

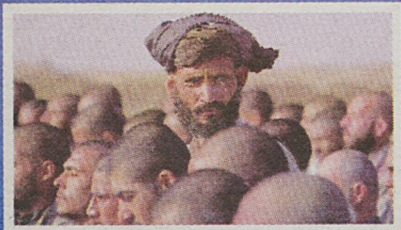
The Beaver

The Newspaper of the LSE SU

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Issue number 604



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Barred from US

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New student composition causes income shortfall

Prashant Rao
News Editor

The School will lose approximately £1.5 million in fee income this year as a result of discrepancies in the makeup of incoming students, compared with projections made by the LSE in the Summer term.

However, School officials were quick to stress that there is a contingency plan to cover the deficit in the form of a £1.4 million fund. Overall, student numbers remain unchanged, *The Beaver* was told.

The School had planned for 1231 home, or EU, taught MSc students for this academic year but only 1016 had registered by October 15; this represents a shortfall of 215 students who pay between £7,000 and £15,000 a year.

Home or EU undergraduate registrations also overshot predictions by 189, 131 over the quota set by the Higher Education Funding Council for England (Hefce).

These numbers may vary marginally from official statistics which are only due to be tabulated at the end of the month.

As such, Paul Johnson, LSE Deputy Director and Professor of Economic History, commented that the current anticipated loss of £1.5 million may fall slightly.

Hefce awards the LSE a block grant depending on how many home students it accepts, funding undergraduates on a per student basis up to a maximum ceiling; the School will not receive any funding for undergraduates above this quota.

With the cost of educating an

undergraduate in the range of £6,000, according to LSE Director Howard Davies, and the School not receiving any funding from Hefce on the 131 students above the quota, the only form of fee income from these students is the £1,150 they pay the School.

In effect, the LSE loses approximately £5,000 per student above the Hefce quota.

Along with the 215 fewer home or EU students than were anticipated in taught MSc programmes, the School falls £1.5 million shy in terms of projected fee income.

According to one official within the Academic Registrar's office, the fall in the number of post-graduate students taking up offers at the LSE may possibly be due to the rising cost of undergraduate education, as other uni-

versities experience similar problems.

One official within the Planning Department also commented that the School had hoped to recruit more international students to make up the difference, "obviously, because they pay more."

The same official said that, "to offset the shortfall [in taught MSc students], we can't take more home undergraduates."

One indirect consequence of the discrepancies has been that, as all first-year undergraduates are guaranteed halls of residence, with 189 more undergraduates than were anticipated, fewer post-graduates and General Course students have been extended offers of accommodation.

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Thousands march down Kingsway on the last day of the European Social Forum.

Paying to order books

Mark Power
Executive Editor

The Waterstone's-owned Economists' Bookshop has changed its ordering policy this term meaning students ordering text-books will have to pay up-front for their books.

According to the company, the policy has been applied across all Waterstone's branches throughout the country to prevent the unnecessary ordering of books.

Store staff say that in the past, the store has ended up with a huge amount of excess stock it has been unable to sell. Students are concerned, however, that Waterstone's now offers no real advantage as an on-campus bookseller to internet ordering firms such as Amazon.com.

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Waterstone's criticised for charging for pre-orders

Continued from page 1

When contacted for comment, Waterstone's replied with a statement stating that the "pre-pay ordering policy is a standard retail practice that has been introduced to all our branches due to the high level of books ordered and then not collected."

The statement continued by saying that many of the books ordered were of a specialised nature that did not have an onward market.

The company's policy, however, differs to competitors such as Blackwell's or Borders who do not charge for orders of mainstream text books, yet make a distinction with regards to more specialised books, for which they do charge.

When asked as to whether it was acceptable for an on-campus bookstore to offer inferior service to an off-campus competitor, Waterstone's refused to comment further.

The store has also failed to draw to the attention of the students the possibility of returning books within 21 days of purchase, should they manage to purchase an ordered book elsewhere more quickly.

According to staff in-store any book may be returned with proof of purchase, in original condition within the time period.

LSE Students' Union General



The Waterstone's Economists' Bookshop on Clare Market continues to antagonise LSE students.

Secretary, Will Macfarlane, told *The Beaver* that "the Economists' Bookshop branch of Waterstone's needs to understand its position as an on-campus facility much better.

"It has an almost monopolistic access to LSE students and also

benefits from direct interaction with LSE academics, students, and staff.

"It is not acceptable for it to offer inferior services to off-campus bookstores and should not be charging up-front for core text books it knows it can sell from

year to year."

Waterstone's, which has been criticised before for its poor value for money, showed no signs of seeking to improve its relationship with students, in refusing to answer many of *The Beaver's* questions.

It did note that, however, "they are committed to offering a wide range of books to our customers" and that they work closely with lecturers to ensure designated books are in stock.

Editorial Comment, page 9

Administrative errors pile on at the LSE

Allison Ball

Countless students have been affected by recent administrative troubles at the LSE.

Hundreds of students expecting to begin classes in week 2 viewed their online timetables via LSE For You (LFY) to discover classes mistakenly scheduled before their induction lectures in week 1.

Many confused students consequently attended non-existent classes, despite the efforts of several class teachers to correct the error by emailing their groups.

Despite advance preparations

the timetabling department failed to correctly schedule the 101 class groups which meet 22 times a year, placing the final class in the first week instead of week 23.

Timetables manger Linda Taylor apologised for the inaccuracies, admitting that "the system has always seemed to work well but unfortunately this year has proved problematic, and we can only apologise for this".

Timetable mishaps are the latest in a series of administrative blunders affecting the registration process.

Emails sent to continuing second years advised some that reg-

istration would take place from September 22-29, while others received a request to attend on the afternoon of the 28.

Second year undergraduate Tom Hazelwood received the general invitation and upon arrival at the Hong Kong theatre on September 27 was informed that he should return the next day.

A more serious oversight by the student services department left General Course student Colin Levy uncertain of his place at the school just days before his flight was to depart.

Levy had set up his LFY account, made his accommodation arrangements and paid his

fees for the full academic year.

He then returned to view his LFY page to make course choices, and found his list of options had disappeared.

After contact with LFY technical help he was advised that he "did not seem to be listed as registered in the student records system".

After several transatlantic calls he discovered that the Student Services centre had removed his records from the system after a different student of surname Chevy had told LSE they did not wish to attend the School this year.

Numbers

Continued from page 1

Another by-product of the £1.5 million loss in fee income is the fact that the Students' Union will be on a shorter financial leash with unplanned expenditures: when the Union requested £90,000 from the School to help fund the refurbishment of The Three Tuns bar, the money came from the unspent portion of the previous year's contingency fund.

The contingency fund is a yearly fixture of the LSE's projections, amounting to 2.5 percent of anticipated MSc fee income.

Total student numbers, however, remain on target.

Academics condemn Bush foreign policy in open letter

Jonathan Gradowski

More than 700 foreign policy experts, including four LSE scholars, signed an open letter addressed to the American public which debunks the Bush administration's foreign policy.

The letter states that the Administration's policy "centered around the war in Iraq is the most misguided one since the Vietnam period, one which harms the cause of the struggle against extreme Islamist terrorists."

This line of critique is familiar. What is different says Security Scholars for a Sensible Foreign Policy, the organization that published the letter, and foreign policy experts who've signed it is the bipartisan consensus among those who study interna-

tional relations for a living.

This, they say, gives the letter credibility that partisan criticism of Bush's foreign policy often seem to lack.

"We felt that this letter, from such an ideologically diverse group of foreign policy experts, could make an impact on the public debate over foreign policy," said James Putzel, the Director of LSE's Crisis States Research Center.

Barry Buzan, Professor of International Relations at the LSE, who also signed the open letter, agrees.

The purpose of this letter, he says, is "to show that a very large number of the most prominent [IR] academics, including both prominent realists and liberals, think that the Bush administration's foreign policy, especially on

Iraq, is deeply flawed and counterproductive."

Collectively, the signers of the letter defy the rigid partisan labels of "liberal" or conservative.

Six of the last seven Presidents of the American Political Science Association have signed the letter as have numerous former officials from the Pentagon, the State Department and the National Security Council.

Michael Cox, Professor of International Relations and Ken Shadlen, Development Studies Institute (DESTIN) were the other two LSE academics that signed the letter.

The fact that the open letter was published less than a month before the US presidential election, however, will inevitably lead

some to question their bipartisan credentials.

Asked if the open letter's release date was intended to influence the election, Buzan replied, "Bit of a no-brainer. Of course it was intended to influence the election".

Pauzin also said that it wasn't a coincidence but that doesn't mean it was an endorsement for Kerry.

"Of course it was not a coincidence to publish the letter at this moment, but rather timed to have a maximum impact on the foreign policy debate at the heart of the current presidential election campaign," when Americans are actually paying attention to foreign policy.

But Daniel Freedman, Chairman of the LSE Conservative Association, is skept-

tical. "I'm not surprised by their comments", he said.

"Academics who live in ivory towers are often out of touch with reality and are known for their left-leaning views.... I'm just thankful [they're] in academia and not in government."

With so few "undecideds" about the Iraq war in the American electorate, and at the LSE, and so many "Freedmans" on both sides of the partisan divide, it will likely take more than bipartisan scholarly consensus to shift the public debate from shibboleths to "one informed by attention to the facts...and sober attention to American interests and values," as the foreign policy letter calls for.

Students attacked near Great Dover Street

Prashant Rao
News Editor

Five residents of Great Dover Street hall were assaulted by a group of non-students early Sunday morning, with unconfirmed rumours circulating that the attack was racially motivated, as one of the students was of Pakistani descent.

They were assaulted at approximately 3 am outside a nearby flyover, The Bricklayer's Arms, which is approximately a five-minute walk away.

The Pakistani student, along with his brother, emerged from the incident badly hurt, with the student suffering a cut ear lobe and his brother a severely swollen wrist.

Both visited hospital - the student immediately after the incident, and his brother later that morning.

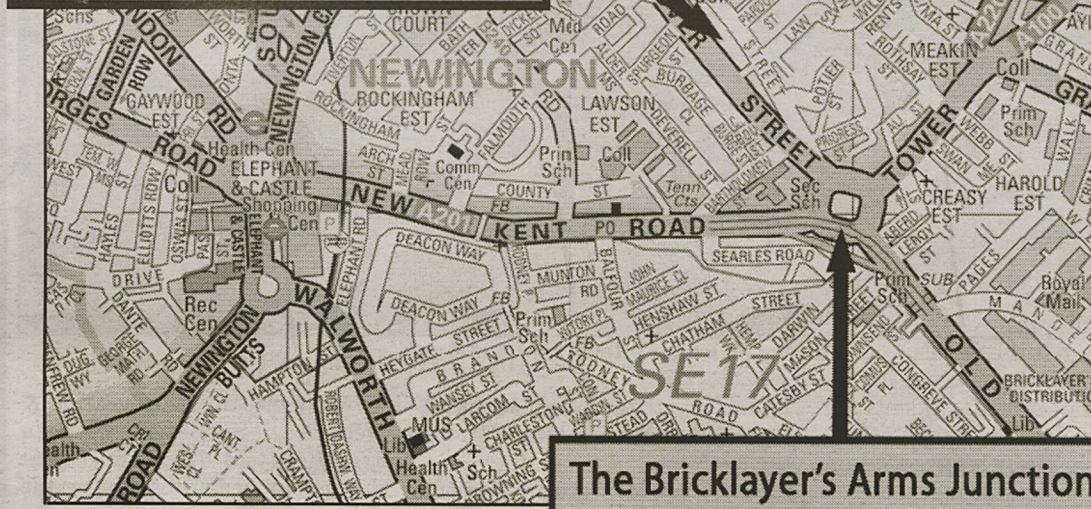
The police, upon their arrival, relayed to the students as well as the Hall Warden, Dr Declan Roche, that they had received reports of a similar group of young men inciting violence throughout central London.

The group had apparently travelled up from south London into the centre of the city and had been causing disturbances the entire way.

A sub-warden of Indian descent volunteered to stay with the students in hospital, as he felt he would be better able to relate to the students, with



Great Dover Street Hall



The Bricklayer's Arms Junction

racial discrimination a possible reason for the attack.

The attackers were not apprehended, though the police are investigating all related incidents.

According to Roche, "Perhaps one of the better things that came out of this incident was to see the four other students come to the aid of the two students in hospital.

"Despite the entire group not

knowing each other too well, they all stuck together through the night in hospital, trying to make the best of a bad night."

Sian Errington, LSE Students' Union Education and Welfare officer commenting on the measures the Union has taken to encourage personal safety told *The Beaver*, "The LSE itself produces the 'Staying Safe' booklet, and other personal safety measures are high-

lighted at the Student Services induction for freshers."

"The SU distributes free attack alarms which anyone can pick up, and [SU Women's Officer] Alex Vincenti has organised self-defence classes."

Roche also commented, "These types of incidents can happen anywhere in London, but they can be avoided if students take sensible precautions, especially late at night."

US bars intellectual with Islamic name

Chris Heathcote
News Editor

The LSE nearly came to the rescue of a student who was barred from entering the United States purely because of his middle-eastern second name.

Tarek Hassan, a German national of Egyptian origin, had been offered a place to study for a graduate economic programme at Harvard University in Massachusetts, USA.

In addition, the world-leading institution had promised Hassan financial support to supplement his studies.

However, in a long and drawn-out story, US officials repeatedly infuriated Hassan by way of their ineptitude and lack of compassion, leading him to the brink of abandoning his Harvard dream and instead accepting a teaching position here at the LSE.

The problems began in April this year, when Hassan contacted University of California at Berkeley, where he had been studying last year, to ask if his existing US visa would still be valid for Harvard.

He was told by Berkeley and Harvard that it would, an assertion later confirmed by the US consulate's hotline.

However, attempts to get

written confirmation of this revealed that in fact the advice had been wrong.

During a second call to the hotline, Hassan was told that he would need a new visa after all, even though the same number had told him two months earlier that he would not.

Hassan's fears that this twist in the story might mean that he could not start at Harvard in time for the new term were allayed when consulate officials told him that the visa could be collected the same day if necessary.

Assuming all was well, Hassan decided to visit his friend Simon Rees, a second-year economics student at LSE, in London.

But, as he was leaving Frankfurt airport, a customs official attached a post-it note to his passport bearing the word "donkey".

Unsure of what this meant, Hassan ran a search on the internet.

He was amazed when he discovered that it meant his name was being checked by the US State Department against a list of suspected terrorists.

The US Consulate confirmed Hassan's findings and explained that the visa could take "any where from two days to one year" to clear.

To make matters worse, Hassan received an email from his contact at Harvard, Professor David Laibson, that on the advice of the University's lawyers, his financial support was being withdrawn.

In the email, Laibson told Hassan that Harvard could not take the risk of funding someone that the US Government perceived as a potential terrorist.

He went on to say to do so would mean Harvard's Government funding would ostensibly be at risk.

It was at this stage that the prospect of never going to Harvard became very real and Hassan began talking to Tim Besley, Director of STICERD, the LSE research lab.

Through Besley, Hassan accepted an offer to study at the LSE and was given a desk in the Lionel Robbins building and a library card.

Unsure of what would happen with Harvard, Hassan was on the brink of signing a teaching contract with the School.

As all this was happening, however, Laibson was working behind the scenes.

He considered hiring a lawyer, contacting Harvard President, Larry Summers, or even going to a US Senator to launch a Senatorial inquiry.

After nine weeks of waiting, Hassan was told that lobbying of the US Government by officials at Harvard had paid off and his visa application had been successful.

The decision had been made three days earlier, but Hassan was not told.

Hassan was then told that while his application had been pending, a \$100 dollar fee had been introduced.

Speaking to *The Beaver*, Hassan said that he was hugely disappointed with the US Government's treatment of him.

He claimed that their actions might "put people like me off from studying in the US."

He paid tribute to the LSE for supporting him when the situation had looked pretty bleak. "They have been very good to me," he added.

Tim Besley at the LSE said he wished Tarek all the best. "I am sure that the last few weeks were difficult for him and he will be glad to settle in to Harvard.

Whilst across the Atlantic, Laibson drew to attention that "as a result [of the long wait], Tarek missed a month of lectures."

But nonetheless he said he was "thrilled that he will finally be able to join us."



Union Jack

This week Jack was delighted at the continued antics of Mr Oliver Ranson. Ranson's return to the UGM marks the start of what Jack hopes to be regular theatre. To illustrate my point:

On the question of a statue of Nelson Mandela in Trafalgar Square, Ranson ventured that such a venerable locale must be reserved for "home-grown heroes".

When quizzed on whom he thought might be more appropriate than Mandela to immortalise in marble, Ranson bellowed with not a heartbeat of contemplation: "Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second!"

This Englishman's Englishman shares a regard for station and bearing not seen since the Second Viscount Hailsham sat in the Upper House. Jack is nothing less than gleeful.

Meanwhile, Jack was observing the reactions of the floor. Some displayed delight. A number appeared bemused, others entertained, others still-quite clearly disgusted.

Those falling in the latter sort-class warriors, republicans, socialists and selected foreigners-were doubtless disgusted further by the perfectly-enunciated speechifying of Louis the First. The Union did not share Mr Haynes' esteem for a recent re-appointee of the Governor-General of Australia.

Most voted against congratulating John Howard on his return to The Lodge at Canberra on grounds that the Union should not be politicised, or because the facts of the issue were not universally understood. Yet a sloppy Northerner, almost more in need of elocution lessons as he was of a tailor, muttered something about the Prime Minister being "such a racist". What a crackpot, thought Jack.

Another emerging crackpot, Jack suspects, is our International Students' Officer, Salah M. Salah. Bespectacled and blazer-bearing, he graced the stage, uttered a sequence of obscurities and invited the lonely for a chat. Jack was reminded of the wisdom of King Claudius: "Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go / Lest destiny should take them to UKIP".

Separately and more importantly, Jack was intrigued by the eleventh-hour withdrawal of a motion on war or some such irrelevancy by Mad Vlad. Jack holds this particular bourgeois communist in high regard, not least on account of his worthy politesse and principled independence.

Yet on this occasion an upstart Commissar had stepped in to quash Vlad's efforts. Is Willgress the Red imposing his newfound distaste for geopolitics? Is Angus Mulronie-Jones not satisfied with babysitting at home? Or is this decree the work of a Young Turk? The prospect of a power struggle within the Houghton Street Politburo intrigues Jack not a little.

Oh-! Jack nearly forgot the attempt by a pair of Americans to have the Union endorse Sen. Kerry's bid for the US Presidency. To Jack's immense surprise, the motion fell overwhelmingly. One speaker from the floor questioned the impact that a room of Brits might have on the electoral outcome. Yet, as Ranson pointed out in a different context, the United States of America is only legal by dint of British leave.

LSE theatres issue ban on food and drink

Matthew Boys

In a move proving to be widely unpopular with students, the LSE has decided to place a ban on all food and drinks taken into the Peacock, Old and New theatres.

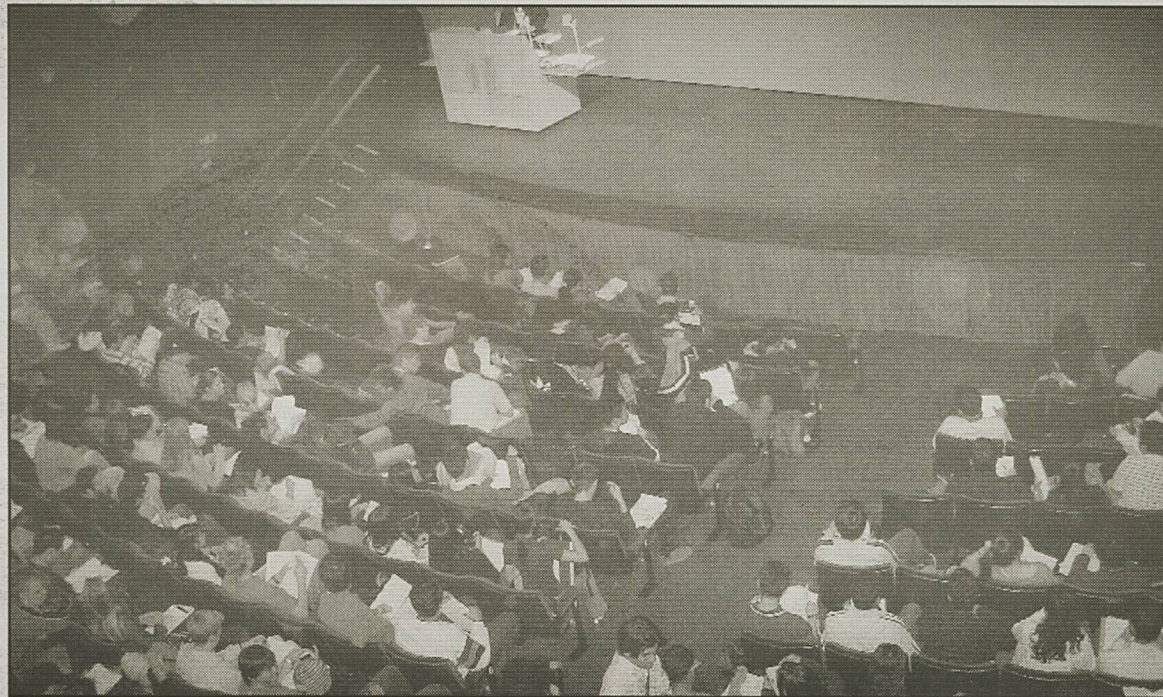
By taking actions described by one student as, "almost deliberately antagonistic", the management have ruined forever the chances of students actually staying awake in a 9am lecture.

When asked for comment, Rachel Ward, Conference and Events Manager said; "Over the summer LSE's three major theatres, the Peacock, Old and New Theatres, underwent major refurbishment.

"LSE invested a substantial amount of money in the renovations and they are looking much improved. To keep them this way for as long as possible, we are hoping to limit damage caused by eating and drinking in lectures and pro-long the life of the refurbished auditoriums."

However, with particular regard to the Peacock Theatre, such a move is liable to escalate tensions between the users and the staff of LSE's largest capacity lecture hall.

Long regarded as widely unsuitable for academic lectures, owing to the comfortable seats and lack of desk facilities, the Peacock Theatre now seems even



The newly refurbished Peacock Theatre no longer allows food and drink.

more unappealing as students are denied the caffeine intake necessary to maintain concentration levels.

Furthermore, the activity of smuggling cups of coffee in hidden in bags and coats will surely only lead to further spills as students shuffle, cattle like, into the auditorium.

This is to say nothing of people carrying sealed containers of caffeine-rich drinks, which pose possibly more of a threat to the

upholstery than coffee, owing to their comparatively larger drinking aperture.

However, Ms Ward pointed out that, "regarding the Peacock Theatre specifically, students can, as always, consume food and drink in the two bar areas, where there are plenty of tables, chairs and bins. Water in plastic bottles can also be taken into the auditorium, but users of the theatre are asked not to take other food or drinks in."

Students' Union Education & Welfare Sabbatical Sian Errington told *The Beaver* that she had not been consulted on the change of policy.

"Without knowing more of the details, I can't really comment," she said, "but it is always a good idea to consult with the SU before a decision is made. After all, it is a student's lecture theatre."

Forum for another world includes LSE

Alexandra Vincenti and Matthew Willgress

The European Social Forum (ESF), supported by the LSE Students' Union, opened on Thursday evening with an address by London Mayor Ken Livingstone.

A forum for debate, activism and culture, the ESF was attended by what is estimated to be hundreds of LSE students and upwards of 20,000 anti-globalisation and other activists.

LSE students were involved with a number of student-based events on Friday, the first day of the event.

The LSE SU People & Planet

society was a co-sponsor of a session on issues of ethical investment and universities with Sophie-Hug Williams, LSE Alumni and green-activist, giving a report on the success of the 'Go Green' campaign which LSE is currently considering implementing.

Environment and Ethics Officer Joel Kenrick spoke of the need for student unions to promote ethical career choices and fair-trade options.

National Union of Students (NUS) National Secretary James Lloyd said that securing ethical investment from universities was a key priority for the student movement and that NUS hoped

to "lead the way" on such issues.

The Student Assembly Against Racism, to which the LSE SU is affiliated, hosted a session debating the best way forward for students to confront racism. Sabby Dhalu, Secretary of Unite Against Fascism explained the importance of the ESF in "bringing together students and anti-racists from across Europe to respond to the rise of the far-right" - important to London students following the recent election of a BNP Councillor in London.

The NUS part-organised a seminar against increasing fees and "marketisation" of education across Europe. Kat Fletcher, NUS

National President, said the "British youth and student movement was crying out for the ESF" in order to address issues such as the under-funding of Higher Education and lack of affordable accommodation in many colleges.

The Forum also held sessions discussing the issues of climate change, trade justice, opposition to pre-emptive wars, a woman's right to choose and the development of trade union rights for young workers in Europe.

Sian Errington, LSE SU Education and Welfare Officer, took part in a discussion on the best way to involve women in the student movement on Saturday morning.

Mayor Ken announces £10bn transport plan

Saleem Bahaj

Last week, London Mayor Ken Livingstone announced his new five year investment plan for London's transportation network.

The programme, still subject to approval by the Transport for London Board, includes plans for air cooled tube trains, the first new road bridge over the Thames in 70 years, extensions to the East London and Metropolitan Lines as well as the DLR, an extension to the congestion charge zones and improvements for disabled access on buses and on the tube.

Around the LSE: Covent Garden and Temple stations will

be refurbished, the central line will be upgraded to reduce journey times and bus routes will be increased.

However, many students currently studying at the LSE may not be around to see the fruits of the investment, the first project will be completed in 2006 at the earliest whilst most will take until 2010 before they are completed.

