

The Beaver

The newspaper of the London School of Economics Students' Union since 1949 • 4 March 2008 • Issue 684



part B
is science
fiction

www.thebeaveronline.co.uk

Jobs for the boys



Photo: Lucie Marie Goulet
Wil Barber
Treasurer

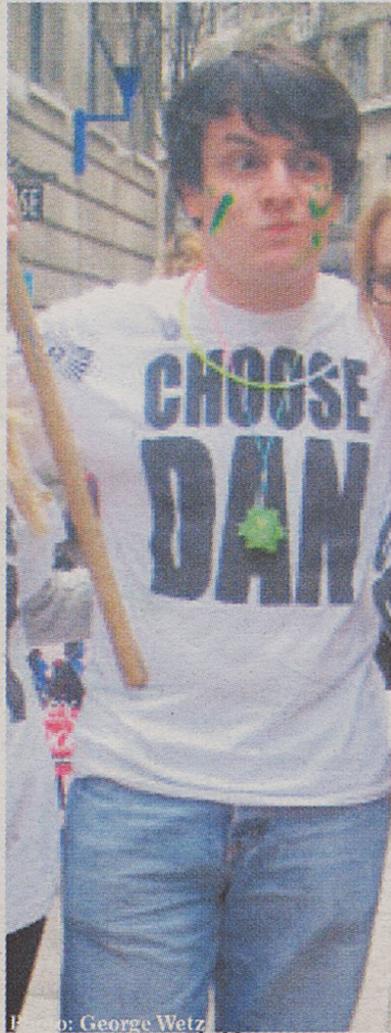


Photo: George Wetz
Dan Sheldon
Communications



Photo: Dan Sheldon
Aled Dilwyn Fisher
General Secretary



Photo: Ravi Mistry
Emmanuel Akpan-Inwang
Education and Welfare

» **General Secretary Aled Dilwyn Fisher will lead all male Sabbatical team**
» **Self proclaimed 'dream team' all long-standing friends**

HENRY LODGE NEWS EDITOR

Aled Dilwyn Fisher has been elected as the next General Secretary of the LSE Students' Union and will lead an all male self-proclaimed 'dream team' of close friends as its new paid Sabbatical Officers.

Fisher was elected to be next year's General Secretary with 38% of the vote, Daniel Sheldon won a closely contested Communications Officer race, Wil Barber becomes Treasurer after votes for re-open nominations were reallocated under the Single Transferable Vote system. Emmanuel Akpan-Inwang won the election for Education and Welfare Officer unopposed. All will receive a salary of around £26,000 for their year in office.

Between them the newly elected officials have a wealth of campaigning and organisational experience and are thought of as 'establishment figures' within the Students' Union. However, the fact that Fisher, Barber and Akpan-Inwang lived in Rosebery halls together and are all long time friends of Sheldon have left the newly elected

team open to allegations of resembling an old boys club.

Those close to the election victors have argued that the team's closeness will give them a greater chance of fulfilling their manifesto promises.

Fisher, who ran a campaign promising a Union that would balance the improvement of the student experience and wider campaigning, told *The Beaver* "I am delighted to have been elected as General Secretary - it's the proudest achievement of my life and I'm raring to go"

Fisher had faced stiff competition from the strongly supported and widely known Daisy O'Brien and tough-talking Steven Wall who has already declared the result a "tragedy".

Fisher told *The Beaver*, "My first aim will be to hit the ground running next year with an inclusive Freshers program; one that inspires and activates new students to get involved with the Union and use their collective power to fight for an education we deserve."

In a close race Dan Sheldon beat Gaby Disandolo by just 38 votes to become Communications officer. Sheldon reportedly wept with joy upon learning of his victory, and said: "I'm so happy. It

was so close. I feel a great sense of relief, now I can get my life back."

The Communications race became marred in controversy by the fact that Ziyaad Lunat's name appeared on the paper ballot paper despite his earlier withdrawal from the race. Returning officer James Bacon assured *The Beaver* that no votes were counted for Lunat, and that anyone who registered Lunat as their first preference simply had their second preference counted as if it were their first.

Lunat had pledged his support to Abz Hussien and promised to convince societies within which he was influential to endorse his campaign. His decision to run against Hussien came as a surprise to the Hussien camp and many have suggested that Lunat was pressured into withdrawing from the race. Lunat has since said that he only put his name forward in order to be allowed to make a speech during hustings events.

Wil Barber, who gained less first preferences than Shayaan Afsar but won on redistribution of re-open nominations votes, was elected to Treasurer by just 30 votes. It was Barber who coined the phrase 'dream team'.

"It's such a cliché, but I'm speech-

less. I don't want to comment until the Gen Sec result is announced, but the entire dream team is going to be elected," he told *The Beaver* just before Fisher's victory was announced.

Emmanuel Akpan-Inwang was elected Education and Welfare Officer unopposed. Speaking to *The Beaver* on count night, he said, "despite the fact that it was uncontested, students deserved to meet the Ed-Welfare candidate, and I was out on the street campaigning and explaining my policies. The voters have chosen me for the position, and I'm looking forward to next year."

1617 students voted in the elections. 1752 voted last year, a second consecutive drop.

A new Executive Committee of the Student's Union was also elected, with 10 part-time positions being filled.

Four of the ten part-time elections were uncontested. Nominations had to re-open after nobody nominated themselves forward for either Mature and Part Time officer or Students with Disabilities Officer.

The Constitutional and Steering Committee and Finance and Services Committee were also elected.

» For further details turn to page 4-5

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Sounding the alarm about drink spiking on campus



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Interview with Joseph Stiglitz

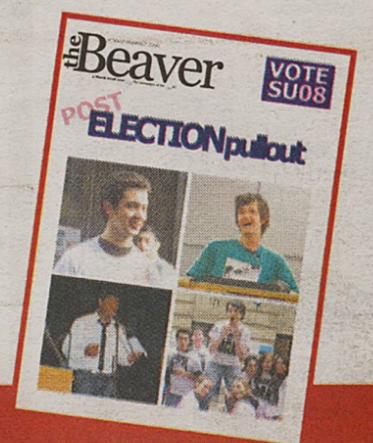


» Sports 23

Basketball win London Cup



» Pullout



» The election results in full for every Students' Union position

Higher Education News



Urban universities to lose out on access funding

FUNDING allocations for the AimHigher access initiative for 2008-11 have revealed a dramatic drop in urban university funding. Rural areas are in line for substantial increases in the funding, which is for widening university participation.

Sussex, for example, will receive £1.6 million to spend on improving access. This represents a 74 per cent increase on 2007, when it received an allocation of just over £900,000. Similarly, Hampshire and the Isle of Wight will receive 58 per cent increases.

On the flip side, AimHigher funding for the Tees Valley will be cut from £2 million to £1.6 million, a 20 per cent cut, and Tyne and Wear and Greater Merseyside will see similar reductions. East London and Greater Manchester will both also face cuts of 19 and 17 per cent respectively.

Partnership-with-industry initiatives to be rewarded

THE Chief Executive of the Higher Education Funding Council for England, David Eastwood, last week said that working students and employers will be playing an increasing role in steering the higher education sector.

He said that 18 to 21-year-old school leavers are no longer "in the driving seat" of the sector, and has confirmed the recipients of almost £50 million to develop new degree courses in partnership with businesses.

He said that students juggling full-time work and family responsibilities will increasingly demand more personalised means of learning, and that the sector was witnessing the start of "a new political economy", with student fees and employers contributing a greater proportion of higher education funding.



Slight rise in female professors

NEW figures demonstrate a slight increase in the proportion of female professors at UK universities. While the female share has edged up slightly, they are still outnumbered more than five to one by male professors.

In 2005-6, Higher Education Statistics Agency figures reveal that 16.7 per cent of professors were women, and the 2006-7 figures show a rise to 17.5 per cent.

The proportion of female senior lecturers and researchers is much higher, however, at 36.8 per cent. The new figures demonstrate that many more women than men are working part time, and that nearly two-thirds of non-academic university staff are female.

Sally Hunt, the Universities and College Union General Secretary said that "Fair, open and transparent recruitment procedures are in everyone's interests, not just women."

Beaver Archive
BEAVER
 NEWSPAPER OF THE STUDENTS' UNION, LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE
 MAY, 1953
GRANTS UP BY £19 A UNION MEETS LCC
LONDON DAY STUDENTS' AWARD
BEAVER IS MASCOT RETRIEVED
COUNCILORS CIRCULARISED

After protracted negotiations between the Grants and Fees Committee of the London School of Economics Union, working on behalf of other London colleges as well as LSE, and the London County Council's Education Committee, the LCC has decided to increase the grants of day students by £19 per annum.

May 1953
Grants up by £19 after Union meets LCC

LSESU RAG
 RAISING & GIVING

BLACK TIE Pub Crawl
 Wednesday March 12th - 7pm - 1st stop the Tuns!

You loved the Rainbow Pub Crawl, you loved the Pub Golf? And even if you didn't, you can still redeem yourself!

Join us for our first ever BLACK TIE Pub Crawl!!! Time to drop all your inhibitions! Whatever style you want - just bring that bit of Class!! Just what we need to say our good-byes after a extenuating term of hard work...!

9 pubs, delicious drinks (colors, degrees of alcohol and textures to please everyone), and a few challenges on the way just for laughs...

SPORT RELIEF 2008
 March 14th Lincoln's Inn - 4pm!!
 www.lsesurag.com/sportrelief

On March 14th LSE's Staff and Students will be joining together to run, walk or perhaps crawl a 1 mile lap round Lincoln Inn Fields to raise money for Sport Relief 2008!

Give £1 to run or if you don't want to run donate and support at
 www.mysportrelief.com/lse

The nation comes together for Sport Relief: Busted to Fearn Cotton, Howard Davies to Jonathon Ross and Alan Shearer. The Nation goes wild this weekend for Sport Relief - Join the Giant LSE run on Friday March 14th - Donate in the Box in SU reception or online at
 www.mysportrelief.com/lse

Also Keep Monday June 9th Free for the LSE Summer Ball 2008 - Montecarlo!

www.lsesurag.com



Livingstone unveils attack-plan

IN his speech to the Labour Party's spring conference in Birmingham last week, Ken Livingstone unveiled his attack lines against Conservative candidate Boris Johnson, describing him as "George W Boris".

Livingstone described Johnson as a "fake" and a "flip-flopper", having apparently changed his mind on such issues as gay rights and the smoking ban. He said his opponent had done "more U-turns than a London black cab" in covering up his opposition to the Kyoto treaty on climate change.

Livingstone said he can expose his rival as "out of touch" with Londoners, and pandering to a Telegraph-reading base that will put off cosmopolitan voters.

MPs to cut bottled water consumption

IN response to the *Evening Standard's* Water on Tap campaign, MPs announced last week their intention to drastically cut back on the number of bottles of water drunk at Parliament.

More than 100,000 litres of bottled water are sold every year in the Commons restaurants and bars, and MPs and staff working on committees receive a further 16,200 litres free of charge. Parliamentary staff further use 34,000 litres of water mostly from water coolers.

In reaction to these statistics, Nick Harvey, Liberal Democrat MP for North Devon, told the *Standard*: "I'm not satisfied we have a sustainable policy on bottles and we must review it. Public attitudes are shifting very fast." He and other MPs would like to see the Commons follow in the steps other large employers have taken. The Wolseley in Picadilly and Wagamama, for example, have said they will provide free tap water without prejudice to customers who ask for it.

Embassies owe £10 million in parking fines and charges

ACCORDING to the results of a Guardian Freedom of Information Act request for London, 20 embassies in London owe a combined £10 million in outstanding penalty charge notices.

The figure puts America at the top of the list, now owing more than £2 million in unpaid congestion charge payments and other traffic penalties. After the US the biggest debtor is the Japanese embassy, which owes upwards of £1 million, followed by Nigeria (£982,350), Russia (£912,360) and Germany (£828,170).

The US embassy as been at odds with Ken Livingstone since July 2005 when it declared the congestion charge an illegal tax under the Vienna convention. This led to Livingstone famously labeling US ambassador Robert Tuttle a "chiselling little crook" in a TV interview in 2006.

Speaker's Corner

Water on tap

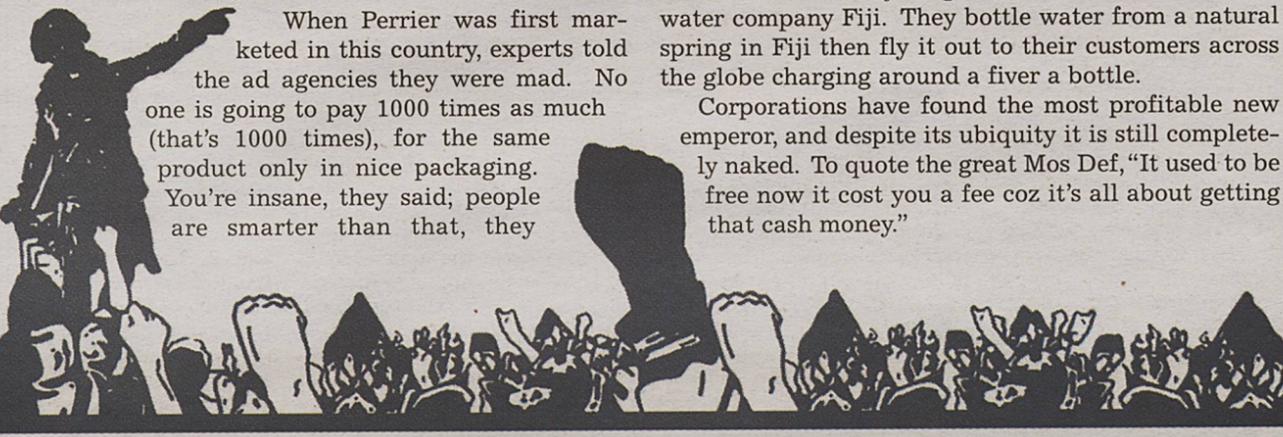
It's one of the best ideas we've ever had. It is piped into your home and available 24 hours a day. No longer must we search for waterholes nor camp by rivers. It's a vital component of life and we can have it whenever we want it. Despite this, thousands of fools continue to pay extortionate amounts of money to buy the same fucking thing, only in needlessly wasteful plastic bottle.

When Perrier was first marketed in this country, experts told the ad agencies they were mad. No one is going to pay 1000 times as much (that's 1000 times), for the same product only in nice packaging. You're insane, they said; people are smarter than that, they

thought. People aren't so fucking blind as to simply waltz along in accord with whatever you say regardless of how convincing your slogans may be. Yet they underestimated the vast numbers and extraordinary stupidity of the middle classes.

Since the turn of the century there has been a proliferation of companies offering bottled water. Perhaps the most beautifully tragic waste of resources is the water company Fiji. They bottle water from a natural spring in Fiji then fly it out to their customers across the globe charging around a fiver a bottle.

Corporations have found the most profitable new emperor, and despite its ubiquity it is still completely naked. To quote the great Mos Def, "It used to be free now it cost you a fee coz it's all about getting that cash money."



LSE bucks trend to record surplus

RAJAN PATEL
SENIOR REPORTER

At a time when most UK universities are deeply in the red, the LSE recorded total surplus revenues of over £24 million for the year ended 31 July 2007.

The LSE's annual accounts indicate that the surplus grew by around 54 per cent from 2006 levels. The biggest absolute rises came from revenue from "tuition fees and education contracts".

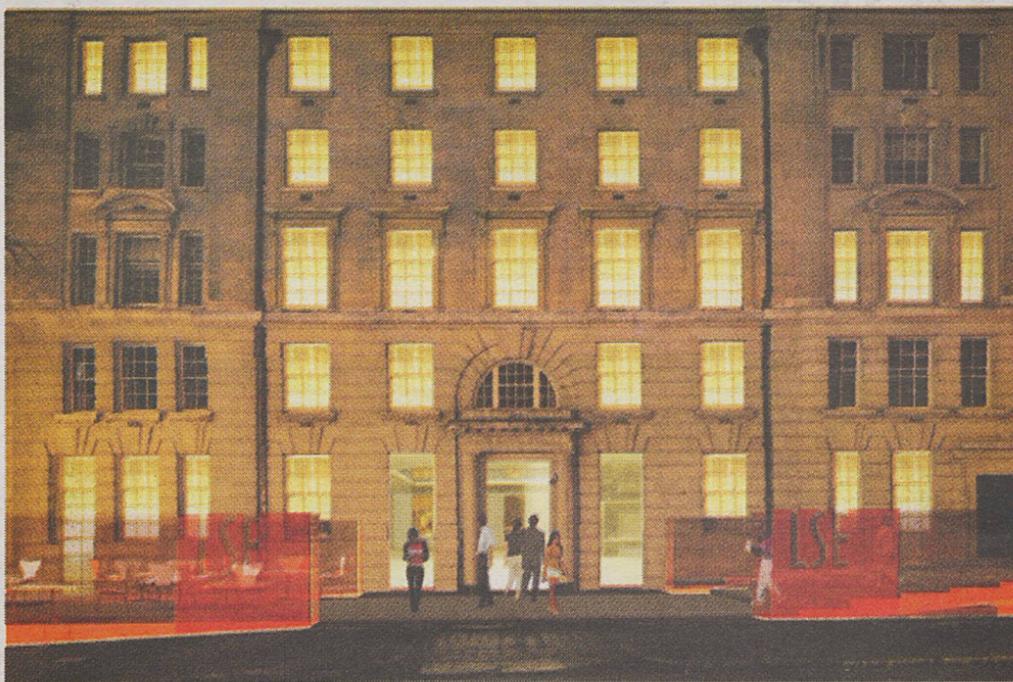
However, data from the Higher Education Statistics Agency suggests that the financial situation of other UK universities is more precarious.

Manchester University, a member of the Russell Group of leading UK universities, recorded a £12.4 million deficit of expenditure over income for the past year.

The chair of the British Universities Finance Directors group told the Guardian newspaper that universities' borrowing and debt are "the highest for ten years".

Trends within the higher education sector suggest that universities' finances may be more tightly constrained in the future.

Low birth rates in the 1990s have led demographers to claim that the number of 18 year olds will fall significantly over the next decade, with potentially serious implications for universities' fee rev-



The New Academic Building is part of the LSE's capital investment

enue.

As other countries develop their own higher education institutions, the European University Association predicts that fewer international undergraduates may choose to study in the UK.

However, Andy Farrell, LSE's Finance Director, remained sanguine about the School's prospects.

"The School owes its good financial position to excellent collaboration between management and academics," he said. He also highlighted the quality of research produced by

LSE staff and revenues from summer schools as having a major impact on the School's income.

Farrell said that the School was aware of the risks of demographic change and overseas development to revenues. However, he was confident that the LSE's status as "the best university in one of the world's best cities" would continue to attract students from around the world.

Other universities' uncertain fiscal position is a consequence of increased spending on estates and facilities.

The LSE is nearing the end of a major capital investment project with the construction of the New Academic Building (NAB). Farrell anticipates that the School's borrowings – which currently total nearly £48 million on revenues of around £170 million – may rise as the project is completed. The School also plans to redevelop St Philips, Clare Market, St Clements and the East Building in coming years.

The use of surplus revenue to finance capital investment has allowed the School to keep its accounts balanced.

Farrell said, "The School has set a target of three to four per cent of income [for its annual surplus], set to deliver sufficient surplus to invest in maintaining and updating the estate. The School uses surpluses to invest in development of facilities and services for teaching and research.

"The recent strong surpluses have also enabled us to consider building a new students' union building."

Many universities are expected to push for an increase in the tuition fee cap when it is renegotiated in 2009. Increases in the cap, which currently stands at £3145 for home students, are strongly opposed by the National Union of Students (NUS).

NUS president Gemma Tumelty said, "We have always called for a sustainable method of funding the higher education sector – but raising the cap is simply not the answer. Universities should be working within the financial constraints they have and engaging in this debate, rather surreptitiously counting up student money which is not theirs."

When asked if the LSE planned to support an increase in the fee cap, Farrell said, "I do not know what the LSE will do, or even whether it will argue one way or the other.

"No doubt there will be a good debate at Council and Court of Governors, and students will put their views across strongly when the time comes."



Union Jack

Jack has a confession to make. For the first time this year, he failed to make the weekly pilgrimage to the religious sanctum of the Union – the Union General Meeting. Before a torrent of disparaging accusations of treason come pouring in, let Jack pose a question to his dear readers in act of desperate defence. Did you, oh ye faithful reader, go to the UGM?

Probably not. Neither did much of the usual attendees. And there was plenty reason not to.

The human drama and political skirmishes for once were not to be found within the hallowed chambers of the Convention. Instead, the gladiatorial arena had shifted in full force out into the testing light of day – Houghton Street was where blood shall be spilt, tears shall be shed and consciences shall be cast aside. With the prizes of political office laid bare before the eyes of power-hungry fanatics, no quarter was asked and none was given. In the vein of a phallic-symbolism-laced Hollywood extraordinaire, there can be only one.

Yet despite the bloodbath of lost innocence, where uninitiated first-years cast their virgin ballots to placate in insatiable bloodlust of zealous street campaigners, the real spectacle had yet to come. The count night, with its moments of horrific truth, the shattering of dreams and implosion of campaigns, was the real deal.

Jack shall not patronize ye faithful readers with a rehash of dated electoral results. Instead, as a privileged member of the press, Jack shall regale you with salacious tales as seen from the front row seats at the count night fiesta.

Frolicking in fits of frivolity, Grabby Disandildo couldn't hold herself back from flirting with the fit. But pulling guys couldn't quite pull in the votes since the ballot boxes had closed long before. Not that they minded in particular. Her arch rival DJ Smelldon cut a more composed figure, tapping gleefully away at his laptop. Perhaps too gleefully. In retrospect, having witnessed the outbursts from his aqueducts upon the announcement of his victory, the endless typing motions may have well been a nervous twitch.

Not for fainthearted folk, but bollocks galore for those who might fancy tasteless exposures of mediocre bums. Even the owner of the unflattering bum recognised his inadequacies and attempted an ornamental addition to glorify his assets. Alas, penning the infamous moniker of a crass political blogger on his gluteus maximus did his sorry arse no good, and only earned him the derision of flushed-faced innocents present at the drunken orgy.

But the final word must go the ravenous Angler Fisher. Crowned Fuehrer for the coming year in vindication of a determined and imaginative campaign, Angler immediately plunged himself into the embrace of his voluptuous lover, lips locked in unbridled passion. One can only hope that his forceful fervour is channeled into fulfilling the glorious promise of the Union.

Stiglitz counts cost of war

» Nobel prize winner addresses packed Old Theatre



Photo: Pooja Kesava
Joseph Stiglitz and Mary Kaldor take questions from the Old Theatre audience

KEVIN PERRY
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

The Bush administration deliberately obscured the true cost of the Iraq War, which will exceed \$3 Trillion, Joseph Stiglitz told a capacity audience in the Old Theatre on Monday night. A video link was set up to cater for those unable to find seats in the main hall.

Professor Stiglitz, who was awarded the Nobel Prize in Economics in 2001, was speaking at the launch of his new book, 'The \$3 Trillion War'. Stiglitz spoke at length about the research he conducted alongside co-author Harvard Professor Linda Bilmes into the way "penny-wise, dollar-poor behaviour" contributed to

huge costs while also failing to protect soldiers on the ground.

The LSE's Professor Mary Kaldor was the discussant for the event, and highlighted the political ramifications of Stiglitz's work.

Amongst the questions from students and the public which followed the talk a number of LSE academics took the opportunity to probe Professor Stiglitz. Professor Nicholas Stern, who succeeded Stiglitz as the World Bank's chief economist in 2000, asked about the World Bank's accountability, particularly in terms of fighting corruption, to which Stiglitz replied that the World Bank should treat developed countries just as it treats developing ones, and that former World Bank President Paul Wolfowitz "would have failed

his own tests."

Professor David Held, who chaired the event, asked Stiglitz whether any future American President could realistically hope to curb military spending, given the political clout of the military-industrial complex. Stiglitz argued that while powerful corporations would always be keen to secure lucrative research and development contracts, the opportunity was there for a future President to be more creative in the targets they set for research contracts, and suggested shifting funding from military technology to technology to combat the effects of environmental change.

» Interview with Joseph Stiglitz: Page 14

RAG at every UGM

» 'Ents' taskforce also created

UGM Motions
28 February 2008

- ✓ Code of Practice Amendment:
Let RAG President speak at UGM
- ✓ Code of Practice Amendment:
Reignite the Ents in You!
Creation of an 'Ents' taskforce

KEVIN PERRY
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

The Students' Union's Raising and Giving President will give a report and take questions at every Union General Meeting (UGM) following the first of two Codes of Practice amendments voted in at last Thursday's UGM.

The second amendment sees the creation of a permanent 'Ents' taskforce which will oversee the organisation of events such as the summer ball, themed crush nights and alcohol-free events. The taskforce will be made up of various members of the Sabbatical and Executive teams, as well as up to fifteen further student members.

The two motions were passed despite a potentially inordinate turnout caused by the distractions of campaigning for the Lent Term Elections.

A finance motion regarding the Red Alert Climate Change could not be discussed as it was not printed in full. It will be delayed a further week due to the fact that this week's UGM will feature a debate between candidates in the London mayoral elections.

Both Sian Berry of the Green Party and Brian Paddick of the Liberal Democrats have confirmed their appearance, and John Biggs, City and East London Assembly member, will attend on behalf of Ken Livingstone. A member from the Conservative's Boris Johnson's Campaign has yet to be confirmed.

News In Brief

Elections

Count coverage commended

London Mayoral
Candidates come to
LSE

TWO mayoral candidates and two representatives are coming to speak at this week's UGM. Ms Sian Berry of the Green Party and Mr. Brian Paddick of the Liberal Democrats have both confirmed their appearance, and John Biggs, City and East London Assembly member, is coming on behalf of Mr. Ken Livingstone. The member from the Back Boris Campaign has yet to be confirmed. Each will speak for five to ten minutes before a question and answer session. Themes included are student affairs in general including student transport and housing, anti-racism issues, environmental issues, accessibility/disability issues, safer London, multiculturalism (focusing on international students) and the 2012 Olympics.

LSE hosts
world debating
championship

THE LSE Open, held annually by the LSE students' union Debate Society, saw around 200 debaters come to Houghton Street from 10 different countries to compete over eight rounds. The debates took place from the 22nd to the 24th of February, and culminated in a party hosted by the debate society at the Knight's Templar. Eventual Champions were Art Ward from Cork and James Dray from Oxford.

ULU voting closes
today

POLLING closes at noon today for the University of London Union (ULU) Elections. Hustings were poorly attended, with 15 people at most. Queen Mary University had 5 candidates, and only two other universities put forward candidates. Vice-president Ashley McAlister resigned from his post late Sunday night, citing differences between him and president Jennifer Huseman. A recent report has suggested large funding cuts.

Beaver AGM

THE Beaver is holding its annual Annual General Meeting on Thursday March 6th. Elections will be held for Executive Editor, Comment & Analysis Editor and News Editors. We would like to invite anybody with an interest in journalism to consider running for an elected position. Only members of the Collective may vote.



Photo: Ravi Mistry

LooSE TV coverage is projected behind Election Officials as the ballot counting continued

- » Media Group collaboration a success as elections come to close
- » Returning Officer defends fall in turnout and STV voting system

KEVIN PERRY &
MICHAEL DEAS

THE LSE Students' Union elections reached their climax on Thursday night, as ballots were counted long into the morning on Friday.

The LSE Media Group was out in force, with representatives of LooSE TV and Pulse Radio joining forces to provide live televised footage, and members of The Beaver blogging from the count room.

LooSE Network President Chun Han Wong said "It went smoothly. We prepared two weeks before hand so all possible kinks were ironed out before we got there."

Turnout for the election was 1,617, representing 18.4% of the 8,810 students eligible to

vote. This was a fall from the 1,752 who voted last year, and missed Returning Officer James Bacon's target of 1,800. Bacon drew some criticism for the drop in turnout, and also for the fact that many races, including the Education and Welfare Sabbatical Officer and the Environment and Ethics, LGBT, Disability and Returning Officers, were uncontested. Bacon told The Beaver "You need a diverse range of candidates - we didn't get this" but refused to take responsibility for falling turnout. "It's not the returning officer who gets people to vote - it's the interest in the Students' Union.

People aren't as interested in the Union as much as they used to, just as they aren't showing interest in other parts of student life. Perhaps we should find a way adapt to

these changes". One major success was the move to online voting. "Over 60% of ballots were online demonstrating that online voting is hugely popular among the student population. Online voting looks set to be the future for our Students' Union elections and we need to embrace this change," said Bacon. The Single Transferable Vote system confused many voters with many voters explaining to The Beaver that they were unsure what the significance was of numbering candidates in order of preference was. "The information is there, I cannot force people to read it. These are the things that go beyond my role"

Single transferable vote (STV) is a preferential voting system designed to minimise wasted votes by transferring votes that would otherwise be wasted on losing candidates to

candidates still in the race. Votes are initially assigned to the individual's first preference and are then transferred to the individual's second or third preferences if the first preference is eliminated from the contest.

In defense of the system Bacon argued, "We operate a voting system that gives a voice to all rather than the largest minority."

As for the count night itself, Bacon said "The count went relatively smoothly with all counting completed by 4.20am significantly earlier than previous counts. The transition from purely paper to electronic counts caused few problems." In an unpopular move, Bacon demanded that all students consuming alcohol leave the count room before the Communications Officer results were announced. He

also ordered students to clean the count rooms before announcing the General Secretary results. Bacon defended his actions, saying "The event was however hampered by a significant number of students that used the occasion to behave in an exceedingly anti-social manner. Uncleanliness and damage to the rooms lead to significant disruption to teaching the following day. The Students' Union is currently in discussion with LSE in regard to the state of the rooms used during the count. Disciplinary action has not been ruled out by the school with those responsible. Several students put their lives in danger by using the canvas roof on the top of the Student Services' centre as some kind of trampoline."



Emma Fischer celebrates on count night

Residences to go to C&S

HENRY LODGE
NEWS EDITOR

THERE is a possibility of a re-run of the residences election in week ten following complaints brought by losing candidate Helen Roberts to the Constitution and Steering Committee (C&S) and Returning Officer James Bacon about her opponent Emma Fischer, the current president of High Holborn Hall, who was pronounced Residences Officer on Thursday night.

In an email to C&S, Roberts listed no less than nine complaints about Fischer's campaign, ranging from accusations of online campaigning in

an email to High Holborn residents to walking around the library in a "vote Emma" t-shirt, which Roberts believed to constitute campaigning in voting booths.

Fischer has since claimed that she simply forwarded a template provided to her in her role as High Holborn President by the Returning Officer and that she was wearing a jacket over her campaign t-shirt whilst in the library.

C&S will hold a meeting today at 5pm to decide what measures to take.

If they find that Emma Fischer 'deliberately and knowingly' broke election rules as stipulated in the Students' Union constitution, she could

be banned from a re-election, and Roberts would automatically become Residences Officer.

Due to the very narrow margin in the race, C&S may be more inclined to call a re-election.

Fischer sent an e-mail on the request of Returning Officer James Bacon to High Holborn Residents. Bacon asks all Halls' Presidents to send an e-mail encouraging students to participate in the elections.

Fischer does admit that she added the words "Show your support...cast your vote" but claims it was a "generic plea for Holborners to participate in the elections."

Fischer said, "With regard

to the Holborn email, I had received an email from James Bacon saying send this [a template email] out. I literally copied and pasted the text and added a generic sign-off."

"On the library issue, I can't have been in there for much more than half an hour. I was wearing a t-shirt with a campaign poster on it, but underneath a jacket, and I went to speak to some of my friends - I was not campaigning."

On the night of the count Bacon claimed that there was nothing wrong with the Holborn e-mail.

Roberts brought the complaint after former Societies Officer Arthur Krebbers showed her the e-mail.

Elections

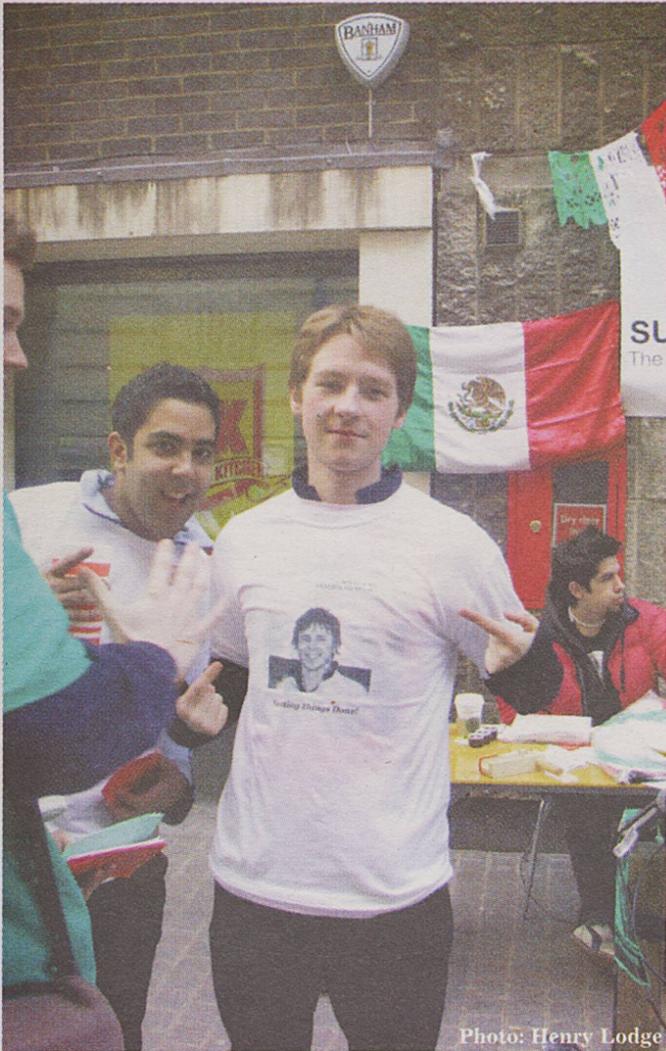


Photo: Henry Lodge



Photo: Henry Lodge

Dan Dolan (top left) and Steven Wall (top right): the Fisher and Wall campaigns set aside their differences and swap t-shirts. Below: Aled is lifted up by supporters as the result of the General secretary election are announced at 4:20am on Friday morning.

