'Dude, Where's My Country' I had hoped for a performance as strong as that which he delivered a year before. I was left disappointed. Moore started off with weak jokes about the rumours surrounding Prince Charles and then went into a righteous sermon about how weak all the Democrats running for President were. Despite this, he told us, it was important for Bush to be knocked out. He even had time to rage against Blair and urged the British public to turn him out of office. Yet he also dismissed the Tories and Lib Dems as weak and failed to provide an alternative. He then read out a chapter from his book and took questions for about half an hour.

For the first time, the criticism that Moore was all mouth with nothing to back it up really sunk in. Even though the gig cost much less than the show at the Roundhouse, I walked out feeling ripped off.

E-MAIL FORUM

B:ART WANTS TO HEAR WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY...

From next week, B:art will be running an email forum. This provides a chance for everyone and anyone at the LSE to get involved with the section. The arts affects us all, especially given the fact that we're situated in the heart of one of the worlds most cosmopolitan and exciting cities.

Anything arts related that you want to tell us about, email the editor (N.Garrett@lse.ac.uk) and you'll have your comments printed. Any bar you love or hate. Any restaurant which is overpriced or great value. Any CD you've been disappointed or satisfied with. Any club which rocks or miserably fails to. Any book that's left you fulfilled or transpired to be a unsatisfying waste of your time. Any play, art exhibition, concert (classical, jazz, rock, or a mixture of the three) or DJ which you thought was brilliant, rubbish, or somewhere in-between, spread the love and let us know.

You get the picture; we want to hear your views. Any hidden gems you know of, anything you feel is best avoided with a sturdy 10 foot scaffolding pole, direct your comments this way. Everything will be welcomed with warm and hearty open arms.

Please keep your comments shortish so that we can print as many of them as possible.

edited by Keith Postler
and Matt Rushworth

b:theatre



Spaghetti, Politics and Art??

This week Caroline enters the vivid world of seductive Italian Film Posters in the heart of Islington...Ciao Bella!

Whatever happened to glamour? Romantic kisses in the rain, chivalrous men and damsels in distress? High noon stand offs in the Wild West? Women with hips, curves and bosoms? And no...Jennifer Lopez will not suffice...The answer? They have all been extorted from history and placed into one explosive exhibition in Islington.

Cinema Italia: Classic Italian Film Posters at the Estorick Collection is a decedent display of film posters starting in 1914, passing through the regime of Mussolini, introducing neorealism, the creative explosion of the 1960s and the political troubles in the 1970s. Few examples of early film posters exist today as they were often destroyed or returned to the distributor once displayed for a short time. However the ones that remain demonstrate the unique variety of many of the hand painted gems that were created in Italian cinema in the twentieth century. One film frequently had numerous artists working on its advertising creating a process that lent itself to a wide array of different posters for one film alone.

However the exhibition must not be viewed as simply an excuse to show Sophia Loren in very tight hot pants under the guise of 'art'. Instead the display documents the rich social and political history alongside key developments in film. The poster for *Ossessione* shows the first film created in what was considered the new Italy following the end of Fascism and introduces the new concept of neorealism in the art world. *Roma Citta Aperta* from 1945 also has its own illustration of Italy's history as it was shot in the streets of Rome following the destruction of great numbers of film studios during World War 2.

Following the easing of state censorship from 1958 and the shattering of right wing Christian Democrat power the fifties and sixties saw the rise of comedies in the Italian film world with productions such as the overly rose tinted *Bread, Love and Dreams*. This was followed by a dramatic surge in Italian film production and directors

such as Michelangelo Antonioni emerged. The exhibition is lucky to show all three posters from his trilogy



ern until the mid 1970s brought directors such as Sergio Leone into the foreground. In 1967 alone 66 spaghetti westerns were released. Leone's masterpiece *Il Buono, il Brutto, il Cattivo* (*The Good, The Bad and The Ugly*) was produced as part of his 'man with no name' trilogy. How can any girls resist that mean look of Clint Eastwood, gun in hand and straw in mouth?

It is in this heroic manner that the exhibition draws to a close. A truly unique display of an art form unfortunately under exhibited around the world is calling in Islington and offering something for all. For the chaps there are voluptuous ladies in smaller hot pants than you could fit on Kylie and for the girls there are the dashing and swarthy good looks of Burt Lancaster. So maybe it goes to shows after all - sex in advertising isn't such a twenty first century phenomena as we first thought...

dealing with feelings of alienation - the most famous of these being *L'Aventura* which tells the story of the search for a missing woman.

Italian cinema later became more controversial as Passolini's *Teorema* was seized for obscenity at the 1968 Venice Film Festival. Hardly surprising considering Passolini was the director of the Marquis De Sade's shocking *120 Days of Sodom* - a film so sexually disturbing for many that Passolini was driven to suicide after its completion.

The 1970s brought yet a new phase for Italian cinema with the political struggles within the country at the time. Posters became crueller, crowded and the voluptuous women disappeared in favour of cigarette sucking gangsters. This was also a period of difficulty for the Italian entertainment arena as Italian inflation rocketed and the American dollar declined. Many American directors fled in favour of more prosperous lands. Yet at this time the film poster saw technical developments with a greater use of photography and to the simple college style of previous eras which only showed the protagonists faces.

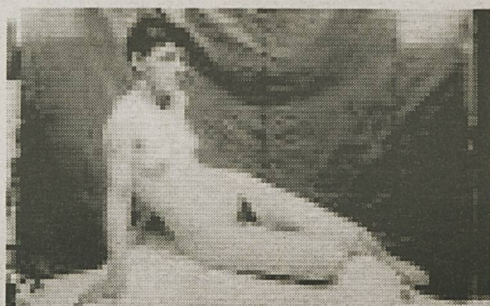
However there was hope in the future, the boom of the spaghetti west-

Cinema Italia: Classic Italian Film Posters is showing at The Estorick Collection, 39a Canonbury Square, Islington until January 25th 2004.

Highbury and Islington tube station, adult £3.50, free with NUS card. Open Wed-Sat 11-6 and 12-5 Sundays.



Life Drawing Returns to the LSE!!!



The Art Studio Society, advertised last week in the Beaver, is proud to announce more developments in its mission to find an amount of creativity amongst all you avid bankers! Life drawing classes have returned. The first being this Tuesday 18th, 7pm until 9pm in Room Z329 - £3 for members and £4 for all others. Bring your own materials!

