

The Beaver

The Newspaper of the LSE SU

First Published 05 May 1949

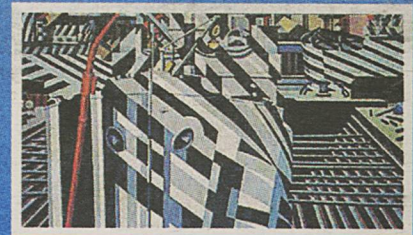
17 February 2004

Issue number 596



Big Issue founder
John Bird talks to
blink: page 11

Fine art returns to
b:art:
page 16



Westminster SU Communications Sabbatical resigns, page 3



Carr-Saunders Bursar under fire

Chris Heathcote and
Prashant Rao

The Carr-Saunders Hall administration has come under sharp criticism from its residents and the Hall's Student Committee, after allegations of excessive damage charges against students were brought to *The Beaver's* attention.

The Committee, as well as several other students, allege that the Carr-Saunders Hall Bursar, Azzedine Fetnaci, is not working in their interests, and is instead more concerned with a better balance sheet.

Fetnaci, who has been at Carr-Saunders for five and a half years, has refuted the allegations, blaming the fines on irresponsible students who are looking for someone to blame. He claimed that even students who stayed at the Hall four years ago would say that it was an excellent place to live.

In an effort to put Fetnaci's claims to the test, *The Beaver* contacted Ed Crowther, who was a resident at Carr-Saunders in the 1999-2000 and 2001-2002 academic years. Crowther commented that while he had "nothing against [Fetnaci] personally, [Crowther] thought that his damage policy was quite unfair."

The allegations are based on numerous charges attributed to either a floor, or the hall at large. The damages include £475.88

for a vandalised keycard-based lock, £293.75 for a blocked kitchen sink, £117.50 for a blocked toilet and a £27.98 charge for two broken toilet seats; the seats were originally purchased at the average approximate cost of £9 per seat.

According to the plumber who unblocked the sink, it had not been cleaned since February 2003, allowing five months to collect food, then a two month break for it to solidify, leaving it perfectly poised for a blockage at the start of the new term.

Fetnaci responded by saying that maintenance staff had cleared the sink in the summer holidays, and as such any damage caused was above normal wear and tear.

But it is the cost of the lock which has caused the most alarm.

Not only has the person responsible never been caught, but also, though the lock was fixed on November 6, it was February 13 before an official invoice was finally received.

When questioned about the delay in providing accurate records, Fetnaci blamed the contractors, CISA.

To add insult to injury, the lock in question is still not in proper working order and the occupier of the room, Lakhvir Singh, claims the engineer did not properly correct the fault.

Although he did not report the problem, *The Beaver* has found that Carr-

Saunders staff did not check the repair work before charging the students.

When *The Beaver* contacted the lock company, the organisation was initially happy to answer questions, but later in the week they were mysteriously unable to find documents and referred us to Mr Fetnaci.

For residents to be charged for damage, it has to be declared as "over and above acceptable levels of wear and tear", as described in the Regulation of Unattributable Damages.

The regulations also stipulate that, "In obtaining cost estimates, the Bursar/Manager should use their skills to minimise the costs except where damage causes health and safety hazards, in which case speed may take precedence over costs."

Indeed during an interview with *The Beaver*, Fetnaci said, "When people come to me and admit they have done wrong, I usually only charge them half the true cost of repairs."

However, one resident, James Upsher, who accidentally broke a small piece of plywood and confessed, was charged £60. This includes the cost of installing the board, even though the hall maintenance staff salary is already paid by the hall and therefore should not have been charged to residents.

During the interview, Fetnaci said that student welfare was his "number one priority" and he would "never want to pay more than I had to for anything."

However, when a toaster on the second floor broke through wear and tear, the Hall bought a basic, cheap replacement, but when another toaster was written off and a student was obliged to replace it, a state-of-the-art model was purchased complete with digital displays and specialist settings. Explaining the apparent unfairness, Fetnaci said "it all depends what we can find at the time, but it won't happen again."

Employment of a new Bar Manager in the Hall has caused resentment towards the Bursar. Fetnaci has been accused of axing student jobs by proposing to hire a non-student to fill the post in order to save money. This is not the first time that he has caused anguish; approximately a year ago, Fetnaci tried to do the same, but protests from students within the Hall, as well as the Bar Manager at the time, forced him to climb down.

Rowan Harvey, taking up the cause of the residents of the Hall, tabled an Emergency Motion at the UGM in Week 4. However, quorum was called for, and the UGM was declared inquorate and closed.

Continued, page 5
Editorial, page 6

Butler remains tight-lipped about WMD inquiry

Joel Kenrick

Lord Butler, the Peer appointed to examine the intelligence which led Britain to war with Iraq, broke his self-imposed silence by speaking at a Shapiro Government Club event last Tuesday at the LSE.

A former Cabinet Secretary, Lord Butler of Brockwell kept a longstanding commitment to give a speech as part of an LSESU Schapiro Government Club series on Cabinet Government.

Lord Butler attracted an over-capacity audience to the event, as students flocked, hoping to gain an insight into his inquiry.

Yet despite the increased interest, he stuck diligently to his brief, speaking only on "Cabinet Government in the UK."

He refused to answer any questions on his new role, stopping one law student mid-sentence after he ignored the pledge.

Warning his audience before hand that he was going to be "unashamedly boring," many members were inclined to agree.

And there was no world exclusive for *The Beaver* either; Lord Butler even

refused to speak to *The Beaver* after the talk. "I've said I won't give interviews" he replied

Formerly Sir Robin Butler, he was Cabinet Secretary and Head of the Civil Service under five Prime Ministers, until he stood down in 1998.

He has been criticised by many for consistently showing deference to those in power and failing to properly investigate a string of sleaze allegations in the early 1990s.

He stood by former cabinet minister Jonathan Aitken, later jailed in disgrace for perjury, and also chose to believe the lying minister Neil Hamilton over a bribery scandal.

During the Scott inquiry into illegal British arms sales to Iraq in 1992 he attacked the media for undermining "our system of government" by what he called "grossly distorted and prejudicial allegations." He told the inquiry then that "you have to be selective about the facts," and that very often one is "in a position where you have to give an answer that is not the whole truth."



It was with high expectations that many students turned up to listen to Lord Butler. But he refused to discuss anything other than 'UK Cabinet Government'.

Elections cancelled as Council refuses to step down: Student politics Canadian style

Oliver Jolleyman

An acrimonious series of disputes at the York Federation of Students (YFS) has seen the council vote to extend its own time in office.

The Toronto-based University has seen its student politics dominated by Israeli/Palestinian factionalism, leading many students to question its relevance.

For instance when *The Beaver* spoke to Farhan Ali Awan, a second year undergraduate studying political science, he said "I do not think the YFS has made the lives of York students any better."

The new President, Paul Cooper, who headed up a 'Progress not Politics' electoral slate, which won 27 out of the 32 council seats in November, leads the Young Zionist Partnership, and alleges that he

was beaten up last year when he was manning a pro-Israeli display at the time of an anti-Iraq war demonstration.

Questions also abound over a petition calling for fresh elections to take place in March this year.

Allegedly coercion ranged from inducements of sweets to people not being allowed down a hallway unless they signed.

Defending the decision to postpone elections, Cooper commented to York's *Excalibur* newspaper that his team has "inherited an organization that is in complete disarray ... It takes much longer than two and a half weeks to rectify these problems."

Alex McCutcheon, a second year undergraduate studying Fine Arts summed up the issue for *The Beaver* by commenting:

"Job prospects for York graduates are so bleak that student politics has filled the void to distract us from our own unemployment."



YFS President Paul Cooper.

Sports course under threat as campus is sold

Nazir Hussain

Southampton University, which belongs to the elite Russell Group of higher education institutions, is considering moving its undergraduate sports programme to Portsmouth University, Southampton Institute or King Alfred College in Winchester.

This possible move follows a strategic review by the University as part of its continuing appraisal of its course portfolio and strategic direction. Southampton currently offers two sports programmes - a BSc Sport Studies and a BA Sport Management & Leadership at its New College campus.

The Guardian reported that this could lead to students being transferred in the middle of their courses, and that staff have reportedly been told that the plan is likely to go ahead, subject to agreement by the other institutions.

However, Southampton University's Head of Media Relations, Sarah Watts, told *The Beaver* that no decision has been made as it was still under review.

She also stressed that the students registered for the two degree courses in 2004 will be on Southampton's programme and will have their degrees awarded by Southampton University. She even said that it was very likely that all current sports students would complete their degrees at their current campus.

The spokeswoman also said that; "There is no question of 'giving away students to save money' as suggested in the press, and that arrangements will be made for funding to follow the students should they be moved to another institution."

"A decision to move the students will only be made 'if the University is sure that the standards and facilities on offer in the partner institution will meet the requirements of a University of Southampton degree."

The Southampton University Students Union could not be reached for comment.

Universities demand £9bn to fill predicted top-up fees gap

Simon Chignell

Almost £9 billion in extra Government funding will be needed even when top-up fees are introduced in 2006, UK Universities said last week.

Universities UK (UUK), the body that represents Vice-Chancellors, has stated that money will be needed to repair old deteriorating buildings, increase student numbers and try to maintain a level of international competitiveness.

The £8.79 billion figure demanded would be received during the 2005-2008 spending review period, when UUK pre-

dicted that the income from top-up fees would be minimal.

UUK's chief executive, Baroness Warwick said "Universities UK supports the government's proposals for a graduate contribution scheme but we have never claimed it will meet our funding gap - no single source of income will do that."

Andy Farrell, LSE Director of Finance and Facilities reiterated that the LSE has made no decision as yet whether to charge top-up fees, but pointed out that plans for investment have already been set in place.

"The estimated capital investment required to address facilities, quality and space issues at LSE is over £100m in the next decade, whatever option is chosen."

Commenting on the funding demand, LSESU Treasurer Jo Kibble again attacked the top-up fees proposal, saying that: "The level of resources being asked for by Universities UK serves to underline the true maths of the top-up fees proposals: that the amount of money likely to be raised is effectively irrelevant to the real funding needs of the British Higher Education system."

In the end, most analysts think it unlikely that Universities will receive the full amount of their demand, again raising the question of whether a £3,000 cap on top-up fees can be maintained without more Government money.

Sabb resigns amid SU factionalism

Mark Power
Executive Editor

The Communications Officer of the University of Westminster Students' Union (UWSU) has resigned amid an extraordinary batch of allegations surrounding the conduct of the Union's president, and its General Manager.

The former Communications Officer, Bob Brown, resigned last Thursday citing intimidation, incompetence and corruption within the Union among his reasons for resigning, saying he has been subject to "bullying and victimisation."

Brown's experience follows on from that of his former colleague, the Union's Education and Welfare Officer, who he claims resigned after receiving months of threatening and harassing phone calls because the pair did not share the "political and ideological goals" of the President and General Manager. Brown claims that both he and his former colleague were the victims of a "conspiracy" to oust them.

Foremost amongst Brown's accusations was the continued interference of the General Manager in his role, particularly with regard to his responsibility for the student publications department at UWSU. Brown's resignation letter details how the General Manager "sought to undermine my authority and independence by continually interfering in what is my democratically elected right." The letter also describes how the President of UWSU,

Charlotte Fraser, used a communications committee as a vehicle for dictating the content of the Students' Union magazine. Brown also claims he was told in no uncertain terms to not print articles that would potentially damage the image of the Students' Union, after problems with some elections.

Responding to the allegations, Fraser said that Brown had "no evidence and no proof" of his allegations. When asked as to why she thought Brown had made the allegations and resigned in such a way, she responded by saying that his resignation email had been sent two hours before he was due to face a motion of no confidence at Student Council. She continued by saying that his resignation was "the first press release he has ever done, and the first email he has sent to students." She also claimed that he had not been into the office in six weeks, and failed to turn up to demonstrations and campaign meetings for policy approved by the Student Council.

When asked as to whether she objected to Brown's politics, Fraser replied that she "wasn't aware of what his politics are." However, on further questioning she admitted that she had disagreed with him on policy matters.

Most startlingly, it emerged that Fraser had been previously suspended by the university after complaints had been made regarding her conduct to both university authorities and the police. The Beaver understands that she was given a warning

by the police, and Brown alleges she ignored the University's suspension of her. Fraser however, denies this saying that she was given permission to attend key meetings. She added that her suspension had run its course and that she could comment no further on the issue as it was subject to an appeals process.

Fraser completely denied seeking to influence the editorial content of the student media group, saying that in fact, the last three editions had contained "mostly pictures of his [Brown's] friends", as an indication that she had not sought to exercise any influence. She also denied that the General Manager had acted out of his remit saying, "I don't know where that has come from." Despite Brown's claims that he had complained to her about the General Manager's conduct, Fraser said she had received no such correspondence and challenged Brown to provide proof of the allegations.

The story is likely to provoke further interest at LSE regarding the nature of the Communications Sabbatical role within Students' Unions. It follows discussions within the LSESU Constitutional Review Taskforce over precisely how much influence any member of the Students' Union executive should have over student media.

Whatever the implications for student media, UWSU's dispute has, Fraser admitted, been a bad record for her year's team. Fraser suggested that poor turn out in the union's elections could have resulted in weaker candidates than in previous years.



Union Jack

Last week saw possibly the worst UGM of the year, dominated by mischief-making and K's ego. After the previous week's respite from the not-so-special one's inability to follow procedure, it was back to the usual make-it-up-as-you-go-along approach. K likes to be in control, and he doesn't like insolence. Jack was troubled by his method of ejecting dissident background loiterer Aqeel Kadri, but as long as K gets his way there's no problem, cappiche? K's patience was stretched beyond limits when the PuLSE station manager returned to the room and took the stage. Quite what PuLSE has to report, Jack is not certain, but K's irritation became steadily more amusing as the episode went on. Spurrell's misguided effort to eject the totalitarian tosser, though, backfired spectacularly as he himself was forced to have an early lunch. 'Badger boy' Sinclair attempted to avenge the removal of his libertarian buddy with a quorum call but K was on hand to make up a suitably high number and see his reign live on. Jack wonders whether K will bring his Gestapo-chic look to the stage next week to complete his image transformation.

The K show left little time for any actual business but reports and questions provided the usual level of entertainment. The Beaver editor was in his usual argumentative mood as he responded to Kibble's questioning with a demand for the return of his capital reserves, and a cold dismissal of Righteous Rowan's selective memory. Maybe Power is getting too big for his boots but Jack does enjoy his frantic weekly anti-Exec rants. At least someone is experimenting with seriously questioning the Exec's actions.

Schwartz provided more hilarity, though for once not through his performance of official duties. It seems Andy has been spending his time battling (literally) with public transport; looking like a chimp on Prozac, grinning inanely as he recanted his experience of oppression at the hands of London Transport. Surely a higher standard of behaviour is expected of our elected representatives as they make their way to school.

There was some business and the random toff boy's contribution was joyous. Complaining about the standard of coffee in the quad in a ludicrously upper class accent is unlikely to win many friends at LSE. Jack wonders if quad coffee served by a blond haired gimp named James and stirred with a silver spoon would be agreeable to the more sophisticated palette.

Jack has become increasingly disturbed by the lack of attendance at our great UGM of late. After the mass exodus following the Director's departure previously, only some imaginative arithmetic prevented an early close last week. Jack wonders about the cause of this apparent lack of interest. Could it be Kibble's soap box style speeches to sycophantic applause from his groupies, Freedman's pathetic opportunism, stagefright's idiotic interventions, the AU's generally miserable contribution, K's suppression of debate, the absence of a Packeresque lunatic on the right, the constant barrage of pointless motions from two-for-the-price-of-one pair Willgress and Errington? Jack has observed all these phenomena over the year so far, sometimes even he feels like enough is enough. The only new faces seem to be crazed right-wingers spouting free-market nonsense. If this worries you, come to the UGM next week...please.

Economics say no to feedback

Chris Heathcote
News Editor

Rowan Harvey, LSESU Education & Welfare Officer, has blamed the Economics Department for the failure of a motion which would have allowed students who fail their exams to have feedback explaining where they went wrong.

She claims that heads of the Department urged academic staff to attend the Academic Board meeting and vote down the recommendation by the Teaching, Learning & Assessment Committee (TLAC) because they did not want the extra work the proposal would have created.

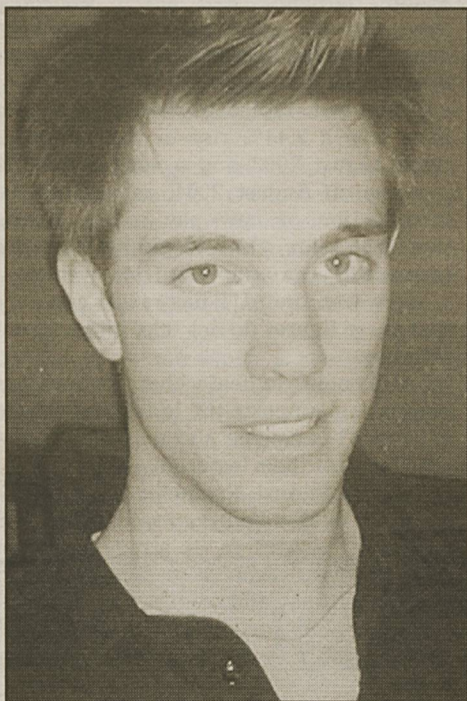
The Economics Department has the highest failure rate of first year Undergraduates and it was likely that many students would have requested more information about why they did badly.

Tabling a motion at this week's UGM mandating the Sabbatical Officers to continue to campaign for feedback for students who fail or do not do as well as expected, Harvey insisted that "Exams should be part of the LSE learning experience, rather than an educational black hole."

She added: "Poor exam performance can be stressful and de-motivating for the student concerned. No student who fails unexpectedly should be expected to re-sit their exams without feedback as to how to improve their assessment performance, especially if the LSE learning assessment is to continue to rely so heavily on exams."

Speaking to *The Beaver*, Professor John Sutton, the Economics Department Convener said: "I was concerned to hear that the opposition to providing examination feedback reflected a concern with the work involved for academics."

"My view, which I believe is shared by many colleagues, is that our [current] procedures are unusually onerous in terms of



Nick Spurrell: supported the Economics Department.

faculty time, as they involve strict blind double marking of anonymous scripts by two independent examiners.

"We believe in using assessments done during the year as the vehicle through which feedback is provided, while confining the role of end-of-the year examinations to that of assessment."

"External bodies charged with investigating quality standards at UK universities have commented favourably in the past on the level of faculty effort and the rigour of our processes."

"We feel that this procedure allows us to set the appropriate academic standard while maintaining complete fairness of treatment across students taking the examination."

Mr Sutton did not say if his Department had put pressure on its mem-

bers to attend and reject the suggestion of feedback.

However, in a further twist to the story, Nick Spurrell, a student representative on the Academic Board has also sparked controversy by ignoring the wishes of Rowan Harvey and opposing more information to students.

He told *The Beaver* that he made his decision based on the case presented at the meeting and sided with the Economics Department because feedback would have created more work for academics, thereby delaying the release of exam results and discouraging people from volunteering to mark papers. "It would open a can of worms," he added.

Criticizing Harvey's attacks at the UGM, he was adamant that he had read all the papers before the meeting, but was never told what Rowan Harvey's policy was.

"In the long run, it is better for students not to question the School...There were three student reps at the meeting, [himself, Harvey and Elliot Simmons, LSESU General Secretary] I think my views would have been supported by 33% of the students...What is the point of having proportional representation if everyone has to toe the party line? Especially when they don't even tell you the party line."

"Students can already get some feedback by law under the Freedom of Information Act," he said.

When *The Beaver* called to ask how she knew the Economics Department had mobilized its members, Harvey was out for lunch.

Her motion - striving to continue the fight - was not discussed at the last UGM because of time constraints and will be raised again next Thursday, but Nick Spurrell opined that it had little chance of success.

Spurrell added that he has no intention to stand for any position in the forthcoming Lent Term elections.

NUS announce election candidates

Mark Power
Executive Editor

The National Union of Students (NUS) announced its list of candidates for President and its other officers to be elected at its national conference this spring.

Among the candidates for President is Tom Whittaker, an LSE Alumnus known for his involvement with the Socialist Worker Student Society (SWSS) and student activism during his time at the LSE.

Whittaker's candidacy builds on his experience this year as a member of the 'block of twelve' part-time officers without portfolio who form part of the National Executive Committee (NEC), also elected proportionately at the conference.

It is understood that Whittaker is running as the official candidate of the Socialist Worker Party (SWP), whom he has represented on the NEC this year.

Whittaker's profile was raised during the past year as he stood at the forefront of the Stop the War movement, and has held a high profile during student demonstrations this year against the state visit of US President George W. Bush, as well as the NUS national demonstration against top-up fees.

ULU President and LSE Graduate Chris Piper is also listed as a candidate for National-Secretary, and it is understood that he will be running from the "organised independents" platform, a vague grouping



Last year's NUS Conference gets underway.

which mostly occupies the political centre ground at conference and within NUS politics.

In a conference dogged by extremism, NUS elections are known for their unpredictable results and are often plagued by accusations of a democratic deficit and left-wing extremism.

Pundits put little hope of success on Whittaker's election campaign, given an increasingly factionalised and divided left, but Piper's contention that he is the "establishment candidate" makes seeing an LSE alumnus in a senior position on next year's NUS NEC a plausible reality.

AUT organise industrial action

Kheng Lim

The Association of University Teachers (AUT) has voted in favour of strike action over a proposed overhaul of the higher education pay structure.

A series of strikes will take place from 23 to 27 February to coincide with the National Union of Students (NUS) "week of action" against top-up fees.

The vote was carried out via postal ballot and 54.4% of the union's 47,000 members took part.

66.6% voted in favour of a full strike and 81.2% in favour of action short of a strike, the latter including a boycott of assessment, and staff appraisal.

These figures led to claims by Universities and Colleges Employers Association (UCEA) that there was no mandate for a strike considering that only a third of the union's members actually backed one.

The ballot took place after talks with university employers broke down last Tuesday.

Controversially, other trade unions in negotiation with the employers including the Transport and General Workers Union, the public service union, UNISON, and Amicus, the manufacturing and technical worker's union, had agreed to accept the proposals.

The AUT claims that the deal would result in senior support staff losing £47,000

over 21 years, researchers £17,300 over nine years.

This deal (tabled in July 2003) would have seen a 3.44% rise in the pay spine from August 2003 and a subsequent 3% increase on August 2004, as well as the introduction of new pay spines during these two years which would have seen an increase of approximately 1.1% overall.

However, the AUT has raised concerns that these figures do not take into account inflation.

AUT polls indicate that the student population supports the industrial action, with 64.8% agreeing and only 12.3% disapproving of their lecturers' actions.

Mandy Telford, President of the NUS, speaking in *The Guardian* said: "The NUS supports the AUT in its struggle against the employers' attacks on academic and related staff pay and conditions."

These polls further indicate that 49% of the public supports the industrial action.

Strike action will start in Wales on Monday, February 23, shifting to England the next day and a nation-wide strike will be held on Wednesday.

Thursday will see a Scottish strike and Northern Ireland will strike on Friday.

When asked to comment by *The Beaver* on how LSE students would be affected, particularly considering that the second half of Lent Term is the most challenging part for many courses, Chris Husbands, the LSE's AUT President replied: "As far as the AUT is concerned, it is for individual teachers to make any arrangements, if they wish to do so, to accommodate teaching that would otherwise have occurred on the strike days."

He further re-iterated the fact that the strike had received strong backing from the NUS.

RAE reform: as expected

Adrian Li

The changes to the Research Assessment Exercise (RAE) were announced by the funding councils for England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland on Wednesday 11th February.

The changes included a new ratings system as well as the inclusion of 'quality profiles' that will show how much of a university's research falls into a specific grading.

The aim of such changes is to make the process fairer and less open to manipulation by the universities.

Speaking to BBC News, Sir Howard Newby, Chief Executive of the Higher Education Funding Council (HEFC) for England said, "We firmly believe that this new approach ... provides a fairer and more accurate way of assessing and funding research quality."

He also stressed that "the use of quality profiles will reduce the tactical element in preparing submissions."

The incentive will be for institutions to include all their good researchers rather than aiming for a particular grade."

However, Paul Mackney, General Secretary of the lecturers' union Natfhe, in comments to *The Guardian* called this "a missed opportunity for radical reform."

Natfhe also made their concerns clear to *The Guardian* that in spite of these changes, the current funding system remains in place.

It also stated that these final funding decisions would reinforce current status quo of a concentration of research funding in a few "world class" research institutions and selected disciplines, giving rise to fears of a 'super league' of research institutions in the United Kingdom.

When asked by *The Beaver* for comment, Gus Stewart, the Director of LSE's Research and Project Development Division, said: "The announcement was pretty much as we expected. The "quality profile" approach should also ensure that research excellence is recognised and rewarded wherever it is found. We are, however, disappointed, but not surprised, by the absence of any reference to the relationship between results and funding."

Stewart also drew attention to the fact that higher education institutions had demanded the funding councils provide clear information on the relationship between scores achieved in the assessment and the impact upon funding in advance of the Research Assessment Exercise.

In the last RAE review in 2001 and a further round of reviews in 2003 to retrospectively introduce a higher grading of 5** for subject areas which had achieved 5* in the two previous rounds of the research assessment exercise, the LSE achieved received 12 grades of 5**.

All but one of its units of assessment was graded lower than 5, 5* or 5** and submitted 97 per cent of its staff for assessment, more than any other university in the country.

The LSE came in second after Cambridge for the quality of its research, important because funding for universities is largely dependent on RAE grades.

Lent Term Elections

Sabbatical Officers

General Secretary
Finance, Services and Societies Sabb
Education and Welfare Sabbatical
Communications Sabbatical

Other Positions

Constitution and Steering Committee
(7 positions)
Finance and Services Committee (4 positions)
Returning Officer

Executive Committee

Societies Officer
Environment and Ethics Officer
Residences Officer
International Students Officer
Mature and Part-time Students Officer
Women's Officer
Anti-Racism Officer
LGBT Officer
Students with Disabilities Officer

Nomination forms are available from SU Reception
from Thursday at 2pm
For more information, contact
su.returningofficer@lse.ac.uk

Bristol poised to leave NUS

Prashant Rao
News Editor

The University of Bristol Union (UBU), at its AGM on February 5th voted to disaffiliate itself from the National Union of Students (NUS) claiming that NUS is a "fundamentally undemocratic organisation, dominated by factions that are unrepresentative of the average Bristol student or even the highly political Bristol student."