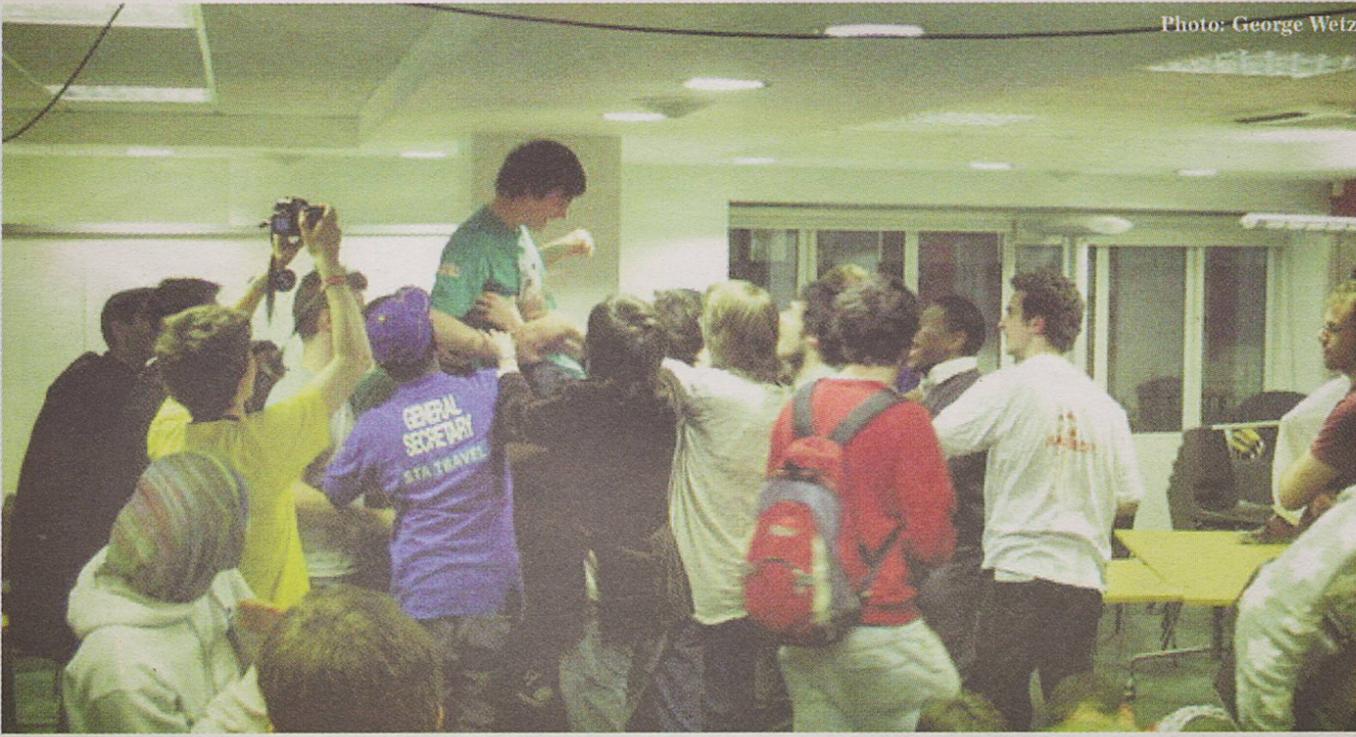
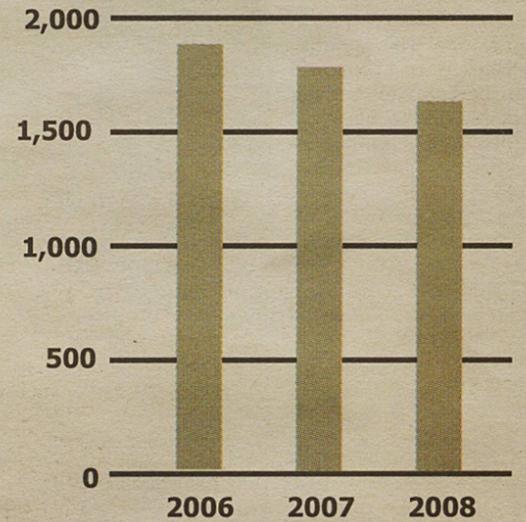


Photo: George Weitz

The election in statistics

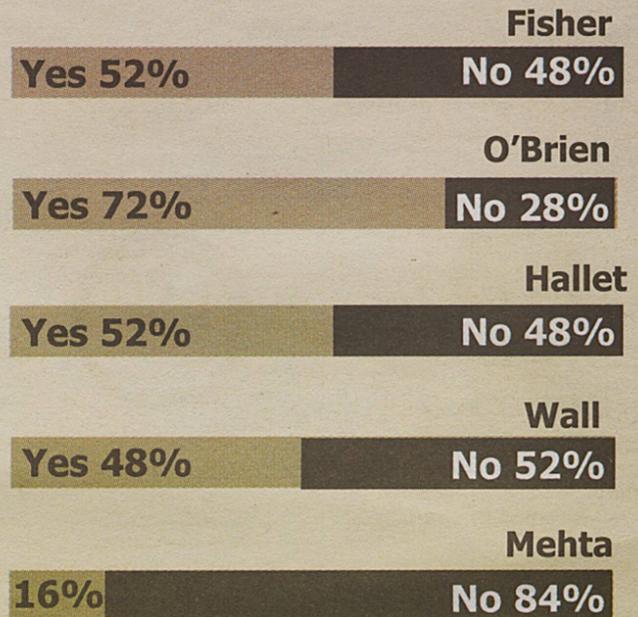
Turnout has fallen for three consecutive years

The 2006 elections saw 1,885 people turn out to vote; 2007 saw 1754; and this year only 1671



Daisy O'Brien was most recognisable GenSec candidate

A random selection of people on Houghton Street were asked if they could name the candidate in a photo shown to them



Wall reaches YouTube fame

ESTEE FRESCO
SENIOR REPORTER

A video satirising Steve Wall's General Secretary campaign posted on YouTube by a group of students calling themselves the 1969 society proved to be one of the highlights of the campaign season. The video, entitled 'Steve Wall LSE SU Election 2008' had been watched 668 times as The Beaver went to press.

Originally, Returning officer James Bacon had requested for the video to be removed, and when it was not, compensation for the sake of parity was mooted. However, the video's popularity may have served in Steve Wall's favour.

Drew Vincent, a General

Course student and the voice behind the video told The Beaver that the it had been intended as joke, and that his "friends convinced me to do it".

"I thought about three people would watch it," he said.

When asked if he believed the video might affect the outcome of the election, Vincent said: "It's possible - stranger things have happened."

A member of the society said, "I think Steve Wall's a good guy, but it would be terrible for the Union if he were elected." He added that the society posted the video to raise awareness of this.

When asked if he thought it got him extra votes, he replied: "I really wouldn't know - but it certainly got me a fair bit of publicity which is what I needed."

Election Results In Brief

General Secretary Aled Dilwyn Fisher	International Officer Ayushman Sen
Treasurer Wil Barber	LGBT Officer Lizzie Merrow
Communications Officer Dan Sheldon	Environment & Ethics Officer Justus Rollin
Education & Welfare Officer Emmanuel Akpan-Inwang	Women's Officer Ruby Buckley
Students with Disabilities Officer Jessica Brayne	Societies Officer Zoe Cooke
Mature & Part Time Officer Luke Spyropoulos	Residences Officer (result under review)
Anti-Racism Officer Joseph Brown	Returning Officer Ossie Fikret

For more in detail results, turn to the post-election pullout

30

The number of votes by which Barber beat Asfar to become Treasurer

15%

The proportion of votes to re-open nominations in the International Officer race

36%

The success rate of SU politics blog 'HackAttack!' predictions

“An illness just like any other?”

Week nine is the LSE Students' Union's (LSESU) mental health awareness week, but what support services exist to help students with problems? *The Beaver* investigates...

LUCIE MARIE GOULET
& RAJAN PATEL

This week is the LSE Students' Union's (LSESU) mental health awareness week, with five days of events focusing on students' mental health and wellbeing.

Research by the Mental Health Foundation indicates that one in four UK adults will suffer from mental illness at some point in their lives. Acute depression hits students particularly hard: surveys of UK students suggest that 46% of men and 64% of women show symptoms of the illness.

In his advice to the UK government on mental health policy, LSE professor Richard Layard has described depression as the UK's "biggest social problem".

However, mental illness remains a 'taboo' subject for many people, particularly students. A 2007 government study of attitudes to mental illness found that just 59 per cent of 16-35 year olds viewed mental illness as "an illness just like any other", compared with 71 per cent for the population as a whole.

Alison Kerry of Mind, the National Association for Mental Health, believes that "young people's attitudes towards people with mental health problems are getting worse, not better". With students increasingly focused on their degrees and job prospects, people are less likely to notice

early signs of illness in their friends and are more susceptible to health problems themselves.

“Attitudes towards people with mental health problems are getting worse, not better”

Alison Kerry
MIND

The LSE's emphasis on self-directed study and the highly competitive environment on campus may exacerbate these problems.

School and LSESU staff suggest that attitudes towards mental health differ widely across cultures. With the most diverse student body in the UK, finding effective means of supporting all LSE students is a challenge.

The School and Students' Union offer advice and counselling to students, and numerous external organisations, such as Mind and Nightline, also provide targeted support.

The LSE may also offer financial assistance to students whose studies are affected by health problems.

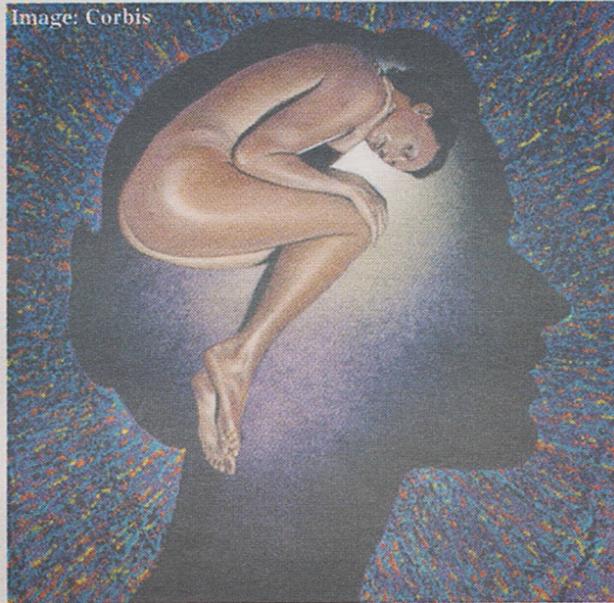
Trained specialists employed by the School and the LSESU – including the mental health and wellbeing advisor, Jane Sedgwick, and the LSESU counsellor Sheila Gill – agree that 'normalising' mental

illness is crucially important.

Sedgwick said, "We'll only get to know about a whole bunch of students when a crisis happens. One of my big questions to them is, 'Why don't you come forward sooner?' It's a very private thing...people hope that it will go away and they feel uneasy about sharing frightening experiences."

Events like mental health awareness week aim to break down 'taboos' about mental health, allowing people to seek help before they reach crisis stages. As outlined elsewhere on this page, support is available from a number of sources; the story of a former LSE student also recounts the dangers of 'suffering in silence'. ■

Image: Corbis



“What are we going to do with you then?”

An LSE student shares her experience of dealing with her condition

I came with a problem from way before the LSE, a combination of depression and a lack of self esteem. It manifested itself in an eating disorder.

To start with the academic side, I found it very hard to settle at the LSE. I wasn't prepared for the way LSE was and went to class feeling like everyone was more intelligent than me. All this made me feel more inadequate, which isn't the best thing to feel when you already think you're inadequate.

My eating disorder condition got worse. In my second year it was just ridiculous...I couldn't keep a meal down and was really sick. Eventually I went to see a doctor at St

Philips. I was hysterical and I couldn't get it out...it was the first time I'd told anybody.

His first response was, "Oh

“I didn't want to talk about my problems, I wanted someone to sort them out for me. Eventually I quit because I wasn't getting any better.”

dear, oh God," as if, "What are we going to do with you then?" The first thing he did was weigh me, which frankly is the worst thing to do with someone who's just admitted that they're bulimic.

He eventually referred me to a psychiatrist. The appointment took four months to come through, I'd moved house by that time and St Philips didn't follow it up, even though they'd been informed that I'd missed the appointment.

School counsellors are well trained for relationship-type problems, but not good for psychological issues. I didn't want to talk about my problems, I wanted someone to sort them out for me.

I went back to St Philips and talked to a very nice lady, who was supportive and immediately put me on antidepressants. I'd never been offered them before, they hadn't been discussed. I was seeing her regularly, but suddenly she left.

The problem with St Philips is that they have doctors who come and go on a locum basis. When she left it felt like I'd lost this massive support.

I remember seeing another lady doctor another week. She said to me, "You're an intelligent girl, you're at LSE, you must understand and know that half a pizza will not make you grossly fat." I wanted to scream that it's not an issue of knowing or not knowing, or telling me that I'm stupid. I remember coming out and just bursting into tears in my friend's arms and feeling like I never wanted to go back again.

I realised quickly who my real friends were. The people I've told are the ones I trust. You need to tell people who are close to you and who aren't going to reject you. People with mental health problems feel that they'll be rejected because others will think they're a freak. Generally people don't, and if they do they're not worth knowing and they shouldn't be your friend in the first place. ■

“I wasn't prepared for the way LSE was and went to class feeling like everyone was more intelligent than me. All this made me feel more inadequate”

Experts' corner: counsellors' opinions

Jane Sedgwick is the LSE's mental health and wellbeing advisor



Q: Do you have a typical day?
A: No typical day really exists, because one of the key parts of my job is responding to crises.

Q: What other support services do you work closely with?

A: I work closely with the Teaching and Learning Centre, but I'm the only mental health advisor employed by the School. I'm always asked, "What's the difference between you and the counsellors?" Whereas the counsellors will see people with emotional type issues, like relationship problems, I deal with psychiatric issues – for example, they may have a diagnosis of schizophrenia or depression.

Q: Is having one mental health advisor for all of the LSE enough?

A: No, it's not enough: it is a lot to do for one person. There are plans in place to get an extra person, particularly to help with outreach work...working in residences and with residences' committees.

Sheila Gill is the LSESU counsellor



Q: How does the LSE environment affect its students' mental health?

A: LSE is a centre of excellence, which challenges people. Identifying the point where the stress becomes too much is the issue and it's not the same for everyone.

Q: Do different cultures treat mental illness differently?

A: Approaches to and understanding of mental health are culturally defined. Different cultures have different ideas about psychological wellbeing. That is the challenge for the LSE in all sorts of ways: finding a way to work with diversity.

Q: Is there a role for preventative care?

A: I'm very interested in preventative care, so that you help people much earlier. If you wait for problems to snowball, it affects all aspects of a person's life and it's much more complex to retrieve the situation.

Alexandra Vincenti is a former LSESU Education and Welfare Officer



Q: How good is the LSE at helping with mental illness?

A: I think it's improved a lot, but the School doesn't look at underlying causes. Coming to LSE with its climate, the pressure, the expectations, these will aggravate existing insecurities...the LSE hasn't addressed this problem so much.

Q: What training in mental health issues did you get when you started?

A: None. I'm quite lucky in that my father is a psychiatrist. In terms of specific training, on how to interact and support someone, none.

Q: Did you think teachers were appropriately trained?

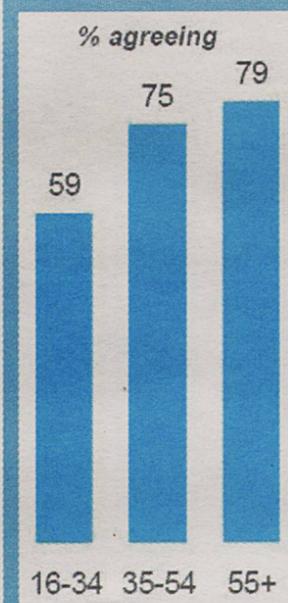
A: It very much varied from teacher to teacher, but always boiled down to the teacher's interest in you as a person.

Q: What can be done?

A: People need to be able to talk to their peers, because then you don't feel so alone, making it easier to talk about and making people more open.

In figures: attitudes to mental health

Is mental illness an illness just like any other?

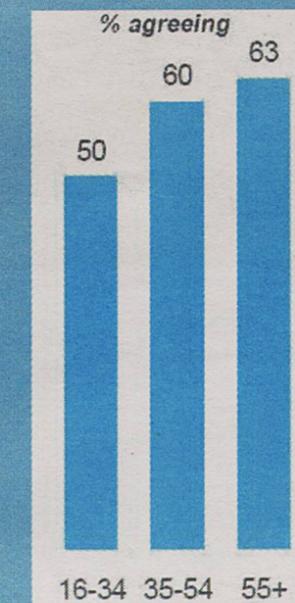


The statistics above come from 'Attitudes to Mental Illness', a 2007 report produced by the UK Office of National Statistics.

The study reveals that, overall, positive attitudes towards people with mental health have decreased since the last survey in 1994.

In particular, young people are least tolerant in their attitudes. Just 69 per cent of 16-34 year olds believed that the mentally ill could be successfully integrated into their communities.

Mental health: less dangerous than people suppose?

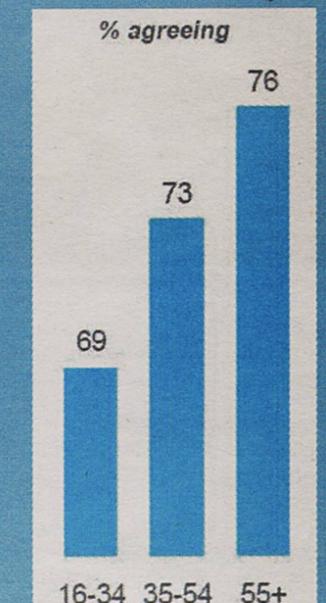


The LSE is a leading research centre for mental health and wellbeing.

Professor Richard Layard of the LSE's Centre for Economic Performance advises the government on mental health policy. His 'Depression Report' of 2006 estimated the total cost of mental illness to the UK at £12 billion per year.

Layard argues that an extra 10,000 therapists are needed to widen access to cognitive behavioural therapy (CBT), an alternative to medication with better long term success rates.

Can people with mental health problems integrate into the community?



Key sources of help:

1. *The LSE Student Counselling Service.* Call 020 7852 3627 to make an appointment
2. *The LSESU Advice and Counselling Centre.* Call 020 7955 7145 to make an appointment, or email su.advice-centre@lse.ac.uk
3. *The LSE Disability Office.* Contact Jane Sedgwick, the mental health and wellbeing advisor: j.sedgwick@lse.ac.uk

COMMENT & ANALYSIS

Drink-spiking on campus



Amy Auguston

On February 13th of this year, LSE students and faculty received an email regarding drink-spiking, which began with the sentence "this message is not intended to cause you unnecessary shock [or] alarm." I am writing this article in the hope of causing necessary shock and alarm among the LSE community, because my drink was spiked by a fellow LSE student, at an LSE pub, in January 2008.

Since the morning after I was drugged, when I realised what had happened to me, I have experienced a range of emotions, including intense shame and embarrassment. I was scared to tell my story to other people, because I felt stupid, pathetic, and like I should have known better — maybe I should have, but I doubt that many people would pause when accepting a drink from a fellow student on campus. Eventually my shame became anger, and I knew that I had to tell as many people as possible at LSE about what happened to me, partly for their own protection, but also so I could continually affirm to myself that I did not deserve

While the School administration may not believe that drink-spiking is a problem on campus, the reality is that it is occurring within campus bars

this.

All things considered, I am very lucky — I was not attacked by the person who spiked my drink. He eventually left me alone. From then on, the evening is mostly blacked out. I know that I made it to a street near my residence hall, where two LSE students found me unconscious in a gutter. When I came round the next morning and visited the hospital, I learned that, in one of my numerous falls as I attempted to walk home, I had broken my leg.

I know that some people do not believe me when I say I was drugged. They think that I probably just had too much to drink. Other people think that because I was talking to this guy, because I accepted a drink from him and flirted back at first, I invited this to happen to myself. And still others are shocked that an LSE student would do such a thing — which is absurd, as if smart or well-educated people can't be violent; as if violence doesn't lurk in every corner of our lives at every moment; as if there is any place that is immune to violence.

I felt a responsibility to inform the LSE administration about what had happened on their campus. When I met with a high-ranking member of the LSE administration, she frequently reminded me that I



When I met with a high-ranking member of the LSE administration, she frequently reminded me that I had no way to prove my allegation

had no way to prove my allegation. She had little off-hand knowledge of the LSE disciplinary procedures, and when I met with her again at a later date, she still hadn't done the necessary research to answer

my questions about the procedures. When I asked her why there had been no LSE campaigns about the dangers of drink-spiking, I was assured that "drink-spiking is not a problem on campus." I asked several questions about LSE ensuring my anonymity if I did file an official complaint against the student. I was told that I could not have any anonymity in the disciplinary process and that the accused would be entitled to know my full name.

I remain extremely angry about the way in which I was treated by this member of the administration. It is disgusting that a member of the LSE administration would speak so harshly and without sympathy to a clearly traumatised student. It is disgusting that other students' safety must be compromised because students are effectively discouraged by such treatment from lodging official complaints. It is disgusting that I had to fight tooth and nail to have a watered-down email sent out to the LSE community on February 13th, nearly a full month after I was drugged. I shudder to think of how many women, who deserve a warning about such a predator on campus, may have been drugged or violated in that

lapse of time.

I realise that the person who spiked my drink has his own rights, including that of due process and being considered innocent until proven guilty. However, I believe that LSE students should learn in due haste when an allegation of this nature is reported on campus, so that they may take necessary precautions for their safety. And I believe that any student who reports a crime of this sort should be allowed anonymity at least for the

duration of the School's investigation. In the end, I did not file a formal complaint, largely because of worries about my own safety.

I do want to add that I have met some extraordinarily kind people at LSE, both students and staff, who have been helpful and comforting when I explain my experience. But mostly I just want to say the following: be careful. Watch your own drinks, and also those of your friends that you're drinking with. If you suspect that your drink has been spiked, stay with a trusted friend and/or get to a safe place as soon as possible. Go to the hospital right away. Don't blame yourself. And give support to anyone who says that their drink has been spiked.



Is this a university?



Steve Wall

Having now passed through rage, rumination and reflection, I feel it now time to share my thoughts on these, admittedly, personally enjoyable elections past. In no particular order and with little coherence or structure, I will suggest the lessons to be learnt from my short sojourn into the cesspit that is our Union, among other pithy epithets. Specifically, inter alia, I conjecture that the new Green Matador, *le Dilwyn*, must take heed of the revelato-

With the election now behind us, a critical (and satirical) analysis of the event can show to us how we really are, and where we are heading

ry results of this whole sordid process; less pontificating please, sir.

The YouTube video first: absolutely fantastic. Ingenuity, wit, bile; please Sir, can we have some more? (We need it to liven up the glorified think tank that is LSE in 2008) One point though: If I happened to be Indian, not a handsome Irishman, would my accent have been parodied in the same way? Of course not: hypocrisy again in LSE, a recurring, repugnant, insidious

element of life here. Anyhow, that it was received with such fanfare points out the ludicrousness that was the pseudo-fascist censoring of election coverage, which left the electorate collectively mid-orgasm and unsatisfied.

Next, the circus that was Houghton Street on polling days: unsavoury, undignified, bun-fight, psychedelic nightmare. Do we really want a situation whereby would-be voters have to cross a picket line of shabby, shouty, colourful, conceited canvassers to vote? We're better than that; it's crazy; it's borderline harassment; it must change. Evidence? Even with the much-heralded advent of online voting, turnout was still down on last year: the Union, in most students' eyes, is utterly irrelevant to them.

Irrelevancy, eh? Yes, utter irrelevancy. Why? Social justice, campaigning Union, peace, Gaza Strip, Living Wage, ethical divestment, and so, pretentiously, forth. To use one of the Spice Girls more sagacity-laden lyrics, "Who do you think you are?" Indeed,

Sporty. So as not to be misunderstood, however, by the many intellectually retarded among you, these are, prima facie, fine, sincere objectives; it is just that most of the student body do not believe, quite rightly, that the Union should be used as an instrument in their pursuit (I can feel the Green blood boiling up with incandescent fury.) Do not let



Coming from a spicy undergraduate experience in Ireland, the lot of you are, it must be said, frightfully boring

them destroy it.

Moving on to campaigning teams. Let's juxtapose the crack team of ten-ish tree-huggers assembled by the eventual winner of the General Secretary noose, against Steve Wall's campaigning team of a German,

himself and his dog. Equality, Equality! Is it any wonder that more postgraduates don't get involved in this unsavoury spectacle? The playing field's about as level as an Italian election (Steve Wall, now Anti-Italian as well.) To repeat my oft-abused mantra, this must change; remember, this is, numbers-wise, more of a Graduate School than Kindergarten Undergraduate; for postgraduates to be so thoroughly unrepresented and unloved (love me, please) is wrong, wrong I say.

Let's talk hustings. Badly organised, badly run, not enough of them. Mainly attended by 'a hundred-odd hacks' wearing the colourful t-shirts of their respective cults, in that light they were, essentially, a redundant part of campaigning. However, one hustings stood up to be counted: Rosebery. Debauched. Inebriated. Feral. Rambunctious. Saucy. The spirit of negative campaigning lived on; people gave speeches under the pernicious influence of alcohol; pretentiousness was punctured, if only for one, dreamy night. Coming from a spicy undergraduate experience in Ireland, the lot of you are, it must be said, frightfully boring: Let your balls hang down a little bit (metaphorically please - Steve Wall, Anti-Feminist Ideology)

And General Secretary race. A bloke (Mehta), who goes to New York for campaigning week, writes a manifesto lambasting our Diet-UN

Union, ends up with a nice little basket of votes. Steve Wall, an unknown postgraduate, Union-hating, ardent Anti-Disabled bigot bags himself almost a fifth of the vote. A friendly flower girl (O'Brien) nearly wins it. A two-year veteran of the Executive backed by a well-oiled (environmentally friendly, fairtrade, organic, rainforest amenable oil no doubt) political machine struggles home unconvincingly. Seeing that all the opponents to the eventual winner ran pragmatic, campus-orientated platforms, there is a rather obvious moral to this Welsh Tragedy.

Conclusion time, thankfully. Now that campaigning is over, I can be searingly honest, thank God (or do I have to thank all of the Gods? Don't want to offend anyone.) LSE is full of people with great potential. This Union, currently and now going forward, is not. It's overflowing with slime, cynicism, selfishness, ambition and bullshit. One apposite example, to finish: Peter Sutherland is branded a reprehensible, repugnant man for being Chairman of BP; and the ethical people in this Union leave us in no doubt of the purported veracity of this. Just because you are young does not give you the right to be stupid, to callously cast aspersions on a great man's character. Shame on the lot of you, you repugnant, hypocritical, quasi-humans.



COMMENT & ANALYSIS

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Our friend Che



Alon Ben-Cnaan

The legend of Ernesto "Che" Guevara is all too often idealised to the point of fiction; the less trendy narrative paints a very different picture

I think each of us must have that friend, the one who is intoxicated with a few shallow slogans, speaks in clichés, and has his bedroom adorned with pictures of the tanks in Tiananmen Square. That one friend who proudly has the Mao bag, and last but not least, his Che Guevara t-shirt.

That one friend who is a European pretty boy who grew up and spent his life in a first world country, where law and order existed and where he could express and support his views freely. Who after watching "The Motorcycle Diaries" spoke of injustice, spoke of the idea of equal opportunity, he who calls himself an idealist, a humanitarian, a *revolutionary*.

It is that same kid that currently sits his spoiled bottom in a posh university in central London (paying around £3,000 in tuition fees), is supported by his parents who probably even work for the government, and who, upon reaching the age of thirty will be paying taxes and voting conservatively.

So is it only me who finds it ridiculous when these "revolutionaries" walk around campus, handing out fliers, preaching anti-American, anti-Israel (which is ridiculous in itself because the only successful example of socialism

are Israeli kibbutzim) and anti-Western slogans. The "revolutionaries" who organise speakers in support of Cuba, Venezuela and the rest of the savage governments around the world that abuse



I challenge anyone to actually finish a Guevara book

their citizens and strip them of their rights.

OK loyal Guevaraites, let me enlighten you a bit on the subject of you dear idol. For the first year of Castro's revolution, Guevara was his main executioner, sending 1,897 men to the firing squad. Indeed these firing squad marathons were a perfectly rational and cold-blooded exercise. It all began with public trials, followed by public executions, and then Guevara made it a policy for his men to parade the families and friends of the executed before the blood, bone, and

brain-spattered "paredon" (wall) against which the executions took place.

"Crazy with fury I will stain my rifle red while slaughtering any enemy that falls in my hands! My nostrils dilate while savouring the acrid odor of gunpowder and blood. With the deaths of my enemies I prepare my being for the sacred fight and join the triumphant proletariat with a bestial howl!" This quote is from Che Guevara's "Motorcycle Diaries," the very same diaries made into a heart-warming film a few years ago. The "acrid odor of gunpowder and blood" never reached Guevara's nostrils from actual combat; it always came from the close-range murder of bound, gagged and blindfolded men.

But in actual combat, his imbecilities defy belief (read the story of the Bay of Pigs incident). I've called him cowardly, yet I have to say that I can't prove it, for the simple reason that the century's most celebrated guerrilla fighter never fought in a guerrilla war or anything even approximating one. In Cuba, Che couldn't find anyone to fight against him, in the Congo he couldn't find any to fight with him, and in Bolivia he finally started getting a tiny taste of both but



then was betrayed, leading to his death.

I challenge anyone to actually finish a Guevara book. I challenge them to hack their way through the first five pages. Nothing written by a first-year philosophy major could be more banal, jargon-ridden, depressing or idiotic.

Here's the guy who helped turn the Caribbean's party capital into a vast forced labor and prison camp, into the place with the highest youth emigration and suicide rate in the world. In 1961 Che established a special concentration camp for "delinquents." This "delinquency" involved drinking, vagrancy, disrespect for authorities, laziness and playing loud music. He also found-



ed Cuba's "labour camp" system, the system that was eventually employed to incarcerate gays, dissidents, and AIDS victims.

Call Fidel everything in the book, but don't call him stupid; Guevara must have driven him nuts. The one place where I can't antagonise Fidel, the one place I actually empathise with him, is in his craving to rid himself of this insufferable Argentine jack-ass. That the Bolivian mission was clearly suicidal was obvious to anyone with half a brain, but sure enough, Guevara saluted and was on his way. Two months later he was dead. Fidel scored another success, he rid himself of the Argentine nuisance and his glorious revolution had a young handsome martyr for the adulation of imbeciles worldwide.

Che Guevara was monumentally vain and epically stupid. He was shallow, boorish, cruel and cowardly. He was full of himself, a consummate fraud and an intellectual vacuum. But hey, he did come out nice in a couple of publicity photos, high cheekbones and all! And we wonder why he's a hit.

Our Union's future



Chloe Pieters

Too many of the issues focused on by our Union this year have been divisive, unfeasible and irrelevant to the majority of LSE students' lives

Students at the LSE probably have more in common with each other than not. Recently, however, it has been disheartening that an international political debate has divided the community so severely. It is not simply a question of whether students are "pro-Israel" or "pro-Palestine". The divide exists between students who are caught up in the debate and see it as the Students' Union's responsibility to address the

issue, and those who value a moderate, even personal, approach to the issue.

When the word 'apartheid' was plastered on Houghton Street, all I could think of was how alienated I felt within the university I had chosen to attend. However, I was not alone in this sense of apathy. Among the dozens of conversations I've had about Israel, Palestine and the role of the Students' Union, there's been a remarkable consensus

among many people that there is excessive preoccupation with the issue.

This is not a new observation. Many people in these pages have noted that the Students' Union should perhaps focus less on taking a stand on international issues where what they say is likely to be ignored (does the Burmese military or the Knesset care about what students at a university in London have to say?) Instead, the Union should focus on the change it can enact to benefit students in a very real way. Many feel strongly about a twenty-four hour library; others call for more computers, more books in the library, lower fees or, conversely, greater access to financial support (particularly for international students). All of these issues are valid, and will personally impact on a vast majority of students' welfare, and, most importantly, are the issues the Students' Union can actually change.

Others argue that the Students' Union actually has done much for students, that it is campaigning hard for us, and that its seeming preoccupa-

tion with international issues is a matter of perception. However, this perception has strong foundations. The Union seems uninterested in calling for more bins or water fountains or financial support or whatever: what people want to debate is Burma, or Israel, or whatever else.

Moreover, that people feel



the Union should focus on the change it can enact to benefit students in a very real way

this way about their own representatives is, if not dangerous, at least infinitely sad. The sense of belonging we should feel has been replaced by apathy. The thinking goes: "I'm not personally interested in taking a stand for or against Israel/Palestine: therefore the Union is not interested in me as a person, therefore I won't

attend the UGM." There are many, many people attending LSE who believe that everyone is entitled to their opinion. That does not mean they want these opinions foisted upon them. It does not mean they agree with these opinions. It certainly does not mean they want the Union to debate on an issue (particularly when it isn't personally compelling) and pass a motion that they disagree with. It's not a matter of the motion being passed through by students; the feeling is it should not have been raised in the first place, because that is not the point of the Students' Union.

When I applied to the LSE, I was told about its strong sense of community spirit, and how, in time, everyone feels at home. Unfortunately, the Union has a long way to go in building bridges - particularly for first years, who have been thrust into these various debates blind. The main divide is between students who feel a part of the School, a part of the issues being debated, who feel as if they are an important part of the School, and those who feel apart from both, who feel ignored and overlooked. The Union must overcome this divide and engage with all students if it wants to remain at all relevant to the people it purports to represent. Hopefully, our newly elected Sabbaticals and Executive will achieve this. The best way to start? Keep the issues practical, and above all, keep them relevant to the LSE as a community.



Israeli Knesset; does it really care what the LSE SU thinks?

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COMMENT
& ANALYSIS

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the Beaver

Established 1949 - Issue 684

Advent of a
'Third Way'......might be the panacea for
our Union

Tony Blair's landslide 1997 election victory – to the theme of 'Things can only get better' by questionable UK dance outfit D:ream – was greeted with general jubilation. A Conservative administration synonymous with sleaze and incompetence had been rejected by UK voters; a "new dawn" of promise beckoned.

Student politics rarely catalyses student opinion in a similar way: indeed, last week's Students' Union elections may have passed some students by completely. Many still subscribe to the philosophy of Henry Kissinger, who famously dismissed university politics as "vicious precisely because the stakes are so small".

However, after a year in which the Union has stumbled from crisis to crisis and demonstrated gross ineptitude across the board, things surely can only get better. The election of Aled Dilwyn Fisher, Emmanuel Akpan-Inwang, Wil Barber and Dan Sheldon as next year's sabbatical team may be the "new dawn" needed within the Union.

All four have three years' experience of representing students' interests, but – importantly – three of the sabbatical-elect held no executive position this year. The 'outside' perspective they may bring to the running of the Union would undoubtedly be welcome.

Though regarded by many as a polarising figure, Fisher's two year stint as environment and ethics officer demonstrated unparalleled commitment to the Union. The progress made on environmental issues during his tenure indicates an ability to hold the School to account. Students will hope that Fisher can force concessions on other issues as well.

The "new dawn" of 1997 was, of course, only part of the story of the Blair administration. New hope swiftly turned to despair: plans to bridge Britain's "progressive deficit" foundered as a wave of crises, notably the war in Iraq, took the government's eye off the ball.

It's unlikely that the "sabbatical dream team" will ape Blair and make the invasion of King's College a top priority. However, retaining focus on the issues students care about – teaching quality, sports facilities, value for money – will be the new Sabbs' greatest challenge. Students must feel confident that their Union officers will stick to their manifesto commitments, not become embroiled in conflict irrelevant to most of the student body.

Your new General Secretary claims to offer "real ideas to change the Union" and "experience to carry them through". He and the new Sabb team are well placed to break the Students' Union out of its rut – *The Beaver* wishes them luck.

Water, water
everywhere...

...so why would you pay for it?

The Beaver wishes to congratulate the MPs who have pledged to cut the amount of bottled water being drunk at the Houses of Parliament, and encourages its readers to follow suit.

Bottled water is one of the more absurd excesses of our decadent times. We live in a country where safe, clean water is available quite literally on tap at all times, and yet we still deem it logical to spend good money on plastic bottles of identical liquid. It is surely an insult to those countries struggling with diseases caused by dirty water that we turn our back on tap water that is as safe and pure as any in the world, and turn instead to expensive bottled alternatives.

There is no rational reason for this – indeed, in some cases bottled water may even be worse for you than tap water – just cast your mind back to Coca Cola's aborted UK launch of Dasani, the entire stock of which had to be withdrawn upon the discovery that it was in fact tap water from Sidcup but with higher than normal levels of bromate, a substance linked with an increased risk of cancer.

So not only is bottled water no better for you, it's also worse for the environment. Britain imports 25% of its bottled water – lorries and ships bringing in plastic packages while the identical substance is piped to our homes.

This is not a party political point, or even a radically environmentalist one, it is simply common sense to reuse your plastic bottle and sip delicious nectar from the everyday spout.

Letters to the Editor



The Beaver offers all readers the right to reply to anything that appears in the paper. Letters should be sent to thebeaver.editor@lse.ac.uk and should be no longer than 250 words. All letters must be received by 3pm on the Sunday prior to publication. *The Beaver* reserves the right to edit letters prior to publication.