The society is also offering places on a film editing course and a curating course at the Tate Modern. To receive updates and take part add your name to the list by emailing C.A.Bray@lse.ac.uk.

b:fineart edited by Caroline Bray

The Beaver Listings

Your guide to what's on at LSE this week

Students' Union Events

The University Players present a production of 'Company'. A musical comedy by Stephen Sondheim and George Firth
7.30pm, 26-29 November 2003 at The Greenwood Theatre, 55 Weston Street, London SE1 3RA
All proceeds go to the The Handicapped Childrens' Pilgrimage Trust
Tickets priced at £11 on 0207 439 4000 or g.l.cook@lse.ac.uk
Special gala night on 25 November with confirmed celebrities - tickets £20 for that night from www.theuniversityplayers.co.uk

Women in Business Society present
Lisa Anderson - 'the most powerful woman in the UK music industry'
Executive Producer of the BRIT Awards for the twelfth year running. Former Managing Director of BMG/RCA and Virgin Records. Management Consultant to Sony and Universal.
2pm, Wednesday 19 November D602

Turkish Society Film Festival continues with 'Yol'
'The best Turkish movie ever' "Yol" (The Road) is the story of the five inmates who have been released under condition for a week from a half-closed prison. 7pm, Thursday 20 November S75

Create Commerce Society present
'Top Ten Tips for starting your own business - it isn't all about getting up late'
Stephen Harpin, CEO of youareable.com and winner of the Channel 4 e-millionaire show talks about what it takes to become a successful entrepreneur.
1.30 pm, Wednesday 19 November G108
Underground Dance Music Society Presents
UNDERGROUNDS ALL-STARS
Friday 21 November @ CRUSH!!!
Music - House & Garage, Drum'n'Bass/Jungle. DJs; Kangs, Ricksta-V, Infrared, T.S, Pseudo-Nym, Billy G, MC: Prot-OJ"

CEEDS presents Underground Party
7pm, Thursday 20 November
Underground Bar
Tickets (£2 members, £3 non-members) available from Houghton Street stall Tues and Wed.

Lebanese Society presents
'Hors la Vie', by Maroun Baghdadi
5pm, Friday 21 November H103
The LSE SU Lebanese Society is glad to invite you to the Film Showing of 'Hors La Vie', a Maroun Baghdadi movie. This event is free and open to all.

LSE SU Skills (SIS) Society presents
Interactive Workshop: 'Questions That Change Minds' 2-3.30pm, Wednesday 19 November G1
Quadrant 1 International is a business success coaching firm. They will be running an interactive workshop for SIS members on how to ask appropriate questions to impact a person's thinking.
Free to SIS members - registration is required by sending an email to su.soc.sis@lse.ac.uk. Non-members can also register if they agree to join the

society on the day (£2 membership fee). Priority is given to members.

International Society presents
Global Show Auditions
If you are interested in participating in the biggest show at the LSE, start getting ready for the auditions! The Global Show gives you the opportunity to show off your talents and cultural heritage;) It is the grand finale of the global week and you'll have the chance to perform for two nights in front of a huge audience of approximately 1000 people. We welcome all kinds of acts. If you are interested, come to the auditions and show us 30 seconds of your act. The auditions are going to take place on Monday, Dec. 1st, in H103, from 6pm to 7pm and Tuesday, Dec. 2nd, in G1, between 1pm - 2pm. Email us at su.soc.international@lse.ac.uk

LSE Conservatives
"Welcoming President George W. Bush to London - Salute the Man". LSE (SU) Conservatives would like to welcome President George W. Bush to London. If you support President's Bush commitment to democracy and liberty, and would also like to thank him for his unsurpassed commitment to fighting AIDS in Africa, please join us in saluting the President. Please e-mail welcome-bush@lseconservatives.com."

LSE Business Society & LSE Finance Society co-host 'The Asian Professional Network and Firmwide Black Network at Goldman Sachs panel discussion' 6pm-8pm, Monday 17 November, 2003
Columbia Bar, 69 Aldwych The Asian Professional Network and Firmwide Black Network at Goldman Sachs invite penultimate year students to a panel discussion with leaders from the Sales and Trading Businesses. Email diversity.recruiting@gs.com clearly stating LSE in the subject line, stating your name and year only. Places are limited, and are awarded on a first come, first served basis.

Mexican Society present
The Great Mexican Revolution Boat Party 9pm onwards, Wednesday 19 November. The Yacht Club, Temple Pier. £5 members, £8 non-members

LSE Business Society presents
Goldman Sachs drop-in session for Internships 4.00pm to 6.00pm, Tuesday 18 November
Goldman Sachs would like to invite all penultimate year students interested in a career in human resource management within investment banking to attend an informal drop-in session to find out about our internship programme. To register for the event please e-mail hcm.careers@gs.com clearly stating your year of study.

LSE Yoga Club and Art of Healing Foundation present: "Healing Breath Workshop" Introductory Talk
Date: Tuesday 18th November 2003, 18:00 - 18:30, G1. The "Healing Breath Workshop" involves breathing techniques to help eliminate stress, energise the body and relax the mind. All information regarding the workshop will be provided at the introductory talk.

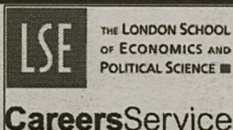
Swing Dance Society has classes every Tuesday 7-9pm, every Tuesday D75 £2 - no previous experience required

LSE Malaysia Club presents
Malam Bakti Charity Night with a play entitled "DIRTY NIGHT" 7.30pm, Friday 28 November Old Theatre. The LSE Malaysia club is presenting you Malam Bakti Charity Night. A hilarious play for a good cause. This play entitled "DIRTY NIGHT" revolves around a love Pentagon with confusion, chaos and conspiracy. Minimum donation of 5 pounds is required. Proceeds of ticket sales will be donated to the UNICEF Children of Iraq Emergency. Call 07884363022 for tickets and queries.

Kenyan Society Film Night
'Out of Africa', 7pm, Tuesday 18 November New Theatre (E171)£1 for non-members
Winner of Seven Academy Awards, Based on a book by Isaac Dinesen and Karen Blixen.