The issue, however is far from resolved; Bristol students opposed to the decision have been circling the Bristol campus, working feverishly to collect the required 200 signatures to call for a campus-wide referendum.

UBU President Can Okar confirmed that the students had the requisite signatures, but were continuing the campaign in the hopes of strengthening their mandate.

When asked why UBU didn't run a referendum right away, Communications and

Campaigns Sabbatical Rob Harding commented that the strict rules by which the AGM is run, allow for more informed and reasoned debate as opposed to the one-minute pitches that characterise referendums.

Okar added that he, as well as the entire Sabbatical team (who all voted in favour of disaffiliation) would welcome any referendum, asserting his belief that "the students at the University of Bristol should have their say on the matter."

He went on to say that the campus was better off discussing the issue at the AGM, thanks to the lively debate and that it had left the university better prepared for a campus-wide referendum.

An NUS spokesperson pointed out referendums on disaffiliation from the nation-wide body had been good to them in the recent past, saying "We've had a couple of disaffiliation campaigns going on this week - in two referendums [at the Universities of Sussex and Aston], over 90% of students voted in favour of staying with NUS, so we hope all students at Bristol will have the opportunity to have their say as well, in the shape of a referendum."

A similar campaign was run at the LSE last year, with a campus-wide referendum on the issue of disaffiliate from NUS. Students voted by a 2/3 majority to continue to remain a part of NUS.

Tom Packer, who led the campaign along with current blink editor Matthew Sinclair, commented that "the LSE should follow Bristol's excellent example and disaffiliate from NUS at the first possible moment."

If UBU decides to leave NUS, they will join the ranks of Imperial College London, Edinburgh University, St. Andrews University, and most recently the University of Southampton who are no longer NUS members.

The motion, proposed by Okar and seconded by Harding, passed with 227 voting for, 145 against and 22 abstentions.



UBU President Can Okar.

Continued from front page

Fetnaci's response to the allegations that he is not acting in the interests of the residents of Carr-Saunders was that if a student who applied for the job was qualified, then the student would certainly get it.

Defending himself against a tide of accusations, Mr Fetnaci insisted he was not trying to short-change students. "I live in the halls too", he said "The students are my neighbours, I want them to smile and say 'good morning' not say they hate the Hall Administration Staff." He said he was particularly saddened by "outrageous" rumours that he locked students out of kitchens. He reminded The Beaver that many of the unpopular decisions he has made have been approved by the Warden John Kent and even the Hall Committee.

It has been a week of much change for Carr-Saunders, with a new Committee taking over this past weekend. As such, many of their members are not completely up to speed on the issues.

For that reason, newly-elected President Alexa Sharples was uncertain as to whether the Committee would take the matter up with Students' Union Residences Officer, Rishi Madlani, or with the Director of Residential Services, David Tymms.

LSE denies collusion

Kheng Lim

The LSE has denied allegations in *The Times* that it has been involved in price fixing on tuition fees.

According to the article published on February 9, the LSE, Imperial College, University College London, the University of Cambridge and the University of Oxford have had secret discussions on their strategies regarding the implementation of top-up fees.

The article goes on to say that Blake Laphorn Lindell, Oxford University's solicitors, have warned its client that the Office of Fair Trade could take action if too many universities charge the full amount of tuition fees allowed by the Government.

The five universities comprise a group known as the G5 which, according to *The Times* is a lobbying group requesting either a rise in the cap on tuition fees or extra funding from the Government.

The group argues that without such concessions, its members would be forced to admit more international students and

less home students to make up for the shortfall in funding.

Responding to the allegations in *The Times*, the LSE press office stated: "[LSE Director] Howard Davies and the vice-chancellors of the other universities mentioned do meet occasionally and informally to discuss particular issues relating to their own universities, along with other VC's. They do not form the lobbying organisation suggested, nor are looking at any kind of price fixing."

Elliot Simmons, General Secretary of the LSE Student's Union has told *The Beaver* that Howard Davies had assured him during the last meeting of LSE Council that the allegations in *The Times* were unfounded.

Derek Elsey, a solicitor with Blake Laphorn Limited, told *The Times* that the main problem with this particular accusation of price fixing is that if all members of the G5 simultaneously charge the full amount, it could be interpreted as a sign that the cap on tuition fees is far too low rather than as evidence of collusion.

Nestlé boycotts LSESU

Alykhan Velshi

Nestlé plc has rebuked the LSESU People & Planet Society by refusing to participate in an event to which it had originally pledged support.

Originally slated to take part in a debate organised by People & Planet, Nestlé pulled out at the last minute, citing allegations made by the LSE Students' Union that the company condoned rape.

The furore erupted over a letter sent by the LSESU to Nestlé criticising one of its advertising campaigns. The offending advertisement, for Yorkie bars, claimed the chocolates were "definitely not for girls."

The letter written by LSESU General Secretary Elliot Simmons called the advertisement "satanic." The letter also labeled the Yorkie advertisement "sexist," saying that "it condones the objectification of women, thus logically condoning sexual violence and ultimately it condones rape."

Mr Simmons was mandated to write to Nestlé after a motion was passed at the Union General Meeting of January 29th criticising the advertising campaign.

Proposed by Athletic Union Treasurer Will Jordan and seconded by Rowing Team Captain James Eyton, the motion - titled "Outrageous Sexism" - took umbrage at the part of the advertisement which claimed the chocolate was "definitely not for girls." They argued this contravened the LSESU's Equal Opportunities Policy.

Contacted by *The Beaver*, Mr Jordan commented that the motion was a "piss-take" designed to "parody" those who over-extend their definition of sexism to include perfectly innocuous events.

He was referring specifically to the furore over a previous motion of his concerning spit-roasting, which was prevented from being discussed at the UGM owing to its contravention of the Equal Opportunities Policy.

Mr Jordan told *The Beaver* that "in view of the Left's reaction to spit-roasting, it seemed only fair that we have a coherent response to the issue of sexism."

He wryly commented: "I hope the irony of this is not lost on the LSE."

Writers Wanted!

News Meeting on Thursday @ 6pm in the Underground Bar

The Beaver is looking for News Writers - it doesn't matter if you have any experience writing news articles or not. Just come along - there's no obligation to take on an article.

Can't make the News Meeting? Come down to The Beaver's office in E204 and talk to one of the News Editors either on Tuesday from 3pm to 4pm or on Friday from 3pm to 4pm.

For more information, e-mail thebeaver@lse.ac.uk stating News Writer in the subject.

Valentine Vapidity

Mark Power gets all broken-hearted about Valentine's Day.

Valentine's day has been this year a more festering, sickening, gut-wrenchingly vapid occasion than ever. There are several jolting things which are wrong with the entire concept, and, given greater publicity and sleazy emotion-merchant hype, it is being driven towards becoming a national obscenity, masquerading as a sort of charity ball.

Firstly, the whole idea is exclusive by nature. The point where the love-fest becomes so publicised as to make it the preserve only of those lucky enough to be cuddled and loved up, makes it just depressing for everyone else who is either single and unhappy about it, or in a relationship that is failing or having rough times. The whole concept that couples need a specific day to demonstrate to each other how wonderfully in love they are is inherently exhibitionist. And it is this exhibitionism that is so offensive, and ultimately demoralising to the rest of us. When this is compounded by round the clock media reminders of what would make the ideal Valentine's day, the effect on the singleton is somewhere between nausea and wanton destructiveness. Last week, DJs on BBC's Radio 1 began publicising Valentine's day almost a week in advance. Now given that the BBC is a public service broadcaster, is it right that Sarah Cox should be running a phone-in on what the best present to buy your loved one this Valentine's day is?

This brings us tidily on to a somewhat hackneyed, but nonetheless important point about the commercialisation of the day - which has got steadily worse. During my days in an American overseas high school I was often repelled by the overt and grotesque displays of vacuous affection on Valentine's day, but this year's consumerist love-in has been decidedly more dire. Every radio station, every television channel and almost every publication with the possible exception of the Marxist review, has been relentlessly plugging the same trite message. Flowers have sky-rocketed in price - no doubt my capitalist friends will be revelling in the virtues of supply and demand - restaurants are producing vapid themed menus, all whilst 60% of the capital is sitting at home alone. That we have reached the point where, quelle surprise, there is another present-buying holiday feeding the mass consumer society we have become, strikes me as serving one interest only: that of the shops and media industry peddling useless gifts and abhorrent programmes about love.

I have neither rhyme nor reason to criticise the actions of couples and how they choose to show their love and manifest destiny to each other, but surely Valentine's day, by its sheer mass-market nature, has become the single most unromantic day of the year. People are obligated to tokenise their emotions by gift-giv-



Nothing but monkeying around? Valentine's Day has become a joke.

ing and pretentious displays of affection. We should ask ourselves - has the compulsive and obligatory nature of Valentine's day not ruined it for everyone? Those who are lucky enough to feel secure enough in each other's company that they are not compelled to join in the collective rose giving might think this is over reacting, but it seems increasingly evident that Valentine's day has spiralled out of control and achieved very little for anyone involved.

Maybe this is all a result of having spent too many Valentine's days alone, but it seems to me that, alongside Christmas, it is time we all thought a little more about these holidays and their true meaning instead of blithely jumping on the 'one-size-fits-all' bandwagon.

Bird's Seeds ...Little Nuggets of Wonder...

Howdy lovers, huggers, muggers and losers and all of thee travellers on the path to academic fulfilment. We have surpassed ourselves in surviving until now: we are over half way there.

Whilst you are reading this you can be safe in the knowledge that I am curled up fast asleep in my nest, wallowing in the joys that are 'reading week'. There may be a book under my wing, there may not. Either way it will be restful. Ha ha (Simpson's style)!

This week my temper was roused, not for the first time, by something that really gets on my tits. I was in the queue for a coffee in the Quad with two people in front of me, and there was one poor lady working her baps off on her own behind the counter. The first chap in the queue clicked his fingers at her and bellowed "can you pick it up woman? I'm in a hurry".

Then when it got to the second chap, he blurted out what he wanted, and then shouted "toasted". Then when he was given his change and a paper receipt he said "well how long's it gonna BE?". To be blunt, I was fucking repulsed. How hard is it to muster a 'please' or just a polite tone? Every time I buy something from there I see this. What on this earth possesses people to think they can talk to people who work in tertiary services like they're animals or slaves? I get it in my job in a cof-

fee shop as well. It's the definition of rude arrogance, and it has got to stop.

To all of you who do this: YOU ARE NOT IN ANY WAY SUPERIOR TO ANY-ONE ELSE. Stop it or fuck off. I think the staff of the quad should be given right to say as much to all of those who abuse them. And breathe. Bit of a rant, but a fair point I think all of you of sane mind will agree.

On a lighter note, I simply have to mention last week's UG buddy M. It was the most farcical and entertaining hour I've spent in that theatre for donkeys. First we get free gifts, which the bright sparks that run the show gave to 'one-handed Will' to distribute! It took quite some time. Then there were an abundance of reports....our leaders have been working hard.

There were two joyous highlights for me. No not the evictions. The first was the appearance of a mammal named 'Schwartz'. I have never in my existence witnessed the presentation of a more gormless human. He essentially admitted to not having done any work as a sabbatical and to not knowing anything about what was going in the school at all. He just laughed and smiled a lot. You just wanted to give him a hug and tell it was ok, his Mum would be here to pick him up soon. Ahh.

Then came my first ever glimpse of a

far more refined fellow named Louis. He positively reeked of 'good breeding darling'. If you thought 'Tim nice but dim' was posh then meet this boy. Before answering any questions he stopped to salivate his bottom lip before crooning out a reply, in a voice that made you think 'me drunk?....at this hour?'

Eton does strange things to the creatures of this earth. There is no doubting after this gathering, that this university is a veritable bloody freak show....but at least it's not boring....that's why we love it so.

Word on the street kids is that there's a rather clever and special theatre production bringing itself to our very own Hong Kong theatre in the not so distant future. I have it on very good information that the majority of the cast really don't know a great filthy joke when they hear one, but nor do the editors of this column. Despite this, a little bird tells me it's a play to be seen....so come aboard....after all, '12' is coming....

A special thank you to the two social outcasts that made me laugh so much last Thursday. If you're behind on work, blame Phillip Pullman, that's my excuse. If not, well done you smug bastards. That is all.

Much love, Bird x x x

The Beaver

2nd Floor, East Building
LSE Students' Union
London WC2A 2AE
email: thebeaver@lse.ac.uk

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
Mark Power

MANAGING EDITOR
Ben Chapman

BUSINESS MANAGER
Aqeel Kadri

NEWS EDITORS
Chris Heathcote; Prashant Rao

BLINK EDITOR
Matthew Sinclair

B:ART EDITOR
Neil Garrett

SPORTS EDITOR
Paul McAleavy; Ellie Vyras

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT
Olivia Mantle

FILM EDITORS
Simon Cliff; Dani Ismail

MUSIC EDITOR
Jazmin Burgess

LITERARY EDITOR
Dalia King

THEATRE EDITORS
Carolina Bunting; Keith Postler

FINE ART EDITOR
Caroline Bray

B:ABOUT EDITOR
Sarah Warwick

THE COLLECTIVE

James Allen, Jon Baylis, Hestor Barsham, Jay Bassan, Peter Bellini, Matthias Benzer, Jimmy Baker, Edd Barley, Sian Beynon, Alison Bleasdale, Matt Boys, Ed Calow, Gareth Carter, Jon Charles, Simon Chignell, Brian Choudhary, Sal Chowdhury, Dave Cole, Naomi Colvin, Chloe Cook, Sarah Coughtrie, Katie Davies, Tom Delaney, Jon de Keyser, Jan Duesing, Chris Emmerson, Sian Errington, James Eyton, Tristan Feunteun, Jessica Fostekew, Daniel Freedman, Juli Gan, Glyn Gaskarth, Alex Goddard, Sarah Greenberg, Michael Griffith, Ceri Griffiths, Daniel Grote, Sachin Gupta, Rowan Harvey, Louise Hastie, Chris Heathcote, Sophia Hoffman, Ben Howarth, Nazir Hussain, Nawaz Imam, Oliver Jelleymann, Tom Jenkins, Bonnie Johnson, Abteen Karimi, Joel Kenrick, Jo Kibble, Paul Kirby, Adrian Li, Van Lim, Elaine Londesborough, Will Macfarlane, Ion Martea, Vita Maynard, James Meadway, Francis Murray, Samantha Nicklin, Justin Nolan, Neel Patel, Eliot Pollak, Adam Quinn, Ibrahim Rasheed, Zaf Rashid, Loretta Reehill, Olivia Schofield, Matthew Sinclair, James Sharrock, Elliot Simmons, Nick Spurrell, Omar Srouji, Jon Sutcliffe, Darius Tabatabai, Jimmy Tam, Sarah Taylor, Jamie Tehrani, Chrissy Totty, Chenai Tucker, Ethel Tungohan, Alykhan Velshi, Saija Vuola, Greta Wade, Claudia Whitcomb, Matt Willgress, Dave Willumsen, Tom Winstone, Ruksana Zaman.

PRINTED BY THE NORTHCLIFFE PRESS

If you have written three or more articles for the Beaver and your name does not appear in the Collective, please email thebeaver@lse.ac.uk and you will be added to the list in next week's paper.

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

The Beaver Comment

Carr-Saunders Conundrum

The allegations students are making against the Carr-Saunders Hall administration are part of a wider problem with regard to hall administrations, both within the LSE and in the University of London's inter-collegiate halls of residences.

Whilst in theory hall administrations with a great deal of autonomy seem like an effective way to run halls, experience would seem to disprove this. Hall wardens and students alike have often criticised the autonomy and independence of bursars and their staff. Because LSE halls are all off-site and out of view from the main campus, the administration goes largely unsupervised. Wardens and academic staff, employed to live in the halls and supervise their running and provide pastoral care, are in School all day and often have little jurisdiction with regard to oversight of the administration.

The case of Carr-Saunders remains one of a number of largely unproven allegations, yet the practice of bursars' over-charging for repairs seems, anecdotally to be a common one, and one which is easy to get away with. Mr Fetnaci's claim that he wishes to live harmoniously alongside his fel-

low hall residents is questionable, given the hostility he seems to have provoked amongst students and academic staff in the hall. It is time the School adopted more transparent and rigid guidelines for the conduct of halls staff, particularly with regard to damages. It should also conduct regular reviews of the services provided by bursarial staff, as they are frequently the cause of aggravation within halls. The problems of Carr-Saunders more frequently occur in intercollegiate halls where the LSE has little jurisdiction, but where they do occur at LSE, residences staff need to proactively review the situations.

For the students of Carr-Saunders, the best way forward would seem to be an open and frank dialogue between students, hall staff, and the academic residents, as well as the school's administration. In a case like this where it is clear that there is a high level of dissatisfaction amongst the population, there clearly needs to be redress. Let us hope Mr Fetnaci is sincere in his claim that he wants to see the hall atmosphere improve, and that a constructive dialogue can be established to achieve this.

Media Wranglings

This week's developments at University of Westminster Students' Union are a warning for any union considering merging the responsibility for student publications with a sabbatical union officer's role. The problems faced by UWSU Communications Officer, Bob Brown, in criticising the other sabbatical officers of the unions are a reminder of the danger of seeking to integrate student union officials with leadership of student media.

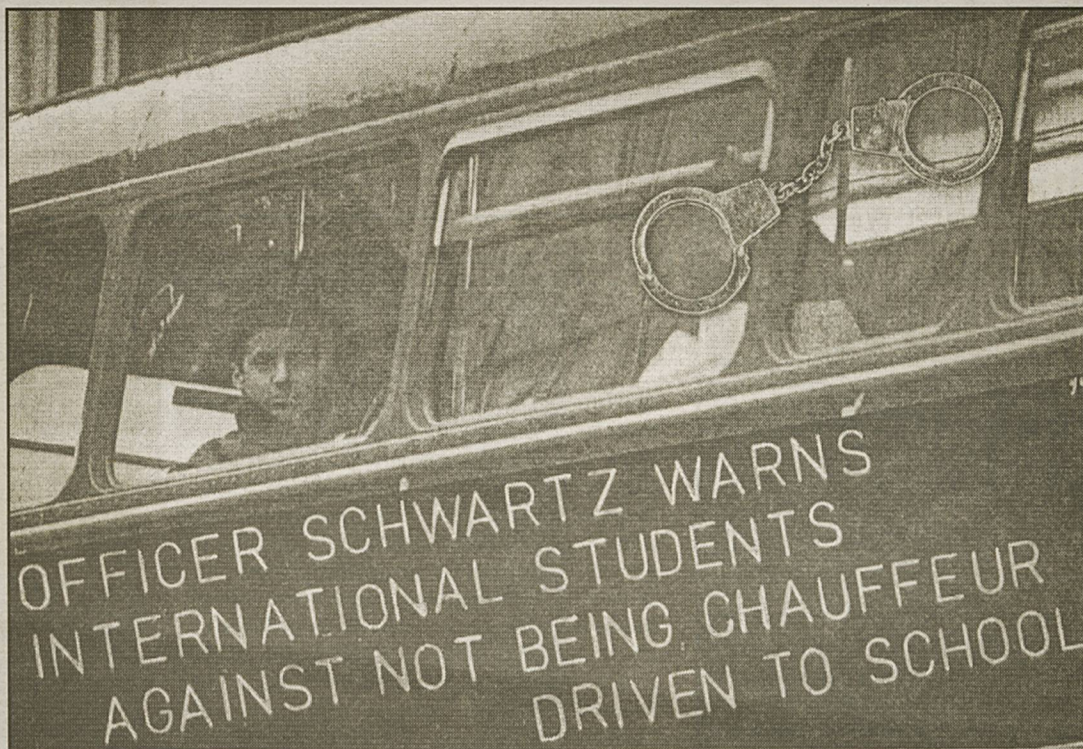
Whilst it would seem that UWSU has a particular problem with regard to the personal relationships between the President and General Manager, and other members of the sabbatical team, there are lessons to be learnt by all. This in itself raises a further issue with regard to the political neutrality of union staff. Although there is no apparent danger of this being a problem within LSE, union administrative staff must be wary to stay well clear of policy issues and involvement on editorial boards of student media, or even comment on content, is a breach well beyond the professional boundaries of such staff.

At LSE, during last year's constitutional review taskforce, the idea of a Communications Sabbatical

was promulgated with the intention that it should take responsibility for the creation and oversight of an LSE SU Media Group, which would absorb PuLSE, The Beaver and The Script. Fortunately, particularly perhaps for the editorial independence of this paper, this year's review has nullified most of this, and readers will be pleased to note that the newly elected Communications and Campaigns Officer will be engaged in a supporting but not controlling role.

We should be very wary of seeking to change this, as the experiences from other universities indicate that editorial independence is stifled by a union official being responsible for the editorial content of the media whose role is to be critical of that officialdom.

Student politics has the potential to be dirty and factionalised enough, without having SU constitutions blurring the boundaries of job descriptions in the hope that future officers will cooperate in a productive manner. Experience would suggest that in SU politics, this is an erroneous aspiration, and that student media and students' union executives should remain unambiguously separated in function and leadership.



Letters to the Editor

Sir,

In response to Alykhan Velshi's letter:

Opposition to military action in Kosovo is not blinded by hatred of America.

During the campaign, President Clinton and Madeleine Albright went on record with figures of between 10,000 and 100,000 missing and probably killed in consequence of an ethnic separation plan by Milosevic called Operation Horseshoe. But the Hague Tribunal for Milosevic has revealed that up till now 2, 108 bodies have been identified- of more than one ethnic group and dead from different causes; in short, not all Albanians massacred by Serbs under a systematic programme.

What is also true is that Operation Horseshoe was mobilised in response to the NATO bombing campaign. NATO bombing killed somewhere around 2000 civilians most Serbs but also Chinese diplomats and Montenegrans.

IFOR and UNMIK cultivation of the Kosovo Liberation Army has led to a less systematic activities of violence and threats that drove 234,000 legitimate non-Albanian citizens out of the province of Kosovo up to November 1999, according to UNHCR report of 1999.

International assistance to refugees in the Balkan region was inadequate as the UNHCR report highlights.

In short to display this intervention as purely good-vs-evil as Alykhan does is not useful.

Yours,
M. Kerimo

Sir,

Last week was my first experience of the union general meeting at LSE. The balcony where I was sitting was full of right wing students whom had extreme dislike for the word "trade union". They were sympathisers of Howard

Davies who worked for GKN, a company which has armed some of the world's worst dictatorships, like Saudi Arabia. Howard Davies himself started the meeting by trying to defend himself and his position as a director of GKN. He was evidently disturbed by the fact that people were now seeing his true face. But this was not reflected in the Beaver report from the meeting which took his evasions at face value. How can we, as students, now engage in a meaningful dialogue with Davies? He doesn't have any interest in, or understanding towards our issues, as his evasive answers showed. Putting him on the defensive was good, but what do we get out of it? We should all have voted against Howard Davies, his record and his plans to privatise LSE.

Yours,
Cagdas Canbolat

Sir,

I am writing in reply to Lars Soeraas ("Move LSE out of London"). It's all very well to want a leafy campus site, but I came to the LSE because I live in London and paying rent for three years was an impossibility. Since the author can obviously afford to live out, he began with a far wider choice of universities than I, or other people in the same situation, have. Why did he not decide to go to a campus university if that is what he wanted?

I also wanted to offer some advice to the LSE rugby second who wrote the article on the back page. If he thinks that "his mum is a cleaner" is an insult, I would suggest that he makes better use of his scrum cap- he has obviously had too many blows to the head. My mum cleans peoples houses and is one of the most intelligent people I know.

Thank you,
Joanne Lancaster

Dear Editor,

I am really angered that Friedman likened the SWP to the BNP last week. He should stop trying to make cheap shots and grow up. I do not understand why this boy has received so much coverage in The Beaver this term. A letter of his seems to appear every week; this week, out of three one was by him and another about him. I'm surprised there wasn't an attached picture. I realise that he is an ex-exec but no single person warrants this much coverage (especially when he has nothing new or interesting to say), at the expense of other students. (Don't tell me you only received three letters last week). Surely the coverage of our student paper should represent all students. It doesn't seem to at the moment.

With regards to the SWP, at least they are willing to organise and actively support ideas which are in the interest of the common good (hence the word social). There is so much indifference and apathy at the moment. We make society what it is and only we can change it. Stop jumping on the anti-red bandwagon and start taking an active role in society. After all, we are lucky enough to have the opportunity to do so.

Also, Davies, in my opinion, came across as rather defensive in the UGM. Was I attending the same meeting as the journalist who reported?

Yours
Manjula Das

The Beaver warmly welcomes letters from any reader, and receives a large number each week.

Unfortunately, due to constraints of space, we are unable to always print them all.

In order to ensure the best chance of publication, letters should not exceed 350 words in length.

blink

Editor: Matthew Sinclair (M.Sinclair1@lse.ac.uk)

Politics

Profile of a Suicide Bomber; What Makes Them Tick?

Suicide bombers respond to indoctrination; not desperation.

Jeremy Sharon

In the past few years the phenomenon of suicide bombings has become commonplace in international affairs and a sad reality in a number of areas of the world. They have also become a staple for the media and a talking point for politicians and pundits. One notable example of late is Jenny Tonge, the Liberal Democrat MP, who has championed the notion of empathy for potential bombers. The question asked is 'what is driving men and women to strap explosives to themselves and proceed to murder men, women and children in a rain of high explosive and shrapnel?' What could possibly motivate anyone to take this most drastic and morally repugnant action in the name of their cause?