The Mayor, speaking at City Hall, said "This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to reverse decades of under-investment. It marks an end to stop-start funding for London's transport.

"The programme will deliver the real improvements in the services and capacity needed to keep London on the move."

However the programme does not mention the crossrail project which is considered the main solution to congestion in London's public transport.

Transport for London is still in talks with the government about the project, but there has been little progress.

To help pay for the new plan, Transport for London has been allowed by the Treasury, for the first time, to borrow money from capital markets to finance their projects.

£3bn will be borrowed with the other £7bn coming from public private finance, government grants and revenue.

The Mayor announced 10 percent increase in bus fares in real terms, and a 1 percent increase in

tube fares in real terms.

He also said that these fare increases may continue for another three years to help fund his scheme.

But the London Assembly's conservative transport spokesman, Roger Evans, told the *BBC News Online*, "Londoners have been duped. The Mayor's plan means Londoners face at least two more years of inflation-busting fares while getting little in return."

Lynne Featherstone, the Liberal Democrat chair of the London's assembly's transport committee told *The Guardian* newspaper, "The rest of the capital will be crippled with ever increasing loan interest payments."

Society pen letter to Bush

Paul Brandenburg

On October 1 Len Aldis, Secretary of the Britain-Vietnam Friendship Society, sent a letter to President Bush and the chief executives of Monsanto and Dow Chemical companies calling for responsibility to be taken for the estimated three million Vietnamese suffering from illnesses related to the spraying of chemical Agent Orange during the Vietnam War.

In his letter Aldis points to the online petition he launched in March demanding apology and compensation from the US government and chemical companies, which has now over 630,000 signatures, as evidence of the enormous support for his cause.

Agent Orange is an artificial mixture of herbicides developed during the 1940s for use in controlling excess plant growth.

Its official military purpose in the Vietnam War was to strip the dense forest of leaves and so to deprive the guerrilla fighters of cover.

The liquid is colourless and acquired its name from the orange stripes on the barrels used to transport it.

Agent Orange has been found to have toxic dioxin breakdown by-products which are now known to cause birth defects, blindness, spina bifida, skin and liver disorders, cancer, and other diseases.

Over 80 million litres of the toxic chemical were sprayed over Vietnam between 1961 and 1972.

In 1984 US Vietnam War veterans filed a class action lawsuit against the chemical companies who manufactured Agent Orange for the military, including the largest producers Dow and Monsanto, which was settled for \$180 million.

Since then, further compensation has been sought by the veterans in US courts.

Despite Washington's argument that there is insufficient evidence to link the spraying of Agent Orange to generations of birth defects and diseases, just two weeks ago a New Zealand parliamentary committee studying the herbicide concluded "Overwhelmingly... veterans were exposed to a very toxic environment." Nearly 4,000 New Zealanders served in the Vietnam War between 1965 and 1972.

When asked for comment regarding policy towards Vietnamese victims of Agent Orange seeking apology and compensation, the US government press office stated no official policy had been set because no presentation had been made to Congress and pointed instead to the State department website on East Asian policy, which bears no mention of the herbicide.

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NOT the way
we treat our clients

COMPANY PRESENTATION

Tuesday, 19th October 2004
7pm
LSE, Graham Wallas Room, Main Building
Holborn

Workshop:
Saturday, 6th November
London

Applications are by C.V. and covering
letter e-mailed to:

Amanda Martin
Recruitment_London@monitor.com

Finalists are welcome to attend a short
information session on strategy consult-
ing hosted by Monitor Group consultants
followed by drinks and buffet.

Michelin House Tel: 020 7838 6500
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London SW3 6RD

First round interviews will be held on:
Tuesday, 7th December 2004

Deadline for applications:
Friday, 12th November 2004

Rain stops play, but ULU festival will be back

Joanna Clarke and
Jess Brammar

The first-ever Malet Street festival, organised by the University of London Union (ULU) looks set to become an annual event, even though this year's was widely seen as a flop.

Near constant rain and an advertising campaign which was seen by many as low-key, resulted in the street being near-empty for most of the day.

Original estimates hoping for as many as 5,000 visitors soon had to be revised down by 90 per cent to 500 on the day. It later transpired that 4,000 students usually visit the ULU base on Malet Street each day anyway and the figure of 5,000 had been based on this prior knowledge.

Nonetheless, ULU President Matt Cooke commented that the event had been "a great success". He told *The Beaver*, "Not only did we get everything right logistically but the feedback we received for the event and endorsements for the future of an event of this type organized by us on Malet Street were totally positive."

In a reference to the appalling weather, Cooke added "in terms of learning from our mistakes - I guess we'll think pretty hard before staging this in October again, but you have to start somewhere."

Students are likely to balk at



Not a person in sight; but the ULU Malet Street festival will be back again next year.

the cost of the festival which was estimated by ULU Finance Sabbatical Rob Park, to be around £5000.

The festival was endorsed by local community organisations such as Camden Council and the London Metropolitan Police, who closed off the street outside the ULU building in Bloomsbury for

the afternoon. A stage with live musicians was set up among stands giving information about various local and student organizations, and stalls selling Caribbean and Chinese food.

Described by Cooke as a "pilot event", the festival was organised over two months and not promoted at every college of the

University of London.

Observers noted that most of the students present at the festival were from nearby University College London (UCL) whose campus is situated just minutes away, and where the festival was reportedly well publicised.

In contrast, the event was poorly publicised at the LSE with

many students unaware of its occurrence.

The festival continued after dark in the ULU building. The England versus Azerbaijan football match was shown on a cinema screen and a DJ and live jazz band played in the bar until late into the night.

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Bush policy a disaster, says Mearshimer

Mark Power
Executive Editor

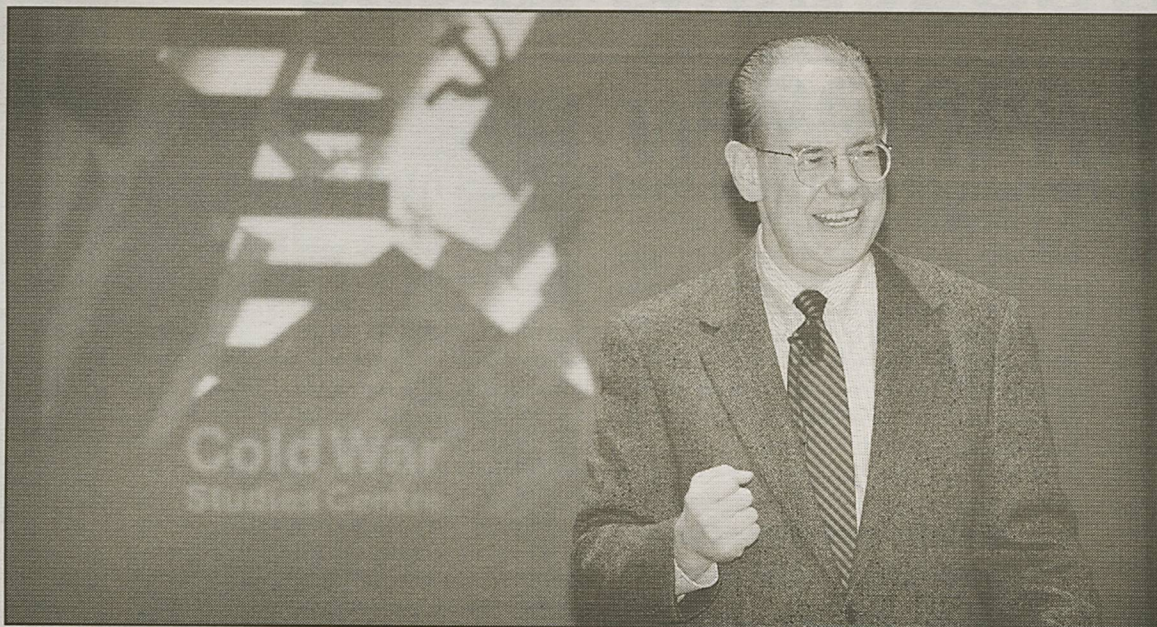
The celebrated International Relations academic John Mearshimer of Chicago University gave a lecture at the LSE last week on 'Why the Bush Doctrine Crashed and Burned in Iraq.'

The lecture, which made for an exemplar of Mearshimer's expansive rhetorical style received rapturous applause from the assembled audience, as he made his stinging critique of what he identified as the Bush doctrine of regime change in the Middle East.

His key point surrounded the intent of the policy. "The idea that the US could spread democracy in the Middle East at the end of a rifle barrel is delusional."

He continued by stating that there is no theory or intellectual justification for regime change, and no history excepting Germany and Japan of successful importation of democracy.

Mearshimer divided his talk into three sections, focussed on what the threat posed to the US



Mearshimer criticised the US's aggressive approach towards peace in the Middle East. / Photo: Nigel Stead

was post the 11th September 2001, the strategy developed to deal with the perceived threat - the Bush Doctrine, a critique of it and why it failed.

Ironically, Mearshimer, who is what is known within International Relations discourse as a staunch realist, would other-

wise have been an unlikely speaker to gain the admiration of the assembled, mostly anti-war audience.

Mearshimer's critique of US policy was based on the substance of it being generally against the US national interest and poorly conceived rather than

being ethically questionable.

Mearshimer identified the fact that the Bush doctrine failed to account for the phenomenon of nationalism which he called "the most powerful political ideology in the world," as the main undermining factor of the Bush doctrine.

Job hunts ensue

Adrian Li

In a study of 7,500 students and recent graduates, carried out by National Graduate Recruitment (NGR), over 50% of students surveyed have no idea what field of work they wish to enter after completing their degree.

Speaking to *The Beaver*, Fiona Sandford, Head of the LSE Careers Service felt that LSE students were different, citing the large numbers of students turning up for the recent events organised by the Careers Service.

She claimed that "No other UK university would have...2500 students coming to the Careers Service in the first week of term and 1800 students coming to this week's Banking, Finance and Consultancy Fairs."

Sandford felt that graduates from the LSE were "in great demand, with employers valuing their global focus, excellent academic background, rigorous degrees, strong track record of extracurricular activities and involvement in student clubs and societies."

She also noted that LSE students may want to work in NGOs, the media and in think tanks instead. She assured *The Beaver* that the Career Service puts in a lot of time and resources into helping students crack this 'hidden job market'.

Sandford also accepts that there are students who are "bamboozled by the choice of careers, and find the whole process intimidating". She emphasised that the career advisers are delighted to help students who have no idea what career they want to embark on.

Wet t-shirts solve loan delays

Kheng Lim

Countless students across the country are currently undergoing financial hardship as a result of delays to their student loan payments, *The Guardian* newspaper reports.

These problems, reported in *The Beaver* two weeks ago, are the result of computer glitches in the Protocol software used by the Student Loans Company (SLC).

This has resulted in incredible situations such as students at the University of Wales, Aberystwyth being forced to take part in wet t-shirt competitions in order to raise cash for living expenses. The University's Student Union has been swamped by students seek-

ing assistance and is so stretched for funds that it can merely give away free tins of baked beans to these students.

Welsh universities seem to have been hit quite hard by this problem. According to the National Union of Students in Wales, this could be due to the fact that the SLC has had trouble processing application forms filled out in Welsh.

Of course, this problem is not confined to Wales alone. Edinburgh University which is now into its fourth week of term has reported major difficulties with student loans. So has Newcastle upon Tyne which has given out 90 emergency loans this year compared to a third of that

figure last year. In Kent University, students have been forced to take out overdrafts to pay for halls accommodation. Other universities reporting difficulties include Liverpool, East Anglia University, Southampton and Staffordshire University.

Speaking in the *Guardian*, Ian McClaren Thomson of the Student Loans Company argued that despite having had problems in the past, these were now behind them and that the backlog of loans was now being processed. In what seems to be an attempt to divert some of the blame, he also added: "But if you applied on time, you would be paid on time. Every year, hundreds of students apply late."

LSE lecturer deceives NY Times

Alykhan Velshi

A bitter controversy has erupted between Dr. Mark Duckenfield, a lecturer in International Relations at the LSE, and the *New York Times* newspaper, which has called him "dishonest." Duckenfield has, in turn, accused a *New York Times* Editor of "using his position to bully a bunch of kids."

The disagreement concerns the activities of a summer course for gifted students Duckenfield taught at Duke University, in Durham, North Carolina. As part of a class project, Duckenfield encouraged his students to write to the *New York Times* Letters page. Over the course of the summer, seventeen of those letters-to-the-editor were published, on issues ranging from Yasir Arafat's incompetence to European attitudes to work; a remarkable feat since the newspaper receives more than a thousand letters a day.

"If all [the letters] came from Durham, North Carolina", Duckenfield reasoned, "they probably wouldn't be accepted"; prompting Duckenfield's students to address the letters as though written from their hometowns. As some of Duckenfield's students came from as far away as Germany, this created the impression that the letters were not origination from the same location.

Thomas Feyer, who is Editor of the *New York Times* letters section, was not pleased, saying he "wouldn't [have] run the letters" had he known they were from a class assignment.

"This might be [Feyer's] personal opinion and practice for selecting articles", Duckenfield argues, "but it is certainly not in the policy that they have so prominently posted for the public to follow on their webpage."

More problematically, according to the *Times*, Duckenfield advised his students who had

already been published to write again, though under a pseudonym, a practice Feyer, speaking to the *New Yorker* magazine last week, called "dishonest."

Duckenfield defended this practice as part of a "long literary tradition", citing George Orwell and George Kennan as authors who, at some point or another, have used a false name. Even popular *New York Times* commentatrix Maureen Dowd has used the pseudonym Rebecca Sharp.

In fact, as Duckenfield points out, the *New York Times* Code of Ethics "encourage[s] columnists to use pseudonyms when writing for other publications." As Duckenfield sees it, "if it's ethical for *New York Times* staff, it's ethical for my students."

Lost amid the brouhaha over Duckenfield's conduct and the *New York Times'* unwritten editorial policies is the remarkable success of the students in getting published.

Brief News

Middlesex drops first-year exams

Middlesex University has decided to no longer use examinations as a means of assessing first year undergraduates. The University explained that they had made this decision "in the context of increasing research evidence" which showed that "course work is a more effective method of assessing students." The *Daily Mail*, however, claimed the move was a sign that degrees were blatantly being made easier.

Tanya Rajapakse

Hands off Oxford warns Patten

Chris Patten, the former Tory MP, Governor of Hong Kong, EU Commissioner and current Chancellor of Oxford University, has accused ministers of "social engineering" and had warned that it may result in the privatisation of Oxford University. The suggestion could impact on other British universities such as LSE, although as yet there are no plans for the School to pursue this route.

Atif Ali

Entente Cordiale comes to LSE

A group of one hundred students from Sciences Po, the prestigious French college for social science, will arrive in London on 1 December in the final leg of an exchange to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the Entente Cordiale and further strengthen relations between the schools. Earlier this year, fifty from LSE made the trip to Paris on the anniversary itself. Another hundred followed to mark Europe Day.

John Macartney

Respect not racism at the GLA

LSE Students' Union campaigners and executive members have been attending regular meetings at the Greater London Authority to discuss this year's forthcoming "Respect Not Racism" week. LSESU Education and Welfare Officer Sian Errington said, "it will give us a better chance of putting forward a positive agenda for equality and diversity."

Angus Jones

Oxford should go private ASAP

Several Oxford colleges have come out in favour of privatisation, supporting comments made by Michael Beloff last week. Though condemned by the government, Beloff's remarks have since been echoed by many other senior figures at Oxford University.

Sam Jones

Inane introductions to the academic charade

Eliot Pollak bemoans the humdrum ritual that is class number one.

The opening class of the year in each course is undoubtedly dreaded by all students. Whilst for the teachers it is their cup final (being the only class all term everybody will show up to), for us it is a horror-show of repetitive information, humdrum introductions and a reminder that at some point in the next eight months, essays may have to be done.

"Just as a little introduction, why don't you each tell the class who you are, where you're from and why you're doing this course?"

Twenty four words, which although individually harmless, combine to strike fear into the hearts of many. But worry not and allow me to help. There are two possible paths to go down here; the mundane or the truth.

Let's begin with approach number one. If the class is in French history simply say, "My name is x, born in y and I'm doing this course because I'm interested in French history." No shit Sherlock!

Approach number two may go down like the proverbial helium balloon, but is a far more honest assessment of your reasons for being there.

"My name is x, born in y and I'm here because it's part of a degree which will

hopefully one day make me obscenely rich. And this was the best of a bad bunch of course options in that degree."

NB Whilst sat in the semi-circle, watch out too for the wag who will say, "and I'm an alcoholic," at the end of his brief introduction. He is to be avoided for the rest of the year. He thinks he's funny.

Watch out for the wag who will say, "and I'm an alcoholic". He is to be avoided for the rest of the year. He thinks he's funny.

At the point when the personal introductions are just being concluded and the teacher has spent twenty minutes going over in detail the exact content that has just been handed to you on paper anyway, it is time for the next irritation to abrade against your nerves.

As sure as eggs is eggs, someone will burst in late (for an unexplained reason usually an American female,) and holler "Sorry I'm late. Is this the class for EC204?" No love, it's the third day of a Lords test match and you're blocking the sightscreen. Read the notice on the bloody door woman!!! Said late arrival of course forces repetition of instructions and introductions from all.

To finish on a more sincere note, I wish to throw in a grave warning to all students. Do not attempt to befriend anyone in your first few classes, or at least until you're absolutely sure that they are playing with a full deck of cards. In my opinion, friends in classes at LSE are like those you make on holiday - friends made purely due to the fact that seemingly everybody else around is a cretin.

They are the one-eyed king of the blind. The Scottish Premier League champions. The toffee finger in a rapidly emptying Quality Street box consisting only of that green triangular one nobody ever eats. Don't say you weren't warned.

My own personal recommendation to avoid all these travails is simple. Don't show up until the second class. You can always blame timetabling.

Bring back the big debates

The current General Secretary promised to keep the Union focused on students, not politics. But, argues James Upsher, the UGM is dry without it.

The venerable Mr Macfarlane stood for election on the promise of a Union for Students - not politics. Unlike certain other beer hungry sabbaticals he seems to be delivering on his word.

In these first two UGMs we have seen some disturbing and delightful sights: the floundering of Mark Power and his little band of careerist (is there such a thing?) Liberal Democrats and the even more shocking sight of Matt Willgress standing upon the great stage of the Old Theatre declaring that we should not bother ourselves with political issues.

To be fair to the Tories: they have not got many other cards left to play and if Michael Howard could run on a platform of non-politics then no doubt he would give it a go. But an apolitical LSE? I'm sorry, but if you want to go to a university that is only about qualifications & academics then jump on the district line and get yourself a nice BSc in South Kensington.

The LSE is political. If it looks like a politician, smells like a politician and licks arse like a politician then don't be fooled by any sweet talker who claims otherwise.

Of course we should be concerned with student issues first and foremost, this is a period of great change in British higher education and a critical time for the future of the LSE. More than ever we need to act as a cohesive force in the interests of students.

There is also the serious question of what we are going to do in the UGM if we are not talking about politics. The normal fallbacks of the weather and house prices are not going to give us much to debate,



Political debates makes the UGM what it is. / Photo: Mark Donahue

and quite frankly we can't wait till next summer for the next series of Big Brother.

The UGM needs politics; no one will get passionate about water fountain provision or which boring web site company we sub-contract the Comms Sabbs job to, but bring out the banners of left, right and plain wrong and you can never fail to get the paper flying.

Hackishness is also more than just entertainment and debate, it is the best guarantee we have to get some decent work for our £24,680 a year. The LSESU version of democracy, in the grand tradition of British political systems, runs on the model of the elected dictatorship.

For all the grandeur of the UGM we are dependent on the goodwill and hard work of our sabbaticals to do their job honestly and to the best of their abilities.

Consider Mr Carter's recent behaviour. Does anyone really think any aspirational political pole climber would have refused to return his ill gotten gains and defend this by promising to drink lots of beer? No, of course not.

They know that years from now some enterprising journalist, in whichever borough of London the national press has run to, will track down some aged copies of *The Beaver* and unearth the shames of their alcohol dependent years. It's the hacks craving for public recognition is our last, best hope that they behave.

Let's keep student focused, perhaps amend our butchered Code of Practice to give some proper priority to student issues, but as the advert said, "if you don't do politics, there's is not much else you do."

The Beaver

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

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

The Beaver Comment

More poor service from Waterstone's

Waterstone's is the latest campus located business to be found wanting in terms of offering value for money to students. Last year *The Beaver* highlighted the company's failings in this area, and received a vitriolic attack from its Public Relations Manager for the effort.

This year the same company adopted a similarly belligerent and hostile attitude to dealing with students' legitimate concerns. The fact that Blackwell's bookstore, not renowned for its corporate munificence, offers a better deal than a local bookstore faithfully patronised by LSE students for decades who ever the overall owners were is nothing short of a severe let down of that customer relationship. And the tendency for the Waterstone's head office to attempt to bully students into submission for demanding better service is nothing short of an abject disgrace.

The episode is a sad reflection on what has become of the customer relationship in Britain today. Waterstone's now offers a service that is becoming indistinguishable from web-based book suppliers.

Those ordering books will

not have the opportunity to look over the book before parting with their money, which eliminates the advantage of ordering from the store.

The relationship of LSE students with The Economists' Bookshop, which has been present on the LSE campus for decades counts for nought to the Waterstone's corporation which is present on many campuses throughout the UK.

Customers might be happier paying a deposit for orders if they were dealing with a smaller independent bookstore, but given they are dealing with a large national retailer with a commensurately large distribution network, it is unacceptable that the customer is being asked to pay in order to guarantee Waterstone's own poor stock management.

Unfortunately, over-ordering is a cost of operating a campus bookstore that Waterstone's should just have to swallow or find other, more palatable ways of mitigating.

With regards to their publications, Waterstone's management may wish to consider employing staff who are able to foster good relations rather than destroy their campus image.

ULose waste

The University of London Union's (ULU) dismal failure of a street party is symptomatic of the cumbersome wastefulness of the organisation. ULU has long been regarded by LSE students as an irrelevant organisation. This is because it makes absolutely no attempt to communicate with LSE students, or involve them in the limited opportunities the organisation offers. It is little wonder LSE students would rather have the money the LSE spends on the Union as part of its contributions to the University of London, to spend on themselves as it does very little good for LSE students as it stands.

Every year a new line-up of Sabbatical candidates stand up at ULU to court the pathetically small amount of votes that determine the outcome of a ULU election, promising to be more inclusive of all the colleges of the University, and not just King's and UCL. Yet this never seems to happen and is becoming increasingly evident that there is little to be gained by the LSE in being part of either the Union or even the University of London as a whole which generally serves to duplicate administrative roles the School could better handle itself.

For ULU to become relevant to students across London, it requires motivated and driven Sabbs who are determined to take the message out to all the colleges and to invigorate the organisation. Unfortunately what prevents this, is a catch-22 situation whereby no-one who is capable of doing so will be elected, or have enough at stake once they are elected, to do something about it because not enough students care about ULU to create an environment conducive to doing so.

In many respects ULU requires a miracle to save it, and the benefits of doing so are not immediate. ULU's role as an entertainments venue and for its sports facilities is important and useful to a number of students. But it would seem that its days as a political organisation are numbered. With often less than a thousand students out of over 130,000 voting in its elections, ULU can in no way be considered representative of University of London student opinion. The best solution for ULU would be to wind down this role and transfer the management of its remaining useful assets to a consortium of London sabbaticals would seem the most effective and practical solution.

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@lse.ac.uk, and should be no longer than 250 words. Letters may be edited prior to publication. The deadline for submission is 3pm on the Sunday prior to publication.

Sir,

Having attended last week's UGM, I lapped up *The Beaver's* article on K's suffering (Oh Chris, so where's your shame?) on Tuesday.

As I'm sure you're aware, your news editor not only wrote the article on K (Oh K, so where's the website: *The Beaver* issue 603), but also the questions asked in the UGM. You comment yourself that a 'grilling... was well deserved'. I applaud you for holding an elected sabbatical to account, but in reporting the event as if impartial, Heathcote is out of order. I would actually go further; he's downright lazy, and *The Beaver* should be sending amateurish journalism like his as far away from the front page as possible (try cylindrical filing).

LSE is not frigid, and I hardly think *The Beaver* was suffering from such a drought that it had to resort to such means to get some juice. Watching him desperately try to dish out another serving at this week's UGM, having reheated his leftover questions from last week, I dread to think what's coming in this week's issue.

I don't care how Chris satisfies his own pleasures, but surely he would be better suited to a career with the *Sun*. No need to read the whole paper when your article's on page three as well, eh?

If you want to be the big bad Beaver with the tough questions, drop the cowardly weasel.

Ross Allan

Sir,

Much as I, and no doubt others, appreciated the photo of myself bent over an Aldwych cashpoint in last week's *The Beaver*, I object to the article it illustrates. The only aggressive begging I have encountered on campus has been from charity muggers and gym employees. In contrast, beggars on and around LSE are uniformly pleasant, in my experience.

Apparently Westminster council want to criminalise begging, but I would not go this far. A programme might instead be put into place to help them to help themselves re-enter mainstream work and society.

We should not feed the problem by donating money to them, without addressing the root cause of their underemployment. Real jobs, not based around clipboards, would be a step in the right direction.

If they can't or won't find real jobs, I propose that they should be put to work leafleting and poster-ing for the benefit of SU societies.

Sarah Taylor

Sir,

It is obvious from the responses to my commentary on the Countryside Alliance that many of those offended by my comments have not read my piece properly. I made it quite clear that my commentary was not about the rights or wrongs of fox hunting but rather, my sense of disquiet at certain aspects, methods and attitudes of the Countryside Alliance.