Live Music Society presents (the world famous) Open Mic Night 8pm, Tuesday 18 November Underground Bar. Come watch and support random LSE musicians show off their hidden talent, performing various cover and original songs-ranging from acoustic sets, to Lionel Richie, to full on band performances. Non-members £1

Monday 17th to Thursday 20th November - Besides lunchtime talks on mental illness, dyslexia, the Samaritans and autism, the incredible, internationally-renowned sitar play Baluji will be performing in a combined Students with Disabilities (SWD) society and Sikh-Punjabi society event on Monday evening. The highlight of the week is the panel debate on Thursday evening, with a diverse collection of speakers who are sure to give controversial and informative answers to questions posed by the audience. This is a really good opportunity to find out more about disability and address questions to a highly skilled panel of experts. Look out for our stall in the Quad for information on disability issues, projects at the LSE and a petition on Access - every day 12 - 2pm.
Monday 17 November, 1-2pm. D109 - Talk by the Samaritans about mental illness.6-8pm, Quad. Baluji Shrivastav. An evening of sitar music and Indian food. Co-hosted with the Sikh-Punjabi Society, tickets £2 for members of the societies and £3 for others are available on the door.
Tuesday 18 November, 1-2pm. D109 - Talk on dyslexia, by Jean Jameson of the disability office 6-9pm. New Theatre - Film Night
Wednesday 19 November - 12-2pm. D502 - Talk by Maude Brown and Alex Miller on Autism
Thursday 20 November, 7-9pm. Shaw Library
Evening debate on disability in higher education with: Mike Baker, BBC Education Correspondent - Chair of the debate, Maria Eagle, Minister for Disabled people, Susan Daniels, commissioner, Disability Rights Commission, Susie Reilly, vice-president, Welfare and Student Affairs; University of London Union, Barry Richards, director - Liberare, LSE disability focus groups
Moira Fraser, policy officer from MIND.



Type of event	Date of event	Event	Starts	End	Registration	location
Forum	18th November	Think Tanks and Political Consultancies	1pm	2.30pm	No need to Register	Shaw Library
Presentation	18th November	British Telecom PLC	6.30pm	9.30pm	No Need to Register	D202
Presentation	19th November	Charles River Associates- Open to Final year graduates, PhD and MSc in Economics or Economic related subjects and maths.	18:30	21:30	Open	D302
Psychometric Test	19th November	Practice Aptitude Test	2pm	4.30pm	Register at Careers Service	TBC
Presentation	19th November	The Foreign and Commonwealth Office	1.15pm	2.30pm	helen.lloyd@fco.gov.uk	Graham Wallas Room, 5th Floor, Old Building
Careers Service Seminar	20th November	Creating a Good CV	1pm	2pm	No need to Register	E304
Presentation	20th November	Travers Smith Braithwaite	6pm	9pm	claire.justum@traverssmith.com	10 Snow Hill, London, EC1A2AL
Careers Service Seminar	24th November	CVs for non-native English speakers	1pm	2pm	No need to Register	S221

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Last year, Janice's research on Emily Brontë earned her top academic honors.

Come and meet us at the LSE Internships Fair on Wednesday 26th November in the Atrium at 18:30. For more details visit the careers service.

This year, her research helped launch a new business model in biotech.

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The BeaverSports

Gimps To The Slaughter!

LSE Netball 2nds.....23

Humiliated Gimperial13

The Gimp's Den, Zedsdead

**Alison
Blease**



The first warning sign was apparent when we arrived at Gimperial's courts where we found the team practicing with a big, fat, pasty, 60 year old man. THIS WAS THEIR COACH. Surely I do not need to point out that netball is a girls game. There simply is not enough blood and guts and punchups to entertain the simpler sex and the only reason anyone of the male species ever turns up to watch

is because there are 14 lovely young ladies jumping about in very short skirts. I say 14 but this is Gimperial I'm talking about so really it was just us LSE lovelies cos to say Gimperial are facially challenged is an understatement.

For those of you who do not play sport (like any of you are reading this!!) or who have not otherwise had the, er, experience of meeting these weird little science boffins all I can say is that all the rumours are true. I have never seen a bigger bunch of deformed, twisted little people in my life. They looked like they hadn't seen daylight in five years during which time they had entertained themselves by performing their experiments on each other. And they had the nerve to say before the match that WE LOOKED PRETTY SHIT!!! AND THEN LAUGH!!! Well they weren't laughing at the end of it I can tell you.

as if we had become a well oiled machine - by magic cos it certainly aint from practice - the defence were strong, the centre court fast and our shooters were playing a blinder. We went ahead with the first goal and they never got near us again.

The thing about netball is that it has rules and for obvious reasons these do not change. It seemed strange then that the more we beat their spotty little backsides, the stricter the rules got. By the final quarter it appeared that whilst Gimperial were still playing the 3 second rule, apparently we just had to get hold of the ball with two hands for our time to be up. Oh and their defence could physically push our shooters out of the way whilst we could not stand next to someone without contacting them. (According to the old fuckwitcockknobhead who was also umpiring the match, they were using the 'natural weight and balance of their bodies' - yeah right, if you're Rick Waller!). Their second umpire actually apologised to the Father Christmas lookalike

because she gave us a sideline throw - which was ours to take!!

BUT we kept our calm (just!!) and proved that no matter how much he tried to give his gimpy girls a chance THEY JUST WEREN'T GOOD ENOUGH!! HA HA!!!! They were never a match for us, cos they were shit!! Too much hunching over Petri dishes in dark dank labs does not a good netballer make. They were also such a bunch of muppets that I encourage you all in whatever sport you play to go ahead and humiliate them. Do not be tempted to show them mercy or pity no matter how hard they try to sway you. Two of their team were bleeding by half time but we still went ahead and butchered them like lambs to the slaughter. Go right ahead, cos humiliating Gimperial will never cease to be entertaining and forms the favourite pastime of the AU. It kinda reminds us all just why we bother and gives you a warm mushy feeling deep inside.

Right from the outset we were on fire. It was

Several Things...