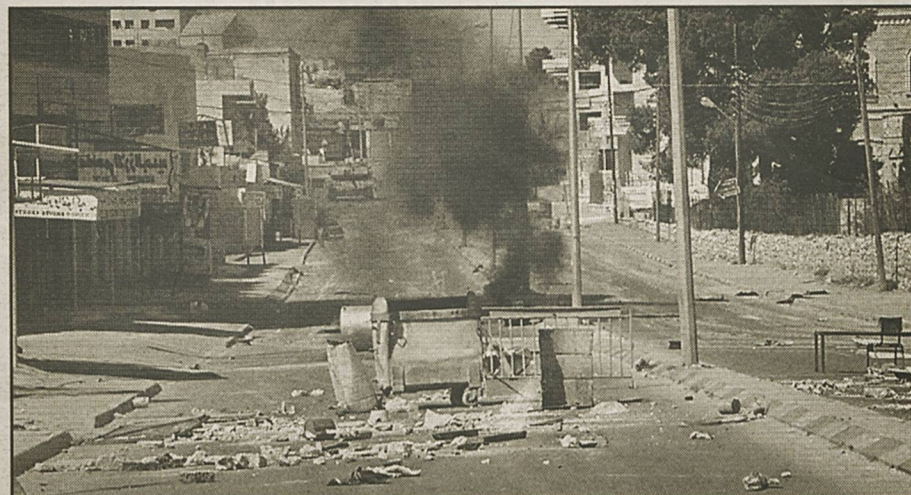
The current and acceptable explanation, as espoused by Jenny Tonge, Cherie Blair and the Dalai Lama is that the prime motivator is hopelessness, despair and poverty coupled with lack of education and some accusations of insanity to boot. The desperate socio-economic situation that many people are finding themselves in at the moment is what causes them to carry out their gruesome deeds.

The current economic and political plight of the Palestinians particularly, could lead one to conclude that the recent spate of 449 attempted suicide bombings during the Intifada (136 of which were successfully carried out) is directly related to the present-day predicament of the Palestinians.

However, there are some facts that are incongruent with these assumptions and would seem to belie this widely held view. One of the most significant observations to be made is of the identity and background of the suicide bombers themselves. Research done by Claude Berrebi in a doctoral thesis at Princeton University has shown that eighty-seven percent of Palestinian suicide bombers come from either average or above average economic

backgrounds. Furthermore, sixty-five percent have some form of higher education (post high-school) compared to just fifteen percent in a similar cross section of the rest of Palestinian society. The bombers are not only well educated but many have professional jobs; architects, engineers, poets and lawyers have all contributed to the long list of bombers along with many university students and graduates. Scott Atran, in his article 'Genesis of Suicide Terrorism' in the journal *Science*, states that 'Suicide Terrorists generally are not lacking in legitimate life opportunities relative to their general population.' In his study 'Psychology of Extremism' renowned psychology Professor Merari states that: 'They do not vent fear of enemies or express hopelessness or a sense of nothing to lose.' Rohan Gunaratna, a terrorism specialist at the University of St. Andrews in Scotland stated in an interview with the *LA Times* that: 'You hear people say that these are all desperate people, or poor people whose families need the money, this is nonsense.' The view that desperation causes suicide bombings is further questioned when one considers a number of particular suicide bombings which were carried out by people who could in no way be considered desperate. The men who hijacked the airliners and crashed them into the World Trade Centre on September 11, 2001 were all well educated and had been living in America and Europe for a number of years in middle-class neighbourhoods. These people were not desperate or poor yet decided to murder nearly 3000 people. Equally, the two British suicide bombers who went to Tel-Aviv, one of whom, Asif Mohammed Hanif, succeeded in killing three people at a well known bar, can hardly be described as having been motivated by the sense of hopelessness, poverty and despair that is attributed to the Palestinian bombers. Finally, it may be said that there have been any amount of poor and desperate people throughout history who have not resorted to slaughtering men, women and children by blowing themselves up.

Indeed, it is perhaps the nature of the attack through the self-destruction of the attacker that gives the best clue to the



cause of suicide bombers because it is no easy thing for someone to commit this act of finality. What appears to be the underlying cause of suicide terrorism in particular is the 'institutional factor', the recruiting organisations such as, in the case of the conflict between Israel and the Palestinians, Hamas and Islamic Jihad, and internationally al-Qaeda, Jemaah Islamiyah, Ansar al-Islam and the numerous other affiliates of al-Qaeda that carry out suicide attacks. Atran states that: 'Through indoctrination and training under charismatic leaders, self-contained suicide cells canalize disparate religious or political sentiments of individuals into an emotionally bonded group of fictive kin who wilfully commit to die spectacularly for one another.' Through this training a cult like obedience is instilled into the potential attackers in order for them to complete the act of what Human Rights Watch has described legally as 'crimes against humanity'. The case of the British bombers is further evidence that it is fundamentalist organisations such as Al-Muhajiroun (with whom Omar Khan Sharif, Hanif's partner, was connected) that provide the real impetus for suicide missions.

The terrorist organisations also combine religious doctrine to enhance their recruiting potential and, in accordance with a Hadith collected by Al-Tirmidhi, promise for all martyrs an eternal paradise with seventy-two virgins and various other sensual pleasures as reward for their martyrdom.

Another issue relating specifically to the Palestinians is that of the culture of violence in their society and the glorification of the terrorists, which could well be

seen as another primary cause of the current wave of suicide bombings. A report in *The Times* on January 24, 2004 highlighted the massive popularity amongst Palestinian youth for the 'Pokeman-style' Intifada cards depicting scenes from the three years of current violence. An exhibit in Nablus in September 2001 intimately recreated the scene of the Sbarro pizzeria bombing complete with body parts and pizza slices strewn all over the 'shrine'. Media incitement is rampant in the radio, television and press and Imams and Sheikhs frequently preach hatred and violence. A religious sermon broadcast on Palestinian Authority television in August, 2001 stated that 'All weapons must be aimed at the Jews, at the enemies of Allah...whom the Koran describes as monkeys and pigs, worshippers of the calf and idol worshippers. Allah shall make the Moslem rule over the Jew, we will blow them up in Hadera, we will blow them up in Tel Aviv and in Netanya'.

The causes of suicide bombings are therefore quite clear but they contradict the claims of Jenny Tonge and her ilk. The fundamental root of suicide bombings is not desperation and poverty but indoctrination and hatred. It is the organisations that employ these means of recruitment that are to be attributed with the ghastly crimes they perpetrate and not the socio-economic conditions of their audience. Only when this is clearly understood by people in positions of public influence can real efforts be made to solve this plague that has fallen on today's world.

Jeremy Sharon is a Postgraduate International History Student

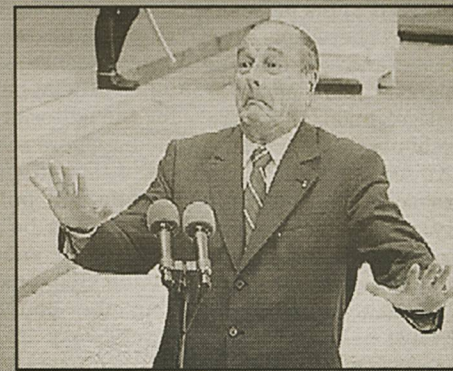


"...wish I hadn't supported the firefighter's strike..."

Vita Maynard is this week's winner. She wins a Beaver keychain and an ATL pen.

Caption Competition

This week we are offering the writer of the best caption a £10 Waterstones voucher.



What was the question that got Chirac so upset?

E-mail your captions to thebeaver@lse.ac.uk with the word Caption in the subject line.

Politics

Pure Capitalism... the Moral Ideal

A response to Capitalism...
We Can Do Better.
If you are looking for a
transformation, let's have
more capitalism, not less.

Louis Haynes

Last week's anti-capitalist whinge played on popular misconceptions whilst oozing the politics of envy. Resurrecting the charges levelled at capitalism many years previously (all of which, I may add, were and remain unfounded), the author dressed them in new garb by exploiting one of the readers base instincts: fear. For those of you who thought life too short to read that masterpiece (and quite frankly I don't blame you), I will honour it with a brief résumé. We are governed by "magpies", and horror of all horrors, we comply with that old "liberal snake oil" by being tempted by "nifty gadgets and shiny things". Capitalism is "living on borrowed time" and we should give up our "diamonds, champagne and supermodel lovers" for a more "moral" cause. Well, I have news for our anti-capitalist friend. The only thing "living on borrowed time" is her line of argument that is sooo passé. As for morality look no further than... capitalism.

The first illusion to dispel is that there is a trade-off between being moral and practical. Ms. Koh cannot reject capitalism as impractical (that battle was won with the fall of communism), but she relishes in denouncing capitalism as a "selfish" and "morally detrimental" creed. This fantasy is, of course, reinforced by the "middle way" currently in vogue - the idea of striking a balance between the moral ideal of socialism and the practical necessity of capitalism. This is nothing short of a lie.

Indeed morality and practicality are perfectly compatible and capitalism is the very force binding them in eternal union. The practical value of capitalism stems from the right of the individual to think and to act on his thinking (with no state coercion). But is freedom not also a profound moral principle?

Furthermore capitalism stimulates motivation for it not only allows individuals to think, and then act on that thinking, but also rewards those individuals for having done so. The practical element in this is that a capitalist economy will always trump its communist counterpart where there is no incentive and just unrewarded drudgery (for the benefits of success never return to those who created that success, but instead go to those who have not succeeded). You could even say in a planned economy the incentive is not to succeed. Where then is the moral aspect? In fact each man is an end in himself as opposed to each individual being exploited for the ends of society. And since society is made up of individuals, some men are sacrificed for others which is tantamount to slavery.

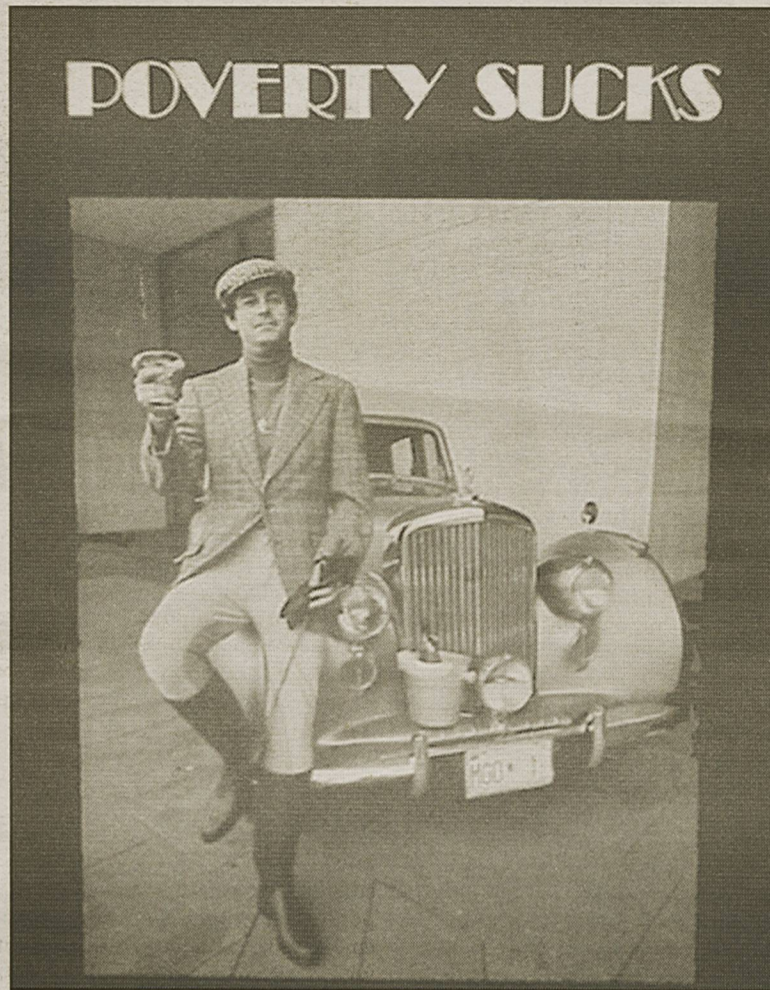
Capitalism is also a moral force in that it acts as a weapon in the fight against racism. Capitalism makes no distinction between a white producer and a black one, but instead judges purely on merit. He who employs on the basis of race suffers a loss in productivity as the most talented workers go to rivals and he will therefore fall at

the hands of the free market. The same goes for all other forms of discrimination. Meanwhile entrenched prejudices such as that of apartheid South Africa remain the exclusive preserve of state controls.

Readers will no doubt be wondering wherein lies the fate of those who can't compete - the poor and needy. The reality is that only capitalism offers equality of opportunity where all who have talents can rightly make use of them. The socialist yarn of redistribution, on the other hand, simply doesn't stand up. Those who cannot support themselves are by definition reliant on those can (i.e. those who produce wealth). It makes little sense, therefore, to throttle the producers on whom the needy depend, by effectively confiscating the money of the producers.

The article naturally argues, "the marvel of the market is prone to systematic failure", but this is again a socialist myth. Economies (such as those in east Asia) have not failed due to being too capitalist, but rather by being not capitalist enough. Socialism means favours to the government and any mixed system retains an element of these favours. Only pure capitalism means no favours to any group. Capitalism has hitherto been made a scapegoat for the evils engendered by statism. The socialists (including the author of last week's tirade) should take a long, hard look in the mirror.

As for the reference to Adam Smith, it is simply fanciful to portray him as some kind of ridiculous Nostradamus. While it is indeed true he forecast the gains from exploiting new resources and dividing labour would be exhausted within roughly 200 years, to leave it at this is to only tell half the story. The foundations on which this prediction was made lie rooted in history. The industrial revolution, technological progress and developments in manage-



'Morality and practicality
are perfectly compatible.
Capitalism is the very
force binding them in
eternal union.'

rial innovation have all rendered the original forecast meaningless. Any such exhaustion has been forestalled - probably indefinitely.

Surprisingly enough the article's standpoint last week and mine do agree on two counts - first of all that we are on the brink of a post-modern age and secondly that we ought to do as much as possible to make the world a better place. For some this means harking back to twentieth century planning and big government. I say otherwise. I have shown that far from being a "necessary evil" capitalism is the "moral ideal". We must now use this information to enact a philosophical shift enabling us to mould the 21st century into the era of pure capitalism.

Louis Haynes is a 1st Year Government and International History Student who loves champagne, diamonds and supermodel lovers and would like every other individual to have the opportunity to enjoy those very same things.

Musings

Allegory of Solomon and the Monkeys

Matthew Sinclair
blink Editor

Peter Wilby, editor of the New Statesman, defended Jack Jameson furiously when he was accused of slurring the good name of the town of Welshpool; surprisingly enough a small town in Wales. Apparently the article, "Weimar in Wales", was "just a story about an incident that happened to someone who had been into this town" and the New Statesman stood by the article's accuracy; Jack Jameson was unavailable for comment.

Mr. Jameson described himself running into problems with his motor and needing to spend the evening with the locals in one of their fine public houses. To his dismay the pub was filled with all manner of awful behaviour; from "1930s Bierkeller-type drinking songs", to Heil Hitler salutes, to people who don't respect multiculturalism, even some horrible types who wanted to "deal with the Socialists". Only inappropriate facial hair separated Welshpool from a particularly nasty Reichstag.

The problem was that Jameson returned from his holiday to learn of the uproar his article had caused. He was then forced to admit that the pub did not even exist, let alone feature such wild feats of Fascism.

He defended his article by describing it as an "allegorical story" intended to compare "certain happenings in mid Wales" with Weimar Germany. Now Orwell's Animal Farm was an allegory, using a wildly different but metaphorically similar set of characters and situations to tell a story. Just making up stories about a subject where you wish you had an example to scaremonger with hardly qualifies.

Let's see if Musings can do better:

Once upon a time a chimp laboured mightily. If he could produce a work of rhetorical genius then he might become a confidant of Solomon, King of the Israelites, and acquire both power and riches.

Having heard that with enough monkeys and sufficient papyrus the complete works of Shakespeare could be assembled he hired a substantial troop of his monkey cousins and instructed them to create a masterpiece that could gain King Solomon's ear and prevent any more discrimination against single prostitutes.

Unfortunately the monkeys had little inspiration for their rhetoric; monkeys live their lives closeted among their own and rarely take the time to become acquainted with the world of kings and chimps.

They were in trouble until one of the monkeys had an idea. He took an old tale of injustice that he had read about in the copy of the Encyclopaedia Britannica used to line their cage and replaced all of the bonobo chimp characters from Jordan, where the original story was set, with common chimp Israelites of the sort King Solomon lorded over.

The monkey was proud of his work; the chimp was pleased, he hurried to Solomon's temple to demonstrate his achievement. Unfortunately for him Solomon had a fine sense of history and superb knowledge of his kingdom and had the guards remove him abruptly. No one ever listened to the uninventive chimp.

Broadly Left



Working Together

Matt Willgress
blink Columnist

I'm afraid there are no 'Neighbours' references this time around, mainly because I haven't caught an episode. This last week has been SU Women's Week, and so I'm turning to an issue historically very important to the women's movement, an issue which is important to all democrats - getting people to vote at the forthcoming elections, and getting the vote out against the fascist parties, and specifically the British National Party (BNP).

The reason this column is titled 'working together' this week is to support the formation of a new organisation called 'Unite Against Fascism' (UAF). The aim of this organisation, which has support from MPs from all major political parties, over twenty trade unions, the NUS, the National Assembly Against Racism, the Anti-Nazi League and many more, is simple - to stop the BNP getting in the European Parliament and Greater London Authority (for which they need 5%), and stopping the trend of them picking up council seats over the last three years.

So why is this issue so important and what makes the BNP different to other political parties? Last week, the LSESU Student Assembly Against Racism society screened a panorama documentary called "the BNP - Under the Skin." The website of this documentary is still online via www.bbc.co.uk and is well worth checking out for finding out the truth about fascism in Britain. Behind the new suits and talk of "putting the interests of Britain first" is a group who has convicted criminals throughout its organisation right to the top, a party that wants an 'all-white' Britain and is prepared to use violence to reach that end, a party full of Holocaust deniers (surely the most repulsive belief to have developed in Europe over the last period) and a party that wants to deny rights to LGB people and people with disabilities. This isn't just a different political vision of Britain; it's a vision of violence, division and hatred.

Such a group getting a reasonable percentage vote in elections in Britain can be put down to two things - low turnout and complacency on behalf of the party's opponents. Where groups have united people across the political spectrum against the BNP and ran campaigns to get turnout up, such as in the last round of council elections in Oldham, they have been able to defeat them. Therefore, I finish my column this week with a plea for people to support "UAF" (www.uaf.org.uk) and to remember to vote. Such issues are too important for divides on other questions to get in the way - when it comes to issues of discrimination and hatred, we have to put our differences aside and make sure the voice of the anti-BNP majority is heard.

Law

Law Correspondent: Stephen Gurman (s.d.gurman@lse.ac.uk)

Defend our Legal Freedoms



Stephen Gurman

On his recent trip to India and Pakistan, David Blunkett revealed proposals for possible new anti-terrorism laws, which have caused outrage among lawyers, politicians and civil rights groups. One of the proposals is to lower the requirement for the burden of proof in a trial from 'beyond all reasonable doubt' to 'on the balance of probabilities'. Introducing the proof requirement from civil trials into criminal is highly controversial. In a civil trial all that is at stake is property, something which we may well value, but can still live life without. In a criminal trial the parties involved are responsible for gathering evidence and for preparing their case, they do not have the large resources that the state enjoys when it seeks to prosecute a suspect. In a criminal trial the stakes are a lot higher, the punishment takes away an individual's freedom. It is only right that the Jury be absolutely convinced that a person is guilty as the impact of that decision will have long lasting effects on that person, in both the loss of freedom and stigma attached to having been convicted of a criminal offence. Blunkett has also said that evidence in these trials, provided by organisations such as MI5, MI6 and GCHQ could be kept from the defendants, they would be represented by lawyers with special security clearance, whom the state feels could be trusted to keep the evidence secret.

Under existing legislation, the Anti-terrorism, Crime and Security Act 2001, foreign suspects can already be held indefinitely without a trial if they can not be deported due to reasons such as the treatment that they would receive in their home

country. I believe that although this is not a desirable situation, it is very different from the new proposals, since the legislation was introduced 14 people have been detained using these powers, two of these have left the country of their own free will. The purpose of this legislation is not to take a discriminatory view of foreign suspects, but to try and provide a way for the UK to have control over who enters and is allowed to stay in the country. The fact that the UK is not allowed to deport these suspects is because it is trying to treat them in a humane way, were it not for this policy they would be sent back to countries where death or torture would often await them. Although these suspects are being detained without trial it is very different to the situation in Guantanamo Bay and a direct comparison is wrong as the detainees here are free to leave the country at any time, a privilege that I'm sure those in Guantanamo Bay would welcome.

It seems that the rationale behind these proposals is one of preventing terrorist atrocities before they occur, rather than trying to find conclusive evidence afterwards, which in the case of suicide bombings won't be able to bring the perpetrators to justice. Prevention is a sensible goal, especially considering the amount of deaths involved in recent terrorist atrocities such as the Moscow subway bombing, but is terrorism a large enough threat to warrant changing the basis of our criminal legal system? However real the threat of terrorism is, statistically there is a lot more chance that you would be run over, shot or stabbed than ever be caught up in a terrorist atrocity, but when one person is killed it often doesn't make the news, if five hundred people died in a bombing it would

Anti-Terror laws damage precious legal freedoms, set a dangerous precedent and compromise the freedoms that we are fighting to defend.

If you're interested in writing for blink Law or have an article you would like published then e-mail s.d.gurman@lse.ac.uk.

make global headlines. Politically, it is difficult for the government not to be seen to be implementing measures to try and prevent terrorism, but will they really have any effect? If the security forces know that someone is planning a terrorist act then they do have methods of gathering intelligence, although admittedly these do not always work. If they do not know that someone is a potential terrorist they will not be able to try them under the new proposals, it appears that this may be another area of the law where the government is seeking to solve its deficiencies in enforcing existing legislation by implementing a tougher regime. A lower burden of proof will probably require less resources being spent by the government on each case.

Another problem with these proposals is that they may be scoring an own-goal. Terrorists seek to undermine our values and way of life, these proposals undermine fundamental principles of our criminal justice system. The Conservative shadow home secretary, David Davies, told BBC Radio 4 that there was a 'risk of throwing away the very freedoms we are fighting for', he seems to make a good point, a just and fair trial is part of the western model of society. Given the recent intelligence failings in relation to the Iraqi conflict, it will probably be hard for the public to have any faith in these proposals. The fact that there will be an inquiry into the intelligence gathering processes suggests that the system is nowhere near perfect. This suggests that we should be more rigorous with the standard of proof required, not lower it. If the defendants are not allowed to hear the evidence against them, it will be hard for them to defend against any inaccuracies, at least the dossiers on Iraq were published to the world.

Worryingly, this may only be the tip of the iceberg. It has been reported that Tony Blair wants to extend the idea of a lower burden of proof to organised crime, who knows how far it may be extended in the future as it undeniably makes convictions easier. This is the latest in a line of controversial legal reforms by the current government, many of which have been met with hostility by the legal profession. Senior lawyer Baroness Kennedy told Radio 4s Today Programme that 'it is as if David Blunkett takes his lessons on jurisprudence from Robert Mugabe... He really is a shameless authoritarian... it really is an affront to the rule of law.' Hopefully, the government will see sense and not allow the threat of terrorism to destroy our most precious legal values.

Stephen Gurman is a 3rd Year Law Student and blink Law Correspondent.

Features

Features Correspondent: Tracy Alloway (t.alloway@lse.ac.uk)

Smite 'n' Spite

The Big Entrepreneurial Issue

John Bird, founder of the Big Issue, shares his thoughts on the magazine; how it happened and why it is important.

Kristina Cooke

John Bird, the founder of The Big Issue, arrives at his local café wearing a pin-stripe suit. He carries himself with the cheeky confidence of a cockney lad. He orders his café americano and a bacon and egg muffin before suggesting we go to his house for the interview.

"First of all," he says, "I'm an entrepreneur." An entrepreneur, he says, is someone who takes risks and who "sometimes gets it right".

The Big Issue is an example of where he got it right.

Since its founding in 1991, The Big Issue magazine has become ubiquitous on street corners in cities in Britain and abroad. With issues sold by the homeless at a small profit, the magazine has helped thousands in economic desperation re-enter society. Despite its distribution methods The Big Issue is a commercial venture, which reflects Bird's entrepreneurial approach and gives the homeless the opportunity to help themselves.

Though The Big Issue has had a big impact on the lives of Britain's homeless, the magazine started as a result of a few big coincidences.

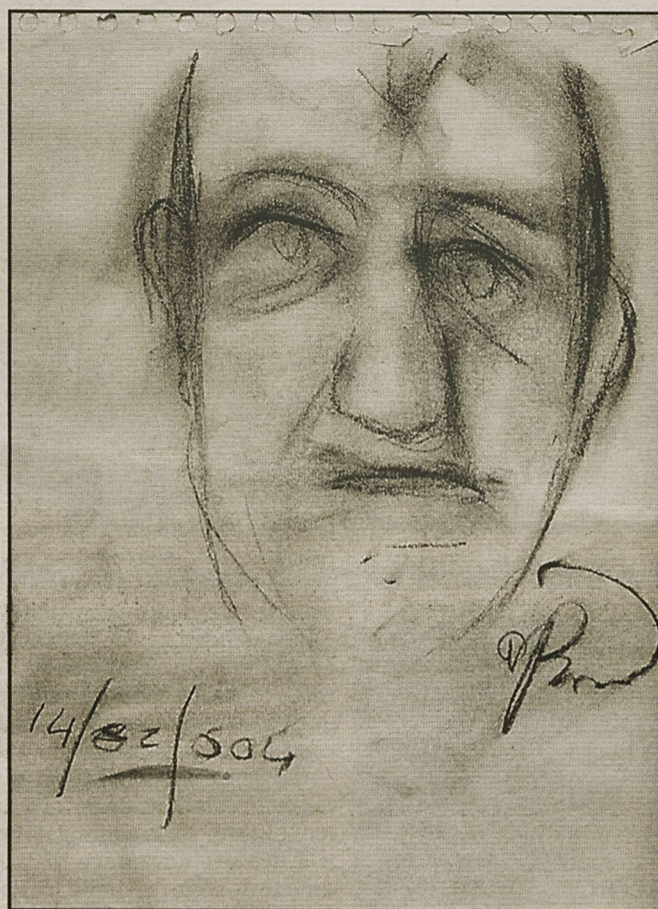
Bird started The Big Issue with Gordon Roddick, who with his wife Anita founded The Body Shop. Bird had first met Roddick in an Edinburgh pub in the late 1960s.

"I remember [Roddick] was a big nosed git, and I had a big nose too," Bird said. "We bonded over that." Apart from their nasal resemblance, they found they were both poets -- they still exchange poems - and were "obsessed with social justice". They lost touch until the mid 1980s, by which time Roddick was a multi-millionaire. Bird "rather opportunistically" reappeared in Roddick's life.