"armchair warriors"

Dear Sir,

For too long I have listened to armchair warriors with dubious ethics spout off in the Old Theatre. Now that Prince Harry has been fighting in Afghanistan to protect freedom and justice, maybe I can expect some of them to support him. Many, many people at the LSE sound off about what they think are injustices in the world but very few of them (myself included) actually do anything about it. Maybe this will push some of the louder voices to put their mouths where their arse is and actually do something useful for a change.

William Joce

"unfounded charges"

Dear Sir,

I would like to commend the Israel Society for agreeing to meet with the Palestine Society based on the commonly held principles of free debate and participation. I do not believe there was intention by either party to gain the upper hand by restricting the discussion, but to simply agree that there are certain undeniable principles such as universal human rights on which the discussion should be based. I am very happy that the Israel Society has written such a conciliatory message and can confidently say that the Palestine Society will join them at any forum where both sides feel comfortable and on an equal footing. Indeed, the Palestine Society would have it no other way.

I would also like to highlight for the sake of such discussions a difficulty that, if left unchecked, threatens to strangle 'the talks' before they even begin. As with any form of negotiation, our modest attempt to bring differing parties together for the sake of harmony on our small campus will have a public face and a private one. If the good will of our exchanges is to be maintained these faces need to be kept consistent.

It is with great concern that I read Julia Kite's letter of 26 February branding the Palestine Society arrogant, child-like, manipulative, subversive, extreme and anti-democratic. Daniel Jason's op-ed of the same edition is all the more abrasive and hostile to the Palestine Society. Being optimistic about the future of the discussions I feel the need to make it clear to the supporters of the Israel Society that we should always be wary of growing assertiveness and reluctance to talk if we continue to allow unfounded charges to be thrown around. This edition of *The Beaver* will no doubt contain fiery ripostes and strong rebuttals from

members of the Palestine Society Committee and their supporters who feel the need to correct the allegations thrown at them. I would ask all those who wish to achieve harmony on campus to call an end to the war of words now so that constructive discussions can move forward.

Joseph Brown
LSE SU Anti-Racism Officer-Elect

"political left"

Dear Sir,

Thousands of rockets land in Israeli cities on a daily basis for over two and a half years. Eleven Israelis killed. Three of them only few years old. Hundreds of them traumatised. With a "Red Color" reality, daily routine interrupted by minutes of fear and hopelessness. Imagine any European country having one of her cities under an average of ten missiles a day.

The Israeli political left believed in retreating from the occupied territories. Firmly we called for a Palestine next to Israel. We said once we are out, we all can start rebuilding. The right wingers always said we were naive. That the moment we retreat they will continue and try to push us to the sea. We thought they were crazy.

Since Israel retreated from Gaza in September 2005, more than ten rockets a day land on the West Negev. Israeli towns are under siege. If you will allow me to exclude the people who believe the Jewish people have no right for self-determination, I want to approach the rest, what should Israel do? Would you except you own citizens under a daily fire without any surd of response?

Noa Maiman

"hidden agenda"

Dear Sir,

I would like to bring to your attention the visible double standards of *The Beaver* in its content and obvious attacks on individuals. I do not consider this way of using *Beaver* space to attack individuals is professional, but unfortunately, since *The Beaver* does allow writers to do that, I find it intriguing that it is directed at only certain individuals. There have been several instances where I have felt that I am wasting time reading *The Beaver* due to the coverage given to petty, unfair and personal attacks by some of the reporters.

Most shockingly for me, I witnessed the response of Daisy Mitchell-Forster, the LSESU Women's Officer to a question by a student at the UGM held a couple of weeks ago. This question was about why Ms. Mitchell-Forster at

one instance had criticised the General Secretary, Fadhil Bakeer-Markar for signing a letter, along with the Education officer Ruhana Ali, supporting London Mayor candidate Ken Livingston [In my opinion reporting of such incidents should have been more balanced, because I felt that the reporter was a more Anti Mayor than criticising Mr. Markar]; and later signed a letter in her official capacity as the Women's Officer to *The Jewish Chronicle* on the 8th of February.

My concern is why *The Beaver* reporters comfortably ignore to point out and seek clarification on issues like this on *The Beaver* but only waste valuable reader space on ridiculous arguments. Is it racial origin that drives news headlines at *The Beaver*?

Secondly, it appears to me that *The Beaver* has become a platform for reporters to attack selected students from minority groups. For example, continuous and repeated attacks on selected individuals and on certain groups appear to be based on some hidden agenda, is *The Beaver* part of this?

As the best political science institutions in the UK and home for a very diverse and active student population, I consider these issues a serious threat to the unbiased reporting principles of any newspaper.

Anonymous
(name and identity withheld)

"socialist Cuba"

Dear Sir,

I religiously read the "Red isn't Dead" and "Blue is True" columns in *The Beaver*. While I tend to agree with neither, I do none the less enjoy the read, since they often draw attention to world issues from radically different perspectives.

I was particularly struck by Annette Pacey's commentary on Cuba last week, since I felt it was not a particularly fair analysis of the situation. While completely acknowledging the issues relating to civil liberties and freedom in Cuba, I feel Pacey ignores the countries neighbouring Cuba in comparing the socio-economic situation. True, the standard of living in socialist Cuba is not high in the absolute terms, but on average, it is higher relative to its free-market neighbours. In terms of health, education, and general social welfare, Cuba ranks far greater than countries such as Jamaica, Dominican Republic, and Haiti. Indeed, relative to gross national income, Cuba's social welfare far exceeds that of any other country with a similar income.

Full socialism has its problems, as does free-market capitalism. To hover at one end of the theoretical spectrum, while pointing at failures of the

application of the other, proves very little. Could somewhere in between be the best way?

Kimberly McAdams

"better understanding"

Dear Sir,

Last week, we were ecstatic to hold our first Inter-Faith Forum between the Catholic Society and the Jewish Society. It was a great opportunity for our two societies to come together, achieve a better understanding of each other, and look to find common ground in our society's initiatives where we can work together.

In doing so, we have agreed to work side-by-side in the coming weeks to raise funds and supplies for Loyola High School in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania. It is a school that is attended by Christians, Muslims, and followers of indigenous religions who could otherwise not afford to attend high school. There, students learn together in an environment of tolerance, peace, and love. We mutually believe this is an excellent opportunity to channel our efforts towards a goal that resembles our own aim of achieving better relationships between our religious communities.

In the near future, we will be looking to reach out again to the other religious societies on campus so that we can achieve even a greater level of tolerance, understanding, and love. Furthermore, we would like to reach out to anyone who would like to help us in our challenge of raising funds for Loyola High School. We would love to have the help of anyone who would like to contribute and help us make our goal a reality.

In closing, we would like to point out that we must work to positively foster closer relationships between our religious societies if we are to overcome the pain and division that has afflicted our campus of late. Furthermore, efforts of peace and love must begin on the personal, micro-level, because only then can we perceive the human component of our goals. Anything short of this compromises the importance of human dignity in our efforts. In such challenges, we in the Catholic Society find solace and guidance in the words of St Francis:

*Lord, make me an instrument
of your peace,
Where there is hatred, let me
sow love;
where there is injury, pardon;
where there is doubt, faith;
where there is despair, hope;
and where there is sadness,
only lasting joy.*

Patrick Jones
LSE SU Catholic Society

COMMENT & ANALYSIS

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The Middle East



What a shame!



Charlie Gluckman

The absolutist voices that are so prominent on both sides of the Israel-Palestine debate need to make room for the more moderate voices



Annapolis; peace?

“What am I willing to do to end the conflict?” was the catch phrase of the 2006-7 campaign of OneVoice, a grassroots Israeli and Palestinian organisation whose aim it is to amplify the voice of the overwhelming and all too often silent majority of moderates who wish for peace and prosperity. OneVoice engages and mobilises both Palestinians and Israelis in greater civic involvement in reaching an end to the conflict. They have boldly reframed the conflict as primarily being that between moderate and absolutist, rejecting the dominant paradigm of: “Israeli vs. Palestinian”.

Absolutism is rife, and in the LSE SU this is no exception. Both ‘anti-Israel’ motions in the UGM this term have been nothing but absolutist.

So too has been the rhetoric expounded by both proponents and opponents in *The Beaver* and *The Jewish Chronicle*. The dangerous continual theme of the proposers of the motion has been their claim to absolute truth and morality when it comes to the Palestinian-Israeli conflict; voting yes for the motion is the means to the end for making a better world. The motion, while even claiming to be so, makes no attempt to be balanced. Supporting an organisation like Jews for Justice for Palestinians proves this to be so. All organisations that the motion asked the Union to support were all organisations that treat Palestinians as the only victims in the conflict. This motion, its supporters and these organisations even have the shameful audacity to delegitimise the bereavements

and suffering experienced by Israelis. This was apparent when the collective gasp of delegitimation escaped from the UGM’s mouth when Sderot was brought up in the motion’s ‘debate’ three weeks ago. Similarly, the motion makes absolutists out of those that opposed it. Whilst disagreeing

ing of the motion brings an end to the student’s union potential to play its role in bringing peace. The motion silences those who wish to engage in dialogue and are prepared to make attempts at understanding.

The victimhood of this conflict transcends the ethnic divide between Jew and Arab. The victims are *both* the Palestinian and Israeli civilians and children that are murdered. They are *both* the Palestinians that are forced to live in prison-like conditions and the Israelis who live in

existential fear as they carry out their daily life. They are the young men and women whose societies ask too much of them when it comes to fight for their national existence.

What are we willing to do to end the conflict? We could have been bold, we could have been ideologues, and we could have chosen to stand up against the status quo of endless barrages of claims against the other. Instead we chose to reproduce the seemingly eternal cycle of hatred. What a shame.

The dangerous continual theme of the proposers of the motion has been their claim to absolute truth and morality

with the resolutions of this proposal is one thing, the total rejection of a willingness to engage in its contents was a mistake. The result of the vote is a political victory, not a moral one, as it was two weeks previous for those that opposed the motion. The pass-



A response to “facts”

Ziyaad & Charlotte Lunat & Galvin

Over recent weeks, the LSE Palestine Society has been accused of numerous fictitious charges that reflects the ignorance on behalf of the accusers

In last week’s article, *A need for facts*, Daniel Jason played the victim’s role and alleged a “heinous” attack by *The Beaver*. He accused the paper of levelling false accusations against the Jewish and Israeli societies, and then he turned against the Palestine Society and made a litany of unfounded, fictitious charges. It is important that Jason’s attacks are thoroughly refuted, so that the intellectual dishonesty that has characterised many of the criticisms of the Israel divestment motion can be exposed.

Jason contended in his article that the Palestine Society is in effect an “anti-Israel lobby”, that is unconcerned with Palestinian suffering when the blame for it cannot be pinned on Israel. Specifically, he brought up the plight of Palestinian refugees living in Lebanon and claimed

our society ignores the serious humanitarian crisis there because it offers “no chance to slur Israel.” Wrong. Last November our society brought four speakers to LSE with the explicit purpose of assessing the plight of the Palestinian refugee population in Lebanon. The panel included the author of the very Amnesty report that Jason himself accuses us of ignoring and hiding from the LSE student body. We question why Jason chose to deprive the readers of this information. Furthermore, in January, we hosted a speaker from UNRWA, the UN agency created to ensure the welfare of the Palestinian refugee population, to discuss future prospects for the organisation and the status of the Palestinian refugees. Jason also alleged that the Palestine Society has not raised money for Palestinians in Lebanon,

thus ignoring our year-long drive to raise funds for scholarships for Palestinian students.

As a point of fact, our society has never turned a blind eye to the suffering of the Palestinian refugee population living outside of direct Israeli control. As a point of analysis, we maintain that Israel, as the country responsible for creating the refugee population to begin with, bears a large share of the responsibility for their miserable conditions and thus deserves continued scrutiny.

Jason also accused us of ignoring the rich Palestinian culture, instead focusing only on making political criticism of Israel. It is a pity that once again the author was so consumed with anger that he could only revert to making untruthful accusations. We have consistently aimed as a society to promote Palestinian culture. The Palestinians’ right to exist is at the essence of everything we do, and cultural activities are at its core. We have in the past organised dabke workshops (a traditional Palestinian dance); we often sell Palestinian food in the Quad, and just last month we organised a “Palestine Day” in the Brunch Bowl, where Palestinian cuisine, art and literature were all showcased. In December we had a stall in the People and Planet’s winter market, selling traditional

Palestinian handicraft produced in Gaza and Bethlehem; and this Thursday we will be part of the Fair Trade Market in the Quad selling Palestinian olive oil. As one can see, we are involved in many activities which offer no chance to “slur Israel” nor is that ever our aim.

Jason briefly mentioned “Palestinian human rights violations against Israeli civilians”, and wrongly saying that this was not mentioned in our motion. Furthermore, Jason fails to recognise or comprehend the context of this vio-

The Palestine Society has been a positive part of our Union, fostering and encouraging debate

lence: a UN report released this week by its Human Rights council states that Palestinian violence “must be understood as being a painful but inevitable consequence of colonialism, apartheid or occupation” that Israel is inflicting upon the Palestinians. As concerned students that take pride in our motto “to understand the causes of things”, we should correspondingly take note of

the UN report in order to understand the causes of the conflict. Additionally, the idea that our Israeli and Jewish students on campus feel intimidated by the Palestine Society’s opposition to illegal practices perpetrated by the Israeli government is wholly illogical. When anti-Iraq war events are held about campus, surely it would be absurd for us to feel intimidated because the British government, not the British people, conducted war crimes.

Jason was right about one thing: *The Beaver* inaccurately reported that the Israeli Society collected funds for a charity on a single day, rather than three days. However, recognition of this fact does not weaken the claim put forward in *The Beaver* article: namely, that the charity was used by the Israeli society for political purposes. Jason accused *The Beaver* of a “low, back-handed attempt to delegitimise the good work of the two societies”. However, any ordinary person would recognise that the slogan of the charity fundraisers – “Don’t Divest Invest” – was inherently politicised, as well as overtly confrontational. There is no denying that the collection of funds ceased on Thursday, once voting for the motion ended. Jason also conveniently ignored the fact that the same people that were wearing t-shirts and giant love-hearts were urging the people queuing up for the UGM to not attend, and that the e-mails sent out by the Israeli and Jewish societies announce-

ing their charity fund raiser explicitly condemned the divestment motion. No one questions that students involved in fund raising were inspired by the desire to help a charity. However, it is undeniable that the charity campaign was an integral part of a political, anti-divestment campaign.

The Palestine Society has been a positive part of our Union, fostering and encouraging debate, student participation and growing support for a cause that many people care about. At times like this, it is important we reiterate our concern for human rights as truly universal. Last week, Israeli deputy defense minister, Matan Vilnai threatened Palestinians in the occupied Gaza Strip with a “holocaust.” Israeli occupation forces have killed more than 300 Palestinians since the US-sponsored Annapolis peace summit last November, with at least 100 last weekend. Since Annapolis seven Israelis have been killed by Palestinians. With this grim reality in mind, it is inevitable that we address the issues with proportionality. The Palestine Society will continue to do so until the Palestinians have their human rights respected and until Israel stops holding the Palestinian population hostage.



Nahr al-Bared refugee camp; recent shelling by Lebanon



Zaytoun Olive Oil; just one way to support Palestinians



Red isn't Dead

Five years on, the anti-war movement is more right than ever

Vladimir Unkovski-Korica



While in my first undergraduate year at LSE, I took part – as many of you probably did at the time too – in the mass movement against the Iraq war. It was, by any account, the largest anti-war movement in history. On 15 February 2003, close to 800 cities across the world saw a coordinated day of protest against the Iraq war. Two million of us marched in Britain alone five years ago to stop the mass slaughter that was about to begin. And when we take to the streets again on 15th March 2008, it appears none of our core arguments will have been disproved.

But let me dwell for a few moments on what it was like at LSE from 2002 to 2003. The anti-war movement back then united pacifists and anti-imperialists, legalists and anarchists, reformists and revolutionaries. It was terrifically exciting. We held weekly planning meetings, often in dark underground rooms, with a regular attendance of anywhere between 20 and 40 people. From concocting public stunts to drawing up UGM motions, we did our best to involve fresh people in diverse activities. And we were able to project people power at will. We occupied LSE on 31 October, taking over the Old Theatre. We won several UGM votes convincingly (and elected an anti-war Sabbatical team at the end of the year). We also blocked a bridge on an anti-fees demonstration called by the National Union of Students.

A thousand staff and students joined the 15 February march directly from LSE. On the day war broke out, someone hit all the fire alarms around the place, and we took to the streets – aided by the firefighters who blocked the road for us, seeing as we chanted in support of their pay strike. We promptly marched to Downing Street and then Westminster. It is hard to describe the electric atmosphere as we sang 'Power to the People!'. Truly, Blair waged the war, but he did not wage it in our name.

Since then, several of our arguments have, unfortunately, proven true. First, we know there were no WMDs in Iraq, even though Blair claimed Iraq could launch lethal attacks on foreign countries within 45 minutes. Secondly, the Iraqis have not benefited from the occupation. Just one staggering statistic released in a study in the Lancet medical journal in late 2006, and conducted by a team at Johns Hopkins Bloomberg School of Public Health in Baltimore, illustrates the bankruptcy of the US/UK policy in Iraq. The study established that there were 655,000 excess deaths in Iraq, that would not have occurred but for the invasion. This number can only have grown since. In 2006 there were 229 US bombing missions in Iraq while that number rose to 1,447 in 2007. Third, the Iraqis themselves are opposed to and actively resist the occupation. In September 2006, according to ABC, 60 percent of Iraqis (including Kurds) supported attacks on 'Coalition' forces, and blamed the US for the rising violence. Fourth, no one claims any longer that the 'War on Terror' has made the world a safer place. From Silvio Berlusconi in Italy, Jose Aznar in Spain, and Australia's John Howard to the Republican majority in the House of Representatives, the supporters of war have lost office in most of the countries that waged war on Iraq. Fifth, the announcement last Monday that the US military will indefinitely maintain some 10,000 more troops in Iraq than the pre-surge level suggests that the 'surge' has not really been a success. Iraq is now more divided and dangerous than five years ago.

Despite the failure of the Iraq invasion and majority disapproval of the war, there is now visibly less anti-war activity on campus and in Britain as a whole. This is largely because it was much easier for people to agree five years ago that the war was wrong than it is now to agree about how and when to get out. But it is also due to the fact that a subtle campaign among sections of the political elites of the country has posed the idea that it is now a matter of time before British troops are deployed from Iraq, the 'failed war', to Afghanistan, 'the just war', where, incidentally, life expectancy has dropped to forty-four. We must make clear on 15 March that the 'War on Terror' as a whole is destabilising countries from the Horn of Africa to the Indian sub-continent. It is making a bad situation worse. Five years on, we should still march to say: Troops out of Iraq and Afghanistan – Don't attack Iran – End the siege of Gaza.

Blue is True

Children of the Revolution should get a job

Annette Pacey



The story of Bristol hippy "Saoirse" ("freedom" in Gaelic) who set off on foot four weeks ago on a spiritual pilgrimage to India made for an intriguing read. Things did not go quite to plan for poor Saoirse, otherwise known rather less romantically as Mark Boyle. He was forced to abandon his journey, having got no further than Calais.

The idea behind the pilgrimage came from Boyle's own distinctly odd philosophy of Freeconomy (not to be confused with Steven Levitt's Freakonomics). Falling somewhere between a kind of radical anti-globalisation ideology and a new-age religious cult, Freeconomy questions the need for an economy as we know it, blaming pretty much all of society's woes on the use of money. The Freeconomy website is full of the irritating psychobabble which only appeals to the pampered and self-indulgent children of the middle classes, who have clearly never done a day's work in their lives. The idea is that we all give up money, and instead offer our skills, tools, space and land to others without expecting anything in return. The idea is so convoluted and contradictory that it is impossible to explain in a few sentences, but you get the picture: Freeconomics is so far out there it almost makes socialism look like a viable system.

Apparently seeing himself as the 21st century's answer to Gandhi, Boyle set off for India on foot, pledging to not so much as touch any of that dirty money stuff and planning to spread the good word of Freeconomics on the way. To his surprise and disappointment, Boyle did not quite receive the warmth and generosity he was expecting. Arriving in Dover he found the ferry company was strangely unwilling to give him a free ticket, but was able to continue when his friend's mum offered to pay his fare (apparently allowed so long as he didn't actually touch the money). However, in France things got decidedly tricky. The locals not only suggested he was simply a freeloading backpacker, but astonishingly insisted on speaking only French! Hopes for the revolution dashed, Boyle made the "hard decision" to return to the UK (tickets again paid for by friend's mum), promising to walk around Britain learning French before having another go next year. Hopefully before then someone will have a quiet word to him about how the locals communicate in Germany, Afghanistan and everywhere in between.

While it's tempting to simply dismiss Boyle as deluded but harmless, there is a darker side to the story. Like other leftist fringe groups, the Freeconomy movement is hypocritical in that it only has the luxury of making such claims thanks to the prosperous capitalist economy it rejects. Admittedly, neither the radical left nor the extreme anti-globalisers are quite as ludicrous as the truly bonkers Freeconomy idea; but they too fail to acknowledge that if their vision of a post-capitalist society became reality, it would inevitably involve a massive decline in our standard of living – and a sharp reduction in our personal freedom.

The dishonesty of Boyle's mission is revealed by all the things he relies upon along the way. His website and blog, the ferry that took him to Calais, and the snazzy digital camera which took his promotional photos don't just spring magically out of a Freeconomy based on non-reciprocal sharing. They are the result of innovation which is created by competition and the desire for profit in the capitalist economy which he so disparages. Boyle doesn't seem to understand the reality of what he is advocating – a return a time of living hand to mouth with no security. In exactly what way would this be a better world? Far from putting us more in touch with nature and our sense of community, we wouldn't have time or energy for anything else other than trying to survive.

It's all very well for these new-age eco-warrior types to live out their utopian fantasies, but it's also shamefully dishonest. Unlike millions of people around the world who live in grinding poverty, these self-indulgent narcissists don't have to struggle to survive. Instead they have the luxury of choosing to opt out of the system which supports them, while knowing they can always come running back the moment the going gets tough.

thebeaver.features@lse.ac.uk

Notes on Nothing

Promises, Promises

Congratulations to an exciting and varied 2008-2009 Executive. Now get to work

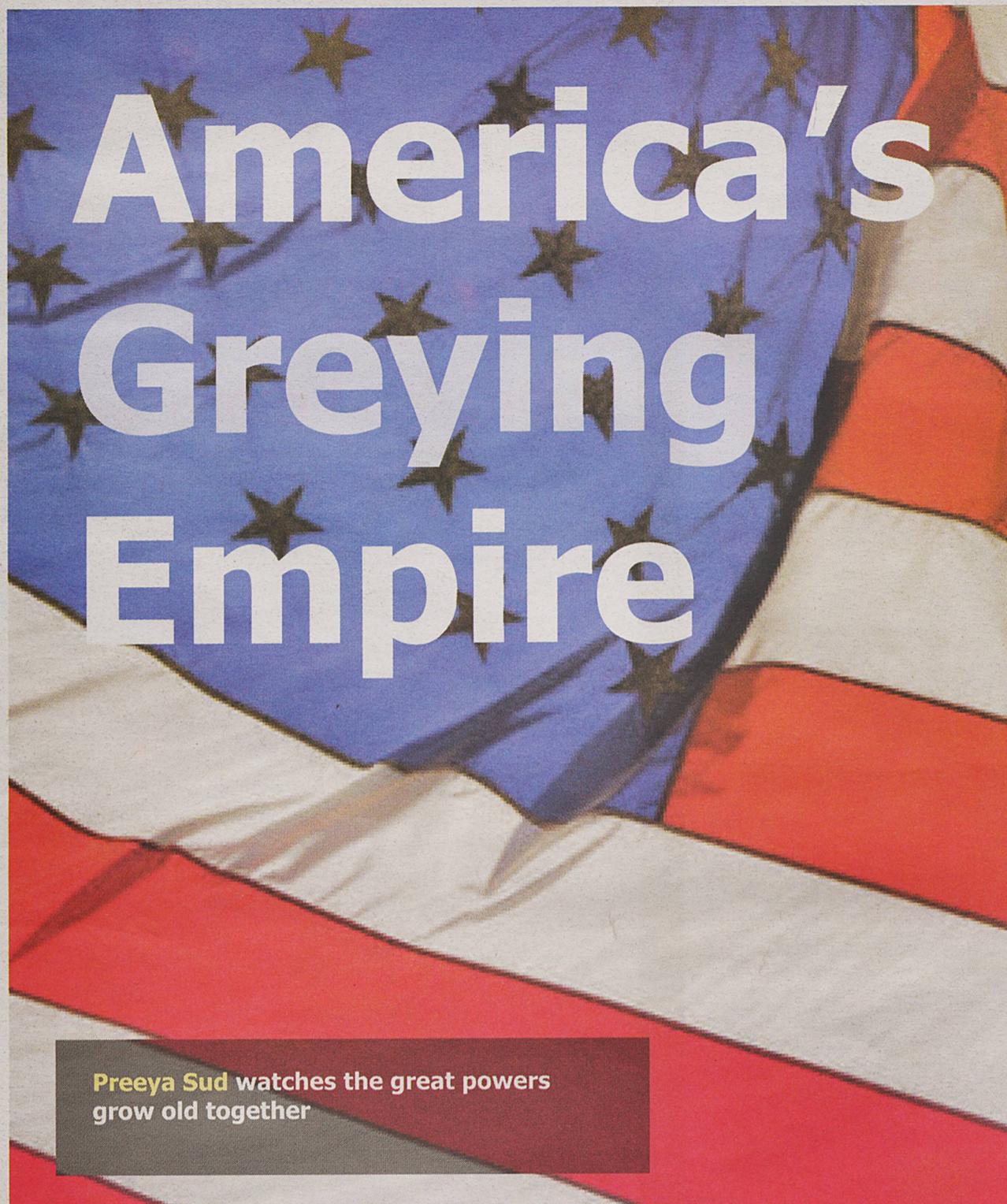
"Strong Principles, Clear Vision, Real Experience." Aled Dilwyn Fisher, the General Secretary-elect, has all the makings of a classic steward of the Students' Union, and he will have a cohesive and competent Sabbatical team to help him next year. However, this will mean all the more disappointment if the new Executive does not live up to its billing.

Fisher's campaign promises – which will be the best way to measure his future administration – included such policy stalwarts as increasing attendance at the Union General Meeting and keeping Wednesday afternoons free. These are all worthy things to be pursuing, but there is a bigger picture here. Fisher must not neglect the structural transformation our Union needs. He made a specific manifesto pledge to complete the Governance Review. This will be a major undertaking, but it must be finished if our Union is to survive as a representative student body, and avoid a ghostly future as a "trust" on the ULU model. The stakes are high.

At the same time, Fisher should pay less heed to those who have argued that the new Sabbatical team should steer the Union away from involvement in political issues and international campaigns. That is precisely what student unions exist for; however, Fisher must make sure the issues are the right ones and husband the Union's precious political capital.

The Treasurer-elect, Wil Barber, would do well to ditch gimmicky promises to cut Sabbatical pay and use the money to create new student bursaries. The sums involved would be a pittance for even one student's financial requirements. Instead, Barber must work with Emmanuel Akpan-Inwang, the new officer for Education and Welfare, to press the School itself to roll out more generous bursaries, an area in which it has been unacceptably lacking. Otherwise, Barber has promised to overhaul the Union's staff structure. Along with Communications Officer-elect Dan Sheldon's plans for a "strong, independent and well-funded Media Group" (to which, be assured, he will be held), it finally looks like the Union will be able to move out of crisis mode next year. The new Sabbatical Executive therefore deserves our support – but if it misses this opportunity, it will also deserve our criticism.

Joseph Cotterill
Features Editor



America's Greying Empire

Preeya Sud watches the great powers grow old together



OLD WORLD ORDER? THE GEOPOLITICS OF AGEING

The world's population has passed 8 billion; a long-awaited one-mile wide asteroid has narrowly missed the Earth, and Big Brother 28 is (unfortunately) in full swing. If this all sounds a little too futuristic for 2008, that's because it is - the year in question is in fact 2028; a time when most of the people reading this will be close to or in their forties. Like this year, 2028 will be a leap year, host summer Olympics and witness a US presidential election; but judging from the demographics, the political backdrop for these events will be radically different from today.

For the major powers of the world, the main trouble makers will be those sporting dentures and wielding walking sticks - the ageing population. According to the United Nations, a population is considered ageing when at least 10% of the population is over 60, and is a serious emerging problem in the West. In fact, it has been argued that if you were to walk along an American street in 2030, every fifth person you met would be an Old Age Pensioner. That would amount to a staggering 72 million Americans being older than 65.

Ageing populations are the

consequence of two simultaneous developments: A decline in the fertility rate (the average number of children a woman will have) as well as an increase in life expectancy due to medical advances. Countries with ageing populations will suffer more acutely if tax rates are already high, if senior citizens are very reliant on government provision of health and welfare services, if the country has high levels of debt and a low per capita GDP. In light of these factors, several countries - including the USA, Japan, Russia and China - stand to be severely impacted.

But what problems could this geriatric army cause, and how could they possibly shape international relations? The issue is that as the proportion of the labour force (the government's tax base) in the affected country shrinks, so the costs of taking care of the elderly rise. The government would then have two options - either cut health and welfare spending on the elderly, or finance their increasing expenditures by diverting funds from other services. For any non-suicidal government the former "option" is not really feasible, since by definition the greatest proportion of the population will

"If you were to walk along an American street in 2030, every fifth person you met would be an Old Age Pensioner"



be the aged, who are also the most proactive in terms of voting.

If elderly subsidisation must stay, then something like education or military spending must fall. Yet stemming funding for education would be rather like shooting yourself in the foot, for it is the one sure-fire way of diminishing worker productivity and exacerbating the problem. The most obvious possibility for the USA would be to curtail military spending. Indeed, Nobel Laureate Joseph Stiglitz argued in a recent interview in Newsweek argued that one-sixth of the cost of the Iraq war would have been enough to sort out America's social security program for the next 50-75 years. Other extraneous spending which could possibly be curtailed would include expenditures on international commitments, such as human rights campaigns, or international environmental and aid efforts.

Some believe that this means the world will be less instead of more stable, since international conflicts are more likely to arise during the decline and transition of a superpower. Additionally, the fact that global issues will be

harder and harder to resolve may aggravate political tensions. However, predictions of an American demise within the next twenty years are probably a little hasty. The USA may face an ageing population, with elderly health care and pensions predicted to reach eleven per cent of GDP in 2040; however, the situation is far worse for the other global powers, who will also have to cut military spending and so will not be able to invest in the newest technology and thus catch up with America. This does not imply a more peaceful world, just one in which the US is still the dominant player. The developed world still led by America will no longer have the capacity to stop the production of weapons of mass destruction in many parts of the world, a development which will hardly help international stability.

If ageing populations are such a curse for stability, one would expect that a youthful population would necessarily be a blessing. Sadly, youthful populations are only good if you have the right infrastructure and environment to encourage their productivity. Ironically, it is precisely those countries with the ageing problem that would be



hear from the honchos here

holli eastman

rant honcho -----> page 3
anikamathur

Spent a lot of time perusing the periodic table. Didn't get very far 'cause she thought the fifth element was the best.

pages 4 and 5 <-----**music honcho**
adamjohns

The interviewees insisted on everyone talking in perfect time. When johns spoke out of time they made him start the whole interview again.

travel honcho -----> page 6
willjoce

They have their own money. If you ever try and use it in this country, people look at you like you've just tried to pay with a human skull.

page 7 <-----**telly honcho**
ericlundquist

Told the joke about the doctor. It was a knock knock. It wasn't funny. But they all laughed. They always laugh.

technology honcho -----> page 7
simonwang

Used the internet to make a phone call. Then took the internet with him. The internet's broken. We can't fix it because he's got it.

pages 8 and 9 <-----**assistant editor**
ravimistry

Loves Sci-fi like a kid at fat camp loves chocolate cake. Marvel at his wonderful sci-fi love child that has been spawned on our pages.

music honchos -----> pages 10 and 11
adamjohns and julianboys

Tried to talk to a champion but couldn't keep up with him due to general hostility and his Einstein-be-fucked speed of light.

page 12 <-----**film honcho**
bernardkeenan

Learnt his first alphabet this week. We are all very proud. Next week we are moving onto pictures.

food and drink honcho -----> page 13
danielbyates

Is sure that the future tastes of citrus and jazz, yet can't get the residual taste of semen out of his mouth. He compiles recipes from the future, now.

page 13 <-----**thearte honcho**
thomaswhittaker

Thinks sex is a weapon. He went to Iraq and started throwing condoms at people. Then he got shot.

literature honcho -----> page 14
rahimrahemtulla

Was so inspired by the title of this weeks piece that he has been singing Ronan Keating 'Life is a Rollercoaster' ever since, he is even contemplating going on tour as tribute artist...

page 15 <-----**identity honcho**
hodgeman

So enthused by the Scientology story she has gone to Hawaii to find Xenu.

visual arts honcho -----> page 15
fionamackay

Made a communist collage this week. Imagine Stalin's horror when she jumped on him with a pritt stick and a pair of scissors. Totalitarianism has never looked so pretty.

page 16 <-----**gender honcho**
alicepfeffer

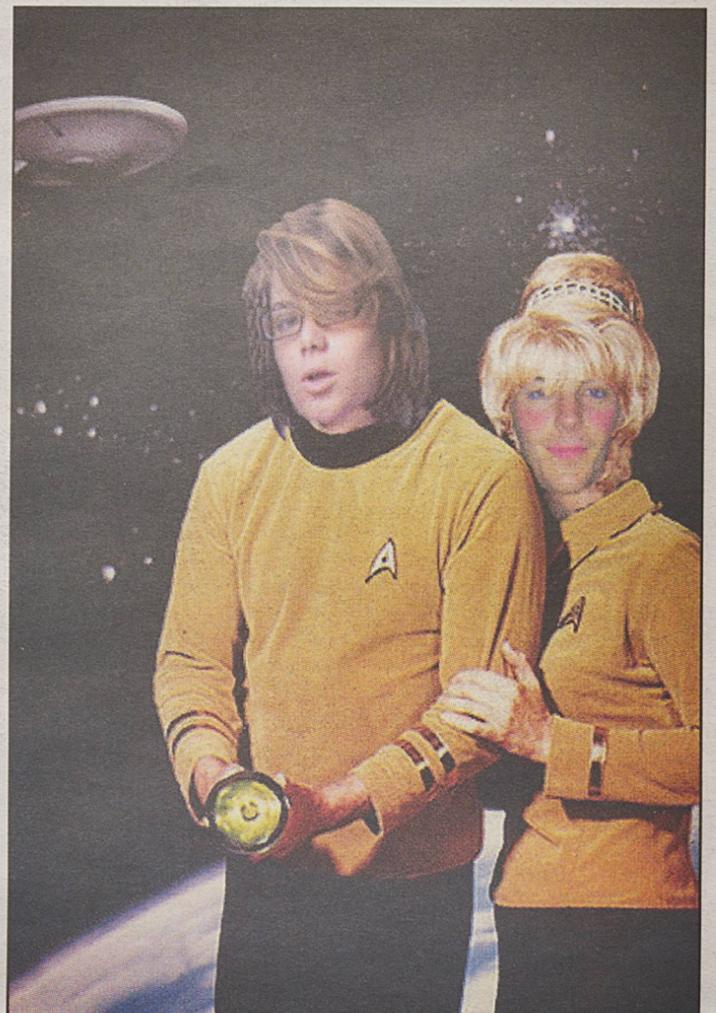
Thinks that boys and girls dress the same. Finally an explanation for why my Dad wears my sequin dresses on the weekends.

editorials from the editors - we know everything

This week I attempted to go boldly where no Holli has gone before, one small step for man, one bloody huge step for a short and rather ginger haired girl from Andover... Yet despite this exploratory mission I remain slightly in the dark about this whole sci-fi lark, Josh's educative attempts were alas in vain. Never fear, PartB has embraced the genre into its beefy bosoms. The centre spread is a beautiful bonnie love child of Ravi, crafted from his own blood, sweat and sci-fi tears. Dawdling down a semi tangent but Sputnikesque theme, Visual Arts explores communist crafts, who would have guessed Art Attack would have been so popular in the USSR? Neil Buchanan bloody loves them reds.

josh heller

Science fiction, an exploration of the real by describing the super real. Sadly a lot of people at partB didn't really understand what it is sci-fi really is. George Lucas and Gene Rodenberry really fucked up. We did do an entire issue referencing Asimov and Phillip K. Dick, but no one got the references so we thought fuck it let's just photoshop pictures of Star Wars and Trek. I lost half of my power then. Holli will be amazing and I look forward to conquering planets with her as co-captain. We did reference SU politics on the centre-spread. It was probably mostly not 'cause we couldn't think of anything else. Next week is the last issue of the year. For those of you yet to write for partB what the fuck are you waiting for? Be funny or die.