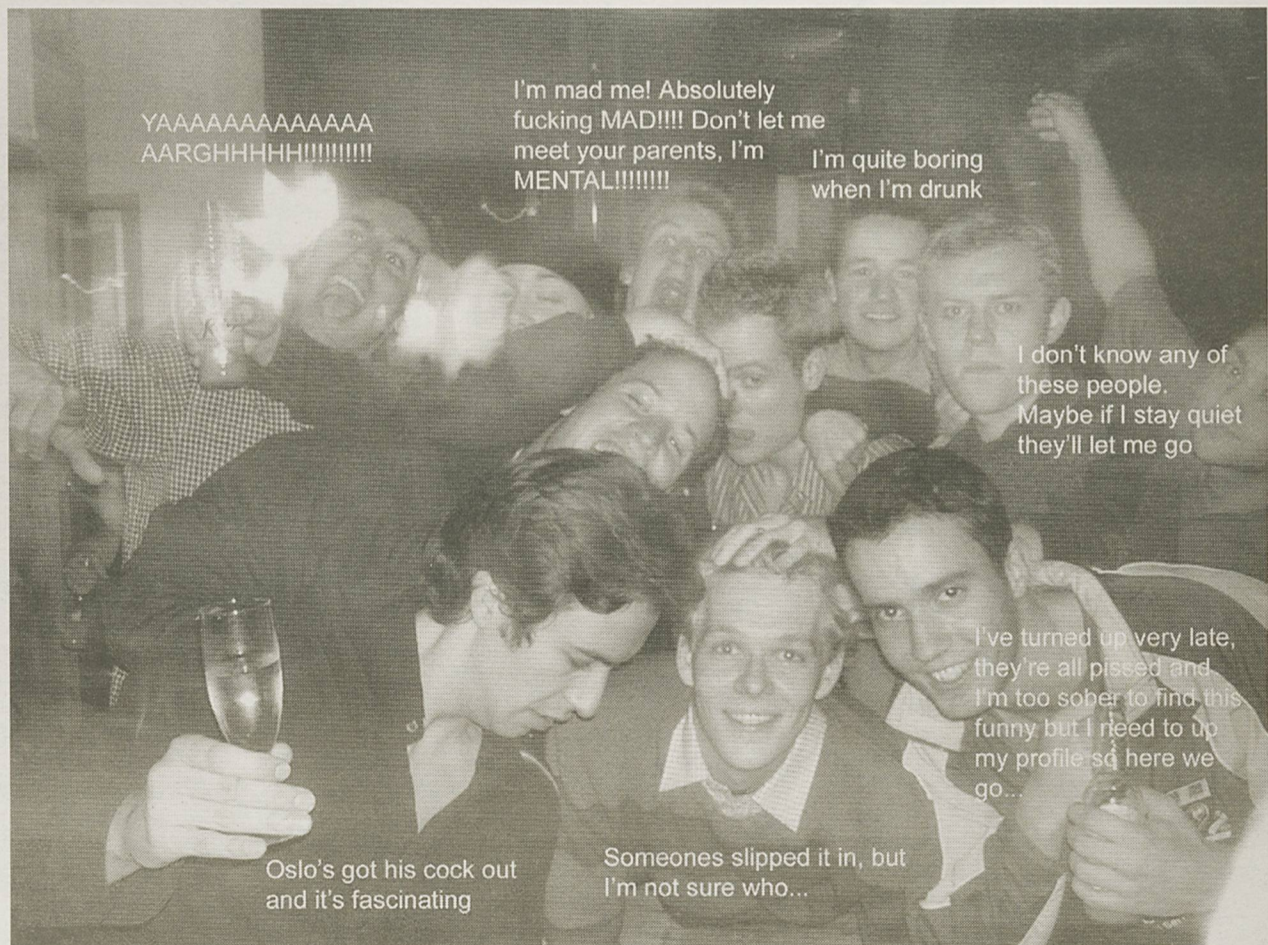
Due to the fact that it's been a pretty sloooooow week for articles -or rather, maybe it's just that no one's done by deadline time- our creative muscles have been asked to flex and pose and come up with some 100% prime filler. Being the ultimate procrastinators of talent that we are down here in the murky recesses of the Beaver office, here's what Sports has come up with for your momentary interest this week:

-----Original Message-----
From: Xxxxxxxx1,X (ug)
Sent: Thu 11/13/2003 5:18 PM
To: Carter,GH (ug)
Cc:
Subject: RE: TRIP RIGHT NOW!

Yo, I think that my picture should go in the Bever with the caption 'Sexiest Man in the AU' or 'Coolest Man in the AU'... what are you SAYING?????



Um, okay... Ladies: This is the Sexiest And Coolest Man In The AU. He enjoys tidying, and girls who clean up after themselves. He's the International Students Officer. Somehow...



YAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AARGHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!

I'm mad me! Absolutely fucking MAD!!!! Don't let me meet your parents, I'm MENTAL!!!!!!!!!!!!

I'm quite boring when I'm drunk

I don't know any of these people. Maybe if I stay quiet they'll let me go

I've turned up very late, they're all pissed and I'm too sober to find this funny but I need to up my profile so here we go...

Oslo's got his cock out and it's fascinating

Someones slipped it in, but I'm not sure who...

Barrel Costume No-Goes:

Ku-Klux Klan: It's been done. People were offended.

Arab Terrorists: It's been done. People were offended.

Anything to do with John Leslie: It's been done. People were offended.

Men dressed as women: It's disturbing. Unless it's a 'life-style choice'.

Smurfs: Because it gets blue paint fucking everywhere.

Ooooo Sir, a winning streak. What are you thinking?

Wrong side of the Strand.....	0
Right side of the Strand.....	1
Wrong side of Berrylands, Surrey	

Rubbish Doug Handoncock



It was quite an occasion for the 6ths. The new kit that Joss had worked so hard on had finally arrived. There was an official showing off of the new kit and related press conference in the changing room before the match. Joss patiently answered the questions about how far round Thailand he had had to travel to get the best quality and price. He also reported that the sweatshop in which the kit had been made was a perfectly humane working environment, in no way contravened any international laws and, indeed, the young Barnet tyke confirmed that he would be taking up an internship in said sweatshop next July. So, out trooped Oyvo's troops looking flash in their new blue and blue threads.

The new kit was hopefully going to be a good omen since the 6ths hit this game in turbulent times. The previous weekend had involved a frankly disappointing 3-1 win over UCL 7ths where the team had somehow allowed the Grafter (Rich "poor" Lomas) to get away with scoring a hat-trick. With no scheduled fixture mid-week Captain Oyvo decided to try to stop the rot by organising a friendly against our very own 5-vodka+redbull swilling 5th team. However, this only served to deepen the crisis since stout defending and excellent midfield work in the 2-2 draw were marred by two further Grafter goals. With team morale at an all time low, Oyvo had to come up with a way of continuing the wins, but stopping the cheeky Labour activist



Grafter from scoring any more. With this in mind the fearless leader named a 4-4-2 starting line-up of Schwazz in goal protected ably by Franny and Geordie hardman Fynn with Joss and Sir Lopyy at fullbacks. With no Princess Zelda to catch Wario went looking for the ball instead in centre mid alongside Cap'n Oyvind with new recruit Lyle "far flung" Jackson on the left and Andrew "County Hall" Lee in the right channel. The outfit was tidily rounded off by Oslo upfront, with the Grafter, as usual, lurking. There was some outcry, but Oyvo calmed the team and told them to only pass to the Grafter if absolutely necessary. C.ivan, Kesh and captain from donkey's years ago Doug waited patiently on the subs bench.