The timing was perfect. Roddick had just been on holiday in New York, where he had come across the Street News, a publication produced for the benefit of the homeless. Roddick wanted to start a similar scheme in the UK and Bird seemed the perfect candidate to run it. Bird's background meant that he could directly relate to the people he was supposed to be helping. He grew up in a Catholic orphanage from which he regularly ran away. He spent three years in a detention centre in his early teens. Afterwards, he went "completely mad", shoplifting and committing arson. He spent his teens and twenties on the streets of London and Paris, selling revolutionary papers for cash. Money was always scarce, and he slept wherever he could.

By the late 1980s Bird's street sense and paper-selling experience led him into a printing and publishing job in London. That's when he showed up on Roddick's doorstep.

Bird, however, believes that it wasn't



John Bird drew *The Beaver* this self-portrait

"I wasn't going to take any shit from homeless people. I was ruthless, I had a big mouth, I was aggressive. And I was fucking hungry"

his background or publishing experience that clinched the deal, but that "I wasn't going to take any shit from homeless people. I was ruthless, I had a big mouth, I was aggressive. And I was fucking hungry." When Roddick gave him the opportunity, Bird jumped at the chance.

The aim of The Big Issue was to take shoplifters, house breakers, beggars and public nuisances and transform them into legitimate Big Issue vendors. "Most of the homeless people I know are heading, at an alarming rate, towards prison, mental institutions or the morgue. I try and arrest that process."

Bird said he judged the success of the publication by the number of people it transforms into legitimate vendors.

"We go out to pick up the lowest, scummiest, most rejected of people the ones that everyone has given up on," Bird said. "We didn't start The Big Issue to employ a bunch of people who washed under their toenails."

"I think if you can just help one person a day or a week or even a month, you can make such a difference to somebody's life."

Bird has spent the last 12 years establishing The Big Issue both nationally and internationally. But he also has many ideas and ventures in the pipeline, including web magazines, a board game and a microlending scheme catering to socially-oriented businesses.

Any profits Bird makes on his projects

go straight back into The Big Issue Foundation. He is not on the property ladder and he doesn't own a car. Although he is 57, Bird's house resembles that of a student. "I have a bike. I have three suits, that's enough. I'm really glad I'm not tied up in consumerism."

There is a pile of sketch books on his living room table and he is eager to talk about art. "When I draw I am transformed. Nobody can trespass on it. It's exclusively my own." He applies what he learns from his art.

"When you draw someone, your interaction with that person influences the outcome of the work. Like a triangle," he explains. With The Big Issue, the triangle is the audience, the business and the vendor. The audience changes the paper, the paper changes the audience and working for The Big Issue changes the vendor. "Many charities operate on a more linear basis: money is donated to them, which is then passed on to those in need."

Bird recognises that people who have the problems should get involved in the solutions. "I help lonely and isolated people because I know their pain. The pain of being overlooked. I've been there. That's why if I get the chance to shout my mouth off about it I will." The opportunity to get the word out about his charities explains why Bird doesn't mind his inclusion on the shortlist for BBC's "London Legend" survey.

For all the talk of entrepreneurship, John Bird hasn't forgotten what it is like to be at the bottom of society. Instead of leaving his past behind and climbing the ladder of wealth and security, he has devoted his resources to helping other people, providing a voice for those who cannot speak for themselves. And his is a booming, witty, cockney voice, at that.

"I'm a funny guy," he said. "But I don't want to be a Ben Elton. I want people to say, John Bird is a funny sharp geezer for the homeless, for the neglected."

Kristina Cooke was an LSE student last year.



Guantanamo Blues

Alykhan Velshi

blink Columnist

The International Bar Association is hot and bothered about the plight of thousands languishing in Cuba's prisons. But wait. They're not troubled by the barbarity of Fidel Castro's regime, socialist police states being immune from international criticism. Instead, this lofty group of lawyers is championing the rights of Taliban and al-Qaeda prisoners in Guantanamo Bay.

Sensibility frequently necessitates ignoring petal international organisations who prance around the globe telling everybody how they ought to behave. But the International Bar Association report - characteristically self-righteous and patronising - ignores a crucial fact: the hospitable treatment of Guantanamo detainees.

Take Hajji Faiz Mohammed. Detained at Camp Guantanamo for being a member of al-Qaeda, Mr. Mohammed complained about the food: "there was no okra or eggplant." My stomach churns in solidarity.

Or Mohammed Ismail Agha, a 15-year old boy who was incarcerated in a separate block from the older prisoners so that he would not be mistreated. "They gave me a good time in Cuba. They were very nice to me, giving me English lessons." In addition to classes in English, Agha was provided with books in his native Pashto language and a copy of the Quran. When he was released from Guantanamo, a send-off dinner was thrown in his honour by the soldiers, with whom he posed for group photos.

The International Bar Association has also insisted that all those imprisoned in Guantanamo Bay should be granted prisoner-of-war (POW) status. The U.S. government has designated them "unlawful combatants," which the International Bar Association, no doubt with pomp and relish, describes as "dubious and problematic."

The Geneva Convention requires captured soldiers to overcome several hurdles before they receive POW status. Taliban and al-Qaeda soldiers did not wear formal uniforms, insignia or any other clear and distinct indication of membership in the military. Therefore they cannot be granted POW status.

Requiring formal insignia for combatants minimizes civilian casualties by creating a visible distinction between military and civilian clothing. If soldiers cannot easily determine whether someone on the other side is a soldier or civilian, then there's a much greater likelihood that civilians will be killed. By granting special treatment (POW status) to those wearing formal insignia or uniforms, the Geneva Convention aims to minimize civilian casualties.

Guantanamo detainees may be in a "legal black hole," but the United States of America is bending over backwards to accommodate them: allowing detainees access to the International Red Cross, jet-setting lawyers, and a satiating diet (albeit lacking in staples such as "okra"). Maybe the uppity nancy boys at the International Bar Association should bend a little as well.

Features

Features Correspondent: Tracy Alloway (t.alloway@lse.ac.uk)

GKN's Record

Despite Howard Davies' protestations at the UGM GKN is an arms manufacturer; a major one.

James Meadway

What follows is a brief account of GKN plc's company record in the early 1990s, during Sir Howard Davies' time on its board of directors. Sources are given as GKN's Annual Reports, 1989-1995, and the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute's Yearbook, 1990-1996. It covers a period of transition in GKN's history, from a diversified engineering conglomerate to a more focused concern with a particular emphasis on the military sector. GKN became, whilst Davies was on the board of directors, Britain's third largest manufacturer of military equipment. GKN, during his tenure as director, supplied military hardware to some of the world's most repressive regimes.

Davies was appointed as a non-executive director to the board of GKN plc on the 1st of January 1990. He resigned on his appointment as Deputy Director of the Bank of England in August. "His advice and support were highly valued and we are most grateful for his contribution as a member of the Board," said the then-Chairman, Sir David Lees, in his Annual Report for 1995. His duties were not especially onerous, it would seem; attending a board meeting once a month, where broad strategic goals for the company would be outlined and decided upon. But we may assume, from the friendly, effusive remarks of the Chairman, that his contribution was appreciated and that he was important to the restructuring of the company that took place during his tenure.

In 1990, military sales accounted for approximately 4% of GKN's total sales, through its wholly-owned subsidiary, GKN Defence. This consisted mainly of sales of the Warrior "armoured combat vehicle". GKN was in addition a minority shareholder in other military manufacturers, most notably Westland. By 1995, at the time of Davies' departure from the board, GKN's military sales amounted to 23% of its total. Military manufacture moved from being of merely "strategic importance" to the Group (1990 Annual Report, p.6) to being one of the Group's "three core activities" (1995 Annual Report, p.4).

In one year alone - 1994-1995 - GKN's military sales expanded from \$550m to \$1.18bn, an increase of 115%. (SIPRI Yearbook, 1995). Total sales increased by only 10% over this period, so the direction should be clear. GKN moved from being a marginal company in the armaments industry to a significant international player: from the Stockholm Institute's figures, GKN was the 59th largest arms man-



'A GKN subsidiary supplied "Tactica" armoured water cannon to General Suharto's regime in Indonesia [...] the water cannon were photographed dispersing a pro-democracy demonstration'

ufacturer (by volume of sales) in 1994; in 1995, it was 34th; by the close of the decade, it was in the top twenty of the world's major arms manufacturers, supplying close to \$2bn worth of military hardware. The bald figures understate GKN's importance in certain key sectors: already, by 1995, the Annual Report was able to boast that GKN was "the largest manufacturer of light armoured vehicles in the UK" (p. 22).

This huge expansion of arms manufacture was driven by a widespread manufacturing recession in the early 1990s. "1991 has been a difficult year in most of our markets throughout the world," notes the Chairman in his statement for that year. The company's response seems to have been to prune its diversified spread of operations; selling off, for example, its steel manufacturing holdings in February 1995, whilst £30m was spent in redundancy and restructuring payments in 1993. The commercial logic is sound, if questionable on other grounds. In conditions of manufacturing recession, military sales offer an unusually protected environment: demand is driven almost solely by government policy, and the UK more directly subsidises arms manufacture through such arrangements as the Export Credit Guarantee system - subsidies to arms exports amounted in total to a little over £750m in 2001, for instance. (Estimates from the Centre for Defence Economics, York University). On the other hand, whilst demand remains unusually stable and predictable, and suppliers receive substantial government assistance in recognition of their political importance, competition within the arms industry is stiff: the long experience of dealing with government procurement departments, the diplomatic niceties of international arms sales, and the exceptional technical knowledge required to succeed in the sector ensures it is dominated by a few large manufacturing concerns. Equally, the uncertainties caused by the end of the Cold War were felt particularly acutely by military suppliers. In the event,

the "peace dividend" has been tiny - witness the US's skyrocketing military budget - but the global arms trade has become significantly more "globalised", with suppliers competing for contracts in a range of new and emerging markets. Faced with these concerns, most engineering firms did not have the option of expansion into the sector.

GKN, on the other hand, already had a toe-hold - its "strategic" 4% of sales and its minority shareholdings - and this gave it a decisive advantage that the board of directors seem to have exploited to the full. In 1992, a grinning Sir David Lees is pictured at the opening of his report in front of a Warrior tank, and the shift in GKN's business direction is perhaps best illustrated by the proud photos of military hardware accompanying its Annual Reports. These appear with increasing frequency from 1992 onwards. In one picture, we are shown "the Piranha 8x8 wheeled armoured vehicles are for export to Oman. The Kuwaiti Desert Warrior is being assembled in the background." A total of 250 Desert Warriors were eventually delivered to Kuwait. Elsewhere, the 1993 Report notes the sale of Simba Armoured Personnel Carriers to the Philippines. Previous customers included the Royal Saudi Land Forces, who bought "specially adapted" armoured vehicles in 1992. (SIPRI Yearbook 1995, p. 464)

Perhaps more seriously, a GKN subsidiary supplied "Tactica" armoured water cannon to General Suharto's regime in Indonesia. Before he was overthrown by a popular uprising in 1998, Suharto ruled Indonesia with an iron fist, perpetrating what Amnesty International called "casual mass murder" on a "staggering scale." Most notoriously, this included the invasion of East Timor, resulting in the deaths of around 200,000 people. Tactica water cannon were manufactured by a company GKN acquired in 1994, Glover Webb, based in Hampshire. They have a capacity of 4,000 litres of water, which the Indonesian government mixed with other chemicals to "mark" demonstrators. The jet "can knock down anyone in its path" and is alone "sufficient to cause serious injury." Despite assurances given to the Foreign Office by Suharto in 1995 that they would not be used for "internal repression", the water cannon were photographed in 1996 dispersing a pro-democracy demonstration during which one protestor died. GKN spokesmen were on hand to issue apologetics. ("Britain fuels Suharto repression", The Observer, 21 July 1996, p.25)

However, the key to GKN's expansion strategy was the acquisition of Westland, the UK's leading helicopter manufacturer. GKN had bought a 22% share of Westland in 1988, becoming the largest shareholder, but had taken over the remainder of the

company by 1994. Lees previously justified the decision to turn Westland into a wholly-owned subsidiary as follows: "We believe the combined businesses will have a unique position as a prime contractor to the world's defence industry, specialising in mobile, rapid response equipment..." (1993 Annual Report, p. 7) Westland, on its takeover, sold \$461m worth of military equipment: 72% of its total sales. There can be no doubt that Westland was sought precisely for its advantageous position in the market for military equipment.

A decision was taken by the GKN board in the early 1990s to significantly expand what was otherwise a highly marginal element of GKN's operations. GKN transformed itself, in this period, from a diversified engineering conglomerate into the UK's third largest arms manufacturer. It retained other interests, in "automotive driveline systems and pallet hire" but military hardware was clearly identified as a key component in the company's long-term strategy. It also expressed little concern

GKN's new business strategy appears to have been highly successful: from rank outsider to top twenty arms supplier within a decade is, in some respects, impressive. If Davies claimed, as the Beaver stated last week, that GKN was not an arms manufacturer, he is being unusually modest. During his stay on its board of directors, it would appear that a decisive shift in corporate strategy was undertaken; and well undertaken, if we focus solely on market reach and shareholder value. Of wider relevance are the serious humanitarian issues presented by the proliferation of conventional military hardware. GKN's sales, though comparatively small, of military equipment to regimes with exceptionally poor human rights records are certainly a matter for concern; as are the large and systematic subsidies British governments continue to offer for such sales. The common defence - that of preserving jobs - does not hold. Current estimates suggest that only around 0.3% of the UK workforce are employed in the industry, whilst MoD research suggests job losses from cutting subsidies to military suppliers will be more than offset by gains in the civilian sector. Pressure can be applied on both government and the major arms manufacturers themselves through such means as active disinvestment - withdrawing investment funding from companies, like GKN, that engage themselves in a dismal trade. We might also question Davies' judgement in apparently backing the export of repressive military equipment to some of the world's most unpleasant governments.

James Meadway is an Economic History Research Student and the Student Union's Postgraduate Student's Officer.

B:art

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

B:music - P. 13-15

B:fineart - P. 16

B:film - P. 17-18

B:theatre - P. 19

B:theatre - P. 20

B:about - P. 21

B:general - P. 22

B:music

edited by Jazmin Burgess and Neil Garrett

RAZORLIGHT

DANIEL GROTE speaks to indie newcomers Razorlight before their NME Awards show...

'I think it's pretty obvious to people whether you're a chancer and you're wasting people's time, or whether you've got something good, and it's the real deal. This band is, and a lot of bands aren't'. Johnny Borrell, lead singer with 'they'll be big in 2004' article regulars Razorlight, is not shy of outlining the merits of his group. 'Everybody in this room is phenomenally talented' he claims (technically speaking, I was in the room with the band at the time, so maybe he was implying....ok, he probably didn't mean that) and when considering tonight's line-up, opines that 'I'd much rather listen to thirty minutes of us than forty minutes of the 22-20s'. He's clearly also unafraid of dishing out criticism where he feels it's deserved, elaborating that 'I don't think they've even got forty minutes worth...it's just the same song over and over again'.

Tonight's performance proves that such self-confidence is far from unwarranted, as the band, second on in front of a nearly-full Brixton Academy, transfix the audience. Johnny's often defiant yelps seem to fight for space with his and Bjorn Agren's jerky, choppy guitar playing. Combine this with the frantic yet danceable beat emanating from Christian Smith-Pandorno's drums, the pulsating bass of Carl Daleno and the complete and utter catchiness of songs such as recent singles 'Rip It Up' and 'Stumble and Fall', and it's no surprise that before we're even halfway through the set the crowd are chanting the band's name like drunken football fans.

Actually, forget the above. I made it up. Truth is, while I did interview Razorlight, I've no idea whether their live performance matched Johnny's talk, because I didn't actually see them. Johnny could have appeared onstage dressed as a novelty giant cigarette and rapped about the dangers of smoking to the accompaniment of accordion-playing for all I know. For as it happened, events conspired to leave me spending the duration of their set desperately pleading with a bouncer to get someone to check the guest list just one more time, because I was sure I was on it, and no, I wasn't making this up. I thought about screaming 'don't you know who I am?!', but it seemed unlikely to be successful. Beating him up and storming my way through to the backstage was another possibility but I just couldn't be, like, bothered, y'know.



So, after briefly stopping to enjoy hits 'Stumble and Fall' and 'Rip It Up' in their full glory (muffled through a locked backstage door), me and my brother (who had proudly told all his mates he was 'on the guest list for the Thrills' and was now desperately seeking assurances that I wouldn't tell them how he actually spent the evening) slouched towards the nearest Wetherspoons (desperate times and all that...). But lo! As if from the heavens (or, more accurately, Brixton) some guy came up and asked if we wanted a ticket 'for free!'. Snapping up his generous offer, and with a quick visit to a tout for the other ticket, we were in!

Our short-lived euphoria quickly died down, however. The main reason for this was the 22-20s taking to the stage. They were awful. Mr Borrell was absolutely spot-on: every song did sound exactly the same. Theirs is a particularly tuneless brand of dirgy blues rock that lacks any soul whatsoever. Comparisons with the White Stripes have abounded, but whatever your views on the Detroit thug and his 'I'll sis', it must be acknowledged they have the odd catchy tune. In the light of this performance, Johnny's comments seem less the product of the fight-seeking bravado of an arrogant frontman, more a restrained



understatement, as polite as it can be in the circumstances. Things didn't get much better with the appearance of the Thrills. Unlike the 22-20s, they do have the odd radio-friendly jolly number, but that's not enough to save them tonight. Even the hits are churned out in a dull and lethargic manner, contrasting bizarrely with the singer's aggressive barkings of ('fookin') thanks between songs. The rest of the tunes (or as many as I saw: I couldn't bear staying until the end) are simply mind-numbingly mediocre.

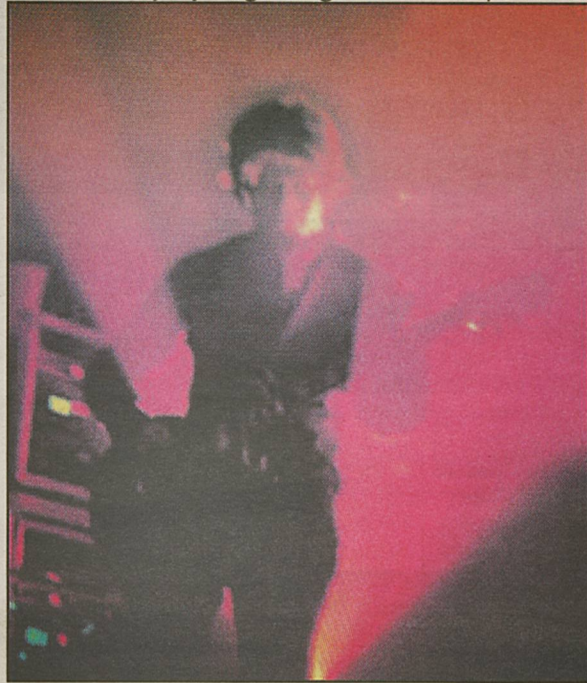
In the video to 'Rip It Up', Johnny proudly sports a t-shirt bearing the legend 'I hate the new rock revolution'. When asked why he does, he mumbles something about it being fabricated, before being cut off by calls for the band to soundcheck. Although he later claimed he was frustrated because he had thought of a 'really good answer', the one provided by tonight's performances will do. Not only is the scene itself fabricated (at times, the only criteria for inclusion seems to be 'being liked by the NME' rather than the music being of a particular sort: what can you seriously point to linking the music of the Thrills and the 22-20s, both cited at various points of belonging to the 'movement'), but often so too is the music itself: perhaps the most offensive thing about the 22-20s is that they were so artificial: it was simply blues-by-numbers, a karaoke performance of John Lee Hooker.

To criticise Johnny for taking such a stance whilst fronting a band whose seemingly inevitable commercial success will undoubtedly have been made at least a little easier by the previous success of The Strokes would be wide of the mark: the point is they are not part of some sort of movement. And anyway, claims that they are 'the British Strokes' ignores the jumpy, dancy, energetic and frenetic character of their music. Compare the wails of Johnny's throaty rasp to Mr. Casablancas' bored and lazy tones and the comparison seems even less valid. They do, however, share an admirable work ethic: Bjorn Agren speaks about rehearsing five times a week for weeks on end. This has produced at least forty songs so far, 'forty good ones' according to Johnny. So has it been decided which ones are to appear on the album? 'There's an obvious six or seven' but, according to Bjorn, they are wary that 'we don't want to make one kind of album...we want it to be kind of diverse'. It's left to Johnny to 'big it up': 'everyone's going to be very thrilled and very surprised'.

DANIEL GROTE

A Perfect Circle

Fans of A Perfect Circle are a notoriously devoted lot, and gigs like this one make it oh-so-obvious why. To start with, Maynard's voice. Warm and melodic, with an emotional honesty a younger singer couldn't hope to match, it is even more mesmerising live than on record. Even hidden from view as he was for the opener 'Vanishing', just a wild silhouette drumming and raging and crooning, he still grabs your full attention.



Then the curtain dropped and Maynard was revealed to the audience, crowd going wild at this man they can't even see but must turn away from because the white lights behind him are so intensely bright. Whether it's symbolic as hell or just Maynard being a pretentious bastard, I wouldn't care to say, don't care at all. It looked good. And throughout the gig he remains hidden in smoke and light (and what smoke and light; I had never

before been to a gig as downright beautiful as this) so that we never even see his face. Of course, the enigma just adds to his fascination. That the man wears a long brown wig and occasionally stomps around like a petulant child somehow doesn't seem to diminish it.

Despite Maynard's magnetic presence, you can't forget that this band are more than just one man. Billy (guitar) and Josh (drums) are at the top of their game as musicians, and as such do not put a foot wrong – even a bassist once in Marilyn Manson can't ruin the gorgeous mesh of sound they produce. James Iha too brings something of his earlier Smashing Pumpkins sound and range to A Perfect Circle, a distant figure whose graceful explorative playing contrasts totally with Maynard's visceral vocal performance. Less elegant are the jokes Maynard has him tell as an indicator of America's lack of a sense of humour, but somehow they don't spoil the atmosphere – indeed, their oddness (and the even weirder covers) stops the intensity, getting unmanageable.

The set list is taken equally from 'Mer de Noms' and 'Thirteenth Step', meaning that the band switch from bruising metal to mellower songs with a suddenness that is rather disconcerting. The best-known songs are saved until last, with 'The Outsider' and 'Judith' coming in the supposed encore, and it's worth the wait. What to say about a perfect spectacle like this, when the shivers down my spine signalled all too clearly that words really won't be enough? It was a strange gig, and somewhere between the sublime and ridiculous, magic happened. Rock concert as collective ritual experience? Just maybe. The best thing I'll hear this year. Unquestionably.

JESS OWENS

Party like a Superstar

BONNIE JOHNSON steps into the strange world of the NME party scene . . .

The Raveonettes invited me to their NME gig headlining the Astoria last Sunday night, with opening act Har Mar Superstar. If you haven't witnessed a Har Mar performance, it's the kind of thing from which you'd like to avert your eyes, but can't. Sean Tillman is a gnome-like middle-aged man who sings dirty soul and strips to his briefs while "horny nineteen year-old girls" dance on either side of him. His fans are mid-Westerners, students who like a joke, and mustached pedophiles. And NME types, of course. He's the Next Big Thing.

Backstage after the Raveonettes' set their dressing room fills with industry folks, one of whom looks guilty when he realizes I've watched him hide a pack of lunchmeat in his faux-snakeskin coat and mouths at me "Sharin said it was OK . . . shh!" Meanwhile, the musicians figure out where to have the after-party, lamenting that everything in London closes on Sundays.

Word gets around that Rouge is expecting us, and everyone heads across the street to be turned away at the door. Har Mar shouts, "Fuck them! We ARE the party!" and leads a charge into Soho. Here too everything is closed, until we find a classy gay piano bar that lets us in because of curiosity or slow business or both. Half of the herd storms the bar, while the other half pushes into a room where a pianist plays jazz and two wine-sipping couples watch us in alarm. Har Mar climbs on the piano, throws off his pink jacket and gives orders to the pianist, who launches into a Prince medley to which Har Mar sings along, intermittently rolling on the ground and yelling, "This is my motherfucking cabaret!" One of his dancers screams that nobody's buying her drinks, and a guy in sunglasses explains that I would have heard of the bands he manages if we weren't "so out of it" in the States. The pianist watches Har Mar nervously, and the Raveonettes smile politely at the madness. The party ends once we're thrown out of the club, presumably because it's one o'clock.

NME awards

Franz Ferdinand. The Von Bondies. The Rapture. All in one little night! Shame about Funeral for a Friend but still, good stuff...



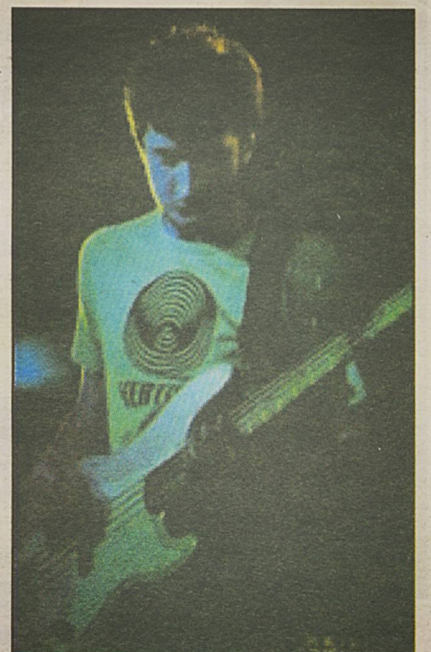
Franz Ferdinand, on first, could have been a horrible disappointment, and corpsed embarrassingly in the face of unbearable hype. Thankfully, the fabulous venue and Saturday night atmosphere eliminated the need for a sacrificial warm-up, and they were loud enough to cover the unappreciative comments of pony tailed Funeral for a Friend fans. Now they may not write songs which made the Darkness look like tuneless buffoons (see last week's Beaver; the Darkness are more than capable of doing that for themselves). They do not outwit Blackadder, on a pogo stick or otherwise. Furthermore, they sagged in comparison to recent Beaver reviewers' reports of Jack White and the Strokes' sprayed-on, groin-enhancing trousers. Silly comparisons and worryingly attentive descriptions aside, what they were was fucking excellent, but of course we all know that by now.