SCIENCE FRICTION

anikamathur seeks love in the third dimension

The strongest associative factor in my mind to sci-fi is Yoda from Star Wars. This is not because he is wise and of the highest order in the saga but simply because he is cute. This association alone represents my views with regards to sci-fi. In my opinion sci-fi is a genre which invents power struggles, power hungry characters, and civilisations which are miles apart from our world because for the inventors this life and humans are not enough. It is a genre which lacks central themes of love, compassion and seeks to create characters which are devoid of human emotion. This is why I have held onto the one factor in my memory which makes sci-fi, for lack of a better word, soft.

Now I'm not trying to be sexist but it is widely agreed, and noted by many polls (they still count even if they are on the internet) that sci-fi programmes and films are appreciated more by men as opposed to women. Personally I think this is largely due to the central themes behind many sci-fi inspired scripts, which is to discover the workings of outer space and gain power to dominate the universe. Its all about discovery and power, its almost as if its been invented because this world does not seem like its enough. It is as if the fact that these battles and wars which have been created between different galaxies and solar systems are allowed to be enjoyed and used at entertainment. Despite the fact that they are still battles and wars, the fictional stand point of sci-fi allows this violence to be sought after. Sci-fi programmes and films lead to cult followings and groups where fans try and recreate these worlds that they long so much to be a part of. The cults even hold annual conventions for people to gather and share their fascination over these fictional planets and beings and attempt to kid themselves that they are on these planets and experiencing the environ-



ment (which are simply visual recreations). The thing which deters women from these sci-fi worlds is that it is just too complicated and in one word fabricated. Why would you want to create these various galaxies with all their intricacies when life is already complicated enough? Sci-fi is just escapism to the extreme, it sucks you in so far that the real world really does become distorted (for the fans in particular). Sci-fi cults are no different from gamers

which spend their days lost in these virtual worlds which appear to have a lot more to offer than planet earth and humans alone.

I could argue that the other thing deterring women is the lack of a central theme of love...however I do remember that there were intertwined and complicated love stories in star wars so I will refrain from making this claim. It would also explain why fantasy films reach a much wider audience, despite their cult followings (such as Lord of the Rings). Now you might claim that fantasies about good and evil are much less realistic than sci-fi and too fluffy but that is exactly what people need. They have a moral at their core. They feature epic battles, but the beings seem to be fighting for a cause which is usually the greater good. Sci-fi on the other hand appears to have a central concept of gaining power...I am yet to discover the moral behind any of the many episodes of star trek. Fantasies leave you with hope that love and good will prevail in the end, sci-fi (apart from Fifth element) lacks this innocence and hope.

It is for these reasons that I believe The Fifth Element is a sci-fi film which has got the right balance. The film is almost a combination of sci-fi and fantasy. It revolves around the age old tale of preventing evil from taking over the world. For evil to be stopped a fifth element is needed. This element is unique, and after being partially destroyed is regenerated as a woman, who is the supreme being. (Not just any woman but a scantily clad supermodel) The key to activating the fifth element is love. The sci-fi nature and underlying messages and centralised theme of love (similar to that found in any Bollywood film) are what make the film stand out in my mind.

The importance given to love in the film leads me to my conclusion. The women that are not part of the sci-fi cult are part of a wider spread less vocal cult. We are living in a regressive society where women seem to be reverting to their classic gender roles. We spend far too much time thinking about weddings, babies and how we will be good housewives and mothers. This is a female cult where there is no room for sci-fi, apart from The Fifth Element which would be even better had there been a wedding at the end. We may obsess and fret with everyday life but at the end of the day at least this world and what is achievable in it is enough for us.

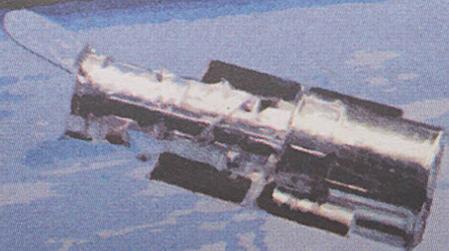
JAR JAR THINKS

ravimistry tells you to boldly watch what he tells you to

I promise you that was the last of the puns, but the fact that the most people get the joke is testament to the popularity of sci-fi. So, why whenever I mention Star trek does everybody in the room take a step back from me? The answer is simple; the 'sci-fi geek', that convention attending, Klingon speaking nerd who still lives with their Mum. The principle fan for of sci-fi has forever put the masses of this most intriguing of genres. Even setting aside the stereotypes, just mentioning Star Wars has all but branded geek on my forehead, well at least here at the partB office. Sci-fi has become synonymous with it the most, and thus creates a shield around it which seems to instil apathy amongst people towards the genre.

Sci-Fi's cause has not been helped by the fact George Lucas thought he had some "unfinished business". As horrendous as Hayden Christiansen's acting is, it still doesn't take anything away from the best storyline ever created, in my humble opinion of course. However, the recent success of shows Heroes, Lost - which are a hybrid of sci-fi themes, pulsating action and edge of your seat drama with more plot twists that you can shake an inter-temporal tachyon phaser has shown otherwise. What do these shows have that sci-fi doesn't? Perhaps it is the edge of realism these series have, i.e. Heroes [a rip off of X-men] set in today's world with sophisticated pseudo-scientific reasoning seems to satisfy people more than Stan lee's radioactive spider bite. Which is a fair enough but why don't people crave the full-blown scientific explanation? Why do they not crave for Isaac Asimov. Isaac who? Asimov is the granddaddy of science fiction and brought you the concept of the robot, so without him we would not have R2D2 and C3P0, that excellent film 'I, robot' let alone the popular dance move. As bad as Jar Jar Binks has been of sci-fi, Asimov has been that great and if there is any criticism of Asimov at all it's that his work slightly lacked any form of action in the fact that it didn't actually contain any. That, coupled with absence of aliens and sex and head-slicing using your finger has left Asimov's work somewhat dated. However, as we all know trends are cyclical and everything comes back into fashion, so don't be surprised to see more Asimov getting a reworking. As somehow, I think it is going to take more than Will Smith to make sci-fi cool again.

Frankly, the only people who should have legitimate beef with sci-fi are die-hard, ardent physicists who choke at the implausible scientific explanations and the majority of them are sci-fi fans. However, if it is over-complication, which has been holding back sci-fi then surely today's 'light' sci-fi has a chance? Unfortunately not, whilst US dramas have soared to success, in sharp contrast BBC 1's Doctor Who or spin-off series Torchwood aren't top of your torrent downloads, let alone on your sky plus planner. Why is this? Well, Dr Who is admittedly a 'family' show, so can be excused, but not even it's edgier spinoff Torchwood cannot compete with the conveyor belt of US serial dramas - despite the efforts of John Barrowman. To any fan of Heroes or Lost or any seemingly never ending series, I encourage you to watch Star Trek Voyager [the series with the female captain], although the writers don't stick a cliffhanger at the end of every episode [surely the gimmick wears off after the third series?] the finale is jaw-dropping - trust me. Regarding storyline it seems twists and turns are preferred depth and substance. The Star Trek television series covers an array of ethical, political and moral dilemmas but again the spectre of the archetypal "star trek nerd" rears its spotty head again and people shy away before they start trying to do that funny v sign with their hand. I can't help but stand back at appreciate the detailed tapestry the likes of Lucas with his far far away galaxy or Rodenberry with Star Trek universe paint. Surely the sheer depth of these movies is something to be marvelled at, as opposed to the lazy setting of the 'not too distant future' in today's world. Don't get me wrong, I am a huge fan of the likes of Heroes, but I am also an exponent of sci-fi and I say you should lay down your prejudices and embrace the pure fiction. Sci-fi's brilliance relies on its complexity and depth and a gentle bit of escapism doesn't go a miss maybe I just have an overactive imagination, but to me the reason people are sceptical about sci-fi and can only take it in very subtle doses is that they just don't believe it. This is why they fail...



The indie kids are dancing. Indisputably, across the land, brogues are shuffling. Tight pants are being strained. Asymmetrical haircuts are flailing. And much of these possibly unnatural, arguably spastic, yet indisputably joyous gesticulations are due to the efforts of three men: Joseph Mount, Gabriel Stebbing, and Oscar Cash, otherwise known as **Metronomy**.

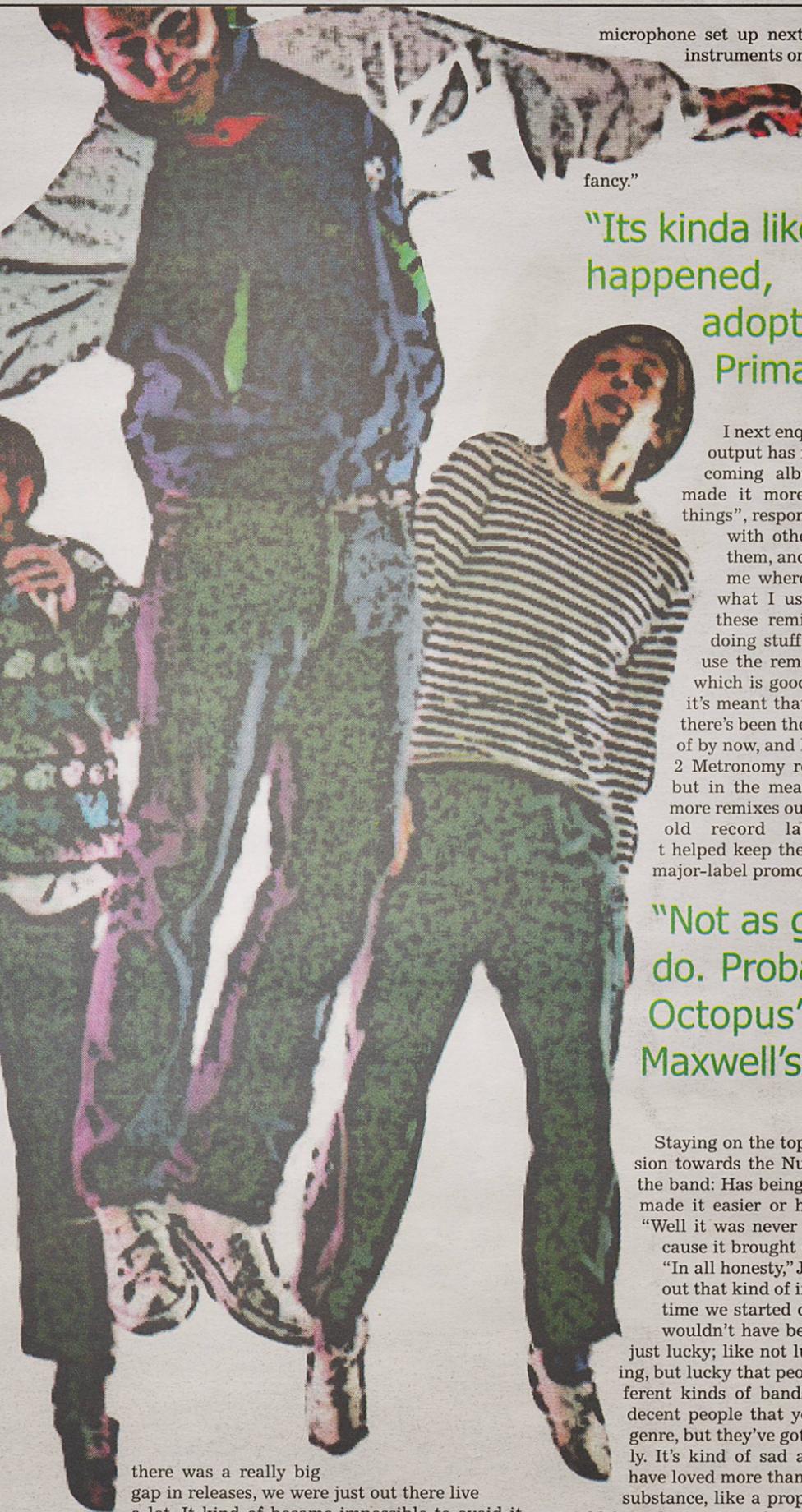
Metronomy have been extant since the early 2000s, and were started as a solo side project by Joseph, with Gabriel and Oscar joining up first as a backing band and currently playing as full-fledged members.

Their sound is a sort of quivering lo-fi electro rock attack. Think Autechre, LCD Soundystem, Hall and Oates and Nirvana chewed up by a dinosaur, spit out, and strained though a sieve made from an obsolete computer. While their music relies heavily on instrumentals, the band's quivering, computer-processed falsetto vocals have increasingly been coming to the forefront of their. While their first album "Pip Paine, Pay the 5000 You Owe" was released in 2006, the group are arguably more famous for Joseph's remixing efforts—he is responsible for dozens of excellent remixes (Klaxons, Kate Nash, Roots Manuva, Franz Ferdinand, among others) under the Metronomy name—and for their charming live performances which feature creative use of dollar-store push lights, which have combined to make them one of England's most beloved indie-electro groups.

Considering their sound, it was inevitable that Metronomy would get caught up in the vintage-2006 jaw-grinding mass hysteria that was Nu Rave. Despite the fact that they continue to be lumped in with Nu Rave associated groups like Klaxons and New Young Pony Club, the group has refused to give up in the wake of the Nu Rave market crash. Their follow-up to "Pip Paine", "Nights Out" is set for release May, and a single "Radio Ladio" is currently out in official release. Another new tracks "Heart Rate Rapid" is making the blog rounds to a positive Internet reaction. PartB caught up with the band on their headlining UK tour before their performance at the Institute of Contemporary Art in London.

"We'll get to 2012 and there'll be a New New Rave revival cause everyone'll be like "That logo brings me right back to 2006 man. I'm there. I'm down at the Old Blue Last with a glowstick in my hand""

I sit down with the band in the gorgeous, minimalist ICA café a couple hours before they were due to go onstage. Joseph, Gabriel, and Oscar come across as a bunch of scruffy, witty indie guys; the type of guys who would probably be really fun to drink beer and listen to obscure records with. I begin the interview by asking them about what we can expect from their upcoming album. Having seen them play live a couple times in 2007, I noted an increasing emphasis on vocals in their live show, and I am curious to see if this will be reflected on the record, a suspicion which is quickly confirmed by Joe. "There's definitely vocal stuff than the first record. We've been playing live, the three of us, so it's been quite influenced by that. And actually Gabriel and Oscar both appear on the album." "Courtesy of my Mum.", interrupts Oscar nonsensically. "So... yeah." Joe continues "It's kind of more poppy I think really, and more suited to us playing it as a band live. Yeah it's weird, it was never really the plan to make it more vocal orientated. 'Cause



microphone set up next to the table and then loads of instruments on the floor within arm's reach. And a swivel chair. So you can just imagine. It's like a 360 reach. And there's an ashtray on the table as well. And that's how the music gets made. It's not fancy."

"Its kinda like Nu rave never happened, now its been adopted by like... Primark"

I next enquire as to how Joe's prolific remix output has influenced the work on the forthcoming album. "The remixes I think also made it more obvious to start doing vocal things", responds Joe, "cause I was like working with other people's vocals and arranging them, and eventually it got to the point for me where it was impossible for me to do what I used to do, 'cause I'd been doing these remixes so much that it felt weird doing stuff without vocals. You can kind of use the remixes to test things out in a way, which is good. Because of the gap in releases, it's meant that as far as Metronomy stuff goes, there's been the album, which is hard to get hold of by now, and like a 12 inch. So there's only like 2 Metronomy releases. I sound really lazy now, but in the meantime there's been 10 or maybe more remixes out. It was getting difficult with the old record label, so basically they just helped keep the name out there. It's like getting major-label promotion for free in a way."

"Not as good as love me do. Probably as good as Octopus's Garden. Or Maxwell's silver hammer"

Staying on the topic of publicity, I turn the discussion towards the Nu Rave zeitgeist and its effect on the band: Has being so intimately linked to Nu Rave made it easier or harder for them to do their job? "Well it was never that much of a bad thing really cause it brought us a lot of exposure." Says Oscar. "In all honesty," Joe elaborates, "I think that without that kind of interest in that sort of thing at the time we started doing live shows, the initial push wouldn't have been so easy. And I think we were just lucky; like not lucky that new rave was happening, but lucky that people were willing to go watch different kinds of bands at that time. There are a few decent people that you'd associate with that kind of genre, but they've got nothing to do with it at all really. It's kind of sad actually, there's nothing I would have loved more than for it to have been something of substance, like a proper movement, and in that case I would have been more than happy for us to have been like "yeah, we're Nu Rave"" But as it was it was just like an idea, it was just an idea that galvanized a bit of activity in a way. If somebody chances upon a good idea and it gets momentum it'll be a catalyst for people to get involved and get active and make something. But it literally lasted for a few months and I think the spin-offs are a lot more interesting. I think the proper legacy of it is like in fashion, and the way that... You watch like a Missy Elliot video or something and everyone's wearing neon, and guys like Lupe Fiasco and all those people who started wearing Casette Playa, it's kind of like Nu Rave never happened, but the fashion got popular." "It's in Primark now." interjects Oscar. "You can see it's much more fashion in a way, as a lot of the musical movements end up being." Joe muses. "it is kind of nice to have been around in London when it all started happening. And to have seen it spread around all over the place."

there was a really big gap in releases, we were just out there live a lot. It kind of became impossible to avoid it,

'cause you realize the reaction you get when you're doing it live. And also cause there's the three of us, and all of us can sing, the fun you can have! I mean like backing vocals and things like that." I ask whether this means we can expect three-part harmonies and perhaps a barbershop influence on the next album. "More like call-and-response type stuff", says Gabriel, "but we're working on it."

From here, I turn the conversation towards the group's famously lo-fi recording style and ask how the record was recorded. "It's like a bedroom set-up really." says Joe, the brains behind the recording process. "I've got a laptop, I bought a sound card last year." "That improved things a little bit." Says Oscar. "It improved the quality of the sound." Says Joe. "I'm not involved in the recording process," Gabe chips in, "but to describe Joe's setup it's like a table much the same as this café with a computer on top of it, two speakers and an amplifier, a

adamjohns speaks primark, nu nu rave and the beatles with metronomy

THE NU KIDS IN TOWN

At this point Gabe interjects with a smirking expression on his face. "I think the real legacy of New Rave actually is in the London 2012 Olympics logo. We'll get to 2012 and there'll be a Nu Nu Rave revival cause everyone'll be like "That logo brings me right back to 2006 man. I'm there. I'm down at the Old Blue Last with a glowstick in my hand". Having never seen the logo, I ask if it's a bunch of day-glo triangles, as one would expect from a Nu Rave Olympic logo. "You got it" Joe tells me "You can probably jokingly draw what you think it would be and get it right."

Reeling from this

insight, I go on to bring up a hypothesis of mine formed during my endless blog-trolling relating to the indie electro scene. Namely: Is the ease-of-use of home recording technology partially to blame for some of the slipping quality of the genre? "I know what you mean, actually." Says Joe. "But no one's been

it's the same across all media. Like the fact that you can buy all the equipment you need to make, for instance, like club flyers. Because anybody can get on photoshop and get some images off of google, and they won't exactly be talented, but they can come up with something that's quite crap quite quickly. It comes down to the democratization of digital technology, but it doesn't actually mean that everyone's qualified to do something. And the internet is full of people who can very easily give their 2 pence worth of opinion that actually means nothing. It's a bit of a Pandora's box really. I mean I wouldn't say that I listen to a lot of indie electro in my spare time, but I would say that the internet has kind of opened this world of people getting involved.

"But I think also like at the end of the day you'd hope that the people who actually buy music are going to be the ones who weed it out." Joe continues. "And I think there'll be a lot of acts aren't going to be around in a year or two. And that's because they're almost trying their hand at something. I think the thing that differs from that and the three of us is that as a band, and as a proposition kind of thing, we don't come from that background really at all. We all know how to play stuff. As far as it comes to the technology side, I don't really know a great deal about it, I just kind of know what I know. If I was using analog equipment and all that I'd probably be doing the same thing. It's only because I can't afford, well no one can afford proper decent recording equipment. It is weird though, I guess record labels will hear stuff, they're looking for the next indie electro thing, and you hear it and you're like "this is pretty bad..." Or it sounds like the fucking Utah Saints or something. It's like where are you going to draw the line between "breakbeat" and interesting new music?"

I next ask them about their predictions for the future of indie electro. As dancing increasingly becomes the dominant paradigm for indie music, does the group fear a backlash? "I think there is already a backlash." Says Joe.

"Like if you look at bands that are really popular in Britain, it's bands like the Pigeon Detectives, or the Enemy, real guitar bands. I think that the kind of genre-swapping, genre-melding that's been happening recently, it's always been bubbling under. Even the biggest crossover bands, like LCD Soundsystem, don't sell that many records. Like it's always been bubbling under. My prediction is that the indie dance thing is ending, and for a band to come across like a pop band, and having a massive pop hit, whilst being in complete control. In control of the writing, being on an indie label. And I think that is something... I guess bands like Scritti Politti, those kind of older bands that came across as massive commercial pop bands but actually there was way more to them, like they came from a way more punky background. And I reckon that all this kind of Duffy and Adele stuff is the step before there being proper good pop bands who are in control. And tonight, Primary 1 and Cockandbull Kid who are supporting are a good example of that, people who make pop but write and record their own stuff. They're confident pop artists who are interested in pop music but aren't afraid to take influences from literally anywhere. They've got a bit of a background too, and knowledge of where they're coming from. We're on the edge of a golden age. Potentially. I think Number ones, or top tens in the past few months, there aren't really any kind of boy bands about. Solo artists aren't what they were. Like Britney, she's putting out good fucking cheese, but she's not had a number one for ages. It'd be nice if it got to the point where it was bands in the top of the charts. Like the Beatles were an example of that kind of thing, aren't they, a band that were totally in control and ended up just being huge on their own terms. That's not us. That's never gonna happen to us." When I attempt to contradict him by pointing out that they do have some hits, Joe concedes somewhat. "Not as good as "Love Me Do". Probably as good as "Octopus's Garden". Or "Maxwell's silver hammer."

"Britney, she's putting out good fucking cheese, but she's not had a number one for ages"

We continue to talk about music we're excited about, and I ask the group for an insight into music they're excited about at the moment. "I'll give you the pop angle" Joe says. "The new Girls Aloud single is very good, weird. Late of the Pier, I say that every single time but I am excited about them. The band that I'm championing at the moment are called the XX, they're really young. Me and Gabriel have seen them a couple times, they're just really beautiful voices, kind of downtempo. If you were lazy you'd lump them in with Portishead and Everything but the Girl. They sound like a punky, more downbeat indie pop with a better voice, but with like an electronic background. They're making classy down-

beat music, and that doesn't come along very often, I mean so much downtempo electronica depends on being like Morcheeba or whatever, whereas this is classy. They do a good cover of teardrops. Is it Womack and Womack?" Joe asks Gabe, which he confirms. "Yeah, you know that teardrops." He says, and sings a couple bars of the song. "They're really good. And Gabriel's band, Your 20s. We're all really in to them."

"Nu rave may be gone, Metronomy just keeps getting better"

I close the interview by asking if there are any surprises the audience can expect on their current tour. "I've read a few reviews of us in the past, responds Joe "that've been like, 'cause we've done so many support bands, reviewers have said "oh they're a great support band but I can't really imagine they'd be that great as a headline band". So we're kind of trying to make it a bit more to prove that we're more than a support band. But still on a shoestring." When I enquire as to whether I can expect more push lights, Joe confirms my suspicions. "Yeah, that's obvious. When in doubt, push lights."

As the crowd files in, I am heartened to see that even in the post-Nu Rave era, on a Monday night, the band still has the capacity to pack the ICA. As a venue the ICA is beautiful. It's posh in the way that many London Arts institutions are, while still possessing a creative, easygoing air; the atmosphere is akin to a house party at the abode of some wealthy, middle-aged creative types. The crowd is easily the most attractive I have seen at a West London venue-the girls are attractive and stylish and the guys look like fun. Opens The Cockandbull Kid and Primary 1 warm the crowd up with their respective RnB/New Wave and electro-pop histrionics to a warm response. Primary 1 in particular seems to have their own cheering section of young girls at the front of the room. Finally Metronomy take the stage, push lights aglow. They open to new track "Heart Rate Rapid" which gets a rapturous reception from the crowd. Their beloved onstage antics like choreographed kraftwerk-esque dance moves are still intact, but as Joe suggested, there are new tricks aplenty. Several songs benefit from a team of attractive blonde push light-attired dancers, and Oscar's melodic and saxophone solos get a rapturous reception. The crowd seems to respond most to the dancier instrumental tracks; encore track "You could easily have me" causes a ruckus. While my favourite of their more vocal-centric tracks "Trick or Treat" is not played, to my display, new track "Heartbreaker" demonstrates the increasing importance of vocals in their sound. The performance puts to rest in my mind any trepidations Joe might have about their ability to headline. The concert is as energetic and engaging as any rock show I've seen recently and as dance music their songs do the trick, as the movement of the crowd attests. While Nu Rave may be gone, Metronomy just keeps getting better.



BAGPIPE DREAMS?

paulasvaton gives lessons for a success-proof outdoor weekend

Lesson One: Travelling ain't always easy. On Thursday 7th February a group of outdoor 'aficionados' set out on Itchy Feet's first outdoor trip. Patchy sleep on the night train up to Inverness was just a taster of what was to come. Lesson number two: Sleeping pills don't work. Arriving at Inverness in the early hours of Friday we were warned not to attempt to walk to where we had booked a hostel for the night. But with no other accommodation on the way we set off anyway to prove the guide wrong. Within ten minutes we had managed to stray off the path, so decided to smartly hurdle ourselves over a brick wall, resulting in ripped coats. That's lesson number three; don't show off and lesson number four: Dress appropriately.

With a large proportion of Americans in the team there was a steady supply of peanut-butter and jam bagels to keep us going for the afternoon as we passed snow-capped mountains, giant skinny trees, tress that looked like purple-sprouting-broccoli and shockingly desolate landscapes. We had hedged our bets thinking we were nearly there but come sunset we were only half way. Lesson number five: Adhere to advice from people who know what they are talking about. The more cautionary members of the group split off to hitch-hike to Drumnadrochit while those of us left found ourselves in a parody of the Blair Witch Project, with only two torches among five of us and a mere crescent for a moon. Lesson number six: Bring plenty of torches and don't rely on the moonlight. After an eighteen mile walk, half of it in pitch-blackness we arrived in the disdainful and mocking village of Drumnadrochit.

Feeling all smug with ourselves after our walk, we aimed the next day to summit the highest peak in the region. Walking along country lanes, grubby fields and eventually marshland we began to suffer from the effects of over-enthusiasm. Molly's rather unhelpful cries of "try to find the path guys" did nothing to improve our disorientation because there were no paths. This was uber-wilderness at its extreme. It was us and the deer. We had been advised to bring walking boots, but some had been foolish enough to rely on sub-standard trainers. They were saved, however, by what had been the butt of jokes when Bridget first mentioned them but turned out to be one of the best inventions ever, waterproof socks. Lesson number seven: Don't forget the waterproof socks, they are useful and very, very stylish. We had to make do without quite reaching the top of the

peak but had got far enough to experience the feeling of perhaps not ever being able to get down again. Back in the hostel we escaped the Polish strip-tease to what was meant to be the best restaurant in town. Our table was strategically plonked next to a pool table, where it was just a matter of time before we would be poked by a pool cue, be hit by a flying ball or have some drunken man spill beer all over us. Lesson number eight: Try to keep your expectations to a minimum when dining out in Scotland.

A trip to Scotland is not complete without the obligatory castle visit. Being students and, of course, proper backpackers there surely had to be a way around paying the £7 entrance fee. Our solution was to go there at night when it had closed. The result: a surreal combination of eeriness and romanticism. We intruded into the castle in roguish style by climbing the walls (naturally we only saw the "Please do not climb walls" sign afterwards) and with no other tourists we got to see the castle for what it really was. Lesson number nine: Visit tourist sites off-peak and independently for the authentic experience.

On our final day we canoed through what felt like a landscape painting. Bridget and Amara left us to go in search of Scottish culture, but their quest for Nessie, kilts, bagpipes and shortbread did not amount to much and they returned with a giant cuddly toy sheep. We decided to take an earlier train to have a couple of hours in Edinburgh. This meant we had to switch trains a few times,

which shouldn't have been a problem until the Chair of the LSESU Travel Society, Roger Lewis, decided to throw away everyone's tickets halfway through the journey! Fantastic, there we were in the middle of Scotland with no ticket back to London. Lesson number ten: Keep hold of your possessions at all times. Fortunately with our combined efforts at charming the Scottish transport staff we were on our way again.

After soaking up the splendour of Edinburgh it was onto the sleeper train back to London. This was the culmination of what had been a pretty wild weekend. The train was so hot that we were basically stripped to our bare essentials. After hours of constant complaining to the staff about the heat we got what we deserved and all simultaneously woke up in the middle of the night to find ourselves freezing cold. It was a matter of grabbing whatever we could find to cover ourselves and try to go back to sleep, although this meant several hours of vigorous shivering and chattering teeth. Lesson number eleven: Complain at your own risk and beware of the consequences.



graemebirrell goes on a caledonian odyssey

Canoing on Loch Ness, Scotland's most eminent monster-filled body of water, is a bit like reading a really big book; you're interested in the subject, and you want to finish it, but the end never quite seems in sight. Loch Ness is huge. Twenty five miles feels like Everest in a canoe. In spite of this our group of highly inexperienced canoeists decided that it would be a good idea to canoe the whole of Scotland, an only slightly longer sixty mile trip. This route would see us not just sailing Ness, but also Lochs Lochy and Oich, as well as the majority of the Caledonian Canal which links all three.

With four canoes, three tents, and a lot of boil in the bag dinners, eight of us turned up on the west coast town of Fort William one sunny morning in August ready to conquer the country by water. Canoes pushed in and maps on our knees, a sense of adventure filled the air, all of us ready to 'rediscover' the country we had grown up in as we set off down the Caledonian Canal. Six hours later and seeing the same bland shade of green trees on the banks of the same blue-black coloured water had already become tedious. Far from the rolling hills and tumbling clouds that 'makes Scotland Scotland', the light sprinkling of rain that slowly soaked us all to the bone contributed only to a slightly depressing view of enclosed, dark farmland and thick, Forestry Commission planted pine trees. Even passing all the way through Loch Lochy seemed to pass me by without making any impression - I quickly realised that I'd spent most of that day staring at my wet hiking boots and wishing it would end. Tents went up at the town (two houses) of Laggan, where I'm pretty sure all eight of us went to bed at 6:30pm questioning what we had embarked upon.

An 8am rise the next morning was followed by a limp boil in bag sausage, which did nothing to lift morale. Another section of canal loomed on us, which was daunting enough, but that was nothing compared to looking at how little distance we'd covered on the first day. However, with grey skies

and only marginally less rain, a pleasant surprise was more than welcome when we turned a sharp corner in the canal and suddenly found ourselves in Loch Oich. Almost instantly our heads cleared - this was what we had come canoeing for - sharply rising rugged mountains skirting the water's edge, multicoloured farmland on one side of the loch, and natural thick woodland. This was the beauty we had come looking for from Scotland - and we had found it just when we needed it. Even paddling through the few more miles of canal at the end of the loch didn't bring us back down again, and setting up camp for the night on the edge of a lock neatly in a clearing in the trees suddenly felt exciting and adventurous.

The weather had progressed again by the third day,

and we were treated to some blue sky upon waking, and despite the lack of enthusiasm for the last segment of canal to be sailed this morning, some anticipation lingered in our knowing that Loch Ness was just a few miles away. However, this optimism was wiped by the approach of

the tourist infested (Nessie Headquarters) town of Fort Augustus. Despite our fierce protests to the lock operator, canoes, we were assured, were definitely not allowed to use locks like bigger boats; we would have to unload all our kit, drag the canoes out the water, carry everything along a 200 metre path, repack it, and then get back in the water. Sitting down on the waters edge and feeling highly disgruntled, memories of day one came flooding back. But as the sunset spirits picked up again as we realised where we were - the beginning of Loch Ness.

Two days on Loch Ness was definitely worth the hard work. The sun may not have been shining, but we pulled together as a group, and fashioned a makeshift sail out of one of the tent groundsheets to take advantage of the northwards breeze that picked up on the water by tying the canoes together. There is no way to describe Loch Ness. It is sublime. The water ripples blue and serene; the mountains rise seemingly out of the Loch itself surrounded by untouched natural woodland, and the roads on either side snake away from the waters edge, leaving those on the water feeling almost completely alone with nature. The atmosphere lifted, everybody began to relax and enjoy themselves, and the trip felt more like a laid back stroll than stressful day of work to get to the end. An overnight stop next to an abandoned hotel that featured 'Deliverance-style' empty caravans full of beer cans and bullet holes was slightly odd but uneventful and our sail was back up early next morning to finish the journey. As we sailed effortlessly passed Urquart Castle - easily one of the country's most beautiful historical sites - the small town of Lochend (which coincidentally was the end of the Loch) rolled into view. Hitting the pebble beach two hours later released some overpowering relief and joy - we had just sailed across the entire country.

WHO IS THE DOCTOR?

danicabarley gives us the who's who breakdown

This country has been sick...what this country really needs, right now, is a Doctor." I couldn't agree more. I am certain fans of *Doctor Who* will agree that my words can't do justice to the longest running science fiction television series in history (Guinness World Records), but they may speak to those who are not dedicated followers.

"I'm The Doctor"..."Doctor what?" His companions may never find out the answer to that frequently asked question, but we know that it is the characters—the goodies we will to succeed and the baddies we love to hate—that make or break a show.

The Doctor: A Time Lord with two hearts and a love for the human race. He travels through time and space with a female companion, averting disasters. The Doctor has recently regenerated into the form of the quirky, converse-wearing David Tennant, arguably the sexiest Doctor yet. Talking with incredible speed, he unintentionally seduces companion after companion—causing us to wonder why we don't all walk around with one eyebrow raised carrying a sonic screwdriver, talking offhandedly about unfathomable physics.

The Daleks: Arch-enemies of The Doctor. This race was responsible for the destruction of The Doctor's planet during the great Time War.

These seemingly invincible creatures offer The Doctor his greatest challenge, as it seems they alone possess a fearsome intelligence equal to his own. Learn to fear the words "Exterminate! Exterminate!"

The TARDIS: An acronym for Time and Relative Dimension in Space. The TARDIS is The Doctor's home-grown, time-travelling ship which seems impossible to damage; it takes the shape of a blue police telephone box and is bigger inside than outside. Enough said.

With characters like these and plots involving Shakespeare, Queen Victoria, a space-exploring Titanic, and a new alien every week, it is clear why *Doctor Who* has accumulated twenty awards and even more nominations. It has attracted guest stars like Kylie Minogue, Sir Derek Jacobi and Catherine Tate, and led to spin-offs *The Sarah Jane Adventures* and *Torchwood*.