There then followed the usual charade with King's team, the excuses:

"Our captain's not here yet."
 "We don't know how to think."
 "We're rubbish."

And so it went on, they then had to sort out which 3 players would get the privilege of the three festering official Poly shirts and who would have to make do with the Liverpool and Man U circa 1996 shirts. This lot were even dishing out blue bibs to cover their criminal lack of kit. However, don't worry, they soon stopped this when they turned round and were blinded by the 6ths flashy new affair direct from South East Asia. Captain Oyvo was having none of their excuses and told them kick-off was in 5 minutes, end of.

So the match finally got underway and the 6ths were showing their hunger. Oyvo and Lyle were soon putting it about in midfield with Wario playing an understated, but effective role; the boy's come on since I last saw him play, methinks protein shakes and a mild amount of exercise are to blame. With the midfield bossing the play, Joss and Sir Lopyy were happily mincing up and down the wings, providing support and the occasional cross. On the bench the subs analysis team were confident.

"None of these look any good, we'll eat 'em alive" commented Doug.

C.ivan then spotted the Poly



right winger and burst out laughing. "Hah, look at that fat pieman they've got," the cheeky monkey jibed. Then, the slightly rotund Poly man got hold of the ball took it round one, ran a bit and made an accurate pass. "Oh no, that pieman's good", moaned c.ivan. Kesh and Doug promptly told him to shut up and keep warm in case of the unlikely event of Oyvo subbing him on.

Meanwhile, back on the pitch, the 6ths' pressure was beginning to tell and a few chances had already gone begging. Then, the Grafter's tried and tested routine of dribbling the ball to the corner flag and keeping it there even though only 30 minutes have gone miraculously bore some fruit: a corner. C.Lee floated it in right onto Oslo's instep a mere 3 yards from goal, but, of course, why do the simple thing when you can do something much more difficult? With this in mind Oslo booted the ball over the bar, from 3 yards out. He later whined that it was difficult because he had to stretch and it was at a funny angle and some other testicles, but, in the end everyone, including Oslo, agreed it was just rubbish. So half time came and it was still 0-0 despite the 6ths having all the play. Oyvo encouraged the troops by saying that they just had to keep up the high work rate and goals would come. Schwazz, as usual, shouted at everyone to "COME ON" and the side (unchanged from the first half) jogged, full of confidence, back out onto the turf.

Soon, the Poly 5ths were feeling the heat of the Corby trouser press that is the 6th team once more. But half chances came and went and it looked like the game would turn into the stalemate that would see Bevan recalled from the grave for a special trip to Barnet FC with Joss. However, Captain Oyvo wasn't going to let all this possession count for nothing and used the kind of tactical nous that might see him appointed as Leeds manager (unless Warnock has got it at time of going to press): tactical changes were made, Oslo dropped back to left-mid whilst Lyle pushed up front, C.Lee was subbed for Kesh and the team moved to an almost 4-3-3 look. Joss then banged his

knee on a particularly hard bit of air but protested that he could still play, "it's alright, I just can't sprint," he yelled, but Oyvo wasn't listening, off he went and on came c.ivan. The tactical changes yielded the breakthrough: Ivan and Kesh combined down the right with some great interplay, but it looked like the move was going to go the same way as everything else associated with Ivan and become totally rubbish, but the ball broke loose to Lyle on the right side of the box and he struck it sweet as a nut into the top corner. The keeper, to be fair to him, got a hand to it, but he couldn't stop it screaming in the top right.

Fynn and Fran were both having blinders at the back so it didn't matter if the fullbacks were a bit pants. With this luxury in mind Oyvo subbed off the ever reliable S.Lopyy, swapped c.ivan to left back and brought rubbish Doug on for a 10 minute cameo appearance in the Gary Neville role. Fortunately the team wasn't punished by Oyvo's suicidal late change since Doug somehow managed not to cock anything up too badly and even made one pass.

Anonymous ref for the day Jay blew up when he guessed 90 minutes had gone since he admitted that he had lost track of time ages ago and everyone was so happy with the victory and winning streak that they even forgot to stick banana skins and green shells in the way of Wario's WarioKart™ on the way home!

Doug Handoncock graduated ages ago, and spends his time wishing he hadn't. If you'd only voted him for Sabb Treasurer...

Oh yeah, anyone who wants to be a roving inbedded sports reporter, give us an e-mail and we'll sort you out. It'll make you friends and get you laid.



The Pirate's Piece

Right, I'm not too sure if you're gonna be aware of this, but this Piece actually goes through a number of drafts before it gets unleashed on an expectant and ultimately disappointed readership. The first one I did was about how I wasn't pissed off this week, as I'd discovered that most people, even opposition footy players, were actually alright people. There was this little anecdote about one guy who offered to send himself off after he'd almost fouled me the other day, for instance. There was a huge paragraph on how Dave Cole was an objectionable and overly antagonistic knob-head, but I wouldn't even wish to up his profile by giving the time of day to that [Censored. Really really censored -Ed]. Oh, and also something about apologising to this girl who I always almost-dance-with at Limeabout every Wednesday and always see at the UGM and think 'fuck, I think I need to apologise to her for something but I can't remember what'. For the record, I apologise.

However, several things upped my anger or at least piqued my interest this evening, so I thought I'd completely rewrite this diary of drivel. First thing: apparently, there's a season of programmes on Channel 4 about lowering the age of consent, not to 15, not to 14, not even to a slightly unnerving 13, but to 12. Yes, 12. The age where I still thought it was funny to poke girls then run away in the playground. Well, now it'll be a lot more than poking going on apparently, at least literally anyway. I'm not entirely sure how life will ever be the same when it becomes legal to shag girls who really shouldn't be allowed to walk home from school without adult supervision. Home-times at Secondary Schools will become an absolute free-for-all, that's for sure. Another thing, it'll do for that old maxim: 'If there's grass on the wicket let's... actually, fuck it, if there's even a wicket I'll take a swing'. Still, it opens up a whole new demographic for really really repressed sexually misfiring students to open up on. Oh yeah, does this mean R.Kelly's now completely innocent?