I wasn't so sure about the Von Bondies, but they provided a solid if unadventurous set which, by my reckoning, introduced the majority of the audience to the punkish Detroit band. Certainly the band most constrained by the crowd capacity, they would have been more comfortable at the smaller, sweatier Astoria, watched by a more committed audience. Unlike Franz, they aren't immediately accessible, with the exception of front man Jason Stollsteimer's face by the aforementioned Mr White's fists.

To continue the theme, the Rapture were so good my colleague Laurence Kavanagh danced as though being beaten up by a White Stripe. I'm too cool to dance, but enjoyed their energetic beat-driven finale anyway. Even if a couple of songs lacked the x-factor of their single 'house of jealous lovers', they proved themselves varied and ambitious, if not always inspired. Accused in less breathless publications than the NME of fulfilling New York hipster clichés, I just think they're a bit rough around the edges, hair and production included. Anyway, they were fun and funky, which was more than enough. A hasty retreat to the bar prevented the inevitable anti-climax of Funeral for a Friend. I can only report loud tuneless noises drifting through from the main auditorium, accompanying an outflow of tastefully dressed people.

NME shows are a triumph of hope over experience. This one far exceeded the memories of the gig a few years back featuring JJ72, Starsailor and Alfie, with Amen top of the bill. I only stood through it because my little sister had a ticket going spare, incidentally. Here's hoping this year's bright new hopes don't go down the tubes like the above have.

SARAH TAYLOR



Album Reviews



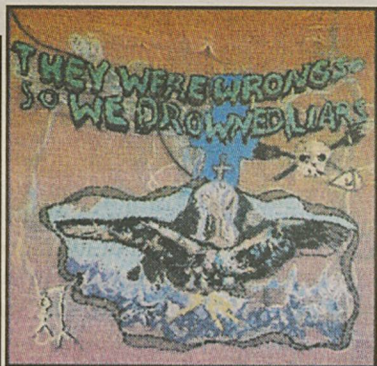
THE BELLES
OMERTA

There must definitely be something in water round Lawrence, Kansas way. Because the number of great bands that have emerged from its city boundaries has got to be well above the national average-The Get Up Kids, Coalesce, The Applesseed Cast... And now? The Belles, whose debut album 'Omerta' is at long last finally getting a release over here across the pond.

Unlike so many of their Lawrence contemporaries, The Belles waste no time on electric guitars or complicated melodic hardcore combinations, instead concentrating on producing eleven beautiful beyond beautiful acoustic tracks with possibly the most endearing vocals and loveable melodies you'll hear in a longwhile. Although songs like the wonderful 'Who Will Be Here to Hear' and 'These Things Will Kill Me' have already recently had an airing on the band's autumn EP, the strength of new tracks such as 'Omerta' and the magnificent 'Never Said Anything' guarantee that the album in no way whatsoever sounds stale or just as filler.

If you like Death Cab For Cutie, Bright Eyes or The Shins, go listen to this NOW-you're probably about to discover your new favourite band. What's more, whereas the majority of acoustic alt-country esque music tends to be depressing, 'Omerta' is easily one of the most uplifting and bittersweetly cheerful albums I've heard in a long time. With the strength of their simply majestic and musically accomplished debut, they're looking set to be one of music's brightest stars. (9)

JAZMIN BURGESS



THE LIARS
THEY WERE WRONG, SO WE DROWNED

So, apparently The Liars are on a mission. Having had critical acclaim and a (now obligatory) press frenzy for their fantastic funk/punk/dance debut 'They Threw Us On A trench And Stuck a Monument On Top', New York's most innovative band are set to cause disco chaos by declaring their intention to 'break out of all the boxes the press have put us into' with the release of second album 'They Were Wrong, So We Drowned'. A note of warning, if you're expecting anything even vaguely like 'They Threw Us..' you're in for a rude awakening.

Not that that's a bad thing though, because quite frankly 'They Were Wrong..' is one of the most exciting, original and inventive records you're likely to hear this year. Supposedly a concept album about witches, somewhat appropriately the stand out track is undoubtedly 'there's Always Room On The Broom', quite simply because it encapsulates absolutely everything that the album is trying to do into two perfect minutes-mixing electronica, samples and killer white noise alongside those vocals that were so prominent on their last record. Okay, so it may not be as singalong or as danceable a record as 'They Threw Us..' but its just as good, albeit in a somewhat different way.

There are only a few bands out there who can actually change their sound successfully, and even fewer who can actually succeed in bringing harder edge electronica into guitar rock.. All those mediocre garage rocks better watch their backs, cos evidently there are some new kings of New York. (8)

JAZMIN BURGESS



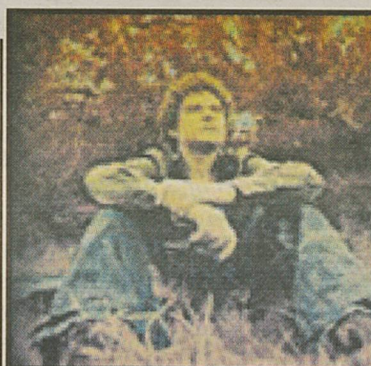
THE ZUTONS
WHO KILLED THE ZUTONS?

There must be something in the water on Merseyside. Following in the soggy footsteps of Echo and the Bunnymen, The La's, Shack and The Coral come another band drenched in Wirralian soul - The Zutons. Sonic kleptomania forms the warp of the album with influences ranging from Dexy's Midnight Runners, Talking Heads, Sly and the Family Stone, and yes, The Coral.

Yet the Zutons are much more than a scion of James Skelly despite sharing the same label (Deltasonic) and producer (Ian Broudie). 'Who Killed the Zutons' is the musical equivalent of walking alone along Upper Parly Street at 3.am on a Saturday. A sense of excitement abounds, tainted ever so tangibly by the lingering smell of dry rot and the echoes of the Liverpool of yore.

From the pulsating "Pressure Point" to the ramshackle "Zuton Fever" this album roams from one genre to another with a sangfroid ease. And before you can exclaim a wheezy "calm-down, calm-down" it's all over. Eclectic, iconoclastic and fresh, this is an album to savour. (8)

JOHN MCDERMOTT



PADDY CASEY
LIVING

A guitar gently strummed, a vocal line half-sung, half-whispered into the mic. You get the feeling that Paddy is aiming for a touch of melancholia on this, his second record, but unfortunately, he falls short of the mark. His songs get too repetitive, and his lyrics, with their rhymed couplets, are clumsy and feel forced. What's more, the production is just too polished for the low-fi vibe to truly take wings. Having said polished, though, don't infer competent: the instruments sound artificial, and something went quite drastically wrong when they mixed the record, as this sounds like a rough mix, not the finished version.

On the whole though, there's some really good stuff in this record, you just need the patience to discover it - maybe that will make it all the more special if and when you do find it. My advice would be to get Brendan Benson's record 'Lapalco' to see just what a good singer-songwriter can sound like in this day and age.

If anyone wants my copy of the record, email me at m.c.boys@lse.ac.uk but be warned: listening to it can be painful. (5)

MATT BOYS



THE BRONX
THE BRONX

Rumour has it that right now The Bronx are the hottest live rock band in the world. I can imagine that just from the blistering punk rock pulse of opener 'Heart Attack American'.

Recorded live in Gilby Clarke's living room in LA, rumour also has it that the band halted recording at one stage due to a man outside having his jugular bullet-punctured 7 times. I can also imagine that. This is a record dripping with furious energy and the sheer horror of struggling to barely survive unscathed in the battleground of downtown Los Angeles, a record drenched in enraged screams and dirty and defiant yet uber-sexy punk rock 'n roll riffs which will get you to unearth that ripped Black Flag t-shirt you threw aside years ago.

The Bronx do manage to make some pretty upbeat tunes from the tragedy too. 'I got chills' and 'Kill my friends' are Rocket From The Crypt at their quirkiest, heaviest and most sinister on a fatal caffeine high minus the horns and plus the blood, bullets and brutality. With Dexter Holland and Eric Ozenne's love child Matt on vocals and superb drummer courtesy of Jorma Vik to complement the adrenelin of Job and James (6 and 4 string), this band sound perfect. Eager to prove diversity a chilling melody a la AFI opens 'Strobe life' quickly turning into a bizarre Death-By-Stereo-covering-Babes-In-Toyland type hardcore. All dandy, very swell. Then Matt's vocals really ruin the atmosphere like a clown barging in on a tense ganster movie murder scene. Best stick to what you're good at eh? (9)

NASTARAN TAVAKOLI-FAR

Singles

INCUBUS
MEGALOMANIAC

Incubus, as the name of this single, and that of the band itself suggests, seem to have a bit of a 'thing' with words that sounded cool and sophisticated when you're about ten. The riff on this will appeal to all ages, however. It's just a shame they had to spoil it by singing over it.

DANIEL GROTE

THE BOXER REBELLION
IN PURSUIT

Very disappointing 'slow number' from hotly tipped Poptones rockers. Their last single might have been ace, but this one sadly fails to hit the mark. They sound like a bored uninspired Cooper Temple Clause. There is no bite, no passion, no interest. Inspid.

BEN HOWARTH

FYA FEAT.SMUJII
MUST BE LOVE

Pronounced 'fire', geddit? This is unabashed commercial garage/rap/r'n'b and to be honest it isn't really as annoying as one would imagine. Don't expect it to start revolutions (unlike David Hasslehoff obviously) - it simply serves its function quite adequately. The kids will love it.

LAURENCE KAVANAGH

WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER
CYPRESS HILL

Cypress Hill, if not everyone's idea of quality, used to at least have a bit of passion, any evidence of which seems to be totally absent in this really rather mediocre offering. A 'rapper' talking over fairground style music in a slightly unusual accent set alongside a cheesy chorus hardly inspire any grounds for an emotional reaction.

JOSS SHELDON

WHITE NIGHT
SUPERINFerno

Bizarre this. Heavy metal, prog guitar solos, tribal rhythms, a dash of 70's Hammond and a sprinkling of psychedelic trance served up in one big foul tasting bap. A silly ineffective mess.

DIARY OF A SERIAL KILLER
STEVEN KENNEDY

A happy clappy lighter in the air sing along please we want to be liked affair which is ineffective at its best moments. It this is the musings of a serial kiler then I think we are all safe to leave our doors unlocked.

NEIL GARRET

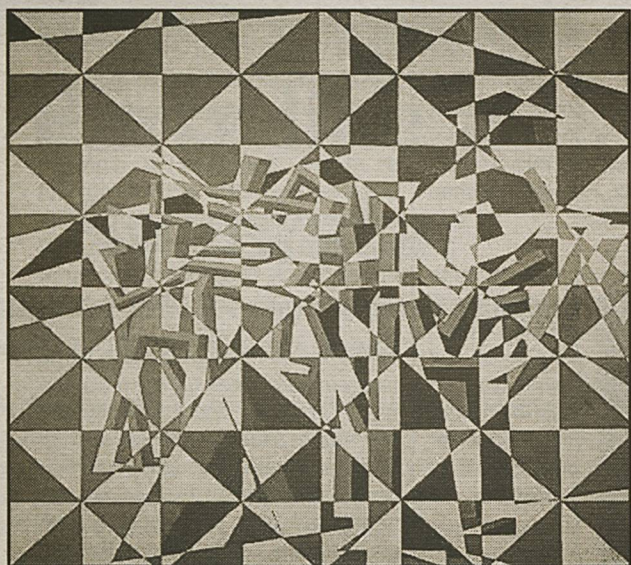
B:fineart

edited by Caroline Bray

British Art before animals in formaldehyde? Surely not...

If I were to say to you, 'British art', what images would be conjured up in your mind? Maybe Tracey Emin's tent, Sarah Lucas's self portrait on a toilet or Martin Creed's light bulb flashing on and off? Well believe it or not there was British art before the YBAs and it was pretty powerful stuff...

The Estorick Collection's latest exhibition *Blasting the Future: Vorticism in Britain 1910-1920* is an exceptional display of works from one of the most unique avant-garde movements of the early 20th century. It comprises of some fifty works by artists such as David Bomberg, Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, C.R.W. Nevinson and Jacob Epstein and explores the movement's relationship with Italian Futurism. A good majority of the works have not been exhibited in public or reproduced in print for numerous years making the show a true privilege to be able to experience.



Vorticism, with its name coined by American poet Ezra Pound, was founded in 1914 by Wyndham Lewis and members of his Rebel Art Centre as an independent alternative to Futurism, Cubism and Expressionism. The movement's manifesto *Blast* promoted freedom from the Victorian era and endeavoured to liberate Britain from the stultifying legacy of its past. There was less romanticism in the Vorticists' work than in the Italian Futurists' - their contemporary counterparts - with the dehumanising and impersonal side of industrialisation constituting the focal point of the movement.

The exhibition begins with the period 1910-1914 and illustrates some comparisons between Vorticism and Futurism by placing Italian works such as Severini's *Dancer (Ballerina and Sea)* (1911) and Boccioni's *Modern Idol* next to British Vorticist pieces by Bomberg, Lewis and Cursiter. The result is a sharp illustration of the bold adventurousness of the Vorticists as their

works show strong geometric and definite forms in comparison with the softer, more naturalistic forms of the Futurists. As a result, the Futurist movement is rendered insipid and void of that vital edge that makes a movement stand out. Bomberg's *Ju-Jitsu* is a prime example of the bold works of the Vorticists as he divides the scene of the painting into geometric planes of bright colour and sharp edges. His fragmented forms adding to the feel of movement and vitality in the piece. The ensuing effect leaves Severini's *Dancer* looking disorientated and ill-defined, his small sweeping brush strokes, half-formed shapes and trite use of colour vanishing into the background amongst a plethora of cool classicism and audacious art.

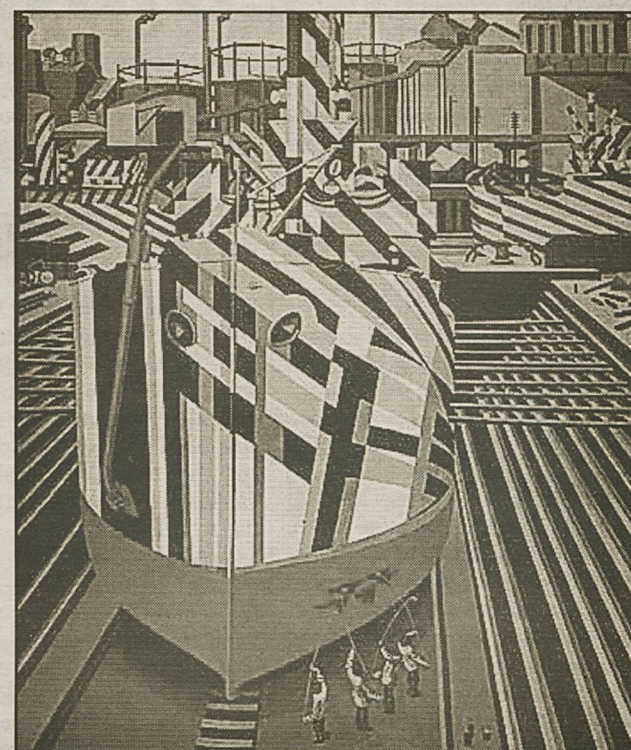
In the battle of cultural superiority, the *Blast* manifesto of visual art, experimental drama and prose attracted writers such as T.S. Eliot and influenced movers and shakers of the art world such as the constructivist Lissitzky and Moholy-Nagy of the Bauhaus. It is easy to see how when one sees a piece such as Edward Wadsworth's *Mytholmroyd* (1914), a form reminiscent of scientific study and geometry suspended mid-air with simple but powerful force. Even more hypnotic are Wadsworth's paintings of the dazzle camouflage technique used on ships in the Great War to confuse German U-boats and reduce the number of successful attacks. His precise and meticulous technique is an astounding *mêlée* of crisp shapes that seeps off the central focus of the ship onto the whole canvas and background dock.

Perhaps the most impressive works in the exhibition are those of Wyndham Lewis, notably his chalk sketches *Reclining Girl* and *Portrait of Ezra Pound Seated*. Lewis has the inimitable capacity to create mechanistic drawings that reduce the subject to its basic geometric forms and robot-like characteristics yet retain a delicacy, naturalism and expression that is entirely human. This gracefulness is present not only in his sketches as a whole but is an innate quality of his line.

Tragically the movement's progress was severed dramatically by the First World War and in 1916 many of the Vorticist artists pre-empted conscription and joined the military on their own terms. Although positively Lewis and Roberts became official war artists after enduring a life in the trenches, the irreplaceable talent of figures such as Gaudier-Brzeska was lost amongst the carnage and slaughter of warfare. An attempt was made by Lewis to resurrect the Vorticist movement after the Great War under the guise of Group X, however his attempts were unsuccessful, and one of Britain's most forward thinking and radical art movements came well and truly to an end in 1920.

C.R.W. Nevinson was Britain's only Futurist and the representation of his pieces in the collection is strong and impressive. Despite his adamant disassociation with Vorticism there are subtle hints of an influence in his works, particularly in the planes cutting through the clouds in his mesmerising *Taube Pursued by Commander Samson* (1915). Nevinson never fails to fill not only his canvas but somehow the space surrounding it with his lively and bright work. Hailed as a favourite by most who visit the exhibition the softness of his mezzotints, vivacity of his painting and undeniable natural talent is an honour to behold.

Despite the rarity of Vorticist works the Estorick manages to show that there was life before Hirst for British art. Hopefully this exhibition will illustrate that the British have always been capable of producing great art on a par with more widely known French and Italian movements such as Post-Impressionism and Futurism. The Estorick Collection certainly brings British art of the early 20th century the long awaited recognition it deserves. If you only visit one exhibition this year then this should undoubtedly be your choice.



Blasting the Future! Vorticism in Britain 1910 - 1920 - 4 February - 18 April 2004. Estorick Collection, 39a Canonbury Road, Islington, nearest tube Highbury & Islington. Opening Times: Wednesday to Saturday 11.00 - 18.00 Sunday 12.00 - 17.00 Admission: £3.50, Concessions £2.50 Free to school children and students with valid NUS ID card.

CAROLINE BRAY



El Greco

11 February - 23 May 2004

This will be the first major exhibition in the UK of the work of Domenikos Theotokopoulos (1541 - 1614), better known as El Greco (the Greek). He was one of the most original painters of his time, his work is startlingly modern in appearance, and greatly influenced twentieth-century painters including Cézanne, Picasso and Jackson Pollock. The exhibition traces the whole of El Greco's career through a selection of his greatest paintings along with some rarely exhibited drawings and sculptures, enabling visitors to explore his astonishing artistic development.

El Greco was soon forgotten after his death, but was rescued from obscurity in the 19th-century by an enthusiastic group of collectors, artists and critics.

Opening Hours:

Open daily 10am - 6pm, Wednesday & Saturdays until 9pm.

Advance ticket booking:

First Call 0870 906 3891 (booking fee) or online www.nationalgallery.org.uk (booking fee) or in person at the Gallery.

Gallery Admission:

£10 / £8 concessions / £6 students. Family ticket £20 National Gallery Information: Tel 020 7747 2885 For further exhibition enquiries and images: 020 7747 2596 / 2865

B:film

edited by Simon Cliff and Dani Ismail

Exclusive B:Film Preview...

Along Came Polly

JIMMYTAM enjoys Jennifer Aniston's commendable efforts to distance herself from Friends' Rachel...

If you're expecting this movie to be a nostalgic ode to the girly toy Polly Pocket then I'm afraid you'll be disappointed. If you're hoping for a deep, philosophical and meaningful plot then, again, be prepared for disappointment.

So what happens? Stiller plays Reuben Feffer, a high-flying, obsessive risk assessor who each day spends eight minutes arranging pillows on his immaculate bed for decorative purposes. He also suffers from IBS (irritable bowel syndrome) and thus hates any ethnic grub. Jennifer Aniston is Polly Prince (she went to high school with Feffer), a beautiful if scatty salsa-loving New York waitress with a blind ferret and a penchant for exotic food. Getting the picture?

If this was an anthropology lesson, then Feffer and Prince would be a better dichotomy than nature and culture. A recipe for disaster? Well, they do say that opposites attract. Or do they? This warm and highly amusing movie puts that theory to the test. But let me set the scene: Stiller has just got married to Lisa Kramer (Messing). It seems perfect. Well, so perfect that Kramer runs off with Claude (Azaria), a French scuba-diving nudist with the body of a gladiator and the face of Guy Fawkes, on the first day of their honeymoon.

Jilted and hurt, Feffer returns home to his best friend, ex-child movie star Sandy Lyle (Hoffman), who decides to cheer him up by taking him out to a trendy party. It's at this party where Feffer bumps into old schoolfriend Prince (who's waitressing there).



Director: John Hamburg
Starring: Ben Stiller, Jennifer Aniston, Philip Seymour Hoffman, Debra Messing
Running Time: 90 min
Certificate: 12-A
Release Date: 27th February

They get chatting and things look good - that is until Lyle plops his pants and the pair have to leave early.

Clearly bedazzled by Aniston's timely reappearance in his life, Feffer utilises the stalker-ish techniques of calling up directory enquiries to get her number. Why didn't he just go on Friends Reunited? Anyway, it's here where the fun starts as Feffer tries to impress Prince by pretending to be something he's not. He agrees to go for ethnic food (and subsequently poos his pants - hmm, seems to be a theme running here) and to dance salsa (three words: Two. Left. Feet.). Rather typically, the storyline becomes secondary to providing a set-up for some typically hilarious Stiller-style slapstick moments.

Just as things are going great, Feffer's ex-wife returns into his life. Who will Feffer choose? Er, his risk assessor program, of course! (No, he doesn't develop a fetish for sex with computers but he uses it to decide which girl will be the least riskiest. What does it say? And does he act on it? As if I'm going to risk (haha) tell you!)

Along Came Polly is clearly a star vehicle movie. Lucky that I like my stars then. Let me put it this way. If you hate Ben Stiller and Jennifer Aniston and hate laughing in cinemas, don't go and see this movie.

★★★★☆



the editor's cut

Another top ten to tickle your fancy...

With St. Valentine's Day out of the way for another year, with the pockets of Hallmark executives well and truly bursting with loved-up muppets' hard-earned wonga, it's time to get back to normality and face facts; she doesn't really love you and you are actually awful in the sack. If, in the next few weeks, the blood-sucking whore has dumped your measley ass after a Valentine's windfall of gifts shoved in her ungrateful direction, get your act together and head for crush to pull the next notch on your wood-chipped headboard. And to help you get over the love of your life, what more could be better (apart from snaring

someone much, much fitter) than a decent bitch-slashing horror movie? Seeing blonde after terrified blonde meet her grisly demise by some bemasked weirdo is pure entertainment in these situations, trust me. If, on the other hand, you are still loved-up with said missus, you could do far worse than sitting her down in front of my next top ten and watch in awe as you are promoted instantly from weedy money-dispenser to muscle-bound killer-bashing saviour. Sex is a guarantee for you and, rather unusually, not a chore for her.

Behold then, with shock and awe, the Top Ten Greatest Horror Movies of All-Time:

10. Scream
9. The Ring
8. The Wicker Man
7. Hellraiser
6. Halloween
5. Psycho
4. The Texas Chain Saw Massacre
3. The Exorcist
2. The Blair Witch Project
1. The Shining

Comments, ideas and tales from beyond the Watford Gap: s.e.cliff@lse.ac.uk

Classic Review...

Born On The Fourth Of July

ABTEENKARIMI questions war, America and politics...

Director: Oliver Stone
Starring: Tom Cruise, Bryan Larkin
Certificate: 18
Running Time: 145 min

When Senator John F. Kerry, Presidential frontrunner, probable Democratic nominee and very possibly the next President of the United States, returned from his tour of duty as a navy lieutenant in Vietnam in 1972 he asked the members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee a question which in a just world all politicians would have to wrestle with: "How do you ask a man to be the last man to die in Vietnam? How do you ask a man to be the last man to die for a mistake?"

Born on the Fourth of July in a very real way tries to come to terms with these questions. The film is the story of Ron Kovic - All American, Vietnam veteran, paraplegic. It chronicles his life from his childhood in Long Island and follows him all the way to Vietnam and back home again. There are gruesome scenes of combat violence in the film, but the real horror comes when Ron returns home. The scenes in the veteran's hospital where he recovers are so painful, so deadly realistic and so utterly pathetic that I wince and choke back tears every time I see it. We see what a bullet wound really looks like. We see the realities of a medical system strained to the limits by cutbacks, and the terrible consequences for physically and psychologically vulnerable veterans. Kovic is forced to listen patiently while a young doctor, clearly overworked and distracted, tries his best to show compassion, and jury rigs a pump to save Kovic's leg from amputation.

Kovic returns to an America that is not necessarily resentful, but to a country that wants to forget - about a distant war, their fallen sons, and a terrible national mistake. Kovic's black duty nurse discusses the riots in Newark and Detroit and dismisses Vietnam as a white man's war, being fought by black men to preserve rights they were not guaranteed at home. His younger brother becomes an anti-war activist, one of his best friends from high school forgets all about the war in college, and his parents flip the channel from war coverage to watch Sammy Davis Jr. on Laugh-In. The more Kovic sees Vietnam era America, the more he sees his sacrifice as hollow. Barely out of his teens, he'll never be whole and will never really be a man, all because of a lie, because of a mistake. Kovic eventually finds hope, and a way to bring new meaning to his life. I don't know if all disabled veterans are so lucky.

I don't know if George Bush or Dick Cheney have seen *Born on the Fourth of July*. I don't know what they would have done differently if either of them had served in the armed forces. I do know that if more of our leaders were veterans or if more of them understood what war really was, maybe it would not be such an easy thing.

Another Exclusive B:Film Preview...

Dickie Roberts: Former Child Star

AHMADKHOKHER manages to write this review with impressive mercy towards former stars...

Director: Sam Weisman
Starring: David Spade, Mary McCormack, Alyssa Milano
Running Time: 99 min
Certificate: 12-A
Release Date: 20th February

Every movie you see tends to leave you with a taste in your mouth. Some sweet. Some fudgy. Some so God awful that you want to cut your tongue out and feed it to the hounds of Hell so as to bring salvation for all mankind. This film however ended up not tasting like much at all. Dickie Roberts just tasted oddly bland (No. Not that way. You have a filthy mind).