Therefore I do not consider Sophia Money-Coutts' commentary to be a proper response to mine, given that it was a defence of the actual sport rather than the organization itself.

As for accusations of one-sidedness, let me draw your attention to the fact that I was writing a commentary and not a news article. An article (theoretically) is by definition unbiased but a commentary certainly isn't.

My piece on the Countryside Alliance features my sincere personal beliefs on the organisation itself and I make no apologies for being heavily one-sided.

Accusations of class warfare don't stick. I was educated at Winchester, which is an all-boys public school in Hampshire and I maintain regular contact with my friends and former housemates. None of them are members of the Countryside Alliance and none of them hold strong views on fox hunting.

My issues are with certain elements of the Countryside Alliance, not the entire upper-middle classes as a whole.

Lim Kheng Soon

Sir,

As the page last week contained not one but several pro-war, pro-Bush administration columns, I feel it is both necessary and correct to refute at least one of them. In the first, main article, William Blake argued that 'logic' dictates that Iraq still possesses either undiscovered chemical 'Weapons of Mass Destruction' or that so-called rogue nations and al-Qaeda absconded with these materials, apparently under the cover and with the complicity of the Iraqi regime, or under the nose of occupation forces. This argument, as constructed by Mr Blake, is certainly filled with interesting citations. Nonetheless, its basic premise, that there are only four 'logical possibilities' for the fate of Iraqi WMD, and that these logical possibilities lead to certain necessary conclusions, is fundamentally unsound.

He ends by saying that, essentially, only time will tell concerning the future discovery of WMD in Iraq. What he fails to discuss is that neither of the arguments that he claims are 'logically' plausible,

would be so if Iraq constituted a major threat to the security of the United States. If, as the administration stated before the preemptive war, Iraq constituted a clear and present danger to the security and stability of the United States, it could not have hidden its ephemeral tonnage of WMD thus far. If, Iraq's WMD were so vast that they genuinely constituted a threat, than it is implausible that they could have surreptitiously removed all of their weapons to a friendly regime without any evidence remaining. At this point, given the amount of paperwork and physical explorations the Iraqi Survey Group has gone through, it seems at least somewhat plausible that they, with their wealth of knowledge, expertise, and available source materials, at least know more about the subject than Mr. Blake.

James Fisher

Sir,

I would firstly like to congratulate you on your continuing successes in providing the LSE community with such a dedicated, thorough and informative weekly, and wish you and *The Beaver* crew enjoy many more issues - issues, I might add, of such high calibre that I believe it unnecessary for the SU Shop to stock the lesser titles such as *The Guardian* and *FT*. Your editorial team, and Collective, are people of good breeding and strong moral fibre, and their continued dedication to student journalism is a beacon to all others, especially those at *London Student* - journalists whose lack of talent is only matched by their wretched lack of dignity. Their continued existence is a stain on the conscience of ULU and you are the much-needed detergent.

I would like also to extend my congratulations to one of your more recent contributors, Dom Rustam. His LSE Team of the Week is a groin-grabbingly inventive suggestion, and it makes me weak at the knees to know that Mr Rustam will be casting his proud gaze over the denizens of Right that are the LSE Football Teams. Mr Rustam, as I am sure you are aware, is a man whose sartorial elegance, intellectual rigour and elevated gravitas endears him to all who know him, and commands only respect within the wider LSE world of which he is an integral part. There are too few heroes left in this world, and we should be dripping with glee that one such individual exists right here amongst us.

Humbly yours,

Gareth Carter

Collective meeting Tuesday, October 26, at 6pm in D502

Elections for Theatre Editor

All students can stand for election. Only Collective members can vote.

Politics

blink

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

Politics

Conservative Future?

"I have never made love to Nicholas Soames"

pg. 11

Against Human Rights

"Perhaps if the grim-reaper ever paid me a visit I should advise him that I have a human right to life that he is obliged to respect?"

pg. 12

Addicted

"An element of self-immolation and self-loathing is implicit in the various forms of addictions."

pg. 13

Features

Hello Fatties

"University years are formative training years in [...] the exchange of money for chips, kebabs and fried Mars bars."

pg. 14

Law

Why was Milosevic Silenced?

"Commentators who have welcomed the move have attempted to justify it for reasons of expedience, not law"

pg. 15

International

Afghanistan's Election
- Special Report

A personal experience of the election:

"Now Kabul is a lively city, with the midnight curfew lifted, streets are full of restaurant goers until late night, music can be heard all over and universities and schools are full of young women"

A sceptical view:

"the Human Rights Watch issued a warning about the intimidation and lack of political freedom in Afghanistan"

In a positive light:

"International observers concluded that the election was a success"

pg. 16-17

Blair or Howard, Bush or Kerry; does anyone really care any more?

Steve Gummer doesn't think modern leaders show much leadership. Learn from the twentieth century's great leaders... or *The West Wing*.

Leadership used to be about great oratory and inspiration as much as a divide in political ideology. President Kennedy stood up in a 1961 address and claimed that America would 'put a man on the moon in ten years'. We too were blessed with such inspiration; a Prime Minister once stood up to tell the nation:

"We shall never surrender... We shall not fail or falter; we shall not weaken or tire... Give us the tools and we will finish the job."

These leaders were guided by ceaseless ambition and they inspired our confidence. How many of us will be quoting Mr. Blair or Mr. Bush in ten years time? Don't get me wrong; when a President is quoted as saying that we "need to find a way for the human being and the fish to co-exist", I, like everyone else, am on tender hooks. I once read that leadership - truly great leadership - was supposed to knock your socks off. As sorry as this reporter is to say it, my metaphorical shoes are still well and truly on, let alone my socks!

If we begin at home, voters realistically have a choice between Mr Blair and Mr Howard (sorry Lib Dems). Let us start with the Tory leader; this is a man who in 1999 said of the national minimum wage:

"There can be no conceivable justification for a policy which could, on its own, wreck our economy and devastate job prospects."

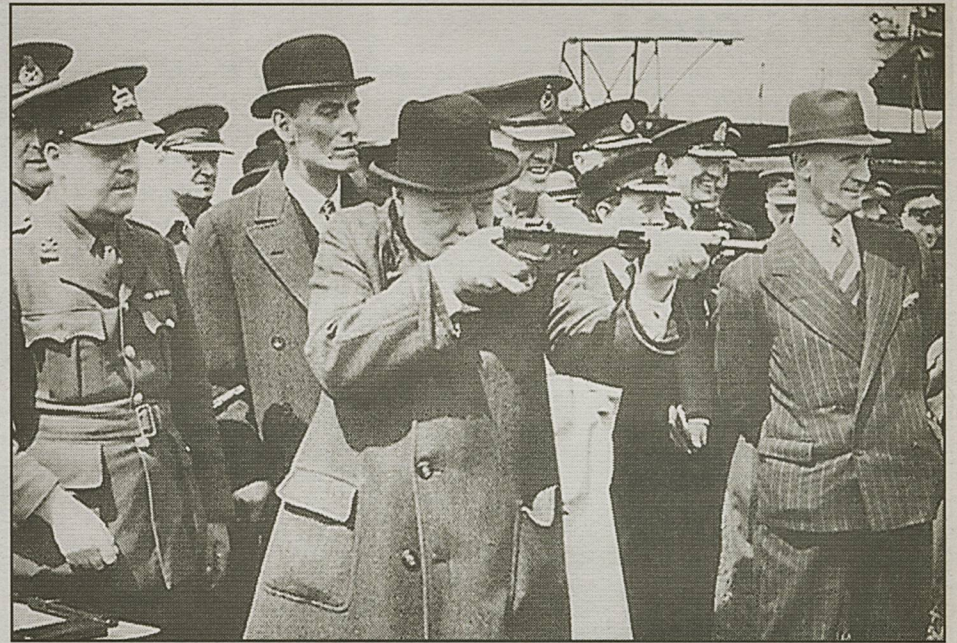
Certainly inspiring stuff. I have no doubt that Mr. Howard is a pragmatic leader and a good politician. Many of his policies seem to be about creating choice in our national services. Yet he is too often dragged into making the 'popular decision', of surrendering to 'popular opinion' as opposed to proving the strength of his convictions.

If he spent as much time talking about his policies and true beliefs as he did talking about how unhappy he is with the Labour Government he may, despite his Thatcherite history, make himself electable. Yet this is still a big 'if'. For all the talk of choice coming out of Tory HQ, it still seems like the vital one is wrong again.

Now for our current Prime Minister. On the world scene at the moment it must be said that Mr. Blair comes the closest to resembling a good leader. When he won in a landslide in 1997 he moved mountains crying for constitutional reform and screaming 'Education, education, education', and over the past years in power he has partially delivered.

Yet the Blair train has stopped moving. Would it really be that radical for him to come out and say sorry for the Iraqi war? I'd vote for him again in a split second if he were to take the blame for his own mistakes.

However, in my opinion Mr. Blair's low-



Leading from the front.

'Our leaders of the future must raise the level of debate in the world, because at the moment I'm tired of choosing between the lesser of who cares.'

est moment came at the 2004 Labour Party Conference at which there were no longer any defiant remarks such as:

"I have no reverse gear."

There were simply facts read from an outdated manifesto. What's worse is that most people seemed to think it was the right strategy for our Prime Minister to prove that modern government was little more than bureaucracy and tax cuts. The Government should be a place where people come together to further humanity's promise, not simply the dull preaching of a few dry old men. Am I being too naïve and idealistic to want to be inspired? I hope not.

The situation, unbelievably, becomes much worse if we cross the Atlantic. The battle between Bush and Kerry is doubtlessly picking between the lesser of two evils. The sitting President does have the strength of his convictions and a strong sense of morality (I'll let you be the judge of whether or not you think his morality is misguided), yet his oratorical skills are somewhat limited - proved by great phrases such as:

"The great thing about America is everybody should vote."

Yep, thanks for that one George, it's called a democracy mate. This falls somewhat short of Kennedy's 'we need men who can dream of things that never were' doesn't it? A more cynical reporter may even ask Mr. Bush: if everyone "should vote", what's the point in rigging the election? Yet this is not my point. My point is that the sitting President has managed to make us get excited by a candidate who can merely talk in complete sentences.

Next I come onto Mr. Kerry and his complete (if somewhat inarticulate) sentences. He certainly seems to have a mental capacity greater than that of a squashed apricot (unlike the current president), he can consider issues and seems to have a genuine understanding of the US position in the world.

Yet does the man really know what he stands for? He is the man who voted for and against the Iraq War. A war hero and a war protestor, and a man who opposed affirmative action verbally and then voted for it. I actually got excited when I read that he had the most left-wing stance in Congress last year, as at least I could know what I'd be supporting - yet I found out that this is only due to the fact that he missed certain votes due to campaigning.

There is nothing remarkable about Mr. Kerry; the best that can be said about him is that he's not Mr. Bush. 'Vote Kerry - not quite as mean spirited as the other guy' (to paraphrase the West Wing). Doesn't really send me running to the polls - how about you?

I don't need a candidate with a Harvard MBA, or the mental capacity to be a brain surgeon (just as well probably), just someone with 'gravitas'. A good leader, with a set of moral convictions, the fortitude to see them through and the courage and wisdom to appreciate their own fallibility. Someone who is inspired. There are 293 million people in the US and 60 million in the UK - surely someone can emerge who can be a real leader, not just another empty shirt? Is it any wonder that people are turning to radical third parties?

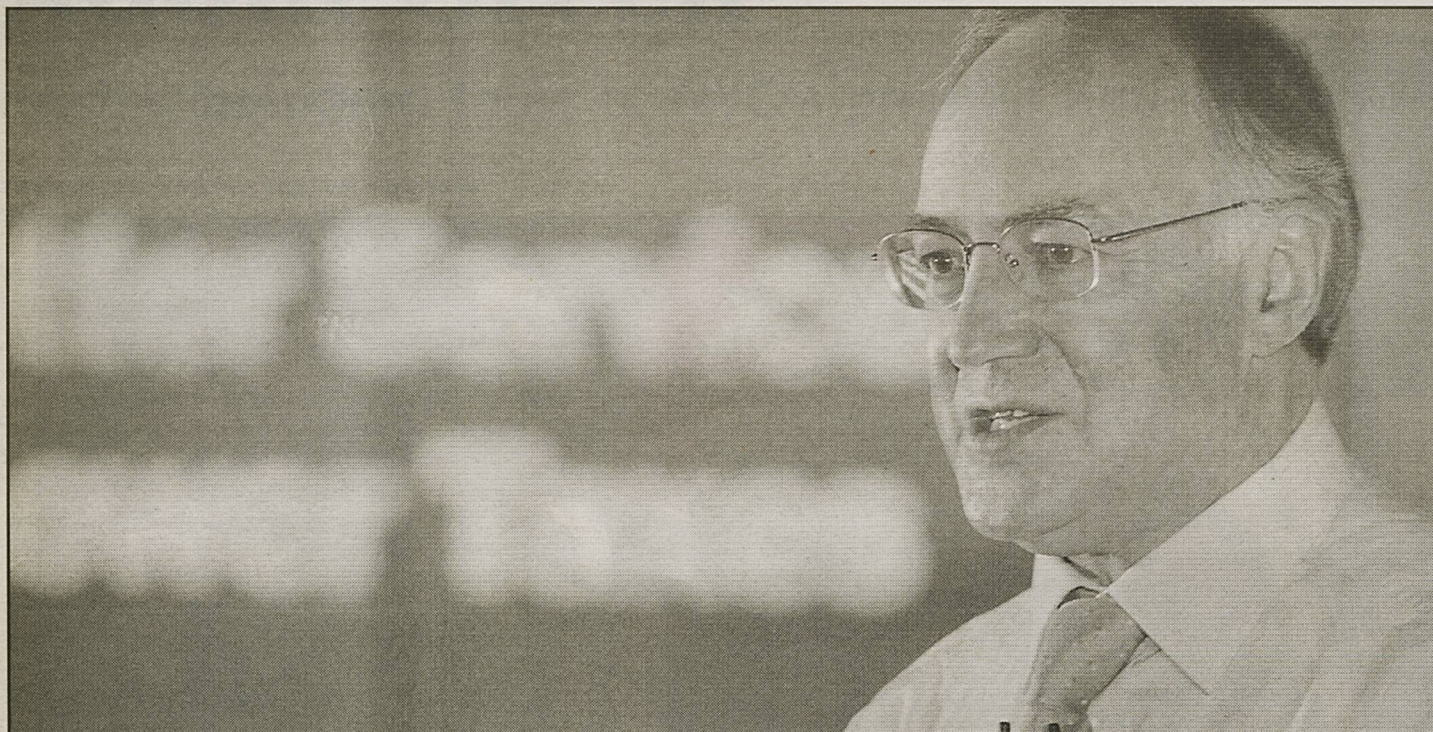
Some may argue that the modern world just doesn't present the challenges that great leaders like Kennedy and Churchill faced. The Cold War is over, as is World War 2. Nothing is that simple any more. Yet the war on terror is still raging, as is the debate on social security. The battle for our future is beginning, and I'm not sure we've got the right leaders for the job.

So now it's time for me to sign off, and I do so not with wit or comic intent - simply with the ardent hope that it is still possible for a good person to win an election. Our leaders of the future must raise the level of debate in the world, because at the moment I'm tired of 'choosing between the lesser of who cares' - of setting a bar so low that I can't even look at it any more.

Politics

Conservative Future?

The Conservatives are making a lot of effort to appear more socially liberal. They haven't fooled *Sam Jones*.



Changing the Conservatives... very little.

I have never made love to Nicholas Soames. One former girlfriend described the experience as feeling much like having a wardrobe with a key in the door falling onto her. I think I would agree.

There was once a time when talk of Nicholas Soames' sex life lost votes. Not now. Times have changed. Tory grandees and activists alike were delighted at the annual party conference last week by the tale of Nicholas' first kiss. It's all part of the big plan from Central Office to present the more human side of the Shadow Cabinet.

Maybe it's working. As *The Beaver* reported last week, the Conservative Association is the single largest political group at the LSE. Indeed Conservative Future, the youth wing of the party, is reputedly the fastest growing political organization in the UK. Add to this the relative success of the conference earlier this month and it seems indeed difficult to deny the fact that the Tories are regaining their credibility.

Gone indeed are long cold nights on Clapham Common. The Tories of today far prefer the more salubrious surroundings of Stringfellows (which played host to 200 Conservative Future members last week). Ahem.

So, more accessible and more accepting - is this the new face of the Tory party? Shadow Cabinet Minister David Cameron believes so: "the party has to be for all: old, young, black, white, straight, gay, urban, rural," he told *The Guardian*.

Alas the notion of a socially liberal Tory party is less convincing than Dr. Crippen's defence lawyer. It is not difficult to pull the liberal warp from the traditionalist weft that still dominates the Conservative Party. Outlined in Howard's timetable for action are: An immediate end to early prison release schemes, the re-criminalisation of cannabis, mandatory confined rehabilitation or imprisonment for underage drug users, strict limits on asylum seekers, increased spending on defence, a focus on traditional 'family values' and reduced tolerance towards the unemployed. Government departments deemed unnecessary, such as those currently working towards equality in the workplace and fair

'It [The Timetable for Action] portrays the Conservatives as all the things that New Labour are not: Clear. Focused. Responsible. Sensible.'

assessment for all will be scrapped.

In a nutshell, the Tories' policies remain regressive and socially illiberal. Economically they offer nothing new, but continue to market the same laissez-faire dross that landed us with rising unemployment and a barren social wasteland in the late 1980's.

The Timetable for Action unveiled at the party conference is in effect little more than a clever piece of spin. The timetable concept is radical and new: things the Tories are not. Indeed, as a focused and regimented plan of action it portrays the Conservatives as all the things that New Labour are not: Clear. Focused. Responsible. Sensible.

The Tories are not pretending to offer glamour, dinner in fashionable Islington restaurants or passionate one-night stands in exotic Iraq. Rather they offer simple home cooking: Dependability. Accountability. Fidelity.

But as a social and moral force, conservatism is ideologically bankrupt. New Labour has stolen the ideological high ground. Pro Capitalism, Pro Equality, Pro Justice, Pro Progress. In one fell swoop Labour decisively reinvented themselves and outmanoeuvred the other parties. New Labour was born, and for the past seven years both the Conservatives and the Lib Dems have been forced to subsist on ideological tidbits from New Labour's round table. And all they have managed to come out with is a lot of indigestible euro-gristle and some decidedly illiberal policies on crime.

For all Michael Howard's efforts, the

Conservatives have not changed. The name, I suppose, says it all.

So I give you, the modern Tory: young, successful, upwardly mobile: a family man who takes his children to school every morning in the Jeep. He lives in Chelsea but holidays in Cambodia. He is the kind of person who spends weekends flying on easyjet to mobile phone conventions in Hamburg. The modern Tory claims *The Shawshank Redemption* is his favorite film, and wonders what he would do in the same situation. But luckily only criminals and Jeffrey Archer go to gaol - and a good job too, or else they'd be out on the streets peddling drugs to our children. He tends to ignore tramps, drunks - those irritating people on the tube who ask for money and didn't realize council estates existed south of Watford.

Meanwhile, members of our own LSE blue-rinse brigade are still desperately trying to carve out their own political identities by intermittently bleating 'privatise it' at the UGM and checking for Communists under their beds at night. But of course, don't listen to me - if I had my way you'd all be singing the Internationale.

Conservatism is not a force that considers minorities. It believes in success, efficiency, competition and difference - not equality, care or responsibility. That is why I think it ridiculous of David Cameron to falsely champion the cause of women, homosexuals, Muslims, ethnic groups or the poor. As Mr. Howard himself said, "We need a government that will stand up for the silent, law abiding majority who play by the rules and pay their dues." There is little room in his vision for those who find themselves isolated by society.

The Tories say they have changed. I say they haven't. Read their policies. In our cynical age we tend to diminish the distance between the three parliamentary parties - but differences do exist.

Michael Howard gave us ten words plus one to remember the Tories by: 'School discipline, more police, cleaner hospitals, lower taxes, controlled immigration and Accountability.' Well here are my ten words, Mr. Howard: Regressive, divisive, patriarchal, parochial, bigoted, elitist, unfit, unfair and unjust. Plus one? Unelectable.

Musings

They like Indian gherkin with their cheese; confused surrender monkeys

Matthew Sinclair

French gherkin farming is on its last legs. Gherkins from developing countries are sold at far lower prices than their French equivalent and their crunchy texture is apparently preferable to the more limp Gallic creation.

Vast swathes of the French countryside had been taken over by the nobby vegetable to take advantage of the foie gra-related revenue. Now the farmers have become suddenly concerned for the fortunes of the Eastern European workers who annually migrate to carry out the labour intensive work of performing the gherkin harvest.

They just can't compete with low paid labour in India, especially without the traditional developed world company's defence of higher quality and prestige. Gherkin factories in France are now importing their raw materials and have given up on trying to defend their long standing suppliers.

When even French farmers start to find it impossible to defend their markets against competition from the developing world how can those without the copious state indulgence they enjoy hope to fend off the onward march of the poor?

John Kerry has a plan to deal with Benedict Arnold CEO's; referring to the traitor of Westpoint. Unfortunately Kerry is fighting a foe whose cause is more appealing and who enjoys far better funding than King George's poor Hussars; the global economy. Trying to hold off the march of the economic integration is proving beyond Jose Bove, the French government and an assortment of gherkins. What chance does John Kerry have?

Things are likely to get worse for the French protectionists. Peter Mandelson may be a member of a socialist party but in practice he has as much in common with the ILP's (Independent Labour Party) founders as the gherkins.

He watches Blair's attempts to introduce the market to public services and smiles. Now Mr. Mandelson is the EU's trade commissioner. Any Briton is a suspect ally to protectionism, Cabot's legacy lives on, Mandelson is one of the worst.

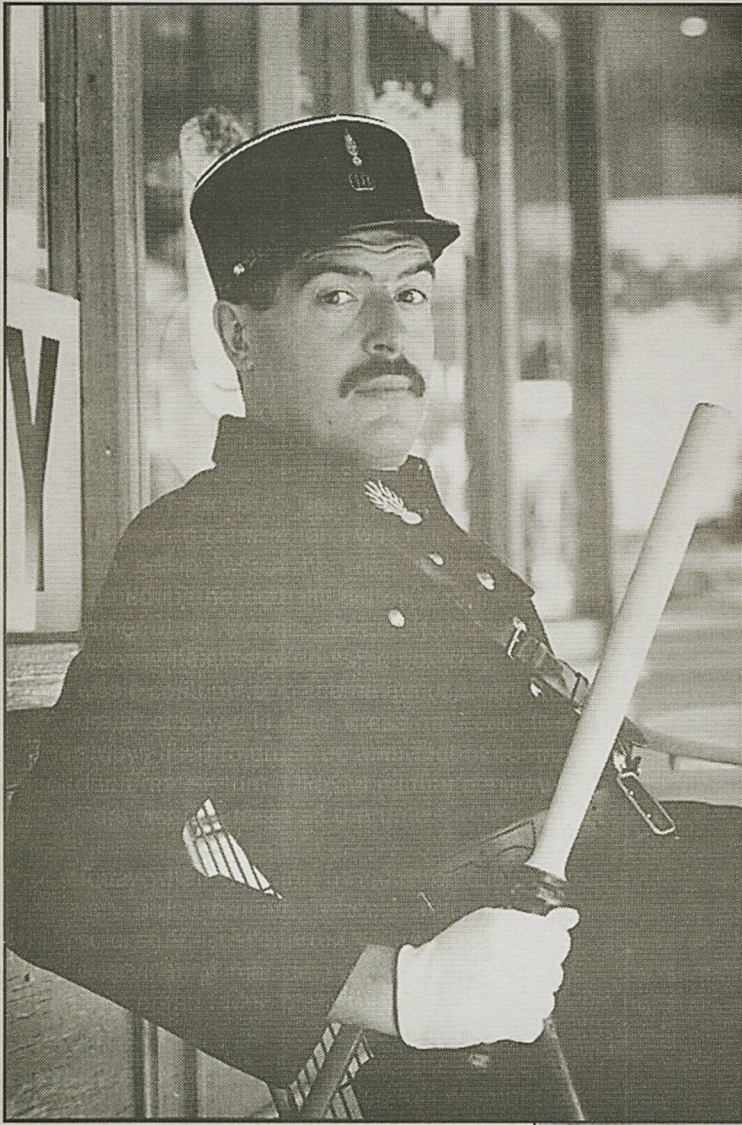
If the French can't maintain protectionism then what are they left with? Beyond upsetting the Americans of course.

I think the French have noticed this. That's why they're working on some new national traits. Patronising Eastern European nations. Complaining about Barroso's European Commission. Baking old people.

They'll do fine.

There are no Human Rights

Andrew Goldfinch argues that human rights are a concept with little intellectual or moral value and should be abandoned.



"Look at my human rights violation."



Not very progressive.

As I was scanning through *The Mail on Sunday* (I already hear the sniggers) I came across a somewhat attention-grabbing headline. Apparently an asylum seeker who "sparked [a] £38 million prison riot" is now suing the Government for compensation on the basis that her human rights were "breached". This charming lady, who allegedly bit nurses, inter alia claims she is suffering "post traumatic stress disorder".

As much as my heart bleeds for this poor woman, nevertheless I am more interested in the basis of her claim, namely that of 'human rights' (to save precious Beaver space the concept of humans rights shall hereafter be referred to as 'HR').

What exactly is this concept of HR? Essentially, HR is the notion that man has, by virtue of his existence, inalienable rights that naturally exist. They exist independently of the law.

However the law is obliged to recognise and protect these natural rights. We have, it is claimed, automatic rights to life, liberty, and food - they are our rights by default of birth.