Tie-ins with the previous point proved hard to do, since very little of what I think about has to do with filthing 12-year olds (well... not 'very' little...), so I'll just jump straight into it (a phrase you won't hear at a Barrymore pool party. Allegedly): Basically, I was wondering where on earth do all manner of American weirdoes and East London pikies get the sort of money you need to buy a fully functioning side-arm. Not even a fucking side-arm, some sort of assault rifle these bastards brandish. Oh, someone just told me: selling crack. Um... that's fucked the rest of the story. Actually, that might not be strictly true. Perhaps they've perceived the inevitable 12-year-old age of consent bill and begun pimping out their baby sisters. I've seen it, and it's not pretty.

Um, I suppose I could try and salvage this increasingly deteriorating Piece of shit but what the fuck. I'm gonna apologise to that girl from Limeabout again, since I've narrowed down the possible list of misdemeanours I could have conceivably perpetrated: I've either gone and willfully poured an entire bottle of Reef (or Steinlager -the lager that actually tastes better after it's been left out in the sun for three days) all over you and your family and close friends, or I've attempted the worst pick-up method of all time on you and tapped you on the shoulder and asked if 'you like what you see, do ya?'... either way, I don't come out of it looking good, I feel. Actually, two things: a) you probably don't read the sports pages so this is pointless and b) I have a sneaky suspicion that you might not actually exist. You see, I have noticed recently an increase in the number of fit girls in and around LSE. I'm not sure if this is true, or whether my brain's just begun to reject everything that gets sent to it by the optic nerve after overloading on the usual filth it's forced to witness every Wednesday (and every other day for that matter at LSE) and has begun to make me hallucinate fit birds. Like 24-hour beer goggles, but without the loss of all motor skills and conversational ability. An alcoholic Shallow Hal, if you will. Or perhaps LSE has started to accept pre-teens for undergraduate study. Oh dear. For the record, the author does not condone sexual relations with any person under the current legal age of consent. At all. Even if there IS grass on the wicket. It's just not cricket. Bye

Trousers Off And Kings Go Down!

LSE Netball 1sts.....27

Rubbish Kings Netball.....14

A Cold Place, Siberia

Olivia Schofield



We did it again! The LSE first team won their match. However, this wasn't any ordinary game, this was against the Poly Scum (aka Kings). Beating Kings has been the ambition of most of the LSE sports teams for as long as I can remember, unfortunately not many teams this year have realised this aspiration - if I remember correctly the rugby boys failed in their quest. But yes, the marvellous 1st netball made LSE proud by victoriously taking down their enemy with a final score of 27-14.

Playing netball in a tiny little skirt and top late on a Monday night takes a lot of will power and dedication. Just think, that time could be spent warming up for a night in Hombres rather than freezing our arses off for the sake of the LSE. However, like true professionals the trousers came off and we were on the court ready to play. The game was relatively uneventful and it definitely lacked the aggressive dirty play which occurred against the Sluts (Sussex). The highlight was when a rather large Kings girl (well, actually 'beast') fell over and cut her knee - although it is not nice to take joy in another's pain, what many don't realise is that the LSE netball girls have saved the world from a nasty fate due to occur on Saturday night - this girl was going to go out on the pull in a... skirt - believe me, that was a very scary sight. So luckily due to our quick thinking and her falling over, you will all be relieved to know she now has to wear trousers!

Apart from teaching us the important lesson of never to wear a short skirt if you're a beast, the

team as a whole learnt the lesson of self-belief (how nice...). Maame (our England player), was busy washing her hair for a very important 'post-grad' thing and hence could not make it to the game. As well as that, Nicola, our wing-attack, was still injured as a result of being abused by the Sluts the week before. We therefore only had seven players and a deep feeling that without Maame and Nicola our team would fall to pieces. To quote an interview by Madonna (our Wednesday night karaoke idol), we learnt that "the most important thing is not ability, but willpower and self-belief". We convincingly beat Kings and played really well together as a team. We now know how good the team really is and how it is versatile enough to cope with missing players. I've said it before but I'll say it again, the 1st team are on target to get the hat-trick. Without a doubt we will win the BUSA Premiership league, the ULU Premiership league and the ULU cup. Just watch this space...

It is just about worth it to mention that the Sluts from Sussex have appealed our game against them from last week where we won 25-16, the

only reason we can see for their appeal is that they lost! However, the powers that be have agreed with them and so we have to play them again. If any non-1st team players are reading this, if you want to come and support us and see top level netball being played by LSE's very own beauties please come along!

This Wednesday night the firsts finally came out of hiding and hit the town in a serious way. Having enjoyed a lovely meal we managed to get barred from the restaurant after fighting with a waitress. We then rampaged the Tuns and deafened everyone with 'Like A Virgin' - something all of us are. A few strong soldiers made it to walkabout, unfortunately I was too busy throwing drinks at people to make it. Maybe next time!

This week we have two games, the mighty mighty firsts take on UCL and GKT - let's kick some arse....!

Olivia Schofield is a netballer of some repute. Her face is used on Castrol GTX adverts the world over, and she has a very large following in South East Asia.

LSE Triumph Over Kent Freakshow!

LSE Women's Rugby.....More

Kent Bearded-Ladies.....Less

Cathedral, Canterbury

Tanith Blackmen, Kelly Coyne and Jennie Gibson



We must apologise for the weeks delay on this article, but in its conception we got too drunk and called the whole thing off for Crush. Needless to say, we don't recall much from that night but it has been alleged that Kelly played out her naughty intern fantasies about Bush on unsuspecting AU blokes, Tanith glorified in her newfound freedom from the cage fighter, and Jennie went back to the burrow, as usual.

As our bus pulled up to the field at Canterbury we were awed and inspired that we would be playing on a proper rugby pitch, complete with sponsorship signs from "dog zone" (ironic, no?). But our hopes were promptly crushed as we were relegated to the plowed field around the corner. We were able to catch a look at the other team and after which we shat ourselves. Number 3 was the size of Wales and probably had enjoyed some romantic nights with sheep in her day. But it was LSE that got the last laugh. The ogres caught a look at our rugby shirts while checking out our tits, where it was written-LSE 1st XV. The heifers were not as dumb as they appeared and begged for uncontested scrums. A fortunate circumstance for us -their front row brought a total eclipse of the sun. The game began fast and hard, with a brilliant pass to Claudia who nearly scored a try in the first 2 minutes. Unfortunately, Claudia's 15 seconds of fame were dashed when one of the trolls tackled her by her hair. The bitches liked it rough and dirty, so we hit them back hard, right where it hurts-in their try zone. Our back row proved to be fantastic, even

without Jennie "I actually know how to play rugby" Bush. Kaye and Ellie were a dynamic duo; Ellie's short shorts most likely distracted the beasts. Laura showed up Johnny Wilkinson with her Superbowl conversions. Surprised to see a pretty girl on the pitch -and after she turned them down for a Saturday night rendezvous- calls were heard from the Kent line of "Kill the cheerleaders!".