If you remain unconvinced, the following inspirational quote from the recent Christmas special should say it all. "I'm the Doctor. I'm a Time Lord. I'm from the planet Gallifrey in the constellation of Kasterborous. I'm 903 years old, and I'm the man who's going to save your lives and all six billion people on the planet below. You got a problem with that?"

No Doctor, no we don't...



WELCOME ABOARD THE BATTLESTAR GALACTICA

peterjohannessen thanks the gods for a sci-fi saviour

I am not a science fiction expert. To be honest, the genre continually puzzles me. I've never gotten into *Star Trek*, I thought *Star Wars* was overrated, and most shows on the Sci Fi channel range from abominations to blights upon humanity. For example, a couple of weeks ago I stumbled upon a science fiction masterpiece about the Nazi's secret weapon during the Second World War: *Gargoyles*. Thankfully, humanity was saved by the brave actions of downed pilots and sexy Polish villagers, but not until I had suffered through two hours of sub-par production values, wooden acting, and laughable special effects.

However, there is a notable exception: *Battlestar Galactica* (BSG). The series, originally created by Sky, follows the conflict between humans and Cylons—or self-aware robots that have turned against their creators. The Cylons nuked the humans' home planets (which don't include Earth), leaving only a small fleet of ships led by the aging Battlestar Galactica. The show consists of battles between humans and Cylons, as well as the survivors' personal conflicts and drama.

So, what makes it good? For one, the acting is relatively solid. The actors may not be top notch, but they are believable. This has to do with the dialogue, which actually sounds natural—quite a task when they are discussing Cylons, fracking, and the Lords of Kobol. Yet, at its core, the show is less science and more fiction. It is more concerned with telling a story than showing off special effects or any high blown concept. It has

an interesting premise, but that premise only exists to explore human relationships and political issues.

In this last respect, BSG is particularly relevant. By the third season, the show transcends its genre and moves into an acute exploration of the current Iraq occupation. It becomes an allegory along the lines of Huxley and Orwell's dystopian masterpieces, not an overblown and under-funded diversion. It also takes on the question of religion, raising theological questions and exploring the differences between the monotheistic Cylons and polytheistic humans. But lest we get carried away, it is still television. Some episodes fall flat and there are quite a few dead end plots, but it remains one of the most relevant shows on television. And don't worry, there are no gargoyles.



television

BELIEVE THE SKYPE

weichaowang looks at the 3 network's newest project

Recently, 3 Network has started allowing Skype calls to be made free, on their mobiles, due to the fast speeds of their broadband network. Think about it - if you got people with a landline phone to switch to Skype, then think of the money you could save! But is it functional, or just an add-on which people will never use?

After 5 years with an old Motorola V220 sitting in my coat pocket, idling away into the void of nothingness, I got a new mobile phone. To be absolutely honest, this is my third phone. Go ahead, mock this man of poor technological sense about his lack of mobiles but I don't care. Don't get me wrong, I would have switched phones long ago, but then that would have taken effort wouldn't it? Switching between networks that literally rips money out of your ass, choosing phones that would be out of date the moment I walk out of the door and hanging around odorous sales guys who are no older than I am and yet spew out so much crap that I felt like a public toilet. That aside, I decided that this time it would be different. I put on my biohazard suit and walked into a 3 shop.

What can I say about the "Amoi 8512" phone by 3? At first glance, any person would have thought the thing would be called the Skypephone because it was made by Skype, as well as the not-so-discrete "SKYPE" logo on the back and on the centre button around the arrow keys. But, no. I thought so too, but apparently I was wrong. It's a 3G phone made by Amoi, a Chinese manufacture, with Skype built into it's main functions. Despite that, Skype and 3 are claiming all the glory in the creation of the phone, it's sorta like having a child with someone else and then raising it with someone else. Nice.

As the manly man I am, I decided to go for the black Skypephone, but you can get it in white too with a choice of shiny blue or pink back cover. The inside of the phone includes a



space for a memory card (tiny SD ones) and the SIM card while the batteries and backcover are held on with remarkably strong magnets. The back has a 2 megapixel phone lens and the camera buttons are on the side of it. On the front, it includes all the standard stuff: arrow buttons, menu button, cancel, numbers, pickup etc. But like I said before, the main focus is the Skype button on where the normal OK or enter button would be. Fine, it still does the same function, but when you are in the main menu and you press that, it automatically loads Skype for you. Not the best of gimmicks but it's convenient enough. It includes all the normal bells and whistles like downloadable MSN, Yahoo and AOL messengers, surf websites like Youtube and Facebook, that kind of stuff. Overall, the phone looks rather generic to me. Nothing special. Nothing to swing around, nothing to move or touch except for the keys, absolutely nothing. It's just normal.

Let me describe to those who have been living under a rock what Skype is. Skype is a VoIP (Voice over Internet Protocol) program. In normal people language, it means that you can talk to other people over the Internet. Skype has been around for a few

years now and has practically spread across the globe. It's free to download and it's free to use it to call other Skype users but a charge is added on if you call landlines. All you need is a broadband connection, a computer, microphone and speakers and you're good to go. You can use the good ol' dial-up but you won't be able to do anything because of the sheer amount of data Skype transfers. You add your friends like you would with MSN, by searching for their username on Skype's search function and you're talking. Now, what the Skypephone does is package the program into a phone, the same functions and layout. The sound quality with Skype and the Skypephone usually depends on your broadband connection and signal quality respectively, and the person you're calling but most of the time it's like calling a landline with a bit of a delay.

So I hear you asking, why am I advertising this fine phone for 3? Answer is, I'm not. It's a fine phone, but the style of the phone is rather outdated. Whilst battery life is rather disappointing since I have to recharge it every 1-2 days, but that's probably because I'm using it so damn much. Also, watch out for this kiddies, when I say that Skype was 'free' I did mean that it was free, but with 3, you are forced to top-up at least £10 with them every single month in order to get the 4000 Skype Minutes and a set amount of messages. Even though I said above that you can use Skype to call landlines, well, the Skypephone can't do that. You can't use the Video Call function because it doesn't exist and the phone gets rather hot after 15 minutes of talking.

However, the phone itself works relatively well, and, take note that you can access Skype anywhere rather than just a WiFi network, Skype works incredibly well for a first try on the 3 Network. Although there can be lags and distortions at times (take note this partially depends on what broadband speed and what hardware the other end of your conversation is using), generally the quality is good enough, even if it isn't Dolby Digital 5.1 - at the good times the quality is definitely better than your regular mobile phone. If you've tried Skype already on your computer than you know what I mean.

That aside, for pay-as-you-go at a flat 12p per minute as well as text with prices coming in at £49.99 per phone, it's a good phone. If you're strapped for cash, everyone you know uses Skype and looking to buy a phone no thief in their right mind would steal, then go for it.

TECH AND GAMING



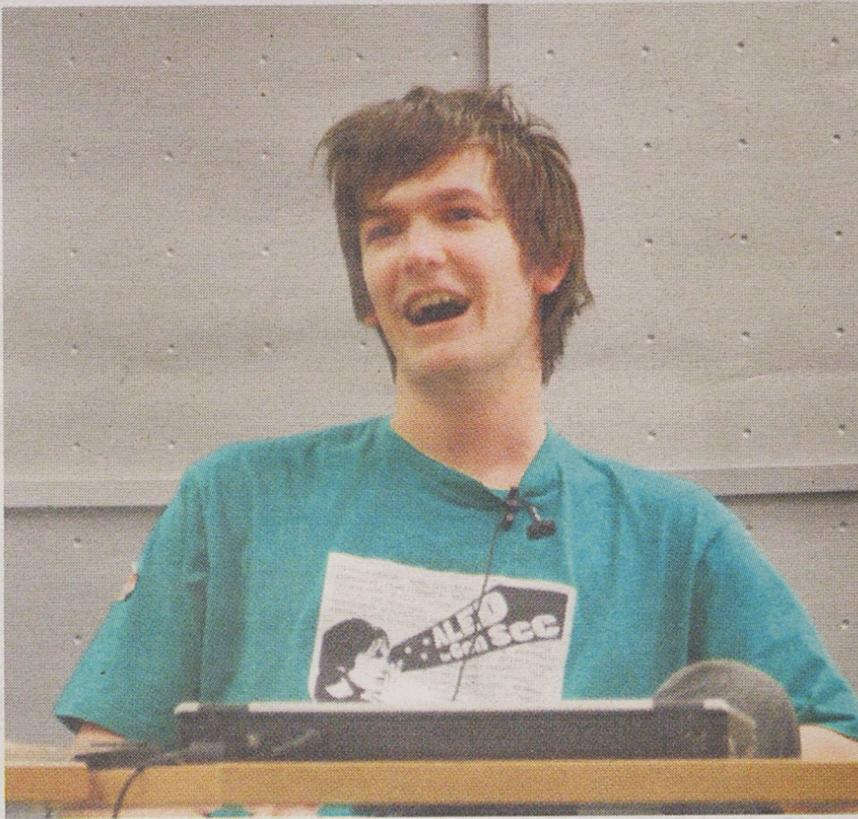
www.votesu08.com

the Beaver

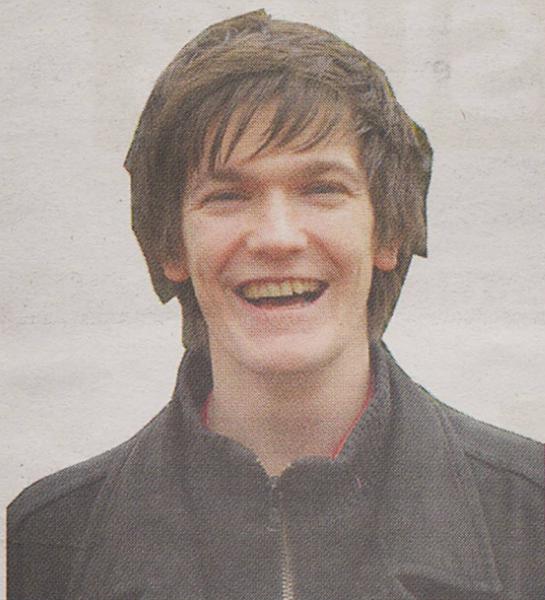
4 March 2008 Issue 685 The newspaper of the LSESU

VOTE SU08

POST ELECTION pullout



Sabbatical Officers

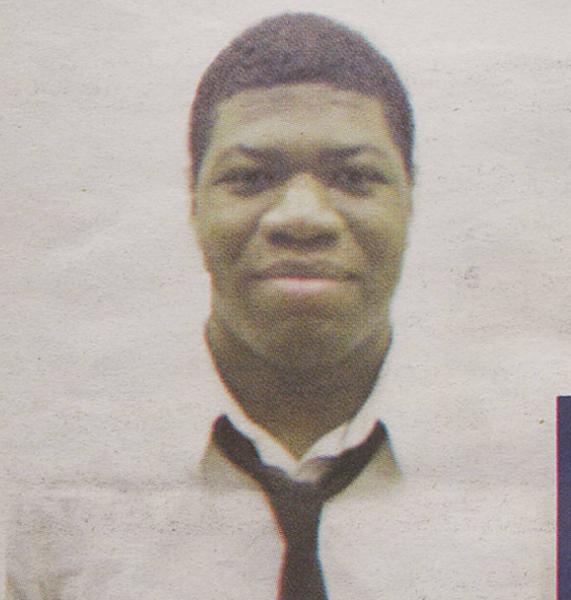


Aled Dilwyn Fisher	643
Daisy O'Brien	531
Steve Wall	303
Andy Hallett	111
Hinesh Mehta	93
RON	32

ELECTIONS PLEDGES

- 24 Hour Library
- More electronic resources
- Exam feedback and resits
- More financial assistance
- Defending Postgrads
- A campaigning Union
- Supporting Sports
- Promoting the Media Group

General Secretary: Aled Dilwyn Fisher
Strong principles, Clear vision, Real experience

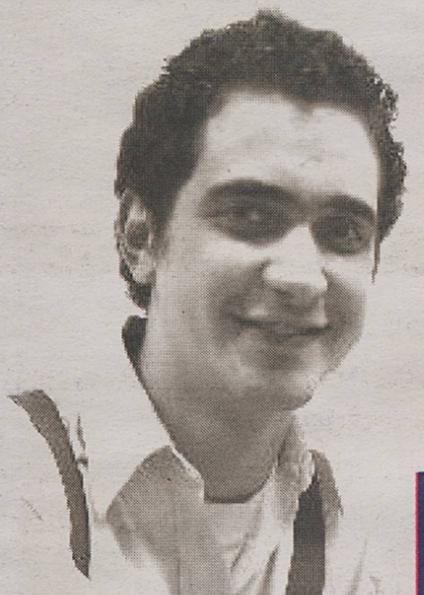


Emmanuel Akpan-Inwang	923
RON	213

ELECTIONS PLEDGES

- World class resources
- Teachers should teach
- Tutors should be available
- A healthier mind is a healthier student body
- More advice on bank accounts and loans

Education and Welfare: Emmanuel Akpan-Inwang
Approachable, dedicated and committed to students

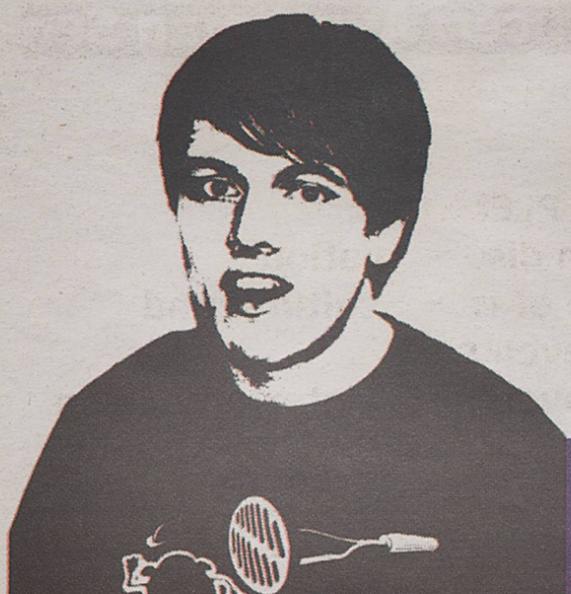


Will Barber	559
Shayaan Afsar	529
Doug Oliver	362
RON	40

ELECTIONS PLEDGES

- Review of SU Staffing
- Renovation of gym over summer
- Alcohol free events
- End Segregation of AU from rest of societies during Freshers' Fair
- Get the simple things right - improve beer in Three Tuns

Treasurer: Will Barber
Giving you the Union you deserve on every level



Dan Sheldon	559
Gaby Disandolo	521
Abul 'Abz' Hussain	194
RON	74

ELECTIONS PLEDGES

- Radical reform
- Exam resits
- Improved sports facilities
- Free prescriptions
- Leading on campaigns
- Reconnect with AU and societies

Communications: Dan Sheldon
Experience and Ideas

Part-time Executive Officers



Zoe Cooke	684
Mohammed Nadeem Saumtally	378
RON	96

ELECTIONS PLEDGES

- Effective use of the Media Group to advertise society events and successes
- Societies to have greater role in awareness weeks and RAG
- Training sessions and information

Societies Officer: Zoe Cooke



To be discussed by Constitution and Steering Committee on Tuesday.

Residences Officer: To Be Announced



Jessica Brayne	507
Rabiya 'Ruby' Aslam	464
RON	82

ELECTIONS PLEDGES

- More social events
- Increased awareness of existing provisions for disabled students
- Establish online community
- Educating staff about students' needs

Students with Disabilities Officer: Jessica Brayne

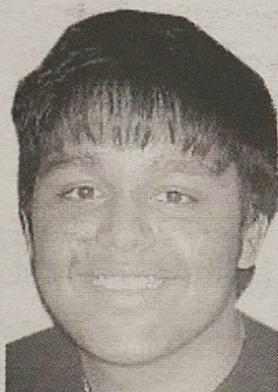


Luke Spyropoulos	444
Vladimir Unkovski-Korica	413
RON	137

ELECTIONS PLEDGES

Failed to submit a manifesto

Mature and Part -Time Officer : Luke Spyropoulos



Ayushman Sen	662
Ben Phillips	564
RON	215

ELECTIONS PLEDGES

- Halal and Kosher food in Brunch Bowl, Garrick and residences
- Non-alcoholic themed charity events
- Increased interaction between cultures and faiths
- Improve global week

International Students Officer: Ayushman Sen

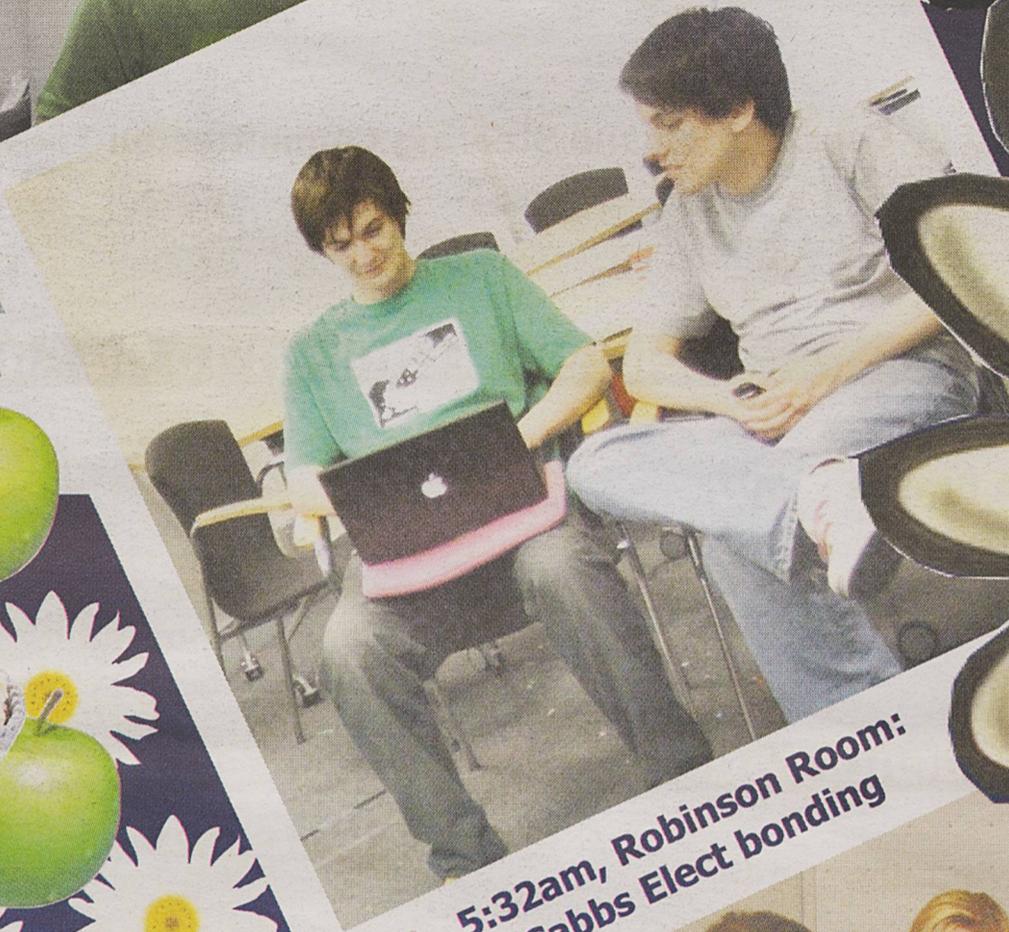


Joseph Brown	580
Mariam Jamshed	464
RON	116

ELECTIONS PLEDGES

- Prevention discrimination
- Promotion of cross-cultural and inter-faith events
- Oppose government interference on Student Politics

Anti-racism officer: Joseph Brown



5:32am, Robinson Room:
Sabbs Elect bonding



Erica Gornall and Mark Harrison from
Pulse Radio commented the results
live all night on
www.votesu08.com

Steve Wall:
(Get out & vote)

Getting

- Aims:**
1. More resources for
 2. Less divisive & mo
 3. Emphasis on activ
- Experience:**
1. President, College



HACK ATTACK
THE ISE OBSERVER
votesu08.com

VOTE SU08



Part-time Executive Officers



Lizzie Merrow 862
RON 214

ELECTION PLEDGES:

- Lend an open ear
- Counter any homophobia, discrimination and harassment
- Work towards a higher level of awareness
- Support international gay rights organisations through fundraisers and on-campus campaigns

LGBT Officer: Lizzie Merrow



Justus Rollin 851
RON 231

ELECTION PLEDGES:

- Bringing together concerned societies in a regular E&E forum
- promoting LSE's sustainable strategy forward
- Climate change Action and E&E week, together with interested LSE SU societies
- advocate a political culture of mutual co-operation

Environment and Ethics Officer: Justus Rollin



Ruby Buckley 831
RON 192

ELECTION PLEDGES:

- Encourage participation in campaigns and events in the struggle for Gender Equality and to empower all female students
- Make biweekly women's forum approachable
- Incorporate green issues into gender issues
- Work towards making the campus a safer place

Women's Officer: Ruby Buckley



Ossie Fikret 825
RON 210

ELECTION PLEDGES:

- Events in the Quad during polling day to attract would-be voters
- Recycling bins placed in prominent places on election days
- Online nominations forms
- Work with societies

Returning Officer: Ossie Fikret

NUS Delegates

Sadia Kidwai

Bran Duggan

Committees

Constitution and Steering Committee

Ali Mukkarram
Nadeem Saumtally
Helen Roberts
Rabiya Aslam
Antonia Strachey
Aliabbas Virani

Finance and Services Committee

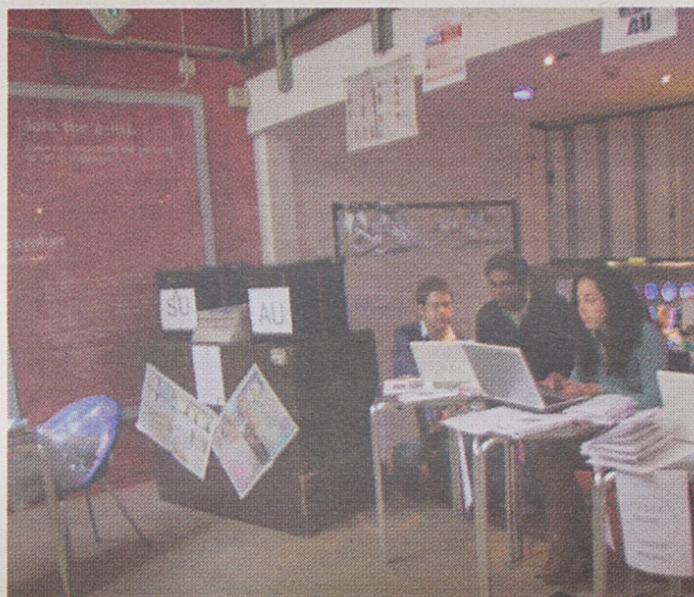
Saad Fahim
Rob Oorthuysen-Dunne
Yomna Nasr
Sanjiv Nanwani

There is one position yet to be filled due to RON coming 7th, a UGM by election is required

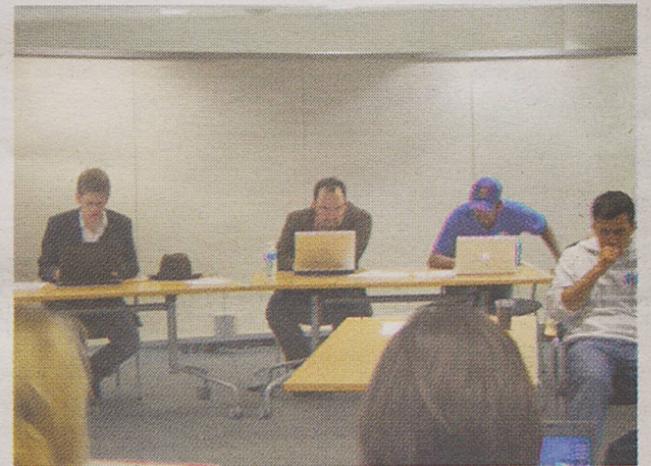
HOUGHTON STREET, CAMPAIGNING



THE QUAD, VOTING



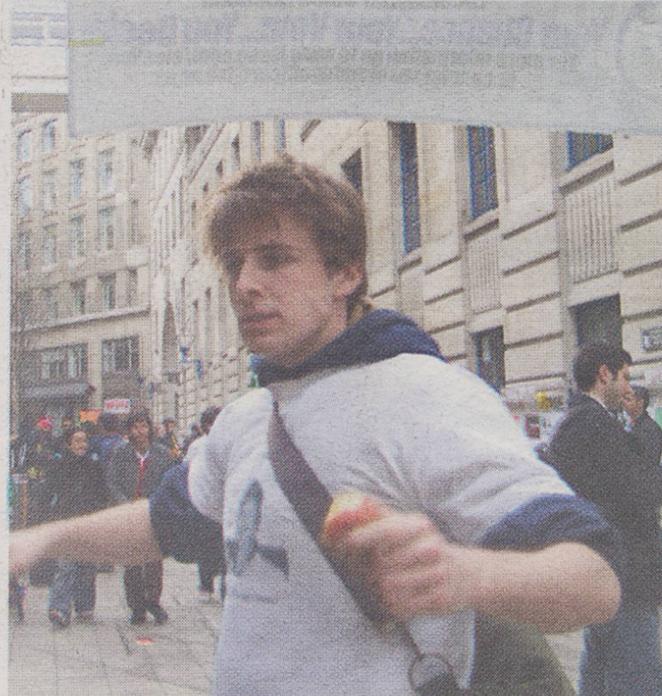
THE ROBINSON ROOMS, COUNT NIGHT





**Dan Dolan I think you should know better.
F*** off you little c***.**

Alex Baker



I should vote for me 'cause I'm funny

Steve Wall You Tube video



I'm completely sober

Dan Sheldon



**Newsflash:
An unopposed Candidate won.**

Hack Attack



**Who's the head of Pulse radio?
I don't know but it sounds like Harrisment.**

Gaby Disandolo, Bankside Hustings



**Kevin Perry has been spotted
sporting a most unflattering
toga.**

Votesu08.com

STARBARS



Lightspeed Champion Hates Us

rahimrahemtulla and adamjohns are pretty sure he doesn't hate you, though

By now you may have heard the story of Lightspeed Champion. It goes something like this: Dev Hines rises like a phoenix from the ashes of his obnoxious dance-punk outfit Test Icicles, goes to Nebraska, records an album of country-tinged emotive soul-barfing melodic breakup songs, and tours with Bright Eyes. The world swoons and lays down at his feet. But up until this point, you know nothing about Dev Hines, the man. That is, unless you have read some other music publication or you happen to know Dev Hines, the man. Which you likely may. PartB does not, however. So we set out to Dingwalls in Camden on a windy afternoon to take his measure; to find the cut of his jib, so to speak.

Sitting down, the first thing we wanted to know was what Dev did before he became a musician. "Er, I dunno, really. I didn't go to college or uni. Did a few shit jobs after school." A short answer, not necessarily a bad thing. Maybe he is just getting warmed up. We ask him, for the sake of asking him, what he would do if he was not doing music. "I'd be doing music, I mean it's not like a job. It's always on my brain." Still terse. On to the next question: What inspires him? "I'm not inspired by anything. It's hard to explain to people because I'm not inspired by anything. It's like breathing." Scintillating. How is one not inspired by anything, we think. It can only get better from here. We fall back on an old standby. "What's your favourite colour, Dev?" "Urgh, um. I don't think I've got one. Really, you've never had one?" "I don't think so. I think when I was younger I decided I liked purple, but it's more just that I chose it, not that I actually liked it." So, to sum it up from this point, he has no aspirations beyond music, no inspirations, no favourite colour, and no interest in the interview or anything other than writing songs. He is, so to speak, a musical Terminator. What made him this way? Has he always been so driven, so focused on his craft, so unresponsive as to appear borderline comatose, or is it something we did? Should we have worn a different shirt? We decide to take a different tack. "Tonight you're playing with a full band." we ask. "Is that hugely different form just playing acoustically?" "I fucking hate playing acoustically. I hate acoustic music." Says the guy who, later that evening, will spend an hour and a half playing an acoustic guitar while accompanied by a guy on a fiddle. Okay. Is there anything he would like our readers to know? "That I really like mango juice." At last, an insight. Picture a young, bespectacled Hines fan purchasing 14 litres of mango juice at Tesco, potentially for the purposes of

bathing in it, all thanks to PartB's top-drawer investigative reporting. It stirs the soul.

Suddenly, it happens. A chance to get a window into the mind of the artist: He takes a call on his mobile. PartB tape recorders captured the following: "Do they still hate me? Why do they have your number anyway, um, I don't know, I'll find out. For fucks' sake. Well yeah. Okay."

The entire interview, when all is said and done, takes about seven minutes. Judging from the number of words you have just read, imagine roughly what

percentage of that seven minutes was taken up by awkward pauses. Dev will not be inviting us to play Playstaion on the tour bus.

Dev Hines, it can safely be said, does not like us. And he also probably does not like whoever he was talking about on the phone. That is OK. One does not need to be liked by an artist to enjoy that artist's work. While our interview may have failed to capture any deep insights into Dev's psyche, this is not a disaster. How much more can one hope to learn in a 15-minute conversation about a man who blogs on a near-daily basis (his musings on everything from girls to his own emotional issues can be found at www.lightspeedchampion.com)? And really, when a man writes such raw and confessional music, are questions necessary?

Later that evening, our wounded pride is healed by the melodious notes drifting across the sold-out Dingwalls crowd. Dev's lyrics, and the intensity with which he belts them out onstage, demonstrate that he is clearly exorcising some pretty serious girl-related demons. Onstage he is much less reserved than he is on record; he hammers away hypocritically at his acoustic guitar in a way that makes amplifiers seem redundant (to be fair, the guitar could have been one of those hollow-bodied electrics, we are not experts). His opus, the 10-minute "Midnight Surprise" comes, and, perhaps predictably, we swoon along with everybody else. Questions about the authenticity of an English ex-dance-punk guy playing Americana-tinged country rock are pushed aside by the sheer enjoyment of the music. A heartwarming moment comes when the lady standing next to us stage left is revealed by Dev to be his mom watching her son's hometown performance. We leave the concert having enjoyed Dev's talented, authentic song-writing, and having gained insight into his character from his music that no interview could have provided, at least as long as he keeps giving half-arsed interviews. This insight is as follows: He is really, really sensitive and probably idolizes Rivers Cuomo from Weezer way too much. But he is pretty great nonetheless.



MUSIC

(Anti) Folk Ain't No Joke

loisjeary reviews the UK antifolk festival

The derelict backroom of Denmark Street's 12 Bar Club proved to be the perfect setting for the latest seasonal UK Antifolk festival, with the small ramshackle stage and unstable balcony only serving to emphasise the weirdness of the many and varied bands on show. I arrived on Friday just before Tim Tomlinson who, either nervous or forgetful, played his entire rambling set with his song words on a music stand right in front of his face, obscuring all but his frantic and intricate guitar playing from the view of the audience. He was followed by Mr. Duke, who treated the audience to a full-frontal view of his Superman Y-fronts, whilst yelling various obscenities into the microphone. Musically talented this man was not, but you couldn't fault him for performing with personality, even if it was entirely alcohol induced and a bit creepy. Displaying slightly more respect for the mental stability of their audience, the strings in the energetic David Cronenberg's Wife provided an eerie feel to vocalist Tom Mayne's dark and beguiling lyrics. More variety was brought by Nial Spooner Harvey's poetry slam, where the simplicity and satire of Antifolk

lyricism was delivered passionately, and lost nothing from the absence of any instrumentation. As the beer flowed and numbers dwindled, the room became host to some drunken bystanders who hijacked the microphone for a feedback heavy, beat-boxing rendition of R&B hip-hop band City High's 'What Would You Do?'. As audience members stumbled in from the bar it took many a considerable amount of time to work out whether the drunken man on stage was a billed artist or not, such was the entertainment value of his artistic turn and the unapologetic strangeness of the rest of the acts on the line-up.

On Saturday night, the uneven stone floor, which the night before had been covered in broken glass and spilled beer, now had a carpet of glittery confetti. This was largely thanks to Brighton's The Bobby McGees who achieved a heavenly balance between bearded men shouting in a Scottish accent and girls with pretty voices singing twee lyrics whilst playing the ukulele. Having taught the audience dance moves to 'L.O.V.E' and plied them with sweets and party poppers, their set was both adorably cute and biting funny in the way that brilliant,

clever Antifolk should be. Hell, they even managed to make a song called 'Arsehole' have its tender moments, and that's no mean feat. They were followed by Thee Assassins, who confessed that they were not really Antifolk, but were just desperate for a gig. Deafening the entire room, armed only with a heavily distorted guitar and drum kit, the band's garage-blues noise was given a poetic quality by the beautiful and poignant lyrics which set front-man Thee Intolerable Kidd apart as a true song-writing talent. Contrast this to Simon Breed, whose seemingly endless song about a spider drove me out into the cold night, it having dawned on me that there is only so much introspective, obscure lyricism a girl can stand. Musically, both nights were a bit hit and miss - the best Antifolk need not be lyrically or musically advanced, but it should be imaginative, perceptive and not entirely gratuitous. However, amongst the music that was really challenging to listen to and enjoy were bands whose way of singing about their weird world was truly enchanting. The Winter Festival provided an opportunity for new acts to get their music heard whilst also playing host to more established bands. It proved that UK Antifolk is a thriving musical movement that draws on the many eccentricities, neuroses and inner demons that exist within it.



You gotta have (blind) faith

richdewey witnesses the momentous reunion of Clapton and Winwood in New York City

Last week in New York City, Eric Clapton and Steve Winwood, two of the preeminent English musicians of the last fifty years took to the stage for the first of three sold out shows at Madison Square Garden. Although both Clapton and Winwood denied that these highly anticipated gigs were a reformation of their 1960's super group Blind Faith the show featured the entire A-side of their eponymous EP Blind Faith. Without a supporting act, Clapton and Winwood strolled onstage and opened with the Blind Faith tune "Had to Cry Today." The pair were backed by a stellar supporting band consisting of drummer Ian Thomas, keyboardist Chris Stainton and bassist Willie Weeks. Winwood began plying guitar, but throughout the evening had just as much time behind the keyboard and organ. When Winwood had the axe in his hand he proved to be the perfect foil for Clapton - exchanging a handful of brilliant guitar duels. However Winwood was equally impressive on the keys, producing brilliant tones from the combination of his vintage Hammond B-3 organ and Leslie speaker. Halfway through the night Clapton ignited the crowd with a blazing version of "After Midnight." Clapton and Winwood continued to sample picks from their Blind Faith days such as "Can't Find My Way Home" and the timeless "Presence of the Lord." After rocking hard for well over an hour, the band exited while Clapton



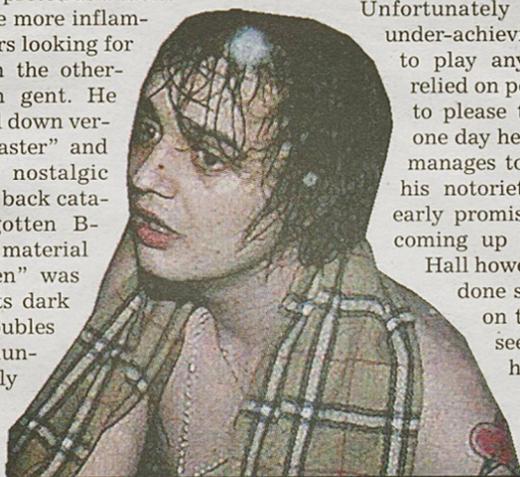
remained onstage to perform a solo rendition of Robert Johnson's "Ramblin' on My Mind." Playing solo in a large venue such as MSG exposed each note, and not surprisingly Clapton didn't miss one. Clapton then relinquished the stage to Mr. Winwood who performed a solo "Georgia on My Mind," a song he originally recorded with the Spencer Davies Group.