This idea is widely accepted without question. Indeed it is often seen as self-evident, as obviously true as the claim that the earth orbits the sun. But is it? I believe that a few moments of reflection show how absurd the idea is. A dogma is a belief that is accepted as true without any reflection

'Nature does not "give" us rights. How could it? Rights are legal, not natural, entities.'

or investigation. HR, I would posit, falls under that category.

Nature does not "give" us rights. How could it? Rights are legal, not natural, entities. Rights can only exist within constructed human legal systems, essentially within the human mind. To project them into the physical universe is simply an act of unconsciousness, a lack of awareness of the distinction between mental thought-systems and the physical universe.

HR is rooted in a pre-scientific mythical worldview that, in ignorance, conjectured that man was created by a deity 'in

his image' and so merited, unlike animals, natural resources and protection. The logical implications of science reveal that HR has no point of contact with physical reality. The theory of evolution, with its emphasis on competition between and within species as one of the factors determining the success of changes in genetic coding, not only does not lend any weight to HR but actually renders HR false. All species, including *Homo sapiens*, must compete for scarce resources - none has a right to them.

Perhaps if the grim-reaper ever paid me a visit I should advise him that I have a human right to life that he is obliged to respect?! No, away with this meaningless concept. HR is more religious than rational, and more imperialistic than liberating (the invasions of Afghanistan and Iraq were in part 'justified' by reference to HR - those who campaign for HR give the Bush-and-Blairs of this world the theoretical moral basis to invade other countries). But rights can, and do, exist legally. So, we are free to create whatever legal rights we, as a society, want to give. The question we have to ask ourselves is what do we want? The answer will determine what rights we legislate.

Space (and probably your attention span) forbids me to outline anything remotely coherent, but it is true to say that our legal system is widely perceived to

offer more protection, and rights, to the criminal than the victim. The vast majority of people in Britain - the silent majority - do not share the liberal elite's ideology. One idea that was suggested a year or two ago was that people who are about to illegally break into a house with the intent to steal automatically forego their rights during the criminal act. This would mean that the criminal would not be able to sue the owner of the property for defending his family, himself, and his property. I think this sounds perfectly reasonable. Of course someone not reading this article would retort "but that breaches HR" but, as we now know, they don't exist - we create our values. To say we 'ought' to do such and such is an unconscious attempt to impose one's value-judgements onto another. Bertrand Russell expressed it far more eloquently: "All moral rules must be tested by examining whether they tend to realize ends that we desire. I say ends that we desire, not ends that we ought to desire. What we 'ought' to desire is merely what someone else wishes us to desire."

Giving legal aid to people whose actions have led to millions of pounds of damage is not, quite frankly, what most people desire. In theory a democracy is where the majority rules. But, then again, in reality democracy isn't the rule of the majority, but the most efficient manipulation of the people.

Politics



Grace Tan asks whether different addictions are more or less harmful than others.

Addicted

Are the various types of addiction as bad as one another? Increasingly, there is a recognition that an addict does not refer solely to people who abuse the usual stuff like crack or booze. More unusual types of addictions are also believed to be as pernicious. Hence, the emergence of therapy groups like the Overeaters Anonymous and the Sex-addicts Anonymous, fashioned after the Alcoholics Anonymous with its twelve step to recovery pledge that begins "We have admitted that we were powerless over..."

Besides being a function of hectic work lives, addictions are hangovers from the Hippie era. Hippie counter culture - peace, love, sex, drugs and rock and roll - started the whole idea of recreational drug usage and its spin-offs.

The scope and possibilities of addiction are limitless: one can be addicted to almost anything. The fact is that all types of addictions can produce the same effect on a person. Someone addicted to something prosaic like taking a shower will go through the same motions as another who is addicted to alcohol. The mind associates the roar of the water from a showerhead with happiness.

Every time the person bathes, endorphins surge through the veins, causing the person to experience an emotional high, a sense of fulfillment and peace, similar to that of a drug user who gets a shot in the arm. Thus, the person may take showers with manic frequency, spend an inordinate amount of time in the act of ablution, waste water, hold up toilet traffic... While this example may seem a little far-fetched, there are cases of people who are ablution-

'Addictions are hangovers from the Hippie era. Hippie counter culture: peace, love, sex, drugs and rock and roll started the whole idea of recreational drug usage.'

addicts, notably feminist icon Sylvia Plath, who showed incipient signs of such an addiction, confessing to soaking in hot baths to ride out her depressive spells.

The root of substance abuse and addiction lies in great emotional stress. When hard drugs and truly harmful substances are unavailable, the amazing human resourcefulness will find others outlets for addictive behaviour. Non-drug substitutes include compulsive buying and overworking. For a first hand albeit fictional account of shopaholism, one can always refer to Sophie Kinsella's chick-lit, which chronicles the life of a girl who is brought to bankruptcy by what *The Simple Life* star Nicole Richie refers to as the "charge-card syndrome".

On the other hand, workaholics are addicted to the adrenaline rush of being in

stressful situations. A study by the BBC of cocaine addiction showed that emotional highs are "...very short lived and as it wears off they become depressed, anxious and desperate to re-achieve the initial feelings..." Workaholics and shopaholics engage in addictive behaviour precisely because they try to cling on to some wonderful experience, either by buying compulsively or going into overdrive.

An element of self-immolation and self-loathing is implicit in the various forms of addictions. For example, food addicts continue shoving the food in, in spite of the knowledge that burgers are chock-full of additives and that the fries have been dunked into a vat full of hot oil. Addiction is one aspect of it, but the perverse desire to hurt and purge the demons.

Studies show that the average caloric content of a food binge is about two to three thousand calories, while in some rare instances, food addicts can chomp their way to the twenty thousand calorie mark. Panic hits, feelings of guilt set in. In a desperate bid to make restitution, subjects purge by laxatives, or by the more conventional way of sticking their fingers up their throats. Hence, the medical condition known as Bulimia Nervosa.

On the other hand, megalomania, the addiction to power, is a significant, albeit underrated form of addiction. The crucial difference about this genus of addiction is megalomaniacs do not hate themselves and tend to engender less sympathy than the other types of addicts. A telling sign of the addiction to power, is the state of worthlessness and dejection of the have-beens. US Vice-President Al Gore was spotted

with a very un-presidential goatee in the Himalayans following the 2000 presidential elections. More tellingly, megalomaniacs start pushing different buttons when they lose power to regain it, failing which, they pen bombast autobiographies. For example, Al Gore's chief, Bill, who is planning a comeback on the coat-tails of his wife Hillary, has also written an autobiography entitled *My Life*, ala Adolf's *Mein Kampf*.

The oft quoted phrase of power being an aphrodisiac points to the fact that one kind of addiction can lead to another. John F Kennedy was addicted to beautiful women. Recently, the BBC featured a documentary which uncovered evidence that he suffered from a groin strain and was wearing a brace to counter the problem at the time of his assassination. He was also allegedly taking a cocktail of drugs during his presidency.

Multiple addictions often arise out of the same emotional void and the mind is so transfixed by the various addictions such that real problems become white noise that is drowned out by the all-consuming addictions.

Sadly, there are no quick fixes to get rid of addictions. One particular theory postulates that one can still be an addict while abstaining from the source of addiction. Someone with a history of alcoholism is still in the grips of the addiction, whether or not he imbibes alcohol. This makes the problem a whole lot scarier as one can crash into addiction when things get rough and eliminates the use of any types of nicotine patches, cocaine patches or eye patches...

Hacktivist



The Unbearable Rightness of Being

Tracy Alloway

There's been much talk among my fellow columnists in the past few weeks as to what it means to be a 'liberal' or 'left-winger'. Well dear LSE students, I'm in an excellent mood, due no doubt, to Kerry's success in the third debate and the ongoing rumours of Bush's back-bulge. Hence, I will be going on the offensive today and treating you all to an exposé on what it means to be in the right-wing.

Let's start off with economics, which admittedly isn't my forté, but I'll do my best. When I speak of right-wing economics, I am speaking of free trade (though I know some consider this 'liberal'), the preservation of wealth, the supremacy of business interests over social concerns and so on. You can see where I'm going with this. In the US, being right-wing means feeling that it's ok to trade billions with communist China, but trading with Cuba is just plain wrong. In the US and the UK, being right-wing means believing that people born wealthy really truly deserve their success, and that the preservation of their wealth is in everyone's interest.

If being a right-winger in economics means preserving wealth, being a right-winger in the social sphere means preserving the status quo. Being a right-winger means denouncing government intervention when it seeks to implement change, but promoting it when it seeks to maintain the so-called 'social stability'. Being a right-winger means claiming 'big government' is a bad thing (Bush), and then proving it.

In the international arena, being a right-winger means preaching democracy for Iraq, but establishing it by appointing appointees who will then appoint more appointees. Being a right-winger means being war-hawkish but requesting five deferments from Vietnam (Cheney) or hiding in the National Guard (Bush) while criticizing Kerry on the basis that he obviously did not shed enough blood for the US to deserve all those pretty medals. Being a right-winger (and yes, I think I can include New Labour in this category) means having the ability to spin situations to astronomical proportions (i.e. "We didn't go to war because of WMDs, we went to war because of WMD programmes"). And finally, being a right-winger means believing that dictatorship in Iraq was evil, but in North Korea, Indonesia, and Zimbabwe it has to be tolerated.

I could go on, but I think you get the gist. Incidentally, if any of you are unclear as to where you stand on the political spectrum, take the test at www.politicalcompass.org. According to the compass, I myself sit comfortably in the Libertarian Left quadrant - right next to Nelson Mandela, Gandhi and the Dalai Lama, hehe...

Features

Hello Fatties

Britain has a problem with obesity. Much of LSE doesn't. *Luke Boardman* looks at fat and what we can do about it.

All over the world, a shocking revelation is dawning. For some, the realisation may come during a midlife crisis. For others, old age marks its commencement. Sadly, for some of us, that realisation - the potential onset of obesity - happens in our tender years while at university. If you don't weigh yourself on a regular basis, the signalling of your tubbiness may be a conspicuously fuller figure in your bathroom mirror. Perhaps people keep on evading the topic of your twice-daily trips to Harrods for Krispy Kremes. Or, more directly, are you the unfortunate soul who is regularly prodded in your soft underbelly by dear friends?

On taking a stroll through LSE, you may be led into a deceptively positive view of obesity in Britain. An endless stream of wafer thin Singaporeans and, unbelievable though it sounds, well-toned Americans means that fat is a problem of the minority at LSE. On the other hand, Britain as a whole shows a rather different and increasingly worrying outlook. In June, the British Heart Foundation released figures that show that Britain has the developed world's fastest growing rate of obesity with some 30,000 dying every year from obesity-related illnesses. It seems that fat and how to get rid of it are issues that will become even more inescapable over coming years. With the BBC launching a new television health campaign boldly entitled 'Fat Nation - the Big Challenge', the challenge for most skinny people will be how to get away from the interminable warnings about 'saturated fat', 'high in sugar' and 'added salt'.

Obviously your health is important. University years are formative training years in the use of toasters, kettles and the exchange of money for chips, kebabs and fried Mars bars. Perhaps we can blame LSE for our problems. The pain and suffering caused by the unfair intensity of our courses (by this definition, BA Geography students are excluded of course) creates an insatiable hunger and compulsively drives us into the nearest unhealthy eating establishment and leads to the health problems that will burden the NHS within a decade or two. On the legal front, 2002 saw the first case filed by a dense (in both senses) New Yorker who blamed his obesity and diabetes on regular visits to McDonald's. Apparently he was completely unaware of the risks associated with fast food. Fortunately, the action was dismissed and subsequent failed claims have caused the US House of Representatives to approve a so-called 'Cheeseburger Bill' which prevents lawsuits against the food industry for making people fat. Naturally the Bill draws many critics by allowing the food industry to be anaesthetised from liability and still needs approval from the Senate to become law. But perhaps the Bill is not

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



Big man, little bike.

such a bad thing: personal responsibility must be taken by the fatties.

This is not to make light of the serious psychological effects that a preoccupation with weight loss can cause. It is well known that depression, anorexia and bulimia are just a few of the serious (and fatal in some cases) medical conditions that can arise out of an unhealthy obsession with appearance. We must make sure that our self-worth springs from something other than what we look like. This article is not an attempt to promote vanity but, much more vitally, the importance of healthy lifestyle.

The solution to the fat issue prescribed by the majority of the health community is to eat a healthier, more balanced diet and take regular vigorous exercise. We all know that exercise can be fun but LSE is a peculiar place where enjoyment is not always the prize of greatest value. The fact that playing sports is not a natural route to investment banking or getting a first class degree means that a great deal of our student body is uninterested. In addition, the woeful inadequacy of our sports facilities (either cramped or far away) forces us to resort to routine methods of exercise. Running along the Embankment and around Westminster is quite a pleasant experience. Many others, not prepared to deal with outside world interaction, settle for a gym.

People join gyms for different reasons. Not all of us have a weight problem: ladies may want to slim down their thighs or tone up their abs. And many guys just want to be buff. So if you are craving a calorie burn and have some spare cash, here is a quick overview to help you sort the wheat from the chaff of the many gyms surrounding Houghton Street.

The closest gym outside of LSE is **LA Fitness** (Waldorf Hilton Hotel, Aldwych, tel: 020 7379 5606). This gym straddles the middle ground: quite good value but, like many city gyms, fairly small in size. A good range of equipment and a 20 metre pool with sauna and steam are the basic components of this friendly outfit. The studio used for classes is quite cramped and during peak hours the club can get very busy. Nevertheless, it is a club with

atmosphere and at £44 per month plus a £22 admin fee, it's not a bad deal. My spies tell me there are quite a number of fit LSE members here giving gym-going a dual motive: not only a place to get in shape but a place to land a date.

For the wealthy international student accustomed to a life of ease and opulence, the obvious choice is **Holmes Place** (Shellmex House, 80 The Strand, tel: 020 7395 9595). It is much more health club than gym complete with stainless steel pool, sauna, steam, Jacuzzi and a cardio theatre (albeit relatively small) and weight training area. The pool boasts water purification by ozone - rumour has it that chlorine is old hat - apparently providing swimmers with a more pleasant experience. Studio classes are also offered but they get pretty busy during peak times. With these facilities, it's not for the average student budget with monthly student fees ranging from £68 (full) to £55 (off-peak) plus a joining fee.

And, for the real student who doesn't mind cheap and nasty, we all know where to head. The famed hangout of LSE's hot and sweaty barely needs an introduction (**LSE Gym**, first floor East building, above and behind Quad). The initial joy of freshers on hearing the low low prices, (£90 annually, £20 monthly) is soon dampened when they see the facilities on offer. To be fair, the gym by itself is excellent value. A decent range and quantity of running machines and weight training equipment will suit the average gym goer. It does not usually get too busy either although there may be a reason for this: the changing and shower facilities are claustrophobic, smelly and dirty. For the more fastidious, a trip to a mate's house would be an idea for a shower and a change.

Research from the University of Marburg in Germany shows that mutations in a particular gene - MC4R - have a strong link with obesity. This means for 2-3% of very obese people, genes dictate their body shape and there is very little they can do. No doubt the average fatso lies in wait for the next discovery proving that the fight against flab is futile. In the meantime, tuck into your bucket of KFC.

Law

Why was Milosevic Silenced?

Vladimir Unkovski-Korica explains how the International Criminal Tribunal for the Former Yugoslavia has hurt its legitimacy by denying Milosevic the right to conduct his own defence.

After representing himself in a case lasting over two years, enduring just under 300 trial days and cross-examining the same number of prosecution witnesses, coping with 500,000 documents, and just as he was about to take charge of his own defence against charges of war crimes and genocide in Croatia (1991-1995), Bosnia and Herzegovina (1992-1995) and Kosovo (1998-1999), Milosevic's right to defend himself has been taken away from him by the International Criminal Tribunal for the Former Yugoslavia (ICTY).

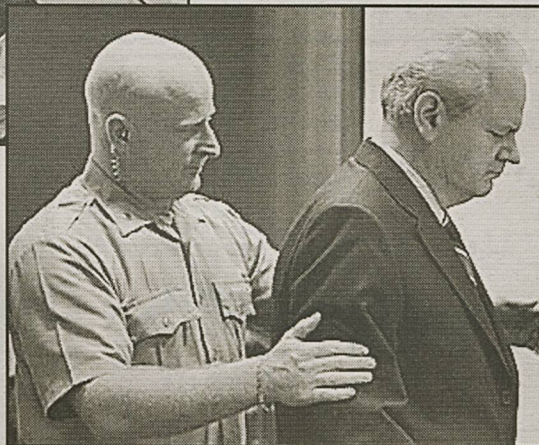
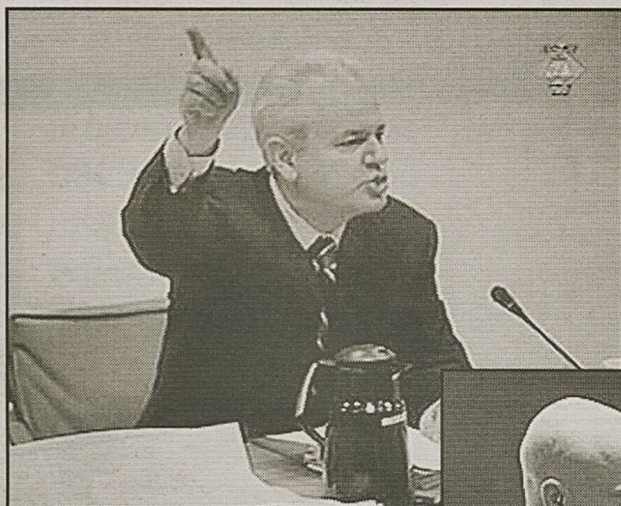
There can be no doubt whatsoever that Slobodan Milosevic is a war criminal of the first degree. Arguably, what he has been charged with is only one part of what his offences include, as the ICTY charges include nothing regarding his crimes against his own citizens, during his presidency of Serbia and later Yugoslavia. All the same, however, questions must arise as to why Milosevic alone is on trial for crimes in the former Yugoslavia, and not any of his counterparts in Croatia, Bosnia and, perhaps more seriously, in the Western countries intimately involved in the break-up of Yugoslavia. It is also important to ask precisely why Milosevic has been silenced at this stage of the proceedings, when he was about to start his own defence.

The reasons given by the court of the Hague Tribunal, as expressed by one of the judges, Mr Robinson, was that: "...based on the medical reports, there is a real danger...this trial might either last for an unreasonably long time or, worse yet, might not be concluded should the accused continue to represent himself without the assistance of counsel."

Doctors had argued that Milosevic's high blood pressure put him at risk of a heart attack, especially while under stress. The trial had been deferred more than a dozen times because of Milosevic's ill health and Milosevic has in addition been charged with deliberately refusing to take tranquillisers prescribed by the court-appointed heart specialist. He says he refused to take them because he felt they impeded his concentration and ability to proceed with his defence.

All the same, the former Yugoslav President is still left the opportunity, if he receives permission, to examine witnesses following examination by court-assigned counsel.

Both Milosevic and his newly-appointed counsel (formerly the amici curiae) protested. The issue does not stop there, however. The move by the court has been challenged by many commentators and lawyers. Just one letter on this issue, addressed to the Secretary-General of the United Nations, is signed by over 100 lawyers from three different continents, and argues that the right to defend oneself against criminal charges is central to both international law and the very structure of the adversarial system. They point in par-



Not today.

ticular to a case argued before the U.S. Supreme Court with respect to the Sixth Amendment (similar in substance to Article 21 of the ICTY Statute), in which the following dictum was laid down:

"The language and spirit of the Sixth Amendment contemplate that counsel, like the other defense tools guaranteed by the Amendment, shall be an aid to a willing defendant - not an organ of the State interposed between an unwilling defendant and his right to defend himself personally. To thrust counsel upon the accused, against his considered wish, thus violates the logic of the Amendment...."

[*Faretta v. California*, 422 U.S. 806 (1975)]

There are moreover a number of other important legal arguments to be made against the ICTY. The Hague Tribunal's legal justification, firstly, could be viewed as suspect, given that it is not an independent judicial body, but one created under Chapter VII, Article 29 of the UN Charter as a subsidiary of the UN Security Council. How can an executive body (some of whose members waged illegal war against the Federal Republic of Yugoslavia) create under its auspices a judicial body, let alone an impartial one?

Secondly, Milosevic's own presence at the Tribunal can be suspected of illegality. His arrest and extradition occurred in Belgrade, violating the constitution of Serbia and of Yugoslavia. The Supreme Court had ruled against his extradition on a number of occasions. Every court moreover is bound to deal with the issue of habeas corpus, given that, in order to uphold the rule of law, no-one can be tried if their presence in court has been obtained illegally, that is, through the commission of a crime.

Perhaps, nonetheless, the crux of the issue is that Milosevic was about to call his own witnesses as part of his defence, or, as the prosecution feared, to use "the ICTY as a political platform".

Indeed commentators who have welcomed the move have attempted to justify it for reasons of expedience, not law. One example is Legal expert Judith Armatta of the non-profit Coalition for International Justice, who stated: "basically...[Milosevic]

wants to do this according to his wishes and by his rules and not the court's." It is only in the interest of justice that he should no longer continue his own defence, the argument goes. After all, did Milosevic really care for legality or human rights during the wars he has participated in and in the suppression of his domestic opposition?

Framing the question thus would be a political statement, not a legal one. Surely, though, 'justice' (which is what Blair said NATO bombing was about) cannot be achieved if alleged culprits are not dealt with according to the law?

Furthermore, Tony Blair claimed, in one Orwellian speech he delivered in Kosovo: "We fought for an end to ethnic cleansing, we fought for peace and security for all people in Kosovo." Yet, as Milosevic has repeatedly pointed out, more than half the victims of NATO bombs or its 'humanitarian intervention' in Kosovo were citizens of ethnic Albanian origin. More seriously, it was under the watchful eye of KFOR (Kosovo FORCE) that over 200,000 non-Albanian citizens of the province have been made to flee their homes into Serbia proper after the 'end' of hostilities (an issue, like that of the ICTY, that the far right in Serbia still exploit for electoral success). So much for justice and for the ostensible reasons of going to war.

So, ultimately, was Milosevic silenced because he was exposing the role of Western imperialism in the destruction of Yugoslavia, and the use of the Yugoslav war as a precedent for future wars not sanctioned by the UN Security Council and contravening the UN Charter (like the one now in Iraq)? Perhaps it is enough to look at the Rambouillet Accord, which was presented to the Federal Republic of Yugoslavia in 1999 as an ultimatum, a non-negotiable agreement to be signed to prevent war, to find the answer. Section 8 of Appendix B states:

"NATO personnel shall enjoy, together with their vehicles, vessels, aircraft, and equipment, free and unrestricted passage and unimpeded access throughout the FRY including associated airspace and territorial waters."

The Right Approach



Please Prove Me Wrong

Daniel Freedman

Sometimes I'd prefer to be proved wrong. The first article I ever wrote for this publication, almost two years ago, was entitled 'Why Israel; What About Sudan?' I asked why Israel was regularly attacked and demonised on campus, at the UN, and by left-leaning publications, despite its being the only democratic, civil liberties protecting, homosexuals' and women's equality enforcing, state in the Mid-East.

All the while her neighbours, on the other hand, are ignored by all, despite their systematically violating human rights and civil liberties. And as for democracy in those countries, as Canada's Jonathan Kay most aptly put it: if Mugabe walked into an Arab League summit he'd be the most democratically legitimate leader in the room.

If these people really care about human rights, I continued, they should look to Sudan, where "for the last ten years a Taliban-like Muslim regime has been waging a self-declared jihad on African Christians and followers of other tribal faiths. More than two million people have been killed, more than in Bosnia, Kosovo, Somalia, Haiti, Rwanda and Burundi combined. This is aside from the tens of thousands who are now refugees, and over 100,000 have been forcibly starved. Journalists, Catholic and Episcopal Bishops and survivors all speak of the unspeakable horror where men are slaughtered and women, girls and boys are gang raped or have their throats slit for resisting. Any survivors are force-marched to the north, and distributed to Arab masters where the women become concubines, the girls domestic workers and the boys goatherds."

I then challenged: where are the protests? Where are the motions and flyers? Why are they ignoring what Colin Powell then described as "the worst human rights nightmare on the planet?"

Since then, the mass-murdering, the ethnic cleansing, the rapes, the forced slavery have all continued. Over the past eighteen months alone, over 50,000 more people have been killed and 1.5 million people have been displaced. And according to the World Health Organisation, between 6,000 and 10,000 people are dying each month in the refugee camps there. (Oh and Colin Powell now calls it a "genocide".)

And of course, since that article, Sudan has never been seriously raised by the left at LSE. Leafletting against Israel protecting its citizens by building a security fence, or protesting against the U.S. liberating the Iraqi people, is naturally far more important than trying to stop a genocide. As for the UN, Sudan continues to hold a seat on the UN Commission on Human Rights. Need I say more?

Predictions for the next two years: the UN and the left on campus continue to do nothing, and the genocide, epidemics and starvation continues. But please prove me wrong.

International

Voting in
Afghanistan

Zuhra Bahman headed home to vote in Afghanistan's elections. She found a nation getting used to voting and a political system finding its feet.

رای دهندگان 2003-2004		کوچی
نوم/اسم	زهره بهمن	عودت کننده بیرته راتلونکی
شهر/ولایت	اگرش لار بهمن	بیجا شده گان بیخای شوی کسان
ولایت	کابل	
ولسوالی	کابل	
جنس	مرد زن	
قریه / شهر	کابل	

Zuhra's voting card.