The film stars David Spade whose character was a huge star of a sitcom back in the 70's a-la *Brady Bunch*, *Partridge Family* etc. The show's ratings suddenly dropped resulting in the unfortunate cancellation of the series and leaving little Dickie high, dry and unemployed. Over the years his career ended up going nowhere and he grew up an odd, neurotic, fame-starved valet. Spiffy. Now he's got his big break. Rob Reiner is making a new film and he wants the part bad. Only problem is, Mr. Reiner thinks that Dickie isn't authentic as an adult individual because he missed an important part of becoming one: a childhood. So little Dickie hires a family to take him in and show him what a childhood is, and what it means to be part of a family. Sounds kinda goey, doesn't it? Truth be told, it doesn't delve into ridiculous mush.

That's possibly what I liked most about it; the entire film balances the comic and the borderline-sappy very well. There are consistently funny - albeit blatantly implausible to the point of being annoying - scenes littered through the film. Spade, as always, delivers his unique brand of humour: odd vocal devices intermingled with subtle physicality and a wit that - despite its borderline childishness - you can't help but love. Backing his performance are the unremarkable Mary McCormack, the hilarious Jon Lovitz and the gorgeous Alyssa Milano.

On the downside the film does get highly disjointed and, well, just plain silly at times. It's predictable; it doesn't score too high on that whole "believability" thing and it's all too reminiscent of *Billy Madison*. (perhaps because a certain Mr. Sandler was one of the producers. Hmmm...). The essential messages of "the price of fame" and "happiness can be right in front of you" etc. are delivered weakly and without much conviction. It also doesn't say much that the funniest part of the film actually had nothing to do with it: at the end when the credits were rolling, a bevy of actual former child stars perform a side splitting number regarding the way they're treated/gawked at on the Greyhound. You'll know what I mean when (if?) you see it.

It isn't quite as riotous as *School of Rock* nor as heart-warming as *Big Fish* but it serves to entertain pretty well. Chocked full of cameo appearances, Dickie Roberts doesn't promise anything big, and keeps his word - which I feel is much to his credit. If you've seen all the other big flicks out there and have time on your hands, then pop on down and give it a watch. Otherwise, ITV is bound to put it on one night or the other.

Classic Review...

Dog Soldiers

JUSTINNOLAN's take on this dodgy horror flick...

Director: Neil Marshall
Starring: Sean Pertwee, Kevin McKidd, Emma Cleasby
Certificate: 15
Running Time: 105 min

When the top ten lists of the greatest films of all time are compiled, the chances are that Neil Marshall's 2001 debut, *Dog Soldiers*, will be not be in any of them. Nor indeed will it appear in the top 100. Being a low budget comedy horror film with werewolves probably put paid to that, given that most of the greatest movies ever made are 'life affirming masterpieces', 'visual tour de forces' and 'still pack as big a punch now as they did then'. *Dog Soldiers* isn't any of these and is all the better for it.

It's a derivative tale, borrowing liberally from *Zulu*, *Evil Dead 2*, and *Predator* amongst others. Six British soldiers are sent on an exercise in the Scottish highlands, lead by Sergeant Harry Wells (Sean Pertwee). They're cold, mystified by the pointlessness of the mission, and bemoaning the fact that they're going to miss the Germany-England football match. During the night, however, they receive the nice present of a cattle carcass on their camp fire and soon afterwards they answer the distress flair of a grievously wounded SAS man, Captain Richard Ryan (Liam Cunningham).

One of the squad, Lawrence Cooper (a superb Kevin McKidd), has a previous with Ryan, having tried and failed to win selection to his outfit. But before you can say "I think they've been set up" the squad are assailed from all directions by things that howl and like sliced and diced human flesh. Running for their lives they are fortunate to come across



Megan (Emma Cleasby), a scientist who has been trying to study the nasty creatures. She takes them to a deserted farmhouse where they will have to spend the night fending off the sort of frenzied invasions not seen since the Toxteth DHSS office started giving away dole money on a first come first served basis.

It's utterly predictable, but utterly compelling, with the superb camerawork emphasising the claustrophobia of the dark, dank forest. It was made on a shoestring but never feels like it was until we see the Lycanthropes themselves. Marshall handles the action superbly, not revealing the monsters in their full low budget glory until the final act. Although there is tension and shocks aplenty, there is also plenty of humour, unsurprising given the film's subject matter. But the film never slips into lame parody and the balance between laughs and action is achieved brilliantly. This film isn't a masterpiece in the classic sense and will probably never receive recognition from stuffy arsed critics, too busy eulogizing about the Frederico Fucking Fellini and Jean Luc Twatting Goddard art house bollocks that normally fills up every best film list apart from Empire's. Yet as an example of how to make a tense, funny and downright enjoyable film on a budget, and an example of how British films don't have to be pissweak romantic comedies, crap gangster movies, or depressing urban dramas, it can't be bettered.

Movie Matters with Dani Ismail



Woohoo! The agonising wait for a movie of the long-running, animated show that has a multitude of cameos under its belt, fans scattered densely over the world, the show that legitimised dribbling and inspired many 'doh!' moments is now over. Yes, it's true! The Simpsons is now on its way to the fame that is only conjured up by the bringing together of hundreds of strangers, huddled in the dark, tightly gripping their popcorn and swilling their drinks, gagging in anticipation. Of course, for those of you who either do not know of the fascination surrounding the family that lives at Evergreen Terrace or do not care for them you should buy a television, connect it, learn to use a remote and then in a Martin Blank aka John Cusack from *High Fidelity* way, kindly ask someone to jam the television onto your head.

The beautiful Catherine Zeta-Jones with the terrible taste in wrinkly older men is set to star in *Ocean's Twelve*. Holy crap, what a fucking terrible name. Crappy titles enrage me like nothing else. She will be playing, apparently, Brad Pitt's love interest, which is such a good looking combination of people I could cry. *Batman:*

Intimidation is reeling in the celebs like fat for what proves to be a wildly better sequel than *Batman & Robin*. Michael (amazing, amazing and amazing) Caine, Katie Holmes (forever a pre-pubescent fickle tart with a strangely chubby face) and Cillian Murphy (beautiful specimen of man) join Christian (I have a stick so high up my arse it scratches my adam's apple which will soon be a fatal problem) Bale in the fourth in the series.

Lord above. Not only is pretty-boy-I-really-think-I'm-black Justin Timberlake making the move from pop tartlet to mass-flasher-of tits, he is now (inevitably) planning on increasing his credibility in the movie *Edison*, with Kevin Spacey, Morgan Freeman and LL Cool J. He's to be a journalist that uncovers dirty cops. Maybe for comic relief he could slip into some song and dance and then Pharrell could jump in and bang! You got a Grammy nomination.

Nia Vardalos (from *My Big Fat Greek Wedding*.. you might already know this but I think it's fun to rub salt in the wound, the tetanus-infected scratch, the gaping, cavernous lesion that *Fucking Annoying Wedding* knived into my mind) is going to be a drag queen in her upcoming *Connie And Carla*. Wow. Only so much you can say about someone who allowed themselves to be prostituted into starring in possibly the worst 'family movie' ever, who then acts in the spin off show (the monstrosities of mistakes some people commit) and finally tops it off as a heavily made-up, rather uneven looking 'man' - of course the only problem is that she looks better thus. But hey - must try and stay objective.

B:theatre

edited by Carolina Bunting and Keith Postler

Wild Jazz and Heart Attacks: Off the Wall Entertainment

Play: I'm a Fool to Love You
Venue: The BAC on Lavender Hill
Days: Mon-Tue; Thu-Sat
Curtain Time: 20:00
Ends: February 22, 2004
Running Time: 90"; no interval
Performance rating: 4 out of 5 stars
Program rating: 5 out of 5 stars

All the cool cats in town will be lining out the BAC this next month to watch director Paul Hunter's play "I'm a Fool to Love You". A surreal production based on the absurd death of French cult novelist Boris Vian, "Fool" does not fail to impress.

Hunter merges improvised live jazz jams, extreme physical comedy with a touch of absurd surrealism; some elements of tragedy, revenge, love and comedy; to paint a varied rainbow of emotions, styles and mediums of entertainment in one short play.

Recounting "Fool" is something of a challenge as in true surrealist tradition - it follows no obvious logic. The plot develops off the protagonist's flow of consciousness. Boris Vian suffers from a heart attack while watching the opening frames of a terrible cinematic adaptation of his bestseller *I Spit on Your Graves*. Hunter then creates a visual and mellifluous collage of Vian's life by superimposing developments in Boris' early childhood with his wild love affair and artwork, melding them together to depict the essence of this eccentric bohemian.

Needless to say the play can at times seem somewhat disconnected. The two main actors lose themselves in hyperbolic comedy, reducing the characters to amusing superficiality. One also fails to understand the implied

relationship between Vian's life and artwork and is left wondering if Vian's heart attack was unjustified, as *I Spit on Your Graves* hardly seems to be a masterpiece to begin with.

Even so, these slight flaws are more than compensated by the originality of this production. There are moments of sheer brilliance as when Boris (Stephen Harper) and his great love and fellow be-bop fanatic Ursula Gruber (Hayley Carmichael), jive to some crazy trumpeting by swirling around each others bodies while hanging from chairs attached at 90 degree angles to the wall.

If you are left unconvinced, Zoe Rahman's piano playing and Mark Crown's trumpet blasting are chilling encouragements to check the BAC out. The two jam live to electrifying themes and convincingly reconstruct the wonderful atmosphere of the late 50's. Any fan of the surrealist beats should check out this inventive biographic-narrative of the subversive Boris Vian, creator of immortal tunes like "Fais moi mal Johnny" and an artist who truly lived out la vie boheme.

CAROLINA BUNTING



TV Trash Makes it to Opera

Play: Jerry Springer The Opera
Venue: Cambridge Theatre, Earlham Street
Curtain Time: Mon-Thurs 19:45, Fri 17:30 & 20:30 Sat 15:00 & 20:00
Running Time: 2' 20"; 20" interval
Performance rating: 4 out of 5 stars
Program rating: 5 out of 5 stars

I can honestly say that this was the weirdest thing I have ever seen at the theatre. Let's start at the beginning: this is a musical version of TV's the Jerry Springer show, where the less fortunate members of society air their strange problems, often involving transsexuals, incest and the like. As a huge fan of trash TV, I was looking forward to this, but couldn't see how it could possibly work.

And so the weirdness begins. The first scene sees an assortment of obese, mulleted and scary looking people emerge onto a set which is remarkably similar to Jerry's talk show. And then the singing starts... the operatic warblings of 'fucking slut'/ 'chick with a dick' etc is absolutely hilarious, because of the juxtaposition of downright dirty with a style one associates with, er, culture.

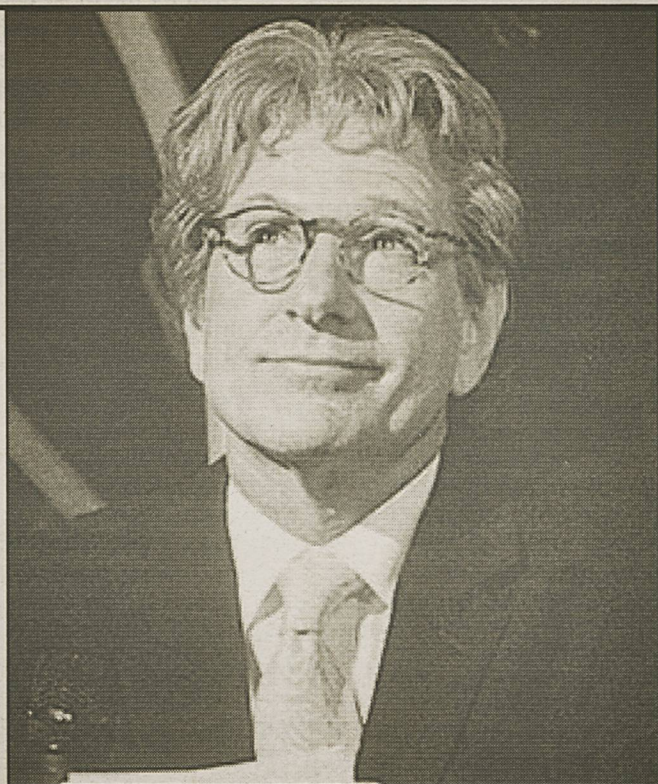
The first half features an episode of the show, with: fat pole dancer, man sleeping with transsexual, and man who dresses up as a baby. All the stories are sung, with some singers better than others. They all hit the right notes but some of the women's voices were extremely shrill and annoying. The actor playing Jerry is the only one who speaks, providing some sanity in contrast to the rousing, squawking tales. A special mention must go to this genius. Not only did he resemble the real Mr Springer but the mannerisms and voice were spot on, and he was extremely funny. Generally the first half was highly amusing, except maybe the Ku Klux Klan song - perhaps a bit close to the bone for my taste.

The second half didn't quite live up to the first. Here, Jerry goes to hell after being

shot and is confronted by his former guests and their ruined lives since appearing. Although some questions are raised, such as the morality of TV in showing problems for others' entertainment, the whole thing lost the plot somewhat. It seems the producers got stuck for ideas so decided to throw in a God vs Satan scene and some random characters and songs. It didn't add anything to the show and the jokes started wearing a bit thin. However, a redeeming feature was the hilarious encore, where more and more Jerry clones kept appearing on stage tap-dancing.

With tickets starting from £25, I would recommend this for fans of the TV show and people who have a warped sense of humour. If that's you, you'll enjoy this colourful, filthy extravaganza.

LAURA DOLLIN



Tip Box

Living in London ain't cheap... so the Theatre section will now print out helpful tips on obtaining "student friendly" tickets

* Tuesday is an "all you can pay" day at the BAC, so if you're a little short on cash and in desperate need of entertainment check their plays out. Just be sure to reserve tickets in advance.

* Agents at the "Jerry Springer Opera" desperate to attract younger theatre goers are offering Top-Price seats at £25

B:literature

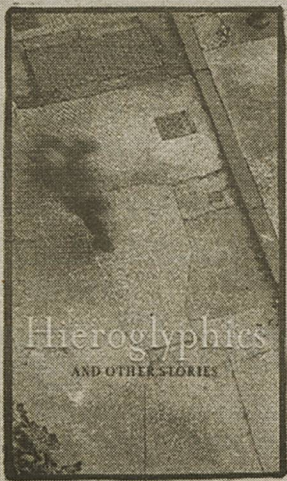
edited by Dalia King

HIEROGLYPHICS

KATEBURKE: My student loan will come in handy when her next book comes out...

Just The Facts...

Author: Anne Donovan
Publisher: Canongate
Date: 26 January 2004
Price: £6.99



Anne Donovan

The stories in this collection - the second book from Anne Donovan, following *Buddha Da*, a novel short-listed for the 2003 Orange Prize - is exactly what a short story should be (and I don't mean just short).

They are slightly disorienting, just for a few sentences, as you try to sort out who and what, but nonetheless by the end of that first paragraph you have a glimpse of where you are and why you should care about these people. My disorientation lasted a little longer in this case, as Donovan writes with a deep Glaswegian brogue that required me to read aloud in order to understand what was being said (adding hilarity no doubt to bus ride home for my fellow commuters, as I attempted to translate "flerr" into "flower" and sort out what "chitterin" could possibly be. Noun? Verb?).

All but one of Donovan's protagonists are women and come mostly (as their dialect indicates) from working class origins. As the collection progresses, so do the characters: the first stories are those of young girls, struggling with difficulties that for the most part, they are not yet old enough to even comprehend, such as dyslexia ("Hieroglyphics"), death ("All that Glisters") and isolation ("Dear Santa"). Later stories are those of adult women, feeling their way through motherhood and love and betrayal. "Loast" and "Zimmerobics", the final stories, give voice to the

hard-fought resistance to isolation and resignation in the lives of elderly women.

For all that these stories often detail loss and loneliness, these characters are intelligent, strong and frequently funny women. They are all brightly distinct, and inhabit unique lives in Donovan's well-crafted prose. Mary, the protagonist of "Hieroglyphics", can read her classmates and teachers far better than they can see each other, for all that she cannot read a book. Donovan shows (rather than tells) us about the frustration of a learning disability in the person of this young girl who is creative and sharp. In "A Ringin Frost", a woman worries about how cold her heart feels compared to the heat and love that emanates from her husband. These poignant stories are gently told, through precise detail and impressive constancy of tone and dialect.

Anne Donovan's work is subtle and tender, though without saccharine undertones of condescension to her characters or readers. It is a remarkable feat to tell a story about the death of a beloved father celebrated with the "subtlety" of a bright red dress without making your characters sound twee or false. I would give this collection the highest praise - that is, I am quite looking forward to tracking down her novel and am so impressed with her writing that I am even willing to spend my own money on it.

GREEN LOLLIPOP by Leow Jia En

A green lollipop,

With twirling patterns
of white circles,

That go round and
round to converge at
the center,

Until they reach a
point of saturation,

Where green and
milky white mix and
merge,

In common unison to
blend into a lazy lush
colour,

Which tastes of lime
and cream,

Sweet, rich and a bit
sour,

To allow us a luxury
called Dream.

BREVITUDES by Stacie-Marie Ishmael

One:
When I see you, I
understand myself.

Two:

magdalene

your words hang
like magic in the dusky
air
in the morning i awake
to your shadow
to your scent quickly
fading and my
memories escaping
wait
wait
mary (mother of
Jesus?) cried her
tears for you
stayed your fears for
you
my reluctant messiah
wait
wait
will you tell me woman
your faith has made
me
true...

DRINKING COFFEE ELSEWHERE

SAIMAQURESHI: Fantastic! Emotional! Passionate! And get this, it's also absolutely amazing!

Just The Facts...

Author: ZZ Packer
Publisher: Canongate
Date: February 2004
Price: £9.99

Drinking
Coffee
Elsewhere

Two words to describe this book - absolutely amazing! ZZ Packer has to be one of the most inspiring and creative writers that I have come across since Alice Walker. Not only does Packer cover a vast range of issues such as sexuality, race, gender, religion and even the difficulties faced by children at school, she remains humorous, passionate and light hearted throughout her writing.

The best story in the whole book for me has to be 'Speaking in Tongues.' At times it made me burst out in laughter and then again at times a lump came to my throat when I continued to read the difficulties faced by young women trying to make a living for themselves, trying to be independent but only being taken advantage of by men and made a mockery of.

Once the book had finished I was yearning for more. Such fantastic, emotional and heart rending stories really made me wonder why on earth Packer had not written books before. Although this book is perhaps directed at the more mature reader, with explicit details contained in some of

the stories, it is still an extremely memorable book and one which is a must to read.

Ten out of ten for creativity, most certainly - this is one of those books which you must read even if only one of the stories out of the entertaining eight.

But take my word for it - once you have read just one of the stories you will be lured into reading all of them, they are fantastic.

We need more writers like Packer around!

B:about

edited by Sarah Warwick

This week B:about tells you how to party through the night. How to stay awake in the city that never sleeps...or is that New York?

House Night

SARAHWARWICK commiserates the end of Peach as we've known it...and looks forward to a new reign...

Peaches are sweet and fluffy and natural. Peach is none of those things. This long running London night is home to the kind of Hard House that would make your mother wonder if you have any brain cells left and so many drugs that you soon won't! It is none the less a kind of institution for clubbers in London and a must do at least once in your London life.



Dodgy looking guy in the background is Peach resident Graham Gold!

Tickets came prepared to queue for an hour to get in. Actually it was more like 2 hours by the time we got in past the over friendly bouncers and joined yet another queue to stow our coats! I was not a happy bunny by the time I had a £3 bottle of beer in my hand and was heading down the dark tunnel leading to the dance floor.

So I was told as I was dragged there a month ago to pop my Peach cherry (so to speak!) by some friends who have been many times. The club was moving from the Camden Palace, its home for 6 1/2 years, to new plush club Studio 33, in Vauxhall and this was the last night. Tickets sold out early

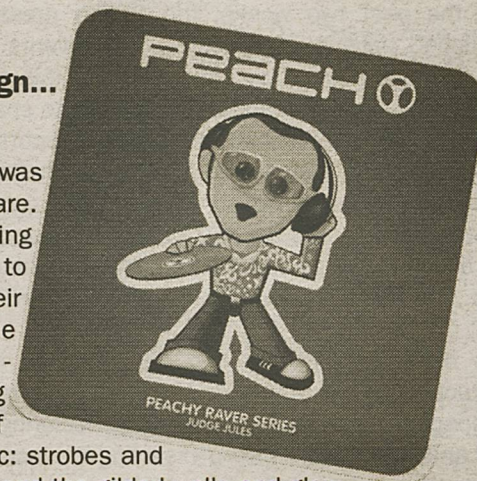
and even those with

tickets came prepared to queue for an hour to get in. Actually it was more like 2 hours by the time we got in past the over friendly bouncers and joined yet another queue to stow our coats! I was not a happy bunny by the time I had a £3 bottle of beer in my hand and was heading down the dark tunnel leading to the dance floor.

Smacked in the face by the place it was hard at first to do anything but stare. Sweaty clubbers wearing everything from bright pink fluffy moon boots to nappies and dummies or just their underwear clambered all over the inside of this old gothic theatre - swinging off the balconies, snogging in the aisles, throwing themselves off the stage. The lighting was fantastic: strobes and patterns reflecting off huge screens and the gilded walls and glow sticks striped the crowd below. The music - provided that night by long time residents Graham Gold, Pele, Dave Lambert and Darren Pearce- was a mix of Hard House, Trance, Breaks and Old Skool classics. A House lover's dream, this place would be hard to take if this is not your thing.

There's no secret as to how most people get through it. Dealers are everywhere and I worried about the proportion of Peachers who were clearly very young and very f*cked. I saw 7 people throwing up in 4 hours but all were being looked after. Perhaps because it has such an E culture people look after each other - everyone chats to everyone and dances together. It was all quite sweet and fluffy really!

Peach at the Palace may be over but you can check it out in its new venue Fridays 10-6 at Studio 33, 100 Tinworth Street SE11 5EQ. Nearest tube Vauxhall. £8 NUS.



After Hours

RUTHBARLEY looks at places to go when everyone else is asleep (the losers!)

One great aspect of living in London is that if you can always find better things to do than sleep. The clubs may stay open late, but sometimes a person just isn't ready to call it a night when the music stops. To save you from milling about on the pavement deciding what to do next, B:About has put together a choice of the best after hours action to be found in the capital.

After hours clubs are not for the frail or feint of heart. But if you like the idea of immersing yourself in a sea of gurning faces and writhing, sweaty bodies they'll be just your thing. Trade at **Turnmills** on Clerkenwell Road (Farringdon) is the longest running after party in London. The doors open at 4.30am and the debauchery continues until very, very late. Expect upfront house and tribal played to an insanely up for it crowd. The next big event is the **Trade Love Ball** on Valentine's Day, £15 entry. Not exactly a romantic affair but if you want an introduction to the world of after hours this won't be beaten. A more recent addition to the scene is **Afterhours at Egg on York Way** (Kings Cross), the new home of all things housey. This also opens its doors at 4.30am, and price on the door is £15. Egg has recently won the prestigious BEDA Award for Best London Club, so even if it is a bit pricey you can be assured you won't be disappointed. If another club sounds a bit more than you can handle but

you'd like the drinks to keep flowing then check out **The Royal Oak on Colombia Road** (Shoreditch). The pub is in the midst of the popular Colombia Road flower market, so has a market trader's license allowing it to start serving at 8am on a Sunday morning. You won't see a single market trader daring to set foot inside



though, instead there's many googly eyed clubbers babbling incoherent nonsense from behind their sunglasses. It's a surreal experience moving from the fresh-faced early morning flower buyers to the chaos inside the pub but its super

friendly and the party carries on until midday. Alternatively, there's the infamous **George IV on Brixton Hill**, a pub with a 6am licence, a dance floor and a monster of a sound system. It's dark, dirty and plays the darkest, dirtiest music you can imagine, which unsurprisingly makes it the after party of choice when Mass in Brixton closes. The George is messy, manic and not the place to come to wind down; you have been warned.

For a more civilized approach to after hours entertainment there's lots of **twenty four hour cafes** scattered around London. If your still bursting with energy at six in the morning it seems unlikely that food will high on your agenda, but if cups of tea sound appealing then head to **Tinsletown on Clerkenwell Road**. This café is handy for Turnmills and Fabric, and has internet access. However, I'd suggest this is really not the time to be sending people emails, especially not to your mum/grandma/tutor. **Soho** is well known for its twenty four hour scene, and the long established **Bar Italia on Frith Street** is probably its most famous institution. It's the antithesis of the George the Fourth, with sophisticated Latin charm, stylish clientele and plenty of opportunities for celebrity spotting.

So whatever your taste, mood or remaining energy level, there's always something more tempting than going to bed.

B:general

media

Over the past two weeks, the British press has hit untouched heights of hypocrisy. Two events over the past fortnight have shown journalism in this country to be ill thought out, reactionary and willing to change tack from one day to the next; the Hutton report and the trashy television programme *I'm A Celebrity Get Me Out of Here*. One saw a bunch of miserable nobodies sit around all day; awaiting the impending axe, grappling with tricky challenges and surrounded by hideous creatures. The other was won by Kerry McFadden.

Let's begin with Hutton and his weapons of marse destruction. In the run-up to his Lordship's report, the newspapers were full of columnists declaring the fairness and integrity of Hutton, asserting the inconceivability that the Lord would let Blair off the hook on this one.

Fast forward a week and Hutton is suddenly a man under the government's thumb. Whether this allegation is true or not does not fall under the remit of this column; but the press hypocrisy is clear for all to see.

Onto *I'm A Celeb...* and Jordan in particular. Two weeks ago, Jordan (Katie Price to her friends) was seen by the moralising press as symbolic of everything wrong with society in 2004. Her living was made off the back of no talent at all and she spends much of her free time drunk at nightclubs, flaunting herself with different men, despite being a single mother. But the Guardian finger wagging soon turned to applause as writers queued up to acclaim Jordan as a heroic, almost messianic figure of twenty-first century post-modern feminism. After all, she looked after the other women in the camp and her control over the men there was worthy of Emmeline Pankhurst.

Anything for a story eh?



Avoid Looking Rubbish! Prevent Making Schoolboy Errors! Just Follow Gareth's Amazing How To Guide To London!

We've all been there. Post-pub 11 o'clock drought. You've got your drinking hat on, but you're not quite there yet, and you don't fancy the hectic rush to find a club that'll let you in wearing shorts and the t-shirt you sometimes sleep in. This week: buying after-hours booze...