In addition to the material culled from their solo and super group days, Clapton and Winwood also sampled three songs from the catalogue of Jimi Hendrix. The latter two, "Voodoo Child" and "Little Wing" were spectacular. Clapton who initially covered "Little Wing" with Derek and the Dominoes played the melodic solos with a soulfulness that only Jimi could surpass. As the evening drew to a conclusion it was apparent that these two legends had thoroughly enjoyed their reunion. The set concluded with "Dear Mr. Fantasy," a tune from Winwood's days in the band Traffic. For the encore the pair countered with "Crossroads," one of Clapton's signature songs from his Cream days. Clapton mesmerized the crowd with his final solos and left many in attendance wishing they had purchased tickets for all three nights of this monumental reunion.

Pete Doherty - Live at Rhythm Factory

julianboys

You might have heard of him through his early work if you like to keep your finger on the pulse, but since then Peter Doherty has disappeared completely from the public eye to quietly work on his side projects, drink tea and add to his considerable stamp collection. Nevertheless he managed to sell out the charmingly grotty Rhythm Factory, where he was preceded by a seemingly endless stream of dire support acts and the *Slummin Angels*, a band fronted by a pair of sisters who thrash out passable indie pop ditties. The big man ambled on at around midnight in truly vampiric fashion and wrapped a union jack around a pillar, which will no doubt be interpreted as a racist attack by some of the more inflammatory tabloid writers looking for something to pin on the otherwise squeaky clean gent. He opened with a slowed down version of "What a Waster" and then led us on a nostalgic meander through his back catalogue, playing forgotten B-sides and unreleased material alike. "East of Eden" was whipped out, with its dark description of his troubles accompanied by a jaunty rhythm, and "Dilly Boys", a tongue in cheek tale of male prostitution in



Picadilly Circus. Any setlist by an artist with more than a few albums under their belt is bound to polarise the audience, and the younger fans were soon gagging for more recognisable compositions. They were appeased by the Babyshambles anthems "Fuck Forever" and "Albion", a fond and ridiculously romanticised ode to England. "Death on the Stairs" was received enthusiastically, as was the Libertines' classic "Don't Look Back Into The Sun", with a swing style adopted for lack of backing band. The set was sprinkled with chats to the crowd and a hearty rendition of Happy Birthday to some anonymous but no doubt excruciatingly happy member of the audience.

Unfortunately the persistently under-achieving songwriter failed to play any new material and relied on popular, but old tracks to please the crowd; hopefully one day he'll write music which manages to live up to, if not to his notoriety then at least his early promise. With a solo show coming up at the Royal Albert Hall however, it will need to be done sooner than later and on this evening's basis it seems hard to imagine him entertaining such a vast venue unless the audience is as full of opiates as he so often is.

Reviews

Moby - Alice

gregorilm

Oh, Moby has got a new one out... I can't really say that I was overly excited when I inserted the record into my CD player, given that he has failed to come remotely close to his 1999 masterpiece "Play" in recent years. "Alice" does not sound too different from the material he delivered on his latest record "Hotel", apart from the fact that it sounds even more minimal. The bass line is uninspired, and sounds like an extremely diluted version of the opener of Massive Attack's "Mezzanine". The fact that he hired not one but two rappers to lend him vocal support does not help matters much. In 2002 Eminem rapped: "It's over, nobody listens to techno". Make of it what you want. Maybe Dre could help him out.

Vincent Vincent and the Villains - Gospel Bombs

petewhite

Emerging from the same (too trendy for its own good) label, Young and Lost, that brought us Joe Lean & the Jing Jang Jong, Good Shoes and Larrikin Love; Vincent Vincent and the Villains have been knocking around the London circuit since the Libertines' heyday.

Much like the Libertines, and indeed the Beatles, Vincent Vincent once had duel lead singer-songwriters, providing an enigmatic chemistry in the band. Much like the Libertines and the Beatles this power balance was fragile and could not last forever.

Charlie Waller, the second front man, to Vincent Vincent himself, was also committed to his former band, The Rumble Strips, during his time with the Villains. As tension built between the two, the inevitable split came in 2005, sparking Vincent to controversially rename the title of his next single to 'Johnny Two Bands'.

Since then, The Rumble Strips have seemingly outstripped the Villains, signing to equally acclaimed Transgressive Records (Mystery Jets, Battle) and managing to release their album with an array of singles 6 months before the Villains.

Ranging from rockabilly of 'Beast' to soulful 'Blue Boy' to the doo-wop 'Sweet Girlfriend', the Villains demonstrate their playful nature and versatility, with this their debut album. The record's been in the pipeline for years, but it finally delivers with poise, passion and panache.

Goldfrapp - Seventh Tree

gregorilm

Due to lucky circumstances, depending on which side of the fence you are, of course, "Seventh Tree" saw an unofficial release on the internet in November 2007. After listening to it for a while, I thought that it contained interesting demo versions, which made me await the final product in relatively eager anticipation. As it turned out, however, the leaked version is absolutely identical to the retail copy. Please note, I do not condone piracy in any sort. I merely wanted to subtly point out that Goldfrapp latest album could have needed some more work. Overall, I am tempted to diagnose an utter lack of variety. Listen to it inattentively, and you will even fail to register when the CD skipped from one track to the next. There is really not much going on here.

Venues

Unit Seven, Cable Street Studios, Limehouse

lorendavygreen

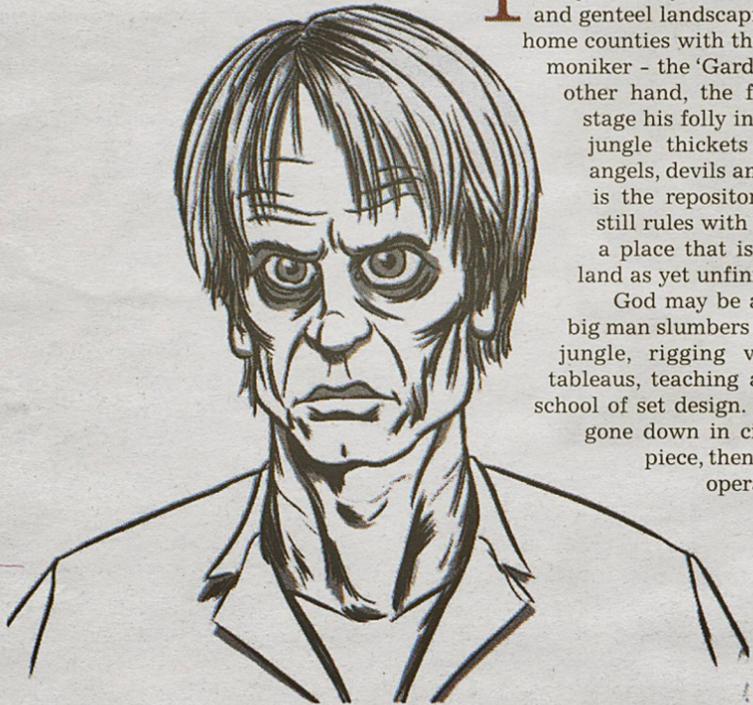
Telling you about this place feels a bit like giving away one of my Grandmother's secret recipes... so all I ask it that you use the knowledge wisely. Take one old sweet factory in a forgotten part of east London. Add two rooms with the capacity of a thousand. Mix in crowd that care about having a good time more than they care about what they look like. Sprinkle liberally with top notch tunes; music that is actually succeeds in being fresh and exciting. Stir well and leave for eight to ten hours. The result? A perfect night out

The place? Unit 7, Cable Street Studios in Limehouse E1. Also known as the best antidote to all that's commercial and overpriced in the London club scene - to be taken with a pinch of salt, a generous helping of open-mindedness and your dancing shoes well and truly on. That said, Unit Seven is not your average club - for a start it only really gets going after 2am. Prospective ravers beware, this is no Fabric or Turnmills. Described by its promoters as "rough chic", this is, in reality, the playground of the quirky, the grimy, the beautiful and the ever so slightly insane. Two rooms, capacity one thousand (though it's never uncomfortably full), and a dirty habit for long sweaty afterparties make this venue one of my favourites. The music is always, and I mean always, top of its genre, whether it be minimal techno, trance or deep house. That doesn't mean the DJ's are always famous but it does mean that you will be dancing your socks off from the moment you arrive until you leave (which could end up being as late as 4pm the following day... time flies when you're having fun!). Event information has recently started appearing on websites such as www.dontstayin.com but to be honest you are probably better off just heading down there and letting the place speak for itself.

Head down to the next Minimal Carnival on March 27th starting at Gramophone Club in Shoreditch moving on to Unit 7 in the early hours for a good introduction to all that this place has to offer.

THE JUNGLE IS MASSIF

in Herzog's film opus, Fitzcarraldo, Klaus Kinski played a man driven by love to challenge nature. **daniebyates** reviews.



The Victorians built their follies in the back garden, strange arrays of fairytale ornaments surrounded by privet hedges and genteel landscaping, usually located somewhere in the home counties with their temperate climes and comfortable moniker - the 'Gardens of England'. *Fitzcarraldo* on the other hand, the film's eponymous madman, chose to stage his folly in the middle of the most impenetrable jungle thickets of the Peruvian Rainforest, where angels, devils and even monkeys feared to tread. This is the repository of nature, where Cthonian might still rules with sinewy and brutal force, a non-place, a place that is held by its few inhabitants to be a land as yet unfinished by God.

God may be a bit of a lazy bugger, but whilst the big man slumbers **Werner Herzog** is up and about in the jungle, rigging vast sets, contriving of messianic tableaux, teaching and learning at the Heath Robinson school of set design. The meandering and epic result has gone down in cinematic history as, if not a masterpiece, then the high-water mark of wilful vision, operating at the extremity of auteurism.

Fitzcarraldo is a re-telling of the story of an Irish colonialist in Peru called Fitzgerald, a man who took it upon himself to drag an entire steamboat up a mountain and back down the other side as a direct, logical and totally insane method of getting from one river to the next. In the film, *Fitzcarraldo* intends to harvest

the untapped rubber from a stretch of river that is unnavigable due to its rapids, and in doing so make enough money to build an opera house in the middle of the rainforest, his driving monomaniacal dream.

Fitzcarraldo is played by **Klaus Kinski** whose electro-shock of peroxide hair seems to be styled in a differing - but equally alarmed - manner in every consecutive shot. In fact just watching what amounts to jump-cuts of Kinski's mad mop is a movie in itself, so wild and mesmerizing a terrain his scalp turns out to be. It's a bit like watching a fire made of golden thread through a ceiling fan, whilst fireworks go off under your eyelids. But try as it might his rug cannot pull focus from an enervated and excellent performance, three parts Napoleon Bonaparte to one part Napoleon Dynamite, a raving, hunched and thoroughly determined piece of acting. Kinski is deliriously naïve when pressing ice into the outstretched hands of hungry children, and triumphantly bonkers when clinging to the church tower demanding from God the opera house that he craves.

The other big star of the movie is the steam-boat itself, an absurdly decorous and leisurely presence coursing through the Amazon River and onward up the arteries of the heart of darkness. It's an enduring image and one which bears a certain light-hearted testament to the fundamental ridiculousness of the colonial project. In his desire to tell nothing but the truth, Herzog smashes the life-sized boat to smithereens by plunging it down some aggressive rapids, a wallowing terrifying ballet, as nature performs its ever-novel trick of reducing the ridiculous to the pitiable. Upon waking there's nothing God likes better than exposing man's folly.

Fitzcarraldo has been out for ages

MY BEST FRIEND

every human being is an abyss. **danielbyates** gets dizzy looking down at Klaus Kinski through Herzog's lense

The character of *Fitzcarraldo* was slated to be played by **Jason Lombard** and it was only after 70% of the scenes involving the character were shot that Lombard contracted a serious illness and was forced to retire. At around the same time as Lombard fell ill his co-star **Mick Jagger** (of LSE alumnus fame) decided that he'd had enough of pouting around the jungle and bugged off to go on tour with his band. This left Herzog to call upon the services of **Klaus Kinski**, a man who he admired and had worked with many times previously, but also a man who Herzog was convinced would go "totally bonkers" when faced with life in the jungle.

The movie opens onto a sedate bourgeois apartment, one that in a rougher less gentrified incarnation was inhabited by Kinski and Herzog as young artists. As the prim home-owner looks on, slightly perturbed by the idea that art-history looks could be forged by the ghosts of madmen in her drawing room, Herzog describes how Kinski would lock himself in the bathroom for days and pace and rage, smashing the place up until the fixtures could be passed through a sieve.

Herzog is intent on casting the absent Kinski as the vulgar abomination, the undersocialised genius, and it seems that throughout his career Kinski gave plenty of material for this reading of him. He was ever raging, screaming at everyone around him, apoplectically screaming, screaming for cast and crew to be sacked at their slightest mistake, tyrannically denouncing the world and its contents, This would often overflow into violence. When filming *Aguirre: the Wrath of God*, a scene in which a village was sacked by Spanish conquistadors became frighteningly genuine, as some of the extras found some food and began to eat it, prompting Kinski to begin attacking them in earnest with a sword, cleaving one actors helmet and cutting his head open. Fingering the scar for the camera he concludes, "I would've died were it not for the helmet."

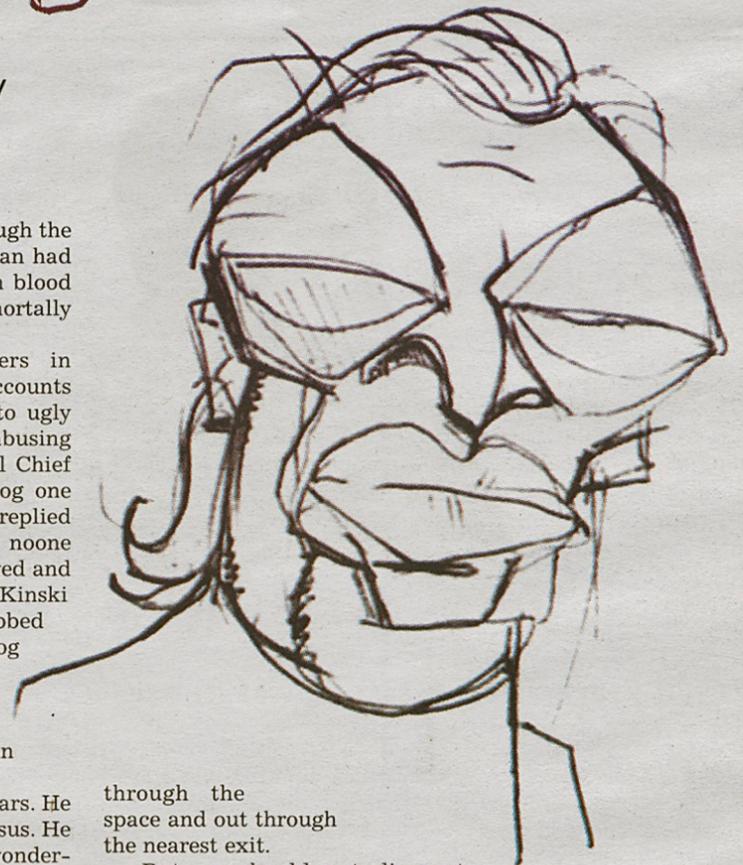
Kinski's murderous impulses were not confined to the frenzy of the battle. One night after filming the extras were staying up late, drinking and playing cards, 45 of them crammed into a hut on location. Affronted by the noise Kinski took it upon himself to take a

Winchester rifle and shoot four or five times through the flimsy vine walls into the mass of actors. One man had the tip of his finger shot off, there was so much blood that all present believed someone had been mortally wounded.

Herzog's predictions about going bonkers in *Fitzcarraldo* proved right and Kinski was by all accounts almost impossible to work with. Flying off into ugly rages at the slightest provocation, and verbally abusing the local Indians to such an extent that a Tribal Chief (who had a bit-part in the film) came to Herzog one night and offered to kill Kinski, to which Herzog replied "we still have a film to shoot". It seemed that noone could control Kinski, not even Herzog who he loved and admired. Toward the end of filming *Fitzcarraldo* Kinski was intent on leaving the shoot, having been snubbed in some trivial manner by a cameraman. Herzog could not persuade him otherwise, and in desperation he told Kinski that should he walk down the path and out of the camp, Herzog would not hesitate to shoot him, 8 bullets in Kinski's head, the last one in Herzog's.

"He was Dostoevsky's *Idiot* for a couple of years. He was Jesus Christ. He filled himself. He became Jesus. He was Paganini for the last few years." Herzog's wonderfully curt schemata seems to capture something important about Kinski, a tension between the required pliability of the actor-persona and the intransigence of his essential vitality - in need of periodic self-reinvention he could only actually perform the reinvention three times, and each time the blazing messianic energy would constrain him to blazing messianic characters.

It's as if Kinski is too mad, too full of Nietzschean *Energie* to successfully pull off the kind of reinvention that the diachronic role of an actor's career demands. But this does not condemn him to failure. A character actor without the niceties of character Kinski is one of the most extraordinary film presences in the history of the medium. Like a backdraught of flame surging through a building he adheres to the blunt constraints of each successive corridor, engulfing everything. Where a Brando or a Spacey might take time to lick around the delicate forms of the furniture, Kinski simply firebombs



through the space and out through the nearest exit.

But we should not discount Herzog's role in the portrayal of Kinski's madness. The German director is notorious for his pursuit of ecstatic truth. His has been a life lived on the limits of human endurance, passing into myth as he writes his own fantastic story alongside those of his characters. Even his 'documentaries' are more like extended essays, strange explorations of the edges of thought and nature. "The moment I first saw him," he said of Kinski, "I knew it was my destiny to make films and his to act in them."

Strange partnership. It is impossible to imagine one without the other. Herzog has out-lived Kinski, therefore he takes the privilege of writing the other's history. Would the story be any different the other way around?

Mein Leibster Fiend has been out for ages too

FAST FOOD TO THE FUTURE

extracts from the forthcoming cookery book by **danielbyates** 'Microchips and Datahaddock: Recipes of Food for the Future'

Rational Food. In the future Heston Blumenthal will be seen as the next Epicurus. Sci-fi writer Hugo Gernsback predicted that all cuisine will eventually be replaced by "scientific food", rational optimal food that is always pulped and fed to us in restaurants through tubes. This next recipe is a favourite with my kids and used to be a favourite of all the kids of my neighbourhood before all that nonsense about the touching on board shuttle happened. It's more of an apparatus than a strict food-based recipe, but that sort of flexibility of form is what the future is all about so learn to love it.

You will need: 6 sections of drainpipe. A very clever rig of levers and pulleys. A sturdy blender.

It may be prescient to invite only guests with mouth-shapes that can extend to 3.5 inches in diameter. Attach the pipes into your guests, perhaps demonstrate on a cobra. Then, upon the drainpipes attach the clever apparatus, do this quite carefully as the apparatus is clever, but not quite smart enough to understand simple etiquette. Demand that your space-monkeys shovel the pulp. Stand back and enjoy.

Things in Tubes. We know what astronauts eat - things in tubes. When you tubulate a thing it becomes futuristic. Don't think the foodstuff has to be tubular to begin with, anything can be forced in. Roast beef and yorkshire pudding, Lobster thermidor, Rhino cutlet - anything goes. Smarties do not count.

You will need: a tube, something to put in the tube.

Place the thing in the tube using smooth cramming motions. Leave it in the tube. Until you want to eat it. Good times.

Human Flesh and How to Make it Tasty. With rising sea levels meeting desertification there is going to be precious little arable land in the future. Displaced humans will be killing each other randomly for nik naks, Gordon Ramsay will be slaying his way through Berkshire, life is going to be cheap, and tasty. This recipe is an ideal way to dispose of those leftover corpses. Feeds 6 people (or 1 zombie).

You will need: A cadaver. Some shards of glass. A crazed look in your eye and half-a-teaspoon of ungodliness.

Directions: Make sure your corpse is cold. Remember, warm human is bad for you as its probably still alive. Take off clothing. Roast. Eat. Pray to your God.

Slow Roasted Bauxite. As we all know the future is very metallic, plastics and wood are forgotten materials of a bountiful past and every living thing is a robot. In this scenario it would be helpful if you knew some quick and easy ways to cook metal ores.

You will need: Some bauxite from the ground. An oven.

Put the bauxite in a pot then do something else for a million years. After a million years the oven might have broken. There is no easy way to cook bauxite.



FOOD AND DRINKING

Sex is your Weapon

rajanpatel can't have sex until the war's over

"Promises, temptations; caresses and persuasions; these are weapons far more powerful than bullets and bombs. For all men need them, no matter who they are and so behind every good man, you find a star!"

The closing lines of **Lizzie Stratter**, the LSESU Drama Society's adaptation of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*, neatly sum up the play's key themes: sex; politics; and the power of women in society.

Director Clem Broumley Young's script adapted Aristophanes' Athenian comedy, set in 411 BC, and transposed the setting to Europe during the Great War. Grieved by the protracted conflict, the women of Europe - under the leadership of English woman Lizzie Stratter - resolve to "refrain from the male altogether" to force Europe's leaders to make peace. The play's second act sees Lizzie Stratter and her fellows occupy the Bank of England, repulse the increasingly desperate attentions of waves of soldiers and eventually elicit pan-European coital release by brokering an unlikely peace settlement.

Aristophanes' sex-strike comedy was originally performed during the Peloponnesian War between Athens and Sparta. Its central anti-war message has seen the text regularly reinvented for different settings.

I was unfortunate enough to witness a UCL production of *Lysistrata* several years ago, in which the male characters spent the second act wearing improbably engorged, bright red phalluses. The sight of Athens' leading statesmen jabbing the womenfolk for 'comic' effect swiftly grew wearisome and I had premonitions of more strap-on shenanigans before Lizzie Stratter.

As with most things, however, the LSE comfortably outperformed UCL with a consistently funny and confidently performed adaptation - and not a phallus in sight.

The play was put on in the Quad, with the audience standing or sitting in the main floor area. Actors used the main stage and a platform on the opposite side of

the floor, regularly moving through the audience and encouraging audience participation. The inventive staging involved spectators from the outset, adding to the humour of the dialogue and slapstick action.

Sophie Marment gave a commanding performance as Lizzie Stratter, equally convincing as a knowing seductress and an inspired leader of women (and scourge of the male sex). The object of much of her invective - the British prime minister, played by Valentine Odiase - initially gave as good as he got, raging against female temerity with impressive passion. However, his resolve somewhat faltered after he and the front row of the audience received a thorough drenching at the hands of the women on the stage.

Like the prime minister, some of the play's finer points - notably its commentary on female empowerment and the parallels drawn between running a successful household and a country - were occasionally drowned by the general silliness. As light-hearted comedy, however, it couldn't be faulted.

Most of the laughs came at the expense of the males, gormless soldiers pressed into service to end the women's occupation of the Bank of England. Ed Chevasco was suitably bold in word and weak in heart as the hapless Captain Mammerring, whilst Doug Oliver's bizarre facial rictus - improbably sustained for most

of the play - deserves credit. His later appearance as a near-naked baby was also a revelation.

Callum Hassall's German Envoy provided a hilarious parody of Prussian militarism brought low by sexual frustration. Hiding a "bratwurst" in his trousers, the Envoy concluded a swift peace agreement in the final scenes and hastened back to his homeland in search of his "fraulein".

However, the play's stars were undoubtedly the women of Europe, as represented by Cornwall, Britain, Germany and Austria (by way of Ireland). In a flawless Cornish accent, Rachael O'Rourke's Marie Dreadman tormented her husband - sex starved soldier Sam, played by Ed Cubitt and "tortured by spasm and rigid convulsion" - with her reluctance to break her vow of abstinence. Lara Heller's cameo as a bulky German fraulein was also particularly well received.

With costume convincingly reflecting the period in which it was set, Lizzie Stratter definitely had a World War I feel - even if so lewd and seditious a play would never have made it onto the London stage during the war. The

Drama Society's production, packed with innuendo and never taking itself too seriously, was a successful adaptation of Aristophanes' classic and still seemed relevant today - perhaps testament to the eternal nature of Aristophanes' observation that the schlong is mightier than the sword. In this case, as so often in life, the women came out on top.



THEATRE

THE JERK AND THE JOUSE

the first part of a roller-coaster ride by *danielbyates*

LITERATURE

In a stuffy office room, 5 feet by 6 feet, with a window barely larger than the yellowed vent axia it bore, Devlin was busy making his move. A small man with indistinct features it was not as if God had been unkind when fashioning Devlin's likeness, rather that God had merely been a bit vague, distracted by the complexity of the giraffe perhaps. As a result, what passed for facial features in Devlin's mirror were more a series of slight-disturbances to the surface of his head, the kind of face even an identikit database would struggle to recall. He put down the results of the latest survey and mopped his ill-defined brow.

Question: how do you expect to feel?
 32% terrible.
 21% terrible/frightened
 13% other (including 0.2% wrong)

Devlin had a plan, a plan that would change everything. He knew nothing of history. Despite this he could feel the hand of history, not just upon his shoulder, but sliding up his thigh and fumbling with his belt buckle. It was to be a paradigm shift, a seismic shift, a late shift. It was going to change minds, turn heads, twist arms and flick shins. In revolutions the occasions may be trifling but great interests are at stake, and as he sipped fast-fermenting orange juice from a hot plastic cup Devlin calmly fomented his revolution.

Devlin worked designing rollercoasters, and had last had a design approved by the National Fairgrounds Commission in 1989. Only one travelling fair in Eastern Europe had bought the plans for his helter-skelter with stairs instead of a slide, and even this design was severely altered by the commission. His initial idea was to subvert the traditional idea of the helter-skelter, calling it the skelter-helter, and have the ridees climb a set of stairs around the outside before simply falling 60 feet into the cylindrical void of the main body. However with pressure from the fairground and the International Roller Coaster Commission it was finally settled on that stairs would provide both the means of ascent and descent. A slow and steady thrill. If a high-end rollercoaster was like your first ever orgasm - a psyche-rupturing event, then the skelter-helter was akin to an aged colonel's

listless wank - joylessly pummelled out over a wicker chair. Wheelchair access to the ride was provided at the base with a door at the front leading straight to a door at the back.

The list of designs that Devlin had had rejected outright could fill a government database, which surprisingly enough is where many had ended up, the ministry of defence seeing military potential in all but his most gentle efforts. For instance, the Ballistic Ballesteros was a miniature golf course built almost entirely out of decommissioned soviet ICBMs, a gigantic tangled fist of large-scale weaponry atop which a small windmill with revolving sails sat, little and prim, like a trilby on Godzilla. This ride always had to be pointed at the nearest desert area in case something went wrong with the antiquated control system. The obligatory painted signpost at the front of the ride queue, usually bearing the injunction 'you must be taller than this line to ride', was to be a 7 foot grimacing soldier, upon whose chest were daubed the requirements: that the ridee be over 6 foot, with three years of army training, including combat experience and the ability to psychologically debrief themselves round the back of the candy floss stall. Like so many of Devlin's designs before and since it was rejected out of hand by the commissioning authorities, for obvious reasons. Time and time again Devlin paced his sweaty bedsit, swearing at his cat, denouncing our 'cotton wool culture' in terms so blisteringly ferocious it would've caused even the hardest of health & safety officers to panic, steal a wheelchair and skate down the stairs on the back of an old person, so punishing being within earshot would have been. Devlin was sure that in a bygone age, where common sense prevailed, The Mincer would've been judged to be a perfectly acceptable ride. 700 ft tall with a circular blade, the forces exacted were sufficient to crush an iron lung flat, let alone the pulpy human equivalent, and the physical intensity of the experience would've caused a life support machine to give up the ghost. But Devlin saw this as something real, a disclosure of a truth. When the Commission sent back the plans for the Mincer with a solicitor's note asking the production company behind whichever comedy programme thought it funny to mock them to desist, Devlin flew into such a rage that he inadvertently killed his cat. However, in thematic synch with Devlin's approach to the world, death and disaster begat inspiration and he immediately set about revising his Mincer. Made entirely from animal products, it was designed to evince the experience of the abattoir from the perspective of an animal. The ridees were given bloodied pig masks and tied upside down by their heels with trusses made of sheep-gut. What followed was

hours of terrifying anguish

the ridee was dragged along a belt, occasionally shoved by bored local youths dressed as butchers, before being unceremoniously dumped into a pool of blood and offal at the end. He experimented with a 4 mile vertical drop into the offal tank, but couldn't make it work. As ever with Devlin's designs he was certain of, but couldn't prove, the ride's relative safety as every time he ran the computer simulation to test the forces exacted, the computer crashed.

Devlin had always been interested in the mechanics of fairground rides. At school, whilst the other kids swapped stickers, stamped on tamogochis and played football, Devlin could be found at the swings, paying as many 1st year infants that could physically entangle themselves in the chains of one swing, to be his test-subjects. As he looked on, judging the decibelage of the screams, the degree of discolouration of the skin as chain wrapped around throat and the tensile strength of the sheaths of hair from which they swung, he would make furious notes. After he was expelled he would spend lazy hours on walls, flicking off stones and ants, watching them fall away and pondering where it was they went, what death might be, how it was that being and not-being flicker together in such comfortable closeness, and most importantly, would he ever get the chance to flick off real people?

As soon as he was old enough Devlin procured a low-wage job at the nearest theme park, a prefabricated terraformed complex impressed into the Derbyshire wetlands. Funworld of Fun had a sad air about it. As if many clowns and strippers had died together in its plastic embrace. One fancied that behind the blank acrylonite eyes of the clown-shaped mascarons that greeted you, and the peeling eyes of the plastic giraffes that lined the desolate central strip, lurked grit-flecked tears of inchoate sadness. The scrapes and moans of the weathered ride machinery were plaintive rebuttals to life and the dirty plastic from which everything was made; an affront to fun. From the moment he stepped through the sun-blanching portico Devlin had hated everything about this theme park. It was not the sadness that prompted his disgust, as Devlin didn't really register such emotions, rather it was what he saw as the artifice. To him everything in Funworld of Fun was a hideous mask, a cackling frontispiece, a set of squealing simulacra that spoke of nothing other than the absence that lay behind it, the space that Devlin's truth had been evacuated from. Nowhere was the falsification more painfully felt by Devlin than in the rides themselves. These weren't rides as Devlin had conceived them, instead they were vicious lies, pretending to peril and genuine thrill, when in actuality they were safer than a car journey. The vast mechanics and titillating signage promised the sharp hand of death, hovering to clutch you and shake you awake, but the reality was just a withered and bureaucratic arm proffering a soggy bandage.

Part two of 'The Jerk and the Jouse' will be published next week

Aliens can be our friends

ben jones explains the meaning of life through xenu

How far do you think you'd have to walk from LSE to find a cult? Surprisingly only as far as **Tottenham Court road**. I was first directed there by a map on a glossy little flyer advertising a free film-showing. Glancing at the handout, it mistakenly led me to believe that the film would be some form of a short, artistic feature, so I endeared to go. However, to my shock when I arrived at the location, I found myself standing in front of a **Scientology Centre**. As I went in I was greeted by a pretty secretary with an Eastern-European accent, who led us through a maze of corridors and narrow stairwells before beckoning us into a minuscule cinema room.

The film was a pretty memorable experience. It told a touching story of an injured hunky young football player, unfortunately becoming paralyzed from the waist down. After numerous tests, it revealed that the reason for the paralysis was not in fact physical, but a psychological problem. Our young hero struggled to keep his faith and eventually it seemed he had given up all hope. The evil group of shifty psychiatrists that were 'treating' him moved in for the kill, muttering amongst

themselves about 'exploratory surgery,' practically salivating at the

prospect. At the last minute when our hero seemed completely resigned to his fate, his super-hot girlfriend entered his hospital room, her eyes glistening with tears, begging him - almost as her last request - to read one book - the **Dianetics**.

He read the pages intently, musing over every word and following the process it suggests by remembering every details of his accident, showing each accident through the cheesy Hollywood multi-camera angle with all the slow-mo and montage glory. The book is telling him he can remove his psychological condition, merely by recalling the painful memory that he had blocked out. Miraculously he succeeds and manages to will himself and get up.

At the end of the film, the volume in the theatre has been increased to a near-uncomfortable level, the temperature was also lowered, so much so that any slight whispers of sleep were dashed as you sat up in your seat. Finally at the peak of the intense climax of the moment, the solitary words blur into an authoritative focus on the screen: Buy and read **Dianetics by L.Ron.Hubbard**.

I was left sitting in my seat stunned for a second, momentarily sucked in by the empty black hole that exists at the end of a film on the big screen. Although unlike a normal trip to the cinema, this time, you can't help but feel your mind was pervaded in some way.

When I hazily tried to leave the place, there were two people waiting for me. They asked for my thoughts on the film, reminding me that it was based on a true story, increasingly and uncomfortably drawing my attention to the book that I should buy and read. So, being the curious person I am, I did what I was told and bought it, then read it.

Scientology has been labelled as a cult in France, decreed a religion in America and tentatively left in the middle here in Britain. Accused of murder, brain-wash, fraud and the destruction of families, Scientology is perhaps the most controversial religious organization in modern history, with high profile members such as **Tom Cruise, John Travolta**. And it was all started by a trumped-up American man with a silly first name.

Lafayette Ronald Hubbard (L.Ron.Hubbard to fans and followers) is an interesting character. He began as a moderately successful science fiction writer, but was once quoted in the **Los Angeles Times** as, "Writing for a penny a word is ridiculous. If a man really wanted to make a million dollars, the best way to do it would be start his own religion." Hmm, I mean it could still be considered a coincidence that L.Ron went and found a religion soon after this, except for the nature of their secret - yet well-documented - dogma. In Scientology, when you reach a certain level within the church (only after sufficiently

buying your way up their Operating Thetan System), the grand secret of the reason explaining all human suffering is finally revealed to you. And it just so happens that it is an alien reason.

This great 'scientology secret' upon which hundreds-of-thousands were spent on various forms of protection copyright, can now be found simply by typing 'scientology' followed by the word 'secret' into a web page called 'Google.' It's even on South Park, where it's done in (perhaps fitting) cartoon form with the words "THIS IS WHAT SCIENTOLOGISTS ACTUALLY BELIEVE" stuck on the bottom of the screen.

Understanding the grand scientology secret could seem worthwhile as it claims to explain the cause of all human unhappiness.

It is also explained through the story of how an alien called **Xenu** coped with the overpopulation of his galaxy by killing off the surplus by first freezing them, and then dumping them in volcanoes created by H-bombs that were dropped off the coast of **Hawaii**. The aliens were no longer frozen; but dead. Next the lost souls of the dead aliens were captured and brainwashed in centres here on earth, and finally at the dawn of our species existence, they latched on to us in their confusion, and this is the reason for why all our problems, worries and fears exist. Right... Glad we've got that sorted then.



COMMUNIST COLLAGE

oliver ballou relives the revolution



At first glance, one **Rodchenko** photo looks like any typical modern art picture: taken from an odd angle, high contrast, a little bit blurred. Look closer and you realize what you are looking at: a group of fit communist youth in white sportswear, posing on a carnival float with a Stalin portrait on top. Another work, a magazine layout with dramatic photos-within-photos, complete with interplaying lines and industrial fonts depicts milk cows on a collective farm. It seems

remarkable: a cutting-edge graphic artist living in a hermit's world.

Following the Russian Revolution, the then-painter **Aleksander Rodchenko** declared, "Painting is dead". He turned instead to design and collage, as well as photography. The Hayward show places emphasis on his photos, whose subjects range from architecture to Soviet street scenes. Designer-types, however, will be most absorbed by his graphic layouts - after all, he's considered the father of 20th century graphic design. Next time you pick up a magazine from the 1960s, notice the use of thick lines and geometric compositions (as seen in the accompanying 'plakat' by Rodchenko (1924), an image from The Board for the Leningrad branch of the State publishing house, entitled "Gosizdat"). This sort of clean, dynamic design still dominates today - evidenced just by looking at the design of the newspaper you are holding.