Last April I joined a queue of burqa clad Afghan women in a UNHCR tent in Afghanistan to get my elector's card, which gave me the right to vote in the first presidential election of my country. There was an overwhelming air of pride and excitement in the room, as the people of Afghanistan were for the first time taking part in a democratic practice. Long after I got my card, I stayed and observed all kinds of women who were there to register: schoolgirls in all black uniforms, doctors and nurses, housewives, widows and disabled, most were illiterate and some were reluctant to get their photograph taken.

The long awaited elections came three years after the US-backed coalition forces overthrew the infamous Taliban. An interim government was put in place facilitated by the international community and the United Nations. Hamid Karzai, 46 years old, of Pashtun ethnic background, was selected as the President of the interim government of Afghanistan.

The country went through a lot of changes during the past three years under the interim government. For instance, Kabul, where under the Taliban rule women were lashed for wearing nail polish, where music and kite flying were banned and football matches started with public executions, is transformed beyond belief. Now Kabul is a lively city, with the midnight curfew lifted, streets are full of restaurant goers until late into the night, music can be heard all over and universities and schools are full of young women. There is a huge presence of the international community in Kabul in the form of charity organisations, businesses and security forces contributing to the shaping of the city. With its population, traffic and buildings rapidly growing, Kabul, which was a dusty city with frightened citizens, now resembles a modern day capital city.

However most of the post-Taliban positive changes have occurred in and around Kabul and some other big cities, leaving most of rural Afghanistan unchanged. Outside Kabul, most areas are under the control of warlords, who own their own small armies, some back the Taliban, and

some strongly oppose the US backed Afghan government. Most have so much control that they have created small fiefdoms, collecting taxes and have a control over the daily lives of the people. The interim government does not seem to have control over areas in control of the warlords outside Kabul. A warlord, Ismail Khan, in Herat was removed by the interim government, only to find the city in chaos. The interim government then reinstated Ismail Khan, who now have control over the city and have powers such as charging taxes over imports from Iran.

One of the problems that has concerned the international community, in particular the West, is record high poppy cultivation which the interim government has proved unable to do anything about. Poverty, illiteracy, violation of human, women and children's rights are common and the government has not had the chance and resources to tackle these problems in considerable extent.

The interim government has had more than its fair share of internal problems too. They are severely under-funded, so much so that most of civil servants go unpaid. At one point the budget available for the Afghan interim government was less than the amount used on the London Underground's Public Private Initiative in one year. The security situation is volatile. There have been several attacks on prominent members of the Afghan government.

Amid all these problems and changes that Afghanistan is experiencing, the first Afghan presidential election occurred this month. The elections are seen as one of the most significant events in the recent history of Afghanistan, where the governments came to power by the use of violence and abuse. Fifteen candidates challenged the current interim president Hamid Karzai, who is favoured to win. Most of the candidates attracted the attention of the international community for a variety of reasons.

Masooda Jalal, for instance, is the only female candidate for presidency. She is a paediatrician from Kabul. Born to a textile worker father and a writer mother, she is now married to a university lecturer. Jalal

believes that the root cause of Afghanistan's problem is poverty. Although all candidates have tried to attract Afghan women's vote, Jalal, highlighting her role as a mother, is confident that she will gain the Afghan women's votes. It is highly unlikely that Jalal will win the elections. Nevertheless, she has paved the way for future generation of Afghan women to take similar decisions.

Qanoni, a politician by profession, is favourite to win after Karzai. Qanoni, who is an ethnic Tajik, has chosen a Hazara and a Pashtun as his close political allies in the elections. He has had a prominent role in the post-Taliban restructuring of the Afghan government, holding the post of Minister for Education in interim government. He is seen as the heir of the late Ahmad Shah Masood, the Northern Alliance leader. Qanoni, who is a confident and convincing speaker, is likely to gain Tajik votes.

Self-proclaimed "general", Abdul Rashid Dostum, is unlikely to win but is likely to get significant share of votes. He is thought to be the choice of ethnic Uzbeks and other voters from Northern Afghanistan. Dostum is the Don Quixote character of Afghan politics. He loves combat and he has supported virtually all sides involved in the Afghan conflict in the last 20 years. He fought with the Soviet backed government against the Mujadideen only to switch sides and join the Mujadideen later. On withdrawal of the Soviet forces in 1989, Dostum joined the civil war against different factions of the Mujadideen. Dostum has resigned from his post as Karzai's military advisor to stand as a presidential candidate.

Other presidency candidates include monarchist Dr Abdul Satar Sirat, an ex policeman called Abdul Hasib Aryan (pulled out in last few days of campaign), a 72 years old poet, writer and lawyer called Abdul Hadi Khalilzai, prominent leaders of the Mujadidden era who were involved in the Afghan civil war such as Haji Mohammad Mohaqeq and prominent religious personality such as Gailani.

Although there is a choice of sixteen candidates, Karzai is seen as favourite to

win. According to one exit poll, he is likely to win by gaining over 60% of the total votes. He only needs to gain 50% of total votes cast to continue to be the president.

There has been huge criticism of the elections. It is said that the Bush administration has strategically timed the Afghan elections so that he could use its success for his own gain in the US elections in November. The Bush administration, the UN and the international community have been accused of rushing the election when the country was not ready.

The election process itself has been described as chaos. Several candidates have boycotted the results of elections when on election day the ink used to mark the finger of the electors were found to be easily cleaned, giving opportunity to several hundreds of thousands of Afghans to vote more than once. The United Nations observers are now in process of investigating these claims. Those candidates that had boycotted the results are back on board the process.

Human Rights Watch has reported incidents of violence and threat of violence against the voters in areas outside Kabul. Accusations of bribery have also been made against the candidate, by non other than Abdul Hasib Aryan who was a presidency candidate that pulled out of the run just days before the elections.

Despite the problems that this election has, and with disregard to its final outcome, as an Afghan, I believe that it is very timely and positive step for Afghanistan. Afghans have spent most of their lives being oppressed by their rulers, they have been forced into exile, imprisoned, tortured, sold and ignored. This election has given them a chance to express themselves, to participate in democracy, no matter how flawed a democracy it is.

Afghanistan is recovering from decades of war therefore it is wrong to expect the election process in Afghanistan to meet high standards. This time Afghans have just voted, perhaps in a flawed election, but this can ensure that in future elections they are more aware, confident and ready to fight for their rights.



International

Not Exactly Democratic

While there can be no doubt that any attempt to hold an election in this war-torn country should be congratulated, it is too easy to assume that the election was democratic and fair. Despite recent voting controversy in the West, not everyone seems aware that elections are all too often corrupt. In this case the evidence cannot be denied and it becomes abundantly clear that these elections were certainly not carried out in a totally honest way. The debate over the ink used to distinguish those who had voted is an example of the way this election, while having the veneer of democracy, was not the real thing.

One Afghan man interviewed by the BBC told how he had met people who had registered to vote as many as six times, and said also that he had met many people who had two or three registration cards. He is not alone in reporting this phenomenon. Others complained that they, too, had seen fellow Afghans registering several votes. The solution to this problem was supposed to be a mark on the thumb with indelible ink. This quite clearly failed, and the obvi-

'One Afghan man interviewed by the BBC told how he had met people who had registered to vote as many as six times.'

ous conclusion therefore is that the election was corrupted.

However the debate is not quite so simplistic, and is not limited to events on the actual polling day. Of equal significance are the events leading up to the election. Two weeks previously the Human Rights Watch issued a warning about the intimidation and lack of political freedom in Afghanistan as a result of the private

Kara Sontokie argues that intimidation brings into question the democratic nature of Afghanistan's election.

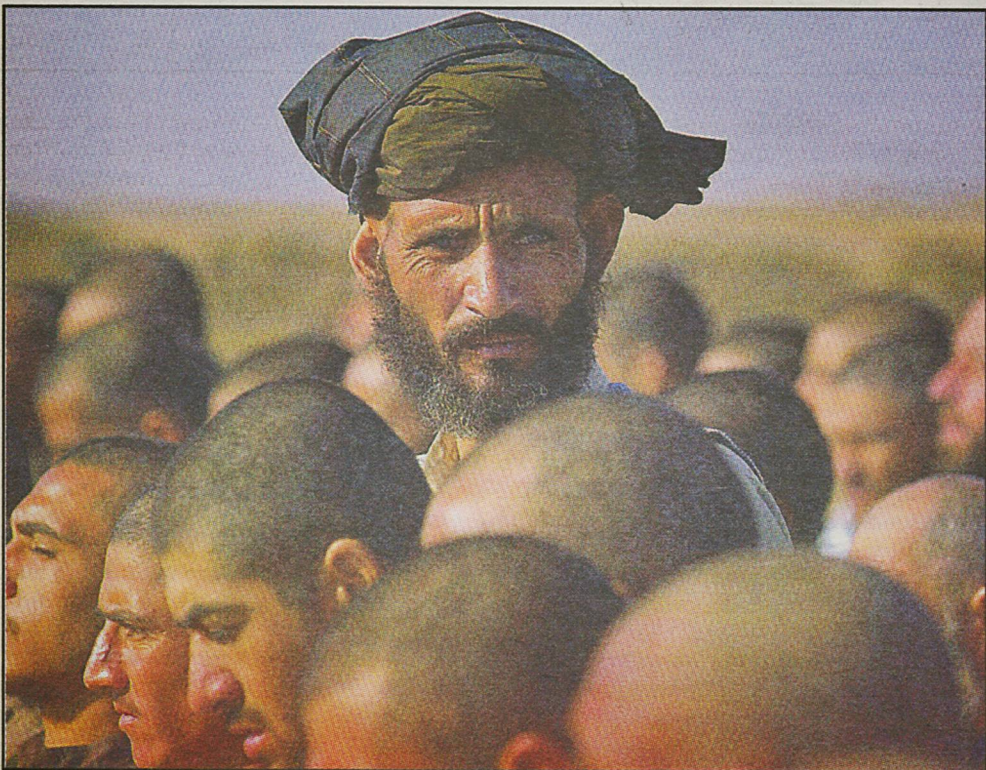
armies and militias effectively controlling the country. It was claimed that these groups scared genuine democrats to the point that they feared taking any part in politics. This essentially prevents new people entering the political sphere and keeps the agenda firmly fixed onto what best suits the militias.

John Sifton of the Human Rights Watch also pointed out that a lack of education and misunderstandings surrounding the concept of a secret ballot meant that many people were simply told how to vote, and were unlikely to question this behaviour

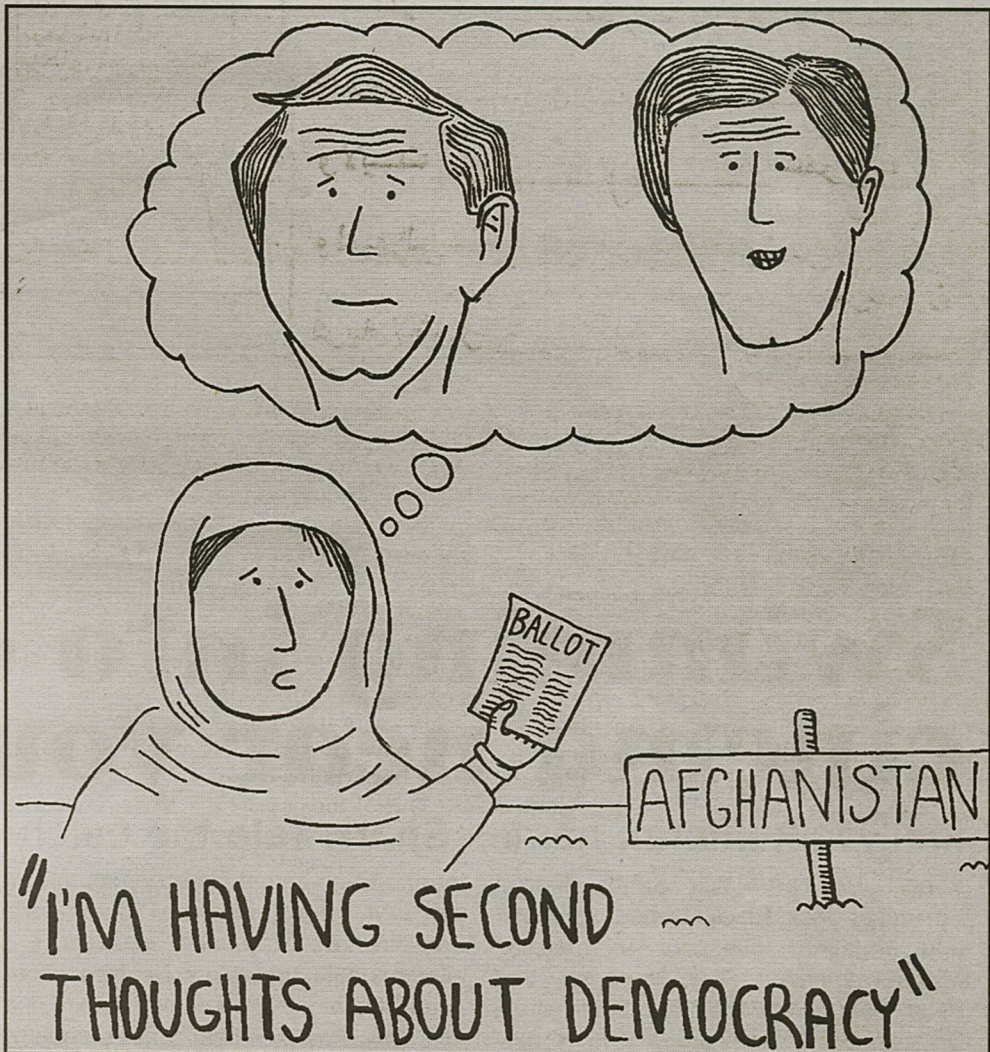
While some, such as John Sifton, lay the finger of blame onto the US and NATO forces who had "not made human rights and democratization a priority", the rea-

sons for the inherent corruption go far deeper than this. Afghanistan has been involved in wars, with all the ensuing turmoil, for so long that a smooth transition to totally democratic elections was never a realistic prospect. This country has had no practice in democracy, no pattern to rely on. For democracy to exist structures are needed and provisions must be made so that everyone can safely have their say. These do not yet exist in Afghanistan, as there has not been sufficient recovery from the events of the past.

Although it may not have been the fairest election, with widespread corruption, what is most important is that there was an election. Now maybe there will be peace, and democracy can grow from there.



Recruits for Afghanistan's new national army.



Cartoon: Jami Makan

Democracy Emerges

On 9th October 2004, the first popular election of a president occurred in Afghanistan. Amidst allegations of intimidation and corruption, some commentators assert that it was an unsuccessful attempt by the U.S. and the U.N. to bring order to this troubled region. Instead, I argue that the process was a necessary component of the complex task of embedding the fundamental essence of democratic culture in Afghanistan.

International observers concluded that the election was a success, reporting high voter turnout and wide popular satisfaction. It was an important stepping stone towards conducting local and regional parliamentary elections in April 2005. Several novel aspects of choosing a new leader were introduced to Afghanistan's political landscape- not least the registration of 10.5 million voters, of whom 41.3% were women. Broad political representa-

'The peaceful election is a tribute to the tenacity of the Afghan people.'

Hattie Lamb sees democracy emerging despite the precarious security situation in Afghanistan.

tion was reflected in the ethnic diversity of the 16 candidates- seven Pashtuns, eight Tajiks, two Uzbeks and one Hazara.

Many had feared political violence- so likely in a country recently emerging from years of oppression and war, and still deeply divided into competing factions. All this while taking the first few halting steps in the transition to a fledgling democracy. The peaceful election is a tribute to the tenacity of the Afghan people, especially considering the political violence often characterizing elections in newly emerging and some established democracies.

The election was neither perfect nor problem free. The most serious problem was the alleged 'invisible ink' which rubbed off voters' fingers. As it turns out, the ink had been improperly used, and the issue was quickly resolved by the Joint Electoral Management Body (JEMB): the U.N-Afghan body overseeing the election.

Other allegations of irregularities have not been supported by either the U.N. or international observers. Nevertheless, the JEMB has launched an enquiry, and most candidates withdrew from an attempted boycott of the election upon realizing that public opinion was broadly against such action.

Perhaps the most important lesson that one can draw from these events is that in an incipient democracy such as Afghanistan, the sporadic chaos which marked, but did not mar, the election should not be mistaken for corruption; confusion and corruption are not coterminous. If nothing else, the simple act of performing one's civic duty was for more than 10 million Afghans essential for repairing the fault lines which have long kept this country torn apart.

B:art

Edited by Carolina Bunting



Literature

A Portrait of Holly Dawson 27



Theatre

Don Juan Written in Flames 25



Swimming into a cinema near you

khalyanikumaran names **Shark Tale** the catch of the year

Robert De Niro, Will Smith, Martin Scorsese, Jack Black, Renee Zellweger and Angelina Jolie...not to mention Michael Imperioli (*The Sopranos*) and Peter Falk (Columbo) and the whole DreamWorks crew – **Shark Tale** is destined for greatness. **Smith** voices the fast-talking little fish Oscar, who thinks big but doesn't seem to land anywhere. **Jack Black's** Lenny is the cross-dressing closet vegetarian shark who is an embarrassment to his father and so runs away, and somehow the two become friends.

Angie (**Zellweger**) is the cute angelfish who has a secret crush on Oscar; Lola (**Jolie**) is the achingly beautiful gold digging femme fatale; and of course Sykes (**Scorsese**) is the puffer fish with those trademark Scorsese eyebrows, who is all about making those extra clams. In a nutshell, Oscar is the Del-boy of the underwa-

ter and when one of his schemes throws him into conflict with the "Godfather", Don Lino (**De Niro**), what unravels is a hilarious tale that sees De Niro spoof one of his most famous movie roles and Academy Award winner after Academy Award winner become enmeshed in this fabulous take on the classic mob film genre.

Yet a spoof this is not. Although it has its moments (for instance when Oscar realises his love for Angie and shouts "you had me at hello, you had me at hello"), **Shark Tale** is a witty and original film, completely incomparable to any-

thing done before. It's funky, it's fast, it's vibrant, it's colourful – elegantly done and complemented with an inspired cast, I would say it's nigh on flawless.

And never has an animated film had such a fantastic soundtrack. In fact, the soundtrack makes this entire film. A cool mix of hip hop, R&B, rap and pop give the "Reef" a contemporary urban feel and whilst some may have reservations about **Missy Elliott** and **Aguilera's** version of *Car Wash*, after you've checked out the little dance number they got going on in the film (in true DreamWorks style), I guarantee you'll be dancing your own little versions of it down Houghton

Street.

Indeed, the choreography in this film could rival that in *You Got Served*; even Smith's character Oscar walks like he's kinda dancing. And what a dance that little fish does! One of the best scenes in animation history sees Lenny and Oscar dueling each other through the Reef, and what Jenson, Bergeron and Letterman have created is a breathtaking piece of animation which gives the audience a shark's-eye view of the city.

Words will never do this scene, or this film, justice. Despite any reservations you may have about watching yet another fishy cartoon, and while your insides may scream – *rent Pulp Fiction* – I can only beg you to spend your hard earned cash, and let out your inner child, on this feel good cartoon.

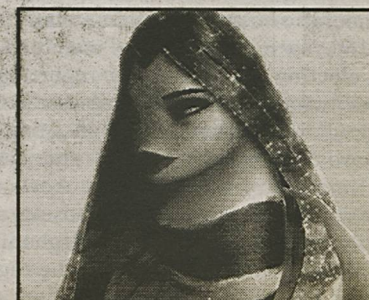
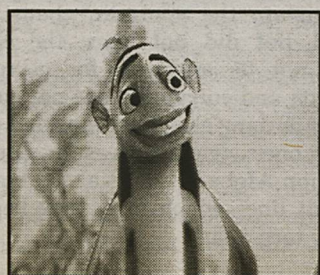
Competition!!

For your chance to win a Shark Tale t shirt and plush, all you have to do is answer this easy question!

Email
beaverfilm@yahoo.com
for a chance to win!

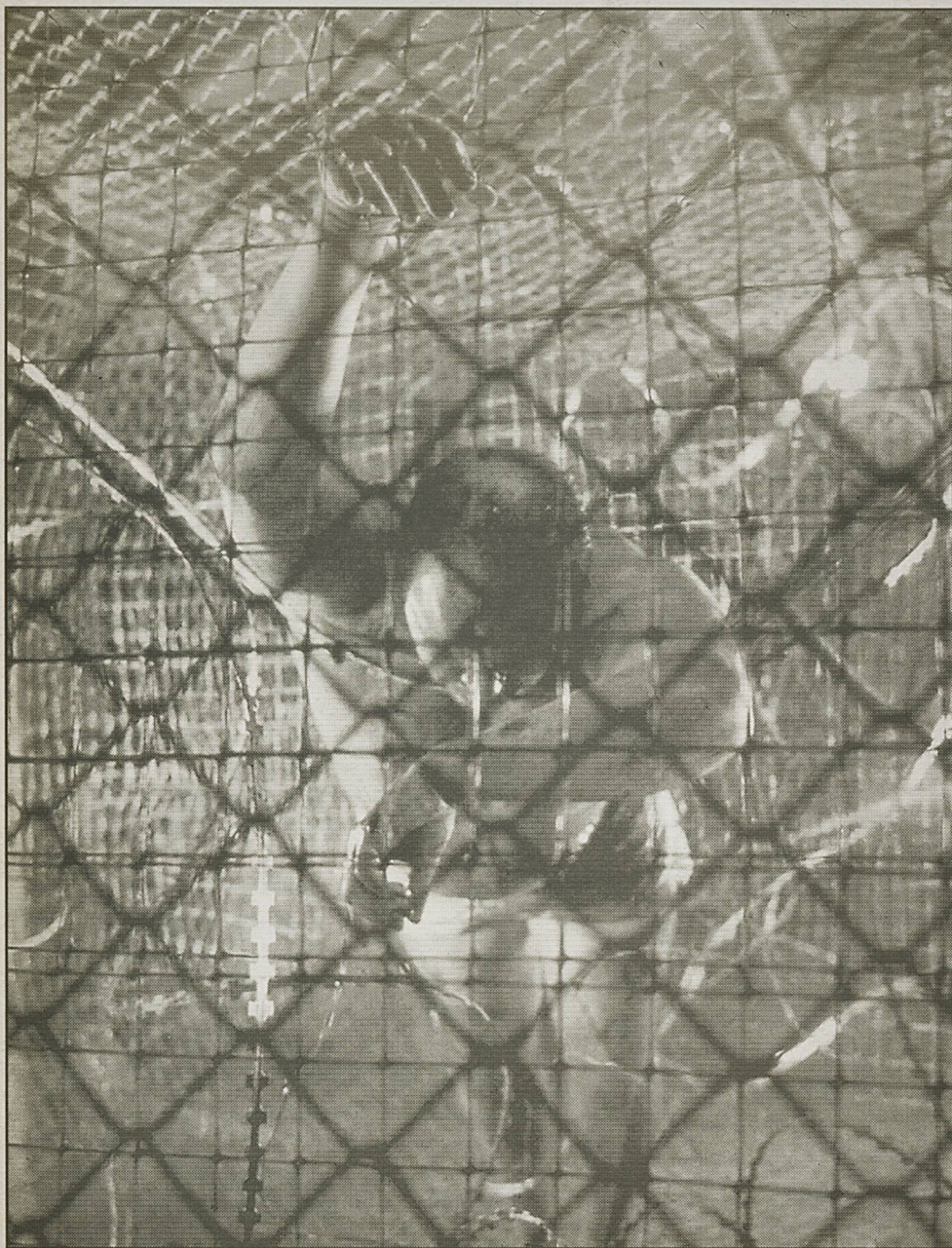
What was the 1995 Robert De Niro movie that Martin Scorsese directed?

A winner will be chosen at random and informed by email.. Get thinking!



film

edited by Dani Ismail and Sarah Coughtrie



Saw

simonessex dares to see Saw...

Director: James Wan
Starring: Leigh Whannell, Cary Elwes, Danny Glover
Certificate: 18
Running Time: 100 min
Release Date: Out Now!

To cut straight to the point, **Saw** is an original and refreshing horror movie. Its premise - people are put in potentially fatal situations by a twisted psychopath in order to appreciate their lives if they survive - is an interesting one. The psychopath in question, the 'Jigsaw' killer, is a good creation. His puppet-messenger is truly disturbing (especially if, like me, you were terrified of ventriloquists' dummies when you were younger), and there are moments in the film of real tension.

For a first film, hats must go off to the two young writers, one of whom stars in (**Leigh Whannell**) and the other who directs the film (**James Wan**). Both take on their jobs with gusto. Whannell grows into his role as the Jigsaw Killer's potential victim and definitely gets better as the movie goes on. Wan's direction is smartly paced, and he has a few clever tricks up his sleeve, inventively speeding up the action during flashbacks of Jigsaw's previous victims. This method gets used a little too often though; at one point a car chase in fast-forward becomes more like watching a

Benny Hill episode than a horror movie (or are the two interchangeable?). On the whole though, both debutants hold their own and deserve the call from Hollywood that will surely come their way.

The film could have been a superb horror picture, but it is mortally wounded by some appalling acting, and the main culprits should be ashamed: step forward **Danny Glover** (*Lethal Weapon*) and **Cary Elwes** (*Liar Liar*, *Shadow of the Vampire*). These guys have been around, yet they turn in performances at most worthy of a bad teenage drama class. Elwes is especially abysmal. His performance elicited laugh-out-loud moments from those in the audience who, like me, could not believe that this guy does this for a living. It is so unfortunate that much of the film's final act hinges on Elwes, because instead of sending us reeling and shocked from what is undoubtedly a fine twist at Saw's end, we only emerge ruefully chuckling to ourselves, wondering just how good this movie might have been if an actor with any kind of ability had replaced him.