Awesome Isabel and sexy Sandy formed our second row and took out as many Kent sluts as Banksider's do Capital Kebabs. Hester was a hooker as usual and took one for the team as she was repeatedly thrust into the throng of bra-wearing behemoths during the many scrums that ensued. Our lovely, if somewhat hot headed, captain Hannah was able to avoid a mud-wrestling bout with the Kent wenches. Thank god. Our lineouts were also particularly successful -Kent were unable to compete. It must be hard to lift a dairy cow.

It was at this point that Kent unleashed their secret weapon -a number 13 with one arm, and one stump. In the name of political correctness everyone refused to tackle her -who knows what the UGM would have propositioned? At this point Kelly and Jennie must interject that Tannith "I just broke up with my psycho boyfriend, I am lonely" Blackmen has just invited 7 ugly men to our table, only to find that they closely resemble the Kent frontline, sans saggy tits. Regardless of their weasely tactics we played the entire game in their half of the pitch. On the one occasion that they were able to get over the halfway line, they were taken out by their arch nemesis: the strait cheerleader.

In the second half we pulled out a few dirty tactics of our own. While coming onto the pitch following a substitution, Tanith received the ball while scantily clad in her sports bra. The Beasts were hyperventilating to such an extent that they were unable to bring her down. Amid the fluster, Kent kicked the ball backwards over their own try line, and Kaye merely had to touch it down for an easy try. With five minutes left, little Lizzie was panicked by three Kent caaaaants and ended

up being chauffeured to the hospital by Mr. Bus Driver. Erstwhile, the rest of the team was stranded in the changing rooms for 2 hours bearing witness to a transformation of the Kent ogres from rugby cows and into clothing that would make girl's Barrel costumes appear prudish. Dumps like a truck, indeed! For all those undersexed LSE blokes out there who plan to head out to Kent for some splooge-a-licious Wednesday night debauchery, be warned: twenty stoned beasts of burden in fishnets are not a pretty sight.

Despite the delay and deeply scarring episode (we saw them naked for fucks sake! I almost turned to stone!), we still managed to make it to the Tuns on time and were the effortlessly the hottest girls there. Even Lizzie turned out with straightened hair and crushed ribs for a pint of pain relief. We made it to Walkabout as custom dictates, but can't be asked to relay the details of the sketchy happenings on the dance floor. But we hope that Rich got a pint of water in his face again at the lovely Crispy Duck because we are sure he deserves it.

Tanith would like to point out that she is, in fact, single. Kelly wants to be DUBYA's intern... in 'that' way apparently, and Jennie really isn't Weasel's 'fucking girlfriend'... they were most insistent on straightening all that out.



Pirate's Wench

"The emotional, sexual, and psychological stereotyping of females begins when the doctor says: 'It's a girl.'"
-Shirley Chisholm

Last night, the manager of the pub in which I work asked me to take off my jumper since this was not adding to my sex appeal. My tight t-shirt that I had on underneath did. My first reaction was: "I'm bloody cold", and secondly I thought "well I could do with the tips!" Only girls are employed at my pub, or to be more precise no 'mingers' are employed. I'm flattered that I am privileged to work in a 'no mingers establishment' but the truth is, hot-girls sell drinks and hot-girls get tips; we have breasts and a pretty smile - boys get to shift barrels and do the behind the scenes physically demanding jobs yet see no tips! So why aren't the boys protesting? Because they have a sense of realism! I expect guys to open doors for me, - so do I degrade the male race? Or more importantly women cannot be degraded yet men can? In a BeaverSports issue last year- we had a Guess the Breasts competition - for all those who were unfortunate enough to miss it - there were pictures of certain members of the AU fully clothed yet with their faces cut off and you had to guess which bosom belonged to which person. This set off the raging female activists of our school, claiming that Gareth and I were suppressing the female race and promoting an atmosphere of sexism. Firstly why would I suppress my own rights? and secondly, there was a picture of Gareth -the only person not wearing clothing! So what about his rights? I guess they just don't matter - if anything, we were degrading men.

Whether we admit it or not, I for one do use my sex appeal - the fact that I am a dinky female- to my advantage. I was driving recklessly down a busy London road, and managed to knock the wing-mirror of some guys brand-new Porsche. I attempted to do a bit of hit and run, but failed miserably as he chased after me, we then both pulled over. The angry fat man looked about to deck me, but when he saw I was a sweet innocent little girl he ended up apologizing to me! I cut off a police car once - again the angelic look came got me away with it. I get extra tokens in Safeway and my copy of the daily newspaper for free outside the stand by Russell Square Station. Do I care? Gareth made a comment in a previous issue about seeing a 'fit city secretary' on the tube. There was complete uproar over how he assumed all females are secretaries, but firstly: a city secretary is a well-paid, demanding job, and so you are degrading their role and secondly: we all have our fantasies. Men see a female in a suit and their imagination sees a female with the big thick glasses, suspenders and a whip (I know mine does -Gareth). I salute Emiline Pankhurst and the Suffragettes for closing the gap between male and female rights, but some people do take it to the extreme.

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Yam: A staple of Caribbean and West Indian cookery, mashed yams are a popular accompaniment to spicy stews. Yams have a brown, tough, inedible, bark-like skin. The sticky flesh can be white, yellow or even purple.



"I'm not prejudiced... black, white... asian... straight, bisexual, 'omosexual... you give me grief and I'll fucking twat you"
- Paul Calf

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Fourths Shine In Obscure Fraternal War!

LSE Footy Fourths.....3
LSE Footy Thirds.....1
Fortress Berrylands, Surrey

Fourths' hearts, and Captain Craig didn't have to blow too hard for the fire of revenge to erupt.

Enough lyrical indulgence, there was nothing heroic about the build-up to this game. The holy 'inbox-molesting' email list of the Football Club was host to the first exchange of blows, during which rather adventurous Thirds freshers launched an attack on our experienced team. Well, experienced except for our own 'Cypriot Missile', who could not help but pour some of his 'American Pie-infused' testosterone into the cyber mixer. Luckily for him, he did not emerge a villain in the end, as we all had to admit to his superb performance (a very painful exercise for some). The pre-game email session was not so superb though, and it revealed the anxiety building up in the Third camp.