First off, the scummier the shop you go to the better the chance you've got of coming away with the much sought after alcohol and not just a telling off. Secondly, you should be prepared to pay over the odds for your drink, maybe by a fiver or so, just to make it worth the poor guys while. Best bet is to go for something that costs around £12/£13 and slap £15 down and walk out with your wares, thanking the guy and wishing him a good night. But let's not get ahead of ourselves, first: the approach.

Unless the proprietor of the scummy shop you choose to commit an illegal approach in is as stupid as he is pikey, he's not gonna sell you booze with other people in the shop, so wait around until it's just you and him. No witnesses, see? If this means taking an inordinately long time choosing between Tango and Coke for mixers, then so be it. The guy'll know what you're up to, but he won't say anything. When the coast is clear, then comes the hard part. Remember, don't be too timid. This arouses disgust in the owners heart, and he'll feel

in control of the situation enough to be inclined to mess you about, and maybe charge you stupid amounts for a third of a litre of Blue Nun or something. Conversely, don't be too confident, as he'll revel in turning your arrogant ass away, alcohol-less. Approach the counter, and with a pally, resigned weary sigh tell him that you're not being funny, but would it be possible to get some Vodka? He'll tell you the sale of alcohol after 11 o'clock in the evening is illegal in this country. Don't be put off, this is all part of the game – the foreplay to the real involvement, if you will. This is the make-or-break time. Try and appeal to the humane side of the owner (who probably half suspects you're with the licensing authorities anyway). Choose your pitch according to the alcohol you're trying to procure. The generic line begins with the old 'I've just finished working at a bar and...' There, you've a cast-iron excuse for not having being able to buy booze earlier. Your foot's in the door. Then, if it's a four-pack of Stella you're after you may not even need a further explanation. If it's a bottle of vodka you're going for then the old '...and it's my mate's 21st and we just wanted to get some vodka for home.' This generally works, but don't make the SCHOOLBOY error of trying it two weeks in a row in the same place. How many mates have you got who have concurrent birthdays, and why do continue to fail to buy drink for them until too late? He'll say. And you'll be off home for a cup of tea and some late night Channel 5 like the Billy No-mates you are.

Finally, don't have your mates hanging around outside the shop giggling like schoolgirls. Don't rush it, or you'll look like you're both underage AND after-hours. Don't give up, even if two mates have gone in earlier and messed it up. Console yourself with the idea that they are amateurs and you, well, you're a professional. However, if you're two mates have already tried different excuses, you might be in for a tough one. Try and co-ordinate excuses, and you'll be well on your way to committing one of the least serious illegal acts I can think of. Good luck.

GARETH CARTER

mail

Subject: TV Ogre

Coronation Street is absolutely terrifying!!! I had no idea...It's as though they headhunted the ugliest people they could find to make up the cast! Hideous even for english standards! Should air it abroad as a form of immigration control. Over and out.

Dave

Subject: Aloud

I just listened to Bob O'Lean by Aloud and it's total shite.

Sarah

Subject: Selfridges

I payed a trip to London's biggest department store a few days ago. It did nothing for me except to confirm that these places are so big and overwhelming they're useless. You get lost, there's too much choice, it's overpriced and rubbish.

Daniel

Subject: Cocktails

My friend took me to a cocktail bar called Freud's at the weekend. It's a cocktail bar in Covent garden at the end of Neal street. It's well hidden down some dingy mental steps but don't be deterred by this. It's a great spot to know about if you're around covent garden and want to get away and they make really proper cocktails. No decorative umbrellas.

Sara

Spread the Love...

Got anything to tell us? Disagree with any of this? Send your b:mails this way and we'll print them here. Anything and everything arts related welcome:

Beavermails@yahoo.co.uk or N.Garrett@lse.ac.uk

Nice one

Your Guide to What's On This Week

T
U
E
S
D
A
Y

W
E
D
N
E
S
D
A
Y

T
H
U
R
S
D
A
Y

F
R
I
D
A
Y

S
A
T
U
R
D
A
Y

S
U
N
D
A
Y

MSc Accounting and Finance
Students Alumni Meet
17 February, 19:00, Pitcher and Piano, 42 Kingsway, WC1, 2 minutes from LSE
Non-members should sign up beforehand
Grab a pint, discuss business topics, make a friend, find a mentor, have a jolly time.

LSE Finance Society Presents
'Bank Of New York'
Tuesday 17th February, 1pm - 2pm, D1
An opportunity to find out more about what the Bank of New York does in London. Representatives from the firm will demystify banking terms such as ADR and custodianship. There will also be information about career and internship opportunities available in London.
Members Only - No need to register. Non-

GLOBAL SHOW
18/19th February, Wednesday and Thursday
7.15pm both nights
Show encompasses various acts from all over the world bringing different cultures to the heart of LSE. Tickets are only £3.00 (£2 for SU gold card members) and are on sale now in the SU reception (Ground floor of East Building) as well as on a stall on Houghton Street all this week!! Hurry tickets will run out fast!!!!

MSc Accounting and Finance
IASB, International Accounting Standards Board, monthly meeting.
18th Feb 2004
Must register. There are student presenta-

LSE Finance Society Presents
'Jacques Putzey Entrepreneurship Seminar'
Thursday 19th February, 1pm - 2pm, D202
Jacques Putzey is the cofounder of the Nasdaq Europe, and a successful venture capitalist. He will be talking about his experiences and advice on how to become a successful entrepreneur.
Free for All - no need to register

LSE Finance Society Presents
'PwC Psychometric Tests'
Thursday 19th February, 7pm - 8pm, D602
This is a great opportunity to get some helpful tips and advice about how to tackle those psychometric tests! PwC repre-

LSESU Southern African Society
Tourism and Trade Fair
Thursday 19th/Friday 20th Feb in the Quad between 12-2pm
Embassys, Tourism and Travel Operatos, Development Organisations, NGOs operating within the Southern African region manning stalls in the Quad, advertising the work they are doing, and how students can get involved in their programmes

Parents Society
Tax benefits available for working parents (information session)
Friday, 20th February, at 13h00 hrs, in room L04.
David Ealing, is an Assistant Accountant, in LSE's finance division, and is very

Grimshaw International Relations Club
Lecture
"The New Twenty Year's Crisis"
by Professor Ken Booth, University of Aberystwyth
Friday, Feb. 27 at 4:30pm
D202, Clement House, LSE
The lecture will be followed by a reception, an online sign-up will be held soon, preference given to Grimshaw Club members.

Central and Eastern European Society (CEEDS)
TRIP TO PRAGUE
21st-26th March 2004
The cost is 165GBP (inclusive of b&b hos-

Members can sign up at the door.
Schapiro Government Club presents...
LORD WILSON - 'Reflections of a Cabinet Secretary'
Tuesday 17th February (week 6), D602, 17.00.
The Cabinet Secretary and Head of the Home Civil Service until 2002 will come and recall his experiences in the Blair government to an LSE audience, including Sir Howard Davies. He will also take questions from the audience. Event is FREE, no ticket required.

China Development Society
'Law and finance in china: is Chinese financial market regulation working?'
by Dr Chenggang Xu, LSE
5:30pm-7:00pm, 17th of Feb, D202
No ticket required

tions on the IASB organization. If you are curious to see the presentations, please let us know and we will direct you to the site. Please contact Franklin Chiao, Chairperson MSc Accounting Finance Society at su.soc.MSc-Accounting-Finance@lse.ac.uk with any questions about these two events.

Slovenian Society
Introductory Meeting with Elections
5pm, Wednesday 18 February, 2004
G210

LSE Kenyan Society
A Presentation on 'Careers in Africa'
Wednesday 18th February
5-6pm

sentatives will be on hand to guide you through the process and answer any questions that you may have.
Members Only - No need to register. Non-members can sign up at the door.

LSESU Student Assembly Against Racism, Student Action for Refugees and People & Planet societies present:
Asylum rights today - defending human rights
Speakers include: An Eritrean asylum seeker, the 1990 Trust and Student Action for Refugees.
Thursday 19 February, 5pm. E304
Official Global Show 2004 After-Party
Thursday 19 February 2004 / 9pm - Late

knowledgeable on taxation matters in respect of overseas professors/teachers, etc and self-employed individuals, as well as the UK Paye system, of which taxable benefits forms part of.
A brief presentation will be followed by a Q&A session. For more information, please contact Su.Soc.Parents@lse.ac.uk

Chinese Society
Variety Show - Oriental Glamour
21st February, Old Theatre, 7:30pm
Contact at: 07900880279, 07771574138
An evening of glamour in dance, drama, music and fashion!

Duke of Edinburgh Society
One-Day First Aid Course

tel accomodation and return airticket), 50 deposit required
The programme will include visits to major European embassies (UK, D, USA), foreign ministry, EC delegation, Pilsen Brewery and, of course, Prague itself.
Don't miss this opportunity to Czech out the city in the heart of Europe!

LSESU Southern African Society
South African Wine Party
Monday 23rd February in Quad 6-9pm
Ticketing through RAG Week Food Fair
Come along taste the different wines from South Africa. There will be over 12 cases of wine that need to be finished.
Pay £5 for as much as you can drink!

Dr Xu is one of the leading transition economists in the world and an expert in the fields of Chinese financial market, SOEs (state-owned enterprises) and TVEs (township-village enterprises).
http://econ.lse.ac.uk/staff/cxu/index_own.html

Swing Dance Society
Swing Dance Class
Tuesdays 7-9pm S75
£2 per class
FuN! No prior dance skill necessary!

Malaysia-Singapore Society
ALIBI - MSS Disco
9:30pm, 17th February, CLICK - 84, Wardour Street, W1F OTG
£6 - Standard, £10 - VIP, limited table promo-

D402
Presentation by Sarah Roe & Sam Nganga from the Global Career Company

Health Policy Society
Speaker Event, Mr. Tom Smith (British Medical Association)
5pm; Wednesday, February 18th; H102
He will be speaking about increase patient choice, incentives in UK healthcare, and devolution of UK health policy - the extent to which it is diverging.

Go/Igo/Baduk/WeiChi Society
Weekly Meeting
2-4pm Wednesday, Room Y215
Free and open to all

£6 (with a global show ticket)
Tickets Available on Houghton Street All Week
Su.Soc.Swingting@lse.ac.uk/
Su.Soc.International@lse.ac.uk

LGBT Society (Lesbian Gay Bisexual and Transgendered)
Every Thursday at half 7 to 11pm @ Underground Bar
WE ALL GET Q-JUMP AND FREE ENTRY BEFORE MIDNIGHT (into Ghetto)
FABULOUS INDIE MUSIC AND FREE TEQUILA + ALL THE USUAL CHEAP DRINKS YOU'D EXPECT FROM THE UNION

Class begins at 9am on the 21st February in D109
Cost is 25 pounds, please make your cheque payable to, 'Iman Essop'. Put it in an envelope with your name, LSE e-mail and 'Duke of Edinburgh - First Aid Course' on it. Give the envelope to the SU reception and ask them to put the envelope in the Duke of Edinburgh Society pigeon hole - we'll then e-mail you all the details.

Any other information/brief description of event: This is an opportunity to gain your Basic First Aid Qualification. Promises to be good fun and you never know when you'll need it! Cost is £25. For more information contact su.soc.dofe@lse.ac.uk

tions
A night of cheap student-price drinks, and a great mix of music

Australia New Zealand Students Association (ANZSA)
Film Night: "Refugees at Sea: The MS Tampa Incident"
February 17, 2003 at 7.00 for 7.15pm; Room D302 (Clement House)
£1.00 at door
Includes wine; The Tampa crisis marked a definitive moment in Australia's modern history. ANZSA, as part of Global Week, invite you to a documentary film related to this amazing series of events.

Latin American
Weekly Salsa Classes
each Wednesday at 7 pm in the Old Gym (Basement Old Building)
£2 cost per drop-in session
Julian (from Club Salsa) will provide a friendly class with the basics of Salsa dance. No experience required. Singles welcome

Israeli Society Party
8pm, Wednesday 18 February 2004
Underground Bar
Tickets and information available on Houghton Street stall and at su.soc.Israel@lse.ac.uk.

LSESU Global Week 2004
16th-20th February 2004

MONDAY 16th
15:50s week quiz, kindly sponsored by STA Travel features special Global Week Questions and some extra prizes.
17:00pm
Present the film 'The Tampa: Refugees at Sea' (1997) from the Australian Society for Human Rights.
18:00pm
A film showing a documentary of the 'Tampa' crisis, which has caused a major international controversy over the rights of refugees and the role of the UNHCR.

TUESDAY 17th
The Quad 7pm
Present the film 'The Tampa: Refugees at Sea' (1997) from the Australian Society for Human Rights.
18:00pm
A film showing a documentary of the 'Tampa' crisis, which has caused a major international controversy over the rights of refugees and the role of the UNHCR.

WEDNESDAY 18th
18:00pm
Present the film 'The Tampa: Refugees at Sea' (1997) from the Australian Society for Human Rights.
18:00pm
A film showing a documentary of the 'Tampa' crisis, which has caused a major international controversy over the rights of refugees and the role of the UNHCR.

THURSDAY 19th
18:00pm
Present the film 'The Tampa: Refugees at Sea' (1997) from the Australian Society for Human Rights.
18:00pm
A film showing a documentary of the 'Tampa' crisis, which has caused a major international controversy over the rights of refugees and the role of the UNHCR.

LSESU RAG WEEK 2004
Raising money for charity has never felt so good!

Thursday 26th
Abseiling down the Old Building, 2pm - 5pm.
Ever fancy abseiling down the Old Building? How do you want to grab your sponsorship form from the SU reception and raise at least £20 and you can abseil down the Old Building or just bring £20, and along and do it!

Friday 27th
CRUSH, Quad, Underground and Tuns, 8pm - 2am
Before CRUSH we have the RAG mensale in the Underground 9pm - 10:30pm. Make sure you get down there! Come in your RAG spirit for free entry into CRUSH! Jimmy B plays in the Quad and Tony plays the best of R'n'B in the Underground.

Monday 23rd
LSESU International Food Fair, Quad, 7:30pm, £3 entry.
Sample food from all over the world and enjoy live music. LSESU societies represented include Afro Caribbean, African, Columbian, Japanese, Vietnamese and Southern African. Make sure to arrive early!

Tuesday 24th
Legendary LSESU RAG Pub Crawl, Three Tuns, 1pm
Turn up on your own to join a team or bring your team with you, choose one of the pub routes and go round London's noisiest, having a drink and raising money for charity. LSESU societies represented include Afro Caribbean, African, Columbian, Japanese, Vietnamese and Southern African. Make sure to arrive early!

Wednesday 25th
Stars in Their Eyes & AU Hastings, Quad, 7pm
Watch our Matthew Kelly LSESU's hosting it's own Stars in Their Eyes! Watch our ridiculous acts make it to the home of stardom. The winners will be those who collect the most money after performing with their friends. Look out for a chance to take the Stars in Their Eyes trophy home!

Thursday 26th
Sleep Out in Houghton Street, join other students braving the cold to sleep out in the foyer of the Old Market Building ready to catch the LSE staff coming to work on the morning for some charity cash. Then it's over to Wraith's bar for a MG.

Friday 27th
People and Planet Society sponsored first taste place over today. Contact su.soc.peopleandplanet@lse.ac.uk for details.

Sponsors:
fag week, unicef, Queen Elizabeth II Jubilee School, CANCER RESEARCH UK, STA TRAVEL, LSE students' union, www.statravel.co.uk

STA TRAVEL

AIR NEW ZEALAND virgin atlantic

EXPERIENCE IS EVERYTHING

ROUND THE WORLD

£629

FROM

+ £66 TAX



ROUND THE WORLD TALK
Jamies (Downstairs bar) 50-54 Kingsway
WC2 18.02.04 @ 1930 HRS

26 JANUARY - 2 MARCH 2004. 10% OFF ADVENTURE TOURS AND TRAVEL PASSES

**STA Travel, London School of Economics
East Building, Houghton Street, London WC2
Bookings & Enquiries: 020 7831 2989**



STATRAVEL LTD

WIN A PAIR OF ROUND THE WORLD TICKETS - GO ONLINE TO ENTER www.statravel.co.uk

Offers valid for bookings by 2nd March 04. Featured Virgin Atlantic & Air New Zealand fares are valid for travel from the UK 09/04/04 - 30/04/04. Special fares also available for other seasons up to 30/06/04. Booking fees & eligibility will apply. Ask a consultant for further details.

Marakon Associates

Summer Associate Consultant work experience programme

Apply with CV and Covering Letter
via the website by:

Sunday, 29th February 2004

Marakon Associates London
Office invites penultimate year
students to apply for an 8 week
Summer Associate Consultant
work experience programme

- Application: CV & cover letter via website
www.marakon.com/apply.html
- Deadline: February 29th 2004
- Enquiries: ukrecruiting@marakon.com

www.marakon.com/apply.html

4-5, Yet Morally We Won. Does That Count?

LSE Footie 3rds.....	4
GKT 2nds.....	5
Fortress Berrylands, Surrey	

Tobias
"Speckham"
Julen



In spite of a despicable performance in the preceding cup game, the Turds approached the Fortress with 14 decisive minds set on showing the pikey scum from GKT how football is supposed to be played. In spite of an end to a five-game victory streak, we sure did: from keeper to strikers we lined up a better formation, more skill and vicious aggressiveness. The only thing that was lacking was that final

ability to get the ball to cross the goalline, and unfortunately they had the margins on their side.

It all started well, a couple of minutes into the game Fabs "Flava" Joseph was set up with a brilliant pass. Shouting for about a minute before the ball actually crossed the line, he made no mistake. 1-0 and the GKT keeper had to get the ball from inside the net for the first time of the game. The geist in the third team was soaring as they called for seconds, and it was served - by the top goalscorer in the FC. James Healy, wearing his magic hat, soon nailed a second ball behind a keeper that could do nothing but yet again turn around to fetch a ball out of the net. The cutest couple in the FC had followed up their snuggling from Saturday night's booze trip with an almost equally epic date in front of the medic scum's keeper.

The atmosphere was temporarily dampened as GKT managed to sneak a ball behind "fit Nick" but was momentarily boiling as Fabs decided to step up the chase for the golden boot by netting his eighteenth for the season, leaving him only two behind his partner in

crime. After an absolutely shocking tackle on Bill "President" Kratz, and a cheeky little finish from a GKT run the Thirds left the pitch for half-time, rightfully up by a goal and in possession of the game.

Unfortunately, and against all that is fair in the world, the tide would turn. An outrageous referee call turned the cleanest eye-candy of a tackle, performed by Matt "Eugene" Bregolat (skilfully acquired on a one game loan from the seconds), into a penalty for the pikeys from Southeast London. Capitalising on the wrongfully acquired opportunity, their best player of the match scored the equaliser - and yet worse was to come.

After a number of failed attempts from the Thirds, GKT managed to win a corner. The skilfully whipped-in corner was met by a header, bounced off the bar, then off "fit Nick's" back and finally across the goalline. Another goal with an element of fluke, and GKT was up in the game for the first time. Minutes later, a low cross was caught by a GKT striker, who elegantly put it in with his heel - the only graceful goal created by that side.

With a constant pressure towards the GKT goal it was only a matter of time before the Thirds would score again. Narrow headers, well struck free-kicks, dangerous one-on-one situations could not go on forever. When Mark "LL Cool M" Hultum finally had to succumb to an injury Gremlin's genial move of subbing Rob "Eugene" Bregolat on was enacted. Within minutes Gremlin proceeded to set him up with a corner, successfully capitalised on - 5-4!!! Unluckily, time ran out before any more goals were scored - and the Thirds, being the better side, had to find themselves with the short stick.

Morally however, we were still the winners, and although yours truly had to work and then flee the country I am convinced that the Third team gathered in the Tuns and proceeded to wrong themselves and any gals or lads in close proximity in the way that only the Third team is capable of. Although I am currently in a plane somewhere over Krakow, I am convinced that I can still hear Healy outside Limelight: - "You racist, I am going to get you deported..." I know it is him - there can be no doubt. I know, I fuckin know...

LSE Hockey 2nds.....	4
SBLH.....	5
Middle Earth	

Sach
and
Nosh



Before we get to the match, we must respond to a complaint about the views expressed in many, okay all, of our articles. A much-maligned member of our team has complained at certain references to his sexual preferences. For obvious reasons, we can't mention his name but he has asked us to no longer refer to his (alleged) paedophilic tendencies. However we must point out that he showed a complete lack of denial (or remorse) of being a paedophile; but the bottom line is basically we can't call him a paedophile anymore.

Another week, another ten man squad thanks to the perennial sickness of our wannabe star player (wearing the number 7 shirt doesn't make you good, just look at Darren Anderton), Sach. Add to that the late

Rish* Does NOT Like Little Boys...

arrival of our wannabe striker, MashER, we started the game with only nine men. Well, eight men and Giles.

Things didn't get much better after we got off to a slow start conceding inside the first few minutes. You would have thought that would have woken us up, but it didn't. So we conced-

duly dispatched in style from the edge of the D by Bagpuss. You'd think that we would now go and win the game but we're shit (and only had nine players and Giles). We promptly went on to concede two sloppy goals before half time came around through sheer incompetence and excessive inbreeding in our back line.



ed another a couple of minutes later. However showing the battling spirit of a tender young lamb locked in Giles' basement (I know who's gonna be medium rare in the morning!), we came from behind. The first goal came after good work by some bloke out wide, supplying a cross from which someone else scored a blinder - flicking the ball at pace above the helpless 'keeper and the two defenders allegedly on the line. The opposition was rattled, allowing us even more time and space. Renewed pressure brought us a short corner almost immediately after the goal, which was

Knowing we could come back from a two-goal deficit, we realised the one thing we had to avoid was an early goal in the second half. Easier said than done eh? Nosh had his back to goal as did the man he was marking. As a quality defender Nosh gave him time and space to get in a shot and score. To be fair it was the first mistake he made in that ten minute period. But he's still quality (says Nosh) and adds years of experience to the defence, and with Rishi around that experience really counts.

At 5-2 down, we dug deep and found guts

and determination that Alan Hansen would have been proud of. In no particular order, Bagpuss and JJ scored to give us hope of a dramatic comeback. Bagpuss scored another non descript tap-in from about a yard out. JJ's goal was of significantly higher quality, so good in fact, that words cannot do it justice. So we won't bother. In spite of getting back to 4-5 with fifteen minutes to go and dominating the rest of the game, we couldn't find the elusive equaliser. Bugger.

Before we go and leave you waiting eagerly for your next weekly instalment of humour, sexist jokes (actually we haven't had one yet so here it is - "Why did God create women? Because dogs can't get beer out of the fridge" chortle chortle) and Rishi-bashing, there are a few things we need to mention.

Firstly your next instalment should actually be somewhere on this page, unless we're going to be lazy again and not write a match report. Secondly, it's not cool to pull hair in a fight. Thirdly, JJ, didn't your mother teach you not to lie? It's almost as bad as falsifying emails. Lastly, we must reiterate, Rish* is not a paedophile.

LSE Hockey Stars Bring Touch of Class to London Wastelands

LSE Hockey 1sts.....	4
St Barts.....	1
Stepney Green	

Richard
Wainwright



I've often heard people saying what a fantastic place London is. It's not. It's shit. Have you ever been to Stepney Green? Shithole. A pit of repugnance that has obviously taken war-torn Sarajevo as its social and architectural model for development. A few weeks ago QMWank possessed the temerity to arrange a fixture at the neighbourhood's questionable sports facility. Only three of their 'players' made it to the astro. My guess is that

the others were slowly picked off and molested by the pikey scum that obviously dwell in the dark recesses that are the back alleys of Mile End Road. Last week it was the turn of St. Barts to inconvenience our talented first squad and thus solicit a second tour of duty in Stepney Grim, E1.

The match started poorly. Suppa was late, Masha was stoned and Jackson was still trying to incorporate some shite lines from his latest viewing of Braveheart into the captain's speech. Gimp. Having overcome our initial inability to display any form of coordination, we swiftly adopted the champagne hockey that has characterised the latter part of our season. Incidentally, Zidane is still looking for his new Makelele and Suppa is still as arrogant as ever. The defence was also exhibiting some glimpses of cohesion and in Masha we for once had a goalkeeper who possessed more agility than Christopher Reeve. Sorry Sharon.

It wasn't long before we were 2-0 up, C*nt having finished twice with aplomb and also contriving to miss from a penalty stroke. C*nt.

The second half was much the same with the opposition increasingly frustrated at their own considerable inadequacies. The German was efficient as ever in the centre as his Chilean sidekick hacked lumps out of anyone harbouring pretensions of interrupting our hegemony of the hockey pitch.

Substitutions were made and Jacko's tactical genius became abundantly clear as the squad's strength-in-depth was shown off. Pedro grabbed a third from a tight angle (dedicating it to his wife and child) and there was even time for 'twice as nice' Porter to calmly gift the opposition a consolation goal. The ball was cut back to our northern friend from a sixteen and, as Jacko turned his back and ran in the opposite direction, the ball was lost and promptly slotted past Masha, who's Air Force Ones were unable to produce the same magic that they had exuded in the previous half. BB Dancer once again settled nerves with an outrageous stroke from the penalty spot, eclipsing FT Boy's earlier efforts at drag-flicking before the game.

The best was yet to come as Frodo tan-

gled with several socially challenged individuals from the dilapidated wreck that had once been the St. Barts team. Quips were made about their internship prospects at Burger King (supposedly emanating from FT Boy, who persists in referring to Goldman Sachs as 'GS') and handbags were drawn.

Meanwhile Frodo had obviously taken some form of illicit substance and was jumping around like an epileptic monkey amongst the opposition. He was to exhibit the same moves in the Underground Bar later that night. Hobbit. Two yellow cards later the game was resumed, the final whistle blown and St. Barts vanquished.

A good victory that lacked fitting celebration. The glove of love has long since been retired, binge drinking has become a distant memory and our captain orders a coke and goes unpunished. What has happened to our beloved first team? Social sec. do your job. LSEHC 1st team - winners on the pitch, losers off it.

50% Into Universities? Bring 'em On!

LSE Footy Firsts.....3

SOAS.....3

LSE win 4-3 on penalties

Fortress Berrylands, Surrey

Gaz 'The
Pirate' Carter



The problem, I'm reliably informed, of the government attempting to get 50% of prospective tertiary students into higher education is that, well, a lot of people in this country are not the type you want or need in university. In Layman's terms: there are an awful lot of pikeys about, who you don't want to give credence to by giving them a Student Loan and the belief that their HND in Masonry is worth anything. Never has this pikey problem been better illustrated than in the mighty mighty first team's last match against the illiterate, innumerate rude boys of SOAS. Ordinarily, if entrance to universities (and hence eligibility to play for a university football team) was on the basis of intelligence, and not on the misguided belief that having the majority of school-leavers studying sometimes imbecilic courses, then we would never have had to come face to face with such scum. Let me once again Picasso you a picture...