If you like your horror sharp, twisted and dark, see Saw. Just prepare yourself to feel a little blunted by its performers.

World Cinema

Bollywood in London

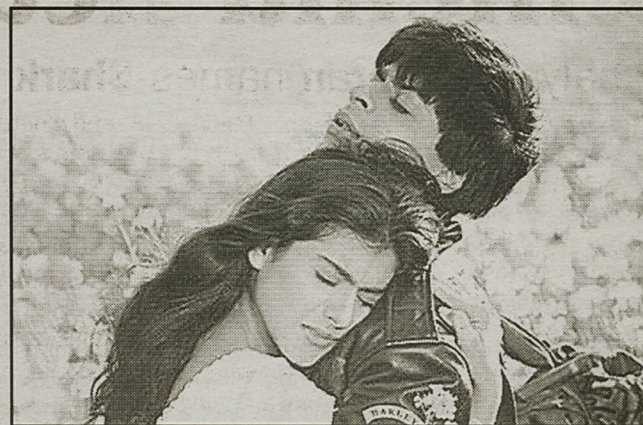
The first ever Bollywood Film Festival, **CasperMAX**, is to be held in London from 28th October - 4th November. The industry that produces the most films in the world will show 30 films, in 10 days, in one great city.

Having been forced to watch many a Bollywood film in my childhood by my enthusiastic Asian best friend, I find the singing and dancing typically associated with the genre

rather fascinating. This festival gives both fanatics and Bollywood newbies a chance to experience the cream of the crop in this showcase of the best films produced over the 109 year history of the industry.

You can catch 4 films a day at the Prince Charles Cinema just up the road from Haagen Dazs in Leicester Square, a cinema I personally approve of. (For all the freshers who might want to indulge in some cinema nookie, check out the 2-seaters in the back of the auditorium.)

Check out the website www.caspermax.com for details of the times and films being screened.



In your local cinema..

Alien vs Predator

I think that everyone will agree that the 2 franchises being forcibly bred in this film were, are and will remain, classy viewing, when viewed separately. Let's hope the inevitable gore, violence and fear factors make up for a possibly tired movie.

Alfie

Jude Law returns to our screens playing the role he plays best - that of effeminate sleaze bag with a camp voice. Does anyone notice the similarity to **Ryan Philippe**? The remake moves the original 60's London setting to New York, and 40 years forward, in this remake of a **Michael Caine** film.

Coffee And Cigarettes

A collection of 11 short films, these star studded episodes can best be described by the effects of the title - short, fulfilling, and not so good for you in large quantities.

Chaos

Nakata, director of *Ring* and *Ring 2* takes a break from the supernatural for what seems a regular thriller. Based on a kidnapping gone wrong, Chaos leaves the audience constantly in the dark till the pieces of the puzzle fall together towards the end of the movie.

In your local Blockbuster...

Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind

Jim Carrey plays it straight opposite **Kate Winslet** in this unique offering from Michael Gondry, in which lovers have their memories of each other erased, only to find their subconscious minds more powerful than they had expected...

Little Britain Series 1

Admittedly not a movie at all, but if you missed the first series of this belter of a sketch show it's well worth a rental. Dafydd, the only gay man in the village is a particular highlight, and I'm convinced Vicky Pollard went to my school.

The Day After Tomorrow

This was a good hungover afternoon movie on the big screen, but whether the special effects will translate to DVD remains to be seen. I only really watched it because **Jake Gyllenhaal** makes me giddy.

Fahrenheit 9/11

Moore is undoubtedly better with a camera than he is with a pen, as is shown by the relative quality of *Bowling for Columbine* and the atrocious *Stupid White Men*. If you missed this first time round, catch Moore pointing that camera at Bush and his wheelings and dealings in Saudi Arabia.

visual arts

edited by Caroline Bray

Mexico in monochrome

nastarantavakoli-far is haunted by Herrera's latest photography exhibition

Araceli Herrera: Mexico Through the Lens**Venue:** Oxo Tower Wharf**Cost:** Free**Open:** 11am-6pm daily**When:** 8th-24th October

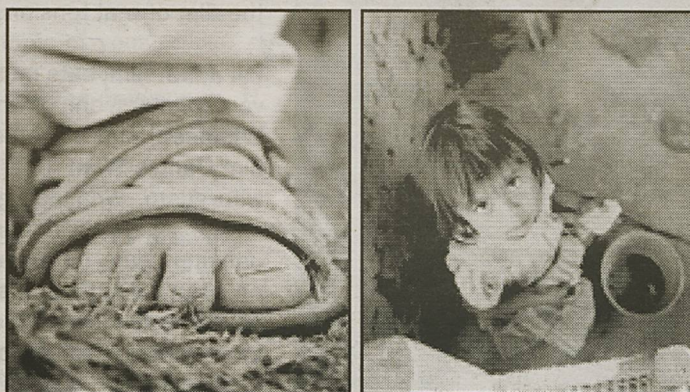
Araceli Herrera has been documenting social and political changes in Mexico for 20 years through her photographs, this being the first retrospective exhibition of her work. At the age of 15 she was sent last minute by a news agency in Mexico City to photograph the inauguration ceremony of President Miguel de la Madrid after the assigned photographer did not turn up. This was the first time she used a camera. The next day seven of her pictures were used in the national press.

Since then her work has featured in the international press frequently. Herrera's photographs instantly strike the viewer with their bold black and white tones and heavy textures. This creates a highly dramatic atmosphere as can be seen with her portrait of acclaimed Colombian writer Gabriel Garcia Marquez and the stylish shot of President Carlos Salinas de Gurtari during a passionate speech. Thick contrasting tones ink her images of theatre actors in a disturbing eerie atmosphere, made even more chilling by the actual compositions themselves.

Photographs taken at Mexico City's rubbish dump are extremely moving. One can barely make out the rocky and broken looking 'pepenadores' (rubbish collectors) from their bleak surroundings. Herrera's photographs are always moving, especially those of the indigenous Mixtecos. A joyful snap of young boys playing while holding the banner of the Virgin of Guadalupe illustrates indigenous cultures meeting those of Christianity. This is beside the distant and melancholic

Rufina in the grave landscape of a cemetery of broken wooden crosses, the home of her late mother. Especially harrowing and yet strangely beautiful is the pain of Fernando, mourning his lost baby son. A father's heavily shaded head hung sorrowfully over the divine, angelic white sheets wrapped around his delicate deceased boy. Photographs of desperation - an almost lifeless boy laying on a tree and the hungry eyes of a tiny girl exhausted - are next to images of hope, rebellion and political turmoil. Herrera finds a young boy, slingshot in hand, terrified eyes, at the foot of federal soldier clad in deep black. She captures courageous rebels adorned with rows of bullets and a young rebel boy in prayer as well as the image of missing rebel, young and fresh, being held by the blur of a relative.

Araceli Herrera always manages to find the scared and the courageous, the forgotten and the famous, the hopeless and the hopeful in her photographs. Her striking images and even more daring tones and textures further deepening the emotions of her protagonists. A moving and thought provoking exhibition, Herrera's images truly haunt.

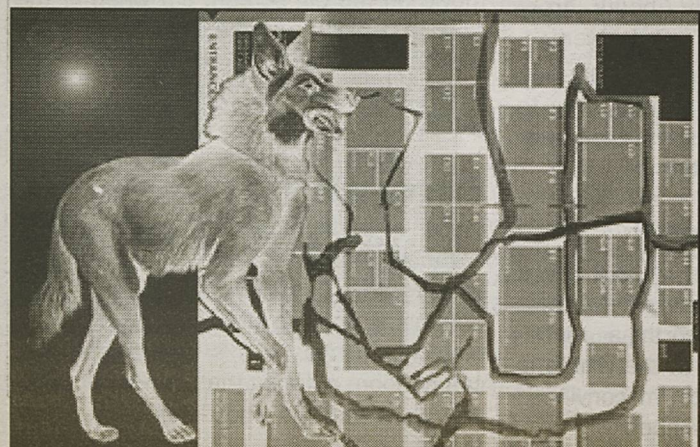


Postmodern Mayhem

robertomorris with the decadent at frieze

Over 150 contemporary art galleries from all corners of the world were present during the inauguration of the second Frieze Art Fair last Thursday in Regent's Park. The fair took place in a venue designed by architect David Adjaye which proved to be an ideal setting for the cultural encounter.

There are two dimensions that must be spoken about in order to give you an appropriate idea of what took place that evening. Socially, the Frieze Art Fair was a triumph. The place was packed with art dealers, supermodels, collectors and socialites. There was champagne for all and the aisles connecting the different gallery spaces looked more like runways than hallways. The artists could be seen wandering about the place, admiring the work of their colleagues, speaking to potential buyers and even flirtatiously "explaining themselves" to the young and beautiful. The ambience was quite unique, a



true cosmopolitan gathering that only a city like London could produce.

The actual art exhibited was a completely different aspect of the fair. No one style or genre could accurately characterize it. All the work was Contemporary Art but the styles and techniques were so varied that one never knew what to expect around the corner. One piece that was not to be missed was Do Ho Suh's *Some/One*. Suh is a Korean artist currently residing in New York and his work was brought to London by the New York based Lehan Maupin gallery. *Some/One* is a breathtaking sculpture made with steel military dog tags and takes the form of a traditional Korean gown - it sold immediately.

Another talked about artist was Martin Boyce, a Scotsman brought by the Galerie Eva Presenhuber from Zurich. Boyce presented a functional sculpture/lamp made out of halogen light bulbs - a very sought after piece. The people at the Enrique Guerrero gallery from Mexico City were particularly happy since they received a bid from Tate Modern for artist Santiago Sierra's *Firebreather*, a canvas that was brought to life by one of Mexico's many homeless street performers. However the most lively spot in the fair was undoubtedly the Kurimanzutto gallery where a British stripper frolicked around their premises drawing quite a large male crowd. I wonder if it was the art they were looking at?

Even though the crowd was generally pleased with the fair I must report that on numerous occasions I heard the words "it's so expensive" mumbled out of a collector's mouth. One could only imagine how much the galleries could be charging for these pieces if these words came out of a woman drenched in a mink coat and wearing diamonds the size of ice cubes. It was a terrific experience of spectacular masterpieces hidden among postmodern mayhem.

Next art fair: Affordable Art Fair, Battersea Park, London. Thurs 21 - Sun 24 Oct 2004 www.affordableartfair.co.uk



Weekly Wander

Never before has a painting baffled me for so long. As I walked down the steps of the British Library to see Patrick Hughes's *Paradoxymoron* (1996) my jaw nearly hit the floor. I approached the solitary canvas and it simply moved. Yes, that is correct, a stationary, inanimate, inert painting actually moved! At this point you may think that I am lapsing into some state of 'oh no, it's back to class and I have to study again' delirium but fear not, I shall explain.

Hughes specialises in three dimensional relief paintings and has done so since he first stumbled across his discovery in 1964. Such a piece consists of numerous truncated pyramids and prisms, the smaller faces being closer to the viewer. A realistic scene such as corridors, skyscrapers or bookshelves is then painted onto this base. The effect is mind boggling. As you walk past one of his paintings an optical illusion is created which makes the painting appear to loom out towards you, creating a disorientating moving experience.

These paintings are referred to by Hughes as 'reverse-perspective' and allow us to be involved in the paradox presented in an attempt to elucidate our relationship with reality. The image we are confronted with challenges our eyes and brain by questioning the preconceived assumptions we have about perception. The viewer is left with an awe-inspiring illusion which will leave one gazing for hours on end...

For a sample of the work in motion visit <http://www.patrickhughes.co.uk/about.htm> This is Hughes's *Rolling Dice* piece and is a computer generated example of how his paintings work. However don't simply think this gives you the full effect. The computer version is merely a sample of the illusory splendours a Patrick Hughes has to offer. The British Library is close to university so whilst you're wandering around this weekend make sure you pay a visit. Or if you're ever on your way to or from a train journey at King's Cross St Pancras then take a little extra time for a visual feast...



music

edited by Matt Boys and Ben Howarth

Adam Green

neshwaboukhari talks to NYC's premier anti-folk hero

I talked moldy peaches and lime disease to Adam Green...

In an act of spontaneity, we buy some strawberries to present to the one time Moldy Peaches member, Adam Green. At the tender age of 19 he and his sidekick of charm and whimsy, Kimya Dawson kicked the shit out of fame before stealing its wallet, only to find an expired condom and a £20 note that they couldn't even spend in their hometown of New York. Now 23, but still tender, Green has come a long way from the Peter Pan getup, which he told us was really something he actually did on a daily basis rather than a vain attempt to scale the dizzying heights of dressing box chic. "The whole costume thing came about pretty naturally cos we like to dress up, and I've always liked to dress up and a lot of people don't realise that. Like during that period we were wearing them all the time."

Today when he joins us, garb of choice is very much civilian, "when I started doing solo stuff I just started wearing whatever I was wearing that day, you know just put a shirt on so I look presentable".

Tonight, at his live show, the stage is replete with the frivolities of Weimar-era cabaret, complete with Las Vegas paraphernalia. When he finally comes on stage at midnight with a bag 'o' 'shrooms, excusing himself with an "I'm doing this for you guys" before taking a wee stumble, we know we're in for a ball (though speculation still mounts as to whether they were more supermarket mushrooms rather than of the Camden variety).



Adam Green, mushrooms not pictured.

During the interview Adam asked if we would like to request any songs for tonight's show and to our delight he obliged. Incidentally our requests of "Blue Birds" and "Dance With Me" were some of the better songs of the set, along with his newly reworked version of "Crack House Blues2" which now has a greater focus on the rhythmic sensibilities of the song.

Anyone who's heard his solo stuff prior to his latest offering would have noticed a great stylistic departure from the charmingly bedroom-esque-DIY-folk quality of his work in the guise of the Moldy Peaches. Strikingly the type of departure is evident of the budget needed to realise his vision, it is swamped in strings and all the production wonders of studio glee. This aside, Adam lets us down gently when he tells us that he's laying this direction to rest for the time being, now that he has settled and bonded with his live band who he has been touring with for the last year and a half, a length of time which is very much evident in their live performance which is tight with a greater focus on engaging the audience rhythmically.

Adam Green is renowned for a lyrical style which masterfully verges on the risqué to the excitingly lewd, often brining out the Mary Whitehouse out of even the most liberal of folk, so you can imagine our marvel when he confesses to adhering to the criterion that when he writes a song he "has to feel comfortable with performing it and not feel embarrassed." So folks, let that be something to muse over when you next cringe embarrassingly while listening to one of his reck'ds with yer parents.

lukhimailinbank gives us the lowdown on LSE's own radio station...

Welcome to a new era in Pulse fm history. Pulse has returned with a new logo and a list of great radio shows to please everyone in LSE. This year Philip Bahoshy and the Pulse team are organising Pulse on slightly different lines with shows organised categorically. Whether you want to wake up to some easy listening to sooth away that painful hangover or find out what's happening in the news and sport, Pulse has something to offer all of you. Pulse fm's shows include the Heart Of PuLSE from 12:30 to 14:00 (daily) where you'll be able to listen to all the latest music,

Gossip Gospel aimed at both humouring and exposing LSE students and even a World specialities show at 18:00 featuring Bhangra beats, Arabic tunes and hardcore R'n'B. Remember: you can listen to Pulse anywhere and everywhere, just log onto www.Pulsefm.co.uk. So whether you're in the Quad, where they'll be playing live from 10-7, in the library, with your headphones or even in halls, there's no excuse not to listen to Pulse fm! (Full schedule of shows and dj's coming next week)

PuLSE Daily Schedule

Type:	Time
Rise and Shine	10:00
Morning Mix	11:00
PuLSE: News	12:00
PuLSE: Sport	12:15
Heart of PuLSE	12:30
DJ Spins	14:00
Afternoon Nuisance	15:00
Gossip Gospel	16:00
Challenging Chat	17:00
World Specialities	18:00



The Golden Virgins

benhowarth writes the new music manifesto

A disease is sweeping our fair nation. A disease of sycophancy, and false worship. This disease has a name, it is known as The Libertines. Mediocre performances and songs have been built into legend by a music press deprived of the cool-yet-naughty headline-makers of the 1990s (Liam, Noel, et al.). Drug addiction has been revered, crime celebrated, creativity stifled. This disease needs a cure. The Golden Virgins might not be the bullet in the heart/hammer on the head style cure; they instead offer a more herbal remedy. They propose a future created not on style or infamy, instead concentrating on the core qualities of great song writing, provocative lyrics and impassioned live performances.

Tonight the Golden Virgins arrived in their usual matching suits; strutting, sweating and joking. For the uninitiated, the Golden Virgins are the coolest, hairiest band from

Sunderland. They have old man chic, killer riffs and one Afro. They sing songs of failed love, ensuing break-ups, jealousy, alcoholism, and apparitions of Jesus. Passion poured out of them, quite literally in the form of a puddle of sweat underneath singer Lucas Renney's feet. Renney proved himself to be an enigmatic frontman, singing, writhing, strutting and even finding time to indulge in 'yer mam' jokes with the crowd.

The real trick of this band was to switch from insular, reflective and pain-soaked songs to upbeat, rock-heavy songs with no noticeable 'numbing down' effect at all. The harder the Golden Virgins rocked the more the crowd loved them. It was a love not dependent on impending court cases, homoerotic relationships between band-mates or the dream of being photographed for the NME. Let this be a shot in the arm to the opposition.



The Classical Selection

nishathyder reviews the lunchtime series in the Shaw library

Believe it or not, but despite the long-standing, and possibly deserving reputation, we at the LSE are not all complete and utter philistines...Wander up to the Shaw Library one Thursday lunchtime and you will be pleasantly surprised to hear – no, not the usual symphony of gentle snoring – but some of the world's leading professional and amateur classical musicians in performance.

Last Thursday featured the renowned cellist Beate Altenburg, accompanied by Annika Palm-Doumenge. The concert opened with Luigi Boccherini's Sonata L'Imperatrice in A major, a little gem from Baroque cello repertoire. Typically Baroque, the opening and closing Allegro movements are of a lively and virtuosic style, in contrast with the more lyrical, dul-

cet Largo in between. Altenburg's delivery was precise and polished as always and her intonation, particularly in the double-stopping passages, flawless. It is only a pity the accompaniment could not have been played on a harpsichord: no matter how light and quick the players touch, a pianoforte can never do a baroque piece full justice, and for this reason the accompaniment though well balanced, lacked momentum.

Schumann's Adagio and Allegro in A-flat major was a perfect choice for the instrumentation, and for me by far the highlight of the concert. The score (intended for the horn, but also played on violin and cello) allows a glimpse into the drama and passion of the Romantic era. After hearing Altenburg's performance, it is

hard to imagine this played on any instrument other than the cello. Romantic music is definitely Altenburg's forte: her tone has that gorgeous warm, rich quality. This piece was wonderfully articulated and both players made full use of their dynamic range (although the Shaw Library acoustics aren't the most flattering I've come across). It was sensitive, expressive and dramatic all in one, without lapsing into cheesy, affected rubato so easy to do in this type of music.

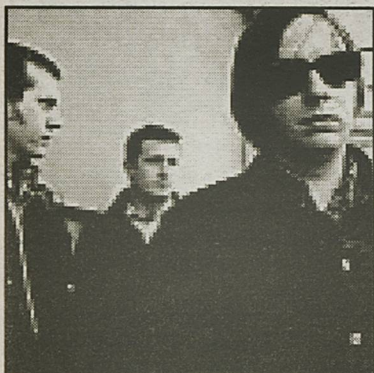
After two beautiful performances, imagine my horror when I discovered that the concert closed with Brahms's Sonata in F major. Now, I am no Brahms fan at the best of times, but Brahms for cello? It was far too bizarre! Even despite my distaste for Brahms, the line-up seemed so

odd and imbalanced: if Romantic music was the order of the day, why not go for the ultimate Romantic cello music and play Elgar? Or balance the concert with something from the Classical period? While the Sonata is not itself particularly guilty of poor orchestration or dry melodies, had it not been for Altenburg and Palm-Doumenge's graceful execution and animation of the piece, the concert may well have ended on a rather dull and tedious note.

On the whole, and notwithstanding the Brahms Sonata, this was a charming concert which showed off both musicians' talent, as individual players and as a duet, without being too heavy and over the top.

The Clientele

matthewhinds reviews the London four-piece



The tiny Troubadour Club was supposed to be packed for Arco, who were ready to launch their brand new album, *Restraint*. Everyone was happy to see Arco. Their hushed, yet powerful set complemented the sedate Sunday evening before the

storm of another week's beginning. But as I sat down at my table, peered around the club, and spoke to people around me, it became apparently clear that most people, including myself, were at the show to see the sensational Clientele, who had agreed to help out Arco to open the show.

The Clientele looked a bit worn out and tired, but it seemed like the weary crowd was also coming down from

their assorted weekend hangovers. The Finsbury Park band was formed in the late 90's and surprisingly found itself being hailed by American Indie legends Superchunk, who quickly signed the band to their Merge Records label. The Clientele has released numerous EP's and two critically acclaimed albums, *Suburban Light* and *The Violet Hour*. Once the band got on stage, it was clear that the music awakened everyone's spirits.

With the first notes of MacLean's guitar, the Clientele, were on their way creating an evening of their trademark dreamy soundscapes that conjure many varied influences, from classic 60s Hollies to Ocean Beach era Red House Painters.

Taking advantage of the low key gig, the Clientele's set list bounced between their first album, *Suburban Light* to new material that had not been performed live. What was most striking about the band's set was the performance of the vocalist/guitarist Alasdair MacLean. Adorned in a classic Scottish Football jersey, MacLean is a fearless performer, whose reverb voice is not scared to test the

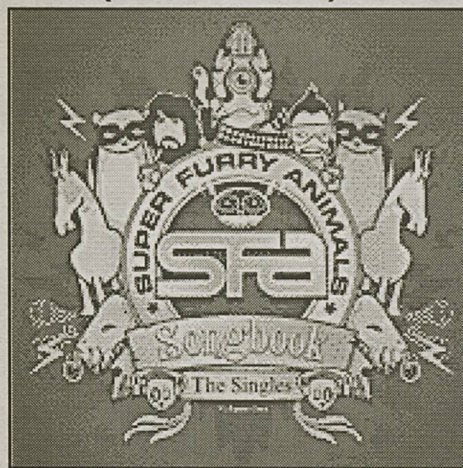
limits of a seemingly impossible falsetto, while his resonating guitar work may be some of the most inventive playing on the overall Indie music scene.

It may be ridiculous describing a band's sound as pastoral; not that the Clientele sound anything like English folk troubadours, Fairport Convention, but there is a timeless antiquity to their music that conjures images of idyllic lazy afternoons in Regent's Park that may not have even existed. Its that indefinable nostalgic quality that would probably make the Clientele the favourite band of those romantic hipsters, Keats, Shelley, and Wordsworth.

What a shame for Arco to be over-shadowed by the Clientele on their big night, but after witnessing the Clientele's superb performance, no one seemed to really mind, including Arco

ALBUMS

The Super Furry Animals: Songbook, The Singles (Volume One)



Dogs are great, not very furry though. They are dependable, predictably insane, smelly, and like to use their tongues. The Super Furry Animals are a dog-type band. If you throw them a stick they will bring it back, albeit perhaps a foreign more exotic stick or even painted in a different colour. Equally they can be relied upon to produce an album that does not disappoint; instead they innovate, develop and change people's perceptions of what is possible. Recent albums have taken on an almost concept-type production style, each song somehow relating to, and making sense of the one which precedes it. This fact makes it even more surprising that this greatest hits album works so well.

The very issue of a greatest hits album does seem somewhat spurious consider-

ing the number of times this band have threatened the top ten singles chart (it is however pleasingly subtitled 'Volume One'). Each track on this album does have a classic song feel to it though. They are hit songs, they were just not hits.

This collection only goes to reinforce the paradoxical nature of the SFA. They have glorious summery pop songs (Northern Lites, Do or Die, Golden Retriever), disco stomps (Juxtapozed With U), love songs (Fire in my heart) and even Welsh anthems (Ysbeidiau Heulog, Blerwytirhwng). Few bands combine so many different styles and influences the way SFA do and still create such an exciting, and crucially, listenable result. Buy this album for 21 great, great, songs; an essential introduction to good music.

(benhowarth)

The Soundtrack of Our Lives: Origin 1

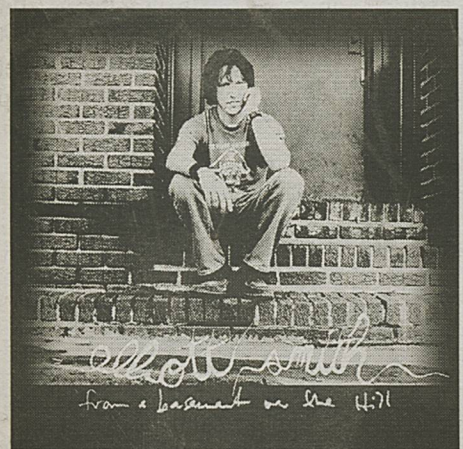


Swedish rock sextet The Soundtrack of Our Lives return this October with their fourth album, Origin 1, the follow-up to 2002's Behind the Music. Less raucous and more musically complex than their countrymen The Hives, TSOOL are hard to place in any genre despite not doing anything radically new. Influenced by bands as diverse as The Doors, Pink Floyd and Love and liberal in their attitude to creating great rock music, the results of TSOOL's eclecticism are diverse. Mother One Track Mind recalls early Foo Fighters and suggests a younger, less experienced guitar-centred band; while Midnight Children (Enfants De La Nuit) could be mistaken for The Beta Band with Lou Reed providing

vocals. As a whole, the album sounds similar in places to Super Furry Animals or Gorky's Zygotik Myncci: like these two bands TSOOL defy genre and simply choose what styles, conventions and clichés they will adopt on a song-by-song basis. Consequently they always sound familiar but are impossible to place exactly; and while they don't match the originality of some of the other bands mentioned here they succeed in putting a new spin on everything they do. TSOOL keep the musical twists coming at such a rate that minor deficiencies such as occasionally weak lyrics or dodgy rhymes don't detract from the excellence of the whole product.