And now, for The Game. Well, in the referee's own words, this was a rather poor display of football. Once more, the old Derby cliché proved to be just as solid as German efficiency, Greek laziness and English weather. For those not familiar with Derby theory, it goes

like this: the various tensions around a Derby game create nerves and aggression, which considerably reduce the standard of football offered by the two teams. Hard tackles tend to replace composed passes, and the game boils down to a dense midfield battle. This applied to most of the game on Wednesday, although only one card was shown by a calm and solid referee. Let me get the self-praising out of the way before it's too late: Pikey was the man of the opening ten minutes, before fading into midfield anonymity. Of the two dangerous through-balls produced, one was smoothly converted by Alex 'find me a nickname' Lee, while Andy Mandela was too shy to add one only a few minutes later.

There was nothing shocking about the Fourths' early lead, as the Gremlin boys were tamed by our solid 'uuunit!' (Welsh for unit). Missile proved how such a short man can make such an impact, and Simon's talismanic presence at the back was enough to deter any attempts to test Richie's iron fists. The two Joes were a solid midfield couple, although they didn't provide Foley with as much ammunition as he would have liked. In fact, it took our own Dutch Harpoonist Matt to finish off

Toby Dick, the poor baby whale (nothing personal mate, too good to be missed...). First by producing a weak shot that somehow bounced into Alex's path. 2-0. Then by hammering home one of Mandela's balls (I promise there's nothing sexual in that). 3-0. They thought it was all over... Canadian Matt and Rubbish Mike were brought in, only to find their teammates drifting into early dreams of celebration. The Thirds punished us with a goal, but their late revival was matched by Richie's performance in goals and did not spare them the embarrassment of a divisive defeat. Let's hope they recover in time to beat other Unis of Little Use teams.

Well, as the Harpoonist will tell you, sometimes you eat the bar, and sometimes the bar eats you. You see, sporting fortunes work in cycles, and the Thirds are today what the Fourths were last year: fresh and inexperienced. No doubt they will get their revenge in the Battle of Berrylands II, but this will take longer than they expect. However, before the time comes to face each other again, let's not forget we're all part of one great loving family.

Victor Fleurot is a pikey. He does pikey things.

Victor 'Pikey' Fleurot



At a time when our ancestral right to mock all universities including our own is being challenged, a good old LSE derby was always going to be welcome. Both captains had long highlighted this day on their fixture list, as Thirds and Fourth went head to head in the First Division for the third time in a year. May Saddam correct me if I'm wrong; this opposition has snatched the title of 'Mother of all Battles' away from the arid sands of Mesopotamia. Last year's two controversial wins for the Thirds left red-hot ashes in the

GKT: Rubbish... SOP: Bizarre... 7ths: Great!

LSE Footy Sevenths.....2
GKT.....0
Fortress Berrylands, Surrey

LSE Footy Sevenths.....0
School Of Pharmacy.....1
Boots, Wayoutwest

bear wearing a collar and tie is arrested. The changing room had three wooden benches around the outside and no lights. We thought Simon 'Vandal' Taylor had got in before us and stripped the place, but turns out this is how it always is. The addition of Linsey Dawn Mackenzie to the tactics blackboard boosted team morale, and Nathan 'Mick Hucknall' Dobson, in a sudden flash of inspiration announced that we would be playing two 'big ones up front' and to make sure that we weren't left open to 'exposure at the back'. Where he got such inspiration no-one was quite sure.

Anyway we lost 1-0, only our second defeat of the season, despite working harder than Pirnce Charles' Press Office.

The main story of the day though was the extraordinary act of generosity (or stupidity) by Manni in a posh West End boozier after the match, in which he spent sixty quid on a round of sambuccas for the team. Things began to get messy after that. The team repaired en masse to Le Chateau de Tuns, where pints were downed, songs were sung, and proclamations were made to Nathan to 'share the wealth' when he started chatting up some girl. Unfortunately a Seventh team Wednesday roast dinner was not on the menu, meaning that most of the team spent the evening making love only to themselves.

Paul McAleavey



This report is a double header. This report is dedicated to Matt Bawden and Andy Kinash. These two facts are not linked.

Much like Dubya Bush without an autocue, onlookers were left speechless after another Champagne performance from the Sevenths at Fortress Berrylands. And if the Sevenths were an actual brand of champagne, we aren't talking about the piss that Hombres give free to slappers who claim its their birthday, most likely we would be Sainsbury's-own brand champagne.

Only three of the GKT players are worth making any kind of comment about. Their keeper, clad in a fetching all in one black lycra number, preferred to head the ball than actually catch it. Their striker said that Manni had a nice arse. Every time Manni saved a shot (must have been at least twice in the game) GKT's very own G. Norton number 9 would loiter, Robbie Keane style, behind the goal waiting, not for an opportunity to

nick the ball off him, but to admire Manfred's rear end. I had to mark him and he smelt of wee. Finally, their monster centre back, a fully paid up coal eating, whippet owning and wife beating Northerner, took a clear dislike to the Seventh's very own guitar playing, shaggy haired midfielder Ed 'Sicknote' Calow. Every opportunity he got the GKT centre back would punch, kick and slap his way about. But that's enough about his marital relationship. On the pitch he was a nasty piece of work too, taking advantage of the referee's obvious senility (who was so old he could remember Prince Charles in his heterosexual days). Our strikers Nick and Ross scored, to put themselves on seven and six goals for the season respectively. We won 2-0. The end.

Wednesday came about and we ventured out West to play the School of Pharmacy. No-one knows what to expect, and what we see is reminiscent of a scene from 'Kes'. The changing rooms, which from a distance appear to be in good working order, have boarded up windows. They are locked. School of Pharmacy are nowhere to be seen. Manni stops a few old women who were walking past, who run off in disgust. We are told that we have to wait for a park ranger to turn up to let us in. Later that afternoon the afternoon a picnic basket goes missing and a

We played absolutely wank in the first half, and the Pharmacists, drugged up on opium, put one past us just before the end. Tempers flared in the second half as we began shooting like paratroopers on Bloody Sunday - ie. A lot, and not very well. One of their strikers evidently modelled himself on Ruud van Nistelrooy as he had a face like a horse and dived all the time.



Simon says: mince in different directions. GKT were happy to oblige