Rodchenko's influence is even more apparent if you look at the creative stuff

designers do for fun, where grainy photomontage never seems to go out of style.

More sinister, however, are the smiles he added to the faces of political prisoners used for slave labour. The project in question had him sent to photograph the building of the White Sea-Baltic Canal (on which the aforementioned prisoners were working), for "USSR in Construction", a propaganda magazine distributed abroad. Just imagine the scenario: Rodchenko trudging through the snow with his camera, looking for the most impressive composition. All the while, he's aware of the suffering before him (the project cost an estimated 25,000 lives). Back home, fellow artists are disappearing left, right and centre in Stalin's purges, and it is Rodchenko who is assigned to blot out the faces on portraits of executed officials photographs he himself had taken. Nevertheless, Rodchenko will put his heart into making a beautiful magazine spread intended to convince naive westerners that he is living in the best country in the world. The entire Rodchenko exhibition forces you to consider whether you can separate the beauty of an artwork from the horrors of its ideology.

The show is a must-see for fans of photography, graphic design and Russian history. Magazine spreads of "USSR in Construction" are also currently on display at the Tate Modern.

Rodchenko: Revolution in Photography is at the Hayward Gallery, until the 27th of April

ЛЕНГИЗ



IDENTITY

VISUAL ARTS



Girls Will be Boys Will be Girls

alicepfeiffer watches the boys watch the girls while the girls watch the boys who watch the girls go by

As yet another fashion week ends, one can observe that, once again, androgyny is back on the shelves, on the street, on the mighty glossy covers. From Agyness Deyn's short boy crop to Dior Homme models' long glossy hair, haute couture seems to be calling out at Gender students (and everyone else of course).

Of course, I don't mean physical androgyny, the rare case of a baby being born with the two sexes, but the recurring trend of being neither-nor, borrowing from both sides and therefore becoming 'sexless'.

Mediatized androgyny has appeared several times in fashion and music history. From Boy George, to Prince, to David Bowie and many others, many famous figures have proven that appearance, performance, gender and sexual preference needn't go hand in hand.

We all know that fashion is a mirror of society, a sociological indicator. On an immediate, conscious level, the way we chose to dress ourselves- beyond the need to stay warm and basic decency- reflects the way we want to be perceived. It is an everyday construction, a pro-active self-representation- one's appearance becomes one's business card. Even attempting, sometimes struggling to stay out of fashion is a statement in itself, for it will, whether we like it or not, be broken and analysed by others.

Trends are followed by masses, consciously or not, around the world (including myself, fully consciously- and shamelessly); they mark the era and society they emerge from and allegorise gender changes.

Changes in beauty ideals reflects social shifts and aspirations. For example, the rugged male ideal initially emerged after the French Revolution and regularly reappeared in the 20th century (from Marlon Brando to Zinedine Zidane...the 'working class hero'): it was indicative of an emerging working class, where physical work was valorised rather than looked down on. Therefore looking tanned and muscular, something which was rejected by the aristocracy as it indicated outdoor work, was all of a sudden aspired to. think of the Unisex look: it appeared in the 70s and was in fact a marker of a greater sexual freedom. Both men and women had long hair, similar clothing, neither shaved: redefining the appearance acts as an unspoken gender debate towards liberation.

Today, one can observe not a switch (ie boys consciously dressing up as women and vice-versa), but rather a middle-of-the road compromise: from the catwalks to the high street, one can see dark, layered silhouettes, mixing oversize and skin tight gear- worn almost identically by both sexes. Cheap Monday, American Apparel and many others offer unisex clothing, where bodies are encour-

aged to look identically tall, scrawny, shapeless. A hybrid has emerged, borrowing from the 60s, a touch of Bowie, playing with exaggerated passé gay stereotypes (Village People meet Dirty Dancing).

Yet the central aspect is that- while it plays with various iconic looks, it is not sexy, not a seduction-based look. No cleavage is put forward (the closest thing is boys' lager-induced man-boobs), no bum for girls, the bodies the media presents are childlike, 'infertile'.

It seems fashion has always been a sexual indicator: one dresses for others but mainly, for the Other. Like a peacock, a night out on the pull might mean putting on one's brightest' feathers to send off the right signals.

Today, what does it mean for this ritualised sexiness to be rejected or challenged?

The 90s were marked by an over sexualisation of appearance: from Pamela's bountiful bosom to Marky Mark pec implants, bodies became a parody of Ken and Barbie. On one end, Tom Ford introduced luxury escort looks for Gucci, and at the other end we were all warned not to get too excited by Larry Clark's dystopian 'Kids'.

And now? Has our culture become a little more blasé? Teenagers have already seen it all, sex toys are given away with magazines, chocolate flavoured condoms can be bought at Topshop...when there is nothing left to conquer, challenge, where is the appeal? Furthermore, what does it mean for boys and girls to look identical? On an obvious level, it could be seen as to reflect a greater freedom of sexual expression: one can move in and out of gender roles, far from the patriarchal model of fertility. If gender roles are a masquerade, then anyone should be able to put it on, regardless of their gender or sexual orientation. Masculinity and femininity needn't be the two extremes, opposing ends of the spectrum: rather there could be an open a 'field to put identities at 'play', to borrow, combine mimic, from both ends. The crossover shouldn't signify 'drag' or 'tomboy' but rather encourage a blurring of institutionalised distinguishing.

In other words, why should who you are be illustrated by your choice of clothing? Of course, the appearing progress of this mild crossover dressing is in fact an illusion: boys and girls borrowing each others clothes still means a perpetuation of the masculinity/femininity, for it requires its knowledge for the statement to be decoded. In other words, a reaction is always defined by what it opposes, and therefore requires it to exist. Furthermore, a generation dressing alike means the production of couples appearing identical: One desires one's own image, one looks for a reminder of oneself rather than someone complementary. So, is the constant growth of androgyny on the catwalk reflective of a never-ending mass-experienced narcissism?

We live in an image society. The proliferation of images, from digital cameras, cameras on phones, to Facebook, Myspace, Flickr'r, leads to a constant awareness of how one is seen. More and more people on their nights out are constantly taking pictures of themselves- who are we really trying to seduce?

Narcissism is the distorted perception of the self as a potential love object. One acquires a reflective self-image...in the case of twin-like couple, are they settling for second-best, secretly hoping to date their mirror?

Androgyny is the marker of the mirror culture. In a post-metrosexuality culture (moving away from Beckham's plucked eyebrows towards Peter Doherty studied hangover and trailer chic), this new-found nonchalance hides the Me-Generation at its peak.

No prince charming (he's busy shopping), no sex (castrated by skinny jeans), the future doesn't look too bright- unless, of course, we do it in front of a mirror.



best suited to have a youthful population, while the Middle East (where over 35 per cent of the population were under the age of 15 in 2004 - a percentage exceeded only in Sub-Saharan Africa) is not. Rather, the culture and traditions ensure the elderly are relatively well provided for and revered, while the young generation are left frustrated.

In the context of an ageing America then, the youth bulge in the Middle East probably represents the greatest threat to international security. The youth of the Middle East are increasingly angry. Education in the region is often inadequate compared to the West, curtailing earning potential and aspirations. At the same time growth in communications and information technology allow the population to observe the standard of living in other countries. The resulting tension may eventually lead to them to vent their frustrations through radicalism, further destabilising international security. Moreover, even as the number of college graduates rise, the fact is that the state is increasingly unable to secure white collar jobs for them. Rising unemployment only adds to the sense of frustration.

All this probably means that the USA will face the unenviable position of being less secure from an ageing population while facing increased threats from youthful populations in the Middle East. As many prominent academics and politicians in the West keep stressing, another terrorist attack like September 11th is inevitable within the next fifty years. Global powers such as America could become increasingly isolationist, while the Middle East will become even more volatile.

Predicting the fate of the world has always been a tricky pursuit, and the path to sound predictions is riddled with pot-holes. The only thing we know for sure is that in the current climate, the present demographics will cause economic and social issues for both the West and the Middle East. That this will lead to international political crisis and a deterioration of international security in the next twenty years is only a prediction, but one which should be seriously considered - and one which (along with the possibility of 20 more years of Big Brother) is definitely cause for concern.

"ANGER WITHOUT A FUTURE":

Joseph Cotterill
doesn't believe
youth bulges

Kenya, Pakistan, and now Gaza - all had disaffected youth at the core of their recent spirals into violence. Even the most cursory glance at 2008's news agenda shows that demography is already destiny in contemporary international relations - to an extent. Youth bulges often depend on enabling factors like urbanisation and ideology to become a threat to international peace and security, while sometimes, demographic timebombs just fail to go off at all.

The American political scientist Mark Haas' idea of a "geriatric peace" - countries without young people to waste do not fight each other - is not without its attractions, but it fares no better than the tattered principle

of the democratic peace, the idea that no two democracies have ever gone to war with each other.

Great powers that are determined enough to reshape the international system in their image are rarely inclined to let demographics get in their way. Russia's society is ageing even more rapidly than the West, but it has become an assertive player on the world stage in the early twenty-first century.

Nor has the current Middle East youth bulge been as bad as it could have turned out, in comparison with previous episodes - such as the interwar period in Europe and the hand of youth in the rise of Fascism and Nazism. Although Islamism is an obvious contender for the post, it has not achieved mass appeal as an ideology which valorises characteristic youth values like death, glory, and violence for the sake of violence. Youth bulges obviously require elite connivance if they are to go mainstream. Otherwise, the Middle East's youth rebellions are likely to go the way of most medieval peasant risings - outbursts of anger without a future.





Kevin Perry talks to Joseph Stiglitz about the true cost of the Iraq war, Bush's duplicitousness and his hope for Obama



For a man who has just uncovered the simply vast amounts of money his country is squandering on a war he describes as "stupid", Joe Stiglitz is surprisingly jovial. He is quick to laugh and engages with a wide smile, and doesn't strike you either as a bookish Nobel laureate or as the "green eye-shaded accountant" that the Bush administration attempted to dismiss him as.

Bush now has another reason to dismiss Stiglitz, following the publication of 'The \$3 Trillion War', named for the true cost he believes America will pay for its decision to invade Iraq. Standing on the brink of that day's fifth anniversary now is the time to assess what Stiglitz points out is "the second longest war in America's history, after the Vietnam war, and the second most costly, after WWII."

Of course, despite its cost, World War II was famously credited with lifting America out of the great depression, and has helped to promulgate the cliché that war is good for the economy - a misconception that Stiglitz aims to correct. "Wars use resources that could have been used to promote economic growth, and the fact is that since Keynes we know how to stimulate the economy in more constructive ways. This war has been particularly bad for the economy because of the impact that it's had on the price of oil (oil prices per barrel have risen from \$25 before the war to \$100), and because it was totally deficit financed. Even as we went to

the war we had large deficits, but then the Bush administration actually lowered taxes for the rich. The symptoms didn't show up because they were hidden by lax regulation which flooded the economy with liquidity which was buoying the economy as these other factors were depressing it. We were living on borrowed money and borrowed time, and a day of reckoning had to come, and it's now come."

Stiglitz believes that the actions of the regulatory authorities have had a direct impact on the current financial crisis. "The monetary authorities thought they had to do what they needed to do to keep the American economy going. The high oil prices and the war were having an adverse effect on the economy, and they simply did what they thought was right, but in a very myopic, short-sighted way - and it worked, in a very myopic, short-sighted way. The symptoms of what the war was doing, of what the high oil prices were doing, were not evident. They now have become evident. But the problem is, by postponing the cost we have increased the cost. The cost the economy is going to have to pay, not only the American economy but the global economy, will be a multiple of what it otherwise would have been."

There can be no doubting Stiglitz's determination to keep the issue of the war at the forefront of political debate at this crucial time for American politics. As far as he is concerned, it is the biggest issue there

is. "My work focuses on the economics of the public sector, and you might say that the Iraq War is the single largest public project that the United States has undertaken. Typically when we begin a project like building a bridge, we do a cost-benefit analysis. We certainly don't undertake a large project without looking at the cost. This was a war of choice. But we began the war without thinking about the cost."

For Stiglitz, however, there is more than just the financial cost to consider. There is also the cost to the idea of democracy. "This was a war that, in part, was allegedly to spread democracy. Democracy means that citizens ought to be able to participate in decisions, and meaningful participation means that they have to know the consequences, and among the consequences are the costs. It seemed to me that if we are going to be talking about democracy then it was important for the American citizens to know what this particular project was costing. The Bush administration did everything it could to hide the costs from the American people. I'm testifying in Congress on Thursday, and one of the points I'm going to make is that we should not have had to write this book, and if we did have to write the book it should have been a lot easier."

Stiglitz explains how the Freedom of Information act was required to uncover even rudimentary information about the number of people injured in the war. In the course of the

investigation he also turned up more alarming discoveries, such as the fact that the military were denied a request for MRAPs (Mine-resistant ambush-protected armoured vehicles) which Stiglitz argued would have saved a large fraction of lives, at a short term cost which will now be far outweighed by caring for the injured.

With a war this badly managed, it seems to me that those in charge must be either highly incompetent or highly corrupt. I ask Stiglitz which he sees. "There are elements of both. The Bush administration deliberately tried to obscure what these costs were and has continued to try to obscure it. Particularly the way the money has been appropriated in 24 separate bills, including emergency appropriations five years after the war started. When you go to war it's an emergency, but five years later you should be able to plan. The way they have deliberately hidden information clearly shows an intent for people not to know. But there's also an element of what you might call self-deception. The bureaucracy has been created to have a whole set of checks and balances, because you realise that people like to please their superiors. The Bush administration short-circuited many of these checks and balances, and the predictable consequence is that the quality of information was lower than it otherwise would have been. Then they said "How could we have known?" So they were responsible in part for the low quality of information, and many of the specific things they did predictably raised costs. For example, the behaviour of the contractors that were hiring people from Nepal and the Philippines rather than hiring Iraqis, fed the unemployment, while failure to safeguard the weapons caches meant that you had an explosive mixture: unemployed young men with weapons, and that explosive combination exploded. Now that was predictable."

He points out the \$19.3 Billion that Halliburton have received in uncontested contracts in Iraq, and describes current defence spending as a kind of "corporate welfare." He

bluntly observes "weapons don't work against enemies who don't exist."

Looking to the future, it is hard to resist wondering how Stiglitz views the upcoming presidential elections. He is blunt about the differences between the candidates. "What is clear is that McCain's policy, saying that we may be there for 100 years, is not the right policy. If you extrapolate what 100 years would cost, it's huge. If you ask what the benefits are, it's hard to ascertain. Obama has been quite forthright in saying he's not against wars in general, but he is against stupid wars. And this was a stupid war. He was aware of the kind of divisions that existed, and therefore the difficulty of obtaining a sound outcome to the war, and he's called for a quick withdrawal. I think that those are all policies that are consistent with prudent actions."

How does he rate the chances of seeing Obama in the White House? At this question he smiles and nods, a look of real excitement in his eyes. And would this mean a return for the man who spent three years as chair of President Clinton's Council of Economic Advisors? Perhaps, he laughs, but maybe a different job this time. At least Obama has already expressed a desire to have Stiglitz as an advisor. The current administration's response to Stiglitz's appearance before Congress was derisory. "People like Joe Stiglitz lack the courage to consider the cost of doing nothing and the cost of failure. One can't even begin to put a price tag on the cost to this nation of the attacks of 9/11," said White House spokesman Tony Fratto. "It is also an investment in the future safety and security of Americans and our vital national interests. What price does Joe Stiglitz put on attacks on the homeland that have already been prevented? Or doesn't his slide rule work that way?"

Whoever wins in November, the world should hope they listen to Stiglitz. Whether or not Joe can catch the ear of the next administration could have a serious effect on the cost the globe is forced to pay for Bush's most spectacular folly. ■

**IRAQ IN CONTEXT
WHAT DOES \$3 TRILLION BUY?**

According to Joseph Stiglitz, the USA's spending on autism research equates to four hours in Iraq

Ten days' fighting in Iraq costs \$5 billion, which amounts to total American aid to Africa each year.

One-sixth of an Iraq war would pay the United States' social security needs for the next half-century.



RUSSIA'S RETURN



The empire is striking back - but, Joseph Cotterill argues, not for much longer

Last weekend, Russians went to the "polls" to "vote" for a "new" President. For the most part threatened with the sack by their employers if they did not exercise the democratic rights left them by Russia's mangled constitution, they duly elected Kremlin favourite Dmitri Medvedev to what used to be the Russian Federation's highest office of government. That accolade will probably now instead go to the post of Prime Minister, to which Mr Medvedev is expected to appoint President Vladimir Putin when he steps down in May. Naturally, Mr Putin is unlikely to give up the power and patronage he enjoyed as the main architect of Russia's drift into authoritarianism, making Mr Medvedev's electoral landslide an utter travesty. But what does it all mean for Russia's recent assertiveness on the world stage? Does this remain assured, or are the wheels about to come off Putin's foreign policy legacy?

On the surface, this looks like a good time for Russian power abroad. Putin has no compunction in telling the West where to get lost, on anything from G8 economics to the construction of the United States' missile shield in Europe. Taken out of their Cold War mothballs, Russian fighter-bombers now routinely buzz NATO warplanes on their patrols around the North Atlantic's airspace. However, these are all signs of weakness, not of a strong legacy for Mr Medvedev.

Most of Russia's recent resurgence has centred on its old foes in Europe, as well as its former imperial satellites in the Near Abroad - a classic case being the campaign to stop Ukraine's "Orange" liberal government defecting to the West by joining

NATO and the European Union. However, this focus means Russia's current rulers have consistently failed to look at the wider Eurasian game plan. As the historian William C. Fuller argues, "strategies of confidence" based on such plans have usually worked best for Russian statesmen. By contrast, "strategies of fear," based on a vindictive obsession with Europe and the Near Abroad, have by and large failed. Given its missile shield paranoia and the sheer exigencies involved in administering a tattered empire pushed back to its smallest boundaries since the seventeenth century by the collapse of the Soviet Union, the Putin foreign policy legacy ranks as a strategy of fear.

For example, some commentators accuse Mr Putin of having fomented a "New Cold War," but this seriously overrates even the wildest of the new Russia's geopolitical imaginings. Many historians now place the beginnings of the original Cold War in their proper global context. The Second World War's Grand Alliance did not fall apart due to the division of Germany, but because Soviet forces, as they were placed after the fighting, had a good chance of conquering any piece of Eurasia they chose. Since the United States had already just fought one war to stop the industrial centres of Europe and Asia from being united under a single warlord, Stalin had fingers in too many pies - such as Iran and Turkey in 1947, or in China and Korea after 1949 - for its liking.

Needless to say, Putin's Russia is in nothing like the position to represent a global threat to the West - while Putin himself, whether as President or Prime Minister, does not have the personal credentials to frighten America

"Putin's foreign relations have been a sign of weakness, not a strong legacy for Medvedev"



and Europe, for all his tough exterior. Previous Russian revisionism in the international system was based on a vicious ideological alternative to the West - communism. Some observers - notably the Economist - have started to use the F-word with regard to the Kremlin's brand of "sovereign democracy," and there have indeed been shades of fascism to Putin's control. But some of these are now being decommissioned, such as the sinister Putin personality cult centred on Nashi ("ours"), a patriotic youth group. Nor does the Kremlin's new ideology have much appeal beyond Russia, as it had largely been a construct to mask the Russian govern-

ment's constant infighting.

Putin's decision to depart from democratic norms has nevertheless been enough to forestall serious negotiations with the Western powers in order to revise Russia's share of the post-Cold War settlement. "Talk is cheap" in diplomacy. Reputation and costly signalling (foregoing a short-term advantage in order to indicate to other powers you are interested in cooperation and reassurance) are important currency in the international anarchy. Putin has ditched them without a second thought.

Russia's resurgence also tells us something interesting about the state of the rule-bound liberal international order supposedly so maligned after the transatlantic fallout and American "unilateralism" of the 2003 Iraq war - and in particular the usefulness of Europe's baroque security architecture. Many European countries had come to have second thoughts about Mr Putin well before 2007's turning point, through the Kremlin's blackmailing attitude to energy politics and its squelching of opponents at home and abroad. They had however been unable to make the case for containment as opposed to engagement to other powers, and in particular the United States, cogently and coherently. Perceptions changed dramatically once Russia suspended the Conventional Forces in Europe treaty, a key cornerstone of the continent's post-Cold War order.

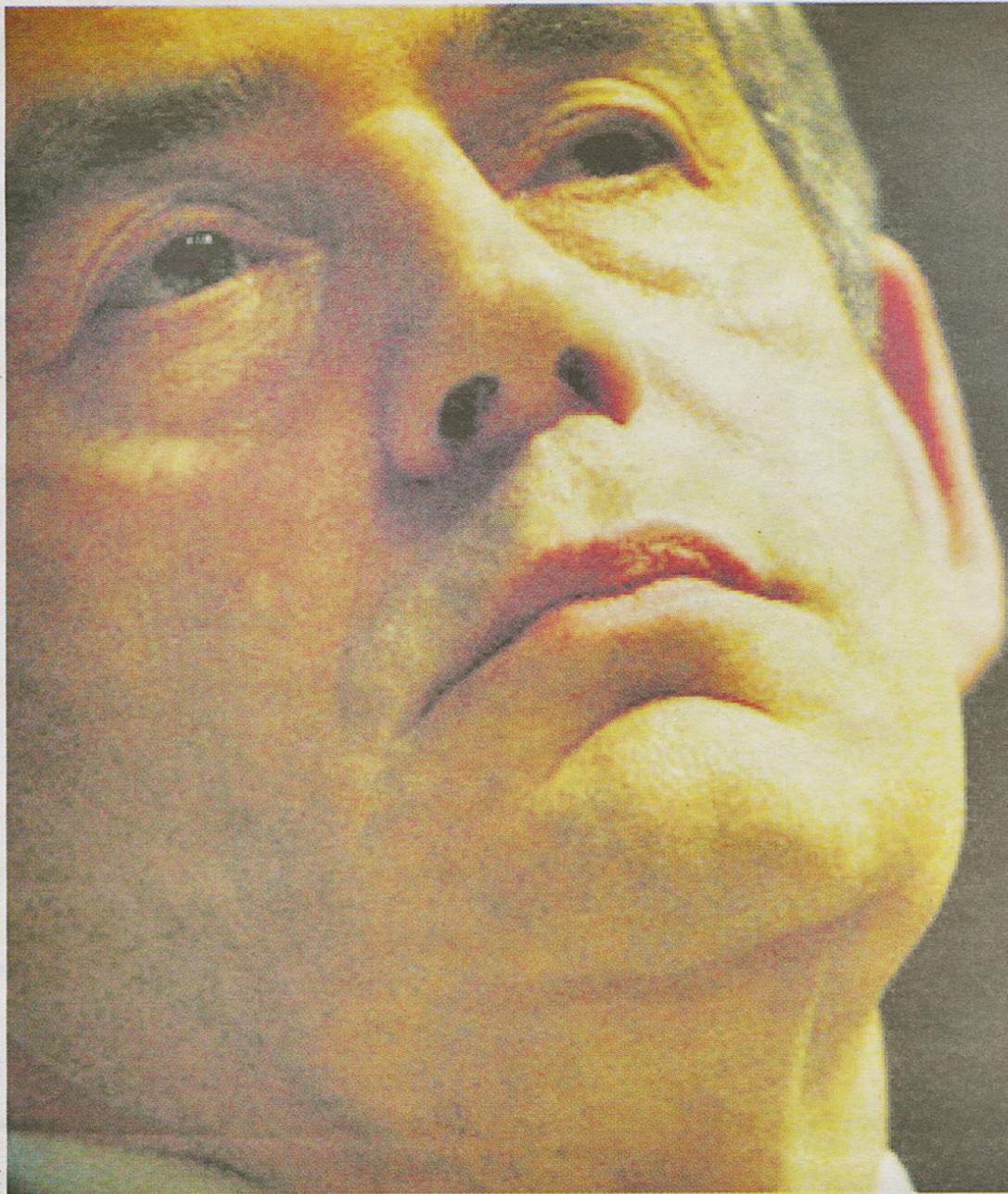
Having trashed Russia's chances of participating in the world's robust liberal international order for a generation to come, Putin has failed to cultivate alternative diplomatic arrangements. At this stage in history, brokering a strategic alliance with

China must surely be the sine qua non for any bid to restore Russia to the international top table. But there is no evidence Putin ever seriously considered the matter, and it is not likely at all that it will be pursued by President Medvedev either.

Indeed, China shows Russia how a revisionist grand strategy should be done. The People's Republic has come from much further behind and with a much more gruesome human rights record in its bid for great power status. Yet throughout, the Chinese have shown a deftness of diplomatic touch that would put Russia to shame. China has avoided making any alliances ever since the beginning of its reforms in 1978 - highly unusual behaviour for a rising and vulnerable great power, but useful for keeping potential enemies in the West guessing about China's true intentions until it will be too late to do anything about them.

Instead, China has relentlessly worked the gamut of international organisations, to which it is relatively oversubscribed as a member, given its economic size. These memberships range from World Trade Organisation accession in 2001 to a very successful dalliance with the International Olympic Committee, which will bear fruit this year. The Chinese understand soft power. Mr Putin would not know it if it hit him with a judo kick.

Some Western observers used to see Vladimir Putin as a tragic Darth Vader figure, a strong President who let the dark side get to his head and turn him from hero to zero. No more. At least Darth Vader got the Death Star built - the foreign policy Putin made has left Russia an empire without clothes. ■



How Gordon Brown can beat David Cameron

Matthew Partridge gives some advice to the Prime Minister

At the moment, the situation looks relatively bleak for Gordon Brown. According to the latest polls Labour are seven points behind the Conservatives. On a uniform national swing, this would leave the Conservatives with a majority of about 28 seats in the next Parliament. However, the fact that the opinion polls traditionally overestimate Labour, and that the Conservatives seem to be better at targeting their resources into marginal constituencies, mean the possibility of a Tory majority closer to 50 to 60, or even 70 to 80 should not be ruled out. At the same time, Ken Livingstone is trailing in the polls against Boris Johnson in the race to be London's mayor - showing that the Conservative machine is already credibly able to challenge an incumbent who is at least perceived to be somewhat popular.

Even the traditionally critical Conservative grassroots seem to be pleased with Cameron's performance. Indeed, some commentators are now starting to talk of a 'Cameron effect', where even negative coverage of the Conservative leader boosts the his party in the opinion polls. The political prognosticator Mike Smithson, of politicalbetting.com, says that "the Tories poll well the more Cameron is making the headlines - even if the coverage is negative." This would seem to make any attempt to take David Cameron head on suicidal for Labour. However, Karl Rove, the famous (some would say infamous) advisor to George W Bush, proved by winning two elections that attacking what is perceived to be your opponents biggest asset can be a very effective strategy. Indeed, Cameron has provided Labour with plenty of ammunition over the few years of his political career.

For instance, David Cameron seems to be a politician of few fixed principles. While ideological flexibility and a willingness to adapt one's beliefs as events unfold is a necessary political skill, the extent to which Cameron has changed his mind on

matters of economic, social and foreign policy is breathtaking - as is the speed of these transformations. Less than three years ago, Cameron was elected on a platform of continuity with that of his predecessor Michael Howard. Indeed, Cameron had helped run the "are you thinking what we're thinking" campaign that tried to win the 2005 General Election on the back of an attempt to stis up fear about refugees and asylum seekers. The Tories also promised to reduce public spending by sacking anyone in the public sector who got pregnant.

However, immediately after Cameron was elected leader, he went to the other extreme, claiming in a speech on youth crime that "the hoodie is a response to a problem, not a problem in itself... inside those boundaries we have to show a lot more love." However, finding that such an approach did not work well outside the mansions of Notting Hill, Cameron has now gone back to praying on anti-immigrant hysteria.

It is not just that Cameron has flipped from rabid populism to libertarian elitism and back, there are also serious question marks about his ability to handle either foreign and economic policy viewing them both through the prism of cheap political point scoring. Although Cameron half-heartedly supported the war, he has been quick to disassociate himself from it, claiming that "issues that once divided Conservatives from Liberal Democrats are now issues where we both agree. Our attitude to devolution and localisation of power. Iraq."

Similarly, at a time when we need to work with America, Cameron has been willing to play party politics with the Special Relationship, claiming the government has been, "slavish in our friendship with America... I fear that if we continue as at present we may combine the maximum of exposure with the minimum of real influence over decisions." Although there were many reasons to criticise the decision to prop up Northern

Rock, the Tories main criticism was that decision do so was made in a such a transparent manner, suggesting that under the Conservatives, decisions regarding public money will be carried out in smoke-filled rooms.

So, the government's line of attack seems to be straightforward. Labour must keep Cameron's numerous flip-flops and panders in the public eye while reminding people that Cameron and the rest of the Conservative front-benchers lack either the judgement or the moral compass to make the necessary tough decisions needed to promote Britain's values and security. Of course this strategy will not work if the government, and Gordon Brown, doesn't manage to articulate its own core values to the public at large. Tony Blair managed to win three elections by convincing the public, through both words and actions, that he was a man of principles and values. Although Gordon Brown has been in power for less than a year, it is clear that he does best when he can articulate a vision for Britain's future and connect it with his core beliefs and moral background. Since the government has (rightly) decided to retain a presence in Iraq and to continue the fight against the Taliban in Afghanistan, its needs to make the wars' moral and strategic necessity clearer to the wider public, and to contrast it with the Conservatives' opportunistic take on foreign affairs.



The government needs to make the Iraq and Afghanistan wars' moral and strategic necessity clearer to the public, and contrast it with the Conservatives' opportunism



Listings

www.lsesu.com

TUESDAY, 4th MARCH

12:00 Knitting
Knitting Society, Quad

18:15 Social Exclusion in Brazil
Brazilian Society, A283

18:30 Lecture: 'The Parliament of Man: The Past, Present & Future of the UN'
G108

18:30 Lecture: 'Aspirations for European Citizenship'
European Society, U8

18:30 Lecture: 'Pathways to Development'
Grimshaw Society, D202

WEDNESDAY, 5th MARCH

13:15 Mass
Chaplaincy

18:00 Stamp Out Poverty: Short film and talk
People & Planet, H206

19:00 Film Showing: 'The Girl who Leapt Through Time'
Anime & Manga, E304

19:00 Swing Dance (Beginners)
Parish Hall

THURSDAY, 6th MARCH

11:00 Fairtrade Market
People & Planet, Quad

13:00 Union General Meeting (Mayoral debate)
LSE SU, Old Theatre

17:00 Book Club: To Kill a Mocking Bird
Literature Society, Z229

17:00 Societies Awards Nominations Close

18:00 University Challenge Final Round

19:00 HipHop (Beginner)
Dance, Parish Hall

20:00 Itchy Feet Quiz Night
Travel/Backpackers, D402

20:30 HipHop (Advanced)
Dance, Parish Hall

FRIDAY, 7th MARCH

18:30 Lecture: 'The Welfare State & Immigration: Chalk for the Future'
Grimshaw Society, D502

21:00 Crush!
LSESU, Quad/Tuns/Underground

MONDAY, 10th MARCH

19:00 Workshop: 'How to Propel Your Career Advancement'
Finance Society, D1

19:30 Law Society Ball
The Waldorf Hilton

SU EXECUTIVE OFFICE HOURS

General Secretary,
Fadhil Bakeer Markar
Thursdays 2.30PM, Quad

Treasurer, Libby Meyer
Thursdays 2.30PM, Quad

Communications Officer, Kayt Berry
Thursdays 2.30PM, Quad
Education and Welfare, Ruhana Ali
Thursdays 2.30PM, Quad

Women's Officer, Daisy Mitchell-Forster
Thursdays 12PM, Quad

Environment and Ethics, Aled Dilwyn Fisher

Thursdays 12PM, Quad

LGBT Officer, Dominic Rampat
Wednesdays 10AM, N3

Societies Officer, Carys Morgan
Thursdays 2PM, Quad

LSE and LSE SU celebrate Fairtrade Fortnight

Since 2004, LSE has been recognised as a Fairtrade College. As a Fairtrade College, both the LSE and LSE SU have introduced a number of Fairtrade product ranges that allow you, as a consumer, to choose products that will help disadvantaged farmers, workers and their families in the developing world.

This year the LSE and LSE SU will be joining forces again to celebrate Fairtrade Fortnight from 25th February to 9th March. There are a number of activities organised that will showcase Fairtrade products and illustrate how the Fairtrade Foundation has improved the lives of millions of people in developing countries including:

Redress Fashion Clothes Trade In: Monday 3rd to Thursday 6th March, 11am - 3pm, Houghton Street/The Quad

A film screening powered by bicycles: Tuesday 4th March, 7pm in the Quad, with Fairtrade refreshments

Fairtrade Market: Thursday 6th March, 10am-5pm in the Quad

Visit the SU Shop for a range of Fairtrade Fortnight promotional offers including the sale of Pants to Poverty underwear! The Pants to Poverty range is Fairtrade and organic. £1 per pair sold will be donated to HIV work in South Africa.

For more information regarding Fairtrade Fortnight at LSE, please contact Libby Meyer, su.treasurer@lse.ac.uk For information regarding the Fairtrade Foundation, please visit <http://www.fairtrade.org.uk>

LSE Students' Union Teaching Excellence Awards 2007/8

This is your opportunity to acknowledge professors, lecturers, tutors, class teachers, seminar leaders, workshop organisers - any member of LSE staff involved in teaching who has inspired you, helped you get to grips with complex or challenging ideas, encouraged your learning, changed your view on the world or helped you to "understand the cause of things" better.

Closing date: by 5pm on Friday 14th March 2008

The Dev Cropper Memorial Award 2008

The Students' Union Executive Committee offer an annual award of £2500 to a student starting their final year in the next academic year, as a way of commemorating John Devenand Cropper's exemplary service to the student community at the LSE. The principle criterion for consideration for the award is involvement in and contribution to student life during the nominee's first five terms at the LSE.

Closing date: 5pm, Friday 7th March 2008

Mental Health and Wellbeing Week (3rd - 7th March)

Tuesday 4th

Got a friend in MIND?

Talk by the Mental Health charity MIND on issues that affect students and advice and tips on how to help somebody you are worried about
12pm, Quad

"Coping with Stress" Workshop

Practical ways to cope with student stresses run by the Mental Health and Wellbeing Advisor
2pm, D206

Film screening of "A Beautiful Mind"

Film Society showing of the award winning movie followed by discussion. Refreshments provided
7pm, G1

Wednesday 5th

Eat 5-a-day

Free fruit giveaway to help you on your way to a healthier lifestyle
1pm, Houghton Street

Welfare Wednesday - Free Gym Day

Improve your health and fitness and de-stress by turning up to the Gym for a free day trial membership
Student Union Gym, East Building

Thursday 6th

National Blood Service donor recruitment session

Personal talk by LSE alumni on the importance of being donors followed by day-long registration drive
12pm, Student Salon (Kings Chambers Building)

Friday 7th

Student Support and Advice Surgery

Your chance to ask the Mental Health and Wellbeing advisor and other officers anything, in 1 to 1 informal drop in sessions
12pm, Quad

Chocolate Heaven Crush

Free choco giveaways to lift your mood, and a drink spiking awareness campaign to remind your spirit.
9pm, Quad

Veritas Forum

The London School of Economics and Political Science Students' Union (LSE) Apologetics Society and Partners are pleased to announce the inaugural Veritas Forum at LSE 2008, 7th, 10th - 12th March, titled "Finding Truth at LSE". We are the first University in London and the third outside the USA to host the Veritas Forum, a university forum that began in Harvard University in 1992. The Forum will see top academics and experts travelling from USA, Edinburgh and Oxford to gather at the LSE for a series of seminars and evening events on the Christian worldview and the person of Jesus.