(aedanlake)

Elliott Smith: From A Basement On The Hill

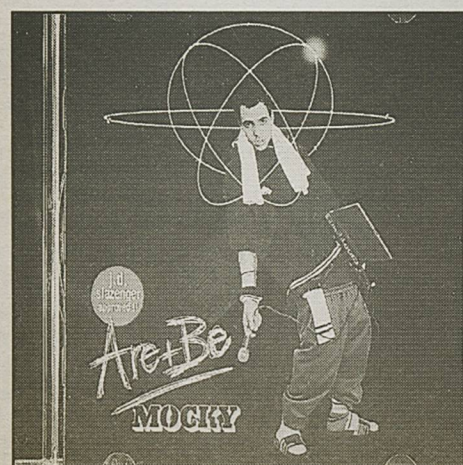


Posthumous releases feel wrong. It's the last card to play in the marketing game and it's always a trump. You can't loose if your dead already, but, just because Smith is dead, doesn't mean he deserves to win. He's akin to Nick Drake in some songs (Let's Get Lost) in the contradictions that run through his style. His delivery is deadpan and thin, yet intense and passionate, and there is a sweet, beautiful softness at the same time as hitting us with gloomy depression. Other tracks (Coast to Coast) resonate with an overwhelming business of noise. This ensures that he manages some sort of variation within the album although the stories of wretchedness, wasted opportunity, drug addiction and

alcoholism become repetitive. I began listening to this album with a joyful heart and a naive Wonder-like sway but, by track 5, I started sighing and staring into space. Basement is a weird, haunting combination of noise, as it was written, performed, produced and recorded by Smith alone, and sounding similar to the Beatles, notably Lennon. I appreciate Smith's work, but find it difficult to absorb myself in what he's trying to achieve, it honestly gave me nightmares and I'm too scared to listen to it again. However, old Celine should never have beaten him to the Oscar in 1998, for that truly shit song gives me nightmares of a more worrisome variety.

(sianbeynon)

Mocky: Are+Be



Who could have known the influence hip-hop would have on young men in their bedrooms and their computers back in the early eighties? At that point the future was all beat boxes and body popping on the streets of New York. Never in a million years could the early pioneers have predicted the heavy output of breaks produced today by shy boys with too much time on their hands and not enough clean socks.

Mocky is the latest of this slightly anxious crowd to craft his beats to the light of a laptop. Looking like Colin Murray after a particularly bad night out, perhaps its no surprise he's spent so much time locked away cutting tunes. To his credit, he also possesses a tongue placed firmly inside his cheek as seen on 'Mickey

Mouse Motherfuckas' and 'Seeing Things' - I see Will Smith for President in 2024/I see clones taking over like they did before/I know dogs ruled humans for the last ten milleniums (sic). None of this is going to make your sides split, but at least it's served up with a healthy dose of irony.

Mocky's stripped down style of funky beats works best when he pushes the tempo on 'Your Mockin' Me'. Unfortunately - like so many fallen bedroom musicians before him - he trips up when he attempts to sing a slower number with the unseemly 'Ready to Go'. We can't all be Mike Skinner - Mocky can't be because he lacks the versatility.

(sianbeynon)

SINGLES

The Rasmus: First Day of my Life

Though opening promisingly with a half descent riff section the "First Day of my Life" will soon bore the listener, even to tears. Whining vocals, predictable lyrics and an overproduced distorted guitar sound end up making the band sound like a cheap man's Linkin Park. Worse still XFM dig this kind of brainless tripe and will be flogging it to death on the airwaves.

(tomgrieder)

Good Charlotte: Predictable

Not entirely. A string section? A wee 'tinkly' guitar riff? A shouty heart-purge? A despair edged lyric? Still annoyingly catchy but the increase in black clothing seems to have bled through for this is pop punk inked dark. I am actually (whisper it) rather fond of this (and its Tim Burton-esque video) . . .

(nastarantavakoli-far)

The Boxer Rebellion: Code Red

Leaden sprawl that would not sound out of place in 1995 (obvious Poptones-Alan McGee-Oasis connection anyone?). Threatens to boil over into something worthwhile but never quite manages it. A chorus lyric that consists of 'Code Red/Code Red/Yeeeah/Yeeeah' pretty much sums up the level of imagination on display.

(lawrencekavanagh)

The Datsuns: Girls Best Friend

NZ's finest return with one of the weaker tracks from this years John Paul Jones produced LP, 'Outta Sight, Outta Mind'. The typically ostentation attitude is maintained plus the sound is aptly grungy and purposely underproduced. However, their archetypal speed and intensity is lacking. Not groundbreaking but, with the Datsuns, it's all about the live show.

(samfoot)

BabyShambles: Killamangiro

The second single from Pete Doherty's new outfit is somehow lacking. There is nothing wrong with the music, which hangs together well, except that it comes off sounding like filler from a Libertines album. Similarly, the lyrics are bland - unspectacular but inoffensive - until the couplet "and I killed a man for his giro today/he wasn't very gay", which suggests someone not so much desperate for money as for ideas.

(aedanlake)

Kings Of Leon: The Bucket

The hirsute heroes' latest does its best to support the current theorem that to sell records you must mimic the Strokes in all that you do. Jangly guitars and a laggard, irregular drum-beat attempt to support three minutes of b-side worthy drone. A dangerously off-form single, leaving one wondering if overlooking the band's questionable gene pool when buying their first LP was the right decision after all...

(samfoot)

about

edited by Joanne Lancaster

The Greatest City in the World... Probably

London according to joannelancaster



Shakespeare's Globe Theatre, Bankside

Welcome to London, in my humble opinion, the best city in the world! It cannot be denied, though, that the capital can seem a huge, sprawling, intimidating mess to someone who has only spent, say, half a century living in it. This week **About** will attempt to give you some ideas of starting places to see London- and not just the tourist traps...

Speaker's Corner in Hyde Park has been around for 150 years and has had visitors from Lenin to George Orwell. On Sunday mornings, provided the weather is reasonable, you're guaranteed a number of eccentrics as well as the usual anti-Blair and Bush speakers. Be brave and join in a debate, or, if you've got something to get off your chest, speak yourself!

Get to know the capital the real way! Watch a football match and see some local colour. To catch some of the world's superstars go without luxuries for a month (say food) and book up for Arsenal or Chelsea. You can book through the same kind of agencies that offer theatre tickets, probably the only way to see Arsenal, but tickets cost over £100. Easier, cheaper, and arguably a better experience would be to see one of the lower division teams. If mob violence isn't your thing though, try to avoid Millwall.

If your taste runs more to the men with funny shaped balls there are four Premiership rugby clubs which claim to be in London (though London Irish in Reading may be pushing it a bit) where you can get the big names at reasonable prices. It's even possible to turn up on the day for tickets, though not always advisable.

You may want to see the workings of a great democracy. Well the best we can offer is the House of Commons. The Stranger's Gallery is open when Parliament sits so you can watch two backbenchers snooze while a third gets heated over the closure of Post Offices in East Anglia. To see a more heated debate the first hour of every day is Question Time- on Wednesdays Prime Minister's Questions- for which you need to contact your MP about tickets.

Platform is a club night in Brixton which aims to promote new talent and October 23rd is their first birthday. They're celebrating with free entry until 9PM. At the other end of the clubbing spectrum, it may be the cheesiest experience ever but School Disco at the Hammersmith Palais is cheerful if

not necessarily cheap. Tickets are £13.50 and should be booked in advance if you want to be guaranteed entry.

The permanent exhibition and tour of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre is fascinating if you're interested in history, drama and theatre or Shakespeare in general. At £7 for students it's pricy but worth it, but on the 27th and 28th of November there will be a special Islamic souk with free entry to the permanent exhibition.

It's also interesting to visit the Old Bailey (Central Criminal Court) to watch the proceedings, if only to learn that yes, it is EXACTLY how it looks on TV. Take note though: if you take any sort of bag you will have to pay the Estate Agents across the road to look after it for you.

If there's one thing London does well, it's markets. From Borough Market for organic food (Fridays and Saturdays), through Columbia Road for flowers (Sundays) and Petticoat Lane for clothes all the way to Roman Road to see what fell off the back of the lorry this week (think the market on Eastenders but BIGGER). For the biggest and best head east and enjoy.

It's easy to be put off by the queues outside Madame Tussauds, but don't be. The old trick is to go to the Planetarium and buy a combined ticket. Current exhibitions include Beyonce, Kylie and Madonna in Divas, Spiderman and serial killers.

Having come to London it would be a pity to waste the opportunity by spending all your time in the library- go out, have fun and enjoy!

London
Landmarks #1

The London Eye

If you find yourself twiddling your thumbs on Houghton Street, realising you actually don't know a thing about London, check out the following suggestion:

Opening Times: 10am-8pm
(September- December)

Cost of Entry: £9 for a basic flight (student concession- not valid at weekends), extras include the River Cruise Experience for £17.00. Book online for a 10% discount

Location: On the South Bank, come out of Westminster tube and you can't miss it!

Why Visit: The views are amazing, whether you choose a daylight trip to see the sights or an evening flight when the capital is all lit up. The experience and the buzz that goes with it is hard to describe

On the Downside: The price is steep, even with the student discount. The queues are always long and thrillseekers beware! You're hardly even aware that it's moving!

More information/ Booking:
www.ba-londoneye.com



The London eye on a good day

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j.k.lancaster@lse.ac.uk

theatre

edited by Carolina Bunting and Keith Postler



Written in Flames

nastarantavakoli-far enjoys that uneasy feeling

Play: Don Juan
Writer: Moliere
Venue: Lyric Hammersmith
Dates and times: Mon-Sat 19:30.
Wed Mat. 13:30 Sat Mats 14:30.
Ends: 30 October 2004

As soon as I found out that Neil Bartlett's final production as artistic director of the Lyric Hammersmith is of the Moliere classic Don Juan, I was extremely excited. However, upon seeing the play's poster: a seductive muscular male torso with Don Juan written in flames next to the line: 'provocative new staging of a real classic'; I was rather worried as a Moliere fan. What had Bartlett done?

This production is modern. It is different. And I suppose it is provocative. Bartlett has set this 17th century play in a fin-de-siecle hotel of deep scarlet. In doing so we are instantly thrust into an uneasy atmosphere, hotels being both decadent and (as a home away from home) a place where one does not truly belong. Don Juan is not a young seducer, but a middle aged expert in the art of lechery. A trapped man, he constantly defends and promotes his hedonistic nihilism. However, he still appears helpless and hopeless. His valet, Sganarelle (played by Paul Ritter), frequently engages with the audience and the hotel staff – on whom Don Juan tests his 'charms' – thereby enhancing the impression of Don Juan's isolation. There is an urgent feeling that time is rapidly running out on him. In fact, the element of comedy quickly evaporates. Only the dark core of this play - Don Juan's obvious tragic fate - remains.

I admit to feeling rather peculiar when this play finished. Unsure as to whether I was impressed by Bartlett's production or disappointed. More drama than comedy, I

left feeling uneasy, confused and even, in a weird way, empty. However, these are the very strengths of this production.

Moliere wrote Don Juan in 1664 directly after Tartuffe - his comedy attacking religious hypocrisy - which caused enormous controversy and was banned by the King after pressure from religious groups. Without a play for his company to perform, Moliere responded by writing Don Juan. Despite being a comedy, ok black comedy, this is an incredibly serious play. It questions the benefits of self-interested acts and disregard for society, spirituality and humanity. This play is a stinging commentary on pride, immorality, self-interest and nihilism.

Bartlett has managed to capture the horror and despair of Moliere's masterpiece extraordinarily well and has made the audience feel the very emptiness, confusion and deep sense of doom which Moliere seems to have shown Don Juan being plagued by.

Not an easy play to watch, not a very funny play to watch, but a provocative production, elegantly staged and pungently executed. Highly recommended for all of you after a play that inspires passion and discussion.

The kind of Don you'd want to meet...

keithpostler reveals the limitations of modern adaptations

Opera : Don Giovanni (composed & premiered 1787)
Composer: Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Venue: ENO
Dates: 20, 22, 27, 29 Oct. 2, 5 Nov
Ends: 5 November 2004
Curtain Time: 19:00
Running Time: 3'; 20" interval

You know of the continuing top-notch production and performance of Mozart's Così fan tutte at the RoH, dears, from last week's issue of *the Beaver*. Unfortunately the English National Opera's (ENO) pro-

duction of Don Giovanni does not match that of the RoH's Così. Why?

The ENO's production suffers from the clash of its modern staging and setting of the fast movers and partygoers and the libretto itself. This happens at least two glaring times: see if you can spot this. Così fan tutte has a universal theme independent of time and age; Don Giovanni does not. So Così fan tutte tolerates an updating to modern settings and stagings; Don Giovanni does not. Nowadays one cannot make credible the power (of the nobility) that the character Don Giovanni has. Only politicians with despotic powers and gangland criminal bosses could come close to his power. Yet this production does not cast him in these terms. It shows him rather as driven by violence—a view that Mozart does not support, however much a modern audience relates to violence.

This production raises the question of

whether to make the opera understandable in modern terms and sacrifice Mozart's original meaning or preserve the integrity of Mozart's work and sacrifice its accessibility to all but the opera cognoscenti. A perennial problem and debate. This production fails not because of its modernization in itself but because the modernization is not credible enough: a political or gangland setting might have saved the production. Besides a university teacher, Don also denotes a Mafia boss: the director overlooked the obvious possibilities in the name of the opera itself.

The staging is colorful and creative, however mismatched with an authentic concept of the original. The production has pace and drive; one's interest does not flag—it is vibrant. The singers perform beautifully if not always clearly: too much vibrato obscures the text at times. Although modern, its modernity does not serve to show off the director.

The tale of Don Juan has a venerable history in Western literature and music; it holds a dominant place in Western culture. Mozart remains the best purveyor of Don Giovanni: Molière before and Byron, Balzac, and Bernard (Shaw) after have all tried their hand—although Harold Pinter has not. It's the most powerful of Mozart's operas and among his top four. For that reason alone the overseas student has every reason to attend, besides checking out one of London's noteworthy venues, the rehabilitated London Coliseum just off Trafalgar Square.

The critics have undeservedly panned the production as too rude and crude. They have missed the point in their criticism. If it fails the failure lies in its adaptation to modernity not in its depiction of debauchery. London has put it on ever since 1817 at Covent Garden.

literature

edited by Ion Martea

New Discoveries

Visits from the Drowned Girl

by Steven Sherrill

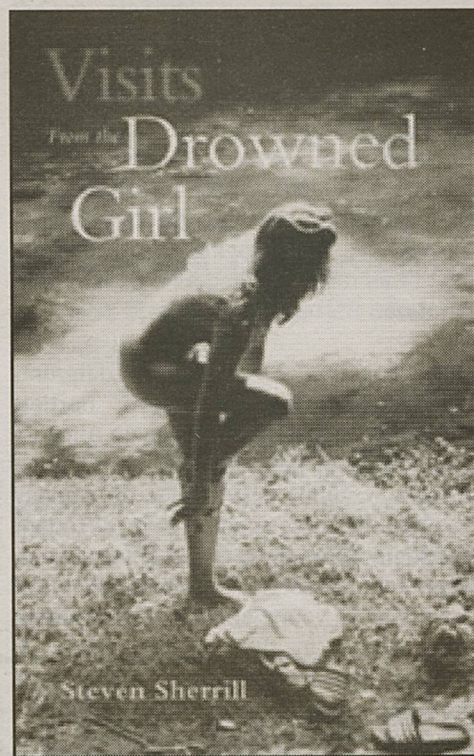
ionmarteia in search for a new Lebowski

"Benny Poteat has seen a lot of THINGS. Benny PO-teat has seen a lot of things. Benny Poteat has seen a LOT of things. Almost NOTHING would surprise him. Almost nothing would SURPRISE him. ALMOST."

This is the opening of Sherrill's second novel, following his successful debut with *The Minotaur Takes a Cigarette Break*. The stress on emphasis culminates with the next line in the book: "Emphasis is negotiable, and emphasis is everything". And *Visits from the Drowned Girl* does make us consider the issue with seriousness. Assessing the quality of the text depends ultimately on what we perceive it to be: a social drama, a private tragedy, a hilariously dark comedy or even a terrifying piece of horror. Sherrill has a LOT of things to say, and yet each of us are left with one single feeling of confusion concerning the integrity of our identity at the end of it all.

Who is Benny Poteat? Apparently, a tower-climber living in a fictitious town in North Carolina. What does he do? Climbs towers and lets the world float under his gaze. Nothing, No-Thing can destabilise his tower of worldly common knowledge, not EVEN death. And, one cold morning a girl approaches a river, takes off her clothes, and walks slowly into it, deter-

mined to win the battle with life. Benny does what he does best. He watches. From the top of his tower he sees her being swallowed by water. No witnesses,



no story left behind, just a bag of video tapes, the secret of the girl's death. It is this secret that becomes Benny's single reason for existence. The knowledge of

Publisher: Canongate Books
Release Date: 31 May 2004
List Price: £10.99
Paperback 256 pp.

death, empowers him with the manipulation of future. What follows is but a slow decomposition of the past of the girl who walked into the river, a girl who decided to film her own disappearance, leaving the first visitor to restart a life in search for the meaning of her suicide.

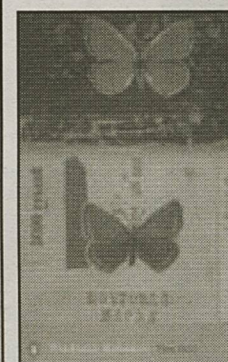
Sherrill is not your usual thriller author, but a poet of the word, who manages to create surprisingly rounded characters for a modern writer. *Visits from the Drowned Girl* has a most unique style, combining successfully the elegance of Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* with the wackiness and wit of the Coen brothers' *Big Lebowski*. In Benny Poteat we find a simple character, whom we first approach with indifference, then we slowly fall in love with, and only ultimately do we discover the monster that lies at the core of it all. What is most shocking though, is the fact that the monster lurks silently in our own minds, and the feeling towards Benny is one of annoyance for unmasking us, rather than the pity and the anger we want to convince ourself of having towards him.

It is not an easy novel. Symbolic, disgusting, dark, and above all tragic-comedy at it's best. Steven Sherrill easily defends modern writing as good literature. Think before your dismiss it as pretentious trash.

New Releases

Early Poems
by Philip Larkin
(Faber and Faber)

A.T. Tolley compiles for the first time a collection of Larkin's poetry during his formative years. A unique chance to discover the imaginative world of the author who wrote unashamedly: "They fuck you up, your mum and dad..." A student's perfect companion.



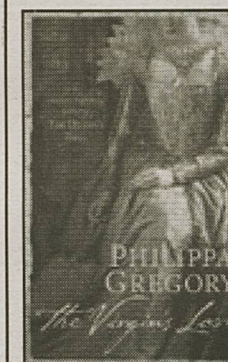
The Gift
by Vladimir Nabokov
(Penguin Books)

Russian novelists have always had the privilege of writing in a language which brews in poetry, and Nabokov is a master at delivering a most aromatic product. A Russian writer's life in 1920s Berlin becomes thus only an excuse for the creation of a beautiful gift.



Undertones of War
by Edmund Blunden
(Penguin Books)

Blunden's autobiography is a poetic tribute to the losses incurred during World War One. Reminiscent of Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*, yet far more personal, *Undertones of War* will leave a significant mark on your views on humanity.



The Virgin's Lover
by Philippa Gregory
(Harper Collins)

A period novel about the relationship between the young Queen Elizabeth I and Robert Dudley. A mixture of sexual politics and romance, *The Virgin's Lover* is an elaborate study on Tudorian England. Gregory delivers a mature work.

Classic Pearls

The Count of Monte Cristo
(Le Comte de Monte-Cristo)

by Alexandre Dumas

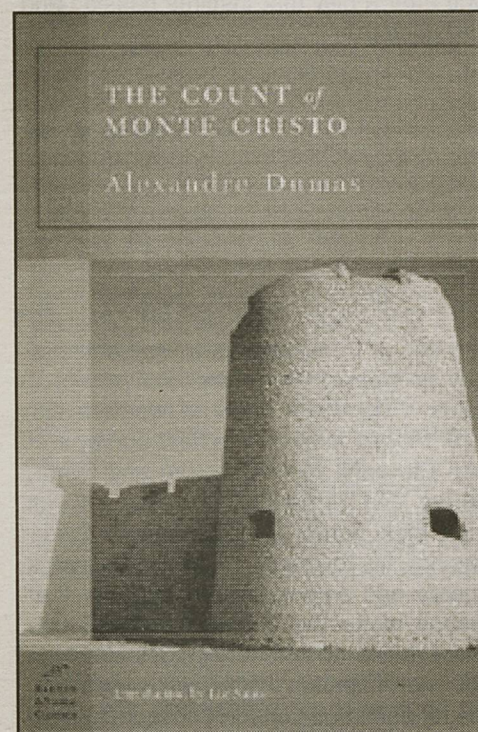
irinajanakievaska is adventurous and hopeful

and his co-conspirators frame Dantes of plotting with the Bonapartists, shortly before Napoleon's dramatic return to France. Dantes is arrested and incarcerated at the sinister Chateau d'If.

Languishing in prison, the diminishing spirit of Dantes battles with insanity. He is saved by fellow prisoner, the kindly Abbe Faria, who teaches him and reveals to him the secret of a fabulous treasure hidden on the island of Monte Cristo. Eventually, after fourteen years Dantes makes a dramatic escape and goes in search of the magnificent treasure of Monte Cristo, and, finding it, he eventually reappears in Parisian society reinvented as the charming, enigmatic and rich Count of Monte Cristo. He infiltrates the circle of the nobility with one consuming idea: vengeance against those who destroyed him, a vengeance overwhelming every fragment of his being, a vengeance to numb the pain of his memory, the wounds of his past and the injustice suffered.

This is the essence of Alexandre Dumas' novel; the complexity of human passion, destructive desire coupled with an insatiable thirst for revenge - all stemming from the pain and suffering of Dantes. This, mesdames et messieurs, is one of the greatest of epic adventures ever imagined which to this day remains unparalleled. It has it all, passages of the most beautiful prose ever written, excitement, suspense, conspiracy, deception, despair, loneliness, pain, a kindly priest, pirates, buried treasure, a beautiful courtesan, a dashing protagonist, revenge, questions of honour and morality, and, above all, hope; hope that one day we will all be able to "see in the dark" like Dantes and beat the caprices of fate that make us doubt the goodness of providence.

I leave you with the simple, yet profound, human wisdom of the Count of Monte Cristo, "wait and hope".



Publisher: Barnes & Noble Books
Release Date: November 2004
List Price: £7.95
Paperback 656 pp.

Marseille, 1815. Edmond Dantes, a young sailor whose career is about to take off, madly in love with and engaged to the beautiful Mercedes, is betrayed by his jealous 'friend' Fernand. Fernand

Look out for
**The Booker Prize
Award Ceremony**
19 October at 10pm
on BBC2

Lyrical Effigies

Living in Poetry

ionmartea on Poetry and Economics

Arriving at The London School of Economics and Political Studies, one may not even consider the need for something like Poetry. Succumbed in social scientific reference books, the time needed for reading literature, and moreover the time required for its production, becomes significantly reduced.

And yet, poetry is created at a university with only one course dedicated to fiction. A question concerning the relationship between literature, and verse in particular, and social studies, such as Economics, or moreover technical areas, such as Mathematics, is undoubtedly one that many dare to raise. How is it possible for the two to have a viable successful marriage?

And yet looking at the history of writing, we can easily trace figures for whom the passion for the word had an important impact on their academic performance. From Aristotle to postmodernists, poetry has acquired a rigid form, a mathematical system hiding beyond each metaphor, masked in rhythms, rhymes, stanzas, and carefully designed titles. Poetry seems to have erupted as an expression of man's need for form, of man's need for precision, ultimately of man's need for simplicity. It is exactly this technical combination that provides the ideal setting for the eruption of sentiment to gain a beautiful shape, one which would seduce even the most insensitive person.

Beyond the juxtaposition of words do we ultimately find the conclusive knowledge of ourselves as human beings. Only understanding the hidden formulas do we solve the mystery of our existence. And after that there is nothing, just a cathartical state of reaching eudaimonia.

It's a pretty boring story – born in 1983 and growing up on the Cornish coast, an aptly dysfunctional childhood provided ample inspiration and writing was just my way of dealing with it. Reading the likes of Plath, Rilke and Wain totally blew me away – it didn't have to be about witty rhymes and ostentatious syntax, this was someone bleeding all over a page and daring you to lick it. I relish that confrontational intimacy. Vast tides of experiences and emotions are distilled into ice-cubes; tapestries are reduced to mere threads. Such condensed ambiguity inevitably leaves the reader decoding the psyche of the writer, translating words into whatever version of reality they desire. As a writer you say: human interaction is based on the fallacy of truth-telling. Today I want to lie to you. I like that.