Having wiped the floor with SOAS only a week or so before, there was a disturbingly lacklustre approach from the first team. No matter, we thought, as we went one up after a superb strike from the Rooshter himself - Virgin Dom Rustam. The Golden Child Andy Scott's first full match back from horrendous injury was clearly too much for one SOAS pikey in particular: step forward Matthew Phillips (if their team sheet is to be believed. It shouldn't).

After headbutting the Golden Child (the ref refusing to send him off as part of the race relations act presumably) and kicking nine types of Spiderman costume out of the Rooshter, he broke a toenail and the self-styled 'hard-man' retired to the bench. During

the meantime we got a second, and it looked plain sailing. Jimmy Little, I think it was, in on the finish.

On the touchline young Matthew began to become irate at cheerleader Tammy and Elke's bounteous uglies and began to threaten them with assault and battery. Shiva's chivalrous father stepped in, and before long the touchline was a scene of pushing, shoving, jostling, barging and any other -ing you can think of, as long as it's slightly violent. It was finished with the classic Dudu line: 'Let's sort this out' followed by a whispered hush, where Matthew realised this wasn't an old granny he was dealing with here, it was 7ft 9 inches of Dudu.

By some travesty of luck SOAS got two back to bring it to 2-2 before, with 10 minutes remaining, they got a third. Improbable come-backs seem to be in fashion these days, but, as Matthew Phillips was so admirably proving on the touchlines, SOAS have no fashion sense. A driving run from Shiva 'don't ever sub me again' Tiwari brought a horrendous tackle in the box, and Andy Scott stepped up to stick the penalty away. The ref clearly hadn't been watching (again) and ordered it retaken. Andy Scott - of course - dispatched it with ease. We were level pegging when, with only a minute or so remaining, one of their forwards fell over in the area. Clearly unsighted by virtue of not really looking, the referee gave a penalty, much to the chagrin of all.

Nick Hill has been saving us more times in recent weeks than legal loopholes have dangerous drivers, and the penalty taker looked inadequate (he DOES go to SOAS remember). A spectacular save, down low to his right, saw Nick Hill bring about the justice he so wanted. 3-3. Extra time.

Extra time was noticeable only for the sixty yard lollipopping run of Gaz Carter with a minute left of extra time. Had he scored his attempted twenty-five yard drive, the report would finish now, but, going for the top corner and not actually looking to see where the top corner was, he blasted it, agonisingly over the bar. Here we go, the lottery of penalties. We were confident. Matthew Phillips had begun to abuse even his own teammates, and his medication was wearing off, so everyone was quite worried.

They scored first, but so did Mikey T.

Then they scored again, but so did Andy Scott. But then they missed, and young Scouse? Well, he doesn't miss from 12 yards out. They scored another one, and so did Jimmy L. They need to score the next one. But again, whatever performance-enhancing secret Nick Hill has, we pray it keeps working. His knees getting down to a driven penalty and we're through.

Matthew Phillips was left rabid on the floor, and we marched on, onwards and upwards, leftways and inside-out, to the second round of the ULU Challenge Cup. Come on.



The Paddy's Piece

A great sadness has washed over the Beaver this week. The Pirate filled his galleon with booty for the last time and set sail for the golden waters of B:Art, with nothing more than a barrel full of rum and a mild case of scurvy to remind him of his glorious two year reign over Beaver Sports. Fortunately Gareth Carter continues to send in articles and hang about the Beaver office like a trainspotter at Clapham Junction, so his presence is still keenly felt.

I reckon it's only right that I pay tribute to the work Gareth has carried out in his time as Beaver Sports editor. The weekly dose of quality reporting on the athletic exploits of this fine university wouldn't be the same if it wasn't for the Pirate. More importantly, where would we all be if we didn't have our weekly recounts of what drugs Andrew Schwartz ingested at the weekend? I'll tell you where. Up shit creek.

Now the formalities are out of the way I should tell you all a bit about myself. I was born on a small potato farm south of Belfast. I lived a happy and stable childhood, until my parish priest Father Joseph "This will be our little secret" O'Connor was jailed for life. Having to stand up in court and give evidence against him was tough, but I got through it. I turned to alcohol to block out my horrendous experience, and following a three day bender on cooking wine, found myself working as a galley boy on a cargo ship bound for Liverpool. Finding that car crime and drug dealing wasn't a career option for me, I signed up for LSE and never looked back. I began to regret my policy of never looking back following a distasteful incident outside a Soho strip club. But that's all in the past now.

Anyway, turning to sport. It's been a good week for the LSE teams. Women's rugby won their BUSA league, and are undefeated so far this season. Men's Rugby First Team won their first game of the season. The footie firsts knocked SOAS out of the cup on penalties and saw Shiva Tiwari's father involved in an amusing altercation on the touchline, which will hopefully have no legal ramifications. Netball Firsts returned to winning ways, and the Champagne Sevenths let everybody down by being knocked out of the Cup by Strand Poly. To be completely accurate, it was my fault, as handling the ball in one's own box with two minutes to go in a cup tie against your biggest rivals, with the score at 1-1, is not a course of action to be recommended. Fuck it though, it was ball to hand and the referee looked like he was about to keel over from Alzheimer's.

Saturday nights in Lent term invariably mean going to a house party, unless, that is, your name is Joss Sheldon and you spend your Saturday nights learning the intricacies of the night bus network in East London. A serial shitter is frequenting AU house parties this term, leaving a soiled pair of underpants at the Marcia Road gathering a few weeks ago, and a turd of inordinate length (photographic evidence would suggest approximately eleven inches) on Sixth team captain Oyvo's bathroom floor. Anyone with any information is asked to contact their local police station. All calls will be treated in the strictest confidence, and the names of any suspects will not appear in this column. ~~C*nt Ivan~~. Saturday night sees The Manor in North London, home of S. Roast, opened to the general public. Guests are asked to bring their own meat, and please don't shit on the floor.

Bye.

A Fabian Rant...

These are the members of the third football team, boldly getting drunker than any men before. Da dada dada da, dada da der der der duna der Vice captains log star date 15 walkabouts and 3 days, couple of hours and one pint.

There is a major crisis, bone crunching Lithuanian terrorist Kasper has sabotaged our ship, but we have now won four games on the trot, unbeaten in five. Help, we are getting too good!

My captain Chris Davies has had a drop of beer fall on his cuddly exterior and has turned into a 'Gremlin' and is now eating in true cannibalistic style the entire kings and Holloway c*ntish contingent.

Senior officer James 'Jez' Healy is trying to stop drinking but just keeps saying, "look at MEE" Pull yourself together man! You're the top goal scorer in the football club for god's sake.

I don't know where to turn, first mates and housemates to El Capitan are no longer human. Jazz jazzy jeff has been lost on the planet ministry of sound for some weeks now. Finally V... this is unknown.

With these officers absent from body and mind I have to look to the new recruits.

Unfortunately these are no better. In an attempt to clone Jez Healy and remove all alcoholic faults, we have failed. We named it Jim and it is twice as bad as the last Healy with a penchant for triple vodka red-bulls. In charge of weapons we of course have

Americans. This has also backfired; our president William 'Bill' Kratz is as sloppy a post-graduate as his namesake Clinton was a president. The other named Steve has no known age, he says on a Wednesday it's about 20/21 but he always looks at least thirty. These two have emptied all weapons stores in order to make way for alcohol.

From other teams last year we have recruits. At first we thought steals/bargains,



now we realise they were rejects. My first mate, as master bates was to captain pug-wash, is Mark LL cool M Hultum. Like Jazz he has not been seen for some weeks... last known whereabouts; lower ground floor library studying the art of sex in the library. From an unknown place in the corners of the FC we also have Tobi Speckham. With all others away or inebriated this man has come to my rescue and is going to save us ... but oh he let it through his legs.

All is not lost, a real goalkeeper has been picked up on the radar. And yes we are saved: it is the real fit Nick, with a very real fit bird. But

no, she is speaking and her Australian voice has blown the shipmates' eardrums. 20 - 17 in case anyone forgot!

In the engine room of the mighty third ship luckily we have a Scotsman. Mmmm Andy 'euan Blair' Logan just turned 19, first year and still a virgin he is therefore. "Stop drinking please" I ask, but alas in vain as I here the reply, "I'm sorry cap'in I just canna do it!". I am contemplating 'diving' on board our Italian lieutenant, Matteo Hefner's, playboy shuttle and starting afresh.

BUT NO, if you have not realised I am third team till I die, as we all are.

On previous missions we have overcome far more; only last week we encountered the sloppy seconds disease, unfortunately some were hit worse than others. Jez Healy accompanied this with weirdo stalker syndrome and is still suffering, being forced to return to mingers of his level again. I have to log this as I have just myself awoken from a terrible ailment, Joy disease. Luckily I have emerged unscathed but for an allergy to the rare 'pink' bits of beef, answers on a postcard please!

Surely it can't get any more wrong, for use of a rugby term...but wait what is this the Starshit Fourth team are on a collision course with our mighty steed. Estimated collision time first Wednesday of February, Berrylands.....

To be CONTINUED.

LSE Legends Leave Gimperial Golfers Guttled

LSE Golf.....A Lot
Gimperial Golf.....Not Much
Denham, Wherethefuckshire

Stuart Millson



I was really looking forward to ridiculing the Gimps in this article, mocking their incompetence and more particularly laying into their social ineptitude, borne about from living in a world where prowess at physics is valued more highly than physical prowess, glasses and acne are considered fashionable, the ratio of men to women is 8 to 1 and the ration of men to women-you-might-consider-shagging-even-with-your-best-beer-goggles-on is 8000 to 1. Unfortunately for the entertainment value of this article, they were all medics, and really nice guys, without facial deformities or anything. Too bad, I'll slag off the other teams we've played instead.

First, Buckinghamshire Chilterns. Why the fuck would you choose to spend your time at university, the best days of your life, in High Wycombe? I'd never been to the place before, never had any desire to go there and have no desire to ever go back. But they have willingly chosen to spend not just 4 hours there, but 4 years. Perhaps it's the only place where you can do a degree in golf course management. But then why the fuck would you choose to spend 4 years learning how to cut grass, rake sand and plant trees? Still, I wish I'd kept their contact details. I'll need someone to tend my massive Surrey estate once my LSE degree

has made me obscenely rich.

Secondly, the WANKERS from Portsmouth. I don't know whether it's because there's nothing to do in Portsmouth other than stare lovingly at sailors (which judging from their golf team is quite a popular hobby) so they cram lectures into Monday, Tuesday,

crappy unis from miles away, and lost, but fuck it. This time we were playing a proper London uni.

Things began well. We got 3 points up on the board quickly as the opponents of Tienpeng, That and captain fantastic Lee all wilted faster than the erection of a man who



Thursday and Friday, or that they're so fucking brain-dead that they need Wednesday off to rest their poor little brain cells, but the captain was astonished that we couldn't start any earlier than 12:30. He insisted that this was not enough time to finish the match, and actually quoted BUSA regulations at us saying that they should be awarded the match. Sorry you poor deluded twat, but some people have more important things to do than study BUSA rules, like getting a degree that is actually worth the paper it's written on.

But I digress. We'd played games against

just found out that his blind date was Ann Widdecombe. It was all coming down to the games involving Stuart, Guy and Craig.

Stuart revelled in his customary role as sacrificial lamb, and waved good-bye to the usual shite he produces to reach the green pastures of mediocrity as he held on to the 2 handicapper he played most of the way round before eventually succumbing 4&3. Guy, meanwhile, was a victim of the cynical good nature of his opponent. Having been 5 down after 10, he won the next 4 holes and had a short putt for the win on 15. But with his oppo-

nent down and there for the taking, Guy looked at his sweet smiling face and could not bear to bring down the axe, three-stabbed to lose the hole and eventually lost 3&2.

And so it was that it was that our destiny was in the hands of Craig. This was not especially reassuring, since with his first two shots of the day he had managed to advance the ball the grand total of 30 yards, and that is only because of a lucky bounce off a road. He then promptly shanked his third shot into the trees on the right. Fortunately, the strong mind that makes this general course student fit so well into the intellectual powerhouse of LSE came into play, as he put the nightmare behind him to shoot what was considering the conditions (the wind was blowing so hard that Jordan would have developed an inferiority complex) a very handy 80, which gave him a 5&4 victory and more importantly made LSE the golfing champions of ULU.

Such a momentous victory deserves a momentous night of celebration. Having started the post match celebrations in the clubhouse at 3 and continued them on the bus home thanks to the amiability of our driver (possibly something to do with the enormous joint he smoked while we were playing) the Tuns toilets could not come soon enough. After staying there to get battered, we stored our clubs in Jalath's office before being the fortunate recipients of personal invitation from Peter Stringfellow to peruse his new "talent"

Our athlete's bodies and aura of victory were too much for the girls, and we enjoyed celebration sex in the comfort of the Savoy. Maybe. Because I have no idea what happened after about 9, but had a shocking hangover this morning. Ask one of the others what we did.

Firsts Back on Top - Just How We Like It...

LSE Netball 1sts.....29
St George's.....17
Tooting, Broadway

LSE Netball 1sts.....26
Gimperial.....23
Lincoln's Inn

Olivia Schofield



As Chumbawumba once said "I get knocked down, but I get up again, you're never going to keep me down." True to form, the marvellous netball first team put the misery of last week behind them and stormed on the pitch to win not one, but two fantastic victories. Not only did we whip arse twice, but in the second match we did so with only 6 of our own players. Now that is true talent.

Monday's match was against the cheating bitches that are St. George's. I should clarify here that the players themselves aren't the cheats, but since their umpire is the worst and most biased umpire I have ever come across, they gain that name by association. Sorry girls. We trekked down to some place called Tooting Broadway, fuck knows where it is, but it takes a very very long time to get there. Then you have to walk through a hospital, yes a hospital, to get to the netball courts. How fucked up is that?! Not letting ourselves get infected by bird flu or any other dodgy diseases lurking in the hospital we found the courts ok. Since we have played St. George's before we were aware of their umpires lack of GCSE maths, and so we had brought our own umpire, Grace, who is officially the best umpire in the world ever.

We got on court, which I am sure is smaller than regulation, or at least feels that way - like playing in a box really. The whistle blew and we began. I can't remember the exact score but I'm sure we were leading all the time. Now this is where we made a big mistake. Apparently beating a St. George's team is unthinkable, they were shit and losing, and so the umpire felt it was her duty to help them out. Before we knew it 3ft was 6ft, our goals were added onto their score, and also the umpire acquired the magical gift of foresight since she blew us up for offences we didn't even have time to make - it was as if she knew we would do something wrong, blew the whistle, then created an offence. It was hilarious. Poor CAPTAIN PHOEBE as usual was taking most of the shit, even before she had time to do anything the whistle would sound and a blood-thirsty voice would screech "obstruction" "distance" "foul" "foul" "foul"..... Whenever their shooters had the ball both our defenders would be taken out of the game for mysterious reasons until St. George's managed to score. Since their shooters were crap this could take a long time, and their umpire was starting to realise her game was up when Jade and I continually shouted "remember Maame, stand 5ft away!" This is where our umpire saved the day. Grace is overly qualified for umpiring university netball, she normally umpires professional games (I think). With her expert knowledge and eagle like eyes she resorted to "any-

thing you can do I can do better..." At every opportunity she picked up on their fouls, but the difference between Grace and the umpire from hell was that Grace's fouls were legitimate and she only picked them up after the occurred and not before! For example, my player wanted to have a go at 'blind netball' i.e. she puts her hand over my eyes when I'm shooting (literally) and then pretends she can't see either by feeling for me to see where I am, officially known as "feeling for your player" and "intimidation". By the end of the match I was almost crying with laughter. I guess you had to be there for this to be funny. I'll shut up now. I'm sure you've all got the jist of it anyway. Despite this blatant cheating we won and that's all that matters!

Wednesday's game was less of a joke. We were playing Gimperial, notorious for their lack of sporting abilities and their old pervert coach. This game would normally be a walkover (I don't think LSE 1st have ever lost to them). The problem was that Jade was getting high in Amsterdam and that left us with 6. Well, really 5.5 since Siobhan hadn't fully recovered from her ankle injury and so was unable to play her normal position of centre. For the benefit of people who know who we are and what netball is I will briefly list the position swap and new tactics, although I can't guarantee this will be interesting. Basically, Maame stayed as GK, she's fantastic and can't be moved (or so we thought at the beginning). Fabs, normally WD, got moved back to GD. Siobhan went from C to WD. Ash from WA to C. Fiona (second team captain) bravely volunteered to fill in as WA. Then the biggest switch; CAPTAIN PHOEBE went from GD, to GA! I stayed put as GS. That's the science bit over. The first half was too close for comfort. We were playing well but there seemed to be a bit of unease in our movement. People were uncertain when and

where to move in their new position. Credit has to be given to everyone though because everyone played their best and CAPTAIN PHOEBE surprised us all by scoring some beautiful goals.

However, at half time it was clear something needed to change if we were to give them the beating they deserved. Right, now for another science bit. CAPTAIN PHOEBE was moved back to her regular position as GD since now more than ever we needed her dominating presence in the defending third. Siobhan and Ash moved back to their regular places C and WA. Marie, a 2nd team player, played amazingly at WD, and luckily for us she managed to play for our team before playing for her own team afterwards and breaking her ankle - ouch! I got moved forward to GA, and Fabs went into GK to allow Maame to be moved to GS.

This new formation added new enthusiasm for the game. This combination worked brilliantly. I have to say that having Maame as GS was the best decision CAPTAIN PHOEBE has ever made. She was phenomenal - and I know by saying this I am writing my way out of the team! Although I have to blow my own trumpet and say that I was pretty damm hot at GA (only joking I was rubbish!). The point is it was so enjoyable to see any hope left in Gimperial's faces quickly evaporating as we raped, pillaged and plundered on the court to an amazing comeback and victory. We rock.

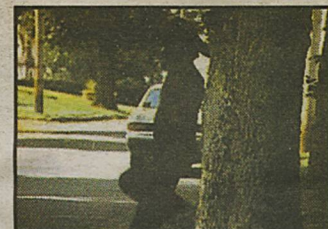
We have a well deserved week off next week, allowing Jade time to re-focus her eyes, so we can put everyone back in their proper positions for the following week. It also means I can spend Thursday hungover in bed - the way Thursdays are meant to be spent, rather than racking my brain for something to write! Ciao x

BeaverSports

Tuesday 17 February 2004

Issue 596

Meet the New
Co-Sports Editor
(he is so pretty!)



"Success is how high you bounce when you hit the bottom"

General George Pattern

BeaverSports: Rich saves Rugby 1sts from all year defeat

About Bloody Time...

LSE Rugby IX.....47
Roehampton.....12
Fortress Berrylands, Surrey



Matt
'Moochy Legs'
Browne

Suggestion of the day - "If you love a girl don't wank off in front of her in the TUNS"

We have been waiting for this day 'like Sir Moriarty-Lewis waiting for the day Tara becomes single. The score reflected the amount of money spent on our education in relation to theirs and the amount of money spent on our kit in relation to theirs. They were a good bunch of guys however and all condolences go out to their winger who not only had to face the sheer pace of Dipac and

Ross but was also dumped by Lloyd. An action that was to pocket Richard Branson in the form of an emergency call out in request of a Virgin Helicopter to airlift the poor guy to hospital.

We fielded our oldest team of the season, Ed Harrold (47) and Ash (39). Experience paid

slippery and he can catch.....very well) Try of the day has to go to Craigy with a chip and chase that even Elis would have been proud of. (We did miss Elis in the centres this year.)

We played particularly well considering the injuries we were suffering. D-man was missing after a particularly aggressive fight in



off. The forwards were tremendous. Craig 'stealing' a lot of ball in the scrums', stealing being the operative word. With the power of Rod at tight head, almost wobble-esque at times, we won a lot of ball, which our backs capitalised on. Ross scored 2, Dipak scored 2 (catching the ball more times than Emmo caught the soap in the shower. It wasn't even

Walkabout left him with a nasty knee injury; he is such an angry man. Leggy was nursing a term's hangover and Kervill choose to spend some quality time with his new girlfriend.

The new players however dominated. Pinky hussled well and Emmo played a stormer at scrum half, considering he had to change position at such late notice. There are

some major new developments in that boy's life at the moment, some not as public as a position change.

Lever's place was at risk from the Womens Rugby Fly Half but he rose to the challenge taking all of Emmo's passes whether they were at his head or his feet.

Our first half performance was magical, UNITED would have been proud of us. There was even time for Ballsucker to get in a fight and attempt to flex his puny guns. Unfortunately our second half performance was a little weak, something that tends to happen every game. The only man able to keep up with the pace was farmer John. We should all take a leaf out John's book next year and do some fitness training.

The brilliant victory was finished off with a night never to forget. 'What do you call a man with a spade in his head?' etc etc. Any exciting bitch-slapping at Walkabout? Due to popular demand - 'Browneye can't tackle or catch.'

On a more serious note, we all owe a lot to Rich. He has been a great captain when things haven't been going well. He has given 100% every game, when most of us have given up and is definately my vote as player of the season. Apparently he and his girlfriend are rather partial to golden showers.

The moral of the season is, we need team spirit to win and we have to train harder.

LSE Scoring Frenzy Over ULU and BUSA

LSE Netball 2nds.....49
Tinsmiths.....4
Mile End



Alison
Blease

To make up for an entire week without being bombarded by tales of the netball 2nds' astounding skill and unbelievable aptitude for the beautiful game, you have a double whammy this week. Monday night saw the seconds gathering at Mile End for a quarter final cup showdown against Goldsmiths. It didn't look too good initially as we were a player short but club social secretary Helen stepped in to play WA and Rachel O switched from her usual position to play shooter as Louisa was slugging back the wine at some pre-interview piss up thinly disguised as a 'dinner'- but that's banks for you!!

It was a fucking freezing night but that did not slow us nimble LSE athletes for a second and we set a blistering pace. It became apparent very early on that the competition were sadly lacking in anything resembling netball skills or in fact sporting ability of any kind. Without exaggeration they were shockingly bad and I can only assume that they made it to this stage of the cup by a series of walkovers and strange coincidences whereby they avoided actually playing netball entirely. At the end of the first quarter we were leading 11-0. The

LSE Netball 2nds.....47
Reading.....31
Lincoln's Inn

scoring frenzy did not abate although towards the end of the second quarter I think our defence experienced the briefest moment of pity because Goldsmith's shooter actually managed to get the ball and they scored their first goal. This did not exactly dishearten us because we had a good twenty goal lead at this point!! The cries of "Come on Goldies you've played better than this" that emitted from their WA only increased our mirth cos clearly they had never played better, they had never played well at all, in fact I doubt that they have ever managed a 'satisfactory' in a post match analysis. Personally if I was being polite I would have rated them as 'must do better' - but seeing as I am never polite 'fucking shit' should give you the general idea.

After the first quarter we had questioned the need to spend an entire hour of our time out in the freezing cold when it was going to be a walkover anyway, why didn't they just concede and salvage a little pride? Presumably because they don't know what pride is where netball is concerned - no one could be proud of this bunch of scummy students playing some poor attempt at schoolgirl netball. Anyway... back to the point we were pissing all over them so thought we would have a bit of fun. Captain Fiona was feeling a bit rough and so decided to shoot; however this plan backfired when she saw more of the ball scoring goals than any

other position. Rach O went to centre and to stop Laura from freezing to the spot due to sheer inactivity and the ball never getting near her end of the court at GK, she took a turn at GD, thus staving off the frostbite.

What can I say, we continued to kick some less than golden arse until the score finished 49-4, and the funny thing was... none of us even felt remotely like we had had any exercise at all. It was as if we had just strolled around the park in which the courts are situated. The semi final is against St Georges who play in the league above us and is on Monday - or yesterday as it will be when you read this so I don't suppose it is possible for you to wish us luck but never mind - like we need it!!!!

Two days later and we found ourselves at Lincoln's Inn to play our nearest rivals in BUSA league - Reading. Marie and Captain Fiona had just finished playing half a match each for the firsts and it was straight on with our game. We were prepared for a close match and came out fighting from the first whistle. The first quarter went brilliantly and we picked up a significant lead with Krystal and Louisa on shooting form that any psychopathic lunatic would be jealous of! We were grateful for this in the second quarter when the teams played pretty evenly, we managed to keep hold of our lead but couldn't extend it at all. The third quarter began with us playing better again, we worked hard, kept it all tight and started to wear them down picking up a few more goals but then DISASTER STRUCK.

One minute I was marking my player as we tried to stem Reading's movement up court, the next I turned round to catch sight of Marie flying through the air to land with a scream followed by considerable swearing. I am not joking, within thirty seconds her ankle looked like she

had a bowling ball stuffed down her sock. Club Captain Nat and Social Sec Helen who had been watching quickly carried Marie off to St Phillips and Amy agreed to come on and play GD for us. Once we recovered from the shock we began battling again more determined than ever now to make Reading pay for daring to fuck with us - the MIGHTY and yet modest and unassuming LSE 2nds. Amy played brilliantly, I got the distinct impression that their GA was truly scared of her.

So the good news is that we won both matches this week - again! We have not been defeated since October and now we are in the cup semi final. The bad news is that our star defender is going to be out for the foreseeable future. If you see her hobbling about LSE on her crutches please let her in the lifts before you when you are just being too lazy to take the stairs as she is a hero who was injured in action whilst displaying LSE's utter superiority in every possible sphere. Aine who is our other GD has been out since Christmas when she broke her collarbone and at the time of writing is furiously doing exercises to try and regain full rotation of her shoulder so that she might be able to play for us in the cup semi on Monday and our final BUSA match on Wednesday...and then there are the six or seven ULU games left to play! Whatever happens we will give the ability to shine like diamonds even in the thickest and ugliest rough there is... and believe me 'rough' is exactly the word that springs to mind when you catch sight of some of our opposition! One final thought to leave you all with - the seconds are SUPERSTARS, we are AMAZING, SUPERB, WONDROUS, ASTOUNDING, STUPIFYING, HYPNOTIC, BRILIANT, UNBELIEVABLE, INCREDIBLE.....you get the picture, right?