Schedule of Events:

Friday, March 7

Movie Night: Shadowlands
(131 minutes)

6:30pm. G1, G Building

A critically-acclaimed movie about the life of C. S. Lewis as he meets and falls in love with Joy Gresham, but loses her soon after to cancer. It explores Lewis' pain and his attempts to reconcile personal tragedy with the ideal of a loving God. Free pizza and drinks.

Monday, March 10

Blessed Are The Poor: Jesus in Today's World
Rich/Poor dinner

6:30pm. Quad, East Building

Kiera Phyo - London Youth Coordinator, Tearfund.

A taste of the distribution of wealth of the world with benefit dinner in aid of Oxfam International. Hosted in conjunction with LSESU Oxfam Society. Suggested £3 donation.

Tuesday, March 11

The Resurrection: Fact or Fiction and So What?

7:00pm. New Theatre, E171, East Building

- Gary Habermas - Distinguished Research Professor and Chair of the Philosophy and Theology Department, Liberty University,

Virginia, USA.

- Oliver Davies - Professor of Christian Doctrine, and Head of the Department of Theology and Religious Studies, King's College.

The Resurrection - dubbed by some as the greatest hoax of all time, dismissed by others as blind religious faith. Examine the evidence for the resurrection of Jesus and explore the implications for our lives today. There will be opportunity for Q&A. Refreshments will be provided.

Wednesday, March 12

Science: Are We Machines?

8pm. New Theatre, E171, East Building

- Alister McGrath - Professor of Historical Theology, University of Oxford. Senior Research Fellow at Harris Manchester College, Oxford.

- John Wood - Principal, Faculty of Engineering, Imperial College London.

- Alastair Noble - Field Officer, Headteachers' Association of Scotland. Education Officer, CARE.

Can we manufacture consciousness? Are we nothing more than gene replication machines? Dr. Alastair Noble chairs a discussion with Prof. John Wood and Prof. Alister McGrath on the nature of our very being.



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the Beaver

GET IN BETWEEN THE SHEETS WITH US.

Annual General Meeting
Thursday, 14th March 2008, 5pm, D302

Open to all LSE Students; only Collective members may vote

Elections

Executive Editor

The source of day-to-day authority and executive power in the editing and policy-making decisions of the newspaper. Chief strategist, policy-maker and executive officer.

News Editor

The news editor is responsible for managing a team of news writer, gathering stories, laying out the news section with two co-editors.

Features Editor

One of two editors heading the Features section. Responsible for sourcing features content, managing team of writers, editing articles and laying out section.

Comment and Analysis Editor

Stoke the raging fire at the LSE
Edit the C&A section and be at the heart of politics, SU news and current affairs.

Listings Sub-Editor

Play a vital role in the SU's communication with the student body and gain valuable experience in graphics design and layout using industry-standard software.

Collective Chair

The Collective Chair chairs the collective meetings and is a link between the Editors and the Collective. They must be re-elected each term.

Requirements:

Any member of the LSE SU can run.

The editor will be elected by the collective.

Send nominations to thebeaver.editor@lse.ac.uk

Deadline: Wednesday, 13th March 2008, 5pm

AU Star of the Week

BeaverHeat Magazine interviews Nicci O'Regan on behalf of Beaver Sports...

Do you have any nicknames?

NICKnames....har har har (oh dear - not a good start to what is supposed to be a banterous article!) When I was little I thought being called 'Nick Dick' by my sister was titillating and a bit naughty ('Dick!! Oohhh!!') but living with Harry has made me realise the innocence of my youth. I think my birthday card this year read 'Happy Birthday Slutcumwhorebag' or something!!

What's the silliest thing you have done drunk?

Oh goodness....to choose one would take all night and I'm supposed to be 'doing an essay' (read: searching for mothers day presents on stupid websites that suggest items such as 'Orgasmtrons' and 'Erotic Chocolate Nipple Warmers'...who ARE these people's mothers?!?!). I think 'Oh my God it's a secret Walkabout door we never knew about!! It must be a shortcut to upstairs!!!' features pretty highly. We were already upstairs, and ended up trapped in the fire escape.

What's your most humiliating experience?

My breasts fell out at Walkabout once...actually I think it was repeatedly...Libby kept having to put them back in - Aussie solidarity!!! Although it wasn't really humiliating given I wasn't really aware. So there's a lesson, girls: no dresses at the Walkies. Unless you actually want people to see your boobs. Which makes me think, maybe my dress-wearing was a conscious decision...who knows! Also in Prep in Aus once a boy next to me shat himself during the lesson on how to write big Hs and everyone thought it was me who stank...oh and there was that time that my sister ran through the school shouting 'My sister likes Tom Barton!!!' at the top of her lungs...VERY humiliating when you're 10 - Little O'Regan I'll get you back one day!!

Who was the last person to see you naked?

At the time of writing, my boyfriend...but in between now and publishing there's an entire Wednesday night during which I will probably try to swap clothes with someone, get changed in a 'private' place, strip off 'coz I think I'm in my bedroom about to go to bed when in fact I'm dancing on the bar with Paul Ollis (the most legendary bar dude at Walkies!) or just get naked coz someone told me to in return for a drink.

Do you have any bad habits?

Procrastination!! And crapping on (although this is also essential to a 2.1 in Law, no matter what they say about 'doing the reading'). My main tool of the trade is writing long-winded, but no doubt witty and informative emails to my netball team. They sometimes rhyme, have hand-drawn pictorial representations of opposition captains or are composed of 43 different colours. That and watching gold such as Gossip Girl on alluc.org. Does anyone know if there's a second season coming? How else will I get through exams?!?! Serena is totally hotter than Blair, and Nathan is defski hotter than Chuck...can we possibly have a Sports section poll on who is hotter? These are the kind of important issues that will win this section the support of those unenlightened people who currently don't like it. Okay you see what I mean about procrastination? I just spent 20 mins on the Gossip Girl page of wikipedia...and now I've crapped on...

If you could change one thing about the AU what would it be?

Have more stuff that's better and extra things that are cool. Uhhmm no I totally love the AU the way it is. Someone at Hustings said it was sad to love the AU...but I don't mind admitting it! Actually, maybe we could somehow banish Es-we-have-a-lot-of-underage-sex sports teams from leagues... minibuses are a bit crappage, especially when you land up like 4000 miles from where you are supposed to be like happened to us a few weeks back! The minibus driver reckoned he was an actor and trained with Pierce Brosnan but then CHOSE to drive a bus. Yup, I bet that's EXACTLY what happened... :-S Also more naked, drunken, naughty Jarlath would be appreciated by most, I'm sure.

Who was the last person to watch Skins naked in your house?

Harry Robinson. These were her exact words: 'Cut your losses and come homeeeeeeeeee you know you love skins! I might even watch it naked and if you don't come home now I will know you don't like my naked form and them I will cry tears of blood.' I won't even mention what kind of details she then went into...ming!

Calella- ugly or beautiful?

So beautiful it actually hurts. No, really - Calella hurts! Having been a Calella virgin last year, I go once more into the breach this year a seasoned, experienced and probably-should-be-but-am-not wiser participant, and I'm proud to say that a quarter of the netballers going to Calella are from my team...mwahahahaaaa!! 1st team domination!!!



AU Election Scandal!



Daniel Holness

Thought that would be it? New Exec in, old Exec out, a seamless handover? Well, the world of sports at the LSE is about to be shaken to its very core as yours truly reveals some of the new Exec's deepest, darkest (and dirtiest) secrets.

Firstly, Liaisons-elect Charlie Glyn has managed to keep her condition under wraps for many years now. If found out, she'd be made an outcast by the rest of society. She keeps a pube of all the different boys she's slept with, laminates it and puts it in her diary. She has even given them their own names and imaginary lives. A pubic Sims if you will.

This will no doubt come as a major shock to her recent acquisition of a boyfriend who she's planning on 'keeping'. Whilst many presume that their romance blossomed as a result of the lethal combination of lash and Walkabout, little does anyone know that the couple went to kindergarten together. Their interest in each other was immediate, albeit short-lived, as her boyfriend was accrimoniously thrown out after initiating an indecent assault with a lego brick.

Edward Healy, as the most banterous individual in the AU, is a fantastic choice for Comms officer. His levels of banter are so great that he's even been handed the extremely ironic nickname of 'Anti-banter' by the FC. Sadly, it's all a guise over the inner torture that he suffers as a

result of his more popular dad. Senior Healy consistently out-banters and out-lashes his son, whilst nicking his minge. So hurt is Ed that he hates anyone using his surname in a sweet, if not vain, attempt to preserve his own identity. Rumours that people in fact thought they were voting for Senior Healy refuse to be dispelled.

Mike Maynard, the new Treasurer, is widely renowned for his disproportionate...leg. The secret behind this monstrosity is years and years of tugging, something that has worn away at the tendons in his wrists. Many people have thought his limp-wittedness was a result of his camp demeanour, but no. Watch him when he runs if in doubt. Manly, upright position. Gay wrists.

Think Tom Jackson, AU

Events-elect, and one conjures up an image of a smiling, fun character. Who would have thought this chap could engage in acts of bestiality? Allegedly, admittedly. The case is still ongoing, but it has brought up one of the more remarkable scientific breakthroughs in recent years. Wacko Jacko managed to become the first person to ever get a dog to speak in the human dialect. He (again, allegedly) gave such bad fellatio that the dog (who shall remain nameless) was disgusted with his performance and shouted out as Tom left the kennel, 'that was fucking shit!' Since that exceedingly embarrassing moment he has been practising ever since without great progress. He now even has to resort to tying girls up so they don't run away from

his amateur moves.

Laura Smith, AU Secretary-elect, long rumoured to be the lesbian lover of Sophie de-la-Hunt, her application to be her secretary has not helped her case. However, I can exclusively reveal that Laura is in fact completely asexual! She has absolutely no interest in sex and prefers a quiet night in eating beans rather than flicking her own! Her attempt to spark inner sexuality went slightly awry last summer when she was caught by her mother watching Men in Black Men. Her mother's offer of 'can I do anything for you?' after the initial awkward silence was swiftly turned down.

Finally, there's your new AU President, Sophie de-la-Hunt. I mean what can I write that she won't edit by

the time the Beaver hits Houghton Street or defend on PuLSE radio. She really is that powerful. However, her long strive for LSE domination can be very quickly put in the background after a few bevies. If anyone was at the SU Elections and heard someone singing off-the-cuff, unrhyming love songs in the corridor, that was dear old Soph. Get her even more trolleyed than that and she'll show you her party trick - while most people clap with their hands, AU Pres-elect can jiggle her hips so quickly that her, ahem... clap together. She supposedly does this after any sexual encounter, and has boosted the confidence of many a man within the AU. Little wonder she got the job really!

Hockey

Don't Stop Us Now...



Andrew Harris

LSE 2nds 3
Imperial 0

Bloody typical. We haven't been able to win all season, and now the end is upon us, we can't stop ourselves.

Today's game started well for our boys, with much of the pressure coming from us and the ball spending the majority of its time in the Gimps' half. We had them for pace and quickly quashed their hopes of hoofing it up-field for their strikers to run on to. Despite getting into their 'D' numerous times we were unable to make that final connection with the ball to get a decent shot in, and so ended the half with neither side on the score-sheet.



We had played good hockey in the first half, but the lads seemed to lack any passion or desire to end the season with another win. I tried to fire them up but with no inspirational quotes or poems to hand, I didn't fancy my chances. Was our tidy performance going to go unrewarded?

I think the boys were just toying with me, as they soon

found their competitive edge. After dominating the play, Gautam finally got the goal that had eluded us for the first 35 minutes. Keen to see us monopolise on this, 'no slackening' was the call from Geordie, a call soon answered by a cheeky little number by Jappy "I did my running around in the first half" Welch, though Gautam may have got a touch

on it as it went goal-bound (I'll leave them to fight it out over who can add it to their tally). At 2-0 the Gimps tried to get back in the game, but a relentless Ellis put the game out of their reach, making it two out of two for the rejuvenated Seconds.

Hamel did what was asked of him and always 'managed' to get the defence to mark all

their opposing strikers. Dan was a little trooper, taking charge of the free hits and bridging the gap between the defence and midfield like an Asian Second Severn Crossing. Banksider Sin had a great debut (just a shame we had to wait til the last game of the season for it!). Versatile Geordie put in a solid performance in all positions, Jeff and Raul controlled the centre of the pitch, and Priyesh played well as he waved farewell to LSE hockey. Nikul and Shaz connected well down the right, and Joe C bided his time on the bench, coming on when it mattered. Will "four kebabs" Jones provided a reliable source of support for the defence and Jasper's army training came in handy as he commando rolled through the 'D' after being taken down by the keeper, just to make sure Murph awarded that penalty flick (I won't mention the flick its self, eh Gautam!).

'Dick of the Day' went to Ellis after being green-carded

for an interesting attempt at a tackle on one of the Gimps, but Geordie did come a close second after arriving at the pitch well over an hour before push-back (I'm not sure if they have public transport up North yet, so its forgivable I suppose). Ellis certainly made up for his dodgy actions on the pitch though by sinking his dirty pint punishment as if it were water - we barely got onto the second line of the accompanying song, much to the annoyance of MC Shazza.

Inspired by first-team-fresher Ian's redecoration of the pub toilets last week, I have been informed that Raul decided to give the bus home the same treatment - the AU ball is gonna be a messy, messy affair...

What with the kind of form we've been showing these last few weeks and our BUSA league readjustment, I have high hopes for the Seconds next year. Could we see a return to the glory days of 05/06? I think we just might.

Netball

Not Flying Without Wing



Lauren Briggs

Finishing top of the ULU second division last season, narrowly avoiding BUSA relegation, and having lost half the squad to the Sexy Seconds (traitors), it looked like this season was going to be tough for the Power Team. However, with the captaincy baton being passed from Ang 'Lightweight' Wing to the lovely Miss Coker, I knew the 3rds were in good hands.

The season admittedly got off to a shaky start, although with most of the squad new additions this was to be expected. Early triumph came against South Bank 2nds, beating them 42-10, where our amazing shooting duo Hanyi and Sarah were on fire. Was this to be the beginning of a beautiful relationship? Unfortunately, LSE being LSE, decided to rob us of Sarah by arranging classes for Wednesday afternoons. Down a shooter, Captain Coker stepped up to the challenge, proving herself to be pretty damn good and fooling all our opponents that it was actually her position. Other notable victories came against Buckinghamshire Chilterns 2nds (who?) 49-20 and against Thames Valley 1sts (I still seriously don't believe it's a real university) 28-11.

Excellent play was also seen throughout the season on the wings by Sofia, Ndidi and Sam, and the return of Popovic to the team was a real boost. On the defence side of the court, Fiksen dominated her territory round the circle, working well with Jess and myself to keep all those smelly

shooters out of the circle, and Tania 'ENERGY!' Barnes (one aggressive lady - a force to be reckoned with) kept everyone's spirits up match after match.

Unfortunately our season was to be plagued by injury. Tragedy first struck on Fireworks night, where good old Doyle injured her fingers yet, despite our protests that she should probably go to A&E, proceeded to get absolutely wasted (to numb the pain of course), going on to

cheer herself up by pulling numerous random men in Walkabout (all evidence captured on camera). She later informed us that she was going to be left with a misshapen claw FOREVER (a decision she may come to regret when, as a 50 year old spinster, she is ridiculed by small children in the street and is known as the 'lady with the scary hand'), yet continuing to play in every match. Commitment if ever I saw it.

Our lovely Younglum, the only player not to have played a match this season, sadly dogged by injury, has proved a cornerstone of team banter/emails and lover of explicit conversations about 'p and s'. Finally, our lovely fresher Shannon JM injured her ankle a few weeks ago in a nasty collision with Imperial Medics - they should know better - aren't doctors supposed to be caring?! Still, those crutches will be the ultimate

fashion accessory at the ball.

Off-court, the 3rds have proved an outstanding example to the entire netball club in terms of alcohol consumption and scandalous behaviour. Going from champagne at the first team dinners, standards soon fell and, at the now infamous team dinners on Brick Lane, we managed to wrangle not one, not two, but SEVEN free bottles of wine (I'm telling you, it was my Essex charm), which, while tasting incredibly

bad, were still drinkable. Unfortunately, for one certain Geordie, the alcohol was too much for her bladder to handle, and events took a somewhat amusing turn...

Restaurant 1: Fiksen: *crying* 'Coker I reeeeeeeally need the toilet'. Coker: 'Can my friend use your toilet?' Man: 'No go away try over there' (Fiksen runs to Restaurant 2 crying) Restaurant 2: Coker: 'Can my friend use your toilet?' Man: 'Urm...' Fiksen: *sobs* 'pleeeeeeease i'll pay you anything!!!' Man: 'Erm, ok' - possibly the funniest team moment this year.

That's not to mention pre-match drinking (Wendy - "Guinness is good for you, it has iron in it!!"), LIBRARY drinking (yes, Sarah Winehouse, I mean Betz, you know who you are) and playing with seriously bad hangovers (Note to captains: Thursday matches are never a good idea. Especially when you've had three hours sleep and think you are actually still drunk).

So all in all, I think we can be proud of ourselves this season. We've had a tough year but in almost every match we were pretty much evenly matched with our opponents and really were unlucky to not come away with more wins (honestly). The banter and funny moments more than made up for it, and definitely have made my year much more bearable.

And we can at least console ourselves with the fact that there is one important (and easy) victory awaiting us...the supposed 'Clash of the Titans' (more like Battle of the Sexes) 3rd netball v 3rd football 'match'. All I can say is, lads, I hope you enjoy losing, because you don't stand a chance. Bring it on.



Results

Who Shat on Who?

Hockey

LSE Men's 2nds 3-0 Imperial College 4ths

Netball

LSE 5ths 13-14 Royal Free and University Medical School

LSE 7ths 0-10 Goldsmiths 2nds

Squash

LSE Men's 2nd 0-5 Imperial College 2nds

Squash BUSA Knockout Cup

LSE Women's 1sts beat University of Reading 1sts in Quarter Finals

Table Tennis BUSA Knockout Cup

LSE Men's 1sts knocked-out by Loughborough 1sts in Quarter Finals

Tennis BUSA Knockout Cup

LSE Men's 1sts beat Roehampton Men's 1sts in Quarter Finals

Football

LSE 1sts 3-1 Imperial 2nds
LSE 2nds 1-2 Royal Holloway 1sts
LSE 3rds 2-0 RUMS 1sts
LSE 4ths 5-1 UCL 7ths
LSE 5ths 3-1 Kings 5ths

5ths got Promoted!
6ths got Promoted!

Basketball

LSE Men's 1sts 78-63 Imperial College
Winners of London Cup

The Punter



Matthew Partridge

Starting with the Premiership there is a lot of Betfair action this week and a lot of changes to make a nice wedge of money. Blackburn to beat Fulham (1.64), Liverpool to beat Newcastle (1.45), Man City to beat Reading (2.74), Everton to beat Sunderland (2.16). Although, as a Spurs fan it breaks my heart to have to say this, I'm going to have to tip West Ham to beat Tottenham (4.4) and Arsenal to beat Wigan (1.55). Going down to the Championship, my tips are Barnsley to beat Blackpool (4.3), Bristol City to beat Charlton (3.3), Crystal Palace to beat Cardiff (2.1), Hull to beat Burnley (2.14), Sheffield United to beat Ipswich Town (4.4),

Preston NE to beat Leicester (3.6), Sheffield Wednesday to draw with West Brom (3.5), Norwich City to beat Watford (4.9) and Wolves to beat Southampton (1.83). In League One I'm going to suggest that you back Gillingham to beat Brighton (3.75), Doncaster to beat Bristol Rovers (2.6), Oldham to beat Hartlepool (1.83), Swindon to beat Huddersfield (3.2) and Swansea to be Millwall (1.3). In League Two I'm going to back Peterborough to beat Barnet (1.95), Brentford to beat Bury (1.81), Darlington to beat Chester (1.54) and MK Dons to beat Grimsby (1.77).

Use any advice at your own risk and don't gamble what you cannot afford to lose. Columinists may have positions in wagers mentioned. Prices quoted are correct at the time of going to press.

Karate

Karate Crush Opposition



Kizito Kiyimba

LSE Karate was dutifully up to its winning ways in the recent Southern Region Karate Championships. Seven representatives of the Club brought back 12 medals in seven events, in a well attended and highly competitive championship. The venue was away from the phlegmatic air of London in the newly built sports complex of K2 in Crawley, West Sussex.

Yaroslav sorted out his coloured-belts category in the individual kata event. In the build up to his resounding victory, despite seeming to slip in one move, the judges decided his performance was undeniably better than his opponent's. Even when Yas was wrong, he was right! In the finals, Yas was forced to take the silver medal, only a few decimal points behind his opponent.

If the crowds were distraught at missing out on Alice's kata action in the finals, I can empathise. Her blend of grace and efficiency only brought her kata as far as the quarters. On the fighting front, she got busy with her trademark backhand strike which messed up the makeup of a few effeminate opponents. In the quarters, she was planning to mix it with sweeps to the mat, but Alice's winning strategy was stopped when the referee intervened to award a dodgy full point (ippon) to her opponent. The referees wanted 'change they could believe in', and so Alice had to settle for a bronze.

While Alice's 'fault' was the fact that she has been collecting the brown-belt medals for far too long (five years), her mate Emma's 'fault' was that she was a new kid on the black-belt block of this federation. In her stiff kata competition, when the opponents were equally splendid, sometimes what mattered was technical know-who. Losing in the semis of her pool, Emma's consolation was the fact that she lost to the eventual gold-medallist. But she maintains that this federation has not yet seen the last of her.

Sam did not have to introduce himself to the federation. He has donned the gold medal for Kumite for two years running, and he stunned his black-belt examiners of the same federation only in December with a memorable show of

variety of skills and fighting spirit. New in the black-belt category, Sam still kept his opponents guessing at whether it was his big feet or his fast hands that were coming down the pipe. An early injury from a scared opponent stopped Sam's campaign early both for the team Kumite and individual Kumite. It also saved the club from a face-off between its two prize fighters, Sam and Dario in the preliminaries of their pool.

Two other 'tested and proven' fighters of LSEKC were drawn in the same pool elsewhere. Joshua and Kizito were enjoying what they do best - knocking seven bells out of their opponents. Joshua scored a rare double punch technique to the body and to the head before the referee

a few judges and a few decimal points to assign Dario the silver. Yet in his long international experience of representing his native Greece, Dario has seen many of such incidences, and he knows better than to complain.

The team kata trio of Dario, Joshua and Kizito showcased the cohesion, strength and focus of the whole club. Like one man (since all were men), they performed their kata right into the finals where they clinched a bronze medal.

The same spirit of oneness and sense of purpose was shown in team Kumite when Dario, Joshua and Sam set about sorting out their opponents. Dario went in like a man on a mission and with a spectacular kick to the head in the first minute, he convinced

was in the finals by negotiation and navigation. Kizito bore the responsibility of setting the record straight. You could cut the tension with a karate chop.

Kizito won the staring match easily, eyeballing his opponent with poise and intense purpose, and moving in for the kill. The huge man was soon on his back foot and running, with Kizito stalking him around and off the mat and getting him in all sorts of trouble. As Goliath desperately escaped from a corner, he threw an aimless jab (or kizami) to the body (one of the weakest punches in karate), which the referee controversially awarded. It then dawned on LSEKC that they were up against more opponents than Goliath. And just as Kizito moved to settle this issue,



had the chance to say, 'stop', and so Joshua was awarded a full point (ippon) and a victory over his stunned opponent. There was a high prospect of LSE dominating both semi-finals and the finals and thus sweeping the medals table for this category. These two, as if they did not arise from the same dojo, had no love lost between them. Thank God, this federation has recently introduced the use of gloves. In a highly entertaining fight, the stuff of a martial arts movie finale, and one that always had the judges huddling together for consultation. Kizito narrowly carried the day with a body kick that Joshua actually blocked. Joshua settled for the bronze.

Meanwhile, in the black-belt individual kata category, Dario distinguished himself from his opponents in his speed, precision and spirit. In the finals, his performance was visibly the best. Still it somehow took

everybody (including the judges!) that LSEKC was here to do business. In the semis of the same team Kumite, Joshua could barely disguise the smile as he was being awarded a full point, when he swept and punched an opponent and the team was happy to collect the bronze.

In Dario's pool of male black-belt Kumite, 'control' was the name of the game. He went about taming his wild opponents with his lasso of a roundhouse kick and branding them with his quick series of reverse punches. In the semi-final battle, his opponent was blatantly awarded points at every dodgy attempt, thus consigning Dario to a bronze medal.

Then came Kizito in the individual male black-belt Kumite finals. On past occasions, his opponent has cost LSEKC at least 10 stitches in injuries and a near disqualification when he sprawled yelling from an alleged injury. From our point of view, this Goliath

Goliath threw his arms around in panic and his incidental body jab was awarded a point. This was yet another dismal show of refereeing for a black-belt finale. Kizito settled for the silver.

That brought the medals tally to 12 pieces shared among the seven representatives of LSEKC. We could have a beef or two about arbitration if we found the proper channels, but we keep in mind that budo is more action than a verbal conflict. Further, anger needs to be re-channelled into more focus if it is not to become the very bane of martial arts.

A comment by Sensei Terry O'Neill sums up the day; "LSEKC were a joy to watch in their fights!" The beautiful style is matched with glorious performance. The campaign continues, with at least three competitions still on the calendar this season. The team spirit, the focus and the sheer will to win, carries us forth.

Basketball

By Sharon, Beave Take London Cup



Justin Gest

Sunday, the 24th of February was a day of milestones.

The defending Division II National Champion LSE Men's Basketball Team swept through the London Cup tournament for the second consecutive season.

Tottenham Hotspur finally won some sort of trophy too.

And Alex Rosner got some ass.

O'Hara: 1998, for Saving Private Ryan.

Gest: When was the last time a Standard Poodle won "Best In Show" at the Westminster Dog Show?

O'Hara: Whisperwind on a Carousel, 1991.

Gest: What's Andreas Ferstad's middle name?

O'Hara: Sharon.

Gest: Really?

O'Hara: Yep.

Gest: Damn.

The Beavers took the London Cup Championship this year with a 78-63 victory over Imperial College. Due to injuries and guard Padraig

2) Penetration. According to wingman Mike Kessenich, the key to everything when it comes to the Beavers is penetration: "If you can penetrate, you know you're gonna score. I mean, we're pretty big down low. And we have the stamina to go for forty minutes. So we've just been trying to consistently pound it in. If that doesn't work, we're clever enough to open them up, and get underneath or slip into the middle."

3) Centre Lee "Chou Chou" Hoytt, who scored nearly 40 points, was able to deter the Imperial defence with an

gling with several incapacities this season, has been day-to-day.

"Yeah, Rosner has really been coming through for us," said Chris Marcinkiewicz, who has sat out because of a legion on his hand. "All it took was a little Vagisil and he's been outstanding."

Nursing a torn ligament in his ankle, Greek point guard Giannis Psychogiopoulos has also remained active—driving the team's determination with rhetoric.

"Papai, Mardonie, koious ep' andras gages mach some-nous h meas hoi ou peri chr -



"It's been a hell of a long time since any of that has happened," said LSE Athletic Director Jarlath O'Hara. "It's something to be proud of."

Now the team will turn its focus to Oxford Brookes—their next opponent and first obstacle to promotion to the British University Basketball Premiership. A win versus the second most well-known university in Oxford (motto: Clamo, clamatis, omnes clamamus pro glacie lactis) would leave a 12 March match-up against the University of Glamorgan (motto: Cogito sumere potum alterum) for the promotion.

Gest: Jarlath, when was the last time any LSE team was promoted to the Premiership?

O'Hara: "This would be the first time any LSE sport club has been promoted since the basketball team six years ago."

Gest: Oh. When was the last time there was a solar eclipse?

O'Hara: 29 March 2006.

Gest: When was the last time Steven Spielberg won an Oscar?

Foran's travel schedule, only eight players were available for the match.

LSE jumped out to an early 16-6 lead midway through the first quarter. Imperial came storming back to knot the game early in the second period, but the Beave went on an 8-0 run to extend their lead to 41-29 at the half, and they never looked back.

Assistant Coach Darren Johnson, who filled in for Head Coach Ronnie Baker, identified three secret keys to the win:

1) With a remarkable lack of foresight, and in an extraordinary act of blind egoism, the Imperial College team captains wrote a biography of each of their players in the game programme. It was essentially a basketball scouting report on their best players and their respective strengths. Coach Johnson sat on the bench before the game perusing the convenient summary and adjusted his strategy accordingly. (This is the dead honest truth. I'm just not clever enough to make that up.)

unbearably rank and seeming endless stream of gas. I mean it was ripe. The kid must have eaten a bushel of prunes, cabbage, and brussel sprouts before the game. "That's fucked up," said forward Dave Shuttleworth. "Y'all don't know what the Chinaman's been eatin. Shoot, I'd get the poots too if it weren't for my Metamusil. That shit keeps me regular."

The coaching staff has tried to use the big win to motivate the team since a heartbreaking loss to Brunel in the national championship tournament. But attendance at training has since sagged. In the last few weeks, Padraig Foran has traveled to more European cities than Cher's farewell tour.

Forward Steve Smith has also missed several sessions because he has been too cheap to purchase transport on London's network of buses and railways. Now with many other Beavers out for legitimate reasons, they cannot afford to lose another player. Guard Alex Rosner, who has been strug-

Team Mates Football Thirds



This week's Louis De-Ste-Croix names and shames his team.

Best Banter...



If there is a quarrel in the 'the pattern' FC, he caused it.

Worst Banter...



No challenge, if you think banter is naming all the Olympic Curling champions for the past 200 years then this boy would be a pro.

Best Player...



Is good in every position apparently??

Worst Hindu..



Neil Ganesh Yogananth who???

Most likely to pull in Walkabout...



After this young man's hustings conquest it can go to only one.

Least likely to pull in Walkabout...



Oliviero Ursino 'There's three of us and one of you...you do the math.'

Biggest Crackhead..



I blame the 3rds interest in Herbal Remedies on this man.

Longest in the shower..



Me The Rumours are true...

If you would like to see your team featured in 'Team Mates' then email us at thebeaver.sports@lse.ac.uk



Basketball

23 London Cup Winners!



Karate

Kizito Kiyim



21 Hockey seconds on a role

04.03.08 | thebeaver.sports@lse.ac.uk

Beaver sports

Waking Up to a Dream



Sam Tempest-Keeping

LSE 5ths	1
UCL 6ths	0
LSE 5ths	3
Kings 5ths	1

Cast your minds back to September if you will. Imaginations running wild with all the tales told of university campuses across the

football. The validity of our conclusions to said conversation was ours to confirm over the next five months. And here we find ourselves, promotion guaranteed, just one game away.

The largest barrier to the capture of our dreams were the champions elect of the league in next year, UCL 6ths. Despite their position at the summit of ULU div 1, this was a team that had tasted the ignominy of defeat on more than one occasion. The standard pre-

corpse. But in all seriousness I will lay my own hands on the throat of any person who dares criticise our much maligned captain, Greenall has typified what the fifths have been about this year and no man has had more influence on this uncharacteristically successful season than him.

After ten minutes of confident play a fortunate ricochet allowed Knuckles to break the shackles of the defence and race clear only for the opposition keeper to have a rush of blood to the head that

particular during the team's eleven game winning streak since the beginning of this term. People say that the figures don't lie, well how about Played 11, Won 11, For 37, Against 4, and two of those goals were scored by my player of the season loose lothario Luke Thompson. Eighty minutes of what it must have felt like to be a resident of Stalingrad in 1941 yielded that most revered and mystical of fixtures. Alas the fourth team were unable to keep to their side of the promise and make it

are ready to relax, throw off the weight of expectation from all quarters and turn their attentions to those pursuits which have an assumed lower use value. A difficult decision but it is in these that we usually find that there is the most to be gained.

Kings 5ths proved to be a far sterner test than we had expected as our usual approach dissipated into nefarious arrogance, the team had taken on the fourth team mantra one game too early in anticipation of a loss for our

time. Soon after Deus, who had changed the game after his introduction rifled the ball home after international superstar Manolito had hit the post giving conveying an unsailable lead upon the fifth team who marched through the remainder of the game and into the warm embrace of an assured promotion spot. While the fourth team may well secure the title on Wednesday, preventing an exchange of titles, what has been achieved by this team is incommensurable. Promotion



country, promiscuity, intoxication and a carefree way of living. No doubt many of you were watching as the last traces of the summer months disappeared giving way to the spectre of what the new academic year may bring, distinction and respect perhaps, finally overcoming those niggling insecurities. In any case all those dreams seem so far distant now as the vacuous nature of the a life led by insular, incipient and vacuous characters looms large.

However for one small group those farfetched seeds of optimism have almost reached fruition. One remembers a meeting with my good friends and team mates Luke Thompson and Peter Greenall, recounting tales of summer misdemeanours, discussing the possibility of finally tasting success in what was sure to be our last year of competitive

game health checks were uninspiring, many of the team had found the pressures of the lent term similar to those of the liberal democrat leadership and subsequently turned to the bottle. The fifth team's combined alcohol blood content registered a staggering 35 times over the legal limit to operate a vehicle, the chief contributor being Ibrar, Harrow's answer to Paul Danan.

Unperturbed the fifths took the field with their customary brand of quiet determination, adoption of which may of serious benefit to some other FC teams. The ensuing exchanges after the whistle was blown were encouraging, Greenall remarked that he felt something special during the warm up, rumours are unconfirmed as to whether he was unsuspectingly molested by an individual mistaking him for a

Coldplay would've been proud of, felling the nifty Korean as the goal gaped wider than a whore giving birth. Cue signing of the season James Conran. The fifths were counting their lucky stars when the other captains passed up the opportunity to bring in the former provincial militia captain Jimmy. The nerves that would have rendered a normal man as steady as Northern Rock pre nationalisation were nothing to the man who has been hunting the decedents of Black and Tans for several years now. The awarded penalty was cracked into the top left hand corner with the most mute of celebrations, most were aware that a backlash was unavoidable.

The fifth team's success this season has been built upon very, very solid foundations. Our defence has been magnificent all season but in

a dream final but we're not complaining, this one man team just keeps going about its business.

With thoughts of the final banished along with those clinging to the belief that there's still a chance that our university may prove to be an epicurean playground, attentions were shifted back to the league. It was forcefully pointed out that while the Cup final offered the chance of personal glory, it had only take three games to get there. The league has consumed countless hours of effort which could have been spent working on projects, putting the finishing touches to presentations or even seeing to partners. Yet all have acquiesced and given everything they have to the cause and for that reason alone I must offer my sincere appreciation. In this environment it is difficult to find those who

fiercest rivals. A scrappy goal was conceded after the fifths failed to settle in the opening half hour, captaincy candidate Carys desperately trying to clear the ball which then cannoned off the Kings midfielder and beyond my own outstretched arm. Yet as has been the case so many times this season going behind has been a blessing in disguise, much as it is when one finds himself with a less than beautiful girl on a Wednesday night. A lovely ball from Samadeus, on for the injured Daataay on the right wing, was lashed into the top corner by the Welshman who is sure to rejoin the path to disrepute trodden by fifths teams gone by next year.

Knuckles, who on so many occasions has popped up with crucial goals this season, turned his marker inside out and fired the fifths ahead with a crisp finish just after half

and the Cup were what we had cheekily postulated at the outset, a faint possibility characterised by hope and firmly stuck in the realm of fantasy. Now reality has arched its legs and carried us to this point. One game from immortality.

So in a world where more and more people lower their standards to conform to what people term as realistic goals I urge you all to hold on tight. Detractors are motivators, use your companions around you as crutches, start every day with the knowledge that success is the only succour. So come rain or shine on Saturday, me and my team mates will all be waking up to the same reality, waking up to the continuation of a dream that began all those months ago in the minds a few. A few who bravely dared to let their young imaginations wonder once more.

"The fifth team's combined alcohol blood content registered a staggering 35 times over the legal limit to operate a vehicle, the chief contributor being Ibrar"