A Portrait of Holly Dawson

take my hand.
come with me.

let me peel you
like an onion.

watch my eyes.

do not be deceived.
i do not cry
for you.

cardiaca passio

your heart
is in a cage

flaming curls

of silver barbed wire
crowned with a
tiara
of broken glass

like a cruel stag joke

or a stab at the Crucifixion.

mine is closed.
it is a shed for daydreaming and you
slump on its floor,

head back -
eyes closed -
open mouth -
open legs -

and I

stare at you, remembering
the lingering alone
when you left
when I kissed your eyes
as you cried with your
head in my lap,

and I

accidentally think of your ripe heart melting
in my mouth

(i) Vespertine

Asphyxiated by her knowing lips,
and guide-dog hands,
he traces her face
with the tips of his first-time fingers,
reading her in delicate braille.

the aftermath of their love

left her
ruby stained.
dissolving diamonds of sweat
bejewel her flushed flesh.

He worships
a sticky shrine,

her satin gown
adhesive
to his new Eden nudity

(ii) Matinal

Eyes
Newly bespectacled
Expect new vision.

But

In her place -

A pillow.

A sack of eider.
An indented landscape

Where she had lain

A foetal print like the
aborted ghost of a
phantom pregnancy.

Stale smoke stench of
embers of embraces and an

extinguished kiss.

Open the window, boy.
Scent the stink away.

(iii) Vernal

Left with nothing
but a labyrinthine shell
and salty grains of decades of himself
rotting inside it -

he cries.

The peristalsis of his tears
sculpts
sedimentary lines on his contorted face
impressing octogenarian contours
on childish flesh

like a gurner
or a retching patient.

Beautiful in his anguish,
foetal in his convulsions,

he though his tears would drown him

but their salt corroded
his chrysalis layers

till
they
unfolded

like mayday ribbons.



experiences

and how to get them

► Investment Banking and Wealth Management – Presentation

Our Investment Banking and Wealth Management graduate programmes offer an exceptionally wide range of opportunities and experiences. In fact, we recruit into ten business areas: Amanah Finance; Asset Management; Corporate and Institutional Banking; Global Financing; Global Investment Banking; Global Markets; Global Transaction Banking; Private Banking; Research; and Business Support – specifically Finance, Operations or Human Resources.

Find out more at our presentation and drinks reception:

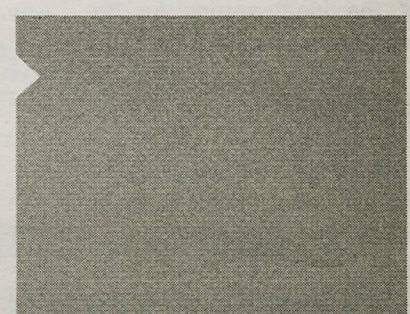
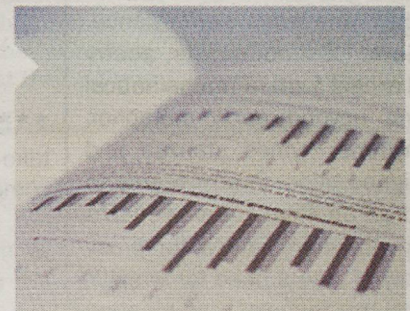
Thursday 4th November

at 6.30pm

Room D602,

Clement House,

LSE.



► www.hsbc.com/graduates

HSBC 
The world's local bank

Your Guide to What's On This Week

email: su.societies@lse.ac.uk

T
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Filipino Society:
Sign-up stall in Houghton
Street
2PM to 4PM.

LSE SU LGBT Society
Film Showing
19.00 S75.
Hedwig and the Angry Inch, an
east german transexual rock
musical.

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**Fight Racism! Fight
Imperialism! student society**
INVENTOS a documentary
film about Cuban hip hop.
7pm Room G108

LSESU Arts Society presents:
PUB CRAWL. a great way to
make new friends and catch
up with old ones, and have a
laugh!
6.45pm
Meet outside Old Building
We will start in the
Shakespeares Head, then see
where the jester leads us...
along Drury Lane... ending
in.... Walkabout!!

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**VietnamLSE and LSESU
Socialist Society,**
U.S. CHEMICAL WARFARE.
Award winning documentary
film
"Battle's Poison Cloud"
6.30pm Lecture room D302.

**LSESU Krishna Consciousness
Society presents**
'Vedic Authority'
6:30pm
D209, Clement House

Michaelmas Term elections

**Nominations for the following posi-
tions open 2:00pm on October 14**

Representatives to:

**Court of Governors (5 places) & Academic Board (2
places)**

Delegates to:

ULU Council (2 places) & NUS Conference (5 places)

Executive Posts:

**Postgraduate Students' Officer & Mature & Part-time
Students' Officer**

Honorary President & Honorary Vice-President

**Nominations close 5:00pm on October 20. Nomination forms
and information leaflets are available from Students' Union
reception, East Building.**

General Course Representative

**Nominations opened October 11 and close 5:00pm on
October 15.**

**Only General Course students can stand and vote in
this election.**

**Nomination forms and information leaflets are avail-
able from SU Reception.**

**Voting will take place in the Quad on October 21
and 22 from 11am to 3pm. (GC Elections ONLY)**

LSE SU SHOP

Snopake special deals:

Ringbinder packs of 2: £3.49 (normally £2.60 each)

6 part slim organiser £3.49

13 part organiser £4.99

Sticky note cubes £2.99 + free index tabs

Special Offers:

SQUASH RAQUETS AT DISCOUNTED PRICES

Max Comp

RRP £25

Our Price £19.95

Black Max

RRP £80

Our Price £39.95

Max Attack

RRP £40

Our Price £29.95

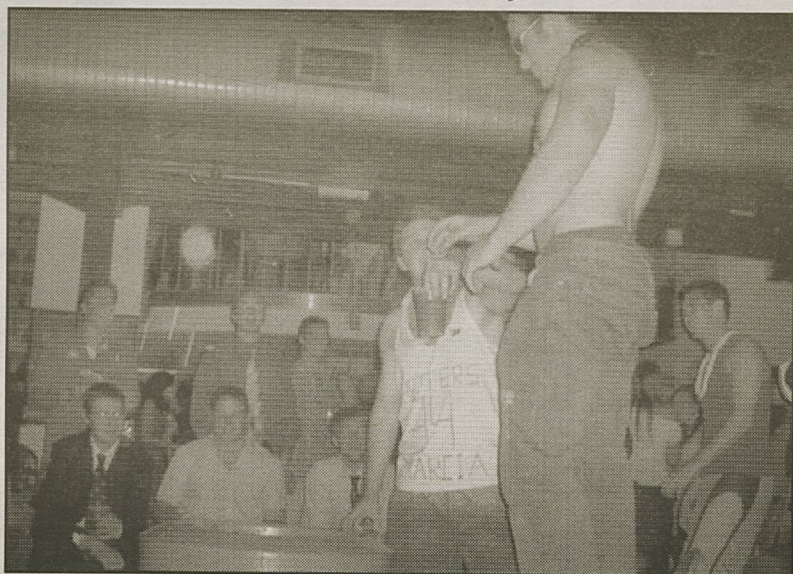
Public Schoolboys in Skin Tight Shirts

Adam Miller
and Mathew
Browne



Rugby 1^{sts}5
St George's.....17
Fortress Berrylands

The LSE Gun Club this year bolstered by an intake of ripped jacked & booted fresher meat and captained by Countryside Alliance Jon Poole has an awesome team. Things just didn't go our way. Special mention should go to the referee (not Rob Bisset - thanks again) who made more bad decisions than fights at the election day ID parade outside the Australian High Commission. Last weeks friendly against UCL focused on development helped us form a very organised defence (thanks to Farmer Jon, who took residence on the sidelines with the highest technology yet seen in his one-man fight against urbanism, a wire-bound notepad and pencil.)



Some great psych-up work from Shettters had the LSE Guns bursting their skin-tights at the seams. Unfortunately the weather didn't suite our flair and open style of play which meant the pace of Dipac and step of Susie (Lincoln's Inn Tramp-a-like Clem) were mainly used to defend. It was a forwards game and unfortunately quark-munching Browney alongside Leggy, Lloydly and Ball-sucker [-y suffix denoting Public Schooling] were defeated.

A glimmer of hope came from

breaks from Shettters and the Old Gay Bear, the forwards piled over and rookie scrum half Little John supplied one of the day's thousand bullet passes ("the kid done good, considering his state of health") down the back line for Hash to power through three tackles for a score. James Lennard also had a good game in the centres, and had Timmaaaaay not deserted him in the second half to look for Roz and Asha, while their respective keepers were fighting for the cause, we may have won.

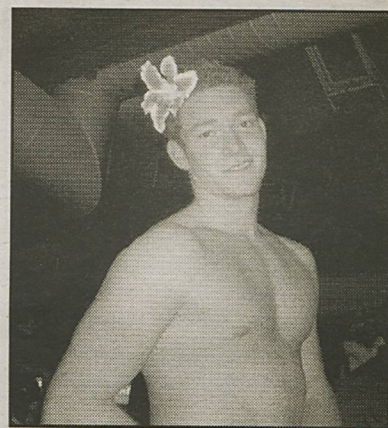
Rob 'Newly
Single'
Donnelan



Rugby 3^{rds}A Few
Imperial Medics.....More
Cheatsville, USA

The 3's have some great talent but need to sharpen up on technical aspects. Ryan Doyle and Colin showing particular promise on and off the field. ("pound a beer!") 3's captain Rob new it would be a tough game, everyone knows that the word medic is in fact pronounced "cheat", be it on the rugby field or if they happen to be your bitching whore of a girlfriend (yes I'm still bitter). My suspicions were confirmed when their fly half began drop kicking conversions (I was later informed he was a 1st team player) and the referee change at half time left us with a man whose definition of 4 minutes was about 20 and who had read the rule book, but clearly had no interest in it.

Basically the referee was as blind as Stevie Wonder, and cost us the game. I think he was a bit of a nonce as well. The Medics managed to put their anatomy textbooks to one side in order to school us, the slags. All in all it wasn't a great start for the new season, but the turn out at the Beach Party afterwards shows that the Rugby Thirds are going to keep up the Wednesday night Rugby Club tradition of getting absolutely wankered, whilst looking like wankers. The 'pound a pint' tariff the bar introduced led to a messy end for many of my men that night.



Rugby Seconds Pay a Visit to the Dark Side....

Brave LSE explorers venture into a world where monsters live in the shadows and evil prevades. In other words, they had an away game at King's.

Tristram
Leech



Rugby 2^{nds}.....5
Strand Poly.....28
Dark Side of Berrylands



Beyond the sweet pastures of Fortress Berrylands lies a dark and blasted heath, where the mutant beings of Strand Poly roam. Mothers cover their children's ears at night to hide from them the screams and roars of those benighted creatures. Who would dare cross the dark portal, and enter Kings College sports ground? Only the mighty seconds, in search of glory.

The fresher-heavy team were well briefed as to the seriousness of a contest with Strand Poly, and got well into the spirit of the thing: some were even heard to mutter "strength and honour" to as they stepped onto the blackened grass of the Poly's pitch. However, our high spirits, and determination for good to triumph over ill took a blow ten minutes before kick off, when quite suddenly, the sun was blocked out. What astrological phenomenon was this we thought? What evil happenings does this portend? Little did we know just how serious was this bad omen. For

the sun had been blocked out, not by some inauspicious arrangements of the planets, but by the arrival of the ref. This gigantic creature was familiar to veterans of previous encounters between the LSE and Kings. But not as a neutral arbiter and guarantor of fair play, rather as a slow and somewhat dirty Kings prop.

"Sorry boys, I've been called in at the last minute to ref, nothing I can do about it, in fact I'd prefer to be munching on the flesh of newborn babies" he said (or words to that effect).

Undismayed by this disaster, we threw ourselves into the fray, eyes shining and hearts blazing with the knowledge of the purity of our quest. And the Poly had no idea what had hit them. Beautiful was the sight of our forwards in full flow, and the Poly hordes fleeing before them, and noble were our backs in throwing back the puny advances of our foes. It was not long before a terrier like run from dazzling new hooker Jim Davies saw LSE 5 points up. How we roared in exultation, and in the certitude of more such scores to come.

Little did we know that this was to be high point of the game. As time went on, the storm clouds opened, and the rain began to fall. Not just any rain, but Strand Poly rain, that burns the flesh, and causes LSE backs to drop the ball. As our backs game faltered, so the referee got into his stride, hurling penalties into our path like a corpulent Zeus hurling thunderbolts at those who aroused his jealousy.

"Penalty here for being cleverer than me"

"Penalty here for being prettier than me"

"Penalty here for being thinner than me"

Manfully we struggled against these fantastic odds. But our defensive organisation was sadly lacking. Though the forwards continued to dominate both in attack and defence, with the great Rilmond setting a mighty example for the freshers to follow, and the backs showed flashes of great individual ability, failings of organisation meant the Poly pace out wide

was too much for us.

Heart was not a problem; it was there in abundance, as were courage and sheer rugby talent, throughout the team. Where we lacked was coherence, a problem exacerbated by the lack of experienced backs and practice (the poly, had after all, been at university for months in a doomed attempt to compensate for their brute stupidity).

This time we faltered, but in time Good will overcome. I led my troops to Golgotha, where the empire was re-established, and I was proud of our brave boys as we dominated the welcome party in true Rugger style. Beautiful.

Ultimate Frisbee

Ultimate is a non-contact sport that requires a combination of agility, speed and quickness to play and combines elements of soccer, football and basketball in a fast-paced game, played with a frisbee, where everyone is a quarterback and everyone is a receiver. All levels are welcome.

We practice every Wednesday and Saturday.

For further details please contact Chris c.c.yeoh@lse.ac.uk or Peter at p.s.chowla@lse.ac.uk

Netball Rival Fifth Team For Drinking Ability

Are the Fifth Team's days as LSE's hardest drinking team numbered? Netball's drink of choice is now a FIVE Vodka and Diet Coke.....

Olivia
Schofield



as a whole put out a strong team for the boat or 'bowl' race, which we won, regardless of what the umpires thought.

Next week the season kicks off properly with matches against the lesbians at GKT and the generally rubbish Westminster. If anyone fancies watching the glorious first team in action we're playing at Lincoln's Inn at 2pm on

With the team finally selected after the gruelling process of trials last week, the netball first team have jumped into their training regime with full vigour. With our fitness and stamina better than ever we have now upped our performance from 4 shots of vodka and diet coke to an impressive 5. Which might explain why at about 9.30pm at the AU Beach Party I discovered Captain Jade straddling an inflatable palm tree with her skirt exposing her arse, whilst our more respectable and sober team mate Rachel looked on amusingly with a video camera in her hand. Classic.

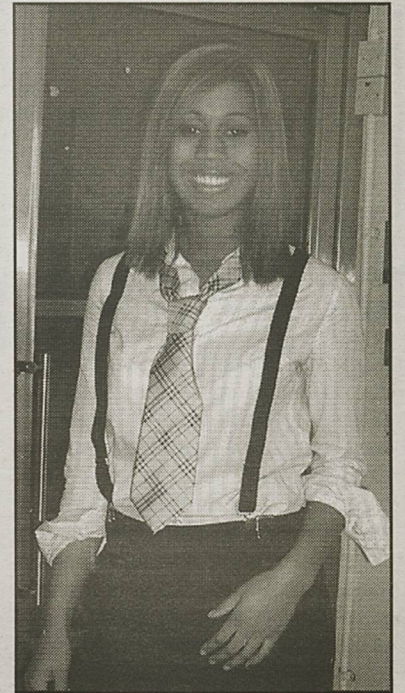
Beach party aside, this season is looking incredibly promising. After losing several play-

ers at the end of last season, including the fabulous Maame who had played for England, our mighty team was left with only Jade, Bushie, Phoebe and myself. A little worrying when we need seven players on court plus reserves. However we have picked up some great new (and old) talent. We are delighted to

welcome Rachel back to the first team, she decided to leave us last year after finishing her degree to go off shagging her way round Canada and America. Having had her fill (literally) and tired of yearning for LSE netball socials she's re-joined as a masters student. Our next two recruits are Fiona (last year's 2nd team captain) and Laura (ex 3rd team player) who were successfully poached from the other teams. Finally we come to Alex or George, due to a bit of confusion by Jade, no-one really knows her name; but what we do know is that she is a great player which is all that really matters. So, with our 8 strong squad we are ready to take on the poly's and win both leagues and the cup. Our training sessions so far have proved we're up to the task, with the shooters on target (even when lying down...) and our centre court players considerably fitter than is normal for so early on in the season, the

mighty first team is a force to be reckoned with.

Not only has our dedication to pre-season training been fantastic, we've also shown yet again that we're worthy to be in the AU after our performance at the Beach party. With an almost full turnout and everyone wearing not a lot of beach clothes it was bound to get messy. Jade was not the only one to make a tit of herself, I know I for one was completely hammered and managed to lose my handbag which turned up in a bin at about 2am after the sexy Harry Stoakes helped me stumble around looking for it for over an hour! I couldn't really see what the rest of the team got up to but rumours of Bushie and Pheeb's in a pornographic movie with Rach filming are flooding in on the emails. There was also a welcome return of our beloved 'pink ring' which never fails to bring back fond memories of Callela 2003. The netball club



Wednesday. Fantastic.

Just a quick note of thanks is to be given on behalf of Alison (2nd team captain) to whoever it was who picked her up off the floor on Kingsway, put her top back on her and directed her to the tube station. She's very grateful.



The Thirds Cheat Defeat!

Fabs goes down easier than Abi Titmuss to win the Thirds a last gasp penalty against the Fourth's

Fabs
Joseph



Football 3rds3

Football 4ths3

Fortress Berrylands

On a crisp afternoon at Berrylands the Fourth Team was treated to a lesson in professionalism. This fiercely contested match is always a fiery start to any season with a strong league and cup rivalry accentuated by inter-LSE pride. The Third team are a very different outfit from last year with only four players continuing, although a couple have been coaxed to return after infamous fall outs last season. This was to be a telling part of the first half of the game as the experienced heads of the Fourth's, who've played together for some time now,

took control after an initial burst of skill and pace from the Thirds.

Going forward The Thirds looked a real threat but were shockingly unstable at the back. In the end an impressive new Scottish recruit, Chris, who had been hoping to play up front filled in at the back. However around all the shuffling the fourth team had raced into a two goal lead with a lucky penalty and a well worked goal down the left.

Suddenly from a corner our trials poach from the fourths, a young Andy Ong, pops up with a stunning header that deflects in. In a fit of ecstasy and belief in our team to go on and score I send Scotty back up front for another chance, this along with some baffling tactics from myself allow the fourths to carve our defence open beyond all comprehensible belief. Imagine a traffic cone going in-between Jordan's legs.....no obstruction at all!!

Half time brought some stirring words from myself, once I'd caught my breath. The second half would be better or I'm going home with a few Healy-esque 'LOOK AT ME's' was the general gist of the half time speech.

Something worked, oh and I resumed terrorising defences up front after realising I can categorically not play in centre mid, about as useful as Posh spice in an eating competition. Anyway in the first few minutes of the second half I burst through to cross to Andy at the far post for him to notch up a second goal. The fourths promptly adopted a safety safety approach of hacking down our players at any opportunity. After about Seventy minutes it does not look like we are going to get anything from this game unless it's from a set piece. So.....using all my years of experience I 'play for a foul' off of that dirty cheating Turk Spiccas. This does not amuse Alex Lee, captain, or Taffy Craig, 'el capitan de club', however it does amuse the fifth team standing behind the Fourth's goal. The dive was given and Mark 'the Administrator' smashed us back onto level terms. We almost sneak a match winner with a near post header from Andy Mason, another new recruit, at a corner in the dying moments of the match.

Unlucky Fourth's, better luck during the season.....roll on November 24th when we meet in the league...

Team of the Week

Dom Rustam selects the best players from this week's games



Key:

- 1 First Team Player
- 2 Second Team Player
- 3 Third Team Player
- 4 Fourth Team Player
- 5 Fifth Team Player
- 6 Sixth Team Player
- 7 Seventh Team Player

STAR OF THE WEEK

FABIEN 'PLAYBOY' JOSEPH - Because as much as we all wish he had never been born, his first match as skipper saw him score a sterling hat trick that inspired a 3-0 victory over GKT 2s.

TEAM OF THE WEEK

THE SECONDS- Despite a cata-

logue of Bush-esque errors, a Rich Nicholls free-kick five minutes from the end sealed a hard fought 4-3 victory over Canterbury. Well done lads!

SCHOOLBOY OF THE WEEK

CRAIG 'TAFFY' HARRIS- For getting picked up by a gay man in Crispy Duck.

Women's Hockey Get Down on It

Claudia Whitcomb vaguely recalls Women's Hockey losing 1 - 2 to Middlesex

Claudia Whitcomb



Women's Hockey.....1

Middlesex.....2

Trent Park, Middlesex



We arrived at the Trent Park campus to find a team of girls, well genetically speaking they were girls but they could easily have beaten the LSE gun club to a bench press competition. Memories of this match last year involve Chrissy running around to her birthday badge signing 'get down on it', Polly receiving a ball to her face and our favourite American Nat checking out 11 year old boys, so we were ready for some entertaining once more.

This all started in the locker room when new girl Jade decided to attach a bin bag to her head so

as to save it from the torrential downpours that we had experienced en route. The game couldn't really have started any worse with some big girl putting it past our solid defence within the first 3 minutes, so it was 1-0 Middlesex. After this who knows what could have happened, we have to admit we were surprised they didn't put at least 8 past us!!! One thing we would suggest to them however is that they learn that waterproof mascara exists, or perhaps black

streaks was just part of their scare tactics.

A special mention has to go out to our new favourite yank, Abby, who was running circles around the beasts, it looks like we may actually have found a replacement for Totty, don't worry though that comparison stays firmly on the pitch. Captain Meenal took one for the team, after nicely stopping a ball from the Russian, with her leg, hope the bruising's gone down Meenal!

Our other freshers put in solid performances, Ju and Louise proved that they were far fitter than the rest of us, as the thought of running around for 70 minutes was a little too much for some after a summer of pure laziness. A final mention has to go out to Sarah and her green socks, who lifted our spirits in the dying seconds with a beautifully skilful goal.

To be honest after returning from Oakwood resembling drowned rats, the LSE First XI

Women's Hockey team were extremely up for a night out. We all looked extra pretty in our bikini's and Hawaiian shirts and that's when the fun began. By the time some of our freshers arrived the rest of us were pretty tipsy (yes yes, notably Munchkin) so they had fun in trying to catch up. Our solid boat race team consisting of Ju, Louise, Sarah and Jade seemed to be the only non-cheats on stage.

To be honest the rest of the evening pretty much turned into a blur after that, time passed a little too quickly for our liking but then Walkabout beckoned. We're not entirely sure who actually made it as certain 2nd years seemed to disappear, to where is anyone's guess but probably the number 19 bus.

So once again another Wednesday night with a lack of memories, at least we have some sociable freshers this year who are sure to make their mark in the AU sooner or later. And as for the boys we'd just like to say that we really enjoyed seeing you throw up everywhere, thanks! Oh and that a certain fresher is definitely having double fines all year. Sorry!

The AU has a Lovely Bunch of Coconuts...

The Quad is transformed into a tropical paradise for the AU Beach Party!

Many sporting legends returned to LSE last Wednesday for the opening AU welcoming event, the AU Beach Party, and were not disappointed. On arrival they were met by scantily clad Baywatch (wannabe) babes sporting hula-hula skirts and many a buff beach hunk trying to justify their manly coral necklaces. All in all it was a roaring success with over 500 attendees to an event which in the past 2 years hasn't lived up to the hype. It seems apparent the new AU Exec are keen to be remembered, at least even hazily through the pints of Carling.

Former Crush supremo Jimmy B returned for 'one more time'

and got everyone in the party mood despite the torrential rain storm outside.

Claudia Whitcomb, AU Social Secretary and owner of the fucking annoying kite attached to the stairs, was delighted by the unprecedented numbers and pointed out that the average AU member couldn't want anything more than the 'nakedness and drinks, and the deluded hope of getting lucky!' provided in the Quad.

Many people obviously had this in mind with matching polka-dot bikini-skirt sets (Aerobics), Hester's blossoming coconuts, Taffy's (or Fabs') caked-on fake tan (Football), bustling

hula skirts and hula hoops (Women's Rugby and Netball and Matt Bawden), the unattractive wedge of many women runners and some poor misguided soul who thought extra tight lycra would boost his chances!!! We have tried to document these various sexy sights in the photos below.

One criticism lobbied surrounded the infamous Boat Race. In past years we have witnessed the typical down a pint and tip the dregs on your head game, with rugby usually dominating, but this year in keeping with the Malibu-esque theme four members had to putting their sucking and swallowing skills to the test to down a

bowl of Reef. Good idea in principle but to the general AU populace all you saw were people on their knees... no change there then... and post victory usual AU clown (wanker) Fabian stormed the stage.

Men's Football finally beat the rigger boys in the Boat Race with Matt Joy celebrating with a cheeky flash of his rather pert ass. For the Ladies' Boat Race there was controversy. Netball claimed victory first but AU President Pete Davies told them they hadn't quite finished sucking. The battle continued between Women's Rugby and Running, with the outside bet the Runners, the eventual winners. As many a beach honey comment-

ed, rather Running than Netball. Where would Wednesday Night's be without the usual inter-team banter and without the desire to knock out a certain third team footballer for being a 'total knob'.

Such sentiments, sexy bikinis, and blow-up palm trees proceeded onto Limeabout but neither SportsEditor could be arsed to go. Paddy wankered on account of too many birthday drinks staggered home and Louise was lame and had to sort out her 9am history presentation. Either way we didn't hear of anything interesting apart from Craig being chatted up at Crispy Duck by some sexy fella. Watch this space.



What a lovely bunch!



Running wedge their way to Boat Race victory



Women's Rugby sparkle at Honolulu babes



Looking tasty in lycra



Taffy and Fabs - separated at birth?